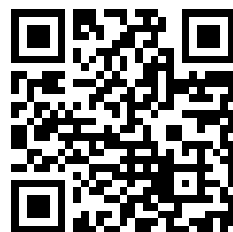
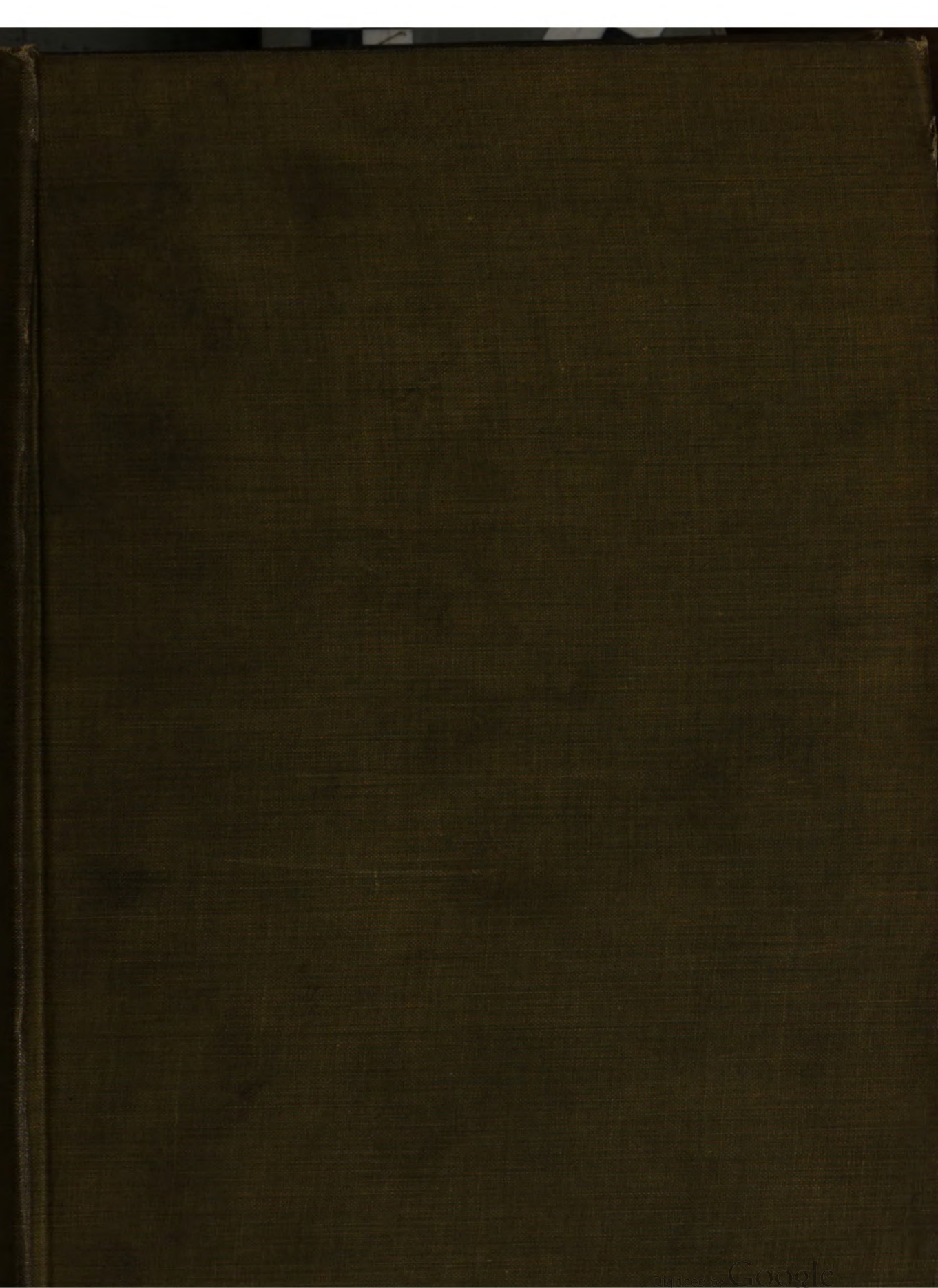

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THE PACIFIC MONTHLY

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THE PACIFIC MONTHLY

WALTER V. WOHLKE
Contributing Editor

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Editor

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Associate Editor

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A. H. Hoodhead
Business Manager.

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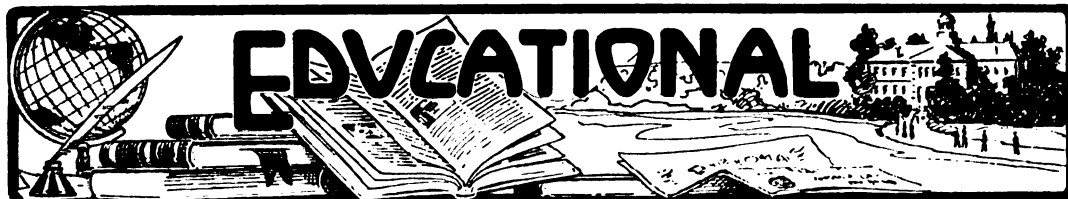
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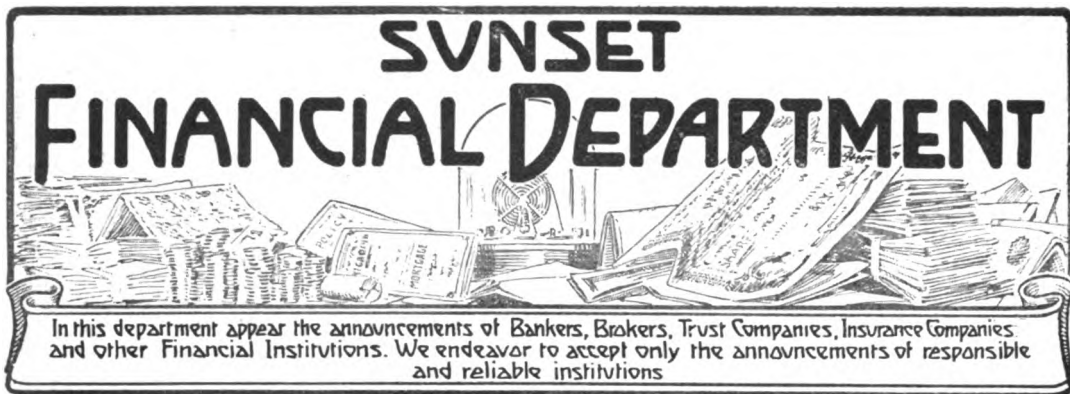
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European Mortgage Bank Methods Applied to the Pacific Coast

BY J. E. PATRICK

Vice-President Davis & Struve Bond Co., Seattle

Much has been written and said recently concerning the operations of the European Mortgage Loan Banks.

Delegates appointed by the President and many of the governors are now in Europe making an exhaustive investigation into their methods.

These investigations have disclosed the fact that a bond predicated upon city and farm mortgages is the most popular and regarded as the most safe investment upon the European market. Also that the methods pursued by the European Mortgage Loan Banks are practically the same as those used for many years by the principal mortgage loan dealers in America, the differences being such as are rendered necessary by local conditions.

All European Mortgage Banks issue bonds or debentures, which, though technically unsecured, are predicated upon the aggregate amount of mortgages owned by the bank.

American Mortgage Dealers have improved upon this form of bond by depositing their mortgages with a disinterested and responsible trust company, as trustee, to secure an issue of Collateral Trust Bonds. They are the unconditional obligation of the issuing company, and a charge against its entire capital and surplus, as well as the mortgages which are actually deposited with the trustee.

Every person schooled in finance admits that first mortgages upon improved city and farm properties, when made by experts and handled by experts until maturity, constitute a very stable, safe and satisfactory form of investment.

The only valid objections to such mortgages as an investment for individual funds are the inconvenient denominations, and the detail work attending the ownership of a considerable number of them. Collateral Trust Bonds overcome these objections. They are in convenient denominations, usually \$100, \$500 and \$1000.

The holder of such a bond does not in any manner come into contact with the mortgage debtor, the issuing company and the trustee both stand between them, taking upon themselves all detail devolving upon the owner of the mortgage, such as the collection of principal and interest, attention to taxes and insurance, and

seeing that the property is kept in good repair. Property owners when borrowing money upon mortgage generally want privileges which the individual lender dislikes to grant; such as the option to make partial payments, the release of a portion of the property when the debt is reduced, etc. These privileges are an added safeguard to the holder of Collateral Trust Bonds, as they make the collateral more liquid.

Such bonds are generally to be obtained in various maturities; one house permits the purchaser to name the maturity, which may be anywhere from one to ten years.

A bond of the type under discussion is in itself a diversified investment, as the mortgages forming the trust fund cover city and farm property scattered over a wide scope of territory. Such a bond is particularly well protected, as the mortgage debtors are of many classes, and the property, which is the basic security for the bond, is in many different localities and of many different types, but all improved, so as to produce income sufficient to take care of the debt.

Such bonds are not subject to violent fluctuation at the whim of the stock-jobber or because of a political speech. One whose funds are invested in such securities may sleep soundly on election night, or go to Europe with both the legislature and Congress in session.

The bonds of the European Mortgage Banks yield 3 and 4 per cent and those yielding 4 per cent issued by some of the New York Companies are a legal investment for savings banks in New York and the New England States, and are especially attractive as an investment for life insurance and trust funds.

The conservative investor before purchasing any security will, of course, thoroughly investigate the house offering or issuing the bonds. One should use the same care in selecting an investment banker as in choosing a lawyer, physician or bank with which to carry a check account. Having selected an investment banker who is responsible and worthy of every confidence, you can purchase collateral trust bonds predicated upon first mortgages upon city and farm property deposited with a responsible and disinterested trust company with every feeling of safety.

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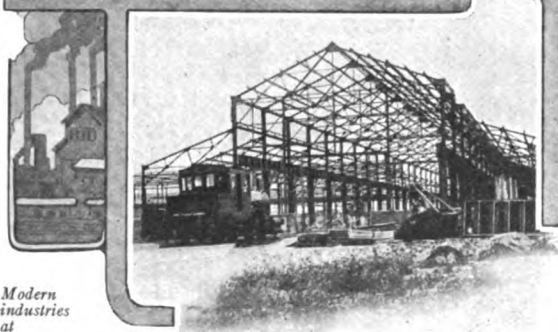
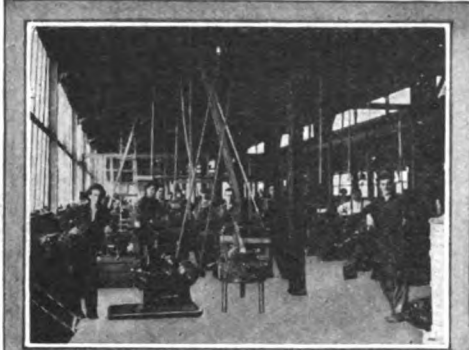
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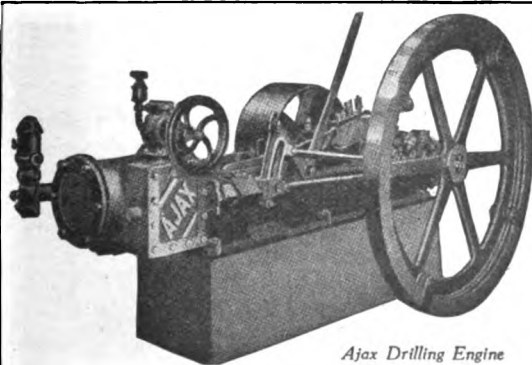
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This new building will contain 360 offices, 10 store rooms and basement. A conservative estimate places the yearly net earnings at over 12 per cent. The company has no bonded indebtedness. The entire net earnings, less a certain amount set aside to Reserve Fund, will be applied to Dividends on Stock of the Company.

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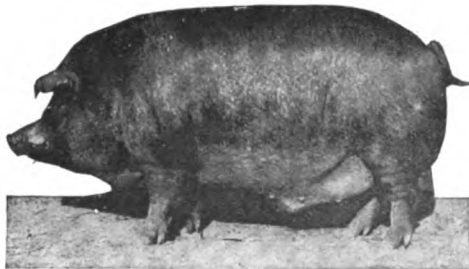
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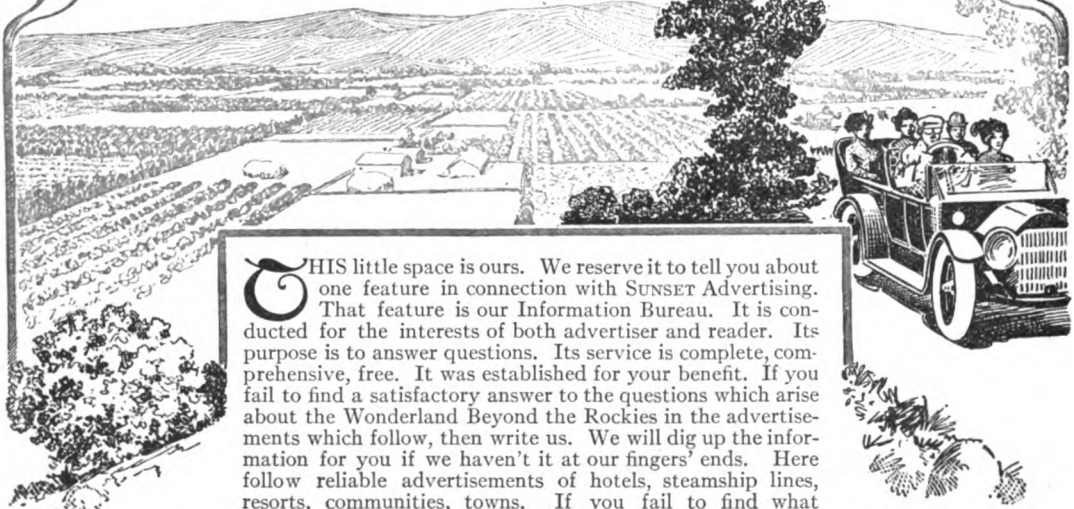
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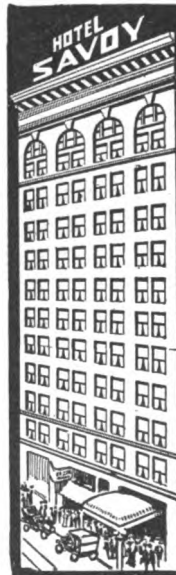
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 at practically the cost of delivering the deed and abstract to you. Positively one of the finest Pacific Ocean properties on the Oregon and Washington coast. Easily accessible to all the great cities of the Northwest.

\$50 Brings Your Deed
 Lots 40x100 right on the great Pacific Ocean. Surf bathing, Grand Auto Boulevard, Salt Air, Hard, Level Sand Beach Free to Property Owners. Send \$5 to reserve lots until you may select from plat. 6 per cent discount for cash with order. Money refunded if you are not satisfied.

PACIFIC OCEAN

O. & W. BULLETINS

Write today and get our BULLETINS and facts concerning big profits that have been made in our latest developments.

Bulletin No. 1 gives full information on OCEANVIEW. This bulletin is now on the press. Reserve your lot today and cancel your order later if you so choose. The company will spend thousands of dollars in development work on this beach.

Bulletin No. 2. A new town with a great big future, now reached by railroads.

Bulletin No. 3 gives full description of improved farms and farm lands within a radius of 100 miles from Seattle.

OREGON & WASHINGTON Development Company, (Inc.)

HOGE BUILDING,
 Seattle, U. S. A.

REFERENCES: Publishers of this magazine or any bank in Seattle.



HOTEL SUTTER

SUTTER and KEARNY STREETS, SAN FRANCISCO

In the center of the retail and wholesale districts. Reached by cars from the Ferry and from the Railroad Depot, or take any Taxicab at the expense of the Hotel.

The newest personification of refinement and safety in Hotel Architecture.

It caters to the patrons of the old Occidental Hotel and Lick House.

250 Rooms 200 Baths European Plan, \$1.50 up

Write for illustrated booklets on "Points of Interest in San Francisco" and what to see and do.

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It Is Entirely FREE

We expect a greater demand for this 40 page illustrated booklet on travel, than has ever been known for any other ever published for free distribution.

Mothersill's Travel Book tells you what to take on a journey and what not to take—how to pack and how to best care for your baggage and gives exact information as to checking facilities, weights, etc., in foreign countries—gives tables of money values—distances from New York—tells when, who and how much to "tip." In fact this booklet will be found invaluable to all who travel or are contemplating taking a trip in this country or abroad.

Published by the proprietors of the famous **Mothersill's Seasick Remedy** as a practical hand book for travelers. This edition is limited so we suggest that you send your name and address at once, and receive a copy. (A postal will bring it). Please address our Detroit office for this booklet.

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START any time, any place, either direction. Europe, Mediterranean, Egypt, India, Ceylon, China, Java, Japan, Tasmania, Philippines, Hawaii, Etc.

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Wilbur Hot Sulphur Springs

COLUSA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA

Hot Mud Baths naturally heated and medicated
Hot and Cold Sulphur Baths

Cure Rheumatism, Malaria, Stomach, Liver and Kidney Troubles
Open all year.

Address J. W. Cuthbert, Wilbur Springs, Cal., via Williams, or
Information Bureau S. P. Co., 884 Market St., San Francisco



ARROWHEAD HOT SPRINGS

Hottest and most curative springs in the world. Modern hotel waters. Mud highly radioactive. Rheumatism, kidney and stomach troubles successfully treated. Resident physician. Altitude 2000 feet. Home grown vegetables. Dairy and chicken ranch. American plan table. California's ideal resort.

ARROWHEAD HOT SPRINGS CO.
Arrowhead Springs, Calif.

THE BEST PLACE IN THE WORLD is the mountain region in the spring.

WALMOND

The Sierra Resort, Placer County, offers modern accommodations—cottages, with or without private baths; modern plumbing; comfortable rooms; wood fires when required, at no extra cost. The table is plain, but bountiful and wholesome, being supplied with milk, eggs, etc., from the home ranch. Elevation, 2,000 feet.

NO TUBERCULARS—Rates \$10 to \$14 per week.

Reservations may be made at the Southern Pacific Information Bureau, James Flood Building, San Francisco. **L. A. Desmond, Applegate, Cal.**



Tulare County

Reached by S. P. Trains to Ducor, thence auto-stage. Best medicinal waters in the State. Elevation 3200 feet. Hotel Del Venada; good service. Write for descriptive booklet and analysis of waters.

L. S. WINGROVE, Mgr., Hot Springs, Cal.

European Plan

Phone Sutter 960

Hotel Turpin

F. L. and A. W. TURPIN, Proprietors

17 Powell St., at Market, San Francisco, Cal.

Rooms without Bath \$1.50 Per Day—Rooms with Private Bath \$2.00 Per Day Up. All Market St. cars with a single exception (Sutter St.) pass the door; Fourth and Ellis Street line to Powell Street within half a block. Auto-Bus meets trains and steamers.

1856 TUSCAN SPRINGS 1913

30 Minutes by Stage to Springs daily. New concrete Bath house and plunge; Booklet for asking, entitled

LET OTHERS TELL THE STORY

We cure others. Why not you? Address **ED. B. WALBRIDGE, Tuscan, Cal.** Walbridge's Garage, the best in the State, Red Bluff, Cal. Complete information and folders at Southern Pacific Information Bureau, Flood Building, San Francisco, Cal.



"Thirty Tons of Carrots to the Acre" on This Land



A Herd of Milch Cows on Adjoining Farm



Our Gardens, Showing Cabbage Patch and Greenhouse. Remember all these pictures were taken in December



Haying Scene on Adjoining Farm

Skagit Valley --- Washington

PUGET SOUND COUNTRY

*Offers a Home For You with Steady,
Pleasant Work and Big Profits*

*This is a Solid Business Proposition—
Backed by Substantial People*

Soil of Quality

This land is excellent in every way—no rocks—slopes gently to a beautiful Lake—deep, rich, mellow earth that really grows big crops.

Splendid Cheap Transportation

On Main Line of Northern Pacific Railway four miles to Great Northern Railway—close to Seattle, Bellingham, Mt. Vernon and Everett—No better location could be desired.

Delightful All Year Climate

The Puget Sound Country is renowned for its healthful, invigorating climate—pure water—grand scenery—absolutely no insect pests—no storms—no oppressive heat—no cold winters.

Congenial Surroundings

We have been very particular to select a high class of settlers for our lands, thus insuring good neighbors—good schools—churches on the property, and every other advantage a man wants for his family.

Steady Work and Good Pay For My Land Buyers

If you are a sober, industrious worker, I can assure you work every day in the year for the next 25 years, and will help you in every way possible to make your family comfortable and happy.

\$100 Starts You On To Success and A Splendid Home

I sell this land in small tracts from 10 acres up to suit each individual buyer—prices are low and I give ten years time—if you don't want to pay all cash. No other land owner is, or can ever offer such a very attractive proposition. This is surely the chance of a life time for the man of small means to become independent.

Get My Literature

"High Cost of Living Solved"

I have just published an authentic circular giving complete facts in detail about location, prices and terms—which also contains 17 pictures taken on my property—Be sure to write today. Tell me all about yourself and your plans. State what you plan to raise and how much cash you can invest, so that I will be in position to write you a personal letter which will solve your wants.

H. C. PETERS, Owner

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HOTEL TALLAC

ON LAKE TAHOE

Forty acres of the best Mountain Hotel
in the world

All modern improvements, electric lights, private baths, etc. Cuisine unexcelled. Abundance of game in season, Tahoe and other trout, and its own dairy. Every convenience for the business man. A richly furnished and sumptuous casino, comparing favorably with any other in California.

Enjoy the true delight of mountain simplicity with all the comforts and luxuries of a city hotel

Write for information

FOLLOWS CAMP

SITUATED in a wildly picturesque spot in the heart of San Gabriel Canyon, four hours from Los Angeles. Entirely removed from civilization in the heart of nature's scenic wonderland. A real mountain camp without formalities. Fishing and hunting, tennis, croquet and evening camp fires. Accommodations home like and comfortable. Either tents or homes, modern baths, showers and plunge. Liberal table. Tents for one and two people \$5.00 and \$6.00 up. Board and room, one person, \$12.00. For illustrated booklet address

R. L. FOLLOWS, AZUSA, CALIFORNIA

Hotel Stewart

GEARY STREET, ABOVE UNION SQUARE
San Francisco

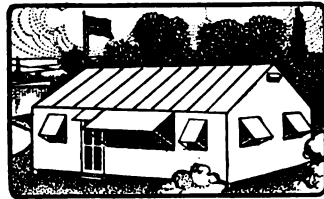
Motorbus meets all trains and steamers.
European Plan \$1.50 a day up, American Plan \$3.50 a day up.

SHOREHAM APARTMENTS

The Ideal Seaside Summer Home of Comfort at
BEAUTIFUL LONG BEACH, CAL.

Everything New and Modern. Suites to suit your tastes. One block from beach. Just west of Virginia Hotel. *A postal will bring you a guide and map of our beautiful city, free.*

Write today. Address: **Mrs. H. A. Fanslow, Prop., Shoreham Apartments Long Beach, Cal.**



C/G Oak-Framed Portable Bungalow

One season's cottage rent pays for one of these handsome Brown Bungalows, then it's yours, rent free for many summers' use, winters' too if you wish. Eight sizes from a one-room sort at \$45 to a seven-room home at \$300. Complete with Floor, Awnings, Windows, Screens and Ceiling. Buy direct from the Maker and get an Oak-Framed Bungalow at less than asked for the pine frame houses sold through Department Stores.

This five-room Bungalow \$175. **Carnie-Goudie Mfg. Co., Kansas City, U. S. A.**

Alfalfa Land

Antelope Valley

On S. P. R. R.
70 Miles north of Los Angeles

Southern Pacific Lands

Sold in tracts from 40 to 640 acres
Prices \$20 to \$45 per acre
Ten years time, one-tenth cash
Alfalfa, pears, apples, etc.
Good land, good climate
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C. E. WANTLAND, General Sales Agent
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Goodnoe Hills Almond Groves, near Portland, produce \$100 to \$400 net per acre. We will plant and care for a 10 acre grove for \$400 cash and easy terms, and will guarantee you an income of not less than \$1000 after the fourth year. Write for attractive illustrated booklet.

DABNEY & DABNEY, 307 Railway Exchange, Portland, Oregon

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we can furnish you with all the help you may need.

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we can furnish you with the position you are looking for.

That's All

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121 Marchesault St. (Mexican Office)
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What West Sacramento Offers the City Man

¶ Model Farms of the Richest Land in California, which Represent the Best Land Investment in the West.

¶ The young man just looking life in the face, the office man, the mechanic—any man who believes in himself will find more enjoyment, more profit, more real satisfaction—he will meet with greater success on a farm at



West Sacramento

than is possible with the same effort under any other circumstances.

¶ And here are the reasons. The soil is the most productive in California—anything you plant will grow luxuriantly upon it. Our organized service bureau takes the inexperienced man in hand and directs his every move, thereby eliminating the possibility of crop failure. The city man, under the guidance of the agricultural department, is just as certain of success as the experienced farmer.

¶ And think how many and how desirable are the advantages of living only a few minutes ride from the heart of a metropolitan city like Sacramento.

What West Sacramento Offers the Investor

¶ "Buy on the fringe and hang on"—for generations, this has been the policy of the famous Astor family—recognized as the greatest and most successful realty operators America has ever known.

¶ No better "fringe" opportunity than that which **West Sacramento** offers, has ever been announced. Nor could more advantageous conditions exist anywhere. Sacramento—a city of 80,000 people—**must** grow in this direction. The splendid improvements now being installed at West Sacramento **must** increase the value of this land. And it isn't a matter of years either—this increase in value **must** materialize almost immediately.

¶ Investigate **West Sacramento**. Analyze it from every point of view. It will pay you.

West Sacramento Co.

FRED T. MOORE
Manager Land Sales Department
Nicolaus Building
SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA

Mail Us This Coupon Today

Fred T. Moore, Mgr., Land Sales Dept., Nicolaus Bldg., Sacramento, Cal.

Dear Sir: Kindly mail me a copy of your illustrated booklet, "Country Life in the City," and give me complete information as to prices, etc. It is understood this will not obligate me in any way.

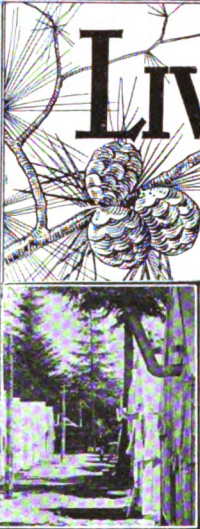
Name

Address P. O. Box

SAN FRANCISCO OFFICE:
Fine and Kearny Sts.

LOS ANGELES OFFICE:
204 Hibernian Building

CHICAGO OFFICE:
222 N. State St.



LIVING *in the* OPEN OREGON

Oregon probably offers to the vacationist a greater variety of outing points than any other state in the Pacific Northwest: Snow-capped mountains, inland lakes filled with fish, noted hot springs and mountain retreats, "Far from the Madding Crowd's ignoble strife," incomparable beaches and an endless variety of beautiful scenery.

NEWPORT, YAQUINA BAY

The old favorite resort reached by the Southern Pacific and Corvallis & Eastern, with its tent life, cottages and modern hotels, abundance of sea foods and all the luxuries and delicacies for the table at moderate prices, absence of formality, a beach unequalled and innumerable points of interest in the neighborhood.

TILLAMOOK COUNTY BEACHES

A New Wonderland," as these resorts have been aptly named, reached via the Southern Pacific and Pacific Railway & Nav. Co. Innumerable resorts dot the beach, each vieing with the other in variety of charm and attractions. Lake resorts and hotels, boating, fishing and other amusements.

SPRINGS AND MOUNTAIN RESORTS

From the Columbia River to the Siskiyou Mountains in almost every county are mineral springs and mountain resorts, where one can fish, hunt, rest and recuperate, breathe pure mountain air, live in the open and enjoy Nature in her grandest moods. Commodious hotels with every necessary accommodation, or with camping grounds at nominal cost. A few of these resorts are: Wilhoit, Sodaville, Waterloo and Cascadia, Belknap, Foley Springs, Breitenbush, Jackson County Springs, Colesin Fish Lake, Marion Lake, Clear Lake, Lake Lytle, Klamath Lake, Crater Lake and numerous others.



Call on nearest Southern Pacific agent for further information relative to fares, train schedules and illustrated literature describing beach and mountain resorts, or address:

John M. Scott, General Passenger Agent, Portland, Oregon



Grow Anything You Like in Sacramento County

It doesn't make any difference what you wish to grow in an agricultural way, you can grow it profitably in Sacramento County, California. You can farm under the most delightful conditions imaginable. You can have a chunk of the finest soil in the United States. You can have all the water you wish for irrigating purposes. You will find a tremendous market for the products of your orchard, vineyard, dairy, chicken ranch, truck garden. Sacramento, the State Capital, is within the county, offering a market of 80,000. San Francisco and the San Francisco Bay cities are but three hours away by rail, a market of a million people.



RICE GROWING IN THE DELTA LANDS OF SACRAMENTO COUNTY

Sacramento products include cereals, alfalfa, hops, beans, celery, asparagus, garden truck of all kinds, rice, potatoes, apples, apricots, peaches, nectarines, prunes, cherries, oranges, lemons, strawberries—we could go on and on naming the products grown successfully in this county and when we had finished there would be mighty few of the known products of the Temperate Zone left.

Sacramento County needs more settlers. That is why we are advertising. California needs more settlers. This state has every favorable element for successful agricultural pursuits and all it needs to make it the richest state in the union is more workers. The workers will find ample reward for their labor. Send for our booklet. It tells of some of the opportunities in Sacramento County. Address

Immigration Committee
Board of Supervisors
SACRAMENTO

Sacramento County
CALIFORNIA

Just as a quiet tip—

We advise you to invest right now in Shasta County farm land. We don't ask you to come to us to buy it, for we have nothing to sell. We are citizens of Shasta County and we believe in Shasta County and we know that you would believe in Shasta County if you knew the county as we do. It is a big county, a resourceful county, so resourceful that the slogan "Diversified Shasta" fits it like a glove.

SHASTA COUNTY appeals to the fruit farmer. The foothill lands are the very finest for apples, grapes and olives.

SHASTA COUNTY appeals to the manufacturer. No county in the United States has more water power at its disposal. Few counties have as much raw material. The hills are full of useful and precious metals. Almost six billion feet of timber covers the hills.

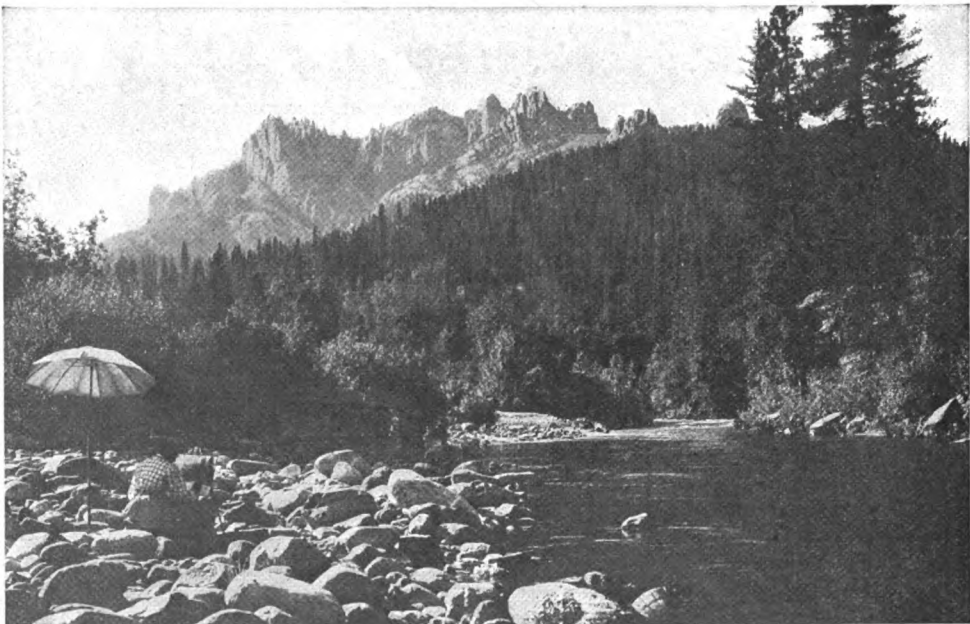
SHASTA COUNTY appeals to the stock raiser. The valleys and hill lands are unusually rich in natural forage. Alfalfa is easily and profitably grown. Stock of all kinds are raised with great profit.

SHASTA COUNTY appeals to the general farmer. Barley and wheat, stock raising, and all the various branches of general farm products are successfully grown.

SHASTA COUNTY appeals to the hunter and fisherman. The streams are well stocked with game fish. The hills afford endless delight to the hunter, for big game still abounds. Nature lovers find a satisfaction for the craving for the sublime and beautiful, in the natural wonders of the county. There are mountains, mineral springs, mining camps, forests, lakes. Each summer finds a great influx of recreationists who find great delight in the beauty spots of the county. Health is contagious here.

We are just issuing a splendid new booklet. It is different. It is chock full of information about the county and you should have it. If you are a homeseeker, a prospective settler, a health seeker, a manufacturer, a merchant seeking a location, whatever your inclinations and your desires, you should have this booklet. Write for it. Address either of the organizations listed herewith:

Redding Chamber of Commerce - Redding, California
Anderson Chamber of Commerce - Anderson, California
or, Clerk of the Board of Supervisors, Redding, California



*The lover of the beautiful and inspiring in nature finds his dreams fulfilled in the wonders of Shasta County.
 It is "home" for the hunter and fisherman*



Home of the Ladd & Tilton Bank

Portland, Oregon

The Ladd & Tilton Bank is one of Portland's oldest and most conservative banking institutions. Its capital is \$1,000,000, its surplus and profits \$1,000,000. It accepts commercial and savings accounts.

Officers:

W. M. LADD . . . President
 EDW. COOKINGHAM, Vice-Pres.
 W. H. DUNKLEY . . . Cashier
 ROBT.S.HOWARD, Asst. Cashier
 J. W. LADD . . . Asst. Cashier
 WALTER M. COOK, Asst. Cashier

Directors:

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 HENRY L. CORBETT
 WILLIAM M. LADD
 CHARLES E. LADD
 J. WESLEY LADD
 FREDERIC B. PRATT
 THEODORE B. WILCOX

Facts About Portland, Oregon

Portland has a trade territory aggregating 240,281 square miles. It includes all of the Columbia Valley within the United States and portions of Oregon and Washington, draining direct into the Pacific Ocean.

There are 136,768 square miles of territory in Portland's natural jobbing territory. Over 80 per cent of all goods sold in this territory by Coast jobbing cities are sold by Portland merchants and Portland has a controlling advantage in distributing freight rates.

There are 103,513 square miles of territory in which Portland merchants compete for business. Portland enjoys equal distributing freight rates with other coast cities and Portland merchants sell from 40 to 80 per cent of all the goods sold in this territory by merchants located in coast jobbing cities.

The Portland Clearing House was organized in 1889. The clearings in 1890 were \$50,000,000. The clearings in 1912 were \$550,000,000.

Portland leads all cities in the United States in wheat exports. Portland is the leading manufacturing city of the Pacific Northwest. Portland has the finest water supply of any city its size in the United States. The building permits for 1910-1911 aggregated \$40,829,389.

Portland and Oregon present wonderful opportunities for the investment of capital and for the production of wealth from agricultural pursuits.

If you would like to learn more about the State, the Ladd & Tilton Bank will be glad to assist you. It is not within the aim of this bank to advise as to investments or to make of itself a Bureau of Information. We will, however, see that your inquiries reach responsible authority.

For information address

THE LADD & TILTON BANK

Department A
 PORTLAND, OREGON



Up a tree after ripe cherries

The big red and white, juicy kind that bring such fancy prices in the market. That is the kind they raise in the Lodi country—Bings, Royal Anns, Black Tartarians—big luscious fellows that make two bites to the cherry. Some orchards net the owners \$100 per acre. Others net \$225 per acre and in some instances growers have taken as much as \$1,000 per acre from cherry orchards. The fruit is picked and packed and shipped to eastern markets in fast express trains.

Cherries are but one of the many varieties of profitable fruit raised in the Lodi country. Grapes, apricots, nectarines, peaches, plums, prunes, olives, figs are others.

The Lodi country is the most diversified fruit section in the San Joaquin Valley. You ought to see it.

Write for our booklet. It tells about opportunities here and also how we do things. Lodi has a Welcome Arch under which you should walk. For literature address the Secretary

Lodi Merchants Association

L O D I
C A L I F O R N I A



Did you ever see such Cabbages?

A crop worth \$800 to the acre

They are as good as they look, too. And they get the big prices. All vegetables in this section command high prices because of hitting the market "right." The wonderfully rich soil of the Mesa country accounts for it. A superb climate makes life worth while. Sunshine and pure air are worth a lot to the agriculturist. Water is worth a lot.

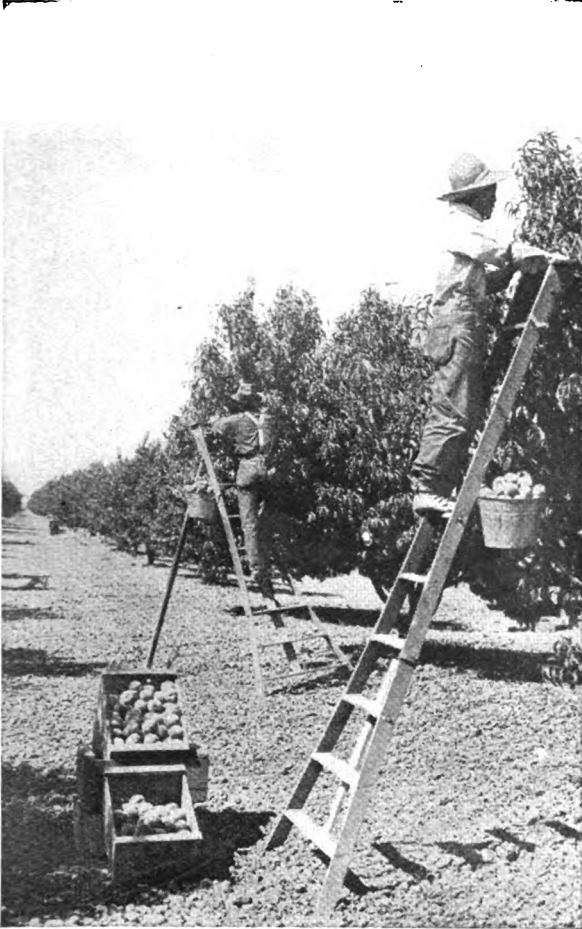
Mesa, Arizona

"Gateway to the Roosevelt Dam"

That tells the story. You know something of the Roosevelt Dam, the great U. S. Reclamation Project. When you think of the Roosevelt Dam you think of Mesa. They are synonymous.

For full particulars and illustrated book address

Secretary Commercial Club, Mesa, Arizona



California Peaches

the most delicious of all deciduous fruits, the fruit par excellence of the superb climatic conditions found only in California. Here they average almost twice the size of Eastern peaches, have a far more delicate coloring, a more fragrant aroma and a saccharine sweetness that only long cloudless summer weather can give. Note the fruit in the box. Now note that in the bucket. Big, round, juicy peaches that make the mouth water just to look at them.

Now take careful note of this statement:

California Peaches to be Classed as Perfect Must Come Up to San Joaquin County Standard

Get a Line on San Joaquin

We have been telling you in our recent advertising about the four chief divisions of San Joaquin County: The Delta Lands, the Lodi Section, the South San Joaquin Irrigation District and the Grain country. We have made some statements relative to these sections that are worthy of consideration. If you haven't been watching our advertisements write at once and get in touch with what we have to claim and what we can prove.

Our new booklets are ready. They go into detail about our county. Send for one at once and get posted before you go farther. You can't afford, not for one instant, to pass up San Joaquin's claim to your attention. If you do you miss a lifetime opportunity to get in right.

For further information and illustrated literature address either of the undersigned commercial organizations:

Secretary, Chamber of Commerce . . . Stockton
Secretary, Lodi Merchants Association . . . Lodi
Secretary, Manteca Board of Trade . . . Manteca

Secretary, Ripon Board of Trade Ripon
Secretary, Tracy Board of Trade Tracy
Or Board of Supervisors Stockton

San Joaquin County

CALIFORNIA



This Man is one of 1500
 who have found homes in
Madera County
California

within the past eight months

That many we have personal knowledge of. How many more we do not know. Fifteen hundred have settled on two of the big ranches but recently thrown open to settlement. New houses dot the valley everywhere. The sound of the gasoline engine and the purr of the electric motor can be heard in every direction—pumping, pumping, pumping from the inexhaustible underground water supply. Reservoirs are filling and the water is trickling out over new seeded alfalfa fields, over freshly planted orchards and vineyards. The new-comers are leveling, checking, seeding, planting, building new homes and new barns. It is an inspiring sight to see the home makers at work. Every one is busy.

Three things account for it—land is still selling at a reasonable figure; cheap electrical power is available; water is easily reached at low cost and is pumped at a cost insignificant in comparison to its value to the land.

Madera County will soon be the banner alfalfa field of California.

Better come out now and see Madera County. Tomorrow you may wish you had come. Write for booklet and further information. Ask all the questions you wish. It is our business to answer them.

Address

Secretary Madera Chamber of Commerce
MADERA, CALIFORNIA

Where Almonds Grow



BRANCH OF ALMONDS

Are you aware of the fact that California has a monopoly of the production of almonds in the United States? Are you aware of the further fact that there is no possibility of an overproduction? Are you aware of the still further fact that only favored sections of even diversified California are adapted to almond culture?

Dixon is one of such sections. Dixon is favored in a lot of ways. It has as glorious a share of that famous California climate as any section in the whole state. Surrounding Dixon is some of the richest soil in the Sacramento Valley. Water? Plenty of it. No problem at all for the Dixon farmer.

Dixon has a slogan. It is a slogan that means something, that is backed up by results. "DIXON, THE DAIRY CITY." The prize dairies of California are in the vicinity of Dixon. You ought to see the cream cans that go out each day to the nearby markets—San Francisco and the San Francisco Bay cities. Write for our booklet. It tells about the advantages of Dixon and the Dixon Country.

Address

Secretary Chamber of Commerce

DIXON

"The Dairy City"

Solano County

California

COOS BAY

OREGON

Coos Bay has the only safe deep-sea harbor between San Francisco and the Columbia River.

Coos Bay is spending \$300,000 this year in harbor improvements.

Coos Bay section ranks second in Oregon in dairy products.

Coos Bay has the largest belt of standing timber tributary to any port in the world, estimated at 110,000,000,000 feet.

Coos Bay has four hundred square miles underlaid with coal. Four coal mines now in operation.

Coos Bay has five lumber mills, one of which is the largest on the Pacific Coast.

Coos Bay is one of the ideal vacation spots in the northwest; with miles of beautiful ocean beach; all kinds of fishing, river and ocean; all kinds of game; perfect climate.

Coos Bay has a newly constructed modern pulp and paper mill.

Coos Bay is a wonderful berry region, strawberries being ripe from May to December.

Coos Bay's cities are modern and up to date in all respects, buildings, electricity, gas and water systems.

Coos Bay is the logical distributing port for a vast territory.

Coos Bay's tributary country is ideal for dairying, stock-raising, fruit and garden products.

Coos Bay is 24 hours from Portland by boat, 28 hours from San Francisco.

Coos Bay offers remarkable inducements to tourists, home-seekers, and investors because of its being the liveliest section of the Pacific Northwest.

Coos Bay wants to tell you more about it. Send for illustrated booklet. Just address

Marshfield Chamber of Commerce, Marshfield, Oregon
North Bend Commercial Club, North Bend, Oregon



Alfalfa is cut six and seven times each season and averages a ton to the acre each cutting

What is a kernel?

"The central, the substantial or essential part of anything, the core." Well, then, we feel secure in a play upon words—Kern, Kernel of California. Kern is the heart of a part of the richest of California. It is a leader in agricultural portions of California because it is delivering the goods. Kern County heads the San Joaquin Valley on the south and laps over the Tehachapi Mountains. It is one of the big producers of alfalfa, dairy products, deciduous fruits, citrus fruits, hay and grain, cattle and half a dozen other important items. It is a leader in oil production and in minerals. It is a safe place to invest your money for it has the goods to back up its promises.

What are the bragging points of California? Sunshine, climate, rich soil, good market. Kern has all of them. It has plenty of water for irrigation purposes. It is "the richest of California counties." In one year Kern County added \$13,493,079 to the grand total of all property within the county, according to official figures. That was a jump from \$52,350,546 to \$65,843,625.

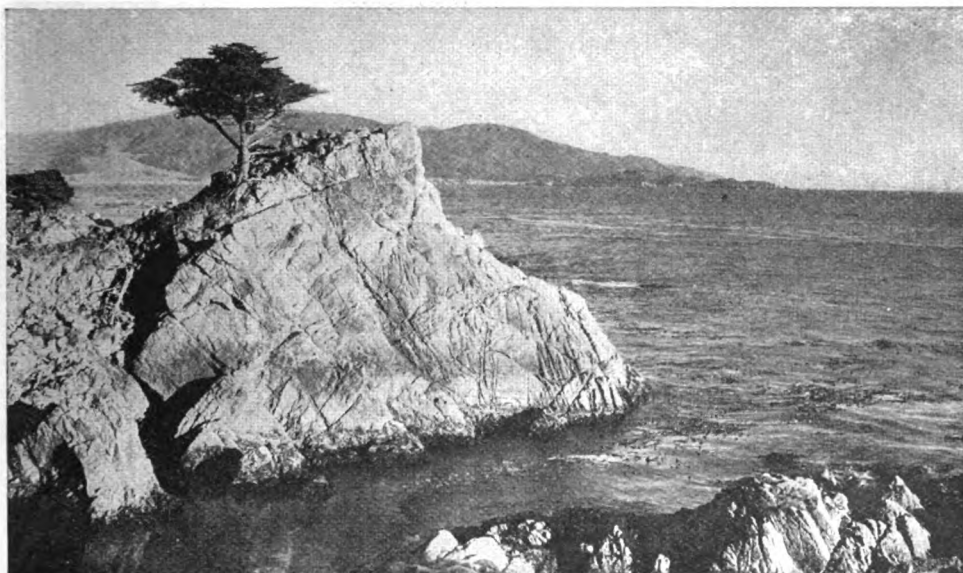
We have the facts about Kern County done up in a beautifully illustrated booklet, which will be sent to you for the asking. Sit down now and drop us a card. Tell us what you are looking for, what you want to do, what experience you have had and why you want to come to California. We will tell you whether you can make good in Kern County. We want you if you intend to become one of us—a worker and a producer.

Kern County Board of Trade, Bakersfield

Kern County, California

The derricks indicate oil operations. Oil is a source of great wealth in Kern County





THE RUGGED COAST OF MONTEREY, A FAVORITE CALIFORNIAN VACATION SPOT

FARMING AND RESORTS THE TWO CHIEF INTERESTS OF Monterey County CALIFORNIA

Monterey County has many famous resorts, not only hotels, but cities where life is taken easy. Thousands of homes in these cities are owned by retired people who have been won by the region's charm. Monterey Peninsula forms a distinct home section. Its strongest feature is scenery—some of California's best. The famous Seventeen-Mile-Drive is known the world over. Here, too, are some of the world's famous hotels. Three of the remaining nineteen missions, established by the Franciscans, are in Monterey County and two more are barely beyond its limits. There is no end of things to see, interesting points to visit, delights of all sorts.

BUT MONTEREY OFFERS OPPORTUNITIES TO THE AGRICULTURIST, TOO. This County is one of the oldest settled regions in California. It lies along the Coast, its northern boundary being approximately one hundred miles south of San Francisco. It is 125 miles long and has an average width of forty-five miles. Much of the country is mountainous. But there are some splendid valleys that have brought wealth and contentment to the dwellers. The Salinas Valley runs through the heart of the County—a famous farming section known far and wide for its production of Salinas Burbank potatoes and for its sugar beets. The Pajaro Valley is the largest apple-producing region in America—some of the finest apples grown come from this section. There are other rich valleys, smaller in extent but just as fertile.

Monterey County produces five leading staples—potatoes, apples, beets, barley and live stock. Each of these staples brings in upwards of a million dollars annually.

AND THE CHIEFEST ASSET OF THE COUNTY IS CLIMATE. IT CAN'T BE BEAT ANYWHERE IN THE WHOLE WORLD.

For further information and illustrated booklet address either of the undersigned organizations:

Monterey Chamber of Commerce
Monterey, California

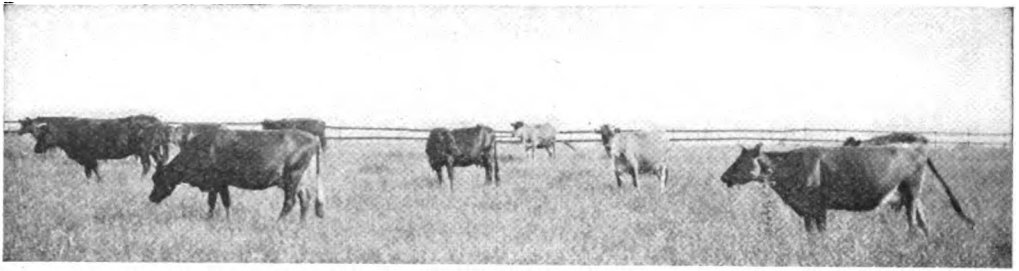
Fort Romie Grange
Soledad, California

Pacific Grove Board of Trade
Pacific Grove, California

Greenfield Grange
Greenfield, California

Kings City Board of Trade
Kings City, California

Monterey County Chamber of Commerce
Salinas, California



We Talk Dairying Because---

the biggest profit from the alfalfa ranch is obtained by marketing the product as cream and butter. The alfalfa ranch will return big money by merely disposing of the product as baled hay. The profit can be doubled by feeding to dairy cattle and hogs. One of these days the great interior valley of California will become famous for its live stock and dairying. The alfalfa acreage is increasing constantly. There will never be an over-production. Rich cream and good butter always command top-notch prices.

With us this is no idle speculation—this marketing of alfalfa in cream cans and pork. It is being done here all the time, by men who are making big money. It has made Turlock a city from a siding; has turned waste to riches in the surrounding country. We speak authoritatively because we know. We make the statement as an acceptable truth, for truth is but a statement of fact.

The Turlock Irrigation District—

was one of the first in California organized and perfected under the Wright irrigation law. It is a success. Ask any man who has studied irrigation development. Ask any man who knows about the development of San Joaquin Valley irrigated tracts. He'll tell you that the Turlock Irrigation District is the criterion.

Alfalfa is but one of the crops grown here. There are peaches and grapes, and nectarines, and melons, and garden truck. In fact anything that grows in rich soil, grows here and the markets are always good.

We would like to talk with you about the Turlock Irrigation District. If we can't meet you face to face we will gladly open a correspondence with you. Write at once for our illustrated booklet. Address

Secretary Board of Trade, Turlock, Stanislaus County, California



33,000,000,000 Feet of Timber like this in Tillamook County

TILLAMOOK COUNTY, OREGON

Where Big Timber Grows

there is no argument about the fertility of the land, about a sufficient supply of moisture, about depth of soil, about the opportunities for investment.

IN TILLAMOOK COUNTY there are thirty-three billion feet of standing timber, the finest Douglas fir, spruce and cedar in the Northwest. This timber is being cut and the big mills about Tillamook and Nehalem Bays are turning it into manufactured lumber.

TILLAMOOK COUNTY is the prize dairy country of the Northwest. Here the Jersey, the Guernsey and the Holstein cows are as much at home as in their native heath. There is an ample supply of natural grasses and undergrowth, the kind that makes good rich cream. Fifty dairies and cheese factories, most of them co-operative, are manufacturing upwards of \$500,000 worth of cheese annually.

TILLAMOOK COUNTY borders the Pacific Ocean on the West. Its beach line is one of the most popular resort sections of the Pacific Northwest. Almost every foot of available ground is devoted to beach attractions. In addition to the delights of the beach there is splendid hunting and fishing in the nearby Coast mountains, easy of access.

The delights of every day life in Tillamook County are of inestimable value to the settler and homeseeker. It is well worth your while to investigate.

Send for illustrated booklet. The truth about Tillamook County is sufficient.

Write to the Tillamook County Court



When Water is Worth \$1000 a Miner's Inch A Stream Like This is a Fortune

In this country, where the summers are all sunshine, water is worth something. In some arid regions water is most difficult to obtain. High prices are charged for it. A constant tax is levied for its use. Irrigating systems are an investment for the sake of the revenue by the sale of water; or they include the sale of land or water; or again they are provided for by forming districts and issuing bonds. This latter method is the favorite one in California. These irrigation districts are formed under the Wright Act. This California irrigation law has a provision which **MAKES THE LAND OWN THE WATER**. That is the big favorable feature. The people who own the land own the water. It is their water; they control it; they manage the affairs of the irrigation district just as they manage their school districts.

That's the Kind of Irrigation System We Have in Sunny Stanislaus

It is, to our way of thinking, the *only* kind of an irrigation system. It has increased our population over 1,000 per cent. It has made towns grow where were railroad switches and cities grow where were towns. It is sending loaded cream cans and loaded butter cars, and loaded fruit cars from our railroad sidings.

Stanislaus County has room for many more settlers, however. Write for information. Write for our booklet. Ask us all the questions you wish. It is our business to answer them.

Address your letters to

**Secretary Stanislaus County Board of Trade
Modesto, California**



**Come on
You Fishermen
You Lovers of Out-door Life!**

**Come Get a Taste
of the Real Sport!**

You didn't know that New Mexico was a fishermen's and camper's paradise, did you? Didn't know that the Gila National Forest is the ideal camp-ground, did you? Didn't know that there is unsurpassed fishing and hunting tied right up with that delightful year round New Mexico climate?

Along the Gila and its branches the best fishing in America is to be found. Nearly every species of game to be found in Continental United States roams the trackless forests. Quail, turkey, deer, bear, mountain lions, mountain goats—are found either on the low mesas near the streams or high up in the pine clad heights of the Black Range.

Dry, cool, bracing air and absence of heavy undergrowth, even along the streams, makes hunting and fishing pleasant and healthful.

Incidentally—when you come take a look around Deming. You will see an agricultural country that will open your eyes.

You will see a valley—the Mimbres—surrounded by vast mining districts entirely dependent upon the products of this valley, for farm products. And with it goes a healthful climate, an abundant water supply, an insatiable market.

More information supplied upon request. Write

R. BEDICHEK
Secretary Chamber of Commerce
DEMING, NEW MEXICO



Ashland Creek Falls

ASHLAND, OREGON

AN IDEAL HOME CITY

Claims your attention. High altitude, nearby mountains, good interurban motor service to points of interest in the Rogue River Valley, splendid educational advantages, model high school, Polytechnic Business College, fine public library, hospital, mineral springs—an ideal place to rest, recuperate, enjoy mountain scenery, breathe pure air and still have all the advantages of a modern city.

All around Ashland are beautiful orchards—the Rogue River kind. It's worth a visit to Ashland just to see the country round about.

Write for our illustrated booklet. Just off the press. Yours for the asking.

Secretary Commercial Club, Ashland, Oregon

UNION LUMBER CO.

REDWOOD AND PINE

LUMBER

RAILROAD TIES, TELEGRAPH POLES

SHINGLES, SPLIT SHAKES, ETC.

Office: 1014 Crocker Bldg.
San Francisco, California
Telephone Kearny 2260

SAWMILLS
Fort Bragg, Mendocino County

**On the California Western Railroad
and Navigation Co.**

FORT BRAGG TO WILLITS

**In connection with the Northwestern
Pacific Railroad Co.**



A NEW ERA OF PROSPERITY JUST BEGINNING FOR

Fresno County

CALIFORNIA

MANY things have transpired in the past few months which mean the opening of a new era of prosperity for Fresno County.

The construction of interurban roads, the opening of new tracts of undeveloped lands, the surveying of rivers with a view to making them navigable, the securing of terminal railroad rates, and last, but most important of all, the *organizing of growers*.

A \$1,000,000 Raisin Growers' Association has already been perfected and is now in operation; the peach growers are organizing; the producers of table grapes are also realizing the value of "getting together" and will soon have an organization of their own.

All of this means better prices and assured markets for products

There are big profits in the growing of grapes, peaches, and other fruits. The demand for California fruits is unlimited. Now that the growers are organized to maintain good prices prosperity is assured. Crop failures are unknown in Fresno County. An acre of land in Fresno County will produce 8 to 12 or more tons of alfalfa a year. The price just at present is \$12 and upwards. The general price averages anywhere from \$8 to \$12. Raisins are a certain crop and a profitable one at the price of 3c a pound.

The newly formed Growers' Association makes this price assured, with a strong probability of an even better one. Peaches for canning command good prices and are also an un-failing crop. Fresno County produces some of the finest dried peaches in the world. Fruit growing is a very profitable proposition in Fresno County.

Great for Dairying

With its mild, equable climate, the abundance of water for irrigating, and the prolific production of alfalfa, Fresno County offers unique advantages for dairying. Already this is a most important industry, but it is not developed to anything like its possibilities. It is not necessary to give dairy stock a great deal of housing, due to the mildness of the climate. The market for dairy products is unlimited, practically, as many millions of pounds of butter are shipped into California each year.

**"Some day," you say
Why not now?**

You have probably said many a time that you should some day see California. All eyes are turned toward this land of promise. California looms large in the immediate future, and larger still as the Panama Canal nears completion. No State has more to offer the homeseeker than California has, and no part of the State

can offer such unsurpassed advantages as Fresno County.

Conditions for farming are ideal. The climate is mild, being just warm enough in the summer to ripen thoroughly the fruits and develop them perfectly. There are many varieties of rich soil in Fresno County, making a great diversity of crops an accomplished fact.

Now is the best time to come west. Come before the completion of the Panama Canal. Come before the commencement of the big celebration of this event, the Panama-Pacific Exposition at San Francisco in 1915, so that you may be on the ground before the greater development begins.

Fresno County has a population of over 70,000 and while the country is well settled up, yet there remains thousands of acres of land awaiting the homeseekers, land that can be obtained on the easy payment plan, either developed or undeveloped and which is constantly increasing in value and will make the purchasers wealthy.

Find out more about

Fresno County

By writing to

WILLIAM ROBERTSON
Secretary Chamber of Commerce
FRESNO, CALIFORNIA



PETALUMA, CALIFORNIA, A CASH MARKET, PAYS POULTRYMEN \$10,000 A DAY.

The Chicken Center of the World!

A pretty strong statement, but we can make good on it. Sonoma County is the first in California in the production of eggs and poultry, the city of Petaluma and the county forming the largest chicken center in the world. Why? Because the business pays here. Everything is favorable, climate, feed, markets, shipping facilities.

A Leader in General Farming

Sonoma County is right in the front rank when it comes to general farming. It is first in California in the production of dry wines. That means splendid grape production. It is the largest dry wine district in America. It is one of the principal hop producers of the United States and leads in quality and output of prunes. It is one of the most important dairy counties and is first in the supply of berries in California.

Not all the land is in cultivation by many acres. We want you to come and help us make Sonoma County a leader in other things. Write for booklet. Address either of the undersigned.

Sonoma County Development Association, Santa Rosa.
Santa Rosa Chamber of Commerce, Santa Rosa.
Petaluma Chamber of Commerce, Petaluma.
Sebastopol Chamber of Commerce, Sebastopol.
Sonoma Chamber of Commerce, Sonoma.

Guerneville Improvement Club, Guerneville.
Healdsburg Chamber of Commerce, Healdsburg.
Windsor Chamber of Commerce, Windsor.
Cloverdale Chamber of Commerce, Cloverdale.

SONOMA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA



DAIRYING IS ONE OF SONOMA COUNTY'S SPECIALIZED OPPORTUNITIES.

The Government has spent \$10,000 per year for eleven years to prove that
DATES CAN BE RAISED
 on a commercial basis
IN THE COACHELLA VALLEY

You can be one of the fortunate few who can own a date grove in the United States, as choice date land is limited. So take advantage of your opportunity, NOW.



Fructing Palm at Government Station, Mecca, Coachella Valley, California

NOW is the accepted time, and we have made it possible for this to be the accepted time for **YOU** to own a date grove that will make you thousands yearly and will be worth a fortune in ten years. Do you want to make a fortune and in the meantime live in the best spot in the world where the climate is fine, where the water is 99.985% pure? Where Doctors have no patients? Where cemeteries are practically unknown? Where you can clear five hundred to one thousand dollars per acre from early vegetables, while your date grove is maturing, that when matured will be worth from \$5000 to \$10,000 per acre, and will produce from \$1000 to \$3000 per acre, with less care than you would give to any other fruit orchard, where you will be close to the Ocean-to-Ocean Highway, on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, 130 miles from Los Angeles, surrounded by neighbors of culture and refinement? If you want all this and can pay \$50 to \$200 down, and \$10 to \$50 per month, send us your name and address and we will send you full data. Also magazine articles, etc., on date culture.

Coachella Valley Land & Products Company

620 S. Spring Street

Los Angeles, Cal.

A1447, Main 5115

Harbor Cities are the Great Cities

NEWPORT HARBOR, California

Is one of the Best of the Five Harbor Cities on the Pacific Coast

It is landlocked and has a natural breakwater. The U. S. Government survey of the harbor is completed and the comparative small amount of dredging to be done is well under way.

A vast, rich, productive country is tributary to Newport Harbor. This wonderful combination will make Newport a commercial city in a few years.

50 trains a day in and out of Newport via the Pacific Electric Railroad and the Southern Pacific Railroad. A splendid harbor, a wonderful "Back Country," plenty of room for Railroads and Steamships. The opening of the Panama Canal will demand every foot of wharfage to accommodate the enormous increase in shipping to come to the Pacific Coast. All these assure a commercial center. **Choice lots near the Ocean, \$650 to \$1000.** Acres with fertile soil under irrigation, \$500 per acre. Lots and acres are selling rapidly. Prices will soon advance. Send at once for literature.

John H. Watts, 311 Central Building, Los Angeles, California



200 inches of pure water raised 25 feet

Three hours' ride
from
Los Angeles
brings you to
the great

ANTELOPE VALLEY

THE INVESTOR'S OPPORTUNITY

to acquire close-in farm land at low prices in touch with Los Angeles markets and on main line of transcontinental railroad.

Compare prices of land here and elsewhere in Southern California so situated.

We have no land for sale. Our duty is to tell you of this big chance in our valley right now. Six months or one year later will be TOO late.

Special Train Excursions from Los Angeles to Lancaster.



Pears have brought \$2000 per acre

LOOK— THIS VALLEY IS

70 miles long by 20 wide
2400 feet above the sea
65 miles north of Los Angeles

IT HAS

- Good Soil
- Wonderful Climate
- Plenty of Pure Water
- Splendid Auto Roads
- Virgin Soil Undeveloped

200,000 Deciduous Fruit Trees were imported this season.

Ideal for dairy cattle and fine horses

Hogs and alfalfa make big profits

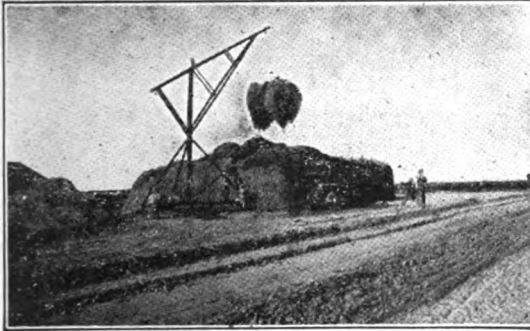


MAIL THIS
COUPON
TODAY

MR. IRVING E. DODGE, Secretary Chamber of Commerce,
Lancaster, California

Please send me without expense to myself, illustrated folder descriptive of your valley.

Name.....
Street.....
City.....
State.....



5 sure cuttings averaging 8 tons per acre—Alfalfa

We are proprietors of extensive ranch properties here which are NOT FOR SALE. WE KNOW THE COUNTRY, THE SOIL AND THE POSSIBILITIES OF THIS, THE COMING VALLEY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

We have listed with for sale choice properties in RAW, PARTIALLY AND FULLY DEVELOPED lands, 40 acres and up, at prices that can not be bettered.

Alfalfa, hog, dairy, stock, turkey, chicken and fruit land (excluding citrus fruit) may be had at prices ranging from \$35.00 per acre up, depending on distance from railroad, water conditions, character of soil and the rapid increase in valuation owing to extensive development now in process in every section of the valley.

ANTELOPE VALLEY, CALIFORNIA

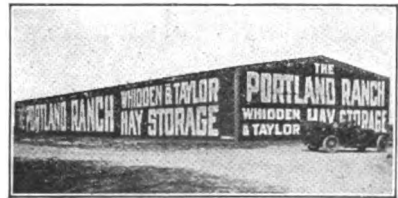
Our own properties, The Portland Ranch, are ample evidence of results obtained through modern development methods.

We want to encourage the sale of income producing or possible income producing property;—in other words, the plain, unvarnished truth about the country in which we have invested and made our homes and are getting results is good enough for purposes of publicity among real developers. You can make money by investing in and developing Antelope Valley lands. Write us today.

We invite personal inspection by special appointment only.

Address

WHIDDEN & TAYLOR
(Proprietors The Portland Ranch)
Lancaster, California



Our Hay Warehouse at Lancaster

“Out-of-Season” Products



Peaceful, comfortable ranch homes among the cottonwoods

You know what “out of season” products mean, vegetables ready for consumption at the very time when the market is lean. That is the highest price period. Cantaloupes, when there are no cantaloupes on the market, are bound to bring high prices. Grape fruit, when other trees have been stripped, mean big profits for the grower. Cucumbers, onions, summer squash, green corn, string beans, tomatoes, sweet potatoes—ready for the market before similar vegetables from other sections—the grower sets his own price.

That is why the Coachella Valley appeals

Here is a wonderful California garden, protected on all sides, underlain with an inexhaustible artesian belt of purest water, with soil of marvelous fertility. Besides vegetables, this land produces grape fruit, figs, cotton, dates, alfalfa, grapes and other valuable crops.

United States Experimental Stations show how dates pay

Unimproved land may be purchased from \$75 to \$100 per acre. Improved comes a little higher.

For detailed information and illustrated folder write to

J. C. RISLEY, Secretary Board of Trade
Thermal, California

The Contrast Here is Great

The contrast between Tulare County and other sections is even greater. The topographical formation of Tulare County gives her every climate from the semi-tropics to the rigorous north; her geological formation gives her many varieties of fertile soil; her vast watershed an excellent gravity and underground water supply; her geographical location a commanding position to local markets and her transportation facilities places her in touch with the markets of the world.

Here is the opportunity for the fruit grower, the farmer, the dairyman, the stockman, the homeseeker and the investor. For free illustrated literature and specific information write Department A—

Tulare County Board of Trade

VISALIA, CALIFORNIA

Mail This Coupon Today

Pigs in Clover may be all right back East - but it's -Hogs in Alfalfa on the Kuhn California Project



Hog raising is one of the most profitable industries on the **Kuhn California Project** in the fertile Sacramento Valley. This section produces unusually large yields of alfalfa, a one-year-old stand of which will support from 12 to 25 hogs per acre. We have some

Fine Developed Alfalfa Land

for sale. No better alfalfa raising combination than hog and raising the attached exists. For full details mail coupon.

Kuhn Irrigated Land Co.

412 Market St., San Francisco.

Please tell me all about Hog and Alfalfa Raising.

Name

Address

KUHN IRRIGATED LAND CO.
412 MARKET ST.
SAN FRANCISCO

36

Homes that pay for themselves

California is the paradise of the small farmer. We build your farm to order. Plant your trees, vines or crops. Build your house when you are ready for it. Why not start your

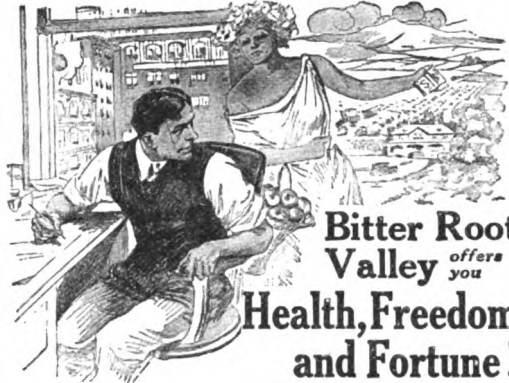
California home today

Only a few dollars required. Or buy our stock as a good investment—always exchangeable for land.

Write for our plan today.

California Farm and Home Builders

909 Van Nuys Building
Los Angeles, California
(Dept. C)



YOU want a Fortune! Every normal individual wants one—if the fortune can be had honestly and without sacrificing the other factors that make life worth while. *Real* fortune, to every right thinking man or woman, isn't measured solely in dollars. A *generous competence*, combined with *health, independence* and *ideal environment* in which to live and be *happy*, make up the sum total.

Five Thousand Dollars a Year

net income from ten acres of matured apple and cherry orchard in the frostless and wormless Bitter Root Valley with a home and six months vacation annually in one of the most magnificently endowed natural environments on the Creator's footstool, with golf links, hunting, fishing and mountain climbing and with neighbors of culture, education and refinement—is the opportunity we offer you.

We believe you will investigate this opportunity because this appeal for investigation is directed to broad-minded and sensible readers, living in an age of scientific progress which has made the impossible of yesterday the reality of today. This is *not* an offer of something for nothing. It is an opportunity for you to make an immensely profitable compact based on mankind's partnership with nature. We are now growing more than three thousand acres of fruit trees, one to three years old, for satisfied customers who would not consider selling their orchards at a large advance over their cost.

\$5,000 Yearly For Life From Ten Acres

A Bitter Root Valley apple orchard bears commercially in its fifth year. Ten acres, fully developed, should be capable of returning you during early maturity, strictly net, a profit of \$2,000 to \$5,000 yearly. Beginning with the 10th year from planting, judged by experience of others, 10 acres should net you an income of \$5,000 yearly and employ only half your time.

If you have a fair-sized income now and are willing to improve your condition, you do not need much capital to possess one of these big-paying orchards.

Our Proposition and Plan

briefly stated is this: We will sell you a CHOICE 10-ACRE PLANTED and GROWING ORCHARD, best standard varieties apples and cherries—with the Company's definite written contract to care for and develop your orchard under expert horticultural supervision for five full growing seasons from date of planting, including all land taxes and irrigation charges. You may, if desired, assume personal charge of your orchard at any time and secure a refund.

The land should easily become worth, conservatively stated, in fair comparison with other improved land, \$1,000 an acre. There is a clean profit to you of 100 per cent on a 5-year investment to count on at the outset. Only a \$300 cash payment required now to secure your orchard tract—balance in easy payments divided over a ten year period. Your payments for the first few years are practically ALL the cash outlay you will have, as your orchard tract should meet all payments falling due while in commercial bearing period and yield you a handsome profit besides. Our reservation plan provides for inspection of the land by you, and your money back if dissatisfied.

— INVESTIGATE by using this coupon TODAY —

BITTER ROOT VALLEY IRRIGATION CO.

804-851 First National Bank Building, Chicago, U. S. A.

Robert E. Lemon, General Sales Manager:

Please send me full information concerning your Bitterroot Orchard Tracts in Bitter Root Valley.

Write your name and complete address plainly on the margin below



Yes, She Milks a Cow

You can milk twenty! Just to make money, that's all!

The time is NOW, the place is ANTELOPE VALLEY, California, and the price is \$175 and \$200 per acre. Every piece of land has its own pumping plant.

The Newest and Best of California's Great Alfalfa Districts is

Antelope Valley

The terms are easy— $\frac{1}{4}$ cash and the balance in 2, 3, 4, and 5 years at 6%. This land is in a beautiful mountain valley, on the railroad 75 miles from Los Angeles.

In this valley ALFALFA REACHES ITS GREATEST PERFECTION. The land is CALIFORNIA'S BEST. WE SELL IT.

If you can't call, write

CENTINELA LAND COMPANY

1009 Title Insurance Bldg., Los Angeles



Point Loma at Sunset

In Beautiful San Diego— The Harbor of the Sun

THERE'S only one POINT LOMA and it's the choicest residential spot of all the land. Standing as the majestic guardian of San Diego and her grand harbor, overlooking views that are unsurpassed in all the world, Point Loma offers to mankind a home, and with that home an all-the-time climate that varies at noonday not more than ten degrees throughout the year.

The sunshine of sunny Southern California carries with it glorious warmth without discomfort, and at night your blanketed bed leads to dreamless slumber. About you the beautiful view of mountain, of ocean and of bay, with flowers and citrus fruits in endless profusion. For pleasure the finest of sunlit beaches with murmuring surf.

In this earthly paradise is to be found home, health and happiness. And yet it is not alone the haven of the rich. On Point Loma you may purchase fine building sites, 50x140, from \$850 up.

A postcard will bring our booklet.

D. C. COLLIER & CO.

1141 D Street

San Diego, Calif.

NYE BEACH



One of the numberless attractions that make **NEWPORT** the ideal vacation resort of the Northwest.

Newport, located at the mouth of the beautiful Yaquina Bay and on the ocean beaches, offers a perfect vacation, combining the many attractions of the Northwest.

At Newport you can enjoy boating; surf or bath house bathing; deep-sea, surf, bay and trout fishing; bear, wildcat, mountain lion, deer and small game hunting; clambakes; gathering rock oysters; hunting agates, etc.

You can spend a perfect month at Newport this summer, and can go to a different point of interest every day, The Devil's Punch Bowl, Agate Beach, The Spouting Horn, The Light House, etc.

Newport has fine hotels and cottages.

Commercially, Newport has a bright future. Its harbor is excellent, has a 22 foot bar, with 22 billion feet of standing timber within 20 miles. The adjoining country offers matchless opportunities for small farmers, dairying, poultry raising, etc.

Send for illustrated booklet

Newport Commercial Club, Newport, Oregon

Plain Talk

Two men started business in Portland, November, 1910, and prospered—so much so, the two men were joined by seventeen others.

The nineteen men organized a company, each man's dollar buying just as much as the other fellow's—no promotion shares, no bonds, no preferred shares.

The larger business has been profitable from the start, a dividend of 12½% was paid for the first year with a surplus remaining.

In the meantime, 120 men and women of Portland, representative of all walks of life, joined the 19. All invested because of absolute security and certainty of large dividends.

Here is the List:

15 Business Men	1 Farmer	2 Printers
2 Presidents	4 Insurance Men	1 Advertising Writer
10 Salesmen	5 Bookkeepers	1 Dressmaker
6 Real Estate Men	1 Furniture Mfg.	1 Paint Dealer
1 Government Employee	1 Car Man	4 Newspaper Men
5 Railroad Officers	2 Grocers	2 Jewelers
4 Stenographers	2 Bakers	1 Theatrical Man
1 Science Practitioner	1 Hardware Dealer	2 Agents
1 Judge	3 Bankers	1 Tailor
1 Auto Dealer	17 Business Women	1 Shoe Dealer
1 City Employee	5 Doctors	1 Building Sup. Dealer
1 Laborer	1 Fireman	1 Foreman
1 Paymaster	1 Collar Maker	1 Superintendent
1 Bank President	1 Contractor	1 Chauffeur
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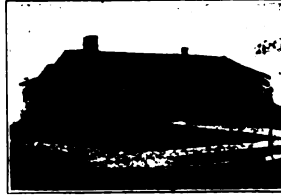
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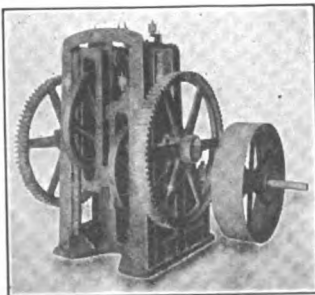
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Canadian Manager SUNSET Magazine

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attracted the constructive attention of Western Canada's largest operators and empire builders. Now Sidney is the new metropolis of Saanich Peninsula and is reached by three competing railroads, as well as marine shipping lines.

SIDNEY—"The Town With a Future"

ONLY a year ago this company prophesied the tremendous upbuilding just now beginning in Sidney—there was no other place so logical for it. It was obvious that the Canadian Northern, Great Northern and B. C. Electric Railways would tap the Sidney district, and their plans are now being matured.

Sea shipping facilities have likewise been improved, and the Great

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To manufacturers, Sidney offers adequate transportation facilities by rail and water—three railways—cheap coal, fuel oil, electricity, water, ideal climatic and living conditions for workmen and employers, special inducements in sites, taxes, etc., and large, rapidly growing markets. There are also many

opportunities in Sidney for wholesalers and retailers. Industries now being established and others projected insure an unprecedented growth in population, wealth and activity from this time on. That is why we are now urging our clients to invest in Sidney immediately—present prices are bound to mount skyward within a few weeks—perhaps days.

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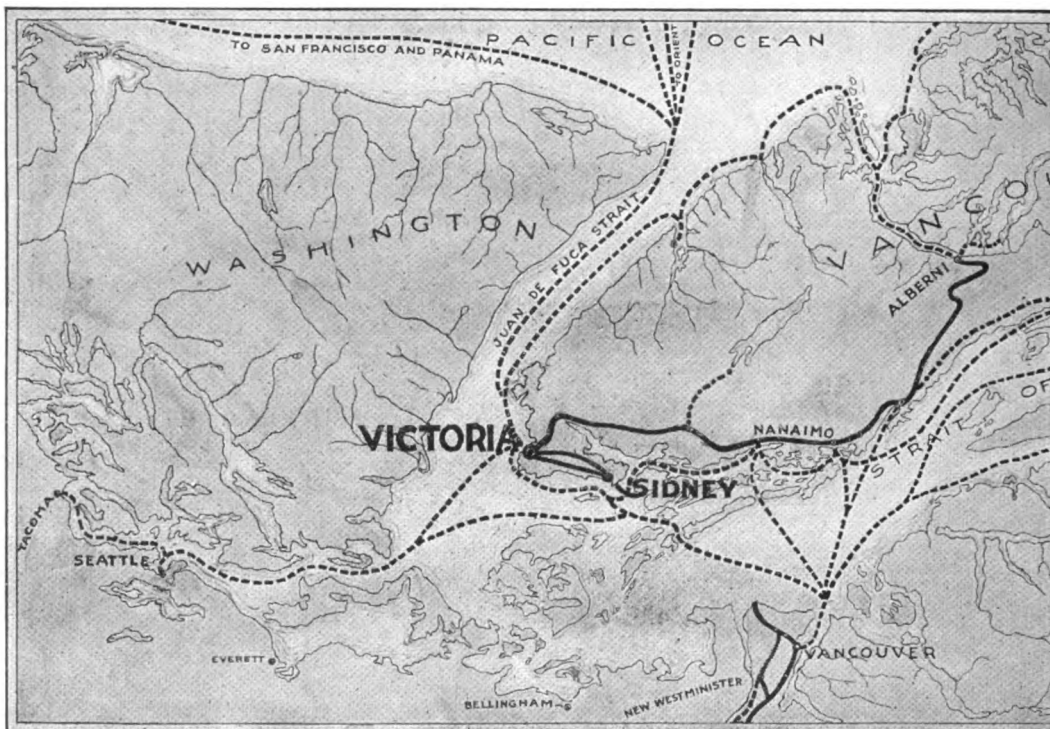
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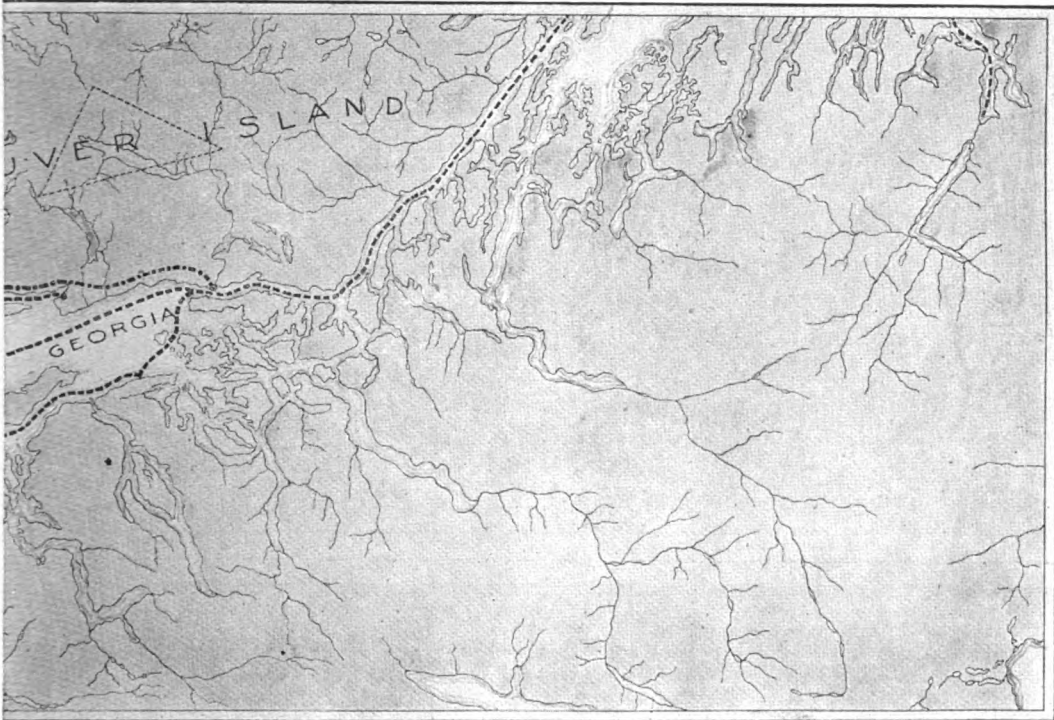
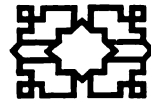
This accurate map of the North Pacific Coast shows vital reasons for the a great world port: It is nearest the open ocean, free from fog, shelte

VICTORIA is not only the first and last port of the Pacific chosen by the Canadian Government for Canada's most imposing the Pacific Coast. These include \$4,000,000 worth of ocean under construction, and, just announced from Ottawa, the world 1,500 feet in length, to be built at Esquimalt, Victoria, Pacific headq

Total number arrivals and departures of vessels in Victoria harbor fiscal year ended March 31, 1912, to 11,407 for the year ended March 16%. In the same time the total tonnage of Victoria shipping increased tons, or nearly 24%.

With the great harbor improvements now under way to meet the shipping, and the projected bridging of Seymour Narrows to bring all from the mainland to Canada's logical and inevitable Pacific ocean po and 1915 will mark the greatest growth and development in her history. for the tremendous present constructive and investment activity in Vic

and Last Port



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Northwest, but also the porting harbor improvements on piers and breakwater, now d's largest naval drydock, uarters of the Canadian Navy. increased from 9,778 for the 31, 1913, an increase of over from 7,307,274 to 9,045,513

demands of Panama Canal transcontinental railways rt, Victoria is sure that 1914 This in a measure accounts toria.

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The corporation does not deal in speculative values, nor does it take savings deposits or attempt a banking business. It makes a specialty of investing funds entrusted to it in first mortgages exclusively on improved property and high class real estate, yielding up to 8 per cent. annual interest.

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As this part of the Peninsula is now enjoying unprecedented constructive activity of the permanently productive sort, such as the building of railways, wharves and factories, and as it is an ideal home and garden district enjoying an unusually fine climate and productive soil, this offering is heartily recommended as a secure and highly profitable investment. Write at once for specific particulars.

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SUNSET

THE PACIFIC MONTHLY

There are few things more simple than snapping on an electric light or boarding an electric car. These ordinary processes are the final performances in a long chain of extraordinary operations that begin as related to California, in the fastnesses of the High Sierra, proceed through rugged canyons and across fertile valleys until they end in the traffic of city streets and the reading lamps of family castles. It is a fascinating industrial story, and Walter V. Woehlke, having learned it after following ditch and pole line "from the Sierra to the sea" tells it in the August SUNSET.

✱ ✱ ✱ ✱

What are your ideas about Mexico? Do you think the country is hopeless as a republic or do you think that affairs are going to move smoothly there in no time and that Mexico is to take her place in the sisterhood of established nations? The people of the United States, and particularly the people of the states along the Mexican border, are considerably concerned with the outlook in the country from which the "despot," Diaz, was exiled and in which the "liberator," Madero, was—well, deposed. E. Alexander Powell, F. R. G. S., a man who has studied unquiet countries at close range, has gone to Mexico for SUNSET, the Pacific Monthly, to observe and to report. What that report will be, or what will be the difficulties encountered in the making of it, we cannot tell at the time of this announcement but the article is scheduled, through faith in Mr. Powell's ability to "come through," for next month.

✱ ✱ ✱ ✱

Billy Fortune comes to the short-story round-up next month. Billy isn't a bad fellow, as you know (remembering his generous offer last March to marry the quitter's daughter), but he has some startling experiences with goodness as landed at his station by the up train. The adventures of "the Texan," announced for July, have had to be postponed to next month; the story, one of Herman Whitaker's best Mexican tales, is worth waiting for. After all his trials and tribulations at Peace Cottage, in his experiments in tranquility, A. J. Waterhouse finally raises a crop and it's a good one. But there is little tranquility for poor Donna Corblay, at the Hat Ranch, next month, for Peter B. Kyne, seemingly without pity, puts her through a sort of desert inquisition which is painful while it lasts, though of course it must all come right in the end.

All material intended for the editorial pages of this magazine should be addressed to the Editors of Sunset, 460 Fourth St., San Francisco. All manuscripts, drawings and photographs are received with the understanding that the Editors are not responsible for the loss or injury of material while in their possession or in transit. Return postage must be inclosed. All the contributions and illustrations of this number are fully protected by copyright and may not be reprinted without special permission from SUNSET MAGAZINE.



IN THE KLAMATH COUNTRY

MT. MCLAUGHLIN, OF THE CASCADES, IN OREGON, FINDS A SNOWY REFLECTION IN UPPER KLAMATH LAKE. THE SHORES OF THIS LAKE HAVE BEEN RED WITH THE BLOOD OF MODOC INDIAN WARS, BUT TODAY THE WHITE PELICANS FLOAT UPON ITS QUIET SURFACE AND EXCURSION STEAMERS AND MOTOR-BOATS CROSS IT WITH SPORTSMEN FOR PELICAN BAY AND NATURE LOVERS ON THEIR WAY TO THE MARVEL OF CRATER LAKE

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THE LAND *of* MAGIC NAMES

How a Globe-Trotter, Answering the Call of Places With Alluring Names, Stumbled Upon Treasure Trove in the Northwest Corner of His Own Continent

By E. ALEXANDER POWELL, F. R. G. S.

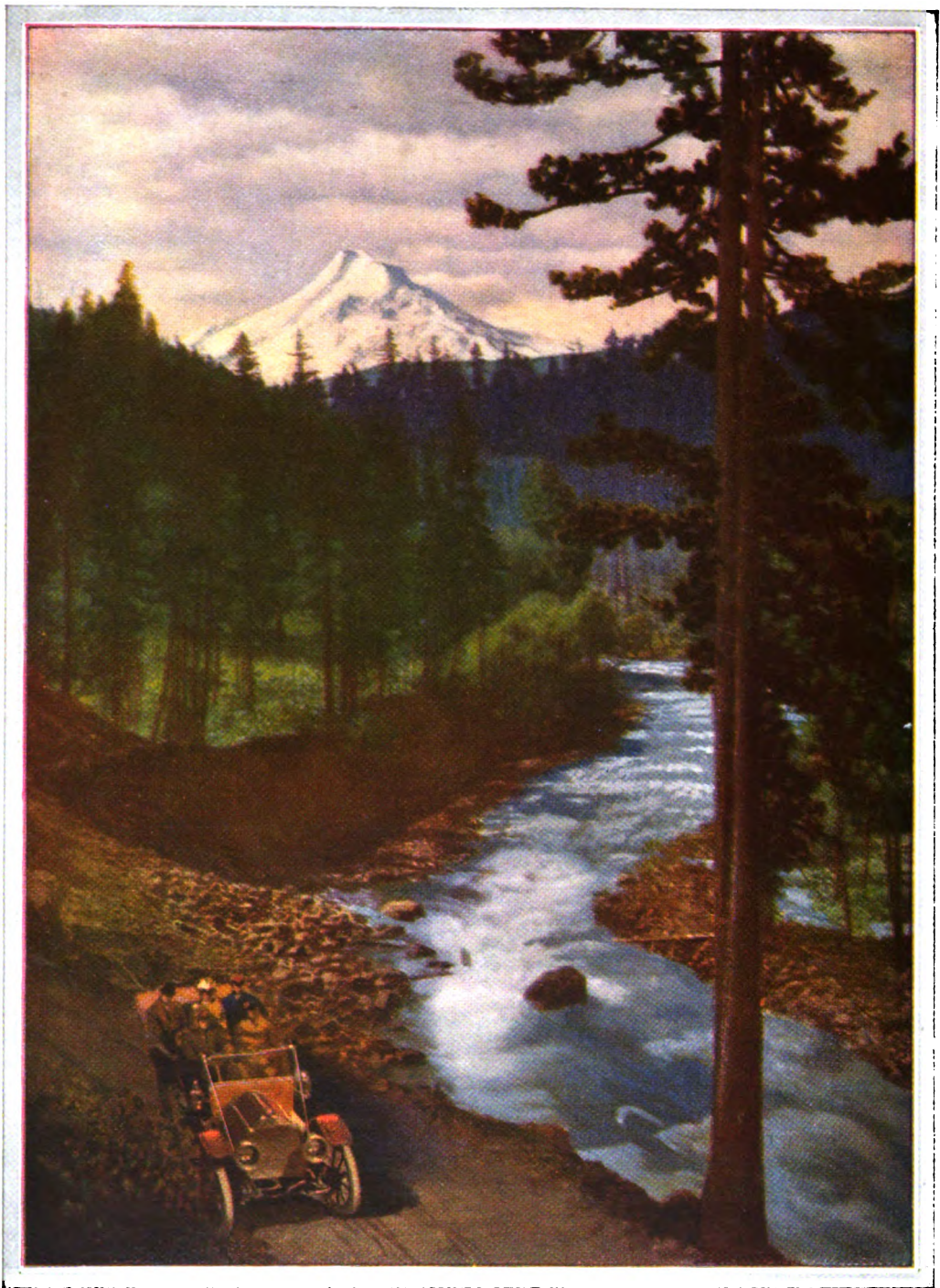
I HAVE always held that certain names are as potent in exciting a desire for travel as certain liquors are in exciting craving for strong drink. What man with a pennyworth of romance or adventure in his soul but does not have a vague longing to be foot-loose and free when he reads in his morning paper despatches under the date-lines of Fez, Benghazi, Samarkand, Ujiji . . . or, loitering along the waterfront of some seaport town, does not feel the restless symptoms of the wander-fever when he sees ships outward-bound for Raratonga, Singapore, Zanzibar, Callao, the River Plate . . . ?

Each of those seductive names summoned me in its turn and, like Kipling's itinerant soldier, I answered its summons "for to admire an' for to see, for to be'old this world so wide." After a time, however, the magic names began to run out, and I was compelled, perforce, to search the pages of the atlas for new ones as assiduously as the Forty-niners searched the Sierras for gold. That is how it came about that, in one of the corners of my own continent, I stumbled upon a hitherto unsuspected mine of magic names, and, as it proved upon investigation, a magic country. The Gulf of Georgia, the Straits of Juan de Fuca, Friday Harbor, Deception Pass, Paradise Valley, the island of Orcas, Esquimault, Nanaimo, Steilacoom, Anacortes . . . every one of them fairly reeks with romance and adventure, and if they arouse in you no faintest stirring of curiosity, no longing to go and see for yourself, then there must be something lacking in your make-up.

And they are names that stand for something, too: they stand for bronzed troopers in white helmets and scarlet tunics, for cow-punchers in Angora "chaps" and

rakish *sombreros*, for fur-traders in Mackinaws and shoe-packs, for Indians in blankets and beaded moccasins, for gentlemen adventurers and younger sons and remittance men, for trappers and lumberjacks and pioneers; they stand for wildernesses which have yet to echo the sound of a white man's voice, for swirling icy rivers where the giant salmon run, for the unexplored and savage country where the spotted bear is found, for villages of rude huts clustered around huge carved and painted totem poles, whose people still glut themselves on stranded whales; they stand for a country where the canoe and the pack-horse have yet to be supplanted by the powerboat and the motor-car, for a region where civilization falters and the wilderness begins.

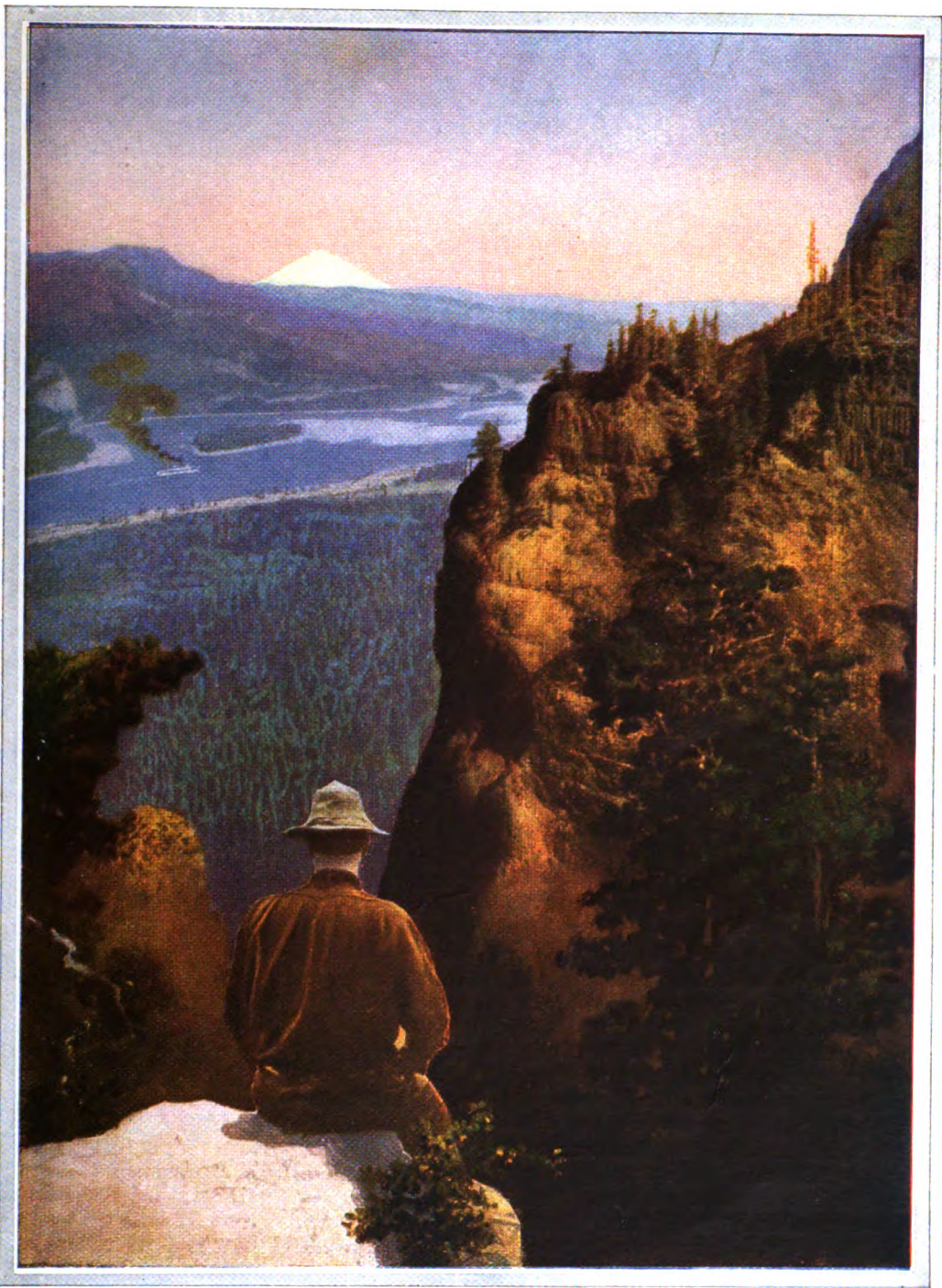
I may be mistaken, of course, but I would be willing to wager the price of a ticket to any one of the places I have named that you cannot tell offhand where any one of them is. And yet they are by no means as remote or inaccessible as their bizarre, outlandish names would indicate. Sixty hours from the ferry building in San Francisco by rail and river-steamer, by rail and riding horse, or by rail and motor-car, will find you in the furthestmost of them. If you will bring out the family atlas and open it to the map of North America, I will, with your permission, show you the whereabouts of my Land of Magic Names. Roughly speaking, it comprises that portion of the Pacific slope of North America lying between the Siskiyou of Oregon and the Skeena of British Columbia, and the multitudinous islands off its coasts. It is a land of three-mile-high mountains and fifteen-hundred-mile-long rivers and million-acre forests, of caves and canyons and waterfalls and glaciers—a great broad rugged unfenced unspoiled Outdoors. Portland,



MT. HOOD, IN OREGON

WHENEVER YOU OBSERVE AN AMERICAN WHO HAS SET FOOT IN EUROPE ASSUME A PATRONIZING AIR WHEN OUR NORTH AMERICAN MOUNTAINS ARE MENTIONED, YOU MAY MAKE UP YOUR MIND THAT MOST OF HIS MOUNTAINEERING HAS BEEN DONE THROUGH A TELESCOPE FROM A COMFORTABLE SEAT ON THE VERANDA OF A SWISS HOTEL. EUROPEAN MOUNTAIN CLIMBERS HAVE DECLARED NO MOUNTAIN IN EUROPE EQUAL TO CERTAIN PEAKS OF THE AMERICAN NORTHWEST FOR MAJESTY AND GRANDEUR—AND FOR DANGER

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THE COLUMBIA RIVER, FROM ST. PETER'S DOME

THERE IS A PECULIAR FASCINATION IN A GREAT RIVER, AND THIS IS PARTICULARLY TRUE OF THE MIGHTY COLUMBIA, FLOWING FOURTEEN HUNDRED MILES FROM ITS SOURCE IN BRITISH COLUMBIA TO THE PACIFIC. YOU MAY FOLLOW TO THE HEADS OF NAVIGATION THE HUDSON, THE MISSISSIPPI, THE ST. LAWRENCE, THE RHINE, THE DANUBE, THE VOLGA AND THE NILE, BUT YOU WILL NOT FIND THE GRANDEUR AND THE BEAUTY OF THAT HUNDRED-MILE STRETCH OF RIVER SCENERY BETWEEN THE PILLARS OF HERCULES AND THE DALLES

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Tacoma, Spokane, Seattle, Victoria, and Vancouver are, as it were, its gateways, and beyond them is the wilderness—savage as a grizzly, captivating as a lovely woman.

Let me make it quite clear in the beginning that it is no place for white-flannelled, white-shod vacationists who travel with wardrobe trunks. Barring the half-dozen cities I have just mentioned, each of which has its full complement of suburban hotels and golf courses and tennis courts and bathing beaches and country clubs with broad verandas and many arm-chair sportsmen sitting on them, this is still to a great extent a frontier region, with many of a frontier's crudities and discomforts, and, for the man who knows and loves the open, with all of a frontier country's charm. I am perfectly well aware, of course, that the farmers who are growing such amazing quantities of big red apples in Oregon and Washington, and the real estate boosters who are so frantically chopping town-sites out of the primeval forest within cannon-shot of Victoria and Vancouver, will resent the statement that this is still a frontier country, but it is, nevertheless, and probably will be for a good many years to come. Though half-a-dozen transcontinental railway systems are working overtime to give it population, and though cities and towns and villages are springing up like mushrooms along its many waterways, this Northwest country represents, more than any other part of our continent, the "last West." Oregon, for example, with its sixty-odd million acres, has less than one-fifteenth of its area under cultivation, its forests, which comprise one-fifth of all the standing timber in the United States, being greater in area than Holland and Belgium put together. The vast grants held by the railway and trading companies and by the pioneers are gradually being cut up into small farms, however, and a rural condition is being slowly created which is bound to effect a marked change in the conditions which have heretofore prevailed. But it has not yet, thank Heaven, reached that stage of civilization which is characterized by Gargantuan summer hotels with miles of piazzas and acres of green lawns and oceans of red-and-white striped awnings. The people whom I met in Portland and Seattle and Vancouver apologized profusely for their deficiencies in this respect and assured me quite ear-

nestly that in two or three years more they would have a complete assortment of these summer hostelries "as good as anything you'll find at Atlantic City or Narragansett Pier or Bretton Woods, by George." All I have to say is that when their promises are realized, the Northwest's chiefest and most distinctive charm—its near-to-Nature simplicity—will have disappeared, and, so far as the pleasure-seeker is concerned, it will be merely an indifferent imitation of the humdrum and prosaic East.

There is no other region of equal size, so far as I am aware, which offers so many worth-while things in a superlative degree for red-blooded people to do. Where else can you climb a mountain which is higher than any peak in Europe save one (Mount Hooker, in British Columbia, is only eighty feet lower than Mont Blanc, the monarch of the Alps, while Mount Rainier, which is almost in Tacoma's front yard, is nearly a thousand feet higher than the Jungfrau); where else can you look along your rifle-barrel at such big game as grizzly, elk, panther, and mountain sheep; where else can you have your fly-rod bent double and hear your reel whir like a sawmill by a sixty-pound salmon or a six-pound trout; where else can you cruise, for weeks on end, by motor-boat or sailing craft, amid the islands of an archipelago more beautiful than those of the St. Lawrence and more numerous than those of the Aegean; where else can you canoe by day and camp by night along rivers which have their source on the roof of a continent and empty, after taking their course through a thousand miles of primeval forest, into the greatest of the oceans; where else can you open up your motor on a macadamized highway which, in another year or two, will stretch its length across twenty-five degrees of latitude, linking Mexico with Alaska? Where else can you find such amusements as these? I ask. Answer me that.

Did you ever, by any chance, drop into a sporting-goods store only to find yourself so bewildered by the amazing number and variety of implements for sports and recreations displayed on its shelves that you scarcely knew what to choose? Well, that is precisely the sensation I had the first time I visited the country north of the Siskiyous. I felt as though I had been turned loose in a gigantic sporting-goods store with so many things to choose



AN OREGON BEACH

OREGON, AS A GLANCE AT THE MAP WILL SHOW YOU, IS IN EXACTLY THE SAME LATITUDE AS THE NEW ENGLAND STATES AND HAS THE SAME COOL INVIGORATING SUMMER WEATHER THAT ONE FINDS IN MAINE. THE EXISTENCE LED BY THOSE WHO SUMMER ALONG THIS SHORE WOULD DELIGHT EVEN THE RUGGEDEST APOSTLES OF THE SIMPLE LIFE, FOR THERE IS A PLEASING ABSENCE OF GREAT HOTELS AND SUMMER MANSIONS, THOUGH THERE IS AN ABUNDANCE OF UNOSTENTATIOUS BUT COMFORTABLE STOPPING-PLACES

from that I didn't know which to take first. And, mark you, everything is comparatively close at hand. If a Londoner wants to get some mountain-climbing he has to go to Chamonix or Zermatt, which means a journey of at least two days. If, getting his fill of precipices and glaciers, he wishes some bear-shooting, he must turn his face toward the Caucasus, to reach which will require seven or eight days more. Should he suddenly take it into his head that he would like some salmon-fishing it will take him another ten days and several hundred dollars to reach the fishing streams of Norway. On the other hand, one can leave Tacoma by train or motor-car and reach the slopes of a mountain higher and more difficult of ascent than the Jungfrau as quickly and as easily as one can go from New York to Poughkeepsie. From Vancouver, which is a city of nearly two hundred thousand people, one can reach the country of the big grizzlies as easily as a Boston sportsman can reach the Maine woods. From Victoria, the island capital of British Columbia, a gallon of gasoline and a road as smooth as a billiard table will take one to the banks of a stream where the salmon are too large to be weighed on pocket-scales, in less time than a Chicagoan spends in getting out to the golf links at Onwentsia.

For some reason which I have never been able to analyze, about nine out of every ten Americans who have set foot in Europe assume a rather patronizing air when our North American mountains are mentioned. "Oh, yes" they remark, "they are doubtless rather fine in their way, but quite incomparable to the Alps, of course." Whenever I hear any one talk in that fashion I make up my mind that most of his mountaineering has been done through a telescope while seated comfortably on the veranda of a Swiss hotel. A very famous European mountain-climber, a man whose name is known wherever ropes and alpenstocks are used, once told me that, for majesty and grandeur as well as for danger in climbing, there was no mountain in Europe which he considered the equal of certain of our North American peaks.

The southern portal of the Land of Magic Names is at Ashland, on the summit of the Siskiyou, up whose arduous and tortuous gradient the train, hauled by three

panting engines, creeps timidly as though awed by the majesty and grandeur of the scenery. The car windows frame ever-changing pictures of silent solemn forests, of boisterous waterfalls and swirling sparkling rivers, of deep and gloomy canyons, but with Shasta, splendid in its snow-clad solitude, always dominating the scene. Reaching the summit of the pass, the train, with brakes a-squeal and raucous whistle shrieking, tears down the mountain-slopes, roaring through tunnels as unexpected as a slap in the face, thundering out over cobweb bridges spanning dizzy chasms, plunging into wildernesses of fir and hemlock, and then emerging, quite suddenly, into the peaceful and prosperous Valley of the Rogue. Barring the system which parallels the coast from north to south, and another which cuts across its northeast corner, there are no railways in Oregon, the scantiness of population and the peculiarly savage nature of the country having offered few inducements to the railroad builders. If you have happened not to leave the main line at Weed, in California, and run up to Klamath Falls, to take motorboat from there to the famous happy hunting ground of Pelican Bay and Harriman Creek and from there by automobile to Crater lake, you can leave the train at Medford, a prosperous farming town in the valley of the Rogue river, a few hours' run by automobile over moderately good roads will bring the traveler to Crater lake, which is not only the most remarkable scenic feature in Oregon but is probably the most extraordinary formation of its kind in the world. Situated on the summit of the Cascade mountains, it is, as its name indicates, a lake in the crater of an extinct volcano of about the size and height of Shasta. It is nearly circular in form and about five miles in diameter, being completely enclosed by sheer walls of igneous rock which in places rise to a height of two thousand feet. Though the rim of the lake can now be reached by automobile, these enclosing walls are so smooth and precipitous that there is only one point from which the surface of the lake can be reached, the descent being made on foot by a path in the face of the cliff. Notwithstanding the fact that there is no visible affluent nor outflow, the water, which is half a mile in depth, is fresh and sweet and of a clearness and color which

I have never seen equaled except in the Blue Grotto of Capri. It suggests, more than anything else, a stupendous wash-tub, filled with blueing from the skies in which a Hercules is condemned to wash the clothing of the world.

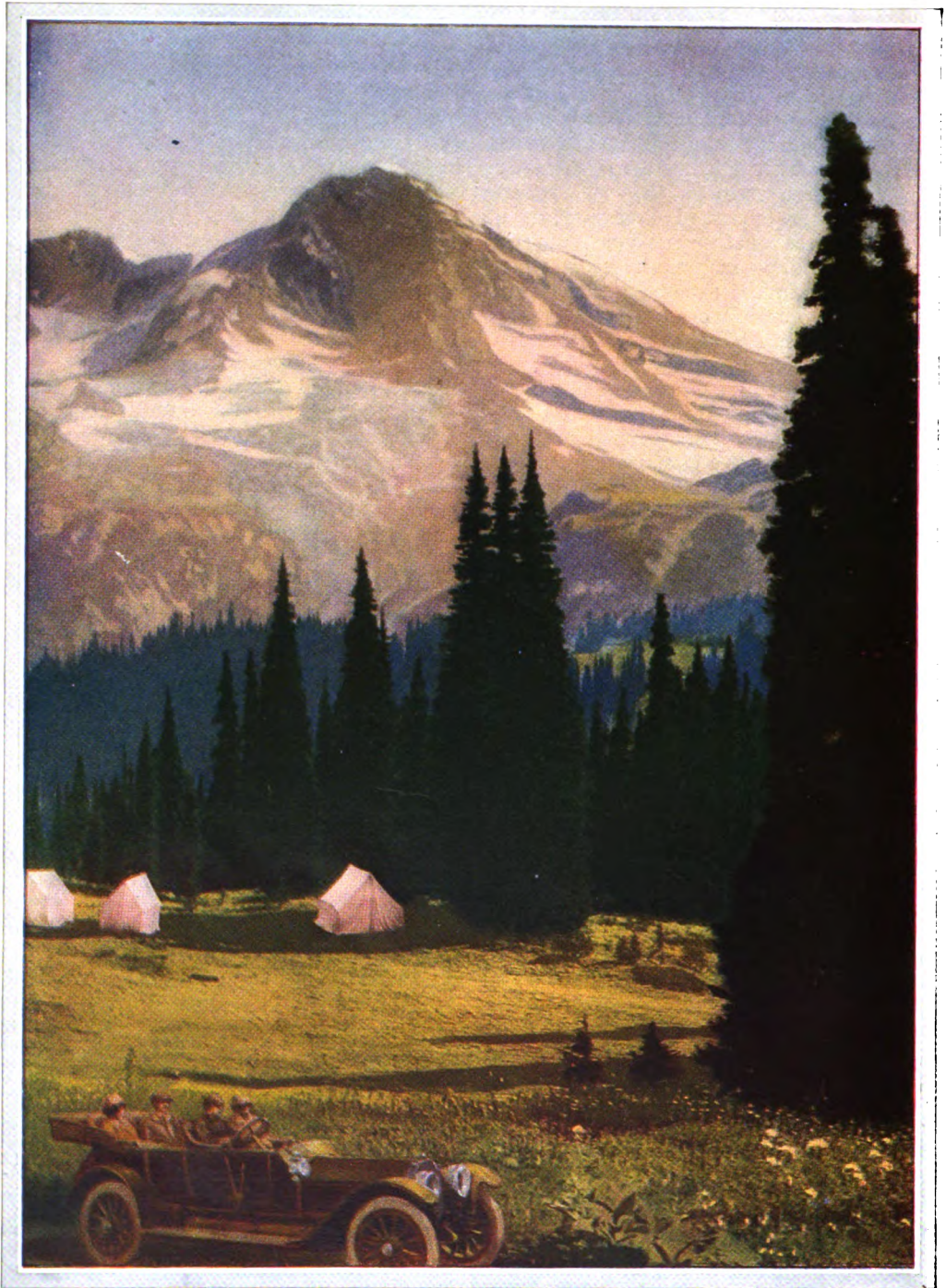
Thirty miles south of Grant's Pass, in the fastnesses of the Siskiyou, are the recently explored mammoth caves, which some genius in the art of appellation has christened "The Marble Halls of Oregon." It needed an inspiration to conceive a name like that! Such a name would induce one to make a trip to see a hole in a sandbank. As a matter of fact, these caves are decidedly worth while. Though they are very far from having been completely explored, sufficient investigations have been made to prove conclusively that they are greatly superior, both in size and beauty, to the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, a visit to which was considered a necessary part of every traveler's itinerary forty years ago.

Northward from Medford, leaving the train again at the town of Drain, you can stage westward to the coast or if you wait until you are at Portland you can have twenty-four hours river and ocean trip; either process brings you into the Coos Bay region, one of the vacation places of the Northwest where the sportsman may follow many inlets of the bay, five miles into beautiful valleys, and get some of the best deer and bear hunting in Oregon and where the combination of rivers and bay and ocean provides an infinite variety of fishing. From Albany, on the main line, a railroad runs to Newport, the seaside capital of summer joys, in Oregon. Here there are hotels and cottages and tents and bungalows, none of them pretentious, all of them comfortable. Here, too, in their own little houses, are certain succulent native oysters, worth hunting for by any walrus or carpenter. Newport and Yaquina Bay are crowded with vacationers and in the height of the season the humming summer life that most people love is as thickly in evidence as the gulls round Gull Rock near-by. But I am as peculiar at the Oregon beaches as at those of California. It's "far from the madding crowd" for me. I find *my* summer happiness in the simplicity of the Tillamook country.

From Hillsboro, a main-line townlet fifty miles or so south of Portland, a little jerk-water railroad meanders eastward

through Tillamook county to the sea. For many miles the train follows the tumultuous Nehalem, stopping every now and then, as the fancy seems to strike it, at busy whirring sawmills or at groups of slab-walled loggers' shacks set down in clearings in the forest, where bearded flannel-shirted men come out and swap stories and tobacco with the engineer. After a time the woods begin to dwindle into tracts of stumps and second-growths, and these merge gradually into farms, with neat white houses and orderly rows of fruit trees and sleek cattle standing knee-deep in clover meadows. Quite soon Nehalem Bay comes in sight and the lush meadows give way to wire-grass and the wire-grass runs out in beaches of yellow sand, so much like those which border Cape Cod and Buzzard's Bay that it is hard to believe that one is not on the coast of New England. From the names of the towns (the capital of the state is Salem) and from the types of faces that I saw, I gathered that much of this country was settled by New Englanders, who must have found in its hills and forests and fertile farm-lands and alternate stretches of sandy beach and rockbound shore, much to remind them of home. Oregon is, as a glance at the map will show you, in exactly the same latitude as the New England states and has the same cool invigorating summer weather that one finds in Maine, though its winters, thanks to the warm Japan current which sweeps along its shores, are characterized by rains instead of snow. From Nehalem to Tillamook the railroad hugs the coast. On one side the bosom of the Pacific rises and falls languorously under a genial sun; on the other the line of rugged hills, in their shaggy mantles of green, go up to meet the sky. Here and there some placid lake mirrors the crags and wind-bent trees, or a river, complaining noisily at the delay to which it has been subjected, finds a devious way through the hindering hill-range to its mother, the sea.

The lives led by those who summer along this shore would delight even such rugged apostles of the simple life as Theodore Roosevelt and Pastor Wagner, for there is a pleasing absence of great hotels and summer mansions, though there is an abundance of unostentatious but comfortable stopping-places. Nor are the



IN MT. RAINIER NATIONAL PARK

IT HAS BEEN SAID OF THE PUGET SOUND COUNTRY THAT NO REGION ON THE CONTINENT POSSESSES SO MANY NATURAL ATTRACTIONS AND IS AT THE SAME TIME SO LITTLE KNOWN. THIRTEEN GLACIERS FLOW DOWN THE SIDES OF MT. RAINIER, THE LARGEST GLACIAL SYSTEM RADIATING FROM ANY SINGLE PEAK IN THE CIVILIZED REGIONS OF THE WORLD. IN THIS NATIONAL PARK, FINE MOTOR ROADS RUN THROUGH LEAGUES OF FOREST AND ACRES OF WILD-FLOWERS

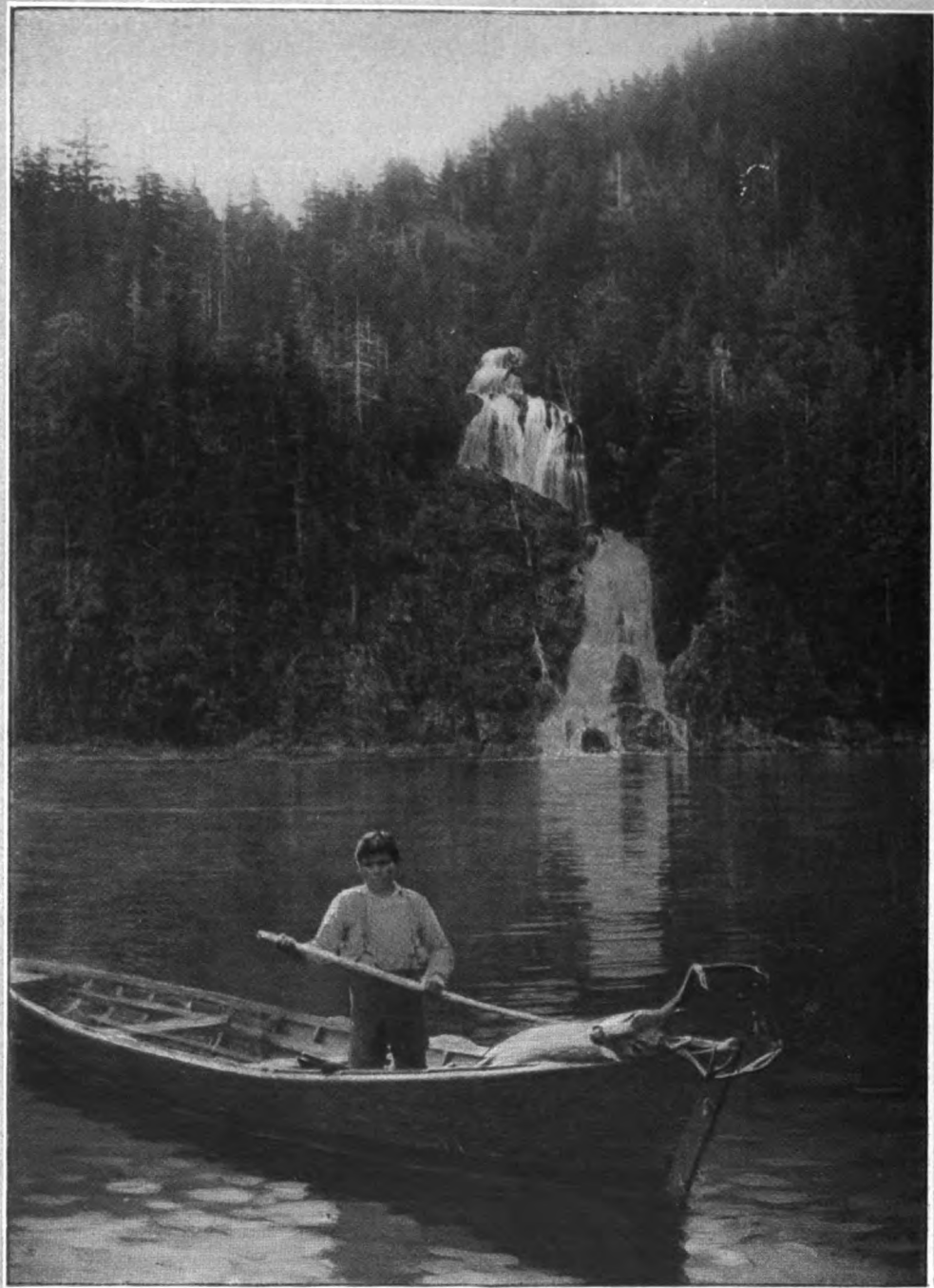
attractions of the Tillamook country those of the sea alone, for within a dozen miles of the coast bear, panther, wildcats, deer, partridge, pheasant, duck and geese are to be found, while the mountain streams abound with trout eager for the fly. This is a storied region, too, for thousands of moccasined feet have trod the famous Indian trail which was once the only route from the wilds of southern Oregon to the fur-trading station which the first Astor established at the mouth of the Columbia.

For me there is a peculiar fascination in a great river and I know of few keener pleasures than to journey up or down one, the ever-changing panorama of industries and scenery along its banks unrolling before one as though on a moving-picture screen. This is particularly true of the Columbia, that mighty stream which traverses upwards of fourteen hundred miles from its origin in British Columbia to the sea. From Astoria, at its mouth, to The Dalles, which is the present head of navigation, the scenes along its banks—salmon-fisheries, lumber-camps, fruit orchards—typify the chief industries of the two great states of which it forms the boundary. Although Portland is not on the Columbia, but on the Willamette (accent on the second syllable, please) some six or eight miles from its confluence with the former stream, river-steamers, with the stern-wheels and slender twin funnels so familiar a sight along the Mississippi, ply regularly between that city and The Dalles, the trip, which occupies a day each way, being one of extraordinary beauty and charm. I have been to the heads of navigation of the Hudson, the Mississippi, the St. Lawrence, the Rhine, the Danube, the Volga and the Nile, but on no one of them (and I am carefully weighing my words) is there anything to equal the grandeur and beauty of that hundred-mile stretch of river scenery between the Pillars of Hercules and The Dalles. The towering crags known as the Pillars of Hercules, a few miles from Portland, mark the beginning of a trip of altogether extraordinary beauty which comes to a fitting conclusion at the narrow defile known as The Dalles, three miles in length, where the mighty half-a-mile-wide river is here compressed into a channel only one hundred and thirty feet in width, through which it swirls like a gigantic mill-race. This extraordinary formation, so the geolo-

gists assert, is due to the river valley having been obstructed by a flow of lava, the sheets ('dalles') of which are still plainly visible, through which the river eventually eroded this remarkable channel. When the canal which the government is building around The Dalles near Celilo is completed, the Columbia will be navigable as far as Lewiston, in Idaho, thus making it second only to the Mississippi as an artery of commerce.

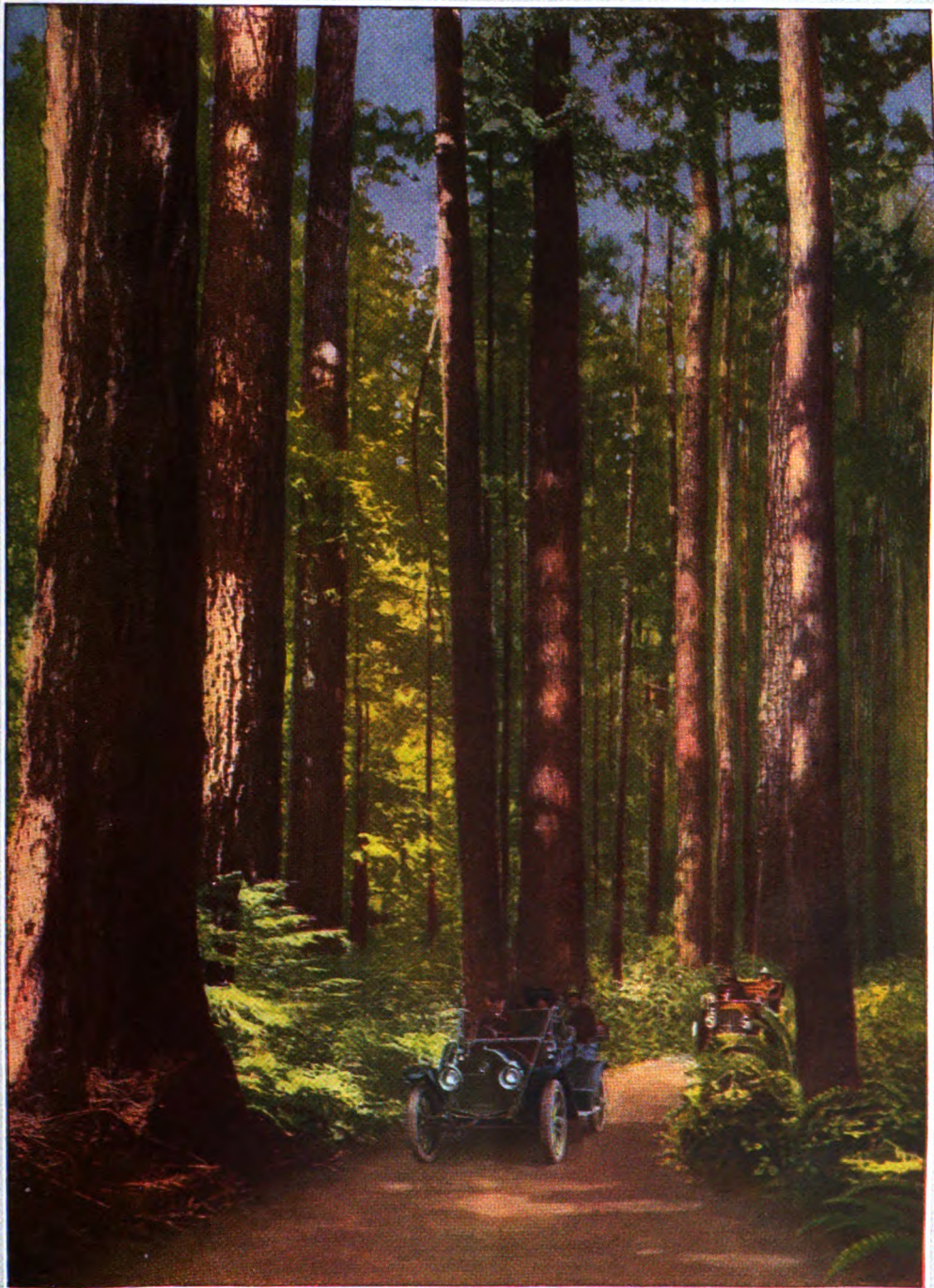
It has been said of the Puget Sound country, that wilderness of mountains, glaciers, forests, lakes, lagoons, islands, bays and inlets which makes the upper left-hand corner of the map of the United States look like a ragged fringe, that no region on the continent possesses so many natural attractions and is at the same time so little known. It is by no means an easy country to describe. Southward from the Straits of Juan de Fuca, an eighty-mile-long arm of the Pacific penetrates the state of Washington: that is Puget Sound. On its eastern shore are the cities of Seattle and Tacoma, at the head of the Sound is Olympia, the capital of the state, and bordering the western shore rise the splendid peaks of the Olympic range. If your imagination will stand the further strain of picturing an archipelago four times the size of the Thousand Islands, clothed with forests of cedar, fir and pine, and indented with countless bays, harbors, coves and inlets, dropped down in this body of water, you will have a hazy conception of the island labyrinth of Puget Sound, which is generally admitted, I believe, to be the most beautiful salt water estuary in the world. Despite the narrowness of many of its channels, the water is so deep and the banks so precipitous that at many points a ship's side would touch the shore before its keel would touch the ground, which, taken in conjunction with its innumerable excellent harbors, makes it the most ideal cruising-ground for power boats upon our coasts.

I can conceive, indeed, of no more enchanting summer than one spent in a well-powered, well-stocked motor-boat cruising in and about this archipelago, loitering from island to island as the fancy seized one, dropping anchor in inviting harbors for a day or a week, as one pleased. There are deer and bear in the forests and trout in the rivers and salmon in the deeper waters, and, if those did not provide



ON THE WEST COAST OF VANCOUVER ISLAND

SUMMER SHARES WITH ALL THE YEAR THE APPEAL OF VANCOUVER ISLAND TO LOVERS OF GOOD SPORT. TROUT FISHING IS EXCELLENT FROM MARCH UNTIL NOVEMBER, WELL INTO THE SHOOTING SEASON; WHEN THE PHEASANTS, GROUSE AND QUAIL ARE OUT, THE DUCKS AND GEESE ARE IN, WHILE THE SPORTSMAN WHO PENETRATES THE UNMAPPED FASTNESSES OF THE ISLAND IS CERTAIN TO GET WITHIN RIFLE-RANGE OF BEAR, ELK, DEER AND COUGARS AT ALMOST ANY SEASON OF THE YEAR



IN VANCOUVER ISLAND FORESTS

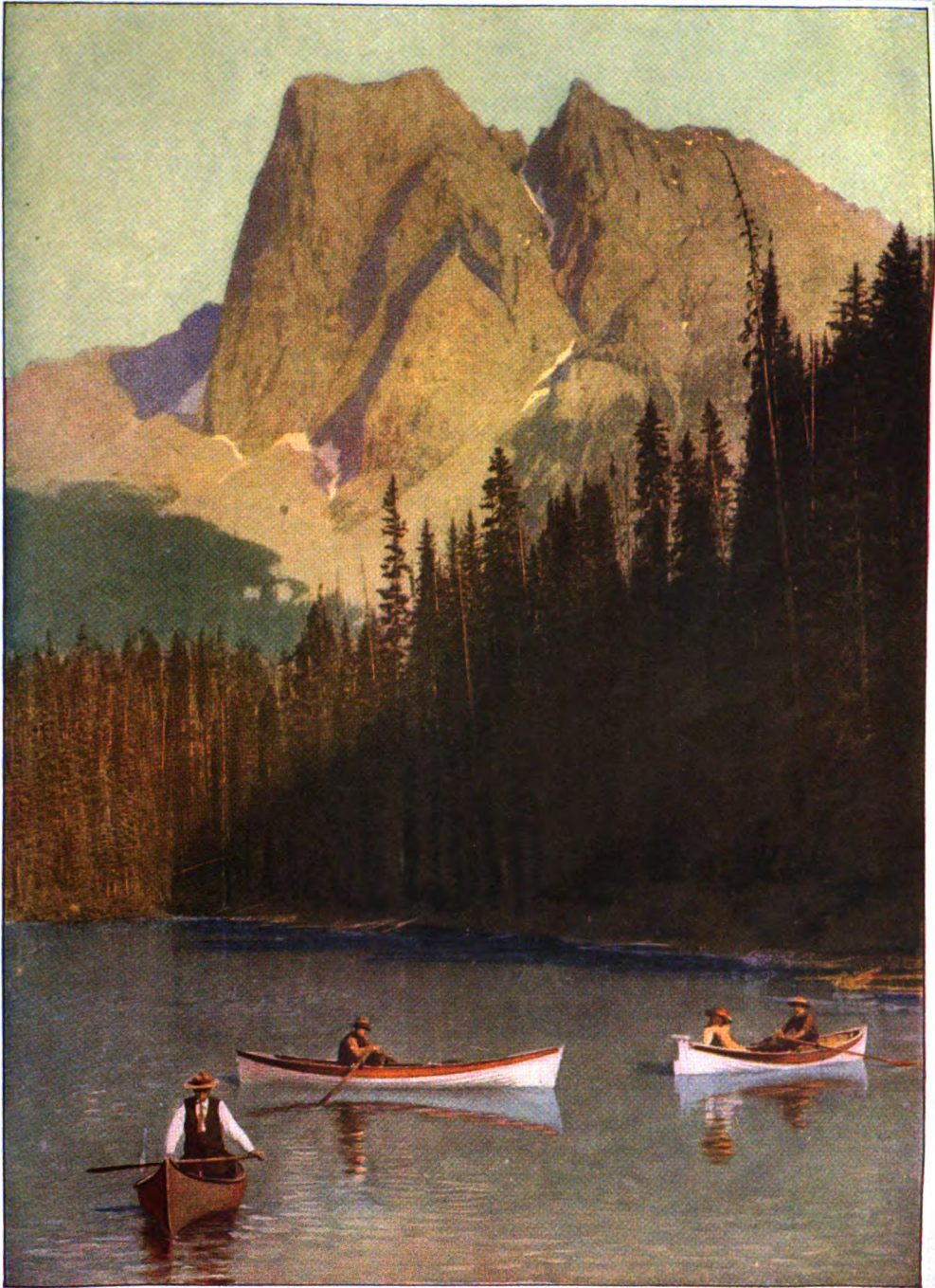
FOR THE GREATER PART, THE VAST ISLAND OF VANCOUVER, WHICH IS AS LONG AS FROM NEW YORK CITY TO RICHMOND, HAS BEEN BUT LITTLE RECLAIMED OR SETTLED SINCE ITS DISCOVERY UPWARDS OF A CENTURY AGO. THOUGH THE ISLAND BOASTS BUT SEVENTY MILES OF RAILWAY, THE ISLAND HIGHWAY PROVIDES A MAGNIFICENT AUTOMOBILE ROUTE FROM THE CAPITAL TO THE GREAT STRATHCONA PARK WHICH THE GOVERNMENT HAS ESTABLISHED IN THE VERY HEART OF THE ISLAND

sufficient recreation, one could run across to the mainland and get the stiffest kind of mountain-climbing on Mount Olympus or Mount Rainier. During the summer months scores of small steamers, the "mosquito fleet," ply out of Seattle and Tacoma, hurrying backward and forward between the city wharves and the fishing villages, farming communities, lumber camps, sawmills and summer resorts that are scattered everywhere about the archipelago's inland waterways, so that the camper on their shores, seemingly far off in the wilds, need never be without his daily paper, his fresh vegetables or his mail.

Let us give ourselves the luxury of imagining—for, to my way of thinking, there is about as much pleasure to be had in imagination as in realization—that we have a fortnight at our disposal on which no business worries shall be permitted to intrude, that we have the deck of a sturdy motor-boat beneath our feet, and that the placid island-dotted waters of Puget Sound lie before us. Leaving Seattle, seated on her stately hills, astern, and the grim gray fighting-ships across the Sound at the Bremerton Navy Yard abeam, we will push the wheel to starboard and point the nose of our craft toward Admiralty Inlet, the Strait of Juan de Fuca, and the open sea. Our first port-of-call will be, I think, at Dungeness, whose waters are the habitat of those Dungeness crabs which tickle the palates and deplete the pocketbooks of *gourmets* from Vancouver to San Diego. At the back of Dungeness is Sequim Prairie, whose seventy-odd thousand acres of irrigated lands produce "those great big baked potatoes" which form the *pièce de résistance* of dining cars in the Northwest. It is nothing of a run from Dungeness to Port Angeles, which is the most convenient gateway to the great unexplored Olympics. A score or so of miles southward from Port Angeles by automobile, a portion of which is by ferry across the beautiful mountain Lake Crescent, through a rugged untamed country, and over a road which is a marvel of mountain engineering, are the Sol Duc Hot Springs, whose great modern hotel is in startling contrast to the savagery of the surrounding region. Laying our course from Port Angeles straight toward the setting sun, we coast along the rocky heavily timbered shores of the Olympic Peninsula

to Neah Bay, where a crew of Maçah Indians will take us in one of their frail canoes close around the harsh face of Cape Flattery, which is the extreme northwest corner of the United States. Westward of Cape Flattery we may not go, for beyond it lies the open sea, but, steering eastward again, we can nose about at will, loitering through the romantic scenery of Deception Pass and Rosario Straits, dropping in at Anacortes, whose canneries supply the people of half the world with salmon, and coming thus to Friday Harbor, the county-seat of the San Juan Islands, which, despite the Robinson-Crusoe-ness of its name, looks exactly like one of those quaint old-fashioned seaport towns which dot the coast of Maine. The San Juan Islands, which are a less civilized and more beautiful edition of the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence, like their counterparts on the other side of the continent, lie midway between the American and the Canadian shores. They were the scene of numerous exciting incidents in the boundary dispute of the late fifties, but, though several crumbling British blockhouses still rise above the island harbors, the nearest British soil is Vancouver island, across the Strait of Georgia.

With the exception of Victoria, at its southern extremity, and of a handful of unimportant villages scattered along its eastern shores, the great island of Vancouver, which is as long as from New York City to Richmond, has been but little reclaimed or settled since its discovery by Admiral Vancouver upwards of a century ago. Though the island boasts but seventy miles of railway, connecting Victoria with the coal-mining town of Nanaimo, it is far less backward as regards roads, the Island Highway, as it is called, providing a magnificent automobile route from the capital to the great Strathcona Park which the government has established in the very heart of the dense forests which clothe the island. There is perhaps no place in the Empire, outside the British Isles themselves, where the people are so typically English in speech and dress and customs as the inhabitants of Vancouver island. This is doubtless due, in a large measure, to the fact that a considerable proportion of the settlers are retired army officers, who after years of service in India, or Egypt, or the Cape, have chosen to settle here



VACATION LAND IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

IT'S A GREAT COUNTRY, UP THERE IN THE NEAR-BY NORTH—A BIG FREE UNFENCED KEEP-ON-THE-GRASS, DO-AS-YOU-PLEASE, HAPPY-GO-LUCKY, FLANNEL-SHIRT-AND-SLOUCH-HAT LAND. ITS INSISTENT, SUBTLE SUMMONS IS EVER SOUNDING: THE WHISPER OF THE FORESTS, THE CHATTER OF THE RIVERS, THE MURMUR OF THE OCEAN, THE CHUNK-A-CHUNK OF PADDLES, THE CREAK OF SADDLE GEAR, ALL SEEMING TO SAY: "COME AWAY FROM TOWNS AND MEN; PACK YOUR BAG AND COME AGAIN TO THE LAND OF MAGIC NAMES"

because they can get more forms of sport, at less cost and under pleasanter climatic conditions, than anywhere else in the world. Indeed, I can not recall, offhand, any other city which can compare with Victoria in its appeal to lovers of the open, for good sport can be obtained all the year round by any one who wishes it. Trout fishing begins on March twenty-sixth, and from that date until November fifteenth, well into the shooting season, excellent sport can be had with a fly-rod on any one of a dozen streams within a few hours of Victoria, while, when the weather is hot and the rivers are low, there is a very fair chance of good luck with salmon on most parts of the coast. When the pheasants, grouse, and quail are out, the ducks and geese are in, and the wild-fowl shooting is at its best, while the sportsman who penetrates the unmapped interior of the island is certain to get within rifle-range of bear, elk, deer, wildcats, wolves and cougars at almost any season of the year.

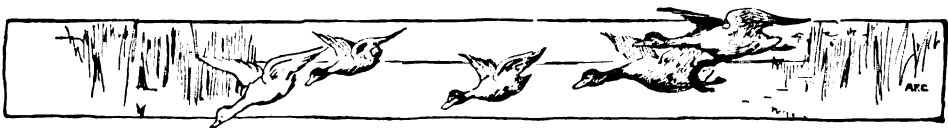
In the outskirts of Victoria, on the rolling moorlands verging on the sea, they have a golf course whose splendid turf and billiard-table greens would do credit to St. Andrews itself. Red-faced, white-mustached, choleric-tempered gentlemen play on it seven days a week and fifty-two weeks a year (for there is never any snow in Victoria and no one pays any attention to the misty drizzling rains which are characteristic of Vancouver island winters) and when they slice a ball into a sand-dune or pull one into a clump of heather they are as picturesquely explosive in their language as though they were back again in the mess-room at Aldershot or the cantonments at Lahore. They have a cricket field, too, in Victoria, and on hot afternoons in summer you will find half the population of the city gathered in its stand or having tea upon its lawns. At infrequent intervals something happens and then every one calls out approvingly "Well played, Smyth-Cunninghame!" or Innes-

Kerr, or Pembroke-Jones, as the case may be, just as they would if they were watching a county match at Lords or the M. C. C. Truth to tell, however, Victoria is not so unswerving in her loyalty to cricket as might be expected of so ultra-British a city. The last time I was there I found all the banks and business houses closed, and flags were flying from every building, and a procession, headed by mounted police and a blaring band, was coming down the street. "What's going on?" I inquired of a deeply interested bystander. "Is it the King's birthday or is there royalty in town, or what?" "Not on your life!" he answered witheringly. "It's the prime minister on his way to open the baseball season."

Vancouver, which is on the mainland, eighty miles away, is Victoria's bigger and more businesslike brother. They have a golf course there—a very good one, too—and a country club, and all that sort of thing, but every one I met there was much too busy getting rich to spare any time for recreation. Once in a while, however, they drop work for a few weeks and, hiring a motor-boat, cruise up the coast of British Columbia in quest of grizzlies, or with pack-horses and a camping outfit drop out of civilization for a time amid those ranges to the north where the mountain sheep, rarest of all big game, is found.

It's a great country, up there in the Near-by North, when all is said and done—a big free unfenced, keep-on-the-grass, do-as-you-please, happy-go-lucky, flannel-shirt-and-slouch-hat land. Even as I write I can hear its insistent, subtle summons in my ears: the whisper of the forests, the chatter of the rivers, the murmur of the ocean, the chunk-a-chunk of paddles, the creak of saddle gear, all seeming to say: "Come away from towns and men; pack your bag and come again to the Land of Magic Names."

And that's precisely what I'm going to do.





Cinnamon's Partner

By CALVIN JOHNSTON
Author of: *Sampán O'Connor*

Illustrated by Arthur Cahill



CINNAMON DICK'S partner was dead in his cabin. Pick and shovel and pan were set along the wall in a row against his rising in the morning, but that slender sinewy hand, so eager in toil, so firm and free in friendship, would never grasp them again.

Dick, keeping the death-watch by candle-light, his elbows on the board table, his head in his hands, contemplated these relics of Clay Marlow with intense sympathy. "Clay won't take hold of you no more" he told them, though not aloud lest he wake his old pard's orphan who lay blanket-wrapped in a corner. Then becoming conscious of the bright dark eyes fixed on his face, he spoke: "You go on to sleep, Sally; I'm keepin' good watch."

"I'd rather watch, too" she replied. The little girl's first violent outburst of grief had alarmed Dick, who could offer no consolation beyond smoothing her hair, and saying that Clay wouldn't forget 'em anyway. Sally had fallen asleep sobbing, but now the dark eyes were clear and the tear-stained little face wore an anxious look.

Surely Cinnamon Dick's condition was enough to alarm one who had felt the entire responsibility for his welfare during three years. The figure of that upstanding young giant was crushed, the candle-light found hollows in his cheeks, and the red hair, always neatly brushed, was tumbled over his eyes in fiery disorder.

Sitting up in the pallet Sally drew on stockings and moccasins. She had not taken off her dress before going to bed, for this seemed a time of tragedy when one must be ready to respond to any call for help. Dick's was a silent call, but help he

undoubtedly needed, so seating herself across the table she composedly divided his hair with her fingers and combed it back from his eyes. "So you can watch better" she explained. "Cinnamon, would you be kind enough to reach me the Injun sewing basket from the peg?" She watched with covert anxiety as Dick rose unsteadily and after a moment's blind fumbling located the basket and set it before her. "Now lay your arm down flat; you can't hold your head in your hand while I'm sewing up a tore sleeve. You don't mind, do you?"

"Not a bit, Sally" replied Dick with shaky heartiness. "I'm obliged to you."

For a moment Sally was intent upon her stitching. In the narrow back room which had been her own, Clay Marlow lay enshrouded, a buffalo skin stained reddish by the candle-light hanging over the doorway between. The girl's mind fixed upon this shaggy symbol of the prairies which seemed to curtain her father within a domain of wild and shadowy creatures.

"Maybe he'd want the door open to the light" she said in a low tone.

"I'll bet he would" assented Dick, and looped the curtain to a peg in the wall, though the weak ray could not penetrate into the room beyond.

Selecting a sock from the basket, Sally began darning. "I hate to put you to so much trouble" she said, "but afore he died—" her voice faltered, but affecting to cough she looked the man steadily in the eyes, thinking: "I musn't take on now, or it will do for Cinnamon."

"He says to me," she resumed aloud, "'Sally, don't you shake Cinnamon, ever!' So you're kind of left to me. You don't

mind if he left you to me, do you, Cinnamon?"

"I'm obliged to him" replied Dick.

"I'm not much to be left to" she sighed.

"Do you think it would be all right if I just took his place?"

"And you and me be pards?" said Dick.

It seemed very remarkable that Sally, who had bossed Clay and himself ever since they had been digging and prospecting about Lodestar, should take him into partnership.

"Don't you want me for a partner?" she queried, eyes downcast and lips trembling in spite of her resolution.

"I'd just as leave be left to you" explained Dick, "but if you mean pards—" without much confidence he moved his huge freckled paws across the table palms up, and in them Sally laid her own slender hands, closing her fingers with a strong grip.

"I'll help work the claim till we strike it rich" she said.

Cinnamon Dick's heart sank in his breast; they would never strike it rich in these diggings. For a month before Clay went under with pneumonia the partners had worked in a perfunctory way, knowing they were far from the lode, where every claim had been staked long ago.

"It'll be hell for the boss to find this out" Clay had said.

"You ought to tell her" was Dick's comment. "We had better make Cinnabar camp before we go dead broke."

"You tell her, Dick."

"And disappoint her after she's backed us to win for three years? Not me!" So Sally had not been told at all.

Now Dick looked at her across the table. "Maybe we'd better quit this claim and cross the range. There's a new camp—"

"Cinnamon, it must be here, 'cause he said it was" replied Sally earnestly. "And we'll strike it rich, and build him a monymint."

"We sure will" agreed Dick.

"Now we'll keep good watch" she said.

"Me first, and then you."

Dick, reflecting on the bitter disappointment in store for Sally, was afraid she would read the guilty secret in his face, and so laid it upon his arms. Almost instantly he fell asleep. Presently the girl stole across the room and out into that mountain night which holds the musical stillness of the stars. Deep in the purple dusk one sparkling planet set among the peaks. So

dark and vast a prospect made her feel infinitely lonesome, and Sally cried with face uncovered, her grief naked to the sky.

But when her partner awoke near dawn, she was stitching away as he had seen her last.

Clay Marlow's light was blown out, and it was proper for his partner to grieve above the ashes. It was also proper that Clay's partner should pay his debts. Mr. Jonah Crabbis said so positively, in his office down at Lodestar, and Mrs. Crabbis agreed just as positively. Two lean hard visages wagged over the ledger, which showed a balance of eighteen dollars for provisions, tools, etc.

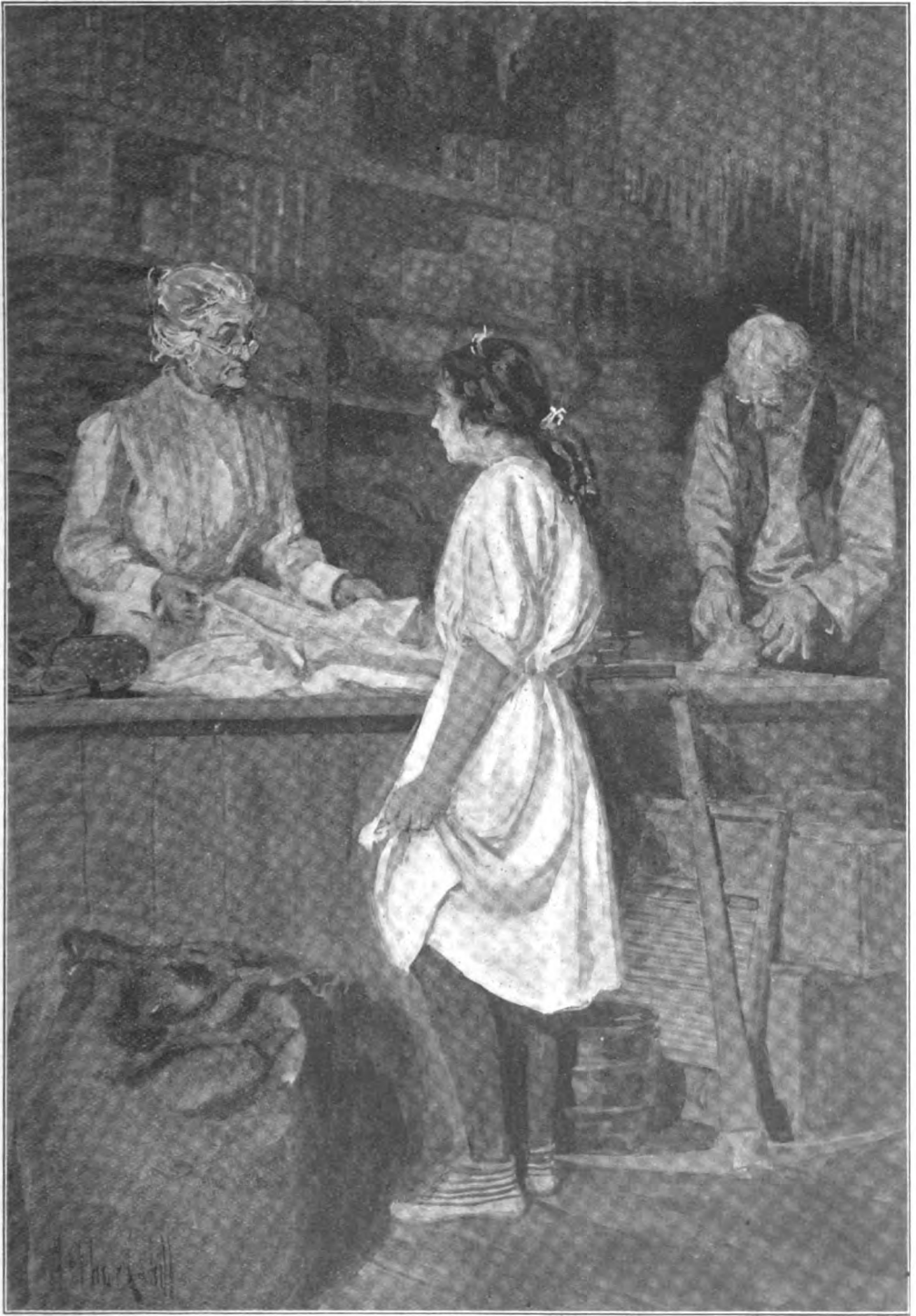
"Some day you air goin' to ruin us, creditin' right an' left" predicted Mrs. Crabbis, her swarthy cheeks flushed with resentment. Her husband was of mottled complexion, with sharp-knuckled, chalky hands; otherwise there was nothing to afford a contrast one against the other. The thin-lipped mouths were set in the same ghastly, conciliating smirk; the two narrow foreheads wrinkled archly.

"I might foreclose—" began Mr. Crabbis.

"You know them two swindlers ain't taken enough out of that claim lately to pay for salt" retorted his wife. She had further cause for indignation; Cinnamon Dick had made his partner's coffin with his own hands, when everybody knew that the Crabbises outfitted for burying. In fact, Crabbises included every line of business activity in Lodestar; they owned several profitable claims, sold a pernicious liquor by the gallon, shaved notes. It was a cant saying among the miners that themselves raised the dust, but it all settled in old Crab's till. Mrs. Crabbis was known as Mother Lode; however, they did not jest disrespectfully, for she was the only member of the revered sex in this remote camp, with one exception; the exception, of course, being Sally Marlow.

On the morning after the lonely watch in the cabin, Sally came down the gulch and entered the single street of Lodestar. The slender pretty little girl was the wonder and delight of camp, and many had been the offers of assistance during Clay's brief illness, but the girl and Dick had chosen to attend him and to watch by him alone.

On the way into town she met several of the 'miners who shook hands with



"The best satin for funerals is allus blue!" explained Mrs. Crabbis in a hurt tone

uncovered head and mumbled their sympathy with much embarrassment; they were all coming to the funeral. Sally listened with composure and thanked them for being such good friends. Then she went on to Crabbis'.

The worthy couple received her with profuse friendliness. Mrs. Crabbis wiped her stony eyes, Mr. Crabbis extended greeting with cold chalky hands. They fluttered about softly like great fowls of prey, and inquired if there wasn't anything they could do for her.

"Please" said Sally, "I want to buy some lining. It must be satin."

For a moment the two were puzzled. "It's for the coffin" she explained in a low tone, her eyes on the floor.

Mr. Crabbis scratched his head dubiously, but his wife replied promptly and cheerfully. "Why, bless her heart for thinkin' of it. We will give her the best in stock—the New York satin, and for a shaved price. You must not tell the price, dear!"

The little girl shook her head gratefully and laid a tiny buckskin sack on the counter. She had told Dick only that she wished to go alone to buy something for Clay, and her partner had promptly passed over the nearly empty sack.

Mrs. Crabbis measured out the cloth while her husband weighed the dust.

"Pa was so fond of satin" explained the little girl. "He allus talked of gettin' me a dress made of it, when we made the strike."

"This is from New York" whispered Mrs. Crabbis. "See how it shines."

"It is blue" said Sally timidly. "Isn't white the best?"

"The best satin for funerals is allus blue" explained Mrs. Crabbis in a hurt tone.

"Then I'm so glad to get it" said the customer gratefully. So she took the bundle of shiny cloth which, suspiciously like a certain weave of cotton, had found its way into the first stock which the Crabbises had brought to Lodestar. They had supposed there would surely be lady customers in a gold camp.

"Your pa owed us a little; of course he forgot to pay it, but he'd want it paid now, of all times" suggested Mr. Crabbis delicately.

"O' course" agreed Sally, and the former, explaining that he had taken out the amount in dust, handed back the sack in which some coins jingled pleasantly.

Mrs. Crabbis stared across the counter at the other female of Lodestar. "What air you goin' to do?" she inquired. "I declare it's hardly respectable to be left high and dry like this."

"Cinnamon and me is partners" replied Sally modestly. "We'll work the claim together."

"You haven't struck anything, have you?" asked Crabbis quickly.

"It's there" replied Sally, "and we're goin' to build pa a monymint." Again the eyes were lowered under the long dark lashes, and so she walked slowly out of the store.

Mrs. Crabbis turned on her lord. "You air allus in such a hurry to collect a dollar that you're goin' to ruin us, you ole hop-toad" she declared. "I believe they've struck somethin' and we could have claimed a grubstake share. Now they're goin' to build a monymint! I allus said there was a pocket at the head of that gulch."

Mr. Crabbis pooh-poohed, but secretly he was uneasy. In fact they had been beaten out of a grubstake claim in a rich strike not a year before, by this very haste in collecting.

Clay Marlow was buried that afternoon on the mountain-side above the cabin. Many miners attended the funeral, and Dick was gratified by the friendliness shown his old pard. Mrs. Crabbis attended also and walked back with Sally to the cabin. Once a slight twinge in her desiccated body had warned her that the motherly impulse was not quite extinguished; but she bore the pain silently and with such heroism that no one suspected her emotions.

"Remember, Sally, you can allus come to see me—some day," she said at parting, "and I bet you go away a-chawin' gum, whether you've struck it rich or not."

So the only creature in Lodestar who by nature should take Sally to heart and comfort her, said good-by. For a moment the girl was puzzled by a longing to feel the woman's arms around her, and turned to the cabin, where Dick sat alone and waiting, with a guilty start. Surely it was treachery to follow this woman even in thought when Dick was needing her.

This was the first time they had been actually alone together, and the two sat stiffly in opposite corners of the room. It

now seemed very large and lonely, the slightest movement echoing hollowly from wall to wall. The little girl felt that her heart was bursting, but when Cinnamon Dick sniffled once and deliberately drew his sleeve across his eyes, she rose involuntarily and glided up to his knees.

"I ain't goin' to shake you" she said, and pressed her soft cheek to the back of his hand.

She slipped on her apron and prepared to cook supper, having observed that low spirits in Dick always responded to the powerful stimulant of corn-bread and bacon.

Cinnamon nodded to indicate that he was obliged, and made a valiant effort to shake off this melancholy. His hand touching the buckskin pouch in his pocket, he realized that Crabbis must have changed the dust into coin; he weighed it mechanically, and then with quick alarm poured the contents into his palm. It was all silver—dollars and half dollars.

With a glance at Sally he hastily thrust the pouch back into his pocket, his train of thought changing on the instant. Old Crabbis had evidently taken out the amount owed him, and the total capital remaining to Sally and himself was exactly seven dollars. "God A'mighty!" whispered Cinnamon Dick.

During supper the two conversed a little, and the man affected to feel in much better spirits, but continually under his breath he repeated that phrase over and over. The little capital they had come there with three years before, together with the amount of their earnings, had been reduced to seven dollars—a week's living expenses.

Dick was correct in believing the claim worthless. His knowledge that there could be no work for him in Lodestar until the proposed stamp-mill was built prohibited hope. Clay must have his monymint; and Sally his pard—"God A'mighty!"

Poor Sally watched him with vigilant but leaden-lidded eyes until Dick assured her that he would do very well and after a pipe would go to bed. Then and not till then the tired staggering little figure moved toward the back room. One moment she peered under the buffalo hide.

"I ain't 'fraid" she stammered sleepily, "but if you're lonesome, Cinnamon, you can hang back the door when I'm in bed."

"I believe I'd rather have it thataway" he replied, and a minute later, on the faint

little "Good-night" from the back room, he looped the curtain over the peg in the wall and resumed his seat at the table.

His reflections were long and complicated, but they brought one clear solution to the difficulty. There was no possible way of making a living in Lodestar, and though the boys would certainly chip in to help Sally, Dick would rather have died than to see his old pard's daughter the recipient of charity. He could never look into her face after that. Yes, there was just one way out of this really terrible situation.

Cinnamon Dick, cautiously removing his boots, stole across the floor to the corner and opened the battered box which served him in lieu of a trunk. Therein lay the camp stationery, several sheets of manila paper, a stub pen and bottle of ink, which Clay had used in teaching Sally.

Dick placed these objects on the table and set himself down to humorous composition. He was funny enough to look at, with red-stockinged feet gripping each other and huge shoulders heaving under the exertion of handling a pen. The pen was conducted entirely by his tongue, which executed a sort of flourish at the finish.

But Dick's funny appearance was nothing to the letter itself, which two days later became one of the jokes of San Francisco. A party of gentlemen had a carnival evening on the strength of it.

Five years preceding this episode, Dick in boyish insistence for fair play had prevailed on a number of excited citizens in a mining camp not to mob a certain sporting gent. Dick was only twenty at the time, but when he chose to warn a dozen men not to jump on one, his dauntless front and towering strength impressed them. The excited citizens explained that the gent in question was a sharp.

"But he says he ain't" reminded Dick. "If you want to try lynchin' him one at a time, go to it. But if you come at him twice at a time, I line up with this party."

The result of the argument was a compromise; the sporting gent was to leave camp instanter, and Dick to see that he kept his bargain accompanied him to the Sacramento stage. The gambler had been profuse in his thanks to Dick; had offered him money, and on this being refused presented his card with a San Francisco address.

"If you ever want a stake, old pard" he said at parting, "and don't call on Flash



"If you want to try lynchin' him one at a time, go to it. But if you come at him twice at a time, I line up with this party"

Covey, I'll never get over it. Make it any amount up to a thousand."

Now in this desperate strait at Lodestar, Dick had remembered the gratitude of Mr. Covey, whose card still lay in his trunk.

"There's no need of sayin' I'm goin to pay it back" reflected Dick. "It'd hurt his feelin's. Anyway it would make the letter too blame long." As it was his tongue was dreadfully sore and exhausted when the letter had been boiled down and written on a single page.

In one brief paragraph Dick managed not only to describe his condition fully, but delicately to give Covey opportunity to come through of his own accord. "He'll feel better to make the offer hisself" thought Dick. Now the letter was finished, sealed and addressed, and after another pipeful Dick went to bed.

It was on the second morning after, that Mr. Covey was seated in the cafe of his hotel with several friends when a bell-boy gave him Dick's letter. For a moment he twisted it in his hands, puzzled by the handwriting; even after deciphering the contents, some meditation was necessary to recall the identity of the writer.

Mr. Covey's friends often declared, defiantly, that he possessed many excellent qualities, among them a trait which enabled him to turn any incident to the amusement of his company. Now with a chuckle he showed his companions this letter, whose very appearance suggested a convulsion of nature. They grinned casually, and after reading it laughed, though rather inquiringly.

"Am broke; how shall I act?" was the letter which Cinnamon Dick had managed to write, all on one sheet of paper.

"That is only half the joke" explained Covey. He recalled the boy and after ascertaining that a wire now ran through Lodestar, wrote the following telegram: "Act as if you were broke!" So Mr. Covey's wit supplied the climax, and now the joke was a scream. All the bars were laughing over it that night.

Back at Lodestar, when Dick had gone to work of a morning, Sally washed the dishes and scoured the cabin with brush and duster, even to the stone step. Then she put some lunch into a tin pail and hurried up the gulch to assist her partner, who tossed great stones about and swung

his pick like a titan. Clay's "monymint" was to be dug out of the mountain, and their task taking the nature of devotion, the partners went about it gravely but not cheerlessly. Dick even felt a great thankfulness that things were no worse; not everybody had a grateful friend like Mr. Covey. So the partners worked away for several days, until the evening Dick went down to Lodestar to buy some groceries of Crabbis.

The latter, taking a delicate interest in his neighbors' affairs, hinted that he had on hand a marble monymint—exactly the kind which Sally would be pleased to see above her father. To tell the truth entire, Mr. Crabbis had taken an option on a headstone which had once been shipped to Lodestar and long lain unclaimed at the express office.

"You may think it a little bit expensive" said he, "but marble is marble."

Dick was not one to haggle over the price of his friend's gravestone; in fact he was rejoiced to learn that one could be had. He could spare the price out of the remittance of the generous Covey, and with Clay's memory decently guarded there would be less difficulty in persuading Sally to abandon the claim.

"I don't mind the cost" he said.

A qualm of fear seized his companion; Dick was surely taking out stuff to talk like that. At this moment the express agent, who was also telegraph operator at Lodestar, entered the store. "I just dropped in to see if any of the boys were going up your way" he said to Dick. "I have a dispatch for you."

"A telegraphic dispatch" repeated Crabbis, his long nose quivering with curiosity. But Dick, equally excited by this tremendous announcement, walked out with the agent, the dispatch in his hand. Nor did he become sufficiently calm to read it until near the cabin; then laying aside his bundle, he sat down by the trail and broke the seal.

For a long time after reading and mastering the contents Dick remained seated on the boulder, his floating glance on the distances which faded with the evening glow. The red blowing hair gave his head a circle of angry light, but his expression was mild.

"The pore cheap sport!" he said at last, and without further thought of Mr. Covey took up the trail to the cabin.

Sally was stitching away on the doorstep in order to catch the first possible glimpse of her partner returning. "All right, Cinnamon?" she inquired.

"I'm in plum good spirits" assured Dick. He leaned against the cabin, only nodding back whenever she looked up to him, theirs being a partnership of few words and much silent understanding.

"Wouldn't you like to go visitin' your cousin down in Frisco sometime?" he inquired presently.

"Pa said she had a silk dress for every day" replied Sally reminiscently, "but I'm not sure we'd like it down there."

"She ain't goin' to swaller no bait" thought Dick despondingly.

Now he had come to the shameful necessity of passing the hat for Sally. The boys would surely chip in generously and the little girl would arrive at her relative's with several hundred dollars in her pocket—enough to show that she was not a pauper. After telling the boys where to send her, Dick would immediately strike out into the mountains—anywhere. In such disgrace, he couldn't even tell his partner good-by, and he was disposed to welcome the very worst fate which could befall him. However, one duty by Sally remained to be done before he skulked away.

Darkness coming on, Sally had for the moment laid aside her sewing, and Dick declaring deceitfully that he had forgotten to buy tobacco down town, went inside to search his trunk. He knew very well that it contained no tobacco, and after a guilty pretense of going through the contents beneath a lighted candle, surreptitiously took out a small object tightly wrapped in paper, which had been buried under supposed ore samples in the bottom. Immediately he blew out the light to conceal his face, and asked Sally if she would mind waiting up while he ran down after a piece of navy.

"You go ahead, Cinnamon" replied she practically. "I want to see you safe home from that town before I go to sleep."

Some distance down the trail Dick tore the wrapper from the object in his hand, and held up to the light of the brilliant mountain stars a small nugget—one which Clay and himself had found nearly two years before. It was of beautiful color, almost crimson, and the two had decided on the spot to have it made into rings for

Sally. Perhaps it could even be stretched into a bracelet. So the nugget was laid aside, and the partners had often chuckled over the surprise they had in prospect for the boss.

Reëntering the store, Dick spoke aside to Crabbis in regard to the monymint.

"Marble is marble" hinted the latter.

"Gold is gold" replied Dick sternly, and never did metal give out a redder, duller gleam than the old man's eyes at sight of the nugget.

"We won't haggle over the bargain" said Crabbis, and dropped it into his pocket. "The stun is down to the express office" he added, and without further words led the way into the street.

"I s'pose you've come across bigger nuggets than this, up the gulch" he suggested amiably.

"It's the only one we ever found" replied Dick rather sadly.

"Of course, of course" agreed Crabbis thoughtfully. He devoted a silent moment to cursing his wife as a most tactless collector, and then resumed: "You understand, Mr. Cinnamon, our stock of vittles is open to you; just come in and help yourself any time and settle when—"

Dick thanked him rather drily and at the moment they entered the express office where the agent was always to be found until the overland stage went through at midnight.

The gravestone proved to be a thin slab of marble which, though not very imposing, sparkled whitely in the lamplight, Mr. Crabbis having polished it industriously with an oiled cloth that very afternoon.

"It is New York marble" he observed in a hushed voice.

"Nothin's too good for Clay" said Dick. As he stood reverently before the stone, absorbed in memories, Crabbis beckoned the agent to a distance.

"What was in that dispatch you gave Cinnamon this evenin'?" he whispered.

The agent was in debt to Crabbis, and when the latter supplemented his inquiry with a threatening gesture, he promptly repeated the message, adding: "It came from Covey, who must be that gambler and mining shark down at Frisco. I couldn't make any sense to it." Well, Crabbis could make sense of it; his worst fears were confirmed.

At this moment an exclamation from

Dick interrupted the confidence. "There's a name already on this monymint" he said, the mild gray eye turning on Crabbis with a flash of righteous indignation.

"Listen, Mr. Cinnamon" replied the latter hastily. "I intend to have the name of Marlow carved on the smooth side. You see he must have a monymint, and there's no other to be had."

This was a reasonable explanation, but poor Dick was stunned by the discovery. Even if he had been inclined to make the best of the situation and set a defaced tombstone above his friend, Sally could not have borne such desecration.

Crabbis scowled at the agent, who moved back to his desk in the front of the office, then the former suggested in a wheedling tone: "S'pose we have a new stun sent up from Frisco? There's plenty of time, and where you've found one of these nuggets, there's bound to be a lot more."

"There's no more" replied Dick moodily. "We found that one in the gravel near two years ago, and I tell you we've scratched the gulch over pretty well since that time."

"Act as if you were broke!" The message rang through the brain of Crabbis. Cinnamon Dick was in communication with Covey, the mining shark; this nugget, throbbing like a heart in the old man's wallet, proved that he had made a strike. Why, Covey must be on the way up, and the entire vein would be under stake in a week—a day! Cinnamon Dick with his heavy wits could deny the strike according to instructions, but he couldn't deceive Crabbis after showing this nugget.

Life in the gold towns was one continuous gamble; no one escaped the fever, and Crabbis had enjoyed moments of delirium over his own modest claims. "Of course you couldn't go to such expense if you was broke" he said, trembling with excitement.

"I am sure broke" nodded Dick with a vacant eye. On top of his other misfortunes this disfigurement of the tombstone had come as a crushing calamity; he must leave Sally without good-by, and his old partner destitute of simple token to prove that he was unforgotten.

"God A'mighty!" thought Cinnamon Dick.

"I will pay seven hundred dollars for a third share in that claim—on the nail" rattled from the dry throat of Crabbis.

Dick did not answer, nor even hear, and

it is doubtful whether he knew exactly what he was about when he sat down to sign the paper which Crabbis drew up at the agent's desk.

"I haven't the gold, but the agent will take my check on Frisco for a money order" urged Crabbis, alarmed by the miner's apparent hesitancy. Dick signed laboriously and put the money order in his pocket.

"Actin' as my own broker, of course I subtracted the usual five per cent commission" said Crabbis.

Without a word, Dick rose from the desk, and lifting the stone to his mighty shoulder went out into the street. A few moments later he was on the mountain trail climbing without pause to rest or breathe, till Sally's light twinkled into view. Then, walking stealthily, he crossed the slope to that sacred spot above the cabin, where he set down his burden.

In the gravelly earth of Marlow's grave he dug a socket for the stone, and setting it within, packed the soil firmly with his hands.

Sally, determinedly busy in spite of her uneasiness over Dick's prolonged absence, gave a start of fright as he appeared in the door. His face and hands were smeared with dirt but he reassured her with a word. "If you'd please to go with me I'll show you why I was gone so long" he said then.

Intensely interested by the curious look of exaltation in Dick's face, the little girl followed without question, till they came near the grave with the stone glimmering in the starlight.

"It is the monymint" she whispered, pausing with folded hands. She approached softly and peered at the lettering visible but undecipherable beneath the milky way. "What is under his name?" she asked.

"It tells that his pards couldn't forget him, if they did go away" replied Cinnamon Dick.

The little girl stepped back and stood holding his hand with that strong assertive grasp of friendship more significant than any vow. "He'll sure take your word for it" she said. "Now I wouldn't mind leavin' so much."

"We'll go by the Overland tonight" Dick told her.

Gravely, but not without a certain cheerfulness, the partners went about packing their possessions in two bundles and the battered box. Only once Sally's brows

knitted with sudden pain over her task; this lonely unnoticed departure in the night seemed a ghastly leave-taking of the old friendly camp.

"Don't you think I might tell somebody good-by, Cinnamon?" she asked. "Mrs. Crabbis was kind to ask if I would visit her someday, and she gave me New York satin shaved down."

Dick's brows knitted also, with terrible apprehension. "I wouldn't risk it, Sally" he said ominously. "You see old Crabbis was took kind of crazy tonight and he is liable to be mighty violent when comin' to."

The girl was concerned to hear of this misfortune, but a damper being put on her friendly emotions by the gnashing apparition Dick had raised up, she had nothing further to say of good-bys.

At the station Dick bought two tickets, giving the agent his money order in payment, and requesting some gold and another order drawn to Sally, in change. In the stage he gave Sally the order, and divided the money.

The dreadful experience of the past week had convinced him that he must not permit Sally to run further risk of humiliation or hardship. He explained this and drew a glowing picture of the life she would lead in Frisco with the rich cousin. At first the little girl demurred; she did not wish to part from him, but finally making him promise to wake her when he left the stage at dawn, she went to sleep.

At a point nearest the new diggings, Dick stole guiltily from the stage, several hours later. There was no station at the spot, but a trail ran thence to his destination ten

miles distant. He heard the crack of the driver's lash, the stage started, and Dick began trudging along the mountain, wandering several times from the trail like a man lost. In a sense he was lost, for no one, not even the driver, knew his destination. Now Clay was dead with a stranger's name above him; Sally was gone among strangers, so it couldn't make any difference what happened to him.

Suddenly he crept with that peculiar sensation which comes to a man whose steps are being dogged persistently, and turning saw Sally trudging composedly behind. She had kept patient vigil and climbed out of the stage window the moment it started, leaving box and bundles to go where they would.

"I wasn't goin' to shake you" she said.

Cinnamon was deathly ashamed of himself for stealing away, and as he hesitated either to speak or move, Sally took the lead along the trail. After a time she said over her shoulder: "I reckon I'd better be boss 'stead of partner. Don't you ever lie to me agin, Cinnamon."

"No mum" he replied weakly. Presently he ventured: "There's some women folks at Cinnabar, so you'll have company."

After gazing at him blankly, Sally for the second time in her life burst into tears. "You don't want me to be company to you" she sobbed.

"I sure do. I was all broke up" declared Dick with so desperate an air that Sally laughed through her tears.

"It'd be too far for me to start back, anyway" she said musingly. So the partners turned again to their long, long trail.





There was little hope for escape, but he blundered on through the velvety tropical dusk

COGGED DICE

By HUGH JOHNSON

Author of: Officer of the Day; Killing a Dragon

Illustrated by Maurice Logan

ZAPOTE Croyden's military career had come to the abrupt close his comrades had of late predicted. He was a fugitive from justice. No harking back to his war record could do more than lighten the punishment for the wild thing he had done; and the poison that had impelled him was still in his veins as he fled farther into the jungle.

There was little hope for escape, but he blundered on through the velvety tropical dusk, floundering hip-deep in the slushy mud of rice paddies, skirting the nipa shacks in the clearings, crashing through the hemp brakes in a flight that had no other direction than the weird mountain shapes toward Olongapo and the west. At dawn he crawled into an abandoned *tienda*, covered himself with matting and fell into the sleep of utter exhaustion.

He was awakened by the sound of a horse breaking through the cane. The noise ceased and Croyden deliberately heaved up on his elbows and faced the door, covering it with his heavy army Colt's. A shadow fell on the matting and he took up the creep in the trigger until only a wish held back the sear spring. His elbows were steadily supported on the floor and his aim was true at a point

breast high in the light-square. But he did not fire.

A slender young officer entered. His khaki uniform was splashed with mud but, in spite of fatigue, his face showed clean-cut and wholesome contours. In his right hand he carried a bundle tied in a white linen cloth. He seemed entirely unconscious of the steadily held revolver.

"Well, Croyden," he began easily, "awake at last?"

There was no window in the little hut, and Croyden strained his eyes for a glimpse of the expression on the officer's face.

"Stand still, French," he ordered "—and keep your hands as they are." It was the first sentence he had spoken in twelve hours and his voice was harsh and husky. The officer obeyed but spoke in a tone of finality and command.

"Put down that gun, Croyden. I could have taken you any time within the last two hours—had I chosen."

Croyden's brain was numb and leathery, but he dropped the revolver barrel and raised to a sitting posture. His shock of black hair hung disheveled in his eyes. The flannel shirt was almost torn from his back. The officer stooped and began opening the bundle he carried.

"So they sent *you* to bring me back!" grunted Croyden resentfully. "*You!* The colonel otta known better'n that. *You* otta known better. Well, I won't go."

The officer seemed not to have heard.

"Here's food" he said in a quiet voice and well-considered words—"enough for a little now, and one day's rations."

Croyden's brows contracted perplexedly but the officer went on, naming each article as he laid it out.

"Two suits of clean khaki—they belonged to Rhinehart of the Oriental Trading Company—they should fit. Collars—underclothes—a hat—" he paused.

"Did they send *you* to catch me?"

"That's not all—civilian shoes, an order-book and some opened trade letters of the Oriental Company. Outside you will find a *calesa* that will carry you to Dinlupihan. You can get across the Telegraph Trail to Subig Bay on a pony, and the *Tres Hermanas* clears at noon. Then money—not more than enough, but all I could rake together on short notice. I wonder if that's all? Oh, yes. Travel first cabin—that's *vital*."

"Because, if they did send you, you've no business to do this. I don't ask it. I won't take it. I only ask 'em to send another man—and I won't go back."

Croyden had gotten to his feet. The officer placed both hands on his shoulders and looked earnestly into his face.

"I don't want you to think ill of me, Michael—even in this. I'll tell you precisely what the colonel said when the patrols found your trail leading out of Tubig. He sent me—but this way—

"'Herrick' he said, 'I want you to know that there isn't one of us who doesn't feel personally and bitterly what peace and consequent inaction and temptation have done for poor Croyden. He has done as much as any private soldier can do to keep the war record of the Sixteenth what it is and no one likes to think of that sort of a man as chained between a *mestizo* degenerate and a native criminal working his life out in Bilibid prison.'"

"He needn't have worried" said Croyden with a characteristic outshooting of his under jaw. "He'd never 'a seen that."

"The alternative's no more pleasant. That's not all he said. 'I know how you feel about Croyden, Herrick,' he went on, 'You and he were tossed into the world

at the same rattle of the dice-box—he's all the family you've got. Now I leave this business to you—and remember, my boy, the true test of a man comes often in his ability to distinguish between rule o' thumb duty and the great Right of Mercy in the way the Finger of the Almighty traced for it across His Good Green Footstool. There's no real bad in Croyden.' That's what the colonel said."

Croyden opened his mouth as if to speak, then his head lowered.

"It's a mess I've made of it—" he mumbled incoherently—"a beautiful mess."

First cabin traffic on the little *Tres Hermanas* was light. There were four habitués of the smoke-room; a rosy-faced retired sea-captain on a round-the-world voyage, a rather objectionable lime-juicer from Singapore inspecting the distributing business of a British shipping firm, a ro-tund and tailored American of the variety that infests Pullman cars, and a solidly built young man who omitted to disclose his condition of servitude, who sometimes sat smoking and listening to the triangular controversies across the baize tables but who spent most of his time on deck or in his state-room. This young man met the American's hand-shake and garrulous "Danby's my name, sir, Sam H. Danby of Newark En Jay, good old United States of Umerrica," with "Slade—Oriental Trading—glad to know you." And, as the chatty one observed, closed like a steel trap and you couldn't pry a word out of him with a jimmy.

It developed early and often that Danby was the secretary of the only other cabin passenger on the *Hermanas*, a lady in whom Croyden had taken an immediate if concealed interest.

His life had not been lived under gentle influences. The only good woman he had known had been an institution matron who, after all, was only moral—scarcely good. There was a great deal about Mrs. Crownshield that was wholly new and very pleasing to Croyden.

She was a little woman, past middle age. Her silvery gray hair was brushed neatly but not severely back from her low broad forehead, and her face showed that her life had fallen in quiet places. It was kind, with a placid sweetness of which Croyden knew nothing, but there was in her eyes a look of



Once, sitting in his deck chair, he glanced up to find her looking at him with an absent, half-effaced smile on her lips

almost ineffable sadness that told of years lived only in the memory of some past. Between him and her not a single word was spoken; but once, sitting in his deck chair, he glanced up from a year-old magazine to find her looking at him with an absent, half-effaced smile on her lips.

Curiosity was not likely long to remain unappeased in the vicinity of Sam H. Danby but it was on the third and last evening of the short voyage that he sat in the smoke-room company and delivered himself.

"Yes, the old lady hasn't had what you might properly call a happy life. She lost her husband and her little boy, twenty-nine years ago last fall. Right curious story when you know it all, too.

"You see, old Crownshield was first a sea-captain in the China trade, then an owner, and finally he married and tried to settle down. But the old duffer was a devil in drink. Kinder man sober you never saw—but rum! Well, it was in drink that he left his wife. Took their three-year-old boy and shipped for Hong Kong between the dark and dawn of a single day."

Danby stopped and patted his chair arms with his fat hands while he studied effect. It was a dramatic little story he had to tell—a story in which he himself had a small part. But the audience betrayed no deep emotion. The Englishman smoked calmly enough. The taciturn young man was studying a chart on the table (Danby

noted with satisfaction that the chart was upside down), and the captain, hands clasped in lap, thumbs twirling, was looking dreamily at Croyden.

"Regular bull of a man—old Crownshield," proceeded Danby. "Had a shock of iron gray hair that wouldn't comb—used to shake it at you when he got mad."

The Britisher looked inquiringly up. He didn't understand "mad," but Danby didn't understand him, and they were quits.

"Crownshield—Crownshield—" the captain was rummaging in the ditty-box of his memory and at length his face lightened, "—why *I* used to know that old dog. Lost on the *Federal* right off this coast of Samar—'way back in the eighties. We'll pass the very spot in the next half hour—"

"Ah hah!" interposed the garrulous one, eager with what he was about to impart, "that's what *we* thought for nearly thirty years. The old man wasn't aboard the *Federal*. Cholera plague in Honolulu that year, if you remember, sir?"

The chart slipped from Croyden's hand to the floor. The captain ran his stubby fingers through his hair.

"Eighty—eighty—thought it was eighty-one. No, that's correct. Ships rotted right in that harbor without a man to pull a rope."

"And the old man was taken off the ship. Died friendless, and except for an old Kanak woman who nursed him, alone. Then she died and the kid was lost—we thought him drowned—what the devil's the matter with you, Slade?"

"Choked on a bone" stammered Croyden, who had suddenly risen to his feet with a little gasping sound, and now sat down again. The secretary scarcely noted the interruption.

"As I was saying, he left the old lady rich—big rich. But you can imagine how it all affected her. And then a year ago a man in the Marine Hospital Service at Oahu was pawing over what port records they have and came across the name. Well, *I* call it too bad. It waked all kinds of hopes in Mrs. Crownshield's heart. We searched records for six months and finally we found that there *were* two little unclaimed orphan boys of about the right age brought over from Honolulu in the spring of eighty-one and placed in asylums in the city. We've been tracin' 'em ever since. It seems as if one and maybe both of 'em's

in the army out here. We can't be sure of the names they took."

"I shouldn't fancy there'd be any difficulty" suggested Great Britain, "if your army has any system of enlistment and muster rolls."

"I reckon you'll find our army has just about as good a system of muster rolls as yours, Johnny Bull," defended Danby. "*That* ain't my point."

"I wasn't making invidious comparisons."

"All right. Invidious goes. But that ain't my point. It's this. Suppose she does find an orphan boy who's grown up on his own in a big town like Frisco, and wound up in the army—"

"Well, s'pose she does" boomed the voice of the captain.

"But you ought to hear her talk" protested Danby, "She's built up an ideal since she's had hope. She's got a mental picture of that boy that looks like a composite photograph of Sir Gallahad, Saint Anthony and the Gentleman from Idianny. Now you know the army as well as I do. What'll she find at thirty-two? In the first place, a failure if money talks—and it does. Anyway, an uneducated rough-neck and most likely—well, somebody that'll break her heart all over again with that blood in him."

"Her boy's her boy" said the captain. "Women build a lot on their sons. But the beauty is, they'll accept the structure as a marble palace, even if it looks to you and me like a hen-coop. And I'm here to tell you that if there's one place where money don't measure success, that place is a mother's heart, and failure's plumb forgot. Love's the legal tender, and no blunderin' man's got no business concoctin' courses to the contrary."

"Very interesting—quite unusual—" mused the Englishman. "But here's a perplexity. Which of these orphans is the correct one—er—or had you considered that?"

"That is a point" conceded Danby. "You see, this happened on his third birthday—awful, ain't it? There was a cake—three candles, I remember, and a little silver ring."

"Scarcely likely the little chap's kept that through all these vicissitudes."

"No, it ain't likely" conceded Danby; "stranger things have happened. But we'll cross that bridge when we come to it. There are family resemblances and the like. We haven't seen them yet, you know."



Danby gave Croyden a searching glance. The captain, his eyes shaded from the lamp by a roughened hand, was studying Croyden's trembling lips, speculatively and silently

The sea-captain had dropped from the conversation. He was closely observing Croyden. Early in the narrative the young man, casting off completely the indifference of his stolid reserve, had begun to listen with an intentness strange to him. The Englishman's glance followed the captain's, and at length Danby stopped short and all three were gazing in expectant and surprised silence at the ashen face of this singularly reticent youth. The story had been dramatic enough in itself, yet now each man of them sensed an imminent dénouement alien to the humdrum of every-day real life. Croyden seemed to have forgotten the existence of all save Danby.

"This baby—" he asked, and his voice

was strained in a nervous excitement plainly evidenced in his close-clenched hands and his breathlessness. "Did—did you know about him—had *you* seen him?"

"I was brought up in that family. I hope I saw him."

Danby gave Croyden a searching glance and was immediately on the defensive. A scarcely concealed hostility tinged his words. The Englishman, pipe half-way from lap to lip, was rigidly staring as men stare at the crisis of a closely played game. But the captain, his eyes shaded from the lamp by a roughened hand, was studying Croyden's trembling lips, speculatively and silently.

"Did he have a mark like this—" Croyden fumbled at the buttons of his coat, and

then impatiently forebore—"like mine—here—on the point of the shoulder? A birth-mark that they call a strawberry—or a cloud? A red mark about as big as a silver dollar on his right shoulder?"

The Englishman turned almost pleading eyes on Danby. The captain's glance never left Croyden's face, which, strained and white under the electric, was agonized by waiting.

Danby cleared his throat and thrummed the table reflectively.

"It did *not*" he said sharply. "There was not a mark or blemish to distinguish that child. And another thing, young man. Perhaps I didn't tell all I know. We have narrowed this business down to two men, *and we know just who we are hunting*. I ain't altogether the fool I seem, my friend. If I was there'd be so many heirs to the Crownshield estate, you couldn't throw a rock without strikin'—on fall or bounce—no less'n a dozen, and all with gilt-edge credentials."

Croyden failed to feel the innuendo. But his whole body relaxed. He turned as if to go, then reconsidered and faced Danby.

"Of course you're sure about that mark—I could show you mine. But then if you're *certain—a little red birth-mark on the right shoulder*—No? Well, it's no use." And he buttoned up his coat and walked away.

Danby turned to his audience for approval.

"I fixed him" he boasted, "I reckon we'll hear no more from that county."

"You rode the lad a bit rough, didn't you, though?" commented the Englishman, and the captain was more deliberate.

"You're wrong, Danby—dead wrong. If you want to find out about young Crownshield, you best go and apologize to Slade. He knows him. I've handled men—men of all kinds, shades and condition, for forty-five years. You see Slade."

In his state-room Croyden was methodically preparing for the end of the first stage of his journey. He packed his small kit carefully. From the blank sheets of his order-book he tore a ruled page. He sat on

the edge of his bunk and painfully formed these words:

Dear Mrs. Crownshield:

You will find your boy at Camp Stosenberg, province of Pampanga, island of Luzon. The only name he knows is French Herrick, but he has done that name proud. There was 2 of us started together in San Francisco so long ago we don't remember—me at the Mary Knapp Orphanage and him at the St. Francis Home for friendless Children. A man named Boles brought us from Honolulu after the plague. He has now died. Your boy made good from the start.

He had to work but he attended night school and once beat out an examination which put him in West Point. They will tell you the rest in the regiment where he is an officer and a gentleman with the best.

I didn't do so well and I'll ask you not to mention me as it might help them to catch me which I particular do not want. I heard all about this from Mister Danby. I couldn't help thinking I might be the one, begging your pardon, but I wasn't, Mr. Danby proved that to me. I'm sorry I wasn't but I'm glad too because I ain't done no good.

Wishing you many happy returns of the day I will mail this at Vloylo soze you will be sure to git it before the ship sails but where it won't attrac attention to me which I do not want.

Yours very truly,

MICHAEL CROYDEN.

This letter he carefully folded and placed in one of the Oriental Company's envelopes. Slowly he undressed to his light nainsook underclothes, but he looked down at his spotless shoulders and replaced his shirt quickly, after which he switched off the lights. Across the narrow deck he could see the sinister outlines of the close hills of Samar. He sat for a moment on the edge of his bunk in deep thought, but at the end seemed fully decided.

He fumbled at his throat and with a quick jerk broke the piece of silk cord he found there, drawing the bight up from his bosom. Something small and bright came with it and this for a moment he weighed meditatively in his hand. Then he took three steps across the deck and dropped it into the water.

It was a baby's little silver ring.



The little ancient tumble-down cabin at Shaw's Flat is a legitimate hold-over from the olden golden days. The last of the Shaw Flatters, having gouged the ground, left the Flat full forty years ago

Trailing Bret Harte by Motor

By PETER B. KYNE

Author of: A Joy-Ride With Molly and Kitty

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER B. KYNE, C. FISK, WM. S. RICE

AFTER suffering five years from motorcaritis: after being waylaid and robbed any number of times by bandits who held me up at the point of a taxi-meter; after having been ambushed by automobile salesmen and burning countless watts of electricity reading catalogues and that most attractive form of American literature, to wit, the automobile advertisement, I decided that it was time for me to prove that I was a human being.

The story starts thusly. I saw an automobile in a show window and I liked the color of it. A dapper young man who stood within saw me window-shopping and detected the yearning look in my eye; so he came out and gave me his card and asked me if I didn't want a demonstration.

"Is that a good car?" I demanded. To some this may seem a foolish question to ask an automobile salesman. Not so, however. I had made up my mind to hit him and buy elsewhere if he replied that it was absolutely the best car in America at the price.

"It is a very good car" replied this admirable youth. "An excellent car—for the money. Our customers are all well pleased with their cars. If I sold you that car I could still look you in the eye when we meet a year from now."

Could anything be fairer than that? I asked him how much and he told me and I wrote a check. He thanked me and called forth a greasy young man from the shop.

"Bill" he said, "take this car, fill her up

with grease and oil and gas. Put on a \$25 speedometer, brass and black enamel, a brass-mounted bumper and two extra, over-size, non-skid tires with tire covers." He turned to me with a winning smile. "You'll need three extra inner tubes, and if I were you I'd put on a clock and carry an extra set of spark plugs. You'll need a robe, of course. Going touring? You ought to have a collapsible water bucket and a trunk rack."

I nodded feebly and Bill said he got me. I realized this. It was useless to deny a salesman who used new methods. He was bound to get a hundred and fifty or so in extras. "Your car will be ready for delivery at nine o'clock tomorrow morning. She'll be here waiting for you, ready to start on a trip across the continent."

I wasn't going to cross the continent, but it pleased me to learn that the car would be ready when I was. Looking back on it all, I confess that this statement struck me as the very acme of salesmanship. It was the most subtle boost for a car I have ever heard—and I am still hearing them. We have a similar art in the writing game. It is known to the trade as description by suggestion. Top-notchers use it.

I was in so far by the time that salesman got through with me that I resolved to get some of my money back right away—from whom it did not matter. However, by this time I had a vague suspicion that all persons connected with the writing game are easy to impose upon, so I took a leaf out of that auto salesman's book. I announced casually to the editor of *SUNSET* that I purposed touring Bret Harte's old stamping-grounds in the Sierra foot-hills, with a view to picking up any loose short-story material Bret might have left around Poker Flat or Burnt Ridge. By suggestion, the editor was induced to finance the trip. I got back all the extras with the exception of the clock and one spark plug.

Having procured a commission to write this story, my next move was to find three congenial souls to accompany me. I anticipated rough roads and I knew the value of human freight if I was to keep the rear end of my car in the road. Nevertheless, on this sacred pilgrimage through Bret Harte land, I desired no vulgarians in my tonneau.

I was fortunate in discovering an old friend—a very learned man whose specialty is bird life. He always speaks of birds

familiarly by their Latin names and is quite impressive. The Ornithologist said he would come along if he were allowed to bring his collie dog. It should have been a bird-dog, of course, to be consistent, but this is a fact story. I agreed, and together we went to our club and found a newspaper man glooming in a dark corner. He was unhappy. He was on his vacation and was afraid to leave town for fear something might happen to it while he was away. Like most of his species he was suspicious. He questioned my driving ability, but finally consented to come. Here, then, were the three souls I had been seeking. I am sure that dog has a soul, albeit a lost one.

An Ornithologist, a Journalist, a collie dog and an Author! Fine combination. We started, and with the perversity and general inconsistency one might reasonably expect of such a quartette, we left San Francisco on the 6:15 p. m. boat. I oiled up again on the boat to be perfectly certain about it, the Ornithologist studied the seagulls and the Journalist said it was a perfectly fool idea starting out without dinner. However, we lit the lamps at the Oakland mole and scorched to Livermore without accident, arriving there at eight o'clock. Here we terminated the hunger strike and continued on to Stockton in the moonlight, over a splendid road.

We arrived at Stockton at eleven-thirty without having missed fire once. I was so pleased with my new car that I hated to put it in the garage, excellent as the facilities were. I was torn between a desire to drive all night or go to bed in the tonneau. But the Journalist was inexorable. He wanted sleep. He did not get it. Neither did I, for the Ornithologist chained his dog in the basement of the Hotel Stockton and the animal barked all night. The Ornithologist slept soundly. He was used to his own dog. Mine host, Wagner, was good-natured about it, however. He went into his office to dig up some maps and road information, and while his back was turned we left. The night clerk would have challenged the Ornithologist had we lingered until the day clerk relieved him.

Leaving Stockton, we rolled out along a beautiful boulevard through a delightful farming country toward Farmington.

"The old Stockton road to the mines" the Journalist announced sonorously. He



The collie dog should have been a bird dog, of course, to be consistent, but this is a fact story. I am sure that dog has a soul, albeit a lost one

sat in front with one eye on the touring book and the other on the speedometer. We had to depend upon him entirely to save us from getting lost, and I must say he was faithful to his trust. Realizing that I was busy at the steering wheel he did his best to provide the local color for this story.

"Fifty years ago," he continued, "this boulevard was a rutty trail choked with red dust or red mud. Along its course the wild ruinous route of fortune-hunters surged, bound to the Mother Lode for their fortunes, or to San Francisco with them. On foot, on horseback, muleback and burro-back and in the old Stockton-Sonora stage coaches the red-breasted red-shirted lusty miner, the sleek well-groomed black-mus-

tached pale-faced gambler and the outcasts of Poker Flat mingled joyously together along this historic highway. Today, as we buzz by in a motor car we see kind-faced cows, a little boy driving a flock of turkey-gobblers and farmers plowing in their fields. What a contrast! What a commentary on the march of pro—"

A large horned owl hooted at us from a near-by tree.

"Ah! A *bubo virginianus*" interrupted the Ornithologist. It was like that man to butt in and spoil everything.

"Farmington! Turn left" commanded the Journalist, coldly consulting the guide book. The Ornithologist demurred. He said he ought to stop and have one; so we



Murphy's, where typical old-time names like "The Golden Eagle" still cling to typical old-time buildings

stopped, and while we were having it the dog discovered a large pet brown bear in the yard of the place where we were. The Ornithologist rushed out to save the dog, the Journalist followed to save the Ornithologist, and the barkeep followed to save both. So I do not remember much about Farmington. We left in a hurry. Sorry, too. The Stockton boulevard ends here.

From Farmington we followed a very fair country road through a pleasant countryside. Presently the Journalist shouted: "Twenty-eight Mile House. Here's where Jack Hamlin ran a poker game."

"We might have another" suggested the Ornithologist absently. "I don't see any pet bears with an appetite for dog, and we musn't pass up any local color on this historic old road."

So we stopped and a woman came to the door. We asked her if she had any local color and she said "No"; that this was Stanislaus county and it had just gone dry. She proffered near-beer, and the Journalist crept back to the car.

"How times have changed on the old Stockton-Sonora road" he murmured, and not another word was spoken until we entered a

canyon and came to a sad dusty dejected little hamlet. The Journalist proved by the touring book and the speedometer that this was Knight's Ferry. We crossed the Stanislaus river here. Old man Knight is gone and the Ferry has been supplanted by a long covered bridge. The Ornithologist said he was as dry as Knight's Ferry. That was his idea of a joke.

The dinner we had in the hotel at Knight's Ferry was mine. I shall never forget it. We had Lima beans, white beans boiled, brown beans baked, string beans and a dark brown mixture made from alleged coffee beans. Also we had soup, soup-meat and dried apple pie. To those desirous of trailing Bret Harte by motor I recommend a lunch basket and a thermos bottle at Knight's Ferry.

After leaving Knight's Ferry one commences the gradual upward climb to the Sierras. It is not a difficult or dangerous grade. It was mostly third-gear work on my car, which was equipped with four speeds forward. The road was surprisingly good, considering the fact that apparently no work had been done on it since just after the Civil War. The road-bed is hard and flinty, with worn uneven surfaces but no



Doubtless the mines will boom again, but the days of old, like the gallant crew that mustered them in, are gone forever

abrupt ruts. There is no great danger to springs.

As you leave the Stanislaus the aspect of the country changes materially. It is a barer, harsher, dryer country, and houses are few and far apart. Between Knight's Ferry and Keystone (a spoonful of gas will take you through Keystone) I do not recall much that was pleasing to us that uneventful day except the continuous droning of beetles. Otherwise it was an extremely silent country. Turning to the left at Keystone (the right fork, as I remember it, being the road to Yosemite Valley via Big Oak Flat) we motored several miles up a gentle grade and about three o'clock in the afternoon we sighted Table mountain.

Table mountain by any other name would be just as popular. It is apparently a huge deposit of black *malpais*, flat on top. It is a fair-sized hill. I had expected quite a mountain and I was disappointed. The Ornithologist, who claimed to know all about it, declared Table mountain to have been the home of M'liss. The Journalist said M'liss lived on Red mountain and this alleged mountain was black, so the Ornithologist subsided. Subsequently we inquired for Red mountain all along the



"Jimtown" is a pretty little village, with one main street lined with beautiful shade trees and old houses

route, but never found it. In fact, by the time we had finished trailing him, we were all satisfied that Bret had trifled considerably with his geography.

We skirted around the southern base of Table mountain and at four o'clock we entered Jimtown (with apologies to the citizens of Jamestown, Tuolumne county). We had reached the land of California romance at last, but—

"Where are all those red-shirted miners with the navy revolvers and the bowie knives down their boot-legs?" I demanded. We had passed a large stamp-mill below Jimtown, but the Bret Harte miner was not there. The fact is, he has perished from the earth and Jimtown knows him no more. The Italian works for less money and is moderately peaceable.

But that is about the only change that has come over Jimtown. It is a pretty little village, with one main street lined with beautiful shade trees and the old houses that the Argonauts builded years ago. A Sabbath peace brooded over it. Dogs were plentiful and friendly. The ubiquitous barefoot boy passed on his way home from school, and favored us with a shy toothless



"The Three Partners lived in that old cabin," remarked the Journalist, "and I'll bet a dollar they hanged Red Pete at Sawmill Flat"



Steve Gillis was the only chemically pure specimen of Bret-Harte-land that we met. He wore the rim of a straw hat. I mean that. Only the rim! The crown had vanished with early California romance

smile. There was no harsh discordant note in Jimtown. Not even a pool-ball clicked. The proprietors of several saloons heard us arriving, came to their doors, looked at us, waited a decent period for us to do the right thing, and vanished. The Jimtown editor quit setting type and peered out at us, decided that we were unimportant arrivals, and got down to business again.

I thought that, in the event of being ordered to a rest cure, I would go to peaceful old Jimtown. We sat around for an hour, looking up at the hills and sniffing the pine-scented air, and then the Ornithologist went nosing around and stirred up a dog fight. Nobody paid any attention, so, despairing of romance, we were on the point of leaving, when we met an old-timer who suggested that we go over to Jackass Hill and interview Steve Gillis. This Argonaut could tell us nothing about Bret Harte, but he had been intimate with another celebrated gent of that stirring period, Mr. Lying Jim Townsend. He told us a story about him. It seems Mark Twain

helped Jim Gillis build a cabin on Jackass Hill. The cabin was so small that Lying Jim remarked to the immortal Twain that if he ever expected to live in the cabin, he would have to grease himself to get in and use a corkscrew to pull himself out.

To Jackass Hill, therefore, we decided to emigrate. We thanked the old-timer and departed from Jimtown, following a fine road up a pretty pine-clad canyon, and after fifteen minutes of motoring turned down the main street of the county-seat, Sonora.

Thus ended our first day's journey. We had made it without accident and without haste, lingering along the road when the mood seized us, and enjoying every mile of the trip.

Sonora is worth a visit at any time. It is a bright nice lively little town, built in a hollow in the hills at an elevation of about 1500 feet. However, although we hunted hard and diligently, we failed to find a trace of any spot made famous by Bret Harte. The Ornithologist said there wasn't any romance in Sonora. However, about



A wayside fountain, in the region of romance made famous by Bret Harte and Mark Twain. The mountains are there, the streams, the whispering pines, but the "Heathen Chinee" has abandoned the laundry for the truck farm

midnight we did have one glimpse of ancient local color.

We were roused from slumber by the furious ringing of a bell, and in an instant the entire population of Sonora was in the main street. A crowd of men and boys ran to a shed close to our hotel, dragged out an old thirty-man power fire engine and tore out of town with great gusto. The Journalist said the garage was afire, so we flew to save the car. Finding it in no danger, we cranked up and ran to the fire, and when we arrived the fire was out. I have seen many fires in large cities, but I do not recall any fire horses getting to the scene of action half so quickly as those Sonora citizens. It was a splendid exhibition of the public interest in fires and the terror a fire still inspires in a mining town. The gallant old volunteer fire companies of the fifties had nothing on the present generation of Sonora males, and they don't wear red shirts either.

Leaving Sonora next morning we motored over to Columbia, passing en route several of the huge quartz mines which give

employment to the vast majority of Sonora's laboring men. Passing up a gulch a few miles beyond Sonora we came across the first evidences of that old placer mining of which Harte has written so convincingly. The hillside and the bottom of the gulch still bore tribute to the activities of half a century ago. The land was gophered, gouged, tossed and tumbled in great red heaps and depressions. Every square inch of it had been combed for gold. It lay now, in ruinous disorder, clogged with ancient piping and decayed sluice boxes. A farmer had smoothed off several acres of these old red corrugated "slickens" to form an attractive truck garden. Bret Harte probably wrote about that old "Bar," but there is nothing left now to identify it.

Up out of this despoiled gulch we passed, out onto a plateau covered with a feeble and scrubby growth of mountain-pine timber. To our left rose the skeleton of an ancient sawmill. This was Sawmill Flat.

Like the gulch we had just passed, Sawmill Flat had had its day. The timber of

Sawmill Flat lies scattered underground in the deserted mines of the Mother Lode.

"We're getting into Bret Harte land now" remarked the Journalist as we debouched onto the old Overland trail that leads through Sonora Pass. "Look down there. The Three Partners lived in that old cabin, and over there on that hillside Salomy Jane kissed the horse-thief. There's the old trail down which the posse took him and Red Pete. I'll bet a dollar they hanged Red Pete at Sawmill Flat."

We stopped the car and walked a quarter of a mile across Shaw's Flat to a little ancient tumbledown cabin. It was a legitimate hold-over from the olden golden days. Around it hundreds of acres of old placer workings testified to the furious activities of the former denizens of Shaw's Flat. Shaw's Flat had originally been a plain strewn with tumbled white lava, like great clinkers. In the infancy of the world the erosion from the surrounding hills, carrying the gold with it, had poured out onto the Flat, until with the passage of centuries the lava clinkers had mercifully been hidden. In 1850 Shaw's Flat must have been a pleasant meadow, but in less than ten years man had sluiced away the red dirt and exposed the horrible naked lava clinkers again. Having despoiled Shaw's Flat they left it thus, an abandoned graveyard of ruined hopes.

On the hillside above it stands St. Anne's Catholic church with a cemetery around it. It is long since mass has been celebrated in St. Anne's, for only the dead reside in Shaw's Flat now. The last of the Shaw Flatters, having gouged the ground between the graves and under the church, left the Flat full forty years ago.

From Shaw's Flat to Columbia is but a few minutes' run. We had passed through Columbia before we were aware of it, so we circled back through three blocks and

finally we saw a man. He kept a saloon, so we got out to interview him.

Here was a typical saloon of the old days. The old black-walnut bar imported from goodness knows where, the rows of old lithographs along the age-discolored walls depicting "Scenes In The Life Of A Fireman," old trotting-horses whose names are forgotten, old gladiators of the London prize ring, all bore pathetic evidence of the glad old days. Too well they told the story of romantic bustling old Columbia, the town that has not only stood still, but has gone steadily backward while the years flowed on. In a glass case on the wall of a rear room I found a large banner of faded red silk, upon which was emblazoned in letters of tarnished gold:

PRESENTED TO
ENGINE COMPANY NO. 2
COLUMBIA FIRE DEPARTMENT
BY THE LADIES OF COLUMBIA.
DEC. 12, 1862.

Unbelievable! Columbia had once had a real fire department with at least two fire engine companies! It was pitiful. We met an old man there (he had been born at Shaw's Flat) who told us that in his boyhood Columbia and Shaw's Flat had a population of 25,000 and there had been serious talk of moving the State Capital up there. I doubt if the old camp contains more than a hundred souls now. Even the *city* is gone! I imagine they burned it for fuel when the boom times vanished.

We went across the street to an imposing single-storied stone warehouse, the relic of a blasted faith in the future of Columbia. An elderly druggist was in business in that portion facing the main street, and in the rear of his store we saw a huge steel vault. It was filled with bottles. Once it had held deposits of \$60,000,000 in gold dust! In the pride of their youth such men as James G.



Just as I was thinking of turning the car into the bank and wrecking it, we flew out onto the big concrete bridge that has taken the place of Robinson's Ferry. We had reached the bottom of the canyon of the Stanislaus

Fair, John W. Mackay, James Flood and George Hearst had swapped lies about their claims. Fair it was who imported the vault and did a banking business buying gold-dust from the miners. At least so the druggist informed us. He also told us of another California multi-millionaire who used to run a saloon across the street. The price of a drink was a pinch of gold-dust such as one can grasp between the thumb and forefinger. It is said of this man that he was careful to employ barkeepers with extra large thumbs.

We looked into the deserted old shack where J. B. Stetson, who afterwards helped to found the huge hardware house of Holbrook, Merrill & Stetson, started his life in California as a humble tinsmith.

Columbia was a lonely old place. Everything reminded us of the ruinous flight of time, and the Ornithologist declared that if we stayed there another hour he expected to wither and fall to pieces; so down the grade we went to Tuttletown. We wanted to see the old store where Mark Twain had sold molasses and other provender.

So we descended on Tuttletown. We did not find it. Finally we met a prospector and asked him about it.

"Why," he said, "you passed it a mile back!"

We retraced our course and found Tuttletown. I will guarantee to burn Tuttletown in fifteen minutes. All there is to Tuttletown is a barn or two, a house or two and a watering trough. However, a man we met there (one of the dozen inhabitants) took exception to our ill-concealed surprise at learning this was Tuttletown. It was pathetic to hear him stick up for the old camp. He wouldn't leave Tuttletown for anything. I imagine he sits on the porch of the local saloon and "hotel" waiting for the boom times to come again. He said there was considerable activity right now! Somebody had revived an old hole in the ground up the hillside and four men had been put to work! And this was the echo of the old Bret Harte days, the wreck of the stirring scenes of Mark Twain's "Roughing It."

We sped down the Tuttletown road, passing the branch road to Jackass Hill. It was a road built primarily for jackasses and none but a jackass would attempt to motor to the crest. We decided to continue on to Melone's and walk back to Jackass Hill.

The road from the western base of Jackass Hill to Melone's is the only portion of the tour through Bret Harte land to be avoided—and we did not know how to avoid it. Following a smooth but very narrow road, we came out on the very apex of a mountain, turned a complete figure eight in less than eighty feet, plunged around a corner, headed down-grade—and stopped short!

Below us, sweeping east and west, lay the canyon of the Stanislaus. We had circled back to it. The mountains rose on each side of the valley, and far below us we could see the river with its sandy bars where the Bell-ringer of Angels worked out his little life tragedy. The thunder of a huge stampmill filled the canyon with a muffled steady roar, "the river sang below" and the pine-clad mountains above were bathed in a blue mist.

But the ratty tortuous trail hacked along the side of the mountain, that slid away to the Stanislaus eight hundred feet below at an angle of sixty degrees, caused me to gasp. A forty-five per cent pitch lay directly in front of me and I wanted to turn back, but that was not possible. I *had* to go ahead, so I went into the low gear and started gingerly down on compression, with the hand-brake to steady her. We slipped and skidded down that awful road for a mile. All that saves a motorist from skidding to his destruction on this grade is the fact that the road is wide. The pioneer who made that road had allowed for freight wagons skidding under the brakes.

Presently we struck a particularly steep pitch and the car, despite the fact that my wheels were locked, started to get away from me. Just as I was thinking of turning it into the bank and wrecking it, we flew around a corner and out onto the big concrete bridge that has taken the place of Robinson's Ferry. We had reached the bottom of the canyon of the Stanislaus.

We stayed at Melone's all the afternoon. We partook of lunch at a miner's boarding house, and after the meal, while the Ornithologist went scouting along the river for bird life, the Journalist and I climbed the trail back to Jackass Hill. On the very crest of Jackass Hill we found a pleasant little wooded plateau with a neat cabin on it. And in the doorway of the cabin, reading, with his spectacles tilted high on his forehead, we found the genial Mr. Steve Gillis, sole survivor now of that

great-hearted old guard whose hospitality made Jackass Hill the rendezvous for Bret Harte and Mark Twain.

Mr. Gillis was the only chemically pure specimen of Bret-Harte-land that we met. He is a kindly, witty old gentleman, reminding one of Santa Claus, only Mr. Gillis wore spectacles and the rim of a straw hat, vintage of 1887. I mean that. He wore only the rim! The crown had vanished with early California romance. Feeling entirely at home on Jackass Hill, as literary persons, more or less, we ventured to remark on his striking choice of headgear, so he told us the story. It appears that Mr. Steve Gillis is a Democrat of the old school, and believes in a tariff for revenue only. When he bought that hat it cost him a dollar. Now the same hat would cost him five, so this remarkable man has registered a solemn oath not to buy a new hat until he can do so without being robbed by an outrageous protective tariff.

He was boyishly glad to see us. Yes, he had known Bret Harte; had worked with him on the old *Golden Era* in San Francisco. He spoke feelingly of his dead brother, Jim Gillis, Mark Twain's old friend, and took us down the road to an ancient grass-grown hole under an oak tree. Jim Gillis was a pocket-hunter and it appears that upon a certain day in the long ago he was working in this old hole, looking for a "pocket." He found one that netted him eight hundred dollars, and about two minutes after the blow of his pick had opened up the treasure a shadow darkened the hole and Jim Gillis looked up. He saw a young man looking down at him.

That young man was Francis Bret Harte. He had walked over from Angels that day and by mistake had left the main road to Tuttleton and followed the old stage trail up Jackass Hill. He was tired, hungry and penniless. He knew not where he would rest his head that night nor where his next meal was coming from. So Jim Gillis solved the problem. For several days Bret ate Jim's groceries and shared his blankets and then the generous Jim gave Harte his fare to San Francisco, twenty dollars and a letter to his brother Steve, then employed on the *Golden Era*. Arrived in San Francisco, Steve's influence obtained for Harte a position on that journal, and it was shortly thereafter that his rise to fame commenced. If I may judge from a certain reticence in

Steve Gillis' manner, I imagine Harte forgot to look the Gillis boys up after that.

The Journalist mentioned Mark Twain. All reticence vanished.

"Sam Clemens! Well, sir, Sam Clemens was my friend, the dearest and best good fellow that ever lived. You know I was to have been his second in that famous duel he almost fought with the editor of the *Virginia City Union*. Tell you a funny story about that. You know Sam was a rotten shot with a six-shooter, and I made him go into training for that duel. Used to take him out in one of the little swales back of *Virginia City* and make him practice. One morning, while we were banging away at a target, I became so disgusted with Sam's marksmanship that I seized the pistol, declaring I would show him what good shooting was. A sparrow sat on an adjacent sage-bush and I fired at the sparrow. By great good luck I took the bird's head off and without a flutter it settled on the sage-bush—just wilted right there. I handed the gun to Sam and crossed over to look at the bird, and just as I reached the poor little martyr, the *Union* man came over the crest of the swale with his seconds. It appears they had their man out practicing also.

"Well, gentlemen, they took in that tableau. Across the swale stood Sam with the smoking revolver in his hand, and close by the bush I stood, just lifting the headless bird.

"'Steve,' said one of the enemy's seconds, 'did Sam Clemens kill that sparrow at that distance?'

"'Hit him?' I lied. 'Well, I should say so. That's no shooting for Sam Clemens,' and I'd no sooner said it than the editor of the *Union* dropped his pistol and yelled:

"'He's a damned assassin! I won't fight him,' and forthwith he fled back to his editorial sanctum. I told Sam to forget about that duel then, but no, he wouldn't take my advice; had to go and publish a copy of his fool challenge in the *Enterprise* and make fun of his enemy. There was a law against duelling or issuing a challenge in Nevada, and the Grand Jury was in session at the time. About ten o'clock that night I got the quiet tip that we were both to be indicted—Sam as the principal and I as his second; so we quit our jobs on the *Enterprise* at midnight and ducked out of *Virginia City* and came to San Francisco. I tell you, those were the great old days."

We agreed with him. But Jackass Hill is sad and lonely now, and the sole survivor of those great old days has come back to Jackass Hill to end his days on its summit. And he says Jackass Hill that yielded millions has only been scratched over! We admired his loyalty. We chatted with him for an hour and shook his firm old hand and wished him well. We hated to leave him, but we had not his abiding faith in the future of Jackass Hill and we did not intend to come back. Should we ever do so Steve Gillis will not be there. He will be talking over the old days with Sam Clemens beyond the Great Divide.

We returned to Melone's by the simple process of falling off Jackass Hill and picking ourselves up on the river bank. We made inquiries for the Wingdam road, down which so many of Bret Harte's heroes dashed on their foam-flecked steeds, but were unable to find it. In fact, I am fully convinced that the citizen of whom we made inquiry considered us a little weak in the upper story. We asked for Poker Flat and Red Mountain and Sandy Bar, and he said he had some chores to attend to and left us. So we climbed a wide but horrible grade, which has a long sad history of broken differentials, and climbed safely out of that canyon. My advice to motorists is to stay out. If you must motor to Angels, go back from Sonora to Knight's Ferry and cross the river into Calaveras county farther down in the foot-hills.

We spent the night at Angels—Angels Camp, it used to be—in the Hotel Angels, in the bar of which Mark Twain was so impressed with the antics of the celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras. I believe Angels owes its fame to the Jumping Frog and one or two mines.

In the morning we speculated on going over to Milton to see the schoolhouse where Harte had taught school, but, so far as we could learn, nobody in Calaveras county had ever heard of Bret Harte as a fellow-citizen and it was the general opinion of all hands that if there had been such a schoolhouse it had long since disappeared. Instead, we took a pleasant run over through Vallecito, Douglas Flat and Murphy's, up to Mercer's Cave. For fifty cents each a country youth took us down into Mercer's Cave and showed us a bewildering array of stalactites and stalagmites with fanciful names. The trip to this cave is through a

charming country, and the cave itself is interesting.

We got back to Angels about two o'clock, filled up with oil and gasoline and made the run over to San Andreas in something over an hour. At San Andreas the Ornithologist met a long-lost relative, a mining engineer, who showed us a heap of "jewelry rock" from the Mother Lode that caused us to have a healthier respect for the faith of the few remaining old boys who claim that the boom times will come again. Doubtless the mines will boom again, but the days of old, the days of gold, like the gallant crew that mustered them in, are gone forever, and there will be no return. The mountains are there, the streams, the whispering pines. The red dust hangs in the air long after one's car has disappeared, but the Indian is gone, the "Heathen Chinees" has abandoned the laundry for the truck farm, and no self-respecting man will play poker with him any longer. The Italian emigrant is abroad in the land of Bret Harte romance, but with the exception of that dip down into Melone's the road is good and the tour is well worth taking.

We slipped down an easy grade along the north fork of the Stanislaus after leaving San Andreas at four o'clock, and at six o'clock we had descended from the foot-hills. Passing through Valley Springs and French Camp we flew onward through the valley, struck the Sacramento-Stockton asphaltum boulevard presently and arrived at the Hotel Stockton at half-past nine that night.

The next day was Sunday, so we slept late and in the afternoon motored back to San Francisco, via Livermore, Pleasanton and Niles canyon. During the entire trip (counting our side trips, of which we made one or two which were not particularly interesting and due to errors on the part of the Journalist, the official guide) we had traversed nearly six hundred and fifty miles, without a puncture or a blow-out or in fact a single minor delay.

I have but one grief over that most enjoyable tour. I had appointed that con-founded Ornithologist our official photographer and sent him out to buy films in Stockton. He purchased some at least a year old, and the result was chaos in the pictorial record of our trip. I will never again undertake a trip with an Ornithologist.



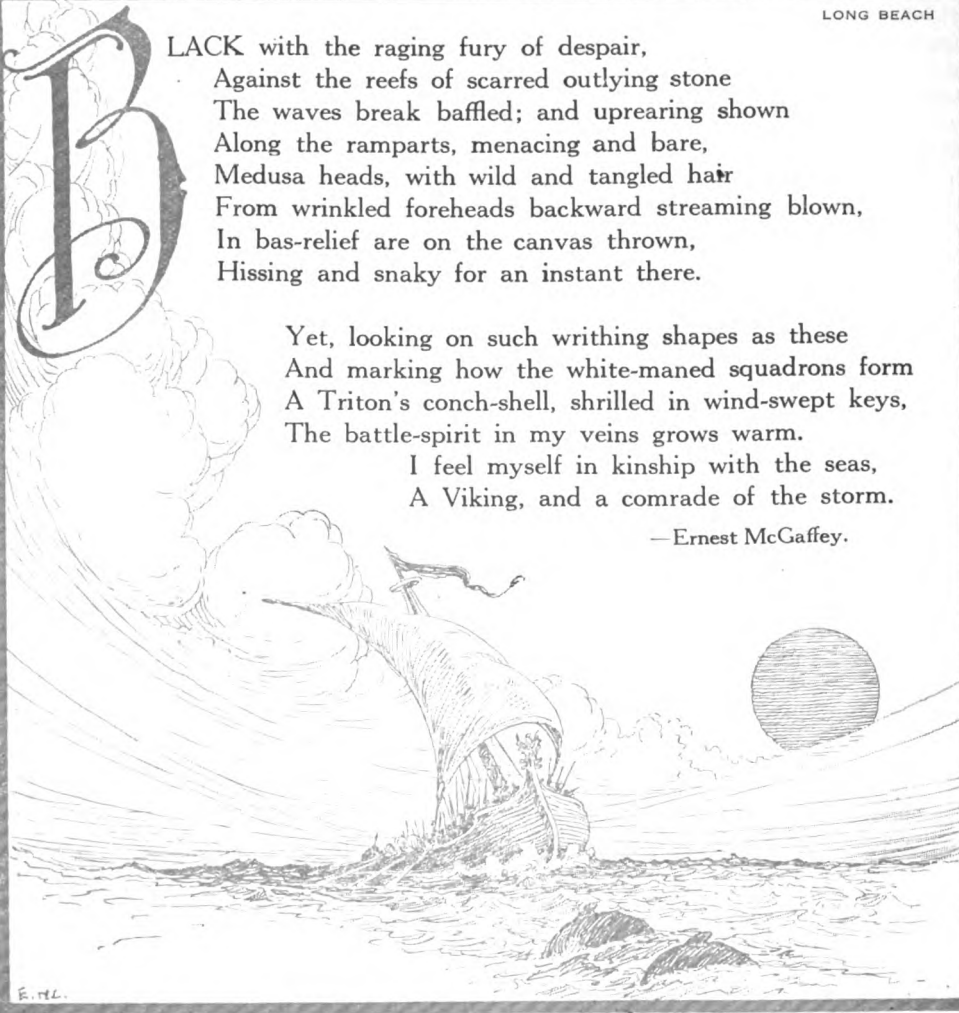
LONG BEACH

BLACK with the raging fury of despair,
Against the reefs of scarred outlying stone
The waves break baffled; and uprearing shown
Along the ramparts, menacing and bare,
Medusa heads, with wild and tangled hair
From wrinkled foreheads backward streaming blown,
In bas-relief are on the canvas thrown,
Hissing and snaky for an instant there.

Yet, looking on such writhing shapes as these
And marking how the white-maned squadrons form
A Triton's conch-shell, shrilled in wind-swept keys,
The battle-spirit in my veins grows warm.

I feel myself in kinship with the seas,
A Viking, and a comrade of the storm.

—Ernest McGaffey.





MOUNT ARROWSMITH



THE mountain road crawled upward like a snake,
A winding python, wallowing in dust;
And gnarled arbutus dropped its barky crust
There by the wayside, tawny flake on flake.
The river, through the steep descending brake,
Past fern and boulder, tarnished thick with rust,
A sword-like current downward sudden thrust
And sheathed its cataract in the shining lake.

And gazing skyward from the path we saw
Beyond the fir-trees, ranged in plummy crowds,
A sight that filled our very souls with awe,
Seen through a veil of filmy-trailing shrouds.
A Titan figure, carved without a flaw:
Mount Arrowsmith, attended by the clouds.

—Ernest McCaffey.



PHOTOGRAPH BY LEONARD FRANK



Long before sunrise there had assembled the patient nucleus of the long line of fans at the box office

A CORNER IN BONEHEADS

By OLIN L. LYMAN

Author of: The Vacation of Bad Bill

Illustrated by Maurice Logan

TO know absolutely that no balm remained in Gilead and that Woe was king, one had at this moment only to behold the spangled visage of Eddie Jaffray, manager of the Catterton base-ball team. He huddled in the chair before his untidy desk, hands in his trouser pockets, his gaze absently fixed upon an infinity of gloom. His freckles, ordinarily rosy spot-lights of optimism, seemed direly pale and dead. One would almost have looked in the corner, dimming with the approach of twilight, for little raven jinxes carrying valises of Dull Care. So Jaffray sat alone in his little office, going down—and down—and down. . . .

Suddenly there came a gradual change. Without realizing it, the manager's gaze had lifted to an accustomed object upon the wall over his desk. At first he looked unconsciously, then a slowly dawning light drowned the shadows in his brooding eyes. For the unnumbered time in a career of vexing problems Jaffray proved that the spirits of a freckled man are elastic. For the thousandth time he read the words which some cheerful idiot had assembled for that particular calendar, and for the thousandth time he shooed the sad shade of trouble by grace of a sympathizing, whimsical grin:

"When the whole blame world seems gone to pot,
And business is on the bum,
A two-cent grin and a lifted chin
Help some, my boy, help some."

"The guy that spilled that stuff had the right dope."

In his abstraction Jaffray had heard nobody come in. Now he whirled in his chair to confront the Catterton captain, Jack Rhoades, who stood pensively regarding the calendar.

"All the same," supplemented Rhoades, "he never had nothin' to do with the runnin' of a bonehead ball team."

Jaffray's grin grew into a laugh. Rhoades' blithe assaults upon the English language always amused him. The captain had been a college man, and so far as the graces of culture were concerned he had seemed consistently since to be trying to live it down. At any rate the diamond had been his magnet from the beginning and he had "jumped" the class-room in his junior year to cover the third sack for a team in one of the bush leagues. He was still covering third, but for the past five years, following a steady climb, he had been one of the shining lights of the Catterton team, idolized by that portion of the base-ball world as chanced to be

Catterton rooters and as inevitably hated by other segments of the great circle.

If possible, Rhoades was at this instant more forlorn in appearance than Jaffray had been a moment before, though there was nothing of sad resignation in it. He glowered venomously, he chewed at a toothpick as a bull pup might chew another canine.

"What's the grief, pal?" inquired Jaffray with mild irony, meanwhile supposing that the captain's concern had to do merely with generalities. It could be no new specific thing; everything had happened. Yet a shaft remained. Lightning-like the somber Rhoades now launched it.

"Bill Salzer's married."

"Married?"

Jaffray fairly screeched the word in as shuddering horror as if Rhoades had announced that the crack Catterton pitcher had been murdered. Rhoades nodded glumly.

"I suppose it's *her!*" The final word was pronounced with an indescribable inflection. "Aw, yes, it's her."

Then Jaffray lifted desolate eyes to high heaven, via the dingy ceiling, and voiced in lurid phrase his woe renewed. "Can you beat it? I ask you as a pal, can you beat it? Why was I ever born, Eliza? Ain't it awful to be conscientious, Jack? It's such a handicap. If it wasn't for that I could start out and kill the whole gang and then dance on their graves." He gazed helplessly at Rhoades, who shook his head gloomily and remained mute.

"They say an ump has a sad life" continued the manager in hollow tones. "Why, say pal, the mournfulest ump that ever dodged a pop bottle was a laughing hyena of joy compared to me. It's a wonder they haven't got me in the detention ward. Six weeks ago we had a real team with a twelve-game lead in the race for the rag. Now we've got just two games to the good with the Monuments throwing 'er on the high and coming into the stretch on two wheels. It's got to be a case of 'Get out o' my way, turtle, or I'll step on you!' They've got everything: what have we got?"

He fairly squealed it, pawing the air and glaring at his captain while his freckles deepened in a choleric glow. Rhoades said nothing, but bit clean through his toothpick.

"I'll tell you what we've got" continued Jaffray with mounting resentment. "We've got absolutely the niftiest collection of bone-

heads that have been herded since the old snake first fooled Adam with his curves. *A corner in boneheads*, that's what it is—we've got 'em all. Here's that boob of a Lefty Russell breaks out for the very first time in ten years, and he's due for the gold cure if he keeps it up. Bill McQuirk, second batter in the league, beats up an umpire, and our honored president—blast him!—hangs loafer Bill up by the heels to dry for Lord knows how long. Kevin, the beautiful shortstop, breaks his shin-bone, and hot-foot to the hospital for him. Good-night! The pitchers work like they've got hook-worm disease, the fielders stand still and fall down and try to catch the ball with their feet, the batters hit at it the next day, everybody in the infield falls over everybody else!"

He leaned forward, his accusing eyes boring deep into Rhoades' shadowed soul. "And now," he hissed, "Bill Salzer gets *married!*"

"What's the use of glarin' at me?" inquired Jack, with heavy sarcasm. "I ain't her."

Eddie swept on without heeding him. "What good has he been, anyway, since he got the crush on his dame, what? Used to be the crack pitcher of the league, used to be its scrappiest guy in the coaching box. Used to be able to spill language that had rattlesnakes and darning-needles in it, used to have the opposition so locoed they looked like an old ladies' home. And now, since the little god of love got him by the gizzard, how is he now? Why, he'd kiss an umpire if the boob would let him, him that only two months ago could tell an ump where he could go in more ways than I ever heard in my sad young life. Why, he'll stand now and grin forgiving grins when he ought to be tearing grass and spinning on one ear in righteous indignation. And when he's in the box he'll wind up like he was doing it to the strains of the 'Spring Song,' and when he puts it over and the batter hits it he'll stand dreamy-eyed and watch it like he thought it was a dove with wings on it, flying to her, yelping 'The Robert E. Lee' in some dinky one-night stand!"

He paused long enough to groan, then resumed his tragic monologue. "And now it will be worse. I said to him a month ago, when I caught him one day in the hotel with a letter-head trying to draw a picture of her, I said 'Bill, you've got it bad, but promise me that you won't get married till we win

the pennant.' Gee! he flushed up like a fire without any insurance and he promised. Yes, he had it bad, you ought to have seen that picture. It's funny, but love would make a hod-carrier think he designed the building. I should have thought that picture was simply the ramblings of an intoxicated pencil, trying to get home, but Bill had it labeled. 'This is Imogen,' just like that, and he had it spelled with two m's. And now he's Mister Imogen, and it's going to be fierce. Can you imagine it? Bill will be in the box, looking into the air and seeing a flower garden there, and he'll loaf one over that my two-year-old boy could hit, and big McGoorty or some ox like him will lift that ball clean to New York, and the fans will get up on their hind legs and holler in unison 'Take him out!' and Bill will look up calf-eyed and murmur 'Is that you calling, love?'"

He threw out an arm as if casting something away. "Good-by, pennant, good-by!" "Oh, not yet!"

Startled, both men wheeled in their chairs to confront a vision distinctly worth while. From lithographs he had seen posted in various cities of the circuit Jaffray knew her for Mrs. William Salzer, nee Imogen Vernon, plus whatever it was before that. Glancing at her Jaffray would have guessed that it might have been something like Mamie Riley, that original name, for she was undoubtedly of Celtic extraction and a beauty. As for her general appearance at this first meeting with the manager and captain of the Catterton ball team, let this vivid description, proffered later by Jack Rhoades for the delectation of his cronies, suffice.

"She had on one o' them new coats with a heluva collar, an' comin' to her heels, an' three or four colors into it. She's got little bits o' kicks with white tops and our ten-year-old mascot has got a hand like a ham compared with hers. She's got grinny eyes, but there's business in 'em, too. But that part she kind o' keeps out in the wings. Still, if it comes to a show-down, I ain't bettin' on Bill. Say, she'd make his six-foot-two feel like two-foot-six. She ain't tall an' she ain't short an' she ain't got no consumption. She shows her teeth as much as Roosevelt does, but hers ain't gravestone size. Her eyes are blue, I guess, but you don't just notice about that, watchin' the rest of her face. I don't blame Bill so much, though I ain't much for women. And

smooth!—say, boys, a seal is a rough-neck beside her!"

Disconcerted for the moment by her unexpected presence, Manager Jaffray, always the suave gentleman in the presence of the fair, pulled himself together and rose with an amiable smile. Rhoades gaped—it is the only word.

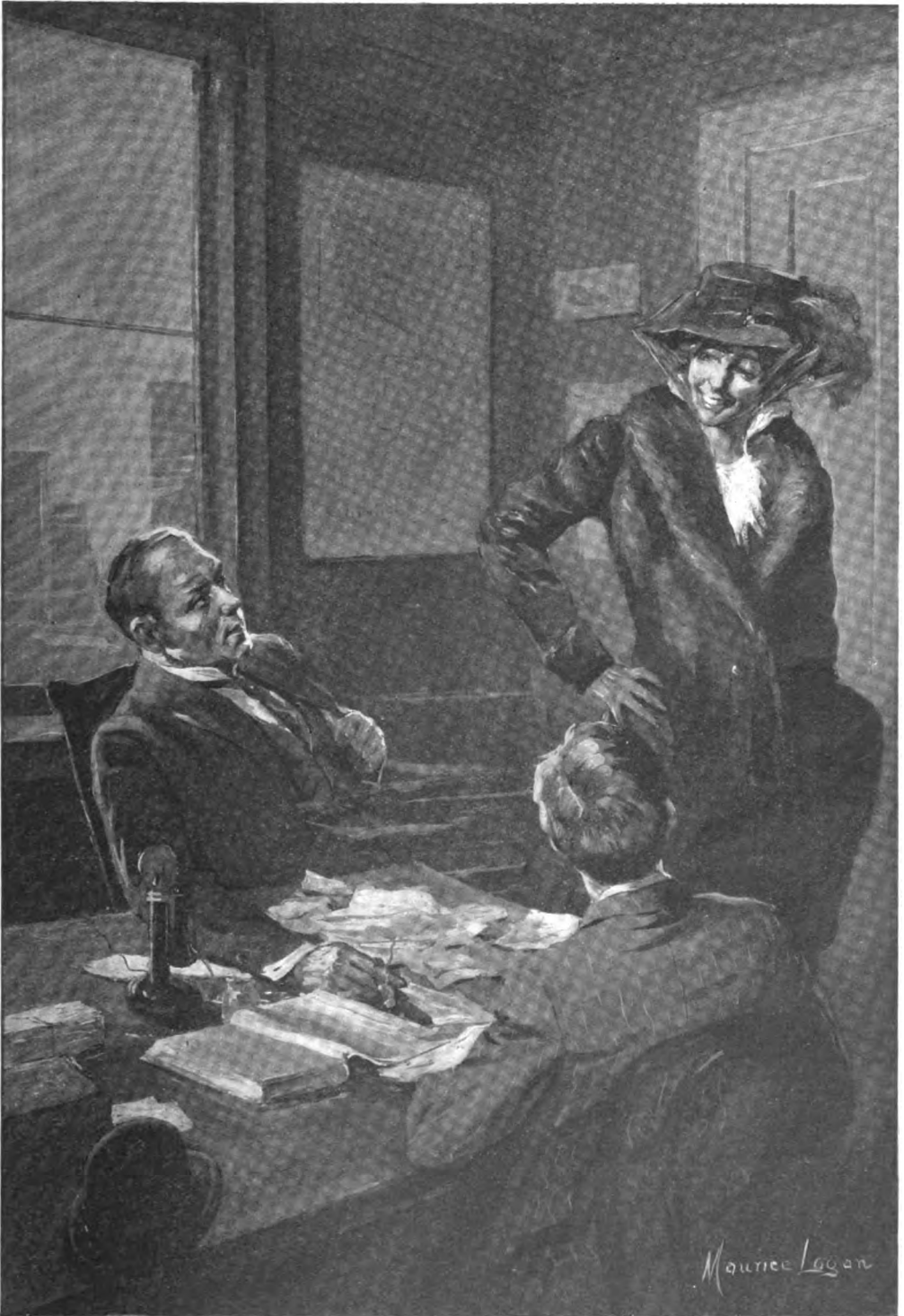
Her voice, sweet and high-pitched, had ripples in it and an underlying laugh, her speech had all the free-and-easy piquancy of her calling. "I didn't mean to butt in, regardless," she assured them, looking at Eddie. "I drifted inside a couple of minutes ago, and you were so busy knocking Mister Imogen that I guess you didn't hear me." Her eyes were dancing.

Jaffray felt a hot flush starting at his freckles, swiftly radiating till it reached the roots of his ruddy hair. He began a stammering apology.

"Oh, that's all right" Bill's wife assured them, comfortably bestowing herself in an opposite chair. "Say, listen! Bill couldn't help himself. He meant to stand pat by what he told you, but I wouldn't have it. I was at that game in Cleveland Tuesday when they knocked him out of the box. We jumped here, like you did, and last night when Bill come over to the hotel to see me I says 'Bill, you're certainly putting up a rotten game. You need coaching, you do. To the preacher man for yours.' And I led him to a minister."

She looked at them speculatively while they stared blankly at her, their faces bearing ample evidence that the ways of women are sealed books to men. Presently she smiled such a smile as had often captivated vaudeville audiences, and after them, Southpaw Bill. Then she rose.

"I know you're busy men, and far be it from me to tell you the story of my life in forty-seven chapters while you wait. I'll just say this: Bill was pretty bashful about coming to see you this morning, for he judged you'd be warm in the collar, and he is a peace-loving man since he got crazy over me. You were right, Mr. Jaffray, Bill has been changed since then; he's been picking bouquets out of the air, and the clouds have all been sterling-silver-lined. Now you know the only way to cure a fellow of that sort of thing is to marry him. I just came up to say that Bill is sorry, and he won't do it again, not unless he wants to do a term for bigamy. And I'll add that I'll see he'll



"Hang onto that two-game lead, gentlemen! And believe *me*, on the show-down Bill will be there with bells on, for *I'm some fan!*"

be sorry if Catterton fails to land that pennant. You've got just a week more, three games here and the final three at home, *my* home. Hang onto that two-game lead, gentlemen! The show jumps with you, I'm slated only for evening performances. I'll see you through. Rooting? Why say, I'm the perfectly best little rooter you ever heard at large. And believe *me*, on the show-down Bill will be there with bells on, for *I'm some fan!*"

Even while Jaffray was protesting that she need not be in a hurry she left the room with a merry smile, and the tap of her little heels dwindled rapidly down the corridor. Rhoades still gaped, finally summoning a hackneyed phrase. "Now what d'ye think of that?"

Jaffray waved an expressive hand. "Two things. First, Bill is due to see base-balls instead of bouquets. Second, there's more to that calendar yonder than just dates. Come on, Jack, it's time to go out to the grounds." And somehow he was smiling, his optimism renewed.

Just before the ninth that afternoon, when the Violet Sox were so far ahead of the Cattertons that only one of those miracles would serve to catch them, a sour-faced Jaffray walked up to a glum Bill Salzer adorning the Catterton bench. "Where's the missus?" asked the manager. "I thought she might be rooting in the stands, but I don't see her."

"She was goin' to work her understudy into her act" replied Salzer, "but the goil's got tonsillitis an' Imogen had to stay on the job. But she's pumpin' all the gargles an' stuff there is down the kid's thro:t an' she swears she'll have her in shape by the time we jump to play off the last three with the Monuments. She's disappointed a lot."

Jaffray grunted. "So'm I. If I could get half the ginger into this bum outfit that your wife's got in her little finger—aw, but what's the use? You can't win a pennant with a cemetery." Moodily he watched Sanders, the wiry Violet pitcher, striking out the first Catterton up.

"I can't understand" continued Jaffray, with vindictive frankness, "how *you* managed to cop a queen like that."

Salzer, a burly, sandy-haired giant, was sensitive only with the new Mrs. Bill. He grinned a grin in which there was no resentment.

"I dunno" he retorted. "I thought the same about you, first time I seen *your* wife."

"Counter!" conceded Jaffray. "There! hanged if that elongated son of a giraffe hasn't whiffed Thompson, too."

Salzer rose and stretched his muscles that had been employed that afternoon only in a little warming-up work. "The kid'll get McArdle, too" he announced. "That's the way he always blanks them, three in a row. We'll be through in a minute. Hope the Monuments lost today, too."

Then Jaffray, in a low, earnest voice and in one of those sudden quiet passions for which he was famed, in blistering phrase sounded the key-note of the trouble with the team. "You've all lost your spirit!" he sneered. "'Hope the Monuments lost, too!' What if they did, and we'd *won*? Me for Bloomingdale after this series. And say, you count on going in tomorrow."

It chanced that the Monuments had lost also and Catterton breathed more freely. But the next day a batting rally gave the Violets the game in the ninth, when Salzer apparently had the honors tucked away, and the Monuments in their own town, playing the Splendoras, won by a handsome score. Dame Fortune further favored the Monuments on the succeeding day while rain interrupted the Catterton-Violet contest. It transpired then that when Catterton took her jump to the lair of the Monuments for the final crucial games, the teams were tied for the lead, and fans' enthusiasm throughout the country had reached a stage of frenzy.

Before jammed stands the Cattertons, appearing to regain temporarily their old fighting spirit, gallantly closed up shattered ranks and won a desperate victory. Success won in the camp of the enemy sent their stock soaring. But the next day the bottom dropped out of it. They were disgracefully routed, beaten by a memorable score. In Jaffray's ears, as his last batter retired after an easy foul which the opposing catcher caught with two leisurely steps backward, sounded the derisive hoots and laughter of unsympathetic thousands. Mournfully he appraised the wreck; there was little salvage. His outfielders and infielders alike had played like wooden men, he had used up all his effective pitchers in a vain effort to stem the tide, all but Salzer. He had saved Salzer as a forlorn hope for the morrow.

That night Jaffray called his players to his room at the hotel. His language was livid, it sizzled and burned while the faces

of his men fairly smouldered with that queer baffled impotence which at times all athletic pilots know and recognize with a sinking at the heart. For they are perfectly well aware, the pilots, that the distracted units do not voluntarily refuse to cohere. It is only that the grip of the monstrous thing—call it jinx, hoodoo, what you will, it being from the realm of non-analyzed mysteries—has them held fast, struggling like so many tortured Laocoons in the coils of serpents. And until some keen-toothed climax like a blade snips away the bonds, the most desperate struggles of the luckless band prove abortive, in them is only the pathos of wasted effort. Something to lash, to whip them into deadly, furious onslaughts was what the Cattertons needed just now. Alone in his room after the talk, chin sunk dejectedly, the message of the calendar forgotten, Jaffray conceded to himself that his fiery words, his closing effort, had not broken the spell. Unless the magic relief flashed from some unthinkable quarter, Catterton was doomed to defeat on the following day.

That fateful day dawned in golden sunshine that was a lucky portent for one of the two teams upon which the eyes of the country were riveted. Long before Old Sol had poked his rim above the eastern horizon there had assembled the patient nucleus of the long line of fans at the box office. The morning papers carried uncounted columns of "dope" regarding the crucial closing contest, surmounted by staring headlines and "embellished" with illustrations galore. Throughout the city men hurried early to their offices, in order to be on hand for the game which was due to make diamond history. The city was baseball mad.

Eddie Jaffray looked haggard at breakfast, for he had slept but little. His appetite was unwontedly slim. Hurrying from the table he went into the lobby, already crowded, and edged toward a window. Lighting a cigar he stared moodily out at roaring traffic under a cloudless sky. He was roused by a touch upon the shoulder and turned to confront Bill Salzer.

"Everybody's doing it" remarked his crack pitcher. "Doing what? Kidding us. The hotel clerk just put over a peach on me. Says he, 'Bill, old scout, I've just got up a pitching scheme there's a million in. I could sell it to the Monuments and live on the interest, but you're a friend of mine, I

want to see you win today, and I'm going to slip it to you, old kid.' I bit, oh yes. 'What is it?' I asks him. 'Well, it's this way' he tells me. 'I call it the mysterious guy ball. You're a southpaw. You hold the ball as usual in your left hand and wind up. Of course the batter is watching that hand. You get all the steam into your heave and shoot out that left hand, but you don't let the ball go. Instead, at the same instant you whip out your good old right wing in which you've been concealing a second ball, and *that's* the one you let go. Simple, ain't it? You can strike out every man up with that.'"

Jaffray turned upon Salzer two cold and murderous eyes. "What did you do to him?" he asked, very softly.

"I killed him" responded Salzer. "Oh, say, the missus will be there this aft. Her kid understudy goes on at the Orpheum for her. I think the poor goil did it to sidestep the medicines. And Imogen has got something up her sleeve."

"What?"

"I dunno" replied Bill, uneasily. "It's some things she said. Once she told me, 'Bill,' says she, 'if you lose that game, pray, kid, pray like you used to when you was little and innocent.' And a little later she hands me this: 'You and that parcel of boobs with you are due either for a show-down or a show-up.' Now, what's she after?"

Jaffray looked into the worried visage of his ten-thousand-dollar beauty while a slow grin of understanding overspread his face. He laid a fatherly hand on the pitcher's brawny shoulder. "Say, Willie boy," he advised, "you pitch today like you never pitched before. That's all."

Long before the game was called that afternoon the grand-stand and bleachers were jammed with rooters, while the overflow encroached so far upon the playing field that it was necessary to establish the usual ground rules for batted balls in such cases. Outside the gates a crowd of late comers that could not be accommodated struggled and clamored unavailingly. Thousands of eyes looked down upon the velvety green diamond which a world was watching on this beautiful autumn day. The barbaric hum of animated conversation sounded, punctuated by the mild musketry of crackling peanut shells. "Pop" boys called their

wares through their noses, here and there a conscienceless vender sold alleged cigars. And through the crowd, gathering force like the quickening beat of an engine, pulsed that strange thrill which was presently to grip nerves like talons, the mysterious, compelling spirit of the game.

A mighty roar sounded as the Monument team, headed by their captain, "Red" Ericsson, came from their club-house upon the field and started to toss base-balls to one another. A little later there was another cheer, feebler in volume because raised in Monument precincts, as the Catterton team appeared and walked toward the visitors' bench. Silent and grim, there was in the group a subtle air of import, a something that betokened determination to battle at the last ditch; a something very creditable in its way but a long way behind that unconquerable confidence, that unshaken belief in one's powers, which wins games either in the arenas of sport or those of life. And Jaffray, seated upon the bench, felt it, this somber something, and his spirits dropped even lower and he champed his gum with positive violence.

Silence had followed the feeble cheer. The crowd was watching the Catterton team, now nearly to the bench. The stillness was broken. A voice from the thronged stands cleft it like a knife, a shrill feminine voice whose message was as vitriol poured upon raw wounds.

"Hey, where's the hearse?"

Jaffray started; there was something familiar in those thin high-pitched tones. But even as the roar of laughter which followed the sally swelled in volume, his keen eyes fell to studying his men and he felt an expanding inward glow of satisfaction. For the gibe had struck home, the resultant good-natured derision had nettled Manager Eddie's warriors. Ah, that was what was needed, something stinging to take the beaten hang-dog air out of them, something to make them *fight!* Jaffray had not been able to do it himself, but he was only their manager. Fans! That was the influence needed, the speech of fans that was like a two-edged sword, tongues that dripped vinegar and gall, the voice of the mighty, sneering, derisive public to rouse discouraged champions from lethargy and cause them to swing at a ball with the vengeful elementary wish that it were a human head. Jaffray had some shorn Samsons on his

hands; he needed some murderous, capering cave dwellers and stone-age outlaws.

It seemed that he was in a fair way to get them. Uprose that shrill tantalizing voice again, adding to the humiliation of the Cattertons:

"Everybody, three cheers for nine *live* ones, the Monuments!"

In the deafening din which followed the call Jaffray rose from the bench and walked out upon the field to face the stand and verify his growing suspicion. Passing them he heard two or three of the men swearing; this was a hopeful sign.

He stepped to the side of big Bill Salzer, who stood eying the stand with a face of utter dismay. "My God!" Bill cried, "*it's my wife!* She's in that front box in Section J, see her? Millie Constance, who's gone into the movies lately, is with her and she's tryin' to hold her down. Say, she might as well try to hold down a can o' nitro-glycerine! Holy Saint Vitus! Now wotta y' know about that?"

A smile struggled at the corners of Jaffray's mouth as he stood with Bill, seeking the spot where the envenomed Madam Bill held forth in psychologic domination of an odd situation. Ah! he saw her now, a pretty magnet for batteries of eyes whose owners, still softly laughing, seemed ready to follow her wilful lingual lead to any lengths. Gorgeously arrayed in glories that rendered her especially prominent even in a riotous garden of color furnished by assembled hordes of feminine fans, she was impatiently waving aside another vision in blue who was apparently remonstrating with her while the wife's eyes were riveted upon her nonplussed Bill. Even at that distance Jaffray could detect a malicious smile, and he grinned sympathetically and slipped from Bill's side back to the bench to gloat over the growing resentment among his men. Some of them were looking daggers at Bill, as word had gone round that it was his bride who was "stinging" Catterton.

A little later there was dead silence as the Monument fielders took their stations. The lanky McCue, the most feared right-hander in the league, went into the box while catcher Bowman adjusted his mask and donned his glove. The umpires took their places; little Dubois, Catterton's center fielder, stepped to the plate nonchalantly swinging his bat.

"Play ball!"

The crowd drew a great concerted breath of relief. Dubois swung at the second ball, hit it—and was thrown out at first, McCue relaying the ball to Simpson with the precision of machinery. Ellison was retired on a foul. Then up came the giant Bill McQuirk, crack outfielder and the second batter in the league. He had been suspended a month before by the league president for assaulting an umpire and the "bars" had been lifted only the previous evening.

There was a tense stillness as McQuirk took his place. It was a Monument crowd, and this surly mastodon was feared. The outfielders, without waiting to be signaled, moved far out, McCue surveyed McQuirk thoughtfully, then watched his catcher signaling. With all these tributes to the might of his batting prodigy, Jaffray was distinctly anxious. McQuirk had been out of it for a month. Had he retained what the vernacular knows as the "batting eye?"

In that all-important moment there uprose again that shrill, maddening voice, this time addressed to the motionless Berserker at the plate.

"Hello, ump killer! When did they let you out?"

Bill's homely face was turned for an instant toward the stand, its expression was fairly murderous. Jaffray's heart leaped exultantly as McQuirk's iron hands shook his bat as a terrier would shake a rat. McCue wound up, the ball shot straight and high for the plate. McQuirk stepped forward and landed fair with an impact like a rifle shot. The ball sailed clean over the west fence while Bill leisurely trotted around the bases.

Even an alien crowd could not withhold admiration so splendidly earned. In the midst of the resultant confusion Jaffray stared curiously at a gorgeous figure in the box that had now become the center of interest for the press-stand as well as for the assembled public. No, there were two such figures, wrapped in a close embrace for a moment, then to sit demurely down while the arch-plotter of the pair doubtless concocted more devilment.

"Oh, you kid!" mused the manager, "you are certainly a three-ply dandy! But wait till you get after Bill!"

The next two innings yielded no further scoring, but in the fourth, through two hits,

the Monuments scored a run and the score was tied. This was not done without some caustic comment from Madam Bill, and her criticisms and exhortations increased as the game proceeded.

It was a contest that lived long in the memories of those who saw it. With the beginning of the fifth inning it became a free-hitting wrangle in which the teams alternated for the lead. It was punctuated by mighty bat work and the most hair-raising fielding. Always the pace grew swifter, they played like fiends and with the cool calculation of masters. The Monuments had the support of the vast crowd, the Cattertons the unsparing whip of that hated voice yonder, cunningly raised whenever there was a lull in the din. Captain Jack Rhoades grinned for the first few innings, highly diverted at the "roasts" his men were receiving. Then he missed a grounder along the third base line and he did not smile again, but his game improved.

To Jaffray, watching from the bench, recurred speculation regarding when big Bill Salzer would receive his wife's attention. There had been no word yet. True, there had not yet been excuse for it, for the tall southpaw was working like a Trojan. But Jaffray did not doubt that the opportunity would come, and it did.

At the beginning of the ninth the score stood three-all when Catterton came to bat. "Bad Bill" McQuirk singled, Rhoades advanced him with a sacrifice hit, Johnson fanned and the final hope, big Salzer, came to bat.

Now Salzer was a batsman of parts, and the attenuated McCue pitched to him with extreme care. Salzer was desperate and determined and chopped away at the ball with the result that catcher Bowman was scurrying like a rabbit for the next few moments in quest of foul balls that were always just out of reach. Meanwhile McQuirk, who had been placed further down in the batting order after the third inning because of an accident to another player, waited impatiently upon the third bag, which he had purloined, for Bill to whip out a liner and bring him home.

It was after the fourth foul fly that Salzer received his wife's respects.

He was informed that Rip Van Winkle was an after-dinner napper compared with him. His bat was hewed from a slippery elm tree, he had best anoint it with mucilage.



McNabb touched out the runner sliding in from third. It was a bonehead play throughout. But the game was over

He had best go back to pitching—hay. Was he trying for an altitude record? Was this a club-swinging exhibition? Bats were various: some were booze-fests, others were things with wings on them, still others were to hit a ball with. Why didn't he hit the ball?

"Holy Isaac!" remarked Jaffray to Rhoades at his side, "there's a swell line of honeymoon chatter! 'Meet me by moonlight alone,' and have your life insured."

Just then Bill hit the ball and raced vehemently to second while McQuirk scampered home. The next man up went out on an easy fly, but Catterton was now a run ahead and it merely devolved upon them to hold the Monuments in what, with luck, would be the closing half.

Salzer was still angry when he went into the box. With saturnine enjoyment he fanned the first man, likewise the second.

The third man he caused twice to swing ineffectively—then he hit him with the ball. Rubbing his shoulder, the player took his base. Then Bill, as many a good pitcher aforesaid, rose headlong into the air.

He walked the next man. The player following sent a grounder to Rhoades and beat out the throw to first. The bases were full.

With the roar of maddened thousands like a cataract in his ears Salzer looked mechanically toward Jaffray, anticipating a signal of retirement in favor of another twirler. The manager sat grim and immobile as an Indian. Salzer realized that he would be left to cope with his marred fortunes. About him surged the din of the crowd, hot for his humiliation: there stalked toward the plate the most formidable batter in the Monument team, already with two hits

including a two-bagger, the brawny Bob McEliott.

To gain time Salzer strolled toward his catcher, who met him half-way for one of those consultations that always awaken the ire of a hostile crowd. The diabolical outcries redoubled, scorn and contumely were heaped upon the pitcher's head. Feeling foolish and futile, groping for his vanished nerve, Salzer walked back to his box, faced McEliott and, while the commotion died away, watched for McNabb's signal.

Then it came again, that voice, freighted with irony, followed by a Gargantuan burst of laughter from the crowd.

"You're asleep! Time to get up! *Tighten up, you rummy, tighten up!*"

A tabloid drama was enacted in the next few moments. McEliott declared afterward that Salzer wasn't pitching a ball, he had substituted a marble. Twice the batsman swung as the spheroid thudded into McNabb's glove.

The third came like a bullet, swishing sharply downward on the break just over the plate. The bat met it fairly, then was flung away as McEliott streaked for first while the three occupants of the bags shot away as with a starter's pistol. A leonine roar burst from the crowd, to be at once queerly strangled in dismay. For Salzer, leaping high in air, caught the screaming

ball and whipped it back to McNabb, who touched out the runner sliding in from third. It was a bonehead play throughout. But the game was over.

Much could be told of news editions containing scareheads and zinc etchings of one Imogen Vernon—Madam Bill, whom the reporters held to be the real winner of the Cattertons' pennant, but this is really another story. Let it suffice to touch upon one closing scene, of a remarkably pretty young woman in a heluva coat, likewise hat, darting after the last of the Cattertons as they disappeared into their quarters. She slipped inside the door, then closed it and stood with her back against it, defiant yet strangely moved.

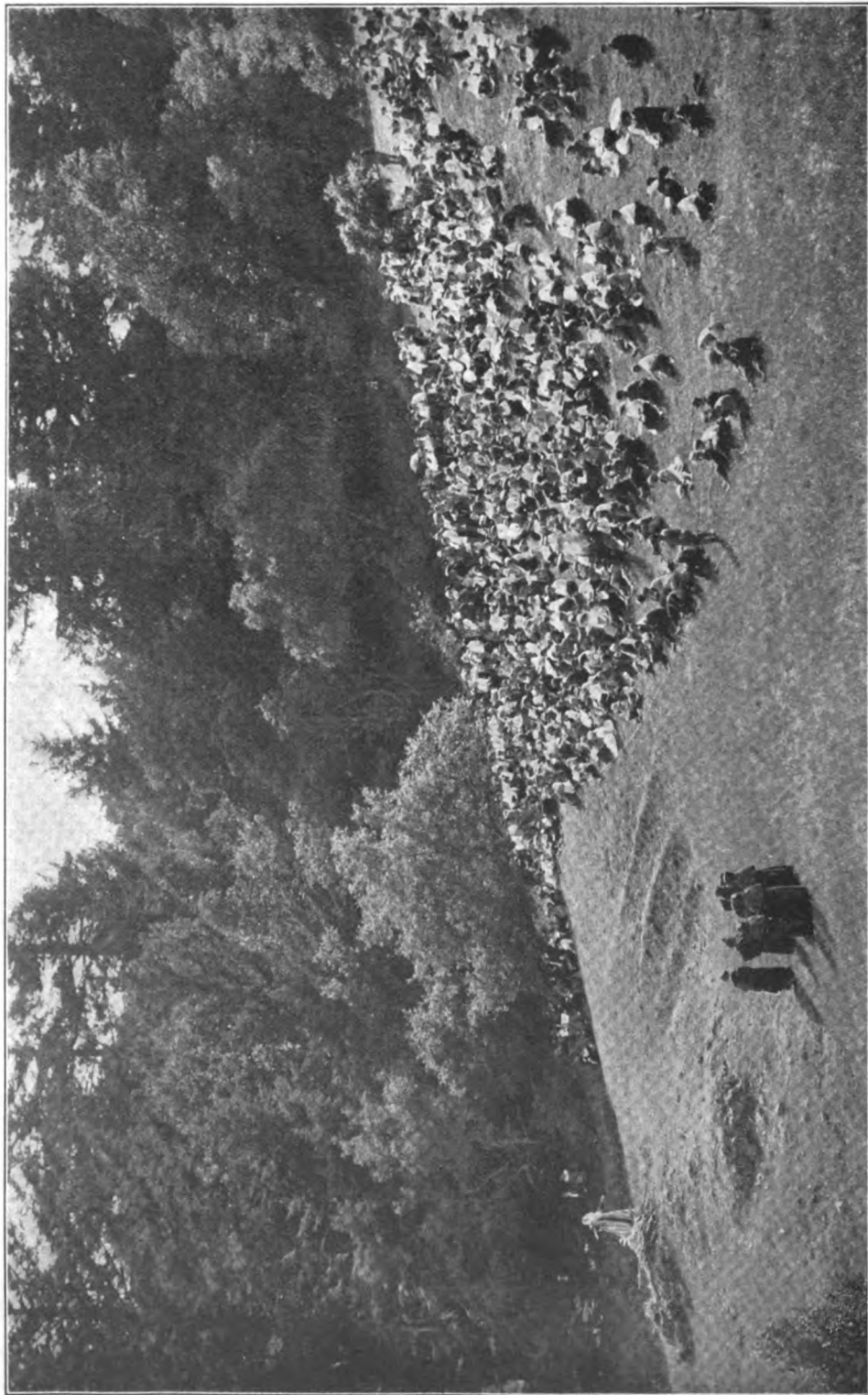
She faced a row of scowling faces, faces that softened curiously ere she had done and broke into wide grins as they lustily cheered her.

"Boys, boys!" she called, with a half-sob in her voice, "maybe you think it's a press-agent stunt—silly apes! But think . . . think . . . and you'll know I busted a corner in boneheads . . . it comes to the best of bunches . . . but I busted it! And I sounded like a Bowery dame full of gin . . . and I abused poor old Bill and all of you . . . but can't you see I *had* to? And ain't you *grand*—and ain't you champions? Why, you silly, ugly apes, I—I love you all!"

IN HAMMOCK LAND

By LUCIA E. SMITH

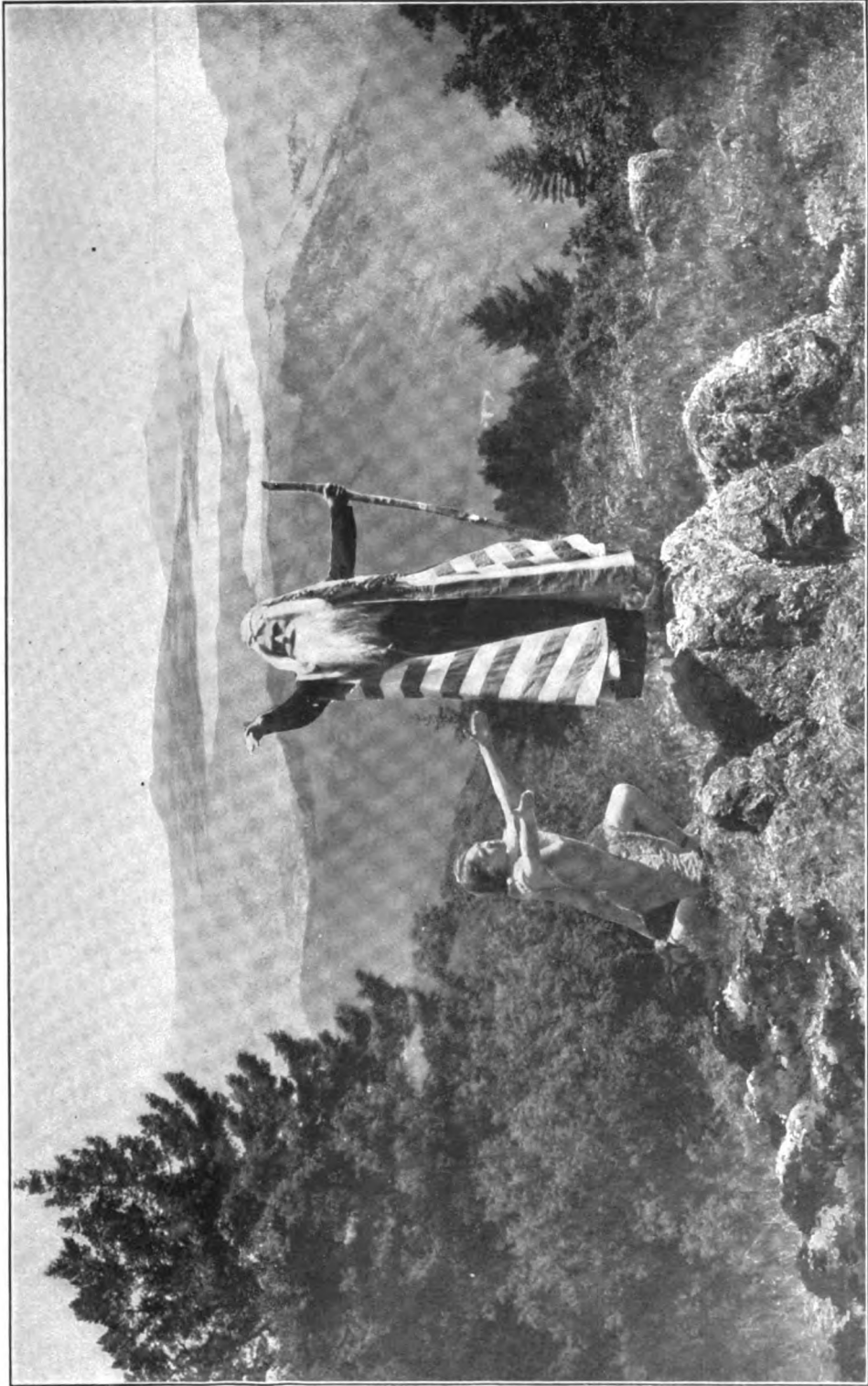
Have you been to hammock land,
Swinging, clinging, lying low,
With the birds on every hand
Making you to understand
That to live, to love, to grow,
One must close the eyes—just so—
Dream and swing, where green vines show,
For a little while to go,
With one's best self, hand in hand?



PHOTOGRAPH BY GABRIEL MOULIN

THEATER SEATS, 2000 FEET UP

The "Mountain Play" was produced early in May in a natural theater near the summit of Mt. Tamalpais, above San Francisco bay. The walls of this theater are built of redwood and hung with laurels; its roof is the California sky. Beyond its walls, far down, like the rumble of city traffic shut away from a hushed audience, the surf of the Pacific beats against the rocky skirts of the mountain



PHOTOGRAPH BY GABRIEL MOULIN

THE "BACK DROP" OF THE MOUNTAIN STAGE

The medieval miracle play of "Abraham and Isaac" formed the Mountain Play this year. Behind the figures of the Patriarch and the tender and beloved victim whom he had brought into the Mount of Holiness, for sacrifice, a magnificent scene was spread—a deep and distant vista of mountain flank and shining inland waters, bordered with cities—a mighty perspective, ending with Mt. Diablo, mountain of the Evil One.



The Japanization of Hawaii is being accomplished with amazing rapidity. This photograph shows a scene on a sugar plantation, the native-born children being American citizens and voters of the future

KEEPING THE COAST CLEAR

The Japanization of Hawaii a Warning to the West

By ARTHUR DUNN

In the opinion of many well-meaning people in the eastern half of the United States, the people of the Pacific Coast, and of California in particular, have created unnecessary and unwarranted trouble by agitation against the Japanese. Ruce hatred is assumed to be the basis of this agitation. Yet in the protest against the Japanese in the San Francisco schools in 1907, the issue was the presence of Japanese male adults in the class-rooms with girl children, and in the present anti-alien land ownership question, the pressure behind that legislation is purely economic. The Pacific Coast has a vision in this matter as yet unseen by some New England and Middle Western eyes. The following article should convey something of that vision to interested parties beyond the Rockies.

CAPTAIN Togo—later the Japanese admiral who swept Russia off the sea—steamed a cruiser belonging to His Imperial Majesty's navy to Honolulu, and dropped anchor just outside the little harbor. Hawaiian officialdom of that day had good reason to believe that Captain Togo was under very positive orders from his government to take a hand in the administration of the affairs of the islands, then torn by internal dissensions and strife.

But the American flag floated from the staff of the government building, for possession of which Liliuokalani, the dethroned queen, was making urgent appeals to Washington. The American flag was up because John L. Stevens, the United States Minister, felt justified in granting a temporary protectorate to the provisional government.

That was February 28, 1893—the beginning of the Japanese Question which has lately occupied the attention of

diplomatists in Japan and the United States. Had the American flag not been up; had there been no protectorate; had Uncle Sam's marines not been ashore; well, Minister Stevens would not have been reprimanded, two presidents of the United States perplexed, the Congress vexed—and the Sandwich islands, truly named, would have been absorbed, in a single bite, by His Imperial Majesty, the Emperor of Japan.

Incidentally, there would be no Japanese Question agitating California and the Pacific Coast, nor concerning the statesmen of the United States and of Japan, each particular as to the possession of respective rights, and all full of pride and patriotism.

But the flag was there.

It was at the beginning of 1893 that Americans residing in the Hawaiian islands caused the overthrow of the queen, asserting that she was about to crown her brief misrule with a new and infamous constitution. The coup took place, marines were landed from the U. S. S. *Boston*, the provisional government of the Republic of Hawaii formally recognized by the American minister, a pro-annexationist, and concurred in by nearly all of the diplomatic representatives there resident. And then—

The Japanese consul-general formally demanded the right of suffrage and full citizenship for Japanese.

All this happened before the Hawaiian islands were annexed to the United States. In fact, at the very moment that the Japanese were clamoring for the right of suffrage, the foreign affairs committee of the United States Senate reported:

"The United States has so far interfered with the internal policy of Hawaii as to secure an agreement from that government restricting the disposal of bays and harbors and of the crown lands to other countries, and has secured exclusive privileges in Pearl Harbor of great importance to this government. . . . In the efforts to secure these guarantees of safe government, no distinction of race was made as to the native or Kanaka population, but the Chinese and Japanese were excluded from participation in the government as voters, or as officeholders.

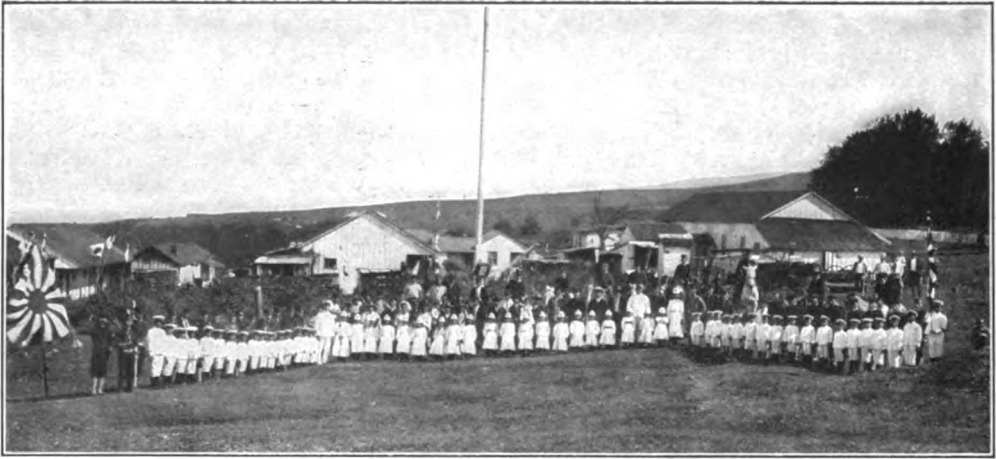
"Observing the spirit of the Monroe Doctrine," says this illuminating report, written by the late Senator Morgan, "the United States, in the beginning of our relations with Hawaii, made a firm and dis-

tinct declaration of the purpose to prevent the absorption of Hawaii or the political control of that country by any foreign power. Without stating the reasons for this policy, which included very important commercial and military considerations, the attitude of the United States toward Hawaii was in moral effect that of a friendly protectorate."

When the strenuous history of ninety-three was in the making, Japanese in the Hawaiian islands numbered only 12,360. In 1910, the census enumerators discovered there was 79,674 Japanese on the islands, the total population of which is 191,909, so it will be seen that the Japanese are very rapidly approaching numerical dominance in the Hawaiian islands.

As it is, they are making rapid incursions into the commercial life of the islands; indeed, sugar planters, in their propaganda designed to defeat the adoption of the free-sugar tariff, insist that the Japanese will dominate absolutely that industry in the event of free sugar—and all because the Japanese, to a large extent, can and do control the labor market of Hawaii. Japanese are making headway in the pineapple industry, both as growers and canners; Japanese have stores and shops of all characters; Japanese virtually do the provisioning and virtualizing of the entire population, in many instances including the United States troops stationed on the islands. They are servants or skilled artisans as occasion requires; no station too high for them to aspire to it, no place too lowly for them to occupy. They are ingenious as well as industrious—I discovered only one Japanese convicted of vagrancy. They attend the public schools and sing our songs, play our games—but they remain Japanese, always. They are not assimilable.

That is the vision that California and all the Pacific see upon the Western horizon, and it is the vivid picture of the future, rather than the living present, that has startled. It must not be thought, because Japanese own 12,726 acres of California lands and have under lease-hold 20,204 acres, that California is in possession of the Japanese. She is not. California never will be, any more than it would have been possible for the Chinese to have predominated in the days when the Asiatic exclusion discussion was most intense. But California does not purpose inviting an



Japanese teach patriotism from the cradle to the grave. Here is a scene in the Hawaiian islands, former officers of the Mikado's army drilling the tiniest tots. The girls are being taught the duties of the army nurse, the boys schooled in the manual of arms, and the Japanese flag is the inspiration for it all

economic struggle with the Japanese, for manifestly, the West cannot meet the Far East on the same level—the standards of living are not and never can be even remotely similar.

California's opposition is not because of race hatred—there is no racial problem involved in the determination to eliminate the Japanese from economic consideration. Candidly California acknowledges that Japanese, given free rein within her borders, would become commercial competitors against whom the white man could not hope to struggle successfully, for the Japanese, through sacrificial effort, are capable of accomplishing greater results than the white man, ever eager for his own personal pleasures and comforts. One is willing to work, work, work—the other insists upon varying his industry with a little honk-honking along the highway of joy; one will pillow his head upon a rock, if need be, and rest content; the other insists upon the maintenance of a standard which refuses the rock. Tokyo may assert that her national pride has been pricked, but nevertheless she knows that the real cause of the tempest is that her subjects figuratively have been picking California's pockets of profits and rapidly are attaining complete mastery of the communities in which they have settled.

Jingoes in the United States and in Japan have been discussing the relative fighting strength of both countries, as if either was spoiling for a fight. In Hawaii,

which frankly is pro-Japanese, it has been common talk that the Japanese could take possession of the Philippines and the Hawaiian group. People whisper stories of the utter unpreparedness of the United States, so far as Hawaii is concerned. The Diamond Head fortifications are weak, big guns are lacking at Fort De Russy, Pearl Harbor dock has collapsed—these and a thousand other assertions are drooled out by the jingoes.

But there will be no war with Japan because of California's attitude on the ownership by aliens of agricultural lands. Japan is not anxious to fight, any more than California is seeking to provoke a conflict.

The Spirit of the West is positively opposed to all aliens who cannot be assimilated. It has been so since the pioneers dared the dangers of the plains, and penetrated the unknown to build that vast empire that is producing more than one-half of the nation's wealth. There is no alternative for the West as between Japanization and Americanization. The attitude of the West is best exemplified in the story of a sportsman, hunting in California. His companion was a youth, the son of an emigrant, whose name was almost unpronounceable, so recently had it been transplanted here. The hunters wandered from the trail, and after a time the youth came upon a hut. He went to inquire the proper road, but came back disappointed.

"They're a bunch of foreigners and don't know nothin'" he complained.

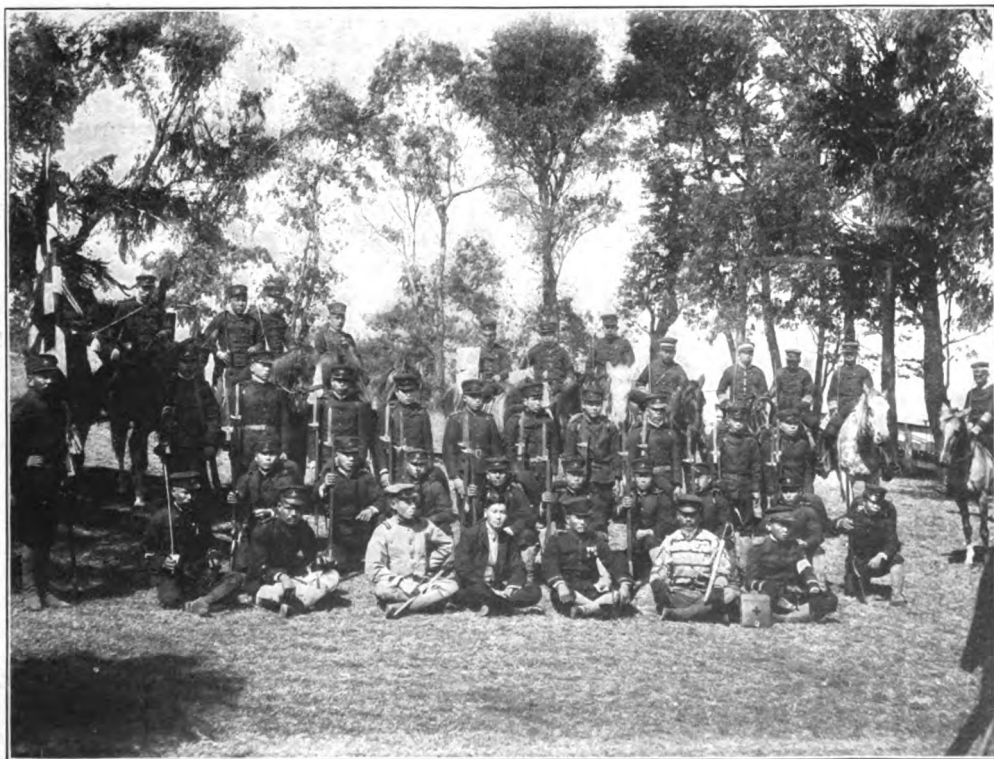
The second generation is thoroughly

American nine times out of ten—the tenth it is Japanese.

Unlike the states of the Pacific Coast, Hawaii welcomes the Japanese because he has brought with him his low standard of wage, although not quite as low as that established by the Chinese coolie. At the close of the Russo-Japanese war, thousands of Japanese found a place of refuge at Hawaii, for prosperity was a relative term in the land of the Mikado. Japanese were received with open arms. Today they have completed a commercial cordon around Hawaii, and tomorrow they will be defying even the strongest financial powers to stay their progress toward absolute supremacy. There are Japanese newspapers, Japanese banks, Japanese schools, Japanese agencies of all kinds in Hawaii, and all these things have shot up like the rising sun popping out of the East. Once, the Japanese in Hawaii adopted the American workingman's method of controlling a situation—the strike. They failed. But now they do not need to strike. They may merely refuse to work for any but themselves. The sugar planters affect to believe that the Japanese even-

tually will dominate the sugar industry—and they will, if they are ever permitted to acquire the leasing privileges so long enjoyed by the favored few in Hawaii. In the last year, as an indication of the way the straws are blowing, transfers of land to Japanese owners have increased more than 300 per cent. Already there are rumblings in the islands, and it is very probable that within a comparatively short time, Japanese will have worn out their welcome in Hawaii, and the Congress will be petitioned to enact a Federal law that will cope with a situation confronting the white man there.

California a few years ago was in a position similar to that in which Hawaii finds herself today. When the city-men were agitating Chinese exclusion, the country-men were anxious that the Chinese remain. Coolie labor was cheap labor. After years of frenzy and frothing, California compelled the whole nation to act, and the Congress adopted the Geary Exclusion Law. In the early nineties there were fifty thousand Chinese in San Francisco; today there are half that number. While the shout "The Chinese Must Go!" was mightiest, scores



The Japanese are true to their colors. The Mikado comes first in all things and in every clime, as evidenced by this photograph taken on the island of Hawaii, showing a company of Japanese ex-soldiers, drilled and officered by veterans of the Russo-Japanese war. The Japanese standard is borne by the soldier at the extreme left of the picture

of sincere exclusionists were extremely friendly to the Japanese.

Sentiment has changed, however, and changed swiftly. California, and the entire Pacific Coast for that matter, has detected the danger-signs, and its outspoken opposition is merely an expression of the Spirit of the West. Of course, none but a partisan will insist that the Japanese Question was so serious as to demand an immediate and final settlement in the month of May, 1913, but since it was deemed politically expedient to revive it at this time, California must say frankly that it will not face Japanese competition, because the state of golden opportunity cannot accept the standard adopted by the Japanese. Many years ago California discovered that coolie labor does not produce prosperity, but rather does it retard healthy growth and endanger future greatness. And it is all because Chinese and Japanese are not assimilable.

In ten years the Japanese have created a new situation on the Pacific Coast. In innumerable instances, where they had been made welcome even as they are now in Hawaii, they worked for white farmers up to a certain point—and then they have either acquired the land or have bought the crop grown thereon. There are on record instances of public schools being literally wiped out in former white communities because the Japanese have acquired the holdings of the white man—actually forced him out by prohibitive competition. And it is to prevent a recurrence of these things that California insisted upon exercising her legislative prerogative.

The Legislature of California has adopted the bill known as the alien-land law, the Governor has signed it, and the President of the United States has made diplomatic answer to the protest of the Japanese government, and there the matter will rest until the negotiation of a new treaty between the United States and Japan. During the deliberations at Sacramento, the President of the United States despatched his chief councillor, the Secretary of State, to California for the purpose of urging postponement of all alien land legislation by California, and promising, in the immediate future, to negotiate a treaty with Japan that would correct the economic evil complained of and, applying throughout the entire country, would not give offense to nor violate any existing compact with any nation.

Unlike former executives, President Wilson has not denied the right of California to adopt a law designed to prevent Asiatics owning lands within the borders of the state. Indeed, the President expressly recognizes the right of California to regulate this question, but he took the position that no sovereign state should interfere with existing treaty obligations toward any friendly nation. On the face of things, it would appear that the law which becomes effective August 13, this year, has not seriously embarrassed the Federal government. Indeed, there are many who insist that the law as finally passed does not uproot the threatened evil in California, for it permits the leasing of lands by aliens ineligible to citizenship. These persons would go to the same extreme that Japan has and absolutely debar all aliens from owning agricultural lands. A Japanese authority suavely suggests that perhaps his government would abolish the existing restrictions operating against foreigners in Japan, and permit all to acquire and operate agricultural lands in the expectation of a reciprocal arrangement with the United States allowing Japanese to acquire title to property in the United States. Fancy an American farmer purchasing lands in Japan and competing with those masters of intensified farming! That would be as practical as shipping ice to the North Pole.

California is not alone in her Japanese attitude. Oregon, Washington, Arizona, Nevada, and in fact every state west of the Rockies is vitally interested and intensely in earnest about it, and they will not yield a jot of their determination to keep up the bars. On the other hand, we see the Governor of Alaska vetoing an anti-Japanese fishing bill, adopted by the legislature, and Mexico apparently is happy in the knowledge that 600 miles of her coast is controlled by Japanese fisheries under concessions from the government of Mexico. But there is no country that so desires the Japanese as Brazil. There the government has entered into a contract with a company whereby it pays the traveling expenses of as many Japanese families as choose to go there, and as a further inducement, bestows vast acreages of rich agricultural lands upon them. So it may be seen that the Japanese are not restricted to their own 145,000 square miles but are made welcome elsewhere.

Since California has raised the Japanese Question again by insisting that they shall

not own land within her borders, the naive suggestion has been advanced that a ready remedy is to grant the Japanese the right of full citizenship. This subject has been discussed seriously in Hawaii for some time, and lately has reached the Pacific Coast, it having been tentatively understood that a Japanese resident of the mainland should apply to the courts for admission to citizenship, and thus bring about a test case, based upon the contention that Japanese are not Asiatics. Of course, it is hardly probable that a United States court would decide favorably to the Japanese in this, for there is a long line of precedent against such a startling adjudication, but nevertheless official Japan has been pondering the idea. Those who have given the subject any deep thought realize the utter impossibility of Americanizing the Japanese. First and foremost is their absolute devotion to country—the Mikado comes first in all things, a patriotism to be commended by all peoples. As soon as a Japanese arrives in foreign territory he registers with the representative of his government, although there is no law compelling him to do so. And in all things he stands ready to obey his government, whether he is at home or abroad. No better evidence of this could be adduced than a glance at the immigration statistics, showing that, immediately that former President Roosevelt had interfered with California's policy in 1907 and had made an agreement with the Japanese government whereby emigration to this country would be discouraged, there was a marked falling off in the arrivals of Japanese at American ports, although prior to that time there had been a veritable flood with the coming of every trans-Pacific liner.

In 1907 when the greatest outcry arose against the Japanese, 30,384 arrived at Pacific Coast cities, and the next year saw 16,408 admitted. In 1909-10 there was a decided falling off—the "gentleman's agreement" was being observed. Two years ago, however, 1224 more arrived than departed, and last year a net increase of 4671 was recorded in the numbers of Japanese residents. Fifty-two per cent of the recent new arrivals are women—"picture-brides," who spend their honeymoons in the fields laboring side by side with Japanese men. And the natural result is native-born Japanese, in law, American citizens, if you please, but in actuality full-blood Japanese.

If citizenship were granted to Japanese, Hawaii would pass into their hands in a political sense within two elections. The territorial legislature would be Japanese; the judiciary and administrative departments rapidly would be dominated by them. As it is, two years hence native-born Japanese will be a factor in the elections, for about 4000 will be entitled to the suffrage. Given two years' practice in the art of politics and it is not unreasonable to expect representatives of Japanese parentage occupying seats in the legislature and appearing in official capacity in the local government of Honolulu.

There is relatively more jingoism among the Japanese than among citizens of the United States, and it probably is more pronounced in Hawaii than in Tokyo itself, although there has been no tendency to hold street meetings and denounce California, for there has been no necessity for Japanese to act—the legislature of Hawaii having waxed indignant at California's anti-alien legislation. A white man introduced the resolution of protest, and it was applauded by the press and a large portion of the public. Which indicates the toe-hold Japanese already have in Hawaii.

Reverting to the war talk of the jingoes: There are approximately 40,000 Japanese ex-soldiers and officers in the Hawaiian group—a very healthy army in itself. One of the most prominent and influential American citizens in the islands informed me in all seriousness that this soldiery already is equipped with arms and ammunition, and might take possession of Honolulu on twenty-four hours' notice. But I am inclined to believe that the spectre he had conjured had its inspiration in the disappearance of his Japanese servant, who had failed to serve breakfast at the usual hour. The American told me later:

"My Jap boy was an officer in the Japanese army. Every time the troops maneuver at Forts Ruger or De Russy he disappears. Today he returned after observing every evolution of the soldiers, and said, 'Please excuse, I am so sick'."

California's sole concern over the "yellow peril" is that the peril of yellow journalism will not permit the other states of the sisterhood to know that California is in complete and absolute control of 101,317,380 acres of land out of a possible 101,350,400.

So let us go to war—with the jingoes.



The gambler turned and spoke to Donna. "I can't take you home. You've got to make it alone.
When you get to the Hat Ranch, send Sam Singer up to me"

Illustrating "The Long Chance"

THE LONG CHANCE

The Tale of a Hat Ranch

By PETER B. KYNE

Author of *The Adventures of Captain Scraggs*

Illustrated by Maynard Dixon

As far as it has gone* the story is as follows: Oliver Corblay, a "desert rat," which means a wandering prospector seeking gold in the American Southwest, takes an Eastern investor whom he calls "Boston" into the desert to look at a prospect. Their guide is a Cahuilla Indian. On the way, a sandstorm uncovers a rich pocket which Corblay stakes out and names the "Baby Mine" in honor of the little one soon to be born to him at his home in San Bernardino. He loads his burros with the ore which is his by discovery. In the absence of the Indian, "Boston" attacks Corblay, leaves him to death in the desert, and escapes with the gold. His victim writes an imperishable message upon the lava-crusted floor of the canyon: "Friend, look in my canteen and see that I get justice." That message is destined to be delivered years afterward to Donna Corblay, the heroine of the Hat Ranch at San Pasqual. Meanwhile Donna, bereaved of her mother, finds a loyal friend in Harley P. Hennage, the gambler, at once the best and the worst man in San Pasqual. Hennage watches over the girl from the discreet distance at which he had long worshiped her mother. But one night Donna is attacked by hoboes, and young Bob McGraw, riding into town, spurs to her rescue. During the gun-play that ensues, Bob is seriously wounded. Donna, removing him to

the Hat Ranch, becomes his nurse. Cupid takes a hand in the game. Bob, convalescent, unfolds to his sweetheart a plan for conquering the desert with his irrigation scheme, "Donnaville," and goes to San Francisco for financial backing from his father's friend, Homer Dunstan, an attorney. Bob's scheme involves a clever, adroit, but honest, application of State laws by which he proposes to acquire vast lands and a valuable water-right, for philanthropic use. To do this he must outwit a clique of land-grabbers, with T. Morgan Carey as their chief conspirator. Bob gets fifty applicants for state lands and presents these applications for filing at the land office. He gains entrance ahead of the hour by pretending to be the emissary of Carey, the land-grabber, and his papers are properly entered and receipted for before Carey arrives. Bob gets away from Carey certain papers necessary to complete his filing and then impudently vanishes by commandeering Carey's automobile. He had already wired Donna, at San Pasqual, to meet him at Bakersfield—object, matrimony. After a honeymoon in the Yosemite Valley, Donna returns to her work in San Pasqual, Bob disappears into the desert to hunt gold, and no one guesses their secret except Hennage, who disapproves of "marryin' on a shoe-string" but would like to have "shoved across a stack o' chips for a weddin' present."

THE STAGE ROBBER

THE once prosperous mining camp of Garlock is a name and a memory now. Were it not that the railroad has been built in from San Pasqual a hundred and fifty miles up country through the Mojave, Garlock would be a memory only. But some official of the road, imbued, perhaps, with a remnant of sentimental regret for the fast-vanishing glories of the past, has caused to be erected beside the track a white sign carrying the word Garlock in black letters; otherwise one would scarcely realize that once a thriving camp stood in the sands back of this sign-board of the past. Even in the days when the stage line operated between San Pasqual and Keeler,

Garlock had run its race and the Argonauts had moved on, leaving the rusty wreck of an old stamp-mill, the decayed fragments of half a dozen pine shanties and a few adobe *casas* with the sod roofs fallen in.

There are a few deep uncovered wells in this deserted camp, filthy with the rotting carcasses of desert animals which have crawled down these wells for life—and remained for death. But no human being resides in Garlock. It is a sad and lonely place. The hills that rise back of the ruins are scarlet with oxide of iron; in the sheen of the westerling sun they loom harsh and repellent, provocative of the thought that from the very inception of Garlock their

*This story began in the December (1912) number of SUNSET MAGAZINE.

crests have been the arena of murder—spattered with the blood of the hardy men who made the camp and then deserted it.

Therefore, one would not be surprised at anything happening in Garlock—where it would seem a wanton waste of imagination to look forward to anything happening—yet, at about noon of the day that Harley P. Hennage looked over the rail fence into the feed corral at San Pasqual and discovered that Bob McGraw's horse was gone, a man on a tired horse rode up from the south, turned in through the ruined doorway of one of the roofless tumble-down adobe houses, and concealed himself and his horse in the area formed by the four crumbling walls.

He dismounted, unsaddled and rubbed down his dripping horse with handfuls of the withered grasses that grew within the ruins. Next, the man hunted through Garlock until he found an old rusty kerosene can with a wire handle fitted through it, and to this he fastened a long horsehair hitching rope and drew water from one of the filthy wells. The horse drank greedily and nickered reproachfully when the man informed him that he must cool off before being allowed to drink his fill.

For an hour the man sat on his saddle and smoked; then, after drawing several cans of water for the horse, he spread the saddle-blanket on the ground and poured thereon a feed of oats from a meager supply cached on the saddle. From the saddle-bags he produced a small can of roast beef and some dry bread, which he "washed down" with water from his canteen while the horse munched at the oats.

Late in the afternoon the man stepped to the ruined doorway and looked south. Three miles away a splotch of dust hung high in the still atmosphere; beneath it a black object was crawling steadily toward Garlock. It was the up stage from San Pasqual for Keeler, and the stranger in Garlock had evidently been awaiting its arrival, for he dodged back into the enclosure, saddled his horse, gathered up his few belongings and seemed prepared to evacuate at a moment's notice. He peered out, as the old Concord coach lurched through the sand past the bones of Garlock, and observed the express messenger nodding a little wearily, his eyes half closed in protest against the glare of earth and sky.

Suddenly the express messenger started,

and looked up. He had a haunting impression that somebody was watching him—and he was not mistaken. Over the crest of an adobe wall he saw the head and shoulders of a man. Also he saw one of the man's hands. It contained a long blue-barreled automatic pistol, which was pointed at him. From behind a mask fashioned from a blue bandana handkerchief came the expected summons:

"Hands up!"

The driver pulled up his horses and jammed down the brake. The express messenger, surprised, hesitated a moment between an impulse to obey the stern command and a desire to argue the matter with his sawed-off shotgun. The man behind the wall, instantly realizing that he must be impressive at all cost, promptly fired and lifted the pipe out of the messenger's mouth. The latter swore, and his arms went over his head in a twinkling.

"Don't do that again" he growled. "I know when a man's got the drop on me."

"I was afraid your education had been neglected" the hold-up man retorted pleasantly. "Throw out the box! No, not you. The driver will throw it out. You keep your hands up."

The express box dropped into the grease-wood beside the trail with a heavy metallic thud that augured a neat profit for the man behind the wall.

"The passengers will please alight on this side of the stage, turn their pockets inside out and deposit their coin on top of the box" continued the road agent. "My friend with the spike beard and the gold eye-glasses! You dropped something on the bed of the stage. Pick it up, if you're anxious to retain a whole hide. Thank you! That pocketbook looks fat. Now, one at a time and no crowding. Omit the jewelry. I want cash."

The highwayman continued to discourse affably with his victims while the little pile of coin and bills on top of the box grew steadily. When it was evident that the job was complete he ordered the passengers back into the stage and addressed the driver.

"Drive right along now and remember that it's a sure sign of bad luck to look back. I have a rifle with me and I'm considered a very fair shot up to five hundred yards. Remember that—you with the sawed-off shotgun!"

"Good-by" replied the messenger. "See you later, I hope."

The horses sprang to the crack of the driver's whip, and the stage rolled north on its journey. When it was a quarter of a mile away the man behind the wall came out into the road and shot the padlock off the express box, transferred the fruits of his industry to his saddle-bags, mounted and rode out of Garlock across the desert valley, headed northeast for Johannesburg.

As he rode out into the open a rifle cracked and a bullet whined over him. He glanced in the direction whence the sound of the shot came and observed a man on a white horse riding rapidly toward him. The bandit suddenly remembered that the off leader on the stage team was white.

"Old man, you're as clever as you are brave" muttered the bandit admiringly. "You unhook the off leader while I'm monkeying with the box, dig up a rifle and come for me riding bareback. Well, I'm not out to kill anybody if I can help it, and my horse has had a nice rest. I'll run for it."

He did. The rifle cracked again and the bandit's wide-brimmed hat rose from his head and sailed away into the sage. He looked back at it a trifle dubiously, but he knew better than to stop to recover that hat, in the face of such close snap-shooting. That express messenger was too deadly—and too game; so the bandit merely spurred his horse, lay low on his neck and swept across the desert. When he came to a little swale between some sandhills he dipped into it, pulled up, dismounted and waited. The sun was setting behind the gory hills now, and glinted on a rifle which the bandit drew from a gun-boot which a broad sweat leather half concealed. It was better shooting-light now; distances were not quite so deceptive.

Suddenly the man on the white horse appeared on the crest of a distant sand-hill. The outlaw, leaning his rifle across his horse's back, sighted carefully and fired; the white horse went to his knees and his rider leaped clear. Instantly the pursued man vaulted into his saddle and rode furiously away. A dozen shots whipped the sage around him; one of them notched the ear of his straining mount, but in the end the bullets dropped short, the sun set, and through the gathering gloom the outlaw jogged easily up the long sandy slope

toward Johannesburg. It was quite dark when he rode around the town to the north, circled through the range back of Fremont's Peak and headed out across Miller's Dry Lake, bound for Barstow.

As for the express messenger, he removed the bridle from his dead horse and trudged back to the waiting coach. On the way he back-tracked the outlaw's trail until he came to the man's hat, which he appropriated.

Donna Corblay was at the eating-house when the first down stage from Keeler came into San Pasqual with the news of the hold-up at Garlock the day before. The town was abuzz with excitement for an hour, when the news became stale. After all, stage hold-ups were not infrequent in that country, and Donna paid no particular heed to the commonplace occurrence until the return to San Pasqual two days later of the stage which had been robbed.

The express messenger told her the story when he came to the counter to pay for his rib steak and coffee. He had with him at the time a broad-brimmed gray sombrero, pinched to a peak, with a ragged hole close to the apex of the peak.

"I wanted to show you this, Miss Corblay" he said, as he exhibited this battered relic of the fray. "You do a pretty good trade in hats, and it's just possible you might have handled this *sombrero* in the line o' business. Ever recollect sellin' a hat to this fellow—his name's—lemme see—his name's Robert McGraw? It's written inside the sweat-band."

He drew the band back and displayed the name, in indelible pencil.

"I lifted it off'n his head with my second shot" the messenger explained. "He was goin' like a streak an' it was snap-shootin', or he'd never 'a got away from me. As it was, I sent him on his way bareheaded, and a bareheaded man is easily traced in the desert. We sent word over to Johannesburg and Randsburg, an' somebody reported seein' a bareheaded man ridin' around the town after dark. We have him headed off at Barstow, and if he can't get through there, he'll have to head up into the Virginia Dale district—and he'll last about a day up there, unless he knows the waterholes. We'll get him, sooner or later, dead or alive. Remember sellin' anybody by that name a hat? It might help if you had an' could

describe him. All I could see was his eyes. He was behind a wall when he stuck us up."

"No" said Donna quietly, "I—" She paused. She could not articulate another word. Had the express messenger been watching her instead of the hat, he might have noticed her agitation. Her eyes were closed in sudden, violent pain, and she leaned forward heavily against the counter.

"Don't remember him, eh? Well, perhaps he wasn't from San Pasqual. But I thought I'd ask you, anyhow, because if he was from this town it was a good chance he bought this hat from you. Much obliged, just the same," and gathering up his change the express messenger departed to make room for Harley P. Hennage, who was standing next in line to pay his meal-check.

Donna opened her eyes and sighed—a little gasping sob, and turned her quivering face to the gambler. He smiled at her, striving pathetically to do it naturally. Instead, it was a grimace, and there was the look of a thousand devils in his baleful eyes. For an instant their glances met—and there were no secrets between them now. Donna moaned in her wretchedness; she placed her arm on the cash register and bowed her head on it, while the other little trembling hand stole across the counter, seeking for his and the comfort which the strong seem able to impart to the weak by the mere sense of touch.

"Oh, Harley, Harley" she whispered brokenly, "the light's—gone out—of the world—and I can't—cry. I—I—I can't. I can—only—suffer."

Harley P.'s great freckled hand closed over hers and held it fast, while with his other hand he touched her beautiful head with paternal tenderness.

"Donnie" he said hoarsely. She did not look up. "I'm sorry you're not feelin' well, Donnie. You're all upset about somethin', an' you ought to go home an' take a good rest. You don't—you don't look well. I noticed it last night. You looked a mite peaked."

"Yes, yes" she whispered, clutching at this straw which he held out to her, "I'm ill. I want to go home—oh, Mr. Hennage, please—take me—home."

Mr. Hennage turned and beckoned to one of the waitresses whose duty it was, on Donna's days off, to take her place at the cash counter. As the waitress started to

obey his summons, the gambler turned and spoke to Donna.

"Buck up and beat it. I can't take you home, an' neither can anybody else. You've got to make it alone. When you get to the Hat Ranch, send Sam Singer up to me. Remember, Donnie. Send Sam Singer up."

He turned again to the waitress. "You'd better take charge here" he said. "Miss Corblay's been took sick, an' the pain's somethin' terrible. I've been a-tellin' her she ought to have Doc Taylor in to look at her. If I had the pain that girl's a-sufferin' right now I'd be in bed, that's what I would. I'll bet a stack o' blues she got this here potomaine poisonin'. Better run right along, Miss Donnie, before the pain gets worse, an' I'll see Doc Taylor an' tell him to bring you down some medicine or somethin'."

Donna replied in monosyllables to the excited queries of the waitress, pinned on her hat and left the eating-house as quickly as she could. She was dry-eyed, white-lipped, sunk in an abyss of misery; for there are agonies of grief and terror so profound that their very intensity dams the fount of tears, and it was thus with Donna. Harley P. accompanied her to the door of the eating-house, but he would go no further. He realized that Donna wanted to talk with him; in a vague way he gathered that she looked to him for some words of comfort in her terrible predicament. Not for worlds, however, would he be seen walking with her in public, thereby laying the foundation for "talk"; and under the circumstances he realized the danger to her, should he even be seen conversing with her from now on. She pleaded with him with her eyes, but he shook his head resolutely. He had heard the news. Inadvertently he had stumbled upon her secret, and she knew this. But she knew also that never by word or sign or deed would Harley P. Hennage indicate that he had heard it. It was like him to ascribe her agitation to illness, and as she turned her heavy footsteps toward the Hat Ranch the memory of that loving lie brought the laggard tears at last, and she wept aloud. In her agony she was conscious of a feeling of gratitude to the Almighty for His perfect workmanship in fashioning a man who was not one of the presuming kind.

It seemed to Donna that she must have wandered long in the border-lands of hell

before eventually she reached the shelter of the adobe walls of the Hat Ranch. Soft Wind heard her sobbing and fumbling with the recalcitrant lock on the iron gate, and hurried toward her.

"My little one! My nestling!" she said in the Cahuilla tongue, and forthwith Donna collapsed in the old squaw's arms. It was the first time she had ever fainted.

When she recovered consciousness she found that she was lying, fully dressed, on her bed, at the foot of which Soft Wind and Sam Singer were standing, gazing at her owlishly. She commenced to sob immediately, and Sam Singer pussy-footed out of the room and fled up town to lay the matter before Harley P. Hennage. For the second time there was a crisis at the Hat Ranch, and Sam yielded to his first impulse, which was to seek help where something told him help would never be withheld.

In the meantime, Harley P. Hennage had fled to the seclusion of his room in the eating-house hotel. The disclosure of the identity of the stage-robber had overwhelmed the gambler with anguish, and he wanted to be alone to think the terrible affair over calmly. In the language of his profession, the buck was clearly up to Mr. Hennage.

Twice during his eventful career the gambler had sat in poker games where an opponent had held the dead man's hand and paid the penalty. He recalled now the quick look of terror that had flitted across the face of each of these men when it came to the show-down and the pot was lost in the smoke; he endeavored to compare it with the sudden despair and suffering that came into Donna's eyes when the express messenger drew back the sweatband of the outlaw's hat and showed her Bob McGraw's private brand of ownership.

"No," moaned Mr. Hennage, "there ain't no comparison. Them two tin-horns was frightened o' death, but poor little Donnie is plumb fearful o' life, an' there ain't a soul in the world can help her but me. She's got hers, just like her mother did, an' there ain't never goin' to be no joy in them eyes no more, unless I act, an' act lively."

He sat down on his bed and bowed his bald head in his trembling hands, for once more Harley P. Hennage was face to face with a great issue. He, too, was experiencing some of the agony of a grief that

could find no outlet in tears—a three-year-old grief that could have no ending until the end should come for Harley P.

Presently he roused and looked at his watch. He was horrified to discover that he had just forty minutes left in which to arrange his affairs and leave San Pasqual.

He went to the window, parted the curtains cautiously and looked out. At the door of the post-office, half a block down on the other side of the street, the express messenger, with the hat still in his hand, stood conversing with Miss Molly Pickett.

"You—miserable—old—mischief-maker" he muttered slowly, and with hate and emphasis in every word. "You're tellin' him to see me for information concernin' Bob McGraw, ain't you? You're tellin' him this road agent's a friend o' mine, because I called for a registered letter for him once, ain't you? An' now you're takin' him inside to show him the written order Bob McGraw give me for that registered letter, ain't you? You're quite a nice little old maid detective, ain't you, Miss Molly? You're tellin' him that I knew the man that saved Donnie Corblay, an' that *he* was a friend o' mine, too, because I led his roan horse up into the feed corral an' guaranteed the feed bill. An' everybody knows, or if they don't they soon will, that the initials 'R. McG.' was on that fool boy's saddle. All right, Miss Pickett! Let 'er flicker. Only them Wells Fargo detectives don't get to ask me no questions regardin' that girl's husband. Not a dog-gone question! If I stay in this town they'll subpeeny me an' make me testify under oath, an' then I'll perjure myself an' get caught at it, an' I'm too old a gambler to get caught bluffin' on no pair. No, indeed, folks, I can't afford it, so I'm just a-goin' to fold my tent like the Arab an' silently fade away."

Thus reasoned Mr. Hennage. Both by nature and professional training he was more adept in the science of deduction than most men, and while he had never seen Donna's marriage license he firmly believed that she had been married. He had looked for the publication of the license in the Bakersfield papers. Not having seen it, Mr. Hennage was not disturbed. He understood that Donna, planning to keep on at the eating-house, desired her marriage to remain a secret for the present, and Bob had doubtless

arranged to have the record of the issuance of the license "buried." The fact that Friar Tuck had disappeared from the feed corral on the very night of Donna's return to San Pasqual was to Mr. Hennage prima facie evidence that Bob McGraw had returned with her. Donna had gone to the Hat Ranch while Bob had saddled and ridden north. At least, since he had come from the north, Mr. Hennage deduced that to the north he would return. Garlock lay a hard thirty-five miles from San Pasqual, and it seemed reasonable to presume that Bob had stopped there for water, rested until the stage came along and then robbed it.

However, there was one weak link in this apparently powerful chain of evidence. The stage driver and the express messenger both reported the bandit to be mounted on a bay mustang. At close quarters the horse had been concealed behind the wall with the upper half of his face showing. Well, Bob McGraw's horse was a light roan—a very light roan, with almost bay ears and head, and at a distance, and in certain lights and in the excitement of the hold-up, he might very easily have been mistaken for a bay. Many a bay horse, when covered with alkali dust and dried sweat, has been mistaken for a roan.

In addition there was the evidence of the automatic pistol! Few men in that country carried automatics, for an automatic was a weapon too new in those days to be popular, and the residents of the Mojave still clung to tradition and a Colt's .45. The bandit had shown himself peculiarly expert in the use of his weapon, having shot the pipe out of the messenger's mouth, merely to impress that unimpressionable functionary. It would have been like Bob McGraw, who carried an automatic and was a dead shot, to show off a little!

However, an alibi might very easily discount all this circumstantial evidence, were it not for the fact that there could be no alibi for Bob McGraw, for beyond doubt he must have been in the neighborhood of Garlock that very day. Then there was the hat, with his name in it; also the report that one of the passengers who knew him had recognized the bandit as Bob McGraw.

"Alibi or no alibi, he'll get twenty years in San Quentin on that evidence" mourned

Harley P. "Oh, Bob, you infernal young rip, if you was as hard up as all that, why didn't you come to me? Why didn't you trust old Harley P. Hennage with your worries! I'd 'a seen you through. But you wouldn't trust me—just went to work an' married that good girl, an' then pulled off a job o' road work to support her. Oh, Bob, you dog, you've broke her heart an' she'll go like her mother went."

He clenched his big fists and punched the air viciously, in unconscious exemplification of the chastisement he would mete to Bob McGraw when he met him again.

"It ain't often I make a mistake judgin' a man" he muttered piteously, "but I've sure been taken in on this feller. I thought he'd stand the acid—by God! I thought he'd stand it. An' at that there's heaps o' good in the boy! He must 'a been just desperate for money, an' the notion to rob the stage come on him all in a heap an' downed him before he knew. Great Grief! That misfortunate girl! He'll never come back, an' if they trace him to her she'll die o' shame. Whiskered bob-cats, I never thought o' that. She'll have to get out too!"

The gambler had a sudden thought. Donna could do two things. She could leave San Pasqual, or she could stand pat! If she said nothing, not a soul could befool her by linking her name to that of a stage-robber. She *must* stand pat! There was but one channel through which the news that Bob McGraw had been harbored at the Hat Ranch could possibly filter. People might *think* what they pleased, but they could never *prove*, provided Doc Taylor remained discreet. Therefore it behooved Mr. Hennage to see Doc Taylor immediately. That possible leak must be plugged at once.

Three minutes later the gambler strolled into the drug-store.

"How" he saluted.

"Hello, Hennage."

"What's new?"

"Nothing much. What do you think about that hold-up at Garlock?"

"Pretty bold piece o' work, Doc. Do they know who did it?"

"Fellow named McGraw. And as near as I can make out, Hennage, it's the same fellow I attended that time down at the Hat Ranch."

"It is" Mr. Hennage agreed quietly. "At least, I believe it is. That's what I

called to see you about, Doc. Have you said anything to anybody?"

"No—not yet. I wasn't quite certain, and I figured on talking it over with you before I gave Wells Fargo & Company the quiet tip to watch the Hat Ranch for their man."

"Good enough! But they'll be around asking you questions, Doc. Don't worry about that. They won't wait for you to come to them. An' when they come to you, Doc, you don't know nothin'. *Comprende?*"

"But McGraw robbed the stage—"

"He didn't kill nobody, Doc. He wasn't blood-thirsty. He shot the horse when he might have shot the messenger. Now, let's be sensible, Doc. Sometimes a feller can accomplish more in this world by keepin' his mouth shut than he can by tellin' every durned thing he knows. Now, as near as I can learn, this outlaw gets away with about four thousand dollars. If the passengers an' the express company get their money back, they'll be glad to let it go at that, an' I'll buy 'em a new padlock for the express box. This is the young feller's first job, Doc—I'm certain o' that. He ain't *bad*—an' besides, I've got a special interest in him. Now, listen here, Doc; I've got a pretty good idea where he's gone to hole up until the noise dies down, an' I'm goin' after him myself. I'll make him give up the swag an' send it back; then I'll get him out o' the country an' let him start life all over again somewhere else. He's a young feller, Doc, an' it ain't right to kick him when he's down. He oughter be lifted up an' given a chance to make good."

Doc Taylor shook his head dubiously. He realized that Harley P.'s plan was best, and in his innermost soul he commended it as a proper Christian course. But he also remembered to have heard somewhere that godless men like Harley P. Hennage and the outlaw McGraw had a habit of being friendly and faithful to each other in just such emergencies—a sort of "honor among thieves" arrangement, and despite Mr. Hennage's kindly words, Doc Taylor doubted their sincerity. In fact, the whole thing was irregular, for even after the return of the stolen money the bandit would still owe a debt to society—and moreover, the worthy doctor was the joint possessor, with Harley P.

Hennage, of an astounding secret, the disclosure of which would make him the hero of San Pasqual for a day at least.

"I can't agree to that, Hennage" he began soberly. "It doesn't look right to me to let a stage-robber go scot-free—"

"Well, I tell you, Doc," drawled Mr. Hennage serenely, "it'd better look right to you, an' damned quick at that. You seem to think I'm here a-askin' a favor o' you. Not much. I never ask favors o' no man. I'm just as independent as a hog on ice; if I don't stand up I can set down. I run a square game myself an' I want a square game from the other fellow. Now, Doc, you just so much as say 'Boo' about this thing, an' by the Nine Gods o' War I'll kill you. D'ye understand, Doc? I'll kill you like I would a tarantula. An' when they come to ask you the name o' the man you 'tended at the Hat Ranch you tell 'em his name is—lemme see, now—yes, his name is Roland McGuire. That's a nice name, an' it corresponds to the initials on the saddle."

Doc Taylor looked into the gambler's hard face, which was thrust close to his. The mouth of the worst man in San Pasqual was drawn back in a half snarl that was almost coyote-like; his small deep-set eyes bespoke only too truly the firmness of purpose that lay behind their blazing menace. For fully thirty seconds those terrible eyes flamed, unblinking, on Doc Taylor; then Mr. Hennage spoke.

"Now, what is his name goin' to be, Doc?"

"Roland McGuire" said Doc Taylor, and swallowed his Adam's apple twice.

"Bright boy. Go to the head o' the class an' don't forget to remember to stick there."

He turned slowly and walked out of the drug-store, for he had accomplished his mission. Once again, without recourse to violence, he had maintained his reputation as the worst man in San Pasqual, for his power lay, not in a clever bluff, but in his all-too-evident downright honesty of purpose. Had Doc Taylor presumed to fly in the face of Providence, after that warning, Mr. Hennage felt that the responsibility must very properly rest on the doctor, for the gambler would have killed him as surely as he had the strength to work his trigger finger.

"Well, *that's* over" he muttered as he returned to his room. "She's woman

enough to cover the rest o' the trail herself now, poor girl, an' in about a week I'll pull the big sting that's hurtin' her most."

Hastily he packed a suit-case with his few simple belongings, for in his haste he was forced to abandon his old rawhide trunk that had accompanied him in his wanderings for twenty years. But one article did Mr. Hennage remove from his trunk. It was an old magazine. He opened it tenderly, satisfied himself that the faded old rose that lay between the leaves was still intact, and packed this treasure into the suit-case; then, while waiting for the north-bound train to whistle for San Pasqual, he sat down at a little table and wrote a note to Donna:

Dear Miss Donnie:

I am sending you a thousand by Sam Singer. You might need it. Am in trouble and must get out quick. Will stay away until things blow over. Hoping these few lines will find you feeling well, as they leave me at present, I am

Respect. yrs.

H. P. Hennage.

P. S. I came to say good-by a little while ago and was sorry you wasn't feeling well.

This note Mr. Hennage sealed carefully in an envelope, together with a compact little roll of bills, just as the train whistled for San Pasqual. He seized his suit-case and hurried down stairs, and on the way down he met Sam Singer coming up.

"Give this to Miss Donna" said Mr. Hennage, and thrust the envelope into the Indian's hand. "Ain't got no time to talk to you, Sam. This is my busy day," and then, for the last time, he gave Sam Singer the inevitable half dollar and a cigar.

"Good-by, Sam" he called as he descended the stairs. "Be a good Injun till I see you again."

He went to the ticket window, purchased a ticket to San Francisco and climbed aboard the train. Two minutes later it pulled out. As it plunged into Tehachapi Pass, Mr. Hennage, standing on the platform of the rear car, glanced back across the desert at San Pasqual.

"Nothin' like mystery to keep that rotten little camp up on its toes" he muttered. "I'll just leave that mess to stew in its own juices for a while."

He went into the smoker and lit a cigar. His plans were well matured now and he

was content; in this comfortable frame of mind he glanced idly around at his fellow-passengers.

Seated two seats in front of him and on the opposite side of the coach, Mr. Hennage observed a gray-haired man reading a newspaper. The gambler decided that there was something vaguely familiar about the back of this passenger's head, and on the pretense of going to the front of the car for a drink of water he contrived, on his way back to his seat, to catch a glimpse of the stranger's face. At the same instant the man glanced up from his paper and nodded to Mr. Hennage.

"How" said Harley P., and paused beside the other's seat. "Mr. T. Morgan Carey, if I ain't mistaken?"

"The same" replied Carey in his dry, precise tones. "And you are—Mr.—Mr.—Mr. Hammage."

"Hennage" corrected the gambler.

"I beg your pardon. Mr. Hennage. Quite so. Pray be seated, Mr. Hennage. You're the very man I wanted to see."

He moved over and made room for Mr. Hennage beside him. The gambler sat down and sighed.

"Hot, ain't it?" he remarked, rather inanely.

"Rather. By the way, Mr. Hennage, have you, by any chance, seen that young man for whom I was inquiring on the day I first had the pleasure of making your acquaintance? His name is McGraw—Robert McGraw. You will recollect that I left with you one of my cards, with the request that you give it to McGraw, should you meet him, and inform him that I desired to communicate with him."

"Yes" replied Mr. Hennage calmly. "I met him one day in San Pasqual an' gave him your card."

"You gave him my registered letter, also?"

So Carey had been talking with Miss Pickett again! Mr. Hennage nodded.

"Tell me, Mr. Hennage" purred Carey. "Why did the man, McGraw, send you to the post-office with an order for that registered letter?"

"Oh, he was in a little trouble at the time an' didn't care to show in public" lied Mr. Hennage glibly.

"I perceive. I believe you mentioned something about his reputation as a hard citizen when I first spoke to you about him."

"Tougher'n a bob-cat" Mr. Hennage assured him, for no earthly reason except a desire to be perverse and not contradict his former statements.

"Hu-u-m-m! I presume you know where Mr. McGraw may be found at present. Is he liable to communicate with you?"

Mr. Hennage was on guard. "Well, I ain't sayin' nothin'" he replied evasively. It was in his mind to discover, if possible, the details of the business which this man of vast emprise could have with a penniless desert rat like Bob McGraw.

"Is this McGraw a friend of yours, Mr. Hennage?" pursued Carey.

"Well," the gambler fenced, "I've loaned him money."

"Ever get it back?" Carey smiled a thin sword-fish smile.

"Certainly. Why do you ask?"

"You consider McGraw honest?"

"Sure shot—between friends. Yes."

Carey turned his head slowly and gazed at the gambler in mean triumph. "Well, I'm sorry I can't agree with you" he said. "Your friend McGraw robbed me of fifteen hundred dollars on the San Pasqual-Keeler stage a few days ago."

The fact that Carey had been a victim of Bob McGraw's felonious activities was news to Mr. Hennage, but he would not permit Carey to suspect it.

"Yes" he replied calmly, "I heard he'd taken to road work."

"He held up the stage" Carey repeated, in the flat tone of finality which the foreman of a jury might have employed when repeating the verbal formula: "We, the jury, find the defendant guilty, as charged."

"Then you recognized McGraw" ventured the gambler.

"The moment I saw him."

"That's funny" echoed Harley P. "I gathered from what you told me in San Pasqual that you two'd never met up, an' they tell me that durin' the hold-up McGraw was behind a wall an' wearin' a mask. You're sure some recognizer, Mr. Carey."

"We had met prior to the hold-up and subsequent to my conversation with you in San Pasqual."

"Still the bet goes as she lays" repeated Mr. Hennage. "For a near-sighted gent you're sure some recognizer."

"I recognized his voice."

Mr. Hennage was silent for a minute. Carey continued.

"If the sheriff gets him, I'll see to it that McGraw doesn't rob another stage for some time to come."

Still Mr. Hennage was silent. He was digesting the conversation, and this much he gathered:

There was some mysterious business afoot wherein Carey and Bob McGraw were jointly interested, and they had met and quarreled over it, as evidenced by T. Morgan Carey's all too apparent animosity. Mr. Hennage had a haunting suspicion that Carey's animus did not arise from the fact that McGraw had robbed him of fifteen hundred dollars. He felt that there was a deeper, more vital reason than that. All of his days Mr. Hennage had lived close to the primitive; he was a shrewd judge of human impulses and it had been his experience that men quarrel over two things—women and money. The possible hypothesis of a woman, in the suspected quarrel between Bob McGraw and T. Morgan Carey, Harley P. dismissed as untenable. Remained then, only money—and Bob McGraw had no money. His finances were at so low an ebb as to be beneath the notice of such a palpable commercial wolf as T. Morgan Carey; consequently, and in the final analysis, Mr. Hennage concluded that Bob McGraw possessed something which Carey coveted. Whether his spiteful attitude toward the unfortunate Bob arose from this, or the loss of the fifteen hundred dollars, Mr. Hennage now purposed discovering. He leaned toward Carey confidentially and lowered his voice.

"Say; looky-here, Mr. Carey. This boy, McGraw, is a friend o' mine. A little wild? Yes. But what young feller now-a-days ain't? I know he's robbed you o' fifteen hundred dollars, an' I'm sorry for that, but I can fix you up all right. I'm goin' to get into communication with our young friend before long, if he ain't beefed by the sheriff first, or captured alive—but it's ten to one they get him, an' he'll be brought to trial. Well, now, here's what I'm drivin' at. If the boy's nabbed, an' you'll agree to sorter, as the feller says, tangle the woof o' memory an' refuse to swear that you recognize the said defendant as the hereinbefore mentioned stage-robber, I'll see that you get your fifteen

hundred back. This is his first serious job, Mr. Carey, an' I wish you'd go easy on him. He ain't really bad."

T. Morgan Carey pounded the back of the seat in front of him.

"Not for fifty thousand dollars" he said. "The suggestion is preposterous. The man is a menace to society and it is my duty to testify against him if he is apprehended."

"Then it ain't a question with you o' money back an' no questions asked?"

Carey shook his head emphatically. "It's principle" he said.

Mr. Hennage appeared chopfallen. In reality he was amused. Never before had Mr. Hennage met a man to whom the abandonment of such "principle" would have been impossible under the terms suggested. Clearly there was something wrong here. Mr. Hennage had met men to whom vengeance would have been cheap at fifty thousand, but principle—the gambler shook his head. He had lived long enough to learn that principle is a marketable commodity, and he was not deceived in T. Morgan Carey's attitude of civic righteousness.

"Well, it's too bad you won't listen to reason, Mr. Carey" he said regretfully. "I thought you might be willin' to go easy on the young feller. It's too durned bad," and he rose abruptly and returned to his own seat. Carey resumed the perusal of his newspaper. He was not anxious to continue the conversation, and he believed he had Mr. Hennage intimidated, and for reasons of his own he was desirous of permitting the gambler to think matters over.

Mr. Hennage proceeded at once to think matters over. "Now, I wonder what that kid-glove crook has against the boy?" he mused. "I can see right off that Bob has an ace copped, an' this sweet-scented burglar would like to see Bob tucked away in the calaboose while he goes huntin' for the ace. What in Sam Hill can them two fellers have between them? Here's Bob, just a plain young desert rat, a-dreamin' an' a-romancin' over the country, while this Carey is a solid citizen. He's president o' the Inyo Land & Irrigation Company, accordin' to his card. Bob ain't got no money—Carey has a carload of it. Bob ain't got no water—Carey's in the irrigation business. Bob ain't got no real estate, 'ceptin' what

he accumulates on his person wanderin' around, and Carey's got land—"

Mr. Hennage emitted a low soft whistle through the slit between two of his gold teeth.

Land! That was it. Land! And government land at that!

Mr. Hennage suddenly recollected the letter which Bob McGraw had written him from Sacramento, requesting a loan of fifty dollars, and enclosing, without comment, a typewritten contract form for the acquisition of state lieu lands. Mr. Hennage had read this contract at the time of its receipt, little thinking that Bob was wholly unconscious of the fact that he had enclosed it with his letter. Mr. Hennage had marveled at the time that Bob should have made no reference to it in his letter.

He took Bob's letter from his breast pocket now, and carefully perused once more this typewritten contract form. To him it conveyed little information, save that Bob had been endeavoring to induce Tom, Dick and Harry to acquire state lieu lands by engaging him as their attorney, and without the disagreeable necessity of putting up any money. A very queer proceeding, concluded Mr. Hennage, in view of the fact that Bob apprehended litigation in order to establish the rights of his clients. At the first reading of this document two weeks previous, the gambler had merely looked upon it as evidence of another of Bob McGraw's harebrained schemes for acquiring a quick fortune—a scheme founded on optimism and predestined to failure; but in the light of recent events the meager information gleaned from the contract form had now a deeper, a more significant meaning.

Here was a conundrum. Carey (according to his card, at any rate) had the water, while Bob McGraw (according to this contract form) was endeavoring to acquire the land. Both were operating in Owens valley. Mr. Hennage smiled. No wonder they had quarreled, for without the land, of what use was the water to Carey? and without the water, of what value could the land be to Bob McGraw?

"I wouldn't give a white chip for a hull county o' such land" mused the gambler, "unless I could set in the game with the chap that had the water, an' Carey bein' a human hog, it stands to reason Bob's a chump to tie up with him, unless—unless—*he's got water of his own!*"

Mr. Hennage slapped his fat thigh. "By Jupiter," he murmured, "he's got the water! He must have it. He might be fool enough to hold up a stage, but he ain't fool enough to face a lawsuit, without a dollar in the world, tryin' to make people take up land so he can sell 'em water for irrigation, unless he has the water. The boy ain't plumb crazy by no means. *That's the ace he's got copped!* He's got the water, and if Carey can put him across for that hold-up job, who's to protect the boy's bet? Not a soul, unless it's me, an' I'm only shootin' at the moon. Bob ain't the man to put up a fight for worthless land, an' besides, wasn't Donnie askin' me a lot o' questions about water an' water rights, an' showin' a whole lot of interest, now that I come to think on't? By the Nine Gods o' War! I smell a rat as big as a kangaroo. Bob's been buttin' in on Carey's game; Carey's been tryin' to buy him out, but Bob has Carey on the floor with his shoulders touchin', so he won't sell an' he won't consolidate. If she don't 'tack up that-a-way, I'm an Injun. Carey wouldn't compromise with me an' take back his fifteen hundred. Why? There's a reason. He'd sooner see young Bob in the penitentiary because it'd mean more money to him. He wants Bob out o' the way, so he won't be on hand to draw cards, an' then this Carey person 'll just reach out his soft little mitt and rake in the jack-pot. All right, T. Morgan Carey! Bob's out of it, but even if he is a crook I'll string a bet with him, for Donnie's sake, an' I'll deal you a brace game an' you'll never know that the deck's been sanded."

And having thus, to his entire satisfaction, solved the mystery of the hitherto unaccountable actions of T. Morgan Carey and Bob McGraw, Mr. Hennage dismissed the matter from his mind, lit a fresh cigar and permitted the peanut butcher to inveigle him into a friendly little game of whist with three traveling salesmen.

Harley P. Hennage had purchased a ticket for San Francisco, but when the train reached Bakersfield and he observed T. Morgan Carey leaving the car, bag in hand, the gambler suddenly decided that he, also, would honor Bakersfield with his presence. He excused himself, hastily quitted his innocent game of whist, seized his suit-case and rode up town in the same hotel bus with Carey.

Carey registered first, sent his bag and overcoat up to his room, and then walked over to the telegraph desk. Harley P. Hennage, standing in line to register, noticed that Carey had filed a telegram; consequently, when he had registered and T. Morgan Carey had disappeared into the barber shop, Mr. Hennage, following up a strong winning "hunch," walked over to the telegraph desk and laid a ten-dollar piece on the railing.

"I'm goin' to open a book, young lady" he announced. "I'm willin' to bet ten dollars that the respectable old party that just give you a telegram signed Carey is wirin' about a friend o' mine. If I don't guess right, you get the ten bucks. Fair?"

The young lady operator dimpled and admitted that it was eminently fair. She had no illusions (although her position required her to have them) regarding the sacredness of privacy in a telegram, and Mr. Hennage had not as yet asked her to violate a confidence.

"I'm a-bettin' ten bucks" repeated Mr. Hennage, "that the name McGraw's occurs in that telegram."

"You win" the operator replied. "How did you guess it?"

"I was born with a veil" he replied. "I got the gift o' second sight, an' I'm just a-tryin' it out. The ten is yours for a copy o' that telegram."

The operator seized a scratch-pad, copied the telegram and cautiously "slipped" it to Mr. Hennage, who as cautiously "slipped" her the ten-dollar bill. He was rewarded for his prodigality by the following:

R. P. McKeon,
Mills Building,
Sacramento, Calif.

Advise our friend approve McGraw applications at once. Letter follows.

Carey.

The gambler smiled his thanks and walked across the hotel lobby to the public-telephone operator. On this young lady's desk he laid a five-dollar bill.

"I want you to call up Sacramento on the long distance an' ask the central there to find out who Mr. R. P. McKeon is an' what he does for a livin'."

"We have copies of the telephone directories of the principal cities in the state" came the quick reply. "It makes it easier if we ask for the number direct."

"Five bucks for a look in the book" announced Mr. Hennage. He got the book, with the information that he might have his look for nothing, but being a generous soul he declined. He ascertained that R. P. McKeon was an attorney-at-law.

"As the feller says, I believe I see the light" murmured the gambler. "Now please get me the agent for Wells Fargo & Company at San Pasqual."

When the operator informed him that San Pasqual was on the line, Mr. Hennage went into a sound-proof booth and told a lie. He informed the agent at San Pasqual that he was the Bakersfield representative of the Associated Press, and demanded the latest information regarding the hunt for the Garlock bandit. He was informed that there was no news.

"I gotta get some news" he bellowed into the receiver. "What's the exact loss o' your company?"

"Twenty-one hundred eighty-three forty."

"Serves you right. How about the passengers? Got their names an' addresses an' the amounts they lost?"

"No, but the express messenger has and he's in town. Hold the line a minute and I'll go call him."

So Mr. Hennage waited. Five minutes later, when he hung up, he had secured the information and made careful note of it, after which he sought an arm-chair in the hotel window, planted his feet on the window sill and gave himself up to reflection. He was occupied thus when T. Morgan Carey came out of the barber shop, and seeing Mr. Hennage, came over and sat down beside him. Mr. Hennage decided that the financier must have something on his mind, and he was not wrong.

"Mr. Hennage" said Carey unctuously, "I have been thinking over the proposition which you made me coming up from San Pasqual this afternoon, and if you still feel inclined to act as intermediary in this unfortunate affair, I will submit a proposition. Mr. McGraw may retain the fifteen hundred dollars which he stole from me, and I will agree to give him, say, five thousand more, through you, for a relinquishment to me of a water right which he has filed upon in the Sierra overlooking Owens valley. There is also another matter of which McGraw has cognizance, and he must agree to drop that too. His money will be delivered to you, for delivery to him. In return, I

will agree to be absent when his case comes to trial, should he be captured. I will agree not to recognize him."

"But suppose he refuses this program, Mr. Carey. Then what?"

"In that event, my dear Mr. Hennage" replied Carey coldly, "you may tell him from me that I will spend a hundred thousand dollars to run him down. I will have this state combed by Pinkertons, and when I land Mr. Robert McGraw I'll land him high and dry and it will be too late for him to make *me* a proposition then. I have the power and the money necessary to get him—and I know how."

"Well, what a long tail our cat's developin'!" drawled Mr. Hennage. "Carey, you give me a pain where I never knew it to ache me before. Now, you just sit still while I submit *you* a little proposition. An' remember I ain't pleadin' with you to accept it. No, indeed. I'm just a-orderin' you to. Bob McGraw can't prove that he didn't rob that stage, but a child could make a monkey out o' you on the witness stand. Talked to him once an' recognized his voice, eh? Pooh! Met him once an' recognized him masked. Rats! I happen to know, Carey, that you didn't recognize the stage robber *until after the messenger returned to the stage with his hat an' showed you his name on the sweat-band*. Then you remembered, because the wish was father to the thought, an' you wanted the boy in jail. Now, looky here. I happen to be mighty heavily interested in this here water right you're plannin' to blackmail McGraw out of. But you ain't got nothin' on me, an' you can't buy me out for a million dollars, an' you ain't got money enough—there ain't money enough in the world—to make me double-cross Bob McGraw just because he's a outlaw from justice."

He tapped Carey on the knee with his fat forefinger. "I'm playin' look-out on this game, an' it's hands off for you. You can't make a bet. You don't get that water right an' you won't get the land; if Bob McGraw ain't on hand to sue for his rights, by the Nine Gods o' War, I'll sue for him, an' I'll put up the money, an' I'll match you an' your gang for your shoe-strings, and you're whipped to a frazzle, an' get that into your head—understand? You're figurin' now on gettin' them applications approved, eh? Well, you just cut it out. If them applications are approved before I'm



"I think you're a dead-game sport, Hennage," Carey said. "Some day, I feel assured, we shall sit down together like sensible men and do business."
"And in the meantime," replied Mr. Hennage, "our motto is 'Keep off the grass'."

ready to have 'em approved, you know what I'll do to you, Carey. I'll cut your heart out. Don't you figure for a minute that there ain't somebody protectin' that boy's bet. You scatter his chips an' see what happens to you. Understand? You try upsettin' the Hennage apple-cart one o' these bright days, an' there'll be a rush order for a new tombstone. The motto o' the Hennage family has allers been 'Hands Off Or Take The Consequences.' Of course, if you insist, you can go to it with your private detectives, but you won't get far. You're up against a double-jointed play, Carey. Look out for snags."

T. Morgan Carey stared hard at Harley P. Hennage while the worst man in San Pasqual was delivering his ultimatum. He continued to stare when Mr. Hennage had finished, smiling, for to Carey that golden smile was more deadly than a scowl. Carey knew too well the kind of eyes that were gazing into his; they were the eyes of an honest man, and by the cut of Mr. Hennage's jaw Carey knew that here was a man who would "stay put."

Mr. Hennage laughed boldly, as he realized on what a slender foundation his gigantic bluff was resting, and what an impression his words had made upon Carey. The latter pulled himself together and favored the gambler with a wintry grin.

"Kinder game little pup, after all" thought Mr. Hennage. "He thinks he's licked, but he's goin' to bluff it out to the finish. I believe if this feller was on the level I'd like him. He's no slouch at whatever he tackles, you bet."

"Very well, Mr. Hennage" said Carey quietly, "I think I understand you. See that you understand me, in order that we may both understand each other. You've declared war, on behalf of your felon of a partner. Very well, I accept. It's war."

In turn, T. Morgan Carey tapped Mr. Hennage on the knee with *his* forefinger.

"I'll keep my hands off your business in the state land office. Your applications can pass through for approval, for all I care, but I'll enter a contest, alleging fraud, against you in the General Land Office at Washington, and I'll hold you up for ten years in a mass of red tape. Hennage, you and McGraw have brains, I'll admit, but you can't play my game and beat me at it. If I'm not in on this melon-cutting, I'll spend a million dollars to delay the ban-

quet. Let me tell *you* something. The day will come when you'll come scraping your feet at my office door, begging for a compromise. I'm a business man, and I tell you before you're half through with this fight, you'll come to the conclusion that half a loaf is better than none at all—particularly in the matter of extra large loaves. You'll come to me and compromise."

"Gosh, I'm dry with argument" taunted Mr. Hennage. "Now that we understand each other, let's be friends. We *can* be friends out o' business hours, can't we, Carey? Come an' have a drink."

"With all my heart" Carey retorted, with genuine pleasure. "I must confess to a liking for you, Mr. Hennage. I could kill you and then weep at your funeral, for upon my word you are the most amusing and philosophical opponent I have ever met. I really have hopes that ultimately you will listen to reason."

"There is no hope" said Mr. Hennage, as he took T. Morgan Carey by the arm—almost, as Mrs. Dan Pennycook would have expressed it, "friendly like," and escorted him to the hotel bar. Here Mr. Hennage produced a thousand-dollar bill from his vest pocket (he had carried that bill for ten years and always used it as a flash during his peregrinations outside San Pasqual) and calmly laid it on the bar.

"Wine" he said. Mr. Hennage's order, when doing the handsome thing, was always "wine." The barkeeper set out a pint of champagne and filled both glasses. The gambler raised his to the light, eyed it critically and then flashed his three gold teeth at T. Morgan Carey.

"Here's damnation to you, Mr. Carey" he said. "May you live unhappily and die in jail."

"The sentiment, my dear Hennage, is entirely reciprocal" Carey flashed back at him. They drank, gazing at each other over the rims of their glasses.

Despite the knock-out which Harley P. had given him, T. Morgan Carey was enjoying the gambler's society. Mr. Hennage was a new note in life. Carey had never met his kind before, and he was irresistibly attracted toward the man from San Pasqual.

"Upon my word, Hennage" he said, as he set down his glass, "if your liquor could only be metamorphosed into prussic acid, I'd gladly shoulder your funeral expenses. You're a thorn in my side."

"We understand each other, Carey. Any time you're meditating suicide drop around to San Pasqual an' I'll buy you a pistol."

Carey laughed long and loud. "Hennage" he said, "do you know I think I should grow to like you? By George, I think I should. If you should ever come to Los Angeles, look me up," and he presented the gambler with his card.

Mr. Hennage smiled, tore the card into little bits and dropped them to the floor.

"Do I look like a tin-horn?" he queried.

A momentary frown crossed Carey's face; then he, too, smiled. He was finding it hard to take offense at the gambler's bluntness.

"I think you're a dead-game sport, Hennage" he said, and there was no doubt that he meant it. "But I shall not despair. You have brains. Some day, I feel assured, we shall sit down together like sensible men and do business."

"And in the meantime" replied Mr. Hennage, raising an admonitory forefinger, "our motto is 'Keep off the grass'."

"Oh, I won't walk on your darned old grass" Carey retorted. "I'll just step between it."

They shook hands in friendly fashion, and Carey hurried away. Mr. Hennage stared after him.

"Sassy as a badger" he murmured. "I can't bluff that *hombre*. He'll go as far as he can, an' be ready to jump in the first chance he sees. Bob, my boy, you're up against it."

Mr. Hennage's business in Bakersfield was now completed. He felt certain that a battle between Bob McGraw and T. Morgan Carey was inevitable, should Bob decide to remain in the background and send an ally out to fight for him. However, despite his horror of Bob's crime, the gambler unconsciously extended him his sympathy, and if there was to be a battle, either its commencement had been delayed or its duration prolonged by the little bluff which he had just worked on T. Morgan Carey, and that was all Mr. Hennage was striving for.

"I must find Bob" mused the gambler, "an' I must have time to find him before these people euchre him out o' that valuable water right o' his. An' when I find that young man, I'll bet six-bits he sells that water right to me; then I'll sell it to my friend Carey an' the proceeds o' that sale 'll go to Donnie. A woman can get along with-

out a man, if she's got the price to get along on."

The gambler's line of reasoning was a wise one. In the chain of powerful circumstantial evidence that linked Donna Corblay to Bob McGraw, Mr. Hennage was the most powerful link, and if he was to remove himself beyond the jurisdiction of a subpoena from the Superior Court of Kern county, and thus evade answering embarrassing questions when Bob should be brought to trial (as the gambler felt certain he would be), it behooved Mr. Hennage to travel far and fast.

He went down to the station and purchased a ticket for Goldfield, Nevada. Goldfield was in the zenith of her glory about that time and Harley P. felt certain of a plethora of easy money in any booming mining camp. Indeed, it behooved him to seek pastures where the grass was long and green, for in the removal from Donna's heart of what he termed "the big sting," Harley P. planned to play havoc with his bank-roll.

He proceeded about this delicate task as befits one who has a horror of appearing presumptuous. A week after his arrival in Goldfield he rented a typewriter for a day, took it to his room in the Goldfield hotel and battled manfully with it for several hours. After much toil he evolved the following form letter:

Dear Friend:

A short time ago I robbed the San Pasqual stage at Garlock. I took ——— dollars of your money, which I return to you now; with many thanks, for the reason that I don't need it no more and am sorry I took it.

I notice by the papers that they found my hat with my name in it, which serves me right. I did not have no business doing that job in the first place. It was my first and it will be my last. I am going to start fresh again and hope you won't bear me no grudge for what I done.

Trusting that the same has not caused you any inconvenience, and with best wishes I am

Respectfully,

Robert McGraw.

In the blank space left for the purpose Mr. Hennage inserted in lead-pencil the figures representing the exact amount of coin which he had been informed by the express agent had been taken from each passenger. Next he inserted the exact amount in paper money, together with his

letters, in envelopes which he also addressed on the typewriter, stamped them and walked down to the post-office.

"Now, that fixes everything up lovely" he soliloquized, as he watched the envelopes disappear down the main chute. "Wells Fargo & Co. get theirs back, so they'll pull off their detective force an' withdraw the reward; every passenger gets his back, an' if he's called to testify it's a cinch he'll ask the judge to be merciful on the defendant, because he made restitution an' showed sorer for what he went an' done. Everybody gets fixed up except T. Morgan Carey, an' I work too dog-gone hard for my money to throw it away on *him*. When folks find Bob has sent back the money he stole he won't be anything like the evil cuss he is now an' the whole thing 'll simmer down to a big joke. When that poor broken-hearted little wife o' his hears about it she'll think it ain't so bad after all. She'll figure that they can go somewhere else an' live it down an' that'll ease the ache a heap. Suppose she does meet some o' them San Pasqual cattle in the years to come? What's the odds? Nobody in San Pasqual knows him or ever seen him, 'ceptin' Doc Taylor—an'

what's in a name? Nothin'. There's hundreds o' McGraws in California right now, an' more arrivin' on every train."

Thus reasoned the artful Harley P. When his task was completed he stood outside the door of the post-office whimsically surveying the ruin of his fortune. Less than two thousand dollars was all he had to show for a life-time of endeavor, and one thousand of that was contained in a single bill and was Mr. Hennage's pocket-piece. He must never change that bill. It was his little nest-egg against a rainy day, and hereafter he would have to carry it where it could not readily be reached when under the spell of sudden temptation.

He returned to his room, wrapped the bill into a compact little wad and tucked it far into the toe of one of his congress gaiters.

"It's a blessin'" he muttered plaintively, as he replaced his shoe, "that the lives us gamblers leads generally tends to choke off our wind around the fifty-mark at the latest. I'm forty-five an' here in the mere shank o' old age, after runnin' my own game for twenty years, I got to go to work for somebody else."

The next instalment of "The Long Chance" will appear in the August number, entitled "The Desert Inquisition"

THE UNDISCOVERED

By LILLIAN H. BAILEY

Fair California! I am blessed in thee;
 I've known thy fruited hills, thy rivers bright,
 The wide prairie with its harvests white
 Between the snow-kept summits and the sea;
 Beheld thy golden streams yield treasures free,
 Saw mountains vast, and sea-cliffs loom upright,
 Dwelt in the redwood's soft and solemn light,
 And saw the pride of earth—Yosemite.

Life is not long enough, desired land,
 Thy varied mysteries to make my own:
 White waters foaming in lone canyons grand,
 Lost paths that wind where deer unstartled stray,
 Green pastures luring bees in dells unknown—
 The Undiscovered, far and far away.

What An Exposition Is For

By D. C. COLLIER

President Panama-California Exposition, San Diego

IN order to satisfy the people of today, an exposition must be unique in every one of its essential features. Those who come to see it will expect this. They will have seen great expositions before, most of them, and they will not be attracted to an exposition now by any repetition of former exposition ideas, no matter how excellent they might have been in their time. They will expect even the reason for holding the exposition, as revealed by its general character and scope, to be different. And the exposition to be held in San Diego during all of the year of 1915 will be different from all other expositions ever held, just as the reasons for holding it are different from those that caused the holding of the expositions that are now a part of history.

Today if you should rush up to an average one of San Diego's citizens, naturally expecting him to be saturated with exposition ideas, and without any preliminary conversation should ask him to tell you the reason why San Diego is building an exposition, no doubt he would hem and haw and fidget around a bit, and then give you an answer that wouldn't be within nine rows of apple trees of the right one. The reason for this is because he would be trying to think of something very complex and conflicting and confusing. And all the time, if he only stopped to think, he would know what the real reason is, and that it is a very simple reason, and easily stated.

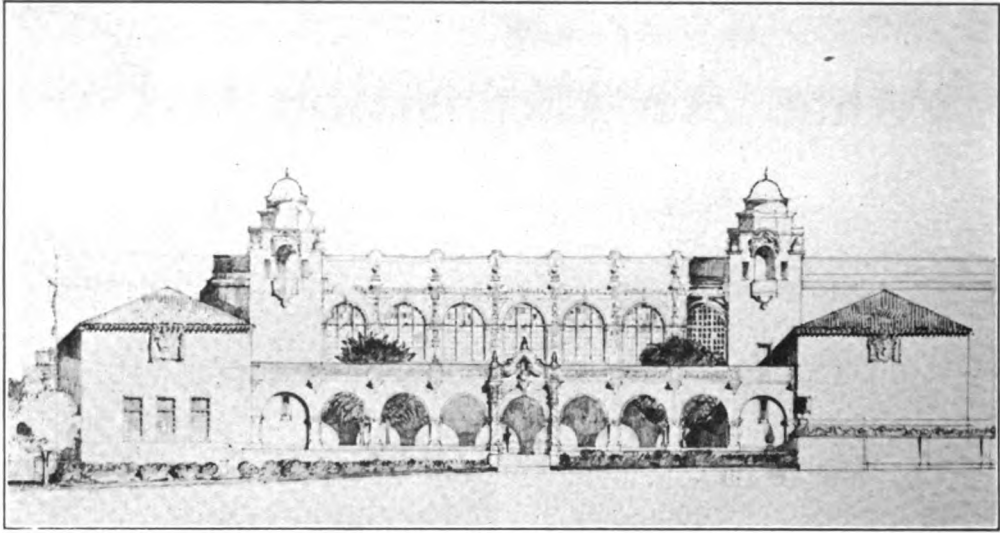
For more than three solid years, ever since the day in September, 1909, when President G. A. Davidson, of the San Diego Chamber of Commerce, said to the members of the Board of Directors of said chamber: "Gentlemen, I have a proposition to present for your consideration," the citizens of San Diego have individually been busier than a one-armed paper hanger in fly-time, answering one question: "What is San Diego holding

this exposition for, anyway?" If the question has been asked a million times a fair estimate would place the number of different answers at about nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand five hundred and some odd.

President Davidson told the directors of the Chamber of Commerce that his reason for suggesting an exposition in San Diego in 1915 was because the Panama Canal would be opened in that year, and San Diego, being the first port northward of it on the Pacific side of the United States, was naturally the place where a fitting celebration of that great world event should be held.

The director seated at the right of President Davidson, a thoughtful gentleman, thoughtfully stroked his chin for a few seconds and then remarked: "That's a great idea—a wonderful idea. We ought to hold an exposition in 1915 because it is high time San Diego was put on the map of the world to stay, and that couldn't be done in any quicker or more effective way than by holding an exposition." "By heck, you're right" said the gentleman next in line, an impulsive gentleman, by the way. "I am, indeed, greatly impressed with the proposal" then said the gentleman who was seated opposite, speaking out of turn. "We shall need to do something to bring our beautiful harbor to the attention of the world." "Yes, and we've got a climate that can't be beat" broke in a director down at the other end of the table. "What's the matter with our back country?" asked two of the directors at once, and knowing full well that neither one expected an answer no one answered, but the director to the left of the president did venture this: "San Diego is the natural playground of America, if not of the world, and if you could get people here to see an exposition they'd find it out."

So these gentlemen sat for some time telling each other why San Diego ought to



Work is already well along on the building which will house the display of the seven southern counties of California at the San Diego Exposition. As a general style for the architecture of the Exposition, the Spanish-Colonial type has been selected and is being closely followed

hold an exposition. But they were merely enumerating those things that San Diego has to exhibit. They did not touch upon the real meaning of an exposition of the scope and magnitude of the San Diego project at all.

San Diego's exposition in 1915 will spell progress.

That word expresses it all; expresses the idea behind the proposal of President Davidson; expresses the idea that has prevailed in the minds of its promoters and builders ever since the work of bringing it together and interesting the people of the world in it, and building the beautiful structures that are to house it, was started. But it is not a new word in connection with expositions and the idea is not new.

The most interesting things in the world are its peoples, and the greatest thing to know is what its peoples are doing; what they are thinking about and what they are accomplishing.

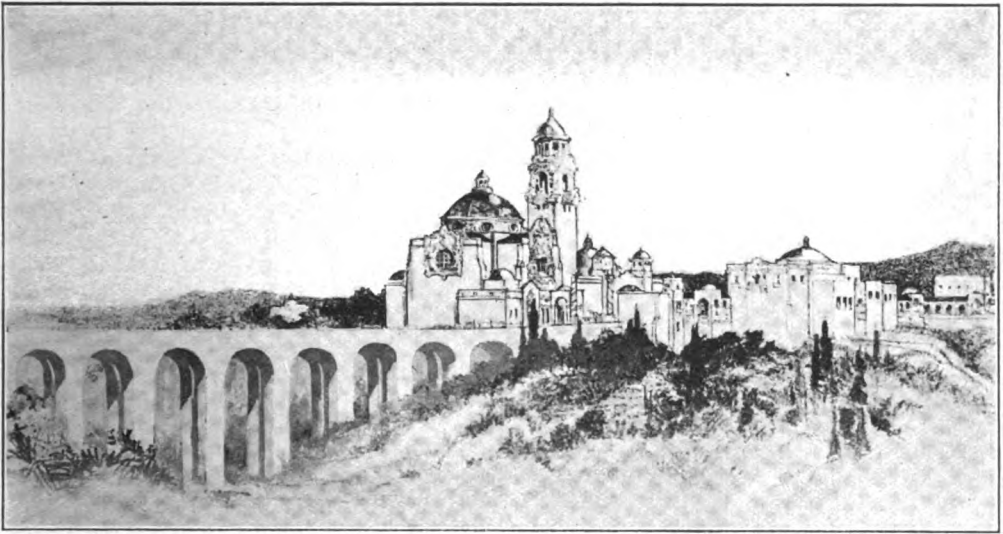
I was one of those directors of the Chamber of Commerce who sat with the others for an hour or more and discussed all of the things San Diego had to show at an exposition, without once thinking of the other side of it. But the world has progressed some since then, and so have we of San Diego.

We all knew, had we stopped to think, what an exposition is for, but San Diego was uppermost in our minds at the moment, and we did not think far beyond it.

We started our exposition, and very soon after we started it, we came to this conclusion: If the San Diego Exposition was going to display the progress that the peoples of the world have been making in their industries, their arts and their inventions, it must display it in a new way. The old way was good in its time, but if we were going to show progress we must show it right down the line.

So the people who come to see the exposition in San Diego in 1915 are not going to see the kind of an exposition they have seen before. They are going to see something different. We hope to show them something better.

Leaving aside, now, the question of why San Diego is holding an exposition, and we can safely assume that there are many good and sufficient reasons, the question I am going to try to answer is: Why hold an exposition? My study of the question has led me to think that expositions are milestones to show us the way for the future. If we can see and study and comprehend all that has been done in the past that has brought about our progress to a certain point we are much better equipped to go on. We try to do something that will carry us along a little further toward what we are all striving for because we have seen or been told of something the other fellow has done. We don't want to do the same thing; we want to do



The bridge that is to span Cabrillo Canyon will be reminiscent of beauty spots in Spain, haunted by tourist and artist. The contours and general topography of Balboa Park, the site of the Panama-California Exposition, lend themselves most advantageously to Exposition plans

something better, and straightway we begin to strive to do it. Result: we do it.

And thus we see that the fundamental principle of an exposition—any exposition—the expositions that have gone before, and the expositions that will follow the San Diego Exposition—is to display the things that mean progress, the progress of the past, and the progress of the future. Every exposition is educational, and the measure of its value as an educator lies in its revelation of the world's advancement. If it succeeds in presenting this in its best form and manner, it has been the best educator, therefore the best exposition.

To all former expositions governments of countries and states have been asked to come and make displays, and the governments have come and built huge and ornate and costly palaces wherein they have entertained lavishly and made merry. They have displayed the products of their soils and their factories; their arts and their handicrafts. San Diego has asked the governments of all the countries and all the states, and also the counties and cities, to come, but she asks them to display the things that tell of their opportunities and their possibilities. She asks them to display the progress of the past in such a way that it will tell the possibilities of the future. She wants them to present the things that have been done in such a man-

ner that they will point out the things that can be done.

It is not, however, the governments either of countries or states that make the kind of progress we are talking about, progress in the arts, the sciences and the industries. It is the individuals. And so it is to the individuals that we must look for the exhibits that will show progress. Ever since the men who are building and making the San Diego Exposition determined what was to be the character and scope of that exposition they have sought after the individual who could bring them exhibits that would be unique and interesting and educating. We want the new things, the rare things, and the unusual things, provided they mean something.

All expositions have attempted in some way to show the objects of the arts and crafts and the industries of the peoples of olden times, not alone because it seems that the older things are, the more interest a great many people attach to them, and some people are never so happy as when chewing camphor balls and pottering around a lot of musty, mildewed and mouldering things that they can not even guess the use of, but because the contrast is necessary many times to properly bring out the value of a thing. If we see the first automobile ever built and the latest 1915 model side by side, we comprehend

what progress has been made in the manufacturing of automobiles since the first automobile was made. The San Diego Exposition has devised a new way of presenting contrasts. It is a plan that will appeal to every intelligence. The contrast will be made definite and distinct, and it will mean something. The plan will be applied, in so far as it is possible to do so, to everything that man has done since the day when he first decided that he could use his hands to fashion something that would be useful to him, and help to make life easier and better for him down to 1915.

The plan is educational, no doubt, but the method is more like that of the kindergarten than that of the college. The visitor will be amused and entertained, and he will be educated at the same time, and hardly know it.

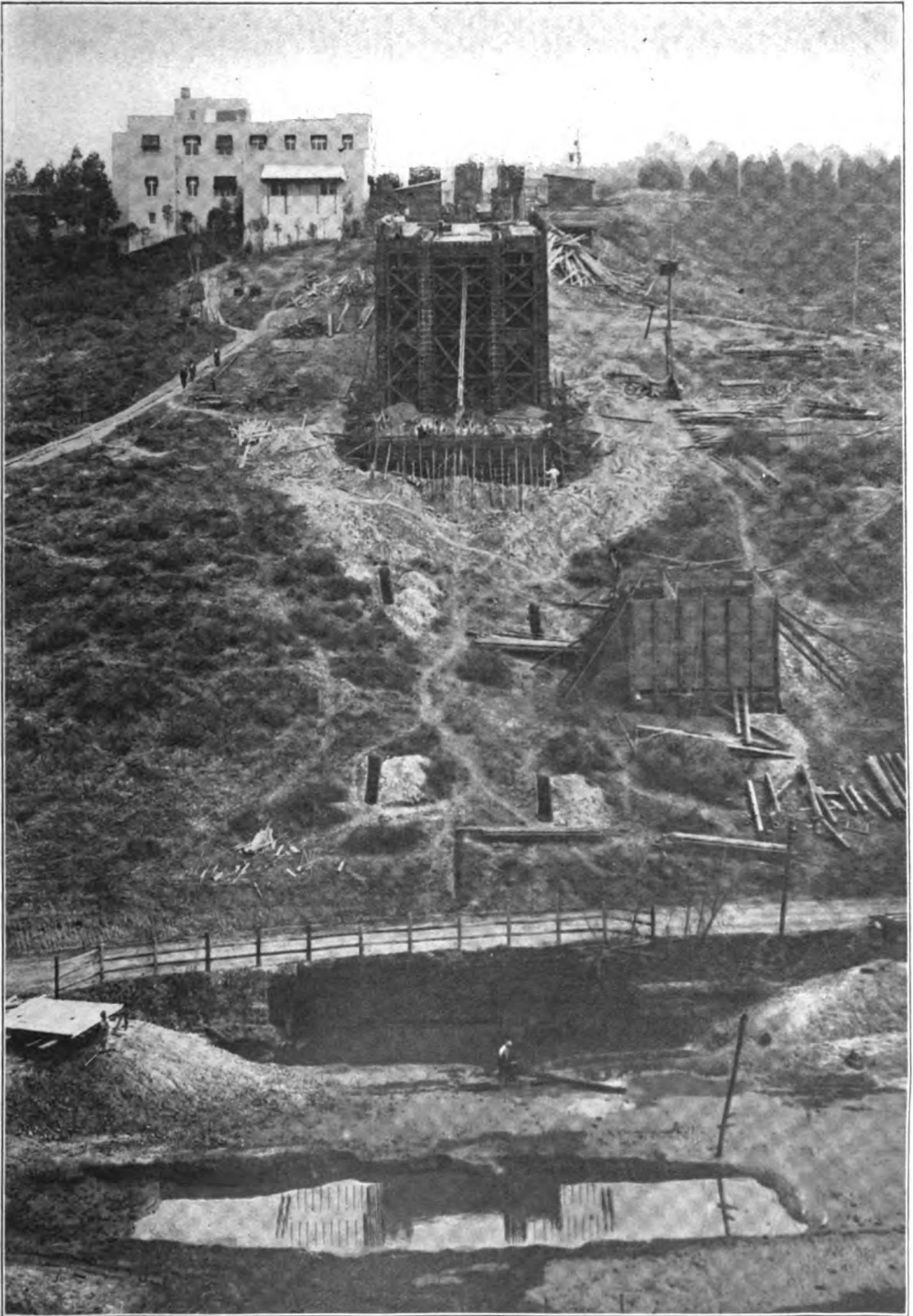
An exposition to be a success must amuse and entertain its visitors, and it may do this in many and various ways. The San Diego plan will at least have the advantage of novelty and the charm of variety. The purely amusement features will be a long departure from those that have been seen at all of the expositions of the past until they have come to be known as the "stereotyped" features. The director of exhibits and the director of concessions of the San Diego Exposition can find no place on the grounds for those exhibits and concessions that might be classed among the "stereotyped" ones.

The general plan to be followed at the San Diego Exposition in the manner of installation of its exhibits from countries, states, counties and cities, is unique, and it has the advantage of affording to any of these the opportunity to so group their exhibits that they will make a comprehensive exploitation of the possibilities of the community, and of the opportunities offered to homeseekers and developers of all kinds. And furthermore, these exhibits, when grouped, will lose nothing of their individuality. All of the great buildings that are now being erected on the exposition grounds have been so designed that this plan can be carried out, and the exposition officials were long ago convinced that it is a wise and advantageous plan for the reason that it has always made a strong appeal to those who have had practical experience in exhibit work at former great expositions.

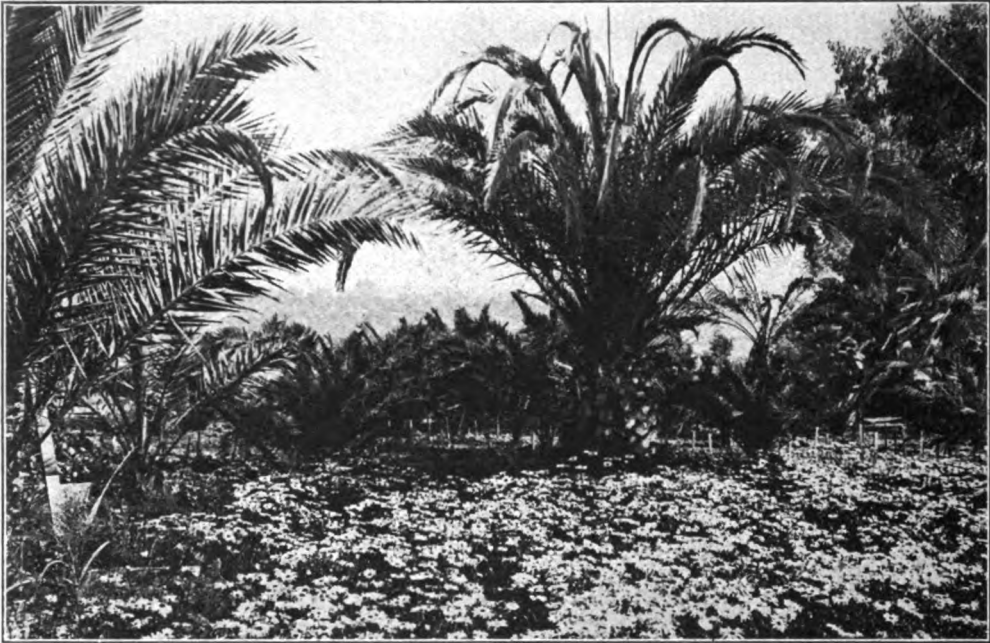
The picture an exposition presents to the eye of the visitor must be one of beauty. This goes without saying. As a general style for the architecture of the San Diego Exposition the Spanish-Colonial type, so-called, has been selected and is being closely followed. There is nothing more beautiful, and I believe I can also say, more appropriate for an exposition, and especially for an exposition in California, than this. Its beauty lies first in its simplicity, and secondly in the richness of its ornamentation about the openings. Its appropriateness lies in the fact that it is the type of architecture the padres tried to use, and did use to the extent of their ability, when they built the missions of California.

But Nature has done more to make the San Diego Exposition beautiful than man can do. The site selected in Balboa park is ideal. Its contours and its topography lend themselves to plans for an exposition most advantageously, and in the climate of southern California, with its wealth of tropical and semi-tropical vegetation, the adornment of the grounds can be carried nearer to perfection than has been possible at any other exposition, or than would be possible in any other part of the United States. Realizing the advantage of this the San Diego Exposition has started a great nursery of all the trees and shrubs and vines that grow in California to lend their charm, and spread their bloom and shed their fragrance throughout the whole exposition year in San Diego. Even now the hillsides are being planted with palms and ferns and flowering shrubs, the roadways and winding paths are being bordered with all the varieties of the eucalyptus, cypress, acacias and grevilleas, and it is all being done in a manner totally unlike that in which the other expositions have been adorned.

The charm of the place, altogether aside from that which the adornment of it by the hands of man will lend, lies in its surroundings. For a background to the picture rise the mountains, with their jagged skylines, the farthestmost one seen faintly through a purple haze, the near ones clear and bold in the rare atmosphere of southern California. In the foreground is San Diego, a beautiful city, and just beyond, the bay of San Diego, calm and beautiful. Point Loma, shaped like the prow of a huge



The majestic arches of a great bridge are beginning to span Cabrillo Canyon, in Balboa Park, San Diego. Across this bridge visitors will enter an educational wonderland from one of the gates of the Panama-California Exposition. Below, in the picturesque canyon whose steep sides already are being planted with palms and ferns and flowering shrubs, Indian villages will be set and even the cave and cliff dwellings of the prehistoric Southwesterners will be reproduced



A midwinter day at the nurseries of the Panama-California Exposition. In the climate of San Diego, with its wealth of tropical and sub-tropical vegetation, the adornment of the grounds can be carried nearer to perfection than has been possible at any other exposition.

battleship, stands sentinel toward the sea, and the Coronado islands, not far out in the sea, are seemingly mastodons bathing. The picture is perfect.

Those who have dreamed of California; of the California that is pictured in all our literature and told about in song and in story, will find the land of their dreams in San Diego in 1915. It is the land of the orange and the olive; the land of flowers

and sunshine and joyous perpetual springtime. The land of delight.

So we are going to hold an exposition in San Diego throughout the whole year of 1915, to celebrate the opening of the Panama Canal, and to show what progress the world has made. And incidentally the visitor, who will come further and stay longer, to see the San Diego Exposition, will also see San Diego.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STINEMAN

THE UNCLAIMED

By ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH

We plan our lives for years that are to be,
We are the kings of fate, death is forgot,
Nor ever think we of time's mockery:
We plan the years, the moments we cannot!



INTERESTING WESTERNERS

The Founder of Scientific Agriculture in California

“THE appropriation for the building was inadequate, but we built it on a large foundation, and when it was half-way up, the first floor was roofed over with a temporary roof of felt.”

This vivid picture, which Professor Hilgard gives us of the first frame building erected on the University of California campus for the use of agriculture, forms a striking contrast to the stately stone structure recently dedicated to the use of the College of Agriculture.

Besides affording us a distinct picture of conditions some thirty-five years ago, it gives the key-note to Professor Hilgard's character. In all his work he has, under the most trying conditions, laid broad foundations, and those who come after him may well feel a weight of responsibility in building adequately upon them.

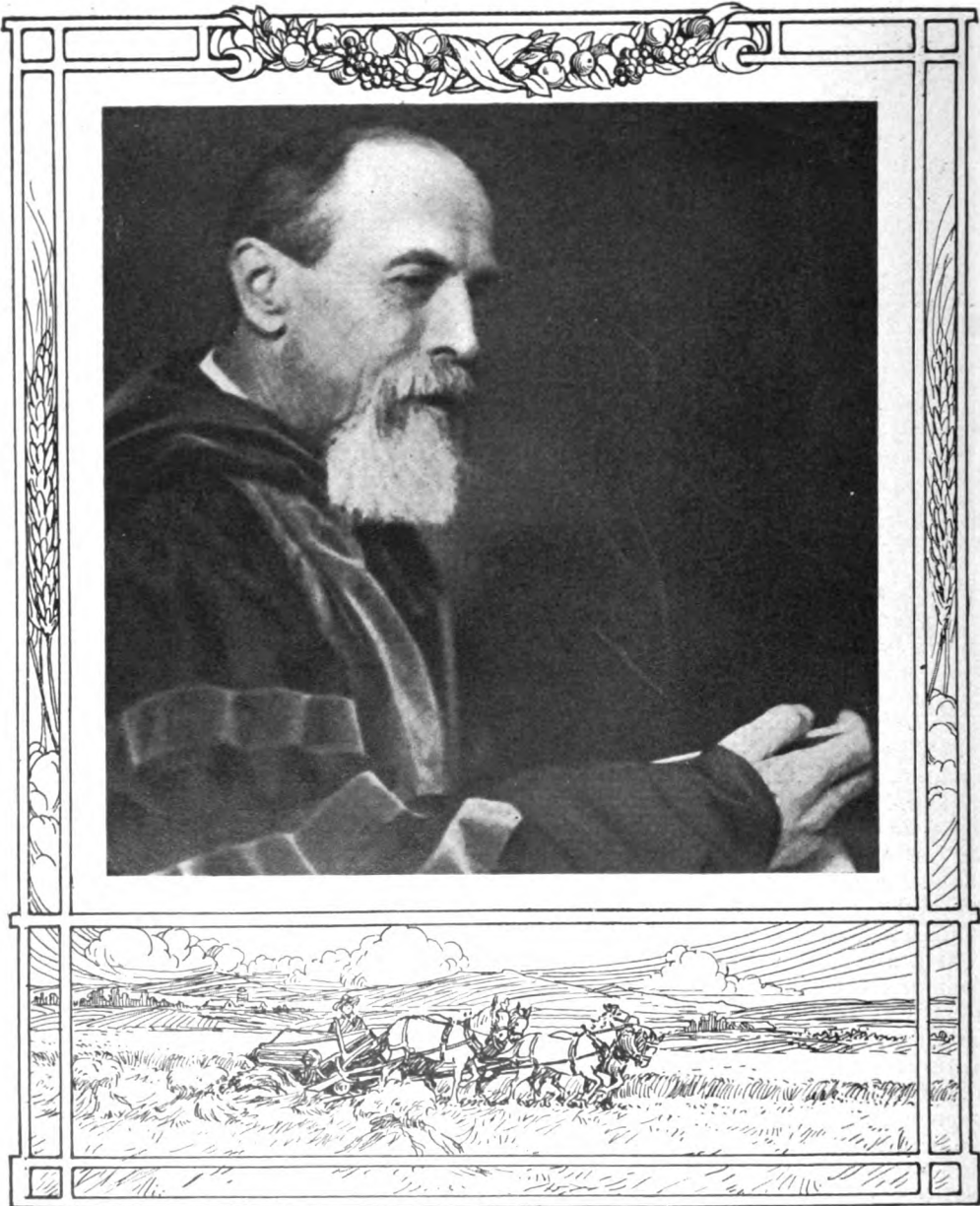
He is a man of vision, and only today is California beginning to realize the vision which this remarkable man had for her agricultural development well nigh half a century ago.

Both at home and abroad Doctor Hilgard is famous for his work in soil analysis. To the uninitiated this may not seem a very vital subject. To the farmer of Indiana or Iowa, where every acre is like every other acre and each farmer plants what his neighbor plants, the physical and chemical structure of the soil is of little moment; but in our great state with every variety of soil differing widely from that of the East, the analysis of the soil and a determination of what crops can be grown to greatest advantage becomes a very practical matter. So the value of Professor Hilgard's researches can hardly be overestimated. His particular contribution to the science of

soil study, which has occupied the attention of many distinguished investigators, is in adding to the physical and chemical tests the botanical and geological. Before his time scientists were content with the two former, which proved very inadequate and brought “soil analysis” into great disrepute with the farmers. The most important general result of his studies is the demonstration of the great depth and intrinsic fertility and durability of the soils of arid countries, as the result of such climatic conditions as obtain in most of California, and in the classic regions of the most ancient civilizations, Mesopotamia, Syria, Egypt, Persia, and northern India. There, owing to deficient rainfall, lime and other important plant foods have not been leached from the land, as is constantly being done in rainy climates, where lime is a much-needed fertilizer. Professor Hilgard is in the habit of saying that when any one buys an acre of land in California, he really gets from three to six times as much soil as he would in the East.

By carrying on these experiments, through experiment stations in different parts of the state, he has enabled the farmers to use their land intelligently and has saved them much expense.

Perhaps the most valuable phase of this great work has been the reclamation of desert and alkali lands. By soil analysis and observation of native growths, Professor Hilgard has been able to show clearly the difference between reclaimable and irreclaimable land, and much that has been hitherto considered useless has been brought under cultivation. He has also shown the exceptionally high fertility of alkali land when reclaimed.



PHOTOGRAPH BY A. W. RICE

Eugene Woldemar Hilgard, Professor Emeritus of Agriculture at the University of California, famous at home and abroad for his work in soil analysis. Professor Hilgard is writing a history of scientific agriculture in the Golden State

Not only on the practical side has this indefatigable scientist laid "large foundations," but also on the theoretical side of agriculture. When in 1873 he came from the University of Michigan to the University of California, he found the College of Agriculture in a disorganized condition, suffering from the contempt of the farmer

and the neglect of the regents, and occupying two rooms in the basement of South Hall. During the first two years of his work no new students entered the College of Agriculture, but with the true pioneer spirit he patiently and quietly set about winning the favor of the farmers by means of extension lectures and the establishment

at Berkeley in 1875 of the first Agricultural Experiment Station in the United States. The work of this "first aid" to the farmer proved so practical and the lectures so wise and sensible that the farmers began to believe that there was some value in a college education and to send their sons to the State Agricultural College, until today it has an enrollment of over four hundred students.

The regents were also interested. Professor Hilgard describes himself as a "great button-holer." Through his efforts the appropriation was made for the frame building described in the opening paragraph. This was afterward enlarged, but soon proved inadequate for the needs of the rapidly growing college.

Of the present stone building, Professor Hilgard said at its dedication:

"This accomplished fact before us I hail as the final happy termination of the forty-years' contention for the principle that the University shall educate the leaders, experts and teachers who are to carry the principles and practice of rational agriculture to the farmers at large and to the public schools."

Agriculture in the public schools, which is the "dernier cri" of our educators, was advocated in Professor Hilgard's extension lectures forty years ago.

This pioneer in the work of agricultural education was born in Zweibrücken, Bavaria, January 5, 1833. His father, Theodore Erasmus Hilgard, was a distinguished jurist and poet. For political reasons he emigrated to the United States and settled on a large farm in Illinois. Here, under the supervision of his father, were laid the foundations of Eugene Woldemar Hilgard's career. His education was completed at the University of Heidelberg, where he received his doctor's degree in 1853. Since that time he has been engaged in active scientific work, first in geology as State Geologist in Mississippi, and later turning his attention to agriculture.

Many reports and bulletins have been written by him which have attracted worldwide attention. His "Relation of Climate to Soils" was translated into several languages and won for him, from the Royal Bavarian Academy of Science, the Liebig Medal for important advances in agricultural science. His book on "Soils" is authoritative and embodies the research of a lifetime.

As Professor Emeritus of Agriculture at the University of California, he is engaged in collaboration with Professor R. H. Loughridge in an extended investigation of the physical and chemical character of columns of California soils to the depth of twelve feet. He is also writing an autobiography which will embrace a history of scientific agriculture in California.

LELA ANGIER LENFEST.



A Life-Saver in Hawaii

EIGHTEEN years ago a young physician stood on the deck of a steamer which was plowing its way to Honolulu through the channel dividing the Hawaiian island of Oahu, seat of the capital city, from Molokai, the island of the living dead.

Some distance ahead, across the bow of the big liner, moved a small steamer, its prow headed for the gloomy cliffs which hedge the portals to Molokai. On the after deck of this little vessel stood groups of men and women, all looking their last on the pleasant isle of Oahu which held their homes, their friends and relatives, and to which they could never more return. "Lepers on their way to the Settlement" remarked a ship's officer standing beside the passenger. The latter nodded sadly but his eyes grew bright. He saw his career before him.

The young physician of eighteen years ago is Dr. James T. Wayson of today, known as one of the world's few experts on the dread disease, and who, to the present time, has a record of twelve cures of a scourge held for ages as incurable. As head of the Territorial Receiving Hospital near Honolulu where suspects and those in the first stages of the malady are confined and treated, Dr. Wayson cheerfully declares that if leprosy is given medical attention in its early stages there can be proportionately as many cures as in other diseases.

When Dr. Wayson, young, ambitious and daring, reached Honolulu, he found leprosy taking a tremendous toll from the Hawaiians and the Asiatics, occasionally claiming a European victim. The whites shuddered when the scourge was mentioned and the natives hid, with tragic strategy, their friends and relatives who had contracted it. Plunging immediately into the work at hand the doctor studied the plague at close



DR. JAMES T. WAYSON

He has conquered the bacillus of leprosy after eighteen years of experiment in Hawaii. Dr. Wayson is head of the Territorial Receiving Hospital near Honolulu

quarters for years and from his experiments formed a theory which he has proved to be correct. Appointed superintendent of the leper receiving hospital, and city and county physician, because of the reputation he had gained as an expert on the disease, Dr. Wayson was thus given a broader field in which to labor, and the results of his years of study soon became apparent.

