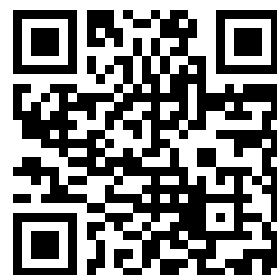

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CLASS

BOOK

JANUARY 15
SUNSET
THE PACIFIC MONTHLY

V. 36:1-6
1916

In This Number

- A War Story of the Sea
- A Story of the Northwest Police
- A Tale of Gold and Temptation
- Straight Talk on Big Things
- Seattle and the Hobo
- Taming the Rio Grande
- "Dry" Results in Arizona
- "Close-up Shots" at Movie Stars on the New Rialto

Contributed by

- Henry C. Rowland
- Emerson Hough
- James Fellom
- David Starr Jordan
- Arno Dosch
- Walter V. Woehlke
- George Herbert Smalley
- Charles K. Field



Keeps

Aluminum Ware

"Bright as New"



Avoid preparations containing caustic, alkali, acid, ammonia etc., which discolor and damage aluminum.



Sunset

THE PACIFIC MONTHLY

WILLIAM WOODHEAD
President

CHARLES K. FIELD
Vice-President

WALTER V. WOEHLEK
Secretary

WOODHEAD, FIELD & COMPANY
SAN FRANCISCO

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The contents of this Magazine are copyrighted and must not be reproduced without permission. Material intended for the editorial pages should be addressed to the Editors of SUNSET MAGAZINE, 400 Fourth Street, San Francisco, with return postage enclosed. Unsolicited contributions are received at the owner's risk. TERMS: \$1.50 a year, single copy, 15 cents. For Canada, 50 cents additional; for other countries, \$1.00 additional.

Entered at the San Francisco Post Office as second class matter.

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SAN FRANCISCO
SUNSET BUILDING

LOS ANGELES
STORY BUILDING

SEATTLE
GLOBE BUILDING

NEW YORK
CANDLER BUILDING

CHICAGO
MARQUETTE BUILDING

PORTLAND, ORE.
WILCOX BUILDING

BOSTON
6 BRACON STREET

Begin Playing the \$10,000 Cash Piktur-Qwz-Game Today

60 interesting pictures comprise the game. You are to supply names of books for them. See the object lesson picture below. It shows three men in a boat, and one of the men is rowing. Now see if you can find a suitable title for it among the titles listed beside the picture.



Mother Goose
River, The
Three Men in a Boat
Womankind

See how easy and interesting the game is. NOW TODAY START TO PLAY THE GAME. Everyone can enter, all members of the family can play it. Get the Piktur-Qwz-Game Outfit, which consists of the Picture Pamphlet (containing the 60 pictures), the Catalog (which is an alphabetical list of book titles) and the Reply Book (in which you write down your answers to the pictures—you can make as many as five answers to each picture if you wish). With these 3 books and by using up some of your spare time, you should win the \$2,500 cash, first prize.

\$10,000 in cash will positively be awarded. Absolute fairness is guaranteed to all. The full rules, free on application, tell you how you may compete without one cent of expense, but you should start in the game at once and send in the coupon below. Contest closes Feb. 29th, 1916, so if you accept our liberal subscription offer you will have ample time to solve the pictures.

Piktur-Qwz-Game is being conducted by Woman's World Magazine of Chicago, Ills., but SUNSET MAGAZINE has made arrangements with them so they are able to offer the game to its readers also.

Surely you can go through a list of book titles (the Catalog) and pick out from it the best titles to 60 easy pictures. That's all there is to the game. Now get busy—enter and play the game today.

THE PRIZES

\$2,500 cash—1st prize
\$1,500 cash—2nd prize
\$1,000 cash—3rd prize
\$ 500 cash—4th prize
and 1,203 other big cash prizes, totaling in all \$10,000 cash.

Sunset Magazine, San Francisco, Calif.

I hereby enter the \$10,000 cash Piktur-Qwz-Game, and send you herewith \$1.25, for which send me your magazine for ten months and Woman's World for one year, and as a premium you are to send me free the complete Piktur-Qwz-Game Outfit.

Name.....

Address.....

An Official Notice

THE new 11th edition of The Encyclopaedia Britannica after this date will be sold in two forms:

- 1.—The “Cambridge University” issue—the work as at present published by the Cambridge University Press, England, and sold in America by The Encyclopaedia Britannica Corporation; a large-page book, printed from large type and with wide margins; in general, the form that it has appeared in since 1768 when the first edition was published.
- 2.—The “Handy Volume” issue, designed for a wider public, at a popular price; an entirely new form, more economically manufactured, printed from new plates, with smaller page, smaller margins and smaller type. It will be sold exclusively by Sears, Roebuck and Co., Chicago.

The text, illustrations, maps, in short, the entire contents are exactly the same in both issues. Both will be printed on Britannica India Paper.

The Encyclopaedia Britannica, 11th edition, in both forms consists of

29 volumes,
41,000 articles by
1,500 contributors
30,000 pages
44,000,000 words
15,000 illustrations and maps

THE Encyclopaedia Britannica is at once the oldest and the newest of works of reference. First published in 1768, twenty-one years before the inauguration of Washington as President, it has again and again been rewritten and re-issued in enlarged and improved form. Each edition has been more successful than its predecessor. The new Eleventh Edition of the Britannica is the culmination of a century and a half of constant progress. How useful The Encyclopaedia Britannica is now and has been for six generations is proved by the fact that more copies of it have been sold than of all other encyclopaedias combined.

The following are the lowest prices for sets of the “Cambridge University” issue printed on India Paper:

Cloth	\$166.75		or, if the order is accompanied by
Full Sheep	203.25		a first payment of \$5.00
Suede	255.25	CASH	and the purchase completed on monthly
Morocco	267.50		payments of \$5.00 each, at a little more
			than these prices.

We guarantee, as holders of the American copyright, that we will not reduce these prices in the future.

The present prices for the “Handy Volume” issue, printed on India Paper, are:

Cloth	\$58.88		or, if the order is accompanied by
Full Sheep	68.54		a first payment of \$1.00
¾ Levant	81.88	CASH	and the purchase completed on small
Full Levant	92.00		monthly payments, at a little more
			than these prices.

These prices are subject to advance. To order the “Handy Volume” issue, or to get more information about it, write to Sears, Roebuck and Co., Chicago, the sole distributors.

We guarantee that in both issues the text, illustrations, maps and plates throughout, the India Paper on which the text is printed, and the leather and cloth in which the volumes are bound, are the same.

THE ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA CORPORATION

By H. E. Hooper, President

120 W. 32nd Street, New York

Can You Write a Letter?

WOULD YOU BE WILLING TO ACCEPT A CHECK FOR \$25.00?

DURING the past year Sunset has conducted a Prize Letter Contest which has aroused such unexpected and unusual interest among our readers that we have decided not only to continue the Contest for 1916, but throw it open to every bona-fide subscriber and to increase the number of monthly cash prizes.

Every Sunset Subscriber is Eligible to Compete in the 1916 "Ad" Letter Contest

The object of this Contest is to stimulate the interest of SUNSET Magazine readers in the splendid announcements of the national advertisers whose advertisements appear each month in the Magazine, and to encourage a keener appreciation of the values of design and text.

What constitutes a good advertisement? Why do some ads appeal more strongly to you than do others? Why did this or that announcement indelibly impress itself upon your memory?

Study the ads in this number of SUNSET. Try to analyze the advertisement that made the deepest impression upon your mind. Then write down your reasons. Simple, isn't it?

Now! For the best letter received each month we will award a cash prize of \$25.00; for the second best letter, a prize of \$15.00; for the third, a prize of \$10.00. Each of these letters will be published in full in SUNSET Magazine, together with a reproduction of the ad, and the name and address of the prize-winning letter writer. In addition to

these three prizes, there will be two \$5.00 cash prizes as awards of merit for the fourth and fifth best letters.

Below are the prize-winning letters in the November Contest. They are good letters, carefully written and carefully analyzing two of the many strong ads which appeared in SUNSET for November. There were hundreds of other letters but these were selected by the judges as the best of all submitted in November. Study them as models for your letter.

GLARING LIGHT HURTS YOUR EYES

The two most injurious things to your eyes are glare and dim light. You know that the glare of a bright light, or the dimness of a weak light, will strain your eyes and cause headaches, and sometimes even blindness. EMERALITE Lamps are especially designed to obviate these dangers. They are the best you can buy, and they are the only lamps which radiate gentle and even light, making light music, just as real music will do better work than anything else you can buy. The way you spend your day, don't you think, is worth the price of a pair of EMERALITE Lamps?

Be Kind to Your Eyes
READ and WRITE with EMERALITE

The world's greatest artists make records exclusively for the Victor—and only on the Victrola can you hear their superb renditions with all the distinctive personality and charm of interpretation which make them famous the world over.

Hearing is believing. Any Victor dealer to any city in the world will gladly play any music you want to hear and demonstrate the various styles of the Victor and Victrola—\$10 to \$150.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

Write to your Victor dealer with your name and address. They will send you a free literature and will be glad to answer any questions you may have.

Victrola EVL 2200
Victrola EVL 2200
Victrola EVL 2200

See Victor Records demonstrated at all dealers on the 25th of each month.

THIS LETTER WINS FIRST PRIZE IN THE NOVEMBER "AD" CONTEST

ALL the November SUNSET advertisements are good, better than usual, more attractive. However, Emeralite gets my vote. All my reading life I've been tormented by improper lights, some too dim, most of them too bright, shining against the retina with a glare that causes unendurable headache, and frequently, when used for hours at a time through a number of months, causing blindness. Emeralite is just right. Emeralite lamps are so fashioned they throw the light where it is wanted and keep it out of the eyes. Anyone who has suffered from eyestrain will want to try this light.

Therefore, because of the universal need for a good light, the claims of Emeralite are rightly presented because the advertisement calls immediate attention to this demand. "Glaring light hurts your eyes," it tells you, right at the beginning. "It surely does," you say, your own eyes smarting from the glare of the too brilliant electrics that hang over your table. You rise and turn off two or three of them. "Ah," you say, "that's better." But when you begin to read you find that it isn't, for, while the glare is subdued, the light is insufficient for your needs. Pretty soon, to quote from the ad of Emeralite, "you know how tired and strained your eyes become when lights are dim." Of course you want good eyesight. Of all the five senses with which most of us were blessed by Nature, seeing is the most indispensable, and the one most abused. You decide then and there to "be kind to your eyes," and purchase an Emeralite.

You turn on one or two more of your lights again, to read the finer print and find out all the advertiser has to say about Emeralite, and as the glare again hits your eyes like a blow you are more than ever determined to provide yourself with a lamp that "concentrates light exactly where you want light, always keeping your eyes in the shadow, and resting and saving them from glare and strain." Emeralite will do that. So now you must have your Emeralite.

JEAN WEST MAURY, Grossmont, California.

HERE ARE THE RULES GOVERNING THE CONTEST

- The first condition is that the contestant must be a SUNSET Magazine subscriber.
- The letter must not exceed 250 words in length.
- The letter must bear the name and address of the writer and in no instance will we assume responsibility for the return of manuscript.
- The letter must be submitted within ten days after receipt of copy by the subscriber in order to reach us in time for consideration. The announcement of the prizes will follow in the second month's number of SUNSET—for example, the prize-winning letters submitted on the advertisements in the January SUNSET must reach us not later than January 10th and the awards will be announced in the March issue of SUNSET.
- If you can write a letter, you stand a chance to obtain one of these cash prizes.
- The conditions of the Contest are all set forth in this announcement. It will not be necessary to write for further particulars. Just send in your letters, typewritten if possible, together with your name and address.
- Only SUNSET subscribers will be eligible for prizes. If you are not a subscriber, send in your subscription with your first letter.

THIS LETTER WAS AWARDED SECOND PRIZE IN NOVEMBER

After a thorough study of the Ad section of SUNSET Magazine for November, I decided that the Victrola announcement was the most successful. The commercial requirement of an advertisement is description with a view to sale. This is effectively done in this case.

The word Victrola, in large black type, and the illustration of the instrument greeted my eyes simultaneously, then the reproductions of the photographs on the left side of the page excited my curiosity. I read the names of the five great musical artists, but before I could study them the force of that seven-word announcement at the top of the Ad—"The instrument for the world's best music" had taken firm hold of my interest. I read all that was said of the Victrola. The statements are direct and convincing. Sufficient information as to quality, style and price is given to make any one interested in best music want to see and hear—and possess a Victrola.

What could be more complete or perfect in its quiet, positive dignity than the very first sentence of the ad? A debater would call it incontrovertible argument. Of course, the best music must be by the greatest artists. The Victrola supplies the only means by which the world's best music can be had in the home. Cultured people and those in the process of becoming cultured, will appreciate the privilege of having the best music in their own home, and to this class the advertisement appeals at once, realizing that the best music is refining and educative in its influence. Not only enjoyment for a limited time is promised, but for future and as oft repeated times as wished.

The reproductions of the photographs of the great musical artists is, perhaps, the most essential and valuable feature of the ad. It stimulates and increases the desire to hear their superb renditions. To create such desire—to foster such desire—on the reader's part is the aim of the advertisement, and it is successfully accomplished.

ELINOR V. COGSWELL, 327 Emerson Street, Palo Alto, California.

Victrola

The instrument for the world's best music

The best music in the world is the music which is rendered by the greatest artists. And there's just one way to enjoy all the world's best music in your own home—on the Victrola.

The world's greatest artists make records exclusively for the Victor—and only on the Victrola can you hear their superb renditions with all the distinctive personality and charm of interpretation which make them famous the world over.

Hearing is believing. Any Victor dealer to any city in the world will gladly play any music you want to hear and demonstrate the various styles of the Victor and Victrola—\$10 to \$150.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

Write to your Victor dealer with your name and address. They will send you a free literature and will be glad to answer any questions you may have.

Victrola EVL 2200
Victrola EVL 2200
Victrola EVL 2200

See Victor Records demonstrated at all dealers on the 25th of each month.

Address letters to Contest Editor, Sunset Magazine, Sunset Building, San Francisco

The Question of Preparedness

As applied to business, preparedness means an investment of a portion of the profits in good marketable securities,—a fund available for expansion, or for emergencies, as occasion requires.

As applied to the individual, preparedness means an accumulation of safely invested savings—a sure fund in time of need, or a source of permanent annual income.

If you are interested in financial preparedness, send for our

Circular SS-34

giving our plan for the accumulation and distribution of funds held in reserve, or for permanent investment.

N.W. Halsey & Co.

424 California St.
San Francisco

Hibernian Bldg., Los Angeles
Railway Exchange Bldg., Portland

New York
Philadelphia

Chicago
Boston



Western Finance

A department devoted to investments in the Far West. We endeavor to accept only the announcements of responsible and reliable institutions. Letters requesting information should be addressed to the Financial Editor and should be accompanied by return postage.

The A. B. C. of Western Bonds

A LOS ANGELES subscriber writes: "Just finished reading your article on Idle Cash and Speculation. I have some idle cash on hand and have been thinking of investing in some bonds, but am at a loss to know what kind would be the best. Would you kindly advise me what is the difference between an irrigation district bond and a street improvement bond? Also what are mortgage and public-utility bonds? I would also like to know where and how to buy them."

The number and variety of bonds is legion. Some of them are as good as gold and other so-called bonds are worth about as much as Villa currency in a Carranza town. The highest class of bonds in the world, at present, comprises the bonds issued by the United States Government, but they are not for the investor. The maximum rate of the United States bonds, so far, is three per cent and they are therefore of no benefit to the small investor who demands both safety and a better interest than the savings banks pay.

State, county, municipal and school district bonds are issued by the political subdivisions whose name they bear, and have as security all the property within the state, county, city or district. All property is covered by these bonds and must pay the taxes which are levied to defray the interest and pay the principal. A good many bonds of the cities are issued to build or acquire enterprises which usually become self-supporting and quite often return a profit. For instance, water bonds of a good many Western cities do not increase the tax levy because the water systems earn more than enough to pay both the interest and the principal.

A public-utility bond is in effect part of a mortgage note given by a corporation which renders a public service. Steam and electric railroads, gas, water and electric companies, telephone, telegraph and power companies are public utilities. Like any private business they need capital for extensions, new equipment, new plants, etc. But the amounts they need are so large that no single individual or bank can loan all the money and take a mortgage in return. Therefore, the public utility makes a mortgage and splits the mortgage note into units having denominations from \$100 to \$1000. These units are called bonds and they have all the good qualities of the original mortgage plus these additional features: they are readily negotiable, that is they can be taken to a bank, which will loan at least eighty per cent of the market value on good bonds. When buying a

straight mortgage the investor ties up his money for a definite period of time and has more or less trouble and expense if he should attempt to sell the mortgage before it is due. A bond is fully as good as the mortgage which it represents and can easily be transformed into cash. In addition the bondholder has far less trouble in collecting the interest than the owner of a real estate mortgage.

Realizing the disadvantages of the average real estate mortgage several companies in the East and in California loan money on real estate mortgages at say seven per cent, deposit the mortgage with a trust company and issue bonds in the usual denominations against these mortgages. They then sell the bonds, which bear an interest rate smaller by one to one and a half per cent than the original mortgage, the company guaranteeing the payment of both principal and interest. These bonds are known as mortgage bonds and they are a good investment provided the company which issues them is honestly and efficiently managed and operates under stringent state laws rigidly enforced. Irrigation district bonds are issued by the district which desires to instal a new or to increase the capacity of an existing irrigation system. All the property in the district, including the property in any towns which may be comprised in its limits, is security for the debt. The district levies taxes out of which the interest and the principal are paid. But the safety of the bonds depends largely upon the size and permanence of the water supply. If the district is old, if it has a proven water supply, and if the irrigated land is highly productive, the irrigation district bonds would be a safe investment.

A street improvement bond is an assessment for street improvements levied against certain pieces of property which, instead of being paid at once, is funded for a period of ten years. For instance, if the property owners on a certain street desire to put in an asphalt pavement, gutters and a sidewalk, yet feel that they cannot afford to pay the entire cost of say \$125 per fifty-foot lot at once, they are entitled under the law to have the improvement made and pay the contractors for it in ten-year bonds bearing six or seven per cent interest. In other words, they spread the payment for the improvement over a period of ten years with interest. These improvement bonds take precedence over first mortgages and are a first lien on the property against which they are issued. Of course their safety depends entirely upon the value of

THE STREET BOND HOUSE

Tax Free 7% First Lien BONDS

Issued by
Cities of California
For the
Improvement of Streets

First lien on real estate assessed for 5 to 10 times the bonds, taking precedence over mortgages, judgments, and all private liens; superior to mortgages as a lien and as to the amount of real estate security; issued under a State Act, and validity approved by best legal authority; legal investment for Savings Banks of California, Trust Companies, Estates; bought by careful investors for over twenty years.

Issued in **STANDARDIZED** form. Denominations: \$100, \$500, \$1000, or multiples. Interest payable April 2 and October 2; principal 1918, 1919, 1920, 1921, 1922, 1923, at the Berkeley Bank of Savings and Trust Co., Berkeley, California; National Bank of Commerce, New York City.