With a few cases representing the disease in its early stages, Dr. Wayson began his series of treatments based on the facts observed by him. Now the records show that twelve persons, all admitted lepers, have been discharged from the receiving hospital as cured upon a report of a committee of physicians, authorities in the disease and who reached their conclusion after a number

of bacteriological and other tests which showed that the leper bacilli had disappeared. The verdict as to whether a patient is cured or not does not rest with one man. The law requires the recommendations of a board of physicians, before a patient may be certified as free from the disease and be permitted to return to his family, instead, as was the case but a few years ago, of being required to bid his friends and relatives farewell forever on the first appearance of the scourge.

Dr. Wayson maintains through all arguments that leprosy is curable but declares that there is no specific cure. Each case is likely to call for a different form of treatment, although the general method is the same. He says that the great fault and the one which has permitted leprosy to gain such a foothold in the Hawaiian islands, has been the failure of physicians to recognize it in its first stages. Many of them wait until the layman can diagnose his own case. For this reason Dr. Wayson has devoted much time and study along the line of early diagnosis. The bacillus is very similar to that of tuberculosis, so much so that it is sometimes difficult for a physician to decide. Clinical experience has led Dr. Wayson to believe that the period of incubation may be very short, purely of a local character and mildly contagious. "Undoubtedly," he says, "the germ enters the system through the alimentary tract, although there are also cases where it was acquired through inoculation, through abrasions of the skin and, possibly, bites of insects."

The general treatment as prescribed by Dr. Wayson is simple enough when one considers the dread mystery which has ever surrounded the disease. Tonics, hot baths and exercise are the principal features. In special cases where there are acute nervous attacks, large and increasing doses of iodide of potash will abort cases where it would take nature years because the disease is aborted before pathological changes take place. In the case of localized lesions, applications of carbon-dioxid snow pencil will completely eradicate both clinical and bacteriological evidences of the disease.

There is no better proof that leprosy is as curable as any other disease than the fact that Dr. J. W. Goodhue, medical superintendent of the leper settlement at Molokai, working independently but along the same lines as Dr. Wayson, is having equally good results.

Dr. Wayson scoffs at the superstitious fear of the disease which during the past forty years has caused thousands of white people to avoid the Hawaiian islands. Few white people are ever victims of the scourge because their surroundings are sanitary and their food is carefully cooked and served in individual dishes.

Dr. Wayson was born in Port Townsend, Washington. His father was an engineer in the revenue cutter service. After being graduated from the University of California in 1891 Dr. Wayson served for a year as surgeon on the revenue cutter *Corwin*, then engaged in patrol work in the Bering sea under the late Admiral Robley B. Evans.

HENRIETTA GOODNOUGH HULL.



The Girl of the Portola Poster

YOU can drop off anywhere on your way around the world, and find some one who knows a bit more or less about California. And if you ask what, of all that's here, stays longest and clearest and most delightfully in the imagination—after the things one really *must* remember—the answer is pretty certain to be: "Why, the women of California." So it is something to be declared the prettiest woman in the state.

And this honor has fallen to Miss Emma de Velasco. The Paris in the case is the Portola Festival Committee, which is preparing to stage the big fiesta of October 22-25, 1913, when the whole Pacific Coast will help San Francisco celebrate the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of the Pacific ocean by Vasco Nunez de Balboa.

The Portola Committee wanted to get Miss California to invite the world to come to the Pacific Coast in the fall. So it offered a prize for the prettiest girl in the whole state, to be the model for the official poster of the fiesta. And the whole state responded. Pictures poured in, and of all these stacks of photographs, Miss de Velasco's was adjudged the most beautiful.

No fitter beauty could have been found than this. Miss de Velasco, born in California and for the last seven years a resident of San Francisco, is the descendant of a noble Spanish house, and it is about men of Spain that the Portola celebration largely centers. Miss de Velasco's great-great-grandfather was a Count of Tovar, one of a long line which won a glorious place in



PHOTOGRAPH BY GEO. G. FRASER

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Spanish history. Her family has long been prominent in South America.

Her father, Henry de Velasco, was born in Venezuela, but is a cosmopolite and a globe-trotter. Her mother, who was Amalia Lagler Leis, is of German extraction.

Henry de Velasco served as captain in the war between Peru, Bolivia and Chile in 1879. His father was a noted South American diplomatist, at one time minister of foreign relations in Venezuela and later Venezuelan minister to Peru. Another kinsman has his place in history. This was Narciso Lopez, the first man to raise a free flag in

Cuba. For his daring he paid with his life.

For all this distinction of ancestry, Miss de Velasco is a charmingly unassuming young woman. She possesses that versatility which is to some degree characteristic of her native state. She is a musician and has appeared in concert. She is a business girl, being private secretary to a big lumber dealer. She has her place in society, as a member of two San Francisco cotillions. She is a sorority girl, a member of the Theta Sigma. Besides all this, she finds time to be active in the Catholic Ladies' Aid Society.

WILLIAM L. HATCH.

The Pulse of the West

Current Comment on Western Affairs

By Walter V. Wohlke

The Blessings of Fifteen-Cent Copper

SIX months ago it was predicted in these columns that in all probability copper would gyrate around the fifteen-cent mark throughout the year. Thus far the prophecy has been verified. After sagging and dragging from 1907 until the beginning of 1912, after the rise from twelve to seventeen cents a pound had been variously attributed to manipulation, the red metal at last demonstrated that it was really too cheap at twelve cents a pound. Though the visible amount of copper increased during the first five months of the year, though the world's production in 1912 for the first time passed above a million tons, the supply at present is still far below the stocks that were on hand two years ago. Consumption showed no sign of abatement. Domestic demand was strong and steady at the time of writing. The definite return of the dove with the olive branch to its Balkan roost, fair European crop prospects and the improvement of the financial conditions in Germany, a country whose electrical industry is a heavy copper buyer, promised to enhance the volume of exports. In addition, the use of copper in the steel industry is spreading. An alloy of two-tenths of one per cent of copper, it was found, retarded corrosion and greatly lengthened the life of steel. Of six thousand tons of steel rails containing a little over one half per cent of copper none broke in a year, a result that caused the experimenting railroad to place a second order of ten thousand tons of the copper-alloy steel. The output of the new low-grade porphyry mines is no longer bounding upward at the rate prevailing two years ago and the decrease in production costs seems to have reached its limit. The influence of these facts promises to main-

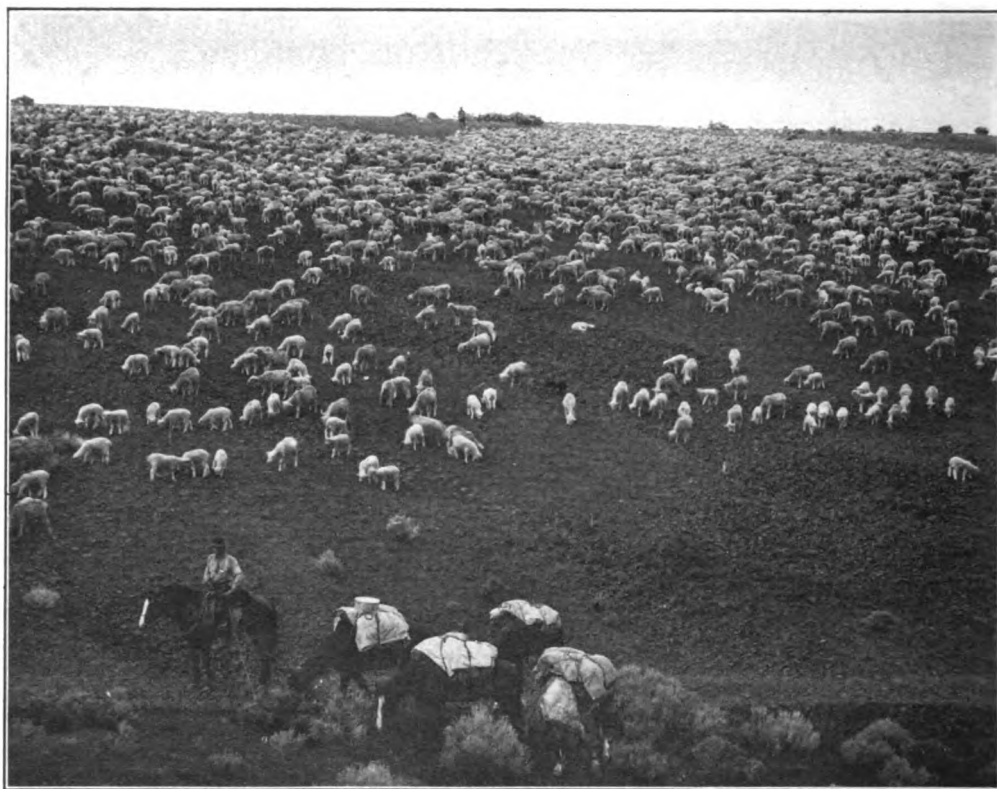
tain the price of red metal at its present level for some time to come.

Copper stocks are paying higher dividends, a blessing greatly appreciated in Boston, but the really beneficial aspect of fifteen-cent copper is not to be found in New England. Far greater are the benefits showered upon Arizona, Nevada, New Mexico, Utah and Montana, copper states which receive only a relatively small part of the increased dividends. Fifteen-cent copper stimulates production, steadies and increases the volume of remunerative employment and thereby makes the trade of the copper states hum. Therein lies the greatest blessing of the metal's higher price.

The Gait of the Pacific Northwest

THE 1912 grain and fruit crop of the Pacific Northwest was the largest on record. Wheat and apples touched the high-water mark. This year they promise to duplicate the performance. The winter wheat of the Inland Empire, of the region in the watershed of the upper Columbia between the Rockies and the Cascades, came through the cold weather in excellent condition and, though plowing and seeding in spring was late on account of cold and wet weather, a good yield seems assured. Barley will not fall far short of the preceding year's record, and the short California barley crop should maintain prices at a high level. The delayed spring retarded the blossoming of the fruit trees, but the late start also diminished the frost losses. Apples promise a normal crop, though peaches run uniformly light.

Despite the tariff measure pending in Congress, the sale of Oregon's wool clip started briskly and at prices equal to the 1912 offers, while mohair advanced steadily.



Western victims of Schedule K. Despite tariff revision the western wool-clip this spring sold at prices as high as those offered in 1912

Hops made an excellent start, the price depending upon the developments in European hop regions, though few growers contracted to sell their output for less than fourteen cents a pound. The prosperity of the agricultural districts throughout the Pacific Northwest was reflected in heavy sales by the jobbers.

The lumber industry during the first half of the year continued at the gait it struck early in 1912. For the first time in seven years the logging camps in western Washington and Oregon operated at one hundred per cent capacity. In September, 1912, logs were advanced a dollar a thousand feet. In March, 1913, another dollar was added and still the demand continued, though lumber did not advance in proportion, shingles excepted. Portland shipments gained twenty-four million feet during the first quarter over the corresponding period in 1912, foreign shipments from the Columbia and from Puget Sound increased and the mills in the Spokane territory operated at capacity. Since the

stocks in the yards of Middle-western retailers continue low despite a continued good demand, and since building activities in the Southwest show no signs of slackening, the greatest single industry of the Pacific Northwest can see no setback in the immediate future.

In Seattle and Tacoma this spring many manufacturers were running night shifts to fill orders. Portland is building an unusually large number of new residences, Seattle has many new skyscrapers under construction, scarcity of houses is keeping rents high in Vancouver and Victoria has taken a remarkable spurt in building activities.

The strongest indication of continued progress, however, lies in the promise of good crops throughout the country to the east of the Rockies. Prosperity in the Middle-West and East not only assures a good market for the Pacific Coast products, but it also enables those dissatisfied with the weird climate of Kansas, Ohio or Vermont to sell out, pull up stakes

and seek new homes in a region where life is not one endless struggle to escape the extremes of heat and cold.

Horse Sense on the High Seas

FOR the past year the lumber export business of the Pacific Northwest has been hampered by extremely high water freight rates. Transportation of fuel oil from the Mexican fields to Gulf ports has been difficult and increasingly expensive. On the Atlantic the ocean freight rates were doubled in 1912. Since 1910 the rates on grain from New York to Liverpool have risen from three cents to ten cents; the cotton schedule went up from twelve cents to forty-five cents in three years, with other rates in proportion.

A real shortage in cargo bottoms was the primary cause of this startling advance in rates. There were not enough ships to move the commodities with despatch. The price of steamers doubled as their earning capacity grew.

Several times during the past ten years the railroads have been swamped with business, have been unable to move the volume of freight offered them with the

usual despatch. At other times half a million freight cars have been standing on costly sidetracks, idle. Did the railroads double and treble their rates when the freight offerings exceeded the capacity of cars and power?

Of course they did not. The rules of the Interstate Commerce Commission prevented such a step. But the regulative power of the commission does not extend over foreign ships carrying American freight. It might be well for those who expect the cheap-ocean-freight millennium to follow the opening of the Panama Canal to study the meteoric rise of the foreign water carriers' rates in the last few years. Food for thoughtful, sober reflection is contained in the schedules.

There is still another problem that should have some attention before the red-fire of the canal-opening celebration is lighted. Its essence may be stated thus: It has been frequently alleged that the railroads own or control practically all the coastal steamship lines. Railroad-owned or controlled ships are barred from the use of the canal. Foreign vessels cannot engage in the coastal trade. The



Foreign bottoms carry western wheat and lumber. Ocean freight rates have increased 300 per cent. in three years and the increased tribute has gone largely into British and German pockets

owners of the few independent steamers, supposed to be a bare baker's dozen, surely can see a good thing when it is handed to them on a silver platter. They will not be slow to regulate their rates according to the volume of freight and the capacity of the bottoms allowed to carry it through the canal. Even now those who expected five-dollars-a-ton canal rates from coast to coast are beginning to have their eyes opened.

Isn't it about time that we used some horse sense in dealing with maritime problems?

Diversity Versus Calamity

LATE in the seventies a severe drought visited parts of California. The winter was dry, the bunch-grass would not grow, thousands of cattle starved on the ranges. Around the little irrigated colony of Anaheim, a green oasis on the tawny plain, hunger-maddened steers gathered in such numbers that the streets had to be barricaded to keep the animals out. The farmers were penniless for a year.

Deficient rainfall marked the past winter and spring. On large areas the meager stand of grain, not worth the cutting even for hay, was pastured. Wheat, barley and hay in many districts were a total failure. Herds had to be shipped out to distant ranges. Lack of moisture reduced the bean crop to seventy per cent of its normal size. Deciduous fruit trees in unirrigated districts bore sparsely. A similar drought twenty-five years ago would have cut the volume of the Golden State's business in two.

Drought was not the only unfavorable factor. Sixty per cent of the citrus crop was destroyed by frost. Cold likewise touched the early-blossoming almond and wiped out two-thirds of the bloom. The yield of apricots was light; peaches were below normal, cherries did not do well. Raisins last season barely brought the cost of production.

Doesn't that sound like the wail that used to arise from Kansas in a grasshopper year? However, there is a reverse side to the medal.

Building permits and bank clearings in Los Angeles the first five months of the year broke all previous records; in San Francisco, San Diego, Sacramento and Fresno these barometers of business stood at

normal or above. Railroad earnings showed no diminution. Registration of motor-cars passed well above 108,000 and the demand for automobiles continued brisk.

In view of the preceding list of harrowing calamities, what is the reason for the normally prosperous condition of business in California?

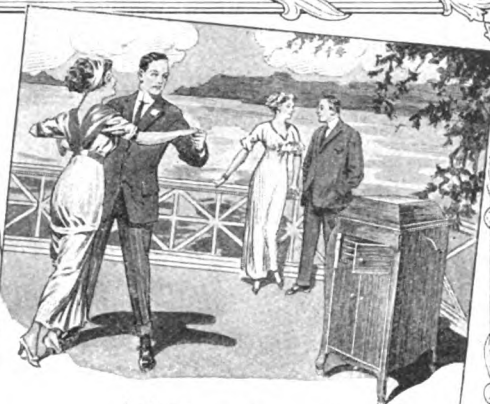
Irrigation, insuring independence of rainfall, is one reason. The truly astonishing diversity of the state's products is another. The high prices realized for the short crops is a third one. Between them they account for the lack of commercial crepe. Here is the silver lining of the cloud that brought much frost and little rain.

The unfrozen third of the citrus crop is bringing prices so high that the growers count on half of a normal season's cash receipts. Orange trees blossomed heavily, promising practically a full harvest for the coming year. And the planting of new citrus groves in central and northern California continued at such a rapid pace that the price of nursery stock went soaring.

Peaches and apricots, thinned by frost, attained to large sizes and are bringing good prices. Plums and prunes are up to the average; figs and walnuts give promise of a full crop. The cantaloup area has increased and shipments are now in full swing. Raisin grapes are in good condition, an average crop is assured and the largest portion of the output has been signed over to the newly organized coöperative selling agency at remunerative rates. Almost thirty thousand acres of long staple cotton assure the planters of a large income. The rice acreage in the Sacramento valley has doubled. Extremely high olive prices have stimulated planting along a north-and-south stretch of five hundred miles. Table and wine grapes suffered little by drought and not at all by frost; a truce among warring winemakers and coöperative selling by table-grape growers hold out hope of ample returns this fall. Dairy products and poultry have been firm. Both in acreage and yield sugar beets—California leads the nation in beet-sugar production—are above normal owing to irrigation. The immense, ever growing area of irrigated alfalfa is swelling the bank accounts of the owners. Taking it from one end of the long state to the



On the porch with your friends
and a Victor-Victrola



An impromptu dance with
a Victor-Victrola

Take a Victrola with you when you go away this summer

Whether you go to the country, mountains, or sea-shore for the summer, or just camp out for a week or so, you'll be glad of the companionship of the Victrola.

This wonderful instrument enables you to take with you wherever you go the most celebrated bands, the greatest opera artists, the most famous instrumentalists, and the cleverest comedians—to play and sing for you at your leisure, to provide music for your dances, to make your vacation thoroughly enjoyable.

And even if you don't go away, a Victrola will entertain you and give you a delightful "vacation" right at home.

There are Victors and Victrolas in great varieties of styles from \$10 to \$500.

Any Victor dealer in any city in the world will gladly play your favorite music and demonstrate the Victrola to you.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors

Always use Victor Machines with Victor Records and Victor Needles—*the combination.* There is no other way to get the unequalled Victor tone.

Victor Steel Needles, 5 cents per 100

Victor Fibre Needles, 50 cents per 100 (can be repointed and used eight times)

New Victor Records are on sale at all dealers on the 28th of each month



other, the agricultural sandwich is buttered sparsely only in spots; most of it is covered with a thick layer of nutritious fat.

Mining, an important industry, is active. Road-building, the extensions of electric railway systems, the colossal development of hydro-electric power are keeping thousands of men busy. The petroleum output of the year's first half exceeded forty million barrels, and in March the net price paid the members of the Independent Producers' Agency was thirty-six cents a barrel, as against thirty cents in March, 1912.

If California can make so favorable a showing in an exceptionally adverse year, is there not good reason for the chestily boastful, irrepressibly optimistic attitude of the sunny state?

Savings East and West

MASSACHUSETTS is the thriftiest state in the country. Of its population two persons out of three have money in the savings banks. In Connecticut more than half the inhabitants own pass books and the ratio is nearly as large in Vermont. Sixty out of every hundred men, women and children in the six New England states put by their pennies for a rainy day. There are 3,464,083 savings bank depositors in the region of mills and abandoned farms, and their combined credit entries exceed fourteen hundred million dollars.

Compared with New England the seven Pacific states, Washington, Oregon, California, Idaho, Utah, Nevada and Arizona, seem as thriftless as Coal Oil Johnnie. Though their population is slightly larger than New England's, the savings bank patrons constitute but one-fifth of the New England number, and their total deposits fall a billion dollars short of the Puritan savings.

Still, this discrepancy does not imply wasteful prodigality in the West. France, the world's star performer in the money-accumulating line, lags far behind Germany both in the number and size of savings bank deposits. France does not hoard its accumulations at two per cent, it invests its savings. So does the West. When sound mortgages backed by ample security pay seven per cent, who would be content with the savings banks' proverbial three? And when lots, acreage, little farms, timber tracts, orchards, mining claims offer

chances for profit unknown in ancient, crowded, staid and settled New England, the Westerner puts his money to work, establishes a rookery for his dollars even though the eagle occasionally takes wing instead of hatching little ones.

Looking at this matter of savings from another angle, the seven Pacific states' showing improves markedly. The amount credited to the average savings account throughout the country is \$444; New England's average is \$411; in the Middle West the average drops to \$340. The Far West stands at the head of the list with \$625 per depositor. Nevada leads the nation with \$793; California, with \$681, is second; Arizona, with \$538, is just nosed out of third place by New York's average of \$540 per depositor. Furthermore, the seven Pacific states have greater aggregate savings than the fourteen states lying between the Alleghanies and the Rockies north of the Mason and Dixon line. California alone, with 597,000 depositors, has \$407,000,000 put away. Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota and Iowa, with twice the number of depositors and ten times California's population, exceed the Golden State's total by only three million dollars.

There is a suspicion, well founded apparently, that the greater reward of sustained, intelligent effort in the West may have something to do with the size of its savings bank accounts.

In this connection it may not be amiss to point out that, while California reaches the world's savings apex with an average of \$681 per depositor, its neighbor across the Pacific, Japan, touches bedrock with an average of \$7.86 for its nineteen million depositors.

The Necessity of Keeping Cool

EARLY in 1912 a Chicago firm bought ten thousand acres of timber land along the Lillooet river in British Columbia for seven hundred thousand dollars, the stumpage being valued at a dollar a thousand feet, board measure. A year later the timber passed into the hands of a corporation manufacturing agricultural implements, the stumpage bringing three dollars a thousand feet. British Columbia's temperature increased by a few degrees. A profit of two hundred per cent in a year pleased its riotous imagination.

(Editorial section continued on alternate pages)



Williams' Talc Powder

is a summer necessity for the woman who cares for the appearance of her skin.

More time spent in the open should mean greater care for the complexion. After the unrelenting heat of the sun, after the trying effect of salt spray and wind-blown sand particles, there is nothing quite so soothing and refreshing as frequent application of this exquisitely soft and delicate powder.

Four odors—Violet, Carnation, Rose and Karsi

A Vanity Box and An Interesting Offer

For users of Williams' Talc we have had manufactured a charming little Vanity Box, heavily silver-plated, containing a French powder puff and a concentrating mirror. We will gladly send it with a sample can of Williams' Violet Talc Powder and a tube of Williams' Dental Cream, trial size, on receipt of 20 cents in stamps.

Address **THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY**
P. O. Drawer 150, Glastonbury, Conn.



This tripling of stumpage values was not brought about by the sudden arrival of the oft-heralded timber famine. Its cause was the reason underlying the remarkable sustained activity in nearly all parts of British Columbia; increased transportation facilities, actual and prospective. The railroad from Vancouver to Fort George, now under construction, will make that Lillooet timber—and other tracts—easy of access, marketable. Hence the jump from one dollar to three dollars per thousand feet in a year. And the same cause is giving value to agricultural land located so far north that four years ago a square mile of it was dear at thirty cents. If British Columbia will keep an ice pack on its feverish head, many years of solid prosperity lie ahead of the vast province.

Brickbats for Silk-Hat Immigrants

THE Polish or Slavonian laborer, emigrating seasonally from eastern Europe into Germany, is looked down upon, considered inferior by the poorest peasant of the country in which he seeks more remunerative work. When the Italian crosses the border into France to improve his worldly chances, he likewise loses caste with the loss of country. The Germans, sneering at the Polish immigrant, are in turn sneered at and despised by the London tailors and bakers with whom they come into competition. Our own Know-nothing movement was directed against workers differing in no wise from the home product except in nativity. Verily, the immigrant's lot is not a bed of roses. Wherever he goes he sinks automatically to the lowest stratum of society, becomes a pariah until he has made himself over, molded himself to the best of his ability after the pattern of the native.

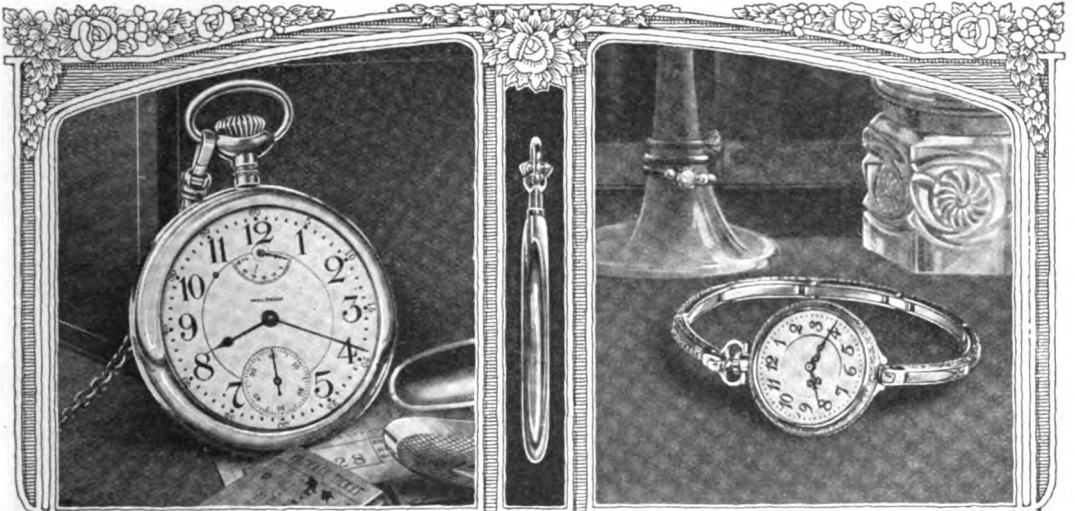
The native may clearly recognize the immigrants' value, may fully appreciate the services rendered by them, may from platform, stump and printed page sing their praise, but instinctively, subconsciously, he considers himself better, of a higher order than he who comes humbly, hat in hand, from foreign shores. Always the green immigrant accepted his position in the social scale unquestioningly, without protest. Not a little of American national vanity is due to this silent acknowledgment of inferiority by millions of immigrants from all the races in the world. The great

size and prodigal contents of our flesh-pots overawed the lean newcomer, and the adulation in his dumb wondering eyes caused our chest to swell mightily.

But the Japanese immigrant, accustomed at home to a handful of rice and a shred of dried fish twice a day, refused to be awed. He displayed none of the humility characterizing all other immigrants, no matter what their color. The flesh-pots he approached not as a scared petitioner but as one who is by natural law entitled to the best things of the earth. He might do the cooking or condescend to wash the windows, but his chin was up and his backbone was rigid. Ole Olson or Giovanni Petrucci would grin with pleasure when the master slapped them on the back, but Frank Yoshimura resented the easy patronizing familiarity of the native. The cloak of unbending national dignity was never dropped for an instant. Metaphorically speaking, the Japanese immigrant wore a silk hat. He was very much astonished when the brickbats began to fly, as they do at the least affectation of superiority in a democratic country.

Dignified, often polished, beautifully poised, intensely race-proud, the Japanese are constitutionally unable to understand the American attitude toward the immigrant of any color. Their country has never felt the influx of alien labor. In Manchuria and Korea the Japanese are the conquerors, their settlers constitute the dominant class. They proved their superiority over China and Russia. In California they are puzzled. They cannot understand why they, the dominant race of the Orient, should be classed with other immigrants, relegated to the very bottom.

This inability of the Japanese to understand the American attitude toward the immigrant was emphasized in a series of half-page advertisements published at heavy expense by a Japanese association in the California press before the passage of the anti-alien land bill. These advertisements quoted reports of the Immigration Commission to prove that Japanese immigrants were superior to white immigrants, that the percentage of illiterates among them was smaller than among Europeans, that Japanese rarely became public charges or found their way into the criminal courts. And the Japanese writer of these advertisements assumed that American



At both extremes of size and in between

Waltham Watches

have the supreme instrumental excellence

The watch on the left is the Waltham "Vanguard", the most widely used railroad watch in the world. In every country you will find trains running, and running promptly on Vanguard time. But we do not consider this the height of Waltham achievement, for the reason that large size watches such as railroad men use are not particularly difficult to manufacture.

A more severe test of watch-making occurs in the thinner and smaller models such as the lady's watch pictured above, the movement having the same diameter

as a nickel 5-cent piece. It is our sincere opinion that Waltham offers the first ladies' watches which can really be considered as serious dependable timepieces.

Most ladies' watches are made to be worn in the bureau drawer; Walthams are designed for actual use and accurate use at that.

Ask your jeweler to show you a Waltham Riverside model. It is worth a hundred "toy watches."

Riverside Watches are described and illustrated in a booklet, sent free upon request. Please mention "The Riverside Family."

Waltham Watch Company
Waltham, Mass.



PHOTOGRAPHED IN JUNE, 1913, BY ARTHUR DUNN
 Fifty-two per cent of the Japanese arrivals by ship at the port of San Francisco are women—"picture brides"—who spend their honeymoons in the fields laboring side by side with Japanese men. Their children are native-born Japanese; in law, American citizens, if you please, but in actuality full-blood Japanese

hostility toward his countrymen was largely caused by a lack of knowledge concerning Japan's culture, history and traditions. As a remedy he suggested an interchange of American and Japanese college students!

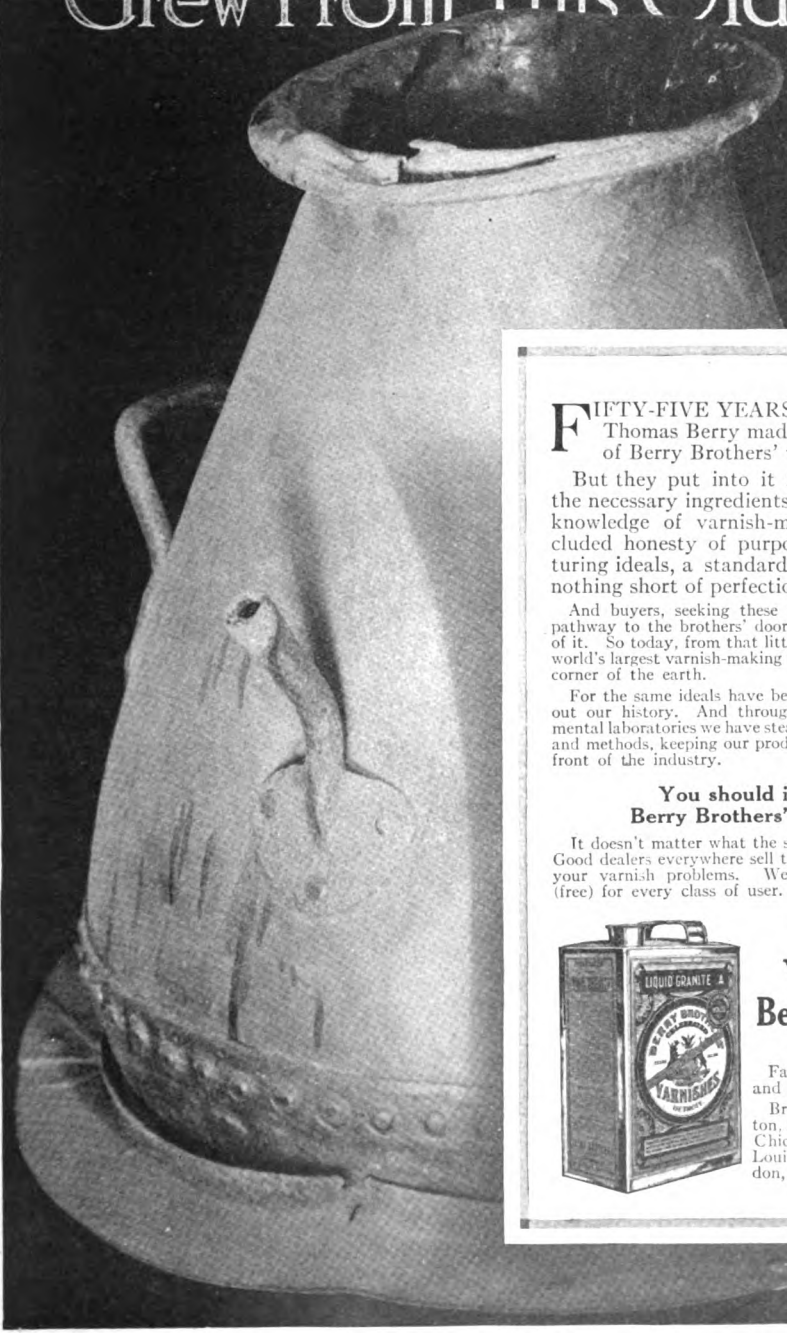
Is the treatment accorded Greek and Italian "wops" improved, do the immigrants of these nationalities enjoy greater respect, a higher social standing because of Greek and Roman history, because of classic accomplishments beside which the flower of Japanese culture makes but a poor display?

The proposed exclusion of illiterate immigrants has been rejected repeatedly. By these rejections the United States has officially proclaimed that it places small value on the cultural accomplishments of its adopted sons. Muscle and industry are wanted. The average Californian does not care a fig whether the Japanese farm laborer can read or write, but he does want the Japanese immigrant to "know his place!" The democratic Westerner hates silk hats; he sees red when the figurative stove-pipe decorates the head of a yellow immigrant. And he seizes the nearest brick when this immigrant, by aggressive team work, by racial cooperation, by unscrupulous business methods, by greater industry and thrift proceeds to prove that he is the white man's equal in almost any line of endeavor. Whereupon the yellow immigrant, unable to grasp the mental processes which caused the white man to bolster up his assertion of superiority with the demand for separate schools and anti-Japanese land laws, asks Tokio for protection, thereby adding to the ill feeling.

Prussia has spent two hundred millions to smother the Slavic element in its eastern provinces under a stream of German colonists. Prussia did not want within its borders a population that could not or would not become an integral part of a homogeneous nation. The Japanese are not of the material which the United States can incorporate in the structure it is building; the Japanese themselves acknowledge this fact. They declare against intermarriage, against a race of bastards neither white nor yellow. To them purity of blood is as sacred as it is to the Caucasian. Therefore the Japanese, like the Chinese, must forever remain *in* the body politic, but not *of* it, an indigestible lump in the national stomach.

When the incompatibility of temperament is added to the natural barrier of race and color, it becomes patent that California brickbats cannot solve the problem. The Japanese question is not local, not purely Californian. It is national in its scope. Sacramento cannot solve it by scratching the irritated spot. It behooves the nation to look at the problem from the practical California standpoint, to peer through the fog of sentimentality that surrounds the "little brown men," to forget the excellent qualities of Japanese soldiers, students, artists and writers, to consider them solely as immigrants and, from this standpoint, decide definitely whether the yellow men are desirable as citizens of the United States. Unless the nation acts firmly, decisively, Sacramento will continue to pelt the silk-hatted

How a World-Wide Business Grew From This Old Kettle



FIFTY-FIVE YEARS AGO, Joseph and Thomas Berry made in it the first run of Berry Brothers' varnish.

But they put into it more than merely the necessary ingredients and a wonderful knowledge of varnish-making. They included honesty of purpose, high manufacturing ideals, a standard of product which nothing short of perfection could satisfy.

And buyers, seeking these things, made a beaten pathway to the brothers' door, and told their fellows of it. So today, from that little kettle, has grown the world's largest varnish-making business, reaching every corner of the earth.

For the same ideals have been maintained throughout our history. And through our complete experimental laboratories we have steadily improved processes and methods, keeping our products always in the forefront of the industry.

You should insist on Berry Brothers' Varnishes

It doesn't matter what the size of your job may be. Good dealers everywhere sell them. Write us, stating your varnish problems. We have special booklets (free) for every class of user.



**BERRY
BROTHERS'
VARNISHES**

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Established 1858

Factories: Detroit, Mich.,
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England.

immigrants, just as Sacramento baited the Chinese incessantly for thirty years until the nation acted. That Sacramento's actions are hasty and ill-considered may be true, but this admission does not diminish the need of firm national procedure, to solve the problem permanently.

Wanted: Law Breakers

RAIN or shine, whether floods rage or drouth sears, one crop never fails. Regularly every other January in forty-odd state capitals of this happy country the bountiful harvest of new laws begins, fresh statutes are piled into the judicial barn until it is filled to the rafters of the attic and beyond.

Throughout the West the legislative harvest this year has been more than abundant. Its fruits have left no activity of the human being untouched. Laws regulating the length of bed sheets and the sale of stallions, prescribing methods of washing rags and issuing stock, pensioning indigent mothers and innocent convicts, straightening out water-rights and tying new knots into the taxation knout have been passed. All over the West the conservative faction has consigned the lawmakers and their work to the nethermost pit, the liberal element has praised the grist and its grinders to the sky.

In California the lawmakers during twelve weeks introduced, debated, accepted or rejected two thousand new measures considered necessary or unnecessary for the better health, happiness and prosperity of their fellow-citizens. During the session's final days they passed laws at the rate of one a minute, and in half a dozen other Western states the bearings of the statute mill smoked with the heat of an equally rapid pace.

Was it possible, at this speed, to weigh the merit of the output with the care it surely deserves?

Some forty years ago a California legislature passed a law to aid silkworm culture. Heavy premiums were to be granted out of state funds to those who planted mulberry trees, and for the crop of cocoons the premium hung up by the well-meaning lawmakers exceeded the market value of the product. A year later the governor convened the legislature in extra session to repeal that law. Everybody was planting mul-

berry trees, coddling silkworms. The subsidy would have bankrupted the state in a year.

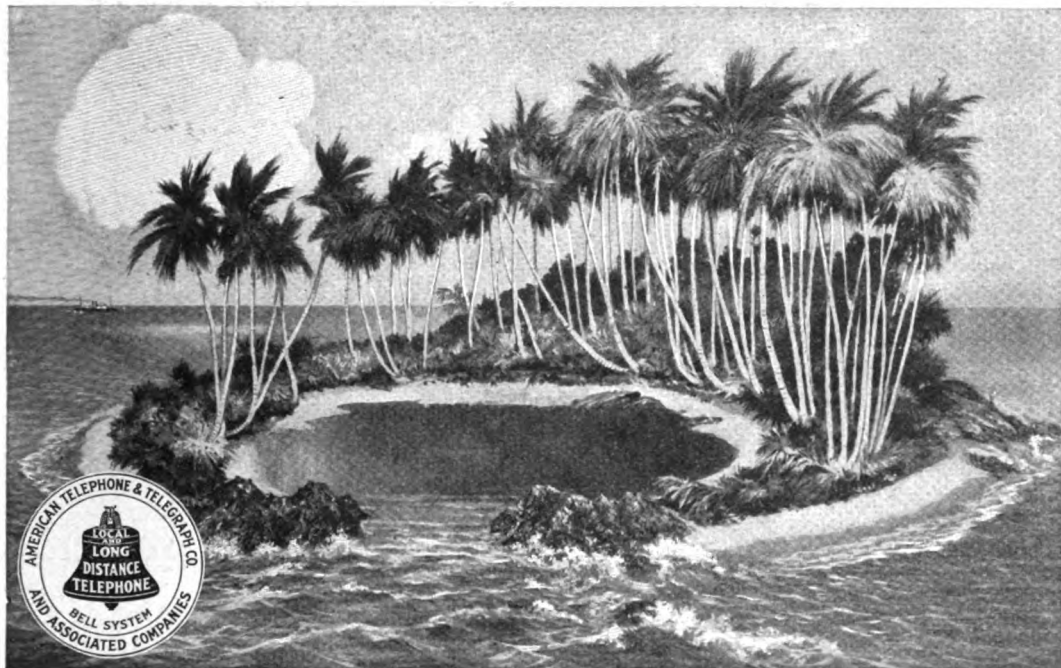
On our statute books are laws made to fit long-forgotten special needs which, their purpose served, are now mere stumbling blocks, or, uninsured, serve as weapons in sorry causes, in manner never intended by their makers. Other laws cross each other's trails so that the layman may never find his way through the labyrinth unaided, and the best light a good attorney may have is supplied only by a shrewd guess. Still other laws, lifeless before they saw the light of the legislative day, merely encumber the legal compilations with the dead weight of their inert bulk. And finally there are a thousand petty, irritating enactments, stinging mosquitoes from the stale water of the stagnant law, whose buzz rather than their sting drives their fretting victims to distraction.

The West is listening to the gladsome song of the reformer with both ears, applauding—or derisively hissing—every new melody of the legislative air. Let the West strike a most novel, original chord. Instead of confining its attention to the *making* of laws, let the West set out to *break* laws, to smash into a thousand bits the mass of worse than useless statutes encumbering the books!

A well advertised legislative commission, serving continuously for two years, should hold hearings in every county seat, closing its ear to all appeals for new legal sprouts, listening only to petitions for the removal of the dead-and-down, or overripe timber and dense, impeding underbrush in the statutory forest. If followed by a special session of the legislature convened wholly for the purpose of repealing, consolidating or amending existing laws without enlarging their scope, a great clearing of the atmosphere would inevitably result.

Hitherto it has been the universal custom to attempt the cure of ills by adding to the towering bulk of the statutes. Let the West try subtraction for a change. Put the present statutes on trial, find out whether they have really been of benefit. If the patient has burdened his stomach with legal drugs and dross, apply the stomach pump.

A garden that is always seeded and never weeded must eventually become a choking jungle.



Coral Builders and the Bell System

In the depths of tropical seas the coral polyps are at work. They are nourished by the ocean, and they grow and multiply because they cannot help it.

Finally a coral island emerges from the ocean. It collects sand and seeds, until it becomes a fit home for birds, beasts and men.

In the same way the telephone system has grown, gradually at first, but steadily and irresistibly. It could not stop growing. To stop would mean disaster.

The Bell System, starting with a few scattered exchanges, was carried forward by an increasing public demand.

Each new connection disclosed a need for other new connections, and millions of dollars had to be poured into the business to provide the 7,500,000 telephones now connected.

And the end is not yet, for the growth of the Bell System is still irresistible, because the needs of the people will not be satisfied except by universal communication. The system is large because the country is large.

**AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES**

One Policy

One System

Universal Service

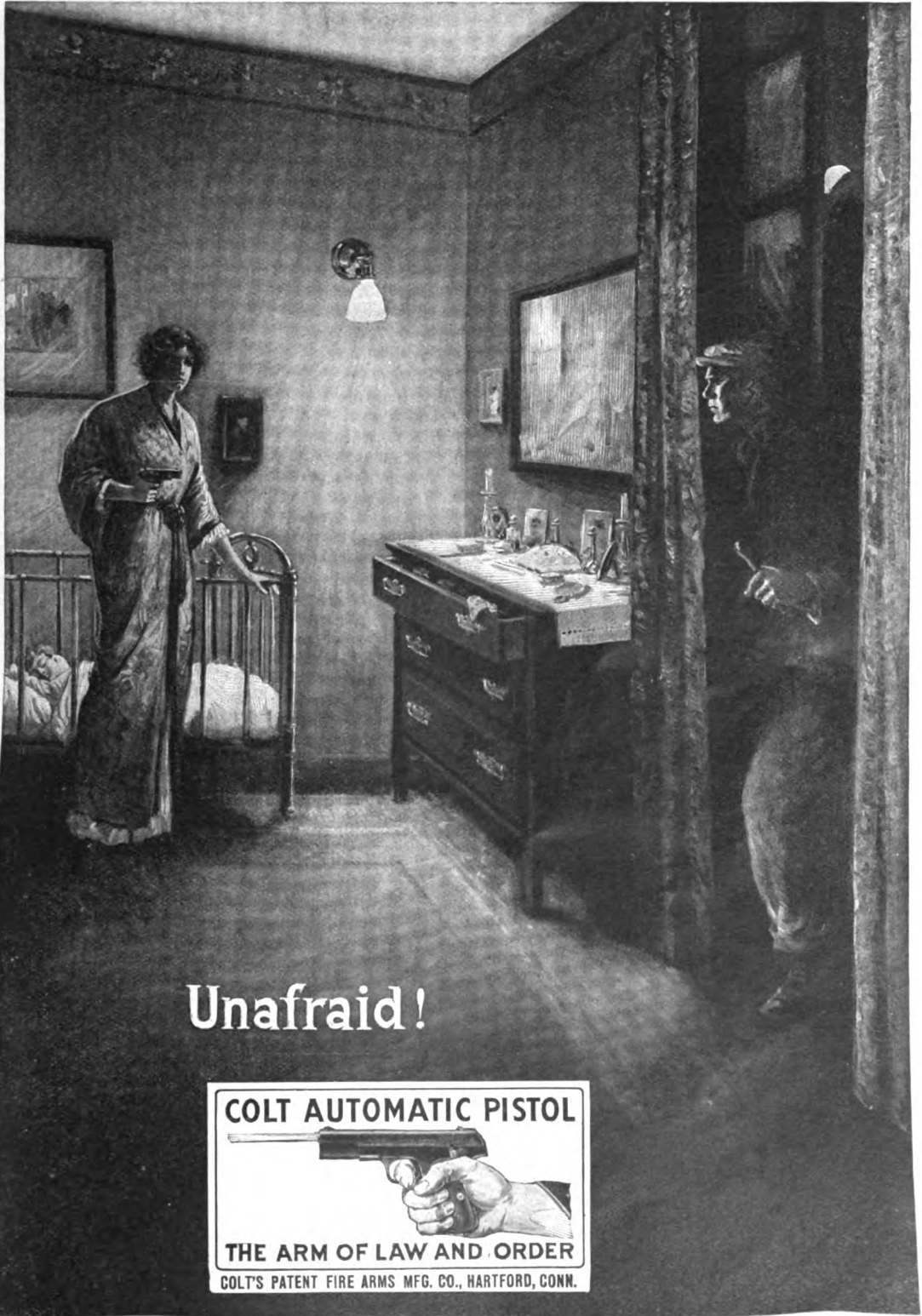
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PHOTOGRAPH BY GABRIEL MOULIN.

SCATTERING THE ASHES OF JOAQUIN MILLER, "POET OF THE SIERRAS"

On May 25th, in the presence of five hundred people, many of whom had made a pilgrimage of several miles on foot, the Bohemian Club of San Francisco, of which Joaquin Miller was a member, conducted a memorial service at the stone pyre which the poet had erected, with his own hands, on his estate, "The Heights," above San Francisco bay. This photograph was taken at a moment when Col. John F. Irish, the poet's closest friend, cast a handful of Joaquin Miller's ashes into the fire that blazed upon the pyre.



Unafraid!

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THE ARM OF LAW AND ORDER

COLT'S PATENT FIRE ARMS MFG. CO., HARTFORD, CONN.

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A Sane Fourth at Zoo City

By CAMILLA J. KNIGHT

Though the Parrot squawked "Cracker,"
no fireworks were seen
Except Fireflies and Glow-worms and
Tapirs;
The program of games, entertainments and
fun
Was printed in all the Gnu's papers.

The Crows had croquet, and the Jackdaws,
jackstraws,
(Admission of course was by ticket),
Gypsy Moth told the fortunes, the Lynx
enjoyed golf,
While others played leap-frog, or cricket.

The keen Ferret spotted the Leopard at
once
When the Elephant missed his new
trunk,
The Lambs purchased stocks of the Bulls
and the Bears,
While the Sloth lay asleep in a bunk!

When the Cocks crowed, the crowd started
home, with three cheers
And a Tiger for all the committee.
And no one was killed, not so much as a
Hare
Was hurt on the Fourth at Zoo City.

When Pio Pico Went to War

By PAUL GYLLSTROM

WHEN Pio Pico, still styling himself governor, under date of July 15, 1846, from Santa Barbara issued a proclamation which was a virtual declaration of war against the United States, he really uttered the dying gasp of Mexican sovereignty over California.

There was much that approached buffoonery during those exciting days in the state, and all of it does not appear to have been on the side of the supporters of the old régime. But Pico strove to the last ditch; in fact he appears to have jumped the last ditch and then to have striven some more. It was about the time the efforts of the Bear party were crystallizing that Pico called his council together at Santa Barbara to take action. With the governor eighteen delegates met from the various pueblos of the department June 15th. That was the day after the Bear flag was raised at Sonoma. Pico evidently knew there was something brewing in the north and so he called his clansmen together. Nothing came of the Santa Barbara conference, and it was a week after the Bear Flag Republic

gave way to United States rule that Pico, strictly of his own accord, issued what was the last Mexican document written in the state. The Bear Flag Republic lasted less than a month.

Commodore Sloat had been lying in front of Monterey several days, hesitating. Then he sent some soldiers ashore with the order that the Mexican *comandante* there surrender with all troops, arms and public property. The *comandante* sent back the laconic message there were no troops or arms to surrender. Thus, in the language of war, Monterey fell, and the first United States flag was raised in California, July 7, 1846. Pico probably received this news by courier. A week later he had issued his final decree, which was not heeded. Some historians are inclined to believe that Pico knew Mexico had given up California and that he had hopes of establishing an order all of his own. But it failed utterly, and when the *gringos* finally swarmed over the land, Pico remained a law-abiding citizen and lived for many years under Old Glory, dying at Los Angeles.



“Dixie” Raises Riot When Played by *Instinct*

I RAISED merry riot in my house last night. I had the whole place going; but I didn't care. I was having the time of my life.

“I was near Mary's new Virtuolo Player Piano, and I thought I'd try it out. So I put in a roll marked ‘Dixie,’ while I was peeking around at the door, and that old song must have gone to my head. Before I knew it I was crashing it out for all I was worth—

“ ‘Way down south in the land of cotton.’

“I closed my eyes, touched the ‘soft and strong’ Acsolo buttons, and I put regular smash and ginger into that music. Why, I seemed to be right back in those thrilling days of '61 again—when multitudes went wild over that great old song—when hearts beat like trip-hammers and throats sang themselves hoarse with its stirring rhythm.

“Well, Mary peeked in—and stayed. Then Mary's young man, and then some of the neighbors came along too, and all joined in—yelling and singing and capering like mad!

“Say—my ‘music instinct’ is great, when I can play ‘Dixie’ like that on the Virtuolo!”

Why should *you* be denied the real pleasure of Music—the recreation—the relief from your worries—that the

HALLET & DAVIS VIRTUOLO THE INSTINCTIVE PLAYER PIANO

will bring you and every member of your family? Why, indeed—when you can own the new PRINCESS Style Virtuolo for *only* \$450, and can pay for it on terms as low as \$10 a month?

See, hear, *play* this new, simplified Virtuolo at one of the dealers' named below. Other styles up to \$750. If living at a distance write for full information. But don't put it off. Write *today*.

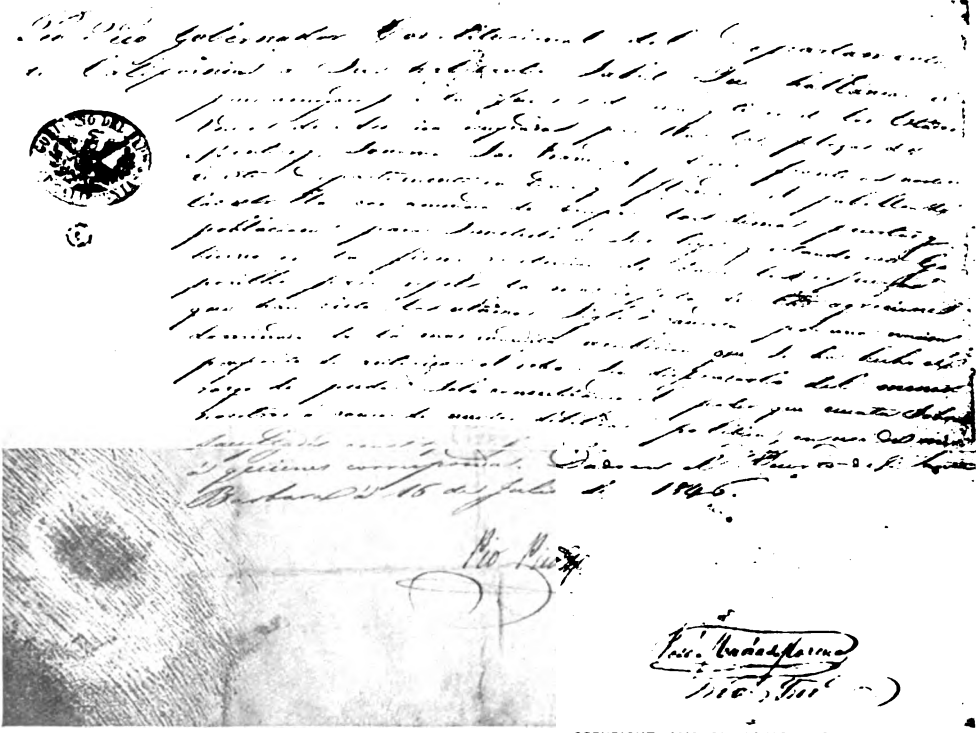
The Virtuolo is Sold by these Well-Known Music Houses:

Daynes-Beebe Music Co.,	Salt Lake City, Utah	Silvers Piano Co.,	Tacoma, Wash.
Reed Piano Co.,	Portland, Ore.	Boston Piano Co.,	Los Angeles, Calif.
Waak-Baker Piano Co.,	Seattle, Wash.	Orton Bros.,	Butte, Mont.
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HALLET & DAVIS PIANO CO.

(Established 1839)

BOSTON NEW YORK NEWARK TOLEDO CHICAGO ATLANTA SAN FRANCISCO



Fragment of Governor Pio Pico's declaration of war against the United States, July 15, 1846. From a photograph of the complete original in the possession of Charles A. Thompson, Esq., of Santa Barbara, California.

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PIO PICO'S PROCLAMATION

PIO PICO, GOBERNADOR CONSTITUCIONAL DEL DEPARTAMENTO DE CALIFORNIA, A SUS HABITANTES SABED QUE HALLANDOSE EL PAIS AMAGADO POR LAS FUERZAS DE MAR Y TIERRA DE LOS ESTADOS UNIDOS DE AMERICA OCUPADO POR ELLOS LAS PLAZAS DE MONTEREY, SONOMA, SAN FRANCISCO Y DEMAS FRONTERAS NORTE DE ESTE DEPARTAMENTO DONDE YA FLAMEA EL PABELLON DE LAS ESTRELLAS CON AMENAZA DE OCUPAR LOS DEMAS PUERTOS Y POBLACIONES PARA SOMETERLOS A SUS LEYES Y ESTANDO ESTE GOBIERNO EN LA FIRMA RESOLUCION DE HACER LOS ESFUERZOS POSIBLES PARA REPELAR LA MAS INJUSTA DE LAS AGRESIONES QUE HAN VISTO LOS ULTIMOS SIGLOS CAUSADO POR UNA NACION DOMINADA DE LA MAS INAUDITA AMBICION QUE SE HA HECHO EL PROPOSITO DE AUTORIZAR EL ROBO SIN DISFRASARLO DEL MENOR RASGO DE PUDOR, SOLO CONSULTANDO EL PODER QUE CUENTA SOBRE NOSOTROS A CAUSA DE NUESTRA DEBILIDAD POLITICA * * * * *

DADO EN EL PUERTO DE SANTA BARBARA A 15 DE JULIO DE 1846.

PIO PICO. JOSE MACIAS MORENO, Sctrio Ynto.

PIO PICO, CONSTITUTIONAL GOVERNOR OF THE DEPARTMENT OF CALIFORNIA, HEREBY MAKES KNOWN TO ITS INHABITANTS THAT THE COUNTRY IS THREATENED BY THE UNITED STATES BY LAND AND BY SEA, THAT IT NOW OCCUPIES MONTEREY, SONOMA, SAN FRANCISCO AND OTHER FRONTIER POINTS TO THE NORTH OF THIS DEPARTMENT, WHERE THE STARS AND STRIPES NOW WAVE WITH FURTHER THREATENINGS TO OCCUPY MORE PORTS AND TOWNS AND TO SUBDUE THEM TO ITS LAWS; THEREFORE, THIS GOVERNMENT, HAVING STOOD FIRMLY RESOLVED TO DO ITS UTMOST TO OPPOSE THE MOST UNJUST AGGRESSION COMMITTED DURING LATE CENTURIES, CAUSED BY A NATION POSSESSED WITH EXTRAORDINARY AMBITIONS, PURPOSELY AUTHORIZING A CLEVERLY DISGUISED ROBBERY, EXERCISING POWER OVER US DURING A PERIOD OF POLITICAL WEAKNESS * * * * *

ISSUED AT THE PORT OF SANTA BARBARA, THE 15TH DAY OF JULY, 1846.

PIO PICO. JOSE MACIAS MORENO, Secretary of the Interior.

Over a Million and a Half
Gallons of

ZEROLENE

The Standard Oil for Motor Cars

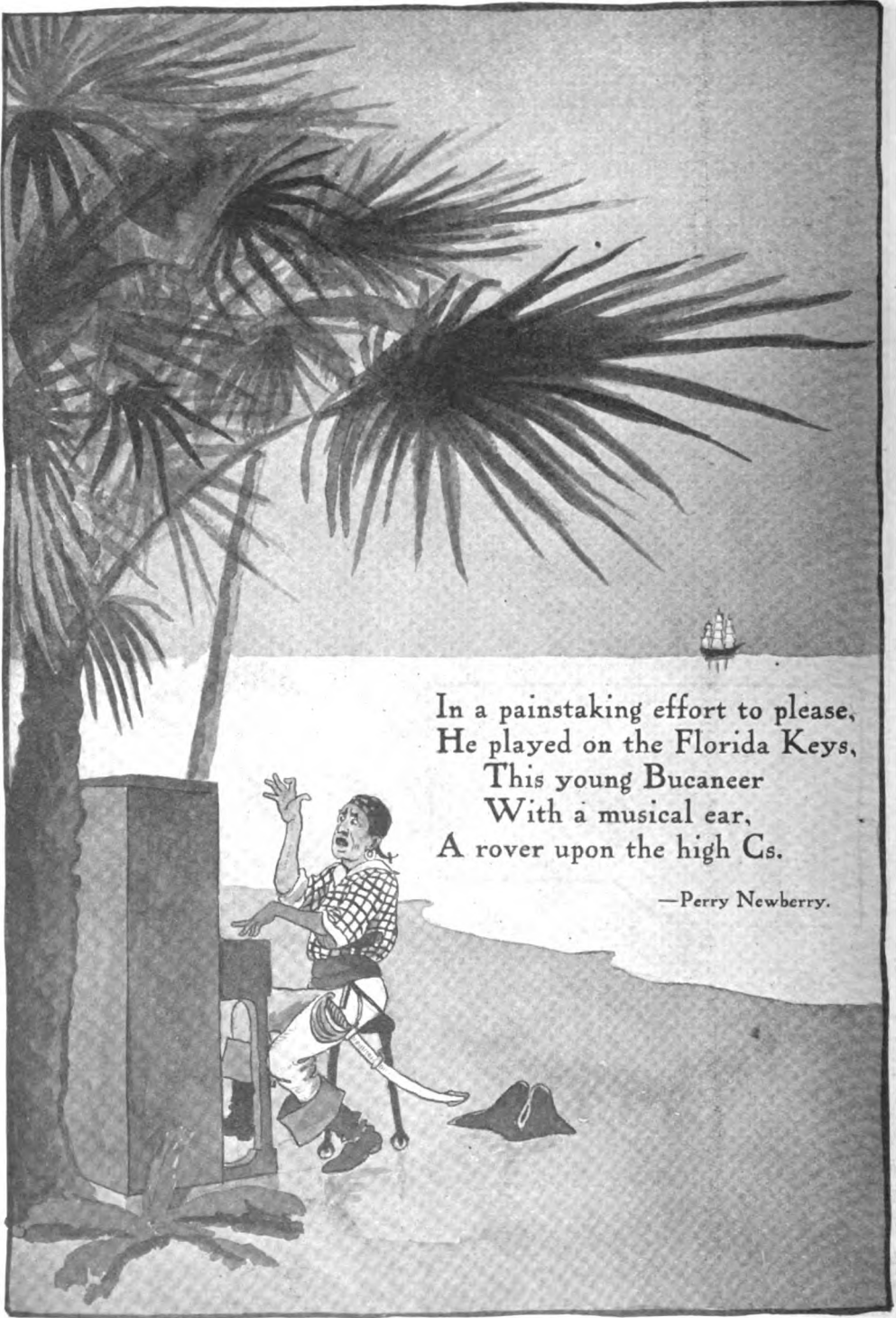
were used last year in lubricating
motor cars and motor boats.
ZEROLENE has won this popu-
larity on its merits—perfect
lubrication.



Dealers Everywhere

STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(CALIFORNIA)
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In a painstaking effort to please,
He played on the Florida Keys,
This young Buccaneer
With a musical ear,
A rover upon the high Cs.

—Perry Newberry.



Pure Ice Cream

is good for you. Eat plenty of it. But make it at home where you know it will be *pure*. The easiest and quickest way to make it is with the

Triple Motion WHITE MOUNTAIN Ice Cream Freezer

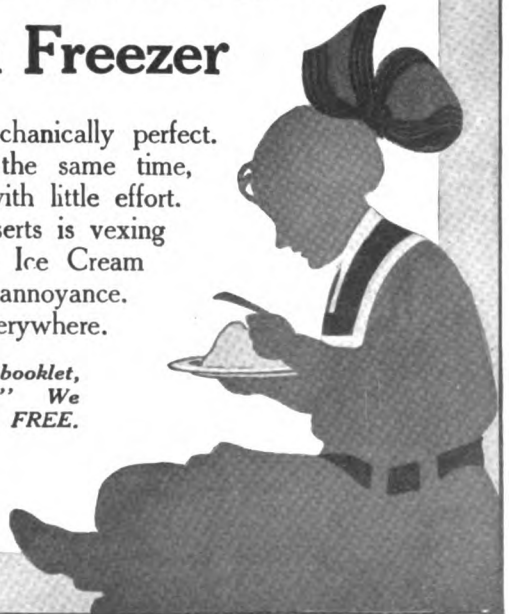
Strong, simple, durable, it is mechanically perfect. It stirs the cream three ways at the same time, freezing it quickly, smoothly and with little effort. If the problem of making dainty desserts is vexing you, then get a White Mountain Ice Cream Freezer and save time, money and annoyance. Sold by dealers everywhere.



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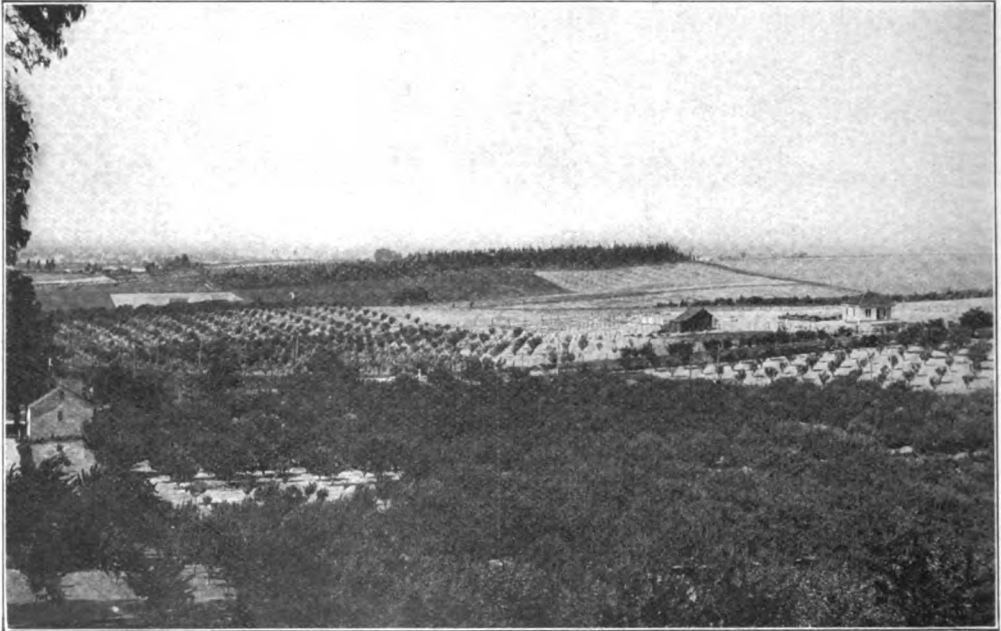
Also get our helpful booklet,
"Frozen Dainties." We
will mail it to you FREE.

WHITE MOUNTAIN FREEZER CO.
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Development Section

Here are Noted Various Significant Facts Relating to the Progress and General Advancement of the Pacific Coast Country



Sonoma is a county of wonderful diversified products. The Sebastopol region alone produces over eighty per cent of California's berry crop

Sonoma: "The Valley of the Moon"

A California County of Versatility and Fertility

By EMERSON HOLT

HAVE you ever eaten a Belford peach? Perhaps you have not. Perhaps you will soon. The Belford peach is a new variety, which ripens the last of September and is picked all through October. It takes its name from its originator, H. P. Belford, a Chicago pharmacist who filled his own prescription when the doctor told him he needed a change of environment. He left the busy strife of Chicago and with his family crossed the remainder of the continent and brought up at the western edge, almost within sight of the Pacific, where he could breathe pure ozone, recuperate his lost health and make a fortune from the ground instead of toiling behind the prescription case.

I am going to tell you about Mr. Belford because his experience is typical of many who have estab-

lished homes in California and have begun "from the ground up." That is exactly what Mr. Belford did. He began from the ground up. He knew nothing about farming. He even encouraged the derision of his new neighbors by purchasing a forty-acre ranch on a hillside, Sonoma county range land above Cloverdale that no one would touch as farming land. He faced the handicaps of pioneering, that is, the pioneering of less than two decades ago, but he had faith in his judgment. He hated to have it said that he was a "quitter" so he stayed with it and he worked, and he worked hard to justify his judgment. When he reached California he had practically no capital and a family.

Now the Belfords live in a comfortable home, and two sons have gone through college on funds from



You're "The Picture Of Coolness" In B. V. D.

TRIFLES don't nag you—heat doesn't fag you in Loose Fitting, Light Woven B. V. D. You're not chafed and confined, as in tight fitting underwear. You *joy* in the feeling of *muscle-freedom*, as well as in the *coolness* of B. V. D. Coat Cut Undershirts and Knee Length Drawers, or Union Suits. Comfort and common sense say "B. V. D."

To get *genuine* B. V. D. get a good look at the *label*.
On every B. V. D. Undergarment is sewed

This Red Woven Label



MADE FOR THE
B.V.D.
BEST RETAIL TRADE

(Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. and Foreign Countries.)

Insist that your dealer sells you only underwear with the B. V. D. label.

B. V. D. Coat Cut Undershirts and Knee Length Drawers, 50c., 75c., \$1.00 and \$1.50 the Garment.

B. V. D. Union Suits (Pat. U.S.A., 4-30-07.) \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$3.00 and \$5.00 the Suit.

*The B. V. D. Company,
New York.*

*London Selling Agency:
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The B.V.D. Company.*





Prunes drying near Healdsburg, Sonoma county, California, one of the world's leading fields in the production of prunes. Sonoma French prunes have a market in France!

the Belford ranch. The Belford ranch has fifteen acres in grapes, and an acre and a half in mixed berries, a peach orchard, one-sixth of an acre of alfalfa, twenty Mission olive trees, seventy-five orange and twelve lemon trees. That is quite a variety. Now remember that this is hill land where the yield is normally lighter than in the valleys. A small mountain stream tapped by a ditch irrigates this land, except for the vineyard and the olive orchard. The vineyard is paying better than a thousand a year net. In 1910, a typical year, Mr. Belford crushed forty-two tons of grapes and obtained 125 gallons of wine to the ton. He sold the wine at fifteen and three-quarters cents a gallon at Cloverdale. His berry patch averages up better than \$600 a year. His peach orchard brings in another two or three hundred a year. His alfalfa patch keeps his cows in feed. His Mission olive trees bring in over \$100 a year. His orange trees yield from one to seven boxes to the tree and the lemon trees have been netting twenty dollars each. Forty acres, a little kingdom, on a hillside which caused people to smile when he, a verdant easterner, bought it!

Belford took his chances twenty years ago, it is true, but others are taking similar chances today in Sonoma county. There are thousands of acres, some as unpromising in looks now as was Belford's ranch when he first got it, but land which promises as much if the same work is put on it.

I have used this story, first, because it is true, and secondly, because it is a demonstration of that problem now being seriously considered by thousands who are anticipating pulling up stakes and taking a chance in a new country. This is the story of a man with small capital but big determination. A man with a little more capital could get

a little better start in a little better locality, perhaps, but the man with small means can get a big start and realize his dreams.

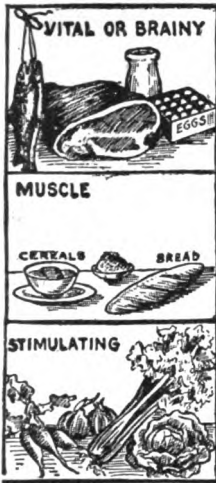
Take your California map, place your finger on the bay of San Francisco and look north about a thumb's length. The second county across the bay from San Francisco, northward, is Sonoma. It reaches out on the western rim of the continent until its border is sand, washed up by the Pacific. It reaches eastward, to the border of Napa county, with a little tip off down in the southeast corner, which, a careful measurement will show, means twenty miles of water-front on San Pablo bay, a continuation of San Francisco bay. Northward lies Mendocino county and southward Marin. A ridge of mountains cuts through Sonoma county. Tucked away among the mountains and hills are fertile valleys of such great area that even with the hill lands counted out, Sonoma county has 200,000 acres of valley land, largely of black loam. As much of the surface is rolling or table land, sandy alluvial soil, the foot-hills take up a similar area. There are 100,000 acres of mountain land adapted to grazing and there are 80,000 acres covered with redwood forests; a total area of 1620 square miles, quite a county when we think of the state of Rhode Island with fewer square miles. Through the whole of the county runs the main valley, sixty miles north and south with an average width of twenty-five miles. It is really a continuation of three valleys, the Petaluma valley, the Santa Rosa valley and the Russian river valley. Then there are a lot of smaller valleys, the Sonoma, twenty miles long, Los Gullicos, Bennet, Green, Alexander, Franz, Rincon, Knights, Big and Dry Creek valleys, besides a lot of valuable pockets suitable for farming land,

POPULAR EDUCATIONAL FOOD CAMPAIGN

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DIET VERSUS DRUGS

Indigestible, irritating foods and the retention of their waste matter are the cause of homeliness (double chin, dull eyes, bad skin, fagged face, etc.) dullness and disease. **The foods which cause expectoration, catarrh, cough, constipation, tumors, etc., are specified in the booklet.** Wrongly combined foods ferment, cause gas, poison, or kill; e. g., gastritis, appendicitis, apoplexy, etc. **Drugs never have cured disease, never can and never will cure. No Foods Sold.** Body rebuilt and purified by a suitable diet, free from irritating and indigestible materials.



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An excess of starchy and fatty combinations of foods make you sluggish; it will give you dull, splitting headaches, lack of memory and concentration, drowsiness and inertia. A complete change to "digestible" brainy foods (suitable meat, game, fish and dairy foods, combined with suitable vegetables and fruits according to the new brainy diet plan) will produce the most marked improvements in a few weeks.

One dropsical consultant lost 18 pounds of over-weight in the first week, and returned to business.

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Another patient, deaf in the right ear, owing to a discharge caused by an excess of mucus-making foods (cream, butter, cheese, etc.), was completely cured of deafness and catarrh by taking correct combinations of suitable foods.

A case of kidney and bladder trouble of ten years' standing was saved from a surgical operation, and the objectionable discharge cured within ten days, because the loss of control was due entirely to the constant irritation from certain irritating foods and drinks.

A chronic sufferer, weighing 415 pounds, reduced over 150 pounds (in public life, under many witnesses), gaining strength and firmer flesh, and losing rheumatism.

IMPORTANT—Long Personal Experience, Individualized Advice—During fifteen years of personal experiments, I have learned to produce in myself the symptoms of various diseases, each by eating certain wrong foods for a few days or weeks. They are: Rheumatism, catarrh, sore throat, constipation, double chin, swollen glands, kidney troubles, shortness of breath, rough scaly skin, dandruff, sores, boils, pimples, rash. **AND I CAN RESTORE NORMAL HEALTH IN A FEW DAYS BY CORRECT FOODS.**

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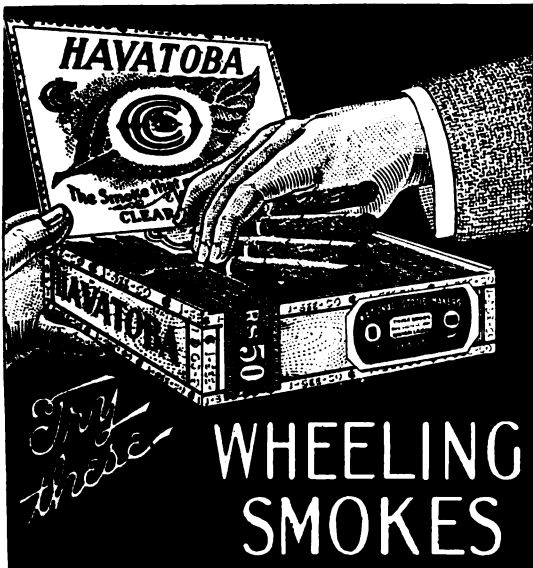
In the "Valley of the Moon"—Sonoma county, California—fruit of every variety known to the temperate zone is found in orchard perfection

in the mountains nearer the coast line. There are large holdings, yet to be cut up, especially in the western portion where land prices on the whole are lower than elsewhere. This is an especially fine field for the newcomer.

Sonoma county is the first in California in the production of dry wines and grapes. It is the largest dry-wine district in America. It is the first in California in the production of eggs and poultry. Who has not heard of Petaluma, the chicken center of the world! Sonoma is one of the principal hop producers in America and a leader in the quality and output of prunes. It is an important dairy county and the source of supply for the finest berries that go to supply the San Francisco markets. It holds a high place in the state in general horticulture and general farming. Sonoma French prunes have been shipped to France. It is one of the world's leading fields in the production of prunes. The Gravenstein, the earliest apple on the market, is a specialty for the apple growers of Sonoma county, where it reaches a perfection unknown elsewhere. The big Royal Ann and Black Tartarian cherries are favorites here. Bartlett pears, the delicious dried pear that you buy from your grocer in the winter, are products of Sonoma county soil, preserved by the sun, which puts the color and saccharin into the juiciest, sweetest pears found any-

where. Peaches, figs and olives and other fruit products, almonds and walnuts, oranges and lemons, too, are grown in Sonoma county. The grape surpasses in value and quantity the other fruits. Sonoma county vineyards represent an investment of \$10,000,000, the result of thirty years of commercial production. From Petaluma to Healdsburg, from Santa Rosa to Sonoma valley, floor and foot-hills are covered with vineyards. One may travel for miles with the vines flanking the road on either side. Sonoma county produces wine valued at over \$2,000,000 annually, of a quality that has been recognized abroad as well as at home as attested by numerous medals taken in competition at various expositions. Sonoma county was awarded the highest prize at the St. Louis Fair by the jury of twenty-one, the majority of whom were French and German experts.

I could tell you more of the wonderful products of Sonoma county. I could tell you how the Sebastopol region alone produces over eighty per cent of California's berry crop and how for twenty miles a wonderful poultry belt reaches out east and west and north and south from Petaluma and how 2,000,000 hens cackle within that territory and how almost 5,000,000 hens in the county have brought the total egg production up close to the 10,000,000 dozen mark annually, and I could tell you that one



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Smoke as many as are necessary to determine whether they're what we claim and what you want.
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If you prefer to order samples instead of a whole box, send us 20 cents. We'll mail you five samples, a 6 in. leatherette pocket stogie pouch and a booklet on Wheeling Stogies. As we pay insurance on each package, we guarantee delivery.

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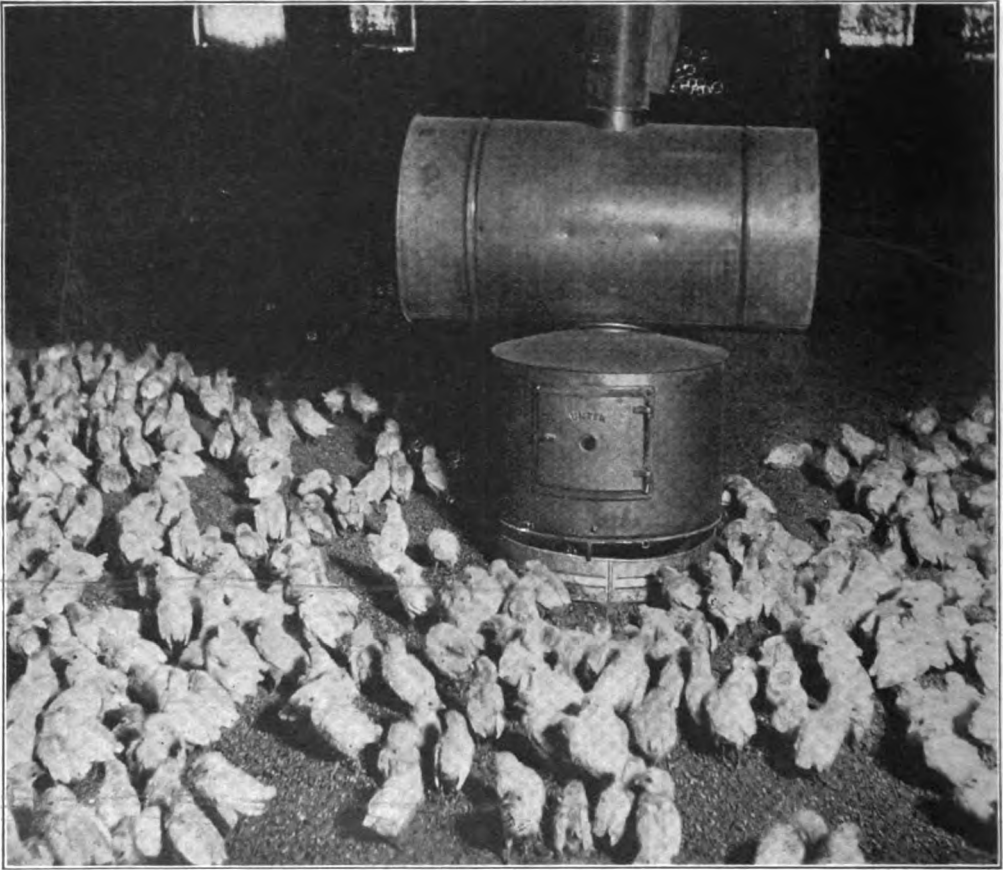
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Who has not heard of Petaluma, the chicken center of the world? Sonoma is first among California counties in the production of eggs and poultry

of the largest hop-producing regions in America is in Sonoma county, producing nearly one-half of California's output.

There is so much of a diversity in Sonoma county products that one could mention almost any product of the Temperate Zone and exclaim truthfully, "Why sure they produce that product in Sonoma county."

Every farmer in the country knows of Luther Burbank. Every periodical in the country has told of his wonderful plant creations, his spineless cactus, his plumcot, his white blackberry, his improved peach-plum, his stoneless prune and his pineapple quince. But how many people know that Luther Burbank's home and outdoor laboratory are in Sonoma county, California? How many know that twenty years ago he paid Sonoma county the biggest compliment it has ever won, by choosing it as the ideal for his experiments in the realm of agriculture and horticulture?

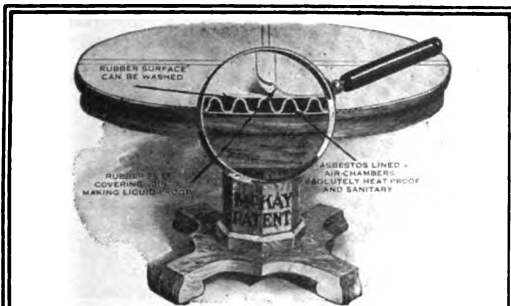
Have you heard of the famous Russian river and its summer hosts? A hundred thousand holiday-makers spend their holidays in this Valley of the Moon; the Russian river is one long summer resort from the coast to the county line north of Cloverdale. Hundreds of farmers add to their yearly

income by taking summer boarders. To some the vacation season means \$1000 or more. Why do the vacationists flock into Sonoma county? Is the question necessary?

Now here is the point that has caused me to write this article: According to the 1910 census there were but 48,394 people in Sonoma county, a county as big as the state of Rhode Island, a county with 200,000 acres of rich valley land and 200,000 acres of hill land which some day will be fruit-laden orchards. Doesn't that mean that there are homes here awaiting another 50,000 people? Doesn't it mean that there are opportunities here for you? Doesn't it mean that you are wasting time "considering" when you might as well be "coming?"

There are good towns in Sonoma county! Santa Rosa, Petaluma, Sebastopol, Healdsburg, Cloverdale, Geyserville, Windsor, Fulton, Sonoma, Guerneville, Glen Ellen. The towns might want you. The country does want you.

The Valley of the Moon! Can't you picture it? Verdure-clad hills, fruit-laden orchards, smiling valleys, soft summery haze! Jack London says: "Sonoma county is paradise." He chose it for a home after a cruise of the world. It is worth something to live in a place like that.



McKAY Ventilated Table Pad Spill a Gallon of Hot Gravy

on the surface of a McKAY Table Pad, and not a drop of it will reach your table, nor will any of it be absorbed by the pad. When your meal is over, the surface of the pad may be washed with soap and water, or a wet cloth, without removing it from the table, and not a trace of the liquid will remain. This is but ONE of the exclusive features of this pad.

Ventilated air chambers in the body of the pad, provide circulation of air that absorbs and carries away the heat, keeping the pad dry and sanitary, and at the same time entirely heat-proof. Simply invert the pad, and the beautiful felt (or flannel) bottom makes an excellent card table out of your dining table. A positive guarantee that your table will not be injured by heat or hot liquids while covered by a McKAY PAD.

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Men who shave and shampoo with Cuticura Soap will find it best for skin and scalp.

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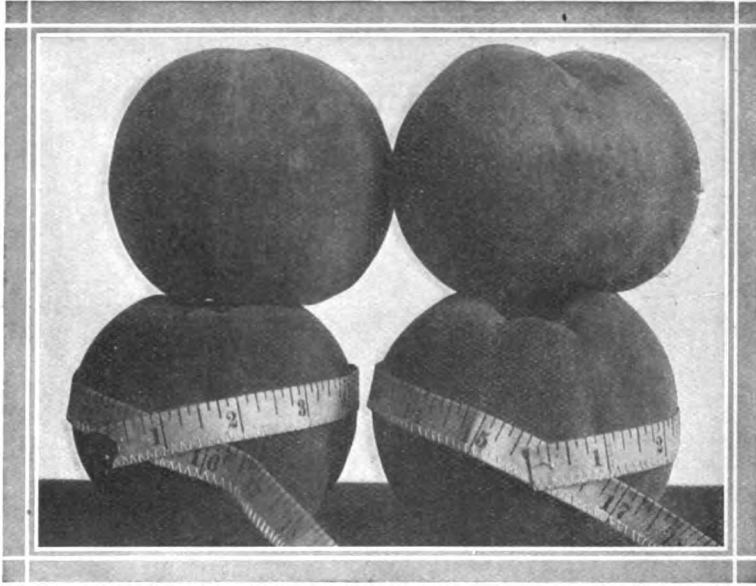


placed anywhere, attracts and kills all flies. Neat, clean, ornamental, convenient, cheap. Lasts all season. Made of metal, can't spill or tip over; will not soil or injure anything. Guaranteed effective. Sold by dealers, or 6 sent by express prepaid for \$1.

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Rub a little "3 in One" on your razor strop till leather becomes soft and pliable; draw razor blade between thumb and finger moistened with "3 in One"; then strop. The razor cuts 5 times as easy and clean; holds the edge longer. "A Razor Saver for Every Shaver" which gives the scientific reasons, and a generous trial bottle sent free. Write to-day.

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Some of the peaches that have helped bring prosperity to Ashland

Ashland: An Oregon "Home" City

By W. H. DAY

AS has often been reiterated, "in Oregon we not only want more farms, and more families to own farms and town lots, but the conditions are ripe for their coming. Great natural resources await development; wide acres of idle land need to be occupied; much public wealth needs to be converted into individual wealth."

Jackson county in southern Oregon is one of the most important subdivisions of the state. The various problems of county development are being solved in keeping with progressive ideas.

Ashland is a city of parks and beautiful homes. The residences are artistic and attractive, made doubly so by green lawns, flowers and shrubbery. The city, a division point on the Southern Pacific Railway, is situated in the famed Rogue river valley midway between Portland and San Francisco. To those coming from the south it is the gateway to Oregon, for the main line of the Southern Pacific passes through its borders; the traveler from the north is often tempted to linger within its boundaries before pursuing his journey further toward the Golden Gate. The location is exceedingly picturesque amid the foot-hills of the Siskiyou, where Mother Nature has showered her choicest bounties. Here are scenic beauties unrivaled, water from mountain brooks unsurpassed, and climatic conditions which win for Ashland and its surroundings unstinted praise. Southern Oregon is one of the regions where sun and shade, rain and dew, wind and calm, heat and cold, are so intermingled as to best afford an ideal climate, and Ashland possesses to an eminent degree these climatic advantages.

The elevation is approximately two thousand feet. The average rainfall is twenty inches. The source of water supply is Ashland creek, which beautiful stream, ever providing an abundance of pure mountain water, is the city's chief asset. Mineral springs of therapeutic value abound.

Much has been said about climate holding the secret of Oregon's success in fruit culture. No doubt certain climatic conditions are essential, but poor culture will not produce a successful orchard in the best climate. Care, skill, thoroughness, wise selection of soil and exposure, wise choice of varieties, right planting, and pruning, proper spraying, thinning, cultivation, packing—these hold the secret of successful orcharding. All varieties of small fruits are prolific bearers in Ashland territory. Scientific inspection, with free bulletins as to the care of orchards, is offered fruit growers.

Ashland is an educational, church and social center. It has all modern municipal improvements, including paving, abundant water supply, gas and electric light and power. A notable educational feature is the annual Southern Oregon Chautauqua Assembly; there is a public library and model hospital; the high school building is one of the finest and most complete in its appointments of any similar institution on the Pacific Coast. Some manufacturing establishments are already established.

Ashland's population approximates six thousand. It is eminently a community of homes and schools. There are no saloons. Ashland welcomes home-seekers to investigate its ideal surroundings, fine climate and remarkable fertility of soil.



Shampoo with **CANTHROX**

and obtain that exquisite cleanliness which comes only from a perfect shampoo. Canthrox cleans the hair and scalp thoroughly, completely and satisfactorily. There is nothing like it for creating plenty of fine, rich lather that will remove every atom of dust, dandruff and excess oil — making a clean, healthy scalp from which beautiful hair will grow.

15 Delightful Shampoos, 50c

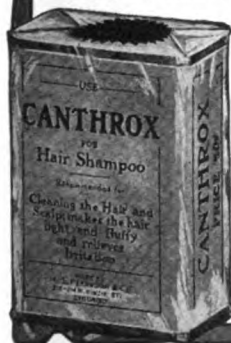
Just dissolve a teaspoonful of Canthrox in a cup of hot water and your shampoo is ready—a shampoo that is a natural tonic and cleanser, pure in its ingredients and constructive in its action. After a Canthrox shampoo the hair dries quickly and evenly, and will be ever so soft, fluffy and easy to do up.

Trial Offer: For your name, address and a 2-cent stamp, we will send sufficient Canthrox for a shampoo, so that you can try it at our expense.

H. S. PETERSON & CO., 457 Kinzie St., Chicago, Ill.

Canthrox Shampoos are given in first-class Hairdressing Parlors

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Coachella: "The Valley of the Date"

By B. O. BLIVEN

IF you were asked to close your eyes, think a minute, and describe the ideal farming country, probably you would say: "The ideal farm country must have good soil, abundant pure water, in a fine climate, with easy access to market, where land is not high-priced, and in an intelligent community where the school and social advantages are worth having."

If these were your words, you would describe pretty accurately the Coachella valley, California, where the soil is not only good, but mechanically perfect, producing fruits and vegetables of finest quality ready for the market before those of any other region (which insures top prices always); where the abundant artesian water is the purest in the world, (99 and 99-100 per cent) and the supply from snow-capped mountain ranges is never-failing; where the climate is as nearly perfect as can be had anywhere—350 cloudless days in bracing dry air, many portions of the valley never visited by frost at all, and the others practically never; five hours

by train on the main line of the Southern Pacific from the Los Angeles market—a city growing by leaps and bounds, and reaching out constantly in every direction for more food-stuffs; where there are 60,000 acres of arable land, of which only 10,000 are now being worked, and which can be bought at a price in nearly every case returned to the purchaser by two years' crops; among a sturdy fast-growing population of native Americans, many of them college-bred scientific farmers, nearly all familiar with ranching in various parts of California, who have chosen their present location with mature knowledge.

These are strong statements, but they are made deliberately and carefully, and we can only say to the doubter: Come and see, or write to the Secretary of the Board of Trade, Thermal, California, for the detailed facts about this valley.

I have called the Coachella "the Valley of the Date," because it is that fruit which is most rapidly making it famous, and no wonder! Coachella dates are selling now at 75c to \$1 a pound; fifty trees on one acre produce on an *average*, one hundred pounds each of fruit. Five years are required to mature the trees, and the price is probably abnormally high just now, but even then, when it is considered that land can be purchased as low as \$200 an acre, *improved*, and as low as \$75 unimproved, you can easily measure its investment

value. The U. S. Government is sponsor for the date industry, maintaining two experiment stations in the valley, and giving free seed to applicants.

Have you ever eaten grapefruit which required no sugar? Such pomeles grow in the Coachella valley under almost ideal conditions, the trees bearing heavily the big sweet fruit. The groves are set on high ground at either side of the valley, in a practically frostless belt. Many residents of the Coachella valley are planting orchards of grapefruit in preference even to the very profitable date.

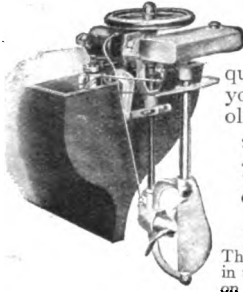
Many other crops yield amazing returns to Coachella valley growers, including onions, grapes, alfalfa, oranges, cotton, sweet potatoes. Detailed figures as to the profits and expense incidental to any of them will be promptly forwarded, on request, by the Secretary of the Thermal Board of Trade.

A question may arise as to why such a remarkable valley has remained unsettled. The answer is—water. The supply of water, the most abundant and the purest in southern California, is only to be reached by drilling wells. Until a dozen years ago no wells were attempted, but with the drilling of wells came the people, and with the people has come and is coming prosperity for the individual, of a sort seldom attained so quickly and easily from agricultural pursuits even in golden California.



A five-year-old date palm earns \$2 a week—payable annually

Makes Any Boat a Motor Boat



This simple, light, boat engine makes a motor boat of any boat in a jiffy—as quickly detached. Will take you 28 miles per gallon of gasoline in an 18 foot boat.

*Seven miles an hour in a rowboat!
The most Power for the Price.
The most Power for the Weight.*

“PORTO”

2 Full H. P.—55 Lbs.
The original, portable motor—20,000 in use, guaranteed a year and sold on a month's trial.

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When there are bumps and bruises and scratches, Carbolated Vaseline will fix them up in a hurry, and no harm done. Antiseptic, healing, soothing. Helps prevent infection.

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provides perfect lubrication, and serves as a polish; absolutely prevents rust. NYOIL contains no acids; will not gum or chill. Used in many of the Armories of the United States and Europe. **WILL BE USED IN ALL.** For wherever tried, it has become a necessity. Ask your hardware or sporting goods dealer for a trial bottle at 10c., or a large bottle (cheaper to buy) at 25c.

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WOMEN—CONSPICUOUS

for complexions always smooth and velvety, that never lose their youthful attractiveness, that seem to be impervious to exposure, to sun and wind, are users of that great beautifier—LABLACHE. It prevents that oily, shiny appearance. It is cooling, refreshing, harmless.

Refuse Substitutes
They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream, 50c. a box of drugstore or by mail. Over two million boxes sold annually. **Send 10c. for a sample box.**

BEN. LEVY CO.
French Perfumers, Dept. 32
125 Kingston St., Boston, Mass.

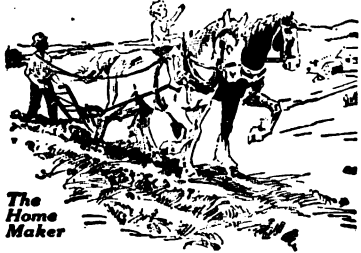
Caille Portable Boat Motor

Makes a Launch of Any Row-Boat

CAN be clamped to the stern of any row boat as quickly as placing oars in oar-locks. Weighs but 50 lbs. Can be adjusted to any angle or depth of stern. So easy to start and operate that the children can run it. Just the thing for camp or fishing trip. Send for details and prices. We also build marine engines from 2 to 30 H.P. Beautiful catalog on request.

Caille Perfection Motor Co.,
1801 Caille Street, DETROIT, MICH.

**Get Your Canadian Home
From the Canadian Pacific**



The Home Maker

WE will make you a long-time loan — you will have 20 years to pay for the land and repay the loan — you can move on the land at once — and your Canadian farm will make you independent.

20 Years to Pay

Rich Canadian land for from \$11 to \$30 per acre. You pay only one-twentieth down—balance in 19 equal annual payments. Long before your final payment comes due your farm will have paid for itself over and over. This advertisement is directed only to farmers or to men who will occupy or improve the land.

**We Lend You \$2000
For Improvements**

The \$2,000 loan is used only for erecting your buildings, fencing, sinking well and breaking. You are given twenty years in which to fully repay this loan. You pay only the banking interest of 6 per cent.

**Advance of Live Stock
on Loan Basis**

The Company, in case of approved land purchaser who is in a position and has the knowledge to take care of his stock, will advance cattle, sheep and hogs up to the value of \$1,000 on a loan basis, so as to enable the settler to get started from the first on the right basis of mixed farming. If you do not want to wait until you can complete your own buildings and cultivate your farm, select one of our Ready-Made farms—developed by C. F. R. Agricultural Experts—with buildings complete, land cultivated and in crop, and pay for it in 20 years. We give the valuable assistance of great demonstration farms—free.

This Great Offer Based on Good Land

Finest land on earth for grain growing, cattle, hog, sheep and horse raising, dairying, poultry, vegetables and general mixed farming, irrigated lands for intensive farming—non-irrigated lands with ample rainfall for mixed and grain farming. These lands are on or near established lines of railway, near established towns.

Ask for our handsome illustrated books on Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta—mention the one you wish. Also maps with full information free. Write today.

C. S. THORNTON, Colonization Agent
Canadian Pacific Railway
Colonization Department
112 W. Adams St., Chicago

FOR SALE—Town lots in all growing towns—Ask for information concerning Industrial and Business openings in all towns.

Brass Band

Instruments, Drums, Uniforms and Supplies. Write for Catalog, 445 illustrations. Free; it gives information for musicians and new bands.

Lyon & Healy

World's Largest Music House

29-49 Adams Street Chicago



**Whittemore's
Shoe Polishes**
Finest Quality Largest Variety



"GILT EDGE," the only ladies' shoe dressing that positively contains OIL. Blacks and Polishes ladies' and children's boots and shoes, shines without rubbing, 25c. "French Gloss," 10c.

"STAR" combination for cleaning and polishing all kinds of russet or tan shoes, 10c. "Dandy" size, 25c.

"QUICKWHITE" (in liquid form with sponge) quickly cleans and whitens dirty canvas shoes, 10c. and 25c.

"ALBO" cleans and whitens canvas shoes. In round white cakes packed in zinc-tin boxes, with sponge, 10c. In handsome, large aluminum boxes, with sponge, 25c.

If your dealer does not keep the kind you want, send us the price in stamps for a full size package, charges paid.

WHITTEMORE BROS. & CO.

20-26 Albany St., Cambridge, Mass.

The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of
Shoe Polishes in the World

"THAT'S IT!"



**LEA & PERRINS'
SAUCE**

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

Pour a Teaspoonful on a Steak
before Serving.

It adds that final touch of rare
flavor to so many dishes!

A perfect seasoning for Roasts, Chops,
Fish, Rarebits, Gravies, and Chafing Dish
Cooking.

Sold by Grocers Everywhere.



First Automobile Enters Yosemite National Park

The first automobile to enter Yosemite National Park since it was announced that the park would be thrown open for automobiles went in via the Coulterville road Sunday, May 25th.

The biggest natural attraction in California will soon be easily accessible to the automobile tourists as the various roads into the park are being put into shape for automobile traffic. Last season some 10,000 persons saw the wonders of Yosemite. That figure will doubtless be insignificant in comparison to this year's record.

There are at the present time, three general routes into Yosemite Valley. A spirited but friendly fight was put up by the counties interested in the various routes but the ultimate opening of all three will doubtless bring mutual satisfaction.

The northerly route is the Big Oak Flat road from San Francisco by way of Stockton, Oakville and Sequoia. This road enters the valley through the Tuolumne Big Tree Grove and reaches the floor of the valley at the foot of El Capitan. The route has many advantages in the way of high mountain scenery and fairly good grades.

The Wawona road from Madera to Wawona and in to the valley by way of Inspiration Point has always been a favorite, not only because of its wonderful scenery traversing the mountain heights but because it passes close to that most beautiful grove, the Mariposa Big Trees, and enters the valley at one of the most scenic spots in the Sierras.

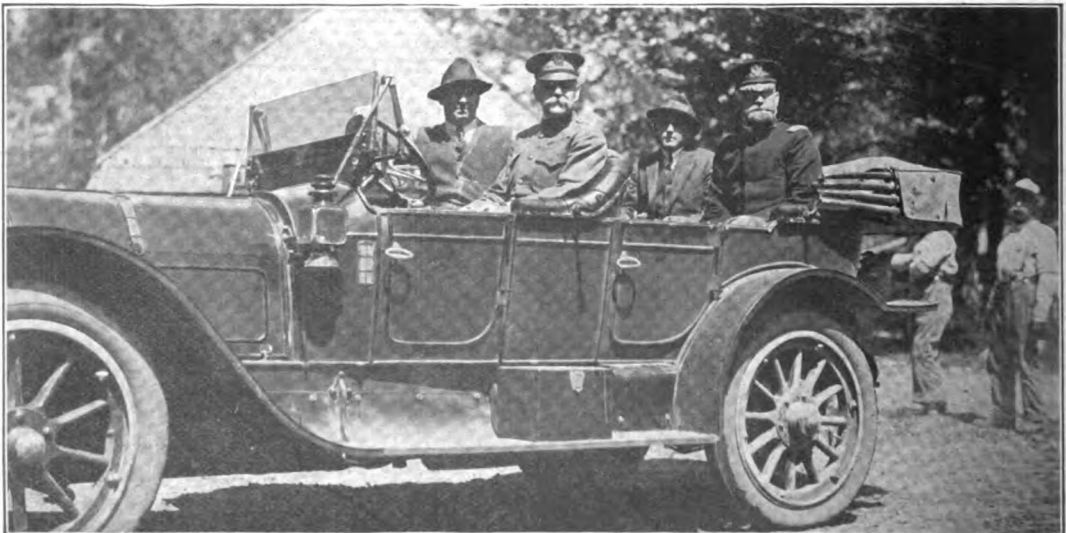
The third route, which will doubtless be the pres-

ent accepted route into the valley, is the Coulterville road half-way between the southerly entrance by way of Wawona and the northerly entrance by way of Sequoia and the Big Oak Flat road. This road is easily reached from Modesto or Merced, thence to Coulterville and from there into the mountains to its maximum elevation passing through the Merced Grove of Big Trees to an elevation of 6500 feet. A sharp pitch from the rim of Merced canyon down to the floor of the valley has been obviated by the construction of a branch road leading from the Coulterville road to the floor of the canyon on an eight per cent grade.

All the highways enter Yosemite valley parallel, reaching the floor of the valley at the lower end. The Coulterville road enters the Merced river canyon at Cascade falls, five miles above the end of the Yosemite railroad. The Wawona road follows along the south ridge of the canyon and the Big Oak Flat road follows the north wall.

All told there are 141 miles of road within the park proper, most of it in excellent condition for automobile travel.

There are 100,000 automobiles in California and doubtless half as many more enter the state during the year. The added attraction of Yosemite National Park establishes California as the real mecca for the automobile tourists of the United States. Good roads, splendid natural attractions, and favorable weather combine to make the touring of California idealistic.



The first automobile to enter Yosemite National Park; Colonel Forsythe in front seat, Major Littebrandt in tonneau

A great car—greater in many respects than any other, and naturally so: it is the product of Alexander Winton, founder of the industry in America and the maker who sets the standards.

A GREAT CAR

SAFE TO BUY AND
GOOD TO OWN

One and two-cylinder cars followed his designs. Self-starters are here because he made them successful. He foretold that the four would disappear from the high-grade market, and he forced that result by making the Winton Six so superior to other cars that the best known makers have abandoned fours, and followed his lead in making Sixes, thereby acknowledging the Winton Six as the highest standard of the finest type of car.

Seven Years of Development

No wonder the Winton Six is great. For seven years Mr. Winton has concentrated upon its development all the power and ability of his keen and experienced mind. From year to year he has given it a new perfection. Now in its seventh year of unparalleled success, it is in every respect the fashion plate of American cars—in beauty, style, comfort, and, above all else, in its value and the enduring goodness that stays good under severest usage.

Superb in Equipment

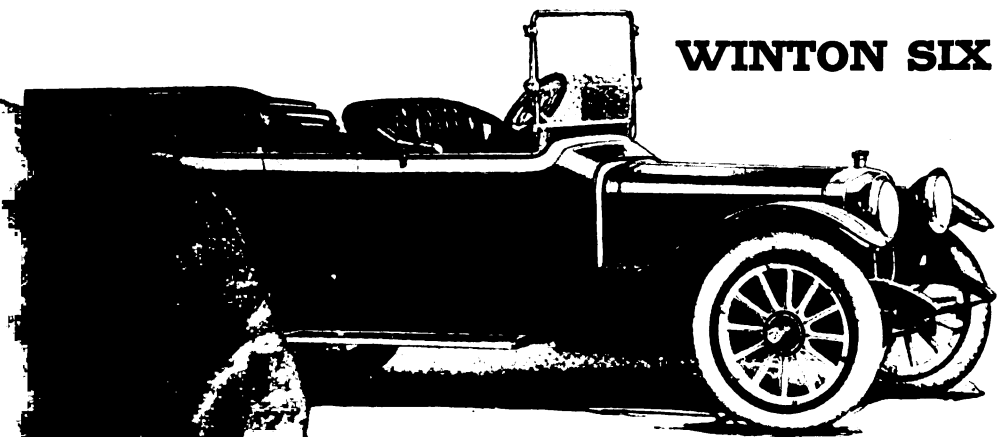
It holds the world's lowest repair expense record, and is ideal in everything that makes a high-grade car worth having—gracefully low body with yacht-like lines, long stroke motor, left drive, center control, electric lights, self-starter, finest mohair top, easily handled curtains, rain-vision glass front, best Warner speedometer, Waltham eight-day clock, Klaxon electric horn, tire carriers, demountable rims, full set of tools, four-cylinder tire pump, German silver radiator, metal parts nickel finished. Price \$3250, fully equipped.

Find Out About This

Swift changes are happening right now in the automobile industry—the safety of your purchase depends upon your knowing what they are and what they mean. Insure yourself by getting the information. Our Book No. 24 tells: sent only to car owners and those intending to purchase. With it we send a full description of the finest car on the American market.

The Winton Motor Car Co., 110 Berea Road, Cleveland, O.

WINTON SIX



Price of Automobiles—\$3250 Fully Equipped

Advertisers please mention SUNSET, The Pacific Monthly

Jackson

No hill too steep
No sand too deep

Ride With Comfort—

Only in the Jackson can you know the ease of riding resulting from the combination of full elliptic springs, long wheelbases, weight correctly distributed and balanced, ten-inch upholstery and ample room in tonneau and in front.

“Olympic” Four \$1500
“Majestic” Four 1975
“Sultanic” Six 2650

Jackson Automobile Company
1321 E. Main St.
Jackson, Mich.

Dixon's Flake Graphite
goes direct to the cause of friction

It smooths the bearing surfaces and prevents metallic contact. Stops noise as well as the wear.

DIXON'S Automobile Lubricants

Dry graphite won't flow, so we combine it with the purest petroleum greases in several consistencies. Ask your dealer for Dixon's Graphite Grease No. 677—fine for differentials and transmissions. Used by prominent drivers.

Send name and model of car for free book, "Lubricating the Motor," No. 254.

Joseph Dixon Crucible Co.
Established in 1827
Jersey City New Jersey

A. L. Westgard

AUTOMOBILES AND GOOD ROADS

Oregon Has New Highway Engineer

Members of the Pacific Highway Association are rejoicing in the selection of H. L. Bowlby, Engineer of the Association, as engineer of the road work in the state of Oregon. Mr. Bowlby, one of the best highway engineers in the Coast states, was formerly highway engineer of Washington and is not only an expert engineer but a practical road builder.

Under a new law Oregon will have about \$350,000 annually for the building of roads and the various counties will have charge of spending their portion of the fund.

The State Engineer's duty will be to advise with the counties in the matter of road building.

AUTOMOBILE OWNERS IN SMALL TOWNS—

You can save one-half your tire expense, and nearly all your tire trouble, by using **Security Reliners**. Many of our customers run their cars the entire season without blow-out or puncture, and without spending a cent for tire repairs. **You Can Do It Yourself.**

If we have no dealer in your town, you can get a trial order at the dealer's price, and make a good profit selling to your neighbors. If you run your own car write at once for our plan.

SECURITY RELINER CO.

300 West Street

Montgomery, N. Y.

“Good-Bye, I'm Off For An 'Evinrude' Trip.”

I'M GOING TO GLIDE through the water with my motor-driven rowboat. Any rowboat is a motor boat if you have

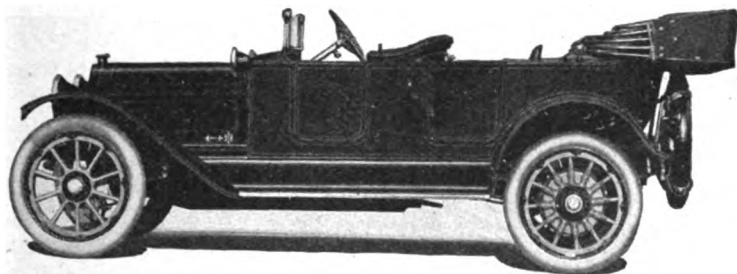
EVINRUDE
DETACHABLE ROW BOAT MOTOR

This portable motor attached to any rowboat in less than an hour, starts with a propeller is protected by against hidden rocks.

IT CARRIES weighs only fifty pounds, an hour, starts with a (ing). Beautifully finished for one.

EVINRUDE MOTOR
305 M St., MILWAUKEE
New York City Show Room Terminal Building 100 Broadway Street, N. Y.
California Show Room 1000 Market Street, San Francisco
SEATTLE REPRESENTATIVE: Gasoline House (Gasoline) 62-64 Marion Street

The Maxwell "50-6"—\$2350



Maxwell 50-6 7-passenger, self-starter touring car, fully equipped \$2,350

IT'S ALL RIGHT TO SAY "handsome is as handsome does" but looks in a motor car is almost as important as performance.

BESIDES, graceful lines and beauty cost little more. It's more a matter of "know how" than of cost.

LOOK AT THE MAXWELL "50-6" shown here. Isn't she a beauty! And doesn't it convince you that it is possible today to get just as much in appearance as well as in power, speed and comfort, in the Maxwell Six at \$2,350, as it was two years ago in the best \$5,000 car then made?

BRUCE OTT, WHO DESIGNED THE BODY of the Maxwell "50-6" is recognized as the foremost automobile body designer. He considers the model his masterpiece. As for mechanical con-

struction and performance—a ride will tell you more than we can.

WE ARE PROUD OF THIS MAXWELL "50-6." It represents the highest development of six cylinder design—the most advanced engineering practice in every detail, from the French type motor, cast "en bloc," to the latest American improvement—electric self-starting and lights.

FAULTLESSLY FINISHED, sumptuously appointed, liberally tired and splendidly made, we give you in this car all the luxury, all the silence, the sweetness and the satisfaction to be found in a big car only in a six—qualities you cannot obtain in a "converted four," but only in a six that has been designed from the ground up as a six by engineers who know and believe in the six principle.

If you haven't read "Two added to Four does not make (a) Six" let us send you a copy and name of your local dealer.

MAXWELL MOTOR COMPANY

INCORPORATED

Executive and Gen'l Sales Offices

DETROIT,

MICHIGAN

AUTOMOBILES AND GOOD ROADS

A Trainload of Trucks to Take the Place of California Horses

Again a record is broken in automobile shipments. California's insatiable appetite for motor-cars keeps the manufacturers guessing continually. Somewhere between San Francisco and Chicago at the time this is being written, a special train of twenty-six cars loaded with 154 auto trucks valued at \$80,000 is on the way to give the horses of California a rest. These trucks, the biggest shipment on record, will be eagerly snapped up by the progressive ranchers of California, who have long since determined that speed is a big asset in the delivery of their farm products. The horse-drawn vehicle seems doomed. A carefully taken census of traffic

on the highways of one California county showed that already motor-drawn vehicles have climbed to within a few points of fifty per cent of all vehicles using the public highways.

Oregon Sixth Last Year in Number of Cars

While the total number of automobiles in Oregon is not so great as in some other states, nevertheless Oregon stood sixth in the country in 1912 in the number of cars per thousand of population. Statistics show that 15.2 cars were registered to every thousand, a record surpassing that of many other states. Oregon is considered one of the best present markets for automobiles.

In writing to advertisers please mention SUNSET, The Pacific Monthly

**Leads in Tone Quality
in America**

**The
EVERETT
PIANO**

**One of the three great
Pianos of the World**

Prices—Regular Styles \$550 to \$1500

The John Church Company
Cincinnati New York Chicago
Owners of
The Everett Piano Co., Boston



This is no ordinary .22 rifle:

Here's the only .22 repeater made with the dependable lever action—like a big game rifle. It has better weight, better balance, greater stability than any other .22. It's guaranteed in accuracy and reliability; handles rapidly, gives 25 shots at one loading. Shoots .22 short, .22 long and .22 long-rifle cartridges without adjustment.

For rabbits, squirrels, hawks, geese, foxes, for all small game and target work up to 200 yards, just get this *Marlin*.

It's a take-down rifle, convenient to carry and clean. Has tool steel working parts that cannot wear out. Beautiful case-hardened finish; superb build and balance. Ivory bead and Rocky Mountain sights; the best set furnished on any .22. The solid top and side ejection mean safety and rapid, accurate firing.

Ask your dealer—or send us 3 stamps postage for new big catalog of all *Marlin* repeating rifles and shotguns.

The Marlin Firearms Co.
5 Willow Street New Haven, Conn.

A remarkable photograph is that on the opposite page! What beautiful contrasts of color and clearness of detail!

Just another example of the fine pictures *you* can take at home or abroad this summer with an Ansco Camera. It illustrates the possibilities of this amateur camera of professional quality—

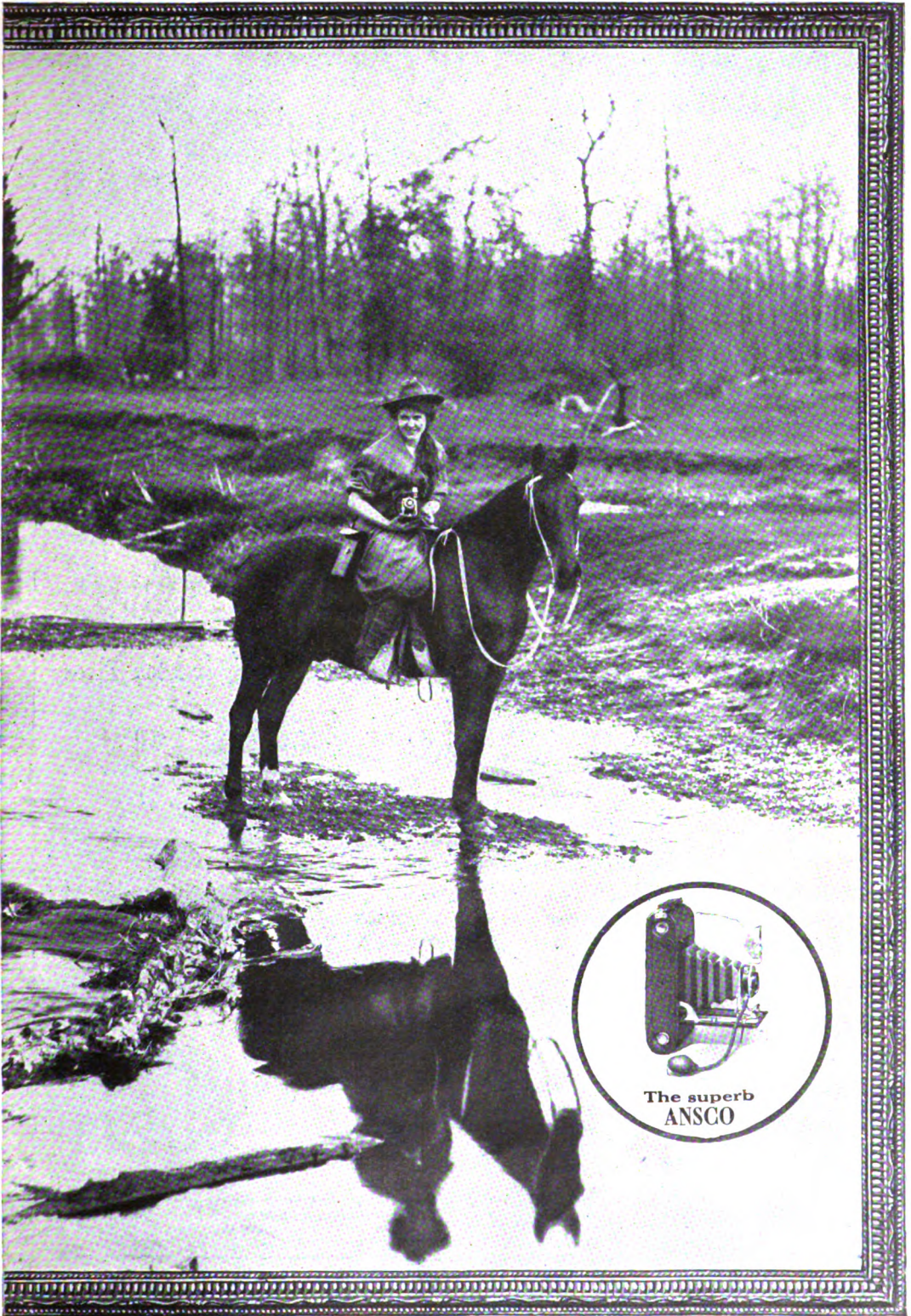
**The superb
ANSCO**

—loaded with Ansco color-value Film, and then your films developed with Ansco chemicals and printed on the prize-winning Cyko Paper.

\$2.00 up to \$55.00 will buy a good ANSCO. The camera shown on opposite page is the No. 1A Folding Pocket Ansco, with new patent plano reversible finder. Price, complete, \$17.50.

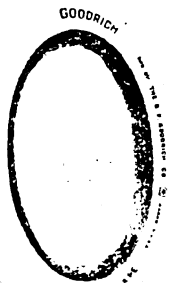
*Write for catalogue No. 23,
and booklet, "How to Make
Enjoyment Last Forever,"
with photographic cover by
Goldensky, entitled "How
Dreams Come True."*

ANSCO COMPANY
Binghamton, N. Y.



In writing to advertisers please mention SUNSET, The Pacific Monthly

You really ride on
Goodrich Tires



EVERY Goodrich Tire is a "first." You always know when you buy Goodrich Tires that you are getting all the "best" that can be put into tires, and that you will get that "best" from them. Any car that you own or buy will be equipped with Goodrich Tires if you simply specify them.

GOODRICH UNIT MOLDED TIRES BEST IN THE LONG RUN

It is the Goodrich principle of Unit Molding which makes each Goodrich Tire—tread, body and all—a single, layerless structure full of life and durability.

Goodrich Unit Molded Tires "make good" for themselves

The usual guarantee goes with each Goodrich Tire, but remember that *the tire itself* makes good. Unit Molding puts the guarantee in the tire—gives it the liveliness and road-resisting quality which insure you the long, continuously-uniform wear and service which you rightfully expect.

We are keeping up with the great demand for Goodrich Tires

Orders for Goodrich Tires to equip 175,000 of 1913's new cars came in before January 1st. These and other preliminary orders indicated to us what the demand would be and we prepared to handle it. Tell your dealer you want Goodrich Tires and you will get them.

There is nothing in Goodrich advertising that isn't in Goodrich Goods

Goodrich dealers, Goodrich branches and Goodrich service stations are alertly ready to satisfy the wants of the tire user immediately. You can get any size or style in Goodrich Tires—but *only one kind and quality*. Write for our free folders telling you how to get the best service from any tire.



The B. F. Goodrich Co.
Everything That's Best in Rubber

Branches and Service Stations in all Principal Cities—Dealers everywhere

Factories: Akron, Ohio

Write for Goodrich Route Book, covering the auto route you select. These books are sent free on request.

THE
MONKS'
FAMOUS
CORDIAL

CHARTREUSE

—GREEN AND YELLOW—

HAS STOOD
THE TEST
OF AGES
AND IS STILL
THE FINEST
CORDIAL EXTANT

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés.
Batjer & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
Sole Agents for the United States.

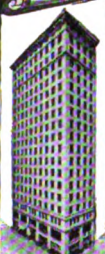


The Largest Piano Factory in the World

The Man and Behind the Scenes

A Personal Word From "The Man Behind the Scenes"

"We are building for the future. By concentrating every effort on the highest efficiency throughout our organization, by constantly studying the methods of piano-building and by using that knowledge, we give to the market the Steger & Sons Piano and the Steger Natural Player-Piano the greatest care in world. Years of experience and the finest materials the world can supply, realizing that future growth and progress depend upon the artistic worth and durability of every instrument sent forth from our factories." John V. Steger.



19 Story Steger Bldg.

Steger & Sons

Pianos and Natural Player-Pianos

When you buy a Steger & Sons Piano you pay for no commission or allowances or extras. You pay only the factory cost, plus a small profit, and you get an instrument of excellent qualities, which will provide the highest type of pleasure for your home-circle.

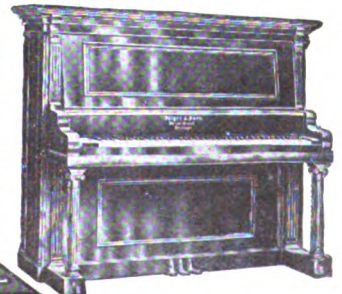
Steger & Sons Pianos easily take rank with the finest products of Europe and America. They are made in the great Steger piano-factories at Steger, Illinois, the town founded by Mr. J. V. Steger.

PLANS FOR PAYMENT THAT MAKE BUYING CONVENIENT

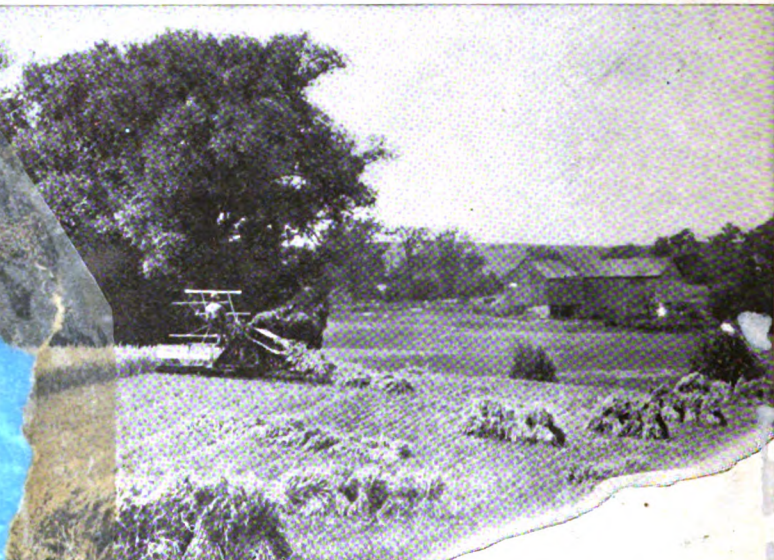
The Steger Idea Approval Plan. Send for our catalog and other interesting literature, which explain it. Sent free on request.

Steger & Sons

PIANO MANUFACTURING COMPANY,
Steger Building, Chicago, Illinois.



A Grain of Wheat



Wheat contains all the elements that are needed to nourish the human body and to sustain at all times all the mental and physical powers. It is man's staff of life for over four thousand years and is the most perfect food given to man.

When you eat a wheat food be sure you get all the wheat in a dinner. You need all the material in the wheat grain—the carbohydrates for heat and fat, the proteins for making muscle, the phosphates for brain and bone, the bran coat for keeping the bowels healthy and active. In making

SHREDDED WHEAT

we make all these elements digestible by steam-cooking, shredding and baking into crisp, golden brown biscuits, or "little loaves."

Shredded Wheat is not flavored, treated or compounded with anything. It is a natural, elemental food. You flavor it or season it to suit your own taste. Delicious for breakfast with milk or cream or for any meal in combination with berries or other fresh fruits.

All the Meat of the Golden Wheat

Made only by
THE SHREDDED WHEAT COMPANY, NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.

TIFFANY & Co.

HIGH STANDARDS
MODERATE PRICES

JEWELRY
PEARLS
DIAMONDS
SILVER

TIFFANY & CO'S MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT IS EVER AVAILABLE TO OUT-OF-TOWN CORRESPONDENTS

FIFTH AVENUE & 37TH STREET
NEW YORK



Shampoo with **CANTHROX**

and obtain that exquisite cleanliness which comes only from a perfect shampoo. Canthrox cleans the hair and scalp thoroughly, completely and satisfactorily. There is nothing like it for creating plenty of fine, rich lather that will remove every atom of dust, dandruff and excess oil—making a clean, healthy scalp from which beautiful hair will grow.

15 Delightful Shampoos, 50c

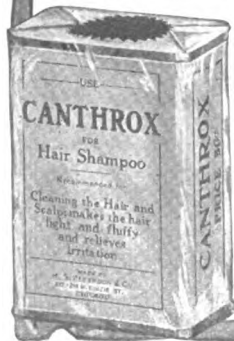
Just dissolve a teaspoonful of Canthrox in a cup of hot water and your shampoo is ready—a shampoo that is a natural tonic and cleanser, pure in its ingredients and constructive in its action. After a Canthrox shampoo the hair dries quickly and evenly, and will be ever so soft, fluffy and easy to do up.

Trial Offer: For your name, address and a 2-cent stamp, we will send sufficient Canthrox for a shampoo, so that you can try it at our expense.

H. S. PETERSON & CO., 458 Kinzie St., Chicago, Ill.

Canthrox Shampoos are given in first-class Hairdressing Parlors

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SUNSET

THE PACIFIC MONTHLY

WALTER V. WOHLKE
Contributing Editor

CHARLES K. FIELD
Editor

LILLIAN FERGUSON
Associate Editor

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PRINTED BY THE SUNSET PUBLISHING HOUSE

Truth in Advertising

Excerpts from the Advertising Creed adopted by three thousand of the most able advertising men in the United States at the seventh annual Convention of the Associated Advertising Clubs of America, held at Baltimore, June eighth to fourteenth.

WE believe in Truth, the corner stone of all honorable and successful business, and we pledge ourselves each to one and one to all to make this the foundation of our dealings, to the end that our mutual relations may become still more harmonious and efficient.

We believe in truth—not only in the printed word, but in every phase of business connected with the creation, publication, and dissemination of advertising.

We believe there should be no double standard of morality involving buyer and seller of advertising or advertising material. Governmental agencies insist on “full weight” packages and “full weight” circulation figures. They also should insist on “full weight” delivery in every commercial transaction involved in advertising. We believe that agents and advertisers should not issue copy containing manifestly exaggerated statements, slurs, or offensive matter of any kind, and that no such statements should be given publicity.

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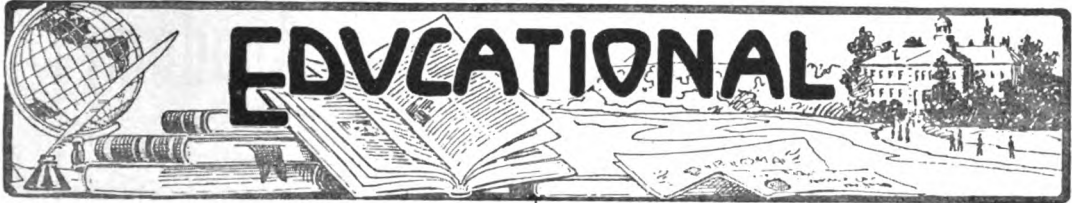
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"To illustrate: The city of San Francisco and King county, Washington, which are now selling 5% bonds, did a year ago sell their credit at 4½% and two years ago on about a 4% basis. The difference is largely due to money conditions and market sentiment. The investment banker, or bond dealer, made equally as much profit buying and distributing the bonds bearing 4% as he does on the one bearing 5%. Who is the loser? The municipality, which is now paying 1% more for money than two years ago, because of agitation and a discrediting of every kind of corporate endeavor until the person who today controls capital is timid, and the rate of interest is increased accordingly. Otherwise, there is no market—the investor will not buy. I repeat, the investment bankers do not make the market—they broaden the market from year to year, either by offering their securities in new territory or more fully developing the old territory, and what they do is to trade "one the market" that the investors themselves create.

"As investment bankers we realize what most statesmen do not—that the freest opportunity to trade is the natural and most healthy condition—that there is the most logical connection between the growth of our great modern business undertakings and the large financial institutions of our country in the money centers, and that the situation which confronts us today has no precedent in the years gone by. We should all recognize that with the march of progress our banks, trust companies and individual financiers have become heavy investors, not alone at home or in one state, but in many different states, and that if economic service is to be rendered by capital to the newer and sparsely settled states, wise and uniform legislation will prove to be the easiest and best for all concerned. Finally, let me say that while the atmosphere is today charged with contention, bickering and acrimony over questions of tariff, banking, currency and investments, we hope and believe that out of it all constructive legislation must follow and that the Bankers' Investment Association of America, though young, will, as an association, attempt to study, through its committees, the various questions with a view of bending their best efforts to their honest and helpful solution."



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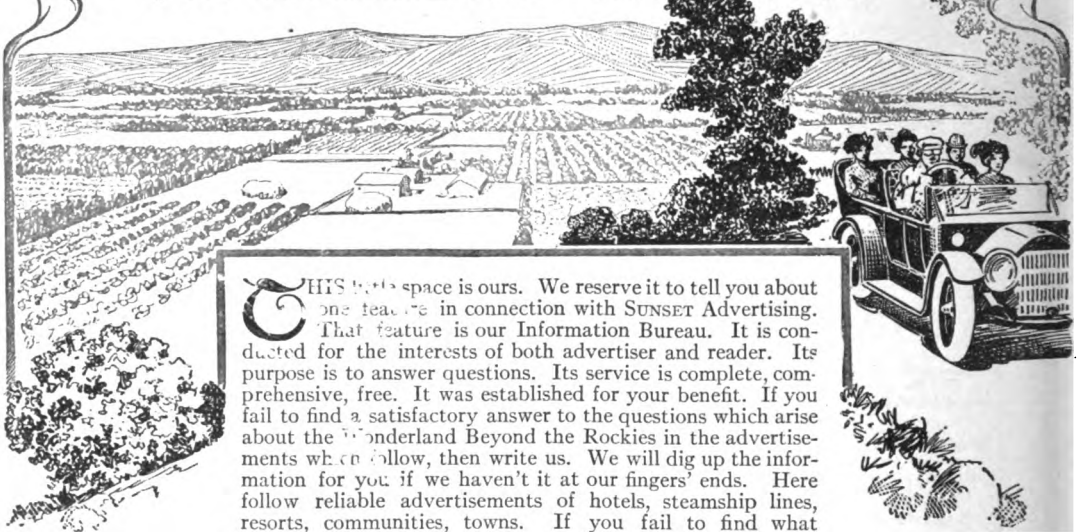
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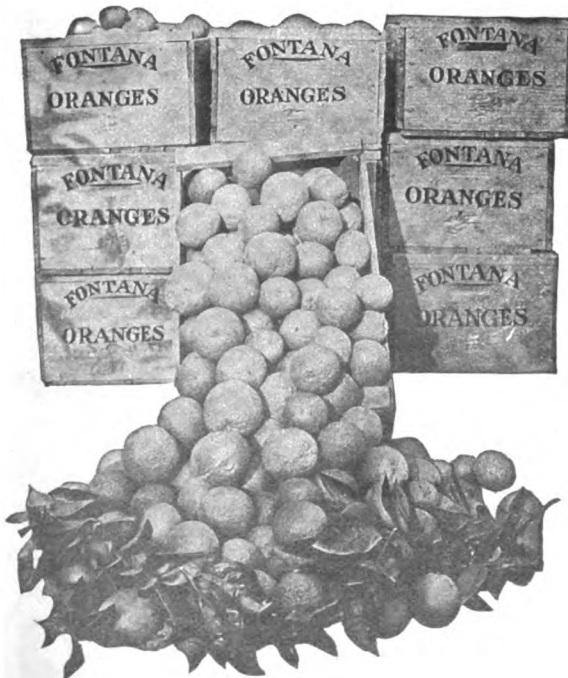
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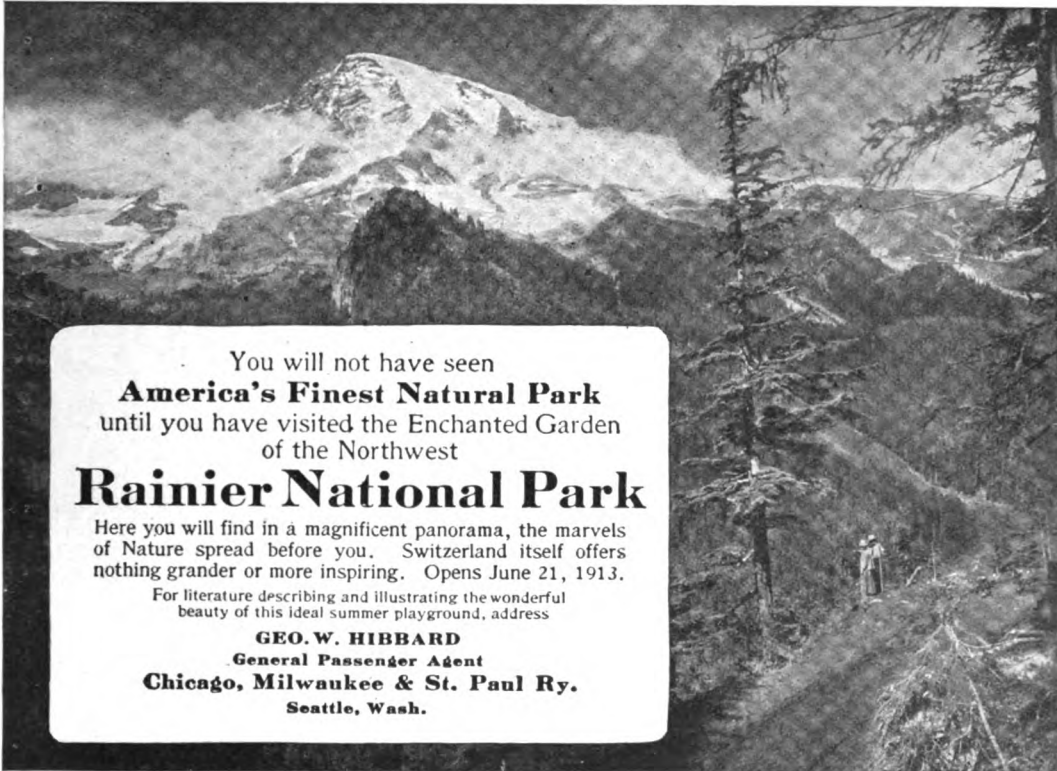
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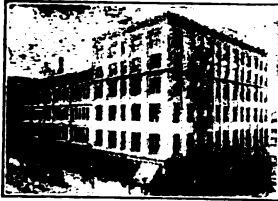
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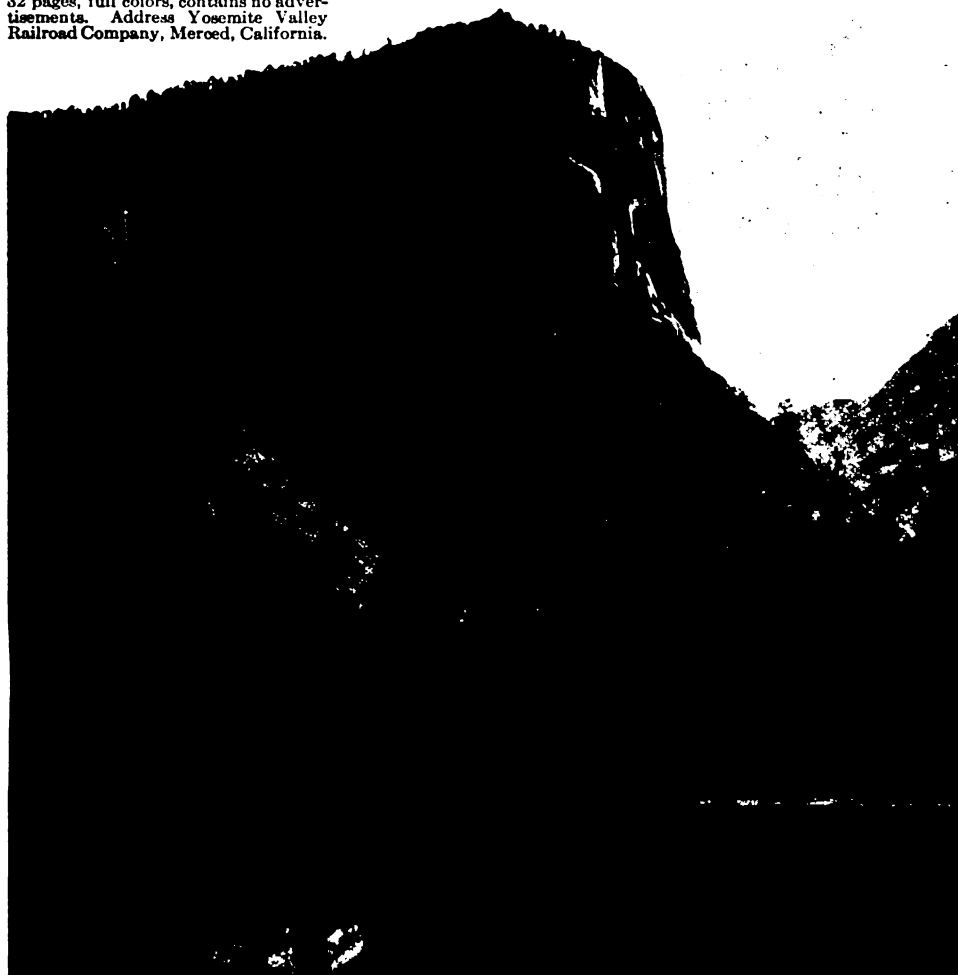
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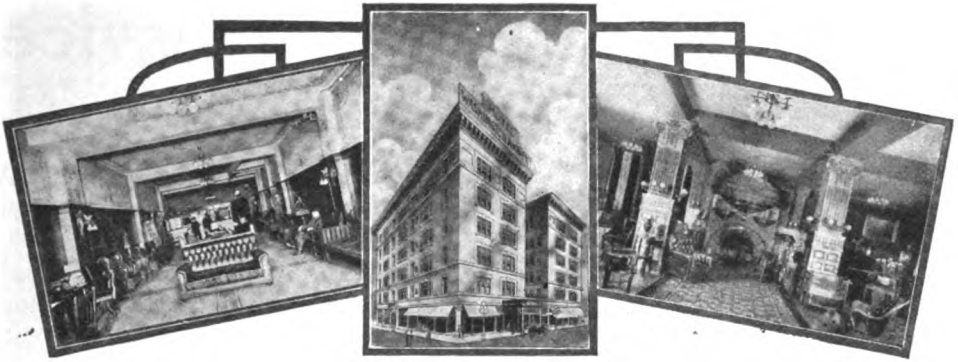
In the center of things—theatres and stores on both sides. Building absolutely fire-proof—concrete, steel and marble.

European Plan
Rooms
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With Bath \$2.00 Per Day Up.

A Large Number of Shower Baths Equipped at Suggestion of Naval Officers.



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Hotel Washington Annex

S E A T T L E

A select hotel with every modern appointment. Absolutely fire-proof. Conveniently located. The Washington Annex has an enviable reputation for attentive service. Commodious suites for families and parties at reasonable rates.

J. H. DAVIS,
Proprietor

SOL DUC HOT SPRINGS HOTEL



A Perpetual Health Fountain

Fahrenheit, possesses magical curative powers in restoring the human system to a normal condition. The hotel, modern in every respect, affords first class accommodations for 500 guests. Sanatorium in connection with capacity for 100 patients.

Mountain climbing, visiting the great glaciers of Mount Olympus, hunting, trout fishing, etc., are among the attractions to pleasure seekers. Cottages, a dancing pavilion, orchestra, theatre, out-of-doors dining hall, etc., are also features of the institution.

*For full information and descriptive literature address
Manager, Sol Duc, Clallam County, Washington*

"In the Heart of the Olympics"

The Carlsbad of America

IN the midst of the grandest scenery in all America, at an elevation of 1760 feet above sea level in the Olympic Mountains, rests serenely this peerless health and pleasure resort.

The hot mineral water of Sol Duc Springs, 130 degrees



Ideal Surroundings for Out-door Sports

Extraordinary Free Service for SUNSET Readers

As Canadian Manager of SUNSET, I have just obtained important inside information of most potent value to all in any way interested in the development of British Columbia—its new railroads, new towns and cities, virgin timber and farm lands, its substantial investment opportunities, and its beckoning world of summer pleasure-places.

I have also just received the latest authentic descriptive literature, with photos, drawings, diagrams, and maps, giving the reader fresh and comprehending intimacy with all important actual facts.

All of this is free to readers of SUNSET who inclose 10c to pay postage. I will personally answer all questions definitely and correctly, but I cannot undertake to furnish this valuable service to correspondents who fail to inclose 10c for postage.

If you are interested, write at once—this special effort is for this month—August.

W. F. COLEMAN

730 ROGERS BLOCK Canadian Manager "SUNSET" VANCOUVER, B. C.
P. S. See Victoria and Vancouver Island this summer—It's a delightful vacation country.

RICHLANDS

Where?

In the sunny Okanagan Valley in central, southern British Columbia. A proven fruit district, which has won highest awards wherever exhibited, among which are the following: The Royal Horticultural Society's Gold Medal at London in 1904 and 1905. Thirteen firsts in 14 entries at the Spokane Apple Show in competition with fruit from all over America. It takes the world's best to win such awards.

Why?

Fruit growing on good land offers not only a pleasant and healthy mode of living but a most profitable one as well. A ten acre orchard under our development plan costs the purchaser \$4000 in easy payments. It will yield a net revenue from \$75 to \$200 per acre according to age. After five years of development \$7000 is a reasonable estimate of its market value. Such a remunerative investment must appeal to any shrewd business man. That's the WHY of Richlands.

How?

Raw land at Richlands is \$200 per acre, $\frac{1}{4}$ cash, balance over four years at 6%. For an additional \$200 per acre payable in the same manner, our experts will prepare, plant and care for the orchard for five years. In other words for a sum of \$200 per acre we bring the raw land to a point where it will yield the purchaser a living income.

Convincing information of this desirable proposition will reach you by return mail if you send the annexed coupon. May we serve you?

Kindly send me full information on Richlands
fruit orchards.

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

North American Securities, Limited

Capital Paid Up \$1,330,000

VANCOUVER, B. C., CANADA

For Careful Investors

FOR MORE than twenty-three years this Corporation, essentially a substantial old English mortgage company, has built up and maintained in Vancouver an unblemished reputation for uniformly successful business methods and constant reliability. In the actual realization of this fact through all these years its clients have profited, without exception. Consequently, the business of this Corporation has expanded to such proportions that its present offices are inadequate and a modern fireproof office building of ten stories is now nearing completion to supply the enlarged needs of the corporation.

We are now prepared to serve more clients, to give them the benefit of our knowledge and judgment in investing funds for them in non-speculative values, or in the Corporation's specialty of investing trust funds in first mortgages on improved high-class real estate yielding up to 8% annual interest.

Our special offering of Saanich Peninsula garden and home sites, included in our first announcement in the July number of *Sunset*, has brought an eager response, as these are well known to be the cheapest desirable first quality lands in this district. We have already sold \$20,000 worth of these choice blocks.

\$20,000 worth of Saanich home acreage sold since July announcement.

It will be remembered that this property consists of 350 acres of fine garden land, much of it cleared and cultivated, lying in the northern part of Saanich Peninsula, Vancouver Island, 18 miles north from Victoria. It has been subdivided into adequate home sites or blocks of from one acre to two acres each. This fertile and beautiful tract is situated a mile west from Deep Cove, terminus of the B. C. Electric Railway's Saanich Extension.

The electric railway began operating regularly on June 18, providing QUICK AND FREQUENT service to and from Victoria, and a new station has been built directly upon our home tract. One railway also serves this district, and the Canadian Northern Railway is now building a wharf at Union Bay, one mile from this tract.

We are now opening up all the roads throughout the property, as it is our policy not to sell any property that is not accessible. We recommend these properties as logical and highly desirable investment values, as it is of interest to the owners to induce occupancy rather than to profit by this sale.

THE PURPOSE of these announcements in *SUNSET* is to invite non-resident men who have idle funds for investment to place their money in trust with us, subject to their explicit direction and enlightened by our facilities for obtaining exact information, enabling us to give sound and expertly considered advice. This Corporation, with \$1,327,450 of subscribed capital, is systematically in touch with actual property values throughout British Columbia and is ready at any time to be of service in an advisory capacity to anyone considering the advisability of investing in any part of this rapidly developing Province. Write to us freely, explaining your wishes, the amount of your capital available for investment, the kind of investment that seems most promising to you, or any other particulars, resting assured that your communication will be considered in strict confidence and our advice will be thorough and reliable.

Write to us today for authentic information and responsible advice.

Yorkshire Guarantee & Securities Corporation

LIMITED

R. KERR HOULGATE, Manager

440 Seymour Street

Vancouver, Canada

Victoria's Climate is

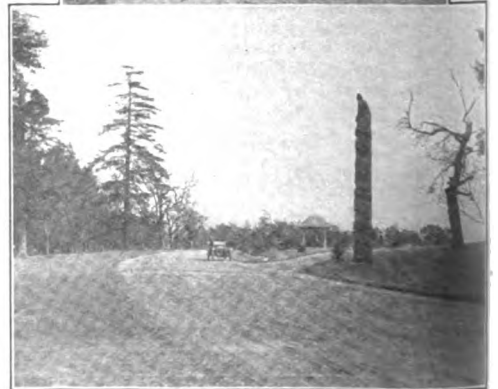
VICTORIA, the capital and financial center of British beautiful homes and its infinite and alluring scenic and delightful climate known to this continent. It cities of the Pacific Northwest, and the recorded highest temperature in winter and the lowest in summer, that Victoria enjoys both the ideal summer and the ideal in part by the absence of any high mountain ranges or direct influence of the Japanese ocean currents and by

CLIMATIC conditions quite materially account for the luxuriance of flowers and vegetation that provide a refreshing revelation for the loitering resident and visiting wayfarer. Here is a brief but comprehensive tabulation of official weather bureau records of Victoria for the last four years:

	1909	1910	1911	1912	Average
Average temperature	48.5	49.6	48.8	50.3	49.3
Rainfall—inches	27.31	35.36	22.55	29.53	28.6
Snowfall—inches	6.8	8.8	16.3	3.2	8.7
Bright sunshine—days	162	165	161	138	156

During the last ten years the average mean annual temperature was 49.83 degrees, and the average annual hours of bright sunshine was 1,863.9 hours, or 155 days. This proves that Victoria has annually from one to two month's more sunshine than the average of the important cities of the Pacific Northwest. This is a most important advantage not only in the realms of pleasure and outdoor recreation, but as well in the serious business and constructive activities, for there is rarely a day throughout the year when it is not practicable for men to work comfortably outdoors.

Even in midwinter the generous pleasant and inviting—as suggest last winter. Also, such typical of Van-



Canadian Photo Co., Vancouver, B. C.

Unrivaled in America

Columbia, noted for its fine examples of architecture, its attractions, is moreover endowed with the most equable has more sunshine and less rainfall than any of its sister isothermal lines of North America, which indicate the intersect at Victoria—an exact scientific demonstration winter temperature. This unique condition is explained peaks in the immediate vicinity, by the constant and geographical location.

and well-kept parks of Victoria are gested by these photos taken automobile highways are couver Island.



COMBINING these remarkable advantages of faultless climate with Victoria's now fully recognized position as Canada's chief western ocean port, with the present extensive Government and competing Railroad harbor and shipping expansion and with this year's unprecedented up-building progress, Victoria is in potent ways the dominant investment opportunity of the Canadian West.

Correspondence looking to adequate and authentic information is invited by the leading substantial investment establishments. Address, any of the following:

WESTERN LANDS, Limited
Corner Broad and View Streets

CLARKE REALTY COMPANY
721 Yates Street

TRACKSELL, DOUGLAS & CO.
722 Yates Street

J. E. SMART & CO., Limited
405 Pemberton Block

GERMAN-CANADIAN TRUST CO.
639 Fort Street

MONK, MONTIETH & CO., Ltd.
Government St., Cor. Broughton

HERBERT CUTHBERT & COMPANY
635 Fort Street

Western Dominion Land & Investment Co., Ltd.
Corner Fort and Broad Streets

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Victoria Carnival Week

August 4 to 9, 1913

A week of unusual pleasure
and amusement



For particulars write to the Honorary Secretary

RANDOLPH STUART
1021 Government Street

Victoria, British Columbia

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DRAWER 2880



Contented Herds in Clackamas County

Clackamas County OREGON

wants live, energetic, wide-awake settlers. Opportunities unlimited. Soil of proven fertility. Markets unsurpassed. Only few miles from Portland. Soil especially adapted to fruit raising, truck farming, and general farming. Write for booklet containing beautiful pictures of Clackamas County scenes.

Address

Secretary Commercial Club
Oregon City, Ore.

Pay 10% Down on
a Model Farm at

West Sacramento

and pay your installments out
of the profits of the soil

Thousands of prosperous farmers attribute their success to the fact that their land has been paid for out of the profits of the soil. After they made their first payment the land paid for itself. This is being repeated today at WEST SACRAMENTO. For intensive farming, as practiced here, has been proven the most certain, most satisfactory, most profitable method of tilling the soil. What 20 acres will produce in the ordinary way can be equalled on 10 acres under intensive cultivation. California has never known a soil better suited for intensive farming than WEST SACRAMENTO. Plant it to garden truck, fruit—anything nature produces. Your success is certain. Pay for your land out of the profits of the soil—it can easily be done—it is being done on this land today.

**Where there is a perpetual system
of natural sub-irrigation and
where crop failure is unknown**

Natural sub-irrigation, watering the richest river-bottom soil in the world, has brought forth a million-dollar bean crop, barley that is shoulder high, and a bumper fruit crop. This is positive proof that land at WEST SACRAMENTO will pay on the investment during the very first year.

Yet this farming district is but in its infancy. Prices are still at their lowest. The increased valuation which *must* come as the development work advances, an 80,000 Market within 15 minutes of your farm, a scientific service station, millions of dollars' worth of improvements, transportation by electricity, steam and water—all these advantages are YOURS IF YOU ACT NOW.

WEST SACRAMENTO CO.

Nicolaus Building, Sacramento, Cal.

San Francisco Office: West Sacramento Building, Pine and Kearny Sts.

FRED T. MOORE,
Manager
Land Sales
Department

WRITE YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS HERE. SEND IT TO US TODAY

FRED T. MOORE, Mgr. Land Sales Dept.,
West Sacramento Co.,

Nicolaus Bldg., Sacramento, Cal.

Dear Sir: Kindly mail me your booklet telling all
about your plan of model farms at West Sacramento.

Name

Address

P. O. Box S.-Aug.





How Many Men Today Walk Blindly Over A Fortune ?

Thousands of them every day. Thousands of them have in the past. There was a time when the horde of gold-seekers who came into California from the South passed over the land that is now Kern County, unmindful of the vast potential wealth beneath their feet. Passed over the lakes of oil that were later to pour fortunes into the laps of those who developed the wonderful oil fields of the county. Passed over the rich soil which later was to pour fortunes into the pockets of thrifty farmers who took advantage of the virgin soil, easily reached water and abundant sunshine to turn these elements into wealth-producing channels. Passed over the seemingly valueless foothills which have been found ideal for the citrus groves that now dot the hill-sides, where trees hang heavily laden with luscious golden oranges.

Men are passing over latent fortunes to-day. There are thousands of acres in Kern County awaiting development. We know and all others know who know Kern County that the wealth is here, that the soil and the water and the sunshine are here, that the one element lacking to make every foot of the productive soil yield its quota of wealth-producing food stuffs is the hand of man and the intelligent application of energy.

Kern County is offering success in all branches of agriculture. Land is still low in price and the homeseeker can get a start here easily and quickly. Kern County is a portion of the great San Joaquin Valley and the San Joaquin Valley from end to end will eventually be the garden spot of the continent.

Our advice to you is to come to Kern County. If you can't come now write to us and we will supply you with literature. We will answer your questions. We will tell you plainly and truthfully whether you can make good in Kern County. We want you if you will help us develop the county and make it as it should be, one of the greatest wealth-producing areas in the whole United States. It is fast approaching that record now. A few years hence other sections of the country will measure the value of their products by that of Kern County, California. For information address Board of Trade, Bakersfield.

KERN COUNTY CALIFORNIA



Alfalfa is cut six and seven times each season and averages a ton to the acre each cutting

The Finest Citrus Fruit Soil In The Golden West

If you're interested in citrus fruit growing read the following:

The James Mills Orchard Company, headed by men who for years have been the leading citrus fruit growers in Southern California, are now planting in the heart of the **Kuhn California Project, 10,000 acres** in oranges and lemons—the largest citrus fruit orchard in the world. These men are specialists in this business—they have unlimited capital at their command and have the world to choose from in selecting the best locality. After long and careful experiments they selected the

Kuhn California Project

"Where Frost Never Touches The Fruit"

as the field of their operations. On this tract all that goes to make an ideal citrus fruit locality is assured. And a plentiful supply of water is guaranteed.

**No Second Payment For 4 Years
10 Years To Pay For Land**

These liberal terms enable purchasers to start with very small capital. Model towns, schools, churches. Fine roads everywhere. **No Asiatics or Negroes Allowed To Purchase.**

Write now for full particulars.

Address Dept. 33

Kuhn Irrigated Land Co.
412 Market St. San Francisco

In the
VALLEY
of the
SAN JOAQUIN

JAMES RANCH

\$150.00 down
\$20.00 a month for 10 Acres FIELD
Irrigated Alfalfa Land

72,000 acres of level, fertile soil.
Watered by San Joaquin and Kings Rivers.
Fine, healthy climate. Unexcelled transportation—Two railroads—Four Stations on Property.
There is no crop that gives better quick cash income than does alfalfa. Combine this with *dairying*—then *independence* and *comfort* will be yours. It is *intensive Farming*.
Immense crops of alfalfa, barley, corn, grapes, berries and fruits of all kinds now being raised by 300 satisfied farmers.
Land values are low—\$135 to \$175 per acre—on the easiest of terms. **SANTA BARBARA**
Mail attached coupon and receive free booklet with photographic views showing actual conditions; also statement of what a man and wife can do on a 20-acre San Joaquin Valley farm. **VENTURA**
Do it now!
We think \$14,045 is a good income for 5 years' work. Don't you?
San Joaquin Valley Farm Lands Company
Suite 200 H. W. Hellman Bldg
Los Angeles, California

MR. IRVING E. DODDGE, Secy.
Please send me without expense to
trial folder descriptive of your valley.
Name _____ Street _____ City _____ State _____



It will help you--get it --read it
—It is brim full of live facts—

POULTRY LIFE

The magazine of the Pacific Coast

FIFTY CENTS A YEAR

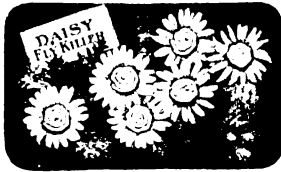
POULTRY LIFE PUBLISHING CO.
Spalding Building, Portland, Ore.

ALMONDS

Goodhoe Hills Almond Groves, near Portland, produce \$100 to \$100 net per acre. We will plant and care for a 10 acre grove for \$400 cash and easy terms, and will guarantee you an income of not less than \$1000 after the fourth year. Write for attractive illustrated booklet.

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placed anywhere, attracts and kills all flies. Neat, clean, ornamental, convenient, cheap. Lasts all season. Made of metal, can't spill or tip over; will not soil or injure anything. Guaranteed effective. Sold by dealers, or 6 sent by express prepaid for \$1.

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we can furnish you with all the help you may need.

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we can furnish you with the position you are looking for.

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Irrigation and Water Works**

For Use in Drilled or Open Wells

No pit, no noise, no bother. Least operating and maintenance expense. There is a reason.

The cam mechanism is balanced and has a constant and uniform application of power, which makes it run smoothly.

Built for use for any kind of driving power, including steam, gasoline, oil, electricity, windmill or line shaft.

Luitwelier Pumps have built a reputation for economy and durability.

Send for our valuable illustrated booklet, "Irrigation", just from the printer, free on request.

Established in Los Angeles 1877.

LUITWIELER PUMPING ENGINE COMPANY
107-713 North Main St. Los Angeles, Cal.



Advertisements are indexed on page 204



This pumping plant irrigates 160 acres

We are proprietors of extensive, developed ranch properties here—THE PORTLAND RANCH—WHICH ARE NOT FOR SALE. Actual statistics show over 2½ tons per acre from the first cutting of our full grown stand of Alfalfa, this season. Five sure cuttings a season with possibility of six.

Wishing to encourage others to build homes here and make money by investing in and developing Antelope Valley lands, we have listed with us choice properties in RAW, PARTIALLY AND FULLY DEVELOPED lands, 40 acres and up, at prices that can not be bettered.

ANTELOPE VALLEY, CALIFORNIA

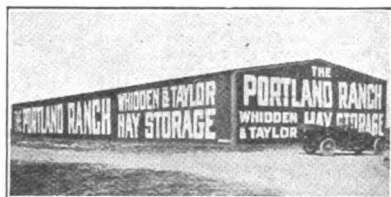
Alfalfa, hog, dairy, pear, apple, apricot and almond ranches are to be the principal income producers of this, THE COMING VALLEY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

Raw lands, in isolated cases, may be purchased for less but fine land, well located with good water conditions, is rapidly becoming scarce at \$35.00 to \$50.00 per acre. We offer a few special bargains, with pumping plant, etc., at prices less than the cost of the raw land and the improvements today.

WE KNOW THE COUNTRY, THE SOIL AND THE POSSIBILITIES OF THIS NEW COUNTRY, and in buying through us our Real Estate clients receive the benefit of our personal knowledge of all the facts. Write us today.

We invite personal inspection by appointment only.

Address WHIDDEN & TAYLOR
(Proprietors of the Portland Ranch)
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Our Hay Warehouse at Lancaster

ANTELOPE VALLEY

Three Hours from Los Angeles



Pears have brought \$2000 per acre

Antelope Valley is 70 miles long, 20 miles wide, 2,400 feet elevation, 65 miles north of Los Angeles. Antelope Valley has good soil, wonderful climate, plenty of pure water, splendid auto roads, virgin soil of great richness.

Antelope Valley offers investors a splendid opportunity to acquire close-in farm land at low prices, in touch with Los Angeles markets, on a main line transcontinental railroad.

Antelope Valley offers settlers and homeseekers excellent opportunity to obtain rich land at low prices.

200,000 Deciduous Fruit Trees were imported this season.

Ideal for dairy cattle and fine horses.

MR. IRVING E. DODD, Secretary Chamber of Commerce, Lancaster, California
Please send me without expense to myself, a folded folder describing your valley, Illinois
Name _____
Street _____
City _____
State _____

Now Wait a Minute—

Let's get right down to business.

You want to know where you can locate and make some money farming. You don't want to pay fancy prices for raw land. You want land that will produce, land that is rich, land that has water or where water can be obtained cheaply. You want to live in a country where climate is an asset. You want a ranch where there is a market for the products of your farm.

That sums up about what every settler is looking for, doesn't it?

Now, — we can show you where you can purchase rich, virgin soil, good irrigable land, anywhere from \$5 to \$20 per acre. That's low enough, isn't it? You couldn't find it much lower anywhere.

We can show you that water can be developed and supplied to this land for a cost not to exceed—land and all—\$30 per acre. That's reasonable enough, isn't it? Good land with water on it at \$30 per acre is an unusual bargain, isn't it? Take our word for it, you won't be able to find such land at such a price within another two or three years.

Climate? Ours is famous the country over. Pure dry air and sunshine, a long growing season, a lowering of farm expenses, a gain of health for the farmer.

Market? Vast mining districts which are entirely dependent upon the ranches in our valley for their supplies.

Where is all this?

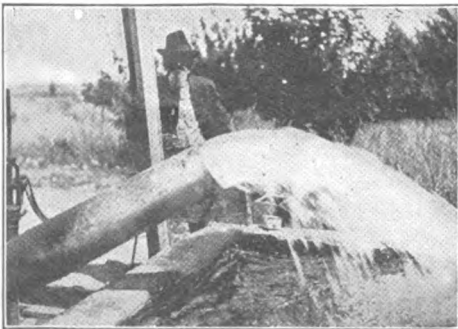
The MIMBRES VALLEY in which is located DEMING in the state of NEW MEXICO.

That is our story. We are not sellers of land. We are farmers and citizens who have confidence in our country and want to see others succeed where we have succeeded. Write for our booklet and ask us any questions you wish.

Address

Secretary Chamber of Commerce

**Deming, New Mexico
In the Mimbres Valley**



Antelope Valley the Milk Bottle of Los Angeles

There is no better investment than that offered by Antelope Valley land; its value is far in excess of the price now asked. First-class land with water in easy pumping distance can be purchased at prices ranging from

**\$20 to \$80
Per Acre**

Terms: ¼ Cash, Balance Yearly, Interest 6%

This is the last of the great valleys in California where rich land can be bought at such prices. Take advantage of this condition. This is your opportunity. Money put into Antelope Valley land will grow and grow fast.

Call or write for particulars

CENTINELA LAND COMPANY

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A 20,000 Acre Farm

of beautiful land in Northern California. Railway station on property. Ideal for subdivision or a high class investment as a ranch to farm as a whole.

10,000 level acres under irrigation

Rented now for \$24,000 per year

Investigate this at once.

PRICE, \$35.00 PER ACRE

For full particulars call on

JOHN F. SULLIVAN

LANDS AT WHOLESALE

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LOS ANGELES, CAL.

You can do things

in California and the Pacific Northwest

There are many opportunities for *you* in those sections.

I have made investigations of Land propositions:

Irrigated and Non-Irrigated—Good Land where many varied money-making crops can be raised.

There is no better country for dairying and stock-raising.

I have made investigations of Business Openings.

Many small towns need Stores (general and retail merchandise), Mills, Factories, Hotels, Physicians, Dentists, Etc. These towns are situated in the midst of good, well-settled, well-to-do agricultural communities from which you can draw trade.

I will send you *free* authentic information.

R. A. SMITH

Colonization and Industrial Agent

Union Pacific Railroad Co.

Room 111, Union Pacific Bldg.
Omaha, Nebr.



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In Beautiful San Diego— The Harbor of the Sun

THERE'S only one POINT LOMA and it's the choicest residential spot of all the land. Standing as the majestic guardian of San Diego and her grand harbor, overlooking views that are unsurpassed in all the world, Point Loma offers to mankind a home, and with that home an all-the-time climate that varies at noonday not more than ten degrees throughout the year.

The sunshine of sunny Southern California carries with it glorious warmth without discomfort, and at night your blanketed bed leads to dreamless slumber. About you the beautiful view of mountain, of ocean and of bay, with flowers and citrus fruits in endless profusion. For pleasure the finest of sunlit beaches with murmuring surf.

In this earthly paradise is to be found home, health and happiness. And yet it is not alone the haven of the rich. On Point Loma you may purchase fine building sites, 50x140, from \$850 up.

A postcard will bring our booklet.

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COOS BAY! COOS BAY! COOS BAY! OREGON

- one of the ideal vacation spots in the Northwest; miles of beautiful ocean beach; fishing, river and ocean; all kinds of game; perfect climate.
- the only safe deep-sea harbor between San Francisco and the Columbia River.
- second in rank in Oregon in dairy products.
- largest belt of standing timber tributary to any port in the world; estimated 110,000,000,000 feet; five lumber mills, one largest on the Pacific Coast.
- new modern pulp and paper mill.
- a wonderful berry region. All small fruits thrive.
- cities around Coos Bay are modern in all respects: buildings, electrical supply, gas and water systems.
- tributary country ideal for dairying, stock raising, fruit and gardening.

Send for illustrated literature. Tells all about this wonderful country.

MARSHFIELD CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, - - MARSHFIELD, OREGON
NORTH BEND COMMERCIAL CLUB, - - - NORTH BEND, OREGON



Live Stock in Oregon

Says Dr. James Withycombe, Director of the United States Experiment Station, Oregon Agricultural College:

"The agriculture of Oregon is characterized by its high class farm live stock. Conditions are phenomenally favorable for the production of superior specimens of all classes of domestic animals. The horses of the State are noted for their individual excellence. Some of the finest types of draft horses are produced here. In fact, draft horses grown in the Willamette Valley have outclassed in the show ring some of the best horses brought from England, Scotland, Belgium and France. Cattle, sheep and hogs also find a most hospitable home in this State. Hogs of the very best quality are produced."

In 1912 the value of live stock in Oregon was as follows: Cattle \$19,790,000; dairy cows \$3,646,850; horses \$36,882,625; mules \$1,192,500; sheep \$9,237,847; goats \$1,016,400; swine \$4,879,720.

This is but one source of wealth in the great state of Oregon.

The Ladd & Tilton Bank will assist you in obtaining other reliable data concerning the State. It is not the aim of this bank to advise as to investment nor to make of itself a Bureau of Information but we will, however, see that your inquiries in regard to the State are placed in the hands of reliable commercial organizations.

The Ladd & Tilton Bank is one of Portland's oldest and most conservative banking institutions. Capital \$1,000,000; surplus and profits \$1,000,000. Commercial and savings accounts taken.

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For Information Address

The Ladd & Tilton Bank

Department A.

PORTLAND, OREGON



Harvest Time in Coachella Valley

DO BETTER

than your brother who lives in a less favored clime by making good money from early fruits and vegetables while your date grove matures, at which time you have a

Fortune Assured

Garden spots like Coachella Valley now furnish the balance of the world with out-of-season products—New York, Boston and Chicago's Christmas vegetables and May cantaloupes and tomatoes come from our valley. Our farmers get the biggest prices on this account.

Coachella Valley

has pure water, wonderfully rich soil and a climate that favors the vegetable and animal kingdoms without parallel on earth.

United States Experimental Stations show how dates pay

Unimproved land may be purchased from \$75 to \$100 per acre. Improved comes a little higher.

We can not go into detail here. Write today for illustrated folder.

**J. C. Risley, Secretary Board of Trade
Thermal, California**

TILLAMOOK COUNTY, OREGON

The most noted cheese-producing district of the Pacific Coast.

Destined to become one of the most popular summer resorts of the West.

Certain in the near future to be among the greatest lumber manufacturing counties of the Pacific Northwest.

Has fisheries that will always be a source of vast wealth.

Tillamook county is already famous as a dairying section and there are few sections, if any, where the individual farmer obtains larger or more sure profits. Only a beginning has been made. It is certain that the industry can be quadrupled. Tillamook county needs and offers advantages to at least four times as many dairymen as the county now has. The reputation of Tillamook cheese in the markets of the Northwest is firmly established. In 1912 a total of 4,916,250 pounds of Tillamook cheese was manufactured and sold, returning a revenue of \$650,000 to the farmers.

Tillamook county is the Mecca for thousands of summer vacationists. The whole coast line is one long summer resort. Beautiful and inspiring scenery, delightful camping spots, rare sport with rod and gun, surf bathing, boating and mountain climbing make this the ideal outing spot.

NOW IS THE TIME FOR THE SETTLER TO COME TO THIS COUNTY.

For further information and illustrated literature backed by the County Court, write to

**TILLAMOOK COUNTY COURT,
TILLAMOOK, OREGON**



33,000,000,000 Feet of Timber Like This in Tillamook County

A \$1,000,000 APPLE CROP

That is enough apples to supply the fruit-stands of the nation for many months. It is enough apples to make pies for the whole of the United States. It is enough apples to require several trains to transport them from the valley where they grow, to the markets of the world.

The Pajaro Valley is the largest individual apple-producing section of the world.

The Monterey County portion of the valley has a gross income from apples alone approximating \$800,000 per year. These apples grow under perfect conditions. But little spraying is done, the region is practically free from codling moth and little subject to other pests.

Success with apple culture is not confined to the Pajaro Valley. The Carmel Valley produces vast quantities of apples. The Prunedale section and the southern portion of the county are also apple producing sections. Growers sell their crops on the tree early in the season "on the blossom." One grower has his crop sold for four years at \$5,000 a year, the buyer doing all work except cultivating. Such contracts are common.



Monterey County is a million dollar county. It produces a million dollars worth of apples, a million dollars worth of potatoes, a million dollars worth of barley, a million dollars worth of sugar beets and a million dollars worth of livestock every year. Monterey County is the most famous resort section of California. Within it are some of California's most noted hotels, some of the most historic points of interest, some of the most famous of the old missions. Its rugged coast line is the vantage point of thousands of tourists and pleasure seekers. There is no end of things to see, of things to do, of points to visit.

The combination of ideal farming and ideal pleasure pursuits makes this an ideal section for the homeseeker and settler

Write for our booklet. It tells more about Monterey County, its resources and opportunities.

For further information and illustrated booklet address either of the undersigned organizations:

Monterey Chamber of Commerce, Monterey, California
Pacific Grove Board of Trade, Pacific Grove, California
Kings City Board of Trade, Kings City, California

Fort Romie Grange, Soledad, California
Greenfield Grange, Greenfield, California
Monterey County Chamber of Commerce, Salinas, California

MONTEREY COUNTY, CALIFORNIA



This is the La Grange Dam

It impounds the flood waters of the Tuolumne River. It furnishes water for 176,210 acres in the Turlock Irrigation district. It has turned waste land into rich farming land. It has turned mediocre grain fields into alfalfa, melon, bean, corn, sweet potato fields; orchards, vineyards or dairy farms.

The value of the 1912 crops in the Turlock Irrigation district totaled \$9,000,000.

In 1905 the only bank in the Turlock Irrigation district held subject to check \$42,000. In September, 1912, the five banks of the district held individual accounts subject to check and in savings accounts amounting to \$1,342,379.95.

The Modesto-Turlock irrigation district is the oldest and largest co-operative irrigation system in California. The source of water supply is the La Grange Dam, pictured above. The total mean annual flow of the Tuolumne at La Grange for the last six years has amounted to over 2,000,000 acre feet, or sufficient to give the maximum amount of irrigation necessary to cover 473,333 acres.

Fortunes have been made in the Turlock Irrigation district since the water was turned on; fortunes are being made to-day, fortunes will be made to-morrow.

We know of no other section equal in opportunity to the Turlock district.

We believe that the opportunity for money making in fruit, vegetables, and dairying are greater in the Turlock Irrigation district than elsewhere.

You should see our district. You should know more about it. We shall be glad to send you our booklet. It tells you a great many things of interest about the Turlock Irrigation district. We will send it free for the asking.

Address Secretary the Board of Trade,

Turlock, California



**Bitter Root
Valley** offers
you

**Health, Freedom
and Fortune!**

YOU want a Fortune! Every normal individual wants one—if the fortune can be had honestly and without sacrificing the other factors that make life worth while. Real fortune, to every right thinking man or woman, isn't measured solely in dollars. A generous competence, combined with health, independence and ideal environment in which to live and be happy, make up the sum total.

Five Thousand Dollars a Year

net income from ten acres of matured apple and cherry orchard in the frostless and wormless Bitter Root Valley with a home and six months vacation annually in one of the most magnificently endowed natural environments on the Creator's footstool, with golf links, hunting, fishing and mountain climbing and with neighbors of culture, education and refinement—is the opportunity we offer you.

We believe you will investigate this opportunity because this appeal for investigation is directed to broad-minded and sensible readers, living in an age of scientific progress which has made the impossible of yesterday the reality of today. This is not an offer of something for nothing. It is an opportunity for you to make an immensely profitable compact based on mankind's partnership with nature. We are now growing more than three thousand acres of fruit trees, one to three years old, for satisfied customers who would not consider selling their orchards at a large advance over their cost.

\$5,000 Yearly For Life From Ten Acres

A Bitter Root Valley apple orchard bears commercially in its fifth year. Ten acres, fully developed, should be capable of returning you during early maturity, strictly net, a profit of \$2,000 to \$5,000 yearly. Beginning with the 10th year from planting, judged by experience of others, 10 acres should net you an income of \$5,000 yearly and employ only half your time.

If you have a fair-sized income now and are willing to improve your condition, you do not need much capital to possess one of these big-paying orchards.

Our Proposition and Plan

briefly stated is this: We will sell you a CHOICE 10-ACRE PLANTED and GROWING ORCHARD, best standard varieties apples and cherries—with the Company's definite written contract to care for and develop your orchard under expert horticultural supervision for five full growing seasons from date of planting, including all land taxes and irrigation charges. You may, if desired, assume personal charge of your orchard at any time and secure a refund.

The land should easily become worth, conservatively stated, in fair comparison with other improved land, \$1,000 an acre. There is a clean profit to you of 100 per cent on a 5-year investment to count on at the outset. Only a \$300 cash payment required now to secure your orchard tract—balance in easy payments divided over a ten year period. Your payments for the first few years are practically ALL the cash outlay you will have, as your orchard tract should meet all payments falling due while in commercial bearing period and yield you a handsome profit besides. Our reservation plan provides for inspection of the land by you, and your money back if dissatisfied.

— INVESTIGATE by using this coupon TODAY —

BITTER ROOT VALLEY IRRIGATION CO.

644-651 First National Bank Building, Chicago, U. S. A.

Robert E. Lemon, General Sales Manager:

Please send me full information concerning your Bitter Root Orchard Tracts in Bitter Root Valley.

Write your name and complete address plainly on the margin below

THE LAND OWNS THE WATER

That is but one of the distinctive features of Stanislaus County. The land owns the water, a big point for the irrigationist who wants to be sure that his water right is perpetual.

Stanislaus County contains 300,000 acres of irrigated land and the land owns the water under the Wright Irrigation Law.

The land owners control it.

They elect trustees who serve much as do school trustees.

Water has turned Stanislaus County into a garden and an orchard and a dairy ranch.

Stanislaus County made a bigger population increase in the decade 1900-1910 than any other farming county in California. Land values in Stanislaus County increased 7.5% in a single year. In 1912 Stanislaus yielded one-half of the total production of alfalfa in California. In 1911 Stanislaus County was credited with one-sixth of the total yield of butter-fat in the irrigated districts of this State. More than \$3,000 worth of butter was shipped from Modesto every day in the year 1912. More than 1900 cars of products were shipped in 1912 from Turlock, a city of 3,000 that grew from a village of 150 in ten years.



A Field of Sweet Potatoes in the Modesto-Turlock Irrigation District

Included in the irrigation districts of the county are the Modesto-Turlock and Oakdale districts, both organized under the Wright and Bridgeford Acts; the Miller & Lux System, owned by a corporation, and the Patterson Irrigation System, a unique pumping project having its intake in the San Joaquin River. The water supply comes from the snow-capped Sierras. The Stanislaus River borders the county on the north, the Tuolumne River cuts through its center east to west and the Merced River forms its southern boundary. The San Joaquin River, the largest in the great San Joaquin Valley, cuts straight through the county from south to north.

Stanislaus is a big county. The increase in number of property-owners in eleven years was 1104%, but there is room for many other settlers. We want to get into communication with you. We want you to know about our county, about its resources and its opportunities. Send for our booklet and further information, if you are really interested in locating in a new section where opportunities really exist. We know that Stanislaus County will meet your every desire.

Address your letters to the

SECRETARY STANISLAUS COUNTY BOARD OF TRADE, MODESTO,

Sunny Stanislaus COUNTY, CALIFORNIA



TYPICAL ARTESIAN WELL IN MADERA COUNTY

Madera County California

The Center of the
San Joaquin Valley

The Heart of California

The Home of Alfalfa

Health in the Climate
Wealth in the Soil
Water in Abundance

400,000 Acres for the Homeseeker to pick from
The Best Lands at the Lowest
California Prices

Opportunities for everyone in

Alfalfa, Dairying, Peaches
Apricots, Raisins, Grapes, Olives
Figs, Almonds and Many
Other Crops

Buy your ticket to Madera. You will want to stay.

Nobody moves away

For Descriptive Booklet write to

**Madera County
Chamber of Commerce
Madera, California**

Homes that pay for themselves

California is the paradise of the small farmer.
We build your farm to order.
Plant your trees, vines or crops.
Build your house when you are ready for it.
Why not start your

California home today

Only a few dollars required.
Or buy our stock as a good investment—always
exchangeable for land.

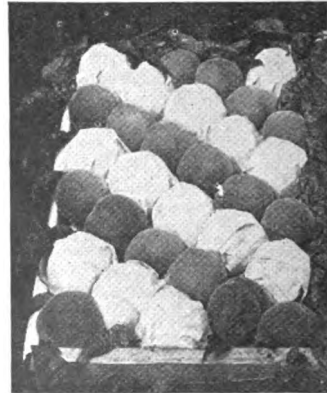
Write for our plan today.

California Farm and Home Builders

909 Van Nuys Building
Los Angeles, California
(Dept. C)

Ashland Peaches

Known the World Over for Their Excellence



Fruit raising is the chief industry here but diversified interests include mining, lumbering, ranching, poultry raising. Ashland apples have won prizes at Spokane and Chicago apple shows. Ashland is the acknowledged climatic capital of Southern Oregon, a railway divisional point, gateway between Oregon and California. Population 6,500. Modern improvements. Fine schools. Mineral springs. Beautiful city park. Health, happiness, contentment. Send today for our booklet:

Secretary Commercial Club, Ashland, Oregon



A FOOTHILL OLIVE ORCHARD IN SHASTA COUNTY

One Way to Make Money

Grow Olives, a Pleasant, Profitable Pursuit

Olives were introduced in California by the Franciscan fathers before the American Revolution. The food value of the olive and of the wholesome oil made from it was not realized fully until within recent years. The olive thrives on gravelly land. Low-priced cheap land planted to olives can be made to return the profit of a citrus grove of equal size. Trees begin to bear in the fourth or fifth year and are still young when a hundred years old. Olives yield net from \$75.00 to \$150.00 an acre. The cost of cultivating and pruning is about \$25.00 per acre. Packers buy the crop on the tree.

Shasta County, California, is destined to become the greatest olive producing section of the United States.

The Monta Vista Olive Ranch, 120 acres, in the Happy Valley section, demonstrates the adaptability of soil and climate to olive culture. The trees are twenty years old and the fruit ripens about two weeks earlier than in the groves further down the Sacramento Valley.

The area available in Shasta County particularly suitable to olive culture is very large. Many thousands of acres of lower bench land and the low lying foothills where good air drainage exists are adaptable to the industry.

Unimproved land of this character can be purchased at from \$10.00 to \$30.00 per acre. Proven olive land in the Happy Valley district, cleared and under ditch, can be purchased at from \$100.00 to \$125.00 per acre.

Cheap water, cheap and suitable land and favorable climatic conditions are offered by Shasta County to the olive grower.

We have just issued a beautiful new booklet chock full of information. If you are a homeseeker, settler, health-seeker or manufacturer, you should have this booklet. Write for it. Address:

Redding Chamber of Commerce..... Redding
Anderson Chamber of Commerce..... Anderson
or Clerk of the Board of Supervisors..... Redding

Shasta County

CALIFORNIA

Pour Money from a Can

That is the way many farmers are marketing their alfalfa crops. They are pouring a rich golden stream of pure cream into the dairies and returning to their homes with fat checks to add to their bank accounts. California cream is the essence of nutritious alfalfa and golden sunshine. That's why it is so rich in butter fat. That's why it is in such demand. That's why the market is never satisfied.

Alfalfa makes money for hundreds of farmers in the Lodi country. Here alfalfa attains a vigorous growth and is harvested as hay or fed to dairy cattle and hogs. The Lodi section is the most intensively cultivated section of the San Joaquin Valley. Besides alfalfa this section produces wine and table grapes, peaches, cherries, pears, prunes, nectarines, figs, almonds, olives.

Write for our booklet. Your opportunity may be here. We would like to communicate with you and tell you all about the Lodi country. For specific literature, address Secretary Merchants' Association,

Lodi, California, For Dairying



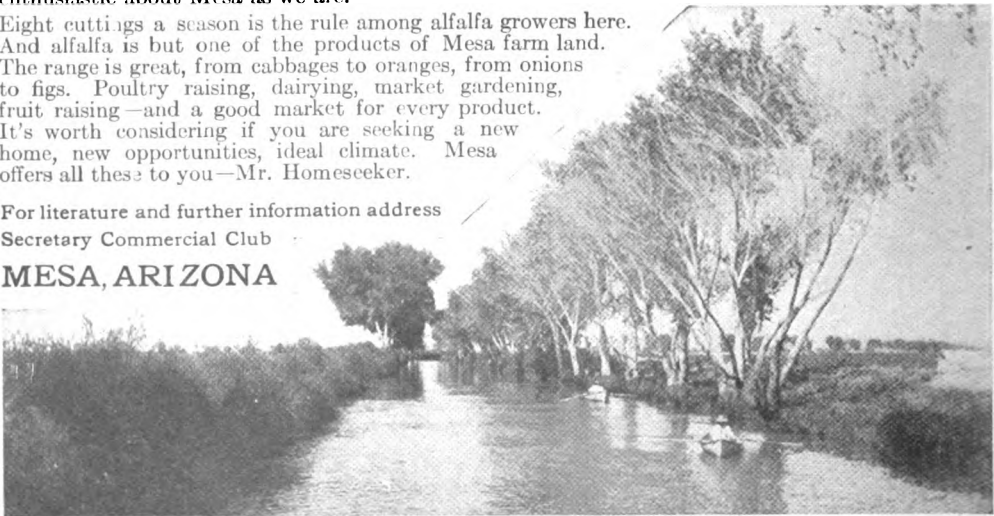
SURE, there is plenty of water for ranchers about Mesa!

And ever since water began to flow out over the virgin soil the crop returns have been increasing. If you could but see the green fields of alfalfa, ready for cutting right now, you would become as enthusiastic about Mesa as we are.

Eight cuttings a season is the rule among alfalfa growers here. And alfalfa is but one of the products of Mesa farm land. The range is great, from cabbages to oranges, from onions to figs. Poultry raising, dairying, market gardening, fruit raising—and a good market for every product. It's worth considering if you are seeking a new home, new opportunities, ideal climate. Mesa offers all these to you—Mr. Homeseeker.

For literature and further information address
Secretary Commercial Club

MESA, ARIZONA





Study this Picture Carefully

In it you see three steamers tied at a wharf. In the distance are two manufactories. If you could step across the street from this wharf you would enter one of California's finest tourist hotels. If you would go one block down the street you would find the court house of one of California's richest and most diversified counties.

THIS IS A WATER-WAY INTO THE VERY HEART OF THE MARKET-PLACE OF A WONDERFUL COUNTY. It is to this water-way and the 400 miles of navigable water-ways in the county that San Joaquin owes much of her development, importance and wealth. This water-way centers not only into the market-place but into the very heart of the county. Besides this means of transportation, which is a great factor in equalizing transportation rates, there are four trans-continental railroads centering into this same market-place.

There is not a section of San Joaquin County that is without rail or water transportation.

There is not a section of the county that is not reached by paved highways. There are 270 miles of macadamized and asphalt public highways within the county.

Is it necessary for us to tell you that San Joaquin is a wonderfully rich and diversified agricultural section? Is it necessary for us to tell you that every acre of the land within this county will soon become intensively cultivated?

There is still room for energetic settlers. There is no more free land in the county. There is but little land that is low priced, but there are opportunities that are equaled by no other sec-

tion in the San Joaquin Valley, the State of California or in the United States.

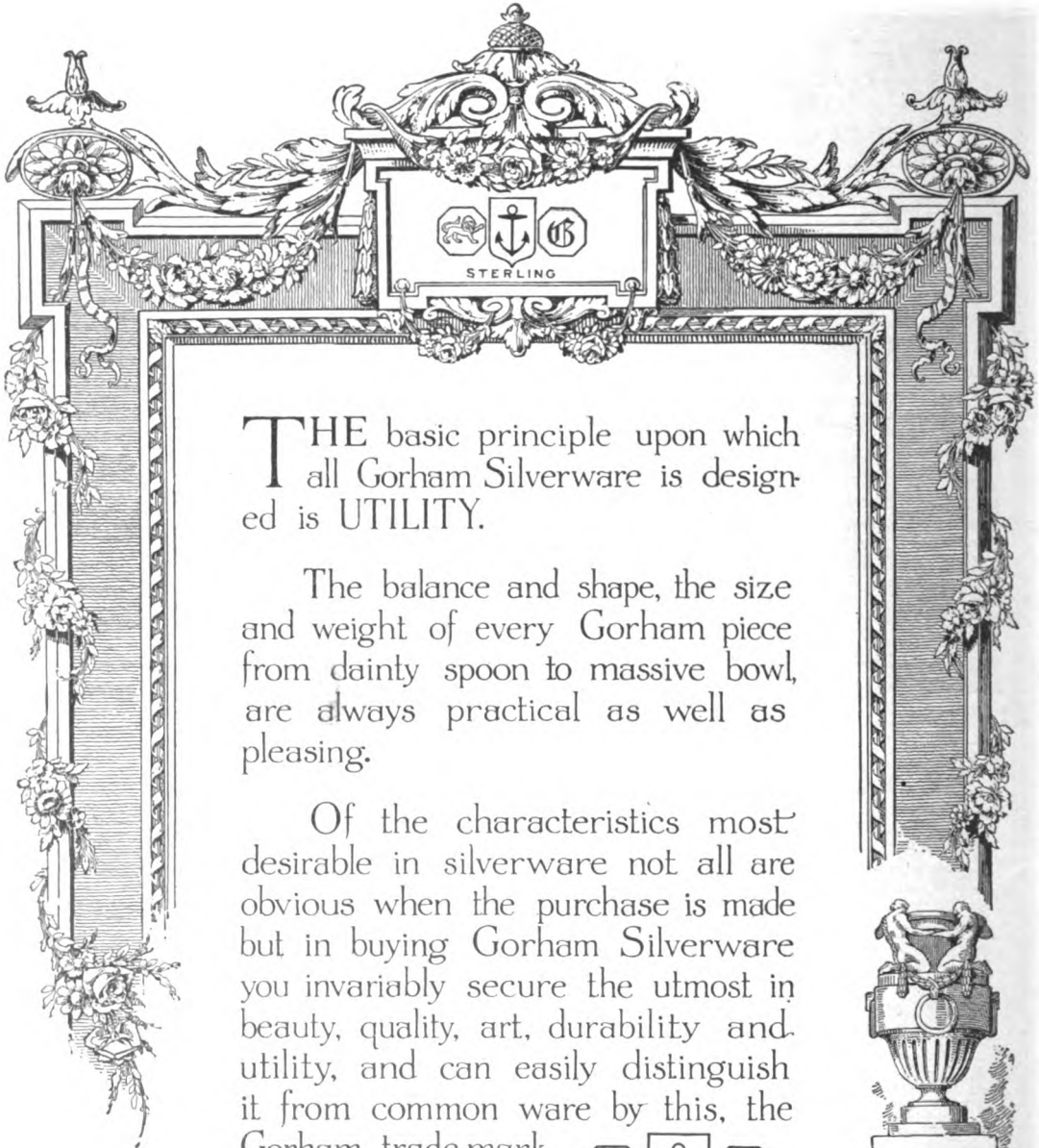
Some of the richest land to be found anywhere in the world lies in the San Joaquin County. One of these days this land will be worth more per acre than a city lot is to-day. It will not be a fictitious value but a value based on productiveness. We know of no section that will reward thrift and energy like San Joaquin County soil.

For further information and illustrated literature address either of the undersigned commercial organizations:

Secretary, Chamber of Commerce Stockton
Secretary, Lodi Merchants Association Lodi
Secretary, Manteca Board of Trade Manteca

Secretary, Ripon Board of Trade Ripon
Secretary, Tracy Board of Trade Tracy
Or Board of Supervisors Stockton

San Joaquin County, California



THE basic principle upon which all Gorham Silverware is designed is UTILITY.

The balance and shape, the size and weight of every Gorham piece from dainty spoon to massive bowl, are always practical as well as pleasing.

Of the characteristics most desirable in silverware not all are obvious when the purchase is made but in buying Gorham Silverware you invariably secure the utmost in beauty, quality, art, durability and utility, and can easily distinguish it from common ware by this, the Gorham trade-mark.

For sale everywhere by leading jewelers.



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THE GORHAM CO.

SILVERSMITHS

NEW YORK

GORHAM SILVER POLISH - THE BEST FOR CLEANING SILVER

VOLUME 31 AUGUST, 1913 NUMBER 2

SUNSET

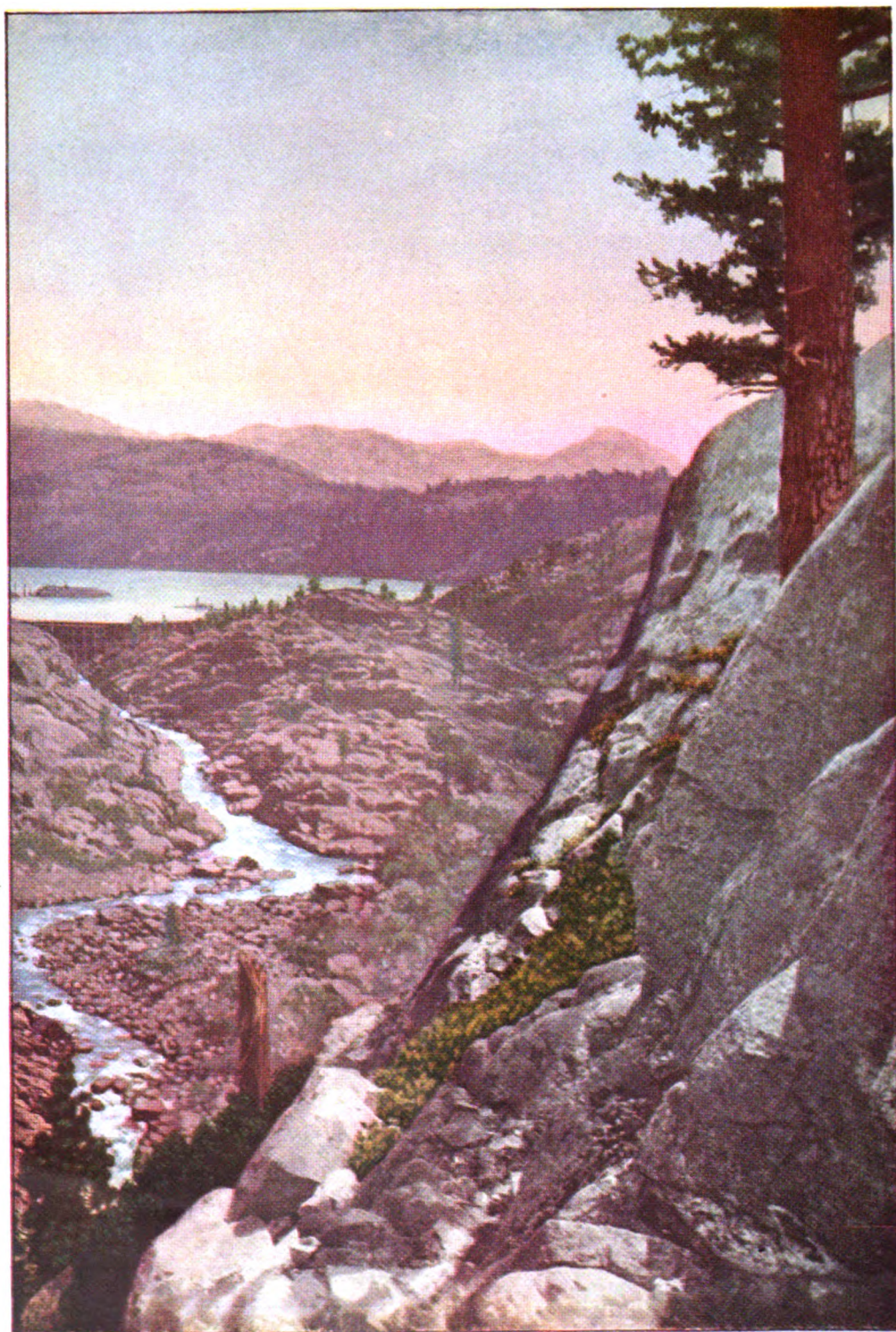
THE PACIFIC MONTHLY

The creator of Billy Fortune lives on a farm in Arkansas. You may remember his "Story of an Arkansas Farm" in the Saturday Evening Post, some time ago. Not a Billy Fortune story, but every whit as interesting, and flavored with the quaint humorous philosophy which has made Billy a welcome guest at countless reading tables throughout the country. William R. Lighton is the gentleman-farmer-writer and he has slipped away from his Happy Hollow Farm for awhile and has come West, for SUNSET, to write the story of an Oregon valley. Now we see ourselves as another sees us, and a rose-colored view it is! Mr. Lighton knows a man's country when he sees it and he gives a farmer's opinion of the Willamette valley in the words of a literary lover of the beautiful. There are pictures in color to prove both points of view.

Rufus Steele had occasion to ride in the day coach of a local railway train the other day. He was familiar with the scenery along that particular stretch of track and so he paid special attention to the conductor of the train. He discovered that that unobtrusive ticket-taker was a friend to the aged, a protector of the unsophisticated, a health inspector and above all, an accomplished diplomat. Which moved Mr. Steele to seek out the Conductor-Maker, at the headquarters of the Railroad Company, and there he found a real "human interest story" for the September number.

Have you any idea what a "lie bill" is? For necessary data see George Pattullo's story of that name in the next number. It's a very Western story, and as new as its name. Then there is an extra good base-ball story, "An Eye-opener," by William Hamilton Osborne, not western but national, like the game. "The King of the Triple Horn" is a brief but powerfully written tale of the "morning of time" by Charles G. D. Roberts. Mr. Roberts, famous for his stories of animals, has gone back into the prehistoric and brought out some very terrible beasts to make things lively for some primitive heroes. This first story is, in effect, a prelude to the romance of Gròm and A-ya, two lovers at the dawn of the race. Their love story, the most powerful work that Mr. Roberts has yet achieved, will be told in five parts during following months. And now we come, in September, to "The End of the Game," the last instalment of Peter B. Kyne's western story, "The Long Chance." Here's where the big lump comes into the throat, for the worst happens to Mr. Hennage, good sport and true friend although; the worst man in San Pasqual. But to Bob and Donna fortune is exceedingly kind and they take leave of us at the last with their faces turned toward what we may easily believe is a life of "happiness ever after."

All material intended for the editorial pages of this magazine should be addressed to the Editors of Sunset, 460 Fourth St., San Francisco. All manuscripts, drawings and photographs are received with the understanding that the Editors are not responsible for the loss or injury of material while in their possession or in transit. Return postage must be inclosed. All the contributions and illustrations of this number are fully protected by copyright and must not be reprinted without special permission from SUNSET MAGAZINE.



THE SITE OF THE BIG JOB

Lake Spaulding, in the Sierra Nevada, lies near the trail over which came the emigrants and the gold-hungry horde and the builders of the Central Pacific. This year, a new generation is carrying on the work begun by the stout-hearted pioneers. This fall may see completed, in the gorge of the South Yuba, a dam which will exceed the height of the famous Pathfinder dam, heretofore the highest in the world. This dam will rise almost to the base of the tree in the foreground of this picture, creating a vast lake in which the present lake will be lost

LIVE WIRES

"The Electric Motor Can Do the World's Work More Efficiently Than Any Other Form of Power. The Time is Coming When the Degree of Civilization Will Be Measured by the Consumption of Kilowatt-Hours." This is the Story of the Men Who Are Making Life in the West Brighter, Broader, Easier by Carrying the Energy of the Snowflake Melting in the High Sierra to the Cities and Farms of the Wide Valleys

By WALTER V. WOHLKE

Author of: The Land of Before-and-After; The Club as an Industrial Weapon

AT last bed-rock was dry. The river was conquered. Twenty feet above its old bed it hugged the wall of the gorge in a flume. In the dry spot deserted by the brawling river five-score men worked feverishly. The pounding of the pneumatic drills boring into hard rock, the clatter of hoists and clanking of chains, the scrape of shovels and steel buckets filled with a never-ceasing din the narrow chasm in which the river had been squeezed high to one side in order to make room for the gigantic dam that was to rise three hundred feet above the granite base.

Except for a bank of black clouds peering over the Sierra's crest behind distant Signal Peak, all was well on the Big Job.

Duncanson, the superintendent, climbed out of the noisy gorge to join the Chief on a rocky point. The exultation of victory glowed in Duncanson's steel-blue eyes. He and his men had been racing against the coming of the first snow, with the odds in favor of the storm. A note of triumph was in the superintendent's matter-of-fact report.

"We'll be ready to pour concrete in the morning, Mr. Baum" he said. "Four of the big pot-holes are cleaned out. We'll have the entire foundation cleared in short order. If the snow holds off another ten days—"

Without a word the chief engineer swung around, pointed toward the Sierra's crest. Duncanson, stopping in the middle of the sentence, cast a glance at the ominous black bank rising over the roof of the continent. He understood. Turning abruptly on his

heel he slid down the perpendicular rocks to the bottom of the canyon, passed rapidly from group to group. And as he passed, the speed of the perspiring men increased. They, too, understood.

It was imperative that the foundation of the titanic dam be finished by fall, before winter with its twenty feet of snow swooped out of the sky. Unless the base of the structure with its concrete spillways was installed, the big floods of spring would fill the narrow canyon from wall to wall. No work would be possible until they subsided in July. It would take two years and a half instead of eighteen months to finish the installation. And a year's delay meant the loss of interest on the capital outlay, meant that the company would have to buy thirty thousand horse-power in the market for another year. In his mind's eye, the chief engineer saw the figure of a short wiry man with gold-rimmed spectacles in a city office nearly two hundred miles away, the man who had signed the executive order which had set the Big Job in motion. Millions were at stake in this race with the snows of the Sierra. It was November. Often the first great storms came in October. They had held off miraculously. Bed-rock at last was dry, the river safely tucked into the flume, out of the way. Tomorrow the first concrete would be poured if

The Chief peered again at the cloud-bank.

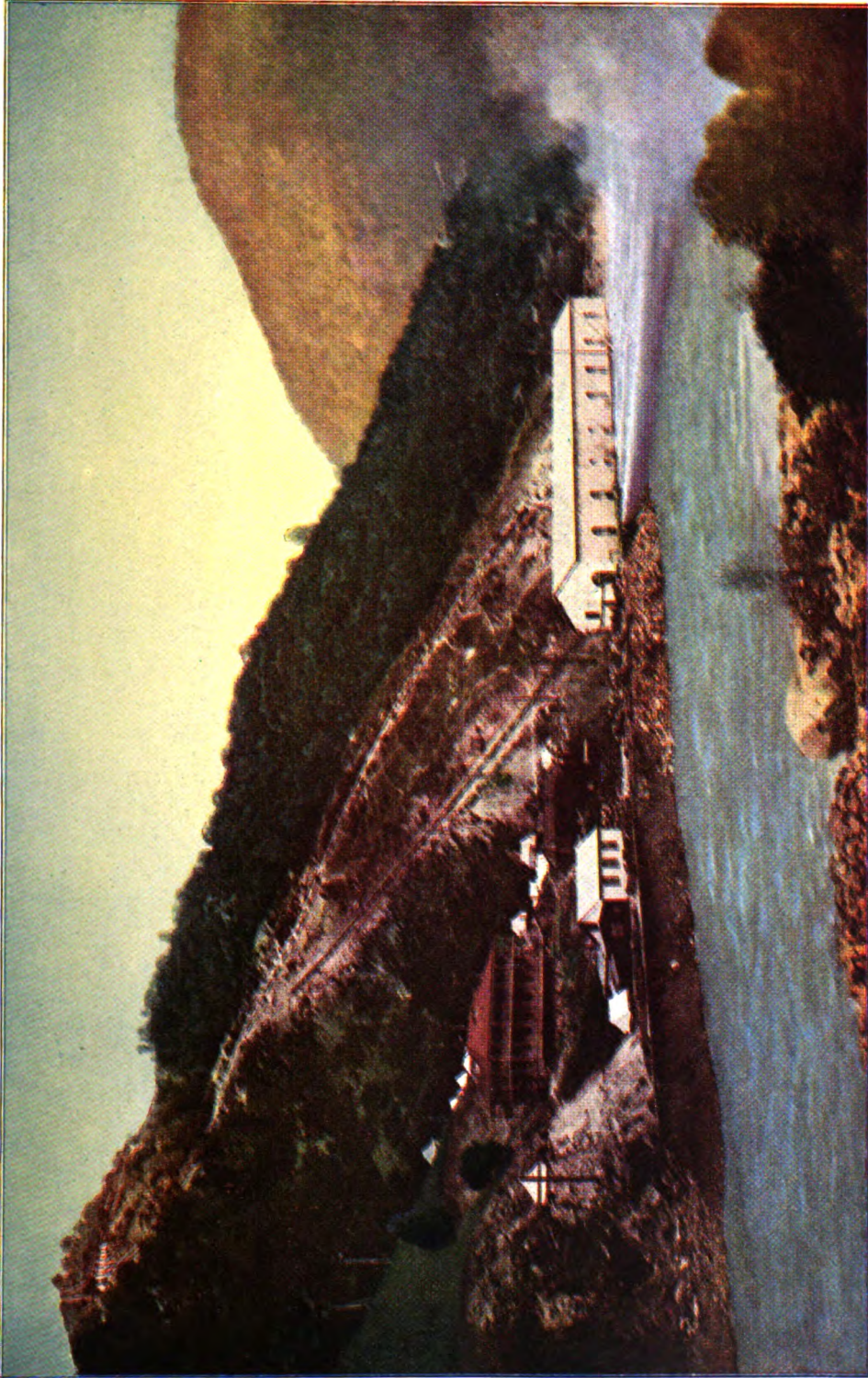
It was rising imperceptibly.

By nine that evening it was raining. When morning dawned gray on the dripping camp in the pines, three inches had fallen.



AT THE HEAD DAM OF AN ELECTRIC SYSTEM

Sixty years ago, long before the first live wire sputtered, the miners built reservoirs far up in the Sierra, diverted the flow of the brooks into ditches, carried the water high on the mountain-sides to points above the gold-bearing gravel-beds in the foot-hills. From these high-line flumes they dropped the water through iron pipes and directed the powerful streams of white water against the treasure-bearing banks. Legislation against hydraulic mining, because its debris was choking the rivers, brought down the value of the canal systems practically to zero. Now they have been made to play their part in hydro-electrical development.



A POWER-HOUSE IN THE MOUNTAINS

California men and California capital demonstrated the practicability of transmitting the pressure of falling water into electricity and of carrying this power from the lonely rugged hundreds of miles to the populous cities. While the comparatively short trip of mighty Niagara was being adapted to power production, someone thought of the best rushing monitors in the California placer-mines where a little water fell a little way. That thought later became the dawn of a new era, the wire upon which Down the side of the canyon shows in this picture, taken at the Colgate power-house on the Yuba river, water falls seven hundred feet. Before it escapes from the power-house in enormous snow-white jets, it has deposited 20,000 horse-power on the long-distance wires.

Water was singing in every ravine, flashing in sheets over the granite slopes. The boom of the river filled the canyon. Over the temporary diversion dam roared a white flood, rising every hour. Before daylight faded into early night it had smashed the flume, run away with the wreckage, and the river, leaping joyously over the trembling dam, was gurgling in its old bed.

Beaten? Not by a jugful!

It grew cold, bitter cold after the rain. Waist-deep in ice water the fighting crew for a second time tackled the river, raised the diversion dam, built a new flume. Five days after the flood the river was turned out of its bed once more. But the dam, wrenched by the pounding torrents, leaked: out of the hastily built flume sprang sparkling jets. The dam site still remained under water.

They rigged up a small pump, telegraphed for larger ones. Day and night the pump ran, lowering the water inch by inch. The weather was perfect, bright and sunny, ideal for pouring concrete, but the mixers did not turn. Too much water. The large pumps did not come. They speeded the little one. It gained. One more night, and the rock would be dry. That night the overworked pump ran hot, froze a bearing, stopped. Nor could it be started again. Rapidly the water crept up. Hours were precious. There was fierce tension in the camp, a tension that found relief in a great shout when at last the large pumps rolled down the winding spur.

Three feet of snow came, ice floated in the water, icicles formed in long rows on the flume while the fighting crew was pouring the concrete that came rumbling down the half-mile chute. They mixed the concrete with warm water, played live steam over the poured mass, worked with numb hands in snow water up to the knees, worked from dawn till after dark. Not a man of the fighting crew deserted. Three days before Christmas the race was won. For the full depth of a hundred and ten feet from the upstream to the downstream face the foundation was finished to a height of thirty-eight instead of the expected twenty-five feet, and in two wide tunnels the shame-faced river sneaked through the massive concrete block, tamed. A week later five feet of snow descended on dam and deserted camp like a shroud.

"That river won't give us any trouble in spring" asserted Duncanson joyfully as he

departed to build the big ditch in the lower regions during the winter.

The river chuckled hollowly in the dark concrete tunnel.

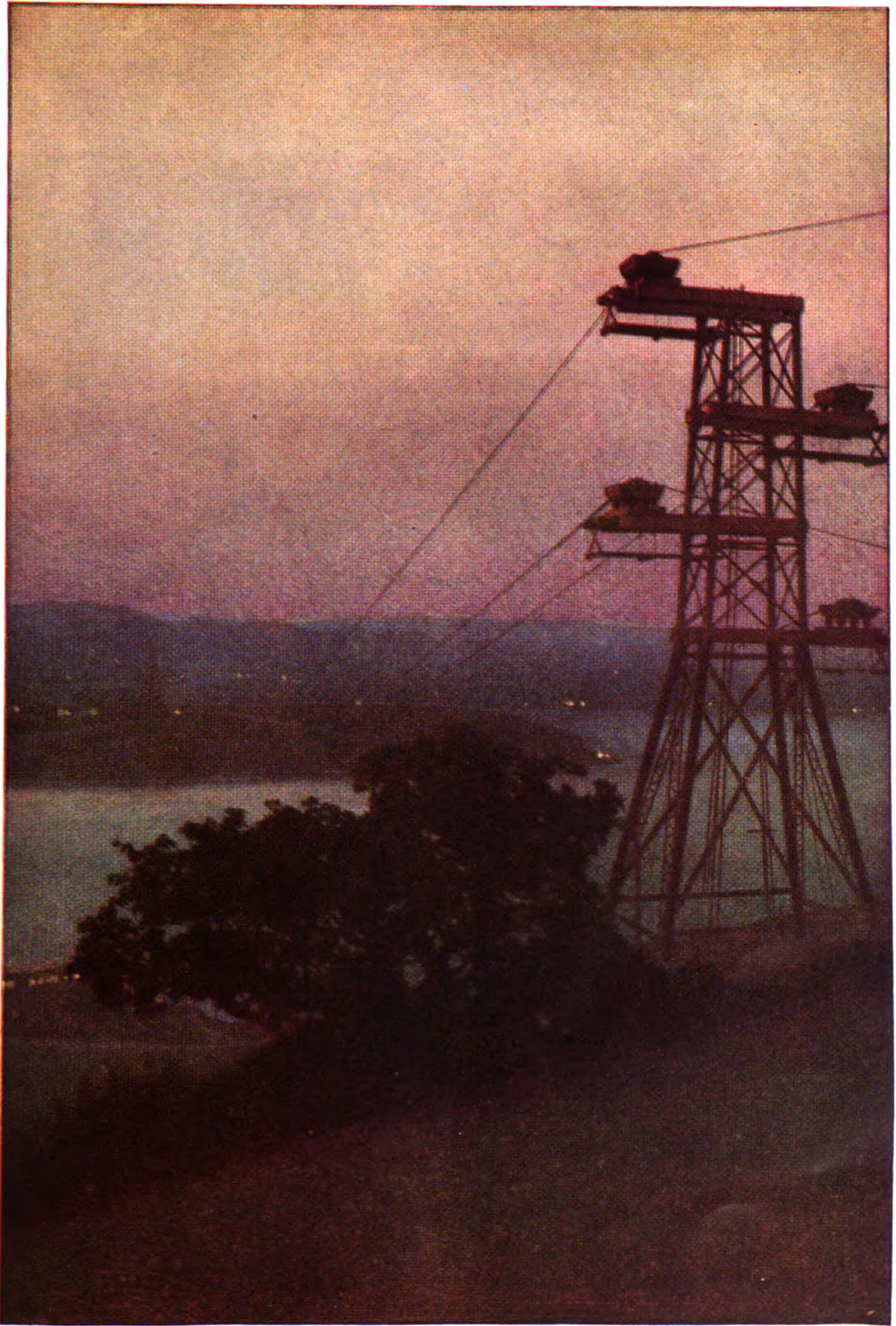
Early in May the men of the fighting crew reappeared in the gorge. They had five months in which to raise the dam to a height of three hundred feet. Two thousand cubic yards of concrete had to be placed every day, Sundays included, if the "juice" was to slide downhill on the live wires in fall. The plant was ready, the men were ready, but the gravel did not come from the pit forty miles to the west. A thousand cubic yards a day were needed. Less than a hundred yards came. The Chief's jaws closed with a click. Over the crest of the range he vanished, far to the east, found a gravel deposit, sent out men and steam-shovels, made arrangements for a special daily gravel train of thirty cars and came back, smiling. The mixers high up on the cliff revolved, a blue-gray current of concrete rumbled down the iron plates of the chute, the dam rose visibly in the gorge, and every day new bets were laid among the men that the work would be finished before the scheduled date. The spirit of the Big Job had mastered the workers. They moved with a speed and energy unknown in the crowded level places where man long ago forgot the elemental joy of conflict with nature's primal forces.

Granite and water, these were the foes, defeated for the moment. The powder expert roused them to their last stand.

To start a quarry out of which to take the rock needed in construction the powder man drilled large holes into a promontory just above the upstream end of the incipient dam, loaded the holes with fifteen tons of dynamite and, after shooting the workers to a safe distance, set off the blast.

When the smoke had drifted away, the fighting crew gaped in open-mouthed amazement.

A mountain had been moved, shattered, spilled over the foundation. The upper half of the concrete was buried seventy feet deep under a mass of bungalow-size boulders. Booms, hoists, derricks, rails, dump cars were splintered, smashed, twisted or lay under house-high masses of granite. No water came out of the lower end of the spillways penetrating the foundation. The granite mass had choked the intake at the upstream face, and behind the rock



THE TOWER OF THE EVENING STAR

High in the Sierra, a star is reflected in the quiet water of a mountain lake. From this tiny point of light a magic current flows, through headgate and flume and vertical pipe, leaps mysteriously from water to wire, and passes swift as thought from tower to tower, down canyons and across valleys and gleaming straits to the edges of San Francisco bay. Far in the Sierran fastness a little lake holds the image of the first lone star of evening, but in the mighty tides of the western harbor are reflected a million sudden lights

obstruction the water was rising with ominous speed. Thirty, fifty, sixty, seventy feet it climbed, spouted between the jumbled granite in powerful jets, came over the top, leaped over the concrete foundation in a roaring torrent.

When the Chief arrived on the scene the superintendent, tears of rage and despair in his eyes, tried hard to steady his voice.

"Guess I'll have to take my medicine" announced the veteran, averted eyes fixed on the cascades pouring over the granite mass. "I'll hand in my resignation, Mr. Baum. It's—"

"What are you talking about?" interrupted the engineer, the ghost of a smile flickering over his face. "*You* didn't miscalculate that blast. Get busy! The dam has got to be ready this fall! Start clearing the mess on the north side of the channel. Rig up new derricks at once and move the rock. We'll shove the river to one side, put in concrete on the other for the permanent spillway and place all the rock that came down into the dam. We can use it all and save money. It's costing us four dollars per yard of concrete. We can place that granite for two dollars. Some forty thousand yards have come down. There's eighty thousand dollars for the company in that pile. Cheer up!"

The fighting crew fairly ate granite. Three derricks rose in a day. The rocks took wings. In a week room had been made for a parapet wall. On the twelfth day after the blast the sweet growl of the mixers started again, the blue-gray torrent of concrete came rumbling down the half-mile chute. Day after day the gravel cars dumped their loads into the bunkers, day after day gravity drew the appointed measure of gravel, sand and cement into the mixers, day after day the vast block of concrete rose higher in the Sierra's gorge.

"Last year we figured on pouring five hundred yards a day," said Duncanson, beaming. He lowered his voice confidentially. "We'll bring her up to three thousand yards in twenty-four hours. This spring we thought we'd raise her to a height of two hundred and sixty-five feet by fall. She'll be completed the full three hundred feet before the snow flies!"

This story of the Big Job is not fiction. Real men won the race with the snows last winter. The incidents related are based on

facts as hard and grim as the fate of the emigrants who, seeking a pass through the very same region sixty-seven years ago, defied the lowering clouds on their passage across the High Sierra. The storms came in October that year. Huge snowdrifts in a wilderness of rock and pines blocked rear and front. In the death camp at Donner lake just beyond the summit from the gorge in which the fighting crew triumphed, forty persons out of the eighty-two caught by the snow left their bones.

These emigrants sought land and sunshine in California. After them, over the trail they had broken, came the wild rush of the treasure-hungry horde, picking yellow flakes out of the golden ravines' gravel. And in the winter of 1867, while the drifts and white banks piled higher every night, another great victory was won by man. The canyons rang with the shouts and blasts of the army that defied snow, cold, rocks and avalanches to carry the rails of the Central Pacific across the Sierra to Ogden in record-breaking time. The sawmill that cut the boards for the half-mile concrete chute on the Big Job, this very same mill sawed the timber for the snowsheds through which millions have rolled comfortably through the snows of midwinter.

No, the story of the Big Job is not fiction. It is only a new chapter in the romance of the Sierra, a continuation of the great record made by heroic men whose shades are hovering over the South Fork of the Yuba, watching with grim approval the fighting qualities of the new generation on their old stamping-ground.

This new generation is carrying to its logical conclusion the work begun by the stout-hearted pioneers. Sixty years ago, long before the first live wire sputtered, the miners built reservoirs far up in the Sierra, diverted the flow of the brooks into ditches, carried the canals high on the mountain-sides to points above the gold-bearing gravel beds in the foot-hills. From these high-line canals and flumes they dropped the water through iron pipes, directed the powerful streams of white water through the nozzles of monitors against the gravel, washed it into sluice boxes, recovered the gold and allowed the debris to go downstream. A network of these miners' ditches covered the gold region when the courts, by injunction, put an end to the hydraulic mining that choked the channels of the

navigable streams in the valleys with its waste. At once the value of the canal systems dropped practically to zero.

Green rows of vines and orchard trees crawled over the tawny hills abandoned by the placer miners. Gradually the owners of the reservoirs and canals found a market for their water on the farms, but the value of the ditch systems remained small until California men, California capital, demonstrated the practicability of transmuting the pressure of falling water into electricity, of carrying this modern power from the lonely gorges hundreds of miles to the populous cities. That demonstration marked the dawn of the new era, of the live-wire epoch.

Edison perfected the incandescent electric lamp in 1879. In 1881 the first electric plant for public service, driven by steam, was installed in New York. Steam-driven electric stations multiplied. Work was begun at Niagara where immense quantities of water dropped a comparatively short distance. Someone bethought himself of the useless rusting monitors in the placer mines. Why not take a water-wheel, fasten a series of steel buckets to its rim and turn the powerful stream issuing from the nozzles of the monitors against them? Could not a small amount of water falling a long distance create as much power as a large stream having a short fall? Would it pay to transport this power out of the mountains to the distant centers of population?

The Capital Gas Company of Sacramento sniffed and answered in the negative. The company was an old, old aristocratic concern: ownership of its eight per cent. stock was a badge of social distinction handed down reverently from father to son. What had this ancient and honorable corporation to fear from the lumbermen who, having built a dam on the American river at Folsom, were installing a newfangled hydro-electric plant to develop three thousand horse-power? The gas company sneered. Those lumbermen would go broke. They would lose half their current on the twenty-two miles of wire they were stringing into California's capital. Electric competition? Preposterous!

Early in September, 1895, Sacramento turned out with brass bands and waving banners to welcome the first hydro-electric current transmitted from the foot-hills to

the distant city. The feat was performed successfully. The power arrived without great loss, the energy of the foot-hill streams had been moved to the city's center. Sharp competition started, and the stock of the high and mighty gas company took a tumble. The Folsom plant is turning out power to this day.

Meanwhile, significant things were going on in the mountains, beyond the foot-hills.

The placer gold of the foot-hills came from the Mother Lode, a system of quartz veins running in a broad belt parallel to the axis of the Sierra at a higher elevation. On this Mother Lode many millions had been made out of deep mines. In the early nineties quartz mining slumped. The shafts could not be sunk deeper on the veins. The old steam-driven Cornish pumps with their cumbersome long rods could not handle the water. Shares and profits dropped as the water rose. Among those who felt the slump and resented it was Eugene J. de Sabla, a native Californian who imported coffee into San Francisco and sank his mercantile gains into the watery pits.

De Sabla saw the possibility of reviving the mine prosperity with the new flexible power. Ditches, water and power sites were abundant. Money was fearfully scarce. So shy was it that it kicked up its heels and ran whenever electricity was mentioned. But de Sabla had visions and a marvelous tongue. He could make other men, especially those with money, see his visions as he saw them.

Cast a glance at the California of the early nineties. Mining was breathing stertorously. The soil of the wheat fields, worn out by continuous cropping, yielded small returns, and the grain crop was selling for fifty cents a bushel. Irrigation was just beginning, and for the crops of the irrigated orchards and vineyards there was no market. Manufacturing, handicapped by coal selling at ten dollars a ton, was in the doldrums. Drouth had diminished the herds. A fine time it was to raise capital for an unproven enterprise.

De Sabla did it. He interested R. R. Colgate, of the family whose name has been made a household word. Colgate financed the Nevada County Electric Power Company. John Martin, a San Francisco coal merchant who had gone into the machinery business, installed the



In the rocky canyon of the South Yuba, just below where the river leaves Lake Spaulding, a spot was selected as the site for the titanic dam. It was imperative that the foundations of the dam be finished by fall, before winter, with its twenty feet of snow, swooped out of the sky. Millions were at stake in this race with the snows of the Sierra

water-wheels and generators on the South Fork of the historic Yuba. About the same time as the Folsom plant, the works on the South Yuba began to deliver a thousand electrical horse-power to the adjacent mines in Grass Valley, the mine owners having yielded to de Sabla's tongue and agreed to try the current. It saved them, made the mines more prosperous than ever. And John Martin, the contractor, seeing a great white arc light, proceeded forthwith to build a similar plant on the North Fork of the Yuba to supply the mines in the Marysville district.

They made money, did those three. Their appetite grew. Consolidating their interests, they built a big 10,000-horse-power plant on the middle Yuba, with the unheard-of head of 702 feet, and invaded

Sacramento, sixty-one miles distant, in 1899.

Still they were not satisfied. The new Colgate plant, named after the financial angel, could turn out twice 10,000 horse-power. In Oakland the new electric cars needed current, the lighting business was growing rapidly. But Oakland on San Francisco bay was 140 miles distant. Could it be done?

Theoretically, the engineers said, it was possible. Practically—they shrugged their shoulders.

The Californians did it. On tall steel towers standing 800 feet apart they carried three wires from the Colgate plant in the mountains to the bay. To cross the mile-wide Strait of Carquinez, steel cables nearly an inch thick were suspended in a 4800-foot arch from towers, high as sky-scrapers, on



At last bed-rock was dry. The river was conquered. Twenty feet above its bed it hugged the wall of the gorge in a flume, squeezed to one side to make room for the gigantic dam that was to rise three hundred feet above the granite base



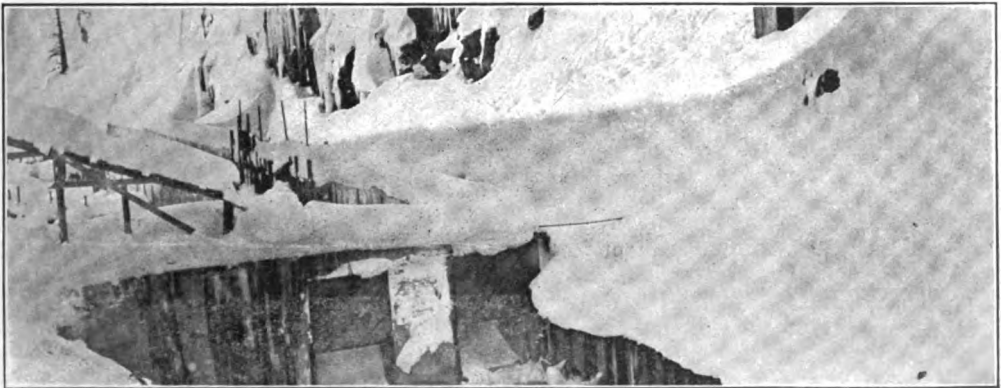
It was November. Tomorrow the first concrete would be poured if By nine that evening it was raining. By morning, the boom of the river filled the canyon and before daylight faded into early night the flood had smashed the flume, run away with the wreckage and the river, leaping joyously over the trembling dam, was back in its old bed

either shore. To this day this arch remains the longest transmission span in the world. So titanic are its dimensions that the skipper of a windjammer, towing through the straits shortly after the wires were raised, feared for the safety of his ninety-foot masts as he approached the swooping cables, hurriedly dropped both anchors and parted the tow-line. When the windjammer did pass beneath the span, the wires cleared the tip of the highest mast by a hundred and thirty feet.

In April, 1901, the current generated by the Yuba in the enlarged Colgate plant was started on its long journey to tide-water under the terrific pressure of 60,000 volts. It was an epoch-making feat. Experts came from all parts of the world to inspect the system, to study the practical

application of the formula worked out by a young engineer just out of Stanford, for the high-voltage transmission of alternating current. It was a significant feat. Vistas of a brighter life, of a broader civilization, were opened by this application of the mountain brook's ceaseless energy to the work of the world a hundred and forty miles from its place of origin. Yet the newspapers for months were ignorant of the event.

Before the Colgate-Oakland line proved the commercial feasibility of sending current under high pressure over distances exceeding a hundred miles, every isolated power plant in the mountains had to stand squarely upon its own bottom. If the plant had trouble, its customers had trouble. All contracts made by the early plants



Three feet of snow came, ice floated in the water, icicles formed in long rows on the flume while the fighting crew was pouring the concrete, mixed with warm water, and playing live steam over the poured mass. Not a man of the crew deserted. Three days before Christmas the race was won 275

stipulated the order in which the power should, in case of accident, be withdrawn from the consumers. Singly, the water power plant could not guarantee continuous service. Thus, for instance, the Electra Power Plant built by Prince Andre Poniatowski and his San Francisco associates in Bret Harte's country was put out of commission in 1904 by the bursting of the pressure pipe above the power-house. Hundreds of mines and industrial plants depended upon Electra's 10,000-kilowatt generators for their power. Fortunately the works just prior to the break had been sold to the corporation which subsequently became the Pacific Gas and Electric Company. Without a moment's hesitation the Electra lines were connected with the Colgate wires in Oakland and the mines in Jackson continued operation without interruption, driven by power that was sent to them over a circuit 350 miles long.

By uniting the ownership of several hydro-electric plants under one head, the necessity of constructing large auxiliary steam plants was removed, and much economic loss was avoided by doing away with unnecessary duplication.

Colgate blazed the electric long-distance trail. After it came scores of hydro-electric plants covering the Pacific slope from the fjords of British Columbia to the purple wall of the ranges shielding the orange belt. In 1900 the hydro-electric installations in California did not reach a total output of 100,000 horse-power; today their capacity exceeds half a million horse-power. In five years their output will have reached a million horse-power. The men on and behind the Big Job will see to that. Their enterprise alone will add 160,000 horse-power to the supply of electric energy available today.

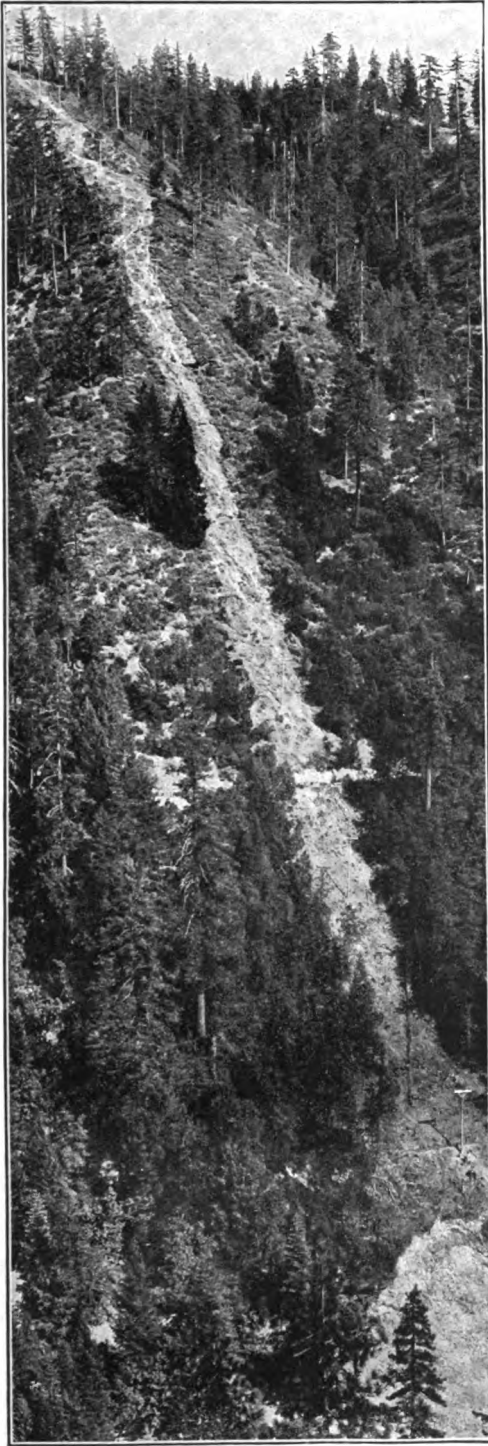
Oil wells dry up, coal seams become exhausted, saw and flames eat timber, ore veins pinch out, but the white water of the mountain streams runs downhill so long as the sun shines on the ocean and clouds drift darkly against the peaks. The sun lifts the water, gravity pulls it down. Between them they furnish the only inexhaustible source of the most efficient power known to man. To develop these sources to their utmost, to extract the last ounce of energy and usefulness out of them, this is true Conservation. Many of the singing brooks in California are partially developed,

but I have never seen a project which is as completely, as comprehensively utilizing every latent resource of the snow falling on a large mountain watershed as the South Yuba-Bear river power and irrigation enterprise. To follow the course of the melting snowflake from the High Sierras to the sea, to watch it perform useful work every foot of the way, this sight would make the heart of Gifford Pinchot laugh even though a private corporation is guiding the water's path for its stockholders' benefit.

The dam at Lake Spaulding, in the mile-high gorge of the South Yuba, is the key of the system. It was begun in July, 1912. Its completion in November of this year will break all records. From stream bed to crest it will exceed the height of the famous Pathfinder dam on the Shoshone project of the Reclamation Service, hitherto the highest in the world. Behind its bulk—it is 900 feet long and twenty feet wide at the crest, with a width of 110 feet at the base 300 feet below the top—the builders are creating a lake containing nearly 100,000 acre feet, enough to irrigate 40,000 acres, a lake with twice the aggregate capacity of the twenty smaller reservoirs built on the South Yuba in the High Sierra during the heyday of gold mining.

A circular tunnel nine feet in diameter, driven for a mile through a spur of the range to the canyon of the Bear river, provides the outlet. It is typical of the system that the pressure of the water as it rushes through this tunnel is not allowed to go to waste. On the Shoshone project the tremendous pressure in the outlet tunnel smashed the gates. It was necessary to empty the reservoir, to lose a year's storage water, in order to replace them. On the Bear river project a complete power plant is being installed in the outlet tunnel: instead of tearing gates, the water pressure operates a turbine, generates power and drops meekly out of the wheel, tamed, harmless, docile as a sick kitten.

From the mouth of the tunnel a canal conveys the water eight miles to the forebay, a regulating reservoir on a wide promontory jutting out over the canyon. If the demand for power is low, some of the generators far below are shut off, the water is allowed to rise in the reservoir, the full volume to be turned into the big steel pipes when the first lamps are lit, when the cars are crowded with home-bound workers in



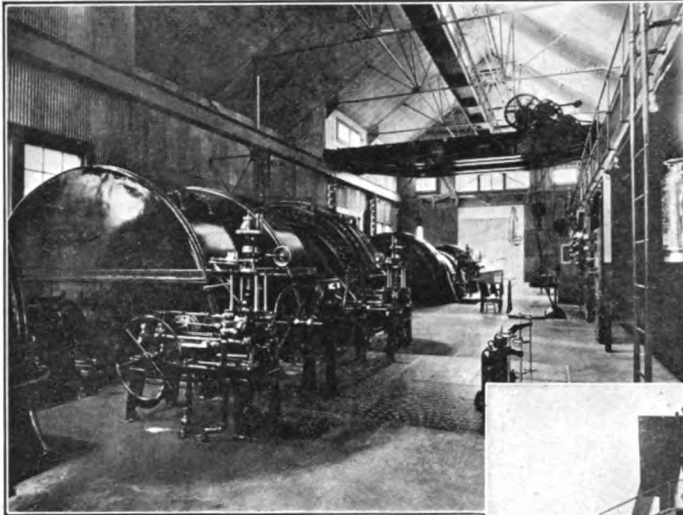
THE SECRET OF POWER

Water will fall 1375 feet from the ridge above the Bear river gorge to turn the wheels in the Drum power-house, now building

the cities a hundred and eighty miles away. From the forebay to the water-wheels in the bottom of the canyon the perpendicular distance is 1375 feet. When the water has dropped this distance through the twin pipes of steel six feet in diameter, it leaves the nozzles at a speed of two hundred miles an hour. At this velocity water changes from the fluid to the solid state. The seven-inch stream may be beaten with the heaviest sledge-hammer without producing any impression; it resists as though it were an anvil. Slash the water with a sword of the finest steel, and the stream will break the blade as though it were thin glass. So tremendous is the energy of that hissing, roaring column of water that it cannot be at once turned full against the steel buckets of the ponderous impulse wheels. Only the rim of the jet is directed against the buckets when they are at rest; as the wheel begins to revolve, the nozzle is gradually raised, the wheel's speed increases until the full thrust of the pressure strikes the buckets, spinning the immense wheel so fast that, to the eye, it appears stationary.

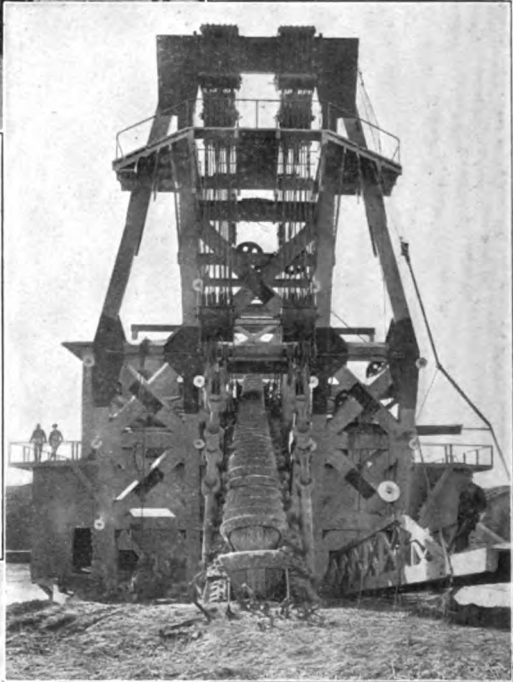
The Colgate transmission line of the company blazed the long-distance trail from the Sierra to tidewater; the transmission line from the Drum power-house to the station perched high on the hillside above classic Berkeley will set a new record. It will transmit the current for the largest part of the way at a tension of 115,000 volts, carry its dangerous load high above the ground on massive steel towers resting on concrete foundations, carry it in a straight line over the heaving sea of the mountains and foot-hills, over the wide floor of the valley, across the orchards and vineyards of the Coast Range, send its silent load over the waters of Carquinez Strait to the copper arteries that pulse through the cities of the great bay, there to be transformed into the mild harmless current that pulls cars, plugs jumping teeth, pops the cork out of the glowing bottle on the moving sign, that makes ice in the basement and sends floods of mellow light upon the gleaming shoulders of milady as she quaffs the cold sparkling joy-water on the floor above.

We left the water exhausted as it came out of the wheels of the power-house in the Bear river gorge. With a sigh and a tired groan it stretches itself and slips into its cozy bed. Alas! there is no rest for it. A few hundred feet below the power-house

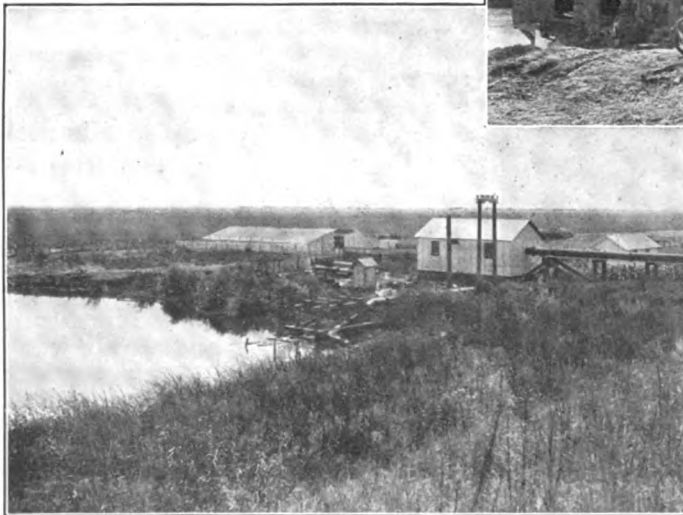


The power-house is filled with the unceasing hum of the generators, creating the current that is sent over the long-distance wires to serve the industry of the state

the unwilling water is squeezed out of its bed by a second dam, forced into a second canal, guided into a second fore-bay, pitched headlong down a second set of pipes a perpendicular distance of 826 feet, is forced to turn a second set of wheels that generate 33,000 horse-power. Six times the process is repeated. When the water finally reaches the level floor of the Sacramento valley, it is warranted to be absolutely harmless: the



Cheap electric power has made possible the gold-dredging in the California rivers



Electricity keeps busy the reclamation pumps that are gradually turning the tule lands of the great valleys into prosperous farms

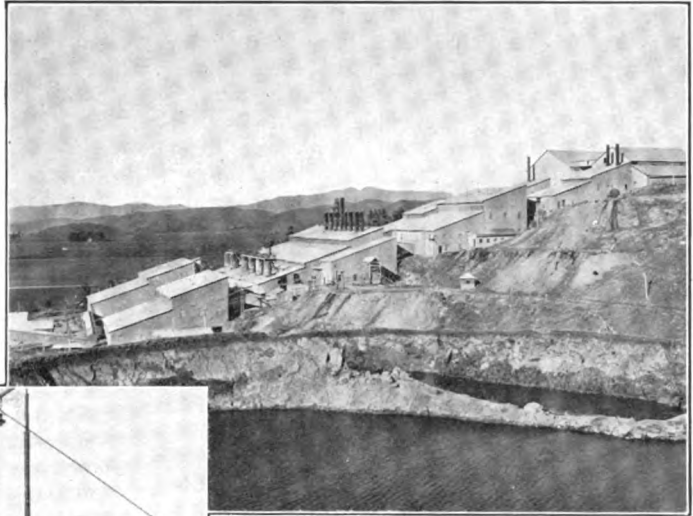
very last kilowatt has been squeezed out of it in its six successive jumps.

But the work of the water does not stop at the mouth of the ravine. A score of towns, fourteen thousand acres of foot-hill orchards are now supplied with domestic and irrigation water from the old mining ditch. Last win-

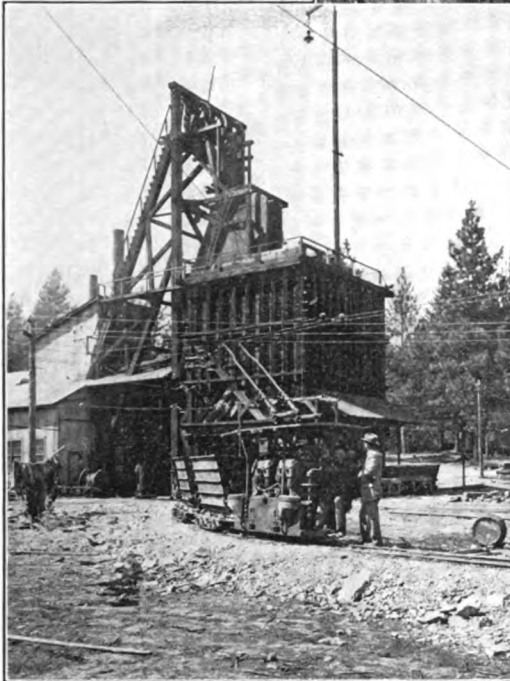
ter the capacity of the lower canal was increased tenfold, was enlarged to the size of the famous Los Angeles aqueduct. Next spring the water from this canal will irrigate sixty square miles of land now in grain or overgrown with oak brush. Every ten-acre tract of this grain and pasture land will, under

irrigation, support a family of five persons in comfort. And every family in the valley enlarges the market for the power generated in the mountains.

Is there anywhere in this large and tolerably happy country a finer example of Conservation with the capital C, a more striking instance of mere water's ability to



Not a pound of cement was produced in California before 1900. The power of the melting snowflake put California into third place among the cement-producing states

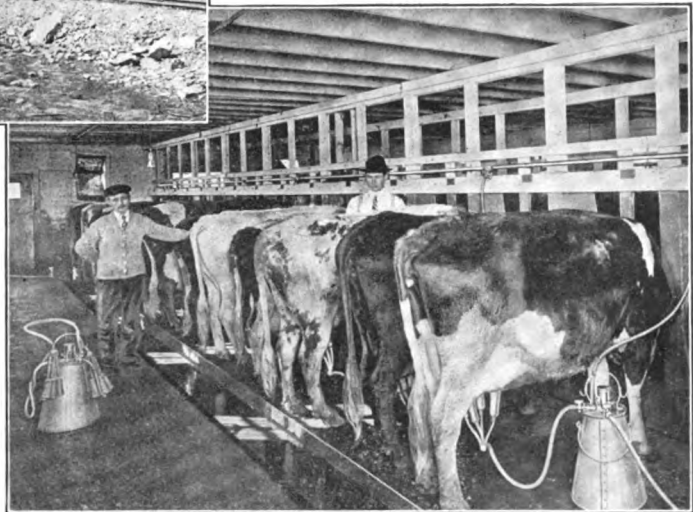


The new flexible power revived the prosperity of the quartz mining which had slumped

power, continuous service. In the East electric plants lie practically idle, unproductive, twenty hours out of the twenty-four. Of their maximum output few plants sell more than *twenty* per cent. California's largest power concern, the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, has an average continuous demand of *eighty* per cent. of its maximum capacity. To consumers of current for power purposes its wholesale rates have been made so

build homes and fortunes than this picture of the Bear's complete subjugation?

In the Middlewest the manufacturer is asked to pay \$130 electric horsepower per year. In California the farmer running a small plant to pump his irrigation water gets his current for fifty dollars a year per horse-



The magic power not only skims the milk and churns the butter, but even extracts the milk from the modern cow

attractive that, despite cheap fuel oil, the factories and shops around San Francisco bay having their own individual steam plants are as rare as blind watchmakers. Cheap hydro-electric power does California's work; live wires do the drudgery of the Golden State to an extent undreamt of in the East beyond Niagara's radius. That's why the demand for electric power in the populous parts of the commonwealth is growing faster than the supply, even though this supply has been doubled every five years.

The largest power company in California, for instance, supplying an area larger than the state of Indiana, has been gaining 16,000 to 18,000 new consumers of electric current per year. Though the power companies of southern California during the last three years put up two mammoth steam plants, Los Angeles is still 30,000 horse-power short of the demand, a deficiency that will not be supplied until the very large hydro-electric installation of the Pacific Light & Power Company on Big Creek in the Sierra is completed or the municipality's plant on the aqueduct is finished. Like the companies in the southern part of the state, the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, serving the central portion, supplemented the output of its eleven hydro-electric plants in the mountains by five immense steam stations; with water and steam it generated a maximum of 188,000 horse-power, and still had to buy 35,000 horse-power in the market. That is the reason why the Spaulding dam must be, will be, finished this fall, why the company is spending fifteen millions for the development, transmission and distribution of 160,000 horse-power from the subjugated Bear and Yuba rivers.

Whence do these new consumers come in the oldest settled part of the West?

Around Woodland, in the Sacramento valley, wheat was produced on large ranches before the Poland-China discovered Iowa, while the Sioux braves were still roasting the first settlers and the Sioux squaws still marrying into the first families of Minnesota. In 1910 the company that is making the Bear's strength flow through copper wires sold five horse-power to ranchers around Woodland for pump irrigation plants: in 1912 the irrigating plants needed 2000 horse-power: the first five months of the present year saw a further increase of 500 horse-power. And the Woodland dis-

trict is but a dot on the vast grain area of the Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys.

When John Martin built his little water-power plant, he hoped eventually to find a market for 500 horse-power in the Marysville mining district. Today that district is receiving 2500 horse-power.

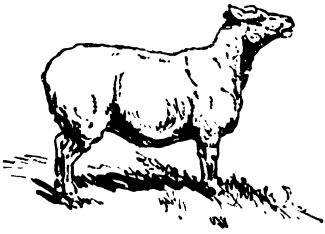
Not a pound of cement was produced in California before 1900. This year two plants near San Francisco turn out twenty thousand barrels a day, consuming one electrical horse-power for every barrel. The power of the melting snowflake put California into third place among the cement-producing states.

In 1900 the interurban electric car was unknown in the state's vast central valley. There are 400 miles of trolley lines—to be doubled shortly—in the Sacramento valley alone today, and around Los Angeles a thousand miles of radiating trolley wires.

Ever see a gold ship? They are to be found along the course of all the Sierra's golden rivers, scooping up many tons of the auriferous gravel every minute, extracting fifteen cents' worth of yellow metal per cubic yard. Without the inexpensive flexible power generated higher up on these rivers the minute particles of gold could not be extracted at a profit.

"Let the motor do it!" urges the tall, square-jawed engineer who is directing the battle with hard rock and white water in the Sierra. "There are few tasks which the electric current cannot perform more efficiently than any other form of power. The time is coming, coming very rapidly, when the degree of civilization will be measured by the consumption of kilowatt-hours per capita."

Two of the three largest hydro-electric installations in the country are under construction in California. Two of the country's three insulator factories are kept busy exclusively on California orders. Within five years California's mountain stream will generate a million electrical horse-power, far more than Niagara's output. If California fails to develop the brightest, broadest civilization, if the Golden State fails to consume more kilowatt-hours per capita than any other region on earth, it will not be the fault of the Live Wires who are fighting granite and floods with brains and gold, to the end that the energy of the Sierra's white water may lift the load resting on humanity's aching shoulders.



Billy Fortune and the Meaning of Goodness



By WILLIAM R. LIGHTON

Author of: *Billy Fortune and the Rabbit's Foot*

Illustrated by *Arthur Cahill*

I EXPECT you've thought some about this business of goodness, haven't you? I have, a lot, one time and another, by spells. It's kind of hard to figure out, ain't it? Can you get real fond of them real good people? I mean them that's just plumb satisfied with just bein' good? No, I don't know as there's anything wrong in it; but don't it seem a shame for a body to have his soul all so gummed up with bein' good that he can't seem able to think about doin' good? Can you sense what I'm tryin' to get at?

I've knew times and places when rank goodness would have seemed like nothin' but a wicked waste, because it wouldn't have got you anywhere. I've tried it myself. Let me tell you: you take a man and turn him loose in the short grass and sage-brush, out here in Wyoming, with a bunch of sheep. Just sheep. Sounds horrible innocent and virtuous, don't it?—nice woolly baa-lams and their little brothers and sisters and their pas and mas, and nothin' else nowhere around, far as you can see—far as you can *think*—exceptin' only wide flatness and stillness. Seems right down religious, don't it? Yes; but you just try it for a whirl, with nothin' in all the world to do but to let the lonesome goodness ooze into you. It sure don't last long with me. It don't take me more than until about the end of the second week before I'll begin sayin' to myself: "Billy, ain't you gettin' right wore out with bein' a sanctified sheep? Let's you and me go up to Douglas and be goats for a spell." And then, most likely, before I get through I'll have put a crimp in all the little old commandments in the almanac. Nothin' wrong, you under-

stand. I ain't a mean man. All I'll do is just to tear the rules wide open and turn 'em inside out, so as to get some variety out of 'em. You know.

There was the time when Archibald and Ariminta struck Lusk. That shows. If you can make head or tail out of the goodness or the badness in that business, you can beat me.

It was one week when me, and Steve Brainard, and Red McGee, and Black's Jim, and some more of us, was hangin' out at Lusk, just sort of casual. It hadn't been arranged any. First one had come, and then another; and then we'd kind of put off leavin', as if we thought somebody might start a fire after while. But the kindlin' seemed to be all wet, or somethin'. We'd been there as much as three or four days without even smellin' smoke. You know how it is sometimes. It was awful humdrum.

And then one noon we was settin' in a row on the depot platform, with our backs up against the wall, when the train pulled in from Chadron-way. You can judge how tedious things was gettin', because Black's Jim and Red McGee was playin' mumbly-peg in a board with Jim's jack-knife, with the rest of us real interested. And then Black's Jim looked up with his crooked, comical eye.

"Hello!" he says. "Who's our new lady friend? And what do you reckon that is she's got with her?"

You couldn't have told, hardly. He had a little woolly pink shawl wrapped around his little humped-up shoulders, with the edge pulled up across his mouth; and he had a foolish little blue cap pulled down over his eyes, so you couldn't see nothin'

of his face but only his pale little bunch of a nose. And he had on a long Prince Albert; and down below that he had on a pair of rubbers. Rubbers! In Wyoming! And August!

He didn't come up higher than to the lady's collar-bone. But then, she was the one that was mostly to blame for that. She sure was built lengthways. And whoever was responsible, he sure had been liberal with the bones. She had thousands and thousands of 'em. They was stickin' out of her everywhere. Her big long nose was bones, and her slim long chin was bones, and her long starved neck was nothin' but a bad mess of bones. Wherever you looked you could see signs of 'em pokin' up. She didn't have any more of a complexion than a piece of cheese; and matched up against the sick yellow of her face was a pair of big pale-blue goggles over her eyes. There wasn't a blessed thing about her that looked a speck nutritious to me. Nor him, neither.

Well, here they come up the platform, with her luggin' a big ban-box, and a couple of parasols, and a pillow, and a rubber raincoat, and a few other little trinkets like that in one hand, and lookin' after him with the other—tuckin' his shawl in around the back of his neck, and pullin' his little cap down so it would cover the little bald patch behind, and seein' if his Prince Albert was buttoned up tight across his chest. And then, when they got to the corner of the depot, she set all her truck down and fished up a little bottle out of her frock somewheres and commenced to have a conversation with him.

"Here" she says to him, "it's time for your number two. Stand still a minute, till I give 'em to you."

"No, it ain't" says he, sort of peevish, with his dry kind of a little voice smothered in under his shawl. "Can't you wait till we get up to the hotel?"

"Why, certainly not!" she says. "Here, open your mouth, *Archibald!*" And she made him stand right where he was, right in front of all the folks, and tip his little head back and hold his foolish little mouth open and stick out his wet little pink tongue, till she could pill him. "Now" she says, "cover your mouth up again, quick, so as not to take in any air. I expect I might as well take my drops now, too, and have 'em both over with. Are

you takin' care to breathe through your nose, Archibald? Here, put up this parasol, so as to keep the sun off of you. You ain't perspirin' any, are you? You got to watch out for that."

It took her till the train was gone before she'd got him strung out to suit her; and then she begun to look around some. But she didn't seem to see much that looked satisfactory, because her face commenced to get sadder and sadder; and then pretty soon she turned her goggles around on us chaps, settin' there. I don't know why she picked on me, particular, unless it's because I've got one of them kind of faces that mean well. Any way, she did.

"Do you mean to tell me that this here town is Lusk?" she says to me.

Well, I hadn't meant to tell her any such a thing; but what can a man do when a long bony lady comes at him that way? "Yes'm" I says to her.

"Then we've been deceived" she says. "They told us Lusk was high up."

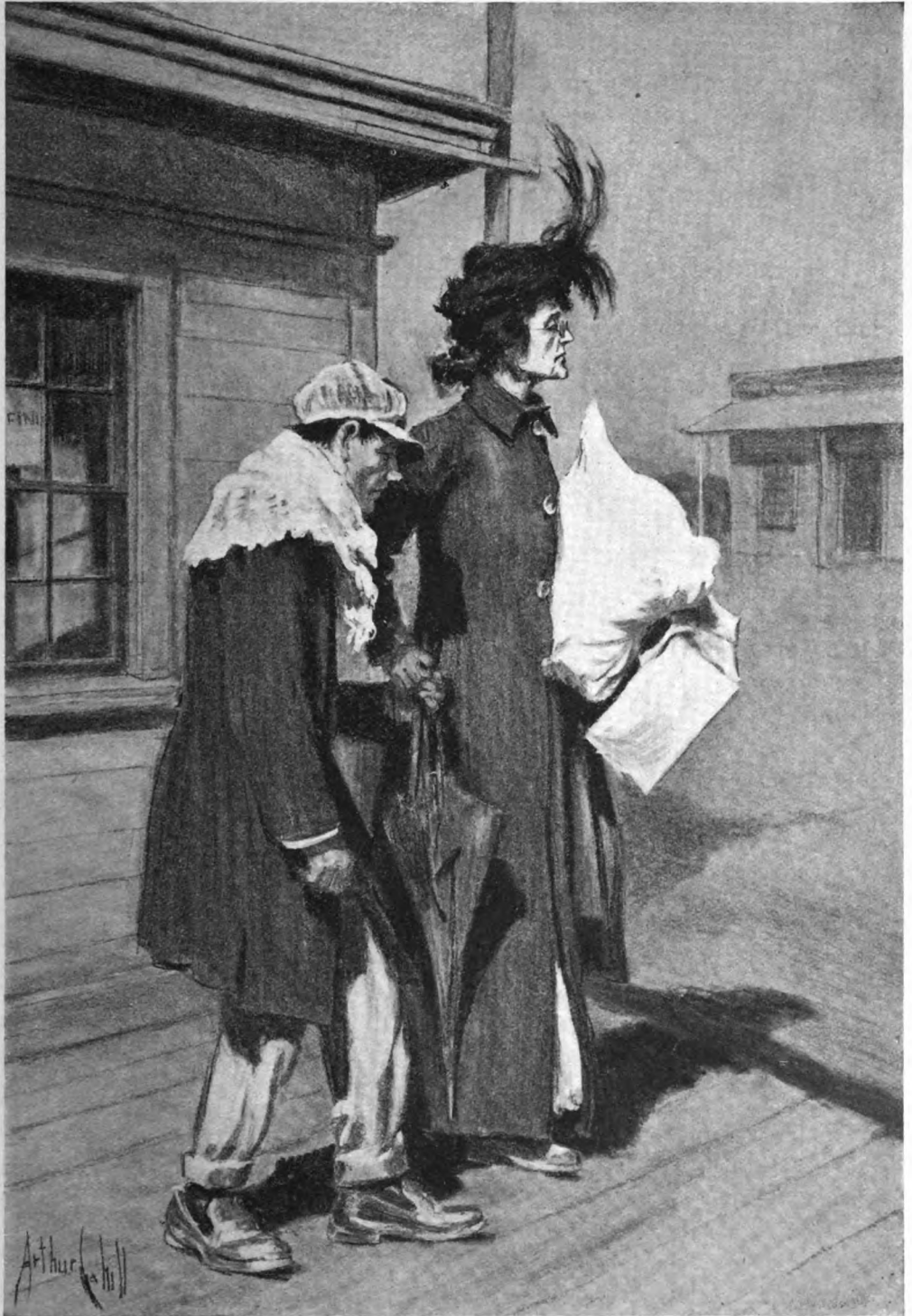
"Yes'm" I says, "it's plumb high, Lusk is; but its highness is spread out sort of flat, so you can't notice it much."

It didn't seem to tickle her yet. The more you explain things to some kinds of folks, the more uncontented they get. "And is this all there is to the town—just what you can see from here?" she says next. Would you say that was so very reasonable in her? If she didn't like the looks of what she could see, what did she want to see more of it for? "Yes'm" I says. "That's one thing about Lusk—she's sure all in plain sight."

She took another mournful look around, and then she looked back at me. "And can you tell me" she says, "whether there are any Holiness people in Lusk?" Yes, sir; them were her very words!

Little old Lusk, back in them days, certainly had a heap of different kinds of population. If she'd just called for anything else in the deck she could have had it; but the place was sure shy of Holiness people. I couldn't think of a blessed thing to say to her, only to jerk my thumb at Steve Brainard, settin' next to me. "Yes'm" I says to her; "this gentleman is one of 'em."

It caught Steve so sort of quick, I was scared he wouldn't be awake. But not him! Maybe you've had the luck to know one of those men that seems to be always



Well, here they come up the platform, with her luggin' a big ban-box, and a couple of parasols, and a pillow, and a rubber raincoat, and a few other little trinkets like that in one hand, and lookin' after him with the other

anticipatin' the unexpected. Well, Steve Brainard's one of 'em. I've been knowin' that man for years and years, and I ain't ever found anything yet that was too sudden for him. When Old Uncle Gabriel blows the horn for the Big Breakfast, after while, he's goin' to find Steve Brainard settin' on his gravestone, all dressed and waitin'. Steve, he come up quick.

"Why, yes, Sister!" he says to the woman, scramblin' up on his feet. He shook hands with both of 'em. "I certainly am pleased to meet up with a couple true believers, after a spell of this sagebrush society. I hope you and the Brother are goin' to remain and have some influence. You can't think how bad it's needed."

It sounded plumb true, the way he said it. That man can make anything sound true, especially when he's talkin' to a woman. You couldn't say she smiled, but her solemnness sort of eased up a little. "Will you tell me" she says, "if Lusk is cheap and healthy for the lungs, like they said it was? It's got to be both, for us."

"Lungs?" says Steve. "Just look at that bunch of punchers, settin' there. They're nothin' but lungs. After you've knew them a while, you'll notice it's a right tryin' climate for the head. But lungs—here, Sister, let me help you pack your stuff over to the hotel." And there they went, across the flat, with Steve totin' her ban-box, and her pillow, and her other parasol, and the rest, and with her makin' little Archibald stop as many as six times in a hundred yards, so she could pull him around, and twist him, and do different things to him.

"She sure has got all the proud snort took out of Archibald, ain't she?" says Red McGee. "Ain't he a pitiful man, though?"

Black's Jim's bad eye was worked up crookeder than ever, and he was grinnin'.

"They both look as if they had somethin' terrible bad the matter with their organs, don't they?" says he. "Do you reckon Steve might get it, like he's contracted Holiness? I'd hate to have it strike in on me. Let's go get some prevention." And then we trailed over to Holsapple's place, so as to be kind of prepared for when Steve come back.

We missed our dinner, waitin'. It was two o'clock when we saw 'em comin'.

Steve and little Archibald. We was lined up against the horse-rack when they come by, walkin' slow, with little Archibald's hand in the crook of Steve's arm, to lean on, and all dressed up for a hard winter. Steve slacked up when he got to us, with his eyes shinin'.

"This is Mister Archibald Cadwallader, boys" he says. "I'm out exercisin' him for his wife. They're both a couple of lovely characters. I ain't had such a period of sanctimony since I hit the range as I've been havin' with them. They're goin' to be a horrible addition to Lusk, Brother and Sister Cadwallader are."

Red McGee was lookin' Archibald up and down, from his little cap to his rubbers. "What you got the gums on for, Bud?" Red says.

"What?" says Archibald, in his thin little soprano wheeze. "My gums? You mean my overshoes? They're to keep my feet dry. I darsn't take cold any, because my lungs are all gone, and my wife's too."

"Yes" says Steve, "they've been deprived of all their lungs. Ain't that the affliction? They've been tellin' me about it, over to the hotel. That's what they've come to our climate for."

"Yes" says little Archibald. "Do you gentlemen think it's goin' to remedy us?"

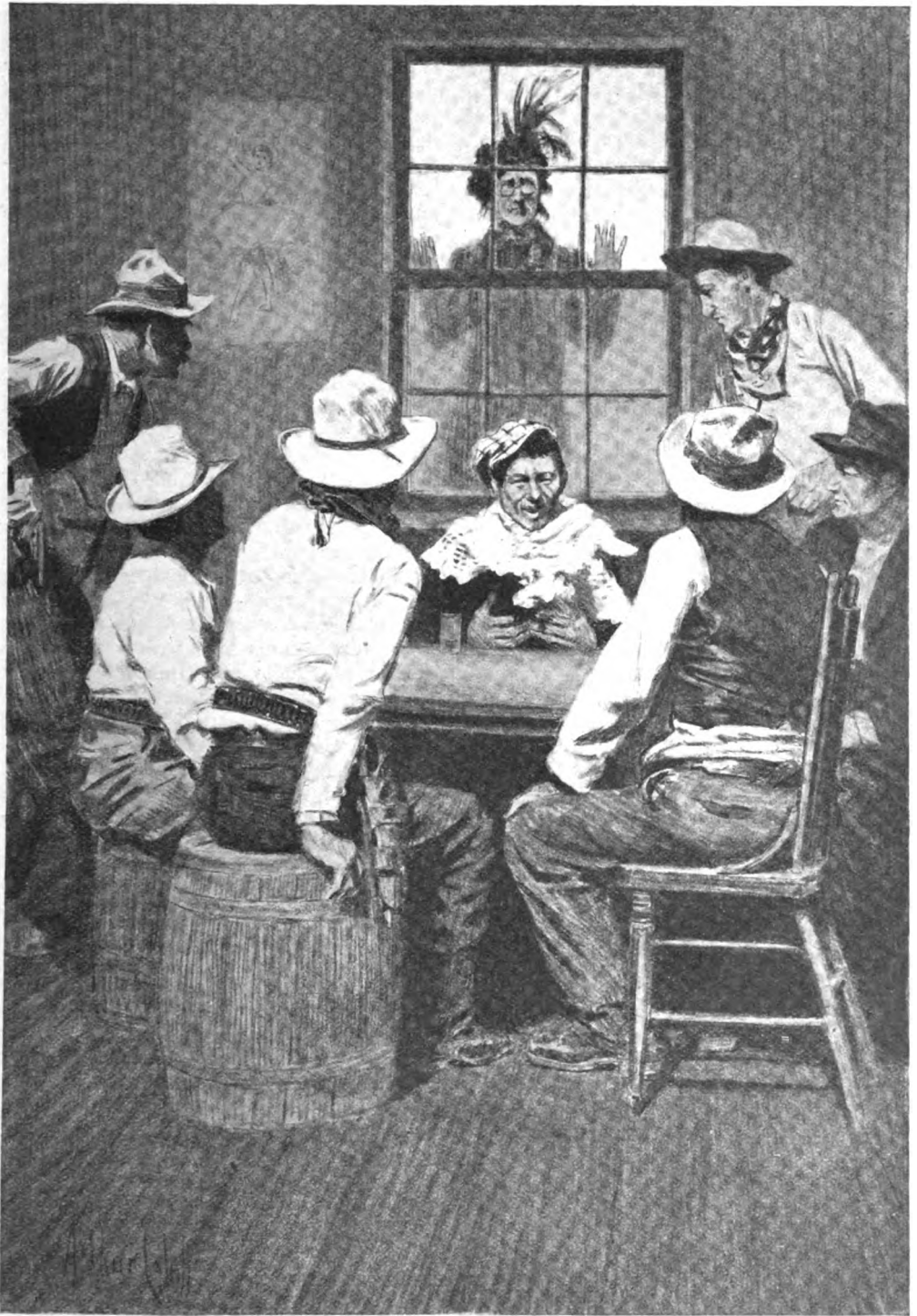
"Speakin' of keepin' your feet dry" I says, "does a Holiness man ever wet his throat?"

"Billy!" says Steve. "You pain me. You sure do!" It seemed as if it was painin' Archibald too, by the way he pulled the edge of his shawl away from his mouth and commenced lickin' his foolish little tongue over his lips, with his eyes gettin' moist and wishful.

"It's ever and ever so long since I touched a drop last" he says. "My wife is awful opposed to it."

I looked at Steve. "Well" I says, "of course a Holiness sister ain't liable to miss wetness so much; but you take a good man and set him up in a high dry place like this, and he sort of lacks it. I've knew folks that would take a few drops for their stomachs, even if their lungs was all gone."

Archibald, he commenced to giggle; but Steve was real stern. "No" he says, "I ain't goin' to allow the brother to be seen goin' into no saloon with me, especially as Sister Cadwallader is most likely standin'



"Oh, murder!" says Jim. And there was Sister Cadwallader, out on the sidewalk, lookin' in. She was so plumb long that she reached clear up over the screen part of the window

at the window, right this minute, watchin' us. The only thing I'll allow is for me to take the brother up around the corner, and down the alley, and in the back way. I don't know as I've got any right to refuse him that."

He was sure grateful, Archibald was, when he come slippin' along through the alley on his rubbers, and slippin' into his chair with us around the table. He was awful quaint about it too. It didn't seem as if his drink was goin' to do his stomach a mite of good, after all, because it all went right straight to his little head, and the little piece of his bald patch that showed under the edge of his cap commenced to blush, and the sweat broke out on his little nose, and long before it was time for the next one he was gigglin' again, steady, with his little cap over one eye.

"A man has got to be a man, ain't he?" he says. "That's what I say—a man. A man's a man, ain't he? I always did say a man's a man."

"You're certainly correct, Brother" says Steve. "But a man mustn't forget to take his pills, like he told his wife he would." And Steve fetched the bottle from the pocket of his shirt.

"Why, of course!" says Archibald. "That's what I always did say: a man must take his pills. Give it here."

You'd have been amused. He set there a minute, with the bottle in his little hand, lookin' at it and turnin' it around; and then he took a new streak of gigglin', with his eyes fillin' up with tears. "Pilly-pilly-pilly!" he says, in his thin little wet squeak. "I won't! Look here: let me show you the way a man takes his pills." And then he commenced to fish a great big double bunch of false teeth out of his mouth, and put his cap on the table, and emptied the pills in it, and started pickin' 'em up, one at a time, between the two sets, mashin' 'em with the teeth and laughin' a steady drizzle of a wet laugh through his bare-naked gums.

"P-i-double-l—pill; p-i-double-l—pill!" he sings, without no kind of a tune, but makin' the teeth keep time to it. "That's the way a man takes his p-i-double-l-s" he says. "Say, if my wife was to see me takin' 'em, she'd know I was a man, wouldn't she?" I sure never had seen anybody act that way over just one little bit of a drink. And then, when he'd got the pills all chewed up and tried to put his teeth back in his

mouth, he couldn't. He tried 'em backwards and forwards, and upside down, and one at a time, and both at once; and after that he set and studied 'em, solemn and careful; but he couldn't make 'em out. And then he stood up on his little rubber feet and threw both sets, as hard as he could throw 'em, at a lovely blond lady that had her picture on the wall over on the other side of the room, and broke 'em all up in little bits of pieces.

"Oh, my!" he squeals. "I'm so happy!"

It was terrible comical, settin' around and watchin' him; but the comicalness didn't last long. It begun to get stale right away because Black's Jim's twisted eyes was starin' at the front window, round and scared.

"Oh, murder!" says Jim. And there was Sister Cadwallader, out on the sidewalk, lookin' in. She was so plumb long that she reached clear up over the screen part of the window; and there she was, with her bony nose flat against the glass, and her big pale-blue goggles starin' through. And then here she come, right on in.

I reached under and wrapped my legs around the middle leg of the table and took a good grip on the edges of my chair with both hands. "Here it comes!" I says to myself. But she didn't seem to aim to start anything. All she did was to walk back beside us and stand there restin' her hand on the table, lookin' at us, one at a time, slow and sad and solemn.

"Well, gentlemen!" she says, meek and sorrowful. "Come, Archibald" she says; and she made as if she was goin' to take him by the hand and lead him away. But not him. Before she could get hold of him he had the table between 'em, so she couldn't reach him, and he was settin' his thumb against his little nose and was wigglin' his fingers at her, real naughty.

"I won't" he squeaks. "I don't have to. I'm through comin', and goin', and trottin' round just whichever way you tell me. I'm a man, and I'm through with the whole diseased business." With that he wads his shawl up in a bunch and chucks it over back of the bar, and kicks his little rubbers off, out to the middle of the floor, and slings his cap after 'em. "There!" he says, "I ain't goin' to put 'em on no more, not as long as I live!"

She didn't try to argue with him; she didn't say a word to him, nor to any of the

rest of us but Steve. She just give Steve one long bony pale-blue look. "You!" she says. Don't you guess she must have thought he was some kind of a backslider? She didn't wait for him to explain; she just turned right round and walked right out, oozin' melancholy Holiness.

Soon as she was gone, little Archibald went down in his chair, all limp and shakin', and put his little bald head down on his arms on the table and started to cryin'. "O dear! O dear!" he says, like his little heart was breakin'. But pretty soon he set up again, wipin' the tears away with the sleeve of his Prince Albert. "I don't care!" he says. "I'm sick of pills, and I'm sick of Holiness. It's nothin' but pills and Holiness that's ailin' me, right this minute. I've took pills till I can't move around without hearin' 'em rattle in me; and I've had Holiness rammed down me till my soul's all bulged out of shape with it. She can't make me take either one of 'em again, ever." His little brave spell petered out on him, though, right away. "What am I goin' to do?" he whimpers. "Oh, I wish we hadn't come, so I do! I wish we'd never heard tell of Lusk at all. I'd rather have gone without lungs all my life."

"Say" says Red McGee, "how did you happen to pick on Lusk, any way?"

"Because" says Archibald, "they told us it was high up, and dry, and cheap. Mostly cheap. We didn't have the money to go to Tucson. Tucson was where she wanted to go, because she's got a Holiness cousin down there, runnin' a prune ranch; but we didn't have the money to go farther than here. I ain't got but fourteen dollars left, till our folks send us some more. And now there's my teeth, all ruined. And there's *her*, up there, waitin' for me. I wish I was dead!" he says. "That's what I do: I wish I was dead!"

Wouldn't that have begun to make you feel sort of responsible? Well, what would you have done about it? I expect you'd have tried to fix it up by turnin' good to him, accordin' to the rules, wouldn't you? Most people would. You wouldn't have tried to cure the wickedness with more wickedness, would you? That's what I started out to say in the beginnin': folks are too scared of wickedness. Wickedness is all right, in the right place.

Archibald had his face hid down on his arms again. Steve motioned me over beside him at the bar,

"Billy" says Steve, "let's finish it up right. He says he's got fourteen dollars on him."

"Well" I says, "what do you want to do? Start the hat for 'em?"

"Shucks!" says Steve. "That's common. Anybody could pass the hat. Besides, what do we want to insult 'em for? Fourteen dollars is a pretty good stake. Let's play draw with him for it."

"What?" I says. "Poker? And take the little bit he's got away from him? I'd be ashamed, Steve, so I would."

Steve looked at me, real unfriendly. "Who said anything about takin' his money away from him?" he wanted to know. "Billy, ain't you got any imagination? Think!" He watched me till he saw his idea was beginnin' to soak into me some, and then he says: "Well, now, you go out and pass the word around. Find everybody. Nat Baker'll come; get him. Tom Black's in town, from over Willow way, and the boys from Nine-Bar. Get them. And be quick, Billy, while I'm makin' the other arrangements and lookin' after Archibald. I'll have to get him convinced, I reckon."

Steve hadn't got him right convinced yet, when the bunch of us blew in. He was awful miserable, Archibald was, with his pale little lips tremblin' and his face all streaked up with tears.

"No, I can't, gentlemen" he says. "I've committed sin enough for one day, to say nothin' of playin' cards. There's nothin' for me to do but go and crawl back into Holiness. I ain't safe outside. Mebbe she won't let me back now. Besides, I ain't ever played poker, anyhow, except for grains of corn, years and years ago. And, besides, I can't afford it. We're goin' to need every cent I've got. I've just got to go back to her now."

We wouldn't let him, though. We had to coax him by main strength. Another little bit of a thimbleful helped. And in a minute there he was, with his money invested, settin' in against a gang of lads that could have won the horns and hoofs off of Old Nick himself at poker, if we'd set out to.

Let me tell you: the man that made up the game of draw, away back yonder, sure never meant it to be played the way we played it in Holsapple's place with Archibald. It never was played that way before, since the world commenced. It was scandalous the hands that Archibald caught,

without seemin' to know how he got 'em, nor what to do with 'em, nor who won, nor why, nor nothin'. Nat Baker dealt him four queens off the bottom of the deck with his little finger, and then Nat bet his head off on two little pair, with me stretchin' around to look over Archibald's shoulder and helpin' him, playin' both our stacks at once. Nat was busy and wanted to get through with his part quick. Besides, he didn't want to corrupt himself with lingerin' in that kind of a proposition. A man has got to respect his religion.

"Did I win?" squeals Archibald. "All these counters? And the blue ones are worth a dollar apiece?" And then, while he was countin' up how much he had, Black's Jim fixed him out with a nice little set of aces full.

It didn't last long. It didn't have to. It wasn't but a half hour or so till we quit and cashed little Archibald in for money enough to pay the way of both of 'em clear from Lusk to Jerusalem, if they'd had

any hankerin' to go there. He'd took a month's pay away from me, and the rest had averaged up just about as expensive.

"Is all this money mine?" quivers little Archibald. "And can I *keep* it? And you gentlemen won't have any hard feelin' against me for beatin' you?" And with that he commenced to stuff it around in his different pockets and went hurryin' off to locate Sister Cadwallader.

Well, we went down to the depot that night to see 'em off. We reckoned it wouldn't take 'em any longer to leave; and there they was. We caught sight of him first, prancin' up and down the platform with his hands under his coat-tails, and his cap cocked crooked over one eye, and singin' through his gums. It wasn't any hymn-tune he was singin', either. Nor he didn't have his shawl on, nor his rubbers; nor he

didn't have the woman gloomin' over him. She was standin' off by herself, back against the wall, forlorn and friendless, just keepin' still.

"Hello!" I says to him. "You ain't leavin' so soon, are you? What's the trouble?"

He give us a wide wet grin. "Yep!" he says. "East, and then Tucson. That's our train whistlin', ain't it? Ariminta, get your traps together—quick, now!" He was sayin' that to *her*, understand!

She'd have walked right straight past us without a look or a word if it hadn't been for Steve Brainard. Steve always was an awful risky man.

"Sister" he says to her, "I'm sure terrible sorry to have you quittin' us like this."

She looked as if there was yards and yards of her when she straightened herself up, like she did then. "Scoffer!" she says to Steve. "And I trusted you! I'll never forgive you for what you've done to my husband—never. You've polluted him. Rum! And cards! I've

got only one comfort: he tells me that he won your money honorably, after you had seduced him into playing. I hope it will be a lasting lesson to you."

"Ariminta!" sings Archibald from the car steps. "Want us to get left? Come on—move!" And then they climbed aboard and faded off East.

We figured that that was the last we'd ever hear of 'em; but it wasn't, because away along in the middle of the next summer there was another game of draw that got started in Lusk. It lasted all night and away along into next day, and the way the luck run was enough to make a wooden Indian disgusted. One lad was doin' all the winnin', and it seemed as if nothin' could break the way they fell. Sam Somethin', his name was. Arizona was where he hailed from. After we'd all had a plenty for one time, he



It was scandalous the hands that Archibald caught, without seemin' to know how he got 'em, nor what to do with 'em, nor who won, nor why, nor nothin'

leaned back in his chair and laughed at us. He wasn't nasty about it, but just tickled.

"I wouldn't have believed it" he says, "of a bunch of cow-country folks. I didn't believe it when Archibald told me. But it's true. You boys can't play draw."

"Archibald?" I says. "Archibald who?" It struck me I'd ought to remember that name.

"Archibald Cadwallader" says Sam. "He was up here last year. Don't you remember him cleanin' you, that time—the little man without any lungs in him?"

"Oh—him!" I says. "Yes, but listen!" I was goin' ahead to explain it to him, if Steve hadn't cut in.

"And how is our friend Archibald?" Steve asks, smooth and gentle. "He seemed plumb peaked when he was here."

"He hit Tucson peaked too," says Sam, "but he got over it, with our climate. You ought to see him! Shaped just like a rubber ball—and he can bounce pretty near as good. There's only one person in Tucson any fatter than Archibald, and that's his wife. That's what the Tucson climate can do. They're sure changed." He set for a minute, riffin' the cards and lookin' around at us, with his eyes laughin'. "They're doin' real well, too," he says, pretty soon. "Archibald and Ariminta, they're runnin' a

faro layout, with poker on the side, and makin' good money."

"Faro!" I says. "Poker! Them Holiness people?" I just knew there was somethin' comin' by the look of Sam. He let the cards drop and leaned back in his chair and started a great big boomin' laugh.

"Holiness!" he says. "Gentlemen! Arizona certainly did enjoy hearin' Archibald tell about that."

I could just feel that we was goin' to be pained by it; but I just couldn't help askin'. "You don't mean to say—" I commenced.

"Shucks!" says Sam. "You fellows never even suspicioned, did you? Why, that man was born on a card table, out in Nevada. He cut his teeth on a poker chip. Holiness! Say, he certainly did put it over on you. And Ariminta! You ought to see that lady slide a card out of the middle of the deck. Does it with either hand as well as the other. Does it slicker than anybody I ever watched. It would do you good to look at her. Holiness! Listen: Them two come here to Lusk just hankerin' for the chance that he might be able to pick up a little expense money, somehow; only you boys saved him the trouble. And you never suspicioned? Well, keep on; you'll learn, mebber."

Well, what do you think about it? Don't it strike you that we got goodness and badness sort of mixed up, that time?





EXPERIMENTS IN TRANQUILLITY

By A. J. WATERHOUSE

Drawings by Egbert Norman Clark

III. WE GET A CROP

ONE evening we had dinner with the Browns and afterward we adjourned to the porch of Peace Cottage, and there engaged in cheery conversation while Brown and I smoked. The subject under discussion eventually drifted around to matrimony, its trials, vicissitudes and many uncertainties, as it is quite likely to do where married people congregate. We discussed those peculiarities of human nature which make for domestic happiness or unhappiness. Brown was quite eloquent on the subject, and I found my chance to take one step toward getting even with him for the Holstein hens and some other things. Probably I should not have done so at such a time, but the score was terribly one-sided.

"Most men," he said, "are thoughtless in their domestic financial arrangements. They do not intend to be mean, but their lack of consideration sometimes stops hardly short of that. Now my wife"—here he arose, placed his thumbs in the arm-holes of his vest, tilted the cigar a little higher in his mouth, and continued—"my wife has nothing of that sort of which to complain. I turn over all of my income to her, or—hah!—practically all. I reserve three or four dollars a week for my personal expenses, and Mrs. Brown—hah!—has all the rest. Occasionally, of course, I am compelled to obtain from her an additional trifle for personal expenses, but, generally speaking, she has the money and is responsible for its expenditure and for any small savings we may lay aside from it. I find it an excellent plan, and it pleases both of us."

"And I keep a regular ledger" remarked Mrs. Brown.

"Yes? Do you find the scheme very satisfactory?" I inquired.

"Ye—e—es. Only I can't see why I can't save more money."

"Oh, well! She has to learn how to handle money, you know. Give her time, I say." (This from Brown.)

"Well, I'm going to read you men my last week's accounts in my ledger and see if you can suggest where I could have economized more. I've studied and worried over it lots, but I can't see."

Thereupon our excellent neighbor trotted over to her residence and secured the very thin book that served her as a ledger. As she read from it to us after her return I adroitly took shorthand notes on my cuff, and so am able to quote verbatim from—

MRS. BROWN'S LEDGER

Monday—Henry gave me \$35, but he kept \$5 of it. So I had.....	\$30.00
Paid for meat, but it wasn't as good as the butcher said.....	.35
Gave Henry.....	1.25
Paid a peddler for some real good shoe-strings.....	.05
Tuesday—Bought a knife-sharpener. It sharpens lovely.....	.30
Paid for wood, but we really ought to use coal. It would be cheaper, I am sure.....	4.20
Gave Henry.....	1.75
Wednesday—Paid for groceries. They are so high now.....	1.83
Gave Henry.....	2.25
Bought an apron. It was quite nice for the money.....	.65

Thursday—Bought meat and groceries and something else that I can't remember.....	\$1.10
Gave Henry.....	.75
Bought some shoes for myself. They were at Perkins' special sale and were worth \$2.75 anyway.....	1.50
Friday—Gave Henry.....	2.90
Bought fish. Henry is so fond of fish.	.35
Paid for tea.....	.20
Saturday—Gave Henry.....	1.15
Paid for coffee.....	.15
Gave Henry before he went to the farmers' lodge. Lodges are so expensive.	6.00
Sunday—Put in the collection box.....	.50
Gave Henry.....	2.75
Total.....	\$29.98
Balance on hand.....	.02

"There," said Mrs. Brown after she had read the record, "you see I saved only two cents last week. Yet I did so want to save more, and I've tried and tried to see where I could have economized, and I can't, unless it might have been on my shoes, and I wanted them so much, and they *were* cheap."

"Oh, well, my dear," said Brown, the kind and considerate man, "it's all right. You'll learn after a while."

But on me, as I sat and listened, there broke a great white light. I knew, too, that Brown saw this light; and that loving, wifely faith was all that blinded Mrs. Brown's eyes, as it has blinded the eyes of other women ere now.

"Let me see the ledger" I said. "Perhaps the two of us together may be able to detect the difficulty."

Brown wriggled in his seat, and said "Oh, pshaw! It isn't worth while," but his good lady handed me the ledger, and I paid no attention to him.

"Now let us see" I continued; "we will try to systematize the accounts by dividing them as they naturally classify themselves."

"It looks to me," Brown interrupted, "as if it were going to rain" (there was not a cloud in the sky) "and I think, Julia, that we had

better go home and see that the calf is safely under shelter."

But Mrs. Brown was deeply interested in my exposition. "Just a few minutes, Henry; I don't believe it will rain right away" she pleaded, and Brown settled back with a dissatisfied expression on his ingenuous countenance, while I continued:

"You had thirty dollars, not counting the five that Henry at once retired from domestic circulation, and the first among the natural divisions would be household expenses. Let us see: There is meat, thirty-five cents; knife-sharpener, thirty cents; wood, four dollars and twenty cents; groceries, one dollar and eighty-three cents; meat and groceries, one dollar and ten cents; fish, thirty-five cents; tea, twenty cents, and coffee, fifteen cents. That is a total of eight dollars and forty-eight cents. Do you think of any place in this department where you could retrench?"

"N—n—no" the excellent little woman replied, "I don't think so."



The old game of honeyed compliment worked by so many husbands did not operate in this instance. Mrs. Brown was too deeply interested in my classification of expenses

"Oh, well," said Brown, "what is the use of bothering with it? Julia is a good, economical wife, and I always said so."

But the old game of honeyed compliment worked by so many husbands in similar cases did not operate in this instance. Mrs. Brown was too deeply interested in my classification of expenses.

"Next in order would come your personal expenses," I resumed. "These are: Shoestrings, five cents; apron, sixty-five cents, and shoes, one dollar and fifty cents. The total is two dollars and twenty cents. Could you retrench in any way here?"

"Well, there were the shoes, but I really needed them."

"That's what she did" Brown chimed in, "and all that I complain about is that she doesn't get as good as she deserves."

Naturally I realized that Henry was hedging against what he foresaw, but I appeared to pay no attention to him as I continued:

"Then there is charity. I suppose you do not feel that the fifty cents you gave to the cause of religion was too much?"

"Certainly not." (Mrs. Brown was quite positive about this.)

If the chair on which Brown sat had been thrice heated he could have squirmed no more than he now was doing. At this point he again made himself heard:

"I don't like to hurry away, but I really feel that we ought to be going. If you are ready, Julia, we—"

Apparently I did not hear him, as I droned right along:

"This makes a total of eleven dollars and eighteen cents, or somewhat more than one-third of your total allowance, for household and personal expenses and charity. Now let us see about the rest. You gave—"

"Come, Julia."

"You gave Henry five dollars, and a dollar and a quarter, and—"

"We really *must* go, Julia."

"A dollar and seventy-five cents, and two dollars and a quarter, and—"

"If you intend to stay all night, Julia, just say so. *I've* got to go."

"And seventy-five cents, and two dollars and ninety cents, and a dollar and fifteen cents, and—"

"That calf may be dying just for lack of a little care."

"And six dollars, and two dollars and seventy-five cents."

Brown reached for his hat, and looked almost fiercely at his wife and me, but she was interested in the ledger and did not notice his actions. In a monotonously calm voice I continued:

"That makes a total of twenty-three dollars and eighty cents for Henry, and I think you did astonishingly well to save two cents. I presume it would be ungracious for me to inquire if you feel that you could get along with a little less, Henry?"

Brown seized his wife and led her from the room, at the same time glaring at me and mumbling something about the necessity for haste. But I did not mind his sudden departure, for I knew that the seed was planted and that henceforth she would realize all about Henry. My conscience told me that I had done a good deed, for without such a revelation the good and trustful little woman never would have suspected about Henry though she had kept a ledger through all the days of her pilgrimage; she merely would have continued to wonder what became of the money. It really was gratifying to put away the Holstein hens account marked "Squared, more or less."

After they had gone, Lillian and I seated ourselves in the large arm-chair by the living-room window, and conversed for a time. So seated, the peace of the moonlighted fields without—so different from the boxed-in turmoil of the city—found its counterp. within my soul, and I drew Lillian nearer to me and told her how glad I was that I had drawn a capital prize in the great matrimonial lottery. This sort of thing costs nothing, and, man or woman, we are happier and better for it.

The night was indescribably lovely. To be sure, the stars, dimmed in glory by the superior splendor of the moon, had well nigh hidden their faces and only here and there did a twinkling eye look dimly down upon the ways and deeds of a naughty world; but fields and trees and distant low-lying cottages all slept in a wonderful night-robe of gray and silver. By the banks of the tiny brooklet the frogs joined in a weird chorus. Within the room our low voices gradually hushed and dropped off into silence, for the feeling within us was too deep for verbal expression.

There we sat and dreamed until the hour was late, and when we finally retired we did

so, it seemed to me, only to go from one dreamland into another.

So the peaceful days passed in glad and bright procession while I cultivated my sense of mastery and gave free scope to my high genius for watching, but the arrival of Eugene Carter put an end to my peaceful mooning around.

Eugene Carter had visited in Peace Cottage, but has not been mentioned in this narrative heretofore because he is no part of a farm and is entirely lacking in that rural charm I endeavor to depict. The anticipative smile on dear Helen's face would have served as constant announcement that he was coming even had we not known it otherwise. He came, and the smile bid fair to become perpetual.

At last it became evident that the courtship in which we were so deeply interested was approaching a crisis, but a conversation between Lillian and Helen one evening was our first notification that the great event was closely impending.

"Eugene wants us to be married very soon" Helen confided.

Lillian's only response was "Tell me about it, dear."

"Well, he wanted to know the earliest day on which we could be married, and I told him it could not possibly be before next June."

"You were wise. What did he say then?"

"He said that was absurd, and I told him I *might* be ready by April."

"That was conceding a great deal, and he must have appreciated it. How did he express his gratitude?"

"He didn't express it. He must have slow-freighted it, for it hasn't arrived yet. He said the idea of waiting that long was ridiculous, and I—well, I said I *might* be ready by Christmas."

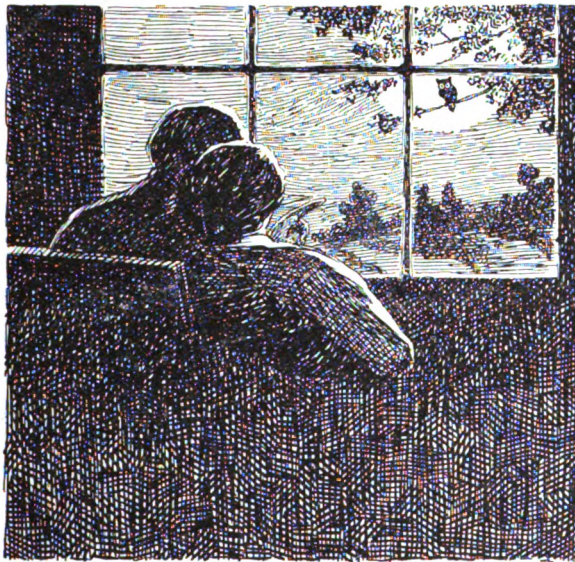
"You did! You said you *might* be ready by Christmas! You never can do it in the world, and I don't see how you could even *think* of such a thing. What did he say then?"

"He said that was not *quite* so absurd, but was *prettly* absurd, and he talked in that way until I—we—that is, I—well, we have agreed to be married three weeks from next Wednesday."

"Helen Bennett!"

Lillian told me afterward that she could not have said more than she expressed in those two words if she had used up a dictionary; she said they seemed to convey all of her

argument and all of her emotions. Helen tried to explain to her that there really was no occasion for delay, but she would not be convinced. When I called her attention to our own case, in which the wedding was quite precipitate, also, she turned up her nose and said "That is quite different," although no mere man could tell wherein the difference lay.



The night was indescribably lovely. There we sat and dreamed

For the next three weeks and five days I bitterly felt that the name of Peace Cottage was a cruel misnomer. I was a palpable misfit in my little world, and felt as out of place as might a bee-drone in a convention of workers. I was not exactly an outlaw, but I might almost as well have been. A sewing-woman was introduced from somewhere, and when I entered a room—any room, it made no difference which, for all were alike preëmpted—Lillian would say "Look out! You are stepping on that petticoat," and Helen would add "I don't see how some men *can* be so awkward," and I could not avoid an inference that I was one of the "some men." Never before had I felt so keenly that I was just a man. Even the seamstress treated me with a thinly veiled scorn.

At last the eventful day came. The unpretentious wedding took place in the parlor of Peace Cottage, and Helen looked very beautiful, while Eugene looked as if he wished he were well out of it, as bridegrooms generally do. The bride wore a veil made of some sort of creamy shimmering stuff, and a dress made of some sort of white stuff with some sort of tags fastened to the front and sides of it. I have been thus explicit in description of the costume because Lillian says she thinks some lady readers might be interested in it, and I fancy that they will.

When Parson Jenkins spoke the impressive words that made the young couple husband and wife, Lillian wept. Helen has no mother, and so I suppose Lillian felt that she must take the place of one. I knew that she would weep, but I never will be able to understand it. For this is the problem that forever vexes man's soul: why does gentle woman weep at her daughter's or her sister's wedding? For long years she—or many of her, at any rate—lives, hopes, plans, endures and suffers to the end that the loved one may make a "good match." Then, when the anxiously awaited day has arrived, the consummation of her hopes is at hand, and the dear girl is about to embark on the untried sea of matrimony, she creates an opposition ocean of tears, and herself lugubriously sails away on its dark waters. I never could understand why she does this thing, I say, but she does it, and I suppose that the bride, who also is feminine, would not feel that the wedding was a complete success if somebody did not turn on the faucet.

Well, Helen and Eugene Carter were one, and the future would decide which one. There was a little wedding breakfast, with only Mr. and Mrs. Brown and ourselves present, and after that the young pair went away to begin life together. Peace Cottage would be lonely without them. We should miss Helen's voice and the music of her laughter, and it would seem strange to go into a room after dark without coughing to give notice of our approach.

In the days of loneli—that is, of tran-

quillity, that followed, Lillian and I discovered that we must keep a tight grip on our appreciation of the infinite peace and felicity that brooded over all about us, or else we were likely to lose our hold on it entirely. We discovered, too, that this was hard and trying work, for it almost appeared that some malicious fiend must have greased the infinite peace and felicity, so difficult were they to hold. Sometimes the monot—the tranquillity became so strenuously pervasive that I even used to ask Brown to come over and play croquet with me. Think of that! Playing croquet!

And with Brown!

One of the unfortunate features of this time was the variation in the songs sung by the tiny choristers of the night. For some time after moving to our country home we found an exquisite pleasure in going out into the tranquil evenings and, swinging in our hammocks, listening to the majestic chorus of the night, that far-away half-dreamed chorus which has rung through creation's halls, making them melodious, since first the Voice was heard in the divine fiat "Let there be light." There was one wee vocalist which from its hidden place in the choir sang just one word to just one silver note, over and over and over, and "Peace—peace

—peace" was the changeless burden of his song.

Then, over yonder, another tiny singer would reply. "And rest—and rest and rest" he sung. Then, for pulseless moments, there was silence, and the sacred harmony of silence, till of a sudden, as if the mighty choir of great Nature's wee ones no longer could contain its heart of happiness, broke through that silence the overmastering refrain, "And—love—for—all, and—love—for—all, and—love—for—all."

So rang the chorus in our first happy, dreamful evenings at the cottage, but now it was different. We listened with eager expectancy for the old chorus, but neither tune nor words were the same. The little chap that sung of peace now had a grouch on, and all that he shrilled was "Rats!—



Bob was a street-Arab

rats!—rats!" Then it was evident that the tiny one that responded was suffering from indigestion, or something, for all that he would querulously rasp out in reply was "Come off!—Aw, come!—Come off!" Anxiously we awaited the majestic refrain, but, alas! when it was reached the disgruntled choir created naught but discord with its jangled "This — makes — us — tired, this — makes — us — tired, this — makes — us — tired."

I never knew a choir to change so completely and so unfortunately in so brief a time. After a few evenings of this sort of thing we gave it up and retired to the house.

"Lillian," I would say, "do you ever pause to reflect how blessed we are in our little home? So calm, so tranquil, so—"

At this point I would forget myself and break off in a long sigh as of some hidden anguish. Then Lillian would respond:

"Ah, yes! And to think that we lived in that dreadful city so long as we did! How can sane people prefer that terrible concatenation of deafening racket to such an abode of bliss and—"

So our conversations generally ambled along; words of condensed happiness broken by sighs and pickled in brine. If we were less passionately fond of the country than we were I almost might suspect that we were lonely.

Why continue the pretense? We *were* lonely. More and worse than that, I at least was becoming dissatisfied with my (or Brown's) ideal of farming. Here I was on a California farm, the soil of inestimable richness, the climate a continuous blessing, and I had been merely entertaining myself by—watching. I saw neighbors about me who farmed intelligently, scientifically, and they were steadily getting rich at it. I began to watch less and to take a practical interest in observing what our wonderful soil will do when one "tickles it with a hoe." I was in the early stages of this re-birth when my final salvation came.

The salvation was about four feet high

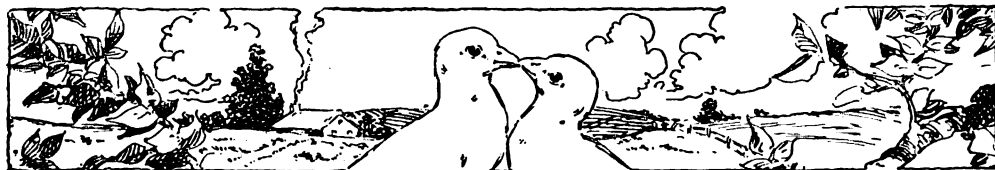
and was possessed of a snub nose, a pair of brown eyes which soon became suggestive of twin interrogation points, and a wealth of freckles. It answered to the name of Bob, and a friend in the city had recommended it to me.

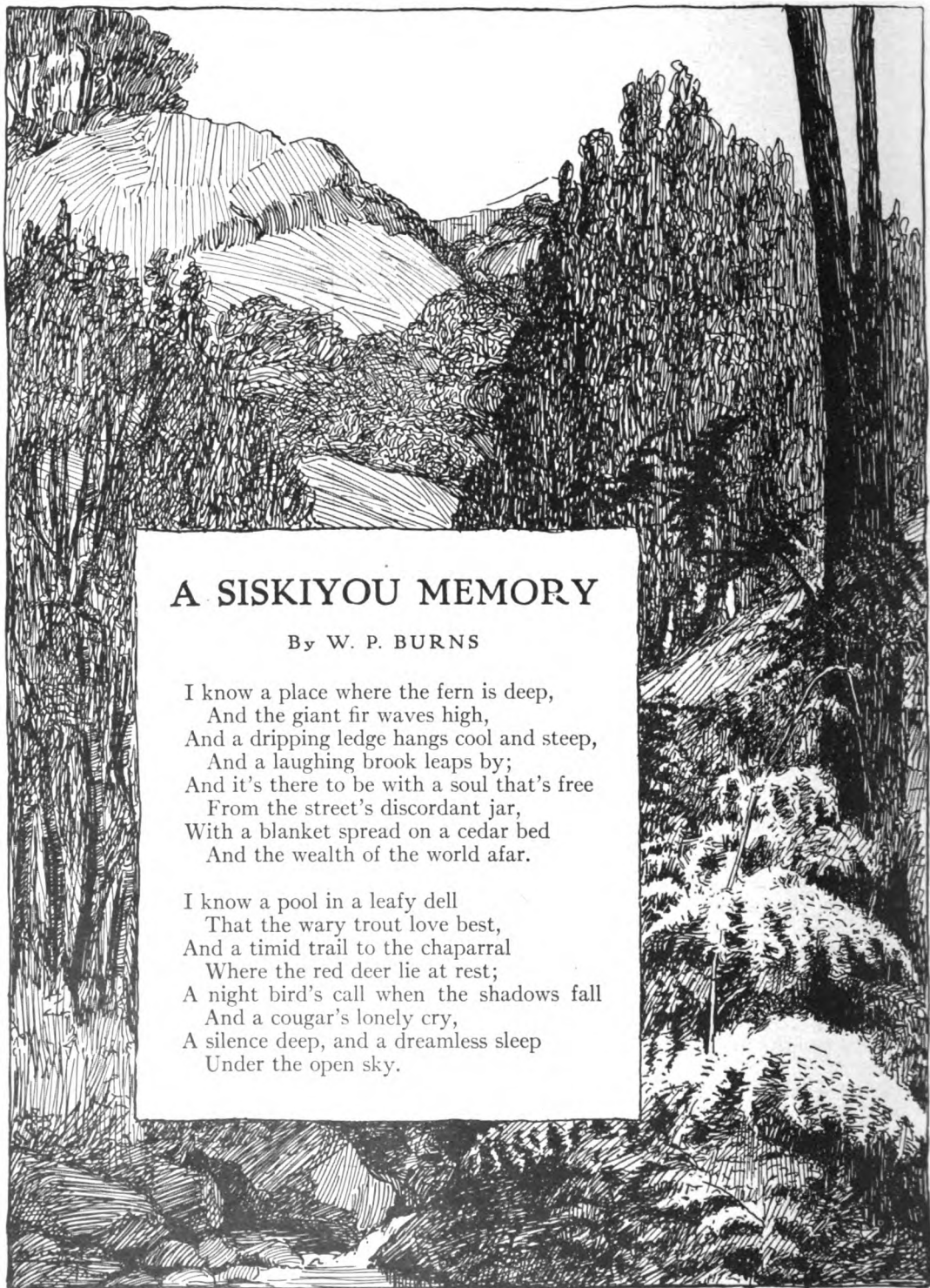
"He is a street-Arab," the friend wrote, "motherless, worse than fatherless, but I have had opportunity to know that there is good stuff in him. Take him, teach him to farm, make a man of him."

"Teach him to farm!" The friend who wrote is not a man who is given to bitter, scathing irony, but he attained it in this instance. "Teach him to farm!" I, who had been engaged in wasting my substance in riotous watching! "But hold" I said to myself. "I *will* teach him. Together we will learn to farm, the boy and I."

And we did it. We took hold of farming, not as if it were a game, but as a business. I do not know which made the more blunders, Bob or I, nor which laughed the louder at them, but all of the time we were putting such brains as we possessed into the problem that confronted us, and in the end we won. And today, as I walk down the westerly slope of the hills of life, Bob is to me both tower of strength and well-spring of happiness.

Lillian and I still live in Peace Cottage. We are older than we once were, and I have noticed that Brown and I are less hilarious when we meet, but never has Peace Cottage deserved its name more than now. The busy days pass rapidly, but they are days of prosperity and content. Sometimes Eugene and Helen and small Eugene, Jr. and smallest of small Lillian come to visit us, and then, when the evening has come, we sit out on the porch, and, while we three men (for Bob always is with us) smoke a tranquilizing cigar, the moon and the stars look down upon us, and gentlest zephyrs whisper to us, and out yonder the chorus of night voices is singing of the joy of living; and tranquillity, from being a joke, has passed into blissful reality.





A SISKIYOU MEMORY

By W. P. BURNS

I know a place where the fern is deep,
And the giant fir waves high,
And a dripping ledge hangs cool and steep,
And a laughing brook leaps by;
And it's there to be with a soul that's free
From the street's discordant jar,
With a blanket spread on a cedar bed
And the wealth of the world afar.

I know a pool in a leafy dell
That the wary trout love best,
And a timid trail to the chaparral
Where the red deer lie at rest;
A night bird's call when the shadows fall
And a cougar's lonely cry,
A silence deep, and a dreamless sleep
Under the open sky.



PHOTOGRAPH BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y.

Federalist soldiers today were rebels yesterday and may be rebels again tomorrow

Is There Any Hope for Mexico?

By E. ALEXANDER POWELL, F. R. G. S.

Author of: *The Last Frontier*; *The Balkan Union Against Turkey*

WE stood on the terrace of the palace which crowns the rock of Chapultepec, Porfirio Diaz and I, and stared silently down upon the myriad house-tops of the Mexican capital. From the great city, which lay spread beneath us like a plaster-of-paris model, rose faintly the roar of industry. In a hundred places the urban sky-line was broken by belching factory chimneys; street-cars, looking from the distance like big and very busy beetles, scuttled along the well-paved thoroughfares and stopped and then scuttled on again; along the splendid Paseo an interminable stream of carriages and motor-cars, controlled by white-gloved gendarmes on shining horses, rolled by in a display of wealth and fashion which could be paralleled in few capitals of Europe. Beyond the city, to the northward, a trail of smoke smeared itself against the sky.

"That" said the President, pointing, "is the north-bound mail train. It has electric

lights and hot and cold water and an observation car in the rear and a dining-coach ahead, and it covers the nineteen hundred miles between the City of Mexico and St. Louis in sixty hours. Its passengers are as safe and very nearly as comfortable as they would be in their own homes. I have a personal pride in that train, because it typifies in a measure the progress that Mexico has made under my rule. When I became president, more than a third of a century ago, the only means of reaching the capital was by *diligencia* from Vera Cruz. It was a common thing for the stage-coaches to pull up in front of the Hotel Iturbide filled with passengers clad only in newspapers. They had been way-laid twice. The first set of bandits had taken their valuables; the second had taken their clothes; a third set would probably have taken their lives. Today one can travel in a Pullman car from Texas to the borders of Guatemala in as perfect safety

as from Chicago to New York. Peace and security of life and property those are my gifts to Mexico."

It was barely thirty months ago that the aged President spoke thus. Then there were no less than six railway systems in regular operation between the United States and Mexico, and it was as easy to go from New York to the City of Mexico as to San Francisco. Today, after little more than a two-years interim, the Mexican capital is inaccessible by rail. Dynamited bridges, derailed trains, demolished roadbeds, terrorized train crews, have isolated the great metropolis of Middle America, with its half a million inhabitants, as effectually as though it had suddenly been transplanted to Alaska.

Revolution and anarchy have laid their pestilential hands on the national fabric which Porfirio Diaz so painstakingly built up during his five-and-thirty years of office, and before their touch it has crumbled like the native adobe. Terror reigns over Mexico from coast to coast. Death stalks across the country with dripping sword and blazing torch: Starvation is rapping insistently at every peon's door. The factory wheels are silent. The rails are red with rust. The decks of every outward-bound vessel are packed with refugees. The splendid buildings of the capital have been torn by shot and shell. Every city in the republic has been turned into an armed camp. The national treasury is all but empty. The army is rotten with sedition. Marauding bands commit their depredations unchecked within sight of Chapultepec itself. North, south, east, west, sounds the rattle of machine-guns and the crackle of musketry. In half the states of the republic law is a byword and a joke. Every foreigner remaining in Mexico does so at peril of his life. The safety of the people of our border states is guaranteed only by a border patrol composed of nearly half our standing army. The sacking of the seaports has been averted only by the grim menace of the American warships at anchor in their harbors. Political assassinations and military executions have become so frequent that they no longer evoke comment. Porfirio Diaz is an exile in an alien land and the man who drove him into that exile is in his grave. The man who temporarily dwells in the National Palace never knows when he wakes up in the

morning whether he will be greeted by a salute or a firing party.

In the last few weeks I have talked to many men, in Mexico and out of it—miners, engineers, railway builders, revolutionists, politicians, peons, cow-punchers, merchants, soldiers, diplomatists, commercial travelers, bankers—and always I have asked them the same question:

"Is there *any* hope for Mexico?" and always the answer was:

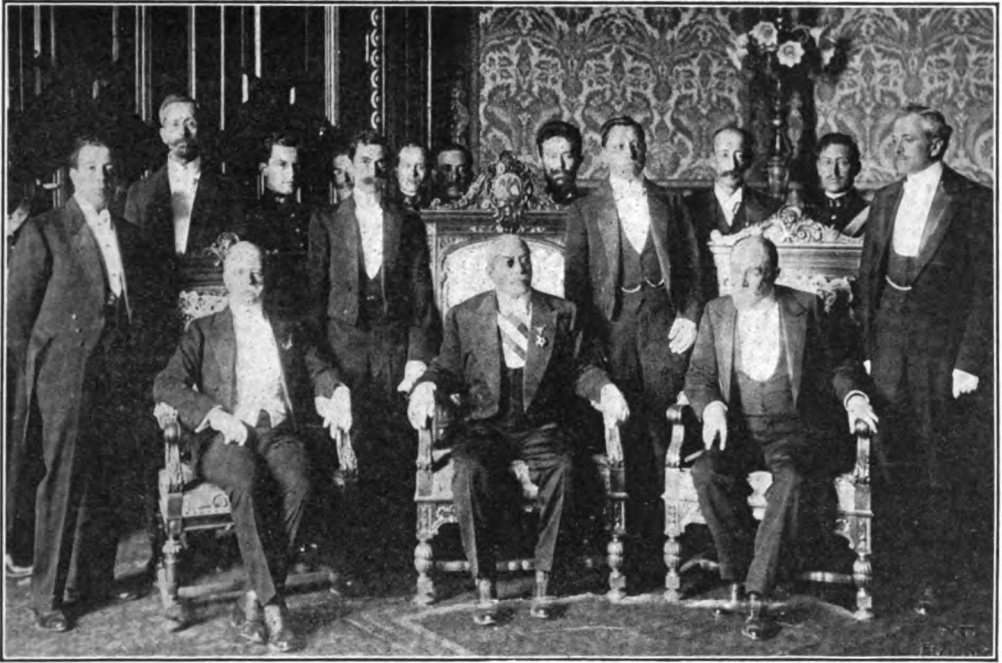
"Only in a strong and honest government."

"Who can give Mexico such a government?" I asked. "Huerta? Felix Diaz? Carranza? Vasquez Gomez? Orozco? Zapata? de la Barra?" and again the answer was in every case the same:

"The United States."

That Mexico's sole prospect of salvation is in American intervention was the opinion expressed by practically every man with whom I discussed the matter. Not all of them favored intervention, mind you—many of them, indeed, were bitterly opposed to such a step—but they all asserted, nevertheless, that in such action lies Mexico's only hope of regeneration.

Now let me make it perfectly clear to you that the present revolution, or rather revolutions—for there are nearly a dozen distinct insurrections in progress south of the Rio Grande at the present time—are very far indeed from being struggles for "the inalienable rights of humanity" as certain writers would have you believe. The men who are at the head of these movements are, on the contrary, actuated by the most sordid motives: political ambition, a thirst for power, jealousy, greed, the prospect of loot, revenge. The Federalists, under Huerta, are fighting to retain the power which they wrested by a *coup d'état* from Madero, and their success would mean, in all probability, a return to the iron-hand rule of Diaz. The Constitutionals are fighting, so they profess, for a perpetuation of the weak-kneed Madero régime with its lavish but unfulfilled promises of universal suffrage, a free press, a division of the great estates, and prosperity for all. Other factions are fighting in Sonora, in Chihuahua, and in Tamaulipas with the purpose of seceding from Mexico altogether and forming a republic of their own. In the states of Puebla, Vera Cruz, Michoacan and Morelos numerous bands of brigands,



PHOTOGRAPH BY RAMOS, FROM UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y.

President Huerta, of Mexico, and his advisers. Reading from left to right, the persons in full dress are Rayes (Justice), Esquimal Ofregun (Finance), de la Barra (Foreign Affairs), de Mondragon (War), President Huerta, Kra Stanol (Public Works), Garcia Gernados (State), Roblagil (Interior)

called revolutionists only by courtesy, are plundering, burning and murdering because, with industry at a standstill, it is the most profitable employment to be found. Although the Constitutionalist movement has assumed ominous proportions, and though it would be no great matter for surprise if the close of the summer found them in possession of the capital itself, there is scant prospect of their success bringing peace to the distracted country, for the movement has no recognized head and its generals are so jealous of each other that an attempt by any one of them to seat himself in the presidential chair would be the signal for the others to start a counter-revolution. If, on the other hand, the Huerta government manages to remain in power, and the presidential elections are held this summer as announced, it is not only possible, but extremely probable, that the defeated candidate will again make the gutters of Mexico run red by trying to get with bullets what he could not get with ballots.

Any one who really knows Mexico knows that a genuine popular election there is an impossibility and always has been. Why? Because the composition of the population

precludes the existence of such a thing as national feeling. And therein lies Mexico's greatest weakness. Did you know that within the confines of the republic sixty-three distinct languages and dialects are commonly spoken—fifty-two of them by Indians whose characteristics are as widely different as the negro and the Chinese—and that many of them do not speak Spanish at all? The population of Mexico consists of three classes: the whites, of pure Spanish descent; the *mestizos*, or half-breeds; and the native Indians. The characteristics of these three classes are so strongly marked and so discordant as to leave small hope of their ever being successfully welded into a patriotic and homogeneous people. The Spanish Mexicans, cruel, courteous, avaricious, arrogant, courageous, born intriguers every one, though forming only thirteen per cent of a population of upward of fifteen millions, have enjoyed a virtual monopoly of the wealth and intellect of the nation. The mestizos, forming forty-nine per cent of the population, have inherited the worst characteristics of their Indian and Spanish parents, being turbulent, treacherous, lazy, dissolute and cruel. It is from this class that the

revolutionary chieftains have mainly recruited their forces. Lastly there are the Indians, forming the remaining thirty-eight per cent, helpless, disinherited, disheartened and discouraged, and without a voice in the direction or destiny of the nation of which they were the original inhabitants. It was from such poor clay as this that Diaz built the showy structure called the United States of Mexico, and it was owing to the very rottenness of his material that the structure crumbled and collapsed before the blast of the first storm.

Few Americans have any conception of the apathy and hopeless ignorance of the lower classes. Beside a Mexican peon a Russian peasant becomes almost intellectual. Here is an incident which illustrates, as nothing else can, their total unfitness for the suffrage. In the latter days of the Diaz régime, an American contractor engaged in the construction of some West Coast harbor works, having in his employ some three thousand laborers, evolved the idea of putting the much-discussed intelligence of the Mexican peon to a practical test by taking a "straw vote" for president among his workmen. That no political significance might be attached to the proceedings, the American gave instructions that the name of General Diaz was not to be used. With this exception, every man was to cast his vote for whoever he was convinced would make the best president of Mexico. When the three thousand ballots were counted it was found that ninety-four per cent of them had been cast for Geona, the celebrated bull-fighter who was the popular idol of the hour. The votes of the remaining six per cent were about equally divided between Juarez and Hidalgo, the heroes of Mexican independence, both of whom have been dead for many years.

There are today only three men in all Mexico who could, by any stretch of the imagination, be considered competent to undertake the task of national regeneration. The first of these is the provisional president, General Victoriano Huerta. He is a stern, simple, silent man, a soldier first, last, and all the time, with the tastes and manners of the camp rather than the council chamber. "I am not an administrator" he said recently, in the course of an after-dinner speech, "I am a soldier, and every time I see a regiment entraining I long to put on my uniform and take the field."

Huerta was one of the most trusted lieutenants of Porfirio Diaz, having gained the confidence of the grim old dictator not only by his military abilities but by his abstention from meddling in politics. It was indeed owing to his supposed ignorance of political affairs that he was made provisional president upon the downfall of Madero, the idea being that he would serve as a stop-gap until conditions were auspicious for Felix Diaz to step in and assume the presidency. Diaz and his adherents had a surprise coming to them, however, for Huerta, instead of proving the puppet on whom they had confidently counted, unexpectedly evinced the traits of a man of blood and iron, the ruthlessness and vigor with which he proceeded to exterminate his enemies showing that he had studied with profit the methods of his former chief. Unless I am very much mistaken in his character, it will be about as easy to separate this simple-minded soldier from the presidency as it is to separate a bulldog from a bone.

General Felix Diaz, who is in many respects the strongest candidate for the presidency, inherits many of the characteristics of his distinguished uncle, under whose régime he held the responsible post of chief of police, a position which, in view of the resource, tact and discretion it required, might not inaptly be compared to that held by Fouche under the Emperor Napoleon. A higher type of soldier than Huerta, equally determined and far more dashing, he evolved and executed the coup d'état which resulted in the overthrow of Madero and the capture of the capital. His greatest asset is, of course, the name he bears and the traditions which are attached to it. Good-looking in a saturnine sort of way, dashing, d'cobnair, he holds the confidence of the army and has captured the imagination of the common people and bids fair to prove himself "the Man on Horseback" of Mexico.

Francisco de la Barra, who is generally looked upon as the candidate of the clerical party, is as different from Huerta and Diaz as a frock coat is different from a military tunic, as a pen is different from a sword. A diplomatist by profession, a smoother of differences and an adjuster of difficulties, he would rule with a velvet glove rather than with an iron hand. Suave, polished, tactful, cultured, a man of

wide experience—he held, in turn, the posts of cabinet minister, of Ambassador to the United States, and of provisional president during the interregnum between the deposition of Diaz and the election of Madero—he possesses many of the qualities which would go to make a successful ruler of a less troubled and more humdrum land.

Go behind the fighting lines in Mexico and you will come upon a trail which leads direct to banking houses in Wall street and Capel Court. Although the two great railway systems which run respectively from El Paso and from Laredo to the capital are theoretically owned by the government, certain groups of American and British financiers own what is more important: the railway bonds. It is these bankers which are supplying the Huerta administration with the sinews of war, for it is only through his success that they can hope to get the interest on their bonds. Were the rebels to gain the upper hand the railway bonds would probably not be worth the paper they are printed on, for there is every reason to believe that they would suspend payment on the national debt, as was done under similar circumstances in 1861, even if they did not repudiate it altogether.

Those financiers and concessionaires who, on the other hand, have their interests centered in the northern states of the republic, are lending material support to the revolutionists, both because they are perfectly well aware that it is only by paying tribute that they can save their properties from confiscation or destruction, and because they are convinced that the formation of a northern republic would be the first step toward annexation. That the insurrection in the north is being financed as well by

Mexicans having vast holdings in those regions, to whom such a solution would mean wealth instead of ruin, there is little doubt. Formal secession has been openly discussed in the legislature of Sinaloa, which is now in full revolt, and similar propagandas are being fostered in the states of Coahuila and Tamaulipas, the plan contemplating a repetition of the proceeding by which Texas was added to the Union.

You have only to be in Mexico a day or two to realize how enormous are American interests there. American railways have opened up to settlement that great, rich region which parallels the West Coast for a thousand miles. Three-quarters of the agricultural, commercial and mineral concessions in the republic are in the hands of Americans. It is Americans who have given to Mexico light and power and heat and means of urban traction. It is American engineers who run the trains and American managers who operate them. American artesian wells are irrigating the dry country and American steam plows are tilling it and American harvesters are gathering the resultant crops. American managers are found in the mills and mines and banks and *haciendas*. And, until chaos broke loose and overran the country, American capital kept rolling in, rolling in like an inexorable wave of fate. In the history of

the world there has never been so complete and successful a commercial conquest of a nation. This invasion came from the north, silently, peacefully, without blare of bugle or beat of drum, but it threatens to prove far more inimical to the independence of Mexico than did ever the march of the *Conquistadores* up from the south four hundred years ago. Within the Mexican



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THE HOUR IN MEXICO

A public clock, situated in the Plaza Bucarell, destroyed by continued firing in the capital during the coup d'etat against Madero

borders today there are fifty thousand American citizens and a thousand millions of American dollars.

Everything considered, the chances for peace in Mexico, except through outside interference, seem to me exceedingly slim. There is nothing to be gained by disguising the fact that Mexico is not a civilized nation and that she should be treated accordingly. She has great cities, it is true, and splendid public buildings, and twenty thousand miles of railways, but, when the acid test is applied, the thin veneer of civilization peels away and the face of the irresponsible savage is revealed. The most for which the wretched country can hope is the restoration of a dictatorship not worse than that of Diaz. With all its defects and all its crimes it was at least far better than the anarchy which has succeeded it.

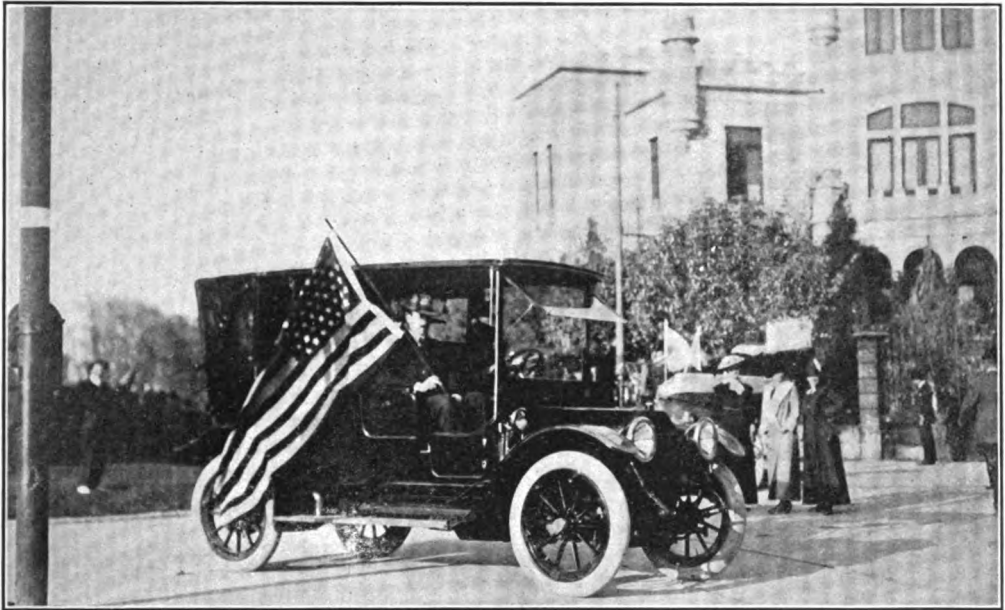
The inexplicable delay of the United States in recognizing the Huerta government has not only seriously weakened our influence in Mexico but it has had the effect of putting peace much further away. Without recognition by the United States Huerta will have great difficulty in obtaining money; without money to pay his soldiers he cannot retain his grip on the army; without the army he can offer no resistance to the revolutionists, and a revolutionist victory means another change of government and more bloodshed—so I fail to see just where the gentlemen who are dictating our foreign policy expect to get off. To tell the truth, the weak, indecisive, and vacillating policy pursued by our government has prolonged rather than shortened the revolution; it has effectually alienated the party which is in power; it has endangered the lives of the Americans resident in the republic; and it has caused us an irretrievable loss of prestige throughout Middle America.

Today the United States stands at a political crossways and two roads stretch before her. One of them is broad and smooth and leads downhill: it is marked "Non-interference" and it is the easiest way. The other road, which is marked "Intervention," is narrow and rough and hilly and very perilous indeed. We must choose between them. Firm adherence to a policy of non-interference in Mexico is synonymous with the abandonment of our historic position as policeman of the Western world, and of the doctrine of James Monroe. If

we choose to abandon those of our own people who are resident in Mexico to savagery and barbarism, that is our own affair. But it is obvious that we cannot suddenly withdraw the protection which we have hitherto extended to Europeans, resident in Spanish-American countries, and at the same time refuse permission to the European nations to take such steps as they may see fit to protect their peoples and their peoples' property. The financial interests of England and Germany and France in Mexico are very great, remember—in the aggregate considerably greater than our own—and it is to be presumed that any one of those nations would welcome an opportunity to secure that foothold on the American continent which they have hitherto sought in vain.

Abstention from intervention in Mexico will mean for us many unpleasant and humiliating things. It will mean that we will have at our very door another Haiti, another Venezuela, though on a vastly greater scale; a land of perpetual turmoil and trouble, a land of the bullet instead of the ballot, of machine-guns instead of mowing-machines, of lawlessness instead of law. It will mean that we will be compelled to maintain an army along our southern border indefinitely. It will mean that the Americans resident in Mexico will sooner or later have to leave the country bag and baggage, abandoning their homes and their business, or take their chances of having their throats cut. It will mean that the factories which have been built, the mines which have been opened, and the railways which have been constructed by American capital will have to be abandoned for lack of protection. It will mean that political assassination, such as that which ended the lives of Madero and Suarez, will become the rule. It will mean that American prestige from the Rio Grande to Cape Horn will fall to zero. And if we continue to shy at the cost of setting Mexico's house in order, it will mean that we can no longer lay honest claim to being a humanitarian and an altruistic nation.

Now turn the shield around. Intervention—there is nothing to be gained by disguising the fact—means war. The cost and duration of such a war is, of course, purely problematical. If we once put our hands to the plow, remember, we cannot turn back. Military experts believe that we



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American automobiles were placed at the disposal of the American embassy (in background) to aid in humane work during the recent fighting in the City of Mexico. Over and over, when the question is asked "Is there any hope for Mexico?" the answer is a shrug of the shoulders and a gesture toward the American flag

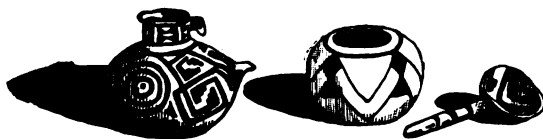
could march with ease to the City of Mexico, and for a few months win an unbroken series of minor victories, which would eventually dwindle into just such a long and exhaustive guerrilla warfare as England had to cope with in the Transvaal, even after the Boer armies had surrendered, and as France and Italy are coping with in North Africa today. Not only would the appearance of an American army in Mexico undoubtedly have the effect of bringing the discordant factions together and of cementing all parties against us, but it would crystallize the deep-seated suspicion of our motives which already exists throughout Latin-America into a certainty, and might well do incalculable harm to our South and Central American trade. Let us look the facts squarely in the face. Is the amelioration of the wretched lot of some fifteen million Mexicans worth the cost?

Or, on the other hand, can we afford the price which we will have to pay in self-respect and the respect of others if we sit complacently by and watch our next-door neighbors turn their house into a shambles?

How it will all end I do not know no one knows. But, from all I have seen and heard, I can not but feel that there is something smacking of prophecy in the remark made by a colored trooper of the border patrol as we stood watching a skirmish between the federals and the rebels near Agua Prieta not long ago.

"Well, George" I remarked, by way of making conversation, "I suppose you would be glad to get an order to cross that border?"

"Boss" he answered earnestly, "we ain't never gwine to cross dat bodah—but one of dese days we's a gwine to pick dat bodah up an' carry it right down to Panama."



MOTORING ON MOUNT RAINIER

By CARPENTER KENDALL

IT'S hands across the ages when you drive your excessively modern motor-car up to the terminal wall of a glacier; and the hand that goes out over the flaunting varnish to greet that relic of a prehistoric time is very likely not altogether as respectful as youth should be to age. Youth rules the world; and is not the gas engine the triumph of humans over internal combustion?—while what is yonder towering, snow-enveloped monument but the tomb of an internal combustion that once had power enough to have sent the airships of giants to the top of the mountains in the moon? Perhaps it did, but howbeit, the monster is dead and your gas engine is very living and very efficient. Happy may you be, too, that your new-fangled dynamics is able to open to eyes of delight the magnificent mountains and the mysteries of their age-old history.

Motoring in Mount Rainier Park literally means motoring on the mountain itself, for the park is the mountain, its boundaries fitting neatly around the granite foundation of the King of the Cascades. If you are starting from Seattle or Tacoma, and have never been up before, you will picture to yourself some heavy pulling and a more or less lengthened period of time, for there are two foot-hill ridges to cross; but your uneasiness is unnecessary and unwarranted foreboding, for your car will rock along as easily over hill and dale as over that fine bit of boulevard of the Pacific Highway, between the Puget Sound cities. The hills are looped and bound round with a winding belt that rarely calls for your "low," seldom for intermediate and generally gives you ample opportunity for that letter back home: "Yes, sir, never once had to pull out of high."

If you leave Seattle in the morning, you will lunch at Tacoma or at a famous chicken farm on the outskirts of the city, and in the afternoon when the rays of the sinking sun are beginning to strike long shadows across Rainier's southwestern slope and tinge the great white dome with crimson, you will

shut off at The Inn, 2000 feet up; and later, in the evening, you will walk across to the silence of the woodland and watch the moon silver the peak in a cold pale glory that rivals the resplendent sunset hues. The next day you will go on up the mountain, your road winding and doubling, and only the song of your motor breaking the silence of the forest; but even its whir is muffled against the dense wall of trees and undergrowth that lines the way. Higher and higher, the road leads onward, broad and level. Occasionally a goose-neck leading into a "mule-shoe" loop rises ahead of you, but these have a way of looking worse than they are and you will find your engine purring softly along, without demur or difficulty. While you are in the heart of the forest, perhaps the sound of falling waters will strike on your ear, and off in a miniature canyon at your left you will see a graceful cataract, a series of cascades and a laughing stream coming down from an unknown height and shooting under a rustic bridge. If a landscape architect with his very best degree under his arm had planned these choice bits, they could not have been more perfectly set. Suddenly you round a curve and before you is the brown forbidding wall of debris and ice that marks the end of the glacier, while rising in immeasurable grandeur above it is the great illimitable ice field which it is difficult to realize is a "live" glacier. The road crosses the moraine, a bridge spanning the cloudy tumultuous stream, and here you come upon an unwelcome sign, announcing that automobiles are no longer permitted above Glacier Bridge. This is disappointing, truly, for we are all Alexanders when we look up and see the winding road lifting on a narrow ledge in the cliff wall. A long line of motors is parked at the bridge, and while you pause in indecision, a knowing one says something about a certain ubiquitous park ranger, and you will instantly remember that you don't care to go any higher anyway. While you stand there, the horse stages which have been coming on behind

you cross the bridge and drag slowly by. The road is open for horse-drawn vehicles, but on account of its uncompleted condition and the narrowness of the roadway permission for motors has been withdrawn pending its permanent improvement and the erection of certain safeguards, necessary in places where the drop off at the side is sheer and two thousand feet.

That part of the Government road already completed and open to motor-cars is about seventeen miles long, covering the distance from the park entrance to Glacier Bridge, and when the remaining distance to Paradise Park, nine miles more, is widened and safeguarded as it should be for the passage of heavy cars, as a thrilling and utterly satisfying motor route it will rival the finest roads in the Swiss Alps.

Coming into the park by the only route open to motor-cars, you have an opportunity to try out the much-vaunted Pierce County Highway, a distinct credit to the Good Roads gospel; and passing Ashford, where the highway runs by the railroad station, you may have the luck to fall in behind the line of auto-stages which have just met an incoming train, and are on their way up to the park. Long, low and rakish are these cars, remindful of your pirate-reading days, but don't feel that your 6-60 is a disgrace to its owner if it can't pass them, for they are high-powered and can develop ninety horse-power without making any fuss whatever about it. There's no speed limit, here, however, and you're welcome to try your mettle against them. More power to your engine and more skill to your arm!

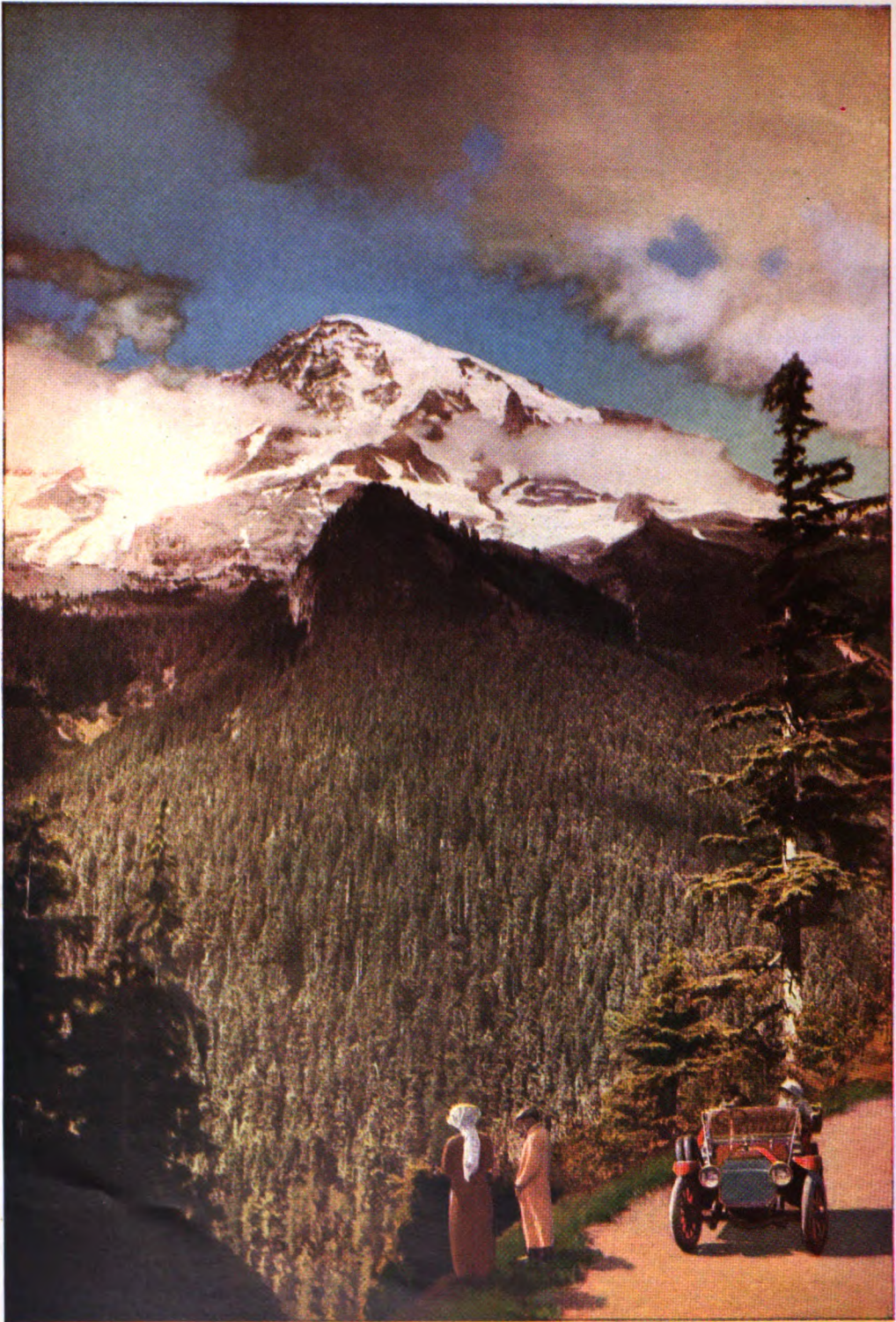
Soon you will be getting into the heavy timber, and you will not then waste a worry on what you can't pass on the road, it will be what you *are* passing, in the beautiful quiet woodland; for where is there a fascination equal to a forest road, cut through the heart of age-old fir trees and cedars, giants which tower aloft and throw their lacey canopies across to one another, with the sun seeing but dimly into their jungle-like undergrowth? The county road leads directly to the park gate, which is itself part and parcel of the timber. It is made of massive upstanding logs, crossed by enormous sawed ones with one smoothly sided, hanging by great log chains, on the surface of which the park name is burned deeply. Of all the national park entrances I have ever seen, this one is the most appropriate.

At the entrance Lodge, everyone has to alight and sign Uncle Sam's register, and whether you are the President of the United States or merely a railroad flagman, your name has to be in that book. Why, of course, remains one of the inscrutable mysteries of the Interior Department.

The park rules forbid a greater speed than twelve miles an hour, so you have plenty of time to enjoy the wonderful beauty that is all around and about you. This is a wise provision, for the road is so perfect and climatic conditions usually so ideal that you might be tempted into a dash of speed, and though I say it who am something of a motor maniac, it would be nothing short of sacrilege to go on your honking way at a fifty-mile clip through these temples of God. Far as you can see ahead, the road winds through a deep cathedral wood. The sun shines in rarely and dimly, as through leaded windows and under vaulted ceilings; and the shadows, deep and wonderful, are permeated with the incense of the pines, while the air is heavy with silence, as of prayer. Down in the canyon below, the anthem of the river is rising like the distant breaking of the choristers' song. Occasionally you cross a rollicking stream which leaps wildly over a rocky path, its milky color proclaiming it the offspring of glacial parentage. And through a loosely woven screen of foliage overhead you may catch a fleeting glimpse of the glistening peak which lifts its shining crest into the heavens white, dazzlingly white, in its coat of new-fallen snow. For on that mountain top, fourteen thousand five hundred feet up in the sky, snow falls with every cloud which drifts over it. Its rugged, seamed and scarred old head is never brown and bare, as are its brother fire peaks farther south.

If you continue in your devotional attitude, drinking in the wonderful sermons in the stones and glancing into the service books that open in every brook, you will agree with me that when your car wheels into the open meadow where stands The Inn, and the wondrous glory of that great mountain bursts on your enraptured sight, you will agree with me, I say, that it is the grandest benediction you ever had at the close of any service you ever attended.

A comfortable inn is the joy of the motorist, and joy and comfort await you here, while the necessities of your gas tank and your oil supply may be looked after, so



Motoring in Mt. Rainier Park means motoring on the mountain itself, for the park is the mountain, its boundaries fitting neatly around the granite foundation of the King of the Cascades. On that mountain-top, 14,500 feet up in the sky, snow falls with every cloud which drifts over it. Rainier has a different aspect from every side, now like Shasta in winter, now like Fujiyama

that if you choose you may soon be ready to go on up the mountain. While you wait on the wide veranda, the four-horse stages come in from above or depart with those who are going on to taste the pleasures of mountain-climbing, of coasting on snows that are older than history, and to spend the night on the edge of the ice fields where alpine flowers spring out of the melting snow banks.

It is a temptation to linger in this lovely spot; and with your car safely housed and yourself handsomely so, you can idle or be as energetic as your disposition dictates. Just to sit on that porch and absorb the splendor of the great picture about you is a privilege, the rugged peaks which cluster about Rainier's throne and the great white towering mountain even now from where you sit nearly thirteen thousand feet over your head.

The view of the mountain from this meadow shows the southern slope, with three tremendous glaciers drifting out of the snow fields that cap the summit. Rainier has a different aspect for every side; and seeing it from east or west its three distinct peaks, with the dip of the craters' rims, are plainly outlined. The east and west sides give you the impression of Shasta in winter, while from north or south one great cone alone presents an appearance similar to that of Fujiyama, the celebrated snow mountain of Japan.

The lower peaks which encircle Rainier, much as a guard of honor around a throne, attain very ambitious altitudes, and as most of them have good trails to their summits I would suggest you try a climb up Eagle, the highest one. It is six thousand feet high, but as you are a trifle over two thousand feet from where you take the trail it resolves itself into nothing so extraordinary in the way of distance.

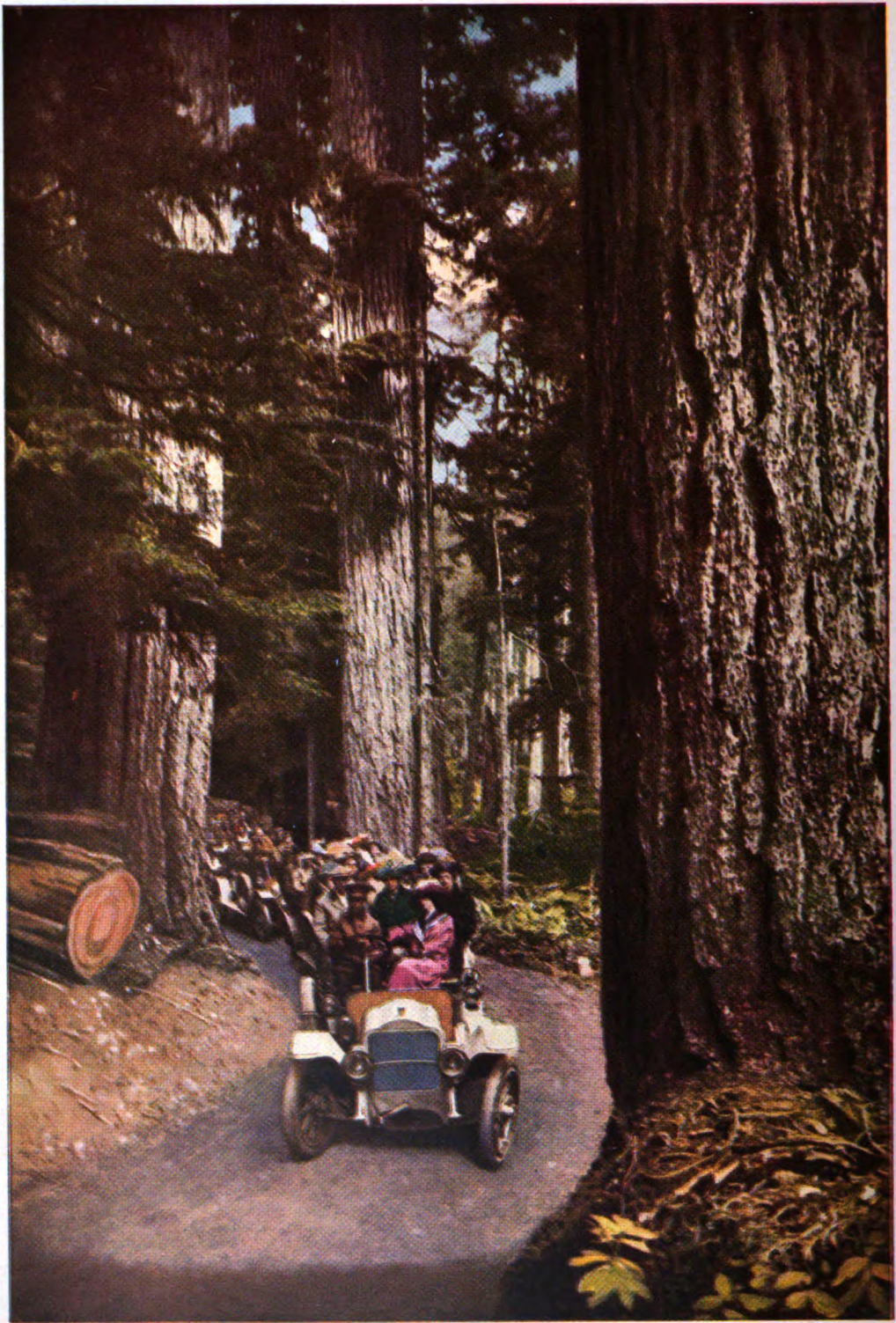
On the summit of Eagle your view of Rainier will awe you to silence, and if you are fortunate in the day, when the air is perfectly clear, you can look off forty miles to the south and plainly see the snow glittering on Mount Adams, Rainier's nearest royal neighbor, while only a little farther on perhaps you will see the youthful St. Helens, within a few centuries an extinct volcano; or even, the sharp peak of Mount Hood, the American Matterhorn.

The Government road, on its winding upward way, follows the canyon of the Nis-

qually river, and trends east of south, seemingly laid where you come into increasingly splendid perspectives of the peak whose inscrutable presence lays its spell on you. Every time you look up at the angle you last tipped your head, behold the glittering white crown has risen immeasurably and you exclaim "impossible"; but so it is.

If you let your car idle along, you will find other delights, too, for there is a transcendent joy in every nook and dell and in the semi-darkness of the undergrowth. Alpine flowers begin to peep at you out of the wilderness of ferns that carpet the slopes and drape the cliffs. Here is the wonderful flower of the Indian basket grass, growing so closely and so pearly white that they look like a great snow bank which the sun has forgotten to shine upon; here too, are dog-tooth violets, the Mariposa lily of the Sierras; the anemones, twin-flowers, and hosts of others, changing and marching along in orderly procession of varieties as you go higher. These flowers are like the trees that climb the mountains; as you ascend you will find them both changing in appearance and in species. The giant firs give place to a smaller variety of the same tree; the hemlocks dwindle, not in height but in girth, and the cedars are less imposing. Then you see the cypress, and then the mountain pines, gnarled and twisted in battles with the gales; and, under these, blossoms of gorgeous and of delicate beauty.

Take your geologist along to expound the rocks to you, because as you approach the glacier you will find marked evidences of the titanic forces that worked the formation of this volcano, those that worked with fire and blew off the mountain's head and those which went on shaping its surface, with the wearing and grinding which makes, as John Muir says, "the life of a glacier a continual grind." Basaltic cliffs and granite walls rise over you, one atop of the other, and boulders are strewn and scattered everywhere, polished to a nicety by ages of ice and aeons of erosion. At the glacier, you will have to transfer to the good old-fashioned horse-drawn vehicle, or better, take shank's beasts and go up over a real mountain trail, to Paradise park, where under a tent you can, if you wish, sleep with the icy breath of the peak blowing right down on you, the crackle of the campfire for a lullaby, and waken in the morning, perhaps, with snow for a coverlet.



The park rules forbid a greater speed than twelve miles an hour. Even the motor-maniac admits it were nothing short of sacrilege to go on your honking way at a fifty-mile clip through these temples of God. However, if you leave Seattle in the morning, you shut off at the Inn, 2000 feet up, when the rays of the slow descending sun are beginning to tinge Rainier's white dome with crimson



If you let your car idle along you will find transcendent joy in every nook and dell. Alpine flowers peep at you out of the wilderness of ferns that carpet the slopes and drape the cliffs. Here are the pearly-white flowers of the Indian basket-grass, the dog-tooth violets, the Mariposa lilies of the Sierras, the anemones, and hosts of others, changing and marching along in orderly procession of varieties as you go higher



THE TEXAN

A Desert Idyl

By
HERMAN WHITAKER
Author of
The Merry Wives of Tehuantepec

Illustrated by Arthur Cahill



IT emerged, this story, out of the motley crowd of tourists, *gringo* miners and Mexicans that thronged the great stone court of the Iturbide in Mexico City where Charlton, Carruthers and I were taking our ease after an exhausting hunt for rubber land in the steam-heated Tehuantepec tropics. To put it more correctly, the other two had done the hunting while I lay around the plantations or little village *posadas* absorbing atmosphere with an eye open always for stories. Scenting something unusual, I sat up when Carruthers gave me a sudden nudge.

"There goes the Texan, Charl't."

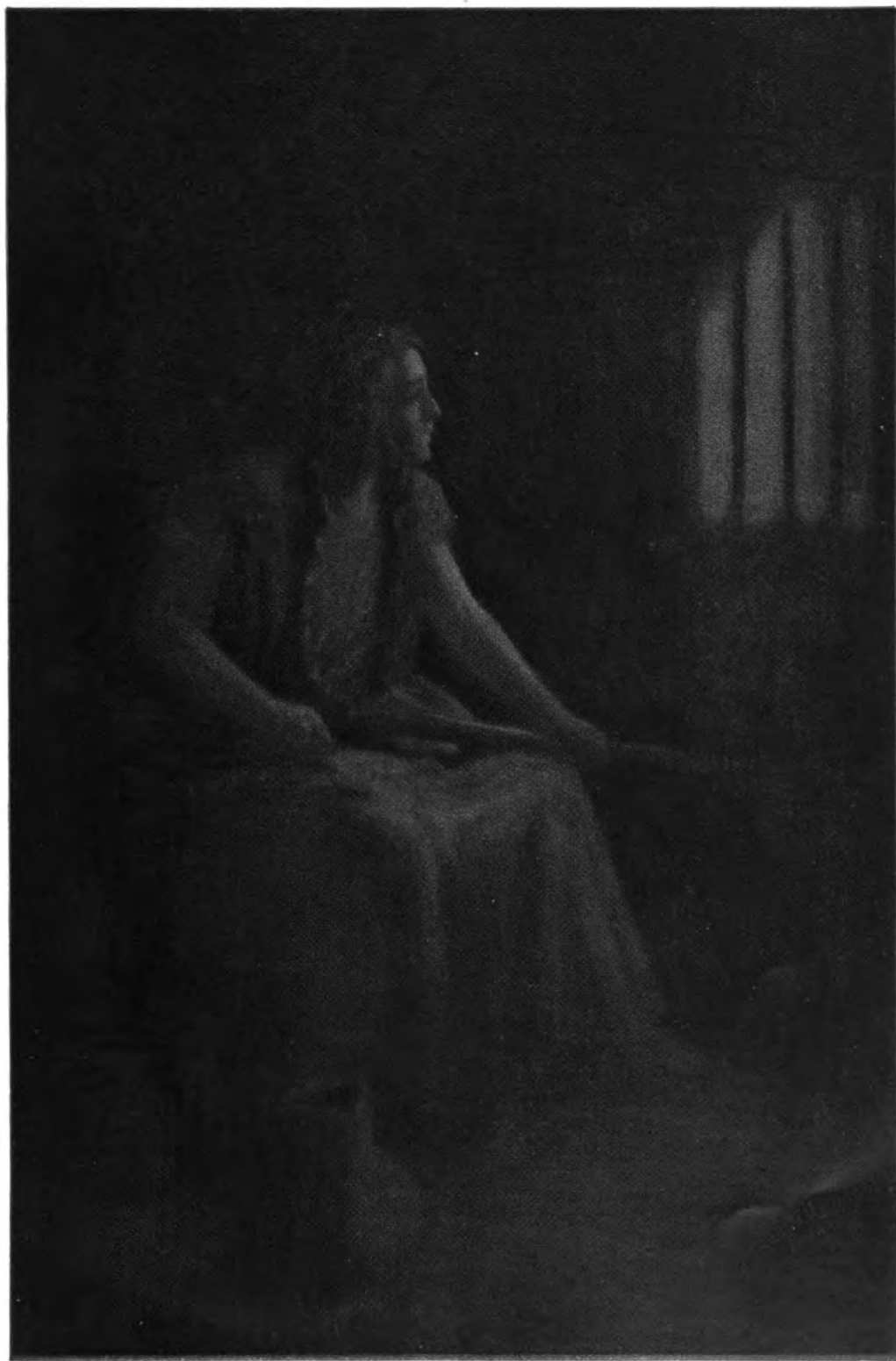
"Yes, seh, I see him." Answering, Charlton looked at me. "And take notice, you, seh, for there goes the finest bit of romance that still remains unsung. He is good material, every inch, and there are a good many inches, as you perceive."

The man *was* uncommonly tall, and while he paused to light up at the cigar-stand under the hotel *portal*, I obtained a good look at his face. Though his lines had been laid for a giant, every ounce of superfluous flesh had been trained off by the same tropic suns that had burned a naturally fair skin to a deep mahogany. So dark, indeed, was he, that his blue eyes gleamed unnaturally within their sun-burned setting. In spite of his great height there was nothing awkward about him. When, straightening, he sauntered out into the street, his movement conveyed an impression of fluid ease.

Charlton had watched him with an expression in which amusement tintured

strong admiration. Now he began again in his slow drawl: "Yes, seh, the very soul of romance is bound up in that great body, and the best of it is, he does not know it. Why, only yesterday he came to me with a proposition that, for sheer audacity, outdoes the wildest melodrama, yet while propounding it he wore all the airs of a banker recommending a conservative business investment.

"Down in Peru, he tells me, the Indians have long been in the habit of bringing gold-dust by the pound out to the coast. Where they get it nobody knows, for all the interior tribes are head-hunters and so far have added to their family collections the *cabezas* of all the prospectors that tried to find out. While admitting this small drawback, the Texan urges that the head-hunters have allowed several scientific expeditions to pass through their country unmolested. Eschewing rifles, pistols and other useless impedimenta of war, he proposes that we go chasing through the country armed only with butterfly nets; in short, we are to simulate a pair of batty Smithsonian professors. In the midst of our scientific pursuits we are to keep a hawk's eye open for prospects, and having filed claims upon our hypothetical return, we publish the news to the mining world and leave the head-hunters to the tender mercies of a prospectors' rush. In six weeks he allows that the majority of said savages will be removed beyond speaking terms with their own heads. Whereafter we go in and do our development work in holy peace."



She sat in a pool of moonlight that fell obliquely through the window, the rifle across her knees

"Of course, you accepted?" Carruthers twinkled at me.

Gently shaking his head, Charlton gazed reverently into the depths of a mint julep, the mysteries whereof he had himself imparted to the Mexican barkeeper. "No, seh, not while the barkeep's hand retains its cunning. But I'll tell you what I would do—go in and help to relocate that Guerrera mine."

"Hum?" Carruthers raised questioning brows. "Pretty nearly as dangerous. Wasn't it down there they killed the English engineer and his wife?"

"Killed is the polite term for it." Charlton nodded. "They would have been only too happy to get off with that. But it is all right now. When I came through there last spring on the Acapulco trail, my *mozo* threw bright lights on the aftermath of that affair. Right on the heels of the tragedy, a half regiment of Diaz' *rurales* arrived on the scene and, as the *mozo* naively put it, 'many people died'. At the little *meson* where we spent that night, the *jefe politico* described for my benefit the *modus*. 'He comes to me, *señor*, this *comandante* of *rurales*, and demands the name of every man in my district that *might* have done the deed. It was, of course, an opportunity straight from the hands of the saints, and with great haste I made a list of all the troublesome *gentes* in a circle of a hundred miles. He shot them all.' "

"Good practice, too" Carruthers murmured. "Uncle Porfirio was always thorough. Would that we had him again. But that was two years ago, Charlton. Lots of time, in Mexico, for a second crop of brigands."

"*Quien sabe?*" Charlton shrugged. "This is a sure thing, worth the chance. Rich quartz with placer digging on the side! Where could you beat it—and it must be a hummer if the Texan's specimens don't like? But what's the use? You couldn't drag him with horses back there again." He finished, turning to me. "What do you make of it, you, seh? Here's a man big and strong enough to lick a whole tribe of hostiles on his lonely, yet he runs from one woman. Yes, seh, abandons a fine mine and legs it like a green schoolboy in dread of being kissed by a flock of girls!"

"Sure, it is perfectly true" Carruthers answered my dubious look. "We have seen the stuff, a pound or so of dust and nuggets."

"As for the girl," Charlton oracularly added, "the neck of a bottle leads down to the well of truth, and he told us about her one evening when—well, he was feeling decidedly good. Another julep? I see through your generosity, seh, but there'll be no peace till you get it. Thank you, I will. Hum!" After clearing his throat Charlton paused, closely observing the *mozo* who had just set down his glass. "Hum! that fellow must be full brother to the Indian who guided the Texan out to the mine. You remember, Carrie, he described him as 'one half skunk, the remainder Gila monster.' This chap comes mighty close to filling the bill, and having seen him, you, seh, will certainly allow that I made no mistake in describing as 'the soul of romance' a man who would undertake a sixteen-days' journey into the interior with such a felicitous combination."

The journey alone (resumed Charlton) would make a story. Crossing the Guerrera desert they ran short of grub and had to kill and "jerk" a pack-mule into order to go on. Then they almost died of thirst, and there were other happenings. But skipping all, I'll begin on the morning that the Texan got his first glimpse from a barren peak of an Indian village in a cup-like hollow beneath.

They had reached the edge of the Mexican plateau. North and south, to the limit of sight, tawny mountains rose and fell in great combes that broke to the west and cascaded down into the eternal green of the Pacific slopes. From black *pino* woods that drew the line of the temperate zone just above the village, one could have dropped down in three hours by muleback into the cedars and *ceibas*, wild limes and figs, luxurious growths of fevered jungles. Almost at the juncture of the two, temperate and tropic, a plain spread wide sandy skirts around the mountain's base, and before his guide spoke the Texan had singled it out for a likely prospect.

"There it is, *señor*, the gold."

His judgment thus confirmed, the Texan continued to study the sign, and while his eye wandered here and there noting the color and lay of rocks, water and sand, the *mozo* eyed with even greater intensity his rifle, the two Colt automatics in his belt, bandoleer of cartridges, riches that in his peon's eyes were infinitely to be preferred

to gold or rubies. Turning suddenly, the Texan read in the fellow's covetous glance the answer to the question that had just formed in his mind.

"I wonder why he brought me here? I should have thought he would have tried to work it himself."

Suspicion formed his quick question: "The gentes of the village, *hombre*, they are friendly?"

It turned almost to certainty when the fellow answered: "Why not, señor? These be my own people and this my *pais*." For in the two weeks they had journeyed together he had given no hint of possessing more than a prospector's knowledge of the country. So far as he, the Texan, was concerned, the man's evil purpose stood plainly out when he suavely added: "If the señor be nervous, 'twould be well to lend me a pistol. Two can shoot faster than one."

"If the one doesn't happen to be riding behind the other." While thinking it, he handed over one of his guns, an action that partook less of suicide than appeared on the surface, for in order not to strain the loading-springs he usually carried only one of them loaded. And if he had harbored a last doubt as to whether the fellow had brought him out there to be murdered, it would have vanished when, as they rode on downhill, he heard first the soft click, then sudden snap, of the trigger. Three times it sounded, and at each snap the Texan grinned. It wasn't that he was unaware of the game he was up against. None knew it better. Only you can be sure that a man capable of proposing such an enterprise as that Peruvian butterfly hunt doesn't suffer from nerves, and having seen the first card thus played he didn't intend to quit till the last was down on the table. Not that he was in the least bit careless. Entering the village, which consisted of a hundred or so of grass *jacals* that ran in two lines along opposite banks of a small *arroyo*, his eye roved everywhere, taking its details.

One feature that he found very puzzling was the smallness of the population compared with the number of huts, and the fact that it seemed to be composed mostly of women. For though the news of his approach had emptied the huts into the street, he counted no more than a dozen men among five times their number of

women and children. But as, at the first glance, he had set the place down as, in rurales' parlance, one of those "wasp nests" where a very little husbandry is eked out by a great deal of banditry, he noted the fact with satisfaction.

Excepting one man who was dressed in a greasy *charro* suit, the men all wore the dirty ragged *manta* of poor peons. They formed a proper escort for the exception, an old fellow of five-and-fifty, whose stout misshapen figure and villainous face would have admirably outfitted an inferior bandit in a cheap opera. Until the Texan reined in opposite, he had leaned in the doorway of the single adobe that occupied a commanding position at the head of the street, and before he stepped forward uttering the stereotyped greeting, the Texan had put him down as the jefe or head man.

"My house is yours, señor. Will you be pleased to rest?"

With profuse gesticulation he went on to add the village and its contents to the present, and while he was at it the Texan noted again, both in himself and his ragged following, the stealthy covetous looks at his rifle and guns. When, from these glittering generalities, the jefe descended to particulars and led the way to a hut in the very center of the village, he also saw at a glance its absolute impossibility for purposes of defense. A flimsy affair of cane and grass thatch, it afforded about the same protection as a bird-cage from rifle fire that could be trained upon it on all its sides. A single volley in the night could be safely counted upon to remove the incumbent forever from his goods, and while the mozo was singing a fine second to the jefe's praise of its accommodations the Texan registered several vows to remove himself beyond its confines one second after dusk.

The removal, however, was destined to take place much sooner. It may be that the mozo had also noticed the jefe's glance at the rifle, or perhaps he was merely naturally greedy. In either case his determination to be forehanded precipitated a crisis. For when, after entering, the Texan leaned the rifle against the wall and turned to speak to the jefe, the mozo grabbed for it with a sudden stealthy snatch.

He was, however, altogether too brash. In his youth the Texan had served a long apprenticeship on the plains where they

give the babies a gun to play with, and, in addition, he was a natural shot. I have seen him myself "fan a Forty-Four" and plug a playing card at every revolution. If he hadn't set the rifle there for that especial purpose, his ear was wide open for every sound, and whirling at the rustle, he slapped a bullet through the mozo's brain.

Things thus pleasantly started, they had, of course, to go on. Snatching up the rifle he lit out after the jefe, who had left two jumps ahead of the smoke. It was no time for compunctions. If he intended to quit even at the current exchange of one gringo for two greasers, he had to keep busy. In the hurry and scurry everything went, and drawing a quick bead he let go at the jefe. If only one of them had been running he'd have got him, too. But they were both on the jump and, breaking in his run just then, like a dodging rabbit, the jefe shot in behind a hut.

On his part, the Texan kept on up street running hard for the adobe which he had commandeered for his own uses in the same glance that condemned the hut. At the first shot the rag-and-bobtail following had come popping with suspicious promptitude out of their huts, in their hands the darnedest lot of old junk that was ever seen outside of a war museum. Since the invention of gunpowder, their weapons ran the gamut of the ages to the percussion cap, and as he hotfooted it up the street they went cracking off like a moth-eaten Fourth of July. In the middle of it, the bursting of an old flint-lock established the current rate of exchange by blowing the head off its owner, but, still unsatisfied, the Texan raked their smoke with an automatic—and not in vain. As he shot into the adobe and banged the door behind him, a sharp yelp of pain testified to a hit.

The door was fitted with a circular Spanish lock and heavy oaken bars, and after he had locked the one and shot the other into their sockets he cast an approving glance around the room. Iron bars protected the recessed window, numerous loopholes pierced the sides and rear. With walls a yard thick under a roof of heavy tile, it was a small fort in itself. He felt able to stand off an army, was striding over to the window with a view of carrying on the good work, when a sudden squalling rose in his rear.

In the first hurried survey he had passed over a bundle of *serapes* behind the door. Turning quickly now he came face to face with the woman who had just arisen from her *siesta*. I have already told you that nature had bound up in that big frame of his the largest stock of modesty that ever brought a man to perpetual shame, and his first thought was to unbar the door and bolt. If he had known as much then as he came to learn later of the *Señora* Luisa Silvestre y Landa, he would surely have done it and taken his chance in a running fight with the jefe and his tatterdemalions. Not knowing it and perceiving, after the first shock, her value as a hostage, he addressed her in the gentlest and most courteous of Spanish.

"*Señorita*, there is nothing to fear. You are of the jefe's household?"

He put it that way because, though she was young enough to have been the old chap's daughter, he felt pretty sure that she was his wife. Her answer confirmed his thought. "Si, señor, I am his woman."

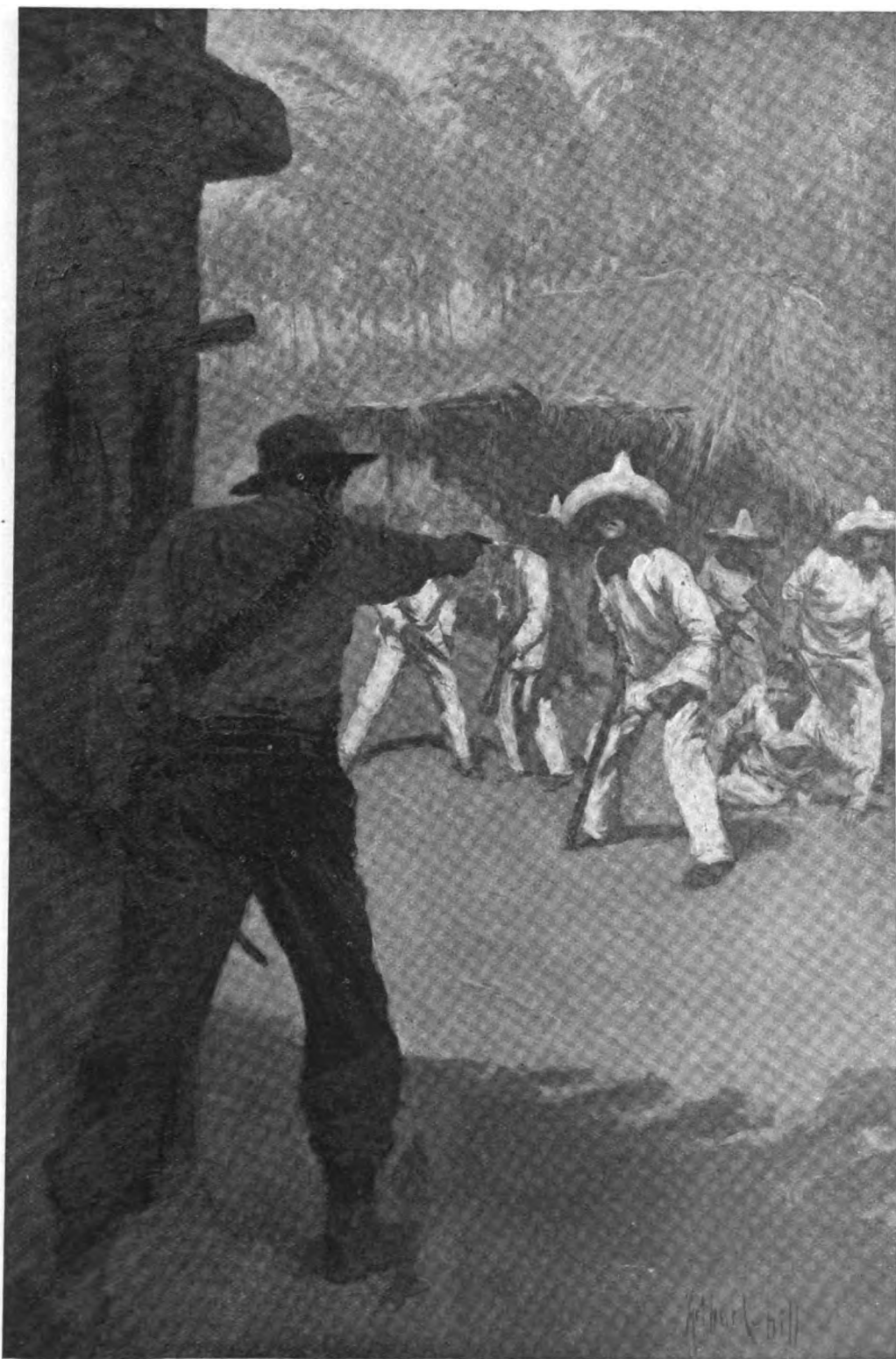
Now that her mouth was closed she showed up as an exceedingly pretty brown woman, rather tall for a Mexican, smooth-skinned, and possessed of a remarkably fine pair of velvety black eyes. So pretty she was, indeed, that only a white skin was needed to put him to rout. Even the olive complexion of a *mestiza* added to her other charms would have attracted him. But her color saved him. Accustomed, as he had been, to bossing brown men and women in the labor camps of the Tehuantepec isthmus, his shyness stood the shock. If a little bashfully, he yet firmly went on to instruct her in the part she must play in the premises.

"There will come no harm, as I say, *señorita*, not even a disrespect. It will simply be for thee to stay here until, one way or another, I secure safe conduct out of the village."

His use of the maiden title with its implication of youth was really clever. Certainly the jefe was not in the habit of according such courtesies, and perhaps her feminine fancy was already impressed by the Texan's stature and fearless face. In any case a flash of white teeth helped out her reiteration of the hackneyed phrase:

"The house is yours, señor. I am here only to serve."

To prove it, and with an intelligent comprehension of his needs that drew his



The Texan raked their smoke with an automatic—and not in vain

appreciation, she set a pot of chili stew on the *brazero* and fell to work fanning the coals. Neither did she seem a bit afraid when, walking over to the window, he began a reign of terror by taking pot shots at every head that showed. In fact, when a yell of pain proclaimed a hit, she ran, looked over his shoulder, and burst into shrill laughter at the sight of a poor devil hopping to shelter upon one foot. And after the chilis were cooked and served with *tortillas*, she leaned with graceful indolence against the wall, hands on fine hips, and talked freely while he ate, answering and asking questions with amazing fluency and frankness.

Pointing at a white cross, for instance, high up on the mountain side, she threw sinister light on the disparity he had noted in the number of the sexes. "Twas the *rurales* of Don Porfirio that did it. Thirty of our *hombres* lie under it, shot in a single morning. For what?" Its very carelessness invested her shrug with enormous significance. "Suspicion of some banditry—one forgets which, or whether, even, they did it, there were so many in these mountains." She added a startling truth. "They will not dare to let thee away, now. Lest the *rurales* come again and make a finish."

It would have sent a shiver down most men's back, but the Texan merely nodded assent. "So they think—now. It will be for me to show them a change of mind. But the gold? Are the sands as rich as was said by the *mozo*? And why do not your *hombres* work them?"

"Rich? Si!" Her uplifted hands emphasized the assertion. "But what profit would one have in working them? If one labored alone 'twould be to set his throat ready for the knives of others that desired his gains. If all worked—then comes some *gaucho*—" she gave the Spanish name of contempt "—then comes some *gaucho* or favored person of the government to find and seize the source of the gold. Also one lives but once. Why spoil one's ease with labor?"

"Well, it is going to be spoiled, for a while, now." Penned up and hedged in as he was, the Texan's mind was already at work on that which, perhaps, was the most audacious plan that ever occurred to a man in such straits. "Si" he told her. "They will work, now, and that their hardest, for

me. Now listen. If there was gold, much gold to the fore for thee, would it be of use?"

She nodded, smiling. "I should bury it, so that when the wrinkles come and the teeth are all gone, one should have always soft food for old gums and a fire."

Her teeth flashed again when he assured her "Of that there would be no need. For of gold there would be enough to last thy whole life. To gain it, join hands with me. But listen more closely to make sure that it suits."

She did listen, too, while he set out his plan at length, and when he concluded, a vigorous "*Caramba!* that is fine, señor!" told her choice. "Si, I will do it, for since the *rurales'* big killing, these *hombres* walk in such fear that 'tis sometimes hard to come by a meal."

"Then shake!"

With a little giggle at its strangeness she shook his hand, and, proving the honesty of her intention, she kept such sharp watch from the loopholes and window that he was enabled to reduce by one more the male census and keep the village in a state of siege for the rest of the afternoon. And when dark fell she advised him to rest.

"For I, also, can shoot, señor. Show me the working of the gun, and if but an ear shows thereafter—" the black flash of her eyes told the rest.

Though he complied and showed how to pump cartridge into the gun, his trust did not yet go the lengths of sleep. Lying down on her serapes he watched her through half-closed lids as she sat in a pool of moonlight that fell obliquely through the window, the rifle across her knees. Tired out by long days of travel, however, he began to doze and soon slipped into sound sleep.

A splitting report brought him flying to his feet. His first thought was that the shot had been fired at him. But a glance through the window showed him the smoke curling blue in the moonlight. "'Twas the *jefe*" she explained. "From behind that hut he came creeping with powder to blow up the door. I let him draw close to make sure, for the back of me still aches from the stick he laid on it yesterday. *Maldito!* But for this treacherous light he would never have beaten me more. As it is, he will needs eat with one hand *mañana.*"

Sure of her now, he went back to his sleep in earnest and did not awake till she



In the first hurried survey he had passed over a bundle of *serapes* behind the door. Turning quickly now he came face to face with the woman who had just arisen from her *siesta*

roused him at daylight. Instead of taking her turn in the blankets she came out with a suggestion that surprised him with its brilliant simplicity. "So far they have removed nothing from the huts. Now 'tis for you to drive them out with bullets aimed through the walls, then while you hold them afar shall I bring all their corn and dried meat in here with us."

Because of the adobe's position at the head of the street it was quite easy for him to send his high-power bullets through whole strings of huts. Fired just above the height of a man out of respect for the women and children, each did the work of a dozen. Under the rosy dawn, the entire population was soon racing breathlessly to get beyond range, and having achieved it they stood for a long half day looking helplessly on while the señora despoiled their huts. Sacks of maize and *frijoles*, cubes of brown sugar, strings of dried goat's meat and cheese made from that animal's milk, she tugged and carried them to the last fragment into the adobe.

"Now we shall see!" She exclaimed it, wiping the sweat from her brow, at the close of her task. "Now we shall see that which we shall see!"

And see they did, for within the hour an old woman came hobbling in with a message from the jefe—if the señor gringo would only leave, he should be supplied with a mule and provision and be permitted to go in peace.

The Texan laughed in her face. "Go thou and tell the jefe that I am very comfortable here and have no present mind to travel. Also that he can obtain food for himself and his people only at the price of his guns. To the last knife and *machete*, every weapon must be brought in before he can have speech of me again."

"They will come" the señora ruthlessly commented as the old woman shuffled away. "Who knows the measure of his stomach better than I that had the filling of it on my shoulders these five years? Already has he missed one meal. A second he may let by. But by sundown he will come crawling to eat from thy hand."

Again she hit it and when, late in the afternoon, half a dozen women came staggering under the weight of the jefe's ancient armament, the señora rendered yeoman service checking them off. "This will be the musket of Pedro, the *pistola* of Magda-

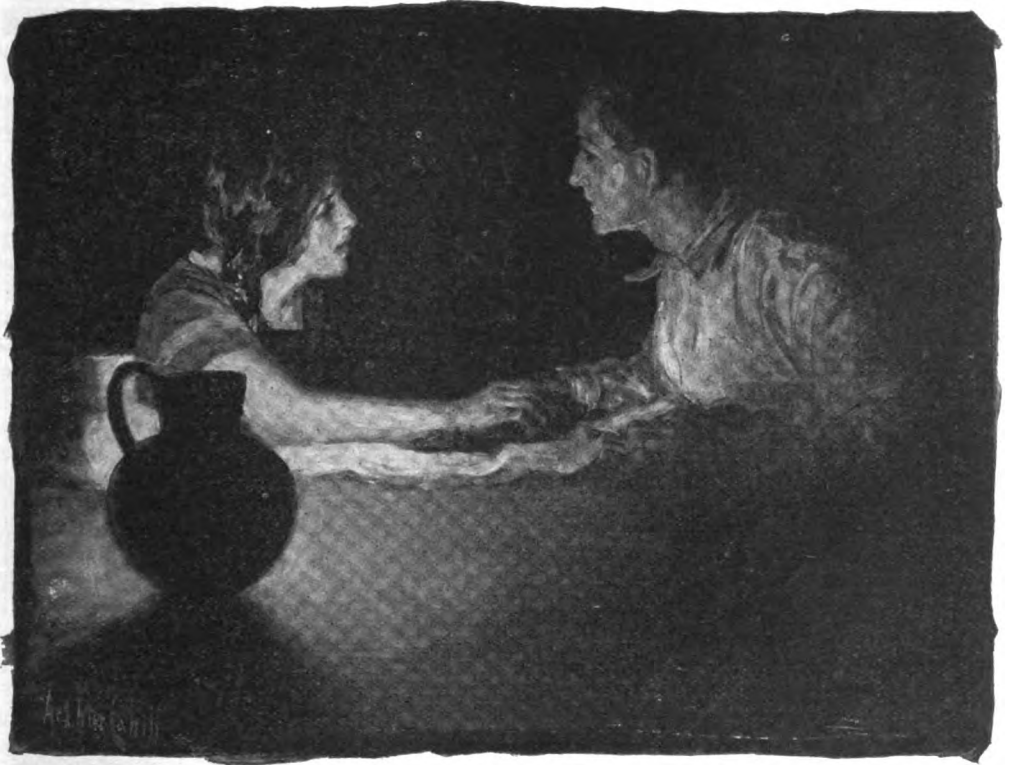
lena—" and so forth. She kept count on her fingers while the Texan smashed them, one by one, against a rock, then delivered her final report. "Two guns, a pistola and three machetes has he held back. Go back, *mujeres*, and tell the jefe that he shall not eat till they be brought in." And they came, of course—with the jefe and his tatterdemalions following in rear of the women, a most woebegone and miserable procession.

They were beaten and knew it, and as there is nothing in all the world so perfectly abject as a beaten Mexican, they drooped like moulting chickens while the Texan read them their lesson in Spanish. Henceforth he was to be their jefe, they his people! Just so long as they obeyed him, their lot would be pleasant! But those that failed him? Well, it would have been better for them to have been numbered with those that slept under the cross on the hill! And so on, *ad lib*.

Accustomed to handling their kind in the labor camps, it took him only a few minutes to effect a rough organization and, skipping wearisome details, it is sufficient to say that in two days everything was running like clockwork. While the elder women cooked for all and the stouter of the girls labored in the fields cultivating corn and frijoles under the señora's direction, the Texan worked the men on a ditch that was to divert the waters of the arroyo through the placer sands.

It isn't necessary, either, to state how he worked them. In addition to his training in the methods of the labor camps he had the southerner's traditional contempt for "niggers," the term covering in his elastic vocabulary every shade of dark skin. During the three weeks required to dig the ditch, he hectored and bullied, drove them so hard that the poor devils lost at last all sense of time and came almost to believe that they had lived always that way. If a thought of the palmy days of banditry intruded at all upon their exhausted psychology, it must have loomed like an illusive vision from some past incarnation. Work? He worked them down to skin and bone. If that unconquerable bashfulness of his hadn't interfered, he would certainly have finished the work of the rurales by putting the very last bandit of them under the cross.

It began, however, to trouble him on the third night after the fight. The first and



Their hands touched and, quickly as he drew back, it was not before he had felt the warm pressure of her fingers

second, he and the señora had kept watch and watch, taking their sleep by turns in the adobe. But after three days under the Texan the brigands were so exhausted by their unaccustomed labors that you couldn't have awakened one with a club two minutes after he closed his eyes. Indeed, the Texan had to use one to rout them out in the morning. With the necessity for the night guard gone, he found himself face to face with the perplexing question of accommodations for himself and partner. While he didn't quite like the thought of exposing the señora's smooth throat to the risk involved by sleeping in one of the huts, neither did he care to take the chance himself. He finally solved the problem by building a partition across the adobe with sacks of frijoles and maize.

He was foolish, of course. If he had gone on treating her with quiet indifference, or had followed the jefe's example and beaten her a little now and then, for the good of her soul, she would probably have never given him a second thought beyond their business. But ever since the days of

Mother Eve, the surest way of arousing the covetous feminine is to let her see you place something beyond her reach. When he began to build the partition that evening she looked on with wide eyes that expressed an even mixture of curiosity and surprise.

"*Qué es eso?*" she demanded at last. "For what is this?"

"To make sleeping quarters for thee" he answered, without looking around.

For a time she continued to look on with puzzled wonder that presently expressed itself again in speech. "But why? There was no lack of room, and see—the sacks take up space."

Pretending not to hear, he went on piling them with furious energy, and nothing more was said.

The next morning—he remembered it afterward—she leaned in the doorway and watched till he and his men passed out of sight. In the succeeding days her dark glance followed wherever he went about the village or house. But as she was still, in his sight, no more than any other brown woman, he thought nothing of it till the

affair came to a crisis on the evening of the first day they had spent washing the placer sands.

The results of the first wash had gone beyond expectation, and after supper he untied the linen cloth in which the dust was wrapped and spread it out on the table. The while they both lifted and sifted it, letting it flow in thin yellow trickles between their fingers, he talked enthusiastically, explaining the richness of the prospect. In the course of it their hands touched and, quickly as he drew back, it was not before he had felt the warm pressure of her fingers.

As I say, till then he had regarded her in the same way as any other brown woman, save with the added spirit of business fellowship. But at the contact, the color blindness cleared from his vision, leaving her that which she was—a woman who had marked him for her own. Had he harbored any doubts, they would have been swept away by her remark:

"We should make the fine pair, thou and I? Si, were thy strength coupled with my wit, with thee to do while I stood guard at thy back, there would be nothing we could not attempt. Between us, we should rule these Sierra Madres."

The innocent hardihood with which the proposal was made divested it of boldness. He managed to make answer through his confusion. "But—the jefe? What of him?"

"Pouf!" Elevating her pretty nose, she blew the jefe's misshapen image into thin air. And after venting, with great vigor, certain caustic reflections upon his looks and age, she concluded: "He is no rival with me for thee."

"Yet—yet—" he stammered, "—yet is he here."

"And what of it?" she demanded. "Did he not take me, five years ago, a girl, from my first mate? And now you, that are stronger, will take me from him in turn. 'Tis the law of these mountains."

"But not my law" he argued. "With my people the custom runs that no woman shall take a second husband while the first still lives."

"Then shall we kill him." Rising promptly, she picked up the oil flare from the table between them, and shining full in her face it showed her wonder at his sudden horror.

"Neither is it our custom to murder men in their sleep."

"But already you have killed three of them, our hombres?" she questioned. "What matters another—asleep or awake?" Yielding a point to his unaccountable squeamishness, she added: "But if it please thee better, see, I will arouse him first!"

To his further objection that the three had been killed in fair fight, she returned the undoubted truth: "Still are they dead—may not eat, drink, sit in the fair sun, nor have the caresses of their sweet-hearts." But seeing, when he still persisted, that his astonishing unreason was not to be gainsaid, she offered a compromise: "Then shall we send him away. Si, and he will gladly go, for what of the hard labor the old dry bones of him are thrusting through his hide."

In her gladness over the solution she smiled down in his face, a pleasantly possessive sort of smile that filled him with consternation and left him dumb. And perhaps it was well that it did, for in the pause that followed he conceived a brilliant idea.

"He shall have provision in plenty, also a mule to carry him across the desert?" he questioned.

"Of a surety!" she joyfully conceded. "But let it be understood—if he returns, 'twill not be for his good."

He nodded. "Trust me to put that in his ear while you prepare the food. The tortillas that the women have ready, let him have all. Also a bag of corn meal and dried goat's meat enough for two weeks. And hurry, for I shall have him here with the mule in a trice."

"Si, that will I" she heartily agreed, "for thy haste is mate to my own."

Their respective hastes, indeed, moved in such unison that he arrived at the door with the jefe and a mule just as she finished packing. "Si, he is warned" the Texan assured her while throwing the hitch across the pack. "But to make certain I shall set him myself a mile or so beyond the brow of the mountain."

"Bueno" she agreed again. With a look that caused him to crimson, she added "I shall wait thy speedy return."

Leaning indolently in the doorway, hands on her hips, her characteristic pose, she watched them move off and fade in the moonlight that clothed the dim mountains in robes of silver and black. Sound carried

a great distance in that clear air, and catching, long after they disappeared, a mutter of conversation, she smiled. "Buena, he is warning him again."

She would have been a little less satisfied had she caught the sense of the words. "Supposing that one were to change his mind—" the Texan asked it as they trudged upward to the brow of the mountain. "Supposing one were to change his mind and go on himself, leaving thee to be once more jefe over thy people? Supposing this unlikely thing, what would be the result?"

"Rest!" The jefe shot it out with surprising vigor. "Rest for the weary bones of all of us. 'Tis a terrible curse, this labor. May the will of the devil be done to them that invented it!"

"And thy señora? Would she come to harm?"

The jefe's teeth showed in a bitter grin. "'Tis the way of women to side in with the stronger. Had she been a man—" the grin curled up in a vicious snarl. After his features settled again, he finished: "Being a woman, there will be for her no more than a bite or two with a stick to restore respect in my house."

"But the hombres? Might not they—"

Again the jefe snarled. "Let the hombres take it out of the backs of their own women. If they meddle with mine—"

"There is no uncertainty in this?"

His last doubt was set at rest with the answer. "None, señor, for where in all of the Sierras should one come by another as pretty and strong?"

The duties of his partnership with the señora thus fulfilled, the Texan issued his command. "Then go thou back."

The jefe did not require a second order. On the contrary, he leaped away downhill at a shambling gait that plainly indicated his fear of a change of mind. Moving on, the Texan stopped, ten minutes later, on the mountain's brow at almost the same spot from which he and the mozo had observed the village three weeks before. While he stood there, overlooking the vast dim vista of mountain and plain, there suddenly broke out in the village a woman's shrill vituperations mixed with a man's curses.

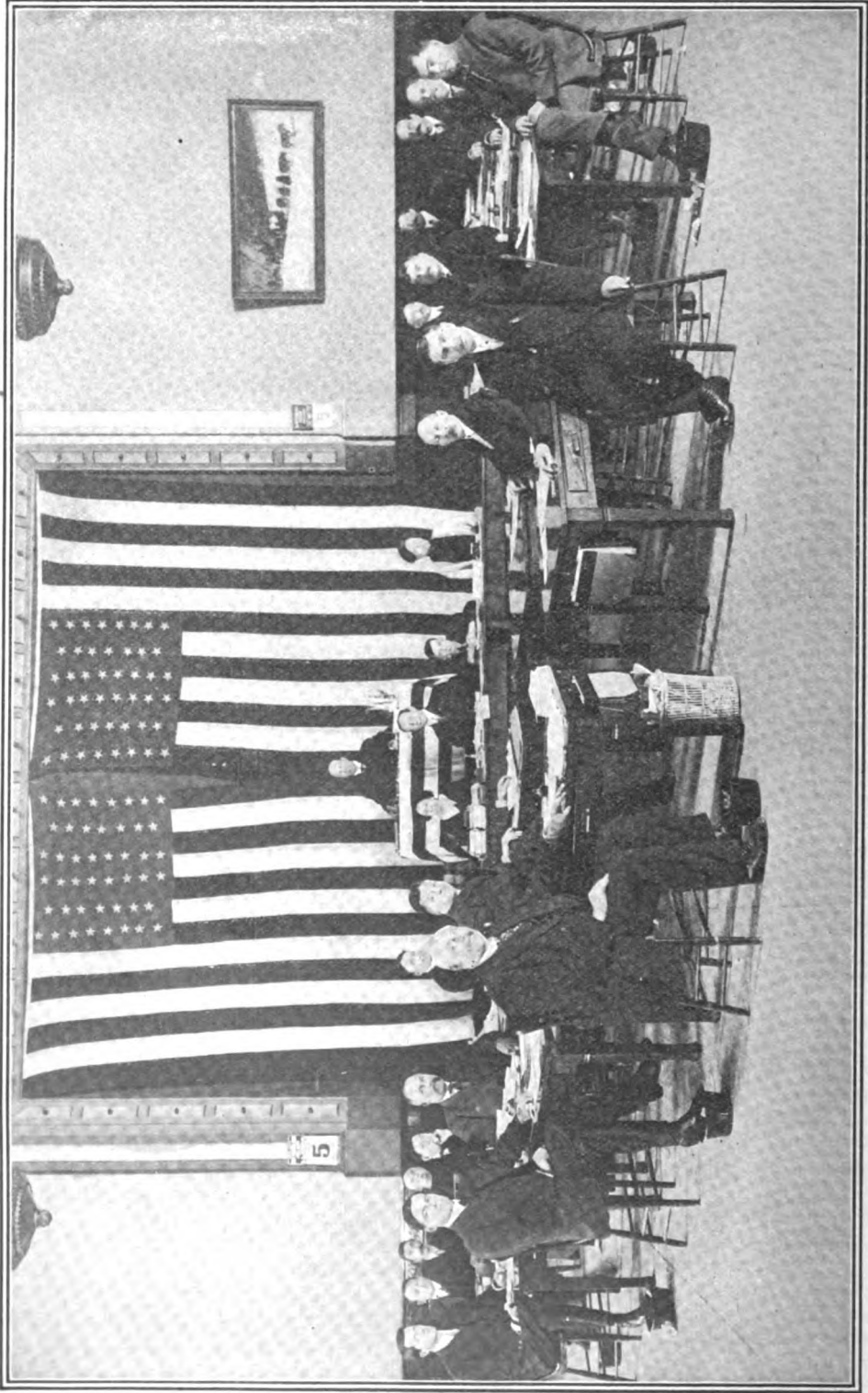
A hoarse yell of pain told that the jefe was experiencing some trouble in restoring the aforesaid respect. Grinning, the Texan started the mule again with a vigorous prod.

ROSES

By PERCY C. AINSWORTH

My garden has roses red,
 My garden has roses white;
 But if when the day is sped
 I stand by the gate at night,
 One fragrance comes, when the day is dead,
 From my roses white and my roses red.

The roses of joy are red,
 The roses of pain are white;
 But I think when the hours are fled
 And I stand by the Gate at night,
 I shall know just this, when the day is dead,
 That a rose is sweet be it white or red.



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THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, ALASKA

The Legislature convened at Juneau on March 3rd. The senators and representatives from the Northwestern (Nome) division of Alaska traveled with dog-teams from points in that division to the head of the stage-line at Fairbanks, a distance of from 700 to 900 miles; they followed the stage (sleigh) trip of about 300 miles to Valdez and a voyage by steamer from Valdez to Juneau, about 600 miles. One of the senators walked over the frozen trail several hundred miles, stopping at road-houses on the way.

ALASKA MAKES LAWS

An Account of the First Session of the First Legislative Assembly of Alaska

By WALTER E. CLARK

*Former Governor of Alaska**

DURING the period of sixty days extending from the third day of March to the first day of May in this present year of grace, the people of Alaska exercised the power lately granted by the Congress of the United States, subject to the checks and limitations usually imposed on legislatures in the territories, of making their own territorial laws and ordinances. The first session of the First Legislative Assembly of Alaska might well have attracted the attention of the whole world, but more especially the observation of students of civil government everywhere: for the counterpart of those peculiar natural conditions which surrounded it have never been witnessed anywhere else at any time in history. To begin with, the territory for which this legislature was elected to pass laws is larger probably than any other political division of the earth's surface presided over by a person other than a president or sovereign. It is sparsely settled, there being only about sixteen white persons to every unit of its nearly 600,000 square miles of area. It is as if the population of Quincy, Illinois, were scattered over a land surface equal to that of all the states of the United States east of the Mississippi river, excepting New England and New York. The comparison is even more unfavorable, for in this great northern territory there are no such means of quick communication as are afforded in the older settled portions of America. So the problem of government through a local legislature in Alaska is rendered the more difficult because of the natural obstacles which, I think, are most obvious in their nature in view of the foregoing statement.

I hasten to say that the legislative session lately ended was fruitful of good results far beyond what might have been expected. This was due to several overbalancing causes, which will be discussed later.

*Governor Clark's tenure of office extended until just after the close of the first session of the First Legislature.

The election of members of the legislature was held in November last, the number of senators being eight, and of representatives sixteen. The returns made by the precinct election boards were canvassed by the Territorial Canvassing Board, at Juneau, the capital, but since the election registers, ballots and other papers from two of the four great judicial divisions had to be transmitted through the mails overland in mid-winter, the complete returns did not reach Juneau until February 12th. No better illustration than this can be given of the magnificent distances in Alaska, or of the need of modern means of transportation—a subject which is now again engaging the attention, in some degree, of the Congress at Washington. If, in the first legislative election, the vote had been so close in certain precincts as to promise contested elections as between two or more candidates, unfortunate results would have followed: for the necessary slowness in making returns to the canvassing board rendered it impossible to issue election certificates until the members apparently elected had arrived in Juneau for the convening of the Legislature on March 3d. Fortunately, the "face" returns from the first election were so conclusive that there was no likelihood that any seat would be contested; and the members apparently elected came to Juneau, with entire confidence that certificates would be issued to them on their arrival.

It was indeed fortunate that this was so, for the members-elect from the northern and northwestern divisions were obliged to travel over the winter trail. Several of those from the northern (Fairbanks) division traveled about 360 miles in sleighs operated by the stage company over the Fairbanks-Valdez wagon road, but the senators and representatives from the northwestern (Nome) division traveled with dog teams from points in that division to the head of the stage line at Fairbanks, a distance of

from 700 to 900 miles. Then followed the stage (sleigh) trip of about 360 miles to Valdez, and a voyage by steamer from Valdez to Juneau, about 690 miles. One of the senators from the Fourth Division, whose residence is in Ruby, walked over the frozen trail, during one stage of his official journey, several hundred miles, stopping at road-houses on the way. His official mileage allowance was fifteen cents per mile! Had the "face of the returns" in the case of any member failed to be substantially borne out by the official canvass, the result of which he could learn only after reaching Juneau, he would have indeed been unfortunate. It remains to add that, on the average, the 23 members who actually attended the first session traveled a distance of 2541 miles in order to reach the capital and return to their homes; the six members from the Second Division traveled on the average 5514 miles; and the largest one-way mileage of any member was that of Representative Kennedy, of Candle, 4049. The latter was the "shortest usually traveled route" in returning to his home, after the spring "break-up" of the trails. His "coming" mileage, over the winter trails, was 1959.

The personnel of the First Legislature was at least representative of the present citizenship of Alaska. As a body, these men beyond question are intellectually equal to those to be found in most of the state legislatures, while in probity and sincerity a very high standard is observable. Throughout the whole work of the session there was no evidence or even rumor of any venal motive or any slightest moral obliquity on the part of any senator or representative. This condition, enhanced by an evident patriotism

and eagerness to accomplish useful legislation on behalf of the people of the territory augured well for the success of the session—and the augury was substantially fulfilled.

Another fortunate condition was created by the platforms upon which many of the candidates stood for election. It was essentially a non-partisan legislature, for a majority of the successful candidates had made their canvass on non-partisan platforms. This is not to argue strongly against govern-

ment by parties as a rule, but only in favor of non-partisanship under the special conditions which prevail in Alaska at present.

There are no strong political party organizations in this territory at this time, and there are no such issues as those which cause party lines to be tightly drawn elsewhere. Residents of a territory do not vote in national elections. And so it came about that while a majority of the members of the First Legislature are Republicans by training, tradition, or by former residence in the States, most of them were elected as non-partisans, and on only one or two occasions did any question of party politics appear in the proceedings of the first session. Personal politics did appear from time to time,



Ernest B. Collins, a placer-mining operator of Fox, Speaker of the House

and there were several incidents which invited the suspicion that considerations of future preferment were influencing a member's action; but in the main the question was not "How can I serve my party or my own interest?" but "What is best for the territory?"

No government building has yet been provided for the Legislature in Juneau, but public halls and ante-rooms were rented, and the House and Senate organized promptly on the first day of the session,

March 3d. L. V. Ray, an attorney, of Seward, was elected President of the Senate, and Ernest B. Collins, a placer mining operator of Fox, was elected Speaker of the House. Both proved to be excellent presiding officers.

Although nearly all the members had enjoyed no previous legislative experience, commendable industry was shown in the early days of the session, and the several committees were soon engaged in the consideration of various bills, and in giving public hearings on proposed laws. It was the 18th of March before the first bill had been passed by both houses, and three days later when it received the approval of the Governor. From that time forward the work of framing legislation proceeded steadily, but, as is usually the case in legislative bodies great and small, the visible results were deferred until late in the session. Nineteenth of the bills were passed in the last week before final adjournment.

In an article published in the *SUNSET* Magazine a year ago, and before the act creating a legislature in Alaska had been passed by Congress, I discussed the singular lack in this progressive territory of several laws, elementary in their provisions, which are found in every other part of the world where Republican government exists. Such ordinary provisions as quarantine and public health laws, bank regulation, relief of the poor and the keeping of vital records were entirely lacking. Laws on all these subjects and many others were passed by the new legislature. A summary of the more important legislation includes the following: An act revising and making additions to the territorial licenses and taxes, and an act

creating a territorial treasury and providing for the appointment of a treasurer; an act making important and comprehensive amendments to the general mining law as applied to Alaska; an employers' liability act; a poll tax law, the poll taxes to be applied exclusively to the construction of wagon-roads; arbitration of labor disputes; a miners' labor-lien law; two acts limiting hours of labor, the first prescribing eight hours in all metalliferous lode mines, and

the other placing the same limit on all labor in connection with public works for the territory; regulating banks and banking, and providing for examination; enabling municipal corporations to extend their boundaries; quarantine law and a simple sanitary code; compulsory registration of births, marriages and deaths; compulsory school attendance; providing for incorporated towns of the second class; extending the elective franchise to women. The first two named are the most important of all because of their fundamental nature, but I would not be understood as implying that the measure which I have mentioned last is, in my opinion, of least importance. In respect to the general tax and license measure,

the difficulty was encountered at the beginning of its consideration, of raising revenues in a territory whose population is small and whose developed resources are already taxed under Federal laws. The new revenue law is somewhat unequal as to the various taxes imposed, but it is not a vicious or very burdensome measure. It is roughly estimated that it will yield about \$240,000 per annum. The appropriations authorized by the Legislature amount to about \$60,000 per annum for the next two years.



L. V. Ray, an attorney of Seward,
President of the Senate

Without discussing the new substantive Alaska laws in detail, brief discussion may be given to three or four of the most important. Naturally, in a territory where the largest single industry is mining, there are many differences of opinion as to the most suitable laws applicable to mines and mining. The general mining law of the United States is in full force in this territory, but the need of amendments rendering the law better adapted to local conditions has been long felt. The new mining law was well drawn by Senator Roden, one of the ablest attorneys in interior Alaska, and is the result of wide investigation, much experience in mining litigation, and consultation with many of the miners and prospectors themselves. Certain of its comprehensive provisions will meet with some criticism, probably, but as a whole it promises a large measure of relief. The experience of the next two years will suggest such further amendments as may be necessary.

The new laws for the protection of the interests of laboring men are progressive, but not extremely radical. The eight-hour law for miners was made applicable only to workers in lode mines, although the bill as introduced included all classes of mining, placer as well as quartz. The bill as finally passed provided for eight hours of labor "at the face or other place or places where the work or labor to be done is actually performed." Another important act affecting laborers is the employers' liability law. This law, while being made applicable to all occupations in which mechanical appliances are used, was modeled closely after the Federal act of 1908, which applies only to interstate railroads. The new Alaska act abrogates the fellow-servant rule of the common law, and contains a distinct modification of the contributory negligence plea. It provides that contributory negligence of the employee shall not be a bar to suits for personal damages where the employee's negligence was slight and that of the employer gross in comparison; but that the damages shall be diminished by the jury in proportion to the amount of negligence attributable to the employee. The third new law of vital interest to employers and employees alike is the one providing for the arbitration of labor disputes. This measure was carefully drawn, in the light of the experience derived from other statutes elsewhere, and must be regarded as one of the most

progressive laws passed by the Legislature.

The vital statistics law enacted by this new law-making body follows the pattern prescribed by the United States Census Bureau and approved by the Commission on Uniform State Laws. In view of the almost entire absence of vital records in Alaska, the new law is highly important. Several bills other than those mentioned particularly in this article were passed by the Legislature in accordance with the recommendations of the Uniform Laws Commission. Some of these were in the form of amendments to the civil and criminal codes of Alaska, affecting court procedure and other matters.

The new poll tax law is deserving of special mention because of the special object to which these taxes are to be applied. The object is the construction of highways—and that, after all, is the greatest single object to be accomplished in this great undeveloped territory. While poll taxes are somewhat old-fashioned and generally unpopular where they are still in force, it is believed that the new tax of four dollars per capita can be collected without much trouble—so universal is the demand for wagon roads.

Of the eighty laws passed by the First Alaska Legislature (about thirty of these were amendments to the civil and criminal codes) the first to receive the votes of the two houses and the signature of the Governor was the act extending the elective franchise to women. I signed it without hesitation, and quite naturally the passage of this progressive measure was hailed with delight by women's suffragist organizations everywhere. But no man or woman can correctly measure the importance of this first act of the Alaska Legislature until after the next general election. To my mind the extension of the franchise to women will prove itself an important measure if the women exercise the franchise. If they do not use it, or if only a few of them use it, the measure might better never have been passed: we have a large enough inactive citizenship already—not only in Alaska, but in the States as well. Is it not enough to know that the popular vote in the general elections of 1912 was only a trifle larger than in the general elections 16 years before? There was no popular demand for women's suffrage in Alaska, but since the ballot has been granted the women of Alaska, it is their duty to use it.

Of the wisdom of most of the laws enacted by the First Legislature there is, however, no question. We have an enormous territory, with various and somewhat conflicting interests. Sometime the interests of successful home government will demand insistently that Alaska be divided. The Pacific coastal region has different resources and different needs than the great interior and Bering Sea country; and the two sec-

tions are already divided naturally by a great mountain barrier. Each successive legislature, in my opinion, will experience more acutely the need of separation. But the First Legislature has overcome all the natural obstacles in a remarkable degree, for the average intelligence and disinterestedness of its members are unusual, and the first needs of the territory are general and not sectional.

Song of the Homesteaders

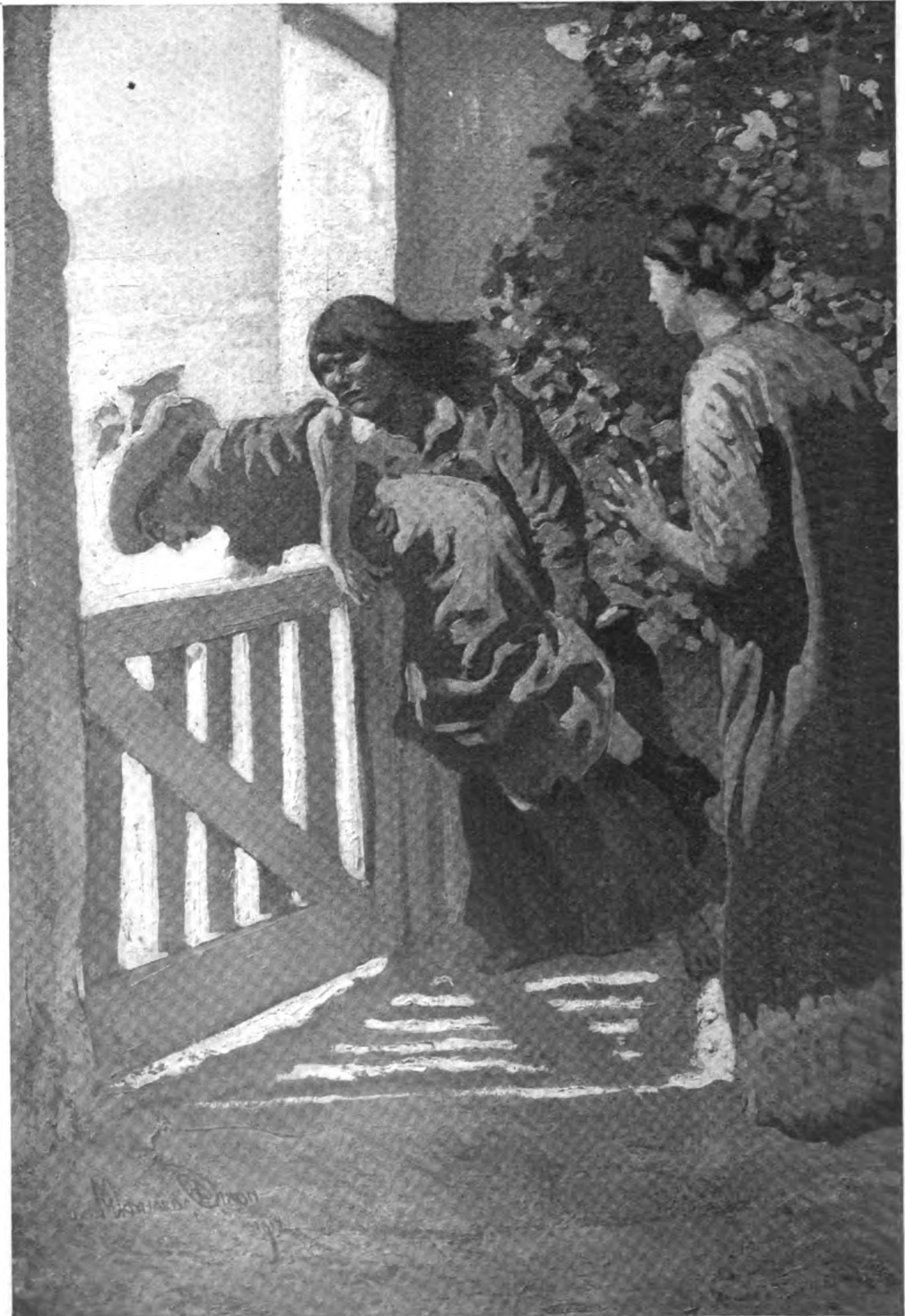
By ALICE DAY PRATT

Serried and sharp is the region's rim,
 Like Lunar cliffs, clear-cut and bold;
 Plains under quivering waves of heat,
 Plains under fierce untempered cold.
 Dreary the landscape—lichen-gray,
 Sage-brush and juniper miles on miles.
 Never a wood-bird whistles gay,
 Never a violet peeps and smiles.
 Coyote and jack-rabbit, wolf and owl,
 Prairie-dog, eagle, and rattlesnake,
 Bones of the bison and starveling steer
 Season on season bleach and bake.

Whirling dust-storm and shifting sand—
 This, oh this, is the Promised Land!

Silvery, sinuous, ditch and flume
 Leading down, from the arid steep,
 Water of life to the land below—
 Virginal valleys rich and deep.
 Limitless orchards of peach and plum
 Checking the landscape east and west;
 Garden and vineyard and soft-eyed herds,
 And woolly flocks with abundance blest.
 Barn and haystack and bungalow,
 And blaze of flowers for the passerby,
 And soldierly rankings of poplar spires—
 Silhouette on the sunset sky.

And sweet-breathed meadows—a billowy sea,
 This is the Country-that-Is-to-Be!



Soft Wind picked Miss Pickett up in her arms, and tossed the screaming spinster over the gate

Illustrating "The Long Chance"

THE LONG CHANCE

The Tale of a Hat Ranch

By PETER B. KYNE

Author of *The Adventures of Captain Scraggs*

Illustrated by Maynard Dixon

As far as it has gone* the story is as follows: Oliver Corblay, a "desert rat," which means a wandering prospector seeking gold in the American Southwest, takes an Eastern investor whom he calls "Boston" into the desert to look at a prospect. Their guide is a Cahuilla Indian. On the way, a sandstorm uncovers a rich pocket which Corblay stakes out and names the "Baby Mine" in honor of the little one soon to be born to him at his home in San Bernardino. He loads his burros with the ore which is his by discovery. In the absence of the Indian, "Boston" attacks Corblay, leaves him to death in the desert, and escapes with the gold. His victim writes an imperishable message upon the lava-encrusted floor of the canyon: "Friend, look in my canteen and see that I get justice." That message is destined to be delivered years afterward to Donna Corblay, the heroine of the Hat Ranch at San Pasqual. Meanwhile Donna, bereaved of her mother, finds a loyal friend in Harley P. Hennage, the gambler, at once the best and the worst man in San Pasqual. Hennage watches over the girl from the discreet distance at which he had long worshiped her mother. But one night Donna is attacked by hoboos, and young Bob McGraw, riding into town, spurs to her rescue. During the gun-play that ensues, Bob is seriously wounded. Donna, removing him to the Hat Ranch, becomes his nurse. Cupid takes a hand in the game. Bob, convalescent, unfolds to his sweetheart a plan for conquering the desert with his irrigation scheme, "Donnaville," and goes to

San Francisco for financial backing from his father's friend, Homer Dunstan, an attorney. Bob's scheme involves a clever, adroit, but honest, application of State laws by which he proposes to acquire vast lands and a valuable water-right, for philanthropic use. To do this he must outwit a clique of land-grabbers, with T. Morgan Carey as their chief conspirator. Bob gets fifty applicants for state lands and presents these applications for filing at the land office. He gains entrance ahead of the hour by pretending to be the emissary of Carey, the land-grabber, and his papers are properly entered and receipted for before Carey arrives. Bob gets away from Carey certain papers necessary to complete his filing and then impudently vanishes by commandeering Carey's automobile. He had already wired Donna, at San Pasqual, to meet him at Bakersfield—object, matrimony. After a honeymoon in the Yosemitic Valley, Donna returns to her work in San Pasqual, Bob disappears into the desert to hunt gold, and no one guesses their secret except Hennage, who disapproves of "marryin' on a shoe-string" but would like to have "shoved across a stack o' chips for a weddin' present." Then something happens that shocks Donna and amazes Hennage—the San Pasqual stage is held up and the robber, escaping with several thousand dollars, loses his hat with the name "Robert McGraw" on the band. Hennage anonymously makes good the amount stolen, sends Donna a thousand dollars besides, and leaves town, meanwhile checkmating Carey's plans to prosecute Bob McGraw.

THE DESERT INQUISITION

IT is one of the compensating laws of existence that the crisis of human despair and grief is reached on the instant that the reason for it becomes apparent; thereafter it occupies itself for a season in the gradual process of wearing itself out. Time is the great healer of human woe, and if in the darkness of despair one tiny ray of hope can filter through, an automatic rebound to the normal conditions of life quickly follows. The death of a loved one would not be endurable, were it not that Hope dares to reach beyond the grave.

For three days following her discovery of Bob McGraw's name written beneath the sweat-band of the outlaw's hat, Donna Corblay lay on her bed at the Hat Ranch, battling with herself in an effort to refrain from thinking the terrible thoughts that persisted in obtruding themselves upon her tortured brain. For three days, and the greater portion of two nights, she had cried aloud to the four dumb walls of the Hat Ranch:

"He didn't do it. He couldn't do it. My Bob couldn't do such a thing. It's

*This story began in the December (1912) number of SUNSET MAGAZINE.

some terrible mistake. Oh, my husband! My dear, thoughtless, impulsive husband! Oh, Bob! Bob! Come back and face them and tell them you didn't do it. Only tell me, and I'll believe you and stick by you through everything."

And then the horrible thought that he was guilty; that even now he was being hunted, hatless, hungry, weary and thirsty—a pariah with every honest man's hand raised against him—reminded her that the limit of her wretchedness lay, not in the fact that her faith in him had been shattered, but in the more appalling consciousness that he would not come back to her! Wild herald of woe and death he had flitted into her life—as carelessly as he came he had departed, and she knew he would not come back.

Yes, Bob was too shrewd a man not to realize that in abandoning his hat he had left behind him the evidence that must send him to the penitentiary should he ever return to his old haunts in Inyo and Mono counties. He loved his liberty too well to sacrifice it, and he knew her code. It did not seem possible to Donna that he would have the audacity to face her again; so, man-like, he would not try.

And then she would think of him as she had seen him that first night, leaning on Friar Tuck's neck and gazing at her in the dim ghostly light of a green switch-lantern—telling her with his eyes that he loved her. She recalled his little mocking inscrutable smile, the manhood that had won her to him when first they met, and against all this she remembered that she had presented him with the hat which the express messenger had showed her—she had seen him write his name in indelible pencil under the leathern sweat-band!

She knew he had ridden north from San Pasqual the night before the hold-up—and thirty-five miles was as much as one small tough horse could do in the desert between the hour at which Bob had left her and his presumable arrival at Garlock, where he lay in wait for the stage. The automatic gun, the hat, the khaki clothing, the blue bandana handkerchief which the bandit had used for a mask, the fact that he was mounted—all had pointed to her husband as the bandit. But the description of the horse was at variance with the facts, and moreover—Donna thought of this on the third day—where had Bob gotten that rifle

with which he killed the express messenger's horse?

He had had no rifle when he entered San Pasqual that first night, and he had had none when he left. The hardware store always closed at eight o'clock, and it had been ten o'clock when Bob left the Hat Ranch—so he could not have purchased a rifle in San Pasqual. He could not have gotten it in the desert between San Pasqual and Garlock, for in the desert men do not sell their guns, and if Bob had taken the gun by force from some lone prospector, news of his act would have drifted into San Pasqual next day.

It was then that Donna ceased sobbing and commenced to think, for even if her head inclined her to weigh the evidence and render a verdict, her heart was too loyal to accept it. The memory of Bob McGraw was always with her—his humorous brown eyes, the swing to his big body as he walked beside her, his gentleness, his unflinching courtesy, his almost bombastic belief in himself—no, it was not possible that he could be a hypocrite. That perverse streak in him, the heritage of his Irish forebears, would not have permitted him to run from the messenger. The man with courage enough to turn outlaw and rob a stage had courage enough to kill his man, and Bob McGraw would have fought it out in the open. He would never have taken to the shelter of a sand-dune and fired from ambush. *Bob McGraw, having brains, would have killed the messenger and gone back for his hat!* He was too cunning a frontiersman to leave a trail like that behind him and it was no part of his nature to do a half-way job. Still, the man who had robbed that stage had had no hobbles on his courage. Why, if he—he must have had a reason for not caring to recover that hat—

When the desert-bred think, they think quickly; their conclusions are logical. They always search for the reason. The man whose desperate courage had been equal to that robbery—who had accomplished his task with the calm ease and urbanity which proclaimed him a finished product of his profession, should have argued the question with the messenger at greater length! *He should have disputed with him possession of the hat,* for in the desert a hat is more than a hat. It is a matter of life and death, and when the outlaw had abandoned his hat it

must have been because he knew where he could secure another before day should dawn and find him bareheaded in the open. Had Bob been the robber he would have remembered that his name was in the hat, and rescued it, even at the price of the express messenger's life, for self-preservation is ever the first law of nature. On the other hand, if the bandit had known that the name was in the hat—

The mistress of the Hat Ranch rose from her bed, while a wild hope beat in her breast and beamed in her tear-dimmed eyes. She went into the room where she kept her stock of hats and began a careful examination of each hat. Nearly all bore some insignia of ownership. Derby hats invariably carried the owner's initials in fancy gilt letters pasted inside the crown, while others had the initials neatly punched in the sweat-band by a perforating machine. Half a dozen hats, apparently unbranded, had initials or names in full written in indelible pencil inside their sweat-bands.

Donna, considered an authority on male headgear, was for the first time learning something of the habits of men—the too frequent necessity for quickly identifying one's hat from a row of similar hats from the hat-hooks in crowded restaurants. Outwardly the hats of all mankind resemble each other, and for the first time Donna realized that it was the habit of men to mark them. She pondered.

"Now, here is a hat bearing the name of James Purdy. Suppose I should sell this hat to Dan Pennycook (unconsciously she mentioned Mr. Pennycook, who dared not buy a hat from her) and he should hold up the stage and have the hat shot off his head. The express messenger who picked it up would go looking for a man named James Purdy. Perhaps—"

Donna sat down and commenced to laugh hysterically. She had just remembered that Bob McGraw had lost a hat the night he came to San Pasqual!

Donna ceased laughing presently and commenced to cry again—with bitterness and shame at the thought of her disloyalty to her husband. Why, she hadn't sold a hat like Bob's for a year. He had lost his hat the night he saved her from the attack of the hobos, and somebody had picked it up. She remembered Bob's complaint at the loss of his hat, because it was new and had cost him twenty dollars! Some one in

San Pasqual had found it, realized its value and decided to keep it. It followed, then, that the man who had found that hat the night Bob lost it had held up the stage at Garlock. And knowing of the name under the sweat-band (for evidently it was Bob's habit to brand all of his hats thus) and realizing that the finding of the hat would divert suspicion from him, the outlaw had abandoned the hat without a fight!

As Harley P. Hennage would have put it, the entire situation was now as clear as mud!

"And to think that I even suspected him for a moment!" Donna wailed. "Oh, Bob, what will you think of me? I'm a bad, worthless, disloyal wife. Oh, Bob, I'm so sorry and ashamed!"

She was, indeed. But sorrow and shame under such circumstances may exist, at the outset, for about ten minutes. The resurgent wave of joy which her discovery induced quickly routed the last vestige of her distress, and womanlike her first impulse, as a wife, was to wreak summary vengeance on the man who had asserted that her husband had robbed the stage! The idea! She would ascertain the name of this passenger who declared that he had recognized the bandit as Bob McGraw, and force him to make a public apology—

No, she would not do that. To do so would be to presume that her Bob was not, like Caesar's wife, above suspicion, and besides, it would spoil Harley P.'s little joke on San Pasqual. And there was really no danger of Bob's arrest. The sheriff's posse was trailing the other man out across the San Bernardino desert, while Bob, serenely unconscious of the furor created by the finding of his lost hat, was trudging through the range, miles to the north, headed east from Coso Springs with his two burros, circling across country to the Colorado desert and prospecting as he went. Her defense of him when he needed none would merely serve to invite the query: "Why are you so interested in him?" and until the day of Bob's return, she did not wish to answer "Because he is my husband."

No, it would be far better to sit calmly by and enjoy the industry of the man-hunters; then, when Bob returned, he would defend himself in his own vigorous fashion, much to the chagrin of his accusers and the consequent delight of Harley P. Hennage.

Thinking of Mr. Hennage reminded her that he had sent a note by Sam Singer.

In her distress she had forgotten about it until now; so, after bathing her eyes, she opened the envelope and acquainted herself with its remarkable contents.

Poor old Harley P.! She read the distress between the lines of that kindly lie that he was in trouble and had to get out of San Pasqual—and as she fingered the little roll of bills she discovered no paradox in Harley P.'s hard face and still harder reputation and the oft-repeated biblical quotation that God makes man to His own image and likeness.

A thousand dollars! How well she knew why he had sent it! He feared that she, like him, would have to leave San Pasqual to avoid answering questions, and fearing that she was but indifferently equipped to face the world, he had refrained from asking questions. Instead he had equipped her, and in his unassuming way had departed without waiting for her thanks or leaving an address—infallible evidence that he desired neither her gratitude nor the return of the money.

"Poor fellow!" she murmured. "How terrible he'll feel when he discovers it's all a mistake. He'll be ashamed to speak to me. Still, why should he feel chagrined at all? He hasn't said a word."

Foxy Mr. Hennage! It was quite true. He hadn't said a word! Ah, money talks; despite his precautions, Harley P.'s thousand dollars were very eloquent.

The next day Donna took up her life where it had left off. She had scarcely cached Harley P.'s thousand dollars in her private compartment in the eating-house safe when the irrepressible Miss Molly Pickett dropped in to express her sympathy at Donna's three-day illness, casually mentioned the stage robbery, the name in the hat and the sudden exit from San Pasqual of Harley P. Hennage. Incidentally she mentioned the fact that Mr. Hennage had once presented her with an order for a registered letter for a man by the name of Robert McGraw, and taking into consideration this fact and the further fact that birds of a feather always flock together, Miss Pickett opined that the hold-up man was doubtless a bosom friend of Mr. Hennage.

A hearty dinner the evening before, and twelve hours of uninterrupted slumber, had driven from Donna's face every trace of her three days of purgatory. She was alert, smiling and happy; and able to cross swords

with Miss Pickett with something more than a gossamer hope of foiling her. She discussed the affair so calmly and with such apparent interest that Miss Pickett was completely mystified, and in a last desperate effort to satiate her curiosity she cast aside all pretense and came boldly into the open.

"Folks do say, Donna, that the man who was shot saving you from those tramps and was nursed at the Hat Ranch is the same man that held up the stage."

"Indeed! Miss Pickett, folks don't know what they are talking about. Have you asked Doctor Taylor?"

Miss Pickett commenced to spar. As a matter of fact she *had* asked Doc Taylor, and been informed that his late patient responded to the name of Roland McGuire. But there was a hang-dog look in the doctor's eyes which had not escaped Miss Pickett, and intuitively she knew that the worthy *medico* had lied. Donna's question convinced her that she was not mistaken. Her bright little eyes gleamed archly.

"Why, we never did learn who it was that saved you, Donna. Is it a secret?"

"Why, no."

Miss Pickett waited in agony for ten seconds, but Donna, having replied fully to her query, volunteered no further information. In desperation the post-mistress demanded:

"Well, then, why do you keep it to yourself?"

"Is that any of your business, Miss Pickett?"

"No, of course not. But then—"

"Well?"

Miss Pickett was non-plussed, but only for an instant. Like all old maids when bested in a battle of wits by an opponent of their own sex, younger, more attractive and known to be popular with the males of their acquaintance, Miss Pickett was quick to take the high ground of a tactful consideration of circumstances which Donna apparently had overlooked; circumstances which, while savoring slightly of girlish indiscretion, might, nevertheless, be construed as a distinct slip from virtue. An attack, whether by innuendo or direct assertion, on a sister's virtue is ever the first weapon of a mean and disappointed woman, and having no other charms to speak of, Miss Pickett chose to assume that of superior virtue; so, with the subtle sting of her species, she sunk her poison home.

"Well, Donna, if you won't protect your own good name, I'm sure you shouldn't be surprised if your friends endeavor to protect it for you. Everybody in town knows you kept that man at your home for a month—"

"I haven't denied it, or attempted to conceal the fact. In what manner does that reflect on my good name, Miss Pickett?"

"Well, folks *will* talk—you know that."

"Of course I know they will. That's their privilege, Miss Pickett, and I'm not at all interested, I assure you." She smiled patronizingly at the postmistress. "When I want somebody to protect my good name, Miss Pickett, I'll send for a man. Until then you may consider yourself relieved of the task."

"Well, when people know you've kept a desperate character—"

"Who knows it, Miss Pickett? Do you?"

Miss Pickett was forced to acknowledge that she did not, and under a hot volley of questions from Donna admitted further that not a soul in San Pasqual had even hinted to her of such a contingency. Too late the spinster realized that she had, figuratively speaking, placed all of her eggs in one bucket and scrambled them.

Donna realized it too. For the first time in her life she was angry, although not for worlds would she permit Miss Pickett to realize it. She had the postmistress on the defensive now, and she was determined to keep her there; so, in calm gentle commiserating tones Donna read the riot act to the embarrassed gossip. Mentally, morally, physically and socially, she was Miss Pickett's superior and Miss Pickett knew this; her instinctive knowledge of it placed her at a disadvantage and forced her to listen to a few elegantly worded remarks on charity, the folly of playing the part of guardian of a sister's morals and the innate nastiness of throwing mud. It was a rare grueling that Donna gave Miss Pickett; the pity of it was that Mr. Hen-nage could not have been there to listen to it.

The postmistress was confounded. She could think of nothing to say in reply until the right moment for saying it had fled; and her pride forbade her acknowledging defeat by tossing her head and walking out with a grand air of injured innocence. In the end she lost her composure entirely, for while Donna's remarks had seemed designed for

the "folks" whom Miss Pickett seemed to fear might "talk," the latter knew that in reality they were directed at her.

To be forced to listen to an almost motherly castigation from Donna Corblay was too great a tax upon Miss Pickett's limited powers of endurance. She flew into a rage, all the more pitiful because it was impotent, murmured something about the ingratitude of some people—"not mentionin' any names, but not exceptin' present company," and swept out of the eating-house; not, however, until she had commenced to cry, thus acknowledging her defeat and humiliation and presenting to San Pasqual that meanest of all mean sights, a mean old maid, in a rage, weeping until her eyes and nose are red.

In the afternoon Donna had a visit from a Wells Fargo & Company detective. He was a large fatherly person, who might have had girls of his own as old as Donna, and he stated his mission without embarrassment of preliminary verbal skirmishing. "From various sources around town, Miss Corblay, I gather that it is quite possible you are acquainted with the man McGraw who is suspected of the recent stage robbery at Garlock."

Donna admitted, smiling, that it was quite possible.

"Have you any objection to telling me all you know about him?"

"Not the slightest. It is your business to investigate this matter, and I have refrained from telling others whose business it is not. If I have your word of honor that what I tell you is for the company you represent and not for the gossips of San Pasqual, I can save you time and trouble and expense."

"Thank you. It is a rare pleasure, I assure you, Miss Corblay, for a man in my line of work to receive such a prompt, courteous and businesslike answer from a woman. You have my word that anything you tell me is in confidence."

"Did Miss Pickett send you here?"

"Indirectly. She gave some information to our express messenger who in turn gave it to me. I might add that the interest of our messenger ceased when I took up this case."

"Very well" replied Donna, and proceeded to tell him, with infinite detail, everything she knew concerning Bob McGraw, excepting the fact that he was her husband. In

five minutes she had tightened the web of circumstantial evidence around him, and then unloosened it, and at the finish of her recital the detective had no questions to ask. He held out his hand and shook hers warmly.

"I think you have solved this case for me, Miss Corblay. However, there is one matter that will be hard to overcome, and that is the identification of McGraw by the passenger, Carey."

"Who?"

"A passenger. His name is T. Morgan Carey, of Los Angeles. He is rather prominent in business circles—a pretty sane, careful man, and his testimony would have considerable evidence with a jury."

"Find out from the messenger if Carey identified Bob—I mean Mr. McGraw (the detective smiled slightly) before the messenger gave chase to the hold-up man, or after he returned with the hat. If the latter, I can explode his testimony. I happen to know that Mr. Carey is a business rival of Mr. McGraw's and very unfriendly to him. It would be to Carey's great financial advantage to see Bob (again the detective smiled) in jail. Then ask your agent at Keeler to make inquiry and learn if a tall young man with auburn hair didn't ride into town the day following the hold-up, mounted on a roan horse. If he sold the horse, saddle and spurs, purchased two burros and outfitted in Keeler for a prospecting trip, that man was Mr. Robert McGraw and he didn't arrive bareheaded. I think you'll discover that you're following a false lead."

The detective could guess a thing or two; otherwise he would not have been a detective. He guessed something of Donna's more than friendly interest in the man he was after; an interest which he felt to be greater than a mere feeling of gratitude for what McGraw had saved her from, and his sympathies were with her. She had been "open and above board with him" and he appreciated the embarrassment that might attend should the matter be given publicity.

"Whatever I discover will not be made public, Miss Corblay. Thank you."

He lifted his hat and walked out, while Donna, selecting one of the late magazines from the news-stand, sat down and read for the rest of the afternoon.

Eight days passed before the detective appeared again at the counter.

"Miss Corblay," he reported smiling, "you're a better detective than I. McGraw didn't do the job—that is, your—Bob. But some other McGraw did. The fact is, he's sent back the money he lifted from the company and the passengers. At least, a number of them have reported the return of their cash. Here's a note the agent here received a little while ago."

He passed a type-written sheet across the counter to her. Donna read it carefully.

"The plot thickens. However, this is only added proof that my line of reasoning is correct. This line, 'I didn't have no business to do it in the first place,' clinches the testimony. The Robert McGraw of my acquaintance never uses double negatives."

"And he couldn't have arrived in Goldfield with a burro train in less than six weeks. You say this man uses double negatives. There's a clue. Who, among your acquaintances, Miss Corblay, uses double negatives?"

"Every soul with the exception of Mr. McGraw" replied Donna. "Following a clue like that in San Pasqual would be like looking for a needle in a haystack. But I think I could name the man who wrote that note."

"Who is he?"

Donna favored the detective with a mocking little smile.

"He's a friend of mine" she said, "and I never go back on a friend."

"Well," he replied jokingly, "I can't imagine a friend going back on you. However, I'll not be curious about this chap. He appears contrite, and the incident is closed. But all the same, this is one of the queerest cases I've had in all my experience," and he went out, still puzzled.

Thanksgiving came and went, and with the approach of Christmas came the knowledge to Donna that her tour of duty behind the cash-counter of the eating-house was rapidly drawing to a close—for the very sweetest reason in all this sad old world; a reason as yet apparent to no one in San Pasqual but Donna herself; a very tiny reason against whose coming Donna had commenced to plan and sew in the lonely hours of her vigil at the Hat Ranch, waiting for Bob to come back, that she might impart to him the secret. Yes, indeed, a most valid reason. Donna hoped it would be a man-baby, with wavy auburn hair like Bob's.

On the first of February she gave notice of her intention to resign her position on the first of the following month. Bob had left with her a hundred and fifty dollars, the balance of her little capital having been expended during their honeymoon trip and in outfitting Bob for his trip into the desert, and but for the fact that the thousand dollars so thoughtfully provided by Harley P. was still in the eating-house safe, Donna would have been placed in a most embarrassing position. With the knowledge that she had ample funds with which to maintain herself and her dependents at the Hat Ranch until the birth of her child, however, Donna decided to remove herself from the prying gaze of the San Pasqualians by resigning her position. The fact that her marriage to Bob was not known in the little town was now an added embarrassment, and the necessity of conveying to the world the news that she had been married since October was imperative. She decided to go up to Bakersfield, visit the city hall and request the clerk who had issued the license to Bob and herself to give the news of its issuance to the papers. She was aware that Bob knew this clerk and for that reason they had been enabled to keep the matter secret.

But the news that Donna Corblay had resigned the best position obtainable for a woman in San Pasqual—and that, without assigning any reason for her extraordinary action—spread quickly, and Mrs. Pennycook, with envious eyes on the position for her eldest daughter, visited the hotel manager and tried her persuasive personality to that end.

After that visit, there was no need for explanation. Mrs. Pennycook, with horrified mein and many repetitions of "But for heaven's sake don't mention my name," furnished the explanation—and to a lady of Mrs. Pennycook's large experience in matters of maternity, there was no heretic in San Pasqual who doubted the authenticity of her verdict.

Of the whisperings, the interchange of gossip and eager speculation as to the identity of the man in the case, the haughty stare of the women and the covert smiles of the men, Donna was not long kept in ignorance. On the fifteenth of the month the manager came to her, announced that he had already been fortunate enough to secure her successor, paid her a full month's

salary, and with a few perfunctory remarks touching on his regret at losing her services, indicated that she might forthwith retire to that seclusion which awaited her at the Hat Ranch. Donna, proud, scornful, unafraid in the knowledge that she was an honorable wife, deemed it beneath her dignity to reply. She removed her little capital from the safe, balanced her cash and walked out of the eating-house forever.

She had come to the parting of the ways. Her condition demanded the immediate presence of her husband, notwithstanding the fact that to call him in from his wanderings now might mean the abandonment of his great dreams of Donnaville. All her life she had needed a protector; more than ever she needed one now, and she was torn between a desire for the comfort of his presence and an equal desire to sacrifice that comfort to his great work, by refraining from sending Sam Singer into the desert with a message to him. She knew she could send Sam over the Santa Fe to Danby, and in the miner's outfitting store there Sam would be directed to the country where Bob's claims lay. For two days she wrestled with this problem, deciding finally to prove herself worthy of him and face the issue alone.

But the time had come when San Pasqual, representing Society, must be accorded the right which Society very justly demands—the right to know whether its members are conforming to all of the law, moral and legal. Donna realized that her silence in the matter of her marriage had placed her in an unenviable light, and while she was striving to formulate a plan to make the announcement gracefully, Mrs. Pennycook, emboldened by the absence of Harley P. Hennage, gathered about her a committee of five other ladies and swooped down on the Hat Ranch.

Donna was standing at her front gate when this purity squad approached. She guessed their mission instantly, and welcomed it. Whether gracefully or ungracefully, the matter would soon be over now, and it pleased her a little to note that all six ladies were leading matrons of the little town. Each member of Mrs. Pennycook's committee reflected in her face mingled sadness, embarrassment and curiosity. For three of them Donna felt a genuine regard; she realized that their

visit was actuated by a desire to help her, if she required help, to lend her their moral support in the face of suspicion, whether just or otherwise. The other three, including Mrs. Pennycook, Donna knew for that detestable type of woman-kind best known and described as "catty." Some one of these three who knew would fire the first gun in this most embarrassing campaign, and in order to nullify their fire as much as possible, Donna decided not to wait for that opening broadside, but to sweep them off their feet by a wave of candor and frankness, leaving them stunned with surprise and ashamed of their own suspicions.

Upon its arrival, therefore, Donna greeted the delegation cordially, receiving an equally cordial return of the greeting from all except Mrs. Pennycook, who swept into the Hat Ranch in dignified silence, head up and nose in the air, after the manner of one who scents a moral stench and is resolved to eradicate it at all hazard.

"This is an unexpected pleasure" Donna said hospitably. "Do come in out of this dreadful heat. I've just finished baking a lovely layer cake and you're all just in time to sample my cooking. I'll have Soft Wind make some lemonade. We scarcely require ice here, the water from my artesian well is so remarkably cool."

Graciously she herded them all into the shady patio, brought out chairs and ordered Soft Wind to prepare a huge pitcher of lemonade, while she herself carried out a small table, spread a tablecloth over it and crowned it with a layer cake, seven plates, and the accessories.

The delegation squirmed uneasily. The cordiality of this reception and Donna's apparent pleasure at the visit, together with her total lack of embarrassment, placed the ladies at a decided disadvantage. Even Mrs. Pennycook found it a tax on her ingenuity to solve tactfully the problem of accepting Donna's layer cake and cool lemonade in one breath and questioning her morals in the other—if this phraseology may be employed to designate the problem without casting opprobrium on Mrs. Pennycook's table manners.

There was a silence as Donna poured the lemonade and helped each visitor to a section of the layer cake. When she had finished, however, she leaned her elbows on the little table, gazed calmly and a

little roguishly at each guest in turn, and stole their thunder with a single question:

"How did you all discover that I am married?"

The silence was painful, until Mrs. Pennycook choked on a cake crumb. It was a question none of them could answer, and this very fact made the silence more appalling! Even Mrs. Pennycook, who had organized the expedition, blushed. Finally she stammered:

"We—we—well, to tell the truth, we hadn't heard."

Donna's eyes were wide with simulated amazement.

"You hadn't heard?"

"No" snapped Mrs. Pennycook, quick to see her opening, "but we were all hoping to hear—for your sake."

"But you guessed something when I resigned my position at the eating-house?"

Donna could scarce restrain a smile as she saw the eagerness with which Mrs. Pennycook showed in her true colors by walking blindly into this verbal trap. A slight sardonic smile flickered across her stern features.

"We didn't suspect. Everybody in town *knew*. And, not to beat about the bush, Miss Corblay, we came here today to find out. We're old enough to be your mother and we have daughters of our own, and in a certain sense, havin' known you from a baby, we felt sort o' responsible-like."

"Ah, I see" Donna almost breathed. "You were suspicious-like."

Two of the committee showed signs of inward disturbance, but, having fixed bayonets, Mrs. Pennycook was now prepared to charge.

"We came to find out if you're an honorable married woman, or—"

"Quite right, Mrs. Pennycook. That is information which you, and in fact every person in San Pasqual, is entitled to know. I am an honorable married woman. I was married in Bakersfield on the seventeenth day of last October."

"Well, then, where's your husband?"

"That is a question which you are not privileged to ask, Mrs. Pennycook. However, I will answer it. My husband is about his lawful business somewhere in the Colorado desert."

"Who is this man?"

"My husband's name is Robert McGraw."

Six separate and distinct gasps greeted this announcement extraordinary. A tear trembled on the eyelid of one of the ladies of whom Donna was really fond and whom she had reason to believe was fond of her.

"Well, dearie" replied Mrs. Pennycook unctiously, "it's kind o' hard-like to tell whether, in your present—er—delicate condition, you're better off unmarried-like, or the wife of a man accused of, holdin' up a stage at Garlock."

"It is embarrassing, isn't it?" Donna laughed. She was not in the least angry with Mrs. Pennycook. In fact, the gossip amused her very much, and in the knowledge of the day of reckoning coming to Mrs. Pennycook she could afford to laugh. "What does Dan think about it?"

"Mr. Pennycook, *if you please*" corrected his wife. "We will not mention his name in this matter."

"Well, then, what do you think of it, Mrs. Pennycook?"

"To be perfectly frank-like, an' not meanin' any offense, I think, Miss Corblay, that you drove your pigs to a mighty poor market."

"It does look that way" Donna acquiesced good-naturedly. "I'll admit that appearances are against my husband. However, since I know that the charge is ridiculous, I shall not dishonor him by making a defense where none is necessary. He will be in San Pasqual about the first of April, Mrs. Pennycook, and if at that time you desire to learn the circumstances, he will be charmed, I know, to relate them to you."

"I am not interested" retorted the gossip.

"Judging by this unexpected visit and your pointed remarks, dear Mrs. Pennycook, I think I might be pardoned for presuming that you were."

Mrs. Pennycook made no reply, for obvious reasons. The sortie for information had been too successful to please her, and in Donna's present mood the elder woman knew that she would fare but poorly in a battle of wits. Indeed, she already stood in a most unenviable position in San Pasqual society, as the leader of an unwarranted attack against a virtuous woman, and her busy brain was already at work, mending her fences. In the interview with Donna she had expected tears and anguish. Instead she had been met with smiles and good-natured railery; and

she had an uncomfortable feeling that her fellow committeewomen were already enraged at her and preparing to turn against her. She drank her lemonade hastily and explained that their visit had been for the purpose of setting at rest certain unpleasant rumors in San Pasqual, wherein Donna's reputation had suffered. If the rumors had proved to be without foundation they would have felt it their business to nip the scandal in the bud. If, on the contrary, the rumors were based on truth, they had planned to give her a Christian helping hand toward regeneration.

"I am very glad you did me the honor to call" Donna told the committee. "I had kept my marriage secret, for reason of my own, and I am glad now that my friends will brand these rumors as malicious and untrue."

The committee left in almost as deep sorrow as it had come. Donna walked with them to the front gate, and at parting two of the women kissed her, whispering hurried words of faith in her, and from the bottom of their truly generous womanly souls they meant it. Donna knew they did, and was deeply grateful. In the case of Mrs. Pennycook, however, she had no such illusion. She knew that disappointed vengeance had served to sharpen Mrs. Pennycook's unaccountable and unnatural dislike for her, and it was with secret relief that she watched the members of the committee on social purity return to their respective homes.

The following morning Mrs. Pennycook departed on a journey to Bakersfield, the county-seat. Here she invaded the marriage license bureau and requested an inspection of the record of the marriage license issued to Robert McGraw and Donna Corblay on October seventeenth.

To Mrs. Pennycook's profound satisfaction there was no record of such a license available. Business in the marriage bureau was dull that day, and the license clerk turned over to Mrs. Pennycook the bound book of affidavit blanks, which constitutes the record of the county clerk's office and from which the deputy clerk fills in the marriage license when he issues it. She searched through the records from August up to that very day—searched painstakingly and thrice in succession, while the deputy looked on covertly from a nearby desk and smiled at her

activities. He might have informed Mrs. Pennycook that the record of the issuance of a license to his friend Bob McGraw and Donna Corblay could be found in the back of the book, where it would not be discovered by the newspaper reporters who came each day to make notations of the licenses issued. It is an old trick, this; to fill in the affidavit blank toward the back of the book, where the record will not be reached in the regular course of business until a year or more shall have elapsed. The deputy county clerk was a friend of Bob McGraw's and as he had promised not to give him away, he would keep his word; so he snickered to himself and wondered if this acidulous lady could, by any chance, be McGraw's mother-in-law. If so, he felt sorry for McGraw. He sniffed a quick divorce.

Mrs. Pennycook could not find the record she sought, and demanded further information. The clerk informed her gravely that, aside from personal experience, all the information on marriages in Kern county was contained in the book before her; so Mrs. Pennycook returned to San Pasqual, vindicated in the eyes of the committee on individual morals.

The following day Mrs. Pennycook called a meeting in her front parlor, and to the credit of San Pasqual's womanhood, be it said that two of the committee failed to respond. However, Miss Molly Pickett volunteered to enlist for the cause, and a quorum being present Mrs. Pennycook announced that Donna Corblay's statement that she was a wife had not been substantiated by the records of the county clerk's office. Having examined the records personally, Mrs. Pennycook felt safe in assuming responsibility for the statement that Donna Corblay was not married, despite her claims to the contrary.

"Then," murmured Miss Pickett sadly, "she is not an honest woman!"

"Decidedly not."

"I expected this—for years" Miss Pickett continued, and wiped away a furtive tear. "Poor girl. After all, we shouldn't be surprised. I'm afraid she comes by it naturally. There was a mystery about her mother."

"Well, there's no mystery about Donna" retorted Mrs. Pennycook triumphantly. "She's a disgrace to the community."

"What can be done about it?" one of the committee inquired.

"I believe," another volunteered, "that in San Francisco and Los Angeles they have homes for unfortunate girls. If we can induce her to go to one of these institutions, it seems to me it is our duty to do so."

"I wash my hands of the whole affair" protested Mrs. Pennycook. "I went down there, as you all know, an' did all the talking and acted sympathetic-like, an' got insulted for my pains. I'll not go again."

"Perhaps you didn't approach the subject just right, Mrs. Pennycook—not meanin' any offense—but you know Donna's one of the high an' mighty kind, an' you an' her ain't been any too friendly. I think, maybe, if *I* was to talk to her, now—"

"I'm sure you're welcome, Miss Pickett. Somebody ought to reason with her like before the thing gets too public, an' I don't seem to have the right influence with the girl."

"I'll go call on her, if one or two others will go with me" Miss Pickett volunteered. She omitted to mention the fact that company or no company, she would not have missed the opportunity of taunting Donna for a farm. However, two other ladies decided to go with Miss Pickett, and forthwith the three set out for the Hat Ranch.

There was no layer cake and lemonade reception awaiting *them* at the Hat Ranch. Donna, upon being informed by Soft Wind that three ladies desired to interview her, met the delegation in her kitchen, which they had entered uninvited. She surveyed the nervous trio coldly.

"Is this another investigating committee?" she demanded bluntly.

"Well, in view o' the fact that there never was any marriage license issued to you an' that—that stage-robber—"

"Miss Pickett—and you other two shinin' examples of Christian charity! Please leave my home at once. Do you hear? At once! I have no explanations or apologies to make, and if I had I would not make them to a soul in San Pasqual. Leave my home instantly."

The three ladies stood up. Two of them scurried toward the door, but Miss Pickett lingered, showing a disposition to argue the question. She had "walled" her eyes and pulled her mouth down in the most approved facial expression of one who, proffering help to the unfortunate, realizes that ingratitude is to be her portion.

Through the aboriginal brain of Soft Wind, however, some hint of the situation had by this time managed to sift. The presence of two delegations of female visitors in one week was unprecedented; and in her slow dumb way she realized that the condition of her mistress was probably being questioned by these white women.

Now, Soft Wind had been Donna's nurse, and since the squaw was untroubled by the finer question of morality in a lady (the mere trifle of a marriage license had been no bar to her own primitive alliance with Sam Singer) it irked her to stand idly by while these white women offered insult to her adored one. She could not understand what was being said (Donna always spoke to her in the language of her tribe, a language learned in her babyhood from Soft Wind herself) but she did know by the pale face and flashing eyes that Donna was angry.

"I came to tell—" began Miss Pickett.

Donna pointed toward the door. "Go" she commanded.

Still Miss Pickett lingered; so Soft Wind, whose forty years of life had been spent in arduous toil that had made her muscles as hard and firm as those of most men, picked Miss Pickett up in her arms, carried her out kicking and screaming and tossed the spinster incontinently over the gate. Sam Singer saw the exit and favored his squaw with the first grunt of approval in many years. Donna, after first ascertaining that Miss Pickett had lit in the sand and was uninjured, leaned over the gate and almost laughed herself into hysterics.

That was the last effort made to reform Donna Corblay. In a covert way Miss Pickett and Mrs. Pennycook conspired to publicly disgrace her and, branded as a scarlet woman, drive her out of San Pasqual, if possible. Donna had declared war, and they were prepared to accept the challenge.

Borax O'Rourke, with six months' wages coming to him from his chosen occupation of skinning mules up Keeler way, had been sighing for the delights of San Pasqual and an opportunity to spend his money after the fashion of the country. This was not possible in Keeler—at least not on the extravagant scale which obtained regularly in San Pasqual; hence, when he learned quite by chance that Harley P. Hennage was no longer in that thriving hive of desert

iniquity, Borax commenced to pine for some society more ameliorating than that of twelve mules driven with a jerk-line. In a word, Mr. O'Rourke decided to quit his job, go down to San Pasqual and enter upon a butterfly existence until his six months' pay should be dissipated.

Accordingly Borax O'Rourke descended, via the stage line, on San Pasqual. He heralded his arrival and his intentions by inviting San Pasqual to drink with him, and after visiting each of its many saloons and spending impartially the while, he decided, along toward dusk, that he had partaken of sufficient squirrel whisky to give him an appetite for his dinner, and forthwith shaped his somewhat faltering course for the eating-house.

Here he discovered that Donna Corblay was no longer employed at the cashier's counter—which disappointed him. He ate his dinner in silence, and upon his return to the Silver Dollar saloon he was informed, with many a low jest and rude guffaw, the reason for his disappointment. Whereat he laughed himself.

Now, Borax O'Rourke, while a low, vulgar, border ruffian, had what even the lowest of his kind generally appear to possess: a lingering sense of respect for a good woman. Until the night of the attack upon her by the hoboos in the railroad yard, he had never dared to presume to the extent of speaking to Donna Corblay, even when paying for his meals, although the democracy of San Pasqual would not have construed speech at such a time as a breach of convention. For there were no angels in San Pasqual; the town was merely sunk in a moral lethargy, and the line of demarcation in matters of rectitude was drawn between those who stole and had killed their man, and those who had not. All the lesser sins were looked upon tolerantly as indigenous to the soil, and as Borax O'Rourke had never been accused of theft and had never killed his man (he had been in two arguments, however, and had winged his man both times, the winger and the wingee subsequently shaking hands and declaring a truce), he was not considered beyond the pale. Had he spoken to Donna she readily would have comprehended that he merely desired to be neighborly; she would have inquired the latest news from the borax works at Keeler and doubtless would have sold him a hat.

Nevertheless, for a long time, Borax O'Rourke had nursed a secret passion for the eating-house cashier, a passion that never could have been dignified by the term "love" (Borax was not equal to that) but rather an animal-like desire for possession. There was considerable of the abysmal brute in Borax. He would have been voted quite a Lochinvar in the days when men procured their wives by right of discovery and the ability to retain possession, and had he dared, he would have made love to Donna in his bearlike way. Hence, as in the case of all pure women in frontier towns, where rough men foregather, Donna's easily discernible purity had been her most salient protection, and beyond such bulwarks Borax O'Rourke had never dared to venture.

It had been a shock, therefore, to Mr. O'Rourke, when he discovered her that August night, crying over a stranger and kissing him. Borax himself was not a bad-looking fellow, in a rough out-o'-doors sort of way, and while he had not been privileged to a close scrutiny of the man whom Donna had kissed, still he believed him to be a rough-and-ready individual like himself, and quite naturally the thought occurred to Borax that he, too, might not have been unwelcome, had he but possessed sufficient courage to make a cautious advance.

He was confirmed in this thought now at the news which he heard upon the first night of his return to San Pasqual, and with the thought that he had been worshipping an idol with feet of clay, Mr. O'Rourke cursed himself for an unmitigated jackass in thus leaving to some other roving rascal the prize which he had so earnestly desired for himself. With the receipt of the information about Donna, Mr. O'Rourke unconsciously felt himself instantly on the same social level with her, and since convention was something alien to his soul, and possession his sole inspiration, he decided that he could make his advances now in full confidence that he might be successful; and if not, there would be no necessity for feeling sheepish over his rebuff.

"I'll ask her to marry me, an' damn the odds" he decided. "There's worse places than the Hat Ranch to live in, with a few dollars always comin' in. She'll be glad enough of the offer, like as not—considerin' the circumstances, an' she can send the kid to an orphan asylum."

By morning this crafty idea had taken full possession of Borax, so after fortifying himself with a half dozen drinks, he set forth for the Hat Ranch. Also, under the influence of the liquor and his overweening pride in his bright idea, he had taken pains to announce his destination and the object of his visit. A crowd of male observers stood on the porch of the Silver Dollar saloon and watched him depart, the while they spurred him on his way with many a jeer and jibe.

Sam Singer was seated in the kitchen at the Hat Ranch, enjoying an after-breakfast cigarette, when O'Rourke came to the kitchen door, hiccoughed and made rough demand for the mistress of the house. Donna, from an adjoining room, heard him and came into the kitchen.

"Well, Borax" she demanded, "what do you want? A hat?"

She saw that he had been drinking, and a sudden fear took possession of her. With the exception of her Indian retainer, Bob McGraw, Harley P. Hennage and Doc Taylor, no male foot had profaned the Hat Ranch in twenty years, and the presence of O'Rourke was a distinct menace.

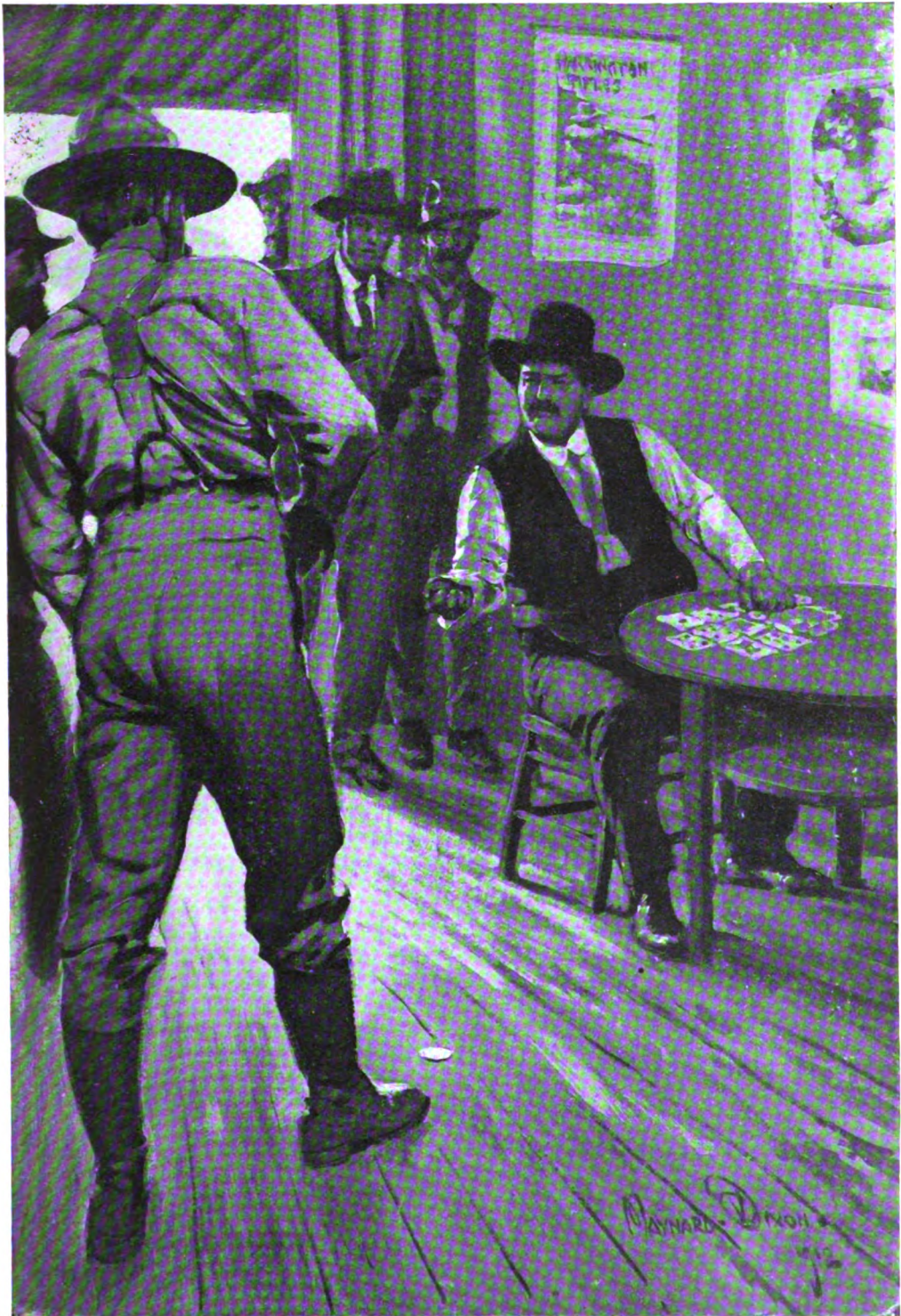
"Not on your life, sweetheart" he began pertly, "I want you."

Donna spoke to the Indian in the Cahuilla tongue, and Sam Singer sprang at the mule-skinner like a panther on an unsuspecting deer. The lean mahogany-colored hands closed around the ruffian's throat, and the two bodies crashed to the floor together. O'Rourke, taken unaware by the suddenness and ferocity of the attack, was no match for the Indian. He endeavored to free his arm and reach for his gun, but Sam Singer had anticipated him. Already the big blue gun was in the Indian's possession; he raised it, brought the butt down on O'Rourke's head, and the battle was over, almost before it had fairly started.

"Drag him outside" Donna commanded. The Indian grasped O'Rourke by his legs and dragged him outside the compound. Then he returned to the kitchen, secured a bucket, filled it at the artesian well, and returning, dashed it over the still dazed enemy.

The water did its work, and presently O'Rourke sat up.

"I'll kill you for this" he said; whereat Sam Singer struck him in the face and rolled him over in the dirt. Incidentally, he



"Got a gun?" asked Hennage.
"No" replied O'Rourke.
The gambler threw him over a twenty-dollar piece. "Go get one."

retained Mr. O'Rourke's big blue gun as a souvenir of the fray.

Half an hour later a very dejected, bedraggled mule-skinner, bruised, bleeding and covered with sand which clung to his dripping person, returned to San Pasqual, to be heartily jeered at for the result of his pilgrimage; for the San Pasqualians noticed that not only had Mr. O'Rourke suffered defeat, but in the *melée* his gun had been taken from him, and to suffer such humiliation at the hands of a mere Indian was considered in San Pasqual the very dregs and drainings of downright disgrace.

For two days Borax O'Rourke drowned his chagrin in the lethal waters of the Silver Dollar saloon, and presently to him here there came an anonymous letter, containing, by some devil's devising, a unique scheme for revenge on Donna, and on Sam Singer, who depended on her bounty. At one stroke he could destroy them both, and cast them forth into the wide reaches of the Mojave desert, homeless.

The unknown writer of this anonymous note desired to advise Borax O'Rourke that Donna Corblay had no title to the lands on which the Hat Ranch stood; that the desert was still part of the public domain and subject to entry; that he, Borax O'Rourke, might file on forty acres surrounding the Hat Ranch, and by demonstrating that he had an artesian well on the forty, which would irrigate one-eighth of his entry, he could obtain title to the land. In any event, after filing his application, he would then be in a position to evict his enemies.

This seemed to the brute O'Rourke such a very novel idea that he decided to follow it out immediately. He spent that day sobering up, and the next few days in a trip to the land office one hundred and fifty miles up the valley at Independence. Upon his return to San Pasqual he had old Judge Kenny, the local justice of the peace, serve formal written notice upon Donna Corblay to evacuate immediately; otherwise he would commence suit.

The news was over San Pasqual in an hour, and formed the basis of much discussion in the Silver Dollar when Borax O'Rourke came into that deadfall about two o'clock on the afternoon of his return.

Somebody hailed him.

"Well, Borax, I see you're goin' to play even. Dy'ye think you'll be able to oust the girl from the Hat Ranch? The boys

have been discussin' it, and it looks like she might put up a fight on squatter's rights."

"I'll git her out all right" rumbled O'Rourke, "an' when I do, I'll chuck the old lady's bones after her. I'll teach her an' that Indian o' hers—"

Borax O'Rourke paused. His tongue clicked drily against the roof of his mouth.

Seated at a card-table across the room, idly shuffling a deck of cards, sat Harley P. Hennage, and he was staring at Borax O'Rourke. At the latter's sudden pause, a silence fell upon the Silver Dollar, and every man lined up at the long bar turned and followed O'Rourke's glance.

For fully a minute Mr. Hennage's small baleful eyes flicked murder lights as their glance burned into O'Rourke's wolfish soul. Then, quite calmly, he commenced placing his cards for a game of solitaire, and when he had carefully disposed of them he spoke:

"O'Rourke!"

The word was deep, throaty, almost a growl. Simultaneously the men nearest O'Rourke drifted quickly away from him.

"Well?"

"I don't like your game. Stop it. Hand me an assignment o' that desert entry o' yours by three o'clock, an' get out o' town by four o'clock. Hear me?"

"An' if I don't?" demanded O'Rourke.

"If you don't," repeated Mr. Hennage calmly, "I shall cancel the entry at one minute after four o'clock."

"You can't bluff me."

"I'm not bluffin' this time, you dog. Do I get that assignment of entry?"

Borax O'Rourke knew that his life might be the price of a refusal, but in the presence of that crowd where men were measured by their courage the remnants of his manhood forbade him to answer "yes." He was not a coward.

"I'll be in the middle o' the street at four o'clock" he answered.

"Got a gun?"

"No."

The gambler threw him over a twenty-dollar piece.

"Go get one."

Borax O'Rourke picked the coin off the floor and shuffled out of the Silver Dollar saloon.

Until one minute past four o'clock, then, the incident was closed, and Mr. Hennage returned to his interrupted game of solitaire.

The concluding instalment of "The Long Chance" will appear in the September number, entitled "The End of the Game."



THE DREAM

By JOHN D. BARRY

THERE was a man whose work in life was humble. Early in the morning he went to his monotonous task and he returned home at nightfall. He had a large family to sustain. His days were full of care.

His friends often spoke of him with pity.

But he did not pity himself. For there was something within that lifted him beyond sordidness: his dream!

As far back as he could remember, he had dreamed that some day he was going to be a great writer.

In childhood the man had weird fancies. He used to tell them to other children. Even then he felt sure that if he were to write them out they would make wonderful stories.

But he never had time to write them out.

The day came when the man had to labor. At first he rebelled. Why should he live as if he were a machine? He had a nobler service to do for the world. But necessity held him. Then love strengthened his bonds. These bonds were soon riveted by duty.

But toil could not destroy the dream.

By day he would think of marvelous tales. All he had to do would be to write them out. They would make the world burst into acclaim.

At last the man felt he must begin to write. He would devote Sunday to his task.

When he made the resolution he felt a

strange fear. It was like sickness. For a moment his heart seemed to stop beating.

He found himself saying, as if he were speaking to someone else: "Suppose you should fail! Suppose you should find that, after all, you do not really possess talent for writing!"

Then his dream would be shattered. There would be no relief from the monotony of his life. He would be nothing but a machine!

Nevertheless, the man determined to begin.

But on Sunday morning his wife said she should take the children to the country.

The man felt that he ought to go, too. With relief, he put off writing till the following Sunday.

On that Sunday and on all other Sundays something would happen to keep him from writing. And though he was determined to make the start, deep in his consciousness he was glad to be kept from making it.

For always at the thought of trying there would be that strange feeling of weakness and fear.

Meanwhile the old confidence remained, the belief that to achieve success he had only to reach out his hand.

With the great writers of the world the man now felt a natural kinship. He knew that if they would meet him they would recognize him as one of themselves. He followed their work with a professional eye.

He never spoke of his dream to any one. He knew that he would be misunderstood.

He used to wonder why the people he knew did not suspect the existence of his gifts. But some day they would realize. Then they would be startled and ashamed that they had not appreciated him before.

People really did feel that there was something unusual about the man, both those who knew him and those who only saw him in passing. He went his way with a light in his eyes. He was a creature apart. In the very conditions of his failure he walked like a man that radiated success and power. Strangers, on first seeing him, often used to ask who he was. Some-

times they said that he looked distinguished.

One morning the man woke up and found that he had grown old.

It was too late for him to begin to write now.

He ought to have begun years before.

As he lay in his bed he knew the bitterness of disappointment and failure.

And yet he felt a great relief.

He still had his dream!

Now it could never be destroyed.

The man he might have been he should always be!

OPEN COUNTRY

By EUNICE WARD

The Park is gay with flowers and the Park is soft with green,
The little lake is dancing in the sunlight's golden sheen;
But for me, the tawny hillside where the purple shadows lie,
And the tumbling ocean stretching to the circle of the sky.

The Park has rustic benches, that the strollers may not tire,
And song-birds trilling gaily in a grove beneath the wire;
But the redwoods spread a fragrant couch along the canyon trail.
As they sigh a wistful answer to the calling of the quail.

The Park is fenced and guarded to preserve its sylvan charm,
And sheltered lest the breezes work its fragile beautics harm;
But the open country lies between the mountains and the sea,
And the west wind ranges over it and shares the world with me.





INTERESTING WESTERNERS

A Man of "Multi-Phase Power"

IT is rarely indeed that great work is accomplished, or material progress effected, without some few figures among the workers standing out more or less conspicuously from the ruck as the guiding spirits, the dominating force; and when one learns that California has set the pace for the world in hydro-electric development from the first, and that it stands easily in the van of practical achievement today, he naturally casts an eye about for the responsible parties. He will find several figures—financiers and engineers—bulking bigly against the sky-line of endeavor, and if his shrewd glance alights and lingers upon that of H. H. Sinclair, there will be none to say that he has chosen amiss.

That Henry Sinclair has won preëminence in hydro-electric development in California means also that he is a national and an international figure; for it is very largely due to the pioneering endeavors of himself and two or three courageous associates in working out hitherto insoluble problems on the slopes of the Mt. San Bernardino watershed less than two decades ago that half of New York state may enjoy the benefits of power from Niagara, that the cotton mills of Bombay will hum to the impulse of power transmitted from the slopes of the Western Ghats, or that current from the Paraguayan Falls of the Yguazu will turn night into day on the boulevards of Buenos Aires. Doubtless all of these things would have come to pass in time anyway; but it chanced to fall to the lot of the clear-visioned, direct-thinking Sinclair—the man whose decided dream of one day was the *fait accompli* of the next—to push forward the hands of the clock of hydro-electric progress by years and decades instead of allowing it to

tick off the increasing purpose of the ages by seconds and minutes.

It was in the winter of 1904 that Mr. Sinclair, after a decade of ceaseless activity in marking southern California with a double star on the world's map of hydro-electric achievement, bought a yacht and started for the South Pacific in search of rest and change. No sooner was the craft out of sight of land than it transpired that his skipper knew hardly the first rudiments of navigations and was in other ways entirely unsuited to the arduous task of sailing a 50-ton schooner through one of the stormiest and most superficially charted corners of the Seven Seas. "I had either to turn back," said Mr. Sinclair in telling the story recently, "or undertake the navigation of the yacht myself. I chose the latter alternative. The first sight I worked out showed the yacht to be somewhere in Tibet, the second had her in Nebraska, the third got her back into the Pacific where she belonged, but off the coast of Peru, and the fourth, checking with my dead-reckoning, was about correct. From that time on I gave my whole attention to the work in hand, and succeeded in navigating her successfully over the course laid out and bringing her safely to port in the end."

The incident is characteristic of Sinclair's resource and dominance, and that expression, "I gave my whole attention to the work in hand and succeeded in navigating her successfully over the course laid out and bringing her safely to port in the end," might just as well describe his action in directing the destinies of several of the largest of California's industrial projects, argosies richly freighted of Promise, which but for the steady touch of his guiding

hand might never have weathered the storms of the uncharted seas that separated them from the Port of Success, where all of them have ultimately been snugly berthed. Henry Sinclair has been venturing into uncharted seas all his life—every project with which he has been associated has involved doing things which had never been done before, things men said were impracticable, impossible—and never has he failed to navigate successfully over the course laid out and bring his ship safely to port in the end.

Like many another Westerner who came to the Pacific Coast in search of health and found fame and fortune at the end of the same rainbow, Henry Sinclair, late in the 80's, sought in the dry air of the then budding city of Redlands to restore a constitution that had weakened under the steady grind of work in a New York office. This was the decade in which the electrical world was beginning to awaken to the fact that a dynamo could be driven more cheaply by water than steam, and by the time that several seasons of hard work in an incipient orange grove had given the young rancher a new digestion and a fresh set of nerves, came also the realization that a lot of good water was falling down hill for nothing within sight of his back doorway. There was no market for power where the water fell, however, and at once arose the problem of bringing it the eight miles from a convenient plant site on Mill Creek to the city of Redlands. This involved a radical departure and advance from any existing plant, and the plans drawn for what was destined to become the first multi-phase power transmission station in the world were considered so impracticable by the great electric supply companies that five months of correspondence were required to induce any of them even to submit bids. The General Electric Company ultimately built the plant and it was an unqualified success from the first. Power, it was quickly demonstrated, could be sold so cheaply that a Redlands company could pay \$2.00 a ton freight on its ice to Los Angeles and still undersell manufacturers in the metropolis by 50 cents a ton.

But as the demand for power in Redlands and vicinity was strictly limited, the company was only a small affair with no great prospects ahead of it. (Mr. Sinclair tells how he, the president, and the secretary of the company, constituted the whole office

force, and how the two of them used to go out and read the meters, come back to the office, make out the bills and then go out again and collect them.) The young president must have cast his eyes quite as often toward the distant market of Los Angeles during the next five years as he had turned them up to the potential sources on the slopes of Grayback during the previous five. Here was the power, there was the market—but between yawned the apparently impassable gulf of eighty miles. The bridging of this gulf still stands as one of the most important mil-stones on the swiftly-blazed trail of hydro-electric progress, and Henry Sinclair's part in bringing it about is, perhaps, the most striking achievement in a lifetime that is compact of striking achievements.

The Edison Electric Co. of Los Angeles absorbed Sinclair's Redlands concern—the Southern California Power Co.—in 1897, Mr. Sinclair becoming Vice-President and General Manager. For the next decade the rise of the Edison Company as a factor in the development of southern California was no less marked than the rise of Henry Sinclair to a commanding position in the hydro-electric world.

In 1907, with all of the principal Edison projects well advanced toward completion, Mr. Sinclair resigned his active connections with that company, planning to confine himself to hydro-electric consultation, with headquarters in Los Angeles. But the Great Western Power Company decided that Henry Sinclair was the only man in the country that measured up to specifications for carrying out its general plan of hydraulic development. June, 1909, found him again in his accustomed Vice-President-and-General-Manager harness, and a temporary resident of San Francisco. His incomparable practicality in matters of construction and operation advanced things to a point which made it possible for him to resign the General Management of the company two years later, the less arduous duties of Vice-President in Charge of Construction, which he performed up to January, 1913, allowing him four months of the year in his Pasadena home.

No sooner was there a slackening of the Great Western Power Co. harness than J. H. Torrance, the founder of the remarkable industrial city of that name near Los Angeles, recognizing in Mr. Sinclair's peculiar



H. H. SINCLAIR

Hydro-electric pioneer, city-builder, captain of industry and deep-sea yacht-man. Twenty years ago, when a gap of eighty miles between electric power and its market appeared an impassable gulf, Sinclair bridged the gulf, a feat which stands as one of the important milestones on the swiftly blazed trail of hydro-electric progress

genius for organization the special qualities that were needed to get his unique project properly under way, induced him to accept the General Management and Vice-Presidency of the Torrance company. Collaborating with the noted landscape engineer, Frederick Law Olmsted, Jr., Mr. Sinclair helped plan the industrial city of Torrance, in which an increased economy for the manufacturer has been kept no more steadfastly in mind than a healthful and uplifting environment for the employee. Torrance's history is still in the making, but the striking success which has attended it down to the present is sufficiently traced in a recent number of SUNSET.

The intimate study of California's economic and industrial possibilities incident to his work at Torrance makes Mr. Sinclair's view on that subject an interesting one. "With the completion of the Canal," he said recently, "California will tend more and more toward self-sufficiency. Hitherto we have depended almost entirely upon the Eastern states for our manufactures and as a market for our agricultural and horticultural products. The Canal will bring us a great working population which will consume more and more of the products of our soil, while its labor is going to produce here the manufactures we now bring from the east of the Mississippi, thus effecting a saving of freight in each instance which should operate toward materially lowering the cost of living on the Pacific Coast. We will have a great trade with the Eastern States and the rest of the world, but it will not be long before we are independent of them for the main requirements of our daily life."

As it would not be possible to consider Pacific Coast yachting without speaking of Captain Henry Sinclair, so, too, will a sketch of the latter be incomplete without some allusion to his connection with Pacific Coast yachting. Since a voyage around the Horn before the mast in his boyhood days, Sinclair's mind, in the few idle moments he has known, has always turned seaward, but the 10,000-mile cruise through the islands of the South Pacific on the "Lurline," purchased from John D. Spreckels, was his first chance to satisfy a lifelong ambition. A meeting with Honolulu yachtsmen in the course of that cruise resulted in the first of the now world-famous biennial transpacific race from a California port to Hawaii, an event which Captain Sinclair

himself subsequently won twice with the "Lurline." His time of a little over twelve days from San Pedro to Honolulu stands as the present race record.

It is far easier to draw Mr. Sinclair out on yachting than on industrial progress, especially on such occasions as the present when, as a half dozen times before, he begins to talk about retiring from active business and taking a rest. His idea of a rest, be it known, is to stand a double watch at the kicking wheel of a fifty-ton schooner, with all the canvas close-reefed and a roaring sou'easter tearing the tops off the waves and slamming them down on his shivering deck. I know, for I've seen him taking rest and change on a good many occasions in just that way. I haven't a particle of doubt that, if he had his own way, the Captain would be off on another cruise within the month. But this can hardly be. The Pacific Coast will have too much work during the next decade that no one else can do quite so well as Henry Sinclair to be able to spare him at this time, and I shall miss my guess if he is not up to his neck in some new pioneering project before the year is out.

LEWIS R. FREEMAN.



A Secretary and Her Salary

MISS Fern Hobbs, age twenty-seven, is drawing the highest salary of any woman in public service in the United States. She is private secretary to Governor Oswald West of Oregon and receives \$3000 a year. If she had secured her position through the manipulation of politics the telling about it would not be half so interesting; but she secured it because she earned it. She says she won the place because the governor is broad enough to employ a woman as readily as a man when she does the same work. All that he wants is results.

Born in Nebraska of early Puritan stock, at the age of six Miss Hobbs went to Salt Lake City, Utah, with her parents. There she lived for twelve years, finishing the high school. About that time her father met with serious financial reverses and she was compelled to make her own way and help support a brother and a sister. She came to Oregon and became governess in a wealthy home in Portland. She was ambitious. She wanted to get out into the



Miss Fern Hobbs, who is drawing the highest salary of any woman in public service in the United States. She is private secretary to Governor Oswald West of Oregon and receives \$3000 a year. Incidentally, Miss Hobbs is an attorney, with a diploma from the law department of the Willamette University

commercial world, so she purchased a typewriter and a book on stenography and put in all her spare moments studying. It was not long until she obtained a position as private stenographer to the president of the Title Guarantee & Trust Company. While doing her office work she also kept house for her brother and sister, both of whom she was putting through school. Her ambition urged her toward further achievements, so she began the study of law, grasping the fundamentals so readily that her tutor gave her credit for being one of the brightest students in his class. While she was thus employed the bank failed, resulting in investigations and prose-

cutions. As confidante of the president of the bank she was in the thick of the financial storm, and she recalls the experience as one of the most trying of her life. But it was the loyalty and spirited defense of her employer during those turbulent weeks that opened the way for her to obtain her new \$3000 position.

As a considerable sum of the state's common school fund was on deposit in the bank when it failed, Governor Chamberlain appointed Ben W. Olcott, now secretary of state, to represent the state in the investigation of the bank's affairs. When Olcott began to probe into the intimate papers and documents of the institution

he met the open hostility of Miss Hobbs, who was then employed as stenographer to the bank's receiver. She did not hide her hatred of the men who were endeavoring to uncover illegal transactions on the part of her former employer. This loyalty caused Olcott to take particular notice of her and to make inquiries about her.

When the investigation was over Miss Hobbs was employed by the Ladd Estate Company. A little later Olcott became campaign manager for Oswald West, successful candidate for governor. Shortly before the time for the governor-elect to be inaugurated Olcott asked him if he had any one in view for his private stenographer. He had not, so Olcott told him he knew of a girl just suited for the position. Olcott sent for Miss Hobbs and on the day the governor took the oath of office she was presented to him. In the two years she served as his stenographer her mettle was put to the test in a number of unusual ways and she proved so capable that when the governor appointed Ralph A. Watson, his private secretary, as corporation commissioner to administer the new "blue sky" law, he chose Miss Hobbs to succeed him. She took her new position on the third of June, being the first woman to serve as secretary to the governor in the history of the state. Then another laurel of success came to her. It was a diploma from the law department of the Willamette University. While at the capitol she had continued to give her law studies the time that most young women give to parties, balls and theaters. Yet she is young and girlish and a jolly companion, as proud of her success as can be, and is determined to "make good."

"I can't say how pleased I am" she said. "The money I make is not going to be spent for clothes and a good time; it is going to pay the mortgage. After that is out of the way then I can do just as I please."

WILL T. KIRK.



Every Inch a Soldier

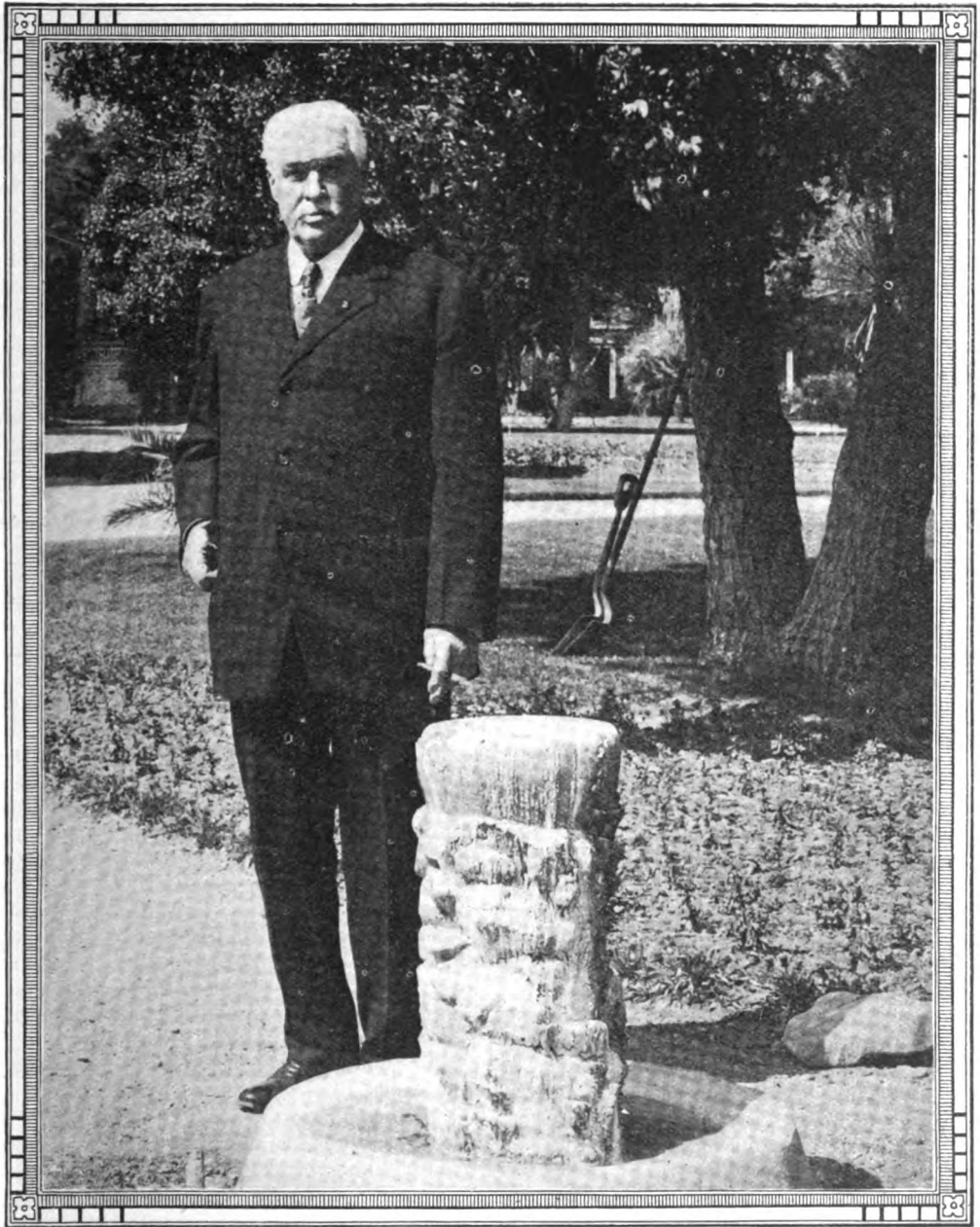
IT is rightly accounted a most creditable achievement when an American, in time of war or peace, advances, in either the regular army or the volunteer forces, from the position of an inconspicuous subordinate to the post of highest responsibility in

his chosen arm of the republic's service. How much more notable, then, is the dual triumph of one who first progressed step by step from the position of an enlisted man in the volunteer service to the pinnacle of attainment and then, starting in again at the ladder's lowest round, comparatively, progressed from a modest lieutenantcy in the regular forces to the rank of a commander of the army.

Lieutenant-General S. B. M. Young occupies in the roster of our military heroes a position that is virtually unique. Not only has his career exceeded, probably, in interest and significance, that of any other American army officer now living, but his record of more than half a century of varied and conspicuous service is in many respects the most remarkable in the entire history of the nation's fighting service. His career is in the highest degree an inspiration and encouragement to all young men who aspire to military distinction through any channel of advancement.

General Young has been an active participant in four wars—the Civil War, the conflict with the Indians, the Spanish War and the struggle in the Philippines—and yet figuratively no more than literally he shows no scars. At the age of seventy-three he is active, alert, erect, characterized by that same bearing which has always made him the ideal soldier and betokening by every word and movement that in some cases, at least, our present age of retirement in the military service robs the nation of the full measure of service from officers whose powers are in the autumn of a splendid maturity.

His prolonged and varied service has given to General Young a breadth of vision and of interest vouchsafed to few men. In his military capacity he has served in widely separated sections of the country and his service in almost every instance has been sufficiently prolonged to give the officer a more or less intimate knowledge of conditions rather than a merely superficial view. The West in particular owes much to General Young. By years of arduous campaigning against hostile Indians in the Southwest he made his contribution to the cause of the rich and peaceful empire of the present day and later in California and at the Yosemite and Yellowstone Parks he instituted movements the full value of which have come to be better appreciated



LIEUTENANT-GENERAL S. B. M. YOUNG, U. S. A., RETIRED

A military hero with a record virtually unique. General Young progressed from the rank of an enlisted man to that of brigadier-general in the volunteer service. He then began over again as a second-lieutenant in the regular service and rose to the rank of a commander of the army. He is a veteran of four wars. Today, though retired for age, General Young is hard at work as Governor of the Soldiers' Home, Washington, D. C.

as time goes on. That his interest in the west coast and its fortunes continues strong is indicated by his visit within the past few months to Panama to inspect the Canal that is to prove a factor in the

further development of the Pacific slope. General Young is a native of Pennsylvania. His boyhood was spent in the vicinity of Pittsburg, where his parents, Captain John Jr. and Hannah (Scott)

Young, resided for some years after the birth of their son. The young man was educated in the public schools and at Jefferson College, located at Canonsburg, Pa. In so far as history records or General Young's memory recalls it was a reasonably uneventful boyhood that he spent in the western part of the Keystone State and there remains no evidence of a youthful ambition for a military career if such a longing did make early appearance.

The outbreak of the Civil War turned the whole current of Samuel Young's thoughts, as it did in the case of so many other young men of the period, and ushered him into what was destined to prove his life work. He was a few weeks over twenty-one years of age when on April 25, 1861, in response to President Lincoln's call for three-months volunteers he enlisted as a private in Company K of the 12th Pennsylvania Infantry. He was discharged from this duty on August 5th of that same year but little more than a month later he re-entered the service with the commission of a captain in the Fourth Pennsylvania Cavalry.

Even the cold dry record of dates and promotions attests how rapidly the young Pennsylvanian advanced during the half decade covered by that costly war between the states, yet such a chronicle but inadequately pictures the danger and daring that were manifest from the day he began his cavalry operations with the Army of the Potomac. In just about a year after the young captain of cavalry took the field he was made a major and in the autumn of 1864 he was promoted to lieutenant-colonel. As a Christmas present in the closing days of that same year he was made a colonel. In April of the following year he was brevetted a brigadier-general and in July 1st of that same year he was honorably mustered out of the volunteers.

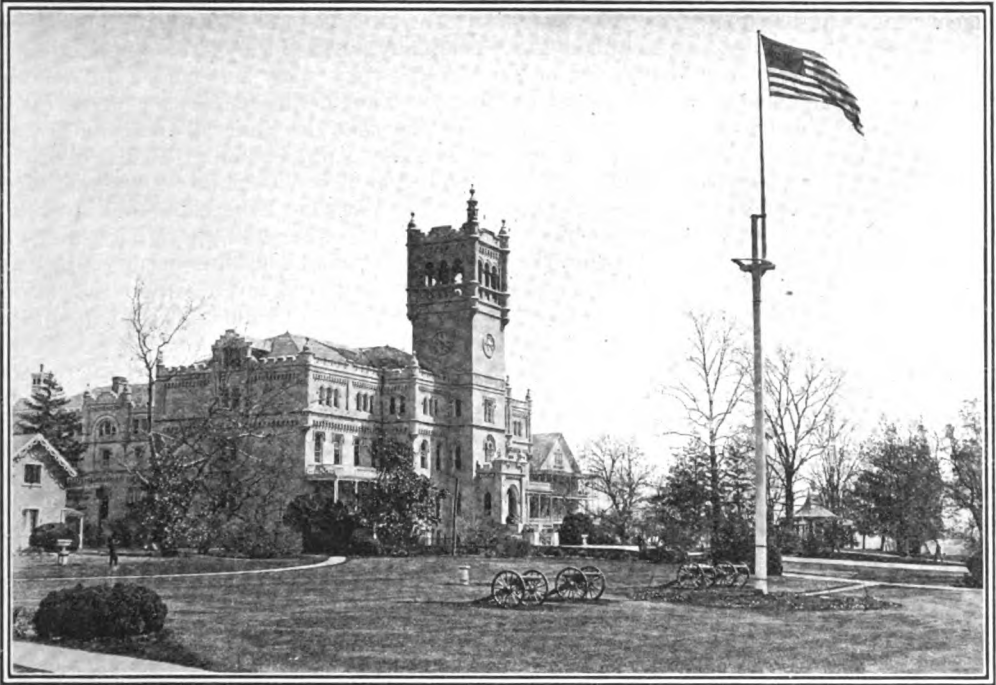
The honors which have been bestowed upon General Young for his achievements during the Civil War reflect somewhat more definitely his creditable service. He was brevetted a major for gallant conduct at the battle of Sulphur Springs, Virginia, on October 12, 1863. His brevet as lieutenant-colonel came in recognition of his gallantry at the battle of Amelia Spring, Virginia, in April, 1865; that of colonel was bestowed because of bravery displayed at the battle of Sailor's Creek, Virginia; and finally the

coveted insignia of a brigadier-general of volunteers was won because of actions during the campaign that culminated in the surrender of General Robert E. Lee. General Young was wounded three times during the course of as many different engagements during the Civil War—namely the battles of Kearnstown, Hatcher's Run and Sailor's Creek.

Nothing could more eloquently bespeak General Young's pride in the military service and his interest in the career in which he had been placed by force of circumstances than the willingness with which, after the close of the Civil War, he entered the regular army in a position of somewhat startling contrast to that which he occupied in the volunteer forces which he had but lately left. As Brigadier-General William H. Carter once said of his brother officer "Although he quitted the volunteer service with the well-earned eagles upon his shoulders, in the following year he entered the regular army with the modest straps of a second lieutenant of infantry."

As fate would have it, it was but a few weeks until the regular army was reorganized and thus the newly-appointed officer who had come in May, 1866, as a second lieutenant of the 12th U. S. Infantry was late in July of that same year (in recognition of his Civil War record) made a captain of the 8th Cavalry, thus getting back to that branch of the military service in which he specialized during the Civil War. But with the attainment of the rank of captain there came an end to that series of rapid promotions which had been this soldier's lot ever since he entered the volunteers. Sixteen years of hard service passed before Young received his next promotion and nine years more elapsed ere he became a lieutenant-colonel.

All the biographies of General Young gloss over the details of this period and yet it is in many respects the most interesting as it is certainly the most exciting period of his entire career. Soon after Captain Young received his commission in the regulars he was ordered to the Southwest and here, save for brief respites, he spent more than a score of years of continuous service that was for the most part one prolonged struggle with hostile Indians. The officer and his command campaigned hither and thither in Arizona, New Mexico, Indian Territory and Texas, but most of the time



The U. S. Soldiers Home at the national capital. This haven for the veterans of all our wars is unique among soldiers' homes in that it is designed, not for the veterans of the volunteer service (as are all others) but for former members of the regular forces, and the home is, indeed, supported by a small tax upon the pay of all men in the regular service

was spent at one or another of the cavalry posts in the wildest parts of the new west, and from this experience General Young—literally “tested by fire”—emerged a seasoned Indian fighter entitled to rank for all time with Carr, Custer, Crook, Miles, Mackenzie, Hatch and Griggs.

The first chapter of General Young’s western career may be said to have been written at Fort Mojave in Arizona, where he was stationed for three years and where his forces as the outcome of a prolonged campaign subdued and “brought in” the Indians of the Walapai Tribe—savages that after being thus pacified rendered valuable service as scouts for the U. S. forces. The most notable engagement of this campaign was the spirited fight in 1868 at the mouth of Difficult Canyon, in the course of which sixteen Indians were killed and a number wounded whereas the troop under Captain Young sustained no loss.

Following his strenuous service in the then inhospitable wilds of Arizona this officer proceeded to New Mexico, which presented the same necessity for rough and ready campaigning and where he spent

some years, operating principally from such famous frontier posts as Fort Wingate and Fort Union (now abandoned). An interesting interlude occurred when Captain Young was detailed for two years on recruiting service in Chicago. It was during his stay in Chicago that the great fire occurred which resulted so disastrously to the mid-continent metropolis, and Captain Young during this emergency served on the staff of General Phil. Sheridan, then in command of the Division of the Missouri and who was, in consequence, placed in charge of affairs in the fire-swept city.

Perhaps the most picturesque and certainly one of the most important events in the whole span of his western experience was when Captain Young, in command of two troops of cavalry, in 1873 made a march across the “staked plains” from old Fort Bascom in New Mexico to Camp Blanco and thence north to Camp Supply, Indian Territory, returning north of the Canadian river to Fort Bascom. The object of the trip was to break up trading between the Mexicans and the Indians. For a long time previous there had been

much illicit traffic on the part of Mexicans who crossed the border and supplied the Indians with whiskey in exchange for buffalo robes. The most vigilant system of patrolling had failed to break up the practice and finally the long march across the "staked plains" was determined upon. The troops set out with forty-five days' rations but sixty-five days was required to make the march. However, buffalo meat was plentiful and the troopers suffered no hardship. The expedition practically stamped out the troublesome trading between the Mexicans and the Indians and incidentally the officers were enabled to make sketches and maps of the territory traversed which proved of the greatest value to the U. S. forces during the campaign against the Cheyennes in the following year.

It is of interest in this connection to note that Captain Young in his official reports predicted months in advance that war with the Cheyennes was inevitable if the conditions attendant upon the slaughter of the buffalo, etc., continued. His prophecy was verified in every particular and during this Cheyenne War of 1874 the troops under his command were engaged in guarding the country between the Arkansas and the Red (or Canadian) rivers. There were few general engagements but a continual succession of those brushes and skirmishes so characteristic of Indian warfare.

In the year 1875 the Eighth Cavalry of which Captain Young's command was a part made the march from New Mexico to Brownsville, Texas, following the course of the Rio Grande and changing stations with the Ninth Cavalry. Thus the following year again saw this officer in a center of activities—on duty on the Rio Grande, preventing violations of the neutrality laws during the memorable revolution in Mexico started by Diaz. It was during this period that there occurred the historic incident wherein Captain Young arrested and interned Diaz as he was marching with one hundred men on the Texas side of the border.

During the six years from 1875 to 1881 Captain Young served continuously on the Rio Grande from Brownsville up to Del Norte. It was a life never devoid of excitement and adventure and this reached its climax during the campaigns which Captain Young prosecuted against a band of renegade Apaches and other Indians who for years terrorized a large section of the

Southwest. Captain Young and his troopers finally pursued the marauding band into Mexico; they were surrounded in a deep canyon and in the course of a fierce early morning fight the leader of the Indians was killed and a large number of his followers taken prisoners. Captain Young followed up his advantage by seeking out and destroying the camps of the outlaws and all their supplies and as this occurred just at the beginning of a severe winter the action was effective in putting an end to organized crime from this source.

In 1881 Captain Young's troop was selected to form the School of Application at Fort Leavenworth and he served there as Instructor of Cavalry for four years. Then he joined the Third Cavalry of which he had been made major for six years' service in Texas that involved much scouting duty from Forts Hancock and McIntosh. From 1891 to 1893 he was the Superintendent of the Recruiting Service at Jefferson Barracks and there established a school of instruction for recruits. The succeeding three years found him serving as Lieutenant-Colonel of the Fourth Cavalry on duty at the Presidio, San Francisco, and a responsible duty of this period was that which placed him in command of the cavalry at Sacramento during the great railroad strike of 1894.

Then followed a two-year interval during which Colonel Young performed service that to this day bears impress for the best interests of the West. During the year 1896 he served as Superintendent of the Yosemite Park and in 1897 held the position of Superintendent of the Yellowstone Park. In each capacity he instituted administrative reforms of far-reaching effect. In the Yellowstone, for instance, he established a system of policing that to a great extent cleared the park of poachers and he also inaugurated a system of supervision over campers that materially lessened the damage from forest fires and worked a tremendous improvement in sanitary and other conditions at camp sites.

Colonel Young was in command of the Third Cavalry when it became evident that war with Spain could not be avoided and he and his troopers were ordered to the mobilization camp at Chickamauga. However, brigade and divisional commanders were needed for the newly-recruited volunteer forces and General Young's name

appeared on the first list of brigadier-generals. When the army of invasion reached Santiago General Young's command was the first to engage the enemy and under his orders fought and won a sharp encounter with the Spanish outposts at Las Guasimas. However, ere the important action at San Juan, the general was stricken down by fever. General Young, who had meantime been made a major-general of volunteers, was discharged from the volunteers in 1890 and early in the following year was made a brigadier-general of the United States Army.

Meanwhile, however, he had entered upon a term of the most active service imaginable in the Philippines, where he commanded the cavalry and infantry advance disintegrating Aguinaldo's Army in northern Luzon. Here he won all over again the reputation he had acquired in the west for dash and energy but with characteristic generosity he gave most of the credit to his men. In one official report for instance he said: "The endurance of the men of my command surpassed the belief of a non-participant and is beyond any ever shown by an American army." General Young also served for a time as Military Governor of northern Luzon.

After his return to the United States, a major-general of the regular army, General Young commanded for a time the Department of California and then in August, 1903, he became Lieutenant-General and succeeded General Miles in command of the army. However, he held this post for but one week for the reason that there then took effect the new army law under which the old title lapsed and there came into existence the new General Staff. General Young became, of course, the head of this General Staff and thus enjoyed the distinction of being the first officer to hold the post of Chief of Staff. He was also the first President of the U. S. Army War College—a most important and essential feature of Uncle Sam's modern military establishment—and he was likewise president of the Brownsville Court of Inquiry.

Thus though General Young was, by operation of law, retired for age from the active list of the army early in the year 1904 he has during all the time since that date continued in pursuit of an active military career and has by the exercise of that energy and ability for which he has always been

famous contributed as much to the upbuilding of the service as any man on either the active or retired list. At present General Young—honored with the rank of a commander in the French Order of the Legion of Honor—is Governor of the U. S. Soldiers Home at the national capital. This haven for the veterans of all our wars is unique among soldiers' homes in that it is designed, not for the veterans of the volunteer service (as are all others) but for former members of the regular forces and the home is, indeed, supported by a small tax upon the pay of all men in the regular service. In this capacity General Young has been enabled to inaugurate many innovations for the betterment of an institution that now approximates the ideal.

WALDON FAWCETT.



Tamer of Wild Spirits

PLAIN William Mullen, evangelist and horse-trainer, tamer of souls and breaker of the equine spirit, is known up and down the length of the Pacific coast and as far east as Chicago by the lowly, the poor and the outcast, and is loved by them. It is true that he is not as active as he was, but his memory still lingers with many. And he is going on the road again.

Mullen "got religion" in a mission in San José, California, back in 1893. He had been an energetic man, fighting for everything he had in the world; working his passageway as a mess-boy to America from England in 1879 when he was twelve years old; doing rough work in Philadelphia, Washington, D. C., and in the cities and hamlets of Missouri and Nevada. It was not until he came to the ranges of California that he "found" himself. He understood the horse intuitively, and in a short time, while still a mere boy, became known as one of the most daring riders of the stock country.

Mullen came to San Francisco in 1892 after a disastrous season, stranded of all but "horse-power." He went to a big horse-sale and guaranteed to train, free of charge, the worst-tempered horse to be found. A gray mare with a particularly evil reputation was chosen, and in fifty-five minutes Mullen had her hitched to a cart. He used no blinders, no kicking-strap. He went between the hind legs of the mare and



WILLIAM MULLEN

Evangelist and horse-tamer, who can persuade outlaws, human and equine, to follow his lead

climbed into the cart. This feat made such an impression on R. B. Milroy, a former secretary of the Blood Horse, later known as the California Jockey, Club, and other famous horsemen, that nothing was too good for Mullen.

After his conversion Mullen determined to make a better use of his unique gift. Knowing the difficulty of attracting crowds to a religious discourse he advertised himself as a horse-breaker, offering to tame the most vicious of horses. He began his open-air meetings with a horse-breaking exhibition, in remarkably short spaces of time putting on bridle and saddle, or hitching to carts, unmanageable broncos, fiery stallions and other steeds which had not been amenable to treatment. He never failed. The first part of the program over, he exhorted the spectators to lead better lives and come into the fold.

It was during Mullen's first horse-breaking trip to Chicago that he publicly announced that he could tame any horse in the city so that one could lift its feet, jump on its back and ride with nothing but a halter, hitch it to a vehicle with an open bridle and drive it about without any kicking-strap. Some of the stock-yard employees decided to put Mullen to the test.

A bronco had been running wild on a farm at Worth, Ill., no one being found who could halter the horse. The bronco was lured into a large box-stall with Mullen beside it. The animal kept walking round and round in the stall, Mullen following. After many turns one way the horse was spoken to and stopped, then followed in the opposite direction. Presently, to the surprise of the spectators, the horse was seen standing in the center of the stall with Mullen placing a leather halter over its head. But the bronco refused to lead. Then at the end of a long rope the bronco was driven on before Mullen, after which the animal was tied to a post. By using the head-and-tail system the horse was soon broken. In an hour it was put to work on a scraper on the racetrack.

Mullen is a big man, physically, mentally and spiritually. Since the day he found himself on the range and later when he discovered that he had a soul and a bigger mission in life, he has been making yearly pilgrimages, saving souls and taming horses.

ALEX R. SCHMIDT.

The Pulse of the West

Current Comment on Western Affairs

By Walter V. Woehlke



They get up at four in the morning and do half a day's labor on their own land before they start to earn their wage in a cannery or on neighboring farms. Given a piece of land, a large mortgage and half a chance, the European settler who does not make good is an exception.

The Qualifications of Success

THE owner of a small farm was pointing out the virtues of the property to the wife of a prospective Italian tenant. "Nice porch here" he explained. "Fine place to sit of an evening when the work is done."

The Italian woman shook her head. "No sitta da porch. Worka alla da time."

This landowner averred that he would not hesitate one minute to sell a two-thousand-dollar miniature ranch on a first payment of fifty dollars, provided the buyer was an Italian.

"The father will work in a cannery or on neighboring farms. He'll get up at four in the morning and do half a day's labor on his own land before he starts to earn his wage, and his wife and children will keep busy on his acre until it gets too dark. Every time they pay interest they reduce the principal a mite, and I've never yet heard of an Italian who failed to pay out."

Similar considerations are moving Oregon's state immigration commission in its systematic campaign to attract immigrants from northern Europe. Given a piece of land, a large mortgage and half a chance,

the European settler who does not make good is the exception. The motive power behind his rapid rise to independence is no secret: he and his family work longer hours on smaller plots of ground and spend less money than native neighbors similarly situated.

The American will not, cannot adopt the tactics of the European immigrant. He will not work his wife and children in the fields, nor will he put in as many hours over long periods of time. Two ways are open to him in overcoming these handicaps: either he must supply a larger initial capital or he must be a better manager, a keener, more intelligent, more aggressive farmer-business man. It's a case of money or brains against muscular plodding.

Unfortunately a very large percentage of the native back-to-the-land enthusiasts has neither the capital, the experience and brains nor the immigrant's power of endless industry and thrift. A combination of the three elements, even if capital is lacking, will be rewarded with success anywhere in the West.

Caveat Emptor

A SMALL businessman was anxious to sell his home in order to use the proceeds in the construction of an apartment house. To him came the promoters of a company organized to subdivide land, to build and sell houses for profit. They offered to finance the building of the apartment house if the merchant would buy stock. He did. He traded his home, traded a seventeen-hundred-dollar mortgage, traded a bond for stock selling above par and gave his note for an additional block.

The finances to build the apartment house did not materialize; dividends—they had started a month after organization at the rate of fourteen per cent.—ceased. The value of the stock, fixed arbitrarily at \$1.20, dropped to nothing. An assessment of ten cents a share was levied. At last the promoters, accused of falsifying reports, were arrested. Minus home, minus mortgage, minus bond, with notes outstanding against him in payment of shares without value, the merchant was confronted with liabilities for the company's debts to the face value of his stock.

Examination of the books showed that the promoters had paid themselves large salaries, had declared dividends out of

stock premiums, had recklessly bought and sold property, the company losing on every transaction, simply to obtain fat commissions.

This is but one instance of ruin out of thousands. To curb the greed of the promoters, Oregon, Washington and California have passed blue-sky laws. Though these laws are by no means free from all objections, yet the necessity of protecting the unskilled investor is so pressing that honestly managed companies should submit to the inconvenience rather than oppose the law's enforcement. Weeding out at least the worst of the crooks must inevitably redound to the benefit of the enterprises that are sound, square and above-board.

However, no amount of legislation can obviate the necessity of using caution and horse sense in buying stock. In Kansas, cradle of blue-sky legislation, the crash of a company planting and selling orchards on the instalment plan by issuing so-called unit bonds recently furnished a most juicy financial scandal, the vigilance of the corporation commissioner notwithstanding.

The ancient maxim advising the buyer to beware will not lose its force until men cease to barter and trade for profit.

What's in a Name?

YOUR grocer does not look with loving eyes upon shelves stocked with food products bearing well-known brands. Much rather would he discard all the wares whose names are household words and substitute therefore goods bearing no label at all or his own name. He dislikes the traveling salesman of the trademark firms who will not shade prices and underbid rivals to obtain his order. Goods with a reputation cost *him* more than anonymous products, but he orders trademarked commodities just the same. He can't help himself. The public, liking the goods, prefers well-known brands to others selling for no less, and the grocer must satisfy his patrons if he would stay in business. But—unless he is of the enlightened, progressive kind—he does not push the advertised small-profit wares.

Nevertheless these goods sell most rapidly while the unknown brand gathers dust on the shelves.

A good name adds to the value of a man, a can of beans or a pair of shoes. There is money in a name—provided it is backed by quality.



Not only does a distinctive mark on quality goods add to the receipts of the producer, but a farm with a name invites the owner to live up to and keep up its reputation

The farmers of North Dakota have recognized this fact. They are rushing to register the names of their farms under the provision of the new law which guarantees the exclusive use of the farm title to the first applicant. Western farmers producing quality goods would do well to ask their legislatures for a similar act. Not only does a distinctive mark on quality goods add to the receipts of the producer, but a farm with a name invites the owner to live up to and keep up its reputation.

Why the Gods Laugh

HIGH school fraternities create dissipated juvenile snobs. Unanimously the school authorities have placed these fraternities under the ban. Yet parents freely and frequently lend their names and advance their money that the children may drag the school authorities into court to defend the order.

The school board, in the unquestioned exercise of its authority, dismisses a principal, does not reëngage a superintendent or teacher. Immediately there are "demonstrations" by the children, mass meetings of the parents in favor of the "victim," and the recall is polished in plain sight to harpoon recalcitrant board members.

Parental authority over children is dele-

gated to teachers and school boards. During school hours they take the place of father and mother. By ridiculing, belittling and attacking this delegated authority, fool parents undermine what little sway they have over their offspring.

The strikes of school children for shorter hours and more play, the smashing of lunch rooms by rowdy boys, the attack of pupils upon an administrative official whose scalp they demand, these and a hundred other equally disgraceful incidents are not the fault of the schools. The full measure of responsibility rests upon the shoulders of the parents who, lacking the time, inclination or ability to maintain a wholesome measure of discipline in the home, resist with loud cackling every attempt of the school to enforce necessary regulations.

The spectacle of a nation allowing a handful of unruly children to defy successfully the reasonable mandates of duly constituted authority, abetting the brats in their defiance, is ludicrous enough to make the gods laugh—or weep.

Ships and the High Cost of Motoring

BENZINE in France costs forty-five cents a gallon; in England gasoline has risen to thirty-five cents and the howl of the motorist resounds through the land. In the



A "tank farm." The increasing output of high-gravity petroleum in the immense California oil fields, the growing number of plants that squeeze every drop of gasoline out of the heavy oil and out of natural gas before these materials are burned under the boilers, have helped to reduce the cost of automobile fuel in the West

East and the Middle West the price of the stuff that cleans gloves and makes rubber tires go 'round has climbed from an average of thirteen to seventeen and eighteen cents a gallon in a year. Only on the Pacific Coast has the cost of operating an automobile been reduced. Twelve months ago gasoline was bringing twenty cents and more. Now it hovers around fifteen, another straw proving the assertion that the motorist's real paradise lies between Vancouver and San Diego.

The increasing output of high-gravity petroleum in the immense California oil fields, the growing number of plants that squeeze every drop of gasoline out of the heavy oil and out of natural gas before these materials are burned under the boilers, have helped to reduce the cost of automobile fuel in the West. Still another factor has been the advent of the Royal Dutch-Shell interests on the Pacific Coast, large shipments of Asiatic gasoline following this advent.

If gasoline retails for eighteen cents in New York and brings twice that price in London, why is not a large stream of the volatile fluid flowing into the high-priced European markets from America? There are not enough bottoms to carry the gasoline across the sea. Though rates have trebled in a year, the supply of tank steamers is still far behind the expanding demand. And the shippers, gazing hungrily across the sea at the motorists offering gold for gasoline that cannot be moved, cannot run to the Interstate Commerce Commission complaining of the water carriers' rates and negligence in providing adequate facilities.

Sentiment and Butter Exports

A HUNDRED years ago Denmark was bankrupt. Agriculture, the country's chief industry, was at low ebb. The upper classes spoke German; racial consciousness was almost dead among the poverty-stricken Danes.

Today Denmark is prosperous. It is recognized as the world's model agricultural commonwealth. It exports more daily products per capita than any other nation. A strong national pride is diffused through the country.

What wrought the astonishing change?

Plain sentiment did it. Sentiment, carefully cultivated, boosted the butter exports and made the little country rich.

Bishop Grundtvig, Danish poet and historian, began eighty years ago to raise Denmark out of the mire into which it had fallen. He translated the Norse saga from Latin and Anglo-Saxon texts into colloquial Danish, wrote Danish history, wrote patriotic poems in Danish. But his most effective tool with which to jack up Denmark was the high school. Not the common variety, but a high school attended by young men and young women between the ages of twenty and twenty-five, high schools that lodged and boarded the pupils, that were supported privately and made their appeal chiefly to the common people, to the laborers, mechanics, to owners and renters of small farms. They offered winter and summer courses, the expense for a five-month course being but thirty-six dollars, a sum that included the students' tuition, board, room and books for the course.



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These high schools did not teach agriculture; they trained no one in a trade, conferred no degrees. They emphasized the study of literature and of Danish history; they opened the students' minds by introducing them to the wonders of natural science, and they cultivated the voices and bodies of the pupils by instruction in singing and in gymnastics. Wholly impractical in their aims were the bishop's schools, endeavoring only to broaden the horizon of the mass, to give the common man a modicum of that general culture which, in the bishop's words, "is its own reward."

Today Denmark has seventy-one of these private "people's high schools" that build character by widening the young adults' outlook upon life, that break down the barriers of local and caste prejudice, stimulate the minds and teach coordination of effort for the benefit of the common cause. Traveling lecturers keep in touch with the students; annual meetings bring the graduates together and keep alive the spirit fostered in the schools.

These unpractical, unvocational high schools opened the rustic mind, instilled a thirst for more knowledge; they raised the cultural level of Denmark to unparalleled heights; they led to an extremely rapid adoption of improved agricultural methods and appliances. And, most important of all factors, they enabled the Danish farmers to grasp the principles and understand the value of cooperation, broke the fences of jealousy, indifference and selfishness which elsewhere impeded the progress of cooperation.

Thanks to scientific processes of production, to cooperative methods of handling and marketing the product, Denmark's agriculture is nowhere excelled today. The sentiment fostered by Bishop Grundtvig made the progress possible.

A few cargoes of that Danish sentiment would work wonders on the farms of the West.

Airing Reclamation Grievances

WHEN a poor man separates himself from the pay-check which supplied constant though slender nourishment and turns farmer without capital, he has to work thrice harder under the new master than under the old, and remuneration apparently shrinks to less than a bare living. Debts accumulate despite extraordinary

(Editorial section continued on alternate pages)

effort. The average settler, after the first year's exuberant glow has paled, longs for the fleshpots of a steady job. He cannot see that every day's work with the team is adding to the value of his land, increasing it faster than the sum of the liabilities grows.

At this season of any colonizing project, look for growling thunder and lightning flashes.

For several years the tension on the projects of the Reclamation Service has been mounting to a high voltage. Therefore, when Secretary Lane of the Interior Department arranged for a conference of the settlers with the officials of the Reclamation Service, sparks flew and growls reverberated through Washington. For two weeks the settlers had their innings. Day after day they aired their complaints. The fullest expression of opinion was encouraged. Facts substantiating the oft repeated, vague charges of inefficiency and extravagance were demanded; every clew that might lead to the real facts was followed diligently. Nor did the settlers bashfully hang back. They had confidence in Secretary Lane's fairness. Not a few of them demanded the heads of all Reclamation Service officials, from the director in Washington down to the humble transit man on the project. There were others, especially the men representing the settlers on the Montana projects, who included irrigation and the entire West in their condemnation, who could not see one redeeming feature in the Service, in the works it had built, in the water it supplied or the land it reclaimed. Without bridle on tongue, the men made use of the conference to pour out their dammed feelings, to take a whack at every Reclamation head below the impressive pate of the new Secretary.

When the conference closed, Secretary Lane summed up the results as follows:

"I think I have before me a general view of the situation, and I have particularly the very thing that I wanted to get most: the inside of the minds of the men who have eventually to pay for the project.

"I am still of the opinion that I was when this hearing opened, and that is that this problem is not altogether one of economics but is to a very considerable extent one of psychology."

The Reclamation Service is at work on twenty-five projects in sixteen states. It

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employs 16,000 persons, and on the lands it has reclaimed so far twenty-six thousand families have found new homes. Most of these families came without capital; many of them had no experience in irrigation or any other kind of farming. What was worse, most of them had no experience whatsoever in collective action; they could not understand that coöperation is the very basis of successful irrigation.

Wherever collective action and coöperation of irrigators was an established habit, wherever the difficulties of starting an irrigated farm with insufficient capital—and the ultimate value of this farm—were thoroughly understood, criticism was silent, practical suggestions came instead, and appreciation was expressed. In regions where irrigation and its problems are a comparative novelty, the process was reversed.

The Orland project, in the Sacramento valley, California, is one of the smallest public enterprises. The settlers, versed in coöperative irrigation, have a compact energetic water users' association. This association annually spreads the maintenance and operation charge over every acre under the project, whether that acre takes the water it is entitled to or not, collects the assessment, and turns the necessary amount over to the Government in bulk, thus avoiding direct contact between officials and settlers. The Orland men testified that relations between the Service and the settlers were harmonious.

In Montana, on the contrary, the settlers on several projects have not yet taken the very first step in collective action. They have been unable to form a water users' association. They ask that the Secretary force the warring factions to get together and organize. Plainly, settlers who are constantly at others' throats cannot succeed in an enterprise whose very foundation is the ability and willingness to coöperate.

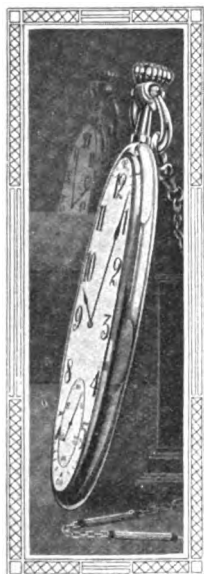
Kansas, in a drought-and-grasshopper year, could not have set up a shriller wail than the delegation from Montana where coöperation is at low ebb. According to the impassioned speeches of the delegates, the Government's irrigation enterprises were a flat failure, the settlers were starving, unable to sell out, unirrigated land above the ditches was producing more and selling for more than land publicly irrigated. Yet, when California, Oregon, Washington, Col-

orado, New Mexico, all the old irrigation states, came forward and asked that no more public funds be spent on Montana's unpromising enterprises, when these states pointed out that public irrigation within their boundaries was a success and could be extended at a profit, Montana did not agree with joy to the proposition. Montana members of Congress were summoned hastily to counteract the effect of the explosive grouch.

The strongest proof of the inherent soundness of the Reclamation Service policies is contained in the recommendations unanimously drawn up and approved by the National Federation of Water Users' Associations. The bulk of these recommendations deals with the charges of autocratic rule continually launched against the Reclamation officials. It is demanded, and the demand is reiterated in a dozen paragraphs, that the settlers should be consulted in every matter materially affecting the project, its interests, construction, operation and cost, and that they should be given a voice in the final decision on all these questions. Since the settlers will have to pay for the projects, their demand is just and reasonable. Its granting will tend to minimize the friction which seems to have been the chief cause of the ill feeling. However, transaction of business by massmeeting is impossible. Unless the settlers learn to act collectively, unless they can agree upon a compact body of representatives enjoying their confidence, and empowered to act for them, the requested division of authority cannot take place.

The second part of the recommendations deals with the conditions of repaying the money advanced by the Government. At present the Reclamation Act requires that the money be paid back within ten years from the opening of any project. The settlers ask that the period be extended to twenty-five years, and that payments during the first five years be made as light as possible, the heaviest burden to be placed on the years when the new farm is productive. This also is a reasonable demand.

In reviewing the proceedings of the conference, it should be remembered that the majority of the delegates came to Washington loaded to the guards with an accumulation of grievances. This load has been dumped, the tension has been removed and yet no fundamental defects have been made



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apparent. Neither Western irrigation farming nor the Reclamation Service has had to take the count. The only operation found urgently necessary affected no vital organ; it simply consisted of an application of witchhazel to numerous flea bites. The psychology of administration rather than the economics of the Reclamation Act caused most of the trouble.

The Seamy Wealth of Utah

UTAH last year for the first time in its history produced more than three million tons of bituminous coal. Compared with Pennsylvania's output of 144,000,000 tons or with the 59,000,000 tons produced in West Virginia, Utah's coal record is of meager proportions, but its pile of black diamonds assumes a most significant aspect when its untouched underground coal resources are compared with the reserves of the greatest industrial countries outside of the United States.

H. S. Fleming, Secretary of the Bituminous Coal Trade Association, estimates the coal-bearing lands of Great Britain at 12,000 square miles. Germany has but 1700, France only 2500 square miles of ground underlain with coal seams. Utah, according to the Geological Survey, has a proven coal-bearing area of eight million acres, with another million and a quarter acres of possible seams still unexplored. In the number of coal-bearing square miles Utah has more than England and Germany put together, though only a very small portion of its coal wealth has been developed. Some day in the not distant future the black treasure will prove of immense economic importance to the Beehive state.

Repudiation or Repayment?

THE cost of a hydraulic-engineering job is, next to the Chicago weather and a Supreme Court decision, the most uncertain, unstable quantity in the world. Before it is ninety per cent. completed, not even Isaiah, Elias or the late lamented Prof. Moore could with accuracy predict the total expense of the finished product. Fully aware of this fact, contractors nowadays rarely undertake large hydraulic jobs on a lump-sum basis. The owner pays the bills plus ten per cent to reimburse the contractor. And the aggregate expense in ninety-nine cases out of one hundred exceeds the tentative estimate.

This tentative estimate has been the cause of more indignation, trouble, disappointment and hard words on the projects of the Reclamation Service than half a dozen other factors combined. By tentative estimates the settlers on the projects were "given to understand" that their water rights would cost them certain amounts. The value of a right was deduced by dividing the estimated cost by the number of acres that were to be supplied with water.

Unfortunately the tentative estimates as a rule proved far too low and the divisor, the number of acres that could be watered, shrank. Wherefore, the cost of a water right went up. On the Belle Fourche project it rose from the early tentative estimate of \$30 to \$40; Minidoka climbed from \$22 to \$30; at North Platte \$20 per acre were added to the original figures, and on other projects the increase was even larger.

Now come the settlers, a good many of them, with a flat refusal to pay the full cost of the work constructed for them by the public. "When we settled on the land," they argue, "we were led to believe that a water right would cost us so much per acre. The Government promised to furnish water for that amount. We'll pay the contract price. We repudiate every cent of expense above the original estimated cost."

The Department of the Interior replies that no official estimates of cost have ever been made, that the tentative estimates were never intended to be final, and that the Department proposes to collect the full amount of the construction cost.

Whose contention is just and equitable? There is merit in the arguments of both sides. Ultimately the Supreme Court will have to decide the question.

If the courts uphold the settlers' contention and allow them to repudiate the excess of actual cost above tentative estimates, more than twenty million dollars will be lost to the Reclamation fund. But this pecuniary loss will be trifling compared with the blow dealt the reclamation movement by wholesale repudiation. Repudiation on a larger scale could not fail to furnish the East and the Middle West the very sharpest kind of weapons with which to fight the continuance or oppose the extension of constructive federal enterprise in the West.



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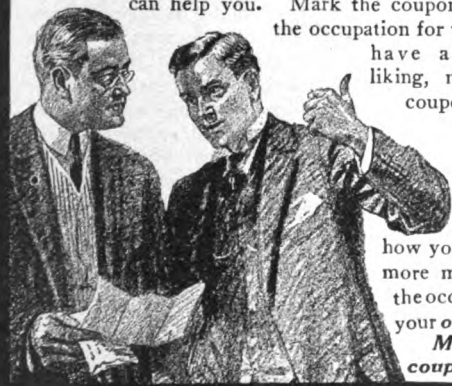
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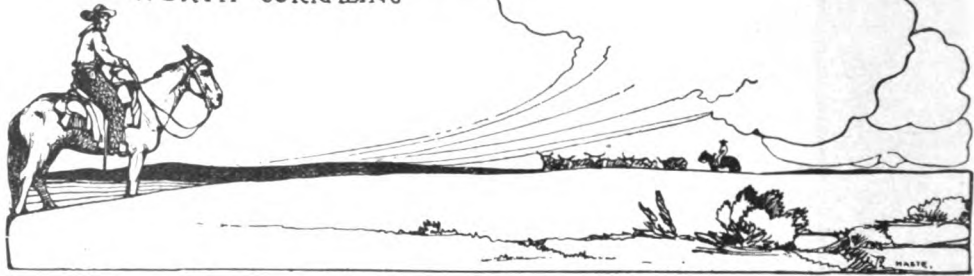
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THE MONTH'S RODEO

A ROUND-UP OF STRAYS
WORTH CORRALING



Comfort in Camping

By
E. H. SAUNDERS

In a general experience of camp life East and West, I have observed two main classes of campers. There are those who, strong and abounding in energy, wish to be burdened with as little paraphernalia as possible; and so exist through weeks and months of camping, with a frying-pan and a coffee-pot, a tin plate, spoon and cup, and a heavy cotton "comfortable" (so called!) in which to wrap up at night. These people can sleep anywhere, eat almost anything, and return from their outing rested and more abounding in energy and vigor than before.

The second class of campers represents the opposite swing of the pendulum. These comfort-seekers have a cabin in the Adirondacks or a bungalow in the Sierras; every known transportable luxury including a colored or a Japanese cook accompanies them, and going into camp means simply a continuance of the luxurious life of town, amid different surroundings.

There is, however, a large body of nature-lovers who have neither the strength of our first mentioned class nor the means of the second. These would greatly enjoy a life in the open, but a cotton comfortable on Mother Earth would mean hours of wakefulness and a cold; they would delight in a meal taken under green boughs, yet the monotonous service of the frying-pan repeated day after day would become to delicate stomachs distasteful and repellent; and the trip under such conditions would be only a weariness to the frail woman or the book-loving man, who on the other hand neither desires

nor could afford the Japanese cook and the bungalow. It is to this third class of people that I would give a few notes, derived from months of camp life; an outdoor life wherein one far from strong has been able to do her share in the simple work of the camp, to have hours of leisure amid the unutterable restfulness of the woods, and to gain daily in health.

In the first place, since you are not of the iron-frame class, take no advice from such as to what to take and what to leave at home, but be a law unto yourself. Camping is hard to the physically weak, at the best; even with many comforts, one gains strength but slowly, but it will be surer than any form of gain if one is not retarded by lack of conveniences. Therefore do not be afraid to take things *for comfort*; pay for the packing and transporting, and credit the amount against the doctor's bill saved by your outdoor life.

My husband and I have camped chiefly in the West, where during the season for outdoor life there is little or no rain. We have therefore only a "miner's tent," the kind pointed at the top and round at the bottom like an Indian tepee. As we use it chiefly for a store-room and dressing-room, moving the cots outside so as to sleep under the stars whenever possible, this tent which measures at bottom 12 x 12 feet answers our purposes; but in shape and size it is not so convenient as a small wall tent would be, particularly in a region subject to rains. We use army cots, which are so strong that one can comfortably relax upon them without fear of collapse; with a bed of pine needles piled upon the cots, newspapers over and under to keep out the cold, heavy Navajo blankets laid over all, and the



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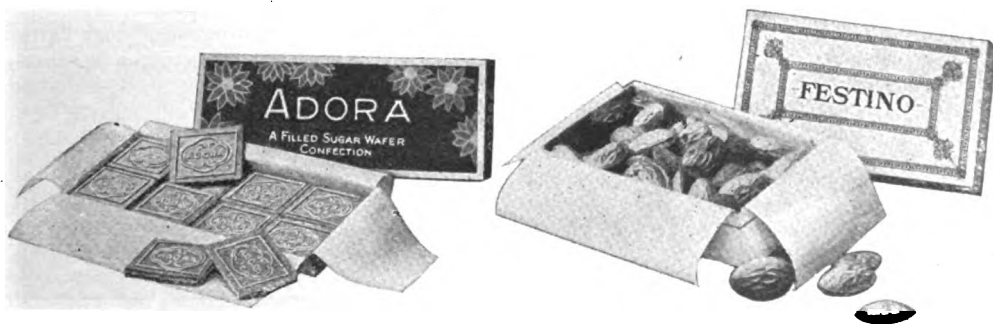
Sugar Wafers

Nabisco Sugar Wafers meet every demand for a dainty dessert confection. Whether served with ices, custards, fruits or beverages, they are equally delightful. The sweet, creamy filling of Nabisco—the delicate wafer shells—leave nothing to be desired. Truly are they fairy sandwiches.

In ten-cent tins; also in twenty-five-cent tins.

ADORA :— Another dessert confection of enchanting goodness. Alluring squares in filled sugar-wafer form.

FESTINO :—A dessert sweet, shaped like an almond. A shell so fragile and toothsome that it melts on the tongue disclosing a kernel of almond-flavored cream.



NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY



The main place where comfort in camping comes in is the kitchen

bed-covers atop of these, there is nearly the comfort of a real city bed! Take light weight *all wool* blankets, and an old down quilt; take also if possible a few sheets, for if you have warm weather, no words can tell the comfort of *not* sleeping between the woolly blankets that are so delightful on really cold nights. If your camp is to be for many weeks, it will pay you to make a few brown linen pillow cases to save washing.

The usual little camp chairs are good, but if you can allow space for but one chair apiece, be sure to get the kind shown in the heading to this article. Remember that for many long days or weeks the only repose you will get, except on your cot, will be in a chair; therefore secure one in which you may rest comfortably, even while paring potatoes or taking necessary stitches.

The main place, however, where comfort in camping comes in, is in the kitchen department. The camp stove must be good. We have always used one of the small sheet-iron stoves with two holes and an oven. These come in different sizes and it is remarkable how well they answer all practical purposes, if you understand cooking. And I may say here, never attempt to camp at all unless some one of your number understands how to cook and thoroughly enjoys the art.

Have for the stove two sections of pipe, so that the smoke may escape at a joint high enough to avoid blinding you when at work. If the stove is low, have it placed on a box sufficiently high, so that you will not have to stoop. Take as many cooking utensils as you can get into the space allotted to such matters. It is hopeless to work with too few; one spends an endless amount of time

washing and re-washing these few, and ends with poor results after all. For a two-months' camp I have found useful the following list: dish-pan, soup-kettle, muffin-pans, roasting-pan, two sauce-pans, large and small frying-pans, teapot, coffee pot, pitcher, six small tin plates, six large tin plates, ten or twelve tin lids of different sizes, cake-griddle, cake-turner, mop, two milk-pans, kitchen spoons and forks, whisk-broom for brushing around stove, six jacking tumblers with tops for packing butter, a water-bucket, and some cheese-cloth bags for keeping meat. Of course this list could be greatly condensed if needful; one *can* bake cakes in the frying pan and dispense with the griddle, live without muffins and keep milk in the soup-kettle if need be, but since we are dealing with *comfort* in camping, these economies of space do not enter into our considerations.

All utensils had best be of granite or aluminum. Get the best in quality; you have to work with them yourself, and must save time and strength.

The tin lids are constantly needed to keep over all cooked articles, as the outdoor air cools hot things very quickly; and the tin plates are invaluable, as hot pans from the stove can be placed on them and carried to the tables with no danger of soil from the smoky bottoms, and an immense amount of labor saved by serving direct from the pan.

For table dishes we use the German white enamel ware edged with blue, which may now be found at any house-furnishing store. It is charming in its cleanly dainty appearance, yet as unbreakable as the conventional camp tin plate, and it can be put upon the stove or in the hottest oven to reheat without harm—no small consideration on a cold day when the wind chills your soup quickly. Take several extra plates, cups and saucers, besides the number allotted each person.

We always take our own silver and table napkins; they are restful to use, and thoroughly pay for the little extra trouble. Besides they furnish such excellent texts for the Bohemian camp visitor to lecture from, that we should miss a great deal of instruction and quiet amusement were these left behind.

"*Silver* in camping!" says the visitor. "Why, my dear woman, you don't know how to camp at all! Let *me* give you some of the main points, so that you will not burden yourself with these foolish traps another time. Of *course*, being originally from the *East*, you don't know, but *here* you want to be really *comfortable* in camp—just an old tin pan or kettle or iron spoon or *any* old thing to cook with and eat with, and throw it away afterward—no trouble at *all!*"

Vainly do we explain that this entire outfit is the result of months of camp experience; that *three*



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Now ready! For rabbits, woodchucks, crows, hawks, foxes and geese, get this superb new Model 27 Marlin. Its the only repeating rifle in the market using the popular .25 Rim-Fire cartridge.

The .25 Rim-Fire cartridge is almost as well and favorably known as the .22 Short. It has power enough so that it is used very successfully on deer; so accurate it is extensively used in target work; and so cheap you can use it freely without counting the expense.

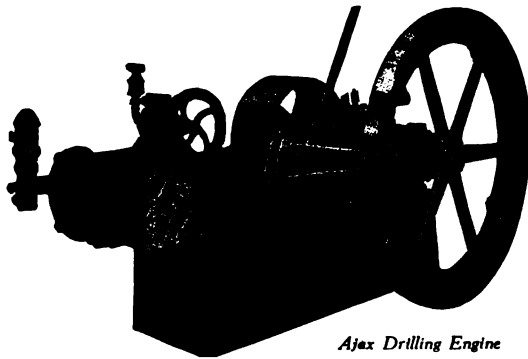
Unless you wish to use center-fire cartridges and reload your shells, you will find this .25 Rim-Fire Marlin repeater the most convenient, most economical and satisfactory repeating rifle obtainable for medium game and target requirements.

Ideal Hand Book tells all about reloading cartridges. Mailed for 6 cents in stamps.

This new rifle is our popular Model 27 repeater adapted to the .25 Rim-Fire cartridge. It has the quick, smooth-working "pump" action and the modern solid-top and side ejector for rapid, accurate firing, increased safety and convenience. It has take-down construction; action parts removable without tools; it's easy to keep clean. Has Ivory Bead front sight and Rocky Mountain rear sight; 8 shots at one loading. Price, with 24-inch round barrel, \$13.15; with octagon Special Smokeless Steel barrel, \$15.00.

Send 3 stamps postage for new catalog showing complete line of Marlin repeaters, rifles and shotguns.

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weeks on the pitiless Mojave desert were rendered to a frail physique possible and even delightful by these very comforts; that we see no reason for leaving silver with our servants and eating with tin ourselves for three painful months. Our visitor continues firmly to enlighten us, and failing to convince moves on to the next camp, whence come fragments of sentences descriptive of a curious form of snob.

Table-cloths I would not recommend; white ones soil too quickly, and the conventional red cloth lacks painfully in attractiveness, after some days of use. A pretty green and white oilcloth, which can be kept spotlessly clean, has been a great comfort in our camp life. Take rather more than you will use on the table, as extra covers and mats are sometimes useful.

After the kitchen comforts, I would say that those most needed are what we call "camp furniture." This means rude tables, rough chairs, shelves nailed to trees, boxes on legs for holding provisions which must be kept from the dampness of the ground, and any such articles which the "men folks" of your camp will kindly knock together for you. These can be made of packing-boxes, tree branches or old boards; we use anything within reach, and my husband gets the articles put together as quickly as possible after we go into camp, bringing thereby unlimited comfort without delay into the commissary department. For the making of such things, it will be needful to take with you a small saw, a hatchet, spade, small axe, nails, wire and pincers. Take also a number of old gunny-sacks or pieces of bur-

lap, for spreading upon the ground, or using as a floor covering in the tent. If the ground is dusty or at all damp you will be very glad to have these.

In a warm country, boxes sunk in the ground for keeping meat, butter, eggs and milk (if you can get the latter luxuries) are most valuable. If needful, butter may be packed in small jelly tumblers, and carried with you. By burying these tumblers in the ground in a cool place, and taking one out as needed, the butter will keep perfectly fresh for many weeks.

Concerning comfortable clothing for camping, I would say that my husband and I, while wearing outfits perfectly satisfactory to ourselves, do not deem it necessary to secure this comfort by looking like "freaks." Hobnailed shoes, skirts to one's knees, bloomers and a general soiled air of wildness may mean comfort to some women campers, but they certainly do not to the writer. In the wildest and most remote haunts of Nature I find no need for any heavier shoes than those worn for walking at home, nor for a skirt much above the ankles; but this should be full and light, well fastened to the shoulders, and every garment should be loose and comfortably adjusted. Soft colors that will not frighten the birds and small animals about camp, will add to their comfort and your pleasure; and plainly made linen-colored waists with pretty collars will be found welcome. My husband generally makes camp-life the occasion to use up his old clothes; and finds leather leggins, a soft hat, and a handkerchief about the neck instead of a collar the only changes necessary from his ordinary dress.

MY PEPPER-TREE TENT

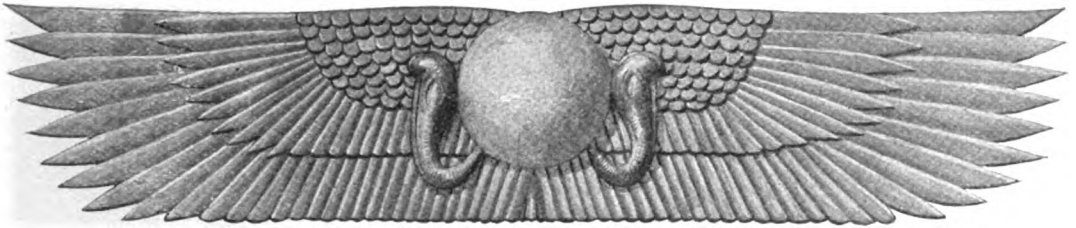
By JESSIE PRYSE ARTHUR

The pleasantest place for a child to be,
Is under my tent, the old pepper-tree.
Its fern-like branches droop clear to the ground,
Its red and green berries peep in all around;
The shiny brown grasses have woven a mat—
No gypsy queen has a carpet like that.
I love to breathe the spicy scent
Which fills the air of my pepper-tree tent.

When summer is here and the days grow long,
And mocking-bird warbles his wealth of song,
Each morning dawns just as golden bright,
Each noon is as hazy, as starry each night;

While pungent odors from camphor and gum,
And salty breaths from the ocean come.
Oh, then is the time my steps are bent
Along the path to my pepper-tree tent.

I lie on my back 'neath the roof of green,
Where patches of white and of blue are seen,
As cloud-boats sail in the sky-sea above,
And leaves half hide the brown nest of a dove.
The sunbeams are playing "I spy" on the ground;
The world is still—not a stir, not a sound.
My eyelids close, sweet sleep is sent;
I dream of joy, in my pepper-tree tent.



Symbols of Protection

Ancient Egyptians carved over their doorways and upon their temple walls the symbol of supernatural protection; a winged disk. It typified the light and power of the sun, brought down from on high by the wings of a bird.

Mediæval Europe, in a more practical manner, sought protection behind the solid masonry of castle walls.

In America we have approached the ideal of the Egyptians. Franklin drew electricity from the clouds and Bell harnessed it to the telephone.

Today the telephone is a means of protection more potent than the sun disk fetish and more practical than castle walls.

The Bell System has carried the telephone wires everywhere through-



out the land, so that all the people are bound together for the safety and freedom of each.

This telephone protection, with electric speed, reaches the most isolated homes. Such ease of communication makes us a homogeneous people and thus fosters and protects our national ideals and political rights.



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Summer and Snow on Mt. Shasta

Photographs copyright by C. R. Miller



Summer and snow are an irresistible outing combination for the California vacationist of the mountain-conqueror class. The first of these interesting pictures by Mr. Miller shows a top-notch group on Mt. Shasta (elevation 14,380 feet) whose names have just been entered in the iron-bound register kept there in a weather-proof box. The middle picture hints at how hard it is to go up, the lower one how easy is the home-stretch. Sisson is the favorite starting-point with Shasta climbers. Superb scenery all the way, and the diverting antics of boiling sulphur springs, reward those who sky-scrape to peep into Shasta's silent crater



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Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are sold throughout the world. Send post-card to nearest depot for free sample of each, with 32-page book: Newbery, 27, Charterhouse Sq., London; R. Towns & Co., Sydney, N. S. W.; Lennon, Ltd., Cape Town; Muller, Maclean & Co., Calcutta and Bombay; Potter Drug and Chem. Corp., Boston, U. S. A.

Men who shave and shampoo with Cuticura Soap will find it best for skin and scalp.

THE CATTLEMAN'S CHOICE

By AURELIA M. MICHENER

Jim an' Pete's gone to the cit.
They wrote to me today;
They's both a-runnin' autos now
For rich guys round the bay.

"Come! get a job with us!" they says;
"We're picked for winners! Change
That old moth-eaten bronk o' yours
For a car, an' quit the range!"

But Jim an' Pete, they make me sore!
Great sarpents! don't they know
A good, sound, tough old bronk like you
Beats any car they grow?

An' ain't I *glad* you're faded brown
Instead o' shiny red?
An' got them wicked whites uv' eyes,
Not gas-lamps, in yer head?

An' glad yer saddle's no tun-*no*,
Yer reins no steerin'-wheel?
An' glad I don't persuade y'u round
With valves, but quirt and steel?

An' glad y'u buck instead o' balk
When first led out at morn?
An' glad yer hungry whicker-call's
No brass-mouthed honkin' horn?

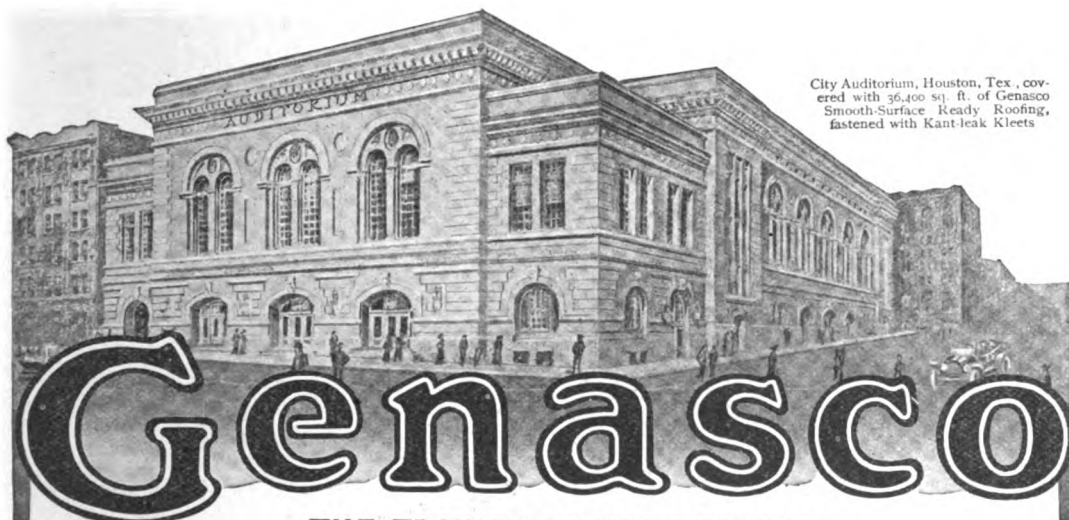
An' glad the pantin' o' yer ribs
Is lungs, an' not machine?
An' glad yer breath is upland grass,
Not rank old gasoline?

Yes! an' tho' roundup times is hard,
An' pickin' sometimes poor,
But gee! I'm glad I'm Cowboy Hank,
Not Henri, the shaffoor!

A STRANGER IN HIS OWN COUNTRY



"Wow-hoop! War party coming!"



City Auditorium, Houston, Tex., covered with 36,400 sq. ft. of Genasco Smooth-Surface Ready Roofing, fastened with Kant-leak Kleets

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The Barber Asphalt Paving Company Philadelphia

Largest producers of asphalt, and largest manufacturers of ready roofing in the world.

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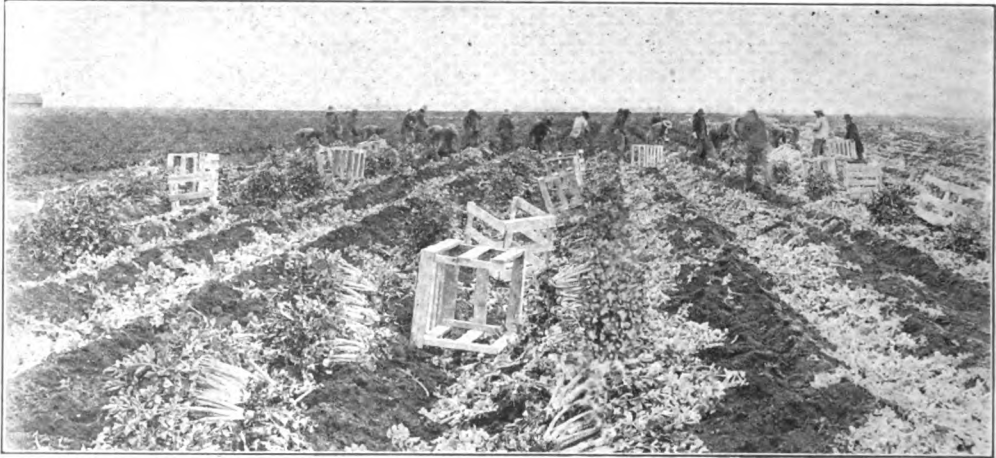
Trinidad Lake Asphalt

Asphalt-saturated wool felt

Trinidad Lake Asphalt

Development Section

Here are Noted Various Significant Facts Relating to the Progress and General Advancement of the Pacific Coast Country



In the famed Delta lands they grow 1200 dozen bunches of celery to the acre. Some of the fields cover a section of land "and then some"

San Joaquin—A Modern Californian El Dorado

By EMERSON HOLT

THE olfactory nerves play strange tricks. They have a direct connection with the switchboard to memory and imagination. In a twinkling they light up hidden recesses of the mind, encompass tremendous distances, surmount the obstacles of years and conjure forth long-forgotten incidents.

A faint elusive odor carried me two thousand miles across country in far less time than the lightning flash of the telegraph. It was the delicate fragrance, the mellowness, the ripeness of a June harvest apple. For a moment I lay in the soft lush grass in the old orchard, sinking my teeth into a juicy harvest apple. I could hear the melodious song of the meadowlark, the querulous cry of the blue-jay, the raucous rat-tat of the woodpecker. I could hear the tinkling of the brook and the click of the mower in the clover field nearby. Memory travels fast. In an instant the sun disappeared. A zigzag of lightning cut the somber mass of clouds, and thunder reverberated menacingly.

The vision passed as I dodged a clanging street-car and pursued my way down the street of San Francisco. But the train of thought did not break entirely. All through the day I gathered up the broken threads. Memories of that far-off homeland

came back to me and I found myself weighing and balancing the old home with the new.

In California I have never tasted a June harvest apple. I have missed some of the joys of "knee deep" in June-time. I have hungered even for an electrical storm. But—I have enjoyed some things that are impossible there. I have seen many things that I did not see in my old Middle-west home. I know that my heart would yearn for California should I return to the old home. For life has been pleasant here. No June harvest apples send their fragrance through the air, but the delicate fragrance of the ripening apricot, of the peach, of the nectarine take their place. Clover is forgotten, for alfalfa—wonderful forage crop—has taken its place. Here the fields are green. The orchards are heavily laden. The harvest is fourfold. Two cuttings of clover! What is that to seven of alfalfa! A few crates of peaches from the old orchard for market! What is that to an acre of crate fruit drying in the midsummer sun!

But this is to be a brief epitome of a single California county, a county that has its share of California's wonderful climate, but a county that has more. I wish that you could come with me to the



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 this cooling, soothing emollient will quickly relieve and soon heal the tender, inflamed skin.

Hinds HONEY AND ALMOND *Cream*

cleanses the skin of impurities
 —keeps the complexion fresh, clear and attractive all summer.

Selling everywhere, or post-paid by us on receipt of price.
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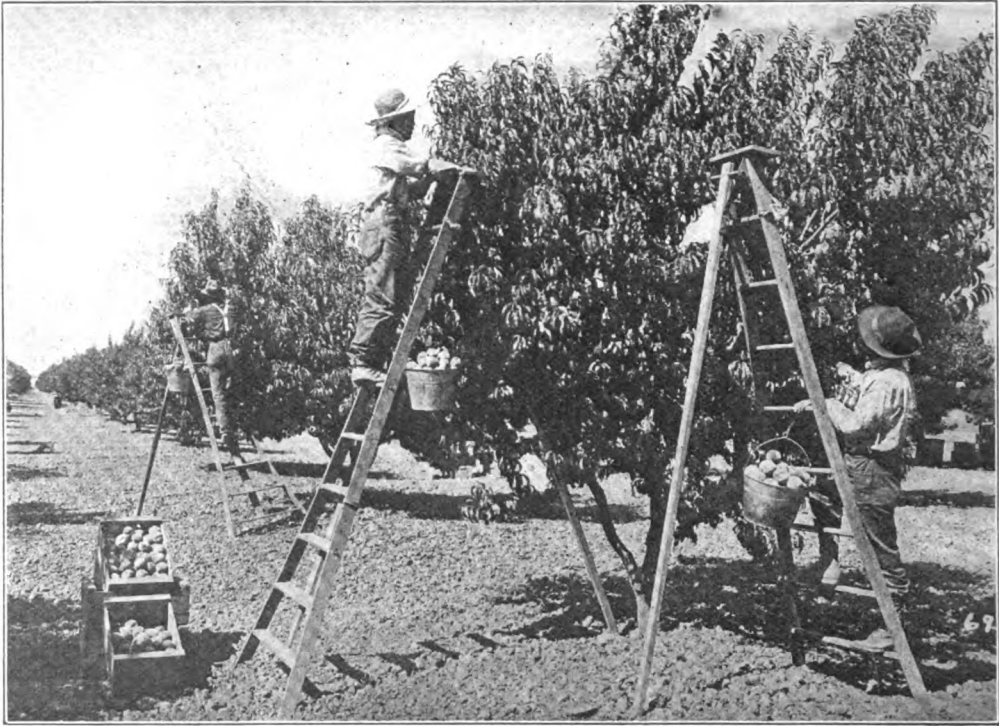
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An acre of peaches in the Lodi country will bring greater returns than five times that amount of land in some sections

tower of the court-house in San Joaquin county, and from its height feast your eyes upon the broad acres that stretch forth in every direction from this central market-place of a wonderful county. I wish that you could see the white ribbons that go fan-like from the county seat into the uttermost corners of the county, broad paved asphalt and macadamized highways that perpetuate the trails first marked by the booted heels of the prospectors of '40, who came up Suisun bay through the Straits of Carquinez, up the San Joaquin river, outfitted at the little trading center of Stockton and started for their El Dorado. There were no fences. They went whithersoever they willed and the paths that they made are perfect highways over which the products of a more permanent El Dorado are carted to a thriving city of 30,000 souls.

I wish that you could see the silvery waterways upon which float a busy fleet of commerce-carriers. Four hundred miles of waterway upon which a million tons of freight are carried annually! A single line of gasoline passenger launches plying between Stockton and the wonderful delta regions carried in 1912 more passengers than did all the lines of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company on the Pacific ocean.

Shining steel and perfect road-beds of four transcontinental railroads crisscross the county.

Beautiful and imposing public buildings mark the progress and the foresight of the people who have come to make their homes in this county. Brown fields of waving grain and green fields of alfalfa and

the varying shades mark the orchards of peaches, apricots, walnuts, olives, prunes and nectarines.

Vast fields laid off in perfect symmetry give forth each season their wealth of potatoes and celery and asparagus.

San Joaquin is a resourceful county, a diversified county, a wealth-giving county, a remarkable county in many ways. Much of its success is due to its strategic location. It lies at the lower end of the great San Joaquin valley at the mouth of the San Joaquin river, at the beginning of Suisun Pass. It is but eighty miles from San Francisco bay, the greatest trade center of the Pacific Coast. Through Suisun Pass comes the army of the rivercraft and many of the railway trains that carry the traffic of the whole valley. Through the one other pass in the coast mountains, at Livermore, come two other transcontinental railroads which seek their way from San Francisco to the East. San Joaquin is the logical shipping center for the tremendously rich San Joaquin valley. It is a gateway to both the San Joaquin and Sacramento valleys.

California annually produces \$15,000,000 worth of cereals. San Joaquin county leads all other counties in the state in the production of cereals. California annually produces 8,000,000 bushels of potatoes. San Joaquin county leads all other counties in the state in the production of potatoes; one-half the entire output comes from this county alone. San Joaquin county leads all others in the production of barley and in the production of vegetables; comes second in the value of all crops raised; third



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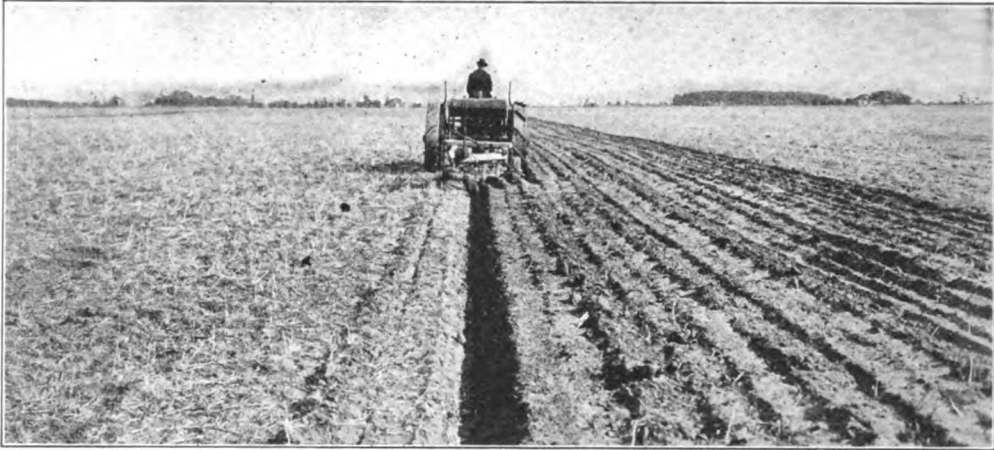
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in the production of grapes; fifth in the production of hay and forage crops and fifth in the value of all property. Therefore, San Joaquin is no raw undeveloped county. It is a leader among counties.

This county is peculiar in its distinctive land areas. Its Delta lands, its grain lands, its fruit lands differ as greatly as one eastern state differs from another. The county is as level as a Kansas prairie. The soil types include peat, black adobe, sediment, clay loam, sandy loam and reddish clay and from these various types, widely distributed, come the various products which make one section differ from another. Broadly speaking you may name the four distinctive land divisions as the Delta section, the Lodi section, the South San Joaquin Irrigation District and the grain farms.

The Delta or reclaimed lands extending from the extreme northwestern edge of the county down to the west side of Old river are the wonder lands of San Joaquin county, and for that matter of the United States. The soil of this section is so rich, so productive and of such unique composition as to have attracted the attention of soil experts all over the world. These are overflow lands formerly marshes covered with a dense growth of tules, flags, willows and other aquatic vegetation. As marsh lands they were the homes of wild birds, useless, more or less of a menace to health. Conquered by enterprise they have become sunken gardens of fabulous wealth. The land has been reclaimed in great areas or island districts containing from 2,500 to 15,000 acres. In all some 200,000 acres have been so reclaimed. It is through this section that the 400 miles of navigable waterways of the county run. It is an interesting sight to the novice to see the butcher, the grocer or the dry goods merchant float his stock of goods to the door of the consumer. Giant levees surround the reclaimed lands. Great dredges work constantly night and day building and rebuilding the earth-work levees. These dredges are the product of local ingenuity and local capital. The land is very porous and needs to be irrigated. The method of irrigation is unique. Siphon pumps lead from the

river over the levees, and a few turns at the pump on the crest of the siphon starts the water flowing over the land. Drainage is as necessary as irrigation and immense pumping plants installed at various places, some stationary, some mounted on dredges driven either by electricity or steam-power are readily floated to the spot needed and started pumping. So rich is this land that it commands and readily brings an average cash rental of twenty dollars per acre. It is admirably adapted to potatoes, beans, asparagus, celery, onions and barley.

The Lodi section, in the north end of the county, is a model intensified fruit section for the future development of other sections of the San Joaquin valley. From the town of Lodi are shipped annually almost twenty-five hundred cars of table grapes, two thousand cars of wine grapes, twenty-six cars of almonds, seventy-five cars of deciduous fruits, fourteen hundred cars of wine, not to mention grain and live stock and vegetables. This district is especially noted for the production of Flame Tokay grapes, which here take on a distinctive delicate color and are treasured on the market as table grapes par excellence.

The grain-farming sections are scattered but the bulk of the land devoted to grain crops lies in the southwest portion of the county. There is a similar area in the southeastern portion. Here dry-farming is practised and crops are summer-fallowed. Eventually this grain land will become orchards and alfalfa fields.

The South San Joaquin Irrigation District includes 72,000 acres in the southern end of the county. It was formed in 1909 when many of the land-owners reluctantly voted for or against the issuing of bonds to the extent of \$1,875,000 for a good and complete irrigation and drainage system. Joining with the owners of 65,000 acres of land in Stanislaus county, just across the line, the water rights and canal system of the Stanislaus Water Company were purchased for \$650,000. A partnership dam was constructed in the Stanislaus river near Knights' Ferry, and eight miles of main canal with a carrying capacity of 1,700 cubic feet

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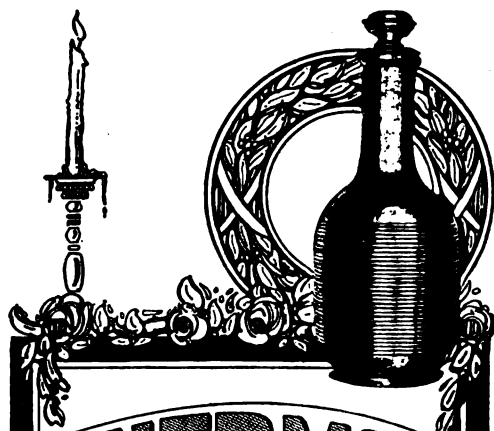
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per second were completed, the two districts sharing equally in the cost and in the division of the flow. The success of the venture was apparent but the bond issue was insufficient to complete the plans. On January 25, 1913, by an almost unanimous vote an additional bond issue of \$1,170,000 was voted to complete the distribution and drainage system, together with a bond issue for \$700,000 to complete a splendid auxiliary storage reservoir which will have a capacity of 184,000 acre feet. The district was organized under the Wright and Bridgeford acts and water is assured every forty-acre tract. The total cost will not exceed fifty-four dollars per acre. The change in the southern portion of the county was instantaneous. Abandoned wheat fields gave way to orchards and meadows that are producing more per acre per season than ten acres produced before.

The result of the new farming in San Joaquin county is shown in the census figures. The gain in ten years in the value of farming property was 115.5 per cent. The per acre value of land jumped from \$34.31 to \$73.27. The per capita wealth of the rural districts of the county according to the census of 1910 was \$2448.74 in round numbers. The value of the annual crops is about as follows: grain \$3,500,000; hay \$2,500,000; potatoes \$2,500,000; grapes \$2,000,000; dairy products \$1,200,000; beans \$1,000,000; vegetables \$3,500,000; meat and live stock \$2,500,000; tree fruits \$1,000,000; poultry and poultry products \$900,000; onions \$600,000. San Joaquin county is a wealth maker.

Now, some one is benefiting from this agricultural activity. If you could see the attractive homes, and well-kept farms, and beautiful orchards, and commodious schools, and perfect highways, and farming conveniences, and thriving market centers, you would know that it is the people themselves who are enjoying the fruit of their labor in the county, for here farm life is at its best; home life is ideal.

There are a number of thriving towns in the county, the county seat, Stockton, of course, leading all others in importance and wealth. Stockton is a city that has enjoyed a splendid and perfectly natural growth. Varied manufacturing interests have added to its activity and per capita wealth.

Here are located great machinery manufacturing concerns, making and assembling the famed Caterpillar traction engine, combined harvesters, marine and stationary oil engines, centrifugal pumps, dredges, and ditch working machinery; flour and cereal mills; wineries, tanneries and other manufacturing plants of importance. The annual output of manufactured products totals the significant sum of \$15,000,000. Five thousand people are employed in the various establishments and the annual distribution of wages totals over \$3,000,000.

Lodi, with a population of 4000, and Tracy are other incorporated towns; and Manteca, Ripon and Escalon are thriving towns in the South San Joaquin irrigation district. There are a number of other smaller progressive trade centers.

Now this article would be useless were there no further opportunities in San Joaquin county. One does not care particularly to read of a successful manufactory if no opportunity is left to place money into it and enjoy the benefits of its dividends. One does not care particularly to read of a rich country where every foot of land is taken, knowing that others are neither wanted nor invited. But we all want to hear and take advantage, if possible, of the place where we may stand some show of not only making our living but of getting ahead. To the settler who would not be content to give up those modern conveniences to which he has been accustomed, who wants to be in the midst of the highest development and who is willing to pay in proportion to the benefits of such a country, San Joaquin offers a fitting home land. Land may perhaps be valued a little higher than in those sections where roads are yet to be built, where schools and churches are to come with the development of farm land, where the rural mail service has not yet penetrated, where the telegraph and electric light have not yet been extended, but these conveniences are worth much to the modern farmer. Here is land of a superlative fertility, land that will produce far in excess of that now being courageously farmed by many middle western farmers. But the problem that should be uppermost in the mind of the investor in land is, not how much shall I pay for land, but how great will be returns after cultivation?

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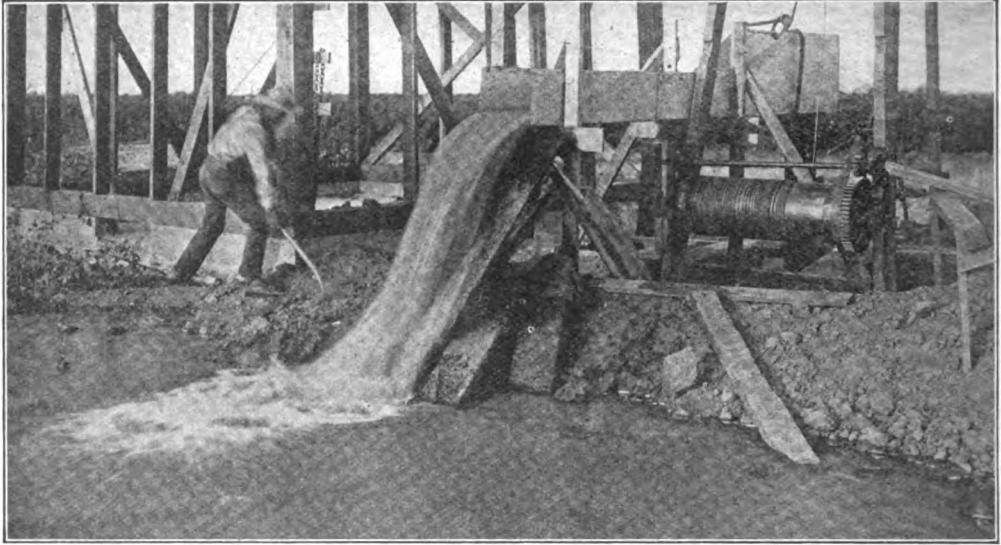
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At an average depth of fifty feet, in Madera county, California, an abundance of water is obtained. Electrical energy has solved the cost of pumping problems

Madera, Transformed by Water and Electricity

By C. E. FISHER

ONE mile west of Madera, county-seat of Madera county, lives G. S. Hawley. Mr. Hawley is busy raising peaches, Plymouth Rock chickens and a family of four or five sturdy youngsters. His farm is a model twenty-acre California ranch. It is just the kind that one half the people of the United States, who are hungering for a small farm in California, would desire. It is on a good road; the mail man drives in front of the house; it is close to the market; close to a school; and from it Mr. Hawley makes not only his living but more money than the average bank cashier earns.

Mr. Hawley likes chickens and he raises fancy Plymouth Rock cocks and pullets that take blue ribbons in the poultry show. He likes to raise figs because he likes to eat figs. He likes to raise fruit and his hobby is perfect fruit. He has between eleven and twelve acres in orchard. He favors peaches, therefore the majority of his trees are peach trees, but he also has 135 apricot trees, six almond trees, six prune trees and sixty fig trees; he has two acres in alfalfa and a small acreage in berries. His irrigation system is thorough and complete. Last season from one acre of barley hay Mr. Hawley sold ninety-five dollars' worth of hay and followed the crop with fifteen hundred pounds of corn. He obtained seventy-five dollars from berries, almost a thousand dollars from peaches, half that much from apricots, somewhere near twenty dollars from almonds, a like amount from prunes and figs and one hundred and fifty dollars from alfalfa hay. Counting these and the income from butter and eggs,

of which no particular account was kept, the total income from the twenty acres was in the neighborhood of two thousand dollars. He raised all the feed for his horses, chickens and cows; his family table was supplied with all the necessities which come from the farm and orchard, and his cash income was almost "velvet."

Now Mr. Hawley has brought this place from raw land, worth perhaps one hundred dollars an acre, to a high state of cultivation by his own labor and perseverance. Today it is one of the best orchards in the vicinity. How much is it worth? Orchards in not nearly so good condition are selling readily around five hundred dollars an acre.

This story is worth while because it shows what any man can do in Madera county.

Three years ago the United States Department of Agriculture made a soil survey of the valley portion of Madera county. On page 12 of the report submitted to the Secretary of Agriculture appears this statement:

"A study of the agricultural development of this area shows that it is far behind practically every other section in the San Joaquin valley, *although as far as fertile soils is concerned no such difference exists.* The lack of progress in Madera county is due primarily to one factor—the inability to secure an adequate supply of irrigation water, which is necessary for the highest development of these lands. Other contributing causes, although essentially minor ones, are the large individual holdings of land, a lack of knowledge of the efficiency of pumping

Plain Talk

Two men started business in Portland, November, 1910, and prospered—so much so, the two men were joined by seventeen others.

The nineteen men organized a company, each man's dollar buying just as much as the other fellow's—no promotion shares, no bonds, no preferred shares.

The larger business has been profitable from the start, a dividend of 12½% was paid for the first year with a surplus remaining.

In the meantime, 120 men and women of Portland, representative of all walks of life, joined the 19. All invested because of absolute security and certainty of large dividends.

Here is the List:

15 Business Men	1 Farmer	2 Printers
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4 Stenographers	2 Bakers	1 Theatrical Man
1 Science Practitioner	1 Hardware Dealer	2 Agents
1 Judge	3 Bankers	1 Tailor
1 Auto Dealer	17 Business Women	1 Shoe Dealer
1 City Employee	5 Doctors	1 Building Sup. Dealer
1 Laborer	1 Fireman	1 Foreman
1 Paymaster	1 Collar Maker	1 Superintendent
1 Bank President	1 Contractor	1 Chauffeur
6 Attorneys	2 Barbers	1 Painter
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The two-men effort of two years ago has grown to a 130-man company, the most important company of its kind in the northwest—a Portland institution.

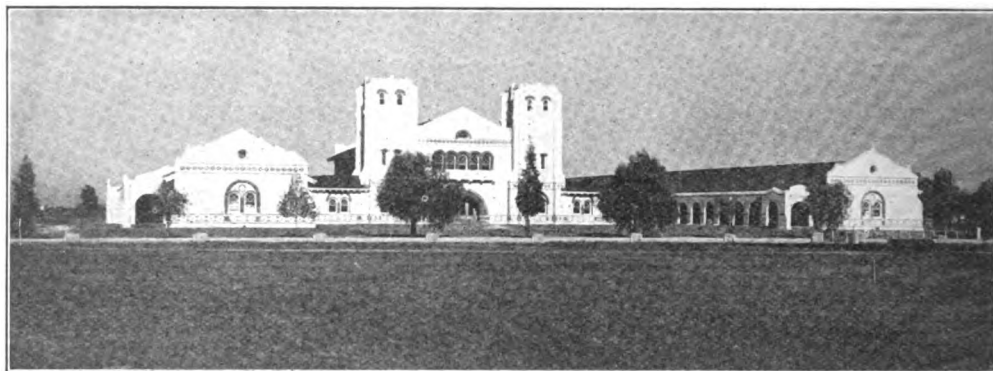
The business is clean in conception, clean in plan, clean in methods, one that will stand the strictest investigation.

If absolute security, increasing value, large returns for small or large sums, interest you, investigate without obligation.

On request, I will forward full information, also the names of those associated in the company.

W. M. Umbdenstock,
Treasurer.

286 Oak St.,
Portland, Ore.



Madera county has modern schools. This splendid grammar-school building is one of California's finest

plants for irrigation purposes, and the high cost of reservoirs for the storage of flood waters of the various streams."

It is unfortunate for Madera county that this statement stands undisputed by supplementary documents from the same source. Within three years the large individual holdings of land have been ripped wide open and settlers have been pouring in, to change the grain fields and hay fields into orchards and vineyards. The second largest power company in the state is carrying electrical energy to every farm in Madera county and at a rate so reasonable that every farmer is taking advantage of it.

The rich soil deposited here centuries ago is the same that has made famous other counties in the San Joaquin valley. The subterranean water supply is the same that has percolated through the earth's strata from the great snow banks of the Sierras for the centuries since the great range was formed; and the present day development, strange as it may seem, is due to the harnessing of the waste water in the mountains and to sending it through copper strands to pump from beneath the sands the seepage from the same snow banks. Thus have men discovered and made use of Nature's secret. Should she deny stream flow or rainfall, somewhere within the reach of man she stores the life-giving water. Strong flowing wells are found at an average depth of three hundred feet. Some have been flowing for fifty years, at the rate of a million gallons per day.

But flowing wells are not depended upon by the Madera settler. At an average depth of fifty feet he finds all the water he wants. Some wells are but twenty-five feet deep, some are seventy-five feet. For five hundred dollars a settler can have a well drilled, build a reservoir, install a motor and complete equipment. Electrical power may be obtained at the rate of fifty dollars per horse-power per year and the operating company doesn't give a rap whether the rancher keeps the motor humming night and day during the three hundred and sixty-five days. A three horse-power motor is of sufficient capacity to drive a pump which will irrigate successfully from twenty to forty acres, which means that any farmer can insure his water supply for a whole year for the small sum of one hundred and fifty dollars. How many an Eastern or a Middle-western farmer would gladly go to his banker or in-

surance broker and lay down one hundred and fifty dollars to insure a crop when a drought portends!

Madera is a youngster in the family of California counties. Originally it was a part of Fresno, which joins it on the south, and as recently as 1893 was separated from the mother county and turned loose to make its way among other California state units. It is the heart of the valley and the heart of California, an irregular quadrilateral, ninety-eight miles wide at its extreme width from east to west, and more than twenty-eight miles long at its extreme length from north to south. It has an area of 2,140 square miles, one-third of which is valued chiefly for its scenery and mineral deposits. Another third is foot-hill land, tried and proved, and destined eventually to become a favored fruit section. The remaining third is on the floor of the valley, a vast stretch of level land rapidly assuming the appearance of a well-kept garden. Here, where formerly leagues of golden grain waved in the summer breezes, will soon be growing orchards of peaches, apricots, plums and prunes, vast fields of knee-deep alfalfa and great vineyards of wine and table grapes.

More than 120,000 acres of the large holdings have been subdivided into small tracts within the last year. Two of these tracts were thrown open to settlement in the fall months of 1912. Within six months from their opening 1,500 settlers had moved in to aid in the transformation from grain land to orchard. Everywhere is heard the hum of the electric motor or the staccato exhaust of the gasoline engine. Everywhere is heard the musical tattoo of the hammer and the rasp of the saw.

Madera, the county-seat, is a thriving city of 3,000, grown from a village within the past few years. Here are located large lumber and manufacturing concerns.

Land values in Madera county are still low. They are much lower than in many other localities of similar richness and similar opportunities. With the continued present influx of settlers, land values may be expected to steadily rise. The assessor's figures in 1907 and 1908 show that 240,000 acres planted to grain crops in Madera county gave a return of \$900,000. How much will the assessor's figures of 1913 show, when so great an area of this same land is now producing a wealth of fruits, alfalfa and dairy products! The comparison will be most interesting.



Victoria, the first Canadian city to join in the Play-week Festivities, now so popular in the Coast States

Development Notes

Is Alhambra's Name in the Pot?

Comes a wail from an enterprising little town a few miles out from Los Angeles, "Is Alhambra's name in the pot?" Alhambra wants in on the co-operation and coordination plans of important cities in California in the giving of annual festivals, and therefore protests her importance.

We of the West love play. If cherries are ripe, if roses are in bloom, if prune trees are blossom laden, if strawberries are luscious, we take a day off. If a city can find a significant date in its history which seems to invite celebration, we take a week off to commemorate that event. We love to play; we love to watch others play.

Even staid Victoria has capitulated.

Our British cousins on the north have long looked with envious eyes on Seattle's Potlatch and Tacoma's Montamara Festo. The folks over the line seemed to be having such a perfectly delightful time. It was not merely a fitting week of fun, for each year the festivals seemed to grow in interest, attendance and pleasure.

So Victoria has taken the hint, and this year, August 4-9, will hold her premier Water Carnival, the first Canadian coast city to join in a joyous custom. The announcements hint that honoured guests will be entertained in right royal fashion.

Thus is another added to the year's pageants. In June Portland held her annual Rose Festival; Tacoma has just observed her Montamara Festo and Seattle her Golden Potlatch; San Francisco ends the year's pageants with her celebration of the discovery of matchless San Francisco bay by Portola, October 22-25.

The year begins anew with Pasadena's Tournament of Roses and Chariot Race in January, followed by the annual polo tournament and golf and tennis tournaments at Coronado, Pasadena, Santa Barbara and Del Monte. In February San Bernardino comes to the front with the National Orange Show. In March the Land Show at Los Angeles holds the board. Redlands has her Rose Festival and Orange Day. Los Angeles has a revival of "La Fiesta de las Flores de Los Angeles"; and so it goes throughout the year. A cherry festival here, a strawberry festival there, a Raisin Day such as Fresno's, which has become of national importance, a Wild West

exhibition such as Pendleton, Oregon's, Roundup, or Salinas, California's, Rodco, and the dozen and one different sorts of day or week celebrations.

The Coast visitor may soon start on a progressive round of festivals from Tia Juana to Vancouver, following the wake of bursting buds and ripening fruit as the sun warms the earth northward.

And the best part of it is that not a single one of the pageants is disappointing. Play week or play day is popular, impressive, educational; a time for relaxation and genuine joyousness.

Alhambra wants in on the fun and so does every other progressive Pacific Coast city or town.

California Under Canvas

Now comes an opportunity to see California in a nutshell, offered by the California Land Show. Every land-hungry person who wants a near view of California as a whole had better make arrangements to be in San Francisco October 11th to 25th, for on those dates will be held the California Land Show. The fifty-seven counties of California will exhibit their chief sources of wealth in a monstrous pavilion of canvas at Eighth and Market streets.

The California Land Show is to be given under the auspices of and has the backing of the San Francisco Real Estate Board. The purpose of the show is to bring home to the people of California and the United States the tremendous resources of the state, to introduce the land and the land hungry, to exploit the wide variety of products of the counties and to emphasize the intimate relation between the great cities and the country districts.

The Land Show has adopted a suggestive slogan: "The landless man for the manless land." The land-hungry man will have his appetite whetted to near distraction by a visit to the displays being arranged. There will be grapes and peaches and cherries and citrus fruits from the orange counties and prunes from the prune counties and apples from the mountain fruit counties and the irrigation and reclamation companies will show how their scientific farm colonization plans have succeeded.

And Luther Burbank will be there and will show some of his horticulture and floriculture wonders.



Oregon Now Has Opportunity to Build Roads

Oregon's new road law, if put into effective operation by every county in the State issuing bonds up to two per cent of its assessment valuation, as authorized by the county bonding act, would make available a fund of \$18,000,000 for good roads. Henry L. Bowlby, Executive Officer of the Pacific Highway Association and former Highway Commissioner of Washington, has issued a bulletin crammed full of facts and carefully compiled figures on the road situation in Oregon and Washington. Mr. Bowlby says that if all the money expended by the different Oregon counties for roads in the last four years had been put into permanent roads at a cost of \$5000 a mile, there would now be 2071.4 miles of permanent roadway in the State. He figures that \$10,358,793.63 was spent for roads and bridges in that time.

To issue bonds, a certain number of registered voters must petition the County Court for a special bond election specifying the amount of bonds to be issued, length of time they shall run and their maximum rate of interest. If the petitions conform to legal requirements a special election may be ordered or a vote taken at the general election.

Under the new law it is expected that Oregon will forge steadily ahead in the development of its permanent highways.

Highway Improvements Puts Cities on Their Mettle

One of the noticeable effects of the improvement of state highways has been that of arousing municipal pride in the cities. Especially is this true in California, where the streets of an incorporated town are not under state control. The state will build a highway to the city limits but there the work stops. Self-respecting cities refuse to surrender the authority over their thoroughfares to the state authorities. It is claimed by those interested in civic betterment that no other movement ever started so much civic activity and ambition among the counties and municipalities of California as has the state highway enterprise. Energetic communities like Los Gatos, Santa Clara county; Pomona, Los Angeles county; Gilroy, Santa Clara county; Burlingame, San Mateo county, are spending from \$50,000 to \$75,000 in the construction of paved highways within the city limits. Everywhere is improvement under way. It is a good sign.

Through the Petrified Forests

One of the newest of the scenic highways being promoted is from Needles to San Bernardino. This proposed road will pass through the petrified forests and a region once occupied by the cliff dwellers.

Woodrow Wilson on Good Roads

"I tell you frankly my interest in good roads is not merely an interest in the pleasure of riding in autos. It is not merely an interest in the much more important matter of affording farmers of this country and residents in villages means of ready access to such neighboring markets as they need for economic benefit, but it is also the interest in weaving as complicated and elaborate a net of neighborhood and state and national opinion together as it is possible to weave. It is of the most fundamental importance that the United States should think in big pieces, should think together, should think ultimately as a whole, and I feel in my enthusiasm for good roads something of the old opposition that there always has been in me to any kind of sectional feeling."—Woodrow Wilson.

Are We Coming to the One-Ring Circus Again?

The cycle of seasons continues to bring forth the unique possibilities of the automobile. Now comes a story to the effect that many theatrical folk find aside from the pleasure their car affords, a means of ready inter-city transportation. We may expect in due season the horseless circus caravan touring the country as did the lumbering horse-drawn wagons of years ago. Can you imagine a monster truck carrying its quota of jungle beasts into those isolated communities where heretofore the circus was represented only by far-fetched lithographs on the convenient stable walls?

Evolution of the "Highwayman"

Nowadays it is not unusual to see highwayman in quotation marks. The quotation marks indicate the evolution of the meaning of a word which once brought to mind low-browed men, with black kerchiefs hiding their chins and ugly revolvers thrust under one's protesting nose. But the "highwayman" becomes a business man with a mission. He is the road builder, the construction chief, the maker of splendid boulevards. The romance may be knocked out of the word in its new and soon-to-be accepted meaning but the highwayman becomes a useful, esteemed citizen.

Auto Road Repair Trucks on Pacific Highway

Two auto trucks have been placed in commission between Sacramento, California, and Portland, Oregon, to keep the Pacific Highway in repair between those points. This work is undertaken by the California State Better Roads Association. The trucks are completely equipped for road building, each carrying a crew of eight men.

Who Knows How?

A MAN may vote at 21 and be president at 35, yet we have never elected a president younger than 42. Because we know the value of experience.

EXPERIENCE COUNTS

Experience is the one indispensable factor of success in everything. The experienced publisher knows best how to produce a great magazine. The experienced automobile manufacturer knows best how to make a great car.

THESE ARE THE FACTS

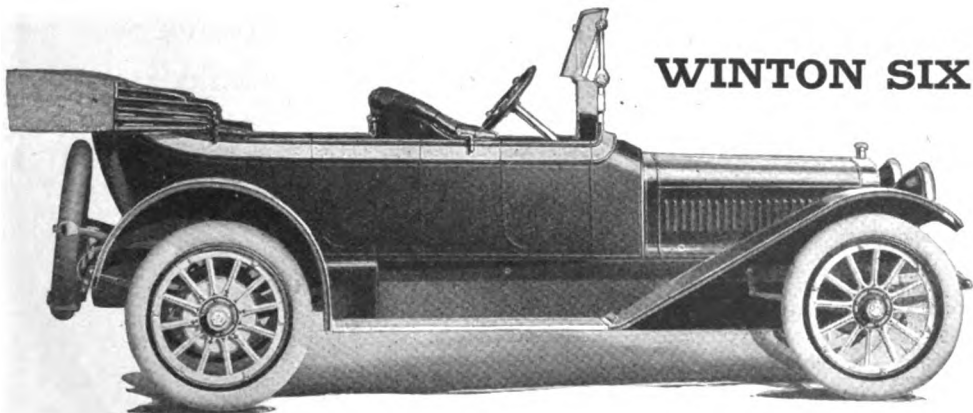
That's why Alexander Winton makes the greatest Six. Founder of the American gasoline motor car industry, he was the world's first maker to specialize on six-cylinder cars, and so he has had the longest exclusive experience as a maker of Sixes. He knows what a Six **must** have and what

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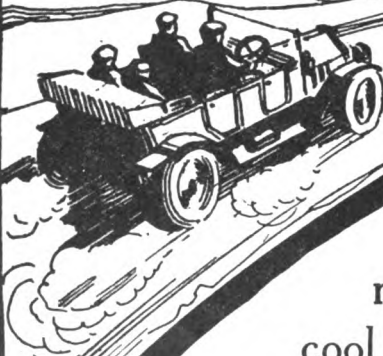
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SAN FRANCISCO

SUNSET

THE PACIFIC MONTHLY

WALTER V. WOEHLEKE
Contributing Editor

CHARLES K. FIELD
Editor

LILLIAN FERGUSON
Associate Editor

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Truth in Advertising

Declaration of Principles adopted unanimously at the Ninth Annual Convention of the Associated Advertising Clubs of America, held at Baltimore, June eighth to fourteenth:—

We believe in Truth, the corner stone of all honorable and successful business, and we pledge ourselves each to one and one to all to make this the foundation of our dealings, to the end that our mutual relations may become still more harmonious and efficient.

We believe in Truth, not only in the printed word, but in every phase of business connected with the creation, publication and dissemination of advertising.

We believe there should be no double standard of morality involving buyer and seller of advertising or advertising material. Governmental agencies insist on "full weight" packages, and "full weight" circulation figures. They also should insist on "full weight" delivery in every commercial transaction involved in advertising. We believe that agents and advertisers should not issue copy containing manifestly exaggerated statements, slurs, or offensive matter of any kind, and that no such statements should be given publicity.

We indorse the work of the National Vigilance Committee, and believe in the continued and persistent education of the press and public regarding fraudulent advertising, and recommend that the Commission, with the co-operation of the National Vigilance Committee, should pass upon problems raised and conduct campaigns of education on these lines. We believe it to be the duty of every advertising interest to submit problems regarding questionable advertising to this Commission and to the National Vigilance Committee.

We believe that the elimination of sharp practice on the part of both buyer and seller of advertising and advertising material will result from the closer relationship that is being established, and that in place of minor antagonisms, will come personal co-operation to the increased benefit of all concerned, and the uplifting of the great and growing business of advertising.

We believe in upholding the hands worthy to be upheld, and we believe that each and every member owes a duty to this Association of enforcing the Code of Morals based on Truth in Advertising, and Truth and Integrity in all the functions pertaining thereto.

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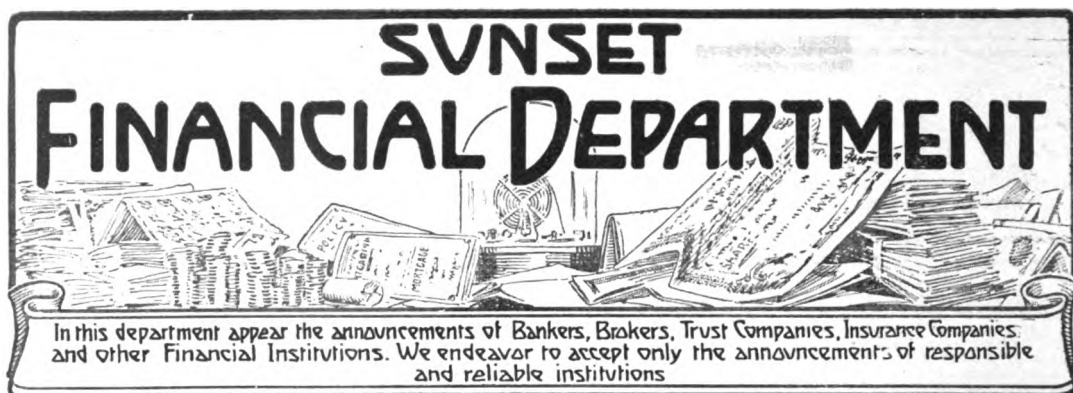
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Why Capital is Coming to California

By DAVID RICH

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By the end of 1913 business should be back in its old swing and it is certain that California will be first to respond to the improvement. Capital interested in big developments—power, transportation and lands—likes to anticipate things, and there is no doubt of the coming of large numbers of people to California. Experts who have made a personal survey of conditions in America and Europe predict a doubling of the population of the Golden State within ten years. That means approximately 2,500,000 new citizens. Half of them may come from Europe with old world habits of industry that should work marvels in the multiplication of land values by an equally marvelous increase in land production. The other half will be rock-ribbed Americans from the Atlantic states who will expand under the beneficent influences of California and balance the European influx to a nicety—potentials of a great race of citizens in the prodigal West.

Plainly it is both the duty and opportunity of capital to prepare the way for the two and a half million settlers. They will need power,

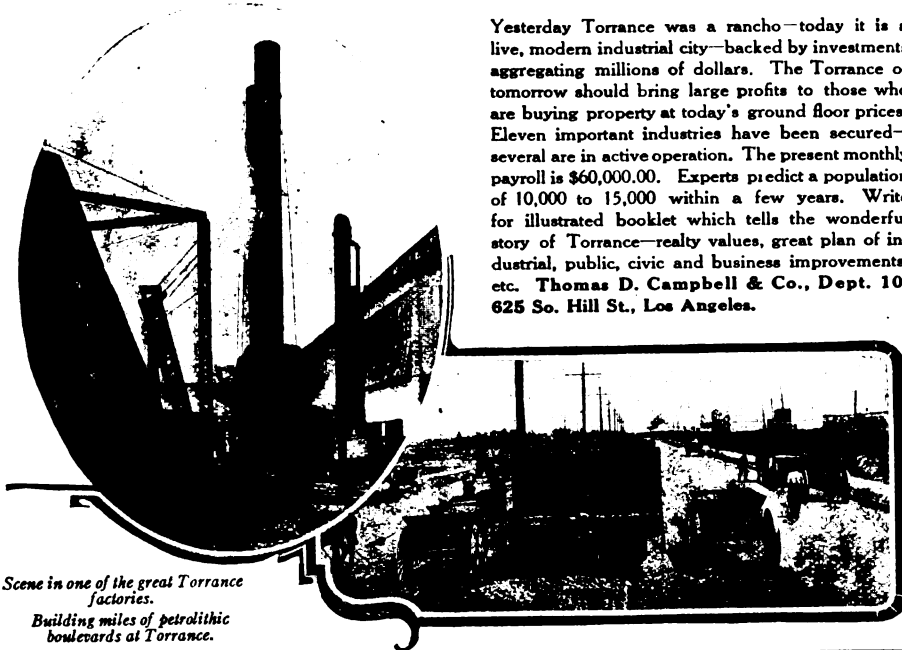
railroads and lands whereon to thrive. And capital is doing that very thing now. Note the development enterprises in the Sacramento valley—the millions going into electric lines and the reclamation by drainage or irrigation of tens of thousands of acres of the most fertile lands in America. The cutting up of grain fields into ten and twenty acre farms for intensive cultivation is a move for the independence of the new citizenry and for an increase in population, production and wealth in the state.

The values of the securities behind sound land and irrigation enterprises are solid; they have been unaffected by the slump in other lines and their safety is being recognized by Eastern investors.

The fact that capitalists are investing their money freely in these enterprises can be safely taken as an indication that people of information and judgment realize that California lands are bound to attract millions of new settlers and therefore are the safest investment in times like these; and that securities backed up by California lands are not only safe but will increase in value.

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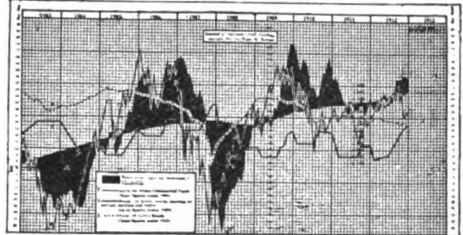
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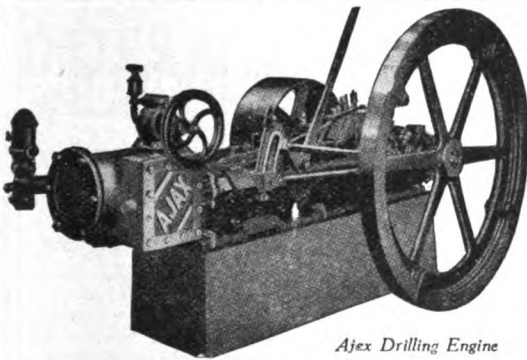


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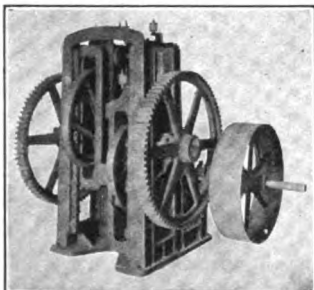
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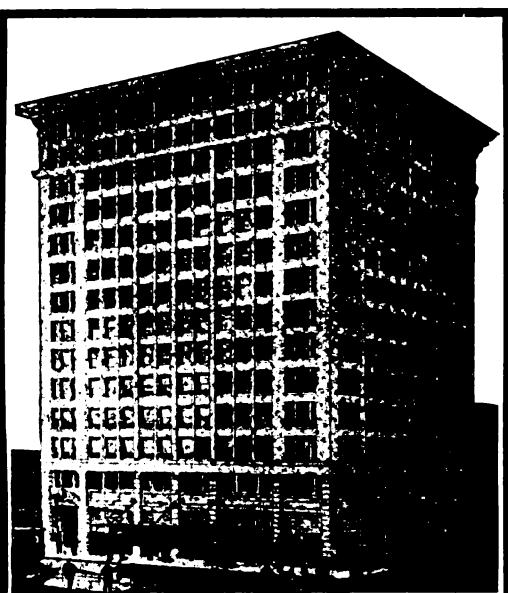
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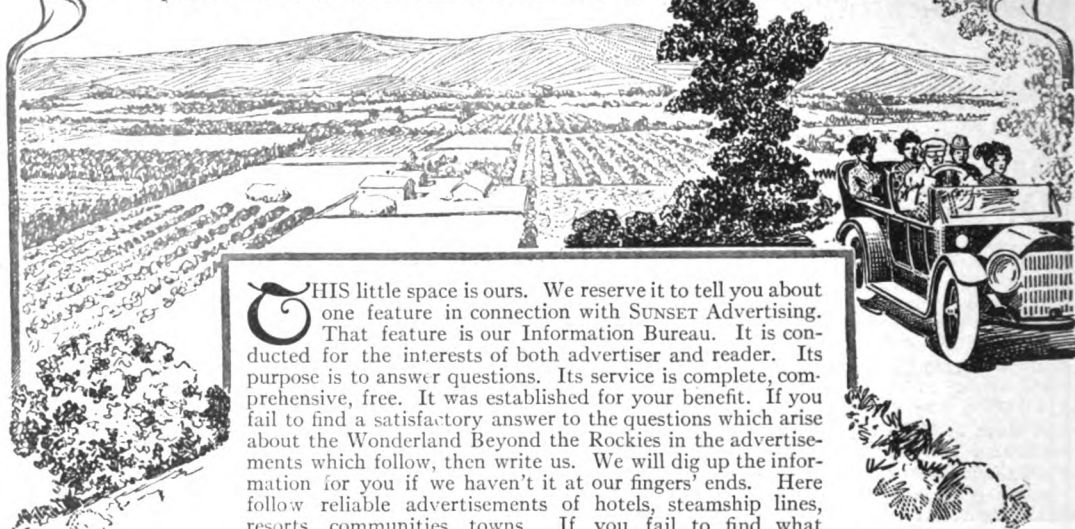
If you prefer we will sell you raw land which you can hold for investment. Whichever purchase you make will mean many dollars returned for each one invested, as Coachella Valley—on the edge of a big boom due to the proof obtained by the two government experimental stations situated in this small valley of about 50,000 acres.

The prices are bound to increase 5 or 10 for 1 in the next 3 to 5 years. Write us for information.

Coachella Valley Land and Products Co.
620 SOUTH SPRING ST. LOS ANGELES

SUNSET BUREAU OF INFORMATION

FOR TOURISTS AND HOMESEEKERS



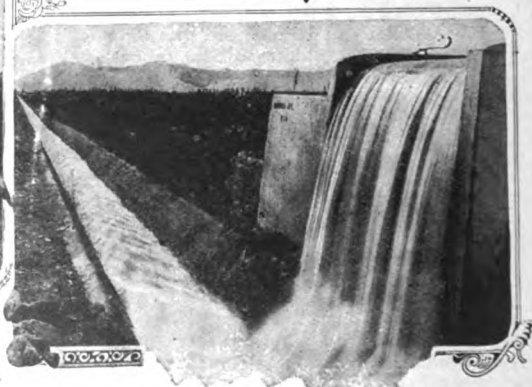
THIS little space is ours. We reserve it to tell you about one feature in connection with SUNSET Advertising. That feature is our Information Bureau. It is conducted for the interests of both advertiser and reader. Its purpose is to answer questions. Its service is complete, comprehensive, free. It was established for your benefit. If you fail to find a satisfactory answer to the questions which arise about the Wonderland Beyond the Rockies in the advertisements which follow, then write us. We will dig up the information for you if we haven't it at our fingers' ends. Here follow reliable advertisements of hotels, steamship lines, resorts, communities, towns. If you fail to find what you are looking for, ask us. Address your inquiries to

SUNSET INFORMATION BUREAU, 460 Fourth Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Fontana Orange Groves



Picking Oranges in the Famous Fontana District



Part of the Fontana Gravity Water System

**\$550 PER ACRE—
6 YEARS TIME FOR PAYMENT**

2 Hours from Los Angeles

Certain peculiar climatic conditions limit the production of oranges, lemons and grapefruit to an absurdly small part of California. The Fontana section is now famous as a thoroughly proven citrus district. A Los Angeles man who purchased a planted 10 acre Fontana grove one year ago at \$450 per acre now values his property at \$800 per acre. Many purchasers of

Fontana groves have added to their holdings after residing on the property. This is convincing evidence of complete satisfaction. The Fontana district is an ideal residence community, with public and private improvements of the highest type. **An electric line to Los Angeles is now under construction.** Write for illustrated booklet giving complete information. Thomas D. Campbell & Co., 625 So. Hill St., Los Angeles.



Cool Sea Breezes

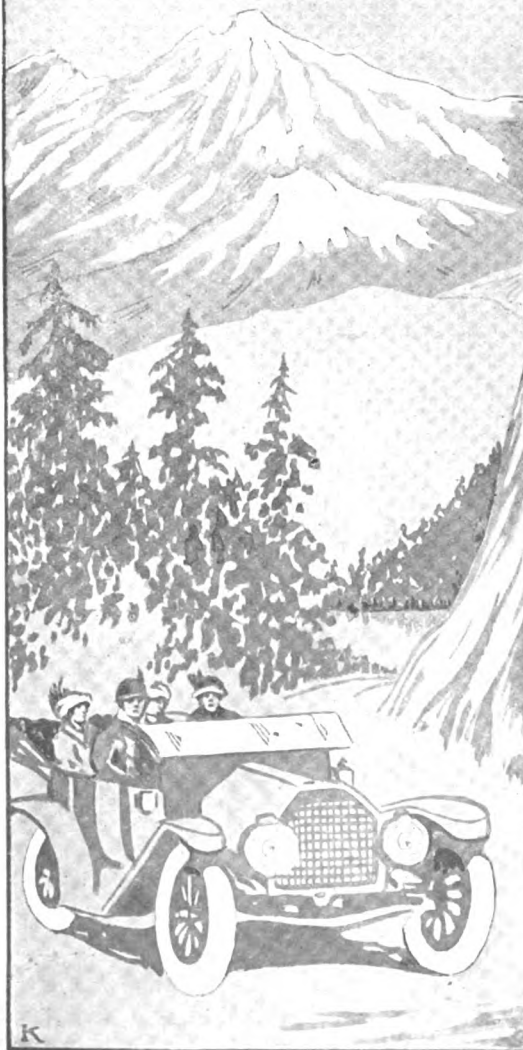
NOT ALL the attractions or allurements to travel are found, however, at the sea-side resorts. The mountains, especially world-famed Mt. Lowe, the valleys rich in their wealth-giving verdure, the uplands and their golden citrus harvest, the Missions shrouded in romance, the many cities of industry and civic beauty, all combined make Southern California the lodestone to travelers. May we tell you more of the charms of the Sunny Southland? Would you have more facts about "The Land of Heart's Desire"? A postal will bring you attractive folders and booklets. For further information address

D. W. PONTIUS
Traffic Manager

waft
pleasantly
at resorts
on the

Pacific Electric Railway
LOS ANGELES

ON THE SUNNY SIDE OF THE SNOW LINE SPEND YOUR WINTER



THE invitation is for you. It is an invitation to join us in a season of joyousness. It suggests that you break the shackles of your winter prison, leave memories of snow and ice with the mountain peaks, bring your car and motor through the land of sunshine and flowers.

California!—magic word since the first adventurous Franciscan fathers and the Spanish soldiery of a century ago tramped the browned hills and the sun-kissed valleys. Can't you picture winter's pleasures here! The motor car speeds over hard smooth paved highways. Tennis, golf and polo, swimming, walking and riding—no bobsleds here. All along the delightful boulevards are stately hotels offering good cheer and neighborly hospitality. This is a land where men and women can work, live and play twelve full months each year. The homes are massed with roses and brilliant hued geraniums. Men go gaily to their work. Children run bareheaded, many of them barefooted when snow and ice make winter prisoners of the big and little folk beyond perpetual summerland.

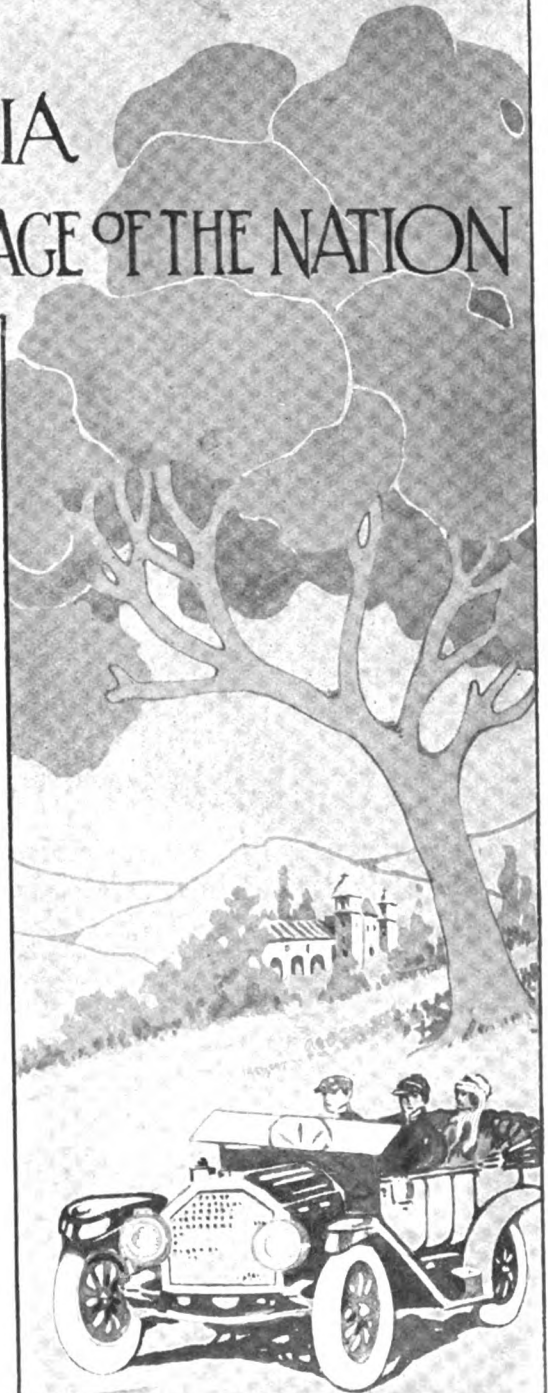
So we say come live with us. Come motor with us. Come golf with us. Come swim with us. Come hear our songs of gladness and join in them. Six months of solid pleasure await you, with the birds caroling and the flowers vying in a wealth of bloom.

IN CALIFORNIA THE OUTDOOR GARAGE OF THE NATION

THE following California Hotels and Resorts are known and endorsed by the Southern Pacific Company, and information and literature will be gladly furnished at any and all Southern Pacific offices:—

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Lake Tahoe, California
- FAIRMONT HOTEL
San Francisco, California
- HOTEL ST. FRANCIS
San Francisco, California
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San Francisco, California
- HOTEL OAKLAND
Oakland, California
- HOTEL DEL MONTE
Del Monte, California
- PASO ROBLES HOT SPRINGS
Paso Robles, California
- HOTEL ALEXANDRIA
Los Angeles, California
- HOTEL VAN NUYS
Los Angeles, California
- HOTEL HUNTINGTON
Pasadena, California
- HOTEL MARYLAND
Pasadena, California
- ALPINE TAVERN
Mt. Lowe, Pasadena
- GLENWOOD MISSION INN
Riverside, California
- STRATFORD INN
Del Mar, California
- HOTEL DEL CORONADO
San Diego, California

You will promptly receive any information you want and in addition a beautifully illustrated book, picturing and describing CALIFORNIA'S Famous Resorts along the Road of a Thousand Wonders if you will send your name and address to SUNSET MAGAZINE, San Francisco, California.





**New
Central
Fire-Proof
Comfortable**

Hotel Sutter

European Plan
\$1.50 per day
and upwards

Sutter and Kearny Streets
SAN FRANCISCO

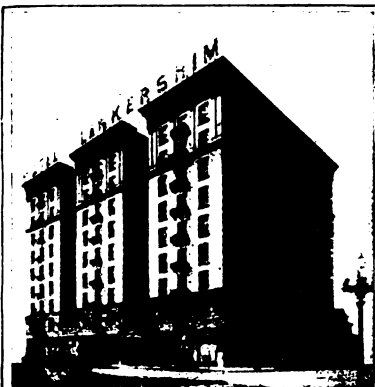
Take our auto or any taxi-cab from ferries
or depot at the expense of the hotel.

**EXCELLENT
CAFE**

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our own
management

Write us for information about San Francisco, either
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courteously, and correctly answered without obligation
on your part.



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Hotel Lankershim

Broadway at Seventh

EUROPEAN PLAN EXCELLENT CAFES

Three hundred and twenty rooms luxuriously furnished
Two hundred and fifty with private bath

RATES

Rooms without bath:	Rooms with private bath:
One occupant, \$1.50 and upwards (per day)	One occupant, \$2.00 and upwards (per day)

Automobile Bus Service From All Trains

* COOPER & DAVIS, Lessees

Mt. Tamalpais

over "The Crookedest
Railroad in the World"

is a trip no visitor to San Francisco can overlook, and one that no native Californian interested in scenic effects, or the geography of this part of the country, should fail to take.

**The Trip to Mt. Tamalpais
Consists of**

a boat ride along the wharves and shipping of San Francisco; a sail across the Golden Gate, the entrance to the Golden West; an electric car ride, third-rail system, along the shore of the Bay; a railroad ride through the big redwood trees of Mill Valley; the mountain railroad trip, not a cog road and no steep inclines; an unsurpassed panorama of mountains, valleys and ocean. You see it all from Mt. Tamalpais and want to go again.

*For full information inquire at
any railroad passenger office, or*

Ticket Office

874 Market Street, San Francisco
Sausalito Ferry, San Francisco



*Double loop-knot and San Francisco Bay as seen
from top of Mt. Tamalpais*

Shasta Limited

EXTRA FARE—TRAIN DE LUXE

Lv. San Francisco (Ferry Station)	11:25 a. m.
Ar. Portland 2nd Day . . .	2:50 p. m.
Ar. Tacoma 2nd Day . . .	7:40 p. m.
Ar. Seattle 2nd Day . . .	9:00 p. m.

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FIRST CLASS TICKETS ONLY

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Lv. San Francisco (Ferry Station)	10:20 p. m.
Ar. Portland 3rd Day . . .	7:40 a. m.
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Standard Pullman and Tourist Sleeping Cars
Observation Car. Dining Car to Portland

ALL CLASSES OF TICKETS

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Ar. Seattle 3rd Day . . .	3:15 p. m.

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You, too, will want to travel via the **Sunset-Katy** lines.

Personally conducted tourist sleepers San Francisco and Los Angeles to Dallas, St. Louis and intermediate points.

Standard sleepers connecting at San Antonio for all Texas and Oklahoma points, Shreveport, Kansas City and St. Louis.

For berths and any other travel information inquire at any office of Southern Pacific Company, or write,

J. T. Bate, General Agent
612 Trust & Savings Building
Los Angeles.



Joseph McIlroy, Gen'l. Agent,
613 Hearst Building,
San Francisco.

**ATTENTION
HOMESEEEKERS!! INVESTORS!!**

A NEW CALIFORNIA

FOR THE SETTLER
ON THE LINE OF THE

WESTERN PACIFIC

**TIMBER LANDS
ALFALFA LANDS
ORCHARDS**

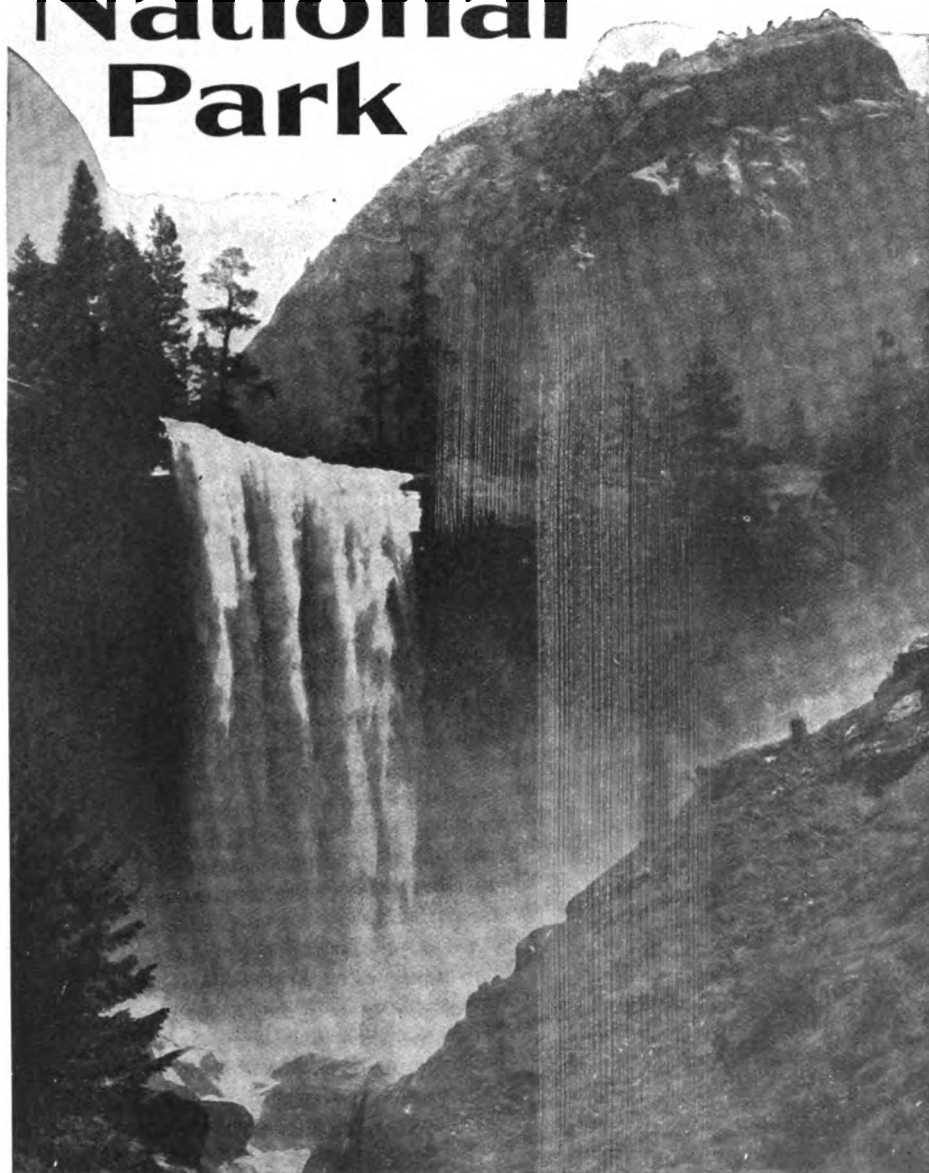
**MINERAL LANDS
WATER POWER
CANNERIES**

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E. L. LOMAX - - - - - PASSENGER TRAFFIC MANAGER
WESTERN PACIFIC RAILWAY, - - 980 MILLS BLDG., SAN FRANCISCO

WESTERN PACIFIC---RIO GRANDE
THE TRANSCONTINENTAL SCENICWAY

YOSEMITE National Park



The one best Vacation Trip - to wonderful Yosemite!
Plan it now. See it at your first opportunity.
Nothing to compare with it in all America!

In the heart of the Park, Sentinel Hotel, rates \$3 to
\$4 a day; \$20 to \$25 by the week. At the end of
the railroad Hotel del Portal, rate \$4 a day.

Write for folder to the Yosemite Valley Railroad Company,
Merced, California, or call on any Southern Pacific agent.

SEATTLE AND PUGET SOUND

PUGET SOUND is recognized as America's incomparable summer heritage of health, happiness and inspiration---the Western Hemisphere's one ideal refuge of clear, cool, refreshing summer weather in a very paradise of scenic grandeur and wild luxuries of outdoor recreation.

SEATTLE, the municipal masterpiece of the Pacific Northwest, stands heartily beside the quiet waters of this beautiful inland sea, midway between the wild wonderlands of the snowy Cascades to the eastward, and the marvelously many-hued Olympics forming the jeweled rim along the western horizon—while within full view southward Mount Rainier (14,526 feet high) rises into the clear blue vault like some shimmering new planet built of pearls.

Seattle is now renowned the world over for its adequate establishment of superb hotels. Several of these are already widely famed as commendable models of American luxuriance combined with home-like comfort, the most efficient service and yet at quite moderate cost.

These excellent hotel establishments are logically situated in Seattle, from whence practically all the celebrated natural attractions of the Puget Sound region may be conveniently reached within a few hours at the most.

From the last of May till the middle of September Puget Sound is the "cool and dry" belt. The skies are clear, no rains, no storms nor high winds, while temperature ranges from 60 to 85 degrees, with ever deliciously cool billows of air from sea. If you have never seen the scenic splendors of Seattle's wonderland environment you have missed the most inspiring summer playground of America, with motoring, boating, mountain-climbing, hunting, fishing and all the luxury of wildering recreation in the ambrosial open. Write Washington and Alaska Department—Sunset—318 Globe Bldg., Seattle, or to any of the leading Seattle hotels announced in this issue for booklets and all desirable information free. "Seattle is the gateway to Alaska."

THE SUMMER PLAYGROUND



HOTEL PERRY

Madison Street and Boren Avenue
SEATTLE

Hotel Perry caters to exclusive transient and permanent guests. It is absolutely fire-proof and is furnished according to the most modern ideas of luxury, comfort and refinement. It commands a magnificent view of Puget Sound, the Cascades and the Olympics. European Plan.
Rooms with bath, \$2.00 a day and upward.

B. H. BROBST, Manager

Hotel Savoy

HOTEL SAVOY IN HEART OF CITY

Seattle's The Place

To get away from the undesirable summer heat. Enjoy the delightfully cool breezes from Puget Sound and remember the

Hotel Savoy

in the center of things, an absolutely fire-proof building.

European Plan

Rooms
\$1.00 per day up.
With private bath \$2.00 per day up.

A Large Number of Shower Baths Equipped at Suggestion of Naval Officers.



SEATTLE

Hotel Stewart
 GEARY STREET, ABOVE UNION SQUARE
San Francisco
 Motorbus meets all trains and steamers.
 European Plan \$1.50 a day up, American Plan \$3.50 a day up.

European Plan Phone Sutter 960

Hotel Turpin
 F. L. and A. W. TURPIN, Proprietors
17 Powell St., at Market, San Francisco, Cal.
 Rooms without Bath \$1.50 Per Day—Rooms with Private Bath \$2.00 Per Day Up. All Market St. cars with a single exception (Sutter St.) pass the door; Fourth and Ellis Street line to Powell Street within half a block. Auto-Bus meets trains and steamers.

1856 1913
TUSCAN SPRINGS
 30 Minutes by Stage to Springs daily. New concrete Bath house and plunge; Booklet for asking, entitled **LET OTHERS TELL THE STORY**
 We cure others. Why not you? Address
 ED. B. WALBRIDGE, Tuscan, Cal.
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 Complete information and folders at Southern Pacific Information Bureau, Flood Building, San Francisco, Cal.



ARROWHEAD HOT SPRINGS
 Hottest and most curative springs in the world. Modern hotel waters. Mud highly radioactive. Rheumatism, kidney and stomach troubles successfully treated. Resident physician. Altitude 2000 feet. Home grown vegetables. Dairy and chicken ranch. American plan table. California's ideal resort.
ARROWHEAD HOT SPRINGS CO.
 Arrowhead Springs, Calif.




Hotel Imperial
 PHIL METSCHAN SR. & SONS, PROPRIETORS
 Complete Equipment
 Correct Service
 300 Rooms, 175 with Bath
 Rates: \$1.50 to \$3.50 per day
Luxury at the Price of Ordinary Service
 "In the Center of Everything"
 Seventh: between Washington and Stark
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Prevented—Stopped
MOTHERSILL'S, after thorough tests, is now officially adopted by practically all the Great Lakes and New York Steamship Companies running south, and many Transatlantic lines. Four years ago Mr. Mothersill gave a personal demonstration of his remedy on the English Channel, Irish Sea, and the Baltic, and received unqualified endorsement from leading papers and such people as Bishop Taylor Smith, Lord Northcliff, and hosts of doctors, bankers and professional men. Letters from personages of international renown—people we all know—together with much valuable information, are contained in an attractive booklet, which will be sent free upon receipt of your name and address. Mothersill's is guaranteed not to contain cocaine, morphine, opium, chloral, or any coal-tar products. 50 cent box is sufficient for twenty-four hours. \$1.00 box for a Transatlantic voyage. Your druggist keeps Mothersill's or will obtain it for you from his wholesaler. If you have any trouble getting the genuine, send direct to the Mothersill Remedy Co., 307 Scherer Bldg., Detroit, Mich. Also at 19 St. Bride Street, London; Montreal, New York, Paris, Milan, Hamburg.

While in Seattle
 Surround yourself with the homelike atmosphere of the
Hotel Washington Annex
 A hotel built around the words comfort, courtesy and convenience.
 200 rooms—all facing outward. Suites for families and parties. Strictly fireproof construction.
 Rates, \$1.00 per day up. **J. H. DAVIS, Propr.**



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and a
Competence
for
Life



You are on
LONDON BRIDGE
Today

Do You Remember

the experience of the philosopher who offered English sovereigns for pennies on London bridge a century ago without finding a taker—how the passers-by ignored the opportunity and *lost the profit* because they thought it *too good to be true?*

And do you realize today that **YOU** are face to face with an offer, every whit as profitable to **YOU** as the exchange of copper for gold—if you are quick to grasp it?

\$2,000 to \$5,000 a Year

net income from ten acres of matured apple and cherry orchard in the *frostless and wormless Bitter Root Valley* with a *home and six months vacation* annually in one of the most magnificently endowed natural environments on the Creator's footstool, with *golf links, hunting, fishing and mountain climbing* and with neighbors of culture, education and refinement—is the opportunity we offer you.

We believe you will *investigate* this opportunity because this appeal for investigation is directed to broad-minded and sensible readers, living in an age of scientific progress which has made the impossible of yesterday the reality of today. This is *not* an offer of something for nothing. It is an opportunity for you to make an immensely profitable compact based on mankind's partnership with nature. *We are now growing more than three thousand acres of fruit trees, one to three years old, for satisfied customers who would not consider selling their orchards at a large advance over their cost.*

\$2,000 to \$5,000 Yearly From Ten Acres

A Bitter Root Valley apple orchard bears commercially in its fifth year. Ten acres, fully developed, should be capable of returning you during early maturity, strictly net, a profit of \$2,000 to \$5,000 yearly. Beginning with the 10th year from planting, judged by experience of others, 10 acres should net you an income of \$5,000 yearly and employ only half your time.

If you have a fair-sized income now and are willing to improve your condition, you do not need much capital to possess one of these big-paying orchards.

Our Proposition and Plan

briefly stated is this: We will sell you a CHOICE 10-ACRE PLANTED and GROWING ORCHARD, best standard varieties apples and cherries—with the Company's definite written contract to care for and develop your orchard under expert horticultural supervision for five full growing seasons from date of planting, including all land taxes and irrigation charges. You may, if desired, assume personal charge of your orchard at any time and secure a refund.

The land should easily become worth, conservatively stated, in fair comparison with other improved land, \$1,000 an acre. There is a clean profit to you of 100 per cent on a 5-year investment to count on at the outset. Only a \$300 cash payment required now to secure your orchard tract—balance in easy payments divided over a ten year period. Your payments for the first few years are practically ALL the cash outlay you will have, as your orchard tract should meet all payments falling due while in commercial bearing period and yield you a handsome profit besides. Our reservation plan provides for inspection of the land by you, and your money back if dissatisfied.

INVESTIGATE by using this coupon TODAY

BITTER ROOT VALLEY IRRIGATION CO.

844-851 First National Bank Building, Chicago, U. S. A.

Robert S. Lemon, General Sales Manager:

Please send me full information concerning your River-view Orchard Tracts in Bitter Root Valley.

Write your name and complete address plainly on the margin below

ALMONDS

Goodnoe Hills Almond Groves, near Portland, produce \$100 to \$400 net per acre. We will plant and care for a 10 acre grove for \$400 cash and easy terms, and will guarantee you an income of not less than \$1000 after the fourth year. Write for attractive illustrated booklet.

DABNEY & DABNEY, 307 Railway Exchange, Portland, Oregon



It will help you--get it --read it
—It is brim full of live facts—

POULTRY LIFE

The magazine of the Pacific Coast

FIFTY CENTS A YEAR

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In all the World no Waters like these

Wilbur Hot Sulphur Springs

COLUSA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA

Hot Mud Baths naturally heated and medicated

Hot and Cold Sulphur Baths

Cure Rheumatism, Malaria, Stomach, Liver and Kidney Troubles
Open all year.

Address J. W. Cuthbert, Wilbur Springs, Cal., via Williams, or
Information Bureau S. P. Co., 884 Market St., San Francisco

Beautiful LONG BEACH, CAL.

offers ideal climate for visitors, sea bathing and sunshine the year round. Existence a pleasure every day.

A Postal Will Bring You Descriptive Folders of Our City, FREE. Our house is one short block from the strand, thoroughly modern homelike. Your Comfort Always Our Interest.

SHOREHAM APARTMENTS

Write today. Address: MRS. H. A. FANSLAW, Prop.
Shoreham Apartments Long Beach, Cal.

MESA ARIZONA

GATEWAY TO THE ROOSEVELT DAM

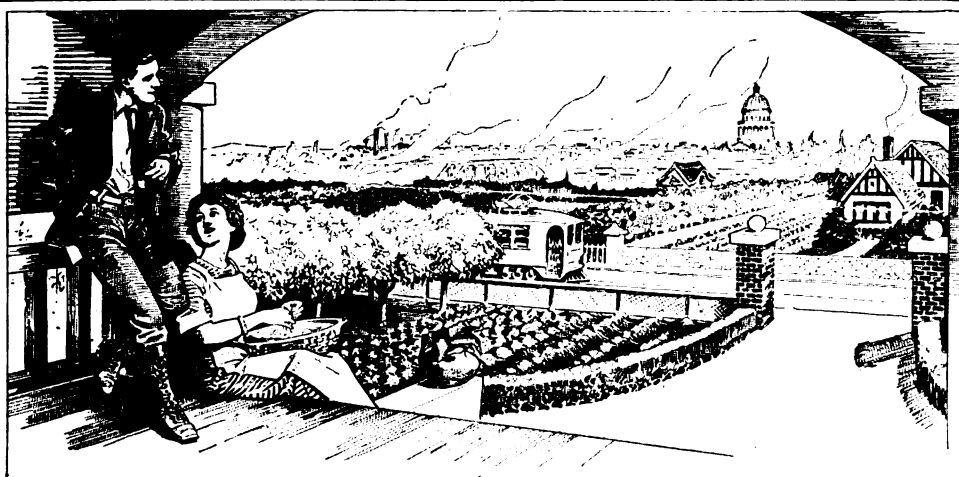
A land of constant sunshine, abundance of water, big crops, splendid markets. The farmers in the vicinity of Mesa are making big money growing alfalfa, wheat, barley, oranges, lemons, pomelos, peaches, apricots, pears, plums, grapes, cantaloupes, dates, figs, cotton, berries, garden truck, live stock and poultry. There is plenty of room for you if you are industrious.

CHEAP LAND FOR YOU

There is plenty of land near Mesa that can be obtained at a very low figure. Improved land is held at its true value and the benefits of improvement are worthy the consideration of the purchaser. The man who buys cheap land and brings it to a high state of cultivation is bound to make a big profit on his investment.

For further information and booklet address

SECRETARY COMMERCIAL CLUB
MESA, ARIZONA



BUY A GARDEN FARM IN THE MOST FERTILE VALLEY IN CALIFORNIA

West Sacramento

Just Across the River From California's Capital

You men who have thought of California—who have thought of eventually settling in the Golden West, will find at beautiful WEST SACRAMENTO the consummation of your ideals. For here is a great reclamation project—an area of 11,500 acres of the richest land in California upon which five million dollars has already been expended in development work to make this

A MODEL COMMUNITY OF MODERN CONVENIENCES

- Where a ten minute ride on the trolley cars that cross the property will take you into the heart of a city of 80,000 people.
- Where 50 miles of macadamized roads and concrete boulevards are now being laid.
- Where crop failure is impossible because the land is kept constantly moist by a natural system of sub-irrigation that costs you nothing.
- Where a Model Free Market has been provided through which you may dispose of the product of your farm.
- Where a service bureau has been established to teach you without cost the most scientific methods of getting the soil to produce all it has to give.
- Where the climate is typically Californian the year 'round.
- And where your success is assured from the very outset.

Any man who is now engaged in farming or is interested in agriculture should, for his own benefit, investigate this wonderful reclamation project. He should send for WEST SACRAMENTO literature to keep informed of the giant strides that have been made here on this dominion of Garden Farms. He should know about the unparalleled crops this marvelously fertile soil is producing - and the splendid price farm products are now bringing.

Terms will gladly be arranged. All you need is enough money to meet the first two payments, the profits of the soil will meet every other installment that falls due—for under intensive farming your land begins to produce in three or four months. This is being done by many land owners at WEST SACRAMENTO today. Tracts from one acre up. Only 10 per cent for your first payment. Just fill out the coupon below and mail it to-day.

West Sacramento Co.

LAND SALES DEPARTMENT

Nicolaus Building

SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA

Mail Us This Coupon Today

Fred T. Moore, Mgr. Land Sales Dept., Nicolaus Bldg., Sacramento, Cal.

Dear Sir: Kindly mail me a copy of your illustrated booklet, "Country Life in the City," and give me complete information as to prices, etc. It is understood this will not obligate me in any way.

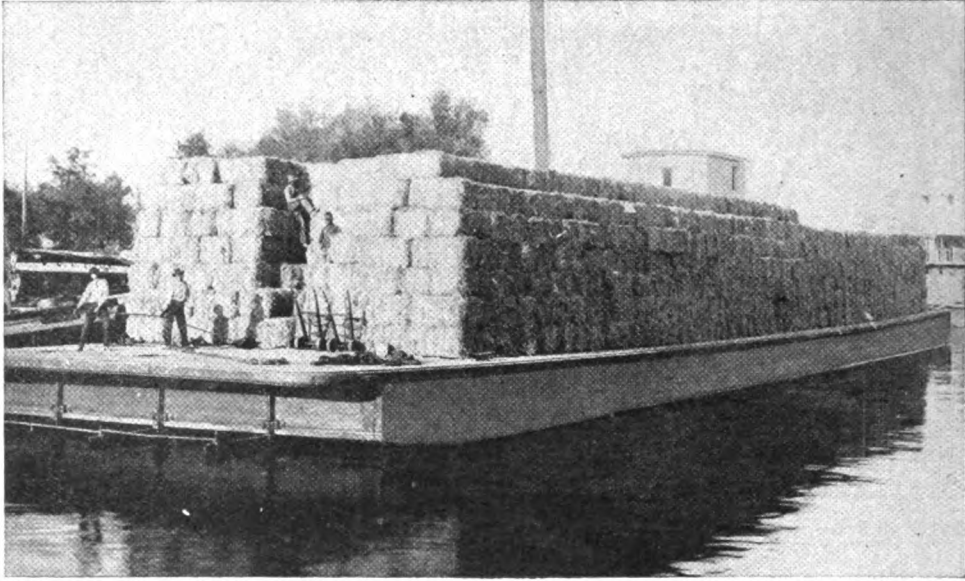
Name.....
Address..... P. O. Box.....

SAN FRANCISCO OFFICE:
Pine and Kearny Sts.

LOS ANGELES OFFICE:
204 Hibernian Building

CHICAGO OFFICE:
512 Harris Trust Bldg.
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Headed Downstream for the Big Markets



Baled Alfalfa Hay From the Fields of SAN JOAQUIN COUNTY

The farmers who raised the hay are happy. They received a good price for their crop. Some of them cut six crops during the season; some of them cut seven and eight. Most of them took twelve tons to the acre from their fields during the season. Not a few realized a net profit of \$90 per acre.

The shipper is happy. He buys hay without misgivings. He knows that the market is always waiting for the crop. He will have no trouble disposing of it at a good profit.

The consumer will be happy. There is more real value in a bale of alfalfa than in several bales of other sorts of hay. No other forage crop is so nutritious. No other forage crop is so welcomed by stock. No other forage crop satisfies cattle, hogs, horses and sheep like alfalfa.

ALFALFA IS BUT ONE OF THE BIG MONEY MAKING CROPS OF SAN JOAQUIN

Take potatoes, for instance. Half of the entire output of California comes from this county. Or beans, carloads of them every year; or celery, or asparagus, or barley, or peaches, or cherries, or prunes.

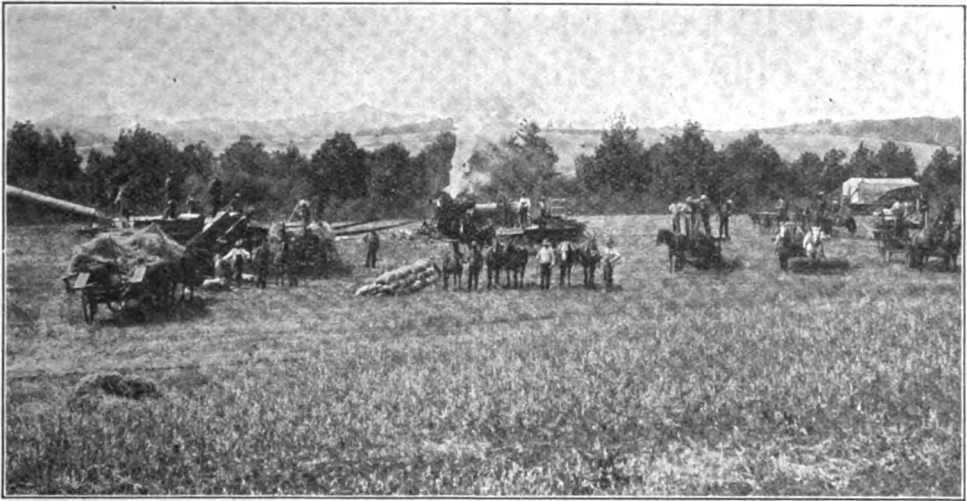
Any well informed man in California will tell you that San Joaquin County is the most diversified and one of the greatest wealth-producing counties in California.

Here's a county worth your earnest study. You couldn't do better than locate in our midst. Send for our literature. It is sure to interest you. We will supply the answers to all your questions if this literature fails to answer them.

For further information and illustrated literature address either of the undersigned commercial organizations:

Secretary, Chamber of Commerce Stockton	Secretary, Ripon Board of Trade Ripon
Secretary, Lodi Merchants Association Lodi	Secretary, Tracy Board of Trade Tracy
Secretary, Manteca Board of Trade Manteca	Or Board of Supervisors Stockton

SAN JOAQUIN COUNTY, CALIFORNIA



The Willamette Valley

Covers an area of approximately 11,200 square miles, it is 60 miles wide and 150 miles long, an area nearly equal to the entire states of New Jersey and Connecticut, yet with a population less than one-ninth.

The Willamette Valley is exceedingly fertile, with climate, soil and other advantages to suit every requirement of agricultural and industrial activity. With the steam and electric lines already built and now building, it presents to the homeseeker the greatest possibilities for intensified farming, dairying, truck gardening, poultry and hog raising.

Descriptive literature on any section of this great Valley can be had free; also booklets on dairying, poultry and hog raising. A postal card will bring them.



JOHN M. SCOTT, Gen. Pass. Agent
PORTLAND OREGON

A Well Like This Supplies 1400 Gallons of Pure Water per Minute

Good irrigable land can be bought on relinquishment near Deming now at \$5 to \$20 per acre and equipped with such a plant at a total cost of \$50 per acre and up. That's **much less** than you'd have to pay for irrigated land elsewhere.



It's the best kind of irrigation. Personally owned pumping plants, costing less than half what a Government or corporation controlled water right costs, and making each man master of his own water supply; water when needed and as much as needed. The land here is level, easily worked silt soil, free from harmful alkalis and wonderfully productive. The markets here offer the very highest prices.

DEMING New Mexico IN THE MIMBRES VALLEY

surrounded by vast mining districts entirely **dependent** upon Mimbres Valley for farm produce. **No other** nearby land suitable for agriculture.

Prices of land still low **only** because the great agricultural wealth of this section was but recently **known**. Yet here are all the **advantages** of a well settled community, because **built up** by mining and railroad industries.

Our health-bringing climate is famous the country over. Pure, dry air and sunshine. It not only offers a long growing season and lowers the expenses of farming, but offers an opportunity to **gain health** while making **more money**.

Sec'y, Chamber of Commerce, Deming, New Mexico
Please send me free book about Deming and the Mimbres Valley.

Name.....
Address.....



A New Settler at work on his ranch in Madera County CALIFORNIA

Fifteen hundred people have settled on two of the tracts opened for new homes, since October 1st, 1912. They are busy right now turning the rich virgin soil into orchards and vineyards, alfalfa fields and dairy ranches.

Madera County is making a grand rush to catch up with the development in the San Joaquin Valley. Extensive holdings and lack of irrigation held this county back.

Now the big ranches are being cut up.

Cheap power has been supplied for pumping.

The inexhaustible water supply is easily tapped.

Land is still cheap. It won't be long.

Our advice is to take advantage of the present opportunity to purchase land at low prices.

Ask us about the cost of irrigation; about the crops grown, the climate, the markets, government land opportunities for investment, fruit raising, dairying, alfalfa. It is our business to answer you truthfully. We know what you can do here. We have dug up the information. Write for booklet.

Secretary
Madera County Chamber of Commerce
Madera, California

A MILLION DOLLARS WORTH OF "SPUDS"

That is the output of Monterey county for a single season. Salinas "Spuds" are known commercially in most of the potato markets. Burbank potatoes are a source of big income to the farmers in this county. As high as 400 bushels to the acre have been harvested although the average yield is not that high. At \$1 per bushel there is good money in potatoes. The price is often far above that figure. The Salinas Valley produces from 10,000 to 14,000 tons annually.

Potatoes are but one of the sources of profit for the Monterey county farmer. Pears, apples, grapes, prunes, plums, olives, citrus fruits, walnuts, alfalfa, cattle, poultry, sugar beets all bring in their share of the annual wealth of the county.

The yearly balance sheet will show a million dollars worth of potatoes, a million dollars worth of apples, a million dollars worth of live stock, a million dollars worth of sugar beets, a million dollars worth of barley. Dairying is profitable.

And then there is that other side of life in Monterey county—the healthful, ideal climate, the fun at the beaches, the historical points of interest, the rugged coast scenery, the mountains. The resort section of the county is famous the world over. Here are some of the noted hotels and resorts of California. Within the county are three of the world famous Missions, established by the Franciscan fathers. The climate is such that other communities measure their claims to the standard set by Monterey.



A FIELD OF SUGAR BEETS, ONE OF THE BIG CROPS OF THIS COUNTY

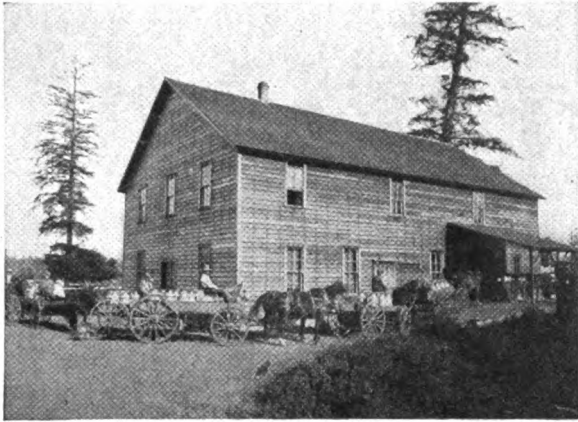
Where to write for information

For booklet and other information address either of the following

Monterey Co. Chamber of Commerce, Salinas	Greenfield Grange Greenfield
Board of Trade Pacific Grove	Kings City Board of Trade Kings City
Fort Romie Grange Soledad	Monterey Chamber of Commerce Monterey

Monterey County, California

This is one of Two Dozen Successful Co-operative Cheese Factories



It is to these factories that Tillamook owes much of her prestige as a cheese manufacturing and producing county. Tillamook county is a natural dairy pasture—the soft rains and the rich soil nurturing a wealth of nutritious grasses. Early settlers realized the possibilities of the county. Creameries and cheese factories were established. Cheese makers were brought from other countries. A standard was established and all the cheese manufactured made to conform to that standard.

Tillamook County dairymen receive the highest prices known for their butterfat. There is room for as many more successful dairy ranches in the county as are now operating. If you are a dairyman or want to get a start in the industry write us. Tillamook County is also noted for its beach resorts, wonderful scenery, hunting, fishing, timber, salmon canneries, and other sources of wealth and pleasure. For literature address

THE TILLAMOOK COUNTY COURT

TILLAMOOK, OREGON

The Automobile Route to Yosemite Leads Straight Through

Sunny Stanislaus

The famous Coulterville Road, recognized as the safe way for automobile tourists to enter Yosemite National Park, runs straight through Stanislaus County. Those who drive to the National Playground will see the green fields, the beautiful orchards, the contented dairy herds of Sunny Stanislaus. They will see what water has done to almost worthless land—that is worthless until the water came. They will see the new homes that have arisen, the farmers who are growing wealthy, the fields that are making fortunes for the owners. It is a sight equally impressive to the wonders of the great park.

More complete information may be obtained from

**SECRETARY
STANISLAUS COUNTY BOARD OF TRADE
MODESTO, CALIFORNIA**



This picture of a Kern County meadow shows the soil (and it is good soil) and it shows the water (and there is plenty of it.)

No Experimenting in Kern County

That has all been done. Crops have been tried and proven; fruit has been tested; the range of products has been determined; there is no longer any question of what a man can do with soil and water. Kern County had to go through its share of the transitional days. First came the stockman. The wheat rancher followed to scratch the top soil and take his wealth of golden grain. The irrigation ditch has put an end to careless farming methods. It has changed ranching from haphazard methods to business farming. Intensive farming has come to stay and the attendant returns are far greater.

Watch Kern's Population Figures

Sixty-eight per cent represented the gain in population in the decade from 1890 to 1900. From 1900 to 1910 the gain was 128 per cent. The next census will show that percentage of gain outclassed. Keep your eye on Kern County! Watch the census returns—population; gain in per capita wealth; gain in farm value; gain in crop returns. They will surprise you.

Lots of Room for New Settlers

According to the census of 1910—the latest available government figures—there were 1,403,350 acres in farms in Kern County and of this immense acreage but 315,387 acres were in improved farms. The most successful colony in the county is but six years old! There is plenty of room for settlers. If you are seeking a new homeland you had better see Kern before you decide. Prices are still low here. They can't remain so long.

Our booklet—sixty-four pages, beautiful illustrations—will tell you more about Kern County and its resources. Send for it today. Free for the asking.

Address all correspondence to

Secretary Kern County Board of Trade, Bakersfield

KERN COUNTY California



Gathering the Almond Crop from an Orchard near Lodi

One Grower near

LODI

Took \$6000 Worth
of Almonds from
His Thirty-Acre
Grove Last Year—
and that was not an unusual or exceptional yield

Almonds always bring good returns in soil suitable to their culture. There are but few sections of the United States adapted to them. The trees are thrifty enough and hardy enough but frost kills them easily. That is why they do so well here. The frost doesn't catch them. There is a crop every year. Because of the limited area suitable to their culture the crop always brings good prices. The average last year was around 11 cents per pound. Some brought more; some less. There is not much work to an almond orchard. Almond growing is delightful and highly remunerative.

If you want to know more about land around Lodi, about other crops that do well here, about the ideal home life of this section, about the most extensively cultivated, most highly developed fruit and nut, alfalfa and poultry section of California, write to

Secretary Merchants Association, Lodi, California

TUOLUMNE APPLE LAND

There is not a whole lot of land in California that is suitable to the production of apples. Apples require certain soil types, certain elevations, certain air drainages, certain temperatures. The hill lands are best adapted to apple culture and only favored sections of the hill lands meet with all the requirements for success in this branch of horticulture.

Tuolumne County has the proper elements—soil, altitude, temperature, irrigation—and therefore some of the state's prize apples are grown in this county.

Here is a point in favor of the settler: **LAND IS STILL CHEAP IN THIS COUNTY. ONE CAN GET A START WITH SMALL CAPITAL.**

There are many other crops grown in Tuolumne County, fruits, vine products, berries, vegetables, alfalfa, hay, live stock. Here is an opportunity for the man of small means.

ASK US FOR FURTHER INFORMATION AND ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET
Board of Supervisors, Sonora,
Tuolumne County, California

4,000 Business Openings

On the Union Pacific System Lines

One of them for you--

Alfalfa Mills, Bakers, Bankers, Barber Shops,
Blacksmith Shops, Brick Yards, Canning Fac-
ories, Cement Block Factories, Creameries,
Drug Stores, Elevators, Flour Mills, Foundries,
Furniture Stores, Garages, Hardware Stores,
Hotels, Implement Stores, Laundries, Lumber
Yards, Meat Markets, Physicians, Restaurants,
Stores (general), and a great variety of others

There are many thousands of Acres--Irrigated and Non-irrigated land--that can be had at low prices. We have authentic information covering business and land propositions. It is Free to you.

Write to me--I will be glad to answer promptly.

R. A. SMITH

Colonization and Industrial Agent

Union Pacific Railroad Co.

Room 111, Union Pacific Bldg.

Omaha, Nebr.



This pumping plant irrigates 160 acres

We are proprietors of extensive, developed ranch properties here—**THE PORTLAND RANCH—WHICH ARE NOT FOR SALE.** Actual statistics show over 2½ tons per acre from the first cutting of our full grown stand of Alfalfa, this season. Five sure cuttings a season with possibility of six.

Wishing to encourage others to build homes here and make money by investing in and developing Antelope Valley lands, we have listed with us choice properties in **RAW, PARTIALLY AND FULLY DEVELOPED** lands, 40 acres and up, at prices that can not be bettered.

ANTELOPE VALLEY, CALIFORNIA

Alfalfa, hog, dairy, pear, apple, apricot and almond ranches are to be the principal income producers of this, **THE COMING VALLEY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.**

Raw lands, in isolated cases, may be purchased for less but fine land, well located with good water conditions, is rapidly becoming scarce at \$35.00 to \$50.00 per acre. We offer a few special bargains, with pumping plant, etc., at prices less than the cost of the raw land and the improvements today.

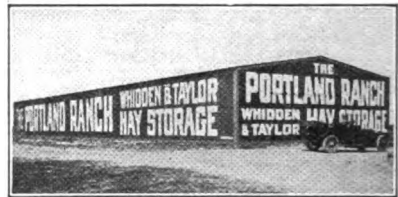
WE KNOW THE COUNTRY, THE SOIL AND THE POSSIBILITIES OF THIS NEW COUNTRY, and in buying through us our Real Estate clients receive the benefit of our personal knowledge of all the facts. Write us today.

We invite personal inspection by appointment only.

Address WHIDDEN & TAYLOR

(Proprietors of the Portland Ranch)

Lancaster, California



Our Hay Warehouse at Lancaster

The Contrast Here is Great

The contrast between Tulare County and other sections is even greater. The topographical formation of Tulare County gives her every climate from the semi-tropics to the rigorous north; her geological formation gives her many varieties of fertile soil; her vast watershed an excellent gravity and underground water supply; her geographical location a commanding position to local markets and her transportation facilities places her in touch with the markets of the world.

Here is the opportunity for the fruit grower, the farmer, the dairyman, the stockman, the homeseeker and the investor. For free illustrated literature and specific information write Department A—

Tulare County Board of Trade
VISALIA, CALIFORNIA

ANTELOPE VALLEY

LOS ANGELES COUNTY

CALIFORNIA

Here is a fine stretch of land within three hours from Los Angeles, the biggest marketing center of Southern California, that offers the best opportunities for home making and farm land investment. The Antelope Valley is ready for development *now* because of the recent discovery that water is obtainable at reasonable cost. This vast virgin valley can not be surpassed for opportunities in alfalfa growing, dairy farming, fruit raising, truck farming.

Good Soil
Wonderful Climate
Purest of Water
Splendid Auto Roads
Close to Los Angeles
Valley is 70 miles long
20 miles wide
2400 feet above
sea level



200 inches from a single pump irrigates 160 acres



Alfalfa that will cut two tons per acre

Ideal for Dairying
Pears are big producers
Alfalfa is making
fortunes for many
Hogs do exceptionally
well
Fruits—deciduous and
citrus grow to
perfection

The Lancaster Chamber of Commerce desires to present the advantages of this country to business men and farmers, capitalists and men of achievement—men who are ready to capitalize their investments upon a business basis with an idea of developing and bringing into use many broad idle acres. Speculators are not wanted. The Antelope Valley awaits the energetic, wideawake man who is willing to aid in its proper development.

For further information and illustrated literature address

I. E. DODGE, Secretary

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, LANCASTER, CALIFORNIA

Prizes Indicate:

Besides the progressiveness of the citizens of a locality, that the locality produces something worth while.

Sonoma County has a long list of winnings taken at expositions all over the world—Genoa, Dublin, Chicago, San Francisco, Bordeaux, Guatemala, Portland, Seattle, Paris, Buffalo, St. Louis—highest awards for the champagne and wines made in this county, from fruit grown in this county.

These Winnings Establish Sonoma's Claim to Precedence Over All Sections of the World in the Growing of Grapes and in the Manufacture of Grape Products.

But not alone to grapes and wines does Sonoma owe her prosperity and wealth. Here are some of the finest prune orchards, some of the world's greatest chicken ranches, some of the greatest of California hop fields. Some enthusiastic citizens of the county have deemed this the Paradise of which we all have dreamed. That Sonoma is one of the most delightful spots imaginable is evidenced by the fact that a hundred thousand visitors flock into the county every season to enjoy their summer outings along the picturesque rivers.

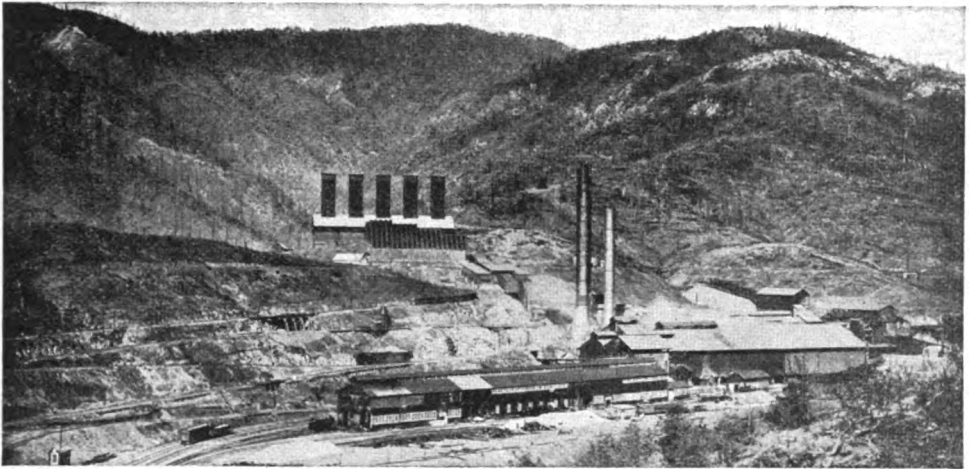
And Sonoma County is the chosen home of "Wizard" Burbank.

For further information and a beautiful booklet address either of the undersigned:

Sonoma County Development Association, Santa Rosa.
Santa Rosa Chamber of Commerce, Santa Rosa.
Petaluma Chamber of Commerce, Petaluma.
Sebastopol Chamber of Commerce, Sebastopol.
Sonoma Chamber of Commerce, Sonoma.

Guerneville Improvement Club, Guerneville.
Healdsburg Chamber of Commerce, Healdsburg,
Windsor Chamber of Commerce, Windsor.
Cloverdale Chamber of Commerce, Cloverdale.

SONOMA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA



MAMMOTH COPPER COMPANY'S SMELTER AND MINE—LARGEST OPERATING IN CALIFORNIA

A Word to the Manufacturer

We have been telling the homeseeker and investor what he can find to his advantage in Shasta County, California. We want more settlers and tillers of soil. Shasta County does not begin to produce her quota or her possibilities of foodstuffs. But Shasta County also has much to offer the manufacturer and investor. Here are available industrial opportunities that should not be overlooked.

What Diversified Shasta Has to Offer:

The unharnessed power of a Niagara

Iron, copper and zinc in tremendous deposits

Structural advantages in cement and clay deposits

Vast forests of hardwood, pine and fir

Cheap fuel in the form of producer gas

Unlimited resources of raw materials and unusual industrial advantages make it possible for Shasta County to extend to capital of the first magnitude investment opportunities unexcelled.

Here are already located great mines and smelters. This county produced mineral values from 1897 to 1912 amounting to \$88,861,264, an average output annually of \$5,500,000. Over 2,500 men are employed in the mines. The mineral products of the county include gold, silver, copper, zinc, galena, iron, sulphur, cinnabar, chromite, molybdenite, manganese, barite, asbestos, limestone, cement materials, clays, marbles and excellent mineral waters.

Correspondence is invited with men of capital looking for safe investment and for sites for the establishment of manufacturing enterprises.

Our beautiful new booklet—superbly illustrated—gives the facts succinctly. Send for it. We will back up every statement in it. For further particulars address

Clerk of the Board of Supervisors	-	-	Redding, California
or Redding Chamber of Commerce	-	-	Redding, California
Anderson Chamber of Commerce	-	-	Anderson, California

SACRAMENTO

EVER since the first settlement was made on the banks of the Sacramento River, this county has been known as a great agricultural county. Once see the fertile fields, the heavily laden orchards, the vineyards with their clusters of luscious fruit, the green alfalfa fields, the model dairies, the orange groves, the poultry farms of the county where the state capital is located and your search for an ideal homeland is over. That is why the population is increasing at such a tremendous rate. Others have seen and settled.

Here Alfalfa Grows Luxuriantly Without Irrigation.

Here Strawberries Are Marketed Eleven Months in the Year.

Here Apricots Ripen Early and Reach Their Highest Perfection.

Here Almonds Are Exceptionally Profitable.

Here Are Some of the Finest Olive Lands in the State.

We much prefer that you visit Sacramento County and see what chances there are for you. We believe that you will find life most alluring, and compensation in keeping with the energy which you expend on the land. We are not inviting the settler to idleness and "easy money." We know, however, that he will obtain better returns here than he will in many other sections of the country and that the investment now will be pleasing in returns as settlement continues in our county and the state of California.

For further information address

**IMMIGRATION COMMITTEE
BOARD OF SUPERVISORS, SACRAMENTO
SACRAMENTO COUNTY, CALIFORNIA**



Coos Bay Oregon

- Offers inducements to homeseekers, tourists, investors.
- Second largest dairying region in Pacific Northwest.
- Only safe deep-sea harbor between San Francisco and the Columbia River.
- Three hundred thousand dollars being spent annually in harbor improvements.
- Estimated 110,000,000,000 feet of standing timber. Largest belt of standing timber tributary to any port in the world.
- Four hundred miles of territory underlaid with deposits of coal. Four mines now in operation.
- Five immense lumber mills—one the largest on the Pacific Coast—now in operation.
- Modern paper and pulp mill now in operation.
- Logical shipping center for vast tributary territory.
- Surrounding country ideal for dairying, stock-raising, fruit and garden products. Great berry region.

You can't afford to miss the offerings of Coos Bay

Write for further information and booklet.

Marshfield Chamber of Commerce, Marshfield, Ore.
North Bend Commercial Club, North Bend, Ore.

VALLEY of the SAN JOAQUIN

\$150.00 down
\$20.00 a month for 10 Acres
Irrigated Alfalfa Land

72,000 acres of level, fertile soil.
Watered by San Joaquin and Kings Rivers.
Fine, healthy climate. Excellent transportation—Two railroads. Excellent property.
There is no crop that gives better cash income than does alfalfa. *Intensive dairying—then independence and comfort will be yours. It is intensive farming!*
Immense crops of alfalfa, hay, corn, grapes, berries and fruits of all kinds are being raised by 300 satisfied farmers.
Land values are low—\$125 to \$175 per acre—on the easiest of terms.
Mail attached coupon and receive free booklet with photographic views showing actual conditions; also statement of what you can do on a 20-acre San Joaquin Valley farm.
Do it now!
We think \$14,045 is a good income for 5 years' work. Don't you?

San Joaquin Valley Farm Lands Company
Suite 200 H. W. Hellman Bldg.
Los Angeles, California

San Joaquin Valley Farm Lands Company
General Offices, Suite 200 H. W. Hellman Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

Send me without charge
Booklet of 72,000 Acre James Ranch Pictures.

Name.....
Street..... City.....

Thousands Are Living Hygienically—Are You?

Why not enjoy your living as it was meant to be enjoyed; why not live so that the long cool draughts of Nature's pure air will invigorate your entire being; why not live so that a stuffy bed chamber is nothing but a half-forgotten night-mare? Live in a



A Cozy Kenyon Interior

Kenyon Take-Down House

In the lands of never ending summer as well as in the cooler districts are these beautiful, wonderful brown bungalows. They are all portable, all hygienic. Big bay-like openings with screens and awnings make one feel as if living out under the fragrant pines.

Adjustable storm blinds on every window keep you absolutely comfortable in any weather condition. Ventilated ceilings let in the soft good air yet without a draught and give one the comfort of sleeping and waking as Nature meant we should in a ventilated abode. Hardwood floors throughout, germ proof as are the walls, keep one free from pests.

Two Thousand Kenyon Houses

are making people healthier and happier. You can set them up yourself in less than a day. Why not investigate them yourself?

A post card brings you our beautiful catalog illustrated in colors. It tells all about these wonderful little brown bungalows. Write for it.

Houses carried in stock by: Kenyon-Pacific Co., 601 First Nat'l Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.; Lowe & Company, 2888 Wall Street, Vancouver, B. C.

R. L. KENYON COMPANY
536 Albert St., Waukesha, Wis.



Alfalfa Land Antelope Valley

On S. P. R. R.
70 miles north of Los Angeles

SOUTHERN PACIFIC LANDS

Sold in tracts from 40 to 640 acres—Prices \$20 to \$45 per acre. Ten years time, one-tenth cash. Alfalfa, pears, apples, etc. Good land, good climate, good water supply, good markets.

C. E. WANTLAND, General Sales Agent
410 Grosse Building, Los Angeles, Cal.
702 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

B. A. McALLASTER, Land Commissioner
801 Flood Building, San Francisco, Cal.

Casa Grande Valley, Arizona

Two hundred thousand acres of rich land; forty thousand acres under cultivation, in grain and alfalfa, deciduous fruits and cotton.

A new Irrigation District solves the question of water supply. Water is found at from 30 to 65 feet. This is no guess,—over a dozen pumping plants around Casa Grande are getting water now at that depth.

Casa Grande Valley is booming. Although being rapidly filed upon, there is still LOTS OF GOVERNMENT LAND OPEN FOR ENTRY. Land values have more than doubled in the past year. Big opportunities still open.

For free illustrated folder address

J. F. BROWN, Secretary
Casa Grande Commercial Club
Casa Grande, Arizona



Point Loma at Sunset

In Beautiful San Diego— The Harbor of the Sun

THERE'S only one POINT LOMA and it's the choicest residential spot of all the land. Standing as the majestic guardian of San Diego and her grand harbor, overlooking views that are unsurpassed in all the world, Point Loma offers to mankind a home, and with that home an all-the-time climate that varies at noonday not more than ten degrees throughout the year.

The sunshine of sunny Southern California carries with it glorious warmth without discomfort, and at night your blanketed bed leads to dreamless slumber. About you the beautiful view of mountain, of ocean and of bay, with flowers and citrus fruits in endless profusion. For pleasure the finest of sunlit beaches with murmuring surf.

In this earthly paradise is to be found home, health and happiness. And yet it is not alone the haven of the rich. On Point Loma you may purchase fine building sites, 50x140, from \$850 up.

A postcard will bring our booklet.

D. C. COLLIER & CO.

1141 Broadway (D Street) San Diego, Calif.

A 20,000 Acre Farm

of beautiful land in Northern California. Railway station on property. Ideal for subdivision or a high class investment as a ranch to farm as a whole.

**10,000 level acres under irrigation
Rented now for \$24,000 per year**

Investigate this at once.

PRICE, \$35.00 PER ACRE

For full particulars call on

JOHN F. SULLIVAN

LANDS AT WHOLESALE

Suite 518 Van Nuys Bldg.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.



From Three Acres—

one planted to Spitzenberg and two to Yellow Newtown apples—a rancher near Ashland took

\$2000 Net Profit

in one season. He came to Ashland broken in health, discouraged. He made good at fruit raising and in a short time was on his feet laying the foundation for a snug fortune. There are many similar instances. Our booklet tells of them. Fortunes are made from peaches, pears, apples and small fruits.

Ashland—Southern Oregon's acknowledged climatic capital, invites you to share in its beneficent climate, in its boundless and magnificent natural scenery, in its health restoring waters, in its opportunities for financial gain. You'll like it here.

Write for booklet, splendidly illustrated and truthfully portraying the advantages and delights of Ashland and its surroundings.

SECRETARY COMMERCIAL CLUB

ASHLAND, Oregon

British Columbia, Canada

Developing At Wonderful Rate

Millions of dollars being spent by several big railroads building thousands of miles of new lines, opening new rich countries and giving birth to many towns, which will grow very rapidly because new settlers are pouring in.

Fine land—delightful climate—splendid scenery—all sorts of good hunting and fishing, and everything else to make life happy and successful.

Today is the time to take advantage of this tremendous growth—these are facts, and they will mean fortunes for a great many who act now. I have studied the country at close range for 10 years and will be glad to give my unbiased opinion and help to any reader of Sunset, who is really desirous of getting the facts.

State definitely what sort of a proposition will interest you, exactly how much money you have available, so that I can answer authoritatively to your best advantage.

British Columbia has room and good opportunities for thousands of new-comers. I can tell you all about the best places to go and locate.

Write today—Enclose 10c for full details and literature.

You can see British Columbia at its best during September.

This service is simply part of my work as Canadian Manager for Sunset Magazine, and is free to Sunset Readers.

Awaiting your commands, I am,

Sincerely yours,

W. F. COLEMAN

Canadian Manager

730 ROGERS BUILDING : VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA

RICHLANDS

Where?

In the sunny Okanagan Valley in central, southern British Columbia. A proven fruit district, which has won highest awards wherever exhibited, among which are the following: The Royal Horticultural Society's Gold Medal at London in 1904 and 1905. Thirteen firsts in 14 entries at the Spokane Apple Show in competition with fruit from all over America. It takes the world's best to win such awards.

Why?

Fruit growing on good land offers not only a pleasant and healthy mode of living but a most profitable one as well. A ten acre orchard under our development plan costs the purchaser \$4000 in easy payments. It will yield a net revenue from \$75 to \$200 per acre according to age. After five years of development \$7000 is a reasonable estimate of its market value. Such a remunerative investment must appeal to any shrewd business man. That's the WHY of Richlands.

How?

Raw land at Richlands is \$200 per acre, $\frac{1}{4}$ cash, balance over four years at 6%. For an additional \$200 per acre payable in the same manner, our experts will prepare, plant and care for the orchard for five years. In other words for a sum of \$200 per acre we bring the raw land to a point where it will yield the purchaser a living income.

Convincing information of this desirable proposition will reach you by return mail if you send the annexed coupon. May we serve you?

Kindly send me full information on Richlands fruit orchards.

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

North American Securities, Limited

Capital Paid Up \$1,330,000

VANCOUVER, B. C., CANADA

In the Most Exclusive Area

A Score of Ideal Sites in Vancouver's District of Palatial Homes

We have just arranged for the offering of these splendid properties of the highest residential class in time for this issue of SUNSET: The north half of Block 998, District Lot 526.

There are only four double corners and sixteen inside lots included in this offering. All the lots are cleared and graded ready for building, and the adjacent properties are all cleared and being improved.

This property is in the majestic Shaughnessy Heights district, the premier residential section of the city of Vancouver. Each lot is an ideal building site, having 50 feet frontage and commanding a magnificent panoramic view.

This property is one block north of Wilson Road, three blocks east of Oak Street car line, two blocks from Shaughnessy Golf Links, and only two blocks from Western Residential School, one of the select educational institutions of Vancouver.

General Manager R. H. Sperling of the British Columbia Electric Railway has authorized us to say: "The B. C. E. R. Company will construct a line of railway on Wilson Road in the near future."

We therefore unreservedly recommend these properties and offer them at these extremely low prices and terms:

Inside lots \$1,250, double corners \$3,150, terms one-fourth cash, balance in four semi-annual payments, interest 7 per cent. We guarantee particular attention of the manager personally to the correspondence and business of non-residents.

Yorkshire Guarantee & Securities Corporation, Ltd., is one of the oldest and most substantial English companies of Western Canada. For over twenty-three years its uniform success and conservatism have been noteworthy in Vancouver and its territory. Today the company is preparing to occupy its modern ten-story office building required by the expansion of the corporation's business, which includes a clientele representing many parts of this continent. We are now prepared to accommodate more clients, investing funds for them in non-speculative values, advising and acting for them in the purchase of desirable properties, or investing trust funds in first mortgages on improved properties of the highest class yielding up to 8% interest. The subscribed capital of this corporation is \$1,327,450. It is as safe and trustworthy as capital and experience can make concerns, and it invites and will welcome your free and friendly correspondence.

Direct and prompt personal attention given to correspondence

Yorkshire Guarantee & Securities Corporation

LIMITED

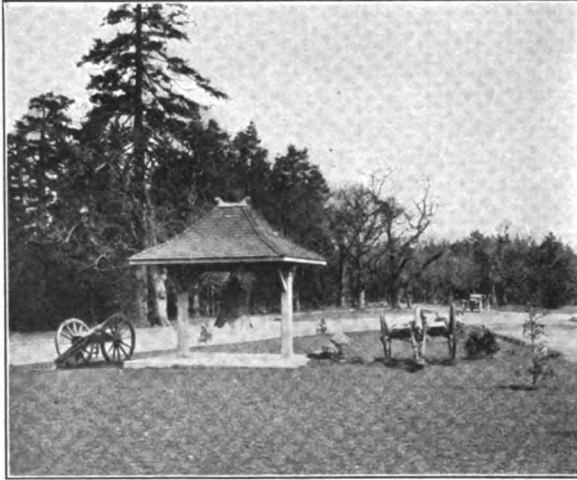
R. KERR HOULGATE, Manager

440 Seymour Street

VANCOUVER, CANADA

Victoria's Wealth of

The Busiest Harbor and Most Beautiful Seaport City of the Pacific Northwest



As a locality of fascinating historic interest, Victoria and all that storied region of southern Vancouver Island—"The Island of Discovery"—is an attraction subordinate only to its singular combination of majestic scenery, unrivalled all-year climate and superb highways.

VICTORIA affords almost limitless opportunities for the entertainment of tourists.

Its hotels are among the finest to be found anywhere in the West, and the numerous lake and stream and seashore resorts all over the southern half of Vancouver Island are well provided with comfortable inns and tourist hotels.

The motor roads out of Victoria threading through the scenic wonders of forest and mountain loveliness that have made Vancouver Island famous form a source of ceaseless pleasure to nature-loving travelers.

The motorboat cruising waters all around Victoria and up through the many-islanded and ruggedly inletted Straits of Georgia are unrivalled anywhere else in this hemisphere.

The whole island of some fifteen thousand square miles astonishes with its great virgin forests, its majestic mountain fastnesses, its beautiful lakes and tumbling mountain streams that teem with trout and other game fishes.

The city itself, with its splendid residential establishment, its magnificent Parliament Buildings, its celebrated museum and its many historic show places, is a remarkable and satisfying attraction.

VICTORIA, B. C., for more than a quarter of a century has been the chief attraction for tourists in the Pacific Northwest. By thousands of experienced travelers she is pronounced the most beautiful and one of the most interesting seaport capitals of Western North America, and she enjoys the unique distinction of having the most equable climate known in this hemisphere. But here are other and more vital reasons for her real greatness and present tremendous upbuilding progress:

1. Victoria is the first and last port touched by the ocean shipping of Western Canada.



This is a photo of a midwinter scene in Beacon Hill Park, Victoria, where the average coldest winter weather in the last 20 years was 17 degrees above zero and the annual rainfall less than 28 inches, while the average hottest weather was 84 degrees.

Ways and Weather

The Most Alluring Auto Roads and Most Delightful Climate on the Continent

2. Victoria is the Pacific headquarters of the British Navy, and the Canadian Government is now building there extensive world-port harbor facilities and the world's largest drydock.

3. Victoria is thus finally recognized as Canada's indispensable western ocean harbor, supreme because of its freedom from fog, its close proximity to the ocean and its natural adequacy and adaptability.

4. Victoria is the home of the British Columbia Government and is the ideal residential city of all the Canadian West.



The auto roads of Vancouver Island, particularly those of Victoria's picturesque vicinity, represent the highest development of modern road building in the Pacific Northwest. These splendid highways are built and maintained most admirably by the Government, affording pleasing access to leafy wonderlands.



Here is another typical midwinter scene, viewed from one of the automobile boulevards in the outskirts of Victoria. These wayside attractions are indeed merely incidental to those that have made Victoria the tourist center of the Pacific Northwest

VICTORIA now invites the consideration of the world as an investment opportunity. In the last two years Victoria has been growing at an amazing rate—faster than any other city of Western Canada. Today it is apparent to all that the upbuilding progress of the city has but just commenced. Now is the time to investigate Victoria and share in the big profits of its rapidly increasing property values. For reliable and accurate information furnished without cost or obligation to you, write at once to any of the following leading business concerns of Victoria:

CLARKE REALTY COMPANY
721 Yates Street

TRACKSELL, DOUGLAS & CO.
722 Yates Street

J. E. SMART & CO., Limited
405 Pemberton Block

GERMAN-CANADIAN TRUST CO.
639 Fort Street

MONK, MONTIETH & CO., Ltd.
Government St., Cor. Broughton

WESTERN LANDS, Limited
725 Fort Street

HERBERT CUTHBERT & COMPANY
635 Fort Street

Western Dominion Land & Investment Co., Ltd.
Corner Fort and Broad Streets

VICTORIA, BRITISH COLUMBIA

Are you coming to Victoria?

If you are

You will find that Victoria Securities, Limited, maintains the largest list of all kinds of desirable real estate to be found in Victoria—and keeps it up to date.

You will see in this noteworthy offering of properties the choicest buys and most genuine bargains in all kinds of city real estate, farm lands, timber and mines, each distinct class of property being in charge of an expert who has mastered every detail of information concerning the properties in his charge, as well as the general subject applying to his department. This is also true of the corporation's departments of mortgages, loans and insurance.

You will find here listed most beautiful residential properties in the Oak Bay district, reputed to be the choicest and most attractive exclusive residential district of Victoria, and therefore of the Pacific Northwest.

If you are not

You will find that a brief inquiry from you, indicating in what form of property or in what district you are interested, will bring you absolutely reliable and very thorough information, as accurate, impartial and reliable as a bank statement—because Victoria Securities, Limited, is that kind of an establishment and all inquiries and correspondence from non-residents command the personal attention of the manager, Mr. D. M. Malin.

Your inquiry will start immediate effort to supply you fully with all important particulars, maps, etc., without cost or obligation on your part.

You will be asked to take no risk with your money that this corporation does not approve as conscientiously as if it were investing its own capital instead of yours.

You can obtain gilt-edged security in the form of 1st mortgages on improved real estate, based on a 50% valuation, bearing 8% interest, or you can get equally good security by discounting select agreements of sale, thus making your money earn about 12% interest annually.

You are invited to inquire as to the financial standing of this corporation by addressing the Dominion Bank of Canada, the Canadian Bank of Commerce, or (by special permission) Mr. W. F. Coleman, Canadian Manager of Sunset.

Whether you are or are not

If you are not fully posted as to Victoria's present growth and its rapidly developing greatness upbuilding month by month, if you could comprehend these obvious certainties of profit-making, such as this firm affords, and if you knew positively that the standing and business integrity of this corporation are A1—then you would at once consider it good business to take advantage of this opportunity to get acquainted with its offerings, its methods and its organization, for it will very probably redound to your financial benefit.

All that this corporation asks is the privilege of proving to your satisfaction that it knows its subjects thoroughly and substantiates all its claims.

VICTORIA SECURITIES, Limited

D. M. MALIN, Manager

1112 Government Street

VICTORIA, B. C.

If you are looking for a *real* Home—

A place where labor, pleasure and real life are mixed in just about the ideal proportions; where climate, soil and water have entered into a conspiracy to bring forth perfect crops—you've found the end of your rainbow right here. There is one such spot. We have known of it for a long time. That is why we are here in

THE Rogue River Valley

which comprises all the tillable land—and there is plenty of it for a lot more settlers—in

Jackson County OREGON

Superior Quality has made the Oregon pear famous in the markets of the world. The most celebrated pear district in Oregon, hence in the world, is the Rogue River Valley. Here, too, are grown apples and peaches that command the respect of the markets from Portland to London, from London to Shanghai and on around the globe.

Jackson County leads all Oregon counties in the production of apples, peaches, nectarines, pears, apricots and is third in the production of grapes and berries. It is also fast becoming a poultry raising center.



Ten to forty acres devoted to intensified and diversified farming or twenty acres and upwards devoted to general farming will pay big dividends.

Here are a few of the favorable points: a delightful climate (annual rainfall 33 inches); attractive environment—within easy reach of Crater Lake National Park, the Marble Halls of Oregon and the mountains; splendid hunting and fishing—Rogue River considered by fishermen as the best in the Northwest.

For further particulars and booklet address

Jackson County Court

JACKSONVILLE, OREGON



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Home School Farm } ?

Whether you are looking for a delightful climate for a home, a city where educational facilities are modern and adequate, or opportunities for agricultural pursuits under the most favorable conditions, TUCSON can satisfy you.

Three hundred and sixty-five days of sunshine, no fogs, no disagreeable winds, just bright, energizing sunshine makes Tucson the climatic center of the United States.

In Tucson is located the University of Arizona, an institution which has a vital and intimate connection with the Southwest, especially through its agricultural and mining departments. The public schools are beautiful in architecture and modern in equipment and teaching methods. Tucson believes in the best.

Tucson offers opportunities galore for the wide-awake intelligent farmer. Here farming is a congenial occupation, carried on under most favorable outdoor conditions, yielding big revenue as compensation for the time devoted to its pursuit, and offering splendid returns as an investment. Land may be purchased at reasonable figures—good land, low priced, worth more than the money asked for it.

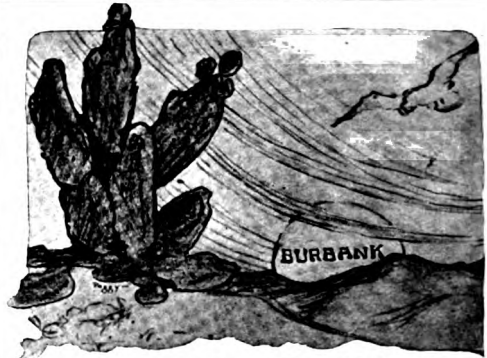
If you are interested in Tucson write your name and address on the attached coupon and send it to us.

John F. Myers, Secretary
TUCSON CHAMBER OF COMMERCE,
TUCSON, ARIZONA

Please send me information and booklet showing advantages of climate, educational facilities and agricultural opportunities in and near Tucson. I am interested in your city as a prospective settler, or homemaker.

Name

Address



CACTUS

LUTHER BURBANK, the wizard of plant life, is again on the horizon. His latest achievement, after many years of careful study and experimenting, is his *Spineless Cactus*. It means the transforming of the arid regions of the globe into a garden spot. It means that the "waste places shall blossom like the rose." It means that \$10.00 per acre land can be made to be worth from \$200.00 to \$500.00 per acre.

BURBANK SPINELESS CACTUS is a wonder-plant. It requires no irrigation. It is the most prolific plant known. The forage varieties produce from 90 to 200 tons to the acre. The fruiting varieties produce from 5 to 50 tons to the acre. A "Little Lander" of southern California made \$700.00 from one-fifth (1-5) of an acre. An orange grower lost his entire orange crop last winter, but he was offered \$10,000.00 for his crop of Cactus from 4 acres.

Cactus Ranches for Sale

We have a few more choice acres in the subdivision known as the *Craig Burbank Spineless Cactus Nursery*. These acres are known as little cactus nurseries.

Our price includes fencing, water stock, and the care of the nursery for two years. We will guarantee a market for the crop.

\$10 per month pays for an acre nursery

No matter whether you live in London, Paris, New York, Boston or Los Angeles, this is *your opportunity* to buy an acre of land planted to Burbank Spineless Cactus which should yield you from \$1500.00 to \$2000.00 profit a year. Investigate now! Buy now! And get your first crop in February.

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LOS ANGELES

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SOLANO COUNTY CALIFORNIA



Green Valley Falls, Solano County, California

Take your map of California and locate Solano County—almost in the center of the State; just a few miles from San Francisco, the greatest commercial center of the Pacific Coast; just a few miles from Sacramento, the Capital of the State; in easy reach of the big markets, connected with them by rail and water transportation. Solano County is a part of the great Sacramento Valley, one of the ideal sections of the great State of California.

CLIMATE is one of the big features of Solano County. Here conditions are just right for all lines of agriculture, horticulture, viticulture, dairying. Here home life approaches the ideal. Rich soil makes possible the maximum of crops. Nights are cool and refreshing. Days are not too hot for comfort. Solano County is just far enough inland to avoid the chilling winds and still not far enough to experience the heat of the interior. In the sheltered valleys and on the sunny slopes luscious fruits ripen to perfection, grains produce good crops, alfalfa grows luxuriantly.

SOLANO COUNTY AMAZES ALL BY ITS WONDERFUL RESOURCES AND UNSURPASSED OPPORTUNITIES FOR SUCCESS

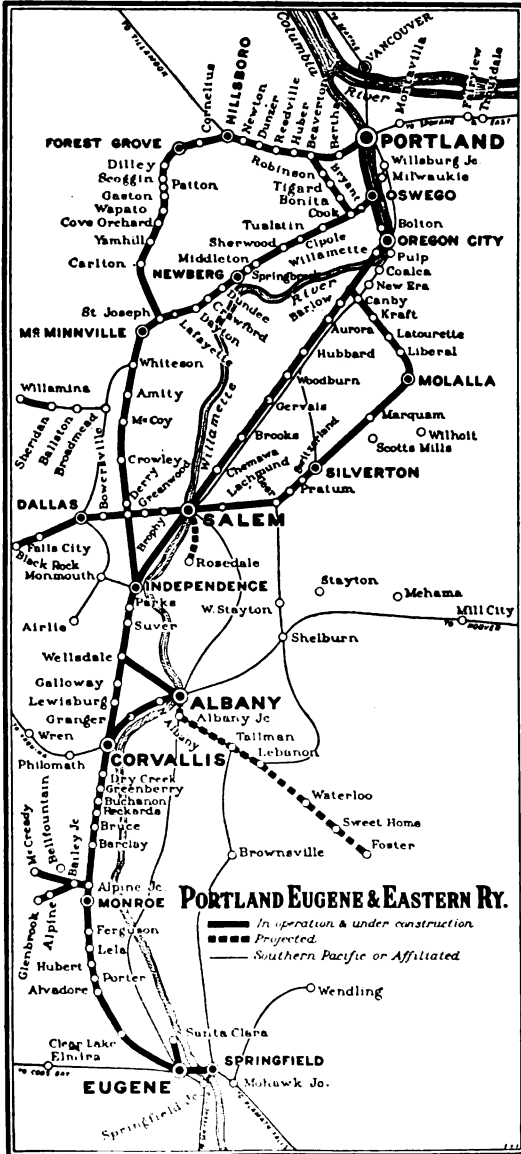
For further information or bulletins on fruit growing, stock raising, dairying, alfalfa raising, manufacturing, Delta Lands, etc., address

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The Portland, Eugene & Eastern Railway Company
 is just completing
 350 Miles of Electric Interurban Railways
 in the
Willamette Valley

OF OREGON

**Human Beings
 Live Longer
 in Oregon**



Based upon comparisons of obituary notices, more Western Oregon people live to be from 80 to 100 years old than do the inhabitants of any other district in the Union.

There are fewer epidemics of diseases in the Willamette Valley than anywhere else on Earth.

Earthquakes, cyclones, tornadoes, sweltering heat or excessive cold are unknown in the history of the Willamette Valley.

Why?

Because the rains cleanse the air we breathe, and they wash the soil and streets of all disease spreading germs.

The water supply of the Willamette Valley comes direct from the Cascade and Coast ranges of mountains, protected from contamination.

The even temperature of Summer and Winter seasons.

The ease with which farmers make a living in the Willamette Valley.

You ought to see crops grow in the Willamette Valley

Marion County

OREGON

The Land Where Life is Large

Marion County, located in the heart of the Great Willamette Valley, contains 764,160 acres of land—the very best in Oregon. Here is grown to perfection, and in great quantity, grains of all kinds, vegetables of every variety, hops, prunes, cherries, apples, pears, berries of all kinds—in fact anything that grows in Oregon. Sheep produce wool of exceptional quality; goats furnish mohair that is in a class by itself; poultry raising is a profitable industry; hog raising is a money making business.

The climate is so mild that all of the industries mentioned above reach a high standard of perfection.

The soil ranges from the bottom lands along the rivers to the rolling foothill lands of the back country and is conceded, by all who are familiar with soil conditions in Oregon, to be the cream of the lands of the State.

The Salem Commercial Club maintains an Agricultural bureau, managed by a Government Farm Expert, whose most important duty is to guide the newcomer through his first year, advising him as to the most profitable farm practices and thus insuring his immediate success. The services of this bureau are free.

Land is held at very reasonable figures. The price is determined largely by the location and the improvements thereon. The opportunities offered to willing workers is greater in the Willamette Valley today than ever before.

Salem, a prosperous city of about 20,000 population, the county seat of Marion County and Capital of the State, is located fifty miles south of Portland on the banks of the beautiful Willamette. Located here are nearly all of the State institutions, modern in every way; as is the Willamette University, the crowning feature of an exceptionally fine school system. Churches of every denomination are represented. Within the last five years, thirty-five miles of paved streets have been laid.

The Southern Pacific Railroad, the Oregon Electric, and Salem, Falls City & Western all give excellent transportation service. In addition to this, the Portland, Eugene & Eastern Railroad is building a net-work of electric lines throughout the Valley, all centering at Salem. Besides this rail transportation, there is all-the-year boat service between Salem and Portland.

Salem offers splendid opportunities for manufacturers who wish to locate in a city of moderate size away from the annoyance of labor troubles experienced in the larger cities.

For further information address

Salem Commercial Club, Salem, Oregon

When you come to the Willamette Valley, come to Salem. When you come to Salem, you will find a number of excellent hotels, the principal one of which is the HOTEL MARION.

NEVADA

The Ground Floor State

Northern Nevada is developing rapidly and great opportunities exist for profitable land investments. Nevada is destined to be a great agricultural state. The staples: alfalfa, wheat, barley, potatoes, etc., are money making crops. Pumping for irrigation is reclaiming large districts.

Central Pacific Lands sold at reasonable prices and on ten years time, one-tenth cash, to encourage settlement.

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702 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

B. A. McALLASTER, Land Commissioner

801 Flood Building, San Francisco, Cal.

Clackamas County, Oregon

IN THE WILLAMETTE VALLEY

Best Farming District in Oregon.

Close to Best Market, 50 minutes to Portland.

Great Water Power for Manufacturing. Oregon City is located at Willamette Falls, on the Willamette River. See pages 465, 467, 469 of this issue—three Oregon City and Clackamas County pictures.

For further particulars and literature please address

Commercial Club of Oregon City, Oregon City, Oregon

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? WHAT PUTS THE COLOR? IN KINEMACOLOR?

Do YOU know the secret of these motion pictures—that produce nature's most gorgeous colors so accurately? You will find it disclosed in the September issue of **POPULAR ELECTRICITY** and the **WORLD'S ADVANCE**.



The Man with a Silver Dollar Skull
A unique and uncanny person is he whose acquaintance you will make in this same issue. Quite as unique is the old explorer's project to connect direct with the fundamental source of electrical energy. There's food for thought in:

A Scheme to Tap the Magnetic Pole
Ever been to Egypt? Whether you have or not you will enjoy this intensely interesting feature entitled:

The Source of the Nile
It is a long jump from that ancient, slow-moving world to the recital of modern, 20th Century wonders, such as:

Latest Marvels of the X-Ray
These five random selections from the September issue are only typical of the

200 Other Interesting Articles with 150 Illustrations
Now on sale at your newsdealers—15c.

To give you some idea of the immense scope and wonderful range of interest of this unique publication, glance at this brief summary of contents:

Motion Picture Dept. These 16 pages take you out with the camera men—back into the studios, etc., giving you a grasp of this great development of modern times.

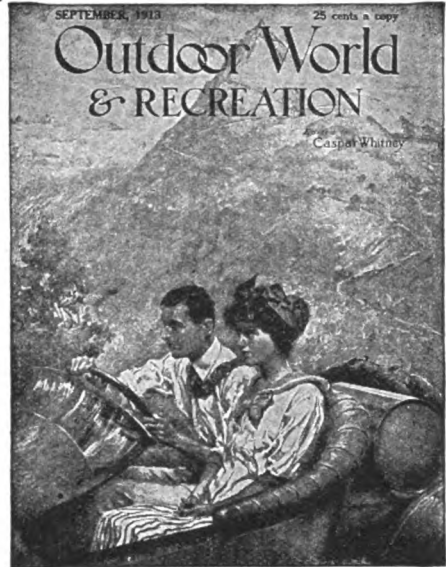
World's Picture Gallery Sixteen solid pages of striking photographs with pithy headlines graphically portraying World Events of the Day.

The Great Electrical Section These 64 pages tell in simple language the fascinating Story of Electricity, vividly showing its astonishing, world-wide applications. Appeals alike to general reader, student, amateur or practical man.

Many Other Live Articles on modern progress. 32 pages of the latest advances in science, industry, agriculture, travel, etc., touching the various activities of our complex civilization.

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POPULAR ELECTRICITY PUB. CO., 350 North Clark Street, Chicago



Inspirational Number

SEPTEMBER

Entertaining, inspiring, luring articles, stories and photo-pictures.

New Fields for the Camping Public.

The Winning of the "Co-Co."

The Woman who Fishes.

The Foe of Outdoor Life.

Katrina Takes to the Open.

A Day with the Snipe.

Climbing for Elk.

An Adventure in Contentment.

That Moolie Moose.

The Judge Advertises for Pickerel.

The Outdoor Balkans.

The Gun that Makes Amends.

A Corner in Ruffed Grouse.

Some Still Hunting Impressions.

Outdoor Men and Women.

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*It has the natural flavor and color of real cocoa
BECAUSE IT IS REAL*

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VOLUME 31 SEPTEMBER, 1913 NUMBER 3

SUNSET

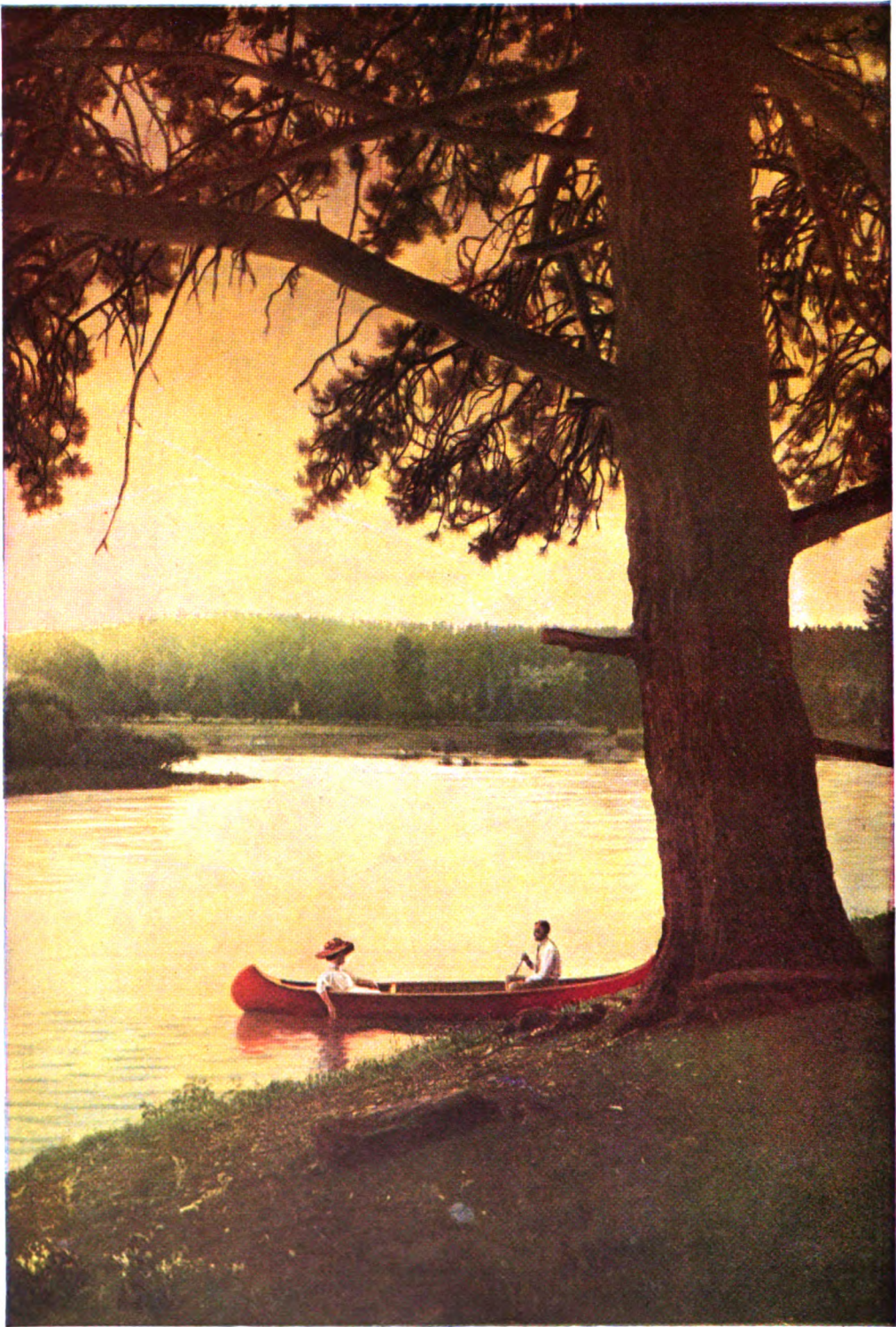
THE PACIFIC MONTHLY

Nowhere has the white man fought a more courageous fight or won a more brilliant victory than in Arizona. His weapons have been the transit and the level, the drill and the dredge, the pick and the spade, and the enemy which he has conquered has been the most stubborn of all foes: the hostile forces of Nature. Twelve years ago, E. Alexander Powell, F. R. G. S., went into Arizona and observed a region of sand and sage-brush and cactus; snakes and lizards and coyotes; fighting cattlemen and sheepmen. The other day he went through the new state and found, where before he had seen sunbaked forbidding desert, sleek dairy cattle grazing knee-deep in alfalfa and groves ablaze with golden fruit. Mr. Powell has lived in reclaimed regions of Egypt, Mesopotamia and parts of the Sudan, and he has the world-view of the wonders which have been wrought by Americans in the Arizona country. His article, which leads the October number, is illustrated, in color, with paintings representing the three periods of Arizona history—the aboriginal or Indian, the exploratory or Spanish, and the reclamatory or American.

Eleanor Gates, in the course of an auto-hike along El Camino Real, in California, steered off that historic pathway proper and came to the little reservation town of Pala. The Palatingwa Indians had gathered for a fiesta and the motor car of the author of "The Poor Little Rich Girl" was given scant attention in the midst of constantly arriving wagon loads of tribal celebrants. A night of savage ceremonies and tribal games was followed by a service of Christian worship, as in the days of the Mission fathers. Eleanor Gates' sympathetic pen sketches the quaint scene in the October number.

A fine bunch of stories on the October vine! Charles G. D. Roberts begins the prehistoric history of Gröm and A-ya, who found fire and brought it to their tribe. Illustrated by Paul Bransom. To console us for the absence of Mr. Hennage and the closing of "The Long Chance," Peter B. Kyne has brought in Captain Scraggs again and shows us that worthy as a buccaneer in "Under the Jolly Roger." Herman Whitaker tells a colorful story of the padres entitled "A Healthy Conversion," the heroine of which is a Rosalind of the Monterey coast. And Billy Fortune returns to report in his own peculiar way his experiences with some foreigners in the northwest cow country.

All material intended for the editorial pages of this magazine should be addressed to the Editors of Sunset, 460 Fourth St., San Francisco. All manuscripts, drawings and photographs are received with the understanding that the Editors are not responsible for the loss or injury of material while in their possession or in transit. Return postage must be inclosed. All the contributions and illustrations of this number are fully protected by copyright and must not be reprinted without special permission from SUNSET MAGAZINE.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GIFFORD

IN THE LAND OF "HERE-WE-REST"

We're a restless lot, we Americans. We hold the world's record for restlessness. What we've been looking for, more than all else, above all else, has been a place where we might come to rest in peace; a place of refuge from the heart-burning, soul-racking, tormenting wandering. Appearances are against us, but in our heart of hearts we're home-makers. Almost to a man we're cherishing fond, sweet hopes of finding, sometime, somewhere, a place where we may walk jocund through golden days of dear delight, finding that life has broadened, deepened, become large. That's what you want; that's what I want—and we shan't be happy till we get it

THE LAND WHERE LIFE IS LARGE

A Story of Oregon Farms for Other Farmers

By WILLIAM R. LIGHTON

Author of: The Story of an Arkansas Farm

WE'RE a restless lot, we Americans. We hold the world's record for restlessness. Ever since our great-great-and-then-some-grandfathers fought for their first feeble foothold on the Atlantic side we've been drifting and shifting, drifting and shifting, forever on the move, forever on the hunt for something. Think of it: in fifty years we've mastered half a continent, making history as it was never made before.

What have we been hunting for? We haven't been spending all this time and money and blood on a mere hunt for change and excitement and adventure. It isn't the dream of wealth that's enticed us, nor yet the vision of empire. Those things are all well enough in their way; but none of those things is our master-passion, our real heart's desire. You know it, too.

What we've been looking for, more than all else, above all else, has been a place where we might come to rest in peace; a place of refuge from the heart-burning, soul-racking, tormenting wandering. Appearances are against us, but in our heart of hearts we're home-makers. That's what we've been aiming at, through these centuries of stormy adventuring. Almost to a man we're cherishing fond sweet hopes of finding, some time, somewhere, a place where the sword of anxious endeavor may be beaten into the tools of the home-builder; a place where we may walk jocund through golden days of dear delight, finding that life has broadened, deepened, become large. Maybe that's too flossy a way of saying it; but you know it's true. That's what you want; that's what I want—and we shan't be happy till we get it.

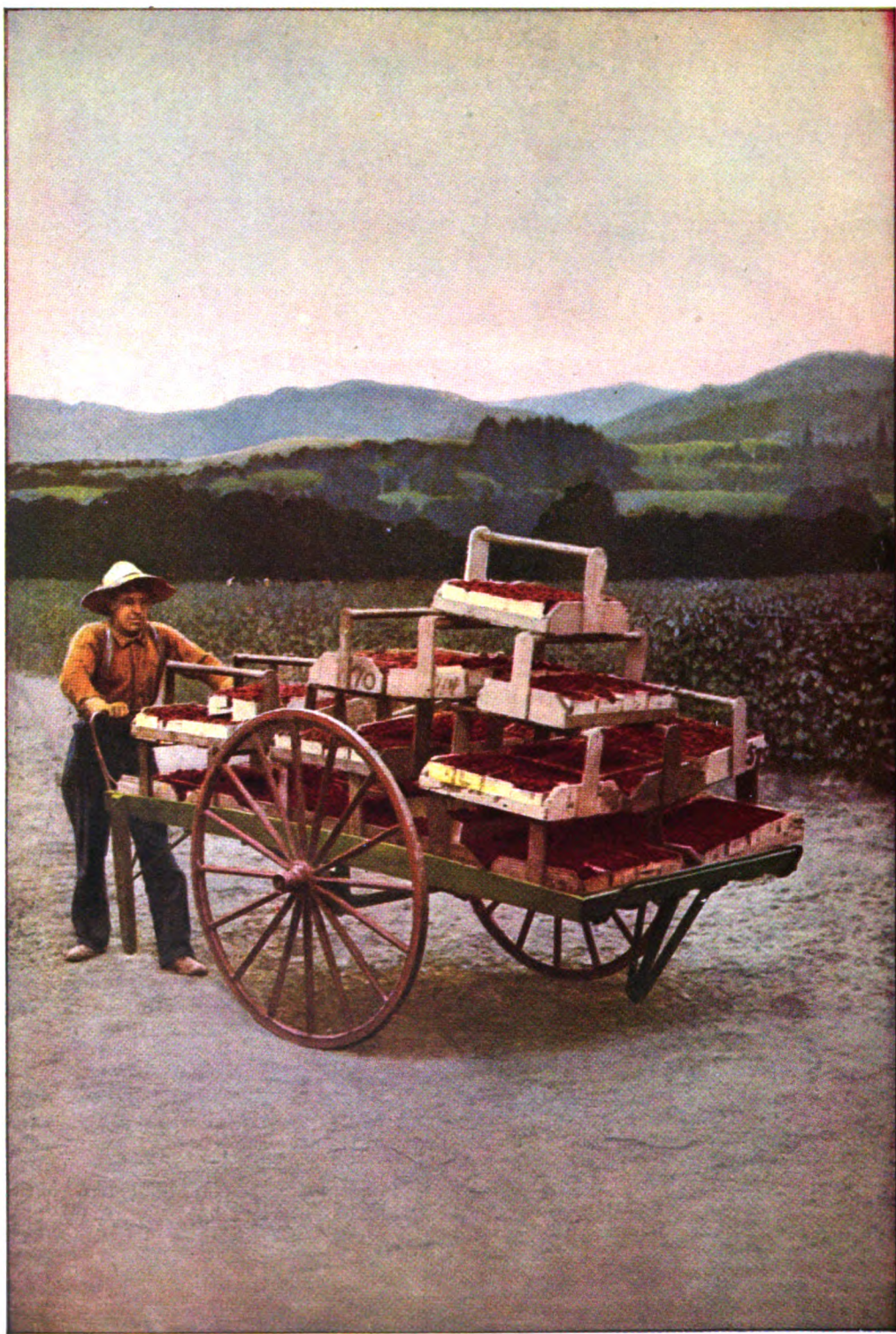
Not many of us have actually come upon the real thing. For most of us, the real thing has seemed to lie always somewhere beyond the rim of the horizon, forever coaxing us on, forever vanishing, just ahead of us, in the mists of distance. Lots and lots of us have come to the point of thinking that

in holding out the hope the gods have been mocking us. Lots and lots of us are about ready to give up the quest with a regretful sigh and try to content ourselves as best we can with some sort of a compromise. Lots and lots of us have made up our minds that the thing we've seen in our visions is after all absolutely too good to be realized.

It isn't, though. Listen. I've just seen with my own eyes one of those rare and perfect places where life may have that supreme quality which satisfies longing—not merely length, breadth and substance, but also that fourth dimension of divine content. No, I'm not trying to fool you. It's too solemn a matter for fooling. The Willamette valley of Oregon is a land where life is large.

This wonderful valley lies tucked snugly away between the Cascade mountains on the east and the Coast Range on the west. Its mouth is at Portland, at the junction of the Willamette river with the Columbia; its upper end is in the highlands of Lane county, off to the south. The valley proper holds about 5,000,000 acres of the most fertile soil in the world, a soil equal to any demand that may be made upon it. Today it is carrying a population, outside the city of Portland, of about 200,000 people. Brought to its fullest development, this land will one day support one prosperous, happy human being on every acre—five millions of people whose life will embody the highest and best things in civilization. Yes, I know well enough that prophecy is a dangerous business, under common conditions; but here's a case where the prophet has a cinch. He can't miss it; he can see it with one eye tied behind him.

Nobody can tell this story adequately, no matter who he is nor what his gifts. It seems absurd to try. When the pen has done its utmost and begins to stutter impotently, the best must still remain unwritten. We haven't yet made the words



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WEISTER

THE FRUIT OF THE VALLEY VINES

Wheat-growing was the chief concern of the pioneer farmers in the country of the Willamette. Wheat was just about the only farm product that figured in shipments out of the valley. A simple list of present-day products of this valley soil would fill pages. At a recent county fair one farmer alone exhibited 267 varieties of products grown on his own farm



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WEISTER

REAL BONANZA FARMING

Day by day the big wheat farms of the old time are being split up into farm homes, the average size of which grows less and less. In the heart of the valley, a tract of 640 acres which had been owned and operated by a single farmer up to the year 1910 is today supporting forty-two families, every one of them faring better than the original owner fared

for catching and holding the meaning of the spell which this land casts over mind and heart. All that one may hope to do is to flash his feeble light upon some of the high points.

We're an emotional people, but we have our practical side. So has this story. Let's try to consider, as soberly as we can, some of the practical features of Willamette valley life. We can't go carefully into detail in a few pages; we'll have to look at our facts rather in the mass.

The best blood of America pioneered this country of the Willamette, making the first really permanent settlements something more than sixty years ago. Wheat-growing was the chief concern of those pioneer farmers, and wheat-growing held first place for a long time, to the exclusion of almost everything else. The land holdings were large in those days, and the production of wheat was carried on according to the old methods of extensive farming—wheat, wheat, wheat, year after year. Wheat was just about the only farm product that figured then in shipments out of the valley. Several lines of steamboats brought down the wheat from the farms to Portland, and carried back most of what the wheat farmers ate and used. Life then was slow and easy-going. Modern ideas of farming and farm management hadn't yet caught hold.

That couldn't last, though. Soils, climate, location and every other circumstance made this an ideal place for modern diversified farming in its best form. Wheat farming had to give way before it. That's been the history of every one-crop district. The production of a single crop over a wide area, to the exclusion of others, is unsound in theory, tremendously wasteful in practice. "Bonanza farming" sounds mighty fine and large and princely. Fortunes have been made at it—by the favored few; but that sort of farming has always spelled industrial and social stagnation for the region indulging it. Exclusive cotton-growing has kept the farm life of the southern Gulf States at a standstill for generations. While the states of the Upper Mississippi valley were devoted exclusively to growing and selling grain, life there was hardly worth living. So long as the Plains country was abandoned entirely to stock grazing, there was no social life worth mentioning. That's inevitably true everywhere. High civilization always waits on the development of

many and various resources. Bonanza money-making is only part of life, as we're beginning to understand it. Mind you, this isn't said in disparagement of the earlier farmers. Theirs was a necessary first step; but it was only the toddling first step of an industrial infant just beginning to walk. Naturally, later steps have been firmer, surer. It was these later steps that really enabled the Willamette valley to "get there."

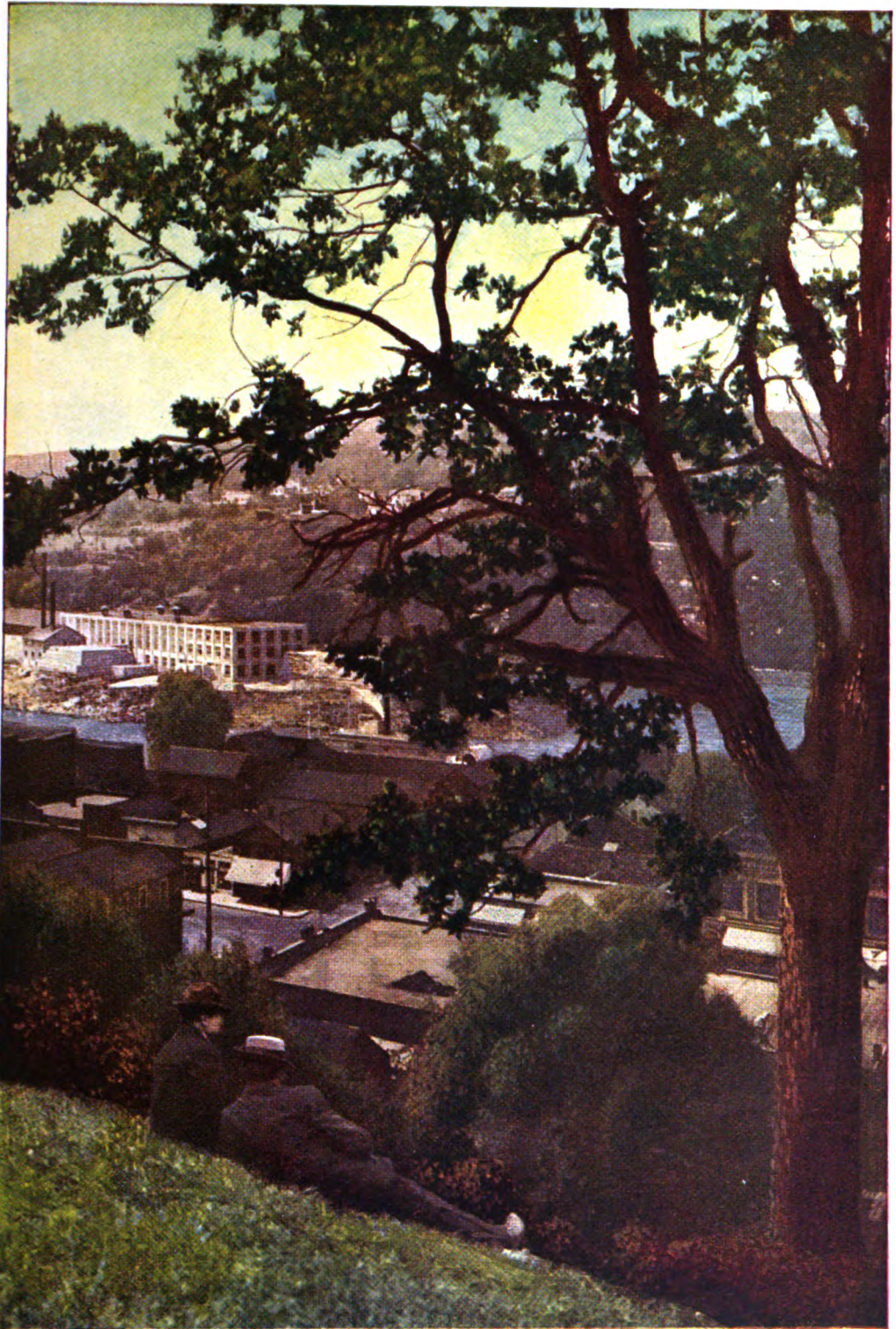
A simple list of present-day products of this valley soil would fill pages. At a recent county fair, one farmer alone exhibited 267 varieties of products grown on his own farm. Conditions here enable the production of all temperate zone foodstuffs at the lowest possible cost and of the highest quality.

It's only within the last ten years that diversified farming really got upon its feet in this valley. Let's not try now to forecast what it will accomplish in the future; let's look instead at what has been already actually accomplished. That's the best part of the story, right now.

This valley, with its 5,000,000 acres of cultivable land, now has only about 1,000,000 acres actually under cultivation, with about 250,000 acres more in use as pasture and meadow. The valley holds 22,000 farm homes, with about two-thirds of the people of the valley living on the farms and in the small farm villages. Hardly one acre has yet been brought up to its full producing power. That work is still in its first stages.

But mark this, in contrast to the old wheat-growing days: this valley is now feeding its 200,000 people in abundance, and is marketing besides, every year, foodstuffs of the value of \$42,500,000. That's an annual cash income of \$42.50 per acre on the cultivated land. That's an annual cash income of \$212.50 for every man, woman and child in the valley, from farm products alone. That's an annual cash income of \$1033.80 for every farm of the 22,000 farms of the valley. And mind: those figures represent surplus remaining after the people of the valley have used what they need for themselves. We're used to thinking of the Mississippi valley as one of the world's garden spots, vastly rich and prosperous; but please note this comparison:

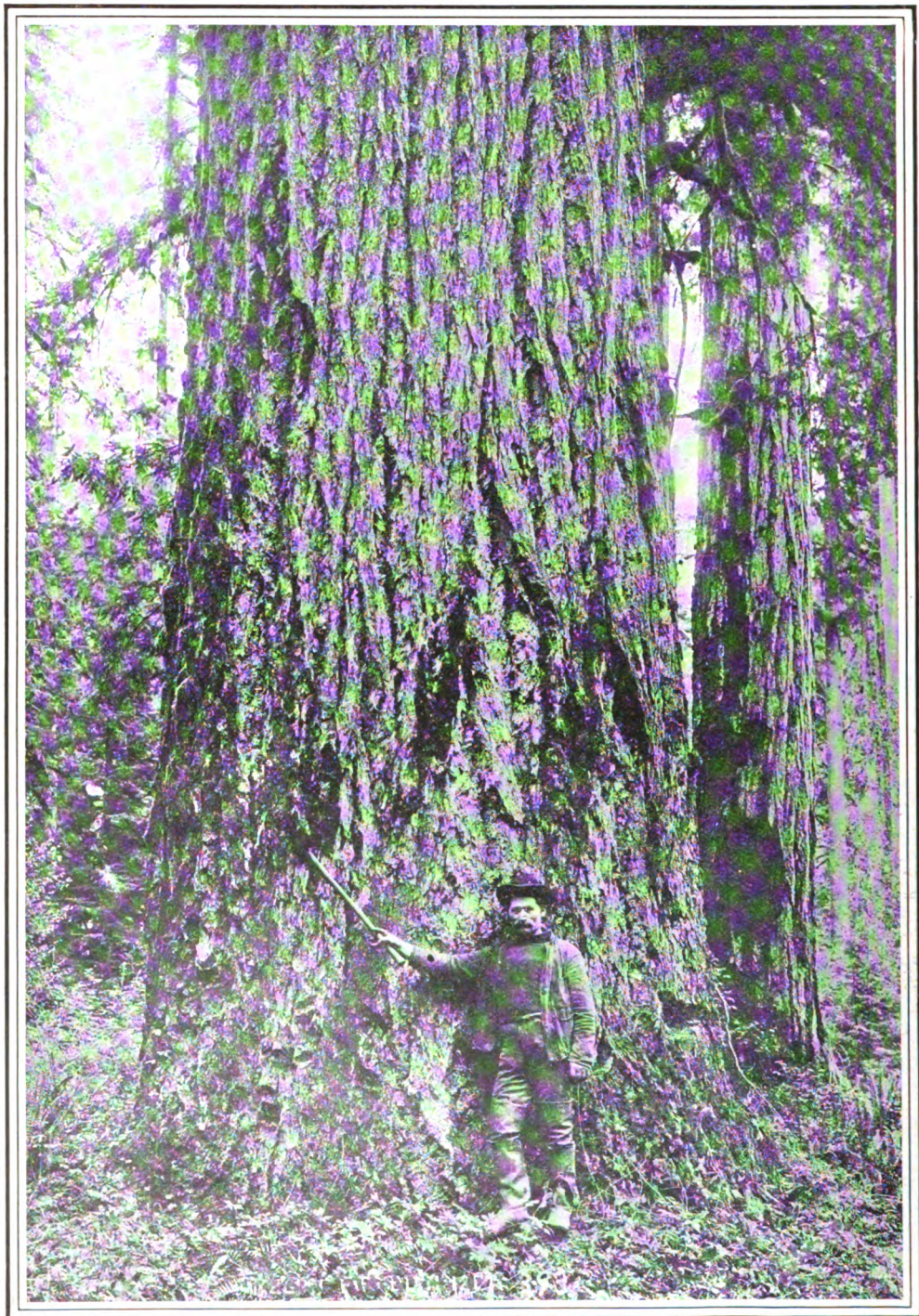
Taking the five richest farming states of the Mississippi valley—Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri, Illinois and Iowa—there's an



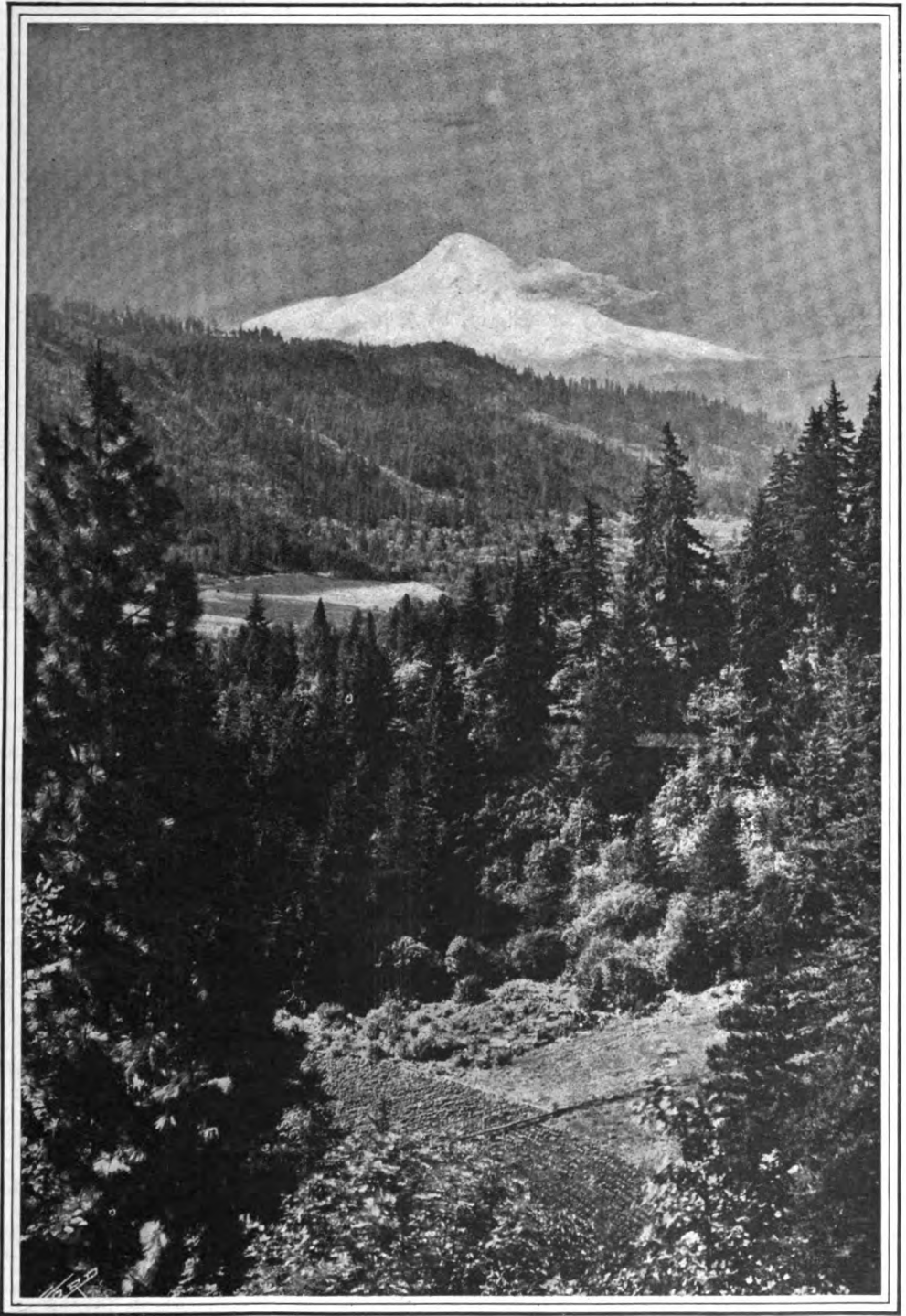
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GIFFORD

BY THE POWER OF THE RIVER

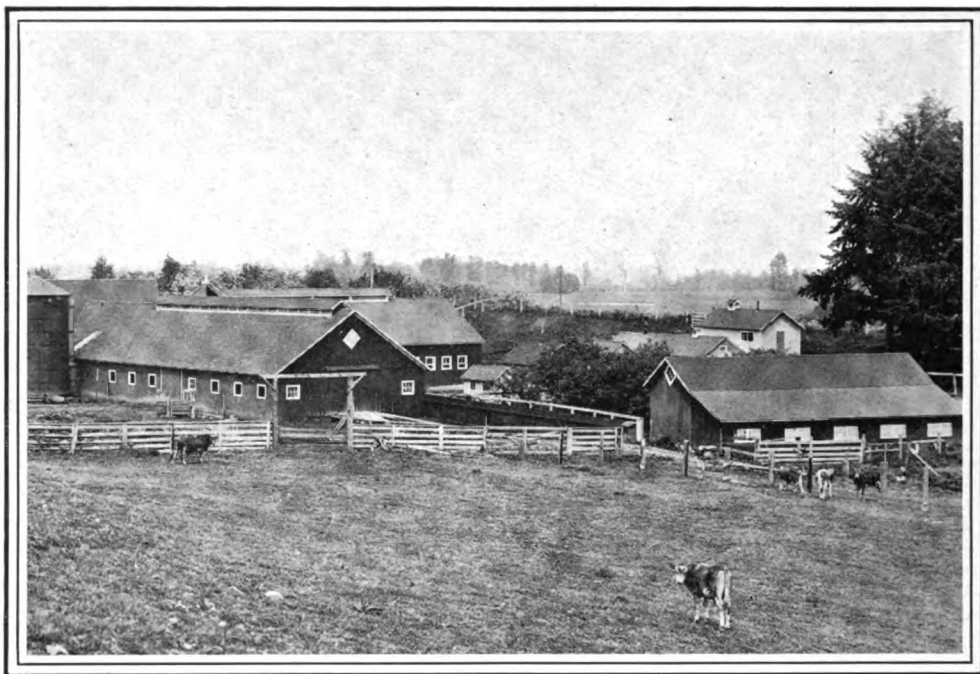
The story of the Willamette valley is essentially a story for the farmer. Not that this valley hasn't some fine towns in it, strong vigorous towns, each rendering real service and all offering great opportunities to men with constructive ideas. One-fifth of the standing timber of the United States is in Oregon, within arm's reach of the Willamette valley, and in the flow of the valley's streams there's about 620,000 horse-power going to waste. Doesn't that spell opportunity?



"Oregon-pine" is a veritable household word. With railroad building and the improvement of her ports, Oregon may easily be, within twenty years, the largest producer of lumber in the Union.



The farmer, like everybody else, wants variety in his life. Within plain sight, within three or four hours' reach, are the peaks of the Cascade mountains with their everlasting snow-caps



There is a great dairy farm, a model of modern dairy farming, which supplies certified milk to the city of Portland. The farm covers four hundred acres and has involved an investment of \$22,000. It is paying twelve per cent net on that investment

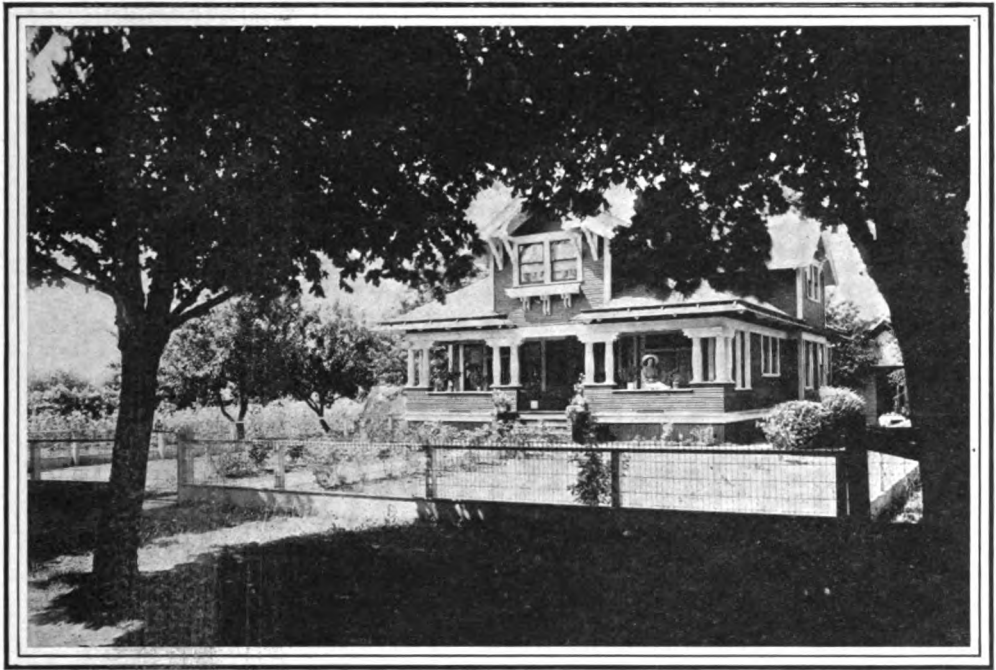
average value of only \$16.50 per acre of farm products, against the Willamette valley's \$42.50. The average Mississippi valley farm has an annual income, from the sale of products, of just about \$900—\$1000 less than the average farm income in the Willamette valley. This Willamette valley result is gotten on farms which show an average of 45 acres in actual cultivation.

These figures are gross, of course. Net income, though, is what counts. The net income of a farm is what remains after all cost of crop production and all cost of family maintenance are taken away from the gross income. The average Mississippi valley farmer, after paying the cost of operating his farm and keeping his family, has nothing whatever left out of his crop returns. He's been growing rich upon the increase in the value of his land, not from the profits of farming. The Oregon Agricultural College has carefully compiled actual figures covering this proposition in the Willamette valley. Here they are:

The average farm of 5 to 20 acres has a gross income of \$1451, and a net income of \$852; the average 20 to 80-acre farm has a gross income of \$2474, and a net income of \$1511; the average farm of 80 to 160 acres

has a gross income of \$2970 and a net income of \$1762; the average farm of 160 to 320 acres has a gross income of \$3487 and a net income of \$1908. That shows what farming is earning for the Willamette valley farmers, in net profit, after they've paid the expense of running their farms and the cost of providing for their families, including the items of food, clothing, doctors' bills, education, and all the rest, with an allowance of \$50 a year for recreation and amusement. Can you beat that?

The type of these farms is very high, and the people are uncommonly comfortable and prosperous. Anybody may see that, merely by looking out of the car windows. Prosperity is written unmistakably across the whole face of the land—in the beautiful farm homes, in the neat towns, in every sign by which prosperity is interpreted. It's a prosperity which will bear analysis, too. Leaving out Portland and the county in which Portland lies, the banks of the Willamette valley today have deposits amounting to more than \$22,000,000. That's mostly farmers' money. The value of all farm property in the valley was \$225,000,000 in 1910, or \$10,000 to the farm. Again leaving out Portland and Multnomah



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county, the valley has \$3,000,000 invested in grade and high schools and is spending \$1,750,000 a year for teaching and maintenance, to say nothing of what's spent on colleges and universities. That's pretty good, too, isn't it, for 200,000 people?

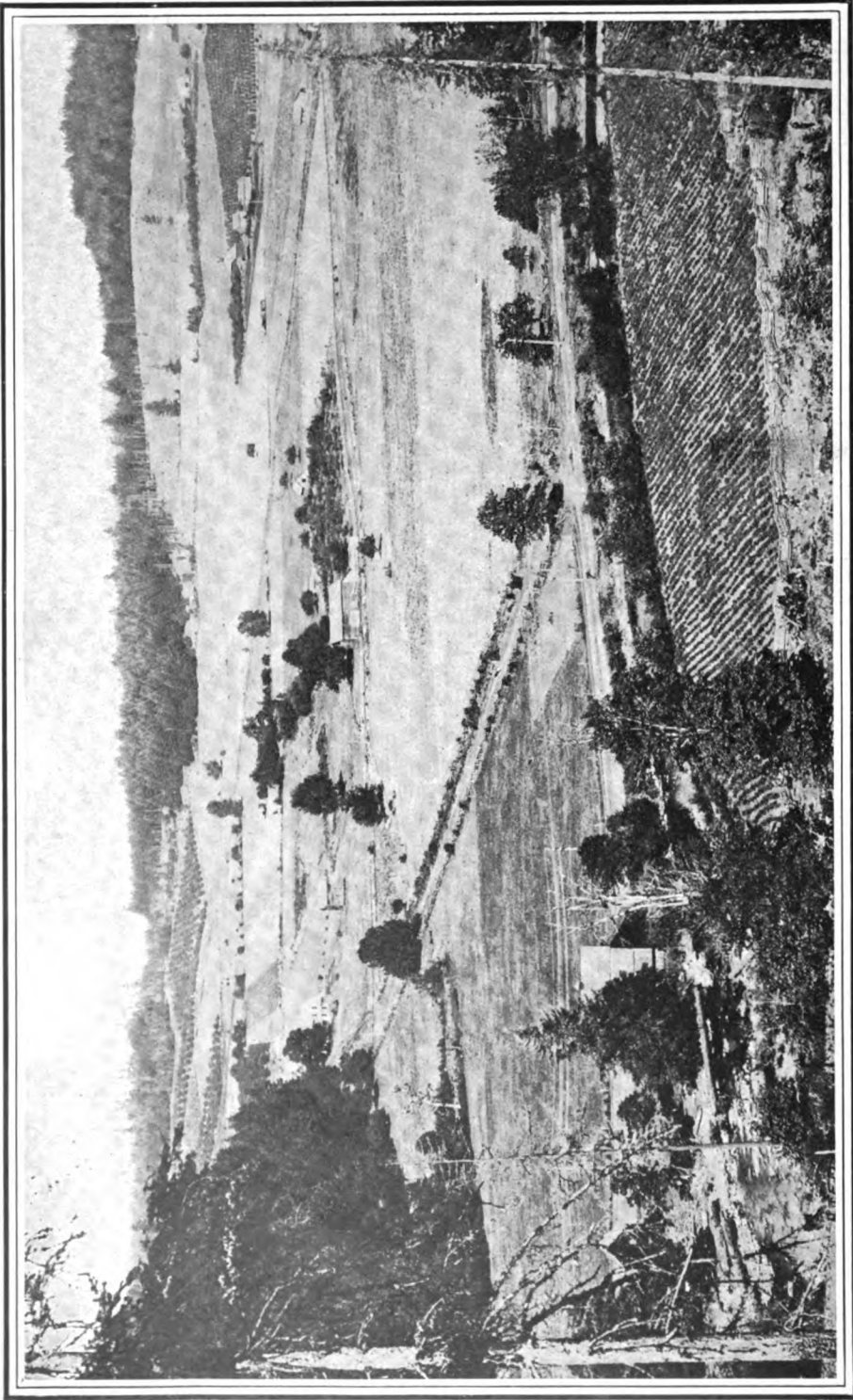
If you think this prosperity has been brought about by big "bonanza" farming, you're entirely wrong. The very reverse is true. You'll see that when you see how that total of \$42,000,000 a year of farm products sold is made up. Here's the way it figures out:

Dairy products.....	\$10,000,000
Poultry and eggs.....	5,000,000
Fruit.....	4,000,000
Potatoes.....	6,000,000
Livestock.....	5,000,000
Hay.....	3,000,000
Hops.....	3,500,000
Clover seed.....	1,000,000
Garden crops and miscellaneous..	5,000,000
	<hr/>
	\$42,500,000

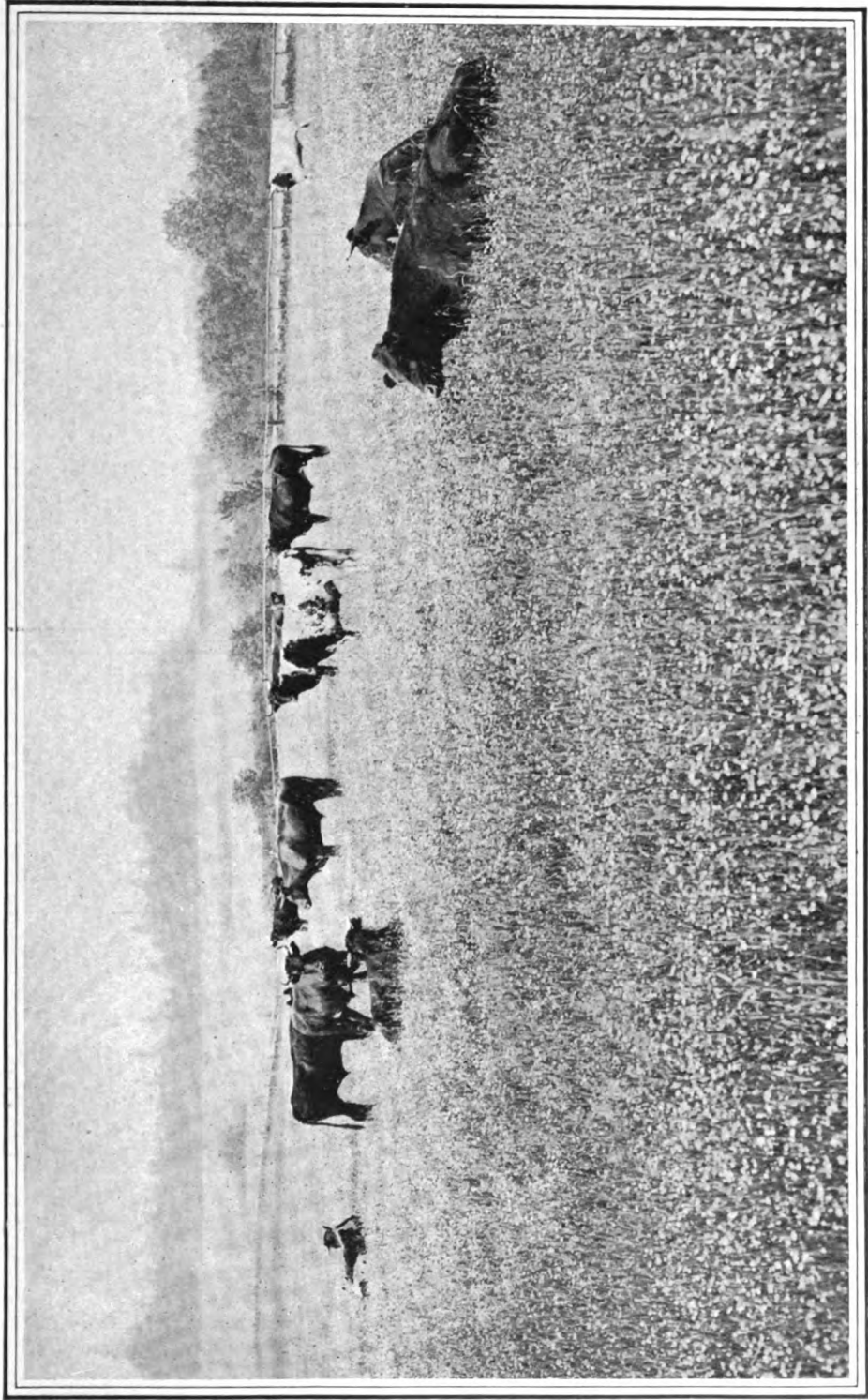
You don't see wheat mentioned in that list, do you? Maybe there was some wheat in the "miscellaneous" item, along at the tail end; but it didn't cut much of a figure. A few years ago, wheat would have headed the list; but the growing and marketing of

wheat has gone entirely out of fashion. Day by day the big wheat farms of the old time are being split up into farm homes; the average size of these home farms grows less and less. Just a few days ago I saw, near Salem, in the heart of the valley, a tract of 640 acres—a square mile—which had been owned and operated by a single farmer up to the year 1910. Today that tract is supporting 42 families; and every one of those 42 farmers, each with his little plot, is faring far better than the original owner fared. That's the drift of things now in the Willamette valley—toward smaller holdings, diversification, and the better use of the acre.

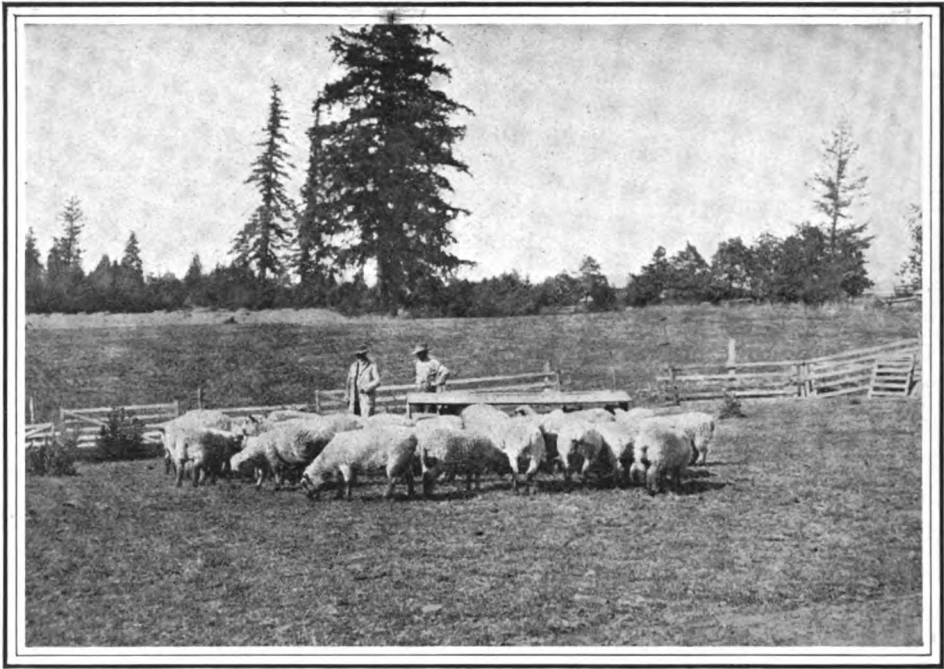
You'll notice that I'm making a farm story out of this. The story of the Willamette valley is essentially a story for the farmer. I've been leaving out the towns on purpose. Not that this valley hasn't some fine towns in it. There's Salem, the state capital; there's Eugene, the seat of the State University; there's Corvallis, the home of the State Agricultural College; there's Oregon City, with a commanding position at the falls of the Willamette river and a certain future in manufacturing; there are Cottage Grove, and Albany, and



The Willamette valley proper holds about five million acres of the most fertile soil in the world, a soil equal to any demand that may be made upon it. Today it is carrying a population, outside the city of Portland, of about two hundred thousand people. Brought to its fullest development this land will one day support one prosperous happy human being on every acre. Prophecy is dangerous business under common conditions, but here's a case where the prophet has a cinch. He can't miss it; he can see it with one eye tied behind him



The valley now has only about one-fifth of its cultivable land actually under cultivation, with about 250,000 acres more in pasture and meadow. Two-thirds of the people live on the farms and in the small farm villages. The average Mississippi valley farmer, after paying the cost of operating his farm and keeping his family, has nothing left out of his crop returns. The smallest farms in the Willamette valley—from five to twenty acres—average a net profit of nearly nine hundred dollars



The valley is now feeding its two hundred thousand people in abundance and is marketing besides, every year, foodstuffs of the value of \$42,500,000; \$5,000,000 of these products represent live-stock

Forest Grove, and McMinnville, and Dallas—strong, vigorous towns, each rendering real service, not to mention a dozen others; and there, at the foot of the valley, lies Portland with her quarter-million people. The story of Portland is a story by itself. Portland isn't just a Willamette valley town; Portland isn't just an Oregon town; Portland is a world-city. Sure as shooting, sure as death and taxes both put together, sure as any other sure thing on the list, Portland is to become one of the great industrial and commercial capitals of the earth. It now contains one-third of the population of Oregon; another third is in the Willamette valley south of Portland; the other third is scattered around, up and down the coast, and in the apple valleys, and out in the wheat-growing and grazing districts.

These towns of the valley are sound as a dollar. If they have tried to "boom," the signs of it aren't in sight today. As a matter of fact, they are now organized into a sort of protective league to safeguard themselves against the evil effects of possible booming. Portland is rather taking the lead in this work. Business interests of Portland made up their mind some time

ago that they didn't want their city to grow merely for the sake of being big—that they didn't want a crowding in of new citizens who would be of use only in padding out the city directory. They wanted useful men to come in, men of initiative, men whose coming would contribute to the city's real strength; but they didn't want the sort of men whose coming would mean a relaxing of the civic fiber—the speculators, the get-rich-quick artists, those eager for unearned profits. These solid business men saw clearly that their city would be bound to grow, in spite of everything; they saw too that the surest way to make that growth healthy and sound would be to look first to the development of outlying territory and to get the farming industry established on the right basis. That's what they're working at now. You'll notice that Portland isn't advertising herself at all; but she has just raised a fund of \$150,000 which is to be spent in a three-year campaign of advertising the agricultural opportunities in Oregon. The Portland Commercial Club, joined in the State Development League with scores of other commercial bodies, and cooperating with the State Immigration Commission, the State Bankers' Association,



Orchard and farm in the Willamette country need not be concerned with the isolation from worthwhile social life which so often makes farming irksome. Electric and steam roads network the valley and short journeys command advantages

and other strong organizations, is working hard to that end. It is working for the extension of agricultural training in the counties, in schools and field; it is working for good roads—not great automobile highways, but systems of farmers' roads radiating from the towns into the country; it is cooperating with the farmers in organizing growers' and sellers' associations which will enable a more efficient marketing of farm products; it is working hard to suppress the land speculator, to prevent inflation of land prices, to secure the subdivision of large land holdings, and to make it possible for the immigrant farmer to get hold of a bit of land under the best possible conditions. The work has gone far, and it is going farther. Hereafter, it will be mighty hard for a boomer to find a foothold in this country. The sentiment of the people in the whole Willamette valley is dead against that sort of thing. They know what it would mean, and they don't propose to stand for it. They're bent now solely upon having the lands occupied by good farmers. If a stranger in the valley gets stung in these days by a land speculator, it's his own fault. All he need do to protect himself is to go to one of the commercial organizations, to

the officers of the State Immigration Commission, or to the State Agricultural College, and he'll be in the hands of friends.

Yes, these towns are vigorous and clean and strong. They're not over-grown—not one of them. They're serving a big, useful purpose, playing their full part in the big work, steadfastly restraining all foolish ambition to outdo one another in mere mushroom growth. That's a bully good sign, don't you think? An over-grown town always lays an extra burden upon the surrounding country.

Don't misunderstand. I'm not saying that these towns don't want new blood, new life. They do. They offer great opportunities to men with constructive ideas. There's a wealth of raw material all around, wool, wood, leather, and all sorts of farm stuff. One-fifth of the standing timber of the United States is in Oregon, within arm's reach of the Willamette valley; and in the flow of the streams of this valley there's about 620,000 horse-power going to waste. Doesn't that spell opportunity? But don't overlook the sign you'll find hung out in every one of these towns: "No exploiter need apply." It means just what it says.

Now let me go back to the farm end of the story. That's the part that appeals to me, more than all the rest, because I'm a farmer. I'm running a farm of my own, back in Arkansas, in the Mississippi valley. I know something of what farming means, its rewards and its difficulties. Take it from me: the rewards are greater and the difficulties less in this Willamette valley than in any other place I've ever known.

The worst thing about farming is the isolation of the life, the separation of the farmer and his family from all the things that go to make up a worth-while social life. There's none of that in the Willamette valley. As I write, I'm in the heart of the valley. There's a fine network of electric and steam railways running up and down and across the land—a thousand miles of railway lines. Within half a day's travel lie the state capital, the State University, the State Agricultural College, a dozen or more higher institutions for education, and the industrial capital of the great Columbia basin. And that's not all. The farmer, like everybody else, wants variety in his life. Within plain sight, within three or four hours' reach, are the peaks of the Cascade mountains with their everlasting snow-caps; on the other side, to the west, only three or four hours away, lies the Pacific ocean; and all around, crowding one another, are hundreds of beauty spots—rivers and hills, waterfalls and caves, forests and smiling vistas—a very wonderland of beauty. Life may be very large in the Willamette valley.

On top of this, the Willamette valley has never known a crop failure.

I know well enough what's in your mind. You're wondering how much it would cost to get a foothold in this Eden. You've heard that land values are very high out here. So they are, on the face of things.

But if you'll scratch below the surface you'll find that this condition isn't so bad. You may pay \$400 or \$500 an acre for a highly developed "going" farm if you want to; but at the State Agricultural College they'll tell you that there's still lots and lots of land to be had for \$20 to \$50 an acre, perfectly suited to profitable use. Land prices are very uneven over the valley; but don't let yourself be scared out by the higher figures showing here and there.

Let me tell you of two farms I've seen, at the two extremes of the scale. One is a great dairy farm, a model of modern dairy farming, supplying certified milk to the city of Portland, covering 400 acres and involving an investment of \$92,000. It's paying twelve per cent. net on that investment.

The other is a farm of ten acres, about the same distance from Portland, which was tackled five years ago by a Hungarian farmer whose cash capital amounted to exactly four dollars. When he bought his land, it was in the wild woods. Today it's free of debt, supporting his family in plenty—a model of its kind too. So, you see!

I wish to goodness I were writing a book, instead of trying to tell this story in a few magazine pages. There'd be some fair chance then of saying the things that wait to be said. It's hopeless, this way. I haven't been able to crowd in a word about the golden glory of the climate, nor about the big, open-hearted, progressive spirit of the people, nor—most significant of all—about the inevitable destiny of the great Columbia basin following the opening of the Panama Canal. Maybe I'll have another chance to talk with you about those things. I hope so.

I'm going home to Arkansas now to talk to my wife about this Willamette valley country—and she's going to think that I've gone plumb crazy.



THE LIE-BILL

By GEORGE PATTULLO

Author of: Off the Trail

Illustrated by Maynard Dixon

THE lie-bill is an old Texas institution. If a man told the truth about you, or spoke ill of your wife or other female dependent, and softness restrained you from filling him full of buckshot, you took a gun and, pressing it firmly against his head—many preferred a more central portion of the human frame—compelled the prattler to sign a written confession that the story he had circulated was false. All this was years ago. Nowadays they resort to the courts, or pot their man from behind a telephone post.

It happened, not infrequently that a gentleman would become so envenomed with spite that more than retractions found their way into lie-bills. "I am a low, ornery, sneaking hound, not fit to mix with decent white folks"—when a man feels the cold, round muzzle of a .45 against his ribs, he will call himself any names you may want him to and feel no shame until afterward. Therefore, it is not surprising that a confession often received trimmings.

Shanghai Pryor added some deft touches to one he wrested from Mel Gilpin, and nearly wrecked two lives. Shanghai was very proud of the document, and when in liquor would pull it out of his bureau drawer and gloat over the literary tang of the choicest phrases.

For upward of a year previous to this, he had ridden thrice a week from his farm to the Gourd ranch to sit in the parlor with Annielee Thurber, where he conversed with her parents whilst wondering whether they intended sticking out the entire evening or going to bed. She was a wholesome tomboy of a girl, and her mother had often had occasion to warn her that a whistling girl and crowing hen are bound to come to a bad end.

Because he regularly occupied the edge of a chair and made painful puns over which Annielee never failed to giggle, Shanghai got a notion that he was a favored suitor.

To be sure, Annielee thought rather less of him than she did of the milch cow, but Shanghai did not know that.

Therefore he beheld the attentions of one Mel Gilpin with not a little dismay and chagrin. His rival's reputation was slightly unsavory, not so much by reason of what he had ever done as because Gilpin chose to have it so; it pleased him to be considered a sport by the cow-boys.

With the entry of Gilpin into the lists, the prospect began to darken for Shanghai. Twice in one week he found Mel discoursing at ease in the Thurber parlor when he arrived, convulsing both the old people and Annielee. So, in a huff, he ceased his visits and took to speculating on how a fine honest girl like Annielee could take up with a shifty rascal. And Gilpin rubbed it in as hard as he could. The manner in which he paraded his friendship with Annielee made Shanghai gnash his teeth.

Once they went together to an ice-cream social at the school-house, Gilpin driving a half-tamed bay of which he was very proud. They left the school-house at nine o'clock to make the home drive of twelve miles and they arrived at the Gourd ranch at two in the morning. One wheel was gone from the buckboard as they came scraping up the lane, the axle reposing on a board ripped from the floor of the vehicle. For nine weary miles they had toiled in this shape, the frenzied horse giving much trouble.

"Well" inquired Thurber sleepily as he let his daughter in, "how did this happen?"

"That fool horse of Mel's" she answered crossly. "Mel, he takes too many chances. That horse ain't safe."

Neither her family nor anybody else who knew Annielee well gave another thought to the incident. It worried Shanghai, however.

On a day in town several of the boys joked Gilpin publicly about his midnight

ride, in the rough frank way peculiar to the country—and curiously enough, it is entirely free from offense. Instead of replying in kind, as would any one else, Gilpin gave a sly smile and said "You fellers talk too much." The subtle suggestion was not lost; innuendo beats iteration a thousand miles. The quick looks the others exchanged were followed by whispers, when Gilpin capped this by getting on his dignity and affecting anger over the raillery.

And the whispers grew. Of course they did not reach the Thurbers, for Thurber of the Gourd was a hard-handed man and there lived none who dared hint it to him; but Shanghai heard. None of the better element in the county but scoffed at the gossip and dismissed it from mind; still, there are always some who swallow such stuff eagerly. It was to these that Shanghai gave ear.

He said nothing to Annielee, because in a dull blind way he raged against her, even while believing no word of it. But he saddled a horse one morning and struck across country for the Straight Y ranch, where Gilpin was employed.

Coming upon him on day-herd atop a hill, Shanghai rode close, and still sitting his horse, said to Gilpin, who was on the ground with the reins under his arm, "You're the man I'm looking for."

Mel glanced up in quick alarm, but replied in a friendly tone "Hello, Shanghai. What's the matter? You look mad."

"Stand up" continued Pryor, not trusting himself with preliminaries. "Stand up on your feet and say what a liar you are."

"Why, what's got into you, Shanghai?" protested Mel, but there had come a whine into his voice and he rose obediently.

"You've been talking" was all Pryor could find to say.

"I ain't never said a word. Whoever says I said a word is a liar. You take me face to face with him. I'll tell him so. You—"

"It ain't what you say" Shanghai interrupted huskily, "it's your damned—here, you sign this. I don't want to talk to the likes of you at all."

He thrust a sheet of paper at Mel, who strove to read it, but he was so nervous that the gist of it escaped him.

"What's this, Shanghai?" he asked weakly.

"It's a lie-bill. Sign it. Yes, you will, too; here's a pencil."

"But I ain't done nothing, Shanghai. Me and you have always been friends. What's got into you, Shanghai? You surely don't aim to—"

"You sign that piece of paper." He drew a six-shooter from his waist-band very deliberately.

Once more Mel applied himself to mastering the document, but his panic was too real. There was a sick smile on his weak mouth and he gulped. Fearing that he might refuse and necessitate his killing him, Pryor stepped from his horse and took Gilpin by the arm.

"Listen. I'll read it to you."

This is to certify that the lies going round about Annielee Thurber ain't true. I haven't got nothing but respect for that lady.

And I hereby admit I am a sorry scoundrel and not fit for her to wipe her shoes on. She is as pure as the lily and as white as the snow.

I will promise never to lie about nobody no more. I was a coyote for doing what I did.

All of which is hereby sworn to in the presence of James T. Pryor.

"What does it mean?" inquired Gilpin stupidly. "There ain't no call to make me say all that, Shanghai. I swear I never—"

He broke off his protestations abruptly because the muzzle of Shanghai's gun poked his side; he caught the chill of the steel through his shirt and trembled.

"You put your name there," indicating with a forefinger, the while his gaze became so threatening that Gilpin could not face it. He licked his lips and took the pencil; yet he hesitated.

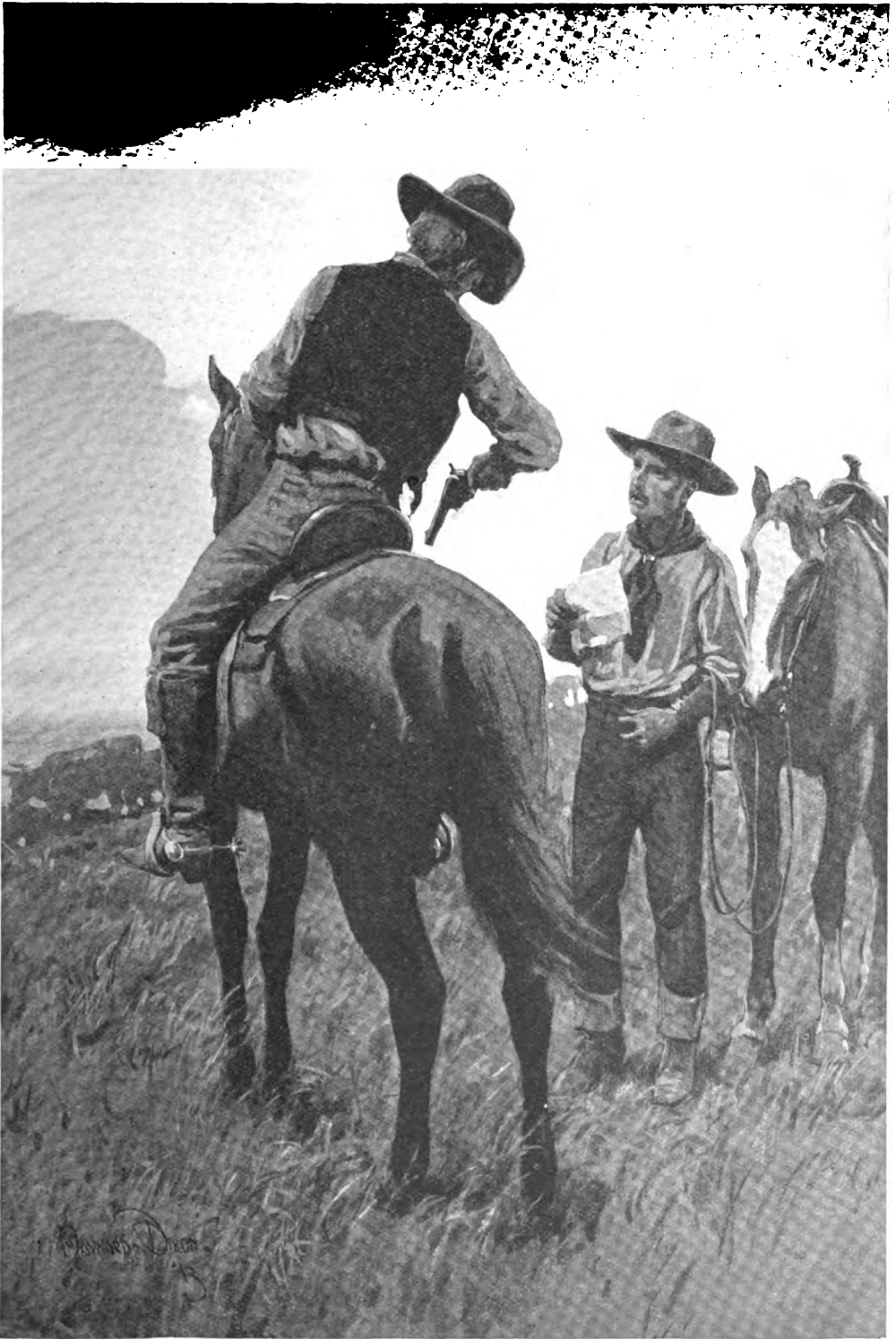
"If you don't, Gilpin, you'll never go back to camp tonight."

"All right, I'll sign. But you ain't doing me right, Shanghai. This ain't fair."

Pryor folded the bill with nice care, placed it in a small leather bag, and remounted.

"That's all I want with you" he said easily, the generosity of a victor softening him for the moment. "You can go now. But if I ever hear a sound out of you, Gilpin—well, you know me. *Adios.*"

Greatly elated, Shanghai arrayed himself like the sun that night and galloped every foot of the way to the Gourd ranch. Into the peaceful domesticity of the Thurber home he burst, and when the old people had discreetly withdrawn to bed, hitched his chair close to Annielee's, to her no inconsiderable uneasiness, and hauled forth the



"You sign that piece of paper." He drew a six-shooter from his waist-band very deliberately

leather bag. Remember that she had never received a hint of this tempest-in-a-teacup.

"There!" exclaimed Shanghai proudly, placing the document in her lap. "Read that."

Annielee gaped a moment, and then a puzzled frown wrinkled her brow. As she reached the end, Shanghai saw her go red, and then very white, and her hands shook pitifully.

"I sure learned that fine gen'l'man a lesson," and he tilted back complacently in his chair.

No explanations were asked by Annielee. She flashed into sudden anger, berated Shanghai like a school-boy for interference in her affairs, flung the lie-bill in his face, and, bursting into tears, ran from the room. She didn't speak either to him or Mel Gilpin for more than a year—not until the sting of it had worn off and she could laugh without resentment. Her behavior was so far above Pryor's head that he finally gave up endeavoring to probe to the heart of it, and used to observe on all occasions that women sure had him beat.

Annielee went her light-hearted way, riding bad horses and bossing her father and mother, who were quite foolish about her and reveled in it. All their doting did not spoil Annielee, but it troubled her parents that she should be so scornful of men.

This indifference endured for a year, and then Bob Laflamme came into the country with a herd of stock cattle and leased a hundred thousand acres adjoining the Gourd ranch. Annielee was twenty years old at this time.

He was a man of medium size, given to long silences which concealed his sense of humor from chance acquaintances. To those on a more intimate footing he showed a quizzical vein, delighting in quiet banter; yet nobody could better enjoy a laugh turned against himself. And such was his poise that with it all none ever got on terms of cheap familiarity with Bob Laflamme.

The moment he looked at her Annielee Thurber lost all her scorn of mankind. Every male she had met heretofore had been afraid of her—even the dashing Mel Gilpin, strive as he would to carry it off lightly. However much they might appear at ease, there had been an underlying timidity when she gazed straight at them out of her big gray eyes, and Annielee had

felt it. This man was different. There was laughter back of the admiration with which he stared at her—yes, he was actually laughing, taunting her. For the first time in her life Annielee felt suddenly weak and grew furiously red.

Masterful as he was—always taking things for granted and proceeding with the most maddening self-confidence—Bob had a rough time of it for six months. Annielee rebuffed him time and again; she began to flirt outrageously with a long dark picturesque cow-boy by the name of Lem Stevens. Laflamme grinned cheerfully over this affair and did not so much as curtail nor press his attentions one jot.

When at last he told her of his love—all the laughter gone now, and so desperately in earnest that Annielee wanted to cry—she informed him quite composedly that it was of no avail. She did not care for him and never could. Bob stared at her a long minute. She looked him coolly in the eyes.

"I'm sorry" he said simply. "You're the finest girl I ever knew."

A slight twitching of the muscles of the face and then he was master of himself again. He shook her hand and started for the door. As he was putting on his hat some instinct prompted him to turn. Annielee had not anticipated this. There she stood with her hands half raised, a wholly involuntary movement, and an expression no one could mistake. Laflamme went back to her in two strides.

They were married in October, before an altar erected under a cottonwood that fairly glowed in its autumn dress of red and gold. A parson came ninety miles to perform the ceremony, for the only church in the county had been burned to the ground and its incumbent removed to greener fields.

Shanghai Pryor was not at the wedding. Before the engagement was mooted about, he had given up his farm to take charge of a mule ranch in the South, and he did not return to the country until two months after the marriage. As he was extremely convalescent from his own attack of love fever by this time, Shanghai learned of the event with unalloyed pleasure.

"Ah, there's a gal" said he. "So she's done married Bob Laflamme? Well, well—she might have done better. Yes, sir, she could of had me. But Bob's a good feller. Nobody can deny that. He's a man, every inch of him."

The mules had not proved a profitable venture and Pryor frequently turned to the bottle to forget his misfortunes. Meeting Laflamme in town one morning for the first time, and being in liquor, he stopped to congratulate him.

"Say, you've got the finest li'l gal in this whole country" Shanghai assured him. "Yes, sir, there's the finest gal in the whole world."

"Much obliged, Shanghai" — smiling broadly—"I sort of suspicioned that myself."

"And any one who says different" pursued Pryor, his muddled brain now striking into a new channel, "has got to answer to me. D'you hear? To me. Yes, sir. I sure learned one fine gen'l'man a lesson. Look at that, Bob. Sure—read it. That proves what I say."

The cheerful idiot laboriously unfolded the lie-bill and put it into the husband's hand.

"Why, I don't—what the devil's this?"

"Read it. That shows what sort of gal she is—pure as the lily, white as the snow. Read it."

Laflamme read it and promptly knocked Shanghai down.

"Well, I'll be doggoned" remarked Pryor dazedly, sitting up and rubbing his crown. "If that ain't a queer thing for a feller to do. There's gratitude for you. Yes, sir. That's the sort of thanks I get."

He watched Laflamme heading for the livery stable, then dusted himself and went to his home, much mystified and perturbed. The husband had carried off the lie-bill.

It fell out that Mel Gilpin was in the livery yard with a knot of loungers when Laflamme went for his horse. They were evidently being entertained by some tid-bit, for Mel was wearing the furtive smile he always summoned when teased about his conquests, and Bob heard a girl's name passed about. In his dark humor it roused the slow restrained anger that his close friends dreaded; he caught Gilpin's eye as he was saddling his horse and stared him out of countenance. Then he ambled out of the gate and headed for his ranch.