COLLECTED THROUGH ANY BANK.
Write for Circular T. 7

Oakland Street Improvement Bond Co.
Syndicate Building, Oakland, Calif.

THE STREET BOND HOUSE

the property against which they are issued. One might sum up the relative standing of the various bonds in this way: Street improvement and irrigation district bonds have to *prove* their standing; if they supply indisputable proof of the principal's safety, then their higher interest rate makes them excellent investments. Government, state, county and municipal bonds do not have to supply extended evidence of their safety; a short statement concerning the assessed value of the property in the city or county together with a statement of the size of the bonded indebtedness—usually limited by law—is accepted as safe evidence by bankers and investors, and the only question that is raised concerns the rate of interest and the price to be paid. The standing of the public-utility bond depends largely, almost exclusively, upon the record of the corporation which has issued it.

The experienced investor, who wants a better return than the three or four per cent paid by savings banks, should consult, either by letter or in person, with reliable investment bankers who enjoy a good reputation. The financial department of SUNSET will gladly recommend houses of this character to its clients.

Far Western Prospects

THE November 15 call of the Comptroller of the Currency showed a remarkable increase both in the deposits and the reserves of the Far Western national banks. Funds available for investment and new enterprises have been piling up for a year, and the accumulation will probably continue for months to come. The railroads and public utilities are not engaging in new extensions, though signs of new life indicate a resumption of betterments and new construction for the coming spring; municipalities, counties and school districts are not building new structures, schools, sewers and roads as they did two years ago. Hence the comparatively few bond issues put out by these agencies are being snapped up rapidly and at high prices.

Slow changes in fundamental conditions indicate that a large part of the accumulated surplus funds will shortly be in strong demand. The mining business in such districts as Montana, eastern Washington, Arizona, Nevada and New Mexico has almost attained the dimensions of a boom; lumber prices in the Northwest stiffened so suddenly that the mills late in November refused to book orders at current prices for future delivery, in spite of the lack of export tonnage and the rise in freight costs occasioned through the closing of the Panama Canal. In California the price of oil between 16 and 20.9 degrees Beaumé, comprising the bulk of the output, advanced five cents a barrel, with good prospects of further increase. The Northwestern apple crop is moving briskly at prices satisfactory to the growers; California's oranges promise a substantial profit on a crop in excess of 40,000 carloads and lemons have been returning a profit of late. Beans of all kinds except limas advanced rapidly in price; hay prices have gone up owing to the lack of rain throughout the West during September

INVESTMENT HOUSES AND BOND DEALERS HITHERTO HAVE DONE BUSINESS

with not more than one per cent of the population. In the Far West their clients have been less than one per cent of the population. The Westerner with \$2000 to \$5000 left the money in the savings bank. No other part of the country shows as large per capita savings bank deposits as the Far West. Why? Because the average small capitalist does not know about bonds. But he is learning. He wants to get more than 3½ and 4 per cent on his money. He wants to buy bonds, but he does not quite know how to go about it. There are thousands of these new investors, none of them ever reached by any financial mailing list, who are thinking about bonds, considering the purchase of securities. Many of them are turning to SUNSET Magazine for advice and guidance, because SUNSET has their confidence. Easterners, too. They want the higher Western interest rates.

Space on the financial pages of SUNSET is open only to reliable investment houses of established reputation. Firms of this character desirous of widening the circle of their clients are invited to correspond with the Advertising Manager, SUNSET Magazine, San Francisco, Cal.

and October. Sugar-beets have brought better than normal prices and in Utah a large corporation has been organized to produce the sugar-beet seed hitherto imported from Germany and Russia. Livestock has been firm and the reversal of the current of butter and cheese to Australia instead of from the antipodes has added materially to the dairy profits of the Pacific Coast. In every direction the improvement in business conditions has been so marked that the Far Western business community is chirping more cheerfully than at any time during the past two years.

The munition towns of the East may view an early peace with alarm, but west of the Rockies such an event can produce only the most favorable results.



WM. H. BYINGTON JR. CO.

The House of
Conservative Investments
Offers

**Street Improvement
FIRST MORTGAGE
BONDS**

Yielding a Safe, Sure Income
of

7 Per Cent

**TAX EXEMPT AND
LEGAL INVESTMENT FOR
CALIFORNIA SAVINGS BANKS,
ESTATES, AND TRUST
COMPANIES**

Write for detailed information
regarding the securities
back of these Bonds

WM. H. BYINGTON JR. CO.
Established 1910
Crocker National Bank Building
San Francisco

7%

California Street Improvement Bonds are a first mortgage security against a specific parcel of real estate and prior to every other lien except taxes—security five to twenty times the amount of each bond. A savings bank pays its depositors generally 4%, their security is real estate based on loans of ¼ to ½ of the real property value. If interested in large interest returns and safety to principal, then write for circular.

THE EMPIRE SECURITIES COMPANY
Incorporated 1905
1230 Hibernian Bldg. Los Angeles, Cal.

*The True Flavor of High-Grade
Cocoa Beans is Found in*

Baker's Breakfast Cocoa



Registered U. S. Patent Office

THIS is due to the perfection of the mechanical process by which it is manufactured, no chemicals being used, and to the care and skill used in the selection and blending of the beans.

A high authority on cocoa has recently said: "A pure cocoa, unchanged by destructive chemicals, is the best cocoa. There is no more need for introducing alkalies into cocoa than there is into cracked wheat or oatmeal."

Baker's Cocoa is delicious, wholesome, pure and of great food value.

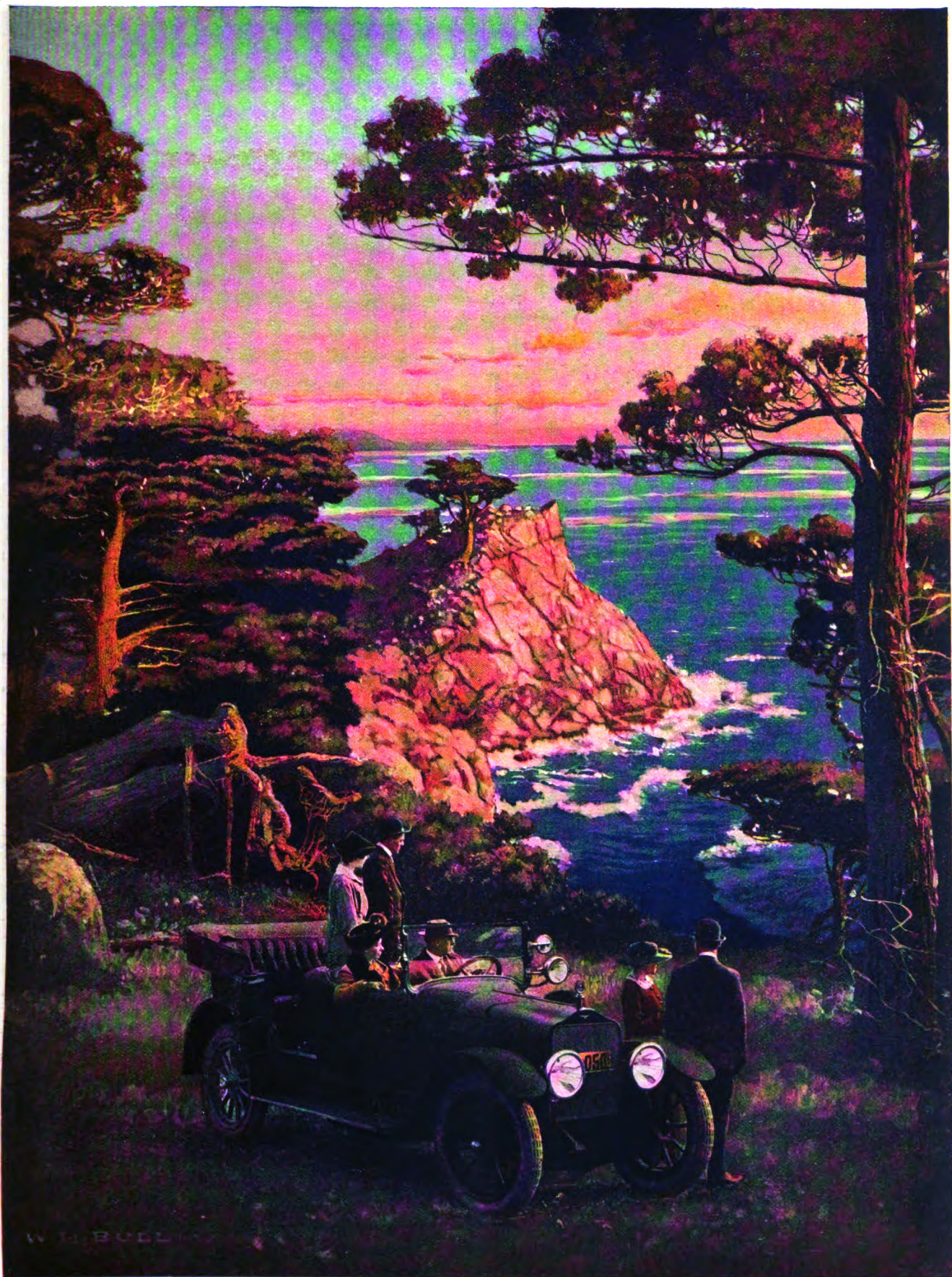
BOOKLET OF CHOICE RECIPES SENT FREE

WALTER BAKER & CO. LIMITED

Established 1780

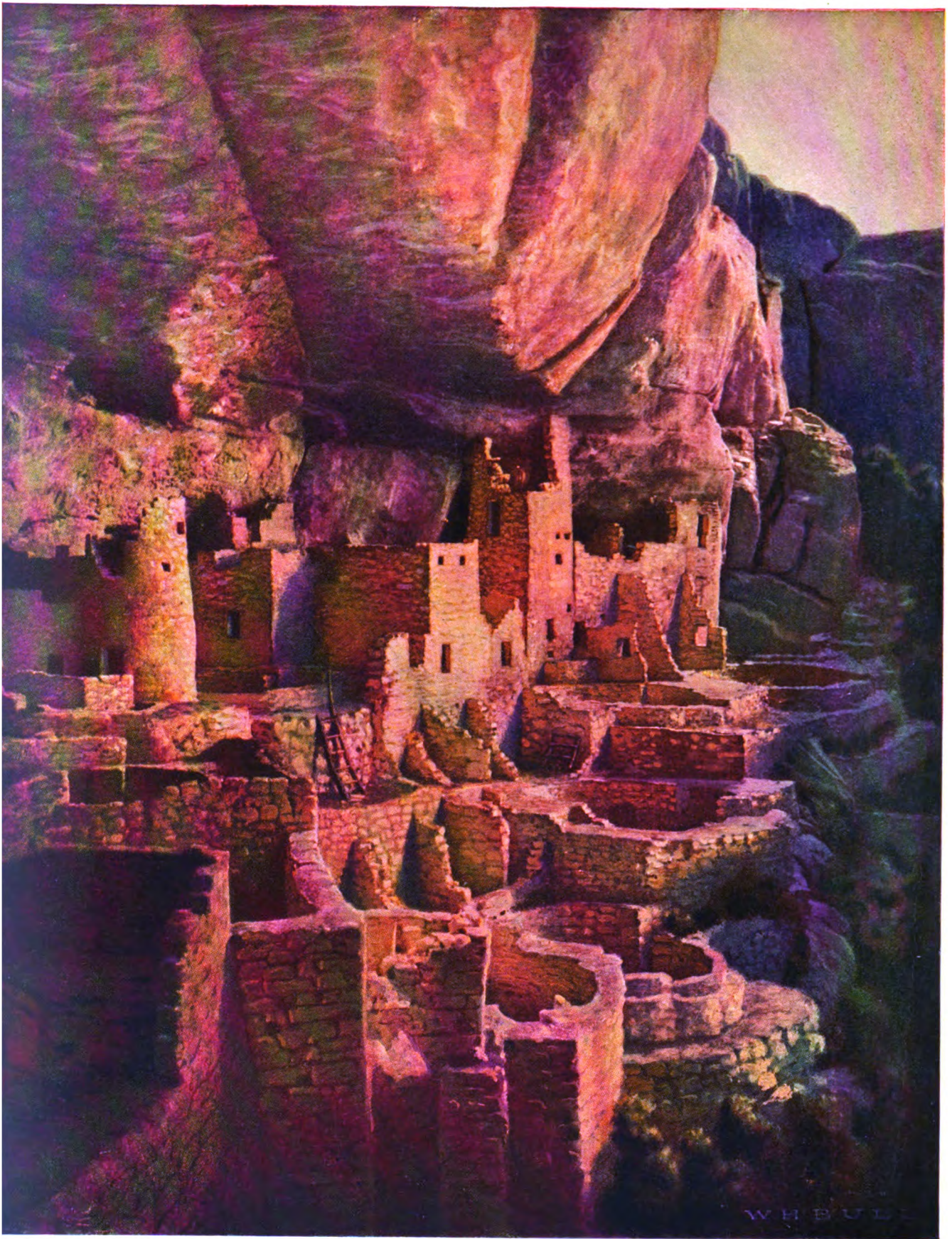
DORCHESTER, MASS.

Grand Prize, Panama - Pacific Exposition, 1915
Grand Prize, Panama-California Exposition, 1915



Midway Point, on the Monterey Drive

(Illustrating "Moring After Missions," page 64)



“On New Year’s Day in the Morning”

How many hundreds of times has the first morning of a new year stolen with rosy steps across the crumbling terraces of this voiceless city? Who were the builders of these fallen battlements, these broken towers so like the monuments of feudal Europe yet older, probably, than they? In the vast dry valleys of the American Southwest, where the irrigation systems of the dwellers in these castles of mystery may still be traced, eager communities of men are busy this New Year’s morning with plans and processes for the redemption of the desert. At dawn on the red fields of Europe, in sight of the ruins of another era, men strive in a blind and futile heroism to drench the ground with one another’s blood. Even so, from these enduring cliffs, the calls of peace and of war have echoed through unrecorded years. Upon this City of Oblivion as upon those trenches of water and of blood breaks the serene and solemn light of New Year’s Day

Sunset

THE PACIFIC MONTHLY



Across the Editor's Desk



GREETING! Don't let our fine new suit of clothes confuse you. This is SUNSET MAGAZINE, at your service. We are beginning a New Year together. May it prove, for us all, the best ever!

A WORD about this first number in the new form. There has been real enjoyment in getting it together. Setting these pages in order has been like moving out of a cozy but cramped dwelling into one just enough larger to give the feeling of "elbow room" and "space to turn round in." Somehow, we people in the office feel that we can *breathe* in these pages. There's a sense of fresh air in the headings and around the pictures. We believe that you, although you only drop in after we have got the rooms ready, must feel it too.

FRANKLY, this first number indicates what we mean by SUNSET for 1916. We have put into it those elements which we believe go to make up the kind of magazine it is our duty and our opportunity to present—a magazine for Pacific Slope people and all others interested in the Sunset Country. Here is space devoted to Western affairs such as no other national magazine can afford to give. In this one number there is material dealing directly, and often repeatedly, with western Canada, Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, California, Arizona, New Mexico, Texas and Colorado.

THIS resembles an index to an atlas of the Pacific Slope. We hope it will be read by those of our readers who feel that SUNSET is too largely devoted to California. In past months we have printed letters from people who have said "Don't forget that California isn't the only state in the West," or "Your cry is California, first, last and all the time," charging, more or less directly, that SUNSET is not a magazine of the Pacific Slope.

NOW this is manifestly unfair. Let us look back through 1915, the first year under the present ownership. Every month we featured the Expositions in California and yet these were never looked upon as mere Californian enterprises. The Western states were there with their buildings and displays, and the Fairs were a special attraction bringing people to the Coast to see, also, that "Greater Exposition" which our issue of January last set forth in full page pictures of the West from Alaska to Mexico. During this year SUNSET has presented a series of special leading articles, profusely illustrated, describing and analyzing different sections of the Pacific Slope. Two of these articles were on California, its southern and its central sections, respectively.

Two of them were on Washington, its eastern and western sections, respectively, the latter including also western Oregon. There was one article each for Alaska, Oregon, Arizona and New Mexico, and one article covered the apple industry in Oregon, Washington, Idaho and Montana.

In addition to these leading articles, the year's program included special articles, in the body of the magazine, on Montana, Puget Sound, Alaska, Seattle, Mexico, British Columbia, Utah, China, Japan, the Philippines, Australia and the South Seas. There were special motoring articles on the Pacific Highway, the Columbia River Highway, and on each of the three transcontinental routes, the National Parks Highway, through the northwest, the Lincoln Highway, the central route, and the Santa Fe trail, through the southwest. There were many articles of general appeal, from the question of coast defense to the menace of women's clothing. The "Home in the West" department described interesting domestic experiments in all parts of the Sunset Country, while "Interesting Westerners" chatted of its forceful personalities. And in between this mass of non-Californian material there were pages devoted to California. Which is not surprising, considering that the people of California number more than twice the population of the Pacific state next in importance numerically, three times the next two, and more than the eight others put together.

HONESTLY, now, dear Reader, gentle or otherwise, does that record for the past year serve to indicate that our "cry is California, first, last and all the time?" Happily, for the cause of justice, the mail brings us letters to offset the injustice of these complaints. There is a piquant flavor in the following, received last month from the managing secretary of the Spokane Chamber of Commerce:

"We have acquired in our offices a very friendly feeling toward SUNSET. We not only read your magazine but we are learning that you are doing a mighty broad-minded service for the Coast as a whole. Coming out of California this not only surprises us but delights us and we want, whenever we can, to show our appreciation of the new spirit that you have been putting into the magazine." *The Desert News* (Salt Lake City) put it aptly when it said, in November—"SUNSET, the Pacific Monthly, is true to its title in giving prominence to Western industries, people, literature, and affairs generally."

THUS this January number comes to you, not as an example of a New Year's resolution, at this season of high resolves, but to confirm our purpose to continue through the coming year the magazine's work for the whole Pacific Slope.



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The Three Captains

A Sea Story of the World's War

By Henry C. Rowland

Author of:
The Kidnapping of Coline;
The Apple of Discord;
The Closing Net

Illustrated by Louis Rogers



Dr. Rowland was living in a small French town when the war broke out. Although it is ten years since he has practiced medicine, he has been taking care of the civil population all about the town during the past terrible year when practically all French physicians are at the front. Dr. Rowland shipped as an able seaman on the Spanish-American war and later served as contract surgeon on the hospital ship "Relief." He knows the sea and he knows war, from experience. Shut away in France, with the country pulsing with the bitterness of the world's war, Dr. Rowland's imagination has run away to sea and found two captains, an Englishman and a German, in deadly breach of a long friendship, through love of the same lady and of warring fatherlands. There is an unsavory sea-rover to complete the triangle of hate. "Here, then, were these three captains," says the story, "each hoping to serve his country to the best of his ability and each holding the other two in hatred and contempt."

THE 5000-ton steam freighter "Chester Maid" of Liverpool was loading saltpeter at Callao. It was the eighth month of the war and Captain Seagrave was pushing the work along. He was in a hurry to get to sea with his cargo, at that moment greatly in demand.

Not far from the berth of the "Chester Maid" the German ship "Dantziger" had been loading copper ore until the smashing of Admiral von Spee's squadron by Admiral Sturdee, when Captain Karl Cassel had received instructions to suspend operations until further orders.

The two master mariners had known each other for a number of years, both having traded in many of the same ports, and despite the rivalry of trade their relations had always been friendly. Each man respected the ability of the other and up to the outbreak of the war their mutual relations had been cordial. It was always "Hello, Cassel . . . good voyage?" and "How are you, Seagrave, you're looking very fit . . ." Both men were well educated and well connected. They repre-

sented the very finest type of the modern merchant mariner. Keen, competent, dignified and self-respecting, they were men whom any person might be happy to call a friend. Martin Seagrave had just turned thirty and Karl Cassel was three or four years his senior.

Their chance meetings were always agreeable to them both. They had often entertained each other aboard their ships and made short excursions into the country. Seagrave admired Cassel's strong and virile personality and his erudition, for the German was a student, a thinker and a musician of no mean ability. In his long voyages from the Baltic to the west coast of South America he spent a great deal of his time in the study of natural sciences and languages. His library was that of a savant.

Cassel, for his part, admired Seagrave not only for his ability as a fellow mariner but also for his clean-cut type and a certain sympathy of type which appealed strongly to his harsher nature. Cassel was a rigid disciplinarian and conducted his ship in man-of-war fashion; terse,

stern orders with prompt obedience and no friction, but no fellow feeling for his crew. He rather envied Seagrave's methods, from what he had seen of his system. The "Chester Maid" was rather like a happy family than a well working machine. When aboard the "Chester Maid" he had wondered at the despatch of the work with no voice raised in the giving of a command. Seagrave's crew impressed him as obedient and affectionate domestics of some well governed household, taking a personal interest in their duties.

Cassel himself was of a very fine Anglo-Saxon type and he spoke English without the slightest trace of accent and might have passed for an English University man. His appearance was purely Anglo-Saxon, also. He was a big man and would be even bigger with advancing years. He was heavy of frame and thick of bone, with a fair complexion, keen blue eyes which gleamed frostily at times, wavy chestnut hair and a closely trimmed mustache and vandyke. Seagrave was also a powerful man but of a different type, being tall and sinewy, lean, broad of chest

and trim of waist, with a strong, smooth-shaven face, blue-gray eyes and rather dark of complexion.

Since the beginning of the war, however, the relations between the two men had been rather strained though not discontinued. They often sat at the same table of a certain little restaurant-café on the front and discussed the situation over a pipe and a glass of cold pilsener, calmly and without altercation. Both met on a common footing of distress at the outbreak of war, for each owned in his ship and ran the risk of losing his little fortune. In the opinion of neither had the war been justified.

Then came to Callao lovely, fresh-faced Else Müller, whose father, fearing the possible involvement of Holland in the World's War, had sent for the girl. Seagrave and Cassel fell in love with her at first sight, as did most of the young blades of the port, as also some of the older ones. Small wonder at this, for it is impossible to conceive of a young female creature more charming than Else. She was not only as physically alluring as one of Henri Gervex' nymphs but also sweet and natural of manner, with the inherited sound sense of her solid burgher stock and accomplished for a girl of eighteen years. She had been educated at an English seminary.

Genial old Max Müller liked and esteemed both of the captains but at the present moment rather favored Seagrave's suit, considering him a better war risk.

When the hands knocked off for dinner Seagrave went ashore to lunch at the hotel. He got enough of his ship's table at sea and seldom took his meals aboard when in port. Besides, he liked South American cooking and the animated little restaurant was patronized by an interesting clientele. Now as he entered he found every table occupied and on glancing about his eyes fell on Cassel, sitting alone on the edge of the shaded terrace. The German caught his eye and nodded.

"Sit here if you like, Seagrave," said he, pleasantly.

Seagrave thanked him and took the chair opposite.

"Have you heard the latest news?" Cassel asked.

"What is that?"

"Germany has declared an absolute blockade of the British Isles and warned

"They are naturally growling, but Uncle Sam appears to be the only one to make any positive protest. He has strongly advised Germany to keep her hands off his ships."

"I must say," Seagrave observed, "I rather admire you people's nerve, though I don't think much of your policy. It practically amounts to declaring war on the world."

"I'm afraid we must be rather desperate to take such a course," Cassel acknowledged candidly, "but if Germany has got to eat crow she doesn't mean that England shall get fat on chicken pie."

"All the same," said Seagrave, "I don't believe for a moment that she can cut us off. It's too big an order. England is still mistress of the seas."

"She may be mistress of the surface of them," said Cassel, "but she doesn't own them underneath by a good deal. We are

all neutral shipping to keep out of the danger zone."

"The deuce she has!" Seagrave exclaimed. "And what are the neutrals going to say to that?"

turning out submarines daily and it has been already proved that they are the most efficient factors in naval warfare. I'll make you a bet, Seagrave, that you don't take your nitre into any port on the British Isles during the war."

Seagrave's face hardened. "I'm on," said he promptly; "for what?"

"Shall we call it a hundred pounds and ask Müller to hold the stakes?"

"Right-o. I suppose of course your crowd will be on the lookout for me?"

"Of course," Cassel answered coolly. "I have offered the information myself. You mustn't lose sight of the fact that while we may be friendly enough our countries are at war. Have you said nothing about my lying here with a cargo of copper?"

"Not a word," answered Seagrave coldly. "I leave that sort of thing to official circles."

"A mere matter of national policy," said Cassel, lighting a cheroot. "Every loyal German is supposed to supply his government with such news as might prove of national benefit."

"In other words," Seagrave snapped, "every loyal German is a spy."

"Not altogether," replied Cassel, with no sign of irritation. "A spy is a person who passes himself off as a friend or neutral for the sake of getting his information. I certainly would not feel that I were doing my duty to my country if I were not to do what I could to prevent a cargo of war ammunition reaching an enemy's shores."

Seagrave's lids narrowed slightly. "Well," said he, "you certainly have the virtue of being frank



"And I'll bet you that you'll never land your copper ore in one of your home ports during the war—"

about it, Cassel. However, I fancy that England will keep on being able to protect her commerce on the high seas and coming on to the coast. We may lose a vessel now and then, perhaps. It would scarcely be reasonable to expect otherwise, seeing the way you people clutter up the place with mines and things. But if you think that you are going to manage a general blockade of Great Britain you'll find that you're jolly well mistaken. And I'll make you another bet for the same amount if you like, that you'll never land your copper ore in one of your home ports during the war."

Cassel regarded him thoughtfully. "Done with you, Seagrave," said he, in a cool voice. "Meet me tomorrow morning at ten in Müller's office and we'll draw up the terms of the two bets and hand over our two hundred piece to the old man."



here until the end of the war. It does not seem probable that his owners would care to risk so valuable a ship and cargo as long as England controls the seas."

"The German government has probably taken over the job and is counting on this new blockade of theirs," Seagrave answered.

"What does Captain Cassel seem to think of his chances?" Else asked.

"I don't know," Seagrave answered, "but he was ready enough to back them for a hundred pounds, his reason being that if his ship were sunk he would probably go down with her. Germany is hard up for copper and ready to take a long chance. Cassel had the cheek to tell me that he had informed his government about my trying to run the blockade with my saltpeter and to be on the lookout for me."

"Were you not angry?" Else asked.

"Oh, not particularly. That sort of thing is the German policy. But it did seem rather a nasty trick."

"Still, it was honest of him to warn you," Else observed.

"I wouldn't play him a trick like that," Seagrave answered. "I don't consider it my business, which is to carry my cargo and leave the spying to the people detailed for it."

"I think that you are both very brave men," said Else softly, "and I hope that you may both make the voyage in safety." She stole a curious look at his face. "Are you not afraid?" she asked.

"Not quite that," he answered, "but I'll admit I'm worried and anxious. A few weeks ago it wouldn't have bothered me, but now it's different." His dark gray eyes rested on her and a swarthy color burned his lean cheeks. "Can you guess why, Else?"

She looked down and the creamy skin deepened its tint. Seagrave rose and stepped to the side of her chair.

"Will you let me tell you why, my dear?" he asked, in a low voice.

"I think it would be better to wait," she whispered.

"Don't ask me to wait, Else," Seagrave pleaded. "I expect to sail in a couple of days and I must know my fate before going to sea. If I succeed in getting this cargo home I shall be a made man. If I don't—well, then I shan't bother you again. I love you dearly and I think that I could make you happy. If I win through, sweetheart, will you marry me?" And he laid his hand on hers.

Little ripples ran through the girl and the color faded in her face. There was a low, vibrant ring in Seagrave's voice and his magnetism stirred Else as nothing had ever done before. Karl Cassel often stirred her also, but in a different way. At times he almost frightened her, but his domination had not been lacking in its

"You're making a foolish bet, old top," said Seagrave.

"Oh, no," said Cassel, smiling. "You see, this war is not over yet by a long shot and it is not possible that a ship and cargo as valuable as mine is going to be left here to rot indefinitely, even if the odds are ten to one against her fetching port. But if she gets sent to the bottom the chances are that I shall go with her, in which case I won't feel the loss of the two hundred."

Seagrave's eyes lightened. "You are a plucky chap, Cassel," said he, and added impulsively: "Even if our countries are at war, here's hoping that we both make it—" and he raised his glass.

But Cassel smiled and shook his head. "It would be hypocritical for me to drink that toast, Seagrave," said he. "Country comes first with me."

"As you like," said Seagrave, rather stiffly, and set down his glass with a slight flush on either of his lean cheeks. His English reticence was quickly ashamed at his outburst of generous emotion.

When the shadows were lengthening Seagrave went to call on Else. Müller's house, like all Dutch homes, was a cheerful homelike and comfortable residence,

Came a flash of white from an upper window of a cream-tinted villa

fairly glittering with cleanliness inside and out. It was placed on a

slight elevation commanding a view of the port from the front and another quite different one of the towering Andes from the rear. A pleasant garden surrounded it. The worthy agent was a prosperous man, a widower, and Else his only child.

The girl welcomed Seagrave with a bright smile and led him into the garden where there were wicker chairs and table under the high shade of some royal palms.

"I will give you some tea," said she. "How is the loading going on?"

"Not badly, thanks," Seagrave answered. "I hope it is not destined to be a wasted effort. Cassel and I lunched together today and he bet me a hundred pounds that I would never take my ship in any port of Great Britain during the war. I bet him the same thing. We are going to ask your father to hold the stakes."

The girl's face clouded. "Those are terrible bets," said she. "I am surprised, though, that Captain Cassel should be willing to wager that he could take his ship home. He seemed to think the other day that his orders would be to remain

strong, compelling quality. She was happier with Seagrave, but less submissive, and she had pondered in vain as to which of these emotions was founded on the deeper love. She did not try to deny to herself that the day was not far distant when she must yield to one or the other of her masterful suitors, but to which it would be she could not decide. Else was a full-natured girl, warm-hearted and ripe for love. Had either man been there alone it is probable that she would not have held out long against his ardent appeals. But it is probable that the sweetness of her nature which made it so hard for her to give pain to the rejected suitor might have withheld her decision for a long time.

"YOU must not press me, Captain Seagrave," she answered with averted face.

"Tell me one thing, Else," asked Seagrave. "Do you care for Karl Cassel and are only waiting for me to leave?"

"I am very fond of you both," she answered. "I have never known two such splendid men. I could not bear to hurt either of you."

"Don't be afraid of hurting me if you care more for Cassel," Seagrave answered. "First of all I want you to be happy, and if you could be happier with Cassel, then tell me so and I'll wish you joy and take myself off."

"But I don't know," Else cried, almost desperately. "I haven't been able to tell."

"Very well, dear," Seagrave answered gently. "I won't say any more about it now. But I do wish that you could give me some sort of an answer before I sail. It would make a lot of difference to my peace of mind. I must get aboard, now, and push the work along. Thompson, my mate, is not much of a driver. Think it well over and try to decide within the next two days."

Walking back down the gentle slope he met Cassel on his way to the Müllers. The faces of both men darkened slightly as they approached but their greeting was civil enough. Cassel paused and as his intense blue eyes rested on Seagrave's features they lightened with a certain gleam of relief which did not escape the observation of his rival.

"You needn't look so deuced pleased, Cassel," said he, irritably.

Cassel surveyed him meditatively.

"The girl does not know her mind," said he. "But there is no use in either of us losing our sleep about it as the chances are so much against the both of us being in a position to claim any promise made a few months later hence. If it weren't that we both owed our first duties to our countries I would suggest settling the matter with sword or pistol."

"Perhaps we may be able to manage that later," replied Seagrave, frowning. "Good day to you, Cassel," and he continued on his way.

II

WITH a stormy face and a set look about his fierce Teuton eyes, Cassel swung down the hill from the Müller house and the natives whom he passed gave him plenty of road. Looking neither right nor left he held his course for the residence of the German consul and was shown immediately into the private office

of that official, a corpulent person with a complexion yellow from years of tropical service and a face as lineless and waxen and inscrutable as that of a Chinese mandarin in all but a pair of rather prominent bloodshot eyes.

CASSEL tossed his helmet onto the haircloth sofa and mopped his white, glistening forehead.

"I received your message," said he, in German, of course, "but was unable to come sooner. It was necessary to arrange for the hides. That is now attended to."

"Good," answered the consul. He leaned back in his chair and folded his rather swollen hands across a paunch prominent from much pilsener and his daily four enormous meals. "The reply to my communication came early this morning. That which you propose is not only sanctioned but highly approved. If you succeed you are to receive the Iron Cross and a large money compensation which will be decided upon your arrival. I have been given carte blanche to advance what sum is required for your enterprise."

Cassel's eyes gleamed.

"In that case I shall proceed at once with my plans as I have already described them to you."

"The undertaking is ingenious and daring," said the consul, "and one which does you credit. We are badly in need of nitre and copper. It is a pity that you have not a full cargo of the latter."

"The ship is about two-thirds loaded," said Cassel, "but there is not time to get more. The Chester Maid will probably sail day after tomorrow morning and some quick work will be needed to take on the hides and overhaul her at the entrance to the straits. However, we have three knots more speed and she is very deep."

"Is not this Captain Seagrave a personal friend of yours?" asked the consul.

"Friendship counts for nothing when the good of the Fatherland is in question," said Cassel sententiously.

"That is true. 'Deutschland über alles.' Will you drink some beer?"

"No, thank you," said Cassel. "I must see MacTavish as soon as possible."

LEAVING the consul's office Cassel proceeded along the front, his objective point being a certain low gambling den on the outskirts of the city, and as he strode along he reviewed in his mind all that he could recall of a certain Captain MacTavish.

This man was an adventurer, a British subject, who many years before had left his country for his country's good. He may have been Scotch, Irish or English, or perhaps a mixture of all three. Nobody knew much about his early antecedents, but those acquainted with him were quite aware of the fact that he was one of the most dangerous rogues in the Pacific, that he was ridden by a virulent Anglophobia and that most countries of the world were barred to him, or to put it in another way, that their authorities were highly anxious to welcome him to their domains. MacTavish (which of course was not his real name) was, Cassel had been told, wanted in England for a double murder, in San Francisco for smuggling Chinamen and opium, in Russia for seal poaching in the Smoky Seas, in South Africa for filibustering and

high treason in the matter of certain traitorous acts and the selling out of a British expedition to the Boers, and in various other places for different acts of piracy.

CASSEL had known the man off and on for a number of years and had never learned that he had any particular quarrel with Germany beyond the slight peccadillo of having in one of his occasional bursts of Berserker rage seriously maltreated a German customs official in Apia. MacTavish had arrived at Callao some months previous in a foundering punk-basket of a trading schooner, manned principally by a crew of Palmerston larrikins who were in a state of physical collapse from many days of constant swinging at the pumps. The cargo of shell and guano had been jettisoned to lighten the vessel and the ill-set crew had been dumped on the beach like refuse, exhausted, half-famished, destitute of money and altogether as savage and desperate a pack of seawolves as it would be possible to imagine.

They had beached their schooner, supposedly a stolen one, in a sheltered bight, and there she remained, not being worth the attempt at repairs, her crew living aboard her. MacTavish alone had a few remaining dollars and presented an outward sign of decency. The Peruvian authorities had not welcomed these Argonauts with feasting and song. They had in fact promoted strenuous measures for their departure, but without avail. No shipmaster after a glance at one of them would have him at any price, and MacTavish himself, a plausible scamp with a certain polish, had secured employment as a croupier in a gambling dive where he was of value to his half-caste employer not only on account of his dexterity but because his reputation was known, and after a look at his bleak face and square, sinewy frame, clients were indisposed to quarrel over the game. Oddly enough MacTavish seemed to have a certain liking for his pariah crew and fostered them meagerly, much as a Turkish householder might throw swill to the dogs of Constantinople. An avatar of freebooters, it is possible that he was holding them together for the execution of some nefarious scheme which he hoped to accomplish later: the fomenting of a revolution, the plunder of a gold train, the stealing of a ship or something of the sort.

WHATEVER his motive they lived together in the wreck of the beached schooner in a sort of snarling amity, combing the beach like the lean, bristling swine but careful to avoid any open conflict with the authorities, while MacTavish saw to it that they did not starve, throwing them bones from time to time and sundry bottles of rum. He himself never drank but at rare intervals was wont to indulge in the opium pipe.

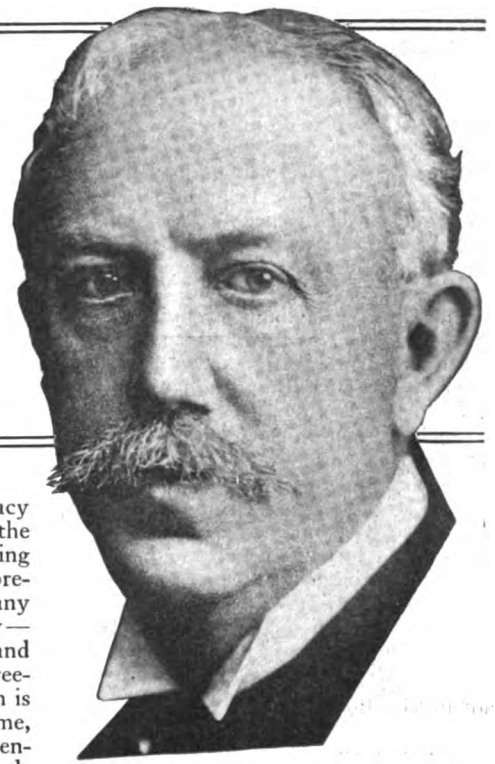
Cassel had fallen in with MacTavish in various and sundry ports, and, enjoying the study of human nature, the man had aroused his interest as a type. Physically MacTavish was not unprepossessing. He was very broad of shoulder, narrow of waist and hip, with thin bands of muscle slapped roughly over heavy bones. His strength was that of a meager mountain mule and a blow from his fist had the

(Continued on page 94)

Enduring Peace

The Question of Today

By David Starr Jordan



WORLD duties are crowding fast upon us of America. The Great War concerns us vitally and its conclusion cannot leave us as mere spectators. Civilization knows no national lines. The growth of science, the spread of commerce have made the world an economic unit. It was fast becoming and it will become again a moral unit. When this awful catastrophe—at bottom the back-fire of privilege against democracy—passes, the world, or what is left of it, will resume thought and action, terribly crippled of course, but on much the same plane as before. The gods are still sitting on their thrones, and skill and knowledge are not dissipated with the waste of human blood. In this juncture every friend of peace and law should be active and alert. A crisis is a "stern winner," and for the good of our cause those who do mere lip-service are on the other side. It is clear now as many times before in history that "those who are not with us are against us." Those who wish to keep "blood as their argument" counsel the peace-worker to do nothing in the presence of the foe he is sworn to fight. We hear today the old advice, to keep still in a crisis, "to withdraw within ourselves," in the storm, reserving our gentle platitudes until the war is over and the world can again listen without emotion.