As he went along, sober reflection began to minimize the incident and his larger nature asserted itself. Perhaps he would have kept his knowledge of the lie-bill a secret and let its memory die, but for his reception at home.

One of the boys had just brought the mail from the county-seat and in it was a letter for Annielee, addressed in a man's handwriting. She picked this up and examined it curiously, but at sight of her husband's face, yielded to a coy impulse and hid it hurriedly in her bosom.

"Somebody writing you letters?" he queried, hanging his hat on a nail.

"What letter?" she returned, just to see the effect.

Very quietly and distinctly he said: "You just got a letter from some man. That's the first letter you've done got since we were married. Who wrote it?"

"Wouldn't you like to know? It may be from Brother Jim."

She spoke the truth with no semblance of it. Her coquetry could not have been worse-timed. He threw down the lie-bill on to the table in front of her.

"It looks like there's a lot of things I don't know. I suppose it's better for husbands not to know too much, ain't it? That's the way some women figure. Don't stand there smiling. You can't fool me no more. What does this mean?"

"Where did you get it?" she managed to ask.

"So that scares you, does it? I don't wonder. None of your business where I got it. What does it mean? That's what I want to know. What was there between you and that rat Mel Gilpin?"

"You—ask me that?"

He grabbed the lie-bill and shook it under her nose.

"Here's something you done kept me in the dark about. You told me a heap of things that don't matter. This is one you left out. And you should've told me and you didn't."

Annielee shrank back, staring steadily into his eyes. It was as though she saw a new man, one she had never suspected, and she feared him.

"You ask me what that means—you—" her voice was barely audible.

"Listen to me" he said sternly, with better control of himself. "Don't stand there looking like that. I reckon I shouldn't know nothing about this, should I? Well, I think different. What was Mel Gilpin to you? What did that fool Shanghai make him sign this for? Answer me."

Annielee made no attempt to defend herself or to pacify him. That side of it did



Annielee shrank back, staring steadily into his eyes.
"You—ask me that?"

not seem to strike her. She stood opposite her husband, very white and her eyes as big as saucers, and felt her world toppling because the lie-bill had made him doubt.

"You want me to tell you about that? After all we've been—your wife—oh," and her knees giving way, she subsided into a chair.

Perhaps a feeling of shame and remorse—or it may be that his anger took another direction—at any rate, Laflamme picked up the document from the table and hastily left the room. Saddling his horse, he returned to town. He wanted to find Mel Gilpin.

Four men were playing pitch in the livery stable office when Laflamme entered. They

glanced up curiously and nodded at him. Gilpin was dealing.

"When you're through that hand, Gilpin, I want to see you."

The tone was casual, but Mel divined trouble and his playing went all to pieces. Throwing down the cards, he said "All right, I'm ready," and followed Bob into the yard.

"It's this"—showing him the lie-bill. "I want to talk to you about it."

Now, Gilpin was ten times more afraid of Laflamme than of Shanghai Pryor, as indeed were all men. He knew him to be sudden in action, so he started in hurriedly to explain, in a whine that was pitiful.

"Now don't get mad, Bob" he began.

"Wait a minute and I'll tell you all about it. Me and Annielee—"

"Shut up" commanded the husband, flaming into rage. "I don't need no explaining from you. I reckon I know my own wife. That ain't the point. But I done heard you talking about that Davis girl this evening, Gilpin, and I just wanted to tell you what sort of a low-down polecat you are. If you ever open that lying mouth of yours again about any—"

He raised his hand, intending to slap Gilpin across the offending mouth, and Mel waited with his head hung, meekly passive to receive the blow. Then abruptly the hand dropped and Laflamme laughed. That anything serious could ever have occurred between this abject creature and his Annielee struck him as so absurd that he could even look on Gilpin with amused tolerance. And with the laugh came a sense of infinite relief.

"Pshaw!" he exclaimed. "What a fool. I am! Go on back to your game, Gilpin. I reckon you fit in somewheres, but it ain't among decent white folks."

"And I'll be doggoned!" he confided to his horse as he tightened the girth before mounting, "if I ain't almost as bad. Yes, sir. I'm sure fit for nigras myself. Annielee—and she too proud even to tell about it. I ain't half good enough for her—I reckon nobody ain't."

This spirit of humility held him as he approached his home, but he shook it off on entering the gate, for it would never do to look too ashamed or contrite—that would amount to an admission that he had placed more credence in the lie-bill than he wanted her to believe.

"Annielee—oh, Annielee!" he called in his ordinary tone.

There was no response. He hurried through the house, then went back to the stable. Her saddler was gone.

"Humph!" he said ruefully. "I've got my work cut out now. But maybe this is better after all."

Only one place was open to her in that country and that was home, so he caught a fresh horse and spurred through the dark to the Gourd. It was nearly midnight when he arrived, and Mrs. Thurber let him

in the door, whispering "Hush." The old man was in a chair in front of the fire, though it was hours past his bed-time. He regarded his son-in-law gravely.

"You'll have to be right careful" cautioned Mrs. Thurber. "Oh, Bob, how did it happen?"

He did not pause to enlighten her, but crossed to Annielee's bedroom, the room she had occupied as a girl. The lamp was burning on the dresser, turned low. She pretended to be asleep when he tiptoed to her side and was fully resolved to cry out for her mother and expel him from the house at the first word. However, she didn't do it. Bob dropped on one knee beside the bed and put an arm under her shoulders.

"Honey" he whispered, his face against her neck, but there was laughter back of his seriousness.

"Go away" said Annielee in a faint voice.

He laughed outright and turned her face up that he might kiss her.

"I've been such a dog-goned big baby."

At which Annielee raised herself quickly and cried "If you'd said anything else, I never would've forgiven you." Her arm went around his neck. "Bob, dear."

A week later they were sitting down to supper in their own home when a timid knock came on the door, and Mel Gilpin responded to their summons to enter.

"Say" he said sheepishly, "my horse done went lame and I'm afoot. Can you-all give me a shake-down for the night?"

"Sure" replied Laflamme heartily. "Hang up your hat and sit down. Did you put your horse in the corral, Mel? Good."

As he was aiding his wife to set an extra plate at the table, Bob chucked her under the chin and she smiled up at him. Something in the look of his eyes seemed to satisfy Mrs. Laflamme, for she made no protest when he caught her in his arms; besides, there was a cupboard between them and Gilpin, so that he could not see.

"Will I give him back the lie-bill?" he asked softly. "Maybe it'd sort of ease his feelings."

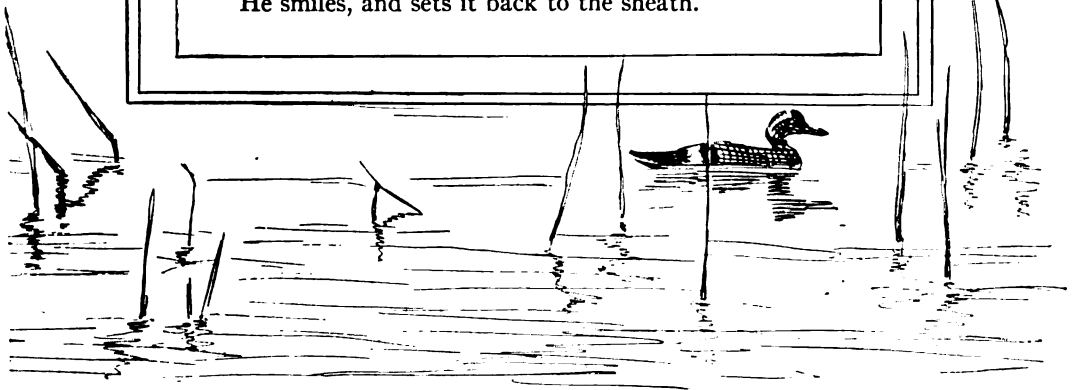
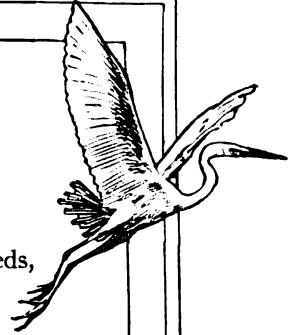
"Uh-uh" she answered. "I want that. I'll—don't, Bob, he'll hear—I'll—always keep it. It's the best thing—that ever happened. There—go put that on the table."



A POSSIBILITY

By GEORGE STERLING

On a windy day, in the russet reeds
Where the blackbird swings and the mallard feeds,
I hid me well, lest the setting sun
Gleam for a moment on my gun;
Quietly there would I ambush me
Till the whirring ducks came in from sea.
And there as I listened, hushed, intent,
To the din of the marsh-wrens' argument,
A great blue heron, stately, grand,
Tired of the mice in the meadow-land,
Hungry, perchance, for the frogs in the sedge,
Came and stood at the river-edge,
Stood alert, with a roving eye,
Wary of river and reeds and sky.
He saw me not, tho' then for a jest
I took long aim at his lilac breast,
Till some alarm of a subtler sense
Leapt in his heart, and he hurried thence,
With dripping feet and with broad wings spread
A mote at last where the west was red.
And I thought: tho' now I seem secure
(An armed man on a friendly moor)—
Tho' strong and sure in my ways I go,
Nor find a peril nor wait a foe,
Perchance I stand, this set o' the sun,
At the ruth of a dire and mighty One.
Perchance a Presence is holding now
A sword invisible o'er my brow,
Till, half in scorn of the gnat beneath,
He smiles, and sets it back to the sheath.





She turned to flee—and there on the other side was the Dinosaur's mate. There was but one way of retreat. She went up the tree nimbly as a monkey. Clutching the downy baby to her heart, she sent shriek after shriek through the glades

IN THE MORNING OF TIME

By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

Author of: *The Heart of the Ancient Wood; The Feet of the Furtive*

Illustrated by Egbert Norman Clark

Slow, slow and gradual beyond the power of man's mind to realize, was the dawn of the morning of Time—of Time that marched under the observation of conscious and considering eyes and intelligences that could concern themselves about it. But whether the stages of that stupendous dawn are to be measured in terms of the ten thousand, the hundred thousand, or even the million of years, matters nothing to the epic splendor of the event; for the lapse of fifty thousand years eludes the grasp of our imagination no less completely than the lapse of fifty million, however glibly our tongues may deal with the designating symbols.

Of those earliest ape-like four-handed creatures, narrow-browed and wide-jawed, which were to evolve a bodily structure fit to house the soul of man, the records of the rocks have as yet revealed to us little clearly. They were tree-dwellers; and we may infer that they were too sagacious to ever let themselves get mired in the smothering morasses which, slowly hardening into stone, have preserved for us so many remains of their duller-witted contemporaries. In the remarkable death-trap which has been revealed by the explorations of the University of California in the famous tar pool at Rancho La Brea, near Los Angeles, seemingly every animal that lived in that region has been caught through the long ages. Birds and mice and harmless grazing creatures were snared in the treacherous ooze; lions and wolves and condors and the terrible sabre-tooth tigers followed them into the clutch of that black death. Where was Man? How did he escape the surprise of the tar pool when quicksands have caught his brothers of today? Perhaps he did not escape. The fossil wonders of that deposit are not all revealed. The remains of Man may yet be found sharing sepulcher with the creatures of the morning of Time.

Surely the dimly man-like inhabitants of the trees must have striven for long ages upon the earth before evolving such a skull-structure, such a development of the brain-pan, as are shown by the only fossil relics as yet discovered. It is therefore fairly safe to infer that the latest stage in the existence of those colossal Dinosaurian monsters—which Nature experimented with so recklessly and then wiped out so ruthlessly—may have well overlapped the time when man came down out of the tree-tops and began the first daring assertion of his sovereignty. He was pretty certainly an age or so too late to have seen the Diplodocus and his fellows; but the latest and most terrible of the monster Dinosaurs, the Triceratops, was so amazingly equipped both for offense and for defense that it may well have survived far into the period of the giant mammals and found itself confronted by Earliest-Man. It is hard to understand how Nature, having perfected so tremendous an invention, could have brought herself to exterminate it at the last.

Mr. Roberts, looking back along that dim trail, believes that Man actually came face to face with the terror of the prehistoric landscape, the King of the Triple Horn. The following brief account of that meeting, grim as it is, is a fitting prelude to the romance of Grôm and A-ya, two lovers at the dawn of the race, the story of whose adventures, in the morning of Time, Mr. Roberts will begin in the October number of SUNSET.

A BROWN slim creature, a woman apparently, but with arms so long that they reached below the knees, and covered all over, except for the face, with short dark hair like fur, stood at the foot of a slender palm-like tree. The hair of her head was a true hair, not like fur, but shaggy and matted. Her eyes were wild and alert like those of a suspicious doe. In the crook of one arm she carried a small light-brown absurdly downy baby. She was apprehensive, because she was at some distance from the great trees which were her home. She had ventured so far to gather plantains, the fruit that she loved best.

A slight sound behind her, and she turned her head. There was the gigantic and horrifying bulk of a monster Dinosaur half out-thrust from a thicket, its cold fish-like eyes fixing her implacably from their immense goggle rims. The three gigantic horns, two standing out from the forehead and one from the crest of the nose, pointed straight at her, the dreadful mouth, shaped like a parrot's beak, was open, and reaching for her.

She turned to flee—and there on the other side was the monster's mate. Behind was an impenetrable wall of thorn acacia. There was but one way of retreat. She went up the tree, nimbly as a monkey, and crouched shivering in a crotch. The slim top swayed under her weight. She clutched the downy baby to her heart, and sent shriek after shriek piercing through the glades.

Half a mile away the man-creature, her mate, the father of the downy baby, heard that cry of terror. He gave one deep shout in reply and then came running in silence, saving his breath.

But he was too late. The Dinosaurs were about twenty feet in length, perhaps eight feet high, and of a massiveness far surpassing the bulk of the hugest elephant that ever existed. The female began to root at the base of the tree, to overthrow it; but the male, cruder in his methods, simply straddled it, and overbore it by his sheer weight. As the swaying top touched earth the wild brown mother sprang forth, just clearing the horns. She thought herself free. Then a giant tail, swung like a flail, struck her and felled her. A second more and the great foot of the female Dinosaur crushed her and the downy babe out of existence together.

The swift end of the tragedy was seen by the man-creature as he came racing down the open glade. With a barking groan, he hurled his ragged club, blindly, at the nearest monster. By sheer luck one of its sharp splintered knots struck fairly in the monster's eye, smashing it in the horny socket. She roared with pain; and the two, side by side, came lunging toward him.

The man-creature ran back slowly, devising vengeance. It was so easy for him to outstrip these slow mountainous monsters who were spouting their fetid musky breath at his heels. He led them on toward the inland meadows where, as he had observed that morning, a newly arrived herd of giant mammalians, the Dinoceras, were now pasturing.

They were stupid, these two vast Lizard Majestics, with more brains in their pelvic arches than in their skulls. They could not detect that the puny man-creature was befooling them. Their dull hate once thoroughly aroused, they would pursue him so long as they could move the mighty columns of their legs. At last the man-creature burst out into the open; and still they followed, raging silently.

The black herds of the Dinoceras stopped feeding all at once, and raised their dreadful heads, and stared.

These early mammals were not so colossal in bulk as the Dinosaurs, but their appearance was sufficiently impressive. The bulls were nearly twelve feet in length, and suggested a cross between some unimaginably colossal wild boar and a freak rhinoceros. Their huge heads carried not only three pairs of horns, but also a pair of downward-pointing tusks, like those of the walrus, but shorter. There were countless cows in the herd, horned like the bulls, but smaller, and without the rending tusks. The cows, at this season, all had young. After one long comprehending look at the two terrific shapes bearing down upon them, the whole herd put itself in motion, the black bulls thrusting themselves to the front, the cows forming a second array with the calves huddled behind them.

The man-creature they hardly noticed, he seemed to them so insignificant. He ran on straight through the gathering line of the bulls, the nearest of whom thrust at him carelessly as he passed. When the

two raging Dinosaurs thus lost sight of their quarry they stopped short, in bewilderment. Then, and only then, they noticed the array of great black beasts bearing down upon them. Here was a new object for their rage. They plunged wallowing forward. And at that moment the man-creature, re-appearing on the right, halted and laughed.

It was a strange disconcerting sound, that laughter; and the nearest Dinoceras, disturbed by it, edged away in inexplicable apprehension.

The next moment the stupendous opposing forces met with the shock of clashing mountains. The two ponderous bulks of the Dinosaurs went straight through the ranks of the black bulls, ripping them with beak and horn from shoulder to rump and rolling them under foot, while the bulls on either side charged upon their flanks, rearing, grunting, squealing insanely, and rending with the massive daggers of their tusks.

The two monsters plowed on, as it seemed, irresistibly—till they came to the line of the cows. But here they were stopped. The calves were behind that line.

The cows simply heaped themselves upon those impaling horns and armored fronts, smothering them down and engulfing them. The two Dinosaurs disappeared from view. A dreadful mountain of writhing, dark shapes formed itself, and heaved convulsively for some minutes. Then the great columns which were the Dinosaurs' legs seemed to crumble beneath the weight. The battling heap sagged, fell apart, and let in the sunlight

upon what had been the two colossal monarchs of that early world. The almost unrecognizable things still heaved and twisted ponderously, but it was mere aimless paroxysm, the blind life struggling to resist its expulsion and dissipation. Those of the Dinoceras who had escaped mortal hurt in the battle stood about in a ring, thrusting and ripping vengefully at the unresponsive masses of flesh.

Not fifty paces away stood the man-creature, staring and considering. He had no more fear of these beasts. He knew he could avoid them with ease. So insignificant that in their excitement they hardly noticed him, he nevertheless despised them and felt himself their master. He had played with the two Dinosaurs, led them into his trap, and taken such vengeance upon them that his grief was assuaged by the fulness of it. The black herds of the Dinoceras he had used as the mere tools of his vengeance. No doubt, if necessary, he could so use them again.

He turned his back upon them and stalked away with deliberation toward the wooded ground. He would find another mate; he would get new offspring, who should be inquiring and full of resource, like himself. At the edge of the wood he turned, and gave one more look, long and musing, upon the gigantic black creatures whom he had used. Suddenly a strange emotion came upon him, an uncomprehended sense of responsibility and of wonder at himself; and he moved off slowly, with bent head, among the trees, groping for a clue to this emotion in the darkness of a mind which did not yet know how to think.

[*The first instalment of the romance of Grôm and A-ya, entitled "The Finding of Fire," will appear in the October number.*]





I occupied the starboard side of the back seat. My trunk, the cameras, camp chairs, sweaters, hats and ten thousand other things filled to overflowing the rest of my seat

Three Thousand Miles on the Back Seat

A Motor-Wandering Through California

By ELOISE ROORBACH

TO wander on and on and on through California's fertile valleys, painted deserts and flower fields! To climb to the top of Sierra peaks, drink from their clear springs, bathe in sparkling mountain pools, sleep under waving Incense Cedar boughs, on beds of balsam needles, to watch campfires fade to glowing coals, to see night's candles lighted in the sky! To go at will from one end of this enchanted state to the other with never a troublesome necessity to whisper disturbing "backward" commands, with never a duty to turn us from our chosen way! This is what we spoke of when a March blizzard whisked us furiously through New York's icy streets, snipping and snapping at us like an angry beast. "He" had spent the winter singing wild bird songs to tamely civilized audiences until his voice had almost lost its lilt of joy. "She" had spent the frost-bound days playing tender nocturnes and sprightly mazurkas until her fingers could no longer dance. "I" had spent dark wintry days writing of gardens until worn-out pencils

lagged. With courage born of homesickness we determined on liberty—money-making to go to the dogs if it insisted upon it! From Kern to Klamath! was our resolve. Gloria California! was our call.

As it turned out, we exceeded our stern resolve by many miles, for we started far below the Kern and left the Klamath far behind. We met in Los Angeles, selecting camping outfit together, making eider-down sleeping-bags, buying maps and more maps, frying-pans, hob-nail boots and manifold other delightful things. "He" was a California naturalist educated in the fine schools of Forest and Field, whose eye had been trained by Br'er Lynx, who had been taught to sing by Messrs. Thrush and Lark, to pad noiselessly through forests by Herr Bruin, to make fire by rubbing two sticks of wood together by Digger Indians. So he was well versed in the ways of the "creatures" of the world. His wife had been educated in the big cities of Europe and knew all about the fine "people" of the world. What one did not know about wild

animals, the other knew about enlightened humanity. So there was much rare camp-fire talk. As for myself—I am really a most excellent listener!

We could not walk from Kern to Klamath and carry a load. Neither take into the narrow byways we wished to explore one of those magnificent heavy Hotel de Luxe autos that make so impressive an appearance on fashionable boulevards. So we, or rather he, got one of the best cars in the world for camping purposes—a Ford touring car. He turned it into a gypsy car by sawing the back of the front seat down to the seat, putting hinges on the bottom so that it could be dropped down almost on the back seat. This made the most comfortable of beds and was the object of wonder and envy of every person who saw it during the trip. When rugs and eider-down sleeping-bags were spread over the cushions and the side curtains up, it was better than any Pullman sleeper. Though admiring it exceedingly, I scorned such luxuries and pitched my small green silk shelter tent under the trees, preferring the concealing curtains of azalea and bracken.

Along the whole length of the left running-board he built a box, so high that we gave up all hope of entering the car from that side, though the doors could be opened if need be. In this we kept the food, cooking pans, etc. By an ingenious plan he could extend the top of this box by fitted boards (stored under the mat of the back seat when not in use) so that it made an excellent table, at which we could sit in comfort with camp chairs instead of squatting on the ground as many campers do. A trunk for the grand clothes we but seldom used was fastened on a rack at the back. A huge duffle bag holding the bedding rested on top of the trunk. Smaller duffle bags which held a little of everything were tied on the forward mud-guards back of the lamps. We were carrying the clothing, bedding and working cameras, books and sketching outfits, food and cooking utensils for three people in that little car. So it bulged, bumped and bristled with knobs holding camp treasures until it looked like a squat, humpy toad.

I occupied the starboard side of the back seat. My trunk, the cameras, camp chairs, sweaters, hats and ten thousand other things filled to overflowing the other half of my seat. To such dull companionship the

“listeners” of the world are justly relegated, where they may look out as patiently as may be, upon the world that lies between the heads of fascinating “talkers” who by right occupy the front seat (if by chance there *is* any space between them!). If all the world is a play and all the men and women players, there must be some sort of an audience, some one to watch and applaud. The “Witness” becomes thus, by the urgent law of necessity, a staid and dignified philosopher!

The roads we followed make an ideal route for those to take who wish to get a comprehensive knowledge of California, its diverse beauties of desert and forests, mountains and plains, its fertile and wild resources, its cities and remote villages, lumber, mining and fishing camps, its unknown and its known regions. All along the way we compared notes with other travelers and we feel satisfied that the three thousand and more miles registered could not have been recorded to better advantage. It surveyed the state from one end to the other, and from the ocean to the Sierras. We journeyed leisurely, not, be it well understood, because our small car named “Git-about” could not rapidly cast the miles behind her nimble little wheels if she were given full leave, but because we were out for pleasure and study of the wild creatures, the flowers and trees. Our idea of pleasure was to halt in every ferny dell that invited, to still the chattering motor while birds sang, to cache our small car beneath a wayside bush while we went afoot along side trails, and to lift the latch occasionally in answer to a friend’s entreaty. We spent much wit in admiring comments on the manner in which our spunky car tore through the country. We laughed in derision as it flew past noble “seven passengers” stalled in the mud holes we were not heavy enough to mire in. We bragged outrageously to every victim we could button-hole as to the sprightly way our short car could round corners where banks and roadbeds bore scars of many a frantic backing and starting of “full-sized” cars. We joyed in spreading the entire contents of our gypsy auto in conspicuous places, knowing full well that whoever looked upon the sight would marvel and be reminded of prestidigitator tricks with hats! We delighted in filling our engine with water while our “big brothers” bought “gass” at thirty cents a gallon! The

car was as reliable as an old friend all the long hard summer's driving, carrying us safely and cheaply and annoying us not at all with breaks and repairs. We grew to regard it as an individual being and were constantly amused at the human way it sputtered over dusty roads, roared at sand hollows, jumped over rocks, leaped across ruts, waded streams, backed noisily up 35 per cent. grades and cautiously felt its way down the steep other side. People could call it Flea, Burro, Tom Thumb, Pigmy, Pasadena Packard or whatever they liked, we swore by our own and loved it like a brother.

We left Los Angeles early in May and circled round by Riverside and over the Foot Hill boulevard, back through Pasadena and on toward the north. The spring was on the hills. Young birds were learning to fly, young lambs, calves and colts looked at us with wondering eyes. Every thing seemed young and full of the joy of life. One night was spent in the desert just beyond Palmdale. We drove the car off the road facing into a group of demoniacal looking Joshua trees that thrust out weirdly twisted and contorted, bayonet armed branches, forbidding further progress. Its rank, evil smelling, coarse, greenish white blossoms tainted the air all through that wonderful desert night when stars hung close to earth.

We chose this inland route north instead of the lovely one that passes through Santa Barbara, for we were to visit a few days at a large ranch near Bakersfield. At Lebec we telephoned ahead of our approach, for our hosts were to meet us and guide us across the open fields, shortcutting to their home. At the crest of a long steep hill the San Joaquin valley lay like a shimmering lake spread out before us. No more beautiful sight silenced our excited chatter during the whole of the summer's trip. The hills were painted with brilliant patches of the yellow flower called "Sunshine," poppies added their orange, lupins splashed with blue, meadow-foam touched with creamy white, larkspurs, owls clover, irises, baby-blue-eyes, painted cups, were in possession of every wave of the granite hills and over all was the amethystine haze of distance.

Something glittered and flashed through the lupin pools. We coasted toward what looked like the chariots of the sun gods. Stalwart young Phaetons reined in their

huge motor chariots, bringing them to a halt in the field blue with flowers. What a place for a meeting! We were all wild with delight over the beauty of the world. Our beloved gypsy car looked like a barnacle beside those three gorgeous motors and though a most wonderful car indeed it could no more keep up with those modern sun-chariots than an ant with a swallow. I was transferred to one of the large cars. We led the way, setting the pace at forty miles an hour, which soon warmed up to sixty. Then just to show Ford enthusiasts what he could do, he drove along at eighty miles an hour, entertaining me, meanwhile, with accounts of the birds on Pelican island and keeping a sharp lookout for rattlesnakes. When we finally alighted at the rancho gates, a faint dust wreath far in the distance showed me where little "Git" was frantically sprinting along in vain endeavor to keep within sight. At this ranch of half a million acres I learned a few things about autos undreamed of in my previous philosophy. We chased coyotes with them until the poor creatures gave in and dropped, paralyzed by the snorts of its flashing pursuers. We hunted rattlesnakes, roped cattle, trailed wild horses over trackless plains and climbed right up the face of mountains just for the risky fun of coasting at full speed down again.

Finally we left this exciting life and ran first through hot barren oil country, then across the lovely Carissa plains, one vast bed of flowers wherein horned larks were nesting, then along the well-known Coast highway, a succession of interesting camps and exciting road adventures until we came into San Francisco.

Early in June we were ferried across San Francisco bay to the beautifully wooded Marin hills. Cool redwood groves and clear streams offered attractive camping sites, but the roads were so splendid that we fell victims to the "forever onward" mania, which urged us around the next corner, then around the next, until we carelessly took the wrong turn of the road just beyond Cloverdale and went happily astray in the highest of spirits. Would that all mistakes were as fortunate. We unknowingly made steadily for the sea through the picturesque Anderson valley. Deep in a redwood forest we began to grow suspicious, for we smelled salt air! The sheriff of the county—out for a much needed man—confirmed our fears

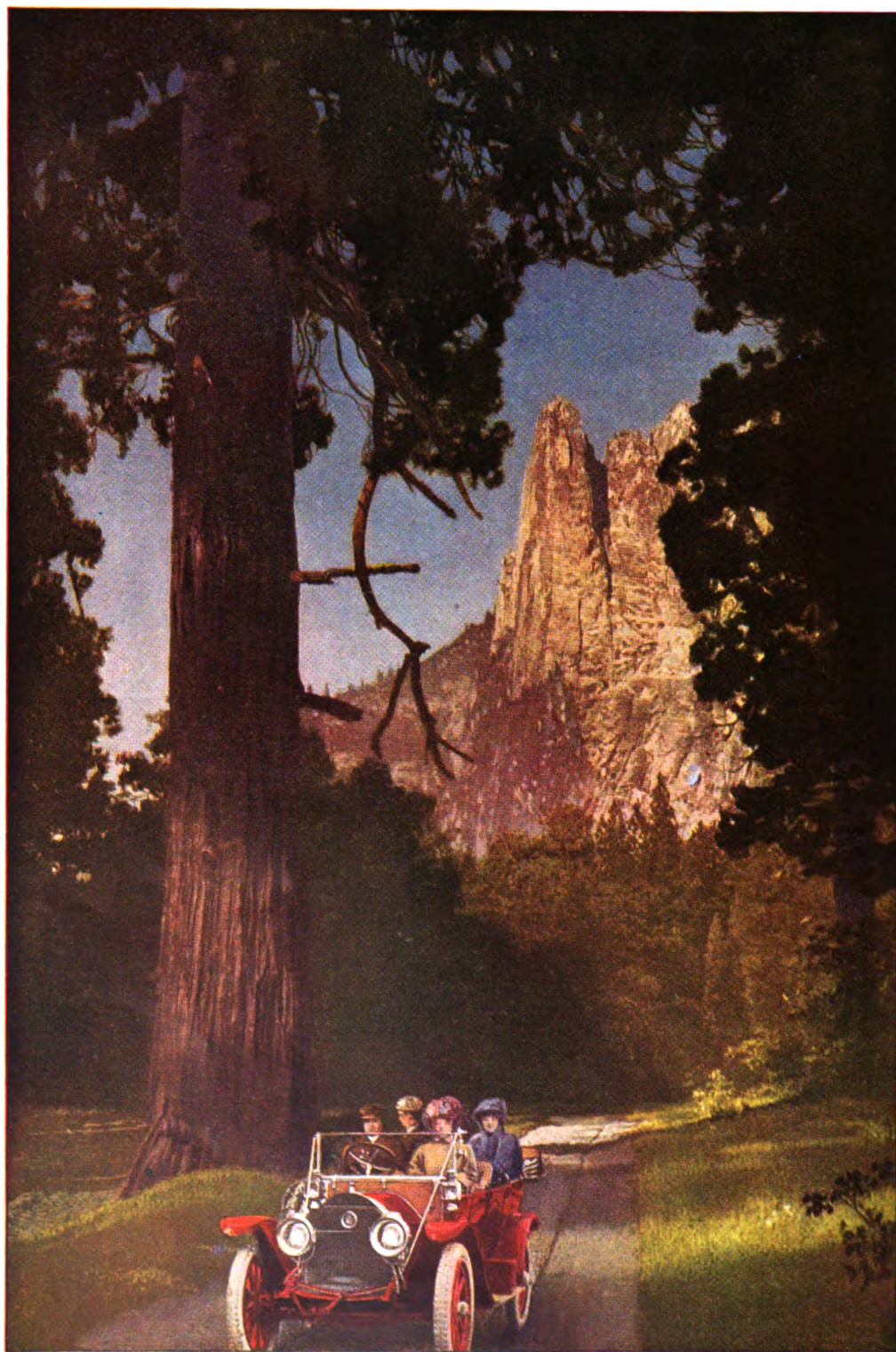


We joyed in spreading the entire contents of our gypsy auto in conspicuous places, knowing well that whoever look'd upon the sight would marvel and be reminded of prestidigitator tricks.

and told us how to get back to the main road without having to retrace our tracks. He directed to the Boonville road. He did not tell us that this road was justly famed for the steepness of its grade, so we dashed at it innocently enough, mounting higher and higher, spinning around curves on two wheels until "Git" rocked like a boat at sea. The Ukiah valley from this high ridge looked like a glorified Santa Clara, so fertile and full of color it was. The ridge itself was jagged and heavily wooded in places, steep and wild, like a simplified Sierra. We hung onto sheer edges like flies on a wall, hardly daring to look at the bluebells, Clarkias, Diogenes Lanterns, Fire-cracker lilies and the myriad other delicate flowers that added sweet comfort to the danger of the road. Around one sharp turn as we labored slowly upward a huge car whizzed to a dust-raising halt not six inches from our front wheels. Both parties owned up to being white and scared as we all got out to consider the situation, for the road could barely hold one car in its narrow track and the descent to the right was like the shaft of a mine. Nothing for it

but for us to back our nimble little car to a possible passing place. The main road that we had intended to take was broad and comparatively level with no chance for dangerous encounters, but I advise all who are out for wild beauty to take this longer, steeper, more hazardous way. It is well worth any risk as well as extra time and effort.

At last, after running through a fine country of fertile meadows, rolling oak-covered hills, spruce, redwood and madrone groves, and open grassy hills where thousands of sheep were grazing, with the grandeur of snow-whitened ranges against the horizon, we came into the redwoods of Humboldt county. The magnificent stand of timber exceeded our expectations, which is saying a great deal, for we had expected much. Whole mountain sides were covered as with grass by stately giant trees. Our camp that night was near Dyerville on the Eel river, in a circle of huge trees, ten to twelve feet in diameter. "She" felt as if she were in the bottom of the ocean. "He" felt terribly depressed, as if friends were



A GASOLINE GOAL

When the near future shall have brought to completion the automobile road into the heart of Yosemite National Park, then will be realized the dream of countless motorists who have left their dearly-beloved cars outside the sacred boundaries and have forced themselves into an impatient acquiescence to the lumbering horse-drawn stage

dying. Lumbermen were in fact laying low this incomparable forest that had been centuries in growing to such magnificence. To me it was as a temple filling me with reverence for the power, the grace and mighty forces of nature.

We crossed the Eel river at this point on a ferry boat and drove slowly along the road that threaded the forest for miles. At one place thousands of foxgloves were in full bloom amid the bracken that grew to a height of ten feet and more. In the open country near Eureka lush meadows pastured sleek cattle, hedged with wild rose, fields of yellow dandelions were alive with yellow birds fluttering and singing. Here we got the first glimpse of the ocean since the Golden Gate. From Eureka natural gardens of white and pink foxgloves, and pink and yellow azaleas, rock and cliff gardens, a charcoal forest, lagoons, bays bordered with flowers that love the sand or marshy lands followed in quick and lovely succession. The road itself was a splendid one, of unusual diversity, undulating through forests that dipped into the sea, out over headlands that could easily drop one straight into the dashing surf so far below, following the rim of open breezy hills affording superb views of ocean and forest. We drove 63 miles that June day, and in camp that night at Pra Brook, quite the prettiest camp yet made, the great and varied beauty of the day had been so exciting we were long in getting to sleep. The change from dark forests to brilliant flowery hills and sunny cliffs had fairly intoxicated and wearied us with beauty. A hermit thrush sang his famed Abenleid from a tall redwood tree and a chatty little brook finally lulled us to sleep.

The next day we rounded a curve full under a mighty tree just about to fall. Two men were slowly sawing the last few inches of heart that still held it upright. We drove to a point of safety, then came back to see the giant shiver, groan and then shake the earth with the force of its fall. This mammoth tree was to make many rods of the puncheon roads—automobile sidewalks—that the dampness of these dense northern forests necessitates. The way would have been impassable without them. Many miles of these heavy plank roads were crossed during that day and for every inch of them we gave thanks. We had a rush down to the ocean and a six-

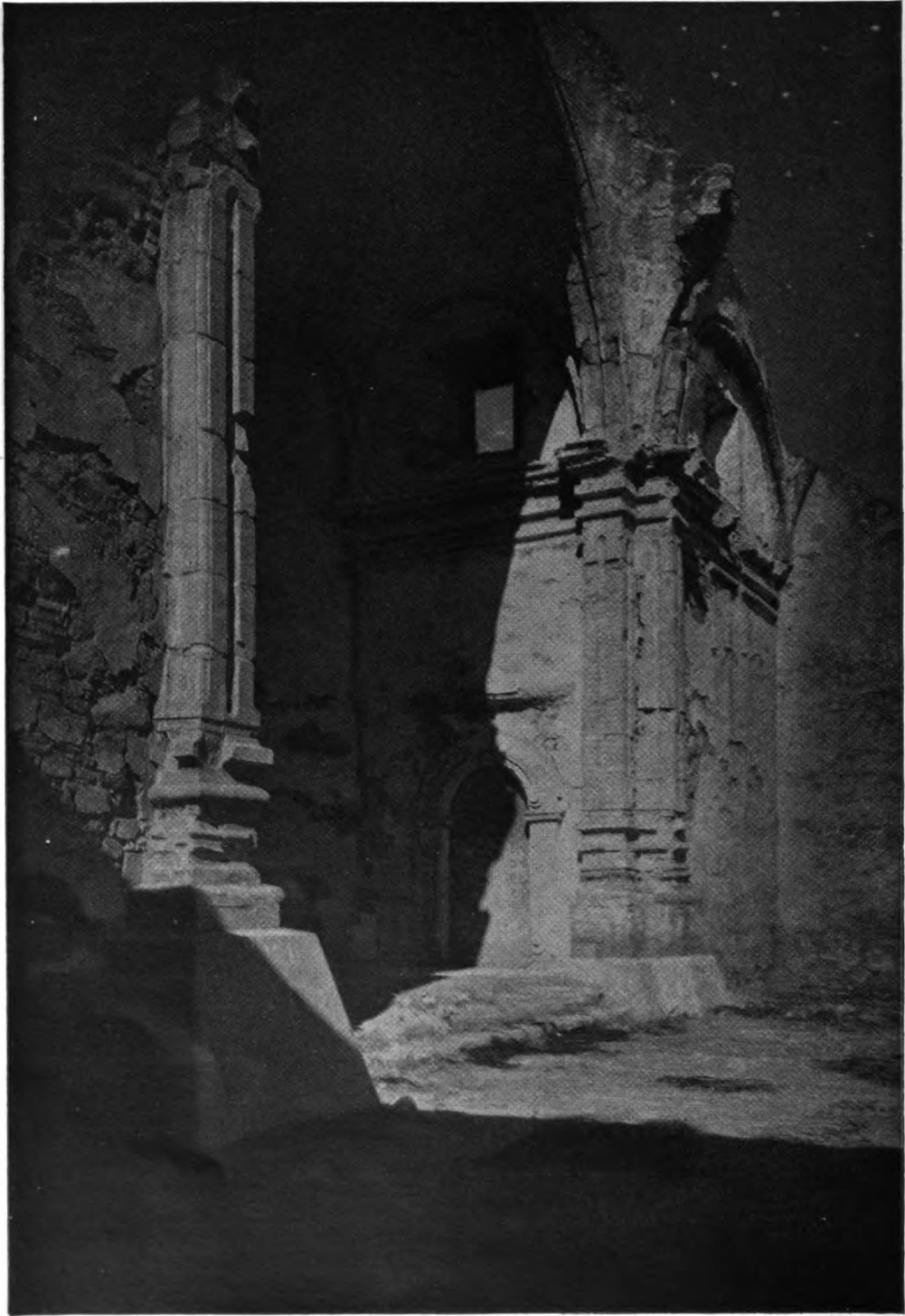
mile spin along the hard beach to Crescent City, and then storm delayed us for several days in this remote lumber town and made the bad roads in worse condition than their wont. Seven miles of puncheon road to South Fork was a most welcome relief to the slippery, muddy, rocky road. Then came miles of beautifully forested road, steadily up, our wheels spinning round and round, much of the time, in the slippery mud, so that we put ferns and bracken under the wheels, just the needed help for footing, until we sped on the eight miles of splendid white granite road to Grants Pass, Oregon. The trip from Crescent City to Grants Pass was perhaps the most exciting part of the tour, for it was wild, mountainous, uncivilized, far from the reach of railroads, seldom visited by autos. The forests were the finest in the land, the flowers massed in gorgeous profusion, the meadows alive with birds pouring out songs of joy.

From Grants Pass we turned back toward California by way of the Pacific Highway, a road that is fortunately to be better some day.

Mt. Shasta was a glorious companion for days, hovering over the hot barren table lands like a great white god. Through rich valleys, and across high mountains we went, off over private broom-swept ways along the aristocratic McCloud river, and over public storm-swept ways along the Sacramento, until in the Great Valley, the excellent roads were cause for rejoicing to us who had for hundreds of miles hunted out wood roads and seldom seen a highway.

From Stockton a detour into the Big Oak Flat road which leads through historic Knight's Ferry and Chinese Camp, making for the Yosemite, and at last on to San Jose, journeying slowly with many a side trip into the Santa Cruz and the Coast Range mountains, and on to Los Angeles through San Luis Obispo and Santa Barbara.

We had journeyed with the spring from Los Angeles to Sierran snow-capped peaks. Hills were blue with ceanothus when we started and we feasted that day on cherries and strawberries. We traced the footsteps of spring and feasted on freshly ripened cherries and strawberries the whole length of the state. In Yosemite, at Clouds' Rest, in August we saw again the familiar fragrant, blue flower-smoke of ceanothus, dogwood was starring cool dells, mad-cap



THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS

Upon the road ahead shine the beams from auto-lamps where the modern pilgrim speeds, even at night, over the historic day-path of the padres. But upon the once magnificent portal of San Juan Capistrano streams the tender moonlight, as of old, and the romance of the past seems to walk again in the ruined mission



THE CATHEDRAL OF THE CENTURIES

At last we came into the redwoods of Humboldt county and made our camp in a circle of huge trees, ten to twelve feet in diameter. In one place, thousands of foxgloves were in full bloom amid ferns that stood ten feet high. It was as a temple, filling us with reverence for the kingdom, the power and the glory of Nature

violets were pushing aside melting snows in answer to spring's warm command. It had been a summer of spring! Many times we lost the first spring flowers only to find them just awakening further north. More than a hundred times we pitched our camp in mountain, valley, desert, seashore, forest. Our beds had been spread on wild mesas with not a tree in sight, as if we were on the tiptop of the world, or under sequoias, doubly majestic because of night's shadows, which held the stars in their high branches. We rested by brook, stream, rivers—on sand, grass and needles. Deer gazed curiously as we slept, brown bears "whoofed" at us, wildcats and lynx sneaked close, "woodland pussies" examined our kitchens, squirrels stole boldly, chipmunks dashed over our faces, birds sang us to sleep and awakened early. Adventures filled our days. We talked with lion hunters, photographed bear and rattlesnakes.

But no real danger threatened, no accident marred the summer. Each day was as different from the other as day from night. Each was crowded full with the delight of study, exploration and with fresh pictures of California's incomparable beauty. No other place in the world could offer a more varied, safe, delightful, educative trip. Many miles of well made roads threading this glorious state are deservedly well known. Many more there are, unfrequented, wild, untroubled by civilization, that can be safely covered and that offer unsurpassed scenic beauties. Some of the fresh wisdom and vigor of this past summer's trip is being given to the East as "he" sings the songs of the Western birds to listening audiences. Some of it sings through her fingers as "she" accompanies those songs for him. All of it rests hidden away in my memory against the day Time bids me cease from wandering in this land of my heart's choice.

THE NEW STANFORD

What Recent Radical Changes in the Policy of Stanford University Mean to the Educational Prestige of the West

By EVERETT W. SMITH

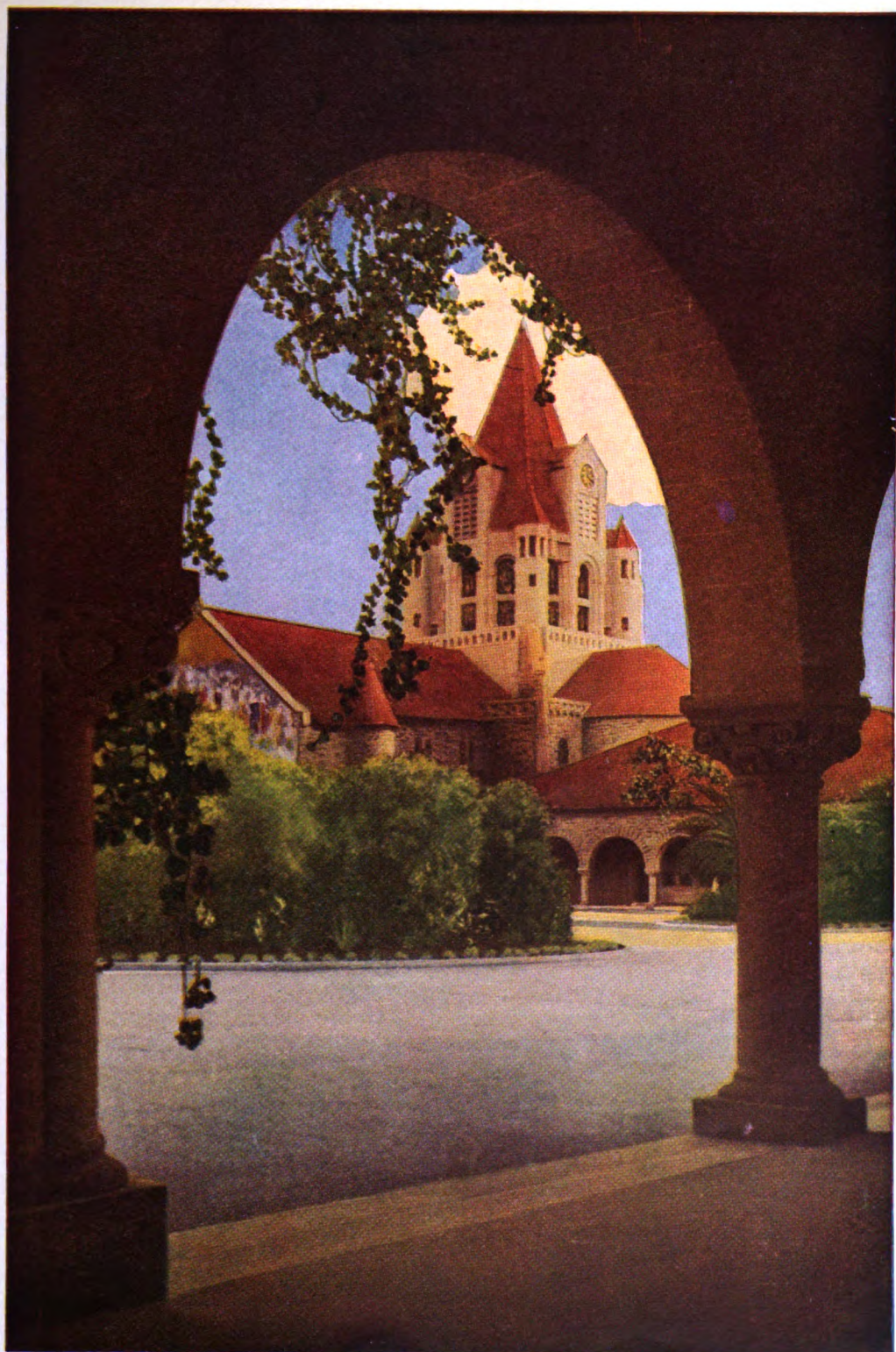
IN a few days Stanford University begins its twenty-third academic year, and, if the changes in the future policy of the university announced by the Board of Trustees just after the close of college last April mean anything, begins at the same time a new era of progress and expansion. Just what does the new policy mean? How significant are the changes?

The substance of the Trustees' public statement, aside from the announcement of the promotion of Dr. David Starr Jordan to the new position of chancellor and of Dr. John Casper Branner to the presidency, was this:

The resources of the university will justify in the future an increase in the annual allotment for academic work, and the present departments of instruction are to be pushed up to a plane of efficiency—"the

most important of these departments," to quote the Trustees—that will render them "preëminent among such departments in the United States." To the alumni and friends of the university and the future is left its expansion into other fields than those it now occupies.

"In order to create a limited yet highly specialized institution of the highest rank the Trustees consider that the equipment requires considerable extension." Construction will therefore be begun immediately on a new library building, adequate to shelve a million volumes on the campus, a new gymnasium for the men on their athletic fields, and "the housing facilities and other buildings and equipment necessary to give the university an educational plant equal to any in the United States"; in San Francisco the present large hospital



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBINSON & GRANDALL

THE CLOISTER OF EFFICIENCY

Old-world beauty marks the buildings of Stanford University. Dreamy arcades of arching stone under red tiled roofs, tropical foliage stirring lazily in sheltered courts, chimes floating down from a cathedral under the blue Californian sky—all make a perfect setting for *dolce far niente*. Yet amid this languorous atmosphere moves the eager modern spirit of special preparation for the work of the world, and only the select of that spirit may find room in this cloister of efficiency

of the medical department will be entirely remodeled and renovated, a substantial wing added for private patients, and a new woman's hospital building erected, the first wing of which, as soon as it is completed, will be used temporarily as a nurses' home, thus relieving the pressure on the present home which is proving inadequate for the growing nurses' training school.

"Inasmuch as the field covered is to be limited in order that the quality of work can be emphasized, it is intended to restrict the number of men students received at the university." The university will undertake to handle only as large a student body as its facilities prepare it to train to the highest point of individual efficiency. The women have been for several years limited to five hundred. The men now number about 1300, which is about the number that the university can care for with the best results. In selecting the men to be admitted, the test will not be merely the scholarship record in preparatory school, nor even in other institutions of collegiate rank, as has been the custom primarily with the women, but character, ambition, a definite purpose in life, and so far as possible especial aptitude for or experience in the lines of work for which they wish to equip themselves. In other words, Stanford will seek the kind of young men who know where they are going and what they want to get out of college in preparation for real life. It will not have room for the "lost souls" who drift into college on general principles and who form a large proportion of the contingent which drifts out again after a year or two, without having gained anything very definite. Stanford has found that the men who work their way through college are the kind who, as a whole, are worth while, and it will seek that kind.

That, in broad outline, is Stanford's new policy. Now what does it really amount to? What will the Stanford of the future be as a result? It is, as the newspapers in their headlines at the time of the announcement said unanimously, a "radical change," which, as a matter of fact, is not radical at all. The Trustees in their statement said "the present changes in policy are but an evolutionary development" of the university to which Dr. Jordan "has given its form and character." That is perfectly true. All the objects now definitely set are goals toward which the university has more or less consciously and persistently been

aiming for years. All of them—the limitation of the number of students, the setting of standards, the restriction of the field of endeavor to bounds within the university's resources with the high standards so set, and the prohibition against undertaking additional branches without sufficient funds to maintain them in accordance with these standards—have many times been enunciated by Dr. Jordan as the duty of a private, endowed university, which, like Stanford, is free to choose its own course and limited to the income from its own endowment in carrying on its work; and the Trustees worked out the new policy in collaboration with Dr. Jordan and Dr. Branner, who represent the early ideals of the university and have not altered their ideals.

Granting all this, it will not do to minimize the vital significance of the Trustees' action in determining and announcing a deliberate and definitive policy. In the first place, it clears the situation of doubt and uncertainty as to what really are the immediately desirable activities of the university, which is stimulating to those who have its work in charge. There is all the difference in the world between the managers of a business or manufacturing plant realizing that they cannot with their capital enter all the lines which their field would otherwise offer and their determining that they will specialize sharply on the branches which they can handle best, build up and remodel their plant and organization so far as necessary for the purpose, cut down waste effort and unproductive expense, turn out the best possible product by selecting their raw material and improving their methods wherever they can, and confidently awaiting the development of new fields as that is made possible by the increased resources which must inevitably follow such a course of action. That is the application of the rules of scientific management. The action of the Stanford Trustees is significant because it is the first time that the rules of scientific management have been applied to a university. It is the first time that the board of trustees of a prosperous and growing university have in a business-like way looked ahead to the future situation of their university and laid down a set policy not merely for general development but for definite restriction, to the end that their institution may to its fullest possibilities meet its duties of public service.

The purpose of Stanford University, in the words of its founders, is "to promote the public welfare," and its object, "to qualify students for personal success and direct usefulness in life." The Trustees, Chancellor Jordan and President Branner in determining upon the changes in the policy of the university were actuated by the desire to place Stanford in a position and upon a course where it would attain this object and purpose most completely and effectively.

Stanford now offers a well-rounded undergraduate curriculum, opportunities for graduate work that vary from fair, in comparison with universities particularly well equipped in some branches, to excellent, in fields where Stanford herself is peculiarly adapted through superiority in situation, laboratory and library facilities, or teaching staff, and professional courses in engineering, law and medicine that rank with the best in the country. The energies of the university will now be devoted to building up these professional schools along the highest lines of professional education, to building up the pure science departments along the line of research work, and to building up particularly the departments of English, history and economics, subjects obviously necessary in the education of every university man—for Stanford will insist that her professional graduates shall be university men in the fullest sense, as it always has. This does not mean, of course, that other departments, the languages, for instance, will be allowed to lapse below their present standards of usefulness, but that the undergraduate departments mentioned are to be pushed up "until they have become preëminent among such departments in the United States." In bringing about this reorganization it is conceivable that some of the present departments of instruction may be placed on a "service" basis with relation to other departments upon which the university is centering its chief attention. That is a reasonable guess, although it does not form part of the announced scheme. That is a matter of detail that will be left to the faculty for working out; the Trustees have laid down the broad principles. But if such action is taken, it will be no absolutely new thing at Stanford. There is, for instance, now a Department of Applied Mathematics at the university, which teaches mathematics, not as a pure science but with regard to the needs of engineers. And, be-

ginning with last year the Department of Electrical Engineering discontinued accepting students to make that subject their main undergraduate study, drawing its students for graduate study from among those who have received the A. B. degree at the conclusion of the first four years of the five-year curriculum of the Department of Mechanical Engineering. To quote from the Department's own announcement of its position: "The Department will continue to give all undergraduate instruction as required in the engineering departments in the university, and in particular, the required undergraduate instruction scheduled in the first four years of the curriculum in Mechanical Engineering."

Another matter of detail that must be left to the faculty for working out is the method of selection to be used in sifting out from among the applicants those who shall be admitted. A number of years ago, the faculty Committee on Admission, acting under instructions from the Academic Council of the faculty, endeavored to eliminate from the candidates for entrance who had passed the required scholastic tests, those who had only mediocre ability, those who were not mature or serious minded, and those of doubtful character or frivolous disposition, and failed signally. It found no reliable source of information, and those whom tentatively it placed on the rejected list immediately came forward with emphatic endorsements as to their characters and ability, signed by men of the most eminent standing in their communities. It is to be remembered, however, that at that time there was only a general, though very earnest, desire to limit the number of students and to raise the standards of admission, and no authoritatively announced and exact limit on numbers. There will doubtless be errors and injustices, since a university is a human institution, but if a university faculty or a department faculty, with only a certain number of vacancies at its disposal and with the requirement that its graduates are to be judged by their "personal success and direct usefulness in life," is given the opportunity, it will manage somehow or other to get hold of the kind of students it thinks will be most likely to turn out the men it would like to have a hand in training.

The visible, physical effects of the new policy in new buildings would alone be

noteworthy, even if they were not, as they are, merely incidental to the carrying out of the greater plans of the university. It is altogether probable that the new library building, which will have shelf capacity for a million volumes and cannot possibly cost less than a half-million dollars, will form the corner of the second quadrangle group which was planned as a part of the original building scheme, but has never been undertaken. A million-volume library is no phantasy. Stanford now has on its shelves somewhere around 225,000 books, and from the income of the half-million Jewel Fund, based on the sale of Mrs. Stanford's jewels and devoted exclusively to the purchase of books, the library is growing at the rate of about a thousand volumes a month. In half a century, a short period in the life of a university, Stanford will be reaching the capacity of its new library.

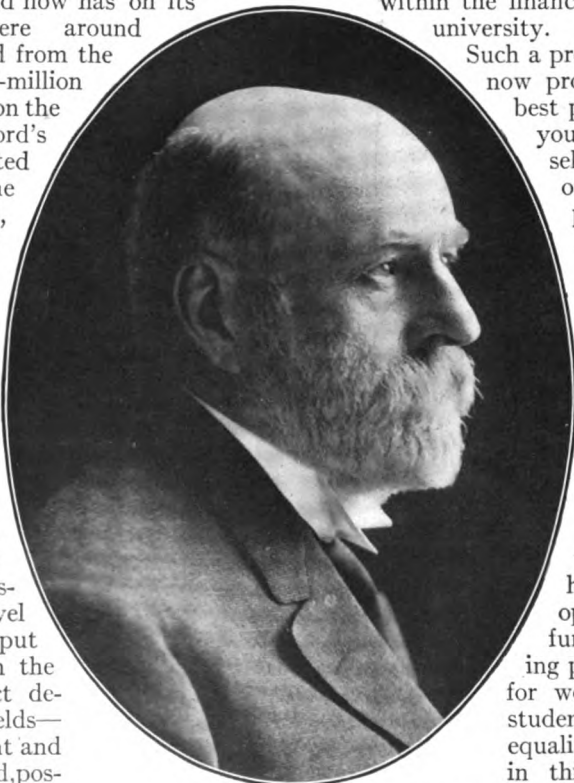
For the administration of the men's gymnasium the Trustees propose a novel scheme. They will put the building up on the forty-five-acre tract devoted to athletic fields—the most convenient and completely equipped, possibly in the country and fast coming to be one of the most beautiful—and then turn it over to the men to be maintained along with the rest of their athletic equipment. It is the Trustees' idea that if the men of the university are given facilities for bathing and dressing near their fields, and under their own control, more of them will engage in outdoor sports. This has always been the aim of the university authorities, and was the real motive back of the faculty suppression of the old American football game and the substitution of the present Rugby style. The Trustees, in addition, have agreed to lend the student

body the money with which to erect the great concrete stadium they are going to build for the Big Games of football with the University of California. Anybody reading between the lines here can easily perceive that it is no part of the present plan to turn Stanford into a graduate school, nor even to eliminate the "Junior College" years, which is a scheme that was once proposed as a possible solution of the problem of limiting attendance and concentrating effort within the financial resources of the university.

Such a program as Stanford now proposes, to give the best possible training to young men and women selected on the basis of their capacity to profit by that training, involves the freest contact between faculty and students. This will, in large measure, be the function of the Stanford Union and the Women's Club House, now going up on the campus and in which the Trustees have heartily cooperated, which will furnish social meeting places for men and for women, faculty and students, on terms of equality. The Trustees, in this same direction, desire to have the unique detachment of the Stanford campus taken ad-

vantage of to the fullest extent, and plan to make it attractive for the faculty to build their homes and live in the university community.

In San Francisco, where the university maintains the main plant of its medical school, there will be immediate building which will involve the expenditure of at least another half-million dollars. All this building campaign, it is understood, is to be carried out on a financial scheme which does not unduly drain other enterprises of the university.



Copyright 1913 by Frank Davey
President John Casper Branner

The Trustees have declared new policies for Stanford, looking to higher standards and greater efficiency, and the university is prepared to carry them out. How well it can do the work set for it may be seen clearly from its achievements in the field of strictly professional study. In engineering Stanford has from the beginning ranked with the best schools in the country, and its graduates have been leaders in their work. The engineering departments now regard their courses as a five-year curriculum, although the A. B. degree is granted at the end of the fourth year. The laboratory facilities are excellent and are being expanded. The teaching staffs include men who are recognized as the best men, individually, in all the American colleges.

In law Stanford offers a six-year course leading to the degree of Juris Doctor. This course includes three years of general culture study and three years of professional, the A. B. degree being granted at the end of the fourth year, and no one being admitted to regular standing as a candidate for the J. D. who has not received an A. B. Recently the department established a shorter course, omitting one year of the general culture work and the A. B. and leading to the degree of LL. B. This course was offered in the belief that its effect on the standard of legal training and practice would be beneficial. It was found that there were some men who felt that they could not devote six years to preparation. As a result, some of them entered as special students, devoting themselves exclusively to law, thus defeating the department's desire to have its men acquire a certain amount of general education outside the technical subjects, and others left at the end of their

fourth year, with only one year of law study in the university, and after a little outside study easily passed the bar examinations and became practising attorneys in regular standing. This course, containing an equal amount of professional study, and two years of the highly desirable general studies, was offered in the hope that it would attract these men, to the general improvement and raising of standards of the legal profession in California and the West.

The law school already ranks among the few leading institutions in the country. In faculty, library facilities, and breadth and thoroughness of its curriculum it occupies a position of recognized eminence—certainly among the first half dozen schools, possibly among the first three. Its special library contains 16,500 volumes, all of present-day value, housed in its own building on the campus. Its faculty includes seven men who devote all their time to teaching law, and practically all of whom have been sought by other leading schools. In fact Stanford may find that the chief effort necessary to maintain and advance the standing of its law school will lie in increasing salaries to meet the steadily

rising scale which the competition between the leading institutions for the best teachers is bringing about.

Stanford has only recently entered the field of Medical Education, and from the beginning its influence has been steady for the raising of standards. The medical school offers a combined seven-year curriculum, the final two and a half years being in the hospitals, clinics and laboratories in San Francisco. No student is admitted to candidacy for the M. D. degree unless he has already received the A. B. Three years of



Chancellor David Starr Jordan

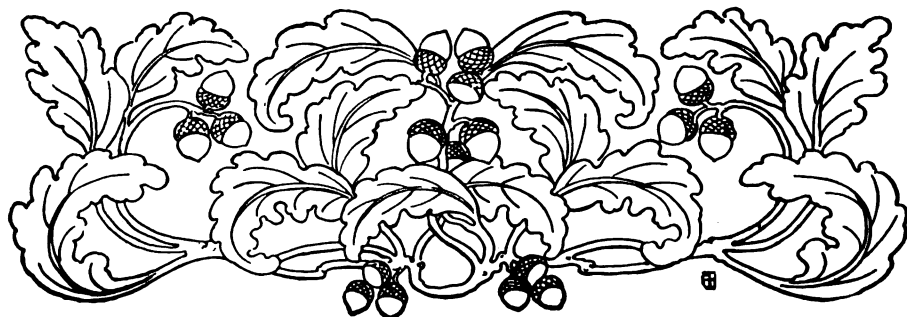
general work are required before admission into medicine. Stanford's requirements are equal in this respect to those of Cornell and Western Reserve University and surpass those of Harvard, Columbia and Pennsylvania. Johns Hopkins requires an A. B. degree for admission; Harvard admits upon an A. B., but permits students who have covered certain special subjects to enter after two years of university work. Recently Stanford enacted a new requirement still further raising its standards. Beginning with year after next, no student will be given the Stanford M. D. until he has successfully completed a year's work as interne attached to the staff of a hospital after his course in the university is completed. This requirement is exacted by only one other university in the country, the University of Minnesota, which has complete control of medical education in the state. Stanford's courses preliminary to the study of medicine have always been strong, and graduates of the university who have entered eastern medical schools have been notably well prepared. The university will, hereafter, in its own field, compete on equal terms, so far as quality is concerned, with the best schools in the country.

The equipment of the department is unsurpassed for a school with comparatively small numbers. Lane Hospital with its more than one hundred beds for clinical study, filled with continually changing patients from cosmopolitan San Francisco, the hundreds of out-patients visiting the hospital and clinics every day, together with the beds in various other hospitals under the control of the university, furnish an immense amount of instruction for the students. Unlike most universities, the Stanford hospital is under the direct control of the teaching staff, which is of immense advantage for the purposes of instruction.

The library, recently transferred to the new \$140,000 fire-proof building, built by the Stanford Trustees since they assumed control of Cooper Medical College, which has become Stanford's medical department, contains about 40,000 volumes, and is, therefore, the largest university medical library in the United States. It is the largest medical library of any sort west of Chicago, and the university places its books at the disposal of physicians for consultation and study on the payment of a nominal annual fee.

As the Trustees pointed out in their statement of policy, more than 70,000 treatments were given in the clinics of Lane Hospital last year, practically all of them to persons of limited means and many to the absolutely destitute. This makes the hospital by far the largest public charity in the far West. The university authorities, moreover, regard the hospital not merely as a part of the teaching plant, but as a means of direct public service, and it is conducted with that idea kept prominently in mind. This attitude is exemplified by the beginning recently made upon a social service department, to follow up clinic patients and help them get a foothold in life after their discharge from the hospital. And it has had its effect in bringing to the hospital many gifts and endowments. Moreover, a gift to Lane Hospital brings the full value of the money in actual relief work. The university maintains the hospital and its staff, so that there are no expenses nor fees to be deducted. Every dollar given goes, intact and direct, to the alleviation of suffering.

The standing of the Stanford professional schools indicates the trend of the university's ideals and efforts. The new policies will strengthen the ideals and give more power to the efforts.



AN EYE-OPENER

A Story of the National Game Wherein Barney Gilfoil Tells How Midget MacFarland Propelled the Pill Over the Political Plate

By WM. HAMILTON OSBORNE

Author of: *Red Mouse; Catspaw*

Illustrated by J. Henry

I SEE by the clock over the clerk's desk at the Mansion House that I'm five minutes late. It being a hobby of mine to be five minutes early to everything that's going on, you can well believe I'm worried some.

"I run all the way, too" I says to Charley Sands, the clerk.

"Where from?" asks Charley, genial like.

"The jail" I says. "It ain't every day" I says, "a man can see a fellow-being electrocuted" I says, "and out of courtesy to him" I says, "I had to stay till it was all over."

"Politeness always pays" says Charley, "and now that you speak of it, how did you like it?" he says.

"I enjoyed it fine" I tells him, "but that's past and gone. I'm keen about the present and the future. Room number seven" I says, "how about it? Is it occupied or empty?"

"Full to the gunnel" answers Charley. "They're both there now."

"Which both?" I asks.

"Ex-governor MacFarland" he says, "and that son-of-a-gun Poindexter. Behind closed doors" he says.

I tiptoes to number seven—number seven's known in River county as MacFarland's private headquarters—and I raps the countersign on the panel of the door. The loud noises inside stops and a voice I takes to be MacFarland's calls out "Come in."

In I goes and I was mighty glad to see that I acts as a sort of comic relief to a situation that's growing hotter every minute. MacFarland sits on his side of the table, chewing savage on his big cigar, his fist doubled up tight in front of him, like he's been laying down the law.

Poindexter's chewing on his cigar likewise with plenty of blood in his eye, but that sardonical grin on his face, which shows me he thinks he's got the upper hand, as though that gives him the right to tantalize Ex-governor MacFarland to the limit. MacFarland sees me first.

"Come in, Barney" he says. "Glad to see you. Shut the door."

Poindexter wheels on me like he'd cut me down. He changes color, too. I takes quick note of that.

"Now" says MacFarland to Poindexter, "go ahead."

"Not before him" says Poindexter, jerking his thumb toward me.

"What's the matter, Poindexter?" I asks. "Did you ever hear of Barney Gilfoil coughing up anything he swallows in a conference?" I says.

Poindexter taps the table with his long fingers and looks MacFarland in the face.

"What are you going to do about plank five?" he says.

MacFarland picks up a blue pencil and with it he slashes three times at the paper that's in front of him.

"That's what I'm going to do about plank five" he says. "You might as well know it now as any time."

Poindexter shrugs his shoulders.

"Plank five" he says, "is the backbone of the whole platform."

"I won't subscribe to it" says MacFarland. "I won't fool the people."

"You ain't fooling the people" says Poindexter. "All you're doing, MacFarland, is to pledge your candidates for the assembly to regulate the commutation rates between the suburbs in this state and the city of New York."

"The assembly" says MacFarland, growing hotter by the minute, "can't regulate commutation rates between two states. It's interstate, Poindexter" he says, "it's up to Congress, and you know it."

Poindexter grins. "The people don't know it" he says, "and you can't make them believe that it ain't up to the assembly and the senate and the governor of their state" he says. "As long as they think so" he says, "pledge your assemblymen and keep your pledge good." He grins some more. "Let them pass a law" he says.

"Just to keep the people quiet" says MacFarland.

"Sure" says Poindexter, "why not?"

"Like a nurse giving candy to a sick baby" says MacFarland.

"Yes, yes" answers Poindexter, "and why not?"

"I'll tell you why not" yells MacFarland. "Because it ain't square and it ain't honest. You know what'll happen" he says. "You pass the law" he says, "and you start in to regulate the rates and you prosecute your railroads under the law" he says—

"The court below" says Poindexter, "will sustain the law. It always does" he says.

"The court below" answers MacFarland. "Yes, and it costs the state ten thousand dollars to try the case before the court below and then the railroads takes it up" he says, "to the Supreme Court" he says, "and there's twenty thousand more, special counsel and all kinds of expert testimony" says MacFarland, "and the Supreme Court" he goes on, "finds the law unconstitutional and it goes to the Court of Errors, and then to the United States Supreme Court, and when you're all through, Poindexter" he says, "what have you got? You've got a bum law on your hands that's cost over fifty thousand dollars of the state's—the people's—money. And what else?"

Poindexter only grins. "You've got nine assemblymen from River county" he says, "who made a promise to the people and who kept it" he says.

Ex-governor MacFarland gets up on his hind legs.

"The nine assemblymen from River county that I pick" he says, "don't cram any such stuff down the people's throats. I've always looked the people in the face,

Poindexter" he says, "and my nine men are going to look the people in the face. They're going down on an honest platform" he says, "or not at all."

Poindexter pulls his hat over his eyes and draws on his gloves. "All right" he says, satisfied, "then it's all off. Here's where we split, MacFarland. I'll pick my men and my platform. It's a popular platform and they're going to be popular men. You can go down on any blamed old platform that you like."

With that he stalks across the floor and leaves the room. I keeps my seat. MacFarland looks at me.

"Thought you was with him, Barney" he says, surprised.

"I was" I answers, "till I finds out they was against you and not for you, Governor. I finds out they was out to trim you and I quit. I hears this was going to be peeled off here today and I come here to see it done. They're out to trim you, Governor."

MacFarland draws his hand over his face like he was tired to death. He pushes a cigar to me and lights it for me and lights a fresh one for himself. Then he gets up on his hind legs again and paces up and down room seven.

He's a great pacer, is MacFarland, and on the royal wilton carpet in room seven there's a seedy looking little path going north and south that he's worn just for himself. There's many a campaign been won in River county with MacFarland pacing up and down that narrow little path. At last he stops in front of me.

"Barney" he says, "you're right—they're out to trim me and to trim me bad. For ten years" he says, his voice shaking, "for ten years I've been county chairman here in River, and I've given the people a square deal. Poindexter was right" he says, "plank five is a popular plank. If Poindexter puts up nine men at the primaries against my nine, I can see what happens, Barney. His nine will go down to the state house as sure as guns, and you know what that means, Barney; it means that I go down" he says, "into innoxious desertude"—his voice breaks—"and I've been county chairman for ten long years."

I gets up and I beats a little track to east and west. I'm some pace-maker myself. When I gets through exercising I sits down in MacFarland's chair at



"I'll tell you why not" yells MacFarland. "Because it ain't square and it ain't honest"

MacFarland's desk and takes a pen. For about five minutes I scratches away like mad.

"I wouldn't give a tinker's dam for your platform or for Poindexter's. There's mine" I says, shoving the paper to MacFarland.

MacFarland looks doubtful at the pen-and-ink sketches that appears thereon.

"You know, Barney" he says, "I can never read writing, so you'll have to translate" he says.

"Governor" I says, "keep your eye on that there while I expatriates upon it. Governor" I says, "it ain't the first campaign that you and me has fought together.

I got a thousand tricks to Poindexter's one. Maybe each one of my thousand tricks" I says, "ain't worth ten votes apiece, but ten times a thousand is ten thousand, Governor" I says. "Now listen to me" I says, "any fool can see that there commuter's plank is just what Poindexter says it is—the backbone of this here political campaign—and the commuters'll be wild for it—they'll all fall for it" I says. "To think, too, that Poindexter's a renegade and a crook! So much for the commuters" I says, "but all you cares for, Governor, is River county—your own stamping-ground—am I right?"

"Right" answers MacFarland, studying my free-and-easy pencil drawing on the paper.

"Let Poindexter" I says, "take care of the commuters. How many commuters" I goes on, "does River county hold, compared with its non-commuters? How many voters" I says, "have we got in the factories, and the shops, and the works, and the banks, and the insurance companies, right here in town? They ain't got a vital interest in this here thing, and it's those chaps that I'm after. It ain't a question of your platform or of Poindexter's, Governor" I says. "It's a question of getting out the vote. That's my platform—getting out the vote. Now listen" I says, "and go down the line on that there sheet of paper while I prognosticates."

He listens carefully and I explains the whole game to him from a to z. Believe me, he's a different looking man, MacFarland is, when I gets through explaining.

"Looks good to me, Barney" he says to me, with the life coming back into his voice, "only" he says, "there's just one thing you haven't told me about." He leans across the table and puts his finger on the paper near the bottom of the sheet. "What's those three things stand for?" asks MacFarland.

I looks at them doubtful. There was three of them all right, and MacFarland is justified in calling them things. I takes my cigar out of my mouth and scratches my head.

"Blest if I know" I says.

"It must be one of your thousand tricks, Barney" says the Governor. "If there's ten votes in it we want them" he says. "Take your time" he says, "and think."

I gets up on my hind legs again and paces

up and down my little path to east and west, carrying the piece of paper along with me for company. Then sudden like it all comes to me in a flash.

"Pity, Governor" I says, "you ain't never learned to read. Them there ain't things at all; they stands for B. B. G."

"Bully Barney Gilfoil" says the Governor, laughing hysterical, like he was a boy again.

"Not in a thousand years" I says. "It stands for Base Ball Game."

The Governor snatches up his hat.

"Come on, Barney!" he yells, distributing cigars. "We got time yet. We'll go."

"You tempt me sorely, Governor" I answers, "but you mistakes me cruelly. This is nary invitation to nary game—not even a suggestion. It's only a clue" I says, "to a situation—you have a son" I says.

"Midget" he says.

"Midget?" I inquires, doubtful.

"Midget MacFarland" says the Governor, "that's my son. We calls him Midget" he explains, "because he stands six-foot-one in his stocking feet and weighs about fifteen stone."

"How much is a stone?" I says. "I should dearly like to know, Governor."

The Governor looks foolish for a minute and then he brightens up.

"A stone" he says. "Why, to be sure" he says, "it's just about a fifteenth of what Midget weighs."

"And how much" I says, "does Midget weigh?"

"Fifteen of 'em" says the Governor. "Now are you satisfied? Let us get back to B. B. G."

"Your son" I says, "plays base-ball, so I've heard."

The Governor rubs his chin. "He's nineteen" he says, "and this is his last year at Hamersly Hall up here at Hunterdon" he says. "I think I've heard him speak about base-ball" he says, "and I shouldn't be surprised if he does play. What's that got to do with it?" he asks.

"You was right, Governor" I answers, "it was just one of my thousand tricks. Governor," I says, "every ward and every district in this here town is spotted with soft-drink cigar stores on the corner. Nine cases out of ten they got bowling alleys and pool tables. Nine cases out of ten

you'll find all the young sports in the neighborhood hanging round there—and those there places" I says, "every one of them, is the headquarters for a base-ball club or so."

"Are you talking politics or sport?" asks the Governor.

"Both" I says. "You'd be surprised, Governor" I says, "to know how many little base-ball teams there is in a town like this. If there's one there's two hundred and one" I says. "Look at the sporting page of the *Morning Mail*" I says. "Every day it's got its little local calendar: 'The Chandeliers will play the Carpet Tacks today at two.' 'The Clams will meet the Oysters at half-past three.' There's voters on those base-ball teams" I says, "and if there ain't there's something just as good. There's the sons of voters. I've heard about your boy, Governor" I says. "He's a good amateur player, so I gathers, and a mighty sight better than most of these here teams."

"Where did you hear that?" asks the Governor.

"Two teams in my home district" I advises Governor MacFarland, "has tipped me off. It seems they wrote him and asked him to pitch for them this summer, and they didn't get no answer."

"That ain't like Midget; not to answer" says the Governor.

"I don't know about that" I says. "It seems they kind of feel they has a nerve to ask him, but at any rate they comes to me to find out have I got influence with you."

"What for?" says the Governor, puzzled.

"To see" I says, "could I influence you to hypnotize your boy into pitching a few games for them this summer" I says. "It give me the idee" I says, "to work the boy" I says, "into this campaign for all he's worth. It may mean ten votes and it may mean a thousand, Governor. Maybe these lads can hypnotize the voters in their families" I says. "There's no blood like young blood for getting out the vote."

The Governor sees the point. "It's catching at straws" he says, "but that's what this campaign's going to be—catching at straws."

"Let your boy pitch at them" I says, "and we'll catch them."

"By George!" says the Governor, "Midget MacFarland's going to be home tonight.

You come up, Barney, and we'll tackle him."

I went up and we tackles the Midget. When we gets through it looks like the Midget is going to tackle us. He could've done it all right. The Governor tells the truth about the six-foot-one and I see it didn't make no difference what a stone weighs, Midget weighs fifteen of 'em all right.

"Now" says the Governor, when I finishes explaining, "now, Midget" he says, "you've got the idee, and besides" he says, "did you get the letters that the teams wrote to you?" he says.

"Letters?" answers Midget MacFarland. "I suppose I did" he says.

The Governor eyes him in mild surprise. "And you didn't answer them?" he inquires.

"Answer them!" says the Midget. "How can I answer them? I gets about a hundred a day or so, this time of the year."

And all of a sudden he pouts like a young girl and his chin trembles and, believe me, he looks like he was going to cry.

"But, Pop" he says, like he was begging off from being spanked, "Pop, I can't do this, what Mr. Gilfoil asks me. I was going to Chicago in a week or so" he says.

The Governor looks surprised. "Chicago?" he says. "What would you be doing, going to Chicago?"

"I want to talk to some of the big fellows" says Midget. "I want to learn some of their tricks" he says. "I got some friends out there and I want to have a confab with 'em."

"Confab about what?" says the Governor.

"About ball" answers Midget. "There's nothing else worth having confabs about, is there?" he says, still pouting.

"What's the good" says the Governor, "of going to Chicago? Besides" he says, "I try to treat you right, so far as money matters goes, but I ain't a millionaire, my boy" he says, "and the money market's way down just now. I don't know as I could afford to pay your way out to Chicago. You like to play ball" he says, "don't you, Midget?"

Midget stops pouting and a queer little smile plays round the corners of his mouth.

"Foolish question 7507813" he says.

He says it all respectful enough, but I sees that he's pretty well miffed about

something, and it ain't only that, it's genuine disappointment, too.

"My boy" says the Governor, and he has a sort of heartbreaking plea in his voice mixed up with a motherly kind of tenderness for the boy, "my boy, Barney Gilfoil here has helped me in many a campaign. This campaign means a whole lot to me" he says. "It's a crisis in my career. Barney Gilfoil" he goes on, "is always chuck full of fool idees—that is, I always thinks they're fool idees till the campaign is over, then we find" he says, "that Barney's doped things out all to the good. I don't want to spoil your summer, Midget" he goes on, "and it ain't as though I was asking you to work hard or to earn your living, and I ain't going to force you to do it, but Barney thinks it's of importance and I'm simply going to ask you to do as Barney says."

At that I sees a change come over Midget. There ain't no more young girl in him and his chin don't tremble no more. What going to Chicago means to him I don't know, but I sees a little struggle going on and I sees Midget MacFarland put Chicago behind him, as though there's no such place on the face of the map.

"Pop" he says, as though the old man had invited him out to a ten-dollar dinner, "it's a go" he says. "You can tell them two teams, Mr. Gilfoil" he says to me, "and any other teams in River county, that I'll play with them this summer. First come, first served—one game apiece."

He shakes hands with me and he pats the Governor gentle on the shoulder. He stalks to the door, straight as an Indian. He turns and looks at us again.

"You can tell them from me" he says—and believe me, there's a capital M to that "me"—"that Mr. Barney Gilfoil used his influence with me"—another capital M right here—"and if they got any gratitude in their system they'd better shake it loose next fall at the primaries. You can tell them that from me" he says, as he disappears into the hall.

Of course, he didn't have to tell me that. That night every district leader in the town got word about it hot over the wire, and next morning when I seeks my private office on the top floor of the Telephone building at the witching hour of nine, believe me the surroundings looks like I advertised for a office boy at a thousand dollars a day.

One lad has his nose smudged up against the "I" in "Gilfoil" on my ground-glass door, for fear something might get between him and the inside of my private office. But he's only *one*. Behind him is a lad who has got his chin hooked over the first lad's collar and it looks like you couldn't pry them apart with a crowbar. But that ain't all.

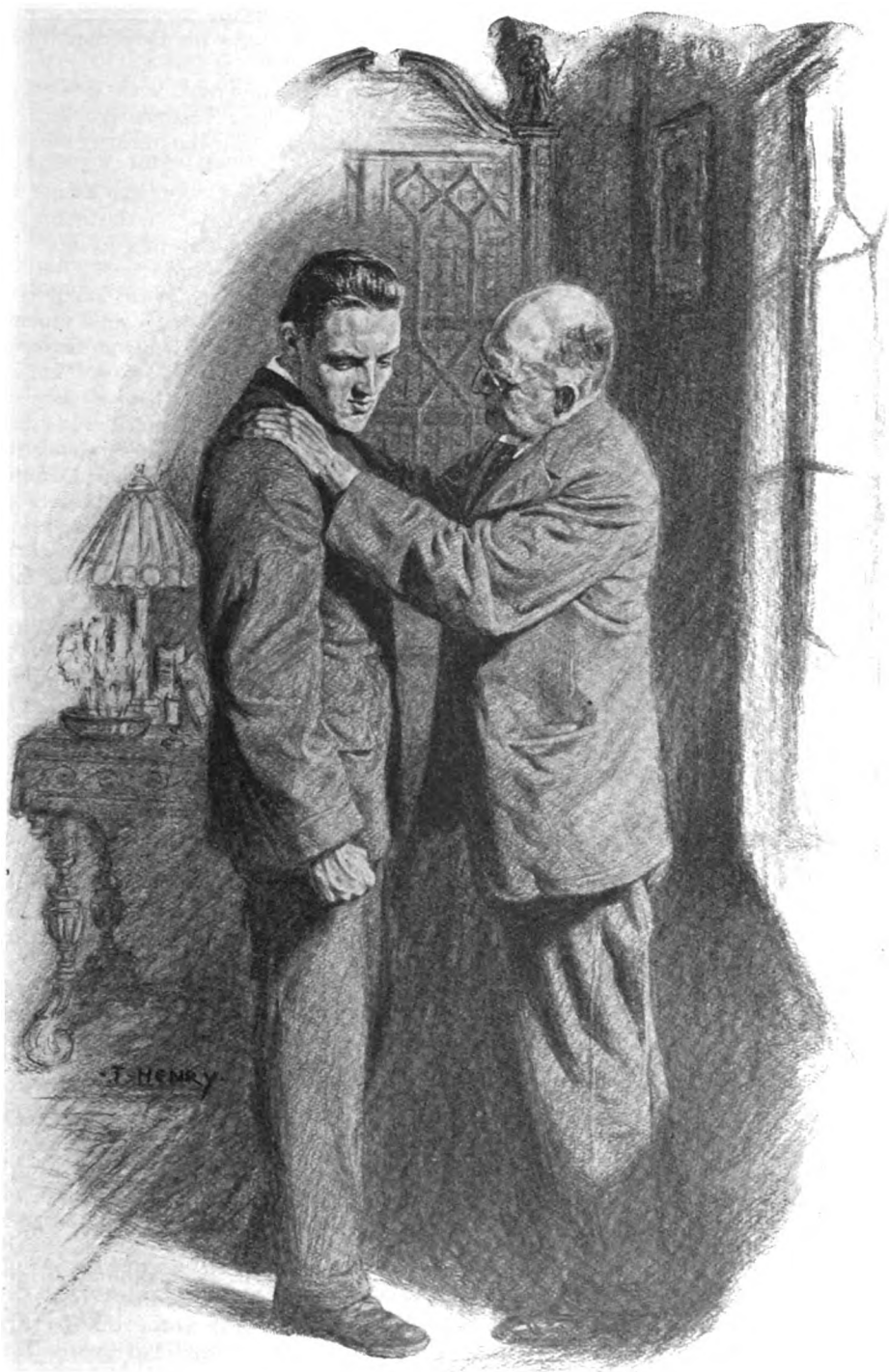
Believe me, from that there letter "I" in the aristocratic name of "Gilfoil" on the aforesaid ground-glass door, there stretches a serpentine—not to say snake-like—line of variegated members of the masculine race all the way down the hall to the sixth story stairs, and all the way down the sixth story stairs to the fifth story hall, and all the way down the fifth story stairs to the fourth story, and from thence—as Governor MacFarland would say—that amalgamated combination of gum-chewing reptile trails down by easy stages to the sidewalk, past the telephone offices and around the corner as far as the naked eye could reach.

I unlocks my door and the snake wriggles forward three feet and falls over my desk.

"Any application accompanied with disorder" I says, "gets vetoed quick—and the first lad" I goes on, throwing my voice down as much of the line as I can see, "that chews gum in my ear, gets thrown down stairs. Order now. First come, first served."

The first lad was from my own district and I makes short work of booking him. Well, believe me, after that I spent six solid hours booking Midget MacFarland for semi pro teams, then I drags my weary frame round to the Governor's. I finds the Governor sitting in his private law office, leaning back in his chair and gazing blankly at six or eight slim-legged high-collared young chaps of aristocratic mien. I don't know any of them to talk to, but I recognizes one of them by sight—his name is Taggart. He's the son of a millionaire and his old man is the Taggart Tool Works in town that employs three thousand men.

Silence reigns when I enters. The young sports is looking over the tops of their collars and waiting polite for the Governor to speak. It's plain the Governor don't know what to do. The minute he sees me he jumps and grabs me.



"My boy" says the Governor, and he has a sort of heartbreaking plea in his voice mixed up with a motherly kind of tenderness

"Gentlemen" he says, "this is Mr. Gilfoil. He can tell you all about it; he's the man to see."

It seems I was, and in three shakes of a lamb's tail I was the perspiring center of an admiring group.

"We're from the Fifteenth Ward" says the spokesman, speaking in dulcet tones, that was acquired late in his youthful career and not born in him.

"Yes, yes" I says, "what then?"

But I makes a mental note of the fact they was from the Fifteenth Ward and tucks it away where it would do the most good. The Fifteenth Ward is the Governor's own ward and yet it's dead against him. It's the silk-stockings ward of the town. But it's something more—it's the biggest ward in town, with its fifty-thousand-dollar houses and the likes of that, and its northern boundary takes in a item of considerable importance—Taggart's Tool Works, as aforesaid.

"Glad to meet you, gents" I says. "What can I do for you?" I says.

Immediately they surrounds me closer still and all talks at once. Of course I has their drift before they starts.

"True" I says, "but wherefore did you not come to *me*? First come, first served" I says, "and I've got my man booked for the entire season, I'm afraid."

"We didn't know" says one of 'em, Griscom by name, apologizing like. "We thought it would be best to see the Governor."

"Ought to have gone direct to Midget MacFarland" says Taggart to his colleagues.

"Couldn't" answers Griscom. "Midget won't do anything for us. Chalmers insulted him three years ago. Chalmers is a bounder" he says.

Chalmers steps forth. "I'll go down on my knees and crawl a couple of miles before him now" says Chalmers, "if we can only get him."

I shrugs my shoulders. "Midget MacFarland don't owe you anything, as I sees" I says, cool as a cucumber. "and I knows from personal experience that Governor MacFarland don't owe the Fifteenth Ward nothing, and I don't see" I goes on, "just where you chaps comes in."

"We'll give him fifty dollars a game" blurts out Taggart. "We'll do anything to get him."

The Governor leaps to his feet. "Fifty dollars a game," says the Governor. "My son doesn't—"

I stops the Governor with a wave of my hand. I takes Taggart by the arm and marches him into the library and shuts the door.

"Old man" I says, "you like as not will see the situation straight. In the first place" I goes on, "you've got to talk to me."

"I see that's so" he says.

"I hates the Fifteenth Ward like poison" I goes on. "Silk stockings ain't much in my line and beside they never listens to reason. What's more" I says, "they've done the Governor and they've done me, and you admit they come near doing Midget. Now" I says, "first come, first served. That's the rule that Midget's made. If I does as you wants I've got to break up everything all along the line."

He jumps at that. "What's it worth" he says, "to break it up for us; to shove us in ahead of someone else?"

I looks Taggart in the eye. "What's it worth to you?" I says.

Taggart is on. "I'll give you my personal check for one hundred dollars, Mr. Gilfoil" he answers.

"Oh, no you won't" I answers. "But there's just one thing" I goes on. "Mr. Taggart" I says, looking him hard in the eye, "what about them three thousand votes in the Taggart Tool Works?" I says.

"Them three thousand votes" he says, "don't live in the Fifteenth Ward" he says.

"Maybe so" I says, "but your old man lives in the Fifteenth Ward and you live with him" I says.

"Well" he says, evasive, "we'll talk about that later. The point is now" he says, "that we're going to have three big games and we got to win 'em all."

"And" I says, "you want Midget MacFarland to make sure of one of them for you."

"Too true" he says, "and two more beside. We want Midget MacFarland to pitch all three."

"Nothing doing" I opines to him. "What do you think I am?" I says. "I can get votes—real votes that'll stick—Down Neck with this lad—votes that'll put the silk-stockings ward out of business, unless" I says, "the silk-stockings ward can show me. Again" I says, "let's get back to Taggart's Tool Works."

"My old man" he kind of wails, "is dead against MacFarland."

"Too true" I answers him, "and Midget's manager's dead against your team."

He looked me square in the eye. "I'll see the old man" he says. "You give me Midget for three games" he says, "and I'll do my best to swing the Tool Works, Mr. Gilfoil" he says.

"Your best don't go" I tells him. "What I want is your guarantee. For every thousand votes I gets out of Taggart's Tool Works, Midget MacFarland pitches one game. D'ye understand?"

"What kind of a guarantee?" he asks, doubtful-like.

"I'll take" I answers, "your word of honor as a gentleman. But the Lord help you" I says, "if you break your word of honor."

"He pitches once for every thousand votes?"

"Yes, yes" I tells him.

He squares his shoulders. "Well" he says, "there's nothing to it. We've got to have him pitch three games." He holds out his hand and shakes the hand of Barney Gilfoil. "It's a go" he says, "on my word of honor as a gentleman."

Well, we plays Midget MacFarland all through the summer, and in all parts of town. In course we has him promised to more games than he could have pitched in ten summers, and you may well believe that Barney Gilfoil's schedule was smashed to flinders. Barney Gilfoil's slogan of first come, first served, was a swell bit to put over in the advertising line. As a bit of ethics it goes fine. As practical politics, however, Barney Gilfoil has to dodge it.

Inside of a week after the season opens that there schedule was smashed in fuzzy flinders and no mistake. What's the use of pitching a game for the Connie Mack, Juniors, on New Lots Road, when there ain't a vote in a mile of the whole team? You may well believe, therefore, that Barney Gilfoil manages Midget MacFarland to the queen's taste.

"This has been nothing but a swell idee" I says to Ex-governor MacFarland in his house one night, about ten days before the primaries, "and I'm going to push it to the limit. On the 28th" I says—that is primary day—"starting out at ten A. M. Midget MacFarland'll pitch three games—"

Midget himself swings into the room and puts the kibosh on it. He slings his hat in the corner.

"Pop" he says, "I'm through. I've won the last game for the silk stockings. I pitched every day all through the campaign, except Sundays" he says. "The next ten days" he says, "belongs to me."

I looks at him reproachful. "You ain't going to turn down the Ironsides and the Neversweats?" I says.

"All over" answers Midget. "The next ten days" he says, "belongs to me." He turns to Ex-governor MacFarland. "Pop" he says, "you ain't never seen me pitch a game of ball."

"What?" says the Governor. "I've seen you pitch a dozen right here in town this summer."

"Humph!" snorts Midget MacFarland, "you call this stuff I've been pulling off this summer—you call that pitching. Pop" he says, with a little note of pleading in his voice, "you wouldn't let me go to Chicago, and I didn't go. I said" he goes on, "that the next ten days belongs to me. I feel like a cad" he says, "deserting you in the heat of the campaign" he says.

"Going to Chicago after all?" asks the Governor.

"Not so you can notice it" says Midget. "I'm going back to Hamersly Hall for practice."

"The fall term ain't open yet" says the Governor.

"Right" answers Midget. "That's why I'm going back there—to get away from the crowd. It's a quiet place" he says.

Believe me, it's Governor MacFarland's turn to snort.

"Quiet!" he says. "Hamersly Hall, situated in the gentle little town of Hunterdon" he says.

"Fifty-three hundred votes" I murmurs.

"Yes" says Governor MacFarland, "and every one of them rabid for Poindexter's men—every one of them there votes" he says, "is commuters' votes—it's a hotbed of opposition to me" he says, "that gentle little town of Hunterdon. Believe me, Barney" he says, "I hate to go there and make a speech" he says. "It's a waste of time and besides it's humiliating" he says. "They'll hoot me out of the place."

"Pop" says Midget MacFarland, still pleading-like, "I sure want to have you see me pitch. Don't come to no practice

games" he says. "I start in tomorrow on them" he says, "but wait till I get into full swing" he says. "Next Thursday, we're going to have a try-out game at Hamersly Hall. Don't give it away" he says, "but come. I *want* you to come" he says.

The Governor looks at his diary and then he looks at me.

"Barney" he says, "if I got to take the platform at Hunterdon" he shudders like he's got the ague as he says it—"if I got to go into that hostile camp" he says—

"You sure have" I tells him like some sour-faced woman telling her boy he's got to go to church.

"Why not" he says, glancing patronizing-like at Midget, "why not" he says, "make it Thursday then and, incidentally" he says, "we can see the game? Who is Hamersly Hall going to play?" he asks the Midget.

Midget waves his hand. "Oh, it's just a try-out game" he says, careless-like.

He leans over and shakes hands with the Governor and comes over and shakes hands solemnly with me.

"I'm much obliged to both of you" he says, "for keeping me in town this season. It was good dope" he says.

"Good dope" says the Governor.

"Yes" answers Midget. "You kept me from going to Chicago, and it was well you did" he says.

"Why, how's that?" asks the Governor.

Midget waves his hand again. "Nothing doing with Chicago" says Midget, turning up his nose. "Believe me" he says, "I've got a better dope."

It was Thursday at three that we applies for admission to the base-ball grounds at Hunterdon. The Governor pulls out a greenback.

"What's the price?" he says.

"You got another guess coming" says the doorkeeper. "This ain't no public game. Ain't you got a pass?" he says. "You'll need one" he says.

The Governor nods. "I remember now" he says. "Midget give me a couple of passes for me and Barney Gilfoil. I got them here somewhere" he says.

He feels in all his pockets, but no passes comes to light.

"Midget give them to me for sure" he says.

"Midget who?" asks the doorkeeper.

"Midget MacFarland" says the Governor.

"Can't you find them?" asks the doorkeeper, looking us over.

"I mislaid them" says the Governor. "Maybe you know me?" he says to the doorkeeper. "Are you one of the Hamersly boys?" he asks.

"Not on your life" answers the doorkeeper. "I'm from Philadelphia" he says.

"That's a shame" says the Governor. "Midget asked me particularly to see this game."

"And who are you?" asks the doorkeeper.

"I'm his father" says the Governor.

The doorkeeper looks him over close. "By gorry" he says, "you are his father. I'd know you anywhere to be his father."

"You're a stranger in these parts" says the Governor.

"I sure am" answers the doorkeeper, "but I'd know you and Midget anywhere to be father and son" he says. "You can go in, both of you" he says.

In we goes. We skins around to the back of the grand-stand and climbs up to the top. When we gets to where we can look over the edge we are some surprised. Hamersly Hall has got some diamond, believe me, and yet maybe there ain't more than five hundred people scattered around in sight. It ain't quarter filled. Lots of the fans looks tired and dusty. Lots of them is out on the field with their heads together. The Governor looks around and I looks around.

"Where's Midget, I wonder?" he says.

All of a sudden a chap breaks away from a little group in the middle of the field and waves his arms. The Governor catches me by the sleeve.

"There's Midget" he says. "Let's go down and speak to him" he says.

So we goes down toward the rail as Midget comes across the field and, believe me, I feel proud to be alongside of Ex-Governor MacFarland as he trails down those steep steps. As already prognosticated, Hunterdon is supposed to be dead against our platform, and yet every man of that skimpy audience of five hundred jumps up and waves his hat.

"MacFarland" they cries, "MacFarland!"

The Governor's pleased as pie. He turns around and bows and takes his hat off and thanks them with his fine eyes.

"MacFarland!" they yell.

The Governor nudges me in the ribs. "Barney" he says, "Hunterdon ain't such a bad town, after all."

"What's more" I says, sizing up the crowd, "this gang looks like commuters. Maybe they've got on to Poindexter's tricks" I says. "Anyways" I says, "from the way they yelled, you ought to have a few friends in the crowd tonight."

By that time we reaches the rail on one side and Midget MacFarland reaches it on the other. Midget's eyes is glittering and he's holding himself like a young colt just starting into a running race.

"Pop" he says, "I'm tickled to death; I'm glad you come" he says. "I'll play ball all the better for your being here."

He looks around the grand-stand and his eyes settles on a spot half-way up.

"Barney" he says to me, "you see them chaps up there with the dress suit case?"

"Covered with dust" I says.

"Sure" he tells me. "They got the best seat on the stand" he says. "You and the Governor sit right next to them" he says, "and you'll see every move in this here game like rolling off a log."

We takes his advice and in another minute the Governor and me settles ourselves alongside the dusty ones. They don't take no notice of the Governor and me; they keeps their eyes on the field.

"I wonder" says one of them, "who was that gink talking to MacFarland. I'd like to know" he says.

The Governor, always polite and accommodating, turns to him.

"That gink that was talking to me" he says, "was Midget MacFarland."

They eyes him suspicious. "I beg pardon" he says, "he was talking to you, was he?"

"Yes" says the Governor.

They looks at each other and winks. "We better keep quiet" they says to one another. "We won't mix it up with nobody" they says.

The Governor looks them over polite. "You're strangers here?" he says.

They winks at each other some more. "Yes" they answers, "we're from Timbuctoo."

After that they quits talking—at least to us. In a couple of minutes I sees everybody on the grand-stand sort of sit up and stiffen like. From sizing up the Hunterdon vote on the stand, I looks into the field.

Just as I looks somebody yells "Play ball," and the game starts up. The Governor rubs his eyes.

"How old the Hamersly Hall ball-players are" he says. "Look at that fellow way out there on the grass alongside of that other fellow" he says. "He looks as old as you, Barney" he says. "And that other chap" he says, "with his foot on that little pad" he says, "he looks like he won't see forty years again. Hamersly Hall must be awful hard on boys" he says.

All of a sudden, while he's talking, there goes up a tremendous shout from the grand-stand.

"What's that, what's that?" cries the Governor. "Something must have happened" he says.

He stands up and looks over the field.

"MacFarland!" yells everybody. And the Governor, polite like, turns and bows again.

"I didn't see nothing, Barney" he says. "Did that chap hit the ball?" he says. "From the way they're shouting" he says, "they must have made a home run."

"He ain't made no run" I says. "He's gone back to the bench."

"Gosh!" says the dusty chap next to us, "what a boy it is! He certainly does sling 'em in" he says. He gets up and waves his hat. "Make him hit it!" he yells. "Make him hit it over to right! You know how. That's the boy!"

And, believe me, just as though the batter was taking orders from this chap, the ball sails through the air and into the hands of a fellow way down the field.

"That fellow can bat some, can't he?" says the Governor to me. And he stands up and yells a bit with the rest, and everybody yells "MacFarland." And he bows again.

"Why don't the fellow make a run?" says the Governor, getting hypnotized with the game.

The two fellows next to me nudges each other. "Is this soft stuff next to us" I hears one of them say, "or is he giving us a pipe? I'll bet he's on to us. He's probably one of them Cleveland guys" he says, "stalling us. I'll size him up" he says. He leans over and touches the Governor on the knee. "You understand the game?" he says, squinting up his eyes and looking sharp into the Governor's eyes.

"Pretty well" says the Governor. "Barney and me has been to half a dozen games

this summer. By the way" says the Governor, not to lose an opportunity, "there's going to be a political meeting here tonight. There's a hot fight in this county. Maybe you'd like to go" he says.

"Oh" says the dusty chap, sinking back into his seat, "you're local round here, are you?" he says.

"Yes" I puts in, "my friend is ex-governor of this state. He's county chairman of River county. We're in River county now."

"It's all right" I hears the dusty fellow whisper to the other dusty fellow. "They ain't nobody at all. We needn't worry." After that he raises his voice. "What blithering idiots we was" he says to his friend, "not to get this fellow out in Chicago this year" he says. "Why wouldn't he come?" he says.

The other fellow laughs. "His mamma or his papa, I forget which, wouldn't let him" he says.

"Yes" says the first one, "and our mamma or papa should have taken us out to the woodshed" he says, "and leathered us well" he says, "for not coming on here before. If he wouldn't come to Chicago" he says, "we should have come on here."

The Governor leans over again and bows. "Barney and me," he says, "ain't altogether wise to this game" he says, coming down to their level, "and if you could put us wise now and then to the fine points of the game, we would like to have you do it" he says. "We understand a few things. We know, of course, that it's the pitcher's business to keep the fellow at the bat from hitting the ball."

The two dusty fellows jumps up at the same time. "Make him hit it!" they yell.

And sure enough the fellow at the bat hits it just a little dribble of a hit that rolls right down in the Midget's hands. Midget tosses it to the first base and the batter is out.

"I don't understand Midget's pitching" says the Governor. "He told me that he'd pitched games where never a man could hit the ball, but now" he says, "they're hitting it right and left."

The dusty fellows looks us over again. "You know this MacFarland pretty well?" he asks. "This pitcher."

"Sure I do" says the Governor.

They winks at each other again and crowds up closer.

"You're not stalling us" they says, "when you say you don't know the game?"

The Governor laughs. "I'm ashamed of my ignorance" he says.

"All right" says one of the two. "Now let me tell you. This here game of ball" he says, "is a popular game. It's a dramatic game" he says, like he was talking out of a book, "and what the public want is action and plenty of it. A good pitcher" he says, "is a fellow that can pitch every batter out if he *wants* to" he says, "but I wouldn't give a tinker's dam" he says, "for that kind of a pitcher. The big pitcher" he says, "is the man that makes them hit the ball and makes them hit it just where he wants it to go. That's the boy for the money. That ain't only good science" he says, "but it gives the people something to look at. It's one thing to pitch a man out and it's another thing to pitch a ball that you know is going to land into the hands of the short stop. That's the game of ball" he says. They looks at each other again. "How well" they says, "do you know this here Midget MacFarland, if we might ask?" they says.

The Governor laughs quiet-like. "My dear man" he answers, "Midget MacFarland is my son."

They nearly jumps out of their skin. "The Midget's father!" they exclaims.

"No doubt about it" says the Governor.

They looks him over. "You do look like him" they says, "for a fact." They puts their heads together and does some tall whispering. "We'd like to talk to you" they says, "seeing you're his father. We come on from Chicago just to see this game" they says. Then one of them holds up his hand.

"Wait a bit, Sam" he says, "let us watch this play."

"We'd better watch it, too" whispers the Governor to me.

We watched it. One of the fellows kept on talking quiet-like to the Governor and me, with his eyes on the field.

"This here" he says, in low tones, "is the big minute in every game. There's two men on bases" he says, "and two men out, and the in team" he says, "haven't got a run. Midget MacFarland in the pitcher's box" he says, "and Bunny Jones at the bat. A ideal situation" he says. "Now watch."

We watches. Midget MacFarland stands there like a statue. He turns his



"Pop" he says, "I'm tickled to death.
I'm glad you come"

head to the left and looks at first base; he turns his head to the right and looks at third base. There's a chap on first and a chap on third, and little by little they're both edging away. It's clear to us that Midget's got to put the scare into them. He tosses the ball easy like to first, and the first base man tosses it easy like back to him. Midget tosses it easy like to third and gets it back. The fellow hugs the bases

a little mite closer. They gets a little cautious. Midget lifts his left hind leg and swings in a ball over the plate.

"Strike one" says the umpire.

Midget gets the ball back again and he stands looking reproachful-like at the fellow that's edging off first; then he stands looking reproachful-like at the fellow edging off third. Two or three times he sends the ball easy like to first, and two or three

times he sends it easy like to third; then he swings his arm half a dozen times, lifts his hind leg again and puts the ball over the plate once more.

"Strike two" says the umpire.

Back goes the ball to Midget. And then something happens—something electric. You can't see it, you can only feel it. Every man on the grand-stand is crowded close to the edge of the seat. The fellows seated on the grass out on the field gets up on their legs and looks over each other's shoulders. Something like an electric spark seems to flash over the grand-stand. Midget MacFarland doesn't notice it at all. He stands there unconcerned for a second. He looks sad at the chap on first, and sad at the chap on third. Two or three times he looks at them sad like; then he tosses the ball easy to first. It comes back like a shot.

Bing—like lightning Midget sends it home over the plate.

"Strike three" cries the umpire.

"By gorry" yells the man next to me in my ear, "what do you know about that! MacFarland!" he yells—"MacFarland!" And he keeps on yelling till he's hoarse.

He ain't the only one. I says before there ain't five hundred people on the stand, and I'm pretty good at sizing up a crowd, but by the yelling and the actions you'd think there was fifty thousand and four-year-olds at that.

Talk about political meetings. I've seen ten thousand men go wild all at once, but each one of the ten thousand was only one man; now it seemed like there was about fifteen red devils in every one of these five hundred men. I could've started ten hospitals for the insane on the spot; at least that's the way it looks to me. By and by everything kind of settles down.

"Seeing as you're his father" says one of these chaps to the Governor, "you must have appreciated that there little play of his" he says. "That trick of playing slow and then fast, blowing hot and cold at the same time" he goes on, "is as old as the hills now; it's a hundred years old, only Midget MacFarland does it in a different way. He's a born actor, that lad is, and he showed it right there. He's worth his weight in gold" he says. "If he can bat" he says, "why he's the boy wonder of the world."

"Don't make no difference" says the other chap, "whether he can bat or not.

He's ace high as he stands. How old" he says to the Governor, "is the boy anyhow?"

"He's nineteen" says the Governor.

"Good" says they. "Then you got something to say of his actions" he says. He kind of smiles. "He must have a big local reputation here" he says.

"Well" says the Governor, "he has, since Barney and I put him out to work this summer."

"This summer" says one of them, surprised, "why, we heard of him last year."

"And where are you from?" says the Governor again.

"We're from Chicago" they answers.

The Governor looks at him uncertain. "Chicago" he says. "You heard of him way out in Chicago?"

"Sure" they answers, "most of the team there on the field is from out of town."

"I" goes on one, "am the manager of the Pink Sox" he says. "You've heard of them?"

"Pink Sox" says the Governor. "Don't think I have."

They grins at each other. "Never mind" they says. "It's the big Chicago team. We come on to see the boy pitch."

The manager of the Pink Sox motions to me to make room between me and the Governor, and seats himself between us.

"Don't mind telling you, Mr. MacFarland" he starts out—

"Governor MacFarland" I whispers.

"Don't mind telling you, Governor" he goes on, just like he was accustomed to passing a few hundred governors on the street every day, "since seeing Midget MacFarland pitch this game—that the Pink Sox of Chicago is here to make him an offer" he says. "What do you think he's worth now?" he asks.

The Governor kinds of sniffs the air. "An offer" he says. "You mean from a regular professional ball team?" he says.

"A regular professional ball team" sneers the other man, good-natured. "Ain't I telling you that I'm the manager of the Pink Sox? What do you think he's worth?"

"As an office boy" says the Governor, "Midget would be dear, I'm afraid, at five per week. I've heard" he goes on, "that you professional ball players gives big money to experienced men" he says, "but Midget's only a beginner."

"Yes, yes" says the other man, soothing-like, "only a beginner."

"You wouldn't, now" says the Governor, laughing at his own nerve, "you wouldn't pay as high as twenty-five a week?"

The man from Chicago snickers out loud. "Don't give us the merry ha-ha, Governor" he says. "This ain't a Sunday-school picnic. We're talking business to you now. I'm ready" he says, "to offer Midget MacFarland a fair salary," he says. "We are ready to take him on" he says, "at one hundred per."

"Month?" says the Governor. "That's fair, it seems to me."

"One hundred a week" the other man butts in.

"A week" says the Governor. "A week. A hundred a week. Why, he's only nineteen years old!"

"I ain't forgetting that" says the man, "and I'm glad you reminded me he's under age, as I says, and he's got to do as you say. Will you sign him on for a hundred a week to the Pink Sox?" he says.

The Governor looks staggered. Up to now he's been taking it all as a kind of a joke. Now he don't know what to think of it. The Pink Sox manager is dead in earnest; that's plain to be seen.

"Well, to tell the truth" says the Governor, "you've got me stumped" he says. "I never thought of what Midget was going to do for a living" he says. "I always knew" he says, "that he wasn't an intellectual giant; he won't never be governor of the state" he says. "That boy" he says, "sure loves to play. I don't know, Barney" he goes on, "five thousand dollars a year is a pile of money. I don't know why the boy shouldn't take up ball as well as anything."

"Take up ball!" yelled the other man. "Do you mean to say you'd spoil that kid by putting him into any other job? Say the word, Governor" he goes on. "Give us your word he'll sign."

"I don't know about that" says the Governor, "I'll have to talk to Midget. No, no" he goes on, as the other man gets red in the face, "it ain't no use to talk to me now until I talk to Midget. After the game is over" he says, "we'll talk to him" he says.

It wasn't long before the other dusty chap was on the other side of Governor MacFarland, and believe me, the way those two clings to the Governor is a caution. No sooner is the game over than

they jerks the Governor from his seat, takes him in two runs and a jump down the grand-stand steps, grabs him in different parts of his anatomy and tosses him over the railing in a jiffy.

"Now's your chance" they says. "There he is in that bunch. Let's snake him while we can get him."

The Governor forces his way in the bunch and calls to Midget. "Midget, my boy" he says, "I want to see you just a minute. There's two gentlemen from Chicago" he says, "that wants to speak to you."

Midget hardly looks up. "I'm talking to a couple of gents here from Philadelphia" he says.

"I know" cries I to Midget, "but this here" I says, "is business. There's money in this here proposition" I says.

"Yes, yes" says Midget, and he turns away from us again and puts his head together with two or three other heads there.

"Snake him out" says the Pink Sox man. "He's your son; he's got to obey you, hasn't he? It's a hundred a week, Governor" they says.

"Midget" yells the Governor, excited, "come here a minute. I command you" he says.

Midget looks reproachful like at his father. "Don't, Pop" he says. "This is no Sunday-school picnic" he says. "I'm talking business" he says. "Please don't bother me now." He turns back to the men around him. "Let's go over to the dressing-shed" he says, "and we can talk quiet like" he says.

With that they darts away from us and we follows full tilt. They gets there ahead of us and goes inside. We tries to force our way into the shed, but there's two husky guys that keeps us out.

"Nay, nay, Pauline" they says to the Governor.

The Governor sees an open window. It's a little one or I swear he would have climbed in.

"Barney" he says to me, "you tell him. Tell him the whole thing."

I sticks my head in the window. "Midget" I says, "Chicago offers you a hundred dollars a week. Come out and talk to the Pink Sox" I says. "They're here to talk business. Your pop's a business man and he knows what he's about."

Midget MacFarland, who is already seated at a table with some papers in front of him, gets up on his hind legs and yells at me.

"Mr. Gilfoil" he says, "if you interrupt me again, I'll have you put out of the grounds. Shut that window" he roars. "Don't let anybody" he yells, "interrupt us for the next ten minutes." He turns back to the guys that's sitting with him at the table. "Now" he says, "go on."

The political meeting at Hunterdon that night was an open-air meeting, and believe me, Hunterdon responds to the call. There ain't three men on the platform, though, which shows that Hunterdon is dead against us.

"Barney" says the Governor to me, before he goes up to speak, "I'd rather" he says, "make a speech in the silk-stocking ward down home, than here. Look at this crowd" he says. "Those that ain't as cold as cucumbers" he says, "looks as though they'd throw bricks before the night is over."

The chairman gets up and introduces the Governor. The Governor don't get a hand, not a single hand. The only sound is the sound of newsboys weaving in and out through the crowd.

"Extras!" they cries. "All about the ball game. Extras!"

At that there's some commotion and everybody buys. The Governor goes to the edge of the platform and he holds out his hand.

"Fellow-citizens of the town of Hunterdon—" he begins.

Then for the first time there's some enthusiasm. Away on the outskirts of the crowd I sees considerable confusion and all of a sudden there's a yell.

"MacFarland! Hooray! That's the boy—MacFarland!"

The Governor looks pleased and bows, but the next minute he looks blank.

"MacFarland!" yells the crowd. But it ain't looking at *him* while it yells. Instead of that it waves about steen hundred newspapers in the air and turns its back on the Governor.

"That's the boy!" it cries.

And the commotion comes nearer still and spreads over the whole crowd, and then I sees what it's all about. The first thing I knows there's a fighting jam of men try-

ing to get at something or somebody in the middle of the crowd, and then while they're fighting—swish, up goes a man in the air, tall and lank like a skyrocket almost, and when he's got above the shoulders of the crowd he settles down and stays there.

"Datta boy!" yells the crowd. "MacFarland!"

And they sings and yells around that chap like wild Indians. And then I sees who it is.

It's Midget perched up there over the heads of the crowd, struggling like a crazy man trying to get back to earth.

"You fellows let me down—let me through" he says. "I want to hear this speech."

With that he lunges out with his clenched hand right and left and smashes two or three hats. The crowd likes him all the better for it.

"Here, smash mine" cries one of the crowd.

"And mine" says another.

Fifty hats goes through the air for him to smash.

"I'll use my feet next" yells Midget. "You let me through" he says.

He wasn't only fighting mad by this time, but he looks as though he was going to cry, and all the time the Governor stands upon the platform, alone and dignified, waiting patient and pathetic for the noise to subside.

"You let me through" yells Midget again.

"We'll take you through" says the crowd. "Where do you want to go?"

"I want to go to that there platform" yells Midget.

With that about a thousand men rushes forward—a smashing big wave that breaks into a thousand pieces against the platform and washes Midget as it breaks, right up beside his father. You ought to hear them yell.

"MacFarland!" they yells. "MacFarland!"

The Governor, knowing full well that it ain't meant for him, turns and looks piteous-like upon the boy. Midget puts one hand upon the Governor's shoulders and he holds the other in the air.

"Silence!" he roars.

There was silence, all right, in the next minute. You could have heard a pin drop almost. Midget looks at his father and then he looks back at the crowd.

"Boys" says Midget, with a ring of pride in his voice, "this is my pop. I come here to hear him. I want you to listen to him while he speaks to you tonight."

He stands there with his hand on the old man's shoulder looking him in the face. And then another shout goes up. While they're still yelling Midget leaves the old man quiet like and tiptoes back and slumps down into a seat beside me.

"Three cheers for Pop!" yells somebody in the crowd. And believe me, that icy-hearted bunch melts down and gives them with a will.

We puts up, the Governor and me, at the Hunterdon House that night, and I am in the Governor's room talking his speech over when in sails Midget MacFarland. The Governor passes him a cigar and waves his hand at me.

"No more politics tonight" he says to me. "Midget" he says, "in the excitement of the evening I kind of forgot those two fellows from Chicago" he says. "You know" he says, "I'm much obliged to you, Midget, for what you did for me all summer and for what you did for me tonight, but" he says, "your pop's a business man, and those two chaps had a business proposition at a top-notch price. They were managers of the Chicago base-ball team" he says, "and they were offering you, Midget, a hundred dollars a week" he says, rolling the words over his tongue, "a hundred dollars a week."

"I know," says Midget, careless-like. "I had their proposition and their price some months ago" he says, "but what's the use" he says, "of my signing up with the Pink Sox when I can get in on the pennant winning team?" he says. "What's the use of going to Chicago when I can stick to Philadelphia?" he says.

"I know" answers the Governor, "but a hundred dollars a week is a hundred dollars a week."

"Maybe it is" says Midget, "but it ain't a hundred and fifty a week, and that's the figure that I signed up with the Athletics" he says, "this afternoon" he says.

The Governor stares at him. "One hundred and fifty a week!" says the Governor.

Midget MacFarland throws one leg careless like over the other. "Yep" he answers, "but I'm worth one hundred and seventy-five."

"Good Lord!" cries the Governor. "One hundred and fifty a week—and all I could pull out as Governor in my day was one hundred and twenty-five!"

Well, three days later we has our primaries; and they were some primaries, too, believe me. We sits up all night, the Governor and me, in room seven getting the returns. We got them all right, and you ought to have seen the Governor's face as they come in. But that ain't all. You ought to have seen the *Morning Mail* next morning when the *Morning Mail* come out.

Politics? We has to search the *Mail* with a fine tooth comb, almost, for politics. The first column on the first page don't say nothing about politics. *This* is what it says:

MIDGET MACFARLAND SIGNS UP WITH
THE PENNANT WINNERS.
ATHLETICS OF PHILADELPHIA THE CRADLE
SNATCHERS.
KIDNAPPED IN PRESENCE OF PINK SOX.

That was the first column. It's a sure thing *that* ain't remarkable for its political news. What about the second column, then? The second column does some better anyway, but not much. Here it is. Is it politics or ball?

PROPELS THE PILL OVER THE POLITICAL
PLATE.
MIDGET MACFARLAND HELPS THE GOV-
ERNOR PLAY THE GAME.
FAMOUS BALL PLAYER TAKES A HAND IN
POLITICS.
PITCHES POINDEXTER OUT.

"Barney" says the Governor, "I feel grateful to have 'em mention me at all."

THE PERSONAL CONDUCTOR

How a Mere Ticket-Taker May Be a Friend to the Aged, a Protector to the Unsophisticated, a Health Inspector and an Accomplished Diplomat

By RUFUS STEELE

Drawings by J. Y. Rogers

I HATE riding in the day coach. But it is fun. The other passengers provide it—and of course the conductor. Coming up on the Fresno local our conductor was one of those pink-cheeked mixtures of iron and benevolence, with graying hair to take the severity out of gray eyes, that you wouldn't mind telling people was your uncle. I noticed him first when the man in the second seat ahead of me—a man you could tell from the back had come from the Fatherland—stood up and began to turn himself inside out.

"You couldn't lose anything as big as a railroad ticket" said the conductor soothingly.

"Vonce I lost a bass drum alretty!" the German protested with warmth.

The conductor's eyes turned into gray X rays. "Maybe you forgot to look in your shoe" he suggested, at the same time lifting the missing ticket from the passenger's flaring tan leather tie, where it had lodged after descending through a hole in his trousers pocket.

An hour later the German raised the window, though February weather in Fresno county isn't always the kind of weather they have there in July. Car windows nowadays are twice as large as car windows used to be—maybe glass is cheaper than steel—and the draft that came in would have flown a kite. The man in front of me who was, of course, getting more of the wind than the German, ruffled until the three funny brown splotches on the back of his neck seemed actually to bristle. The conductor came in. The Spotted Man complained. The man in the blue uniform went to the German and made a pleasant plea for less air. The man who could lose a bass drum stood on his rights. The conductor whispered to the Spotted Man; then

he whispered to me. We took up temporary quarters across the aisle. The conductor went out the back door—and left the door open. We heard him unfasten the door of the vestibule also. Instantly there was drawn in at the German's window a rush of wind that would have turned all the wind-mills between Fresno and Merced. The German sneezed, then he squealed, then he banged down his window and hid his nose in his paper. Yet when the conductor passed through and the Spotted Man and I attempted to make him join us in a knowing smile he seemed not to see our grins at all.

A card game was organizing. The peanut butcher had brought a table at the request of a sad-faced man with a nose that curled under. The other players were to be a commercial traveler who seemed mighty eager to let everybody know he sold trunks, and a man whose new shoes hurt his feet. The latter, a farmer going up to the Bay, had to be urged before he agreed to sit in. The conductor leaned over and chatted with an elderly couple bound for Stockton.

"We need a fourth" said the commercial traveler; "but I guess we'll have to worry along three-handed."

"Not at all! I just love to play with such good company!"

I didn't know conductors were allowed to play cards while on duty, yet it was the pink-checked boss of the train who had made the remark and who promptly squeezed into the fourth place at the table, opposite the farmer. In ten minutes the game had blown up. The farmer had caught the honest-looking conductor dealing himself cards from the bottom of the pack. The indignant farmer spoke his mind—and retreated into his shell, from which not all the card-players in the world could have drawn him out. The embarrassed conductor

went to the next car, and the two other players, who began the game as strangers, remained together and whispered like old pals.

I stopped the conductor later with a trivial question. While answering he looked at the Spotted Man's neck. He seemed to get interested, for he sat down beside the Spotted Man, studied him and learned that he was expecting a telegram from his wife, who was to meet him at some point on the road.

While we were standing at the Merced station a fellow with glasses and a short black beard dropped down beside me, though there were plenty of empty seats. A minute later he got off the train again. The conductor came in and told the Spotted Man to come to the depot and sign for his telegram. When we pulled out the Spotted Man was not with us. I remembered vaguely having seen a brakeman do something with his suit case.

The old couple going to Stockton could hardly have known that the card-loving conductor hadn't played a square game, I thought, else the old lady wouldn't have said such a fervent God-bless-you when he helped them change cars at Tracy. It was when we were sliding into the mole at Oakland that the conductor stopped beside the trunk drummer and his friend, the man with the nose that curled under. I wondered what they would have to say about his crooked playing. Then there came a burst of red-hot words—from the conductor himself. He made each



He was interested in the Spotted Man's neck

of the men in that car seat shrivel into himself as tight as a head of lettuce.

"You sharks!" the conductor ended. "The next time you two bunco artists try to fleece a farmer on my train I swear I'll send you both back to the pen!"

I was still struggling to get my breath when the conductor came and pinned a yellow tag on the empty seat in front of me.

"Why do you do that?" I asked.

"So the cleaners will fumigate this seat a little more than the rest of the car" he answered.

"Why, say," I stammered, the light beginning to break in on me at last, "what—what became of the Spotted Man?"

"I slipped him into the pest-house" the conductor explained. "The company doctor that I sent aboard at Merced squinted the fellow's neck and confirmed my suspicion that the bunch of freckles he wore was smallpox. Don't get excited. None of the passengers are going to be infected—that is, if you've got sense enough to keep your mouth shut."

Here was a ticket-taker who was a friend to the aged, a protector to the unsophisticated, a health inspector, and above all, an accomplished diplomat! That day I began to wake up to the railroad conductor. Here was one hired man of a public service corporation who was doing all that could be asked of him. He was so truly the paragon that I wondered whether the company could have any more



Then there came a burst of red-hot words

like him. I investigated. The company had hundreds more like him. Where in the name of heaven, I wondered, does the company find them? Another investigation. It carried far. I'll begin at the end and give you the answer. The company does not find them. They are not to be found. The company manufactures them.

It was after the running down of many false clues that I came at last to the door of the Conductor-maker. No one calls him that—that is merely what he is.

"Where do you get the filler for a passenger conductor's uniform?" I asked the official.

The Conductor-maker went to some pains to convince himself that I was to be trusted with real information; then he replied: "We make it."

"As how?"

"The recipe runs something like this: Take equal parts of health, willingness and intelligence. Heat in the flame of experience. Refine the temper, develop the understanding, crystallize the loyalty, hammer on the anvil of countless emergencies. When ready to use, test for lumps, and if any are found, throw the whole mess out as a failure."

"You might tell that to the blacksmith" I suggested. "What I'm trying to get at is this: How do you know before you put the man into the conductor's uniform that he will make good?"

"Oh, we begin back of the uniform."

"How far back, please?"

"Fourteen years back."

"Great Smokestacks! And does the future conductor spend that fourteen years on passenger trains?"

"No; he spends that fourteen years trying to keep out of their way."

"Just what is this interesting individual when you begin with him?"

"Why, he is the young husky who applies for a try-out as brakeman on a freight train" the Conductor-maker replied. "As he stands beside my desk with his slouch hat crushed in his big red hands I try to get a look inside the man. It is up to me to forecast with considerable accuracy how that

husky is going to look when, after seven years as freight brakeman and seven years as freight conductor, I dress him in blue cloth with brass buttons, a black necktie and a fresh shave and give him charge of a passenger run on which he will have to deal tactfully with persons who have had ten times his advantages in the world."



Raw material

So I must begin my study with the hustler of box cars! Suddenly I realize that I had seldom seen a freight brakeman—just as you have seldom seen one. There's a reason. He is a role. He works at night. His chief business is to keep himself from being seen—to keep out of the way of the train that carries you. His hours are queer; he is constantly facing dangers people don't know exist in the world; mostly he doesn't know an hour ahead when he is going to dine.

I learned that the brakeman is a crackerjack at checkers—with freight cars for men! He gathers in and cuts out with the fewest possible train movements. A flock of braking Napoleons will ride box cars to strategic victories this very night.

The rolling stock that makes up a freight train cost a fortune. It is at the brakeman's mercy. The engineer will obey the brakeman's lantern. The kick must not be too hard. The saddest sound a real brakeman ever hears is a thud inside the car. When a barrel of vinegar has been jolted through a piano, money damage does not square matters. The consignee doesn't want music, he wants music!

If the kick is too soft the car stops in the mouth of the switch and does not clear. The brakeman can save remaking the switching movement by "cornering" the car—bumping the corner with the locomotive from the main track. That moves the car; also it lifts the roof. When the car, filled with hops or sugar, is two thousand miles away, rain or snow gets in. The company pays a thousand in damages. This is just another kind of "corner" that doesn't pay. The brakeman who is going to wear a uniform in twelve or thirteen years doesn't corner cars.

Freight cars have no locks except seals which any one who dares commit a felony may break. The brakeman must keep off the robbers. Any agile human may turn himself into freight. It is the brakeman's duty to see that no human freight is carried—though human freight often comes in flocks, carries weapons, and has thrown his kind under the wheels. When the brakeman drops off in the dark to set a switch there may be more out there in the blackness than the switch lever—his ancient enemy the hobo may be waiting with a brick. When he runs back half a mile with the red fusee he may fly into the arms of unofficial track-walkers who are able to make use of his money and his watch. Often the only active law between stations is the brakeman's sense and courage. He is a good fighting man who must not involve the company or himself.

On grades, in stations, at crossings, when meeting other trains—the brakeman rides the roof, no matter how the storm may howl. If sparks fly in going down hill, he must know it instantly and stop the train: wheels may be off the rails, a costly wreck threatening, with a prospect of tying up the road and delaying—you! The easiest hour the brakeman knows is when he is able to do his watching from the lazy-board in the cupola of the caboose.

And before a willing young man can get a crack at this tender job of braking, his past must bear investigation, his health and morals must be found unimpaired, and it must be plain that he would choose for his lounging place when off duty a pest-house rather than an establishment where intoxicating liquors are sold or gambling is carried on. Often it is the old railroader's son, with a taste for the life born in him, who is ready to qualify under the iron rules.

Maybe he realizes what that sort of medicine did for his father. He knows the company is looking for material it can mold, not for permanent brakemen. He expects to feel the curb and die. A bad trait will be wiped out—or worked out. The company is patient. The company will not eliminate the man until it has exhausted its methods of eradicating the flaw. The fellow who is still sticking at the end of the year is then regarded as an investment. Trust a corporation to cherish and develop its investments. Having smoothed the rough places out of a husky, the company now undertakes to polish the brakeman with practical education.

Colleges give a diploma after four years. In the Southern Pacific's incomparable university of experience the freight brakeman serves an average term of seven years before the seniority system permits of his being called in for promotion. When he answers the magic call he is examined on the Book of Rules—only 950 rules in the book!—instructed in time tables and speed ordinances of every town along the route; his color perception and hearing are tested:



His ancient enemy, the hobo, may be waiting with a brick

the superintendent makes him understand that the company wishes to federate with him; he is introduced to officials and dispatchers; finally he is given a freight conductor's badge (which two-inch strip of metal constitutes his full uniform), a bunch of keys and a bundle of blank reports. He



He sends headquarters an unmistakable report

begins as an extra conductor, just as seven years before he began as an extra brakeman. Work trains fall to his command, then extra freights; at length an unimportant regular run.

It was when I got close to the freight conductor that I began to recognize the passenger conductor in the makings. Of course the freight conductor must know that the air is working, and that he has the right to proceed; must share with engineer and crew the orders he is constantly receiving; must handle the train book, recording cars and contents, trainmen and train movements; must see that live stock is detrained to be rested and fed according to law; must outline the work, issue orders, and keep his train out of the way—yet these are not the things I mean. It is the freight conductor, who prevents his train being tied up in a wreck by preventing the wreck, that becomes of interest. Because conductors develop prescience, lots of train accidents don't happen.

Brakemen play checkers, but conductors play chess. The boss of the train whose only insignia is the metal badge upon his slouch hat, is playing the game of a train among trains. He is forever trying to keep up his schedule while having to dodge out of the way of the passenger service. Whether he shall go into this siding and wait, or shall sneak along to the next siding and take a chance on making the Limited slow down—that is the commonest of problems. It is a clever man who saves both minutes and reputation. When, for some reason, three or four freight trains are pocketed, the station agent who knows their conductors can tell you pretty accur-

ately the order in which they will get back into the running. Rules? No; generalship.

Bang! It has happened—a wreck! The freight conductor crawls out and makes a survey. If he is a man on the road to a uniform he will analyze the situation before he makes a move. Then he gets to the wire. He sends to headquarters a report that pictures things unmistakably. That is not all. He specifies the equipment—wrecker, locomotives and anything else—that can pick up the wreck in the shortest time. If a switch engine from a nearby station could be doing preliminary work while the wrecker is on the way, that fact gets into the message. A clever wreck report may save hundreds in dollars and hours in time.

The freight conductor is always scheming a better way to arrive at a given result—that is, if he is a fellow headed toward a uniform. His judgment is always on the job, and his judgment must prove sound. Sometimes the conductor may not get his three meals a day; he knows, though, that he'll get his three emergencies. Whether he has fourteen stops or forty-one stops, he is expected to bring in even a freight train on time. If he doesn't, he may get his back scalded by the train-master, but that isn't his chief worry: he remembers that he is an officer in the war to wipe the late train out of existence.

When the freight conductor's seven years are up—any unexpected thinning in the crowd above him would shorten the time—he finds himself able to touch the door knob of the closet that contains his uniform. When he has put the uniform on, shaved, and made choice between a white tie and a black one, he again loses his steady job and goes on the extra list of passenger conductors. His first work may be on a picnic train, where he collects one coupon going and another coupon coming home. Between picnics he can study the fat book containing the various kinds of railroad tickets. When a conductor lays off for a few days the new man steps in as substitute. He grows accustomed to brass buttons and a stiff collar. He learns how to meet all manner of men—and what not to say and do. All his years one word has stood out upon his mental horizon to warn and guide in everything. The word still stands there, but now it is spelled in capital letters. The word is SAFETY.

Wise old gray-beards around the con-

ductors' room at the terminals coach the youngster (this youngster is likely to be between 35 and 40 years of age) in the application of rules and particularly in the handling of situations no rule can cover. And experience, the master teacher, smoothes this highly specialized piece of human machinery into the dip and stroke of the new position.

Let me cite three little cases to show how a conductor becomes a rule unto himself.

A six-year-old girl was put in the care of the conductor at Portland, Oregon. Her parents, it was said, would meet her at Oakland. It was Conductor X who had the little miss bonneted and shod and ready for her mamma when the California city was reached. The big man stepped to the ground with the child on his shoulder. They searched the crowd for two faces the child would recognize. The child gave no sign. Vainly they went through the waiting-rooms. The child began to cry. The train must proceed. A six-year-old was not to be set adrift even in the kindly city of Oakland. Conductor X carried the baby to his own home in San Francisco, where Mrs. X cared for her until, three days later, the misunderstanding parents could be found.

Conductor Y carried a party of Native Sons to Los Angeles on a holiday. They occupied every berth in their car except one. That berth belonged to a fellow who made himself agreeable during the evening by taking his turn at the story-telling, though occasionally a look of pain would cross his face. Next morning the Outsider, as the Natives had nicknamed the stranger in their car, did not turn out for breakfast. Conductor Y visited the Outsider in his berth. When the merry-makers returned from the diner they demanded that the Outsider roll out in his pajamas and tell them a story. Conductor Y intervened. He explained that the Outsider had a headache and begged to be allowed to lie abed until the last minute. The Natives piled

out at Los Angeles leaving with the smiling conductor many a playful scolding for the non-rising Outsider. When the last Native had departed on his day of fun, Conductor Y made a queer gesture and four men came out of the depôt and went inside the car to the Outsider's berth. They were the undertaker's men.

Perhaps Conductor Z noticed when he took the lady passenger's ticket at Truckee that she was ill, yet he was not expecting the quick call she made upon his resources while the train was sliding down the mountains. After Conductor Z had tapped the wire with a message, he invited all the passengers to move to the next coach, which had larger windows for observing the scenery. That gave the lady a private car. It was merely a day coach, but bedding and linen and even curtains were dug up from somewhere. The lady was made snug and comfortable. Another woman passenger had quietly consented to serve as nurse. At the station the physician was waiting to board the train. Things happened decently and in order. The passengers never knew. Conductor Z got into Sacramento with one passenger who had transferred from the stork line without a ticket. The only hitch lay in this: That baby would never be able to tell exactly where he was born. At the doctor's suggestion the babe was given the Christian name of Swift.

Is it any wonder that passenger conductors so often go on up the official ladder?

"Fourteen years of bucking freight is what puts the material into condition" the Conductor-maker says. "All I have to do is to look down inside the husky when he applies for a job as brakeman and see how he is going to look after he has done two jolts of seven years each and I am ready to hang a conductor's uniform on his seasoned anatomy."

Yes; that's all. But what a dandy eye that Conductor-maker has to have!





"A gun-play would be most ill-advised, I assure you" Bob mocked the land-grabber.
"You'd better let me have that pop-gun"

Illustrating "The Long Chance"

THE LONG CHANCE

The Tale of a Hat Ranch

By PETER B. KYNE

Author of *The Adventures of Captain Scraggs*

Illustrated by Maynard Dixon

As far as it has gone* the story is as follows: Oliver Corblay, a "desert rat," which means a wandering prospector seeking gold in the American Southwest, takes an Eastern investor whom he calls "Boston" into the desert to look at a prospect. Their guide is a Cahuilla Indian. On the way, a sandstorm uncovers a rich pocket which Corblay stakes out and names the "Baby Mine" in honor of the little one soon to be born to him at his home in San Bernardino. He loads his burros with the ore which is his by discovery. In the absence of the Indian, "Boston" attacks Corblay, leaves him to death in the desert, and escapes with the gold. His victim writes an imperishable message upon the lava-encrusted floor of the canyon: "Friend, look in my canteen and see that I get justice." That message is destined to be delivered years afterward to Donna Corblay, the heroine of the Hat Ranch at San Pasqual. Meanwhile Donna, bereaved of her mother, finds a loyal friend in Harley P. Hennage, the gambler, at once the best and the worst man in San Pasqual. Hennage watches over the girl from the discreet distance at which he had long worshiped her mother. But one night Donna is attacked by hoboes, and young Bob McGraw, riding into town, spurs to her rescue. During the gun-play that ensues, Bob is seriously wounded. Donna, removing him to the Hat Ranch, becomes his nurse. Cupid takes a hand in the game. Bob, convalescent, unfolds to his sweetheart a plan for conquering the desert with his irrigation scheme, "Donnaville," and goes to San Francisco for financial backing from his father's friend, Homer Dunstan, an attorney. Bob's scheme involves a clever, adroit, but honest, application of

State laws by which he proposes to acquire vast lands and a valuable water-right, for philanthropic use. To do this he must outwit a clique of land-grabbers, with T. Morgan Carey as their chief conspirator. Bob gets fifty applicants for state lands and presents these applications for filing at the land office. He gains entrance ahead of the hour by pretending to be the emissary of Carey, the land-grabber, and his papers are properly entered and receipted for before Carey arrives. Bob gets away from Carey certain papers necessary to complete his filing and then impudently vanishes by commandeering Carey's automobile. He had already wired Donna, at San Pasqual, to meet him at Bakersfield—object, matrimony. After a honeymoon in the Yosemite Valley, Donna returns to her work in San Pasqual, Bob disappears into the desert to hunt gold, and no one guesses their secret except Hennage, who disapproves of "marryin' on a shoe-string" but would like to have "shoved across a stack o' chips for a weddin' present." Then something happens that shocks Donna and amazes Hennage—the San Pasqual stage is held up and the robber, escaping with several thousand dollars, loses his hat with the name "Robert McGraw" on the band. Hennage anonymously makes good the amount stolen, sends Donna a thousand dollars besides, and leaves town, meanwhile checkmating Carey's plans to prosecute Bob McGraw. Donna's embarrassing affairs presently become a subject of spiteful delight to her feminine enemies. She is threatened by a ruffianly suitor, Borax O'Rourke, with eviction from the Hat Ranch, when Harley P. Hennage, unexpectedly returning, decides to put an end to a game not played "on the square."

THE END OF THE GAME

WHY Harley P. Hennage should elect to return to San Pasqual on the very day that Borax O'Rourke issued formal written notice through old Judge Kenny for Donna to vacate the Hat Ranch, which stood upon the desert land whereon he had filed, is one of the mysteries of retributive justice with which this story has nothing to do. Suffice the fact that Mr. Hennage had stayed away from San Pasqual

six months, and six months is a sufficient lapse of time for any ordinary public excitement to wear off, particularly in the desert. He had not intended returning so soon, but a letter from Dan Pennycook, to whom Mr. Hennage had communicated his whereabouts, charging the yardmaster to keep him in touch with affairs at the Hat Ranch, had precipitated his descent upon San Pasqual. He had dropped off the

*This story began in the December (1912) number of SUNSET MAGAZINE.

Limited at daylight that very morning, and by nine o'clock was in possession of all the facts regarding the mistress of the Hat Ranch.

"It's a nasty mix-up, Harley" Dan Pennycook informed him, when Mr. Hennage sought the yardmaster out in his desire for explicit information touching the hint of trouble to Donna conveyed in the letter which Pennycook had sent him. "Her husband ain't never showed up, an' there ain't no record of her marriage license in the county clerk's office."

"How d'ye know there ain't?" the gambler demanded.

"Ee—er—well, the fact is, Harley, Mrs. Pennycook—"

"She went an' looked, eh?"

"Well, she was concerned about the girl's reputation—"

"Huh-huh. I see. Dan, do *you* believe this scandal?"

"Not a damned word of it" said honest Dan firmly. "There's some mistake. The girl's good. I've seen her grow up in this town since she was a baby, an' girls like Donna Corblay don't go wrong."

Mr. Hennage extended his freckled, hairy hand. "Dan" he said, "I thank you for that. But your missus ain't playin' fair."

Pennycook threw up his hands deprecatingly. "I know it" he said, "an' I can't help it."

Harley P. laid his hand on the yardmaster's shoulder. "Dan" he said, "me an' you've been good friends, man to man, an' there's just a chance that after today we ain't a-goin' to meet no more. You take my compliments to Mrs. Pennycook, Dan, an' tell her that I've kept my word, even if she didn't keep hers. That worthless convict brother-in-law o' yours is dead, Dan. You can quit worryin'. He'll never blackmail you again. He's as dead as a mackerel an' I seen him buried. Dan, old friend, *adios*."

He shook hands warmly with the yardmaster and walked over to the Silver Dollar saloon, where, in order to smother his distress, he played game after game of solitaire. Here, shortly after his arrival, he had learned of Borax O'Rourke's latest move, and when the latter entered the saloon an hour later, Harley P. had delivered his ultimatum.

For an hour after O'Rourke had left the Silver Dollar for the ostensible purpose of

purchasing a gun, the gambler continued to play solitaire. At three o'clock he arose, kicked back his chair, sighed, and glanced at the crowd which had been hanging around, watching him.

"Twenty games today an' never beat it once" he complained. "No use talkin', boys, my luck's changed." He walked to the bar, laid a handful of gold thereon and gave his order.

"Wine."

He turned to the crowd. "It happens that there ain't no officer o' the law in San Pasqual today to interfere in the forth-comin' festivities between me an' O'Rourke. I do hope that none o' you boys'll feel called on to interfere. I take it for granted you won't, out o' compliment to me, an' as a further compliment I'd be obliged if you-all'd honor me to the extent o' havin' a little nip."

The crowd shuffled to the bar, and a lanky prospector in from the dry diggings at Coolgardie spoke up.

"I'm a stranger here, but I'll help pull a rope tight around that mule-skinner's neck. It looks to me like a community job, an' if you say the word, friend, I'll head a movement to relieve you o' the resk o' cancelin' that entry."

"Thank you, old-timer" replied Mr. Hennage kindly, "but this is a personal matter, an' it's been the custom in this town to let every man kill his own skunks. All set, boys. Smoke up!"

Each of his guests half turned, facing the gambler. As one man they spoke.

"How."

"How" replied Harley P., and tossed off his wine with evident relish. He pocketed his change and left the saloon; five minutes later he was bending over a show-case in the hardware department of the general store, and when his purchase was completed he sat down on a keg of nails, laid his watch on the counter before him, lit a cigar and smoked until four o'clock; then he arose.

He handed his watch to the proprietor.

"I'd be obliged if you was to give that watch to Dan Pennycook" he said, and walked out.

On the threshold he paused. A train, brown with the dust of the hundreds of miles of desert across which it had traveled, was just pulling in to the depot, and while Mr. Hennage realized that any delay in his program would be a distinct strain on the

idlers who had gathered in the porch of the Silver Dollar and adjacent deadfalls to watch the worst man in San Pasqual finally make good on his reputation, still he was not one of the presuming kind, and he declined to make a spectacle of himself for the edification of the travelers peering curiously from the windows of the train.

So he waited until the train pulled out before stepping briskly into the middle of the street, gun in hand. He crossed diagonally toward the eating-house, watching for O'Rourke.

Suddenly a man appeared around the corner of the eating-house, a long-barreled Colt's in his hand. Mr. Hennage raised his gun, but lowered it again instantly, for the man was Sam Singer. The Indian ran to Mr. Hennage's side.

"*Vamose, amigo mio*" he said in mingled Spanish and English, "me fixum plenty good."

"Sam" said Mr. Hennage, "get out. You're interferin'. This is the white man's burden." With a sudden sweep of his arm he tore the gun from the Indian's hand, and waved him imperiously away, just as the crowd on the porch of the Silver Dollar parted and Borax O'Rourke leaped into the street.

"Git—you Injun" yelled Mr. Hennage. "If he beefs me first you take a hack at him."

Sam Singer, weaponless, sprang around the corner of the eating-house, just as O'Rourke, having gained the center of the street, turned, drew his gun down on Harley P. and fired. A suppressed "A-a-h-h" went up from the crowd as the worst man in San Pasqual sprawled forward on his hands and knees.

O'Rourke brought his gun up, swiftly, dropped it again. Mr. Hennage's left arm buckled under him suddenly and he slid forward on his face, while two more bullets from the mule-skinner's gun threw the sand in his eyes, blinding him, before ricocheting against the eating-house wall.

Sam Singer, peering around the corner of the eating-house, saw the gambler pick himself up slowly. There was a surprised look on his face. He was staggering in circles and as yet he had not fired a shot.

"No luck" he muttered thickly, "no luck," and reeled toward the eating-house. A fifth bullet scored his shoulder and crashed through the wall; the sixth—and

last—was a clean miss, and in the middle of San Pasqual's single street Borax O'Rourke stood wonderingly, an empty smoking gun in his hand, staring at the man reeling blindly along the eating-house wall.

Mr. Hennage paused with his broad back against the wall. "The sand" he muttered, blinking, and brushed his eyes with the back of his good right hand, as Sam Singer made a quick scuttering rush around the corner and retrieved the loaded gun which the gambler had taken from him and which Harley P. had dropped when O'Rourke's second bullet had shattered his left arm.

Mr. Hennage saw the Indian stooping, and flapped his broken arm in feeble protest. Then he raised his gun.

"Borax" he said aloud, "I've got a full house," and pulled away. O'Rourke pitched forward, and Harley P. advanced uncertainly toward him, firing as he came, and when the gun was empty and Borax O'Rourke as dead as Cheops, the gambler stood over his man and hurled the gun at the still twitching body.

"Well, I've canceled that entry" he said.

He stood there, swaying a little, and a strong arm came around his fat waist. He half turned and gazed into the sun-scorched, red-bearded face of a tall young man clad in a ruin of weather-beaten rags.

It was Bob McGraw. He had come back. Sam Singer, reaching Mr. Hennage's side at that moment, recognized the stranger, and realizing that Mr. Hennage was in safe hands, the Indian dropped his gun (the one he had taken from O'Rourke at the Hat Ranch) and fled to Donna with the news.

Mr. Hennage fixed his fading glance upon the wanderer. He wanted to say something severe, but for the life of him—even the little he had left—he could not; there was a puzzled look in his sand-clogged eyes as he whispered.

"Bob, they've got the goods—on you. There's a warrant—out; you—know—that stage hold-up—at Garlock—"

He lurched forward into Bob McGraw's arms.

"Oh, Harley, Harley, old man" said Bob McGraw in a choking voice.

"Vamose" panted Mr. Hennage. "I'm dyin', son. You can't do no good here."

"My friend, my friend" whispered the wanderer, "don't die believing I'm an outlaw. I didn't do it. On my word of honor, I didn't."

"I'm dyin', Bob. Give me the straight of it."

"I can't. I don't know what you're driving at, Harley. It's a mistake—"

"Everything's a mistake—I'm a mistake" muttered the gambler. "Son, take me—to my—room—in the hotel. I'm a dog with a bad—name, but I—don't want to—die in—the street."

Dan Pennycook, at his work among the strings of empty box-cars across the track, had heard the shooting; had seen the crowd leave the porch of the Silver Dollar saloon and surge out into the street. He came running now, and upon hearing the details of the duel he pressed through the circle of curious men who had gathered to see Harley P. Hennage die. He found Mr. Hennage seated in the sand with his head and shoulders supported by a stranger.

Mr. Hennage smiled his rare, trustful, childish smile as the yardmaster approached.

"Good old Dan!" he mumbled. "He can only—think of one—thing at a—time—like a horse—but—by God—he thinks—straight. Hello, Dan. I'm beefed. Help Bob—carry me in—Dan. I'm so—damned—heavy an' I don't want—any but real friends—to touch me—now."

They picked him up and carried him into the hotel, up the narrow heat-warped stairs and down the corridor to his room. On the way down the corridor, Mr. Hennage sniffed curiously.

"They got—new mattin' in the rooms" he gasped. "Business—must be—lookin' up."

The crowd followed into the room, and watched Bob McGraw and Dan Pennycook lay Mr. Hennage on his old bed. Dan Pennycook hurried for Doc Taylor, while Bob cleared the room of the curious and locked the door. Mr. Hennage beckoned him to his bedside.

"I ain't paid—for this bed yet" he said, "but there's money—in my pants pocket—an' you square up—for the damage—an' the annoyance—"

The tears came into Bob McGraw's eyes as he knelt beside the bed and took the hand of the worst man in San Pasqual in his. He could not speak. The simplicity, the honesty of this dying stray dog had filled his heart to overflowing; for he was young and he could weep at the passing of a man.

"Sho," said Mr. Hennage softly, "sho, Bob. It was low down—o' me to figure

you—a crook, but the evidence—man, it was awful—but you—when did you—marry Donnie?"

"Last October—in Bakersfield."

"I know—wisht you'd invited me—give the bride away, Bob. This wouldn't—have happened. Damn dogs! They—say—little Donnie—belongs—east o' the tracks. I killed—O'Rourke for—thinkin' it."

A knock sounded on the door, and Bob opened it, to admit Dan Pennycook.

"Doc Taylor's in Bakersfield" he said.

Mr. Hennage grinned. "I knew it—no luck today" he said. "Just wipe the—sand out—o' my eyes, Bob—an' let me kick the bucket—without disturbin' nobody. Dan'l, good-by. As the feller says—we shall meet—on that beautiful—shore."

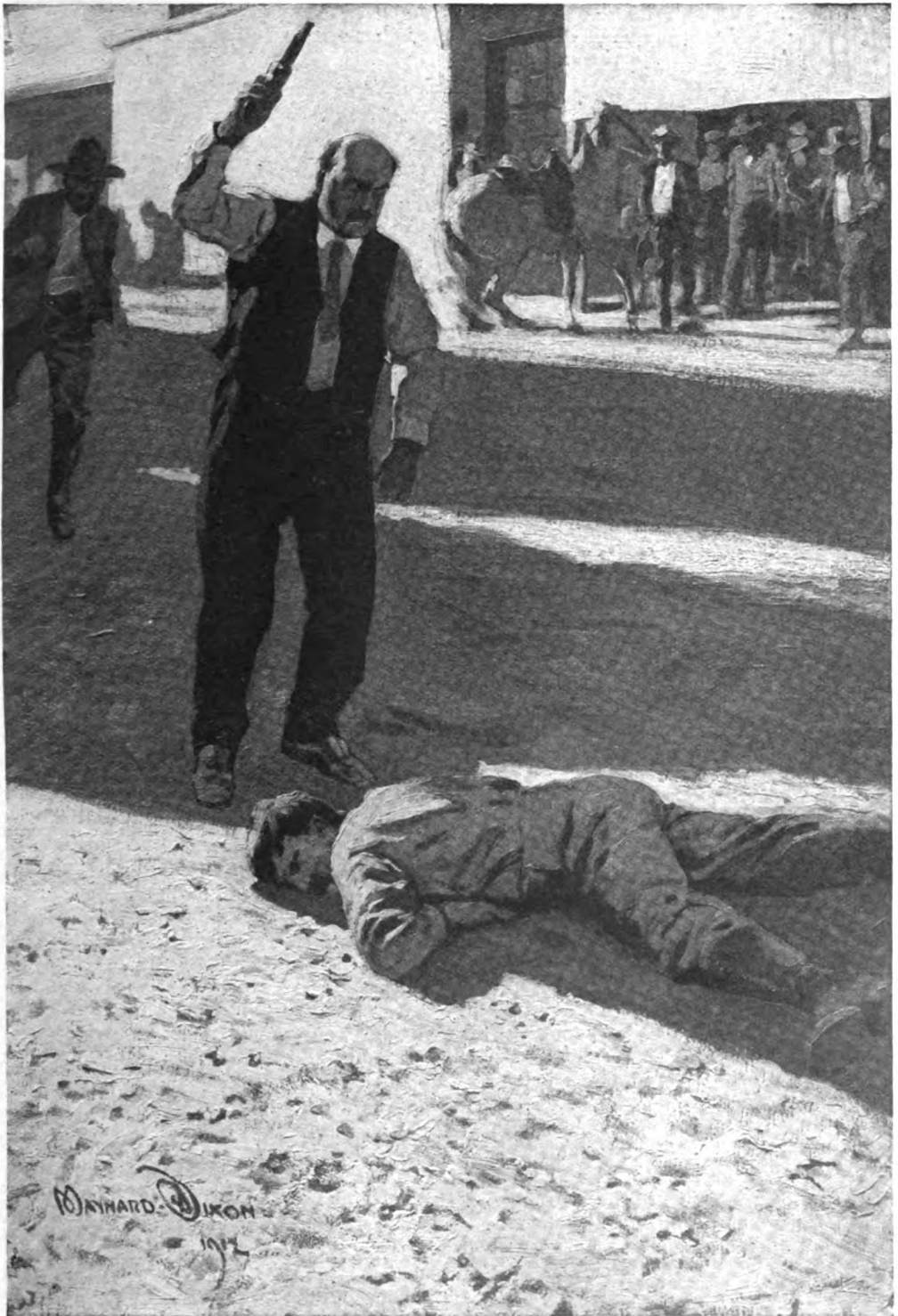
Pennycook wet a towel in the wash-bowl and wiped Mr. Hennage's eyes. Then he wiped his own, squeezed his friend's hand and departed. He had taken Mr. Hennage's gentle hint to leave him alone with Bob McGraw.

For nearly half an hour Bob and Mr. Hennage talked, and when the gambler had learned all he wished to know he closed his eyes and was silent until another knock came on the door. Again Bob opened it. Donna stood on the threshold.

"Oh, sweetheart!" she cried, and her arms went around his neck, while Sam Singer softly closed the door and stood guard outside. At the sound of her voice Mr. Hennage opened his eyes, but since he was not one of the presuming kind he quickly closed them again and feigned unconsciousness until he felt Donna's soft hand resting on his cold forehead.

"You oughtn't to a-come here, Donnie" he said, making a brave show to speak easily despite his terrible wounds. "There ain't—no fun in this—visit—for nobody—but me—"

He turned wearily to hide his face from her, and looked thoughtfully out the window, across the level reaches of the Mojave desert, to where the sun hung low over the Tehachapis. In the fading light the little dust-devils were beginning to caper and obscure the landscape, much as the dark shadows were already trooping athwart the horizon of Mr. Hennage's wasted life. The night—the eternal night—was coming on apace, and it came to Mr. Hennage that he, too, would depart with the sunset, and he had no regrets.



When the gun was empty, and Borax O'Rourke as dead as Cheops, the gambler threw down the gun.
"Well, I've canceled that entry" he said.

"Don't cry" he said gently. "I ain't worth it. Just hold—my hand. I want you—near—when I can't see you—no more—an' it's gettin' dark—already. You're so much—like your mother—an' she—she trusted me. I was born with—a hard—face—an' nobody ever—trusted me—but you an'—your mother—an' I—wanted to be trusted—all my worthless life—I wanted it—"

He sighed and held out his hands to them. Thereafter for an hour he did not speak. He was thinking of many things now, and the time was short. Presently he opened his eyes and looked out the window again.

"It's—dark" he whispered. "The sun ain't set, has it?"

"It's just setting" Donna answered him. He nodded slightly, and a flush of embarrassment lit up his pale features. For the first and last time in life, Harley P. Hennage was going to appear presumptuous.

"If it's—a boy" he whispered, "would you—you wouldn't mind—would you—callin' him—Harley? Just—his middle name, Donnie—an' he could—sign it—Robert H.—McGraw."

Donna's hot tears fell fast on his face as she leaned over and kissed the death-damp from his brow.

"Oh—thank you" he gasped. "Bob—take off my—shoes—I don't—want—to—die—with—my boots—on. New—gaiters—too—give 'em—to Sam—Singer. Good—Injun—that."

The sun had set behind the Tehachapis now, and twilight was stealing over San Pasqual. It was time for Mr. Hennage to be on his way. He clung to the hands of his friends convulsively, and whatever thoughts came to him in that supreme moment were for the first time reflected in his face. Indeed, one tiny hint of the desolation in his big heart—the agony of a lifetime of misunderstanding and repression, trickled across his hard face; then something seemed to strike him very funny, for the infrequent, trustful, childish smile flickered across his face, the three gold teeth flashed for an instant ere the worst man in San Pasqual slipped off into the shadows.

And whatever the joke was, he took it with him.

- In his unassuming way Harley P. Hennage had been sufficient of a personage,

and the manner of his death sufficiently spectacular, to entitle him to one hundred and fifty words of posthumous publicity. Within an hour after the street duel the local representative of the Associated Press had his story on the wire, and at eight-thirty next morning T. Morgan Carey, in his club at Los Angeles, read the glad tidings. By nine o'clock a cipher telegram from Carey was being clicked off to his tool in the General Land Office at Washington, instructing him to expedite the listing of the applications of Bob McGraw's clients for lieu land in Owens Valley.

To T. Morgan Carey's way of thinking that inconspicuous paragraph in the morning paper meant as much to him as the receipt of a certified check for a million dollars. Under his instructions, the applications of McGraw's clients had, with the judicious aid of the deputy in the State Land Office, been approved by the surveyor-general and forwarded to Washington for the approval of the Commissioner of the General Land Office. Here, Carey's long arm, reaching out, had stayed their progress until now. Within a week after Mr. Hennage's death the lands would be passed to patent, under the interested attentions of Carey's man in the General Land Office, the State Land Office would notify Bob McGraw at his address furnished them that the lands were ready for him, and to call and pay the balance due. It would then be incumbent upon McGraw to visit the State Land Office, pay the balance of thirty-nine thousand dollars due on the lands and close the transaction.

The way had been nicely smoothed for Carey by the death of Mr. Hennage, who had warned him so earnestly to "keep off the grass." Of course, McGraw, being to Carey's way of thinking an outlaw from justice, would not dare to appear to claim the lands, and if he did, T. Morgan Carey planned to have a hale and hearty gentleman in a blue uniform with brass buttons, waiting at the Land Office to receive him *before he paid for the lands*. With the providential removal of McGraw's queer partner, Carey saw very clearly that, after waiting a reasonable period after due notice of the approval of the applications had been mailed to McGraw, the filings would eventually lapse, the state would claim the forfeit of the preliminary payment of one thousand dollars and the lands would be

reopened for entry—whereupon Carey could step in with his own dummy entrymen. He could then proceed with his own system of irrigation, in the meanwhile keeping a watchful eye on McGraw's water right, ready to grab it when the title should lapse through McGraw's failure to develop it.

Harley P. Hennage died on the fifth day of March. On the seventh there were two funerals in San Pasqual. The coroner and two Mexican laborers tucked Borax O'Rourke away in the potter's field in the morning. In the afternoon every business establishment in San Pasqual closed, every male citizen in San Pasqual arrayed himself in his "other" clothes and attended the funeral of Harley P. Hennage, testifying, by his presence at least, his masculine appreciation of a dead-game sport.

That was a historic day in San Pasqual. Harley P. lay in state in the long gambling hall of the Silver Dollar which, for so many years, he had ruled by the mystic power of his terrible eyes. Dan Pennycook had made all of the funeral arrangements, and when the crowd had passed slowly around the casket, viewing Harley P.'s placid face for the last time, a strange young man, clad in the garb of a prospector, mounted the little dais, so long occupied by the lookout for Harley P.'s faro game, and delivered a funeral oration. It was not a panegyric of hope, and it dwelt not with the promise of a haven for the gambler's soul in one of his Father's many mansions. He told them merely the story of one who had dwelt amongst them—the story of a man they had never known—and he told it in such simple, eloquent words that the men of San Pasqual wondered what dark tragedy underlay his own life, that he must needs descend to mingle with such as they. And wondering, they wept.

They asked each other who this red stranger might be, but none could answer. But when Harley P. Hennage was finally consigned to the desert they watched the stranger and saw him walk down the tracks to the Hat Ranch. Then they understood, and the word was passed that the man was Bob McGraw, the father of Donna Corblay's unborn child.

Strange to relate, nobody considered it worth while to telephone the sheriff of Kern county. Even Miss Pickett, who since the shooting had been strangely

subdued, was not attracted by the recollection of the offer of a reward of five hundred dollars for Bob McGraw, dead or alive; and ten days after the funeral, when a registered letter came to Robert McGraw, she sent for Dan Pennycook, gave him the letter and the registry receipt and asked him to take it down to the Hat Ranch.

Pennycook leaned his greasy elbows on the delivery window and gazed long and sternly at Miss Pickett.

"Miss Pickett" he said presently, "we found a 'nononymous letter on Borax O'Rourke after he was killed. There's folks in San Pasqual that says the letter's in your handwritin'."

"'Tain't so!" shrilled the spinster.

"Well, this man McGraw says it is so, an' he's goin' to get an expert to prove it. He says it's a felony to send a 'nonymous letter through the United States mails. I'm just a-tellin' you to give you fair warnin'."

Miss Pickett, although greatly agitated, pursed her mouth contemptuously and closed the delivery window. Mr. Pennycook left for the Hat Ranch.

"Donna," said Bob McGraw, when Dan Pennycook had departed, after delivering the letter from the State Land Office, "the applications of my clients are approved and ready to be passed to patent. I have been called upon to pay the balance of thirty-nine thousand dollars due on the land, and if there are thirty-nine cents real money in this world, I do not possess them. Will you loan me a hundred dollars, dear, from that thousand Harley P. gave you? I must go to San Francisco on business."

He smiled his old bantering smile. "I'm always broke, sweetheart. I'm an unfortunate cuss, am I not? Those claims of mine didn't yield wages and I was forced to sell my outfit at Danby to get railroad fare back to San Pasqual. And if the train hadn't been ten minutes late—if I hadn't gone into the eating-house looking for you—I would have arrived in time to have saved poor Hennage. It was my fight, after all, and poor Harley wasn't used to firearms."

They were sitting together in the patio. Donna leaned her head on his broad shoulder. She had suffered much of late. She had fought the good fight for his sake,

for the sake of his great dream of Donna-ville, and she had fought alone. She was weary of it all and she longed to leave San Pasqual as quickly as possible.

"Are you going to ask Mr. Dunstan for the thirty-nine thousand dollars he promised to loan you, when the lands were ready for you?" she asked dully.

"No" he answered. "It's no use. I need more money, and Dunstan's check wouldn't even get me started. If I'm whipped, there is no sense in dragging my friends down with me. I'm going to Los Angeles and compromise with Carey."

She drew his rough cheek down to hers and patted his brown hands. She knew then the bitterness of his defeat, and she made no comment. She was tired of the fight. A compromise with Carey or a sale of the water right was their only hope, and when Bob spoke of compromise she was too listless to dissuade him. Since that eventful night when he had first ridden into San Pasqual she had been more or less of a stormy petrel; woe and death and suffering had followed his coming, and if Donnaville was to be purchased at such a price, the land was dear, indeed.

She gave him gladly of her slender hoard and that night Bob McGraw went up to San Francisco. Two days later he returned, stopping off at Bakersfield, and the following morning he returned to San Pasqual.

He went at once to the post-office, and after receiving permission from Miss Pickett, screwed into the wall of the post-office lobby what appeared to Miss Pickett to be two pictures, framed. When he had left, she came out of her sanctum and discovered that one of the frames contained a certified copy of a marriage license issued to Robert McGraw and Donna Corblay on October 17th, —, together with a neat typewritten statement of the reasons why interested parties had not been able to discover the record of the issuance of the license at the county seat. It appeared that the minister who had performed the ceremony, after forwarding the license to the State Board of Health for registration, had neglected to return it thereafter to the two most interested parties, which, coupled with Mrs. McGraw's ignorance of the procedure to be followed under the circumstances, had resulted in more or less embarrassment.

The other frame contained a typewritten invitation to the public to earn five hundred dollars by convicting the undersigned of stage robbery. The "undersigned" was Robert McGraw, who would remain in San Pasqual all day long and would be delighted to answer questions.

From the post-office Bob went to the public telephone station and called up T. Morgan Carey in Los Angeles. He requested an interview at ten o'clock the following morning for the purpose of adjusting a compromise with him.

Needless to state, Mr. T. Morgan Carey granted the request with cheerful alacrity.

"I'm coming to do business" Bob warned him. "No third parties around—understand?"

"Certainly, certainly" responded Carey. "And in order to save time, Mr. McGraw, I'll have the assignment of your water right made out, ready for your signature. I'll have a notary within hailing distance."

Bob could hear him chuckling as he hung up, for to Carey the thought of his revenge on the man who had cuffed him in the State Land Office was very sweet, indeed. His amiable smile had not yet worn off when his office boy ushered Bob McGraw into his private office at ten o'clock next morning. He waved Bob to a chair and looked him over curiously.

"Been too busy lately to dress up, eh?" he queried, as he noted Bob's corduroy trousers tucked into his miner's boots.

"Pretty busy" assented Bob, and smiled.

"Rather spectacular removal—that of our friend Hennage" Carey continued. "From what I learn he was a little slow on the draw."

"O'Rourke beat him to it."

"If I may judge by the single exhibition of your proficiency with a gun which I was privileged to observe, Mr. McGraw, the issue would have been different had you been in Hennage's boots."

"Possibly. But I didn't come here to gossip with you, Carey. I don't like you well enough for that. I want to finish my business and get back to San Pasqual tonight."

"Certainly, certainly. But you're such an extraordinary young man, McGraw, that in spite of our former differences I must own to a desire to know more about you. I could use a man with your brains and ability, McGraw. You're the kind

of a fellow I've been looking for—for a great many years, in fact. If you think you could manage to divorce yourself from your ambitions to supercede me in the State Land Office, I could afford to pay you a fat salary to attend to my land matters. I would have to be the boss, however. It has been a rule of my life, McGraw, to gather about me men with more brains than I possess myself. That is the secret of my—er—rather modest success."

Bob smiled. "No use" he answered. "I couldn't wear your collar, Carey. I've been a white man all my life and I'm too old to change."

"It's a pity" Carey replied with genuine sincerity. "I can see remarkable possibilities in you, McGraw. I can, indeed. It's a shame to see you waste your opportunities."

"Play ball" commanded Bob sharply.

"Very well, since you desire it. In the matter of those applications for fifty sections of Owens Valley you have received a notification from the Registrar of the State Land Office, advising you to call and pay thirty-nine thousand dollars. You cannot pay it; neither can your clients. What are you going to do about it?"

Bob shrugged. "*Quien sabe?*" he said.

"Well, Mr. McGraw, I'll tell you. Your applications are going to lapse through non-payment, and I'm going to get the land. So enough of that. You own a valuable water right. I'm going to get that also. Do you wish me to explain why?"

"No, it is not necessary. I think I follow your line of reasoning."

"I am not disappointed in my estimate of your common sense" Carey retorted, and favored his visitor with a cold, quizzical smile. "Here is the assignment of that water right to me. In return I will give you—let me see. I will give you just fifteen hundred dollars for that water right, McGraw, and I am surprised at myself for exhibiting such generosity. And inasmuch as you collected that sum in advance last autumn at Garlock, your signature to the assignment, before a notary who is waiting in the next room, is all that we require to terminate this interview."

"But I told you I came here to compromise."

"I understand fully. Those are my terms. Your water right on Cottonwood lake in return for your freedom. Stage-robbers cannot be choosers, Mr. McGraw. I recognized you that day at Garlock and I am prepared to so testify."

The land-grabber rose from his swivel chair. His polished suave manner had disappeared now and his cold eyes flashed with anger and hatred.

"I haven't forgotten that day in the State Land Office, McGraw. A slight pressure on this button"—he placed his manicured finger on an ivory push button—"and two plain-clothes men in my outer office will attend to your case, McGraw."

"So those are your final terms, Carey?"

"Absolutely."

Bob crossed his right leg over his left knee, pulled out a five-cent cigar and thoughtfully bit off the end.

"Press the button, old man" he murmured presently. "Confound this cigar, I've busted the blamed wrapper. Got another cigar handy, Carey? Thanks. By George, that's a two-bitter, isn't it? Well, it's none too good for the last of the McGraw family. I'll be in the two-bit class myself in half an hour. But proceed, Carey. Press the button and call in your plain-clothes men."

He pulled back the lapel of his coat, and the land-grabber saw the butt of a gun nestling under his left arm. From his inner coat pocket Bob drew a cylindrical roll of paper about eight inches long.

Carey eyed him scornfully. "This is the city of Los Angeles, my friend, not the open desert at Garlock. A gun-play would be most ill-advised, I assure you."

"Oh, that's just part of my wardrobe" Bob retorted. "I wouldn't think of using that on a man unless he was real dangerous—and men like you are beneath my notice. Come now, Carey. Which is it to be? Compromise or the penitentiary?"

"Certainly not compromise—on any terms but mine."

"Well, press the button and call them in—*Boston!*"

Carey whirled in his chair, jerked over a drawer in his desk and reached his hand inside. Before he could withdraw it Bob McGraw's big automatic was covering him.

"Take your hand out of that drawer—*Boston.* Out, you dog, or I'll drill you!"

Carey's hand came out of the drawer slowly, very slowly, grasping a small pearl-handled revolver.

"This is the city of Los Angeles, my friend, and not the open desert. A gun-play would be most ill-advised, I assure you" Bob mocked the land-grabber. "You'd better let me have that pop-gun."

He gently removed the little weapon from Carey's trembling hand.

"Now, go over in that corner and sit down—no, not on the floor. Take a chair with you. I'll occupy the arsenal. You might have all kinds of push buttons, burglar alarms and deadly weapons around this desk."

He ran his hands lightly over Carey's person in search of weapons, shoved him into the corner indicated, then turned and snapped the spring lock on the door leading out to the general office; after which he laid his gun on Carey's desk, sat down in Carey's swivel chair, tilted himself back and lifted his hob-nailed miner's boots to the top of Carey's rosewood table close by. And as he gazed, almost sorrowfully, at the land-grabber, he puffed enjoyably at Carey's cigar. Evidently he foresaw a lengthy argument and meant to make himself comfortable before proceeding.

"Well, now, Boston, since we have definitely located you as the murderer of Oliver Corblay in the Colorado desert on the night of May 17th, 188-, I'll give you five minutes to get your nerve back and then we'll get down to business. You will recall that I came here to compromise."

He reached over and placed a brown calloused finger on the push button, and waited.

"Well" he said presently, "what's the answer?"

"Compromise" Carey managed to articulate. Bob removed his finger.

"The court will now listen to any new testimony that may be adduced in the case of The People versus Carey. Fire away, Boston."

"What are you?" panted Carey. "A man or a devil?"

"Just a plain human being, so flat busted, Boston, that I rattle when I walk. What would you suggest to cure me of that horrible ailment?"

"Silence—on both sides—and a hundred thousand for your water right."

"Well, from your point of view, that offer is truly generous. It is now my turn to be surprised at your generosity. But you're shy on imagination, Boston—and I'm a greedy rascal. You'll have to raise the ante."

"Two hundred thousand."

"Still too low. The power rights alone are worth a million."

"A million, then—you to leave the United States and not return during my lifetime."

Bob laughed. "You don't understand, Boston. Why should I sell you my water right? You must have water on the brain."

"Then, why have you called to see me? Is it blackmail? Why, this interview is degenerating into a case of the pot calling the kettle black! I'm a fool, McGraw. I shall offer you nothing at all. You can be convicted of stage robbery and you haven't a dollar in the world to make your defense—while I—it takes *evidence* to convict a man like me."

"Yes, I know your kind. You think you're above the law. I notice, however, that you fear it a little. I sprung a good one on you that time, didn't I, Boston? Imagine the self-possessed T. Morgan Carey practically confessing to a murder on a mere accusation."

He wagged his head at Carey sorrowfully, and continued. "You said a minute ago, Carey, that I had brains. You did not underestimate me. I have. I would not have come to you this morning if I did not have the goods on you. Not much. I don't hold you that cheap, Boston—"

"Don't call me that name" snarled Carey.

"All right, Boston, I won't, since you object. Sit quiet, now, and I'll tell you a very wonderful story—profusely illustrated, as the book agents say. It's rather a long story, so please do not interrupt me."

He unrolled the paper which he had taken from his pocket and held it up before his cringing victim. It was an enlargement from a kodak picture of a desert scene. In the foreground lay two human skeletons. Bob picked a pencil off Carey's desk and lightly indicated one of these skeletons.

"That bundle of bones was once Oliver Corblay. Notice those footprints over to the right? See how plainly they loom up

in the picture? And over there—see that little message, Bos—I mean, Mr. Carey. It says:

‘Friend, look in my canteen and see that I get justice.’

“Behold the friend who looked in the canteen, and who is now here for justice for that skeleton. He’s waited twenty years for it, Carey, but he’s going to get it today. Don’t squirm so. You distract my mind from my story.

“Two months ago I was heading up from the Colorado river toward Chuckwalla Tanks. Passing the mouth of a box canyon I observed the footprints of a man in some old rotten lava formation. I could tell that the man who made those footprints was dying of thirst when he made them. He was traveling in circles, every twenty yards, and they always do that toward the finish.

“Well, I hustled up that box canyon with my canteen, hoping I’d arrive in time. Judge of my surprise when I found this heap of bones. I investigated and discovered that owing to the peculiar formation in the box canyon the footprints were practically imperishable. A detailed explanation of the reason why they loom up so white would be interesting, but technical—so let it pass. Suffice the fact that Oliver Corblay made the same discovery when he drifted into that box canyon twenty years ago, and it gave him an idea. He had a message to leave to posterity and he left it in his empty canteen. However, unless attention could be called to the canteen, the man who found the skeleton would merely bury it and never think of looking in the canteen. So Oliver Corblay wrote that message in the lava; really the most ingenious piece of inlaid work I have ever seen.

“I was the first man to travel that way in twenty years. I read the message in the lava and I looked in the canteen. Here is a copy of the story I found there. The original is in a safe deposit box in San Francisco. It is a diary of a trip which you made with Oliver Corblay and his *mozo* when you first came out to this country from—well, never mind the name. It seems to annoy you. This diary tells all about the discovery of the Baby Mine, your attack upon him with a stone and your flight with the gold—in fact, a condensed

history of that trip right down to the very day he died in that box canyon.

“I was so tremendously interested in that remarkable story, Carey, that as soon as I had refilled my water kegs at Chuckwalla Tanks, I headed south again for Ehrenburg. Here, after much inquiry, I learned from two of the oldest inhabitants that a tenderfoot with a train of four burros had arrived there twenty years ago. They remembered you quite well, because you were so new to the country and so frightened after your experience in the desert. You told a tale of a sandstorm and of having been separated from two Indians you had employed. It seems you lay over in Ehrenburg for a week and put in your time working up a lot of rich ore. You gave a deputy United States marshal five hundred dollars to act as your bodyguard that week, and when your bullion was ready you shipped it by express to the mint in San Francisco. In the express office at Ehrenburg I found a record of that shipment. You shipped it under the name ‘T. C. Morgan,’ a reversal of your real name.

“From Ehrenburg I made my way back, up through Riverside county and across San Bernardino county, to the box canyon. I had purchased a little camera in Ehrenburg, and I fizzled a lot of my films owing to the strong light and the fact that I had to stand on one of my jacks when I took the picture, and the little rascal wouldn’t stand still. However, I managed to get one good picture out of the lot, and as you will observe, it all shows up very well in the enlargement.

“I left everything in that box canyon just as I found it. It occurred to me that you might fight and ask to be shown; so might a coroner’s jury. They could get out there in three days with an automobile now. Leaving the box canyon I pushed north to Danby, where I sold my outfit and bought a ticket for San Pasqual, where I arrived just in time to see my friend, Harley P. Hennage, lay down his life in defense of Oliver Corblay’s daughter, who, by the way, happens to be my wife.

“If you are not too frightened, Carey, you will readily diagnose my extreme interest in this case. Oliver Corblay left a will, which I shall not bother to file for probate, for the reason that his entire estate consisted of the gold that you stole from him, and it is my intention to secure

his estate for his heir without recourse to law. Oliver Corblay's wife is dead, and his daughter, Donna, is my wife and next in succession.

"By consulting the old records of the United States Mint at San Francisco, I discover that on June 2, 18—, a cashier's check was issued to a man named T. C. Morgan, in the sum of \$157,432.55, in payment of bullion received. This check was endorsed by T. C. Morgan to Thomas M. Carey, and deposited by Thomas M. Carey in the Traders National Bank.

"Now, Carey, \$157,432.55, at seven per cent per annum, compounded annually for twenty annuums, aggregates a heap of money. I wore myself out trying to figure the exact sum, and finally concluded to call it square at half a million. That original sum that you stole from Oliver Corblay gave you your start in the west, and as you are reputed to be worth five or six millions now, I am going to assess you half a million dollars for my wife—money which justly belongs to her—and another half million for my services as your attorney, wherein I agree to prevail upon my wife not to prosecute you for murder and highway robbery, but to permit you to live on and await the retributive justice that is bound to overtake you. I think this is perfectly fair and square. You have used your money and your power for evil. I am going to use mine for good. Have the kindness, my dear T. Morgan Carey, to dig me up a million dollars, P. D. Q."

Carey sat huddled dejectedly in his chair. Old age seemed to have descended upon him within the hour; with sagging shoulders, mouth half open in terror, and the wrinkled skin around his thin jaws and the corners of his eyes hanging in greenish-white folds, he looked very tired and very pitiful. Despite his terror, however, he was not yet daunted; for with the picture of *two skeletons* before him he saw a gleam of hope and tried to fight back.

"Twenty years is a long time, McGraw" he quavered, "and it's hard to trace a man by a mere similarity of names."

"You can be traced through the Traders National, where you banked that check, and your identity established beyond a doubt. I can trace your career in this state, step by step, from the day you arrived in it."

Carey smiled—a very weak sickly smile, but bespeaking awakened confidence.

"In the face of which, McGraw, your knowledge of our United States' law will convince you that you cannot convict a man with money enough to fight indefinitely, on such flimsy twenty-year-old evidence found in an abandoned canteen. You cannot identify that skeleton, and you will have to prove that—that—well, you'll have to produce oral testimony, or I'll be given the benefit of the doubt."

"I must prove that the man who killed and robbed Oliver Corblay is T. Morgan Carey, and not a stranger masquerading under your name, eh? All right, T. Morgan. I told you I had this story profusely illustrated."

Bob stepped to the door of the private office which led into the hall. He opened it and Sam Singer stepped inside. Bob turned to Carey.

"Permit me to present Oliver Corblay's Indian servant, Mr. Carey. He is a little older and more stolid since you saw him last, but his memory—"

Sam Singer moved forward a few feet and glanced sharply at Carey.

"I think he recognizes you in spite of your beard" said Bob sorrowfully, "and I see no reason—"

"Take him away" panted Carey, on the instant that Sam Singer, with a peculiar low guttural cry, sprang upon the land-grabber. Bob came behind the Indian, grasped him by the chin, and with his knee in the small of the Cahuilla's back as a fulcrum, gently pried him away from his victim and held him fast. Carey lay quivering on the floor, and Bob looked down at him.

"Are you satisfied?" he asked.

Carey nodded feebly, and Bob marched Sam Singer to the door, opened it and gently propelled him out into the hall. He locked the door and returned to the desk.

"I knew the sight of two skeletons would hearten you up, Carey, until you'd be as saucy as a badger. But you're as tame as a pet fox now, so let's get down to business. Don't argue with me. I've got you where the hair is short; I want a million dollars, and if I do not get it within half an hour I won't take it at all and I will no longer protect you from that Indian."

Carey climbed back into his chair. "If I accept your terms" he said huskily, "how am I to know that you will keep your word?"

"You will not know it. You'll just have to guess. When you do what I want you to do I will surrender to you the original document found in the canteen. Is that satisfactory?"

"I guess so. But I cannot give you a million dollars on five minutes' notice, McGraw."

"It's quite a chunk of cash to have on hand, I'll admit. How much can you give me?"

"Five hundred thousand, and even then I'll have to overdraw my accounts with three banks."

"I wish my credit was as good as yours, Carey. Your banks will stand for the overdraft, of course. You'll have to arrange it some other way if they will not."

"I can't give you a cent over half a million today, no matter what you do" pleaded Carey piteously, and Bob realized that he was speaking the truth.

"Do not worry, Carey," he replied, "we're going to do business without getting nasty with each other. I'll take your promissory note, at seven per cent, and you can secure me with a little mortgage on your Spring-street business block. It's worth a million and a half. I am not so unreasonable as to imagine even a rich man like you can produce a million dollars cash on such notice, so during the past week I took the liberty of having the title searched and an instrument of first mortgage drawn up by myself. All we have to do is to insert the figures and then you can sign it. I understand you have a notary within hailing distance. Your own thoughtfulness in having this transfer of my water right ready for my signature suggested this course to me. It occurred to me that I could sell this mortgage to any Los Angeles bank."

Carey covered his face with his hands and quivered.

"What bank do you anticipate selling it to?" he mumbled presently.

"I didn't have any particular choice. If you have enemies I will not sell you into their hands, and you can make the mortgage for as long a period as you please, up to three years. Give me a list of banks to keep away from. I don't want to hurt you unnecessarily, I assure you."

"Thank you, McGraw" quavered his victim. "If you'll let me sit at my desk I'll draw those checks."

"Certainly. Only I want the checks certified, Carey. You understand, of course, that I shall not surrender the evidence I have against you until those checks are paid. I will not risk your telephoning the banks, the moment I leave your office, telling them the checks were secured by force and threats of bodily harm, and for them to decline payment."

Carey wrote the checks, called in a clerk and instructed him to take them to the various banks and arrange for the overdraft and certification—a comparatively easy task, since Carey was a heavy stockholder in all three banks. Within half an hour, while Bob and Carey sat glaring at each other, the checks were returned, and Carey handed them to Bob, who examined them and found them correct. The mortgage was next filled out, the notary called in and Carey signed and swore to his signature.

"Now, in order to be perfectly legal about this matter, Carey," began Bob, when the notary had departed, "we should show some consideration for all this money. I have here the papers showing I have filed on twenty acres of a mining claim. It's just twenty acres of the Mojave desert, near San Pasqual, and I do not know that it contains a speck of valuable mineral, but that is neither here nor there. I staked it as a mining claim and christened it the Baby Mine."

Here a slight smile flickered across the young Desert Rat's face, as if some very pleasant thought had preceded it. He continued:

"I have had my signature to this deed to the Baby Mine attested before a notary a few minutes prior to my arrival in your office." He handed the document to T. Morgan Carey. "Here's your mine, Carey. I've sold it to you for a million dollars, and unless you spend one hundred dollars a year in assessment work, the title to this million-dollar property will lapse. I wish you luck with your bargain. I shall expect you to record this deed within three days, and that will block any come-back you may start figuring on. If you fail to record this deed I shall construe your act as a breach of faith, return to you all but the five hundred thousand dollars which belongs to my wife, and then proceed to make things disagreeable for you. Remember, Carey, I'm your attorney and you should be guided by my advice."

Carey's face was livid with rage and hatred. "And in addition, I suppose I'm to forget that you're a stage robber, eh?" He reached for the telephone. "By the gods, McGraw, I'll take a chance with you after all. I'm going to fight you."

Bob McGraw drew a large envelope from his pocket. "You may read what this envelope contains while waiting for central to answer your call" he said gently. "I snipped the wires while you were hiding your face in your hands, wondering what you were going to do. These papers are merely a few affidavits, proving an absolute alibi in the matter of that Garlock robbery. I was eating frijoles and flapjacks with three prospectors about fifteen miles south of Olancho at the time this stage was held up, and I was in Keeler the following morning. This document contains a statement of the most amazing case of circumstantial evidence you ever heard of. Its author is the chief of Wells Fargo & Company's detective force. He hasn't been able to discover who did hold up that stage—and he doesn't care particularly, but a perusal of his letter will convince you that he doesn't think I did it."

"Go to the devil!" wailed Carey.

Bob stood up. "I'm going now, Carey. Remember! You are to steer clear of my business with the state land office and pull out of Owens valley. If you break faith with me in word or act and I find it out, the fat will be in the fire. When I judge I'm safe I will fulfil my part of this contract."

"Don't torture me, McGraw. I know when I'm whipped—and I've never been whipped before."

"I do not want to torture you, Carey. I came here for justice, not vengeance. Oliver Corblay didn't ask for that, and besides, I have queer ideas on the subject of punishment for crime. Crime, Mr. Carey, is a great deal like our other human ailments, such as the chicken-pox and tonsillitis. We must bear with it and try to cure it by gentle care and scientific treatment. Prison cells have never cured a criminal, and it would only pain me to see you behind the bars in your old age. And I am certain that my wife would not rejoice at the news of your hanging."

"I suppose money has nothing to do with the celerity with which you hasten to compound a felony, eh?" sneered Carey.

"You unfortunate man! Carey, my late

friend, Mr. Hennage, used to say that it was good policy to overlook a losing bet once in a while, rather than copper everything in sight. Your crime was a terrible mistake, Carey. For twenty years you've realized that and you've suffered for it. I'm sorry for you—so sorry that I'm going to use your ill-gotten gains for a good purpose. Come up into Owens valley three years from now and I'll prove it to you. Good-day."

"One moment, McGraw. Don't go for a minute or two. I—I'd like to believe that what you say is true, but the trouble is—you see, McGraw, I have never encountered your point of view heretofore. Tell me, McGraw—don't lie to me—do you feel the slightest desire to see me suffer, or is this—er—brotherly-love talk of yours plain buncombe?"

Bob McGraw advanced toward the man he had beaten. He held out his hand. "I try to be a man" he said—"to be too big to hate and put myself on a level with a brute. Won't you shake hands with me?"

Carey regarded him with frank curiosity.

"Say" he said, "are you religious?"

"No. Only human."

"Perhaps" said Carey dubiously, "but it doesn't seem possible that I should meet two white men in this nigger world. I think the species became extinct with the death of my friend Hennage."

"Your friend—"

"Why not? He liked me—I know he did. And I liked him. I'm glad he's dead—no, I'm not—I was glad an hour ago, but I'm sorry now. Had he lived I would have made of him my friend, for he was the only human being I have ever met that I could trust implicitly. He was your partner and he warned me to keep off. He meant it, and I knew he meant it—so I stayed off. Do you think, McGraw, that I would have let you beat me out of that land if it hadn't been for Hennage? I didn't dare rush those selections through for patent until he was dead—and then it was too late. Had you left your affairs in any other hands I would have crushed you, but Hennage could not be bought. I didn't even try. He was above a price."

"Is that why you failed to act immediately after you became convinced that I was an outlaw and would not dare claim the land when it should be granted to my clients?" demanded Bob.

Carey nodded. "I met Hennage in Bakersfield, and he told me to keep my hands off those applications."

"Then he bluffed you, Mr. Carey. Harley P. Hennage was my friend, but not my partner. He did not have five cents invested in my scheme. I never mentioned it to him, and neither did my wife. His threat was a bluff, and where he got his information of my land deal is a mystery, the solution of which perished with Harley P."

Carey sat in his chair, with his head bowed. He was clasping and unclasping his fingers in a manner pathetically suggestive of helplessness.

"I don't understand" he mumbled. "He told me to keep off and I kept off." He sighed. "I'd have given a million dollars for a friend like him. I—I—never—had—one."

Bob McGraw drew T. Morgan Carey's mortgage from his pocket, scratched a match on his trouser-leg and held it under the fluttering leaves. Slowly the little flame mounted, and when it threatened to scorch his fingers the promoter of Donnaville tossed the blazing fragments into a convenient cuspidor. He looked up and saw Carey regarding him curiously.

"That was your mortgage" the land-grabber said wonderingly. "You have burned half a million dollars."

"I was selling you my friendship—at cut rates, Mr. Carey. I was worthy of Hennage's trust and friendship until a few minutes ago. Harley P. Hennage never did a mean or a cowardly act, and today I used my power over you to extort half a million dollars from you to further a scheme of mine. I figured that the end justified the means. It did not, and I ask you to forgive me."

Carey smiled wanly. "It's up-hill work, McGraw, but I'll forgive you. What great scheme is this of yours that caused you to appear unworthy of the friend who was so worthy of you? I have a great curiosity to understand you. Who knows? Perhaps I may end up by liking you?"

And then Bob McGraw sat down by his enemy and unfolded to him his dream of Donnaville.

"Think of it, Mr. Carey" he pleaded. "Think what my scheme means to the poor devils who haven't got our brains and power! Think of the women and little

children toiling in sweat-shops; of the families without money, without hope, without food and without coal, facing the winter in such cities as Chicago and New York, while a barren empire, which you and I can transform to an Eden, waits for them there in the north," and he waved his arm toward Donnaville.

"There's glory enough for us all, Mr. Carey. Won't you come in with me and play the big game? Be my backer in this enterprise and let the future wipe out the mistakes of the past. You've got a chance, Carey. What need have you for money? It's only a game you're playing, man—a game that fascinates you. You've sold your manhood for money—and you have never had a friend! Good God, what a tragedy! Come with me, Carey, into Owens valley, and be a builder of empire. Let your dead past bury itself and start fresh again. You are not a young man any longer, and in all your busy life you have accomplished nothing of benefit to the world. You have subscribed to charities, and then robbed the objects of your charity of the land that would have made them independent of you. Think of the good you can do with the proceeds of the evil you have done! Ah, Carey, Carey! There's so much fun in just living, and I'm afraid you've never been young. You've never dreamed! And you've never had a friend that loved you for what you were. Do you know why, Carey? Because you weren't worth loving. You have received from the world to date just what you put into it—envy and greed and hate and malice and selfishness, and at your passing the curses of your people will be your portion. Come with me and be a Pagan, my friend, and when you have finished the job I'll guarantee to plant you up on the slope of Kearsarge, where your soul, as it mounts to the God of a Square Deal, can look down on the valley that you have prepared for a happy people, and say: 'That is mine. I helped create it, and I did it for love. I finished what the Almighty commenced, and the job was worth while.' Will you play the game with me, T. Morgan Carey, and get some joy out of life?"

The land-grabber—the parasite who had lived only to destroy—looked up at Bob McGraw.

"Would you trust me?" he queried huskily.

"I burned your mortgage" said Bob smiling.

"I'll think it over—friend" Carey replied. "I never do things in a hurry. It's a habit I have, and I don't quite understand you. I must think it over."

"Do, Mr. Carey. And now I must toddle along. *Adios.*"

Carey shook his hand, and they parted.

Our story is told.

San Pasqual is still a frontier town—a little drearier, a little shabbier and more down at the heel than when we saw it first. There have been few changes—the few that have occurred having arrived unheralded and hence have remained undiscovered. For instance, it is not generally known that Mrs. Pennycook has lost control of her husband. Yet, such is the fact. She is still a great stickler for principle, but she trembles if her husband looks at her. It appears that Dan Pennycook's half-hearted accusation of Miss Pickett as the author of the anonymous note found on the body of Borax O'Rourke preyed on the spinster's mind, and when Bob McGraw started an investigation she could stand the strain no longer. She fled in terror to the Pennycook home and made certain demands upon Mrs. Pennycook; who took refuge in her well-known reputation for probity and principle and informed Miss Pickett that she was "actin' crazy like"; whereupon Miss Pickett sought Dan Pennycook and hysterically confessed to the authorship of that fatal anonymous note, alleging as extenuating circumstances that she had been aided and abetted therein by Mrs. Pennycook. To quote a commonplace saying, Mrs. Pennycook had made the ball and Miss Pickett fired it. She begged Dan Pennycook to use his influence with Donna to have the investigation quashed, else would Miss Pickett make a public confession and disgrace the name of Pennycook.

Hence, when Mr. Pennycook appeared at the Hat Ranch and asked Donna to request her husband to forget about that anonymous letter, Donna guessed the honest fellow's distress and accordingly the matter was forgotten by everybody—except Dan Pennycook. He has not forgotten. He remembers every time he looks at Mr. Hennage's watch. He has never said anything to Mrs. Pennycook—which makes it all the harder for her—but con-

tents himself with a queer look at the lady when she becomes "obstreperous like"—and that suffices. After all, she is the mother of his children, and God has blessed him with more heart than head.

Miss Pickett is no longer the post-mistress; also she is no longer Miss Pickett, although in this respect she is not unlike a politician who has all the emoluments of office without the honors, or vice versa if you will. In her forty-third year she married the only man who ever asked her—and he was a youth of twenty-five who suspected Miss Pickett of a savings account. She resigned from the post-office to marry him, and San Pasqual took a night off to give her a charivari. Two weeks after the ceremony Miss Pickett's husband, despairing of the savings, jumped a south-bound freight and was seen no more. Her triumph over the acquisition of the "Mrs." was so shortlived, and the San Pasqualians found it so difficult to rid themselves of the habit of calling her Miss Pickett, that Miss Pickett she remains to this very day.

The Hat Ranch still stands in the desert below San Pasqual. Bob McGraw has secured title to it, and safe within the old adobe walls Sam Singer and Soft Wind are rounding out their placid lives. Sam Singer is now one of the solid citizens of San Pasqual. He has succeeded to the hat business, and moreover he has money on deposit with Bob McGraw. It appears that Sam Singer, in accordance with Mr. Hennage's dying request, fell heir to the gambler's new gaiters. The first time he tried them on Sam detected a slight obstruction in the toe of the right gaiter. He removed this obstruction and discovered that it was a piece of paper money. Like all Indians, Sam was suspicious of paper money, so he took it to Bob McGraw, who gave him a thousand dollars for it. Sam Singer was well pleased thereat. He considered he had driven an excellent bargain.

In the lonely sage-covered wind-swept cemetery at San Pasqual there rises a black granite monument, severely plain, eminently befitting one who was not of the presuming kind. There is an epitaph on that monument which is worth recording here:

WHO SEEKS FOR HEAVEN ALONE TO SAVE
HIS SOUL,
MAY KEEP THE PATH BUT WILL NOT
REACH THE GOAL;

WHILE HE WHO WALKS IN LOVE MAY
WANDER FAR
YET GOD WILL BRING HIM WHERE THE
BLESSED ARE.

BENEATH THIS STONE
HARLEY P. HENNA
RESTS FROM HIS WANDERINGS.

One day T. Morgan Carey dropped off the north-bound train at San Pasqual, and learning that he had two hours to waste while waiting for the stage to start up country, he was seized with a morbid desire to wander through San Pasqual's queer cemetery. The only monument in the cemetery attracted his attention, and presently he found himself standing at the foot of Mr. Hennage's grave, reading the epitaph. It impressed him so greatly that he copied the verse in a little morocco-covered memorandum book.

"I wonder who was the genius that evolved that verse?" he muttered aloud, and to his great surprise a voice at his side answered him. It was a woman's voice.

"I do not know the author" she said, "but if you will read Henry Van Dyke's book 'The Other Wise Man', you will find that little verse on the fly-leaf. Perhaps Van Dyke wrote it. I do not know."

T. Morgan Carey turned and lifted his hat. "Thank you, madam" he said. "I was particularly interested. I had a slight acquaintance with Mr. Hennage, and it seemed to me that the lines were peculiarly appropriate."

"My husband and I thought so. And if you will pardon me for suggesting it, Mr. Carey, it would be—better if you would please leave the cemetery. An old enemy of yours, a Cahuilla Indian, comes here three times a week, by my orders, to bring water for the blue grass on this grave. He is coming now."

"Thank you. And you are—"

"I am Donna Corblay."

Carey bowed and continued.

"Your husband told me once that he had some great plans afoot, and did me the honor to ask me to help him—" he paused, watching her wistfully—"and I want to know if you object to me as an associate of your husband in his work."

Donna looked at him gravely. "I have neither bitterness nor revengeful feeling against you, Mr. Carey" she replied.

"I have suffered" he said, "but I haven't paid all of the price. Tell your husband that I want to help him. I have thought it over and I was coming to tell him myself. Tell him, please, that I would appreciate the privilege of being a minority stockholder in his enterprise and I will honor his sight drafts while I have a dollar left."

He lifted his hat and walked away, and Donna, gazing after him, realized that the past was dead and only the future remained. Carey's crime had been a sordid one, but with her broader vision Donna saw that the lives of the few must ever be counted as paltry sacrifices in the advancement of the race. Her father, her mother, Harley P. Hennage, Borax O'Rourke and the 'long, sad, barren years of her own girlhood had all been sacrifices to this man's insatiable greed and lust for power, and now that the finish was reached she realized the truth of Bob McGraw's philosophy—that out of all great evils great good must come.

Truly selfishness, greed, revenge and inhumanity are but the burdens of a day; all that is small and weak and unworthy may not survive, while that which is great and good in a man must some day break its hobbles and sweep him on to the fulfilment of his destiny. She saw her husband and his one-time enemy toiling side by side in the great, hot, hungry heart of Inyo, preparing homes for the helpless and the oppressed—working out the destinies of their people; and she cried out with the happiness that was hers.

Ah, yes, they had all suffered, but now out of the dregs of their suffering the glad years would come bearing their precious burden of love and service. How puerile did the sacrifices of the past seem now—how terribly out of proportion to the great task that lay before them, with the sublime result already in sight! Surely there was only one quality in humankind that really mattered, softening suffering and despair and turning away wrath, and as Donna knelt by the grave of the man who had possessed that quality to such an extent that he had considered his life cheap as a means of expressing it, she prayed that her infant son might be endowed with the virtues and brains of his father and the wanderer who slept beneath the stone:

"Dear God, help me to raise a Man and teach him to be kind."

THE END.



A National Road-Builder

“GENTLEMEN, a toast to Sam Hill!” There was a moment’s confusion as a hundred representative citizens of the state of Oregon arose to their feet to respond. Then some one with a gift of song started “For He’s A Jolly Good Fellow,” and Sam Hill’s eyes twinkled and his jolly face lit up with genuine happiness. The “Testimonial Dinner” was a “Sam Hill” banquet arranged by business men who wished to present the “Father of good roads in America” with a loving-cup as an earnest that his labor to create a definite and productive sentiment favorable to better built highways had not been unnoticed and unappreciated.

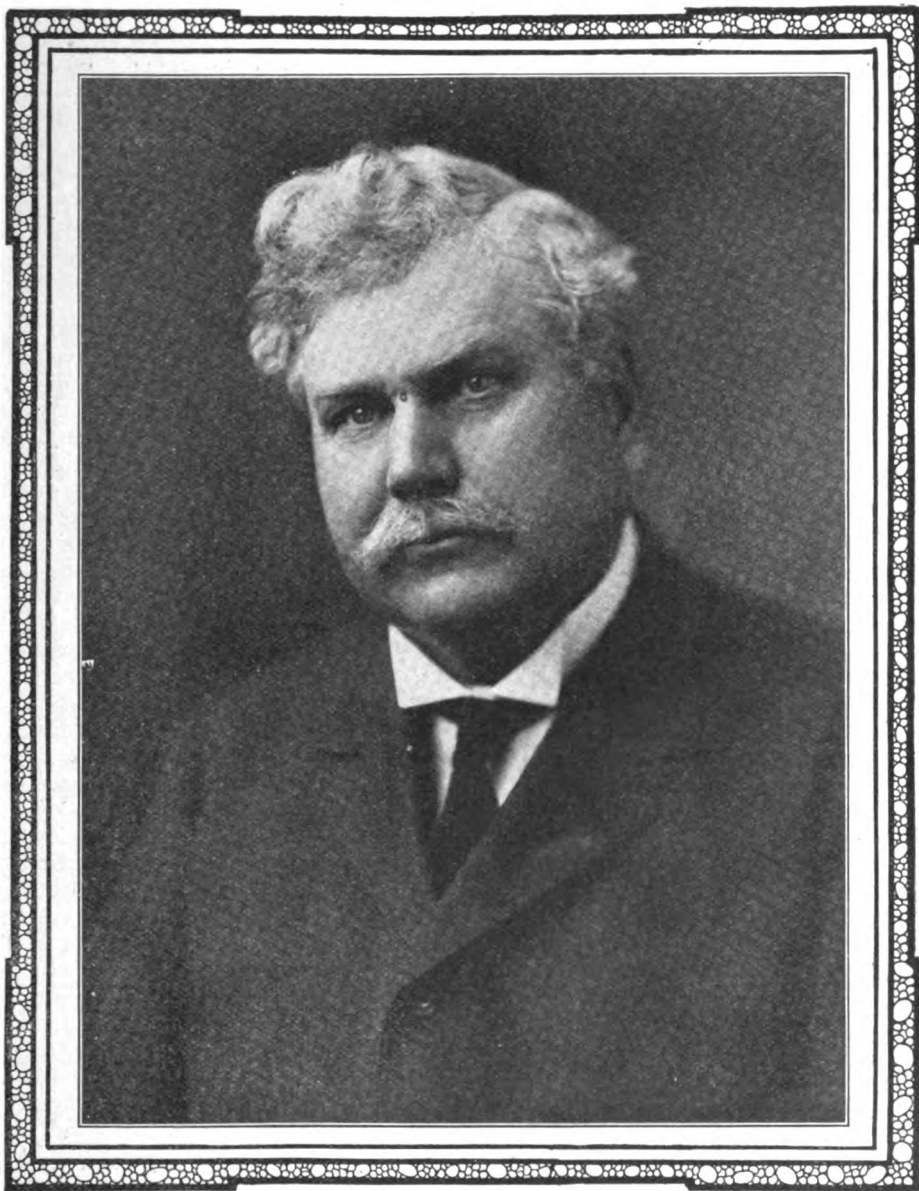
Tucked away somewhere in Mr. Hill’s belongings, the ink still wet upon the paper, was a copy of Senate Concurrent Resolution No. 13, of the Twenty-Seventh Legislative Assembly of the State of Oregon, which tenders a vote of thanks to a private citizen of Oregon, namely Samuel Hill, “For a pleasant and profitable time . . . as his guests . . . and for the royal manner in which they had been entertained” et cetera, and which winds up with “a testimonial of the appreciation of this Legislative Assembly . . . of the unselfish work that is being done by Mr. Hill in the cause of good roads.”

Sam Hill had a right to smile indulgently and to feel a bit gratified, for seldom does a man in the public eye receive a unanimous vote of approval for his good works. The banqueters bestowed upon him the title “Oregon’s Friend.” It might well have been broadened to “The Nation’s Friend.”

Senate Concurrent Resolution No. 13 is a reminder of the unique entertainment of a state’s assembly by a man with an unselfish

interest to exploit. It perpetuates a lesson to lawmakers in road-building. The Oregon legislature was in session in February last. At the fall election the people, confused by a multiplicity of good-roads measures, defeated all of them. The state was sadly in need of legislation that would permit the levying of necessary taxes for highway improvement. The people, after the election, realized their mistake and hoped for favorable legislative action. The good-roads enthusiasts were downcast. But not so Samuel Hill, chief exponent of good roads. Never for one moment after the decisive defeat of the good-roads measures at the fall election did he lay down. He merely shrugged his shoulders and remarked “that they were confused.” There was much wrangling over proposed measures in the legislative body. Mr. Hill feared that the outcome would be but another set-back to the cause. He determined to impress every lawmaker with the advantages of honestly built highways. He invited the entire assembly to be his guests for one day.

Eighty-eight gathered at the office of the Home Telephone Company in Portland, and from there took train for Maryhill, across the Columbia and up state in Washington to Klickitat county. The train was chartered by Mr. Hill. His favorite chef was given *carte blanche* to fill the buffet car, and the chef asked for no further orders. He took the instructions literally. The guests included state senators, representatives, prominent citizens of Oregon and Washington, and newspaper men. Governor Ernest Lister of Washington was present in person and Governor West of Oregon was represented by George F. Rodgers of Salem. Along the route Mr. Hill pointed out what



Samuel Hill, of Oregon, a national figure in the development of public highways. Mr. Hill is one of the ablest authorities in the United States upon permanent road construction. It has been more than a hobby with him. It is an obsession

he considers the world's blue-ribbon scenery, and here and there the work of road gangs on stretches of the Columbia river highway. At Maryhill Mr. Hill talked and talked and proudly displayed his seven varieties of highways, constructed at a personal expenditure of over \$100,000, from Maryhill to the Columbia river, demonstration highways built to satisfy a whim and to prove the value of an enthusiast's deduc-

tions. Oregon's lawmakers were convinced. The state now has one of the most effective good-roads acts of any state in the Union.

Mr. Hill is one of the highest authorities in the United States on the subject of permanent road construction. It has been more than a hobby with him. It is an obsession. For years he has been traveling here, there and everywhere, studying highway construction, figuring out high

transportation taxes voluntarily assumed by farmers. He has crossed the seas several times to continue his studies in England and Germany and France. He goes about over the states of Oregon and Washington lecturing on his favorite study. He drops into a city or hamlet, engages a hall, makes no admission charge and talks for an hour and a half, illustrating his lecture with splendid stereopticon views of good and bad roads from Illwahee to Timbuctoo, from Maryhill to London and Berlin, and incidentally, quite incidentally, brings in a series of beautiful slides showing the grandeur of scenery in the Oregon Cascades. It is a lecture that is not only inspirational but effective. He seldom leaves an audience unconvinced of the value of well-built highways.

Who is Sam Hill? Even though the facts were abbreviated to intensive terseness, it required a whole page of the menu prepared for the testimonial dinner, first referred to, to tell about Sam Hill. He was born in North Carolina, in 1857, and he has been so busy since that he has never had time to rest. He is a graduate of Haverford and Harvard. He has been president, associate counsel, general manager or director of a half-dozen railroads. He is president of the Home Telephone Company in Portland, and just now as a side issue is amalgamating the independent telephone companies throughout the United States. He is president of the Maryhill Land Company, Maryhill, Washington; President of the United States Trust Company of Seattle, Washington; President of the American Road Builders' Association; Honorary Life President of the Washington Good Roads Association; Vice-president of the Pacific Highway Association; Vice-President of the Columbia River Highway Association; Vice-president of the International Road Congress; Member of the Canadian Highway Association and an active member of over a dozen social clubs from New York city to Portland.

Sam Hill is a busy man.

He has another hobby aside from good roads, although related to that very laudable subject. For some years he has had made in Berlin, each year, a globe, similar to those found in all well regulated libraries, but embodying some special line of study. One is devoted to earthquakes; another to tidal waves; another to roads, good and bad; another to railroads. These globes he

has had prepared by experts and then, not wishing to hide them under a bushel, has presented them to friends or institutions where they will serve as valuable reference works. One such may be found in the Congressional Library. Others have been presented to railroad presidents; still others to social clubs. Among the fortunate possessors of these globes are George Baker, Henry Cannon and the estate of the late J. P. Morgan, New York.

The latest effective gift was that to the state of Oregon of a comprehensive outline for a series of highways for the state. This plan, based upon information secured at a personal expenditure of \$10,000 and a thorough canvass of the state, is given to the people as a suggested means of development and a donation to the cause of good roads. Mr. Hill worked quietly for months, traveling over the proposed routes, studying their feasibility from standpoints of topography, people to be served and traffic to be encouraged. He had in mind the desirability of the most direct connection between rural regions and markets and between centers of population, and was influenced by the experience of the districts where good roads had already been built. He reaches this succinct conclusion—that the directest road which serves the most interests the longest distance is the best.

One of the happily chosen tributes to Samuel Hill's work is that by ex-United States Senator Charles W. Fulton: "Samuel Hill is doing more than any other one man for the good of Oregon. He is making it possible for people to get acquainted with each other. He is making it possible for tourists to see our scenic attractions."

What a lot of good could be accomplished if more men of aggressiveness and wealth and great constructive ability should give as unstintingly and as generously of their time to some especial phase of national growth as has Samuel Hill, of Portland, Oregon, to the cause of good roads!

C. E. FISHER.



The Only Woman Railroad-President

"A CHARMING gown, my dear. Those Bulgarian color combinations are fetching, aren't they? Yes, as I was saying, my contention is that Nietzsche never would have—the telephone? How annoying!—Hello! Yes. I said seventy-pound

rails, and I want them. Not at all: seventy I said, and seventy goes. Tell the superintendent of construction to see me at eight-thirty o'clock tomorrow. Good-by— Nietzsche fully demonstrated" and so forth.

It sounds like the ravings of a rarebit fiend, doesn't it? But it's only the fragment of an afternoon tea conversation with Mrs. Meta J. Erickson. For Mrs. Erickson is the only woman railroad president in the world—and, though a student of philosophy as well, she is all woman, even if a railroad man at the same time. Withal, she doesn't allow business to interfere with her pleasure.

Upon the day that the directors of the Amador Central railroad were to meet in San Francisco it happened that Mrs. Erickson had a party engagement for the afternoon. She attended the business session in the morning, became the highest woman railroad official in this or any other country, hustled out of the office shortly after noon and two hours later was beautifully gowned and participating in a card game as calmly as any of the other club members.

This is merely an illustration of the energy, of the versatility, of the women of the Pacific Coast.

The Amador Central Railroad is in Amador county, California. It runs from Ione, where it connects with the Southern Pacific, to Martell, a distance of twelve miles. Mrs.

Erickson's home is in Oakland. Her office, now that she takes up the presidency of the road in which she is the principal stockholder, is in San Francisco, in the Balboa building, right next door to her attorney. Her residence is at Bay Place and Montecito avenue, overlooking one of Oakland's

beauty spots—Lake Merritt. When this railroad president is at home she is not planning some coup in the world of finance, but instead she is looking into the future, anticipating, and attending to her household duties and doing little things in behalf of her family—three boys and a daughter.

Mrs. Erickson is not a railroad president in name only. She is most practical in every particular, being familiar with the construction work as well as the details of operation. Why, she can run a locomotive and run it well! She inherited her interest in the railroad from her husband, Charles Erickson, a contractor, who died two years ago. During the time the road was in the course of construction, Mrs. Erickson spent months at a time with her husband, living in the construction camps

and taking an active interest in the work.

In addition to the freight business, Martell being a mining town and an important shipping point, the Amador Central does a profitable passenger business. By agreement with the Southern Pacific, passenger coaches are run from Galt over the Southern



Photo by Oscar Maurer

Mrs. Meta J. Erickson, president of the Amador Central Railroad in California. She can run a locomotive and run it well. Mrs. Erickson learned the railroad business while living in construction camps with her husband, who was a contractor

Pacific to Ione and then switched to the tracks of the Amador Central, thus saving travelers for Martell the inconvenience of transferring. This is one of Mrs. Erickson's ideas. The Amador Central also operates two automobile stage lines out of Martell.

Mrs. Erickson loves the hills and the outdoor life of California. "When I went up into that country with Mr. Erickson it was practically inaccessible" she says, "but I became interested in the work and enjoyed every minute that I spent among the hills where the steel horse was to come."

Just at present the Amador Central president has under consideration the purchase of several additional locomotives, freight-cars and other equipment made necessary by increased business.

"I shall be at my office nearly every day" says she, "but I have no idea of neglecting my home life. Nor my clubs."

Mrs. Erickson is well known as a club woman, being active as a member of the Orpheus, the Ebell and the Eurydice clubs, the Associated Charities, and the Tax Association of Alameda county. She is a director of the West Oakland Home and attends St. Paul's Episcopal Church.

The honor of being the only woman railroad president in the world was formerly held by Mrs. S. A. Kidder, of Grass Valley, California. She resigned the presidency of the Nevada County Narrow Gauge Railroad some time ago.

Mrs. Erickson's favorite recreation is reading, especially books on new thought and philosophy, and the works of some of the old masters. She believes in suffrage, but asserts most emphatically that she is not a suffragette. Despite her activities in the business world and as a club woman, she is also a "home-body." Her eldest son, who is seventeen, is taking a special course in engineering, being educated to take charge eventually of the actual operations of the Amador Central, thus relieving his mother of these duties.

Although Mrs. Erickson is a talented pianist and singer, she is no stranger in the kitchen. When the only woman railroad chief executive feels like meddling in that stronghold—where a Chinese cook holds forth—guess what she does: dons an apron and in less time than it takes to get up steam in a locomotive the table is covered with dainty tempting deliciously browned cookies.

"I am very fond of cookies" she says, "but it is for the children that I bake them."

Mrs. Erickson might talk railroad business all day, or for weeks, and would appear as an ordinary business woman—a shrewd, well educated, energetic business woman familiar with all the details of the business of which she is the head. But when she speaks of her family—the boys and the little girl, the baby—it is then that her face lights up and her eyes glisten, and she forgets for the time that she is the world's only woman railroad president—forgets everything but that she is a mother.

JAMES P. HOWE.

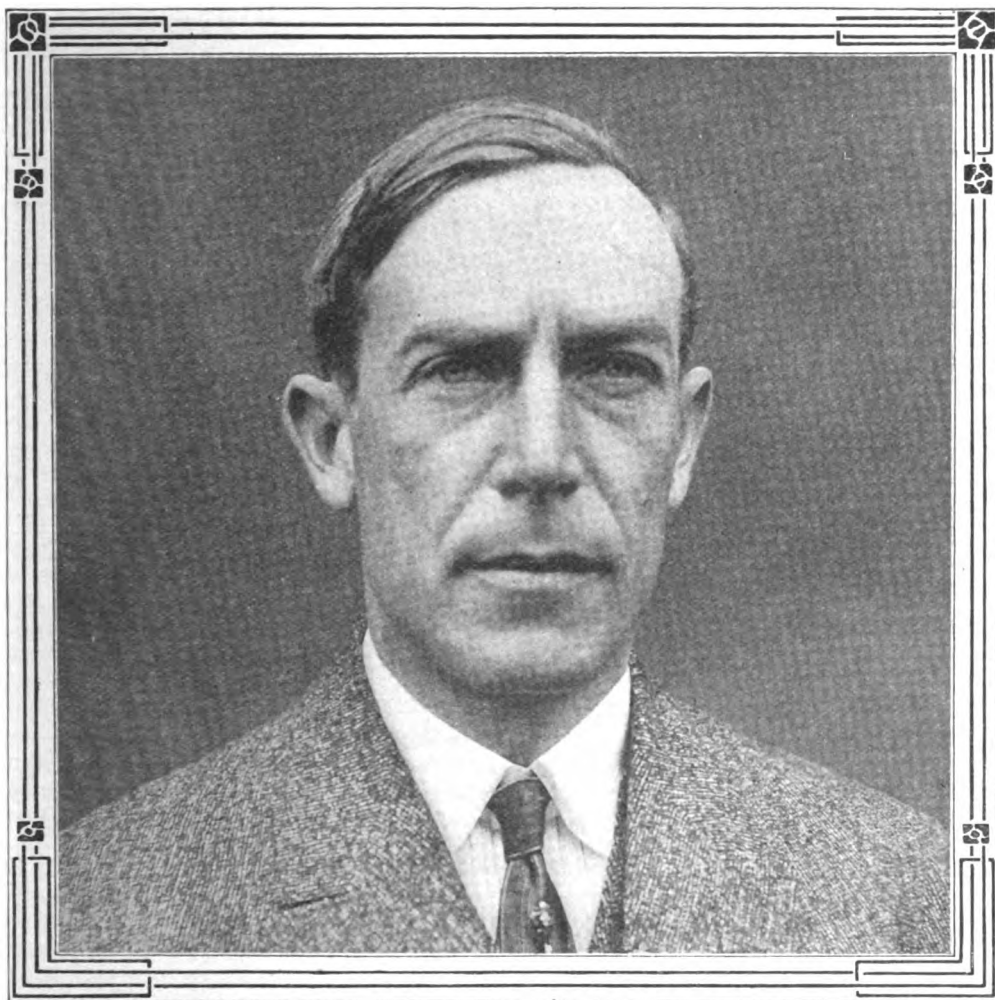
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Chief of Police of "Spotless Town"

ACCORDING to the Board of Geographic Names, "Spotless Town" is not on the map. And yet the entire Pacific Coast is applying this pleasing nickname to the University city of California which preserves the memory of Bishop Berkeley and his prophetic line, "Westward the Star of Empire takes its way." Reference to the Berkeley census of 1910 will show that there were within its gates 40,434 rich men, some poor men, but seldom a beggar man or thief. And the reason why the latter undesirables have given Berkeley a wide berth is not due to its estimable doctors, lawyers or merchants, but to its Chief, Gus Vollmer. Through his efforts the municipality has been cleaned up until evil weeds, vegetable and human, have no place in its precincts. In 1905, when the population was 25,000, property to the value of \$21,780 was stolen from the good citizens of Berkeley. Now that the population in 1912 has doubled, the average loss through theft is only about \$12,000 a year, a proportion of about one-fourth per capita of the former amount.

Gus Vollmer grew up with the college town. Although six feet, plus, with dignity to match his commanding stature, he still answers to his boyhood name. He is an intuitive reader of character.

Vollmer won his spurs in the quelling of the Philippine Insurrection. Early in the outbreak, the Gugu guerrillas had been having a gay bit of glory in sniping the *Americanos* along the Pasig river. Vollmer was detailed with a platoon of artillerymen



Gus Vollmer, Chief of Police of Berkeley, California. He grew up with the college town, and has made a record for vigorous methods in ridding it of all evil growth, vegetable and human

to break up their game. Commandeering a scow, he installed improvised machinery upon it and sheathed its sides with iron. With a handful of dare-devils manning rapid-fire guns, he cruised up and down the river scaring and scattering the bushwhackers until he had completely pacified the pirates of the Pasig.

Shortly after his return from the wars he was given charge of the police department of Berkeley. The city was growing rapidly, new tracts were spreading all over the map, and as a consequence the slender force of police was unable to patrol the entire territory. Vollmer mounted his men on bicycles, which enabled them to come swiftly and silently wherever they were

needed. He next arranged a system of signals whereby he could communicate with his patrolmen at a moment's notice. By touching a switch, an electric current flowing through wires in various districts flashed red signals at the intersections of certain streets, and when they winked their warnings the officer on that particular beat would catch this high sign and rush to the nearest police-telephone-box, where he would receive his instructions. This installation has proven to be such a signal success that many other municipalities have since adopted its features.

Vollmer transformed his offices into a technical laboratory where he and his subordinates studied every phase of

criminology, specializing upon the evolution of systems of identification.

All the data obtainable upon the means of identifying criminals he has cross-indexed in a system of filing-cabinets. In other indices are the records of all articles sold to pawnbrokers in the western cities, by which means he is enabled to trace stolen goods to their more or less innocent purchasers, and thereby he secures their return. Between one-third and one-half of the loot that is pilfered from Berkeleyans is restored to its owners by this systematic method of conducting searches for its recovery.

Vollmer's most successful work has been in deterring crime by treating those who come under his custody as patients to be cured, not cursed with the stigma of stripes. Many a young man who is now leading a clean and honorable life blesses "Golden Rule Gus" for his practical help.

Here is one illustration of the way the Chief of "Spotless Town" combines science, efficiency and humanity in the practice of his profession. An ex-convict who was released from San Quentin prison a few months ago came to Berkeley to begin a new life, and engaged in the occupation of a huckster. Wearied with the plodding of a long laborious day, he slept for seven hours in his lonely room, unmindful of the fact that a bandit had held up three trolley cars near his new home. Vollmer's men joined in the hunt and when the carmen described the appearance of the desperado they turned to the almost infallible card-index and traced the scent to the unlucky ex-convict. They got their man and found he could not prove an alibi. The conductors and motormen "positively identified" the huckster as the "hold-up man." He was arraigned for the crime, and the prospect of prison walls for life seemed certain. But Vollmer felt intuitively that his department had committed a cruel error. Although the direct evidence was deemed conclusive, he busied himself looking for other clues. On the night of the robbery a boat disappeared from its moorings on the Berkeley waterfront. Later it was found on the San Francisco shore and in it lay a razor on which were blonde hairs. These faint traces convinced Vollmer that the person who stole the boat with which to cross the bay had a good reason for getting out of Berkeley's back door in-

stead of leaving it on the brilliantly-lighted electric trains. He followed up this clew until a few weeks later a midnight thug who held up a San Francisco car was shot and killed by the metropolitan police. His hair matched the wisps on the razor as exactly as other evidence proved him to be the real criminal. Finally, the Berkeley carmen identified the dead bandit as the man who had robbed them, and the innocent man was freed. Vollmer had on his own account engaged a lawyer to defend the man who had been unjustly accused of crime, so confident was he in his innocence.

"Big Brother" Gus is the term of endearment applied to this charitable Chief by the boys of Berkeley because of his successful policy of dealing with juvenile offenders. When they fall into his hands, after committing some such offenses against the propertied classes as "swiping fruit" and other mischievous misdemeanors, he first communicates with their folks, and then, instead of putting them in jail where they would be exposed to contaminating influences, he puts them on their honor to amply atone for their wrong-doing, or in extreme cases he exercises the right of eminent domain, *in loco parentis*, and applies salutary spankings. As a result, these minor offenses have become so infrequent that now it's a long time between spankings.

"Spotless Town" was appropriately applied to Berkeley about a year ago, when the Chief and his men carried on a crusade against weeds and unsightly litter, requiring property owners to clean up their premises, and giving the city the appearance of neatness that has not since worn off.

"Golden Rule Gus" bears an enviable record for nerve. On numerous occasions he has appeared as though led by intuition upon the scene of some near-tragedy, and has captured desperate criminals just in time to prevent their committing murder or great bodily violence. If any one is injured, it is almost always the Chief that rushes first to the aid of the stricken one. Even on his vacation trips Vollmer is a champion life-saver. Having saved two girls from drowning in the Russian river during the summer of 1907, he was impelled by fate to repeat history for a third time in the same place, three years later. The third girl, Miss Lydia Sturtevant, whom he saved from drowning proved the charm, for she became his bride. HAROLD FRENCH.

The Pulse of the West

Current Comment on Western Affairs
By Walter V. Wohlke

The Tariff and the West's Wooden Leg

FOR nearly six months the doctors at Washington have been debating the momentous question whether the leg should be amputated just above or just below the knee. In the meantime the patient, kept on a stretcher in the ante-room, nearly died. Except for the abundant nourishment provided by good crops he would by this time be in a state of coma.

Whether the question concerns amputation of a limb, proposal of matrimony, a divorce, a horse trade or tariff revision, uncertainty regarding the outcome is the killing factor. When the result is settled, all parties get back to work and adjust themselves to the new condition.

Now that the worst is over, the West is bravely facing the future, peering through the wide gaps in the tariff fence with determined eyes. As a sample of the West's change in front since tariff revision became a dead certainty, it may be mentioned that the lemon acreage is increasing faster than ever. Last winter the lemon industry was visited by the worst frost in its history; this summer it suffered a cut of fifty per cent. in its protective duty, yet one concern in the Sacramento valley is setting out five thousand acres of young lemon orchards, and the price of nursery lemon trees has soared.

The lumber industry of the Pacific Northwest at last reports had not yet crawled bodily across the border into British Columbia; nor have the schools of salmon forsaken Puget Sound. The copper and alfalfa output of Arizona, Nevada, New Mexico and Utah is steadily increasing, California is building more good roads than ever, readjustment is proceeding bravely everywhere. Of its ultimate outcome the best indication is contained in the answers received by a Seattle bank which inquired among its country correspondents

concerning the effect of tariff revision. A large percentage of the country bankers, even in the wool-growing districts, replied that any adverse effect was largely psychological, was based on fear, on uncertainty regarding the final rates and would vanish as soon as the tariff bill had been signed by the president.

Knowing exactly where the protective leg is to be cut, the West is cheerfully whittling the wooden limb upon which it proposes to maintain its commercial balance.

"Compete, Durn Ye, Compete!"

SOME twenty years ago the orange growers of California acted in a manner that would delight the heart of the Democratic administration: they competed furiously with one another in the sale of their product, competed so hard that all of them lost money.

Isn't this an ideal condition? To sell for less than the cost of production is the very pinnacle of competitive effort. Unfortunately the consumer received no benefit whatever from this less-than-cost price. The speculative middleman was the sole beneficiary, and he saw to it that the price of citrus fruits in the markets stayed high, so high that in 1893 four thousand carloads had trouble in finding buyers.

In 1912 forty thousand carloads of citrus fruits were sold at a profit by the California growers. This quantity could not have been marketed unless the bulk of the fruit was sold at exceedingly low prices. Coöperation of the producers made possible this low price; both the consumer and the producer benefited by coöperation, yet the growers were insistently accused, at the recent tariff hearings, of being dangerous monopolists.

"Compete, durn ye, compete!" is the order issued by the Bourbon statesmen.

Seven years ago the growers of lima beans were model citizens, poor but honest. They competed with each other in the sale of their crops, were satisfied with an average of three and a half cents per pound. The consumer on New York's east side paid twelve and a half cents a pound, and the demand apparently was so slack that a part of the crop remained unsold, was carried over every season.

For five years some of the lima-bean growers have ceased competing with each other. They have broken the hold of the speculator on the lima-bean market. Though their association controls but twenty-five per cent. of the crop, they have raised the price to the producer from three and a half to five cents a pound, and they accomplished this result by reducing the price to the consumer from twelve and a half to ten cents a pound. In several instances the coöperating growers' propaganda has caused department stores to offer bargains in lima beans at seven cents a pound.

A few months ago it was reported that the federal authorities contemplated an investigation of the lima-bean "trust," of the growers' organization that had reduced the cost of living to the poor.

"Compete, durn ye, compete!" is the refrain from Washington.

Take the case of the carriers. Both the quality of the goods sold—to wit: transportation—and the selling price of the commodity supplied by the carriers are under the control of innumerable state, federal and municipal authorities. Under the theory of public regulation, the carriers must treat all patrons alike, both as to service and rates. This theory assumes that between the same points rates must be alike on all roads, that commodities seeking a common market from different points must not be disturbed as to the relations thus created in this market except by consent of a public body. A number of public-utility commissions have laid down the principle that they will not encourage, will even prohibit competition in territories satisfactorily served by a public-utility corporation. These commissions tacitly acknowledge that unregulated competition inevitably ends in disaster, deterioration of service by both competitors, in consolidation and overcapitalization.

Among railroads competition must not result in discrimination, in favors shown

particular points or classes of shippers; rate wars are frowned upon alike by commissions, shippers and investors, but

"Compete, durn ye, compete!" is the order of the Democratic leaders.

Does this command rise from the same motive that prompted the Puritan matron to shout "Go it, husband! Go it, bear!" Or, if the love of a lively scrap is not the underlying reason, exactly what benefit is expected to accrue to the country by the paradox of a forced revival of competition under regulative supervision, the very essence of which is antagonistic to competition?

For the evil of overcapitalization, of reckless financiering, the competitive pill is no cure; rather, duplication of plants and of service supply the very soil in which inflation germinates.

Associations of farmers and producers have been removed—by executive action—from the ban of the Sherman Anti-Trust law; for many years this law has not been invoked against the traffic associations through which all the railroads in the country, with the consent of the Interstate Commerce Commission, agree upon excursion rates and similar traffic matters. Instead of fighting windmills, instead of intoning monotonously the old magic formula, would it not be the better part of valor to face the issues openly, to acknowledge the existence of hard facts and determine whether enforced competition will be of real benefit before urging the trust-buster's steed into new jousts?

Financing the Stump-Puller

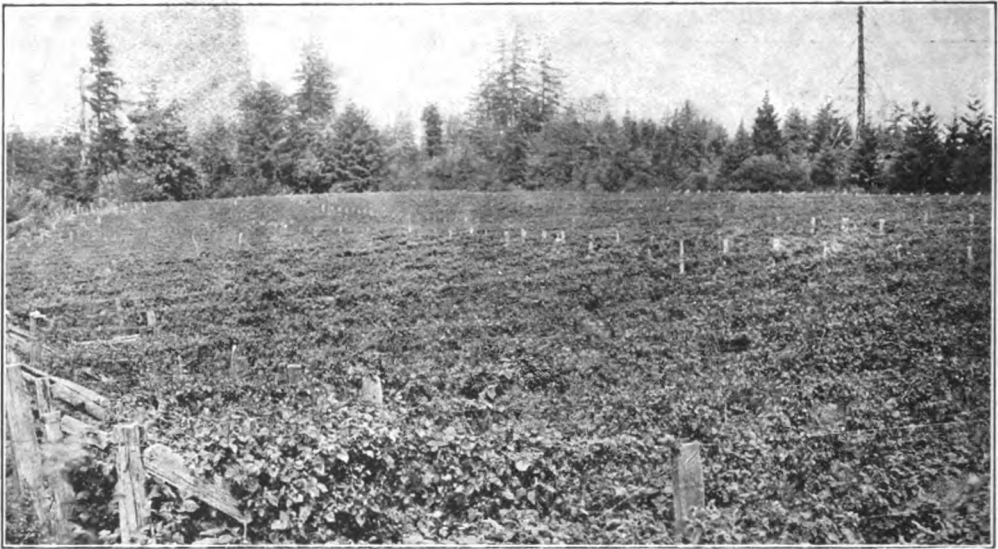
WHAT shall we do with the European immigrants about to come through the Panama Canal? During the past eighteen months this has been the favorite subject of discussion by a score of commissions, conferences, committees and boards along the Pacific Coast. The question has been debated and considered from all angles, but the practical result of the discussion has been as clear-cut and distinct as the profile of an African on a moonless night. Performance everywhere has been far in the wake of talk—except in the state of Washington.

Washington, however, did not worry about problematic European immigration. Instead, the state set out to be of practical assistance to as many industrious, impecunious immigrants from the East and Middle West as it could induce to come.



PHOTO BY FRANK PALMER

The state of Washington proposes to finance settlers and assist them in clearing the vast logged-off area of the commonwealth



A loganberry farm on cut-over timber land in Oregon. Several million acres of similar land are still unclaimed and unproductive

Under the terms of the Logged-off Land Act passed by the last legislature, Washington proposes to extend definite tangible help to the settler who will aid in rendering productive the state's vast area of cut-over land. Summarized, Washington proposes, through the medium of local agricultural development districts, to buy low-priced cut-over land for the settler, to employ him in clearing this land and to sell the cleared land to him at actual cost on payments extending over twenty years.

Free public land which the settler might enter in spring and which would produce a crop in fall, this class of land is gone. The homestead land left in the West needs either clearing, irrigation or calls for an expensive dry-farming equipment to be made productive. So heavy is the initial expense of irrigation or clearing that thousands of industrious men, lacking the needed capital, are denied an opportunity to establish a home on soil of their own. To remedy this condition, this lack of capital, the new Washington law provides that agricultural development districts, organized at elections called on petition of ten per cent. of the voters in the territory embraced, may issue bonds, the paper to be legal investment for school and other public funds. The money thus raised may be spent in the purchase of logged-off land suitable for agriculture at prices not exceeding twenty dollars an

acre, in clearing this land, in the construction and repair of roads, in supplying materials to settlers at cost and in helping the settler to market his products.

The purchased land is to be cleared as needed, the maximum cost in no case to exceed a hundred dollars an acre. Settlers having purchased land directly from the owners are given the right to turn twenty acres over to the district, with the preferential right of repurchase after it is cleared. Thus the district undertakes not only to purchase and clear twenty acres for every desirable applicant, but it also gives the settler employment pulling stumps at living wages until the land is ready for farming.

The law is the outcome of a campaign carried on by the Southwest Washington Settlers' Agency, a public body organized to attract settlers and to aid them to select, purchase, clear and farm the best tracts of cut-over land at the lowest possible cost.

To those settlers who prefer to do their own clearing without district aid Washington likewise offers assistance. A new law now in force authorizes the state to go into the powder business and supply explosives to the settlers at cost.

Detailed information concerning the new law, its operation and the districts now organizing to put it into effect will be supplied by the secretary of the Settlers' Agency in Chehalis, Washington.



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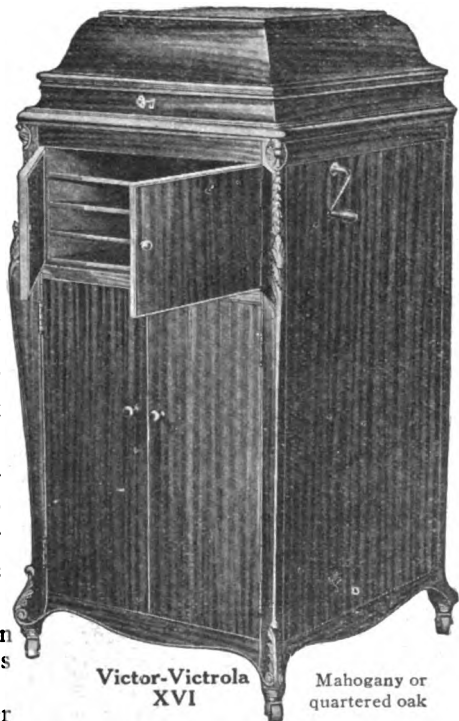
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The Tin Can's Hideous Leer

FILLED, the tin can is the gaudy emblem of modern mass civilization, an efficient labor-saving container of undifferentiated, standardized food. Empty, the tin can becomes the modern curse, a weapon whose ragged edges cut man's esthetic soul to the marrow, a ubiquitous nuisance killing romance and poetry as effectively as the stockyards perfume murders the odor of the violet.

The wilderness, the high places, the aisles of the forest, the mountain meadows and the banks of singing brooks are the front lawn of the West. Nature waters it, sweeps it, keeps it clean, but Nature can no longer cope with the growing piles of tin cans, leering hideously from the center of every inviting spot, with the swirling sheets of greasy paper and pasteboard plates shed in transit by motor campers. Even unto the snow line the curse of the tin can lies over the West.

If those privileged to commune with Nature cannot enjoy her hospitality without defiling the face of the hostess, why not penalize thoughtlessly dirty campers in the National Forests? The man who will scatter tin cans and waste paper will likewise forget to put out the fire before he leaves.

Weapons That Cut Both Ways

AN "investment" company selling stock in an orchard-planting enterprise advertised that one of its nurseries had an appraised value of more than three-quarters of a million. The county assessor considered \$40,000 a fair price. To the board of equalization came the treasurer of the "investment" company, demanding that the assessable valuation of the nursery be reduced to \$6000, and he substantiated his argument with facts and figures. Confronted with the advertisement, he admitted that three-quarters of a million had been added to the actual value solely for stock-selling purposes.

Despite numerous similar instances a referendum petition has rendered inoperative California's blue-sky act until the voters shall have affirmed or rejected the measure at the next general election. Oregon and Washington, meanwhile, are enforcing similar enactments, and their experience should prove of benefit in shaping the verdict of California.

A workmen's compensation act, a measure against the owners of property rented for the purpose of prostitution, a law designed to bring order into California's chaos of water-right litigation have likewise been sidetracked by the pliant referendum. Verily, the strongest weapon of the reformers has turned out to be a double-edged blade!

The recall, the referendum and the initiative were designed as emergency brakes, to be used only in exigencies calling for heroic treatment. Their indiscriminate use impedes the smooth movement of the commonwealth business, creates unnecessary heat and friction, causes the economic train to progress in a series of sudden jolts. A radical increase in the number of signatures to petitions necessary to bring these emergency brakes into play is sorely needed.

Taking The Measure of Happiness

THE Atlantic Coast, low, flat, deeply indented, with smooth inland waterways extending from New York to Florida, was made especially for the motor-boat. When the specifications for the Pacific Coast were drawn, the Builder gave no thought to the needs of the gasoline vessel. He brought the mountains clear to the sea, caused white-crested surf to pound against the base of great cliffs for a thousand miles between rare sheets of still water. Judging from natural advantages, from the massing of population in the East, from the lack of it in the West, the Atlantic Coast ought to be as far ahead of the Pacific littoral in the number of motor-boats as it is in the size of its rivers-and-harbors appropriations. But it isn't.

The New York customs district, so the Commissioner of Navigation reports, contains a total of 7500 motor-boats, the largest number of any district on the Atlantic. On the Pacific, both San Francisco and Puget Sound exceed New York's record. Though they have less than one-third of the New York district's population, these Western waters are traversed by 10,000 motor vessels. Baltimore and Chesapeake Bay, ranking second in the East, boasted of 4000 motor-boats; on the lower Columbia, in Portland and Astoria, 4300 of the internal-combustion boats are at home, and British Columbia, having only a quarter of Maryland's population, exceeds the Eastern commonwealth in the

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number of cruisers and work-boats propelled by gasoline engines. On the Atlantic Coast four persons per thousand population own motor vessels; in the Middle West the proportion drops to one in a thousand; on the Pacific it is three times the Atlantic ratio, rising to twelve motor-boat owners per thousand population.

Why do so many more people, both relatively and absolutely, tinker with carburetor and flywheel on the Pacific than on the Atlantic?

The main reason lies in the fact that motor-boats cost real money. The Pacific Coast has the genuine article. So far as the permanent title to a portion of the country's inflexible currency is concerned, all that part of New York's teeming population which is crowded sardine-like into tenements at the rate of 300,000 per square mile may be safely eliminated. Sweatshop hands and factory operatives, up to the neck in the bitter waters of perpetual want, cannot buy gasoline for joy rides, either on land or water.

Perhaps the large number of motor-boats in the Far West denotes Lucullian tendencies, careless squandering, lack of healthy thrift. Perhaps it does. But—before the Westerners can spend, they must accumulate the wherewithal. Ninety per cent. of the population in the crowded centers of the East never can accumulate enough to buy a red lamp or a horn. With them thrift is a grinding necessity, not a virtue.

If freedom from immediate want, financial steerage-way, material possessions constitute a yardstick with which to measure happiness, the life of the masses in the West is about three times brighter than the existence of the population's bulk on the Atlantic.

Prophets and Potatoes

IN 1910 the country's potato crop was poor. The market opened strong. In California most of the growers sold their potatoes immediately after the harvest, at prices varying between a dollar and a dollar thirty cents per sack. Only the Japanese growers held on. Late in the season they let go—at two dollars, pocketing a nifty little extra profit on a million sacks.

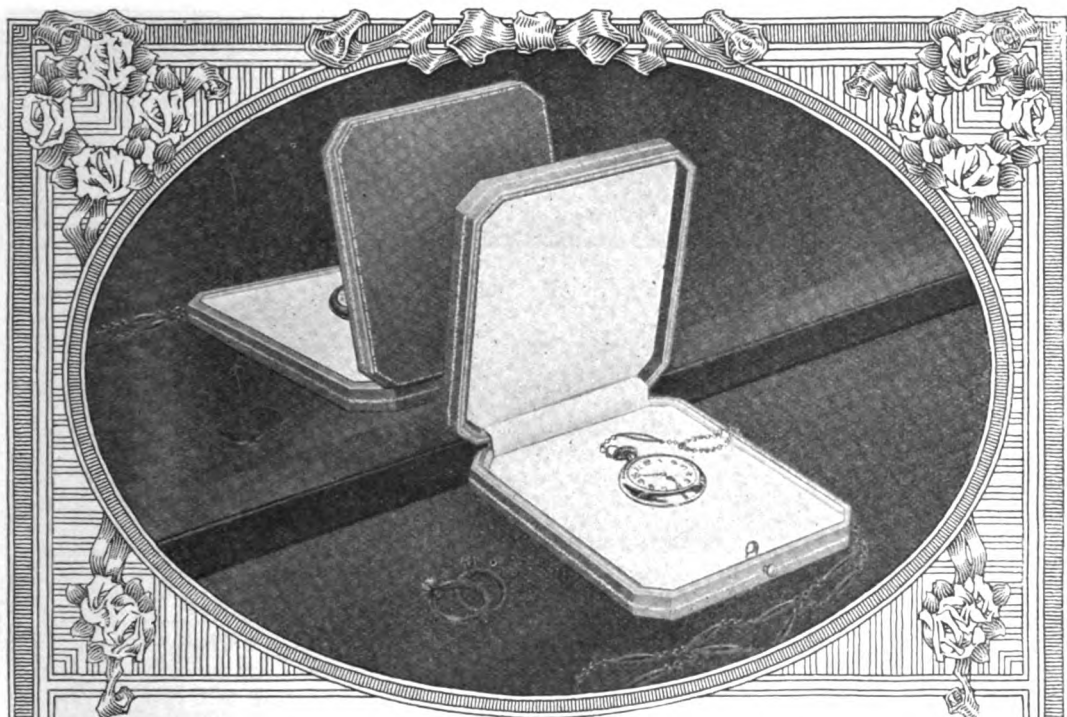
In 1911 drouth diminished the American

potato crop to such an extent that spuds had to be imported from Europe. Again the California growers, having harvested a normal yield as usual, parted with their tubers immediately after the harvest. They took no chances. Prices were good. They might drop at any moment. But they didn't. They rose. When they reached the top the Japanese, having held on, let go. Once more they cleaned up a sizable little extra profit of a million dollars.

In 1912 every farmer in the United States planted potatoes, every farmer had a big crop. The California market opened weak, at seventy to eighty cents. Everybody held on, hoping for higher prices, except the Japanese. They crowded their potatoes onto the falling market as fast as the buyers could absorb them. When the white farmers woke up, the Japanese had disposed of practically their entire holdings at an average of sixty-five cents a hundred pounds. The Japanese broke even—and for the rest of the season potatoes did not bring the cost of picking, sacking and hauling.

No occult gift of prophecy enabled the Japanese to hold on, to let go at the right moment. Their leaders had no mysterious power over the course of the potato market. They used plain horse sense. They sent scouts into the potato territories competing with California in the Southwestern market. These scouts brought home accurate information concerning the probable yield. Knowing the demand of the market, knowing the quantities that would be thrown into this market, the Japanese could and did foretell the course of potato prices almost to a penny. The yellow men, acting on definite, exact knowledge, won; the white men, relying upon vague guesswork, lost.

If the new Bureau of Markets established by the Department of Agriculture can find a way of placing reliable, definite, detailed crop and price news speedily into the hands of every farmer, its service will be of greater benefit than the printing of a thousand technical bulletins. The Western farmer has demonstrated that he can produce stuff in abundance, but he is still wrestling with the problem of how to extract a fair profit from the sale of his products.



The Riverside Jewel Series Waltham Watches

The word "Riverside" means to the watch-wise all that is desirable in strength, precision and everlastingness. The Jewel Series of these Riverside Watches are for women and render to them that accurate and dependable service which used to belong exclusively to men's watches.

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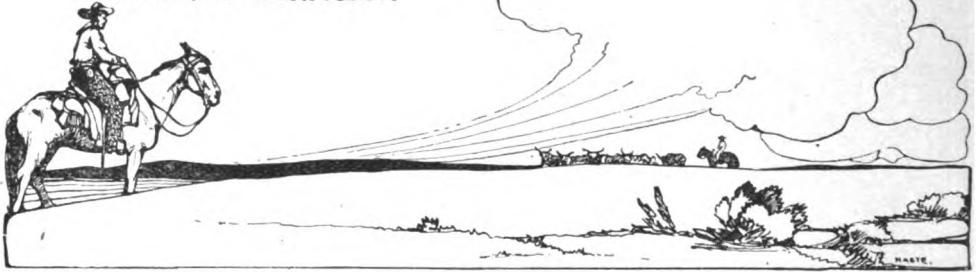
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THE MONTH'S RODEO

A ROUND-UP OF STRAYS
WORTH CORRALING



Tramping in California

By
JESSIE BURNES

Do you want to make a vacation trip that shall be a dream of delight, free from all hurry or worry, and costing you less than the same length of time at home? Have you tried for freedom, lo! these many years and failed so invariably to achieve it that the very word "holiday" sets stalking through your mind a horrible procession of hotel pirates, who "board" you, fashionable folk who weary you, flunkies of one sort or another who see to the robbing of you, to be differentiated only by the price tag each wears, and all regarding you as just one straw in their summer harvest? Still, you want to get away from the grind; and in spite of failures you somehow still believe in freedom. Well, here's a way. I'll tell you how to live like a king for comfort, in chosen company and amid whatever surroundings your heart desires. That is, if you love the out-of-doors. If you are not subject to the yearly yearning to go a-fishing that attacks many of us as certainly as spring-cleaning-fever seizes a housewife, then this is the place for you to stop reading.

We simply turn hobo. When an attack comes on (and I've noticed it is apt to recur annually at house-cleaning time) we pack a few necessaries and take to the road. Both the necessaries and the road are chosen with exceeding care and must be governed entirely by personal preference. If you are hunting scenery your route and your pack will differ from those of a hunter for game. One of the fundamental ideas of the trip is that it shall lead through the country of your heart's desire. And you know Stevenson says "To travel hopefully is better than to arrive."

A camp in the wilderness seemed good to us for several summers, until we learned the greater joy of a pilgrimage; but camp life can be very lonely after the novelty wears off and immediate surroundings are explored. The scenery palls on one and minor inconveniences magnify themselves. If you stay too long in one place you are likely to be invaded by neighbors, both two- and four-footed sorts. I could tell of visitations wherein the questions asked made the personal history covered by the census inquiries seem trifling and vague and incomplete. Nothing on this earth is as joyless as this type of "Rube."

At one time notice to dispossess was served on us by a polecat. But this is no hard luck story. I mention these incidents to illustrate some of the steps in the evolution of the pilgrimage idea.

When the time comes for our fitting we select an accessible small town near the mouth of some river flowing through country which promises most of the sort of adventure we seek; or, to speak exactly, we flit to a town selected. The "selection" fills happily much time between pilgrimages, which each year cover an entirely new route. From this town we follow up the river. My especial joy is with rod and camera. Boy's is the rifles for big game and small, so we choose rushing streams where canoeing would not be joyous, but we spent several pleasant hours one day with a chap from a canoeing party that was following the slower river into which ours flowed. He told of a side trip into the Indian reservation where they trafficked for baskets, buckskin gauntlets, and pearls! Think of that! They found a squaw who made a business of hunting for pearls in the river clams, and while none of the handful secured was large and many were flawed, still, it was a great "find." Another day we "met up" (as the countrymen say) with a man exploring the country with his little hammer for mineral. He depended on various ranches as he passed for bed and board, but he thought our scheme a vast improvement. While your welcome at any ranch is pretty well assured by the custom of the country, your comfort is less assured.

It is the rule in all this hobo journeying, whether by canoe, afoot or horseback, to make camp where night finds you; the "Hotel of the Beautiful Star" it is called. If the pools or deer-runs are particularly enticing we may stay two nights, or three. Often you will make some side trip. We made one to see operations in a logging camp; and one to a village where some Indians live who are known the country over for the excellence of the buckskin gloves, moccasins, and sometimes jumpers and chaps which they manufacture. It frequently happens, too, that the neighbors will include you in some merry-making.

Last year, leaving our railroad town, a small donkey packed our camp equipment and necessaries, each of us carrying small packs of incidentals. My pouch we called the "ever ready." It contained in

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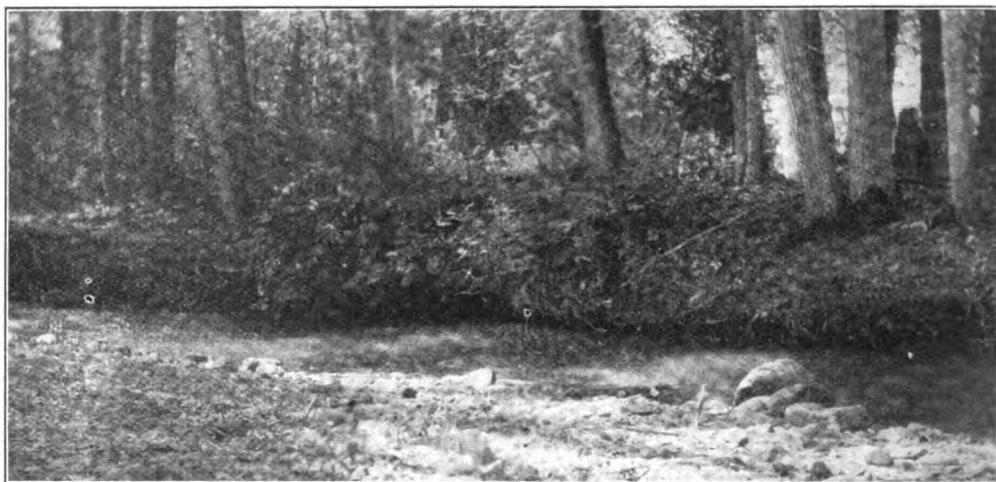
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The music of the swift water is a sort of fairy symphony, and the shadow of a cloud floats across your pool

addition to the camera and spools of film a drinking cup, magnifying glass, pocket knife, pocket R. L. S. and a current magazine, revolver and cartridges, needles, thread and thimble, tin box of tackle, a small packet of lunch, matches and string. Thus I was prepared for whatever came to pass; and the day on such a trip which doesn't provide at least one unexpected adventure is the exception. One evening we trusted Modestine to follow the trail. It crossed quite a mountain just there, and we could avoid the climb by following the stream through the canyon, and as the donkey was accustomed to the trail and knew that supper awaited her on the other side we believed she would arrive. You have heard that the ways of donkeys are contrary. Our trip through the gorge as evening fell was a succession of ecstasies, a new grouping every few minutes of the rocks and river, brake-fern and blackberry tangle, and the beautiful alders. Back on the hills the night shadows seemed to form and come creeping down to us out of the fir forests. Looking up from such a canyon the sky is a deep, deep blue, almost like the night sky, and as evening advanced this deepened and the stars came out. It is an old, old mystery how Mother Nature wraps us round at twilight with a purple velvet robe of rest, but somehow that time it seemed to become our own personal and particular mystery and we to be just on the threshold of entering into a knowledge of it all. Of course the moments sped, and the early starshine reminded us of camp. When we reached the meeting place of river and descending trail, no Modestine. I selected a camp spot and had a fire by the time she had been rounded up from where she had pretended to pasture at the top of the hill.

While Boy pitched the tent I made supper, but the delay prevented our foraging trip to a nearby ranch. Such trip was usually the joyous incident of our evenings. We planned to call about milking time to get fresh milk, eggs, sometimes a fresh loaf or fruit. These things we never tried to pack.

Coffee, sugar, salt, bacon, flour, baking-powder, three spiders (skillets), two small and one large, a coffee-pot, knives, forks and spoons, agate plates and drinking cups and a light hand-ax—that was all except tent and blankets and our dunnage bags; and the tent was only in case of storm.

This is how the cooking is managed. Two feet from one side of the fire two stakes are driven into the ground to cross, X-fashion, and a light pole with forked top on which we hang the coffee-pot, rests across this support. When the coffee is ready, by lowering the out end of this pole the coffee can be lifted and swung away from the fire and thus comfortably handled. To make the bread, place the sack of flour on a convenient stump or log. (Brush off the log, if you want to be particular.) Roll back the mouth of the sack into a tight rolled rim and hollow out the flour inside. In the hollow put salt and baking-powder and just enough water, or milk if you have it; then stir about with a knife-blade till the dough is about right to be lifted in portions into the small spiders which are placed edgewise before the fire, close enough to toast quickly but not to burn. Be sure to grease the spiders with butter or bacon-fat. When the bread is nicely browned on one side turn the loaf, but don't try to turn by tossin' till you know how. I never learned, and it is such a disappointment to lose a loaf when you are hungry. (And oh! the appetite on such a trip!) The bread will require just about as long to bake as is needed to fry the trout—about ten each of those mountain brook trout you will find to be about right. If it happen to be venison instead of trout, forked sticks with good strong prongs sharpened like skewers are cut and the meat threaded onto them and broiled over the coals. It will be flavored of the sap of the wood and the smoke of the campfire, and may be scorched a little, or perhaps rare inside, but it's lovely! At times, too, in foraging you can acquire (lawfully, of course) a real home-made spring chicken, and then it is worth while to take plenty of



The Merger of East and West

*"But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they come from the ends of the earth!"*

—KIPLING.

In the "Ballad of East and West," Kipling tells the story of an Indian border bandit pursued to his hiding place in the hills by an English colonel's son.

These men were of different races and represented widely different ideas of life. But, as they came face to face, each found in the other elements of character which made them friends.

In this country, before the days of the telephone, infrequent and indirect communication tended to keep the people of the various sections separated and apart.

The telephone, by making communication quick and direct, has been a great cementing force. It has broken down the barriers of distance. It has made us a homogeneous people.

The Bell System, with its 7,500,000 telephones connecting the east and the west, the north and the south, makes one great neighborhood of the whole country.

It brings us together 27,000,000 times a day, and thus develops our common interests, facilitates our commercial dealings and promotes the patriotism of the people.

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time and cook it right. We like best to skewer them on forked sticks and toast them in much the same way we do the bread, but we swab them with melted butter at intervals. You can make a little trench with the hand-ax, or sharpen the heavy end of your forked stick and run them into the ground. They won't fall into the fire unless you are in too much of a hurry to do it the way you know is right.

The comfort of beds of fern or fir-boughs is a delusion and on our sort of expedition too much time would be lost in making them. An air mattress is light to pack, and delightfully comfortable. We used one on a trip when we had mother along; but the soft side of the bare ground for a general rule, with plenty of blankets, makes an excellent bed. You are so deliciously tired, and you look out of the widespread tent flaps at the glowing campfire or the stars; the firs and the river are singing the old sweet song; perhaps the trout are jumping; and you think to yourself "now I'll lie here awake ever and ever so long and enjoy this" and the very next thing you know it is time to be moving on; sun up, birds in full chorus, and your heart beating "this day, this day" till you couldn't help getting up and starting something if you wanted to.

The simpler your equipment the more fun you'll have, but every requirement for perfect comfort and convenience should be provided for, and each article selected with care to fit each individual need. Our crumpled rose-leaf was lack of a good field-glass, but except that we had all the comforts of home and spent an average of a trifle less than 75 cents a day for both of us for the nineteen days after we left the railroad. Of course the equipment in the first instance footed somewhere between \$20 and \$30, but it has served, with the trifling cost for renewals and stocking the grub-box, for such a number of years as to make the annual cost inconsiderable. In packing, our dunnage bags contain in the way of clean linen the old things darned into temporary respectability, which we burn after each change. Our bathing suits, of course, and good "scratchy" bath towels, for that mountain river water is icy cold.

Boy's deer-hides we stretched on neighborly barn-doors, rubbing in salt, alum and borax (supplied from his personal pack), and they were ready on our return journey to be brought in with us. The R. F. D. carrier took packages in to town for us, and we had arranged for prompt forwarding of such before leaving the railroad, so there were a few trout feasts among our friends at home as another item of our vacation fun. We had instructed that the papers be mailed to us at certain points we expected to pass. We usually missed them, but that mattered little; other concerns were so much more engrossing; whether he or I was right about how to bestow the pack and throw the "hitch" as a mountaineer showed us, or what would be a feasible way to capture a faun if we saw one again, or what to do with it if we could catch it. Things like that are of thrilling interest, and when a sojourner at one of the hill ranches wanted that day's paper for market quotations we agreed he'd brought his shackles along.

However, our literature wasn't wasted by any means. We told different people at different points how to re-address letters and to appropriate current literature. The absence from most ranches of reading matter indicates more often than not a lack of cash, and a good story-book or paper will be eagerly read and promptly passed along.

Misadventures will occur. One night the Boy went to a dance, and Modestine and the pack went astray and I slept in such comfort as I could with no extra covering but the boughs of the fir at whose roots I made as cozy a nest as I could. My buckskin gauntlets and canvas pouch I bestowed to cover as large an area as possible, and the exercise in transferring them frequently to some new spot of discomfort kept up my circulation, but I was glad to see morning. Then, I lost myself several times. I seem to be endowed with a singular sense of misdirection. How Boy can circle about after deer in that tangle of under-growth covering a network of small canyons, is perpetual amazement to me. I can lose myself going just about the distance of one long shadow. But I learned that by following the stream down it would always lead me to some place where we had been and I could make a new start, or else where some friendly soul would tell me where I wanted to go, giving me a lift to get there if day were waning. One day's march on such an excursion isn't very many miles. The last day found us only forty-two miles from our railroad starting point, to which we staged back by noon, starting very early.

The friendliness almost invariably met with brings to mind your grandfather's stories of pioneer days. It is so fine and kind and sincere. Each is an individual: no imitations, no duplicates; they are not "fit to be packed by the gross," as George Eliot says we mostly are.

I wasn't hunting anything in particular except a good time, and I certainly found the hunting good. The fish would take the fly in the early forenoon (about the time the sun begins to feel warm on the water) and I never knew whether that was more fun than still-fishing later in the day or not. Probably I'd catch more with the fly-rod, because I would keep at it, whereas in still-fishing one invariably falls adreaming. It is unavoidable. The music of the swift water is a sort of fairy symphony, and the shadow of a cloud will float across your pool, or you are watching through the clear water a lot of swiftly darting trout of a finger's length stealing your bait off the hook, and whatever happens it seems a proper part of your dream. I believe the highest heaven for a hustler must be a place of dreams.

You mustn't take my word for it, altogether, for I'm an enthusiast; but such an expedition is joyous, easy and practicable and within the most limited means, so if the spirit moves you that way don your pilgrim shoon (carefully selected for ease; moccasins for preference; they make them with thick moose-hide soles that are waterproof), and make up your party, not less than two nor more than six, and go awandering in your nearest wilderness.



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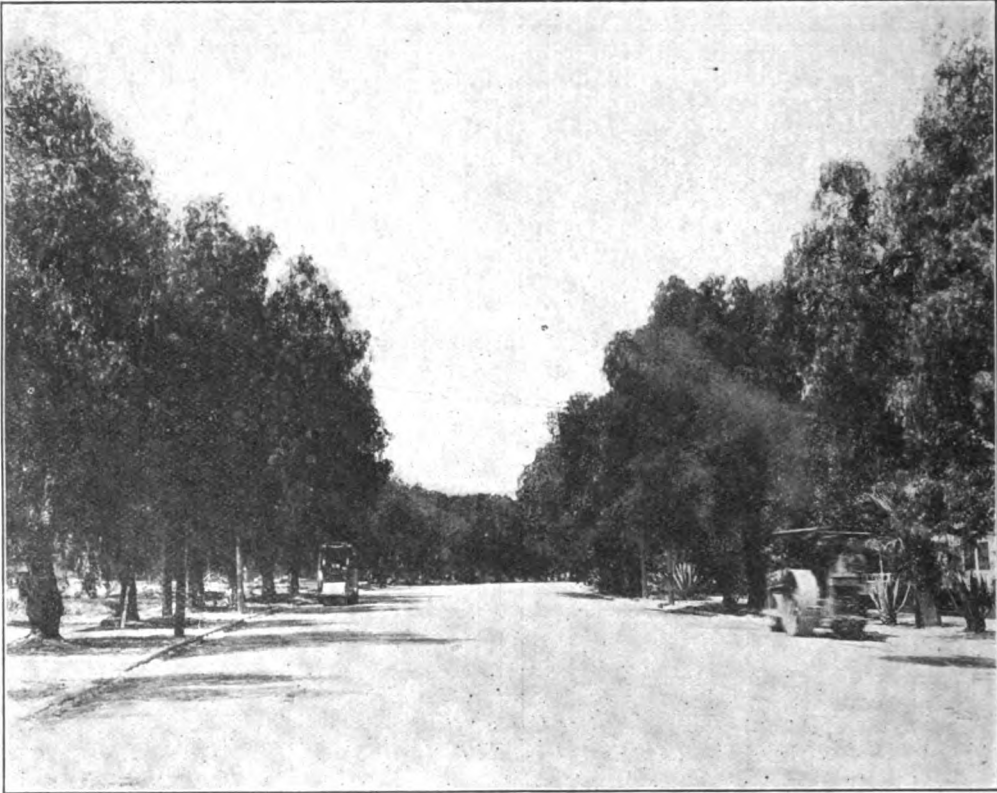
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This road is three miles long without a corner in it, and it ends wherever it begins. It is a perfect circle. The avenue is seventy feet wide from curb to curb, a macadam road with asphaltum top, and is lined with feathery pepper trees and Californian gardens. Twenty years ago this great circle was laid out as a part of the landscape plan of the town of Corona, near Los Angeles, with the idea that horse-races of national importance might be held over this magnificent course. But times have changed, and now that the boulevard has been completed as a modern automobile road, at a cost of \$46,000, the new horse-power will take possession of it on Admission Day (September 9th) and the Corona Road Races, for a purse aggregating \$10,000, will bring to realization, though in the undreamed-of terms of today, something of the vision of twenty years ago.

THE CALL OF THE DRYADS

By W. DRUMMOND-NORIE

"Don't you hear our voices calling, calling you where leaves are falling,

Falling, falling from the maples by the flowing river's rim:

Scarlet, crimson, golden-yellow, tinted by the autumn mellow,

Won't you listen? Won't you join us in old Nature's glorious hymn?

"Quit your toiling and your moiling in the crowded city broiling,

'Mid the frowzy, blowzy tenements, the office and the store:

Leave to slaves the scorching sidewalks, come and seek the shady tide-walks

By the river 'neath the maples where the rushing waters roar.

"There is sadness, there is madness and God knows there's little gladness,

In those glaring, flaring haunts of vice, the café and saloon:

But there's peace within the forest and there's rest beside the river;

Come and join us where the maple leaves are falling 'neath the moon.

"We cannot call forever, you must answer now or never,

Now or never you may mingle in our grand, harmonious tune:

We are waiting by the river, we are calling for the last time,

Come and join us where the maple leaves are falling 'neath the moon."



“HOME SWEET HOME”

Brought Back My Mother's Face to Me, as I Played By Instinct

EXPERIENCES WITH THE NEW INSTINCTIVE PLAYING

I SAT musing in the twilight, living again my youth, reviving hopes that once had flamed within me—thinking, with a soft regret, of the long ago.

“If I could clear away the mists of time, could see the friendly faces of my far, far youth!

“Something prompted me to open my Virtuolo Player Piano. Something said to put in ‘Home Sweet Home.’ I closed my eyes. I touched the simple time-lever and the AcSolo buttons that make the soft and strong effects. Instinctively I played.

“I saw my home, humble, but, oh, how hallowed in my mind! I saw the child I was, stretched in the fireside glow. My *mother's face* came through the veil of years,—!

“*Home, home, sweet, sweet home!*”

“I breathed the words, unconscious of the instrument. My soul seemed freed. Sweet strings were obedient to the melody within me. The keyboard was my slave—

“How grand it is to set the years aside through music, when you can play by instinct!”

What wonderful perspectives Music can open to you when you can *forget fingers* and play instinctively! Sunshine, happy gaiety, deepest tenderness, thrilling emotion—all may be yours with the

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You can own a Virtuolo for as little as \$350—the new *Princess Virtuolo*,—or as much as \$1050—the magnificent Art Style Virtuolo. Learn all about the Free Home Demonstration and Easy Buying Plan. Three years in which to pay, if you desire. Send for “The Inner Beauty,” the book that reveals the secret of the Virtuolo and many new discoveries in Music. Send today.

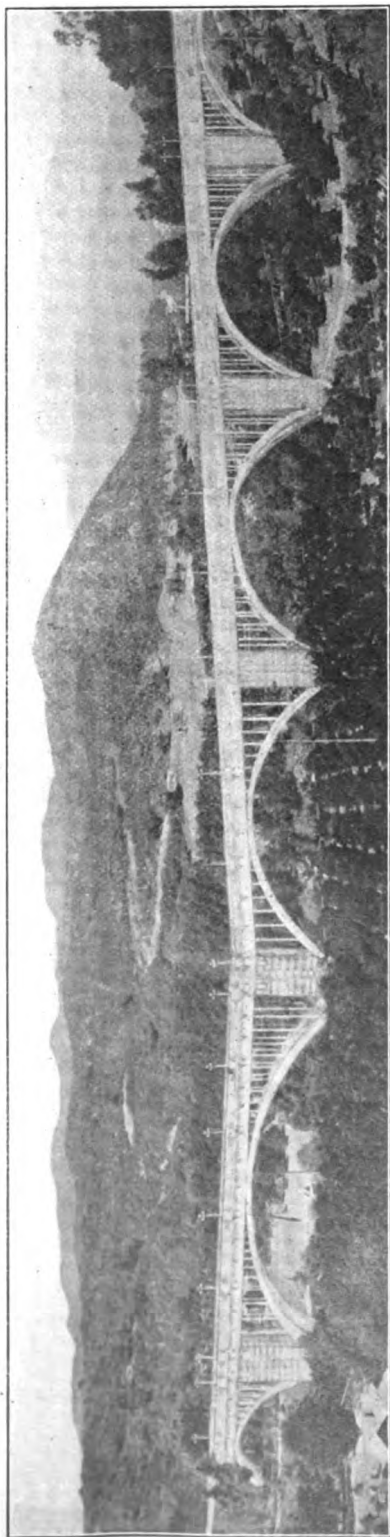
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At Pasadena, California, a \$200,000 reinforced concrete bridge is nearing completion, and September is set as the month for the opening to traffic. While the structure is large, being 154 feet high at its highest point and 1,467.5 feet long, with its approaches, its unique feature is not so much its size as the fact that it is not directly the outcome of commercial need. To build it the city and county contributed equally for the purpose of supplying the missing link in what is known in southern California as the Foot-hill Boulevard, a splendid automobile road running from San Bernardino to the beaches in the vicinity of Los Angeles, and passing through magnificent scenery along the base of the Sierra Madre mountains. This road also will form the final lap in the projected Ocean-to-Ocean Highway to which the automobile manufacturers are contributing great sums of money. The structure is known as a single-rib bridge, and will stand a load of 125 pounds to the square inch, a twenty-ton road roller being the heaviest concentrated moving load for which the bridge is designed. The designers are Waddell & Harrington of Kansas City and the contractors the Mercereau Bridge and Construction Company. The great gully spanned by this bridge is known as the Arroyo Seco, a water-course which is dry a great portion of the year, but which, in the time of the winter rains, is often a raging torrent.

Lively Progress for "El Camino Real"

The placing of mission bells along El Camino Real (Spanish for the Road Royal, or King's Highway, established by the Franciscan friars to connect their twenty-one California missions) has gone forward with such enthusiasm during the past year that by 1915 the entire route, so rich in scenic and historic interest, will probably be marked by these important sign-posts.

At the annual meeting of El Camino Real Association, held in Los Angeles, the following report was made by Mrs. A. S. C. Forbes, former president, now a member of the executive board and a tireless worker for the perpetuation of the *padres'* picturesque trail:

"We feel assured that, when the Panama-Pacific Exposition opens, the entire length of El Camino Real throughout California will be marked by bells. The tens of thousands of visitors who will then be traveling the old roads which Father Junipero Serra first marked will be able to do so without bothering to ask questions. They may be sure of correct direction by simply following the bells. These bells will guide the traveler not alone along the main highway and to the principal cities and towns of the coast counties, but the bells will lead them to each of the famous old missions.

"We now have 186 bells, 85 of which are in Los Angeles county—one for every mile of the old road there. The year's work shows an increase of 59 bells. Orange county has voted \$1,270,000 road bonds and the bankers of that county have taken \$200,000 worth of the State Highway bonds. Mr. Frank Ey, president of the City Council of Santa Ana, has secured from the supervisors of Orange county ten bells to finish their 26 miles of road, making 18 bells for that county. Little wonder that California is becoming the center of road interest and road travel in the United States, with such enthusiasm and support as in Orange and Los Angeles counties. Mr. J. Emmet Hayden, supervisor of San Francisco county, informs me that he has written to the Board of Public Works of San Francisco requesting them to refurbish the present bells, signs and standards and supply any other bells needed to complete the work in San Francisco county, and that reply has come that the work will be done."

The coöperation of all organized bodies and individuals is desired to complete marking the mission route between San Diego and Sonoma by 1915. Mrs. Forbes, chairman of the bell committee, may be addressed at 1104 Lyndon street, South Pasadena. The officers of the Association are:

A. S. C. Forbes, president; Benjamin W. Hahn, first vice president; Senator Joseph R. Knowland, second vice president; John Alton, treasurer; Miss Grace Stoermer, secretary. Executive board: R. F. Del Valle, Mrs. A. S. C. Forbes, H. C. Lichtenberger, Bruce H. Cass, Mrs. Samuel Storrow, Miss Eliza D. Keith, Frank A. Miller, Frank Ey, R. W. Pridham, H. J. Doulton.

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The third generation is using Mellin's Food



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Get a bottle of Mellin's Food today and start your baby right.

Mellin's Food Company, Boston, Mass.

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A FRUITFUL SUBJECT

(To a mathematics professor from an eastern college, who resigned his position and went to California to raise oranges)

My dear Dr. T . . . ; I am happy to learn
That bread set a-sailing is sure to return;
That learning's small earnings, by learning
 controlled,
Will grow as good fruit as illiterate gold;
That weary of training ideas to shoot,
Forsaking the radical X for a root
Whose products admit of a pleasant solution,
You reached the result by a wise substitution.
You dropped the old sum such a short while ago,
These figures I'm coining will please you, I know.

O man of ex-X, you have figured it through—
And figures, they say, are infallibly true—

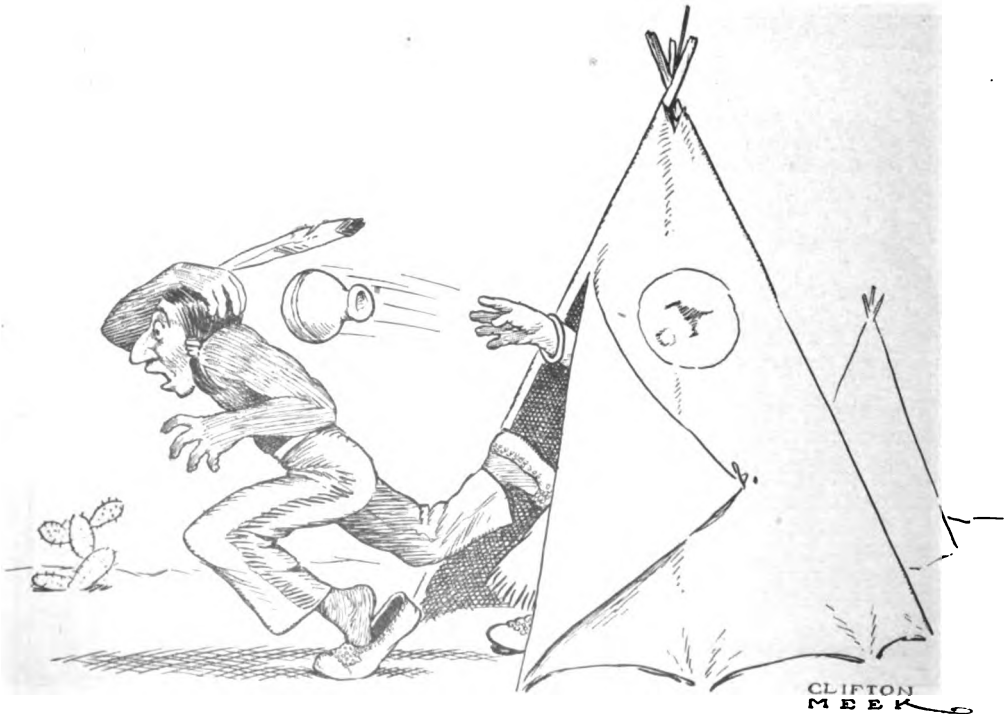
That Nature's return to a primitive stage
Is bringing mankind to a new Golden Age.
Oh, golden the harvest and golden the meed,
And portly the sock in the years that succeed!
Oh, empty the symbols and empty the store,
And empty the paunch in the decades before!
The groves are God's temples—the orchards at
 least—
And neo-Druidic the cult and the priest.

Accept this slight gift that the Muses have made,
And send me a box with the charges prepaid.

Very cordially,

ROY TEMPLE HOUSE.

THE HOME OF THE BRAVE





Crow
Chief,
"Fights
the
Enemy"

P. A. is the "Big Smoke Medicine"

Prince Albert has soothed all kinds of pipe grouches for all kinds of men. One of the most interesting cases is that of the American Indians on the reservations. These direct descendants of the original jimmy pipers have taken to

PRINCE ALBERT

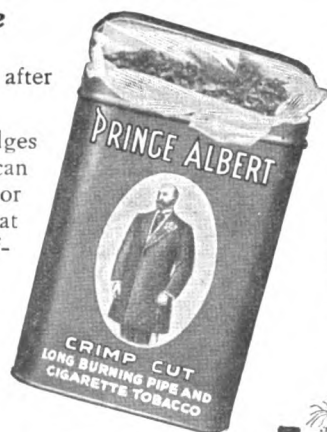
the national joy smoke

with the same enthusiasm their forefathers took after paleface scalps.

P. A. is the "Big Smoke Medicine" in the lodges of hundreds of thousands of men of all races. *You* can smoke P. A. without feeling your scalp come up or your tongue blister. The bite is removed by that wonderful patented process that makes P. A. different, distinct, delicious.

Sold everywhere in tippy red bags, 5c; tidy red tins, 10c; pound and half-pound humidors.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY
Winston-Salem, N. C.



Development Section

Here are Noted Various Significant Facts Relating to the Progress and General Advancement of the Pacific Coast Country



Tillamook county, Oregon, is the dairy county of the Northwest by which all others are measured. Government reports refer to it as the Second Netherlands

Letting Down the Bars into Tillamook County, Oregon

By EMERSON HOLT

A CHAMPION was the first white settler in Tillamook county, Oregon. His name was Joseph G. and he hazarded a fifty-mile trip in a whale-boat from the mouth of the Columbia river, south on the blue Pacific to the entrance to Tillamook bay. He was in search of a land of evergreen slopes, mild climate, verdant valleys and untold potential wealth, stories of which carried by Indian lips had crossed the coast mountain divide and trickled down into the interior valleys. That was sixty-two years ago, or three years after eager prospectors began a search of the California diggings for gold. Champion entered the promised land and made his camp in the heart of a hollow spruce tree. He found a realm of fascination: timbered steeps where the snow lingered through the summer months; forests of fir and spruce and cedar filled with bear and deer and feathered game; trout streams that purled down the hillsides to join the laughing waters of wonderful land-locked bays, promising future commercial and industrial activity and alive with salt sea delicacies from shrimp to salmon; a stretch of richly rugged ocean shore with miles upon miles of hard smooth sand beaches; and beautiful valleys clothed in an almost impenetrable undergrowth of rich natural foliage.

That was the Tillamook country as seen by the first settler.

It has changed but little from that day except that a few thousand people have found their way into the county, founded homes, fenced farms or scratched lightly at the timber and fisheries wealth. There is still the same fascinating natural beauty; the same verdure-clad valleys, now wealth-producing dairy farms; the same mild climate; the same wealth of practically untouched timber and fisheries.

What held Tillamook back? Remember, here is wonderland almost in a stone's throw of Portland, the metropolis of Oregon. Progress and development depend upon rapid transportation facilities. Until two years ago Tillamook county was without a railroad. Until then commerce must needs depend upon tortuous wagon trails over steep mountains or upon a more or less hazardous ocean voyage. Yet, notwithstanding this handicap, Tillamook county made giant strides, gained fame for its products, fame for its good roads (second in rank of all Oregon counties) and fame for its scenic attractions. Here is a county ninety miles from Portland, rich in virgin wealth, just at the dawn of an industrial awakening, offering limitless opportunities to the settler, the capitalist and the manufacturer, and

There is always a welcoming smile for You and

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Exclusive High Grade Chocolates
sold by Exclusive High Grade
Druggists, eighty cents to one dol-
lar and fifty cents the pound

"Nylo" Chocolates are absolute in purity and exquisite in sweetness and flavor. The very finest in "pure food" candies; no artificial coloring materials, just purity and freshness all through—carefully selected nuts and fruits and snow-white sugar cream centers, within a heavy coating of rich brown chocolate. Most luscious and delicious—the highest quality—we believe them the finest chocolates in the world. "NYLO"—remember the name and that they are sold only at "NYAL" DRUG STORES.

15,450 of the best Druggists in
America sell "Nylo" Chocolates.
There is one of these Druggists
right near you.

Look for the "Nyal" Drug Store and
try a box of these delicious chocolates.
They are always fresh, ever wholesome.

*New York & London
Drug Co. (INCORPORATED)
New York, - U. S. A.*

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mark and send with
10c. stamps. We will
mail post paid a gen-
erous sample of these
delicious Nylo Choco-
lates. Write name and
address plainly. Send to
New York & London Drug Co.
108 John St., New York,
or, Windsor, Ontario, Canada.
Sun.





On the hill-slopes are thirty billion feet of timber ripe for the harvest, which means an industrial era at hand

untold pleasures to the outdoorsman and vacationist.

Have you ever heard of Tillamook cheese? That question applies only to those who reside beyond the Rockies. This side of the mighty mountain chain Tillamook cheese is a household word.

Nature made Tillamook county a natural cow pasture. Necessity turned the cream from the dairy farms into cheese. Foresightedness on the part of the early dairymen insured the reputation of the product of the cheese factories, and constant vigilance has permanently established that reputation in the markets of the Pacific Coast states.

The average dairyman is content with the market price for butter-fat, content because he does not know how to obtain more for it. Not so the Tillamook dairyman. Necessity drove him to seek a method of preserving his cream for the market, for the cream spoiled and the butter grew rancid at times awaiting shipment. He found that for less than two cents added to the ordinary price of butter-fat in cost of manufacture, he could not only preserve the product of his dairy farm but turn a neat profit of ten cents per pound on his butter-fat. Good business sense told him to pocket the difference. From an humble beginning of a single cooperative cheese factory has grown an industry that is bringing an annual revenue into the county of \$650,000. And—the Tillamook dairyman smiles when he talks to his brother dairyman from over the mountains. Last year he averaged 41.3 cents per pound for his butter-fat. His brother's income "looked like thirty cents." Authorities say that nowhere else is such a profit made in the business. There are twenty-two cheese factories in the county

now, running full blast. The farmers own them. They market their cheese through a central selling agency. They keep the quality up to a certain fixed standard. Ask any dairyman if there is a profit in the business at forty cents per pound for butter-fat. Ask him if there is profit in the business if the pasture remains green throughout the year, if the growth is so luxuriant that the field may be pastured ten months in the year and a cutting of hay still yield from two to four tons to the acre. An excess of natural grasses, heavy growth of root crops and grain, cool summer breezes, pure mountain water and a never failing rainfall account for it. The average rainfall is heavy. It exceeds the hundred-inch mark, yet those who live in this county know its value. To it may be attributed the success of dairymen in this Jersey Isle of the Northwest. The average temperature is 50.5 degrees, cool in summer, mild in winter. Careful computation shows that an acre and one half is all that is necessary to pasture one cow throughout the year. Average returns indicate that the ordinary cow is good for \$100 annually. Dairying pays, and pays big. Yet, only a beginning has been made. Tillamook county can comfortably support ten times its present population both of cows and dairymen.

But dairying is not all that Tillamook has to offer. Here on the wooded slopes stand thirty billion feet of the very finest of red and yellow fir, spruce, hemlock and cedar timber, ready for the saw and the mill. This timber will be marketed shortly. The giants of the forest will be sent down long flumes to busy mills that will cluster about the bays. Lumber experts estimate that the mere cutting of the Tillamook county lumber will mean an expenditure of more gold than Alaska has produced since its discovery. Quarter sections of timber land frequently change hands at \$50,000; \$10,000 and \$15,000 are common exchange values. When this timber harvest begins in earnest it will bring about a period of development seldom equaled even in this country of surprises. It will demand the building of factories and cities and the employment of thousands of men and it will insure a profitable local market for all the food products that the county can produce.

The salmon fisheries are, too, a steady source of wealth. Several canneries are scattered about the



There are twenty-two cooperative cheese factories which last year marketed \$650,000 worth of high-grade cheese



YALE-locked for the night

A HOUSE that is Yale-locked is as securely locked as human skill and ingenuity can make it. It makes no difference whether a Yale Cylinder Lock or a Yale Night-Latch does the locking, the security is there.

A Yale Night-Latch is a Yale Cylinder Lock from the outside, opened only by its own key. From the inside it's a latch opened by the turn of a knob. It is called "the lock of convenience." It is the lock of absolute security *plus* convenience. Your hardware dealer will show you several styles—all safe to buy if the name Yale is on them.

Look for the name **YALE** on Locks and Hardware

The Yale & Towne Manufacturing Company

Makers of YALE Products: Locks, Padlocks, Builders' Hardware, Door Checks and Chain Hoists

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SAN FRANCISCO: 134 Rialto Building

CANADIAN YALE & TOWNE LIMITED: St Catharines, Can.

9-M

bays, and the annual pack already amounts to a considerable figure.

Farmers also find good profits in truck farming, in cranberry culture, in honey, in small fruits. The tide-lands offer rich possibilities for future development.

The people of the county are wideawake, progressive and busy. They have built a system of good roads second only to those of Multnomah, the smallest county in the state and containing the largest city in the state. They have built splendid schools and are improving their ports. There are several thriving cities, all in the midst of a transitional period, villages turning into towns and towns into cities.

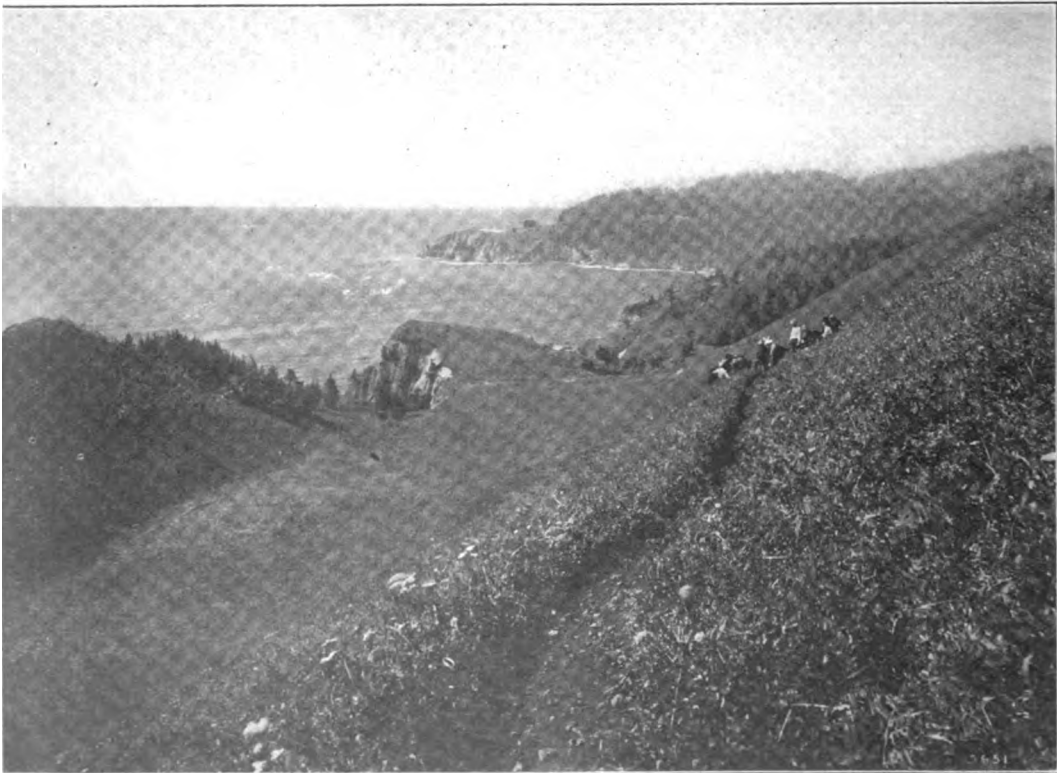
But there is still another side to Tillamook county, a feature that appeals to all of us. Tillamook is the playground for Portland and the northern Willamette valley. Here is Nature at her best, silvery trout streams fully stocked; bear and deer in the hills; salmon and sea-bass in the bays; hunting, camping, fishing, automobile excursions, boating. The coast is a continuous beach. Hotels are building here, there, wherever a site can be obtained. Thousands spend their vacations in the Tillamook country, which means pleasure for the visitor and profit for the people of Tillamook, for campers must eat and campers will buy.

Just now the waterways of the county are coming in for a share of the general development. The Government and the port of Nehalem are jointly expending \$632,350 for the improvement of the entrance to Nehalem bay. The port of Bay City and the Government have also formed a similar partnership and are expending \$814,000 in the improvement of Tillamook bay. When the Government engineers finish their work there will no longer be a hesitancy on the part of the largest of sailing vessels to enter either port.

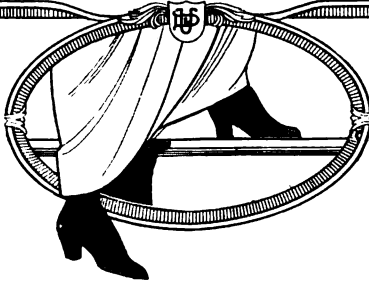
Tillamook City is the largest of the towns in the county and there are a number of other progressive trading centers, including Bay City, Nehalem, Mohler, Wheeler, Garibaldi, Bayocean, Netarts.

The beaches, too, are busy places, Neah-Kah-Nie Mountain, Bayocean, Manhattan, Rockaway, Brighton, Garibaldi, Lake Lytle, Sea View, Elmore Park, Tillamook Beach, Midway, Twin Rocks, Ocean Lake Park, Rose City Beach, Bar View, Netarts.

There is but one thing seriously lacking in Tillamook county and that is population. It is a shame that such opportunities can not be heralded to the ends of the world. A favored few—those who read this article and the advertising literature of the Tillamook country, perhaps—are going to grab a big bunch of good luck if they take the hunch and land in Tillamook.



Half a century ago the Tillamook coast was the Indian's favorite playgrounds. Civilization has appropriated it for both playground and work-shop



Fall Fashions in Women's Footwear

Discriminating women everywhere, who recognize thorough shoe goodness are now wearing the Fall models of

UTZ & DUNN CO.

Shoes for Women

For thirty years and more, the superb style, the perfect fitting quality, the absolute comfort of these shoes, have set and maintained a high standard of merit. They are always correct and never fail to give complete satisfaction. Utz and Dunn Co. Shoes are sold at \$3.50 to \$5.00.



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The price of the Dr. Edison Cushion Shoe is \$4.00 and \$4.50 per pair.

Ask your dealer or write us for style book.

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Upper barrel (rifled) shoots .22; lower barrel (smooth bored) shoots .44 shot or ball. Lengths, 12.15 or 18 inches. Fits you for large and small game or inexpensive target practice. Stock folds up or detaches. Shoulder holster furnished. Sample Nitro-Solvent Oil for name sporting goods dealer. Send for catalog of Marble's 60 Outing Specialties.

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Try It FREE Sold only direct from our New York office on trial at our expense. Test it for ten days. Pay us nothing if you do not want it. Keep it on easy monthly payments if you wish at the **Jobber's lowest net price** on our great Introductory Offer. Save one-half. Send for this offer and the Mears Booklet—FREE.

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In Antelope, a rediscovered valley in southern California, 200,000 fruit trees were planted in 1913, pears predominating

Why They Came Back to Antelope Valley

By F. R. MAULSBY

MANY fertile spots on the earth's surface have been overlooked. The Antelope valley until the early eighties was known only as a part of the Great Mojave Desert. Many tried farming but failed, because the rains did not come.

It remained for later prospectors to find that water in plenty was available for the broad acres of the Antelope, not from the skies but hidden underneath the earth's surface. The real awakening is just now in progress. On the 7th of June of this year was held the first celebration when about two thousand people gathered at Lancaster and partook of a good old California Spanish barbecue. Automobiles whisked them hither and yon over wonderful roads, showing producing farms and orchards and demonstrating the magical change wrought in desert conditions where water in plenty is scientifically applied. It was a campaign of education. People of long residence at Los Angeles, seventy-five miles away, learned more in that one day regarding the possibilities of the Antelope valley than they had gathered in years as near neighbors.

The Antelope valley is within automobile reach of Los Angeles, over good roads the year round. The products of the farm, the orchard or the dairy reach the city consumer's table within twenty-four hours by the Valley Line of the Southern Pacific between Los Angeles and San Francisco. One of the state highways will traverse the valley from north to south.

The people of the Antelope valley have organized a chamber of commerce based upon the principle of

development in its broadest sense. The speculator will not be encouraged. The idea is a united effort to bring to the valley men and women of achievement who will follow investment with work, ultimately bringing under cultivation many thousands of acres of now idle land.

The spring of the year 1913 witnessed the importation of 200,000 deciduous fruit trees, pears predominating, for planting in this valley, yet planting has scarcely begun. Another year will record probably a larger acreage in fruit, while alfalfa, the staple forage, will be sown on many new farms that are now untilled lands.

The elevation of the Antelope valley assures it a healthful climate. Its summers are warm but comfortable and breeze-fanned. Blankets are needed at night in the warmest weather. The winter days are cool, nights frosty, air bracing at all times, and livestock runs the range year round without discomfort.

Lancaster is 2300 feet above sea-level, and the gentle rise of the valley's floor makes an elevation of nearly 3000 feet in the westerly edge near the foot-hills. In the lower levels, artesian wells have been flowing for many years without diminishing. At an elevation of 2500 feet wells are sunk to depths of 250 and 500 feet, in which the pure water, in every respect like that of the artesian belt, rises to within twenty feet of the surface of the land, so that in pumping a lift of only twenty-five feet is necessary.

With the application of water the Antelope valley has come into its own. Where the few made failures the many are making fortunes.

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Woman's greatest saver of time, muscles, nerves and money, since the invention of the sewing machine.

You may sit at ease and see the minutest details of your entire wardrobe completed, without one moment of tiresome standing for personal fittings.

Pneu Form The Pneumatic Dress Form

IT'S YOU when inflated inside your waist-and-hip lining.

One Pneu Form serves the entire family where each member has her own fitted lining.

Write for booklet "IT'S YOU" which gives full description, uses, and price of Pneu Form.

Also sample of Air Proofed cloth of which Pneu Form is made, and which is fully guaranteed.



The box base holds it all.

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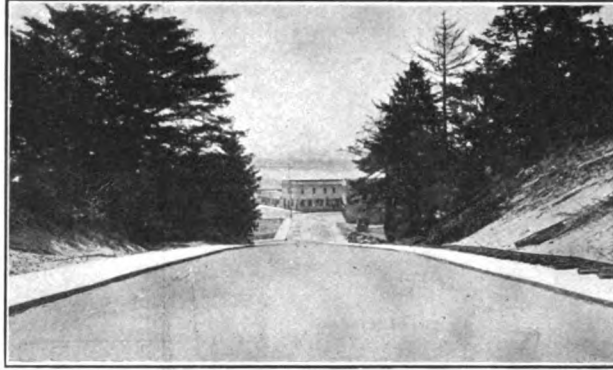
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The streets are paved and the walks cemented in Bayocean. Pretty cottages are tucked away in the woods. The Pacific is on one side and beautiful Tillamook bay on the other

Bayocean, Oregon

“The Playground of the Pacific Northwest”

PECULIARLY distinctive and individual are the plans by which Bayocean is rapidly developing as a perfect whole. From its inception just a few years ago, these plans destined it to become the “playground of the great Pacific Northwest” and one of the most popular in the country. It is rapidly showing the remarkable results achieved in the first years of development work.

The founders of Bayocean conceived the idea of a recreation city where mountains, forest, stream and ocean meet, and from the beginning builded for permanency as well as beauty and comfort.

At this time, six miles of hard surface paving are


being completed. Civic improvements which generally come only after years in resort cities are already completed, in course of construction, or planned for the immediate future.

Bayocean's future is assured as the popular gathering place for those who appreciate the luxuries and refinements of Eastern watering places, be it in seaside bungalow, modern hotel, tent city or real camp life.

An interesting booklet is issued by the Bayocean Commercial Club, descriptive of life at this unusual recreation city. It tells of the delights of a playground within a few hours of Oregon's metropolis.




Rude trails through virgin forests have been raked and scraped and leveled and paved. This, once a difficult path through underbrush, is now one of the paved boulevards of Bayocean



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Development Notes

More Money for Automobiles in California

California farmers are smiling indulgently. The "piker" is dead and the calamity howler has been chased into his lair. Notwithstanding the fact that the clouds were stingier than ever with their moisture, the fellows who figured out the crop prospects earlier in the season have worn their pencils short revising the estimates to keep pace with actual returns. The ledgers will be clean; red ink is a dead loss in the hands of the stationer. Predictions of an infinitesimal barley crop have gone glimmering before a harvest of 450,000 tons, which is not very far short of the normal yield. There is a 103 per cent clover crop; alfalfa, oats, rye, sugar beets, lima beans, and fruit crops are not far short of normal.

California's deciduous fruits have been going to market at the rate of sixty cars daily. The estimate of 14,000 carloads was too low. The fruits brought from \$1,500 to \$2,000 per car. Shipments will continue until November when the last of the grapes are on the way to Eastern tables.

The Imperial valley—desert a decade ago—sent three thousand cars of cantaloupes to market this year, a record-breaking crop worth two and a half million dollars. Tulare tobacco growers are preparing to harvest a 400,000-pound Turkish tobacco crop. The hop-picking season in the upper counties started in the latter part of July with big crops weighting down the vines. Sacramento county holds the world's record for average acreage production of hops. Tehama, Sonoma and Humboldt counties are big producers.

Santa Clara has a practically normal prune crop and as prices are higher than usual will easily make her usual good showing of a twelve million dollar fruit crop. This county produces one-half the entire prune crop of America.

Many points in the San Joaquin and Sacramento valleys report a one hundred per cent. harvest of both fruits and grain.

Altogether there is no reason for worry on the part of the California farmer. He is doubtless searching the market now for his new fall automobile getting ready to enjoy those portions of the new \$18,000,000 highways that are now ready, during the sunny winter months.

More Land to be Made Productive

Among the large tracts recently acquired in California for subdivision and marketing as small farms are: the Santa Isabel ranch, San Diego county, 17,000 acres; large holdings in the San Luis Rey valley; and some 100,000 acres controlled by the Solano Irrigated Farms Company in Solano county. Within the past six or eight months two of the immense tracts recently opened in Madera county have been practically sold out and the property is now in the hands of permanent settlers who are erecting homes and preparing for farming operations.

Good News from the Oregon Country

Oregon reports a bumper crop of garden truck, hay and grain, potatoes and hops. Few of the crops are reported below the average and many are in the record breaking class.

A Billion Dollar Income

According to the figures compiled by the California Development Board, as published in the annual report of that body, the following summary of values for the year 1912 is worth noting:

Orchard products.....	\$97,157,000
Vineyard products.....	26,175,000
Garden products.....	6,842,950
Dairy and poultry products.....	50,380,973
Farm products.....	139,639,250
Fish industry.....	10,600,000
Forest products.....	23,305,000
Petroleum.....	41,000,000
Other mineral products.....	46,425,000
Farm animals and products.....	69,294,450
Sundry other products.....	30,700,000
Manufactures.....	556,249,050
Grand total.....	\$1,097,768,768

The bank clearings of San Francisco increased in 1912 ten per cent. and those of Los Angeles twenty-three per cent. over those of the previous year.

The increase of dairy production for the state goes hand in hand with the increased acreage of irrigated farms. During the last five years the production of butter in the irrigated districts has grown from 17,000,000 to 30,000,000 pounds. The acreage of wheat is decreasing and the area of those crops which require more cultivation, and consequently tend to smaller acreage, is increasing.

New crops which have attained sufficient importance to merit mention are rice, cotton, flax and hemp. The California raisin crop broke its record of former years with the production of 85,000 tons. The citrus crop totaled 40,000 carloads.

Work on Big Irrigation Project Will Now Proceed

At a meeting of the directors of the Sacramento Valley Development Association at Orland recently, all opposition to the establishment of the Iron Canyon irrigation project, Tehama county, was removed and steps were taken toward the securing of construction of units of the great Sacramento valley project. The cost of the project may run anywhere from \$30,000,000 to \$70,000,000 and will include reservoir sites in Lassen, Modoc, Shasta and Tehama counties. Water will be furnished for two million acres.

A survey for the irrigation of 150,000 acres in Shasta valley has been completed. Opportunities for power plants were also developed.

Coachella Malagas Come High

The Coachella valley, California, Malaga grape crop this year exceeded all previous records. The growers two years ago shipped their entire crop from Thermal netting an average of \$1.71 per crate of twenty pounds or \$171 per ton, an exceptionally good price for table grapes.

The first shipment of Thompson Seedless Grapes from the Reedley District, Fresno county, California, was delivered the third week in July, the first shipment reported from any section of the San Joaquin valley. The production of Thompson Seedless Grapes is heavy this year. Fresno county thus takes a firmer "hitch" on her title—Raisin center of the world.

Amateur and Professional U. S. CHAMPIONSHIPS

The greatest and most sought for honors of the Trap-Shooting World were won at Dayton, Ohio, June 17—20, 1913, with

Peters Factory Loaded Shells

Barton Lewis, Amateur Champion, scored 195 out of 200 with Peters "Target"—medium priced shell for Bulk Smokeless.

Chas. A. Young, Professional Champion, scored 197 out of 200 with Peters "High Gun"—medium priced Shell for Dense Smokeless.



It is not necessary to use high-priced ammunition to win success at the traps or in the field. Peters "steel where steel belongs" Shells give real and complete satisfaction, but their cost is within the reach of all.



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Health Waits On Appetite

Of what use is a feast without an appetite? Or what is more distressing than a stomach that will not digest the food it craves? These are the signs of dyspepsia—the seeds of weakness which will blossom into disease if unchecked.

Pabst Extract

The Best Tonic

overcomes dyspepsia, creates a normal, healthy desire for food—aids digestion and relieves every form of stomach trouble. It is quick in action and positive and permanent in results.

Order a Dozen from Your Druggist—Insist Upon It Being "Pabst"

FREE BOOKLET, "Health Darts," tells all uses and benefits of Pabst Extract. Write for it.

13

PABST EXTRACT CO., Milwaukee, Wis.





The San Joaquin and Sacramento valleys in California are filling rapidly with settlers. Such scenes as this, showing newly-planted berry patch, are common. Cheap electrical power and an abundance of water is responsible for much of the activity

Boon for the Inexperienced Farmer

An advance step in the higher development of agricultural and suburban subdivision property is that marked by the completion of an agricultural laboratory by the West Sacramento Company on the property which they are offering for sale just across the Sacramento river from Sacramento. This building of re-inforced concrete will be equipped similarly to university laboratories and when finished will represent an expenditure of \$25,000. It will be used for the purpose of making soil tests and to furnish the farmers and settlers with every assistance in the matter of intensified farming and scientific soil cultivation. The service will be free to every property owner.

Honoring the Parent Citrus Tree

Preparations are being made for a pageant at Riverside, California, in 1915, in celebration of the introduction of the navel orange in southern California. Two navel orange trees brought from Bahia, Brazil, in 1875 were planted in Redlands. These trees were the nucleus of the great citrus growing industry of California. They still stand carefully guarded by a circular iron fence in the grounds of Glenwood Mission Inn, Riverside's famous hostelry.

Butter and Cheese Producers of Oregon

The Oregon Coast counties are experiencing a period of activity that indicates some rapid development. Marshfield and North Bend in the Coos Bay country are awakening to the immense value of their natural resources and are entering upon an era of unprecedented prosperity. The Tillamook country, now that it has a railroad, is making great

strides in development. The dairying opportunities of the Coast counties are unexcelled. This region has been repeatedly and worthily compared with the far-famed dairying sections of the Netherlands and other foreign countries. The timber interests are equally important.

Only Touched the Rough Spots

When the middle-western and eastern states were sweltering in the terrific mid-July heat, California had just a touch of the hot weather. The only damage in the fruit districts occurred however, in those orchards which plainly showed neglect on the part of the owner, improper cultivation or neglect in irrigation which had left the trees in less hardy condition than where the work was carefully performed. The well cared-for vineyards and orchards passed through the hot spell unharmed.

Sugar Making Regardless of Tariff Changes

The 1913 production of beet sugar in California has been figured by experts at 175,000 tons. Operating sugar companies report tremendous yields of sugar beets and are preparing for heavy runs. In 1911-12 the acreage in California was about 101,000, the yield over 1,000,000 tons of beets and the output 162,538.4 short tons of sugar. California leads all the beet sugar states with 35 per cent. of the total production of 572,415 tons in the entire United States.

Santa Barbara Chamber of Commerce Progresses

The Santa Barbara Chamber of Commerce, Santa Barbara, California, is one of the first in cities of the smaller class to affiliate with the National Chamber of Commerce.

**THE
MONKS'
FAMOUS
CORDIAL**

CHARTREUSE
— GREEN AND YELLOW —

**HAS STOOD
THE TEST
OF AGES
AND IS STILL
THE FINEST
CORDIAL EXTANT**

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés,
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Sole Agents for the United States.



BE OIL WISE — GET 50¢ SIZE

You'll get as much 3-in-One as if you bought 8 of the 10c bottles. And 3-in-One never loses its quality—never thickens, gums or turns rancid. Always sweet, fresh and good. 3-in-One has for 16 years been the leading Household Oil—Lubricating, Cleaning and Polishing, and Preventing Rust.

Use for oiling sewing machines, bicycles, talking machines, guns, reels, locks, clocks, etc. Use for cleaning and polishing fine pianos, tables, chairs, any furniture. Use for preventing rust on any metal surface.

FREE On receipt of your dealer's name we will send you free of cost a generous sample bottle and the valuable 3-in-One Dictionary. Try this good oil at our expense.

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6271-\$100. Buying a high grade Diamond is saving money, not spending it. The "Lyon Method" makes it easy for you to save. Lyon Diamonds are Blue-white and perfect. A written Guarantee Certificate with each Diamond. All goods sent prepaid for inspection. No security required. Write now for Catalog No. 68. 10% discount for cash. 6261-\$35.

15025-\$175. **J. M. Lyon & Co.,** 71-73 Nassau Street NEW YORK

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Twenty-eight Days from the Hoosier Capital to the Golden Gate

"The pioneers of 1913 glimpsed the Golden Gate on Sunday, July 27th. They did not cross San Francisco bay, however, until the following day, being sated with rich foods and gladsome receptions and content to idle in the balmy summer mysteries of beautiful Oakland and classic Berkeley. On the following day they took ferry and landed on the San Francisco side, where their arrival was heralded with much joyous acclaim with blare of trumpets and shriek of klaxons. Thence they proceeded with due haste to the edge of the Pacific ocean, thus completing the cross-country path-finding run which began from the capitol steps in the city of Indianapolis on July first."—From a leaf lost from the log of the Indiana Automobile Manufacturers Association.

And thus was completed on the 28th day the last lap of the most significant cross-country run ever made. Lewis and Clark negotiated the distance from St. Louis to the mouth of the Columbia in a matter of eighteen months. The Argonauts of '49 were content if they saw the promised land in six months. Which reminds us once again that this is the age of progress!

Nineteen cars, Indiana-made, covered the entire distance, the longest endurance test ever given so large a number of cars, demonstrating thoroughly the efficiency of the American-made product. The cars which participated included the Haynes, Premier, American, Pilot, Apperson, Empire, Marmion, Marion, Henderson, Cole and MacFarlan and they bowled up the streets of San Francisco crowned with well earned glory.

The chief figures of the party were Carl G. Fisher, originator of the Lincoln Memorial Highway idea; Elwood Haynes, generally known as the father of the American automobile, and Charles A. Bookwalter, ex-mayor of Indianapolis and "Big Noise" for the tourists.

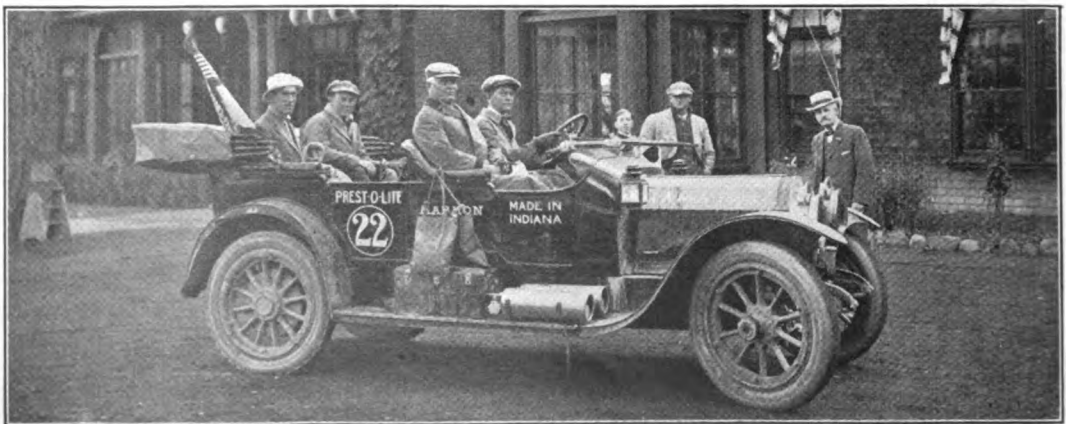
Carl G. Fisher is enthusiastic over the promises of support of the rock coast-to-coast highway. He is thus quoted:

"The Lincoln Highway is intended to be an object-lesson in good roads building. It will be built through the most thickly settled parts of each state with this purpose in view.

"It is planned at present to make the town of Big Pine in the Sierras the portal to California. This town is situated both on the Midland trail to San Francisco and El Camino Sierra leading to Los Angeles, giving choice of destinations."

Elwood Haynes, the pioneer builder of self-propelled vehicles, says: "We found natural highways of hard sand well compact, making travel easy, with scenery that surpasses that of the Alps. I cannot imagine conditions which would be more pleasing to motorists. What we have discovered of California has to a large extent offered a solution to that mystery of the Indiana automobile builders, the tremendous absorption of automobiles by this state."

All in all it was a record-breaking, eye-opening, excursion, which is bound to react to the benefit of the astute manufacturers, to the benefit of the tourist and to the benefit of those communities which are building or to build highways.



The way they looked leaving Tahoe Tavern July 26. Ex-Mayor Charles A. Bookwalter, "big noise" for the Indiana automobile manufacturers, in the front seat; in tonneau, Carl G. Fisher, who originated Lincoln Memorial Highway, and Captain Robert Tyndall

(Continued on page 586)

Big Output or Big Merit?

WE could easily quadruple our output by selling a six-cylinder car around \$2500. But it would be a gross violation of confidence.

To sell a Six at \$2500, it would be necessary for us to cut down quality, to skimp on workmanship, or, worse still, to assemble parts from other factories, instead of **building the complete car ourselves**. There are a thousand ways to cheapen a car, and every one of them, in our case, would be dishonest.

KEEPING FAITH WITH BUYERS

For a company that has a low-grade reputation, a \$2500 Six might be a step upward. But for the Winton Company, whose Winton Six set the world's standard for six-cylinder quality and drove the best of fours into the second class, even the slightest cheapening of quality would be inexcusable—would be a betrayal of the confidence and good will of those thousands of Winton Six owners who believe in us and in our car, and, in good faith, urge their friends to buy Winton Sixes.

MILLIONS OF GOOD WILL

This Good Will—the result of our producing highest-quality cars and of making good on every promise during our fifteen years in business—has a value, according to commercial reckoning, of millions of dollars.

Many companies list Good Will in their balance sheets, as an asset. We don't. We regard Good Will as a moral liability and obligation—an obligation never to betray public confidence by marketing under the Winton nameplate anything less than the utmost best.

WINTON SIX

Long stroke motor, left drive, center control, electric lights, self-starter, finest mohair top, easily handled curtains, rain-vision glass front, best Warner speedometer, Waltham eight-day clock, Klaxon electric horn, tire carriers, four-cylinder tire pump, demountable rims, full set of tools, German silver radiator, metal parts nickel finished. Fully equipped, **\$3250**

ALWAYS QUALITY FIRST

That's exactly why a big output has never tempted us. We make only as many cars as we can make right. And we make them ourselves. You'll never find a Winton motor in any other make, nor a Winton clutch or transmission, nor a Winton axle or steering gear. Winton Six merit is individual and exclusive.

WHY PRICE STAYS DOWN

The Winton Six is sold at the lowest possible price that its merit can be sold for. We keep quality up because we will not abuse the trust of our patrons, and we are able to keep price down because we have no water in our stock, no bonds, no gold notes, no mortgages, no over-expanded plant, no excessive overhead, no wasteful executive methods.

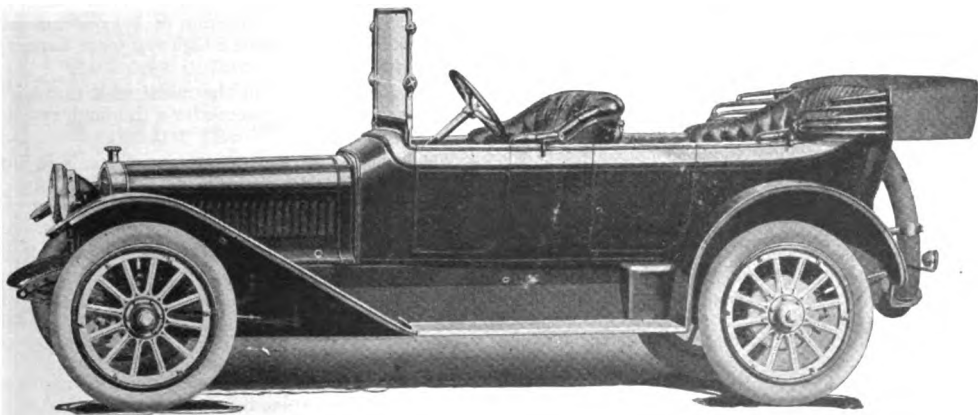
Let us send you a catalog of the Six that leads them all.

The Winton Motor Car Co.

110 Berea Road, Cleveland, O.

CAUTION

Be careful in selecting a car—this year more than ever before. There are startling reasons why. Read them in our Book No. 24.



AUTOMOBILES AND GOOD ROADS (Continued from page 584)

The Effect of the Opening of Yosemite to Automobiles

The opening of Yosemite National Park to automobile traffic has stimulated neighboring counties to great activity in highway construction. The Nation's Playground, heretofore inaccessible to motoring parties, finally opened August 1st, now bids fair to be the terminal of no less than four or five main highways to which will connect innumerable converging roads. The official recognition of the Coulterville road makes that the first choice at present but the boosters for the Big Oak Flat and the Wawona roads are busy raising funds for and making improvements in their favorite routes. The Automobile Club of Southern California, it is said, is planning still a further road which will leave the State Highway in the San Joaquin valley somewhere in the neighborhood of Fresno and will be constructed along a route which will avoid the high elevations now encountered.

At Los Banos, a meeting was recently held, where good roads enthusiasts from Merced and Santa Clara counties launched a movement to build a highway from Merced through Pacheco Pass to connect with the highways of Santa Clara county, thus opening a direct route from Santa Clara to Yosemite and an equally important route for the tourists from the San Joaquin valley to the sea. The interests are mutual. Stanislaus county is also working on a similar plan to cross the Coast mountains into Santa Clara county by way of Mt. Hamilton and Lick Observatory.

Tuolumne county folks are working on the Big Oak Flat road within their county and are being ably assisted by San Joaquin and other counties.

Stanislaus county proposes to issue bonds for \$2,000,000 to build 150 miles of cross-county highway to connect with the State Highway and the Coulterville road to Yosemite, thus making every portion of the county accessible.

Ultimately the tourist will profit by the great highway systems now contemplated and the farmer folk will find a vast improvement in their present roads, affording an easy marketing of their produce and a reduction in their hauling tax.

The Link Between Mexico and British Columbia

Samuel Hill, Father of Good Roads, regards the building of the bridge over the Columbia, between Portland, Oregon, and Vancouver, Washington, as the most important link in the Pacific Highway. "Not between Portland and Vancouver," says Mr. Hill, "but between British Columbia on the north and Mexico on the south."

At a recent meeting of the Inter-state Bridge Committee and the Portland Commercial Club plans were approved for a bridge as outlined by Engineer Ralph Modjeski which will cost somewhere in the neighborhood of a million two hundred thousand dollars. It is proposed to start the construction of this bridge at once. Multnomah county, Oregon, to assume \$700,000 of the cost and Clark county, Washington, the remaining \$500,000. It is believed that when actual construction begins the states of Oregon and Washington will assume the responsibility of the completion of the undertaking.

The three Pacific states—California, Oregon and Washington—comprise an area almost as great as Great Britain, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Germany and Switzerland combined. Through these states runs the Pacific Highway, now being paved

in sections through the various states. Within a few years at most a continuous paved highway 1500 miles in length will be ready for tourists and team traffic, through a wonderland that far surpasses the attractions of the European countries that now draw tourists from this side of the world.

A Little Jaunt of Seventeen Thousand Miles

A. L. Westgard, vice-president of the National Highway Association, who joined the Indiana automobile manufacturers in their trip from Indianapolis to San Francisco, completed one lap of a 17,000-mile journey which he is making to gather data for the National Highway Association for future use in an educational campaign. He left New York June 2 and is now on the return trip via a route different from that covered on the west-bound trip.

Good Roads Notes from Here and There in California

The voters of Kern county gave a substantial majority vote in favor of bonding the county for a splendid system of highways to connect with the State Highway and to benefit every section of the county. It is proposed to issue bonds in the sum of \$2,500,000 and with the money thus raised to construct 221 miles of paved and 92 miles of graveled roads.

Butte county voters will be called upon to consider the expenditure of \$1,500,000 for a thorough and complete highway system.

The San Diego County Highway Commission surprised the people of that county when they completed their labors and turned back \$2700 into the county treasury. All roads included in the original plans had been constructed according to specifications. The approximate cost of the 44 miles was \$1,250,000 less the balance unexpended. While some sections of the highway cost as high as \$8500 per mile other sections were built at a cost as low as \$2800 and the average was low.

Work has begun on a stretch of road eighteen miles in length between Colton and Pomona, California, which will complete 110 miles of boulevard between Los Angeles and Whitewater Crossing, on the Yuma Highway. The State Highway Commission provided an appropriation of \$75,000 for this and additional work on the highway from Banning to Yuma.

Riverside county is in the midst of a campaign for a bond issue of \$1,500,000 for a thorough system of good roads.

The splendid \$3,500,000 system of roads in Los Angeles county were entirely completed on August 1st. Los Angeles has one of the finest systems of highways of any county in the United States.

With the completion of the State Highway from San Bernardino to Riverside will be completed a loop that is expected to become one of the most popular automobile routes in the Southwest. Contracts were let August 1st for 130 miles of all paved road through this most picturesque portion of southern California. With this highway completed there will be two splendid roads running the entire length of the San Gabriel valley, bordered mostly by orange and lemon groves. The roads represent an expenditure of \$1,250,000.



HAYNES

America's First Car

Model 26—Six-cylinder, Two, Four or Five-passenger, \$2900. Coupe, \$3400. Model 27—Six-cylinder, Six or Seven-passenger, \$2985. Limousine, \$4050. Model 28—Four-cylinder, Two, Four or Five-passenger, \$2135. Coupe, \$2850.

Pacific Coast Delivery.

Adopts Electric Gear Shift as standard equipment

In the new Haynes car electricity does all the *work* of operating. No more yanking of hand levers, simply press a button, and electricity shifts the gears instantly and quietly.

Electric starting and lighting—everything else in up-to-date equipment

You press a button and the motor starts. You turn a switch and the electric lights are on. Press another button and the warning sounds. Your tires are pumped automatically. The gasoline is pressure-fed. From your seat you let down the Collins curtains in a few seconds. The car comes absolutely complete. See it at your dealers.

Most beautiful lines—powerful engine—strong mechanically—proven durability

The lines of the new Haynes are long, sweeping and very pleasing. Back of the unequaled beauty and comfort is a simplicity, sturdiness and reliability that's the result of 20 years testing and proving. The L-head motor, as is all of the vital construction, is produced in the Haynes factory. It is a marvel of simplicity and power. See your dealer for further particulars.

Write for the "Complete Motorist"—a wonderful automobile book by Elwood Haynes

In this book, Mr. Haynes, the creator of the first American car, tells you the important things to know about an automobile, tells you what the different parts are for, and what you should know about them, tells how to run an automobile so as to get the most enjoyment for the least expense. Write today.

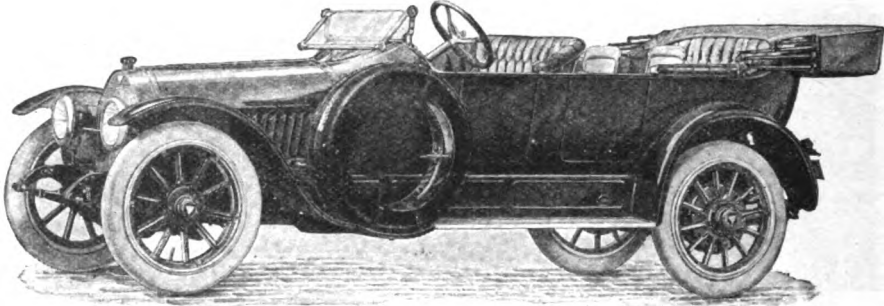


Haynes Automobile Co., 47 Main St., Kokomo, Ind.



HUDSON SIX 54—\$2250

SEVEN-PASSENGER



The New Ideal of a Distinguished Car

HERE now is a car which typifies the ideals of the time. This streamline body—this long, sloping hood—this absence of angle at the dash—this low-hung chassis—these crowned fenders—this placing of extra tires so the front doors are left clear—these things belong to the car of today.

The consensus of the world's best opinion is that this type of body marks the coming ideal car. These are radical changes but they are coming as surely as foredooms came—and as suddenly.

All the best foreign cars—English, French and German—will this year exhibit exclusively this new streamline body. And all men know that what they adopt in body design becomes the world-wide vogue.

Our designers have added a hundred minor effects. They have Americanized—have Hudsonized—the type. So the car is distinctive. There will be no other just like it. But it embodies what we regard as the highest conception of the modern trend in bodies.

And we believe that every connoisseur will consider this new HUDSON Six the handsomest car exhibited.

Engineering Pauses

We can claim in this car no great advance as regards fine engineering and no HUDSON owner expects it. Fine engineering has limits. For the past four years Howard E. Coffin and his able engineers have given their best to the HUDSON. Last year they brought Sixes pretty close to perfection. So close that the HUDSON Six jumped in one year into the foremost rank among Sixes.

These men have worked out in this new-model car a vast number of minor engineering improvements. They have added scores of new mechanical features—some of them quite important. But we never expect to build a much better chassis than we built in our last year's Six.

This year's advances lie mainly in beauty, in comfort, in conveniences, in room. We have combined the best in lines, finish and equipment with the best in engineering. We have succeeded in making the HUDSON Six the masterpiece it is.

Now the Ideal Car

We now feel that this HUDSON 54 offers the utmost in every wanted feature. It has the staunchness of steel Pullmans. It has the comfort of Turkish lounging chairs. It has the speed of express trains. It is free from all the troubles which annoy the inexperienced.

No man knows how to build a car more handsome and impressive. No conveniences are absent, no modern features lacking.

And all these things are here included in a Six 54, with seven-passenger body at the record price of \$2250 (f. o. b. Detroit, Michigan).

The New Features

These are among the *new* features we bring out in this model. No mention is here made of the countless features in previous HUDSON models which we still retain.

Seven-passenger body.

135-inch wheelbase.

Left side drive. Right hand control.

36 x 4½-inch tires.

Extra tires carried—as never before—ahead of the front door. This leaves both front doors clear.

Four forward speeds.

Pure streamline body.

Low-hung body.

No angles at the dash.

Wide tonneau doors.

Gasoline tank in dash.

Electric self- cranking, with the rapid type of the Delco system built especially for this car.

Powerful electric lights with dimming attachment for city driving. They also act as ordinance lights.

Extra seats in tonneau fold into back of front seat, entirely out of the way.

Jeweled magnetic speedometer in dash, with new concealed noiseless gears.

Every operation and control placed within reach of the driver's hand. Gasoline and oil control, lights and starter.

Individual Yale lock on ignition control, prevents theft of car.

Rain-vision windshield built as part of the car.

Genuine Pantasote top. Curtains that are carried in the top can be instantly adjusted.

Electric horn—trunk rack—tire holders—license carriers—everything.

Go See It—Go Today

Go to the local HUDSON dealer and see this new achievement. It is not merely an improved car—it's a real innovation. It will display to you all the best thought of the day in automobile designing.

Go see it while it's new.

Our catalog on request.

Hudson Motor Car Company

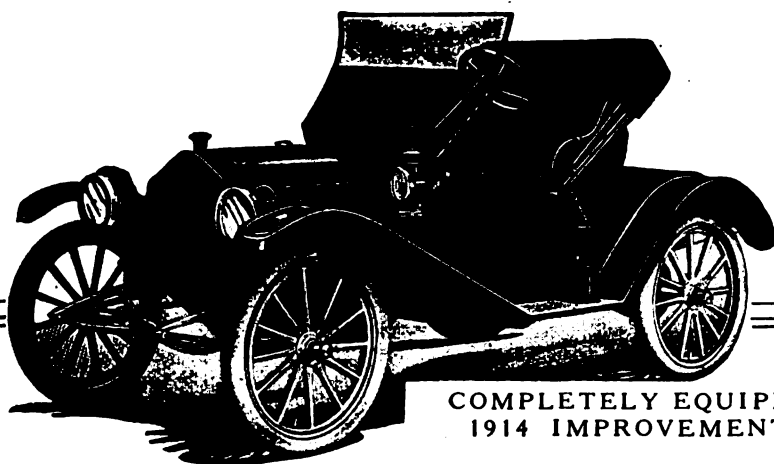
7704 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Michigan

257

Go see this car today everywhere HUDSONS are sold

YOU SAVE as much money in the running of this car as you do in buying it.

It is every day testimony of owners of METZ cars that they make from 28 to 32 miles on ONE gallon of gasoline, 100 miles on ONE pint of lubricating oil, and from 10,000 to 12,000 miles on a single set of tires.



COMPLETELY EQUIPPED
1914 IMPROVEMENTS

METZ "22"—\$475

THE GEARLESS CAR

No clutch to slip—No gears to strip

A remarkable example of low price and minimum cost of upkeep combined with the essential features of the strictly up-to-date car—a car that saves you money when you buy it and every hour you run it—a speedy, stylish, absolutely reliable car that affords luxury without extravagance.

The METZ "22" is a high-class, fully guaranteed Roadster of the torpedo semi-enclosed type, left-hand drive and center control.

Equipped with 4-cylinder 22½ h. p. water-cooled motor, Bosch magneto, wind shield, extension top with cover slip and curtains, full elliptic springs all around, standard artillery wheels, best quality clincher tires, 5 lamps and gas generator, horn, pump and tool outfit.

Makes from 5 to 50 miles per hour on the high speed, and climbs hills as fast as any regular stock car made. Built to carry either single or double rumble seat, if desired. Its gearless transmission entirely does away with "gear trouble."

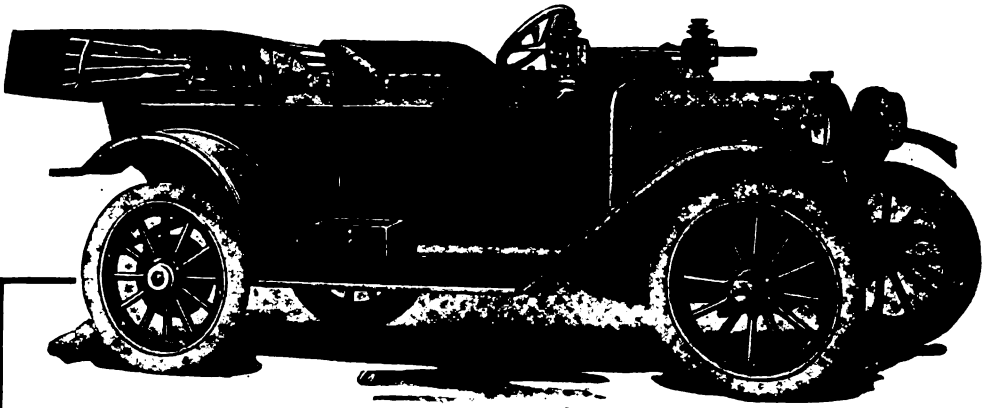
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METZ COMPANY, WALTHAM, MASS.



A new record has been made. Within two years, in point of sales, one automobile has out-stripped 180 out of America's 192 makes of motor cars.

Are you interested in this car—its exquisite beauty, mechanical perfection, wonderful economy of operation? Especially when it costs half or less than half of what you may have been intending to pay.

Then read this page carefully; and write today for all the other particulars. For the Detroit is that car.

Detroit

With its long stroke, (1 4-16 to 1 of bore) ball bearing motor, the Detroit climbs a 15% grade at 28 miles per hour "on high." On second and first speed it climbs anywhere its wheels can find traction.

Because of its ball bearings, correct power ratio and light weight, the Detroit uses at least 22% less fuel than is demanded by overpowered cars of its class: 20 to 25 miles per gallon is its everyday record.

It has the smooth gait of the platform spring. The actual amount of added comfort is 33%.

The Detroit has the greatest proportion of braking surface of any car made—one square inch per 9 5-10 pounds.

\$900

The long stroke motor and sensible gear ratio (4 to 1) make for slow depreciation; the rear axle cannot give way—its margin of safety is 2000 pounds

overload; the ball bearings, of finest grade, do not wear out and never need adjustment as do other types, neither can they bind when the car is distorted by rough roads or accident; and ruinous road shock has no terrors for the platform spring. Such a car lasts.

Any of the five models—touring car or roadster—at \$850 for standard equipment, or \$900 for special equipment. All with the same 25 h. p. long stroke motor, 104-inch wheel base, 32x3½ inch tires (oversize for long life), Speedometer, Prest-O-Lite or battery lighting system, quick detachable, demountable rims, etc., at the \$900 price.

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STANDARD VARNISH WORKS
TRADE
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FLOOR FINISH

ELASTICA is the one floor varnish that will not only beautify but protect your floors against the hardest sort of wear and tear.

ELASTICA is made specially for floors—made to meet and resist all the conditions to which floors are subjected.

ELASTICA is equally adapted to old or new floors, hard wood or soft wood, linoleum or oilcloth. It is mar-proof, spot-proof, heel-proof and "boy-proof."

Satinette
THE PERFECT
White Enamel

There is no more pleasing, satisfactory and sanitary finish for every room in the house than a beautiful white enamel—provided this enamel is easily and economically applied and guaranteed to give long and satisfactory service.

Because of its beautiful appearance and enduring qualities, SATINETTE has for years been specified by the country's leading architects and builders for use in apartment houses, private dwellings, hotels and steamships.

TRADE
KLEARTONE
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STAINS

KLEARTONE Stains are ideally suited to the decoration of doors, woodwork and other trim in the finest residences, bungalows, camps—in fact, to any sort of work where the preservation of the natural beauty and grain of the wood is essential.

KLEARTONE Stains are demanded by those who insist on unquestioned and permanent beauty of effect through the use of the highest grade materials.

KLEARTONE Stains are made in every desired color for every known wood.

Whether you are considering the building of a new house or the renovating of an old one, write us at once for complete free books, giving detailed information, full instructions for use and samples of finished work produced by ELASTICA Floor Finish, KLEARTONE Stains and SATINETTE White Enamel.

STANDARD VARNISH WORKS

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*A tempting relish
having the true tomato taste*

BLUE LABEL KETCHUP

Keeps After Opening

Vine ripened tomatoes, from selected seed, grown under our personal supervision, carefully handled in sanitary kitchens, same day as picked; cooked but lightly so that the natural flavor is retained; seasoned delicately with pure spices; placed in sterilized bottles—this is Blue Label Ketchup.

*Contains only those ingredients
Recognized and Endorsed
by the U. S. Government*

Our other products, Soups, Jams, Jellies, Preserves, Meats, Canned Fruits and Vegetables, you will find equally as pleasing as Blue Label Ketchup.

"Original Menus" is an interesting booklet, full of suggestions for the hostess and busy housewife. Write for it today, giving your grocer's name, and mentioning this magazine.

Curtice Brothers Co.
Rochester, N. Y.



AUTOMOBILE OWNERS IN SMALL TOWNS—

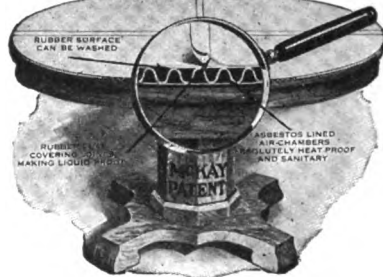
You can save one-half your tire expense, and nearly all your tire trouble, by using *Security Reliners*. Many of our customers run their cars the entire season without blowout or puncture, and without spending a cent for tire repairs. **You Can Do It Yourself.**

TAKE OUR AGENCY

Get your tires, tubes and Reliners at the dealers' prices. We are jobbers of tires and tubes, which makes our agency offer special possibilities for personal economy, good business, and handsome profit. Write at once for our plan.

SECURITY RELINER CO.

410 West Street Montgomery, N. Y.



McKAY Ventilated Table Pad

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on the surface of a McKAY Table Pad, and not a drop of it will reach your table, nor will any of it be absorbed by the pad. When your meal is over, the surface of the pad may be washed with soap and water, or a wet cloth, without removing it from the table, and not a trace of the liquid will remain. This is but ONE of the exclusive features of this pad.

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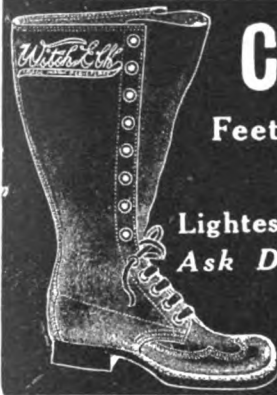
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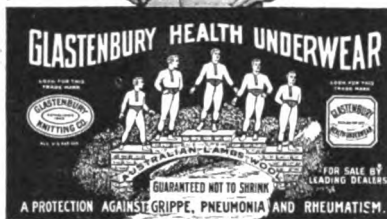
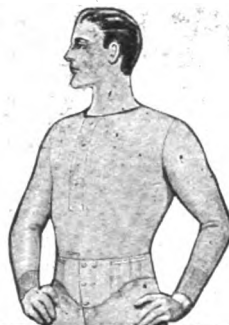
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Chicago

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B	60	
C	75	
D	100	
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F	150	
G	175	
H	200	
I	225	
J	250	
K	275	
L	300	
M	325	
N	350	
O	400	
P	450	
Q	500	
R	600	
S	700	
T	800	

Townsite plat showing lot and block numbers. All initial letter indicating list price applying on each lot.



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- 40 PER CENT. DISCOUNT ON PURCHASES ON OR BEFORE NOVEMBER 30, 1913.
- 30 PER CENT. DISCOUNT ON PURCHASES ON OR BEFORE DECEMBER 31, 1913.
- 20 PER CENT. DISCOUNT ON PURCHASES ON OR BEFORE JANUARY 31, 1914.
- 10 PER CENT. DISCOUNT ON PURCHASES ON OR BEFORE FEBRUARY 28, 1914.

LIST PRICES ON PURCHASES MADE AFTER FEBRUARY 28, 1914.

WE ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEE TO MAINTAIN OUR LIST PRICES, SUBJECT ONLY TO DISCOUNTS AS INDICATED. THIS MEANS THAT PURCHASERS WILL HAVE A PROFIT OF 10 PER CENT. PER MONTH ON LIST PRICES UP TO THE TIME LIST PRICES ARE EFFECTIVE, IF THEY SELL AT ONLY THE ADVANCE WHICH WE GUARANTEE TO MAINTAIN ON OUR UNSOLD LOTS.

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Full purchase price of first three business lots and first five residence lots will be refunded to purchasers who erect buildings thereon of a value not less than three times the list price of lots.

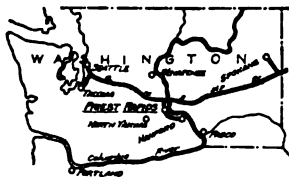
Sites will be donated to the first two religious organizations erecting church buildings thereon.

Owing to limited number of lots and exceptionally attractive proposition we are offering, we can guarantee preferred attention only for people sufficiently interested to forward with inquiry first payment required on lots desired, we agreeing to return such payment if on receipt of contract and other information purchaser is not entirely satisfied. Inquiries enclosing first payments will have preference on selections in order as they are received.

This is a ground floor proposition. The actual value of the land for cultivation in many instances is worth more per acre than lot prices represent. Compare prices at which these lots are offered with prices of lots of equal location in any town anywhere, and the possibilities for large profits will be apparent.

Send in your application immediately, insuring yourself a preferred selection with the additional advantage of saving the discount now applying.

References:
 National Bank of Commerce, Seattle.
 C. M. & St. P. Ry. Co., Seattle.
 Washington Dept. Sunset, Seattle.



PRIEST RAPIDS TOWNSITE COMPANY
 HENRY BUILDING SEATTLE, WASH.

APPLICATION COUPON.

Priest Rapids Townsite Company,
 Seattle, Washington.

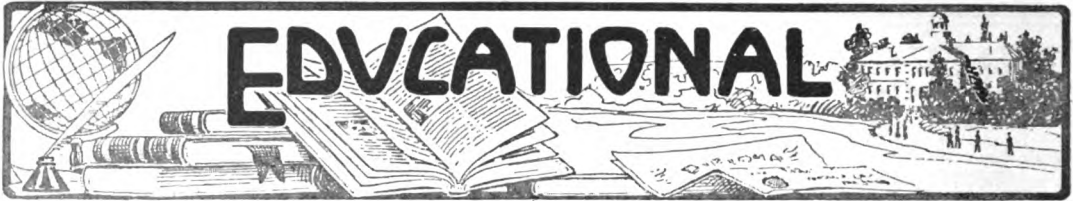
Gentlemen: Enclosed please find payment in amount of \$..... on receipt of which please forward me contract in duplicate on the following. Lot No....., Block No.....; Lot No....., Block No.....; Lot No....., Block No.....; Lot No....., Block No.....; Lot No....., Block No.....; Lot No....., Block No.....; Lot No....., Block No.....

This payment is forwarded on condition that at my option on receipt of contract and other information I may ratify purchase by signing and returning one copy of contract for your record, or if not entirely satisfied I may return both copies of contract, on receipt of which you will refund payment made by me.

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Working Men Wanted—See Page 654

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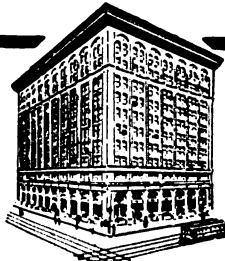
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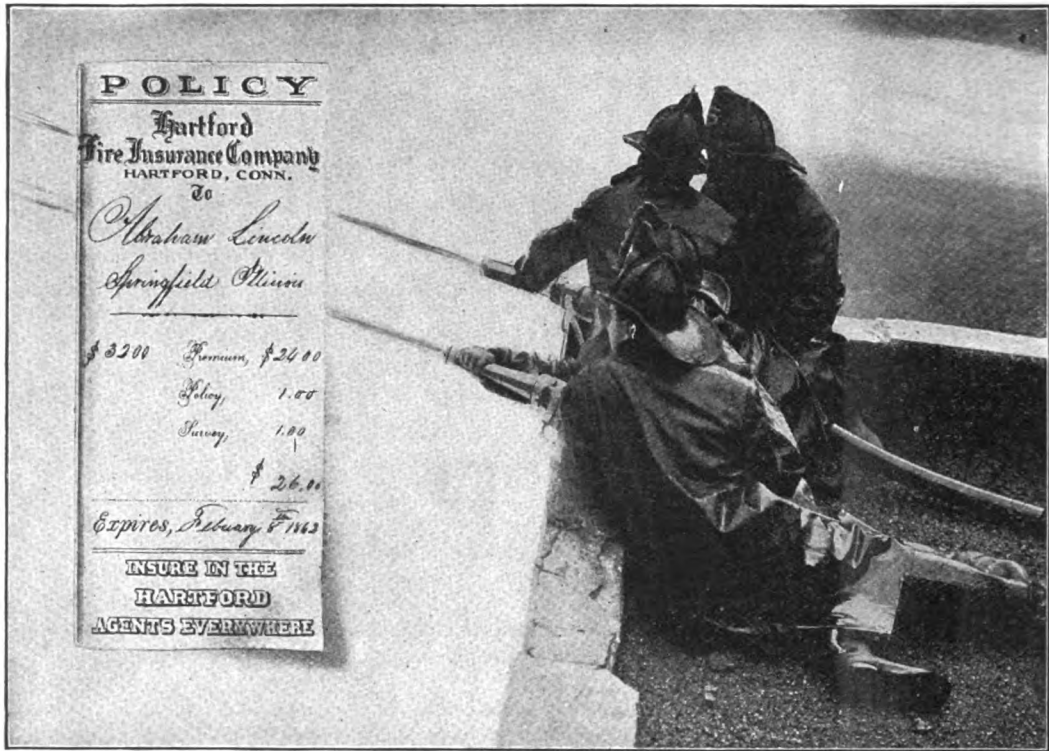
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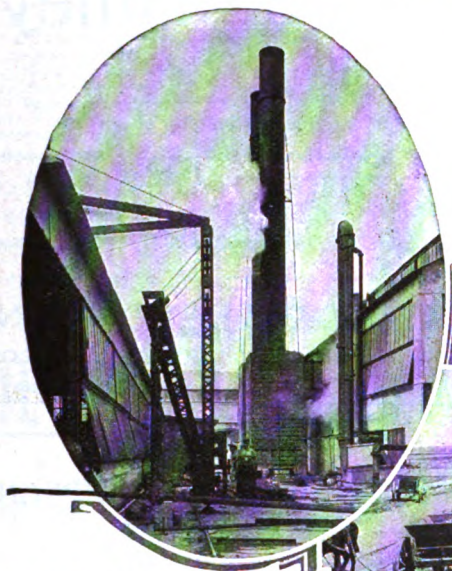
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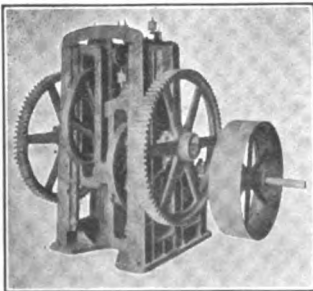
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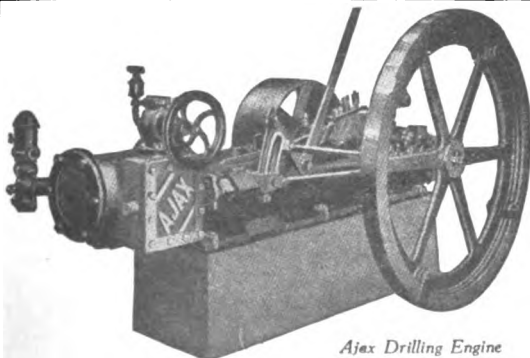
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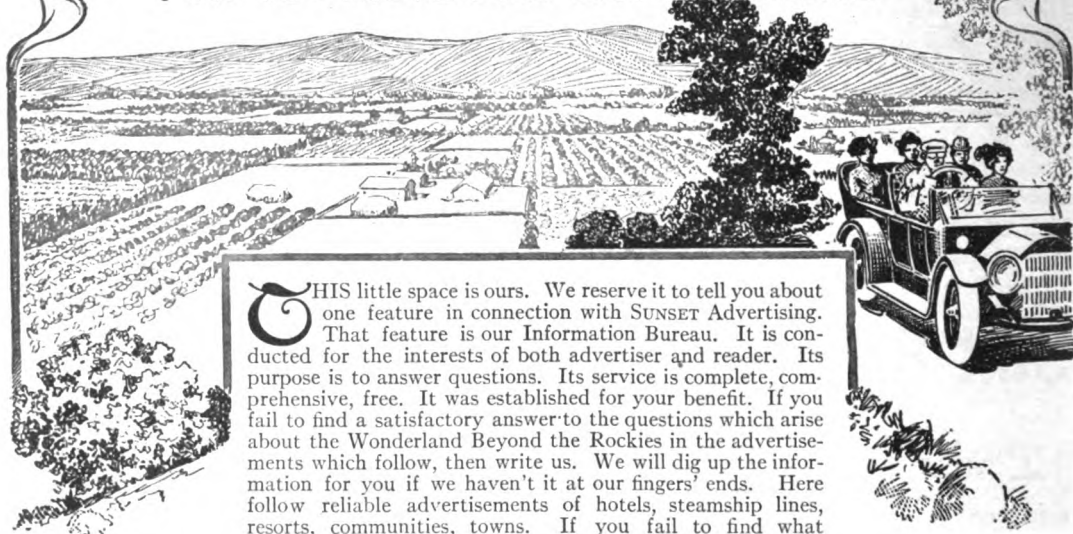
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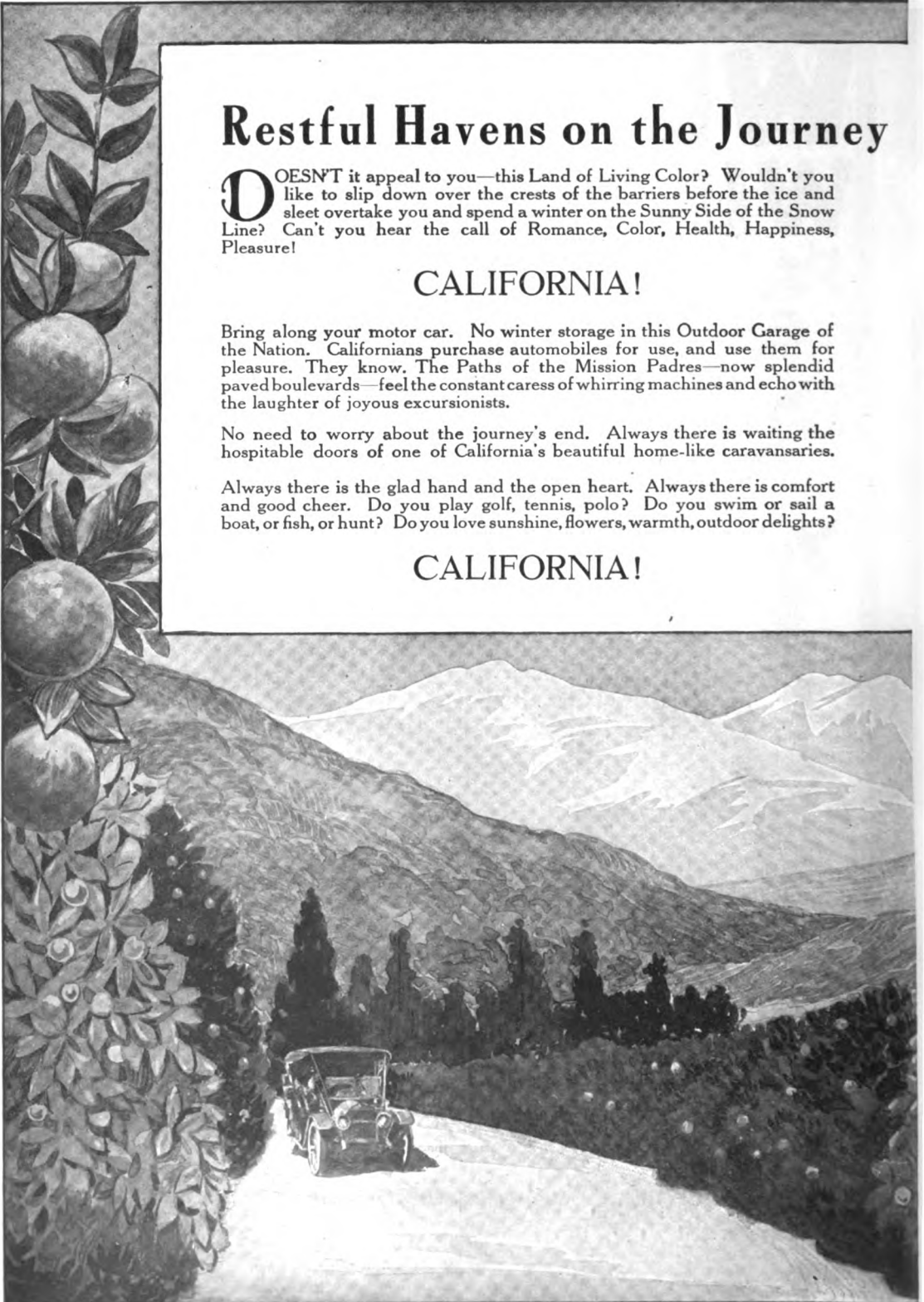
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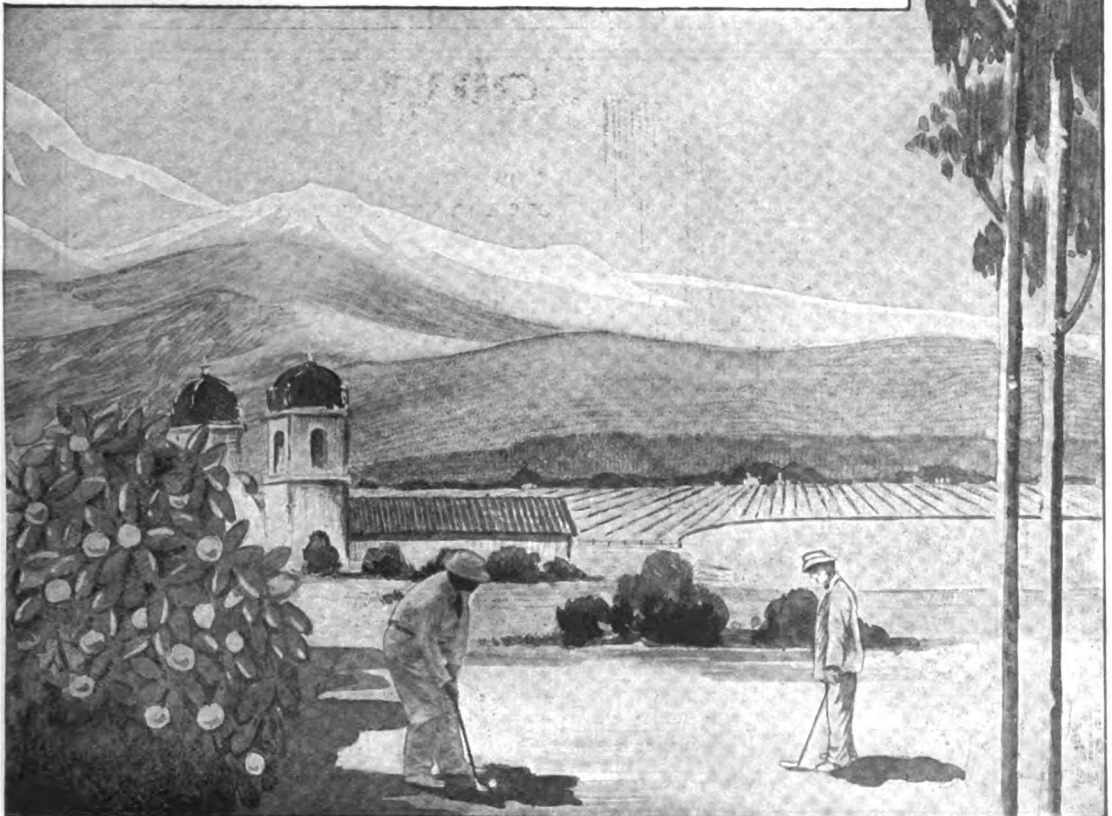


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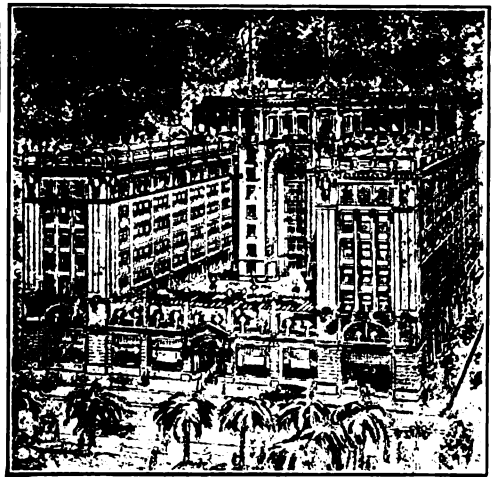
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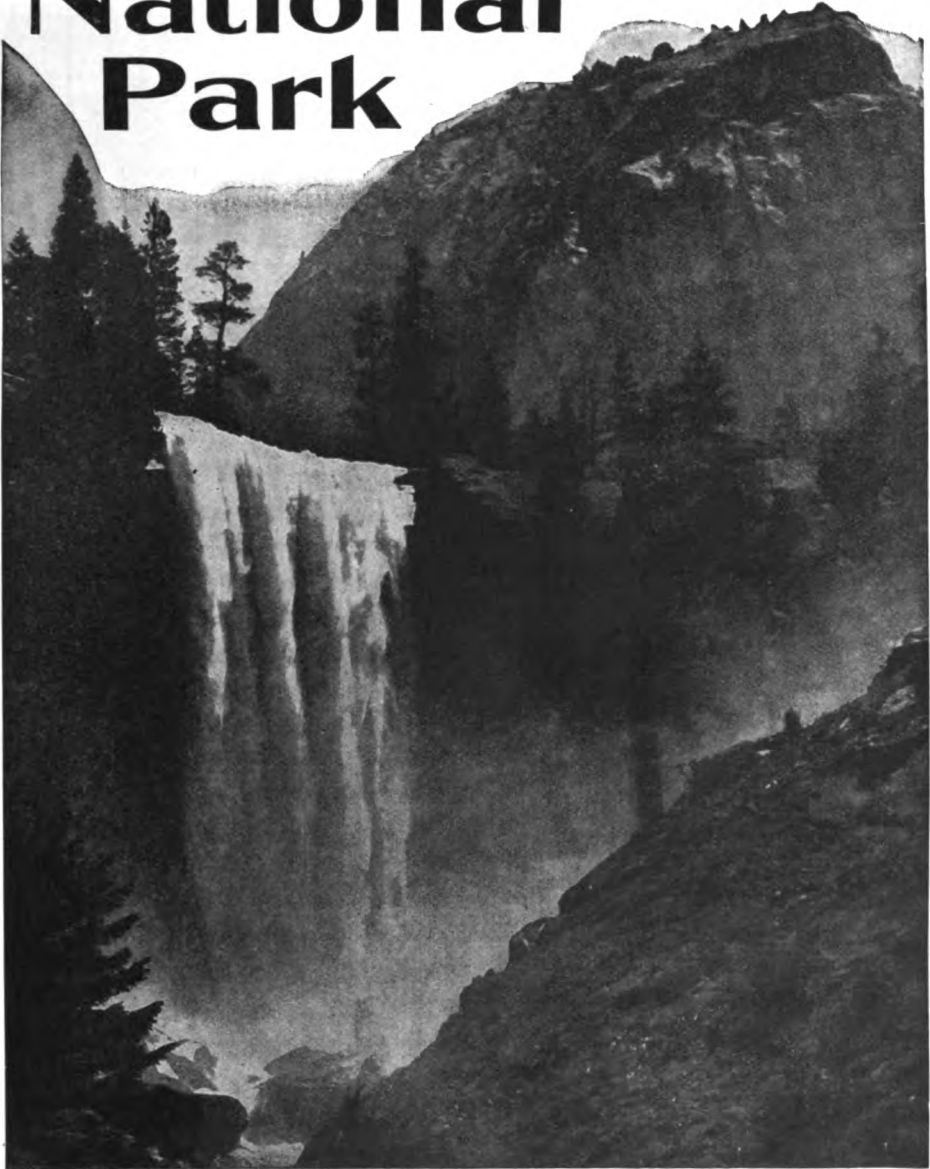
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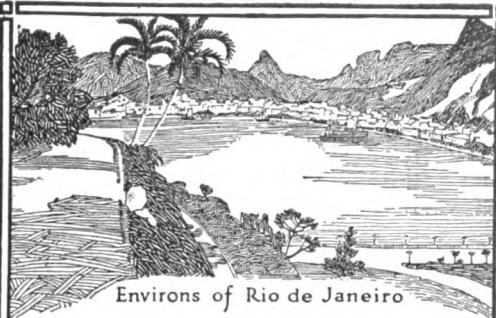
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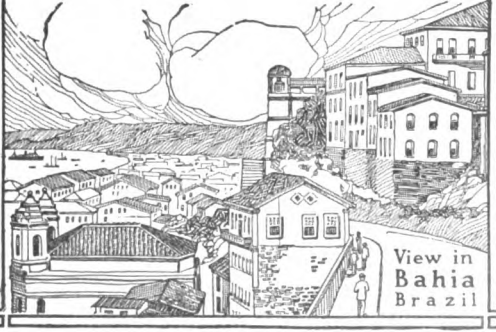
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Northern Nevada is developing rapidly and great opportunities exist for profitable land investments. Nevada is destined to be a great agricultural state. The staples: alfalfa, wheat, barley, potatoes, etc., are money making crops. Pumping for irrigation is reclaiming large districts.

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Within 3 Hours' Ride from Los Angeles

Write today, using attached coupon for full information upon

A valley that has not known crop failure for a quarter of a century; where everything grows; where soil and water are of the best; where it is never too hot nor too cold.

Mr. W. I. Percy,
Sec. Board of Trade,
Beaumont, Calif.

Please send me FREE information on Beaumont.

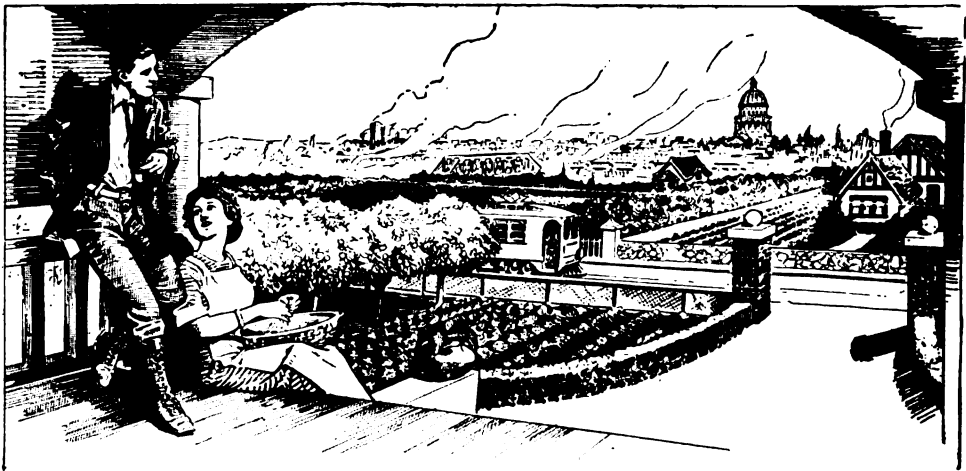
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In the Heart of Southern California

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BUY A GARDEN FARM IN THE MOST FERTILE VALLEY IN CALIFORNIA

West Sacramento

**Just Across the River
From California's Capital**

You men who have thought of California—who have thought of eventually settling in the Golden West, will find at beautiful WEST SACRAMENTO the consummation of your ideals. For here is a great reclamation project—an area of 11,500 acres of the richest land in California upon which five million dollars has already been expended in development work to make this

A MODEL COMMUNITY OF MODERN CONVENIENCES

- Where a ten minute ride on the trolley cars that cross the property will take you into the heart of a city of 80,000 people.
- Where 50 miles of macadamized roads and concrete boulevards are now being laid.
- Where crop failure is impossible because the land is kept constantly moist by a natural system of sub-irrigation that costs you nothing.
- Where a Model Free Market has been provided through which you may dispose of the product of your farm.
- Where a service bureau has been established to teach you without cost the most scientific methods of getting the soil to produce all it has to give.
- Where the climate is typically Californian the year 'round.
- And where your success is assured from the very outset.

Any man who is now engaged in farming or is interested in agriculture should, for his own benefit, investigate this wonderful reclamation project. He should send for WEST SACRAMENTO literature to keep informed of the giant strides that have been made here on this dominion of Garden Farms. He should know about the unparalleled crops this marvelously fertile soil is producing—and the splendid prices farm products are now bringing.

Terms will gladly be arranged. All you need is enough money to meet the first two payments, the profits of the soil will meet every other installment that falls due—for under intensive farming your land begins to produce in three or four months. This is being done by many land owners at WEST SACRAMENTO today. Tracts from one acre up. Only 10 per cent for your first payment. Just fill out the coupon below and mail it to-day.

West Sacramento Co.

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Fred T. Moore, Mgr. Land Sales Dept., Nicolaus Bldg., Sacramento, Cal.

Dear Sir: Kindly mail me a copy of your illustrated booklet, "Country Life in the City," and give me complete information as to prices, etc. It is understood this will not obligate me in any way.

Name
Address P. O. Box



Long Beach California

Fastest Growing City in the Country

The Atlantic City as well as the Industrial City of the Pacific Coast

Study both the map and the picture carefully. A strategic location, is it not?



Long Beach is the *playground of the Southwest*. Under the influence of her mild climate and sunny skies care takes wings and joy rules. Ocean and plunge *bathing, golf, yachting, motor boating, tennis*, ocean and trolley excursions to points of exceptional interest, and excellent *hunting and fishing*. Clean morally and physically; *excellent schools*; appeals to men with families as a place of permanent residence as well as a resort. 275 apartment houses and hotels, ranging from the tented housekeeping apartments to the palatial Hotel Virginia with its 250 rooms, every one of which is an outside room. Rapidly developing as an *industrial center*. Here are the Craig Shipbuilding Plant, building steamers up to 600 feet in length; the salt works; glass works; woolen mills; kelp factory; the canning company; yacht works, etc.

For detailed information write at once to

R. L. BISBY, Secretary Chamber of Commerce, Long Beach, Cal.

MESA, ARIZONA,

HAS
MADE
GOOD

Why?

This limited space forbids details of the varied resources, industries and comforts that are making the Salt River Valley world famous, but we are proud to show below

Some of the Reasons for the Greatness of Mesa:

- MESA is the heart of 125,000 acres of richest silt soil irrigated by gravity flow from the Roosevelt U. S. Irrigation project—the finest system in the world.
- Our valley produces abundantly every farm product with assured market.
- Our ORANGES ARE FIRST in the United States markets.
- Our EGYPTIAN COTTON, long fibre, nets \$150.00 per acre.
- We ship more fruit, hay, cattle, grain, dairy and garden products than any other point in Arizona.
- Oranges, Grape Fruit, Grapes, Apricots, Peaches, Almonds, Olives, Plums, Pears and other products are in demand from far and near because the unfailing quality is so well known. The markets of the world demand them.
- Our tributary territory embraces 225,000 acres of higher soil irrigable and irrigated by water pumped by power generated by Government power plants at the Roosevelt Dam. We are

The Center of an Inland Empire of 350,000 Acres of Proven Production

Clip and mail this coupon for detailed, illustrated information.

Secretary,
Mesa Commercial Club,
Mesa, Arizona.

Please send me free information on Mesa and Salt River Valley.

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HERE THEY ARE IN THE MIMBRES VALLEY DEMING, NEW MEXICO

THE SEVEN ESSENTIALS FOR SUCCESSFUL FARMING

LOCATION:—In the heart of New Mexico; 88 miles west of El Paso, Texas; 725 miles east of Los Angeles, Cal.; 2 days' ride from Chicago or New Orleans; 1 day's ride from Los Angeles.

CLIMATE:—Perfect for man and beast. Air is dry, pure and bracing, insuring good crops and health.

SOIL:—Deep and rich. Chief products are alfalfa, beets, corn, wheat, oats, barley, rye, melons, garden truck of all kinds. Alfalfa holds undisputed first place and commands top price. Cost of production is low. Home markets turn it into ready money.

Our subdivisions are 10, 20 and 40-acre farms, sold on installments. Ten acres in alfalfa, hogs and chickens means good living, fair sized bank account and independence.

WATER AND ELECTRICITY:—Water is pumped by electricity. To irrigate, the farmer presses a button **WHENEVER WANTED.** Wells tap an inexhaustible underground basin. Before land can be sold, State Land Commission must approve the wells, test supply and approve for amount of land they will irrigate. This careful supervision by a State Department makes the State of Arizona guardian and protector of the farmer who purchases irrigated lands of the **MIMBRES VALLEY ALFALFA FARMS COMPANY.**

RAILROADS:—Our valley had the railroads and markets before the farmer came. Through trains between Washington, D. C., and New Orleans and San Francisco, also between Chicago, St. Louis and Kansas City and the Pacific Coast, stop at Deming. It is terminal for the Santa Fe and the El Paso & Southwestern System.

MARKET:—For this reason our valley is in close touch with the markets of the world. The home market is even more attractive. Arizona and New Mexico, two rich mineral producing states, are still importing farm products. The big mines yield mineral only. They must have forage, fruits, grains, vegetables.

HOME COMFORTS:—All farm houses on our lands will be lighted by electricity. Local telephone systems will connect each pumping plant and home. The climate we have mentioned above. The people of the valley are cosmopolitan, industrious and progressive. Social conditions are the equal of any community of its size anywhere.

OUR BEST REFERENCES
ARE THE FARMERS
THEMSELVES OF
THE MIMBRES
VALLEY. INVESTIGATE US.

FILL THIS COUPON AND MAIL IT TODAY
The Mimbres Valley
Alfalfa Farms Co.
DEMING, NEW MEXICO

Please send me without expense to myself, three
free of older descriptions of your valley.
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Street.....
City..... State.....

CASA GRANDE VALLEY, Arizona

One year ago the Casa Grande Valley offered to the world a new and virgin soil, sparsely dotted with the shacks of settlers timidly "trying out" a new land. There were staunch hearts who had faith and the remarkable growth of one short year is due to their perseverance.

Today We Offer

the prospective homeseeker a community already established: a community that has made itself felt commercially and politically throughout the Southwest and even nation wide. Men who settled in our valley a year ago have made fine money over their investments, and there are very few quitters. The attractions are too alluring—the prospects too sure.

The United States Government Has Offered

to build our great irrigation works, dams, canals and necessary headworks. The state of Arizona will assist undoubtedly in bringing water to 200,000 acres of the richest land in America. Combine all these things with a growing season 365 days long where every fruit, grain and vegetable, including oranges and lemons, grow to perfection; where market is within easy reach; where the climate is dry, healthful and pleasant the year round.

These Things Mean Wealth

If you are still skeptical, do us the favor of proving our assertions. It will give us pleasure and you will profit by them if you heed them *now.* We will not have snaps to offer very long. Our valley is settling rapidly with a fine class of people. Our power as a community of the Southwest is rapidly approaching the title of **FOREMOST COMMUNITY OF THE SOUTHWEST.** Investigate us now.

LOOK Land values have more than doubled in the past year and we have only well started development.

Cut Out and Mail Today This INFORMATION COUPON

MR. J. F. BROWN,
Secy. Casa Grande Commercial Club,
Casa Grande, Arizona.

Please send me free of cost, information of your community. I have marked with X in square industry in which I am interested.

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“Live the Outdoor Life in the Finest Climate in America” at

TUCSON, ARIZONA

*There were 352 days of sunshine
and delightful weather in 1912*

and each year for the past half century has a similar record.

Floods, tornadoes, ice and snow are strangers to TUCSON
TUCSON is not merely a delightful playground.

The City is Growing Faster

than any city of its size in the country and had a 90 PER CENT GAIN IN POPULATION IN 10 YEARS.

Aside from the ideal climate, here are a few reasons why:—

THREE RAILROADS

Have developed a large wholesale and jobbing business throughout the SOUTHWEST, and northern MEXICO, and Tucson's mills and factories do a large business on both sides of the international line because:

TUCSON is the only important point on the main line of the Southern Pacific between Texas and California.

The El Paso and Southwestern, through its Rock Island connections places the city at the western end of its lines throughout the Middle West.

The Southern Pacific of Mexico, with more than 2000 miles of road, passes through rich agricultural and mining districts and touches the west coast at two important seaports, Guaymas and Mazatlan.

Other roads and extensions are now being surveyed.

The World's Richest Copper Mining District

centers in Tucson

GREAT CATTLE RANGES afford cheap feed and make the cattle business profitable and extensive.

THOUSANDS OF ACRES OF AGRICULTURAL LAND are being reclaimed and farmed at handsome profits, and

THOUSANDS OF ACRES OF GOVERNMENT LAND still await homeseekers.

LARGE PAY ROLLS from mines and railroads make general lines of business attractive.

TUCSON IS THE EDUCATIONAL CENTER OF THE SOUTHWEST, owing to the location here of the UNIVERSITY OF ARIZONA and numerous private and denominational colleges and schools, and it is a

WHOLESOME HOME CITY

as its schools, colleges, churches and homes bear witness.

DO NOT FAIL TO VISIT TUCSON, and if you desire further information in advance of your trip, write for free illustrated booklet to the

**Tucson Chamber of
Commerce** TUCSON
ARIZONA

SECRETARY TUCSON CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
TUCSON, ARIZONA
Please send me illustrated literature and further information in regard to Tucson:—
Name
Address

SUNSET
10-13

You Must Consider Sacramento

It is to your interest. No wise man turns a deaf ear to his interests. Sacramento County is growing—growing so rapidly that a few years more and land can not be purchased at anywhere near its present valuation. Government census figures show that the average per acre valuation of farm land in this county leaped from \$22.72 to \$64.32 in a single decade. That is the average for the whole county, idle land as well as land under cultivation.

Sacramento County Produces the Big Money Making Crops

That is one thing which should prove of immense interest to you. No fooling with crops that net small returns. Pears, peaches, cherries, prunes, plums, hops, oranges, walnuts, almonds, raisins, table grapes, wine grapes, olives, figs, lemons, pomelos, alfalfa—you know what such crops mean to the bank account. And the wonderful thing about Sacramento County is that all the high-priced farm products reach a certain perfection here that makes them bring top-notch prices always.

Then There is a Market Right at Home

The City of Sacramento is growing so fast that it is hard to keep up with the population statistics. Sacramento is the metropolis of the Sacramento Valley and northern California. It is the state capital of California. Its present population is now about 65,000. It is a great city, a splendid city, just such a city as one would expect to find in the midst of a domain of 12,008,841 acres of splendid farming land like that in the Sacramento Valley. And it is a city that will continue to grow. Farm land in proximity to such a city means something to the farmer.

You must plan to see Sacramento County. Don't overlook it. No man would walk around his BIGGEST OPPORTUNITY. We will send you illustrated literature, answer your questions, be glad to correspond with you. AND WE WANT YOU TO VISIT US.

For booklet and further information, address

IMMIGRATION COMMITTEE
BOARD OF SUPERVISORS, SACRAMENTO
SACRAMENTO COUNTY, CALIFORNIA

Your Opportunity Lies in the West

There are many small towns in California and Oregon surrounded by well-to-do Farming communities that need various business establishments.

There are many Good farms—Irrigated and Non-irrigated—located near railroads and good markets.

The Colonization and Industrial Department of the Union Pacific has been organized to give You authentic information regarding business openings and farm propositions in the west. We make the preliminary investigations and furnish you all data without expense to you.

Write today. If you wish to establish a business tell us what kind of business and the locality you prefer. We will send you complete data covering that business in the territory you select. If you wish to Farm we will give you complete data covering the place where you desire to locate.

R. A. SMITH

Colonization and Industrial Agent

Union Pacific Railroad Co.

*Room 111, Union Pacific Building
Omaha, Nebraska*

WOULDN'T IT BE FINE

If you could whenever desired and at an operating expense of less than 2 cents per 1000 gallons, apply water to your garden, orchard, or green house plants in the form of fine rain at the rate of an inch in less than four hours? All this can be accomplished by using the Campbell Combination Oil Engine Pumping Outfits and the

CAMPBELL AUTOMATIC IRRIGATION SPRINKLERS

The Campbell Automatic Irrigation Sprinkler is something entirely new. It covers four times the area of any other practical sprinkler, the distribution is perfect over the entire surface covered, the discharge streams are entirely unobstructed and cannot become clogged by sediment or pipe scale, it operates on very low pressures, requiring inexpensive pumping machinery, and has bell metal balls with removable Tobin Bronze Bearings, thus making it practically indestructible. It solves the irrigation problem.

For out-door use the sprinklers are placed 50 ft. distant in every direction on 6 foot $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch stand pipes connected to underground pipe system through which water is supplied to the sprinklers under pressure, preferably from our Combination Pumping Outfits, and so arranged that as large an acreage as the pump will supply can be turned on at one time. For green house use the sprinklers are placed 35 feet apart on pipe 8 feet high extending lengthwise the building, and are operated in an inverted position.

Special Introductory Offer. Send us \$2.00 and we will mail you postpaid sample of regular Brass Irrigation Sprinkler to any point in the United States with full instructions for installing and operating. Nickel Plated Sprinkler for lawn, park or cemetery use complete with 4 foot stand pipe with connections for attaching to $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch hose, delivered via Parcel Post or express \$6.00. After November 1st price on regular Brass Sprinklers will be \$3.00. Our booklet "Modern Irrigation" on request.

J. P. CAMPBELL, DEPT. B-4

218 EAST BAY STREET

JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA

References: Dun, Bradstreets or any bank in Jacksonville



There's No Need Trying To Farm a Quarter Section

That much land in the Rogue River Valley would keep a man so busy that he would never have time for rest and recreation. And besides a wideawake farmer can make more money from ten to forty acres here than he can on a whole section in some parts of the country. Twenty acres devoted to general farming will pay big dividends.

Jackson County leads all others in Oregon in the production of apples, peaches, nectarines, pears and apricots; is third in the production of grapes and berries and is making great strides in poultry raising, and in other agricultural lines.

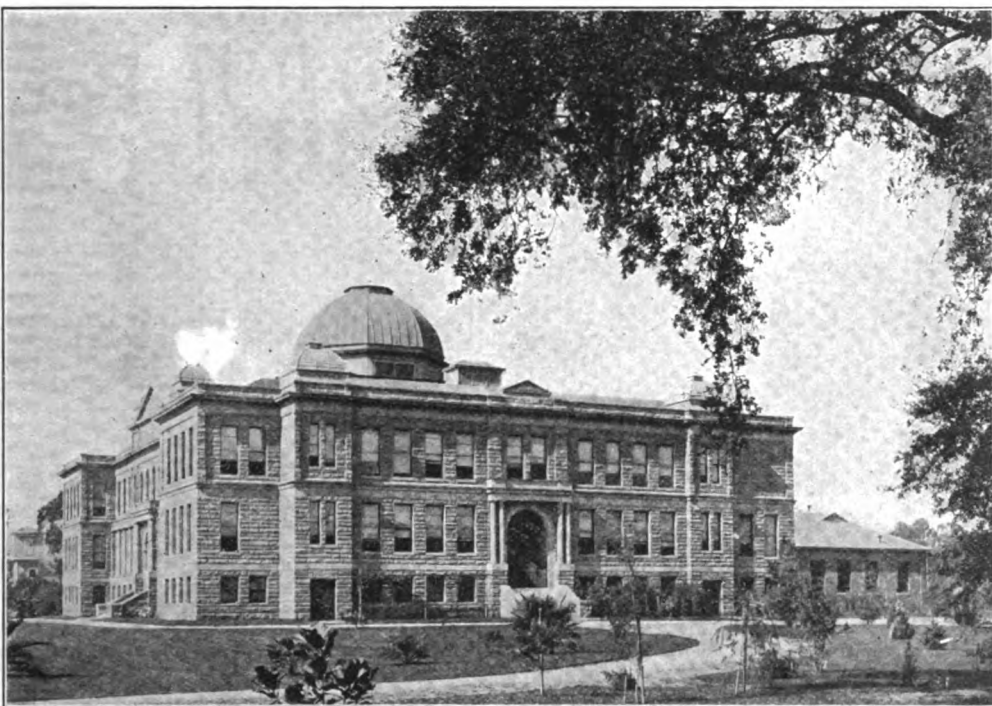
A delightful climate, with an annual rainfall of 33 inches; an attractive environment of beautiful mountains and fertile valleys; proximity to thriving cities; easy access to Oregon's natural wonders; splendid fishing and hunting; rich soil, plenty of water—these are some of the things that should interest you.

Write at once for illustrated literature and information relative to price of land, opportunities for beginners, opportunities for investment, etc. Address

Jackson County Court, Jacksonville

Jackson County

OREGON



The Public Schools of San Joaquin County are all that could be desired

When You Leave The Old Home for The New—

you are not leaving better for worse in San Joaquin County, California. This county was settled many years ago. It is abreast with the times. Here are wonderful paved highways; fast electric trains; electricity in all homes, country or city; telephones; rural mail delivery; fast river boats; through transcontinental trains; thriving cities with big manufacturing interests; live people; wealth-producing orchards, vineyards, fields. Here life is pleasant, environment ideal. Within easy reach are the wonderlands of California and the Nation. Pleasure trips are possible at the minimum of expense. *And the soil!* You have never seen anything like it!

San Joaquin is California's Most Diversified County. San Joaquin is in closest touch with the Biggest California Markets. San Joaquin has every variety of soil. Therefore—you can easily be *pleased*, not only pleased but *satisfied* with us.

For illustrated literature and answers to your inquiries address either of the undersigned:

Secretary, Chamber of Commerce...Stockton Secretary, Manteca Board of Trade...Manteca
Secretary, Lodi Merchants Association...Lodi Secretary, Ripon Board of Trade Ripon
Secretary, Tracy Board of Trade, Tracy

San Joaquin County

CALIFORNIA

In writing to advertisers please mention SUNSET, The Pacific Monthly



COOS BAY

The safest deep-sea harbor between San Francisco and the Columbia River

COOB BAY is spending \$300,000 annually in harbor improvements.

An estimated 110,000,000,000 feet of standing timber, the largest belt of standing timber tributary to any port in the world now ripe for the harvest

Coos Bay offers inducements to homeseekers, tourists, investors.

Practical dairymen, stock raisers, fruit growers and truck gardeners are invited to investigate thoroughly the opportunities in the Coos Bay region.

Manufacturers are invited to investigate openings here. Four hundred miles of territory underlaid with deposits of coal with four mines in operation. Five immense lumber mills, one the largest on the Pacific Coast, demonstrate openings for wood manufacturing plants. Modern paper and pulp mill now operating.

Oregon is on the eve of vast development. Coos Bay bound to feel effects of this development.

Further information and booklet can be obtained from either of the undersigned organizations.

Write to-day.

Marshfield Chamber of Commerce, Marshfield, Ore.
North Bend Commercial Club, North Bend, Ore.

136.7 Per Cent

This is not a story of inflated dividends. It is not the story of a get-rich-quick scheme that worked. It is not the story of bluff and scheming and skinning the other fellow. It is the story of the wonderful increase in population of a single California county, a county that made a greater gain in farming, population than any other county in all California in a single decade.

Ten years from the time of the taking of the last census Stanislaus County was sparsely settled. Its broad acres were in grain. The farms were tremendous ranches and the farming was done in a most haphazard manner.

Today Stanislaus County is known far and wide as

"The Kingdom of the Small Farmer"

Three hundred thousand acres are "under water," have been provided with irrigation. The great wheat ranches are flourishing orchards, vine-yards, truck farms, dairy pastures, alfalfa fields, poultry ranches. One acre is producing more wealth than did ten, sometimes twenty, in the old days.

There is still room for a lot of energetic settlers in this county. There are still opportunities for making splendid money from the farm. There will always be opportunities in Sunny Stanislaus. But the best opportunities are right now.

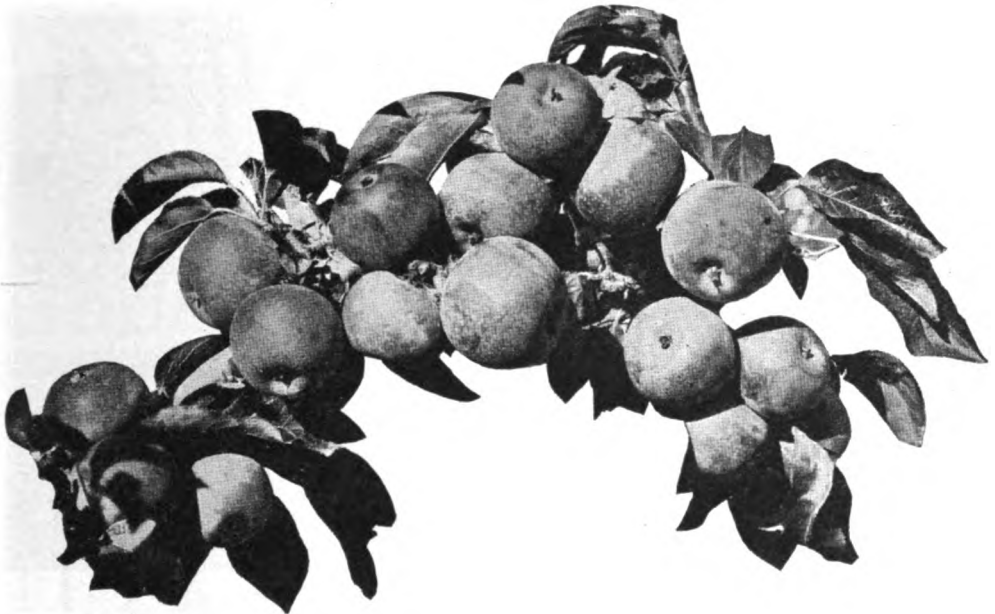
Write us for more information. It will prove of interest and value to you. You can make a living from less land here than in many other sections of the country.

Write us at once. Address

Secretary
Stanislaus County Board of Trade
Modesto, California

And always keep this in mind—

It's
"Sunny" Stanislaus



Profitable Farming

Profitable farming depends largely upon climate. In Monterey County, California, there is a most continuous growing season. One can plow and plant from November to April and market a crop almost any month in the year. The elements of successful production are soil, warmth and moisture. The Monterey County farmer has each of these elements at its very best.

Monterey County has a reputation for good apples, profitable sugar beets and finest of potatoes and the best paying of dairy herds. Forty acres of alfalfa, a small herd of good cows, a well and a pumping plant means a big paying industry. There are a lot of farmers in Monterey County who are making good money farming grain land, raising hogs and cattle.

The Pajaro Valley in the northern part of the county is a big apple district where an

apple orchard is as safe as a government bond as an investment but pays better dividends. Good apples and other fruits are also grown in the Carmel, the Jolon, Peachtree and other valleys in this county. The Salinas Valley is known for its Burbank potatoes. Here too almost every sort of farm crop can be grown successfully and profitably.

Then there is that other side of Monterey County, the side which interests nearly every one, the fact that *Monterey County* is *one of the big playgrounds of California*. The resort section of our county is famous for its climate. Monterey peninsula is known from one end of America to the other for its beauty. There is much of historical interest, much to see, much to hear and much to do. It is a place that would satisfy the most discriminating tourist.

Our county booklet tells you lots more about Monterey County. It was written to answer such inquiries as doubtless are arising in your own mind right now. You might as well send for it to-day. You'll do it before you move to California anyhow or else you'll miss one of the best parts of California. Address either of the undersigned organizations.

Monterey Chamber of Commerce . . . Monterey
Pacific Grove Board of Trade . . . Pacific Grove
Kings City Board of Trade Kings City

Fort Romie Grange Soledad
Greenfield Grange Greenfield
Monterey County Chamber of Commerce, Salinas

Monterey County

CALIFORNIA



Crop Insurance

A well like this proves our claims that Madera County has an abundance of water. There is no question about it anyhow. Anybody who knows anything about Madera County knows that the county is underlaid with a tremendous supply of melted snow from the Sierra Nevada Mountains. This well pictured above is one of thirty-three artesian wells in the western end of the county. It has been flowing for fifty years at the rate of a million gallons per day. It is 300 feet in depth. Water can be developed at a nominal cost, so nominal in fact that it is merely *crop insurance* at less than fire or tornado insurance which the California farmer doesn't carry.

You Just Keep Your Eye on Madera

the California county that got behind a little bit in the development but is catching up so fast that it is already ahead of its neighbors. The thing that should interest you most about Madera is that you can still buy land at a most reasonable figure.

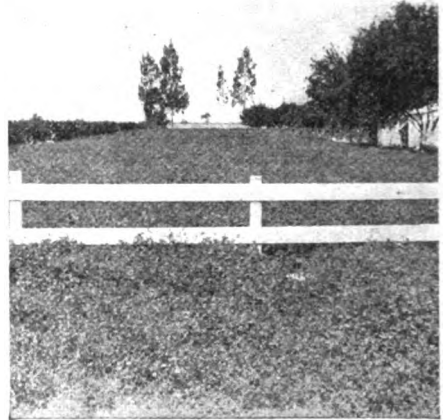
For further information and illustrated literature address

Secretary Chamber of Commerce

MADERA

Madera County

CALIFORNIA



When This Hay Is Baled

It will bring from ten to twelve dollars a ton. The rancher has cut his crop six times this season. He has taken from one to two tons per acre at every cutting. It seems impossible to supply the demand for alfalfa in California for alfalfa takes the place of almost all other forage and grain crops in the feeding pen.

The Lodi country is California's most intensified, most diversified farming district. It is within ninety miles of San Francisco Bay. It has the benefit of lowest transportation rates both by water and rail. It has an abundance of water for irrigation and an equable and delightful climate.

The annual shipments from the Lodi section include 2500 cars of table grapes, 2000 cars of wine grapes, twenty-six cars of almonds, seventy-five cars of deciduous fruits, 1400 cars of wine, besides grain, alfalfa and stock.

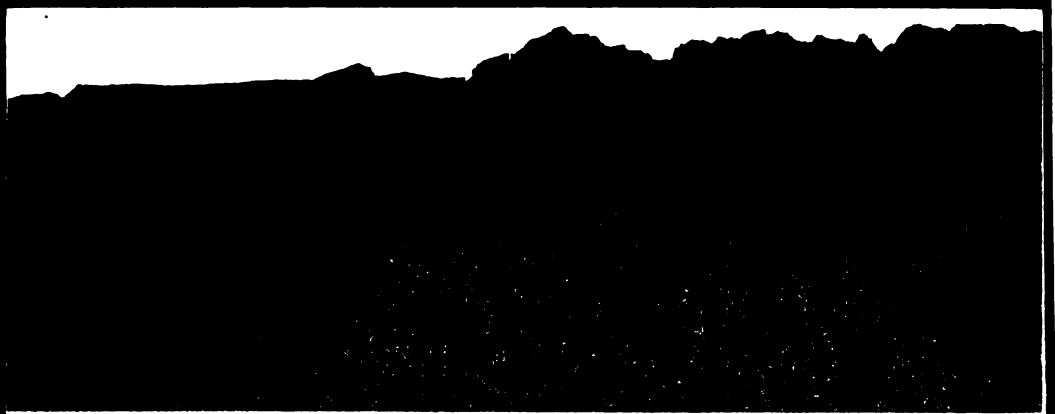
There are many opportunities for fruit and nut raising, berries, alfalfa, garden truck, poultry and dairying. Let us tell you more about Lodi.

Write for our illustrated booklet.

Address, Secretary Merchants' Association, Lodi, California.

LODI

CALIFORNIA



ALFALFA

Alfalfa and Kern County are synonyms—they are inseparable. Success with alfalfa here has been demonstrated. Many farmers are making fortunes growing this most nutritious of forage crops. There is nothing like alfalfa. Other forage crops are grown and grown with success all over the world, but in California ALFALFA is the big crop, for here it reaches a perfection in growth unequalled elsewhere.

One grower of alfalfa in Kern County says that he could easily sell ten times more than he is able to produce from his acreage. He started with forty acres and has put in fifty-two acres more. He has averaged ten tons to the acre each year, with six or seven cuttings, and has received from \$7.50 to \$10 per ton. Another alfalfa grower has an income of \$1600 every six weeks from his eighty-acre field.

Kern County has rich soil, the cream of California climate, plenty of water for irrigation, transportation facilities that make marketing easy, and the world for a market.

What Kern County lacks is people—people to till more of the vast acreage of tillable land that yet awaits cultivation.

Your opportunity for health, wealth and happiness may be right here in Kern County, California. We will gladly tell you more about it. Send for our beautifully illustrated sixty-four page booklet. We will back up every statement in it. Address

SECRETARY KERN COUNTY BOARD OF TRADE, BAKERSFIELD

KERN COUNTY

• • • CALIFORNIA • • •

Concentrated Dairy Profits

This picture represents a portion of the products of Tillamook County, the prize dairy county of the Northwest. Tillamook is a natural dairy pasture, where soft warm rains and a rich soil nurture a wealth of nutritious grasses. Profits in the industry are big. The cream from the Tillamook dairies is not marketed as butter but as cheese. There are twenty-two co-operative cheese factories in the county owned by the farmers and paying the biggest prices known for butter fat.



Tillamook County has 33,000,000,000 feet of standing timber, the finest Douglas fir, spruce and cedar in the Northwest. This timber is now being harvested, which means a period of great activity around Tillamook and Nehalem Bays.

Tillamook County is the most popular beach resort of the Pacific Northwest. Almost every foot of available ground is devoted to beach attractions. Then there are pleasures for the hunter and fisherman in the nearby coast mountains.

It is well worth your while to investigate the delights of every day life in Tillamook County.

Send for our illustrated booklet, the truth about Tillamook County written so that you can understand it.

Address, TILLAMOOK COUNTY COURT

Tillamook County, Oregon

Tempting Valleys in the Foothills of Tuolumne County, California

Tempting because these lands offer much to the man of small means. There are many thousands of acres here excellently suited to fruit growing that can be obtained at a most reasonable figure. The soil is rich, the climate is delightful, there is much to see of California's wonderland.

Grain farmers, stock raisers, fruit growers, dairymen can do well to look into the offerings of our county.

For further information and booklet address

Clerk of the Board of Supervisors, Sonora, California



THERE ARE MANY PRETTY VALLEYS LIKE THIS SUITABLE FOR FARMING



Answers Your Questions—

Here is exactly what you have been looking for. We have compiled information that is just exactly the sort of thing that the average homeseeker wants. We tell you in detail the amount of money required, the character of land, cost of trees, cost of planting fruit trees and cost of maintenance until the orchard comes to maturity. Minimum gross receipts, the average gross receipts, the maximum gross receipts, the minimum net profit, the average net profit, the maximum net profit, the district best adapted for the various fruit industries and almost any other question that might arise in your mind in regard to orchard or vineyard. This is the kind of information you want. We have also compiled booklets on poultry raising and on general farming.

In Sonoma County there are a million acres of land and only 50,000 people and the majority of the people are in the cities. Sonoma County is thirty-two miles from San Francisco. You know what that means: big market, cheap transportation, quick return.

If you are interested and desire such information as indicated write at once to either of the undersigned organizations.

Sonoma County Development Association, Santa Rosa.
 Santa Rosa Chamber of Commerce, Santa Rosa.
 Petaluma Chamber of Commerce, Petaluma.
 Sebastopol Chamber of Commerce, Sebastopol.
 Cloverdale Chamber of Commerce, Cloverdale.

Sonoma Chamber of Commerce, Sonoma.
 Guerneville Improvement Club, Guerneville.
 Healdsburg Chamber of Commerce, Healdsburg.
 Windsor Chamber of Commerce, Windsor.
 Glen Ellen Chamber of Commerce, Glen Ellen.

Sonoma County

"The Chosen Home of 'Wizard' Burbank"

CALIFORNIA

**“For Residence
For Health
For Comfort in the Field
For Real Delight in Outdoor Life**

there is no place like Santa Barbara on the planet!” That may sound a bit strong to you. It may sound a bit like self praise. It isn't. Not at all. Those words are not our own but from an authority on California who *knows* Santa Barbara.



The Homes are Massed in Flowers all the Year

There is so much to see, so much to do, so many places to go, so much of historical interest, such a perfectly delightful climate that it is no wonder that Santa Barbara is the winter home of thousands who come here to get a touch of the *real sunshine of life*.

SANTA BARBARA

is the most famous resort city on the Pacific Coast, is noted the world over for its splendid hotels, its homes, its scenery, its climate. Here are California's best known missions.

All this should mean something to you. It should mean that Santa Barbara *must* be considered before you settle upon your destination. This we know—you *will never be disappointed in Santa Barbara*.

For information and booklet (illustrated) write at once to

**Secretary
Chamber of Commerce
SANTA BARBARA
CALIFORNIA**

Would you like to know how—

**A SCHOOL MASTER
A CLERGYMAN
A COWMAN
A DOCTOR**

have helped to develop the wonderful Mimbres Valley and incidentally made homes for themselves, developed splendid farms and are making money?

Would you like to know *how you* can do the same? How you can *get a start* and *make good*?

Get this!

Good irrigable land can be purchased near Deming now at \$5 to \$20 per acre and equipped with a well with a capacity of 1400 to 1500 gallons per minute at a total cost of land, well and equipment not to exceed \$50 per acre. That is much less than you would have to pay for irrigated land elsewhere.

And the pumping plant—the most satisfactory kind of irrigation. Personally owned pumping plants make each man master of his water supply—water when needed, as much as needed.

The market? Vast mining districts entirely dependent upon the Mimbres Valley for farm produce. There is no other nearby land suitable for agriculture.

DEMING MIMBRES VALLEY NEW MEXICO

There you have it—the city, the valley, the state. There is just one thing more to remember: When you write address

**SECRETARY
CHAMBER OF COMMERCE,
DEMING, NEW MEXICO**



WATER—JUST WHEN YOU WANT IT; JUST WHERE YOU WANT IT

We Want Three Things:

1. MORE FARMERS
2. MORE SUBURBAN HOMES
3. MORE MANUFACTORIES

The points in favor of each are the same. Solano offers proximity to markets, and cities—it is halfway between San Francisco and Sacramento; good electrical, steam train and river boat transportation; beautiful homesites; rich soils; magnificent industrial sites; and California's most beneficent climate.

Solano county is an ideal fruit country, a wonderful alfalfa and dairying country, a perfect truck farming country.

The picture below shows one of the big dairies in Solano county. This dairy is a model dairy—its product is found on the dining cars of the western railroads, in the hospitals and in the high class hotels. Here alfalfa is turned into purest milk and cream under most perfect conditions of sanitation and hygiene. There are other similar dairies. Naturally the product from such dairies brings the highest prices known for dairy products. The reason for success in dairying is easily attributable to the richness of Solano county's alfalfa fields. Which in turn proves the fertility of the soil.

We will be glad to answer any questions you might care to ask concerning Solano county. Address your letters to

**CHARLES F. WYER, Secretary Solano County Exposition Commission
FAIRFIELD**

Solano County, California

THE FINEST CERTIFIED MILK IN THE LAND COMES FROM THIS MODEL SOLANO COUNTY DAIRY



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Beautiful San Diego—On the Harbor of the Sun—Where Climate, Romance and Commerce Are Blended Into An Earthly Paradise

THERE'S only one POINT LOMA and it's the choicest residential spot of all the land. Standing as the majestic guardian of San Diego and her grand harbor, overlooking views that are unsurpassed in all the world, Point Loma offers to mankind a home, and with that home an all-the-time climate that varies at noonday not more than ten degrees throughout the year.

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A postcard will bring our booklet.

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Mr. Dairyman:—20 acres of our alfalfa land will take care of 50 cows—**netting you from \$150 to \$200 an acre.** We will sell you this land in a full stand of alfalfa at from \$150 to \$200 per acre—on easy terms.

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Mr. Cotton Planter:—Our land will **net you from .75 to \$125 per acre—if planted to Egyptian cotton.** We will sell you this land at from \$75 to \$150 per acre on liberal terms.

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Why not Farm the BEST and Produce the MOST?

We have **EVERYTHING** in the way of land, for the man who is anxious to succeed.

Write today for full information and illustrated booklets.

Arizona Securities and Investment Company

PHOENIX

ARIZONA

The Contrast Here is Great

The contrast between Tulare County and other sections is even greater. The topographical formation of Tulare County gives her every climate from the semi-tropics to the rigorous north; her geological formation gives her many varieties of fertile soil; her vast watershed an excellent gravity and underground water supply; her geographical location a commanding position to local markets and her transportation facilities places her in touch with the markets of the world.

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Tulare County Board of Trade
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Antelope Valley

LOS ANGELES COUNTY, CALIFORNIA

One hundred and forty square miles of the finest of land, only three hours' ride from Los Angeles, the metropolis of Southern California, now on the market and being rapidly settled. Few such opportunities left in the southern portion of this great state. This is not a private land project. The Lancaster Chamber of Commerce is composed of citizens of the Antelope Valley who *know* the greatest of opportunities are here for live energetic settlers. This splendid valley is suited for alfalfa, dairying, hog raising, deciduous and citrus fruits. Good soil. Wonderfully agreeable climate. Purest of water. Splendid auto roads. High, healthful, fertile, wealth producing. There is a coupon attached herewith that will be worth your while to cut out *right now* and mail as directed. It will be the means of putting you in touch with a chance to own a fine home in a new country.

This alfalfa will cut two tons to the acre



Mr. Irving E. Dodge
 Secretary Chamber of Commerce
 Lancaster, California

Please send me without expense to myself, illustrated folder descriptive of your valley.

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CITY

STATE

In writing to advertisers please mention SUNSET, The Pacific Monthly

SAN JOAQUIN A VALE OF IRRIGATED FARMS



HOW ABOUT YOUR DEED?

HERE'S YOUR CHANCE. Here's a new standard for community development. A new impetus is given to farming, 72,000 acres of the richest soil in THE SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY.

Abundance of water. A Service Bureau with an experimental farm of more than 700 acres guarantees, instruction and advice. Failure unknown.

7000 acres already sold to more than 300 satisfied farmers. Men who have compared value before deciding to buy.

In the CITY of SAN JOAQUIN acres of costly land have been set aside to provide for the convenience and comfort of newcomers to the COMMUNITY OF SAN JOAQUIN.

On one side of the railroad which passes through the property reservation is made for warehouses and industrial enterprises, and on the other side for beautiful parks with trees, shrubbery and flowers, bounded by electrically lighted sidewalks.

Picture to yourself this garden spot—this community of model farms with its rows of grape vines, its vistas of blossoming orchards, snug artistic homes equipped with every convenience. And all this under a smiling California sky in the heart of THE GREAT SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY.

No community in the world enjoys so many distinct advantages as the model farms around San Joaquin.

The project is the most nearly perfect that has ever been developed.

The prices are reasonable—\$125 to \$300 an acre on easiest terms.

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Send me without charge Booklet of 72,000 Acre James Ranch Pictures.

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Opportunities in Oregon

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Oregon with its fertile valleys and green grass the year round is an ideal dairy country.

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The climate of Oregon is particularly adapted to poultry raising. Eggs range in price from 25 to 60 cents per dozen, and poultry from 17 to 25 or 30 cents per lb. The supply never equals the demand.

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Hog raising until recently in Oregon was confined largely to home consumption, but with a better understanding of the subject and the profits certain, a splendid field is open in this industry.

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Oregon as a fruit growing State, for apples, pears, peaches and berries, is well known, and there are still greater possibilities.

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Grains and grasses of all kinds—wheat, oats, barley, rye, corn, alfalfa, hay, clover and timothy can be grown. Truck farming and gardening offer great opportunities for the man of small means.

Let us send you literature that is both interesting and reliable along the above lines. It is free for the asking.

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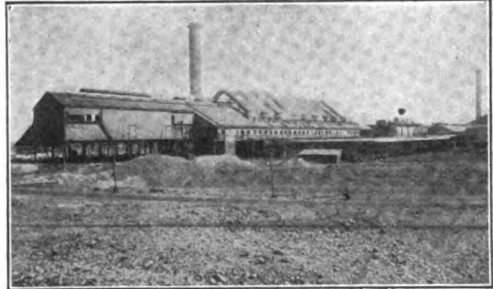


Douglas, Arizona

THE GATEWAY OF TWO REPUBLICS

Douglas is a modern city of 12,000 people, built entirely since 1902. Mineral and railroad interests founded it in the Sulphur Springs Valley, where Nature has bestowed generously of soil and water and climate and the farmer is developing a great, rich back country more rapidly than is usual, because the MARKET FOR FARM PRODUCTS PRECEDED THE PRODUCER.

Douglas is an important point on the main line of the El Paso & Southwestern System and enjoys through train service with the Pacific Coast, with Kansas City, St. Louis and Chicago and direct connection with the East. It is two days from Chicago and one day from Los Angeles.



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Investors—Homeseekers—Tourists

Find
Wealth,
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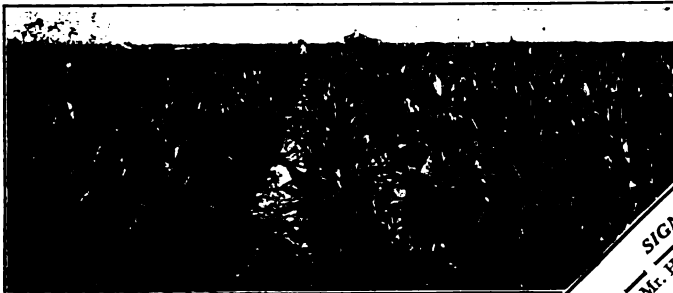


Ocean
to
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Motorists
Make
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Haven

A City's Prominence is Indicated by its Hotels. Lobby of the Gadsden at Douglas, where Motorists, Tourists and Business Men Rest.

Douglas is the Queen City in a Land of Exceptional Resources. It has startled the world with its past growth, but development has just begun. The ground floor of Unparalleled Opportunity Welcomes the Homeseeker and Investor. Get in touch with our people; they are all satisfied boosters. Send for a daily paper; our Chamber will supply it for the asking.

Our tax and insurance rates are exceptionally low. Our smelter and railroad payrolls amount to \$300,000 per month. Our bank deposits exceed \$2,000,000. We are also a clearing house for a vast, rich domain in northern Mexico and the northern terminus of the Nacozari railroad.



Milo Maize Helps the Farmer's Bankroll

SIGN AND MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY
Mr. H. D. DuBOIS, Secretary Chamber of
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Please send me without expense to myself, illustrated
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The Wonderful Yuma Valley

Where they have:

The Richest Soil in the World
 The Best Growing Climate
 More Water than they can ever use
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 16 Tons of Alfalfa per year per acre
 2 Crops of Grain every year
 Sweetest Earliest Oranges
 Finest Vegetables in Winter
 Green Pasture All the Year

Where they raise, as splendid payers:

TURKEYS CHICKENS HOGS
 CATTLE BEES

Best Fruit Land in the U. S. for:

DATES FIGS ORANGES
 LEMONS GRAPE FRUIT

Write us for Yuma booklet

We sell Yuma, Arizona, Southern Cal., and Sinaloa, Mexico, Lands

Smith, Kryger & Ingham

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LUCK

What Is It?

We call a successful man lucky, but there is no such thing as luck. The successful man of today was the thinking man of yesterday. He knows a good opportunity when he sees it, and he loses no time in taking advantage of it.

Think Today for Tomorrow

The man who never gets ahead in this world generally thinks after the opportunity is past. **THINK:** Right here and now is your opportunity to lay the foundation for your success.

Water is King

Lands in the famous Salt River Valley sure to double in value.

Under the ROOSEVELT DAM.

If interested write us. We are headquarters for BARGAINS.

Stewart, Fields and Hammels
 37 W. Adams St. Phoenix, Ariz.

Ashland, Oregon

Sheltered by the Siskiyou, the Cascades and the Coast Mountains, in a high, healthful valley—an ideal place for residence, surrounded by ideal fruit lands.

Many fortunes are being made and have been made in the fruit lands about Ashland. The peaches raised here have taken prizes in competition with the world's best. Ashland apples and pears are big money-makers.

You should know more about Ashland if you are contemplating a move. We'll be glad to tell you the rest of the story if you'll send us your name and address.

Secretary Ashland Commercial Club
 Ashland, Oregon

GLENDALE, ARIZONA

THE GARDEN SPOT OF THE SALT RIVER VALLEY

Has a sugar factory, cotton gin, ice factory, creamery, electric line to Phoenix. Ideal for general farming, stock raising, dairying, poultry, fruit raising and gardening. We have all kinds of land for sale. Write us for illustrated descriptive information.

MUGG & COHENOUR, Real Estate Dealers
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It will help you--got it--read it

—It is brim full of live facts—

POULTRY LIFE

The magazine of the Pacific Coast

FIFTY CENTS A YEAR

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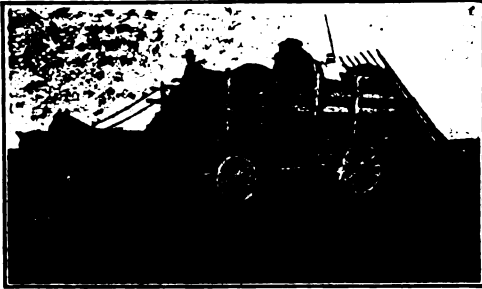
Egyptian long staple cotton grows naturally in the Salt River Valley with Roosevelt Reservoir water service. Record for 1912, \$111.62 net profit per acre.

Land with same water service and same quality of soil still for sale at \$125.00 per acre and up. Good terms.

Write today

WILBUR REALTY CO.
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ANTELOPE VALLEY CALIFORNIA



Alfalfa Harvest Creates Bank Accounts

We are proprietors of extensive, developed ranch properties here—THE PORTLAND RANCH—WHICH ARE NOT FOR SALE. Actual statistics show over 2½ tons per acre from the first cutting of our full grown stand of Alfalfa, this season. Five sure cuttings a season with possibility of six.

Wishing to encourage others to build homes here and make money by investing in and developing Antelope Valley lands, we have listed with us choice properties in RAW, PARTIALLY AND FULLY DEVELOPED lands, 40 acres and up, at prices that can not be bettered.

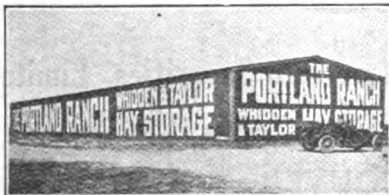
Alfalfa, hog, dairy, pear, apple, apricot and almond ranches are to be the principal income producers of this, THE COMING VALLEY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

Raw lands, in isolated cases, may be purchased for less, but fine land, well located with good water conditions, is rapidly becoming scarce at \$35.00 to \$50.00 per acre. We offer a few special bargains, with pumping plant, etc., at prices less than the cost of the raw land and the improvements today.

WE KNOW THE COUNTRY, THE SOIL AND THE POSSIBILITIES OF THIS NEW COUNTRY, and in buying through us our Real Estate clients receive the benefit of our personal knowledge of all the facts.

Write us today.
We invite personal inspection by appointment only.

Address WHIDDEN & TAYLOR
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Our Hay Warehouse at Lancaster

Independence
and a
Competence
for
Life

You are on
LONDON BRIDGE
Today



Do You Remember

the experience of the philosopher who offered English sovereigns for pennies on London bridge a century ago without finding a taker—how the passers-by ignored the opportunity and lost the profit because they thought it too good to be true?

And do you realize today that YOU are face to face with an offer, every whit as profitable to YOU as the exchange of copper for gold—if you are quick to grasp it?

\$2,000 to \$5,000 a Year

net income from ten acres of matured apple and cherry orchard in the frostless and wormless Bitter Root Valley with a home and six months vacation annually in one of the most magnificently endowed natural environments on the Creator's footstool, with golf links, hunting, fishing and mountain climbing and with neighbors of culture, education and refinement—is the opportunity we offer you.

We believe you will investigate this opportunity because this appeal for investigation is directed to broad-minded and sensible readers, living in an age of scientific progress which has made the impossible of yesterday the reality of today. This is not an offer of something for nothing. It is an opportunity for you to make an immensely profitable compact based on mankind's partnership with nature. We are now growing more than three thousand acres of fruit trees, one to three years old, for satisfied customers who would not consider selling their orchards at a large advance over their cost.

\$2,000 to \$5,000 Yearly From Ten Acres

A Bitter Root Valley apple orchard bears commercially in its fifth year. Ten acres, fully developed, should be capable of returning you during early maturity, strictly net, a profit of \$2,000 to \$5,000 yearly. Beginning with the 10th year from planting, judged by experience of others, 10 acres should net you an income of \$5,000 yearly and employ only half your time.

If you have a fair-sized income now and are willing to improve your condition, you do not need much capital to possess one of these big-paying orchards.

Our Proposition and Plan.

briefly stated is this: We will sell you a CHOICE 10-ACRE PLANTED and GROWING ORCHARD, best standard varieties apples and cherries—with the Company's definite written contract to care for and develop your orchard under expert horticultural supervision for five full growing seasons from date of planting, including all land taxes and irrigation charges. You may, if desired, assume personal charge of your orchard at any time and secure a refund.

The land should easily become worth, conservatively stated, in fair comparison with other improved land, \$1,000 an acre. There is a clean profit to you of 100 per cent on a 5-year investment to count on at the outset. Only a \$300 cash payment required now to secure your orchard tract—balance in easy payments divided over a ten year period. Your payments for the first few years are practically ALL the cash outlay you will have, as your orchard tract should meet all payments falling due while in commercial bearing period and yield you a handsome profit besides. Our reservation plan provides for inspection of the land by you, and your money back if dissatisfied.

INVESTIGATE by using this coupon TODAY

BITTER ROOT VALLEY IRRIGATION CO.

244-25 First National Bank Building, Chicago, U. S. A.

Robert S. Lemon, General Sales Manager:

Please send me full information concerning your Bitterroot Orchard Tracts in Bitter Root Valley.

Write your name and complete address plainly on the margin below

British Columbia, Canada

Developing At Wonderful Rate

Millions of dollars are being spent by several big railroads building thousands of miles of new lines opening rich new countries and giving birth to many towns, which will grow very rapidly because new settlers are pouring in. Real opportunities being created month by month along the lines of these transcontinental railroads now rushing construction through Central and Northern country, putting new towns of importance on the map, and placing millions of acres of farm lands in the fertile valleys in touch with markets.

Fine land—delightful climate—splendid scenery—all sorts of good hunting and fishing, and everything else to make life happy and successful.

Today is the time to take advantage of this tremendous growth—these are facts, and they will mean fortunes for a great many who act now. I have studied the country at close range for 10 years and will be glad to give my unbiased opinion and help to any reader of *Sunset*, who is really desirous of getting the facts.

State definitely what sort of a proposition will interest you, exactly how much money you have available, so that I can answer authoritatively to your best advantage.

British Columbia has room and good opportunities for thousands of new-comers. I can tell you all about the best places to go and locate.

Write today—Enclose 10c for full details and literature.

This service is simply part of my work as Canadian Manager for *Sunset Magazine*, and is free to *Sunset Readers*.

Awaiting your commands, I am,

Sincerely yours,

W. F. COLEMAN
Canadian Manager

730 ROGERS BUILDING : : VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA

RICHLANDS

An Income A Home

For what are you striving? Working hard day in and day out, winter and summer. Is your objective point that which actuates the majority of individuals—the making of a *home* and the securing of an *income* which will take care of the lessened earning power of future years? If so, "Richlands" should be vitally interesting to you. It tells of the "easiest way" in the longest walk of life. Fruit ranching at "Richlands" lying in the great Okanagan District in Central Southern British Columbia, offers you a home with all the advantages of civilization in an unsurpassed climate. Ten acres of "Richlands" adequately improved orchard will pay you well for your daily labor under the most pleasant conditions and will yield you a *net* (mark the word) surplus of from \$1500 to \$2000 at least. Many have done better. Can you do as well in your present situation? If not, you can't afford to pass "Richlands" without the fullest investigation. The annexed coupon will start you without incurring any obligation. Send it *now*.

Kindly send me full information on Richlands fruit orchards.

NAME _____

STREET _____

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North American Securities, Limited

Capital Paid Up \$1,330,000

VANCOUVER, B. C., CANADA

For Careful Investors

FOR MORE than twenty-three years this Corporation, essentially a substantial old English mortgage company, has built up and maintained in Vancouver an unblemished reputation for uniformly successful business methods and constant reliability. In the actual realization of this fact through all these years its clients have profited, without exception. Consequently, the business of this Corporation has expanded to such proportions that its present offices are inadequate and a modern fireproof office building of ten stories is now nearing completion to supply the enlarged needs of the Corporation.

We are now prepared to serve more clients, to give them the benefit of our knowledge and judgment in investing funds for them in non-speculative values, or in the Corporation's specialty of investing trust funds in first mortgages on improved high-class real estate yielding up to 8% annual interest.

\$25,000 worth of Saanich home acreage sold since July announcement.

Our special offering of Saanich Peninsula garden and home sites, included in our first announcement in the July number of SUNSET, has brought an eager response, as these are well known to be the cheapest desirable first quality lands in this district. We have already sold \$25,000 worth of these choice blocks.

It will be remembered that this property consists of 350 acres of fine garden land, much of it cleared and cultivated, lying in the northern part of Saanich Peninsula, Vancouver Island, 18 miles north from Victoria. It has been subdivided into adequate home sites or blocks of from one acre to two acres each. This fertile and beautiful tract is situated a mile west from Deep Cove, terminus of the B. C. Electric Railway's Saanich Extension.

The electric railway began operating regularly on June 18, providing QUICK AND FREQUENT service to and from Victoria, and a new station has been built directly upon our home tract. One railway also serves this district, and the Canadian Northern Railway is now building a wharf at Union Bay, one mile from this tract.

We have opened up all the roads throughout the property, as it is our policy not to sell any property that is not accessible. We recommend these properties as logical and highly desirable investment values, as it is of interest to the owners to induce occupancy rather than to profit by this sale.

THE PURPOSE of these announcements in SUNSET is to invite non-resident men who have idle funds for investment to place their money in trust with us, subject to their explicit direction and enlightened by our facilities for obtaining exact information, enabling us to give sound and expertly considered advice. This Corporation, with \$1,327,450 of subscribed capital, is systematically in touch with actual property values throughout British Columbia and is ready at any time to be of service in an advisory capacity to anyone considering the advisability of investing in any part of this rapidly developing Province. Write to us freely, explaining your wishes, the amount of your capital available for investment, the kind of investment that seems most promising to you, or any other particulars, resting assured that your communication will be considered in strict confidence and our advice will be thorough and reliable.

Write to us today for authentic information and responsible advice.

Yorkshire Guarantee & Securities Corporation

LIMITED

R. KERR HOULGATE, Manager

440 Seymour Street

Vancouver, Canada

WILLOW RIVER

BRITISH COLUMBIA

The Hub of New Railways and Centre of Natural Waterways. In Heart of British Columbia's New and Rich Inland Empire, of which it will be the Future Commercial Capital.

On Main Line of Grand Trunk Pacific (Canada's New Trans-continental Railway to be completed from Atlantic to Pacific next year) and on important branch of Pacific and Hudson Bay, and other railroads.

Willow River is in the centre of the Largest And Best Farming District in Central British Columbia. Its Agricultural Resources alone will make it an Important and Prosperous City.

Willow River is also the Natural Gateway to the Rich Peace River region and as yet undeveloped, capable of supporting, by agriculture alone, millions of people.

Willow River's Supplies of Timber and Coal will make it one of the Principal Industrial and Manufacturing Centres of Western Canada.

Willow River offers unrivalled advantages for HOME, BUSINESS and INVESTMENT.

Willow River will stand critical investigation.

Look into it—a Willow River Investment will be a Money Maker.

For free information regarding business or investment opportunities and suburban tracts, write

PACIFIC LAND & TOWNSITES CO. LTD.
JOINT OWNERS & SOLE AGENTS
590 RICHARDS ST. VANCOUVER B.C.

Are you coming to Victoria?

If you are

You will find that Victoria Securities, Limited, maintains the largest list of all kinds of desirable real estate to be found in Victoria—and keeps it up to date.

You will see in this noteworthy offering of properties the choicest buys and most genuine bargains in all kinds of city real estate, farm lands, timber and mines, each distinct class of property being in charge of an expert who has mastered every detail of information concerning the properties in his charge, as well as the general subject applying to his department. This is also true of the corporation's departments of mortgages, loans and insurance.

You will find here listed most beautiful residential properties in the Oak Bay district, reputed to be the choicest and most attractive exclusive residential district of Victoria, and therefore of the Pacific Northwest.

If you are not

You will find that a brief inquiry from you, indicating in what form of property or in what district you are interested, will bring you absolutely reliable and very thorough information, as accurate, impartial and reliable as a bank statement—because Victoria Securities, Limited, is that kind of an establishment and all inquiries and correspondence from non-residents command the personal attention of the manager, Mr. D. M. Malin.

Your inquiry will start immediate effort to supply you fully with all important particulars, maps, etc., without cost or obligation on your part.

You will be asked to take no risk with your money that this corporation does not approve as conscientiously as if it were investing its own capital instead of yours.

You can obtain gilt-edged security in the form of 1st mortgages on improved real estate, based on a 50% valuation, bearing 8% interest, or you can get equally good security by discounting select agreements of sale, thus making your money earn about 12% interest annually.

You are invited to inquire as to the financial standing of this corporation by addressing the Dominion Bank of Canada, the Canadian Bank of Commerce, or (by special permission) Mr. W. F. Coleman, Canadian Manager of Sunset.

Whether you are or are not

If you are not fully posted as to Victoria's present growth and its rapidly developing greatness upbuilding month by month, if you could comprehend these obvious certainties of profit-making, such as this firm affords, and if you knew positively that the standing and business integrity of this corporation are A1—then you would at once consider it good business to take advantage of this opportunity to get acquainted with its offerings, its methods and its organization, for it will very probably redound to your financial benefit.

All that this corporation asks is the privilege of proving to your satisfaction that it knows its subjects thoroughly and substantiates all its claims.

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D. M. MALIN, Manager

1112 Government Street

VICTORIA, B. C.

\$100 Cash—\$10 a Month Gives You a 5, 10, or 20 Acre Home and a Steady Income of \$2.25 to \$5.00 a Day for 25 Years

Here Are The Facts

The Mt. Vernon district is clearly the leading dairy and garden section in the State of Washington. The center of the condensed milk industry with two condensers established and the third under construction. Big Lake, only four miles east of Mt. Vernon and a part of this famous district, is on the edge of the great Skagit County timber industry, where thousands of men are employed all the year converting the magic fir and cedar into the finest lumber, shingles and mill products. Here at Big Lake the farm joins the forest, here labor touches the home and fireside; here conditions offer the laboring man a farm home close to an abundance of work that positively assures him success and independence.

Ten Families Needed Right Now

I have already sold a number of "Sunset" readers through my advertisement on page 20 of the July issue, which I would ask you to look up, and this will likely be my last call, but I now have a special proposition to offer ten immediate settlers which consists of ten especially fine five-acre tracts adjoining Big Lake close to the mill, including 10 jobs that I will furnish you on your arrival. This means steady work. Very fertile soil overlooking beautiful lake—excellent drinking water—grand scenery—unexcelled climate—good schools—right on railroad—markets close by and big demand for all farm products—chickens, eggs, milk and butter particularly. Lumber supplied at cost to build your home.

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Are increasing rapidly and steadily each year. With the opening of the Panama Canal land like this will double its value rapidly. This is the time to get a good home in this fine country and insure yourself comfort and independence.

No Such Offer Was Ever Made The Working Man Before

A chance for a fine home and a job practically for life. The Day Lumber Company at Big Lake, employing over 250 men, stand back of me in this offer. We want you to come and settle on this fine land and work for us at good wages. We want you to do it now because we need you; and to show your good faith, be one of the 10 in the above call and send me \$100 cash payment for one of these beautiful five-acre tracts close to your work. I will hold this money until you receive my complete blue prints of property and full information from which to make your selection. When you have done this I will forward you contract and receipts for your money and you can come on to the land at any time you are ready.

You Run No Risk Whatever

I guarantee each statement made by me and you can investigate my standing with the banks. I refer you to *THE SCANDINAVIAN AMERICAN BANK OF SEATTLE*, or the *SEATTLE TRUST COMPANY* of Seattle for full information about me before sending your money. I want you to do this so you may feel entirely safe that you will be dealt with in an honest manner. Or, you may write the Day Lumber Company of Seattle, a half million dollar corporation. They will tell you that I am giving you only the facts and that they stand back of this employment. Or, write Washington Department of Sunset Magazine, Seattle.

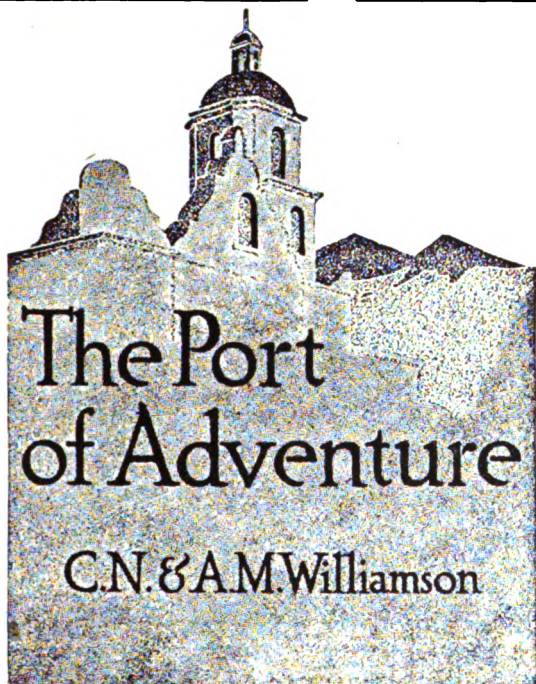
I have only ten of these choice five-acre tracts adjoining the town of Big Lake and the mill property. These will cost you \$500.00 each, \$100.00 cash and \$10.00 per month. Or a little further out I can sell you ten acres for \$600.00, or still further out twenty acres for \$600.00, terms the same.

You cannot make a mistake on any of these and don't forget that a job awaits you at any time if you are a purchaser. If you are not ready to come now, just send the \$100.00, make your payments and come when you are ready. The job will still be here, the land will be growing in value all the time and you will have it paid in full before you know it. Address

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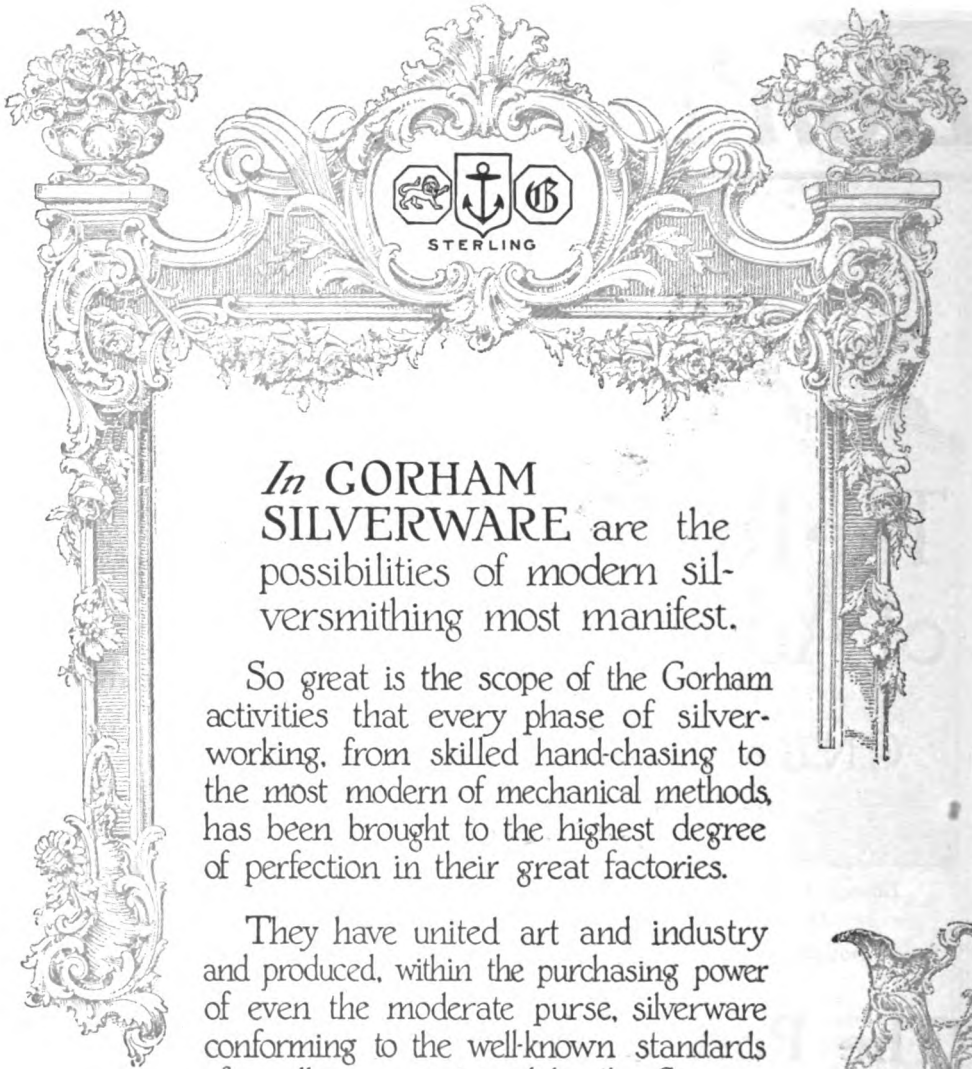
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Volume 31 OCTOBER, 1913 NUMBER 4

SUNSET

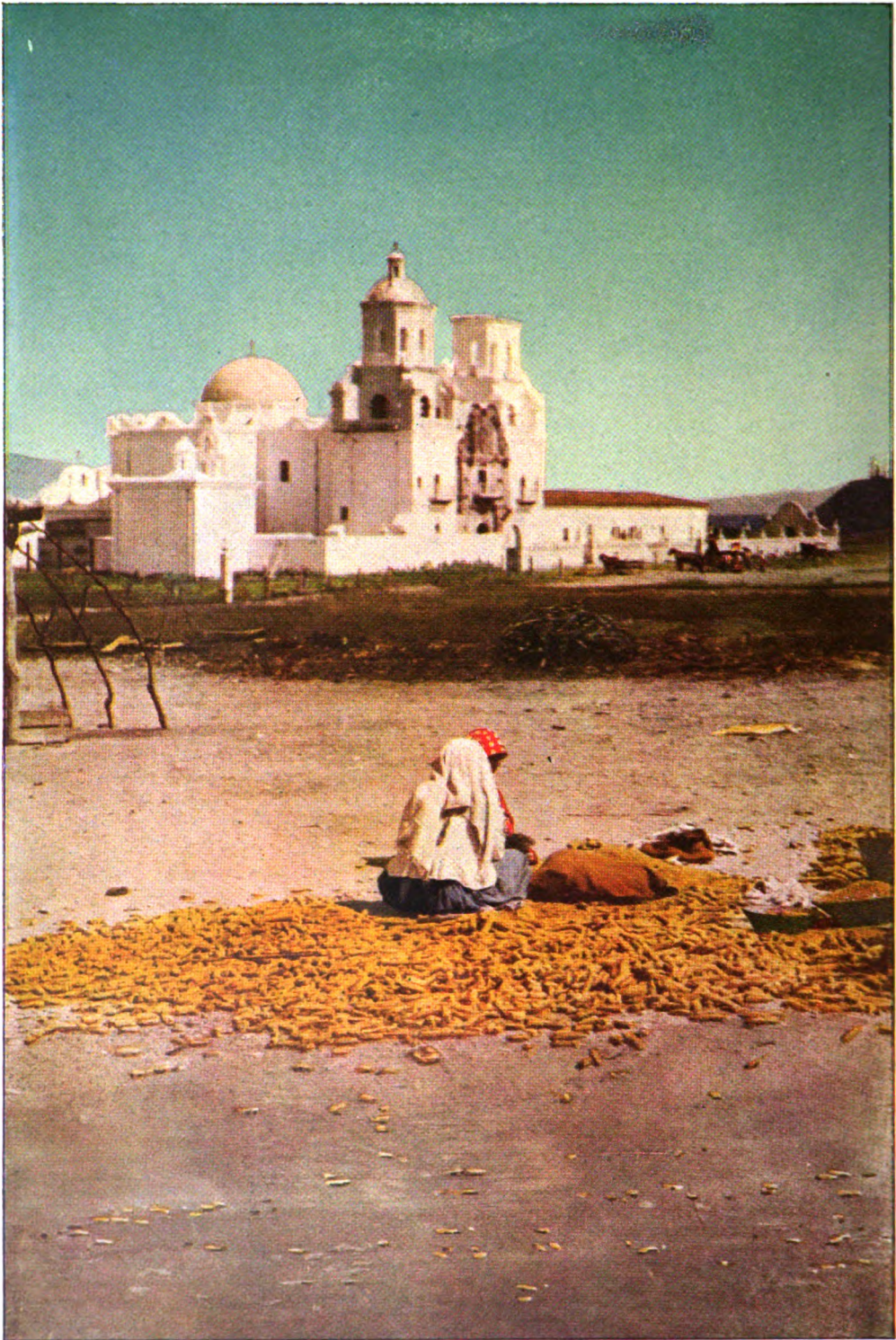
THE PACIFIC MONTHLY

The province of British Columbia, in the Dominion of Canada, is as large as the combined area of Germany and California, with New England thrown in for good measure. During the last fifty years this territory has added, in the production of metals, two hundred and fifty millions to the assets of the world. These metals have been taken and brought out over a railroad system of less than two thousand miles. There is vastly more where that quarter-billion came from. And there is stuff more precious than gold in British Columbia. There is coal enough to fill the bunkers of all the steamships that will ply through the Panama Canal, and, more precious than all, there is timber enough to vastly overtax the capacity of all the lumber carriers that will seek the Atlantic markets from the limiless untouched forests of the wonderful Northwest. Add to these resources the constantly increasing development of agriculture which follows the rapid extension of the railway system and you may get a faint idea of what the future has in store for an empire now known almost entirely for two cities on the seaward fringe of the province and for the silent majesty of glacier-wrapped mountains. Something of all this is told in the November number by E. Alexander Powell, F. R. G. S., with superb scenic pictures in colors.

Moving pictures are moving over the whole surface of the earth apparently. Recently the ubiquitous motion-camera sailed into some of the romantic reaches of the South Seas, and the camera man drilled astonished natives into accomplished picture-players for the benefit of sophisticated white audiences at the centers of civilization. Edmund Mitchell, who wrote the popular "Captain of His Soul," went with the company and wrote the scenarios on the spot to fit the opportunities. His description of the trip is one of the features of November SUNSET.

A dish of story-plums for the Thanksgiving table! Hamlin Garland presents "Kelley Afoot," and Kelley is a man, afoot or on horseback. Gröm and A-ya, the prehistoric lovers revived by Charles G. D. Roberts, carry the new-found fire to the tribe and are wondrously rewarded. Peter B. Kyne, promoter of funny-business, forms the "Robinson Crusoe Syndicate" with Scraggs and Gibney as chief directors, and the operations of the syndicate are what is known in technical parlance as a "scream." Edith Ronald Mirrieles, author of the appealing Benson stories, writes a heart story of the movement Westward that has an equally deep appeal.

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The history of Arizona divides itself into three epochs—the aboriginal, the exploratory, and the reclamationary, or, if you prefer, the Indian, the Spanish, and the American—and each of these epochs is typified by a remarkable and wholly characteristic structure. Half-a-dozen miles outside Tucson stands the white Mission of San Xavier del Bac, still of extraordinary beauty, sole survivor of that chain of outposts of the church which the friars of the Spanish orders stretched across Arizona in their campaign of proselytism three centuries ago.

ARIZONA

By E. ALEXANDER POWELL, F. R. G. S.

Author of: The Last Frontier; Gentlemen Rovers; Etc.

Decorations by Maynard Dixon

THEY came bucketing into town at a hand-gallop, hat-brims flapping, spurs jingling, tie-down straps streaming, their ponies kicking the dusty road into a yellow haze behind them. With their gay neckerchiefs and sheepskin chaps they formed as vivid a group as one could find outside a Remington. They pulled up with a great clatter of hoofs in front of the Golden West saloon and, leaving their panting mounts standing dejectedly, heads to the ground and reins trailing, went stamping into the bar. Having had previous experience with their sort, I made bold to follow them through the swinging doors; for more unvarnished facts about a locality, its people, politics, progress and prospects, are to be had over a mahogany bar than any place I know except a barber's chair.

"What'll it be, boys?" sang out one of them, as they sprawled themselves over the polished mahogany. I expected to see the bartender matter-of-coursely shove out a black bottle and six small glasses, for, according to all the accepted canons of the cattle country as I had known it a dozen years before, there was only one kind of a drink ever ordered at a bar. So, when two of the party expressed a preference for ginger-ale and the other four allowed that they would take lemonade, I felt like going to the door and taking another look at the straggling frontier town and at the cactus-dotted desert which surrounded it, just to make sure that I really was in Arizona and not at Chautauqua, New York.

It required scant finesse to engage one of the lemonade-drinkers in amicable and illuminating conversation.

"Round-up hereabouts?" I inquired, by way of making an opening.

"Nope" said my questionee. "Leastways not as I knows of. You see," he continued confidentially, "we've quit cow-punching. We've tied up with the movies."

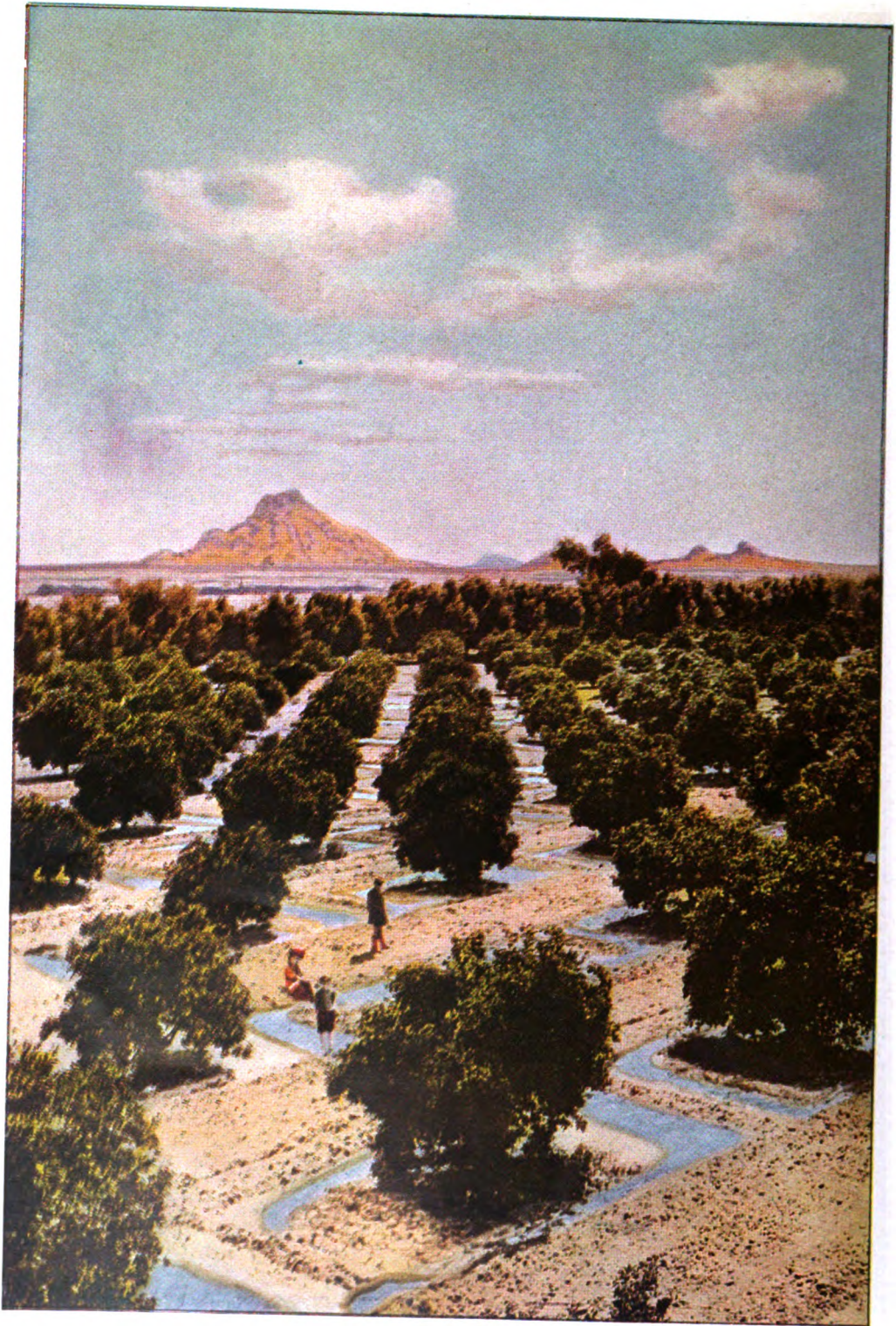
"With the what?" I queried.

"The movies—the moving picture people, you know" he explained. "You see, the people back East have gone plumb crazy on these here Wild West picture-plays and we're gratifying them at so much per. Wagon train attacked by Injuns—good-lookin' girl carried off by one of the braves—cow-punchers to the rescue, and all that sort of thing. It's good pay and easy work and the grub's first-rate. Yes, sirree, it's got cow-punching beaten to a frazzle. I reckon you're from the East yourself, ain't you?"

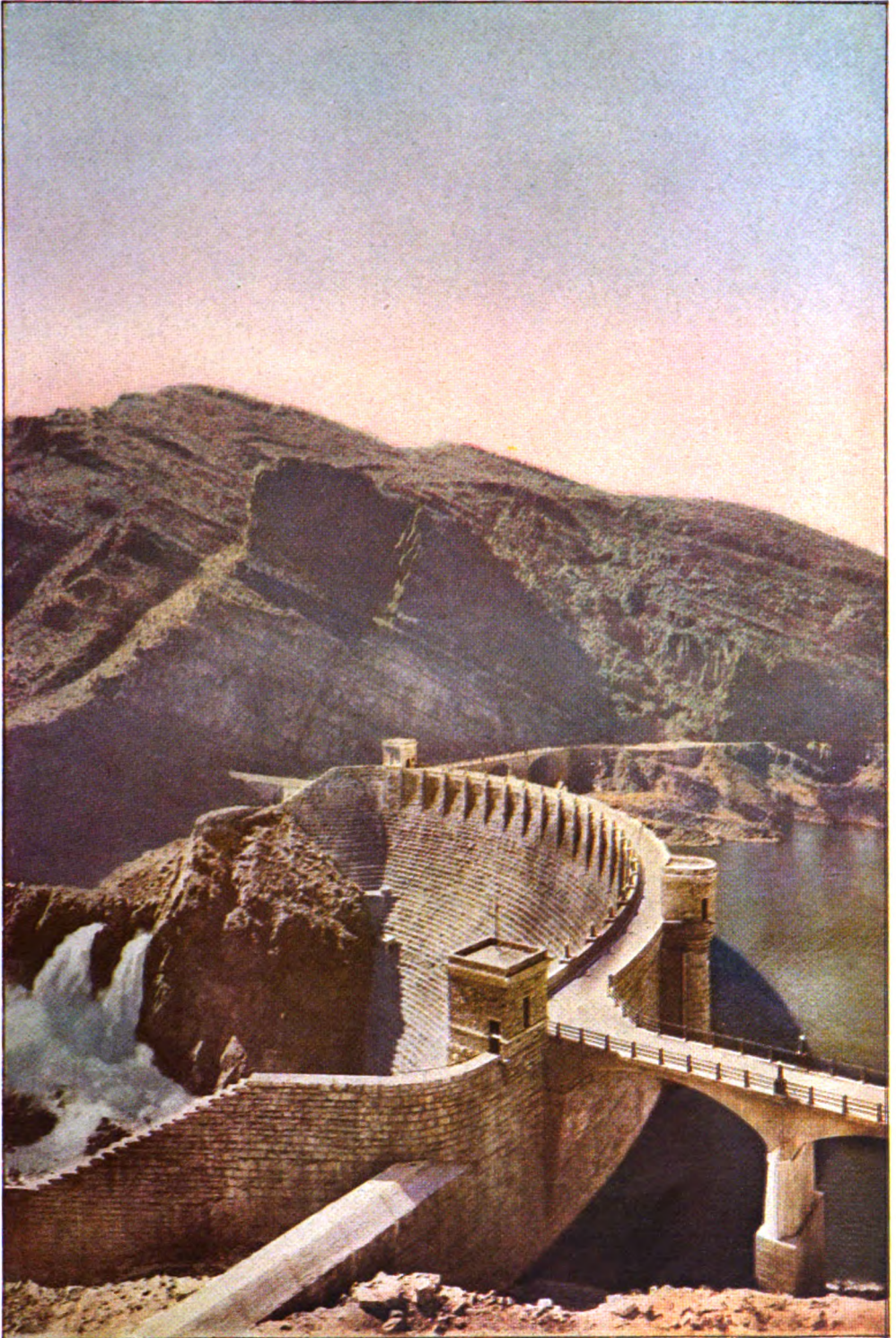
I admitted somewhat shamefacedly that I was, adding that my bag was labeled "New York."

"The hell you say!" he exclaimed, regarding me with suddenly increased respect. "From what I hearn say, that sure must be some wicked town. Gambling joints running wide open, an' everyone packs a gun, I hear, an' shooting scraps so frequent no one thinks nothing about 'em. It ain't a safe place to live, I say. Now, down here in Arizony things is different. We're peaceable, we are. We don't stand for no promisc'us gun-play and, barring one or two of the mining towns, there ain't a poker palace left, and I wouldn't be so blamed surprised if this state went dry in a year or two. Well, s'long friend," he added, sweeping off his hat. "I'm pleased to've made your acquaintance. The feller with the camera's waiting and we've got to get out and run off a few miles of film so's to amuse the folks back East."

I stood in the doorway of the Golden West and watched them as they swung easily into their saddles and went tearing up the street in a rolling cloud of dust. Then I went on my way, marveling at the mutability of things. "That's what civilization does for a country" I said to myself. "Lemonade instead of liquor; policemen instead of pistol-fighters; cow-boys cavorting in front of cinematographs instead of corralling cattle." At first blush



Where there was a desert, arid, sun-baked, forbidding, are now groves ablaze with golden fruit. Two things have brought about this miracle: pluck and water



Eighty miles north of Phoenix is the great Roosevelt Dam—the latest word, as it were, in the American chapter of Arizona's history

—I confess it frankly—I was as disappointed as a boy who wakes up to find it raining on circus morning, for I had revisited the Southwest expecting to find the same easy-going, devil-may-care, whoop-her-up-boys life so characteristic of that country's earlier days. Instead I found a busy, prosperous country, still picturesque in many of its aspects, but as orderly and peaceful as Commonwealth avenue on a Sunday morning.

It wasn't much of a country, was Arizona, the first time I set foot in it, upwards of a dozen years ago. A howling wilderness is what the Old Testament prophets would have called it, I suppose, and they wouldn't have been far wrong either. Certainly Moses and his Israelites could not have wandered through a region more forbidding. Sand and sagebrush and cactus; snakes and lizards and coyotes; grim purple mountains in the distance and, flaming in a cloudless sky, a sun pitiless as fate. Cattlemen and sheepmen still fought for supremacy on the ranges; faro players still drove a roaring business in the mining camps and the cow towns; men's coats screened but did not altogether conceal the ominous outline of the six-shooter; as building materials adobe and corrugated iron still predominated; Portland cement, the barbed-wire fence, the irrigation ditch and alfalfa had yet to come into their own. In those days—and they were not so very long ago, if you please—A-r-i-z-o-n-a spelled Frontier with a capital F.

I recall a little incident of that first visit, insignificant enough in itself but strangely prophetic of the changes which were to come. Riding across the most desolate and inhospitable country I had ever seen, a roughly written notice, nailed over the door of a ramshackle adobe ranch-house standing solitary in the desert, riveted my attention. The ill-formed letters, scrawled apparently with a sheep-brush dipped in tar, read:

40 MILES FROM WOOD
40 MILES FROM WATER
40 FEET FROM HELL
GOD BLESS OUR HOME

As I pulled up my horse, fascinated by the grim humor of the lines, the rancher appeared in the doorway and, with the hospitality characteristic of those who dwell in the earth's waste places, bade me dis-

mount and rest. Such of his face as was not bearded had been tanned by sun and wind to the color of a well-smoked brier; corduroy trousers belted over lean hips and a flannel shirt open at the throat accentuated a figure as iron-hard and sinewy as a mountain lion. About his eyes, puckered at the outer corners by much staring across sun-scorched ranges, lurked the humorous twinkle which suggested the Yankee or the Celt.

"I stopped to read your sign" I explained. "If things are as discouraging as all that, I suppose you'll pull out of here the first chance you get?"

"Not by a jugful!" he exclaimed. "I'm here to stay. You mustn't take that sign too seriously: it's just my brand of humor. This country don't look up to much now, I admit, but come back here in a few years, friend, and you'll need to be introduced to it all over again."

"But you've no water" I remarked skeptically.

"We'll have that before long. You see," he explained eagerly, "the Colorado's not so very far away and there's considerable talk about the government's damming it and bringing the water down here in diversion canals and irrigation ditches. If the government doesn't help us, then we'll sink artesian wells and get the water that way. Once get water on it and this soil'll do the rest. Why, friend, this soil'll raise anything—*anything!* I'm going to put in alfalfa the first year or two, until I get on my feet, and then I'm going to raise citrus fruits. There's never enough frost here to worry about, and all we need is water to make this the finest soil for orange-growing on God's green earth. Just remember what I'm telling you," he concluded impressively, tapping my knee with his forefinger to emphasize his words, "though things look damned discouraging just now, this is going to be a great country some day."

As I rode across the desert I turned in my saddle to wave him a farewell, but he had already forgotten me. He was marking, in the bone-dry, cactus-dotted soil, the places where he was going to set out his orange trees. Though our paths have not crossed again, I have always remembered him. Resolute, resourceful, optimistic, self-reliant, blessed with a sense of humor which jeers at obstacles and laughs discouragements away, with as fanatic a faith in the future of the land as has a Moslem in the



PHOTOGRAPH BY KARL MOON

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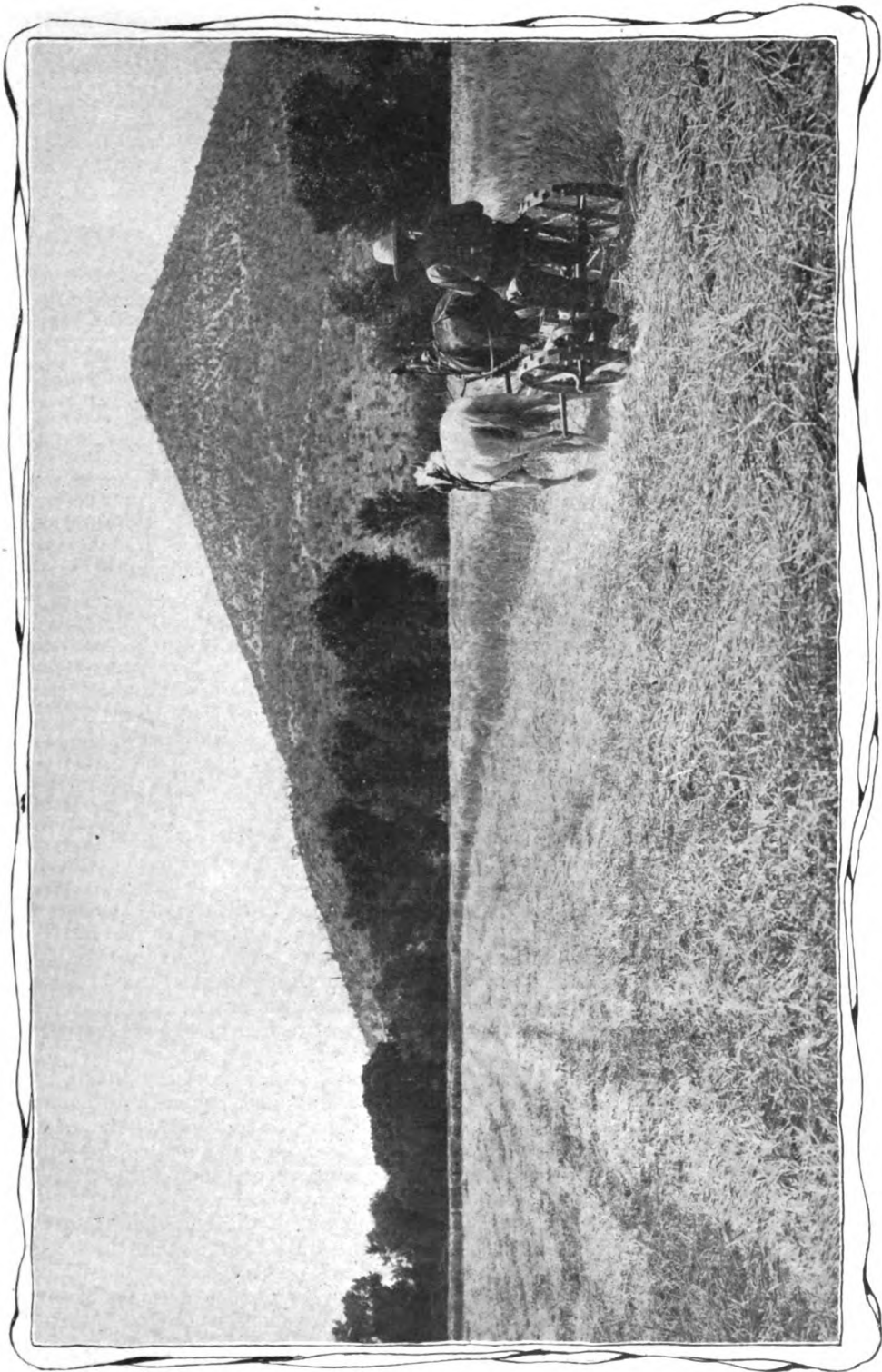
The early period of American rule was extremely unsettled; Indian massacres and the dangerous elements which composed the population—prospectors, cow-punchers, adventurers, gamblers, bandits, horse-thieves—leading to one of the worst, though one of the most picturesque, periods of our frontier history. But today, when Arizona claims the most law-abiding population in the United States, the picturesque quality lingers in the sunny villages of the aborigines



PHOTOGRAPH BY KARL MOON

Arizona wasn't much of a country less than twenty years ago. A howling wilderness is what the Old Testament prophets would have called it. Sand and scrubbrush and cactus-stakes and lizards and coyotes. Yet this is no virgin, untried soil. Countries before Columbus and Solovado's southern Arizona was the home of a dense and prosperous population skilled in agriculture and stock-raising; the canals which they constructed, the ruins of which may still be seen, provide objections for the engineers of today. These crumbling ruins are evidence of a mass of sturdy, red men, growers of grain and providers of cattle, whose energy and resource wrested this region from the desert, and who in the dim past were driven out of it by the greed of a stronger and more warlike people.

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Nowhere has the white man fought a more courageous fight or won a more brilliant victory than in Arizona. The story of how, within the space of less than thirty years, he penetrated and explored and mapped this almost unknown region; of how he carried law and order and justice into a section which for centuries had not had so much as a speaking acquaintance with any one of the three; of how, undismayed by the savagery of the countenance which the desert turned upon him, he laughed and rolled up his sleeves and, in the conquered and submissive soil, replaced the aloe with alfalfa, the mesquite with maize, the cactus with cotton—all this forms a most inspiring chapter in our history. It is one of the epics of civilization, this reclamation of the Southwest, and its heroes are, thank God, Americans.



Stretching away into the foot-hills of this erstwhile wilderness are roads which would do credit to John Macadam



The honk of the white farmers' auto-horn is heard in the land of the Indian herders' "bronc"

Koranic paradise, he has typified for me those pioneers who, by their indomitable courage and unyielding tenacity, are converting the arid deserts of the Southwest into a veritable garden of the Lord.

Recently, after a lapse of little more than a decade, I passed through that country again. So amazing were the changes which had taken place in the brief interim that, just as my optimist had prophesied, I needed a second introduction to the land. Where I had left a desert, arid, sun-baked, forbidding, I found fields where sleek cattle grazed knee-deep in alfalfa, and groves ablaze with golden fruit. Stretching away to the foot-hills were roads which would have done credit to John Macadam, and scattered along them at intervals were prosperous-looking ranch-houses of cement or wood; there was a post-office and a trim row of stores and a school house with a flag floating over it; straggling cottonwoods marked the courses of the irrigation streams and in the air was the cheerful sound of running water. There were two things which brought about this miracle: pluck and water.

Nowhere has the white man fought a more courageous fight or won a more brilliant victory than in Arizona. His weapons have been the transit and the level, the drill and the dredge, the pick and the spade, and the enemy which he has conquered has been the most stubborn of all foes: the hostile forces of Nature. The story of how the white man, within the space of less than thirty years, penetrated and explored and mapped this almost unknown region; of

how he carried law and order and justice into a section which had never had so much as a speaking acquaintance with any one of the three before; of how, realizing the necessity for means of communication, he built highways of steel across this territory from east to west and from north to south; of how, undismayed by the savageness of the countenance which the desert turned upon him, he laughed and rolled up his sleeves and spat on his hands and slashed the face of the desert with canals and irrigating ditches, and filled those canals and ditches with water brought from deep in the earth or high in the mountains; and of how, in the conquered and submissive soil, he replaced the aloe with alfalfa, the mesquite with maize, the cactus with cotton, forms one of the most inspiring chapters in our history. It is one of the epics of civilization, this reclamation of the Southwest, and its heroes are, thank God, Americans.

Other desert regions have been redeemed by irrigation: Egypt, for example, and Mesopotamia, and parts of the Sudan, but the peoples of all those regions lay stretched out in the shade of a convenient palm, metaphorically speaking, and waited for some one with more energy than themselves to come along and do the work. But the Arizonans, mindful of the fact that God, the Government and Carnegie help those who help themselves, spent their days wielding pick and shovel and their evenings in writing letters to Washington with toil-hardened hands. After a time the Government was prodded into action and the great dams at Laguna and Roosevelt are the result. Then



Cattlemen and sheepmen fought for supremacy on the ranges and the cow-boy was lord of the land

Dairy herds now grow fat peacefully on the alfalfa whose green mantle has been flung over the desert

the people, organizing themselves into coöperative leagues and water-users' associations, took up the work of reclamation where the Government left off, and it is to these energetic, persevering men who have drilled wells and plowed fields and dug ditches through the length and breadth of that great region which stretches from Yuma to Tucson that the metamorphosis of Arizona is due.

More misconceptions are prevalent about Arizona than about any other region on the continent. The reclamation phase of its development has been so emphasized and advertised that among most of those who have not seen it for themselves the impression exists that it is a flat, arid, sandy, treeless country, a small portion of which has, miraculously enough, proved amenable to irrigation. This impression has been confirmed by various writers who, sacrificing accuracy for a phrase, have dubbed Arizona "the American Egypt," which, to one who is really familiar with the physical characteristics of the Nile country and the agricultural disabilities under which its people labor, seems a left-handed compliment at best. Egypt—barring the swamp-lands of the Delta and a fringe of cultivation along the Nile—is a country of sun-baked yellow sand, as arid, flat and treeless as an expanse of asphalt pavement. Arizona is nothing of the sort. In its most arid regions there is a small growth of green even in the dry season, while after the rains the desert bursts into a brilliancy and diversity of bloom incredible to one who has not seen it. How many people who have not visited Arizona

are aware that within the borders of this "desert state" is the largest pine forest in the United States—six thousand square miles

in area? Egypt, on the other hand, is, with the exception of the date-palm, virtually treeless. In Egypt there is not a hill worthy the name between Alexandria and Wady Halfa; Arizona has range after range of mountains which rise two miles and more into the air. Egypt is not a white man's land and never will be. Arizona will never be anything else. If it is necessary to drag in Egypt at all (save as concerns antiquities) then, for goodness sake, pay the Khedive's country a real compliment by calling it "the African Arizona."

The thing that surprised me most in Arizona was the desert. An African would not call it desert at all; a Bedouin would never feel at home upon it. I had expected to find a waste of sand, treeless, shrubless, plantless, incapable of supporting anything; yellow as molten brass, sun-scorched, unrelenting. That is the desert as one knows it in Africa and in Asia. The Arizona desert is something very different indeed. In the first place it is not yellow at all, but a sort of bluish-gray: "driftwood" is probably the term which an interior decorator would use to describe its peculiarly soft and elusive coloring. Neither is it flat, nor has it the sand dunes so characteristic of the Sahara. On the contrary it is a more or less rolling country, corrugated by buttes and mesas and unexpected outcroppings of rock and sometimes gashed by *arroyos*, its surface covered with a confused tangle of desert vegetation so whimsical and fantastic in the



The white man's weapons have been the transit and the level, the drill and the dredge, the pick and the spade



He slashed the face of the desert with canals and irrigating ditches and filled them with far-brought water

forms it assumes that it looks for all the world like a prim New England garden gone violently insane. There is the *cholla*, for example, whose fuzzy white spines, so innocent-looking at a distance, might deceive the stranger into supposing that it was a sort of wild-cat cousin of the gentle pussy-willow; the towering sajuaro, often forty feet in height and bearing a striking resemblance to those mammoth candelabra which flank the altars of Spanish cathedrals; the octopus-like ocatilla, whose slender, sinuous branches, tipped with scarlet blossoms, seem to be forever groping for something which they cannot find; the grotesque prickly pear, looking not unlike a collection of green pin-cushions, a-bristle with pins and glued together at the edges; the somber creosote bush, the scraggy mesquite, the silvery greasewood, the bright green palo-verde. These, with the white blossoms of the yucca and the pink, orange, yellow, scarlet, and crimson flowers of the cacti, the brilliant shades of the rock strata, the purples and violets and blues of the encircling mountains, the fleecy clouds drifting like great flocks of unshorn sheep across an ultramarine sky, combine to form a picture as far removed from the desert of our imagination as one could well conceive. Less picturesque than these color effects, the portrayal of which would have taxed the genius of Whistler, but more interesting to the farmer, are the fine indigenous grasses which spring up over the mesas after the summer rains (some of them being, indeed, extraordinarily independent of the rainfall) and furnish ample if not abundant pastur-

age for live-stock. I am quite aware, of course, that those California-bound tourists who gather their impressions of Arizona from the observation-platform of a mail-train while streaking across the country at fifty miles an hour, are accustomed to dismiss the subject of its possibilities with a wave of the hand and the dictum "Nothing to it but sun, sand and sagebrush." Were those same people to see New York city from the rear end of a train they would assert that it consisted of nothing but tenements and tunnels. It is easy to magnify the barrenness of an arid region, and, that being so, I would respectfully suggest to the people of Arizona (and I make no charge for the suggestion) that they instruct their legislators to enact a law banishing any one found guilty of applying the defamatory misnomer "desert" to any portion of the state.

Though it were not well to take too literally the panegyrics of the soil and its potentialities which every board of trade and commercial club in the state print and distribute by the ton, there is no playing hide-and-seek with the fact that the soil of a very large part of Arizona is as versatile as it is productive. At the celebration with which the people of Yuma marked the completion of the Colorado river project, prizes were awarded for *forty-three distinct products of the soil*. To recount them would be to enumerate virtually every fruit, vegetable and cereal native to the temperate zone and many of those ordinarily found only in the torrid, for Arizona combines in an altogether exceptional degree the climatic characteristics of them both. This not being a



Arizona's world-beating output of copper is produced at a lower cost than from any other great field in the world



The rich copper district of northern Sonora, sending its concentrates to the smelters, is directly tributary to the wealth of Arizona

seedsman's catalogue, it is enough to say that the list began with alfalfa and ended with yams.

Everything considered, I am inclined to think that the shortest road to agricultural prosperity lies through an Arizona alfalfa field, for this prolific crop, whose fecundity would put a guinea-pig to shame, possesses the admirable quality of making the land on which it is grown richer with each cutting. They told me some prodigious alfalfa yarns in Arizona, but, as each district goes its neighbor's record a few tons to the acre better, I will content myself with mentioning that, in certain parts of the state, as many as *twelve crops of alfalfa have been cut in a year*. I wonder what your Eastern farmer, who thanks his lucky stars if he can get one good crop of hay in a year, would think of life in a land like that?

Certain of the orange-growing sections of Arizona have been unwisely advertised as "frostless." This is not true, for there is no place within our borders which is wholly free from frost. It is quite true, however, that the citrus groves of southern Arizona stand a better chance of escaping the ravages of frost than those in any other part of the country. The fruit ripens, moreover, considerably earlier, the Arizona growers being able to place their oranges, lemons and grapefruit on Eastern dinner tables a full month in advance of their Californian competitors.

Unless I am very greatly mistaken, two products hitherto regarded as alien to our soil—the Algerian date and Egyptian cotton—are bound to prove important factors in the agricultural future of Arizona. There

is no tree which produces so large a quantity of fruit and at the same time requires so little attention as the date-palm when once

it gets in bearing; date-palm groves in North Africa, where the prices are very low, yield from five to ten dollars a tree per annum. They are, as it were, the camels among trees, for they thrive in soil so sandy and waterless that any other tree would die from sheer discouragement. The date-palm has long since passed the experimental stage in Arizona, the heavily-laden groves, which any one who cares to take the trouble can see for himself at several places in the southern part of the state, giving ocular evidence of the success with which this toothsome fruit can be grown under American conditions. The other crop which has, I am convinced, a rosy future in Arizona, is Egyptian cotton, which will thrive on less water than any crop grown under irrigation. The fiber of the Egyptian cotton being about three times the length of the ordinary American-grown staple, it can always find a profitable market among thread manufacturers when our Southern cotton frequently goes unharvested because prices are too low to pay for picking, an average of about fifty-five million pounds of Egyptian cotton being imported into the United States each year. With the fertile soil, the warm dry climate, and the water resources which are being so rapidly developed, the day is not far distant when the traveler through certain sections of Arizona will look out of the window of his Pullman at a fleeting landscape of fleecy white. "That isn't snow, is it, George?" he will ask the

porter, and that grinning Ethiopian will answer "No, suh, dat ain't snow—dat's 'Gyptian cotton."

This is no virgin, untried soil, remember. Centuries before the great Genoese navigator set foot on the beach of San Salvador, southern Arizona was the home of a dense and prosperous population, skilled in agriculture and past-masters in irrigation, the canals which they constructed, the ruins of which may still be seen, providing object-lessons for the engineers of today. It is peculiarly interesting to recall that when the Crusaders were battling with the Saracens in Palestine, when the Byzantine Empire was at the height of its glory, when the battle of Hastings had yet to be fought, when Canute of Denmark ruled in England, a remarkable degree of civilization prevailed in this remote corner of the Americas. By civilization I mean that the inhabitants of this region dwelt in desert sky-scrapers four, five, perhaps even six stories in height, that they possessed an organized government, that they had evolved a practical co-operative system not unlike the water-users' associations of the Arizona of today, and that, by means of a system of dams, aqueducts and reservoirs—the remains of which may still be seen—they had succeeded in reclaiming a by no means inconsiderable region. So great became the agricultural prosperity of this early people that it excited the cupidity of the warlike tribes to the north, who, in a series of forays probably extending over years, at last succeeded in exterminating or driving out this agricultural population. Their many-storied dwellings crumbled, the canals and aqueducts which they constructed fell into disrepair, the soil once again dried up for lack of water, and returned in time to its original desert state, the habitat of the cactus and the mesquite, the haunt of the coyote and the snake.

Centuries passed, during which migratory bands of Indians were the only visitors to this silent and deserted land. Then, trudging up from the Spanish settlements to the southward came Brother Marcos de Niza, in his sandals and woolen robe. He, the first white man to set foot in Arizona, after penetrating as far northward as the Zuni towns, returned to Mexico, or New Spain, as it was then called, where he related what he had seen to one of the Spanish officials, Don Francisco Vasquez de Coronado, who

promptly equipped an expedition and started northward on his own account. Followed by half a thousand Spanish horse and foot, a few hundred friendly Indians, and a mile-long mule train, the expedition wound across the burning deserts of Chihuahua, over the snow-clad mountains of Sonora, through rivers swollen into torrents by the spring rains, and so into Arizona, where, raising the red-and-yellow banner, he took possession of all this country in the name of his Most Catholic Majesty of Spain. This was in the year of Grace 1540, when the ghost of Anne Boleyn still disturbed the sleep of Henry VIII and when Solyman the Magnificent was hammering at the gates of Budapest. By the beginning of the seventeenth century the country now comprising the state of Arizona was dotted with Spanish priests, who, in their missions of sun-dried bricks, devoted themselves to the disheartening task of Christianizing the Indians. In 1680, however, came the great Indian revolt: the friars were slain upon their altars, their missions were ransacked and destroyed, and the work of civilization which they had begun was set back a hundred years.

The nineteenth century was approaching its quarter-mark before the first American frontiersmen, pushing southward from the Missouri in quest of furs and gold, penetrated Arizona. Came then in rapid succession the Mexican war, which resulted in the cession to the United States of New Mexico, which then included all that portion of Arizona lying north of the Gila river; the discovery of gold in California, which, by drawing attention to the country south of the Gila as a desirable transcontinental railway route, resulted in its purchase under the terms of the Gadsden Treaty; and the outbreak of the Civil war, a Confederate invasion of Arizona in 1862 resulting in its organization as a territory of the Union. The early period of American rule was extremely unsettled, Indian massacres and the dangerous elements which composed the population—prospectors, cow-punchers, adventurers, gamblers, bandits, horse-thieves—leading to one of the worst, though one of the most picturesque, periods of our frontier history.

On February the fourteenth, 1912, the territory of Arizona was admitted to the Union, and George W. P. Hunt, its first elected governor, standing on the steps of the

capitol, swung his hat in the air and called on the assembled crowd for three cheers as there broke out at the mast-head a flag with eight-and-forty stars.

The history of Arizona divides itself, as I have just shown, into three epochs—the aboriginal, the exploratory, and the reclamatory, or, if you prefer, the Indian, the Spanish, and the American—and each of these epochs is typified by a remarkable and wholly characteristic structure: the Ruins of Casa Grande, the Mission of San Xavier del Bac, and the Roosevelt Dam. Casa Grande—"the Great House"—which rises from the desert some sixty miles southeast of Phoenix, is the most remarkable plain ruin in the whole Southwest and the only one of its kind in the United States. It is a four-storied house of sun-dried puddled clay, forming, with its cyclopean walls, its low doorways, so designed that an enemy would have to enter on hands and knees, and its labyrinth of rooms, courtyards, and corridors, a striking and significant relic of a forgotten people. Already a ruin when discovered, in 1694, by the Jesuit Father Kino, how old it is or who built it even the archaeologists have been unable to decide. Its crumbling ruins are emblematic of a race of sturdy red men, growers of grain and breeders of cattle, whose energy and resource wrested this region from the desert, and who were driven out of it by the greed of a stronger and more warlike people.

In the shadow of the foot-hills, where the Santa Rita mountains sweep down to meet the desert half-a-dozen miles outside Tucson, stands the white Mission of San Xavier del Bac. It is the sole survivor of that chain of outposts of the church which the friars of the Spanish orders stretched across Arizona in their campaign of proselytism three centuries ago. I saw it for the first time at sunset, its splendid carved façade rose-tinted by the magic radiance of twilight, its domes and towers and minarets silhouetted against the purple of the mountains as though carved from ivory. Perhaps it is the dramatic effect produced as, swinging sharply around the shoulder of the foot-hills, one comes upon it suddenly, standing white and solitary and lovely between the desert and the sky, but I shall always rank it with the Taj Mahal, the Mosque of Sultan Hassan, and the Alhambra, as one of the most beautiful buildings I have ever seen. If California had that mission she would advertise

and exploit it to the skies, but they don't seem to pay much attention to it in Arizona, being too much occupied, I suppose, with other and more important things. In fact, I had to inquire of three people in the hotel at Tucson before I could learn just where it was. Although the pattering of monastic sandals upon its flagged floors has ceased these many years, San Xavier is neither deserted nor run down, for the Angelus bell still booms its brazen summons at twilight, and the Indians from the near-by reservation come trooping in for evening prayer. The last of the Arizona missions, it stands as a fitting memorial to the courageous *padres* who first brought Christianity to Arizona, many of them at the cost of their lives.

Eighty miles north of Phoenix, at the back of the Superstition mountains and almost under the shadow of the Four Peaks, is the great Roosevelt Dam—the last word, as it were, in the American chapter of Arizona's history. Those who know whereof they speak have estimated that four-fifths of the state is fitted, so far as the potentialities of the soil is concerned, for agriculture, but hitherto the lack of rainfall has reduced the available area to that which lay within the capabilities of the somewhat meager streams to irrigate. This was particularly true of the region of which Phoenix is the center. Came then quiet, efficient men who proceeded to perform a modern version of the miracle of Moses, for, behold, they smote the rock and where there had been no water before there was now water and to spare. Across a narrow canyon in the mountains they built a Gargantuan dam of sandstone and cement to hold in check and to conserve for use in the dry season the waters of the river which swirled through it. The great artificial lake, twenty-five square miles in area, created by this dam holds water enough to cover more than a million and a quarter acres with a foot of water and assures a permanent supply to the 240,000 acres included in the project. The farmers of the Salt river valley, which comprises the territory under irrigation, forming themselves into an association, entered into a contract with the government to repay the cost of the dam in ten years, whereupon the dam will become the property of the land-owners themselves, the water, under the terms of the agreement, becoming appurtenant to the land. Just as the crumbling ruins at Casa Grande serve as a reminder

of a race long since dead and gone, and as the white mission at Tucson is a memorial to the Spaniards who came after them, so is the mighty dam at Roosevelt, together with its accompanying prosperity, a monument to the courage, daring and resource of the American.

In speaking of Arizona it must be borne in mind that the state consists of two distinct regions, as dissimilar in climate and physiography as Florida and Maine. There is the difference between plateau and plain, between sandstone and sand, between palm and pine. If you will take a pencil and ruler and draw a line diagonally across the map of the state, from Mojave City, on the Colorado, to Bisbee, on the Mexican border, you will have a rough idea of the extent of these two zones. That portion of the state lying to the north of this imaginary line is a six-thousand-foot-high plateau, mountainous and heavily forested, with green grass and running water and cold dry winters, and an annual rainfall which frequently exceeds thirty inches. To the south of this quartering line lies a tremendous stretch of arid but fertile land, broken at intervals by hills and mountain ranges, with a sparse vegetation and an annual rainfall which, particularly in the vicinity of the Colorado, often does not exceed three inches. It is in this southern portion, however, that the future of Arizona lies, for the success of the great irrigation projects at Roosevelt and Laguna (and which will doubtless be followed, in the not distant future, by similar undertakings on the Santa Cruz, the San Pedro, the Agua Frio, the Verde, the Little Colorado, and the lower Gila) have given convincing proof that all that its arid soil required was water to transform it into a land of farms and orchards and gardens, in which the energetic man of modest means—and it is such men who form the backbone of every country—can find a generous living and a delightful home. They need men, the right kind of men, out in Arizona, for the state, though greater in area than New York and Pennsylvania and Massachusetts combined, has a smaller population than Rochester, New York, or Oakland, California.

A grave injustice has been done to the people of the state by those fiction writers who

have depicted Arizona society as consisting of cow-punchers, faro-dealers and bad men. The pictures they still persist in drawing of towns shot-up by drunken cow-boys, of saloons and poker palaces running at full blast, of stage-coaches held up and robbed, are as much out-of-date, if the public only knew it, as crinoline skirts and flowered satin vests. As a matter of fact, Arizona claims the most law-abiding population in the United States, and the claim is copper-riveted by the criminal records. The gambler and the gun-fighter have disappeared, driven out by the force of public opinion. The Arizona Rangers, that picturesque body of constabulary which policed the country in territorial days, have been disbanded because there is no longer work for them to do. Not only is "red-eye" no longer the conventional drink, but many of the communities have voted for prohibition. Not content with closing the gambling houses, Phoenix and Tucson have passed municipal ordinances prohibiting such innocent forms of chance as raffles and nickel-in-the-slot machines. When the promoters of Phoenix's annual carnival wished to obtain a stage-coach the other day they could not find one in the state: they had all been bought by the moving-picture concerns. A stage still runs over the mountains from Globe to Phoenix, driven by a gentleman who chews tobacco and wears a broad-brimmed hat, but it has sixty-horse-power engines under it and the fashion in which its driver takes the giddy turns is calculated to make the passengers' hair permanently pompadour. Out in the back-country, where the roads run out and the trails begin, the cow-puncher is still to be found, but he, like the long-horns which he herds, is rapidly retreating before civilization's implacable advance. Lawlessness has given way to law; a desert has been plowed and hoed and watered into a land of farms and fruit-trees; a wilderness has been converted into a state. It is a very wonderful thing that has been done down there in Arizona, and to the toil-hardened, sun-tanned men who did it I am proud to raise my hat. Today they are only commonplace farmers, but, when history has granted them the justice of perspective, we shall know them as the Pioneers.

THE MAKING OF A STATE

By GEORGE W. P. HUNT
Governor of Arizona

TO have seen a state in the making is a novel experience. To have watched her grow from unkempt infancy, so to speak, into a youthfulness marked by sturdiness, prominence and power is a remarkable privilege. Yet both the experience and the privilege have been mine. It is no wonder, therefore, that I hold for Arizona, the infant in this case, a feeling of closest kinship. I might regard her paternally were her potentialities not so colossal, were her possibilities not so vast, were she not, in brief, a mammoth promise only partially fulfilled. For the past thirty-two years she has been, as it were, my companion, my playmate, workmate. I have shared her vicissitudes while she has retrieved my misfortunes. Years ago I yielded my share of effort to bring her forth from that obscurity in which countless centuries had enthralled her; to estrange her from the untutored and uncouth savage, the Apache, the Papago, the Pima and the Navajo, who alone had found her rugged mountains and expansive deserts hospitable, and to introduce her to the Caucasian world. With other newcomers from the older and more populous regions, I encouraged this untutored child of the western wilderness to emerge from her solitude, to don the habiliments of civilization and to extend her welcome more freely and hopefully to others of my kind. To all these importunities Arizona has responded more readily than ever was imagined; more generously than the most sanguine pioneer ever anticipated, more bounteously than was ever thought possible by those superficially familiar with her resources of thirty years ago.

Her resources of thirty years ago! The expression calls to mind frontier pictures that pass my mental vision in kaleidoscopic array. When I followed a burro train bearing prospectors' equipment across eastern Arizona into the town of Globe in the year 1881, I had acquired an abiding faith in the industrial future of the country over which my trail had led. I had portrayed mentally

those herculean human efforts by which rugged mountains impregnated with valuable minerals would be made to yield richest tribute to industry. I foresaw towering smokestacks of smelters. I heard in fancy the raucous roar of blast furnaces and the din of machinery in immense refineries. I forethought, less vividly, it is true, but accurately, nevertheless, the forces of commercialism wresting their wealth from virgin forests. And a concomitant element in the whole picture was the settler with his agricultural instinct creating here and there a garden spot with waters diverted from natural channels, while the little mining camps and trading posts assumed, as a matter of course, the proportions and appearance of thriving cities.

All these things were a part of the vision held before the Arizona pioneers in those early days as an incentive to their industry, as a hope of reward to urge them on to further conquests of the wild and all too barren waste over which savage life and the elemental forces of Nature had theretofore held illimitable sway. But even the most fanciful of the early settlers delving into the mountain sides for hidden treasure, or grazing their herds and flocks on the wooded and vegetated uplands did not have the temerity or imagination to predict any future value for the contemned deserts—those treacherous expanses of moistureless sand or adobe, scantily and sporadically covered by sagebrush, mesquite and greasewood, the cactus, the *cholla* and the *ocatilla*. They were places fraught with vague terrors, where Nature in recalcitrant mood had chosen to play strange pranks, where the unwary or too venturesome prospector was lured to the tortures of death by thirst while the phantom lakes and elusive shades of the mirage mocked him in his suffering. Verily, here was the ne plus ultra of desolation! Who could divine that Uncle Sam would one day become a twentieth-century miracle-worker, and with enormous stores of waters impounded in the mountain canyons or river

beds, would drag forth these mute and barren wastes from their primeval solitude and convert them into a veritable Garden of Eden? The mythical feats of Thor, the conquests of Goliath, and the prodigious performances of the Brobdingnagian giants were as nothing compared to this.

So stupendous was the undertaking that even after the government engineers had outlined their plans for converting the acres of the Salt river and Yuma valleys into productive farms, the agricultural chance-taker who settled down on a homestead to await the arrival of irrigation, with the completion of the projects, accepted the assurances of the miracle-workers with reservations. Illustrative of this feeling was the graphic, if extravagant, expression used by one of these homestead entrymen while the great Roosevelt Dam was under construction. As he leaned on the wheel of my carriage in front of the little tent house that he called home, he must have caught me in the act of making a stealthy survey of his none too substantial abode and the quarter-section of desert land that surrounded it, for after looking skeptically over his surroundings for a moment, he remarked with grim doubtfulness "Doesn't look like much to tie to, does it, stranger? A jackrabbit runnin' across it 'ud have to carry his lunch with him." Today the land that called forth this pessimism could not be purchased for \$200 an acre.

But one should not bridge too rapidly the years of endeavor and history-making that intervened between the days when the white man in Arizona, repulsing the marauding Indian, and the hardly less formidable desperado, evolved law and order of a crude but effective character, together with means of livelihood, and this modern epoch when civilizing and industrial influences and endeavors appear to be culminating in an era of incomparable prosperity which stretches ahead in a roseate vista down the long reaches of time. For, meanwhile, had come the cattle barons, the lumbermen, the farmers, the yellow-legged mining engineer, and close in the wake of the latter the great corporation with its possibilities for extensive development of those natural mineral resources, knowledge of which caused Humboldt, the famous geologist and cosmogonist, to say of Arizona prophetically in that early period "There lies the future treasure-house of the world." And almost contempo-

aneously with these notable and significant events, the great empire of civilization and industry that lay to the eastward stretched out a cordon by which it sought to lay hold on Arizona along with the supposedly richer and more hospitable country lying to the westward. It was a railroad, this harbinger of civilization, and its number, with the advance of industrial development, has become plural. The railroad builders of those early days regarded Arizona as a place to be gotten across as swiftly as possible with as few stops as were permissible on the way to the gold fields, the cultivated valleys and giant forests of California. Yet in the course of Arizona's development came the time when she led all the states of the Union as a producer of copper, when millions more were annually yielded by her in the form of gold, silver, lead, zinc and other metals; when the far-heralded advantages of a mild and invigorating climate combined with numerous natural scenic wonders brought thousands of tourists yearly to her cities and mountains; when vast natural resources and enhanced transportation facilities hastened the upbuilding of her centers of population and the occupation of her fertile farmlands until the population of the territory had mounted to well over two hundred thousand. Then, surely and inevitably, on February 14, 1912, came statehood with its attendant advantages and privileges. Arizona was no longer the storhouse of Nature's curiosities, the domain of the savage dedicated chiefly to the scientific explorer and the writer of fiction in search of new scenes and local color. As a state she had, so to speak, "arrived."

Not all of a state's resources are indicated by the figures of industrialism or the literature of boards of trade, however potent these two factors in development may be. In brief, one cannot express a true estimate of a commonwealth in terms of Midas any more than he can adjudge accurately and fairly the character and personality of a fellowman by reference alone to his rating in Bradstreet's. In the last analysis it is the populace of a state that foretells its destiny.

They are not the sluggards of the world who leave kith and kin to wrest a livelihood from a new and untried region. It takes both courage and enterprise to abandon one's household gods of generations and set up new firesides and shrines on virgin soil. And even the healthseeker is not

infrequently a pathfinder in his chosen line of work, who has prematurely reached his day of reckoning with Nature's laws through the too feverish pursuit of an ambition. Thus it has come about naturally that Arizona's new ship of state carries a venturesome, hazard-loving people, unafraid to explore uncharted seas in the realms of industry, sociology or in other directions of human endeavor. Since their entrance into this new territory they have had to subdue savage tribes, to stand embattled against the very elements of Nature in gaining a foothold and founding homes. Therefore, their chance-taking proclivities are great, and their view of life is undismayed. Their conquests have reënforced their confidence.

This spirit of Arizona's people has made itself manifest in different ways, particularly since statehood was acquired and greater latitude was thus afforded for departures from the old order of public affairs. In divers directions it has reached out to transform the old into the new, and to bestow its humanizing influence wherever conditions made a demand. Perhaps the greatest monument to this ardent spirit of progress is the constitution of the new state, with the initiative, referendum and recall as its cardinal principles, while the most striking manifestation of it may be the radical institutional reforms inaugurated and supported since Arizona became a distinct entity in the Union. From delving after wealth, from reclaiming arid lands and upbuilding cities, the new state has withheld sufficient attention and effort to effect a new kind of reclamation, to foster an enterprise that is, and yet is not, wholly a philanthropy, the rehabilitation of human character, the conserving of individual life and energy for social betterment.

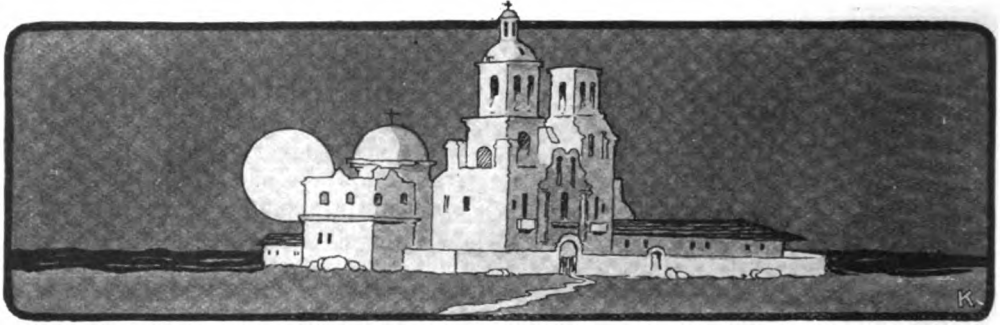
The most notable results along these lines have been achieved in utilizing for public service those elements which had hitherto been regarded as wholly estranged from society.

The state of Arizona had outlined on paper a great north and south and east and west system of highways, but the road fund was depleted. Where was the labor to come from to extend these radial lines of travel whereby the different cities of Arizona might be linked more closely together and the multitude of tourists might annually find

ready access to all parts of this sightseers' wonderland? The solution was found when construction forces were recruited from the four hundred and fifty men in the State Prison. To encourage self-respect stripes were abolished and gray uniforms were substituted. To promote health and efficiency sanitary surroundings and wholesome food were provided. In different parts of the state road camps were established, and in one of the most remote about forty men were stationed with no guard except their own verbal assurances that they would not try to escape. A lesson in human nature was then afforded by the discovery that a prisoner's sense of honor is a more effective guard than a man with a rifle. Figures show a far lower percentage of attempted escapes from road camps unguarded than from those where the usual espionage is employed. And this fact affords the basic principle of the new penology, namely, a man reforms only as he is trusted and made to rely on himself.

However that may be, highway and bridge construction is going forward rapidly in Arizona by means of prisoners' labor, and in this and other ways each man convicted, instead of becoming a public burden, is paying his debt to the state whose laws he transgressed.

And yet, whatever Arizona's civic and industrial advantages today; however phenomenal her progress, in the few years since she emerged from comparative obscurity into the radiance of a new era, the state is still in the early stages of development. While it is true that her advancement has been of a character not attained by many a commonwealth of surpassing age and wealth of tradition, her potentialities are stupendous. Hers is a record of many worthy beginnings, of colossal inceptions. Not the past, but the future holds her interest, her ideals, her aspirations. And commanding, meanwhile, the allegiance and devotion of thousands of people of every walk of life, who have felt the subtle and intangible, but withal potent fascination of her sapphire skies, her opalescent sunsets, her wondrous scenery, her wealth of empire, her spirit of hazardry admitting no defeat, she extends perennial welcome and promise of prosperity to every newcomer in search of happiness commensurate with human endeavor.



"I think at even, eyes that dreamed of Spain turned wistfully across the trackless sand"

SAN XAVIER

The Mission of San Xavier del Bac, near Tucson, Arizona, was founded
by Spanish priests about 1687

By MARION CUMMINGS STANLEY

Where buried rivers mock the burning sands,
Through trackless wastes of desert, dread and vast,
They came whose feet were first in unknown lands;
They stayed their weary wandering here at last.

They came who counted earthly gain as loss,
They raised the old-world altar in the new;
Around the banner of the lifted cross,
From far and wide, the red men wondering drew.

They burned them bricks from out the desert clay,
They had no quarried stone nor marble white;
They taught the peaceful Pima day by day;
The fierce Apache terrified the night.

They made them bricks of desert sand; they brought
The beamed oak afar; year after year
Still patiently the gray-gowned brothers sought
To make the old-world beauty blossom here.

Beneath their hands the desert clay took mold
Of Moorish arch and Moorish tower fair.
From mountain mines they brought the virgin gold,
With beaten gold they made the altar there.

I think at even, eyes that dreamed of Spain
Turned wistfully across the trackless sand,
As from an island in the midmost main
A shipwrecked sailor yearns for native land.

Did any echo reach them from afar,
Borne over vale and plain and mountain crest,
To tell how in the travail pains of war
The new world bore a nation to the West?

For him, the high of heart and strong of limb,
Her bosom with the milk of plenty fills;
Her wheat upon a thousand plains for him,
For him her cattle on a thousand hills.

And not for Spain for all her splendid dreams,
Though first her ships were on the silent bays,
Though first for her the new world's treasure-streams,
And at her shrine the simple Indian prays.

And not for thee, O thou wild wanderer,
Dark daughter of her youth, whose feet were free
Upon her hills in all the days that were
Before the white man's star rose from the sea.

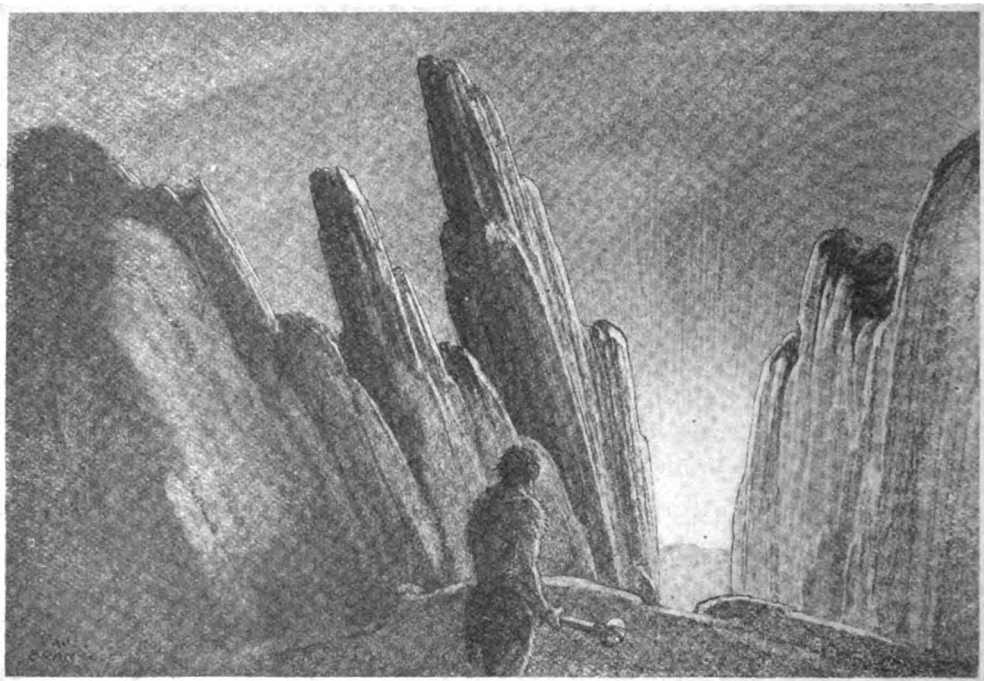
Here at this shrine they bowed with faces mild,
They knew no prescience of coming loss,
The son of Spain, America's first child,
Together in the shadow of the cross.

Now from his hills the Indian is gone;
The eager white man works his will; today
The tides of trade are high where old Tucson
Cowered close behind her walls of sun-baked clay.

Along the reaches of the silent land
The throbbing arteries of commerce beat,
And where the fathers knelt, so scant a band,
From sea to sea men gathered, mix and meet.

The old things pass; only the mesa keeps
The olden light when waning afternoon
Along the purple Catalinas sleeps,
Till Santa Rita's roses blossom soon.

And at one shrine of ancient memories
The past lives on from dreaming year to year;
They whisper still—the vanished centuries—
Upon the vesper bells of San Xavier.



IN THE MORNING OF TIME

THE FINDING OF FIRE

By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

Author of: The Heart of the Ancient Wood; The Feet of the Furtive

Illustrated by Paul Bransom

A battle between Earliest Man and the King of the Triple Horn, described in the September number, was a fitting prelude to this remotely staged romance of Grôm and A-ya, tribal lovers who roamed the Little Hills, and who were the Finders of Fire.

THE People of the Little Hills were in extremity. Trouble after trouble had come upon them, blow after blow had stricken them, till now there were but a score of fighting men with perhaps twice that number of women able to bear children, left to the tribe. It looked as if but one more stroke such as that which had just befallen them must wipe them out of existence. And that, had ruthless Nature suffered it, would have been a damage she would have taken thousands of years to repair. For the People of the Little Hills had climbed

higher from the pregnant ooze than any other of the man or half-man tribes at that time struggling into being on the youthful Earth.

First, and not least formidable to the tribe, had been an incursion from the east of beings who were plainly men but even more plainly beasts. Had the men of the Little Hills but known it, they were much like their own ancestors except for the blackness of their skins beneath the coarse fur, for the narrow angle of their skulls, and the heavy forward thrust of their lower jaws. They wore no garment

of any kind, bore no weapons except the gnarled branches crudely trimmed by breaking or gnawing, and spoke an extremely rudimentary tongue, which to the Hillmen seemed but a succession of grunts and clicks. They were, in fact, a race of Tree-men, or Ape-men, probably overflowing from their native forests and seeking a new home where the fruits they loved should be abundant. In almost voiceless fury they flung themselves upon the Hillmen, who slew them in hordes by the aid of club and spear, but suffered frightful losses in the struggle. The Ape-men had a hideous habit of rending their beaten antagonists apart as they were wont to strip branches from the trees. But it caused them to lose a lot of precious time in the rush of a battle, and it roused the Hillmen to a redoubled rage. In the end—after a long war, for the invaders came in a succession of legions—the low-browed ones were beaten, trodden out or driven into the sea, which they feared frantically. But when they had passed the Hillmen's ranks were thin, and their stone-piled graves were thick along the windy shoulders of the hill.

Soon afterward, appearing from no man could say where, came a scattered incursion of mammoth cave-bears, sabretoothed tigers, and a few gigantic cave-lions. These ravenous monsters not only slaughtered wholesale the game on which the Hillmen most depended, but strove—each for himself, fortunately—to seize the caves. As they raged against each other no less desperately than against their human adversaries, the issue of the war was never in doubt. The Hillmen stood together solidly, fought with all their cunning of pitfall and ambushade, and overwhelmed the mightiest by sheer weight of numbers. But again the victory was dear-bought. When the last of the monsters, sullen and amazed, withdrew to seek less difficult encounters, they left mourning and lamentation in the caves.

This war had been a matter of some seasons. Then had followed a summer of peace and good hunting, which had given wounds time to heal. But with winter had swept down another dreadful invasion from the east—wolves, wolves of gigantic stature, and hunting in such huge packs that many outlying sections of the tribe

were cut off and devoured before the Hillmen could combine to withstand them. Fortunately the different packs had no combined action, so after the first shock the hairy warrior who ruled the men of the Little Hills was able to get his diminished followers together, along with most of their stored supplies, and mass them in the central caves. Night after night raged bloody battles in the cave-mouths; and from time to time, when the opposing numbers were not too overwhelming, the Hillmen would rush forth with deep-chested yells and brain a few score of their besiegers. But meanwhile all hunting was made impossible, the meat of the slain wolves was intolerable, and men's blood grew thin on a scant diet of nuts and roots. So dragged by half the desperate winter. Then suddenly the wolves, having exterminated or driven off all the game among the Little Hills, once more took the trail, though with diminished ranks, and swept off ravaging to the south. The People of the Little Hills were free once more to come out into the sun. But there was no more game to hunt, neither in the forest, nor on the upland slopes, nor in the frost-filmed marshes by the estuary. The tribe was driven to fumbling in the icy pools at low tide for scallops and clams and mussels, a diet which their souls despised and their bodies resented.

The fact that the invasion of the wolves had forced the tribe to concentrate, however, presently proved to have been a painfully disguised blessing. Had they remained as before, scattered all over their domain for the convenience of the chase, their next and hardest trial would surely have annihilated them.

It was once more out of the east that it came upon them, by the trail of the vanished Ape-men and the giant-wolves. About sunrise of a summer's day a woman of the tribe was grubbing for roots with a pointed stick, by the banks of a brook, when she was pounced upon by a pair of squat yellow-brown filthy men with enormous shoulders, short bow-legs, and flat faces with gaping upturned nostrils. Young and vigorous, she fought like a tigress till stunned by a blow on the head—which was not before both her assailants were streaming with blood from the jabs of her sharp digging-stick. Her cries had aroused the tribe, however, and her

captors, appreciating in her a shapeliness and fairness beyond anything they had ever seen in their own females, made haste to make sure of their prize by dragging her off into the woods. Three of the Hillmen, raging in pursuit, were intercepted by a horde of the squat strangers suddenly leaping from the thickets—surrounded, pulled down after a heaving convulsion of struggle, and trodden into the earth.

The chief of the tribe, from his vantage at the top of the slope which led up to the little amphitheater of caves wherein he had gathered his people, saw and understood. The perils of the past two years had made him cool and provident. One look at those foul and shaggy hordes, leaping like beasts, had told him that this was to be a battle to the death. Angrily beating back the hotheads who would have rushed down to avenge their kin and inevitably shared their fate, his shouts, bellowed sonorously from his deep and hairy chest, called up the whole tribe to the defense of the bottle-neck pass which led into the amphitheater.

The Bow-legs, their yellow skin showing through the clotted tufts of coarse clay-colored hair which unevenly clothed their bodies, came plunging irregularly through the brook and gathered in confused masses along the foot of the slope, jabbering shrilly to each other and making insolent gestures toward the silent company at the top. The hair of their heads was stringy, coarse and scant, and of an inky blackness, in contrast to the abundant locks of the Hillmen, which were for the most part of a dark brown or dark ruddy hue.

In other respects the contrast was still more striking. The Hillmen, erect and straight, were taller than their bestial-looking opponents by a foot or fifteen inches. With much less breadth of shoulder and heaviness of trunk, they had great depths of chest, great muscular development in arm and leg, and a leanness of flank that gave them a look of breed. Their skins, very hairy in the case of the mature men, were of a reddish tan color, paling to pink and cream in the children and younger women. They had ample foreheads under the wild thatch of their hair, and high well-bridged noses, and fierce steady eyes of green or brown-gray. Outnumbered nearly ten to one, and shrewd to see at a glance what ferocious power

lurked in those misshapen frames at the foot of the slope, they stood staring down upon them in silence, with an undaunted loathing.

For some minutes the hordes of the Bow-legs stood jabbering, and waving their crude but massive clubs excitedly. They seemed to have no chief, no plan of attack, no discipline of any sort. Some of them even squatted down on the turf and scratched themselves like monkeys, glaring malignantly but stupidly at the little array of their opponents, and snorting through their hideous upturned nostrils, which were little more than wide red pits in their faces. Then some of those who were squatting on the ground began to play with a dreadful red ball which had some wisps of hair yet clinging to it.

A snarling roar went up from the ranks of the Hillmen, and some of them would have rushed to accept the ghastly challenge. But the chief held them back sternly. Then he himself, half a head taller than all but one or two of his followers, with magnificent chest and shoulders and a dark lion-like mane thick-streaked with gray, strode out three or four paces to the front and stood leaning on his huge porphyry-headed club while he glared down contemptuously over the gesticulating horde.

The Bow-legs stilled their jabbering for a moment to stare with interest at this imposing figure. Then one of those who were seated on the ground seized the ghastly ball that they were playing with, whirled it by the hair, and hurled it two-thirds of the way up the slope. As it fell and rebounded, two young women sprang from the ranks, their thick locks streaming like a cloud behind them, and dashed down the hill to meet it. The foremost caught it up, clutched it to her naked breast, and screamed a curse upon the gaping murderers. Then the two fled back and were lost in the ranks of the Hillmen.

The sight of the two women, with their bright skins, their strong straight limbs, and their rich floating hair, appeared to give the Bow-legs just the spur to concerted action they were needing. They rightly judged there were more of these desirable beings in the crowd behind that tall contemptuous chief. Those on the ground scrambled eagerly to their feet,

and with high beastly yells the whole horde charged up the slope.

Then ensued a struggle such as men had not witnessed in all time. When it ended the passage was blocked with the mangled bodies of the pig-eyed enemies of the Hill-men.

And thereafter the Bow-legged hosts changed the path of their migration, sweeping far to the southward to avoid the land of the Little Hills.

A white high-sailing moon streamed down into the amphitheater where the scarred remnant of the Tribe of the Little Hills, squatting before their cave-mouths, took counsel. Their dead had all been reverently buried, under heaps of stones, on the bare and wind-swept shoulder of the downs. Outside the pass the giant jackals, cave hyenas and other scavengers of the night, howled and scuffled over the carcasses of the slain invaders.

Endless and tumultuous was the talk, the white-haired bent old men and the women who had borne children being listened to as attentively as the warriors. The Chief, sitting on a rock which raised him above the rest, spoke only a word now and then, but gave ear to all, glancing from speaker to speaker with narrowed eyes, weighing all suggestions. On the outskirts of the circle stood a warrior, Grôm by name, who had played a valiant part in the defense of the tribe, leaning on his club and staring at the moon, apparently lost in dreams.

Suddenly the Chief uttered a sharp word, and the tribe fell silent. He rose, yet stiff from his wounds, and towering masterfully over the Council, announced his decision.

"I have heard much foolishness" said he, "but also some wisdom. And the greatest wisdom has come from the lips of my father yonder, Alp the old." And he pointed to a decrepit figure whose bowed head was hidden under a mane of white hair. "My father's eyes are blind with age" he continued, "but behind their darkness they see many things that we cannot see. They have seen that all these disasters which have lately come upon us have come out of the East. They see that there must be a reason. They see that other terrible dangers must also be coming out of the East, and that we People of

the Little Hills lie in their path. How many more can we withstand, and live? Not one more. Therefore I say, we will leave this place, this home of our fathers, and we will go to the setting sun, and find a new home far from our enemies till we can grow strong again. I have said it."

As he sat down there was a low murmur, many thinking he was right, while others, not daring to dissent quite openly, yet were angry and afraid at the idea of leaving their familiar dwellings. But Grôm, who was the mightiest fighter in all the tribe and second only to the Chief in the favor of the Hill People, now stepped forward into the circle and spoke.

"Bawr is our Chief" said he in a clear calm voice, "not only because he is our greatest in war, but because he is also our wisest in counsel. When do we go?"

The Chief thought for a moment. For the murmurs of the dissidents he cared nothing, having made up his mind. But he was glad of Grôm's support.

"Two moons hence!" he answered presently. "Our wounded must be healed, for we must be strong on the journey. And as we go far, and know not where we go, we must gather much food to carry with us. When the moon is twice again full, we leave these caves and the land of the Little Hills."

"Then," said Grôm, "if Bawr will take my boy and care for him while I am gone, I will go and find a place far up, and come again quickly and lead the tribe thither by the shortest way."

"I will care for the boy" said Bawr, quick to see what dangerous wanderings might be spared to the tribe by this plan. "When will you go?"

"In tomorrow's morning red" answered Grôm.

At this suggestion a young girl, who had been watching the warrior where he stood aloof, sprang to her feet in sharp agitation and clutched her black hair to her bosom in two great handfuls. A-ya she was, fairest of the Hill women, and at her unexpected action a huge youth, who had been squatting as close as possible to the girl, and eying her averted face greedily, jumped up with a jealous scowl.

"Grôm is a traitor!" he cried. "He deserts us in our need. Let him not go, Chief."

A growl of protest went up from his hearers. The girl faced round upon him

with blazing eyes. Grôm gave him an indifferent glance and turned away, half smiling. The Chief struck the rock with his club and said coldly: "Râsh is young and his words are foolish. Grôm is a true man. He shall do as he will."

The youth's heavy features worked angrily for a moment as he sought words for a further attack. Then his face smoothed into a grin, as he remembered that from so perilous a venture it was most unlikely his rival would ever return. He gave a crafty side-glance at the girl, and sat down again, while she turned her back upon him. At a sign from the Chief the council broke up, and all slipped off chattering into their caves.

As the first pink light crept up the sky, Grôm leaned over his sleeping boy, touched him in farewell without waking him, and set forth on his mysterious venture. It was just such a venture as his sanguine and inquiring spirit, avid of the unknown, had always dreamed of. But never before had he had such an object before him as seemed to justify the long risk. There was all a boy's eagerness in his deep eyes, under their shaggy brows, as he slipped noiselessly out of the bottle-neck, picked his way lightly over the well-gnawed bones of the slain invaders, turned his back on the sunrise, and took his course up the edge of the stream. The weapons he carried were his war club, two light flint-headed hunting spears, and a flint knife hung from his wolf-skin girdle.

All that day, till mid-afternoon, he journeyed swiftly, straight ahead, taking no precaution save to keep always a vigilant watch to avoid dark coverts where tiger or leopard might spring upon him. He was in a region which he had often hunted over, and so felt at home. He traveled very swiftly, at a long noiseless lope, and when he wished to rest he climbed a tree for security. Several times during the day he had had a sensation of being followed, and turning quickly he ran back, in the hope of detecting his pursuer. But when he found no one he concluded that it was merely one of the ghosts the tribe so feared, but whom he himself rather held in contempt as futile.

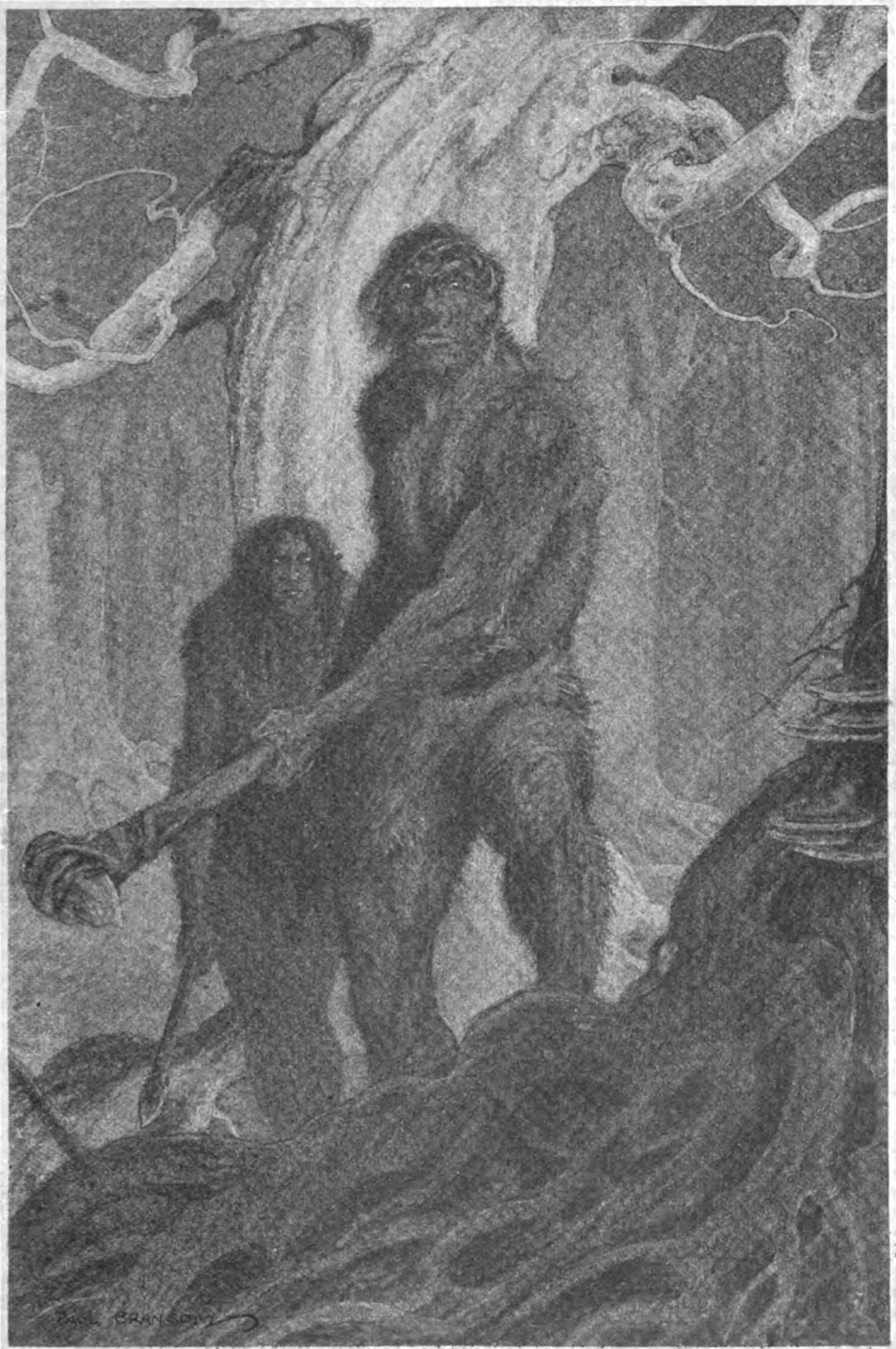
Long before noon he had forsaken the brook because its course had ceased to lead him westward. In the afternoon he reached a river which marked the limit

of his former explorations. It was a wide swift water, but too shallow and turbulent for swimming, and he forded it with some difficulty. Once across he went with more caution, oppressed with a sense of strangeness although the landscape as yet was in no way greatly changed. From time to time he would stop, flatten himself against a tree-trunk, peer about him with narrowed lids, listen intently, sniff the air with nostrils as sensitive as a hound's. For he knew that the forest abounded in creatures savage and flesh-eating, for many of whom the most powerful man alone was no match in single combat. And he knew, too, that as the forest here was broken with meadows of rank herbage, there was always the chance of meeting some of those gigantic herbivores even more irresistible to man than the cave lion itself—colossal elk-buffalo, and aurochs, and those three-horned monsters that seemed half-mammoth and half-rhinoceros, and shapes of which he had no knowledge except from dim tribal tradition. Most of the flesh-eaters, he was aware, being night-prowlers, would be just now asleep in their coverts, waiting for dusk. But the silence of the unknown forest tingled with menace.

As the sun got low, Grôm cast about for a safe tree in whose top to pass the perilous hours of dark. At the last rivulet he had drunk copiously, and with the pointed butt of his spear had dug up starchy tubers enough, with a fat marmot which he had speared on the way, to make his evening meal. As he stared around him a cry of fear came from the bunch of woods which he had just quitted. The voice was a woman's. He ran back. The next second the trees parted, and a girl came rushing toward him, her long black hair streaming behind her. Close after her came three huge cave-wolves.

Grôm shouted and hurled a spear. It struck one of the wolves full in the chest, splitting the heart. At this the other two halted irresolutely. But as Grôm's tall figure came bounding down upon them their courage failed. They wheeled about and ran off into the thickets. The girl came forward, timorously, and knelt at Grôm's feet.

At first with wonder and some annoyance, the warrior looked down upon her. Then recognition came into his eyes. He saw the tip of a deep wound on her shoulder,



They traveled warily, feeling that the fortunes of the tribe were in their care. But many times in those adventurous weeks Grön had reason to congratulate himself that he was not alone, many times he was made to realize the value of his companion's ready spear and unflinching courage

and knew that it ran, livid and angry, half-way down her bosom. It was the young girl, A-ya. His eyes softened; for he had heard now it was she that had saved him in the battle, fighting so furiously over him when he was down—she in whose blood he had found his shoulders bathed. Yet up to that time he had never noticed her, his mind being full of other matters than women. Now he looked at her and wondered. He was sorely afraid of being hampered in his great enterprise; but he asked her gently why she had followed him.

"I was afraid for you" she answered, without looking up. "You go to such great dangers. I could not stay with the tribe, and wait!"

"You think, I need help?" he asked, with a self-confident look in his eyes.

"You did need me, in the battle" answered the girl proudly.

"True!" said Grôm. "But for you, I should now have been sleeping under stones and the wind."

He looked at her with a feeling that surprised himself, a kind of thrilling tenderness such as he had never felt toward a woman before. His wives had been good wives and dutiful, and he had been content with them. But it occurred to him that neither of them would ever have thought to come with him on this expedition.

"I could not stay without you" said the girl again. "Also, I was afraid of Râsh" she added cunningly.

A wave of jealous wrath surged through Grôm's veins.

"If Râsh had troubled you, I would have killed him!" said he fiercely. And snatching the girl to her feet, he crushed her for a moment vehemently to his great breast.

"But why," he went on, "did you follow me so secretly all day?"

"I was afraid you would be angry, and send me back" she answered with a sigh of content.

"I could not have sent you back" said Grôm, his indifference quite forgotten. "But come, we must find a place for the night." And hand in hand they ran to a great tree which Grôm had already marked for his retreat. As they climbed to the upper branches, dusk fell quickly about them, some great beast roared

thunderously from the depths of the forest, and from a near-by jungle came sudden crashings of the undergrowth.

For three weeks Grôm and the girl pressed on eagerly, swinging north to avoid a vast lake whose rand and marshy shores were trodden by monsters such as they had never before set eyes upon. They traveled warily, feeling that the fortunes of the tribe were in their care. But many times in those adventurous weeks Grôm had reason to congratulate himself that he was not alone, many times he was made to realize the value of his companion's ready spear and unflinching courage. Of nights, no matter how high or how well hidden their tree-top refuge might be, they found it necessary to keep turn and turn about, so numerous and so enterprising were the enemies who sought to investigate the strange human trail. Had Grôm been alone, he would soon have been worn out for want of sleep. The girl, however, her eyes ever bright with happiness, seemed utterly untiring, and Grôm watched her with daily growing delight. He had never heard or dreamed of a man regarding a woman as he regarded the little fierce creature who ran beside him. But he had never been afraid of new things or new ideas, and he was not ashamed of this sweet ache of tenderness at his astonished heart.

Beyond the lake and the morasses they came to a strange broken land, a land of fertile valleys, deep-verdured and teeming with life, but sown with abrupt cone-like naked hills. Along the near horizon ran a chain of those sharp low summits, irregularly jagged against the pale blue. From several of the summits rose streamers of murky vapor, and one of these, darker and more abundant than the others, spread abroad at the top on the windless air till it took the shape of a colossal pine-tree. To the girl the sight was portentous. It filled her with apprehension and she would have liked to avoid this unfamiliar-looking region. But seeing that Grôm was filled with interest at the novel phenomena before them, she thrust aside her fears and assumed a like eagerness on the subject.

In the heat of the day they came to a pair of trees, lofty and spreading, which stood a little apart from the rest of the forest growth, in a stretch of open meadows.

An ice-cold rivulet babbled past their roots. It was time for the noonday rest, and these trees seemed to offer a safe retreat. The girl drank, splashed herself with the delicious coolness, flung back her dripping hair, then swung herself up lightly into the branches. Grôm lingered a few moments below, letting the water trickle down and over his great muscles by handfuls. Then he threw himself down upon his face and drank deep.

While he was in this helpless position—his sleepless vigilance for the moment at fault—from behind a near-by thicket rushed a gigantic snaggy gray form, and hurled itself at him ponderously but with awful swiftness, like a gray boulder dashing down a hillside. The girl, from her perch in the lower branches, gave a shriek of warning. Grôm bounded to his feet and darted for the tree. But the monster—a cave-bear, of a bulk beyond that of the hugest grizzly—was almost upon him, and would have seized him before he could climb out of reach. A spear hurtled close past his head. It grazed, and laid open, the side of the beast's snout, and sank deep into his shoulder. With a roar the beast halted to claw it forth. And in that moment Grôm swung himself up into the branches, dropping both his spears as he did so.

The bear, mad with pain and fury, reared himself against the trunk and began to draw himself up. Grôm struck at him with his club, but from his difficult position could put no force into his blow, and the bear hardly seemed to notice it.

"We must lead him up, then drop down and run!" said Grôm. And the two mounted nimbly.

The bear followed, till the branches began to yield too perilously beneath his weight. Then Grôm and the girl slipped over into the next tree. As they did so another bear, even huger than the first and apparently her mate, appeared below, glanced up with shrewd implacable eyes, and proceeded to climb the second tree.

Grôm looked at the girl with a piercing anxiety such as he had never known before.

"Can you run, very fast?" he demanded.

The girl laughed, her terror almost forgotten in her pride at having once more saved him.

"I ran from the wolves" she reminded him.

"Then we must run, perhaps very far" answered Grôm, reassured, "till we find some place of steep rocks where we can fight with some hope. For these beasts are obstinate and will never give up pursuing us."

When both bears were high in the two trees, Grôm and the girl slipped down by the bending tips of the branches, almost as swiftly as falling. They snatched up Grôm's two spears and A-ya's broken one, and ran, down along the brook toward the line of the smoking hills. The bears, descending more slowly, came after them at a terrific, ponderous gallop. They were not two hundred yards behind.

The girl ran, as she had said, well—so well that Grôm, who was famous in the tribe for his running, did not have to greatly slacken his pace in her favor. Finding that, at first, they gained slightly on their pursuers, Grôm bade her slow down a little till they did no more than hold their own. Fearing lest she should exhaust herself, he ran always a pace behind her, admonishing her how to save her strength and her breath, and ever warily casting his eyes about for a possible refuge. Warily, too, he chose the smoothest ways, sparing her feet. For he knew that if she gave out and fell he would stop and fight his last fight over her body. He had no room for fear, however, for every force in body, brain and nerve was bent on preserving the good life which he felt so warm and strong in them both. Had he been alone, he could have so far distanced his pursuers as soon to lose them utterly; but this thought never even entered his mind. From time to time he glanced back over his shoulder at the monstrous gray bulks following tirelessly in their rolling gallop, and he racked his brain for some expedient to outwit them.

For an hour or more the girl ran easily. Then she began to show signs of distress. Her face grew ashen, and the breath came harshly from her open lips, and once or twice she stumbled. With the first pang of fear at his heart Grôm closed up beside her, made her lean heavily on his rigid fore-arm, and cheered her with words of praise. He pointed to a spur of broken hills now close ahead, with a narrow valley cleaving them mid-way.

"There will be ledges" he said, "where we can defend ourselves, and where you can rest."

A-ya saw strange puffs and streamers of smoke shooting up from some of the crevices in those naked hills, and she feared the mystery before her almost as much as the sure doom at her heels. But she answered with a brave look, a firm grasp of Grôm's arm, and ran steadily once more.

Skirting a bit of jungle, so dense with massive cane and thorned creepers that nothing could penetrate it, they came suddenly upon a space of barren gray plain, and saw straight before the opening of the valley. It was not more than a couple of furlongs distant. And its walls, partly clothed with shrubbery, partly naked, were so seamed and cleft and creviced that they appeared to promise many convenient retreats. But across the mouth of the valley extended an appalling barrier. From an irregular fissure in the parched earth, running on a slant from one wall to the other, came tongues of smoky flame, waving upward to a height of several feet, sinking back, rising again, and bowing as if in some enchanted dance.

Grôm's heart stood still in awe and amazement, and for a second he paused. The girl shut her eyes in unspeakable terror, and her knees gave way beneath her. As she sank, Grôm's spirit rose to the emergency. The bears were now almost upon them. He jerked the girl violently to her feet, and spoke to her in a voice that brought her back to herself. Dragging her by the wrist, he ran on straight for the barrier. The girl, obedient to his order, shrank close to his side and ran on bravely, keeping her eyes upon the ground.

"If they are gods, those bright, dancing things" said Grôm, with a confidence he was far from feeling, "they will save us. If they are devils, I will fight them."

A little to the right appeared a gap in the leaping barrier, an opening some fifty feet across. Grôm made for the center of this opening. The fissure here was not more than three feet in width. The runners took it in their stride. But a fierce heat struck up from it. It filled the girl with such horror that her senses failed her utterly. She ran on blindly a dozen paces more, then reeled and fell in a swoon. Before her body touched the ground Grôm had swung her up into his arms. But as he did so he looked back.

The bears were no longer pursuing. A

spear's throw back they had stopped, growling and whining, and swaying their mountainous forms from side to side in angry irresolution.

"They fear the bright, dancing things" said Grôm to himself—and added with a throb of exultation, "which I do not fear."

Noticing for the first time in his excitement that the ground, here parched and bare, was uncomfortably hot beneath his feet, he carried his burden a few steps further on, to where the green began again, and laid her down on the thick herbage. Then he turned to see what the bears were going to do.

Seeing that their intended prey made no further effort to flee, the two monsters grew still more excited. For a moment Grôm thought they would dare the passage of the barrier. But he was reassured to see that the flames filled them with an insuperable fear. They dared not come nearer than the thin edges of the verdure. At last, as if the same notion had come to them both at once, they whirled about simultaneously, made off among the dense thickets to the right, and disappeared. Grôm knew too well the obstinate vindictiveness of their kind to think that they had given up the chase; but feeling safe for the present, and seeing that the girl, recovered from her swoon, was sitting and staring with awed eyes at the line of fire, he turned all his attention to these mysterious shining leaping shapes to which they owed their escape.

With an attitude of deference, yet carrying both club and spear in readiness, he slowly approached the barrier, at the point where the flames were lowest and least imposing. Their heat made him very uneasy, but under the eyes of the girl he would show no sign of fear. At a distance of six or eight feet he stopped, studying the thin upcurling tongues of brightness. Their heat at this distance was uncomfortable to his naked flesh; but as he stood there wondering and took no further hurt, his confidence grew. At length he dared to stretch out his spear-tip and touch the flames, very respectfully. The green-hide thongs which bound the flint to the wood smoked, shriveled and hissed. He withdrew the weapon in alarm, and examined the tip. It was blackened, and hot to the touch. But seeing that the bright dancers had taken no notice, he repeated the



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experiment. Several times he repeated it, deeply pondering, while the girl, from her place at the edge of the grass, stared with the wide eyes of a child. At last, though the green thongs still held, the dry wood burst into flame. Startled to find that when he drew the point back he brought a portion of the shining creature with it, Grôm dashed the weapon down upon the ground. The flame, insufficiently started, flickered and died. But it left a spark, winking redly on the blackened wood. Audacious in his consuming curiosity, Grôm touched it with his finger. It stung smartly, and Grôm snatched back his finger with an exclamation of alarm. But by that touch the spark itself was extinguished. That was an amazing thing. Sucking his finger, Grôm stood gazing down at the spear tip, which had but now been so bright, and was now so black. Plainly, it was a victory for him. He did not understand. But at least the Mysterious Ones were not invincible, however much the bears feared them. Well, he did not fear them, he said proudly in his heart. Aloud he said to A-ya: "The Shining Dancers are our friends. But they do not like to be touched. If you touch them, they bite." His heart swelled with a vast unformulated hope. Ideas, possibilities, which he could not yet grasp, seethed in his brain. Dimly but overpoweringly he realized that he had passed the threshold of a new world. With brooding brows he picked up the spear and turned to renew his experiments.

This time he let the fire take well hold upon the spear tip before he withdrew it. Then he held it upright burning like a torch. As he gazed at it raptly a scream from the girl aroused him. She had sprung to her feet and stood staring behind her, not knowing which way to run because of her fear of the fire. And there, not twenty paces from her, their giant gray bulks half emerging from the thicket, stood the bears, slaving in their fury but afraid to come nearer the flame.

With a shout Grôm darted at them; and the wind of his going fanned his spear point to a fierce blaze. The girl screamed again at the sight, but bravely stood her ground. The bears shrank, growled, then turned and fled. With a dozen leaps Grôm was upon them. The flame was already licking up the spear-shaft almost to his

grip. With all his force he threw, and the flint tip buried itself in the nearest monster's haunch. The long fur blazed. And in a frenzy of terror the great beasts went crashing off through the coverts. The fire was speedily whipped out by the branches they went through. But their panic was uncontrollable; and long after they had passed out of sight the sounds of their wild flight could be followed. Grôm's heart was near bursting with exultation but he disdained to show it. He turned to the girl, and said quietly "They will not come back." And the girl threw herself at his feet in adoration.

And now for hours Grôm sat motionless, pondering, pondering and watching the line of flames with deep eyes. The girl did not dare to interrupt his thoughts. The sun sank and the shadows crept up the valleys; but here there was abundant light. With the going of the sun came a chill breeze drawing down from the ridges. Grôm rose, led the girl nearer to the flames, and resealed himself. As the girl realized the kindly and comforting warmth her fears vanished. She laughed softly, turned her shapely body round and round in the glow, and then curled herself up like a cat at Grôm's knees.

At last Grôm arose once more. Picking up his remaining spear, he approached the fire with decision, and thrust the butt, instead of the tip, into the flame. When it was well alight, he threw it down upon a tuft of withered grass. The stuff caught at once, blazed up and died out. Then Grôm rolled the burning spear-butt on the earth till it, too, was quite extinguished. The sparks still winking in the grass he struck with his palm. They stung him, but they perished. He drew himself up to his full height, turned to the girl, and stretched out his blackened hand. The girl sprang to her feet thrilled and wondering.

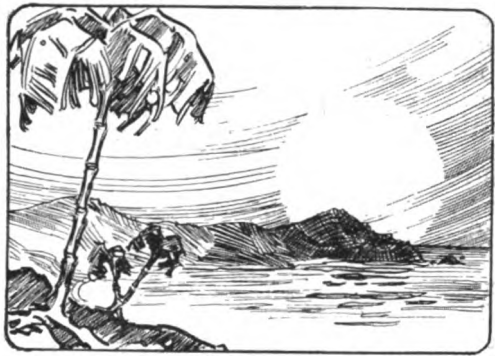
"See" said Grôm, "I have made the bright Dancing Ones my servants. The tribe shall come here. And we shall be the masters of all things."

Once more the girl threw herself at his feet. He seemed to her a god. But remembering how she had twice saved his life she laid her cheek against his knee. He lifted her into the hollow of his great arm; and she leaned against him, gazing up into his face, while he stood staring into the fire, his eyes clouded with visions.

[The third instalment of the romance of Grôm and A-ya, entitled "The Children of the Shining One," will appear in the November number.]

UNDER THE JOLLY ROGER

Wherein McGuffey Proves That An
Ounce of Prejudice is Worth
a Barrel of Imagination



By PETER B. KYNE
Author of: *Captain Scraggs*

Drawings by L. J. Rogers

“WELL, Scraggsy, old hunks, this is pleasant, ain’t it?” said Mr. Gibney, and spat on the deck of the *Maggie II*.

“Right—oh,” replied Captain Scraggs cheerily, “though when I was a young feller and first went to sea, it wasn’t considered no pleasantry to spit on a nice clean deck. You might cut that out, Gib. It’s vulgar.”

“Passin’ over the fact, Scraggs, that you ain’t got no call to jerk me up on sea ettycat, more particular since I’m the master and managin’ owner of this here schooner, I’m free to confess, Scraggsy, that your observation does you credit. I just did that to see if you was goin’ to take as big an interest in the new *Maggie* as you did in the old *Maggie*, and the fact that you object to me expectoratin’ on the deck proves to me that you’re leavin’ behind you all them bay scow tendencies of the green-pea trade. It leads me to believe that you’ll rise to high rank and distinction in the Colombian navy. Your fin, Scraggsy. Expectoratin’ on the decks is barred, and the *Maggie II* goes under navy discipline from now on. Am I right?”

“Right as a right whale,” said Captain Scraggs. “And now that you’ve given that old mate of mine the course, and we’ve temporarily plugged up the holes in this here Mexican gunboat, and everything points to a safe and profitable voyage from now on, suppose you delegate me as a committee of one to brew a scuttle of grog, after which the syndicate holds a meetin’ and lays out a course for its future conduct. There’s a few questions of rank and priv-

ileges that ought to be settled once for all, so there can’t be no come-back.”

“The point is well taken and it is so ordered,” said Mr. Gibney, who had once held office in Harbor 15, Masters and Pilots Association of America, and knew a fragment or two of parliamentary law. “Rustle up the grog, call McGuffey up out of the engine room and we’ll hold the meetin’.”

Twenty minutes later Scraggs came on deck to announce the successful concoction of a kettle of whisky punch; whereupon the three adventurers went below and sat down at the cabin table for a conference.

“I move that Gib be appointed president of the syndicate” said Captain Scraggs.

“Second the motion” rumbled McGuffey

“The motion’s carried,” said Mr. Gibney, and banged the table with his horny fist. “The meetin’ will please come to order. The chair hereby appoints Phineas Scraggs secretary of the syndicate, to keep a record of this and all future meetin’s of the board. I will now entertain propositions of any and all natures, and I invite the members of the board to knock the stopper out of their jaw tackle and go to it.”

“I move,” said Captain Scraggs, “that B. McGuffey, Esquire, be, and he is hereby appointed chief engineer of the *Maggie II*, at a salary not to exceed the wage schedule of the Marine Engineers’ Association of the Pacific Coast, and that he be voted a one-fourth interest in the vessel and all subsequent profits.”

“Second the motion,” said Mr. Gibney, “and not to hamper the business of the

meetin', we'll just consider that motion carried unanimous."

B. McGuffey, Esquire, rose, bowed his thanks, and sat down again, apparently very much confused. It was evident that he had something to say, but was having difficulty framing his thoughts in parliamentary language.

"Heave away, Mac" said Mr. Gibney.

"Cast off your lines, McGuffey" chirped Scraggs.

Thus encouraged, McGuffey rose, bowed his thanks once more, moistened his larynx with a gulp of the punch, and spoke:

"Feller members and brothers of the syndicate: In the management of the deck department of this new craft of ourn, my previous knowledge of the worthy president and the unworthy secretary leads me to believe that there's goin' to be trouble. A ship divided agin herself must surely go on her beam ends. Now, Scraggsy here has been master so long that the juice of authority has sorter soaked into his marrer bones. For twenty years it's been 'Howdy do, Captain Scraggs,' 'Have a drink, Captain Scraggs,' 'Captain Scraggs this an' Captain Scraggs that.' I don't mean no offense, gentlemen, when I state that you can't teach an old dog new tricks. No man that's ever been a master makes a good mate. On the other hand, I realize that Gib here has been a-pantin' and a-belly-achin' all his life to get a ship of his own an' have folks call him 'Captain Gibney.' Now that he's gone an' done it, I say he's entitled to it. But the fact of the whole thing is, Gib's the natural leader of this expedition or whatever it's goin' to be, and he can't have his peace of mind wrecked and his plans disturbed, a-chasin' sailors around the deck of the *Maggie II*. Gib is sorter what the feller calls the power behind the throne. He's too big a figger for the grade of captain. Therefore, I move you, gentlemen, that Adelbert P. Gibney be, and he is hereby nominated and appointed to the grade of commodore, in full command and supervision of all of the property of the syndicate. And I also move that Phineas Scraggs be appointed navigatin' officer of this packet, to retain his title of captain, and to be obeyed and respected as such by every man aboard, with the exception of me and Gib."

"Second the motion" said Captain Scraggs briskly. "McGuffey, your argument does you a heap of credit. It's— it's— dog my

cats, McGuffey, it's masterly. It shows a keen appreciation of an old skipper's feelin's, and if the move is agreeable to Gib I'm willin' to hail him as commodore and fight to maintain his office. I— I dunno, Gib, what I'd do if I didn't have a mate to order around."

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Gibney beaming, "the motion's carried unanimous. Captain— chief— your fins. Dook me. I'm honored by the handshake. Now, regarding that crew you brought down from San Francisco on the old *Maggie*, they're a likely lot and will come in handy if times is as lively in Colombia as I figger they will be when we arrive there. Captain Scraggs, you will have your mate pipe the crew to muster and ascertain their feelin's on the subject of takin' a chance with Commodore Gibney. If they object to goin' further, we'll land 'em in Panama an' pay 'em off as agreed. If they feel like followin' the Jolly Roger, we'll give 'em the coast seaman's scale for a deep water cruise and a five per cent bonus in case we turn a big trick."

Captain Scraggs went at once on deck. Ten minutes later he returned to report that the mate and the four seamen elected to stick by the ship.

"Bully boys," said the commodore, "bully boys. I like that mate. He's a smart man and handles a gun well. While I should hesitate to take advantage of my prerogative as commodore to interfere with the normal workin's of the deck department, I trust that on this special occasion our esteemed navigatin' officer, Captain Scraggs, will not consider it beneath his dignity or an attack on his office, if I suggest to him that he brew another kettle of grog for the crew."

"Second the motion" replied McGuffey.

"Carried," said Scraggs, and proceeded to heat some water.

"Anything further?" stated the president.

"How about uniforms?" This from Captain Scraggs.

"We'll leave that to Gib" suggested McGuffey. "He's been in the Colombian navy and he'll know just what to get us."

"Well, there's another thing that's got to be settled," continued Captain Scraggs. "If I'm to be navigatin' officer on the flagship of a furrin fleet, strike me pink if I'll do any more cookin' in the galley. It's degradin'. I move that we engage some enterprisin' Oriental for that job."



"From now on, the motto of us three should be 'All for one and one for all'"

"Carried" said Mr. Gibney. "Any further business?"

Once more McGuffey stood up. "Gentlemen and brothers of the syndicate" he began, "I'm satisfied that the back-bitin', the rag-chewin', the scrappin', the petty jealousies and general cussedness that characterized our lives on the old *Maggie* will not be duplicated on the *Maggie II*. Them vicious days is gone forever, I hope, an' from now on the motto of us three should be:

All for one and one for all—
United we stand, divided we fall.

This earnest little speech, which came straight from the honest McGuffey's heart, brought the tears to the commodore's eyes. Under the inspiration of McGuffey's unselfish words, the glasses were refilled and all three pledged their friendship anew. As for Captain Scraggs, he was naturally of a cold and selfish disposition, and McGuffey's toast appealed more to his brain than to his heart. Had he known what was to happen to him in the days to come and what that simple little motto was to mean in his particular case, it is doubtful if he would have tossed off his liquor as gaily as he did.

"There's one thing more that we mustn't neglect" warned Mr. Gibney before the

meeting broke up. "We've got to run this little vessel into some dog-hole where there's a nice beach and smooth water, and change her name. I notice that her old name, *Reina Maria*, is screwed into her bows and across her stern in raised gilt letters, contrary to law and custom. We'll snip 'em off, sandpaper every spot where there's a letter and repaint it; after which we'll rig up a stagin' over her bows and stern, and cut her new name, '*Maggie II*,' right into her plankin.' Nobody'll ever suspect her name's been changed. I notice that the official letters and numbers cut into her main beam is F-C-P—9957. I'll change that F to an E, the C to an O and the P to an R. A handy man with a wood chisel can do lots of things. He can change those nines to eights, the five to a six and the seven to a nine. I've seen it done before. Then we'll rig a foretopmast and a spinnaker boom on her, and bend a fisherman's stay-sail. Nothing like it when you're sailing a little off the wind. Scraggs, you have the papers of the old *Maggie*, and we all have our licenses regular enough. Dig up the old papers, Scraggsy, and I'll doctor 'em up to fit the *Maggie II*. As for our armament, we'll dismount the guns and stow 'em away in the hold until we get down on the

Colombian coast, and while we're lying in Panama repairing the holes where my shots went through her, and puttin' new planks in her decks where the old plankin' has been scored by shrapnel, those paraqueets will think we're as peaceful as chipmunks. Better look over your supplies, McGuffey, and see if there's any paint aboard. I'd just as lief give the old girl a different dress before we drop anchor in Panama."

"Gib," said Captain Scraggs earnestly, "I'll keel-haul and skull-drag the man that says you ain't got a great head."

"By the lord," supplemented McGuffey, "you have."

The commodore smiled and tapped his frontal bone with his forefinger. "Imagination, my lads, imagination," he said, and reached for the last of the punch.

Exactly three weeks from the date of the naval battle which took place off the Coronado islands, and whereby Mr. Gibney became commodore and managing owner of the erstwhile Mexican coast patrol schooner *Reina Maria*, that vessel sailed out of the harbor of Panama completely rejuvenated. Not a scar on her shapely lines gave evidence of the sanguinary engagement through which she had passed.

Mr. Gibney had her painted a creamy white, with a dark-blue water-line. She had had her bottom cleaned and scraped and the copper sheathing overhauled and patched up. Her sails had been overhauled, inspected and repaired wherever necessary, and in order to be on the safe side, Mr. Gibney, upon motion duly made by him and seconded by McGuffey (to whom the seconding of the Gibney motions had developed into a habit), purchased an extra suit of new sails. The engines were overhauled by the faithful McGuffey and a large store of distillate stored in the hold. Captain Scraggs, with his old-time aversion to expense, made a motion (which was seconded by McGuffey before he had taken time to consider its import) providing for the abolition of the office of chief engineer while the *Maggie II* was under sail, at which time the chief ex-officio was to hold himself under the orders of the commodore and be transferred to the deck department if necessary. Mr. Gibney approved the measure and it went into effect. Only on entering or leaving a port, or in case of chase by an enemy, were the engines to be used, and McGuffey was warned to be extremely saving of his distillate.

Mr. Gibney had made a splendid job of changing the vessel's name, and as she chugged lazily out of Panama bay and lifted to the long ground-swell of the Pacific, it is doubtful if even her late Mexican commander would have recognized her. She was indeed a beautiful craft, and Commodore Gibney's heart swelled with pride as he stood aft, conning the man at the wheel, and looked her over. It seemed like sacrilege now, when he reflected how he had trained the guns of the old *Maggie* on her that day off the Coronados, and it seemed to him now even a greater sacrilege to have brazenly planned to enter her as a privateer in the struggles of the republic of Colombia. The past tense is used advisedly, for that project was now entirely off, much to the secret delight of Captain Scraggs, who, if the hero of one naval engagement, was not anxious to take part in another. In Panama the freebooters of the *Maggie II* learned that during Mr. Gibney's absence on his filibustering trip the Colombian revolutionists had risen and struck their blow. After the fashion of a hot-headed and impetuous people, they had entered the contest absolutely untrained. As a result, the war had lasted just two weeks, the leaders had been incontinently shot, and the white-winged dove of peace once more spread her pinions along the borders of the Gold Coast.

Commodore Gibney was disgusted beyond measure, and at a special meeting of the syndicate, called in the cabin of the *Maggie II* that same evening, it was finally decided that they should embark on an indefinite trading cruise in the South Seas, or until such time as it seemed their services must be required to free a downtrodden people from a tyrant's yoke.

Captain Scraggs and McGuffey had never been in the South Seas, but they had heard that a fair margin of profit was to be wrung from trade in copra, shell, cocoanuts and kindred tropical products. They so expressed themselves. To this suggestion, however, Commodore Gibney waved a deprecating paw.

"Legitimate tradin', boys," he said, "is a nice, sane, healthy business, but the profits is slow. What we want is quick profits, and while it ain't set down in black and white, one of the principal objects of this syndicate is to lead a life of wild adventure. In tradin', there ain't no adventure to speak of. We ought to do a little blackbirdin', or raid some of those Jap pearl fisheries off the northern coast of Formosa."

"But we'll be chased by real gunboats if we do that" objected Captain Scraggs. "Those Brith and Jap gunboats shoot to kill. Can't you think of somethin' else, Gib?"

"Well," said Mr. Gibney, "for a starter, I can. Suppose we just head straight for Kandavu island in the Fijis and scheme around for a cargo of black coral? It's only worth about fifty dollars a pound. Kandavu lays somewhere in latitude 22 south, longitude 178 west, and when I was there last it was fair reekin' with cannibal savages. But there's tons of black coral there, and nobody's ever been able to sneak in and get away with it. Every time a boat used to land at Kandavu, the native niggers would have a white-man stew down on the beach, and it's got so that skippers give the island a wide berth."

"Gib, my *dear* boy," chattered Captain Scraggs, "I'm a man of peace and I - I -"

"Scraggsy, old stick-in-the-mud," said Mr. Gibney, laying an affectionate hand on the skipper's shoulder, "you're nothin' of the sort. You're a fightin' tarantula, and nobody knows it better'n Adelbert P. Gibney. I've seen you in action, Scraggsy. Remember that. It's all right for you to say you're a man of peace and advise me and McGuffey to keep out of the track of trouble, but we know that away down low you're goin' around lookin' for blood, and that once you're up agin the enemy, you never bat an eyelash. Eh, McGuffey?"

McGuffey nodded; whereupon, Captain Scraggs, making but a poor effort to conceal the pleasure which Mr. Gibney's rude compliment afforded him, turned to the rail, glanced seaward, and started to walk away to attend to some trifling detail connected with the boat falls.

"All right, Gib, my lad," he said, affecting to resign himself to the inevitable, "have it your own way. You're a commodore and I'm only a plain captain, but I'll foller wherever you lead. I'll go as far as the next man and we'll glom that black coral if we have to slaughter every man, woman and child on the island. Only, when we're sizzlin' in a pot, don't you up and say I never warned you, because I did. How dy'e propose intimidatin' the natives, Gib?"

"Scraggsy," said the commodore solemnly, "we've waged a private war agin a friendly nation, licked 'em and helped ourselves to their ship. We've changed her name and rig and her official number and letters and we're sailin' under bogus papers. That

makes us pirates, and that old *Maggie* burgee floatin' at the fore ain't nothin' more nor less than the Jolly Roger. All right! Let's be pirates. Who cares? When we slip into N'galao harbor we'll invite the king and his head men aboard for dinner. We'll get 'em drunk, clap 'em in double irons and surrender 'em to their weepin' subjects when they've filled the hold of the *Maggie II* with black coral. If they refuse to come aboard we'll shell the bush with that long six and the Maxim rapid-fire guns we've got below decks. That'll scare 'em so they'll leave us alone and we can help ourselves to the coral."

Scraggs' cold blue eyes glistened. "Lord, Gib," he murmured, "you've got a head."

"Like playin' post-office" was McGuffey's comment.

The commodore smiled. "I thought you boys would see it that way. Now tomorrow I'm going ashore to buy three divin' outfits and lay in a big stock of provisions for the voyage. In the meantime, while the carpenters are gettin' the ship into shape, we'll leave the first mate in charge while we go ashore and have a good time. I've seen worse places than Panama."

As a result of this conference Mr. Gibney's suggestions were acted upon, and they contrived to make their brief stay in Panama very agreeable. They inspected the work on the canal, marveled at the stupendous engineering in the Culebra cut, drank a little, gambled a little. McGuffey whipped a bartender. He was ordered arrested, and six spiggoty little policemen, sent to arrest him, were also thrashed. The reserves were called out and a riot ensued. Mr. Gibney, following the motto of the syndicate, i. e.

All for one and one for all—

United we stand, divided we fall,

mixed in the conflict and presently found himself in durance vile. Captain Scraggs, luckily, forgot the motto and escaped, but inasmuch as he was on hand next morning to pay a fine of thirty pesos levied against each of the culprits, he was instantly forgiven. Mr. Gibney vowed that if a United States cruiser didn't happen to be lying in the roadstead, he would have shelled the town in retaliation.

But eventually the days passed, and the *Maggie II*, well found and ready for sea, shook out her sails to a fair breeze and sailed away for Kandavu. She kept well to the southwest until she struck the southeast

trades, when she swung around on her course, headed straight for her destination. It was a pleasant voyage, devoid of incident, and the health of all hands was excellent. Mr. Gibney took daily observations, and was particular to make daily entries in his log when he, Scraggs and McGuffey were not playing cribbage, a game of which all three were passionately fond.

On the afternoon of the twenty-ninth day after leaving Panama, the lookout in the fore-cross-trees reported land. Through his glasses Mr. Gibney made out a cluster of tall palms at the southerly end of the island, and as the schooner held lazily on her course he could make out the white breakers foaming over the reefs that guarded the entrance to the harbor.

"That's Kandavu all right," announced the commodore. "I was there in '87 with Bull McGinty in the schooner *Dashin' Wave*. There's the entrance to the harbor, with the Esk reefs to the north and the Pearl reefs to the south. The channel's very narrow—not more than three cables, if it's that, but there's plenty of water and a good muddy bottom that'll hold. McGuffey, lad, better run below and tune up your engines. It's too dangerous a passage on an ebb-tide for a sailin' vessel, so we'll run in under the power. Scraggsy, stand by and when I give the word have your crew shorten sail."

Within a few minutes a long white streak opened up in the wake of the schooner, announcing that McGuffey's engines were doing duty, and a nice breeze springing up two points aft the beam, the *Maggie* heeled over and fairly flew through the water. Mr. Gibney smiled an ecstatic smile as he took the wheel and guided the schooner through the channel. He rounded her up in twelve fathoms, and within five minutes every stitch of canvas was clewed down hard and fast. The sun was setting as they dropped anchor, and Mr. Gibney had lanterns hung along the rail so that it would be impossible for any craft to approach the schooner and board her without being seen. Also the watch on deck that night carried Mauser rifles, six-shooters and cutlasses. Mr. Gibney was taking no chances.

"Now, boys," announced Commodore Gibney, as he sat at the head of the officers' mess at breakfast next morning, "there'll be a lot of canoes paddling off to visit us

within the hour, so whatever you do, don't allow more than two of these cannibals aboard the schooner at the same time. Make 'em keep their weapons in the canoes with 'em, and at the first sign of trouble shoot 'em down like dogs. It may be that these precautions ain't necessary, but when I was here twenty years ago it was all the rage to kill a white man and eat him. Maybe times has changed, but the harbor and the coast looks just as wild and lonely as they ever did, and I didn't see no sign of missionary when we dropped hook last night. So don't take no chances."

All hands promised that they would take extreme care, to the end that their precious persons might remain intact, so Mr. Gibney finished his cup of coffee at a gulp and went on deck.

The Kandavu aborigines were not long in putting in an appearance. Even as Mr. Gibney came on deck, half a dozen canoes shot out from the beach. Mr. Gibney immediately piped all hands on deck, armed them and nonchalantly awaited the approach of what might or might not turn out to be an enemy.

When the flotilla was within pistol shot of the schooner, Mr. Gibney stepped to the rail and motioned them back. Immediately the natives ceased paddling, and a wild-looking fellow stood up in the forward canoe. After the manner of his kind he had all his life soused his head in lime-water, when making his savage toilette, and as a result his shock of black hair stood on end and bulged out like a crowded hayrick. He was naked, of course, and in his hand he held a huge war club.

"That feller'd eat a rattlesnake" gasped Captain Scraggs. "Shoot him, Gib, if he bats an eye."

"Shut up," said the commodore a trifle testily; "that's the number-one nigger, who does the talkin'. Hello, boy."

"Hello, cap'n," replied the savage, and salaamed gravely. "You likee buy chicken, buy pig. Maybe you say come 'board, I talk. Me very good friend white master."

"Bless my sweet-scented soul!" gasped the commodore. "What won't them missionaries do next? Cut off my ears if this nigger ain't civilized!" He beckoned to the canoe and it shot alongside, and its brown crew came climbing over the rail of the *Maggie II*.

Mr. Gibney met the spokesman at the rail and they rubbed noses very solemnly, after



Captain Scraggs stuck out his hand and shook briskly with the native

the manner of salutation in Kandavu. Captain Scraggs hustled forward, full of importance.

"Interduce me, Gib," he said amiably, and then, while Mr. Gibney favored him with a sour glance, Captain Scraggs stuck out his hand and shook briskly with the native.

"Happy to make your acquaintance" he said. "Scraggs is my name, sir. Shake hands with McGuffey, our chief engineer. Hope you left all the folks at home well. What'd you say your name was?"

The islander hadn't said his name was anything, but he grinned now and replied that it was Tabu-Tabu.

"Well, my bucko," muttered McGuffey, who always drew the color line, "I'm glad to hear that. But you ain't the only thing that's taboo around this packet. You can jest check that war club with the first mate, pendin' our better acquaintance. Hand it over, you black beggar, or I'll hit you a swat in the ear that'll hurt all your relations. And hereafter, Scraggsy, just keep your nigger friends to yourself. I ain't waxin' effusive over this savage, and it's agin my principles ever to shake hands with a colored man. This chap's a damned ugly customer, and you take my word for it."

Tabu-Tabu grinned again, walked to the

rail and tossed his war club down into the canoe.

"Me good missionary boy" he said rather humbly.

"McGuffey, my *dear* boy," protested Captain Scraggs, "don't be so doggone rude. You might have hurt this poor lad's feelin's. Of course he's only a simple native nigger, but even a dawg has feelin's. You ——"

"A-r-r-r-h!" snarled McGuffey.

"You two belay talkin' and snappin' at each other," commanded Mr. Gibney, "an' leave all bargainin' to me. This boy is all right and we'll get along first rate if you two just haul ship and do somethin' useful besides buttin' in on your superior officer. Come along, Tabu-Tabu. Makee little eat down in cabin. You talkee captain."

It was half an hour before Mr. Gibney came on deck with Tabu-Tabu. The latter immediately salaamed and took his departure.

"Gib, my *dear* boy," sputtered Captain Scraggs, bursting with curiosity, "whatever's in the wind?"

"Money—fortune," said Mr. Gibney solemnly.

McGuffey edged up and eyed the commodore seriously. "Sure there ain't a little fightin' mixed up in it?" he asked.

"Not a bit of it" replied Mr. Gibney.

"You're as safe on Kandavu as if you was in church. This Tabu kid is sort of prime minister to the king, with a heap of influence at court. The crew of a British cruiser stole him for a galley police when he was a kid, and he got civilized and learned to talk English. He was a cannibal in them days, but the chaplain aboard showed him how foolish it was to do such things, and finally Tabu-Tabu got religion and asked as a special favor to be allowed to return to Kandavu to civilize his people. As a result of Tabu-Tabu's efforts, he tells me the king has concluded that when he eats a white man he's flyin' in the face of his own interests, and most generally a gunboat comes along in a few months and shells the bush, and—well, anyhow, there ain't been a barbecue on Kandavu for ten years. It's a capital crime to eat a man now, and punishable by boilin' the offender alive in palm oil."

"Well," rumbled McGuffey, "this Tabu-Tabu don't look much like a preacher, if you ask me. But how about this black coral?"

"Oh, I've ribbed up a deal with him" said Mr. Gibney. "He'll see that we get all the trade we can lug away. We're the first vessel that's touched here in two years, and they have a thunderin' lot of stuff on hand. Tabu's gone ashore to talk the king into doin' business with us. If he consents, we'll have him and Tabu-Tabu and three or four of the sub-chiefs aboard for dinner, or else he'll invite us ashore for a big feed, and we'll have to go."

"Supposin' this king don't care to have any truck with us?" inquired McGuffey anxiously.

"In that case, Mac," replied the commodore with a smile, "we'll just naturally shell him out of house and home."

"Well, then," said McGuffey, "let's get the guns ready. Somethin' tells me these people ain't to be trusted, and I'm tellin' you right now, Gib, I won't sleep well tonight unless them two quarter gatlings and the Maxim-Vickers rapid-fire guns is mounted and ready for business."

"All right, Mac," replied Mr. Gibney, in the tone one uses when humoring a baby. "Set 'em up if it'll make you feel more cheerful. Still, I don't see why you want to go actin' so foolish over nothin'."

"Well, Gib," replied the engineer, "I may be crazy, but I ain't no fool, and if there's a dead whale around the ship, I can come pretty near smellin' it. I tell you, Gib, that Tabu-Tabu nigger had a look in his

eye for all the world like a cur dog lickin' a bone. I ain't takin' no chances. My old man used to say: 'Bart—the old man always called me Bart—Bart, whatever you do, allers have an anchor out to windward.'"

"By the left hind leg of the Great Sacred Bull," snapped Captain Scraggs, "if you ain't enough to precipitate war."

"War," replied McGuffey, "is my long suit—particularly war with native niggers. I just naturally crave to punch the ear of anything darker than a Portugee. Remember how I cleaned out the police department of Panama?"

"Mount the guns if you're goin' to, Mac. If not, for the love of the lord, don't be demoralizin' the crew with this talk of war. All I ask is that you set the guns up after I've finished my business here with Tabu-Tabu. He's been on a war vessel, and knows what guns are, and if he saw you mountin' them it might break up our friendly relations. He'll think we don't trust him."

"Well, we don't" replied McGuffey doggedly.

"Well, we do" snapped Captain Scraggs.

There is always something connected with the use of that pronoun of kings, which eats like a canker at the heart of men of the McGuffey breed. That officer now spat on the deck, in defiance of the rules and his superior officers, and glared at Captain Scraggs.

"Speak for yourself, you miserable little wart" he roared. "If you include me on that cannibal's visitin' list, and go to contradictin' me agin, I'll—"

"Mac," interrupted Mr. Gibney angrily, "control yourself. It's agin the rules to have rag-chewin' and backbitin' on the *Maggie II*. Remember our motto: 'All for one and one for all'—"

"Here comes that sneakin', bushy-headed murderer back to the vessel," interrupted McGuffey. "I wonder what devilment he's up to now?"

Mr. McGuffey was partly right, for in a few minutes Tabu-Tabu came alongside, climbed aboard and salaamed. Mr. Gibney, fearful of McGuffey's inability to control his antipathy for the race, beckoned Captain Scraggs and Tabu-Tabu to follow him down into the cabin. Meanwhile, McGuffey contented himself by parading backward and forward across the fo'castle head, with a Mauser rifle in the hollow of his arm and his person fairly bristling with pistols

and cutlasses. Whenever one of the flotilla of canoes hove to at a respectful distance, showed signs of crossing an imaginary deadline drawn by McGuffey, he would point his rifle at them and swear horribly. He scowled at Tabu-Tabu when that individual finally emerged from the conference with Mr. Gibney and Scraggs and went over the side to his writing canoe.

"Well, what's in the wind this time?" inquired McGuffey.

"We're invited to a big feed with the king of Kandavu," replied Captain Scraggs, as happy as a boy. "Hop into a clean suit of ducks, Mac, and come along. Gib's goin' to broach a little keg of liquor and we'll make a night of it."

"Good lord," groaned McGuffey, "does the man think I'm low enough to *eat* with niggers?"

"Leave him to his own devices" said Mr. Gibney indulgently. "Mac's just as Scotchy as if he'd been born in Glasgow instead of his old man. Nobody yet overcome the prejudice of a Scotchman, so we'll do the honors ourself, Scraggsy, old skittles, and leave Mac in charge of the ship."

"Mind you're both back at a seasonable hour" warned McGuffey. "If you ain't, I'll suspect mischief and— say! Gib! Well, what's the use talkin' to a man with an imagination? Only if I have to go ashore after you two, those islanders'll date time from my visit, and don't you forget it."

It was nearing four o'clock that afternoon when Commodore Gibney and his navigating officer, Captain Scraggs, both faultlessly arrayed in Panama hats, white ducks, white canvas shoes, cut low, showing pink silk socks, and wearing broad, black silken sashes around their waists, climbed over the side into the whaleboat and were rowed ashore in a manner befitting their rank. McGuffey stood at the rail and jeered them, for his democratic soul could take no cognizance of form or ceremony to a cannibal king, or at least a king but recently delivered from cannibalism.

Upon arrival at the beach the two adventurers were met by a contingent of frightful-looking savages, bearing long spears. As the procession formed around the two guests of honor and plunged into the bush, bound for the king's wari, two island maidens marched behind the two sea dogs, waving huge palm-leaf fans, the better to make the passage a cool and comfortable one.

"By the gods of war, Gib, my *dear* boy," said the delighted Captain Scraggs, "but this is class, eh, Gib?"

"Every time" responded the commodore. "If that chuckle-headed McGuffey only had the sense to come along he might be enjoyin' himself too. You must be dignified, Scraggsy, old salamander. Remember that you're bigger an' better'n anyking, because you're an American citizen. Be dignified by all means. These people are sensitive and peculiar, and that's why we haven't taken any weapons with us. If they thought we doubted their hospitality they'd have the court bouncer heave us out of town before you could say Jack Robinson."

"I'd love to see them giving the bounce to McGuffey" said Captain Scraggs musingly. Mr. Gibney had a swift mental picture of such a proceeding and chuckled happily. Had he been permitted a glance at McGuffey at that moment, he might have observed that worthy sweltering in the heat of the forward hold of the *Maggie II*, for he was busy getting his guns on deck. From which it will readily be deduced that B. McGuffey, Esquire, was following the advice of his paternal ancestor and getting an anchor out to windward.

One might go on at great length and describe the triumphal entry of Commodore Gibney and Captain Scraggs into the capital of Kandavu; of how the king, an undersized, shriveled old savage, stuck his bushy head out the window of his bungalow when he saw the procession coming; of how a minute later he advanced into the space in the center of his wari, where in the olden days the populace was wont to gather for its cannibal orgies; how he greeted his distinguished visitors with the most prodigious rubbing of noses seen in those parts for many a day; of the feast that followed; of the fowls and pigs that garnished the festive board, not omitting the keg of Three Star thoughtfully provided by Mr. Gibney.

Tabu-Tabu acted as interpreter and everything went swimmingly until Tabu-Tabu, his hospitality doubtless strengthened by frequent libations of the Elixir of Life, begged Mr. Gibney to invite the balance of his crew ashore for the feast. Mr. Gibney, himself rather illuminated by this time, thought it might not be a bad idea.

"It's a rotten shame, Scraggsy," he said, "to think of that fool McGuffey not bein'

here to enjoy himself. I'm goin' to send a note out to him by one of Tabu-Tabu's boys, askin' him once more to come ashore, or to let the first mate and one or two of the seamen come if Mac still refuses to be civil."

"Good idea, Gib," said Captain Scraggs, his mouth full of roast chicken and yams. So Mr. Gibney tore a leaf out of his pocket memorandum book, scrawled a note to McGuffey and handed it to Tabu-Tabu, who at once dispatched a messenger with it to the *Maggie II*.

Within half an hour the messenger returned. He was wildly excited and poured a torrent of native gibberish into the attentive ears of Tabu-Tabu and the king. He pointed several times to the point of his jaw, rubbed the small of his back and once he touched his nose; whereupon Mr. Gibney was aware that the said organ had a slight list to port, and he so informed Captain Scraggs. Neither of the gentlemen had the slightest trouble in arriving at the correct solution of the mystery. The royal messenger had been incontinently kicked overboard by B. McGuffey, Esquire.

Tabu-Tabu's wild eyes glittered and grew wilder and wilder as the messenger reported the indignity thus heaped upon him. The king scowled at Captain Scraggs, and Mr. Gibney was suddenly aware that goose-flesh was breaking out on the backs of his sturdy legs. He had a haunting sensation that he had not only crawled into a hole, but that he had pulled the entire aperture in after him. For the first time he began to fear that he had been too precipitate, and with the thought it occurred to the gallant commodore that he would be much safer back on the decks of the *Maggie II*. Always crafty and imaginative, however, Mr. Gibney came quickly to the front with an excuse for getting back to the ship. He stepped quickly toward the little group around the outraged royal ambassador, and inquired the cause of the disturbance. Quivering with rage, Tabu-Tabu informed him of what had occurred.

Mr. Gibney's rage, of course, knew no bounds. Nevertheless, he did not have to simulate his rage, for he was truly furious. When he could control his emotions, he requested Tabu-Tabu to inform the king that he, Gibney, accompanied by Captain Scraggs, would forthwith repair to the schooner and then and there flay the offend-

ing McGuffey within an inch of his life. Suiting the action to the word, Mr. Gibney called to Captain Scraggs to follow him, and started for the beach.

As Captain Scraggs arose, a trifle unsteadily, from his seat, a black hand reached around him from the rear and closed over his mouth. Now, Captain Scraggs was well versed in the rough-and-tumble tactics of the San Francisco waterfront; hence, when he felt a long pair of arms closing over his neck from the rear, he merely stooped and whirled his opponent over his head. In that instant his mouth was free, and clear above the shouting and the tumult rose his frenzied shriek for help. Mr. Gibney whirled with the speed and agility of a panther, just in time to dodge a blow from a war club. His fist collided with the jaw of Tabu-Tabu, and down went that savage as if pole-axed.

Pandemonium broke loose at once. Captain Scraggs, after his single shriek for help, broke from the circle of savages and fled like a frightened rabbit for the beach. One of the natives hurled a rock at him. The missile took Scraggs in the back of the head, and he instantly curled up in a heap.

"Scraggsy's dead" thought the horrified Gibney, and sprang at the king. In that moment it came to Mr. Gibney to sell out dearly, and if he could dispose of the king, he felt that Scraggs' death would be avenged. In an instant the commodore's great arms had closed around the king, and with the helpless monarch in his grizzly bear grip, Mr. Gibney backed up against the nearest bungalow. A fringe of spears threatened him in front, but for the moment he was safe behind, and the king's body protected him. Whenever one of the savages made a jab at Mr. Gibney, Mr. Gibney gave the king a boa-constrictor squeeze, and the monarch howled.

"I'll squeeze him to death" panted Mr. Gibney to Tabu-Tabu when that individual had managed to pick himself up. "Let me go, or I'll kill your king."

The answer was an earthenware pot which crashed down on Mr. Gibney's head from a window in the bungalow behind him. He sagged forward and fell on his face with the gasping king in his arms.

On board the *Maggie II*, B. McGuffey, Esquire, had just gotten into position the Maxim-Vickers "pom-pom" gun on top of



In an instant the commodore's great arms had closed around the king, and with the helpless monarch in his grizzly bear grip, Mr. Gibney backed up against the nearest bungalow

the house. The last bolt that held it in place had just been screwed tight, when clear and shrill over the tops of the jungle and across the still surface of the little bay, there floated to McGuffey's ears the single word:

"Help!"

McGuffey leaned against the gun, and for the moment he was as weak as a child. "Gawd," he muttered, "that was Scraggsy and they're a-goin' to eat him up. Oh, Gib, Gib, old man, why wouldn't you listen to me? Now they've got you, and what in blazes I'm going to do to get you back, dead or alive, I dunno."

McGuffey could hear the cries and general uproar from the wari, though he could not see what was taking place. In a minute or two, however, all was once more silent, silence having descended on the scene simultaneously with the descent of the earthenware pot on Mr. Gibney's head.

"It's all over" said McGuffey sadly to the mate. "They've killed 'em both." Whereupon B. McGuffey, Esquire, sat down on the cabin ventilator, pulled out a bandana handkerchief and wept into it, for his honest Scotch heart was breaking.

It was fully half an hour before poor McGuffey could pull himself together, and when

he did, his grief was superseded by a fit of rage that was terrible to behold.

"Step lively, you blasted scum of the seas," he bawled to the mate, and the crew gathered around the gun. "Lug up a case of ammunition and we'll shell that bush until even a parrot won't be left alive in it."

"Aye, aye, sir," responded the crew to a man, and sprang to their task.

"I'm an old navy gunner" said the first mate quietly. "I'll handle the gun. With a 'pom-pom' gun it's just like playing a garden hose on them, only it's half-pound shrapnel instead of water. I can search out every nook and cranny on the coast of this island. Those guns are sighted up to 4,000 yards."

"Kill 'em all," raved McGuffey. "Kill all the blasted niggers."

When Mr. Gibney fell under the impact of the earthenware pot he was only partially stunned. As he tried to struggle to his feet, half a dozen hands were laid on him and in a trice he was lifted and carried back of the wari to a clear space where a dozen heavy teakwood posts stood in a row about four feet apart. Mr. Gibney was quickly stripped of his clothing and bound hand and foot to one of these posts. Three minutes later another delegation of cannibals

arrived, bearing the limp body of Captain Scraggs, whom they bound in similar fashion to the post beside Mr. Gibney. Scraggs was very pale and bloody, but conscious, and his pale-blue eyes were flickering like a snake's.

"What's—what's—the meanin' of this, Gib?" he gasped.

"It means," replied the commodore, "that it's all off but the shouting with me and you, Scraggsy. This fellow Tabu-Tabu is a damned traitor, and his people are still cannibals. He's the decoy to get white men ashore. They schemed to treat us nice and be friendly until they could get the whole crew ashore, or enough of them to leave the ship helpless, and then—O Gawd, Scraggsy, old man, can you ever forgive me for gettin' you into this?"

Captain Scraggs hung his head and quivered like a hooked fish.

"Will they—eat—us?" he quavered finally.

Mr. Gibney did not answer, only Captain Scraggs looked into his horrified eyes and read the verdict.

"Die game, Scraggsy" was all Mr. Gibney could say. "Don't show the white feather."

"Dy'e think McGuffey could hear us from here if we was to yell for help?" inquired Captain Scraggs hopefully.

"Don't yelp, for Gawd's sake" implored Mr. Gibney. "We got ourselves into this, so let's pay the fiddler ourselves. If we let out one yip and McGuffey hears it, he'll come ashore with his crew and tackle this outfit, even if he knows he'll get killed. And that's just what will happen to him if he comes. Let poor Mac stay aboard. When we don't come back, he'll know it's all off, and if he has time to think over it he'll realize that it would be foolish to try to do anything. But right now Mac's mad as a wet hen, and if we holler for help—Scraggsy, please don't holler. Die game."

Captain Scraggs turned his terrified glance on Mr. Gibney's tortured face. Scraggs was certainly a coward at heart, but there was something in Mr. Gibney's unselfishness that touched a spot in his hard nature—a something he never knew he possessed. He bowed his head and two big tears stole down his weatherbeaten face.

"God bless you, Gib, my *dear* boy," he said brokenly. "You're a man."

At this juncture the king came up and thoughtfully felt of Captain Scraggs in the

short ribs, while Tabu-Tabu calculated the precise amount of luscious tissue on Mr. Gibney's well upholstered frame.

"Bimeby we eat white man" said Tabu-Tabu cheerfully.

"If you eat me, you bloody-handed beggar," snapped Captain Scraggs, "I'll pizen you. I've chewed tobacco all my life, and my meat's as bitter as wormwood."

It was too funny to hear Scraggs jesting with death. Mr. Gibney forgot his own mental agony and roared with laughter in Tabu-Tabu's face. The cannibal stood off a few feet and looked searchingly in the commodore's eyes. He was not used to the brand of white man who could laugh under such circumstances, and he suspected treachery of some kind. He hurried over to join the king and the two held a hurried conversation. As a result of their conference, a huge savage was called over and given some instructions. Tabu-Tabu handed him a war club and Mr. Gibney, rightly conjecturing that this was the official executioner, bowed his head and waited for the blow.

It came, sooner than he expected. The earth seemed to rise up and smite Adelbert P. Gibney across the face. There was a roar, as of an explosion in his ears, and he fell forward on his face. He had a confused notion that when he fell the post came with him.

For nearly a minute he lay there, semi-conscious, and then something warm, dripping across his face, roused him. He moved, and found that his feet were free, though his hands were still bound to the post, which lay extended along his back. He rolled over and glanced up. Captain Scraggs still hung to his post, only his mouth was wide open and it seemed to Mr. Gibney that Captain Scraggs was shrieking. By degrees the bells quit ringing in the commodore's ears, and this is what he heard Captain Scraggs yelling:

"Oh, you McGuffey. Oh, you bully Scotch terrier. Soak it to 'em, Mac. Kill the beggars. You've got a dozen of 'em already. Plug away, you good old hunk of oatmeal."

Mr. Gibney was now himself once more. He struggled to his feet, and as he did something burst ten feet away and a little fleecy cloud of smoke obscured his vision for a moment. Then he understood. McGuffey had a rapid-fire gun trained on the wari, and the savages, with frightful yells, were fleeing

madly from the shrapnel. Half a dozen of them lay dead and wounded close by.

"Hooray," yelled Mr. Gibney, and dashed at the post which held Captain Scraggs prisoner. He struck it a powerful blow with his shoulder and Scraggs and the post crashed to the ground. In an instant Mr. Gibney was on his knees, tearing at Scraggs' rope shackles with his teeth. Five minutes later Captain Scraggs' hands were free. Out came his pocket-knife and with a slash he freed his ankles and the cords which bound Mr. Gibney's hands.

All the time the shells from the *Maggie II* were bursting around them every second or two, and it seemed as if they must be killed before they could make their escape.

"Beat it, Scraggsy" yelled Mr. Gibney. He stood and picked up a war club. "Arm yourself, Scraggsy. Take a spear. We may have a little fighting to do on the beach" he yelled. Captain Scraggs helped himself to a loose spear, and side by side they raced through the jungle for the beach.

As they tore along through the jungle path, Mr. Gibney's good right eye (his left was obscured) detected two savages crouching behind a clump of cocoa-palms.

"There's the king and Tabu-Tabu" yelled Scraggs. "Let's round the beggars up."

"Sure," responded the commodore. "We'll need 'em for hostages if we're to get that black coral. We'll turn 'em over to McGuffey."

"I'd better ease up a minute, sir" said the mate to Mr. McGuffey. "The gun's getting fearful hot."

"Let her melt," raved McGuffey, "but keep her workin' for all she's worth. I'll have revenge for Gib's death, or—*suffering mackerell!*"

McGuffey once more sat down on the cabin ventilator. He pointed dumbly to the beach, and there, paddling off to the *Maggie II*, were two cannibals and two white men in a canoe. Five minutes later they came alongside. McGuffey met them at the rail, and he smiled and licked his lower lip as the trembling monarch and his prime minister, in response to a severe application of Mr. Gibney's hands and feet, came flying over the rail. Mr. Gibney and Captain Scraggs followed.

"I'm much obliged to you, Mac," said Mr. Gibney, striving bravely to appear jaunty. "One of your first shots came between my legs and cut the rope that held me, and banged me and the post I was tied to all over the lot. A fragment of the shell appears to have taken away part of my ear, but I guess I'll recover. We're pretty well shook up, Mac, old socks, and a jolt of whisky would be in order after you've put the irons on these two villains."

"You're two nice bloody-lookin' villains, ain't you?" was McGuffey's comment, as he surveyed the late arrivals.

"Which two do you mean?" inquired Mr. Gibney, with a touch of asperity in his tones.

"I dunno" replied McGuffey. "It's pretty hard to distinguish between niggers and folks that goes to work an'eats with 'em."

"Mac," said Captain Scraggs severely, "you're prejudiced."



THE RED CAR OF EMPIRE

By RUFUS STEELE
Author of: *The Personal Conductor*

WHY is Los Angeles? Anybody anywhere would attempt to answer the question. There is not another American city about which so many persons who have and haven't seen it are ready to talk to you. I wanted, however, an answer that I could see as well as hear. So I went to Los Angeles. Everybody on Spring street seemed so full of the business of pleasure or the pleasure of business that I disliked to stop him to put my query. That night I gave the box-office of the Mason theater two dollars in the hope that chance would guide me to a seat next to somebody with both the knowledge and the time to talk. Between acts I turned to the man in the adjoining chair. A glance told me he was Eastern born.

"You're a stranger" I said to him in some disappointment.

"Guess again" he suggested. "I'm a native by adoption."

"Tell me, then, why is Los Angeles?"

"There are very many reasons."

"Name the best one you know" I coaxed.

"Myself!"

"Why are you a reason?"

"Oh, I have to be. I insist upon living in the woods, and, being a shoe-merchant, I have to keep my store in a city. You see, I like to go to sleep with the mocking-bird singing to me, and at the same time I want to be able to go to the theater two nights a week. I couldn't do all these seemingly inconsistent things anywhere else in America."

"You can do all of them here?" I asked in fine ignorance.

"Easily! I live in an orange grove in a meadow twelve miles from this theater, and I'll be in my bed out under my favorite tree forty-five minutes after the final curtain falls."

"You have an auto, I perceive."

"Not on your perceiver!" he assured me. "No auto could do the work for our little family. Listen and I'll give you the actual

program of today—of a sample day. I got out of my outdoor bed at 6, thrust my feet into slippers and went in my pajamas to get the morning paper that was caught in the rose tree by the front gate—the same rose tree in which at this season the male mocker sings all night to his nesting mate. Milk and cream were at the gate and also a parcel of merchandise ordered the afternoon before. At 7:30 I got up from the breakfast table and left home for business. At 8 my eldest daughter left to come in to the art institute. At 8:30 the two kids departed for their grammar school three miles away. At 9 my wife received a note in the mail that made her wish to do a little shopping, and she came in to the heart of the city. She got home in time to prepare lunch for three ladies who didn't start out to our place until after 11. In the afternoon all of them ran over to a swimming tank fifteen miles away. When I got home from the store the whole family was on the tennis court and we had a lively hour before dinner. Tonight we all came in to the show. This is my little flock beside me. Healthy bunch, eh?"

"Do I understand," I asked, "that your answer to Why is Los Angeles? is, an air-ship?"

"Not exactly" laughed the shoe-merchant and orange-grower. "I think the best answer would be this: A red interurban electric car that seems always to be waiting at the door when you want to go anywhere, and that gets you everywhere and back with unbelievable rapidity."

"Still I don't quite get you" I told the man. "I'm asking about Los Angeles, and you're answering merely with reference to your own case."

"I'm telling of my own case multiplied by thousands" he explained. "Listen: I come from Iowa. One day somebody put a notice in *The Times* here, saying former Iowans would hold a picnic at Westlake Park the following Thursday. How many Iowans do you suppose showed up?

Thirty-five thousand! More than twenty thousand of those people have interests in the city and yet live miles out in the country just as I do. Ask them 'Why is Los Angeles?' and they'll all tell you the tale of the red car with the invisible wings. That's merely the Iowa bunch. Every state in the Union is well represented here. Los Angeles is what it is because these folks are what they are; and they're what and where they are because of this same cardinal carrier that wipes distance out of the consideration in a way you never saw anywhere else. The red car not only whisks the people about, but it delivers their mail and fetches and carries for them like a chain-lightning St. Bernard. They enjoy all the conveniences of the city and all the fun of the country. If there's more produce than the family eats, the red car markets the surplus in town. I was a pioneer out in my district, and the red car wires actually supplied me with light and power for a year until the regular service company got its poles up. You don't seem to know much about the crimson chariot that is doing most of the history-making around here."

"I know a good deal about street cars" I answered; "but really I have never seen any such high-power friend-of-the-family as you're describing."

"Of course not" my new friend smiled. "You haven't bumped into anything of the sort because it doesn't exist anywhere else. Los Angeles is the center and heart of the most highly developed interurban electric system in the whole world."

As everybody knows, it was the golden orange that made Los Angeles possible. But—as everybody is rapidly finding out—Los Angeles is in the lively second chapter of its history, and the lincs this chapter is following are the steel tracks of the flitting red car. The shoe-man was right; there never was another car just like this one. The truth is that a street-car set out to conquer the world—that is, that fine chunk of the world known as southern California—and actually carried the absurdity to the point of making good.

Before I could find out "Why is Los Angeles?" I had to learn the true answer to "What is Los Angeles?" My ideas underwent a considerable change. I knew the thirteenth census said Los Angeles was a city of 319,000 population, and that in-

formed officials maintain that the city had grown, in the three years since the census, to more than 400,000. But this latter figure, it developed, concerns merely the population within the incorporated city, while the fact is that the destiny of Los Angeles is at this very moment being shaped by a contributing population of 750,000 persons. Outside the city of Los Angeles, within a radius of thirty-five miles, there are forty-two incorporated cities and towns with countless country homes between that are bound to it and to each other by the strongest material bond ever forged between separate municipalities. All these southern California cities and towns are literally of one body—of the healthiest and most rapidly growing body in America. The arterial system that holds them together is the double trackage of the interurban electric road. The red corpuscles that race to the end of every farthest vein to proclaim and carry the abundant life are the flitting crimson cars.

The how and wherefore of it all is simple. Southern California is a country *de luxe*. It sends its peculiar appeal across the continent and then across the ocean so that in time the appeal must be heard by everyone who has dreamed of sometime setting up a home where climatic conditions are perfect, and taking time enough to play. Southern California is to become—rather, it is becoming—the playground of the world. The leisure idea is as unmistakable as the climate. Los Angeles has more automobiles than any other city of its size on earth; the parks are always full of well-dressed saunterers; on any summery day one can see the farmers pitching horseshoes in the Long Beach sand. Los Angeles is a remittance town. The "settlers" regularly get money from the old home; from the bank or the farm lands or the city property they did not sell when they moved out to the Pacific playground to occupy a bungalow on Do Not Worry boulevard. The population displays to a very unusual degree a financial independence; and the soil, at the first stirring of its fructivity, proves over again that to him that hath, more shall be given.

The migration to Los Angeles and southern California is about the most nearly self-propelling thing in the universe. The local booster has merely to see that the newcomer gets settled in a way that will

not prevent him from sharing the natural happiness that exudes from every orange tree, palm and sandy hill-top. In his former community the newcomer was some pumpkins, just as any family with the means to move across the continent at will is more or less pumpkins. The newcomer left friends and relatives back there who are in circumstances equal to his own. If the newcomer is happy he writes letters—letters in which a man long used to freezing in wintertime and fusing in summertime pours out his soul concerning his newly-discovered paradise. The friends and relatives receive those letters. Something moving follows their receipt. Countless cases of this kind explain how Los Angeles got most of that contributing population of three-quarters of a million people.

In a country *de luxe* it was inevitable that a demand should arise for a *de luxe* system of getting around. It was then that the street-car—the climate and the tender-feet having gone to its head—set out to conquer the world. Mostly the people didn't wish to live within the city; and whether they lived in or out of it, they had the desire, the leisure and the carfare to get around. They wanted Sunday to come two or three times a week, when they could climb into a warm-blooded electric car, as different as paint and other things could make it from any car they had ever seen in their lives, and go like the mischief to the hills or the beaches for a breath of holiday. Then, too, the newcomer, having been raised to believe that when he reached paradise he could have anything he wanted, however inconsistent, demanded all the conveniences that a big city can give and at the same time a home out among the ever-blossoming orange trees. "All right," said the flitting red car, "I'll give you all you ask. I'll just wipe distance off the map, and your life shall be one long cocktail of orange blossoms, ocean beaches and Spring street." And verily thus it came to pass.

The red corpuscle of a car began with H. E. Huntington, though he may not have guessed its eventual circulation. He was succeeded by E. H. Harriman. Several existing urban and interurban railways were absorbed. When, on September 1, 1911, the Pacific Electric was incorporated for one hundred million dollars, the consolidation included the Pacific Electric Railway Company, the Los Angeles Inter-

urban Railway Company, the Los Angeles Pacific Company, the Riverside and Arlington Railway Company, the San Bernardino Interurban Company, the Redlands Central Railway Company, and the Los Angeles and Redondo Railway Company. The Southern Pacific Railroad Company owns all the stock.

The red car has an even thousand miles of trackage—nearly twice as much as any other electric interurban system. All important lines are double-tracked, while the trunk lines extending northward and southward out of the city are four-tracked for ten miles. Three-fifths of the straight road mileage is over private rights of way, making high speed possible. The equipment can make sixty miles an hour; over the private right of way a speed of from forty-five to fifty-five miles is maintained. The 600 passenger cars carry 225,000 persons 73,000 miles every day. Seventy-two million passengers are carried in a year. The entire steam system of the Southern Pacific carries forty million passengers in a year. The gross annual earnings of the Pacific Electric are ten million dollars, the earnings per mile of track exceeding those of any steam or electric railroad in the world. The six thousand employees draw five million dollars a year in their yellow envelopes. The lines reach thirty-five miles out of Los Angeles in every direction except to the west and southwest. In those directions the lines extend only from fifteen to twenty-five miles because the Pacific Electric isn't an ocean-going road. Low commutation fares between Los Angeles and all points of the system give a per mile cost of travel of from one-half to three-quarters of a cent. The single round trip fare to any of the beaches is half a dollar.

The company undertook to do a parcel-carrying business for the settlers along its lines, was forced into the freight business, and now operates fifteen hundred freight cars. It does most of the local freight-carrying in southern California, handling seventy-five per cent of all less than carload lots in the towns it serves. Sugar-beets are gathered from the fields for three sugar factories on the lines of the company and for four factories that are remote. The noiseless, smokeless freight trains earn a million and a half dollars a year moving beets, beans, oranges, oil, lumber, rock and countless other commodities. The volume

of freight handled regularly at the depot at Eighth and Hemlock streets, Los Angeles, has doubled in a year. Ten new freight locomotives were included in a recent order for electric rolling stock.

Newspaper trains set out over all main lines at daybreak. Anywhere within thirty-five miles the city paper is on the breakfast table. Mail trains run all day, and the post-office may hand any motorman a sack of mail at any time.

Expedition such as steam roads cannot furnish has multiplied the profits for the big and little producer of milk, vegetables and berries by providing immediate marketing. Express service is rendered at freight rates. I heard of a queer case out Santa Ana way. The invalid head of a family of six children died before he got their three-acre place to the point where it would support the family. It looked as if the kids would have to go to the orphan asylum. "Wait a minute" said the mother, as she jumped into the breach. She spaded, seeded, irrigated, got capacity from the cow and urged the hens to give her the ultimate egg. The widow hadn't time to take her produce to the nearest village, nor a horse to load it on, nor a son old enough to lead the horse. But the red car stopped at her door. It carried every ounce of the surplus in to the Los Angeles market. The red car got tremendously interested in the widow's fight—neighbors swear it would even wait a few minutes when the twelfth egg wasn't immediately available. Presently the returns began to meet the family needs. The home was saved—and the kids were not sent to the storage. Possibly the story is exaggerated, but I like to think that a hundred-million-dollar corporation could hold the car motionless while the widow rustled the doventh egg.

Separate companies developed the original lines to outlying towns. Pasadena was the best advertised resort town in America. Visitors to Los Angeles wanted to run over and see it. The electric line was built; later the Pasadena Short Line. Tourists clamoring to see an old mission started the line to San Gabriel. The ocean was an attraction, the Long Beach line came. Out at Whittier, Puente hills oil and Valencia oranges were making the Quaker settlers rich. They demanded an electric line to Los Angeles. They got it. These lines showed a profit and a development possi-

bility somewhat beyond anything that had been expected. Lines were extended to Santa Monica, to Redondo, to San Pedro, to Glendale, to Glendora, to Santa Ana and Orange—everywhere that sound demand directed. At first lines were built for towns; then towns were built for lines. It was discovered that an interurban electric road into a southern California town carried an infusion of life that made the town double and quadruple in population almost before the paint on the power poles was dry. In ten years the population of Long Beach has increased eight hundred per cent. Lines were built into unoccupied but promising territory and lo, towns and homes blossomed along the right of way like poppies along an irrigating ditch. An enterprising land company surveys a townsite, paves the streets and lays the pipes—all out in the wilderness. Then the red car, which lays nothing but standard steam road track, is paid a bonus that will justify the making of a new path. Once an hour something flashes past. Presently this flashing thing stops to let off the population. Then the car comes twice an hour. By and by two or three cars run in a train. With the town established, the red car brings mail, newspapers, groceries, vegetables, hardware—everything a town of plenty needs to have brought.

The Pacific Electric empire has developed so suddenly that the world does not yet comprehend; in fact, the world knows little about it. The southern California towns have been strung upon the interurban lines like pearls. Into the necklace has gone many a gem that is shining new. Los Angeles has become the commercial center of three immensely wealthy counties; and so closely is it allied with the forty-two cities and towns and the countless hamlets and suburban homes that its heartbeat is felt through them all—that their response revivifies Los Angeles. At first the merchant in the outlying town did not welcome the fitting crimson car. He regarded it as a pest that blighted his business. He saw his people speeding in to the big stores of the metropolis to trade. Then the merchant discovered compensating advantages. The red car brought him into such close touch with the wholesaler that he became more of a distributing agent, with a smaller capital tied up in stock. In the afternoon he telephoned his next day's requirements



Outside the city of Los Angeles, within a radius of thirty-five miles, there are forty-two incorporated cities and towns with countless country homes between. All these are literally of one body—of the healthiest and most rapidly growing body in America. The arterial system of this body is the double trackage of the interurban electric road. The red corpuscles that race to the end of every farthest vein to proclaim and carry the abundant life are the flitting crimson cars

to Los Angeles; the goods were waiting on his platform in the morning. The immediate growth in population meant multiplied customers for him.

A nine-story building went up at the corner of Sixth and Main streets in 1905 at a cost of one and three-quarters millions. Not only was it the first fire-proof building in Los Angeles, it was the first depot an interurban system had ever built squarely in the heart of a big city. The idea was a success. Eighteen hundred trains run out of the depot every day. The upper floors contain the offices. The depot is readily accessible from every part of the city. It is close to the hotels. A system of brass gates, polished and noiseless, seems effectually to prevent confusion among crowds. People like this depot. The only interurban lines not using it are the Hollywood and west beach lines which still operate out of the former Los Angeles Pacific depot at Hill and Fourth streets.

The big success of Pacific Electric is traceable to the fact that its cars proceed over private rights of way where high speed may be maintained for miles without endangering the traffic of a public thoroughfare. It is only by use of the private right of way that the red car is able to get the man who lives in Pasadena to his office in the center of Los Angeles as quickly as the resident of the Westlake Park section of the city, for instance, can get to the same destination by the yellow city cars. Pacific Electric service is now the standard, yet the service is to undergo conspicuous improvement. The red car must slow down as it enters the city and proceed at ordinary street-car pace to the depot at Sixth and Main. How to get to Sixth and Main without the necessity of slowing down—that has been the problem. The problem is to be solved. The company is preparing to expend three million dollars in building a steel elevated railway from the depot building southward seven blocks to the nearest point of the private right of way. Northward from the depot the country is ridged with hills. An L road would not be practicable. Five million dollars is to be used in driving three miles of subway to connect at Vineyard with the northward private right of way. Eight million dollars being spent to save a few minutes for people who already have more time to spare than anybody else!

In Los Angeles they call Paul Shoup the big dreamer of Pacific Electric. A more practical dreamer never headed the affairs of a hundred-million-dollar concern. He came into the interurban in 1910 as the personal representative of Mr. Harriman. By and by he became president of the consolidation, and the building gangs have never laid down their tools since that time. First he extended the Hollywood line through Lankershim to Van Nuys. Next he reconstructed the Los Angeles and Redondo road. He expanded to standard the old narrow-gauge line through Gardena to San Pedro the port. Torrance, an industrial city, is now growing up beside this line. An extension is building from Van Nuys to Owensmouth, where Owens river water for city use is to be held in a great reservoir. An offer of right of way and bonuses by the people of San Fernando valley was met with the commencement of the important construction now going on. Pacific Electric owns the interurban system that unites San Bernardino, Redlands, Colton, Riverside and Arlington. A line now building will close the gap between Uplands and San Bernardino and lead the cars of these famous towns of the citrus belt into the heart of Los Angeles.

Where the needs of the tourist demanded, the company has not hesitated to engage in other undertakings than the operation of cars. Thus it owns and conducts Echo Mountain Observatory and Alpine Tavern on the line up Mt. Lowe, a pier, bath-house and pavilion at Redondo Beach, and amusement parks at San Bernardino, Riverside and San Antonio Heights. If there isn't already something mighty interesting at the end of a red car line, it seems to be the policy of Pacific Electric to put something interesting there.

The fame of the interesting things to be seen from the big windows of the flitting red car has gone all over the country—perhaps all over the world. The tourist in Los Angeles fastens his eye upon the first red car he sees as though it were the friend he had expected to be on hand to show him the sights. The stranger goes to the red car as straight as a man lost on a mountain heads for a lighted cabin door. Anybody from anywhere, it appears, can understand the glistening red invitation to come and make a holiday. Practically all visitors see the sights of southern California from



The tourist in Los Angeles fastens his eyes on the first red car he sees and goes to it as straight as a man lost on a mountain heads for a lighted cabin door. The car shows him, at the rate of a cent a mile, a moving picture of orange groves, the homes of millionaires and of others rich only in content, ostrich farms and missions, oil-fields and sugar-factories, lonely mountain peaks and crowded beaches—enough to make a Trappist monk break into a veritable trolley travelogue

the comfortable wicker seats of the open ends of the cars or the still more comfortable red plush seats of the enclosed mid-section. Three regular excursion trips, with lecturers to point out and explain, are run every day. On each the sight-seer travels all day, going one hundred miles at a cost of one dollar. The Mission trip shows him the orange groves, the San Gabriel Mission, the ostrich farms, the world-famous homes of Pasadena millionaires and the developed beauty-spots of the interior; the Triangle trip leads to the sugar factories, Santa Ana, San Pedro harbor and the south beaches; the Balloon trip makes the run to the oil fields, lemon and walnut groves, Old Soldiers' Home, Santa Monica, and the charming resorts, towns, aquariums and amusement parks of thirty miles of ocean shore. The fellow who makes the three trips and returns to an Eastern home does more to induce travel than any Baedeker ever published. Personally I don't see how even a Trappist monk who had made the rounds could refrain upon reaching home from breaking into a veritable trolley travelogue.

A red car line works both ways. If it's fine for the fellow living out among the lemons to be able to jump to an office building in Spring street while he skims the headlines of his paper, it is also pretty fine for the fellow dwelling in the shadow of office buildings to be able in an hour to reach his choice of a dozen beaches, or to go to Mt. Lowe, to Arrowhead or Bear valley artificial lakes, or into the white pine forests of the Angelus or San Bernardino reserves. He may picnic, hunt or fish. One hears that southern California is dry country, yet Mill creek, Devil's creek, Lytle creek, Bear creek, San Gabriel creek, Warm creek and San Antonio creek are but several of the fishing streams that,

all the year through, course down fifty charming canyons reached by the interurban lines.

Eight days I spent in Los Angeles studying the ebb and flow of the human tides. In Broadway, Spring and Main, in First, Fourth, Sixth—in a dozen streets there bustled at all times a pleasant multitude of persons who somehow impressed one as being long on health, hope and the joy of being there. They represented not merely the city's 425,000, but the red car's close-knit district of three-quarters of a million. Los Angeles is separately distinguishable only on an official map. Nobody but a surveyor could tell where the city limits are. Nothing stops or begins at the line. A base-ball tossed from home to home would travel from Pasadena to the sea with nothing to show when it passed into or out of Los Angeles. The man who is working out the destiny of the red car system says that the population of the city proper should reach the million mark by 1920. The red car man didn't say what population he expected the red car country to have by that time, but it was tomorrow's needs he was thinking of when he planned that subway and that L.

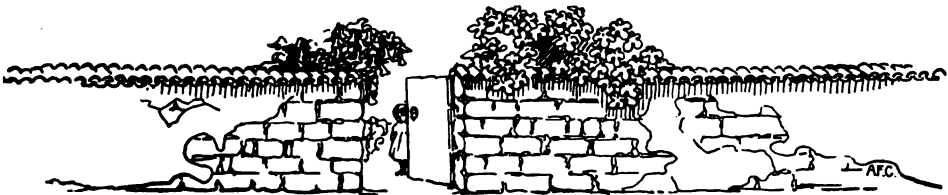
On my last night in town I met again my friend the shoe-merchant who sleeps under an orange tree, as he headed for the after-the-theater car. Maybe he could see the light of a little comprehension transfiguring my face.

"Why is Los Angeles?" he called in my own words of a week before.

"I think I know the answer now," I cheerfully assured him, "but it would take a lot of words to get it all out."

"Just tell me its color" he suggested.

"Any color," I replied in the words of a famous unknown, "so long as it's red!"



A HEALTHY CONVERSION

By HERMAN WHITAKER

Author of: The Merry Wives of Tehuantepec

Illustrated by Arthur Cahill

FROM the stark white face of Pica Blanca, the "white mountain," the fierce noon blaze was reflected in shimmering waves that rolled off and away across interior valleys and long sea beaches till absorbed by the cool mists which draped the vast blue of the far Pacific. All along the sun-struck slopes of the coast range, chaparral and bunch-grass baked in dry heat, exhaling dust and acrid resinous odors. Even the poppies, gay children of the sun, languished under his fiery glances.

Only in the deep valley of the Sur was there surcease of the heat. There the light slanted in dusty shafts between huge redwood columns, diffusing a pleasant warmth through the rose-brown shade—just as it had for a thousand years before Columbus. As during the two centuries required for the descendants of Cortes to accomplish their slow march from Mexico northward, it broke in golden rain through the green lace of alder and cottonwood that roofed the stream. As it did, forty years ago when the *Padre* Junipero Serra passed on his way to found the missions of Carmelo and Monterey, so the water leaped and sang among the boulders making rich music for his successor, a brown-cowled priest who rode with an Indian woman and boy behind a small mule-train.

As they ambled along in the order named, the three unconsciously retypified the process of civilization under Spanish rule in the western world: the priest blazing, in his thirst for souls, a path through the wilderness; the woman in her simplicity, rich soil for gospel seed and first prey of the trader who treads on the heels of the priest; lastly the boy, born of the woman into the mission fold. If slightly inaccurate, the truth of the allegory was in no wise impaired by the fact that the woman was half-caste herself. A third mixture of Spanish blood that had merely pushed up her brow and squeezed in the broad

squaw face, had lengthened in the lad both legs and waist, softened and enlarged his dark Indian eyes, transmuted the mother's dark bronze into rich cream and streaked his thick hair with waves of brown. About medium size, full-breasted and shapely, he was undoubtedly as handsome a lad as could be picked out of the California missions. Moreover, his comeliness gained still more by sharp contrast with the lean angular form and severe face of Padre Mendez, the priest.

Grave to austerity and lit with blue eyes that burned like alcohol flames in the dusk of his cowl, his face was such as painters have fixed as the ideal type for the porter of the gospel beyond the savage pale. But in these days, when the brown sheep of the California woods were already gathered into the mission folds, a softer eye would have shown him fitter for his place. Forty years ago he would have rivaled Fray Junipero himself in outstaring an ever-present death, and it was no lack of courage on his part but the fault of his horse that turned tail and bolted when, with a hoarse shout, a man sprang from behind a bush and shoved the muzzle of a musket under its nose.

"Bandits! Fly! Fly! Holy Padre! Rafael, fly!"

Knocking the lad sideways off the path as she jerked her own mule around, the woman took after the priest, and what of the mingled din of her squawks and poundings, and the rattle of cooking utensils slung from her saddle-bow, she completed the panic that had seized the priest's beast; rendered it so unmanageable that he was unable to stop it short of a mile. Turning then, he proved his mettle, first by his stern reproof, next by the speed at which he returned to lend the lad aid. Robe streaming behind him, eyes aflame in the midst of his pale face, he personified that swift retribution which is said to overtake the evil-doer.



After cinching his captive's feet from stirrup to stirrup the bold marauder led the mule a quarter of a mile down stream before climbing out of the water on the opposite bank

This time, however, the sign failed. Though he returned as fast as he came, it was only to find the lad gone with one of the mules, and the packs of the remainder rifled of food. During the hour, moreover, that he rode up and down stream, searching and spying, mixing shouts for the bandit to come forth with promises of pardon, threats, religious objurgations, he received no answer but that of the derisive echoes. In the absence of track or sign, the woman's whimpering explanation took on credibility.

"'Twas an elf, holy Padre. There are many, 'tis said, in these dark woods."

"Be not foolish, woman." The priest sternly reproved her. "Spirits do not carry muskets, neither have need of food, and, as you see, all ours is gone."

"Oh, *si!*" Noticing the theft for the first time, she threw up her pudgy brown hands. "The keg of fine wine and spiced hams for the holy fathers of Monterey! Also the wheaten loaves! All are gone. 'Tis sacrilege. He will be cursed, this robber, even if he do no harm to my child."

"That he will not do. 'Twas Pedro Vasquez, a renegade from our mission of Monterey that I ordered whipped a month ago for his loose conduct. Most likely he has carried off the lad for company. The greatest danger lies in this—that if they be long together he will make the lad as bad as himself."

"A loose man?" They had both dismounted to tie up the rifled packs and, to his surprise, she fell on her knees. "Oh, I am a wicked woman and am overtaken thus in my sin." Then lowering her voice so that he had to bend to catch her whisper, she went on to tell that which sent a wave of horrified feeling across his severe face. Only her last words rose to their usual tone: "Si, 'twas a sin and you shall give me penance for it."

"No, 'twas only foolish, but folly is sometimes more dangerous than wickedness. This calls for instant action. We must ride on at once to Carmelo and have Padre Sebastian send his soldiers out."

Mounting, he rode on, his lips muttering prayers for a soul in danger. While the woman kept the mules on a run at his heels, her lips also moved. Not altogether converted to his opinion concerning the earthly character of the robber, it is to be

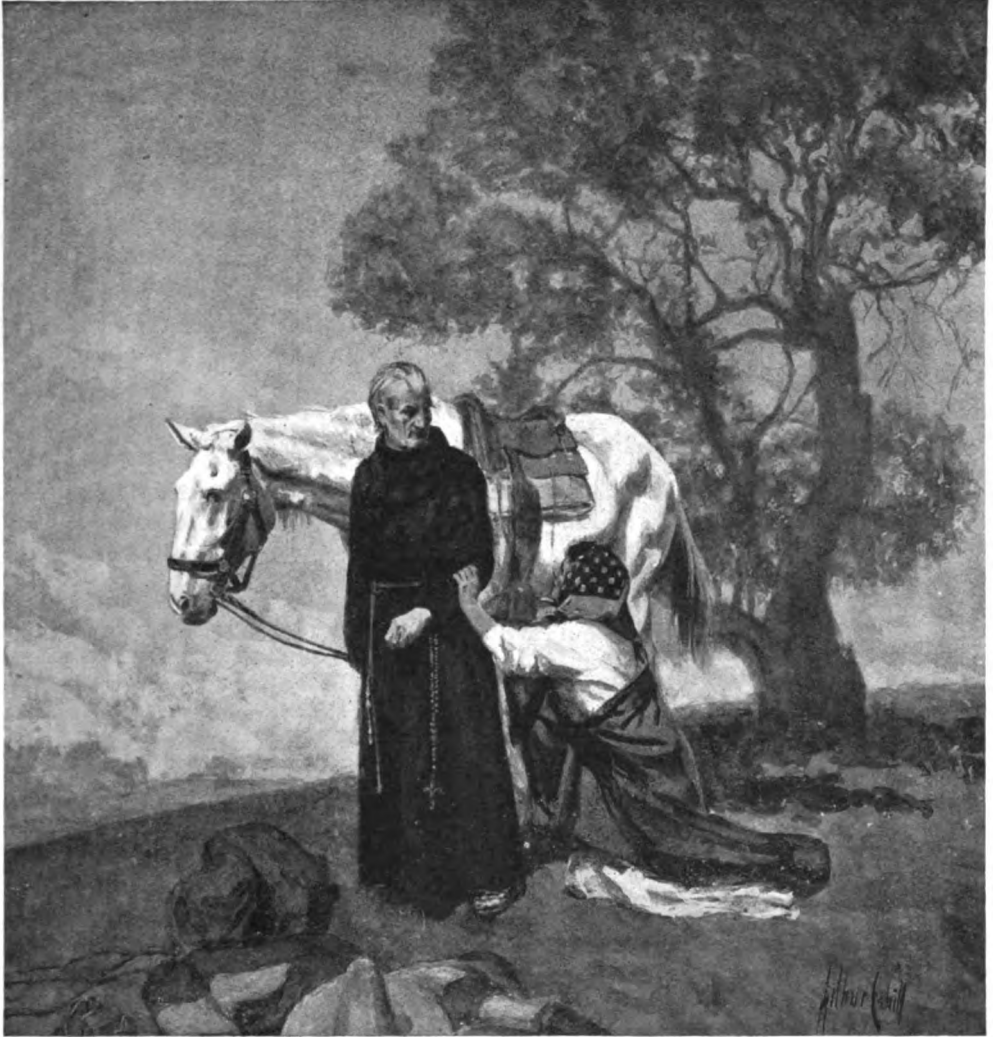
feared, however, that her petitions were somewhat impaired by a liberal mixture of incantations that had proved efficacious in Indian practice these last few thousand years. Between vigorous crossings she sandwiched spells for the confounding of the wicked elves that had produced this mysterious disappearance which, properly understood, was very simple. After cinching his captive's feet from stirrup to stirrup under his mule's belly, the bold marauder had led the beast a quarter of a mile down stream before climbing out of the water on the opposite bank. And could their eyes have pierced the veined foliage of a red madroña high up on the mountainside, they might have seen him, muzzle of his musket pressed into the lad's back, watching their progress down the valley.

Until the mule train disappeared he held that position, and just as the lad's comeliness had served as a foil for the priest, so it now emphasized the power that pulsed in his captor's strong body, glowed in his rugged face. Though not more than four years intervened between their ages, the temper that sparkled in the marauder's black eye, aggression expressed by his heavy jaw and overhung brows, made him appear at least twice as old. Apart from the sullen anger it reflected while watching the priest, his was not, however, a bad face. The temper faded, too, with the priest, and he burst out laughing at the lad's sudden whimpering plea.

"Oh, *señor el bandido*, do not kill me! I will repay with service. Si, I can be of great use, for my mother, that had none to help her, taught me to wash and cook. Even now your *camisa* is very dirty." The lad's shudder was almost feminine. "I shall wash it in the brook? And if there be either corn or ground meal to be had I can grind and bake *tortillas* that are light as a butterfly's wing."

"I am no bandido." He laughed again at the youth's absurd expression of mixed doubt and relief. "Nothing but a lad, like yourself, that fled to the woods to escape harsh treatment."

"Yet—you stopped the holy padre on the *camino real!*" His eyes grew round and big at thought of the sacrilege. "And the spiced hams, cheese, fine wheaten loaves for the padres at Monterey? You took all?"



They had dismounted to tie up the rifled packs and, to his surprise, she fell on her knees.
 "Oh, I am a wicked woman!"

"One must eat." With a resumption of sullen anger he added: "What better sauce could one have than the knowledge he is feeding on fat meats intended for his enemies?"

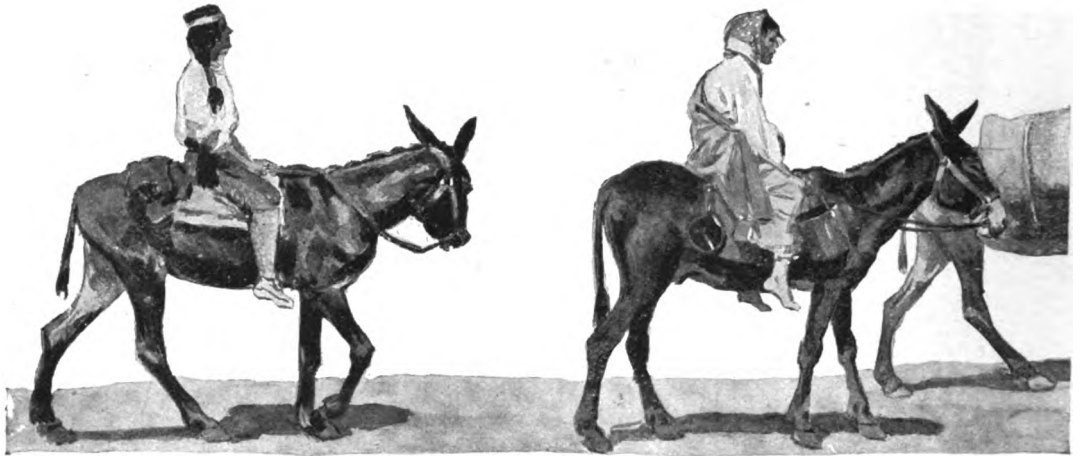
"Were they—so very hard?" The awe in the voice told that the case would have to be very bad indeed to atone for such transcendent sin as the robbing of a priest.

"They whipped me—or tried to, for at the first stroke I burst my bonds and fled to the woods at speed that left their horses."

"But why did they whip? The padres are kind. I have heard my mother tell

of one, the Padre Junipero, long since dead, that was a very saint for good works."

"Si, I have heard, too, of him." To the rather grudging admission he added a heartier testimony. "And Padre Sebastian of Carmelo is a priest with a man's heart. But this shaveling of Monterey—withered in his skin, without love or compassion. You doubt? Then judge for yourself whether a bit of fair loving is a crime to be punished with stripes? 'Twas all over Manuela, the *comandante's* wife's maid. For her betterment with her mistress she carries always, by day, the straightest of faces. But she was never



A brown-cowled priest rode with an Indian woman and boy behind a small mule-train. As they ambled

known to turn from a kiss in the dark, and when, one moonlight, this Padre Mendez caught me kissing her behind the mission wall, she raises a great outcry swearing that the kiss were forced. Then when, out of very scorn for her, I make no answer, I am seized and ordered whipped!"

"You loved her—this Manuela?" Intense interest had wiped the fear out of the boy's face.

"*Caramba*, no! What silly talk! Does love always go with a kiss?"

"It would—with me."

He spoke with such confidence that the other broke out in a laugh. "Listen to the cockerel! What should you know of love—a lad of sixteen?"

"Seventeen, señor, and soon to be more." He had flushed under the other's amused look. It was undoubtedly to cover embarrassment that he made a quick change of subject. "Then if you are not a bandit, wish only for our food, you will lend me your leave to go forward?"

"I will lend you—this."

It proved a box on the ear—so sound that the lad was toppled sideways, and while he lay there whimpering without trying to get up, his captor shook over him a threatening fist. "Do not think me so soft. You said you could cook? *Bueno!* If you would avoid harder treatment, do your best to feed me good. Get up, for we have a long trail to cover before sunset."

Sound as it was, the buffet was neither meant nor taken unkindly. Intended by

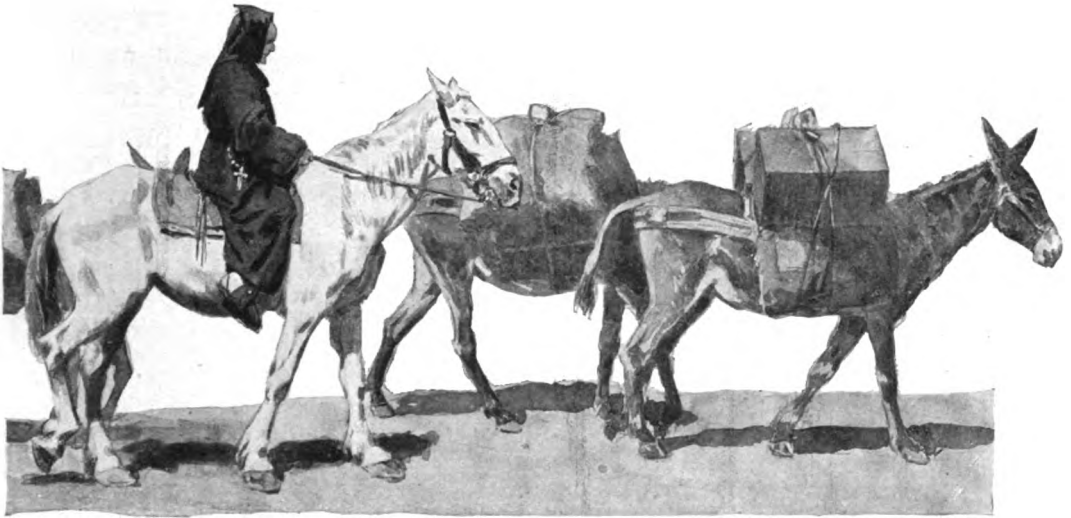
the one to establish their relations beyond mistake, it was so accepted by the other. Walking and riding by turns along the Sur's wooded bottoms, they talked quite amicably, proceeding from an exchange of names to that of histories. In reply to Pedro's questions Rafael related how he and his mother had worked a small cattle rancho in the Santa Barbara foot-hills ever since his father, a Spanish soldier, had been killed in the Navajo wars. At first they had thriven. But lacking a man's hand to compel respect for their rights, they had suffered so much of late from petty thieves and Indian raiders that the mother had sold off the remnant of their cattle and traveled north to keep the house of her husband's brother in Monterey.

"How came we to travel with the Padre Mendez?" He repeated Pedro's question. "By the kindness of the saints, he was returning to Monterey after a visit to the padres of our mission, and so permitted us to ride in his train."

"Whereby he saved himself the hire of an *arriero* to drive his own mules."

"No, señor." The lad instantly repudiated the ironical comment. "He was to pay me *dos reales* the day."

"Then it is more than he pays in Monterey." Pedro's shrug conceded grudging belief. "Once there they will set you to herding cattle at one real the day—hard labor for little pay. You can do better with me. Here, in the mountains, we have no master but the sun. For servants



along they unconsciously retyfied the progress of civilization under Spanish rule in the Western world

we have the birds, the winds, the sea and the trees. If the stomach will sometimes shout for white bread, still is there always deer meat in plenty, fresh trout and berries, honey from the bee trees. With you to cook, while I fish and hunt, we shall lack for nothing. How looks it to you?"

His dilating nostrils, upflung head, shining eyes, told of his own relish in the life. All of which dissolved in laughter at the lad's demure reply. "Is there—a choice?"

"*De verdad!* There is not!" He roared it between laughs. "No choice but a difference. Stay cheerfully and I will treat you better than the *señora*, your own mother. Sulk, and I beat you black and blue."

"A difference—truly. Yet—I will stay."

This time he joined Pedro's laugh, and his chatter, journeying onward, told very plainly that the prospect was not altogether uninviting. His glance when it rested on Pedro revealed not only respect but growing liking. As for that masterful person, having laid down the law for their mutual guidance, he carried out to the letter his promises of kindness. Both during the long trail that ended at dusk under an oak that overlooked the ocean, while later they satisfied ravenous appetites with generous portions of the padre's bread and bacon, and when, finally, they lay down to sleep the dark hours away, he displayed consideration that would have graced the father of a girl-child.

"'Tis only a temblor." He comfortingly patted the lad's shoulder when, at

midnight, the earth writhed in the grip of a quake. "It will pass in a second."

Still later he spoke reassuringly, even tenderly, when the boy cried out as a bat whirled an evil wing close to his face. "You are timorous as a girl. Go to sleep. I will take good care of you."

Thus urged, the lad slept, and woke no more that night.

Hotly pursuing the opposite direction, the padre and the woman passed on over the rolling hills at the mouth of the Sur into the copse and brake that interspersed dark reaches of redwood in the canyon on the other side. Night chased them to the door of an Indian herd who kept ward over the horses of some *hacienda* at pasture on the foot-hills. From which meager lodging they went forth again at dawn.

The rising sun found them in a more thickly settled land. Where, before the founding of Carmelo, only the occasional smoke of an Indian's lodge rose at wide intervals along the hills, this bright morning shone on numerous brown *adobes* clustering around pink-walled *haciendas*. For surging in by land and sea, Spanish civilization had rooted and grown during two generations into the very semblance of old Mexico's life. Linking the farmsteads, cattle and horses roamed under the care of brown Carmel Indians, and these increased in frequency and numbers until, as they rode into the open beyond Point Lobos, "the place of the wolves," the tower of the mission suddenly appeared across

a wide blue arm of the sea. Spacing the sullen roar of the surf, the mellow voice of a bell came drifting over the sunlit land. With its placid herds browsing within the circle of pine-clad hills, it was beautiful beyond words. But though, at other times, it was the padre's custom to stop and view it, he now increased his speed, nor paused till he dismounted at the *portales* of Padre Sebastian's house.

Leaving his horse with a herd, he hurried along the *corredor* with the woman in tow and barely avoided running into the Padre Sebastian, who just then turned the corner. A stout broad man with a round kindly face, his dark eyes twinkled merrily under heavy gray brows. While he listened to his colleague's hurried tale, their humor increased rather than abated, and he interrupted the narrative with a word of good cheer. "'Twas Pedro Vasquez? Then have no fear. We shall get back the lad, good woman, a trifle frightened, perhaps, but otherwise none the worse."

"But—she is a girl!" She burst out with the confession she had whispered in the silent woods. "'Twas a sin to be so deceitful, but we did it for her good. For better protection against roving soldiers in the lonely hills her father brought her up as a lad, teaching her to ride and throw a *riata* with any *vaquero*. And when he was killed in the Navajo wars she had to take his place."

"And this puts another face on the matter" Padre Mendez went on. "'Twas over a girl that Pedro was ordered—"

"Yes, yes!" For a second a touch of impatience extinguished the other's twinkle. "That sly-boots, Manuela." Drawing Padre Mendez aside, he lowered his tone. "Brother, there is no good reason why a priest should not be guided in his judgments by knowledge gained privately. I do not believe the lad altogether in blame."

"But even so?" The other raised severe brows. "If the girl were to blame for the kissing? You would not ignore such conduct?"

Padre Sebastian's slight shrug betrayed suppressed impatience. "The kisses of young folk are usually given in honor. 'Tis your man grown that needs the watching." His mellow laugh rang like a rich bell in the *corredor's* warm shadows. "So let us not be too quick in judgment. With-

out some seed of kisses where should the church turn for her next harvest of souls?"

"Still, this Pedro—"

"One moment, Brother." He continued with serious good humor. "You will not take umbrage at my saying that, in my opinion, you proceeded wrongly with the lad! Punishment should always be nicely fitted to both culprit and case. Were Pedro one of these gentle Carmel Indians, he would, if guilty, have stood for the lash. But with the riotous blood of a Spanish soldier dominating his veins—never! Having made one mistake, it behooves us to go carefully. As yet he is but a foolish youth that harbors in his soul a sense of injury. But with only a little hunting, he will quickly sour and harden. Then, in robbing for his sustenance, he will one day kill a man. Whereafter we shall have a bandit, full-fledged, upon our hands."

"But this girl? She cannot be abandoned? At least soldiers should be sent to bring her in?"

"Not a soldier." His rich laugh rang out again. "From the girl he will take no harm."

"But she—"

"Nor she from him." He turned to the woman. "Thy daughter? She was brought strictly up in our church?" And when she answered with vehement nods, he went on: "Then is she in the hands of the Blessed Virgin who chooses her own instruments for the saving of souls. 'Tis the good girl that makes the good man, and I'll trust her to effect his healthy conversion. Mark me for a fool if, sooner or later, she does not bring him in."

"Then you will not send out—"

"Si, I shall send out—but no soldiers. If you will leave the matter with me, Brother?"

While they talked the other's frozen austerity had gradually thawed. Now he bowed his tall lean head. "We are but weak vessels, the best of us, I weaker than most. If I erred—'twas through zeal for the lad's good. Plainly I now see that there is a lack in me that would defeat my best efforts. Henceforth he is thine, Brother, to seek and to save."

At noon two days thereafter the two lads—for, so far as Pedro was concerned, Rafaela was still Rafael—lay on their



When, after a long detour through the woods, he came crawling up behind her, she had almost freed her hands

stomachs at the top of a high hill that fell steeply on one side into the woods of the Sur. The other overlooked the ocean's deep blue that was laced, here and there, with filmy clouds.

After a full meal of tortillas and spiced ham helped out by a dessert of bread and wild honey, they were in excellent fettle for the exchange of those bright dreams and confidences that are natural to youth. "What should I like to be?" Pedro slowly repeated the usual beginning. "Of all else I would choose to be *comandante* of Padre Sebastian's soldiers to go with him into new wild countries. Your father was killed by the Navajos? Then I would like to fight with them."

"But you would not be always at the wars?" Rafaela questioned.

"No." A shadow of disappointment clouded the brightness of his dream. "The best of fighting comes to an end. When no more was to be had I should wish for a rancho of my own—and a pretty wife."

"Manuela?" Rafaela watched him closely.

"The cat! No, señor, she has caused me enough of trouble."

Satisfied by the vigor of his answer, she continued her stealthy study of him while,

chin propped in his hands, he gazed steadily out to sea. A smile, soft yet mischievous, prefaced her next remark. "I know the girl that should just suit you." But when he turned, the smile had vanished. He read in her face only casual interest. "Si," she nodded. "A cousin of mine."

"What would she be like, this cousin?"

"About my height and color." Said color took a deeper stain under his quick critical look and comment: "That would be fine—for a girl. Only this morning I was thinking that the big eyes and soft skin of you were wasted on a lad. Si, if she look like you she can come to my rancho."

"And you would love her?"

He was looking again out to sea and so missed the soft curiosity in her look. "How should I know that have never seen her?" He laughed, a little scornfully. "Love? That is a word for girls."

"Or she might not like you." She hid, with her propped hands, a flash of pique that merged in a peculiar mixture of anger and satisfaction when he gave answer. "That would not matter. If she pleased me I would take her, yea or nay."

"But you—would be good to her?"

"That would I!" The quickness and heartiness of the reply made ample amends for his masterfulness. "She should have of eating and dressing the finest, and if any man dared to even look at her—" his coal eyes flashed "—I would kill him."

"Then she would love thee."

Had Padre Sebastian been there to see, his twinkling glance would have pierced down to the feeling that underlay her smile. It was plainly to be seen that she had marked Pedro for her own—so very plainly, indeed, that she could not altogether exclude her sense of proprietorship from her manner. At supper, that evening, she assumed such housewifely airs of authority, airs so out of keeping with their relations as captor and captive, that they finally drew upon her a second buffet. Delivered with an open hand, it yet sent her rolling head over heels downhill. But accepting the correction quite meekly, she lay down for the night and slept soundly till the rising sun poked a hot finger into her eyes.

Rising, then, on one elbow, she looked over at Pedro, still asleep, with curiosity shy as that of the two deer which, in turn, watched her from behind a clump of manzanita. As, growing bolder, the animals came out in the open and approached with stealthy padding of small hoofs, she transferred her gaze to them and was observing their slim beauty with the tender interest the mother instinct inspires to all things helpless and small, when a slight rustle caused her to look at Pedro's hand stealing out from his side. Till it closed on his gun she gazed in terror, her wide dark eyes beseeching the pretty creatures to run, then as, rising suddenly on one knee, he aimed and fired, she fell heavily against his shoulder.

"Fool!" he yelled as the deer sped away with sidelong leaps. "You have lost us a fine dinner. You slipped? Then this will teach more care."

Once more she toppled over. But content to pay with her own pains for the lives of the pretty creatures, she rose and went quietly to work preparing their breakfast. And the very next minute his anger evaporated. Lying on his back in the sun after the meal, he drew her on to tell all that she had learned from her father of the Navajo country and wars. While she interspersed narrative with descriptions

of the sun-struck sands, painted mountains, stupendous gorges, golden pueblos of the desert peoples, the morning slipped on, and, apart from the undoubted pleasure she obtained from the exercise of her tongue, she was rewarded by his sudden question:

"This cousin of yours. Where lives she?"

For a moment she looked nonplussed. But his gaze was searching the fathomless blue of the sky. After a moment's hesitation she answered: "In the hills by Santa Barbara."

"About your height and build, you said?" His dreamy tone told of the ideal that was floating in his mind. Rafaela smiled as he went on: "And she lives near Santa Barbara? 'Tis a fine place I have heard. We shall go there, you and I. Si, we shall pack and make a start after the noon meal."

As so often happens, however, when mere man undertakes his own dispositions without knocking on wood to propitiate the fates, the program thus manfully laid out was subject to immediate revision. The two Indian trackers who had heard the report of his gun down in their camp by the Sur were even then within sound of his voice. Moving up through the chaparral with the smooth stealth of snakes, they had gained to its edge a few yards from where Pedro lay. Lost as he was in pleasant abstraction, his acute instincts still sensed the infinitesimal earth vibrations. When the two came shooting like brown arrows from their covert, he sprang from full length upright upon his feet and went bounding down the opposite slope with the long leaps of a startled stag. In half a minute he was lost in the dense chaparral below.

Had there been time for him to have snatched his gun, the dénouement of Padre Sebastian's fears would have come to pass there and then, for looking back uphill he saw Rafaela struggling in the hands of the trackers. If he had had the gun he would surely have fired. Lacking it, he could only look on. As they quickly dragged her out of sight down the other slope, he failed to see her sudden yielding after her captors had spoken a few words, and though he followed at once on their trail he had to keep his distance. When, an hour later, they brought her to the brush shelter where Padre Sebastian was resting after the fatigue of the trail, he was too far off to



"A quick recovery!" He snarled it between set teeth. "If I had dreamed of this 'twould not have been your bonds I cut there under the tree"

catch from the opposite hill anything more than the brown flash of his robe. All that he saw was, that after binding their prisoner and throwing her into the shade of a tree, the trackers moved off once more up the valley.

"To find me" he interpreted the movement; was sure of it when, quarter of an hour later, he caught a glimpse of them against the skyline of the opposite hill. At intervals while he watched, the girl's limbs had moved in futile struggle against her bonds, and when, after a long detour through the woods he came crawling up behind her, she had almost freed her hands. After the Indians departed, the priest had gone back into the shelter, and while he was cutting the thongs that bound Rafaela's ankles, Pedro plainly heard him snore.

"From the hillside, I saw his robe" he chuckled as they ran together through the redwoods. "I would give a *peso* to see his long horse face when he comes out to find you gone."

Letting him laugh, she busied herself scraping the leaves with her feet as she ran so that a trail was left plain as a pike road. When he plunged into the Sur shallows and waded up-stream she managed to break, unseen, several twigs where they entered and left the water. Unaware of these small treacheries he chuckled continuously at the thought of his enemy's discomfiture.

"His Indians will have gone back for the mule and provision" he explained the probabilities. "Afterward they will pick up my trail and follow it—back to their own camp. Thereafter—running water tells no tales in its song. 'Tis true that the padre has gotten back his hams. But I have other food bestowed in a cave where we shall rest tonight. Then carrying only enough to last us to the haciendas beyond the mountains we shall set our faces, tomorrow, toward Santa Barbara—and your cousin."

As he was walking ahead he could not see her guilty color—which deepened when he began to ply her once more with questions concerning said cousin. Her exact complexion, disposition, the size of her hands and feet, not a detail escaped his eager census. While on her part Rafaela filled in the portrait with qualities and quantities taken from her own temper and bulk, her face presented a study in gratified guilt. In spite of these preoccupations, however, she

did not forget to mark their trail with disturbed leaves and broken twigs, but when, having climbed out of the valley to a path that led along the bald crest of the mountains, the trail ran in the open, she began to look worried. Sometimes a full quarter-mile would pass without a bush presenting itself for her fingers, and it was after crossing a particularly long stretch of open ground that she fell to the ground uttering a sharp cry.

"I twisted my ankle."

Rising, she tried to hobble on, but her face revealed such pain that he stopped, rubbed the injury with all his might, then, with her leaning upon his shoulder, moved slowly forward. As long as the trail ran in the open she limped along, but when, presently, it dipped down into dense chaparral between two peaks, she took frequent rests. The last came in the midst of brush so thick and high that a weasel would have been hard put to squeeze through it. It would have been difficult, indeed, to contrive a better trap. Only the narrow path led out, and as, at the crack of a twig behind them, Pedro leaped up to run, she threw her arms about his knees and brought him headlong to the ground.

The next second the trackers were upon him, and though he fought like a panther with teeth and fists, feet and nails, the odds were too heavy. Standing, hands bound, three minutes later, he glowered at Rafaela, who had forgotten all about her limp in the excitement.

"A quick recovery!" He snarled it between set teeth. "If I had dreamed of this 'twould not have been your bonds I cut there under the tree."

If she shrank before his blazing anger, her expression, following behind, revealed neither sorrow nor contrition. If the truth be told, a touch of amusement flavored its strong hope.

While they still lacked a mile of the camp, dusk fell, wrapping mountains and sea in one brown robe. But there, in the black depths of the Sur valley, gleamed a red star, the watch-fire Padre Sebastian had built for the discouragement of panthers and grizzlies that were uncomfortably numerous in those woods. Flickering and fading as they came downhill, it grew stronger and brighter, leaped at last, a warm column of flame that stained the surrounding redwoods with brighter hues. Under its rich

light Pedro caught a second glimpse of a brown robe, and still believing that it belonged to Padre Mendez, he stiffened himself for the encounter. Then, before he had time to correct the impression, the trackers tied him with his back to the fire.

After building a cooking-fire for themselves, they loosed his hands and gave him of their own food. Consisting of cold tortillas and stringy venison, it was good enough eating after his twelve-hours' fast. But while munching with keen appetite he passed from grin as a whiff of fried ham drifted across from the other fire.

"The padre will take no more chances. He is bestowing his hams where thieves may not break in and steal."

The grin, however, quickly faded, for floating in just then on the savory odor, Rafaela's clear laugh stirred the glowing coals of his anger. "Telling the shaveling how he fooled me" Pedro interpreted it. "Bueno! 'Tis now *his* turn."

By craning as much as his bonds permitted, he managed to obtain a glimpse of a black skirt and white chemisette that shone pale pink under the dye of the fire. Then a change in their wearer's position removed them beyond his view. "The old woman—come with the priest to recover her darling." Muttering it, he fell again to his eating, but had no more than swallowed two mouthfuls before a strong mellow voice broke close to his ear.

"'Tis said by the doctors that one should be broken gradually from too rich eating. Come, Son, and sit at my fire."

Erect and free, Pedro stood staring his hardest at Padre Sebastian. "But—but—I had thought—"

"—me another?" The padre filled in his stammerings. "Yes, yes, but he is now of your past. From this day you belong to me. Of course there is to be no restraint on your inclination. But soon I go out from this warm peace of Carmel to the wilds where I shall have need of brave lads. So—"

In his turn, Pedro now interrupted. "I would sooner go with you than any other in the whole world."

"Bueno!" The padre patted his shoulder. "Now let us join your friend at the fire. No?"

"No." The brightness all gone from his face, Pedro stubbornly repeated it. "He is no friend of mine. I run not with traitors."

"Not even when—" he paused long enough to change the sex of the pronoun, "*—he* has wrought for your good!"

"No." He stubbornly shook his head.

"You will not come to—*him*?" Mischief sparkled in his twinkle. "Then he shall come to you."

"Si, let him come." Muttering it to himself, Pedro clenched his hard fist. "He will get at least one good one before they can get him again away."

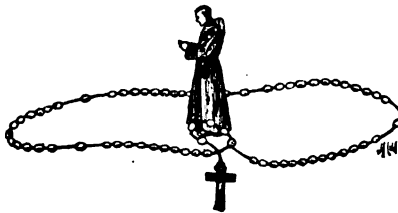
The huge black bulk of a redwood intervened between him and the fire. As a shadow moved out from behind it, he raised to strike—then stood, hand in mid-air, staring at Rafaela in the familiar skirt and chemisette of a *peona's* wear. Completing the transformation from a pretty lad to a large-eyed maid, she had gathered her thick brown hair into a knot at the back of her head. Timidly returning his gaze, she stood in the warm firelight, the materialization of the ideal that she herself had built up in his mind.

His first stammering words testified to the likeness. "Are you yourself or—your cousin?"

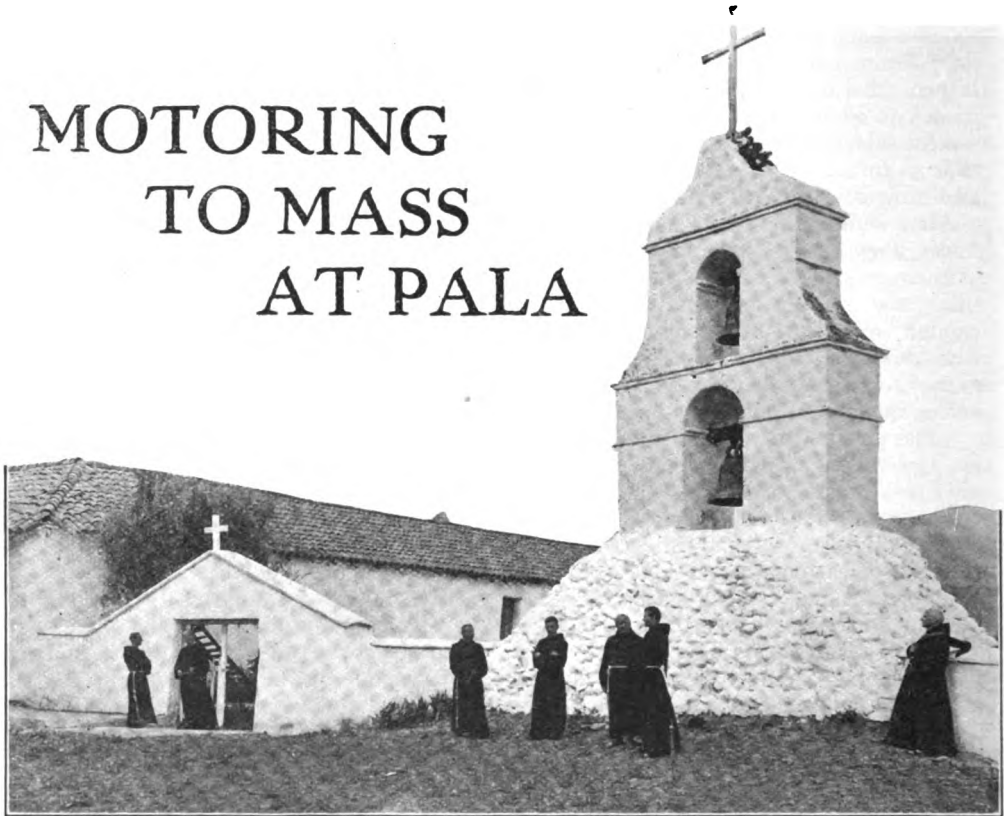
"Both."

He glanced around. The Indians sat with their back toward them. The padre had passed out of sight. Stretching out both hands, he pulled her into the shadows. "A girl—all the time! And to think of the way I knocked you about!"

Though out of sight, the padre was not unmindful. When, after a long silence, a murmur of soft talk floated from behind the tree to his fire he smothered a laugh in his sleeve. "'Tis complete—the conversion."



MOTORING TO MASS AT PALA



By ELEANOR GATES
Author of: Motoring Among the Missions

AN insistent squealing, not unlike the irritable protest of a choir of hungry pigs; a dull bass-drum boom! boom! boom! and the sweet heavy fragrance of new-cut willow—all these, borne on the heat-waves of that August day, testified that the fiesta was somewhere in the neighborhood.

The reservation town of Pala, laid out upon a gentle mesa-like slope with something of the regular aspect of a military settlement, seemed utterly deserted. But we needed no guiding. Pala has a barrier of ragged mountains half-circling one side of it. Rimming the other half is the San Luis Rey river. We turned riverward, to where the street ended abruptly in a sharp dip. Before us lay a broad winding stream-bed of sand and gravel divided by a narrow creeping flow. And on the nearer half of this bed, standing just between the edge of the mesa and the water, was a great quadrangular shelter built up of large poles and willow boughs. The boughs, shocked

on end, formed the gray-green outer wall of the quadrangle. Other boughs, disposed regularly, formed the roof. Through the roof, curling up into the sunlight, rose the smoke of many cooking-fires.

The quadrangle had two openings, one on the up-stream side, another opposite. In and out of these openings, steadily passing and repassing, gaily dressed figures were moving. These were the rallied Palatingwa Indians, and friends from other tribes. Their wagons—by the dozen—stood about among the willow thickets on all sides, with teams tied to wheels and brake-rods. Other horses, saddled and mounted, were being galloped up and down by good-looking young braves with wide hats set rakishly on their heads and rope lariats at their pommels—galloped for the edification of a bevy of lustrous-eyed Indian girls. Under the wagons, to get out of the way of so many hoofs and heels, were dogs—the usual Indian sort, thin, slinking, mangy. There was little laughter, and no loud

conversation. For this lack, however, the squealing and the booming made up, both issuing from what the fiesta poster was pleased to term "the merry go-around."

The advent of our automobile occasioned no gathering of the curious and no excitement. But there was plenty of enthusiasm over the arrival, in our wake, of more wagons—with the younger people on the seats, and the aged, the babies and the dogs comfortable and secure on straw in the boxes behind. As the wagons halted there was hailing and hand-shaking, then the horses were unharnessed; whereupon they broke and made for the water. The youthful bucks in the wide hats took after them, hallooing and swinging their lariats. The older men shouted advice, or orders. Dogs barked. Colts whinnied. And "the merry go-around" added its voices to the din.

But presently, when the dust settled, a ceremonial greeting took place just within the great quadrangle. This was a suffragist affair, a half-dozen very old squaws forming a semi-circle to chant and dance. All but one of this semi-circle kept the eyes downcast, and stepped in time to the song rather perfunctorily, with much bobbing of the head or hat. But the leader! She was the fattest little body imaginable—fat, but with, oh, such a smiling friendly face! Her dress was typical: gay waist, ruffled skirt, and apron; over her dark hair she wore a thin white shawl. She held her chin up, and her sloe-black eyes sparkled. Puffing, she stamped the sand with alternating bare brown feet. The result was "the jelly-wobble!"

The sun was hot. The quadrangle was close. Yet not until the faces of the squaws streamed and shone with perspiration did the dance come to a sudden grunting stop. Then the assemblage took to circling. There was much to see and enjoy.

For example, there were the three-dozen booths that formed the quadrangle, and opened upon the patio. Some of these were being used as living-rooms. Here were the cooking-fires. And here babies tumbled about among pots and pans, and inquisitive dogs, and rolls of bedding, and—yes, *suit-cases!* In booths that alternated with the living-booths fresh meats were for sale, or melons, or ice-cream, or prickly pears and grapes. One offered

tamales, and several were well-equipped restaurants. Across the corner of one swung a hammock holding a cunning papoose. At this booth, for a payment of five cents, you might shoot at a whirling wheel for prizes. And whenever you wanted a moment's rest, there, at the center of the quadrangle, offering shade and a seat, was a covered platform.

We had traveled a good distance to be present at this annual festival of the Palatingwas, held in honor of San Luis, Rey de Francha. But—to be frank—we were finding it a bit disillusioning. These were not the *kind* of Indians we had expected to see. And where were the time-honored semi-savage customs we had promised ourselves? For that suffragist ceremonial-dance was the only primitive feature of the day. Jose Juan Owlinguish and Remijio Lugo had the program of events in hand. And, as per that luring poster, there was a base-ball game, and a girls' foot-race. The young braves on horses raced, too, with lean thoroughbreds picked up at low prices when the anti-racing edict lowered the value of track animals. Of course, there was a sack-race (this for the younger men). And the fat men held a tug-of-war. Prizes were distributed among the husbandmen of Pala for "the best farms, vegetables and flower-gardens." Last of all, there was bronco-busting, with soft-eyed mothers anxiously watching the sand swirl up about the plunging horses. It was all along familiar Fourth-of-July lines!

And yet, disappointed though we were, we found this new kind of Mission Indian fascinating. The young people were particularly attractive, the boys being of good height and stocky build (foot-ball mops all but hid their roguish eyes!) and the larger girls, with scarcely an exception, possessing more than the average of good looks. Each maid's hair was glossy and prettily "done," her face was oval and not too full, her teeth regular and a dazzling white. And the complexions of these budding women seemed much lighter than the complexions of the older ones—due, no doubt, to soap, hats and powder! Nevertheless, each young face was brown—"a marvelous brownish face, with fair red lips, and ruddy cheeks."

Interest among these girls centered on the platform—where Burwell's orchestra

from Santa Ana played selections from "The Sultan of Sulu" and "The Dollar Princess." As is usual in more conventional gatherings, dancing men were scarce. A few did their duty nobly, trousers turned up to show bright socks as they two-stepped and waltzed with their shirt-waisted partners. But these dancing braves were young. The older ones preferred the saddle, and the games; or rode "the merry go-around"—silently, as if too utterly deep for words was the delight of circling to its asthmatic strains!

The Indian maids flocking the platform were slender. It was among the older women that we found too much uncorseted solidity. But whatever charm was lacking in the figures of the middle-aged squaws was more than made up by the charm of their faces. As a rule Indian women of fiction are described as being noble and dignified of countenance. The younger matrons of Pala fit that description. Their brows are broad and smooth, their eyes gentle but brave. Indeed, the expression of each face is almost habitually sad—until interest is unexpectedly awakened, when a slow smile lights the soft hazel of the eyes and sweetens the mouth into a curve of good-humor. And in the silent inspection each gives the white stranger there is none of the resentment discoverable in the glances of the old women—who will resent (as well they may) the bitter days of their removal from Warner's Ranch.

The little girls looked as if they had just tramped out of a school-room. They were tomboyishly active, and as full of giggles as all small country girls should be. And they wore at the nape of their short fat necks—to set off their blue-black hair—tremendous ribbon bows of rare and resplendent dyeing. Their small brothers, a few of them in brand-new overalls, gravitated in a drove from booth to booth. They played tricks on one another, counted their cigarette pictures, teased the girls, stuffed themselves with assorted edibles, and filled up any otherwise vacant moments by hitching untiringly at their suspenders. As for the babies, these were plump sweet little brown things, as alike as so many tiny quail. Their chief accomplishment was sleep. And not one of the score knew how to whimper!

The attitude of the full-grown braves was spiritless. The majority of these men sat

doubled up in the shade within or without the great willow shelter. If one moved, it was sluggishly. Turning your head suddenly, to take him unawares, you found the face calm—almost expressionless. And his slumbrous black eyes were averted, being usually upturned, as if intent upon the weather! And yet (particularly as the afternoon waned) we got the impression, somehow, that each brave was waiting for something. Each was—for night!

Night wrought a change. And what a change! The "civilized" Fourth-of-July aspects of the fiesta disappeared magically before the advancing dark. And the years rolled back, sweeping us with them. Ah, *this* was what we had traveled so far to see! This was early California! Here were the Palatingwas and their friends, celebrating—with tribal dances, and old songs, and enthralling gambling-games. And at the upper end of the brush-shelter a great bonfire was sending its sparks toward the stars. About this rallying-point surged the Indians (real Indians), eager, joyous, unrestrained—

But not *altogether* unrestrained, as in former days. There was a link that bound the "civilized" day with that night of older times. Just as twilight merged into dark a grizzled brave in uniform moved away from the throng at the fire and took his stand on the edge of the dance-platform. The flames flashed on his eyeglasses, and on his large star. This was the Link—between Past and Present; between Washington-on-the-Delaware and the Pala Reservation. This was Uncle Sam's Chief-of-Police!

He began to speak in the tongue of his tribe, very quietly and pleasantly, so that it was impossible, listening to him, and watching the faces upturned to his, even to form an idea of what he was saying. He talked for five minutes, then paused, looking from side to side thoughtfully. When he began again, his language was Spanish, but as softly intoned as before. Presently he took another breathing-spell, blinking and gazing over the heads of the crowd, as if letting his message soak in. Then for the third time he resumed his talk. Now he used English.

It was English, broken and picturesque, and as fascinating in its lingo as it was elusive. In this third short low address, he laid down the law touching the oncoming



Here were the Palatingwas and their friends, celebrating with entrhralling gambling-games. The peon stake was the greatest of these. Eight Indians seated themselves opposite one another. At their head was an aged man with eight short sticks in one hand

celebration. All "bankers" in the games, he declared, must be Indians. And none but full-bloods would be permitted to play *peon*. Furthermore, the discovery of liquor, or of its hilarious effects, would spell the "cooler."

He bowed, and got down. Thereupon the crowd, which had been motionless and open-mouthed, suddenly split up into groups, precisely as if it were some giant picture-puzzle that had been suddenly shaken.

One by one lights had sprung up down the lines of booths. Now, in their flare, the dancers of the night began to come forth, to meet in the fuller glare of the great fire.

These dancers were men—old men, but not spiritless. They came hurriedly, their heads adorned with feathers, and apron-like clouts at their loins. And a score of old crones, crouched in a line beyond the blaze, met them with shrill chanting.

The old men danced by threes and fours, keeping in a wavering line. Now each head was lowered—while the bare feet beat the ground to the rhythm of the

chant; now each feathered head-dress was suddenly thrown back, as the dancer, his face upraised, joined his guttural bass to the high cracked intoning of the squaws. It was as if the clothes of civilization had fallen from them, revealing the savages of Drake's day. And that chant!—it was unceasing, untiring, piercing, unforgettable! A shrill neigh-like call ended it. Then a Palatingwa, suddenly lifting his eyes to the sky by a backward toss of the head, gave an answering cry.

As the dances ended, we turned away—and saw eager groups here and there down the open square within the brush-shelter. One group was pressing about a game of Klondike. Others were playing *loteria*, their cards covered by beans or corn. On a wide-spread blanket a wrinkled squaw was dealing out a Mexican deck. Mexican *monte* was the game. And she had before her a heap of small sticks. Poker was going forward in some of the dimly lit booths. But the game of *la chuza* tempted the majority. Here and there in the quadrangle were saucer-shaped tables, striped by horizontal and center-

converging lines. A score of men and women surrounded each table, and the ripple of the spinning marble could be heard, followed by grunts of disappointment, or quick gratified laughs.

Peon had not begun yet. But an aged man, with a younger at each elbow, was moving slowly hither and thither, to stop at each group. He carried a faded square of silk in one hand, and offerings met him everywhere. Now the silk square opened to receive a dollar; again, a gold-piece fell with a clear ring. These offerings were the makings of the greatest stake of the night—the peon stake.

Meanwhile, another fire was being built, a small fire, half of dry and half of green fuel. An old man laid it, carefully crossing stick upon stick. Then—a circle looking on, big-eyed and approving—he lit it. The circle swayed, whispering. There was a turning of heads. The groups about the scattered games swayed and whispered and craned, too. And now, by ones and twos, the circle around the peon blaze began to grow to a crowd.

It was midnight! The twenty-fourth of August was merging into the twenty-fifth. And the whole of the stake was gathered in—one hundred and sixty-five dollars. In the light of the newer bonfire five Indians counted it—not once, but several times, a breathless crowd looking on. Next, the crowd parted to let eight braves in wide hats approach the blaze. The eight divided, four seating themselves on the ground to one side, the others dropping down in a line opposite. Then the aged man with the stake in his keeping took his place at the head of the two lines. Between him and the crackling sticks lay a sheaf of twelve long wands.

Once more the voices of women rose in a song—a weird droning song, yet different from all the others of the night. There was something about it that thrilled; more: there was in it a note of passionate urging, of wild eagerness. It made one goose-flesh.

The players settled themselves, their feet under them. The four to the right of the old Indian showed no nervousness, no excitement. Their eyes affected indifference. They wore complacent smiles. But the four across the fire!—all younger. Their eyes were anxious, their lips tense. A long double-blanket had been thrown

across their knees. They touched their beaded foreheads to it, and wiped at it with damp palms.

The old Indian had eight short sticks in one hand—four white, four black. He handed one of each color to the first of the young braves. Quickly the latter thrust his hands under the blanket, which he held in place before him by his teeth. For a moment his hands moved swiftly. Then, his hat pulled down to his eyes, he fell quiet, and waited.

The leader of the opposite line leaned toward the fire. His look was keen, searching. He strove to meet the averted eyes of his opponent. A moment, and he threw out one arm, pointing a finger, and half-turning a hand.

The holder of the sticks let the concealing blanket fall, and opened his hands, disclosing the sticks. At that the Indian opposite dropped back, chagrined. He had guessed wrong as to the whereabouts of the white stick. So the younger braves had won first chance to hold the sticks. And now the song of the women quickened and swelled proudly. And now, with excited but subdued chatter all about, began the peon game.

Each of those younger braves was tossed two sticks, a black and a white. Then up came the blanket once more, to be gripped between four pairs of strong jaws. Next, each player, hat pulled far down to shadow his face, folded his arms under the blanket and began to sway jerkily from side to side, barking a breathless accompaniment to the loud song of the women.

The men opposite took off their hats and held them before their faces. And over the brim of each sombrero peered a pair of black eyes, alert, questioning. Presently one of these older men, with a swift donning of his hat, leveled an arm toward the rocking four opposite. He pointed one finger; then two. He turned his hand this way and that, signaling his guess.

Instantly the squaws' drone stilled. But another song, by other women, took its place. The blanket fell from between the teeth of the young Indians. They tossed the black-and-white sticks across the fire to the older men, to whom the aged man had handed one long wand. This time the guesser had guessed right!



There was something supremely touching in that service out under the summer sky. The worshippers were the remnants of once mighty tribes. Save for swarthy faces and brown hands, this might have been an outdoor prayer-meeting anywhere in the rural West

Thus went on the game of the black-and-white sticks. One o'clock came—two—three. No longer did the smoke of the cooking-fires rise through the willow boughs of the great shelter. Yet few had left the crowd pressing about the peon blaze, and these only sleepy children. For excitement was at white heat. At one time the four elder men had possessed all save two of the twelve wands. But at present the younger braves had eleven wands on the sand at their knees. No longer were their opponents stolid. They were using every mite of their craft. And as for the song of those who favored the winning braves, it told of fierce determination! It was like the prolonged cry of a pack that have set their teeth in the prey!

Four, and the lights were out up and down the quadrangle, and the stars were already dimming in the sky. But the throng

about the peon game was no smaller. It cried out continually in its excitement. It crowded for place.

And then, with morning at hand, the old man tossed the last wand to the line of young Indians. The stake followed. Whereupon the older players, rising stiffly, separated without a word, and were lost to sight among the surging people of the tribes.

Sunday morning was near its dawn. Little time was left for sleep. The quadrangle cleared quickly. The living-booths filled. And silence came upon the great willow shelter.

But by ten o'clock, what a change! As in the old pagan days, a night of savage ceremonies and tribal games was to be followed by Christian worship. Civilization had triumphed at sunrise! Time had moved forward once more. Here, strolling



"The Missions totter, but the Faith lives in the hearts of the Indians"

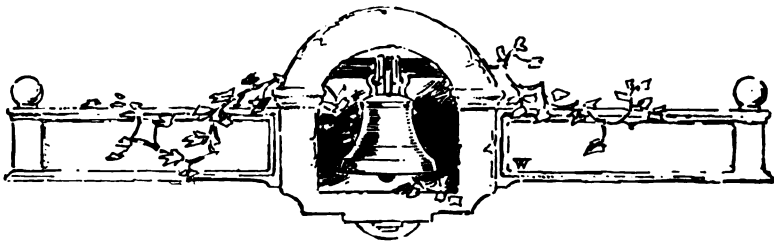
up and down the quadrangle in holiday best, were the men, women and children of the day before. And the covered platform was an altar! A banner made a fluttering back for it. Spotless cloths dressed it. And the steps leading up were covered with Indian blankets and a *serape*. The organ had been brought down from the Mission church; the great statue of the sainted French king, too. At eleven o'clock, Father Doyle, young, fervent, with his fine esthetic face and his earnest voice, clear to every corner of the quadrangle, preached the morning sermon.

There was something supremely touching in that service out under the summer sky. The kneeling worshipers were the remnants of once mighty tribes. Tamed, shorn, booted, suspended, the braves stood or knelt to listen to the story of a Redeemer Who was not unmindful of their

needs. Besides them stood or knelt their squaws, prettily, almost daintily, dressed, and becomingly combed and hatted. Save for swarthy faces and brown hands, this might have been an outdoor prayer-meeting anywhere in the rural West.

The Father spoke first in Spanish—though the Mass was said, and the responses given, in Latin. He ended with a brief English address. Very simple it was, and full of feeling. "The Missions totter, my people" he said, "but the Faith lives in the hearts of the Indians." He blessed them, and the choir of Indian girls raised their voices in a Latin hymn.

Just so in the old days was an altar built and the fresh-hewn Cross erected. In just such a spot, under that same smiling sky, did the "long-gowns" of Serra's day preach peace and love to the great-great-great-great-grand parents of that same kneeling throng.



Billy Fortune and the Foreigners

By WILLIAM R. LIGHTON

Author of: *Billy Fortune and the Meaning of Goodness*

Illustrated by Arthur Cahill

IT must be awful comfortable to be a Swede—in Sweden, I mean, where the folks are all that way, and where you don't have to keep explainin' it. But I wouldn't want to be one out here in the Wyoming cow-country, where you're mixed up with all kinds, and where everybody has got to take the consequences of bein' what he is. Yes, sir, if I was one of them Petey Peterson boys, I'd want to be amongst my friends.

But I wouldn't want to be one of them Bulljohn lads anywhere on earth. Shucks! You know what a Bulljohn is. Oh, you do, too! It's a British man. Not for me! There's times when it sort of soothes me to be around a Swede; but an Englishman always ruffles me all up. We had 'em both at once, one time, on a beef round-up down below Nigger Baby creek, and it got right complicated.

Petey Peterson was the first one of 'em I struck. That was up at Lusk. I'd gone in after a wagon-load of truck for the camp, and we were loadin', out in front of the store, along toward noon—hurryin', too, so I could make camp by night. I was real busy, when along comes somebody on the sidewalk and stops behind me.

"Hello!" he says.

I had a case of canned tomatoes balanced on the tail-gate, and it slipped down and scraped my thumb, so I wasn't feelin' so very sociable when I turned around and saw him—a long loose chap with straw hair and weak blue eyes and a foolish grin. I didn't say anything to him; I went back in the store and come out with a sack of beans on my shoulder and bumped into him, and pretty near dropped the sack in the dirt.

"Hello!" says he, just the same as before. I could see he was a Swede, and I knew he'd keep on sayin' it till somebody answered him.

"Well, for the love of country!" I says. "What is it?"

"I want the boss" he says.

"You want the boss of what?" I says.

"I dunno" says he.

Well, I made another trip in and back to the wagon, and there he was yet, with his hands in his pockets.

"Mister" he says, "I want the boss."

I needed a minute's rest, so I stood leanin' against the wheel and suckin' my sore thumb. "Well, here" I says, "I'm the boss of this outfit right now. What is it you want?"

"I want a job" says he.

"A job doin' what?" I says.

"I dunno" he says.

He stood right there in that very same spot till my last box was on the wagon and I was sayin' good-by to the boys in the store; and when I come out, there he was.

"Mister" he says, "I want a job."

"Well, Sufferin' Peter!" I says. "Open up and tell me what kind of a job you want. What can you do? Where do you want to go to?"

"I dunno" says he. "I want a job. I want to go off Lusk somewheres."

I couldn't think of any use for him down at Nine-Bar; but while I was lookin' at him my mind commenced to slant off toward devilment. "Billy" I says to myself, "it's a right good while since there's been anything but hard work down there. Why not?" And then I says to him: "Look here; I can take you off Lusk, all right. I can't agree to pay you any wages; but if you want to go along with me you can work your way without it's costin' you anything. I'll let you drive my wagon for me. But I've got a pretty heavy load on, so only one of us can ride. It's twenty-three miles to where I'm goin'. Can you walk that far?"

Honest, his grin seemed to spread up into his hair and down his neck, he was

so rank tickled. "Sure!" he says. "I can do any kind of a job."

And he done it, too. Yes, sir, that Swede just jumped down off the sidewalk and picked up the lines, lookin' at me to show him which way to go; and when I'd showed him, off we went, with him down in the sand, pluggin' ahead on his long legs, and with me stretched out in the sun on top of the load, fixin' a cigarette, real easy in my mind; only raisin' up once in a while to make sure he was keepin' in the right trail. I wasn't botherin' myself a speck about what was to come afterward. It was plenty good enough for me just to roll my head sideways, every little bit, to take a look at him down there, workin' his passage to Nigger Baby. Don't it seem a shame that a man should be let loose that way in this unfeelin' bad world? Only I wasn't the one that was to blame for it; now was I?

It was away past dark when we hit camp. We'd stopped once, when we come to a spring, to eat a little snack; and then toward night we'd boiled some coffee and had our supper; but for the rest of the time that Pete boy had just drilled along through the sage-brush and cactus and over the rocks, all of ten good hours, just perfectly happy and innocent, with me enjoyin' a right good rest and feelin' sorry for him.

The camp was all quiet when we got there, except for the horses in the corral nickerin'. The fire was smothered down in ashes and everybody was sound asleep, with the tarp' beds showin' faint against the ground. My bed was down under the mess wagon; but I found another one close alongside, with only one man in it, and I told Petey to crawl in there. And then that was all till mornin'.

It was plumb early when I waked up. Kind of half waked up, I mean, layin' there with the edge of the tarp' pulled up over my head, tryin' to make out what the trouble was. It seemed to be some brand-new kind of trouble for that part of the country.

"Ow, I sa-ay, you know, I cawn't have this!" That's what I heard, right up close beside me. "Ow, I sa-ay, this is an aoutrage!" And then, whoever he was, he started in to say it all over again: "Ow, I sa-ay, you know, I cawn't have this!"

"Well, gee whiz, Billy!" I says to myself, and I raised up to take a look. There was another head raised up in the next bed, where I'd put the Pete boy—a funny round bald head with a comical round pink face on it, and a short fat neck and a pair of starin' eyes and a big lot of white front teeth. You know them British front teeth. These looked like gravestones in some cemetery where the corpses was all rich—important, you know, and glistenin'. I'd never seen that face before, nor nothin' like it.

"Whee!" I squeals. "Billy, there's been witchcraft! That ain't the thing you put to bed there last night!"

With that the face turned around toward me, and we laid there for a spell, starin' at each other through the spokes of the wheel. He was the one that said the first word. "Ow, I say, you know" says he, "I cawn't have this!"

"Cawn't have what?" I says. "What is it you've got, any way?"

"Why" says the funny voice, "there's a man in me bed, you know."

"You don't tell me!" I says. "A real man? I don't see him. Where is he?"

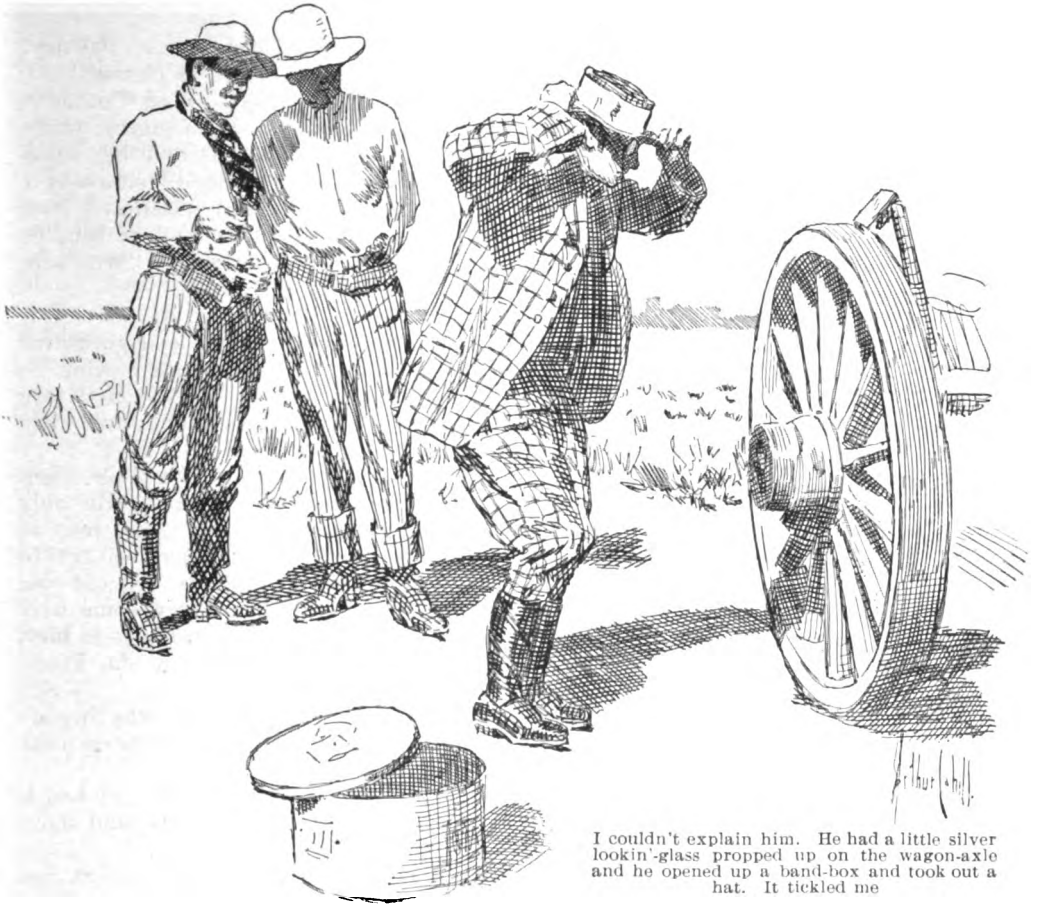
"Right over here" says he. "Ow, I sa-ay, this is a demmed aoutrage!"

I poked my head up a little further, and there was Petey, deep asleep, with his head on his old boots for a pillow, and his loose mouth hangin' wide open. He wasn't a bit pretty to look at; I didn't wonder at the other chap bein' surprised; I would have been, too, most likely, if I'd waked up sudden in a new place and found that face snuggled up so close to me. It made the Englishman so mad that he shucked back the covers and started to scramble up.

I ain't ever goin' to forget the way he looked, it don't matter how old I get. He didn't have any clothes on at all, only a set of pink tights, stretched close over his round front, with silk trimmin's around the neck and sleeves, and with his bare fat pink feet stickin' out below and his tender toes curlin' up on the cold tarp'. He was sure comic. But he didn't seem to know it. He stood there with his lips lifted off his teeth, lookin' down at me.

"I sa-ay, me man" says he, "will you just be kind enough, you know, to tell me where I can find the water for me tub?"

I didn't quite get him, at first. "For your which?" I says.



I couldn't explain him. He had a little silver lookin'-glass propped up on the wagon-axle and he opened up a band-box and took out a hat. It tickled me

"For me tub" he says again. "For me bawth, you know."

"Oh, yes!" says I. "A bawth. You want water. Well, there ain't any, except for cookin', this side of Nigger Baby."

It was his turn then. "I beg pahdon?" says he. "This side of—where?"

"The Nigger Baby" I says. "The creek, you know."

"Ow!" says he. "Yes, to be sure! And where can I find the creek?"

"That way" says I. "Two miles, right straight over the top of that hill."

He looked the way I pointed, terrible doubtful, with his round body beginnin' to shake in the cold wind, and his big block-teeth knockin' together.

"Ow, impawssible!" he says. "But I must have me tub, you know. I cawn't do without me tub."

"Well" I says, "there's your Swede friend, in bed with you. Shake him up. You can get him to pack you over to the creek on his back."

That notion didn't seem to strike him good, somehow. He took a look down at Petey, and then another look around at the scattered beds, with the boys beginnin' to move in 'em; and then he give it up, reachin' down for his things, that was all folded up under his blanket—a pink shirt, and button shoes, and a pair of checkered pants, and a lot more. I pulled on my boots and went to start the fire for breakfast, and when I come back to the mess-wagon to begin my biscuits, there he was, just stretchin' the wrinkles out of his socks, not hardly started to dress yet. I couldn't keep my eyes off of him; and pretty soon he turned around and caught me grinnin' at him.

"Ow, I sa-ay" he says, "would you kindly turn your back, me good fellow, till I can finish me toilet?"

"Why, sure!" I says. "Anything to oblige. Me stomach's turned already; so I might as well turn me back too, you know." And I bent down over my

dough-board and kept on with my biscuits till he was through.

I couldn't explain him. Wyoming's a great country for different kinds of people; but this one was so awful different. The next time I looked at him he had a little silver lookin'-glass propped up on the wagon-axle and was fussin' with his necktie and brushin' his little fringe of hair, cockin' his head around to look at himself; and then at the last he opened up a band-box and took out a hat, balancin' it on his head with both hands. It tickled me.

"Billy" I says to myself, "there's some good sport in that man, if we can think of a way. And there's the Swede, too. You don't often draw that kind of a pair." And that's the way some of the other boys seemed to be feelin', because pretty soon here come Tommy Atwater, one of the Hargraves outfit, and stood beside my cook-fire, lookin' over at the Englishman and then at the Swede, that was settin' up in bed and rubbin' his eyes open.

"Billy" says Tommy, "if we keep on, we're liable to make a regular Noah's Ark out of this yet, ain't we?"

And then it got explained; because the Boss come from his bed, over beyond the second wagon, and he stopped to shake hands with the English one, hopin' he'd slept well, and all that; and then he says: "You haven't met my cook yet. Come over and let me introduce you."

"Ow!" says the other one. "Your cook! Fawncy, now! It's so demmed awd, you know, meetin' so many of one's—aw—one's equals all at once. Extrawd'n'ry! But delighted, you know, I'm sure!" And then the Boss brought him along over to me.

"Billy" says the Boss, "this is Lord Algernon Tucker, of London. Lord Tucker, this is Billy Fortune, of the great West—the best cook in Wyoming, besides a great many other things."

Lord Tucker! It bothered me. All I'd ever knew about them boys was readin' about 'em in the yellow-backs, out back of the cow-shed at home when I was a kid. I'd never thought they looked like this. Nor he didn't help his looks much when he fished up an eye-glass at the end of a black ribbon and put it in his eye, starin' at me through it. "Most chawmed, really, you know" says he to me; and then he grinned at the Boss. "Your cook has a sense of humor, too, you know. One observes

so many awd things in America. Fawncy, now—a cook with a sense of humor!"

"Billy" says the Boss, "Lord Tucker is writing a book about our country. He's seeing things for himself, and he wants to live the life for a while. That's why I brought him out to camp yesterday. You boys must help him to see all he can."

"Yes, indeedy!" I says. "We sure will!"

"Aw, thanks!" says the lord lad. "But I don't want to be treated as a guest, me man. You must let me be one of you."

"Of course you'll be one of 'em" says the Boss, "but just look out that they aren't too many for you."

It didn't seem to worry the Boss when I told him about the Swede. He only laughed. "We'll need some more men at the ranch pretty soon, when we get to shearing" he says. "Maybe we can use him." And then when Petey come over to warm by the fire, the Boss says to him: "What kind of work can you do, Peterson?"

"I can sweep out good" says the Swede.

"What?" says the Boss. "Sweep out? Where?"

"In Minnesota" says Petey. "I had a job to sweep out in Minnesota, and shovelin' coal. I can do both good."

The Boss, he was grinnin' over at me. "Well" he says to the Swede, "you might whirl in and sweep out the front room for us. There's time before breakfast."

"Sure!" says the Swede. "Where is the broom?" Wouldn't that kill you? The Boss looked at me, making a motion with his two hands.

"Billy" says he, "this is too much for me. It seems to be a case for you. You see what you can do."

The Englishman had been listenin', real interested, with his eye-glass up, studyin' Peterson's face. "Rawther an extrawd'n'ry character, isn't he?" he says to the Boss, when Petey had slouched over to get his plate out of the box. "But what did you mean about sweepin' out? You were merely jestin' with him, weren't you? Ow, I see!"

It looked as if there ought to be something in it, didn't it? Yes, sir, I couldn't see how things could help happenin'. That's the way the other boys felt, too, when we got a little chance to talk it over amongst ourselves.

"Lord Tucker!" says Tommy Atwater. "Say, there's nobody on earth gets me to call him 'my lord'. My Gawd!"

"And he wouldn't hardly stand for 'Algy,' would he?" says Steve Brainard. "'Tuck' wouldn't be so bad, though, because he certainly puts a crimp in you, don't he?"

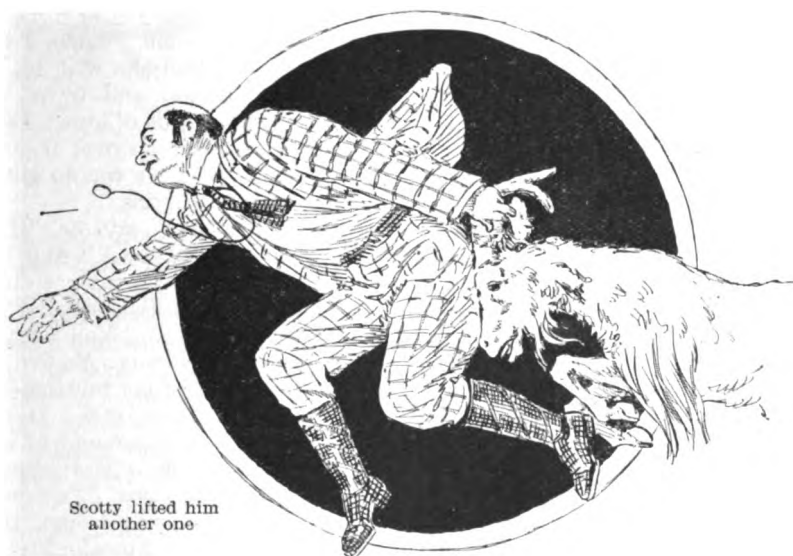
"Shucks!" I says. "He's Lord Bull-john." And that seemed to sort of plumb satisfy 'em.

All mornin' I was busy around the camp, but I was keepin' one eye watchin' out, in case anything would turn up. At first it just sort of contented me to look from one to the other of 'em, the Swede and the

note-book in his lap. Horrible busy, he was. I reckoned he must be fixin' up his book about the cow-country, because every once in a while he'd get up and come over to the mess-wagon and start askin' me for information. It was real good information I give him, too; I know it was, because I made most of it up for him myself. Did you ever see his book? If he put in the things I told him, it must have been considerable different from all the rest of the books.

"Me man" he says to me once, "I haven't seen any American Indians about."

"No" I says to him, "nor you won't, except in the asylums. It's right curious



Englishman; but that got tiresome, after a while. I couldn't keep satisfied with havin' 'em just look funny; what I was hopin' for was action. It didn't seem as if there was goin' to be any, by the way them two behaved. Right after breakfast was over, Petey had roosted down beside the fire, and there he stuck, blinkin' and drowsy and bland, not stirrin' at all except to roll him a cigarette once in a while. Nobody had found any use for him yet, and he acted as if he was just perfectly satisfied to set and wait till they did. Nor the Englishman wasn't much livelier. He hadn't gone out with the boys, because he'd said he had some writin' to do, and he'd squatted down beside the fire too, over across from the Swede, with a little

about that. I don't understand it myself. The country used to be full of 'em, till folks begun raisin' so many sheep, and the Indians commenced eatin' mutton. I don't know why it is; but eatin' mutton just plumb ruins an Indian's mind. If you go down to the asylum you'll see thousands of 'em out in the yard, down on their hands and knees, eatin' grass and bleatin'. You ought to see that. It's real amusin'."

"My word!" says he. "Most extrawd'n'ry! I have never heard of that. I must make a note of it." And down it went in his little book. He put lots of them things in his little book, talkin' to me. We commenced to get pretty well acquainted with each other. But I wasn't suited yet. Just actin' the fool with that kind of a

man gets terrible humdrum. It relieved my feelin's a whole lot when I caught sight of old Scotty comin' amblin' along.

Scotty? Didn't you ever hear about him? He was an old buck Merino that had got a funny notion of not wantin' to run with sheep, so he just drilled around the country by himself. I don't know who he belonged to. When he'd been a kid, he'd kind of learned wise ways, hangin' around the different camps whenever he got a chance and associatin' with folks, and the boys had always made a pet out of him, so whenever he'd see a wagon outfit he'd always come rollickin' up to get a mess of potato peelin's or a couple biscuits or somethin'. Since he'd got old he'd been losin' quite a good bit of his disposition, except for them that had knew him. There didn't seem to be anything that pleased the old coot as well as pickin' a fuss with a stranger. So when I saw him come trottin' along toward camp, stoppin' every little bit to give a shake to his old head, I just went on with pourin' out the rice for my puddin'.

The Swede, he was sound asleep beside the fire, right where he'd been, with his head down on his knees, and Lord Bulljohn was over across from him, with his little ink bottle settin' on the sand and his little book open in his lap, writin', and so absorbed with it he wasn't noticin' anything. It wasn't but a minute till Scotty was right behind him, liftin' up on his hind legs to get a good purchase; and then the next thing there was the scared Swede spraddled out on the flat of his back, with the scared Britisher spraddled out on top of him, and old Scotty backin' off a little and showin' the whites of his eyes.

You'd have been amused. The Pete boy didn't make a move. All he done was just to stay still and blink his eyes, all astonished and stupid. "Hello!" he says to the Englishman; but he didn't try to stir hand nor foot. "Hello!" he says. "What you doin'?"

And Lord Bulljohn, he didn't seem to know how it happened, either, because he just lay there on top of the Swede and stared down at him. "Ow!" he says, by and by, "I beg pahdon, really!" He started to scramble up; but he'd only got as far as his hands and knees when Scotty lifted him another one, pickin' out a good place to hit and turnin' him clean over,

and then standin' over him and blattin' and just darin' him to make another move. If the lord lad had knew anything about old buck sheep, he'd have stayed where he was; but he was awful ignorant. I wouldn't wonder if he was mad too, mebber. Any way, he got on his feet and kicked at Scotty. He used awful poor judgment, because the next thing Scotty took him right in the middle of his round front and sent him over backwards, and he lit in a big kettle of canned tomatoes that I'd got ready to set on the fire. And there he stuck, with his knees up against his chin, and the breath squeezed all out of him, and his round eyes poppin'.

It took me all of ten minutes to get Scotty sobered down, so he'd let me drive him off down the hill. When I got back, there was Lord Bulljohn with his eye-glass in, screwin' around and tryin' to get a sight of the other side of him. I'd thought he'd be all worked up over it; but all he done when he seen me was to give me one of his cold British grins.

"I sa-ay, me man" says he, "this dinner is on me, you know." And then he laughed. It was a terrible feeble laugh, but I couldn't help likin' him for it.

"Dinner?" I says. "You ain't thinkin' about dinner, are you? You've just had a great big chunk of hot mutton."

"Hot mutton?" he says. It took him quite a spell to work around to it, but he got me by and by. "Hot mutton?" he says. "Ow, yes; I see! You mean that the sheep was angry! Come, that's not bad at all, you know! No—demmed good, really! But, I sa-ay, me good fellow, I shall catch me death of cold in these damp trousers, and me others are all in me bag at the ranch. It's frightfully embarrassin', isn't it? Cawn't you help me out a bit, somehow?"

I dug him out a pair of my own; but the trouble with 'em was that me and him wasn't built enough alike so you could notice it. There was worlds of pants to spare when he'd got 'em on. I got a good hindsight of him while he was hangin' his'n over a bush to dry, and it looked awful satisfactory to me. It seemed to strike the Swede too. He was settin' up by now, fixin' him a smoke, but when he got sight of them pants he quit and let his tobacco spill on the ground; and after that he got up and commenced followin'



Every time he'd start the talk at me, over the top of the barrel, I'd let drive with some different thing



the Tucker man around, keepin' a little ways behind him, lookin' and lookin'. He was just perfectly serious about it; and then by and by he come over to where I was at work and whispered to me.

"Mister" he says, "I guess mebbe that man ain't safe. I guess mebbe we better watch him some."

"You're mighty right" I says. "That man's actin' queer, Pete. I think he's crazy. We've got to keep our eye on him, so long as the Boss ain't around camp. There's no tellin' what he's goin' to do next."

He didn't do anything more, though, till after dinner; and then my water-barrels was empty and I set 'em in the wagon and sent the Pete boy over to the spring to fill 'em. It was kind of a clumsy way; but the ground around the spring was low and boggy, and we'd made camp back a ways, where it was dry, so we'd had to haul our water for cookin'. That's what I explained to Petey when I sent him off.

"Now, you go right straight that way" I says, "and hurry back, so I'll be sure to have it for startin' supper."

That was two o'clock. He'd ought to been back inside an hour, easy; but it got to be four, after while, and then five, and no sign of a Swede. The Boss came in then, and I told him. He seemed to

be thinkin' the same thing that had been comin' in my mind.

"Do you reckon he might be tryin' to get away with the horses, Billy?" he says. "We don't know anything about him. You'd better throw on a saddle and go see what's the matter. I'll look after your supper."

I went all of ten miles before I found him. He'd gone straight the way I pointed; I could follow his trail, plain; and he'd passed only a hundred yards or so to one side of the spring. That's what made me sure he was runnin' off, and I hurried up some; but when I got sight of him, there he was with the wagon standin' still on top of a hill, and him standin' up on the seat, lookin' all around. When I got up to him, me plumb dumb with madness, there was his grin, smeared out all over his face.

"I don't see no spring" he says. "I guess mebbe the spring is lost somewheres."

Never mind. By the time we'd gone back and filled our barrels and got to camp, it was the same as last night—the fire out, and everybody gone to bed, and no chance to rustle anything but a little bite of cold supper. I'd quit talkin' to Pete, the last five miles, on account of my feelin's. When we'd got the barrels

down out of the wagon, I spread my bed underneath and crawled in, not sayin' a word to him, but just leavin' him to find a place wherever he could. Yes, sir, I was cross.

And that's the way I waked up—cheerless, you know, and up on edge. I knew it, even before I'd got my eyes open, layin' there and feelin' the dullness of it creep over me. Then I got wider awake, quick.

"Well, gee whiz, Billy!" I says. "It's rainin'!" I heard water goin' splash-splash-splash, up against the wagon, and drippin' down on the ground, and I pulled on my boots and jumped out.

It wasn't rainin', though. The noise I heard was in one of my water barrels. When I got it located, there was Lord Bulljohn's pink, bald head stickin' out of the top, with the rest of him down inside, havin' a real bully British time of it. I was so mad I couldn't say a word. I just kept on lookin' at him and backin' off toward the place where my cook-stuff was piled up, and reachin' down and grabbin' hold of the first thing I touched. It happened to be the handle of a fryin'-pan.

"Hi!" I sung out to him. "What the Sam Hill are you doin' in there?" I knew just perfectly well what he was goin' to say, but I sort of wanted to hear him say it.

"I'm takin' me tub" he says, liftin' a fresh double-handful of water up over his neck and shoulders. "It was awfully good of you, me man, to have the second barrel brought for me, to be sure."

I didn't answer him. I couldn't. All I done was to haul back with the fryin'-pan and let her go. If I hadn't been so worked up, it would have gone better; but it didn't miss him more than a quarter of an inch, skimmin' across the top of his bald place.

"Get out of there!" I hollered at him, reachin' down for somethin' else.

But he didn't get out. What he done, when he felt the hot whiz of the fryin'-pan, was to duck down close and pull his head in like an old turtle. It come up again, though, just far enough so his round eyes could stare at me over the rim.

"Ow, I sa-ay!" he calls to me; and then I let drive with a can of bakin' powder, that busted on the edge of the barrel in a thick white smoke.

"Ow, I sa-ay, me man!" says he, after he'd poked his head up again. But I was

pullin' in closer, with one arm piled full of truck—a couple cans of corn, and a stick of wood, and whatever else I could lay hold of; and every time he'd start the talk at me, over the top of the barrel, I'd let drive with some different thing—me gettin' closer and closer all the time, and madder and madder in my mind, till it seemed as if he didn't dare show himself any more, and all I could hear from him was a scared wet gurgle. And then at the last, when I'd got right up to it, I hit the barrel a swift kick, and over she went.

The water welched out, but not the lord boy. He stayed in; and the barrel teetered backwards and forwards a minute and then started rollin' down the slope, off south, goin' easy, because it wasn't but a gentle hill. But it was a long one, with the lower end more than a quarter of a mile from camp. And there went the barrel, trundlin' along, leavin' a thin little trail of scared sound floatin' out behind.

The boys was beginnin' to set up in their beds and take notice by then. Even Swede Pete was awake; and then here was the Boss's head comin' up out of his blankets, with his eyes full of sleep.

"Billy" he says, "what's all this racket?"

I wasn't mad any more; I was feelin' real tranquil, standin' there and watchin'.

"I ain't makin' any racket" I says. "It's Lord Bulljohn."

"Who?" says he; because he hadn't heard that name for him yet.

"Lord Bulljohn" I says. "There he goes."

"Where?" says the Boss. "Billy, look here: What do you mean?"

"There he goes!" I yells. "He's inside that barrel." I grabbed hold of Petey and pulled him out of bed. "Pete!" I hollers at him, "that crazy man's runnin' off with our water barrel. Yonder he goes! Go after him and bring him back—quick!" And off Pete started on a run, with the barrel a good two hundred yards start of him.

The Boss was standin' up beside me, with his hand on my arm, makin' me pay attention to him. "Billy" he says, "I want to know what's the meaning of this?"

"Ain't I told you?" I says. "*Lord Bulljohn's inside that barrel.* I can't say it any plainer than that. Nor you needn't look at me that way. I didn't put him



there. He climbed in himself. Now that's just the solemn truth."

He was tryin' real hard to keep stern with me, but his eyes was beginnin' to dance. "Billy" he says, "I hope you haven't forgotten what's due his lordship."

"Who? Me?" I says. "No, I ain't. He's been gettin' just exactly what was comin' to him. Look there! You can see for yourself."

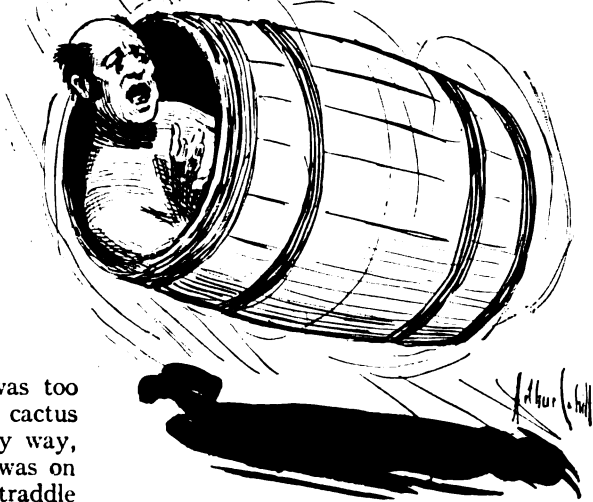
The Swede had caught up with the barrel down at the bottom of the hill. Pete must have felt responsible, on account of what I'd told him, because when Lord Bulljohn started to crawl out, Pete grabbed for him, and then they had it, round and round. It was a good ways off, but we could see most of it. The Tucker man put up a real good scrap; once, in the beginnin', he sent Pete down in the dirt. But he was too fat to last; and I guess mebbe the cactus and stones hurt his bare feet. Any way, it wasn't but a little while till he was on his back, with the Swede settin' straddle of him; and then Pete just gathered him up and started back up the hill with him, holdin' him tight, with round pink rolls

of him bulgin' out around the Swede's arms. He was givin' Pete a heap of trouble, tryin' to squirm away; but he got to camp with him, by and by, clean out of breath, but grinnin', all serene and victorious. He plumped the Bulljohn boy down on the sand in the middle of us and wiped his hot face on his sleeve.

"I got him!" he says. "He wouldn't come, but I got him."

You'd have judged that the Englishman's feelin's were hurt, by the way he acted. No, he wasn't hot; he was ice-cold. He was so freezin' cold he was pale with it. I don't like a man to get mad that way; it's a sight worse than when they turn red. He didn't let a word out of him while he was huntin' around for his things and puttin' 'em on; he didn't let on like he knew we were there at all; he didn't even give a look sideways at us till the very last, when he'd got his necktie fixed and his hair brushed. Then he marched over to the Boss, stiff as a poker, with all his teeth showin'.

I never did know what he was meanin' to say. Whatever it was, he never said it, because he caught the look in the Boss's eyes. The Boss wasn't laughin' at him; the



And there went the barrel, trundlin' along, leavin' a thin little trail of scared sound floatin' out behind



"I'll get him for you, Mister" he says, and he started to do it, movin' cautious

rest of his face was sorry and full of trouble; but them brown eyes of his was shinin'. I've had him look at me that way, times when I'd be havin' one of my tantrums, him not sayin' a word to me, and it would gentle me down quicker than if he'd argued his head off at me. That's just the way it seemed to be workin' with Lord Bulljohn, because he fished up his eye-glass and stuck it in his eye, and then them two just stood and faced each other. I knew what the Boss was sayin' with his eyes: "Oh, come, now; play the game!" That's what it meant. What he said out loud was: "My lord, I'm sorry. I know the boys didn't mean any real offense. I think Billy is ready to apologize."

Well, what could I do? I couldn't see but one thing. "I sure am" I says to the lord lad. "I'm horrible sorry you got in that water barrel."

He didn't seem to stop to notice whether my apologizin' was satisfactory; he just put out his hand to the Boss. "Not a word!" he says. "I won't have it! It was all my doin', I assure you." And then he grinned. "I wouldn't have missed it for a hundred pound!" he says. "My word, what a yarn I'll have to tell 'em in me club in London, you know, when I go home!"

It seemed to be on his mind clear through breakfast. He wasn't sayin' anything, but he was broodin' about it; and when he was pretty near through, out it come. "It's most extrawd'n'ry, the way you Americans do things!" he says. "Fawncy, now!—doin' all this to a chap, and then makin' him like it! Isn't it awd?"

The Boss smiled at him, friendly. "I guess that's part of the reason why we Americans have been able to get ahead so fast in this new country of ours" he says. "The gods have done some hard things to us out here—and then made us like 'em."

Somehow the boys took to the Bulljohn lad a heap better after that. If he'd stayed mad, we'd have been through with him; but he'd kind of showed that he belonged. It's awful hard to be made a fool of before folks and come through it a-grinnin'. You're just bound to like a man that can do that, even if you ain't fond of him. I couldn't ever have got along with the Tucker man in this world without feelin' hostile toward him; but I had to own up that he was game, and I had to like him for his gameness. He didn't keep his grouch a speck. After breakfast he went off with the gang to watch the drive, ridin' British style, with his stirrups shortened up and the back of his pink tomato pants bobbin' up and down in the saddle with every lope. And then that night, when we'd had supper, he lit in and told us a string of tales about him huntin' lions and tigers and elephants, over yonder somewheres, and goin' up in balloons, and fightin' with the Dutch, and huntin' the North Pole, and all such-like. He had sure been one busy little man.

"But I've never seen anything like your American democracy" he says. "It's amaz-in', you know, the way you do it. It's astonishin'!"

Yes, sir, he'd forgive us for makin' a fool of him, all except Swede Pete. He

hadn't forgive the Pete boy. He wasn't sayin' anything to him; but a body could tell by the signs that that foreigner was just sort of ranklin' in his mind. Every once in a while I'd see him lookin' sideways at the Swede, sizin' him up and studyin' over him, and I knew he wasn't goin' to be contented till somethin' would happen to give him another chance.

Well, mebbe you've noticed that the chances mostly come, when you're watchin' for 'em. It did this time, and it come quick. It wasn't but noon the next day, when we was settin' at dinner.

I'd fixed 'em a good one that day. I'd roasted 'em some fresh beef over the coals, and baked my potatoes in the hot ashes, and a few other little things, so everybody was just payin' attention to his plate and not noticin' anything else. It had been goin' on that way for a quarter of an hour or so; and then all of a sudden the Bulljohn boy raised up on his knees, when the Swede had gone over to the fire for more beef.

"Boys, boys!" says Lord Bulljohn, with his voice just a hoarse whisper. "Here's sport! Don't spoil it! Help me!" And then, when Pete had come back to his place, he put up his eye-glass and stared off into the sage-brush.

"My word!" says he. "Isn't that a puma's kitten, out there?"

It wasn't any such a thing. It was one of these great big black-and-white striped skunks, standin' there with his big tail in the air, sniffin' the camp smells.

"Why, yes" says Steve Brainard. "So it is! Gee whiz, but ain't he a pretty one! And ain't he tame?"

"I've noticed 'em that way" says Black's Jim, wallin' his comical eye around at us. "I've had 'em act so tame with me that they was plumb familiar. You can make pets out of 'em, if you like that kind of pets."

"Indeed?" says the Englishman. "I wish I had

that one." He took another look. "Boys" he says, "I'll give five dollars to the one that'll get him for me." And with that Swede Pete lifted up on his feet, quick, so as to be the first one. He needn't have hurried so fast.

"I'll get him for you, Mister" he says, and he started to do it, movin' cautious, so as not to scare him. He needn't have done that, either. It takes more than a big yellow-headed Swede to scare one of them critters. This one didn't budge, exceptin' for his tail gettin' a little nervous. The Swede was holdin' out his hand and slippin' along easy. "Kitty!" he says, real coaxin'. "Kitty, kitty!" And he crept up closer and closer, till he could make a grab for the fur on the back of its neck.

He certainly was one surprised man. No, sir; nobody need tell me, after this,



And he turned right straight around and went, headed north toward Lusk, lookin' like a picture that had walked off of a valentine

that you can't wake a Swede up. This one was sure broad awake, down on his hands and knees with his head lifted and his eyes squeezed tight shut and his big mouth hangin' as wide open as he could get it, gaspin' for breath and makin' a mess of chokin' noises in his throat. He couldn't say a single word, not for as much as a minute. "Help!" he says then, with his voice soundin' far off and feeble. "Come and help me, somebody! What'll I do-o-o?" He got one eye open, a little crack, and got up and started toward the fire; but I picked up a rock.

"Stand still!" I yells at him. "Don't you dare come here! You stay where you are, or I'll plunk you. You take them clothes off, first."

We made him stand right there and do it, too, while we was scrapin' up different things to throw to him to wear. They didn't match up together much. That was the lord lad's idea. "Let's mix 'em all up" he says; "let's give him a costume, don't you know?" And we sure did. There was an old pair of Red McGee's chaps, with the shape of Red's bow legs in 'em, with the fringe only comin' down a little ways below the Swede's knees and a pair of Tommy Atwater's bright red socks showin' down below; and the Bulljohn boy give him a pink shirt; and he had an old vest that belonged to Black's Jim, that was miles too short behind, and a little bit of a hat roosted up on top of his mop of yellow hair. I can't even commence to tell you how he looked. When he'd worried 'em all onto him, we let him come and set down over beyond the fire a ways, where we could look at him. He sure did look complete. And he was that solemn! Honest, I most believe he'd got it through his mind that somethin' had happened to him. He set there for a good

bit, blinkin' and blinkin', and not sayin' a blessed thing till the last, when the boys was startin' to saddle up for the afternoon. He hadn't seemed to be payin' a mite of attention to all the things we'd been sayin' to him; he'd just set and brooded, with his face all gloomed up with melancholy. And then at the last he got up and come closer to the camp.

"I guess I'll not be stayin' here" he says. "I guess I don't like this country. I guess I'm goin' back to Minnesota."

And he turned right straight around and went, headed north toward Lusk, lookin' like a picture that had walked off of a valentine. You'd have enjoyed him, watchin' him from behind. It struck me that there wasn't a thing lackin'.

The Bulljohn boy was lookin' after him, grinnin'. "Ow!" he says, as if he was relishin' it real well. But then he begun to sober off, a little bit at a time. "I sa-ay" he says, "isn't it rawther rough on him, you know, goin' that way? I didn't intend bein' rough on him."

The Boss had been grinnin' too, and he kept right on with it. "Don't let that worry you" he says. "Most likely you've saved him from something a lot worse. He doesn't belong here, and he never could."

The Englishman was doin' some thinkin'. "Don't you think it's very awd" he says, "what a lot of material must go into the discard after all, in this game of equality—what?"

The Boss give him a quick look and another one of his friendly smiles. "You've hit it" he says. "Just between you and me, my lord, the game of equality is exactly like most of the rest of 'em—a good deal of a gamble."

I reckon he was right, too, mebbe—or else wrong—I don't know.





INTERESTING WESTERNERS

The Guardian of Oregon's Orchards

WHEN the pear blight had burned up a half million pear trees in the San Joaquin valley and was beginning a similar work of extermination in the Sacramento valley the federal government sent out a young man named O'Gara to aid in checking the devastating conflagration. This was done so successfully that the pear industry of the Sacramento and adjoining valleys was saved and continues to this day a very profitable pursuit.

By this time, however (1907), the incendiary blight germs had made their way up into southern Oregon and were playing sad havoc with the pear and apple orchards of the Rogue river valley. Proceeding thither, Prof. O'Gara put in two strenuous years battling with blight, gaining complete control over this arch-enemy of fruit trees in the world's premier pear district.

The Oregon orchardists who had thus had their trees saved did not take kindly to the government's orders for O'Gara to move on to other localities, desiring that he remain in their midst and keep the upper hand of the pestiferous pear blight. In order to accomplish this object, Jackson county created the office of pathologist and entomologist, fixing the salary at \$5000. This looked good to Prof. O'Gara, who was tired of the continual traveling which his government work necessitated, and also because he had fallen in love with the climate and people of sunny southern Oregon. For three years he has held the abovenamed office, greatly to the profit and satisfaction of the Rogue river horticulturists.

While the waging of a continuous campaign against blight in one hundred square miles of orchards is a man's size job, it didn't begin to absorb all of O'Gara's super-

abundant energy. Looking around for a new field of conquest, it was found in the domain of Jack Frost. The easy-going Oregonians were accustomed to having their merry monarch take heavy toll from their orchards every twice in a while. O'Gara got busy and perfected a system of orchard heating which is the most effective and economical in the United States. The first 60,000 heaters which the growers proposed buying were priced by agents at an average cost of about thirty-five cents each. O'Gara investigated the matter thoroughly and found that pots meeting all requirements could be made to order and delivered for nine and one-half cents—a saving of \$15,000. Fuel oil containing a large percentage of non-inflammable asphaltum had been priced at nine and one-half cents in car lots. After conducting exhaustive tests and taking the matter up with the oil companies, O'Gara found that the best and cheapest fuel for orchard heating was a distillate of about 20 degrees test, from which the useless asphaltum had been removed. This could be delivered in tank cars for four cents a gallon—a saving of another \$15,000.

The first attacks of Jack Frost caught many of the orchardists napping. Since the damage is usually done in the latter part of the night, it is not always possible for the fruit-grower to tell the day before what to expect along the line of low temperatures. Although Prof. O'Gara began his meteorological observations in the Rogue river valley in 1908, it was not until March, 1911, that he succeeded in having established at Medford a United States Weather Bureau Station. Through his efforts, six local cooperative weather stations



Professor P. J. O'Gara, official pathologist, entomologist and meteorologist for Oregon. He is also an expert telegrapher, wireless enthusiast, electrical engineer, linguist, a globe-trotter and base-ball fan; and he places idolatrous faith in Rogue river pears

were also established in order to perfect a system of frost forecasting which is said to be the most accurate in this or any other country. During the past five years not a single error has been made, either as to the low temperature which would occur or the time when it would be necessary for the orchardists to begin firing. The forecasts are sent by telephone in such a way that every farmer may receive them promptly. During the past spring a temperature of 22 degrees was successfully combated, the temperature being raised 10 degrees.

Every disease, pest and problem which confronts the Rogue river fruit-grower is

given attention by the versatile and indefatigable O'Gara. He is a bundle of boundless energy and enthusiasm and there is no harder worker in the state. Like Edison, he finds six hours out of twenty-four all he can spare for sleep. With four salaried assistants and sixty volunteers he wages unceasing and effective warfare against every fungus and insect pest that preys upon the pomological products of his district.

A direct descendant of a feudal Irish monarch whose kingdom lay along the shores of Lake Gara, Sligo county, Ireland, born forty-one years ago on a Nebraska homestead near Coleridge, Cedar county, P. J. O'Gara began his college career with

a total capital of \$5, studying two years in the University of South Dakota, then four years in the University of Nebraska, specializing in botany, pathology and bacteriology. During these four years, although earning his board and other expenses, an average grade of 98 per cent was made, and in a class of over two hundred O'Gara was the only one upon whom was conferred an honorary membership in the Sigma Xi for original scientific research. He is a member of the Phytopathological Society of America, the Botanical and Biological Societies of Washington, the National Geographic Society and the Washington Academy of Science. He is also a Fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. Prof. O'Gara has contributed articles to *SUNSET*, *The Strand*, *Technical World*, *Electrical World*, *Science* and other scientific journals and is the author of a number of horticultural bulletins, as well as technical papers on plant physiology and pathology. He was chosen by Dr. L. H. Bailey of Cornell University to assist in the preparation of the New American Cyclopaedia of Horticulture. He is also on the editorial staff of the Cyclopaedia of Horticulture of the Pacific Northwest. In his offices there is a completely indexed reference library of 40,000 books and bulletins.

Prof. O'Gara is quite a linguist, being familiar with German, French, Spanish, Italian and Latin. He is an expert telegrapher, a wireless enthusiast and an electrical engineer, having built three electrical power plants. He thoroughly enjoys a good ball game, either in the field or on the bleachers. He has traveled in Europe, Africa, Canada, Mexico and every state in the Union, sometimes covering 25,000 to 40,000 miles in a single year. No wonder he grew tired of time-tables and Pullmans.

In 1906 Prof. O'Gara married Miss Belle Sloan, daughter of Prof. T. J. Sloan of the University of South Dakota, and she has since been his chief lieutenant, having charge of the office and secretarial work. Over the pathologist's desk hangs a picture of one who has been to him a veritable patron saint: Prof. Chas. E. Bessey, president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, teacher of botany for forty-five years—thirty in the University of Nebraska—who refused to accept a chair in Harvard University or to be laid on the shelf by a Carnegie pension.

Since taking charge of his present office, Prof. O'Gara has turned down offers from land companies who wished to engage his services at salaries as high as \$20,000. When asked why he chose to remain in his present place at a much smaller salary, he replied "Because I like the climate and people here and enjoy my work. I do not work for money—that would be slavery."

Questioned as to his opinion of the fruit industry, he remarked: "I consider a Rogue river pear orchard a splendid investment. Pears can be profitably produced for \$1 a box, and prices have always averaged considerably higher than that."

O. H. BARNHILL.



A Humane Worker in Honolulu

DUMB animals were given little consideration in the Hawaiian islands six years ago. Until that time Miss Rose Davison had remained on her father's plantation, a short distance from Honolulu, studying the ailments of horses and looking after the other animals with wise care. On her regular visits to the city she did not fail to note the lame and ill-fed horses used for cab work, the heavy loads and the brutality of the drivers. Afflicted dogs infested the city, and the sight brought a resolve to change the conditions if it lay in her power.

Miss Davison went about her work in a quiet, thoughtful way. She was appointed humane officer and was invested with the power to arrest, which greatly aided her in her work. The drivers and teamsters with whom she mostly dealt were Japanese, Chinese, Portuguese, Russians; in fact, nearly every nationality in the world was represented among the men handling horses in Honolulu. Only the fear of the law could compel them to listen to Miss Davison, and many times she has been forced to exercise her privileges before impressing upon them that their horses must receive humane treatment.

It has been twice as hard for her to accomplish the end which she set about to, because of the ignorance and the generations of customs which cling so closely about the races of the Far East. Her investigations led her to the stables where the horses of the hucksters were fed. She found them barely subsisting on rations which the good American farmer feeds his



Miss Rose Davison, Humane Officer of Honolulu, who has revolutionized conditions in the animal kingdom of the Hawaiian city. In the six years of her incumbency, cases of cruelty have been reduced to one-tenth of the former number

chickens. When she discovered a case of this kind she would explain the necessity of proper feed and the correct measures, also the increased value of a well-fed horse. When teaching did no good the man was arrested and fined, and not permitted to use his horse until it passed inspection. Miss Davison did not devote her entire time to the surveillance of the horses owned and used by Orientals, but watched the delivery wagons of the stores and markets. She received hearty cooperation from the merchants, who never failed to recognize a complaint from her by discharging an inhuman driver, and her work progressed fast among the white people. Having had

charge of her father's horses for so many years, Miss Davison is enabled to tell at a glance whether the horse is fit for work or if it should be segregated. On every side there is evidence of her success. The cab horses are the pride of Honolulu and never fail to attract the complimentary attention of the traveler. They are fat, sleek and well groomed, and the teachings of Miss Davison have so far impressed the drivers that many treat their horses like pets.

Undesirable dogs have disappeared from the streets and alleys. A large asphyxiation tank is the means of putting the animals quickly and easily out of their misery. It was solely through the work of the Humane

Officer that this tank was installed to take the place of the old method of shooting.

Miss Davison's work has broadened gradually, and in her inspection trips through the poorer districts, where the immigrants have settled, she has discovered that their children are often treated with as little consideration as their horses. She is constantly on duty, and neither child, big or little animal can be mistreated while she holds the power of humane officer. At the last report of the humane society, it was shown that during the six years of Miss Davison's incumbency, the cases of cruelty have been reduced to one-tenth of the former number.

HENRIETTA GOODNOUGH HULL.



A Specialist on Ramie

HIS father was a warrior; a bold man and brave, devoted to his emperor and deserving the honors bestowed upon him. One day the father called the son to him.

"Son," he said, in a tone used to command, "you will prepare for a career in the service."

The father was proud of the service.

"As you say, father, I shall obey" replied the youth. "But I would rather be a true developer than a trained destroyer."

That is why George William von Schlichten is mightier and more majestic in his jeans than if adorned in the tinsel and trappings, lace and lacquer and shimmering shades of a king's court. He is a doer, a developer—and a dreamer.

It was in ramie that Mr. von Schlichten proved himself. Note that he *proved* himself; there was no accidental discovery about it. Ramie is older than many of the hills we see around us. It was in existence when the giant sequoias were mere saplings in nature's nursery. For the benefit of those who may rush off to the grocer's demanding a new breakfast food, let it be said that ramie is a fiber, from which a textile material is made. No one would suspect that romance and ramie are intertwined, as it were, but it is so. Eons of ages ago the Orientals grew ramie and produced a linen from the fiber. They used ramie linen for many purposes; in it they dressed their dolls, living and image, and in it they wrapped their mummies. But who

wants to be a mummy? To return to ramie: the Orientals still make a great labor of this fiber-producing. Today they grow their fiber and treat it in the same manner they did centuries ago. They strip the stalks when green; resin gum keeps the stalks in a matted mass, and the degumming process is tedious, and costly. One Chinese is capable of stripping five pounds of green ramie stalks in a day, and these make one pound of dry ramie, containing thirty-five per cent. of resin gum. The Chinese laborer gets eight cents a day.

Now right here is where George William von Schlichten returns to the story. While the reader figuratively was following that bent coolie as he trudged through the ramie field in Asia, Mr. von Schlichten's name has been dancing all around, anxious to break back into the narrative. Mr. von Schlichten knew ramie. He knew much about all textiles and fibers, but he specialized on ramie. He determined that two things were necessary to make ramie linen, used extensively—machines to take the place of hand labor in the treatment, and acreage upon which to produce the fiber in great quantities. He built a machine, and the United States Department of Agriculture sent an expert to Kentucky to see it in operation.

"The greatest machine since the cotton gin!" exclaimed the then Secretary of Agriculture, Mr. James A. Wilson. The International Harvester Company rushed an official to the scene to bargain for the manufacturing rights. The binder twine industry would be revolutionized, he asserted. But Mr. von Schlichten was not enthusiastic. In fact he appeared downcast, depressed.

"It's a wonderful machine!" effervesced the harvester man. "Your fortune is made! Everybody is satisfied!" He tried hard to communicate his enthusiasm to Mr. von Schlichten.

"Yes, everybody but me is satisfied!" wailed the inventor.

"Everybody" tried to argue with the seemingly erratic person who refused to believe in his own genius, but he only said, "Wait!"

Then Mr. von Schlichten came to California. He began experimenting in ramie-growing in the San Joaquin valley. From Lodi to the Mexican line he preached—and produced—ramie. All the time he



George William von Schlichten, who has demonstrated that California can produce a species of ramie superior to any that the world has known. He has invented a decorticating machine that does the work of a thousand coolies in a day

kept working on that decorticating machine. He had one built at the Union Iron Works in San Francisco, and great mechanics danced around it in sheer delight. As they danced, Mr. von Schlichten spent \$3600, for he sold that machine back to the U. I. W. for junk for \$400 and it had cost him \$4000. He wasn't satisfied!

Now if you journey to Lerdo (which is in

Kern county, California), you may see a new decorticating machine in successful operation on ramie, doing the work of 1000 coolies in a day at a minimum cost. You will see this ramie (a perennial plant) being grown and harvested just like grain, but the stalks are tall and there are six cuttings a year. When cut with a mower the stalks are put into shocks and dried for a couple

of days. Then they are fed into the machine, which tickles them, turns and twists them, bends and breaks them, shakes them, stretches them. That machine does anything else that may be necessary properly to treat those stalks. But there is no gum to stick and smear over everything; it is eliminated along with the pulp. The fiber is laid down in bale form, and shipped to be prepared for the textile mills, which afford an ever-ready market.

Mr. von Schlichten has spent \$350,000 experimenting with ramie-growing and mechanical treatment of the fiber, and he has demonstrated that the San Joaquin valley is capable of producing every pound of fiber now imported into the United States, and the government statistics show that \$87,000,000 worth comes from Asia and India annually. With ideal soil conditions and perfect climate, Mr. von Schlichten asserts that California can produce better fibers than any place in the world, and even in competition with the pauper labor of Asia can produce it cheaper. He has evolved a California species of ramie far superior to that grown elsewhere, for although the plant is tropical and subtropical, requiring the moisture of the heavy rainfall of the tropics, it is being produced in California by means of irrigation. In China it is possible to produce only three crops annually, the stalks being from thirty-two to thirty-six inches long, while Mr. von Schlichten cuts six

crops a year, the stalks being six to seven feet long, and each cutting is of the same excellent quality. In China, the stalks are from six to ten inches in fiber, while the fibrous portion of the California species is from twelve to seventeen inches long.

What is more, Mr. von Schlichten has proved these things to the satisfaction of shrewd observers, including your very astute Uncle Samuel, who owns forty-eight show-me states, two doubting territories and several more or less skeptical insular possessions. And in such things Uncle Sam's the guy who put the mist in pessimist.

These years of study and of sacrifice on the part of Mr. von Schlichten open up new opportunities to the farmers of California. There is no monopoly on ramie. There are thousands of acres of rich level soil available for ramie-growing, and, with increased production, great textile mills may be established on the Pacific Coast.

Having completed his marvelous machine, and having shown that ramie is profitable to the farmer, and being the recipient of high praise from experts and economists, you'd think Mr. von Schlichten was well satisfied. But he isn't. If it weren't for his expansive smile he'd appear gloomy when he says:

"I'll be satisfied when stalks go into the machine and come out twine!"

ARTHUR DUNN.



YOSEMITE

By LOUISE CULVER

This is God's temple; each great wall
 Is veiled in royal purple light.
 The organ is the wind at night,
 And rippling streams that murmuring call
 Between their banks. Azaleas all
 The tapers are, and lilies white.
 It seems as if God kept each rite
 And souls could here grow straight and tall.

THE VISION OF BALBOA

By S. E. KISER

High on a peak in Darien (as someone else has said)
Balboa stood alone and looked and gravely bared his head;
"That's it, as sure as fate," said he, "there can be no mistake;
There lies the broad Pacific Sea—unless it is some lake;
And I'm the first white man to gaze upon that wide expanse—
This makes me famous; all my days I've waited for this chance.

"Too bad no moving picture men are here with their machine
To show me as I proudly stand and view the thrilling scene!
High on a peak in Darien I'm standing all alone,
And all the world will wonder when I let the fact be known;
The little boys in school some day will learn to speak my name,
And there will be no Doctor Cook with any prior claim.

"They'll dig away these hills some day and call this Panama,
And blast the rocks and put in locks and fill mankind with awe;
And mighty ships will come and go and many flags will fly;
I'll not be here to see them, though, as they pass proudly by,
And I shall never know a thing about what has been wrought—
Unless de Leon finds the spring that he so long has sought.

"From every clime the ships will come, the ways will center here;
Where all is silent things will hum and wonders will appear;
And lovers, leaning on the rails, by tropic breezes fanned,
Will softly whisper silly tales and murmur: 'Ain't it grand!
Oh, I should like to stand upon a peak in Darien
An hour or two and calmly view the panorama then.

"I'd like to be on earth to see the fleets of commerce plow
Their way through here, say in about four hundred years from now;
The bride and groom will sit on deck and hear the engines chug,
And he'll brush insects from her neck and claim a stealthy hug;
The captain from his bridge will speak to people on the shore,
And I who gaze from this fair peak will gaze from peaks no more.

"And in a city yet to be, o'er yonder blue expanse—
The City of the Golden Gate, the City of Romance—
They splendidly will celebrate the wonder to be wrought;
There men will turn to look and learn the lesson that is taught,
And I, if I could have my way, would rather be there then
Than standing on a peak today in lonely Darien."

The Pulse of the West

Current Comment on Western Affairs

By Walter V. Woehlke

The Grocer's Credit and the Homesteader's

WHEN Grocer Smith, seeing his receipts dwindle and his debts mount, quietly sneaks a wagon-load of his goods out of the backdoor and announces his failure the next day, he commits a crime with a penitentiary sentence attached to its tail. When the homesteader performs the same trick, borrows money on the land he claims, disposes of the land and vanishes with the proceeds, he has committed no crime. The man who advanced the money can do nothing. For which reason it is easy to obtain credit to go into the grocery business, to add another one to the thousands of superfluous retail stores, to increase the duplication of equipment and service in the distributing end that is one of the causes of the increasing cost of merely keeping alive. But when the homesteader wants a loan with which to defray the cost of plowing and seeding, with which to increase the food supply, the moneylender turns down his thumb. He has to. Uncle Sam safeguards the credit extended the merchant, punishes dishonest mercantile borrowers, but Uncle Sam has for fifty years encouraged the homesteader to be dishonest by allowing him to relinquish or assign his claim without first settling the debts incurred. Wherefor the lending of money to homesteaders has become as popular a diversion as water polo among the Eskimos.

The new Secretary of the Interior, having a genuine, sympathetic understanding of the settler's needs, has now come to the aid of the homesteader. By providing that the lender may register a mortgage on an unpatented homestead entry in the land office, and by the further provision that such mortgaged entry cannot be relinquished or

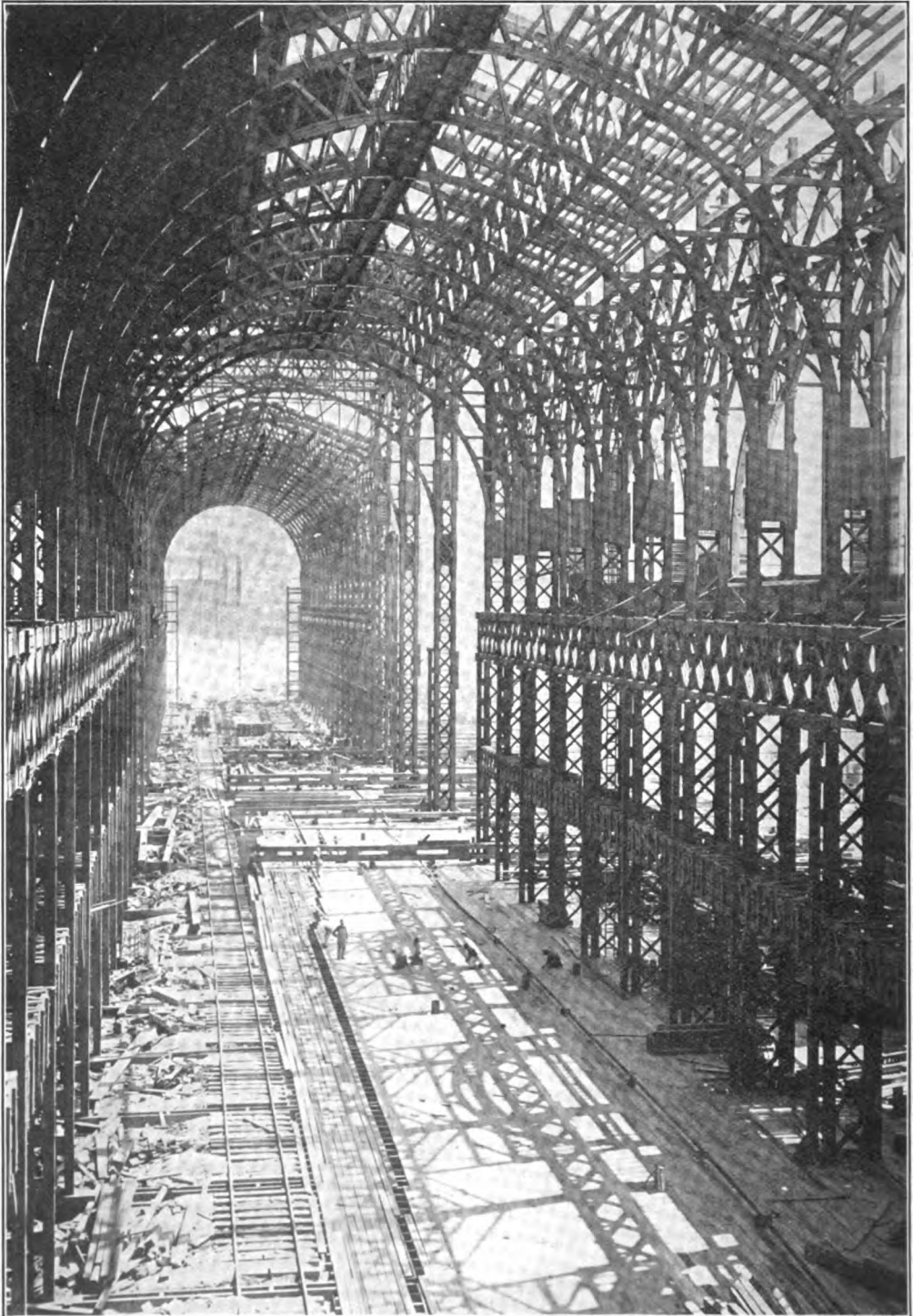
assigned except subject to the mortgage, Secretary Lane has removed one of the obstacles barring capital from the undeveloped lands of the West. A second new rule, also designed to facilitate the influx of capital to Western land, authorizes the Reclamation Service to send notice of default in payments on water-rights to the mortgage-holder as well as to the owner of the land.

This new departure should help materially to finance the families who have undertaken the hard task of carving homes out of the dry remnant of the public domain in the West. But the action does not go far enough. Australia is giving its irrigation settlers thirty-two years in which to pay for water-rights. Congress should extend the ten-year payment period of the Reclamation Act at least to twenty years.

England and the Exposition

ENGLAND bases its refusal to participate in the Panama-Pacific International Exposition on the increasing cost of exhibiting at the multiplying expositions. This increased cost is an undeniable fact. If, however, the growing expense of participating in expositions be compared with the increase in Britain's foreign trade, it will be found that the total volume of this trade has grown faster, proportionately, than the aggregate cost of making exhibits.

An exposition is a form of international advertising. It accomplishes what no other form of advertising does; it brings the prospective buyers of one nation in direct contact with the latest goods produced by other nations. If this form of advertising had not brought adequate results to the advertisers, the exhibitors, the number of expositions would be decreasing instead of multiplying.



PHOTOGRAPH BY W. W. SWADLEY

The Palace of Machinery is the largest of the exhibit palaces at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition. It is 267 feet long, 367 feet wide and 136 feet high. The frame is now being covered with an ornamented surface and the vast building is rapidly assuming the "Exposition look"

The expositions at San Francisco and San Diego occur during a period of unprecedented opportunities for trade enlargement. Since the opening of the Suez Canal no event has surpassed the completion of the Panama Canal in stimulating international commerce. Furthermore, immediately preceding the exposition the United States is opening inviting breaches through its tariff wall, is lowering duties and encouraging imports to compete with domestic products. Surely a wider market for the product of English factories is of greater importance to the United Kingdom than an equalization of canal tolls which would be of no benefit whatever to British shipping.

England's foreign trade has grown, but by no means in the same ratio as the exports of its keenest competitors. Compared with the business of its strongest rivals, England's trade has been marking time. Would it be considered good business if a mail-order house, finding itself hard pressed by younger, more enterprising concerns, should decide to reduce the size of its catalog and cut its advertising appropriation at the very moment when the establishment of the parcels-post service widened the mail-order market?

If England, Germany and Russia hoped to obtain commercial or political advantages, expected to obtain better bargains by using their exhibits as pawns in the game of diplomacy, they will be disappointed. Even without the trio's participation the two expositions will be truly international in scope. Twenty-seven governments have already accepted the invitation to participate in the San Francisco exposition, numerous sites for foreign buildings have been selected at both exposition cities and several contracts have been let by the representatives of foreign nations. There will be no lack of exotic exhibits in either enclosure. The sulking absence of the two principal industrial nations of Europe will only stimulate their competitors to greater efforts, will help the American manufacturer to cement trade relations with the Central and South American and oriental countries whose representation at both expositions will far surpass any exhibits they have made prior to 1915.

No one will lose by the insincere horse-trading attitude of England and Germany except the interests that engineered the refusal.

A Census of Imperishable Goods

NOSES and dollars have been piling up very rapidly in the West. Nowhere else in the country did population and wealth increase faster during the last thirteen years than in the tramontane region. Beyond doubt the American West has a greater proportion of well-to-do commoners than any other portion of the globe. It has been thus ever since the days of gold. Between the Rockies and the Pacific material wealth has always been abundant and widely distributed.

What of the West's spiritual wealth, of its ideological accumulations? Has the West merely piled up *things*, has it imitated the foolish bee and stored more honey than it could possibly consume, sacrificing in the task leisure that might be more profitably employed? Would a psychic census, an enumeration of the West's spiritual and cultural possessions be flattering to the land of high mountains and broad vistas? Has the growth of the soul kept pace with the rounding of the paunch?

Ethical statistics are not available. The quantity and quality of mental attainments cannot be measured with the yardstick or scored on a tally sheet. Culture is not reducible to tonnage terms, nor can the aspirations of the soul be expressed in dollars or cents. Nevertheless the currents of a people's spiritual and cultural life are not inscrutable; their direction may be ascertained even by the contemporary observer with a fair degree of accuracy.

Fourteen or fifteen years ago the mind of the West was centered exclusively on the variations in the price of land, on the size of crops and the profit that may be gained from the circulation of commodities. Artists starved, musicians played ragtime in brassbands, women played cards and wrote papers on Browning, the scientists of the universities lived apart, separated from the people by a Chinese wall of mutually condescending indifference, poets and writers packed up and went away, the halt, the weak and the lame were ruthlessly trampled underfoot by the strong in the rush for moth-and-rust treasure. Literature was dead, politics in the mire; no man was his brother's keeper. Selfish, dull, unenlightened individualism filled the West with a cruel, smug indifference to any aspiration above the personal, material plane. Wealth had prerogatives only, owned to no duties;

poverty had greedy appetite without dignity.

Nor have all these things been changed in a decade. Partially they still persist, but the light of a new era is dawning. Ten years ago the West was drifting and cared not whither. Today the West is steering a well defined course, heading consciously for the harbor of the Brotherhood of Man far below the horizon. Today the West has a social conscience, is striving toward a social ideal.

In the East the spectacle of ignorant, helpless, suffering multitudes herded into industrial centers aroused the sympathy and the fear of the leisure strata. No such spectacle brought about the change in the West's course. Wealth was very widely diffused, the door of opportunity stood wide open when the West changed its conception of social justice. Neither pressure from below nor sympathy from above wrought the change. The West's inherent love of fair play, its intense, deep-seated democracy rather than pity or fear caused it to erect barriers against the excesses of unrestricted individualism. . . .

The West today is no longer engrossed solely in bread-and-gasoline problems. With the increased sensitiveness of the social conscience came a new respect for education. Western universities, especially Leland Stanford and California, are slowly beginning to rub elbows with the people, to do some leading as well as teaching. With their technical knowledge the students of the great agricultural colleges of Oregon, Washington and Utah are carrying back to the farms a broader outlook upon life. A new brood of virile Western writers has been hatched, is filling the pages of every periodical with its work. Western painters, sculptors and musicians no longer starve or emigrate; not a few of them ride on rubber tires, and the new type of domestic architecture developed in the West has been hailed with joy throughout the country.

Nor does the rising tide of estheticism stop at the city limits. Coöperation in production and marketing is bringing new standards to the farm, enriching and deepening country life. Appreciation of, pilgrimages to the cathedrals of Nature scattered lavishly over the West are increasing. Year after year the mountaineering clubs of British Columbia, of Oregon and Washington, of California are growing in number

and strength, widening the scope of their work. In the foremost creative organization of the West, in San Francisco's Bohemian Club, the fountain of poetry, art, wit and intellect is sparkling more brilliantly, running in clearer, stronger volume than for many years. Outdoor pageants, plays in forest and on mountainside are multiplying, drawing larger, more appreciative audiences. Ethically and esthetically, a fresh, stirring breeze is blowing through the tramontane region. . . .

The West need no longer be ashamed of a census enumerating its imperishable possessions.

Money to Burn

THIS rich country has money to burn. It is burning it at the rate of nearly two hundred million dollars a year. In New York the annual fire loss amounts to \$2.60 per soul; Berlin pays only twenty-five cents per capita for bonfires. The fun of seeing the fire engines go by costs every man, woman and child in Boston \$5.15 per year; London and Paris get the same amusement for less than fifty cents.

Can we expect to reduce this tremendous waste so long as endless miles of American dwellings are built of wood, while ninety per cent. of the brick buildings are merely brick shells enclosing wooden cores?

Youngstown, Ohio, has no more fireproof buildings than any other American city of equal size. Ten years ago Youngstown's annual fire losses exceeded four dollars per capita; last year they were forty cents. Rochester, N. Y., did not make itself over in three years, yet during that period it cut its fire losses in half. Cincinnati and Philadelphia have likewise trimmed the peak off their fire losses, and they did it by the simple expedient of turning their fire fighters into fire preventers.

In his book "Fire Waste," Powell Evans, chairman of Philadelphia's fire prevention commission, shows that "virtually half of the total American fire waste of life and property arises from careless, ignorant, shiftless living which creates dirty physical conditions" both in homes and on business premises. To prevent these accumulations of inflammable dirt, Youngstown caused its fire department to make thorough and frequent inspections of every building in the city. The inspections paid.

In the Triangle and the Binghamton

A Pianola Advertisement

Written by

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

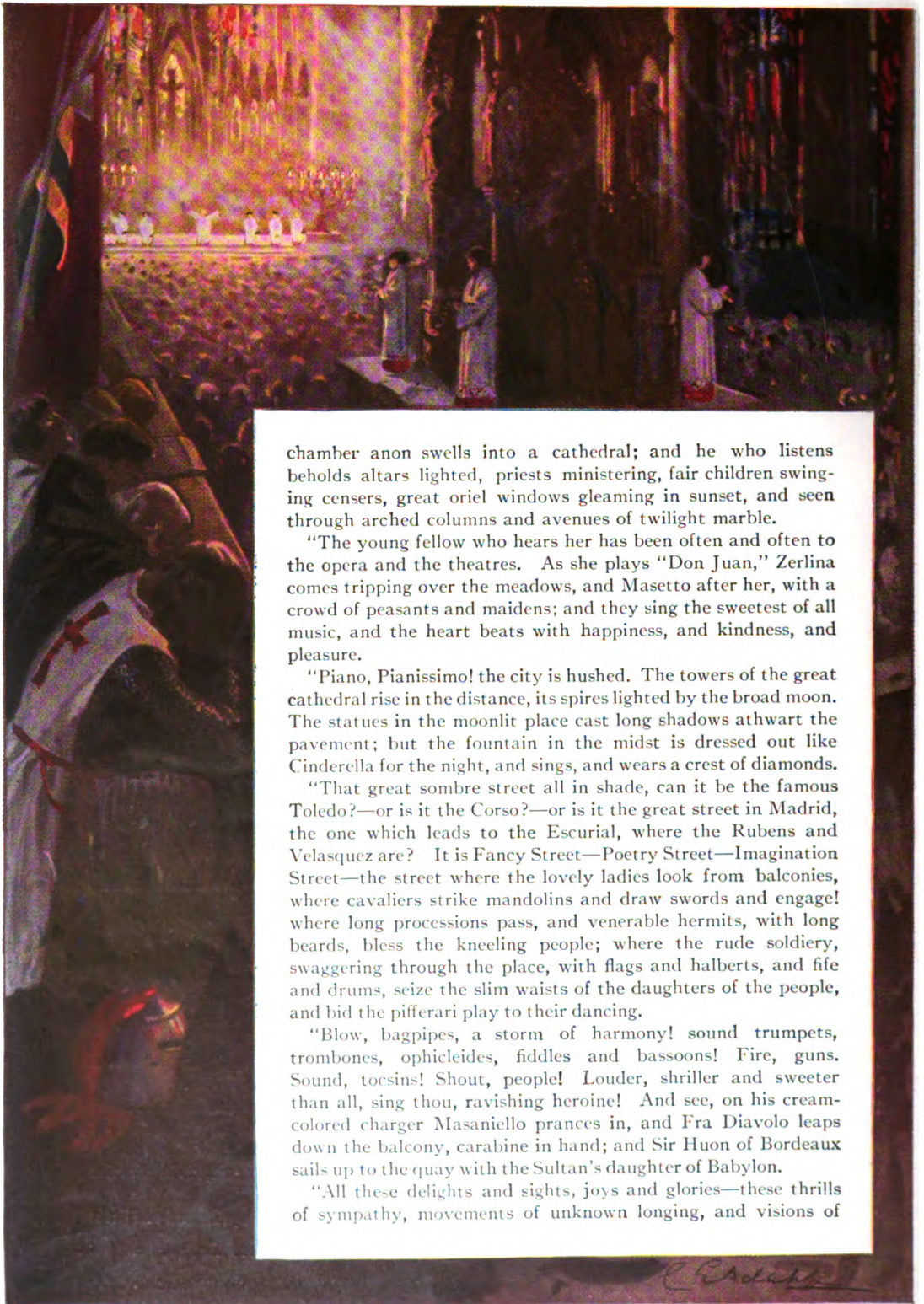


Thackeray's masterly description of the effect of the piano-playing of little Miss Cann, the humble music-teacher, upon "J. J."—who, though the son of a butler, possessed the soul of an artist.

FROM "THE NEWCOMBS"

“OLD and weazened as that piano is, it is wonderful what a pleasant concert she can give in that parlor of a Sunday evening—to Mrs. Ridley, who generally dozes a good deal, and to a lad who listens with all his soul, with tears sometimes in his great eyes, with crowding fancies filling his brain and throbbing at his heart, as the artist plays her humble instrument.

“She plays old music of Handel and Haydn, and the little



chamber anon swells into a cathedral; and he who listens beholds altars lighted, priests ministering, fair children swinging censers, great oriel windows gleaming in sunset, and seen through arched columns and avenues of twilight marble.

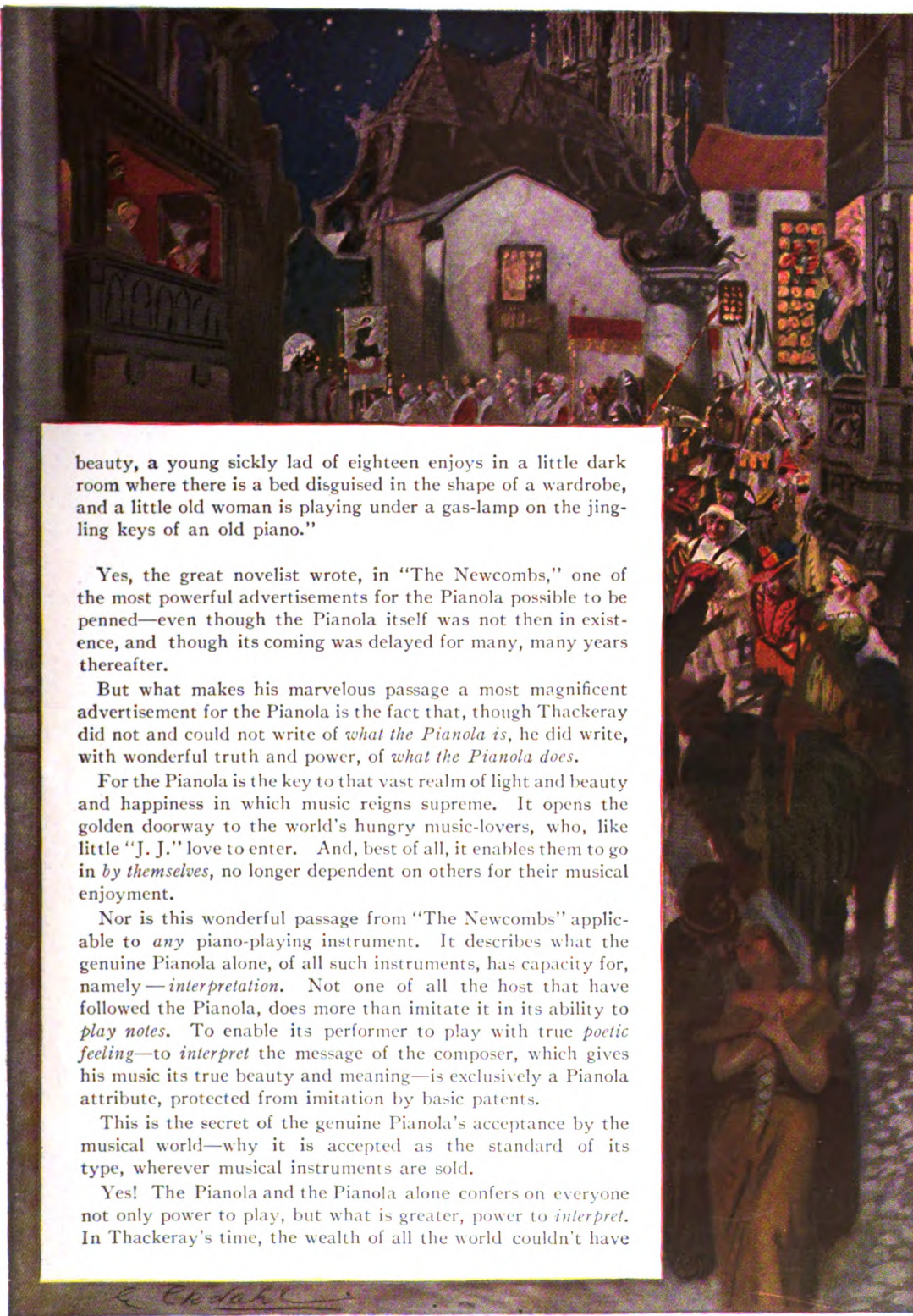
"The young fellow who hears her has been often and often to the opera and the theatres. As she plays "Don Juan," Zerlina comes tripping over the meadows, and Masetto after her, with a crowd of peasants and maidens; and they sing the sweetest of all music, and the heart beats with happiness, and kindness, and pleasure.

"Piano, Pianissimo! the city is hushed. The towers of the great cathedral rise in the distance, its spires lighted by the broad moon. The statues in the moonlit place cast long shadows athwart the pavement; but the fountain in the midst is dressed out like Cinderella for the night, and sings, and wears a crest of diamonds.

"That great sombre street all in shade, can it be the famous Toledo?—or is it the Corso?—or is it the great street in Madrid, the one which leads to the Escorial, where the Rubens and Velasquez are? It is Fancy Street—Poetry Street—Imagination Street—the street where the lovely ladies look from balconies, where cavaliers strike mandolins and draw swords and engage! where long processions pass, and venerable hermits, with long beards, bless the kneeling people; where the rude soldiery, swaggering through the place, with flags and halberts, and fife and drums, seize the slim waists of the daughters of the people, and bid the pifferari play to their dancing.

"Blow, bagpipes, a storm of harmony! sound trumpets, trombones, ophicleides, fiddles and bassoons! Fire, guns. Sound, tocsins! Shout, people! Louder, shriller and sweeter than all, sing thou, ravishing heroine! And see, on his cream-colored charger Masaniello prances in, and Fra Diavolo leaps down the balcony, carabine in hand; and Sir Huon of Bordeaux sails up to the quay with the Sultan's daughter of Babylon.

"All these delights and sights, joys and glories—these thrills of sympathy, movements of unknown longing, and visions of



beauty, a young sickly lad of eighteen enjoys in a little dark room where there is a bed disguised in the shape of a wardrobe, and a little old woman is playing under a gas-lamp on the jingling keys of an old piano."

Yes, the great novelist wrote, in "The Newcombs," one of the most powerful advertisements for the Pianola possible to be penned—even though the Pianola itself was not then in existence, and though its coming was delayed for many, many years thereafter.

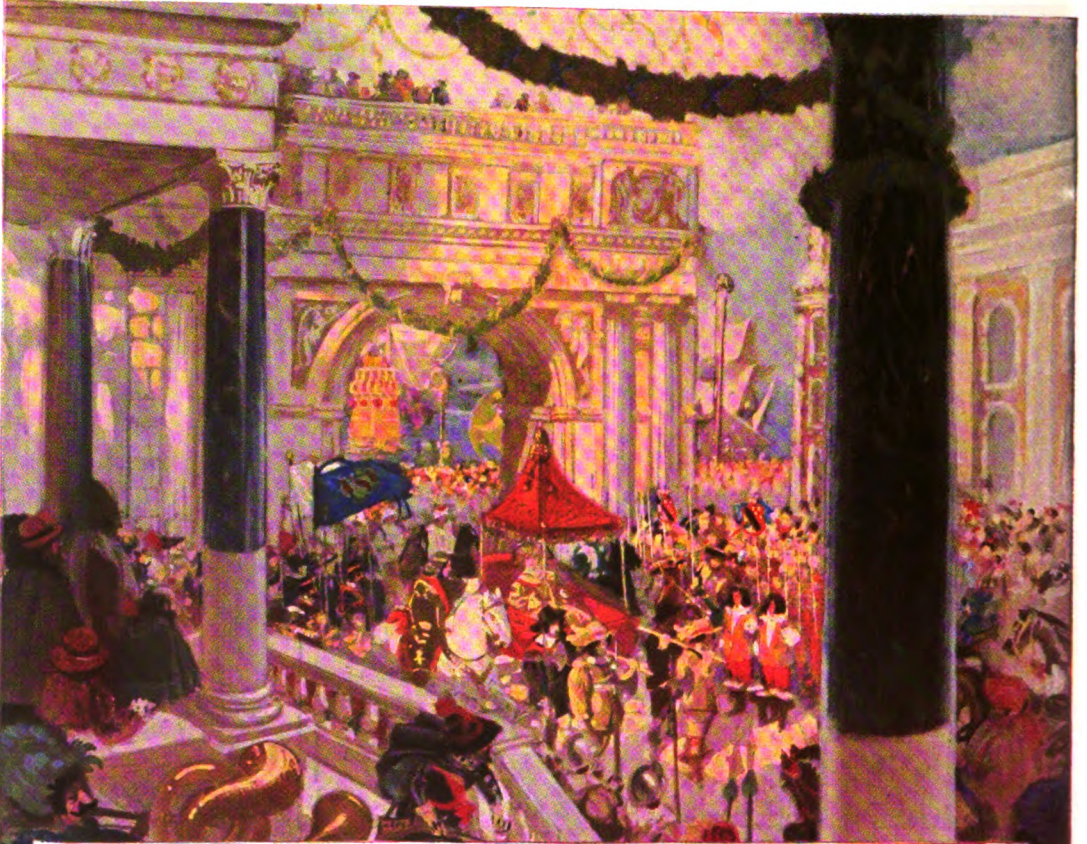
But what makes his marvelous passage a most magnificent advertisement for the Pianola is the fact that, though Thackeray did not and could not write of *what the Pianola is*, he did write, with wonderful truth and power, of *what the Pianola does*.

For the Pianola is the key to that vast realm of light and beauty and happiness in which music reigns supreme. It opens the golden doorway to the world's hungry music-lovers, who, like little "J. J." love to enter. And, best of all, it enables them to go in *by themselves*, no longer dependent on others for their musical enjoyment.

Nor is this wonderful passage from "The Newcombs" applicable to *any* piano-playing instrument. It describes what the genuine Pianola alone, of all such instruments, has capacity for, namely—*interpretation*. Not one of all the host that have followed the Pianola, does more than imitate it in its ability to *play notes*. To enable its performer to play with true *poetic feeling*—to *interpret* the message of the composer, which gives his music its true beauty and meaning—is exclusively a Pianola attribute, protected from imitation by basic patents.

This is the secret of the genuine Pianola's acceptance by the musical world—why it is accepted as the standard of its type, wherever musical instruments are sold.

Yes! The Pianola and the Pianola alone confers on everyone not only power to play, but what is greater, power to *interpret*. In Thackeray's time, the wealth of all the world couldn't have



bought this power, without weary years of arduous practice. To-day, you have but to stretch out your hand and take it. In your own home, you may, tonight if you wish, begin tasting the delights experienced by "J. J." in Miss Cann's dingy little parlor.

But when the time comes that you *want* this pleasure, for yourself and possibly your loved ones, remember the word "Pianola." Look at whatever instruments you will, but *buy no instrument before seeing those with "Pianola" actually lettered on them.*

The genuine Pianola may be obtained in combination with the following pianos, each of which is the world's standard at its price—the Steinway, Steck, Wheelock, Stuyvesant, Stroud and famous Weber. These combined instruments are Pianola Pianos and are playable by hand as well as music-roll.

*Prices from \$550
Slightly higher on Pacific Coast*

The Aeolian Company
27-29-31 West 42nd St., New York

We will send free, descriptive booklet, details of Easy Payment Plan, and name of nearest agent. Write to Dept. S



Weber Pianola Piano



Victor Record of "Celeste Aida" sung by Caruso

Caruso as Rhadames in Aida



Photo Bert, Paris

Both are Caruso

The Victor Record of Caruso's voice is just as truly Caruso as Caruso himself.

It actually *is* Caruso—his own magnificent voice, with all the wonderful power and beauty of tone that make him the greatest of all tenors.

Every one of the hundred and three Caruso records brings you not only his art, but his personality. When you hear Caruso on the Victrola in your own home, you hear him just as truly as if you were listening to him in the Metropolitan Opera House.

The proof is in the hearing. Any Victor dealer in any city in the world will gladly play for you Victor Records by Caruso or any other of the world's greatest artists.

Various styles of Victors and Victrolas \$10 to \$500.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.
Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors.



New Victor Records demonstrated at all dealers on the 28th of each month.

fires it was shown that large accumulations of highly inflammable rags and cuttings had been piled up for months. No inspectors ordered their removal. Flames did the cleaning—and licked up two hundred lives in the process.

In the West the fire-prevention problem does not end at the city limits. It extends into the forests, but it does not change its character. The piles of brush, of slashed branches and tops left in the wake of the loggers correspond closely to the heaps of rags in the clothing factories, nor is the control of the careless camper less difficult than the supervision over the shiftless housekeeper or manufacturer. Both East and West should heed the recommendations of the National Fire Prevention Conference that is to be held in Philadelphia during October.

The Metaphysical Aspect of Beef

DR. J. INGRAM BRYAN, editor of the *Japan Magazine*, published in Tokio, in a lengthy article maintains that the racial rivalry between the yellow and the white races will be the great international problem of the future. He accuses the white races of a selfish dog-in-the-manger policy; of an attempt to reserve for their unborn generations the unoccupied or half-occupied regions of the globe, without however, multiplying rapidly enough to make full use of their domain. Therefore, he argues, the rapidly hatching yellow races should be allowed free access to these locked empty places, unless the white world wants to force the Asiatic races to smash the lock by force.

Dr. Bryan's jaundiced eye sees the ultimate triumph of yellow over white. Yellow, he says, can outstarve and outbreed white; therefore, he moans Cassandra-like, white must come down to the level of yellow if it wants to survive and retain its dominant position. "The man of the East . . . can underlive, and therefore he can outlive, any Occidental If fecundity be a sign of national and racial permanence and virility, then even now the odds are in favor of the East. It will be a contest between the motherhood of the East and the motherhood of the West. This is how Japan will win," the Tokio editor asserts.

It follows, therefore, that the United States would profit nothing by throwing its doors wide open to yellow immigrants. The Asiatics would outstarve and outbreed

their white neighbors. The open door would be a tacit admission of the truth of Dr. Bryan's assertions. If it is kept locked, the Japanese will force it open, will win if it is meekly thrown wide. America will become yellow; such is the English writer's logic. There are two horns to the Japanese dilemma, and it is the inevitable fate of the United States to be gored by both. Rather gloomy for the fate of the Pacific Slope, as painted by the disciple of Schopenhauer in the Far East.

However, there is one ray of hope. Departing from the outstarving-and-outbreeding theory of superiority, Dr. Bryan admits that "the essence of society is a spiritual quality, a sanity and vigor of soul with a capacity to overcome environment." Dr. Bryan's "unchanging East" is just beginning to develop these spiritual qualities; even the editor admits Eastern backwardness. But he falls into his own fundamental error when he assumes that the West has passed the zenith and is on the downgrade spiritually. Most emphatically it is not. Never in the history of the world has there been a period when the masses of the West displayed as active and widespread an interest in the ideals of the age as at present. Never did a race strive more energetically with a clearer purpose to lift itself bodily upon a higher plane than the white race of the present day. For two thousand years this race accepted almost unquestionably the doctrine of oriental fatalism that we must always have the burden of poverty, misery, irremediable pain, of sorrow and anguish with us. Now at last the Western world is making a tremendous effort to escape from the yoke of Eastern pessimism, is endeavoring to complete the conquest of environment, is filled with wondrous, perhaps utopian, dreams of a society rising not by a brutish survival of the fittest, but by a conscious, purposeful improvement of each unit, each individual. And at this moment when the Western world, having cast aside the Asiatic philosophy of hopeless pain, is unfurling the banner of the new, of its very own ideals, come the prophets of the Far East and command that the West crawl back into the ancient swamp filled with the bitter waters of preordained suffering.

The West supplied the "swarming humanity" of the East with the weapons now threateningly brandished by Japan's spokesmen. But it is extremely doubtful whether this argument will ever be used against the



A regular
favorite—

A soup that everybody enjoys. Just the savory nourishing dish you want to help out a slender dinner; give character to a luncheon; or add tasty substance to any meal—

Campbell's ^{OX TAIL} SOUP

It is made from selected meaty ox tails prepared with utmost nicety and care. The sliced joints are combined with carrots, turnips, barley, celery and herbs in a rich tomato purée which is flavored with dry Spanish sherry of our own importation.

You could not imagine a more wholesome and satisfying soup. Prove this yourself today. *Your money back if not satisfied.*



Harry Hooper hiked ashore, And cried, "there's Campbell's label, Just look, I'll hook Two cases more To grace the Captain's table".

21 kinds 10c a can

Asparagus	Clam Chowder	Pea
Beef	Consommé	Pepper Pot
Bouillon	Julienne	Printanier
Celery	Mock Turtle	Tomato
Chicken	Mulligatawny	Tomato-Okra
Chicken Gumbo(Okra)	Mutton Broth	Vegetable
Clam Bouillon	Ox Tail	Vermicelli-Tomato

Look for the red-and-white label

United States, for besides materials of war, the West is also exporting its new ideals to the East. In China these ideals are taking root; India is feeling the effect of the doctrine that the race cannot rise so long as the mass lies inertly at the bottom. Japan, outwardly the most modern of Asiatic nations, has been least able to comprehend the Western ideal of glorifying the race by improving and exalting the individual; in Japan the individual is still a nonentity, bearing pain, sorrow and hardships without a murmur that the race might prosper outwardly. But even in Japan the leaven of Western ideals is at work. In due time the effect of these ideals will manifest itself, as it has throughout the occident, in a declining oriental birth-rate, in a diminution of promiscuous fecundity, in a demand for quality rather than quantity. And as in the occident, the decline of the birth-rate will be offset by a corresponding decline in the death-rate. A fuller, longer, healthier, happier life, as opposed to the thoughtless breeding and voiceless dying of the oriental multitude, that is the new ideal the West is defending when it reserves the empty places of the world for the unborn generations.

Ideological, spiritual facts lie at the bottom of the different standards of living in the East and West. It is not merely a question of the quantity of food needed; back of the white man's beef stands a metaphysical conception of man in his relations to the universe diametrically the opposite of the rice-eater's philosophy.

"Stop, Look, Listen!"

THE State Railroad Commission of California recently investigated all grade-crossing automobile accidents occurring in its jurisdiction during a period of three months. After careful consideration of the evidence in each case the Commission found that every one of the accidents could have been avoided had the drivers of the motor-cars exercised ordinary caution; in every instance the responsibility was placed upon the shoulders of the motorists.

Grade crossings in and near the centers of population are doomed. By and by they will vanish, but the work will be very expensive—twenty thousand dollars is the usual minimum cost of substantial grade separation—and the completion of the task will require many years. Traffic by both motor and rail is increasing, and with this increase the number of grade-crossing

accidents will continue to grow unless automobile owners and drivers can be educated, can be made to pay heed to the warning signs and devices at the crossings.

The inner surface of every windshield should bear, in large letters, the legend at the head of this paragraph.

Proving the Pudding

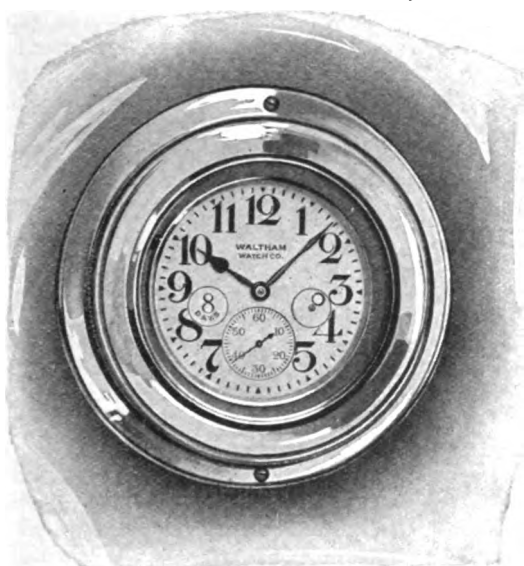
ALONG the North and South Atlantic coast of late little "Come-Back-Home" and "Stay-at-Home" movements have been started. Newspapers and local magazines have been preaching the stay-at-home-and-be-happy doctrine, assuring their readers that right in the vicinity could be found climate, soil and opportunities "just as good" as the extensively advertised Western brand.

Perhaps this is so. Perhaps the Western kind of climate is not superior at all. Perhaps life in the old Eastern towns is as broad, as full, pulses as vigorously as the life in and around the new Western communities. Perhaps opportunities are more abundant East than they are West. Perhaps the elbow-room, the wide vistas, the high color of the West exist only on beautiful lithographs. This contention is not to be solved by argument. The ultimate judge is the consumer, the man who samples both kinds and then states his preference.

Here is an actual, unbiased consumer's judgment:

Some months ago SUNSET MAGAZINE asked Mr. William R. Lighton to look at the valley of the Willamette in Oregon, to look carefully, thoroughly, and write his impressions of the region. Mr. Lighton, stepfather and amanuensis of quaint Billy Fortune, the philosopher of the cow country, operates a farm in Arkansas with success as signal as the success that followed his literary operations. His description of that farm, some years ago in the *Saturday Evening Post*, brought him letters of inquiry and a large number of new neighbors. Mr. Lighton knows the farming business from the subsoil up. As farmer and writer he was an ideal man to observe the Willamette valley and to record his impressions in SUNSET. He came, traveled far and wide over the three hundred and fifty miles of newly completed trolley lines in the valley, saw a small part of what there was to be seen and wrote the article.