But if peace societies, peace-endowments and peace-workers have any reason for existence, this is the time to make their presence felt. To oppose war is not to wait for the time when the world stands in no danger of it. Now is the turning-point in civilization's downward curve. It must move upward from now on, for it can fall no lower.

IN this time there are three duties which I press more firmly than any others. These are: (1) Keep this nation out of the war and on the basis of law. (2) Stop the killing and (3) Adjust the future so that the same calamity cannot happen again.

The first of these seems now assured. The "Brawl in the Dark" will not claim our people. We shall remain neutral, and the only meaning of neutral is law-abiding. We shall be loyal to truth and to right as we see it. We shall recognize that the motive of this war is not nation against nation. It is the

attempt to restore the waning autocracy by attack outside. "Foreign war is the swift remedy for disunion and waning patriotism." This is Treitschke's prescription against the growth in Germany of "the noxious weeds of democracy—socialism, pacifism, internationalism and antimilitarism." These stand for freedom—relatively at least, and freedom is the hope of the world. At the same time, freedom spells the doom of the heaven-descended aristocracy, in whose hands the instruments of war are kept. As manhood expands, privilege is lost. Already the British House of Lords has been shorn of its power. A like fate

"To oppose war is not to wait for the time when the world stands in no danger of it. Now is the turning-point in civilization's downward curve."

yawns for the sacred Bundesrath. The ballot is becoming a weapon more fateful than the sword. A foreign war "smashes the ballot-box." And all war helps. Every war, however lofty its inception, becomes a "brawl in the dark" as it progresses, and its results bear no clear relation to its initial purpose. As the smoke lifts, it is plain that we are killing young men and they are killing us and the process bears no relation to the aim set at the beginning.

All nations at war are lawless and insane. Germany, with her divided councils of decency and frightfulness, her von Jagow and von Tirpitz, has been peculiarly so. Yet her destroyers have injured no American because he was an American. And her distressing adventures on land or sea have given us no honorable reason for going into war. There can be no honorable reason for going into war when there is any other way out. Peace at any price is a most honorable bargain, when for any price

you can get peace, real peace. When we haggle over this it is because there is no real peace to be had at all. No war-system offers any protection against itself.

THE second and third of these world duties are not easy. Great tasks in the world are never easy, else easy-going men would have accomplished them. But we cannot flinch before great tasks. They will not perform themselves. The war must stop, and some of us must stop it. To run its course means a desolation of Europe which the horrors of the past year but faintly foreshadow. War fought to the end takes every life, every dollar. And then there is no real end. Victory for any nation seems already impossible. Its hour is past. Bernard Shaw says: "A nation is like a bee; as it stings it dies," and the nations of

Europe are stinging and dying—and to no final end. Militarism does not crush militarism. It only strengthens it. The people worn and torn by war see in armies their only salvation.

IF we could stop the war today with some trade which would release France and Belgium, the slaughter could hardly begin again. No nation could say what it is fighting for. No nation could rouse its people by the old lies and blasphemies. The call of patriotism would be to restore the desolated homes and ruined enterprise, not to fantastic adventures in India or Africa. The people of every nation are sick and hungry for peace, and every intelligent man knows that this final end must be a proposition of give-and-take.

OF the many plans for bringing the conflict to its end that of "Continuous Mediation, without Armistice," developed by Julia Grace Wales of the

University of Wisconsin and emphasized by Jane Addams and her associates, seems most likely to be fruitful in results. This plan contemplates a joint commission of neutral nations in continuous session, a clearing-house of possibilities, to sit at the Hague or in Berne as the friend of the people in all nations alike. Such a conference could be called by the Government of Holland or by the President of the United States. It should include Holland, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Switzerland and Spain, with the United States, and, if time offers, Argentina, Brazil and Chile with the others.

Such a commission would exert a strong influence. It would crystallize the feeling for peace without humiliation and in so far as such a thing is possible, for peace with justice. It is not likely that the formal negotiations would proceed through such means. Diplomacy must always save its face. But actual mediation might well do so, and the chancellery of each nation has assured Miss Addams that its attitude toward "Continuous Mediation" would be not unfriendly.

GRANTED that the outlook is not luminous and that the chances are against any great measure of success, the project will be a move in the right direction and to carry it out can do no harm. The United States cannot afford to have it said that it left any stone unturned to bring on peace. We are already freely accused in every country of trying to prolong the war for the sakes of the profits involved. That is apparently true of some of us, but not of the nation as a whole. Our people are single-minded in the hope that the Great War may end as soon as possible, and in such a manner that its horrors may never come again. We may note that if such a Commission of Mediation of the Law-Abiding Nations could shorten the war by one day, it would save many thousand valuable lives—and the expenses of seven thousand such missions.

ONE of the most encouraging signs of the times is the serious thought devoted in every quarter to the question of lasting peace. All honest and intelligent men must agree that the war should not end in an armed truce, with impoverished and emasculated Europe still bearing its load of gunmen. This would fulfil the prophecy of Gambetta that "the Race for the Abyss" would leave of Europe only "a beggar crouching by a barrack door." Europe must hope for real peace, the peace of democracy at home and international coöperation abroad, and to secure this demands the highest patriotism and the highest wisdom in every nation.

At the end of the war, then, must follow the most intense struggle of brains and courage since the Reformation. On the one hand there will be those who strive to continue the old war system as the final weapon against democracy, with its extravagant expenditures and its vast body of blue-blooded officers with their conscript slaves. Military conscription is not framed for war but for subserviency. It does not take three years to make a soldier. The extra time is needed to turn soldiers into slaves.

Against these forces of mediaevalism will stand the efforts of those who would bring Europe into some sort of federation, with armaments and armies reduced to a secondary position and with the individual states coöperating instead of defying and tormenting one another.

The war system of Europe has fallen by its own weight. To continue "the Race for the Abyss" on the old basis is impossible. The abyss has been reached and it will be a slow process to creep out of it. The adjustments of Europe must be on a new basis, and the work of bringing security to a crippled continent must be slow and painful.

ABOUT thirty well-considered plans for constructive peace have been already elaborated. These agree in all the main features, a fact which gives great hope for the future. Among these plans all the great nations are represented, a fact which also gives great en-

*"The sword should
not be sheathed; it
must be broken."
But the sword cannot
be broken by another
sword; we must
let it rust."*

couragement. Whatever our judgment as to military adventures, the really strong men of Europe rise above all partisan bias. They know but one patriotism—the welfare of humanity.

THESE plans, in general, unite in the demand for democratic control of international relations, for the recognition of law in place of force, and of justice for violence. Some of them recognize the need of force to maintain the decisions of justice, though admitting that even then, the power of arms must be a vanishing factor. All demand the interposition of obstacles in the way of declarations of war, leaving such powers to no small or secret group.

All ask for a congress of peoples rather than the non-representative conclave of diplomats, known as the "Concert of the Powers," of late years badly out of time and tune.

They ask for a permanent Court of Arbitration to be preceded by a permanent council of investigation and conciliation. The thoroughly estimable principle of the "Cooling Off Treaties," as prepared by Mr. Bryan, should be everywhere applied.

Most of them ask for the revival and the sanitation of the Hague Conferences.

ALL ask for disarmament, to the degree at least of preventing the ruinous competition, the chief direct cause or occasion of the war. Most of them call for national ownership of armament plants and the abolition of the private profits so disastrous to national welfare.

Most of them call for immunity of private property at sea and for the relief of commerce and travel from attack in time of war. This would eliminate the lying excuse for great navies—that they are built only to protect commerce. The net profits of sea-borne commerce in recent years have in no nation been equal to the annual cost of the navies.

Most of them ask for the permanent neutralization of channels of commerce and some for the neutralization of coaling stations also.

Most of them deny the "right of conquest" and assert that changes of boundary should receive the assent of the people concerned.

Most of them disapprove of indemnities as highway robbery on a large scale.

All of them demand the abolition of secret diplomacy as a species of conspiracy.

Most of them demand the recognition of equality of race, religion and language within the nation.

SOME of them ask that military training be excluded from all schools, except those set apart for that purpose. It may be noted that Germany has never allowed militarism to intrude in any of her schools from the kindergarten to the university.

Most of them demand real manhood suffrage—as yet unknown in autocratic countries, and a few demand women's suffrage also.

Most ask for a limitation of the exploitation in backward countries and the framing of some equitable definition as to the duty of a nation toward its adventurers and financiers who may find themselves or their projects in trouble under another flag. The course of empire in this regard has been tortuous—often iniquitous and brutal.

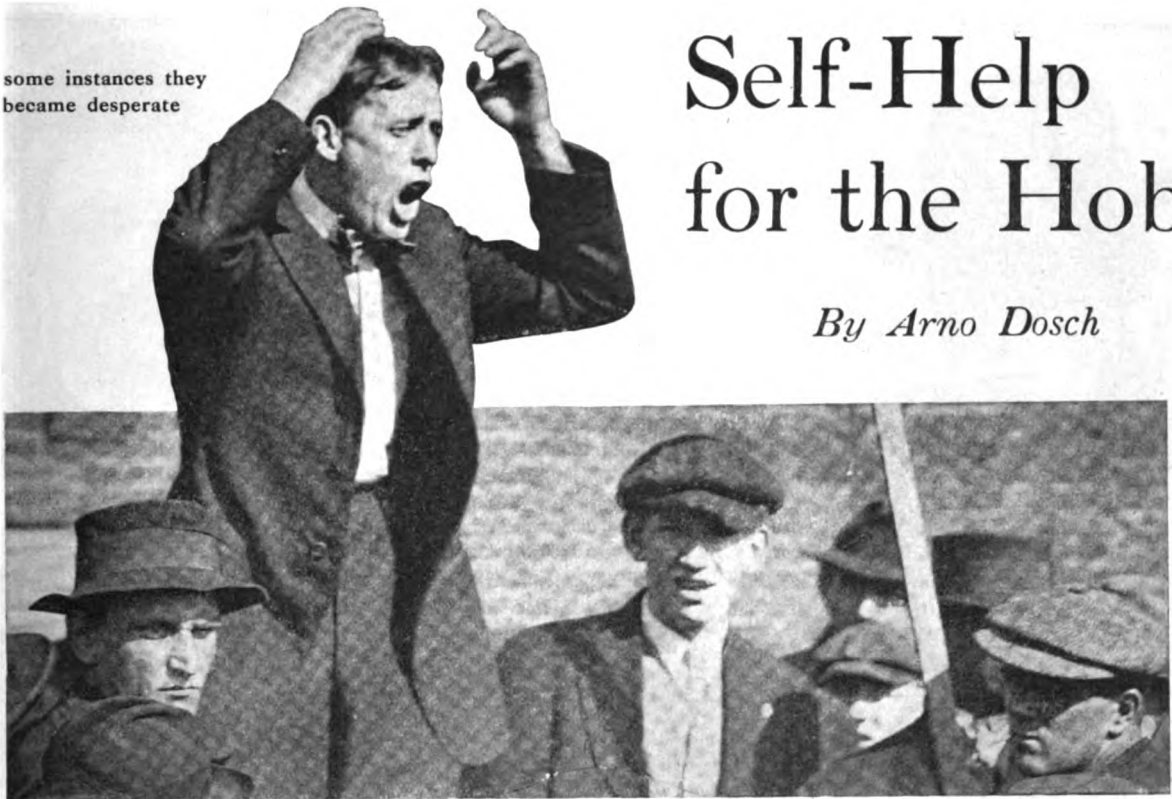
Most of these plans favor the elimination of economic causes of war, whether these are real causes, or, as in most cases, excuses framed to build up the army or navy.

All look forward toward social justice, constructive effort, international understandings and the will for peace. None of these favor an actual legislating world-parliament. Local self-government is itself one of the best pledges of peace, and the decisions of world-courts on questions of justice will make world-law by its precedents.

All favor the principles of democracy, but none declare in favor of attempts to introduce democracy prematurely or by force.

IN general it is realized that military force will not suppress military force, and that the abatement of militarism must come from within in each of the peoples concerned. The will of the people affords a more potent as well as a more rational force than armies and navies. "The sword should not be sheathed; it must be broken." But the sword cannot be broken by another sword. We must let it rust.

In some instances they became desperate



Self-Help for the Hobo

By Arno Dosch

How the Pacific Coast Is Handling Its Problem of Unemployment

WHEN I was a boy I was walking one day in Portland, Oregon, with my father when some day-laborers came swinging into town with their blankets on their backs. "Look at those tramps," I said with boyish snobbery.

"What tramps?" my father asked.

"Those tramps carrying the blankets."

"Those are not tramps," my father replied. "They are men looking for work. You must not speak contemptuously of men just because they are roughly dressed and out of a job."

As they passed my father gave each of them a cheery greeting. Then, with a fine simplicity, and with the object, I fancy, of giving me a proper lesson in democracy, he said,

"My son, I also have carried my blankets on my back."

IHAVE never felt more humble. That quiet remark sank deep and gave me my perspective. I hope I have not often forgotten it since, but if I have, something happens once in a while to make it flame back into my memory. One of these occasions was the winter before last when I picked up my paper one morning in New York and saw on the front page a news item about a police chief in a California town who drove out the unemployed with the fire-hose.

I wanted to ask that police chief if he had never carried his blankets on his back. For that to happen in California! In no part of the United States could such an action be less excusable. If it had happened in New Jersey, it could be understood, if not forgiven. But we who belong west of the Rocky mountains ought

to have a better understanding of the man who ventures out into the world looking for work. Are we already falling into a smug state of petty security? I wondered that morning whether the citizens of the California town would let the police chief hold his job until night.

IHAVE just been up and down the Pacific Coast for the answer to my question, and I can report that the Pacific Coast has not lost its perspective. The police chief with a fire-hose is a rare animal in these parts. We have a problem of unemployment that is serious. It has even become menacing when handled in the spirit of the fire-hose. But it is not dangerous. It is not even a really big problem. What with fire-hose and general dunderheadedness it has acquired dramatic proportions, and the Pacific Coast has, in consequence of the dunderheadedness, not of the unemployment, received a black eye; but it will not happen again.

Let me explain how I happened to pursue this problem of unemployment. Ordinarily I sojourn in New York. I get my news from the New York papers, and in them I have found that a disproportionate amount of news from the Pacific Coast had to do with unemployment. The effect it had on me as a reader was that times were pretty bad in the West. But knowing and belonging to the West, I discounted the news. This was not true of ordinary readers. They acquired a definite notion that the winters on the Pacific Coast were desperate.

This came about because the problem of unemployment was allowed to run away with itself. Unemployed men were

driven from town to town. They were treated like criminals, and they did in some instances become desperate. So they did what desperate men are bound to do and gathered in armies, marching through the country and rolling up discontent with every mile.

If I may be permitted the use of a high-brow phrase, the people of the Pacific Coast have civic consciousness. They have not broken out in an excess of mealy-mouthed "charity" over the problem of unemployment, but they are going about it in a common-sense way, and luckily for the good name of the Pacific Coast, they are taking the dramatics out of it.

SEATTLE has gone a step farther than the rest of the Pacific Coast, a step farther than the rest of the United States, for that matter. So the most vital story I have to tell is that of the Hotel Liberty in Seattle. It has not only met the question of unemployment. It has lifted civilization out of one of its ruts.

The principles upon which Seattle has acted are all-important. Without an understanding of them, all attempts to meet the problem of unemployment on the Pacific Coast are mere potterings. The citizens of any community in this part of the country who see their streets filling with idle men must grasp these simple facts:

1. The serious problem of unemployment west of the Rocky mountains is due to the great number of men who are thrown out of employment in the winter time. In the summers there is work for them in the fields, the mines and the logging camps. We cannot get along without them. Their presence is essential to our prosperity.

2. But in the winter there is nothing for many of them to do. They put their blankets on their backs and head for the cities and towns. This is inevitable. It has always been the case on the Pacific



Henry Pauly, unpaid manager of the Hotel Liberty, in Seattle, a workman who has established a practical philanthropy

let the Hotel Liberty have a chance. It catches the floating laborer as he comes to town, takes him off the local labor market—and creates a job for him.

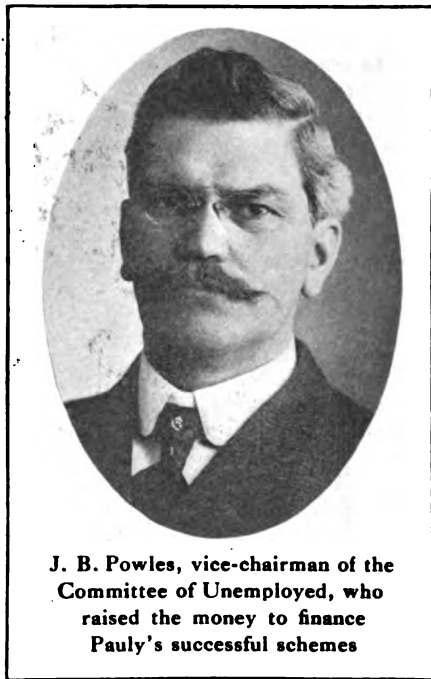
Let this also be impressed upon the minds of every local committee which is dealing with unemployment.

SEATTLE has gone a long way toward solving the problem by taking the unemployed out of town. It prevents them from congesting and clogging the labor market. They are not permitted to interfere with the taxpayers, the rent-payers, the fathers of families. Work is created for them outside the city, and the unemployed have shown an almost pathetic willingness to go.

The most obvious work around Seattle is land-clearing. There are enough stumps on the logged-off lands of Puget Sound to keep the unemployed occupied for a long time to come. The same can be said of Oregon and of many parts of northern California.

But think how smart Seattle was to assist the unemployed in their desire to go out and earn their way by clearing this land. Every acre they clear adds an acre of rich soil to the wealth of Washington. That is what is known as constructive philanthropy.

The man with his blankets on his back is now adding to the wealth of Washington in the winter as well as in the summer.



J. B. Powles, vice-chairman of the Committee of Unemployed, who raised the money to finance Pauly's successful schemes

Coast. It does not mean that times here are hard, though the problem naturally becomes keener when the country as a whole, as now, is suffering from slack business.

3. Large numbers of these summer-workers are provident and have enough money to keep them decently through the short winters. They make it a period of rest and enjoyment and add to the prosperity of the cities.

4. But in recent years the number of men who have not been able to save enough to keep themselves through the winter has increased. They have to find work, and are frequently driven to work for next to nothing. They upset the labor market; they underbid local workers; rent-payers, taxpayers, fathers of families are displaced by them; and about that time there is all at once a lot of excitement about unemployment.

5. Cities and towns are normally just as active in the winter as in the summer. Usually they are more active. If not upset by this inflow of summer-workers looking for winter jobs, there would be no problem of unemployment on the Pacific Coast.