He did not damn with faint praise. To speak in the vernacular, he put it on with a trowel, drew a most attractive picture of



Waltham Automobile Timepieces

Details

Timepieces of chronometer construction similar to jewelers' chronometer and to the marine chronometer purchased from us by the navy.

Adjusted for temperature, neither heat nor cold will affect its running quality.

8-day movement with an indicator on the dial which shows a red warning signal three days before the timepiece runs down.

Can be had either alone or in combination with standard speedometers.

Choice is offered of a raised dial or dial flush with the dash.

Most desirable model costs \$25.

For the first time you can get an automobile timepiece *designed especially for automobiles*. This instrument is a summary of Waltham mechanical resources and skill, and in spite of hard road work it will render orthodox Waltham accuracy. In fact it will run so accurately that you can regulate your pocket watch and house clocks from it.

Now that you can get a timepiece which in accuracy and beauty of appearance corresponds with the other fittings of your car, we believe that you will be quick to do so.

If you have any difficulty obtaining this Waltham timepiece please let us know.

Waltham Watch Company

Waltham, Mass.

Manufacturers of the famous Waltham "Riverside" Watches

the broad valley's fields, orchards and forests, described it with a warmth and an enthusiasm that carried conviction.

It may be objected that enthusiasm was expected of him, that the warmth of his sentences was professional, not personal, emanated from Lighton the writer, rather than from Lighton the farmer. This is not so. It is here asserted, without mental reservation, that Mr. Lighton's praise of the Willamette valley was sincere from the first line to the last.

Proof?

Immediately after writing the article, Mr. Lighton went out and bought him a farm in the Willamette valley.

Take the other side, the tourist side, if you please. E. Alexander Powell, globe-trotter, has been writing enthusiastic things about the pleasures of life in California.

Proof that his enthusiasm is genuine:

Mrs. Powell and the little Powells are coming this fall to live in California.

Both puddings are being actually eaten.

Alaska's White Hope

FRANKLIN K. LANE became Secretary of the Interior on March fourth. On March fifth things began to happen. At short intervals they have continued to happen ever since. Not spectacular, oratorical events accompanied by the mild popping of grape juice, but practical helpful things which indicated that a very sensitive dictagraph caught the confused murmur of the masses in the West and conveyed it to sympathetic ears in Washington.

The settler under Government irrigation systems had his inning, was heard. Whatever relief it was in the power of the Secretary to render, was given promptly. Remedial legislation suggested by the experience of ten years in Federal reclama-

tion of arid land is in the making and, with the weight of the Secretary behind it, will buck the Congressional line this winter. The work of eliminating agricultural areas from the National Forests was expedited. Gradually this land is being opened to settlement. By legally acknowledging the homesteader's equity in the land he is reclaiming, the Secretary made it possible to raise money on this land before it is patented, thus enlarging the credit which the homesteader needs imperatively. Nor was a more fortunate element of the population forgotten. Following out his conviction that the public domain is meant for the broadest possible use alike by rich and poor, the Secretary overruled the Army and opened Yosemite National Park, under proper restrictions, to automobilists.

He is now commencing on the most important problem confronting the Department. He is filing the key with which to unlock the dormant wealth of Alaska, a task which has been attempted several times during the last six years, but always without success.

Secretary Lane realizes the sore need of action, acknowledges the injustice of keeping the vast northern land in perpetual cold storage. Prying open the warped and barricaded doors of Alaska is going to be a man's-size job, complicated by a multitude of sensitive toes that restrict the working space. Only a man having the confidence of the contending factions can hope to break through. This confidence the Secretary of the Interior seems to have in far greater degree than his predecessors. He is at work. If his performance during the first five months of the new administration is a criterion, Alaska will be preparing for its grand opening soon after the Panama red-fire has died down.



Heinz Spaghetti

The New Universal Food

Get your appetite ready for the New Food. It's Spaghetti—Spaghetti prepared in a new form with a new-found flavor. Heinz Spaghetti

Cooked—Ready to Serve

Made by a new Heinz recipe. Choicest ingredients enriched by the special zest of Heinz Tomato Sauce and imported fine flavored cheese.

It's piquant—*glowing*—satisfying. And it's muscle-forming, brain-building FOOD. Don't forget that.

The world is waking up to the wonderful food value of Spaghetti—realizing that it is one of the *elemental* foods. A mighty important one in the Nation's diet. Heinz Spaghetti wherever introduced has become a *Universal Food*.

Try a Heinz Spaghetti meal today and find out for yourself. Get a tin from your grocer under the Heinz money-back guarantee that covers all the

57 Varieties

\$1000.00 In Prizes for School Children

for best *Little Essays on Heinz Spaghetti*. Parents, children and teachers may read the announcement of this contest in current issues of such juvenile publications as the Youth's Companion, St. Nicholas, American Boy, etc.—or watch the newspapers. It will be impossible for us to answer any letters regarding the contest.

Others of the Heinz 57 Varieties are:

Heinz Baked Beans, Tomato Ketchup, Euchred Pickle, Chili Sauce, Peanut Butter, Mince Meat, Tomato Soup, etc., etc.

H. J. Heinz Company

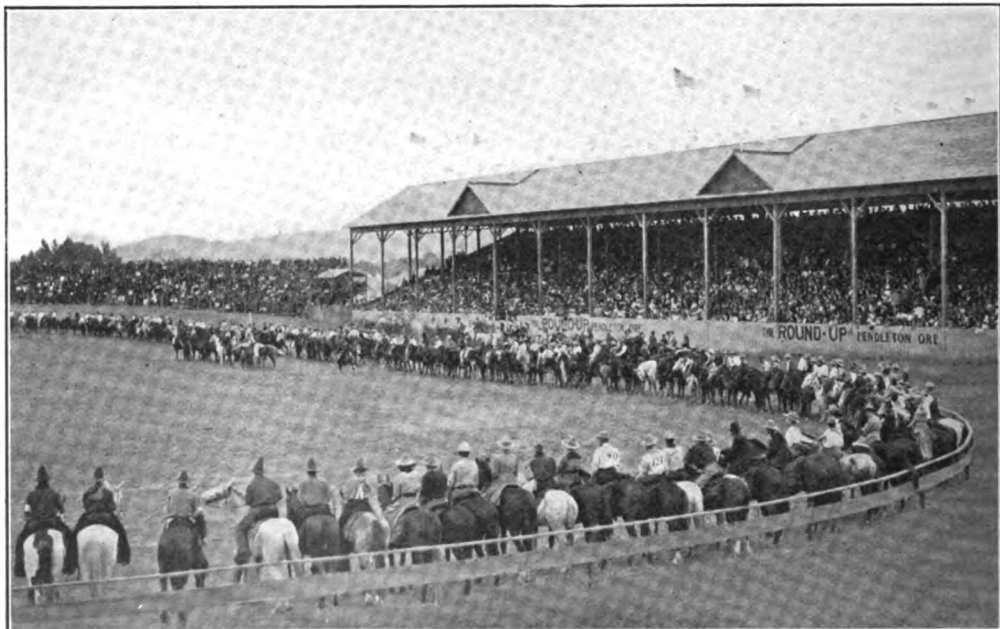
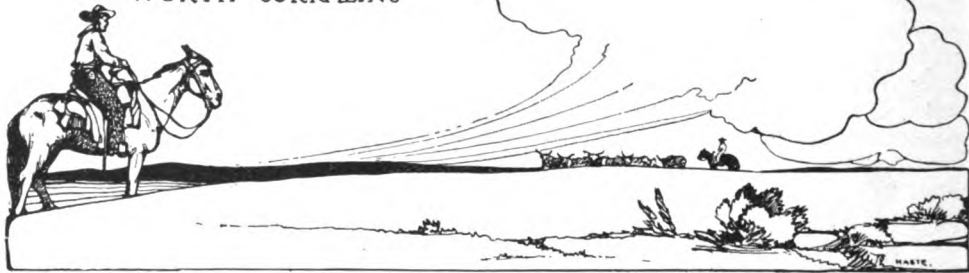


50,000 Visitors Inspect the Heinz Model Pure Food Kitchens Every Year.



THE MONTH'S RODEO

A ROUND-UP OF STRAYS
WORTH CORRALING



"Let 'er Buck!" is the slogan of Pendleton, Oregon, for three exciting days in the year. The fourth annual round-up in September of this year drew fifty thousand spectators to the big frontier show

Pendleton's Annual Round-up

Over in the wheat country of eastern Oregon about the only shelter that picnickers can find is made by scraggly cottonwoods along the banks of an occasional stream or by trees in an orchard made possible by irrigation. The rolling country does not lend itself to arboreal vegetation but is perfectly content to spend its fertility in record-breaking grain yields. There is no romance in cottonwoods and apple trees. Lovers and workers hanker for leafy maples, spreading elms, droopy peppers or sighing eucalypti.

What has that to do with a picture of cow-punchers and Indians! Just this:

The people of Pendleton had a great desire for a playground, a city park. The desire got coupled up with the ambition of some of the enterprising young men of the town for real live sport, something

that would put Pendleton on the map. The result of the union of these ambitions was the Pendleton Round-up, which proved so successful the year of its inception that a long start was made toward the cherished park. The promoters were moved wholly by an altruistic, communistic motive, hence the round-up cleaned up a neat sum. Success! The second year saw Pendletonians rampant with enthusiasm. A beautiful park site was purchased, an amphitheater seating ten thousand erected and the whole population practised the slogan "Let 'er Buck!" until the Blue mountains reverberated the echo. The third year the amphitheater was enlarged, Pendleton entertained for three days an average of thirty thousand visitors, and surprised railroads could not meet the emergency.

The fourth year's celebration ended September 13th last and the banks of Pendleton are bulging with coin left in the town by at least fifty thousand



NABISCO Sugar Wafers

A tempting dessert confection, loved by all who have ever tasted them. Suitable for every occasion where a dessert sweet is desired. In ten-cent tins; also in twenty-five-cent tins.



ADORA

Another charming confection—a filled sugar wafer with a bountiful center of rich, smooth cream.



FESTINO

An ever-popular delight. An almond-shaped dessert confection with a kernel of almond-flavored cream.



CHOCOLATE TOKENS

Still another example of the perfect dessert confection. Enchanting wafers with a most delightful creamy filling—entirely covered by the richest of sweet chocolate.

**NATIONAL BISCUIT
COMPANY**

thoroughly satisfied guests; for the Pendletonians give value received. They have the biggest frontier show of them all. It is a community enterprise. The butcher, the baker, the banker, the lawyer all unite in making it pay, and its tremendous success is easily attributable to community effort. One of these fine days Pendleton will have what it set out to have, a city park fitting the "biggest town of its size in the West."

It's some fun to take care of six times a town's population for half a week!



Rhyme of the Matchless Maid

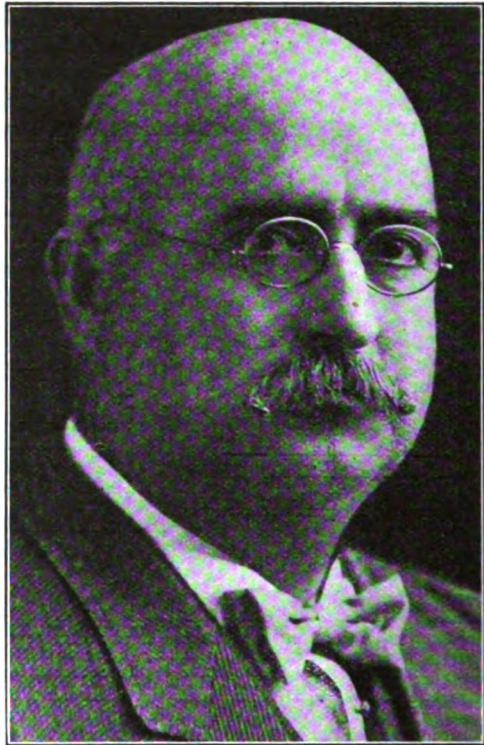
The Hallowe'en maid ran away from her guests
 At midnight and stole to the glass;
 She trembled to think that the face of her fate
 For life through the mirror might pass
 More terrified still she returned to the hall—
 This Hallowe'en maid had seen no one at all!
 EUNICE WARD.



Grubbing
 Her Way
 to Health

In pursuit of health many a successful farmer is made from the professions. The West is full of successful farmers who have turned from indoor life to the more pleasurable and more healthful outdoor pursuits.

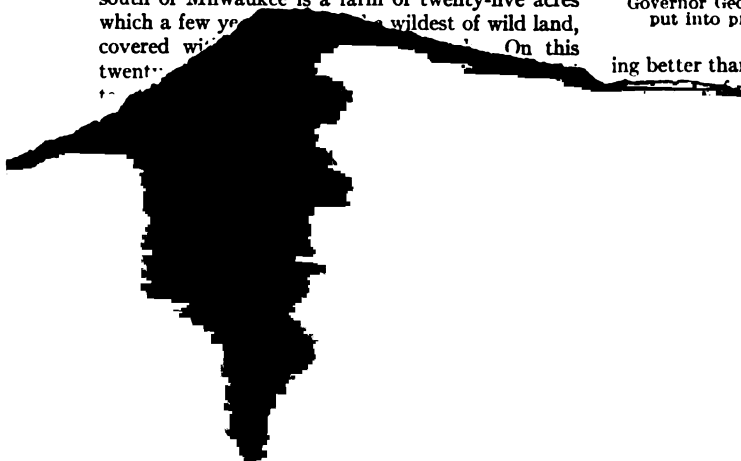
Up in the Willamette valley in Oregon a few miles south of Milwaukee is a farm of twenty-five acres which a few years ago was the wildest of wild land, covered with brush and timber. On this



Governor George W. P. Hunt, of Arizona, who has put into practice his ideas upon prison reform

ing better than a timeworn tradition to support the prisoners' mail, the governor arranged "gray" should enjoy the helpful correspondence with friends he theory that idleness to have every well v. Faith in one's as the governor, reform. "It on charac- lop and tering

is
 1





SHERWIN-WILLIAMS

Flat-Tone

**gives the wall finish you want
at a price you can afford**

It offers the widest possible choice of soft, harmonious shades. It spreads smoothly and readily, lasts remarkably, and can be washed as frequently as you please.

Flat-tone offers the true economy of artistic decoration—great capacity for covering space. Whether you contemplate redecorating a part of a room or your whole house, there is a Sherwin-Williams paint, stain, varnish or enamel exactly suited to your purpose. All of these up-keep finishes are completely described in our

**Portfolio of Suggestions for Painting
and Decorating**

This handsome booklet contains a lot of decorative schemes, illustrated in color, for the improvement of your house, outside and in. Suggestions for everything, from painting a house to staining a chair. We mail it free. Send us a line today.

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PHOTOGRAPH BY GATLIFF & THOMPSON

Governor Johnson of California and Governor Lister of Washington at the initial meeting of the Pacific Coast Good Roads Association, Eureka, California, Aug. 21. (See page 796)



The California Girl

She dwells in a sun-washed land
 Bowered in palm and vine,
 Where age at its best is young,
 Surging with life's new wine.
 She's fair as the dawn that fires
 The lone Sierra height,
 When night with her bowl of stars
 Is flushed and brimmed with light.

The flame of the poppy burns
 Her pouting lips to red:
 The gold of the orange yields
 Spun gold to grace her head:
 The blue of a thousand bays
 Sleeps in her fearless eyes;
 And straight as a pine she stands
 Fronting her western skies.

She dwells in a lusty land
 That breeds bold men and brave—
 Behind is a wall of peaks,
 Before, the wind-lashed wave.
 Serene in her hands she holds
 The story of souls to be,
 This queen of the Golden Gate
 Throned by the Sunset Sea.

C. M. G.



PHOTOGRAPH BY L. S. SLEVIN

The unique western colony of writers, artists and other developers of originality whose habitat is among the pines of Carmel-by-the-Sea, in Monterey county, California, made dramatic history in the season of 1913, according to annual custom. The scene presented above is from Mary Austin's poetic drama "Fire," played in the Forest Theater, out-of-doors, by members of the Western Drama Society. Luella (Mrs. John Kenneth Turner) is bidding farewell to her parents (Mrs. Karl Rendborf and William Kibbler) to follow the fire-bringer (Herbert Heron). Mary Austin is the author of "The Arrow Maker," an Indian play produced at the New Theater, New York, two years ago



Fairy Magic—Telephone Reality

A tent large enough to shelter his vast army, yet so small that he could fold it in his hand, was the gift demanded by a certain sultan of India of his son, the prince who married the fairy Pari-Banou.

It was not difficult for the fairy to produce the tent. When it was stretched out, the sultan's army conveniently encamped under it and, as the army grew, the tent extended of its own accord.

A reality more wonderful than Prince Ahmed's magic tent is the Bell Telephone. It occupies but a few square inches of space on your desk

or table, and yet extends over the entire country.

When you grasp it in your hand, it is as easily possible to talk a hundred or a thousand miles away as to the nearest town or city.

In the Bell System, 7,500,000 telephones are connected and work together to take care of the telephone needs of the people of this country.

As these needs grow, and as the number of telephone users increases, the system must inevitably expand. For the Bell System must always provide a service adequate to the demands of the people.

**AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES**

One Policy

One System

Universal Service

In writing to advertisers please mention SUNSET, The Pacific Monthly



This is the only weapon that the late Mark Twain ever carried, and he always referred to it as "my cannon"

Mark Twain's "Cannon"

By
HARRY ARTHUR
POWELL

The only weapon that the late Mark Twain ever carried is now the property of Harry McCandless of Stockton, California, who holds it as worth more than its weight in gold, which would be something over seven pounds. It is a muzzle-loading revolver of Colt manufacture, fifteen inches in length, and it has brought down many a deer at a distance of seventy-five yards or more. That Mark Twain carried the gun for several years is beyond dispute and its intimate history is written to McCandless in a letter from Steve Gillis, a pioneer resident of Jackass Hill, Tuolumne county, who is now in his ninetieth year, and who is a brother of James Gillis, the "Truthful James" who figures in Bret Harte's celebrated free-for-all fight on Table mountain.

McCandless, who is interested in mining properties near Jackass Hill, several years ago gave Gillis his first automobile ride, and this was made the subject of a letter to Mark Twain, which the author prized highly, and to which he sent a lengthy reply. It was on this occasion that McCandless was promised the revolver, together with its history, contained in the following letter:

TUTTLETOWN, CAL., May 15, 1913.

FRIEND McCANDLESS: Yours regarding the authenticity of the Mark Twain gun received. Don't call it a "gun," Mac. That's undignified. Mark always respectfully referred to it as "my cannon."

Now let's go into the history of that celebrated piece of artillery. Mark Twain brought it with him when he traveled from Missouri to Nevada by overland stage. The stage company charged "extra" baggage on it. Mark defiantly wore it in Carson City by day and slept in it by night. That was in the territorial days of Nevada, when it was considered disgraceful not to pack a big gun. Mark followed the fashion until the "cannon" made him

lopsided and threatened to lame him for life. Then, when he left Carson City to go prospecting in Esmeralda county, he took the cannon with him. He had to buy an extra mule to pack it. When he started out as a miner in Esmeralda and came to Virginia City to work on the *Territorial Enterprise* as a reporter, he brought that tiresome gun with him. He laboriously packed it around for awhile until he found that the chivalric gun sports of Virginia scorned to shoot-up a newspaper reporter, and then he buried it in the bottom of his trunk, after trying in vain to give it away.

When he left Virginia City for San Francisco he took the old hoodoo with him. In all the lodgings he inhabited in the latter city he would hang that old relic on the wall of his room and leave his door open, hoping that some poor thief would steal it. But even the room thieves scorned to take it. Perhaps they had a hunch that it was a hoodoo. After many attempts to lose that pistol a bright idea struck Mark. He shipped it to an old enemy in Missouri hypocritically as a peace-offering. His old enemy sent it back by express in a big box marked C. O. D. filled with 150 pounds of old horse-shoes. You can't fool a Missourian.

Utterly discouraged by this last attempt to rid himself of his incubus, Mark gladly accepted Jim Gillis' invitation to join him on Jackass Hill in the pocket-mining business. His ostensible object in visiting Jim was pocket-mining; his real design was to get rid of that old hoodoo. After cabining several months on Jackass Hill with Jim Gillis and Dick Stoker, he persuaded the latter to accept the pistol, and then for fear Dick would make him take it back, he fled to San Francisco, where he rose to fame and fortune. Forty years later, Dick died at the untimely age of eighty-four, and the pistol came to me.

As you now possess the strongest and most malignant hoodoo in the United States, allow me to assure you of my profound and distinguished consideration.

S. E. GILLIS.



Wash Your Tailor?
TRADE MARK REG'D 1906 BY ED. V. PRICE & CO.

The clothes of now
are made to order for the individual
wearer—to embody his own person-
ality and character—yet they cost no
more than is asked for so-called high-
grade clothing made for nobody in
particular.

When We Make Them
you get the benefit of our modern
organization and tremendous volume
of business, which enable us to give
you the greatest value and satisfaction
you can possibly obtain for the
money—\$25 to \$50.

Write us for the name of our dealer in your
town. He will show you our Autumn and
Winter woolens and take your measure.

E. V. Price & Co.
Largest tailors in the world of
GOOD made-to-order clothes
Price Building Chicago, U.S.A.

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THE ROMANCE OF PATROLMAN CASEY

By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

There was a young patrolman who
Had large but tender feet;
They always hurt him badly when
He walked upon his beat.
(He always took them with him when
He walked upon his beat.)

His name was Patrick Casey and
A sweetheart fair had he;
Her face was full of freckles—but
Her name was Kate McGee.
(It was in spite of freckles that
Her name was Kate McGee.)

"Oh, Pat!" she said, "I'll wed you when
Promotion comes to you!"
"I'm much-obliged," he answered, and
"I'll see what I can do."
(I may remark he said it thus—
"Oi'll say phwat Oi kin do.")

So then he bought some new shoes which
Allowed his feet more ease—

They may have been large twelves. Perhaps
Eighteens, or twenty-threes.
(That's rather large for shoes, I think—
Eighteens or twenty-threes!)

What last they were I don't know, but
Somehow it seems to me
I've heard somewhere they either were
A, B, C, D, or E.
(More likely they were five lasts wide—
A, B plus C, D, E.)

They were the stoutest cowhide that
Could be peeled off a cow.

: : : :
But he was not promoted.

: : : :
So

Kate wed him anyhow.

: : : :
(This world is crowded full of Kates
That wed them anyhow.)

* * * *
* * * *



"All in the Game"

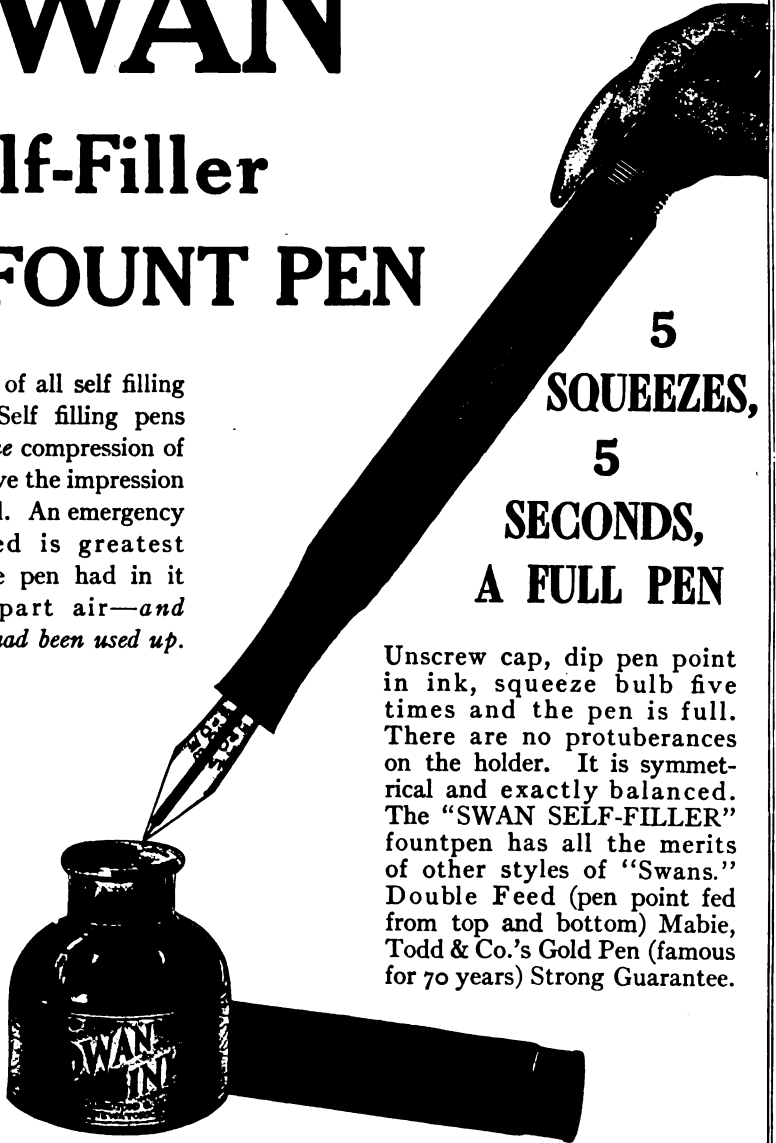
"SWAN"

Self-Filler

FOUNT PEN

The most perfect of all self filling fountain pens. Self filling pens operating with *one* compression of a rubber sack leave the impression that the pen is full. An emergency when your need is greatest discloses that the pen had in it part ink and part air—and that the ink part had been used up.

SWAN "Self Fillers" fill full with 5 squeezes of a rubber bulb—no air—all ink. The "Little Windows" show you that your pen is filling and warn you when your ink supply is running low. They are the "little signals" that prevent you from finding your pen empty in an emergency. They are unbreakable.



5
SQUEEZES,
5
SECONDS,
A FULL PEN

Unscrew cap, dip pen point in ink, squeeze bulb five times and the pen is full. There are no protuberances on the holder. It is symmetrical and exactly balanced. The "SWAN SELF-FILLER" fountain pen has all the merits of other styles of "Swans." Double Feed (pen point fed from top and bottom) Mabie, Todd & Co.'s Gold Pen (famous for 70 years) Strong Guarantee.

For sale by all stationers and jewelers. \$2.50 and up.
With "Little Windows" \$3.00. Write for illustrated folder.

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79-80 High Holborn, London
Manchester

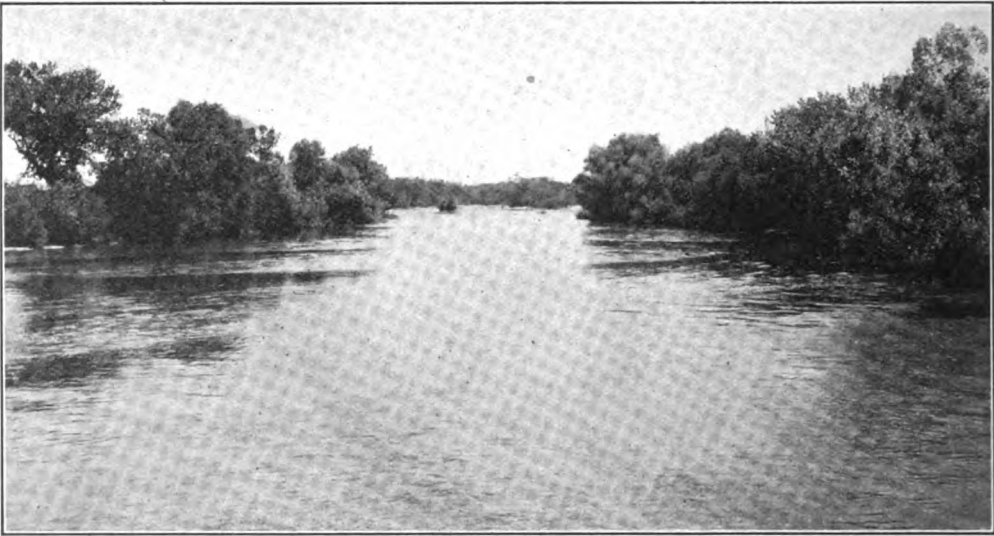
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The Makers

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124 York Street, Toronto
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Development Section

Here are Noted Various Significant Facts Relating to the Progress and General Advancement of the Pacific Coast Country



Kern river, flowing through Kern county, California, irrigates a quarter of a million fertile acres

Kern's Getting There

By ARTHUR DUNN

KERN county, California, is suffering—from growing pains.

Its population is increasing so rapidly that the pioneers of that vast empire are astonished.

But do not think because Kern's suffering—from growing pains—that Kern is complaining. Indeed, she is not. Kern's getting there. Kern's building magnificent highways in order that the influx may be accelerated. There isn't a single moment that Kern county, officially and privately, isn't right down to the county lines, shouting:

"Come on, you settler! Come on, you farmer! Kern has the land! Kern has the water!"

Not many years ago Kern county was the abiding place of kings—cattle kings, sheep kings, land kings. Today she is inhabited by princes of productive principalities. The kings have gone—long live the princes!

Of course, these are imaginary princes, but every farmer in Kern is a prince, being independent of all men, beholden to none, fearing none. Kind Providence keeps his court crowded with congenial

neighbors, his banquet board stacked with the choicest from his own fields.

When the range was pushed farther into the hills, and the sheep corral moved farther from the valleys, a new era began in Kern, and today this prosperous county is moving along at a rapid pace. In fact, it's getting there.

There are three primary reasons for this phenomenal growth of Kern—water, climate, land.

Of course, had there been no land for the settler; had Kern not been larger than Massachusetts and New Jersey, with a population of only 37,000, there could never have been an invitation to the farmer to come to Kern. And then, if there hadn't been water—well, what would have been the use of suggesting a migration to dry withered plains? There are places where they have land and water, but the other part of the combination—climate—is lacking. But not so with Kern. Kern county has the land, the water *and* the climate.

To begin with, there is Kern river, irrigating 200,000 acres of the finest valley land, which

The Patriot A Better Shoe for Men



All men of good taste realize a greater value in the "Patriot" Shoe, and there is a good reason for it.

We are making more shoes than any other concern in the world. Our twenty-three large factories are producing over 50,000 pairs per day.

The "Patriot" is made in our finest factory by the most skilled shoemakers in our great army of 10,000. Only the finest cuts of leather are used.

Every pair has hand-welted oak leather soles.

For \$4.50 to \$5.00 you can get more real service in the "Patriot" and all the style and snap found in shoes costing a dollar more.

Each pair of "Patriots" is as good as every other pair. Get the "Patriot" and you will be better satisfied with your shoes than ever before.

The "Patriot" has our well known star on the heel—it is a "Star Brand" shoe. Don't just go into any store and ask for them, but look up the "Star Brand" dealer or write to us for name of the nearest merchant who sells them.

Get the "Patriot" and wear it—you will then know why

"Star Brand Shoes Are Better."



ROBERTS, JOHNSON & RAND

MANUFACTURERS

Branch of International Shoe Co.

ST. LOUIS



Climate, soil and water produce olive and orange groves like this in Kern county, California

produces bumper crops every year. For there are no dry years under the canal system from which the supply is drawn. Irrigation, by means of these canals, has been carried on for thirty years. For many years the canal system was the only means of irrigation thought of. The kings of things were not acquainted with the fact that there was a sub-surface water supply virtually inexhaustible; or, if they knew it, they did not care to become farmers. There is such a water supply system, and all that is necessary is for a farmer to sink a well to a reasonable depth, install his pump, and the water will be there for his crops.

"They told me to get water" says E. B. Armstrong, sometime cattleman and heroic figure in the official life of Crook county, Wyoming, now a resident of the Delano district. "After I had the water, I was told everything would be easy. It isn't true! I've got the water, lots of water, and now it keeps me jumping to keep my alfalfa cut!"

That's where the element of climate entered. The climate of Kern makes things grow; makes them grow amazingly. You see, the sun shines in Kern about three hundred and sixty days a year, and there are no cold winds, no fogs; frosts, snow and sleet are unknown. The rainfall is small, but nature has provided the sub-surface water, fresh from snow-capped mountains, which seeps down to the valleys below in countless never-drying streams.

Climate, water, soil combine to give the farmer six cuttings of alfalfa annually, the average cutting

being one and a half tons to the acre, the average price being \$7.50 a ton, cocked in the field. The cost of producing this crop—including water for irrigating, seed, plowing, checking, etc.—is between \$10 and \$12 an acre, so the farmer has a very handsome profit for his effort.

Now, when one mentions alfalfa to a farmer his mind naturally reverts to the dairy herd, for all alfalfa districts have their dairy herds. In Kern of old, cows used to be cattle; nowadays they are synonymous with cream checks. It used to be fashionable to turn them loose on the range, 'gainst the time for "killing the fatted calf." But while there are a good many thousand range cattle still in Kern, there are also many thousand dairy cows.

It so happens that the small alfalfa patch and the small dairy herd, and the small berry patch—small in comparison with the old empires of a decade ago—are responsible for the great growth attained by Kern county in recent years. Vast tracts of land have been opened for settlement, and farmers have come from every quarter of the globe to cast their lot in Kern. There has not been a single failure; that is, there has never been a failure recorded wherein the colony itself was to blame. There may have been individuals who did not know how to farm who fell out of the procession of progress, but even these are few. In fact, if a man half tries, the climate, water and the soil of Kern will produce things for him, and eventually bring him an independence in spite of past ignorance with agricultural affairs.

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Voltem Music Rolls

which are actual personal records played specially for repetition with the Angelus. With the Angelus and Voltem Rolls

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Ethel Leginska

Gottfried Galston
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and others are ever present in your home to entertain you with their masterful interpretations of the great composers. Thus the Angelus becomes a twofold source of pleasure—an instrument that anyone can play with personal expression, or by which he or she can reproduce the playing of artists. The Melodant, Phrasing Lever and Diaphragm Pneumatics (exclusive features of the Angelus) make possible these marvelous results.

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Irrigating a peach orchard near Delano, Kern county, California. No "dry" seasons in this region of continuous canals!

In many parts of Kern county, alfalfa is the chief product, and one good cutting pays all the expense of \$10 to \$12 an acre for planting, irrigating, "checking" etc. It must be remembered that there are five or six cuttings a season, which means that there is large profit in this crop. Here is an instance, not unusual, of what may be expected in a Kern alfalfa crop: Frank Schlitz, of Delano, has ninety-two acres in alfalfa. The yield averages ten tons to the acre a year, the average price being \$7.50 a ton, coked in the field.

Delano is an old district in the history of the county, some of the tragedies of dry-farming having been enacted hereabouts; but that was in the long ago. The California State Board of Agriculture says in a recent report:

"Surrounding the town of Delano is a large body of good land, which is now attracting attention from investors, as development has shown that within a few feet of the surface lies an unlimited quantity of water, which can be raised to the surface to transform the arid plains into orchards and alfalfa fields."

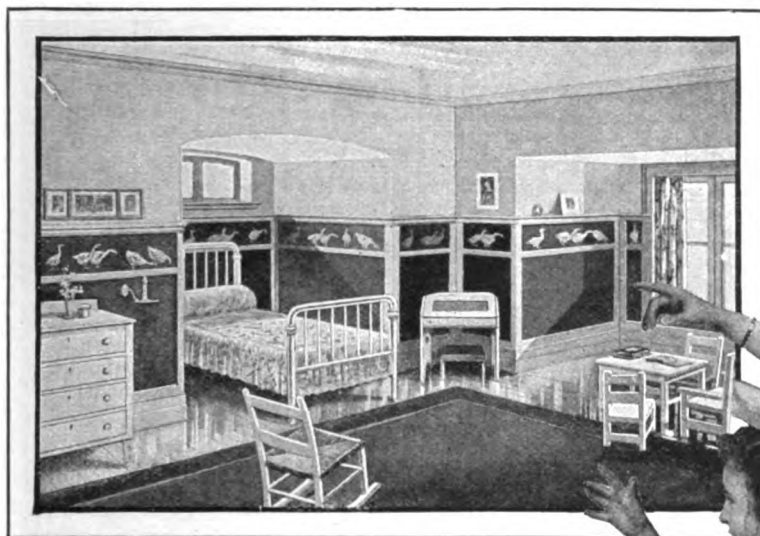
Another interesting community is the new-found Lerdo, a colony containing about 7000 acres of level land.

This is only another proof of the productivity of the soil of Kern and the possibilities of water development. Ramie and hemp require water. Without it, the stalks will not grow. But at Lerdo the

largest stalks produced in the world are grown, and there is sufficient acreage in Kern county alone to produce every pound that is now bought in foreign lands and shipped to the mills of the United States.

The Edison Orange Lands, situated seven miles east of Bakersfield, are located ideally, being sheltered by a horse-shoe shaped cluster of mountains. There is water in abundance, which is distributed through the tract by means of an underground cement pipe system, which keeps the land absolutely free from weeds. These orange lands, with water guaranteed, are being sold in ten and twenty acre tracts, payments to be completed in three years.

A wonderful transformation has taken place around Tehachapi—"land of plenty of acorns and good water" as the Indians named it. As you climb the mountain, riding comfortably in a Pullman palace car, and see the rails twisting and turning below, describing the world-famous loop traversed by both the Southern Pacific and the Santa Fe railroads, you wonder what tempted persons to settle in that foreboding appearing section of California. It has all the appearance of bleakness and barrenness. But there is a chain of valleys hereabouts—Tehachapi, Cummings, Brites and Bear valleys. The acreage of these valleys approximates 50,000, and there is no better, no richer soil in the West. An old resident of the "Land of plenty of acorns and good water," B. M. Denison, was the



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HERE were an old dresser, a desk, some chairs and an iron bed—old-timey, well-built furniture that showed wear. It needed only the near-magic touch of

ACME QUALITY Paints, Enamels, Stains, Varnishes

to make it up to date—a charming, cheerful bedroom. Is there a birthday coming in your house? No present you could give your daughter would delight her so much as to have her room all fixed up. Boys, too, like good-looking things. Try it and see. A few evenings, an hour or so at a time, is time enough to work a wondrous change in the appearance of any room. The fresh effects will delight and repay you many times over, while the cost is surprisingly economical. There is an Acme Quality for every practical and decorative use around the house—for walls and ceilings, floors, woodwork from parlor to kitchen, bathroom, cellar—for outdoors as well as in.



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We have printed two handsome and helpful books on home painting—Acme Quality Painting Guide and “Home Decorating”—books for you who want to beautify your home. You will certainly appreciate the helpful suggestions they contain for fixing up, while the possibilities of simple but artistic decorative treatment for your home are shown in handsome illustrations in color.

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first to profit by a translation of the Indian name Tehachapi. He discovered that the red man was something of an engineer, for there is plenty of good water under the surface. When Mr. Denison began his experiments in well-sinking, folk laughed at him. And now land that was then worthless at \$10 and \$12 an acre cannot be purchased much less than \$150, and much of it is held at \$200 and \$250 an acre. This land grows the prize-winning apples and pears, aided by the altitude and the water.

The main characteristics of the Kern climate are warm, dry summers and moderate winters, during which the greater part of the rainfall occurs. The temperature ranges from 100° to 110°, but the nights throughout the summer are cool enough to demand covers for comfortable sleeping. Ice and snow virtually are unknown. Men work in the fields in summer on the hottest days, and in comparative comfort, while cases of sunstrokes are unknown. It is the kind of climate that grows things.

Take the Mojave district, which is developing water, and that means that thousands of acres of arid lands are being opened up to settlers. From Mojave to Rand one sees a score of ranches today where heretofore were wastes of sage. Water, soil and climate have done it.

It has been estimated that there are 10,000 pumping plants in the San Joaquin valley. Of this total, Kern county has its share, for there is not a day that the various sections of this great empire do not record the installation of one or more plants. It is possible, in most instances, for a person to move right onto "raw" land, and install the pumping plant immediately, for there is no difficulty in preparing the land for irrigation. It is level, or sloping just sufficiently to make proper drainage. Thus it is easy to "check" land for alfalfa, or for any other crop requiring flooding. Another factor which enters into the rapid development of the pumping plant is the proximity of the oil fields, from which the fuel supply of Kern county is drawn. Here, figuratively in their back yards, Kern residents have the greatest oil-producing center of the Western World, millions of barrels of oil being produced annually. Oil is cheap, and the great power companies operating in this section are able to compete with home produced oil, thereby guaranteeing inexpensive cost of operating a pumping plant.

With an inexhaustible sub-surface water supply, irrigation of 200,000 acres from canals drawing their

supply from the Kern river, and with an artesian well belt thirty-five miles long and half as many wide, Kern county has ample water, although the rainfall comparatively is light. That disposes of the water question.

As for acreage, it is not an exaggeration to say that Kern county can take care of 200,000 persons seeking homes—not the kind who are content to struggle and skimp, but persons who are looking for prosperous homes in a progressive upbuilding country.

It is most fortunate for the welfare of this end of the San Joaquin valley that the land kings of Kern decided to permit settlement of their holdings, and it is evidence that this has been done, and that the large owners are willing further to let go, when it is considered that colonies of thousands of acres are being offered to settlers; and it is to the everlasting credit of one concern that every purchaser must be a bona fide settler, for it does not desire to deal with the land speculator. Of this company it may be said that, in thirty years of business life, it has never foreclosed a mortgage nor filed a suit against a tenant, leaser or time-contract purchaser, notwithstanding that it has on its books the names of twenty-five hundred individuals with whom it has been transacting business in that period.

Kern county is the ideal spot for diversified as well as intensive farming. Here anything will grow. Peanuts and pumpkins, melons and mulberries, alfalfa and apples, ramie and roses, oranges and onions—anything that will grow anywhere is produced in Kern in great quantities.

Not only is Kern promising agriculturally, but in mining it is leading the whole Golden State, the production of oil bringing California up to fifth place among the states of the sisterhood in the output of minerals. In the Rand district there are great possibilities for mining development, while San Emigdio mountains are full of minerals that only await the developer of some future day.

It is a venturesome thing to utter predictions, yet I do not hesitate to assert that Kern county will experience the most rapid growth in its history within the next few years. Which means that Kern county will add more farmers to her population than any other county of California. For Kern has:

The Land,
The Water,
The Climate.
That's why Kern's getting there.



Alfalfa in Kern county, California, keeps farmers on the jump, for there are six cuttings annually at a handsome profit



Mahomet on White Hyacinths:

"Had I two loaves of bread, I'd sell one
and buy white hyacinths for my soul."

SOFTLY dozed the shadows over the Autumn colored leaves. Swiftly set the sun in pageant of green and red. The keen air from the blue mountains came in at the window. "Ye old back log" crackled a soothing drowsiness on the walls, and the faces of my little family.

The stage was set for playing *The Pilgrims' Chorus*, from *Tannhauser*. Nothing else seemed to chime with the poetry of that brown October evening.

Aflame with emotion, I sat at my Virtuolo, my eyes closed, my fingers on

the soft Acsole buttons. None but a Virtuolist knows the joy of playing by instinct with those wondrous solo buttons, the joy of shutting out the world with your eyelids, and letting your feelings feast on music.

At the first slow, muffled notes, my tormented nerves seemed to relax and float away to a divine world of calm. The worries of business vanished. Beautiful melodies and harmonies marched like processions of roses from the Virtuolo into my feelings. And as the wonderful score climbed from pinnacle to pinnacle of grandeur, "Bravo! Bravo!" I cried. Who could hold it back?

And then I looked at my wife and said, "*Had I two loaves of bread, I'd sell one and buy white hyacinths for my soul.*"

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THE INSTINCTIVE PLAYER PIANO

Do you still believe the player-piano sounds mechanical? Then you do not understand the Virtuolo and the new Instinctive Playing. Do you think you *cannot afford* a Virtuolo? It is our business to make it possible for you to afford one. Prices range from \$425 to \$1050, and terms can be arranged to suit any purse.

Send for "The Inner Beauty," the book that reveals the secret of the Virtuolo and many new discoveries in Music. Send today.

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We pay an average of 74c per pound for the yarn in Holeproof. Common yarn sells for 32c. But ours is twisted from three soft, but long fibre strands, and the long fibres give it strength. Such yarn

means smart *style* and comfort, for it doesn't depend on *bulk* for strength. The *best stores* know that Holeproof is standard, that it lives up to these facts. That's why they sell it. And a *million customers*, who know too, now buy it in these stores.

See the new fall colors that are fashionable now. Write for your dealers' names. We ship direct where no dealer is near, charges prepaid on receipt of price.

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\$1.50 per box and up, for six pairs of men's; of women's and children's \$2.00; of Infants' (4 pairs) \$1. Above boxes guaranteed six months.

\$2 per box for three pairs of men's SILK Holeproof socks; of women's SILK Holeproof Stockings, \$3. Boxes of silk guaranteed three months.



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For long wear, fit and style, these are the finest silk gloves produced. Made in all lengths, sizes and colors.

Write for the illustrated book. Ask us for name of dealer handling them.



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Be sure to find a Dittmann Shoe Store before you buy another pair of shoes—just try on a pair

They Are Good Shoes

These are the first good words about Dittmann Shoes: they give fine wear, the best possible at the price.

They look neat because Dittmann shoes are kept *up to the minute in style*—an essential feature in *Ladies' Shoes*.

Dittmann Shoes give *comfort*, from the first minute because there is sure to be a Dittmann Shoe that just fits *your* foot.

For that reception or for church be fitted to a pair of nifty Dittmann Shoes. Be in style, enjoy comfort—wear a *Dittmann*.



Why Men Like Them

For 69 years we have been making shoes—we have made them for every shape of foot; we have perfected an immense number of typical patterns and our lines are complete. Let your Dittmann dealer show you what he can do—you will be glad of the day you put your feet into Dittmann Shoes.

Nine o'Clock School Shoes

for children, remove the last trace of worry about the feet of little folks. Just prove it for yourself.

COUPONS get School Flags

If you cannot find a Dittmann Shoe Store near you, send us the name of your regular shoe dealer and we will see that you get Dittmann Shoes. Enclose 2c and we will send you, *free*, an educational book, "Our Flag", illustrated in three colors.

It pays to trade with Dittmann Dealers

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— a staunch, sturdy undergarment
with **unbreakable seams**
that will *wear* you and *warm* you
to the last degree of com-
fort and satisfaction. Men, if you have been
paying twice as much
for your underwear,
before you do it again,
just examine

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Per
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ELASTIC KNIT
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You will find undergarments every bit as good and perhaps better than what you have been getting. You will find "extra value" features that mark Hanes Underwear apart from others—the elastic collarette, which hugs the neck closely and keeps out the cold; the improved knitted cuffs that will not flare out; the staunchly sewn waistband; the reinforced shoulders that will not stretch and slip down; and the *unbreak-*

able seams with their absolute guarantee of your money back or a new garment for any returned with a seam broken. And the material and making are standards of values in themselves. Ask your dealer to show you "Hanes." Compare it with what you have been buying. We welcome any test of comparison. If you don't know the name of the "Hanes" dealer in your town, write us for his name.

P. H. HANES KNITTING CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.

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That Lasts
Longest**

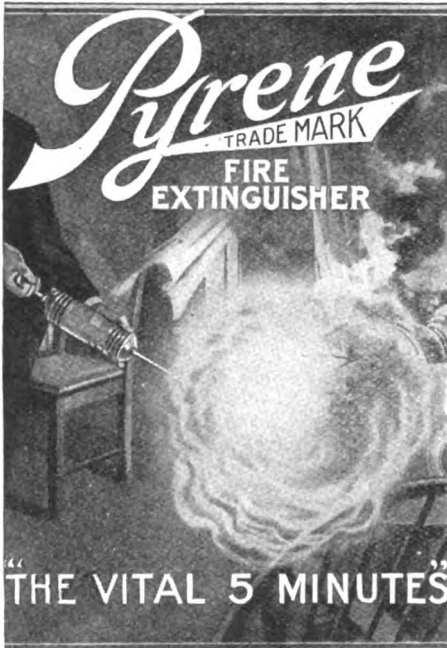
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Next!



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My "Pride System" of buying.
I borrowed the idea from Solomon.

Written by a Purchasing Agent

Lots of times I don't know much about what I am buying, but I have a system that protects me. For example, we were paying too much for stationery, office forms, etc. I wanted a paper that looked right and had the quality feel, but which I could buy for a reasonable price. The printer showed me two different makes. They looked alike to me, with this one difference. One make was plain, while the other bore a manufacturer's water-mark—Hammermill Bond. Now, that water-mark assured me that the Hammermill Paper Co. is proud of its paper.

The manufacturer has confidence in it because he is making his paper just as good as it can be made. He water-marks it because he knows that I will be satisfied and order again. If he took the water-mark off, it might mean that he was cutting quality and was ashamed of the paper; but as long as the water-mark remains I can be absolutely certain of getting good paper. That's what I call my "Pride System." It's a system that has never failed me. Give me stuff that's backed by pride every time.

I use Hammermill Bond on all my letter-heads, forms, price lists, etc., not only because it seems to me the strongest and clearest paper I can buy, but also because it carries the trade-mark of a proud manufacturer.

Yours faithfully,

A Purchasing Agent.

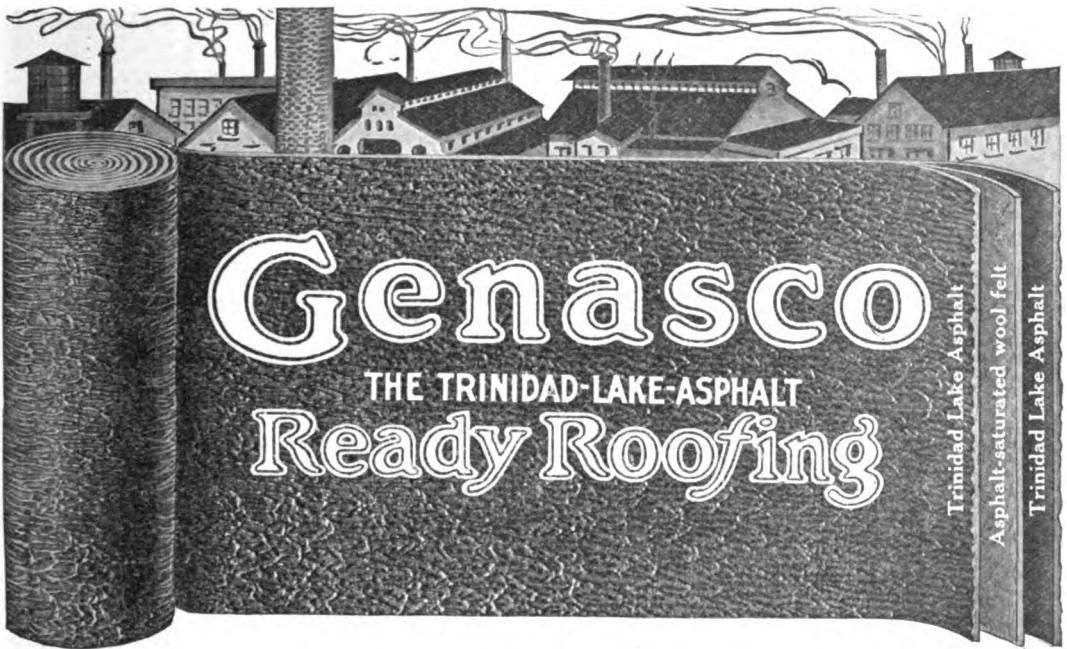
P. S.—I advise you to send for their new book, "The Signal System."

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"The Utility Business Paper"





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Ordinary "composition" or "secret process" roofings are variously made—some of coal tar, some California and Texas "asphalts" (so called), and some of stearin pitch. These are *manufactured* products. They lack uniformity, and are utterly devoid of lasting natural oils to prevent their cracking.

Genasco Roofing is made of the natural product of Trinidad Lake, which wells up from the heart of Nature full of storm-defying, weather-resisting, lasting oils which only Nature can produce.

This is the real and vital *inside* difference, even though the surface of roofings may look alike.

Be on the safe side—insist on Genasco, the roofing with the hemisphere trademark.

Ask your dealer for Genasco. Smooth or mineral surface—several weights. Guaranteed. Every roll of Genasco smooth surface roofing contains the patented **Kant-Leak Kleet**, which waterproofs seams without cement, and prevents nail-leaks. Write us for samples of Genasco, and the Good Roof Guide Book, free.

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Another Pacific Coast Good Roads Movement Started on Its Way

If auspicious beginning augurs anything the Pacific Coast Good Roads Association should accomplish much in the upbuilding of highways during the next few years. The association God-fathered by three Pacific Coast governors started on its career at Eureka, Humboldt county, California, on August 10th. Eureka, the largest city in the United States without a railroad, has thus had another honor thrust upon it. This enterprising city is the farthestmost west of any in the United States and except in the summer months when travel is possible over the mountain roads, entirely dependent upon the sea for intercourse with the outside world.

Delegates from three states braved two hundred miles of mountainous roads and auto trails to gather at the first annual meeting of the association. Governor Ernest Lister, of Washington, came by train to Redding, where he was joined by Governor Hiram Johnson, of California, and a number of prominent good roads authorities and enthusiasts. Governor Oswald West, of Oregon, was to have been a member of the cross-country touring party but was delayed by an official visit to his state by Secretary of the Interior Franklin K. Lane. From Redding to Eureka the trip was made through beautiful and picturesque mountain scenery. The first stop was at the quaint old mining town of Weaverville, which never before had entertained a governor much less two at a time. Luncheons of venison and trout kept hunger away on the trip through the pine and redwood forests.

At Eureka there was much feasting, clam baking, oratory, good roads discussion and handshaking. California was congratulated on her enterprise in spending a preliminary \$18,000,000 on two main trunk highways. Eureka and Humboldt county benefited largely by the impetus given to a proposed \$1,000,000 bond issue for the construction of two hundred miles of highway within the county boundaries and a promise from the California state officials that work would begin at once on that county's share of the California state highway. The Pacific Coast good roads movement benefited by the infusion of enthusiasm which will work as leaven up and down the coast.

The first meeting of the association was attended by many who have the interest of the Pacific Coast states at heart. Medford, Oregon, was chosen as the place of holding the next annual convention.

No Speed Records Will Be Made in Yosemite

On August 22d Yosemite National Park was finally thrown open by the Interior Department to automobilists. Regulations prepared under the

direction of Secretary Lane provide that automobiles will be permitted to enter and leave the park by way of the Coulterville and Big Oak Flat roads only; that approaching Yosemite Valley they will be restricted to the Coulterville road and that in the valley they will be restricted to the northern bank of the Merced river.

A speed limit of ten miles per hour is named in the rolling mountain country, five miles an hour on the steep descent on the Coulterville Road, fifteen miles between the Old Blacksmith Shop and Cascade Creek, ten miles between Cascade Creek and Pohono Bridge, fifteen miles between Pohono Bridge and Yosemite station. A limit is set on the time to cover distance from Merced Grove to Cascade Creek and vice versa.

Tourists entering the park are given tickets upon which the time of starting is stamped and this ticket is in turn punched by the ranger and stamped with the time of passing his station. A license fee of \$5 is required for the round trip. A car exceeding the maximum speed must be parked and the offending driver must leave the reservation at the next regular time set for the passage of automobiles.

Motorcycles are prohibited.

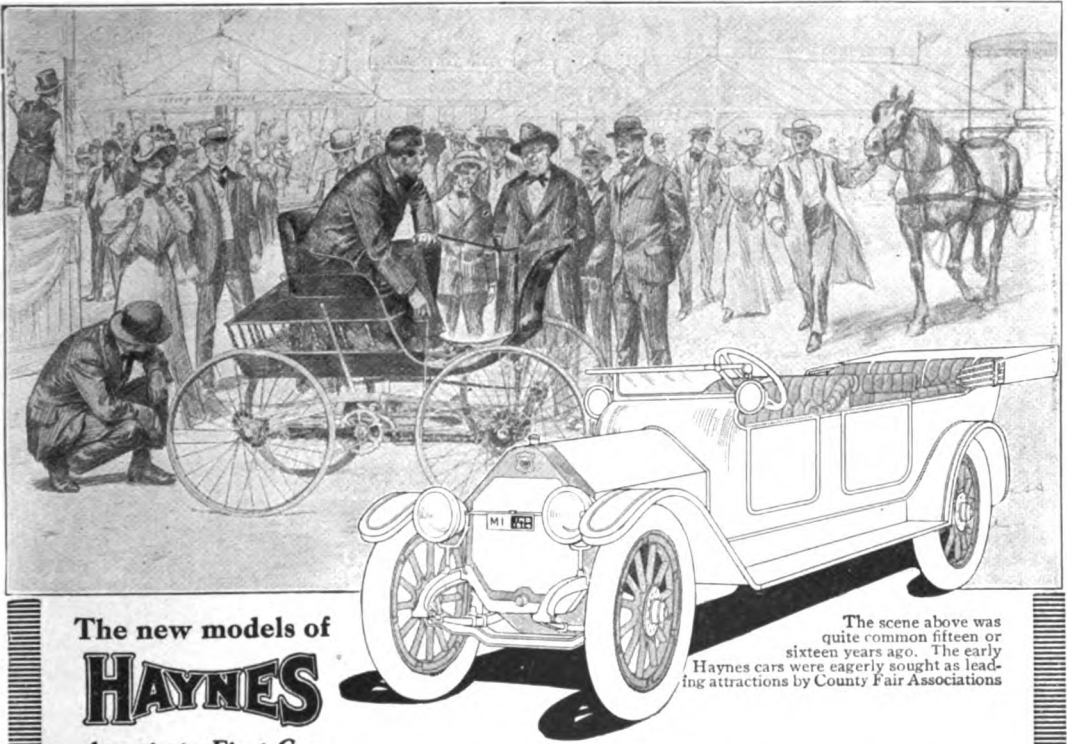
Pacific Highway Association Would Commemorate Century of Peace

The annual convention of the Pacific Highway Association held in Vancouver, B. C., the first week in August closed with the election of Judge J. T. Ronald, Seattle, honorary president; Samuel Hill, Portland, Oregon, president; Frank M. Fretwell, Seattle, honorary secretary. Vice-presidents were elected for British Columbia, Washington, Oregon, California, Arizona, Yukon territory and Alaska.

A peace arch was proposed to celebrate one hundred years of peace between Canada and the United States to be erected where the Pacific Highway crosses the international boundary and to be dedicated sometime during 1914 when the centenary celebration is held.

To Raise \$100,000 for New Road to Yosemite

The Engineering Corps of the Automobile Club of Southern California has completed a survey for a new route between the towns of Mariposa and El Portal into Yosemite Park, a link needed on the finished road at water level from the main State Highway to the park. The Automobile Club of Southern California proposes to raise \$100,000 to construct this stretch of highway and will ask all motoring organizations in the United States to cooperate in the effort. The estimated length of the road is thirty miles.



The scene above was quite common fifteen or sixteen years ago. The early Haynes cars were eagerly sought as leading attractions by County Fair Associations

The new models of

HAYNES

America's First Car

Are even better than those on Indiana-Pacific tour

After their recent strenuous 3750 mile trip from Indiana-to-the-Pacific, the two Haynes cars immediately left Los Angeles for a further tour of 1000 miles through California—in as good shape as they left Indianapolis. You get this same wonderful durability in the new Haynes models, with many new features of comfort and convenience, including the biggest improvement of many a day—the

Vulcan Electric Gear Shift

A small dial of electric push buttons on the wheel replaces the hand gear lever in the Haynes. Changing gears requires no hard pull, sets up no deafening roar. You simply press a button, and the gears change instantly and almost without noise.

Other Strong Features

The new Haynes cars are more beautiful than ever. They have that much sought for elongated, sweeping appearance. Among their features are electric starting and lighting, mechanical tire pump, pressure gasoline feed, quick-adjusting Collins curtains and full cowl-board equipment. And don't forget the wonderful Haynes Motor, famous for its power and dependability

Three Great Models

Model 26, has 6 cylinders, 65 H. P., 130-in. wheelbase, and sells at \$2900 for 2-pass. roadster, 4 or 5-pass. touring car; \$3400 for coupe.

Model 27, has 6 cylinders, 65 H. P., 136-in. wheelbase, and sells at \$2985 for 6 or 7-pass. car; \$4050 for limousine.

Model 28, has 4 cylinders, 48 H. P., 118-in. wheelbase, and sells at \$2135 for 2-pass. roadster, 4 or 5-pass. touring; \$2850 for coupe. Above horse powers are by the Dynamometer test.

Pacific coast delivery. Hand levers optional at \$200 reduction.

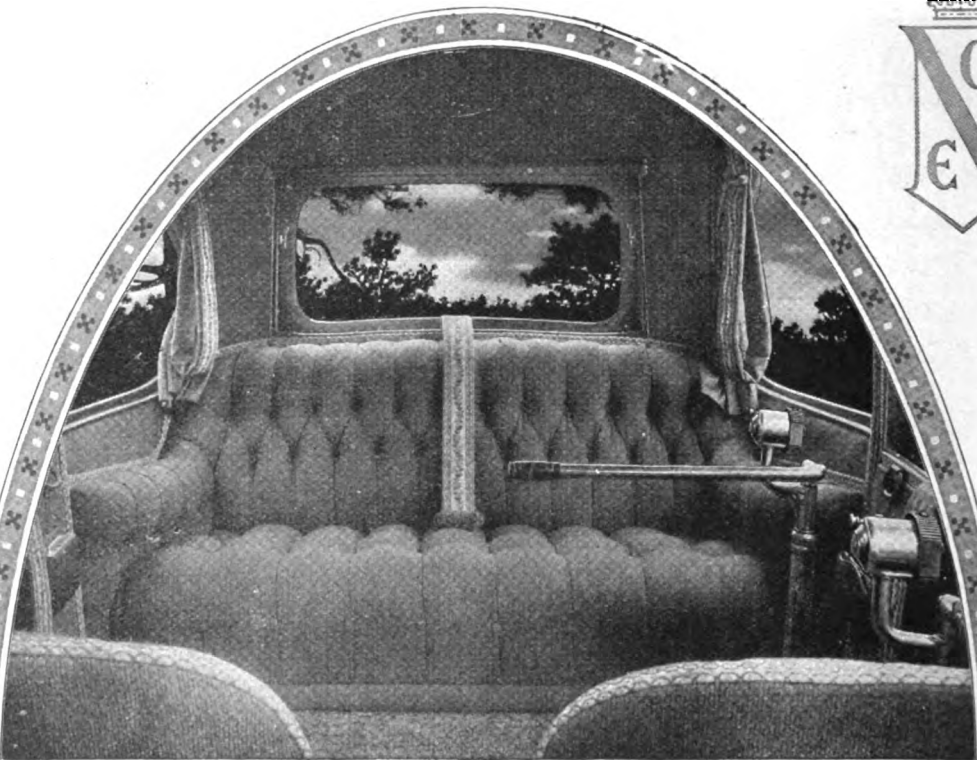
Write for Valuable Auto Book—the "Complete Motorist,"—by Elwood Haynes, father of the American Automobile. It'll make you understand the auto better, care for yours better and get better service. Write today. *If you don't know your nearest Haynes dealer, ask for his address.*



The Haynes Automobile Company

47 Main Street, Kokomo, Ind.





COMFORT!

The Keynote of Ohio Electric Construction

Driving Comfort—magnetic (disc) control; magnetic brake, absolutely eliminating skidding; double drive from both front and rear seat; extra-wide doors, with patented safety catch; full width rear seat; external brakes—cannot freeze up and afford a sure grip at all times

Physical Comfort—big, deep, luxurious upholstery that embodies the utmost in ease and softness.

Artistic Comfort—a grace of line and a beauty of finish that have made these exclusive Viennese models the envied cars on every boulevard.

Most of the features which distinguish the Ohio are patented and exclusive. You should examine them at the nearest Ohio showroom. Descriptive literature on request.

The Ohio Electric Car Co. 1519 W. Bancroft St., Toledo

Gibson Electrics, Ltd. Ontario Distributors Toronto, Canada

OHIO
THE ENVIED
ELECTRIC

MADE BY A SPECIALIST

EVERY MAKER, we suppose, is producing the best car he knows how to build.

Yet no two makes are alike, and no two makes are of equal value. Some one maker knows better than any other maker how to produce small, cheap cars. Some one maker knows better than any other maker how to produce superb electric cars. And Alexander Winton knows better than any other maker how to produce the world's finest six-cylinder car.

Specialists Lead the World

There's nothing accidental about it. It isn't luck or genius, but hard work, concentration, and experience. We live in an age of specialists. Specialists lead the world, and easily outdistance the straddlers, the floppers, the men who do not know their own minds well enough to stick to *some one thing*.

Cars That Don't Make Good

It's so in every profession, every business, and especially in the complicated automobile business, where a single mistake can ruin a season's output. That's why some cars are up one year and down the next. Also, that's why so many makers are forced to announce sweeping changes from year to year.

How can you expect excellence in the car of any maker who switches and revises and discards his models so rapidly that he never has a chance to perfect any one of them? What sort of specialist is he? How can he hope to equal the Winton Six, which has been the *sole* product of the great Winton factory for seven consecutive years?

WINTON SIX

Long stroke motor, left drive, center control, electric lights, self-starter, finest mohair top, easily handled curtains, rain-vision glass front, best Warner speedometer, Waltham eight-day clock, Klaxon electric horn, tire carriers, four-cylinder tire pump, demountable rims, full set of tools, German silver radiator, metal parts nickel finished. Fully equipped, **\$3250**

One Maker's Method

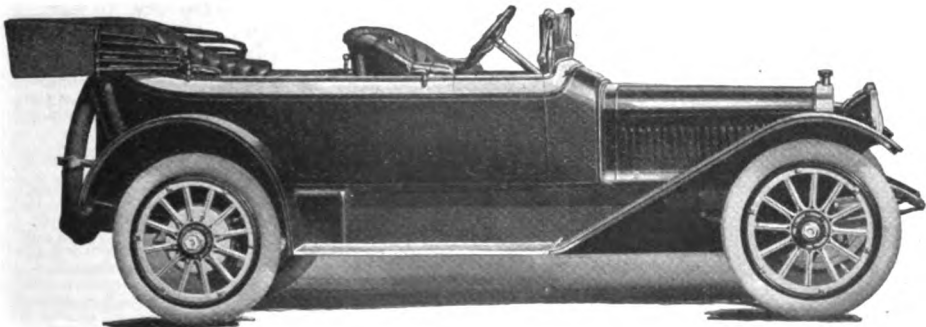
Mr. Winton never tried to make more cars than any other maker. He never tried to see how many different models he could make. He did not flop around from one thing to another, trying to monopolize the entire automobile market. But, on the contrary, for longer than seven years, he has devoted himself to a single object—the perfection of one six-cylinder car, the Winton Six.

The Result is Excellence

That's what has made Alexander Winton the world's most experienced six-cylinder specialist, and the Winton Six the world's standard six-cylinder car. No wonder the Winton Six won high-grade demand away from four-cylinder cars. No wonder the Winton Six holds the world's lowest repair expense record. No wonder it is a car of exceptional beauty and of goodness that stays good. For it is the one car in the world that has been most thoroughly proved, developed, and perfected—the most satisfying car that money can buy.

The Winton Motor Car Company

110 Berea Road, Cleveland, Ohio



Our Book No. 24 tells automobile trade facts that you ought to know

"And David Slew Goliath"

METZ "22"

Regular Stock Car

Wins Glidden Tour

In a Clean Sweep—and it was the Lowest-Priced Car in the Contest!

The Glidden Tour this year started at Minneapolis on July 11 and terminated at Glacier National Park, Montana, on July 19, the course covering more than 1,300 miles and embracing stamina-testing stretches of rough roads in Minnesota and Dakota and monumental hills in the Rocky Mountains of Montana.

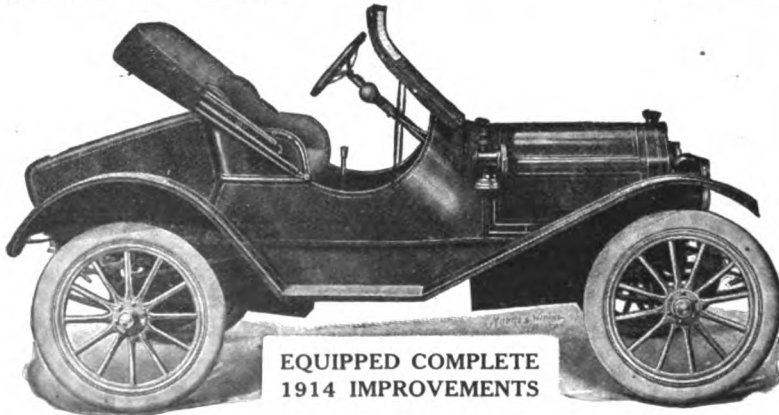
The team of three METZ "22" regular stock cars was the **ONLY** team holding a perfect score for the entire eight days of the tour. The nearest competitor showed a perfect score for only the first two days. The METZ cars also were the **ONLY** cars in the tour that were equipped with **GEARLESS** transmission.

The METZ team of three regular stock cars was last to leave noon control on the last day of the tour, passed all the cars ahead, caught the pacemaker ten miles from the finish, and crowded him over the last mountain range, finishing the last run of the tour with 20 minutes to spare.

And this on top of the fact that the METZ "22," before entering the Glidden Tour contest, made a remarkable non-stop record of 1,600 miles from Boston to Minneapolis in 90 hours, beating its own schedule by 6 hours in spite of having to drive over 100 miles additional on account of twice losing the road.



Glidden
Tour
Trophy



EQUIPPED COMPLETE
1914 IMPROVEMENTS

METZ "22" - \$475

THE GEARLESS CAR

NO CLUTCH TO SLIP—NO GEARS TO STRIP

WE have told you, time and again, that the METZ "22" is the very essence of **Efficiency and Dependable Construction**, that it is a **Practical** car. Its performance, as above recorded, sweeps aside all argument, all doubt. It was pitted against cars costing from five to ten times as much, yet all three of the METZ cars made **Perfect** scores throughout the contest—a showing which was not even approached by any one of the competing teams.

The METZ "22" won the Glidden Tour and the Glidden trophy simply because it was the best-built car and the most practical car entered in the contest. It is the lowest-priced car on the market, and remarkably economical in cost of operation and upkeep.

It will make from 5 to 50 miles per hour on the high speed, and climbs hills as fast as any regular stock car made, regardless of price. It is commonly reported by owners of the METZ "22" that it travels from 28 to 32 miles on a

gallon of gasoline, and from 10,000 to 12,000 miles on a single set of tires.

It is equipped with 4-cylinder 22½ h.p. water-cooled motor, Bosch magneto, wind shield, extension top with cover slip and curtains, full elliptic springs, standard artillery wheels, best quality Goodrich clincher tires, 5 lamps and gas generator, horn, pump, tool outfit, etc. It is a high grade, fully guaranteed car, torpedo semi-enclosed-body type, left-hand drive, center control. Its gearless transmission entirely does away with aggravating and expensive "gear troubles."

Write for New Illustrated Catalog "C."

METZ COMPANY, WALTHAM, MASS.

We want a representative in every city and town. Write for terms.



When You Buy An Electric—*Consider:*

- 1.—How *simply* the Baker is designed: No complications or experiments to get out of order.
- 2.—How *long* the Baker has been made: For fifteen years of continuous manufacture.
- 3.—How *well* the Baker is backed: By a company whose engineering record and financial resources have no parallel in the electric motor car field: here today and ten years from today.

How much do electrical brakes, novel controllers, mechanical frills, etc., weigh against considerations like these, in the opinion of a sensible buyer? How much should they count in the purchase of anything so important as a motor car and so dependent upon sound engineering for its life and performance?

"Baker Service Follows Every Baker"

THE BAKER MOTOR VEHICLE COMPANY, Cleveland, O.
 Canada: The Baker Motor Vehicle Company of Canada, Ltd., Walkerville, Ont.

Builders Also of Baker Electric Trucks. Branches or Dealers in Principal Cities

**Baker
 Electrics**



Accept Howard E. Coffin's 1914 Automobile Review—We'll Send It!

NO AUTOMOBILE buyer should fail to read Mr. Coffin's Automobile Review.

He shows why six cylinder cars are now so popular.

He explains the reasons for their smoothness, and why they are so desirable. With diagrams, and in the clearest language he makes you understand why so many makers are now manufacturing sixes exclusively.

He tells about wire wheels and wood wheels—about left side drive and right side drive—about gasoline economy—electric and other gear shifts—streamline bodies—speedometer drive—new things in lighting, and other features embodied in the 1914 designs.

No man is more eminently qualified to prepare such a review. Mr. Coffin's reputation as an engineer, and his many contributions to the progress of the auto-

mobile industry both as a designer of many successful cars, and a contributor to engineering literature make this review authentic.

Of course he also describes the HUDSON SIX 54. No discussion of automobile tendencies would be complete that omitted mention of this new car.

It approaches a new ideal with its true streamline body—135-inch wheel base—six cylinder motor of extreme flexibility and smoothness—electrical lighting and starting by an improved Delco system—left hand drive—center control—and entrance to the driver's seat from either side. These are features that make the HUDSON SIX 54 a prominent car in the 1914 announcements.

Can you afford to consider the purchase of any car over \$1,500 without knowing what such an authority as Mr. Coffin has to say upon the subject?

Send your name and address.

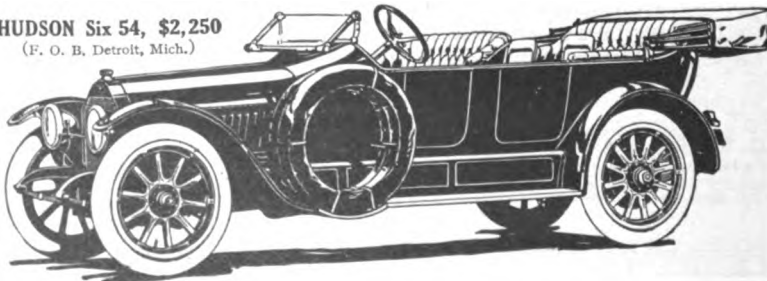
HUDSON Motor Car Company

7725 Jefferson Avenue

Detroit, Michigan

THE TRUE STREAMLINE BODY

HUDSON Six 54, \$2,250
(F. O. B. Detroit, Mich.)



260

H U Pmobile

The 1914 Hupmobile is in the hands of Hupmobile distributors.

We believe this new Hupmobile to be the *best* car of its class in the world.

By *best*, we mean best in internal essentials, especially. We mean best in those things which make for long life and continuous service at lowest cost.

But we believe you will also pronounce it the *most beautiful* car of its class in the world.

We believe we have put *more money into the chassis* than any car of its class in the world.

We base these beliefs on our conviction—

That the production of this new Hupmobile incorporates a greater tonnage of *high-grade steel* than any car of its class in the world;

That this new Hupmobile is the *largest user of aluminum*—without regard to class or price—in the world;

That the frame used in the new Hupmobile is the *costliest piece of pressed steel construction* used by any car of its class in the world;

That the Hupmobile long-stroke motor will *outpull any engine* of its class in the world;

That the Hupmobile *pressed steel body*—designed by us and built by the builders of Pullman cars—is the costliest body used by any car of its class in the world;

That Hupmobile *springs* utilize a greater tonnage of *costly steel*—more than 2,000 tons—than any other car of its class in the world;

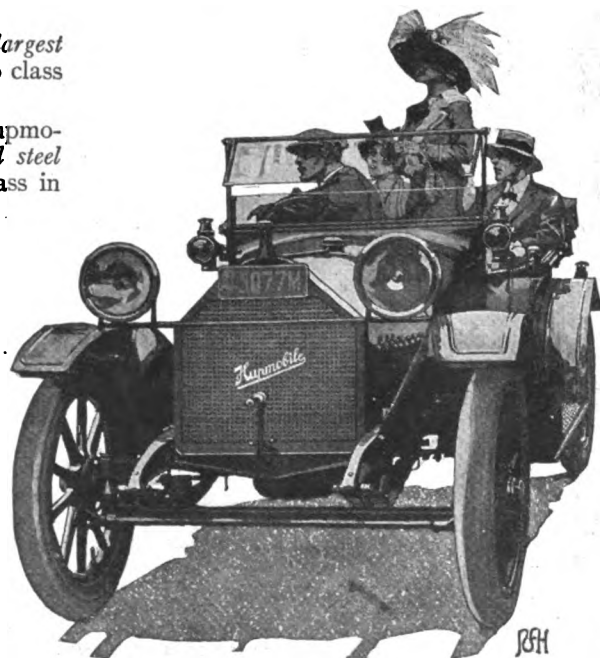
That Hupmobile bearings—Timken and Hyatt—are the best in the world; one whole Hyatt building being devoted to Hupmobile bearings.

We repeat—for readiness; for ruggedness; for smartness of style; for fineness of finish; for daily work on the road; for extremest economy—we believe this new Hupmobile to be the best car of its class in the world.

Hupp Motor Car Company

1320 Milwaukee Avenue,

Detroit, Michigan



SPECIFICATIONS

"32" Touring Car or Roadster—\$1080
f. o. b. Detroit

Four-cylinder, long-stroke motor, $3\frac{1}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$ inches; unit power plant. Selective type transmission, sliding gears. Center control. Full floating rear axle, 106-inch wheel base. Tires $32 \times 3\frac{1}{2}$ Q. D. Rear shock absorber. Magneto rain shield.

Equipment—Rain vision ventilating windshield; mohair top with envelope; Hupmobile jiffy curtains; speedometer; cocoa mat in tonneau; Prest-O-Lite; oil lamps; tools. Trimmings, black and nickel.

"32" Touring Car or Roadster with Westinghouse two unit electric generator and starter; electric horn; oversize tires, 33×4 inches; demountable rims, one extra rim and tire carriers at rear. \$1200 f. o. b. Detroit.

The car of The American Family

In writing to advertisers please mention SUNSET, The Pacific Monthly



YOUR HOME CANNOT RADIATE BEAUTY AND GOOD CHEER, UNLESS THE FLOORS, DOORS AND WOODWORK ARE PERFECT IN FINISH—SANITARY, AND INVITING

We want to tell you about the marvelous improvement you can effect in the appearance of your home, by means of—

STANDARD VARNISH WORKS

FLOOR FINISH

ELASTICA is the one floor varnish that will not only beautify but protect your floors against the hardest sort of wear and tear.

ELASTICA is made specially for floors—made to meet and resist all the conditions to which floors are subjected.

ELASTICA is equally adapted to old or new floors, hard wood or soft wood, linoleum or oilcloth. It is mar-proof, spot-proof, heel-proof and "boy-proof."

Satinette
 THE PERFECT
White Enamel

There is no more pleasing, satisfactory and sanitary finish for every room in the house than a beautiful white enamel—provided this enamel is easily and economically applied and guaranteed to give long and satisfactory service.

Because of its exquisitely beautiful appearance and enduring qualities, SATINETTE has for years been specified by the country's leading architects and builders for use in apartment houses, private dwellings, hotels and steamships.

Whether you are considering the building of a new house or the renovating of an old one, write us at once for complete free books, giving detailed information, full instructions for use and samples of finished work produced by ELASTICA Floor Finish, KLEARTONE Stains and SATINETTE White Enamel.

TRADE

STAINS

KLEARTONE Stains are ideally suited to the decoration of doors, woodwork and other trim in the finest residences, bungalows, camps—in fact to any sort of work where the preservation of the natural beauty and grain of the wood is essential.

KLEARTONE Stains are demanded by those who insist on unquestioned and permanent beauty of effect through the use of the highest grade materials.

KLEARTONE Stains are made in every desired color for every known wood.

STANDARD VARNISH WORKS

113 Front Street, San Francisco, Cal.

2620 Armour Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Elm Park, Staten Island, N. Y.



This Gun can't "go off"

YOUR COLT won't fire until you want it. When cocked the COLT is automatically locked against accidental discharge. Locks itself. Doesn't depend on you to make it safe. When you purposely pull the trigger—you automatically press in the grip safety (see circle) and your COLT shoots. That's why

The Colt Automatic Fires first shot first

You don't have to bother your head about "safety" devices—you don't have to even think—without one second's hesitation you simply grab your COLT and shoot—quickly—*instantly*.

The COLT is the finest steel watchdog—it rests safely as far as you are concerned, but keeps its weather eye open day and night, instantly ready for the other fellow.

Don't be stalled off the COLT if you want the best gun—it costs you no more.

Write for catalog 38 .

COLT'S PATENT FIRE ARMS MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn.

Colt FIREARMS

Say "Colt" when you want a revolver or pistol. That name stands for sterling quality in small firearms.

The Standard for 70 years. Adopted by United States Government.

“I Really Enjoy My Wife’s Little Dinners, Now”

And it’s all because we’ve got a dandy new range. Do you know—for the longest time I thought wife was losing the knack of her old-time good baking, when it was all the fault of an old worn-out range with loose bolts and open cracks that you could stick a knife into. No wonder wife had poor luck with everything she put in the oven. Because we were saving the price of a new range, we thought we were economizing—all a mistake, though—our new *Great Majestic* is easily earning its cost in the fuel-saving alone—and such baking and roasting!

You see, the *Majestic* is put together with rivets so that its joints and seams are practically air-tight—and they stay so forever. The body is lined with a *thick* sheet of *pure asbestos board*—placed behind an open grate so *you can see it*.

This combination is the sole secret of the wonderful improvement in my wife’s baking and roasting—since we purchased a

Great Majestic Malleable and Charcoal Iron Range

A Perfect Baker—Saves Half Fuel

Don’t Buy any Range Sight Unseen

Buying a range isn’t an every day transaction. To be absolutely sure of complete satisfaction—don’t buy from printed descriptions—see the *Great Majestic* (dealer in nearly every county in 40 states) compare it point for point with any other range. Then you can buy intelligently and be sure of a range that will last a lifetime.

Outwears Three Ordinary Ranges

It is the only range made of malleable iron and charcoal iron. Charcoal iron WON’T RUST LIKE STEEL—malleable iron can’t break.

All Copper Reservoir—Against Fire Box

The reservoir is *all copper* and heats through copper pocket, pressed from one piece, setting against fire box. Holds 15 gallons water. Just turn lever—frame and reservoir are instantly moved away from fire.

Greatest Improvement Ever Put In Any Range

—increasing strength and wear of a *Great Majestic* more than 300 per cent at a point where other ranges are weakest. *See it.*

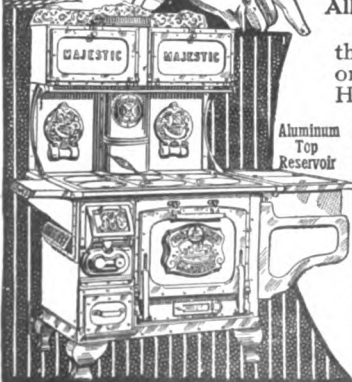
Open thermometer—accurate all the time. All doors drop down and form rigid shelves. Open end ash pan—ventilated ash pit—ash cup. Best range at any price.

For sale by dealers in nearly every county in 40 states. Any *Majestic* dealer can furnish any size or style *Majestic* Range with or without legs. Write for booklet, “Range Comparison.”

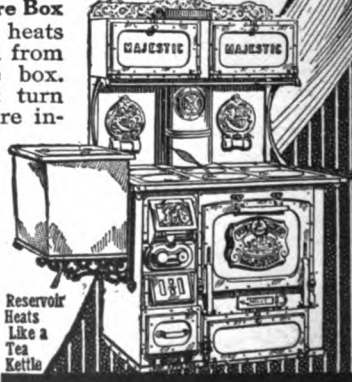
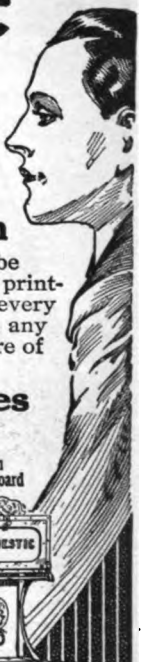
Majestic Manufact’g Co.
Dept. 157 St. Louis, Mo.



The Range with a Reputation



Aluminum Top Reservoir



Body Lined With Pure Asbestos Board

Reservoir Heats Like a Tea Kettle

It Should Be In Your Kitchen



CAT'S PAW CUSHION RUBBER HEELS

50c. attached
At all dealers

Comfort—Safety—Durability

These three features have made Cat's Paw Heels the popular choice of the public.

You will never really experience complete rubber heel satisfaction until you wear Cat's Paw Cushion Rubber Heels.

You stride along steady and sure. Every street pavement is like velvety turf. No fear of slipping on wet sidewalks, pavements, or shiny floors. No holes to track in mud and dirt.

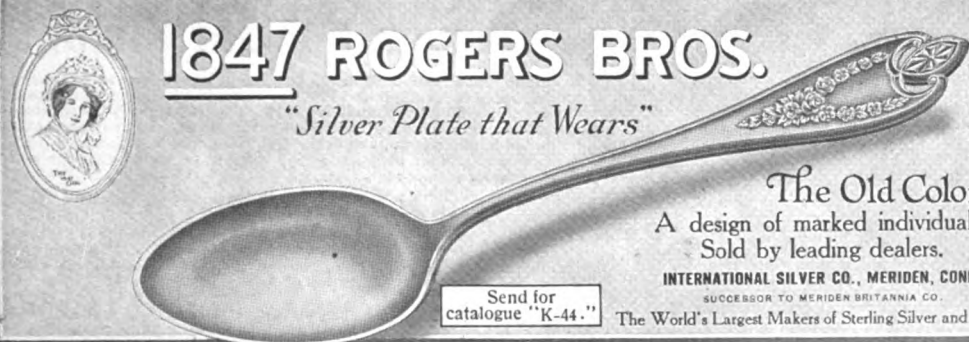
The Foster Friction Plug— in the back part of the heel—right where the wear comes—not only prevents slipping—but makes Cat's Paw Rubber Heels outwear the ordinary kind.

To the Retail Trade : It pays to give the public what they want. The majority want Cat's Paw Cushion Rubber Heels. Order of your jobber today.

FOSTER RUBBER CO., 105 Federal St., Boston, Mass.
Originators and patentees of the Foster Friction Plug, which prevents slipping.

They cost no more, and the name is easy to remember.

The Heel With Nine Lives

1847 ROGERS BROS.

"Silver Plate that Wears"

The Old Colony

A design of marked individuality.
Sold by leading dealers.

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO., MERIDEN, CONN.
SUCCESSOR TO MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.

Send for catalogue "K-44."

The World's Largest Makers of Sterling Silver and Plate.

In writing to advertisers please mention SUNSET, The Pacific Monthly



What is a Burglar?

A degenerate—a cowardly, sick-minded degenerate who prowls at night like a rat—in bedrooms of women and children—tense, cringing, always a deadly menace—deadly as a poisonous snake or a mad dog.

The weakest sentimentalist attempts no defense of the burglar—he is outside the law—to destroy him is a *stern duty to society*.



IVER JOHNSON Safety Automatic REVOLVER

Peculiarly the weapon for home defense, for it is accident-proof. You can "Hammer the Hammer." Because of its permanent-tension wire springs, it is absolutely dependable—can lie for years inactive with no loss of efficiency.

It is accurate, hard-hitting and smooth in action.



Send for Catalog A

\$6.00 at Hardware and Sporting Goods Stores

Iver Johnson's Arms & Cycle Works, 180 River St., Fitchburg, Mass.

New York, 99 Chambers Street

Phil. B. Bekeart Co., 717 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.



ARIZONA SPECIAL

"Arizona Special Plume"

Made in Phoenix, Arizona, the home of the ostrich feather industry of America. The cut opposite illustrates our Arizona special, a 30 inch plume, No. 173. Price \$12.00. A magnificent plume. Every feather is selected with greatest care, using the extra broad handsome flues of the white feathers of the male bird. The beautiful shape, the rich glossy wide fibre makes this the most wonderful value ever offered in

Ostrich Plumes

We carry the largest stock in the Southwest of willows, Byrocks, French curve, mounts, aigrettes, pom pons, boas and fans. Send for illustrated booklet and price-list and compare our prices. Mail orders solicited. Satisfaction or money refunded.

ARIZONA OSTRICH FARM, PHOENIX, ARIZONA

Bachelors' Friend TRADE MARK SOCKS

**Buy them if you want comfort
 as well as strength**

There is not much virtue in a sock that's just *strong*—you want style and foot comfort as well.

Bachelors' Friend socks are for men who are careful in their dress, who are particular as to fit and appearance and yet who would be sure of their

Money's Worth in Wear

They are sold at the same price as the usual guaranteed hose, but their wearability is acquired by the quality of yarns of which they are made and by careful reinforcing, rather than the use of cheap, hard-twisted yarns that are hard and uncomfortable to the foot.

Why buy any other kind when Bachelors' Friend are priced and guaranteed just the same as other guaranteed socks? Sizes 9's to 12's—guaranteed fast dyes—all leading colors.

Box of 2 pairs, guaranteed 2 months	} \$1.00
“ “ 3 “ “ 3 “	
“ “ 4 “ “ 4 “	

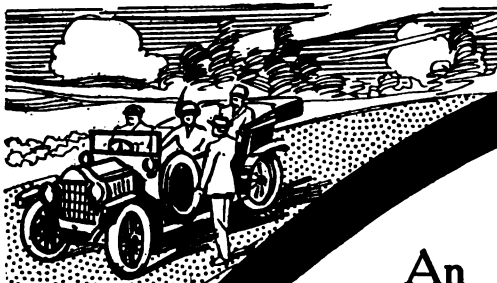
a box

SPECIAL—Lightest weight guaranteed *gauze* socks made—three pairs in a box, guaranteed 3 months, \$1.00.

If not at your dealer's, order direct, at the same time giving us your dealer's name and address so that we can arrange for your future wants.



**Jos. Black & Sons Co.
 York, Pa.**



An oil that maintains its uniform body in all temperatures and under all conditions, is one of the first requirements of the motorist.

ZEROLENE

The Standard Oil for Motor Cars

Fulfills this requirement exactly. It does not thin out in the sometimes intense heat of Arizona and Southern California; yet its low cold test keeps it from becoming heavy in the cooler climates of the Pacific Northwest.

ZEROLENE—The Carbon Proof Oil.

Sold by Dealers Everywhere.

Standard Oil Company
(CALIFORNIA)

San Francisco





After 12 Years This "Liquid Granite" Floor Is Still Bright and Lustrous

Pittsburgh, Pa., March 4, 1913.

"Some 12 years ago the writer put down in his residence a hardwood floor and in finishing it used Berry Brothers' Liquid Granite. Three years ago we decided to refinish. A solution of soap, ammonia and warm water was used to prepare the floor. We found the soap and water had no effect on the varnish except to clean and brighten it. And we are now using the floor with the original finish of Berry Brothers' Varnish and still find it superior to any finish we have ever seen." George Hodgdon, *Architect*.

An architect is one of the severest varnish critics. He insists on good varnish—not only in his home, but in the different buildings he erects for clients.

Knowing good varnish is a necessary part of the "know how" of his profession.

In the experience of George Hodgdon and thousands of other architects and users throughout the land, for thirty years Berry Brothers' Liquid Granite has been superior in durability, lustre and all-round finishing value.

But it is not alone as floor finishes that Berry Brothers' varnishes excel. They are used for hundreds of different purposes.

BERRY BROTHERS VARNISHES

55 years of honest making and honest service are back of every Berry Brothers' product. Berry Brothers' label is your guide to the varnish that will serve you best.

Our service department is also at your disposal to help you get the best varnish for your needs.

Here are four of our principal products: **Liquid Granite**—A floor varnish whose name suggests its wonderful durability.

Luxeberry Wood Finish—For the finest rubbed or polished finish on interior wood work.

Luxeberry White Enamel—For white interior finishing. A white enamel that stays white.

Luxeberry Spar Varnish—For marine uses and all kinds of exposed outdoor finishing. Never turns white, checks nor cracks.

Use and specify "Berry Brothers'" varnish—for sale by nearly all dealers. Write for interesting literature on the varnish question.

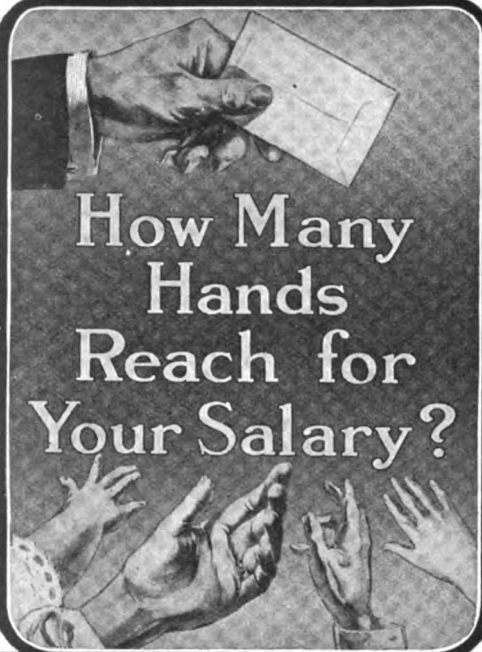
Berry Brothers

World's Largest Varnish Makers

(Incorporated)

Established 1858

Factories:—Detroit; Walkerville, Ont. Branches:—New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, San Francisco



How Many Hands Reach for Your Salary?

The hands at home are reaching for every man's salary.

You must advance to keep ahead of your needs, and the only way to advance is, to keep learning more and more about your work.

Thousands of men have risen to high-salaried positions through the aid of the International Correspondence Schools. You can do the same.

Mark the coupon opposite the occupation in which you want special training. Mail it to the International Correspondence Schools. They will send you full particulars.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
 Box 851, SCRANTON, PA.

Explain, without any obligation on my part, how I can qualify for the position before which I mark X.

Salesmanship Electrical Engineer Elec. Lighting Supt. Telephone Expert Architect Building Contractor Architectural Draftsman Structural Engineer Concrete Construction Mechan. Engineer Mechanical Draftsman Civil Engineer Mine Superintendent Stationary Engineer Plumbing & Steam Fitting Gas Engines	Civil Service Bookkeeping Stenography & Typewriting Window Trimming Show Card Writing Lettering and Sign Painting Advertising Commercial Illustrating Industrial Designing Commercial Law Automobile Running English Branches Poultry Farming Teacher Agriculture Chemist	Spanish French German
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Name _____
 Present Employer _____
 Street and No. _____
 City _____ State _____



Three generations

of the Vose family have made the art of manufacturing the Vose Piano their life-work. For 63 years they have developed their instruments with such honesty of construction and materials, and with such skill, that the Vose Piano of today is the ideal Home Piano.

Delivered in your home free of charge. Old instruments taken as partial payment in exchange. Time payments accepted. F.H.E.—Our handsome book of the Vose Pianos. Send for it.

VOSE & SONS PIANO CO.
 168 Boylston Street Boston, Mass.

VOSE

As Much and More than 1/2 Saved On Unredeemed Pledges Diamonds and Watches

Examine—If Satisfied, Pay—If Not, Return. We Ship, Privilege of Examination

Before buying a diamond or other jewelry let us prove by satisfied buyers the tremendous savings in our prices under dealers, mail order, retail or even wholesalers.

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Worthwhile Christmas Gifts

On Which We Accept A Deposit For Later Delivery.

No. 24699. 1-3/16, 1/32 kt. guaranteed genuine perfect cut blue-white diamond solitaire in ladies' regulation ring. Try to match it at \$250. With Guaranteed Loan \$110, **Unredeemed Price, based on loan, \$128.35**

No. 34793. 3/8-1/16, 1/64 kt. guaranteed weight genuine diamond solitaire; perfect cut blue white quality in gentleman's ring. Try to match it at \$65. **Unredeemed Price, hard to believe, but \$33.85**

No. 34964. Celebrated 21-jewel, Father Time grade Elgin railroad watch—fully adjusted. In genuine 20-year gold filled case. Prime new condition. Try to match it at \$40 to \$45. **Complete, \$16.90 Unredeemed Price.**

Money-Back Guarantee We pay expressage and run all risk of pleasing you in the examination. Your money back if any article should not be perfectly satisfactory to you, even though exactly as represented. This guarantee is backed by our \$750,000 capital. Sixty years in one location is proof of our reliability.

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 Smithfield Street 2410 DeRoy Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.
 References, by permission, Farmers' Deposit National Bank, Marine National Bank, Dun's, Bradstreet's

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Neither could you if you knew how good they were. Nothing more tempting and delicious could be imagined than an open box of

Lenox Chocolates

To look at them fairly makes your mouth water, but the proof is in the eating. Thick, rich chocolate, covering an extensive variety of delicious centres

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Try a box today at your druggist's or confectioner's. If he hasn't them, send us one dollar for handsome sample box of Lenox—assorted.



New England Confectionery Co.

Boston, Mass.

Makers of the famous line of Necco Sweets.



TO PREVENT Falling Hair

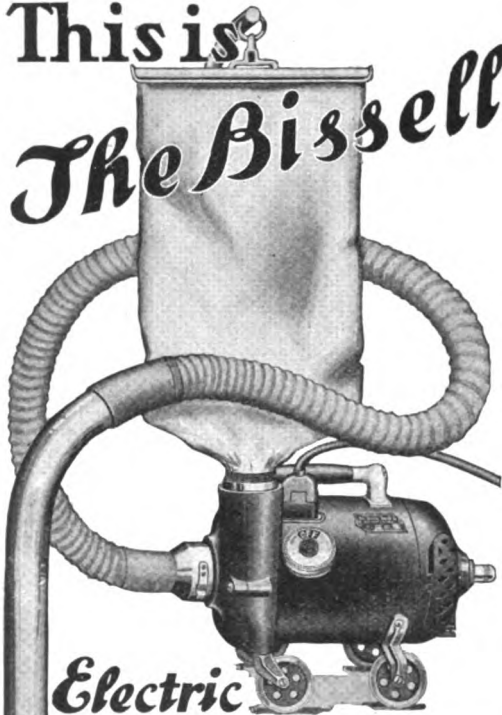


Use
CUTICURA
Soap and Ointment

DIRECTIONS: Make a parting and rub gently with Cuticura Ointment. Continue until whole scalp has been gone over. The next morning shampoo with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Shampoos alone may be used as often as agreeable, but once or twice a month is generally sufficient to remove dandruff, allay irritation and prevent thin, falling hair.

Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are sold throughout the world. Send post-card to nearest depot for free sample of each with 32-page book: Newbery, 27, Charterhouse Sq., London; R. Towns & Co., Sydney, N. S. W.; Lennox, Ltd., Cape Town; Muller, Maclean & Co., Calcutta and Bombay; Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Boston, U.S.A.
Men who shave and shampoo with Cuticura Soap will find it best for skin and scalp.

This is
The Bissell



Electric Suction Cleaner

It does its work just as well as \$500 to \$600 built-in suction cleaners, yet costs much less than any portable cleaner that even approaches its power, size and efficiency. It moves 80 cubic feet of air a minute at terrific speed, picking up everything from the finest dust atoms to ravelings, lint, big cuttings and heavy refuse that less efficient cleaners cannot lift.

It's the volume and speed of rushing air that count in gauging a cleaner's quality. The Bissell excels because it has the most powerful motor ever put in a portable suction cleaner of anything near its lightness. Its 1 1/2 inch hose has four times the suction space of the usual 3/4 inch hose. It has an 80 foot circle of operation from any lamp socket. Weighs only 33 lbs. Is easily carried up and down stairs by any woman.

You don't have to DRAG the Bissell. It runs lightly beside the operator on large, rubber-shod wheels without conscious effort. It's not like pushing a heavy motor on a stick.

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Write today. Ask about our Easy Payment Plan.

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For
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Made in fifteen grades; Light, Medium and Heavy Weights, of fine Wool and Worsted.

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We make a Special Feature of **ADJUSTABLE DRAWER BANDS** on
C G Natural Gray Worsted, light weight at **1.50**

A Natural Gray Australian Lamb's Wool, light weight at **1.75**

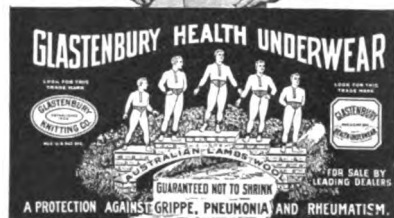
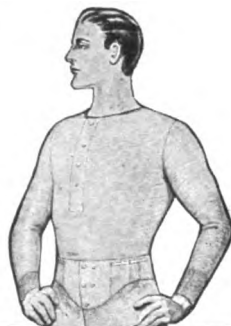
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Model 20, \$11.50

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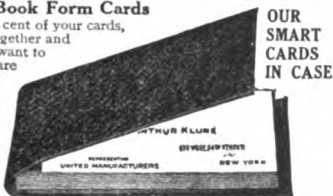
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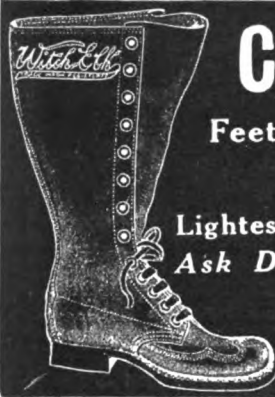
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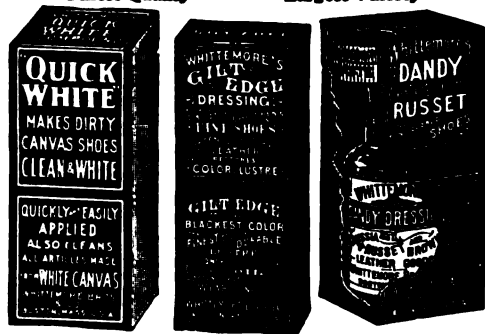
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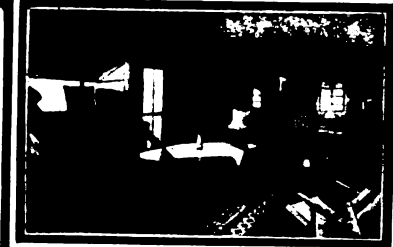
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Quartered Oak in any Standard Finish

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THE PACIFIC MONTHLY

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Fixing the price so that it will be the same to all people in all places at all times

It is this kind of "price-fixing" that America approves—for could there be any greater evidence of national approval than the tremendous patronage which the American people give those manufacturers that have exerted every effort to maintain one fair, uniform price on their products throughout the entire market? Name over a list of the most popular advertised articles, the kind that are guaranteed and that measure up to their guaranties, the kind that their buyers "swear by," and you will have named a list of articles on which this kind of "price-fixing" applies.

It is this kind of "price-fixing" that has *unmade* trusts because it guarantees equal rights and privileges to every dealer, to every consumer, and, in the very nature of things, to every competitor.

It is this kind of "price-fixing" that the Sherman Anti-Trust Law, if we may believe the words of its authors, was *expressly designed to foster and encourage*—a system of prices which should insure equal rights to all and special privileges to none.

And another name for this kind of "price-fixing," and a better name, is "*Price Maintenance.*"

Price *manipulation* is the chief weapon of the trusts.

Price *maintenance* is the most perfect remedy against the trusts.

For the merest child can understand that it is impossible to *maintain* prices and to *manipulate* them at the same time.

It is price manipulation, *not* "Price Maintenance," that has built up the trusts—cutting the price below cost in one place to starve out competitors, and robbing the people in another place to make up for the losses.

And "*Price Maintenance*" is the one real, operative remedy for this evil.

Written by R. O. Eastman—Reprinted from Collier's Weekly, issue of September 20, 1913.

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Engineer H. P. MAYBEE, Erie Railroad, has had years of satisfactory service from his Hamilton Watch.

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A watch so dependably accurate as the Hamilton leads its owner to form desirable habits of promptness and precision. Such a watch exerts a positive influence for good on the person who carries it.

It is a constant reminder of what honest effort, skillful labor and quality materials can accomplish.

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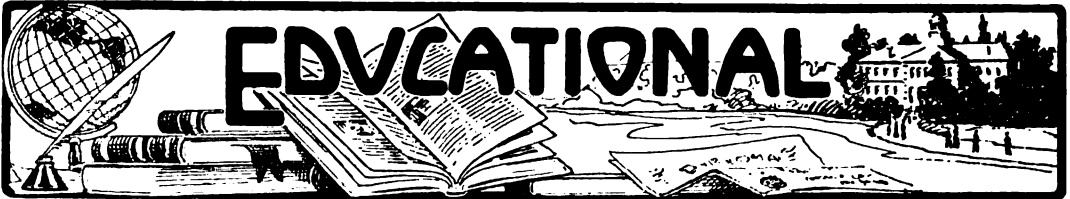
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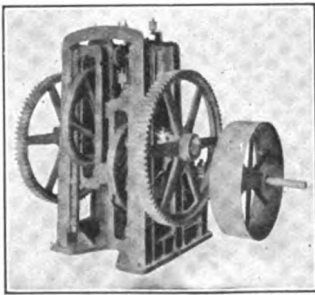
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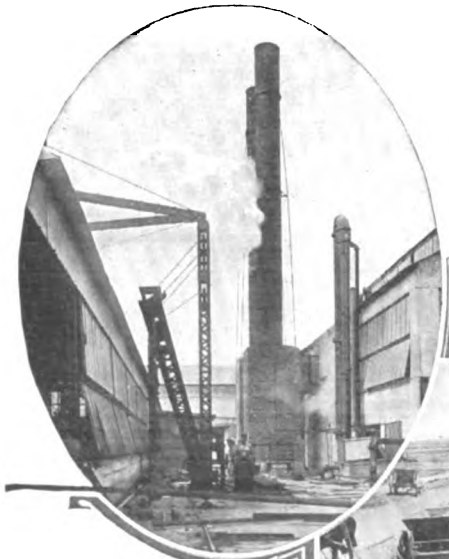
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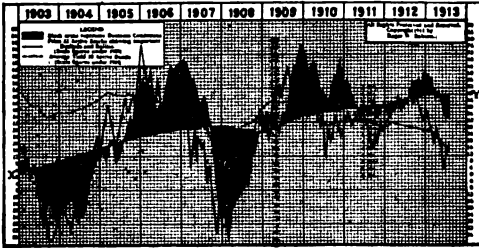


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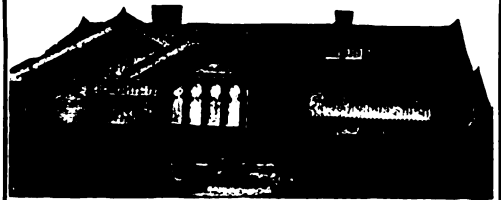
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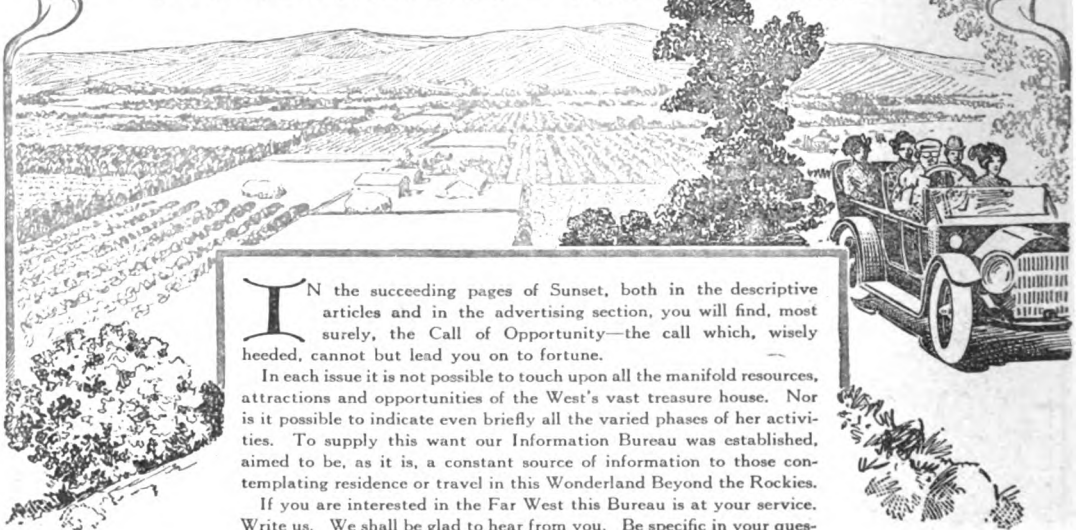
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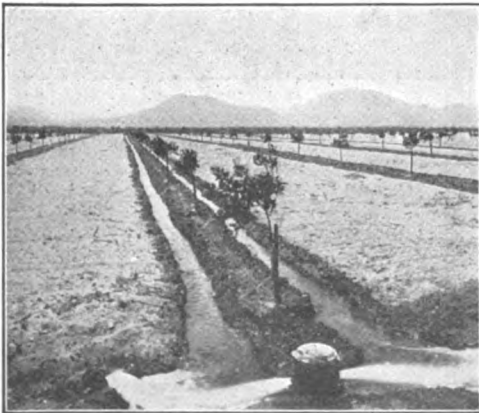
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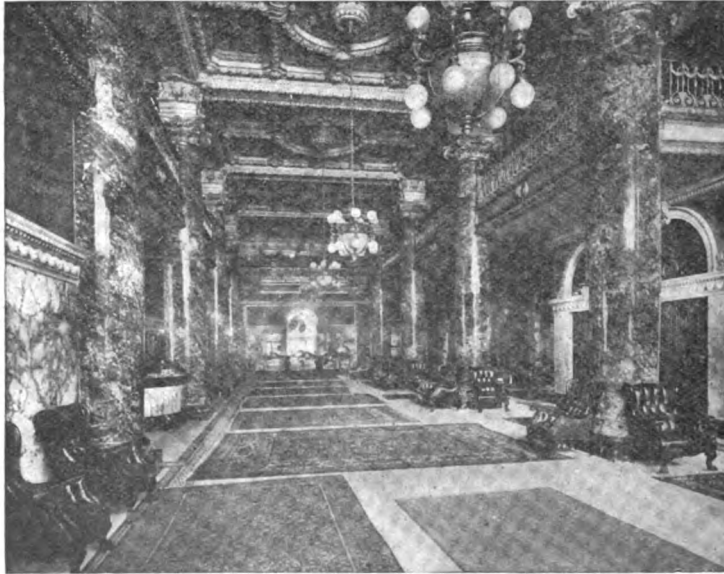
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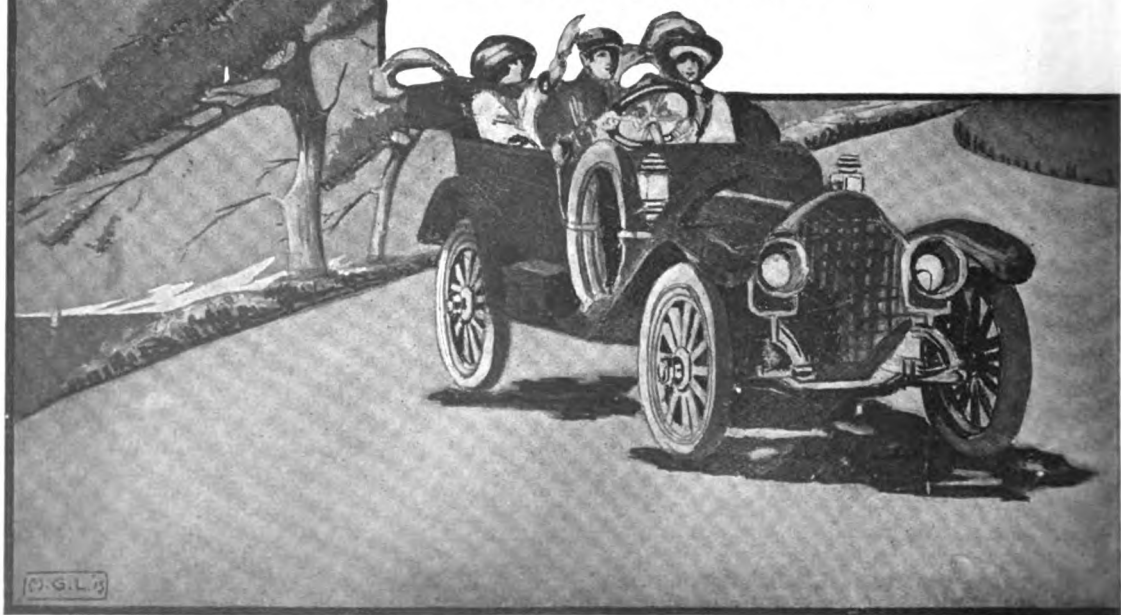
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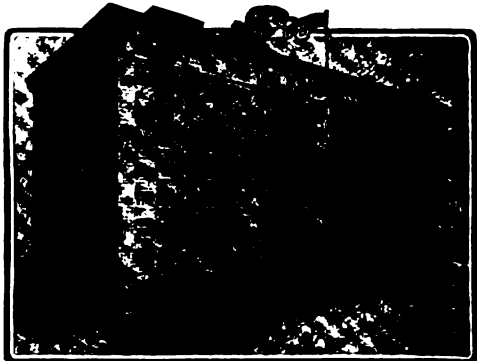


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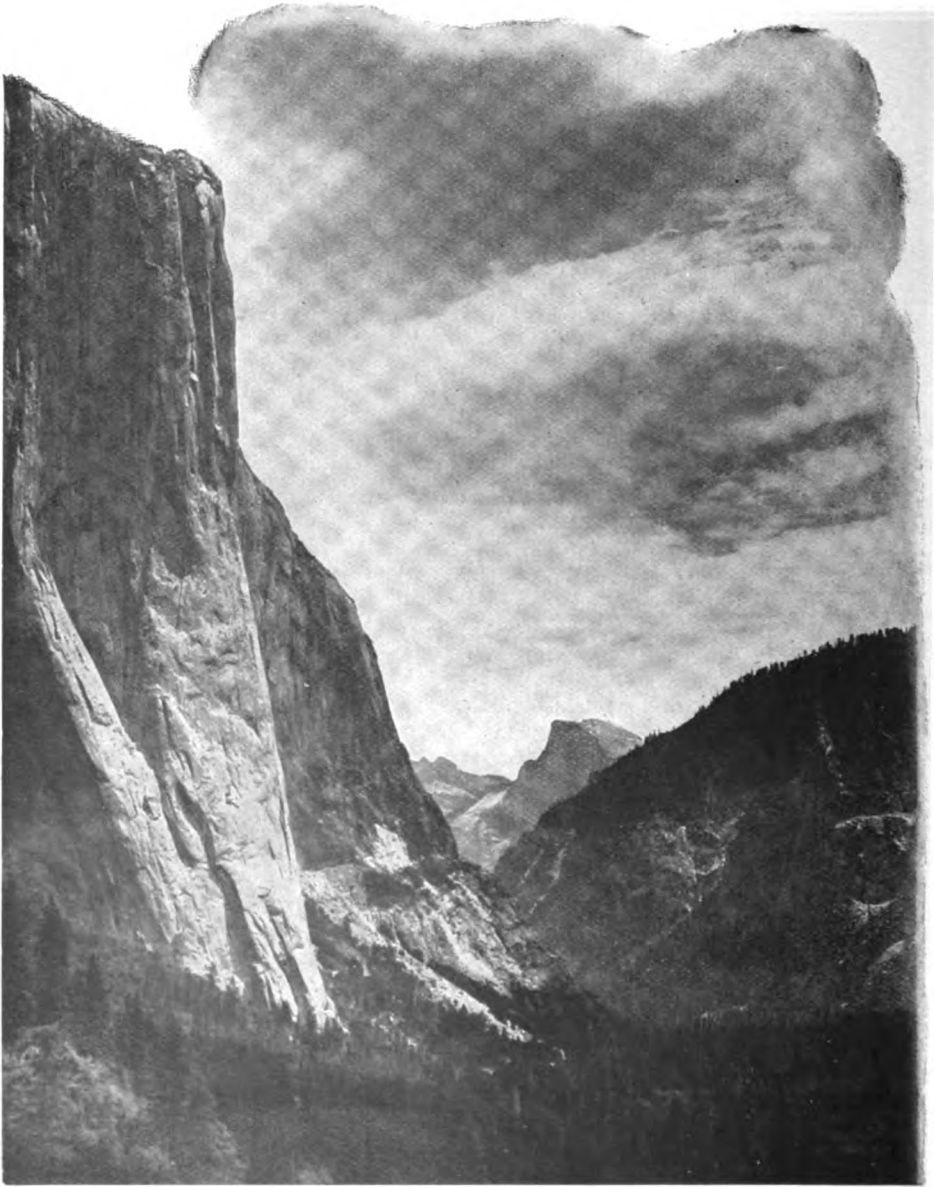
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We are willing to help you. Farming in California may be a bit different from that which you have been accustomed to. We will answer your questions. We are prepared to tell you about the amount of money required, the character of land, the cost of planting an orchard, the cost of orchard maintenance, gross receipts, net receipts, etc.

You are welcome to our special service for homeseekers and settlers. Simply drop a line to any of the undersigned organizations.

Sonoma County Development Association, Santa Rosa.
Santa Rosa Chamber of Commerce, Santa Rosa.
Petaluma Chamber of Commerce, Petaluma.
Sebastopol Chamber of Commerce, Sebastopol.
Cloverdale Chamber of Commerce, Cloverdale.

Sonoma Chamber of Commerce, Sonoma.
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SONOMA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA



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That line expresses what we have for you, Mr. Homeseeker, cheerfulness, happiness, plenty. And only a small acreage is necessary. Ten acres will make a comfortable living. Write today for booklet and further information.

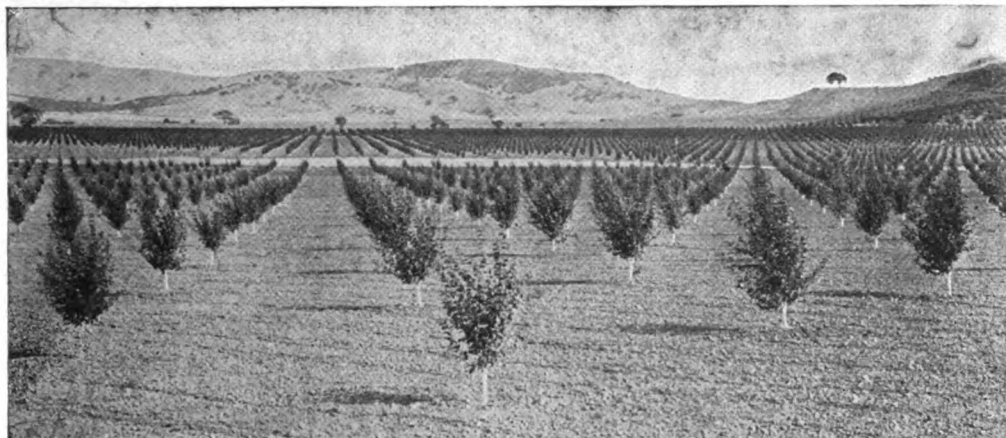
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The Contrast Here is Great

The contrast between Tulare County and other sections is even greater. The topographical formation of Tulare County gives her every climate from the semi-tropics to the rigorous north; her geological formation gives her many varieties of fertile soil; her vast watershed an excellent gravity and underground water supply; her geographical location a commanding position to local markets and her transportation facilities places her in touch with the markets of the world.

Here is the opportunity for the fruit grower, the farmer, the dairyman, the stockman, the homeseeker and the investor. For free illustrated literature and specific information write Department A—

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Solano County also has its delta lands, the fabulously rich section along the Sacramento River known throughout the country as the richest farm land in the United States.

Solano County is the home of many large industrial establishments which have come here to take advantage of the nearness to market and extremely favorable shipping rates.

Solano County's chief advantages are summed up in its rich lands, their adaptability to various crops, proximity to market and especially facilities for transportation.

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Send for it now. Address

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Tucson is the only important point on the main line of the Southern Pacific between Texas and California. The El Paso & Southwestern through its Rock Island connections places this city at the western end of its lines throughout the Middle West. The Southern Pacific of Mexico with more than 2000 miles of railroad passes through rich agricultural and mining districts and touches the west coast at two important seaports, Guaymas and Mazatlan. These railroads have developed large wholesale and jobbing business through southwestern and northern Mexico. Tucson's mills and factories do a large business on both sides of the international line.

World's Richest Copper Mining District

centers in Tucson. Which means a big demand for products of farms and stores. Large pay rolls from mines and railroads make business lines attractive.

Rich Agricultural Country

Tucson is surrounded by a rich agricultural country and great cattle ranges affording cheap feed and making the cattle business profitable and extensive. Thousands of acres of agricultural land are being reclaimed and farmed at handsome profits. Thousands of acres of government land still awaiting the homeseeker.

An Educational Center

Tucson is the educational center of the southwest. Here is located the University of Arizona and numerous private and denominational colleges and schools. Tucson is a wholesome home city with good schools, colleges, churches and attractive homes.

Do not fail to visit Tucson. Write for further information.

Secretary
Tucson
Chamber of
Commerce,
Tucson, Arizona.

**Tucson Chamber
of Commerce**

**Tucson
Arizona**

*Please send me
illustrated literature
and further information in
regard to Tucson:*

NAME

ADDRESS

.....
.....



Trinity

*Thrice Blessed Trinity
California's Treasure Storehouse*

Mining

Trinity County, in Northwestern California, is first in activity, extent and value of hydraulic mines in America. Vast deposits of gold, copper, cinnabar, asbestos, limestone, coal, iron.

Timber Wealth

Trinity County has billions of feet of untouched timber which will shortly provide a source of income surpassing that even of the mines. A great industrial awakening is not far away. With it will come abundant prosperity in the movement of this vast timber wealth.

Agriculture

Trinity County's agricultural wealth has only been hinted at. The agricultural possibilities have scarcely been scratched. Fruits, cereals, vegetables—any thing that can be grown in the Temperate Zone—thrive in the rich, almost untouched virgin soil of the county. Grazing, stock raising and hay raising are profitable resources.

The Prudent Homeseeker will give thorough heed to what Trinity County has to offer, before making a decision. This advantage is of significant value—*Trinity County land is cheap and values are sure to increase* as the population of the county increases.

Send for our new booklet. It will interest you from cover to cover.

**Clerk of the Board of Supervisors
Weaverville, California**



Profitable Farming

Profitable farming depends largely upon climate. In Monterey County, California, there is a most continuous growing season. One can plow and plant from November to April and market a crop almost any month in the year. The elements of successful production are soil, warmth and moisture. The Monterey County farmer has each of these elements at its very best.

Monterey County has a reputation for good apples, profitable sugar beets and finest of potatoes and the best paying of dairy herds. Forty acres of alfalfa, a small herd of good cows, a well and a pumping plant means a big paying industry. There are a lot of farmers in Monterey County who are making good money farming grain land, raising hogs and cattle.

The Pajaro Valley in the northern part of the county is a big apple district where an

apple orchard is as safe as a government bond as an investment but pays better dividends. Good apples and other fruits are also grown in the Carmel, the Jolon, Peachtree and other valleys in this county. The Salinas Valley is known for its Burbank potatoes. Here too almost every sort of farm crop can be grown successfully and profitably.

Then there is that other side of Monterey County, the side which interests nearly every one, the fact that *Monterey County* is one of the big playgrounds of California. The resort section of our county is famous for its climate. Monterey peninsula is known from one end of America to the other for its beauty. There is much of historical interest, much to see, much to hear and much to do. It is a place that would satisfy the most discriminating tourist.

Our county booklet tells you lots more about Monterey County. It was written to answer such inquiries as doubtless are arising in your own mind right now. You might as well send for it to-day. You'll do it before you move to California anyhow or else you'll miss one of the best parts of California. Address either of the undersigned organizations.

Monterey Chamber of Commerce.. Monterey
Pacific Grove Board of Trade.. Pacific Grove
Kings City Board of Trade Kings City

Fort Romie Grange..... Soledad
Greenfield Grange..... Greenfield
Monterey County Chamber of Commerce, Salinas

Monterey County

CALIFORNIA

Let Your Money Grow

There is no surer way of gaining a fortune. Give the fruit industry some thought. See how many fortunes have been made from paying orchards. A little time, patience and money will make one independent in a short while.

Apples are a staple crop in Tuolumne County. An apple orchard at full bearing is a safe investment. It will make any man rich.

TUOLUMNE COUNTY, CALIFORNIA

offers splendid inducements for fruit raising. Land is still reasonably priced. Delightful climate, healthful outdoor life, scenic attractions. Opportunities also for grain growing, stock raising, dairying and general farming.

For further information and booklet address

Clerk of the Board of Supervisors, Sonora, California



Antelope Valley

LOS ANGELES COUNTY
CALIFORNIA

Only Three Hours' Ride From the Metropolis of Southern California

One hundred and forty square miles of the finest of land now on the market. Many settlers are arriving to take advantage of cheap prices and splendid new openings. Few such opportunities left in Southern California. This is not a private land project. The Lancaster Chamber of Commerce is composed of citizens of the Antelope

Valley who are anxious to encourage energetic settlers to get a foothold in this delightful section.

Land suitable for alfalfa, dairying, hog raising, deciduous and citrus fruits. Good soil. Agreeable climate. Purest of water. Splendid roads.

We will gladly furnish full information and folder descriptive of this valley to all interested in obtaining a new home in a growing section. Address all letters to

IRVING E. DODGE, SECRETARY CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, LANCASTER, CALIFORNIA

What can you see in this Picture?

Doesn't look like much of anything to you, does it? Just a small shack with a pipe and water coming from the pipe. At the side of the shack is a pole. On the top of this pole is a "box." Do you know what the box contains? An electrical transformer and it tells a big story. It means that the pump in the shack is hitched to an electrical motor. The electrical energy is generated many miles distant. Nearby are also vast oil fields. Many of these pump houses contain distillate or crude oil engines. Almost every farm has its pumping plant.

This combination of cheap power and cheap power fuel and a pumping plant is the essence of success in agriculture and horticulture in the great interior valleys of California. It means *cheap water*. Cheap water means *great big paying crops*.



This picture was taken in Kern County. It is typical of the power pumping plants which are turning Kern acres into fine farms. Kern is making wonderful strides in population gain, wealth and value of products. You ought to know more about this splendid country. Write today for illustrated literature.

THE SECRETARY, KERN COUNTY BOARD OF TRADE
BAKERSFIELD
KERN COUNTY
CALIFORNIA



Why Dairying Pays in TILLAMOOK County, Oregon

The natural elements that enter into the success of the dairying industry of Tillamook are an excess of natural grasses, prolific and luxuriant growth of all root crops and grains, cool sea breezes from the Pacific Ocean, pure water from mountain streams that flow through the meadows and the never failing rainfall.

Mr. Dairyman, do you know that one and one-half acres of Tillamook County land will keep a cow without any effort on your part? Do you know that the average return per cow in Tillamook County is \$100 and that the average price per pound for butter fat is the highest paid in any section of the United States? Do you know that but one acre in one hundred in Tillamook County is in cultivation, that there are at present 9000 head of dairy cattle in the county and that the county will easily support 40,000 head? These things are worthy of consideration by any man interested in dairying and dairying is considered one of the most profitable of agricultural pursuits.

Tillamook County is destined to become one of the most popular summer resorts of the West. Certain in the near future to be among the greatest lumber manufacturing counties of the Pacific Northwest. Has fisheries that will always be a source of vast wealth.

USE THE COUPON

**Tillamook County Court
TILLAMOOK, OREGON**

I am interested in your county. Will you please send me your illustrated booklet at once.

Name

Address

YOU'RE going to miss a lot this winter unless you come to San Antonio the Beautiful.

Where else will you find new million-dollar Hotels, Polo, Golf, Tennis, Riding to Hounds, Country Club, Hunting and Fishing, mineral wells, natural hot baths, the second largest military post in America, dances, receptions and the gayest of refined society—a short run to the Gulf Coast and surf bathing—sea food of every variety fresh daily—and all in the midst of the glamour of the romance of old Spain—plazas,



parks, the picturesque Mexican Quarter—the historic Alamo and the ancient Missions of the Spanish Friars—185 miles of boulevard and roadway for automobiling—the finest in the country! Come and “bring the machine” like hundreds of others.

Write at once for the finest tourist book published—

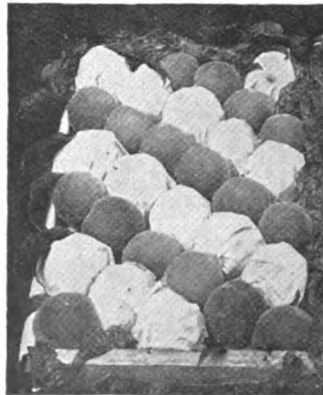
“San Antonio
The Beautiful”

(Edition de Luxe) — FREE

John B. Carrington 1 Chamber of Commerce
SAN ANTONIO TEXAS

Ashland Peaches

Known the World Over for Their Excellence



Fruit raising is the chief industry here but diversified interests include mining, lumbering, ranching, poultry raising. Ashland apples have won prizes at Spokane and Chicago apple shows. Ashland is the acknowledged climatic capital of Southern Oregon, a railway divisional point, gateway between Oregon and California. Population 6,500. Modern improvements. Fine schools. Mineral springs. Beautiful city park. Health, happiness, contentment. Send today for our booklet:

Secretary Commercial Club, Ashland, Oregon



Wouldn't Such a Stack of Sacks Make Any Farmer Smile!

Yet that is but an ordinary crop in the San Joaquin Delta country. The sacks contain red onions. Red onions are a paying crop in the wonderful delta lands. So are potatoes and beans and asparagus and celery. *San Joaquin County produces one-half the entire potato crop of California each year.*

Then there is the famous Lodi diversified fruit country, one of California's most intensively cultivated fruit sections. And the South San Joaquin Irrigation District, which is fast becoming one of California's best developed irrigated districts.

All in All, San Joaquin is California's Most Diversified County.

San Joaquin County has 270 miles of asphalt macadam highways; four through transcontinental railways; electrical power and railway service; telephones; rural mail; 400 miles of navigable waterways; fast river express boats; thriving cities with large manufacturing enterprises; live people; wealth-producing farms; and an ideal environment.

For illustrated literature and answers to your inquiries address either of the undersigned:

Secretary, Chamber of Commerce...Stockton Secretary, Manteca Board of Trade...Manteca
Secretary, Lodi Merchants Association...Lodi Secretary, Ripon Board of Trade.....Ripon
Secretary, Tracy Board of Trade, Tracy

San Joaquin County

CALIFORNIA

MADERA

is making great progress



Three years ago a soil survey was made of Madera County by government experts and the report which these experts made of their investigations is the following:

"A study of the agricultural development of this area shows that it is far behind practically every other section in the San Joaquin Valley, although as far as fertile soil is concerned no such difference exists. The lack of progress of Madera County is due primarily to one factor—the inability to secure an adequate supply of irrigation water which is necessary for the highest development of these lands."

If the government experts were to make another soil survey of Madera County this year that sentence would never appear in the government report. Since that report was made Madera has made great progress. Numerous individual holdings of land have been subdivided and vast subterranean water supplies have been tapped and cheap electrical power has been provided to aid in the development and distribution of water.

FIFTEEN HUNDRED FAMILIES MOVED TO MADERA COUNTY FARMS IN SIX MONTHS. HUNDREDS ARE COMING NOW.

Madera County

is the center of the San Joaquin Valley, the heart of California, the home of alfalfa, and there are no greater opportunities anywhere.

For further information and illustrated literature, address:

SECRETARY MADERA COUNTY
CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

Madera, California

Are You Interested in Poultry Raising?

Are you thinking of taking it up as a side line to fruit raising, truck gardening, dairying, general farming?

Do you know that poultry raising is most profitable where green feed can be raised all the year around, where there is plenty of sunshine and pure air, where the markets are close at hand?

Do you know that the Lodi section provides every favorable element for successful poultry raising?

Here is an item worth noting. The residents of Californian cities are the greatest consumers of poultry and poultry products in the world. They are accustomed to paying high prices for their eggs and poultry and demand only the best.

THE LODI COUNTRY

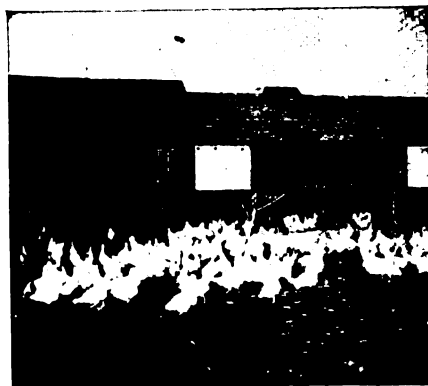
is California's most intensified, most diversified farming district. Ninety miles from San Francisco. Low transportation rates by rail and water. Abundance of water for irrigation. Equable delightful climate and many opportunities for fruit and nut raising, berry raising, alfalfa growing, garden truck, dairying, etc.

Write for our illustrated booklet

Secretary Lodi Merchants Association

LODI

CALIFORNIA



You may eat oranges this month which were grown in Sacramento County. The Sacramento County citrus fruits are now ready for the market. They are always on the market ahead of the fruit from other sections. Damage from frost has no terrors for the Sacramento Valley orange grower. He knows that his crop is safely on the market before the winter months set in. Sacramento oranges are unexcelled for flavor, size and keeping qualities.



Why is Wheat Farming Unpopular in California?

Because it has long since been demonstrated that far more valuable crops can be obtained from California soil. Where pears, peaches, cherries, prunes, plums, hops, oranges, walnuts, almonds, raisins, table grapes, rice, wine grapes, olives, figs, alfalfa and other such crops which mean high prices, can be grown successfully the land becomes far too valuable for grain growing. Especially is this true in California where the high-priced farm products reach a perfection that makes certain top-notch prices. And always there is a good market for such products.

It is to your interest to send for the booklet descriptive of Sacramento County. Address

IMMIGRATION COMMITTEE, BOARD OF SUPERVISORS, SACRAMENTO
Sacramento County, California



BEAUMONT A CALIFORNIA Apple Home

*Where
Big Red
Apples
Grow*

Proven by sixty years' experience. We come today before the world, offering large tracts of new land, heretofore impracticable for horticulture because water had not been developed, at reasonable prices and with proven market.

Within 3 Hours' Ride from Los Angeles

Our valley has not known crop failure for a quarter of a century; everything grows; soil and water are of the best; never too hot nor too cold.

In the Heart of Southern California

Write today for Free Full Information

W. L. PERCY, SECRETARY

Beaumont Board of Trade
Beaumont, California

Population Doubled In Ten Years

That is the record in Jackson county during the decade from 1900 to 1910. It is a safe prediction that the same thing will happen before the next census is taken.

Up until the time the first commercial apple and pear orchards were planted in the Rogue River Valley, there was no appreciable gain in population. After those first plantings came into bearing people began to come into Jackson county in droves. They have been laying out homes and orchards and farms since.

And yet notwithstanding the big gain in the last decade there are still less than four people to the square mile in this county. That ought to show that there is a great opportunity for many thousands here yet.

JACKSON COUNTY

produces the finest apples, pears, peaches and strawberries in the whole world. Apples and pears from this county have gained international reputation. Look up the championships awarded at all the big apple and pear shows. Jackson county heads the list.

The average farm value per acre, cultivated and uncultivated, as given by the U. S. census in this county is \$90.60 per acre. That ought to tell you that the land is very rich and very productive, for farm values are governed by the productivity of the land. The resources are as yet scarcely touched.

Send for our booklet. It will tell you much about our county. It's most solid reading, a compilation of facts that are worth while.

**Jackson County Court
Jacksonville, Oregon**



**There Are Wonderful
Money-Making Possibilities in**

Fresno County

CALIFORNIA

Just an example of what has *really been accomplished*. This is not a theory of what might be accomplished but the actual experience of one grower. It shows what can be done in Fresno County, the district so ideally fitted by climate and soil for the production of figs.

*Read what one man accomplished
(From Reedley Ledger, Reedley, California).*

HARVESTS \$1050 FROM 2 ACRES OF FIGS

Five years ago Y. Wake purchased of Fresno parties forty acres of the old Purington ranch, situated one and one-half miles northeast of Reedley, at a price of \$80 per acre, says the Reedley Ledger. Adjoining the home site on the place were two acres set out to White Adriatic figs, then in bearing, having been set out several years previous. The trees, however, had received scant attention until Wake took charge of the tract, but since he took possession he has given them proper care and cultivation.

The fruits of his toil are a striking example of the big returns that can be made from fruit culture in this district where proper methods are employed. His labor in the care of his fruit trees was painstaking and not of the haphazard kind but that he was well repaid is shown in the handsome receipts from the harvest of this season. Fifteen tons of the figs produced on the two acres were sold to the wholesalers at \$70 per ton, or a total of \$1050 and Wake would not sell those two acres today for \$2500, whereas five years ago he paid but \$3200 for his entire forty-acre tract.

The balance of the parcel, thirty-eight acres, were set out to vines and the owner intends rooting up a portion of them from time to time in order to plant more fig trees of the White Adriatic variety which thrives exceedingly well and bears prolifically in the Reedley district, a district fast becoming known throughout the country as the very choicest in the state for culture of the highest grade of figs grown in the world.

It is an industry just in its infancy and with a future unsurpassed, for limited indeed is the territory suited to the production of figs for commercial purposes.

Other Opportunities in Plenty

And this is just one of the possibilities. There are scores, even hundreds, of others in this marvelous section. Fresno County abounds in more possibilities than any other district of similar size in the *entire world*.

Do you want to become independent? Then you want to know more about Fresno County, the center of the San Joaquin Valley, the center of the state, the county that has such wonderful variety to offer you.



For further information write to any of the following:

Fresno County Chamber of Commerce, Fresno, Cal.	Clovis Chamber of Commerce..... Clovis, Cal.
Sanger Chamber of Commerce..... Sanger, Cal.	Reedley Chamber of Commerce..... Reedley, Cal.
Coalinga Chamber of Commerce.... Coalinga, Cal.	Kingsburg Chamber of Commerce... Kingsburg, Cal.
Selma Chamber of Commerce..... Selma, Cal.	Fowler Chamber of Commerce..... Fowler, Cal.
Parlier Chamber of Commerce..... Parlier, Cal.	

In writing to advertisers please mention SUNSET, The Pacific Monthly

In the Heart of "The Land Where Life is Large"
OACO ORCHARDS

A perfect orchard subdivided into ten and twenty acre tracts, scientifically planted, cultivated and cared for by experts. Now in its third and fourth year. Trees will begin to bear at sixth year.

Corvallis—Home of Oregon Agricultural College
Oaco Orchards—Oregon's Perfect Apple Tract
Eugene—Home of Oregon State University

Oaco Orchards are located in Benton, the Blue Ribbon County of Oregon, about midway between the two university cities, on the Portland, Eugene and Eastern Electric Railroad. This magnificent orchard tract is commanding the respect and admiration of orchardists everywhere. The directorate invites investigation, and urges buyers to visit the property.

An Opportunity for a Splendid Income-Bearing Country Home

Send for our booklet "The Investment Value of An Apple Orchard" or better still, come to Corvallis and see this tract now.

OREGON APPLE COMPANY
 Box 4, B. W. JOHNSON, Manager, Corvallis, Oregon

Your Home in San Diego's Choicest District

Majestic Point Loma
Tribute of John S. McGroarty

McGroarty, master of descriptive English, says of Point Loma: "A magnificent headland, shouldering its way far out into the shining ocean, glowing in the sun, and soft and mystic with shadow under moon and stars. It lies against the Harbor of the Sun like a mighty barrier, inviting the haven-seeking ships to its shelter. When Cabrillo saw it and later when it rose upon the vision of the galleons of Viscaino, it was heavily wooded. Now it is a place of ever increasing gardens, wonderful with roses and the name of flowers of every hue. On its extreme point is a modern lighthouse watching ceaselessly over the mariner, a fortress clings to its slope, and one of the big wireless telegraph stations of the world lifts its mystic fingers to catch the message of the air. It is easily reached by a trolley system and a boulevard that might have been built by Caesar, so perfect is its construction."

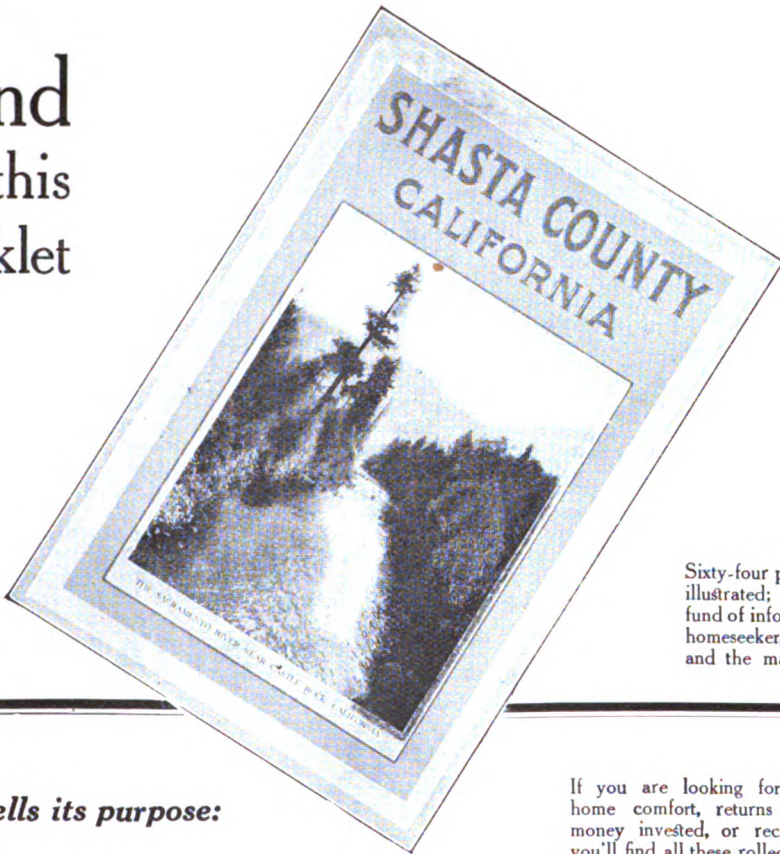
HERE'S only one Point Loma and it's the choicest residential spot of all the land. Standing as the majestic guardian of San Diego and her grand harbor, overlooking views that are unsurpassed in all the world, Point Loma offers to mankind a home, and with that home an all-the-time climate that varies at noonday not more than ten degrees throughout the year.

In this earthly paradise is to be found health and happiness. And yet it is not alone the haven of the rich. On Point Loma you may purchase fine building sites, 50 x 140, from \$850 up. Values however are advancing rapidly as more and more people are finding in this wonderful district their ideal home place. Investments here have proven exceedingly profitable and will in future days prove even more so.

Full details concerning San Diego and Point Loma in a profusely illustrated booklet are yours for a post card. Write

D. C. COLLIER & CO.
 1141 Broadway San Diego, Calif.

Send
for this
Booklet



Sixty-four pages beautifully illustrated; contains a vast fund of information for the homeseeker, the investor and the manufacturer.

This tells its purpose:

C A L I F O R N I A L A N D S F O R W E A L T H

A Region of Great Diversity

Opportunities are measured by comparative conditions. If soil, water and climatic conditions are equal, and transportation and market accessible, then to the orchardist, the horticulturist and agriculturist it becomes a matter of comparative soil values, associated with the price of land.

To the manufacturer, a comparison of the quality, cost and supply of raw material; the cost of power and fuel; transportation facilities and accessibility to market are the elements that appeal.

The mine operators seek ore deposits, under proper geological and mineralogical conditions to assure permanency.

The lumberman compares quality, quantity, variety and accessibility of timber—as well as market—when he contemplates investment.

To state conditions as they exist, and as the inquiring mind will find them is the purpose of this publication, issued under the authority of the Board of Supervisors of Shasta County. It is desirable that the State, the Coast, and the country develop in harmony, and that Shasta County with her diversified opportunities—pomological, horticultural, agricultural, mining and industrial—will not unnecessarily lag behind in the great strides of development now apparent in the states bordering the Pacific. This booklet is primarily an invitation to the homeseeker and investment seeker, to investigate the natural resources and vast undeveloped opportunities of Shasta County, and it is our purpose to present an authentic account of what has been accomplished in the past and what we believe the future gives promise of having in store for us.

If you are looking for climate, home comfort, returns on your money invested, or recreation—you'll find all these rolled into one in this county. Here we have all that combines to make a prosperous, law-abiding, contented community.

Address either of the undersigned:

**REDDING CHAMBER
OF COMMERCE**
Redding, California

**ANDERSON CHAMBER
OF COMMERCE**
Anderson, California
or, **CLERK OF THE
BOARD OF
SUPERVISORS**
Redding, California

In writing to advertisers please mention SUNSET, The Pacific Monthly

INVESTIGATE BRITISH COLUMBIA

Time means everything, yet how few realize that the time to make that intended move or investment, is NOW, and thus reap the benefit of the development and natural growth of the country. Study your conditions—your future prospects, and just what a move into a new country will mean to you. In British Columbia now are thousands of people who faced this exact situation before you. They pioneered it—took the hardships as they came, and today are reaping the benefit—comfortably situated on land that has multiplied a hundred fold.

As an investment proposition, there is no place on the American continent today, where you stand to win, through growth and development alone, as in British Columbia. State whether you wish an investment in new townsites, city property, or land.

To the man wanting a home in British Columbia, I say, decide definitely to share in British Columbia's natural wealth, then write me fully regarding your requirements as you see them—whether you desire to follow general farming, stock raising, dairying, fruit growing, truck gardening or poultry raising. Tell me how much land you think you will require, along with what lines you have had experience, the amount of money you can invest, and together let us see if we can place you where prosperity will be assured. Complete your arrangements this winter, so that the spring may find you located in your new field. Such a move should not be made hastily—it should be given careful thought.

My offer will bring many responses. There are satisfied settlers in all parts of British Columbia and investors in every State in the Union, in China, Japan, New Zealand, Australia, Mexico, South American countries, and many in England, who have been placed in touch with "their opportunity" through my office. Now what can I do for you? Enclose ten cents for postage.

W. F. COLEMAN

CANADIAN MANAGER SUNSET

730 ROGERS BUILDING

VANCOUVER, B. C.

P. S. I have just learned today of some exceptionally good openings in two or three young growing towns in Central British Columbia. My information is authentic. Ask for it.

Mr. Homeseeker

WE have something intensely interesting to tell you. Something that vitally affects your future. We want to tell you about a proposition that will ensure you a steady income year in and year out with a "net profit" at the end. We want to tell you about exceptionally rich, productive soil under a superior system of irrigation. About a climate that is "just right" as regards cold, heat and sunshine. About the success that others are making. In fact we want to tell you all about

"RICHLANDS"

or beautiful orchard land in the Okanagan District in Southern British Columbia. The district that produces the "world's best" when it comes to apples. Small fruits and general farming intensively followed are just as remunerative.

Do you want to know about this almost ideal place to live and work? Your name on the coupon will bring fullest information.

Kindly send me full information on Richlands fruit orchards.

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

North American Securities, Limited

Capital Paid Up \$1,330,000

VANCOUVER, B. C., CANADA

"Reliable Agents Wanted—Liberal Commission"

8% Mortgage Investments

For the past few months this Corporation has offered "SUNSET" readers some attractive real estate investments with very gratifying results. At the same time we have drawn attention to mortgage securities on improved Vancouver Real Estate and from the large number of enquiries that have resulted we are convinced that a great many investors in the United States and Canada are looking for just this class of security, and we have therefore decided to feature our Mortgage plan in this issue.

The investments we offer are backed by over a quarter of a century's experience in the investment field of Western Canada, during which time this Corporation has built up a reputation through its sound conservative business methods that has given it a position in Western Canada financial circles second to none.

Our Mortgages are based on improved Vancouver City real estate yielding 8% on residential property and 6% to 7% on down town business Blocks, extending over a term of three years with interest payable in quarterly installments. A careful inspection of every property submitted for loan is made and only 50% of our valuation is loaned. We also require that the property shall produce an annual net revenue equal to double the interest on the Mortgage and that Fire Insurance for at least the amount of the Mortgage shall be carried, with loss payable to the investor in case of fire. In addition to this our Attorneys pass on each title, and only where their report shows it to be perfectly clear of any encumbrance is a Mortgage granted, and it is then registered as a first charge against the property in the Government Land Registry Office.

Our investments will therefore stand the most rigid investigation and you will find them as sound as any investment you may be offered; at the same time yielding a higher rate of interest.

If you are interested in getting a larger return on your Capital than you at present receive with absolute security we shall be pleased to have you write us and any further information you desire will be cheerfully given.

We can transfer Mortgages to clients in sums of \$1,000 up to any amount you may wish to invest.

OUR OFFER

8% **With Absolute Security** **8%**
Interest in Quarterly Instalments

Our Bankers are the Canadian Bank of Commerce; also Dunns or Bradstreets will give you our standing.

Yorkshire Guarantee & Securities Corporation, Ltd.

R. Kerr Houlgate, Manager

440 SEYMOUR STREET

VANCOUVER, CANADA

How VICTORIA Solves



B RITISH COLUMBIA is today doubtless the most rapidly developing region of virgin lands, forests, mineral deposits and fisheries in the world, and Victoria, its beautiful capital city, has been for the last two years Canada's most rapidly growing commercial centre.

Victoria has increased in population and volume of business more than 50 per cent in the last two years. Its population grew from 31,620 in 1911 to more than 63,000 in 1913. No other large city in Canada experienced a growth in the same brief period at once so amazingly rapid and significantly substantial.

Real estate values and the earning power of property increased and are steadily increasing coincidentally with the growth of population and business activity.

As fields for highly productive and secure investment, Victoria, Vancouver Island, and in fact all Western British Columbia, afford a multitude of opportunities unrivaled in older or less richly endowed localities.

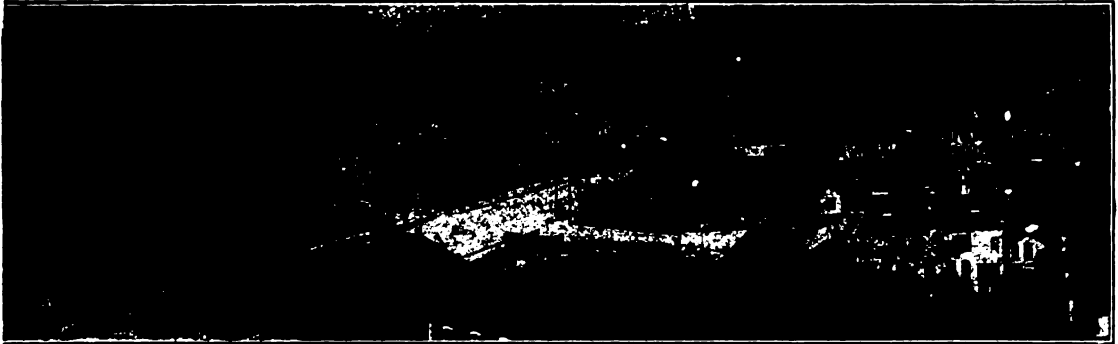
In the midst of the consequent real estate activity, the substantial and conservative people of Victoria found the analyzing and judging of offered investments, lands and securities a difficult and potent problem.

This situation resulted in the final recognition of the Victoria Securities, Limited, a solid financial and most efficiently organized and officered corporation, as the ideal establishment to investigate, analyze and approve or reject offered securities or investments involving properties of any kind anywhere in British Columbia.

Victoria Securities, Limited, combines in its large establishment, the solidarity and conservatism characteristic of leading British investment concerns, with the most thorough and systematic departmental organization and equipment maintained by up-to-date investment corporations on this continent.

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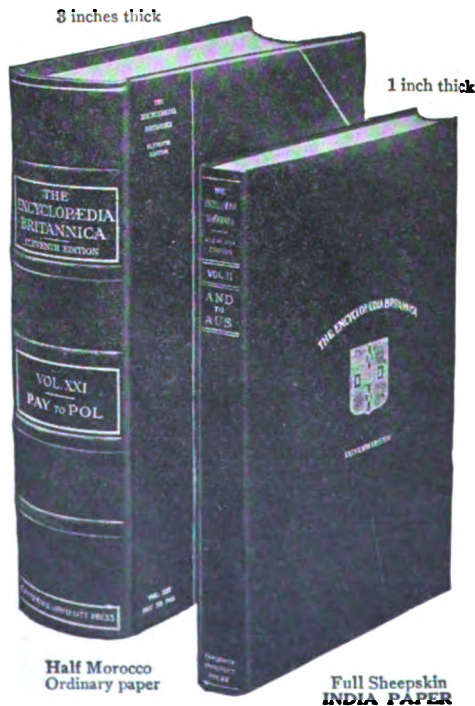
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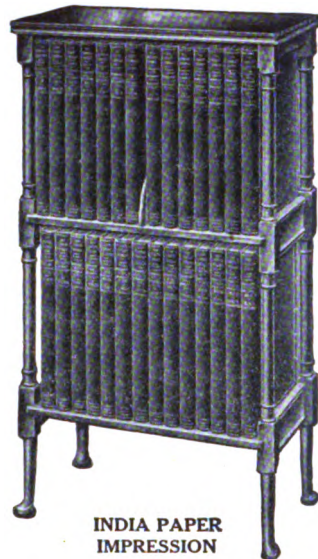
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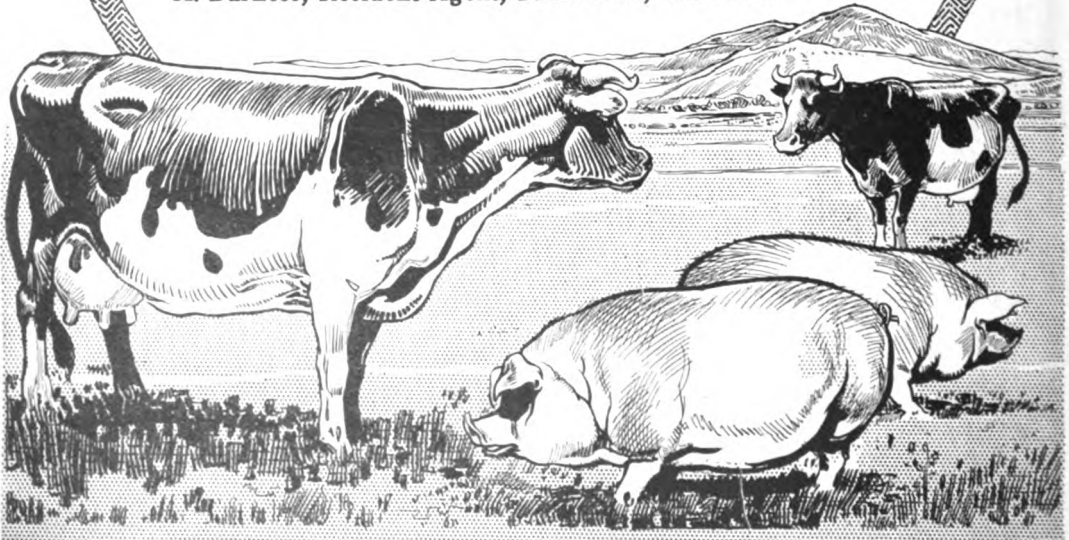
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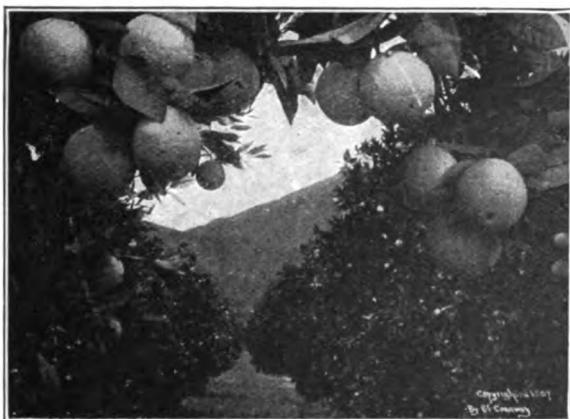
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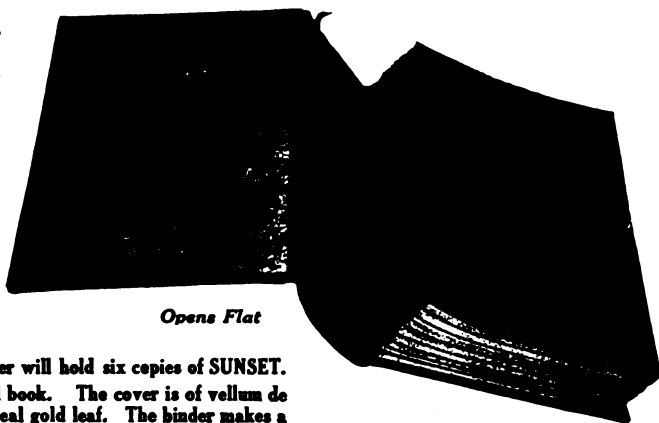
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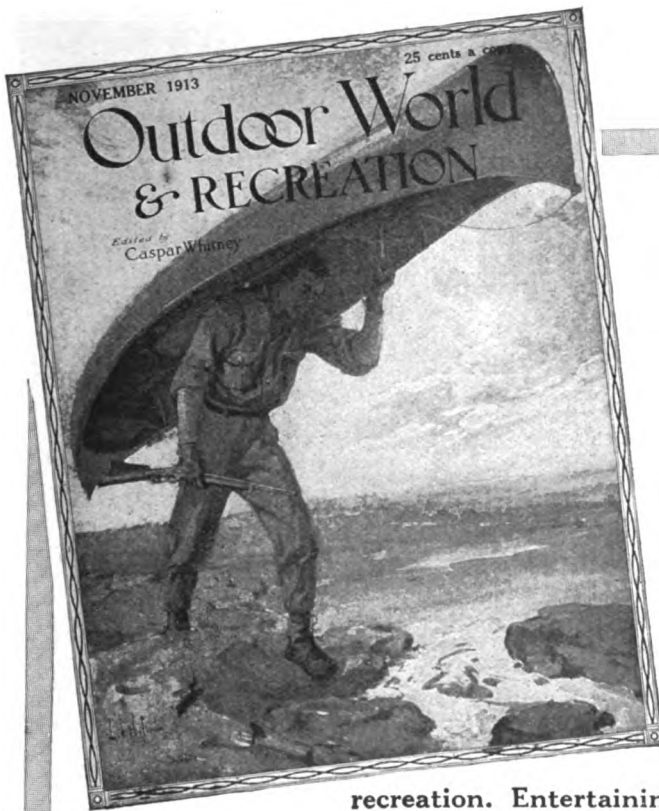
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VOLUME 31 NOVEMBER, 1913 NUMBER 5

SUNSET

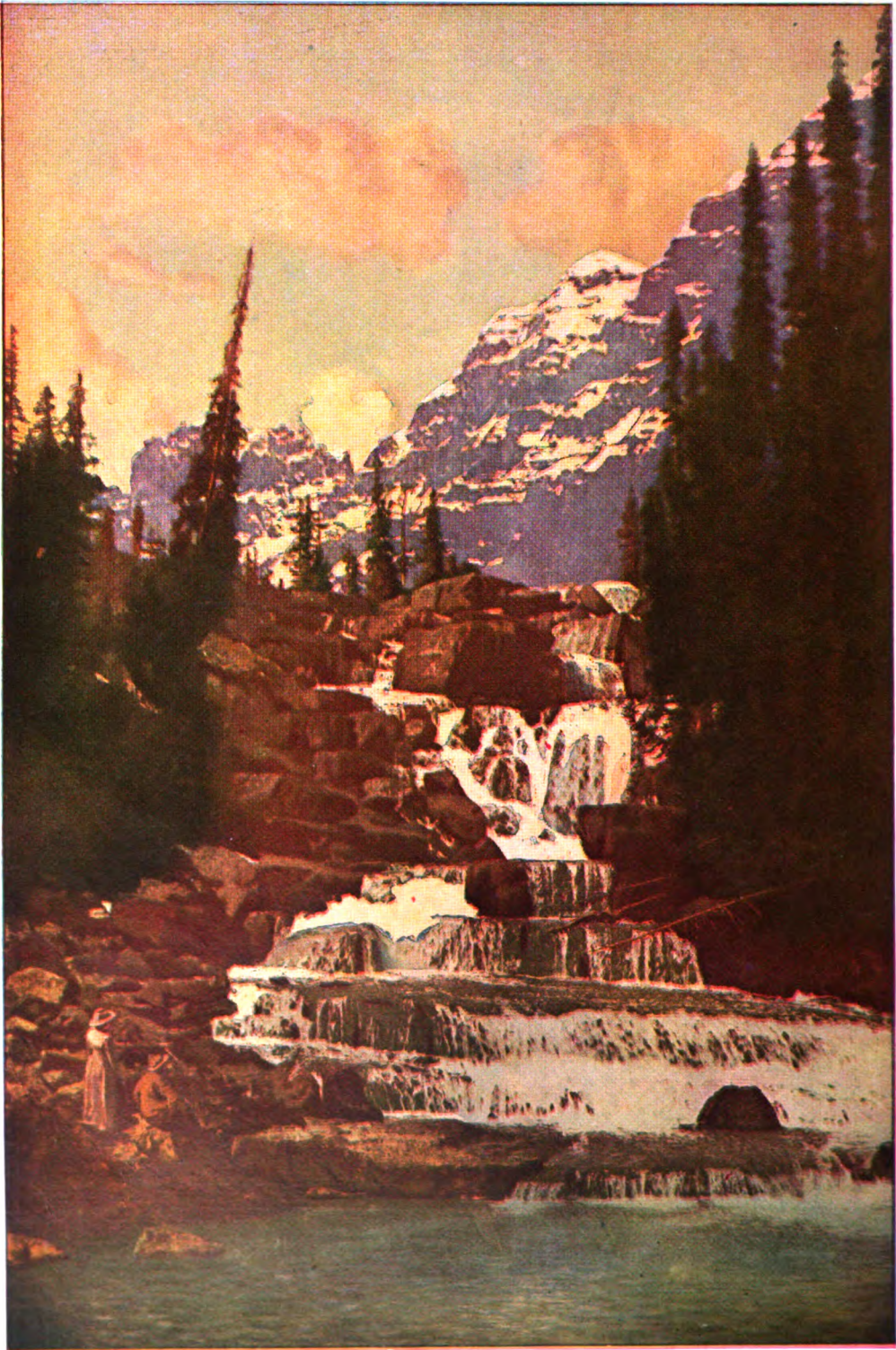
THE PACIFIC MONTHLY

They're off! E. Alexander Powell, F. R. G. S., and the SUNSET Car! Mr. Powell has traveled all over the world, using all sorts of conveyances from the ships of the sea and of the desert to the automobile of the Corniche Road beside the Mediterranean. This is his latest experience as a wayfarer on the seven seas and the coasts thereof and the dry land that lieth between and beyond them. The trip is certain to be, in many ways, as interesting a journey as he has yet made, at least by automobile, for every year that form of transportation is made possible for more of us. Camels may never enter our lives but automobiles seem bound to, sooner or later. Thus we shall read with a delightful sense of impending emulation "the Log of the SUNSET Car." It is SUNSET'S own car that is making the trip, and Mr. Powell is one of the most popular writers for the Magazine. He begins his trip at the Mexican line near San Diego and he is determined to end it on the Alaskan border beyond Hazelton, in British Columbia. If he succeeds he will have accomplished what has not yet been done, we believe—to cross British Columbia on one's own wheels and under one's own power. So the cruise of the SUNSET car is bound to be one of varied adventure, beginning under soft blue skies, among the flower-scented arches of the California Missions and ending amid the primeval wilderness of the Country of Tomorrow. Illustrated in colors.

A Wonder-City is being built in San Francisco for the nation's festival in 1915—not entirely in architects' offices but actually upon the beach first touched by the tide from the Pacific as it pours through the Golden Gate. Pictures of the progress of the Panama-Pacific Exposition, some of them in colors, including a reproduction of a painting by the famous Jules Guerin, Director of Color of the Exposition, are a feature of the December issue.

A Christmas Story-book! Sydney Paternoster recounts an "Adventure of Anastasius," Peter B. Kyne, like a literary Santa Claus, draws forth one of the best in his pack, Edith Ronald Mirrielees appears with a sympathetic story "Homestead," postponed a month in order to make room in November for one more short Billy Fortune story before beginning, in December, W. R. Lighton's splendid story of the Wyoming ranches, "The Man Who Won."

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THE GIANTS' STEPS

British Columbia is mountainous, ravined, with many impassable chasms and high-impenetrable forests. Its plateaus are eroded by lake and river into gorges of stupendous beauty. Its mountains rise to a height of nearly two miles above the bed of its swirling angry rivers, and mighty forests upon distant slopes look soft as velvet

CHOPPING A PATH TO TOMORROW

By E. ALEXANDER POWELL, F. R. G. S.

Author of: Gentlemen Rovers; The Land of Magic Names

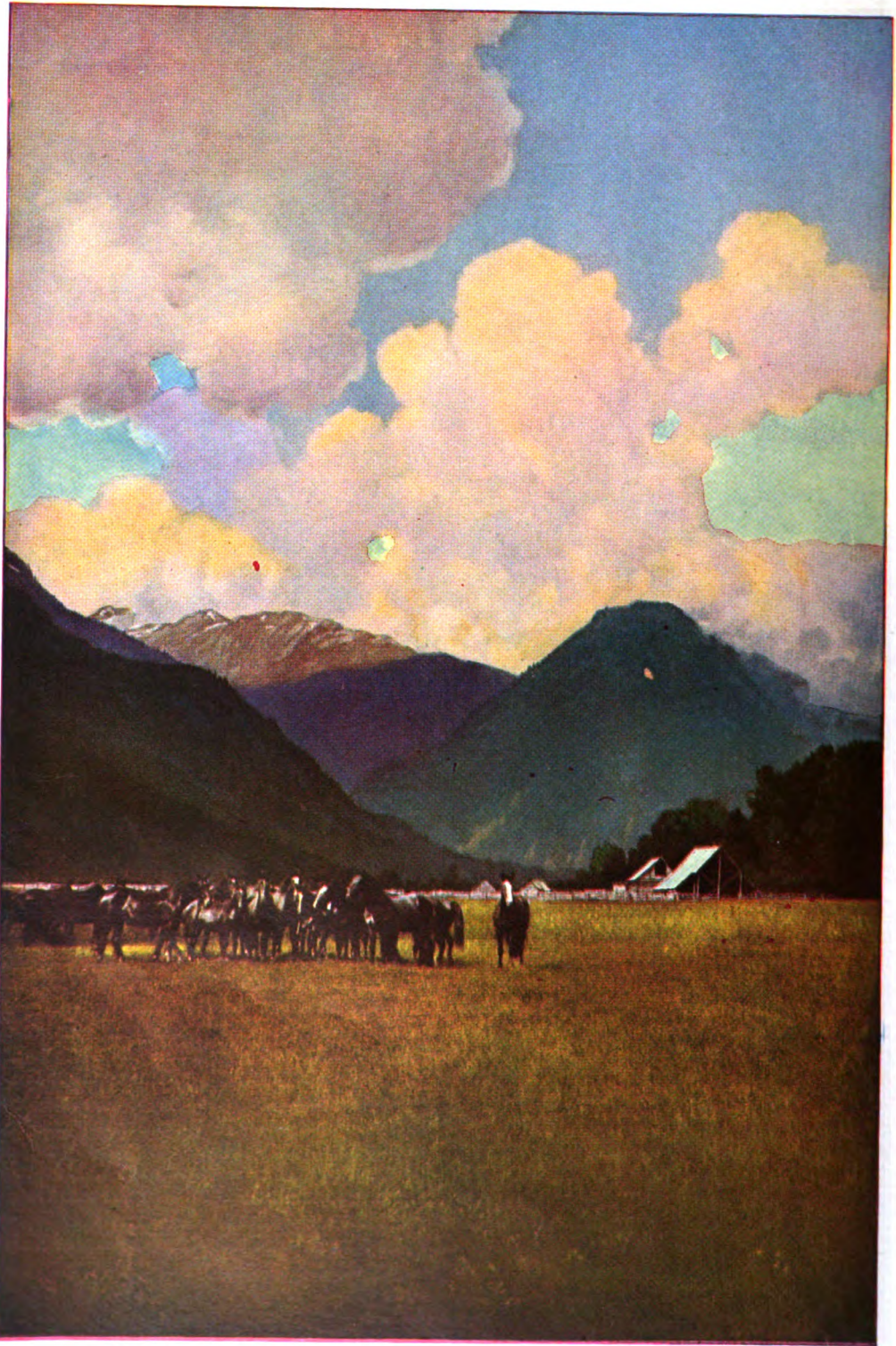
“We're the men that always march a bit before
Though we cannot tell the reason for the same;
We're the fools that pick the lock that holds the door—
Play and lose and pay the candle for the game.
There's no blaze nor trail nor roadway where we go;
There's no painted post to point the right-of-way,
But we swing our sweat-grained helves and we chop a path ourselves
To Tomorrow from the land of Yesterday.”

DARKNESS had fallen on the Oregonian forest when our forward tire exploded with a report which sounded in that eerie stillness like a bursting shell. It was not a reassuring place to have a “blow-out,” in the heart of a forest as large as many a European kingdom, with the nearest settlement half-a-hundred miles away and the nearest apology for a hotel as much more. Between the cathedral-like columns of the pines, however, I glimpsed a signal of human presence in the twinkling of a fire, and toward it I made my way through underbrush and over fallen trunks, while my chauffeur, blaspheming under his breath, busied himself at the maddening task of fitting on another tire in the darkness.

I shall not soon forget the incongruity of the scene which greeted me as I halted on the edge of a little clearing fitfully illuminated by a roaring camp-fire. Within the circle of warmth—for the summer nights are chilly indeed in the north country—stood a canvas-topped wagon which appeared to be a half-brother to a prairie-schooner, an uncle to an army ambulance,

and a cousin to a moving van. Its side-curtains had been let down, so that it formed a sort of tent on wheels, and seated beside it on an up-ended soap box a plump little woman in a calico dress was preparing six small youngsters for bed as unconcernedly as though she were in a New England farmhouse, with the neighbors' lights twinkling through the trees, instead of in the middle of a primeval wilderness, a long day's journey from anywhere. The horses had been out-spanned, as they say in South Africa, and were placidly exploring the recesses of their nose-bags for the last stray grains of oats. A lank, stoop-shouldered, sinewy-framed man, who had been squatting beside the fire watching the slow progress of a pot of coffee, slowly rose to his feet on my approach and slouched forward with outstretched hand. He radiated good nature and hospitality and an air of easy-going efficiency, and from the first I liked him.

“Howdy, friend” he drawled, with the unmistakable nasal twang of the Mississippi valley. “I reckon you've had a little bad luck with your machine, ain't you?”



A MEADOW IN "THE LAST WEST"

A wilderness whose only inhabitants a few years ago were fur traders, trappers and prospectors is now a-hum with industry, blossoming with towns and farm-houses and orchards. Even if you haven't a dollar to invest; even though you couldn't tell a field of barley from a field of wheat; even though you are unattracted by the finest fishing and big-game shooting remaining on this continent, it is still well worth your making the journey for the sake of seeing in the pioneer stage of its development a soon-to-be populous country



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY TIRBITTS IN STANLEY PARK, VANCOUVER

A CITY PARK ON THE EDGE OF THE PRIMEVAL

Observe a great and prosperous city with broad and teeming streets, clanging street-cars, rumbling traffic, belching factory chimneys, towering office-buildings, extensive railroad yards, excellent pavements and attractive residential suburbs. There is nothing very startling about this, unless you observe, also, that twenty years ago there was no such place on the map, that all this then was part jungle and part beach and that even today there are being sold in city limits town lots still covered with virgin forest.

We heard you a comin' chug-chuggin' through the woods, hell bent for election, an' all to once there was a noise 'sif some one had pulled the trigger of a shot gun. 'There' says I to Arethusa, 'some pore autermobile feller's limp'in' 'round in the darkness on three legs' says I, 'an' as soon's I get this coffee to boilin' I reckon I'll stroll over with a lantern an' see if I can't give him some help.'"

"Just as much obliged" said I, "but my man has the tire pretty well on by now. But we could do with a cup or so of that coffee, if you've some to spare."

"That's what coffee's for, friend—to drink" he said cordially, reaching for a tin cup. "Where've you come from?" he added, with polite curiosity.

"From San Francisco" said I, a trifle vainly, I fear, for our speedometer registered a thousand miles of mountain roads and forest trails. "And you?" I asked in turn.

"Us?" he answered. "Oh, we've come from Kansas." (He said it as unconcernedly as a New Yorker might mention that he had just run over to Philadelphia for the day.) "Left Emporia thirteen weeks ago come Thursday and have averaged nigh on twenty-five miles a day ever since. An' the horses ain't in bad condition, either."

"And where, in the name of heaven" I exclaimed, "are you going?"

"Well" was the reply, "we're headed for the Cariboo country, up on the headwaters of the Fraser river. In British Columbia, you know. But I reckon we'll have to winter somewheres along the Columbia and push on across the line in the spring. You see, friend" he continued, in his placid, easy-going manner, in reply to my rapid-fire of inquiries, "it was this way. I was in the furniture business back in Kansas, furniture an' undertakin', but I didn't much care for the business 'cause it kept me in-doors so much, my folks always havin' been farmers and suchlike. Well, one day a while back, I picked up one of those folders sent out by the Canadian government, tellin' 'bout the rich resources up in British Columbia, an' how land was to be had for the askin', so that night when I went home I says to Arethusa 'What'd you think of sellin' out an' packin' up an' goin' up British Columbia way an' gettin' a farm where we can live out o' doors an' make a decent livin'?' says I. 'Sure' says she, 'I'd like it

fine. An' it'll be great for the kids.' 'All right' says I, 'it's all decided. I'll build a body for the delivery wagon that we can sleep in, an' we'll take Peter an' Repeater, the delivery team, an' it won't take us more than six or eight months to make the trip if we keep movin'.' You see, friend" he added, "my paw moved out to Kansas when there warn't nothin' there but Indians an' sagebrush, an' hers did too, so I reckon this movin' on to new places is sort of in the blood."

"But why British Columbia?" I queried. "Why Canada at all? What's the reason that you, an American, don't remain in the United States?"

"Well, I don't know exactly, friend" he answered, a little shamefacedly, I thought, "unless it's because it's a newer country up there an' a man has a better chance. What with the Swedes an' the Germans an' the Eyetalians, this country's gettin' pretty well settled an' there ain't the chances in it there was once, but up British Columbia way it's still a frontier country, they tell me, an' a man who's willin' to buckle down an' work can make a home an' a good livin' quicker'n anywhere else, I guess. It's fine rich land up along the Fraser, I hear, an' they want settlers so darn bad that they'll give you a farm for nothin'. An' it's a pretty good country for a man to live in, too. Here in the United States we do a heap of talkin' 'bout our laws, but up in Canada they don't talk 'bout 'em at all—they just go right ahead an' enforce 'em. I may be in wrong, of course, but from all I hear tell it's goin' to be a great country up there one of these days, when they get the railroads through, an' me an' Arethusa sort of got the notion in our heads that we'd like to be pioneers, like our paws were, an' get in an' help build the country, an' let our kids grow up with it. You've got to be startin', eh? Won't you have another cup o' coffee before you go? Well, friend, I'm mighty glad to've met you. Good luck to you."

"Good luck to *you*" said I.

Though I didn't appreciate it at the time, my acquaintance of the forest was a soldier in an army of invasion. This army had come from the south, quietly, unostentatiously, without blare of bugle or beat of drum, its weapons the plow and the reaper, the hoe and the spade, its object



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH IN THE OKANAGAN VALLEY BY W. J. CARPENTER

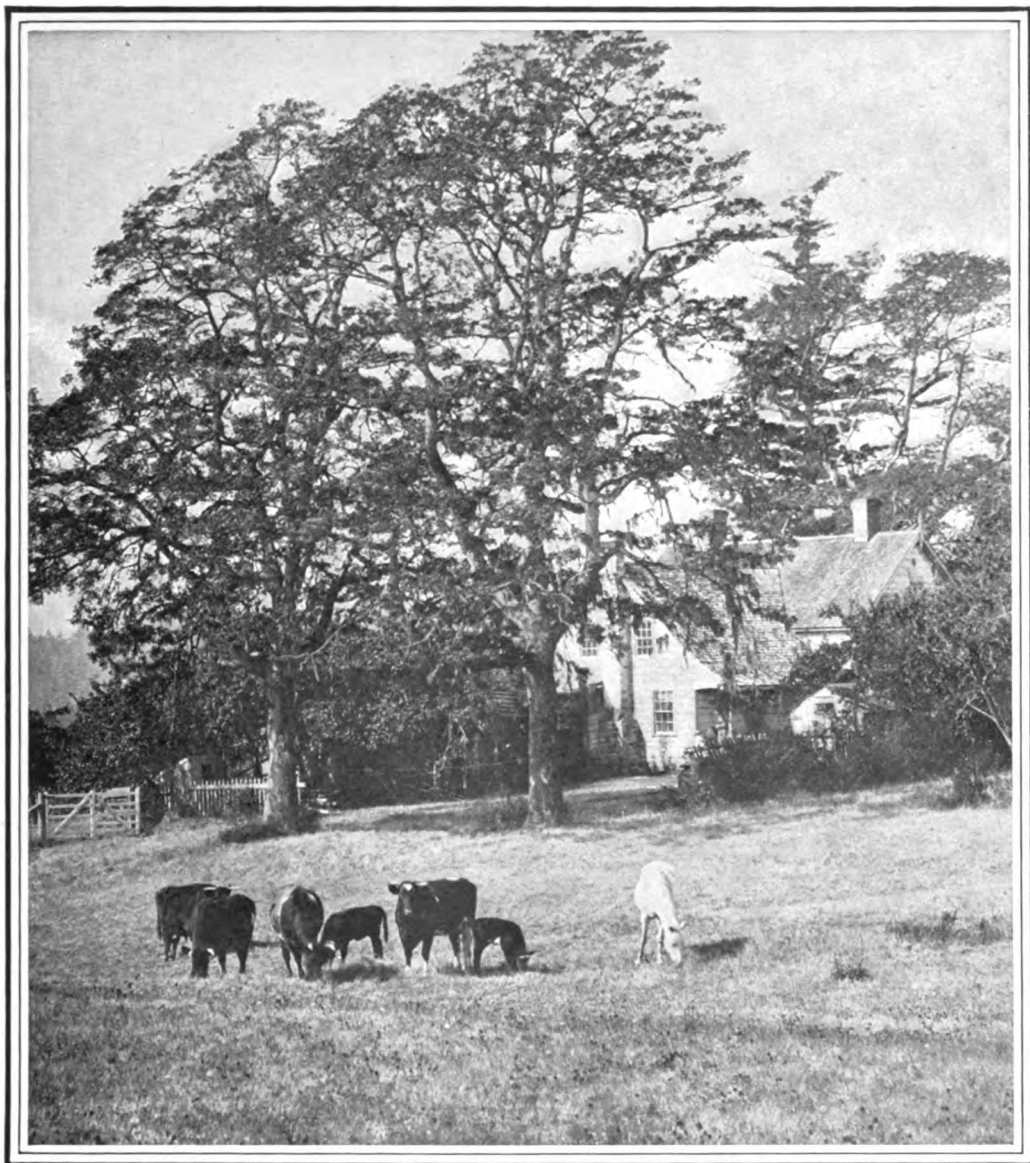
THE END OF THE PATH

They come from the American Middle West, or from the English shires, or from the Rhine banks to this beckoning primeval promiseful land. Carpenters of empire, pioneers of progress, advance guards of civilization, they are chopping a path "to Tomorrow from the land of Yesterday," a heroic road from forests through cattle-ranges to irrigated orchards in valleys of delight

the conquest, not of a people but of a wilderness. Have you any conception of the astounding proportions which this agricultural invasion of Canada has assumed? Did you know that last year upwards of one hundred thousand Americans crossed the border to take up farms and carve out fortunes for themselves under another flag? These settlers who are trekking northwards by rail and road are the very pick of the farming communities of our Middle West. Besides being men of fine physique and splendid character, and of a rugged honesty that is characteristic of those closely associated with the soil, they take with them a substantial amount of capital—probably a thousand dollars at least, on an average, either in cash, stock, or household goods. Moreover, they bring what is most valuable of all—experience. Coming from a region where the agricultural conditions are similar to those prevailing in the Canadian Northwest, they quickly adapt themselves to the new life. Unlike the settlers from the mother country and from the Continent, to whom everything is strange and new, and who consequently require some time to adjust themselves to the changed conditions, the American wastes not a moment in contemplation, but rolls up his sleeves, spits on his hands, and goes hammer-and-tongs at the task of making a farm and building a home. He is efficient, energetic, industrious, businesslike, adaptable, and quite frankly admits that he has come to the country because it offers him better prospects. So, though he may not sing "God Save the King" with the fervor of a newly arrived Briton, he is none the less valuable to the land of his adoption.

If Canada, as Kipling once remarked, is "a map that is half unrolled," British Columbia, its westernmost province, scarcely shows at all. Ask your average well-informed American what he knows about British Columbia, and it is dollars to doughnuts that he will remark rather dubiously, "Oh, yes, that's the place the tinned salmon comes from, isn't it?" Take yourself, for example. Did you happen to know, by any chance, that this Canadian province is larger than California, Oregon and Washington put together, with Indiana thrown in to make good measure? Or, if the comparison is more graphic, that it is larger than the combined areas of Italy,

Switzerland, and France? Bounded on the north by the gold fields of the Yukon and the fur-bearing Mackenzie territories, on the east by the titanic wall of the Rockies, on the south by the cattle country of Montana and Idaho and the apple orchards of Washington, and on the west by the heaving Pacific, it includes within its borders greater natural resources, perhaps, than any area of the same size on the globe. It promises to prove the storehouse of the continent. I have heard naval experts and railway presidents and mining men talk ponderously of a future shortage in the coal supply of the world—but they need not worry, for British Columbia's coal measures are estimated to contain forty billion tons of bituminous coal and sixty billion tons of anthracite: enough to run the engines of the world until Gabriel's trumpet sounds "Cease working." It will be some years, at least, before our people will be forced to build their houses of concrete instead of wood, for British Columbia possesses, in its vast and unmapped forests, the greatest compact area of merchantable timber north of Panama. The output of its salmon canneries will provide those who order fish on Fridays with most excellent eating until the crack of doom. Its untouched deposits of magnetite and hematite are so extensive that they are likely to make the ironmasters of Pittsburg break that Commandment (I forget just which one it is) which says: "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's goods." The province has enough pulpwood to supply the Hearst and Harmsworth presses with paper until the last "extra special edition" is issued on the morning of Judgment Day. The recently discovered petroleum deposits have proved so large that they bid fair to materially reduce the income of the lean old gentleman who plays golf on the Pocantico hills. The area of agricultural and fruit lands in the province is estimated at sixty million acres, of which less than one tenth has been taken up, much less put under cultivation. And, scattered through the length and breadth of this great cave-of-Al-ed-Din-like territory is a total population of less than four hundred thousand souls. Think of it, my friends! A region larger than all three of our Pacific Coast states put together, and richer in natural resources than California, or Mexico, or Australia, with a population less than that of Buffalo,



There are farmhouses in British Columbia that might have been moved from England to their places under the oaks of the new world

N. Y.! Were I a young man with courage, energy, and ambition, a little cash, and a speaking acquaintance with hard work, I should walk briskly to the nearest railway ticket office and say to the superior young man behind the mahogany counter "A ticket to British Columbia, and step lively, if you please. I want to get there before it is too late to be a pioneer."

Situated in the same latitude as the British Isles, sheltered from the winter

blizzards of the prairie provinces by the high wall of the Rocky mountains, its long western coast washed by the warm waves of the Japan current, its air tinctured with the balsamic fragrance of millions of acres of hemlock, spruce and pine, British Columbia's climate is, to use the phraseology of the real estate boosters, "highly salubrious," although, to be strictly truthful, I am compelled to add that it is extremely wet during a considerable portion of the



Victoria is as essentially English as Vancouver is American. It is indeed a bit of England set down in this golf links and are careful not to let business interfere with

year. But it is a misty drizzly sort of rain to which no one pays the slightest attention. You will see ladies without umbrellas stop to chat on the streets, and men lounging and laughing in front of the clubs and hotels in a rain which would make a Chicagoan hail a taxicab and a Bostonian turn up his coat-collar and seek the subway. When you speak about it they laugh good-naturedly and say in a surprised sort of way "Why, is it raining? It is a little misty, by Jove. Really, you know, I hadn't noticed it at all." Then they will go on to tell you that it is the moistness of the climate which gives British Columbia its beautiful women and its beautiful flowers. And I can, and gladly do, vouch for the beauty of them both. They—the women and the flowers—are worth going a long way to see.

You mustn't confuse British Columbia, you understand, with the flat, monotonous,

grain-growing provinces which lie on the other side of the Rockies. It isn't that sort of a country at all. It is too mountainous, too ravined, with many impassable chasms and nigh-impenetrable forests. Its plateaus are eroded by lake and river into gorges which are younger sisters of the Grand Canyon of Arizona. From a little distance the mountain slopes look as though they had been neatly upholstered in the green plush to which the Pullman car builders are so partial, but, upon closer inspection, the green covering resolves itself into dense forests of spruce and pine. Thousands and thousands of brooks empty into the creeks and hundreds of creeks empty into the big rivers, and these mighty waterways, the Fraser, the Kootenay, the Skeena, the Columbia, go roaring and booming through their rock-walled channels to their mother the sea. Nowhere, that I can recall, are so many picturesque and inter-



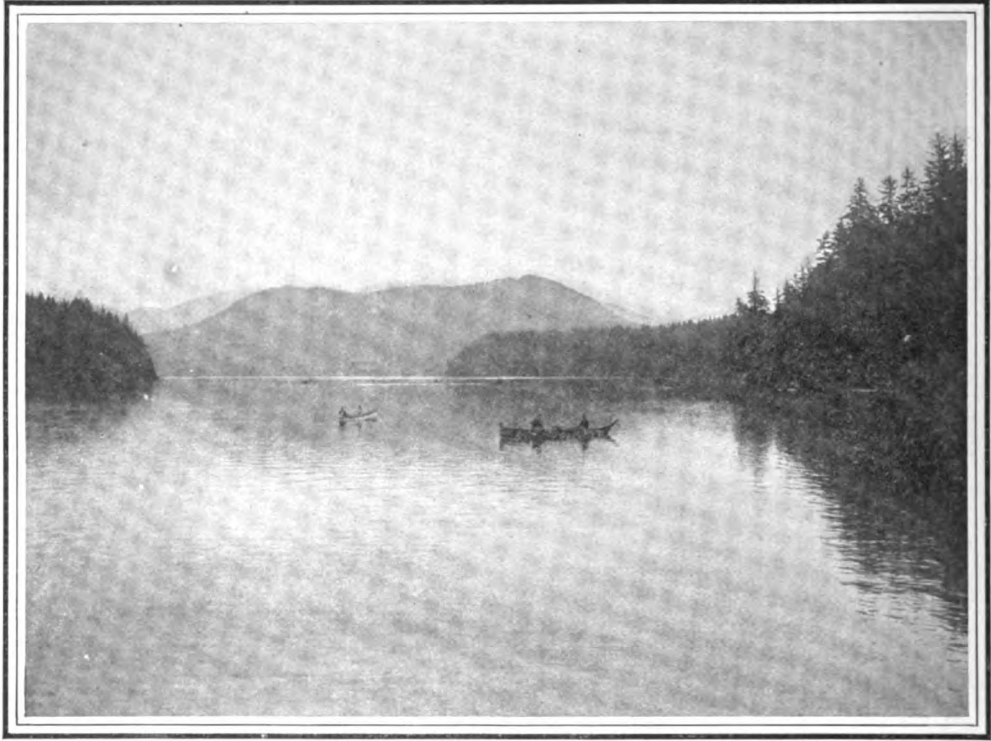
PHOTOGRAPH BY R. MAYNARD

remote corner of the Empire. Its people spend much of their time on the tennis courts, cricket fields or pleasure. A regatta at Gorge Park is a bit of transplanted Henley

esting scenes combined with such startling and impressive scenery as along the canyon of the Lower Fraser. Here the mountains of the Coast Range rise to a height of nearly two miles above the surface of the swirling, angry river, the walls of the canyon being so precipitous and smooth that one marvels at the daring and ingenuity of the men who built a railway there. As the canyon widens, the traveler catches glimpses, as though on a moving-picture screen, of Chinamen washing for gold on the gravel-bars, of Siwash Indians fishing with dipnets from the rocks for salmon, of bearded, booted lumberjacks guiding the course of mile-long rafts of logs. Then the outposts of civilization begin to appear in the form of hillsides which have been cleared and set out to fruit trees, of Japanese truck-gardens, every foot of which is tended by the little brown men with almost pathetic care, of sawmills, and salmon canneries,

and so through a region where neat villages alternate with stretches of primeval forest, until in the distance, looming above the smoke-pall, the sky-scrapers of Vancouver appear.

The chief cities of the province are Vancouver, the commercial capital and a port and railway terminus of great industrial importance, and Victoria, the seat of government and the center of provincial society. There are also several smaller cities: New Westminster, at the mouth of the Fraser and so close to Vancouver that it is almost impossible for the stranger to determine where the one ends and the other begins; Nanaimo, a coal-mining town of considerable importance on the eastern shore of Vancouver island; Nelson, the *cheflieu* of the prosperous Kootenay district, in the southeastern corner of the province; and Prince Rupert, the remarkable mushroom city which the Grand Trunk



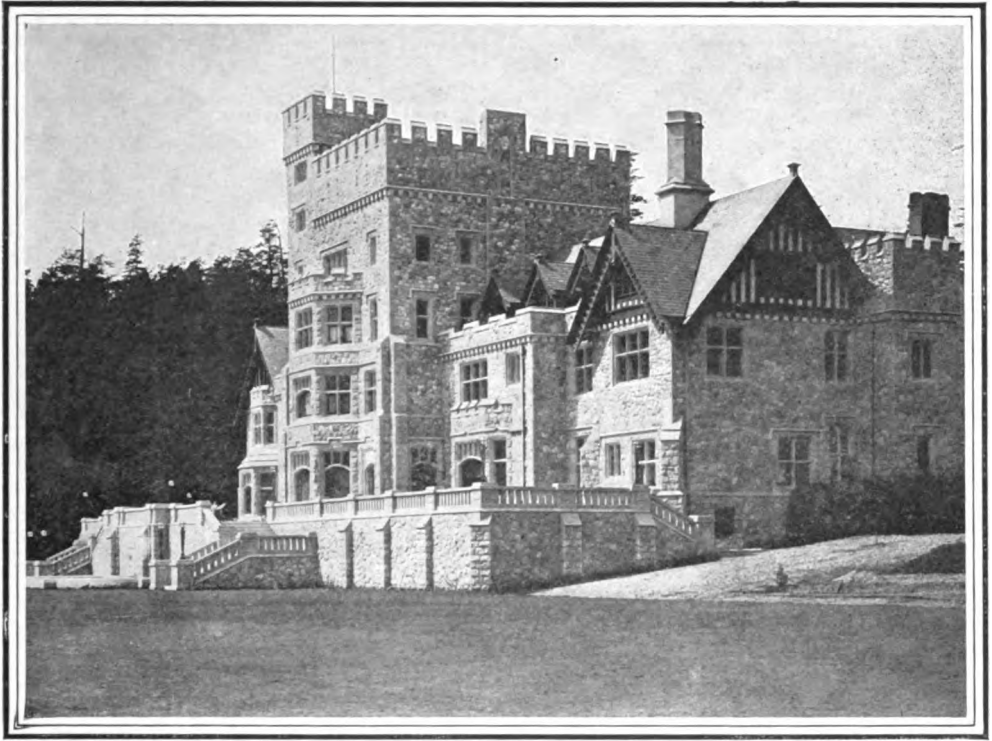
Twilight at Nit-Nat lake, in the beautiful wilderness on the west coast of Vancouver island

Pacific Railway built, from the ground up, on the coast of British Columbia, forty miles south of the Alaskan border, as the Pacific Coast terminus for the transcontinental system which is now under construction.

Between Vancouver and Victoria the most intense rivalry exists. They are as jealous of each other as two prima donnas singing in the same opera. Vancouver is a great and prosperous city, with broad and teeming streets, clanging street cars, rumbling traffic, belching factory chimneys, towering office buildings, extensive railroad yards, excellent pavements and attractive residential suburbs. Of course there is nothing very startling in all this, were it not for the fact that it is all new—twenty years ago there was no such place on the map. It is a busy, bustling place, where everyone seems too much occupied in making their fortunes overnight to have much time to spare for social amenities. There was a land boom in Vancouver the last time I was there—in fact, I gathered that it was the perennial condition—

and prices were being asked (and paid!) for town lots not yet cleared of forest which would have made a New York City real estate agent admit quite frankly that he had not progressed beyond the kindergarten stage of the game. I am perfectly serious in saying that within the city limits of Vancouver lots are being sold which are still covered with virgin forest.

Victoria, on the contrary, is old, as oldness counts in the Dominion. It was the seat of government when Vancouver was part jungle and part beach. It is the residential city of western Canada, and is much in vogue as a place of permanent abode for those who in any of the nearer provinces have "made their pile," for well-to-do men with socially ambitious wives and marriageable daughters, and for military and naval officers who have retired and wish to get as much as possible out of their limited incomes. Victoria is an essentially English as Vancouver is American. It is, indeed, a bit of England set down in this remote corner of the Empire. It has stately government buildings, broad tree-bordered



PHOTOGRAPH BY FLEMING BROS.

Hatley Park, near Victoria, in the luxurious land where they drink afternoon tea

streets, endless rows of beam-and-plaster villas which one sees in every London suburb, and one of the most beautiful parks I have ever seen. Its people spend much of their time on the tennis courts, cricket fields or golf links, and are careful not to let business interfere with pleasure. That is the reason, perhaps, why in business Vancouver has swept by Victoria as an automobile sweeps by a horse and cart. Vancouver might aptly be compared to a hustling, bustling business man who never lets slip an opportunity to make a dollar and who is always on the job. Victoria, on the contrary, is a quietly prosperous, rather sportily inclined old gentleman who is fond of good living and believes that no time is wasted that is devoted to sport. Each town has a whole-souled contempt for the other. The Victorian takes you aside and says "Oh, yes, Vancouver is progressing quite rapidly, I hear, although, fact is, the subject really doesn't interest me. The people are so impossible, you know. Why, would you believe it, my dear fellow, most of them came there without a

dollar to their names—fact, I assure you. Now they're all bally millionaires. Positively vulgar, I call it. Very worthy folk, no doubt, but scarcely in our class. Look here, let's have a drink and then motor out and have a round of golf. What say, old chap?" The Vancouver man shoves his derby on the back of his head, sticks a thumb in the armhole of his waistcoat, and with the other hand gives you a resounding whack on the shoulder. "Victoria? Pshaw, no one takes Victoria seriously. Nice little place to send the madam and the kids for the summer. But it's asleep—nothing doing—no business. Why, friend, do you know what they do down there? *They drink afternoon tea!* Believe me, Vancouver is the only real, growing, progressive, wide-awake, up-and-doing city this side of Broadway. Say, have you got an hour to spare? Well then, just jump right into my car here and I'll run you out and show you a piece of property that, if you buy it quick, you can make a fortune on. Yes, sirree, you can make a fortune if you invest your money in Vancouver."

Consider the cities, how they grow. Prince Rupert, for instance. A city literally made to order, just as a tailor would make a suit of clothes, is something of a novelty even in an age which jeers at precedent and slaps tradition in the face. "Rome was not built in a day" but that was because it had no transcontinental railway system to finance and superintend and push forward its construction. If a Gaul, Transalpine & Pompeian Railway had been in operation, and its directors knew their business, they would have turned loose their engineers, architects, and builders and, after staking out and draining a town-site beside the Tiberian marshes, they would have run up the Eternal City as expeditiously as the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway has built the west coast terminus which it has named Prince Rupert. Unless your family atlas is of a recent vintage (and I have regretfully observed that most of them were purchased at about the period of Fremont's explorations) you will search it in vain for Prince Rupert, for this custom-made municipality came into existence about the same time as the tango and the turkey trot. The easiest way to locate it, then, is to place your finger on parallel 54 40 North (the slogan "Fifty-four forty or fight!") you will recall, once nearly brought on a war with England) until it reaches the Pacific coast of North America. There, five hundred and fifty miles north of Vancouver, forty miles south of the Alaskan border, at the mouth of the Skeena river, set on a range of hills overlooking one of the finest deep-water harbors in the three Americas, is Prince Rupert. Probably never before has there been so much time and money expended in the planning and the preliminary work of a new city. The townsite was chosen only after a careful inspection of the entire British Columbian coastline and was laid out by a famous firm of Boston landscape architects with the same attention to detail and beauty which they would give to the laying out of a great estate. Experts who have studied the plan on which Prince Rupert is being built assert that in time it will be one of the most beautiful cities on the American continent. Unless one is conversant with the development of the Pacific Coast; unless one has seen its seaports—Victoria, Vancouver, Seattle, Tacoma, San Pedro, San Diego—spring into being as though by the

wave of a magician's wand, one can not fully realize the possibilities and probabilities of this new city with the unfamiliar name. To begin with, it not only is the terminus of a system which will run from ocean to ocean; it is not only five hundred miles nearer the Orient than any other port on the continent; but, what is most important of all, it has at its back perhaps the richest hinterland in all the world—a veritable commercial empire waiting to be explored, developed, and exploited. The mineral wealth of all this vast region, the forest products, the gold, the coal, the copper, the iron ore of Northern British Columbia and the Yukon, as well as the food products of the prairie provinces and the fish and fur of the far North—in short, all the westbound export wealth of this resourceful region will find its outlet to the sea at Prince Rupert as surely and as true to natural laws, as its rivers empty into the Pacific.

Over all that great stretch of back-country watered by the Fraser and the Skeena rivers and their innumerable tributaries, civilization and progress are striding in three-league boots. The country is a-hum with industry. Along the line of railway construction from Prince Rupert to Fort George the lonely prairies and the silent forests resound to the shouts of workmen and the clank and clang of tools. In a wilderness whose only inhabitants until half-a-dozen years ago were a few fur-traders, trappers and prospectors, there are springing up towns and hamlets and farmhouses and orchards. Panting stern-wheel steamers navigate the rivers; along the three hundred miles of the historic Cariboo Trail the old-time six-horsed Concord coaches have given way to sixty-horse-powered motor stages which rush his Majesty's mails and passengers northward at an average speed of thirty miles an hour. Even if you haven't a dollar to invest; even though you couldn't tell a field of barley from a field of wheat; even though you are unattracted by the finest fishing and big-game shooting remaining on this continent, it is still worth, well worth, your making the journey for the sake of seeing a nation in the making, of seeing what will in the not far distant future be a prosperous and populous country in the pioneer stage of its development. When you read such wonder-tales of history as Roosevelt's

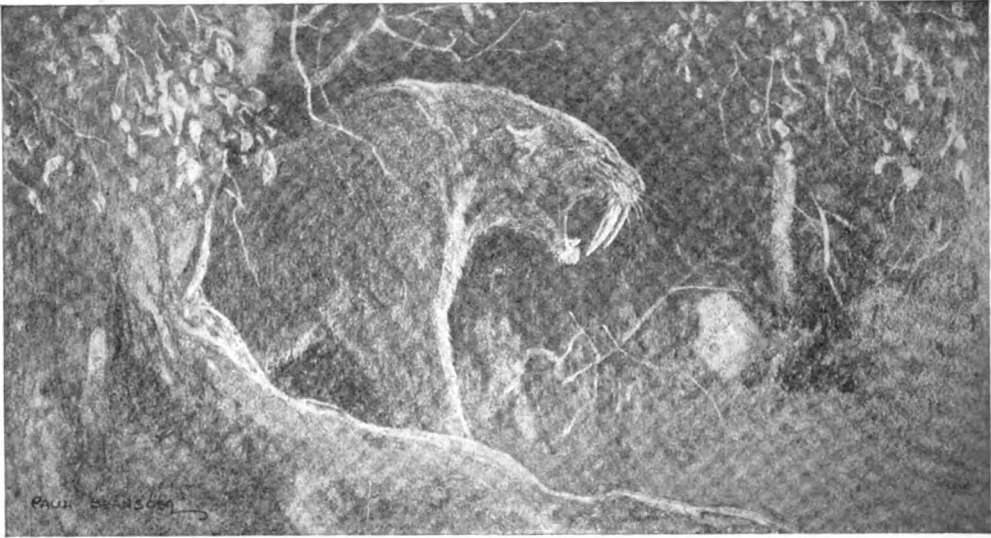
"The Winning of the West" you cannot but wish that you might have seen with your own eyes the frontier scenes, and have known the picturesque, rough-and-ready types which he describes. You can witness those same scenes, talk with those same types of men in British Columbia today, for this region is, when all is said and done, "the last West" and amid its forests and on its prairies the pioneer is doing his last work, making his last stand, fighting the battles and solving the problems of civilization. I, who have followed hard on the heels of the pioneers on all the continents, assure you that the work they are doing up there in the North country is worth the seeing.

You of the sheltered life; you, Mr. Bank President, you, Mr. Lawyer, you, Mr. Business Man, you, Mr. Tourist, who travel in Pullman cars and sleep in palatial hostleries, have you any real conception of the breed of men these are who are making new markets and new playgrounds for you and me? Some of them have saved and scrimped for years that they might be able to buy a ticket from the Middle West, or from the English shires, or from the Rhine banks to this beckoning, primeval, promiseful land. Others, taking their families and their household belongings with them, have trekked overland by wagon, just as their grandfathers did before them for the taking of the West, trudging in the dust beside the weary horses, cooking over camp-fires in the forest or on the open prairie, sleeping, rolled in blankets, under

the stars. Some there are who have come overland from the Yukon, on snowshoes mayhap, their pitifully meager possessions on their back, living on the food which they killed, their only sign-posts the endless line of wire-hung poles. There are the engineers, who, mocking at the obstacles which this savage, untamed country heaped in their path, pushed forward and ever forward their twin lines of steel, cutting their way through well-nigh impenetrable forests, throwing their spider-spans across angry rivers and forbidding gorges, running their levels and laying their rails and driving their spikes oblivious to torrential rains or blistering heat or freezing cold. Then too there are the silent, efficient, quick-witted men who have maintained law and order through the length and breadth of this great region, traveling on duty through its wildest parts, amid dangers and privations without end, at one time deep in the snows of the far northwest, at others making their hazardous way on horseback along the brink of precipices which make one sick and dizzy to look down; swimming rapid rivers holding to the tails of their horses or journeying over the frozen lands with teams of dogs; one month on the uppermost reaches of the Fraser and the next carrying the fear of the law to the wild tribes of the Kootenay. Such men as these are carpenters of empire, pioneers of progress, advance guards of civilization, and they are chopping a path for you and me, my friends, "to Tomorrow from the land of Yesterday."



Where flowers spring up in the path of the pioneer



A giant sabre-tooth emerged from the brush, the daggers of his tusks, ten inches long, agleam in the light of the dancing flames

IN THE MORNING OF TIME

The Children of the Shining One

By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

Author of: The Heart of the Ancient Wood; The Feet of the Furtive

Illustrated by Paul Bransom

Grôm and A-ya, prehistoric lovers and Finders of Fire, encounter marvelous adventures that lead to the renaming of their tribe as "The Children of the Shining One."

FROM the lip of the narrow volcanic fissure, which ran diagonally two-thirds of the way across the mouth of the valley, the line of fire waved and flickered against the gathering dark. Sometimes only a few inches high, sometimes sinking suddenly out of sight, and then again as suddenly leaping up to a height of five or six feet, the thin gaseous flames danced elfishly. Now clear yellow, now fiery orange, now of an almost invisible violet, they shifted, and bowed their crests, and thrust out shooting tongues, till Grôm, sitting on his haunches and staring with fascinated eyes, had no choice but to believe that they were live things like himself. The girl, curled up at his side like a cat, paid little attention to the

marvel of the flames. Her big dark eyes, wild and furtive under the dark tangled masses of her hair, kept wandering back and forth between the man's brooding face and the obscure black thickets which filled the valley behind him. The dancing flames she did not understand; but she understood the ponderous crashings and growls and savage cries which came from those black thickets and slopes of tumbled rocks. The man being absorbed in watching the wonder of the flames, and apparently all forgetful of the perils prowling back there in the dark, it was plainly her duty to keep watch.

From time to time Grôm would drag his eyes away from their contemplation of the flames to study intently the charred

spots on his club and the burned blackened end of his spear. He looked down at the lithe figure of the girl and laid a great hairy hand on her shoulder in a musing caress, as if appraising her, and delighting in her, and finding in her a mate altogether to his desire, although but a child to his inmost thoughts. But those sounds of menace from the darkness behind him he affected not to hear at all. He could see from the girl's eyes that the menace was not yet close at hand; and since he had learned the power of the fire, and his own mastery over that power, he felt himself suddenly little less than a god.

A louder roaring came out of the shadows, closer than before, and he saw A-ya's eyes dilate as she clutched at his knee. A slow smile spread across his bony face, and he turned about, rising to his feet as he did so and lifting the girl with him. With a new strange warmth at his heart he realized how fully she trusted him, how cool and steady was her courage. For there along the edge of the lighted space, glaring forth from the fringes of the thickets, were the monstrous beasts whom Man had most cause to dread. Nearest, his whole tawny length emerging from the brush, crouched a giant sabre-tooth, with the daggers of his tusks, ten inches long, agleam in the light of the dancing flames. He was not more than thirty or forty paces distant, and his tail twitched heavily from side to side as if he were trying to nerve himself up to a closer approach to the fire. Some twenty paces further along the fringe of mingled light and shadow, their bodies thrust half-way forth from the undergrowth, stood a pair of huge ruddy cave-bears, their monstrous heads held low and swaying surlily from side to side as they eyed the prey which they dared not rush in and seize. The man-animal they had hitherto regarded as easy prey, and they were filled with rage at the temerity of these two humans in remaining so near the dreaded flames. Intent upon them, they paid no heed to their great enemy, the sabre-tooth, with whom they were at endless and deadly feud. Away off to the left, quite clear of the woods but safely remote from the fire, a pack of huge cave hyenas sat up on their haunches, their long red tongues hanging out. With jaws powerful enough to crack the thigh-bones of the Urus, they nevertheless hesitated

to obtrude themselves on the notice either of the crouching sabre-tooth or of the two giant bears.

With neither the bears nor the great hyenas did Grôm anticipate any trouble. But he felt it barely possible that the sabre-tooth might dare a rush in. Snatching up a dry branch and leading the girl with him by the wrist he backed slowly nearer the flames. Terrified at their dancing and the scorching of their breath, the girl sank down on her naked knees and covered her face with her hair. Smiling at her terror, Grôm thrust the branch into the flames. When it was all ablaze he raised it above his head, and carrying his spear in his right hand he rushed at the sabre-tooth. For a few seconds the monster faced his approach—but Grôm saw the shrinking in his furious eyes, and came on fearlessly. At last the beast whipped about with a screeching snarl, and raced back into the woods. Then Grôm turned to the bears—but they had not stayed to receive his attentions. The sight of the flames bursting, as it seemed, from the man's shaggy head as he ran, was too much for them, and they had slunk back discreetly into the shadows.

Grôm threw the blazing stick on the ground, laid several more branches upon it, and presently had a fine fire of his own going. He seized a small branch and hurled it at the hyenas, sending them off with tails between their legs to their hiding-places on the ragged slopes. Then he fed his fire with more dry wood till the fierce heat of it drove him off. Returning to the side of the wondering girl, he sat down and contemplated his handiwork with swelling pride. When the flames died down, he piled on more branches till they blazed again to the height of the nearest tree-tops. This he repeated, thoughtfully, several times, till he had assured himself of his power to make this bright, devouring god great or little at his pleasure.

This stupendous fact established clearly, Grôm brought an armful of grass and foliage, and made the girl take her sleep. He himself continued for an hour or two his experiments with the fire, building small ones in a circle about him, discovering that green branches would not burn well, and brooding with knit brows over each new center of light and heat which he created. Then, seated on his haunches

beside the sleeping A-ya, he pondered on the future of his tribe, on the change in its fortunes which this mysterious new creature was bound to bring about. At last, when the night was half worn through, he awakened the girl, bade her keep sharp watch, and threw himself down to sleep, indifferent to the roars and snarls and dreadful cries which came from the darkness of the upper valley.

The valley looked straight into the east. When the sun rose, its unclouded level rays paled the dancing barrier of flames almost to invisibility. Refreshed by their few hours' sleep in the vital warmth, Grôm and the girl stood erect in the flooding light and scanned the strange landscape. Grôm's sagacious eyes noted the fertility of the level lands at a distance from the fire, and of the clefts, ledges and lower slopes of the tumbled volcanic hills. Here and there he made out the openings of the caves, half overgrown with vine and bush. And he was satisfied that this was the land for his tribe to occupy. That it was infested with all those monstrous beasts which were Man's deadliest foes seemed to him no longer a fact worth considering. The bright God which he had conquered should be made to conquer them. Some inkling of his purposes he confided to the girl, who stood looking up at him with eyes of dog-like devotion from under the matted splendor of her hair. If he was still the man she loved, her mate, yet was he also now a sort of demi-god, since she had seen him play at his ease with the flames, and drive the hyena, the sabretooth, and the terrible red bear before him.

When the two started on their journey back to the Country of the Little Hills, Grôm carried with him a bundle of blazing brands. He had conceived the idea of keeping the bright god alive by feeding him continually as they went, and of renewing his might from time to time by stopping to build a big fire. The undertaking proved a troublesome one. The brands kept the great beasts at a distance, but time and again the red coals almost died out, and Grôm had anxious and laborious moments nursing them again into activity. When night came on he built three fires about the base of a huge tree, gathered a supply of dry wood, told the girl to feed the flames—which she did with head bowed in awe—and they passed the

hours of darkness, once so dreaded, in proud defiance of their enemies who prowled and roared beyond the circle of light. He made the girl sleep, but he himself was too prudent to sleep, lest these fires of his own creation should prove false when his eye was not upon them.

So passed the night and the next day, during which they journeyed as rapidly as they could toward the Hills. Then came an hour when, weary with constant watching, Grôm slept heavily—and the fire went out. It had gotten low and the girl, attempting to revive it, had smothered it with fuel. And thereafter their progress was slow indeed.

It galled Grôm's proud heart to find himself now compelled, through loss of the fire, to go warily, to scan the thicket, to keep hidden, to hold spear and club always in readiness, and to climb into a tree at night for safety, like the apes. But he let no sign of his chagrin or of his anxiety appear. Like the crafty hunter and wise leader that he was, he forgot no one of his ancient precautions. They had by this time passed beyond the special haunts of the red bear and the sabretooth. Twice they had to run before the charge of the great woolly rhinoceros. But they had fled mockingly, for the clumsy monster was no match for them in speed. Once, too, they had been treed by a Urus bull, a gigantic white beast with a seven-foot spread of polished horns. But his implacable and patient rage they had cunningly evaded by making off, unseen and unheard, through the upper branches. They came to earth again half a mile away, and ran on gaily, laughing at the picture of the furious and foolish beast waiting there at the foot of the tree for them to come down. Once a prowling leopard confronted them for a moment, only to flee in great leaps before their instant and unhesitating attack. Once a huge bird, nearly seven feet high, and with a beak over a foot in length, struck at them savagely, with a shrill hissing, through a fringe of reeds, because they had incautiously come too near its nest. But they killed it, and feasted on its eggs. And so, without further misadventure, they came at last to the skirts of their own country and looked once more on the rounded familiar wind-swept tops of the Little Hills, sacred to the barrows of their dead.

It was toward sunset, and the long rosy glow was flooding the little amphitheater wherein the remnants of the tribe were gathered, when Grôm crossed the brook and came striding up the slope with A-ya close behind him. She had been traveling at his side all through the journey, but here she respected the etiquette of her tribe, and fell behind submissively.

Hardly noticing, or not heeding if he noticed, that the tribe offered no vociferous welcome and seemed sullenly surprised at his appearance, Grôm strode straight to the Chief whom he saw sitting on the judgment stone, threw down spear and club at his feet in sign of fealty. But A-ya, following, was keen to note the hostile attitude of the tribe. Her defiant eyes darted everywhere, and everywhere noted black looks. She could not understand it; but she divined that there was some plot afoot against Grôm. Her heart swelled with rage, and her dark-maned head went up arrogantly, for she felt as if the strongest and wisest of the tribe were now but children in comparison with her lord. But though children, they were many, and she closed up close behind him for a guard, grasping more firmly the shaft of her short serviceable spear. She saw the broad black scowling visage of young Mawg, towering over a little group of his kinsfolk and eying her with mingled greed and rage—and she divined at once that he was at the back of whatever mischief might be brewing. She answered his look with one of mocking scorn, and then turned her attention to the Chief, who was sitting in grim silence, the customary hand of welcome ominously withheld.

A haughty look came over Grôm's face, his broad shoulders squared themselves, and he met the Chief's eyes sternly.

"I have done the bidding of Bawr the Chief" he said, in a clear voice so that all the tribe might hear. "I have found a place where the tribe may hold themselves secure against all enemies. And I have come back, as was agreed, to lead the tribe thither before our enemies destroy us. I have done great deeds. I have not spared myself. I have come quickly. I have deserved well of the people. Why has Bawr the Chief no welcome for me?"

A murmur arose from the corner where Mawg and his friends were grouped, but a glance from the Chief silenced it. With

his piercing gaze making relently inquisition of the eyes that answered his so steadily, he seemed to ponder Grôm's words. Slowly the anger faded from his scarred and massy face; for he knew men; and this man, though his most formidable rival in strength and prestige, he instinctively trusted.

"You have been accused" said he at length, slowly, "of deserting the tribe in our weakness—"

A puzzled look had come over Grôm's face at the word "accused," then his deep eyes blazed, and he broke in upon the Chief's speech without ceremony.

"Show me my accusers!" he demanded harshly.

The Chief waved his hand for silence.

"In our weakness—" he repeated. "But you have returned to us. So I see that charge was false. Also, you have been accused of stealing the girl A-ya. But you have brought her back. I see not what more your accusers have against you."

Grôm turned, and with a quick decisive motion drew A-ya to his side.

"Bawr the Chief knows that I am his servant, and a true man" said he sternly. "I did not steal the girl. She followed me, and I had no thought of it."

Angry jeers came from Mawg's corner, but Grôm smiled coldly and went on.

"Not till near evening of the second day, when she was chased by wolves, did she reveal herself to me. And when I understood why she had come, I looked on her, and I saw that she was very fair, and very brave. And I took her. So that now she is my woman—and I hold to her, Chief! But I will pay you for her whatsoever is just—for you are the Chief. And now let Bawr show me my accusers, that I may have done with them quickly. For I have much to tell."

"Not so, Grôm!" said the Chief, stretching out his hand. "I am satisfied that you are a true man. And for the girl, that will we arrange between us later. But I will not confront you with your accusers, for there shall be no fighting between ourselves when our warriors that are left us are so few. And in this I know that you, being wise, will agree with me. Come, and we two will talk of what is to be done."

He got up from his seat, an immense and masterful figure, to lead the way to

his own cave, where they might talk in private. But Grôm hesitated, fearing lest annoyance should befall A-ya if he left her alone with his enemies.

"And the girl, Chief" said he. "I would not have her troubled."

Bawr turned. He swept a comprehensive and significant glance over the gaping crowd.

"The girl A-ya," said he in his great voice, which thundered over the amphitheater, "is Grôm's woman. I have spoken." And he strode off toward his cave door. Grôm picked up his club and spear. And the girl, with a haughty indifference she was far from feeling, strolled off toward the cave of the old women, kinsfolk of the Chief, who were caring for Grôm's boy.

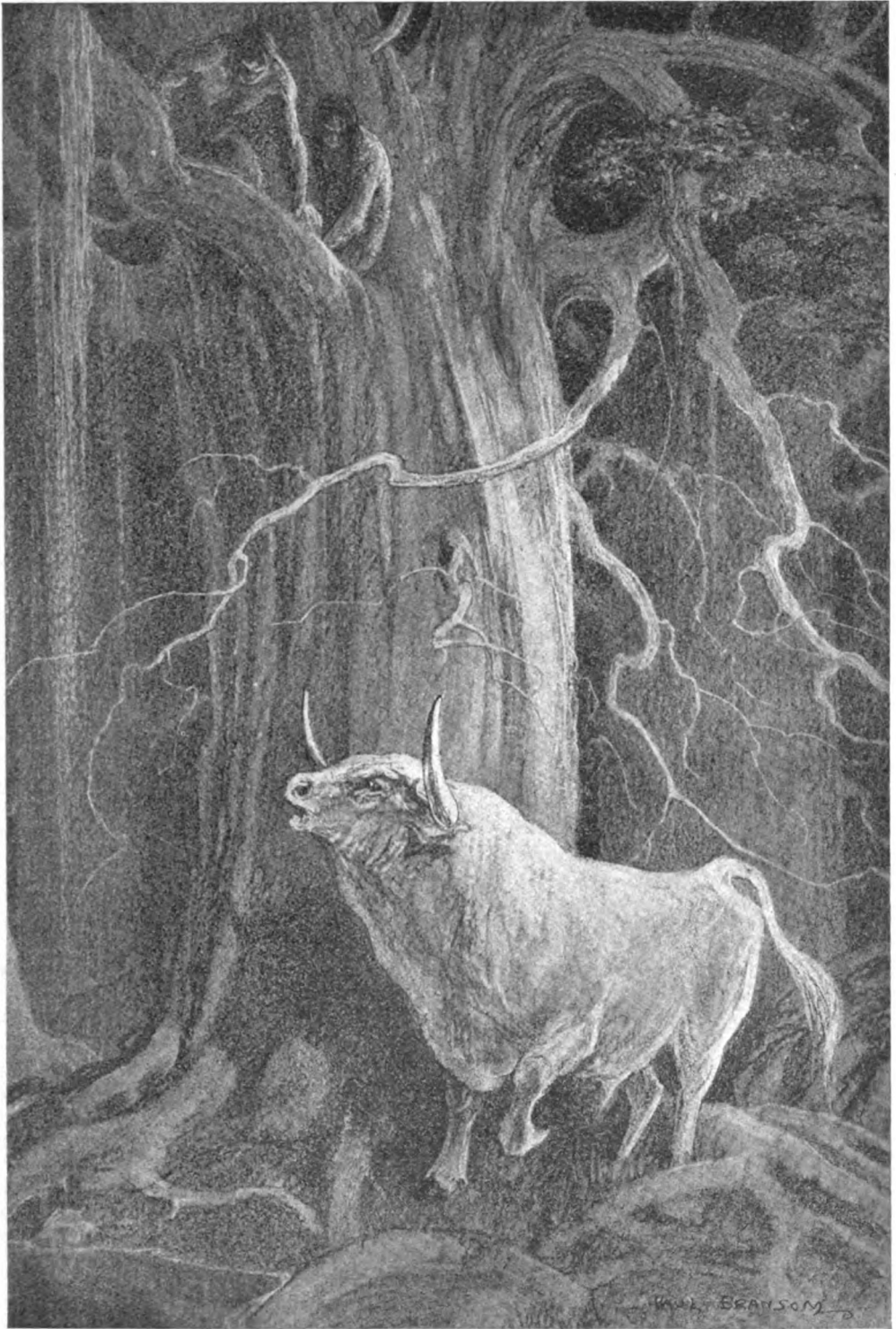
But as the meaning of the Chief's words penetrated Mawg's dull wits, he gave vent to a great bellow of rage, and snatched up a spear to hurl at Grôm. Before he could launch it, however, his kinsmen, who had no wish to bring down upon themselves both Grôm's wrath and that of the Chief, fell upon him and bore down his arm. Raging blindly, Mawg struggled with them, and having the strength of a bull he was near to wrenching himself free. But other men of the tribe, seeing from the Chief's action that their bitterness against Grôm had been unjustified, and remembering his past services, ran up and took a hand in reducing Mawg to submission. For a few seconds Grôm looked on contemptuously. Then he turned on his heel and followed the Chief, as if he did not hold his rival worth a further thought. Mawg struggled to his feet. Grôm had disappeared. But his eyes fell on the figure of A-ya, slim and brown and tall, standing in the entrance of the near-by cave. He made as if to rush upon her, but a group of men stood in the way, plainly ready to stop him. He looked at his kinsmen, but they hung their heads sullenly. Blind with fury though he was, and slow of wit, he could not but see that the tribe as a whole was now against him. Stuttering with his rage, he shouted to the girl—"you will see me again." And snatching up his club and spears he rushed forth from the amphitheater, darted down the slope, and plunged into the thick woods beyond the brook. And when the following day came it was found that three kinsmen of Mawg, with two young women who

were attached to them, had fled to join the deserter in the bush.

The Chief, indignant at this further weakening of the tribe, declared them outlaws, and ordered that all (except the women, who were needed as mothers) should be killed as tribal traitors, at sight.

As was natural, since he was trying to present a totally new conception, with no known analogies save in the lightning and the sun, Grôm found it impossible to convey to the Chief's mind any real idea of the nature of his tremendous discovery. He did succeed, however, in making it clear to Bawr that there was a certain mighty Bright One, capable of putting even the sabre-tooth and the red bear to instant flight, and that he had somehow managed to subdue this powerful and mysterious being to the service of the tribe. Bawr had examined with deep musing the strange black bite of the Bright One on Grôm's club and spear. And he realized readily enough that with such an ally the tribe, even in its present state of weakness, would be able to defy any further invasions of the bow-legged beast-men from the east. There was a rumor, vague enough but disquieting, of another migration of the beast-men under way. So there was no time to lose. Bawr gave orders that the tribe should get together their scanty possessions of food, skins and weapons, and make a start on the morrow for their new home.

And thus it came that before the sun marked noon the whole tribe was under march, trailing forth from the neck of the amphitheater at the heels of Grôm and A-ya, and picking their way over the bones of their slain enemies which the vultures and the jackal had already stripped white. Bawr the Chief came last, seeing to it that there were no laggards; and as the tail of the straggling procession left the pass he climbed swiftly to the nearest pinnacle of rock to take observation. He marked Grôm and the girl, the tribe strung out dejectedly behind them, winding off to the left along the foot of the bare hills; and a pang of grief, for an instant, twitched his massive features. Then he turned his eyes to the right. Very far off, in a space of open ground by the brookside, he marked the movement of confused, living masses, of a dull brown on the green. A



They had been treed by a Urus bull, a gigantic white beast with a seven-foot spread of polished horns

closer look convinced him that the moving masses were men—new hordes of the beast-men, the gaping-nosed Bow-legs.

"Grôm is a true man!" he muttered with satisfaction; and went leaping like a stag down the slope to rejoin the tribe. When news of what he had seen was passed from mouth to mouth through the tribe, every murmur was hushed, and the sulkiest laggards pushed on feverishly, as if dreading a rush of the beast-men from every cleft and glade.

The journey proved, for the most part, uneventful. Traveling in a compact mass, only by broad day, their numbers and their air of confidence kept the red bear and the sabre-tooth, the black lion and the wolf-pack from venturing to molest them. By the Chief's orders they maintained a noisy chatter, with laughter and shouting, as soon as they felt themselves safely beyond range of the beast-men's ears. For Bawr had observed that even the sabre-tooth had a certain uneasiness at the sound of many human voices together. At night—and it was their rule to make camp while the sun was yet several hours high—with the aid of their flint spear-heads they would laboriously cut down the saplings of the long-thorned acacia, and surround the camp with a barrier which the monsters dared not assail. Even so, however, the nights were trying enough to the stoutest nerves. Half the tribe at a time was obliged to stand on guard, and there was little sleep to refresh the weariest when the shadows beyond the barriers were alive with mutterings and prowlings and terrible paling-gleaming eyes.

On the fourth day of the journey, however, the tribe met a foe whose dense brain was quite unimpressed by the menace of the human voice, and whose rage took no account of their numbers or their confidence. An enormous bull Urus—perhaps the same beast which, some days earlier, had driven Grôm and the girl into the tree-tops—burst up dripping and mud-streaked from his wallow in a reedy pool, and came charging upon the travelers with a roar. No doubt an outcast from the herd, he was mad with the lust of killing. With shouts of warning and shrieks of fear the tribe scattered in every direction. The nearest warriors hurled their spears as they sprang aside; and several of the weapons went deep into the monster's

flanks, but without checking him. He had fixed his eye on one victim, an old man with a conspicuous shock of snow-white hair, and him he followed inexorably. The doomed wretch screamed with despair when he found himself thus hideously selected, and ran doubling like a rabbit. Just as the monster overtook him he fell, paralyzed with his fright, and one tremendous horn pinned him to the earth. At this instant the Chief arrived, running up from the rear of the line, and Grôm, coming from the front. The Chief, closing in fearlessly, swung his club with all his strength across the beast's front, blinding one eye, and confusing him for the fraction of a moment. And in that moment Grôm, calculating his blow with precision, drove his spear clean through the massive throat. As he sprang back, twisting his ragged weapon in the wound and tearing it free, the monster, with a hoarse cough, staggered forward across his victim, fell upon his knees, and slowly sank, while the blood emptied itself in enormous smoking jets from the wound.

The incident caused a day's delay in the march; for there was the dead elder to be buried, with heavy stones heaped over his body, according to the custom of the tribe, and there was also the meat of the slain bull to be cut up for carrying—a rank food, but sustaining, and not to be despised when one is on a journey with uncertainties ahead. And the delay was more than compensated by the new spirit which now seized this poor fugitive remnant of the tribe of the Little Hills. The speedy and spectacular triumph over a foe so formidable as the giant bull Urus was unanimously accepted as an omen of good fortune.

As they approached the valley whose mouth was guarded by the line of volcanic fire, Grôm purposely led the tribe by such a path that they should get no glimpse of the dancing flames until close upon them. Down behind a long line of woods he led them, with no warning of what was to come. Then suddenly around into the open—and there, not a hundred paces distant, was the valley-mouth, and the long thin line of flickering scarlet tongues drawn across it.

As the people came in sight of the incomprehensible phenomenon they stared for a moment, gasping, or uttering low

cries, then fell upon their faces in awe. Grôm remained standing, leaning upon his spear, and A-ya stood with bowed head close behind him. When the Chief, shepherding and guarding the rear ranks, emerged around the elbow of woods and saw his people thus prostrate before the shining wonder, he too was moved to follow their example, for his heart went cold within him. But not without reason was he Chief, for he could control himself as well as others. A pallor spread beneath the smoky tan of his broad features, but without an instant's hesitation he strode to the front—and stood like Grôm, with unbowed head, leaning calmly on his great club. His thought was that the Shining One must be, indeed, a God, and might slay him from afar, like the lightning—but it could not make him afraid.

Grôm gave him a quick look of approval. "Tell the people," said he, "to follow us round through the open space yonder, and into the valley, that we may make camp, for there are many great beasts here. And tell them not to approach the Shining One, lest he smite them; but also not to fear, for he will not come at them."

When the people, trembling, staring with fascinated eyes at the dancing array, and shrinking nervously from the strange warmth, had all been gathered into the open space between the fire and the thickets, Grôm led the Chief up to the flames and hurriedly explained to him what he had found out as to how they must be managed. Then, leaving him to ponder the miracle, and to experiment, he took A-ya to help him build other fires along the edge of the thickets in order to keep the monsters at bay. And all the while the tribe sat watching, huddled on their haunches, with mouths agape and eyes rolling in amazement.

Bawr the Chief, meanwhile, was revolving many things in his sagacious brain, as he alternately lighted and extinguished the little, eating flames which fixed themselves upon the dry wood when he held it in the blaze. His mind was of a very different order from that of Grôm, though perhaps not less capacious and capable. Grôm was the discoverer, the initiator, while Bawr was essentially the ruler, concerned to apply all he learned to the extension and securing of his power. It was

his realization of Grôm's transparent honesty and indifference to power which made him so free from jealousy of Grôm's prestige. His shrewd perceptions told him that Grôm would far rather see him rule the tribe, so long as he ruled it effectually, than be troubled with the task himself. But there were others in the tribe whom he suspected of being less disinterested—who were capable of becoming troublesome if ever he should find his strength failing. One of these in particular, a gigantic black-browed fellow by the name of Ne-boo, remotely akin to the deserter Mawg, was now watching him with eyes more keen and considerate than those of his companions. As Bawr became conscious of this inquiring crafty gaze, he made a slip and closed his left hand on a portion of his branch which was still glowing red. With superb nerve he gave no sign of the hurt. And he thought quickly. He had taken a liberty with the Bright One, and been bitten by those mysterious shining teeth which left a scar of black. Well, some one else should be bitten also. Calmly heating the branch again till it was a live coal for three-quarters of its length, he called the crafty-eyed warrior to him. The man came, uneasy, but full of interest.

"Take this" said Bawr—and tossed him the red brand. With shrinking hands Ne-boo caught it, to drop it instantly with a yell of pain and terror. It fell scraping his leg, and then upon his foot; and in his fright he threw himself down beside it, begging it not to smite him again.

"Strange" said Bawr, in a voice for all the tribe to hear. "The Shining One will not suffer Ne-boo to touch him." With the air of a high priest he picked the brand up, and held it again into the flames. And Grôm returning at this moment to his side, he commanded in a low voice—"Let none but ourselves attend or touch the Bright One."

Grôm, his mind occupied with plans for the settling of the tribe, agreed without asking the reason for this decree. He was thinking about getting the tribe housed in the caves which he had noticed in the steep sides of the valley. He knew well enough that these caves were the houses of the red bear, the sabre-tooth, and the bone-crushing hyenas, but, as he explained to the Chief with thrilling elation, the Shining One would drive these monsters

out, and teach them to keep their distance. To Bawr, who had had some experience in his day of the red bear and the sabre-tooth, and who had not yet seen all that these dancing tongues of gold and scarlet could do, the enterprise seemed a formidable one. But he sagaciously reserved his judgment, pondering things that he felt sure Grôm would not dream of.

That night when all was thick darkness beyond the magic circle of the fires, the People of the Little Hills sat or crouched trembling and wondering, while monstrous dim shapes of such bears and tigers as they had never imagined in their worst nightmares prowled roaring all about them, held off by nothing more substantial than just those thin and darting tongues of flame. That the little bright things could bite terribly they had evidence enough, both in the charred and corroded wood which the flames had licked, and in the angry wounds of Ne-boo. At the same time they saw their Chief and Grôm apparently handling the Terror with impunity, and the girl A-ya approaching it and serving it freely, though always with bowed head and every mark of awe.

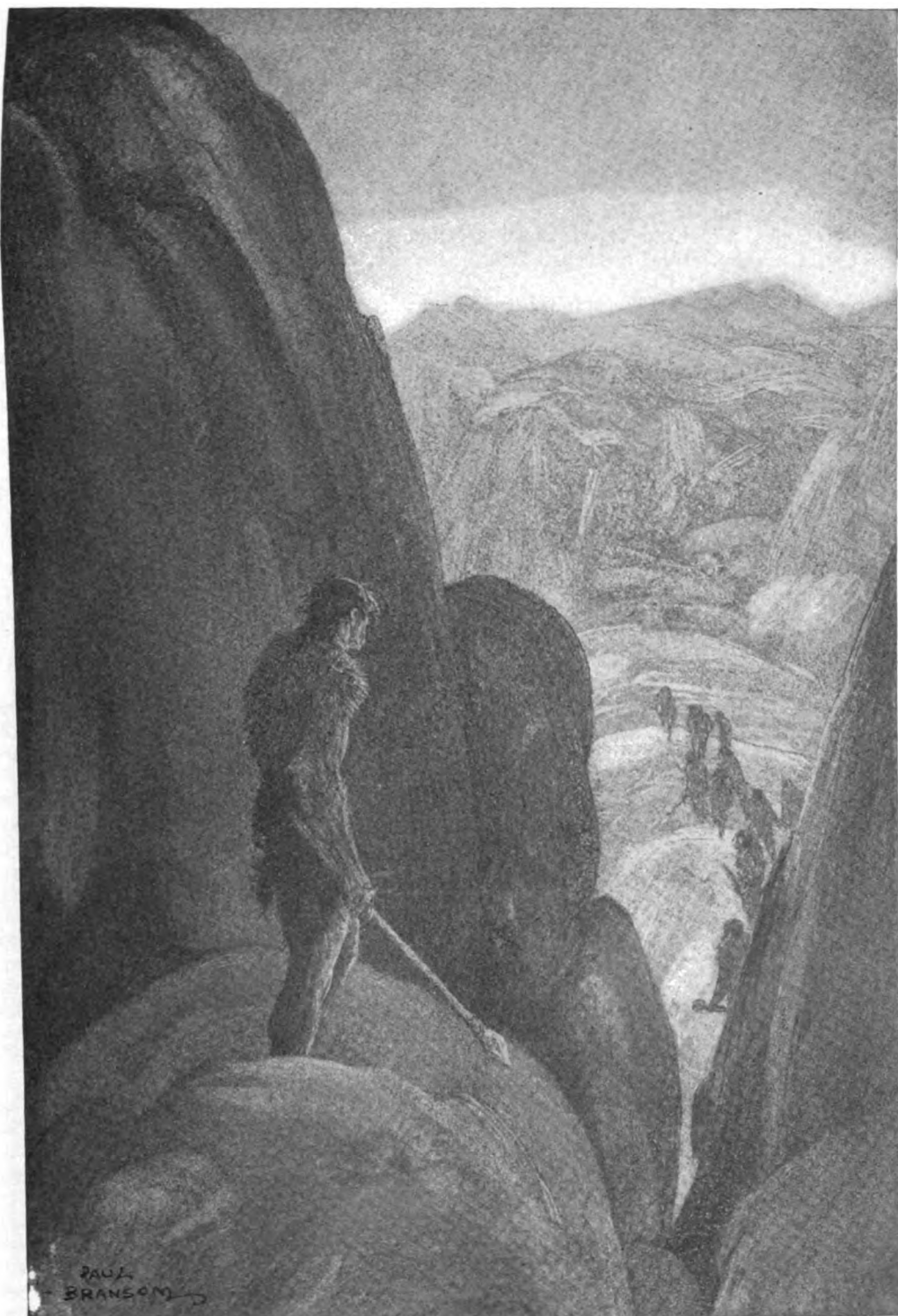
But what made the deepest, the most ineffaceable, impression on the minds of the tribe was when Grôm and the Chief, each waving a pair of dead branches all aflame, charged at a pair of giant sabre-tooths who had ventured too near, and drove them scurrying like frightened sheep into the bush. Repeating the tactics which he had previously found effective, Grôm hurled one of his flaming weapons after the fugitives—an example which the Chief, not to be outshone, followed instantly. The result was startling. The brands chanced to fall where there was a great accumulation of dry wood and twigs and leaves. In a moment, as it seemed, the flames had leapt up into full fury, and were chasing the fugitives up the valley with a roar. In the sudden great glare could be seen sabre-tooths stretching out in panic-stricken flight, burly red bears fleeing with their awkward but deadly-swift gallop, huge hyenas scattering to this side and that, and many furtive unknown creatures driven into a blind and howling rout. Grôm himself was as thunder-struck as any one at the amazing result of his action, but his quick wits told him to disguise his astonishment and bear him-

self as if it were exactly what he had planned. The Chief copied his attitude with scrupulous precision and unflinching nerve, though quite prepared to see the red whirlwind suddenly turn back and blot himself, the audacious Grôm, and the whole shuddering tribe from the face of the outraged earth. But no such thing happened. The torrent of flame raged straight up the valley, cutting a path some fifty odd paces in width, and leaving a track of smouldering winking red stems and stumps behind it. And all the beasts hid themselves in their terror, so that not one of them was seen again that night. As for the People of the Little Hills, they were now ready to fall down and put dust in their hair in utter abasement, if either Grôm or the Chief so much as looked at them.

Soon after sunrise the next day the Chief and Grôm, bearing lighted brands and followed close by A-ya with a bundle of dry faggots, twigs and grass, took possession of two great caves on the southward-facing slope of the valley. The giant bears which occupied one of them fled ignominiously at the first threat of the flames, having been scorched and thoroughly cowed by the conflagration of the previous night. The other cave had been already vacated by the hyena pack, which had no stomach to face these throwers of flame. Before the mouth of each cave, at a safe distance, a fire was lighted—a notice to all the beasts that their rule was at an end. The whole tribe was set to the gathering of a great store of fuel, which was heaped about the mouths of the caves as a shield against the weather. Then the people began to settle themselves in their new home, secure in the knowledge that not even the hordes of the Bow-legs, should they chance that way, would have the temerity to face their new and terrible protector.

When all was ordered to his satisfaction, the Chief called Grôm to his side. The two stood apart, and watched the tall figure of A-ya moving from the one fire to the other and tending them reverently, as one performing a rite. Grôm's eyes took on a certain illumination at the sight of her, a look which the Chief had never observed in any man's eyes before. But he thought little of it, for his mind was full of other matters.

"It is well," said he presently in a low



The tribe strung out dejectedly, winding along the foot of the bare hills

voice, "that the service and understanding of the Bright One should not be allowed to the people, but should be kept strictly to ourselves and to those whom we shall choose to initiate. I shall appoint the two best men of my own kin, and your son, and one other whom you shall select, as servants of the Bright One, and they shall be sworn to admit no other to a knowledge of their task. And I will make a law that the people shall henceforth worship only the Bright One, instead of, as heretofore, the Thunder, and the Wind, and unknown Spirits, which, after all, as far as I can see, have never been able to do much either for or against us. But this Bright One is a real God, such as we can be sure of. And you and I shall be His priests. And only we shall be allowed to understand Him."

"That is good" agreed Grôm, whose brain was busy devising other ways of making the wild flames serviceable to man. "But," he went on, "there is A-ya. She knows as much about it as you and I."

The Chief pondered a moment.

"Either the girl must die" said he, eyeing Grôm's face, "or she must be a priest along with us."

"I think she will be a good priest" said Grôm drily, his eyes resting upon her.

Then the Chief, ascending a rock between the two fires, spoke to the people, and decreed as he had said. He told a little about the Shining One, just so much as he thought it good for his hearers to know. He declared that the ones he had chosen for the great honor of serving the fires must tend them by turns, night and day, and guard them with their lives—for that if one or the other should be suffered to die out some great disaster would assuredly come upon the tribe.

"And henceforth," he concluded, "you shall not be called the People of the Little Hills; for these ridges, indeed, are not such hills as those whose bald and windy tops are keeping the bones of our fathers. But you shall be known and feared greatly by our enemies, as 'The Children of the Shining One'—under whose protection I declare you."

[The fourth instalment of the romance of Grôm and A-ya, entitled "The Puller-down of Trees," will appear in the December number.]

BALBOA

By ELIZABETH WHITFORD

In awe-struck triumph stood he on the height
 Of Darien mount, and looked upon the wave—
 A new-discovered sea whose waters lave
 Bleak Arctic wastes and teeming tropics bright,
 Ice-shackled shores and lands of living light.
 Then through the surf he strode with naked glave,
 And to his sovereign of Castile he gave
 Worlds, greater than his fancy's wildest flight.
 Nor recked he that a nation, yet undreamed,
 Would rive the continent in twain, and make
 One water of the east and western sea—
 Such thoughts insanity he would have deemed.
 Brave Spaniard, may our glory thine awake,
 For fancy's flame leaps up at thought of thee!

KELLEY AFOOT

By HAMLIN GARLAND

Author of: Main Traveled Roads; The Nugget

Illustrated by Arthur Cahill

KELLEY was in off the range and in profound disgust with himself, for after serving honorably as line-rider (and later as cow-boss) for ten years or more, he had ridden over to Keno to meet an old comrade. Just how it all happened he couldn't tell, but he woke one morning without a dollar, and what was incredibly worse, without horse or saddle. Even his revolver was gone.

In brief, tall Ed for the first time in his life was set afoot, and this, you must understand, is the most direful disaster in cowboy life. It means that you must begin from the ground up, as if you were a perfectly new tenderfoot from Nebraska.

Fort Keno was, of course, not a real fort, but it was a real barracks. The town was an imitation town. The fort, spick-span in rows with nicely planted trees and green grass-plats (kept in condition at vast expense by the War Department), stood on the bank of the sluggish river, while just below it and across the stream sprawled the town, drab, flea-bitten, unkempt, littered with tin cans and old bottles, a collection of saloons, gambling houses and nameless dives, with a few people—a very few—making an honest living by selling groceries, saddles and coal-oil.

Among the industries of Keno City was a livery and sale stable, and Kelley, with intent to punish himself at once, applied for position as hostler. "You durned fool," he said ad-

ressing himself, "as you've played the drunken Injun, suppose you now play valet to a lot of mustangs for a while."

As a disciplinary design he felicitated himself upon having hit upon the most humiliating and distasteful position in Keno. It was understood that Harford of the Cottonwood Corral never hired a man as hostler. He seemed to prefer bums and tramps, either because he could get them cheaper or else because no decent citizen would work for him. He was an "arbitrary cuss" and ready with a gun or boot. He came down a long trail of weather-worn experiences in the Southwest and showed it both in face and voice. He was a big man who had once been fatter, but his wrinkled and sour visage seldom crinkled into a smile. He had never been jolly and he was now morose.

Kelley hated him. That, too, was another part of his elaborate scheme of self-punishment—hated, but did not fear him, for tall Ed Kelley feared no thing that walked the earth or sailed the air—except mosquitoes and women. Mosquitoes, he had learned, carried yellow fever, and women robbed a man of horse and saddle.

He was no longer young, that is, as a cow-puncher he was sometimes called "old Ed Kelley." In fact, he was only thirty-six and a very attractive figure when cleanly shaven and freshly shirted. "You bum," he continued to say in bitter derision as he caught glimpses of himself of a morning in



Tall Ed for the first time in his life was set afoot

the little fragments of broken glass which, being tacked on the wall, served as a mirror in the office, "You durned mangy coyote, you need a shave, but you won't get it. You need a clean shirt and a new bandana, but you won't get them, neither—not yet a while. You'll earn 'em by going without a drop of whiskey, and forking manure for the next six months. You hear me?"

He slept in the office on a soiled ill-smelling bunk, and his hours of repose were broken by calls on the telephone or by some one beating at the door late at night or early in the morning, but he always responded without a word of complaint. It was all lovely discipline. It was like beating a measly bronco over the head in correction of some grievous fault (like nipping your calf, for example), and he took a grim satisfaction in going about degraded and forgotten of his fellows, for no one in Keno knew that this grimy hostler had once been cow-boss on the Perco. This, in a certain degree, softened his disgrace and lessened his punishment, but he couldn't quite bring himself to the task of explaining just how he had come to leave the range and go into service with Harford.

The officers of the fort, when tired of the ambulance, occasionally took out a team and covered rig, and so Kelley came in contact with the commanding officer, Major Dugan, a fine figure of a man with carefully barbered head and immaculate uniform. In Kelley's estimation he was almost too well kept for a man nearing fifty. He was, indeed, a gallant to whom comely women were still the fairest kind of game.

In truth, tall Ed as hostler often furnished the major with a carriage in which to make some of his private expeditions, and this was another and final disgrace which the cow-man perceived and commented upon. To assist a gay Lothario like the major in concealing his sentimental affairs was the nethermost deep of "self-discipline," but when the pretty young wife of his employer became the object of the major's attention, Kelley was thrown into doubt.

Anita Harford, part Spanish and part German as sometimes happens in the Southwest, was a curious and interesting mixture with lovely golden-brown hair and big dark brown eyes. She had the ingratiating smile of the *scíora*, her mother, and the moods of gravity, almost melancholy, of her father. To Kelley, when he saw her first, she seemed

a child, and when he learned that she was Harford's wife he swore softly in pity and disgust. "How did the old seed get her?" he asked himself.

She had been away in Albuquerque during the first week of his hostlership, and though he had heard something of her from the men about the corral, he had no great interest in her till she came one afternoon to the door of the stable, where she paused like a snow-white timid antelope and softly said "Are you the new hostler?"

"I am, miss."

She smiled at his mistake. "I am Mrs. Harford. Please let me have the single buggy and bay Nellie."

Kelley concealed his surprise. "Sure thing, mom. Want her now?"

"If you please."

As she moved away so lightly and so daintily, Kelley stared in stupefaction. "Guess I've miscalculated somewhere. Old Harf must have more drag into him than I made out. 'Pears like he's the champion hypnotic spieler when it comes to women."

He hitched up the horse in profound meditation. For the first time since his downfall his humiliation seemed just a trifle deeper than was necessary. He regretted his filthy shirt and his unshorn cheeks, and as he brought the horse around to the door of the boss's house he slipped out of the buggy on the off-side, hurriedly hitched the mare to the pole and retreated to his alley, like a rat to its burrow. The few moments when Anita's clear eyes had rested upon him had been moments of self-revelation.

"Kelley, you're all kinds of a blankety fool" said he. "You're causing yourself a whole lot of extra misery and you're a disgusting object besides. It isn't necessary for you to be a skunk in order to give yourself a welting. Go now, and get a shave and a clean shirt, and start again."

This he did, and out of his next week's pay he bought a clean pair of overalls and a new *sombrero*, so that when he came back to the barn, Harford was disturbed. "Hope you aren't going to pull out, Kelley? You suit me and if it's a question of pay, I'll raise you a couple of dollars a week."

"Oh, no, I'm not leaving. Only I jest felt like I was a little too measly. 'Pears like I ought to afford a clean shirt—it does make a heap of difference in the looks of a fellow. No, I'm booked to stay with you for a while yet."

Naturally thereafter little Mrs. Harford filled a large place in Kelley's gloomy world. He was not a romantic person, but he was often lonesome in the midst of his self-imposed penance. He forbade himself the solace of the saloon. He denied himself a day or even an hour off duty, and Harford, secretly amazed and inwardly delighted, went so far one day as to offer his hostler a cigar. But Kelley waved it away by saying "No. I've cut out the tobacco."

This astonished his boss still more. "Whar were you raised?" he asked in a tone which implied that he suspected a thorough Sunday-school training.

"St. Louis, Mo." answered Kelley.

"That accounts for it" retorted Harford with humorous accent. "Couldn't stand the town, eh? Say, it's a wonder you escaped the ministry."

"It's more of a wonder than you know" replied Kelley. "I was headed right plumb that way till I was seventeen. My mother had it all picked out for me. Then I broke out for the West."

Harford, with the instinctive caution of the plainsman, pursued the subject no further. He was content to know that for a very moderate wage he had secured the best man with horses that the stable ever knew. As he told his wife that night, "Kelley's too good to be permanent. He'll skip out with one of the best saddle horses some night, or else he'll go on a tearing drunk, and send the whole outfit up in smoke. I don't understand the cuss. He looks like the usual hobo out of a job, but he's as abstemious as a New England deacon. 'Pears like he has no faults at all."

Anita had been attracted to Kelley, lowly as he looked, and hearing his singular virtues recounted by her husband opened her eyes in augmented interest. All the men in her world were rough. Her father drank, and brothers fought and swore and cheated, and her husband was as free of speech in her presence as if she were another kind of man, softening his words a little but not much. Therefore the next time she met Kelley she lingered to make conversation with him, rejoicing in his candid eyes and clean-shaven face. She observed also that his shirt was clean and his tie new. "He looks almost like a soldier" she thought, and this was her highest compliment.

Surrounded as she was by gamblers, horse-jockeys, cattle-buyers and miners, all

(generally speaking) of the same slouchy unkempt type, she recognized, in the officers of the fort, gentlemen of the highest breeding and radiant charm. Erect, neat, brisk of step, the lieutenants on parade gave off something so alien yet so sweet that her heart went out to them collectively, and when they lifted their caps to her individually she smiled upon them all with childish unconsciousness of their dangerous qualities.

Most of the younger unmarried men took these smiles to be as they were, entirely without guile. Others spoke jestingly (in private) of her attitude, but were inclined to respect Harford's reputation as a gun man. Only the major himself was reckless enough to take advantage of the young wife's admiration for a uniform.

Kelley soon understood the situation. His keen eyes and sensitive ears informed him of the light estimation in which his employer's wife was held by the major, but at first he merely said "This is none of your funeral, Kelley, stick to your curry-comb. Harford is able to take care of his own."

This good resolution weakened the next time Anita met him and prettily praised him: "Mr. Harford says you are the best man he ever had, and I think that must be so, for my pony never looked so clean and shiny."

Kelley almost blushed, for as a matter of faithful history he had spent a great deal of time brushing bay Nellie. She did indeed shine like a bottle and she trod the air like winged Pegasus, and her harness, newly oiled and carefully burnished, glittered as if composed of jet and gold. "Oh, that's all right, it's a part of my job" he replied as carelessly as he could contrive. "I like a good horse"—"and a pretty woman," he might have added, but he didn't.

Although Anita seemed to linger and to desire to speak a word or two more, the tall hostler turned resolutely away and disappeared into the stable.

Bay Nellie, being the one dependable carriage horse in the outfit, had been set aside for the use of Anita and her friends, but Kelley had orders from Harford to let the mare out whenever the women did not need her, provided a kindly driver was assured, and so it happened that the wives of the officers occasionally used her, although none of them could be called friends or even acquaintances of little Mrs. Harford.



Kelley observed their distant, if not contemptuous, nods to his employer's wife as they chanced to meet her on the street, but he said no word, even when some of the town loafers frankly commented upon it. He owed nothing to Harford. "It's not my job to defend his wife's reputation." Nevertheless it made him hot when he heard one of these loafers remark: "I met the old major the other evening driving along the river road with Harf's wife. Somebody better warn the major or there'll be merry hell and a military funeral one of these days."

"I reckon you're mistaken" said Kelley. "Not by a whole mile! It was dark but not so dark but that I could see who they were. They were in a top buggy drivin' that slick nag the old man is so choice about."

"When was it?" asked Kelley.

"Night before last. I met 'em there just at the bend of the river. It wasn't hardly dark yet and I saw 'em plain."

Kelley said no more, for he remembered that Anita had called for the horse on that date just about sundown and had driven away alone. She returned alone about ten, at least drove up to the stable door alone, but he recalled hearing the low tones of a man's voice just before she called.

It made him sad and angry. He muttered imprecations against the whole world of men, himself included. "If I hadn't seen her—if I didn't know how sweet and kind and pretty she was I wouldn't mind," he said to himself, "but to think of a little babe like her—he checked himself. "That old cockalorum needs killing. I wonder if I've got to do it?" he said in conclusion.

Harford came home the next day, and for several weeks there was no further occasion for gossip, although Kelley had his eyes on the major so closely that he could neither come nor go without having his actions analyzed. He kept close record on Anita's coming and going, also, although it made him feel like a detective when even she glanced at him. He was sure she was only the thoughtless child in all her indiscretions, with a child's admiration of a portly man in a handsome uniform.

"I'll speak to her" resolved Kelley, "I'll hand her out a word of warning just to clear my conscience. She needs a big brother or an uncle—some one to give her a jolt."

The opportunity came a day soon after Harford's return, but his courage almost failed at the moment of meeting. So dainty, so small, so charming and so bird-like did she seem! She complimented him again on the condition of the mare and asked timidly: "How much does my husband pay you?"

"More than I'm worth" he replied with gloomy self-depreciation.

She caught the note of bitterness in his voice and looked at him a moment in surprised silence, her big eyes full of question. "What made you say that?"

Kelley, repenting his lack of restraint, smiled and said, "Oh, I felt that way for a minute. You see, I used to lead a high life of ease. I was a nobleman—an Irish lord."

She uttered an incredulous word, but he kept on. "Yes. Although my name is Kelley I belong to a long line of kings. I'm working as hostler just to square myself for having killed a man. You see, my queen was kind o' foolish and reckless, and let a certain English major hang round her till I got locoed, and being naturally quick on the trigger, I slew him."

She was not stupid, she understood. With a scornful, resentful glance, she took the reins from his hands and stepped into the carriage. Kelley, silenced for the time and with a feeling that he had bungled his job, fell back a pace, while she drove away without so much as a backward glance.

"I reckon she got it" he said grimly, as he went back to his work. "I didn't put it all just the way I had it in my head, but she 'peared to sense enough of it to call me a Piute for butting in. If it don't work I'll tack a warning on the major which nobody will misread for a joke."

As the hours of the afternoon went by he became more and more uneasy. "I hope she'll turn up before dark, for Harf is liable to get back any minute." He said this a dozen times and when he saw her coming up the street with a woman in the seat beside her, he breathed deeply and swore harshly in his relief. "I guess my parable kind o' worked" he thought exultantly. "She's kept clear of the old goat this trip."

The little lady stopped her horse at the door of the stable and with a cool and distant nod alighted and walked away.

"I'm the hostler *now*—sure thing" groaned Kelley. "No raise of pay for tall Ed this week."

He was in reality quite depressed by the

change in her attitude toward him. "Reckon I didn't get jest the right slant on that warning of mine—and yet at the same time she ought to have seen I meant it kindly. Oh well, hell! It's none o' my funeral anyway. Harford is no green squash—he's a seasoned old warrior and



Anita watched him with surprise and admiration

ought to know when men are stealing his wife." And he went back to his dusty duties in full determination to see nothing and do nothing outside the barn.

Nevertheless, when thereafter anybody from the fort asked for bay Nellie, he gave out that she was engaged, and the very first time the major asked for the mare, Kelley not only brusquely said "She's in use," but hung up the receiver in the midst of his explanation.

The town gossips were all busy with the delightful report that Mrs. Harford had been seen again driving with the major, whose reputation for gallantry, monstrously exaggerated by the reek of the saloons, made even a single hour of his company a dash of pitch to the best of women. Kelley speculated on just how long it would take Harford to learn of these hints against his wife. Some of his blunt followers were quite capable of telling in so many words, and when they did, an explosion would certainly take place.

One day a couple of Harford's horses standing before the stable became frightened and ran away up the street. Kelley, leaping upon one of the fleetest broncos in the stalls, went careering in pursuit. He passed the gate just as Anita came down the walk. Tall Ed was a fine figure of a man, even when slouching about the barn, but mounted he was magnificent. It was the first time he had ridden since the loss of his own outfit, and the feel of a vigorous steed beneath his thighs, the noise of pounding feet, the rush of air, filled his heart with mingled exaltation and regret. He was the centaur again.

Anita watched him pass and disappear with a feeling of surprise as well as of admiration. She was skilled in reading the character of men on horseback, and peculiarly sensitive to such an exhibition of grace and power. Her hostility was transformed into something new and wholly admirable, and she gladly took the trouble to watch for his return, as she could not witness the roping and the skillful subduing of the outlaws. She was careful to see him as he came driving before him the runaways, which he did a few moments later with the quiet air of the conqueror.

It is a pleasure to see anything done superlatively well, and every spectator along the way was delighted with Kelley's prompt arrest of the fugitives. "That fel-

low has had range training" they said. "He's no hobo," and his stock rose instantly. The superb picture he made as he tore along swinging his rope now displaced that of the dirty indifferent hostler, and Anita thereafter looked upon him with pleasure, notwithstanding his presumptuous warning which still rang in her ears. She was not in doubt concerning his meaning, and though she still resented his interference she resented it less now that she knew him better. She began to wonder about his past. Who was he? What was he? Why was he the hostler? Naturally, being wise in certain ways of men, she inferred that strong drink had "set him afoot," but when she hesitantly approached her husband about him, his reply was brusque. "I don't know anything about Kelley and don't want to know. So long as he does his work, I shall not dig into his family vault."

Still desiring to be informed, she turned to her servants with no better results. They knew very little about tall Ed, "but we like him" they were free to say.

This newly discovered mystery and charm in her hostler accomplished what his warning had failed to do. It made her neglect her correspondence with the major. His letter lay in a hollow willow tree on the river road unread for nearly a week, and when one afternoon she finally rode by to claim it, her interest was strangely dulled, the spice of the adventure was gone. Indeed, the reading of the letter revolted her. It was as if the real character of the writer's advances had suddenly been made clear to her.

Her admiration had been that of a child, only faintly colored by desire. She had been lonely and idle in the town (when Harford was away the days seemed endless), therefore this attention from a resplendent soldier had been a most alluring diversion.

This final letter frightened her, for the major had permitted himself passionate words of reproof of her neglect, and his professions of love were tinged with something more than insincere. As she read it she wept with shame and anger. "Shall I answer it?" she asked herself, and at last decided to do so. "I shall write a few lines telling him never, never to address me again," and dropping this answer she rode home, an uneasy and saddened little woman.

As she was about to deliver her pony to Kelley that night, he handed her an



Finally she rode by to claim his letter, but the spice of adventure was gone

envelope and with a penetrating glance said: "I found this on the river road today—I wouldn't write any more such, if I was you. It ain't nice and it ain't safe."

It was her own letter, the one she had just written and deposited in the tree. She chilled and stiffened under the keen edge of Kelley's contempt and pity, then burned hot with illogical anger.

"What right? You spied on me—it is a shame!"

"So it is," he agreed quietly, "but I don't want any killing done—unless I do it myself."

"You are a thief" she accused.

"All right," he answered dispassionately. "Spy, thief, big brother, dog—anything goes—only I don't intend to let you slide to hell without a protest. You're nothing but a kid—a baby. You don't know what you're going into. I'm an old stager. I know a whole lot that I wish I didn't know."

I've known women who *said* they didn't care, lots of 'em, but they did all care. They all *knew* they'd lost out. There's only one end to the trail you're starting in on—and it ain't a pretty one. Harf married you in good faith, and even if he is gettin' old and slab-footed and skinny, he's your husband and entitled to a square deal."

Blinded by her tears and weak with passionate resentment at his tone, she could scarcely climb down from the carriage, and taking her in his arms he lifted her out of the seat.

As soon as her feet touched the ground, she started away, but he detained her by the force of his big rough hand upon her waist. "Wait a moment" he said huskily. "You're mad now and you want to murder me, but think it all over and you'll see I'm your friend."

There was something in his voice which caused her to look squarely into his face, and the tenderness she saw there remained long in her memory. He went on. •

"You're too sweet and lovely to be the sport of cheap men. You're worth taking care of—don't throw yourself away on lawless sports. Good-by and God bless you."

She walked away with bent head and tear-blinded eyes, her heart filled with weakness

and pain. She was like a child justly punished yet resenting it, and mingled with her resentment was a growing love and admiration for the man whose blunt words had bruised her soul for its redemption.

Kelley went back to his little office, gathered his small belongings together and called up Harford on the phone. "I'll take that blue Colt's and that Denver saddle and call it square to date . . . Yes, I'm leaving. I've got a call to a ranch over on the Pinto . . . Sorry, but I reckon I've worked out my sentence . . . All right. So long."

Ten minutes later he was mounted and riding out of town. The air was crisp with autumn frost and the stars were blazing innumerable in the sky. A coyote had begun his evening song, and to the north the high dark mass of a long mountain rose. Toward this wall he directed his way. He hurried like one fleeing from temptation; and so, indeed, he was.

All night and for many days thereafter he could feel Anita's small soft helpless form within his arms, but it grew fainter as the weeks passed, and the people of Keno never again saw or heard of tall Ed Kelley, the best hostler Harford ever had.

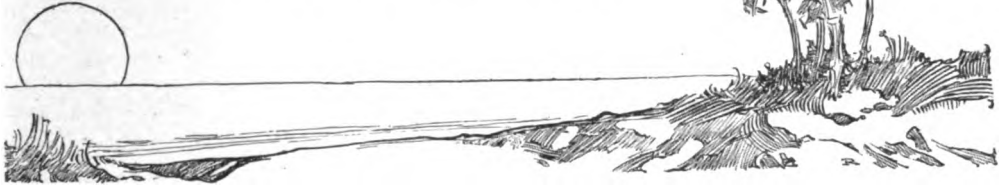
STARS

By ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH

The eyes of men have watched the stars of night
 For reasons many; sailors on the sea
 Have found them beacons guiding faithfully;
 And hearts find holy peace beneath their light.

So life has stars as has the night above:
 The stars of hope, of honor, and of truth;
 And guiding creeping Age and joyous Youth
 One star shines evermore—the star of love!

THE ROBINSON CRUSOE SYNDICATE



McGuffey Promotes a Prize-Fight and Neils Halvorsen Acts as Referee

By PETER B. KYNE

Author of: Captain Scraggs; Under the Jolly Roger

Illustrated by L. J. Rogers

AT 6:30 o'clock on the morning of the day following the frightful experience of Commodore Gibney and Captain Scraggs with the cannibals of Kandavu, the members of the Maggie II Syndicate faced each other across the breakfast table with appetites in no wise diminished by the exciting events of the preceding day. Captain Scraggs appeared with a lump on the back of his head as big as a goose egg. The doughty commodore had a cut over his right eye, and the top of his sinful head was so sore, where the earthenware pot had struck him, that even the simple operation of winking his blood-shot eyes was productive of pain. About a teaspoonful of Kandavu real estate had also been blown into Mr. Gibney's classic features when the shells from the Maxim-Vickers gun exploded in his immediate neighborhood, and as he naively remarked to Bartholomew McGuffey, he was in luck to be alive.

McGuffey surveyed his superior officers, cursed them bitterly and remarked, with tears of joy in his honest eyes, that both gentlemen had evaded their just deserts when they escaped with their lives. "If it hadn't been for the mate," said McGuffey severely, "I'd 'a let you two boobies suffer the penalty for your foolishness. Any man that goes to work and fraternizes with a cannibal ain't got no kick comin' if he's made up into chicken curry with rice. The minute I hear old Scraggs yippin' for help, says I to myself, let the beggars fight their

own way out of the mess. But the mate comes a-runnin' up and says he's pretty sure he can come near plantin' a beltful of shells in the center of the disturbance, even if we can't see the wari on account of the jungle. 'It's all off with the commodore and the skipper anyhow,' says the mate, 'so we might just as well have vengeance on their murderers.' So of course, when he put it that way I give my consent—"

At this juncture the mate, passing around McGuffey on his way to the deck, winked solemnly at Mr. Gibney, who hung his war-worn head in simulated shame. When the mate had left the cabin the commodore pounded with his fork on the cabin table and announced a special meeting of the Maggie II Syndicate.

"The first business before the meeting," said Mr. Gibney, "is to readjust the ownership in the syndicate. Me and Scraggs's had our heads together, Mac, and we've agreed that you've shot your way into a full one-third interest, instead of a quarter as heretofore. From now on, Mac, you're an equal owner with me and Scraggsy, and now that that matter's settled, you can quit rippin' it into us on the race question and suggest what's to be done in the case of Tabu-Tabu and this cannibal king that almost lures me and the navigatin' officer to our destruction."

"I have the villains in double irons and chained to the mainmast," replied McGuffey,

"and as a testimonial of my gratitude for the increased interest in the syndicate which you and Scraggs has just voted me, I will scheme up a fittin' form of vengeance on them two tar babies. However, only an extraordinary sentence can fit such an extraordinary crime, so I must have time to think it over. These two bucks is mine to do what I please with and I'll take any interference as unneighborly and unworthy of a shipmate."

"Take 'em" said Captain Scraggs vehemently. "For my part I only ask one thing. If you can see your way clear, Mac, to give me the king's scalp for a tobacco pouch, I'll be obliged."

"And I," added the commodore, "would like Tabu-Tabu's shin bone for a clarinet. Penden' McGuffey's reflections on the hamperin' of crime in Kandavu, however, we'll turn our attention to the prime object of the expedition. We've had our little fun and it's high time we got down to business. It will be low tide at nine o'clock, so I suggest, Scraggs, that you order the mate and two seamen out in the big whale boat, together with the divin' apparatus, and we'll go after pearl oysters and black coral. As for you, Mac, suppose you take the other boat and Tabu-Tabu and the king, and help the mate. Take a rifle along with you, and make them captives dive for pearl oysters until they're black in the face—"

"Huh!" muttered the single-minded McGuffey. "What are they now. Sky blue?"

"Of course," continued the commodore, "if a tiger shark happens along and picks the niggers up, it ain't none of our business. As for me and Scraggsy, we'll sit on deck and smoke. My head aches and I guess Scraggsy's in a similar fix."

"Anythin' to be agreeable" acquiesced McGuffey.

After breakfast Commodore Gibney ordered that the prisoners be brought before him. The cook served them with breakfast, and as they ate, the commodore reminded them that it was only through his personal efforts and his natural disinclination to return blow for blow that they were at that moment enjoying a square meal instead of swinging to the stuns'l boom.

"I'm goin' to give you two yeggs a chance to reform" concluded Mr. Gibney, addressing Tabu-Tabu. "If you show us where we can get a cargo of black coral and work hard and faithful helpin' us to get it aboard, it

may help you to comb a few gray hairs. I'm goin' to take the irons off now, but remember! At the first sign of the double-cross you're both shark meat."

On behalf of himself and the king, Tabu-Tabu promised to behave, and McGuffey kicked them both into the small boat. The mate and two seamen followed in another boat, in which the air-pump and diving apparatus was carried, and Tabu-Tabu piloted them to a patch of still water just inside the reef. The water was so clear that McGuffey was enabled to make out vast marine gardens, thickly sprinkled with the precious black coral.

"Over you go, you two smokes," rasped McGuffey, menacing the captives with his rifle. "Dive deep, my hearties, and bring up what you can find, and if a shark comes along and takes a nip out of your hind leg, don't expect no help from B. McGuffey, Esquire—because you won't get any."

Thus encouraged, the two cannibals dove overboard. McGuffey could see them pawing around on the bottom of the little bay, and after half a minute each came up with a magnificent spray of coral. They hung to the side of the boat until they could get their breath, then repeated the performance. In the meantime, the mate had sent his two divers below to loosen the coral; with the result that when both boats returned to the *Maggie II* at noon Captain Scraggs fairly gurgled with delight at the results of the morning's work, and Mr. Gibney declared that his headache was gone. He and Captain Scraggs had spent the morning seated on deck under an awning, watching the beach for signs of a sortie on the part of the natives of Kandavu to recapture their king. Apparently, however, the destructive fire from the pom-pom gun the night before had so terrified them that the entire population had emigrated to the northern end of the island, leaving the invaders in undisputed possession of the bay and its hidden treasures of coral and pearl and shell.

For nearly two weeks the *Maggie II* lay at anchor, while her crew labored daily in the gardens of the deep. Vast quantities of pearl oysters were brought to the surface, and these Mr. Gibney stewed personally in a great iron pot on the for'd deck of the *Maggie II*. The shell was stored away in the hold and the pearls went into a chamois pouch which never for an instant was out of the commodore's possession. The coast



After breakfast Commodore Gibney ordered that the prisoners be brought before him

at that point being now deserted, frequent visits ashore were made, and the crew feasted on young pig, chicken, yams and other delicacies. Captain Scraggs was almost delirious with joy. He announced that he had not been so happy since Mrs. Scraggs "slipped her cable."

At the end of two weeks Mr. Gibney decided that there was "loot" enough ashore to complete the schooner's cargo, and at a meeting of the syndicate held one lovely moonlight night on deck, he announced his plans to Captain Scraggs and McGuffey.

"Better leave the island alone" counseled McGuffey. "Them niggers may be a-layin' there ten thousand strong, waitin' for a boat's crew to come prowlin' up into the bush so they can nab 'em."

"I've thought of that, Mac," said the commodore a trifle coldly, "and if I made a sucker of myself once, it don't stand to reason that I'm apt to do it again. Remember, Mac, a burnt child dreads the fire. Tomorrow morning, right after breakfast, we'll turn the guns loose and pepper the

bush for a mile or two in every direction. If there's a native within range he'll have business in the next county and we won't be disturbed none."

Mr. Gibney's program was duly put through and the capital of Kandavu looted of the trade accumulations of years. And when the hatches were finally battened down, the tanks refilled with fresh water and everything in readiness to leave Kandavu for the run to Honolulu, Mr. Gibney announced to the syndicate that the profits of the expedition would figure close up to a hundred thousand dollars. Captain Scraggs gasped and fell limply against the mainmast.

"Gib, my dear boy," he sputtered, "are you sure it ain't all a dream and that we'll wake up some day and find that we're still in the green pea trade; that all these months we've been asleep under a cabbage leaf, communin' with potato bugs?"

"Not for a minute" replied the commodore. "Why, I got a dozen matched pearls here that's fit for a queen. Big red pear-shaped boys—regular bleedin' hearts. There's ten thousand in them alone."

"Well, I'll—I'll brew some grog," gasped Captain Scraggs, and departed forthwith to the galley. Fifteen minutes later he returned with a kettle of his favorite nepenthe and all three adventurers drank to a bon voyage home. At the conclusion of the toast Mr. McGuffey set down his glass, wiped his mouth with the back of his hairy hand, and thus addressed the syndicate.

"In leavin' this paradise of the South Pacific," he began, "we find that we have accumulated other wealth besides the loot below decks. I refer to His Royal Highness, the king of Kandavu, and his prime minister, Tabu-Tabu. When these two outlaws was first captured, I informed the syndicate that I would scheme out a punishment befitting their crime, to wit—murderin' and eatin' you two boys. It's been a big job and it's taken some time, me not bein' blessed with quite as fine an imagination as our friend, Gib. However, I pride myself that hard work always brings success, and I am now ready to announce what disposition shall be made of these two interestin' specimens of aboriginal life. I beg to announce, gentlemen, that I have invented a punishment fittin' the crime."

"Impossible" said Captain Scraggs.

"Shut up, Scraggs," struck in Commodore Gibney. "Out with it, Mac. What's the program?"

"I move you, members of the syndicate, that the schooner *Maggie II* proceed to some barren, uninhabited island, and that upon arrival there this savage king and his still more savage subject be taken ashore in a small boat. I also move you, gentlemen of the syndicate, that inasmuch as the two aggrieved parties, A. P. Gibney and P. Scraggs, having in a sperrit of mercy refrained from layin' their hands on said prisoners for fear of invalidin' them at a time when their services was of importance to the expedition, be given an opportunity to take out their grudge on the persons of said savages. Now, I notice that the king is a miserable, skimpy, sawed-off and hammered down old cove. By all the rules of the prize ring he's in Scraggsy's class. (Here Mr. McGuffey flashed a lightning wink to the commodore. It was an appeal for Mr. Gibney's moral support in the engineer's scheme to put up a job on Captain Scraggs and thus relieve the tedium of the homeward trip. Mr. Gibney instantly telegraphed his approbation, and McGuffey continued.) I

notice also that if I was to hunt the universe over, I couldn't find a better match for Gib than Tabu-Tabu. And as we are all agreed that the white race is superior to any race on earth, and it'll do us all good to see a fine hard mill before we leave the country, I move you, gentlemen of the syndicate, that we pull off a finish fight between Scraggsy and the king, and Gib and Tabu-Tabu. I'll referee both contests and at the conclusion of the mix-up we'll leave these two murderers marooned on the island and then—"

"Rats" snapped Captain Scraggs. "That ain't no business at all. You shouldn't consider nothin' short of capital punishment. Why, that's only a petty larceny form of—"

"Quit buttin' in on my prerogatives" roared McGuffey. "That ain't the finish by no means."

"What is the finish then?"

"Why, these two cannibals, bein' left alone on the desert island, naturally bumps up agin the old question of the survival of the fittest. They get scrappin' among themselves, and one eats the other up."

"By the toe-nails of Moses," muttered Mr. Gibney in genuine admiration, "but you *have* got an imagination after all, Mac. The point is well taken and the program will go through as outlined. Scraggs, you'll fight the king. No buckin' and grumblin'. You'll fight the king. You're outvoted two to one, the thing's been done regular and you can't kick. I'll fight Tabu-Tabu, so you see you're not gettin' any the worst of it. We'll proceed to an island in the Friendly group called Tuvana-tholo. It lies right in our homeward course, and there ain't enough grub on the confounded island to last two men a week. And I know there ain't no water there. So, now that that matter is all settled, we will proceed to heave the anchor and scoot for home. Mac, tune up your engines and we'll get out of here a-whoopin' and a-flyin'."

Ten minutes later the anchor was hanging at the hawsepipe, and under her power the *Maggie II* swung slowly in the lagoon, pointed her sharp bow for the opening in the reef and bounded away for the open sea. Captain Scraggs jammed on all of her lower sails and within two hours the island of Kandavu had faded forever from their vision.

It was an eight-hundred-mile run up to Tuvana-tholo, but the weather held good and the trade-winds never slackened. Ten

days from the date of leaving Kandavu, they hove to off the island. It was a long, low, sandy atoll, with a few cocoanut-palms growing in the center of it, and with the exception of a vast colony of seabirds that apparently made it their headquarters, the island was devoid of life.

The bloodthirsty McGuffey stood at the break of the poop, and as he gazed shoreward he chuckled and rubbed his hands together.

"Great, great" he murmured. "I couldn't have gotten a better island if I'd had one built to order." He called aft to the navigating officer. "Scraggsy, there's the ring. Nothin' else to do now but get the contestants into it. Along in the late afternoon when the heat of the day is over we'll go ashore and pull off the fight. And by George, Scraggs, if that old king succeeds in lambastin' you, I'll set the rascal free."

"I'll lick him with one hand tied and the other paralyzed" retorted Captain Scraggs with fine nonchalance. "No need o' waitin' on my account. Heat or no heat, I'm just naturally pinin' to beat up the royal person."

"If this ain't the best idea I ever heard of, I'm a Dutchman" replied McGuffey. "A happy combination of business and pleasure. Who fights first, Gib? You or Scraggs?"

"I guess I'd better open the festivities" said Mr. Gibney amiably. "I ain't no kill-joy and I want Scraggsy to get some fun out of this frolic. If I fight first the old kiddo can look on in peace and enjoy the sight, and if him and the king fights first perhaps he won't be in no condition to appreciate the spectacle that me and Tabu-Tabu puts up."

"That's logic," assented McGuffey solemnly; "that's logic."

Seeing that there was no escape, Captain Scraggs decided to bluff the matter through. "Let's go ashore and have it over with" he said carelessly. "I'm a man of peace, but when there's fightin' to be done, I say go to it and no tomfoolery."

Mr. Gibney winked slyly at McGuffey. They each knew that Scraggs little relished the prospect before him, though to do him justice he was mean enough to fight and fight well, if he thought he had half a chance to get the decision. But he knew the king was as hard as tacks, and was more than his match in a rough and tumble, and while he spoke bravely enough, his words did not deceive his shipmates, and inwardly they shook with laughter.

"Clear away the big whale boat with two men to pull us ashore" said Mr. Gibney to the mate. Five minutes later the members of the syndicate, accompanied by the captives, climbed into the whale boat and shoved off, leaving the *Maggie II* in charge of the mate. "We'll be back in half an hour," called the commodore, as they rowed away from the schooner. "Just ratch back and forth and keep heavin' the lead."

They negotiated the fringe of breakers to the north of the island successfully, pulled the boat up on the beach and proceeded at once to business. Mr. Gibney explained to Tabu-Tabu what was expected of him, and Tabu-Tabu in turn explained to the king. It was not the habit of white men, so Mr. Gibney explained, to kill their prisoners in cold blood, and he had decided to give them an opportunity to fight their way out of a sad predicament with their naked fists. If they won, they would be taken back aboard the schooner and later dropped at some inhabited island. If they lost, they must make their home for the future on Tuvana-tholo.

"Let 'er go," called McGuffey, and Mr. Gibney squared off and made a bear-like pass at Tabu-Tabu. To the amazement of all present, Tabu-Tabu sprang lightly backward and avoided the blow. His footwork was excellent and McGuffey remarked as much to Captain Scraggs. But when Tabu-Tabu put up his hands after the most approved method of self-defense and dropped into a "crouch," McGuffey could no longer contain himself.

"The beggar can fight, the beggar can fight," croaked McGuffey, wild with joy. "Scraggs, old man, this'll be a rare mill, I promise you. He's been aboard a British man-o'-war and learned how to box. Steady, Gib. Upper-cut him, upper—*wow!*"

Tabu-Tabu had stepped in and planted a mighty right in the center of Mr. Gibney's physiognomy, following it up with a hard left to the commodore's ear. Mr. Gibney rocked a moment on his sturdy legs, stepped back out of range, dropped both hands and stared at Tabu-Tabu.

"I do believe the nigger'll lick you, Gib," said McGuffey anxiously. "He's got a horrible reach and a mule kick in each mit. Close with him, or he's due for a full pardon."

"In a minute" said the commodore faintly. "He's so good I hate to hurt him. But I'll infight him to a finish."

Which Mr. Gibney forthwith proceeded to do. He rushed his opponent and clinched, though not until his right eye was in mourning and a stiff jolt in the short ribs had caused him to grunt in most ignoble fashion. But few men could withstand Mr. Gibney once he got to close quarters. Tabu-Tabu wrapped his long arms around the commodore and endeavored to smother his blows, but Mr. Gibney would not be denied. His great fist shot upward from the hip and connected with the cannibal's chin. Tabu-Tabu relaxed his hold, Mr. Gibney followed with left and right to the head in quick succession, and McGuffey was counting the fatal ten over the fallen warrior.

Mr. Gibney grinned rather foolishly, spat and spoke to McGuffey, *sotto voce*. "By George, the joke ain't all on Scraggsy" he said. Then turning to Captain Scraggs: "Help yourself to the mustard, Scraggsy, old tarpot."

Captain Scraggs took off his hat, rolled up his sleeves and made a dive for the royal presence. His majesty, lacking the scientific training of his prime minister, seized a handful of the Scraggs mane and tore at it cruelly. A well-directed kick in the shins, however, caused him to let go, and a moment later he was flying up the beach with the angry Scraggs in full cry after him. McGuffey headed the king off and rounded him up so Scraggs could get at him, and the latter at once "dug in" like a terrier. After five minutes of mauling and tearing, Captain Scraggs was out of breath, so he let go and stood off a few feet to size up the situation. The wicked McGuffey was laughing immoderately, but to Scraggs it was no laughing matter. The fact of the matter was the king was dangerous and Scraggs had glutted himself with revenge.

"I don't want to beat an old man to death" he gasped finally. "I'll let the scoundrel go. He's had enough and he won't fight. Let's mosey along back to the schooner and leave them here to amuse themselves the best way they know how."

"Right, O," said Mr. Gibney, and turned to walk down the beach to the boat. A second later a hoarse scream of rage and terror broke from his lips.

"What's up?" cried McGuffey, the laughter dying out of his voice, for there was a hint of death in Mr. Gibney's cry.

"Marooned!" said the commodore hoarsely. "Those two sailors have pulled

back to the schooner, and—there—look, Mac! My Gawd!"

McGuffey looked, and his face went whiter than the foaming breakers, beyond which he could see the *Maggie II*, under full sail, headed for the open sea. The small boat had been picked up, and there was no doubt that at her present rate of speed the schooner would be hull down on the horizon by sunset.

"The murderin' hound," whispered McGuffey, and sagged down on the sands. "Oh, the murderin' hound of a mate!"

"It's—it's mutiny," gulped Captain Scraggs in a hard, strained voice. "That bloody fiend of a mate! The sly sneak-thief, with his pleasant smile and his winnin' ways! Saw a chance to steal the *Maggie* and her rich cargo, and he's leavin' us here, marooned on a desert island, with *two cannibals*."

Captain Scraggs fairly shrieked the last two words and burst into tears. "Lord, Gib, old man," he raved, "whatever will we do?"

Thus appealed to, the doughty commodore permitted his two unmatched optics to rest mournfully upon his shipmates. For nearly a minute he gazed at them, the while he struggled to stifle the awful fear within him. In the Gibney veins there flowed not a drop of craven blood, but the hideous prospect before him was almost more than the brave commodore could bear. Death, quick and bloody, had no terrors for him, but a finish like this—a slow finish—thirst, starvation, heat—

He gulped and thoughtfully rubbed the knuckles of his right hand where the skin was barked off. He thought of the silly joke he and McGuffey had thought to perpetrate on Captain Scraggs by leading him up against a beating at the hands of a cannibal king, and with the thought came a grim hard chuckle, though there was the look of a thousand devils in his eyes.

"Well, boys," he said huskily, "who's loorey now?"

"What's to be done?" asked McGuffey.

"Well, Mac, old sporty boy, I guess there ain't much to do except to make up our minds to die like gentlemen. If I was ever fooled by a man in my life, I was fooled by that doggone mate. I thought he'd tote square with the syndicate. I sure did."

For a long time McGuffey gazed seaward. He was slower than his shipmates in making



His majesty, lacking the scientific training of his prime minister, seized a handful of the Scraggs mane

up his mind that the mate had really deserted them, and sailed away with the fortunes of the syndicate. Of the three, however, the stoical engineer accepted the situation with the best grace. He spurned the white sand with his foot and faced Mr. Gibney and Captain Scraggs with just the suspicion of a grin on his homely face.

"I make a motion," he said, "that the syndicate pass a resolution condemnin' the action of the mate."

It was a forlorn hope, and the jest went over the heads of the deck department. Said Mr. Gibney sadly:

"There ain't no more Maggie II Syndicate."

"Well, let's form a Robinson Crusoe Syndicate," suggested McGuffey. "We've got the island, and there's a quorum present for all meetin's."

Mr. Gibney smiled feebly. "We can appoint Tabu-Tabu the man Friday."

"Sure," responded McGuffey, "and the king can be the goat. Robinson Crusoe had a billy goat, didn't he, Gib?"

But Captain Scraggs refused to be heartened by this airy persiflage. "I'm all het up

after my fight with the king," he quavered presently. "I wonder if there's any water on this island."

"There is," announced Mr. Gibney pleasantly; "there is, Scraggsy. There's water in just one spot, but it's there in abundance."

"Where's that spot?" inquired Scraggs eagerly.

Mr. Gibney removed his old Panama hat, and with his index-finger pointed downward to where the hair was beginning to disappear, leaving a small bald spot on the crown of his ingenious head.

"There," he said; "right there, Scraggsy, old top. The only water on this island is on the brain of Adelbert P. Gibney."

Neils Halvorsen, who for many years had been deckhand on the old steamer *Maggie* when she ran in the green pea trade, Half-moon bay to San Francisco, often wondered what had become of the *Maggie* and Captain Scraggs. Mr. Gibney and Bartholomew McGuffey he knew had turned their sun-tanned faces toward deep water some years before Captain Scraggs and the

Maggie disappeared from the environs of San Francisco bay, and Neils Halvorsen was wise enough to waste no time wondering what had become of *them*. These two worthies might be anywhere, and every conceivable thing under the sun might have happened to them; hence, in his idle moments, Neils Halvorsen did not disturb his gray matter speculating on their whereabouts and their then condition of servitude.

But the continued absence of Captain Scraggs from his old haunts created quite a little gossip along the waterfront, and in the course of time rumors of his demise by sundry and devious routes came to the ears of Neils Halvorsen. Now, Neils had sailed too long with Captain Scraggs not to realize that the erstwhile green pea trader would be the last man to take a chance in any hazardous enterprise unless forced thereto by the weight of circumstance; also there was affection enough in his simple Scandinavian heart to cause him to feel just a little worried when a month passed and Captain Scraggs failed to show up. He had disappeared in some mysterious manner from San Francisco bay and the old *Maggie* had never been heard from again.

Hence Neils Halvorsen was puzzled. In fact, to such an extent was Neils puzzled, that one perfectly calm, clear night while beating down San Pablo bay in his bay scow, the *Jennie and Lizzie* (the reader will recall that after the old *Maggie* retired from the green pea trade Neils had purchased an interest in a bay scow, arrogated to himself the title of "captain," and proceeded to freight hay from Petaluma to San Francisco—when the hay season was over he freighted gravel), he so far forgot himself and his own affairs as to concentrate all his attention on the problem of the ultimate finish of Captain Scraggs. So engrossed was Neils in this vain speculation that he neglected to observe toward the rules of the ocean highways that nicety of attention which is highly requisite, even in the skipper of a bay scow, if the fulsome title of captain is to be retained for any definite period. As a result Neils became confused regarding the exact number of blasts from the siren of a river-steamer desiring to pass to starboard. Neils thought she wanted to pass him to port. Consequently the *Jennie and Lizzie* received such a severe butting from the river-steamer in question as to cause her to careen and fill. Being, unfortunately,

loaded with gravel on this particular trip, she subsided incontinently to the bottom of San Pablo bay, while Neils and his crew of two men sought refuge on a plank.

Without attempting to go further into the details of the misfortunes of Neils Halvorsen, be it known that the destruction of the *Jennie and Lizzie* proved to be such a severe shock to Neils's reputation as a safe and sane bay scow skipper that he was ultimately forced to seek other and more virgin fields. With the fragments of his meager fortune, the ambitious Swede purchased a course in a local nautical school, from which he duly managed to emerge with sufficient courage to appear before the United States Local Inspectors of Hulls and Boilers and take his examination for a second mate's certificate. To his unutterable surprise the license was granted; whereupon Neils shipped as quartermaster on the steamer *Alameda*, running to Honolulu, and what with the lesson taught him in the loss of the *Jennie and Lizzie* and the exacting duties of his office aboard the liner, he forgot that he had ever known Captain Scraggs.

Judge of Neils Halvorsen's surprise, therefore, upon the occasion of his first trip to Honolulu, when he saw something which brought the whole matter back to mind. They were standing in toward Diamond Head and the *Alameda* lay hove to taking on the pilot. It was early morning and the purple mists hung over the entrance to the harbor. Neils Halvorsen stood at the gangway, enjoying the sunrise over the Punch-bowl, and glancing longingly toward the vivid green of the hills beyond the city, when he was aware of a "put," "put," "put," to starboard of the *Alameda*. Neils turned at the sound, just in time to see a beautiful gasoline schooner of about a hundred and thirty tons heading in toward the bay. She was so close that Neils was enabled to make out that her name was *Maggie II*.

"Vell, aye be dam," muttered Neils, and scratched his head, for the name revived old memories. An hour later when the *Alameda* loafed into her berth at Brewer's dock, Neils noticed that the schooner lay at anchor off the quarantine station.

That night Neils Halvorsen went ashore for those forms of enjoyment peculiar to his calling, and in the Pantheon saloon, whither his pathway led him, he filled himself with beer and gossip. It was here that Neils came across an item in an

afternoon paper which challenged his instant attention. It was just a squib in the shipping news, but Neils Halvorsen read it with amazement and joy;

The power schooner *Maggie II* arrived this morning, ten days from the Friendly islands. The little schooner came into port with her hold bursting with the most valuable cargo that has entered Honolulu in many years. It consists for the most part of black coral.

The *Maggie II* is commanded by Captain Phineas Scraggs, and after taking on provisions and water today will proceed to San Francisco tomorrow, for discharge of cargo.

"By yiminy," quoth Neils Halvorsen, "aye bet you that bane de ole man so sure as you bane alive. And aye bet new hat he skall be glad to see Neils Halvorsen. I guess aye hire Kanaka boy an' he bane pull me out to see de ole man."

Which is exactly what Neils Halvorsen proceeded to do. Ten minutes later he was at the foot of Fort street, bargaining with a Kanaka fisherman to paddle him off to the schooner *Maggie II*. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and as Neils sat in the stern of the canoe, listening to the sound of the sad, sweet falsetto singing of half a dozen waheenies fishing on the wharf, he actually waxed sentimental. His honest Scandinavian heart throbbed with anticipated pleasure as he conjured up a mental picture of the surprise and delight of Captain Scraggs at this unexpected meeting with his old deckhand.

A Jacob's ladder was hanging over the side of the schooner as the canoe shot in under her lee quarter, and half a minute later the expectant Neils stepped upon her deck. A tall dark man, wearing an ancient palm-leaf hat, sat smoking on the hatch coaming, and him Neils Halvorsen addressed.

"Aye bane want to see Cap'n Scraggs," he said.

The tall dark man stood erect and cast a quick, questioning look at Neils Halvorsen. He hesitated before he made answer.

"What do you want?" he asked deliberately, and there was a subtle menace in his tones. As for Neils Halvorsen, thinking only of the surprise he had in store for his old employer, he replied evasively:

"Aye bane want job."

"Well, I'm Captain Scraggs, and I haven't any job for you. Get off my boat and wait until you're invited before you come aboard again."

For nearly half a minute Neils Halvorsen stared open-mouthed at the spurious Captain Scraggs, while slowly there sifted through his brain the notion that he had happened across the track of a deep and bloody mystery of the seas. There was "something rotten in Denmark." Of that Neils Halvorsen was certain. More he could not be certain of until he had paved the way for a complete investigation, and as a preliminary step toward that end he clinched his fist and sprang swiftly toward the bogus skipper.

"Aye tank you bane dam liar," he muttered, and struck home, straight and true to the point of the jaw. The man went down as if pole-axed, and in an instant Neils was on top of him. Off came the sailor's belt, the hands of the half-stunned man were quickly tied behind him, and before he had time to realize what had happened, Neils had cut a length of cord from a trailing halyard and tied his feet securely, after which he gagged him with his bandana handkerchief.

A quick circuit of the ship convinced Neils Halvorsen that the balance of the dastard crew were evidently ashore, so he descended to the cabin in search of further evidence of crime. He was quite prepared to find Captain Scraggs' master's certificate in its familiar oaken frame, hanging on the cabin wall, but he was dumbfounded to observe, hanging on the wall in a similar and equally familiar frame, the certificate of Adelbert P. Gibney as first mate of steam or sail, any ocean and any tonnage. But still a third framed certificate hung on the wall, and Neils again scratched his head when he read the wording that set forth the legal qualifications of Bartholomew McGuffey to hold down a job as chief engineer of coastwise vessels up to 1,200 tons net register.

It was patent, even to the dull-witted Swede, that there had been foul play somewhere, and the schooner's log, lying open on the table, seemed to offer the first means at hand for a solution of the mystery. Eagerly Neils turned to the last entry. It was not in Captain Scraggs' handwriting, and contained nothing more interesting than the stereotyped reports of daily observations, currents, weather conditions, etc., including a notation of arrival that day at Honolulu. Slowly Halvorsen turned the leaves backward, until at last he was

rewarded by a glimpse of a different handwriting. It was the last entry under that particular handwriting, and read as follows:

June 21, 1911. Took an observation at noon, and find that we are in 20 - 48 S., 178 - 4 W. At this rate should lift Tuvana-tholo early this afternoon. All hands well and looking forward to the fun at Tuvana. Bent a new flying jib this morning and had the king and Tabu-Tabu holystone the deck.

A. P. GIBNEY.

Neils Halvorsen sat down to think, and after several minutes of this unusual exercise it appeared to the Swede that he had stumbled upon a clew to the situation. The last entry in the log kept by Mr. Gibney was under date of June 21st—just eleven days ago, and on that date Mr. Gibney had been looking forward to some fun at Tuvana-tholo. Now where was that island and what kind of a place was it?

Neils searched through the cabin until he came across the book that is the bible of every South Sea trading vessel—the British Admiralty Reports. Down the index went the old deckhand's calloused finger and paused at "Friendly islands—page 177"; whereupon Neils opened the book at page 177 and after a five-minute search discovered that Tuvana-tholo was a barren uninhabited island in latitude 21-2 south, longitude 178-49 west.

Ten days from the Friendly islands, the paper said. That meant under power and sail with the trades abaft the beam. It would take nearer fifteen days for the run from Honolulu to that desert island, and Neils Halvorsen wondered whether the marooned men would still be alive by the time aid could reach them. For by some sixth sailor sense, Neils Halvorsen became convinced that his old friends of the vegetable trade were marooned. They had gone ashore for some kind of a frolic, and the crew had stolen the schooner and left them to their fate, believing that the castaways would never be heard from and that dead men tell no tales.

"Yumpin' yiminy," groaned Neils. "I must get a wiggle on if aye bane steal this schooner."

He rushed on deck, carried his prisoner down into the cabin and locked the door on him. A minute later he was clinging to the Jacob's ladder, the canoe shot in to the side of the vessel at his gruff command and passed on shoreward without missing a

stroke of the paddle. An hour later, accompanied by three Kanaka sailors picked up at random along the waterfront, Neils Halvorsen was pulled out to the *Maggie II*. Her crew had not returned and the bogus captain was still triced hard and fast in the cabin.

The Swede did not bother to investigate the food and water supply. Only one thought surged through his mind, and that was the awful necessity for haste. The anchor came in with a rush, the Kanaka boys chanting a song that sounded to Neils like a funeral dirge, and Neils went below and turned the gasoline engines wide open. The *Maggie II* swung around and with a long streak of opalescent foam trailing behind her swung down the bay and faded at last in the ghostly moonlight beyond Diamond Head; after which Neils Halvorsen, with murder in his eye and a tarred rope's end in his horny fist, went down into the cabin and talked to the man who posed as Captain Scraggs. In the end he got a confession. Fifteen minutes later he emerged, smiling grimly, gave the Kanaka boy at the wheel the course, and turned in to sleep the sleep of the conscience-free and the weary.

Darkness was creeping over the beach at Tuvana-tholo before Mr. Gibney could smother the despair in his heart sufficient to spur his jaded imagination into working order. For nearly an hour the three castaways had sat on the beach in dumb horror, gazing seaward. They were not alone in this, for a little further up the beach the two Fiji islanders sat huddled on their haunches, gazing stupidly, first at the horizon and then at their white captors. It was the sight of these two worthies that spurred Mr. Gibney's torpid brain to action.

"Didn't you say, Mac, that when we left these two cannibals alone on this island, that it would develop into a case of dog eat dog or somethin' of that nature?"

Captain Scraggs sprang to his feet, his face white with a new terror. However, he had endured so much since embarking with Mr. Gibney on a life of wild adventure that his nerves had become rather inured to impending death, and presently his fear gave way to an overmastering rage. He hurled his hat on the sands and jumped on it until it was a mere shapeless rag.

"By the tail of the Great Sacred Bull," he gasped, "if they don't start in on us first



Captain Scraggs hurled his hat on the sands and jumped on it until it was a mere shapeless rag

I'm a Dutchman. Of all the idiots, thieves, crimps, thugs and pirates, Bart McGuffey, you're the worst. Gib, you hulkin' swine, whatever did you listen to him for? It was a crazy idea, this talk of fight. Why didn't we just drop the critters overboard and be done with it? We got to kill 'em now with sticks and stones in order to protect ourselves."

"Forgive me, Scraggsy, old scout" said Mr. Gibney humbly. "The fat's in the fire now, and there ain't no use howlin' over spilt milk."

"Shut up, you murderer," shrilled Cap-

tain Scraggs, and danced once more on his battered hat.

"Let's call a meetin' of the Robinson Crusoe Syndicate" said Mr. Gibney.

"Second the motion," rumbled McGuffey. "Carried," said the commodore. "The first business before the meetin' is the organization of a expedition to chase these two cannibals to the other end of the island. I ain't got the heart to kill 'em, so let's chase 'em away before they get fresh with us."

"Good idea," responded McGuffey, whereupon he picked up a rock and threw it at the king. Mr. Gibney followed with two rocks, Captain Scraggs screamed defiance at the enemy, and the enemy fled in wild disorder, pursued by the syndicate. After a chase of half a mile Mr. Gibney led his cohorts back to the beach.

"Let's build a fire—not that we need it, but just for company—and sleep till mornin'. By that time my imagination'll be in workin' order and I'll scheme a breakfast out of this God-forsaken hole."

At the first hint of dawn, Mr. Gibney, true to his promise, was up and scouting for breakfast. He found some gooneys asleep on a rocky crag and killed half a dozen of them with a club. On his way back to camp he discovered a few handfuls of sea salt in a crevice between some rocks, and the syndicate breakfasted an hour later on roast gooney. It was oily and fishy but an excellent substitute for nothing at all, and the syndicate was grateful. The breakfast would have been cheerful, in fact, if Captain Scraggs had not made repeated reference to his excessive thirst. McGuffey lost patience before the meal was over, and cuffed Captain Scraggs, who thereupon subsided with tears in his eyes. This hurt McGuffey. It was like salt in a fresh wound, so he patted the skipper on the back and humbly asked his pardon. Captain Scraggs forgave him and murmured something about death making them all equal.

"The next business before the syndicate," announced Mr. Gibney, anxious to preserve peace, "is a search of this island for water."

They searched all forenoon. At intervals they caught glimpses of the two cannibals skulking behind sand-dunes, but they found no water. Toward the center of the island, however, the soil was less barren, and here a grove of cocoa-palms lifted their tufted crests invitingly.

"We will camp in this grove," said the commodore, "and keep guard over these green coconuts. There must be nearly a hundred of them and I notice a little taro root here and there. As those coconuts are full of milk, that insures us life for a week or two, if we go on a short ration. By bathin' several times a day we can keep down our thirst some and perhaps it'll rain."

"What if it does?" snapped Captain Scraggs bitterly. "We ain't got nothin' but our hats to catch it in."

"Well then, Scraggsy, old stick-in-the-mud," replied the commodore quizzically, "it's a cinch you'll go thirsty. Your hat looks like a cullender."

Captain Scraggs choked with rage, and Mr. Gibney, springing at the nearest palm, shinned to the top of it in the most approved sailor fashion. A moment later, instead of coconuts, rich unctuous curses began to descend on McGuffey and Scraggs.

"Gib, my dear boy," inquired Scraggs, "whatever *is* the matter of you?"

"That hound Tabu-Tabu's been strippin' our coconut grove" roared the commodore. "He must have spent half the night up in these trees."

"Thank the Lord they didn't take 'em all" said McGuffey piously.

"Chuck me down a nut, Gib," said Captain Scraggs. "I'm famished."

In conformity with the commodore's plans, the castaways made camp in the grove. For a week they subsisted on gooneys, taro root, coconuts and coconut milk, and a sea-turtle which Scraggs found wandering on the beach. This suggested turtle eggs to Mr. Gibney, and a change of diet resulted. Nevertheless, the unaccustomed food, poorly cooked as it was, and the lack of water, told cruelly on them, and their strength failed rapidly. Realizing that in a few days he would not have the strength to climb coconut-trees, Mr. Gibney spent nearly half a day aloft and threw down every coconut he could find, which was not a great many. They had their sheath knives and consequently had little to fear from an attack by Tabu-Tabu and the king. These latter kept well to the other side of the island and subsisted in much the same manner as their white neighbors.

At the end of a week all hands were troubled with indigestion and McGuffey developed a low fever. They had lost much flesh and were a white, haggard-looking

trio. On the afternoon of the tenth day on the island the sky clouded up and Mr. Gibney predicted a williwaw. Captain Scraggs inquired feebly if it was good to eat.

That night it rained, and to the great joy of the marooned mariners Mr. Gibney discovered, in the center of a big sandstone rock, a natural reservoir that held about ten gallons of water. They drank to repletion and felt their strength return a thousand-fold. Tabu-Tabu and the king came into camp about this time, and pleaded for a ration of water. Mr. Gibney, swearing horribly at them, granted their request, and the king, in his gratitude, threw himself at the commodore's feet and kissed them. But Mr. Gibney was not to be deceived, and after furnishing them with a supply of water in coconut calabashes, he ordered them to their own side of the island.

On the eighteenth day the last drop of water was gone, and on the twenty-second day the last of the coconuts disappeared. The prospects of more rain were not bright. The gooneys were becoming shy and distrustful and the syndicate was experiencing more and more difficulty, not only in killing them, but in eating them. McGuffey, who had borne up uncomplainingly, was shaking with fever and hardly able to stagger down the beach to look for turtle eggs. The syndicate was sick, weak and emaciated almost beyond recognition, and on the twenty-fifth day Captain Scraggs fainted twice. On the twenty-sixth day McGuffey crawled into the shadow of a stunted mimosa bush and started to pray!

To Mr. Gibney, this was an infallible sign that McGuffey was now delirious. In the shadow of a neighboring bush Captain Scraggs babbled of steam beer in the Bow-head saloon, and the commodore, stifling his own agony, watched his comrades until their lips and tongues, parched with thirst, refused longer to produce even a moan, and silence settled over the dismal camp.

It was the finish. The commodore knew it, and sat with bowed head in his gaunt arms, wondering, wondering. Slowly his body began to sway; he muttered something, slid forward on his face and lay still. And as he lay there on the threshold of the unknown, he dreamed that the *Maggie II* came into view around the headland, a bone in her teeth and every stitch of canvas flying. He saw her luff up into the wind and hang there shivering; a moment later her sails came



Mr. Gibney spent nearly half a day aloft and threw down every cocoanut he could find

down by the run, and he saw a little splash under her port bow, as her hook took bottom. There was a commotion on decks, and then to Mr. Gibney's dying ears came faintly the shouts and songs of the black boys as a whaleboat shot into the breakers and pulled swiftly toward the beach. Mr. Gibney dreamed that a white man sat in the stern sheets of this whale boat, and as the boat touched the beach it seemed to Mr. Gibney that this man sprang ashore and ran swiftly

toward him. And—Mr. Gibney twisted his suffering lips into a wry smile as he realized the oddities of this mirage—it seemed to him that this visionary white man bore a striking resemblance to Neils Halvorsen. Neils Halvorsen, of all men! Old Neils, the "squarehead" deckhand of the green pea trade! Dull, bowlegged Neils, with his lost dog smile and his—

Mr. Gibney rubbed his eyes feebly and half staggered to his feet. What was that? A shout? Without doubt he had heard a sound that was not the moaning of their remorseless prison-keeper, the sea. And—

"Hands off" shrieked Mr. Gibney and struck feebly at the imaginary figure rushing toward him. No use. He felt himself swept into strong arms and carried an immeasurable distance down the beach. Then somebody threw water in his face and pressed a drink of brandy and sweet water to his parched lips. His swimming senses rallied a moment, and he discovered that he was lying in the bottom of a whaleboat. McGuffey lay beside him, and on a thwart in front of him sat good old Neils Halvorsen with Captain Scraggs' head on his knees. As Mr. Gibney looked at this strange tableau, Captain Scraggs opened his eyes, glanced up at Neils Halvorsen and spoke:

"Why, if it ain't old squarehead Neils" he muttered wonderingly. "If it ain't Neils, I'll go to hades or some other seaport." He closed his eyes again and subsided into a sort of lethargy, for he was content. He knew he was saved.

Mr. Gibney rolled over and struggling to his knees, leaned over McGuffey and peered into his drawn face.

"Mac, old shipmate! Mac, speak to me. Are you alive?"

B. McGuffey, Esquire, opened a pair of glazed eyes and stared at the commodore. "Did we lick 'em?" he whispered. "The last I remember the king was puttin' it all over Scraggsy. And that Tabu boy— was — no slouch." McGuffey paused, and glanced warily around the boat, while a dawning horror appeared in his sunken eyes. "Go back, Neils — go back — for God's sake. There's two niggers — still — on the — island. Bring — 'em some — water. They're cannibals — Neils, but never — mind. Get them — aboard — the poor devils — if they're living. I — wouldn't leave a — crocodile on that — hell hole, if I could — help it."

An hour later the Robinson Crusoe Syndicate, including the man Friday and the Goat, were safe aboard the *Maggie II*, and Neils Halvorsen, with the tears streaming down his bronzed cheeks, was sparingly doling out to them a mixture of brandy and water. And when the syndicate was strong enough to be allowed all the water it wanted, Neils Halvorsen propped them up on deck and told the story. And when he had finished, Captain Scraggs turned to Mr. Gibney.

"Gib, my *dear* boy," he said, "make a motion."

"I move," said the commodore, "that we set Tabu-Tabu and the king down on the first inhabited island we can find. They've suffered enough. And I further move that we readjust the ownership of the *Maggie II* Syndicate and cut the best Swede on earth in on a quarter of the profits."

"Second the motion" said McGuffey.

"Carried" said Captain Scraggs.



When the Canal "Starts Something"

By ARTHUR STREET

Author of: 29 to 6 on Oregon; Ten to One in California

EVER look at it that way? Ever get your Seeing-Yesterday goggles on when you were thinking of the Panama Canal proposition? Ever hear the megaphone man on the Opening-New-Trade-Routes auto call out the landmarks?

"Babylon! Tyre! Jerusalem! Once, the centers of the world's commerce; now—grass between the building stones, archaeologists in the ruins!"

"Venice! Lisbon! Bruges! Once, bankers to His Greatness, the Round Earth; now, curiosity seats for tourists and pitholes for passing revolutions!"

Which is to say, did you ever stop to think what some stunts, such as the opening of the Panama Canal, have done to some spots famous in history, and what they might do to some other spots yet to be famous, such as San Francisco, Los Angeles, San Diego, Portland and Seattle, Victoria and Vancouver?

For instance, take Venice and Genoa, when Columbus did his American stunt. Those places weren't any farther from owning the globe then than some suspicious people think New York and London are now. But within five years after Columbus sighted the skyline of the West Indies,

Genoa bankers were borrowing money to pay their fare to Lisbon, and the bankers of Venice and Florence were hiking for the fresher pastures of Cadiz and London. Forsooth, by the time Cortez began to raid Mexico and Pizarro to maraud the treasures of the Peruvian Incas, the seat of trade empire had been entirely transferred to the capital of Portugal and to Antwerp on the Northern Atlantic.

It was in 1492—remember?—that Columbus was heard from. It was in 1504 that the Portuguese king made a coalition with the clever sailors and merchants of Antwerp, and these two cities thus became such a marketplace for the exchange of the world's goods between the Orient and Europe that over five hundred vessels a day sailed in and out of the present chief seaport city of Belgium.

Think of that! Look at it through those Seeing-Yesterday goggles and size it up. Only twelve years after Columbus' deed, the great entrepot of the world's flow of trade had so shifted from the Mediterranean to the shores of the Atlantic that five hundred ships a day were registering, in one direction or another, in a port which theretofore had hardly been shadowed by a sail an hour. And that, too, in a day when ocean

freight didn't move by steam and bank balances weren't settled by wire!

Kind o' makes a fellow sit up and wonder, doesn't it? Makes him wonder how it'd be if that same sort of thing were to happen in only twelve years after the opening of the Panama Canal.

Suppose, for instance, you'd walk along the waterfront some morning and find this sort of thing actually on the docks:

Wouldn't that get hold of something inside of you? Five thousand more vessels going in and out of one port on the Pacific than there used to be! That is to say, looking ahead twelve years from now, the ship capacity of one port, one lone port on the Pacific Coast, increased two and three-quarter times.

Which'd be only the same thing that happened at Antwerp four centuries ago! It'd be only taking hold of the present head of the American Trade dog, now at New York, and twisting it around to the tail, now at San Francisco. For it's 7966 vessels a year that go in and out of Manhattan harbor, and it's 2938 that salute Lime Point every year in the Golden Gate.

And those five thousand more vessels'd mean something like this:



Total number of vessels going in and out of San Francisco in a year	7,966
Total number of vessels that used to go in and out of same place	2,938
Number of new vessels doing the in and out trick	5,028

Get that? Can you chew the figures? Do they signify anything to you? Seventeen hundred dollars' worth of trade for every \$94 worth that now exists! You, as a merchant of San Francisco, we'll say, handling just about \$1700 for every \$94 that you now handle. Having that much more in the bank. Or, since money in the hundreds may not mean much to you, translate it into thousands, and say you're carrying a balance of \$17,460 as against your present balance of \$940? That'll look a little more scrumptious, won't it?

Gosh! Cogitate on it. Raising your financial ante by seventeen to one just by the opening of the Panama Canal! Extra bacon and eggs for yours, no?

Now, just waded in a little deeper. This article wasn't written to boost San Francisco. 'Tisn't what may happen in one port of the Pacific Coast that it is sought to bathe you with. It's what may happen in all the ports—and up in the hills and down in the valleys around the ports. For 'twasn't just to Lisbon and Antwerp that the Mediterranean trade ducked after the Columbus discovery.

It was to the whole Atlantic shore from Gibraltar and Cadiz to London and Bristol.



Total value of goods going in and out of San Francisco harbor	\$1,746,146,743
Total value of goods that used to go in and out of same place	94,909,924
Total value of new goods that go in and out	\$1,651,638,819

There was Cadiz, for instance. Remember what Cadiz looked like after the Goths got through with it? What San Francisco looked like a couple of days after April 18th, 1906, wasn't in it in comparison. And remember that the ruins stood there for several centuries—just plain, unchanged ruins, with none of the “damndest, finest” about them at all; while over on the Mediterranean Barcelona grew up until it could whale the liver out of anything between Venice and the British Channel? Yet, when the Columbus flagship came back from Hispaniola, or rather, when the Cortez and Pizarro safe deposit boxes came back, Barcelona wasn't even able to hold out for a ten-round go, and Cadiz became the wealthiest spot in Western Europe.

Then, there were London and Bristol. They'd been digging along as best they could for close onto half a dozen centuries selling fish wherever they could and paying bills to the German fellows who owned the famous Steelyard in London or to the bankers of Venice who had been lending money to King Henry and his Pa. But when Drake began raking in the gold from the Spanish galleons and the tobacco habit crossed over from Virginia to Westminster, 'twasn't so long, was it, till London and Bristol had even Cadiz and Lisbon licked to a frazzle?

Well, as we said, imagine the same sort of thing happening to all the towns along the Pacific Coast. Imagine the other fellows legging it for the great ports of our western edge. You'd find something like this in your kitchen:

How'd that sight hold you? Pretty nearly twenty-five billions of new business a year! Would you want to throw it out, or invite it to stay and be one of the family?

Here's what we mean:

Just suppose that things had got started to coming to the Pacific Coast, as they started to go from the Mediterranean to the Atlantic after the Columbus and Da Gama affairs. Suppose that the “let-'er-buck” show were in full operation and the bronco boys already in the field. Wouldn't there be some people wanting to pay for their little tickets at the window? Wouldn't there be somebody around selling apples and peanuts and blowing the popcorn whistle? Wouldn't there even be something about like the drawing on the opposite page?

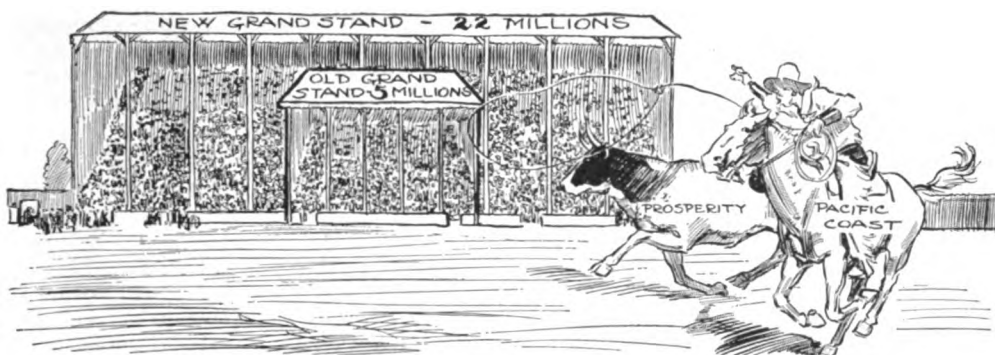
Sixteen and three-quarter millions more of people on the coast than there are now! Makes you sit up and crane a little, doesn't it? But it doesn't put the fear into you that the grandstand'd break down? It's only saying that there'd be as many people on the same grounds and in the same street cars, proportionately, as there are in the grounds and street cars of the United States.

You know about that United States business, don't you? Know that if you took the entire caboodle of us Americans and divided us up into bunches of equal size, you could put about thirty-one of us into every square mile of the landscape? But, if you did the same thing for the Pacific Coasters, we'd come out pretty thin. Only about seven to the square mile.

Think of it! Only seven persons, counting, mother, father, Johnny, Grace and the



Total business flowing in and out of the banks of the coast yearly...	\$30,311,131,859
Total business that used to flow in and out of same banks.....	5,366,901,000
Total new business flowing in and out.....	\$24,944,230,859



Total number of people attending the new Pacific Coast round-up	21,854,457
Total number that used to attend the round-up.....	<u>5,137,478</u>
Total increase in number of people	16,716,979

baby, on a square mile. Only seven of us on about 20 city blocks; while in some places along the Atlantic we're stuck together at the rate of from 300 to 500 to the mile. Looks kind o' empty, doesn't it? Looks as if something ought to be doing. And does it hurt your creepers to believe that, when the Pacific-Coast-Panama-Canal "let-'er-buck" once gets into motion, that emptiness will fill up to at least the thickness of the national thickness?

Does it?

Well, let it hurt for awhile. We'll come back to it presently and put some new-skin on the wound. The point for the time being—the point with the edge to it—is that that new attendance of nearly twenty-two millions, that new population which the Pacific Coast may reasonably expect to have when once the population free-for-all sets in, will pay in to the business gates of the coast the twenty-five billions increase in the coast's annual business income, as above suggested.

Takes that much money to keep twenty-two million persons going for a year. Can't buy their automobiles and pay the baker for any less. Takes something like \$1387 a head every twelve months to pull off the living and keep the fingers busy. Some fellows who aren't lucky enough to draw that much don't think so. And to some, who draw a lot more than that, \$1387 a year looks like an infant. But if any one who isn't afraid of figures'll take his pencil and divide the annual bank clearings of the United States by the number of people in the United States, \$1387's the sum he'll get. And the annual bank clear-

ings, in these days when the bank comes pretty near to being the whole cheese in the human store, just about tell the story of what it costs to live and do business, don't they?

So, what more do you have to do but to do some more arithmetic? Multiply the twenty-two million population of the Pacific Coast by the \$1387 per pop, and you'll get the thirty billions of business that the Pacific Coast'll presently be doing.

No?

Come up to it from another side street. Work your forgetery for a few minutes on the matter of how many people the Coast may expect to have and of how much money the new people will probably pay in to the ticket sellers. Use your mind, not on what *may be*, but on what *is*.

Pacific Coast produces enough gold yearly to do a business of.....	\$115,742,355,500
Pacific Coast now does a business yearly of.....	<u>5,366,001,000</u>
New business Pacific Coast has enough gold to do..	\$109,975,454,500

That's a whale, sure! No speckled trout story about that. Gold enough to do twenty-three times as much business on the Pacific Coast as is now done!

That's not a what-may-be, is it? That's only a What Is. Rather, it's a what-may-be, based on a What Is.

Here's another one. Another What Is-er. It's oil, this time.

Pacific Coast produces enough petroleum annually for.....	32,305,667 persons.
Pacific Coast now has..	<u>5,137,478</u>
Pacific Coast produces enough petroleum to warrant having.....	27,168,189 more

Smell that gasoline, do you? Enough oil on the Pacific Coast for more than six times as many persons as are now on the Pacific Coast! Does that assuage the wound to your feelings that you got when you read about sixteen million more persons?

Or, shall we come up through another side street? A more modest one, we'll say, that doesn't make the credulity shiver so much. It'll be a bucolic one this time. With trees alongside the road, in the ditch, and with alfalfa over the fence.

Pacific Coast farms now produce fruit enough for 17,858,657 persons.
 Pacific Coast now has, to eat this fruit, only 5,137,478
 More persons who could get fruit right off the trees on the Pacific Coast 12,721,179

That's an Is-er, too, isn't it? Something that the Coast is doing right now. Producing everything in the fruit line from thimble-berries to grapefruit for two and a half times as many persons as are on hand to eat it.

Why, just take your Seeing-Yesterday goggles off again for a half minute and look at this:

Total number of trees now bearing on the Pacific Coast 35,165,451
 Total number of trees getting ready to bear 23,494,658

That's three Come-ers, almost, for every five Is-ers. It's a little fruit family of something like 27½ million bushels about to arrive. Enough for eleven and three-quarter millions more of fruit eaters, if it be fair to gauge the fruit appetite of the average man by what the average man gets in the way of fruit in the United States.

Add that eleven and three-quarter millions to the more than seventeen and three-quarter millions already mentioned, and it shows, doesn't it? that the twenty-two million persons predicted for attendance at the Pacific-Coast-Panama-Canal round-up won't have to go without their peach-cobbler and their raisin pudding at supper. Shows that the Pacific Coast is already equipped to take care of six millions above the twenty-two, so far as the fruit is concerned.

And doesn't that put a little more new-skin on your wound? Or, do you stick at the fruit proposition and say that people don't live on fruit? That it's only a luxury? Is it the beefsteak and the lyonnaise potatoes that you want to know about? The bran bread and the oatmeal? You don't

want to get puffed up over this 1700 million commerce idea, wheelbarrow your household goods to the Coast, and then find that there's nothing but oil and gold and fruit to commerce with?

Well, that's right. Let's look into this beefsteak and bran bread business. Let's go down to the alfalfa patches and see the pigs feed. Let's go out in the cook-wagon and watch the boys fill the grain sacks. Maybe that's where the proposition won't come through. Maybe that's where the Lisbon-Antwerp, or the London-Bristol parallel'll begin to get crooked legs and won't be parallel any more.

We wonder.
 And we answer:

Average amount of beefsteak produced per farm on Pacific Coast	\$1,414
Average amount of same produced per farm in United States	774
Amount of beefsteak to the good on the Pacific Coast farm	\$ 640

Get it? The average farm on the coast produces almost twice as much cow-meat as the average American farm. Furnishes an actual surplus over the American farm habit of 85 cents on the dollar. The figures given are not all cow-meat, to be sure. They're for live-stock, including the chickens and turks. But that only makes it all the better. The twenty-two millions can have a change once in awhile.

Once more. As to the bran bread:

Average value of all crops per farm on Pacific Coast	\$1,358
Average value of same per farm in United States	863
Extent to which Pacific Coast farm has it on average American farm	\$ 495

Sizes up along with the beefsteak end of things, doesn't it? And 'tisin't just the bran bread. It's the whole product of the farm. It's the stuff that stuffs the man's stomach and the stuff that stuffs that cow's stomach. It's what goes to the mill and what goes to the kitchen stew-pan. It's the turnips and the celery soup. And the Pacific Coast can turn it all out at the rate of 57 pounds to the hundred, or \$57 to the hundred, better than the average American farm!

Think the new-comers are likely to go hungry with a barbecue like that lined up under the trees, or to stay away when they smell the drippings dropping into the fire?

Then, what more is there to it but to know how far this sort of farm business can go? To know whether these places that beat the rest of the country all the way from 57 to 85 cents on the dollar in the eating line are just a few places and may give out before the food goes half-way round?

Here's the reply:

Number of farms for which there is room on the Pacific Coast....	1,515,444
Number of farms now on Pacific Coast.....	<u>254,290</u>
More farms that might be on Pacific Coast.....	1,261,154

Does that give your question room enough? Space to waddle round in? The Pacific Coast could have over a million and a quarter more farms than it now has, and yet be no fuller of farms, on the average, than the United States at large. Only forty-four per cent full! And we're saying nothing, even at that, of the rate at which a Pacific Coast farm supplies the beefsteak and the potatoes, the cauliflower and the cow-peas, as compared with the rate at which the average American farm supplies these things.

Why, do you know that all you have to do is to multiply that total of something over a million and a half of farms altogether on the Coast—the million and a half that might be—by the average number of people the American farm supports, namely 14.2 to the farm, and get a result like this:

Number of people that could be supported on 1,515,444 farms....	21,719,344
Number of people now supported on 254,290 farms.....	<u>5,137,478</u>
More people who could live on Pacific Coast and not go hungry....	16,581,866

How far is that from the 16,716,979 increase that we let out of our prophetic soul when we first strode into view in this article? How uneasy does it leave you as to what'll be doing in the people line on the P. C. when once that "let-'er-buck" is in full operation? Is your wound worse? Need more new-skin?

And, say, truly, isn't the whole tale a peach, with the bloom on it? Rounds up from the root proposition with which it started, and proves itself right out here on the end of the limb? Right where you can pick it off and enjoy it?

And there we might leave it for you to pick. You, sir, of the East who are viewing

the Pacific Coast from the top of a 44-story sky-scraper and can't see the muscles working under the shoulders. And you, sir, of the West, whose shoulders are doing the working. Might leave it for both of you to reflect upon, to assimilate into your systems and get mutually strong upon for the days that are to come. Might leave it, we say, save for one fact. That fact is that the opening of the Panama Canal is not the discovery of an America. And our case isn't really a ripe peach if it's a green plum, is it?

Rightly you call our attention to the discrepancy. And rightly we dig in and answer:

No! The Panama Canal is not the discovery of an America. It's more. It's letting the rooters for both sides of the Earth, who have been beating their fists against the palings for more than half a century, walk through and get at each other. It's reestablishing on the Western hemisphere the kind of a grand let-'er-buck arena that once existed on the Eastern hemisphere, where for ten centuries or more the people of all nations bucked trade broncos for the delectation of the world in a series of spectacular round-ups. You remember the place, don't you? That Syrian caravan route. That place with the Mediterranean ocean at one end of it, and the Persian Gulf on the other, and only a narrow camel trail between.

Remember how every time a fellow in Europe wanted Indian curry on his goat stew, he had to bring it in by way of the Persian Gulf and up the Euphrates? Had to pay tariff to Old Nebbie (Nebuchadnezzar) or somebody like him on the way. And how every time a fellow in India wanted a piece of British tin to cover a snake hole, he had to bring it in the same way, only in the reverse. So, that Nebbie (or the other fellow) got his, coming and going.

And you remember, too, how rich the graft was, don't you? How rich for Nebbie, for example? So rich that the other fellows wouldn't let him hold onto it? Cyrus, we'll say, who broke up the banquets in the Mene, Tekel, Upharsin hall, and held his own banquets on the ruins.

Then, you remember the next stages? How Alec of Greece took it all away from the descendants of Cyrus, and of how Caesar took it away from the descendants of Alec, and then the Goths made Caesar let go. And from there it passed down to the years of Venice and Genoa.

Well, what was it all? Not discovery, but lariatting for the control of a trade between two Is-ers, two sections of the world that were already known and spoke to each other. A grand round-up in which the seat of trade empire got up and sat down somewhere else every time some new and husky chap put a burr under the cinch.

And so we have it again today. So far as we know, there is no other world this side of Mars to be discovered. There is no new land to be exploited, no Peruvian treasure to pillage, no millions of Mexicans to wear out in the enforced slavery of the mines. All that is and is to be must get into this Panama arena or some other and pass back and forth before the ropers, must undergo the ordeal of the trade thong and spur and saddle. And who is it that is going to put the burr? Who that's going to draw down the buckskin for the longest and best ride?

Put on your Seeing-Yesterday goggles again and watch the answer:

Who was it put the thing under the saddle of Nebuchadnezzar and then stuck to the pony himself for half a century, or so tamed the pony that there wasn't any change till the Macedonian chap came through the gates? Was it some old chap from the lowlands, from the places that were already so full of people that there wasn't room to get a good practice run in a back lot? Or wasn't it some other chap—Cyrus, with the hay still in his hair and the dust

of the country roads on his feet—who came from the land where there were probably only 7.2 persons to every square mile against about 30.9 in the whole of Nebbie's kingdom, as it is on the Pacific Coast in comparison with the United States?

Who was it made the successor of Cyrus chew the sod? Wasn't it Alexander, who came down from another land that once lay, like the Pacific Coast, on the undeveloped rim of the trade ocean? And where did Caesar come from, to undo the trappings on the saddle of the successors of Alec, save from still another land that was once waiting, like the Pacific Coast, for an influx of sixteen millions? Who took the buckskin from Caesar, save the big-lunged fellows of the undeveloped Inland Europe?

Will it not be so in our own grand Pacific-Coast-Panama-Canal round-up? Where are the undeveloped lands, where is the new soil, where are the buoyant people of this day, to unhorse the old ones and stick to the terrific saddle of the Trade Tomorrow? Where, save on the Pacific Coast? With a prize such as the control of the world's commerce offered to the section of the world that's young enough and new enough to win it, will the seat of empire stay in Old Babylon, so to speak, or get up and sit down somewhere else? In San Francisco? In Los Angeles? In San Diego? In Portland? In Seattle? In Vancouver and Victoria? In all of them?

THE NEW TO THE NEW

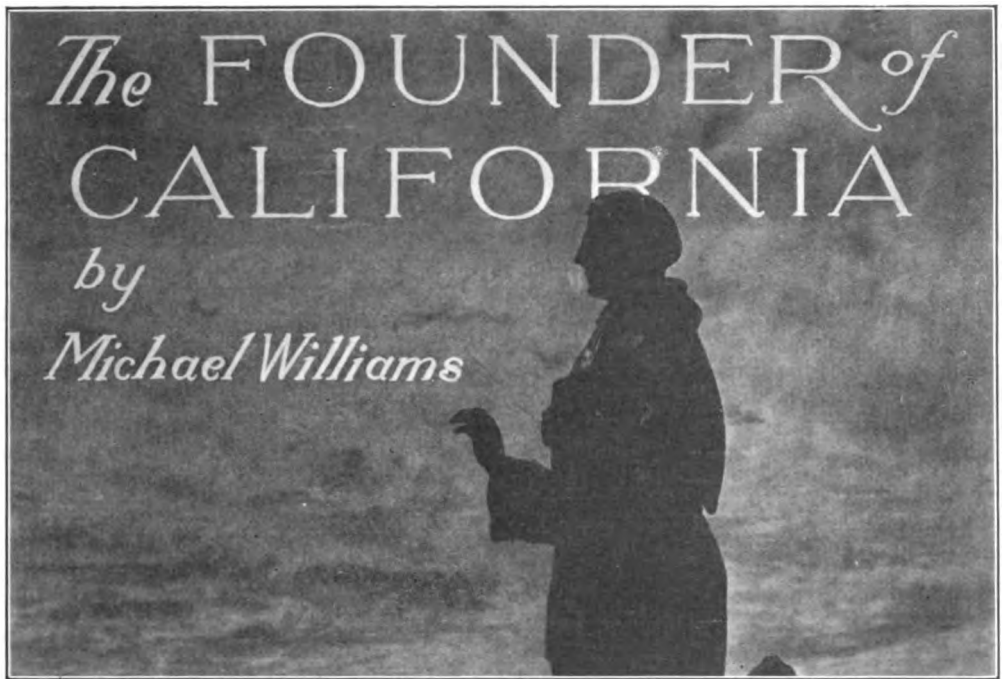
By JESSICA N. NORTH

O Children, my Children, I reach forth longing hands,
 What time your wayward feet explore
 In strange and unknown lands.

In strange and unknown lands, alas, your wayward feet explore.
 Why shun ye now the ancient paths
 We walked in of yore?

O Mother, our Mother, O Mother old and gray!
 We cannot be content to walk
 The old well-trodden way.

We seek the strange and wonderful, the marvelous and true.
 The old heart loves the old, Dear Heart.
 The new hearts love the new.



Carved in stone, in the attitude of stepping from a ship's boat, Fray Junipero Serra, the veritable founder of California, looks seaward across the blue waters of the bay of Monterey

JUNIPERO SERRA this month returns as a conqueror—in spirit—to the California he entered as a humble friar, and which now celebrates the two-hundredth anniversary of his birth, honoring him as the first of all its great. Serra transcended the limits of any class or creed. He was no mere zealot. In culture and intellect as well as in religious power he was eminent. Pioneer of pioneers, he was the type of the Man of the West—the founder of its civilization as well as of the missions which he came to build.

There are biographies enough of Fray Serra. Here I take just a handful of facts with which to compose a spiritual picture—if I can—of the man, and of his meaning for us, here and now.

November 24, 1713, was the date of his birth. Petra, on Majorca, an island off the coast of Spain, was the place. At the age of seventeen he entered the Franciscan Order. So proficient in his studies did he show himself that even before his ordination to the priesthood he was appointed lector of philosophy. Later, he also received the degree of doctor of theology from the Lullian University of Palma, where, too,

he occupied the Duns Scotus chair of philosophy. In short, without attempting to follow his career in detail, the records prove that Serra in his youth and early manhood was even more distinguished intellectually than he was spiritually, although his religious fervor was notable. There had been born in that passionate, fervent lad of the remote isle of the Balearic group a forceful, mighty brain, as well as a powerful and devoted soul. For such a one the highest paths of power in the church were open and easy of ascent. Even in his early twenties the fame of his preaching, and of his teaching, and of his exceptionally magnetic personality, was rife in Europe. Thoughtful ecclesiastics closely watched the youthful prodigy. In him they discerned the stuff of greatness, the material from which leaders are fashioned. Eminently fitted by nature and by culture to hold his own in the highest ranks of European affairs of church and state, Serra seemed predestined to achieve splendid success in the eyes of the world.

Whether such dreams were his as well as those of his observers who shall say? Doubtless they were, for human nature is human nature, and the saint knows the

promptings of ambition as well as the worldling—perhaps he knows it even more keenly, for the saint is one in whom all emotions and all forms of thought manifest with an intensity unknown to other men. But this we do know: Serra knew his own capacities, his own talents, and his vision could quite readily perceive where these things might place him. And we also know that he put all such things aside, once and for all. He dismissed the dreams of power, the mental dramas of ambition realized, with a single gesture of renunciation. Another ideal was his. He knew the real—which is the mystic—meaning of the counsel "Sell all thou hast and give it to the poor." To him, his intellectual and personal gifts were but means to an end—and that end not his, but the greater and larger end to which his Order was dedicated. He was a Franciscan who understood St. Francis. Not all Franciscans are of his kind. If they were, the world would long ago have been converted utterly. But the world is stubborn material, even in the strong hands of men like St. Francis, and his disciple, Junipero Serra. For that's just what he was—apostle. That he was also philosopher, great teacher, compelling preacher, wise administrator as well, to him meant nothing save only in so far as philosophy, teaching, preaching and other gifts could subserve his apostolic mission. For not only without regret or sorrow, but with joy and thanksgiving, he gave up all thought of fame and position in Europe and passed from the plane of pomp and power—a silent, brown-robed, bare-footed friar, disappearing from the eyes of men into the wilderness—into the far-away and incredible depths of pagan and almost mythical America. His true call had come. He had answered—at once, and completely, like the hero he was.

And in renouncing the world to gain souls, and his own soul as well, he not only succeeded in his primary object, but he also conquered the esteem of the world, for today Serra is gaining the fame he might so easily have gained a century and a half ago. He is coming into his own. His true greatness, his actual importance, are being realized in this very year—and especially here, in the California he founded. And his glory is bound to wax, not to wane. As California grows greater—even as America grows greater—the name and fame of Serra will keep pace.

For it is well to remember that Serra's renunciation was a real one. Honored as missionary work was then, and is now, by all missionaries and those who understand the missionary spirit, then as now only a few people would realize that in giving up the splendid work he might have done so well and so easily in cultivated Europe, for unknown and unseen and unheard-of work among the savages of America, Serra was succeeding, and not failing—was accomplishing the greater and not the lesser task. While it is true that in Serra's day the value and meaning of missionary work was perhaps known and honored by kings and great people more than today, nevertheless it is safe to say that then as now those capable of understanding the future-building work that Serra was doing in preference to work that would have had immediate results, would be much in the minority. To these, Serra would be a man who had given up the substance to grasp at what was not even a shadow—for it was invisible. He had chosen to contend not for the prize before the eyes, but for a prize unseen and unrealized. Into the tenebrous depths of the vague blot on the map of the world known as America, he passed and disappeared—a silent, brown-robed, corded, bare-foot friar—and that was the end of him. Poor fellow! So brilliant, too. What a pity he should be so fanatical! Had a perfectly good job at the University. How he would have helped the church, as well as himself, and the cause of intellectual progress, if he had left the missionary work to men who—well, without being unkind—were more distinguished for zeal than for brains; men warm in the heart, no doubt, but a little thick in the head! Too bad, but he would do it, and so, good-bye to Serra!

For most of his contemporaries that was the end of Junipero Serra. He was as good as dead to the world from the day in 1749 when he sailed for Mexico. A few people—and those principally his brother religious and others who were interested in what was going on in America—knew about him.

And now, in the year of grace 1913, it is "Hail, Junipero Serra!" He has exemplified the mystic paradox of the grain of mustard seed of his Master's parable, that was cast into the earth, and died, so that from it might spring a mighty tree. He humbled himself—and now he is exalted. He made himself least—and now he is

placed among the foremost. At his birthplace, the King of Spain unveils a monument and dedicates a plaza to Petra's immortal son. The great commonwealth, the cornerstone of whose civilization he laid in the wilderness, celebrates his two-hundredth anniversary. The most successful drama ever written and produced in the West spreads his name and the glory of his work through the effective suggestion of theatrical appeal among the people of the land. To his lonely grave, in the Mission San Carlos de Carmelo, which for generations remained unknown amid the ruins of his beloved church, thousands of pilgrims—among them his living brothers of the Order of Friars Minor—proceed this month, in homage to his memory. It is more than probable that his birthday will be proclaimed a legal holiday in California this year. A movement to that end is vigorously under way. The one-hundredth anniversary of his death, which fell on August 29, 1884, was proclaimed a legal holiday, and it is justly reasoned that the anniversary of this year is much more important.

It is certainly curious, to say the least, to mark how notably 1913 has witnessed a revival of public interest in the missions which Serra founded, and a deeper sense of their meaning and of their true value to California and to America. And that this revival should come just before the great event of 1915, when hundreds of thousands of visitors from all over the world will come to California, is a matter of jubilation to all lovers of the Golden State—the beautiful among the daughters of our nation—the Hellas of the western world.

Only a handful of the native races that Serra gave his life to Christianize and civilize remain today. The mission system was arrested in full stride and crushed at a single blow by the Mexican government. The mission buildings crumbled into ruins, in many cases. The lands and possessions of the Indian charges of the Friars were taken away from them. The incoming tide of Caucasian life swept their poor feeble lives away. Where the sign of the cross had drawn all the ways of life to follow it, the sign of gold blazed a beacon to the world and its powers, and the flood of strenuous, striving, material modern life swept pastoral and romantic and spiritual California away. Apparently forever—but not so. Romance returns once more. Spiritual things exert

a new ascendancy. California shines with renewed luster to the world as the home and haunt of beauty—a region where abides the creative spirit of art, and where there remains for the American world to cherish and make use of one of the most precious possessions any people may have, namely, visible symbols and links of tradition, joining the present with the past and supplying a glorious perspective for the future. And these symbols are the missions. Every crumb of adobe in their walls is precious. Every scrap of history or legend concerning them is more valuable than fine gold from the Californian hills. Their inspiration for the millions of people who have gazed upon them, or who will so gaze, the influence they exert upon thought and so upon life itself, and the gracious history of the period from which they spring, these things are what put California in a place by herself—make of her a state *sui generis*. And even in a material sense, the missions are worth more to California than any other one of her great possessions. They attract people to her. Not merely this, but they attract people akin in spirit to the Californian spirit. If you do not appreciate the missions, you don't belong to California. But where are those who fail to appreciate them?

And, for all this, California, and America—which needs as no other nation can need the mellowing and atmospheric influences of historic traditions—stand indebted to Fray Junipero Serra, humble Franciscan missionary, who put aside all ambitions save one—which was, as Rudyard Kipling puts it, to win his game in “playing against the devil for the living soul.” It is well to remember, too, that from Serra's point of view—which is the point of view of his church—his was no failure in its real sense, for he won “the living soul” in hundreds of thousands for his faith.

What was he like, this Junipero Serra? No authentic portrait of him has been handed down. As he lived, so he died, obscure and unknown save to the few who were in touch with his work. But from his own writings, from the writings of Palou, from the pages of Engelhardt, and from the magical domain of tradition, there emerges, as it were, his image—the apparition of his virile and consecrated personality.

Yes, I seem to see him. I have lived much in Carmel, near the mission which was the Benjamin of his heart, San Carlos,



At the Mission San Carlos de Carmelo, which Serra loved best and where he prayed that he might die, and where, indeed, he did die and where his honored grave is set in the historic sanctuary

where he prayed that he might die, and where he died, and where his grave is; and perhaps my meditations have penetrated some little distance into the mystery of death and discovered for me some semblance of this hero, for his image seems very real. I seem first of all to see him as a true pioneer—a splendid type of the men who made the west. He had a distinguishing mark of the pioneer—he trusted to his own feet. His first act in arriving in Mexico was to refuse a conveyance to the capital city, and to walk there from Vera Cruz. He permanently crippled his leg in doing so—but that meant nothing to Serra save that it gave him a chance to share in the earthly sufferings of his Master. When his condition became so bad that it threatened to disable him completely, he asked a muleteer for some of the liniment he used for his beasts, and applied it—with prayer, however—to his own leg. Then he went on. Mule liniment—or prayer—whichever you prefer, had cured him—or, at least, made it possible for him to continue his journey. And throughout his thirty-five years of labor in America he never went anywhere save walking, except when walking was absolutely impossible. When he lay dying at San Carlos, Fray Palou wished to administer the last sacraments of his faith to him in his own room, but the indomitable Serra replied that he could and would arise and walk to the church—since as long as he could possibly go there on foot, there was no good reason why his Lord should come to him at his house.

Enthusiasm was his—the kind of joyous and stimulating enthusiasm which was seen in St. Francis, the father of his order, in its supreme degree. When he arrived at the oak trees where later the Mission San Antonio was to stand, and hung a bell to one of them, he swung the bell to and fro so that his companions were amazed, and wondered if he had become demented, shouting all the while for the “pagans”—the Indians, of whom not a soul was visible, to appear and be converted. It was gently—but doubtless very firmly—pointed out to him that there were no pagans to hear him. His companions had the same difficulty that average men always have in understanding the man of genius and realizing that his vision can see farther, and deeper, and higher, and longer, and truer, than theirs, honest and clear as theirs may be.

For, as Francis Thompson says, true sanctity is genius manifesting in religion. The saint is the elder brother of the poet. He lives his beauty and his truth instead of singing it, that is all; and often it is a truer beauty, a more perfect form of truth. Serra could see in his prophetic vision, as he swung the bell beneath the oak tree, the pagans swarming to the mission that was already completed in his imagination. And, sure enough, he was right, as the real man of genius is always right. Even before he had finished ringing his bell, a timid Indian or two appeared. The reason was, that Serra not only believed that they would come, but he also kept on calling out to them to come until his faith was realized. That sign of the great man was also his—persistency: works added to faith. And in these things—in imagination, which visions the future, in faith which says that the vision can be realized, and in good, hard, put-your-back-into-it work to realize the vision, Serra was the model of the future Californian.

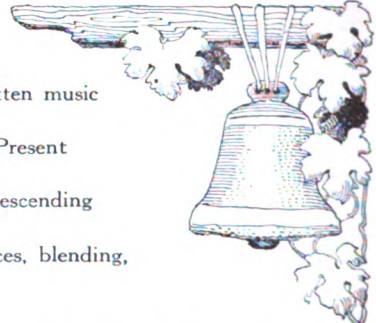
And he did it all so happily, so joyously, with such an open-air light-heartedness—the true, bubbling spirit of the Franciscan always his! His spiritual father, Saint Francis, was a poet—a singer of sweet canticles in which he called the sun his brother, and the birds his little sisters, and showed himself on the best of terms with the elemental spirits of water and air and fire, even as a good Bohemian Grove dramatist is today. And here again, Serra was the first, and the pattern, of modern Californians. Of course, you may point to Serra pounding his breast with a stone in the pulpit in Mexico until the blood streamed, in order to impress upon the crude material minds of his congregation of Indians and peons the reality of penance—but do not think for a moment that he did it lugubriously, or with personal regret. His heart sang within him even while the jagged edge of the stone ripped through the brown habit and tore at his flesh—the flesh of a sturdy man, a man who stopped at nothing, so long as it was honorable, and at no matter what discomfort to himself, to do his job of work in the world—and here again he is the type of the Californian at his highest—the type of the man of the west. Serra even initiated the great modern habit of open-air sleeping! Yes, certainly he did. We have his testimony to the effect



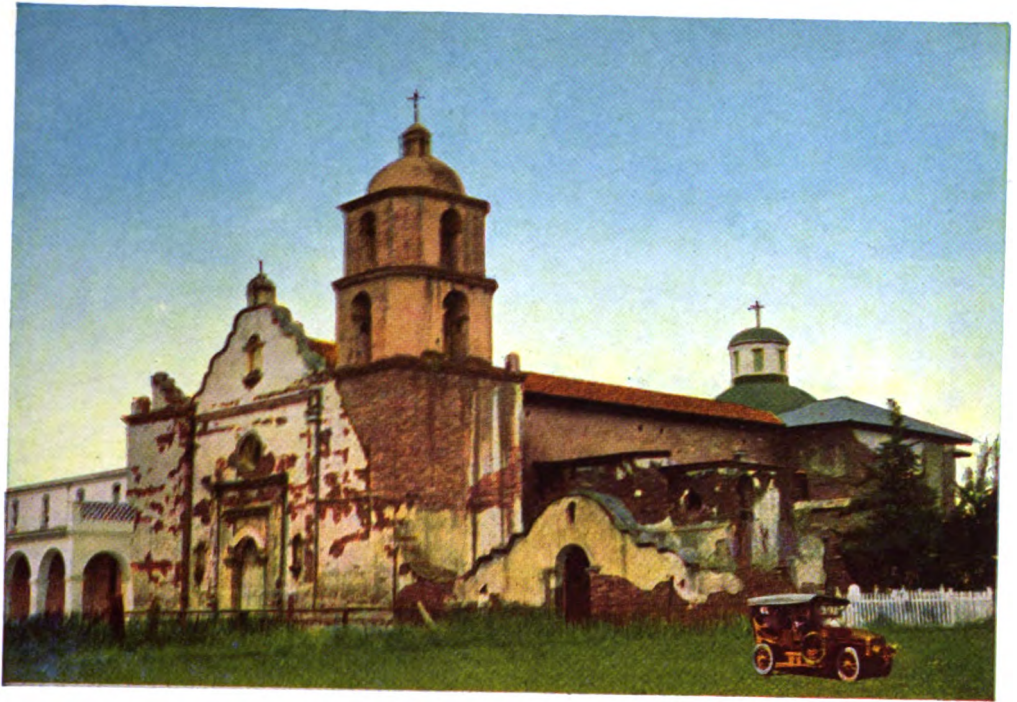
Ruins of San Diego de Alcalá



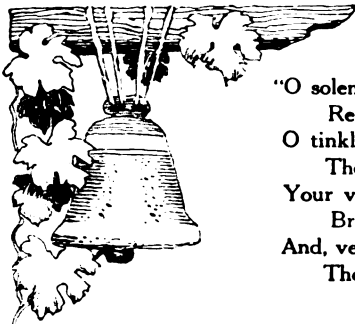
"Bells of the Past, whose long-forgotten music
Still fills the wide expanse,
Tingeing the sober twilight of the Present
With color of romance!
I hear your call, and see the sun descending
On rock and wave and sand,
As down the coast the Mission voices, blending,
Girdle the heathen land."



Scene from the Mission Play, San Gabriel, California

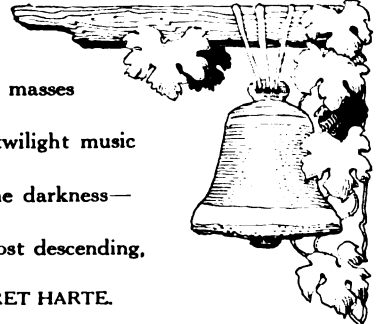


Mission San Luis Rey



"O solemn bells! whose consecrated masses
Recall the faith of old;
O tinkling bells! that lulled with twilight music
The spiritual fold!
Your voices break and falter in the darkness—
Break, falter and are still;
And, veiled and mystic like the Host descending,
The sun sinks from the hill."

—BRET HARTE.

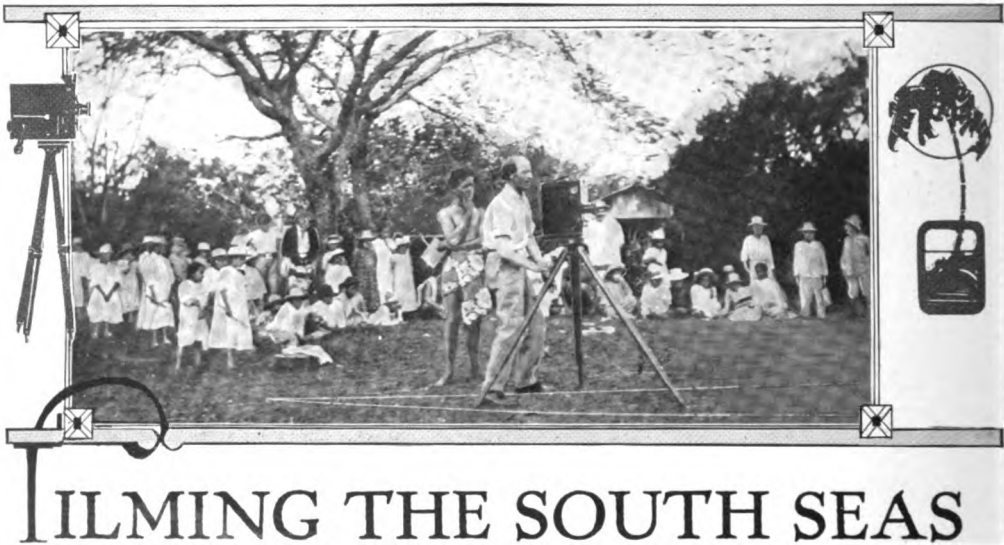


Scene from the Mission Play, San Gabriel

that only his custom of sleeping under the sky preserved his health in the midst of all his toil. Only, he usually did it from necessity, even if it did become his choice at last. Also, beyond a doubt, Serra let his vision lead his spirit through the starry spaces of his roof, as well as let his lungs breathe in the untrammelled ozone, for he cared more for the health of his soul than that of his body.

A man among men, as well as a gentleman and a scholar, a worker in the world as well as a seeker after the sanctity of the spirit, a lover of his kind, and beloved of them—generous, humorous, practical as only the mystic mind may be, such was Serra—the first Californian, the founder of the civilization of the West.

California honors herself this month in honoring him.



FILMING THE SOUTH SEAS

Adventures of a Motion Camera Among Pacific Islands

By EDMUND MITCHELL

Author of: Captain of His Soul; Tales of Destiny

Photographs by Hugh McClung and the Author

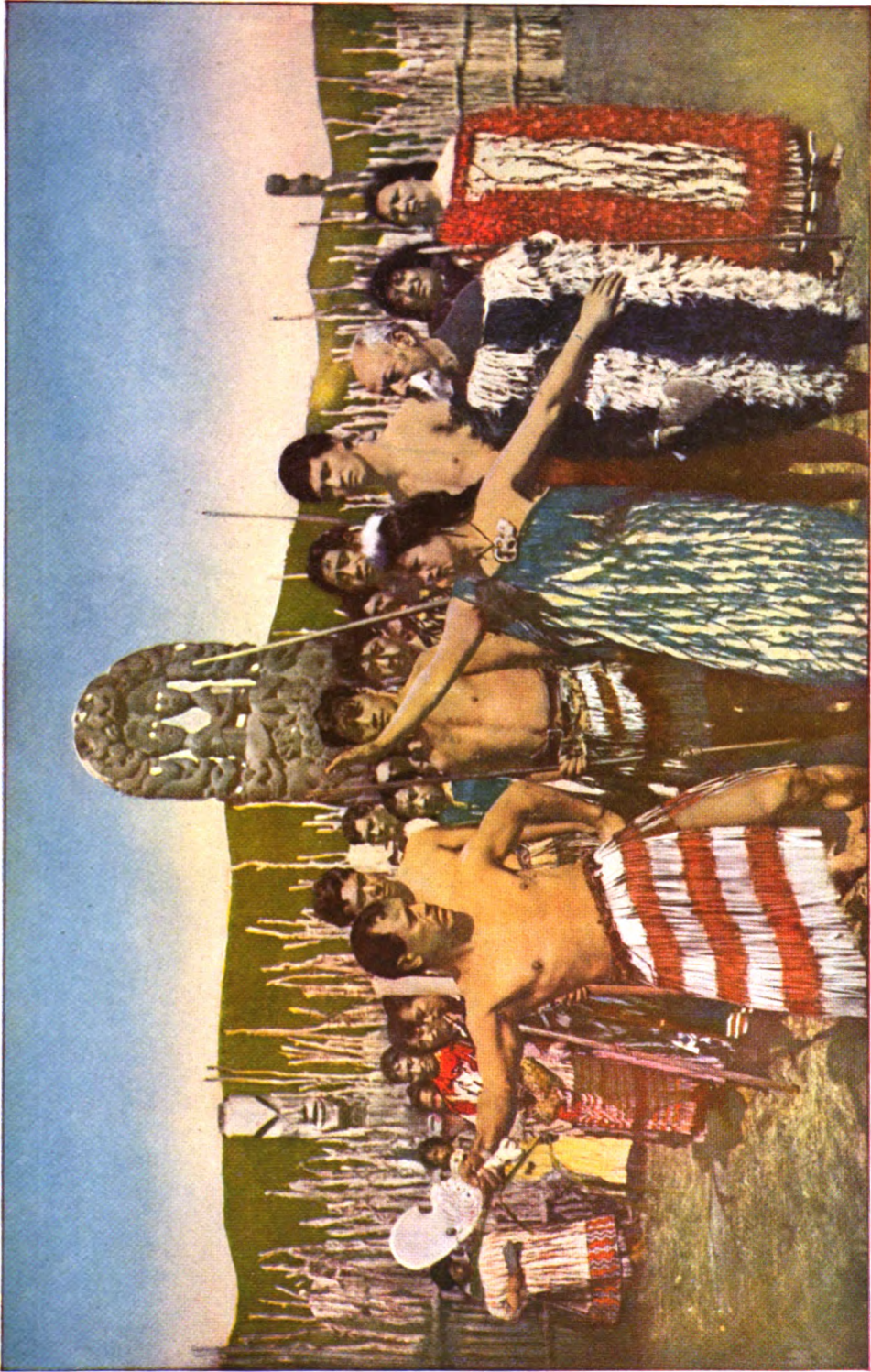
“TAHITI, New Zealand, New South Wales, Queensland, Java, Singapore, Indo-China, Hong-Kong, China and Japan. Then back to Los Angeles.”

The speaker was a leading manufacturer of moving pictures from Paris and New York. The proposal that I should join the expedition he was organizing for a swing around the Pacific had come with startling suddenness. To gain a little time for reflection I lighted my after-dinner cigar.

“You would be home again within the year” urged my interlocutor. Then he paused for my decision.

The proposal was a tempting one—the

literary man is always in quest of new material. I had already crossed the Pacific, and several of the countries named in the itinerary I knew well. But this voyage of some twenty-five thousand miles would fill up gaps in my previous traveling experience, completing a comprehensive survey of the islands and littoral of the great ocean which with the near completion of the Panama Canal is destined soon to become the principal arena of diplomatic and commercial rivalry among the nations. Then, final but paramount consideration, the work that offered, although somewhat of a new departure, was in my line and to my liking.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HUGH MCCLUNG

At Whakarewarewa, near Rotorua, New Zealand, the government has reconstructed a native *pah* or fortified village on a hill-top. Here were all the essential materials for a realistic reproduction of the beautiful Maori legends and the Homeric tales of their wars. In the art of acting, some of these Maoris, young and old, manifested rare, instinctive ability, and their power of playing for the play itself and not for the camera or the throng of interested spectators proved a delightful surprise



A star of the tropics, ready for rehearsal before the motion-camera

My cigar was now alight and my mind made up.

"I'll go" I said. And with hands extended across the table we sealed the contract.

Thus did it come about that a week later we were at San Francisco aboard the good ship *Manuka*, a party of sixteen—manager, actors and actresses, camera operators and film developers, dramatic director, and myself, the scenario writer of the combination. Cinematographically speaking, we were sailing into unknown and uncharted seas, for hitherto no moving pictures had been taken among the South Pacific islanders.

Even before moorings were cast loose the work of the company had commenced. The wharf was crowded with the usual throng, but only those who were close to the operator turning his little wheel in an unobtrusive corner realized why the corpulent and bucolic-looking passenger ascending the gangway tumbled over the enormous cardboard box he was carrying, hopelessly destroying his wife's latest millinery creation from Paris, and was roundly berated by the angry lady in question for his clumsiness and stupidity. The spectators on quay and ship laughed heartily over this domestic disaster, and quite unbeknown to themselves their exuberant hilarity contributed to the successful making of our first hundred feet of comedy film.

Next day, on a calm sea and in bright sunshine, the play proceeded, to the great amusement and delight of both passengers and crew. The spacious decks became a stage, golf and quoits were neglected, books laid aside, so keen was the general interest displayed in the various operations of photo-play production. For here the public were behind the scenes, watching the choice of locations, the fixing of lines, the rehearsing, the final playing to the purring accompaniment of the camera wheel—quite a new experience for all of them. Even captain and officers entered into the spirit of the thing, and before nightfall not only they but every sailor, fireman and steward aboard were eagerly discussing the feasibility of an elaborate reproduction of the old-time ceremonies known as "Crossing the Line." And next morning in the barber's shop and the carpenter's sanctum the fashioning of stove-pipe hats and flaxen wigs had begun.

A few days later we were close to the equator, and at the proper moment a fan-

tastically accoutred figure was seen climbing over the bowsprit. This proved to be the herald of King Neptune. Arriving at the bridge, he blew a blast on his trumpet and announced the coming of the ocean god. Then he called upon the captain to surrender his authority for the time being, to which demand the officer in question, with admirable histrionic gravity, reluctantly and somewhat dubiously assented. A proper reception assured, the herald again sounded his trumpet, the signal for his submarine majesty with a score of myrmidons to come tumbling over the rails forward.

The visitors from briny depths advanced in procession toward the hurricane deck on which all the passengers and such of the crew as were off duty were now assembled. First came a body-guard of ancient mariners clearing the way with pikes for their royal master. Then King Neptune himself appeared, crown on head and trident in hand, closely followed by his beauteous caricature of a daughter. Next in line was the judge of the depths below, wearing a flowing black gown and a tow wig, and accompanied by a lean clerk laden with ponderous volumes. Thereafter came the lord high executioner carrying as the badge of his office a mighty cleaver, the apothecary with his mysterious black bag and an apprentice bearing enormous bottles of medicine and boxes of pills, the barber armed with a razor as big as a broadsword, his assistant provided with two yards of machinery belting for a strop and a bath-room mop for shaving brush, attendants lugging along a tub of pasty-looking and weirdly-colored soapsuds, and finally a rear-guard of bottle-nosed and bibulous constables flourishing their truncheons, a motley throng dressed in all the colors of the rainbow.

The court of Neptune was duly constituted on a flag-draped hatchway. Then by strange perversity of fate the identical stout gentleman who had stumbled on the gangway at the outset of the voyage was pounced on by the police satellites and despite vigorous struggles dragged forth from among a crowd of his fellow-passengers. Indignantly protesting, his wife clinging to him in hysterical terror, the unfortunate individual was pushed and pulled up the steps to the elevated hatchway. Here he was formally arraigned for trial. Satisfactory evidence having been presented that the culprit had never before crossed the line, the judge,



The chorus "made up" for a performance of the corroboree before the motion-camera. Weird clay-bedaubed figures leaped and pranced around a log-fire in savage delirium while the camera recorded a moment in the history of a dying people

after consulting his law books, pronounced the appropriate sentence. King Neptune then ordered the executioner to do his duty. Without loss of time the condemned man was forced into the barber's chair. There he was dosed with physic from one of the huge bottles, doctored with a pill as big as a golf ball, smothered in polychromatic lather, shaved with the Brobdingnagian razor, and finally tipped backward into a tank of sea water formed by means of a large sail. His tearful wife had vainly prostrated herself at the feet of Neptune, and the police squad now settled her plaint by flinging her into the water after her husband.

By this time there were some grave faces among the laughing spectators, and several of the more timid ones were unobtrusively making for the companion. It might be their turn next; cabins afforded the only safe place of refuge. But the clever actor and actress, aided by the stewards and sailormen, had done their work, and the moving picture camera had secured a record for all time of a venerable ceremony that

has almost already passed into the limbo of forgotten things.

In Papeete, the capital and seaport of Tahiti, we were agreeably surprised to find a booming picture-show business. Two large theaters are exclusively devoted to the display of films, and such is the popular avidity for this form of amusement that it has been found advisable to open these show houses only four nights in each week. And both establishments are closed on the same nights, for otherwise there would be no domestic evenings among the natives. So for three nights in every seven the Papeetian perforce remains at home; on the other evenings he packs the picture theaters to the very doors, and his continuous patronage compels an entire change of program for every performance.

I shall never forget my first visit to one of these theaters. Such an aggregation of diversified humanity! Chinese, Kanakas, Tahitians proper (these are grievously offended if the stranger unwittingly classes them as Kanakas), brown-skinned sailormen



A bunch of rollicking little boys at Yarrabah, Queensland posed upon the stranded body of a dugong or sea-cow. With childish delight they peeped into the view-finder of the camera, so bright and happy it is sad to realize that their race cannot endure

from every corner of the Pacific, with a sprinkling of whites from the ships in harbor or from among the resident officials or commercial population. And the native brings his whole family to the show—wife, children, sisters, cousins and aunts; even the grandfathers and grandmothers decline to be left at home. The hum of excited voices speaking many languages is only hushed by the first whirl of the projecting machine. For the efforts of the orchestra of four players have been unheeded. It is for the pictures alone that the crowd has come.

Perched high upon a platform beneath the rafters is an interpreter who translates the English titles and explanatory subtitles on the screen, first into French, then into Chinese, and lastly into the Tahitian language. Judging from the uproarious laughter that sometimes greets his renderings of perfectly innocent seeming English—a love letter, perhaps, or a “meet me by moonlight” invitation—I feel sure that the fellow spices his remarks to suit the primitive notions and tropical tastes of his audi-

tors. And such excitement during the progress of each story, such quick perception of a joke or a humorous situation, such murmurs of execration, even shouts of warning, when the villain nearly gets his man, such heartfelt sighs of satisfaction when virtue in the end triumphs and hero and heroine are clasped in each other's arms! Never did a Sarah Bernhardt or a Harry Lauder sway the passions or tickle the risible faculties of a theater audience in Europe or America as do those dumb actors of the photo-play in far-away Papeete. And always reserved as the last item on the programme is the cow-boy picture—they pronounce it “com-boy” down there; during the final interval the house resounds with the impatient call “com-boy, com-boy,” and if there were to be any failure in the supply of Wild West reels the ticket office outside would assuredly be wrecked.

But it is not only the play that goes; there are educational pictures as well that stir the hearts of those simple-minded islanders. Remember that they have never seen a railroad

train nor witnessed the evolutions of a fleet of warships, that the aeroplane comes to them as a veritable miracle, an elephant or a camel as an almost unbelievable monstrosity. So when "the huge earth-shaking beast" starts piling up the teak logs at Rangoon, when an express train dashes over a suspension bridge, when an aviator leaps into the air on his biplane, when a great battleship at target practice belches forth a broadside of smoke and flame, when Niagara pours down her flood of waters—well, the whole house simply gasps with amazement and then, when breath is recovered, lifts the roof with shouts of approval.

It was in Tahiti that I began fully to realize what moving pictures mean for the whole world—not only for the civilized world, but even more for the uncivilized or partly civilized peoples of the earth. Your Tahitian learns more in a night at a moving picture show than he could ever learn in a year at a school, the benefits of which can only be reached laboriously through the complicated preliminaries of alphabets, grammatical rules, arithmetical tables, and so on. And it is his very eagerness to learn that makes him so keenly appreciative of the film pictures. He has heard of the outside world, but now he is actually seeing it—its beauties, its wonders, its manifold achievements. As human passions and affections are the same everywhere, it is doubtless the play that most quickly reaches his intelligence. But even the play is teaching him all the time—the manners, customs and surroundings of other peoples.

He was a gentle savage, the old-time Tahitian, although a brave fighter with a proud and lofty scorn of death. And his descendant of today, tutored to peaceful living, reveals the innate goodness of the race by the very emotions he displays, openly and like a child, at the moving-picture show. It is curious also to note that, when it comes to a battle between white men and those we are pleased to call the inferior races, his sympathies are always intensely with the whites; he shouts with joy when the black fellows or the redskins are mowed down. This points clearly to where his aspirations lie, but at the same time prompts the reflection that gruesome spectacles of this class should be rigidly barred from the South Sea islands if civilization is to be accepted there as a benign influence and not a mere murderous foray.

Traveling around the island of Tahiti I found no fewer than seven other picture-show houses besides the two large ones in the capital. Each populous village has its long barn-like building roofed with corrugated iron to which the reels are sent in regular rotation, while there is even a traveling outfit with tent, screen and projecting machine to meet the demand in still tinier hamlets. The wonder is whence all the money comes for this now almost national form of amusement. The answer lies in one word—vanilla. Happily the Tahitian has not been despoiled of his lands by the French government, and, with the painstaking Chinaman to cure the so-called but misnamed "bean" and attend to its marketing, the easy-going native finds time to pick the crop, so that he experiences little difficulty in securing francs and even two-franc pieces for admission to the picture show. Indeed this new and expensive taste for theater-going has stimulated his industry, so that indirectly as well as directly the cinematograph may be counted as a civilizing agent among the race.

And for every other semi-civilized community around the Pacific much the same story could be told. Men of many diverse races—Javanese, Malays, Sikhs, Tamils, Arabs, Annamese, Chinese, and others besides—all proved to be dyed-in-the-wool devotees of the picture-show. None were so frankly demonstrative as the South Sea islanders, but every packed and multi-colored audience showed itself intensely interested and at times deeply moved by the dramas told on the screen in the one language—the language of action—which all present could understand.

But I must return to our more immediate department of the enterprise—the making of the photographic films. We worked for a month in Tahiti, re-creating some of the legends and historical stories of the island, and utilizing in large measure the natives themselves for the telling of the tales. We had quickly abandoned the seaport town, and were among the rural people—the true Tahitians and not the mongrel brood that makes up the population of Papeete. Crowds assembled every day to witness the taking of the scenes, and seemed to enjoy the outdoor spectacle of rehearsing and acting almost as much as the play on the screen.

These unsophisticated onlookers showed remarkable aptitude in picking up the

points of the game—kept carefully outside the lines that marked the photographic field, respected the camera as a thing too delicate to be touched or interfered with, maintained a decorous silence during rehearsals and restrained their applause until the actual completion of each scene. Such natives as were selected for active participation in the work, some as principals and others as supernumeraries to fill up the pictures, were quick to learn what was required of them, and while painstaking efforts were at times required to obtain or even approximate to desired results—for all instructions had to be conveyed by aid of an interpreter or by pantomime—they soon proved themselves to be quite equal in intelligence to any group of untried amateurs that might have been similarly selected in America or elsewhere. They were also unquestionably superior in naturalness of gesture and movement, being free from the self-consciousness and camera-consciousness that so often mar the work of professional photo-play artists.

Toward the close of our stay in Tahiti a party of five of us made a flying expedition to the outlying island of Bora-Bora, there to witness and record a great fish drive within the lagoon, in which some six hundred natives participated. We were aboard a small twenty-ton power launch, and the outward voyage of 150 miles, with a favoring wind and a rest at night on one or other of the islands on the way, was an enjoyable experience. The main object of our journey, too, was an unqualified success, the scenes of the mustering of the natives, the beating of the long line of canoes along the reef, the spearing of the fish after they had been driven into a natural rock trap by means of extended barriers of twisted palm leaves, and the feasting and dancing that followed, being all of entrancing interest and high ethnological value.

But the return voyage proved to be both a hazardous adventure and a severe test of physical endurance. A tempest had arisen, and for three days our little boat thrashed its way through high seas and blinding rainstorms. We had only one night's rest on the island of Raiatea, for on the succeeding night we were for hours feeling our way along the surf-beaten reef outside the island of Huahine, unable to make the dangerous passage into the sheltered lagoon until well nigh the break of dawn. Provisions had run short, and after a fast of twelve hours



The leading lady in a photo-drama
of Maori life

only a cup of tea and a hard sailor's biscuit constituted the breakfast ration. But we were destined to go hungry for twenty-two hours longer; for embarking again at 7 A. M. in the expectation of making the island of Moorea by evening, we found landing there to be impossible and had to fight our onward way through storm and Cimmerian darkness, drenched to the skin by the lashing sea scud and intermittent rain squalls. We looked like so many bedraggled and half-drowned crows when at last at 5 A. M. we once again stood on the wharf at Papeete. Such are the pleasures and ventures of picture-making! But it had been all in the day's work, and we were contented.

In New Zealand we organized a band of sixty Maoris to assist in the moving-picture work. At Whakarewarewa, near Rotorua in the North Island, the government has reconstructed, complete in every detail, a native *pah* or fortified village on a hilltop. Here, amid a setting of magnificent natural scenery—mountains, lake, river and steaming geysers—with all around us the thatched *whares* or dwelling huts, elaborately carved meeting houses, food-stores on raised platforms, watch-towers and palisades, we had ready to our hand all the essential materials for a realistic reproduction of the beautiful Maori legends and the Homeric tales of their wars in historic times.

Our Maori friends entered into the task with whole-hearted enthusiasm. Each day meat and potatoes were baked in earth ovens in the old-fashioned style, and with feasts and dances, sports and mimic fights, the memories of ancient native life were brought back again. For the old people it was simply a return to the days of young manhood or womanhood; for the middle-aged the vivid recollections of childhood were being once more visualized; for the youthful Maoris, bright, clever and well educated, the camping out, the wearing of feather robes, and the dancing of war *hakas*, combined all the pleasures of a picnic, outdoor theatricals and a historical pageant.

And in the art of acting some of them, both old and young, manifested rare instinctive ability—their keen zest, their quick apprehension of details, their power of playing for the play itself and not for the camera or the throng of interested spectators, came as a delightful surprise. Garments, weapons, canoes, domestic utensils, articles of personal adornment—in short,

all the "properties," to use the theatrical word—were genuine, so that with real Maori players and real Maori stories these picture dramas can claim to be of high educational value.

For within a very few years it will be impossible to reconstruct and record such ethnological scenes in New Zealand. Not that the Maori race is disappearing. But the Maori is an ex-savage not merely of fine physique but of splendid intelligence, and the younger generation is being absorbed into the civilized population with remarkable facility and rapidity. There are Maori legislators who are among the finest orators in New Zealand, Maori doctors at the head of their profession, Maori lawyers who have won seats as judges on the bench, Maori landowners and farmers—the colonials reserved for the natives an ample domain of the richest lands in the country—who today are running their own automobiles; while Maori footballers have recently gone "home" to the British Isles and swept the board, defeating teams representing England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland on their own fields and in their own national game. So the Maori is disappearing only in the sense that he is being absorbed into the progressive ranks of humanity.

What a pathetic contrast is afforded by the aboriginals of Australia, a dying race, inexorably and inevitably doomed to extinction! We spent a month among them, in mid-Queensland and northern Queensland, where they are still to be found in considerable aggregations under government or philanthropic supervision. The older people are for the most part sullen, silent, unreceptive and undemonstrative. Even young boys and girls seem to have fallen under the shadow of hopeless resignation to the grim truth that there can be no place for them in a world of white men and civilization. But some of the smaller children are so bright and happy that it comes as a heart-pang to realize that there is not sufficient stamina, intelligence and initiative in the breed to ensure its continuity.

I shall always remember with deep affection one bunch of about twenty little boys at Yarrabah Mission, near Cairns, in the York Peninsula. Plump and well fed, laughing and romping, they were as happy six-year-olds as anywhere could be seen. After first shyness had been conquered and their confidence gained they would sit

around me and chatter away in English, their only common tongue, for the youngsters had been drawn from several tribes. I never saw more exuberant childish delight when each in turn peeped into the viewfinder of my kodak and discovered for himself the tiny tinted picture of coconut palms, thatched houses, and the figures of his comrades.

And they had a keen sense of humor, too. Among the boys was the son of a tribal king, and John Mitchell was his name—his officially recorded name in the settlement books, although how he came by it was a mystery, for with his ebony countenance and unspoiled aboriginal features there could be no suspicion of even the smallest admixture of Scottish or Irish blood in this particular product of the Australian wild. The wee chap was shy and timid at first, but at last he took my hand and we were good friends.

"John Mitchell" I remarked. "Why, that is my father's name!"

The other youngsters in a ring watched and listened intently.

"Therefore you are my father, John," I added, tapping the boy on his head and then myself upon the breast.

It was this gesture that broke through the mist of incomprehension, and the ridiculousness of my suggestion that the small black boy could be the father of the big white man so tickled the urchins that the whole bevy simply flopped down on the sand and rolled about in convulsions of laughter.

At the government station of Barambah we found about five hundred aboriginals, remnants of many tribes from widely separated districts, the different groups understanding hardly a word of each other's language. But the men had one thing in common—they were all expert hunters and throwers of both the boomerang and the long spear. Their prowess in these lines was one of the principal things we had come to witness and record, and our dramatic work was shaped accordingly.

As happened almost invariably in our contact with such benighted races, there was one individual who stood out preëminently from his fellows in quickness and intelligence. In this instance it was not a true Australian aboriginal but an islander from the Gilbert group who proved himself the man of exceptional parts. To look at he was not a very promising specimen of

humanity—of slight build, with jet-black complexion, his body seamed with self-inflicted scars, a four-inch-long cylinder of bone thrust through the middle cartilage at the base of his nose. But he swiftly grasped what moving-pictures meant and what was required for the making of a series of scenes. Then when he came to comprehend that there were liberal supplies of tobacco for those participating in the play, it was not long before he had mustered a squad of more or less likely volunteers.

Rehearsals followed, and although infinite tact and patience were required before the camera wheel could begin to turn, the results surpassed first anticipations. Indeed when it came to throwing spear or boomerang the realism grew to be quite exciting, and the leading lady of the play made her escape on horseback with the deadly weapons whizzing uncomfortably near her crouching person. Again, when we had the natives hiding in a rocky place it was simply wonderful how the crouching and almost nude black figures were instantly lost to sight among the black stones, just as a flock of white ptarmigan in Norway vanish on a snow drift. Or when for the nonce they had become stealthy hunters, not a desiccated twig crackled as their lissome figures glided through the brush, while as trackers the mere disturbance of the dew-drops on shrub or grass sufficed to enable them to chase their quarry at a dog-trot. Then their resourcefulness in the wilderness, the making of fire by the rubbing of sticks, the quick building of a *gunyah* or shelter by means of slabs of bark, their finding of water where the white man would have perished from thirst—really after these displays one's first estimate of the capability of the race seemed to call for reconsideration.

But civilized man cannot live by woodcraft alone, and when finally we came to witness their *corroborees*, the weird clay-bedaubed figures leaping and prancing around the log fire in savage delirium, back surged the mournful thought that our camera was indeed recording the last pages of the history of a dying people. As Ella Wheeler Wilcox has sung:

"Wherever the white man's pathway leads
(Far, far, has that pathway gone),
The earth is littered with broken creeds,
And always the dark man's tent recedes,
And the white man pushes on.
For this is the law, be it good or ill:
All things must yield to the stronger will."



DID you ever have anything to do with rainbows? Could you make anything out of 'em? I never could—and I've been mixed up with 'em all my life, too, so I ought to know something about 'em. I've helped to put the fresh paint on hundreds and hundreds of 'em, and I've got used to the shabby, common look of 'em after the paint has commenced to crack and peel off. I've had 'em fool me into believin' in 'em when they'd show up all bright and shinin', and then fool me by fadin' away. I've made up my mind that there's nothin' to 'em except what you call vanity and vexation. I'm plumb done with havin' anything more to do with 'em. They're four-flushers.

But folks do tell some great tales about rainbows, don't they? There's that one about the gold that's buried under the end—you know. Do you believe that one? I did, once. Once was a-plenty. That once learned me. I've got a reputation for foolishness, up here in Wyoming; but I'm wise too. It takes a wise man to know enough not to do the same foolish thing twice after it's made a fool of him once.

This was the way of it: I'd been terrible steady for as much as six months, down there in the sheep country toward Colorado, not doin' a thing but just earnin' my wages and lettin' 'em pile up for me at the ranch,

without even a little bit of excitement. I get one of them relapses once in a while. Nobody could explain why an able-minded man would want to waste himself herdin' sheep for a livin'; but that's what I was doin'—all off alone by myself, with not a soul for company but a couple of collies, and a couple thousand merinos, and a million miles of flat sand and hot sun and soapweed and dry bunch-grass, and me drinkin' nothin' but canned tomatoes on account of the bad water, and all that kind of thing, for twenty-five dollars a month. Yes, sir, that's what I was doin'.

And then one noon I was settin' in the shade of the wagon, humped up with my face hid down on my knees to keep the blazin' shine of the sand from drivin' me blind, with the wind siftin' the hot dust down the back of my neck, and my ears fair throbbin' with the bleat of them two thousand sheep, and my tobacco all gone, and all the rest of it. I expect I couldn't have been feelin' the best in the world, because pretty soon I says to myself:

"Oh, gee whiz, Billy! Ain't this the heavenly job?"

"Yes, ain't it, though?" says I; and then, after I'd set a while longer and let the misery of it soak into me: "What the Sam Hill are you doin' it for, any way?"

"You tell me" I says. "Just think, Billy: six months we've been at it, and there ain't but a mean little old hundred and a quarter comin' to us, after they take out for the boots and pants we've wore out, and what we've smoked, and the rest of the little trinkets we've had."

"Well, then, what are you doin' it for?" "Do you want to know what I think of you? I think your mind's failin'. You ain't any brighter than one of these Monongohelians with a pigtail down your back. Next thing you know you'll be votin' the probabationism ticket."

"What's that?" I says. "What was that last remark?"

"That wasn't a last remark," says I. "That was just the beginnin'. There's lots more comin'." And I let myself have 'em, till I'd called myself all the mean names I could think of. "Billy" says I, "honest, if I was in your place, I'd think it was about time you forsook this forsooken country and went to lookin' for some easier money."

That was the way it commenced. Easy money! Did you ever get to thinkin' about that idea? Then you know how it is. It seemed as if the notion had just got stuck in my mind and I couldn't get it loose. All afternoon I loafed there in the middle of that big lonesomeness, rememberin' all the different well-fixed folks I'd knew, different places around the country. So far as I could remember, none of 'em had made theirs herdin' sheep; I couldn't recollect but a few that had ever seemed to really work for it at all. And their money had come to 'em mostly in chunks, instead of just by the nickel's worth. "Like pickin' it up at the end of a rainbow, Billy" I says to myself. By night, when I'd got through messin' with my supper, and got my sheep bedded down and the lanterns hung out around the bed-ground, I was plumb absorbed with broodin' over it. I laid there in my blankets under the wagon, listenin' to the dogs and the coyotes singin' soprano at each other across the creek, and tryin' not to listen to the world-without-end racket of them ewes and lambs; and then a big wind started to rattlin' the wagon-canvas up above me, and I got to thinkin' about the fine, different places it had blew from and all the good times it had saw, around where there was folks, till I couldn't stand any more of it.

"Easy money!" I says over again to myself. "And twenty-five dollars a month! And there's just kazillions of it layin' around loose, waitin' for a bright man to come along and pick it up." By mornin' it seemed as if them sheep was goin' to have to find another Little Boy Blue, because this one was sure goin' to make trail away from there.

Laramie was the first place I struck, and the very first night I started lookin' at rainbows. Laramie was full of 'em; a man could pretty near take his pick. I wasn't goin' to be in any hurry. All day, and away along after supper, I was just shiftin' around, enjoyin' seein' the people, and the things in the windows, and the round comical wet marks the bottom of a glass makes on top of the table, and knowin' I had a sack of tobacco in every one of my pockets, and all that kind of luxury. No, I wasn't tearin' loose. I wasn't goin' to waste my money. I was goin' to save it up and have it to work with when the right thing turned up. I hadn't the least notion what it would be; but I was goin' to find it.

I did, too. It was along in the middle of the evenin' that I run across a mess of people standin' out in the road, bunched up around a big store-box. There was a gasoline torch, and a nigger playin' a guitar, and a lean man with long hair was standin' sideways with a potato between his teeth, and a yellow-haired girl in a buckskin shirt and a Mexican hat was shootin' chunks out of the potato with a target gun, ten feet away, with everybody standin' with his mouth open and wonderin' at the wonderfulness of it. You've seen 'em. In a minute I was shovin' through, to get near the front, with my mouth as wide as anybody's. And then pretty soon the lean lad spit out the last end of the potato, and the girl quit and went and set down by herself, over at one side, takin' off her heavy hat to let the cool wind fan her. She looked plumb tired and tuckered out—a poor thin little thing; young, but with the youngness sort of clouded over with weariness. I never could get used to seein' a girl look that way. Do you enjoy it? It's a heap different from the look that comes with just gettin' old. This one was plenty young enough; she couldn't have been over twenty-five or so; and she'd have been right good-lookin', too, only for the tiredness and the wiseness in her face.

I didn't have much time to notice her, because the long-haired chap had fished up

a little gripsack from somewhere and opened it out on top of the box, and started talkin'.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen" he says, "havin' concluded our magnificent free exhibition, I want to call your attention to the most marvelous medical discovery of the age—Doctor Jonah Fish's Golden Specific Oil—a compound, ladies and gentlemen—" Shucks! I don't have to tell you what he said. You've heard 'em millions of times. He was like the rest of 'em. Accordin' to his talk, his oil would cure anything from homesickness to a hare-lip; you could use it inside or out; it would grow hair on a bald place, or it would stop a case of heart-disease. "A single dose will often work a miracle, ladies and gentlemen" says the lad. "Let me demonstrate its virtues." And with that he poured out a spoonful and leaned over. I'd crowded up till I was the closest one. "Here, my friend, taste it" he says, and held the spoon toward me.

I didn't require any. There wasn't anything the matter with me. But I reckon I'd been associatin' with sheep too long, because I just held my mouth open and let him slip it into me. Great Guns! It tasted just exactly like a scorched horse-blanket with the fire not put out yet. The man don't live that could even think of anything any ranker. It certainly surprised me, and I expect my face must have showed it.

"See, ladies and gentlemen!" says the lad. "See the amazed expression of this gentleman's countenance. The effects of the oil are often instantaneous and truly astounding." And then, the next thing I knew, he was holdin' out a bottle of the stuff toward me. "One dollar" says he, "if you please, sir."

Yes, I certainly had been associatin' too long with sheep. I fished up his dollar and took my bottle and started to back off through the crowd, gaspin' for breath. I felt as if my dampers was all wide open, and the smoke and hot sparks just rollin' up out of my chimney. It took me quite a bit before I could notice the bottle I had gripped in my hand.

"You Billy!" I says then. "You don't mean to tell me you give a whole dollar for that little dab of stuff! Why, there ain't near a quarter of a pint of it."

"Ain't there?" says I. "Well, if you was the one that had it to take, you might think that was a blessin'. There's plenty to suit me."

"Yes, but your dollar's gone" I says. "A whole dollar you give for just what's in that bottle."

"I didn't" says I. "I give the dollar for the experience. The medicine didn't cost me nothin'. I don't care! Come on, now; let's go to bed. It's a good while since you and me have slept in a real bed."

But it seemed as if that spoonful must have made me wakeful. I laid there and turned over from one side to the other for as much as an hour; and then I got up and set by the window and smoked a while, till by and by the town was all quiet for the night. I rolled me another cigarette; but after a bit I noticed I'd forgot to light it. I was thinkin'. "Why, Billy!" I says to myself. "Why, Billy!" I was beginnin' to get a suspicion of what was in my mind. You couldn't say the idea was there yet, but I could feel it comin'. "Billy" I says, "don't that look like the end of a rainbow to you? It does to me. Yes, sir; we'll hunt up the Professor, first thing in the mornin'."

But when I'd had my breakfast I'd changed my mind. "No" I says, "we'll talk to the girl first. You're always luckier with a girl than you are with a man. Let's see if we can find her."

It wasn't any trouble to find her. I was just goin' up the street and I run right into her, walkin' by herself, headed out toward the edge of town, like she was aimin' to be alone. She'd put off the buckskins and the Mexican hat, and she was dressed real quiet and quaint in some kind of a frock that made her look a heap better than the night before. I hadn't took to her such a whole lot in that other outfit of hers; but I sort of did this morning, with her soft hair all fluffed up, and her little blue hat, and her wide eyes. The tiredness wasn't gone out of 'em; but they were blue, and they looked right straight at me for a minute when she went past me, like a little kid's eyes. No, she wasn't the kind I'd ever fall in love with. I wasn't thinkin' about it a speck; but she was the sort I could be sorry for. I was sorry for her, too. "The poor little thing!" I says. "Billy, she don't look as if she even gets enough to eat. I don't believe they're treatin' her right. I shouldn't wonder if she 'd be real glad of a nice friend." And with that I turned around and started to follow her, walkin' slow, till she'd got out beyond the town on one of the trails; and then she stopped and stood there, leanin' her arms



It didn't seem like the way a woman mostly cries—just tears; it was a real stormy cry, with a high wind

on the top of a fence-post, with her chin in her hands, lookin' out across the wide ragged ugly jumble of rocks and sand—miles and miles of it, without a single human sign, far as you could see. I judged from the looks of her that she was sort of mediatin'. When I come up to her she turned her head and give me a slow quiet look out of them wide blue eyes, and then she looked away again, as if I didn't interest her much, and kept on with whatever she was thinkin' about. But I'd come out to be sociable with her. I stopped a little ways from her and acted just sort of casual.

"Sufferin' Peter!" I says. "Ain't that a lonesome view, though? It's enough to make a wooden Indian homesick."

I didn't expect her to take it the way she did. She give me another look, longer than the first, studyin' my face real careful, but not sayin' a word; and the next thing she dropped her face down on her crossed arms

and begun cryin' as if her little heart would break. It didn't seem like the way a woman mostly cries—just tears; it was a real stormy cry, with a high wind. "Well, gee whiz, Billy!" I says to myself. I hadn't meant to hurt her feelin's; I hadn't expected she'd care anything about my remarks about that little old patch of bum scenery; I'd said it just to get acquainted with her. "Yes, and now just look what you've done" I says. "You've made the lady cry, and ruined it. Shucks!" says I. "When a lady cries, don't she need consol-in'?" Well, that was true, too. I hadn't thought of that. I walked up closer to her, so as to be handy.

"Say" I says, "don't you do that! Don't you! What's the trouble? Can't a body help? I wish you'd tell me." She didn't, though, not right away. I'd thought her weepin' wasn't goin' to be more than just a shower, but it begun to seem as if it had

set in for a steady rain. "I wish you wouldn't" I says, after a bit, and I laid my hand on her arm—not a speck familiar, you understand, but just a touch, to sympathize with her. "Please let me help you" I says.

It took her a little while to work around to it; but pretty soon she lifted her head off her arms and commenced to dab at her eyes, with her face turned away from me. When she turned around to me, she give me a melancholy little smile.

"I'm awfully foolish" she says; "but I've been so awfully miserable; and then what you said—about homesickness—I couldn't bear it! Oh, I want to go home—I want to go home!"

"Oh!" I says. "Well, why don't you go? Where's this your home is?"

"Back in Illinois" she says; and then I wormed it out of her, a scrap at a time. The lean lad had been to her town with his outfit, she told me, and she'd run across him there and he'd made friends with her, different ways, spendin' his money free and tellin' her about the good times he had, driftin' round; and by and by he'd asked her to come along with 'em and take a little interest in the business, and see the country, and make some good money. She'd listened to him too, because her mother had been awful strict with her at home about lettin' her be with folks and enjoy herself; and so she'd made a drag on her mother's bureau drawer for a couple hundred and had give it to the long-haired man to put into the business, and they'd come on to Wyoming. And now she was broke, because the lad had blew in the money on a big drunk in Cheyenne, and she couldn't get a cent out of him. What made it worse, they'd told her he'd done the same thing with lots of 'em before; he'd sold an interest to as many as a dozen, scattered around all over the country, and never give 'em a nickel back.

"I despise him!" she says to me. "I want to go back home to my mother; only I'm ashamed to write to her and ask her for more money, after I've behaved so dreadfully. Oh, I don't know what to do—I don't know what to do!"

"Oh!" I says. That was as much as I felt safe in sayin' right away, till I'd studied it over. It wasn't just the girl that was worryin' me. The girl would have been easy enough. I could just have dug down in my clothes and give her the money. She'd have been satisfied with that, would-

n't she? But that didn't satisfy me, after what she'd told me, and after what I'd been figurin' on since last night. It made me feel rank ridiculous, rememberin' back; because the very thing I'd been broodin' about all this time was wonderin' whether I might be able to coax the man to sell me an interest in his medicine business; and I'd set out to ask the girl if she wouldn't please tell me a good way to coax him to do it. "You Billy!" I says to myself. "You certainly are one lucky man! But what you figurin' on doin' about it now?"

I couldn't answer that for a spell. It bothered me, till all of a sudden it struck me. "Why," says I, "what's the matter with goin' right on with it, the way you started?" "What?" I says. "Go on with it? After I've found out the kind of a man he is? And let him skin me out of my money, deliberate?" "Why, certainly not!" says I. "Billy, you pain me. Skin him. Skin him good. You can do it—as bright a man as you. And then you can give this lady her money back, and let her go home, and have some easy money of your own; and everything will be just perfectly complete. Do it! Go ahead!"

I kind of liked the notion, too, after I'd turned it over. "Why, yes, of course!" I says. I didn't settle on how I was goin' to do it; there wasn't time, because the girl she was gettin' restless, standin' there.

"I must be goin' back" she says, in her soft little voice. "Good-by. I hope you'll forgive me for talkin' to you about my troubles; but I've felt so helpless and friendless."

I stopped her when she made as if she was goin' to walk away from me. "Say" I says, "wait a minute. I'm goin' to be your friend, myself, and I'm goin' to help you. I'm goin' to tie in with the outfit and get you what's comin' to you. When can I see the Professor?"

She give me a long, long look this time, with her eyes wider than ever. "I don't understand" she says.

I didn't have to tell her all of it. "I've got some money that ain't in use" I says, "and I've been kind of hankerin' for a little variety. When can a body see the Professor?"

She'd got through lookin' at me and was watchin' the toe of her little slipper make marks in the sand; nor she didn't say anything more except just to answer my

question. "He's always drunk in the mornings" she says. "He takes a bottle to bed with him and doesn't get up until noon. He's around the hotel at dinner time."

"All right" I says. "I'll find him. But you listen: don't you mention anything to him about this. Let's surprise him. You just leave the arrangements to me."

It looked as if it might be terrible easy, by the looks of him, when I'd got him located. The drink was just dyin' out of him, and he hadn't fixed himself up any yet. He'd been a mean looker by torchlight; but he was a heap worse now, with the daylight on him—nothin' but a pale rickety tremblin' ruin of a man, with a pair of shifty bad eyes, and a face the color of a mess of sour dough, and a nasty trick of slantin' a mean grin at you from just one side of his crooked lips. Maybe there's a use for men like him, but I never could find it. I hated him, right then. It wasn't because of his stealin' from that poor little girl; it was just himself. It tickled me, thinkin' about what I was goin' to try to do to him; he certainly deserved it.

He was slouched down in a chair in the hotel office when I run onto him, sour and cross. That didn't discourage me. I wanted him that way. I went over and took another chair beside him, grinnin' at him real cheerful.

"Professor," I says to him, "I'm a rank stranger to you; but I bought me some of your medicine, last night, down on the street, and I've been thinkin' about it ever since. The way it strikes me, you ain't near livin' up to your chances with it. I don't believe you know what a big thing you've got; or else you ain't got capital enough. You're squanderin' your time, the way it is. Look here: how would you like to take a man in with you that's got some capital, so as to go at it right? Would there be any chance, supposin' I was the man?"

It was right comical to watch him, with the greedy shine comin' in his eyes and his crooked lips twitchin', and him tryin' to seem careless. He started to make him a cigarette, but his hands was shakin' so bad he tore it in two in the middle. After that he flicked a quick sly look at me.

"I don't know about that" he says. "I'm doin' mighty well as it is. I'd have to know somethin' about you before I'd want to consider it. And what do you mean

about the capital? How much could you put in?"

"Well" I says, "would a thousand buy a half interest, and me helpin' with the work?"

He was so anxious he had to steady himself by grippin' hold of the arms of his chair; but he shook his head. "Come again, my friend" he says. "You say you don't believe I know what a big thing I've got. You certainly seem to think so. No; say a couple thousand for a third interest, and I might talk to you; but I ain't sure."

"All right then, put it that way" I says. It didn't make a speck of difference to me, me bein' a capitalist. "Listen, now" I says. "This is the way of it: my aunt, that's livin' down in Chanute, Kansas, has buried four husbands, different times, and every one of 'em has left her well fixed. She's got more money than you could pack in a trunk; and now she's got too old to try another husband, and I'm the only kin she has in the world. She's awful fond of me, and she's wrote me to whirl in and learn to make investments with her money, if I can find the right chances. She says I ought to be gettin' the experience, because it's goin' to be all mine, after bit, and I ought to learn how to act responsible with it. She's a real nice old lady, and she says she'll do just whatever I tell her. So, if you'll say a couple thousand for a third interest, I'll fix up the letter for her right this afternoon and tell her how much to send. How does that suit you?"

His voice wasn't anything but a tremblin' whisper, he was so anxious. "Make it three thousand" says he, "and it's a go. Let's go get a drink on it."

He took a considerable string of drinks, tryin' to calm himself down; but the more he took the worse he got. Pretty soon he was tellin' me that his truck only cost him sixty cents a barrel to make, besides the bottles and corks, and a barrel had been lastin' him all of three months. He didn't have any regular way to make it, but changed it around accordin' to where he happened to be and what he could buy the cheapest that would taste the worst. The only thing it lacked to make a million out of it, he says, was some way to make folks buy more of it. That was the hard part.

"That part's plumb easy, Professor" I says. "You wait till I get my letter sent off to my aunt, and I'll show you."

It certainly was one good letter I wrote her. It took me a couple of hours to fix it up; but it suited me fine. It suited the Professor too, when I showed it to him. If I'd only *had* a rich aunt down in Chanute, it would sure have fetched her. Any way, I sent it off, and then me and the lean lad went back up to the hotel, and set down in a corner where he could have his bottle handy and where I could get confidential with him.

"Professor," I says, "here's my idea that I was tellin' you about: the trouble with you is you ain't been pickin' the right places. The cow-country ain't the place. You've got to sell that truck some place where the folks are diseased; or else you've got to sell it to them that are goin' to learn to crave it for refreshment. See? But this part of the country is sort of headquarters for health. These punchers and herders never get a blessed thing ailin' 'em except bow-legs and sunburn. Nor you ain't ever goin' to get 'em to longin' for the time for the next dose, after they've tasted the first one. There's excitement in it, but it ain't the right kind of excitement for a white man. You couldn't get me to take another spoonful of it, not if you was to pay me big money. No, sir; a white man ain't ever goin' to get so he feels he lacks it. See? You're foolin' with the wrong kind of people, Professor."

He was listenin' real close and cunning', with his eyes narrowed down to nothin' but a couple of thin slits. "Yes" he says, "I could have told you that myself. But where are you goin' to find any such persons? There ain't anybody that's goin' to really relish it, unless you fool 'em with its badness into thinkin' it's got virtues. And that's the truth."

"Shucks!" I says. "There's folks that'll just naturally learn to yearn for it. Have you ever been to Chadron, Professor?"

"No" says he, "I ain't."

"Then that's where we're goin'" I says. "It's goin' to take Auntie a week or so to get the money here; but we might as well be busy while we're waitin'. We'll go to Chadron, and I'll show you the people that'll take it by the quart, and then keep on a-comin' for more."

Have you ever saw Chadron, in the Nebraska sand country? It looks like just nothin' at all, spread out terrible flat and lonesome and tedious. It's a cow-town, and the Sioux country is up above. When-

ever the Sioux get tired of bein' tired to death doin' nothin' up on the reservation, they go down to Chadron and do nothin' there for a spell, for variety. There was a bunch of 'em in camp when we got there, on the dry flats over north of the railroad—a couple hundred or so, lazy and greasy and loafin' in the sun, and fair perishin' with tiresomeness and dryness. When I went over and drifted around through the camp, there wasn't a blessed one of 'em doin' a blessed thing but squat, except a lean old squaw that was scrapin' at a piece of hide with a rusty piece of hoop-iron. The rest was just sick and disgusted with the sameness of everything. It pleased me. You couldn't have fixed it any better. After I'd took a quick look around, I rustled back over to town and found the Professor and the nigger, and we started makin' our arrangements. The nigger, he went after a new wash-tub, and the Professor headed for the drugstore, and I went and bought me a quart of rye; and then we packed the stuff over toward the edge of the camp and started in.

You'd have been amused. The nigger begun it, standin' beside the tubful of water, twangin' on his guitar and singin' one of them melancholy nigger hymn-tunes with his eyes shut, and with me and the Professor settin' on the ground, pattin' time to it, solemn as a couple of drunk owls, waitin' till the folks from the camp would start to take notice. It didn't take but a minute or so till here come a couple of young bucks in their dirty blankets, and then another bunch; and then some more, and more, and more, with the squaws and kids stringin' along. The nigger hadn't more than commenced on the next song before we had a big gang of 'em standin' around us in a ring, gruntin' and stretchin' over to see what was goin' on.

"Now, Professor" I says; and he got up and begun to untie the string from one of his bundles and pour the stuff in the tub, with me stirrin' it up with a stick; and then he unwrapped another one, and another one, and three or four more, and poured 'em in, slow and serious, the two of us mumblin' to each other and the nigger's tunes gettin' sadder and sadder. By that time the tubful of stuff was about the color of the Yellowstone when the water gets high in spring; and then the next mess turned it pink. That was the last one. I



He'd emptied all the bottles in a tin bucket and was drinkin' out of the bucket

uncorked my quart of rye and held it up where everybody could see it.

"Now," I says to the nigger, "you light in and play a tune that sort of goes along with a quart of good whiskey."

He give us a real rollicky one, and words to match it—one of them nigger laughin'-songs that set you to twitchin' all over; just plumb full of gayness and devilment. "Laugh, Professor!" I says. "Turn loose, just this once, and laugh as if somethin' was ticklin' you to death!" And while the three of us was gigglin' away, I lifted the bottle up high and poured in the rye, a little drink at a time, till it was all gone.

It was certainly comical, watchin' them Sioux. You could see what they was thinkin'. They thought it was some kind of a religion we was up to. The rye helped a heap. They couldn't understand the rest, but they could understand that. By the time the bottle was empty them bucks and squaws was up on tiptoe, with their eyes poppin'.

"Taste it, Professor, and see if it's strong enough" I says. But he pulled back.

"I'll be jiggered if I will!" he says. "Let her go, just the way she stands."

I'd picked out the buck for samplin' it. He was the oldest one, and the fattest, and the saddest lookin', standin' right in the front row of the crowd. I never did know his name; but he was some kind of a headman, and I judged he'd be able to sort of set the styles for the rest of 'em. I fished a big spoon out of my pocket and dipped up a dose and held it toward him.

Right from then I knew we was goin' to make a big waddin'. That old lad must have had a heap of different experience since he was young. It must have been terrible tryin' to him, this way of livin' with nothin' to do except longin' for a change. I'd judged that Dr. Jonah Fish's Golden Specific Oil would give it to him, if anything would.

It sure did. You could tell it by the heavenly-delight look on his tattered old face when that spoonful of slow fire went scorching down his weary old throat. He just give one big deep gasp, and then he shut up his eyes, tight, and commenced laughin' to himself, like a bass old bullfrog. "M-m-m, m-m-m!" he says, like it was too good to be real; and then he opened up his eyes and motioned for more.

I filled me up a half-pint bottle and made signs to him that it was three dollars. He didn't say a word back, nor make a sign, except to turn around and start straight back for the camp, and in a minute all the rest of 'em was trailin' after him, walkin' fast and gruntin' to each other, all worked up.

"Well, what the blazes!" says the Professor. He was terrible disappointed, the Professor was, by his looks. "Call that big one back" he says, "and tell him he can have it for two. You might have known you couldn't get him to give three dollars a bottle. Call 'em back and tell 'em."

"No, I won't" I says. "Let 'em alone. They're goin' after their money. They'll be comin' back theirselves. You watch."

And here they come. You don't need to ask me where they get it, because I ain't able to tell you; but you get an Indian camp to wantin' a thing and they can always produce the price. All they do is just to crawl back in their tepees and feel around under their blankets, or scratch a little hole in the sand, and up it comes. These boys had it. The old one come first, with his three dollars gripped in his big fat hand, and he took his bottle and tipped the neck of it up to his mouth for a real drink. It was quarter empty when he took it away, and he was certainly one happy man. I'd never saw but one other one near as happy as him. That one was a Shoshone, up in the Wind river country, that had bought a whole case of pain-killer off of the agent, and he'd emptied all the bottles in a tin bucket and was drinkin' it out of the bucket. But our Sioux was the happiest. There just couldn't be any mistake about it: that truck just exactly suited him.

Listen: you don't have to believe it, but by the end of the afternoon there wasn't a thing left in the tub but a little mess of settlin's, and some of the first ones was beginnin' to come back for a second helpin'. I'd lost count of the bottles we'd sold, and of the money too. The Professor had the money in a gripsack he'd brought the bundles in from the drugstore, and it was so heavy he had to keep changin' it from one side to the other, packin' it over to the hotel. It sort of satisfied me, noticin' the heft of it. I expected the Professor to be satisfied, too; wouldn't you? He wasn't. He was grumblin' all the way over to town.

"Why didn't we mix up more of it?" he says. "We might just as well have put in another hour before supper, while the luck was runnin' good. It's risky to fool with luck like that. We'll have to get a barrel, instead of the tub."

"But, gee whizz!" I says. "I wish you'd tell me how much of it a man can take into his system without its makin' cinders and ashes of him. One dose nigh ruined me; but them lads are absorbin' it by the pint."

He grinned sideways at me. "I don't know" he says. "If they're in good health they ought to be able to stand it till their money peters out. That ain't what's

worryin' me. What I want to know is, how much money have they got?"

"There's no use worryin' any about that" I says, "because we're liable to get all they've got, any way. We can count it afterwards."

The girl, she'd been stayin' at the hotel in the afternoon, while we was tryin' the thing. She went back with us after supper, in her buckskin clothes and with her little target gun, and commenced to pop it at a mark while we was fillin' our barrel with water; but the Sioux wasn't takin' a mite of interest in her. They was keepin' their eyes on me and the Professor; and then pretty soon the Professor made her quit and come and help us fill up the bottles. It was as much as the three of us could do. Nor we wasn't stickin' to half-pints any more. We'd brought over some empty quarts; and, besides, they come at us with tin cans, and little buckets, and old coffee pots, to get 'em filled up; and one lean old squaw brought down a battered old kerosene can. For as much as three hours I didn't have time to do a blessed thing but make motions with my hands. It wasn't till I'd gone to bed, along in the middle of the night, that I got time to make a few motions with my mind.

"Billy" I says to myself, "what was that about a rainbow? Why, what we've got here is a whole flock of 'em!"

It was just the same next day; and then the third day a new bunch moved down from the reservation, and some more the day after. My word, it begun to get humdrum, doin' nothin' all day long but dip the truck out of the barrel and reach after the money. There was a whole week of it, and I was commencin' to wish the thing would change, somehow. A streak of luck like that was makin' me nervous and uneasy. It couldn't last, could it? I wanted to know what was comin' afterwards.

Well, I found out. There come a couple days, at the last end, when business slacked off considerable, and the next day we didn't sell nothin' but little dabs and driblets; and the day after that all the Sioux done was to come down and stand around us or squat on the sand, real dejected. We hadn't sold but a couple bottles by the middle of the mornin'; and then one of the young bucks come at



I fished a big spoon out of my pocket and dipped up a dose and held it toward him

us with a fancy deerskin shirt, all worked over with beads and porcupine quills, and wanted to swap it for a quart. I knew then.

"Professor" I says, "we might as well be movin' on to the next place. We've took 'em to a cleanin'. We can go count our money now; we've got all there is."

We waited a while, and then we quit and started gettin' our traps together. And then here come a man. He come horseback, and he come on a snort, ridin' hard till he got right up to us. He started fussin' before he'd lit from the saddle.

"Here, here!" he says. "What's all this? I want to know what you fellows are doin'."

"Nothin'" I says to him. "We're all through now."

"What's the stuff you've been peddling to these people?" he says. "What's in it?"

"Let's see" I says. "Who's this you are?"

"I'm from the reservation" he says. "I'm partly responsible for these folks. I want to know what you've been giving them."

It was the Professor that answered him this time, grinnin' his crooked grin. "My friend" he says, "a lifetime of patient labor and profound research has been devoted to perfectin' this marvelous preparation. You ain't expectin' me to open up and tell you the secret for nothin', are you? Why, it's worth a fortune!"

The lad glowered at him, real cross, for a minute, and then he turned around and

spoke to the Sioux, short and snappy, and they begun to poke off up to camp, one at a time, slow and mournful. The chap waited till they was all gone before he turned back to us. He didn't seem a mite more cheerful, but he started to talkin' different.

"My Maria!" he says. "Do you boys know what you've done? You've drained these Sioux so dry of cash that there ain't as much as a four-bit piece circulatin' amongst 'em at the agency. The only money I've seen on 'em in the last two days was a dime with a hole in it. Say, that ain't right, you know. Legitimate business'll have to stand still and wait till these people can rustle some more money. We can't stand for that. You might leave a little."

"Meanin', I reckon" says the Professor, "that you want your bit out of our winnin's? Is that what you're drivin' at? Well, you don't get a cent. Not a red cent."

"Oh, come, now!" says the lad. "That ain't white, you know."

"Whatever color it is" says the Professor, "the most I'll do is to sell you the receipt for makin' it. You can have it for a thousand dollars; and if you don't take it we'll come back here once a month and do like we've done this trip. One thousand dollars, cash. And you've got till noon to make up your mind."

Would you have done it? Well, this man did. Honest, he did. No, not right away. He fussed, and stewed, and argued; but by noon he'd done it. I saw him do it, myself. And then I heard the Professor tell him.

"Why," says the Professor, grinnin' real nasty, "there ain't much to it. All you do is to take several different things—it don't matter what they are, so long as they taste bad and ain't poison—and you mix 'em together with water. You can season it with a little somethin', if you want to; but it ain't necessary. And after you get it all mixed, you sell it. That's all."

"Oh!" says the man—just that way. "Oh!" he says, calm and quiet. "Now, Billy" I says to myself, "here's where somethin' starts." But it didn't. That's all the man said—just "Oh!" He set for as much as a minute, lookin' at the Professor across the table, with a hot shine

comin' in his eyes. He was mad clear through, but he didn't let go. "All right, my friend" he says. "It's a big world, but we'll meet again." And with that he got up and walked out. I expect he'd have felt better if he'd knew how soon that other meetin' was goin' to come.

After he was gone, I bought another one for the Professor and me. "Well" I says, after we'd had it, "I reckon we might as well count up and see how much we've got, before we light out for the next place. It's been a bully week, ain't it?"

"Count up?" he says. "Oh—you mean the money! You needn't bother; it's already counted."

"How much is there?" I says. "There must be five or six thousand, countin' what that lad just give you. How much is it?"

"There's quite a bit" he says to me. I didn't like the sound of the way he said it, some way. It sounded hostile to me. Nor I didn't like the look of him, neither, with his thin lip lifted up off his teeth and his little eyes glimmerin'.

"Well" I says, "tell me how much is my share?"

"Your share?" he says after me. "Why, were you figurin' on gettin' some of this money? I guess you couldn't be—not yet—not till your aunt comes across."

"What's that?" I says. My word, I'd clean forgot all about aunty, with all the excitement we'd been havin'. I remembered her now. "Do you mean I don't get nothin' at all out of this?" I says. "Why, it was my idea; you know it was."

"You don't get anything out of me till I've got somethin' out of you first" he says. "That was the contract. And I'm much obliged to you for the idea; but I didn't agree to pay you anything for it. When your aunt sends you the money, then we'll start in pardners; but not till then."

"Oh!" I says, just like the agency man had said it. "Oh!" I set there a minute and tried to think, but the inside of my head was kind of dazed, it seemed like. "Say" I says to him, "why can't you just pay yourself out of my share of the winnin's till you've got the three thousand? That would be satisfactory to me."

"Yes?" he says. "I expect it would—me payin' myself with my own money and makin' you a present of it. No, sir; you might as well understand that this money's mine."

Well, I could have reached across the table and got him, and we could have had it out on the floor. I could have licked the daylight out of him. But that wouldn't have been any satisfaction. I didn't touch him; I just got up and went outdoors where I could get some fresh air and get my mind to workin'.

"Billy Fortune" I says to myself, out on the sidewalk, "you've been neglectin' somethin' in this business, somewhere. Can you tell what it is?"

But I was too disgusted to try. I drilled around for a while, and then I went in another place where I could be alone by myself till I could mebbe figure out what I was goin' to do. The agency lad was in there, over in a corner, with his elbows up on the table and his face in his hands, broodin'. I judged we felt pretty much the same, and I was hungry for some company like him; so I went over and set down. He wasn't a bit friendly to me at first, till I'd lit in and told him. Then he motioned to the man behind the bar. Pretty soon we'd got to be real chummy and confidential, thinkin' up new names for callin' the Professor; but we couldn't seem to arrive anywhere in fixin' up what we was goin' to do about it. All afternoon we was at it, and we went to supper together after while; but I couldn't see that our talkin' had helped any. It brought us out at the end just exactly where we'd started at the beginnin'.

"He's nothin' but a common crook" says the lad, "but he's a slick one. You and me are stung. We might as well wave our money good-by."

"Well, mebbe so" I says; "but I'm goin' to have one more seance with him. Mebbe somethin' might kind of occur to me."

He wasn't at the hotel. The hotel man said he'd paid up about dark and gone out, and he'd seen him goin' down the railroad track toward the water tank, totin' his gripsack, like he might be meanin' to catch the night train there. The train would be comin' along in a few minutes now. That's what the hotel lad said.

I found him down by the tank, stretched out on the ground with a quart bottle beside him and only a couple little drinks left in it, and him sound asleep with his mouth hangin' wide open and his gripsack for a pillow. He didn't budge when I touched him with my boot. He was

plumb dead to the world. "Careful, now, Billy!" I says; and I stooped over and wormed the gripsack out from under his head, a little bit at a time. He never stirred. When I'd got it in my hand, I tiptoed away from him and hiked back to the hotel to find the girl. I hadn't set eyes on her since yesterday; but she come to her door with her eyes wide and anxious.

"Say," I says, "the Professor was quittin' us—sneakin' off all alone with all the money. I've got him located, and I'm goin' back to him to finish up with him. Here; you take this and keep it till I get through with him. If he's got any in his pockets, I'll get it; and then in the mornin' we'll sort of divide it around, fair." I give her the gripsack; and then I went down in my clothes and dug out what I had of my own, all but a little I might need. "Put this with the rest" I says, "because it's liable to be a sort of a frolicky night, before we get done, and it mightn't be real safe on me. You keep it for me. And tomorrow you can start home with plenty."

Her feelin's was gooppin' out on her, strong. "He was going away with it?" "Oh, the scoundrel! The thief!" She set the gripsack down on her bed and come back to me at the door. "I'll take good care of it" she says; and then she come close up to me and laid both of her little hands on my arm, lookin' up in my face. "You've done more for me than you know" she says. "He's a bad man. I don't care what you do to him; but—please—for my sake, Mr. Fortune, don't run any risks for yourself. Do be careful—for my sake."

Well, I was meanin' to be careful, but not just the way she meant. I was goin' to be careful to make it all complete. The first thing, I rustled around till I'd found the agency chap, and I give him the news, and me and him arranged it together. I went back to keep my eye on the Professor, in case he waked up, and the other lad put out for the Sioux camp. By and by here he come, and he had as many as forty of the bucks along with him, all dressed out with feathers and paint and fixin's, and a couple of the young ones was packin' a couple of hide drums. The lad, he made 'em set down in a ring, with the Professor in the middle, and I set to work and built up a bonfire a little ways from him, so he could see good when he waked

up. He hadn't stirred hand nor foot yet. The train had pulled in and gone again, but he'd snored right on through. He was still snorin' when we'd got the thing all set; and then the agency man signed to the bucks and they started off, drummin' and singin'.

Did you ever hear 'em make their music? Well, you tell me this. How would you like to wake up sudden out of a hard drunk and be layin' beside a railroad track in the middle of the night, and not likely rememberin' where you were or how you'd happened to be there, and see a big row of them painted faces around you with firelight on 'em, and hear drummin' and singin', with your head achin', and your mouth dry and furry clear down your throat, and your mind just goin' round and round? Would you relish that? The Professor didn't, then. He roused up, after a bit, and rolled over part way, openin' up one of his mean eyes; and then they both snapped open and he set up sudden, starin', and starin', and starin', with his jaw droppin' down. He tried to scramble up onto his feet, but he fell back again, and after that he just set there, not sayin' a word nor makin' a sound, but only lookin' and lookin'. It pleased me, standin' back in the shadow and watchin' him. And in a minute I crept up behind him, light and easy, and tipped him over on his back, with me settin' straddle of his chest and the neck of a bottle of Dr. Jonah Fish's Golden Specific Oil poked in between his teeth.

"Take it" I says. "Take plenty. There's more." And I made him drink it all, every last drop, before I got off of him.

Oh, well, I can't tell you about the rest of the night. We just took charge of him, and run him up and down, all over the town, doin' more different things with him than a spry man could count up in quite a while. Whenever we couldn't think of anything more, somebody else would happen along and join in with us, and he'd tell us somethin' fresh; and every little bit there'd be a new bottle of the oil for him. It was sure one swift night.

It was gray mornin' when the rest of 'em got tired out and quit, and left the three of us in a back room somewhere, around a table—me and the Professor and the agency man. The Professor, anybody

could see that he'd had a plenty; but there was one more thing to be settled yet. I fetched out my last bottle of oil from my tobacco pocket behind and set it in the middle of the table, where he could keep his eyes on it.

"Now, Professor," I says, "about that money? How are we goin' to divide it up?"

He had to try two or three times before he could answer me, on account of his voice bein' all dried up. "Any way" he says in a chokin' whisper. "I don't care how."

"Well, then" I says, "this man gets his thousand back, don't he?"

"I guess so" whispers the Professor.

"And I get thirds of what's left, to pay for my idea, don't I?" I says.

"Yes" whispers the Professor.

"All right" I says. "Now we'll go count it. The girl's got it, over to the hotel. Come on."

But she wasn't there. No, sir. She'd gone. She'd left the night before, goin' east, the hotel man said, right after I'd been to see her. She'd told him she was leavin' unexpected, and he was to tell us good-by for her, when we come around. Yes, she'd took all the things out of her room. No use goin' up to look, because he'd helped her over to the depot with 'em himself. No, she hadn't left him a blessed thing to give to either one of us, except he was to be sure to tell us good-by for her.

Well, I guess it must have been ten o'clock in the mornin' that me and the Professor was settin' together on the edge of the sidewalk, for company, up the street a ways, tryin' to get reconciled to it.

"Billy" says the Professor, "have you got the price of a drink on you? I sure need one, and I'm broke flat."

I didn't have to feel in my pockets to find out. "No, I ain't" I says. "She's got all there is left."

"Oh, well!" he says, givin' a sad motion with his hand; and then we both kept still a while.

"Any way" I says, "mebbe it'll be doin' her some good, now she's quit this way of livin' and gone home to her mother."

The Professor squinted around at me, with his little eyes all dulled over. "Mother?" he says. "Whose mother?"



"Take it" I says. "Take plenty." And I made him drink it all, every last drop

"Why, her mother" I says. "Her own mother, back in Illinois. She told me about it."

He was so weary with it, he didn't seem able even to sneer at me. "Did she?" he says, real listless. "You fool, she don't belong in Illinois. She hasn't got any mother that I ever heard of, in Illinois or anywheres else. She's been string-in' you. She's right cute at that. That's what made her so valuable to me. That's why I picked her up, down in Fort Worth, where she was runnin' a dance hall. Perfectly smooth, she was. Why, Billy, it was her that put up the scheme with me for doin' you out of your money. She's been awful valuable to me. I certainly hate losin' her."

Right then was when a man come along the sidewalk and stopped beside us. A big man, he was, in a corduroy ridin' outfit, with the dust all over him.

"Does either one of you fellows happen to want a job?" he says.

"I do" I says. "But please don't tell me it's herdin' sheep."

"That's exactly what it is" says he. "Twenty-five dollars a month and your board."

"Not me!" I says. But when he'd gone on a little ways, I called after him. "Wait a minute!" I says. "Yes, I'll take it."

So that's what makes me say what I do about rainbows. They're deceitful. You can't depend on 'em a mite.

Next month, in **SUNSET MAGAZINE**, William R. Lighton, the creator of Billy Fortune, begins a story to which he has given years of thought and preparation before putting pen to paper. Its fundamental idea, as Mr. Lighton phrases it, is: "No land, no matter what the manner or profit of its use, has come into its own until the home has taken root in it—until the home-makers have put their sweat and blood into it, have buried some of their dead in it, have established themselves upon it and become a part of it, not as adventurers, but as home-makers." It is a magnificent story—the best thing Mr. Lighton's active literary life has yet produced—a vital vibrant narrative of the struggle for possession of land, waged between stockmen and farmers, and complicated still further by a love plot that makes a double battle-ground of a sturdy stockman's life. Incidentally, running through the story like a gay thread, is the lovable personality of Billy Fortune, a subordinate character but brightening the tale of love and war with bits of his delicious philosophy and amiable interference in the love-affairs of others. "THE MAN WHO WON" begins in December and will run through most of 1914.



INTERESTING WESTERNERS

The Road-Maker of British Columbia

THERE is a man in the government of the Canadian province of British Columbia whom all western motorists love. His name is Thomas Taylor—Honorable Thomas Taylor, to be official; but to the old-timers he is "Tom" Taylor and to the highway enthusiasts he is known from San Diego to Rupert as "Good Roads" Taylor. Mr. Taylor comes by this sobriquet quite naturally. As a champion of good roads he has few equals and no superiors, and the work he has done in his department will stand for all time in Western Canada as a monument to his memory.

British Columbia has a right to be proud of its roads. Road-building in country such as makes up the greater part of the Pacific Canadian province is an enormously difficult task. Immense obstacles have to be overcome and the road-makers find knotty problems demanding solution at almost every step. Yet, since 1903 the total mileage of roads and trails in British Columbia has been increased from 10,956 to 18,355, an addition of 7375, almost all good roads.

Since 1908 "Good Roads" Taylor has been the *deus ex machina* and the progress has been steady. In that year the Public Works Department was separated from the Department of Lands and Mr. Taylor was placed in charge. He immediately announced a plan of reorganization and this has been extended from year to year until, this season, the department will consist of a most complete and competent staff with the Minister, Deputy Minister, Public Works Engineer, an Engineering Branch, and Accounting Branch, thirty-two Road Superintendents and four Bridge Superintendents. The Engineering Branch comprises six Resident Engineers established at

different centers in the province to supervise the work of the superintendents, particularly as regards the proper location of roads and bridges.

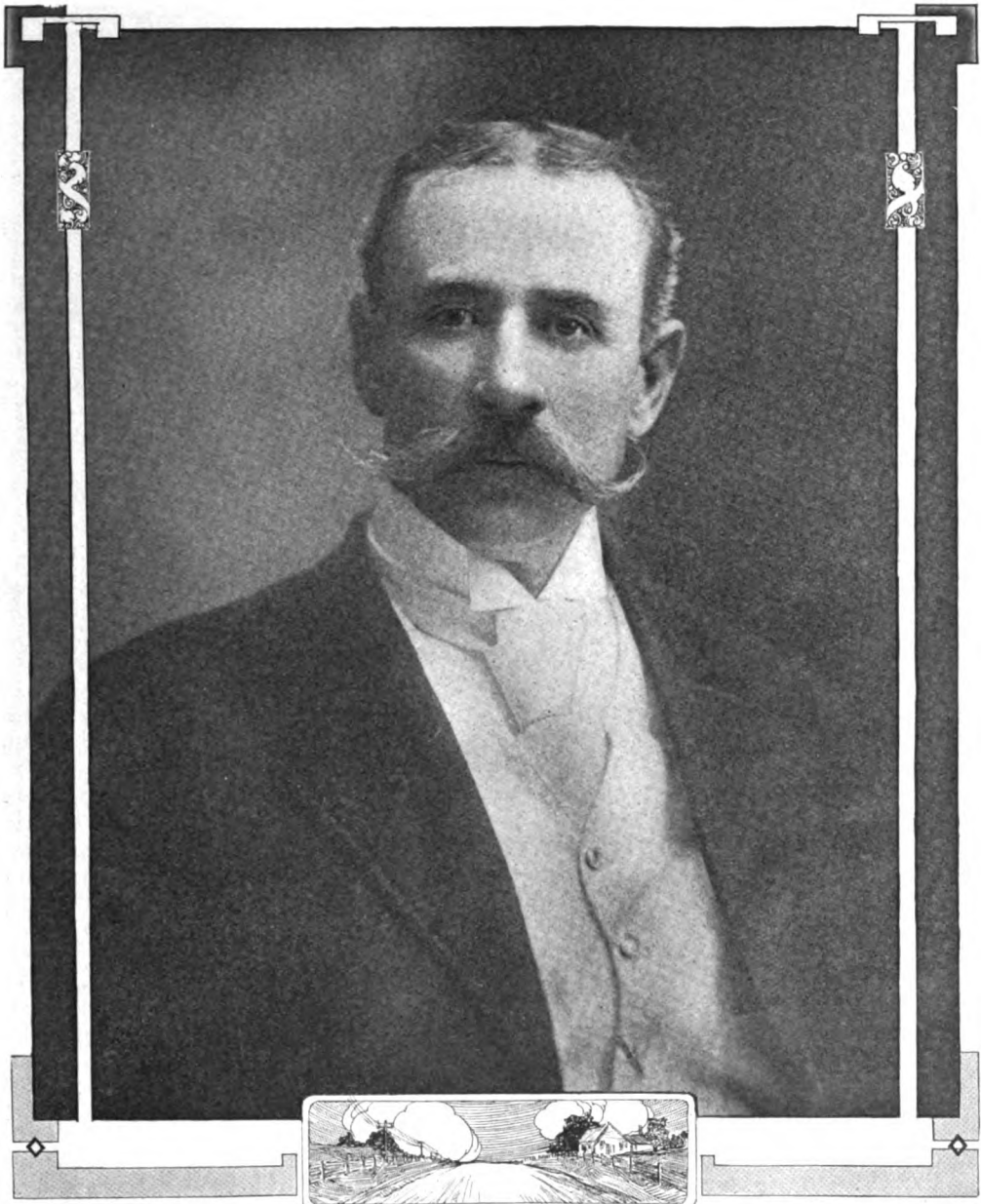
Mr. Taylor and his assistants recognize fully that the old methods of road-building have become obsolete. Standard up-to-date types of road bed are being insisted upon and due regard is being paid to the all-important matter of location. There is now a comprehensive scheme for trunk roads embracing the entire province, and an organization has been perfected by which every district is closely identified with the remainder. One result of adapting modern methods in regard to road types and location has been the reduction of the cost of transportation 100 per cent or more.

The introduction of up-to-date road-making machinery has not only insured a better quality of work but has materially cut down the cost of the work.

Standard types of bridges have been adopted and, with all permanent structures, concrete and steel are used except where the traffic does not at present justify this expenditure. In such cases concrete piers are built with a view to replacing the wooden superstructures later.

The trunk road programme already referred to embraces British Columbia's portion of the Inter-Provincial Highway. The greater portion of this has already been surveyed, a large part of it has been built and provision has been made in this year's estimates for a substantial sum towards further construction.

Apart from this a large sum has been spent upon that portion of the International Highway lying within the borders of British Columbia and under Mr. Taylor's direction



Thomas Taylor, of the Canadian province of British Columbia, the energetic Minister of Public Works, known from Rupert to San Diego as "Good Roads Taylor"

British Columbia may confidently be expected to keep up her end of the load in this great work.

Another scenic highway of vast interest to which the Government has paid considerable attention with excellent results is the Calgary-Banff road. By arrangement with the Dominion Government, the latter

bears the cost of construction on this highway as far as Castle mountain, with a steel bridge over the Bow river in Alberta. From that point the British Columbia Government shares the expenditure jointly with the Canadian Pacific railroad, constructing seventy miles through the heart of the Rocky mountains to Windermere. There

a junction is made with the existing Golden-Cranbrook road. By way of Cranbrook a return can be made into Alberta or, with the completion of the Inter-Provincial Highway, direct access may be gained to the coast.

The establishment of Mt. Robson park, a scenic area of great magnificence, and the building and linking up of roads to make it accessible is another work of great importance engaging the attention of "Good Roads" Taylor and his men.

Coming to Vancouver island, a section of British Columbia by itself, containing close to 10,000 acres of land, on the southern end of which Victoria, the capital of the province, is located, one meets with another great piece of work in which Mr. Taylor and his department have several fingers. The development of Strathcona park, one of the finest scenic parks in the world, with its 800 square miles of magnificent territory, means, among many other things, the construction of proper highways within the park area and the making of connections with trunk roads at the north and south.

On Vancouver island Mr. Taylor has established a system of roads and trails that has been the means of aiding tremendously in the settling up of the more remote districts as well as enhancing the prosperity of the older settled portions of the island. The roads in the northern part of the island, the roads and trails along the West Coast, the latter including a trail which will presently connect any part of that coast with civilization; the projected road to Strathcona park, the world-famous Malahat Drive and innumerable highways and byways, testify to the ability, forethought, patience and energy of the man at the head of the Department of Public Works.

In his coöperation with the various public bodies both of Vancouver and of Vancouver island, Mr. Taylor has always shown himself to be a courteous, able and painstaking official; in every respect the right man in the right place. Deputations or individuals approaching him in his official capacity have found a man who is always willing to meet half way any proposition tending towards the good of the province. And, if there be one conspicuous quality in "Good Roads" Taylor's character it is that of the absolute sincerity of a man who has his whole heart in his work. It is, perhaps, too early to estimate the influence which this work will have upon

future generations, but it is neither too late nor too early to say that the administration of the Department of Public Works by the Hon. Thomas Taylor is one of the triumphs of a more than usually able government, which has developed in Sir Richard McBride a man whose selection of capable cabinet officers has been proved again and again.

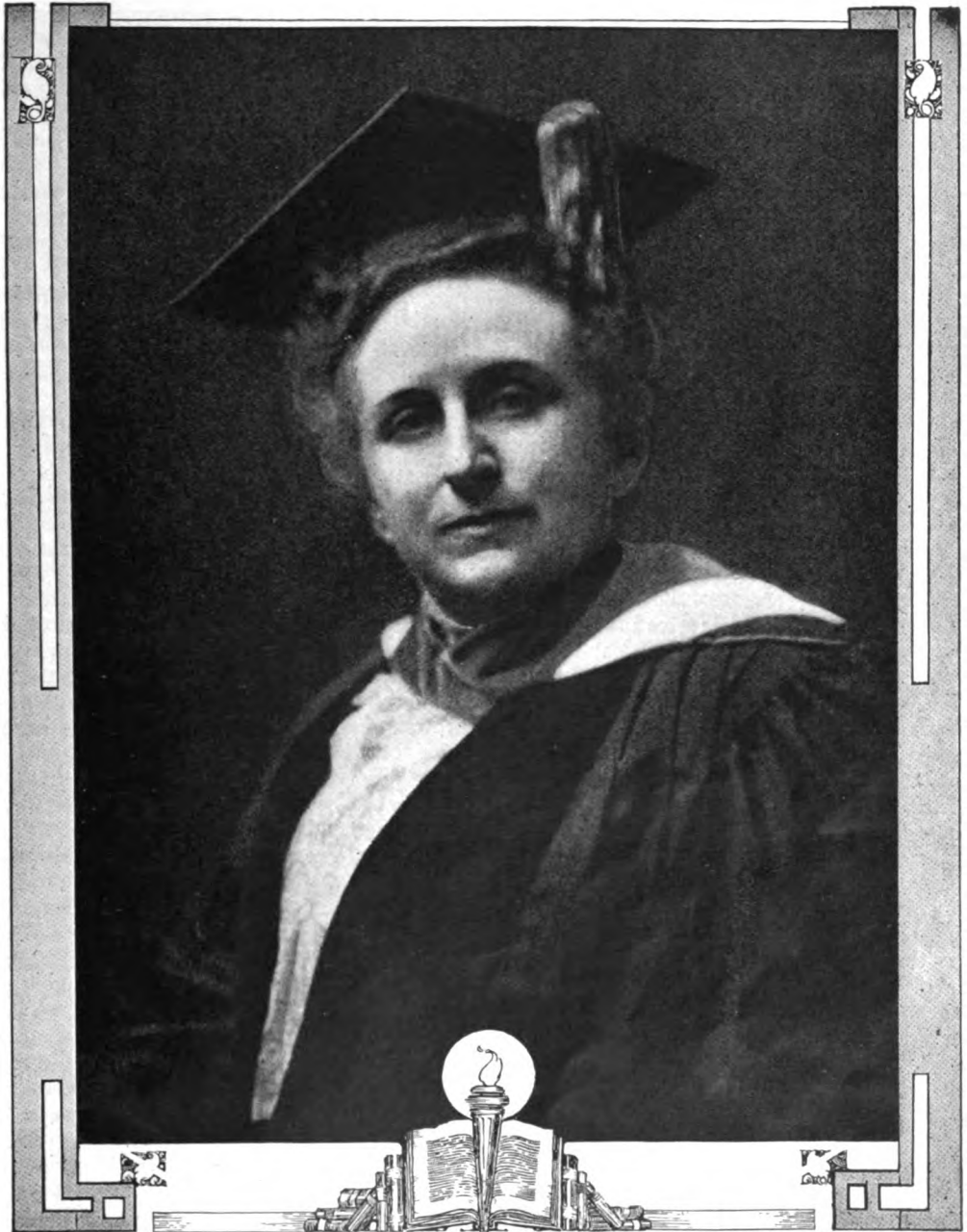
Mr. Taylor was born forty-eight years ago in London Township, Province of Ontario, Canada, his father having been a native of Ireland and his mother of Ontario, the latter a descendant of Colonel Talbot, aide-de-camp to Lord Durham. Thomas, the fifth in a family of six children, was reared on a farm and attended the graded and high schools until the time of his father's demise. There followed a course in the commercial college at London, Ont., and then the young man entered the offices of Taylor & Taylor, lawyers, where he remained for two years.

In 1885, then twenty years of age and full of ambition and energy, Mr. Taylor went to Winnipeg, which was then just entering upon an era of importance as a community. He was variously employed there until 1888 when he went to British Columbia in the service of the Canadian Pacific railway. In 1889 he was removed to Donald, B. C., in connection with the mechanical and stores department of the road and, for a year, later, he was in charge of the company's store at North Bend. Leaving the C. P. R. he became manager of the branch store of C. B. Hume & Co. at Revelstoke. Subsequently he took charge for the same firm at Trout Lake City and then became a partner in the firm and took an active part in its management until 1903. Mr. Taylor still retains a financial interest in the concern which is an important and extensive mercantile establishment with a number of branches.

In politics, of course, Mr. Taylor is a staunch Conservative. In 1900 he received his party's nomination as a member of the provincial parliament from Revelstoke district and was elected. He was reelected in 1903, 1907, 1909 and in 1912. In 1908 he was called into the government by Sir Richard McBride, Premier, and, on the 21st of December of that year he was sworn in as minister of public works.

Six small by-paths branch out from "Good Roads" Taylor's happy home; all promising to grow into good roads, too, in time.

C. L. ARMSTRONG.



PHOTOGRAPH BY OSCAR MAURER

Dr. Luella Clay Carson, president of Mills College, California, the only woman's college on the Pacific Coast. An educator of wide experience, and the author of a text-book used in Wellesley College and the public schools of New York City

A Woman of Vision

LEARNED but modest, brilliant but unassuming, efficient but unselfish, with respect for men and reverence for God" is Dr. Luella Clay Carson's characterization of the ideal woman. To the fur-

therance of this ideal she has given her life work, first as dean of women in the University of Oregon, and for the past four years as president of Mills College in California.

This latter institution has the unique distinction of being the only woman's college

on the Pacific Coast. Founded by Dr. and Mrs. Cyrus T. Mills, it has stood for the highest ideals in the education of women. With the death of Mrs. Susan Lincoln Mills in December last the college passed from the direct influence of its founders. At such a time in the history of an institution it is natural to look both backward and forward to view with gratulation and satisfaction the history of the past and to cast a prophetic glance into the future. Mills College has had an honorable record and its future is assured under such able leadership as that of its present president.

Vision is one of the prime qualities of leadership, and this quality Dr. Carson possesses to a marked degree. It is inspiring to listen to her as she outlines her ideals for "The Greater Mills College," which the large-minded and generous citizens of this coast will undoubtedly make an actuality by generous endowment. While it is possible to have a university on a log, with the student at one end and Mark Hopkins at the other, the modern college in order to meet modern conditions must be well equipped.

"As to the material equipment" says Dr. Carson, "I am looking forward to the time when the college shall be appropriately housed in modern buildings uniform in color and material, with enough diversity in style to give variety. Though we have a splendid location and a good-sized campus of 150 acres, I am anxious that we should acquire about thirteen acres on the south. Upon this tract is a hill commanding a view of the surrounding country. This is an ideal location for a group of art buildings. In addition to groups of buildings on the campus I would have a row of splendid new buildings on both sides of Seminary avenue.

"Intellectually and morally a woman's college in the West must be upon broad foundations, for it has unusual opportunities for training women for the larger service required of them in this great Western commonwealth. Unlike the colleges of an older civilization it is not bound by tradition and must prepare for a larger social and political life than was ever dreamed possible in the past.

"Woman in the home has ever been the conservator of health, the promoter of comfort, the divider of the loaf and the missionary of beauty. She must perform these offices for the state as the home. To prepare her for these enlarged duties, courses of study should follow these four main lines.

"To conserve the Public Health a thorough knowledge of biology, bacteriology, sanitation, chemistry and physical culture are necessary.

"To promote the public comfort and welfare requires an acquaintance with sociology, political economy and civics.

"To divide the loaf requires an accurate acquaintance with foodstuffs and their proper preparation, together with all the variety of knowledge embraced in modern domestic economy. The problem of the high cost of living might be solved if women had a more accurate knowledge of the cost and quality of foodstuffs.

"The missionary of beauty must have a broad grounding in painting, music, architecture, sculpture and the drama.

"Along with the intellectual training must go the developing and deepening of the spiritual nature which is the highest function of a woman's college. And thus 'Greater Mills College' will interpret to a new generation its motto '*Pro Christo et Mundo.*'

"Why not get this training at the great universities? you ask. University courses are prepared in the main by men, for men, and from the mass of information a woman must select what she needs. In a woman's college the courses are prepared especially for women. The selection has been made with the needs of women in view, and thus the time and energy of the student is saved."

This far-sighted president of Mills College was born in Portland, Oregon. Her parents were prominent pioneers of that state. Her early education was obtained in the schools of her native city. For two years she was a pupil at Mills, but ill-health compelled her to give up her work there. It is interesting to note that she was at Benicia during the Seminary's last year at that place. The enthusiastic young girl listened eagerly to Dr. Mills' account of the new buildings which are the old buildings of the present, and to his plans for the enlarged usefulness of the school, little dreaming that some day she would be guiding the destinies of Mills College with a vision for its future which its founder never pictured in his most prophetic moments.

Dr. Carson's experience in teaching has been wide. She began her career as preceptress in the Pacific University at Forest Grove, Oregon. Then she served as vice-principal of the Canch School of Portland,

from which position she was called to be dean of women at the University of Oregon. Always an intimate friend of Mrs. Mills, the latter chose her in 1909 to be her successor as president.

Dr. Carson has traveled widely in this country and Europe. Recently she visited all the women's colleges of the Eastern States. She is also a writer. Her best known work is a "Handbook of English Composition" which has been adopted by Wellesley College, and by the public schools of New York City.

LELA ANGIER LENFEST.

A Plant-Master and His Power

THE story of how Luther Burbank, by pollenation and selection, has created species of plants is not a new one; but very few even of his intimate friends know what a delicately sensitive human organism his intense study of plant-life has made of him, or how close in touch he is, as a result of his study, with life principles. To understand these things, a glance at his general method in the nursery is necessary. Having cross-fertilized, for example, the wild Siberian blackberry with the California wild blackberry, he collects and saves the myriads of tiny seeds, plants them and grows thousands of seedlings, puts them in the nursery, and selection and rejection begins.

When he is thus at work his rapidity is marvelous. With quick glances at individual vines he moves down the long rows saying "Kill, keep; kill, keep," while three or four trained employees follow him, marking the plants to be saved. When he finds a specimen of striking and unusual promise, one almost or quite ready to be sent to the world, his well-known mark, a sort of a double cross, is made with his own hand. The rejected plants are immediately destroyed, for no plant of poor quality is allowed to remain and blossom, as its pollen might be carried by the industrious insect to the promising fruit and thus vitiate the good bloom. It is in this work of selection that one of the mysteries of Mr. Burbank's genius is to be seen; for his is the instinct that knows by the "look" or perhaps "feel" of the plant whether it promises good or bad. Curious experts have proved that the instinctive judgment of the plant-

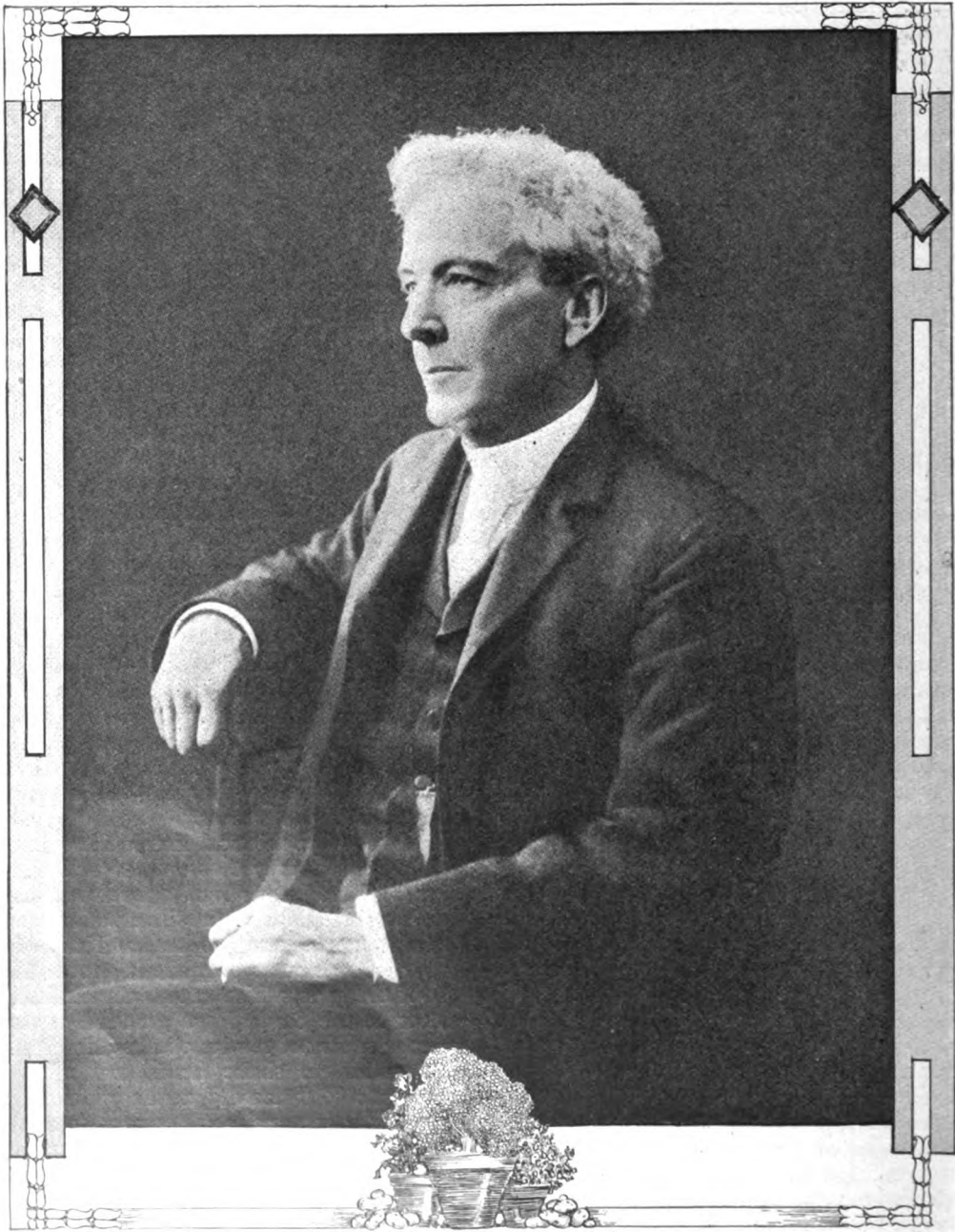
grower seldom errs. These have taken the trees discarded by the plant-creator, grown them by the side of the good trees and satisfied themselves that the experimenter knows what he is about.

There is no doubt that Burbank's extreme sensitiveness as regards touch, sight and hearing, explains in a large degree his power to so unerringly select the plant best suited to survive as a producer for human welfare. But it is not the full explanation. Burbank not long ago in a conversation with the writer called attention to the well-known fact that some people attract each other, others repel. Domestic animals often have instinctive likings for some people, for others instinctive dislikes. Plants flourish under the care of some who try to garden. Other people, try as they may, are unable to make a plant flourish. The important point is that plants feel just as animals do, but in less degree, the kindly care or love bestowed upon them by their cultivators. Burbank's explanation of this strange instinctive power is interesting:

"There is," he says, "a magnetism, a life principle, not yet well understood, which plays under sympathetic conditions between human and human, between human and animal, between human and plant. The common carrier of this magnetism may be electricity—electricity, I repeat, being merely the carrier."

It is this hypothetical magnetism transported on electricity that enables the Plant-Master, aided by his highly developed sensitiveness, to judge of the fitness of a plant to survive. Yet on the other hand it is this power, so refined as to make it appear the gift of the gods, which causes the ordinary visitor at the Santa Rosa gardens, or the average reader of results obtained in creating species, to shake heads and mutter "Alchemist!" "wizard!" terms which Mr. Burbank in no manner deserves to have applied to him. He is human, the same as others, only he is a human far ahead of the time in development of sense-power and soul.

Once understanding these qualities both mental and physical, one is prepared to accept many of the marvels of Burbank's work-life; for, frail in body as the Plant-Master appears, what he does, and his output of work, is no less wonderful than the wonders of his gardens. For example, because of his close use of eyesight in observation of plants during the day, it becomes



Luther Burbank of California, the plant-grower whose patient and persistent discoveries have benefited the entire civilized world

necessary to rest this, the first of the senses. Yet it is a part of his busy day to record his thoughts; for a busy printing-press is awaiting his copy. How is this to be done? In the dead of the night he awakes, his fertile thought begins. He

reaches for the paper and pencil already handily placed; but no match is struck, no electric button turned. In the darkness, scratch, scratch, scratch goes the lead, and on it goes until sometimes four thousand words are recorded before the mind has

run down. Sometimes the writing is little more than a scrawl. Sometimes when paper runs short he cross-writes a page. But it is clearly enough done for the patient typist, perhaps with slight help from the composer, to unravel all for the clean type-written page.

His sense of color also goes far beyond the usual. Like the blind he can tell color from the "feel." An ordinary bed of white appears to him not as one unbroken color, but perhaps a half-dozen shades from cream to pure white. He has been known to figure out a shade by conceiving it in his mind, and with this as a desired color to be realized in a new flower, to begin and successfully prosecute the search for a new plant rarity.

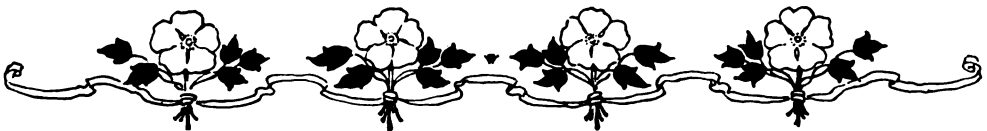
The flowers of the Santa Rosa garden must be carefully guarded, for a visitor not educated into the real value of a rare specimen may thoughtlessly pluck and carry away one of most worth. The fence around the garden is low so that the casual visitor may from the outside look into the modern Eden. Once the gate was left open and a little girl, peering through, could not resist the temptation to take a lily growing near. Now this lily had gone to seed, all but the top flowers. The flower was plucked and the childish hand rasped from the flower stem the small ripened seeds and they fell in the sand and gravel. In dismay Mr. Burbank missed the specimen—the culmination of the work of years gone! With tears trailing his cheeks he went in the house to his sister, and the two went back to where the lily had been taken. Mrs. Beeson suggested that probably the ripe pods, unattractive to the child who wanted only the flowers, might have been scattered near by. Surely enough one was found; then Mr. Burbank got down on his hands and knees in the sand and patiently hour after hour hunted till nearly all the very minute seeds were recovered.

It is very natural for the Plant-Master to be deeply interested in human character, as his little book, "The Training of the Human Plant," attests. In judging the

worth of the human it is probably the introactive magnetism that gives him the discernment. This is noted in his attitude to visitors at the gardens. He is fully cognizant that the very seconds of his own life must be conserved for his great work, yet he is strangely alive to the rational sympathy of a serious visitor. The mere curious caller receives short shrift, while the man who brings a real thought or a good criticism, who comes with a message, is immediately recognized and is sure of a hearing. Quoting from Goethe, "A friendly thought is the purest gift mankind can afford to man," he once reflected this idea in an autograph. This explains why he often takes a holiday for recreation and interchange of ideas. "There is all the difference between men that there is between wheel-barrows and watches" he said again in the interview referred to. The many-jeweled watch finds an open door at Burbank's. He is, therefore, as far as his time allows, as careful a student of striking human character as he is of the wonders of his fields and greenhouses. It was a most intense disappointment to him that John Muir and Thomas Edison passed him by, giving as their reason for doing so the very courteous "We do not wish to disturb the work."

Mr. Burbank is no doubt far in advance of his time on many points of science. "All communication is by means of vibration" he says. "Sound is borne on vibrations of air, heat by water, light flies on the wings of ether. Shall we not say that mind is borne on wings of electricity? And is not the so-called mental telepathy" (in which Mr. Burbank believes on the basis of his own experience) "the faint-shadowing forth of what may later be a clear truth to us, that mind may talk to mind over the gulfs of space?" This is not the exact wording Mr. Burbank gave to his ideas spoken during the hour we talked together, but the substance stated. This thought is an indication of the intensity with which he is peering into the mysteries of life.

HENRY MEADE BLAND.



The Pulse of the West

Current Comment on Western Affairs

By Walter V. Woehlke

A Coöperative Melon-Cutting

IN 1908 the Imperial valley, stretching its tawny length along the border between California and Mexico, was cantaloupe-mad. During the three preceding years the pioneer growers of muskmelons had cleared two hundred and three hundred dollars an acre, marketing their output in June when no other melons appeared on the Eastern markets. Cantaloupes promised ready cash in large quantities, a commodity the valley needed sadly. So everybody planted muskmelons and laid in a supply of blank checks.

Eighteen hundred carloads went out. The valley, holding its breath, braced itself against the shock of the money avalanche that would presently sweep across the Colorado. But the avalanche of cash did not come. Bills came instead. When freight and selling charges had been deducted, less than nothing remained of the selling price. Of course the railroads, being handy, were blamed for a large share of the calamity.

For three successive seasons history repeated itself. Though ever increasing quantities of cantaloupes were poured into the void of the Eastern markets, no profits came back. Few growers were lucky enough to cover the cost of production.

In 1912 the growers were exceedingly tired of work that did not even bring them glory. A record-breaking crop was on the vines that year. Should distribution be handled in the usual chaotic manner, the fiasco would be worse than ever. The growers went after the dozen big commission houses that marketed the crop. Hitherto these firms had worked in the dark, each one anxious to conceal its operations from all others, eager to take trade away from the other fellow by underbidding, all simultaneously shipping to the same markets,

glutting them with fruit and forcing the wholesale price to zero while other markets, neglected, remained bare.

The growers forced the shippers to get together, to organize a clearing-house, to divide the country into districts, to assign exclusive territory to the various firms and to regulate shipments into each district according to market conditions.

In 1911 the growers shipped 2800 carloads and lost money. In 1912 they shipped 3100 carloads under the new plan and made a fair profit, receiving on the average a dollar a crate net for cantaloupes costing sixty-five cents to produce, pick, haul and pack.

This year the crop reached the enormous total of 3600 carloads, twice the size of the disastrous 1908 crop, yet the net proceeds per crate averaged a dollar and twenty cents. Profits of eighty dollars an acre were the rule rather than the exception.

If an automobile manufacturer with an output of a hundred thousand motor-cars a year employed a dozen agents to sell the machines for what they would bring, if these agents simultaneously rushed the cars into half a dozen of the largest cities, the manufacturer would be ruined in a year. Growers of perishable fruit, vegetables, grapes and melons, forced to dispose of their output in a few weeks, have followed this sales' plan for years, are still following it. Only by a miracle, by the magic power of sustaining life inherent in the soil, have so many of them survived successive seasons of disaster.

The example of the melon growers proves that the country's markets are wide, large and hungry enough to absorb at fair prices all that is produced, provided the products are distributed methodically. The apple growers of the Northwest, after two seasons of unsatisfactory returns, have realized



This year the cantaloupe crop in the Imperial valley, California, reached the enormous total of 3600 carloads. Under the new cooperative method of distribution the net proceeds per crate averaged a dollar and twenty cents instead of a loss, as during the three preceding seasons of unorganized marketing

this fact. This year the North Pacific Fruit Distributors, a cooperative sales' agency, is handling the output of seventy-eight producers' associations scattered over six states. Practically all the fruit growers in a territory covering one-fifth the area of the continental United States have joined hands to solve the marketing problem. Never before have so many elements scattered over as large, as diversified an area been brought together in one compact organization. One successful season should knit this cooperative organization together so firmly that the growers will never return to a selling system formulated in the dark ages of agriculture.

Taxing Honesty to Promote Fraud

IN the manufacture of port, sherry, tokay, Malaga and other brands of sweet wine a portion of the grape juice is distilled into brandy and added to the fermented fluid. This indispensable process, by which no foreign substance is mixed with the blood of the grape, is practiced the world over wherever sweet wines are made—except in Ohio.

For many years a tax of three cents a gallon has been levied upon wines, includ-

ing the sweet varieties. Under this tax a large wine industry sprang up in California, many millions were invested in vineyards and plants. And the output of these plants was pure.

A few months ago Senator Atlee Pomerene—of Ohio—presented to the Senate Finance Committee a measure designed to raise the tax on grape brandy used in the fortification of sweet wines from three cents to a dollar ten cents a gallon. No temperance society had asked for this increase; it had not been recommended by any department of the Government; the populace did not clamor for it; winemakers and vineyardists were not asked concerning its effect upon their business; no public hearings were held before the committee favorably reported on it. Like Pallas Athene, the thirty-fold increase in the tax sprang full grown out of the Jovian head of the Senator—from Ohio.

Of course the California grape growers hastily sent a delegation to protest against this arbitrary exorbitant increase. In Washington the Californians met a delegation come to insist upon the increase in the tax. This delegation also consisted of



The height of the season in a Californian vineyard, and the height of perfection in grapes

winemakers—from Ohio. Unable to grow the European grapes from which the only real sweet wine can be made, Ohio uses native grapes and sweetens them with beet sugar, but the product has never been able to compete with the real article.

The proposed tax would double the cost of the pure Californian sweet wines; Ohio's imitation sweet wines, not being subject to the tax, would enjoy a wider market.

Do these facts throw light on the parties who sired the proposition that sprang, full grown, from the cranium of the Ohio Senator?

The Californians countered. They proposed that a tax of twenty-five cents a gallon be placed upon *spurious* sweet wines, upon sugar-water tintured with grape juice and masquerading as wine; such a tax, they maintained, would protect the consumer by driving the doctored, adulterated article out of the market.

Instantly there arose a great howl, a wild wail against the proposed tax on adulterated impure wine, upon an artificially made beverage sailing under false colors. The same parties who proposed to have the honest pure product of California's vineyards



Well-kept vineyards delight the observer in California and rival those of France in luxuriant beauty

Publishers' Announcement!

Sunset Becomes a Twenty-five-cent Magazine

BEGINNING with the December number, SUNSET, the Pacific Monthly, enters upon another stage of its advancement.

For many months the publishers of the Magazine have been experimenting, with their own money, to produce a magazine of two-fold quality—beautiful and efficient—and to learn the cost of doing so. Additional illustrations in color—the most expensively produced of any similar pages in the country—and employment of some of the leading writers of description and fiction in America, these have been the materials of this experiment.

SUNSET, as it is today, is the result. The change of price to twenty-five cents means that experimental excellence now becomes permanent and the way is paved to go on to make a bigger and better magazine.

Under the stimulus of added resources, a big investment is being made to bring SUNSET to the point of excellence demanded of its new position. The pages of this announcement show definitely the extent to which the Magazine realizes its obligation.

The Personality of a Magazine

To be a regular and welcome visitor to the reading-tables of intelligent men and women, a magazine must have an individuality, a definite personality. Sporadic hit-or-miss efforts to stir by the shock of sensation, to catch the passing interest in a fad of the day or merely to fill the empty leisure of an hour—none of these things can establish a magazine as a constant factor in the life of a home. Not all magazines aim to be this; most of them hope for it; some of them achieve it.

SUNSET, the Pacific Monthly, claims to have become such a factor in the life of one hundred and fifty thousand homes, in many parts of the world, because of a definite and consistent personality. It has been possible to create and maintain this individuality because the magazine is published with a definite purpose, separated from that of immediate profit, and because, in the fulfilment of that purpose, SUNSET has consistently reflected the personality of the remarkable territory it serves.

The Pacific Coast of North America has a personality as individual and as easily recognized as that of the friend whose appearance attracts and whose activities interest us. It is a region of varied and in many respects transcendent beauty; it is a country thrilling with the pulse of new development, aflame with the ideal of turning waste places into homes, elated by consciousness that there is no better place anywhere for the larger life of earnest men and women. The mere reflection of this personality has been enough to make a magazine and to give it an important place among the publications of America.

The personality of a friend develops, grows richer, finer, more admirable as the years ripen it. The Pacific Coast obeys a similar law. Its magazine must keep pace or be an imperfect reflection. SUNSET for 1914 is the answer to this demand.

First, as to Beauty

More people today are cognizant of the attractions of Nature than were aware of them yesterday and more will learn the lesson next year. Why? Because the automobile is showing us our own surroundings as we have had no way of knowing them before.

From Border to Border through the Wonderful West

To properly show forth in this modern manner the thousand wonders of our west coast, SUNSET has purchased a six-cylinder touring car, induced E. Alexander Powell, F. R. G. S., to postpone for a little his impending trip into "Innermost Asia" and has bade him godspeed from the Mexican border to the mountain wall along the Alaskan line beyond Hazelton, in British Columbia. It will take Mr. Powell a year to set down, each month, the "Log of the SUNSET Car" and this picture of the magnificent Farthest West, painted in the rainbow colors of its endless variety, by a man who has seen the wonder and the glory of "all the world beside" will be the most thorough work of its kind that has yet been done.

The International Expositions

There is always reason enough to come to see the wonders of the Pacific Coast, but in 1915 there will be an exciting cause which will turn westward the steps of countless thousands who might not otherwise be brought to the point of taking the trip. To celebrate the completion of the Panama Canal by the United States, our Government will hold in 1915 an international exposition at San Francisco, the site having been chosen in token of the importance of the Isthmian waterway to the Pacific Coast. This exposition will open in February, 1915, and its slogan is: "the exposition that will be ready." Thus 1914 must see its mighty preparations practically completed and SUNSET is now in a position to keep step, upon the very site itself, with the building of the World's Fair and to set forth, each month, the progress upon buildings and grounds and in the gathering of the materials for the vast exhibition of the world's best in things and ideas. The Exposition site is now a hive of fascinating industry, the cream of which will be shown in these pages, where the progress of the correlated Exposition at San Diego will also be followed.

Hearthstones De Luxe

One of the elements in the "double personality" of the West is found in the existence, in a new land where homes are being carved from the wilderness, of magnificent residences, housing the beauty and the culture of the centers of civilization. Some of these wonderful homes will be shown in SUNSET throughout 1914 in attractive pictures and with first-hand comment by Porter Garnett, litterateur and art critic, who has had access to the libraries and art-galleries and wonder-gardens of these homes de luxe.

And Now as to Development

During the fifteen years of its life, SUNSET has led in telling the story of the happenings in the great West. In this undertaking it has become a recognized authority. Its pages will continue to present the truth of this new and desirable land, to tell the miracle-tale of reclamation and settlement and to show forth the work and the achievements of the builders of this empire-in-the-making. But, in addition to this task which it has already performed worthily, the Magazine is to add next year a special concrete service to the constantly increasing number of men and women to whom these articles appeal.

"Does apple-growing really pay?" "Is the underground water supply of Arizona and New Mexico reliable?" "Where is the best place for

dairying and hog raising in the Pacific Northwest?" "I have five children and \$900? Would you advise me to come to California with these assets to raise chickens and truck?" "I'm a singer and have saved \$2000. I love country life. Can you tell me whether I could make a living and develop an orange grove with my capital and voice?" "Where is there an opening for a carpenter with a little capital?" "How are the motor roads on Vancouver Island?"

Sunset Service Bureau

These are some of the questions addressed to SUNSET. Letters of inquiry concerning a thousand subjects and Western localities are steadily growing in number. With the increasing interest in the West and its affairs, engendered by the opening of the Panama Canal, the stream of inquiries addressed to SUNSET will become a torrent. This vast amount of correspondence will be handled through a Service Bureau, conducted by Walter V. Woehlke, whose reputation as a writer upon western development is nation-wide. Mr. Woehlke will make the Bureau a recognized clearinghouse for accurate, authentic information concerning the West. In coöperation with Western agricultural colleges, civic organizations and similar factors he will supply disinterested information and advice as detailed, as accurate, as truthful as it is possible under the limitations of the human equation.

Why "The Pacific Monthly?"

There is to be more than ever reason for that descriptive title of SUNSET. The people of the Pacific Coast front the Pacific ocean and the countries whose shores it washes as consciously and as significantly as the people of the Atlantic Coast look across the Atlantic ocean to the countries of Europe. The Pacific ocean is the ocean of action for the twentieth century. Throughout the year SUNSET will reflect the action upon this vast stage, the theatre of at once the oldest and the newest of the world's civilization.

Sunset's War Correspondent

The story of the impending contest between the east coast of Asia and the west coast of America for the dominance of the Pacific will be told in SUNSET by Arthur Street, whom this magazine is sending as special war correspondent, so to speak, an editorial commissioner who is to make a tour of the entire ocean and to continue on a journey round the world to make a personal analysis of the great changes which must inevitably follow the opening of the Panama Canal. At all points our commissioner will be brought into direct personal touch with the strong men and influences at work in moulding the new developments and his reports will include living touches of these men and influences.

It would be hard to find a more highly qualified commissioner to undertake the enormous task of reporting upon the mighty drama which the world is about to witness than the man who has sailed out upon the Pacific in the interest of SUNSET's readers. Arthur Street, for nearly twenty years, has been known to the newspaper and magazine press of America as a special student of large movements of this sort. He has held commanding positions on the standard periodicals of both coasts and his collective index and digest of the newspapers of the United States, conducted by him for fifteen years, has given him an unusual familiarity with public affairs, both domestic and international.

The Pacific Coast of America stands at the edge of a vast and epic panorama of future human action in which the interests of the entire world must be, from now on, indissolubly engrossed. The reflection of that world drama in the pages of SUNSET is irresistibly a part of the magazine's duty to the potential region it represents.

Thereby Hangs a Tale!

SUNSET does not pretend or intend to be all description or analysis. It knows that the very people most interested in its reflection of the Twentieth Century Land and Sea are just as fond of a good story as those who take no heed of social or economic movements. And SUNSET will keep faith with these people at every point.

"The Man Who Won"

William R. Lighton, the creator of Billy Fortune, has written a noble story of Wyoming, the story of the battle for the possession of land between the forces of stock-grazing and home-making. Incidentally a beautiful and appealing love story is involved. And Billy Fortune, though a subordinate character in this big story, is up to his old tricks all through it, and his quaint philosophy and humorous personality make many a bright spot in this narrative of love and war. Arthur Cahill has gone to Wyoming with the author and his illustrations, made, in some cases, from the originals, will add much to the pleasure of this story which will run through most of the year.

A Detective Story as an Extra Serial

In absolute contrast to "The Man Who Won" is "The Allison Pearls," by Edward H. Hurlbut, author of the popular Lanagan stories of the San Francisco underworld. This new Lanagan story, which is a deepening mystery until the final chapter, deals with a baffling robbery in San Francisco high life.

Short Stories

During the last few years, during which SUNSET has gained a national reputation as an authority upon Western beauty and development, the magazine has also steadily gained in reputation for the excellence of its fiction. Some of the best writers now appearing before the reading public are contributors to SUNSET. Among these SUNSET for 1914 will number Peter B. Kyne, Eugene Manlove Rhodes, John Fleming Wilson, Charles G. D. Roberts, Hugh Johnson, John Kenneth Turner, George Pattullo, Hamlin Garland, Grant Carpenter, William Hamilton Osborne and Herman Whitaker.

A Great Miscellany

In addition to the special features enumerated here, there will be a wealth of miscellaneous material, chief among which may be mentioned a series on that vital topic "Immigration" by Robert Newton Lynch, of the California Immigration Commission, a series giving the romantic story of "the golden goddess," being the history of Pacific Coast gold mining, from placer to stock exchange, by Arthur Dunn, and the autobiography of one of the most influential pioneers of the Oregon country.

Sunset's Pictures

The appearance of the magazine will be improved, which is saying no small thing, for the color illustrations of SUNSET have made it widely known in this regard. These color pictures will be maintained and will be given greater interest by being made, so far as is practicable, from successful examples of color-photography. In illustration and in dress, generally, the magazine will continue to advance.

“I Suppose We’ve Got to Practice”



“**Y**ES,” said Edith, “we promised we’d practice while visiting Uncle Jack just as we do at home, but don’t you hate it?”

“One, two, three, four, five—one, two, three, four, five—la, la, la, la, la—la, la, la, la, la, went Harry’s fingers on the keyboard. “Oh, if only we could play some *music* instead of this stupid exercise!”

“You *can*, if you want to!” said Uncle Jack’s voice from the next room. “Practice faithfully for a half hour, each of you, and I *promise* each of you can play some real music!”

Neither Harry nor Edith knew what Uncle Jack meant. But they knew he didn’t make strange promises without being able to “make good,” as Harry said.

So each practiced a half hour, faithfully—and then—

* * * * *

“Did you practice faithfully?” Mother asked, when Uncle Jack brought the children home from their visit.

“Indeed we did!” said Harry and Edith together. “Oh, it was just fun for—”

“Uncle Jack has the *dandiest* piano—we played all sorts of things and—”

“Mother, isn’t a *sonata* a wonderful thing—the way it’s *put together*, I mean, and—”

“Mother, I thought you said that dance music wasn’t usually good music? Uncle Jack says—”

“Mother, did you know there was a kind

"I Suppose We've Got to Practice"

of music that has the same base all through—and yet it's pretty? Uncle Jack has three—"

"Children, children!" Mother clapped her hands to her ears. "What are you talking about? Tell me now, slowly, and one at a time."

"Oh, Mother, it's been wonderful," began Edith. "Uncle Jack has a piano that plays with rolls of paper and with your feet and—"

"Oh, dear!" interrupted Mother, in her turn. "Those dreadful things! I'm surprised at Uncle Jack. I hope he didn't let you use it—and you studying real music so hard!"

"But, Mother dear, you don't understand! Uncle Jack's is quite different from that one across the street. He says there is only one piano player that *really* plays music. It's a Pianola. And—"

"Uncle Jack says we haven't been studying *music* at all!" burst in Harry. "Why, neither of us know any music except waltzes and marches—I hardly ever *heard* any music until I heard that Pianola—and I *played it myself!*"

"Yes, Mother, he *did* say we weren't studying music—just studying the *piano*. He said it wasn't any wonder we hated practice so, when we never heard any music. And—"

"And, Mother, there *is* dance music that is beautiful!" Harry was enthusiastic. "There is a piece called Anitra's Dance, from—from—something, that is just as pretty as it can be, and Uncle Jack says it is the best kind of music!"

"And he played us a piece that wasn't exactly pretty, but so interesting, about the skeleton coming out and dancing, and the midnight fiddler—what was it, Harry?"



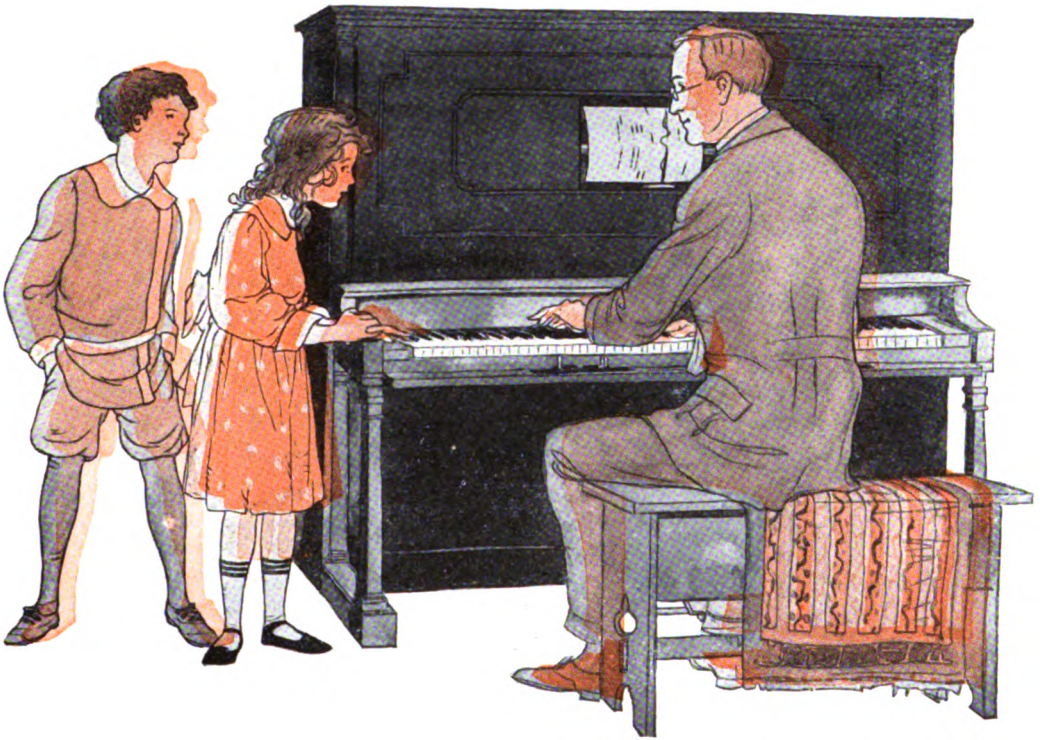
"Oh, I know—*Dance Macabre*—Saint Saens wrote it. And Uncle Jack showed us how a Symphony is put together, and a Sonata—they are almost alike, only one is for an orchestra, and one for a piano—"

"Well, I can see how much you practiced!" said Mother, distressed.

"Oh, but we did!" chorused Harry and Edith. "Uncle Jack said we could have two pieces for each fifteen minutes we practiced—and there wasn't a day we didn't practice *two hours!*"

"Mother, get *us* one, won't you? I want to study *music*, as well as the piano. We *can't* play, yet, but we love music and—"

"And you can't keep on loving it and learning about it without hearing it!" said Uncle Jack, unexpectedly again, from the doorway. "That's right, Mother. They

"I Suppose We've Got to Practice"

learned more music in a week with my Pianola than in two years of five-finger exercises, as necessary as they are. If you don't believe it—listen!"

Uncle Jack sat down at the piano and, playing a few bars, asked, "What is that?"

"Chopin's Military Polonaise," was the immediate answer.

"And this?" Again a few bars.

"Grieg's Berceuse—that's the one with the same base," cried Harry, eagerly.

"And this?" A beautiful soft strain sounded through the room.

"Oh, Schubert's Unfinished Symphony—play it all, Uncle Jack, do!" Edith clasped her hands, her eyes shining.

"I can't, unfortunately—but the Pianola can—and does!"

Mother, a real music lover, was silenced.

It was a new thought—that her children had been studying only the *instrument*, not the music it could but did not make under their unskilled fingers. And it was a *Pianola*—the "machine" she had despised—which had aroused her children's interest in the music she loved. After all, how *could* they love music, hearing only their own unskilled practice? And Uncle Jack was a good musician—and he evidently approved it—

Harry and Edith now have a Pianola Piano of their own. They play on it only after honest practice—and then only *good* music. Edith plays Anitra's Dance with her fingers, now, and Harry is learning the difficult Troll Dance from the same music. They cannot equal the Pianola as yet.

"But I'll play it as well as the Pianola!"

"I Suppose We've Got to Practice"

does, or *bust!*" says Harry, attacking his practice daily, with interest and vim—because he now studies *music* and not the *instrument* alone!

If you, too, dislike practice and wonder where the beauty of the music you never hear may lie, ask *your* mother if she doesn't think a means of studying *music*, as well as the *instrument*, might not be the spur to your ambition she hopes for.

As a means towards a liberal and comprehensive musical education, the Pianola

Piano far surpasses any agent hitherto known.

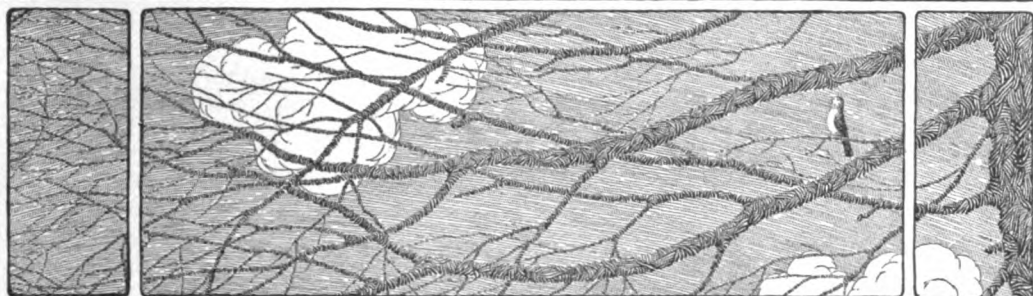
This is recognized by such distinguished music teachers as Leschetizky, Marchesi, Reinecke, Van Der Stucken, Sir A. C. Mac Kenzie, Dr. Hans Richter, Walter R. Spaulding, George Coleman Gow and many others, and has been followed by its adoption for educational uses in such leading universities, colleges and schools as: Harvard, Columbia, Vassar, Tufts, New York Teachers' College, Amherst, Radcliffe and over 150 others.

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Pianola Piano
Price \$550**



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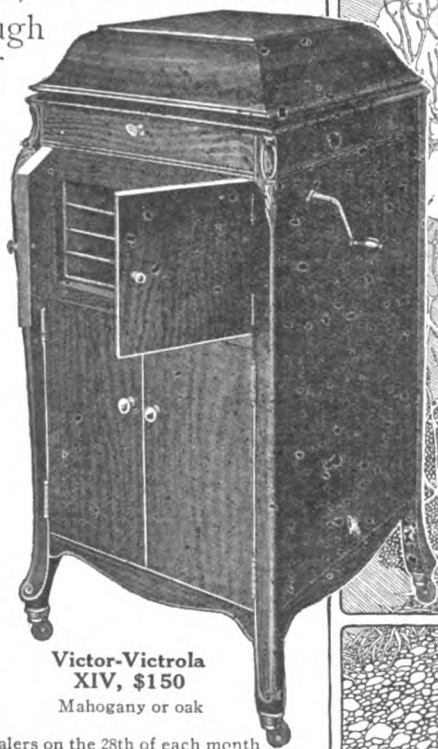
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New Victor Records demonstrated at all dealers on the 28th of each month

weighted down with the burden of an excessive impost did the squealing. Ohio, shouting for a higher tax on California's unadulterated product, with shaking voice and trembling finger begged the committee not to levy a tax upon a liquid deriving nothing but its name and color from the vine.

Shall Congress adopt the scheme proposed by the Ohio Senator, tax an honest product to death that a dishonest product may enjoy a wider sale, tax-free?

Is Private Hold-up a Public Virtue?

THE Forest Service has rendered the nation most valuable service. It has preserved for future generations the balance of the public timber, it is preventing forest fires, saving brush and timber cover on the West's priceless watersheds, it is improving the public ranges, enlarging their capacity, it is exterminating rodents and jackrabbits, helping to increase the game supply, is reforesting barren areas, preaching sane, scientific lumbering methods, is reducing the tremendous waste of forest products by investigation and demonstration and it has established the principle of public control over water-power sites and their development.

But the Forest Service is not infallible. In its desire to make a record and please its master, the public, it may go too far, create friction by an overzealous adherence to a hard-and-fast policy. Here is a case in point:

The South Yuba water system in the Sierra Nevada was started in 1856. Within this system are some thirty small reservoirs and five hundred miles of ditches and canals, all having been in private ownership since the beginning. In 1905 the system—it had been operated at a loss since hydraulic mining was prohibited—was sold to the Pacific Gas & Electric Company. This company determined to make the system pay by spending fifteen million dollars in the construction of large reservoirs that would store the spring floods, in building canals, power plants and irrigation ditches to use the stored water after the potential power had been extracted from it. Every square foot of land needed for the enlargement of the old system was acquired from private owners except one strip of twelve hundred feet crossing a corner of an isolated section of government land. This square mile of valueless moun-

tainside was surrounded by private land, it was far from the body of the public domain comprised within the Sierra National Forest, three hundred feet below its corner passed the old canal which was to be enlarged ten times and carried at a higher level. In order to accomplish this improvement, a right-of-way twelve hundred feet long across the isolated tract of public land was needed. This right-of-way the Forest Service refused to grant unless the corporation agreed to sell the entire system at the expiration of a certain time to any municipality designated by the Service, at an appraised price to be fixed by the Service. The contract also contained conditions giving the Service the right to prescribe a system of accounting and other privileges.

If the private owner of a twelve-hundred-foot strip tried to impose such conditions upon a corporation in exchange for a right-of-way, the attempt would be styled a hold-up and no court would countenance it. Had the system been new, had the company received from the Forest Service the power site, the water-rights, the land necessary for reservoirs and canals, the Forest Service would have had the undeniable right, the duty to safeguard the interest of the public, owner of the land, by imposing the conditions most advantageous to the people. But the system had been in private hands, had been delivering water and power to its patrons for half a century.

The right of eminent domain was conferred upon public-service companies to protect them against gouging by private parties. Does the act of gouging change its ethics when it is performed by the public instead of being done by private parties?

Still, the public might pat its overzealous servants on the back if the gouging had been successful. But it wasn't. The company did not absolutely have to have the twelve-hundred-foot strip. By building a large pipe line twenty-two hundred feet long it could keep its water from public property, convey it around the lower end of the Forest section. Instead of flooding some twenty-five acres of public land at the extreme head of the enlarged reservoir, it could and will build an eighty-five-foot dam to keep the sacred soil, useless for any purpose, clean and dry.

In other words, the attempted hold-up on the part of the public was not complete. By spending a quarter of a million more than



This man owns railroads and steamship lines.

He lives in a palatial home surrounded by every luxury. His table is supplied with the best the world affords. Yet he cannot procure anything better than

Campbell's TOMATO SOUP

Why? Because no one can obtain choicer materials than we use. No care can exceed that which we devote to their preparation and blending. And no chef can produce a richer or more delicately-balanced combination than the Campbell formula.

Judge for yourself its delicious flavor and wholesome quality. *Your money back if not satisfied.*



"Gracious me!
What can it be
That shadow round and
fat?
This soup I know,
Makes youngsters
grow.
But do I look like that?"

21 kinds 10c a can

Asparagus	Clam Chowder	Pea
Beef	Consommé	Pepper Pot
Bouillon	Julienne	Printanier
Celery	Mock Turtle	Tomato
Chicken	Mulligatawny	Tomato-Okra
Chicken Gumbo(Okra)	Mutton Broth	Vegetable
Clam Bouillon	Ox Tail	Vermicelli-Tomato



Look for the red-and-white label

it intended, the company could avoid the use of two small patches of public land. This extra quarter million will, of course, be added to the cost of the project. To the extent of the interest charges on this amount, to the extent of the maintenance expenses of an unnecessary pipe line, of an unnecessary dam, the cost of the output to the consumer will be increased. Was it good business on the part of the Forest Service to increase the cost of an enterprise which it can never hope to control? The sensible thing to do would have been the elimination of the isolated tracts from the National Forests and their sale to the company at an appraised value. Instead of hampering the company, the Forest Service should have aided it in the storage of flood water that has hitherto gone to waste.

Nor does the fact that the company, in clearing the reservoir site, without a permit cut the timber on a small patch of Forest Service land, affect the merits of the right-of-way proposition.

The Club Woman and Real Work

A WESTERN woman studied medicine, became an M. D., built up a good practice, married, had a child and continued in her vocation. Of a sudden she dropped medicine, abandoned her practice, put the child out of the home and voluntarily, as chairman of a woman's club committee, proceeded to watch the acts of the city administration with Argus eyes.

This woman had lost her sense of proportion. She had spent years in equipping herself for a professional career, following it honorably, successfully, until club life engulfed her. Then she cast her profession aside as a child discards a used toy and assumed a position she was not by training qualified to fill. She had been a professional worker; she became an amateur. The chance was hers to help demonstrate, by quiet, efficient, continued medical service, that woman is the equal of man in all lines of endeavor, that she is not lacking in steady purpose and staying power. Instead, she chose the limelight and the center of the stage upon which the civic amateur performs. She strengthened the reproach of emotional dilettantism directed against the woman's movement; she furnished proof of the assertion that the leaders of the movement, unconsciously per-

haps, are craving change, diversion and excitement rather than lasting results, that club life among women is not the means it pretends to be but an end itself.

Until the woman who is relieved from the necessity of domestic toil has shown that she is willing to assume uncomplainingly a share of the endless drudgery that is the lot of millions of men, until the unmarried worker ceases to consider matrimony the natural dumping ground of all professional obligations and ambitions, until the manifold activities of woman's clubs cease to fill the horizon of the members to the zenith, until they shrink to their proper proportions of time-fillers, until then a very large proportion of skeptical men will continue to hide supercilious smiles when the ardent leaders of the feminist movement are around.

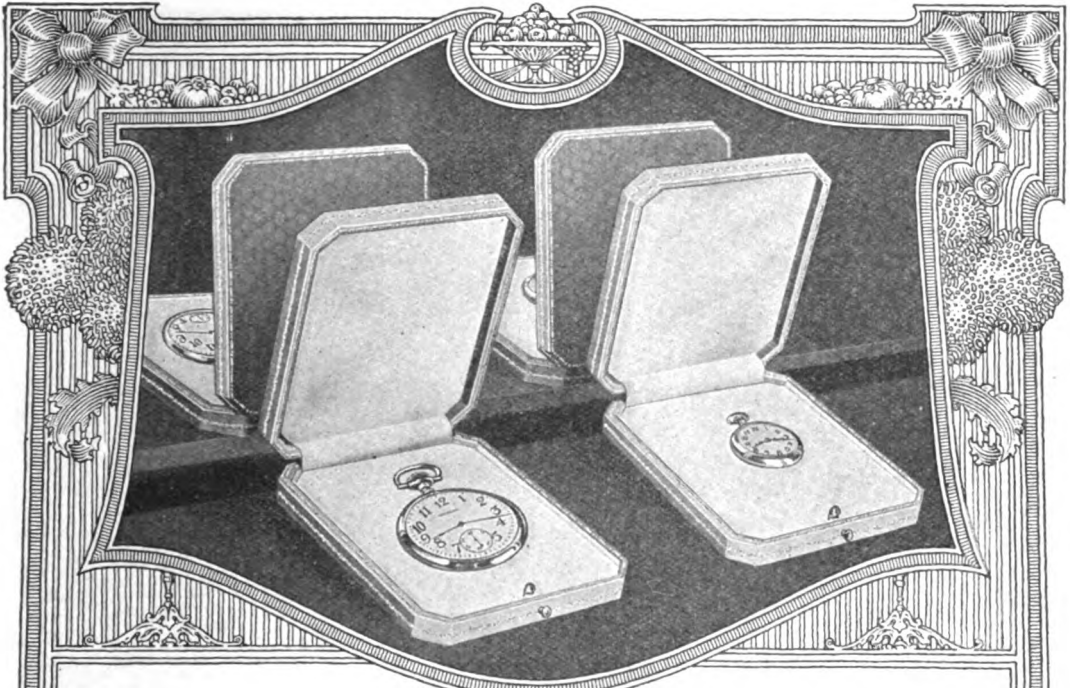
Soothing the Western Banker's Nerves

A FIRM manufacturing pipes and tanks for irrigation plants owed the bank twelve thousand dollar last summer. The concern had more orders on its books than its sixty employees could fill. Its financial affairs were in good condition except that it needed more capital to take care of the expanding business.

In July the bank called the loan, insisted upon its reduction by two thousand dollars a month. It would not accept notes signed by substantial ranchers, paper maturing after the harvest this fall. The bank insisted on cash. Though the concern was swamped with unfilled orders, though business was normal, the concern had to discharge twenty men in order to pay the bank.

Nor was this the only instance in which the credit of sound financial institutions was arbitrarily curtailed by panicky bankers whose unreasoning fright threw thousands of men out of employment. Yet these same bankers declared that deposits of government money were not needed in their vicinity.

If the Glass Currency Bill can extract the fear of Wall-street happenings out of the soul of the Western banker, if the regional reserve feature can induce the banker to extend or withhold credit calmly, wisely, after due consideration of the needs of the region he serves, if elastic currency can confine a speculative tremor to the point of its origin, can prevent it from setting up a



Waltham Watches Riverside Series

It is not over-subtle to say that there is a relation between the character of a man and that of his watch. Anything which you consult fifty times a day, which directs your very life, is bound to react on *you*.

All Waltham Watches have a structural perfection, a downright precision and upright character, that make them superior associates. The Riverside Walthams in particular are recommended for those who appreciate a watch which is a little better than necessary, but not purse-squeezing in price.

There are Riversides in several styles for men and women. Most jewelers have them and will testify to their excellence.

Will you look over our Riverside Book? It will be sent you with pleasure—and our compliments.

Waltham Watch Company
Waltham, Mass.

sympathetic financial disturbance in the otherwise tranquil and prosperous West, if the bill can do these things, let us pass it without delay.

The Fossilized Mining Law

GOLD and other metals are found either in veins and ledges of ore between walls of rock or in a free state scattered in fine particles throughout the soil. Different rules and regulations apply to the location and patenting of lode and placer claims. The size and shape of a lode claim is largely determined by the length and the course of the vein. A gold-bearing gravel or placer claim has a maximum area of twenty acres. To hold this claim against covetous neighbors, it is necessary to spend a hundred dollars a year in improvements. However, eight owners of contiguous claims, each containing twenty acres, may pool their holdings and perform the assessment work on only one of the eight claims. Nor does the law prevent these eight men from locating as many association claims of a hundred and sixty acres each as may be lying around loose. In California it was not at all uncommon that one man, armed with the names of seven dummies, should attempt to hold possession of five and even ten square miles of supposedly oil-bearing land. Similarly, many Alaskan operators acquired gold-bearing placer lands to the extent of a dozen sections or more, holding possession by spending four hundred dollars a year in the improvement, nominal or real, of each section.

Now comes the Interior Department and raises the ante. Beginning with next year, no placer claim can be held unless the claimant spends a hundred dollars annually in improving each twenty-acre tract. To hold a square mile, the annual expense rises from four hundred to thirty-two hundred dollars.

In the days of the Argonauts when a panful of gravel often yielded a hundred dollars, this rule was rigidly enforced. On the rich ground worked by the Forty-niners the rule read: "Dig or get off the dump!" But the Forty-niners knew nothing of modern gold-dredging methods, of gold boats costing a quarter million apiece that handle gravel containing only twenty-five cents' worth of gold per cubic yard and handle it at a profit. In Alaska this gold-dredging industry has just begun. A gold boat cannot be operated profitably unless it has a large area at its disposal. The new rule, which increases preliminary expenses eightfold, is not at all to the liking of the Alaskan dredging companies. It takes from them the right to hold, at merely nominal expense, large placer areas until such time as their dredges can reach them. The new rule increases the cost of producing placer gold from lean gravel by dredging, but it also increases the chances of the poor prospector to obtain a slice of rich Alaskan placer ground. It kills the dummy entryman, but it also retards the exploitation of low-grade propositions that require large capital expenditures for their development.

The cause of the trouble lies in the inflexibility of the country's antiquated mining laws. These laws have not been changed materially for fifty years, for half a century during which the mining industry has been revolutionized every decade. The shop-worn, seedy, graybearded relics of the early days no longer fit in with modern conditions. Throughout the West mining men would welcome radical changes in the basic enactments concerning the acquisition of mineral-bearing public land. Even a leasing law, wisely, liberally administered, would be preferred by a very large number of operators to the fossilized statutes at present in force.



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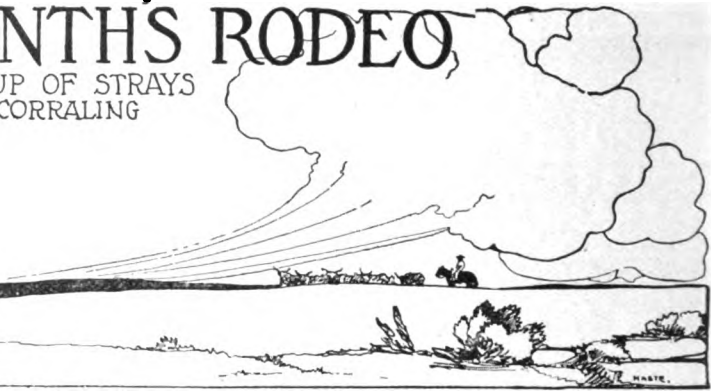
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Racine, Wis.

THE MONTH'S RODEO

A ROUND-UP OF STRAYS
WORTH CORRALING



This is little Bertha Savelberg and her "R. F. D." team. The leaders are dogs, the wheelers are sheep. Bertha is a sturdy Hollander on a remote Idaho farm. Three times a week she drives her coach and four to the stage-station for mail

You Can't Beat the Dutch

By
WILL T. KIRK

in southern Idaho on a farm thirty miles from the nearest town. From the farm the nearest stage station is Roseworth, a mile away in Twin Falls county. Bertha, who is eleven years old, used to walk to get the mail, which comes three times a week. Now she rides in her coach and drives Katie and Mabel and Bingo and Fannie. Katie and Mabel are woolly sheep and Bingo and Fannie are likable dogs. The sheep are the wheelers in this unusual team and the dogs in the lead set a brisk pace for them. The animals were trained by the little girl herself, and she handles them ably, although sometimes they become fractious and run away.

The Savelberg farm is eight miles from the nearest school, so Bertha's tutoring in the last two years has consisted of two months' instruction, of three lessons a week, from a neighbor. Her parents scarcely speak English. She is imbued with the

The oddest mail coach and team of four to be seen anywhere in the West undoubtedly is the one being driven by Bertha Savelberg, a little Hollander who lives with her par-

spirit of the West, which is to conquer, to overcome difficulties, to make the best of every situation.



California's Madroño Trees

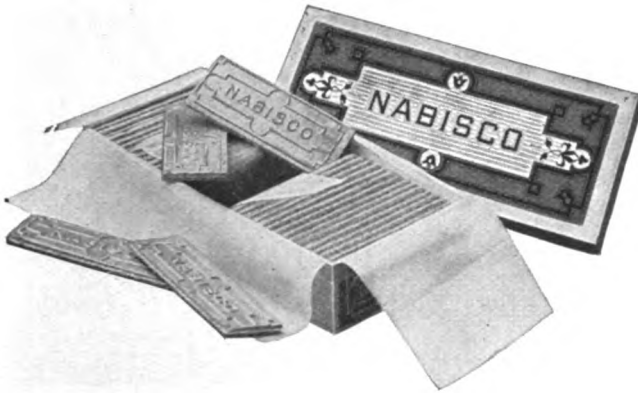
By
CARL PURDY

Of all the trees and shrubs which enrich California's landscape, none has more individuality than the madroño (*Arbutus Menziesii*), an evergreen with broad elliptical leaves, shining above, and of a lighter green below, every light breeze giving a changing foliage effect much like the poplar but brighter.

Its rich brown bark is as smooth as if polished, except on the largest branches and trunk of old trees, and on young trees is altogether so; and on every twig the bark shines through in strong contrast to the leaves.

Were the tree hardier so that such specimens as we see here could be grown in the East, it would rank first among broad-leaved evergreens. The magnolia has not nearly so many elements of beauty.

Like very few trees, the outer bark is shed off each summer as a snake would shed its skin. In



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ADORA

Another charming confection—a filled sugar wafer with a bountiful center of rich, smooth cream.



FESTINO

An ever-popular delight. An almond-shaped dessert confection with a kernel of almond-flavored cream.



CHOCOLATE TOKENS

Still another example of the perfect dessert confection. Enchanting wafers with a most delightful creamy filling—entirely covered by the richest of sweet chocolate.

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COMPANY**

April the old bark begins to split and peel back in flakes and rolls which are readily detached, and by midsummer the madroño is in a completely new dress. In the meantime the leaves have not been idle; as spring advances fresh shoots with new crowns of leaves burst forth, and when they are fully developed the old leaves first turn reddish like autumn leaves, then brown, and then fall off. By July Miss Madroño is clothed anew from stem to crown, just a little late for Easter but quite seasonable as tree life goes, and she continues fresh and green throughout winter when her neighbors are bare or rusty.

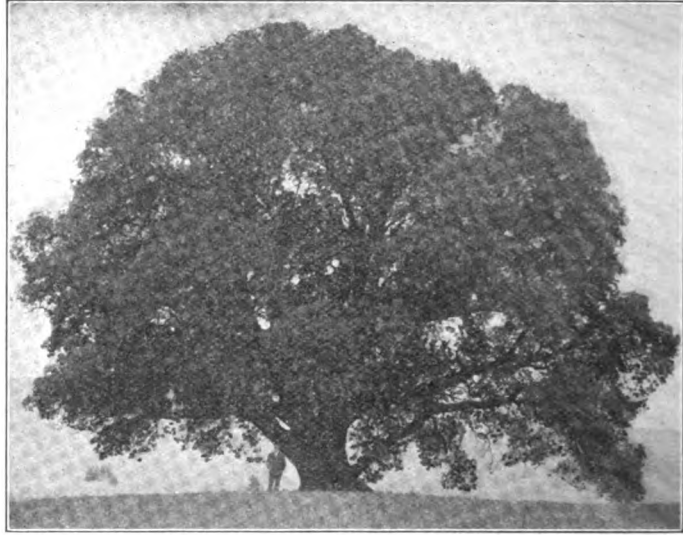
The flowers are very much like others of the family to which the madroño belongs, the heaths, and are creamy white bells borne in large clusters; racemes, botanists would call them.

Green berries soon form, and toward fall these become salmon red and gain in color until of the deepest crimson. When a specimen is well fruited, no tree can excel it with its fine color; and for winter none can compare with the triple beauty of glossy bark, showy leaves and the perfect flame of highly-colored fruit. While not unpleasant to the taste, the madroño berries are too seedy to be much relished even by children, but the birds are fond of them.

The madroño is found in the coast range from near Santa Cruz to southern Oregon, and usually in company with oaks and spruces. People are apt to think of it rather as a large shrub than a tree. For such I would describe a superb specimen which is photographed for this sketch. It stands alone on the estate of Dr. H. L. Tevis near Alma, Santa Cruz county, on a conspicuous foot-hill. Its girth four feet above the ground is twenty-three feet. At the ground the circumference is thirty-seven feet. Eight feet above, where the great limbs divide, the girth is twenty-five feet six inches; circumference of one limb, fourteen feet, the other being fifteen feet three inches. Height, approximately sixty feet. Spread of branches from north to south, ninety feet; from east to west, eighty-eight feet. An oak with girth of four feet and ten inches grows out of the madroño a few feet above its base.

Old, so old that it must antedate all neighbors for miles around, it is still healthy and vigorous except for a hollow at the base caused by some burn of time past. A skilful tree doctor has cared for that, and a special driveway leads visitors to this remarkable tree.

Near San Rafael another famous old madroño stands, and other large specimens are not uncommon. That there are not more, and that as a rule



Mammoth madroño on the H. L. Tevis place. A curious freak of nature is the oak-tree, nearly five feet in girth, growing out of the madroño near its base to the right

we see only low specimens or sprouts around a stump, is entirely owing to the prevalence of grass and brush fires in times past.

The Indians frequently set fires before the white man came, and with the immense growth of grass then, the fires were far more destructive. The white man for many years cared little if brush fires raged, and as with its thin bark the madroño is very easily injured, few escaped. When killed by fires a group of sprouts sprang up about the stump and so it is now that we usually see the trees in clusters. When cared for these sprouts grow very rapidly and become beautiful, symmetrical trees. Nowhere is this better shown than in Ukiah, Mendocino county. The residence portion of that pretty mountain town is built in natural woodland of which a considerable part was madroño. Toward the holidays some of the street vistas are fairly scarlet with the madroño berries.

I may add that if the young trees of a foot or two in height are carefully lifted in early spring (February or March according to section) they are not hard to grow and are well worth the while. The young trees for the purpose should not be taken from sheltered woods but rather from exposed positions, where they are hardier and feel the change less.



Darwin to the Rescue!

When forced to look four ways at once
Lest auto-cars surprise,
We'll hope, through our "environment,"
To "evolute" more eyes!
One by each ear, two more behind,
Would—don't you think?—seem wise?

HENRIETTA R. ELIOT.



“I Tell You— These ‘Holeproofs’ Are Wonderful Socks”

Go to a furnishing, clothing or department store and see the original guaranteed hose—famous Holeproof Hosiery. Note its *texture, light weight and style*.

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Buy them today. They will last six months or longer. If they wear out—if *even a thread breaks*—you get new pairs free.

We pay an average of 74c per pound for the yarn in Holeproof. Common yarn costs but 32c.

But ours is *three-ply* and *long-fibre* cotton. That means *strength* with light weight. It means *soft*

pliability. The wear you get in these stockings or socks has nothing to do with the weight of the yarn.

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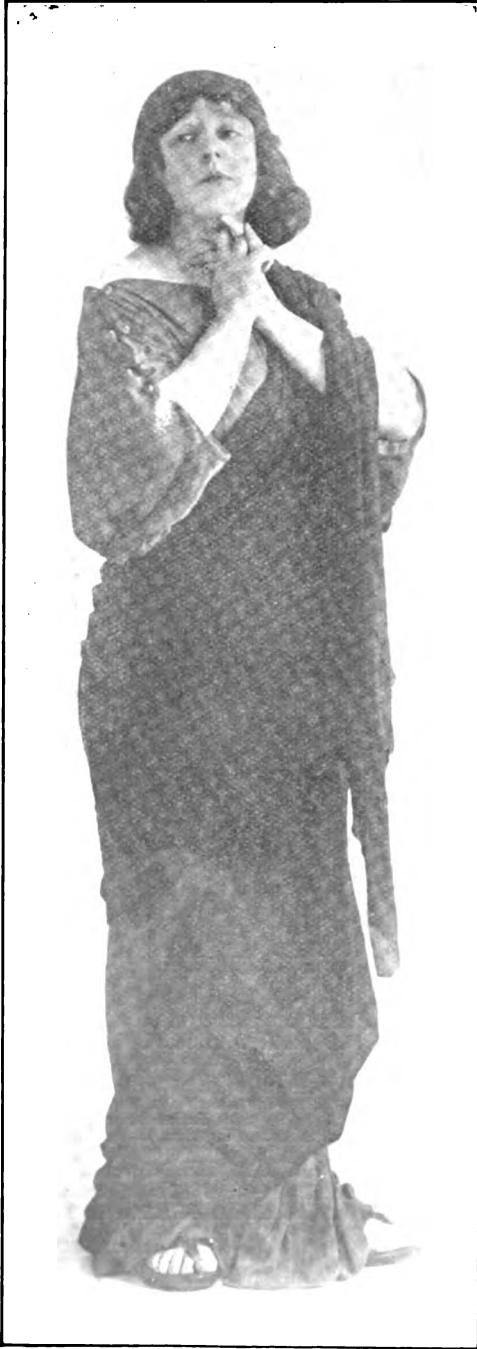


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FOR WOMEN

For long wear, fit and style, these are the finest silk gloves produced. Made in all lengths, sizes and colors.

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Margaret Anglin's recent artistic triumph as "Electra" in the Greek theater, Berkeley, California, was the blending of genius and preparedness in a classic setting. For three years Miss Anglin had worked and dreamed, and the result won the plaudits of ten thousand people. Art and archaeological exactitude were so finely wedded that the drama of the ancients became a living thing under the spell of the artist's personality. Having added these fresh laurels of Electra to those of Antigone, in the same beautiful setting, Miss Anglin need not regret her studious months of diligent diving into the dust of antiquity for "atmosphere"

Honors to Verdi in San Francisco

Latin patriotism and love of the beautiful in music and art have found fitting expression in the massive Verdi monument given to the city of San Francisco by her Italian Colony—the 40,000 dwellers of the "Little Italy" by the Golden Gate who, led by Ettore Patrizi, editor of *L'Italia*, have subscribed a fund of \$15,000 since Verdi's death in 1901. At time of writing, the board of supervisors is considering the site, which will be the Civic Center or Golden Gate Park, elaborate ceremonies of unveiling to be held in connection with the Portola Festival and the opening of the grand opera season at the Tivoli under leadership of Leoncavallo, composer of "I Pagliacci."

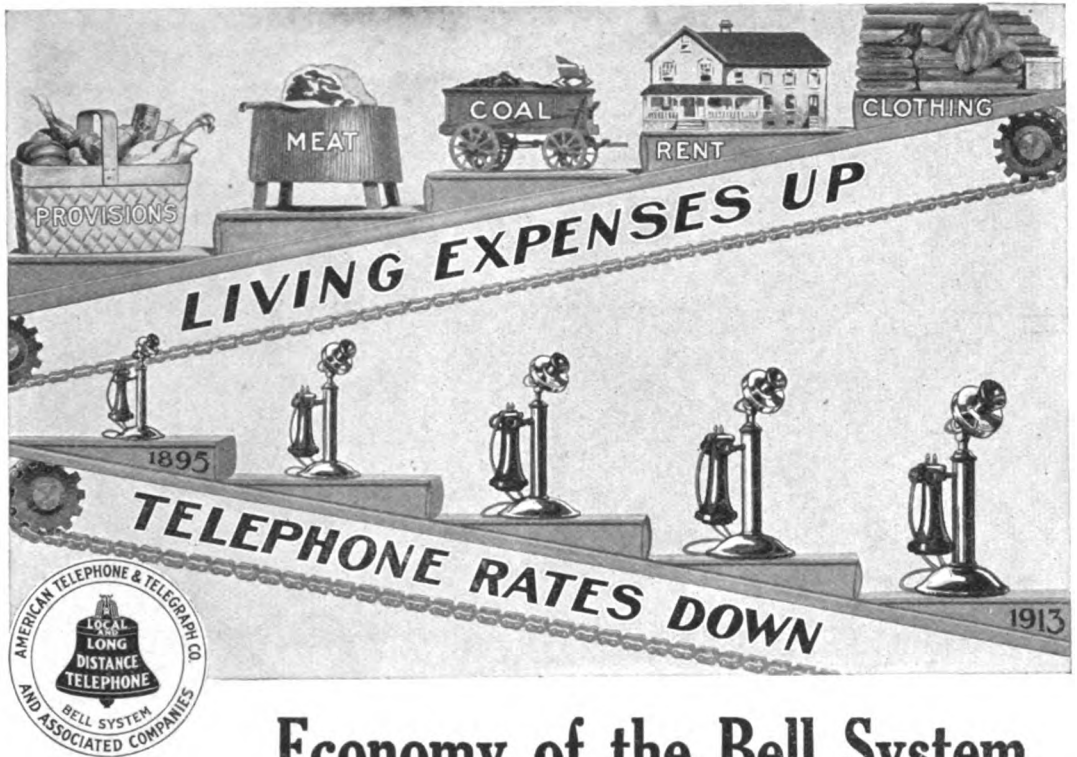
That the gift might be Italian in every detail it was made in Italy, from the decorative bronze parts to the stone base and pedestal which are of the celebrated red and black granite of Baveno on the Lago Maggiore. The monument is nearly 24 feet high and weighs 52 tons. It was supervised by the Royal Academy of Fine Arts in Milan. The sculptor was the eminent Professor O. Grossoni. On the pedestal is this inscription by G. Negri:



INEXHAUSTIBLE CREATOR OF DIVINE MELODIES;
EVOCATOR OF IMMORTAL CHARACTERS IN
LAUGHTER AND IN TEARS; IN HIM THE
TIRELESS OMNIPOTENCE OF GENIUS AND THE
VIRTUES OF THE MAN AND THE CITIZEN WERE
JOINED IN PURITY AND IN POWER.

On another side of the pedestal are four lines taken from D'Annunzio's beautiful ode to Verdi:

"He drew his chorus
From the deepest vortex of the striving masses;
He voiced the hopes and sorrows of all humanity,
He wept and loved for all."



Economy of the Bell System

Consider this significant fact: While most of the necessities of life have gone up, the price of telephone service, which is one of the essential factors in our commercial and social life, has moved steadily downward.

Although a pound of these necessities still contains but sixteen ounces, the telephone user has been getting more and more service for less money.

On the average, the people of this country pay 49% more today for food, fuel and clothing than they did in 1895. Since then, the decrease in the average rates for telephone service has been more than one-half.

At the same time, the efficiency and value of the service to the subscriber has vastly increased. Today he can talk to an average of five times as many persons in each exchange as he could eighteen years ago.

This is the inevitable result of the comprehensive policy of the Bell System, which brings together the associated Bell companies and the communities they serve.

Through the very size and efficiency of their organization they accomplish improvements and effect economies which give the greatest service at the lowest rates.

**AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES**

One Policy

One System

Universal Service

In writing to advertisers please mention SUNSET, The Pacific Monthly



Mrs. Holt as "Ambition" and Mrs. McLeod Batten as "Atol, the Lonely" in Mrs. Batten's play "The Seer." The background is furnished by the redwoods and laurels of Mill Valley, Marin county, California, a picturesque suburban town at the base of Mt. Tamalpais. The drama was recently presented by amateur talent to audiences from San Francisco and other bay cities



LOS ANGELES

I met a bluff enthusiast
 Who like a tameless Western blast
 Across my quiet pathway passed.
 He told me of a monstrous boom
 That lightened up financial gloom
 And made the very mountains bloom.
 A dollar wisely there invested
 Went bravely on and never rested,
 Like hen's eggs fortunately nested,
 Until within a year or two
 Up into thousands more it grew:
 There was no end to what 't would do!
 "Where is this Eldorado, please?
 Where men grow wealthy with such ease?"
 He winked and said: "Loss Anjelees."

One day by curious chance I met
 A frantic Western suffragette.
 Was she a schoolma'am? I forget.
 She told me how the women voted;
 Statistics manifold she quoted;
 Her city-government was noted;

The schools there Heaven seemed to bless;
 The whole scheme was a grand success.
 "Where is this Eden?" "Loze Angleless."

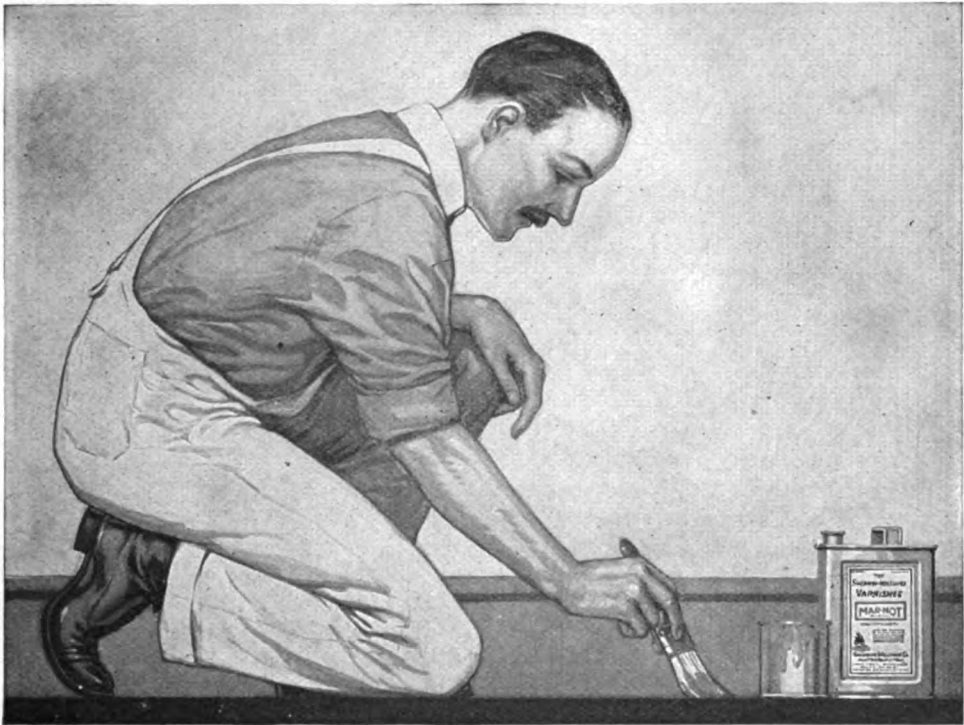
I met a lady young and fair.
 She had a cosmopolitan air;
 It seemed she'd traveled everywhere.
 She'd been in Italy, in Siberia,
 In France, in Spain and in Algeria,
 But where she now lived was superia
 To any other earthly place.
 "Where is your home?" With Spanish grace
 She said: "I'm from Lose Anhaylace."

Now which of these pronunciations
 (With other possible complications)
 Of a town so perfect, so immaculate,
 Should a mild and timid man ejaculate?

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE.



Copyright 1913 by T. Haglund Photograph by Bushnell
 Brown-eyed Katherine Haglund, three years old, is San Francisco's official representative of the nursery. Honors rest gaily upon her golden curls. She is a mascot in miniature. A baby's rattle in her hands becomes a queen's scepter. Last year Mayor Rolph crowned her mascot of the May-day parade and the Exposition a-coming in 1915. In 1913 she led the City Beautiful Ball with Mayor and Mrs. Rolph. Her portrait has been painted by the famous Rose Hooper. She was mascot of the big Portola fete, Oct. 22 to 25, riding in a floral float to present the city's golden key to the Queen



Beautify and protect your floors with
SHERWIN-WILLIAMS
MAR-NOT
 FLOOR VARNISH

A good floor varnish is a rare find. Mar-not is more than mere surface shine. It goes into the wood and becomes a protecting surface, resisting wear to an unusual degree. Mar-not comes in small packages. It is easily applied and dries overnight.

The real Brighten-Up Paint store in your town

is the Sherwin-Williams agent. He has Mar-not.

For the great or small improvement of your home you need our Portfolio of Suggestions for Painting and Decorating.

It tells you all about Mar-not and other Sherwin-Williams Paints and Varnishes. A host of color illustrations are contained in this booklet, as well as ideas and suggestions that are as practical as they are artistic.

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS
PAINTS & VARNISHES

Address all inquiries to The Sherwin-Williams Co.
 460 2nd St., San Francisco, Cal.



AN OLD BOOK

By EUNICE WARD

Odor just a trifle fusty,
Cover brown, and very dusty.
Tawny margins dashed with speckles
Here and there, like little freckles.

Folk in stilted phrase communing,
Lords a-cursing, ladies swooning,
Sighs more frequent far than laughter,
Marriage, happy ever after.

On a dusty shelf I found it,
Mold and memories around it;
Novelty its worth once measured,
Now for age 'tis bought and treasured.

AND NEXT?

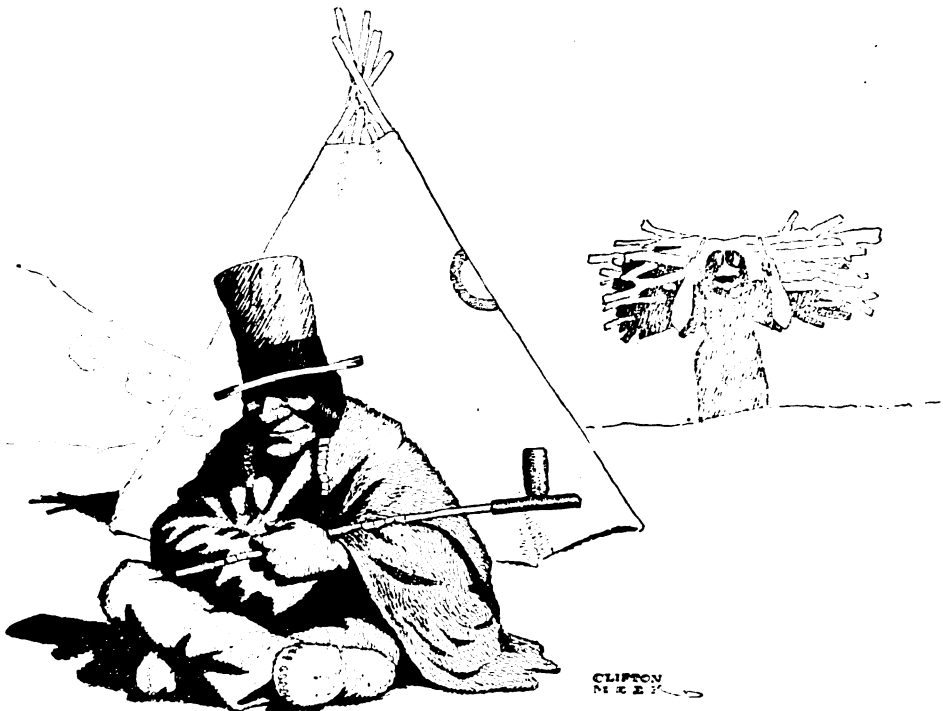
By EUNICE WARD

When grandma toured in foreign parts,
Her letters were an education—
Twelve pages of impressions, sights,
Heights, distances and population.

Mother, doing Europe,
In four pages told
Whom she met and where the best
Gowns and hats were sold.

Maud, abroad,
Gets all she's able
Upon two post-cards
And one cable.

A WORKING HYPOTHESIS



Mr. Lo, one of our first citizens, being asked his opinion of equal suffrage, replied: "I believe that a woman's place is in the home" (or words to that effect)

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

NIX on this "Indian-silence-under-torture" bunk. Believe us, his brand of endurance is counterfeit compared to that of the boys who smoke live-coal-on-the-tongue brands of pipe food and let on to be gleeful. But why put your tongue to the torture test, brother? P. A. can't bite, can't singe your lining. The bite's removed by our wonderful patented process.

P. A. is sold everywhere in tippy red bags, 5c; tidy red tins, 10c; pound and half-pound humidors.

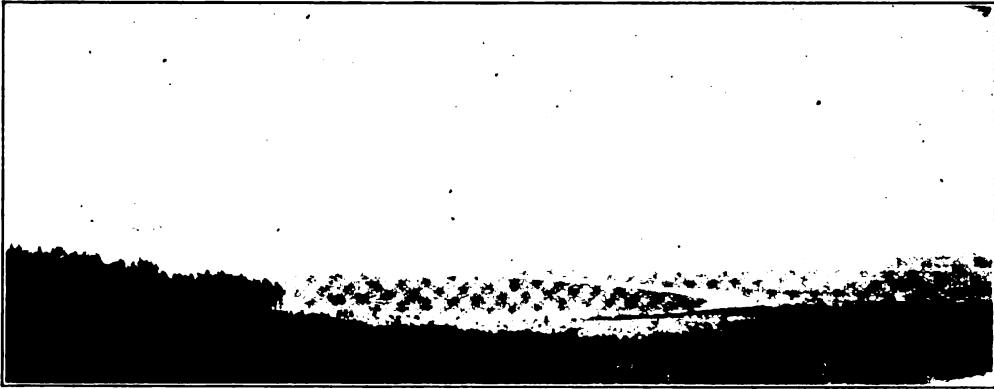
R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

American Horse
Sioux Warrior
and Orator

PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND
CIGARETTE TOBACCO

Development Section

Here are Noted Various Significant Facts Relating to the Progress and General Advancement of the Pacific Coast Country



The bay of Monterey, viewed from the famous Seventeen Mile Drive—two of California's scenic assets

Monterey, the Magnificent

By ARTHUR DUNN

MONTEREY is picturesque, productive and progressive.

The old county isn't all play—but if you are seeking pleasure there is no prettier spot on this continent than California's old capital. For nearly three hundred years Monterey plodded along and dreamed of the dimming past, the days of the majestic missions, the dashing and daring dons of Spain, the spangled señoritas—all sweet dreams of slumberland.

But today there is life in the mountains and valleys of Monterey, and if the past be not buried it is at least blurred in the kaleidoscopic changes in the last half decade.

True, you will find the missions, some crumbling and some restored, and here the first customs house will be pointed out; wander through the town of Monterey and you'll be shown the Sherman Rose Tree, planted as the heart-tribute of a valiant soldier to his sweetheart, Señorita Bonifacio; and you may see where Sebastian Vizcaino landed at Monterey bay in 1602; then the coming of Junipero Serra, in 1770, to colonize Monterey and establish missions; also will be recounted the arrival of Commodore Sloat, the reign of Governor Alvarado, the rule of Thomas O. Larkin, the songs Jenny Lind sang in the state's first theater—all these things will be told and lose no romance in the telling.

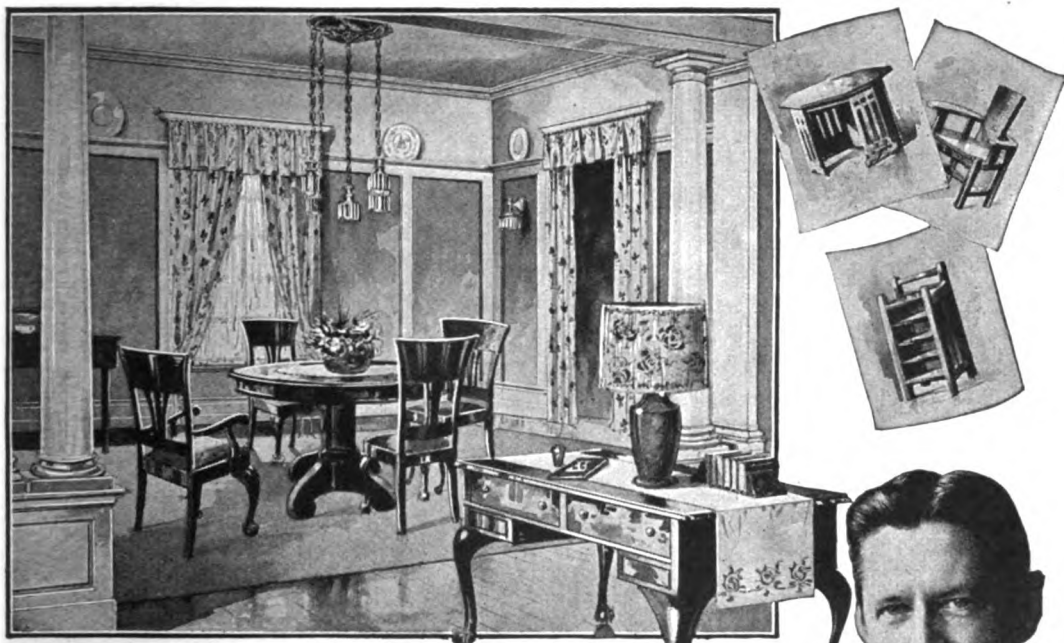
Moderns have decreed that Monterey shall not be considered merely as embalmed history. While there is a thrill in the picturesque past, there are new things in the pulsating present.

The county is adding materially to the wealth of the Golden State. The output of its dairies approximates one-tenth the total output of California. Its apple orchards produce larger and more luscious fruit than any place on this continent. Its grain fields shimmer golden. Alfalfa is the natural carpet for the dairy herds. Monterey's hills are dotted with grazing cattle.

In simple truth, Monterey is a vast prosperous principality, promising rich rewards for the industrious, and offering hope and happiness, peace and plenty, for a great concourse of people.

The State Board of Agriculture thinks highly of Monterey county. Here is an excerpt from a recent report:

"Owing to the peculiar topography, with its rough mountains and broad plains, its great river running from south to north with tributaries from either side, its rolling hills, the rugged mountains, it is found to be a miniature of the state, with its diversity of climate and soil, enabling it to yield everything produced in the state, and rendering it one of the most desirable regions for settlement. Its river furnishes a never-failing supply of water



Welcome Your Friends To a Room Like This

A DINING room that speaks of hospitality, a cheery reception hall, the comfortable living room—let their furnishing and coloring express your own good taste. Effects the most pleasing and artistic can be obtained, and at conservative cost, by the use of



ACME QUALITY Paints, Enamels, Stains, Varnishes

You should know the wonders that can be worked in a dull, dingy room by Acme Quality No-Lustre, a soft, velvet-like finish for walls; Acme Quality Varnotile, a varnish made to walk upon; Acme Quality Varno-Lac, to make scratched furniture and woodwork appear like new mahogany, walnut or other expensive woods. They all come ready for use and in cans of all sizes.

You Ought to Get These Books on Painting

If you want suggestions for color schemes, we will be glad to send them to you free. We have prepared two books, Acme Quality Painting Guide and "Home Decorating," which are filled with suggestions. The illustrations have been drawn with great care and are shown in color, so that you may see what the effect will be. You will be delighted to see how these suggestions adapt themselves to your own home. These books also give many ideas for refinishing old furniture, floors and walls, as well as for outside uses. You will certainly need these and you have only to ask for them. If you do not know the Acme Quality dealer in your town, write us for his name. Let us hear from you today.

ACME WHITE LEAD AND COLOR WORKS, Dept. G, Detroit, Mich.

Boston Minneapolis Pittsburgh Toledo Birmingham Dallas Lincoln Spokane Portland Los Angeles
Chicago St. Louis Cincinnati Nashville Fort Worth Topeka Salt Lake City Tacoma San Francisco San Diego
FACTORIES IN DETROIT AND LOS ANGELES



A prune orchard in Monterey county, California, near the thriving municipality of Kings City

for irrigation, and the mountains abound in minerals—gold, silver, copper, coal, bitumen and oil.”

At first glance, one would believe that the foregoing sentences were clipped from the literature of some real-estate promoter, but, while the state of California is a promoter of population, it adheres strictly to facts in presenting claims of the worth of any of the political subdivisions of the state.

Just consider that Monterey county is larger in area than the state of Rhode Island, and that it has a population of only 25,000, or a little more than seven persons per square mile. That should give an idea of the rare opportunities that await the homeseeker in this county.

Monterey has been held back by reason of the land being in the hands of a few—descendants of the beneficiaries under the old Spanish grants. However, there is a rapid change working in this respect, and the settler is criss-crossing vast tracts with fences, and homes are being erected where not even huts could be seen before. Many of the owners of large tracts are cutting them up into smaller plots and these are being purchased by persons skilled in intensive farming. Others are leasing smaller blocks of land.

It is truly said that everything may be grown in Monterey county, for it is being demonstrated every day in the year. The portion of the Pajaro valley lying south of the Pajaro river and running to Monterey bay on the southwest is in Monterey county. The land is exceedingly fertile and under a thorough system of cultivation, producing large

crops of all kinds of vegetables, grain, fruit and berries. Pajaro valley is noted for its apples, being awarded first prize at the State Fair at Sacramento in September, 1913, for the most perfect product of this fruit. There are approximately 1,000,000 apple trees in bearing in this valley, and the total output in normal times is over 4000 carloads, having a market value of \$2,500,000. In this valley also are about 1000 acres in strawberries, and nearly as many in other berries.

The great Salinas valley opens on Monterey bay and extends southward 100 miles, with an average width of ten miles, and embraces about 640,000 acres. The Salinas river flows through its entire length, and the land has been divided by experts into three classes, as follows: First, the heavy rich bottom lands which produce almost everything, the soil being sediment and black adobe which often contains just enough sand to make it work easily; second, the mesa, or table-lands, particularly adapted to growing wheat, barley and other cereals; third, the uplands and slightly rolling hills, some of which are the finest fruit lands in California, and will produce peaches, apricots, almonds, walnuts, figs, apples, plums, pears, berries, and all other fruits common to the state. Nearly all semi-tropical fruits do well in some part of this county, especially in the thermal belt along each side of the Salinas valley. For potato-raising the Salinas valley has no equal, for here is the home of the far-famed Salinas Burbanks.

Situated at Spreckels, near Salinas, is the largest



The Smile Worth While is the Pebeco Smile



A smile is only as good as its teeth. Pebeco is the one cleanser and whitener of the teeth that is scientifically made to prevent their decay.

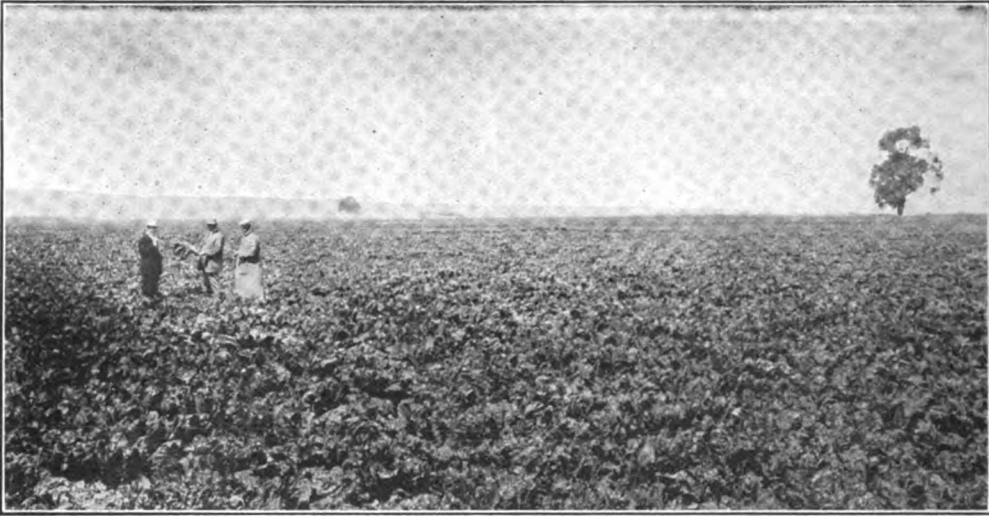
With 19 people out of 20 the enamel of the teeth is gradually weakened by contact with the acids formed in the mouth by fermenting particles of food. If left alone, these mouth-acids finally "eat through" the not very thick shell of enamel, which permits the decay-germs to enter and quickly decay the softer interior dentine, until your dentist fills the cavity or the tooth is completely destroyed.

From this all but universal process of decay, Pebeco preserves your teeth in two ways—by rendering the acids harmless and destroying the decay-germs. Besides this, it beautifully cleans and polishes them, purifies the breath, and pleases you with its refreshing sensation.

Send for FREE 10-Day Trial Tube and Acid Test Papers

and see by an interesting little test how Pebeco not only *saves* your teeth but *proves* it. You will realize it is more than a mere toilet preparation when we tell you that it originated in the hygienic laboratories of P. Beiersdorf & Co., Hamburg, Germany, and is sold all over the world. Your dealer has it in extra-large tubes, that are very economical because so little is used at a time.

LEHN & FINK, Manufacturing Chemists, 155 William Street, New York
Producers of Lehn & Fink's Riveris Talcum



Sugar-beets, growing for the largest beet-sugar factory in the world, in Monterey county, California

beet-sugar factory in the world, thousands of acres being devoted to raising the beet, and the output of this factory runs into the hundreds of thousands of dollars annually.

There is a new "rule of thumbs," and it is being learned by the bankers of the country, especially of Monterey.

"I have the safest bank in the state" a banker assured me recently. "Of course, it is a small institution but we do a large business. If a man comes to borrow money I look at his thumbs. If they are large flat thumbs he gets the money."

The "large, flat thumbs" indicate that the prospective borrower has been a dairyman—a milker—for many years. And a dairyman is always the 100 per cent certainty in the banking business. Cream checks keep up the interest and soon wipe out the principal. It may be said truthfully, although there has been no recent census of "thumbs" in Monterey, that there are many "large flat thumbs" in that vicinity. For there is alfalfa grown in abundance, and where there is alfalfa there will be found the creamery, or the milk-canning company. Monterey county affords ideal dairying conditions, and it is predicted that in the next few years there will be a tremendous growth in this industry.

Gonzales, Soledad and Greenfield have thousands of dairy cows on the alfalfa fields, and each little town is growing rapidly. In the south, Kings City is the busiest example of increased growth in the whole valley, having doubled its population in a few years. With the new state highway turning right down its main street and thence south, Kings City is preparing for livelier times to come.

Salinas, the county seat of Monterey, is the largest and one of the liveliest cities of the county, boasting a growing population of about 6000. It is modern in every respect, and it is a question whether it is more famous for its annual round-up, to participate in which cow-boys come from every section of the country, or for its potatoes. In any event "King Spud" signs the proclamation of mirth

under which frolicsome rule holds sway throughout the Big Week.

Salinas enjoys probably as equable climate as there is in the West—and that is saying a great deal in a state where climate is an asset.

Castroville has been rechristened Del Monte Junction, and while it may have lost its old-time identity it has not lost any of its prestige as a producer of things that grow. It is that favored spot which has a reputation for horticulture and vegetables, potatoes being a leader.

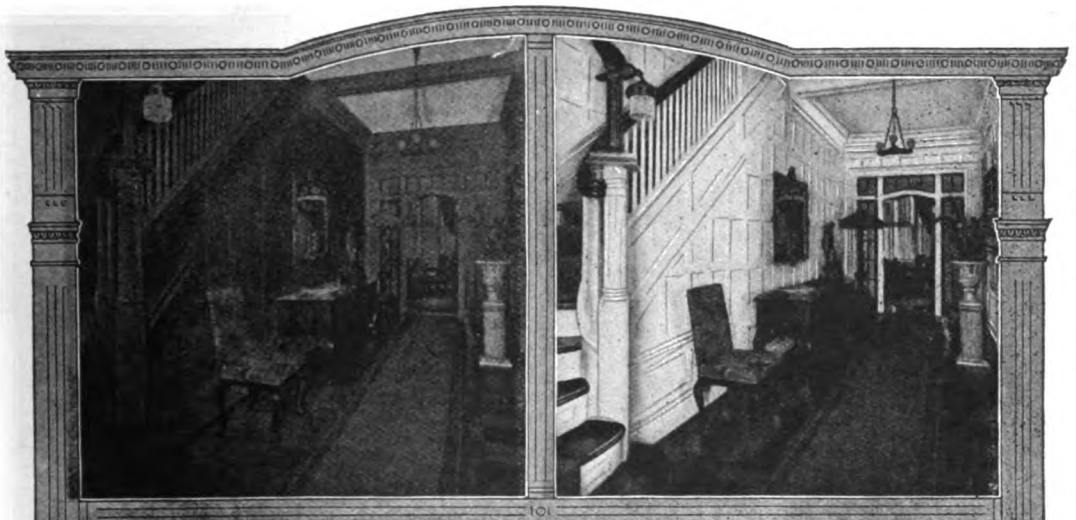
Pajaro, too, has been renamed Watsonville Junction. Here is the busy "Y" of the Southern Pacific railroad over which are hauled the thousands of carloads of fruit from this rich valley. Not far away is Watsonville, made famous by the apple, or which has made the apple famous, as you wish it. At the Junction the Southern Pacific is engaged in building one of its largest round-houses, and other extensive improvements are contemplated and under way.

When you leave Del Monte Junction you enter enchanted land—Seaside, Del Monte, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Carmel-by-the-Sea, and places of lesser fame but as bright-hued and as balmy.

Hotel Del Monte, of course, is known all over the world. This magnificent hotel has over five hundred rooms, and a dining room that seats seven-hundred-fifty. The hotel has 125 acres of lawns and flower beds, the result of a quarter-century of landscape gardening.

Not far away is Seaside, a district bounding to the front as a place of select residence. Here are afforded gorgeous views of ocean and beach, and not far off is the majestic forest after which Monterey was named.

Monterey itself is one of the prettiest spots on the peninsula. Here is the nearest harbor for a part of California embracing 11,000,000 acres of arable land, and the chamber of commerce of this city maintains that the region tributary to Monterey as a sea-port is one-fifth of the total area of



THE CHIEF CHARM OF THE PERFECT COLONIAL HOUSE

Is found in the beauty of its immaculate white woodwork, the rich contrast of its doors and wood trim and the perfect gloss of its varnished floors.

You, in your home, can have this same beauty of effect by means of

STANDARD VARNISH WORKS

TRADE
ELASTICA
MARK
FLOOR FINISH

ELASTICA is the one floor varnish that will not only beautify but protect your floors against the hardest sort of wear and tear.

ELASTICA is made specially for floors—made to meet and resist all the conditions to which floors are subjected.

ELASTICA is equally adapted to old or new floors, hard wood or soft wood, linoleum or oilcloth. It is mar-proof, spot-proof, heel-proof and "boy-proof."

Satinette

THE PERFECT
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Because of its beautiful appearance and enduring qualities, SATINETTE has for years been specified by the country's leading architects and builders for use in apartment houses, private dwellings, hotels and steamships.

TRADE
KLEARTONE
MARK
STAINS

KLEARTONE Stains are ideally suited to the decoration of doors, woodwork and other trim in the finest residences, bungalows, camps—in fact, to any sort of work where the preservation of the natural beauty and grain of the wood is essential.

KLEARTONE Stains are demanded by those who insist on unquestioned and permanent beauty of effect through the use of the highest grade materials.

KLEARTONE Stains are made in every desired color for every known wood.

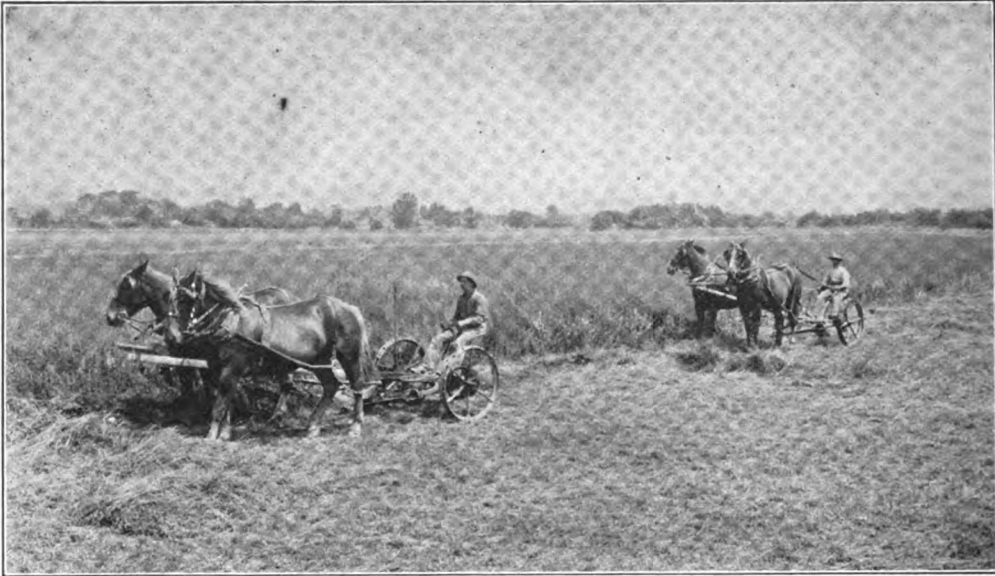
Whether you are considering the building of a new house or the renovating of an old one, write us at once for complete free books, giving detailed information, full instructions for use and samples of finished work produced by ELASTICA Floor Finish, KLEARTONE Stains and SATINETTE White Enamel.

STANDARD VARNISH WORKS

113 Front Street, San Francisco, Cal.

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Monterey's hills are dotted with grazing cattle, and her valleys are carpeted with alfalfa

the state. The same authority asserts that this territory produces 2,250,000 tons of commercial products annually. The city has under its control the water frontage, with the exception of that controlled by the United States Government. It is declared that the expenditure of a comparatively small sum will enable the loading of vessels of the largest draught. The harbor itself is excellent, affording shelter to the biggest ships when storms rage at sea, and the largest battleships may anchor within one hundred feet of shore.

It is the aim of Monterey to become a first-class seaport, and it will realize that ambition in time.

As a military post Monterey is one of the most important on the Pacific Coast.

Within the city limits of Monterey is a population in excess of 5000, and within a few minutes' ride are as many more. The entire peninsula is now dotted with homes.

The city has an excellent trolley system, and all that goes to make up a modern community.

Next in importance in this section is Pacific Grove, with more than 3000 population, which is trebled during the summer months when thousands journey from all over California to enjoy their vacations. Pacific Grove is the city of conventions and camp meetings, many organizations availing themselves of its beautiful climate, magnificent surroundings and gorgeous view.

The Lantern Festival, in July each year, is a novelty that attracts wide attention. The streets are decorated gaily and lighted brilliantly at night, and craft in the bay move about with twinkling fairy lights.

There are many attractions for the vacationist at Pacific Grove, but there is more lure for the permanent homeseeker, one who desires rest and recreation.

Carmel-by-the-Sea, four and a half miles from Monterey, is spreading a fame given it by many artists and writers who maintain summer and per-

manent homes in this delightful spot. The Forest Theatre in Carmel-by-the-Sea has won a notable place in the dramatic world. Here have been presented for the first time the works of some of the foremost authors of the country. At the foot of the town is the old Mission of Carmelo, established by Father Junipero Serra, whose richly embroidered robes are still preserved as interesting relics of the founder of the early California missions. Near by also is the Carnegie Botanical Institute, one of the foremost institutions of this kind in America.

Carmel-by-the-Sea offers a glorious retreat to all those seeking quiet, with the music of the sea and the speech of the forest to drive away monotony.

There is no visit, of course, to the Monterey peninsula that is complete without a tour over the Seventeen-mile Drive, so justly famed for its scenic beauty. And after you have taken that drive and wish to roam farther there are miles of excellent highway maintained by the county that make touring by auto a never-ending delight. There are numerous other resorts in Monterey county.

In the next few years there will be a great up-building in Monterey. The completion of the Panama Canal and the vast shipping that will come this way means that Monterey's attractions will appeal to world-capital, and there will be a mighty influx and greater development than has marked the last decade.

Salinas valley will be one of the first to fill up with peoples from over seas, for here ideal lands may be obtained at ideal prices and under the very choicest terms. The peoples of the old countries will be quick to seize upon the natural advantages that here abound—climate, soil, and water for irrigation. And that means that Monterey will be right up in the foremost rank of those communities that are pushing to the front.

Verily, Monterey is the magnificent opportunity.

Men, This is Certainly a Big Half-Dollar's Worth

Yes, sir, you'll be amazed when you examine Hanes Winter Underwear and learn what you get for only fifty cents a garment. It looks better, feels better and wears better—is much better than the price would indicate.

50c
per
Garment

HANES

\$1.00
per
Union Suit

ELASTIC KNIT
UNDERWEAR

What other underwear, at the price, offers you such features as this elastic collarette that fits the neck snugly and never gapes open; this shoulder reinforced with a narrow strip of cloth running across the wale to prevent stretching and slipping down; these improved cuffs, firmly knit to prevent flaring; this staunchly sewn waistband and these

unbreakable seams

Your money back or a new garment for any returned with the seam broken.

That's wonderful value, men. Ask your dealer to show you this underwear and look for the "Hanes" label. If he doesn't have "Hanes," write us for the name of the dealer who has.

P. H. HANES KNITTING CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.





Nevada has entered upon that era of transition wherein the ten-thousand-acre ranch loses its identity in homes for intensive farmers

Development Notes

Nevada is Calling for Homeseekers

It is difficult for those of us who have seen Nevada only from the car window to imagine that it has fertile valleys that offer anything like opportunity to the homeseeker. The seer brown landscapes void of majestic streams or broad irrigating canals, broken only by the grayed clumps of sage-brush, are anything but inviting. But Nevada is not wholly an arid state. Just at present it has something that is of tremendous interest to the man who is looking for cheap land. Nevada is a state of cheap land; ranches comprising tens of thousands of acres are in the transition state, that is, are being cut up and offered for sale at a price that makes this a most inviting field.

Nevada is shaking off its cloak of lethargy just as did California after the grain-farming days. Somebody dug a well and found that there was water, and plenty of it, under the cultivable lands and that meant the beginning of prosperity for a state long known only for its mineral production.

There are 10,000 miners living in the mountainous and desert sections where farming is impossible. As a mineral state Nevada has only begun to rank at the head of the column. Ten years hence twice as many miners will be employed, and twice as many cars of vegetables, hay and grain will be required to feed the metal workers. The mines and mills have a pay-roll of seven million a year and the men who cash the checks buy the best that money can buy. The railroads of Nevada pay out to employees five million dollars a year.

At the present time practically all of the butter and eggs, the berries and fruits, flour, hay and grain are shipped in from California, Utah, Oregon, Colorado and Washington. With a normal precipitation the valleys of Nevada can feed a million

and a quarter head of stock and several million head of sheep without thought of overcrowding. The succulent native sand-grass of the range is a most nourishing staple crop, and California, Arizona and New Mexico have been called upon to supply cattle to restock the depleted ranges of Nevada within the last year.

Less than five per cent of Nevada's seventy million acres is hopelessly barren. Water is the key that unlocks the fertilizing elements of Nevada's soil and the state is said to have the cheapest irrigation rate of any on the Pacific Coast. It might be well worth the while of the homeseeker who knows the value of starting on virgin soil to investigate this new awakening in Nevada's agricultural section.

After Twenty Years in the Citrus Fruit Industry

Dr. A. J. Cook, Horticultural Commissioner of California, has compiled some interesting data relative to the tremendous growth of the citrus fruit industry in California. "Our orchards," says the report, "eclipse the mines in the wealth they pour into the state. Except for oil no single product compares with the citrus groves in cash returns. Two hundred million dollars represents the capital invested by 10,000 people interested in the industry. One hundred thousand people depend upon the citrus fruit industry for a livelihood, and two hundred thousand acres, much of which was entirely useless before the introduction of oranges and lemons, are now covered with paying groves."

It requires fifty thousand cars to move the crop to market. Twenty years ago four thousand cars could take care of all the oranges and lemons in all the groves of California and still have room to spare.



It is the
daily use of

Hinds
HONEY AND ALMOND
Cream

that keeps the complexion in such splendid condition at all times.

But only a small amount should be applied to make the skin clear, soft and more youthful. There will be no roughness or chapping if you use Hinds Cream regularly. It is absolutely pure, and free from greasy, sticky or any injurious properties.

Guaranteed positively not to cause hair to grow on the face, arms or hands.—Soothes babies' skin troubles. Relieves men's tender skin after shaving.

Selling everywhere, or postpaid by us on receipt of price. Hinds Cream in bottles, 50c; Hinds Cold Cream in tubes, 25c.

Samples will be sent if you enclose 2c stamp to pay postage.

A. S. HINDS
287 West Street, Portland, Maine

You should try HINDS Honey and Almond Cream SOAP; highly refined, delightfully fragrant and beneficial. 25c postpaid. No samples.

W. & J. SLOANE
SAN FRANCISCO
Northern California Distributors

If you will thoroughly investigate the many good qualities of

CREX
Grass Furniture
TRADE MARK

you will then be convinced why CREX has so many enthusiastic advocates.

Ask your dealer for CREX

New booklet:
No. 277, Artistic Home Furnishings,
sent free, on request

Prairie Grass Furniture Co.
Sole Manufacturers
Glendale, Long Island,
New York

CALIFORNIA FURNITURE CO.
LOS ANGELES
Southern California Distributors



Hop-growers in California and Oregon have cleaned up a profit of one hundred per cent this year

Hop-Growers Rejoice over Fourth Good Year

There are not many farm crops that will yield a one hundred per cent profit but that is the figure which the jubilant California and Oregon hop-growers see on their ledgers this year. Practically the entire hop output of the United States is grown in California, Oregon and Washington. The market is largely regulated by the success or failure of foreign growers, the greatest hop-yards of the world being in Bohemia and England. The advantage of the Pacific Coast growers over their foreign competitors is the absence of the pests that do great damage to the foreign yards.

The cost of production of hops is eight cents per pound. This year the selling price is averaging twenty cents. A conservative yield is one and one-fourth tons to the acre. Hop-growing is a gamble, however, as the price fluctuates greatly. Growers have received as high as \$1 per pound and the next season as low as four cents. The successful grower must be prepared to stand a heavy loss as well as enjoy an enormous profit. The past four years have been exceedingly profitable.

Where Census Figures are Unstable Statistics

Government Census Bureau officials have made a 1913 guess on the population of Pacific Coast cities, the computation of increase being figured at the same ratio as indicated between official returns between 1900 and 1910, to which is added the territory taken in during 1913. According to the estimate, Los Angeles has a population of 412,466, Portland 246,650 and Seattle 295,225. Seattle is

felicitating itself over "an individual count" by the employees of the Post Office Department, which indicates a population of 301,670, the officials having found 54,734 families in the city.

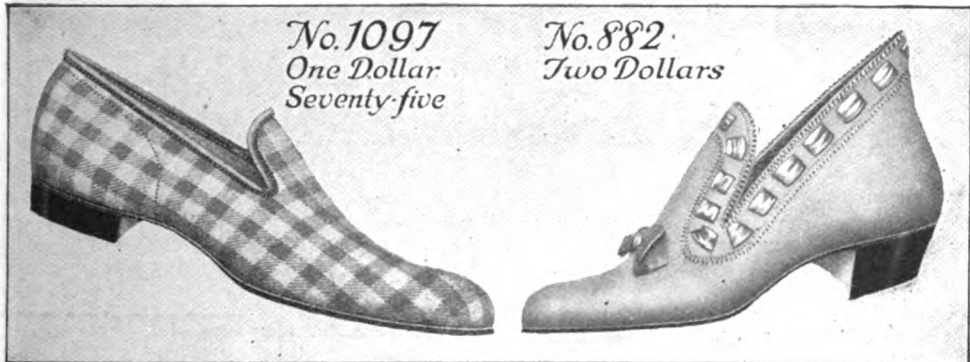
All of which means that the guesswork on the 1920 population has begun already and while the figures may be a trifle exaggerated at the present time, like the latest Parisian styles, they will be out of date six months hence.

The Pacific Coast cities which made a gain from one to two hundred per cent in the last decade are figuring on turning the same trick again and they are going to do it as sure as another two million people are going to find homes on the western side of the Rockies during the next two or three years.

Visitors' Registers Tell Interesting Tales

Within a little over six months time 2620 visitors passed through the Fresno, California, Chamber of Commerce building and entered their signatures on the visitors' register. The signers came from every state in the Union and from a great many foreign countries and many of them left their impressions of the state and county after their names on the register.

Almost every county maintaining an exhibit keeps such a register and it is most interesting to study the signature and the remarks placed upon these books. Loyalty to the old home is frequently indicated after a good word for the community. Many of the names signed to these registers in the past few years may now be seen in the local papers among the news items concerning permanent residents.



No. 1097
One Dollar
Seventy-five

No. 882
Two Dollars

Rest in these Dainty Slippers

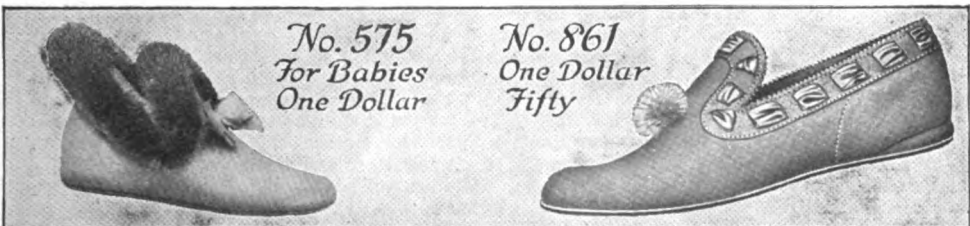
MAKE your tired feet cool and comfortable. Firfelt Footwear is made of best quality felt. Felt is soft and porous and by its nature allows the cool air to pass through and keep the feet comfortable at all times.

"Firfelt" *Footwear*

makes a Christmas present for women, men and children that will be serviceable all through the year. Write for catalogue showing a variety of attractive styles in eighteen colors.

Ask your dealer for Firfelt—see the name on the sole. If he cannot supply you, order from us, stating color wanted and giving size of your street shoe.

WORCESTER SLIPPER CO., 380 Park Ave., Worcester, Mass.



No. 575
For Babies
One Dollar

No. 861
One Dollar
Fifty



The Motor and the Army Mule

Late in August one road leading into Yosemite National Park was thrown open to automobile traffic. Early in September the hardy pioneers on Yosemite's gasoline trail in clarion tones sent out a warning to the motoring fraternity. "Keep out of the Park!" they shouted. "The Army Mule is on a rampage, lies in wait on the trail!"

The uprisings and downittings of the Army Mule are regulated by a stop-watch with military precision. The Army Mule hates the odor of gasoline, especially if the hybrid is attached to the cavalry. Knowing the pressure of the military yoke, the Army Mule could think of no better weapon against the automobile than a large load of the red tape in which its own hoofs are hopelessly tangled. If the regulations governing the movement of automobiles in the National Park were designed for the express purpose of discouraging motor traffic, they are a howling success. Enforced to the last dot over the i, without the least regard to the changing exigencies of the moment, they become a positive barrier to self-propelled vehicles.

Whoever knows Yosemite will admit that the floor of the valley affords no room for sightseeing by motor, that the movements of automobiles should be restricted to ingress and egress along a single route. Furthermore, no sensible person will object to a strict regulation of motor traffic over a narrow road with dangerous grades, but when these rules are used to force a motorist off a clear road, when they oblige him to camp at the edge of a precipice, miles from food and water, for a night, when they compel him to walk back to headquarters for a new permit allowing him to make a fresh start in the morning, when they cause him vexation, expense, discomfort and a delay of at least twelve hours on a clear road solely because he has fallen one minute behind the appointed schedule, then the temper of the Army Mule becomes apparent.

Not until a water-grade road, wide enough, safe enough to admit both animal and motor traffic at the same time, is built, will the traffic problem of the Yosemite valley find a permanent, adequate solution.

Good Roads and Convicts

Many miles of highway have been built in the state of Washington by convict labor. Some of the superb highway system built under the plans of Samuel Hill were so built. The convicts have heretofore worked under guard. The state has decided to go a step further and will hereafter not only make the camps honor camps but will allow the men to work without the customary prison stripes, without guards and pay them fifty cents per day, as an additional incentive for faithful services.

Fifty picked men have been sent to the permanent camp at Hoods Canal to carry on the work of highway building.

Bringing the Pacific Ocean Nearer to Portland

The people of Multnomah, Columbia and Clatsop counties in Oregon are planning to make the Pacific ocean accessible. Multnomah is interested in the construction of a new highway which will knock the rough places off of the present inadequate roads and cut the running time for automobiles from nine hours to less than six, because the people of Multnomah want the ocean playgrounds nearer. Clatsop and Columbia counties are interested because their present modes of egress and ingress for even ordinary traffic are sadly in need of bolstering. Therefore it took little more than a suggestion of cooperation to bring about almost precipitous action toward the construction of the proposed new highway.

Six hours from Portland to the sea through scenery rivaling the best Europe offers to the hordes of tourists, and a quickening of the industrial and agricultural development of a magnificent section of Oregon—that succinctly tells of the purposes of the organization of the Columbia Highway Association.

The first definite steps toward the success of the undertaking was the raising of a fund for the preliminary work. The promoters were not content to await the slow processes of ordinary legal methods involving a vote and a subsequent tax levy. They raised the necessary amount in a remarkably short time by personal subscription.

The plan is to complete this scenic highway before September, 1914. The money raised for the preliminary survey will be expended under the direction of H. L. Bowlby, State Highway Engineer.

Oregon Making Progress Other Than Argument

Oregon is now thoroughly alive to the necessity and value of good roads. Lane county is finishing six and one-half miles of macadam highway which will make a total of seventeen miles built within the past three years. Jackson county has just carried a \$500,000 bond issue for new highways, by a big majority, and work will commence at once on a six-per-cent-grade highway over the Siskiyou. This is welcome news to those who have attempted the northern stretch of the Pacific Highway.

Work is progressing on the Columbia River Scenic Highway which is to connect Portland with Hood River. The route of the boulevard has been determined with the exception of a short stretch in the vicinity of Rooster Rock, one of the scenic landmarks on the Columbia, where the road now makes a precipitous drop to the edge of the river. This portion of the road will be built so as to enable automobile and other vehicles to negotiate the drop on a grade not to exceed five per cent.

Multnomah county has engaged a highway expert to assist in the big road work.

Oregon has got beyond the talking stage in the good roads movement and has begun to build highways. It is a sign of good tidings for all Oregon.

(Continued on page 1028)



Demonstrated Superiority in the Four Vital Points

Control: Magnetic—a small disc taking the place of the usual cumbersome control lever.

Braking: Magnetic, operating upon pressure of a button. The car cannot skid when this is applied. Foot-brake has automatic power cut-out. The brakes are external, and will not freeze up.

Drive: Double drive from both front and rear seat.

Principle: Chainless, direct shaft drive without universal joints. Consequently, maximum efficiency per unit of power.

These four features are patented and exclusive to the Ohio Electric. They are only a few of many.

See the car at the nearest Ohio dealer or write us for catalog.

The Ohio Electric Car Co. 1519 W. Bancroft St., Toledo

Gibson Electrics, Ltd. Ontario Distributors Toronto, Canada

OHIO
THE ENVIED
ELECTRIC

THE Detroit 1914 ELECTRIC

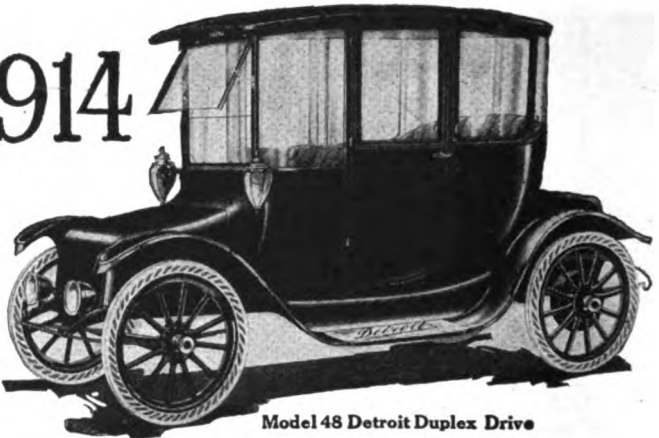
With Worm Gear Axle.

5-pas. Brougham, Detroit Duplex Drive	\$3000
4-pas. Brougham, Rear Seat Drive	2850
Gentleman's Roadster	2500

With Bevel Gear Axle

5-pas. Brougham, Front Seat Drive	\$2800
4-pas. Brougham, Rear Seat Drive	2550
Victoria	2300

All enclosed bodies are of our celebrated "Clear Vision" type. Seats are so arranged that no one sits in front of the driver.



Model 48 Detroit Duplex Drive

Big Volume - Finer Quality - Lower Prices

This is the Detroit Electric policy for 1914—to make *more* cars and therefore, *better* cars than have ever been made by an electric manufacturer; to sell these cars for *lower* prices than have ever been asked before; to take only a small profit on *each* car, relying on *large* volume for an adequate yearly earning.

We believe that this new policy is something people have been waiting for, that it marks a big step forward in the electric car business. We believe it means that thousands of people will buy electrics who have not bought before.

Our Output—Two to One

In the past twelve months we have sold *more than twice as many cars* as any other maker of electric pleasure vehicles.

Our factory and service organization have grown to be the largest in the world devoted exclusively to electric cars. Our manufacturing facilities have been brought to maximum efficiency.

So we have determined to go after even larger volume, to reduce our prices, but at the same time to put into our cars the very utmost in quality. And our 1914 models are the result.

Why Our Prices Are Lower

Every one of the six models listed above, if priced according to the usual methods of figuring, would sell for \$300 to \$400 more.

Take the worm gear Detroit Duplex Drive car, \$3000. The factory cost of this car, plus the *usual* rate of profit, would make the list price, \$3350.

Take the bevel gear Forward Drive brougham, \$2800. Last season's corresponding model sold for \$3000. We have added \$140 *actual* factory cost, in new features and finer quality—and yet we ask only \$2800. And so all through the line.

How Quantity Produces Quality

Bear in mind that the reduction in the prices of Detroit Electric cars means no reduction in the quality. Exactly the opposite.

The large volume that makes possible these lower prices also makes possible the highest quality in materials, in workmanship, in improved features.

It requires *quantity* to produce *quality*. The old idea that small production means better quality, more care, finer attention to detail is a fallacy. When a maker builds 1800 to 2000 cars, his standard of quality is higher than when he builds the average output of 400 to 500 cars.

The large manufacturer can afford to have a higher standard. He can and does put better workmanship into his cars—because he can afford the mechanical equipment necessary.

Small production means near-accurate handwork, instead of absolutely accurate machine work. It means steel castings instead of the stronger drop forgings. It means fitting and filing instead of standardized, uniform parts.

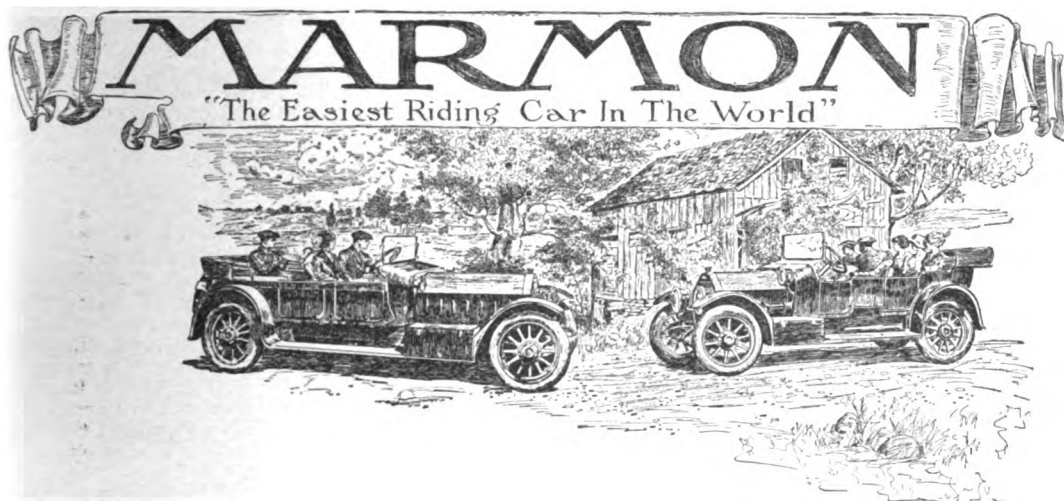
Don't Let High List Prices Blind You

The high prices asked for many cars are not evidence of quality. You don't make anything in buying such cars. A few hundred dollars added to the price *and then taken off again* by a cut in price or an excessive allowance for a used car, doesn't change the quality of the car. Price doesn't really mean anything except in relation to value.

Detroit Electric cars are lower in price than any car even approaching them in quality. They are sold at *catalog prices*. They are marketed with a smaller discount to the dealer than other cars.

Please see these cars at our dealer's. You will find him to be the most substantial electric car dealer in your city. 1914 advance catalog sent on request.

Anderson Electric Car Company, Detroit, Mich.



NO motor car has yet appeared that fits the requirements of the average American family in comfortable circumstances quite so well as the Marmon. It ranks among the few leading cars of both hemispheres. World-famous for its speed and power, it is no less famous for its easy-riding qualities and its remarkable economy in fuel, up-keep and tires. It is just as reliable, just as quiet, just as delightfully smooth in operation after years of service in conservative hands as it is the day it comes from the shop—and service is the real criterion of value.

The old frame building shown in the sketch above, is the first Nordyke & Marmon factory, built in 1851—the present factory is shown below. The constant growth of this great institution is proof of the soundness of its policy—"the best that can be produced at a fair price, for the greatest service to the purchaser." Every Marmon car is better for this unwavering standard.

Detailed Information on Request.

Nordyke & Marmon Co.

INDIANAPOLIS (Established - 1851) INDIANA

Sixty Years of Successful Manufacturing

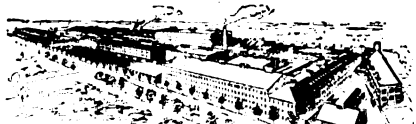
The 1914 Marmon

The Marmon "Thirty-Two"

Four-cylinder, 32-40 h. p., 120-inch wheel base, body types and equipment to meet every requirement. A rational, logical car for touring and city use. Years of satisfactory service have proved its economy in tires, fuel and upkeep—plus smooth, delightful operation and durability. Price \$3,000.

The Marmon "Forty-Eight"

Six-cylinder, 48-80 h. p., 145-inch wheel base with short turning ability eliminating the old objections to long wheel base. Body types and equipment to meet every requirement. The only big car with small car advantages. Wonderful riding qualities and surpassing power and flexibility. A car developed by years of exacting tests. Price \$5,000.



AUTOMOBILES AND GOOD ROADS (Continued from page 1022)

Anticipating a Continued Increase in Automobile Sales

According to figures compiled by the Automobile Club of Southern California, southern California has more cars per capita than northern California. These figures show that Orange county leads all others in the state in number of cars to the population. Orange, though one of the smaller counties of southern California, has 2,349 automobiles. The population of the county is 38,251. San Diego is second and Los Angeles third. Los Angeles county for instance, has 36,360 cars, whereas the county has a population of 672,093. The figures were compiled by the Automobile Club of Southern California and the remarkable part of the information lies in the fact that the county with the least number of machines in proportion to population is far ahead of the average for automobiles owned per thousand of population in the United States as a whole. The figures are conservatively based. They show that out of the total population in California of 2,629,134 there are a total of cars in use of 87,971. The total population of southern California is 1,010,162 with a total of 51,936, while the total population of northern California is 1,618,972 with cars totaling 36,035.

A significant feature in connection with prospect for the coming season for 1914 in California is the fact that the purchasing agent of the State Engineering Department has just let the contract for 200,000 automobile registration number plates and 20,000 motor cycle plates for 1914, the aggregate weight of which will be 165 tons, amounting in mass to from four to six car loads. For these plates the state of California is paying \$38,800. Beginning

with January 1st the new California Registration law goes into effect which changes the system of registration and requires the payment of taxes on a horse-power basis. Since the motor vehicle department was established in 1905 118,135 cars have been registered. In September of this year, the registrations numbered 2,295.

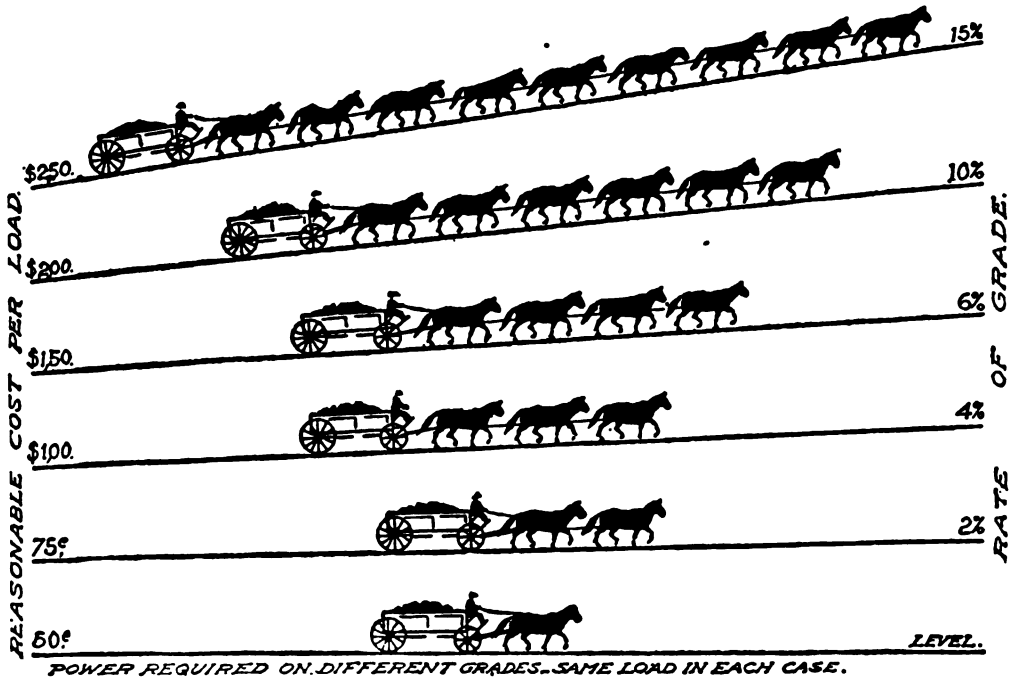
Scenic Road Around Crater Lake

Former United States Senator Jonathan Bourne, of Oregon, spent his vacation at Crater Lake National Park and Klamath Falls late this summer, and made the discovery that the scenic wonders of the Crater Lake region were worth millions of dollars to Oregon because of their attractiveness for tourists. A scenic road is being built around the lake which will soon be of great importance to automobile travel. Crater Lake will in a very short time come into its own as one of the great National playgrounds and scenic wonders. It has long been known for its wonderful beauty by a few who have visited it.

Trinity County Rejoices Over Road Prospects

Trinity County, "the treasure-box of Northern California" is just now rejoicing over the announcement made by B. H. Burrell, Senior Highway Engineer of Public Roads, of the Department of Agriculture, that the Government has set aside \$50,000 of Forest Service refund money for road construction down the Trinity River between North Fork and South Fork a distance of forty miles. The construction of this road will be of immense benefit to Trinity County.

Samuel Hill's Graphic Argument in Favor of Good Roads |



HOW THE COST OF HAULING ONE TON ONE MILE INCREASES WITH INCREASE OF GRADE
 Samuel Hill, the famous good-roads advocate, thus illustrates graphically the value of good roads on easy grades, and shows how the cost of hauling one ton one mile increases with each increase of grade

HAYNES

Haynes "Six", \$2985; equipped with Vulcan Electric Gear Shift

Elwood Haynes—Inventor of America's First Car

In the hall of America's great inventions the name of Elwood Haynes ranks with that of Fulton, Morse, Bell, Edison and Wright. The invention of the gasoline automobile has revolutionized road travel and become the chief recreation of thousands in the brief space of twenty years. Elwood Haynes' original car, built by him in 1893-4, is now a permanent government possession in Smithsonian Institution, Washington.

HAYNES America's First Car

is today America's most up-to-date car

It has electric lights, starter, horn—and the

Gears are shifted by electricity
 The hand gear lever is relegated to the tool box, replaced by a handy dial of push buttons on the steering post. A mere pressure of the finger replaces the yanking of the gear lever. There is no chance of a wrong gear selection, no possibility of stripping the gears. Everything is so simple and easy that the frailest woman or most nervous of persons can drive the Haynes and enjoy it.

Other good features
 Tires are pumped mechanically. Gasoline is pressure fed. Collins quick adjusting curtains are let down in a few seconds, right from the seat. Doors and inside space are very roomy. The design is more pleasing than ever. And supporting all this refinement and comfort is the well-known mechanical reliability of the Haynes and its famous engine—the result of twenty years development.

**Write for great auto book by Elwood Haynes—
 "The Complete Motorist"**

This book shows step by step, part by part, how the auto is produced, and tells how to get the most satisfaction out of a car. It's as absorbing as a novel. Tells all about the new Haynes models and the Vulcan Electric Gear Shift. Sent for 10 cents in stamps. Mention when you write, when you're planning to buy a new car.

The new models and their prices

- Model 27, illustrated, 6 cylinder, 65 Dynamometer H. P., 136-inch wheelbase, 6 or 7 passenger touring, **\$2985**; limousine, **\$4050**.
- Model 28, 4-cylinder, 48 Dynamometer H. P., 118-inch wheelbase, 2 passenger roadster, 4 or 5 passenger touring, **\$2135**; coupe, **\$2850**.
- Model 26, 6 cylinder, 65 Dynamometer H. P., 130-inch wheelbase, 2 passenger roadster, 4 or 5 passenger touring, **\$2900**; coupe, **\$3400**.

Pacific Coast delivery. Hand lever optional at \$200 reduction.

If you don't know who your nearest Haynes dealer is, ask us for his address
The Haynes Automobile Company 47 Main Street
 Kokomo, Ind.

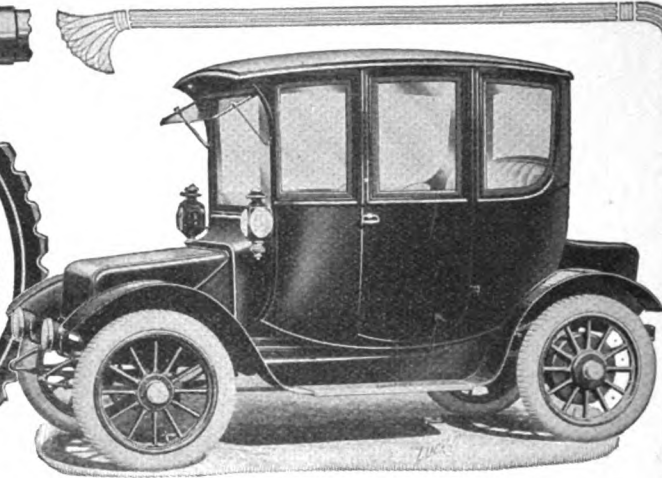
HAYNES AMERICA'S FIRST CAR

In writing to advertisers please mention SUNSET, The Pacific Monthly



**Three
Types of Control**
Front — Rear — Selective Dual

The last has a combination of either front or rear control. Select the position from which you desire to drive, according to the number of passengers. Controls and brakes are automatically interlocked by merely turning front seat to natural positions required by driving conditions. The Rauch & Lang Control System guarantees positive control of your car always, under every driving condition.



Society Adopts The New Rauch & Lang Worm Drive

Again has the Rauch & Lang Electric asserted its premiership as Society's chosen car.

The success of the new worm drive has been immediate. This feature means the continued leadership in driving quality—just as the beautiful body lines, rich finish and ultra refinement of every detail have always marked supremacy of Rauch & Lang construction.

Hundreds have already ordered the new car. They are enthusiastic because the Rauch & Lang Straight Type Worm Drive (top mounted)

which is superior to all others means a greater-than-ever all-round efficiency, a silence that is manifest, a power-economy hitherto unknown, and a driving simplicity that appeals to the most timid woman.

The Rauch & Lang is the highest-priced Electric on the market. Its value is readily apparent to those who seek a car of artistic and mechanical perfection.

Any Rauch & Lang agent will gladly demonstrate. Catalog mailed on request.

MAKERS OF COACH HISTORY—For over sixty years Rauch & Lang have been building fine vehicles for a select patronage. In each successive vehicle era they have been accorded the leadership. Strict adherence to lofty art ideals and a wonderful mechanical perfection have won and held the acclaim of people of refinement. (147)

Branches at
NEW YORK—1800 Broadway.
CLEVELAND—Superior Avenue.
MINNEAPOLIS—1207 Harmon
Place.
KANSAS CITY—3501 Main St.

THE RAUCH & LANG CARRIAGE COMPANY
2194 West Twenty-fifth Street

Cleveland
Sixth City



ROYAL EQUIPAGE
OF CLEOPATRA

COACH BUILDERS
WE HAVE BEEN OVER SIXTY YEARS

*Rauch & Lang
Electric*

EQUIPAGE OF QUEENS

H u p m o b i l e

We believe the Hupmobile to be the best car of its class in the world; and by far the best car for the average American family.

We believe it to be the best for the average American family because it is so quick and so inexpensive in serving the needs of every member of that family.

We believe it is better for the average American family because of its longer life and the lesser cost of upkeep—because it is kept more continuously in commission by every member of the home circle.

Ask the Youngsters!—Bless their hearts, they're *all* for the Hupmobile—because it's smart and stylish and swift, and so simple that even they *could* drive it if Dad and Mother would permit.

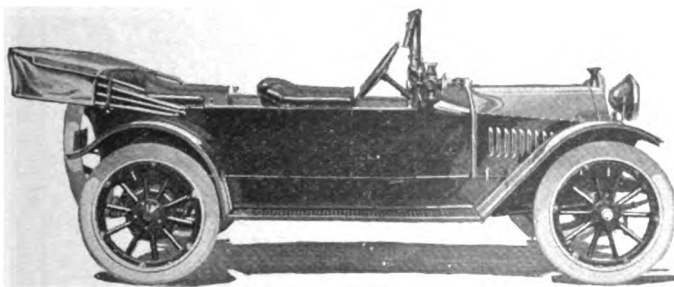
Ask Dad and Mother—ask every member of every Hupmobile household. See if it isn't true that they hold it in warm affection. See if it isn't true that every Hupmobile family is free from the haunting fear of excessive expense.

The car of the American family? Well, tens of thousands of American families *say so* and they ought to know.



Why shouldn't they whirl off to school in a Hupmobile on wet and stormy days, instead of being drenched or chilled by exposure to dangerous and inclement conditions?

Hupp Motor Car Company, 1320 Milwaukee Ave., Detroit, Mich.



**"32" Touring Car or Roadster—\$1050
f. o. b. Detroit**

In Canada, \$1250 f. o. b. Windsor

SPECIFICATIONS—Four-cylinder, long-stroke motor, 31-45 1/2 inches; unit power plant. Selective type transmission, sliding gears. Center control. Full floating rear axle. 106-inch wheel base. Tires, 33 x 3 1/2 Q. D. Rear shock absorber. Magneto cover. **EQUIPMENT**—Rain vision, ventilating windshield; mohair top with envelope; Hupmobile Jiffy curtains; speedometer; cocoa mat in tonneau; Prest-O-Lite; oil lamps; trimmings, black and nickel.

"32" Touring Car or Two-passenger Roadster with Westinghouse two-unit electric generator and starter; electric lights; oversize tires, 33 x 4 inches; demountable rims, extra rim and tire carrier at rear. \$1200 f. o. b. Detroit.

In Canada, \$1350 f. o. b. Windsor

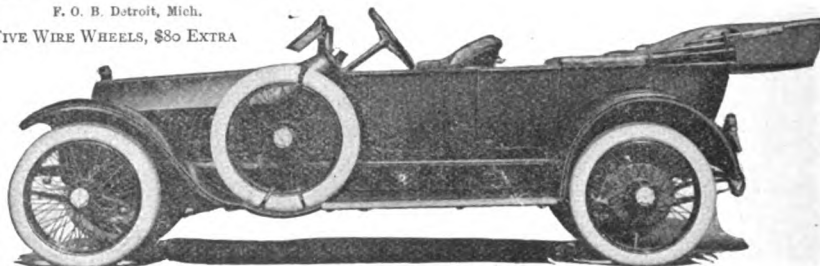
The car of The American Family

In writing to advertisers please mention SUNSET, The Pacific Monthly

HUDSON Six 54, \$2250

F. O. B. Detroit, Mich.

FIVE WIRE WHEELS, \$80 EXTRA



Experience Six-Cylinder Smoothness in Your Four

—But This Is The Only Way You Can Get It

SPEED your Four up to 30 miles an hour or more on a smooth road. Then throw out the clutch and close the throttle.

Or coast down a long smooth hill with the motor running idle.

The feeling is that of flying. There is no vibration. In this particular the sensation of riding in a Four approaches that felt in a Six.

But, in a Six, the smoothness is ALWAYS there. You ride like constant coasting. In the HUDSON Six 54, up hill and down, on rough roads or smooth, fast or slow, the feeling is always the same.

No Four—no matter how powerful or through what combination of gears its power is transmitted—can be made to ride so smoothly.

Come, take a drive in the HUDSON Six 54.

If you enjoy driving, take hold of the wheel and feel for yourself the full meaning of that much-talked-about "smoothness and flexibility of the Six."

In no other will it have such a meaning for you.

Try coasting with your Four on a run of 100 feet.

Then come, see us, we'll show you how to do it for 300 miles, all day, without fatigue. It must be in a HUDSON Six 54.

New Features in HUDSON Six 54

True streamline body—the handsomest car you ever saw. Highest standard of HUDSON design and construction. The very best we know in beauty and finish. Left side drive. Right hand control. Entrance to driver's seat from either side. Electrically self-cranked and electric lighted.

Accept Howard E. Coffin's 1914 Automobile Review—We'll Send It!

No automobile buyer should fail to read Mr. Coffin's Automobile Review.

He shows why six cylinder cars are now so popular.

He explains the reasons for their smoothness, and why they are so desirable. With diagrams, and in the clearest language he makes you understand why so many makers are now manufacturing sixes exclusively.

He tells about left side drive and right side drive—about gasoline economy—electric and other gear shifts—streamline bodies—speedometer drive—new things in lighting, and other features embodied in the 1914 designs.

No man is more eminently qualified to prepare such a review. Mr. Coffin's reputation as an engineer,

and his many contributions to the progress of the automobile industry both as a designer of many successful cars, and a contributor to engineering literature make his review authentic.

Of course he refers to the HUDSON Six 54. No discussion of automobile tendencies would be complete that omitted mention of this new car.

Can you afford to consider the purchase of any car costing \$1,500 and over without knowing what such an authority as Mr. Coffin has to say upon the subject?

Send your name and address.

HUDSON Motor Car Company

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In the "Y and E" Direct Name System *filing* errors are prevented—therefore there are no *finding* troubles.

This System possesses five important advantages: (1) Speed in finding; (2) Speed in filing; (3) Assured accuracy of both; (4) Economy of cost and maintenance; and (5) Quick transferring.

The guides are of pressboard with celluloided tabs and will last 50 times as long as manila. They are printed with alphabetical subdivisions and numbers. They can be used year after year, for the guides are not transferred, but are left in the active file, as the tabs of the folders serve as the index in the transfer case.

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Send for sample folder and free book, "Vertical Filing Down-to-Date"

Its 40 pages fully illustrate and describe the "Y and E" System. Write for a copy on your business letterhead.

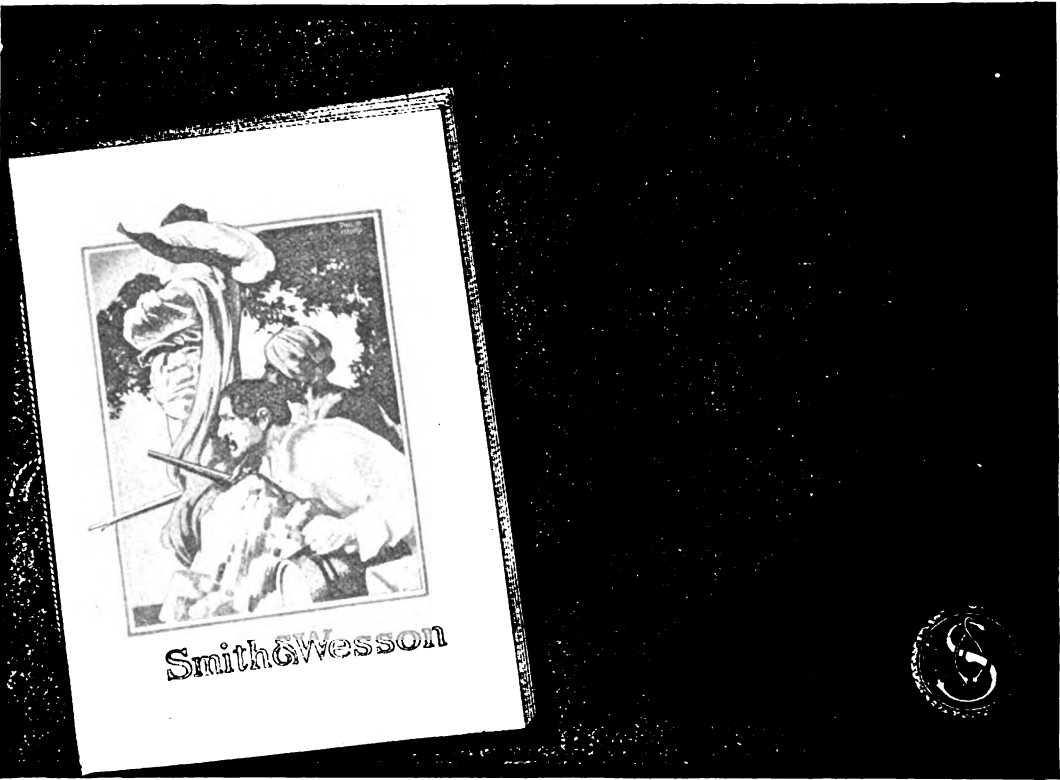
YAWMAN AND ERBE MFG. CO.
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Branch stores in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, Chicago, Cleveland, Buffalo, Pittsburgh, San Francisco and Los Angeles. Agents and dealers in all cities. Look us up. In Canada, The Office Specialty Mfg. Co., Ltd., Toronto.



Direct Name System of Vertical Filing

"Leaders of the World"
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GLASTENBURY HEALTH UNDERWEAR FOR MEN

Our trade marks are a guarantee of every desirable quality in TWO-PIECE FLAT KNIT UNDERWEAR.

Every garment shaped to the figure and retains its shape permanently.

GUARANTEED NOT TO SHRINK.

It offers the best protection against sudden chills, colds, pneumonia and rheumatism.

The high-grade materials and splendid workmanship insure great length of service.

Costs 60% less than imported goods of same quality.

No dye stuff used in our natural grays.

Made in fifteen grades; Light, Medium and Heavy Weights, of fine Wool and Worsted.

Ask your dealer to show you some of the following numbers:

- Natural Gray Wool Winter Weight (double thread) at **\$1.75**
- We make a Special Feature of ADJUSTABLE DRAWER BANDS on
- Natural Gray Worsted, light weight at **1.50**
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For sale by leading dealers. Write for our booklet and sample cuttings. They are yours for the asking. Dept. 24.

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“SWAN”

SELF-FILLER FOUNT PEN

What do you expect of a fountain pen when you buy one? What features or characteristics influence your choice? The pen you purchase must write with a steady, even flow and must not leak or soil your fingers. There your requirements usually stop. But the “Swan” does not stop. It insures these absolutely and further it conserves your time, energy and patience. With a “Swan Self-Filler” your time is never wasted in trying to make an empty pen write. The simple, efficient self-filling device here pictured and the “little windows,” if you heed them, keep your pen full and always ready for instant use. Fill your pen in odd moments by pressure of the bulb when the “little windows” warn you that your ink supply is running low and never have an empty pen in an emergency.

The “Swan” gold pen, the vital part of any fountain pen, is generously fashioned from 14 kt. gold tipped with iridium, with full rounded back and straight sides which give it strength and resistance yet insures easy, flexible action. The “gold top feed” above the pen point and the “ladder feed” below supply a flow of ink regulated to the pressure, breadth of stroke and rapidity of the writer. The “screw-down cap” seals the pen when closed and makes leaking impossible.

Write for illustrated folder. “Swans” may be had in many styles and sizes, tooled vulcanite, plain or gold mounted, sterling silver and rolled gold in plain, filigree or engraved patterns. Any “Swans” may be fitted with a nib you like best—fine, coarse or medium, regular or stubs.



For sale by all stationers, jewelers and druggists.
\$2.50 and up. With “Little Windows,” \$3.00.

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Efficiency depends on appropriate meals



G. H. BRINKLER

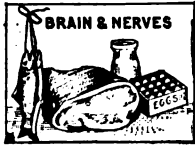
My efficiency system of eating is easy to learn. The foods in ordinary daily use are classified according to their effects on the body, the brain and nerves, the liver, the skin, etc. Rules are given for guidance in quantities, combination and selection of meals according to age, occupation, symptoms, environment, etc. Meals producing or aggravating various diseases are also indicated.

THE NAMES OF A FEW MEALS

Strong Digestible Brainy Meal	Laxative Meal
Weak Digestible Brainy Meal	Solvent Meal
Indigestible Brainy Meal	Curative Meal for Heart Trouble
Maximum Variety Brainy Meal	" " " Kidney "
Meal Without Brain Nutrimint	" " " Liver "
Volatile Brainy Meal	Meal for Athlete with Strong Digestion
Blood Purifying Cooling Meal	" " " Average "
Warming Meal	" " " Weak "
Purging Meal	Vocalist's Meal

Control Your Moods by Foods

Our different moods are under the influence of different meals. Some meals produce great vitality, strong nerves, strong eyes, presence of mind, moral strength; other meals of finest quality (including game, poultry, whites of eggs, almonds, pears, asparagus, spinach, celery, etc.) are inspirational or favorable to artistic development. Other meals such as tea, fatty, starchy and sweet foods, in excess, make one nervous, shy, low spirited. Appropriate meals maintain virtue and continence by preference without any restraint. It is only the heat-producing and irritating meals that arouse the lower nature.

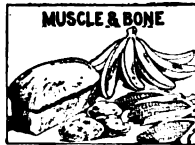


Brainy meals make mental work easy.

Do not take an athlete's meal when you want to do many hours of brain work at your desk, because muscle foods tend to clog your liver and stupefy you when you are inactive.

For special stress of mental work **DOUBLE YOUR BRAIN POWER** by eating a maximum brainy meal which yields many times the amount of nerve force that is in an ordinary meal.

Inappropriate meals discount every man 25 to 100 per cent, making some men chronic invalids, who accomplish nothing. Unsuitable meals produce unsanitary conditions in the body resulting in adenoids, enlarged tonsils, defective hearing, etc. Faulty circulation, imperfect elimination, impaction, congestion and inflammation produce appendicitis



or a condition where the surgeon's knife is a necessity unless a radical change to appropriate meals is adopted at once. You cannot postpone the study of **SYSTEM** in eating. You must learn to **CORRECTLY COMBINE** your foods to prevent fermentation and the formation of poisonous deposits which become the basis of disease.

Aged People the Best Test

The testimony of aged people who have regained health on a Brainy Diet is conclusive because they have practically no reserve force on which to subsist, therefore they depend absolutely on the new nerve force in a brainy diet for their restoration to health.

Mr. B. L., 68 years, Proprietor of Dyeing Works, writes: "Enclosed find picture of fish which I tramped for three miles to catch. I climbed down rocks 75 feet above water. You know three months ago I was pretty bad; could hardly walk, had an attendant on account of vertigo. The severe neuritis in my arm and the rheumatism was too painful for sleep. Absolutely free from all pains now and it is owing to the Brainy Diet System that I am alive."

Dr. R., a retired physician, 81 years: "Can now use my hand that was partially paralyzed. Can walk straight now and have much more energy."

Mrs. C. K. writes that she is 82 years and has used cathartics and enemas for 50 years. "No more headaches since adopting the Brainy Diet System the last six months and that is wonderful, since I had a headache almost every day previously. Constipation is overcome, I sleep well and my appetite is good."

Mr. F. C., 70 years, Proprietor of Department Store, writes: "As I improved in every respect at 70 years of age, I think there is good prospect for any one else. I was dropsical and rheumatic, have lost over 50 pounds of superfluous weight in two months, lost my rheumatism and have returned to business, something I never expected to do again."

Young People Increase Their Income

The greatest service that old people can render the world is to popularize a brainy diet system among the young, for whom the possibilities are so great under a correct system of arranging their foods, because they have such abundant reserve force to supplement a correct diet.

Mr. T. L., age 22, clerk, who suffered from catarrh and had a weak, hoarse voice, writes: "Voice is clear and strong, head clear as a bell. Have resigned government position and am now making four times as much travelling, something I had the ambition but not the energy to do before. Have fattened up 20 pounds in two months."

Allidavits of the writers and of witnesses are on file, with corroborative evidence.

OVER 100 REMARKABLE CASES HAVE BEEN CERTIFIED, UNDER SEAL, BY THE OFFICIAL INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE.

You can easily learn to select appropriate meals for your various needs by the Brainy Diet System. No foods for sale. Only ordinary foods in daily use are advised. Send 10 cents for "The New Brainy Diet System."

G. H. BRINKLER, Food Expert, Dept. 40L, Washington, D. C.



Buildings of the Albuquerque University, Albuquerque, N. M. ex., covered with Genasco Smooth Surface Ready Roofing

It pays to buy roofing with your mind as well as your eyes. You must go below the surface of roofing to find out how long it will last. And you find out only when you know what the roofing is made of.

Genasco

THE TRINIDAD-LAKE-ASPHALT Ready Roofing

is made of Trinidad Lake asphalt. This asphalt abounds with *natural oils* that do not evaporate on exposure to air, like the lighter oils of manufactured, so-called "asphalts."

As the oil is the life of the asphalt, Trinidad Lake Asphalt in Genasco Roofing is kept full of life to resist rain, snow, wind, heat, cold, and fire.

This gives you continued protection without thought of your roof—or expense. It rids you of worry and saves you money.

Ask your dealer for Genasco. Guaranteed—in writing, if you want it. Write us for samples and the Good Roof Guide Book, free. The **Kant-leak Kleet** packed with Genasco smooth-surface roofing prevents nail leaks and makes seams water-tight without cement.

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Largest producers in the world of asphalt and ready roofing.

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"Years of Experience Have Proven To Me That the MAJESTIC Range IS the Best"

"Strange, that for years I couldn't see that trying to get good work from an old, worn-out range, merely to save the price of a new one, was *not* true economy. My *Great Majestic* has more than earned its cost in the saving of fuel alone, because the open seams and joints in my old, worn-out range where the bolts were loose and the putty had crumbled away, made me burn *twice* as much fuel as necessary.

"Talk about luck in baking—"luck" is nothing but good oven and my *Majestic* oven is simply perfect. I can depend on it absolutely every day. I believe father and the children are happier and I know we have better meals at less expense with our



Great Majestic Malleable and Charcoal Iron Range

A Perfect Baker—A Fuel Saver
OUTWEARS THREE ORDINARY RANGES
Don't Buy Any Range Sight Unseen

Buying a range isn't an every day transaction. To be absolutely sure of complete satisfaction—don't buy from printed descriptions—see the *Great Majestic* (dealer in nearly every county in 40 states) compare it point for point with any other range. Then you can buy intelligently and be sure of a range that will last all time—the *ONLY* range made of malleable iron and charcoal iron. Charcoal iron *WON'T RUST LIKE STEEL*—malleable iron can't break. Put together with *rivets*—joints always absolutely tight. Body lined with *pure asbestos board*, covered with iron grate—you can see it—insuring a *dependable* baking heat with *half* the fuel required in ordinary ranges.

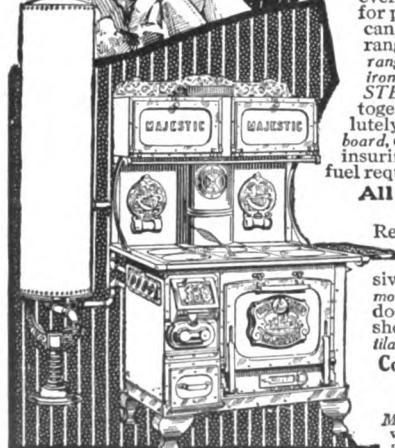
All Copper Movable Reservoir
Other Exclusive Features

Reservoir in *direct contact* with fire, heats through copper pocket *pressed* from one piece—exclusive patented feature. *Oven thermometer—accurate all the time.* All doors drops down and form rigid shelves. *Open end ash pan—ventilated ash pit—ash cup.*

Contains Greatest Improvement Ever Put In a Range

—increasing strength and wear of a *Great Majestic* more than 300 per cent at a point where other ranges are weakest. Ask about it. Best range at any price. Any *Majestic* dealer can furnish any size or style *Majestic Range* with or without logs. Write for booklet, "*Range Comparison.*"

Reservoir Heats Like a Tea Kettle



The Range with a Reputation

Majestic Manufact'g Co.
Dept. 157 St. Louis, Mo.

It Should Be In Your Kitchen

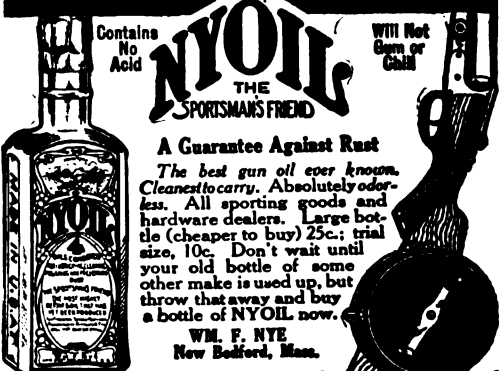


Freeman's Face Powder

has stood the test for thirty years. Why not test it yourself? Buy a box for 25c. If after using half you do not think it equal to any powder, no matter what the price, your dealer will refund your money.

25c
Write for Samples

Freeman Perfume Co.,
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Contains No Acid
NYOIL
THE SPORTSMAN'S FRIEND
Will Not Burn or Chill

A Guarantee Against Rust
The best gun oil ever known. Cleanest to carry. Absolutely odorless. All sporting goods and hardware dealers. Large bottle (cheaper to buy) 25c; trial size, 10c. Don't wait until your old bottle of some other make is used up, but throw that away and buy a bottle of NYOIL now.

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New Bedford, Mass.

When you buy your new shoes ask for

CAT'S PAW

CUSHION
RUBBER HEELS

No holes to track mud and dirt.

The Foster Friction Plug keeps your footsteps from sounding like a "gum-shoe" artist, and makes the heels wear longer.

The extra quality rubber gives greater resiliency and longer wear.

Ask your shoeman for Cat's Paw Rubber Heels. *The name is easy to remember*—they cost no more than the ordinary kinds. 50c. attached—all dealers.



That
Foster Plug
Prevents
Slipping



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Originators and patentees of the Foster Friction Plug, which prevents slipping.

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EVEN though your shells get rain-soaked, or fall into the river, the powder will be unharmed providing it is

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"INFALLIBLE"

Smokeless Shotgun Powder

"Infallible" is weatherproof and waterproof, climate and temperature do not affect its strength.

"Infallible" gives a tremendous velocity and at the same time good, even patterns and very little recoil. Breech pressure well within safety limits; no corroding or pitting gun-barrel—an almost entire absence of smoke.

Remember these points when you buy your ammunition, and see that your shells are loaded with "Infallible."

Write today for booklet describing "Infallible" powder, together with picture in colors "The Game Bird of the Future." Address Dept. 17.

HERCULES POWDER CO.

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Sanitary

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ZEROLENE—the carbon proof oil. Sold by dealers everywhere.



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With CUTICURA SOAP

And Cuticura Ointment. Suggestion: Soak the hands, on retiring, in hot water and Cuticura Soap. Dry, anoint with Cuticura Ointment, and wear soft bandages or old, loose gloves during the night. They are equally effective for the skin, scalp and hair.

Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are sold throughout the world. Send post-card to nearest depot for free sample of each with 32-page book: Newbery, 27 Charterhouse Sq., London; R. Towns & Co., Sydney, N.S.W.; Lennon, Ltd., Cape Town; Muller, Maclean & Co., Calcutta and Bombay; Potter Drug and Chem. Corp., Boston, U.S.A.
Men who shave and shampoo with Cuticura Soap will find it best for skin and scalp.



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**A tempting
relish having the
true tomato taste**

BLUE LABEL KETCHUP

Vine ripened tomatoes, from selected seed, grown under our personal supervision, carefully handled in sanitary kitchens, same day as picked; cooked but lightly so that the natural flavor is retained; seasoned delicately with pure spices; placed in sterilized bottles—this is Blue Label Ketchup.

**Contains only those ingredients
Recognized and Endorsed
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"Original Menus" is an interesting booklet, full of suggestions for the hostess and busy housewife. Write for it today, giving your grocer's name and mentioning this magazine.

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1/2 Saved
On Unredeemed Pledges
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We Ship, Privilege of Examination**

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Worthwhile Christmas Gifts



No. 255984. $\frac{3}{4}$ - $\frac{3}{32}$ kt. solitaire blue-white perfect cut quality genuine diamond of most radiant brilliancy in ladies' ring. Try to match it at \$60. Offered with guaranteed loan **\$29.85** of \$25 at **Unredeemed Price..\$29.85**

No. 341998. $\frac{3}{4}$ - $\frac{3}{16}$, $\frac{1}{64}$ karat guaranteed weight superb blue-white quality genuine perfect cut diamond gem in magnificent tigers claw mounting. Best proportion—shape brilliancy. Try to match it at \$150. Guaranteed loan \$68. **Unredeemed Price** **\$79.40**



Will remount in ladies' ring \$2 less. No. 341127. Famous 19-jeweled B. W. Raymond (Elgin) watch—adjusted five positions, guaranteed to pass railroad inspection. In genuine 20-year gold filled case. This unredeemed watch complete in brand new condition. Try to match it at \$40 to **\$18.55** **\$46. UNREDEEMED PRICE** We pay expressage and run all risk of pleasing you in the examination. Your money back if any article should not be perfectly satisfactory to you, even though exactly as represented. This guarantee is backed by our \$760,000 capital. Sixty years in one location is proof of our reliability.

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Every "Patriot" is a masterpiece in fine shoe making—the pride of our 23 great shoe factories.

It doesn't matter what your requirements may be there's a "Patriot" shoe or oxford to satisfy you. The 50 classy styles make this possible.

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*Better than Many Shoes
Sold at a Dollar More*

Get the "Patriot" and be glad. Don't just go into ANY store but look up the "Star Brand" dealer.

"Star Brand" Shoes are known, worn and appreciated in every civilized country. Over seven million people wear them. There are over 700 styles.

Sold by 20,000 good merchants. Be sure you get the genuine, with our name on the sole and our star on the heel—Then you'll know why—

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MANUFACTURERS Branch of International Shoe Co. ST. LOUIS



Whatever the Weather Your Feet Can Always Be Dry

A thorough application of Dri-Foot once in a while will make your shoes proof against rain, snow and slush. You don't need rubbers when your shoes are Dri-Footed.

DRI-FOOT

Waterproofing for Shoes



soaks *into* the leather, keeping it pliable as when new, making shoes wear much longer.



It's Easy to Apply Dri-Foot

Just pour some on your shoes, spread evenly with a dauber, allow to dry over night and rub off the surplus in the morning.

Dri-Footed shoes are never greasy nor sticky; are not changed in appearance; can be polished easily. Good for black or tan. Get a can of Dri-Foot today.

25 cents Full Size Can

Enough to keep your shoes waterproof for a whole season

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COMFORT Sportsman's First Essential

Feet Stand Hardest Knocks. Protect them with

WITCH-ELK BOOTS

Lightest, easiest boot made. All heights for men and women.

Ask Dealer to order pair or write for Catalog 'S'

WE MAKE A STRONG LINE OF GOLF, TENNIS AND YACHTING SHOES

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PIONEERS *of*
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One of the most valuable
 and exclusive features of
The ANGELUS
The Pioneer
Player-Piano

is a marvelous device that brings out and accentuates each melodic note of the composition being played, clearly and distinctly above the surrounding accompaniment notes, no matter how complicated or interwoven. This remarkable device known as

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is entirely self-acting leaving you free to phrase and embellish as you may desire.

It is the possession of the Melodant, the Phrasing Lever, the Graduated Accompaniment and Melody Buttons that makes the Angelus the one and only Player-Piano capable of artistic results. They supply you with the skill of trained fingers and leave you the same freedom of interpretation as the hand performer.

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- In Canada—The **Gourlay-Angelus** and **Angelus Piano**.

Any of these instruments can be played by hand in the usual manner.

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SOME doors require locking all of the time. Others require locking part of the time. Still others require locking against outside intrusion only.

"Light on Latches" tells how to meet all these conditions with one lock.

Some doors have old locks that need help at times. Other doors stand unlocked because someone forgets to turn the key. "Light on Latches" tells how simple it is to prevent such occurrences.

The security of your home and your possessions is too important to be left to others. "Lock" alone doesn't mean protection. Hence you should learn the significance of locks marked



"Light on Latches" tells about one kind of Yale Locks—a most useful and most convenient kind. It is well worth asking for.

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CANADIAN YALE & TOWNE LIMITED
St. Catharines, Can.



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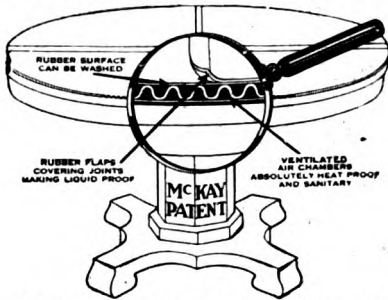
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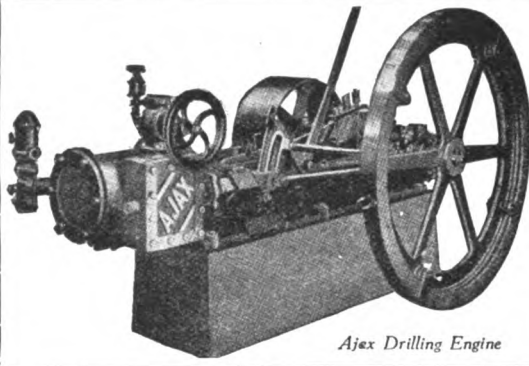


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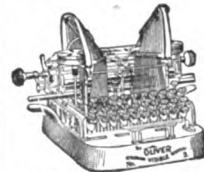
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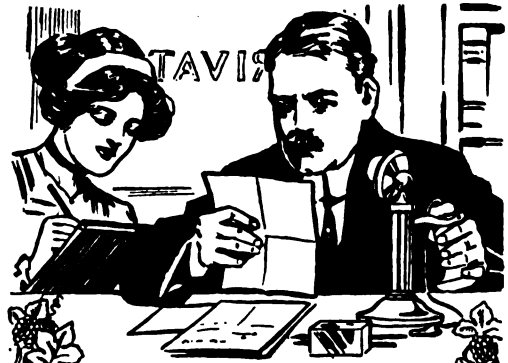


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NOTE.—Make no mistake. This is the Bissell Electric Suction Cleaner; not the Bissell Carpet Sweeper. It is made and guaranteed by THE F. BISSELL CO., of Toledo, O. We have no connection whatever with the Bissell Carpet Sweeper Co., of Grand Rapids, Mich.

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DECEMBER SUNSET

WALTER V. WOHLKE
Contributing Editor

CHARLES K. FIELD
Editor

LILLIAN FERGUSON
Associate Editor

TWO BIG SERIALS begin in this number. One of them is fiction, the other fact. The fiction is based on fact and the fact reads like fiction. There you have a recipe for human interest! The fiction serial, "The Man Who Won," is a reflection of several years' residence in the Wyoming country it describes and the result of intelligent study of one of the most interesting periods of the history of that region. It deals with the dramatic clash between determined occupants and equally determined invaders and it is a real story of the West with the best meaning of the West as its motif. The fact serial, "Autobirds of Passage," has a heroine, also—the Lovely Lady, and the dramatic clash in this story is chiefly between the desire of the Lady to linger in the beauty-spots to which this motor flight brings her and the eagerness of the Mere Man to fly northward and meet the challenge of the unmotored roads toward the Alaskan border.

Furthermore: the cover design of this number is fact, not fiction.



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- "Lift Up Your Heads, O Ye Gates!" *Frontis piece***
An autochrome photograph made at the Gatun locks, Panama Canal, by Earle Harrison, reproduced in colors
- Autobirds of Passage E. ALEXANDER POWELL 1115**
The record of a motor-flight along the Coast from Mexico to Alaska after the manner of birds of passage who pass northward in the spring from a warm climate to a cooler one
Illustrated in colors
- The Man Who Won WILLIAM R. LIGHTON 1125**
The story of a struggle for the possession of land between stockmen and farmers. This first instalment, "The Challenge," begins the contest which makes a double battleground of a sturdy stockman's heart, since the opposing farmer has a daughter. Illustrated in tint from sketches made on the scene of the novel, in company with the author, by Arthur Cahill
- Chez Grévé G. SIDNEY PATERNOSTER 1137**
If you have read the other "Adventures of Anastasius" by this author, you will be greatly interested in finding that astonishing young person engaged in a piece of tender charity the account of which makes a Christmas story of rare charm
Illustrated by Arthur Cahill
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- Homestead EDITH RONALD MIRRIELES 1150**
A new story by the biographer of the Benson family, told with the same insight into the hearts of men and women that has endeared the plain Benson folks to thousands of readers and with an equally deep insight into the conditions of Western life
Illustrated by Arthur Cahill
- Smoke-stacks on the Pacific WALTER V. WOHLKE 1161**
Mr. Wohlke gives the result of his investigations regarding the future of the Pacific Coast as a manufacturing region. The article is full of surprises and leads to a most interesting conclusion
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Peter Kyne digs up the strangest characters in the strangest places. He seems to strike pay dirt wherever he puts his literary pick. This time it is "Molini the Magician" and the way he juggles with Mr. Porky O'Hara and his partner makes holiday reading
Illustrated by L. J. Rogers

(Continued on page 1053)

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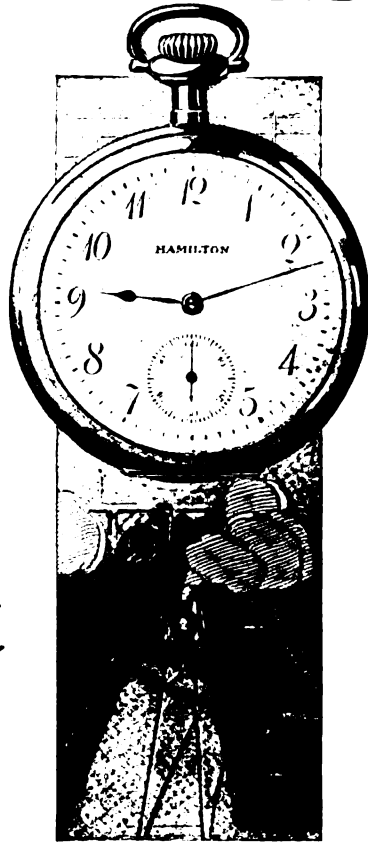
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It illustrates and describes the various Hamilton models and is a book well worth reading if you are thinking of buying a fine watch.

Hamilton Watch Company
Dept. 2 Lancaster Pennsylvania

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 Illustrated in colors*

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(Continued on next page)

distribution. It is an overhead charge, and if it were not there, its place would be taken by something vastly more expensive. A drop of ink does the work of a salesman.

Who pays? Well, here is the paradox. The consumer both pays, and profits more than he pays, for without advertising he would pay more than he does for his advertised goods.

—Arthur Evans, in Chicago "Record Herald."



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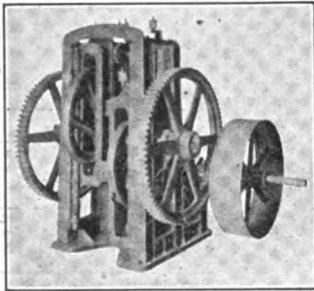
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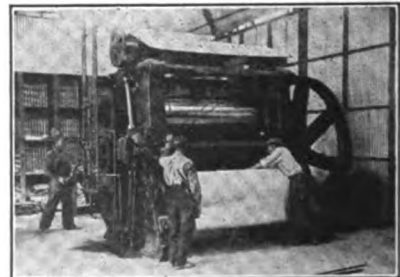
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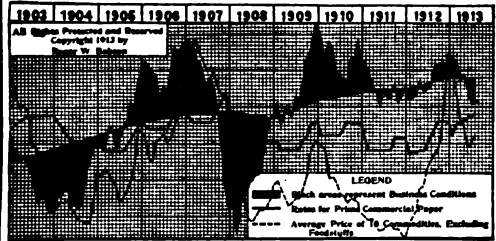
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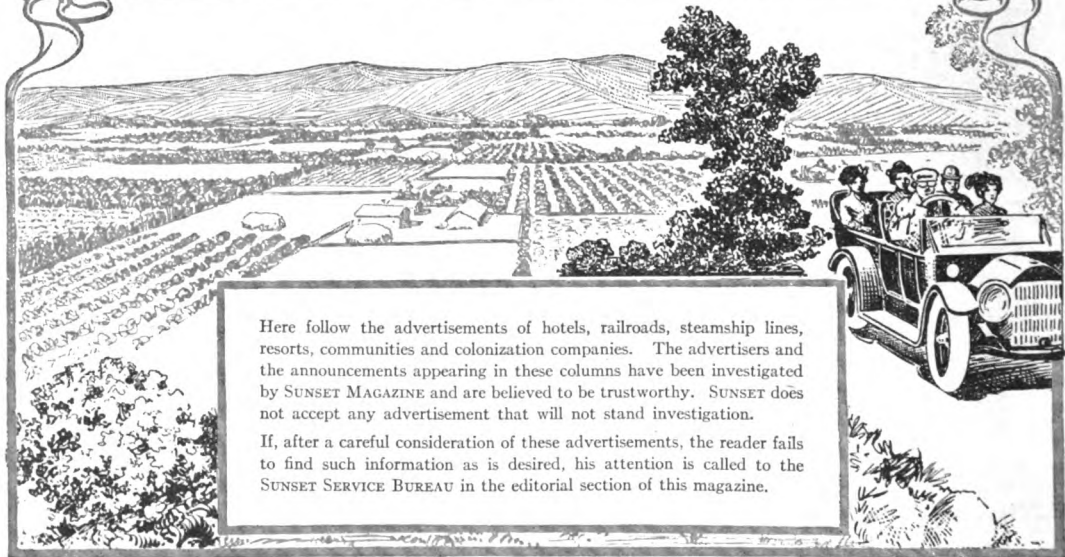
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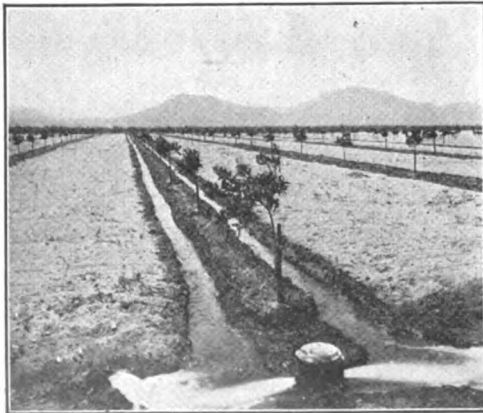
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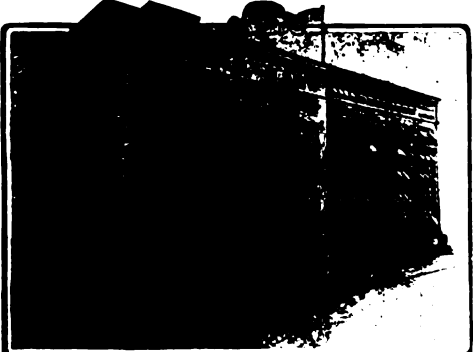
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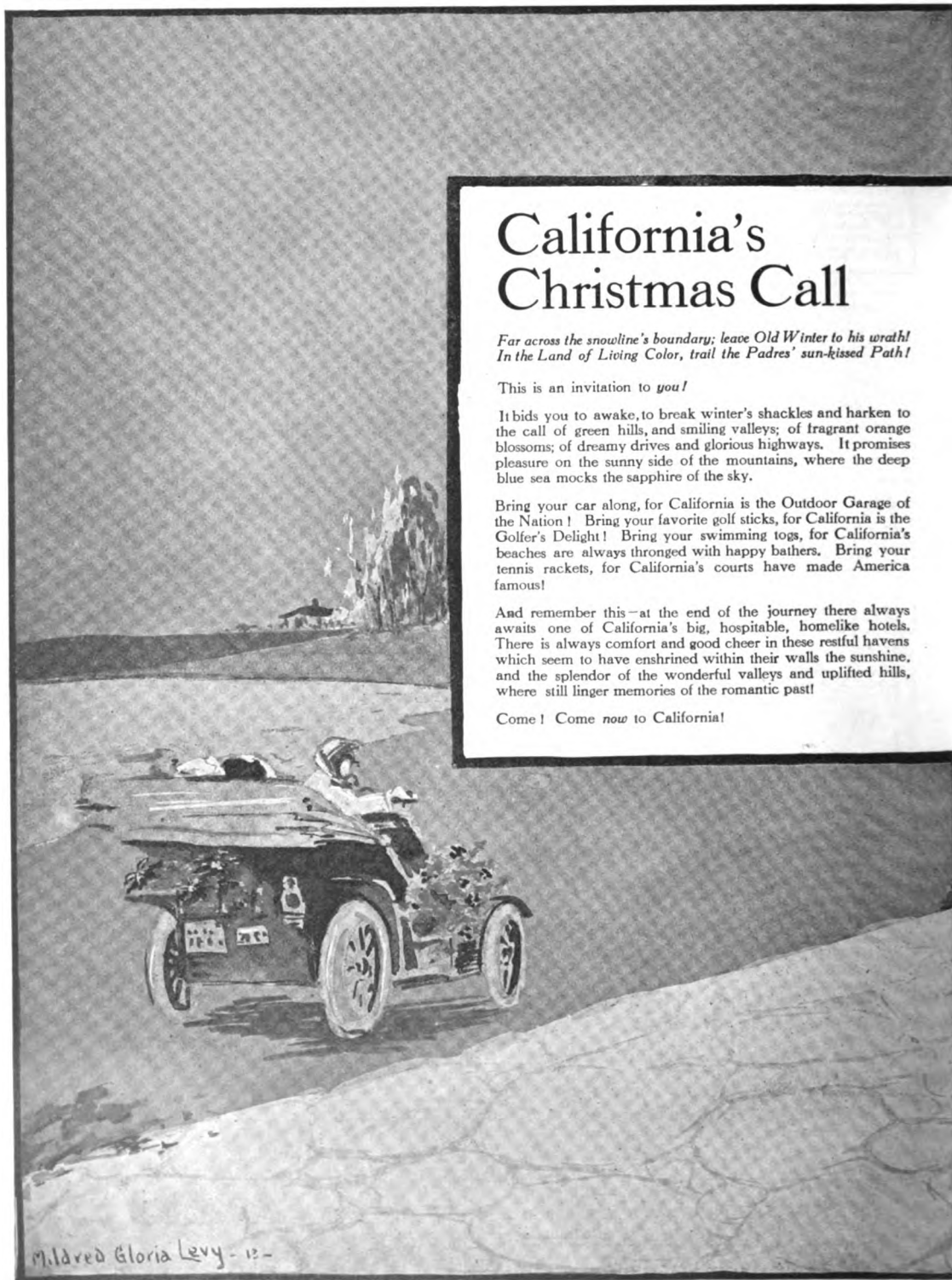


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In the Land of Living Color, trail the Padres' sun-kissed Path!*

This is an invitation to *you!*

It bids you to awake, to break winter's shackles and harken to the call of green hills, and smiling valleys; of fragrant orange blossoms; of dreamy drives and glorious highways. It promises pleasure on the sunny side of the mountains, where the deep blue sea mocks the sapphire of the sky.

Bring your car along, for California is the Outdoor Garage of the Nation! Bring your favorite golf sticks, for California is the Goller's Delight! Bring your swimming togs, for California's beaches are always thronged with happy bathers. Bring your tennis rackets, for California's courts have made America famous!

And remember this—at the end of the journey there always awaits one of California's big, hospitable, homelike hotels. There is always comfort and good cheer in these restful havens which seem to have enshrined within their walls the sunshine, and the splendor of the wonderful valleys and uplifted hills, where still linger memories of the romantic past!

Come! Come *now* to California!

Come, Linger Here

These restful havens will multiply and make complete the winter's joyousness.

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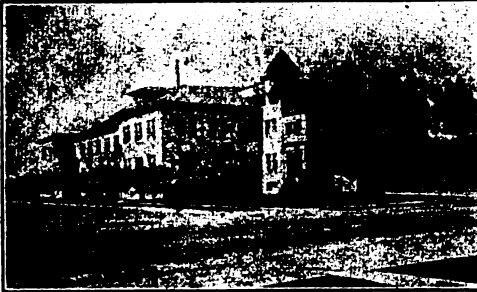
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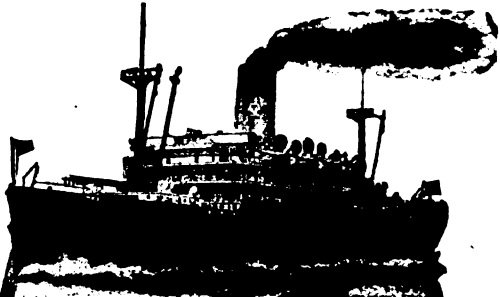
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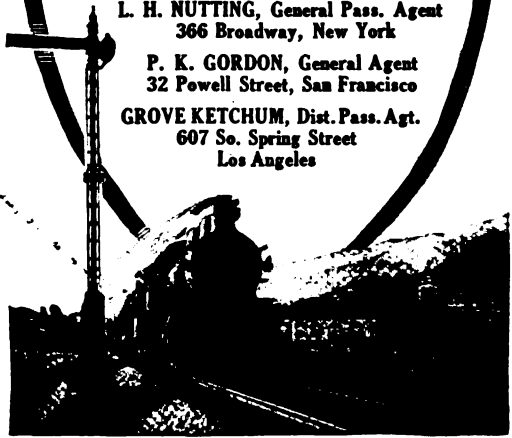
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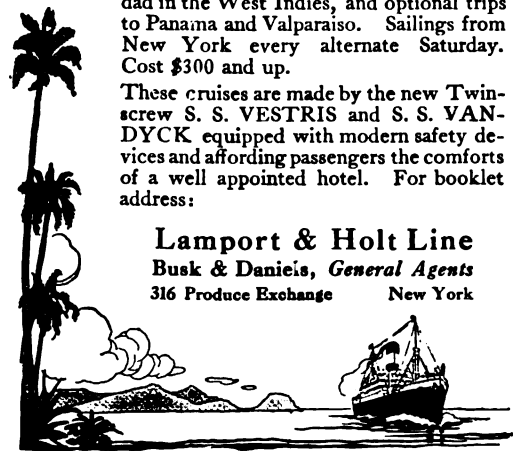
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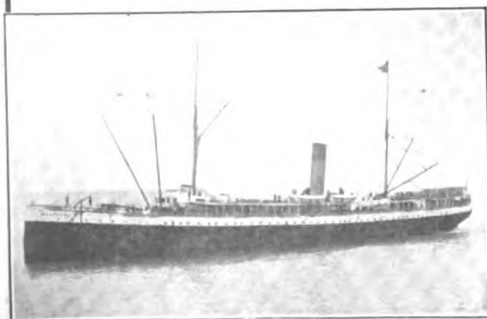
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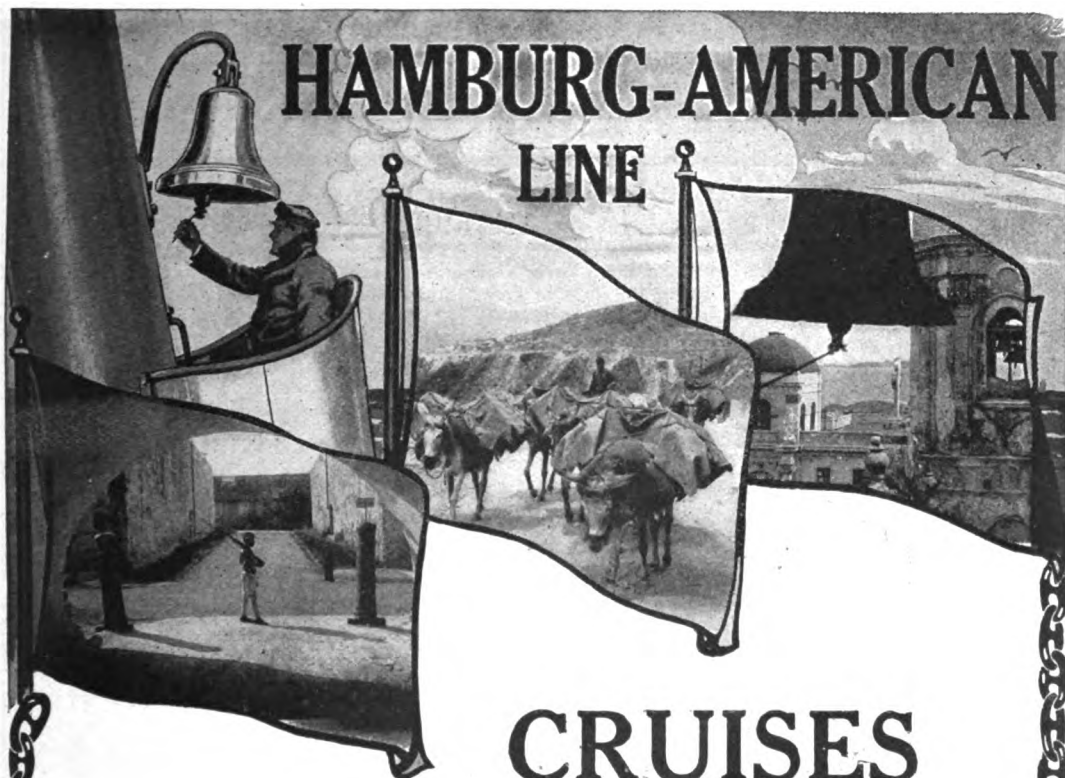
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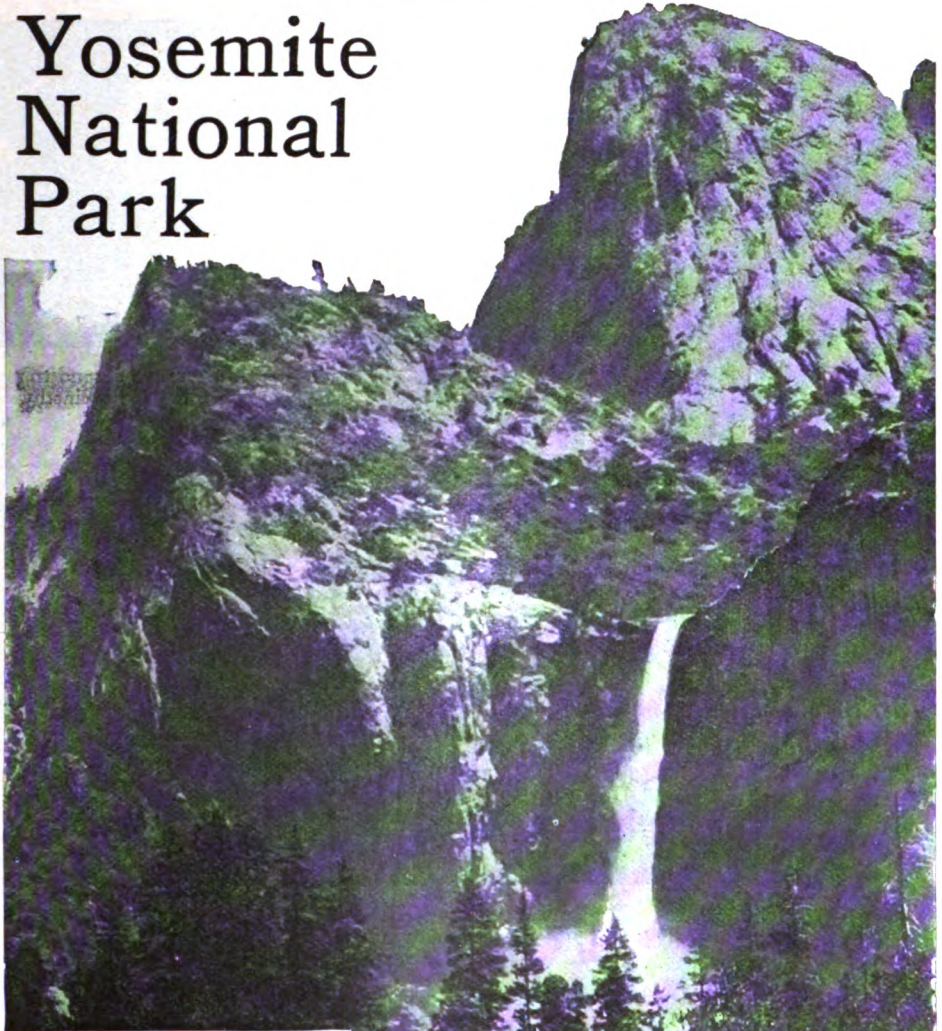
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Tulare County Board of Trade
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Antelope Valley

Los Angeles County, California

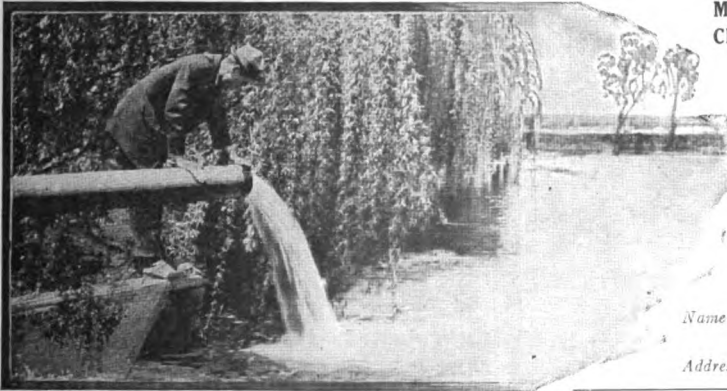
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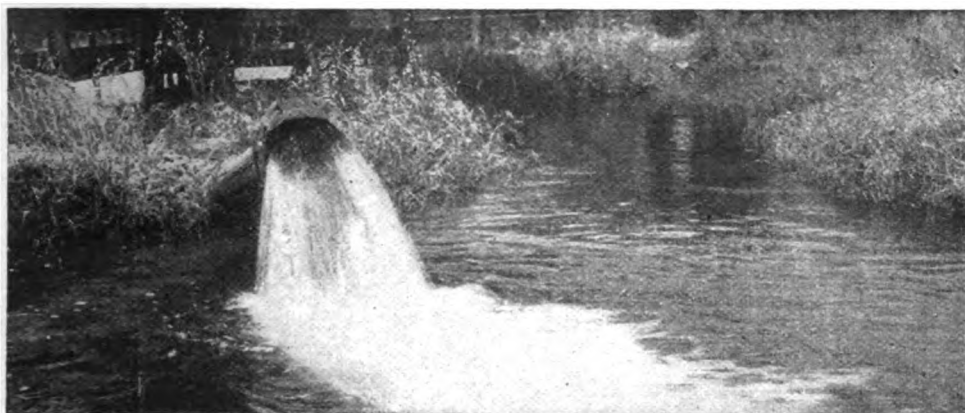
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Strategic geographical location:

The link between the Coast and Bay counties and the great Sacramento Valley.

A particularly favored Climate:

Sea-tempered, equable, delightful all through the year.

An abundance of water:

A wonderfully fertile soil:

The cream of the sedimentary deposit from the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers, washed down through countless centuries.

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**Charles F. Wyer, Secretary Solano County Exposition Commission
Fairfield, Solano County, California**

The People of Selma, Kingsburg, Fowler, Parlier, Del Rey and
Other Towns are

MAKING MONEY

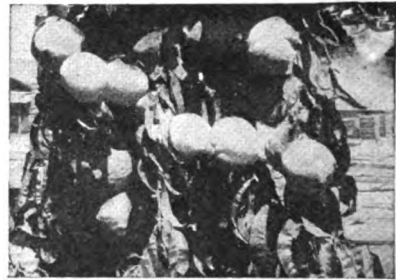
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Fresno County

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BUT THAT'S JUST ONE OF THE SCORES OF BIG OPPORTUNITIES

Fresno County is the "Best of the West" for Figs, Grapes, Raisins, Alfalfa, etc.



But this isn't all by any means. Fresno County is the most wonderful territory in the West. There is room for every business and industry in the world. From the Sierras to the Coast Range mountains there is every variety of climate and soil, every mineral.

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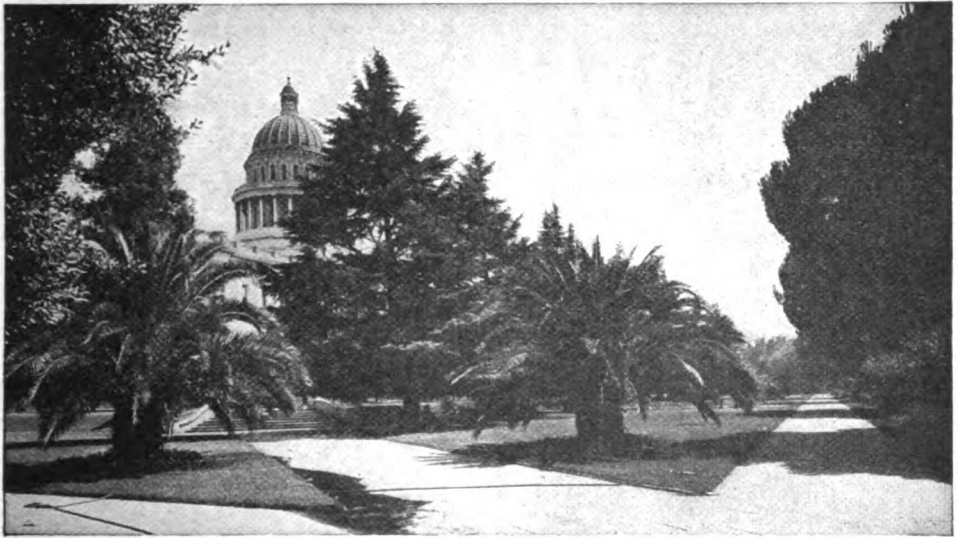
And there is room for you here, lots of it. We of Fresno County are not selfish with our prosperity. We are willing for all to share in it.

Do you want to?

For further information write to any of the following:

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Clovis Chamber of Commerce..... Clovis, Cal.
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The court yard of the capitol gives a hint of the variety of the products

that are grown within the county. Besides the grains and fruits and vegetables common to the temperate climes, here grow the oranges and lemons, the figs and olives, the raisin grapes and other fruits of semi-tropical countries. That strawberries are marketed during eleven months out of the twelve each year gives an idea of the productiveness of the soil and the equableness of the climate.

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WE will make you a long-time loan—you will have 20 years to pay for the land and repay the loan—you can move on the land at once—and your Canadian farm will *make you independent.*

20 Years to Pay

Rich Canadian land for from \$11 to \$30 per acre. You pay only one-twentieth down—balance in 19 equal annual payments. Long before your final payment comes due your farm will have paid for itself over and over. This advertisement is directed only to farmers or to men who will occupy and improve the land.

We Lend You \$2000 for Improvements

The \$2,000 loan is used only for erecting your buildings, fencing, sinking well and breaking. You are given twenty years in which to fully repay this loan. You pay only the banking interest of 6 per cent.

Advance of Live Stock on Loan Basis

The Company, in case of approved land purchaser who is in a position and has the knowledge to take care of his stock, will advance cattle, sheep and hogs up to the value of \$1,000 on a loan basis, so as to enable the settler to get started from the first on the right basis of mixed farming. If you do not want to wait until you can complete your own buildings and cultivate your farm, select one of our Ready-made farms—developed by C. P. R. Agricultural Experts—with buildings complete, land cultivated and in crop, and pay for it in 30 years. We give the valuable assistance of great demonstration farms—free.

This Great Offer Based on Good Land

Finest land on earth for grain growing, cattle, hog, sheep and horse raising, dairying, poultry, vegetables and general mixed farming, irrigated lands for intensive farming—non-irrigated lands with ample rainfall for mixed and grain farming. These lands are on or near established lines of railway, near established towns.

Ask for our handsome illustrated books on Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta—mention the one you wish. Also maps with full information free. Write today.

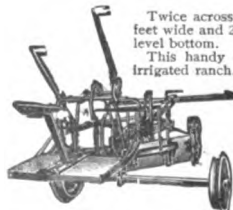
**C. S. THORNTON, Colonization Agent
Canadian Pacific Railway
Colonization Department 112 W. Adams St., Chicago**

FOR SALE—Town lots in all growing towns—Ask for information concerning Industrial and Business openings in all towns.

The Water Goes Farther

In irrigating when your land is level and your ditches are clean and straight. You can make new ditches—clean and level old ditches—make a dead level seed bed—or throw up a border dike—just as fast as 2 horses can walk, if you use the

20th Century Grader



Twice across the field makes a smooth level ditch 4 feet wide and 2 feet deep, with hard sides and a dead level bottom.

This handy machine has a hundred uses on the irrigated ranch. Can't break it. A 2-horse, 1-man grader that does the work of an 8-horse machine.

Send for new Catalogue A.

THE BAKER MFG. CO.

574 Stanford Ave., Springfield, Ill.

Pacific Coast Agents:

EDWARD E. BACON CO.
Dept. R., San Francisco, California



San Antonio

Here's the Holiday You Are Looking For

in the Historic City of a Thousand Charms, whose sapphire skies arch above a land of sunshine where fogs are unknown.

Outdoor Recreations

Tennis, golf, polo, motoring, fishing and hunting call to the lovers of sport. The city with its magnificent hotels, its theatres, schools, churches, meets adequately the necessities of modern life—and is worthy of investigation to those interested in commercial investments. This country of wonderful fertility, offering the last of the reasonably-priced lands, offers much to the homeseeker. For full details write

THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
SAN ANTONIO **TEXAS**



An Income-Bearing Home

Doesn't that appeal to you? Wouldn't you like a comfortable country home on an interurban electric line, within an hour's ride from either of two bustling cities? If these cities were the homes of educational institutions of highest rank wouldn't that strike you, if you have children to educate?

If ten acres provide an annual income of ten per cent on the investment besides paying a handsome salary for your time, isn't that worth considering?

Do you know that the apple growers of the Northwest are getting big prices for their crop this year? Do you know that the outlook for handsome profits in fruit raising was never better?

OACO ORCHARDS offer an investment of exceptional attractiveness. This great orchard tract is commanding the admiration of horticulturists throughout the Northwest. OACO ORCHARDS tract is Oregon's perfect orchard. Scientifically selected, planted, cultivated and tended. OACO ORCHARDS represent all that can be desired in an absolutely ideal orchard investment.

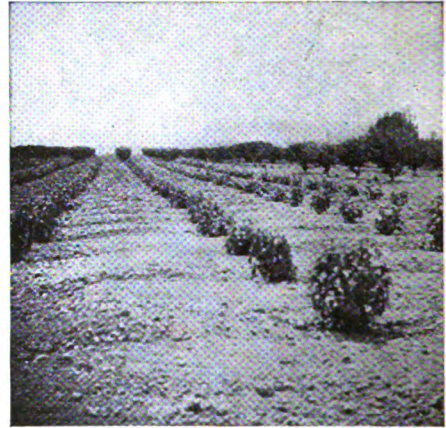
The directorate invites investigation as to its financial standing, business integrity and character of this investment.

OACO ORCHARDS tracts are offered at prices which make this an exceedingly attractive investment.

Write at once for booklet "The Investment Value of an Apple Orchard."

The Oregon Apple Company

Box O. B. W. Johnson, Manager
CORVALLIS, OREGON



Let Us Tell You the Story of the Man Who Made This Farm

It is a true story, a "success" story, a story of Madera County. It is one of thousands of similar accounts of California opportunity, that one may find on every hand. What a happy Christmas yours would be this year had you made the start this man made!

Three years ago the farm from which this forty was taken was being "grain farmed" in a more or less haphazard manner. Then the present owner purchased this forty and began to develop it. He paid less than \$100 per acre and now he wouldn't listen to an offer of \$400 per acre.

Madera County is chockful of such opportunities. We would like to tell you about them. It is a tremendously big county and there is room for hundreds of families. Almost every train brings a new settler now. They are getting in on the ground floor and they will never have cause to regret it.

Madera County

wants you, Mr. Anxious Inquirer, to write for fullest information. It is our business to supply it. We have nothing to sell but we have a great big interest in seeing Madera County populated with a happy, prosperous people. So if you will write us and tell us just what you want we will do our best to help you.

Address your letters to

Secretary

**Madera County Chamber of Commerce
MADERA, CALIFORNIA**

Monterey County contains some of the most famous resorts of the Pacific Coast. Monterey Peninsula—the southern shore of Monterey Bay—is famed for its beauty from one end of America to the other. Here are some noted towns: Monterey—called the cradle of California history because of its prominence in the early development of the state—Pacific Grove, Carmel and half a dozen other communities.

The resort section is famous for its climate. Three of the twenty-one California Missions are in Monterey County; two more are barely beyond its borders. The one in the picture here is the Carmel Mission.



Climate is Essential to Success

Profitable farming depends largely upon climatic conditions. If the climate provides for a continuous growth of vegetation, there is little loss during the year. In Monterey County one can plow and plant from November to April. Grain and fruits, hay, beets, potatoes, apples, apricots, berries, all these grow at the profitable time in Monterey. There is a wide range of choice and the weather helps instead of hindering.

There are a great many opportunities in Monterey County for the successful pursuit of agriculture under almost perfect conditions. The hills back of Monterey and the little valleys in the folds of the hills offer splendid opportunities. The products of Monterey County annually total something like this: potatoes, \$1,000,000; apples, \$1,000,000; sugar beets, \$1,000,000; barley, \$1,000,000; live stock, \$1,000,000. These are big figures. They show that there is considerable wealth being taken from the soil of Monterey County and even then the County is only scratched. There is room for a lot more good farmers and we will be glad to put you in touch with opportunities to buy land in our County.

Write to either of the undersigned organizations for illustrated literature.

- | | |
|---|--|
| Monterey Chamber of Commerce.. Monterey | Fort Romie Grange.....Soledad |
| Pacific Grove Board of Trade..Pacific Grove | Greenfield Grange.....Greenfield |
| Kings City Board of TradeKings City | Monterey County Chamber of Commerce, Salinas |

Monterey County

CALIFORNIA



Growing Apples in the **BEAUMONT** CALIFORNIA DISTRICT

IS NOTHING NEW. We have been growing apples here for sixty years. Our success is what is attracting the world today. The Beaumont District has been given a long thorough trial and growers are coming in now to take advantage of our early experimenting. Beaumont Apples gained fame throughout Southern California without our advertising them. The eyes of the Southwest have been focused on our district for a long time. Now the whole valley and the mesa lands are being set to apples and olives and other fruits. It won't be very long until all the available acreage is put to work.

Large tracts of land heretofore impracticable for horticulture because water had not been developed are ready for planting. An abundance of water awaits the horticulturist. This land is being offered at reasonable prices. The market has already been established for the fruit.

The Beaumont District has not known a crop failure in a quarter of a century; everything grows; soil and water of the best; never too hot or too cold.

**THE BEAUMONT
DISTRICT IS
WITHIN THREE
HOURS RIDE
FROM LOS
ANGELES**

Mr. W. L. Percy, Secretary Beaumont Board of Trade,
Beaumont, California
Please send me without cost to me literature descriptive of Beaumont, the Home of the Big Red Apple.
NAME.....
ADDRESS.....



DEEP RICH SUCCULENT **ALFALFA**

The greatest stock food that comes from the ground! The hay crop that makes dairying pay handsome profits. The hay crop that swells the bank account of thousands of California farmers.

This field is palm fringed. Splendid orchards surround it. Orchards of peaches and cherries, plums and walnuts and almonds.

The Lodi Country is one of California's most diversified, most intensified farming districts, truly delightful to the eye and promising to the pocket-book. Alfalfa is but one of the many products grown. Chickens and the dairy are profitable along with the alfalfa field. The income is easily doubled when the farmer feeds his own stock.

How much land are you farming now? How much of an income are you obtaining from it? How much did it cost you and how much is its present valuation? Will it beat a twenty-acre Lodi farm? Will twenty acres of your land return \$2000 per year?

IN LODI LAND

there are many farmers making better than \$2000 from their twenty-acre tracts every year. And we know of no district in all California, or all the United States for that matter, that comes as near fulfilling every ideal for farming as does the Lodi Country. Here are comfort, climate, health, easy living, good neighbors, good friends, good schools, good churches, good roads. Could you desire more!

Write for our illustrated booklet. Address

**Secretary Merchants Association
LODI, CALIFORNIA**



It's more fun to Pick Olives Than to Shovel Snow!

While some of our good friends over on the other side of the Rockies are clearing the snow from in front of their doorways we are picking our olive crop. Olives are harvested in December and January. Wouldn't you rather gather an olive crop than shovel snow?

Olives are but one of the money-making products of orchard and field in San Joaquin County. Any well informed man in California will tell you that San Joaquin is one of the most diversified and one of the greatest wealth producing counties in California. Here's a county worth your earnest consideration. It is a garden spot within six hours of San Francisco and the San Francisco Bay market. It embraces some of the richest land imaginable. There is room for a lot more energetic settlers.

For further information and illustrated literature address either of the undersigned commercial organizations:

Secretary, Chamber of Commerce . . . Stockton
Secretary, Lodi Merchants Association . . . Lodi
Secretary, Manteca Board of Trade . . . Manteca

Secretary, Ripon Board of Trade Ripon
Secretary, Tracy Board of Trade Tracy
Or Board of Supervisors Stockton

SAN JOAQUIN COUNTY, CALIFORNIA

In writing to advertisers please mention SUNSET, The Pacific Monthly

CHEAP APPLE LAND

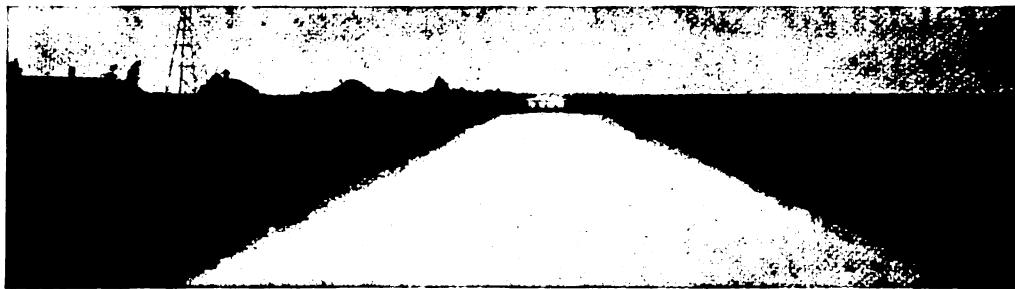
Apples can be successfully grown in but few localities. As a consequence, good apple land is ordinarily very high priced. Look at the prices asked in the established districts! Bearing orchards are bringing anywhere from \$500 to \$2500 per acre. Tuolumne County is ideal for apple culture. Here are the foothill lands so prized for fruit culture, affording good air drainage; the soil is right and the climatic conditions right. Tuolumne apple land is not quite so highly developed as yet, consequently prices are still low.

TUOLUMNE COUNTY, CALIFORNIA

wants homeseekers and settlers to aid in the development of its resources. Besides fruit land there are many thousands of acres suitable for general farming, truck farming, grain farming, stock raising, etc.

Write for literature.

Clerk of the Board of Supervisors, Sonora, California



The Land Owns the Water

Maybe that doesn't mean much to you. It means a lot to the California farmer. Out here water, in the irrigation districts, is worth more than the land, oftentimes. Without the water the land isn't worth much. There is a big difference in Irrigation Systems. The irrigation districts in Stanislaus County are organized under the Wright and Bridgeford Acts, wise California irrigation laws that allow the land owner to own and control the water. It is one of the big things in California. It has made Stanislaus County a winner.

We have called our county "Sunny Stanislaus, The Kingdom of the Small Farmer." That sums up about as succinctly as it is possible to sum up all that we have to offer—sunshine, pure air, health, wealth, contentment, big returns on small acreage, intensive farming. Dairying, fruit raising, poultry raising, truck farming, and similar agricultural and horticultural pursuits pay big money in Stanislaus County.

For further information address

SECRETARY STANISLAUS COUNTY BOARD OF TRADE

MODESTO STANISLAUS COUNTY CALIFORNIA

Diversified Shasta Wants You

It wants you if you are a wide-awake, hustling homeseeker. If you are looking for climate, home comfort, returns on your money invested, you will find all these rolled into one in Shasta County, California. Here we have all that combines to make a prosperous, law-abiding, contented community.

Opportunities are measured by comparative conditions. If soil, water and climatic conditions are equal and transportation and market accessible, it is a matter of comparative soil values and price of land.

We believe that Shasta County has greater advantages for the orchardist, the horticulturist, the agriculturist, the manufacturer, the mine operator, and the lumber man than any other section of California.

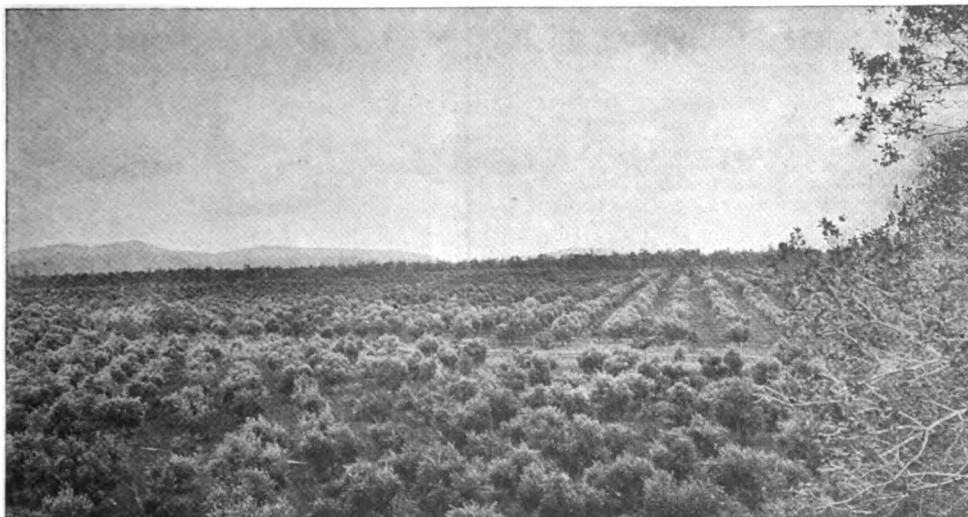
We invite the homeseeker and investment seeker to investigate the natural resources and undeveloped opportunities of Shasta County.

We believe the future gives greater promise in Shasta County than elsewhere, therefore we feel that we are giving you a bona-fide tip when we ask you to investigate our county now. In fact, we believe that we are almost doing you a favor to call our county to your attention.

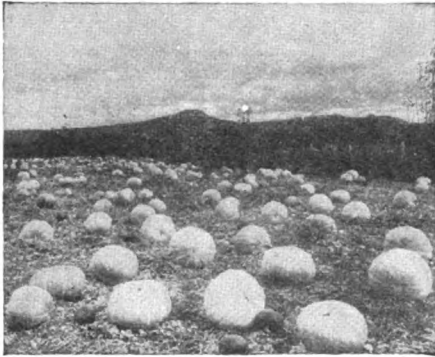
We suggest that you get busy at once and write for our literature. It will put you in touch with actual conditions in diversified Shasta County and it may mean that through this booklet you will be able to get in direct touch with your fortune.

If you are interested write either of the undersigned organizations and ask for a Shasta County 64-page illustrated booklet.

**REDDING CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, REDDING, CALIFORNIA
ANDERSON CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, ANDERSON, CALIFORNIA
OR CLERK OF THE BOARD OF SUPERVISORS, REDDING, CALIFORNIA**



SOME PUMPKINS



They show something of the fertility of Jackson County soil. Here are grown, besides the fruits for which Jackson County is famous, all sorts of farm products. Corn is one of these products. There is a lot of land suitable for general farming and the returns are far in excess of those from land as farmed in many eastern states.

And as to Fruit—

Jackson County is almost in a class by itself. The Rogue River Valley is known far and wide as the real apple and pear country. There is no doubt about its place in the fruit world. This Valley is the criterion by which all other fruit sections in the Pacific Northwest are measured. This year the fruit ranchers of the Rogue River Valley are reaping splendid rewards from their orchards. The crops are good and the prices such as to insure handsome returns.

Here too is a point to consider—the government experts have found but one person to every quarter of a square mile in Jackson County. Of course that doesn't mean that all the people are scattered regularly a quarter of a mile apart. But it does mean that there is a lot of land not under cultivation and that there are many opportunities awaiting farmers and horticulturists in this county.

Write at once for our booklet. Ask all the questions you wish. It is our business to answer you fully and truthfully.

Jackson County Court
JACKSONVILLE
OREGON
In the Rogue River Valley

There's a Great Difference Between The Atlantic and the Pacific Coast Lines

Look at the map of the United States. Compare the ports of the Atlantic with those of the Pacific. Can you count a dozen deep sea harbors on the Pacific Coast?

Does it need argument to convince you of the value of one safe deep sea harbor for a distance of eight hundred miles along the Pacific Coast?

COOS BAY

IS A SAFE DEEP-SEA HARBOR

The story of Coos Bay is summed up in these resources:

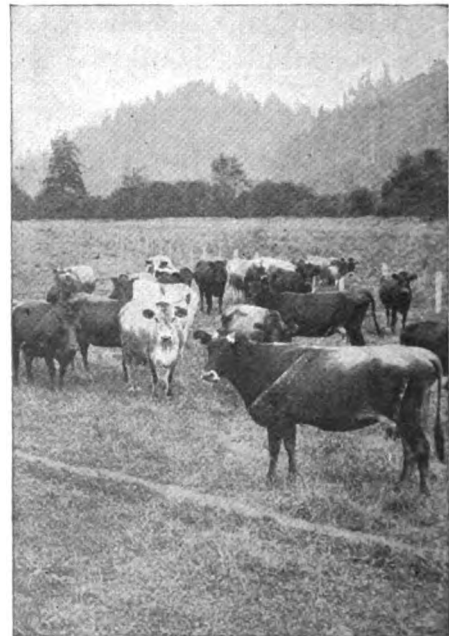
The Ocean Harbor of Coos Bay
100,000,000 Feet of Timber Tributary
A great natural dairying country
Splendid fruit and agricultural land
Great deposits of coal
Commercial fisheries
Summer resort attractions unequalled
A mild delightful year-round climate.

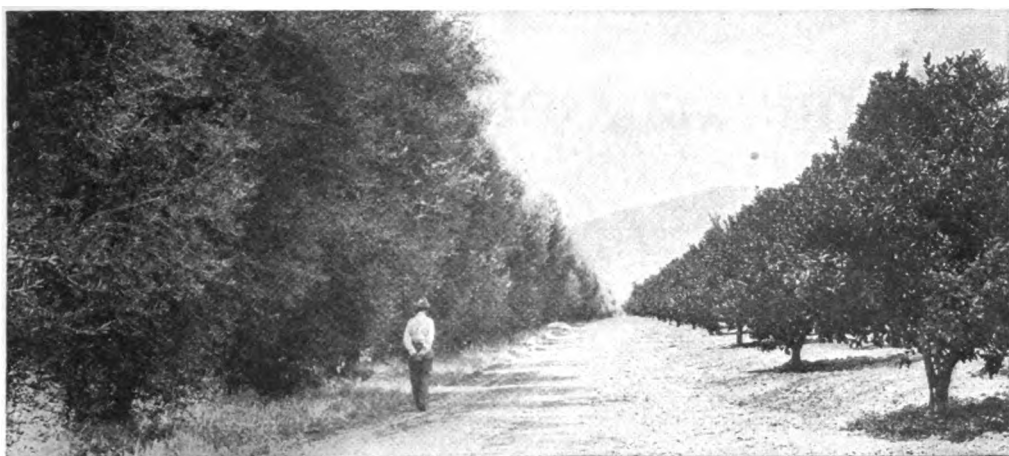
There you have the things that have made the Coos Bay District forge ahead of the railroad. But it is coming. The rails will soon be laid. The one shipping link is thus completed and Coos Bay will have Railroad Transportation with Water Transportation Competition.

Land is still cheap. Our advice is that you get in line now and take advantage of Coos Bay opportunities.

Write to either of the undersigned organizations for literature.

MARSHFIELD CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
Marshfield, Oregon
NORTH BEND COMMERCIAL CLUB
North Bend, Oregon





We'll Take Care of You

Kern can take care of 200,000 persons seeking homes—not the kind who are content to struggle and skimp—but those who are looking for prosperous homes in a progressive upbuilding country. Kern County is the ideal spot for diversified as well as intensive farming. Here we grow anything—pumpkins, melons, alfalfa, apples, ramie, roses, oranges, onions, anything that will grow anywhere will grow in Kern County.

Stock raising is one of Kern's big industries. The yearly value of beef shipments is \$2,000,000. Fifty per cent of California's meat supply comes from this county. Then there are dairy products and alfalfa and fresh and dried fruits and oranges and figs and grapes and all those other products which have made the San Joaquin Valley famous.

This advertisement means nothing to you, *unless you are interested in a new home*. If you are interested in a new home, you want to move to a place which has the essentials of agricultural success—and that means soil, water and climate. Kern has them all. The only thing that Kern lacks is population; that's why we are talking to you. There are a million and a half acres of farm land in Kern County and less than half a million acres in improved farm land. The most successful colony in the county is but six years old, so you see there is plenty of room for settlers. Prices are still low; they cannot remain so long.

Send for our booklet—64 pages with beautiful illustrations which tells all about Kern County and its resources. Better send for it today; free for the asking.

Address all correspondence to

Secretary Kern County Board of Trade, Bakersfield

KERN COUNTY

CALIFORNIA

A Sonoma County Christmas

It is so different from the ordinary Christmas. The tree is there and the happy kiddies are there, but the tree is *outside* the house and the kiddies, minus overcoats and furs, are dancing gleefully on the green grass. The rigors of winter are unknown to them.

The snow is on the distant mountain tops, but that doesn't keep old Santa away. He comes just the same and his pack is full, for the folks in Sonoma have plenty and to spare and they give old Kris Kringle a big boost.

Sonoma is a wonderful county. It is famed far and wide for its fruit. It is famed too for its beautiful home sites and its delightful scenery. "Sonoma" is an Indian word, which translated means "The Valley of the Moon." Pretty sentiment, isn't it? And yet Sonoma has all the beauty that such a phrase conjures from the imagination.

You ought to know more about Sonoma County. Address any of the undersigned organizations:

Sonoma County Development Association, Santa Rosa.
 Santa Rosa Chamber of Commerce, Santa Rosa.
 Petaluma Chamber of Commerce, Petaluma.
 Sebastopol Chamber of Commerce, Sebastopol.
 Cloverdale Chamber of Commerce, Cloverdale.

Sonoma Chamber of Commerce, Sonoma.
 Guerneville Improvement Club, Guerneville.
 Healdsburg Chamber of Commerce, Healdsburg.
 Windsor Chamber of Commerce, Windsor.
 Glen Ellen Chamber of Commerce, Glen Ellen.

Sonoma County

*"The Chosen Home of
 Wizard Burbank"*

California



Send for our beautiful booklet, which gives a mighty good idea of our county.



Introduction to Douglas, Arizona—El Paso and Southwestern Depot

Are You Ready to Learn

of a western community whose mining, agricultural and scenic resources are but in their infancy; whose rapid growth is in itself a producer of wealth; whose chief center already has a population of over 13,000; whose buildings have all been reared from a sagebrush plain since 1901 and are therefore modern; whose location is in a valley itself a plateau 3955 feet above sealevel? THEN INVESTIGATE

DOUGLAS, ARIZONA

The Gateway of Two Republics

The Smelter City of Arizona—Greatest Copper Producing State of the Union

Our Growth Record
by post-office receipts
Established April, 1901.

3 months 1901.....	\$110. 28
Yearending June 30,	
1902 \$ 2,201. 32	1908 \$18,859. 90
1903 6,559. 30	1909 19,398. 19
1904 11,299. 73	1910 20,878. 77
1905 13,240. 84	1911 20,522. 26
1906 15,214. 04	1912 21,424. 44
1907 18,021. 86	1913 26,427. 31

There is a combination of climate, resources, mineral, agricultural and commercial, scenic beauties, sporting pleasures, advantages of location and quick communication, that is a lure to tourist and motorist, a fascination for the homeseeker and an attraction to the investor and capitalist.

DOUGLAS HAS:

Ten miles of street car lines—broad gauge. Value of two smelters, \$12,300,000. Smelter payrolls carry 1,850 men. Division offices of two railroads. Population of 13,473. School attendance 2,663. (We claim the best schools in the State.) Three banks with deposits over \$2,000,000. Two daily papers; municipal light and water. Low Tax and Insurance rates.

Douglas is a Queen City in a Land of Exceptional Resources. Its Past Growth Startles; But Development Has Only Just Begun.



Get in touch with our people; they are all satisfied boosters for their home community. Send for a daily paper; our Chamber will supply it for the asking.

Learn About Us!

SIGN AND MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY
 Mr. H. D. DUBOIS, Secretary Chamber of Commerce and Mines, Douglas, Arizona.
 Please send me, without expense to myself, illustrated matter describing place of your valley.

Name.....
 Street.....
 City.....
 State.....

A Million Pounds of Butter a Year

Every year Yolo County dairymen sell a million pounds of butter; enough butter to butter ten million loaves of bread; enough butter if moulded into one pound squares and placed end to end to reach over 140 miles in length. That is some butter, isn't it? Yolo County dairymen and stockraisers think they have a mint. And they have too. Their success is due to the rank growth of rich alfalfa. Alfalfa does no better anywhere than in Yolo County. Here the farmers get three and four crops a year and they cut from one to three tons to the acre. The alfalfa crop comprises five-sixths of the entire hay crop produced in Yolo County and is valued at \$500,000 annually.

Livestock, poultry and bees to the value of \$13,000,000 are raised every year in this county. Yolo is greater in land area than the state of Rhode Island and has within its borders the largest contiguous body of unbroken fertile land in the state of California.

Write at once for literature and get in touch with opportunities in this county.

Yolo County Panama-Pacific Exposition Commission
WOODLAND YOLO COUNTY CALIFORNIA

THE Mimbres Valley Alfalfa Farms Co.

OPERATING IN THE HEART OF NEW MEXICO'S RICH, VIRGIN PLATEAU COUNTRY,

OFFERS

To the business farmer of other lands exceptional opportunities to acquire a producing farm that will pay good interest on the investment in a country where

LAND

VALUES ARE INCREASING RAPIDLY AND IRRIGATION IS EASY AND PROFITABLE

AND HOME

Comforts, including a most healthful climate, good water, good society, electric light, in fact all modern conveniences are possible—yea are now enjoyed.

BARGAINS

In southwestern farms, protected by State Land Commission, on a trans-continental railroad, with good markets, whether crops, whether forage, grains, fruits or vegetables, are unfailing, are becoming scarcer every day.

Get information on our 10-, 20- and 40-acre farms sold on installments.

They spell INDEPENDENCE

Two days ride from Chicago; one day from Los Angeles.

Our References: The farmers themselves of the Mimbres Valley; get in touch with them.

FILL THIS COUPON AND MAIL IT TODAY
The Mimbres Valley
Alfalfa Farms Co.
 DEMING, NEW MEXICO

Please send me national exchange in respect to the enclosed folder
 Name.....
 Street.....
 City.....
 State.....

Closing of the Subscription Lists

YOU WILL PAY \$29.00 LESS for the new Encyclopaedia Britannica if you subscribe at once than you will have to pay if you delay.

THE DIRECT SALE to the public is about to be terminated, the price raised, the monthly payment system abolished, and the work will then be sold only through agents and booksellers for cash.

THE DIFFERENCE to you will be an increase in price of \$29.00 to \$50.00 a set, according to binding, and an immediate outlay of the full cash price instead of only \$5.00.

WHY THE PRICE MUST BE RAISED

You may think that it would suit you better to take your own time about subscribing for the Encyclopaedia Britannica, and may wonder why the sale at the present prices should not be continued indefinitely.

Do not forget that, from the first, every advertisement of the new edition has stated that the current prices were "temporary," and that the book would ultimately be sold at \$7.50 per volume, the standard price at which previous editions were published.

The increase from \$4.75 to \$5.75 a volume now announced will be followed by a further increase to \$7.50. You cannot, therefore, think that you have a legitimate grievance because you have looked upon \$4.75 a volume as a permanent price.

Furthermore, you never would have had the chance you now have to get the book at \$4.75 if it had not been that the sale, from the beginning, was

**No more monthly payments.
Increase in price of \$29.00.**

The End of a Great Offer

The Eleventh Edition of the Encyclopaedia Britannica, published by the Cambridge University Press, of England, has now been widely distributed in all parts of the world, 54,725 sets having been sold to October 25.

The original plan, as announced from the first, was to give widespread publicity to the offer of the work at very low prices and on exceptionally easy terms when it was fresh from editors and contributors. A rapid sale under these conditions was regarded as the best way to popularise the great library of universal reference and to establish its reputation firmly.

Now that this has been done, a continuous but slower sale at the higher prices, for cash, through agents and booksellers only, will be more profitable and less troublesome, from every point of view.

Formal announcement is therefore made of the termination of the sale at the present low prices and under present conditions. In England the sale will be closed on December 20, and in the United States and Canada very shortly thereafter.

based upon the theory of a low price and convenient terms to early buyers and a substantial profit from later buyers at a higher price.

THE PRESENT PRICE COULD NOT BE PERMANENT

Look at the figures in the case as you would look at any figures in connection with your own business. The preparation of the 11th edition cost \$1,500,000 before a copy of it was printed for sale. Fourteen or fifteen years of continuous sale is as much as can be counted upon in the case of any one edition; and during that time the purchasers of the book must share among them the payment of that \$1,500,000 in addition to paying the manufacturing and selling costs and a profit fairly commensurate with the risk of such a large capital.

AN ORDER FORM WITH PRESENT LOW PRICES WILL BE FOUND ON THE LAST PAGE OF THIS NOTICE

DECEMBER 1913

NO MORE MONTHLY PAYMENTS. A RADICAL CHANGE

It would be absolutely impossible to make such a book and get back the plant cost from a sale at \$4.75 a volume. Library editions of non-copy-right standard authors, on which there is no plant cost at all for manuscript, are invariably sold for more than that, and are printed on much cheaper paper, are much less richly bound, and are much less costly in every way to manufacture. Each volume of the Encyclopaedia Britannica contains more matter and more illustrations than 15 books of ordinary size. And it is, by universal consent, the "handsomest book in the world," the "acme of perfection in book-making," apart from the value of its contents.

PRE-ARRANGED "PERIODS" OF SALE

On the other hand, to have fixed the price at \$7.50 a volume from the beginning, while it would have paid a good profit, yet it would have meant a comparatively slow sale for the book. Its value to readers in general would not have been as fully recognised as it is to-day for at least five or six years to come, and therefore the object of the publishers—to make the work widely known and constantly used by a great many people—would have been defeated.

The plan of sale that was adopted—the plan by which you can to-day get the Encyclopaedia Britannica at less than a fair price for such a book—was to divide the distribution of the book into two distinct periods: first, a rapid sale at a low price direct to the public, then a slow but steady sale at a higher price through agents and book-sellers.

The first of these periods, now nearly at an end, has already justified the expectation that the new edition would have a large sale, which would firmly establish its reputation as the greatest work of reference and practical information.

It may seem to you that there is one weakness in such a plan of sale: that the public would be shrewd enough and alert enough to do all the buying before the change came, and that afterwards there would be no demand.

But how about your own case? You knew, when you did not secure the book as soon as its issue was announced, that you were running some risk of losing the opportunity. You have not yet bought it, or you would not be reading this advertisement.

Perhaps you will sign the order form to-day, or you may continue to put the matter off, and you may finally purchase under less favorable conditions. If you had made your purchase last summer, you would have had the use of the work during the last three or four months, so that you have already lost something by your failure to act. And thousands of people will fail to act, until the low prices have ceased to exist.

WILL YOU DELAY—OR WILL YOU ACT?

This description of the plan of sale has enabled you to see that the present offer could not be made if all those who are sure to buy the book ultimately were to accept the offer now. This very advertisement is printed with the expectation that the warning it gives will be neglected by thousands of those to whom it is addressed. Otherwise it would forestall the sale of the book for some time to come. But an essential part of the plan of sale is the belief that while these closing advertisements will induce many thousands to buy, it will move many more thousands only half-way towards the point of buying the book.

If you have got that far, if you have made up your mind that it would be best for you to buy the Encyclopaedia Britannica now, there is not much probability that you will fail to buy it in the long run, even if you wait until it has become much less easy so to do.

"CONDITIONAL PURCHASE"

Before it is too late to buy it on the present terms, you can ascertain, by actual experiment, how useful it will be to you.

It may be that the question in your mind, as you consider the purchase of the new Encyclopaedia Britannica, is a question about yourself, rather than about the work. You may say: "I know that it is an admirable book, but shall I really use it if I buy it?"

Under ordinary circumstances, that question might be left to answer itself. But a way is now provided by which you can answer that question yourself, and answer it decisively. This is by an actual examination of the volumes themselves, putting them to any test you may choose. You will then discover whether the new Encyclopaedia Britannica will be as useful and as attractive to you as it is to thousands of others. The question is one which you ought to settle at once, in order that if you do purchase you may do so before the price is increased and the monthly payment system discontinued.

It has been arranged that a limited number of copies may be "conditionally" purchased.

A LIMITED OFFER

The subscriber under this arrangement will be at liberty to return the volumes and the bookcase after 10 days' use, and to claim a refund of \$3.75 from the \$5.00 sent with his order, the difference to be applied to return freight charges.

This special privilege can be secured only for the present, and only by endorsing the order form with the words "Conditional Purchase." To this rule no exception can be made, as it is essential that the copies supplied on these terms should be carefully noted, and should bear but a small proportion to the total number of copies now ready for immediate delivery. Those who have already made up their minds cannot be kept waiting in order that a special facility should be accorded to those who are still hesitating.

IN THE SALE OF THE ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA

The Ideal Christmas Present

☞ Intending purchasers who desire delivery by Dec. 24th are requested to make **EARLY USE** of the Order Form on the next page

FOR many reasons it is natural that the new edition of the Encyclopaedia Britannica, in the compact and attractive form of the India paper impression, should commend itself as a Christmas present—or that the season of buying and giving presents should be made an appropriate occasion of carrying out an intention of acquiring the great work.

IN THE HOUSE It is, for one thing, such a possession as appeals to ALL the members of a household to which it is introduced. It may be given, for instance, as the particular property of one among the elder members of a family, but the young people will have their share of it. Indeed, to judge from the letters which have been received by the publishers, the attraction and value of the work are particularly appreciable wherever there are *young people* at hand. Those who have purchased the book for their own use find an added pleasure in the readiness with which their children take to reading and consulting it; while others, who have made the purchase for the sake of their children, express themselves as very sensible, also, of the service it renders in their own case.

"I bought two copies for the benefit of my two sets of grandchildren" wrote Dr. C. W. Eliot, President Emeritus of Harvard. "I find them altogether admirable, and my grandchildren, who are at the most inquisitive ages, are of the same opinion."

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The new edition of the Encyclopaedia Britannica, with its 44 million words, equals in contents 440 volumes of ordinary octavo size, each containing 400 pages, with 250 words to the page.

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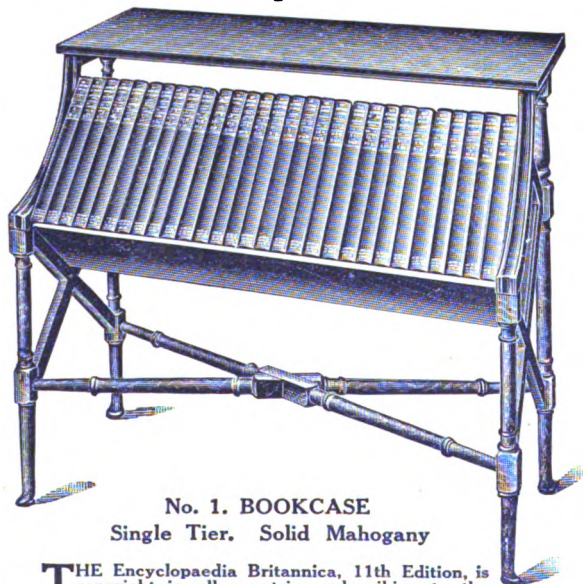
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FOR A SHORT TIME, The present offer: per volume, \$4.75. The Complete Set—29 volumes, delivered for a first payment of only \$5.00. **Sold Direct to the Public.**

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THE ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA CO.,
120 West 32nd Street, New York.

Please send me the new Encyclopaedia Britannica, 11th edition, 29 volumes, published by The Cambridge University Press, of England. I enclose \$_____ being (first payment payment in full) and I agree to send the second and all subsequent payments on the corresponding day of each following month until payment is complete, in accordance with the style of binding and the terms of payment indicated by the X I have placed in one of the squares below, showing my selection. It is agreed that I shall keep the books, but the title does not pass to me until the total amount has been paid. Terms, F. O. B. New York.

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He can purchase the new Encyclopaedia Britannica NOW for \$4.75 a volume, and while the option of making monthly payments is still open to him.

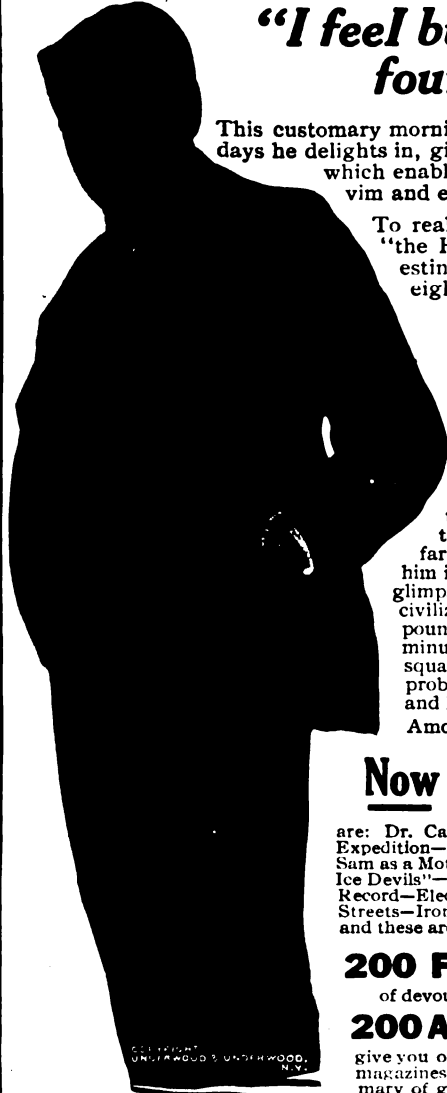
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he can obtain the Work LATER, from an agent or bookseller, for \$166.75 cash, and proportionately higher prices in the better binding.

Should you for any reason contemplate purchasing the ordinary, or thick, paper impression, please write for a special order form. The present cash prices are Cloth \$130.50 (to be increased \$29.00), or 29 monthly payments of \$5.00. Also bound in Half-Morocco and Full Morocco.

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"I feel bully today, I slept only four hours last night."



This customary morning greeting of the great inventor after one of the big days he delights in, gives an insight into his wonderful recuperative powers, which enable him to "come back" constantly, with undiminished vim and energy, after the most arduous work.

To realize how fully Mr. Edison lives up to his soubriquet of "the Human Dynamo," you must read the intensely interesting account of one of his *ordinary* days (a mere eighteen hours or so) in

POPULAR ELECTRICITY AND THE WORLD'S ADVANCE for December

Mr. W. H. Meadowcroft, the author, has worked for years side by side with the great inventor and enjoys his confidence. He is, therefore, able to give you an intimate view of Mr. Edison through every moment of his long and strenuous day. From the time the great man arises in the morning until he retires, far into the night, you will follow his goings and comings; be with him in his laboratory, shop and test room; so close that you get a glimpse, even, of his wonderfully interesting mail from all over the civilized world and read the queer and freakish problems propounded to him. With Edison it is half an hour here, twenty minutes there, ten minutes another place, meeting instantly and squarely a staggering number of difficult situations and intricate problems. You will wonder at the many things he does in a day and how he makes every minute and every second count.

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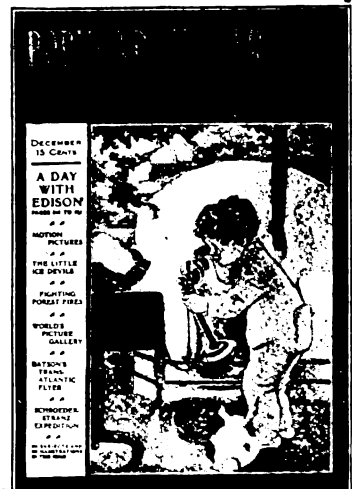
THE GREAT ELECTRICAL SECTION tells simply and entertainingly the fascinating story of electricity and how to make and do things with it yourself.

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These two Western Canadian Provinces are today developing very rapidly. The opportunities are numerous and varied, and certainly worth investigating. Some of them of good new towns on new railroads; farm lands; timber and coal lands.

I have just returned from an extended trip of investigation through Alberta (Western Canada) and have some very interesting and helpful facts to give Sunset Readers concerning the country and the impressions I formed. Enclose 10c to cover postage, for literature and full information. State definitely what you are interested in, so that I can reply specifically.

W. F. COLEMAN

Canadian Manager Sunset, The Pacific Monthly

730 Rogers Building

Vancouver, British Columbia

P. S.—I can supply free details and maps of the wonderful Peace River country on request.

A Real Home

Are YOU looking for a REAL HOME? A place where you will want to remain even after you have made enough to quit. A place where a man with a little capital and plenty of energy is sure of a living—and more. A place where nature annually blends heat and cold, rain and sunshine in such a manner as to produce the luscious fruits and vegetables that command the profitable prices of the world's best markets and make living a delight. A place where an ample irrigation system absolutely insures YOUR crop and YOUR income. In fact, if you are looking for one of nature's BEST places you should investigate

“RICHLANDS”

our select Fruit and Farm land section in Okanagan Valley region in Central Southern British Columbia—Canada. A district of good soil, good climate—churches, schools, good roads and other necessities of a profitable and enjoyable existence.

Your name and address on the coupon will bring full particulars and proof. You'll be surprised how quickly this will reach you if you send NOW.

Kindly send me full information on Richlands fruit orchards.

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VANCOUVER, B. C., CANADA

“Reliable Agents Wanted—Liberal Commission”

8% Mortgage Investments

For the past few months this Corporation has offered "SUNSET" readers some attractive real estate investments with very gratifying results. At the same time we have drawn attention to mortgage securities on improved Vancouver Real Estate and from the large number of enquiries that have resulted we are convinced that a great many investors in the United States and Canada are looking for just this class of security, and we have therefore decided to feature our Mortgage plan in this issue.

The investments we offer are backed by over a quarter of a century's experience in the investment field of Western Canada, during which time this Corporation has built up a reputation through its sound conservative business methods that has given it a position in Western Canada financial circles second to none.

Our Mortgages are based on improved Vancouver City real estate yielding 8% on residential property and 6% to 7% on down town business Blocks, extending over a term of three years with interest payable in quarterly installments. A careful inspection of every property submitted for loan is made and only 50% of our valuation is loaned. We also require that the property shall produce an annual net revenue equal to double the interest on the Mortgage and that Fire Insurance for at least the amount of the Mortgage shall be carried, with loss payable to the investor in case of fire. In addition to this our Attorneys pass on each title, and only where their report shows it to be perfectly clear of any encumbrance is a Mortgage granted, and it is then registered as a first charge against the property in the Government Land Registry Office.

Our investments will therefore stand the most rigid investigation and you will find them as sound as any investment you may be offered; at the same time yielding a higher rate of interest.

If you are interested in getting a larger return on your Capital than you at present receive with absolute security we shall be pleased to have you write us and any further information you desire will be cheerfully given.

We can transfer Mortgages to clients in sums of \$1,000 up to any amount you may wish to invest.

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Interest in Quarterly Instalments

Our Bankers are the Canadian Bank of Commerce; also Dunns or Bradstreets will give you our standing.

Yorkshire Guarantee & Securities Corporation, Ltd.

R. Kerr Houlgate, Manager

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VANCOUVER, CANADA

Willow River

INTERIOR *British Columbia's* future *Manufacturing and Commercial Capital*, offers unrivalled opportunities for money-making *Investments, Business and Homes*, located on the Fraser and Willow Rivers, the *Grand Trunk Pacific* and *Pacific & Hudson Bay* and other railways, in the centre of the *largest and richest farming and timber* district in interior British Columbia. It will also be the natural supply point for the wonderful *Peace River Country* and the rich *Cariboo Mining District*, all of which *ensures* its future. For free maps, plats and all information, write the **Pacific Land & Townsites Company, Limited**, Joint Owners and Sole Agents for the *original and legal* town-site of *Willow River*, 599 Richards Street, Vancouver, B. C.

Agents Wanted



READ
THIS
STORY
OF



EDMONTON

Forcible Figures

Population, 1901, 3,167; by card census, May, 1912—67,243.

Building permits, 1905, \$702,724; 1912, \$14,446,-819. For the seven months ending July 31, 1913, \$7,131,358.

Tax assessment—land only—1905, \$6,620,965; 1912, \$187,941,920.

There are 26 chartered banks and branches in Edmonton, and bank clearing figures show these increases: 1906, \$33,456,496; for 1912, \$220,-

Strong Situation

Three great railway systems center on Edmonton—The Grand Trunk Pacific, the Canadian Pacific and the Canadian Northern. The Canadian Pacific has built a high level bridge and is completing terminals at a cost of \$2,500,000. The Grand Trunk Pacific is building a hotel to cost \$2,000,000.

Edmonton is the chief central point of the Edmonton, Yukon and Pacific Railway, the Dunvegan, Peace River and British Columbia Railway,



727,624. For the seven months ending July 31, 1913, \$117,533,015. Corresponding period of 1912, \$124,211,339.

Passengers carried on street cars: 1911, 6,296,-824; carried in 1912, 11,250,404; seven months of 1913, 8,836,479.

Edmonton has 91 miles of sewers, 111 miles of water mains, 140 miles of sidewalks, 32 miles of paved streets, 201 acres of public parks, 23 miles of boulevards.

Edmonton has coal beds containing sixty thousand million tons of coal directly under the city. Thirty mines are operated.

and the Alberta and Northwestern Railway.

Edmonton is the capital of Alberta, a Province with an area of 283,540 square miles.

The country about Edmonton is very rich in agricultural, and other resources, only partly developed.

At present, four railways are building into the Peace River Valley and country North and West of Edmonton. This country contains 40,000,000 acres of land and boundless resources of minerals, timber, natural gas, water power and cattle ranges.

A L B E R T A



FREE INFORMATION
SPECIAL REPORTS
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GEORGE M. HALL
Industrial Commissioner

EDMONTON
CANADA



EDMONTON

THE CHICAGO *of* THE NORTH

Investigate Today

POPULATION 1901, 2,652—1912, 67,500
1913 estimated 73,000

We have exceptional facilities for placing loans on first class improved and income producing Edmonton City Property at highest current rate of interest. Security of Title given under Torrens Registration System: all titles being guaranteed by the Province of Alberta. The discounting of Agreements of Sale also gives a secure and highly profitable means of investment equal to first mortgage security. We solicit correspondence.

The

HEGLER-SUTCLIFFE CO., Ltd.

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CARE OF PROPERTIES

Rooms 5-6-7 Orpheum Arcade

Edmonton, Alberta, Canada

REFERENCES: Royal Bank of Canada, Edmonton; R. G. Dun & Co.

The Peace River Country

IS ATTRACTING THE ATTENTION OF THE WHOLE WORLD TODAY AS THE MOST FERTILE FIELD FOR INVESTMENTS

BEZANSON IS THE KEY TO THIS VAST EMPIRE. WHY?

Because

It's on the Threshold of Grande Prairie; the Premier Prairie of the West.

It's the choice of five Railroads for their crossings of the Big Smoky River.

It's the mill-site for Billions of feet of timber.

It's at the head of the greatest navigable waterway in North America, The Peace, Mackenzie River System.

Bezanson development is just starting, hence it's the best investment. The increase is in the future, not the past. Write today for booklet telling more about it and the latest authentic map of the Peace River Country.

BEZANSON TOWNSITES LIMITED

557 First St., Edmonton, Alberta

336 Hastings West, Vancouver, B. C.



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Hotel Lankershim

Broadway at Seventh

EUROPEAN PLAN

EXCELLENT CAFES

Three hundred and twenty rooms luxuriously furnished

Two hundred and fifty with private bath

RATES

Rooms without bath:

One occupant, \$1.50 and upwards (per day)

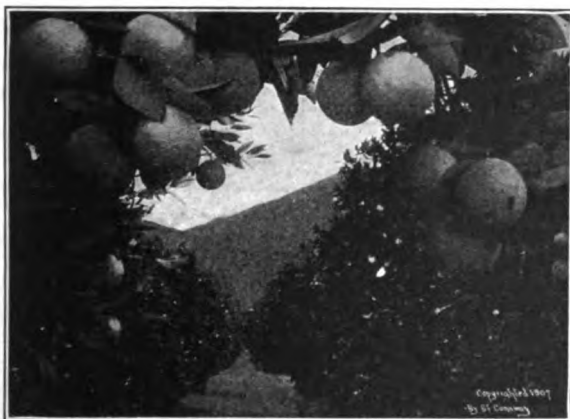
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COOPER & DAVIS, Lessees

The Home of the Early Orange and Olive



“TERRA BELLA and RICHGROVE”

Experts state there is no place in California where oranges and olives grow to such perfection as in this Early Orange belt of Tulare County. Olives are crowding the orange industry. The world demands more California ripe olives. Buyers are paying \$200 per ton

on long term contracts. All kind of crops can be grown between tree rows such as alfalfa, corn, tomatoes, casaba melons, berries, fruits, etc. More than \$100 per acre have been realized on such crops this year, proving that the land will pay for itself in one season. Prices are \$100 and \$125 per acre. Sold on very easy terms. Call or write us for full information and booklet.

ENSIGN-FRANCIS CO.

212 H. W. HELLMAN BLDG.

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

Your Home in San Diego's Choicest District

Majestic Point Loma Tribute of John S. McGroarty

McGroarty, master of descriptive English, says of Point Loma: "A magnificent headland, shouldering its way far out into the shining ocean, glowing in the sun, and soft and mystic with shadow under moon and stars. It lies against the Harbor of the Sun like a mighty barrier, inviting the haven-seeking ships to its shelter. When Cabrillo saw it and later when it rose upon the vision of the galleons of Viscaïno, it was heavily wooded. Now it is a place of broad spaces, broken here and there by ever increasing gardens, wonderful with roses and the name of flowers of every hue. On its extreme point is a modern lighthouse watching ceaselessly over the mariner, a fortress clings to its slope, and one of the big wireless telegraph stations of the world lifts its mystic fingers to catch the message of the air. It is easily reached by a trolley system and a boulevard that might have been built by Caesar, so perfect is its construction."

HERE'S only one Point Loma and it's the choicest residential spot of all the land. Standing as the majestic guardian of San Diego and her grand harbor, overlooking views that are unsurpassed in all the world, Point Loma offers to mankind a home, and with that home an all-the-time climate that varies at noonday not more than ten degrees throughout the year.

In this earthly paradise is to be found health and happiness. And yet it is not alone the haven of the rich. On Point Loma you may purchase fine building sites, 50 x 140, from \$850 up. Values however are advancing rapidly as more and more people are finding in this wonderful district their ideal home place. Investments here have proven exceedingly profitable and will in future days prove even more so.

Full details concerning San Diego and Point Loma in a profusely illustrated booklet are yours for a post card. Write

D. C. COLLIER & CO.

1141 Broadway

San Diego, Calif.

The advertisement is framed by a classical architectural pediment. At the top, two lions lie on the roofline. In the center, three circular emblems contain a lion, an anchor, and the letters 'G' and 'S'. Below these is the word 'STERLING'. The main title 'THE ETRUSCAN' is set within a decorative archway. On the left, a large tea spoon is shown, with a smaller version labeled 'ACTUAL SIZE' next to it. On the right, a classical vase stands on a pedestal. The central text describes the pattern's Georgian influences and provides information about the company and its products.

STERLING

THE ETRUSCAN

THE ETRUSCAN • THE NEWEST PATTERN IN CORHAM TABLE SILVERWARE STANDS WITH THE BEST PRODUCTS OF THE MIDDLE GEORGIAN PERIOD • THE FURNITURE OF SHERATON AND THE ARCHITECTURE OF THE ADAM BROTHERS ARE FAMILIAR EXAMPLES OF THE CLASSIC STANDARDS OF THE DAYS WHEN GEORGE III WAS KING •

THESE GEORGIAN DESIGNERS WERE STRONGLY IMPRESSED WITH PURE GREEK AND ROMAN FORMS • THEY INVARIABLY AVOIDED THE ROCOCO • THE FANTASTIC AND THE ORNATE • THEREFORE THIS NEW CORHAM PATTERN • MODELED UPON THEIR STANDARDS IS AS CLEAR AND PURE IN OUTLINE AS ANY CLASSIC URN OR CAPITAL •

THIS IS A PATTERN WITH A PURPOSE • A PATTERN THAT ATTRACTS BY ITS CLASSIC SIMPLICITY AND IS ESPECIALLY APPROPRIATE TO COLONIAL AND GEORGIAN DINING ROOMS •

A COMPLETE LINE OF KNIVES • FORKS • SPOONS FANCY INDIVIDUAL AND SERVING PIECES MAY BE OBTAINED FROM LEADING JEWELERS EVERYWHERE AND BEARS THIS TRADE-MARK

STERLING

TEA SPOON ACTUAL SIZE

THE GORHAM CO.
SILVERSMITHS
NEW YORK

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VOLUME 31 DECEMBER, 1913 NUMBER 6

SUNSET

THE PACIFIC MONTHLY

Just before he started on his motor flight from South to North, from a warm climate to a colder one, which is the way of birds of passage, according to the dictionary, E. Alexander Powell went down into the wonderful American Southwest and observed New Mexico with the trained eye of an F. R. G. S. He found a region which has changed more remarkably in the space of a single decade, perhaps, than any other in the world, certainly as regards the United States. Until about ten years ago, government engineers wrote it down in their reports as a worthless desert and the gentlemen who make the school geographies followed suit by painting it a speckled yellow like the Sahara and the Kalahari. Then, one day, a Californian who understood irrigation sank some wells and soused the thirsty desert and turned its good-for-nothing sand into good-for-anything loam, and the future of all southern New Mexico was assured. Today they are as enthusiastic in New Mexico about a field of alfalfa as the Eskimos of Labrador are about a stranded whale. In the January number, illustrated from paintings by Maynard Dixon and W. H. Bull.

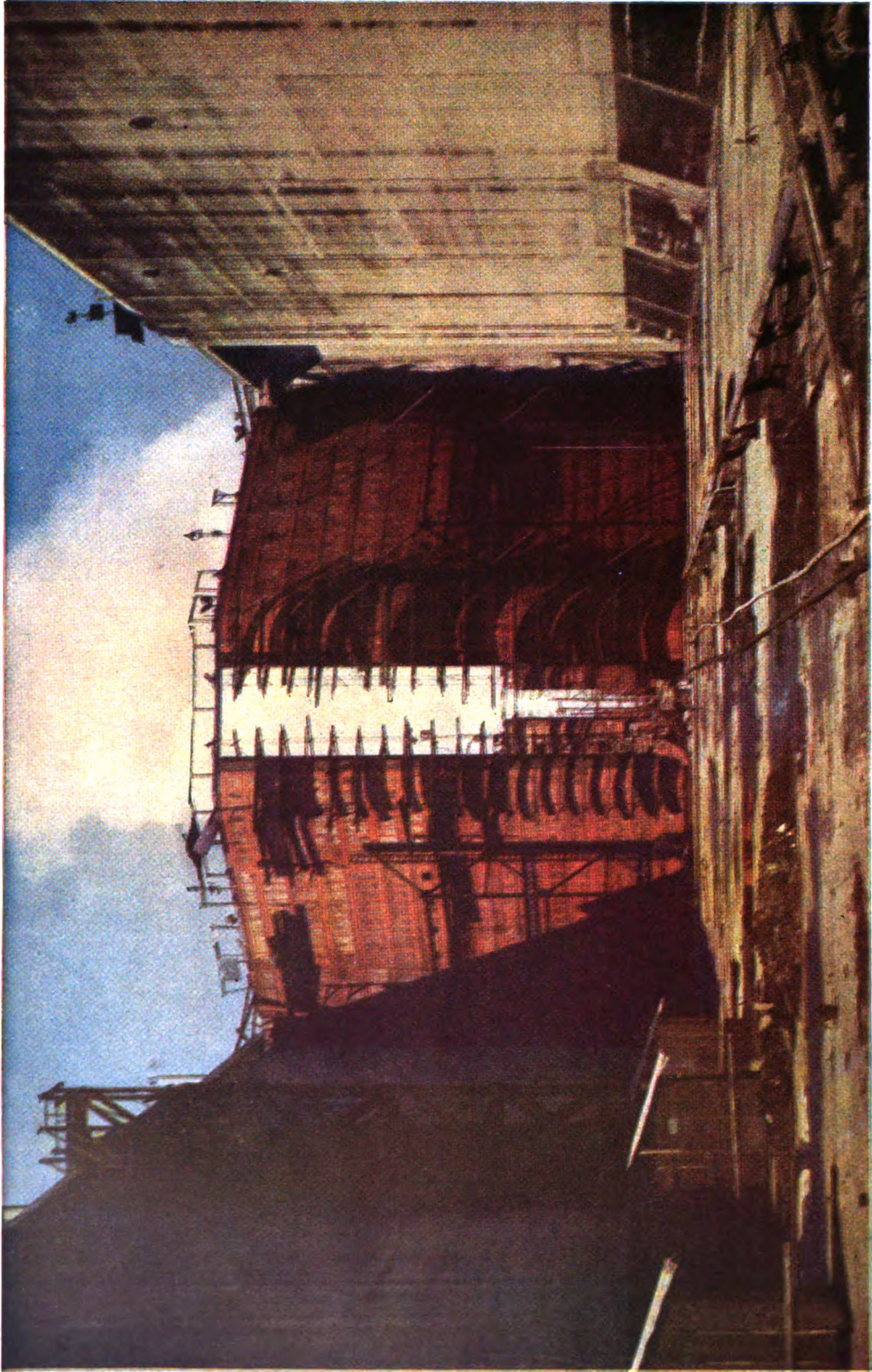
■ ■ ■ ■

California is determined that when ships sail direct from European ports to the Golden Gate, after the opening of the Panama Canal, the disembarking immigrant shall meet a different experience from that which faced his less fortunate brother who entered the United States, in years past, through the port of New York. Robert Newton Lynch outlines, in January, California's enlightened policy of welcoming the immigrant.

■ ■ ■ ■

Beginning the New Year right! Peter B. Kyne's story, "At the Top of the Mast," has a title that expresses its relation to his work; "Tent Mates" is a soldier story by Robert J. Pearsall, a new writer in SUNSET and a good one; "In the Making," by Isabella Woodland, is a story from a school-room in the Latin quarter of San Francisco, full of quaint humor and with an underlying significance for the building of a nation. As for Grôm and A-ya, their pre-historic troubles reach a climax in "the Battle of the Brands" which Charles G. D. Roberts reports with imaginative power. In the second instalment of "The Man Who Won," W. R. Lighton thickens his plot to such an extent that Cass Burdick says, under his breath: "Lord Almighty! It's a complicated life you've fixed up for us."

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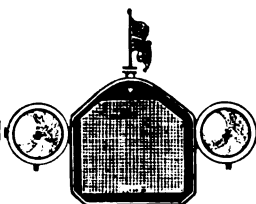
"LIFT UP YOUR HEADS, O YE GATES; AND BE YE LIFT UP, YE EVERLASTING DOORS!"
Engraved from an autochrome photograph made at the Gatun locks, Panama Canal, by Earle Harrison

AUTOBIRDS OF PASSAGE

BEING THE RECORD OF A MOTOR FLIGHT
ALONG THE COAST FROM MEXICO TO ALASKA

By *E. ALEXANDER POWELL, F. R. G. S.*

Author of: The Last Frontier; Gentlemen Rovers



"The Lord knows what we may find, dear lass,
And the deuce knows what we may do—
But we're back once more on the old trail, our own trail, the out trail,
We're down, hull-down on the Long Trail—the trail that is always new."

THE Lovely Lady was playing tennis on the Polo Club courts at Coronado when I strolled up with the telegram in my hand. She was in white from broad-brimmed hat to buckskin shoes and looked very nice indeed. At least I thought so.

"Love-fifteen!" she called and then, catching sight of the yellow envelope, she came running toward me.

"There's nothing the matter, is there?" she asked a little anxiously.

"Nothing very serious" I assured her. "They merely want us to motor up to Alaska."

"Motor to *where?*" she exclaimed.

"To Alaska" said I, trying to be as nonchalant as though I were proposing to run across the bay to San Diego. "Why not?"

"Well" she demurred, "it seems like quite a long trip."

"It's only about three thousand miles as a motor goes" I urged, "and there are roads nearly all the way."

"But it's never been done" she protested, retreating to her last line of defense.

"That's just it!" said I triumphantly. "You've hit it exactly. It never *has* been done. That is precisely the reason we are going to do it—or try to. You see" I added, "we'll be sort of gasoline pioneers."

"Very well" she capitulated, though I knew that her wanderer's heart was singing, "I'll go, of course. When do we start?"

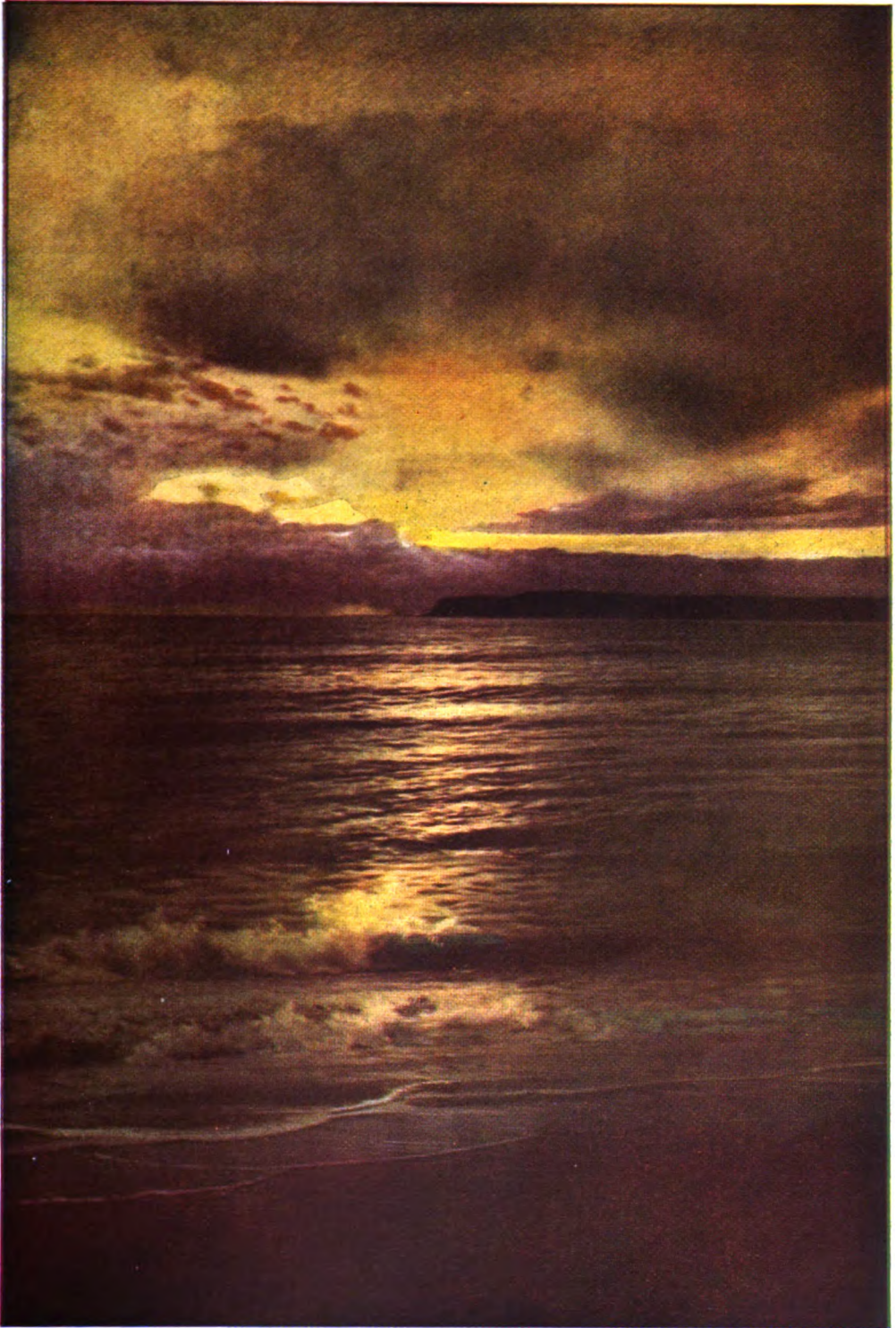
Notwithstanding the little shibboleth of hesitation with which she habitually prefaces her acquiescence to anything from a week-end jaunt to a world's-end journey, she is a born traveler, is the Lovely Lady. Why, once, when we were in the Hedjaz—but that, after all, has nothing to do with this story.

Before throwing on my power and taking to the road, however, I ought to explain how it all came about. The gentleman who sits at a mahogany desk in San Francisco and shapes the policy of the *SUNSET MAGAZINE* happened to read in his newspaper one morning a paragraph which mentioned how many thousand Americans had gone to Europe on motor-trips last year, either taking their cars with them or hiring them over there, and how many million good American dollars they had left on that side of the Atlantic. "It's just ignorance that makes them do it, of course" he argued. "If those same people could only be made to realize that out here on the edge of the western ocean they can find roads as fine as the English highways or the French *routes nationales*, and mountains as high and as sublimely beautiful as the Alps or the Pyrenees, and scenery more varied and lovely than is to be found between Copenhagen and Capri, and vegetation as luxuriant and hotels as luxurious as on the Riviera, and a milder, sunnier, more equable climate than anywhere else on the globe, so many of them would come pouring out here that there wouldn't be enough garages to accommodate their cars." (Did you ever notice that when the people on the Pacific Coast dwell upon their climate or their scenery they become as sonorous and oratorical as was Mr. Bryan in the days when he was pleading for free silver? They can't help it any more than an Italian can help waving his hands.) In any event, that is how it came about that the *Lovely Lady* and I found ourselves, one hot winter's morning, in the tonneau of a long, low, rakish, fifty-horse-powered car. Our chauffeur (and no better one ever grasped a steering-wheel) was christened William, but his week-day name was Billie. At our backs rose the mountains of Mexico, purple, forbidding, and grim. To the northward, far, far to the northward, Alaska beckoned and called. And in between stretched the most alluring region which ever echoed to the hoarse honk of a motor-horn.

Everything considered, Tia Juana, a flea-infested hamlet in the Mexican state of Baja California, twenty miles south of San Diego, seemed the logical place from which to set out on our motor flight to the north. National City, which is on the American side of the border and is connected with San Diego by quite a passable road, would

have done quite as well, but it didn't sound foreign enough. Just as the Mediterranean-bound tourists eagerly avail themselves of the brief stop which the liners make at Gibraltar to take the ferry across the bay to Algeciras so as to be able to say that they have "been in Spain," so the visitors to San Diego and Coronado feel it imperative that they should run down to Tia Juana so that they can write to their admiring friends at home that they have "been in Mexico." Tia Juana (it is pronounced "Tee-ah Wah-nah" and means "Aunt Jane," though who the lady thus immortalized was I haven't the remotest idea, unless she was President Diaz' aunt and a Maderista named the town for her) is as filthy, squalid, ramshackle, cur-ridden, vermin-haunted a townlet as you can find between the Rio Grande and the Rio Chagres. (As I haven't the slightest intention of ever revisiting Tia Juana, there seems no good reason why I shouldn't be truthful and depict it as it really is.) But it's picturesque, right enough, is Tia Juana, and has as much atmosphere—dust-laden atmosphere—as any place I know. You can buy postcards bearing pictures of vivacious Mexican señoritas dancing the bolero, which you can post with Mexican stamps to the folks back home, thus suggesting that you are adventuring in foreign parts. You can pay twenty-five cents for a long black Mexican cigar which is every bit as villainous as it looks. You can invest quite a tidy sum in things which you haven't the least use for, such as opals and drawn-work and serapes with the Mexican coat-of-arms woven in them, and you can experience all the thrills of a smuggler as, with bulging pockets, you quakingly face the gimlet-eyed customs inspector on the border. And, should there be enough Americans to make it a financial success, you can witness what passes in Tia Juana for a bull-fight.

When we reached Tia Juana, which, to lapse into golfing parlance, was to serve as our tee for a long drive, we found the usual revolution in progress. Did you ever notice how a fad will sweep across a country like fire in dry grass? Within a week after the harem skirt struck Broadway it was being worn by the bedizened belles of the Barbary Coast. When Madero and later Felix Diaz and General Huerta made revolutionizing a popular form of entertainment in the Mexican capital, ergo,



The log of the Sunset Car begins, properly enough, beside the first harbor on all that devious coastline from Cape San Lucas to the Straits of Juan de Fuca in which a white man's anchor rumbled down and a white man's sails were furled

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the provincials of Tia Juana started revolutionizing too, so far as their very limited resources would permit. When we arrived the town was in the hands of the Constitutional forces, the local garrison consisting of some two-score wizened-faced soldiers in uniforms of soiled white linen, who looked for all the world like monkeys masquerading as district messenger boys. They had thrown up in the plaza a rectangle of earthen breastworks, over the top of which peered the lean black muzzles of half-a-dozen machine guns. Above these fortifications the red-white-and-green banner with its emblem of the serpent-killing buzzard drooped listlessly in the noon-day heat; from within came the agonized notes of a tortured bugle; without, a slovenly sentry, a rifle sloping over his shoulder and a cigarette hanging from his lip, shuffled disconsolately up and down . . . up and down . . . up and down.

"Just the thing!" said I to the Lovely Lady. "It'll make a perfectly ripping picture. We'll run the car right up in front of the fortifications and take a picture with the machine-guns and the sentry and the flag for a background."

"I wouldn't, if I were you" urged the Lady. "Don't you remember what happened the time you insisted on taking the picture of the Turkish fort?"

"Yes, I know, but that was different" I answered, brushing her objections aside. "These Mexicans won't mind," and, suiting the action to the words, I unlimbered my camera.

But just as I was getting the picture beautifully into focus I was startled by an exclamation from Billie, a scream from the Lady, and the peremptory Spanish for "Halt! Hands up!", accompanied by the ominous click of a breech-bolt. Glancing up I found myself looking squarely into the muzzle of a rifle in the hands of the aforementioned sentry, who was so frantic with excitement that at first glance I thought he was suffering from St. Vitus' dance. His challenge brought the garrison pouring out from behind their earthworks as the ants pour out of a disturbed ant-hill. At their head was a small, very fat, very red-faced officer whose equator was emphasized by a vivid scarlet sash. He was buckling on a huge cavalry saber as he ran and twice it got entangled with his legs and nearly sent him sprawling. In much less time

than it takes to tell it there were so many grimacing, jabbering, threatening little brown men clustered about me that I felt like an unwelcome visitor at the Zoo.

"You are ar-r-r-r-est!" screamed the little officer, waving his arms like busy windmills. "You are one damned gringo spy! You would steal the plans of our fortress! You would betray us to the enemy! You will be tried by court-martial! Tomorrow at daybreak, maybe, perhaps, yes, you will be shot! I hope so, *si, señor!*"

"Now don't be so precipitate" said I soothingly, with as much *savoir faire* as I could muster, for I had dwelt long enough in Latin-American countries to know perfectly well that these little brown men could be exceedingly unpleasant if they chose. "I'm not a spy. Spies don't run up to forts in six-cylinder motor-cars in broad daylight. And you won't arrest me, because if you did the people in Washington would make a fuss and you would all lose your jobs. I'll put up the camera and you tell your men to put up their guns and we'll call it quits. And General, won't you do me the honor of accepting a cigar? Yes, fill your pocket, do. (They were those long, slender Larranagas, which are to all other cigars what Imperial Tokay is to all other wines.) Señor General, I wish you a very good morning." Then I strolled over to the car quite carelessly and got in, having all the time that quavery sensation which runs up and down one's spine when one passes a group of boys who are making snowballs.

"Where to, sir?" inquired Billie.

"To God's country" said I, "and don't mind the speed limit getting there."

"There" said the Lovely Lady, accusingly, "I warned you that you would get into trouble. And you didn't get the picture, either."

"No" I admitted, "I didn't get the picture—but I did get a perfectly bully beginning for the story."

After passing the shanty with the strange-looking revenue flag with vertical stripes which marks the international boundary, we found the road into San Diego lined on either side with scraggy dust-colored eucalyptus trees, between which we caught fleeting glimpses of the orange groves and alfalfa fields which are bringing astounding prosperity to this



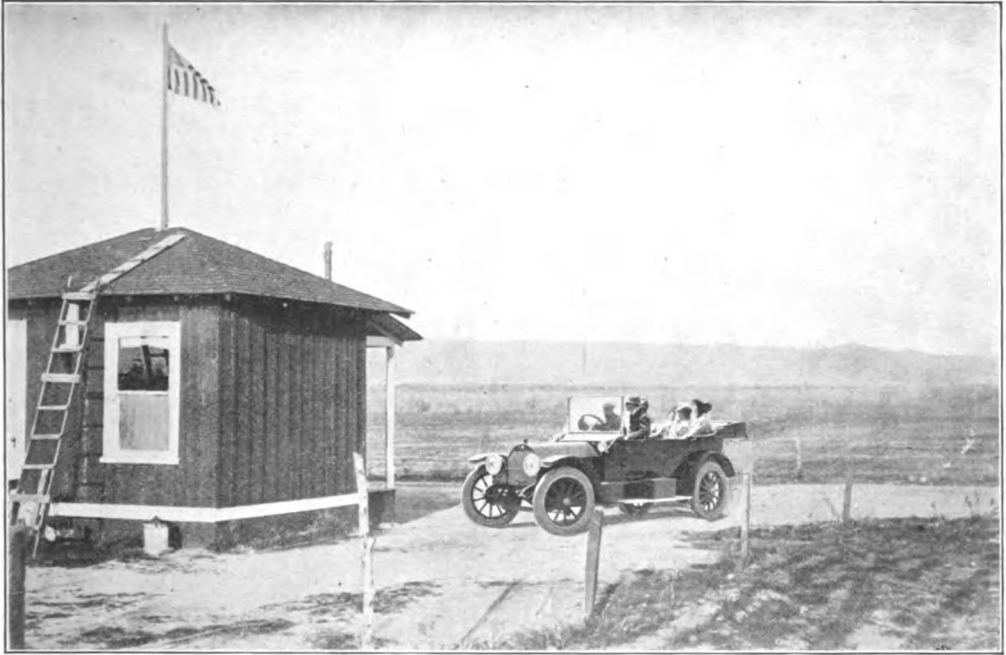
We stopped at San Luis Rey on a golden afternoon when the sunlight, sifted and softened by the branches of ancient olive trees, cast a veil of yellow radiance upon the crumbling weather-worn Mission

one-time desert region. Instead of keeping to the San Diego road, however, we swerved sharply to the west when some five miles out of Tia Juana and followed the breeze-swept ocean-bordered highway which has been built along the sandy shoestring which is the only thing that saves Coronado from being an island.

To understand the peculiar geography of San Diego, and of its joyous little sister Coronado, you must picture in your mind a U-shaped harbor containing twenty square miles of the bluest water you will find anywhere outside a washtub. Spread upon the gently sloping hillsides which form the bottom of the U are the chalk-white buildings and tree-lined, flower-banked boulevards which make San Diego look like one of those imaginary cities which scene painters are so fond of painting for backgrounds of comic operas; the right-hand horn of the U corresponds to the rocky headland known as Point Loma, where Madame Tingley and her disciples of the Universal Brotherhood theosophize under domes of violet glass; and in the very middle of the U, or, in other words, in the middle of San Diego harbor, on an almost-island whose sandy surface has been lawned and flower-bedded and landscaped and gardened into one of the beauty spots of the world, is Coronado. Coronado isn't really an island, you understand, for it is connected with the mainland by a spit of sand a dozen miles long and so narrow that Christy Mathewson could throw an orange across it. There is nothing quite like Coronado anywhere. I can best describe it as a combination of Luxor, Sorrento, Cap Martin and Palm Beach. And then some. It is one of those places where, unless you have on a Panama hat and flannel trousers and white shoes (in the case of ladies I don't insist on the trousers, of course) you feel awkward and ill-dressed and out of the picture. You know the sort of thing I mean. There are miles of curving asphalted parkways, bordered by acres of green-plush lawns, and set down on the lawns are quaint stone-and-shingle bungalows with roses clambering over them, and splendid English mansions of beam-and-plaster, and the most beautiful villas of white stucco with green tiled roofs, which look as if they had been brought over entire from Fiesole or the Lake of Como. Over near the shore is the Polo Club, which does not

confine its activities to polo, as its name would imply, but, like the Sporting Club of Cairo, caters to the golfer and the tennis player and the racing enthusiast as well. Every afternoon during the polo season *tout le monde* goes pouring out to the Polo Club in motors and carriages, on horse-back, on street cars and afoot, to gossip along the side-lines and swagger about in the saddling-paddock and to cheer themselves hoarse when eight young gentlemen in vivid silk shirts and white breeches and tan boots, and hailing from London or New York or Santa Barbara or Honolulu or Calgary, as the case may be, go streaking down the field in a maelstrom of dust and color and waving mallets and flying hoofs. After it is all over, and the colors of the winning team have been hoisted to the top of the flag-staff, and the losers have drunk the health of the victors from a Gargantuan loving-cup, everyone goes piling back to the great hostelry whose red-roofed towers and domes and gables rising above the palm-groves form a picture which is almost Oriental as they silhouette themselves, black, fantastic and alluring, against the kaleidoscopic sunset sky.

There are certain hotels which, because of the surpassing beauty of their situation, or their historic associations, or the traditions connected with them, have come to be looked upon as institutions, rather than as mere caravansaries, which it is the duty of every traveler to see, just as he would see Les Invalides in Paris and the Pantheon in Rome and the Alcazar in Seville, and, if his purse will permit, to stop at. In such a class I put Shepheard's in Cairo, the Danieli in Venice, the Grand in Paris, the Lord Warden at Dover, the Mount Nelson in Cape Town, the Waldorf-Astoria in New York, the Mission Inn at Riverside, the Hotel Del Monte at Monterey and the Hotel del Coronado. It is by no means new, is the Coronado, nor is it particularly up-to-date, and from an architectural standpoint it leaves much to be desired, but it shares with the other famous hotels I have mentioned that indefinable something called "atmosphere" and it stands at one of those crossways where the routes of tourist travel meet. To find anything to equal the brilliant scene for which its great lobby is the stage you will have to go to the East Coast of Florida or Egypt or the Riviera. From New Year's to Easter its spacious corridors



You can invest quite a tidy sum in things you haven't the slightest use for and you can experience all the thrills of a smuggler as, with bulging pockets, you quakingly face the gimlet-eyed customs inspector at the border

and broad verandas are thronged with more interesting types of people than any place I know save only Monte Carlo. Let us sit down for a few minutes, you and the Lovely Lady and I, and watch the passing show. There are slim white-shouldered women whose gowns bespeak the rue de la Paix as unmistakably as though you could read their labels, and other women whose gowns are just as obviously the products of dressmakers in Schenectady and Terre Haute and Sioux City; there are well-groomed young men, well-groomed old men, and over-groomed men of all ages; men bearing famous names and men whose names are notorious rather than famous; there are diplomatists, adventurers, big-game hunters, professional gamblers, polo players, explorers, novelists, mine-owners, bankers, landowners who reckon their acres by the million and cattlemen who count their long-horns by the tens of thousands; there are German counts and French marquises and English earls; there are women of Society, of society, and of near-society; actresses whose features the newspapers and billboards have made as familiar as the faces of Dr. Woodbury and Mr. Gillette, and, mingling with all the rest, plain every-

day folk hailing from pretty much everywhere between Portland, Maine, and Portland, Oregon, and whose money it is, when all is said and done, which makes this sort of thing possible. They come here for rest, so they take pains to assure you, but they are never idle. They bathe in the booming breakers when the people beyond the Sierras are shivering before their bathtubs; they play golf and tennis as regularly as they take their meals; they gallop their ponies madly along the yellow beach in the early morning; they fish off the coast for jewfish and tuna; they take launches across the bay to see the flying men swoop and circle above the army aviation school; they play auction bridge upon the sun-bathed verandas; and after dinner they tango and turkey trot in the big ballroom until the orchestra has to put up its instruments from sheer exhaustion. At Coronado no one ever lets business interfere with pleasure.

"I don't want to go away" said the Lovely Lady. "I like it here. Let's stay."

"I don't want to go either" I agreed unhappily, "but we've got to. We have a car, you know. And that's what a car is for: to keep you moving."

So the next morning saw us waving a

regretful adieu to flower-smothered, sun-kissed Coronado as the steam ferry chugged us across the bright blue bay to San Diego.

I don't know the population of San Diego, because a census taken yesterday would be much too low tomorrow. The San Diegans claim that they arrive at the number of the city's inhabitants by the simple method of having the census enumerators at the trains to count the people who get off. For, as they ingenuously argue, any one who once comes to San Diego never goes away again, unless it be to hurry back home and pack his things.

San Diego's history stretches back into the past for close on four hundred years. Her harbor was the first on all that devious coastline which reaches from Cape San Lucas to the Straits of Juan de Fuca in which a white man's anchor rumbled down and a white man's sails were furled. In her soil were planted the first vine and the first olive tree. The first cross was raised here and the first church built and beneath the palms which were planted by the padres in the valley that lies just back of the hill on which the city sits, the first lessons in Christianity were taught to the primitive people who inhabited this region when the paleface came. Here began that remarkable chain of outposts of the Church which Father Junipero Serra and his indomitable Franciscans stretched northward to Sonoma, six hundred miles away. And here likewise began El Camino Real, the King's Highway, which linked together the one-and-twenty missions and which forms today the longest continuous highway in the world, and, without exaggeration, the most interesting, the most varied, and the most beautiful. And when the motorist hears the road calling, the cities lose their lure. And so, on a winter's sunny morning, when they were selling roses in the plaza of San Diego at ten cents a bunch, and the poor people who dwelt beyond the Sierras' rim were begging their janitors for goodness sake to put on more coal, we told Billie to point the nose of our car northward, and the Lovely Lady and I were off on our journey up the land of Heart's Desire.

As, with engines purring sweet music, the car breasted the summit of the Linda Vista grade, our breath was almost taken away by the startling grandeur of the view which met our eyes. Spread below us, like a map in bas-relief, lay the orchard-covered

plains of California, to the left the Pacific heaved lazily beneath the sun, to the right the snow-crowned Cuyamacas swept grandly up to meet the sky, and before us the beckoning yellow road stretched away away away.

I have never been able to resist the summons of the open road. I always want to find out what is at the other end. It goes somewhere, you see, and I always have the feeling that, far off in the distance, where it swerves suddenly beyond a wood or drops out of sight quite unexpectedly behind a hill or disappears in the depths of a rock-walled canyon, there is something mysterious and magical waiting to be found. About the road there is something primitive and imperishable. Did it ever occur to you that it has been the greatest factor in the making of history, in the spread of Christianity, in the march of progress? Someone has said, and truly, that the rate and direction of human progress has always been determined by the roads of a people. For a time the marvel of modern inventions caused the road to be forgotten. The steamship sailed majestically away in contempt of the road upon the shore and the locomotive sounded its jeering screech at every crossing along its right-of-way. But still the road stayed on. And now the miracle of the motor-car has brought the road into its own again and started us a-journeing, in the latest product of twentieth-century civilization, with the strength of half-a-hundred horses beneath its throbbing hood, up that historic highway which has been traveled in turn by Don Vasquez del Coronado and his train of steel-clad men-at-arms, by Father Serra in his sandals and woolen robe, by Jediah Smith, the first American to find his way across the ranges, by Fremont the Pathfinder, by the Argonauts, by Spanish *caballeros* and Mexican *vaqueros* and American pioneers, by priests afoot and soldiers on horseback and peasants on the backs of burros, by lumbering ox-carts and white-topped prairie schooners and six-horsed Concord stages—and now by automobiles. In El Camino Real is epitomized the history and romance of the West. It is to western America what the Via Appia was to Rome, the Great North Road to England. It has been in turn a trail of torture, a course of conquest, a road of religion, a route to riches, a path of progress, a highway to happiness. He who



The Mission Chapel of San Antonio de Pala is well worth going out of one's way to see because of its picturesque campanile with a cactus sprouting from the top

can traverse it with no thought for anything save the number of miles which his indicator shows and for the comforts of the hotel ahead; who is so lacking in imagination that he cannot see the countless phantom shadows who charge it with their unseen presence; who is incapable of appreciating that in it are all the procession and panorama of the West, had much better stay at home. The only thing that such a person would understand would be a danger sign or a traffic policeman's club.

It is very close to one hundred and forty miles from San Diego to Riverside if you take the route which follows the seashore, via La Jolla and Del Mar, to Oceanside and thence inland by way of Mission San Luis Rey and the mission-chapel of Pala and the Lake of Elsinore. That is the route that we took and, though it is not the shortest, it is incomparably the most interesting. We found by experience that one hundred and forty miles is about as long a day's run as one can make with comfort and still permit of ample time for lunch and to pause at the innumerable places of interest along the way. Once, in the South of France, I motored with a man who had chartered a car by the month with the agreement that he was to be permitted to run two hundred

and fifty kilometres a day. It mattered not how fascinating or historically interesting was the region through which we were passing, we tore through it as if the devil was at our heels. We couldn't stop anywhere, my host explained, because if we did he wouldn't be able to cover the full distance allowed him. Some day, however, I'm going through that same region on a bicycle and see the things that I missed. With highways as smooth as the promenade deck of an ocean liner (and that's what the new state highways of California are like) it's a temptation to be a road-burner, of course, particularly if your car has plenty of power and your driver knows his business. But that sort of thing, particularly in a country so replete with beauties as California, smacks altogether too much of those impossible persons who boast of having "done" the Louvre or the Pitti in an hour. Half the pleasure of motoring, to my way of thinking at least, is in being able to stop whenever and wherever one chooses—and *stop ping*.

There are several charming places between San Diego and Riverside at which to break your journey for luncheon: the Stratford Inn at Del Mar, for example, a gem of a hostelry built on a hillside with a forest of live-oaks at its back and in front

a wonderful beach of the yellowest sand you ever saw; or, a few miles farther up the coast, the quaint Miramar at Oceanside. But the Lovely Lady had a better plan.

"I'm tired of hotel meals" she urged, "and in such a climate as this why should we eat indoors anyway? In Italy we always used to lunch out-of-doors, you know. And this is ever so much lovelier than Italy. So we'll have a lunch put up and the thermos flasks filled with coffee, and when we come to one of those green-grassy places on the bank of a river, we'll eat there. Please?"

"And may I lie on my back on the grass and smoke a cigar and look up at the sky and be just as slow about starting as I want to?"

"Of course" she assented. "That's part of the game, you know. But if we're late getting into Riverside you needn't expect me to go down to dinner. One thing I refuse to do is to go into a hotel dining-room in dusty motor clothes when other women are in evening gowns."

We found just such a spot as the Lady had pictured on the banks of the San Luis Rey river, and when luncheon and cigars were finished we proved our appreciation of the spot in particular and our "public conscience" in general by leaving not a trace of tissue-wrapped sandwiches and stuffed eggs.

Four miles inland from Oceanside is the Mission of San Luis Rey de Francia, which, as its name denotes, is dedicated to St. Louis, King of France. Begun in 1708, completed in 1802, and secularized by the Mexican authorities after the expulsion of the Spaniards, in 1834, this historic mission has once again passed into the hands of the Franciscan Order and is now a college for the training of foreign missionaries. The ruins of the mission—which, thanks to the indefatigable efforts of Father O'Keefe, the priest in charge, are being restored to their original condition as fast as he is able to raise the necessary funds—are among the most picturesque in California. We stopped there on a golden afternoon, when the sunlight, sifted and softened by the branches of the ancient olive trees, cast a veil of yellow radiance upon the crumbling weather-worn façade and filtered through the arches of those cloistered corridors where the cowed and hooded brethren were wont to pace up and down in silent meditation, telling their beads and muttering their prayers.

Nestling in a mountain valley, twenty miles northeast of San Luis Rey, over a road

which is comparatively little traveled and only tolerably smooth, is the *asistencia* or mission-chapel of San Antonio de Pala, which, even though it were not on the road to Riverside, would be well worth going out of one's way to see because of its picturesque campanile, with a cactus sprouting from its top. The chapel, after standing empty for many years, once again has a priest and at sunset the bell in the ancient campanile booms out its mellow summons across the surrounding olive groves and the Indians, just as did their forefathers of Padre Serra's day, come trooping in for evening prayer.

But of all the California missions, from San Diego in the south to Sonoma in the north, the one I like the best is the Mission Miller at Riverside—and any one who has ever stopped there will unhesitatingly agree with me. Its real name, you must understand, is the Mission Inn, and there is no hostelry like it anywhere else in the world. At least I, who am tolerably familiar with more than five-score countries, know of nothing like it. In it Frank Miller, the Master of the Inn, as he loves to be called, has succeeded in commercializing sentiment to a remarkable degree. In other words he has built a great hotel which combines the architectural beauties of the most interesting of the California missions—cloisters, brick-paved corridors, quadrangles, bell-hung campaniles, it has them all—and in such a setting he dispenses much the same genial and personal hospitality which the mission fathers must have dispensed in the days when the travelers along El Camino Real depended on the missions for food and shelter.

We swirled in between the arches of the Mission Inn just as night was falling upon the sea of orange groves which makes the town an island. They were expecting us and we were shown straightway to our rooms. On the table was a basket of fresh-picked oranges; a great bunch of scarlet roses lay upon the dresser. The leaded windows stood open and through them came the subtle scent of orange blossoms. Then, from one of the campaniles above us, a bell began to boom, and then another chimed in, and then another, until the air seemed to reverberate to the pleading, soft-toned, wistful notes of the Angelus. The Lovely Lady crossed the room to the open window and stood looking out into the balmy, tropic night.

"I'm glad I came!" said she.

(In January the Autobirds of Passage will reach Santa Barbara)

THE MAN WHO WON

THE STORY OF A STRUGGLE



By WILLIAM R. LIGHTON
Author of the *Billy Fortune Story*



Illustrated by Arthur Cahill

The basis of this story is the conversion of the desert West into a land of homes. Its fundamental idea is that no land, no matter what the manner or profit of its use, has come to its own until the home has taken root in it—until the home-makers have put their sweat and blood into it, have buried some of their dead in it, have established themselves upon it and become a part of it—not as adventurers, but as home-makers.

The story is laid in Wyoming, in that broad district north of Cheyenne which until recent years was given over wholly to stock-grazing. It begins in the time just preceding the first permanent lodgment gained there by the farmers, before the big ranges began to be broken up. It covers the period of the struggle for possession of the land that was waged between the stockmen and the farmers.

While the author has used rather a free hand in the treatment of the material, it should be said that he has kept very close to actual conditions as he has known them. His people and incidents are the stuff of fiction; but the background and setting and motif are real.

THE CHALLENGE

EVERY night, when supper was over in camp, Squint Wade would get out his accordeon, squat a-straddle the tongue of the sheep-wagon, and begin wheezing away at the one tune he knew. If you asked him, he would tell you the tune's name—"Peace, Sweet Peace." It sounded more like the beginning of hostilities. Age had smitten the instrument, for one thing, sapping the life out of it, and half the keys were so choked with the wind-blown sand that they could do no more than mutter in a sort of gasping death-rattle. The other half might have been better dead. It suited Squint, though. He maintained that his playing soothed the sheep and kept them quiet on the bed-ground—which, if true, would tend to prove that the sheep is indeed a curious animal.

Cass Burdick had come into camp at dusk, in the company of a Kansas City wool-buyer, and in a black humor. That state of mind didn't happen often with him. When it did happen, timid herders were used to treading lightly and speaking softly in his presence. But Squint lacked timidity; or perhaps he was a helpless slave of habit.

Anyway, when supper was over, he brought his accordeon from its hiding place in the wagon, dropped down to his usual seat, slipped his hands into the straps, and squeezed out the disconsolate chord which always began his performance.

Burdick, who stood by the fire making a cigarette, turned with a sour scowl. "Cut that out!" he ordered. As Burdick was general manager of the Weismann Land, Cattle & Sheep Company, and in supreme authority in the camps, Squint's part ought to have been meek obedience. Instead, he smiled blandly up at the manager's frowning face.

"The sheep like it" he explained, and struck into the first bars of his tune. Whereupon Burdick swiftly kicked the accordeon from his hands into the sagebrush; then turned back to his cigarette-making.

Squint ought to have resented that, of course, with a good deal of feeling, with heated words and maybe with swift action. But association with sheep begets an odd spirit. Squint sat quite still on the wagon-tongue, blinking and cracking his knuckles.

"He's an awful impatient man, ain't he?" he remarked to the empty dark; and by and by he got up and went out into the brush to look for his instrument.

That kick illustrated Burdick's way of doing things. He never did anything by finesse or diplomacy. He held his job with the company because of his ability to "bull things through." On the company's range he was boss, and he expected to have that always remembered; but the Weismanns were his bosses, and they expected something of him—results; nothing less. They had made that quite plain to him when they had hired him, several years ago, and the point had been kept quite clearly before him ever since. He was a natural-born result-getter; but he understood only one method—the point-blank, not the round-about or indirect. When he gave orders, they were given point-blank; when he swore, it was plain, point-blank swearing; when he fought—which happened sometimes—it was with his fists. When he didn't want to listen to Squint's tune, he took a point-blank way of stopping it.

There was reason tonight for his abruptness. The spring rains had stopped almost a month ahead of time this year, and already the range was looking parched and sick. Between the time of spring increase in the sheep herds and the time of shearing, it is the duty of the gods to send much rain. Every drop counts in the tale of the year's well-being. If the rains fail, the grass is scant; even the fresh shoots of the sage are short and bitter; and without pasture the herds come to the winter months gaunt and weak, ready for a heavy toll of death. Burdick had come forty miles in the saddle since morning, beneath brassy skies, his narrowed eyes noting the wan hue of the range lands. He knew of no way to bluff the gods into making it rain. As for praying for rain, he would rather have gone without; for isn't prayer a sort of diplomacy? He was no diplomat. And because here was a situation he couldn't help, his mind was troubled.

While he smoked, he sat by the fire, tore a leaf from his worn pocket-notebook and wrote a letter to the senior Weismann at Kansas City. This took but little time:

Dr. Sir—No rain since 28th ult. Grass looks bad. Better arrange to ship marketable wools next thirty days. Answer.

His letters were always models of brevity. Like this one, they were usually written at one of the camps or somewhere in the open. Earlier in the season, with nearly ten thousand ewes under his care, he had reported simply: "Lambing finished this week. Increase, 88 per cent"—a message briefer than a telegram, though it told the whole story of the year's breeding operations in the company's flocks. There was plenty more that he might have said about his days and nights of almost sleepless watchfulness about the corrals and pens; but essay-writing was no part of his duties as he understood them. What the Weismanns wanted was the bare facts.

When his letter was sealed and ready for mailing at the first chance, he dropped it between the leaves of his book and restored the book to his pocket, then felt for a match. The foreman of the camp had finished the evening task of setting out the lanterns around the bed-ground, and now he stood by the fire, waiting for the questions Burdick would be asking presently. He was a lean, active old man, this Scott, upon whose scant-bearded face the years of range life had bred an expression not unlike a wise old ram's. He chewed his tobacco with a short quick jaw-movement like a browsing ram's; when his thoughts were uneasy, this movement betrayed him by its nervous rapidity. He was uneasy now; for he had no cheerful news for Burdick.

"How's the water below?" Burdick asked, after a moment.

Scott spat into the coals, shifting his weight from one foot to the other. "Fair" he answered. "Creek's dryin' in spots, but the holes are mostly fair." Then, as a contribution: "A couple squatters filed on them springs below Iron Hill, day before yesterday. A hundred and sixty apiece. That takes the best summer water there is in this part of the pasture."

Burdick's scowl deepened, but he brooded the news in silence. Squatters! The word stirred a concern that had come to him again and again within the last year. Briefly he made a mental picture of the situation at Iron Hill and of the strategic importance of the squatters' location. He thought he understood. In a dry season, use of that water determined the use of thousands of acres of free range round about. The Brant Sheep & Wool Company ran its herds south of this mountain, dividing the

grazing with the Weismanns by a tacit agreement upon an imaginary line. There was nothing binding, though, in such an understanding. In the last year or two the Brant herds had become too large for their range. With impoverished pastures to be faced this year, beyond a doubt these squatters were Brant hirelings. For months Burdick had intended doing that very thing in the interest of his own company, but putting it off from time to time. He had planned to go to Cheyenne on this trip, locate his homesteaders, and have it off his mind before shearing-time. But he had waited too long; the Brants had forestalled him. So he reasoned, with the logic of the sheep country.

"There's two of 'em" Scott volunteered further. "They're campin' down there now, gettin' out logs and posts. One of 'em's got a tent. And he's got his family with him—a couple women and a growed boy. The boy was startin' plowin' this mornin'. That's the word I got from Steve Brainard, when he went past this noon."

Burdick made an inarticulate sound in his throat, then shut his teeth upon what he might have intended saying. It was not his way to discuss affairs with his men. He would ask pointed questions, get at the facts he wanted, and keep his own counsel. Particularly he was not disposed to open his mind in the presence of a stranger. The wool-buyer, he knew well enough, was scavenging the sheep-country for scraps of news that would be passed along minutely to his principals, news that might be used in beating down the range price of wool, after shearing-time. Glancing askance at him, Burdick saw that, though he lounged carelessly cross-legged, he was listening intently.

"Lambs doing well?" Burdick asked of Scott.

"Fair" Scott said. Under the best of conditions, the old man indulged no extravagant enthusiasms; sun and wind and weather had dried those all out of him, long ago. "We've been losin' a right few ewes with the coyotes, and there ain't hardly been time to fuss with gettin' their lambs adopted. We've been movin' too steady, this last week."

"Let that go" Burdick returned. "Keep moving. I want this band to get in first. You ought to have 'em at the shearing pens by this time next week. Heard from Num-

ber Three Camp? How's grass over there? Any better than here?"

"It's worse" said Scott. "Awful poor. Grazed too close last year. You'll likely have to divide that bunch, if you don't want 'em to keep shiftin' camp every day or so."

The wool-buyer moved lazily, seizing the chance to slip in a depressing comment. "There'll be lots of little bands dumped, this next month. It's going to shoot prices all to pieces. I look for wool to go a couple cents off in a couple weeks. Up Sundance way there's some tolerable big bunches goin' to be cleaned out. They're quittin'. It's discouragin', ain't it?"

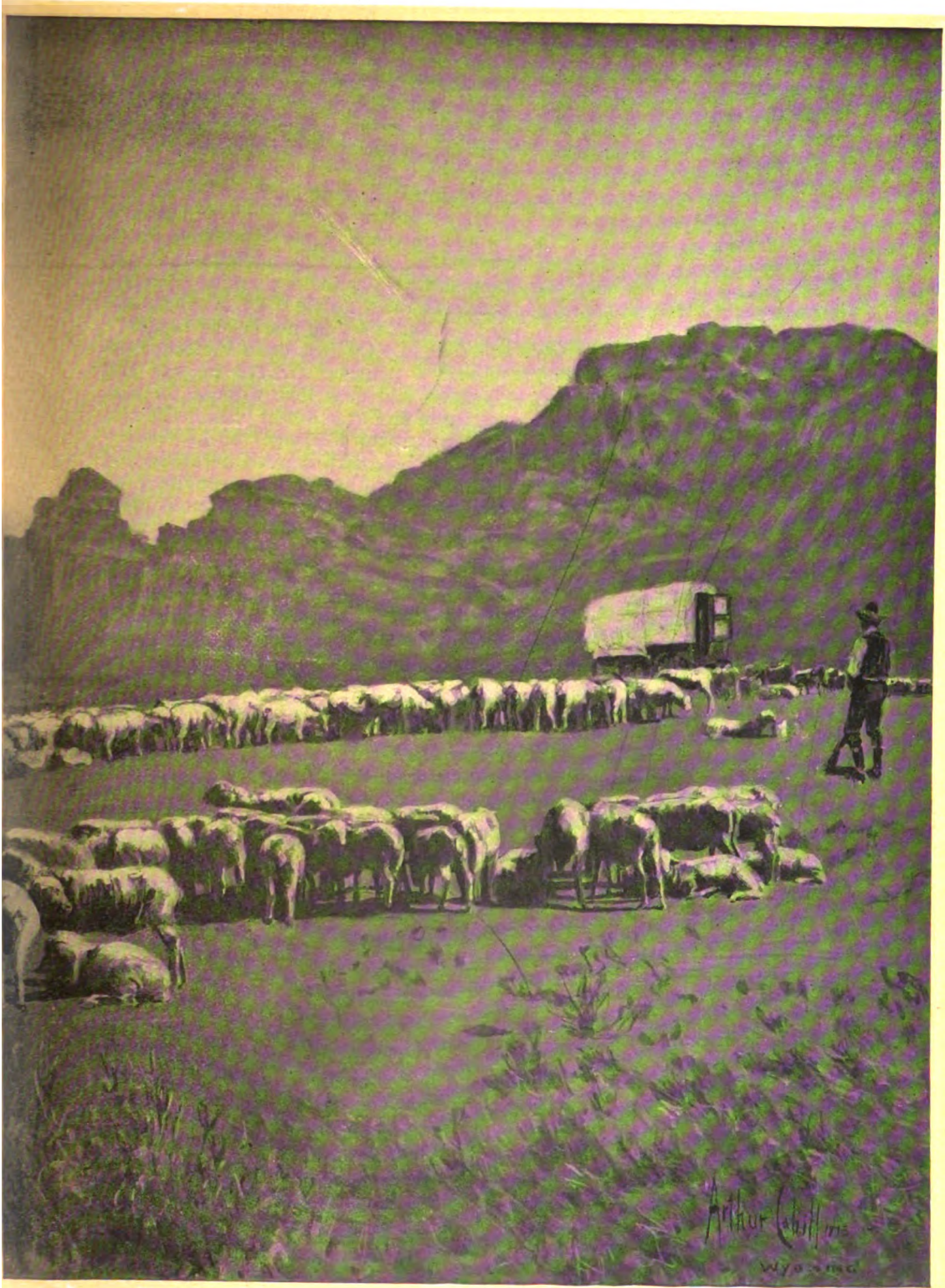
"The more the better" Burdick countered. "High wool next year, then. We'll hold ours. So will most of the big outfits. You fellows won't get any cheap wool to speak of."

He got abruptly to his feet and walked out from the camp, his practiced senses alert. The south wind, drifting slowly across wide miles of desert expanse, was warm and dry upon his face. To the touch of his hand the sagebrush betrayed no dewy coolness. The stars shone feebly through a summery dust-haze. He had hoped for a good year; for it had been pretty well understood at the end of last season that the right sort of showing this year would make him a partner. He wanted that. The role of hired man, no matter what his pay, was not to his liking. It was to be endured for a time only because it would lead, by and by, to better fortune and to power. That was what he dreamed of, desired, coveted with all his strength, and meant to win, some time: a place of power amongst men—not the negative sort that attends on wealth, but the compelling, dominating power that he knew was native to him.

Already he had proved it, after a fashion. Five years before, not yet twenty-five years old, he had come to Wyoming on foot, penniless, an unnoted bit of human drift, finding work as he could, here and there. Where he came from and what he had been or done he kept to himself. He was no mixer, and so never a favorite with the range hands. Whether in camp or town he took no share in the jocund adventures by which this half-wild bachelor brotherhood now and then relieved the stress of its working days. Sometimes he drank with them moderately,



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but he always stopped short of excess of any sort; and, after the first few months, it was known that he always had a bit of money handy. He got on with the other men chiefly because even those who liked him least could borrow from him on occasion. It was not dollar-meanness that held him apart from them. He was of another stripe than they, with his head set upon other things. They got their satisfaction with life from the happy-go-lucky adventures of day to day; he from his brooding upon his plans for the long years. He and his crew hadn't much in common.

From the time when he got his first job in the new country, all the energy he had was given to a mastery of the life and work. He set himself to know the sheep business thoroughly. Soon after his arrival in Wyoming, the Weismann interests bought out, consolidated and reorganized a number of lesser holdings, and then Burdick had found work as a herder in one of the camps. Six months later he was made camp foreman; by the end of the first year he had general oversight of the half-dozen flocks scattered over the Weismann range; and then, by a sort of inevitableness, he gained the title and place of manager. Then the two younger Weismanns, who had been in charge upon the ground, had left this isolation for the livelier scenes back home. Only at rare intervals thereafter did Burdick see any of the owners of the great interests in his care. Though much was demanded of him he was trusted implicitly, not only for the proved integrity of his accountings, but still more because of his shrewd capacity.

Yet he was not satisfied, nor would he ever be as a subordinate man. All through the months of the last winter his mind had dwelt upon the half-given pledge of his superiors. Nor did he mean to stop when he had realized that promise. That would be only the beginning. He had been planning, planning, not in terms of mere vanity, but clearly, strongly, solidly. One day he meant to speak with authority, not in the interest of others, but for himself. Nothing of what he saw in his visions was too ambitious to daunt him. He did not stop at the vision of himself as governor of the state. At any rate, he meant to be rich, strong, powerful.

And now there might be a year's delay, unless belated rains would come to freshen the browning grass. He could find no least

rain-sign in the night. It wasn't likely that the Weismanns would willingly accept explanations, however clever or well founded. He did not want to offer excuses, but only performance; and large performance this year began to appear impossible. If it would only rain!

Presently he went back to the fire and sat down, getting out his papers and tobacco for another cigarette, then stretching out on the ground to ease his muscles that had been stiffened by the day's ride. Relaxed, there was about his big body an appearance of loose bulk that did not belong to him at other times. On foot or in the saddle he showed a massive strength in legs and shoulders and neck, but without the suggestion of an ounce out of place. His face gave accent to the vigor of his body—bold-featured, dark-skinned naturally and weather-tanned by years of exposure in all seasons. It was a face full of forcefulness coupled with grim restraint. Some of its lines hinted at brutality, but this was somehow subtly redeemed by his eyes. They were good eyes; gray, clear, direct, fearless, with a trick of softening unexpectedly at times when humor appealed to him, and when another man would have laughed with his lips.

There was that gleam of light in his eyes now as he glanced at Squint Wade. The herder had recovered his beloved accordion and sat upon the wagon-tongue, holding it on his knee, turning it over and over, tenderly, anxiously.

"Did I break it, Squint?" Burdick asked.

"You kicked hell out of it" Squint returned with an air of melancholy reproach.

The glint in Burdick's eyes brightened. "Is that what was in it?" he said. "I've often wondered." Then, after a moment: "Get yourself a new one, Squint. I'll pay for it."

In the morning, on his way to Number Three Camp, Burdick turned aside from the trail to ride down to Iron Hill. The more he had thought overnight of the squatters' occupation of this point, the more it had disturbed him. He wanted another and a more careful look at the situation, to see just what this change might mean.

What he saw was not reassuring. There were three of these springs, closely grouped, issuing in a strong, unflinching flow from the

face of a sheer ledge of rock at the eastern foot of the hill, their waters uniting to form a deep pool at the rock's base. In times of abundant rains the pool overflowed, sending a small stream meandering through a channel it had worn for itself in the sand. The pool was always full, but the stream did not run in dry weather; in the best of times its waters sank beneath the sand at something over a mile from the source. From the hill side, the cliff rendered access to springs and pool impossible; but on the eastward side the ground lay almost level as a floor, grown with huge cottonwoods over a space of twenty acres. The grove had been an ideal noontime resting place for the herds in summer; and in the driest times the grass hereabouts, fed by abundant seepage, was luxuriant. Altogether, possession of this spot was invaluable. Looking at it now, Burdick cursed himself heartily for having been so complacent, for having delayed so long in insuring control for the company's use.