So let it be written in italics wherever the unemployment problem is discussed:

The difficulties arising from unemployment can be traced back to the willing summer-workers who gather in the cities in large numbers in the winter time.

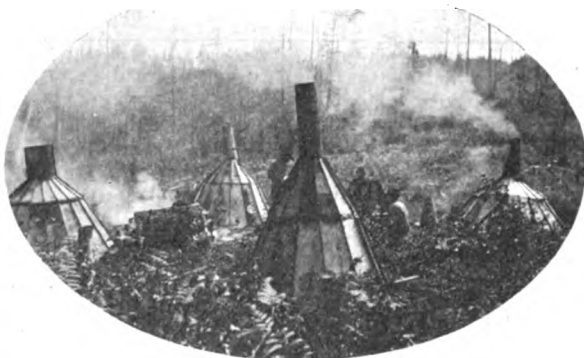
Seattle has grasped these simple facts. At least a sufficient number of Seattle's citizens have grasped them to

Instead of letting the unemployed become a burden, they have been made an asset.

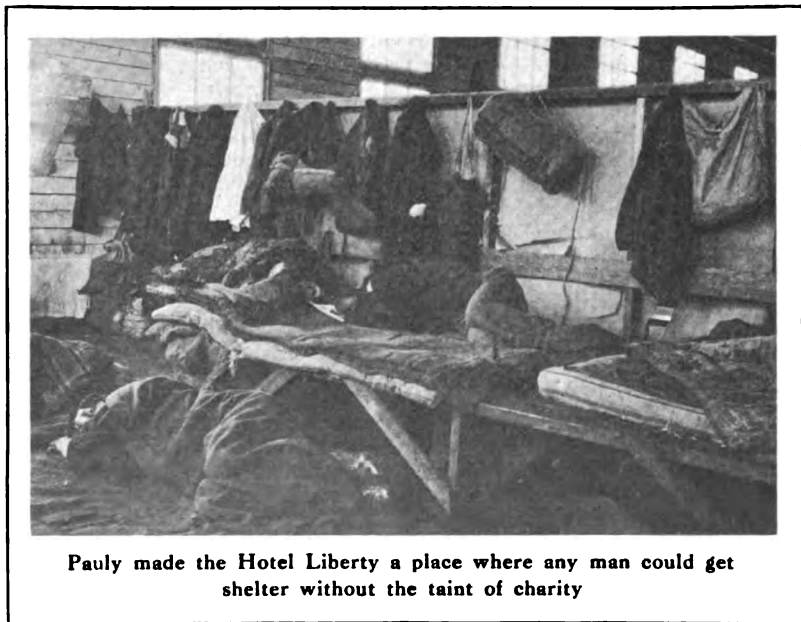
OF course the citizens did not rise as one large body and do this. That is never done anywhere. But there were citizens who could see the advantage of what was going on, and backed it. When I went to Seattle I learned that the whole affair lay in the hands of two men, J. B. Powles, vice-chairman of the Committee of Unemployed, and Henry Pauly, manager of the Hotel Liberty. Powles is a commission man, a dealer in fruits and produce, rated as a substantial business man. Pauly is a workman. Both have given their services for the good of their kind. Powles has raised the money to finance Pauly's schemes, and Pauly has made them successful. And for what he has done for the unemployed and for the city of Seattle, all Henry

Pauly has received for the last year is thirty-five dollars in cash, which he spent on tobacco for those who could not buy it.

Two years ago Seattle was overrun by the unemployed as a wharf is overrun by rats. They were a burden and a menace. Among them was Jeff Davis, who styles himself "King of Hoboes"—not of tramps, you understand, but hoboos, the wandering workers. He got them together in the Brotherhood Mission on King street. Those who could stand it, 600 to 700 a night, slept on the floors, on the staircase. Jeff Davis was picturesque and



Stump-burners used in the Hotel Liberty's land-clearing operations



Pauly made the Hotel Liberty a place where any man could get shelter without the taint of charity

aroused local sentiment. He called his place "Hotel de Gink," and from that name we get an angle on Jeff Davis and the extent of his undertaking. He did not worry about economics. He stuck to theatrical effects, and since he staged his show in Seattle he has done what all actors, legitimate or otherwise, like to do, and has staged it in New York. Last winter he ran another "Hotel de Gink" in New York. It made amusing reading, so the New Yorkers heard about it through the newspapers.

But Jeff Davis was not the man to do the work Henry Pauly has done. He merely cheapened the undertaking. Henry Pauly has given it dignity. Davis sought wider fields of publicity two years ago, and Pauly stayed on the job. He took the "Hotel de Gink" and turned it into the "Hotel Liberty." The difference in names comes pretty near to telling the story.

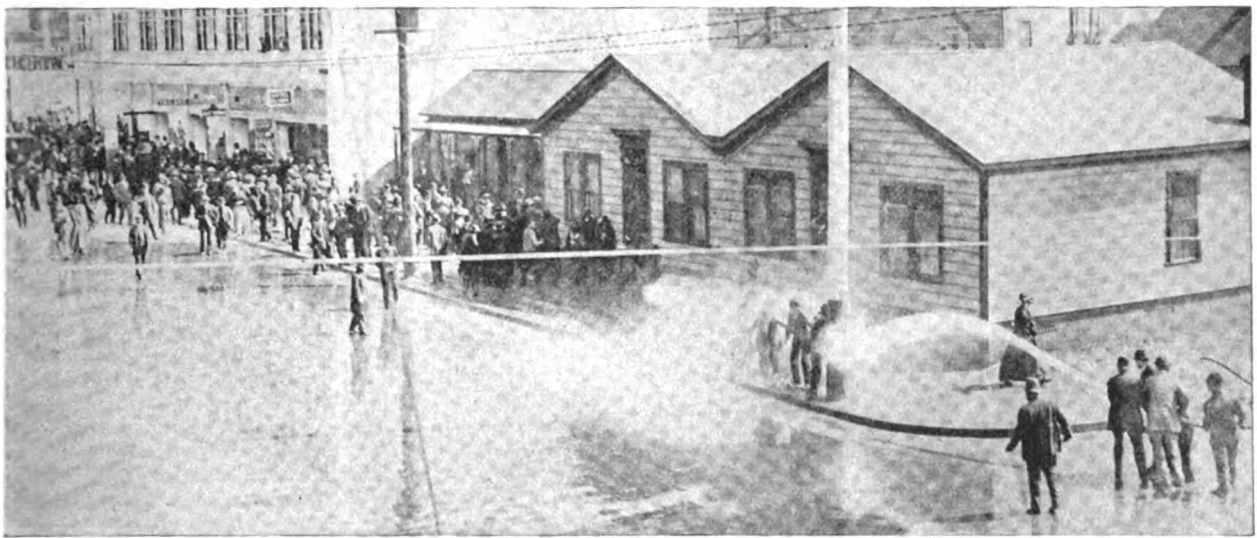
JEFF DAVIS vulgarized the class consciousness which has been so carefully fostered among workingmen. Henry Pauly ennobled it. Let him tell his own story:

"For two years the Hotel Liberty, filled with men who would otherwise have been dependent and unemployed, has been self-supporting. The men have created their tools out of nothing, and have found work that would not otherwise have been done. Our first tools cost us thirty-eight dollars. That was given us. But we made it back at once. We were given a contract to clear an acre at Green lake for sixty dollars. Dynamite and carfare cost ten dollars, and the other fifty dollars was clear. The men of the Hotel Liberty tore into that acre with such a will that they had it clear as a garden spot in one day.

"That fifty dollars, the first money we earned, we paid down as the first installment on a stump-puller. The outfit cost

proved that the unemployed are eager to work and throw their whole soul into the toughest kind of work which at most gives them rough fare and a roof over their heads. They go out and work willingly because each man is helping not only himself but his brother in distress.

Last winter the changing body of men in the Hotel Liberty earned \$20,798.60. Of this they did not personally get a cent except in the case of a few summer contracts where older men, practically unemployable, have been given fifty cents a day. I saw one of these gangs at work during the past summer, with Pauly in charge, and they were all putting in good, honest licks. Most of the money they earned went to the outfitting of the hotel, which was preparing to open at the beginning of the off-season. The cook, a first-rate old camp-cook, had put in two years in the hotel's camps. When I spoke to him about it his old eyes shone. It was



Winter before last, some California towns tried to settle the problem of the marching army of unemployed by the use of the fire-hose. Then California reached out as a state, made a few sweeping movements, and the excitement of fire-hose and wandering armies fell flat

PAULY started by putting the men at useful work that would otherwise have gone undone. For it, the city and, later, private individuals paid the Hotel Liberty. They did not pay the individuals, mind you. They paid the hotel. Pauly made the hotel stand for something very big. It became a place where any man could find food and shelter without the taint of charity, because, when called upon, he could go out and work for the hotel. Better than that, he could work for the spirit of brotherhood that lay under the hotel like a foundation of rock.

The Hotel Liberty is as much a spiritual as an economic undertaking. It is a theater for the exercise of great emotions. Every lick of work done for it has been for the other fellows who did not have a chance to work and for the other fellows who were coming later. Churches are not the only places where men find spiritual growth. Henry Pauly, with his silent, almost unconscious preachment of brotherhood, let men who had not been touched by direct appeal have a look at their own spiritual natures. Preachers and Salvation Army leaders might learn a new gospel from Henry Pauly.

us two hundred and twenty-four dollars and belonged to us. There are men scattered over the face of the earth who helped buy that stump-puller, and they are proud of it because they did not buy it for themselves but for the hotel. With this equipment I secured another job at Belleville, across Lake Washington, to clear three acres for two hundred and fifty-five dollars. The gang of twenty-four men who went there worked for twenty-three days in a steady rain, camping in the open without a change of clothing. During that time they cleared two additional acres, one for one hundred dollars and the other for one hundred and twenty-five dollars. They made a total of four hundred and eighty dollars—for the hotel. Other men carried supplies to them, plodding miles through the rain, and all for the good of the hotel which gave them food and shelter."

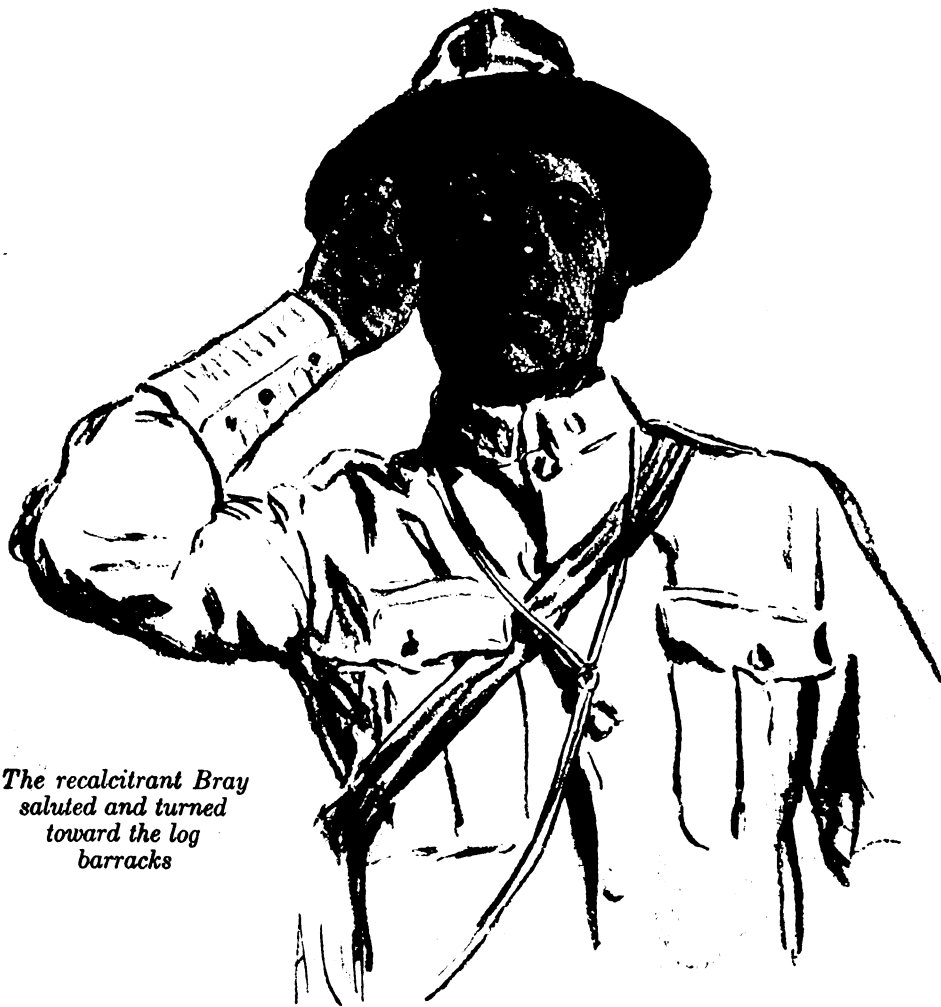
THE Hotel Liberty has now gone into the land-clearing business on a considerable scale. The work is done by whatever crowd of men happens to be in the hotel, and it is done willingly. If the Hotel Liberty has proved anything it has

plain the idea behind the Hotel Liberty had lighted a pure flame of devotion somewhere within him.

Just because there have been plenty of men their efforts have not been wasted. They have taken advantage of a stump-burner, which has proved a saver of strength and time. The average acre about Seattle requires twenty-five dollars' worth of dynamite, unless the stumps are burned out. So the hotel has invested rather heavily in stump-burners. It has the tools with which to work now, and I look to see the earnings of the hotel run close to \$50,000.

AN interesting economic fact has been brought out by the Hotel Liberty. Mr. Powles pointed it out to me. For the six months of last winter 9295 different men registered at the hotel. Most of them spent some time there, requiring altogether 159,735 nights of lodgings. They performed in the interest of the hotel 12,015 days' work, an average of only one and one-third days' work for each man; yet this small amount of work was sufficient to keep the hotel solvent.

(Continued on page 97)



The recalcitrant Bray saluted and turned toward the log barracks

On His Own

The Story of Corporal Bray's Third Term

By Emerson Hough

Author of: The Mississippi Bubble; John Rawn; The Quantleberry Case

Illustrated by Arthur Cahill

THE yellow surface of the Peel river lay at the foot of the McPherson bluff scarce wrinkled by any air.

It was late summer. The last boat—the only boat—had gone back up the Mackenzie a week ago, which ended all touch of McPherson with the outside world for the year, unless the snowshoe patrol got through from Dawson, across the Rockies. The feel of autumn was in the air, although the month was August. The long banks of fireweed which lined the river were dulled and dim, the Indian Paint had paled its blossoms, the grasses were bowing as though ready in advance for their long weight of the Arctic snow. From the grassy sloughs the wild geese now were honking, learning how to fly—how to fly four thousand miles.

Corporal Bray sat silent and gloomy on the hewn log that serves as lookout bench on the top of McPherson bluff—the same used by the Indians who hang

about the post, and by the few white men as well, a month before the boat comes, a week after it is gone. From the bench Bray could see five miles down the river to where a timbered point projected, around which any boat must turn, going or coming. He gazed vaguely, although it would be eleven months before any boat would round that point again—eleven months, during seven of which yonder tundra-covered slopes of the low Northern Rockies would be white instead of dirty brown.

Claxton—sergeant of a post whose total personnel comprised but three men including himself—came and stood beside Bray, offering his packet of tobacco—a precious thing in that latitude. Bray declined with a morose shake of the head which made Claxton look at him out of

the corner of his eye. He only remarked, for the sake of making conversation, that he thought this year's lot of matches even worse than the average.

"Everything's worse!" broke out Bray savagely. "It's rotten here, that's what it is. W'y in 'ell did we ever come up 'ere, tell me that, Sergeant? Three of us, just castaw'ys. My second term north of 53—but never again! Once I'm time-expired—and I will be come the 'leventh of January—I'll never again put my neck back in the little old Northwest collar. I'm done!" He tossed a contemptuous thumb toward the scantily decorated shoulder of his brown fatigue jacket.

"Yes!" said Claxton. "Four terms for me—I've got gray at it. But tell me, Bray, what'll you do when your time's out up here? I suppose we ought to've thought of that when the inspector was here with the boat—it never occurred to either of us but what you'd stay right on-

There's no way of gettin' out to sign on again, unless you snowshoe it out to Dawson with the patrol, come Christmas. You're not time-expired by then, and you couldn't get across in January."

"Do?" exclaimed Bray. "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll move into one of the cabins yonder an' be my own man, that's what I'll do! I'll watch you an' Hale get up in the mornin' an' eat soured potatoes an' whitefish and bannocks an' tea—I'll watch you do that three times a day. I'll watch you set down an' figger your bally accounts which the inspector cares so much about. I'll watch you'n Hale go over once more the inventory of confiscated furs we've 'ad in charge here for 'is Majesty these last three years. I'll watch you feed the dogs an' go out after wood, an' take your exercise, an' do your rounds in the village after dinner. I'll watch you unlock the Loucheux, our prisoner, every mornin' from the cook-stove leg, an' lock him back again every night—Gawd knows what we've got 'im in charge for. I'll watch you'n Hale play football in the snow—but I'll not play! I'll not work, neither. I'll stand an' curse you out for two fools, because you joined the bally Maounted an' allowed yourselves to be cast aw'y like two criminals instead of like two white men with lives to live. Them's the things I'll do with you two! I'll larf at you. I'll be time-expired an' me own man. Sign on again? Not on your life! I'll not renew."

THE accumulated venom of months of monotony spoke in Bray's long tirade—a thing unheard of before in the slow, dull life of the frontier station.

"Yes!" said Claxton, nodding. "Would you pay your board with Hale and me? There's nothin' in the regulations about that, by the way—we're not runnin' a resort for gentlemen of leisure. You might make the cook sore if you kicked too much. And I fancy what chance you'd have with old man Friese at the trading post yonder. Good prospect, eh? Better sign on again." Claxton smiled pleasantly. He knew the northern megrims, and had himself well in hand.

"That I'll not!" said Bray sullenly. "I'll not work an' I'll not play. I'll be me own man, if I have to go down river an' live with the Huskies."

"Fine finish, that, for a man," said Claxton evenly. "I've known men who've tried it. There's no lack of white Eskimos up here, if the explorers'd get busy findin' them. Plenty of white men have let down that way. But why should a white man want to?"

"Let down?" broke out Bray. "That makes me sore! We all let down when they throw us out here in the ice an' snow. What chance 'as a man for a man's life in this service, I'd like to know! Whitefish an' spuds an' tea, a dollar a day an' no prospect but freezin' off his feet. It's all wrong."

"No," answered Claxton, still quietly, "I don't believe it's all wrong. It's hard, but a lot of hard things have to be done that aren't wrong at all. If it was wrong the government wouldn't ask us to do it. What we do here is hard for us, but it's for the use of others down below—it's for the rest of us."

"The rest of us! What good do we do up 'ere? If we died, there'd no one in the world know of it."

"Four of us died last winter," said Claxton, "and all the world knew of it, and the next patrol came through from Dawson just the same. That's what we're here for."

"An' a fine thing to 'ope for—to freeze on the trail, an' lie in a grave they 'ad to dig with fire to melt the frost! What good did that do to them outside, I awsk?"

"I can't figure how much," said Claxton. "How could a fellow figure how much good they did?"

"Well, then," said Bray, turning fiercely on the other, "w'y in 'ell do you preach to me about duty an' things? Don't talk to me. Leastways you'll not, come January 'leven."

A flush came to Claxton's sunburned face, but he was silent for several moments before at length he spoke.

"Corporal Bray," said he, "it's time for football exercise. Go over and get Constable Hale. Unlock the prisoner and bring him with you. I'll not be playin' with you this evenin' myself."

Bray's face reddened in sudden anger. This was the same sergeant who had told him and Hale when they were left at this post that they need not salute him in the morning when there were no natives about. Yet here he was, using his authority and not acting man to man.

"I don't need no exercise," said Bray at last.

Claxton made no answer. Not an eyelash flickered as he sat gazing out across the river at the dun-covered hills. At last, sighing, he turned to Bray and raised his own arm, just touching the stripes on the sleeves. "Corporal Bray will report at once for the football," said he quietly.

And Corporal Bray did. He arose sullenly, but with the habit of discipline still on him.

"Corporal," said the sergeant sternly—and this was to his friend, his bunkie, his companion here in the long Arctic night—"Corporal, don't you salute an officer?" He himself stood stiffly and looked Bray straight in the eyes. The recalcitrant saluted and turned toward the log barracks to obey his orders.

SERGEANT Claxton, much troubled, watched Bray as he disappeared, soon to reappear with Hale, the new recruit, and the native prisoner. He stood and watched them for half an hour in their football exercise in the little open space they called the parade—saw them kick the ball, pass it, fall on it, wrestle over it. But he himself did not join, as he had every day until now since they three had come to McPherson post, farthest north of all the stations of the Northwest Mounted, save only the one on Herschel Island, on the coast itself.

"Oh, no!" muttered Bray to Hale under his breath, nodding to where Claxton stood. "'E won't pl'y! 'E's a bally officer an' 'e don't 'ave to pl'y with common folks like you an' me! Yah! I'm goin' to quit, that's what I'm goin' to do!"

At that time of the year, and at that latitude, there is no actual night, the sun being lost below the horizon for but a brief time, so that the light always remains palely illuminating. But after Claxton had stood rigidly erect and watched his two associates for half an hour by his watch, he gave them the signal to stop. And that night Claxton did not sleep on the floor with his bunkmates, but exer-

cised his privilege as commanding officer of the post and carried his blankets to the only bedstead, in a room apart. He lay awake most of the night.

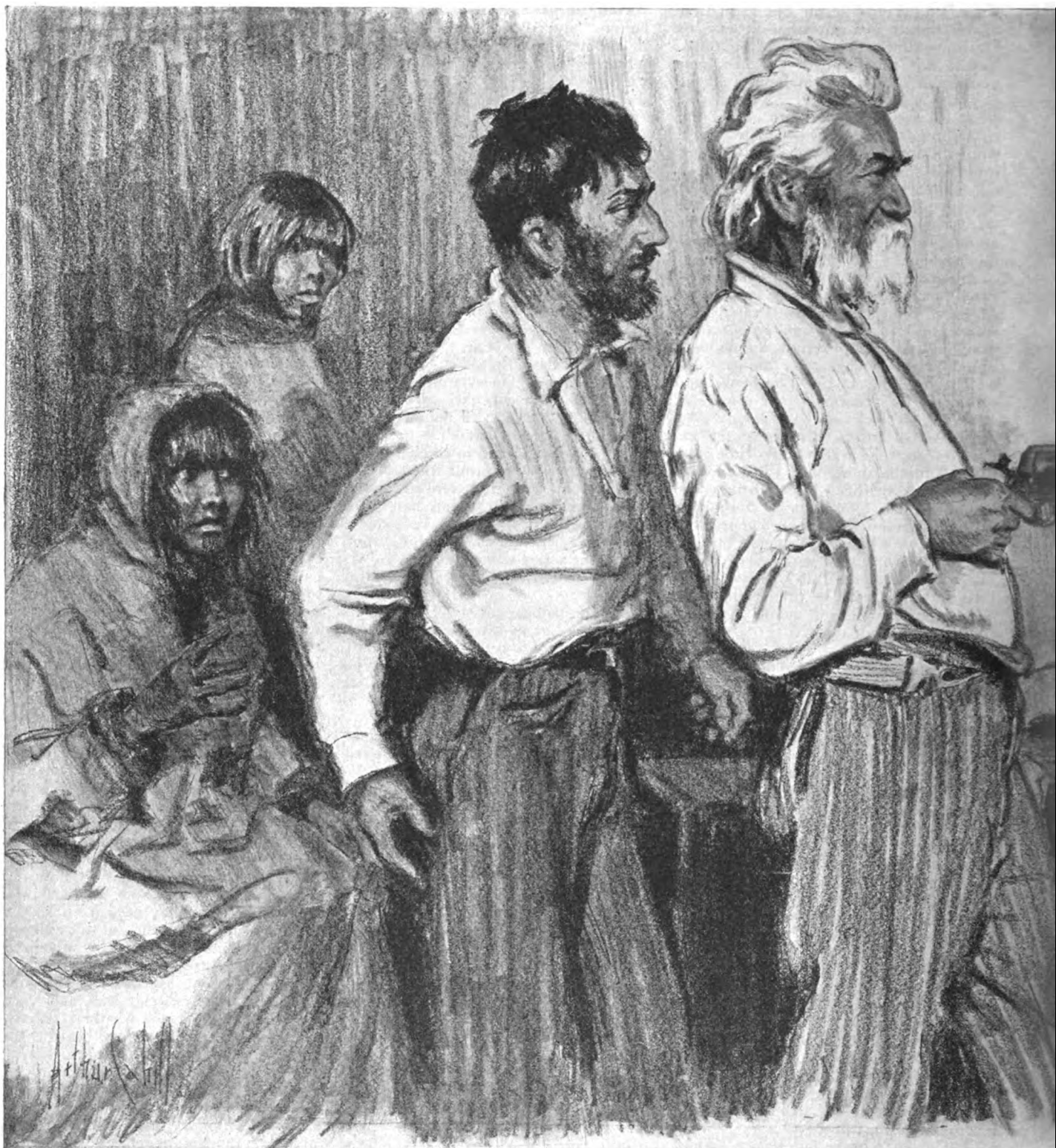
THE other members of the Fort McPherson post slept late next morning and arose silent. Claxton remained in his room until fully razored and buttoned, not vouchsafing the usual morning greeting of a flung boot or book, coupled with a cheery call to "roll out." Not even the noisy natives, who apparently never slept at this nightless season of the year, served to evoke the customary curses from them all. The breakfast was well nigh over—Hale, cook for the month, bashfully apologizing for his bannocks—before anything was found worth much comment; although with them breakfast usually had been rather a merry affair.

They started, paused and all moved toward the door together at the unusual interruption that came—the sounds of gun fire close at hand, a brace of rapid rifle shots. They found the bank lined with natives of the local village, all excitedly facing the river below. Among them stood two figures—strangers, white men, as could be seen at a glance. Both were armed; one even now was carelessly throwing a shell into the barrel of his repeating rifle. Below, along the narrow beach at the foot of the bluff, other natives were running, mostly Eskimos from the summer encampment a mile or so down stream. Two or three kayaks were plying on the river opposite the group, circling about a certain point, their paddlers sounding here and there with their spears. Even as Claxton advanced to the bluff edge he heard one of the boatmen give a yell, and saw him pull up on his spear point a dark object which had been submerged.

"Beaver," said the stranger with the rifle, nonchalantly turning to the sergeant. "They had him ringed and were throwin' spears, but I got him from the bank here. He's my beaver, and no native is in on any divide. Jimmy, go down and get his hide now—and keep the meat too, for we may need it."

The stranger, who showed so careless a disregard of hunter's law, now advanced to meet the three members of the McPherson garrison. He was a hardy-looking man, short, strong, lean and very much browned by the weather. Above the sunburned mass of blond beard there shone a brilliant, hard blue eye, wholly full of self-reliance and wholly empty of any fear. It took but a second glance to see that the other stranger, the one addressed as "Jimmy," much his like in look and garb though younger and slighter of build, was the speaker's son. A second glance for both, appraising their rough clothing, their native moccasins, their general air of familiarity and fitness, would have placed them as trappers, traders, adventurers, a long way from their native land but much at home wherever fortune found them—Americans, Claxton knew, as soon as the man spoke. More and more of the "Yankees" were hanging at the heels of the great fur company of the north these last few years since the rails and boats had opened up the Athabasca and its lower waters.

"Mornin', Sergeant Claxton," said the older man, advancing and offering his hand. "I reckon it's Sergeant Claxton—of course I've heard of you."



Bray had found them—but not unprepared. A long revolver was held steadily in the hand of the elder of the free traders, fear and as unscrupulous, as

"Yes," said Claxton, in his grave, unsmiling way. "How did you come in?"

"Boats from below—that's our two snub-noses below, there. Camped with the Huskies last night and was comin' on up to see you—when the natives began that beaver circle. Me and my son came from forty miles up the Mackenzie above the Peel—two or three American independents been in there the last year or so."

"Yes, I know," rejoined Claxton. "Then you must be Williams, of the States?"

"Yes. And my son Jimmy. These your men?"

"Yes—Corporal Bray, Constable Hale."

They all shook hands. Williams' eye, shifting, missing nothing, now and then caught the steady look of Claxton's, also observant of the strangers so curiously arrived from nowhere in particular at an off-season of the year, when men began to think of holding up for the winter.

"We're movin' camp, Sergeant," said the newcomer. "We done a good trade last season, and I've made arrangements with another Yankee to pool in to get our fur out—he's goin' out Rat Portage way, to the Yukon. We ain't neither of us too

much loved by the H. B., likely"—he grinned a half instant—"but we ain't none of us dependent on 'em none, neither—we'll get our fur out all right, all right."

"But now," he went on, "we're after fox, white fox, an' we know where to go. We've been about in the Great Slave country one season, and now we want in farther over east. We Yankees are great to wander around like, you know."

"Over east?—what do you mean by that, just?" asked Claxton.

"We're goin' in on the Anderson. Used to be a H. B. post there, long time ago—"



Bray looked into the eye of a man as dangerous as a rattlesnake, as free of ready to strike

"A long time! I should say so! There's not been a post there for over fifty years—not since a thousand Huskies died of the plague, over in there. No one goes there—man, that's absolute unknown, the Anderson!"

"Sure, and for fifty years it's been raisin' fur, an' no one to trade it! That's the best white fox country in the world—it's full of fur. Jimmy an' me have a habit of goin' where the fur is."

"I couldn't let you go. The natives have always been bad over there. Besides, how you'd get in there with any

supplies is something I can't see—man, there's no trail and no waterway into the Anderson."

"Ain't there?" A swift gleam of cunning flashed in the hard blue eye for a passing instant. "Leave that to us. We'll git in, an' we'll git out, an' we'll bring out our fur—an' we'll git it out, too, acrost the Rockies into Yankee waters, an' not ask no help of the H. B. Company, neither. 'S long as we don't break no law, why should you stop us? You don't want to discriminate against Yankees, do you, Sergeant?"

"I don't want to discriminate against anybody," answered Claxton, "but I'm here to prevent needless loss of life or property, and you see—"

"Leave all that to me. I ain't not to spy anxious to lose my life nor my property! Jimmy an' me can take care of ourselves. We traded around Good Hope long enough to learn some Rabbit Indian lingo, and some Husky. We've lived with Huskies along the river. This village of Cogwolloks, Huskies that comes up here to meet the H. B. boat with their schooners—they live east on the coast, some of 'em, an' they say they ain't got no trader. They say they hear of villages, that come down the Anderson, and the country's lousy with fur—I know it is."

"Plan is, we'll go down river with them, and sledge it in after the sea closes—if it does before we git east far enough to make our pitch for the winter. There's a big village over in east somewhere. Trust me an' Jimmy to find it. Some of our outfit's on old Ketowowik's schooner yonder, part's in our two boats. We come in here to check up an' to see if we could git some more flour an' bacon—ours miscarried, mostly, on the last boat down. I reckon maybe we'll git it next year, but that's too late for a Yankee, if it ain't for a H. B. man."

"Try the trader. Yonder he is." Claxton nodded to the short, grim, gray figure who stood, aloof and incurious, at the door of his own log post.

"To hell with old man Friese, an' the H. B. outfit!" exclaimed the independent trader. "He'd do a lot for me, wouldn't he? No, I only thought maybe you Police boys'd do a little something on the side for me—for cash, or trade—maybe a bottle or so of booze—next year, if mine gits through."

"Have you any along now?" asked Claxton innocently.

"Certainly not—my 'permit' for two gallons was dry sixty days ago. But next year—"

"The Royal Northwest Mounted can't trade in outfit, sir. It's only if you were in distress. If you are, you can't go in east, there. As to our own supplies, we never have enough. We've not heard from Herschel, and don't know whether the stuff shipped by sea ever got to that post below, at the Mackenzie-mouth; and like you, we're short on this year's invoices—we always are. Unless you are in distress—"

"Me an' Jimmy don't git in distress," replied the sturdy stranger, with a short smile. "We git through. I don't reckon you want to stop us, when we come in open an' aboveboard an' tell you our lay, an' leave our route, an' say we'll take the chances. We've got as good a right as any explorers to explore, haven't we?—as good as Stefanssen or Amundsen or any of them—call me Williamsen, then, an' let us go! We're growed men, an' it is a man's country—"

A flash of respect for the speaker's sheer courage and audacity came to Claxton's face. "There's something in what you say," he began. "Now, we don't know that country—"

"Give me till when I'll come back, I'll hand you a workin' map of it!" said the stranger. "We'll go anywhere, Jimmy an' me, an' come back—an' go in agin. I'll show you a map of the whole upper

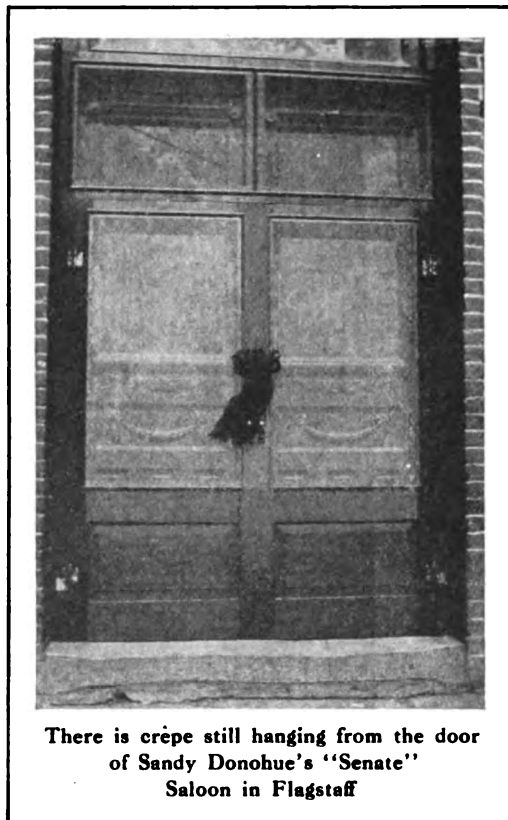
(Continued on page 52)

"Can you beat it?" asks Bobbie Burns

What Prohibition Did to Arizona

By George Herbert Smalley

Some "Dry" Statistics That Make Interesting Reading. How the Jail Doors Stayed Shut when the Saloon Doors Stopped Swinging and the Marshals Rested from Their Labors on the Sabbath Day



There is crepe still hanging from the door of Sandy Donohue's "Senate" Saloon in Flagstaff

How the Bank Teller Succeeded the Bar-keeper as Repository for the Pay-checks in Mine and Lumber Camps Where the Timekeeper Sees More Men on the Morning After Pay-day

L EFT to the men, Arizona would still be "wet." It was not until the women were given an equal place with the men at the election polls that the change came on January 1, 1915.

Prohibition has worked a radical change, to which business, municipal government and politics have not yet adjusted their affairs completely. Even the peace officers over the state do not quite know what to make of it. The rust has accumulated on the locks of many outlying jails so that they can't be opened with a key. There has been no occasion to open many of them. Even the city of Prescott did not have an arrest for three months last summer.

Bobbie Burns, the dauntless marshal of Williams, spent most of his official time in former years wrestling in gutters with recalcitrant drunks and thugs; now he rides about in an automobile and wears a boiled shirt. One Sunday morning a few months after prohibition closed the saloons he was standing idly in front of the empty police station gazing at the millennium which he saw settling over Bill Williams' Peak and enveloping what was formerly known far and wide as the toughest town on the Santa Fe. He watched the Mexicans and Greeks going to church with their wives, and he thought of other Sunday mornings when he had led these

same men off to jail to recover from Saturday night sprees.

"I can't tell a sheepherder now from a traveling man for a candy house," Bobbie declared. "They are wearing wrist watches and the cowpunchers shed their horses before they get to town and jerk their pants down over their boots. Can you beat it?"

Marshal Bobbie Burns' vision of the millennium widened as he talked. He declared that if it was not for the hoboes who drop off the trains at Williams he would get soft in the arms.

But there are other points of view. Some men see in the change the loss to local trade of an element which now saves its money to spend it in California and other places where liquor is sold. Others point to the charity of the saloon people who never denied eat or drink to the needy and charge the increased cost of public and private charities to the elimination of the saloon. Still others see in the economic change a tightening of purse-strings due to the going of the liberal, open-handed spirit which dominated cities and towns. With the treating habit gone, they contend that men now overlook the former courtesy of offering a cigar to a bystander at cigar stands, and the generosity of the saloon days is succeeded by penny-chasing thrift. One reasoner mournfully maintains that a greater vice than saloons will soon appear—

the vice of thrift. People will become so thrifty, he says, that slovenliness will appear, living conditions will deteriorate and the hoarding of coin will become the chief diversion of laborers.

It is true that laborers have bank accounts who never knew what saving meant. The savings accounts of the State banks increased nearly a half million dollars in eight months. The total deposits of all State and National banks in Arizona increased \$3,000,000 during the same period of prohibition. At one of the logging camps of northern Arizona recently the superintendent from headquarters was handed a bundle of checks, many of them three and four months old, and requested to deposit them in the bank to the credit of the different owners. These men had never saved when the saloons were running. This was the beginning of the vice of thrift.

In Tombstone ladies seldom walked on the north side of the main business block of the camp. There was a whole block in Phoenix that was under the ban, and almost every city and town in the state had certain portions of the business districts that were shunned by women. Mothers admonished their children against passing on that particular side of the street. These plague spots have shrunk; many of them have disappeared altogether.

I examined the records of the sheriffs'

offices and city police stations in ten counties of the twelve that were "wet" in 1914. I found that there were 3043 arrests for drunkenness during the first six months of 1914 and 464 for the same period of 1915 under prohibition, a decrease of 2579, or more than eighty-four per cent. There were 167 violations of the prohibition law during the period.

The prohibitionists, while well satisfied with this showing, contend that liquor was still plentiful after the closing of the 437 saloons in the state and that the best results will be shown the last six months of 1915.