The homesteaders' camp was pitched at the edge of the grove, beside the pool. Plainly, these men had been busy in their first days on the land. Near the camp was a pile of freshly hewn logs, the beginning of a supply for house-building. Above the pool, abutting against the foot of the cliff, a line of new fence posts lay along the ground, ready for setting. For a quarter-mile the line ran eastward, then turned to the south. The new-comers had taken fullest advantage of their rights. Three hundred and twenty acres, in a quarter-mile-wide strip, would be two miles long. Their fence would shut the water in completely, even in those times when the little stream carried its fullest volume. A man was at work with a plow, a short distance across the flat. Burdick rode over to join him, curious to see what manner of men he might have to deal with. Evidently this was the "growed boy" Scott had told of. He was about twenty years old, tall and slender, moving with a lithe sort of strength that bespoke long training in guiding a plow-team. His face was full of the charm that belongs to the middle ground between boyhood and first maturity, its expression lively with good humor, lips and eyes ready to break easily into laughter; yet there was besides an elusive suggestion of a manlike sense of responsibility, untried, elastic, equal to great things.

He stopped his horses at Burdick's approach and stood waiting, pushing back his hat, wiping the sweat from his wide smooth forehead.

"Hello!" he laughed with frank friendliness, his eyes openly appraising. Burdick glanced from him to the zigzag furrow drawn by the plow and to the line of stakes running ahead. The lad answered the unspoken question. "Trying to run a ditch level" he said. "It's a poor way, without instruments; but we had to make this do for now. Dad's going to put in a patch of alfalfa here, and some garden truck nearer the house. It looks funny to me, after working all my life on the black prairies."

"Where do you come from?" Burdick asked briefly.

"Iowa" the boy answered. "Dad thought land was too high back there. He thought he'd try something different. This is sure different. I guess we'll like it, though, when we get used to it some. Dad's going to run cattle on the range around here. It looks like mighty poor pasture to me; but they say this grass carries 'em, if you've got water. Dad's starting with fifty cows, till he sees how they do and how much alfalfa he can raise for wintering 'em. He figures he can get in pretty near forty acres under this ditch, if the water holds out as good as it looks."

He needed no questioning to make him talk. Burdick listened with his thoughts readjusting themselves to what the boy said. Apparently he had been mistaken in his quick suspicion that these were Brant men, put here for a sinister purpose. If the boy was telling the truth they were but ordinary homesteaders, adventuring on their own account. This aspect of things gave Burdick a sense of relief. If the worst should develop, it would be far easier to deal with private claimants than with a powerful rival company. Within the last year he had had pretty fair luck in getting rid of such folk, who had come in and tried to settle on the land, without prestige or backing. These little fellows—fence-stringers and truck-patch men, these farmers with their home-making notions, were held in a profound contempt on the wide range. They were looked upon as mere trifling disturbers of the established order. The powers of the established order conceded them no rights; they were but troublesome pests, to be swept out of the way by any

means at hand. This had offered no particular difficulties heretofore. There had been no protest louder than a murmur; and a murmur couldn't be heard far through those big empty spaces.

A far halloo, was borne from the camp, and the boy moved alertly to loosen his team from the plow. "That's dinner" he said. "Don't it beat all how far you can hear 'em calling it, when you're hungry? Come on and get some. The folks'll be mighty glad to have somebody drop in. That's one thing—we're going to be mighty lonesome for neighbors, in this country, with nobody living nearer than seven miles. Back home we had 'em thick. We brought one of 'em along with us—him and his wife. He and Dad are throwing in together with this cattle business. He's a good chap; but we're certainly going to miss some of the rest of 'em."

The appearance of things about the camp was out of the common. Plainly these people were in better circumstances than most of the wanderers who drifted into the country from time to time. A homelike air was about the big tent, and the ground around had been cleared of wild litter over a wide space that had been made into a big, clean, outdoor living room. Here the table was spread for dinner. A middle-aged woman, ample of figure, was bustling between table and camp-fire. At a little distance, in the dense shade of a low-branched cottonwood, a man was feeding his work-team. He came up to greet the guest—a stalwart, straight-backed, ruddy-faced man of fifty. It needed no introduction to tell that he was the father of the plow-boy. Years had hardly tempered the laughing good-nature in his eyes, hardly drawn a line upon his full forehead.

"Dad," the boy said, "I've brought company. This is Mr.—my word! I don't know his name myself, yet. He'll have to tell it."

"Burdick" Cass supplied briefly.

"Burdick?" the older man echoed. "Burdick!" He seemed to ponder the name for a moment. "Oh, yes—Burdick—I know, now! I thought I'd heard it before. Well, mine's Carson. You're welcome. Bob, better hurry with your feeding. Take Mr. Burdick's horse too. Have a seat here, till mother gets ready for us." He settled himself in one of the big chairs that stood about, stretching out his big legs. "Warm,

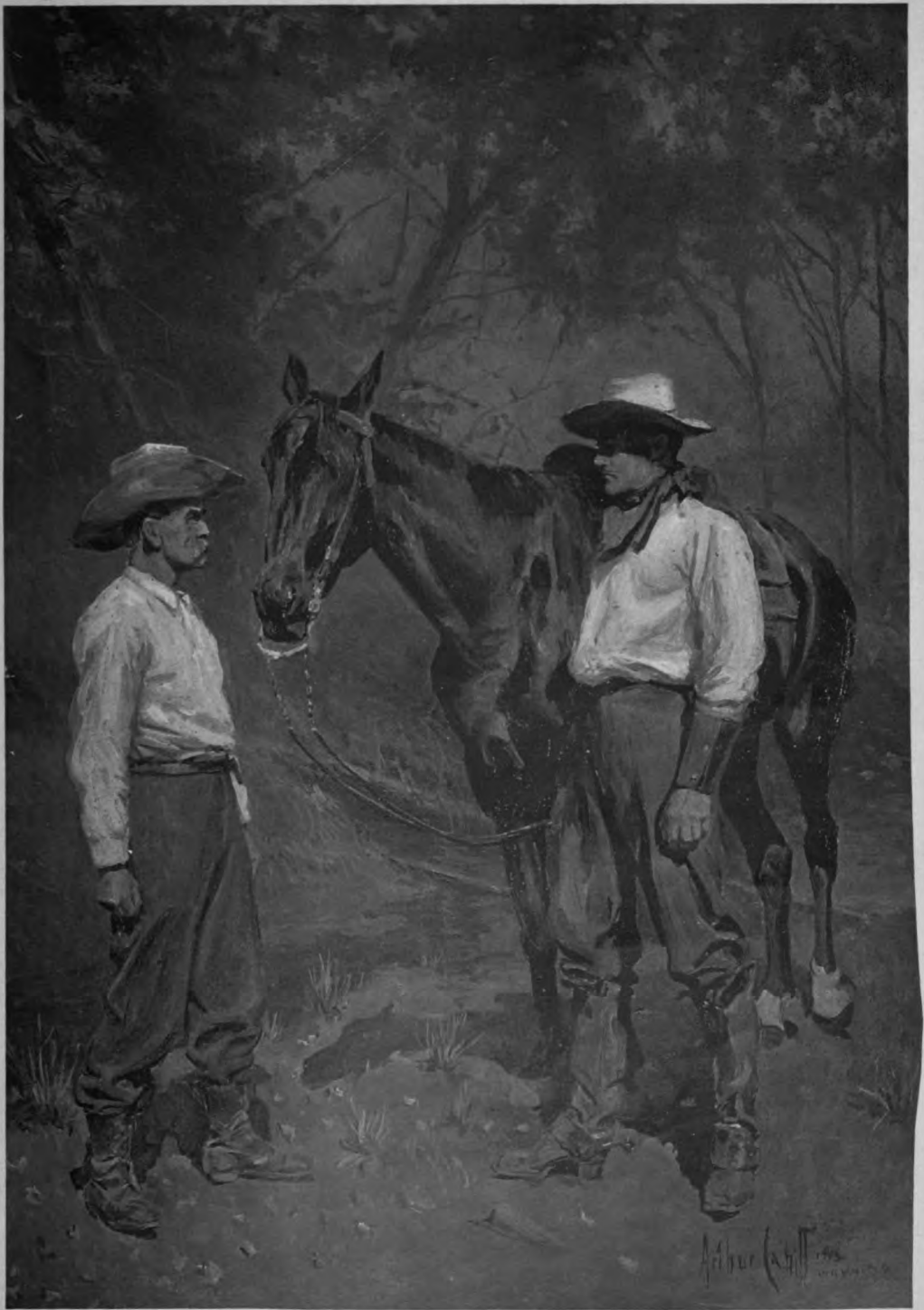
ain't it? A man don't seem to mind it so much, though, working out in the sun, as where we came from. Because it's drier, I reckon. Air's lighter, too." He had his son's habit of talking freely, rather aimlessly. His talk demanded nothing of Burdick until the lad had finished his task and joined them, his brown face freshened by a hasty toilet at the edge of the pool. He seated himself upon the ground at his father's side, laying his hand upon the older man's arm with a frank caress. The father turned to look down at him, smiling, with a fondness no less frank.

"Well, son," he said, "how do you come on with your job?"

"First-rate! I want you to come out and look at it, before night. I'll have it ready to set sticks for the laterals by noon tomorrow, unless you want me to go ahead with the ditch-digging." He interrupted himself with a short, low laugh. "Look at Sis! Ribbons! And she's changed her dress!" He glanced at Burdick, smiling. "I guess that's for you. Ain't a girl funny?"

Burdick had needed no bidding to look at the girl who had joined her mother in setting dinner upon the table. Instantly she attracted him, and strongly. His attitude toward women had been one of the things that had made him a puzzle to the other men on the range; they had been much like his other relations with life, marked by a large reticence on his part, contained, controlled. He had had no headlong affairs, carried on after the manner of his range-mates. On that account they had set him down as indifferent, maybe something of a woman-scorner. He was anything but that. Nothing like a passing flash of light sentiment seemed possible to him. None of his emotions were fitful. His regard for all attractive women was intensely masculine, fundamental, deep-rooted, all the stronger because it did not find ready expression—at its strongest when the woman was distinctly feminine, as Carson's daughter was.

She appeared to be two or three years older than her brother, with a full physical maturity in form and poise which a man rarely attains in his early twenties. She was almost as tall as the boy, and slender, yet of soft, flowing outline; her carriage firm, self-possessed, reliant, yet all womanly. She had beauty, too—the beauty of vivid health and delight in life—a positive charm,



"When it has come to a show-down with others, we have always won" said the younger man pointedly

rather than mere negative prettiness. If she had made a toilet on the guest's account, she seemed quite unconscious of him as she went about her work quickly, quietly.

"Well," Carson said presently, at a sign from his wife, "I guess they're ready for us. Come up. It's canned stuff, mostly; but we brought our own hams and bacon from home, back in Iowa, and some of mother's preserves and truck. Mother, this is Mr. Burdick, one of the sheep company's men."

She offered a warm comfortable hand in friendly greeting, murmuring an inarticulate word or two, in the manner of one to whom a meeting with a stranger was an ordeal. But her eyes said what her tongue could not. They were kindly eyes, and shrewd too; eyes trained to see clearly and to judge fairly, with a leaning toward mercy. There was no embarrassment in the welcoming look she gave Burdick. In a moment she included the girl in the introduction.

"My daughter, Janet, Mr. Burdick" she said.

The girl stood across the table from him. She did not try to offer her hand; she acknowledged the introduction only by an inclination of her head and a quiet echo of his name. That was all the others might have seen or heard; but her glance met his in a quick give-and-take of inquiry. Her look was neither shy nor bold, but searching, curious; there was in it nothing like self-consciousness, but that primal sex-consciousness which flames inextinguishably in the eyes of Youth, seeking, challenging, elusive, defying the commonplaces of understanding. In that flash of time, Burdick made up his mind that he would know this girl better.

She seated herself calmly and turned to speak a smiling word to her brother at her side, rallying him upon his impatient appetite; for he was already in his place. The other men too were hungry, and there was no time lost in empty formality. Carson, at the head of the table, began serving the plates generously.

"This is the way it ought to be" he said whimsically, as he passed Burdick his portion. "Enemies ought to act as friendly as they can, instead of being just hostile strangers to each other. I reckon you'll be looking on us as enemies of yours, Burdick, more or less, since we've set ourselves

down inside your lines. That's what they told me at Cheyenne, anyway."

Burdick looked at the man a bit uneasily. He knew, then, though he essayed to treat the situation lightly. Or did he understand fully? Most likely not, since he could jest about it before the women. Burdick parried, with an attempt at a kindred lightness.

"Yes, we're against you. But we can't fight it out with table knives. We'll call this a truce. You have an amiable way of treating spies. I'd better own up that I came down here just to spy on you."

Carson seemed to take the remark as a mere pleasantry, letting it pass without retort, turning vigorous attention to his dinner. Bob chuckled over his heaped plate.

"We're certainly going to do things with your water. They told us at Cheyenne that you wouldn't care so much about a few acres of land, but that you'd make a fuss about the water. That seems funny, coming from Iowa. I didn't believe it, till I got to riding around the country here a little and seeing how things are. How far is it to the next water?"

"Six miles" Burdick answered quietly. "And that isn't permanent. Yes, water's worth something, out here. It's hard for us to get used to the idea of having a spring like this turned into a plaything. That's the way we look at you, you know. We think you homesteaders are only children playing a foolish game. We think we're making the only possible permanent use of this country."

"But you're not!" It was the girl who broke in suddenly, unexpectedly. "Life isn't permanent anywhere until the people build homes. You've left out the real home-building. The homes here are only makeshifts."

Burdick turned to her with quickened interest and their eyes met. She seemed a bit startled by her own downright speech; the color was high upon her cheeks. Burdick noted with half-conscious pleasure that her skin was of that brilliant blonde type which seems immune to sun-browning, its delicate flush sensitive to every emotion. Her eyes too were changeful as the lights in limpid water, responsive to her thoughts. Burdick smiled at her, but there was no answering smile. She had spoken earnestly.

"Do you think so?" he queried. He obeyed an impulse to provoke her into further speech. "That's the woman's way of thinking of it, of course, since the woman makes herself felt in the home, more than she's able to anywhere else. But it doesn't strike her that her way of looking at it may be a little bit one-sided."

He was speaking with broad good humor, with light raillery—not as if he were announcing a conviction, but rather as if he were issuing a challenge. She accepted the challenge with spirit.

"And your man's part—that isn't one-sided! What have you done, you men, apart from the home?"

"Well," he laughed, "there were the tribes of Israel, for instance—flock-tenders and wanderers, but a pretty fair lot. They got results and left their mark."

"Theirs was necessity; this isn't" she declared stoutly. "And they were always dreaming of something better than wandering—something enduring. They built temples to permanence, when they could. We build homes instead, when we can. Ours is the better way."

He laughed outright at the picture conjured by her idea and his knowledge of the wide spaces. "Vine-covered cottages and rose-gardens, out here in these yellow wastes!" he said. "Can you really imagine it?"

"We can do better than that" she returned. "We mean to build one here."

He would not permit himself to take this over-seriously. There would be time for seriousness later. "Don't think me just a profane scoffer at the home idea" he said. "But it seems to me such a hopeless job here. I shall want to come by, once in a while, if I may, and look on at what you're trying to do."

Bob had appeased his appetite so far as to let him put in a brief word. "You'll find something doing, all the time—won't he, Sis?"

The girl seemed to have dropped out of the talk, though; she left it entirely to the men thereafter. Carson asked questions freely about the country and its life, and Burdick answered as he could, not too frankly. Frankness was left until the moment of his leave-taking with Carson, when he had said good-by to the women and was ready to mount for his afternoon's ride. Then he and Carson stood apart

from the others, and the older man spoke plainly.

"Look here" he said, "there's no reason that I can see why we shouldn't have an understanding about this thing. You don't welcome folks like us. I know that. That's fair enough. But I've been told that you stockmen go farther than that, sometimes, with us settlers. They tell me your men have made it mighty unpleasant for other settlers, till they drove 'em away. How about it? You can talk plain to me, if you want to."

Burdick was not one to mince words, if he chose to talk at all. "Well," he said brusquely, "since you ask, I'll tell you you're not welcome on our range. That's true. Your fencing in this water would cut us out of grazing a lot of this land, for the whole summer, till the fall rains come. We need all the range we have; we're badly crowded as it is. Naturally, we don't want you here."

Carson's jovial face grew grimly intent as he listened. "Yes?" he returned. "And about the other part—about trying to get rid of us? You can't do it legally. Our entry gives us just what we're taking. You haven't any title to this land we've entered. You haven't any rights at all, except what you've preëmpted. We've got the law with us."

Burdick smiled in faint amusement at such innocent ingenuousness. "Public sentiment is with us" he said, "and public sentiment goes behind the law, sometimes, out here. It's different from Iowa."

"Well," Carson prompted, "what are you going to do about it?"

Burdick answered just as bluntly: "I hope we shan't have to do anything; but you can understand that we won't give up this water without a struggle with you for it. I hope it won't have to come to a show-down."

"But if it does?" Carson persisted.

"When it has come to a show-down with the others, we've always won" Burdick answered pointedly.

A slow red had come into Carson's face, mounting to the very roots of his hair. He took his time about answering this lightly veiled threat, as though he did not want to answer angrily. "That's ugly talk" he said by and by. "I don't like it. It sounds like bluff to me. So it is. The only way you're holding your free range is

by bluffing other folks into letting it alone. That's all right, if the other folks will stand for it. But I won't. I come of a long line of men who have been stayers, and I'm going to stay with that record. I'm going to stay here. I'm not hunting trouble, but I'm not running away from it either. If we're going to have trouble, we'll have it right here." He broke off with a short laugh. "Well! This isn't exactly hospitable talk, on your first visit. I'm not trying to make an enemy of you. I like friends better. But maybe it's

better that we understand how the thing stands, on both sides, right from the jump."

Burdick swung into the saddle and picked up his rein, nodding in agreement. "Yes, I think so. Really, Carson, I think you'd do well to pick another place, where you won't have to go against any of these strong interests. You ought to be able to find plenty of places, if you'll look."

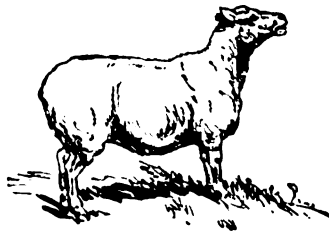
Carson shook his head stubbornly. "I won't look for another place" he said stubbornly. "This suits me. I'm going to stay right here, in this very spot."

The next instalment of "The Man Who Won," entitled "Billy Fortune Enlists," will appear in the January number.

THE SHEEP-HERDER

By MARGARET ASHMUN

Where white the moonlight down the mountain spills
 Its liquid glory, sits the herdsman, bowed
 And still—a dumb, dark figure in a crowd
 Of gray uneasy forms; about him shrills
 A stupid cry; incessantly it fills
 His brain and soul, and, terribly endowed
 With force to torture, echoes keen and loud
 Through the insentient vastness of the hills.
 Ever that cry. So has it quavered days
 And nights now countless. Dully brooding here
 While that gray bleating mass before him sways
 And some relentless woe comes stealing near,
 His anguished spirit gropes a thickening maze,
 And hurls to heaven a wordless call of fear.





At first he had been an almost daily diner, coming alone. Then for a while he had brought a companion with him, a girl of about nineteen

CHEZ GRÉVÉ

An Adventure of Anastasius

By G. SIDNEY PATERNOSTER

Illustrated by Arthur Cahill

THOSE who have not followed the adventures of Anastasius in the city of London and marked his progress from the position of confidential clerk to Mr. Solomon Isaacs, bucket-shopkeeper, to the proud position of head of the firm of Wilberforce, Wilkes & Washington with a five-figure balance at his bankers and scrip standing to his name, which at face value would add up to six figures, will not readily understand why that diverting and tantalizing bundle of everything feminine, Miss Moya Marston, should have at last obsessed his thoughts to the exclusion of

everything else. But the fact remains. Under his eyes the pert and amusing flapper had grown her feathers, and flapping no more, had flown straight away into the empyrean, where in one pair of male eyes at least the thing feminine is always sure of being reckoned amongst the angels. In other words, Anastasius was in love, and perusal of his bank-book did nothing to console him.

There had come to Anastasius the time which arrives in the life of every man, the time when he succumbs to this endemic disease. It is like measles inasmuch as it

treats children better than adults. Best it is to take the sickness in the twenties, good for the patient if he gets it while in the thirties, in the forties unfavorable symptoms may be looked for, the diagnosis is bad in the fifties, and in the sixties there is no hope. Lucky for Anastasius, therefore, that he got it while still in the twenties.

To be precise, he was twenty-five and nineteen days when he recognized the symptoms, and admitted having caught the complaint.

Anastasius was always ready to admit facts, as the little book with red imitation-morocco covers which he carried in the breast pocket of his coat was always ready to testify. The entry therein which recorded this most important discovery could not have conveyed any particular meaning, however, to any casual eye which happened to glance upon it. Merely, it stated "The half is necessary to the whole," a piece of philosophy so banal that it was quite sufficient to demonstrate that Anastasius' mind was not functioning in its normal manner. However, there it was, and there it remains, a standing witness to the fact as recorded by Anastasius elsewhere that "The star gazer inevitably tumbles into the ditch of the commonplace."

But unoriginal though the observation may be, the incident which prompted it was not such as is likely to happen to any man whose senses are not attuned to romance. Of that, however, everyone may judge for himself.

It began at Grévé's, that inestimably useful little restaurant in Soho, where young men and women whose heads and hearts were much fuller of aspirations than their pockets of money, and, elderly men whose hearts, heads and pockets were equally poorly furnished, foregathered to dine at the cost of an expenditure which by careful selection from the menu could be so compassed as to leave a penny out of the shilling with which to tip the waiter.

What, it may be asked, was Anastasius Yorke doing there when the savory meals of the Carlton and the choice wines of the Savoy were as easily attainable?

The answer is merely that Anastasius was Anastasius. At Grévé's had come to him inspirations which had set him on the road to wealth. At Grévé's he was still a young man with aspirations, licensed to express absurd opinions upon any subject.

At Grévé's he was unknown, without responsibilities, free to follow his own preoccupations or not, as he chose, and with a certainty of finding, if he desired it, companionship which none of the temples of Lucullus could offer. His bank-book was locked away in his safe in the city, and not one of Grévé's habitués ever penetrated further east than Fleet street. Anastasius could, if he so desired, play the part of a city Haroun-al-Raschid without the faintest chance of detection. Not that he ever felt such desire, and his object in choosing Grévé's for his evening meal on this particular Christmas eve was chiefly due to the determination that afterward he would straightway return to the comfortable arm-chair and the cheerful fire in his own rooms and the luxury of a novel. Consequently it was quite early when he passed over the grating from which an odor compound of coffee, boiling oil, fish and onions, steamed up from an underground kitchen, and attained the entrance to Grévé's.

But early as it was, Grévé's was awake, though its lights blinked sleepily at the fading daylight, and the long room which Anastasius entered looked cheerless enough with its rows of empty tables, the meager display of cutlery barely furnishing the white-spread table-cloths.

Nor was Anastasius the only customer. Hanging his hat on a peg at the far corner of the room was a man whom Anastasius had frequently seen there before.

He was a young man, within a year, more or less, of Anastasius' own age. More—he was a young man with an undeniable claim to good looks—clean-cut features, blue eyes, and a crinkle in his well-brushed hair of reddish gold which could easily have been persuaded to coil up into curls. Anastasius had seen him at Grévé's at intervals for some twelve months or more; had sometimes sat at the same table and discussed the drama with him. Then he had learned that Seymour Earle was an actor, one of the many actors whose presence at Grévé's indicated that they were more frequently resting than acting.

At first he had been an almost daily diner, coming alone. Then for a while he had brought a companion with him, a girl of eighteen or nineteen, with pathetic dark eyes and an impressionist mouth, and in those times Earle had always found a table for two. Later his visits had grown rarer



He thrust his hands into his pockets, sunk his chin in the opening of his waistcoat, and relapsed into moody reverie

and rarer, and for three months Anastasius had not seen him at all.

Anastasius deposited his coat and hat on an adjoining peg, and as he did so remarked: "Hullo, Earle, expecting anybody? May I join you?"

"I'm alone tonight" was the reply. The answer was not very gracious. "Hungry" thought Anastasius as he took his seat opposite Earle and raised his eyes to the actor's face.

He was astonished at the change which had taken place since last they had met. Earle had been a nice fresh-colored boy. Now the face Anastasius looked into was lean and gray and furrowed, the face of a man who has wrestled with trouble and been thrown in the encounter.

"Been ill, old chap?" queried Anastasius. He could give his voice a very kindly inflection when he chose.

Earle muttered something to the menu

which he picked up, and a dull flush gathered on his forehead and as quickly faded. He looked up and saw Anastasius still looking at him.

"D— you!" he said savagely. "If you want to stare at me, go and pay your bob in the gallery."

But the ebullition passed as quickly as it had come. "Sorry," he continued, "I didn't mean that. I'm worried."

He dropped the menu, put his elbows on the table, and resting his chin on his hands said slowly: "Have you ever come to a place in your life, Yorke, where you know that if you can only make good what you know is in you, the way is open to the future you have dreamed of, and yet you feel absolutely certain that you have not the power to take advantage of the opportunity?"

A waiter stopped at the table. Earle looked up. "*Pot-au-feu*" he ordered.

"We will discuss the proposition as we dine," said Anastasius, "on the condition that I pay for dinner."

He turned to the waiter without waiting for reply.

"Louis, we will commence with oysters, not those you keep on the premises, the undesirable aliens which have evaded the eye of the immigration officer. But a dozen of the natives from the shop over the way."

"*Oui, M'sieu*" said the waiter.

Anastasius looked at the menu. "We will dispense with the soup, Louis. It has no body. Grilled soles—an *entrecote*—quails: are you sure they are quails, Louis?"

"*Mais, certainement, M'sieu je—*"

"No matter so long as they are plump, and send the wine-waiter, Louis."

Anastasius turned to Earle as the waiter drifted away. "What's the trouble?" he asked.

The actor groaned. "I should only weary you" he said listlessly.

"It will make me ever so much more tired if I have to drag it out of you bit by bit" replied Anastasius briskly.

Earle sat up: "Suppose I refuse to answer?"

Anastasius laughed. "A bargain's a bargain. You share my dinner. I share your trouble. Good for both of us."

Earle smiled. For a moment the furrows disappeared from his brow.

"You're a good fellow, Yorke, and I'm not sure you haven't done me good already. But it won't last. I'm half inclined to end it now. If it were not for—yet, perhaps it would be better for her."

He thrust his hands into his pockets, sunk his chin in the opening of his waistcoat, and relapsed into moody reverie.

Anastasius said nothing more to his companion until after a whispered colloquy with the wine-waiter. By that time the oysters were on the table.

"Where are you playing?" asked Anastasius.

"Been for a week at the Pygmalion" replied Earle. He lifted an oyster and laid it down again to answer, and Anastasius seeing the restraint made a mental comment to the effect that "appetite is more difficult to conquer than a kingdom."

He forebore to speak again until the oysters had disappeared and had been succeeded by the soles. Then the wine-waiter appeared and filled two glasses with a bur-

gundy whose aroma but rarely escaped into the mixed atmosphere of Grévé's.

"No," said Earle, "I mustn't: I'm afraid."

"Why?" asked Anastasius.

Earle set his lips.

"I asked you a question just now. You haven't answered it. Perhaps the position has never presented itself to you. Let me explain why I won't drink with you tonight, for it's due to fear lest I shall lose the ghost of a chance of making good which still remains to me."

Anastasius nodded.

"I told you I'm playing at the Pygmalion. So I am—a six-line part at two pounds a week after resting for six months. Did you know I am married? You must have seen my wife here. Poor little Evie! Precious poor bread-winner I've made, though she's never complained. We were looking forward to a real dinner tomorrow, for it's treasury. Then this morning came a call. Second man's ill and I'm the understudy. Lord! How I've longed for such a chance! But it's no good. I knew the part, could have sworn I was word-perfect. At rehearsal today the words went completely. I know that six months ago I could have played the other chap off the stage. Today I was a block. I'm only surprised that old Jerrick hasn't hoofed me out of the theater and put someone else to read the part. Poor little Evie! She has such hopes and—". He gulped down something which seemed to stick in his throat, and it was not food. "She pawned her coat this morning for fear lest, if I didn't have something between bread and tea for breakfast and tea and bread for supper, I—I should fail."

Anastasius pushed the glass of burgundy across the table. "You won't fail" he said quietly. "Come, drink to the fortune that favors those who don't know how to fail."

"I'm afraid" said Earle. "I'm d—d afraid. Don't you understand? I've had nothing to eat since breakfast, and precious little for days. If this gets into my head—"

"To fortune!" said Anastasius. "I'll take the risk." The glasses clinked. A little color came into Earle's cheeks.

"If I were only sure of remembering the words" he remarked when the sole was demolished.

"The words will come" declared Anastasius confidently. "You tell me you have studied them."

"Day in and day out" replied the actor. "Evie knows them as well as I do from listening to them. Poor little girl!" He paused as he was lifting a morsel of the succulent entrecote to his mouth. "What a beast I am to be gorging here while she is shivering at home and saving our last crust for my supper!"

There was more color in his cheeks now—a new light in his eyes.

"You would like your wife to come and see you make good?" asked Anastasius. That was when the quails had been despatched, when the empty bottle flanked two empty glasses, and the perfume of coffee mingled with the scent of two cigarettes from Anastasius' case.

"If she were there, I could not fail now" said Earle.

"Then if you will write her a note," said Anastasius, "explaining that you have managed to get two seats, I will guarantee that she shall be present and that we will celebrate the occasion by a little supper afterward."

Some people have declared that on occasion Anastasius exhibited what they termed a dominating personality. Certainly he seemed to be possessed of such on this occasion, for when Seymour Earle left him at the door of Grévé's and turned his face toward the Pygmalion, Anastasius hailed a taxi and gave Earle's address to the driver.

It was not far distant, a ten-minutes' drive to Bloomsbury—where all the lodging-houses are—a house in a dull street of dull houses with four bells set perpendicularly one above another, revealing the fact that every one of them sheltered four families at least.

"If the front door is not open you must ring the top bell" Earle had directed.

The front door was open, and Anastasius made his way upstairs to the top floor unchallenged. On the landing he paused. It was unlighted save for the reflection from a gas-jet on the floor below. He tapped on the door on his left. He strained his ears. There was no movement from within. What if—no, he refused to put the question to himself, and tapped again.

The door opening suddenly made him jump—with relief.

"Mrs. Earle?" he asked.

A timid voice answered him deprecatingly.



"Nothing worse than a good dinner" said Anastasius in his most cheerful tone.

"Oh, I'm so sorry. We have been disappointed, but tomorrow—I will bring the rent tomorrow, we—"

"I'm afraid you've made a mistake," broke in Anastasius. "I've brought a note from your husband and a promise to take you to see his first great success."

"A note from Seymour!" She had slipped forward and clutched him by the arm. "He is all right? You are sure he is all right? You are certain nothing has happened to him?"

"Nothing worse than a good dinner" said Anastasius in his most cheerful tone.

"And he is so confident that he has sent me to bring you to the theater to see him play."

"You said you brought a note. Wait! I must have a light."

Her hand dropped from his arm and she disappeared into the deeper shadow of the room. He heard her footsteps on the bare floor, the scratch of a match. Her fingers trembled so that the first match burned through before she could light the wick of the little paraffin lamp that stood on an empty sugar-box which did duty for a table.

Anastasius stepped inside and handed her the note.

The girl dropped on her knees to be near the light and read the message.

"I have met a good pal," she read, "and he has promised to bring you to see me. I think our luck has turned—" There was more, but the rest she did not read aloud.

She raised the note to her lips, and Anastasius saw that her tears were falling.

"I don't think I understand" she said.

"I do, fortunately" said Anastasius. He did perfectly. The bare room, void of furniture save a mattress in one corner, a pair of dilapidated chairs and the pathetic table, would have told the tale to any one.

The girl saw him glance round, and a sob escaped her.

"It's our last chance" she said. "I don't think I dare."

"Come and see the trumps turn up" said Anastasius. "They are bound to do so if you are there to cut."

She made a half step forward, and raised her hands despairingly.

"I—I'm too shabby," she replied, and the gesture with which her hand smoothed out the old black skirt she wore was pathetically despairing.

"You need not be seen" said Anastasius.

"But—"

"We shall only just have time to reach the theater" said Anastasius.

A smile flitted across her face. "I have seen you at Grévé's. You are Mr. Yorke, aren't you? Are you at the Pygmalion too?"

"I'll tell you on our way" replied Anastasius. "No, you will not want your hat."

An idea had occurred to him—born of a glimpse of a shop window he had passed—a shop window full of cloaks.



Seymour came before the curtain four times, and each time he looked up at her with love in his eyes

He had his way. In two minutes they were in the waiting taxi-cab. It halted at the door of the shop where the cloaks were exhibited.

The shop-walker and the two young ladies who supplied Anastasius with an opera-cloak declared for fourteen days

afterward that they had never met with so rapid a customer in their lives. He had seen exactly what he required, had paid for it and carried it out on his arm within the space of two minutes.

At 8.15 exactly the cab pulled up outside the door of the Pygmalion. At 8.30 the curtain was to rise.

"You will want something to keep you going till supper time" said Anastasius. The cab went on to a restaurant a little further on. The girl with the cloak now covering the shabby frock was too dazed to remonstrate.

Mechanically she alighted. Mechanically she swallowed the soup which was placed before her, and mechanically she allowed herself to be ushered into a first tier box at the Pygmalion.

It was all a dream, she was convinced. Even the sight of the play did not awaken her. Everything happened just as she had dreamed in her happiest dreams many times before. She was in the box, and Seymour was there on the stage, and the audience was waiting on his words and applauding frantically, and he came before the curtain not once nor twice, but four times, and each time he looked up at her with a smile on his lips and love in his eyes. It was a glorious dream.

Then afterward there was warmth and light and food—such delicious food! And while they sat together her hand had stolen into the hand of her husband as he told her and Anastasius that he had been promised a new contract in the new part for the run of the play, as his predecessor had not been ill at all, but had backed out of the engagement owing to some quarrel with the management.

"It is all owing to Yorke" he said, and turned to thank the friend who had given him the power to make good, only to find that while they had been looking into each other's eyes Anastasius had disappeared.

So they went home in another taxi, for in an envelope upon which was written "A loan from Santa Claus," they had found some coins that shone red and white. The December wind failed to chill them as it ever fails to chill those whose dreams come true, and Anastasius, returning to his own domicile where only the ashes of a fire remained in the grate, felt no cold either. It was then, remembering the look he had seen in the eyes of two young people, that he made that profound entry in his diary "The half is necessary to the whole."

It was his recognition of the fact that in his life something was lacking.



CHRISTMAS IN CALIFORNIA

By JEANNETTE CAMPBELL

As wise men to a manger-shrine of old
Brought gifts of myrrh, of frankincense and gold,
So here earth brings her fairest gifts to lay
Before the shrine of Love's high holiday.

For gift of gold, a sheaf of sun-bright hours,
For incense, breath of field and garden flowers,
And for the healing myrrh, caressing skies,
The balm of south winds and bird lullabies.



The entire fishing fleet of San Francisco bay, whether equipped with the lateen sail or the more modern and reliable gasoline engine, belongs to the Italians

By **ROBERT NEWTON LYNCH**
Formerly of the California Immigration Commission

I. THE ANTICIPATED IMMIGRANT

“**W**HAT shall we do with the immigrant?” This is the tantalizing question which intrudes itself at all hours, in season and out of season, to the citizen of the Pacific Coast. To some the question conjures up haunting fears, and phrases itself: “What will the immigrant do with us?” To others the question gives visions of large profits due to the increased price of land and other brilliant prospects associated with increased population.

It is generally assumed with confidence that large numbers of immigrants are coming direct from Europe through the Panama Canal, and there is much speculation to discover what may be involved in this coming situation.

Fortunately for the Pacific Coast almost the exact situation may be determined in

advance. The United States has had many decades of experience in receiving immigrants. These immigrants have had a history in this country which has been viewed from every angle. The same questions which the West Coast will have to face have been threshed out elsewhere with much tribulation. The effects of restrictive legislation have been definitely ascertained. The peculiar problems and perils created by the presence of the immigrants of every European nation, in all stages from the entrance of the raw immigrant to his final adaptation to, or rejection by, our social system, are well understood. The efforts made by various states to remedy unfortunate conditions associated with immigration are available for study. The United States, through its Immigration Commission, spent several years investigating the

whole question and has published its report in forty volumes.

Above all, the fallacies and false assumptions in connection with the subject have been gradually exploded and the stage has been reached in the consideration of the whole immigration situation where a sane view, based upon scientifically acquired facts, may more readily be taken.

A prominent social worker in the state of New York was recently asked the question: "What would you do if the history of New York could be set back forty years, and you could re-live it, knowing the exact facts in connection with immigration which have been learned during that period?" The answer indicated that could New York have known in advance the situation it would have been possible to avert practically all of the "problems" popularly reputed to have their origin in immigration.

San Francisco, for example, is in the same position that New York was forty years ago, but with the immense advantage of knowing what will happen under given conditions of immigration. It is possible to compute at this time with approximate accuracy the number of tons of freight that will come from Europe to Pacific Coast ports. The influences and conditions that cause people to migrate may be almost as unerringly reckoned by careful and patient study. In other words, California, in facing this new experience, is in reality facing an old and much-considered situation and need make few guesses as to what will happen, nor hesitate long before the obvious course to be followed.

California is attractive to the foreigner. This is evidenced by the fact that nearly a quarter of the state's present population are foreign-born. An average of 60 per cent of these foreign-born residents live outside the cities of 25,000 population, and are largely occupied upon the soil. In fact, almost the normal percentage of farmers in the total immigration of the country have actually, in California, found their way onto the land. This is in strong contrast to the East where only 10 per cent of the agricultural immigrants find their way to the rural districts.

Immigration into California has been largely filtered through the eastern states, and we have received the more thrifty, industrious and daring. Possibly this is

one reason why the immigrant in California has proven uniformly a blessing. Our foreign farmers have brought with them an intimate knowledge of the soil and a skill in intensive cultivation which have done much to place this state to the fore as the home of the successful small farmer.

The Italian has found in California a grateful climate and agricultural conditions which approximate those of his own beloved Italy. During the last dozen years more North Italians have come to the Coast than any other European race. Many of the great vineyards and wineries throughout California are in their capable hands. The hills and valleys of San Francisco's rural southern side are checkered with their year-round gardens. At Fisherman's wharf the fleet of lateen sails is reminiscent of Mediterranean waters, and indeed the entire fishing fleet, whether equipped with the sail or more modern and reliable gasoline engine, belongs to the Italians. The substantial banks bearing Italian names are witness to the prosperity of the Italian-American.

The development of the grape industry has been shared with the Italians by the French and Swiss people. The French are rather fonder of the cities than are the other races mentioned, but the Swiss love the country and many successful dairies are being run by them.

Of all the Portuguese in the United States, two-fifths are located in California. From Sacramento to Fresno, down the rich interior valleys, are found their gardens, orchards and dairies. A half-hour ride from San Francisco across the bay into Alameda county puts one into the midst of a thrifty region of Portuguese small farms devoted to vegetables and fruit. Like the Italian, the Portuguese takes no chances on wearing out the soil of his farm. The wagon which takes produce to market invariably returns laden with manure, and you may know the Portuguese farm in many parts of the state by the fertilizer waiting, in piles that rival haystacks in size, to be spread upon the land. The rotation of crops is as invariable and as wise as though dictated by the College of Agriculture.

The excellent farm land about Fresno has been the Mecca of many foreign tongues. It is there that the German-Russians are demonstrating their faculty of rapid

advancement from laborers to renters, and through that class to the dignity and thrift of farm owners. They are general farmers and their hard work has found reward in growing prosperity. Here, too, the Armenians have congregated during the past twenty-five years until a fifth of the raisin grape acreage, and a tenth of the water-melon crop, are in their hands.

Up in the lumber camps of the north coast's big timber, the Finns are esteemed the most desirable of workmen; many of them have also established themselves there as dairymen with notable success.

An interesting example of immigrant contribution to our agriculture is that of the Dalmatians and their apple-growing down in the Pajaro valley in California. Accustomed to the rocky steeps of Dalmatia where each tree receives as solicitous care as an infant because of its economic importance to the family existence, the Dalmatian has learned to know his trees—root, stem and fruit—as few Americans take time to do. Consequently it was the Dalmatians who saw the possibilities in the neglected orchards scattered through the district. They rented the trees and demonstrated their fruitfulness, with the result that some 5500 carloads of apples are now annually shipped out of the valley.

Instances of immigrant prosperity and contribution might be multiplied. Whatever the record of the immigrant has been in other parts of the United States it would be ungrateful for California, in particular, to credit him with anything but industry and honest citizenship within her borders.

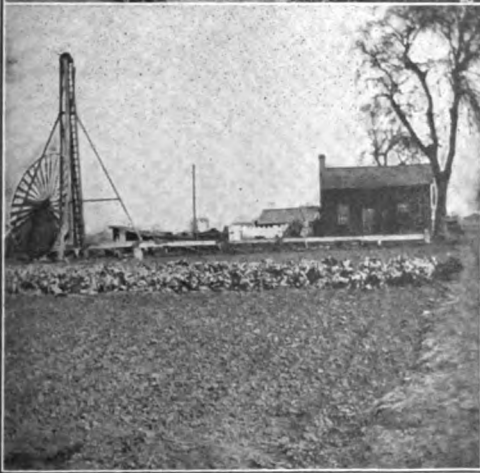
The number and success of the foreign-born already in California might be taken as one argument for the easy assumption that California will be flooded with immigrants after the opening of the Canal. This assumption is not borne out by careful analysis. In the first place, it implies a permanent and continuous expulsive power in Europe and ignores the whole history of the causes of emigration. It takes for granted that steamship lines will immediately be established from European ports to San Francisco; that the rate of fare will be practically the same as from Europe to New York; that steamship companies will be competing to haul passengers the longer distance for approximately the same rate of fare; and, above all, that the general fascination of California will be strong

enough to compete with every other section of the world looking for immigration.

Assuming that there will be steamship lines in operation between here and European ports and that the rates will be greatly reduced below present transcontinental fare, the question of what California can offer large numbers of immigrants is vital to correct prophecy.

Over 90 per cent of the immigrants know their destination before they leave their peasant homes in Europe. The decision to travel into a far and unfamiliar country is not lightly determined upon, and the European is not so accustomed to earning his living easily that he leaves his present means of livelihood without having another in sight. It is not a flaring advertisement, nor a picturesque page, nor a love of adventure that sets him under way, but the letter sent him by the friend already in America, or the returned immigrant with gold in his pocket. The latter wears American clothes with an American air, fires the imagination of the inhabitants of some European village and opens to them a hopeful vista for the realization of the universal human instinct: a chance to rise in the social scale. If the letter from America gives a glowing account of immediate employment and carries with it a prepaid ticket, the immigrant is soon on his way. The one thing the immigrant needs most and quickest when he lands in America is work. It is not chance that lands the bulk of immigration into the United States at the northeastern ports of the country. That is the great industrial territory and because they can secure immediate employment in the region of mills, shops and factories, there they go—guided by the advice of their friends who are already employed. The immigrant goes not where he wants to go but where he is wanted. He is rich in strength and in willingness to work (if he is not, he does not pass the inspection at Ellis Island), but he has on an average less than thirty-five dollars in his pocket. The money paid for passage has been hoarded through long and weary months of labor, paid for on the European wage scale, or else is the loan of some friend already in America, and still to be earned and repaid.

It does not make much difference that the immigrant and his family may have lived and worked on the land all their lives.



In some instances, like this of an Italian immigrant who began as a collarman, the humble shack is changed by the magic of a new country into a marble palace

The European immigrant in California begins in a little shack amid a spreading truck-garden, with a typical windmill close by

Agricultural labor is seasonal, poorly paid, requires a prolonging of the journey into the country among strangers in a strange land by men having little or no English to help them make their way; as for going upon the land as a tenant, much less as an investor, it is wholly out of the range of possibility unless assistance is provided. It is not perverseness that causes the immigrants to huddle in the cities, but the very need of keeping alive. Without work they cannot live and work is found in the industrial centers.

Turning to California, we find a vast territory populated with fifteen persons to the

square mile—or forty-five to the square mile if only that part of the state capable of sustaining a population is taken into account. The cry goes out that we can accommodate great numbers of people, and it is true. The natural resources of the state lie rich to the hand awaiting further development. Riding through the great interior valleys from the northern limit of California to the southern, one is impressed with the acreage still awaiting the intimate hand of the cultivator of the small tract. The immigrant farmer, as shown by the record of the foreign farmers already in California, is fitted to do just such intensive farming, but he is not financially ready at the time he lands to enter upon it. At certain seasons of the year he can find employment upon the land, but it is not permanent, and involves migrating with the crops from one section to another, and precludes any possibility of family life.

In our Coast cities we find a steadily growing industrial development of which we may well be proud, but compared with the seething centers of Atlantic Coast manufacturing they are as rural playhouses. If the 2000 or 3000 immigrants which are New York's average daily allowance were to land in California (as some persons have assumed that they will, immediately the ships begin sailing through the Canal), the result would be unspeakable suffering. We now receive an annual allowance of less than 30,000, or an average of some 80 persons per day, direct from ports of landing. It would be an utter impossibility to supply with immediate employment anything like the thousands that land at eastern ports. We are receiving more than the 30,000 foreigners of the Immigration Report into California annually, and a happy proportion of them are going upon the land, but they are not coming direct from Europe to us; they are landing in the east, and earning in eastern industrial centers the money necessary to establish themselves upon the land before they come to this state.

Three years ago California received 2.1 per cent of the country's total immigration; the following year 2.9 per cent; and last year 3.4 per cent—an increase from 22,000 to 29,000 in the annual immigration direct from ports of entry. More than one-fifth of the state's total population is foreign-born, and since the effect of immigration is cumulative—present population acting as

a magnet to others of the same nationality—it is reasonable to assume that European immigrants will come in increasing numbers in the future, other things being equal.

As a matter of fact other conditions will not be stationary. And this brings us to the real effect which the Canal may be expected to have upon immigration—more real, though less direct, than would be the mere coming of people because it is possible to come. Business men of keen foresight predict that the establishment of new and shorter lines of water transportation will stimulate manufacturing activities tremendously in this state. We have an abundance of cheap fuel underlying great areas of California in the oil fields; we have almost unlimited electric power from our snow-fed mountain streams; and when water transportation makes cheap raw materials a possibility, it appears inevitable that manufacturing on a large scale must thrive.

When the European already in California can write home the good news that the Golden Gate is open for the man rich in strength and energy, but poor in pocket-book, and has the ready employment which may prove his stepping stone to a place upon the soil later, then the immigrant will come. He will probably travel through the Canal, but he would come just the same if he had to pay more fare and experience all the inconveniences and hardships that have always attended immigrant travel across the continent. The Panama Canal will increase immigration, but rather on account of the revolution it will work in trade and freight transportation than because of the new route of passenger travel it will open.

Undoubtedly the charm that envelops California for all the world will have its effect upon the immigrant when economic conditions permit him to yield to its lure. Robert Watchorn states the case very clearly: "Where is the workman," he says, "who would choose to cope with the severe winters and exhausting summers of the East, when he might labor under the climatic conditions that make for comfort and efficiency in this state?"

Sensing the probable results of the opening of the Panama Canal upon California, and appreciating the need for wise action to forestall such conditions as have resulted in the East from an industrial development which attracted large numbers of foreign peoples, the people of California have been



There are many instances of European immigrants who, trained to an intensive struggle in soil production in the crowded fatherland, have grown rich in the new country by applying the old home methods to the new land

for the past two years studying the subject from many angles, discussing it in conferences, and sentiment has finally crystallized in the bill creating a permanent Immigration Commission, which the temporary Commission appointed by Governor Johnson last summer have drafted. By this prompt preparation it should be possible to correct such evils as may have already sprung up through the ignoring by our social and economic systems of conditions peculiar to the presence of immigrants, and to prevent the fastening upon our beloved California of those horrors of slave-like labor and unspeakable housing which have come to be associated with immigration in eastern cities. Whether immigration shall prove a blessing or a curse will depend not upon the immigrants themselves so much as upon the conditions of living and labor which we offer them. The history of immigration in the United States has proven

(The next article by Mr. Lynch will explain some of the reasons why a permanent Immigration Commission is necessary, and the plans California has for making immigration a blessing instead of a burden.)



On the Atlantic coast, only ten per cent of the agricultural immigrants find their way to the rural districts. In California, sixty per cent of the foreign-born residents are occupied upon the soil

quite conclusively that it is possible to assimilate the European immigrant, but it has also proven that we assimilate him to the bad as well as the good of our American life. Profiting by the experience of the East, it is the privilege of the West to avoid many of those pitfalls into which the American and immigrant have stumbled together.

HOMESTEAD



By EDITH RONALD MIRRIELES

Author of the Benson Stories

Illustrated by Arthur Cahill

AT the gate Margaret Hammond turned to look back up the street she was leaving. She stood leaning on the shabby pickets for a moment, her eyes busy with the sun-flecked road. Her lips did not move, but to herself her speech was as audible as though it had been shouted. "Good-by, good-by, good-by" she was saying with a passion of farewell which set her quivering.

Even when at last she gave over her survey and turned toward the house, she stood for a moment on the steps, drinking in, with a feeling not unlike the satisfaction of actual thirst, the crisp clean autumn air, the crisp frost-moderated sunshine. In the seven months since her marriage she had not once—she recalled the fact with self-approval—omitted her Sunday afternoon visit at home. Hardly once had she entered with such deep reluctance.

And yet within was only what she had always found—a room over-hot and dark after the sunshine, a fire in the stuffy stove, her father barricaded behind his paper. She kissed her mother, crossed the room to her father and stood beside him.

"You're hot enough in here" she commented. "Can I open a window? Oh, all right!"—in answer to her mother's look of protest. "Anyhow, I may as well get used to it. I'm thinking"—she drew in her breath sharply as she plunged into the disclosure—"I'm thinking of coming home for a while—if you'd like me to."

Her mother looked at her bewilderedly. "You and Ralph aren't quarreling?" she questioned—hopefully, it seemed to the daughter.

"Hardly! Only, Ralph's talking about stopping work at the store—he hasn't been very well—and if he does, he thought he'd

go out West and—and look at land. And I thought till he got settled somewhere—" her hand groped down to find her father's.

"You mean he's going to move?" the mother asked. Her voice dropped. "Not—to farm?"

"They call it ranching out there" Margaret corrected. "Now, mother, there's no use making a fuss. Just because you didn't like farming—" she stopped. Her mother, silent, had hurried out of the room.

Margaret released her father's hand. "Think I better go after her?" she questioned. And all at once the secret feeling which always had weighted her attitude toward her mother burst into speech. "She's just letting herself do it! She just wants me to see how bad she feels."

"Marge!" her father reproved. He too rose and moved to a place nearer his daughter. "Ralph got anything new since I talked to him?" he asked. "Still thinking of Kern county?"

"He's crazy about it" Margaret admitted. She flushed unhappily. "I keep telling him we're better off here. He isn't really sick—I just said that; he's only sick-and-tired. Sometimes I think if he could get away and try it and I stay here till he got ready to come back—"

"If he didn't get ready?" the listener asked.

"Oh, if he liked it, I guess I'd go; I know I would. Only, I don't like it the way it is. He comes home from the store, and the minute he's inside, he's picked up a land circular. And I say 'Ralph, can you go over to the Struthers with me tonight?' and he says 'If the trees removed from a square rod can be converted into ninety-nine million feet of lumber—'" she laughed in spite of herself. "What I mean is, it's worse this

way than it would be if he went and had to come back. Now the work he's doing now—when he gets away from the store, that's *all*; it never enters his head."

"Ralph never did like clerking" her father commented. He looked sidewise at his daughter. "What you think about it? Don't it ever strike you you'd like it—having a place of your own?"

"Mother didn't" Margaret proffered—and instantly was aware of the unfortunateness of the reply. She turned toward the door. "I guess I'll go see where she is. Ralph's coming for me after supper, and I don't want her to say anything to him."

But as she crossed the passage which divided the two living-rooms of the cottage from the two bed-rooms, she stood for a moment still, her hands pressed against her face. Before her parents—before her mother especially—she might be nonchalant; alone, every fiber of her trembled in answer to that conserving dread of change which is the woman's long inheritance—a change more imminent than she had dared at once to acknowledge.

It was a dreary supper. Margaret was thankful when it was over, and more thankful still when the sound of her husband's footsteps gave her an excuse for hurrying out to him.

"Wait till I get on my things" she directed, halting him. "Mother isn't feeling so very well."

It was a time-honored formula—one which the husband accepted instantly.

"Tell her what I was going to do?" he questioned when his wife rejoined him.

"Told her what you were thinking about" Margaret qualified. "She didn't say much. Anyway, it isn't as if we couldn't come back."

"Or they come out to us. That wouldn't be so bad, Marge."

"Mother wouldn't" Margaret pointed out. "You know they tried farming. That's what's the matter with her. She worked so hard—" she stopped. It was an old story, a part of her earliest recollection; for the first time it dawned upon her now that not once, through all the vociferous years, had she heard her father's version.

"Well, there's no need of that" her husband was saying tolerantly. "I'm glad she didn't pass her opinions on to you." He laughed.

"Supposing she had?" Margaret questioned. She tried to give the words a joking

tone. "What I mean is, if I felt—well, afraid of it?"

"There's nothing to be afraid of. It isn't as if we'd pay a big amount for the land and begin in debt. When you homestead—oh, but I've explained about homesteading." He stood suddenly still, facing her. "Look here, Marge, *do* you?"

"Supposing I did?" the girl repeated.

In the half light of stars and crescent moon she could see his face turned toward her, puzzled, patient.

"But think what it means to us! You can't get ahead on wages. Look how it's been with your father."

"They've lived" Margaret put forward. "We always had enough."

"Oh, if a living's all you want—look here, dear, let's not try to talk it out tonight."

He had forced his voice back to gentleness. It came over Margaret that the new note in it was not new to her. It was the forbearing tone which she had heard in her father's voice time out of mind. If that was to be the price—they went on, silent, down the close-shaded street. Inside the shelter of their own porch she spoke again.

"I don't want you to think I'm not willing to go, Ralph. I'm willing to try. Only, if it was like mother says!"

"We could come back" the husband volunteered.

"But would you? If I tried it for a year—"

"Don't you always get your own way?" the boy jested. Then he grew serious. "Sure I would, Marge. I wouldn't want you to do anything you didn't like." His arm was about her as they went into the house.

"And everybody sent their love" Margaret repeated. "Mr. Strong said to tell you if we wanted to come back, he'd keep the house."

"He needn't bother" said her listener. He turned a kindling face toward his wife upon the buckboard seat beside him. "Not much danger of our wanting to go back! Isn't it the great country!"

"Lovely" Margaret assented. "But Ralph, I was telling you about how nice Mr. Strong was. He said he'd rather have us in the house—"

Her husband laughed and laid his free hand over hers. "You wait till you see the house I got for you. It isn't finished up yet." His face clouded to seriousness.

"You can't help liking it when you know it, but it's going to be rough at first."

"I'm expecting that" said the girl diffi-
cultly.

It was not intended unkindness which hardened her tone, any more than it was intended reticence which struck her silent at every reference to the ranch. She tried now to think of other appreciative speech to follow, but unsuccessfully, and was relieved when, after an instant, Ralph removed his hand to wave it at a distant horseman.

"That's Caerlson—the man that has the quarter-section next to ours" he explained. "We're putting in a new ditch together whenever we get a day off to work on it, a big one. Mrs. Caerlson's all right, Marge. The day I got here she was driving past." He launched into the story of the acquaintance.

Margaret, watching him rather than listening to him, was conscious of a sudden tightening around her heart. "He likes it" she was acknowledging to herself in a kind of panic of surprise. "He isn't pretending. He—he loves it."

She turned away her face to look out over the siren land which had brought about the charm. Green slopes, blue hills, the brown waves of plowed land—the enticement of it was as clear to her as the enticement of a woman's lovely face—and as unwelcome.

"I'm going to hate it" she decided, not herself knowing that the decision had been taken months before. "I know I am." And then, like the judgment of an outside mind, "I'm going to hate it *because* he loves it."

But she had to acknowledge when they reached the ranch—she had to acknowledge afresh many times in the days which followed—that either Ralph was very patient with her unappreciation or blind to the evidences of it. Again and again she found herself buoyed up upon the current of his enthusiasm, his rush of hopeful planning for the future, a future based upon and knitted to their permanence in this new life.

"But we might not be here, Ralph" she demurred once. "We're just trying it, you know. If it doesn't go—"

"It's going to go. Look at the start we've got already. The way things grow here!" His voice fell to a flatter tone. "You still don't like it, Marge?"

Instantly she was on the defensive. "I never said I didn't like it."

"But you don't, just the same."

"I like the house" Margaret qualified. "I like that. Only, I'm no farmer. And everything you know now is farming. No matter where we start when we try to talk, we get right back."

She saw the color sweep into his face, the hurt stiffening of his manner, and reproached herself futilely for the words.

"But I couldn't help it" she argued later, alone. "He does talk about it all the time. He never thinks anything or sees anything else." Her eyes flooded with angry tears. "I suppose I can be like Mrs. Caerlson and get interested in my chickens. I don't care! Supposing we do get rich, what's it worth to us? If we don't have any pleasure as we go along—"

So strong was the conviction upon her that she tried at supper time to put it into words; cautiously, her habitual reticence guarding her speech. But part of her meaning at least broke through the guard. Her husband raised his eyes to hers in swift amazement.

"But Marge—why, it's great here! You get homesick for special people maybe, but for there being no pleasure in it—" They were eating on the low uncovered porch outside the kitchen. From the porch his eyes went out to the acre of vegetable garden close back of the house, to the field of alfalfa beyond it. Unconsciously, his breath drew in with the quick wonder of the creator. "Why, it's great! It's the poor man's country, all right! You put in three or four acres and you take care of it yourself—"

"I've heard that" said the wife tensely. This time she did not blame herself for the words.

She sat still when the meal was over, watching Ralph as he wandered out into the garden, stopping to examine a leaf here, to straighten a stalk there. He went laggingly at first, but presently his step quickened. Clearly it was a labor of love he was performing.

"I wanted him to be happy" the watcher reproached herself. "I want him to. Only, to have his work all the time coming between us!" And as if in answer to the thought, Ralph, from the farther end of the garden, straightened and called through hollowed hands.



She sat still, watching Ralph as he wandered into the garden

"Going down to the ditch. Want to come?"

"Not tonight" Margaret shouted back at him. "Busy. Dishes." She went inside in proof of her statement.

But, once inside, she stood sheltered in the doorway, watching her husband as he made his way toward the ditch. The air breathed cool against her face as she stood, the softness of the shadowed field was like an invitation.

"I might have gone" she acknowledged. "I'd enjoyed it." She turned impatiently to put behind her the alluring beauty of the night.

It must have been an electric atmosphere lingering about her still which in the morning recalled to the rancher the evening's discussion. Breakfast despatched, he lingered about the kitchen, watching his wife uncomfortably.

"Look here, Marge," he ventured at last, "you oughtn't to stay shut up in the house all the time. If you'd come out and get acquainted with things—"

"What for?" Margaret questioned. "It isn't as if I knew anything."

"But you could know" said the boy. Half unwittingly, he blundered upon her grievance. "If you'd take an interest; but you think whenever I'm thinking about the

ranch, I'm not thinking about you. That's not so. If we had it between us—"

"That's exactly what we have—the whole hundred and sixty acres" Margaret said. She made her refuge of laughter serve her again. "You needn't worry about my ranching. If you'd worried about what I wanted you to do—"

She stopped. There is a blessing in environment to mate with every curse it lays upon us. If her mother's instilled prejudice had weighted her attitude toward the new life, it was the memory of her mother now—the recollected sound of her complaining voice—which checked the words. With a sudden rush of resolution she got to her feet, crossed the room, and laid her hands upon her husband's shoulders.

"You go on to work, Ralph, and stop finding fault. We'll try it this year."

"If I don't make it go this year, I'll clerk all right. I'd have to" the enthusiast promised. "You don't understand. It's like a game. You get things in and bring them up, and then if you can just keep water on them and sell them!"

"Oh, go on and get water on them" Margaret cried in sharp, affectionate scorn. She pushed her self-renunciation a step farther. "Maybe I'll come down and walk back with you. Where you working?"

"On the new ditch. Caerlson's coming over with his team. It isn't half broken, but it can pull a plow. Say, come about noon and bring some drinking-water. I'm going to take my lunch."

"I'll see" Margaret compromised. She stood looking after him as he left the house. If she did go, it would not really be seeing *him*. Caerlson would be there. All at once she flung out her hands toward the green acres in a passion of jealous anger.

"I hate it! I hate every inch of it! I'd rather starve!" It was as though her earlier gentleness had drained the last drop of her compunction.

She had not really intended to go down to the ditch, but as the day drew on toward noon her glance turned more and more often toward the distant progress of the work. Finally, half against her will, she picked out a glass jar from its place on the shelf, filled it with water, and turned to the mirror to adjust the wide garden hat which was her sole concession to ranching.

"No reason why I should be horrid while I'm here. But he's got to go back. I won't—"

The thought went unfinished. Reflected from the door behind her, she saw, through the frame of her upraised arms, Caerlson standing on the threshold. She swung round, pointing at the filled bottle.

"I was coming, Mr. Caerlson. I was just starting. If it was water—"

"I come up after the buckboard" the neighbor said. He shifted from foot to foot. "We needed water, though. If you wanted to take some down—"

"He's hurt!" Margaret cried out.

The other nodded. "He was fooling round the horses—here, you better ride down with me!"

"He's alone?"

"My wife's with him. She'd come over—"

He broke off. Margaret, the water-bottle in her arms, had flashed past him and was running toward the distant line of up-turned earth.

She had to give over running after a moment. Between haste and fear, the beating of her heart stifled her. She looked back now and then to see whether Caerlson was coming, but she was still far in advance of him when she rounded the breastwork of earth which marked the ditch.

Ralph was lying at length on the ground. Mrs. Caerlson sat near his head. She got to

her feet as Margaret came into view and held out her arms for the jar.

"Thank God you brought water. I used up what we had."

"He's dead" Margaret said with sharp conviction. She fell on her knees and laid her face against her husband's shoulder.

"Ralph! Ralph, dear!"

Mrs. Caerlson pulled her gently back. "Look out! You don't know where he's hurt. Now you rub his hands."

They were still at their task when the buckboard rattled up beside them. It was a nightmare to the wife—the careful, laborious lifting of the unconscious man, the slow precautions for his easy riding. Only one thing lightened the horror of it. In the jar of movement Ralph groaned. He was not dead, then—not *yet* dead, she phrased it desperately.

They were almost at the house before any of them spoke. Then,

"How—" Margaret began.

Caerlson turned his head. "My team. He got tangled up in the lines." The instinct of a man to defend his own led him to add a sentence. "They wouldn't 'a run if he hadn't kept hurrying them. But he was so crazy to get the water in."

Margaret nodded. She did not speak again, and she was thankful that the others did not, until the house was reached. After that there were many things to do. By mid-afternoon a doctor had appeared. From somewhere had been summoned a square-built, gray-haired woman to dominate the sick-room. The Caerlsons, husband and wife, were close at hand until dusk. Leaving, they stood before her, lingering over their farewells.

"If there's anything more; if you'd feel safer with one of us staying—"

"There's nothing more" Margaret said. "The only other thing's about the ranch." She was conscious that her tone was hard. "I suppose I'll have to have a man to work outside."

"If you can get one" the neighbor agreed. There was a queer throb of pride in his voice along with its perplexity. "I'll see what I can do, but this ain't a country where men stand around waiting for a place. I'd keep water on it for you myself, only I got to go in to Rollins this week on a ditching job; I promised." He shook hands heavily with her, "Mrs. Caerlson's going to

keep ours wet down while I'm gone" he added tentatively.

It was a relief to Margaret when they were gone. It was a relief to her to stand alone in the darkened doorway, with time at last for her own thoughts. In all her life she had never before seen injury or serious

she faced round toward it, rigid, but it was only the nurse bustling out in search of glass and spoon. She stopped to talk on her way back, with a hearty gossiping interest in the details of the accident. And Margaret, picturing all the while Ralph stirring, feverish, in need of care, tried to force herself to courteous answers.

The doctor came again in the early morning and departed, leaving hopeful intelligence behind him.

"Though it'll be slow" he warned the wife, standing, reins in hand, at the gate. "Got any help?"

"Mrs. Stimson's going to stay."

"Outside, I mean. If you had some relative you could call on—no? Well, if I hear of any one, I'll send you word." He looked attentively at her for a moment. "It's a pity you haven't been here longer, Mrs. Hammond. If you'd had a little more experience—"

"I can manage" Margaret said. She had a sense of being disapproved of when she went back into the house; a sense against which she defended herself with passion. "He thinks I'm not much good. How can I be out here! Once I get him home!"

It did not soothe her self-esteem to find that, within doors, she was actually of little use. Coarse-grained, laborious, Mrs. Stimson permeated every inch of the house; as a result, Margaret found herself oscillating between the sick-room and the outer

porch where out of reach of monologue she could pace up and down with her own thoughts for company.

Ralph was conscious at intervals during the next day. She sat beside him, stroking his hand, murmuring to him. She was sure that he knew her, but it was evening of the



She moved among the growing things

illness. Ralph would die—she was quite sure of that; he would inevitably die. She looked out across the fields, across the lush, near growth of the garden.

"Oh, you've taken him! I knew you would! I knew I'd never get him back!"

There was the sound of a closing door;

second day after that before he spoke. Then, as she took her place beside him after an absence, his hand groped out toward hers, his lips moved.

"It'll be—drying up" said the sick man faintly.

The listener bent over him. "Ralph dear! Everything's all right! I'm looking out for everything." She choked with the sudden pity of it.

"Just so it don't dry up" the invalid reiterated. "I'd hate to plant them—and let them die—" His voice trailed off into silence.

When she was sure that he was asleep, Margaret laid the hand she held softly back upon the covers and stole out of the room. The kitchen was dark. She stood in its open door, looking out across the ranch. The farther fields she could not see, but close at hand the even rows of the garden lay flat as though a blight had passed across them. Unwillingly, she moved down among the growing things, pausing from step to step to examine as she went. It had been five days since that night when, standing at the house door, she had watched Ralph so examining, so appraising. It had been only five days; and yet the leaves were limp in her hand, the tendrils of the vines intertwined and flaccid as sickness.

She looked back at the house. There was a light in the window of the loft bedroom. She could see Mrs. Stimson's shadow passing and repassing before it. That meant that she was preparing for bed, that in a moment she would descend, competent and heavy-footed, to her nightly place on a cot in the sick-room. There would be no more for the wife to do—no more that she could do.

"Except what I won't" she told herself bitterly. "Except the only thing he'd want me to do. I'd work *for* him, fast enough. If ever I'd been willing to work *with* him!"

She shut her lips hard upon the words. It was unreasonable—her common sense told her how unreasonable—to feel that if she had helped Ralph more he need not have been hurt, but, reasonable or not, she did feel it. It was remorse as much as pity which presently moved her, the very muscles of her body in rebellion, toward the lean-to shed where the ranch implements were kept. She made her way softly away from the house, the long irrigating shovel steadied in both hands.

Ralph was in pain the next day, restless, fretful. She was all day in the sick-room, and it was not until he had fallen asleep at night that, utterly weary, she found her way out of doors in search of a moment of quiet. As she stepped from the porch into the luminous gray darkness, her foot splashed in a pool of standing water. She had forgotten till then her exploit of the night before; she stood looking down at the gathered pool, irritated, amused.

"No wonder Ralph said it was like a game. It's a game where the other side keeps right on playing. Well, it's got to be shut off. If it's done them any good—"

A curiosity which she was half ashamed made her stoop and test between thumb and finger the straggling tendril of a pea vine. Certainly, the water had done its work. The leaf crackled beneath her touch with a crisp resistance.

"Like the breath of life breathed into them. Like—like hope," the girl told herself, wondering. She was oddly stirred by the experiment. A something she had not known she held within her, a pulse of universal protectiveness set the breath catching in her throat. She began to move up and down the rows, measuring the scope of her life-giving efforts, feeling the earth around the roots of plants, pushing back spreading runners from the way of harm. The head of water, left to its own devices, had followed easy channels, wasted itself in hollows. Uncertainly, she set about rectifying the loss. She scooped out a little earth from one place, filled it in at another.

It was absorbing work, this playing creator to a garden of thirsty plants. It was late when she gave it over, and she found herself looking out, scarcely awake, next morning, doubtful whether the miracle she had witnessed would stand the test of daylight.

And viewed by daylight, the results were, indeed, not wholly good. Hard-beaten courses showed where the current had run; bare, baked surfaces marked the shrinking boundaries of the pools. But at least the garden was alive. Its foliage glistened green in the sun.

"I'll probably get it killed off, though" she warned herself. "I'll wait till I see before I say anything."

After his first half-conscious speech, Ralph had made no further mention of the ranch. Once or twice he had asked for Caerlson



"I won't!" said the wife. The color flared suddenly to her temples

and frowned at news of his absence. Except for that, he spoke scarcely at all, but lay with his face averted, drowsing or absorbed in his own bitter thoughts. Margaret, attending him, pitying him, was yet aware through all her pity of a keen internal resentment. Even now, even in this extremity, the ranch stood between them. It had been so from the first inception of it in Ralph's brain; it would be so to the end of their stay. And—longer. She faced the thought in a panic of realization.

"Like father and mother" she recognized. "He won't say anything, but he'll feel as if it was my fault. As if there was anything I hadn't done." She looked down at her water-reddened hands. She had spent many evenings out of doors now, some hot daylight hours too. Any judge—the doctor, Caerlson, Mrs. Stimson—would pronounce her free of blame. And yet in her own heart she knew the blame was just.

It was nearing the end of the third week before she reaped a reward for her toil. Then Caerlson, returned, came on foot across the fields at twilight and stood, wet-

booted, on the threshold. Margaret met him there.

"I've been getting what water I could on it" she acknowledged in answer to his question. "Some of it's alive." Her anxiety rushed into words. "If it does live, would you—do you suppose somebody'd buy it? The way it is, I mean."

"On the stalk?" Caerlson interpreted. "The alfy'd sell, all right. The garden stuff won't be ready for a while yet. Maybe Hammond—"

"He hasn't even been off the bed. I thought I could get enough out of it to move him back home."

"It'll do that" the neighbor conceded. He went into the sick-room.

Margaret did not follow. Even after the guest was gone, she delayed her entrance, half hoping that Ralph would fall asleep before her coming. She was sure that Caerlson would have told him of her question. If the discussion springing from it could be deferred! But as soon as she was fairly inside the door she knew that there would be no discussion. Ralph had been

lying with his face to the wall. He turned his head to look at her.

"Caerlson says you've been irrigating, Marge. You didn't tell me."

"I didn't know what I could do" Margaret said. "I thought if I killed things off—" To her own amazement and annoyance she choked over the words.

"You won't have to keep it up. Caerlson's going to take the place off my hands." He was silent for a moment. "He's been fine about it" he added presently. "We'll come out about even."

"And—and then?" Margaret questioned. "We'll go back. I couldn't get another start here till spring. And anyhow—" his fingers beat up and down against the covers—"just picking up and coming—I hadn't any business to do it. I didn't know—" There was something so wistful in the smile he gave her that her eyes filled. "Till I got to thinking about going back, I didn't know how much you could hate to leave a place. I hadn't any right—"

He broke off as the door opened to admit Mrs. Stimson in her voluminous night-wrapper, and took up the sentence to a new theme.

"We wanted to ask you something, Mrs. Stimson. Do you suppose you and Marge could push me out into the kitchen for tonight? Would it be too hard? I'd like to be where I could look outdoors."

"We'd jar you" Margaret began. Then she understood. Together, the two women propelled the cot through the entrance and placed it across the open door where, all night long if he chose, its occupant might look over his relinquished fields.

Margaret could not leave him after the change was made. Instead she sat down on the floor beside the bed and rested her head against it. She must have dozed presently, for she waked stiff and shivering to find a flush of pink in the east, birds beginning, and, a foot from her own, Ralph's face, wide-eyed, turned toward the dawn. He smiled when he saw she was awake.

"Great, isn't it? I didn't notice you'd stayed till it began to get light. Cold?"

"A little" Margaret owned. "You didn't sleep?"

"I slept a while; I wanted to stay awake; I thought I'd remember better."

"Ralph, if you don't want to go" the wife began uncertainly. It was as though the words were being forced from her. "If you think we'd better stay—"

He smiled still—with something of hardness in the smile. "Oh, I'm going! I'd no business to make you come in the first place. And we'd be dog-poor. Though, of course, in another year—" his eyes withdrew themselves to seek the wider vision; he turned away his head.

Margaret stood looking at him for a little. Then, stumblingly, she went upstairs in search of warmer garments. He seemed to be asleep when she descended. She slipped past him and out of doors, pulling her sweater closer around her in answer to the keen delicious chill of the air. The sun was just rising, and across the fields each dew-heavy blade and tendril flashed back to it its radiant signal.

"And at home I'd be sleeping under one sheet, and lying awake then because I was too hot" the watcher remembered. "Oh, I never said it wasn't lovely." She felt the smart of tears against her eyelids.

It was middle afternoon before Caerlson again made his appearance, this time accompanied by Mrs. Caerlson and by another neighbor, a justice of the peace, to add the weight of an authority quasi-legal. Margaret was gathering the first of the June peas when they came. She left her pan between the rows, and with Mrs. Caerlson wandered up and down among the growing things in desultory domestic talk, while the two men went into the house.

"And you've done fine with things out here, too," the more experienced rancher complimented her hostess. "You got the growing touch, all right. Some people do have. Seems a shame when they got this far."

"What's a shame?" Margaret questioned.

Her companion laughed. "Oh, it's all the way you look at it. You could just as well say it was lucky Jim's fixed so he can handle it."

"What's he going to do?" Margaret asked. "We don't want Mr. Caerlson to lose."

"Going to feed. He got a lot of hogs when he was over to Rollins—had a chance to get 'em cheap. We meant to let 'em run till next year, but we can turn 'em right in here to fatten."

"I see" Margaret agreed. She had a wincing vision of the onslaught—uprooted stalks, torn tendrils.

"Jim's waving at us." Mrs. Caerlson recalled her attention. "I guess they're ready to sign."

Inside the house, Ralph was lying high on his pillows, face flushed and eyelids heavy. He motioned his wife to the table beside his bed.

"You've got to sign, too, Marge. Put your name under mine." He indicated the spot.

"Shall I read it first?" Margaret asked. She turned toward the window, the bill of sale in her hands.

It was the first time in her life that she had read a legal instrument. Clumsy though this one was, the wording of it filled her with an immense seriousness, a sense of the abiding consequence of its signing. She had been aware of the surprised pause following her question. She was aware now, as she read, that Caerlson took up the conversation at the point her entrance had interrupted.

"—and get 'em over from Rollins this week. Sprague said he'd deliver. We'll start with the garden, so long's you got that fenced; then, by the time they get to the alfalfa—"

"Do you want us to leave right away?" Margaret interrogated. "Because we couldn't—"

"I've fixed that." Ralph cut off the question. He spoke with the quick asperity

of emotion. "Caerlson and I have settled all that. All you have to do's to sign."

"I won't!" said the wife. The color flared suddenly to her temples. She flung the paper back upon the table. "I won't do it, Ralph! I—the way we've worked!" To her horror she found herself crying. And it was as though neither tears nor words lay in her power to stop. "I tell you I won't do it! When we've started things—and they're doing so well—and—and to turn in pigs—"

It was Mrs. Caerlson who saved the situation. She was on her feet in an instant. Both her strong friendly arms were around Margaret's waist.

"Of course she won't! Would I if it was you, Jim Caerlson? You go on and get the horses, Jim. Go on! You don't understand." She had drawn Margaret through the door to the porch, was straining up on tiptoe beside her to pillow the taller woman's head on her shoulder. "It's all right, dearie. Just you cry all you want. They don't any of 'em understand."

"I—thought I wanted to go" Margaret said, struggling with the words. "Only—when I thought about it—and to have it all rooted up!"

"And why should you? You'll get along.



She slid down beside the bed. "I didn't understand, dear. I never once understood"

Anybody can that's willing and's got a man that don't drink. There now, he's got out the team. You go on in."

But Margaret clung suddenly to the friendly shelter beside her. "If you'd stay a little while. I don't want to—"

"Why, you got to sometime, dearie" urged the older wife with entire comprehension.

She turned to wave back as she went down the path and again as the wagon started up the road, but Margaret did not return the salutes. Instead, she was standing rigid, every inch of her braced to meet the necessity of reëntering the house. If she could escape the ordeal somehow, gain an hour for self-comprehension!

"Marge" said her husband's voice from within.

She faced round toward the door. "I couldn't help it, Ralph. I'm sorry."

"Marge" said the boy again. He held out his hand. And as her own met it, suddenly through her tears the wife saw clear. She slid down beside the bed.

"I didn't understand, dear. I never once understood. But when I thought about leaving it—it's like creating something, Ralph. After you've tried it, you couldn't give up *making* and go back just to living off things. Clerking and going to sewing parties. You'd be so cramped." She laughed unsteadily. Her free hand came up to find and rest against her husband's cheek. "Maybe I've ruined us. We won't have half a crop. But it's worth the other half, Ralph. You know it is. Some people are expensive to teach."

A CHRISTMAS GREETING

By KATHARINE ROLSTON FISHER

From us among green barley-fields to you 'mid barren snows,
Warm from Westland gardens where the winter violet blows,
With warble of vireo laden, love-borne our greeting goes.

To you by ice-dumb stream or thundering surge of briny sleet,
From us by a crooning ocean curled in play round children's feet,
Overland speed our wishes for your happiness complete.

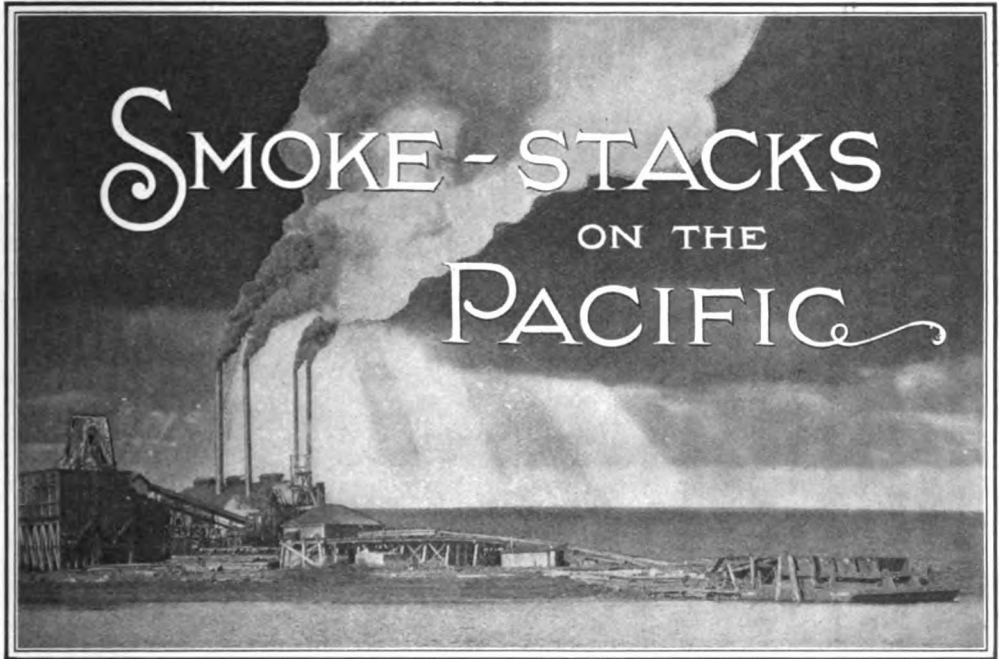
Complete our happiness would be if we with you could share
Of our earth the jewel-radiance, the balm of our amber air,
The charm of our foster-mother state, of her heart the mother-care.

We play at her garment's border foam-embroidered by the sea,
On her lap we lie enfolded in the verdure that drapes her knee;
At her foothill-breasts we feast our fill from vine and bough and bee.

His splendor exiled Winter lends to crown our summer-world:
Star-cold o'er peaks before whose glow the fog's pale flag is furled,
Behold the high Sierras' vast tiara, snow-impearled!

From mountain, mesa, canyon, from arroyo, valley, beach,
The call of California floats to all of you and each;
Well, we her foster-children know her witchery of speech.

With her to you across the range we call who rest or roam
In snowless garden-lands enringed by sunlit snow and foam,
Till hither you come, as come you will, for holiday or home.



By WALTER V. WOHLKE
Author of: The Land of Before-and-After

IN the good old days before the Revolution the hatters of Danbury, Connecticut, came to grief when they attempted to market their output. They were not allowed to take hats across the line and sell them in New York. They could not load six dozen assorted chapeaux on a cart, drive to Norwalk and exchange the sombreros for currency. These nefarious practices were against the law. No man in the thirteen colonies might manufacture and sell more hats than he could transport on his own or his wife's back. Why? Because manufacturing was the sole and exclusive prerogative of the mother country. The colonies might supply England with raw material, but they must not attempt to do manufacturing on their own account. In 1750 Parliament, afraid lest English iron workers lose their jobs, prohibited the erection of rolling mills, forges and furnaces in Yankee-land. "I never will allow the colonies to manufacture even a hobnail for themselves" swore Chatham. And in 1763 the third George, fearing that his loyal colonial subjects might trek beyond the reach of made-in-England goods, designated the crest of the Alleghenies as the limit of American

expansion, ordered the settlers beyond the crest to return.

Poor pig-headed George!

To such an extent did the colonists depend upon the British industry that the Virginia and Carolina planters used to fell the forest trees, ship the logs to English sawmills and have the boards and beams sent back across the Atlantic.

"Foolish waste!" you say contemptuously. "Thank God, we would not think of doing business that way nowadays."

Are you so absolutely, downright certain of your premises?

California, Oregon, Washington and Idaho cut a good deal of sugar pine, fir and Western white pine. They send the rough stuff to Grand Rapids and bring furniture back. The lumber in the furniture makes a round trip of five thousand miles, by rail, before it reaches the consumer's door.

Arizona, Nevada, Montana, Utah, California and New Mexico produce the bulk of American copper. It's five hundred miles, average, from the mines to the Pacific, twenty-five hundred miles to the Atlantic, yet the copper matte goes to New Jersey to be refined, to New England and New York

to be worked up into bedsteads, faucets, brass, bronze and electrical goods that by-and-by roll back across the continent, past their birthplaces to the consumer on the Pacific Coast.

It's the same story with wool, lead, hides, silver, mercury, mohair, with a dozen other products. The Far West supplies the East with raw material, buys the finished article, pays labor and profit plus freight—both ways—and whistles cheerfully. Those Danbury hatters have their revenge. They were simple colonists once; now they have non-manufacturing colonies of their own—in the Far West.

Things are changing, though. The West is stirring in its colonial chrysalis. It wants to get out, do its own manufacturing. Although the West is growing fast, it wants to grow faster. It has seen a light—in the factory window. A score of industrial committees are camping on the factory's trail. Will they, can they, succeed? Will the smoke-stack ever be an important factor on the Pacific Coast?

"Sure," says the Optimist. "Haven't we the raw material, oodles of fuel oil, the cheapest electric power on earth, the finest climate for work, the great undeveloped Asiatic market right at our front door? There's big money in factory sites on tidewater. Better buy before the rise."

"Labor is too high" answers the Pessimist. "The market for our goods is too narrow. We can never operate on as large a scale as the Eastern manufacturer. He will always be able to pay the freight and still skin us on price. The Easterners have the organization, the experience, the skilled workers, the big market and the standing with the trade. They have the basic material of industrial, cheap iron and lots of it. We're out of the running. It can't be done."

Whose argument is sound?

Before proceeding, let us dispose of the lack-of-iron objection.

The West has abundant deposits of ore high in metallic iron, low in sulphur and phosphorous, deposits close to tidewater, steam-shovel propositions. Alaska, British Columbia have coal. Too far to haul? The Bethlehem Steel Company is building a fleet of vessels to carry iron ore from Chile through the Panama Canal to its furnaces. The distance is twice the Alaskan haul, plus canal tolls. Blast furnaces and rolling mills on the Pacific Coast, however, depend

upon many future ifs. What the industrial committees want to know is this: can a factory in the Far West be made to pay right now? Is there really a field for industrial enterprises on the Pacific Coast? How can it be developed? What advantages accrue to the budding manufacturer in the West and how is he handicapped?

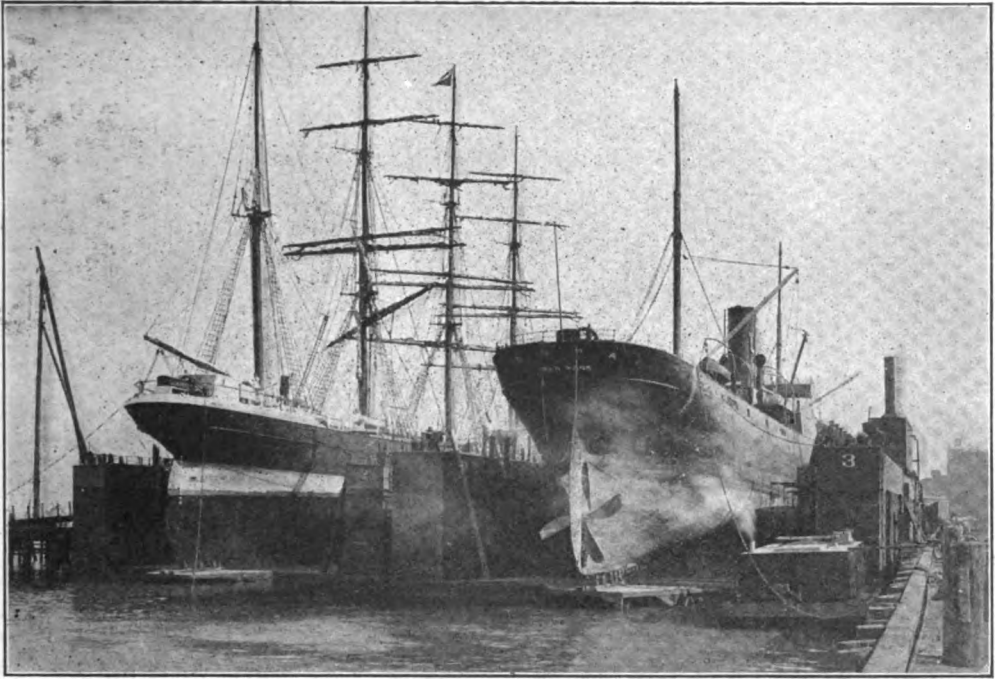
Obviously, the most authentic replies to these questions can be supplied by the Western manufacturers playing the game.

"Are there any?" groans the Pessimist.

Here is one who is doing fair to middling, thank you:

Six years ago a young fellow came from the East to start a factory in Los Angeles. Sounds funny, doesn't it? Like making ice-cream freezers on Baffin's Bay. However, this young man decided that there was a field for the manufacturing of electric-light fixtures on the Coast and that Los Angeles was a good place to make them. Four boys and one adult constituted his initial force. He solicited among the builders, helped make up the order when he landed a job, put the finished goods in a gunnysack, jumped on a car and delivered them. By-and-by he had to hire additional help and invest in a horse and wagon. Presently he was obliged to move to larger quarters, employ more mechanics. The trade liked his goods. The builders could not get the novel designs in this line from the Eastern factories. The big plants supplying the market east of the Rockies specialized in combination gas-and-electric fixtures. It took them a long time to find out that the West had discarded gas illumination, was demanding exclusively electric fixtures fit to be hung in its attractive bungalows. The East is making these fixtures now, but in the meantime the young man's plant grew until now he employs seventy men and has four drummers on the road between El Paso and Vancouver. And the slow response of the Eastern manufacturers to the change in the peculiar needs of the West caused five other fixture factories in Los Angeles, San Francisco and Portland to expand like the golden poppy blossom in the morning sun.

The West is thirty days from the big markets of the East as the freight train travels. That distance may bar Western manufactured goods from the Eastern markets, but it also works the other way. The Eastern manufacturer is just as far



At the Union Iron Works in San Francisco. The opening of the Panama Canal will crowd the shipyards and dry-docks of the Pacific Coast with work for skilled labor

from the West as the Western plant is from the East. This is one reason why large Eastern firms, recognizing the increasing importance of the Western market, are establishing branch factories in the West.

"Wages are fifteen per cent higher than in the East," said the manufacturer who used to make his deliveries with a gunny-sack, "and we don't get any more work out of the men, but workmanship is better, quality is higher and our expenses for the plant, for heat, light and power are smaller. We can't make certain staples like brass tubes, rods and chains in competition with the big Eastern plants, but our finished product has individuality and quality enough to hold our trade and bring in new customers right along. We aren't through growing, either. The territory we cover buys about three million dollars' worth of fixtures a year. Coast factories supply only twenty-five per cent of the consumption. The Coast can and ought to supply sixty per cent. There's lots of room for more factories in this line, especially as the market is doubling every five or six years."

The big Eastern manufacturers with their standardized mass output, with gigan-

tic plants in which the cost of every operation is shaved down to the bone, may have a tight hold on the Western market for their staples, but there is always a chance for the local man to work up a good business by catering to special needs.

A shoe man working for a St. Louis house decided to start a plant of his own in the West. The same thing had been tried before, mostly with disastrous results. This man came with eyes wide open. Seattle appealed to him. He studied the field carefully. Wages were high, output would have to be small at the start. An attempt to take business away from the big makers of well-known brands would be an invitation to the business coroner to come and view the remains. However, there seemed to be a strong demand for loggers' and prospectors' boots that would withstand the moisture of the Northwestern woods, of the Alaskan ice. Assembling men, machinery and material, the Missourian began building footgear of this character. He did not try to compete on a price basis. He based his campaign solely upon quality, workmanship and adaptation to special conditions.

He started in 1912. This year he had to double his output.



Modern machine shop of tool works at Torrance, near Los Angeles. Los Angeles increased the output of its manufactured products from five millions to sixty-eight millions in the ten years preceding 1909. Since then the output has increased seventy-five per cent more

A similar policy brought success to a new woolen mill established in Seattle. Though the raw material was grazing just across the crest of the Cascades, though electric power was cheap, though the mild, equable climate promoted year-around efficiency, the mill could not hope to compete in the dress-goods line with the New England mills that turned out ten thousand yards to its one. The margin of profit was too small. But there was a strong and increasing demand, at good prices, for heavy mackinaw cloth of the highest quality. Accordingly the mill specialized in this material. Alaska liked its cloth and told others. The mill is shipping large amounts of high-grade mackinaw to Duluth and other perpetually frost-bitten regions today.

These examples, typical of a hundred young and flourishing enterprises, show that there is room for factories in the West, provided the budding manufacturer can see the peculiar requirements of his locality. One of the largest garment firms in San Francisco built up a world-wide market for its goods because its wide-awake manager knew the tastes and an intimate knowledge of the consumer wanted.

In the days when the West was all gold, cattle and wool a miner stepped into this man's store to buy a new pair of overalls. He wore the frazzled old pair. In each corner of the pockets sewed to the garment's front elevation the merchant noticed a small copper disc.

"What are those things for?" he asked.

"Got tired of sewing the pockets on again," grinned the miner. "Every time I'd shove a heavy piece of quartz or steel into the pockets, the d—d seams busted. So I took some rivets and hammered 'em into the cloth. Now the seams stay put."

Before the miner left the store, the merchant had bought the idea. He patented the riveted overall pocket, won the lion's share of the overall trade in the mining and cattle country, exported his brand to South Africa and Australia and cleaned up half a million before the patent expired.

Since cheap fuel oil and hydro-electric power displaced expensive steam coal, the industries of the Pacific Slope have grown by leaps and bounds despite all handicaps. Between 1899 and 1909 the value of the goods manufactured annually in Seattle increased from fifteen millions to fifty

million dollars, according to the Thirteenth Census. Tacoma more than doubled its output; Spokane's manufactured products rose from less than four to more than eighteen millions. Portland, with products valued at forty-six millions, showed a three-fold increase. Though San Francisco in 1909 had lost four thousand wage-earners as compared with 1899 and ten thousand as against the 1904 census, losses due to the fire and to chronic labor troubles, the value of its manufactured goods rose from 107 millions to 133 millions in the ten years. Across the bay Oakland, Berkeley and Alameda trebled the number of their wage-earners; from five millions in 1899 Oakland's output grew to twenty-two millions, its smaller neighbors contributing eight additional millions. Los Angeles lifted the number of its factory employees from five thousand to seventeen thousand, their output from five millions to sixty-eight millions in ten years, taking second place among the industrial centers of the West. San Diego got along with two hundred and fifty-five wage-earners in 1899; ten years later the enumerator found more than a thousand, with an annual output of five millions. The building trades, the mining industry, the fisheries, laundries and commercial establishments are not included.

The manufacturing census is taken every five years. Between 1899 and 1904 the

Pacific Coast plants doubled the number of their employees, also their output. They repeated the trick between 1904 and 1909. To judge from the number of new establishments, from the growth of the older enterprises, next year's manufacturing census will again show an increase of a hundred per cent in the West.

The Western manufacturer pays higher wages, works shorter hours, has a smaller output and a narrower market than his competitor in the East. By all the rules of the game these drawbacks should have stifled manufacturing in the West at birth. But they didn't. What factors, then, make it possible for the Western manufacturer not only to exist but to grow and expand despite the severe handicap?

There are three factors, to wit: proximity to market, quality of the goods, and sentiment.

Seattle, among other things, manufactures gas engines and sawmill machinery. On a business trip to the plant of a shingle concern the agent of a gas engine factory learned that the mill was to be equipped with new, modern machinery.

Immediately the engine salesman called up the representative of the machinery maker.

"Hurry over and see Jones of the Blue Star shingle mill" he snarled. "Jones is figuring with a Saginaw man on a new mill equipment. Wake up and get the business! Yes, this is Smith talking. I don't want you



It is a model factory, all concrete, steel and glass, flooded with sunlight, equipped with a perfect ventilator system. "There isn't a sweat-shop in the West!" says the manager, "and I think there will never be one!"



There are thirty days between East and West, as the freight-train travels. But the Eastern manufacturer is just as far from the West as the western plant is from the East. Recognizing the increasing importance of the western market, large eastern firms are establishing branch factories in the West. This plant at Seattle had 100 employees in January. Now it has 1200 and must double its equipment

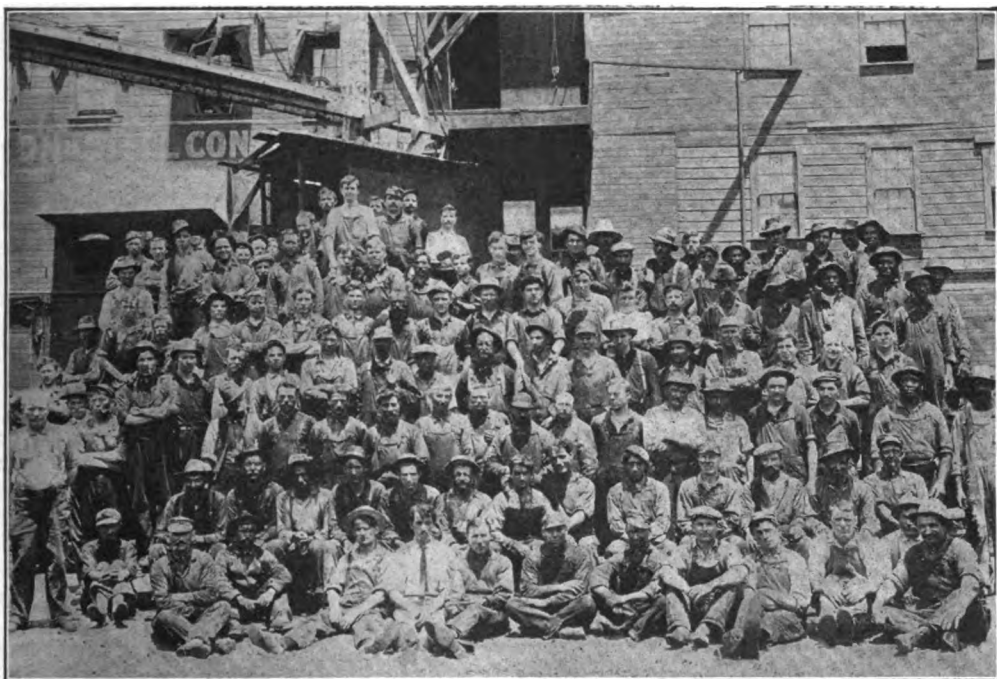
to think that I'm giving you this tip because I love you. So far as you personally are concerned, I'd rather shake hands with a skunk, and you know it, but I want this work to stay in Seattle."

That kind of sentiment has been a most powerful factor in the multiplication of the smoke-stacks on the Pacific Slope. Business in the West has not yet reached the cold-blooded, impersonal basis of Eastern transactions. Friendship, loyalty, state pride, love of the Golden West, these queer notions, discarded long ago by the incisive, snappy man-of-affairs in the East, are still influencing men's actions and purchases beyond the Rockies. Here is one instance of Western sentiment as a business builder.

Eight years ago two brothers, proprietors of a small machine shop, decided to enrich the West by starting a new industry. They wanted to make bath tubs and sinks. They did it. They brought an enameler out from the East, built a foundry and a furnace and made one bath tub a day. They could not sell their output cheaper than the established Eastern firms, but they had no

trouble in making sales even at a slight advance. The trade was willing to give home industry a boost. When the firm's output had reached a hundred bath tubs and sinks a day, the bath tub combine bought the plant, leaving the management in the hands of the brothers—at a good fat salary—for a period of ten years. In truth, Western sentiment is an asset not to be despised by manufacturer or jobber.

It requires thirty days after the order is mailed to bring goods from the East to the Pacific Coast. A month is a long time to wait, especially when the goods are needed at once. Hundreds of Western factories got their start because the Eastern competitors were unable to fill orders immediately. From being merely a convenience, called upon in emergencies only, scores of these shops have expanded into large plants employing many hundreds of men. Their logging and sawmill machinery, their mine and mill equipment, their water-wheels, their oil-well supplies and cannery apparatus have become the standard in the West, and their plants are the backbone of industry on the Pacific.



Wages are fifteen per cent higher than in the East and they don't get any more work out of the men, but the workmanship is better, quality is higher and expenses for the plant, for heat, light and power, are smaller. Climate actually reduces plant investment and overhead expenses and increases working efficiency. Incidentally seventy per cent of these Pacific Coast workers own their own homes—in most cases live actually under their own vine and fig-tree

In 1904 Germany and England supplied the bulk of the cement used on the Pacific Coast. That year four California cement plants employed 596 men; their output was worth \$1,600,000. In 1909 the number of plants had doubled, the number of workers had risen to 2407 and the output had reached a value of \$6,500,000. Since then California's output has doubled again, new plants have been opened in the Pacific Northwest, imports have ceased entirely. In the case of cement, proximity to the market made competition impossible.

But the trump card of the Western manufacturer is quality.

"Goods made in the West are better goods," said a jobber handling a large line of wearing apparel. "The trade knows it. This isn't a home-industry boost for chamber of commerce consumption. It's a fact. No cheap stuff is made on the Coast. Wages are too high to compete with sweat-shops. Plants are so large, competition is so keen in the East that the makers speed their machines up and pare their costs down to the limit. With the comparatively small output of the individual Western plant,

speeding up wouldn't do the makers much good. They can't compete with the big fellows on a purely price basis anyway. So they do the only thing that's left: they put better, more careful work into their stuff."

He opened a long showcase displaying an array of leather belts.

"Look at this" he invited. "It's the best line of belts in the country, bar none. Made in San Francisco. I've tried to get the equal of this line in the East, but they simply can't put 'em up as well."

He closed the showcase. "That maker's biggest account is in St. Paul" he added.

"Take gloves" he continued. "There are four or five factories in the West. In the big Chicago plants the cutters get an average of twenty-five cents an hour. Out here they won't hire a glove cutter of the twenty-five cent grade. With the exception of two high-class houses whose gloves are standard the country over, there isn't a factory that puts up as good a glove as the Far Western makers."

San Francisco has a firm of retail jewelers and silversmiths that started business soon after the first shipload of Argonauts sailed

through the Golden Gate. This firm a year ago completed a new factory building five stories high and occupying half a square. It is a model factory, all concrete, steel and glass, flooded with light, equipped with a perfect ventilating system, built with such forethought that sound-proof walls were provided for all heavy pieces of machinery in order to keep annoying noises from the workers. Four hundred employees comprising thirty-five trades are housed under the roof of the factory, which was built for twice its present capacity. Its entire output is sold at retail through one store.

"What's the secret of the recipe?" I asked the manager.

"A sustained reputation for quality; the character and the individuality of the goods," came back promptly. "We employ craftsmen, artists in their line, not mere 'hands.' Our men love their work and take pride in it. That tells in the product, gives it distinction. We manufacture only the best, even when we give it away. Look at these boxes."

He pointed to a pile of leather-covered, velvet-lined jewel caskets.

"The best of the Eastern boxmakers could not make them good enough. Even the French boxes did not reach our standard, so now we are making them right here."

It's a long jump from sterling silver caviar forks—or do they eat caviar with a spoon now?—to the humble working shirt but, notwithstanding the distance in between, the quality principle applies to the flannel shirt as well as to the diamond in platinum setting. It is the character and the quality of both products that enable the Western manufacturers to hold and increase their trade.

In 1896 two partners started to make overalls and working shirts in Los Angeles. They operated four machines in a small room. They have a six-story reinforced concrete factory today, with six hundred operatives putting in eight hours a day. The average wage of the women, according to the superintendent, is between ten and eleven dollars a week. Along the glass sides of the long rooms curtains are stretched to keep out the excess of sunlight. Down on the first floor they have a rest-room, a library and a spick-and-span, non-profit cafeteria for the employees. Clean, silent electric current operates every machine, every iron, even the cutters' knives. The

model factory stands within a stone's throw of a large tourist hotel.

"How can you make this elaborate plant pay in the town where the palms, date and itching, flourish?" I inquired.

The manager took me to the third floor.

"This is the inspection department. Every garment is examined four times before it is packed. See them press those blue-flannel outing shirts? Notice that the presser irons every part of the garment before he folds it. Our Eastern competitors fold them first, then press the front only. It's cheaper that way, but we get the business. The trade is willing to pay for the extra pains we take with our goods.

"We don't make the cheap stuff. We can't compete with the sweatshop—and we don't want to. There isn't a sweatshop in the West, so far as I know, and I think there never will be one."

Sustained quality, good workmanship, enabled this firm to build up a very large trade in overalls, work shirts, in golf, outing, hunting, silk and dress shirts, in khaki and corduroy apparel for outdoor wear, a trade that did not melt away under the fiercest price onslaughts of Eastern competitors.

The Census proved that Western manufacturing has grown vigorously the last ten years. But population has grown likewise. The West still remains the colonial empire of the East, still imports eighty per cent of the manufactured goods it consumes. Can home industry be stimulated to supply more than the present twenty per cent? How is it to be done? How large a percentage of the home market may the Western manufacturer hope ultimately to conquer?

Not a hundred per cent. That is neither possible nor desirable. This is the age of the specialist. There will always be places which can do one certain thing better than any other place. Take Troy, N. Y., and its monopoly of the collar-and-laundered-shirt industry, for instance. There are thousands of localities that can make good shirts, but Troy is the only place that knows how to launder shirts and collars so that they will keep white on the shelves. No other place can do it. Unless the laundries of Troy do the work, the garments turn yellow in time. Whether it's the Troy water or the hereditary skill of the Troy laundresses, that question does not affect the result. Troy and the surrounding territory have the laundered-shirt industry cinched; neither

the Pacific Coast nor the Middle West can hope to capture a slice of the business.

After eliminating all those goods which the East can make far better than the West, there still remains a good chance to increase the percentage of Western-made goods in a hundred lines. How? Babies, trees and chicks grow by careful nursing. So do factories. Fruit trees do not spring from

second year they closed the plant. Five hundred or a thousand dollars would have been a reasonable investment in molds for bottles of standard sizes, for fruit jars and milk containers. Instead of starting small and growing, the baby enterprise came into being with whiskers. They were false, though. It was an infant and needed a nurse. It started on too large a scale.

Peter Donahue, a mechanic, founded the Union Iron Works of San Francisco in 1849; Robert Moran and his six brothers had fifteen hundred dollars between them when they opened the blacksmith shop thirty years ago that grew into the plant of the Seattle Drydock & Construction Company. Both of them, the largest shipyards and machine shops in the West, have built battleships, cruisers and liners, but they did not start on a battleship basis.

A manufacturer of high-class cut-glass—the doctors told him he could not live another six months in New York—came to Los Angeles, inhaled the famous climate, regained his health though his bank account dwindled and pretty soon was in business again, on a very small scale. He lost twenty-two hundred dollars the first year. The second year he broke even.

"I had expected to lose money in the beginning," he explained. "Almost every new enterprise does.



"We employ craftsmen, artists in their line, not mere 'hands'. Our men love their work and take pride in it. That tells in the product, gives it distinction"

the seed full-grown, with apples or plums dangling from their branches. Here is an instance of the wrong way of promoting home industry.

Glass bottles are shipped to the West from Indiana and Pennsylvania by the trainload. "Let's make bottles on the Coast" said some glass men. They built a large factory, accumulated forty thousand dollars' worth of molds for special sizes and shapes of bottles during the first year. The

It takes time and money to get things running smoothly, to introduce new goods. I charged the twenty-two hundred off to experience and good-will. In the third year the money came back, though, with a good profit besides. After the fourth year I put up this brick plant."

Careful nursing, liberal credit and financial assistance at critical periods will do more to lift home industry than bales of talk and miles of banquet tables. Just now

the importance of the financial wet-nurse in the childhood of industrial enterprises is dawning upon the thoughtful men of the West. They are beginning to realize that some of the capital tied up in speculative land deals might with greater permanent profit be employed in helping to build smoke-stacks. Seattle's Chamber of Commerce is collecting a fund to be used in aiding to finance new factories; Los Angeles is raising money for an industrial bureau. Everywhere along the Pacific Coast the banker is being urged to give the man with the pay-roll to be met the right-of-way over the dealer in real estate. If the banker will listen, factory sites won't have to be given away.

"But all these plants are little picayunish affairs," grumbles the Pessimist, "mere toys that can't even supply the local trade. There's no chance for the Western manufacturer to invade the big Eastern markets, no chance to do a national business."

Maybe the man with the dark glasses is right. Still, there is the iron ore and the Alaskan coal, with the Asiatic market, its potentialities unknown as yet, facing the Pacific Coast. Seattle, Portland, Tacoma and San Francisco are shipping cargoes of Western flour to the orient, have been doing it for years. There is more soft lumber in the three Pacific states than Michigan ever had; the west coast of Mexico and the Philippines are full of hardwood which is just beginning to find its way to the new furniture factories strung along the Coast from Puget Sound to Los Angeles. There are thirty million electric horsepower in the streams of British Columbia, Washington, Oregon and California, as much energy as there is developed now by all the steam plants in the United States put together. That energy will spell aluminum, calcium carbide, nitrates, nitric acid and a dozen other products of the mysterious current in the by-and-by.

And there is the Climate. The model garment factory in Los Angeles has used artificial light only twice in two years; the photographs of the interior of San Francisco's jewelry factory were taken late on a gray day, without flashlight. Climate reduces plant investment and overhead expenses, increases working efficiency. Really, truly? Ask the manager of the largest electric-heating appliance factory in the world. He says he can ship the raw material from

Chicago to California, work it up in an eight-hour day at wages twenty per cent higher, pay the freight back to Chicago and still beat the Chicago cost on operations requiring dexterity and exactness. He attributes the efficiency miracle to the Climate.

By the way, that electric concern has its headquarters and its main plant in the Far West and still does a national business. Furthermore, an *international* business is being done right now by Western manufacturers of food products. California's canned fruit is found on the shelves of stores in every country. The East is out of the running in this line. Its fruit has no body, melts to a messy pulp in tin or glass. Only the West can supply fruit of the size, color and solidity suitable for the highest class of preserves, and of the West's orchard land less than five per cent has been developed. Libby, McNeill and Libby, the big Chicago firm, has just completed, at Sacramento, another link in its chain of Western canneries. The same firm has killed the butter business in the redwoods of California's northwest corner. It pays such high prices for the full, rich milk which it condenses and cans that the dairy farmers have discarded the separators. Two Pacific Coast concerns manufacturing jams, marmalades and confectionery with fruit ingredients are on the verge of entering the national field. Californian perfume is selling in New York's best shops, California's olive mills cannot supply the demand for pickled ripe olives and their oil, the cider of the Pacific Northwest is going East, the wine of California sells even in Ohio. Remember, only five per cent of the available orchard and vineyard area has been developed.

"Seasonal occupations with raw, unskilled labor these are" objects the Pessimist. "If you can't get a better foundation for your Western smoke-stack, you need not build it very high. Anyway, this talk of factories in the West is all rot. A factory that is a factory has got to have a big market and cheap labor. How are you going to get either of 'em way out here in the tall timber where the waiter tells you who won this afternoon's world-series game before you sit down to lunch?"

I fear my friend with the gout is right, partially at least. Cheap labor will never be an inducement to manufacturers to come to the West. The West has no desire to recede from its standard of high wages;



San Francisco has a firm of retail jewelers and silversmiths that started business soon after the first shipload of Argonauts sailed through the Golden Gate. The entire output of a five-story factory building occupying half a square is sold at retail through one store

it wants no sweat-shops, will not tolerate them. The West can not and does not want to be a carbon copy of New England or New Jersey. Its industrial destiny appears to lie in a different direction. Like the goods of France, the manufactured products of the Pacific Slope will be individual in design, will appeal to the buyer through novelty, appearance, quality and workmanship rather than through low cost. Craftsmen, not mere "hands," will make these goods, craftsmen who love their work, who embody in their product the dignity of the snowy peaks, the grace of the palm leaf, the wealth of color that is poured over the West. And quality goods of this character will sell, will never lack a broad market.

"Come down to earth and get your shoes half-soled" sneers the Pessimist. "Been reading Emerson, Morris and Ruskin, eh? Craftsmen! Pshaw, the San Francisco press-feeders and cloakmakers and electricians are still striking. Wake up!"

Perhaps it's a dream, this vision of the West as the home of skilled artisans who are half artists, drawing fresh inspiration from their noble surroundings, who take pleasure and pride in their tasks, who will live each under his own vine and fig tree, in his own home. Perhaps it is a nebulous, utopian vision, but it is better than the nightmare of the sweat-shop and the tenement's squalor.

Dreams sometimes do come true.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WEBSTER & STEVENS, SEATTLE; PACIFIC PHOTO & ART CO., SAN FRANCISCO; DE HAAFF, LOS ANGELES

THE MIRACLE OF THE TRAIN

By ANTOINETTE DECOURSEY PATTERSON

I closed mine eyes upon Nevada's snows;
 Under the moon her plains shone cold and white;
 I woke at Sacramento; palm and rose
 Gleamed green and scarlet in the sun's warm light.

The Disappearing Trick



By PETER B. KYNE
Author of: *The Great Mono Miracle*
Illustrated by L. J. Rogers

MR. "Porky" O'Hara, of O'Hara & Keane's Great Gift Show, breathed softly on a solitaire diamond as big as a hazel nut and rubbed the stone briskly along the leg of his trousers. He was thoughtful for several minutes, and Mr. Jim Keane, rightly gauging the thoughts that were fomenting in his partner's brain, delivered himself of a gusty sigh and the remark:

"Porky, you'll be hockin' that ice if we don't get rid of this wizard of ours. It don't look like we 'was goin' to have a very merry Christmas."

Mr. O'Hara favored his partner with a sullen glance.

"He's crabbin' the show somethin' fierce" continued Mr. Keane.

"Huh-huh. Well, you hired him, and now when we want to fire him we can't. Jim, I was against that forty-week contract with the salary in escrow in the bank, but you were plain nuts over this Professor's work and wished him on to me. Now, when it's too late, you're sorry."

"Mistakes will happen" Mr. Keane retorted waspishly.

"Well, they won't happen again. Now, looky here, Jim. Me an' you've been partners together in this gift show a good many years and I'm free to confess I'm kinder fond o' you, Jim, but that ain't no sign that I'm goin' to sacrifice myself on the altar o' love. Now this wizard of ours is all to the mustard, although I will admit that there's plenty *almost* as good, except for his line o' gab, that'd get by *almost* as well for less money. The only trouble with

this wizard is that he's too good-lookin' an' you're jealous of him. Away down low I'm strong for him. He's a drawin' card an' no mistake, an' he's worth his fifty a week when he wants to half try, an' the only reason I'm willin' to oblige you to the extent o' agreein' with you that he's crabbin' the show is because me an' you's partners. Jim, you gotta acknowledge you got scroppin' with our wizard and a-treatin' of him with base contempt, an' it's only human he should fight back."

"He don't fight fair" protested Jim Keane.

"Well, he fights sensible, which is more'n you're doin'. He ain't queerin' his bread an' butter. He gets even by sloppin' his work an' bunglin' the big tricks; he don't try to get no laughs an' he's quit distributin' the gifts after the show, an' that's what hurts me most. But he can refuse to distribute the gifts without layin' himself open to be canned. It ain't in his contract, distributin' the gifts an' sendin' the audience home good-natured, even when they know they've been stung. He's killin' the show because he wants to get even on you where it'll hurt most—an' that's in the pocketbook. An' he can do it too, unless we ditch him, an' ditch him quick, because we got a signed contract with him that runs thirty weeks yet, with the money in escrow for him in bank—two thousand iron men!"

"But I—"

"Snough" growled Mr. O'Hara. "I tell you he ain't crabbin' the show half as bad as you are. You had no business fallin' out with him. You had a right to

think o' me, your partner, an' my missus that takes up tickets every night, rain or shine. It ain't my fault that *your* missus is young an' beautiful an' has to play assistant to the Professor in boy's clothes. I'd have my missus take her place, only my missus is fat. This whole danged affair ain't any of my fault, an' I've stood enough of it. I'll give you one week to make the Professor jump his contract so we can get somebody more agreeable to you in his place, or you gotta sell out your interest in the show to me. Them sentiments is final, Jim Keane."

And with the words, Porky O'Hara, who with his partner had been sitting on the porch of the Bristol House, kicked back his chair and departed for the "opera house," leaving Mr. Keane to scratch his head in deep perplexity and distress.

From the foregoing the reader will readily observe that a crisis was imminent in the affairs of O'Hara & Keane's Great Gift Show. For many pleasant years Messrs. O'Hara and Keane and the G. G. S. had been touring the "pumpkin circuit" with much mutual pleasure and a modest profit. Their show was inexpensive and unique. It consisted of the two partners and their respective wives, an advance agent and "The Professor." No matter who this latter individual might be, he was always The Professor, and in the very nature of things he had to be a professional magician, for he was the Whole Show! Of course the billing advertised a lecture and stereopticon views, which started off with a slide of George Washington and ran the entire ancient gamut of The Dancing Skeleton, Niagara Falls, Eddystone Lighthouse, Brooklyn Bridge and Windsor Castle right down to the grand old Stars and Stripes, with strong nasal description and announcement by Mr. James Keane—but the real attraction of the show was always The Professor.

At the beginning of a tour of the California "cow counties," Messrs. O'Hara & Keane's reliable old Professor, one Giovanni Malatesta (billed as The Marvelous Malatesta, The World-Renowned Wizard, Direct From The Imperial Court of Vienna), had taken to strong drink. In fact, he had been taking to it gradually for a considerable period, and after a consultation the proprietors of the Great Gift Show had decided

that it would be dangerous to allow The Marvelous Malatesta to continue longer in their employ, notwithstanding the fact that the world-renowned one proffered immediate reform and a cut in salary at the prospect of the sack. But Mr. O'Hara was a keen business man, and obstinate to a degree, so at his suggestion Mr. Keane visited a cheap booking agent in San Francisco and engaged a new wizard, who responded to the delightfully Gaelic cognomen of Desmond McNally.

"That ain't no name to conjure with, Jim," Mr. O'Hara had complained at the time, although in his heart of hearts he meant no veiled slur on the new Professor's obvious nativity. He was an O'Hara himself, albeit second-growth, and far be it from any O'Hara to view a McNally with disfavor on purely hypothetical grounds.

"He's black Irish, Porky" replied Mr. Keane enthusiastically. "Looks like a dago—black roached mane and spked beard, big white teeth and no brogue to speak of. He imitates a dago to perfection and we can bill him as Professor Molini, The Man of Mystery, Direct From The London Hippodrome. He's a real find, Porky. Played the Orpheum circuit as assistant to Hermann The Great, and he's got a barrel of new stuff—some of Hermann's best. He'll cost us fifty a week an' stop at the best hotels, but he's worth every cent of it. We'll have to give him a contract with his salary in escrow in some bank. Says he won't take no chances on a bum show goin' fluey an' leavin' him stranded in a bum hotel wit' the landlord lookin' ugly."

"That's the Irish for you" complained O'Hara. "If he was a dago he wouldn't have the nerve to ask all that. Tell him to go chase himself, Jim. He's too rich for our blood."

"But Porky! He's a real wonder, an' cheap at the price, an' he's got the credentials to prove he's played in big time. We're bound to make good with him. Didn't we make money with that fake Malatesta? Suppose we do give this new Professor a contract, with the salary in escrow and the privilege o' stoppin' at the best hotels, all expenses paid. We can spare the dough to put in escrow, and anyhow there ain't no best hotels in the tank towns we play."

"Oh, well," retorted O'Hara wearily, "have your way. We've got to have a wizard, so let's have a good one while we're at it. I'll give him a contract that'll be a contract. We'll stipulate that he can't drink a drop or it nullifies his contract, and if he fails to complete a performance or misses one, biff! And I want to see him work before I even agree to give him a job."

Accordingly Mr. Desmond McNally was requested to get his tricks out of storage, which he did, the resulting paraphernalia proving to Mr. O'Hara's practised eye that the new Professor was the possessor of many "illusions" not possible of purchase in the ordinary magical repositories. He gave a private and satisfactory performance in the parlor of the hotel that housed the G. G. S., and after considerable confab and meticulous pros and cons, a contract with more stipulations and whereas than a constitutional amendment was finally drawn up and signed before a notary.

"Now," announced The Man of Mystery, Direct From The London Hippodrome, "I'll have to have an assistant."

"That's dead easy," O'Hara replied. "This is a little close fambly corporation. I sell tickets, Mrs. O'Hara takes 'em at the door an' works the magic lantern slides, Keane ushers and delivers the illustrated lecture, and Mrs. Keane is assistant to the magician. She has her own costume. Dresses as a court page. She understands her business. Used to be a 'kinker' in a circus."

Mr. Keane nodded his approbation of this arrangement and that point was duly settled.

"What's this gift business, anyhow?" Mr. McNally next demanded.

Porky O'Hara smiled. "That's the bug that attracts the fish, and all our fish are suckers. Our advance agent goes ahead and bills a town or a school district, advertisin' the show an' a free gift to each and every person attendin'. There's a long list o' gifts—a side o' bacon, a ham, small sack o' flour, butter-dish, and all that junk you'll find in a Japanese ping-pong alley or a five-and-ten cent store. That offer of a prize to *everybody* tickles the Rubes to death. It fills the house an' it don't cost much. Besides, we don't give much of it away. All those in the reserved section get a numbered ticket that calls for a real prize, an' we have a drawin' after the show,

chuck the tickets into a hat and a little girl from the audience does the drawin'. An' of course we don't have very many reserved seats! But we give *everybody* a prize just the same. At the conclusion of the drawin' for the prizes in the reserved section we tell the general admission to step to the box office as they go out an' get their prize. We slip 'em an envelope containin' a pair o' wooden cuff buttons. We buy 'em for two dollars a gross, an' we always engage a nigger or some town bum to distribute 'em at the box office while we make our get-away out the stage entrance."

Desmond McNally was satisfied, and a week later the show opened in a San Joaquin valley town. The result of the first ten weeks of the Professor's engagement has already been explained in the ultimatum of Mr. O'Hara to Mr. Keane to break the iron-clad contract that bound them to Professor Molini, nee Desmond McNally, or sell out his interest in the show to Mr. O'Hara, in the interests of harmony.

With his Hibernian shrewdness Mr. Porky O'Hara had detected the mote in his partner's eye. He was consumed with jealousy of Professor Molini, who, with the gallantry and blarney of his race, had presumed to tell the charming Mrs. Keane (*sotto voce*) what a lovely figure she had! This, upon the very first occasion she had appeared upon the stage as his assistant, arrayed in a faded and tawdry costume of an alleged page of the reign of Louis Quinze. The lady, who was both young and pretty, had permitted a pleased blush to mantle her fair cheek; whereat the Professor had playfully chucked her under the chin and thought no more about it. It was merely one of his little stage mannerisms. He could have slapped her face, with equal pleasure, had his "art" required it. But Jim Keane, directing a fat lady and her family to their seats, had caught the tell-tale flush of pleasure mounting beneath the rouge of his lady's cheek, and the demon of jealousy had thereupon entered into him and would not subside.

He showed his displeasure by glowering malevolently at Professor Molini, and later, by scolding his wife; with the result that she appeared the following night with her eye-lids pink and watery. Also her mind was not on her work and twice the Professor had to speak a little sharply to her, but in a voice so low that none in the



The lady, who was both young and pretty, had permitted a pleased blush to mantle her fair cheek; whereat the Professor had playfully chucked her under the chin

audience could hear what he said. However, Mr. Keane, who suddenly imagined himself an expert on lip reading, was confident he had interpreted a tender message from the Professor to Mrs. K. He reasoned that it was but natural the Professor should take advantage of the only opportunity he had of speaking to Mrs. Keane, and in a frenzy of jealous rage, torn between his love, his profits and his duty to his partner, Mr. Keane strutted up and down the aisles, hurling daggers of defiance and hatred at The Man Of Mystery.

The Professor, having been informed by this time by his assistant "that Jim had been scolding her," had his quick Irish sympathy for distressed femininity aroused. So he glared back at his employer, and the seeds for the riot were started in fertile soil.

Now it was Keane's business to mount the stage immediately after Professor Molini had closed the show (he occupied the stage for an hour and a half) and distribute the special prizes to those in the "reserved section." On the night when his jealous rage reached its climax, however, his emotions completely mastered him, and it was with somewhat of the air of throwing bones to a pack of hungry dogs that he performed his portion of the night's entertainment. Thereafter, like the Professor, he "slopped" his act.

For a week Mr. O'Hara stood this in grim silence; then, one night after the audience had been dismissed in sullen humor and the members of the company had dodged out the rear door and hurriedly sought the protection of the village hotel, Mr. O'Hara gently reminded his partner of this lapse from the humor which hitherto had made the distribution of the gifts one of the features of the show.

"You threw that little picnic ham at the thin lady like you was tryin' to knock her down" he remonstrated. "That ain't no nice way to distribute gifts. An' you never cracked a single joke. Just chucked the gifts around like you was sore on everybody, and that sort o' thing don't go with people, Jim."

"What's the odds?" demanded Mr. Keane hoarsely. "We'll never see 'em again."

"All the odds in the world" O'Hara retorted. "We ain't out o' this town yet an' we show in Jenkinstown tomorrow

night. Jenkinstown ain't so far away it can't be reached by train, an' personally, I don't want no insulted patrons o' the night before bangin' me with no dead cats an' soft tomatuses. There ain't no use incitin' a riot by addin' insult to injury, an' you know as well as I do, Jim, that them wooden cuff-buttons is a downright insult."

"Well," rasped the tortured Keane, "if you don't like the way I distribute them gifts, Porky, you get your funny friend, Professor Molini, to distribute 'em."

"All right, I'll do that" retorted Professor Molini, who had been listening to the conversation and was eager to do anything that might prove his superiority over Mr. Keane. "You let me distribute the gifts tomorrow night and I'll send 'em home laughing as sure as I'm a fakir."

Porky O'Hara was more than willing to give the Professor a free hand, and the manner in which that competent person handled this additional task the following night in Jenkinstown caused the efforts of the former distributor to appear weak and small and amateurish in comparison. So much wit and good-nature of a homely bucolic brand did he introduce into the job that O'Hara's heart went out to him, and he begged the Professor to do him the favor of distributing the gifts nightly. The Professor agreed.

For that first ten weeks on the road of one-night stands in town halls, "opera houses," district school-houses and court-houses, O'Hara & Keane's Great Gift Show did a fair business, despite the internal dissension and the fact that of late Professor Molini finally discontinued the distribution of the gifts and was descending to a perfectly miserable exhibition of magic. And all that time the fatal jealousy, fed entirely on fancy, gnawed at Mr. Keane's vitals. He, as well as his partner, knew they were not doing the business they ought to do; that if this disorganization continued they would be bankrupt at the end of the forty weeks' tour, while the diabolical Professor, with his salary in escrow, would be certain to emerge with a profit. In desperation at the storm-clouds which he saw gathering daily on Mr. O'Hara's black brow, Keane at length suggested that they engage a girl to take Mrs. Keane's place as assistant to the Professor.

"Sure," assented O'Hara, "expense ain't no item at all. Oh, no! Not a bit. While

you're at it, Jim, engage another girl to take the place o' my missus takin' tickets at the door an' working them slides for the magic lantern."

"My wife'll do that" suggested Keane, ignoring the veiled sarcasm.

"Good. Of course you'll pay the wages an' travelin' expenses o' the new assistant, an' me an' my missus haul down our little old fifty per cent just the same."

This was too much for Mr. Keane, who thereupon subsided into gloomy introspection. A week later Mr. O'Hara had delivered the ultimatum with which this story begins.

It will be remembered also that Mr. O'Hara had allowed his partner one week in which to force the Professor to jump his contract, or else sell out his (Keane's) interests in the show. During that week Keane resorted to everything short of assault with intent to do great bodily harm, in his efforts to dislodge the Professor, but still The Man Of Mystery hung on. In retaliation of Keane's snubs and insults, he substituted for some of his best tricks others so aged and infirm as to cause Mr. O'Hara to howl for mercy. He sought an explanation from the Professor.

"Looky here, McNally" he pleaded, "you're ruinin' the show just so you can get back at that jealous ass Jim Keane, an' you're that anxious for revenge you ain't takin' into consideration the interests of me an' Mrs. O'Hara. For the love of Mike, Desmond McNally, be reasonable. I've always treated you like you was a gentleman instead of a magician, ain't I?"

"You have, Porky," the Professor responded, "you have, indeed, and I'm sorry to make you suffer, but that's what you get for having a man like Keane for a partner. You tell that feller to smile and look cheerful and friendly when he speaks to me and I'll behave. I ain't getting fresh with Mrs. K. and I don't enjoy these remarks he's passing around. Why, she was a kinker in a one-ring circus! Her idea of fun is to stand off in a corner and turn somersaults until she's dizzy, and me—I don't like that kind of a woman enough to make love to her. You get rid of Keane as a partner or make him behave himself, or I'll crab this show. I know how to save my contract, and believe me, this show has thirty weeks of hell ahead of it if I don't get my way."

"What'll you take to quit now?" demanded O'Hara.

"My full salary for the thirty weeks remaining."

"I'll paint you a full salary—"

"Suit yourself, Porky. I'm happy" responded the wicked wizard, and Mr. O'Hara, realizing the hopelessness of his position, departed in search of Jim Keane.

"Jim," he said, "lemme have a look at the Professor's contract."

Keane produced the voluminous document and Mr. O'Hara sat down to re-read it for the twentieth time. He droned in a sing-song monotone:

Article 4. The parties of the first part shall, upon the verbal or written request of the said Desmond McNally, party of the second part, furnish the said second party with such live-stock as white rats and mice, rabbits, doves or pigeons or such other fowl as the said party of the second part may require for the proper presentation of his entertainment during the life of this contract. It is understood and agreed that the expense of supplying and maintaining such animals or fowls shall be borne by the parties of the first part, and that in the event of carelessness, accident or brutality on the part of the party of the second part resulting in the loss of one or more of the said animals or fowls, the party of the second part shall permit the original cost of said animals or fowls to be deducted from his weekly salary.

Article 5. The party of the second part shall be the sole judge of which of his repertoire of tricks and illusions he shall present at any one performance, and if, in the event that the parties of the first part are dissatisfied with the selections made by the party of the second part, they may, at their option, provided twenty-four hours' notice be given the party of the second part, order an entirely new repertoire, in whole or in part, from the following list of tricks and illusions; to wit:

Here followed a long list of the Professor's stock in trade, which Mr. O'Hara omitted to read and passed on to the multifarious other whereases and it-is-mutually-agreeds.

"That Article 4 was a trap" raved Mr. Keane. "He makes us supply the live-stock and maintain 'em, and he gets out of all the work o' maintenance, and the job's up to my Lizzie. He's only responsible if he kills one or more of 'em during a performance."

"Well, praise be he's only usin' two doves and three rabbits, so we should be grateful and not kick" O'Hara warned him.

"Is that so? Well, he just slipped me an order for half a dozen white Pekin ducks and a kitten for tonight's performance."

He says he's goin' to cut out that levitation stunt where Lizzie disappears in a puff of flame and smoke on account o' the high cost of them chemically treated sheets he uses to cover the dummy."

"We'll bar the ducks an' the kitten by substitutin' somethin' else for that trick."

"Twenty-four hours notice" groaned Mr. Keane. "I've bought the ducks and stole the kitten."

Mr. O'Hara flexed his biceps and scowled portentously. "Jim," he warned his partner, "this feud's got to stop! Innercent parties is sufferin' because of it. This contract's got to be broke. We won't have no house worth mentionin' tonight. The weekly paper is out this afternoon, with a column from the correspondent in the last town we played, pannin' the socks off'n Professor Molini and the Gift Show. I been floatin' around the vegetable stores and they're all sold out. I don't know whether that means anything, but it's a sign of bad luck just the same."

"Well, I won't be put on by no magician, and that goes" stormed Jim Keane.

"You'll go, too, if this contract ain't broken" warned Mr. O'Hara. "I'm gettin' plumb sick of this old-woman nonsense between you and the Perfessor, and you got twenty-four hours left to get rid of him by legal means, or the show busts up."

Mr. Keane went his way mumbling threats and curses against the devilish Molini, and Mr. O'Hara resumed his perusal of the contract. When he had finished he leaned back on the hind legs of his chair and for an hour gave himself up to introspection.

Suddenly he started as if snake-bitten, and a malevolent smile broke over his cherubic countenance. He arose and sought the telegraph office, where he sent a wire to a booking office in San Francisco, instructing the agent to forward him immediately one perfectly good magician warranted free from stage fright and equipped to perform any one of the twenty-five tricks and illusions which O'Hara proceeded to enumerate in his telegram. The salary was to be not less than fifty a week for thirty weeks, contract to contain usual clause of two weeks notice by both parties in case of dissatisfaction.

On his way to the town hall where the gift show was playing that night, Mr. O'Hara looked in at the telegraph office

again and to his huge delight found an answer to his wire, informing him that Martin the Marvel would meet them at their next stand.

Shortly after Porky O'Hara reached the hall and took his station in the box office, while Mrs. O'Hara guarded the door and collected the tickets sold by her worthy husband, Keane and his wife arrived, followed shortly by Professor Molini. It would be an hour before the Professor and his assistant would be called upon to perform, and pending that time he leaned against the wall and idly watched the crowd thronging into the hall. Mr. Keane passed his employee every minute or two as he ushered seat holders into the "reserved section," and each time he passed the wizard he favored that Gaelic personage with a malevolent glare.

"Unmannerly pup!" muttered Professor Molini. "I'll get even on you for them haughty stares," and forthwith he walked to the door and glanced out. It was raining hard, without prospects of a let-up, and the Professor turned to Jim Keane.

"Did you bring me that live hen, the six eggs and the plate I ordered this afternoon, Mr. Keane?" he demanded.

Keane's lip curled angrily. "No, I didn't" he snarled. "You never spoke to me about them."

"Now, that's a lie, Keane, and you know it," retorted Molini gently. "You've been doing all you possibly can since I joined this show to queer my acts and get me to quit. It's in my contract that you and O'Hara are to furnish me with such fowls, etc. as I may require for the proper presentation of my entertainment. I hurt my hand today and you know I can't do the usual card work, so I'd planned to substitute a brand new stunt. Pull the hen out from under a table-cloth, set her on the plate and have her lay six eggs; then I was going to cook an omelet in a plug hat. Why, I've been working for weeks on that stunt—it's a new one, and with at least three hundred people in the house I wanted to pull it tonight, and you forget to bring me that live hen and the eggs! I have a plate I can use, but I *must* have the hen and the eggs—"

"Then go up town after 'em" rasped Keane.

Molini came closer to his employer and menaced him with a long finger. "I told



Keane produced the voluminous document and Mr. O'Hara sat down to re-read it for the twentieth time

you about the hen and the eggs when I ordered the ducks and the kitten, and I was careful to tell you in front of witnesses. If you've forgotten, it's not my fault. All I've got to say is this: the house is about filled, and unless I get that hen and the eggs there'll be no performance as far as I'm concerned, and you're out a hundred dollars clear profit. I can't live up to my contract if you won't let me, and I'll fight you in the courts to a fare-ye-well finish. I know my legal rights."

Keane turned to O'Hara, who was glowering at the pair from the box office.

"Wants *me* to rush out in this peltin' rain and get him half a dozen eggs and a live hen" he explained. "Says he won't show unless I do it."

"Then do it, you blithering ass!" howled Porky O'Hara. "That's what you're here for. Are you going to let him queer the show? Get a move on!"

It was eight blocks to the hotel and Keane had neither umbrella nor overshoes—and there was not a cab in sight. Nevertheless

he departed growling, to return in about half an hour with three of the eggs broken in his pocket, an indignant hen in a gunnysack, and the water dripping in little rivulets from his saturated clothing. He threw the hen at the Professor's feet, handed him the three eggs, and all wet and dripping as he was mounted the stage, while Mrs. O'Hara managed the destinies of the stereopticon lantern, to deliver his perfunctory lecture in a voice quivering with rage.

After the performance, as the crowd pressed around the box office for the usual distribution of wooden cuff buttons, Jim Keane approached the Professor and in querulous husky tones demanded to know why the dickens the said Professor hadn't used the hen and the eggs after making him, Keane, run sixteen blocks in the rain to fetch them.

"I changed my mind" he replied, "after you broke three of the eggs." He smiled—a devilish smile, as became a magician—as if to imply that forgetting was one of the privileges of his profession. Keane, realizing

how heavily the Professor had scored, turned away without another word. He dared not trust himself to speak his mind, for Mrs. O'Hara and his wife were present.

At that moment Porky O'Hara came up. He also, was smiling.

"Just so you don't change your mind too often, McNally, I don't care" he said. "Jim had that comin' to him. However, I want to give you twenty-four hours notice about changin' your act. I want you to put on that basket trick and instead of disappearin' from the stage and enterin' a minute later by the front door in your evenin' dress suit, I want you to make up as a tramp in the box-office and walk right up on the stage. The audience won't recognize you, and then you'll kick over the basket and act fresh, and about the time they're wonderin' who you are take off your make-up and you get the big laugh. They'll think you're just a fresh drunken bum."

"That is a good one" the Professor answered heartily, "and it'll be easier to do than make an omelet in a plug hat and then give the hat back to the old gent in the first row."

"Put it on tomorrow night and we'll try it out anyhow" warned O'Hara, "and don't forget you've had your twenty-four hours' notice in front o' witnesses."

As O'Hara & Keane's Great Gift Show entered the taxi waiting for them at the rear entrance of the opera house, Porky O'Hara commenced to chuckle.

"What you chucklin' for, Porky?" demanded Mr. Keane irritably. Whenever he was not "in" on a joke he always imagined himself to be the butt of it.

"I got a happy idea for the Christmas eve performance" O'Hara replied.

Mrs. Keane clapped her hands and joined Mrs. O'Hara in a demand for instant elucidation.

"Tomorrow night's Christmas eve an' we show in Morganstown. There's a good big stage in the opy house at Morganstown an' we ought to draw a big house—"

"But we won't" interrupted Mrs. O'Hara, who in addition to her fat was strangely undiplomatic. "What with this row on between Jim and the Professor—"

"Can that chatter, Julia" warned her husband. "That's just the sperrit that's a-goin' to bust up this show if something ain't done. I've given Jim a week to make

friends with the Professor or get rid of him, and as I see right off he ain't a-goin' to make good either way, I gotta take matters in my own hands. Folks, we're a-goin' to have a Christmas tree tomorrow night an' distribute *all* the gifts from the stage instead o' givin' the general admission their wooden cuff-buttons at the box office. And we ain't goin' to give no wooden cuff-buttons either. Each an' every person gets a numbered ticket as he goes in, entitlin' him to a free, sensible, useful gift—"

"But that'll cost a lot of money" protested Keane.

"I ain't worryin'," O'Hara retorted, "because you're a-goin' to pay for the extra value of all them gifts. If you ain't satisfied after the show is over, I'll pay for 'em myself."

"And I call that fair enough" challenged Mrs. O'Hara belligerently. Her husband silenced her with an ominous scowl, and continued.

"Things has come to such a pass with this show that we gotta cut out the bunk for one night an' deliver some real gifts, in addition to settlin' forever the internal dissensions of the comp'ny. We're a-goin' to have a Christmas celebration—a real old Merry Christmas—a season of rejoicin' an' peace on earth an' good will to men, an' I got a scheme to put it over that's a absolute winner."

"What's the scheme, Porky?"

"I just thought of it this minute, Jim. You heard me give the Professor his orders to put on the disappearin' basket trick tomorrow night, didn't you? Well, I got a new idea. Instead o' distributin' the gifts *after* the show, we'll distribute 'em right after the first turn, which'll be the disappearin' basket trick. Then, instead o' havin' the Professor come reelin' up the aisle like a drunken tramp, we'll have him enter as Santa Claus, up goes the backdrop, revealin' a big Christmas tree all lighted up, an' the Professor takes charge. As he calls the number on each gift, the feller with the correspondin' number in the audience comes up on the stage an' gets his gift, and that way we have 'em all in good humor before the show starts. Then we'll give 'em a *good* show, clear the floor an' have a dance an' send 'em all home happy. It's goin' to cost a little money, but it's good advertisin' an'll set at rest them rumors that's got afloat about us havin' a bunk show."



Molini came closer to his employer and menaced him with a long finger

“But how about the Professor?” Mr. Keane was dubious.

“After this Christmas celebration you ain’t goin’ to have no more trouble wit’ the Professor. Now don’t ask questions. Just leave this to me. If I pull off this stunt an’ make a success o’ this Christmas festival, you pay for it. If I lose out, I pay for it, and that goes.”

Mr. O’Hara resolutely refused to discuss his dark scheme further, and his three auditors went to bed that night wondering if success would crown the efforts of the astute Hibernian to promote peace in the family. All three doubted it.

The hall in which O’Hara & Keane’s Great Gift Show played at Morganstown

the following night was situated upstairs over a hardware store. The Professor, accompanied by his employers, visited the hall early in the afternoon, despite the pouring rain, and looked over the field. While the janitor’s back was turned he sawed a trap in the stage floor, which he carefully covered with a runner of carpet, and then cast about him for a means of exit from the rear of the hall, after he should have emerged from under the stage into which he would have to drop through the trap when doing his disappearing basket trick. There was no rear entrance, however, so the Professor went to a rear window and measured the distance to the ground. It was in the neighborhood of twenty feet and as the Professor carried in his trunk a

rope, knotted every foot, for just such emergencies, he was not worried. After inspecting his rope he allowed a five-foot drop to the ground, and was worried not at all.

"There's some mud beneath that window, Professor," O'Hara warned him. "If I was you I'd wear boots when I dropped out the window. You can change into an extra pair of shoes in five seconds in the box office."

"Good idea" said the Professor pompously. "I'll do that."

And verily that night he did it!

Now in order to explain the diabolical plot hatched in the cunning brain of Porky O'Hara, it is necessary that we first understand the *modus operandi* of the disappearing basket trick.

After due and formal announcement of his next endeavor to amuse and entertain, the Professor and his assistant brought on a large basket about six feet long, three feet high and three feet wide. It had a hinged lid, which the Professor opened to prove that the basket was empty. He next brought a chair and set it on the stage six feet from the basket and in front of his concealed trap door, and placed a screen in front of the chair to hide it from the audience.

"I shall now, ladies and gentlemen," chanted the Professor, "step behind this screen to array myself in the court costume in which it is customary for wizards to visit his Satanic Majesty. I shall then enter the basket with this pistol in my hand, and when I fire the pistol I shall instantly disappear!"

The Professor thereupon took up his robes of office and stepped behind the screen. He was careful to stand on the chair, in order that his shoulders and head might be visible to the audience at all times, and standing thus he dressed himself in a Mephistophelian costume, with a hood over his head. Taking the pistol in his hand and facing the audience he again warned them that he was about to enter the basket, fire the pistol and immediately disappear from the basket, and having wotted the which, he stepped down from the chair and for an instant was invisible behind the screen. But that instant was long enough for Mrs. Keane to appear through the trap door, arrayed in a domino exactly like the Professor's. She was about

the same height as the Professor, and with the heavy hood over her head one could not say that she was *not* the Professor. Molini merely handed her the pistol and slipped down through the trap under the stage floor, while she, carefully averting her face from the audience, walked out on the stage and entered the basket. An instant later the pistol shot rang out.

Silence settled over the hall simultaneously with the report of the pistol. The audience could see the wisp of smoke percolating through the basket, and they could sniff its acrid fumes. For perhaps ten seconds they sniffed and wondered until a cheery shout of "Merry Christmas, good people," caused every man, woman and child to turn and peer up the aisle, down which a figure garbed as Santa Claus came running. He quickly charged up the little runway to the stage, and approached the basket, inside of which Mrs. Keane clung to a false panel, which she had succeeded in inverting. Santa Claus forthwith opened the basket and tilted it forward, thus presenting ocular evidence of the fact that the Professor had actually disappeared. For a brief moment he stood confronting them; then, while they still wondered, he removed the Santa Claus whiskers for an instant, displaying the black imperial and strong white teeth of Professor Molini.

A glad shout of approbation went up immediately. Without doubt it was a tremendously clever trick and folks marveled at the superhuman power which enabled him to do it. The Professor bowed and smiled and showed his teeth some more before resuming his Kris Kringle whiskers, when he stepped to the footlights and in perfectly good Americanese, said:

"Ladies and gen'mun! It becomes necessary for me to step out of my character as a magician for the balance of the evening while I distribute the wonderful free gifts which the management has provided for your entertainment and enjoyment. Contrary to published reports to the contrary, the gifts will be distributed before the performance goes any further and if any lady or gen'mun is dissatisfied with his or her gift the management will cheerfully refund them the price of admission. On this joyous Yuletide occasion I deem it only proper to tell you that my name is not Molini and I am not an Eyetalian at all, but an American citizen the same as all of you an' proud of it.



"There's some mud beneath that window, Professor," O'Hara warned him. "If I was you I'd wear boots when I dropped out!"

Inasmuch as my assumed Eytalian dialect would perhaps cause confusion and consequent loss of joy to the little children I see in the audience waitin' for their gifts from Santa Claus, I will make no attempt to delude you for the balance of the evening's entertainment with an assumed accent. As I said before, I am an American citizen an' proud of it."

The audience was evidently proud of the Professor also, for they cheered his speech to the echo, and the presentation of the gifts began. They ran the gamut from hams to "phony" jewelry, but having expected wooden cuff-buttons and been agreeably disappointed, the audience was in a mood to be tolerant, and when the distribution of gifts was over and the Professor went on with his entertainment they followed each new trick with almost childish delight and the Professor's "humor" drew many a long and hearty laugh.

All in all it was a great evening, and when the show was over and the Professor went behind the scenes to shed his stifling Santa Claus costume while the hall was being

cleared of chairs for the dance that was to follow, the proprietors of the Gift Show and their ladies met him with open arms.

"Julia," said Mr. O'Hara, taking the Professor by the arm, "permit me to present our new Professor, Martin the Marvel. Mr. Martin, Mrs. O'Hara. And this here is Mr. Keane, my partner, and the handsome lady that assisted you is Mrs. Keane. We welcome you to O'Hara & Keane's Great Gift Show and wish you the compliments o' the season."

And Mr. O'Hara paused, wiped his steaming brow and blew his nose with a prodigious report.

"The same to you all and many of them," replied the amiable Professor. "Delighted to meet yer. I'm sure we'll all get along nicely. I'm a married man myself and I brought Mrs. Martin along with me."

Beaming, Mr. Keane seized the new wizard's hand and shook it heartily; then turning to his partner, he said:

"Porky, charge all the extra expense up to me. But before we go any further, for

the love o' Mike tell us what you done with the late Professor Molini."

"Oh—him?" replied Porky O'Hara carelessly. "He's—he's disappeared!"

"Resigned?" queried Keane unbelievably.

"Same thing. He's jumped his contract. Just busted Article 6, providin' that if he fails to finish any performance except for sickness on a doctor's certificate, the contract's null and void—"

He was interrupted by the entrance, through the stage door, of a battered, mud-bespattered individual in a dress suit that reeked of porcine byres. Mrs. O'Hara screamed and backed away from the apparition.

"Mercy," she panted, "if it ain't that Desmond McNally person!"

Mr. O'Hara advanced upon his late employee threateningly.

"Get out" he said simply, but with considerable firmness. "You've broke Article 6 of the contract an' we're t'rough wit' you, see?"

"I want my week's salary" screamed the late Professor Molini, while tears of rage streamed down his cheeks.

Holding his nose with the thumb and forefinger of his left hand, Mr. O'Hara reached into his pocket and produced fifty dollars, which he handed to the unhappy and abominably scented McNally.

"Here's your dough" he mumbled. "Merry Christmas and scoot!"

The Professor took the coin and obeyed with alacrity, and when he had gone the members of the Great Gift Show gathered around this Talleyrand who had saved the day—or rather the night.

Mr. Keane seized his partner's arm hysterically. "Explain" he said. "Tell me how you put the skids under this Turk."

So Mr. O'Hara explained:

"Well, you see, Jim, in the first place I was born in this town, I know every foot of it, and I engaged this hall on purpose. If you'd been real observin' and looked out this rear window you'd have noticed that the end of the building butts up against a stock corral. Drovers drivin' their hogs an' sheep an' cattle down to the railroad at Pittsfield to load 'em in cars always herd their critters into this corral and hold 'em there over night. The corral was empty when McNally looked into it

from the back window tonight, but when he crawled from under the stage and went down that knotted rope he had to drop five feet from the end of the rope. Well, he fell on somethin'."

"What!" demanded all present breathlessly.

"A herd of five hundred hogs that I give a hog-rancher a hundred bucks to drive into town tonight after dark and lodge in that corral. They rooted and wallered in that muddy corral, with the rain a-fallin' on 'em, and the slush was a foot deep and there wasn't a square inch of space that wasn't occupied by a hog. They ain't vicious hogs, but they're scary, and when the Professor lit on their backs, thinkin' to run around the buildin' and tear in the front door, he just naturally got the surprise of his life. You'll notice he had his dress suit on an' it's the only one he has, and he's been a-crawlin' an' a-swimmin' an' a-floppin' over the backs o' them five hundred hogs ever since he went down that rope. Anyhow, I know them hogs are so thick in there he couldn't ever walk, and it's as dark as a pocket. I was listenin' at the back window an' I could hear him a-screamin' and a-cursin' and a-prayin' for half an hour, and then I slipped out and tipped the village constable onto it that somebody was a-tryin' to steal the hogs. So they snaked him out and took him to the lock-up. I give the constable five dollars to let him out at eleven o'clock. In the meantime he's threw us down by not finishin' his performance an' we're shet of him an' safe on our escrow money. I'd figured it all out an' I had Martin the Marvel shipped up an' waitin' in the box office to finish McNally's tricks."

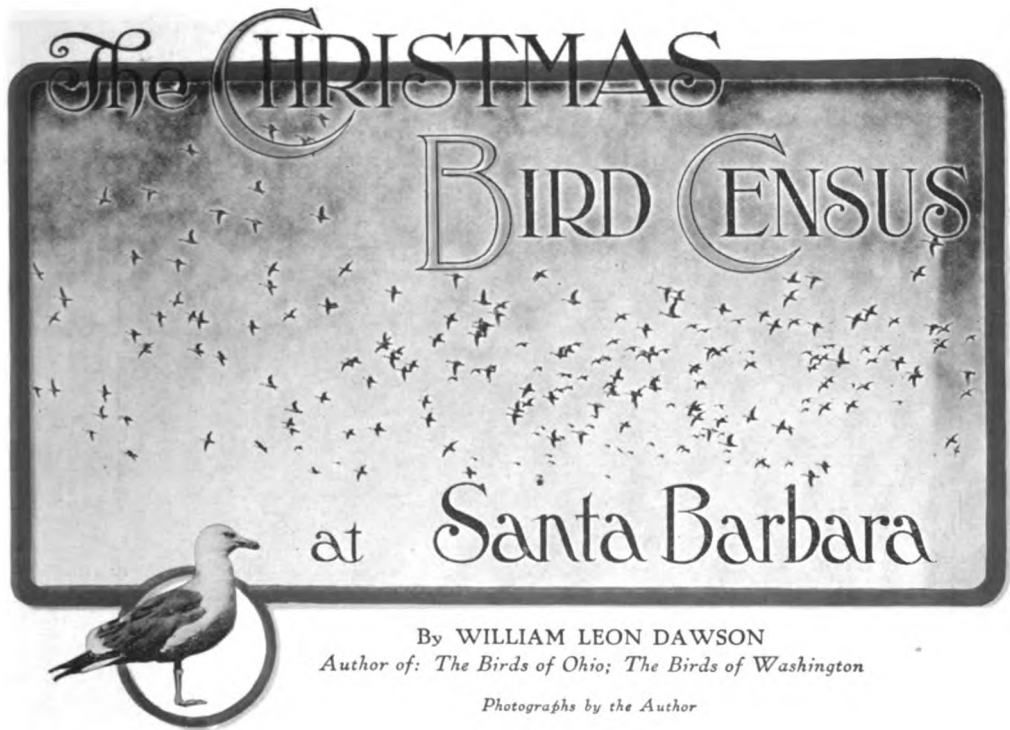
He paused and glanced around him humorously. "And if this ain't a Merry Christmas," he added, "I'll pay for the hire o' them hogs myself sooner than quarrel about it."

Mr. Keane raised his hand solemnly, as who should say: "Heaven forbid." What he did say was:

"No, Porky, I'll foot the bills. This is the season o' peace on earth an' good will toward men."

"Amen" said Mr. O'Hara.

"I smell that Professor yet" sniffed Mrs. O'Hara. "I'm awful glad he's disappeared."



THE sport of bird-horizoning is going to be popular before long; and when you get the fever you would better head for Santa Barbara, for here we have discovered the banner station for winter birds. A bird "horizon," be it known, is a list of all the species of birds seen in a given locality within a given time. A single day is the natural unit of observation time, although it is perfectly proper to speak of the "July horizon," or the "horizon of 1913," or even of a "life horizon"—the last-named embracing all the species ever seen by a given observer in his field experience.

"The Christmas Bird Census" has been taken recently in nearly every state in the Union. In 1911, Mr. Stewart Edward White joined the writer in establishing a record at Santa Barbara nearly double that of any other station outside of California. Here on this south-sloping, east-and-west-trending bit of coast a unique condition prevails. Confronted on their autumnal flight by the sudden apparition of the sea, the birds settle quickly to consider their situation. Finding abundance of food and shelter, and being undisturbed by abrupt climatic changes, they delay until the migratory

impulse passes, and so spend a joyous winter with us, unmindful of the fact that their easterly-ranging companions, in their search for congenial conditions, have had to go hundreds or even thousands of miles further south.

Of course we could not get at a hundred species in a day without the automobile. We must range from Goleta and La Patera on the west to Carpinteria on the east, and take a dash (better two or three) back into the hills besides. The "Jolly Ellen" (dedicated to ornithology by a dear lady in the Southland) holds five passengers: Mr. White and Mr. Brooks, both tried and true census-takers, with yours ornithologically at the wheel—if you will join us, Mr. and Mrs. Reader, we shall have a jolly load. We shall have no use for guns, but be *sure* to bring your bird-glasses, binoculars, the stronger the better. Also come very early, an hour before daybreak if possible.

Who will be the first to wake, and to head the Christmas list? Last year it was Hermit Thrush, dearest and daintiest of our winter pensioners. Today it is the Brown Towhee who gives that pugnacious squeak which does him duty alike for challenge, victory, love and

lament—it is this prosaic drab of everybody's backyard who enrolls as number one. His brighter cousin, the San Diego Towhee, follows soon with a sleepy trill. The Pasadena Thrasher wakes up with a sneeze that sets the Gambel Sparrows to "zinking." The Valley Quail shouts excitedly "Get right up! Get right up!" and the Wren-tit tumbles down his ladder of song by way of obedience. The day is begun.

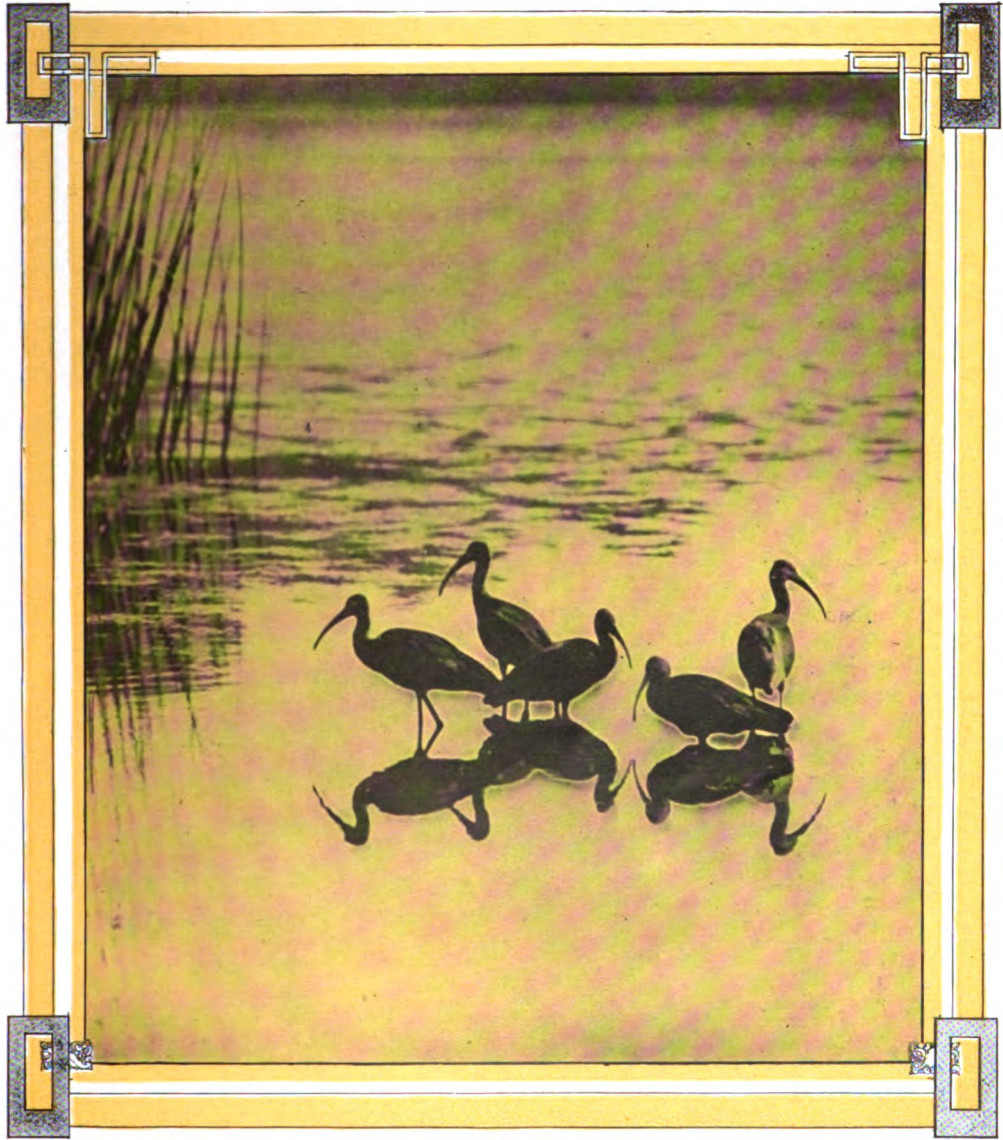
We are off now at 6.30, and we will not stop to identify dickey-birds as they flit past in this ghostly light, but will hurry down to the pier and the Estero to catch the sea-and-shore birds before they stir about too much. There is always a treat in store at Stearns' wharf. Gulls and Scoters and Shags, each of several species, line the railings or muster on buoys and upturned boats, or haunt the waters below. Now it is a Red-throated Loon which emerges at our very feet, breathless from a submarine pursuit of anchovy or smelt. His checkered back gleams for a delicious moment before he bethinks himself that all humans are hostile, and sets off for safer waters. And look! Yonder a Great Blue Heron stands on a float with his head huddled down and his legs braced far apart, like a belated Christmas reveler intent on vindicating his sobriety.

The Estero is a large flat in the lower end of town, half covered to the depth of a foot or so with brackish and filthy back-water. It is no place for the fastidious sight-seer, but it is treasure trove for the ornithologist. Here gulls of seven or eight species and ducks of ten foregather. Royal Terns pass their leisure hours snoozing on some secluded bar of this bird haven, while possibilities of rare sandpipers lurk along every margin. We are a little late in the season, to be sure, for the bulk of the Shore-bird host passes south in August and returns in April or May. The shores of this charmed spot are alive with landbirds also. The salicornia yields Savanna Sparrows, Belding's and Bryant's. A little more tweedle-dee on the cheek and a little less tweedle-dee on the foot determines which of these gentlemen gets the credit for which little striped sparrow; but it would only confuse our guests to inflict such subtleties upon them. Meadowlarks, Blackbirds, Marsh Wrens, Phoebes—our list is fifty strong already, and it is only half-past eight.

Our next station will be Laguna Blanca

in Hope Ranch, but some of the gardens along the way are irresistible. Roses are a dominant element at this season, but without them there would still be a blaze of color. Anna Hummingbirds are in their happiest mood now, for it is the season of courtship. Ever and again they quench their jeweled splendor in some chalice of purple or gold, and, drunk with nectar, revel in Bacchanalian pursuits too swift for our eyes to follow. Goldfinches, Titmice, Gnat-catchers, Ruby-crests will arrest us by turns; and we must stop in front of the Arlington to look for our little company of English Sparrows. These unwelcome pests are still rarities hereabouts, thanks to the preoccupation of the field by California Linnets.

A bit of perfect asphalt with the Jolly Ellen running free, and we are at Laguna Blanca in a trice. "White" only when viewed from the summit of the Santa Ynez range six miles away, this lakelet of forty acres in its brown setting of tules glows with ornithological invitation. Upon this refuge shooting is strictly forbidden, and even idle disturbance of its feathered denizens is discouraged. A fountain fed by mountain springs gushes from the center and insures not only the attendance but the good health of the thousands of ducks which resort to this sanctuary daily. Not only so, but the abundant tules which crowd its shores harbor a great variety of landbirds and even entice to their hospitable depths some of the mountain-and-chaparral-haunting species, such as Fox Sparrows, Gnat-catchers and Thrushes. Here may be found the Tree Swallows, hardest of the swallowkind, gleaning from an unfailing supply of winter sweets while their fellows are fled to Brazil. And here, and here alone, will appear, fresh from wanderings in the invisible abyss, those avian meteors, the White-throated Swifts. Of course it is the insects which lure them down; but when they come, they come so suddenly, and they hawk for their prey with such fierce-winged zeal, with such intricacy of evolution, and are so soon gone again, that it would seem as if Mistress Blanca were some magician who, having summoned from the sky a hundred scimitars, proceeds to juggle furiously with them. Then, tiring of the sport, she tosses the flashing blades back into heaven and waits our applause.



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Egypt in California. White-faced glossy Ibises on Laguna Blanca

Our list stands nearly ninety now. Those blessed tules have yielded us nineteen new species besides twenty-nine duplicates. Now that we think of it, the day has become very quiet and a bit warm. The birds are slipping into cover for their accustomed noontide siesta, and certain inner promptings of our own—let's run over to the sea-cliffs for lunch. A winding course under the cool oaks with their lavish gray-green draperies of moss brings us to the old picnic grounds where we leave the

machine, and, after a scramble up the hillside, find ourselves facing the shimmering leagues of a sunlit sea. So peaceful is it all that we almost forget to be hungry, and gaze dreamily a-sea instead. Shorn of their power by the beds of clinging kelp through which they have struggled, the waves break at last, almost soundless, at the foot of our cliff. Beyond the kelp-beds the waves glisten again, but the blue barriers of Santa Cruz and Santa Rosa, rising benignly across the channel, assure us



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The bright eyes of the Western Gnat-catcher seem alight with Christmas greeting

that boisterous billows may never shatter our peace.

The scene does not altogether lack animation either, for just above the crestline of a sea-cliff is the proper path for all way-faring Gulls, and they pass us by twos or threes or dozens, now veering sharply if our presence has broken a winged reverie, now pausing to sniff at our sandwiches if the Larine nostril has been harbor-trained. Dun Cormorants pass at a lower level at a speed disquietingly suggestive of belated

commuters; but the California Brown Pelicans, drowsing among the floating tresses of the kelp maidens, restore our sense of repose. Again and again we test with the glasses the outer margin of the kelp-beds, intent on possible Shearwaters or Jaegers, or still more hypothetical Skuas, and are rewarded at last by—whales. Whales! three of them, spouting and sporting in the shimmering sea. One old fellow plows along methodically just outside the kelp-line, diving and blowing by turns, while a

company of hovering Gulls attends his slow progress. The fucaceous forest is too much for him, apparently, and he forbears to thread its narrow aisles.

But all this is more restful than profitable. Our next objective is Sandylands, where Mr. White's summer cottage stands among the dunes near Carpinteria. And we must reach those neglected hills sometime before sundown for they are beginning to prey upon our consciences. All aboard, then! Along the cliff drive to the Plaza we hasten, picking up new records now and then, but paying dearly in time for some

fruitless quests; past the Estero, where we dare not pause again; along the East Boulevard, where automobiles and Sanderlings almost touch wings in passing. We brush the skirts of Montecito but, blind to all else for today, we count a glimpse of Cedarbirds, sitting primly along a wire, more fortunate than all the views of millionaire villas which the way affords. On past Miramar, aflame with flowers; over Ortega Hill and through Summerland with its giant ugliness of oil derricks; on we fly, and so along the Coast highway to the little lane and the rickety gate which



A Bonaparte Gull on the early morning water of the Estero

lets us in on Sandylands. Here we scatter, one to search the lagoons for unrecorded Sandpipers, one to retrieve the recreant Horned Lark from his sand-dune wilderness, and one to glean along the shore for Curlews or Plovers. We are to meet at the base of the long spit and to advance cautiously upon this infallible retreat of rarities.

Solitude and the murmuring sea prove almost too much for the coast detail. The footsteps linger. What matter the birds in such a lotus land? The sand-dunes are a mild Sahara, the Rincon a milder Vesuvius, and surely the waves by my side are the very same that soothed Ulysses on the Circean isle. What matters to me if also beyond the gates the Hesperides have set the sky aglow? The laggard footsteps cease. A couch upon the sand were paradise enow. Willets! By Jiminy! Two of them, as noisy as life! They should have cleared our borders a month ago by all the books, yet here they are lingering to taste our Christmas cheer. And what is this? A Plover? No; better yet, a Black Turnstone. His fellows are all out on the reefs of Anacapa clinging to the slippery rocks and snatching barnacles between the buffets of the waves; but this plucky chap has come ashore, on purpose, to boost our record. Bravo! and *mucha; gracias!*

Rejoining our mates at the appointed place, we peep cautiously over the parapet of sand and behold a quiet company of Plovers, Black-bellied Plovers, or "Beetle-heads," each standing demurely upon one leg, or else squatting on the sand. "*Too oo leep*" a mellow whistle sounds, and instantly all is attention. Our ambushade is discovered and every eye is intent upon this western horizon of sand. "*Too oo leep*" sounds again, and a dozen answer as with daintily uplifted wings they reveal the black axillaries and pause just an instant before taking flight. Too bad, birdies! We are gunless and therefore guiltless, and we would be friends; but you

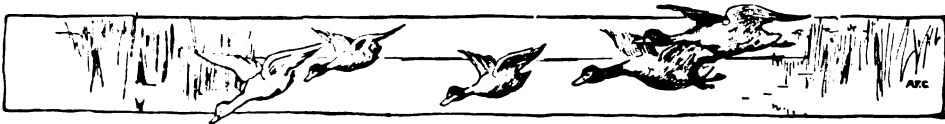
and we must both suffer until such time as our better human sense takes pity on the frightened remnant of your once innumerable hosts.

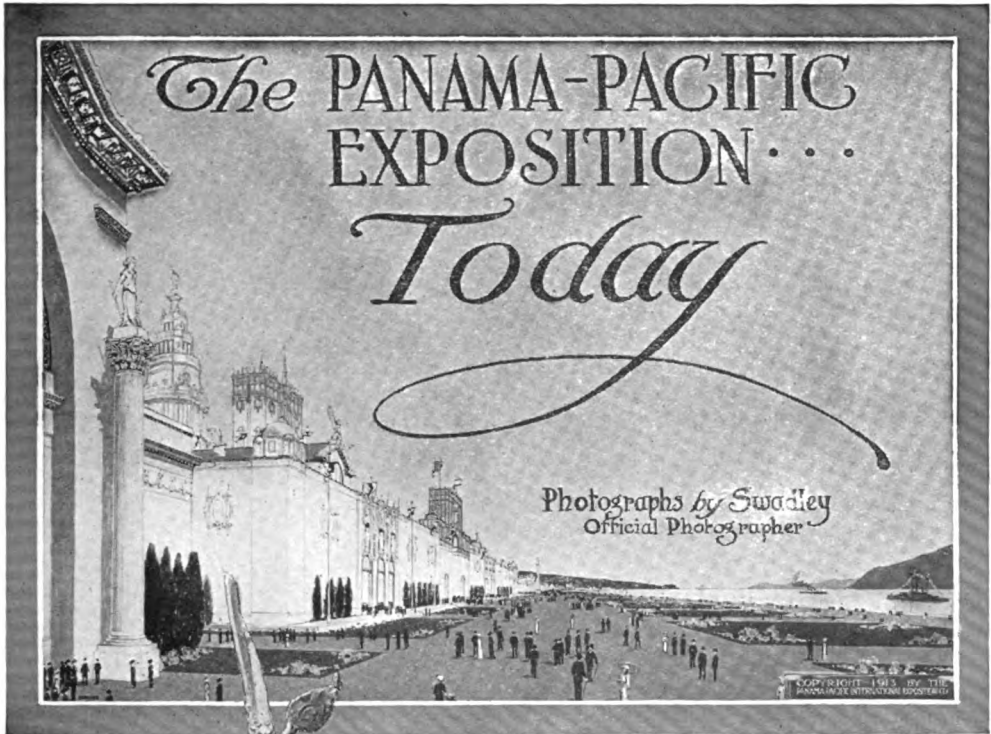
Three o'clock! and we have only glimpsed bits of shore-life, with the wealth of the canyons and the foot-hills, to say nothing of the mountain range itself, still untouched. We are distraught with the sense of unused opportunities. The mountains we cannot touch today, and the foot-hills we cannot begin to do justice to, but we must have a look-in at one of the canyons. A Burrowing Owl, No. 98, flushes most unexpectedly as we hurry back to the machine; and a Golden Eagle, very graciously, also very majestically, sails overhead, No. 99. And then San Diego Wren makes the score an even 100, the record so far.

At a time when one requires to look his bird friends very closely in the face, a Western Winter Wren comes out of the upper San Roque "*Chic*" by "*Chic*," and bush by bush, until we can see the clean-cut pattern of his smoking-jacket and the mischievous gleam of his beady eye. W. W. W. goes down as No. 101. A party of bedding Robins enrolls as No. 102, and a Varied Thrush, first cousin to the Robins, No. 103.

That is enough. At least the Barn Owl thinks so, for search we never so diligently in his remembered haunts, he will not be counted. The brilliant afterglow of the West fades to ashes as we glide down the lower slope of the foot-hills; and the chill of evening strikes in as we review the fortunes of the day. The motors of the Jolly Ellen have ceased purring, and the garage doors have clanged shut, when "*Hoo hoooo, mee toooo*" quavers the Screech Owl, Number 104. Three cheers for Santa Barbara! Up goes the record four points!

Awfully good of you to say so, Mr. and Mrs. Reader. No, it has been a real pleasure to have you with us. You are invited next year, and *we'll make it 110.*





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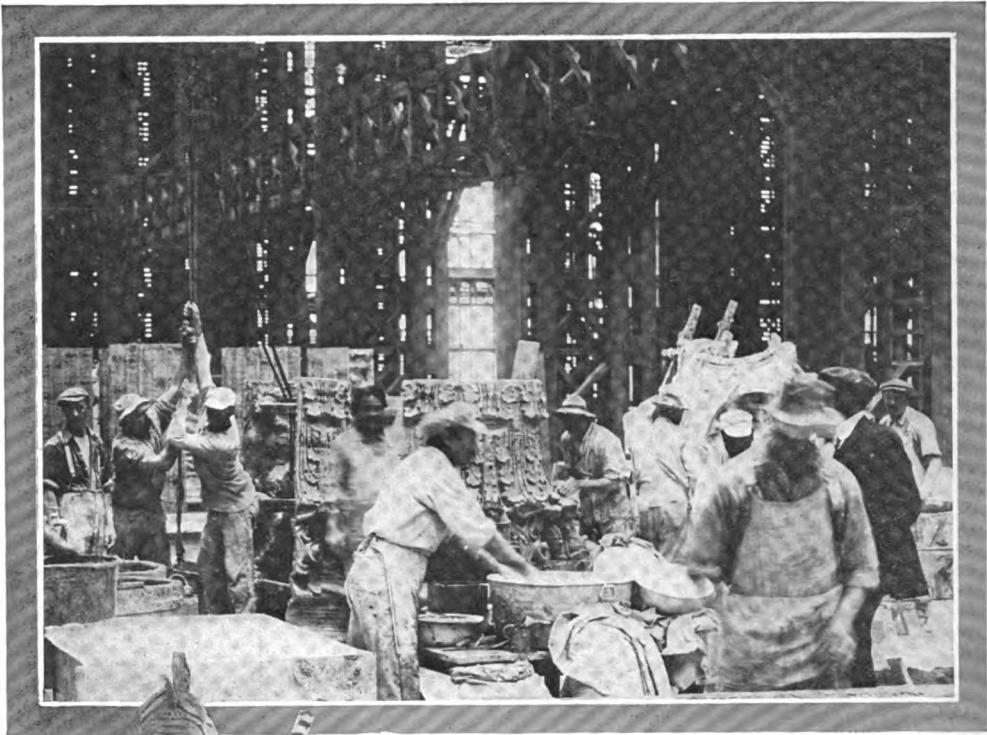
The north façade of the Exposition, facing the Marina and the Golden Gate, where already great stretches of lawn are green beside the sea



Mongolian warrior, one of the colossal figures in the group "Nations of the East" crowning an arch of the Court of the Sun and Stars

Viewed from the nearly completed Palace of Machinery, the unbroken façade of the buildings along the sea, a mighty wall pierced by only three great entrances, will present the appearance of a walled Oriental city, with golden domes and turrets, and richly colored roofs. The Marina, the great esplanade lying along the bay between the Exposition ferry slips and the yacht harbor, is already green with acres of lawn, and cypresses and pines are being planted.

Present progress argues for the fulfilment of the prophecy that the structures of the Exposition will be ready more than eight months before the date of its formal opening, February 20, 1915.



Artisans in the Palace of Machinery making the stucco finish for the exterior



Tibetan lama from group "Nations of the East"

One of the most interesting spots just now on the grounds of the Exposition is that where tests and experiments are being made with the imitation Travertine rock which will form the outer covering of the exhibit palaces, including columns, capitals, cornices and other details of architectural ornamentation. The exterior appearance of the entire exposition will be of great beauty. Travertine rock, or marble, found near the Tiber river, in Italy, is a peculiarly beautiful stone. Ancient Rome was built of it. This exposition, instead of suggesting dazzling plaster and stucco, as in others, will convey an impression of marble, soft in tone and color, a harmonious blending of several warm tones of gray and pink.

Here and there a note of contrast will be obtained by casting of columns in replica of Red Sienna or Numidian marble or a verde antique bronze and gold. In the courts additional color will be used on the walls behind the colonnades, in architraves and cornices, in domes and niches. The whole impression will be one of extraordinary richness.



Sculptors at work in the sculpture warehouse near the Palace of Machinery



Arab falconer from group "Nations of the East"

Work is progressing actively upon the sculpture which will adorn the magic city of the Exposition. Some of the foremost sculptors of the world will cooperate to idealize the story of the Panama Canal. Figures of the heroic explorers of the oceans, groups symbolical of the Orient and the Occident, colossal representations of struggle and achievement will illustrate many of the dramatic themes inseparably associated with the search for an entrance way to the Pacific and with the final building of the Canal at Panama.

Enlargements from the sculptors' models are made by an ingenious "pointing" device, which permits reproduction on colossal scale with such rapidity as to be of the greatest aid in the ornamentation of an exposition.

Two of the most impressive groups upon the grounds will be set in the great court of honor, the Court of the Sun and Stars. The east arch will be crowned by a great group designated as "Nations of the East," the central figure of which is a huge elephant. The proposed use of color in the sculpture will be especially effective in the richness of this Oriental group.



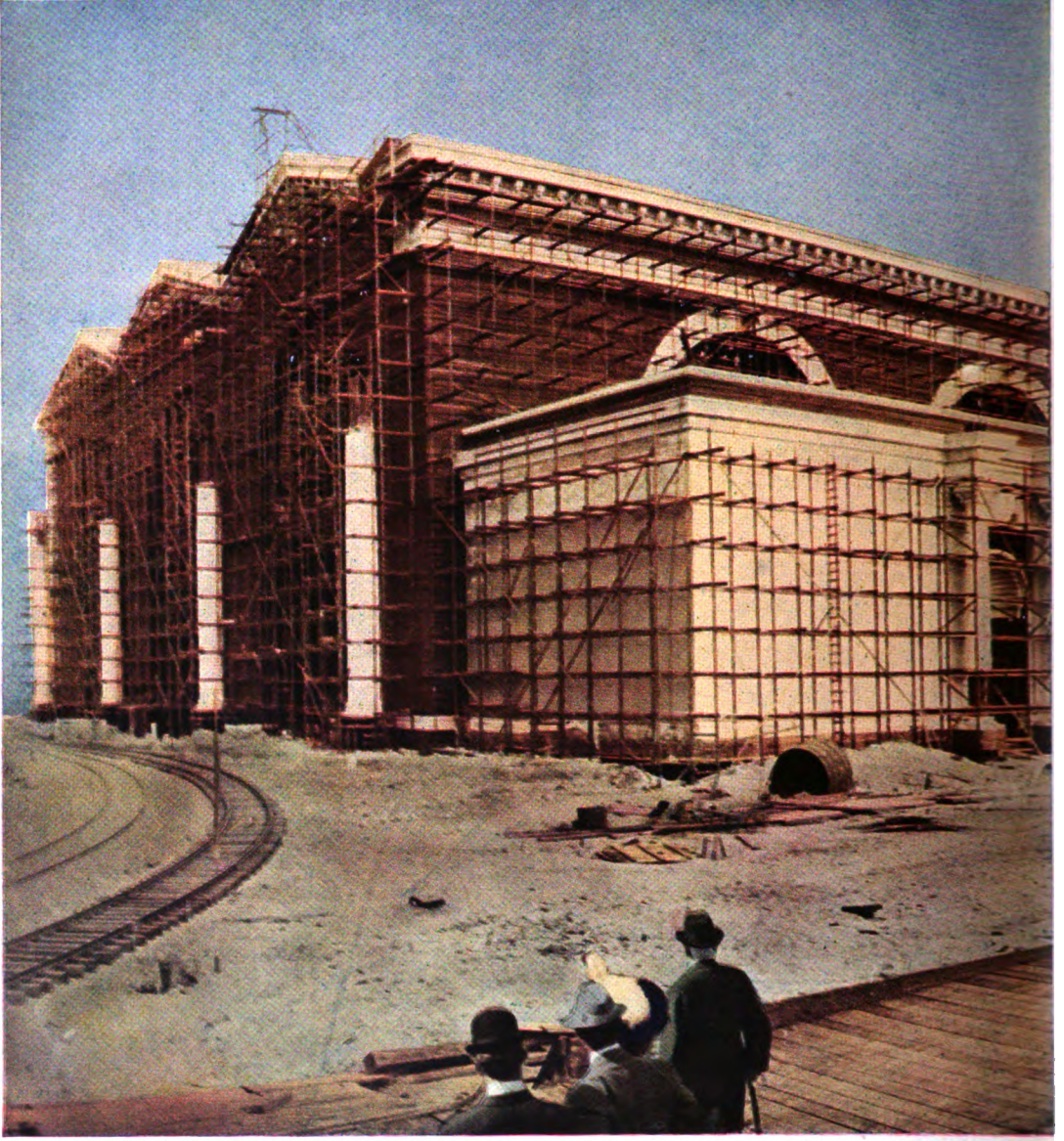
A TOWER OF THE PALACE OF EDUCATION

Engraved from a painting by Jules Guerin, Director of Color

SPRING
by
F. PICCIRILLI



One of the groups in the Court of the Four Seasons, where the sculpture will symbolize the beneficent forces of nature. The groups representing the four seasons will be enclosed in the corner niches of the Court. In addition to sculpture, great mural paintings will embellish the colonnades



The Palace of Machinery, completely framed several weeks ago, is now being given its covering of stucco. This structure, already 85 per cent completed, is believed to be, in point of cubic contents and amount of construction material required, the largest frame building that has ever been constructed. Its length is 967 feet, its width 367 feet, and the height of its three arched aisles, recalled on the exterior by three arched openings on the ends, is 101 feet. As seen from the Bay, at the edge of which it rises, the great exhibit palace already looms magnificent among the other buildings now under way. Eight of these are in frame



More than seventy million feet of lumber will be used in this main exhibit section, forty odd million feet being already contracted for. The Exposition is using its own ferry slips and its own yacht harbor and docks, and has just begun to use parts of its own extensive standard-gauge railway system, for the transportation of material, and later of exhibits. All these articles, by means of these facilities, may be brought by sea right to the grounds from any part of the world, without trans-shipment, and by car from any part of North America where there is a railroad right into the buildings for which they are destined



STATELY HOMES OF CALIFORNIA

By PORTER GARNETT

I. NEW PLACE

THE impression which one receives upon entering the grounds of New Place, the residence of William H. Crocker, Esquire, near Burlingame, is best expressed negatively. The grounds do not suggest a public park. In spite of their spaciousness and in spite of the characteristics which they share with all similar areas to which the art of landscape gardening has been applied, the sense of privacy which they convey to the mind is immediate, persistent and pleasurable.

Associated with this impression of privacy is the impression of completeness and age. The creation of the garden has been the work of less than a decade, yet it possesses the appearance of being much older than it really is. It only remains for some of the slower-growing trees, such as the stone pines, to attain greater size and the garden will take on that perfect semblance of great age which should make it comparable in atmosphere with the gardens of the old world.

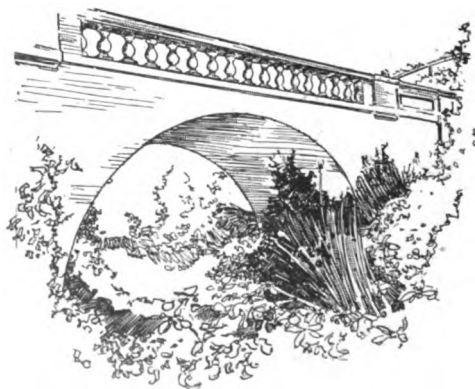
This atmosphere of age is brought about, too, by the fact that the various structures in concrete—terraces, walls, balustrades—give, by reason of the method employed in their construction (the mixing of the materials) and the action of the weather, an impression of veritable antiquity.

The character which the garden is thus seen to possess finds a perfect explanation in the fact that it was designed by a painter, Mr. Bruce Porter, whose chief aim in laying it out was that it should furnish an appropriate setting for the human figure. It is an expression in art in which the human element is a condition essential to the com-

plete realization of its purpose. It is, therefore, a garden not to inspect but to be lived in; it is a garden in which one's interest is not topographical nor horticultural but artistic.

It is frequently the case with those landscape gardeners who are designers first and artists afterward, that their zeal for the larger aspects of their tasks leads them into placing too great an emphasis upon the purely panoramic character of their compositions. Others strive too sedulously for the formality based upon tradition, and achieve results in which charm is too often tempered with severity. In either case the character of the public park is likely to be imposed upon a garden intended for private use, and the relation between such a garden and its inmates falls of that intimacy for which at New Place Mr. Porter has so skilfully provided.

Another point to which these considerations call attention is the homogeneous character of the garden in what may be called its various "departments," and the interesting harmony which exists between the garden and the house. This is the more remarkable as the two were designed independently. The garden originated before the house was designed, to a certain degree, with a house of a different kind in view. In style the garden is—speaking generally—Italian, yet the expression of individual taste, prompted by the artist's feeling for the requirements of his task, has entered largely into the design. The result of this exercise of a personal art—in the expression of which are combined essential beauty with dependence upon





The garden at New Place, the residence of William H. Crocker, Esquire, near Burlingame, California, has been created in less than a decade, yet it possesses the appearance of being much older. This atmosphere of age is brought about partly by the various structures in concrete—terraces, walls, balustrades—the materials of which have been mixed to give an impression of veritable antiquity

human association already noted—is a charming congruity.

Approaching the house along the main driveway you have, on the one hand, an unbroken row of elms and, on the other, a lawn in which trees and plants of different species are disposed with regard to that irregular order which gives variety to the composition of the foreground with which the eye is here invited to concern itself. Through the screen of trees beyond the lawn, vistas, limited in extent and accented now and again by marmoreal ornaments, open out occasionally, but a view of the great expanse of the estate is reserved until the eminence upon which the house stands is reached.

The estate comprises some seven hundred acres and the view from the residence extends beyond its confines in one direction only—toward the east where the land stretches to the distant shores of San Francisco bay. Save for a quadrangle of tall pines and the densely wooded ravine which lies to the west of the residence, the gardens which extend for a considerable distance on all sides have been created entirely by artificial planting. Beyond the lawns and terraces toward the south, a rolling meadow has been allowed to remain untouched save by the plow and the reaper which with the changing seasons impart a variety of interest in pleasing contrast with the ordered beauty of the nearer vistas. In other directions also the gardens merge imperceptibly into the simplicity or the wildness of undisturbed nature. For example, a short walk to the westward brings you to a charming pond nestling in a canyon. From this a small stream flows, passing in its course beneath the massive bridge which affords the principal approach to the house.

It is difficult, short of that familiarity with localities which only comes with continued acquaintance, to reduce a garden of such an extent as that at New Place to a pattern in the mind, to correlate all those features which continually take one by surprise as one passes through its many avenues and by-paths. Here a sheltered spot has been plotted in preparation for an orangery; another turn brings you upon a Japanese

garden; still another and some piece of ancient marble greets the eye from the shrubbery. These marbles, of which there are a number but not an excess, are both Greek and Italian. Among the most notable

pieces are a Venetian *pozzo* or well-head, and a Roman sarcophagus which is supposed to have been executed in Italy by Greek workmen, and dates in all probability from the second century B. C.

Allusion has already been made to the harmony that exists between the garden and the house in spite of the fact that they were planned independently and present certain stylistic differences.

The residence is the work of Mr. Lewis P. Hobart, and is related in design to the Villa Clementine at Caen. The derivation, however, is by no means direct, for only in the façade toward the garden is the design of the French villa approximated. This façade, which expresses the house architecturally, has the dignity which inheres in judiciously determined proportions, and in simplicity of design and detail.

It may be said of the interior that each of the various rooms on the ground floor leaves some distinct impression. It is, however, the so-called "garden room" that one revisualizes most readily. The reader would be given more assistance perhaps if this were called a sun room, for such it is, its high walls on three sides being made almost entirely of glass. An estimate of its size gives its dimensions as about 30 by 50 feet. The walls and the ceiling are green, the tone being light without being pale. The floor is of pinkish stone. The furnishings are in natural wicker and in wood of similar color, while darker accents are supplied by a number of distinguished examples of Chinese art. The whole effect is one of airiness, heightened by the absence of light-absorbing fabrics. What might be severity is changed to serenity by means of the delightful "color scheme."

Chinese ornaments play an important part also in the furnishing of other rooms, although in only one—the smoking room—are they predominant. This apartment contains notable examples of ancient Chinese painting, and fine pieces of lacquer and



porcelain. It would be proper to refer to many of these examples of Chinese art as "museum pieces," but they are made to serve their purpose as ornaments so consistently that their curious interest is agreeably subordinated.

One sees in the exceptional collection of Chinese art at New Place the expression of a connoisseurship as exacting on the one hand as that of the expert scientific collector, and more exacting on the other hand because less inclusive and more personal. The connoisseur interest is tempered by individual predilection and by a response to intrinsic beauty rather than to curio quality. Thus we find the exotic art of the Orient represented by one distinctively national style—the Chinese, which in a certain inevitable nobility of design expresses a refinement toward the beautiful as against the refinement toward the subtle and delicate expressed in the exquisite art of Japan.

It cannot be denied that by confining what I must again call the exotic art of the Orient to one class only, a possible disharmony has been avoided. Since it is true of Occidental art that—with the exception of the styles of Gothic derivation—the various styles of ornament are derived from classic prototypes, no charge of disharmony can be urged against the association of these styles, although they may represent different periods and peoples. It has already been pointed out that there is no lack of harmony between Mr. Hobart's French villa and Mr. Porter's Italianate garden.

In the light of what has here been said, it is interesting to note that in the furnishing of New Place the owners' personal predilections have deterred them from any attempt to carry out the historical method by creating what are called "period rooms." Even in the stately English dining room with its imported oak paneling, rich with the tone of years, there has been no attempt at that historical precision which however interesting to the amateur must needs take

away from the personal atmosphere which is characteristic of New Place and which makes it seem a home that is lived in.

This character is suggested no less markedly in the spacious drawing room—rose-colored as to furniture and hangings—but it reaches its most complete expression in the library, a room that is at once dignified and intimate.

Here are to be found a number of the most notable paintings of a notable collection. Among them is a Rousseau which made upon the writer when he first saw the canvas twenty-five years ago an impression of peculiar vividness and unique memorial permanence. Here is Millet's "The Man With the Hoe," a great work of art in spite of the fact that some persons have succeeded to their own satisfaction in reading a sermon into it. Here too is an alluringly representative canvas by the epoch-making Monet. The library contains also one of three family portraits by Baldini, the other two being in the drawing room.

In this necessarily incomplete survey it is impossible to deal specifically with all the items of importance in the collection. Mention may be made, however, of examples of the skill of Bellini, Canaletto, Guardi, Del Mazo and Puvis de Chavannes.

Still other notable works of art which are here domiciled are the exquisite bronzes of the later Sansovino (Tatti), while, among examples of sculpture which would make a less perfect thing suffer by comparison, Mr. Arthur Putnam's female figure "Twilight" holds its own felicitously. The Californiana in the library, the examples of the work of Chippendale, Hepplewhite—as numerous as they are notable—the tapestries, the silver, in fact, all the groups in this magnificent art collection invite comment yet in no aspect are they more interesting than in the household significance which they possess as parts of a sumptuous but genuine and charming home.



THERE'S no getting away from it—the general run of magazine illustration of western fiction has always been a good deal of a joke. The joke has lain in the unfaithfulness of the pictures to the life they were supposed to illustrate. Not many artists have actually lived the life; most of them have satisfied themselves with gathering together in their studios a mess of junk fondly supposed to be typically western—picturesque old hats, ornate spurs, saddles, chaps, gaudy shirts, and what-not, to be worn by studio models picked up on the streets of little old New York and resembling westerners about as much as Saint Peter resembles Mephistopheles.

Some magazines have tried to get around the difficulty by laying stress upon the fame of their artists in other styles of work. But that hasn't helped a little bit. An artist may know the drawing-room or café life of New York, down to the last intimate scrap of detail, and still be a benighted ignoramus on the details of plains life. That's not to his discredit unless he tries to illustrate plains stories. Then he discredits himself. Fancy a William J. Locke turning out a story of life in a Pennsylvania steel mill or a California logging camp!

I maintain that the work of an illustrator should be no less faithful to his subject than the work of a writer. Writers are few, in this day, bold enough to attempt serious fiction dealing with a phase of life they know nothing about. And such writers don't last long. They get found out and go into the discard. That's really where they belong.

It pains a Wyoming cow-country man when he appears in a magazine picture riding an English fox-hunter's saddle, or a Mexican greaser's jeweled sombrero, or an Irish laborer's broad flat boots, or a farm-hand's gloves; or when he's shown with his gun on the wrong hip, or his neckerchief incorrectly tied, or his rope badly hung from his saddle. You know how a senator's



By Way of

Author and Artist
"On the

By W. R.

wife would squirm if she were portrayed attending a White House reception in a Mother Hubbard. Well, lots and lots of magazine pictures of life in the West have been quite as absurd.

When SUNSET MAGAZINE concluded to publish my Wyoming novel, "The Man Who Won," it tickled me down to the ground to know that an illustrator was to be sent to live for a while in the actual scenes of the story and to mix with the actual people whose life is the story's life. Better still, the artist selected was a man of rare qualification for the work—Arthur Cahill. And—for me the frosting on the cake—I was asked to go with him.

We met at Cheyenne early one great plains morning, and headed immediately for the Platte country to the northward. The story was laid in the district above the Platte, where ranchmen and dry farmers have been on opposite sides for years in a contest for possession of the land. We were to travel the country up and down and across with horses, after we left the railroad, getting into the very vitals of the matter. I had had years of experience with the people and their problems and had tried to write truly "from the inside." I'll confess to an occasional shiver of uneasiness when I wondered how the whole thing would strike the artist—a man trained to look at life from another angle.

Cahill and I had not met before. In about three-quarters of a minute we had become good old friends; and then, instanter, one element of misgiving was gone. Mr. Cahill struck me as an artist able to look real life straight in the face. If he knows the studio conventions, the rules of thumb, he had left

Illustration

Get Together Inside"

LIGHTON

this knowledge behind him. If ever an artist went at a piece of work sincerely, whole-heartedly, open-mindedly, it was Arthur Cahill on this trip.

I don't know how many miles we rode over—several hundred. We saw that country from A to Izzard. For several days we put up at the famous Nine-Bar ranch on Rawhide—home of the real Billy Fortune. There we hob-nobbed with Billy and his mates, in bunk-house and sheep-camp, on the beef roundup and along the irrigating ditches. There Mr. Cahill got most of his pictures, right from the life. There was no posing, no decorative costuming, no false note of any sort. The men were caught doing their work, living their accustomed life, being just themselves.

About the middle of the second day I began to wish that this Cahill lad wouldn't work so hard. He'd drag me out of bed for six-o'clock breakfast; and then there he'd go with his kit across the wide spaces. He didn't seem to care a hoot whether we got anywhere for dinner; I could never get a bit of sympathy out of him on account of the gnawing pain that would strike my vitals toward supper-time. In the evenings, after the roystering in the bunk-house had quieted down, we'd go to our room and talk over the scenes of the story for hours and hours. Often and often he'd poke me awake in the middle of the night to discuss something he'd just thought of. Thorough? If there was anything that man didn't get, it simply wasn't there at all. I'll bet money, marbles or chalk that the pictures for this story will be *true*—and truest of all in that subtlest of all qualities, atmosphere.

It was grilling hard work; but the days



were brimming over with bits of human experience. For example:

Nine-Bar ranch lost one of its sheep-herders last winter, in a terrible blizzard. The manner of his death shows the spirit of the men of that country as well as anything could. We got the story from the ranch camp-tender. Nobody knew anything at all about this herder—where he came from, nor who he was, nor what his life had been. He was not much more than a boy. When they found his body buried in the snow, several days after his death, away out on the empty plains, they

took a memorandum book from his pocket. He had scrawled a last message with his freezing fingers. "Tell my friend the barkeeper" it said. And that was absolutely all.

On the last day of the ride we stopped at a beef roundup camp for dinner. When the riders came in at noon—a score of handsome huskies—they mistook us at first for a couple of amateur sight-seers; but when they found out what was what, we owned the camp for a while. Over and over again they went through parts of their work, to let us get it right—saddling, roping, "cutting out," and such-like—brilliant work, too, and repeated over and over for our benefit, with infinite patience. Those boys are going to study Cahill's pictures with most uncommon interest.

We thought we hadn't missed anything. So sure were we of it that at Hartville Junction, where we waited for our train at the trip's end, we hailed a boy on the station platform—an impudent-eyed, brown-skinned twelve-year-old with a tilted nose.

"Say, son," we said, "if you can tell us anything we haven't found out about this country, we'll give you two-bits."

We got his answer in the next breath: "Shucks! I can tell you something you don't know—our old sow up in the lot has had pigs this afternoon!"

It was certainly one trip, and it certainly produced results.

IN THE MORNING OF TIME
The PULLER-DOWN *of* TREES

By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

Author of: The Heart of the Ancient Wood; The Feet of the Furtive

Illustrated by Paul Bransom

Came
lumbering
a Giant
Rhinoceros



Grôm and A-ya, lovers in a forest primeval, are the Finders of Fire. Their tribe is thus known as "The Children of the Shining One." Grôm and A-ya, after perilous adventures, here encounter their most terrifying enemy, "The Puller-down of Trees."

ON the broken hill-slope overlooking the Valley of Fire, in the two great caves known as the Cave of the Bears and the Cave of the Hyenas, the tribe of the Children of the Shining One now dwelt secure and began to recover heart. Before each cave-mouth, tended night and day, burned the sacred flame, its tongues licking upward in gold and scarlet with a radiance from which all the tribe, with the sole exceptions of Bawr the Chief and Grôm his right hand and councilor, were wont to avert their eyes in awe whenever they passed it in their comings and goings. Only from a distance would they presume

to look at the flames directly; and ever as they looked, their wonder and their reverence grew. Their trust in the protection of the Shining One came to have no bounds. For night after night would the great red bears return, prowling in the mysterious gloom just beyond the ring of light, with their dreadful eyes turned fixedly upon their former habitation, only to be driven off ignominiously when Grôm rushed at them with a shout and a flaming torch waved above his head. And night after night would the troops of the hyenas come back, their monstrous-jowled heads swinging low from their mighty shoulders, to

sit and howl their devilish laughter above their ancient lair, only to slink off in cowed silence when the Chief would hurl a blazing brand among them.

When the beasts were thus discomfited and abashed, the boldest of the warriors would go leaping after them and bring down the hindmost with spears. So it came about that presently the great animals knew themselves beaten, and sullenly withdrew to the other side of the hills.

It was just this country at the other side of the hills which most appealed to the restless imagination of Grôm. Within the valley, which widened out, as it receded from its fiery gateway, to enclose league upon league of fertile plain, was good hunting, along with an abundance of roots, fruits and edible herbs. But in Grôm's heart burned that spirit of unquenchable expectation which has led the race of man upward through all obstacles—the urge to find out ever what lies beyond. The saw-toothed line of these dark volcanic summits drew him irresistibly, with the promise of unknown wonders hidden behind them.

During these few weeks since coming to the Valley of the Fire, Grôm had been tirelessly experimenting with the bright Element, trying this kind of fuel and that, one after another, in order to learn what food was most acceptable to it. He learned that certain substances they would devour in raging haste, only to fail and die soon after, or not truly to die, he imagined, but to flee back unseen to their dancing flickering source at the valley mouth. Other substances he found that they would consume slowly but pertinaciously. While into yet others, such as dry turf and punk, they would eat their way and hide, maintaining therein for a long time a retired but potent existence, ready to leap into radiant life under certain provocation. His invention stimulated by these experiments, he had made himself several hollow tubes of a thick green bark whipped about with thongs, and had stuffed them with that mixture of turf and punk which he found best calculated to hold the furtive seeds of the element alive.

With one of these slow torches alight and several spare ones slung over his shoulder, Grôm set out to cross the pointed hills and seek new wonders in the lands beyond. The tall girl, A-ya, went with him. Like Grôm, the girl carried two

flint-headed spears; but instead of his long bone-smashing club she bore a short-handled hammer-like weapon which she had fashioned for herself. It consisted of a jagged splinter of red porphyry lashed across the split end of a stick of green ash. And she had learned to handle it with a deadly precision. Both wore clumsy but effective flint knives in their girdles of twisted skin. The girl, besides her weapons, carried a substantial burden of strips of meat dried hard in the sun, in case game should prove scarce or elusive in the land beyond the hills. But when they had got well out of sight of the caves Grôm turned, relieved her of the burdens which, according to tribal conventions, it was her duty to carry for her man, and gave her instead the light but precious tube of fire.

As they ascended the ragged slopes, vegetation grew sparse, and when, toward night-fall, they gained the pass which Grôm was making for, a deep cleft between two steep red-and-purple peaks, the rock beneath their feet was naked but for a low growth of flowering herbs and thorn. The pass was too high for the aloe and mesembryanthemum to flourish, and the lava bed which floored it was yet too new to have clothed itself in any of the larger mountain-loving trees. Here they passed the night, in a shallow niche of rock with a fire before it; and the fire being visible from a long way off, no prowlers cared even to approach it. On the following day they traveled swiftly, but the pass was long. It was near sunset again when at last the rocks fell away to either side, and they saw spread out below their feet the land which they had come to explore.

It was a vast rolling plain, golden-green with rank cane-like grasses, dotted with innumerable clumps of trees and laced with full water-courses which lay in spacious loops of blue and silver. Here and there lay broad irregular patches where the grasses did not flourish, and these were of vivid emerald green from some unknown growth. All along the horizon sparkled a great water. And half way down the steep, toward the right, smoked and smouldered a shallow saucer-shaped crater from whose broken lower rim a purple-brown serpent of comparatively recent lava descended in sluggish curves across the intense green. Somewhat to the girl's apprehension, Grôm seemed anxious to

investigate the smoking crater; but the only practicable path down the mountain led them far away from it, so he was content to leave it for another time and another, perhaps less repellent, approach.

Descending presently into a region of ledges and ravines clothed with dense thickets, they found on every hand traces of the giant bears and the sabre-tooth tigers whom they had driven from the caves in the Valley of Fire. Grôm hurriedly whirled the smouldering torch into a blaze, and from it lighted a couple of resinous brands, one for himself and one for A-ya to carry. Thus armed they fearlessly followed the broad trail of the bears, which led them very conveniently down the steep. And bear and sabre-tooth alike, at sight of the flames thus apparently seeking them out, slunk off like whipped curs.

Grôm's immediate object was to make his way straight to the shores of that great water, whose gleaming on the horizon had been like an invitation to his inquiring spirit. But when, early in the forenoon of the fourth day, they reached the lowlands, he found that his way would be anything but straight. The immense grasses, a species of cane, grew so tall, so dense and so thick in the stem that it was impossible to force a path through them just where he would. He saw that he must use the trails of the wild beasts, which intersected it in all directions. There were the tracks of every animal he knew, the hunters and the hunted alike, and of many more which he did not know. But one broad trail in particular arrested his attention. It struck such fear to the heart of the girl, whose eyes were keen and understanding, that her knees trembled beneath her, and had she dared she would have begged Grôm to turn back from a land which held such monsters.

Even Grôm himself felt a thrill of awe as he stared at the trail which bespoke so mighty a traveler. Wherever it led, the sturdiest growths were crushed flat as if some huge boulder from the mountains had been rolled over them. And the monstrous footprints which here and there stamped themselves clearly in the path were thrice the size of those of the hugest mammoth. Grôm stooped and studied these footprints, pondering them with knit brows. What manner of giant it

might be which moved on such colossal misshapen members it was beyond his wits to guess. But of a surety it was a fine road-maker! With a confident arrogance born of the knowledge that he was the lord of Fire, he deliberately chose to pursue this dreadful trail. And the girl, hiding her terror lest it should diminish her credit in his sight, followed close at his elbow, her bright eyes tirelessly searching the jungle on either side.

Suddenly behind them came a confused terrifying noise of panting breaths and trampling feet. It came sweeping down the broad trail. There were grunting cries, also; and Grôm understood at once that a herd of pig-tapirs—heavy-footed timorous beasts as tall as heifers—were sweeping down upon them in mad flight before some unknown pursuer. Against that blind panic, that headlong frantic rush, he knew that blazing brands would avail nothing. He clutched the girl by the hand. "Come!" he ordered. And they fled side by side down the trail.

It was in their minds to climb the first suitable tree they should come to, and let the rout go by. In a half a minute or so, over the tops of the giant grasses they sighted such a tree, only a few hundred yards ahead. The trail, swerving opportunely, appeared to lead directly toward its foot, and they raced on, the girl now laughing softly with excitement and forgetting her fear of the unknown because of the known peril behind her. It pleased her curiously to find that her man had not grown too divine to be ready to run away on fitting occasion; and she kept glancing at him from under her dark tangle of hair with eyes of passionate possession.

The wild uproar behind was drawing nearer swiftly; but the refuge was now not more than fifty paces ahead. All at once the way to it was barred. Out from a little side-track on the right came lumbering a gigantic rhinoceros, his creased and folded hide clothed in matted brown wool and caked with clay. He swung round into the trail, almost blocking it with his bulk, stared for a couple of seconds with evil little eyes at the two slim beings before him, then lowered the huge double horn that armed his snout and charged at them with a grunt of fury.

Caught thus fairly between the devil before and the deep sea of trampling hoofs



Here they passed the night, in a shallow niche of rock with a fire before it

behind, Grôm had no choice. A second's waving of the lighted brands convinced him that the rhinoceros was too dense of brain to fear the fire, or even to notice it. Once more clutching the girl's hand, he ran back a little way, seeking to draw the two perils together and give them an opportunity to distract each other's attention. He ran back till the flying plunging herd of the pig-tapirs came into full view around the curve of the trail. Then with all his strength he forced his way into the grass, on the left, shouldering aside the rigid stems to make room for the girl to enter. She hurled her blazing brand full into the face of the rhinoceros, hoping to confuse or divert him for an instant, then thrust herself lithely in past Grôm. The rhinoceros *was* diverted for an instant. The smoke and sparks half blinded him, and in a paroxysm of fury he checked himself to trample the strange assailant under foot. Then he thundered forward. But the tough stems of the grass had closed up again. The two fugitives were hidden. He saw the packed herd of the tapirs bearing down upon him; and forgetting the insignificant creatures who had first roused his anger he charged forward at full speed to meet this new foe.

Realizing well enough that in three or four seconds more the crash would come, and that the struggle between the rhinoceros and the maddened herd would be little short of a cataclysm, Grôm and the girl struggled breathlessly to force themselves to a safe distance lest they should be crushed in the *melée*. The sweat ran down into their eyes and swarms of tiny insects breeding in the giant stems choked their throats and nostrils; but they wrestled their way onward blindly, foot by foot. Behind them, out in the trail, came a ponderous crash, and then an appalling explosion of squeals, screams, grunts and roars. The next instant the rigid stems gave way suddenly before them, and they fell forward, with a startled cry from the girl, into a deep and sunless water.

They came up spluttering and choking; but as soon as she could catch breath the girl laughed, whereupon the grimness of Grôm's face relaxed. The water was a deep creek completely overshadowed and hidden by the rank growth along its banks. But just opposite was the tree whose refuge they had been trying to gain. They swam

across in half a dozen strokes, drew themselves ashore, and shook themselves like a pair of retrievers. Through all the flight, the fierce effort among the grass stems, and the unexpected ducking, they had kept tenacious hold of every one of their treasures.

But—their fire was out! The brand was black; the precious tube, with the seeds of fire at its heart, was drenched, saturated and lifeless.

For a moment or two Grôm looked into the girl's eyes steadily, conveying to her without a word the whole tremendous significance of their loss. The girl responded, after a second's dismay, with a look of trust and adoration which brought a rush of warmth to Grôm's heart. He smiled proudly, and shook his club as if to reassure himself. Then climbing hurriedly into the tree they stared back over the plumed tops of the grasses.

The sight that met their eyes was not one for weak nerves. The spot in the grass which they had just escaped from was a shambles. The foremost of the panic-stricken pig-tapirs, met by the charge of the rhinoceros, had been ripped and split by the rooting of his double horn, and hurled to either side as if by some titanic plow. A couple more had been trampled down and crushed before his charge was stayed by the irresistible pressure of the surging, squealing mass before him. There he had stood fast, like a jagged promontory in the surges, tossing his mighty head and thrusting hideously, while the rest of the herd passed on, either scrambling clean over him or breaking down the canes and pouring around on either side. Of those that passed over him about one in every three or four got ripped by the tossing horn, and went staggering forward a few paces, only to fall and be trodden out by their fellows. Close behind the last of the squealing fugitives came the cause of their panic—two immense black lions, who had apparently been playing with their prey like cats. When they came face to face with the rhinoceros, where he stood among his victims shaking the blood from horn and head and shoulder, they stopped abruptly. Together, perhaps, they would have been a match for him. But theirs was a far higher intelligence than his. They knew the almost impenetrable toughness of his

hide, his Berserk rage, his imperviousness to reasonable fear; and they had no care to engage themselves without cause in so uncertain and unprofitable a combat. With a roar that rolled in thunder over the plain and seemed to set the very tree-tops quivering, they leaped lazily aside and went off in enormous bounds through the grass, circling about as if to intercept, in sheer wantonness of slaughter, the remnants of the fleeing herd. At the sight Grôm frowned anxiously, thinking how helpless he and the girl would be against such foes, now that they no longer had the Shining One to protect them.

Squealing to split the ear, the pig-tapirs came galloping past the tree, making for a piece of water some furlongs further on, where doubtless they hoped to evade both the lions and the rhinoceros. But they had yet another adversary to reckon with.

Just past the tree, at a thicket of immense scarlet poinsettias, the trail curved sharply. From behind the poinsettias rose a gigantic shape unlike anything that Grôm had ever dreamed of. And he knew that the maker of the mysterious trail and those tremendous footprints was before him.

With a trumpeting bray of indignation the monster sat upright on hindquarters far more ponderous than those of a mammoth. Its tail, as thick at the base as the body of a bear, helped to support it, while its clumsy frame towered to a height of eighteen or twenty feet. Its hind legs were very short, thick like tree-trunks, grotesquely bowed; and its thighs like buttresses. Its fore-legs were more arms than legs, of startling length and massive strength, draped in long stiff hair, and terminated by colossal hands with immense hooked claws for fingers. The whole body was clothed with rusty hair of an amazing coarseness, like matting-fiber. The vast head, flat on top and prolonged to a snout that was almost a proboscis, had the look of being deformed by reason of its fantastically exaggerated jowl, or lower jaw. This terrifying monster thrust out a narrow pink tongue, some three or four feet in length, stooped and turned, and gave a hurried lick at something crouching behind the scarlet-poinsettias. "Its baby," muttered the girl, with a little indrawn breath of sympathy. Then the strange being sat up again to meet and ward off the rush of maddened pig-tapirs.

For a moment it beat off the assault, seizing the frantic beasts and hurling them this way and that as if they had been so many rabbits. Then it found itself completely surrounded by the reeking squealing bleeding horde, which paid no more personal attention to it than if it had been a mass of rock. They rolled over the little one, unheeding, and trod it flat in the soil. Its death-cry split the air; and at that sound the mother seemed to sink down into her haunches. In her agony of rage and grief she literally tore some of her assailants in halves, throwing the awful fragments impatiently from her in order to lose no time in seizing a new victim. A few seconds more and the rush was past; and presently the mad rout was hurling itself with a tremendous splashing into the water. The monster looked around for more victims—and was just in time to see the hideous vision of the rhinoceros charging down upon her. Triumphant from the encounter with the lions he had rushed back to slake his still unsatisfied fury on the pig-tapirs. At any other time he would have given such an antagonist as the colossal megatherium a wide berth; but just now he was in one of his madneses. His furious little swinish eyes blinking through the blood which dripped over them, he hurled himself straight onward. His horn was plunged into the monster's paunch; but at the same time one of those gigantic armed hands fell irresistibly on his neck, shattering the vertebrae through all their deep protection of hide and muscle. He collapsed with an explosive grunt; and the giant hands tossed him aside.

It was a frightful wound which the monster had received; but for a few moments she paid no attention to it, being occupied in licking the trampled body of her young with that amazing tongue of hers. At length, apparently convinced that the little one was quite dead, she brayed again, piteously, dropped forward upon all fours, and made off slowly down the trail, walking with grotesque awkwardness on the sides of her feet. For two or three hundred yards she kept on, drawing a wake of scarlet behind her as if the poinsettia-blooms were following; and then, apparently exhausted by her wound, she turned off among the canes and lay down, close beside the trail but effectually screened from it.

From their place in the tree Grôm and the girl had followed breathlessly these astounding encounters. At last Grôm spoke.

"This is a country of very great beasts" he remarked, with the air of one announcing a discovery. As A-ya showed no inclination whatever to dissent from this statement, he presently went on to his conclusion, leaving her to infer his minor premise.

"We must go back and recover the Shining One. It is not well for us to go on without him."

"Yes!" agreed the girl eagerly. For all her courage and her passionate trust in her man, the sight of those black lions bounding over the tops of the towering grasses had somewhat shaken her nerve. She feared no beasts but the swiftest and those which might leap into the lower branches of the trees. "Yes!" she repeated. "Let us go back for the Shining One, lest he be angry at us for having put him in the water."

"But for yet a day more we will stay here in this tree, and rest and sleep in safety," continued Grôm, "that we may travel the more swiftly till we get beyond the grasses." Then, climbing higher into the tree, he proceeded to build a platform and roof of interlaced branches for their temporary home. In this task the girl did not help him, because of the great muscular strength which it required. She lay in a crotch, her hairy but long and shapely legs coiled under her like a leopard's, now gazing at her man with ardent eyes, now staring out apprehensively across the sun-drenched, perilous landscape.

Suddenly she gave a cry of amazement, and pointed excitedly down the trail. Beyond the water wherein the pig-tapirs had found refuge, beyond the lurking-place of the wounded megatherium, came three men running desperately. Shading his eyes, Grôm made out that they were nearly exhausted. They were clearly men of the type of his own tribe, light-skinned and well-shaped; and the leader, who carried a long club, was a man of stature equal to his own. Grôm's sympathies went out to them and his impulse was to hasten to their assistance. Glancing further along the trail to learn the cause of their so head-long flight, he saw two black lions in pursuit—probably the same two which had been driving the pig-tapirs a couple of

hours earlier. They were coming on at such a pace that Grôm feared the weary fugitives would be overtaken before they could reach the tree of refuge. Instinctively he started to climb down. But, his eyes falling upon the girl, he remembered that he had no right to enter upon a venture so utterly hopeless while he had her to take care of. His eager clutch upon his spear relaxed.

"They are spent. They'll never get here!" he muttered anxiously.

"No!" said A-ya, with blank unconcern. "The lions will get them. It's Mawg, and his two cousins."

Grôm growled an exclamation of astonishment. The girl's eyes—or her intuitions—were keener than his. But he saw at a second glance that she was right.

At this moment Mawg, running a few paces in advance by reason of his superior speed and stamina, passed the spot where the wounded megatherium lay hidden. The monster lifted her dreadful head. The next second the other two arrived, running elbow to elbow, with drooped shoulders of exhaustion. Through the screen of canes a gigantic hand shot out above their heads and came down upon them, crushing the two together. They had no time for outcry; but it was clear that some sound caught the leader's ears, for he glanced back over his shoulder. He was near enough now for the keen-eyed watchers in the tree to see his face change with horror. He ran on without a pause, but now with fresh speed, as if the sight had shocked him into new vigor. Seeing that there was, after all, a good prospect of his reaching the tree in time, Grôm swung down to be ready to help him up. As he did so, he saw the two lions approach the hiding-place of the monster.

That vast clawed hand still lay there on the two crushed bodies in the middle of the trail. The lions saw it—and they checked themselves at a safe distance. They knew that just behind the grass-screen lurked another such shaggy and monstrous member, waiting to rend them as they would rend an antelope. They shrank and drew back, snarling angrily. It is possible they feared lest the screen on either side of the trail might conceal more than one of the monsters; for they sprang far aside as if to make a wide circuit of the perilous spot.

"There's plenty of time!" muttered Grôm, and dropped upon his feet in the middle of the trail. The girl came in mad haste after him, but at his sharp command "Stay there!" she contented herself with slipping out upon the lowest branch, just over his head, and holding her spear ready.

"Kill him!" she cried. But Grôm seemed not to hear.

Staggering, and half blind with exhaustion, Mawg was within twenty paces before he noticed who was confronting him. Then his dull eyes blazed. With a snarl of fury he hurled his club straight at Grôm's face, missing him only by a hand's-breadth. But the effort, and the disappointment at finding himself thus balked, as he imagined, on the very threshold of escape, seemed to finish him. He stumbled on with groping hands outstretched, and fell just at Grôm's feet.

Grôm hesitated, wondering how he could get this inert weight up into the tree. The girl did not understand his hesitation.

"Kill him!" she hissed, leaning down eagerly from her branch overhead.

"No, he's a great warrior, and the tribe needs him" answered Grôm, stooping to shake the prostrate form.

Mawg stirred, beginning to recover. Grôm shook him again.

"Up into the tree, quick!" he ordered in a loud sharp voice. "The lions are coming."

Mawg roused himself, sat up, and stared with a look of bewilderment changing swiftly into hate.

"Up!" shouted Grôm again. "The tree! They're coming!"

At this the fellow growled, but sprang up as if he had been jabbed with a spear, and clambered into the tree as nimbly as a monkey. Grôm followed, quickly but coolly. A-ya, who had waited with her eyes watchfully on Mawg, slipped close to Grôm's side; and all three swung upward into the higher branches as the two lions arrived beneath.

Glaring up into the tree with shrewd malevolent eyes, the great beasts realized that, for the present at least, the three man-creatures were quite out of reach. Lashing their tufted tails in disappointment, they turned aside to sniff, in surly scorn, at the dead mountainous hulk of the rhinoceros, which lay beside the scarlet-poinsettias, with one ponderous foot stuck up in the air as if in clumsy protest at Fate. Com-

prehending readily enough the manner of its death, they came back and lay down under the tree, and fell to gnawing lazily at the body of one of the pig-tapirs which the megatherium had torn in two. They had the air of intending to stay some time; so Grôm presently turned his attention to his rescued rival.

Mawg was sitting on the next branch, a good spear's length distant, and glowering at A-ya's lithe shapeliness with eyes of savage greed. Grôm knit his brows, and significantly passed an arm about the girl's shoulders. Mawg shifted his attention to him.

"What do you want of me?" he demanded in a thick guttural voice.

"I thought you ran as if perhaps you did not want the lions to eat you" answered Grôm.

Mawg stared with a stupid brutality and incomprehension; and the eyes of the two men, meeting fairly, seemed to lock in a duel of personalities.

They presented a significant contrast. Both, physically, superb specimens of their race—the highest then evolved upon the youthful earth—the elder man, in his ample forehead and calm reasoning eyes, displayed all the promise of the future; while the youth, low-skulled and with his dull but pugnacious eyes set under enormous bony brows, suggested the mere brute from which the race had mounted. His hair was shorter and coarser than Grôm's, and foully matted; and his neck was set very far forward between his powerful but lumpy shoulders. The color of his coarse and furrowed skin was so dark as to make the weathered tan of Grôm and A-ya look white by contrast.

In no way lacking courage, but failing in will and steadiness, in a dozen seconds Mawg involuntarily shifted his gaze, and looked down at the lions.

"What do you want of me?" he demanded again, as if he had had no answer before.

"The tribe has too few warriors left. I will take you back to the tribe!" replied Grôm with authority.

Mawg curled back his thick lips from his great yellow dog-teeth in a snarling laugh of incredulity.

"You want to kill me!" said he, nodding his head.

Grôm stared at him for a moment or two with a look of fatigued contempt, then

tore off a substantial strip of dried flesh from the bundle hanging on the branch, and tossed it to him. The fellow snatched it and hid it behind him, being too hungry to refuse it but too savage to eat it under his captor's eye. Grôm smiled slowly, and fell to playing with a heavy strand of A-ya's hair which had fallen over his arm. But to this caress the girl paid no attention. She was puzzled and outraged at Grôm's action in protecting his rival. Her nostrils dilated, and a red spot glowed angrily under each cheek-bone.

Suddenly from down the trail came a noise of crackling grass-stems. The two lions got up from their meal and turned their heads inquiringly toward the sound. The next moment they went stalking off the opposite way with an air of haughty indignation, ignoring all the bodies of the slain pig-tapirs. When they had rounded the first turn in the trail they leaped into the grass and went bounding away in a straight line toward a large patch of wood some miles distant. The wounded megatherium was returning.

Perhaps stung into restlessness by the anguish of her wound, the monster came dragging herself back toward the tree, crawling on the sides of her feet. Arriving at the scene of battle, she sniffed once more at her mangled young and brayed pitiously over it, then turning in an explosive fury upon the body of the rhinoceros began to tear it limb from limb as one might pull apart a roast pigeon. While thus occupied, she chanced to turn her eyes upon the tree, and caught sight of the three figures looking down upon her.

On the instant her rage was diverted to them. Braying like a steam siren she came under the tree, reared herself against it, flung her giant arms about it, and strove to pull it down. The tree rocked as if struck by a tornado; and Mawg, who had been too slow to notice what was about to happen, gave a yell of horror as he barely saved himself from falling. The girl laughed—whereupon he shot her a meaning look which so enraged her that she raised her spear as if to transfix him. But there was too much happening below for her attention to remain on Mawg. Finding the tree quite too sturdy to be pulled down off hand, the monster gripped the lowest main branch, a limb eight or ten inches through, and with one wrench peeled it

down like a stalk of celery. Her first effort, upon the main trunk, had set the blood once more pumping crimson from her wound; but she paid no attention to it. Reaching to the next great branch, she ripped that one down also, taking another great strip from the main trunk. Grôm saw that her purpose obviously was to pull the tree to pieces bit by bit, in order to get at her intended victims. Mawg apparently saw this also, and it was too much for him. Gripping his strip of dried meat between his teeth he slipped around the trunk till he was sheltered from the monster's sight, dropped to a branch which stretched far over the water, ran out along it nimbly as an ape, and dived. The monster, her eyes fixed upon the two remaining in the tree, never noticed his escape. Mawg swam the creek, thrust his way through the grass-stems, darted back to snatch up his club, shook it at Grôm, and yelling an obscene taunt raced off to seek himself another retreat before nightfall.

Neither Grôm nor A-ya had any heed to spare him at that moment. The monster had just torn down a limb so huge that the main trunk was almost split in half by its loss. Grôm saw that unless he could stop this process of destruction, in a few moments more the tree would be overthrown. The monster was just rearing herself to clutch the next great bough. Spear in hand, Grôm slipped down to meet her, and halted on a branch just out of reach. The monster brayed vindictively, stretched to her full height, and then shot forth her tremendous muscular red coil of tongue, thinking evidently to lick down her insignificant adversary from his perch. She was within an inch of succeeding. Grôm just eluded the strange attack by stepping aside nimbly. Quick as thought, A-ya's spear slashed the dreadful red tongue as it reached flickering after her lord's ankles. The next moment, seeing the monster's throat upstretched and unguarded, Grôm drove his spear, full force, straight into the soft hollow of it. The weapon sank in to a depth of perhaps three feet, till the ragged flint lodged in the vertebrae of the monster's neck. Then the shaft was wrenched violently from his hand; and the monster, blowing blood and foam from mouth and nostrils, fell with a crash among the litter of great branches which she had pulled down.



She came under the tree, flung her giant arms about it and strove to pull it down

Grôm drew a deep breath of relief, and commended the girl for her timely and effective stroke at that terrible tongue. Then he set himself coolly to the task of completing their shelter for the night.

"I'm glad we are rid of that Mawg."

"You should have killed him" said the girl curtly.

"But why?" demanded Grôm. In his eyes the fellow was valuable tribal property, a fighting asset.

"He wants *me!*" answered the girl.

Grôm let his eyes roam all over her—face, hair, and form—and such a look of passionate admiration glowed in their steady depths that her anger faded, her own eyes dropped, and her breast gave a happy, incomprehensible flutter.

"Of course he wants you" said Grôm, wondering, as he spoke, at the ring of his own voice. "You are the fairest thing on earth. All men whose eyes come to rest on you must want you. But none shall have you, ever, for you are mine."

And at that the girl forgot her anger, and forgave him for having neglected to kill Mawg.

That night sleep was impossible for them, though their lofty shelter was comfortable and secure. A vast orange moon, near the full, illuminated the spacious landscape; and beneath the tree came all the giant night-prowlers, gathering to the unparalleled banquet which the day had spread for them. Only the two black lions, perhaps already glutted, did not come. Wolves, a small pack of self-disciplined wild dogs, a troop of hyenas, and several enormous leopards, howled, snarled, and wrangled in knots over the widely-scattered carcasses, each group watching its neighbors with suspicion and deadly animosity. A gigantic red bear came lumbering up, and all the lesser prowlers scattered discreetly but resentfully before him. He strode straight to the chief place, under the rent, disheveled tree, and fell to tearing at the mountainous corpse of the megatherium. He was undisturbed till two sabre-tooths arrived, their striped coats vivid in the moonlight, their foot-long tusks giving their broad masks a dreadful grin. Before one sabre-tooth the bear would have stood his ground scornfully; but before the two he thought it best to defer. Slowly, and with a thunder-

ous grumbling, he moved over to the body of the rhinoceros, pretending that he preferred it. The air was split and battered with the clamor of raving voices. Other sabre-tooths came, and then another bear. There were swift, sudden battles, as swiftly dropped because neither combatant wished to fight to a finish when there was feasting so abundant for all. And once a leopard, dodging the paw of a sabre-tooth, sprang into the tree, only to fall back howling from the spears thrust through the floor of Grôm's platform.

A little before dawn the girl slept, while Grôm kept watch beside her lest another leopard should fancy to explore their refuge. An hour later, when the first mystic pallor was spreading over the landscape, she awoke with a cry of fear, and clung to Grôm's arm, shuddering.

"But what is it?" he asked in a tender voice, stroking her heavy mane.

"I was afraid!" she answered, like a child.

"What were you afraid of?" asked Grôm, humoring her.

"I was afraid of Mawg. I *am* afraid of him!" she answered, sitting up and shaking the hair from her eyes, and staring out fearfully over the gray transparent plains.

"Why should you fear Mawg?" demanded Grôm proudly. "Am not I your man? And am not I always with you? Many such mad brutes as Mawg could not take you from me."

"I know," answered the girl, "that he would be as straw in my lord's hands. But—even Grôm must sometimes sleep!"

Grôm laughed gently at her forebodings.

"He must sleep now, indeed, for we have a long and perilous journey before us!" said he. Laying his great shaggy head in her lap, and stretching his limbs as far as the tiny platform would allow, he was asleep in two seconds. The girl, stooping forward till her rich hair shadowed the rugged sleeping face with its calm brows, pondered deeply over his inexplicable forbearance toward his rival. Her instincts all assured her that it was dangerous; but something else within her, something which she strove in vain to grasp, suggested to her that in some way it was noble, and made her glad of it. Then all at once the first of the sunrise, flooding into the tree-top, bathed her face with a rosy glow, and wonderfully transfigured it.

[The fifth instalment of the romance of Grôm and A-ya, entitled "The Battle of the Brands," will appear in the January number.]



INTERESTING WESTERNERS

The Landscape Gardener of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, 1915

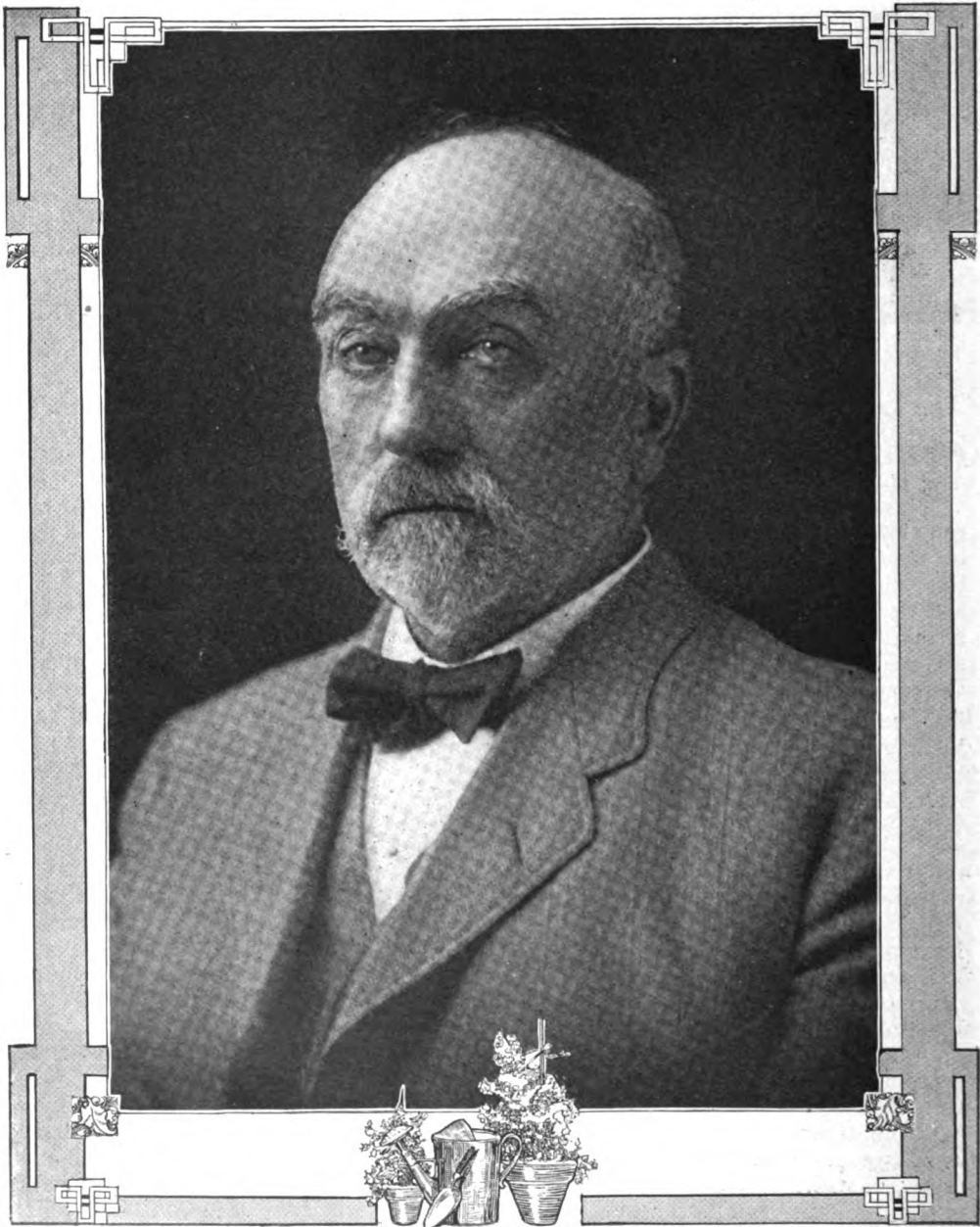
TO bring newly constructed palaces and pavilions into harmony with their surroundings; to make green grass grow over shifting sandy wastes, and trees on the wind-swept shores of San Francisco bay; to smooth out and give the final artistic touch to the work of artisan, mechanic, electrician, engineer and architect are the tasks of the Exposition Landscape Gardener. To fill this important office requires a man of no ordinary capacity. He must have the technical training of an engineer, a gardener, a botanist and an architect. Above all he must have a wide experience and executive ability. Any city is fortunate which has one man of this caliber. The directors of the Panama-Pacific Exposition were not slow to recognize the fact that San Francisco had one such man, Mr. John McLaren, Superintendent of Golden Gate Park, and appointed him Landscape Gardener of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition.

If any one wishes to be convinced of the wisdom of this choice, let him visit Golden Gate Park, not to compare it with Eastern parks, but remembering that forty years ago it was a desolate area of shifting sand dunes, of which Mr. Olmstead, the maker of Central Park, New York, said: "It presents more difficulties than any other park area in the United States." When Mr. McLaren took charge of the Park in 1886, the work of sand reclamation was still in the experimental stage. Undaunted by the failures of his predecessors he began experimenting with Sea Bent Grass (*Amophilla arenaria*) by means of which many thousands of sandy acres had been reclaimed in Denmark, France and Spain. This grass,

slow in starting, had to be carefully nurtured in the nursery for two years. After four years of patient work the Superintendent was rewarded by seeing the veering sand dunes firmly anchored by means of the spreading root-stocks of the grass, a victory over the forces of nature requiring the dogged persistence of a General Grant.

If any Harbor View visitor with the stinging sand blowing in his face feels skeptical about the lotus ponds, green swards and exotic growths which are promised, let him bear in mind the history of Golden Gate Park and remember that all the principal attractions of the Park—Alvord Lake, the Music Stadium, the Japanese Garden, the Children's Playground (the first in the United States), the Stadium the Chain of Lakes with their wooded island and gorgeous rhododendron plantations—have been created under the direction of Mr. McLaren. The problem presented by the Panama-Pacific Exposition is comparatively simple when compared with that of Golden Gate Park as it was thirty years ago.

The present Park is not only a monument to professional skill and dogged perseverance, but also to this man's tact and ability to interest the general public. When he took charge of the Park, the people of San Francisco were not simply indifferent (the usual attitude toward parks in those days), but positively hostile. The general feeling was that a great mistake had been made in selecting such a desolate and arid area. The Park Superintendent not only received no encouragement, but met with open opposition. He soon overcame this and interested the people, especially the influential business men, who came forward with large



PHOTOGRAPH BY TABER-STANFORD STUDIO

John McLaren, superintendent of Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, who has transformed more than a thousand acres of shifting sand into scenes of permanent beauty, and who has been entrusted with the vast gardening problems of 1915

donations making possible such attractive and beneficial features as the Children's Playground and the Music Stadium.

With characteristic energy and foresight Mr. McLaren has twenty thousand trees, together with thousands of shrubs, vines, and herbaceous plants in the nursery in

Tennessee Valley. Thousands of bedding plants are being raised in the greenhouses so that there will be a constant supply to keep all the Exposition flower beds fresh and blooming. He has arranged for the transportation of many thousands of trees and shrubs from their native haunts in canyon

and valley to the Fair Grounds. He has planned a wonderful Redwood Canyon to be reproduced on the Exposition Grounds. He is pushing the work with vigor and no obstacle is insurmountable. To cover the salty sand which makes up a portion of the ground at Harbor View, he is transporting 200,000 cubic yards of soil from the islands of the Sacramento river.

From his little office in the Park Lodge, this indomitable leader directs the work of both Park and Exposition. He meets, with unflinching courtesy, the hundreds of people who come to him; the woman with a palm in her front yard which she wishes to donate to the Exposition, the student desiring specimens, the workman, the press representative, the business-man and the director; but the idlers and purposeless visitors are apt to be rather summarily dismissed. Combined with his force and power are sincerity, simplicity and modesty. He will talk of his work by the hour, and loves every tree in the Park, but when you try to get him to talk of himself he is as uncommunicative as an oyster. When he leaves the office and goes into the living-room of the Park Lodge he becomes the genial host full of humor, and the fortunate guest has a vision of an ideal home, graced by his interesting wife.

From his name and characteristics the reader has already guessed that he is a Scotchman. Landscape gardening has been his life-work. At the age of fourteen he became an apprentice on a fine old Scotch estate, called Bannock Burn House. There he learned greenhouse management and floriculture. Later he went to the larger estate of the Earl of Wemys and then finished his education by working and studying in the world-famous Edinburgh Botanical Gardens. Ambitious and enthusiastic, he began to feel that the Old World offered no great opportunities for advancement, and was attracted to California as the "land of opportunity," furnishing a splendid field for the practice of his profession. El Cerrito, the estate of George H. Howard, was his first notable work in California, then Golden Gate Park, and now, when most men of his age would be seeking retirement and rest, he is actively engaged in solving the landscape-gardening problems of the Panama-Pacific Exposition.

Though Scotch by birth, he is Californian by adoption and admires our native plants

and trees as genuinely as if he had been born in the West. Even the glory of the heather, sung by every Scotch bard, pales in his eyes before the glory of our rhododendron-covered hillsides and our verdurous redwood canyons. In the hands of such a man we need have no question about the outcome of the Landscape Gardening in 1915. We have his own word that "This is to be no green Exposition, but glowing with the harmonious combination of native and exotic flowers."

LELA ANGLIER LENFEST.

A Brace of Champions

A MOST remarkable development as an expert shot has been made by Mrs. M. J. Champion of Portland, Ore. She is, without doubt, the best woman shot in the state of Oregon, yet six years ago she had an aversion to a gun and would not think of shooting even a bird.

It is a story of conjugal felicity. At the time of her marriage to Mr. Champion, who has been the sales-manager of a Portland manufacturing company for the past five years, she was absolutely untrained to the use of a gun. Mr. Champion has been one of the most ardent hunters in Portland for many years, and as this was his principal method of relaxation from a multitude of business duties, Mrs. Champion determined to learn to shoot, so that she could accompany her husband on his many excursions for game birds. She would not be content with making the trips as the average wife would, a culinary assistant only. She wanted to find if the sport was really engrossing enough to make it worth her husband's time. With him she took several turns at the traps of the Portland Gun Club and was taught to handle a shot-gun. Then came the memorable day, now over five years ago, when she first went to the duck lakes.

It was a hard trip. They left in a launch late on a Saturday evening down the Willamette river so as to be on hand at the preserves the next morning at daybreak. It is a long twelve miles down the river from Portland to its junction with the majestic Columbia at Sauvie's island, and that night there was a dense fog. They were lost and could not find their way on the wide stream, trying their best but being



Mrs. M. J. Champion and Mr. M. J. Champion of Portland, Oregon, who live up to their name in the duck-hunting season. They are here shown with record bags of mallards after four hours' shooting. The Oregon limit is thirty-five birds



unable to prevent the launch from wavering and going from bank to bank.

Thus, though it was about midnight when they began the trip, they did not arrive at the McIntyre landing until about 9 o'clock the next morning. The day was dark and dreary,

the ducks would not move and the fog added a great deal to the discomfort. However, the Champions got several ducks and Mrs. Champion stood the trip well.

Several weeks later, under more favorable circumstances, they again resolved

to go out. This time everything worked well and they were in the blinds at the right time. There had been a big storm the night before and the birds were in flight. Mr. Champion got two dozen, and his wife, her first real shooting, bagged six. This was the manner in which Mrs. Champion learned of the pleasures of hunting, and she is now a more ardent Nimrod than her husband.

The lake frequented by the Champions is situated on the famous Sauvies island, twelve miles from Portland. This low-lying body of land is at the junction of the Willamette and Columbia rivers and is covered with a network of sloughs and lakes. As this is about one hundred miles from the sea the water is fresh, and as Portland hunters have been feeding the birds there for many years they know the place and swarm there each season. There are possibly three hundred men that use the different lakes for hunting, but among all the McIntyre place, that the Champions shoot on, is known as the champion mallard hole.

Rain and storms make ideal duck-shooting. The Oregon limit for a day's shoot is thirty-five birds. For three consecutive Sundays in season Mr. and Mrs. Champion have brought the limit home with them. Nothing but mallards have been in the bag. In the published photograph the Champions—rightly named—are shown with a record bag shot November 10th. On this day they had the limit and returned to Portland in time for dinner, shooting less than four hours. Mr. Champion's string, as shown, is short seven birds, and Mrs. Champion's is short more, as she found it impossible to carry them all, some having to be expressed home to Portland.

Not only is Mrs. Champion an expert at duck hunting but she and her husband, with their well-trained Irish setter, are familiar figures at several of their favorite haunts in the Willamette valley where they shoot the famous China pheasant.

DE WITT L. HARRY.



An Aviator on Earth

WE had just crossed the field, on half a round of golf, and Mr. Curtiss was donning his hip rubber boots in order to embark in the duck-boat for his flying-

machine camp where he was to test out a new Government gyroscope appliance, when he stooped suddenly and said: "See that pretty little flower. Wonder what it is? In a short time now the whole ground will be covered with it."

That was Glenn H. Curtiss: halting, in rubber boots, between golf and flying, to note a minute blossom that other people would have stepped on. But this was no sign that he was thinking especially of the flower, even while talking about it. As like as not he was improving the gyroscope, or perfecting some balancing device yet invisible.

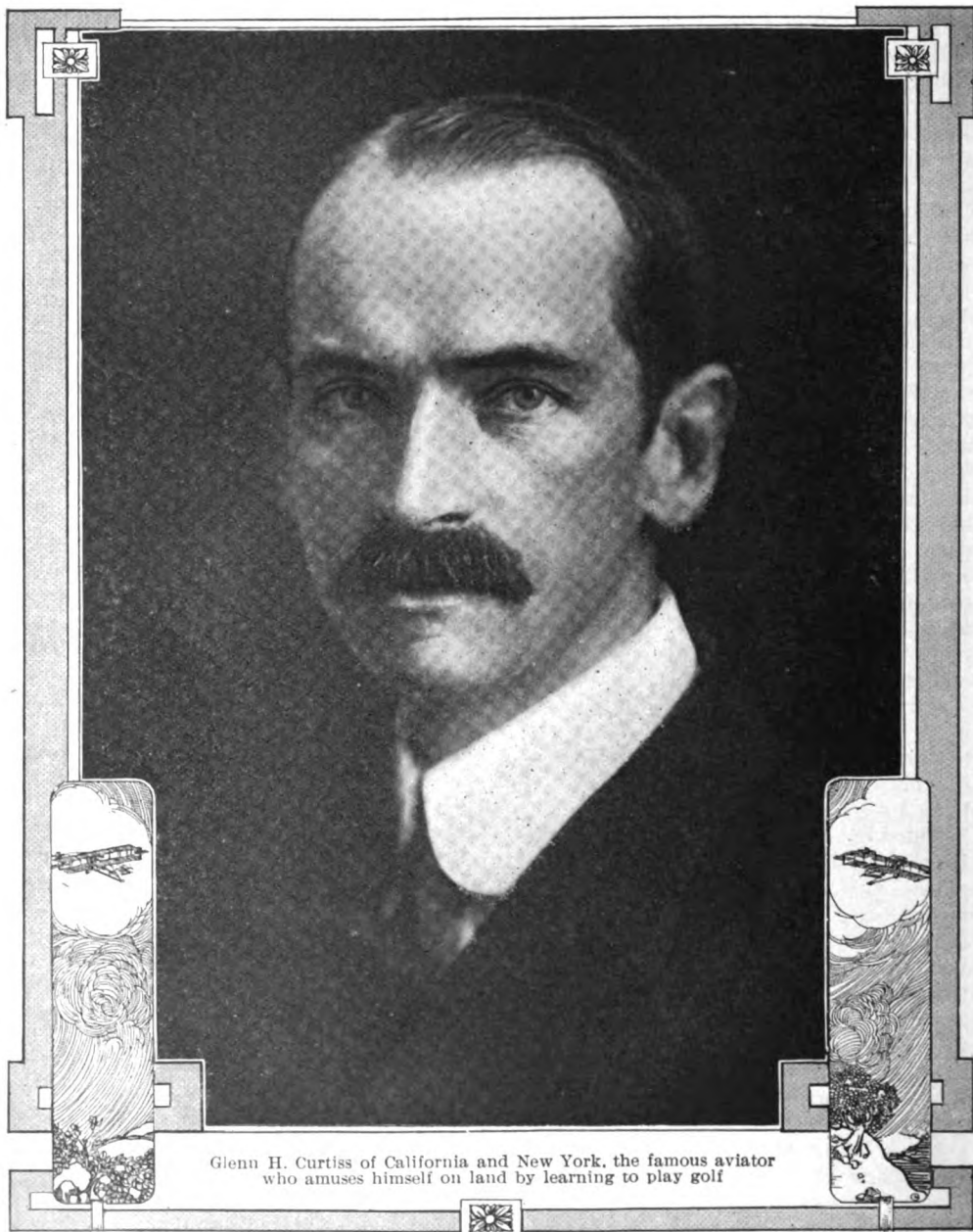
Returning from the aviation camp, his Government craft still on probation, about to make a putt for bogey score he stopped, examined his cleek as if he was just discovering it, and observed: "There's a whole lot of air-resistance to this thing. I wonder why a stream-line head wouldn't be good." Then he putted—with the cleek.

That, also, was Glenn H. Curtiss; and I confidently look for a patent on a stream-line golf club to appear, any day.

Mr. Curtiss has a convenient dual personality which works while he works and continues while he sleeps. That is, he possesses within him a sort of twin-propeller system, operating independently one of the other. Therefore when the one propeller seems to be loafing, at intermittent speed, the other is driving ahead, cleaving a way to something definite and frequently unexpected. He assigns a portion of his brain-cells to solve a certain problem; the remainder he permits to roam at large, seeking what they may devour, be it a blossom of the field or a stream-line golf-club. These side-issues are apt to result in matter of importance; but the main issue never has been neglected, and, eventually, presto! there it comes, full-fledged.

To walk and sit and talk and play and work with Mr. Curtiss is not to know of what he really is thinking. Beneath his veneer of being resolutely interested in the affair of the moment—golf, baby, or hole in his rubber boot—is that phase of intent abstraction which indicates a subconsciousness at hard labor upon something to do with flying.

Consequently young Mr. Curtiss has not stopped with the one type of aeroplane. His own and rival machines arose from and lighted upon land. This was all very well,



and a great accomplishment; but while he was botanizing or golfing (no; it was before he golfed) or otherwise dallying, his subconsciousness was at work (perhaps he saw a gull sitting on the bay) and behold the hydro-aeroplane, adapted to water flight as well as to land flight! The Navy was much pleased, and other inventors sat up and took notice. A new field had been opened.

Taken by and large, Mr. Curtiss, who does not rest on his oars and never will, is different from any inventor or scientist that one is likely to encounter. He is many-sided. He is not a crank. He is not touchy. He is most pleasingly human—a splendid companion. He is no whit a stickler for the proprieties which do hedge about a celebrity, and when he gives directions he does it

with a mild diffidence that conveys, in tentative fashion, the preamble: "Excuse me; but don't you think we'd better?" Usually the party of the second part so thinks. Although he is a thin man, he can pass up the smashing of a six-thousand-dollar machine, and greet the latest interviewer with a smile—even if, behind his smile, he is keenly alive to the carelessness of the operator. That shows his nerve; and nerve he has, for he is a fighter to the last ditch.

Slender, of medium height, with high forehead, large ears, face rather lean and pointed, and a peculiarly intense, pondering gaze: there is Mr. Curtiss when you meet him. He doesn't at all answer one's mental conception of the "speed marvel" who, starting early, first drove his one-cylinder motor-cycle invention at thirty miles an hour; next drove it at a mile in fifty-six and two-fifths seconds; advanced it to a two-cylinder machine and drove it ten miles in slightly under nine minutes; advanced it to an eight-cylinder machine ("the fastest vehicle ever built to carry a man") and drove it a mile in twenty-six and two-fifths seconds. He wore no goggles, no especial costume. He merely got on, took a two-mile running start, and did it. That, also, was just like Curtiss.

This is ancient history. Motor-cycles today are current—but the record still stands, I believe. The early feats of aviation seem ancient history, too; but having exchanged his own motor-cycle for his own aeroplane, young Mr. Curtiss won permanently the first *Scientific American* trophy for a straight-away flight of one kilometer; won for America the first International Aviation meet, at Rheims; won the New York *World* \$10,000 purse for a flight down the Hudson from Albany to New York—in so doing maintaining an average speed of over fifty miles an hour for 150 miles.

However, of these feats he doesn't speak. One is led to infer that maybe they were escapades of his wild youth (he is thirty-five, you know), before the steadying effect of the new baby—who, he modestly asserts,

"seems to have a well-developed sense of balance."

Mr. Curtiss has two headquarters. At Hammondsport, N. Y., his boyhood home which he has made partner in his industry, is his aeroplane factory and one of his flying fields; here he establishes himself in the summer. For winter use he has built himself and family a house on Coronado Beach, across the bay from San Diego, California; and almost within hailing distance, opposite the house on North Island, is his winter experiment station and aviation field.

Spanish Bight, a narrow inlet, separates North Island from Coronado, and Mr. Curtiss and any of his guests paddle across. First they play golf, with a club apiece, from the house to the mud-flats—committing the sacrilege of going from hole 11 to hole 4 and thence to hole 15. But no matter. To a spirit like Mr. Curtiss, it is more what you do than how you do it, and he is learning to drive.

At the mud-flats he extracts from a secret place his hip rubber boots (somehow the tide is always out) and obligingly carries his guests pick-a-back out to the skiff which is hanging to its stake. Then in plebeian fashion all voyage across; and Mr. Curtiss usually wears his boots the rest of the morning, even to fly in when it is necessary for him to give some machine a try-out. The spectacle of an aviator flying in rubber boots is not wholly orthodox; but that, again, is Glenn H. Curtiss.

The great reason why I, one of the polloi, like Mr. Curtiss is because he is so kind toward all the fool questions and comments and theories of a layman. To any suggestion he will listen attentively; with a puzzled little frown revolve the matter and survey it at every angle. Then he will say: "N-no, I don't think so. Let's see, now;" and most gently and painstakingly will proceed to demonstrate *his* idea—which invariably is right. So you can see why all the employees, and all the students, both civil and military, are glad to see "G. H." step ashore in his rubber boots, ready for business.

EDWIN L. SABIN.



DESERT FLOWERS

By HELEN FIELD FISCHER

For our diviner moods God gave the hills,
His purple mountains crowned with dazzling snow
Against the morning skies of blue and rose,
The evening skies aflame with yellow glow.
But God knew we were human and could reach
Not always to His mountains and His skies
And so He wrought the marvel once again
And laid it at our feet in humblest guise.
So close that tired downcast eyes could see
So small that we could clasp and call it ours,
But still in blue and gold, in rose and white,
The miracle of mountain desert flowers.



The Pulse of the West

Current Comment on Western Affairs

By Walter V. Woehlke

Laying a New Reclamation Course

UNDER one of the newer Reclamation Service projects, still uncompleted, lies a little valley containing some twelve thousand acres of sagebrush land bought by the owners six or seven years ago at about eight or ten dollars an acre. To put water on this land, the Reclamation Service must build a diversion dam, the cost of which must be returned by the owners. This dam will be built by the Reclamation Service, but not under the present style of contract. A new clause will be added. This clause will give the Reclamation Service the right to fix the price at which the land, in addition to the cost of the water-right, may be sold. Nor will a hundred dollars per acre be the price approved by the Service.

The Reclamation Service has been accumulating wisdom and experience rapidly. When the Service first began operations it was supposed that the clause which re-

stricts the sale of water-rights to tracts with a maximum of a hundred and sixty acres would automatically force the large private holdings under various projects to be broken up and placed speedily into the hands of new settlers. Experience showed this assumption to be false. As the improved area around them grew and increased in value, owners of raw land that had to be sold in order to be entitled to water raised their prices, and high prices of raw land kept the settlers away. As a result half a million private acres are today ready to receive government water, but do not take it, lie fallow because the owners will neither farm the land nor sell it at a price low enough to attract buyers.

Under present conditions these speculative owners can afford to sit tight and hold on. Using no water, they pay no maintenance and operation charges; only on a few projects have they begun to return to the government the capital invested in the project, and an extension of the repayment

time from ten to twenty years will have the effect of fortifying their profitable position. Nor can they be dislodged, forced to let go, except by spreading the annual operation charge over the entire body of land under the project, instead of confining this charge to the tracts actually watered and cultivated.

In the future, however, the speculator will have hard work skimming the unearned increment created by the investment of the people's money. In all probability no reclamation of private property by public funds will be undertaken unless the landowners agree to sell their excess holdings at a price fixed by the Service to actual settlers only. Such a clause might decrease the number of hopeful speculators, but it will serve to make the number of homes on the Reclamation Service projects grow and multiply rapidly.

When Fake Leather Gets the Boot

A RING made of ten-karat gold presents the same appearance as an eighteen-karat ornament and will outwear the latter. Despite longer wear, the jeweler who puts the eighteen-karat stamp on a ten-karat ring may have to go to jail if he is found out.

A shoe is popularly supposed to be one hundred per cent leather. Now come the advocates of Pure Shoe legislation and maintain that ninety per cent of all shoes selling for less than four dollars a pair contain heels, inner soles and counters made of leather scrap mixed with glue, of fiber, strawboard and paper-board that dissolves and becomes fluid when it is exposed to moisture.

But, say the manufacturers of cheap shoes, our composition stuff will wear practically as long as the genuine article. Besides, we can't produce an inexpensive shoe, what with the rising cost of leather and labor, unless we use cheap substitutes.

If these arguments are sound, a declaration of the fact that leather substitutes are used in shoes offered for sale can do harm to no one. If low-priced shoes cannot be made and marketed except by the use of imitation leather, a statement of the fact will not reduce consumption of cheap shoes. If, however, all-leather shoes can be produced at a reasonable price, the consumer, the honest manufacturer and the dealer will be benefited.

The West, where large quantities of

leather are produced and where shoes are subjected to extra hard wear, may well insist on the passage of Pure Shoe laws of the kind in force in Michigan and Louisiana.

The Servant in the Western House

OF the potential heat contained in a ton of coal shoveled under the boilers, only thirteen per cent is actually transformed into steam, eighty-seven per cent vanishes through the chimney. Though the best minds among engineers and chemists have wrestled with the problem presented by coal's low efficiency for a century, small progress has been made. Utilization of fifteen per cent of the caloric energy residing in coal is still the very peak of a boiler plant's efficiency.

Coal is burned on the outside of the boiler. The gasoline motor burns its fuel internally. Though the internal-combustion motor is a decided step forward, the waste is still tremendous. Few motors transform more than twenty per cent of the fuel's potential energy into actual power; eighty per cent still goes to waste, is carried away in elaborate water-cooling systems and radiators.

The Diesel engine caused a sensation among mechanical engineers by its low fuel cost, by its efficiency. It reached a point that few fuel experts had dreamed of seeing attained: it made available for work full thirty per cent of its fuel energy. But even this epoch-making invention dissipated seventy per cent of the precious stuff that lightens human labor.

Water which, falling from a height, moves impulse wheels and turbines by its pressure or weight, transmits eighty per cent of its energy to the shaft. Of late turbines have been constructed that utilize ninety per cent of the water's energy. In transforming this energy into electric current, the modern generator loss rarely exceeds three per cent. Hydro-electric current is king of the efficiency realm; no other form of power can approach within hailing distance of the generator mounted on the shaft of a water wheel.

To keep the pistons of a steam plant moving, armies of men must forever toil in darkness and danger, risk life and health in the coal mines. Their work is never done. When a hydro-electric installation is completed, the task of the workers is

definitely over. They have harnessed the eternal cycle of natural forces. Thereafter man's presence is needed only to oil, regulate and repair. Steam power increases the efficiency of human muscle, hydro-electric current takes its place. Steam throws the burden of toil upon the stooped shoulders of miner and coal-passer, of breaker-boy, fireman and boilermaker, hydro-electric current, product of sun, wind and rain, lifts the burden entirely. It is the cleanest, brightest, most efficient power known. In it, not in the subterranean coal beds, lies mankind's hope of ultimate release from grinding toil.

And the West is leading the world in the development and utilization of this cleanest power. Demand for it is keeping abreast of the supply. In British Columbia a corporation completed the installation of a 26,000-horsepower plant early in 1912. Within a year the power was all sold. Now the company is doubling the plant's capacity, is preparing to instal at once a third unit of fifty-two thousand horsepower additional to supply Vancouver and vicinity. Seattle, Tacoma and Los Angeles have plans for water-power development with an aggregate ultimate total output of nearly half a million horsepower. The legislatures of Oregon and Washington have appropriated money for the preliminary survey of the Celilo gorge on the Columbia where a million horsepower can be extracted from white water. In California two companies have just completed the first units of installations capable of producing almost four hundred thousand horsepower. In Idaho, out on the plains that were a sagebrush desert eight years ago, hydro-electric current is heating homes and schools, doing the baking and cooking in restaurants, in Arizona the power of falling water is paying for irrigation projects and, by stimulating mining, is enlarging the market for the products of the irrigated farms, in Peru and in Alaska hydro-electric power has reduced the cost of producing copper by a cent and a half a pound.

The hydro-electric current is the true Servant in the House. It renders silent, efficient, flexible service. It does not talk, complain of long hours, has no callers, works Sundays and weekdays, it does washing and cooking, dusting and ironing, does heavy lifting and dainty toasting with

equal ease. It is at home, willing to work, in factory, kitchen or parlor, on the farm or in the boudoir, the most efficient of man's servants. And of this service the West has the largest, most widely distributed supply in the country.

Apples East and West

MINNESOTA apples were so plentiful this fall that the farmers did not take the trouble to pack and ship them. The cost of freight and barrels was not covered by the selling price.

Compared with the apple crop of Oregon, Washington, California and Idaho, Minnesota's output is small. Minnesota's orchards are closer to the principal markets by two thousand miles. Except in the matter of quality, Minnesota's apple growers are in a more favorable position than the Far Western horticulturists.

Why did they fail to realize a profit from their fruit when the Pacific growers received good prices?

Minnesota's fruit is a by-product, neglected until the main harvest is out of the way. When the farmer has his hay and grain in the barn, when he has fattened his stock and sold it, he bestows casual attention upon his apples. On his annual balance sheet the apple receipts occupy an inconspicuous place.

In the East the general farmer raises fruit on the side. In the West fruit is produced by specialists. The specialist's principal source, often his only source, of income is fruit. He must sell his output at a profit or quit business. Hence these specialists study the market, overcome the handicap of distance by coöperation, by an honest pack, stimulate the demand by advertising, make up for higher freight by the higher quality of their goods.

To say that the Western grower succeeds because he is isolated, because he lives far from the market, is to put the cart before the horse. The Western grower succeeded despite his costly isolation because he developed those methods of production and distribution the lack of which accounts for the financial failure of fruit-growing on Eastern farms.

There is no virtue in adversity, except in so far as its fangs force the victim to climb with great speed out of the hole in which he finds himself. But it's in the climbing, not in the adversity, that the virtue resides.

(Editorial section continued on alternate pages)

The **WEIGHT** of EVIDENCE
 on the **TRUE MUSICAL WORTH** of the
PIANOLA
 and its absolute supremacy in its field



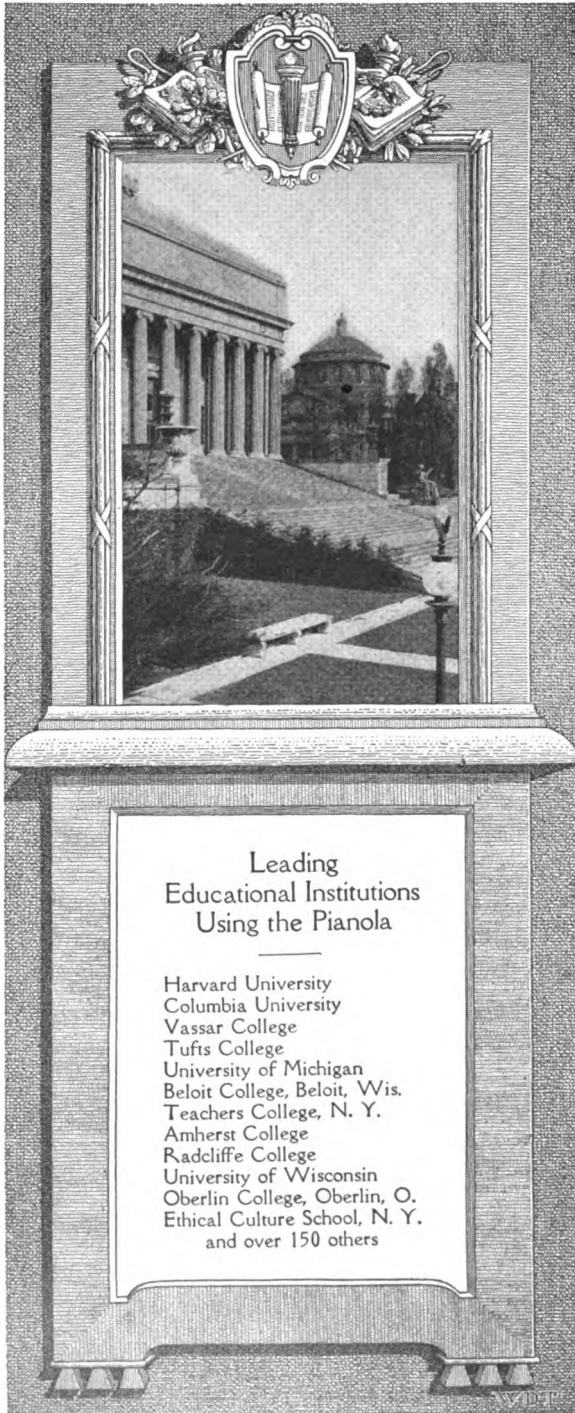
"The Pianola is perfection"

J. Paderewski.

MR. PADEREWSKI'S opinion on matters pertaining to the art of piano-playing is authoritative. He has long been a warm admirer of the Pianola and has written several enthusiastic letters concerning it. These are summed up in his statement, "The Pianola is perfection"—Mr. Paderewski has never given a testimonial to any other instrument of the Pianola's type. Hence the above statement represents the finality of his judgment.

Significant as Mr. Paderewski's endorsement of the Pianola is, however, it is only one among many. For practically every great musician of the present generation has given his written

W.D.S.P.



recognition of the artistic worth and supremacy of this world-famous instrument.

The entire list includes a majority of the most famous contemporary musicians and constitutes a veritable Court of Highest Authority in Music—which has rendered its unanimous verdict in favor of the Pianola.

The names of a few out of the hundreds of noted musicians who have endorsed the Pianola, are printed below.

Ignace Jan Paderewski	Camille Saint-Saens
Moriz Rosenthal	Jules Massenet
Maurice Moszkowski	Christian Sinding
Richard Strauss	Jos. Wieniawski
Cecile Chaminade	Joseph Joachim
Theodor Leschetizky	Alexander Guilmant
Josef Hofmann	Luigi Mancinelli
Vladimir De Pachman	Arthur Nikisch
Claude Debussy	Dr. Hans Richter
Fritz Kreisler	C. von Sternberg
E. Humperdinck	L. Godowsky
Jan Kubelik	Enrico Caruso
Harold Bauer	Geraldine Farrar
Giacomo Puccini	Louise Homer
Teresa Carreño	O. Goritz
Raoul Pugno	Ossip Gabrilowitsch
Emil Sauer	F. Bloomfield-Zeiler
Xaver Scharwenka	E. Ysaye
Mark Hambourg	Carl Reinicke
Sir A. C. Mackenzie	Eugen D'Albert
Gabriel-Marie	Arthur Friedheim
N. Rimsky-Korsakow	Jean Gerardy

The ADOPTION of the PIANOLA by Educational Institutions

The extraordinary value of the Pianola as a means of advancing the standard of public musical taste—of bringing culture in music directly into the home, and of assisting musical educators both in the class-room and studio, has long been recognized. Such famous authorities as Dr. Carl Reinicke, Hans Richter, Franz Van der Stucken, Sir A. C. Mackenzie, Profs. Walter R. Spaulding, George

"PIANOLA" is not a general name for so called "Player-pianos."

Coleman Gow, and many others have not hesitated to hail it as the most wonderful musical educator the world has ever seen.

In over 150 leading educational institutions the Pianola has been installed for use in connection with regular music courses.

Of utmost significance in this connection is the fact that, in over ninety per cent. of institutions using such instruments, it is the Pianola that has been selected. The serious nature of such evidence as to the Pianola's superiority cannot be over-estimated.

ROYAL WARRANTS of APPOINTMENT and *Distinguished Patrons Here and Abroad*

The possession of wealth, of power and authority carries with it always the prerogative of having the best that the world can supply. Cost has no meaning. Distance and difficulty of access raise no barriers. The one question is of quality.

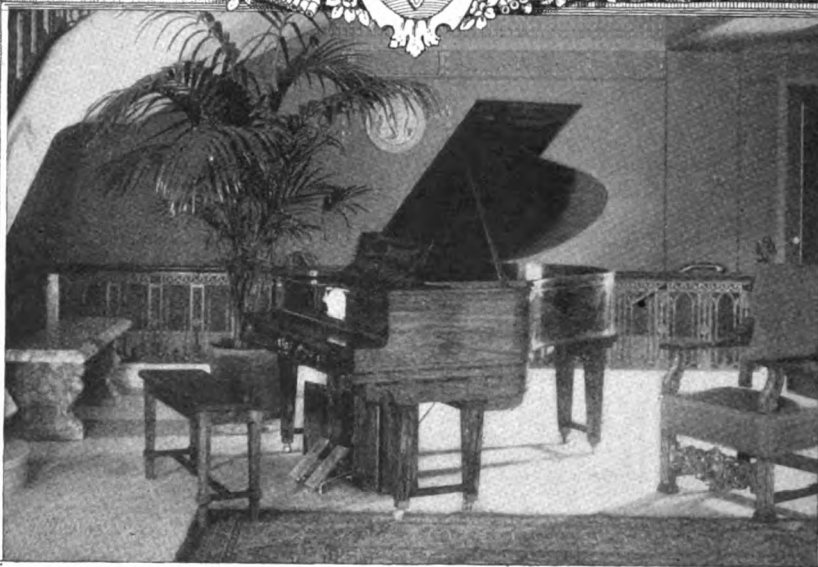
So the patronage of royalty bestows a remarkable distinction. It is an indication that the article so favored has been selected solely on its superior merits—and from the offerings of the world.

Royal Warrants of Appointment have been granted The Aeolian Company by most of the important Courts of Europe.

In America, a list of the prominent owners of the Pianola includes practically every well-known leader in



There is only one Pianola—it is made only by the AEOLIAN CO.



statecraft, in finance, in business, in society, and in the professions.

Excellence does not follow, but *precedes* such patronage. It is evidence, not only of high intrinsic merit, but of the unequivocal supremacy of the Pianola.

Player-pianos, so-called, are *not* Pianolas. There is but one Pianola. It is made exclusively by the Aeolian Company and is obtainable in the following models only

The Steinway Pianola

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Prices from \$550 upwards.

Convenient monthly payments.

Two very interesting books "The Weight of Evidence" and "The Metrostyle," together with the name of the Pianola dealer in your vicinity, will be forwarded on application to Department S

The Aeolian Company AEOLIAN HALL
NEW YORK



These great artists come to your home Christmas with the Victrola

You can search the whole world over and not find another gift that will bring so much pleasure to every member of the family.

Any Victor dealer in any city in the world will gladly play any music you wish to hear and demonstrate to you the wonderful Victor-Victrola.

Victors \$10 to \$100. Victrolas \$15 to \$200.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

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New Victor Records demonstrated at all dealers on the 28th of each month

In writing to advertisers please mention SUNSET, The Pacific Monthly

On the Crest of the Wave

FOR several years ship owners have been dipping the dividend bucket out of the ocean, brimful. International trade has been climbing up the statistical ladder with the agility of a monkey. In 1895, for instance, the sum total of United States exports and imports had a value of 1,672 millions, in 1900 it had grown to 2,224 millions; in 1912 it reached 3,857 millions. Argentine and Brazil, Australia, Japan and China likewise produced, bought and sold more goods than ever, and Europe did not lag behind. To cope with the greatest revival of maritime commerce in history, shipyards were buried under an avalanche of orders for new vessels, more especially for the trade through Panama.

Will shipping continue long to ride on the crest of the prosperity wave? Will there be cargoes to fill all the hulls now on the stocks?

In 1884 the net earnings of the Cunard line were £103,948; they rose to £350,203 in 1889, slumped to £94,953 four years later. In 1900 the earnings exceeded half a million pounds; a year later they dropped below a quarter of a million.

The shipping business is as unstable, as erratic as the element upon which it is carried on. Rates on coal from Wales to Port Said have been known to fluctuate between \$1.85 and \$3.30 a ton in a single year.

Available tonnage in 1895 vastly exceeded the world's demands. Charters on their downward journey made a dent in bedrock. A strong demand for tonnage in the Far East was created during 1896 by the Chinese-Japanese war. Vessels flocked to the orient by the score. They were stranded when the war ceased, left high and dry by the lack of return freights. In the fall of that year America had bumper crops, there was a shortage of grain both in India and Australia. Ships were needed in America to move the surplus crop to the orient. Ships could not be had in sufficient numbers where they were needed. Between September and November rates advanced two hundred and three hundred per cent; in December bedrock groaned again under the impact of falling charters.

Has shipping prosperity reached the crest of the wave? To judge from past performances, from the dimensions of the shipyards' addition to the available tonnage, a descent into the trough in which shipping

does its periodic wallowing is not improbable. But this wallowing, painful to the owners of shipping shares, can have none but a beneficial effect upon the prosperity of the Pacific Coast ports. It cannot affect the volume of goods that must be moved, only the terms under which the moving is done.

The Vanishing Copper Surplus

TWO years ago the world carried a surplus of two hundred and fifty million pounds of copper above its immediate requirements. In October of this year there was on hand a reserve of less than thirty million pounds, barely enough for a week's consumption. The copper world is living from hand to mouth; the red metal is being consumed faster than it can be mined. With Mexico's output curtailed by war, with the Rio Tinto and the Michigan mines closed down by labor troubles, with no new large producers in sight, a rapid increase of the surplus is possible only if copper consumption takes a tumble, an act it seems wholly disinclined to perform. Wherefore the Western states, particularly Arizona, Montana, Utah, New Mexico and Nevada, are awaiting the income-tax collector with a grin. Seventeen-cent copper to them means large shifts, steady employment, gold in the merchants' tills and the farmers' jeans. Unless manipulation lifts the red metal's price to prohibitive levels, as was done in 1907, at least a year of unbroken, profitable activity lies ahead of the Western copper states.

British Columbia and the Ballot

WHEN J. J. Hill crossed the line from Canada into the United States he had to wait five years before he was allowed to vote even for constable. Today he would have to pass, at the expiration of the incubation period, an examination in the principles of American government and produce witnesses vouching for his probity.

Over the line in British Columbia the Hon. H. H. Stevens, M. P., is loudly complaining of the laxity in the administration of the naturalization laws. Hundreds of Japanese, he avers, cast ballots even though they have never been naturalized. Canneries, loggers and mine operators, he asserts, keep a supply of used but otherwise perfectly good naturalization certificates on



"You ought to know this Campbell 'kind'."

If you have not tried it, there is a new and delightful sensation waiting for your palate. Why not begin today's dinner with

Campbell's ^{CELERY} SOUP

Put up strictly in the season only, this delicate creamy soup retains the sweet natural flavor of the tender stalks in their best condition. Blended with milk, fresh butter and other choice ingredients, this is one of the most tempting dinner courses you could imagine.

Better phone your grocer for it right now, while you think of it. *Your money back if not satisfied.*



"Each Campbell kind
Just suits my mind.
There is no soup to beat it.
It's merely play
To serve each day.
And more fun yet to eat it."

21 kinds 10c a can

Asparagus	Clam Chowder	Pea
Beef	Consommé	Pepper Pot
Bouillon	Julienne	Printanier
Celery	Mock Turtle	Tomato
Chicken	Mulligatawny	Tomato-Okra
Chicken Gumbo (Okra)	Mutton Broth	Vegetable
Clam Bouillon	Ox Tail	Vermicelli-Tomato

Look for the red-and-white label



hand and pass them around among the newly arrived Asiatics they employ.

Why not? British Columbia has no educational standard to measure applicants for citizenship; it requires a residence of only three years; it does not insist upon knowledge of the English language; the franchise may have as little meaning to the applicant as Sanskrit and the cheering effect of distilled grape juice have to Mr. Bryan, still British Columbia confers the privilege. What difference does it make, under these circumstances, whether the certificate is conferred by a magistrate or by the boss of a salmon cannery?

A Freak Year's Summary

THE wheat crop of the upper Columbia's broad basin this year approached the bumper record of 1912. Prices held up well and, though flour exports to the orient dropped, more wheat and barley than ever were shipped from Portland, Seattle, Tacoma. Spokane and Walla Walla felt the stimulus of abundant wheat money. Though the apple crop of the Pacific Northwest was barely normal, the returns to the growers were the best since 1908. The market for quality apples is constantly widening. This fall, for instance, buyers came to Oregon all the way from Johannesburg, South Africa, purchasing twenty-five carloads as a sample.

The salmon pack was not large, this being an off-year, but the output was snapped up eagerly. Half a dozen power schooners were added to the rapidly growing halibut fleet of Puget Sound during the year. Hop growers in the three Pacific states and in British Columbia basked in the mellow warmth of high prices for the fourth time in four years. The program of railroad construction in British Columbia is calling for millions to be spent in the next five years. On the whole, 1913 was a good year in the lumber business, the dominant industry of the Pacific Slope. Despite the new tariff, the wool market continued the even tenor of its way undisturbed, nor did the orange growers seem greatly worried about the market this winter. Despite last January's frost, the first trains moving a crop of thirty thousand carloads are now leaving the northern end of California's citrus belt. The Golden State's deciduous fruit shipments exceeded preliminary estimates; the raisin crop shrank twenty per

cent over the preceding year, but the basic price was forty per cent higher. Wine grapes went up when the attack of the makers of spurious wines turned out to be a boomerang. Nuts, almonds and olives brought the highest prices in years. Though California's petroleum output approached a hundred million barrels, almost as much as the entire country produced ten years ago, the price to the producer advanced, slowly, to be sure, but promising to reach forty cents in 1914. Alfalfa acreage showed remarkable increases throughout the West, a condition reflecting itself in the larger number of entries and the promise of a record-breaking attendance at the Pacific International Livestock Exposition in Portland early in December.

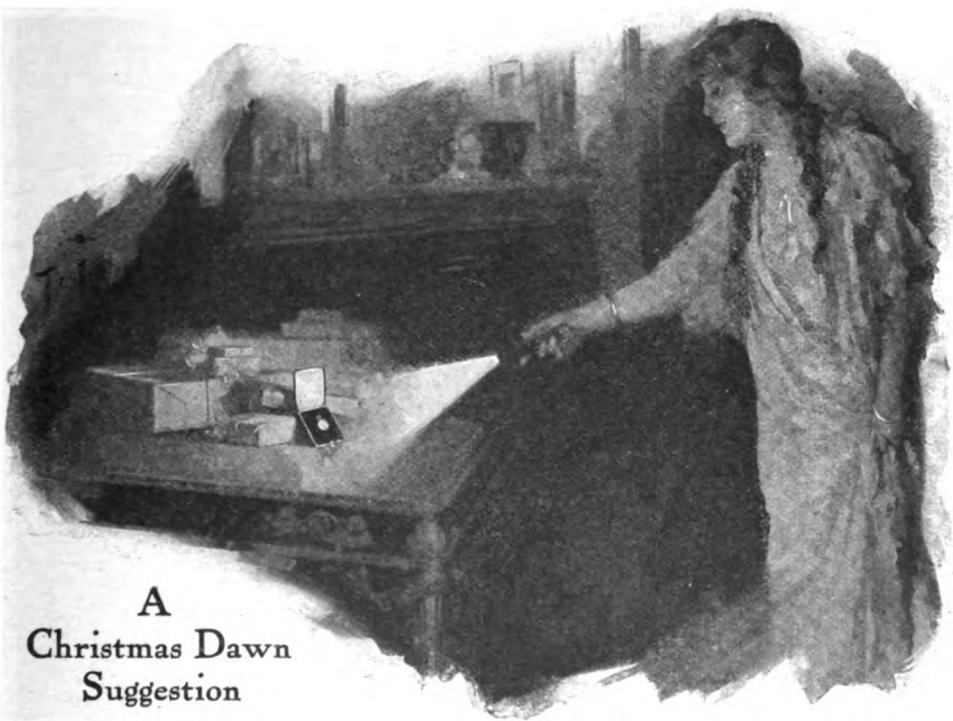
Nineteen thirteen was a freakish year in the West. It brought the tariff, trouble with Japan, the Diggs-Caminetti trial, tight money, frost here, drouth there, but on the whole the Western Thanksgiving turkey is of good size, nor does it lack ample layers of fat.

Not the least of the welcome gifts Santa Claus prepared for the Christmas stocking of the West is the bridle that was put on speculation and promotion, the knife that let the wind out of inflated values and put business on a sound basis.

Looking Backward

BETWEEN 1749 and 1771 six hundred and six persons were publicly done to death in London for minor transgressions merely of property rights. Jails were private revenue-producing property in the good old days. When a window tax, a tax on sunlight, was levied to help pay the cost of England's wars, jail proprietors walled up their windows to escape the tax. The Bishop of Ely owned a prison made insecure by age. To prevent jail breaks and yet escape himself from the cost of repairs, the worthy priest fastened iron collars to the floor, clamped these collars around the necks of the inmates. For stealing five shillings' worth of cloth that she might feed her starving children, a woman was hanged by the neck until she was dead in London, "as an example"

Once in a while when the dark fog of doubt obscures the sun, when all effort appears bitterly futile, when the inertia of the mass seems to mock all human endeavor to move it up the long, painful slope, once in a



A
Christmas Dawn
Suggestion

Very early Christmas morning, as soon as the gray light begins to steal into your room, we suggest that you tiptoe softly down stairs and see for yourself whether Santa Claus has been so kind and discerning as to give you a

Waltham Watch

May we also suggest to the many thousand helpers of Santa Claus that a Waltham Watch will excite in the recipient a unique thrill of pleasure which will be made good by many years of accurate service and the satisfaction of possessing the best of its kind.

The greater number of watch buyers will do well to favor the Riverside series of Waltham Watches. There are styles at varying prices for men, women and youths. They are to be had at good jewelry stores generally. We will gladly send you free on request our Riverside booklet.

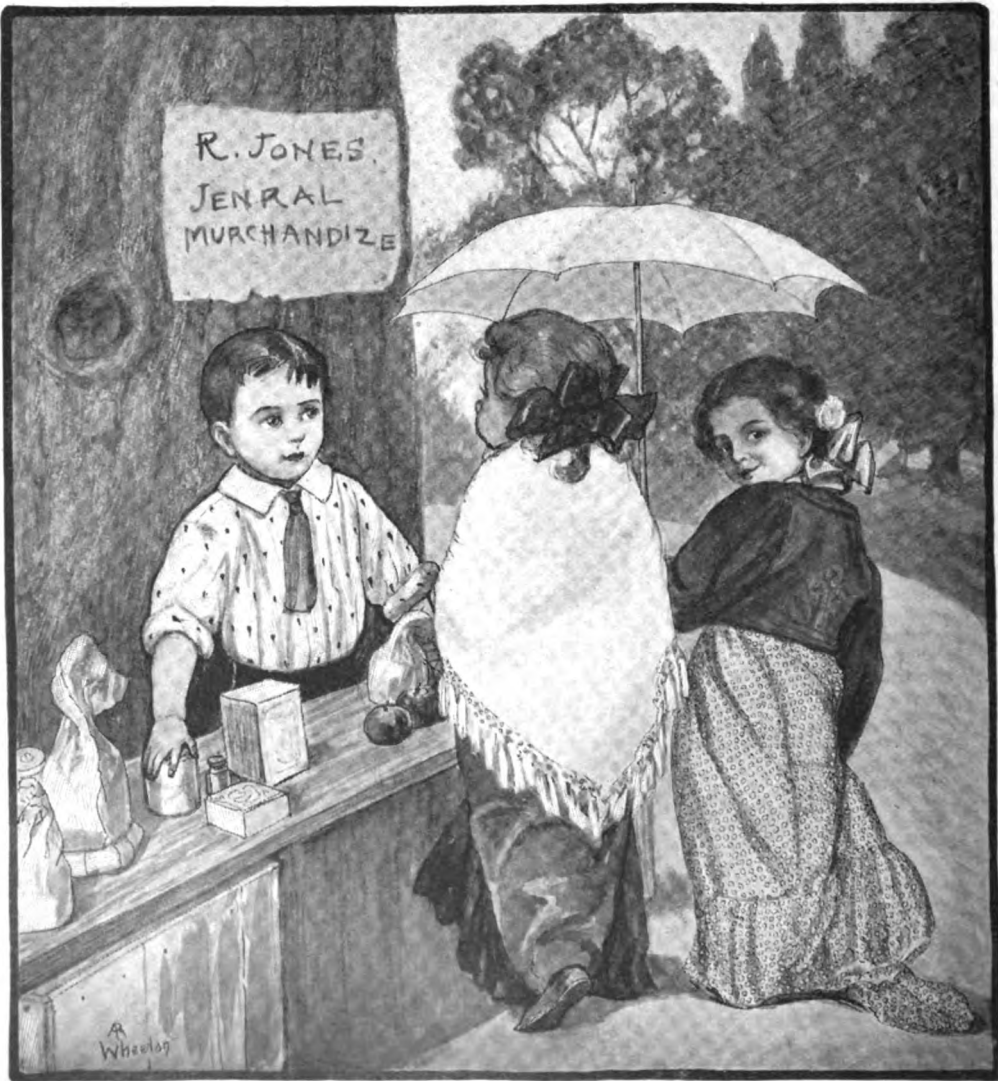
Waltham Watch Company, Waltham, Mass.

while it is good for the backbone of the soul to look over the short span that separates today from the age of witch-burning, of breaking on the wheel, of rack, thumbscrew and branding-iron. After all, man does move forward, upward, move faster than we who are in the stream, drifting with it—can tell.

It's a long way from the Ely bishop's private prison to the honor system of government in the penitentiaries of Arizona, Colorado, Oregon, a very long way from hanging women to voting women. Aye, and the distance is growing, the gap is

widening visibly. Never before was progress up the slope toward the goal that is the Brotherhood of Man and Woman as rapid as it is this day, never before did the moving force, the Idea, obtain a firmer hold, a stouter grip upon more men's hearts and consciences as it does today.

It is good to be alive in this stirring, bubbling, boiling age. It is especially good to be alive in the great West, in the roomy region where the idea of democratic brotherhood, of man's faith in man, has taken deepest root, produced the finest, earliest bloom.



SHOPPING EARLY

Johnson's Wood Dye

In 17 shades—for the artistic coloring of wood—soft and hard.

Johnson's Prepared Wax

A complete finish and polish for all wood—floors, woodwork and furniture.

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S.12

THE MONTH'S RODEO

A ROUND-UP OF STRAYS
WORTH CORRALING



Uncle Sam and Young China shook hands significantly upon an elaborate Oriental float in the Portola parade in San Francisco

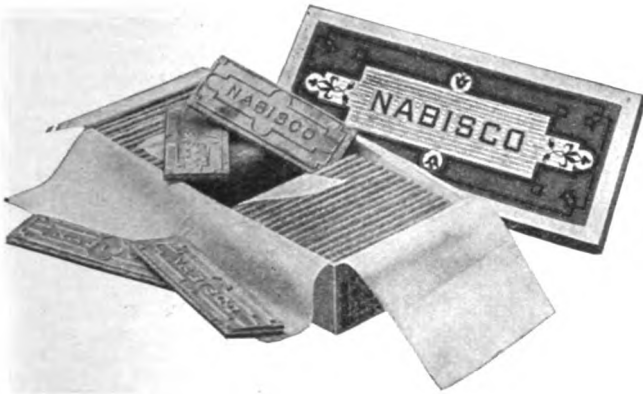
400 Years Afterward

In October San Francisco held its second Portola Festival, in celebration of the discovery of San Francisco Bay by the expedition under Don Gaspar de Portola, October 31st, 1769. Further historical significance was given this second festival by the honor paid to Don Vasco de Balboa in commemoration of the 400th anniversary of his discovery of the Pacific ocean, September 25th, 1513. Both Portola and Balboa were impersonated during the festivities and there were several queens to lend royal beauty to the spectacle. It is estimated that three-quarters of a million people witnessed the day and night parades in which 12,000 people, most of them in costume, took part. The day parade was largely historical in its elements and it required over two hours for the procession of Indians and pioneers and padres to pass. At night fireworks were displayed, among which fire-pictures of the Panama Canal accented the significance of the celebration.

Santa Claus on "The Limited"

The train swung through the orchards and vineyards of the Sacramento valley, and climbed the steep sides of the Sierras, winding among wooded ridges and ravines to vistas of timbered mountains backed by the white summits of magnificent ranges. Then down the eastern slope the Limited glided, where the turbulent Truckee frets against the boulders and cliffs that impede the rush of its clear waters in their haste to feed the thirsty meadows at the border of the great desert. Across the flat gray sage-brush wastes of Nevada the train sped on, bearing its passengers toward home and Christmas.

As the long train moved out of Ogden, snowflakes fell and the day was suddenly lost in stormy gloom, but on dashed the Limited into a night so black that even the occasional station lights seemed ghostly. A heavy bed of snow upon the tracks offered a spongy resistance to the power of the complaining engines.



NABISCO

Sugar Wafers

A tempting dessert confection, loved by all who have ever tasted them. Suitable for every occasion where a dessert sweet is desired. In ten-cent tins; also in twenty-five-cent tins.



ADORA

Another charming confection—a filled sugar wafer with a bountiful center of rich, smooth cream.



FESTINO

An ever-popular delight. An almond-shaped dessert confection with a kernel of almond-flavored cream.



CHOCOLATE TOKENS

Still another example of the perfect dessert confection. Enchanting wafers with a most delightful creamy filling—entirely covered by the richest of sweet chocolate.

**NATIONAL BISCUIT
COMPANY**

Then dawned the 24th of December, a dreary one for the restless passengers. All the world seemed snow, and the heavens too. The whirl of particles of frozen foam was interrupted now and then by dimly seen station buildings or the wall of some weird canyon as the engines toiled on.

But the cheerlessness only magnified the comfort of the sleeping-cars. The dining-room with its potted tropic plants, its white linen and tempting food served by dark-skinned waiters could easily have been framed by imagination in a setting from the Arabian Nights.

At Laramie the storm was left behind to wear away its murky life against the granite peaks of the Rocky mountains and in its place the bright, cold winter sun spread its unwarmed beams over endless miles of glittering white, as unmelting as marble. It was thirty degrees below zero outside but as genial as summer in the cars warmed by steam from the hot hearts of the engines. Icicles several feet long hung upon the cars outside, all bending backward, molded by the rapid motion as they froze inch by inch. The windows were marvels of the cunning of the Frost King, whose matchless tracery is beautiful but as cold as all things are that emanate from a source without a soul.

The Overland was woefully behind time. The passengers consulted schedules, but it was evident that the lost time could not be regained, and they sighed with regret for having left the soft December summer of the Pacific Coast—all save one: little Harold, three and a half years old. He heard them complain at the delay, but he did not understand. He only knew that his mamma was somewhere far ahead, waiting and watching for her little boy, and that this was the day when Santa comes to shower treasures upon all good children. He was journeying with his grandmother, and she tried to explain how they would miss Santa Claus because the train was so late. He studied long with a troubled look in his blue eyes, then asked with a tremor in his tones: "Will me not see mamma and the Christmas tree tonight?"

"No, dear, but we shall see mamma tomorrow and perhaps Santa will leave you something there, for he was expecting you tonight."

The childish face assumed a sorrowful expression as he sat for some minutes in silent thought, then a hopeful look came as he asked "Am I a good boy?"

"Yes, dearest, you are one of the best little boys in all the world."

"Then Santa will come to the Unlimited Train, 'cause he always comes for good little boys."

His grandmother smiled at this logic and said: "If you pin your stocking to the curtain of the sleeping-berth, perhaps Santa may bring you something." A little ache came into her heart when Harold began to prattle of the pretty toys coming to him on the "Unlimited Train," while the grandmother thought how disappointed he would be to find only the fruits and cakes that she would get from the porter of the dining-car.



Extract from an English novel:
"His countenance fell, and he looked grave for a moment. Then, with a despairing cry, he buried his face in his hands."

"Perhaps" she said, "Santa will bring you only a few things on the train and will leave many toys at home for you, and mamma will keep them until you arrive."

"Why, Dranna, Santa comes everywhere to all the good children. He can come to the Unlimited Train just as easy as anysing."

Meanwhile, the local train from Denver to Julesburg was on time, the sleeping-car to be picked up by the Overland Limited and carried on to Chicago. On this 24th of December there was but one passenger in the Denver car, a young man who expected to reach his home that night in time for the Christmas festival. It was early in the morning when the Denver train reached Julesburg and there he learned that the Overland would not arrive until late in the evening. He sat nursing his disappointment and

Holidays
are coming!

Eat, drink and be merry!
The clean, pure, healthful

WRIGLEYS
SPEARMINT

sharpens appetite, aids
digestion, purifies breath
and brightens teeth. It
is the goody that helps
digest other goodies.

BUY IT BY THE BOX
Pass it around!

Be sure it's WRIGLEY'S
Look for the spear

WRIGLEY'S
SPEARMINT
PEPSIN GUM

THE FLAVOR
LASTS

Wm Wrigley & Co.
CHICAGO

Chew it after every meal.

In writing to advertisers please mention SUNSET, The Pacific Monthly

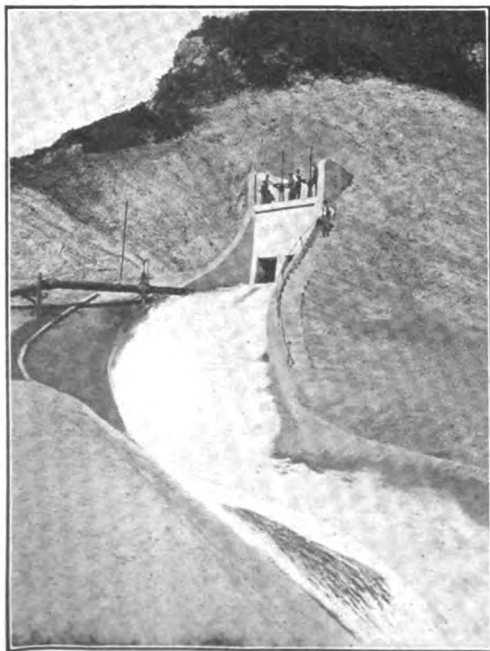
thinking longingly of home and the loved ones awaiting his arrival to fill the circle: how the children would miss the elder brother at the Christmas tree that night! As he brooded thus a thought came to him like a whispering voice. He sprang up, called the porter and held a short council, then throwing on his overcoat, hurried out upon the snow and into town. The gloomy expression was gone from his face and in its place a light shone such as comes only into the eyes of those who love good deeds.

The Overland slipped into Julesburg and the additional car was switched on. As the train moved out of the station a young man with a pleased smile passed from car to car, speaking to each passenger. Little Harold was getting tired and sleepy, but there was no longer any look of sadness in grandma's eyes. At the end of an hour they were invited to a forward car. The lights had been switched off, and in the center stood a gorgeous Christmas tree, beside it Santa Claus in furs and snowy whiskers. Merriment prevailed. The tree bore fruit for all, and Harold, showered with gifts, said "I knew that Santa Claus would come to the Unlimited Train."

Perhaps exponents of the "Higher Thought" can explain the process by which the young man from Denver resolved upon the Christmas tree, or which communicated to him the mental attitude of little Harold, hundreds of miles away.



An open-air Christmas tree at San Jose, California

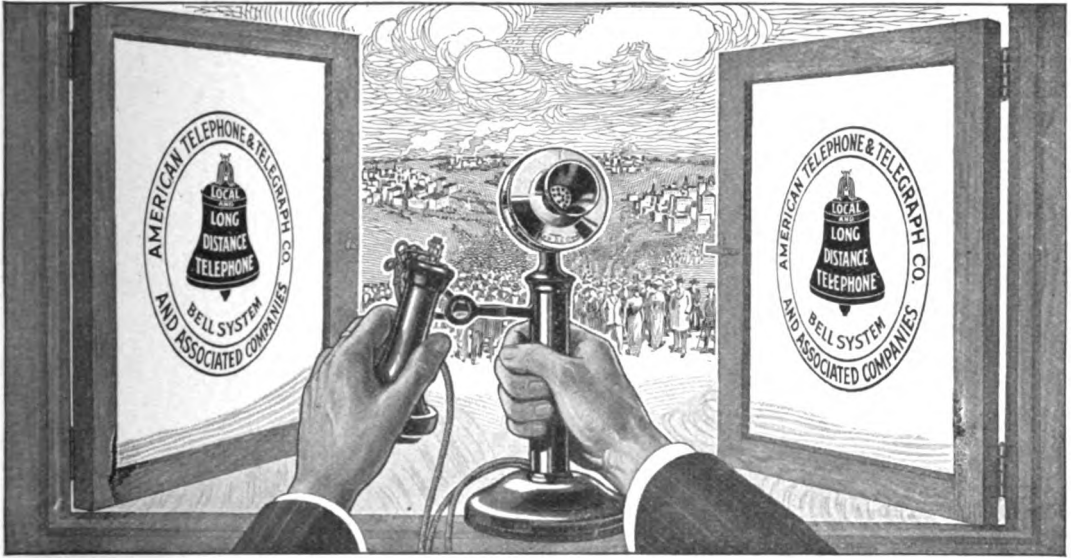


This "city water" has traveled 250 miles from its source amid Sierran snows

CHRISTMAS in California is a good deal like a California garden where evergreens from the snowy north and cactus from the southwestern deserts grow side by side, making a new landscape in miniature, with a suggestion of both yet better than either. The custom is growing in California of having the Christmas tree out of doors, in the warm sunshine which is the rule rather than the exception on Christmas Day. The best part of this custom is that the tree, glorified with tinsel and garlands and holiday tokens, has its roots in the rain-refreshed winter earth and lives to bloom another year in the gorgeousness of Christmas-time.



NOVEMBER fifth, when the Los Angeles aqueduct was formally opened, water originating on the Sierra Nevada poured through the portal of the last tunnel after a journey of 250 miles. The aqueduct, supplying sufficient water for a city of two million people, cost \$24,500,000. Forty-seven miles of tunnels had to be drilled, a hundred miles of covered concrete canals through the desert had to be constructed, twelve miles of steel pipes seven to eleven feet in diameter had to be laid. The work was completed within the estimated cost and time.



The Telephone Doors of the Nation

WHEN you lift the Bell Telephone receiver from the hook, the doors of the nation open for you.

Wherever you may be, a multitude is within reach of your voice. As easily as you talk across the room, you can send your thoughts and words, through the open doors of Bell Service, into near-by and far-off states and communities.

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This is possible because 7,500,000 telephones, in every part of our country, are connected and work together in the Bell System to promote the interests of the people within the community and beyond its limits.

It is the duty of the Bell System to make its service universal, giving to everyone the same privilege of talking anywhere at any time.

Because as the facilities for direct communication are extended, the people of our country are drawn closer together, and national welfare and contentment are promoted.

**AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES**

One Policy

One System

Universal Service



Peasant Dance, Act I, Scene III, from Ibsen's "Peer Gynt," as presented by the Class in Dramatic Interpretation, University of Oregon, under the direction of Professor A. F. Reddle, in the Eugene Amphitheatre, Eugene, Oregon. This performance was one of the most remarkable dramatic undertakings ever produced on the Pacific Coast, one of the most ambitious and successful ever attempted by amateurs in the United States. The arrangement was in five acts and fifteen scenes, with continuous action from start to finish, comprising all of the essentials of the written play. No scenery, in the ordinary acceptation of the word, was used, the natural setting being all that was necessary, except for the interiors, which were of actual materials—no painted canvas adding illusion to the realism of the production.



A Little Lady of the Land Show

THE success of land shows in big population centers has ever been a source of chagrin to the false prophets, who predict ultimate failure at each new attempt to interest the city man in agricultural products and topics. There must be in most of us an inborn desire to look upon mammoth pumpkins and rainbow-colored corn blades. Considerably over three hundred thousand persons paid admission to see the California Land Show, during the two weeks the big exhibit was open in San Francisco in October. In a single evening there were more paid admissions than the management had anticipated for the entire two weeks. "California under canvas" appealed to the San Franciscan as much as it did to the farmer. Additions were made to the single tent provided at the start of the show until not less than half a dozen monster canvases went to make up the composite pavilion. It was a huge success, and the promoters have duly so resolved, with a further resolution that the California Land Show be made an annual event.



The ENGLISH, PIONEERS of VIRGINIA

The same firmness, delicacy and resiliency of touch that characterizes the human fingers is found in

The
ANGELUS
The Pioneer
Player-Piano

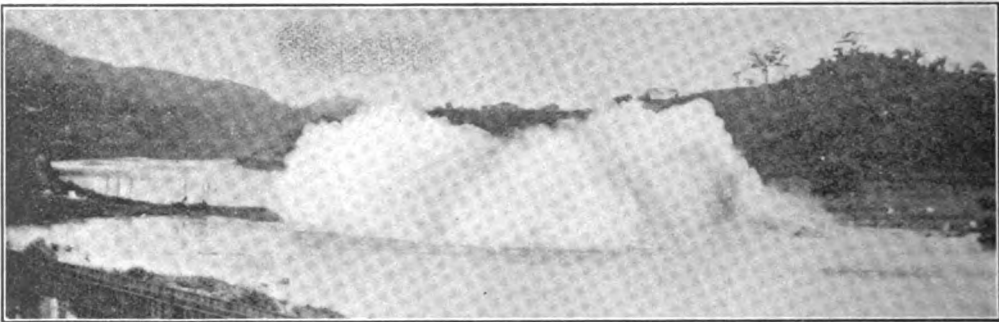
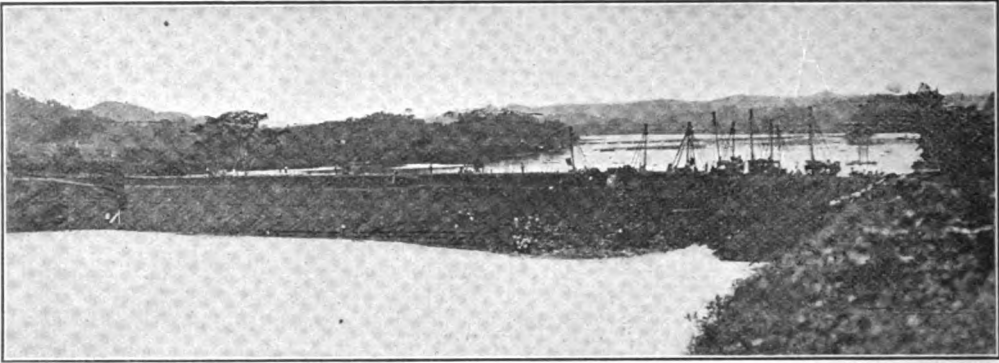
That is why playing with the Angelus is different; why it sounds like real piano playing. This "human finger" touch is found only in the Angelus because of its exclusive possession of the **DIAPHRAGM PNEUMATICS** which perform in the Angelus the same function as the fingers of the hand performer, and are made with the same attributes of firmness and resiliency. With this exquisite touch and aided by the Phrasing Lever, the Melodant, Graduated Accompaniment Lever and Melody Buttons you can play any piece of music with all the beauty of a skilled pianist.

Knabe-Angelus—Grands and Uprights.
Emerson-Angelus—Grands and Uprights.
Lindeman & Sons-Angelus Uprights.
Angelus-Piano—An upright built expressly for the Angelus.
 In Canada—The **Gourlay-Angelus** and **Angelus Piano**.

Any of these instruments can be played by hand in the usual manner.

The WILCOX & WHITE CO.
 MERIDEN, CONN.

Business Established 1877
 233 REGENT STREET, LONDON
 Agencies all over the world.



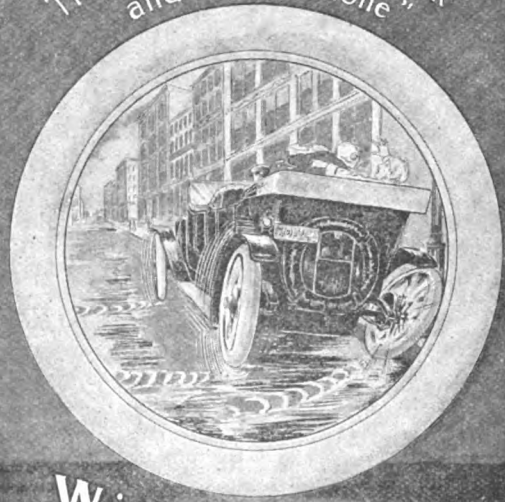
PHOTOGRAPHED BY EDWARD H. KEMP FOR SUNSET MAGAZINE

On the afternoon of October 10th, the Gamboa dike (top picture), last link between the continents of North and South America, was blasted away and an opening was made which completed the waterway between the Pacific and Atlantic oceans, now temporarily obstructed by the Cucuracha slide (bottom picture) across the Canal in the deepest part of the Culebra Cut

Motoring Circles — In Which do You Belong?

Those who "WEED CHAIN
their cars to safety"

Those who "depend on luck
and rubber alone"



With and Without

Weed Anti-Skid Chains

WHEN you have that sickly sinking of your interior that comes with the sudden and entire loss of control inevitably accompanying a bad skid you make a swift mental appeal to Providence and a resolution to use Weed Tire Chains the next time. Why not make the good resolution *now* to always carry Weed Chains in your car and attach them at the first indication of rain, and be absolutely certain of your safety.

Weed Chains are sold for *all* tires by dealers everywhere.

Write today for our interesting and instructive booklet regarding the skidding problem. It may save you hundreds of dollars.

WEED CHAIN TIRE GRIP COMPANY, 28 MOORE STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Manufactured for Canada by
Dominion Chain Co., Ltd., 137 McGill Street, Montreal, Canada



Sunset Service Bureau

It is the purpose of the Service Bureau to supply disinterested information concerning the West, its lands and industries; to guide and advise the stranger, whether tourist or homeseeker. Its organization covers the entire West and the service is free. Questions and answers of general interest, illustrative of the general service of the Bureau, will be published monthly in this department. Stamps should be enclosed with requests for information whenever response by mail is desired.

The Service Bureau endeavors to supply detailed, accurate and wholly disinterested information and conservative advice.

Address all communications to Sunset Magazine Service Bureau, 460 4th Street, San Francisco.

Conducted under supervision of Walter V. Woehlke

Introduction

THE lure of the Far West is stronger today than it ever was. More people are comfortably following the old Emigrant Trail, more people are preparing for the long journey, more people are dreaming hopefully of a home in the Far West than ever before, yet few of them have more than a vague knowledge of the land beyond the Rockies.

For fifteen years SUNSET has been a sign-post explaining, describing, pointing out. In coöperation with a hundred communities it has endeavored to set forth, in text and picture, the salient features of a region startling in the remarkable variety of its aspects. The magazine's efforts have been appreciated, both at home and abroad.

SUNSET has been an active potent factor in the campaign waged to educate the indifferent East, to focus the nation's attention upon the almost legendary region facing the Pacific. This attention has been aroused, held. Through the passes of the Rockies the stream of new-comers is pouring in growing volume. Many of these new-comers are ignorant of the conditions, social, industrial, commercial, agricultural, confronting them. Thousands of them have turned to SUNSET for information that is authentic, disinterested, for advice and guidance. This service, the imparting of reliable information, the giving of wise impartial counsel, SUNSET is promising to perform on a wider scale. It assumes with this task a grave responsibility, a heavy burden, but it assumes the load willingly. Infallibility is not one of its attributes. Mistakes will be made, but they will not arise from base motives. High unselfish

purpose must be accepted in extenuation of errors of judgment; in weighing the service, its aims as well as its shortcomings should be considered.

Questions and Answers

Q. We intend moving to and settling in California this coming winter to raise chickens. We have found it difficult to get information regarding the state as a whole. The only available information we can obtain is real estate firms or board of trade literature and that is usually prejudiced. If you can put us in the way of securing such information we would be grateful for it.—F. C., GRAVENHURST, ONTARIO.

A. The booklets and pamphlets issued by Western communities in coöperation with SUNSET are prepared under the supervision of this Bureau. It is the aim to be accurate, specific and definite, to make no statements unless they are substantiated by facts. We have mailed to you a publication which will give information about the state as a whole.

The center of the poultry industry in California is Petaluma, Sonoma county. The climate is mild, agreeable the year around. San Francisco, forty miles distant, offers a splendid market. Sonoma county's products embrace practically the entire list of fruits and vegetables grown in the temperate and subtropical zones. It is difficult to convince any one unfamiliar with conditions that statements like the above are absolutely true. They sound like exaggerations, but nevertheless they rest on facts.

Q. I have definitely made up my mind to go West as soon as I sell my property

The best of Christmas wishes
IT'S AN OLD, OLD WISH
ON A TINY LITTLE CARD
IT'S SIMPLY MERRY CHRISTMAS
BUT I WISH IT AWFUL HARD.

When Christmas happiness fills the sky—And warms the heart and glads the eye—We think of old-time friends, that's why I send this Christmas Greeting.

HERE'S A LITTLE OF CHRISTMAS WISDOM—SOME WITH REASON, SOME WITH ROMANCE—HOPE THEY'LL COME TO YOU VERY CLEARLY—BUT LOVE YOU VERY DEARLY.

It's a tiny little letter But I know of nothing better Than the Merry Christmas in it That I'm sending you this minute

Along the merry remembrances—You're getting, there'll not be—a single one that wishes more—Than this short wish from me.

From Ban to Ban

JUST A LITTLE BIT OF HOLLY HOPE 'TILL FIND YOU VERY JOLLY ON THE VERY HAPPY CHRISTMAS THAT I WISH YOU

A Merry Christmas

GOOD BURNING! MERRY CHRISTMAS to you

Happy Christmas

To convey the kindest feelings of love who will be glad Christmas cheer should prove this year the best you've ever had.

Christmas Wishes: Happy New Year, and warmest wishes for a happy season. Ted and Ethel. Hope you'll take a long vacation.

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here and I am writing to you for information. I want to find a good climate and beautiful surroundings. I would like a fruit and nut farm, with land adjoining so that it could be enlarged. I have three half-grown sons and so would probably like to homestead a promising claim.—MRS. J. W. A., LEXINGTON, KY.

A. As you will see from the answers to inquiries concerning homesteading, the remaining public land in the West is practically all arid, raw, far from educational and transportation facilities. In our opinion homesteading is out of the question for you. But there are many districts with a good climate and beautiful surroundings in which the production of fruits and nuts is carried on. We have mailed booklets describing several of these districts in detail. When you have read them and when you find a district that makes a special appeal to you, the Service Bureau is prepared to render whatever additional information and assistance may be necessary.

Q. How much cotton is grown and in what part of the state is it? Also, is the acreage increasing? What are the best openings at or near Los Angeles?—J. R. MCC., BOAZ, ALABAMA.

A. The California cotton acreage this year is 20,000. So far the cotton industry has been confined to the Imperial and the Coachella valleys, in the southern end of the state. Since the beginning, five years ago, the cotton acreage has shown a steady increase every season. This year the Imperial valley is averaging almost a bale per acre. Of the total area 5000 acres are in Durango long-staple, the balance in short-staple, but the long-staple variety will be the only one planted as soon as sufficient clean seed can be produced. The Imperial valley is 225 miles from Los Angeles. Both the San Joaquin and the Sacramento valleys are prospective producers of long-staple cotton.

In the Salt River valley, Arizona, the cotton plantings this year reached 3000 acres, all long-staple Egyptian. The first oil mill in the Imperial valley was completed this fall. In view of the heavy yield and high quality, cotton plantings will continue to increase rapidly.

Q. Will you kindly give me information concerning free or cheap land somewhere in

the Southwestern states? I would like to know your opinion of the chances to homestead on government land and if it is possible for one ignorant of farming to bring this sort of land to an improved condition and also irrigate it. I would like to locate somewhere near the ocean in California and engage in dairying, but if the cost is too much, would go as far into the interior as Del Rio, Texas. Give me a good idea of how much money is really needed to engage in dairying, cattle or fruit raising, and on how small a sum could a man go West and locate on free land.—H. J. N., WORCESTER, MASS.

A. There is no public land along the ocean in California. Most of it passed into private hands a hundred years ago. Though the public domain in the Southwestern states comprises a hundred and fifty million acres, much of it within the National Forests, lack of water restricts the tillable area. The only free land capable of irrigation requires an investment of at least \$750 for a well and pumping plant, besides the cost of clearing, leveling, ditching and seeding. For the location of low-priced private or free public land see answer to F. Y., Norman, Oklahoma. The Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, Deming, N. M., will supply information concerning Mimbres valley conditions. In the lower elevations of the Sierra Nevada many well-watered valleys contain low-priced land suitable for fruit-growing, though distance from the railroad is a drawback. The Clerk of the Board of Supervisors, Sonora, California, will give prices and details. An inexperienced man on raw land is liable to become discouraged; his mistakes may swallow what capital he has. A better plan is to work for a season in a dairy or fruit district, to acquire experience, to get a taste of the actual work without drawing too much on the capital, applying the acquired knowledge and experience on a leased piece of improved land after the apprenticeship. Or, if \$500 can be spared, a year's work in one of the agricultural colleges of the Southwest will perform the same service and familiarize the novice with conditions and opportunities.

If an inexperienced man is bound to take up a homestead, he should have \$2500. For a start on leased land half that amount can be made to do.

In the success of the venture, whichever way it is approached, the personality of the



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Detroit, Mich.

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man is of greater importance than the amount of his capital.

Q. I am a subscriber to SUNSET and I welcome each number heartily. I am greatly interested in beautiful California and always have been, but having no relatives or personal acquaintances there I have hesitated long over casting my lot with you. Our severe winters here are becoming a hideous nightmare to me and my wife. Your advertising pages of the West are excellent, but between the lines I read that money, much money, is needed. I would like an outdoor occupation like farming or fruit raising in a warm climate. Is there any place in your state where a poor man or a man of very moderate means, with plenty of ambition and a willingness to work, can find health, happiness and a living? Your opinion will be greatly appreciated.—F. W. E., COOS, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

A. Health and a living await the ambitious man, who is willing to work, in a thousand places in California. But the man must be *able* to work if he wants to make a living by farming or growing fruit. There are thousands who, starting with a few hundred dollars and lots of grit, have acquired a competence; there are many others who gave up the fight. The opportunities are there. Whether they can be made use of, that depends primarily upon the man. He must be practical, must be willing to deny himself all luxuries, many of the necessities even, if his capital is very small, must be willing to put his nose to the grindstone for a few years for the sake of a permanent reward. Nothing can make up the lack of sufficient capital except self-denial and hard work, both of muscle and brain. If man and wife feel willing and able to accept these conditions, the democratic West holds out the promise of health and a living to them. A capital of four to eight thousand dollars, of course, does away with the necessity of *excessive* physical labor.

We have mailed you printed matter descriptive of various parts of the state. If, after considering the facts presented in the booklets, you desire further information and advice concerning any district, the services of this bureau are at your disposition.

Q. We are two young men with very little capital and would like to seek a home in California. So we seek your valued advice as to where is the best place and what

should a man have to start life on such a home and what capital is necessary. We would like to start a fruit farm if possible.—I. W., MARENGO, SASK.

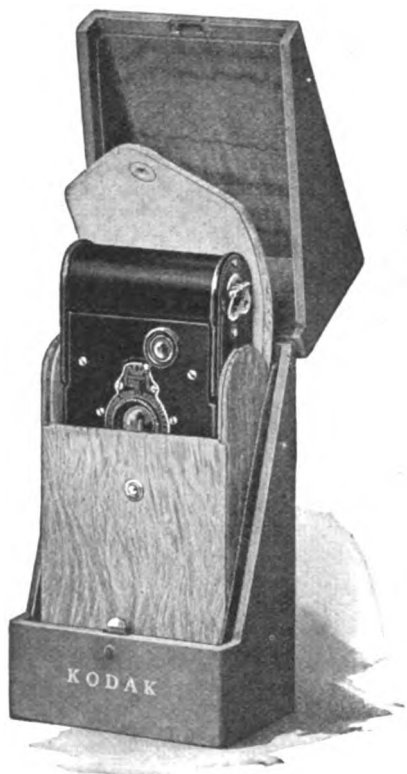
A. We know of many men who started with a few hundred dollars and made good; we know of others who started with several thousand dollars and lost out. To make a success in fruit growing, capital is required. Good fruit land with water costs more money than alfalfa land; to bring an orchard to the bearing period requires years of time in which heavy expenses have to be met, no income accruing during this period except from the sale of products planted between the rows. If you have money enough to make a good payment on a string of cows besides paying something down on the rental, we would suggest that you lease alfalfa acreage in any one of the dairy districts of the San Joaquin or Sacramento valleys. You should have \$1000 and some experience to start a dairy farm on leased land. After you have acquired a knowledge of local conditions it will be easier for you to branch out into horticulture intelligently.

Q. It is my idea to spend the evening of my existence in California. I should like to find now some place where prunes and apricots might grow well and at the same time have an environ in which it would be a pleasure to live. There is so much hoax in the land business that it is next to impossible for the stranger without knowledge of the country to be any judge. In putting my hard-earned money into an investment that would eventually bring me an annual income I wish to be sure as to the authenticity and reliability of my information, hence my appeal to you. My ignorance of it all is so very complete that I crave your indulgence and assistance. I mentioned prunes as they can be dried and held for market. Any literature of a reliable character either on the obtainable properties or the culture of fruits would surely be very highly appreciated by one who each month reads SUNSET and dreams of his future in a veritable land of dreams and of the ordinary comforts to be obtained in years of decline for himself and family.—E. G. S., SHELDON, ILL.

A. We recommend, as a preliminary move, that you buy and study Prof. E. J. Wickson's book, "California Fruits and How to Grow Them," published by the Pacific Rural Press, San Francisco. It is a

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standard work on the subject. We have mailed you booklets, prepared under our supervision, on various parts of California. When you have gained a more definite idea of the various branches of horticulture and the districts in which they are carried on, we suggest that you look over the ground personally to determine which region would best suit your requirements and taste. We shall gladly prepare an itinerary for you. After this prospecting trip we recommend that you apply, either personally or through this Bureau, to the College of Agriculture of the University of California for the designation of an expert to assist you in selecting a place. You will have to pay for the expert's knowledge, but the expense will not be high and it will insure you against loss.

We might mention that prunes have been bringing good prices, that apricots, dried and fresh, have been very profitable and that raisins, owing to the successful organization of a coöperative selling agency, promise to be remunerative in the future. The prospects of the olive industry are very bright, buyers contracting with the growers for the output of the next ten years, on the trees, at high prices.

The services of this Bureau are at your disposal.

Q. How much land is there at present in Arizona that is open for settlement or homesteading. What part of the state? Is there any land in southern California that can be homesteaded?—F. Y., NORMAN, OKLAHOMA.

A. Arizona has forty million, California twenty-three million acres of public land. In both states large areas are comprised in the National Forests and not open to entry. Lack of water in the desert regions further restricts the amount of land suitable for cultivation. Arizona is at present selecting 2,300,000 acres from the public domain for its schools and institutions. Until this selection has been made, it is not advisable to settle on unsurveyed public land as the state's claim has precedence over all others. There is still open for entry a part of the San Simon valley in Cochise county in which an artesian water supply has been developed. In the Sulphur Spring valley, likewise in Cochise county, successful wells

have been put down on public land. The Casa Grande district contains public land underlain by water strata which can be and is being pumped for irrigation. Mr. H. B. DuBois, Secretary Chamber of Commerce, Douglas, Arizona, or J. F. Brown, Secretary Commercial Club, Casa Grande, Arizona, will gladly supply information concerning the available land in their districts.

Very little desirable public land is left in southern California. Expert knowledge is required to locate the few unclaimed sections on which water can be developed.

Q. The writer is desirous of buying a farm of 20 to 50 acres in the southern half of California and would appreciate information regarding the best land obtainable and location—removed from Japanese and other foreign land owners—or names of reliable agents or owners with whom I might correspond. I would thank you to advise me of the best sections of the state for diversified farming and especially for alfalfa.—J. R. C., DETROIT, MICH.

A. Japanese land owners, notwithstanding the wide publicity given them, are scarce in California and the anti-alien land law prevents their increase. Other foreigners like Italians, Portuguese, Armenians, Mennonites, are confined largely to distinctive colonies founded exclusively for members of the various nationalities. We are mailing you printed matter concerning Stanislaus, Madera, Tulare, Fresno and Kern counties, the leading alfalfa producers in the southern half of the state. The Imperial valley, in the extreme southern end of California, likewise produces alfalfa on a large acreage.

We shall gladly answer your remaining questions when your choice of a locality has been made.

We wish to be of practical assistance to you, but the territory you inquire about is too large to be described in a letter. However, the statements made in booklets issued by communities in coöperation with and under the supervision of SUNSET can be substantiated and are reliable. Whenever you indicate a preference for a certain locality we shall endeavor to put you in touch with reliable agents or owners. However, it is advisable to buy land only after a personal examination.

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women have learned that they cannot buy a more satisfactory shoe, no matter what price they pay. We manufacture a complete line of high grade footwear for women. The prices are \$3.50 to \$5.00, except on our Dr. Edison Cushion Shoe, which is priced at \$4.50 and \$5.00.

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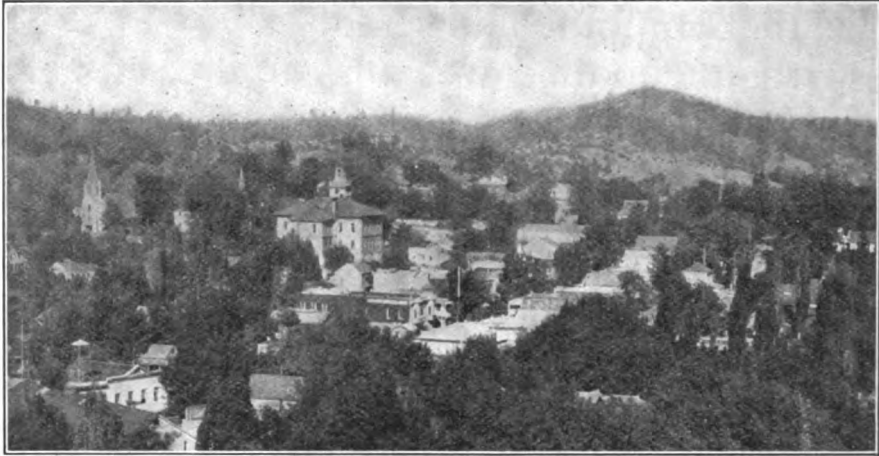
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Development Section

Here are Noted Various Significant Facts Relating to the Progress and General Advancement of the Pacific Coast Country



Trees cluster around Sonora, in Tuolumne county, California; and so do memories of Bret Harte days, all mingling with present prosperity

Tuolumne's New Golden Era

By ARTHUR DUNN

AFTER sixty years one might consider that California had been so thoroughly explored that there are no "golden opportunities" left. But it can be said truthfully that there is an opportunity for every one of the many thousands who may contemplate coming here in the next decade.

Take Tuolumne county for instance. Your history has told you how the gullies and the gulches, piercing peaks and majestic mountains lured countless pioneers in the pursuit of gold. So great and prosperous did it become that old Tuolumne insisted, for a time, that the capital of California be removed to its richest city, Columbia. The statistician has figured that more than \$300,000,000 was the yield of the gold-fields of Tuolumne, and only a seer would venture a prediction concerning the future production of that unusual county.

But there is no need to entice with painted pictures of gold-fields when discussing Tuolumne county; for more gold will be extracted by her industries, in the pursuit of legitimate progress, than "Truthful James" ever related, with the aid of Bret Harte, in his most fanciful moments.

Of course, there are mines and mills on the hill-sides. They are numerous, and many of them are

contributing to the new wealth of the world, and other mines will be discovered and developed with each year.

The real golden opportunities, however, opportunities without that element of chance that surrounds mining enterprises, may be found enumerated here:

- Apples,
- Timber,
- Cattle.

One is tempted to say that Tuolumne county is the very core of the apple industry. More than fifty years ago trees were set out by those pioneers who paused long enough in the pursuit of gold, and the trees are still bearing wonderful fruit! So that disposes of the experiment idea that one may gather from the fact that only in 1913 did Tuolumne begin shipments in carload lots. In 1910 the growers of the northern county bravely set up an exhibit at the Watsonville Apple Show. Consider that Watsonville is today the largest apple section in the world; that it ships annually thousands of carloads, and that the fruit goes to every corner of the globe, and you must realize that the Tuolumne growers must have had the brave blood of the pioneers in their



“Never Another *Solitude* Christmas for Me”

“I HEARD the reindeer bells, Tom!”
—“An’ I heard old Santa climbing
up on the roof!”—“Yes, an’ I heard
him sliding down the chimney!”.....

“That is what awakened me at dawn
last Christmas morning. You know,
you don’t need any alarm clock on
Christmas if you’ve kids in the house.

“I stole down the stairs; lighted the
tree; slipped into my Santy suit and
tip-toed over to the beautiful mahogany
Virtuolo.

“How I wondered what they’d say, and
what a secret joy tingled through me!

“I started to play ‘Marching Through
Georgia,’ and as the swinging tones of
that martial music began to peal out

of the big Virtuolo, our little home
burst like magic into pandemonium.

“The kids let out a wild war-whoop.
The house actually trembled with the
race down the stairs.

“All was dancing, uproar, riot, till
mother came in. She couldn’t say a
word. Her Adam’s apple wouldn’t
stay down.

“They didn’t know the Virtuolo was
there. I had sneaked it in the night
before.

“Never another *solitude* Christmas
for me. This was our greatest Christ-
mas day, save for one thing—I felt
sorry for all the folks who couldn’t have
a Virtuolo.”

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Maybe it is from a celery field like this that the Tuolumne citizen is reaping a fortune; maybe it is a gold mine or an apple orchard—but it is always a winner!

veins to enter upon such a contest. What think you happened? Fifty-two varieties were exhibited, and little old Tuolumne won forty-one prizes, including the sweepstakes prize for the best plate display! The next year, the exhibitors from the north carried off sixty-three premiums, including the sweepstakes for the best display at the show.

Climate and soil—that's the answer.

"There is no question that in Tuolumne county is some of the finest land in the state for the production of apples."

The foregoing is the assertion of one of the world's greatest authorities—Professor E. J. Wickson, dean and director of the Agricultural Experimental Station of the University of California. This authority is backed up by Professor Hilgard, of the Department of Agriculture in the University of California, who declares that the granite soil of Tuolumne is superior to all others. That is a sweeping assertion, capable of being demonstrated.

There are thousands of acres of excellent apple land to be had in Tuolumne county at \$15 and \$25 an acre. That price sounds absurd when one considers that the apple lands of the Pajaro valley and of the Hood River country, in Oregon, bring hundreds of dollars an acre. The land available in Tuolumne is near the Sierra Railway, thus affording quick transportation facilities, and all that is necessary to do is to clear it and plant the trees. With care—every growing thing must be given care—the trees will bear fruit, and a person having twenty-five or fifty acres in apples may be assured of an income for life within a few years.

One of the successful apple growers of Tuolumne volunteers this advice to persons who may be interested:

"Trees do best on mountain slopes planted thirty to thirty-five feet apart. Apple trees fre-

quently grow thirty to forty feet high in the mountains of Tuolumne and bear accordingly. They must have plenty of room."

Winter varieties are the most profitable on account of their keeping quality.

If one exercises wisdom in selecting land and has a measure of industry, devoting necessary time to the care and cultivation of trees, he will score success. Fruit-growing is just as much a business as any other enterprise, and neglected work means lost profits in both instances.

Tuolumne county is so big that it is hard to compress within an allotted space an idea of the wonderful possibilities it possesses. There are gold mining, big copper deposits, great marble quarries and similar industries. Then the mighty forests loom up. The lumber industry is one of Tuolumne's principal assets, and in the next few years will expand. There are two big concerns—the Tuolumne Lumber Company, owning 60,000 acres of timber land and employing hundreds of men, and the Standard Lumber Company, with 40,000 acres of land and an equal number of busy hands. The Standard is building a model city for the comfort of its employees a short distance from Sonora. It is not a "lumber-jack camp." It is a city—model homes for modern families.

Each of these lumber companies has its railway system into the woods, and the output of the mills is shipped to every section of the country. One manufacturing establishment in the East ordered three million feet of spruce to be used in making lead pencils. Do you know how many billions of lead pencils may be made from that? I don't.

There is an abundance of grass in the mountains and valleys of Tuolumne. That accounts for the growth of the cattle industry within the last few years. For a long period this was almost entirely neglected. The county possesses every natural advantage, but there were few to follow these opportunities. Now, however, cattle are shipped from Sonora in carload lots. Only a short time ago all shipments were made from a point down the valley, to which the cattle would be driven.

Tuolumne county has magnificent scenery, and yearly it is attracting pleasure seekers from all over the West. It has excellent mountain roads for the automobile tourist, and will be one of the first mountain counties in California to be connected with a spur road with the new state highway. Enterprising citizens of Tuolumne have subscribed for \$100,000 in state highway bonds in order that this connecting road may be hurried to completion under the supervision of the State Highway Commission. The enterprising Board of Supervisors likewise has undertaken an improvement that will delight the tourist. That is the cutting down of the grade of Priest Hill, which had been the bane of travelers. The new grade will average less than six per cent where heretofore it was twenty-five per cent.

So you see little old Tuolumne is advancing. Its Mother Lode mines must go on producing millions; its great timbers will be felled to supply the marts of the West; its cattle will be ranging in the mountains, and all the time it will be "Apple blossom time in Tuolumne!"

Talk about golden opportunities!

A Christmas Suggestion

from

Sunset Magazine

THE PACIFIC MONTHLY

YOU have many friends who would appreciate a copy of this number of *Sunset* and we have a suggestion to offer. As a Christmas remembrance to your friends send them the Christmas issue and the two following numbers. Remit to us \$1.00 and the names of three friends and we will enter their names for a three months subscription to *SUNSET*, including the December Christmas issue. We will also mail to them a beautiful Christmas card advising that the magazines are being sent with your Christmas Greetings. Additional names may be sent at the rate of three for \$1.00 to each of whom we will send *SUNSET* for three months.

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SOUTHERN PACIFIC'S AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC BLOCK SIGNAL SYSTEM
OAKLAND PIER TERMINAL, SAN FRANCISCO BAY



Heppelwhite!" exclaimed the Old Gentleman. You can know him by his *dancing lines*. He breathed into his art the spirit of classicism and created forms of which none can tire."

From "Chats About Silver," our free Booklet—sent upon request—which entertainingly tells about silver fashions and helps you to distinguish silver styles.

WHAT better gift can one make today than a Heppelwhite Service with the quaintness of the quaint old maker's time set upon it like a grace?

Reed & Barton, during nearly a century, have re-created the silver fashions of many periods in many patterns, blazing silver trails in the field of exclusive designs. No silver can be too elaborate, or too simple, to be found in the Reed & Barton compass, which includes gold, bronze and pewter forms as well.

Send for "Chats About Silver," filled with word and brush pictures of old, quaint times.

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*Send for our free booklet "Chats About Silver"
—a mine of silver information.*

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The Heppelwhite Pattern





The rich bottomland in the Coos Bay, Oregon, country has yet to find its equal for dairying. The "logged-off" foot-hill land, of which there are thousands of acres uncultivated, can be purchased at exceedingly low prices

Coos Bay Coming Into Her Own

By C. E. FISHER

IF you had fifty billion feet of the very finest of merchantable timber, and in addition to that a piece of land encompassing 250 square miles underlaid with vast deposits of bituminous coal, you would feel rather chesty, wouldn't you? That is a combination hard to beat—building material and a common necessity; fuel and power and wealth. If you owned these things near a deep-sea harbor and someone should tell you that a railroad was being built right into the midst of your holdings, what would you do? Shake hands with yourself, congratulate yourself? Most of us would.

Now that is but an inkling of the great resources tributary to the Coos Bay District, on the coast in southwestern Oregon, but are the people of Coos Bay acting foolish over their fortune? Not a bit of it. They are proceeding in an entirely business-like, matter-of-fact sort of way to develop those resources, and others which they have known that they possessed for a long time.

Quite a while ago one of the most profound students of Oregon history and development saw what was coming Coos Bay-ward. He saw that Coos Bay was one of the few feasible, deep-sea harbors for a space of eight hundred miles along the coast of California and Oregon. He saw that the government had its eye on Coos Bay and that

a lot of development work was soon to be done in opening and enlarging the harbor and consequently encouraging the world trade that was to go forth from this latent veritable treasure-box of things which the world needed and wanted. He saw that the hills of the country surrounding Coos Bay were heavily timbered with Douglas fir, ash, cedar, maple, alder and myrtle, and with white or Port Orford cedar, a wood in great demand and found in no other part of the world except along the coast of California and Oregon. (Sir Thomas Lipton's new cup-challenger yacht is being constructed of Coos Bay Port Orford cedar.) He saw that the government surveys were constantly widening the area known to be underlaid with fine quality bituminous coal. He saw that great lumber manufacturing interests were eying Coos Bay and already beginning to establish great manufactories. He saw that the fisheries were yielding large revenue and that the dairymen were waxing fat from the herds that wallowed in knee-deep natural meadows. He saw that the truck-farmer and the poultryman were finding an increasing market for the products which they had ready for consumption. He saw that a shipbuilding yard and a modern paper and pulp factory were inevitable and then he wrote these prophetic words:

Globe-Wernicke

Bookcase Event

At your local Globe-Wernicke Dealers
December 1 to December 13

YOU cannot think of a more useful, more delightful gift to one who loves books—and who doesn't?—than a Globe-Wernicke Sectional Bookcase.

You cannot choose a Globe-Wernicke Sectional Bookcase more advantageously than during your local Dealer's Globe-Wernicke Bookcase Event—December 1 to December 13.

These two weeks will be devoted to a special Christmas Exhibition and demonstration of Globe-Wernicke Bookcases by our agencies all over the country. You will find the Event well worth attending even though you intend no purchases.

This is the Globe-Wernicke period in Bookcases. The Globe-Wernicke Bookcase grows with the Library—no empty shelves yawning for books,

no over-crowded shelves. The sections are purchased *as needed* at a few dollars each.

The rich beauty of the Globe-Wernicke Bookcase delights the craftsman as its utility years ago won the admiration of the book lover. It is made in many styles.—Sheraton, Art Mission, Standard, Ideal; a style to harmonize with the furnishing of every room.

But visit the Globe-Wernicke Bookcase Event and learn the beauty of the Bookcases for yourself.

If we have no agency in your locality write for Christmas Circular No. 37. We ship freight prepaid where not represented.

Use the coupon at the bottom of the page.

The Globe-Wernicke Co.

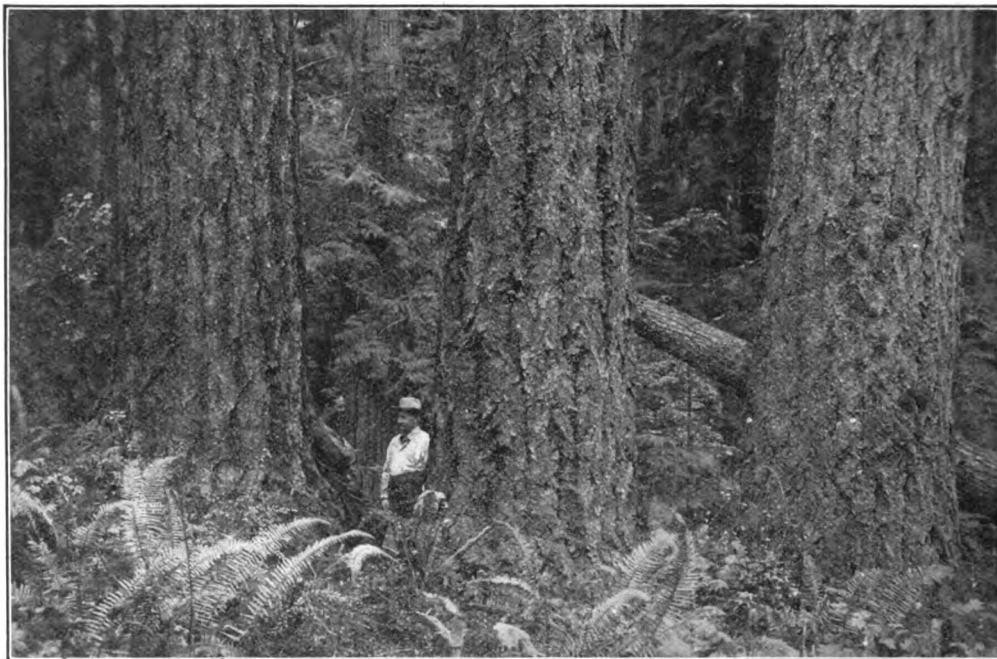
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Coupon. **THE GLOBE-WERNICKE CO., Cincinnati.**
Kindly send your Christmas Circular No. 37 to the name and address on the margin below:

In writing to advertisers please mention SUNSET, The Pacific Monthly



In Coos county alone there are fifty billion feet of merchantable timber ready for the harvest, and tributary to Coos Bay are as many more billions of feet that will eventually be shipped through this port

"Persons now living will see one million people in southwestern Oregon whose port will be Coos Bay."

But few communities in the world have been able to attain a vigorous and prosperous development previous to the coming of the railroad. But the Coos Bay district upsets many apparently established precedents of the way things are done or are to be done. The Coos Bay district went right on growing and progressing as though such a handicap were farthest from its worries. Deep-sea shipping, of course, was largely responsible for this spirit of independence and yet the interior counties had the great advantage of prompt rail shipment to points of immediate consumption. But the railroad has come. And the great timber wealth, the tributary dairy resources, the adjoining area of farming and fruit land, the great coal deposits, the commercial fisheries and even the summer resort attractions of the Coos Bay district altogether seem to say—"at last, the world has reached out for us both by water and by rail, and we are ready."

Like many of our coast sections where the temperature is controlled largely by sea breeze, the Coos Bay country can boast of an unusually delightful climate the year round. It never gets too hot, never too cold. It rains perhaps more than in some other sections but the slight inconvenience from rain is far more than offset by the absence of blizzards and cyclones, snowstorms and freezes, sweltering summer days and nights.

Because of this delightfully equable climate dairying in Coos Bay country is a source of great wealth. The pastures remain green the year round. One acre of the best bottom-land will keep a dairy cow in green grass the year round and two acres will afford an abundance of grass, root crops and hay.

But the largest area of undeveloped agricultural land in Coos county is the bench and hill land, most of it logged-off or burned-over timber land. This land may be purchased most reasonably and with a little effort can be made to produce prolific crops and thus bring a handsome return on the investment. This bench land is ideally suited for the production of vegetables, small fruits, apples and other tree fruits and the raising of live-stock offers additional opportunity. Some of this land can be purchased at from ten to fifteen dollars per acre.

Those who have hunted the hills and fished the streams of the country round about Coos Bay know what the term sportsman's Utopia means.

There is a charm in the Coos Bay region that gets hold of one and hangs on, like the memory of a wonderful sunset or the elusive perfume of a certain meadow, memories that are cherished because they are never again equaled by similar sights or delights.

But you, Mr. Man-looking-for-a-home, want to know what all that has to do with your chances. Just this. There is much land in the Coos Bay country that can be purchased at most reasonable prices. There is logged-off land—the best of all land for fruit raising. There is considerable bottom-land, that, while a little high in price, has yet to see its equal for dairying and cranberry culture and truck farming. There are live growing towns and live growing opportunities—and you might better be right there on the ground this minute than dreaming about the time you expect to go. Marshfield, North Bend, Empire, Coquille are clustered around the bay. Every year, almost, sees new smoke-stacks arising from the mills and factories that are being established within their boundaries.

So—get in touch with Coos Bay!

HOW would you feel after paying a \$1,000 or more for a player-piano to find that your neighbor's \$450 instrument contained *exactly the same kind of a playing mechanism?*

Wouldn't it seem strange that your *expensive piano* should contain such a *cheap player*—something like a torpedo boat with a tow boat engine in it?

There are many grades and makes of player-pianos—but only a very few different playing actions. Most player-pianos, *except the Kranich & Bach*, contain a sort of ready-made playing mechanism, suitable for cheap instruments, and "Tinkered" into many different makes of pianos, irrespective of quality or individual requirements.

KRANICH & BACH PLAYER-PIANOS

contain a playing mechanism that is too good to install in any other than Kranich & Bach pianos. *It is designed expressly and exclusively for this instrument and cannot be had in any other make of piano.*

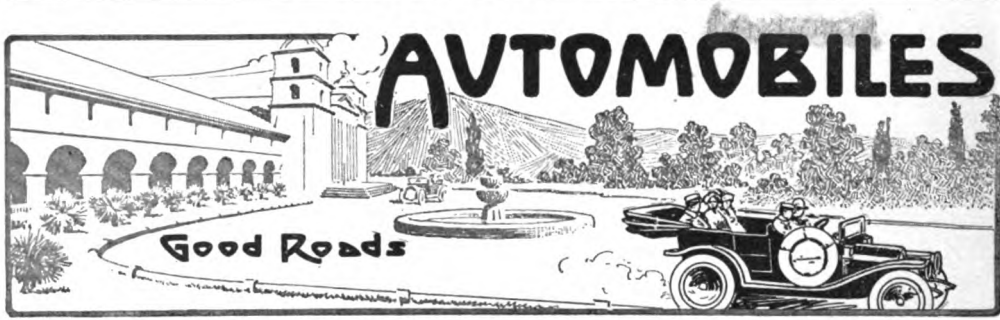
Its relationship to the piano is perfect—it is as much a part of the instrument as is the keyboard, or the piano action, all of which are made *completely* in the Kranich & Bach factory.

Artistic tone production is produced most satisfactorily in Kranich & Bach unit constructed pianos.

Write for catalog.

Kranich & Bach
237 East 23rd Street
New York City





Final Route for Lincoln Highway Chosen and Dedicated

October 31 will hereafter be circled with red on the calendar of the automobile and highway enthusiasts of the United States. It will mark the anniversary of the dedication of the first transcontinental highway to the nation's most honored president, Abraham Lincoln, an enduring monument to the martyred statesman and to the spirit of cooperation that actuates the people of several states. The dedication was very properly observed in the thirteen states through which the great thoroughfare passes on October 31st of this year.

Which indicates that progress is being made in the completion of the scheme to construct a really meritorious permanent highway across the entire country.

The success of the undertaking thus far has surprised even its most sanguine adherents and with substantial contributions pouring into headquarters it is predicted that actual construction is more than a mere dream of the near future.

The route definitely announced in a proclamation issued from the national offices of the Lincoln Highway Association in Detroit, is as follows: Starting in New York City the highway passes through Jersey City, Newark and Trenton to Philadelphia, then west to Pittsburg, through the north central section of Ohio, over to Fort Wayne and South Bend, skirts Chicago, enters Joliet, Rochelle, Sterling and other Illinois cities, reaches Iowa at Clinton and leaves at Council Bluffs, passes through Omaha, goes to Denver and north to Cheyenne, west through Green River and Evanston to Utah touching Echo, Parley's Canyon, Salt Lake City, Garfield, Grantsville, Timpie, Kanaka Ranch, Fish Springs, Kearney's Ranch, Iapah; thence to Nevada, Tippet's Ranch, Shelburne Pass, Ely, Eureka, Austin, Fallon, Wadsworth, Reno, Carson City are the Nevada points passed and California is entered by way of Truckee, Auburn, Tallac, Placerville, Sacramento and Stockton, the route ending on the Pacific seaboard at Oakland and San Francisco.

The directors of the Association have endeavored to select for the 2000 miles a route of easy grades, combining the scenic splendors of the country. Some of the points touched or reached from the great highways are Gettysburg, Washington, Canton, the resting place of McKinley, Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, the home of Lincoln in Springfield, Ill., Lincoln's birthplace in Kentucky, the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, and the many and varied wonders of Utah, Nevada and California.

Yosemite Valley is closed to automobiles until next spring. The season closed on October 20th and the exact date for the opening of the coming season is not as yet announced.

Coos County, Oregon, Would Cash in on its Resources

With an automobile parade, brass bands, and unbounded enthusiasm the citizens of Coos county, Oregon, recently inaugurated a good roads project which calls for a bond issue of \$450,000. The boosters propose to construct a trunk line, hard-surfaced, from Roseburg, the county seat of Douglas county, to Coos Bay via Myrtle Point, and another trunk line from Curry county to Coquille via Bandon to connect with the main highway. Coos county is a county of great natural resources, fifty billion feet of standing timber, commercial fisheries, dairying and farming resources. Further, it is known in the Oregon country as one of the real vacationist spots in the Pacific Northwest. With good roads leading into the heart of a natural hunting, fishing and camping country Coos county will realize how keen the automobile tourist is for such joys. The assertion is ventured that the tourist and camper will leave far more within the county each single season than the cost of the highways, once good roads are really built and the fame of Coos has spread.

State of Washington is Making Marked Progress

Since the Washington state permanent highway law became operative in 1911 authoritative figures show that 255 miles of hard-surfaced highways have been completed or contracted for representing a total cost of \$2,102,451. Sixty-six per cent of the entire mileage has been constructed along the lines of primary highways. Spokane county leads in mileage although Kings county leads in amount of money expended. Spokane county has been content with comparatively inexpensive graveled roads and waterbound macadam highways but Kings and Pierce counties have been building with brick and concrete. The various counties report balances on hand totaling \$380,000 and the permanent highway levy for the present year will add to this \$1,525,761 for use during the coming year. Washington is forging straight ahead in its highway construction and will shortly be well prepared to handle the big tourist traffic that is bound to seek the Pacific Northwest during the coming years.

Honors of Ocean-to-Ocean Association to Arizona and New Mexico

The third annual convention of the Ocean-to-Ocean Highway Association was held in Los Angeles the third week in October. Officers were elected for the coming year, the honor of presiding officer going to Colonel D. K. B. Sellers, mayor of Albuquerque, New Mexico. Yuma, Arizona, was chosen as the place of meeting for next year.



Baker Electrics

QUALITY SERVICE

The surpassing individuality of the new Baker Electric Coupe and the new Double Drive Worm Gear Brougham is typified in the offer of special interiors created by the eminent French Designer, *M. Paul Poiret*. In the style of which he is the accepted master, Poiret has produced a variety of exquisite effects in self-toned harmonies of old gold, wine color and shimmering greys, entirely unique in motor car interiors, which will appeal to the discriminating woman as unusually distinctive.

THE BAKER MOTOR VEHICLE COMPANY
CLEVELAND

California Counties Evidence Civic Pride

One of the best examples of civic pride that has been evidenced in recent years is the manner in which the various counties of California have come to the front in the purchase of the state highway bonds so that the construction of the great trunk lines through the state would not be hindered. When these bonds were first issued, owing to a general tightening of the money market they proved more or less a drug on the market. Progress was hampered by lack of adequate ready funds to meet the improvements proposed and under way. Then the various counties came forward and began to take up blocks of the bonds, purchasing them from surplus funds. In this manner work on the state highway has been permitted to proceed practically without interruption, the counties have made a good investment and the state profits by the despatch of the work under hand.

The energetic boosters of Stanislaus county, California, have placed signs along the route from Modesto to Yosemite, directing the tourist to the various points of interest in that section of the state as well as within the park itself.

Making Paved Highways Doubly Attractive

Los Angeles county, California, not content with the achievement of completing a \$3,500,000 highway system within its boundaries, has set aside an additional \$33,000 for beautifying these highways with shade trees. The estimated cost of parking the highways with shade is \$600 to \$900 per mile, varying with the character of the tree and the quantity to be set. Not a few years since the expensive construction of highways in itself would have been considered the height of folly. How the times have changed! Good roads are a splendid investment. How much more valuable will they become to a community when bordered with delightful and cooling shade! How much more attractive; how much more enticing!

This Plan is Evolved by an Aggressive Woman

It has remained for a girl to startle students of good roads with a plan of interesting youngsters in the upbuilding and encouragement of highways. Miss Goldie Van Biber, school supervisor of the Siuslaw district in Lane county, Oregon, evolved the plan of making road building a course of study for rural schools. The school children in each school district will be taught to build and maintain a strip of county road near the school building. The road strip which stands the strain of winter weather and is found in best condition will be named the winner of a unique contest. The county officials immediately favored the proposition and agreed to provide all materials necessary. Later laboratory work will be added to the school curriculum and the fundamentals of good road building will be carefully studied by all the children. Miss Van Biber has jurisdiction over seven hundred square miles of territory in Lincoln, Lane and Douglas counties and is the idol of her district.

Reign of Incompetency in Road Building is at an End

That road building is an art based on a science and that trained men and experienced men are necessary to secure the best results from the expenditure of road funds is pointed constantly out by those in charge of the various bureaus of public roads. Many millions of dollars have been literally thrown away on road construction in the past few decades. Consider the highway of today built under the direction of trained men! How much more durable and how much less the cost of upkeep compared with the make-shift results of manifest mismanagement and incompetency of a few years ago! Building a durable highway requires the direction of scientific study and experience just as the building of a railroad requires these vital requisites.



A GOOD EXAMPLE OF CALIFORNIA PERMANENT HIGHWAY

A single county, San Joaquin, has 290 miles of such public road, and this mileage is being added to constantly



Exclusiveness!

Mechanically and Artistically—the Ohio Instantly Suggests It

The Ohio Electric introduced the *double drive* and the *magnetic control*—we hold patents on both ideas. And these two features, in connection with the *magnetic brake*, afford a driving comfort and an ease of operation that no other car has ever approached.

Thousands of satisfied owners endorse that statement—the numerous imitators prove it.

Artistically—in design, finish, upholstery and appointments—the Ohio Electric bears the stamp of aristocracy throughout. It is a car that will worthily enhance the appearance of the best gowned women.

The car itself is, after all, its own best argument. Any Ohio Electric dealer will be pleased to show it to you.

Literature on request.

The Ohio Electric Car Co., 1519 W. Bancroft St., Toledo
Gibson Electrics, Ltd. Ontario Distributors Toronto, Canada

OHIO
THE ENVIED
ELECTRIC

Isn't it Great! Page 1115 this Issue!

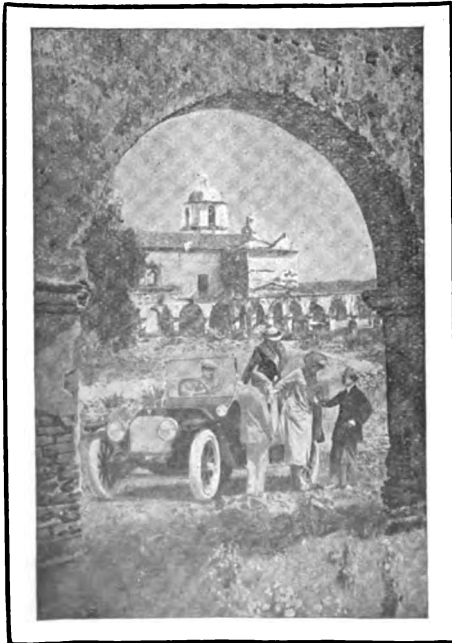
E. ALEXANDER POWELL, F. R. G. S., was never better. His enthusiasm accounts for it. He has had the trip of his life! Can't you feel the thrill of the open, the purr of the engine, the comfort of good roads, the restfulness of a scene like that at San Luis Rey "on a golden afternoon when the sunlight sifted and softened by branches of ancient olive trees, cast a veil of yellow radiance—?"

The "Autobirds of Passage" Started Expectantly

"The Lord knows what we may find, dear lass—
And the deuce knows what we may do—."

And They Came Back with a "Hummer" of a Story

A Record of a Motor Flight Along the Coast
from Mexico to Alaska that *is* a record.



Every automobile owner in the United States should read this first installment. Every man who knows the joys of the seat behind the steering wheel will want to continue this long journey with Mr. Powell. This is the first of a series of twelve installments, which are necessary to set forth the delights, the difficulties, and the crowning success of a memorable trip. Some harrowing experiences were found in the land farther north and silences heretofore undisturbed by an auto horn were broken. "The Log of the SUNSET Car" is *some* story, it's THE BIG AUTOMOBILE STORY OF THE YEAR. It is a picture of the magnificent Farthest West, painted in the rainbow colors of its endless variety, by a man who has seen the wonder and the glory of "all the world beside." Within the month it should be on the library table of every automobile enthusiast in the country.

You'll want your friends to read it and you'll want to keep your own copy. How can you do both? We've worked out a plan that will help you. And it will help us in our effort to send the story of the Glorious West to all the world.

Every Automobile Owner in America

should read this series of articles. One patriotic citizen of the State of Washington has already said that were the glories of the Cascades alone known to the people of America the Alps would be called the Cascades of Europe. Do you catch that? Comparisons are always odious but we have always given Switzerland the best of the bargain because the wonders of the West have not been nearly so popular or so intimately discussed by travelers. Watch developments during the succeeding years!

We said we had worked out a plan that will help you help us and in that way help the other fellow. We want every automobile owner to read SUNSET during the coming year. We want him to get acquainted with this part of the country and with this magazine. We will send a three months subscription to you or any friend you name for 50 cents, beginning with the big Christmas issue, notwithstanding the fact that the price of the magazine advances with this issue to \$2.50 the year.

And as a Further Inducement

we are enabled, through the courtesy of the California State Automobile Association, who have allowed us to reproduce a copyrighted HIGHWAY MAP OF CALIFORNIA AND NEVADA (the retail price of which is \$2.00), to give you absolutely free one of these maps in addition to the three months subscription. When open this map is 17x42 inches in size and folds to a neat 4x9½ pocket size. It is bound with protective cardboard cover and has been pronounced by engineers the best map of its kind published.

YOU CAN KEEP THE MAP AND SEND THE MAGAZINE TO A FRIEND, OR YOU CAN KEEP BOTH THE MAP AND THE MAGAZINE. IF YOU SEND SUNSET TO A FRIEND WE WILL, IN ADDITION TO SENDING THE MAP TO YOU, MAIL A BEAUTIFUL CHRISTMAS CARD TO YOUR FRIEND CALLING ATTENTION TO YOUR REMEMBRANCE IN THIS DELIGHTFUL MANNER.

SUNSET MAGAZINE, 460 Fourth Street, San Francisco, California.

Gentlemen:—Herewith please find 50 cents for which please send:

Road Map to

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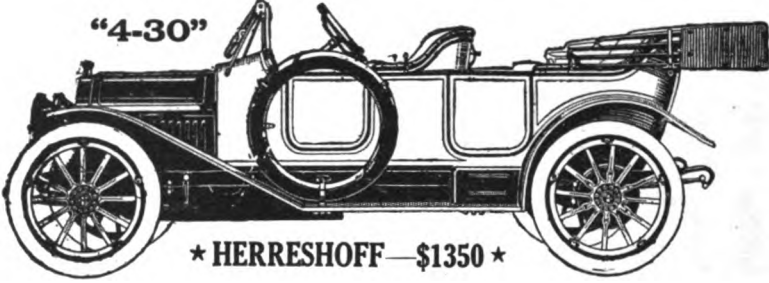


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Address

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<p>SIX FORTY \$1850 124 INCH WHEELBASE WEIGHT 2750</p>	<p>"4-30"</p>  <p>★ HERRESHOFF—\$1350 ★</p>	<p>FOUR THIRTY \$1350 110 INCH WHEELBASE WEIGHT 2200</p>
<p>WRITE FOR CATALOGUE</p>	<p>FOUR FORWARD SPEEDS—ELECTRIC SELF STARTING AND LIGHTING SILK MOHAIR TOP, DEMOUNTABLE RIMS, WINDSHIELD, SPEEDOMETER, ELECTRIC HORN, AND OTHER EQUIPMENT FOUND ON THE HIGHEST PRICED CARS.</p> <p>THE SIX WILL RUN FROM 15 TO 18 MILES TO THE GALLON OF GASOLINE WHILE THE FOUR WILL AVERAGE 25 MILES PER GALLON</p> <p>HERRESHOFF MOTOR COMPANY (MANUFACTURERS), DETROIT, MICH. HERRESHOFF MOTOR SALES COMPANY (DISTRIBUTORS), TROY, N. Y.</p>	<p>WIRE OR WRITE FOR AGENCY</p>

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS OFFER

“The Port of Adventure”

A Romance of the California Mission Lands by C. N. and A. M. Williamson, authors of “The Lightning Conductor,” “My Friend, the Chauffeur,” etc. Illustrated. 400 pages. Doubleday, Page & Co., Publishers. Net \$1.35

“Under the Sky in California”

by Charles Francis Saunders, author of “The Indians of the Terraced Houses,” “A Window in Arcady,” etc. Illustrated from photographs. 300 pages. McBride, Nast & Company, Publishers.

<p>YOUR CHOICE OF EITHER BOOK AND SUNSET MAGAZINE FOR ONE YEAR OR BOTH BOOKS AND SUNSET MAGAZINE FOR ONE YEAR</p>	<p>} \$2.00 }</p>	<p>} \$3.00</p>
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If you wish to make a Christmas present of the above offer we will send the book and magazine to any address furnished and will also mail a beautiful Christmas card advising that they are being sent with your greetings. Send order and remittance to

SUNSET MAGAZINE 460 Fourth Street San Francisco

A Useful Present to the Family

As a gift you cannot express your Christmas Good Will and most appreciative sentiments in a more rare and exquisite form.

The magic of Santa Claus is represented at its best in this beautiful 1914 Detroit Electric. With it you merely wish the miles away.

Beginning with Christmas day, this beautiful Detroit Electric will enter *intimately* into the daily—yes, hourly life of *every* member of your family. It becomes a family institution.

The satisfaction of possessing the superior and exclusive advantages of a Detroit Electric adds much to your pleasure and permanent satisfaction.

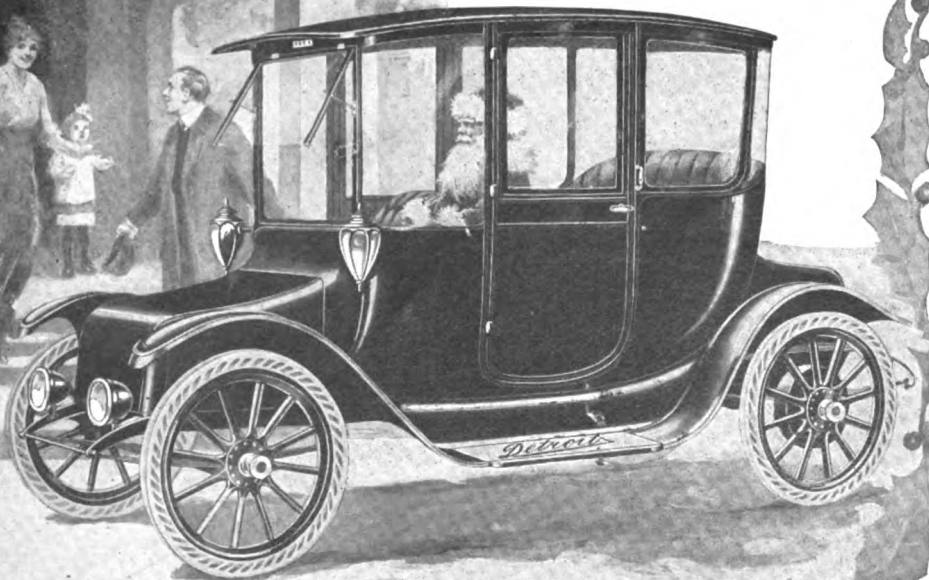
The prices on 1914 enclosed cars—four and five passenger capacity—range from \$2550 to \$3000, f. o. b. Detroit. Send for our new catalog in full colors. New cars are now on exhibition by our dealers in 175 leading cities.

ANDERSON ELECTRIC CAR CO.
DETROIT, U. S. A.

BUILDERS OF

THE
Detroit
ELECTRIC

Largest manufacturers of electric pleasure vehicles
in the world.



What and Why Is the Internal Bath?

By C. Gilbert Percival, M. D.

Much has been said and written about the present generation living unnatural lives and being, for that reason, only half as energetic, enthusiastic, ambitious or even healthy as it should be—

And this is so—

The confined lives that we live, the lack of constant exercise (for it must be constant to be effective), and the strenuous requirements of our business or social duties, directly bring on a condition, to which little attention has been paid in the past, though it does more to rob us of power, spirit and ambition than any other one thing known to Medicine.

But Nature has provided, as in so many other cases, an immediate and perfectly natural relief for this condition, and over five hundred thousand Americans are already taking advantage of it.

When you are ill and a physician is called, the first step that he takes, *no matter what is the matter with you*, is to clean out the colon (large intestine).

There are two reasons for this:

One is that no medicine can possibly take effect while there is waste matter in the Colon—

The other and *most significant reason* is that if the Colon did not contain this waste, it is safe to say that you *would not have been ill at all*.

The penalty for the lives we live is agreed on by all Physicians to be the clogging up of our colons with waste matter which the system does not voluntarily carry off—

This waste is extremely poisonous; the blood circulation comes in sufficiently close contact with this waste to take up these

poisons by absorption and distribute them throughout the body—

The result is a gradual weakening of the blood forces; the liver becomes sluggish; biliousness asserts itself; we become heavy, dull, and develop a more or less nervous fear of anything we undertake—the more this waste accumulates, the more we are affected, until at last we *become really ill* and incapacitated.

Now the Internal Bath is the one process, with the assistance of simple warm water, properly introduced in a new and natural way, that will keep the colon as clean and sweet and pure as Nature demands it to be for perfect health.

Enlightened physicians by thousands are prescribing this new method which is fully explained in "The What, The Why, The Way" of Internal Bathing, by Chas. A. Tyrrell, M.D., of 134 West 65th Street, New York City. This he will send on request if you mention SUNSET.

It explains just why this method has proven superior to any other (including drugs), for removing this troublesome waste; it also contains many other interesting facts and statistics which cannot be touched on here.

So if you are nearly well and want to get really up to "concert pitch;" if you want to feel consistently bright, confident, ambitious and enthusiastic—In fact, no matter what your condition, sick or well, the experience of other hundreds of thousands would prove it worth your while to at least send for the book, and look further into this method and its history.

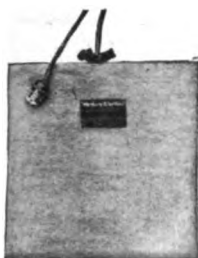
This CHRISTMAS ~ Make it ELECTRICAL and Have it PRACTICAL



Coffee Percolator
\$12.50

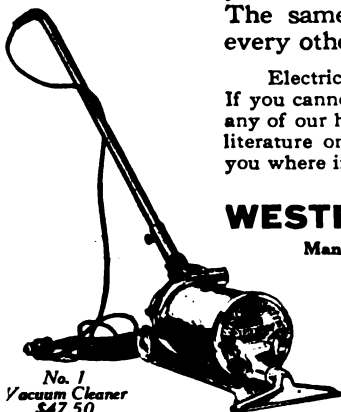


Electric Washing Machine
\$55.00



Electric Warming Pad
\$6.50

The successor to the hot-water bag.



No. 1 Vacuum Cleaner
\$47.50

It is ever the desire to find something new to give expression to the spirit of Christmas. With the growing trend toward sane and practical giving the range of choice that is offered in electrical devices for home comfort and home convenience appeals strongly to one who would select for a gift that which is attractive both for its novelty and practicability.

Where is the wife or mother who would not enthuse over a real electric vacuum cleaner or an electric washing machine? Think of the lasting pleasure that would be present in a home equipped with Inter-phones, which save useless stair-climbing.

Other things which give pleasure and satisfaction much out of proportion to their cost, and for which the cost for electric current to operate is so low that it need scarcely be considered, are electric irons, coffee percolators, chafing dishes, bread toasters and warming pads. All of these and other electric goods are to be had in highest quality among the



Electric Toaster
\$4.00



American Beauty Electric Iron
\$5.00



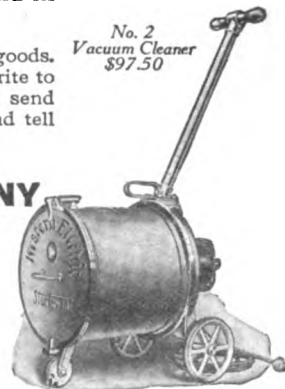
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They are irresistibly delicious. A varied assortment of delicately flavored creams, jellies, nuts, fruits and many other exquisite centres daintily hidden 'neath a layer of rich chocolate.

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required by the Act of August 24, 1912.

Name of—	Post-Office Address
Editor, Charles K. Field	San Francisco, Cal.
Managing Editor, None	
Business Manager, William Woodhead	San Francisco, Cal.
Publisher, Sunset Magazine	San Francisco, Cal.

Owners: (If a corporation, give names and addresses of stockholders holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of stock.)

Southern Pacific Company	San Francisco, Cal.
Known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders, holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities:	
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WM. WOODHEAD
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Raises and lowers 8 in. Slides 14 inches in front of window. Nickel plated fixtures. Bevel plate mirror. Turns on swivel.
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Harmless and Positive. NO FAILURE. Your reduction is assured—reduce to stay. One month's treatment, \$5.00. Mail, or office, 1370 Broadway, New York. A PERMANENT REDUCTION GUARANTEED.
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Vital *Non-Vital*

DIET VERSUS DRUGS

Indigestible, irritating foods and the retention of their waste matter are the cause of homeliness (double chin, dull eyes, bad skin, fagged face, etc.) dullness and disease. The foods which cause expectoration, catarrh, cough, constipation, tumors, etc., are specified in the booklet. Wrongly combined foods ferment, cause gas, poison, or kill; e. g., gastritis, appendicitis, apoplexy, etc. Drugs never have cured disease, never can and never will cure. **No Foods Sold.** Over 100 remarkable cases have been certified, under seal, by an investigating committee.

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An excess of starchy and fatty combinations of foods make you sluggish; it will give you dull, splitting headaches, lack of memory and concentration, drowsiness and inertia. A complete change to "digestible" brainy foods (suitable meat, game, fish and dairy foods, combined with suitable vegetables and fruits according to the new brainy diet plan) will produce the most marked improvements in a few weeks.

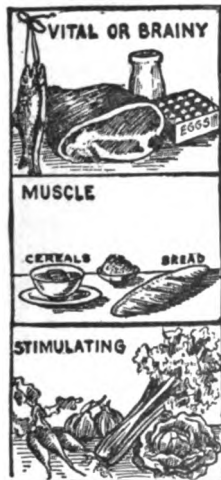
One dropsical consultant lost 18 pounds of over-weight in the first week, and returned to business.

Another, a thin man, after being out of work nearly a year through weakness, was restored in three weeks to hard work as a carpenter at full pay. In such cases the change from a clogging, death-producing diet to energizing foods caused a literal transformation.

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Send Addresses of Your Sick Friends to

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This handsome copper-bound Red Cedar Chest for



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Made of genuine N. C. Red Cedar, delightfully fragrant and a sure protection against moths and insects. It is of highest class workmanship, hand polished and is ornamented with 2-inch copper bands and round head rivets. Size 40 x 19½ x 15. Shipped to you direct from the factory at wholesale price. *Catalog on request.*

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If not use
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That's the name
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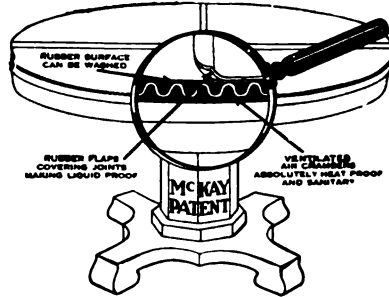
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"Betty," painted especially for
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Coca-Cola booklet enclosed.
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on the surface of a
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A positive guarantee that your table will not be injured by heat or hot liquids while covered by a McKay Pad.

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Howard Elliott, Chairman of the Board of Directors of the New Haven Railroad, has an illuminating forecast on **What I Am Trying to Do**.

There are many other striking features in this issue. In the series *Who Govern the United States*, "Houston, of Agriculture," is the very interesting subject. Burton J. Hendrick has a thrilling account of "Fighting the Black Death in Manchuria." Hubert Bruce Fuller writes on "The Water Power War." Carl Crow writes entertainingly on "America First in Athletics." There is also a very timely article by Arno Dosch entitled "How Business Is Standing Tariff Revision." *The March of Events*, fine interpretative editorials, with portraits of the master workers, and all the other regular departments are in this December issue.

Sun.
12-13

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WALTER PRICHARD EATON'S exquisite new serial, "The Idyl of Twin Fires" is commenced.

JULIAN A. DIMOCK writes of "The Dog Teams of the Northern Woods" and shows remarkable photographs.

LUCIUS C. PARDEE in "The Story of Nyctea, the Great White Owl" has written a brand new sort of a nature story. Exquisite color illustrations by Charles Livingston Bull.

ELLA M. BOULT tells the story of "The Nativity, a Miracle Play in New England"; striking color illustrations.

HENRY W. LANIER has caught the true spirit of winter sport in his charming paper "Snow Fun in Maine."

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IT GUIDES YOU SAFELY TO
GOOD TIMES, GOOD COMRADES, GOOD HEALTH,
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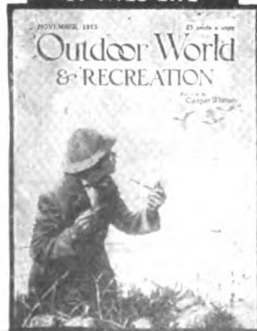
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crystal lenses firmly imbedded in the holder that show you how much ink is in your pen and warn you when your ink supply is running low.



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You *know* you have the best shoe that can be bought for the price you pay.

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both citrus and deciduous, as well as nuts, berries, vines, etc., in every good sort, can be obtained from these great California nurseries at attractive prices. Our stock is grown under ideal soil and climatic conditions by experts—and is guaranteed true to name.

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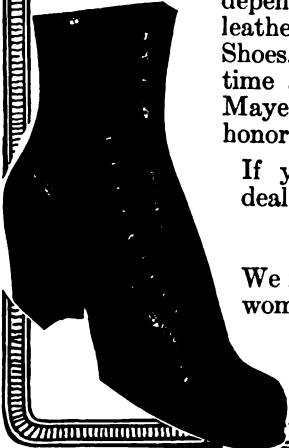

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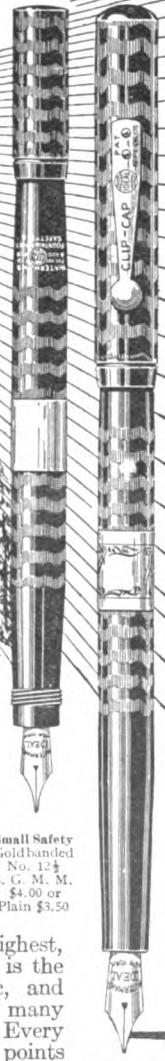
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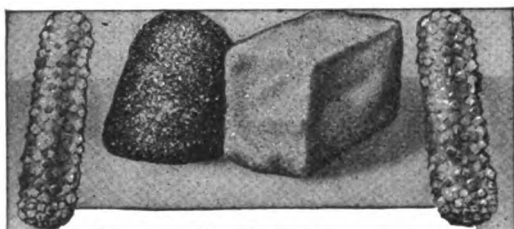
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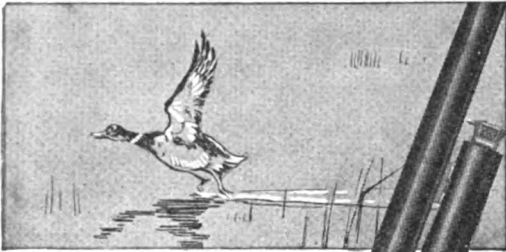
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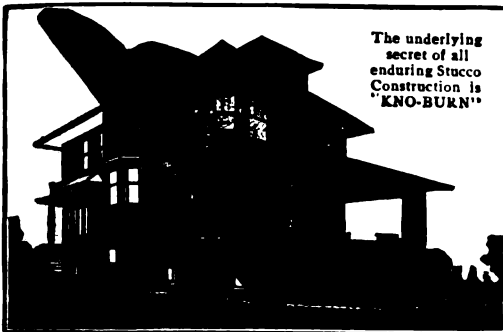
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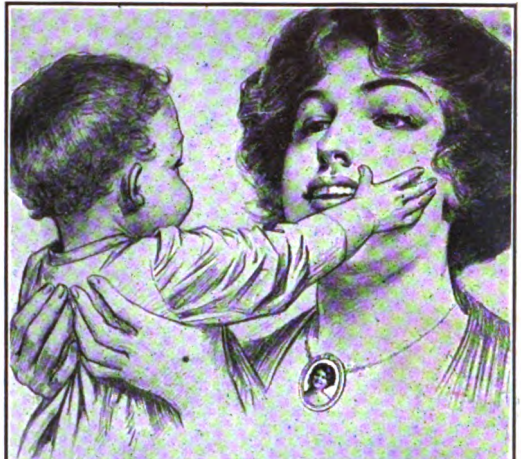
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