The court of appeals, however, recently decided that liquor can be shipped into Arizona consigned to individuals for their own use. This decision is regarded by liquor adherents as a death-blow to prohibition. While it is undoubtedly true that those who will ship liquor in for their personal use will not become offensive to society, and while their drinking will perhaps not be reflected in increased arrests for drunkenness, still conditions may be greatly changed and bootlegging may increase largely if the decision is upheld by the higher court.

Arrests by the United States marshal for selling liquor to Arizona Indians were one hundred and ninety the first six months of 1914, and sixty-one for the same period of 1915. There were thirteen less commitments to the state prison.

One of the most important comparisons is that which relates directly to the effect of prohibition in decreasing crime. Commitments to the county jails the first half of 1914, when there were 437 saloons in Arizona, aggregated 1661, and for the same period of 1915 they fell to 1179, a decrease of twenty-nine per cent.

Throughout the state one finds saloon bars undismantled, grimly expressing hope of a return to the old days. There are many former saloon men who confidently believe that the saloons will come back. It is recalled by prohibitionists that the same hope was kept alive after the passage of the law which drove the girls out of the saloons, and after the approval of the anti-gambling act.

The ancient "Bird Cage" in historic Tombstone still waits for the return of the days when men will go again to see its grotesque paintings and drink with the

girls in the quaint mezzanine boxes. The "Human Fly," her pigment still lustrous, stares from the ceiling at barred doors and broken panes.

The "Sazrac" in Prescott long ago abandoned its site to a modern hotel; the "Cobweb" and "Montezuma Hall," noted places of the old days, are now forgotten.

The "Blazing Star" and the "Bucket of Blood," noted resorts in northern Arizona, passed out with open gambling. The "Fashion" gambling house and saloon in Tucson has given place to a magnificent Y. M. C. A. building. The "Legal Tender" with its gorgeous interior appointments is now a butcher shop, and old "Congress Hall," where fortunes were lost on the gambling tables, is now a Chinese grocery store.

The large industrial centers where mining and smelting operations employ thousands of workers report a marked increase in the efficiency of labor. At the Copper Queen mine in Bisbee the loss of time per 1000 shifts was smaller by seventy-one per cent in 1915 than in 1914. The accident ratio of 1914 was 2.6 per 1000 shifts and for 1915 it was less than one-half of one per cent. Coroners' inquests of accidents and killings have fallen off in all the large mining counties. In Gila county inquisitions fell from twenty to nine in the first six months of 1914 and 1915 respectively.

The Arizona Copper Company at Clifton reported an increase in the number of men reporting for work the day after pay-day during the first six months of 1915, and at the Calumet & Arizona mines the number of men now failing to report following pay-day is practically negligible, while in 1914 the number was very large. All of the mining camps report similar results in 1915 under prohibition.

In the logging camps of northern Arizona a greater number of logs per man are

gotten out than ever before, and the men seldom go to the towns.

There is crêpe still hanging from the door of Sandy Donohue's "Senate" Saloon in Flagstaff and the words "Closed on account of death" inscribed on the door. The St. Michael's bar at Prescott has a sign on the door, "Out of order," and a Kingman liquor dealer's message painted in large letters above the entrance: "All Nations welcome but Carry," has become a travesty.

In the eleven counties of the state having saloons in 1914 the aggregate increase of tax rates for county purposes was \$9.31 in 1915, when revenue amounting to a total of \$138,402.50 from saloon licenses was cut off by prohibition. The average increase was 84½ cents for the eleven counties, of which three and one-half mills was caused by the loss of liquor-license revenue. This charge against prohibition of three and one-half mills in increased county rates does not allow for the credits which accrued through the decreased cost of the public welfare departments, which will be considerable before the year ends.

The following table shows the manner in which arrests for all offenses, including drunkenness, fell off in ten cities of Arizona:

Arrests for the first six months of 1914	1915
Bisbee	581 164
Douglas	458 229
Prescott	90 44
Florence	33 5
Flagstaff	90 21
Williams	83 50
Tombstone	85 7
Tucson	702 661
Phoenix	2059 995
Globe	612 214
Decrease	4793 2390
	2403

There were 248 saloons in the cities and towns in the foregoing statement during 1914 and none in 1915. The loss of saloon license revenue was over \$100,000.

Of the total arrests in 1914 for all offenses of 4793, those for drunkenness were 3043. Of the total arrests of 1915 of 2390, those for drunkenness were 464.

In the face of this record the saloon has no chance of again opening for business in Arizona.

A wagon-box, symbol of the "water-wagon," rests against the ancient "Bird Cage" gambling house and saloon at Tombstone



The humor is gone from the jovial inscriptions on the front of a Kingman bar, but the laugh is on the house



The only movement in the old Can Can Restaurant at Tombstone is what still lives in the writing on the wall

Interesting Westerners

FROM the beginning she liked to stand on her head, ride colts and calves and play leapfrog. It meant nothing to her that no young lady Lawton of South Carolina had ever been known to do such things. She couldn't for the life of her see why anyone should have to live up to old mahogany and silver and a houseful of mirrors and negro servants. It was all distinctly a bore, and so quite early she started on a career of tradition smashing.

That is as near as one can come to finding out why Estelle Lawton Lindsey made the race for council in Los Angeles. People had said it was too soon for California women to run for office, so she tried it to see. She leaped that frog all right, and won.

"This thing of men holding all governing positions is merely a habit of thought," Mrs. Lindsey declares. "And that habit won't be broken till women get in and do their share of it. Besides, you know, suffrage without holding office is like apple pie with the apples left out."

"You're a Socialist?" she was asked.

"Was," she answered. "They threw me out when they found I wouldn't let them put a brass collar around my neck. They expected me to put a letter of resignation in their hands, to become automatically effective if I did not vote as ordered on all questions. I'm not wearing brass collars. I have no organizations to thank for being elected. If I've anybody at all to thank it's Cynthia Gray. I hadn't realized before how many friends she had."

To all but Los Angeles folk it may be explained that for five years "Cynthia Gray" was mother confessor to a cityful. For five years she listened to the troubles of those people who go careening round the world hitting their crazy-bones on the sharp corners of life, and tried to tell them how to stop the hurts and avoid others.

To all, tragic and absurd, she gave answer and advice in person or through

the columns of the "Evening Record." And the tongue and pen of "Cynthia Gray" were the tongue and pen of Estelle Lawton Lindsey.

Mrs. Lindsey does not propose to turn the world upside down because her knees go under the council table, but she did play leapfrog when no young lady Lawton had ever done such a thing before. Later she got out and taught school and earned her own living when that was a fearful blow to the pride of a family that had owned a pair of counties "befo' de wah."

After that she took a government position which she continued even after she had accumulated a husband. That was not traditional either. And if by that time there was a Lawton ancestor that had not turned over in his grave, there must have been a veritable upheaval in the family burying ground when she finally, here in California, went into newspaper work and the Socialist party. And now to be an officeholder!

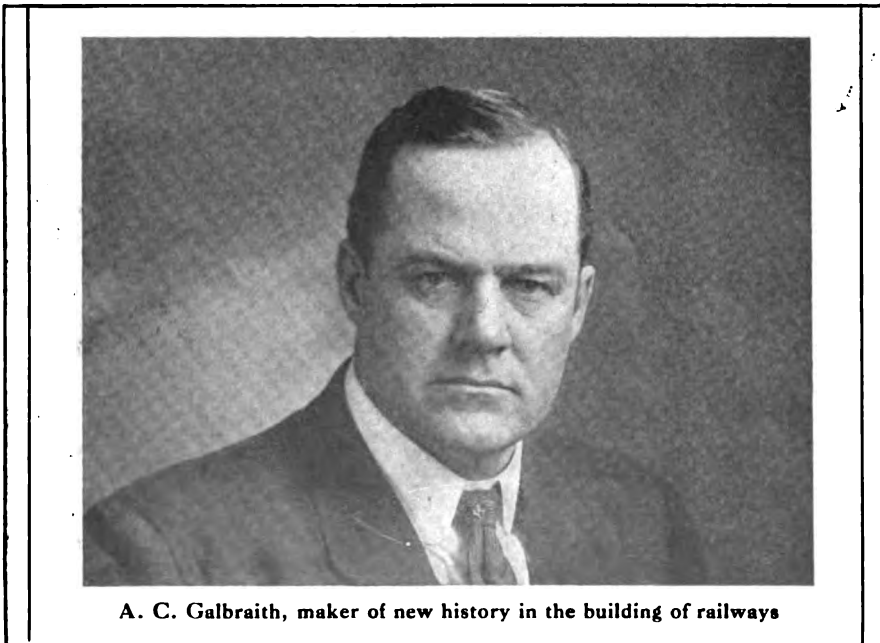
Estelle Lawton Lindsey will not hold office for the privilege of being a mere meek little aye or nay at a remote corner of the council table. She has a lot of definite ideas about the effect that municipal ownership of pawnshops would have on the drink evil, and how women in jail should be treated, and grade crossings, and other questions touching closely the individual. It has been rumored she was to be sidetracked on some very unimportant committees. She does not believe this because she expects fair play from her colleagues. But it was characteristic of her to say:

"Never mind where they put me.

There is no committee so obscure that it can't be made to do something. I'll take a chance." BERTHA H. SMITH.



Estelle Lawton Lindsey, first woman in the United States to be elected to the council of a city of the first or second class



A. C. Galbraith, maker of new history in the building of railways

WHEN A. C. Galbraith's parents brought him to Winnipeg, in 1879, that city was but an outpost boasting of about six thousand souls. At that time the railways of Western Canada were limited to sixty miles of road west of the Great Lakes, just one primitive line from St. Vincent to St. Boniface. In the history of railway building in Western Canada A. C. Galbraith's name has been vitally associated for the last twenty years. Today, with D. A. Thomas, the great Welsh coal king, he is interested in what appears to be the initial step in what may be one of the largest railway schemes ever set in motion. The projected new railway, which is more than a proposition since two parties of engineers are already surveying and laying the line, will connect Athabasca Landing with Fort Vermillion, the first step toward the ultimate realization of Mr. Galbraith's dream: the opening of a northern empire of whose wonderful agricultural possibilities the world is as yet practically in ignorance. If the Hudson Bay route to Europe proves the success expected, it is not difficult to understand that Mr. Galbraith's dream of a system of railways to cover the new empire from Prince Rupert to Fort Nelson must inevitably come true.

MRS. HAMER-JACKSON.



Mrs. Vera Harkins, who has obeyed the "miner's loco" for thirty-three years in Colorado

"YOU could give me an axe and a match and set me out in the midst of a prairie and I could live." In these words Vera Harkins tells her story of quiet self-reliance and ability to meet any situation as the result of years of training in the school of suffering and hardship. Mrs. Harkins has never known anything but work. She has never attended a dance, a reception or a party; she doesn't know what it is to wear the dainty feminine things, trimmed in lace and embroidery, which women love, and she can't remember the time when she bought a new hat. But she knows what it is to be hungry, sometimes, and to have a limited menu most of the time. Her education began and ended with an Ohio schoolmaster who was a hog-driver out of school hours. He had enormous ears, to which the little girl took a bitter dislike. When he caught her writing the sentence "The mule has big ears," he broke the slate over the child's head and that ended her school days. Thereafter she shifted for herself until, aged fourteen, she made her way west to Colorado and the "miner's loco" claimed her. That was thirty-three years ago. She has been playing the miner's game ever since. Every cent that she could earn during the winter she would put into the ground during the summer. Despite the many valuable claims which she owns she has barely enough to live on. Yet life has given her romance, too, for, over and above all, she hopes for gold that her son's education may be of the best.

GERTRUDE ORR.

FROM overwork in large parishes in eastern cities, Father Schoener, a young Catholic priest, came for his health to a small parish in the Willamette valley of Oregon. He had specialized in the study of botany. Here was his opportunity. Among the plants which he began to tabulate he found fourteen different varieties of wild roses.

This was four years ago. Today, Father Schoener is growing some eight thousand different rose varieties, the greater number of which he has originated and several of which are very promising new strains. He has effected many different crosses which European rose-cultural scientists had patiently proved could not be mingled. By means of cross-pollination he has developed little ordinary rose seed pods, that normally produce only from two to six seeds, until they have yielded from forty-eight to seventy-two seeds. He has originated a rose tree stock that is practically thornless, one of which plants proved its phenomenal climbing ambitions by growing more than thirty-five feet during the past summer. Before fire destroyed them, roses had almost smothered the church and the parish home, and Father Schoener had annexed two additional rose garden and botanical experimental plats.

But all is not lost. Some of Father Schoener's experiments have been taking a very practical turn. He is growing and selecting some thousands of different varieties of garden flowers. He is developing new strawberry varieties. He has already developed a new commercial berry, the Willamette, a cross between the loganberry and the blackberry. He is conducting apple pollination experiments.

He believes that the Oregon rose has great commercial possibilities for the manufacture of perfume and he questions the necessity of the United States sending four million dollars every year to Bulgaria, since his experiments seem to prove that this rose oil, worth some forty dollars per liquid ounce on the market, very probably can as well be produced at home, furnishing at least a substitute for the hop industry in a state gone "dry."

Last October Father Schoener's church, residence, his records of years, and his collection of seeds were destroyed by fire. Now he is to go to Portland, the "Rose City," under the wing of the Chamber of Commerce, to follow the botanical ideal of his life, the further enrichment of the plant world by scientific methods of hybridization.

RANDALL HOWARD.



Father Schoener, a young Catholic priest who has scientifically hybridized thousands of plants



Major Lee Moorhouse, whose hobby is Indians, and who has photographed them more than ten thousand times

MAJOR LEE MOORHOUSE has had a keen interest in things Indian since that day in his early boyhood when he was kidnapped by a warrior chieftain and held in the camp of the tribe until rescued. After some years of service as superintendent of the Umatilla Indian reservation he resigned, and settled in Pendleton, Oregon, but did not forget the men and women of the Cayuse, Umatilla and Walla Walla tribes, and these friendships enabled him to obtain remarkable negatives of Indians when he took up photography as a pastime. He has traveled with his camera until his collection of Indian studies is probably without equal. In all he has some ten thousand negatives. This collection is supplemented by an exhibit of objects of savage life such as few men or institutions in America possess. He has never attempted to commercialize this hobby.

Major Moorhouse has published two books himself, furnished the illustrations for Lyman's "History of Oregon," Judson's "Legends of the Northwest," Lieutenant Farrell's recent book "Cache la Poudre," besides supplying many magazines and hundreds of newspapers with his pictures. His life has been a picturesque one and his career varied. A ranch-

hand, buckaroo, cow-puncher, prospector and miner when a youth, he became later a bookkeeper, shipping clerk and merchant. During the Bannock and Piute war of 1878 he was appointed by Governor Thayer assistant adjutant-general of the Oregon state militia with the rank of major. Subsequently he was appointed by President Harrison superintendent of the Umatilla reservation. For the past twenty-one years he has been deputy clerk of the state supreme court, has been admitted to the bar, is a member of the state historical society, for many terms has been city treasurer of Pendleton and is now secretary of the Umatilla County Fair Association.

MERLE R. CHESSMAN.

WITH seeds in pill-boxes on an old pine table beside her, and gluey toothpicks in lieu of brushes, Mrs. M. J. Wessels makes the remarkable seed-pictures which attracted so much attention in the San Joaquin valley exhibits in both the San Diego and San Francisco Expositions.

Nothing is beyond this clever woman's skill. Farm scenes, genre, landscapes, portraits are produced by the dexterous manipulation of seeds, grasses and fruits, the illusion being remarkably complete.

These seed paints are selected with as much care as the artist in oils selects his colors. Mrs. Wessels never dyes the seeds; she uses only the natural tints. When she wants any particular color she searches through Nature's seed cabinet until she finds the correct shade. It is wonderful what a gamut of soft hues may be found tucked away in dingy seed-boxes in dried-up garden patches! None of these homely receptacles hide their secrets from this artist's discriminating eye. She knows all the possibilities of each tiny seed. One will serve as the exact tint for the leg of a chicken, another for the ear of a calf or the eye of a cow. So far as possible only the seeds grown in the sections pictured are used.

To acquire this artistic skill in the use of such commonplace materials, Mrs. Wessels has served a long apprenticeship. She began as a chubby child on a Montana farm to decorate the rude cabin with the native seeds and grasses. Later she worked with her husband, who was the Horticultural Commissioner from Idaho, in arranging the exhibit of that state at the Columbian Exposition.

Since then she has worked with Mr. Wessels at the Buffalo, St. Louis, Seattle and Portland Fairs, each time producing more elaborate effects, until, in the San Diego Exposition, she has produced what is undoubtedly a masterpiece in the line of designing an entire interior of a building, decorated in dried fruits, seeds and grasses.

L. A. LENFEST.



Mrs. M. J. Wessels, artist in seed-and-grass pictures, decorator of an entire building interior at the San Diego Exposition

Pulse of the Pacific

The Hyphen in Politics

SEATTLE had an election early in December. Two of the Port Commissioner's three chairs were to be filled with new men. There were seven candidates for the two unsalaried offices. The principal issue was the establishment of a publicly owned belt-line railroad through which switching charges were to be reduced and all railroads given equal facilities to reach the docks. But the belt-line issue did not long retain its pristine purity. The issue was complicated by the intrusion of the hyphen.

In the central district four candidates took the field. Before the campaign had run half its length, cleavage along racial lines appeared. Two of the candidates were German born; one was a native of England; the fourth hailed from Yarmouth, Maine. The issues raised by the European war crept into meetings called to discuss the question whether or not Seattle should build a belt-line railway.

"The *Times* deprecates such a controversy. At the same time it recognizes that this situation exists. It would be even more regrettable to have the port properties become a football between contending groups of partisans advocating policies not based on the needs and the future of the port establishment but on questions revolving around a war on another continent," says the *Seattle Times*. The newspaper supported the 'neutral' candidate of American lineage. He lost. It does not make any special difference that the German candidate won. That seems to be a Teutonic trait. The really important feature is the fact that a purely local issue in an American city should be decided, even in part, by the particular brand of hyphen worn by the candidates.

If the hyphen should turn out to be a really important factor in the forthcoming national and state campaigns the United States will have been too sorely wounded by the bayonets of Europe to find healing in the pecuniary profit arising from the belligerents' needs.

The Preparedness Hysteria

SHOULD Congress roll up its sleeves and adopt a preparedness program right now, it would require a minimum of two years to put the first part of the program into effect. If some power should attack us before 1918, a leisurely pro-

gram adopted at this moment would be of no avail. It would fall to pieces before the first blast of the emergency needs. Only the fool draws plans and specifications for a fire engine while the arson gang is climbing through his basement window.

Of Europe's state of mind in 1918 no one can speak with authority. Physically, though, Europe will be bled white in 1918. Our only guide and index to the future is the past. After the blood-letting of the Napoleonic wars, the one conflict comparable with the present orgy of blood, there was unbroken peace for half a century.

If the alarmists mean to arouse the country against a danger that is upon us, they are too late. If the danger they profess to fear so deeply is potential only, if it is question of future policy rather than of present peril, there is abundant time to sit down calmly for quiet thought, reflection and discussion. If there is proof that Japan or Germany or England will attack the United States within the year, a program will be no protection. To meet such an attack, Congress should at once call for volunteers and commandeer the entire output of the country's munition and powder factories, fill every shipyard with orders for submarines. If, however, such proof is not forthcoming, if the alarmists' cry is based on intangible nightmares, then in God's name let us most fully and exhaustively discuss the question before we enter the armament race whose goal is the abyss filled with the rotting cadavers of the finest men the white race has produced.

Private War Profits

SENATOR LAFOLLETTE presents the following table concerning the cost of war material when bought from private manufacturers and when made in government-owned plants:

ARTICLE	Private price	Government cost
3-inch Shrapnel..	\$ 17.50	\$ 7.94
31-second Fuse...	7.00	2.92
3-inch Shrapnel Case.....	3.06	1.75
3-inch Gun Carriage.....	3,308.82	2,510.60
Caissons.....	1,744.10	1,128.67

Assuming the figures to be authentic, they contain a most forcible hint as to the direction Congressional action should take, irrespective of the fate awaiting the preparedness pro-

gram. If government plants can supply shrapnel, fuse, shrapnel casing, gun carriages, smokeless powder and high explosives at a cost forty per cent less than the price of private manufacturers, the government should forthwith arrange for an enlargement of its arsenals until they can fill all its normal needs.

And by all means the government should break up the armor-plate combination by erecting a plant of its own. Again and again the undue profit of the armor-plate makers has been revealed through official investigations; more than one secretary of the navy has recommended the building of an armor-plate plant, but the profit-patriots in and out of Congress quietly sand-bagged the recommendation.

Mr. Hearst alleges that the Navy builds slow dreadnaughts carrying an excessive weight of armor in order to increase the profits of the Bethlehem and Midvale Steel companies which manufacture the high-priced armor plates. We do not know whether this charge is true, but we do know that the Navy has not yet supplied good and sufficient reasons for its refusal to build speedy capital ships of the battle-cruiser type. To the layman it seems that a country in the peculiar position of the United States could make far better use of a dozen thirty-knot battle cruisers than of the same number of twenty-knot superdreadnaughts.

SUNSET has no desire to rake muck; it believes that the bulk of the Army and the Navy tries hard to be as efficient, more efficient than rusty-jointed, tape-winding, petrified bureau chiefs and department heads in both branches of the service will allow it to be. Also, we have seen the politicians in Congress force the Reclamation Service to undertake projects which the engineers, if left alone, would have diligently avoided. We have seen the Army Engineers shovel many millions into hundreds of obscure creeks for 'improvements' without uttering a word of protest against the shameful waste of the nation's money. We would like to know whether it is possible to obtain a fifty-per-cent efficiency out of the billions which must be raised if a vigorous defense policy is adopted. We are not afraid that a 'military class' will ever run the affairs of this country with a high hand, but we want to be convinced of the exact nature of the menace that necessitates a radical increase in the armament burden and we want to find out everything possible concerning the best brand of defense before

we say Amen. And, whether the hastily devised defense program goes through or not, we want to see private profit eliminated from the monstrous traffic in the tools of wholesale murder.

If *that* be muck-raking, we plead guilty to the charge.

Peace and Public Weddings

HENRY FORD, we believe, is a wholly sincere person with an exaggerated idea of his own and his money's importance. He clearly recognized the utter senselessness, the criminal stupidity of the slaughter in Europe and Asia; his heart was touched by the million-voiced chorus of groans and shrieks. Hence he resolved that he, Henry Ford, would put a stop to the white man's suicidal folly. Hence the Peace Menagerie that departed early in December.

Ford's intentions were good, but it is difficult to see how the marriage of a poet and a fashion writer on the high seas could possibly bring the warring nations to their senses. The public wedding should have been delayed until the party reached Europe; it would have drawn a much larger crowd.

Let us hope that Henry Ford will return in safety, a much wiser man.

The Water Wagon in 1916

NEW YEAR'S marks an epoch in the history of the West. On the first day of 1916 four states with five cities of more than 100,000 population each, three of them great seaports, will turn down the cocktail glass, hang crêpe on the door of the saloon and keep both feet on the floor while imbibing refreshments without the cherished kick. Washington, Oregon, Idaho and Colorado—wet to the ears yesterday, addicted to roulette and faro, loving the acrid smoke of powder and the noise of physical combat but a generation ago—are joining Arizona in sackcloth and ashes, marching sedately to church and park on Sundays, opening bank accounts instead of bottles and investing in boots for the children instead of buying booze for the old man. In the affected area more than 3000 saloons, two score brewer-

ies and almost 500 wholesale liquor houses have gone out of business. Of course rentals have been affected more or less, a revenue of approximately two and a half millions annually from liquor licenses has dropped through the crack in the floor, some ten thousand saloon-keepers, bartenders, brewery workers, porters and whiskey drummers are seeking new jobs in a crowded market, but most of these by-products had been anticipated during the year of waiting for the inevitable.

What will be the outcome of the arid upheaval?

The article by Mr. Smalley on the results of prohibition in Arizona, printed on page 26 of this issue, supplies a partial answer. But the Arizona experiences will not apply in their totality to all the other now "dry" states. Of the four which have taken the pledge, only Idaho has followed Arizona's example and sworn off completely. Oregon, Washington and Colorado are merely tapering off. They have prohibited the manufacture of beer and spirits, caused the breweries and distilleries to emigrate to the sunlit acreage of California, but anyone desirous of emulating Atlantic City's mayor and remaining in a continually soured condition for an entire year need not follow the brewers. Their product, also whiskey, can be legally obtained by following certain regulations. And the supply per month and mouth is ample for any legitimate thirst.

In the meantime the dries of California are girding their loins to smoke the Demon Rum out of his last resting place on the Pacific Coast. An article analyzing the California prohibition campaign, its strategy and the tactics revolving around the wine industry will be published in an early number.

The story of the wine industry's plight between the saloon and the anti-saloon trenches illustrates the dangers of neutrality.

College Democracy

THE football team of the University of Washington was scheduled to meet the eleven of the University of California at Berkeley. Some forty students engaged passage—first class—on the steamer that was to carry the team from Seattle to California. Many others wanted to go. They could not afford first-class passage. They were willing to put up with the discomforts of steerage, but—

The social gulf between steerage and first cabin would be awkward, to say the least.

The first-class travelers saw the point. They cancelled their reservations. Instead of forty, three hundred Washington students left Seattle, all in the steerage. No one felt awkward.

Would the blue-blooded bull pups and their owners honoring the frat houses 'way down east with their presence consent to travel steerage to New York in order to eliminate social distinctions between themselves and their poorer classmates? The human mind shrinks from the contemplation of a feat so utterly impossible.

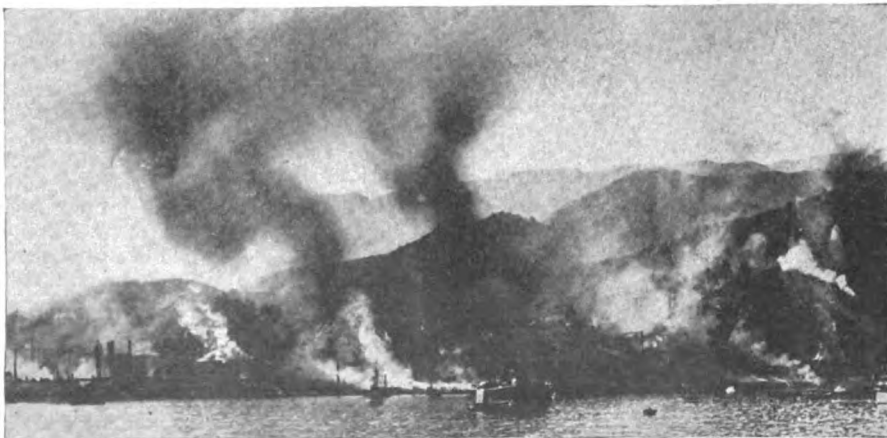
The president of the Pacific Coast Steamship Company is Ford. No, not Henry; J. C. avoids the lime-light. He liked the students' spirit. He did his bit. Length of round trip, 2200 miles. Made them a round-trip rate of sixteen dollars. Gave 'em the run of the ship and fed them first-cabin meals. Washington won, coming and going.

Lane and Conservation

ROOSEVELT and Pinchot banged the door; Taft kept it locked. Now it is up to Wilson and Lane to unlock it again without causing a stampede in which the strongest will get away with more than their fair portion. We are referring to the land, mineral, timber

and water-power resources of the West.

Franklin K. Lane believes in making full use of these resources. He has proven this belief by deeds. He opened up Alaska, made its immense coal deposits, kept behind lock and key for twelve years, accessible for development. He was the first to recognize the impor-



The burning of Avalon, capital of Santa Catalina island, the American Corfu off the coast of southern California. Thousands of tourists from all over the world will regret the destruction of the picturesque town, but reconstruction has already begun. A loss of a million was caused by the fire, which wiped out the big Metropole Hotel and two thirds of the town's houses

tance of the National Parks as national assets and to do something with and for them. He lightened the burden which the settlers on the Reclamation Service projects were asked to carry. If Congress failed to carry out important parts of his unlocking program, it was not the fault of the Secretary of the Interior.

More remains to be done. For instance, there is phosphate rock beneath 3,000,000 acres in Idaho, Montana and Wyoming. This phosphate is needed in the orchards of every Western state. They can't get it. At present their phosphate is shipped 5000 miles, from Florida. They can't touch the home supply because it is withdrawn from entry. Likewise withdrawn are millions of oil-bearing acres, of gas and potash lands. They won't be given away as of yore. Secretary Lane proposes to open them to exploitation and development on the royalty plan, and the royalties are to be used for the irrigation and reclamation of Western agricultural lands. This is the very best solution of a vexing problem. The West is for it. Let us hope that Congress will find time enough between politics and preparedness to give the Secretary's recommendations the attention they deserve.

Westerners will find the annual report of the Secretary of the Interior most instructive reading.

More Mining Millionaires

THE Cerbat range in the desert of northwestern Arizona was the poor man's treasure-trove in the seventies and the eighties. Ore rich in gold and silver was found at the grass roots; with inexpensive equipment and their own labor many men dug and blasted small fortunes out of the ground until the district petered out. A hundred feet below the surface the shafts encountered a barren zone devoid of ore. The miners departed.

Some fifteen years ago a prospector found indications of free-milling gold ore in the River range, to the west of the Cerbat mountains. Eventually the Tom Reed prospect became a paying mine, but the district did not grow. No indications of pay ore appeared anywhere on the surface, no prospectors were rash enough to dig into the lean rock. Except two.

George Long and J. L. McIver worked for day wages in the Tom Reed mine. They believed that the mine's vein of ore was not confined to the Tom Reed ground. They believed that it continued underneath the lean rock. So they staked a few claims and proceeded to sink a shaft during their spare hours. They sank it a hundred, two hundred, two hundred and fifty feet. The other miners grinned. Life was too short, leisure too rare, wages too small to be wasted in an oreless hole. Long and McIver kept on for years.

Three hundred feet down they struck free-milling ore of high value in big quantities. So well did the Guggenheims think of the property that they bought into it. It has produced ten million dollars' worth of gold in four years. Early in 1914 the stock sold at twenty-five cents a share; it's bringing more than four dollars now. The two miners have turned into twelve-cylinder magnates.

Oatman is the metropolis of the rejuvenated mining district. Oatman for a while could not house and feed the influx of fortune seekers. Its population trebled in four months. Now the dear public is being invited to come in on the ground floor, exchange its money for fifty varieties of stock certificates and soar to the Long-McIver heights, painlessly, without stirring a hand, via the stock-market elevator.

Friedman of the Rochester Mines supplies more spectacular evidence of the wealth in grand prizes still to be given away to the lucky numbers by the Great Western Gold-Silver-Copper Lottery Company, Ltd. Friedman

found his vein in Nevada, barely ten miles from the main line of the oldest transcontinental railroad. He was a commonplace unit of the struggling ninety-nine millions four years ago; he is financially able to give a butterfly ball in midwinter now. But he found the vein, sweated and toiled over it first.

Copper and gold in Alaska, lead and silver in Spokane, gold, copper and silver in San Francisco, Los Angeles, Salt Lake City and Denver are once more filling the columns of the daily press with the bait of easy money. Once more new stock-selling companies are shooting up faster than the prospect holes go down. Will mining promoters make another clean-up and get-away as they did in Goldfield a decade ago?

We do not think so. The public is sniffing harder and longer than it did formerly before it bites. Also, there are blue-sky laws. And a better class of promoters seems to have taken hold. Most of the stock advertisements we have seen acknowledge that the purchase of shares in an undeveloped prospect is a speculation. And there can be no objection to a flyer in mining stocks when he who does the flying thoroughly understands that he is up in the air, with the odds against him. The occasional grand prize justifies the risk.

Fraternal Insurance

THE Ancient Order of United Workmen of California is bankrupt. It owes more than \$300,000 to a large number of widows and orphans; it has assets of about \$5000 and it cannot collect the assessments levied upon its members to pay the death claims. Thus ends another attempt to sell something for less than its cost.

Almost all the fraternal orders which tried to give the man with a large family and small earnings a chance to protect his dependents for



The town of Oatman and the River Range in northwestern Arizona where the liveliest gold-mine boom since the days of Goldfield and Tonopah is under way. The camp trebled its population in four months and fifty new mining companies brought out attractively engraved stock issues

amounts considerably lower than those asked by insurance companies have been in trouble of late. This trouble had been predicted, but few of the orders heeded the warning. They continued to defy the fact that two and two make four, and the stubborn fact is gradually wearing them down.

The experience of two centuries, based on millions of lives, has shown that the average normal man has a certain number of years before he crosses the Divide. This number and its narrow fluctuations have been so well established by mortality statistics, have been proven and reproven so often in actual practice that they are no more subject to doubt than death itself. Knowing how long a thousand or ten thousand men of various ages will live, it becomes a mere matter of routine arithmetic to determine how much per year each man of given age must contribute in order to enable the insurance company to pay his heirs \$1000 upon his death.

Few of the fraternal orders paid any attention whatsoever to these invaluable mortality statistics. One class of these orders collected a fixed monthly sum from all members no matter at what age they joined; another class preferred to levy periodic assessments on the entire membership to pay the death claims as they fell due. Both kinds neglected to make provision for the rainy day whose coming was inevitable. When their rapid initial growth ceased and the older members began to die off, they

either had to increase their monthly dues or levy assessments so large and so frequently that the cost of fraternal insurance scared off new candidates and caused old members to drop out.

Fraternal insurance will be a snare and a delusion until its rates and methods are based on the safe foundation of the mortality tables.

San Diego 1916

SAN FRANCISCO these days feels lonely and forlorn. The City of the Argonauts became genuinely attached to the dream city that flanked the Golden Gate. When the lights went out and the flags came fluttering down many a handkerchief was raised to moist eyes. As though a beloved friend had suddenly been taken away, San Francisco wandered around with a curiously empty, desolate feeling. But by-and-by it took heart. Though its own vision of beauty realized had fled before the wreckers' army, down in the south the dream city of Old Spain was still basking in the rays of the warm winter sun. San Diego had resolved to break all precedents by keeping its exposition going throughout 1916.

In its field and scope the San Diego exposition is fully as original and as striking as the San Francisco world's fair was. But the big show overshadowed its smaller neighbor. During 1916 San Diego will have no giant rival. The exposition appetite has been created. Those who have seen San Diego's reproduction of the old city on the Spanish Main have become a corps of voluntary, unpaid press-agents. There is no Europe to see first. It is probable that the fund raised to cover the second year's expected deficit will not be touched.

San Francisco opened with a debt of \$1,300,000 and no government appro-

priation. It closed with a cash surplus of more than a million, having drawn a total paid attendance larger by 200,000 than the St. Louis record. Considering the fact that the bulk of the California attendance did not go to San Diego in 1915, it is reasonable to hope that a pleasant surprise is in store for the city by the Silver Gate during its exposition's second year.

It is expected that the railroads will grant substantial concessions in transcontinental rates on account of the exposition. In addition, almost a dozen of the foreign countries that participated at San Francisco are transporting their exhibits bodily to San Diego. Concerning this phase President G. A. Davidson said:

"We have already secured the magnificent Canadian exhibit, now at San Francisco, which will remove to San Diego and occupy one of our main exhibit buildings. We have also secured exhibits from Italy, Switzerland, The Netherlands, Russia, Spain and we feel sure that we will also have France in with us. In addition to these we have the Brazilian exhibit assured, one from Guatemala and one from Honduras."

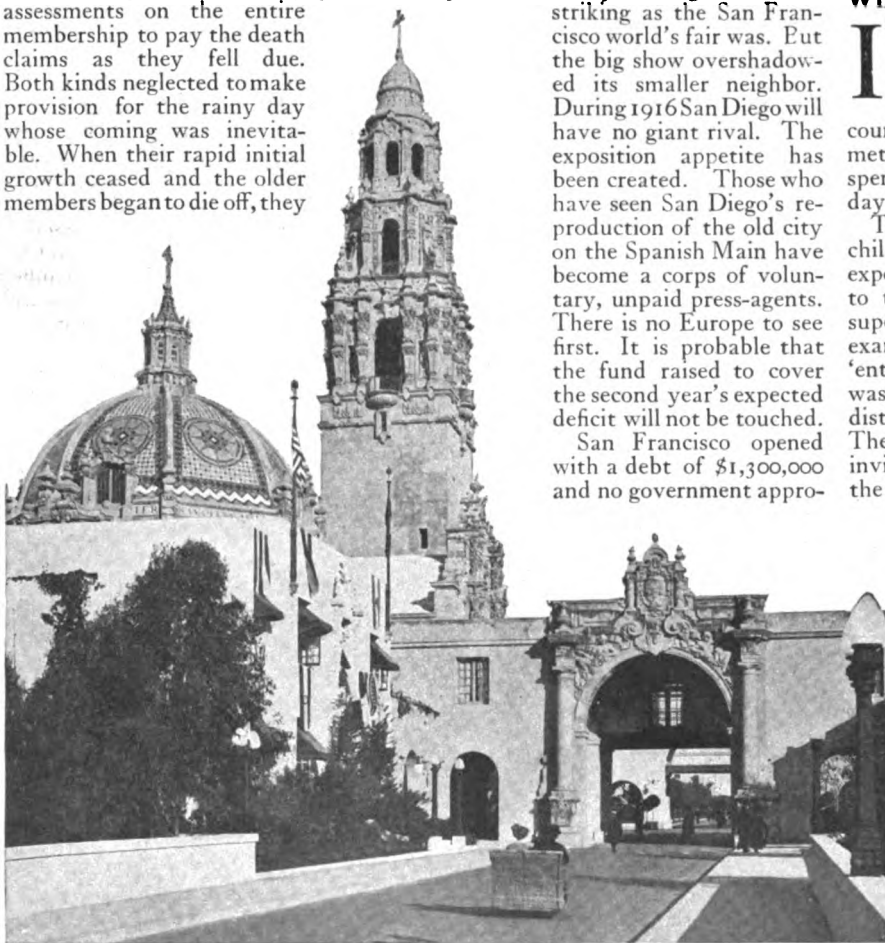
Where the County Money Went

IT'S ninety-five miles from Woodland to San Francisco; measured in terms of dollars it's so far that lots of poor children in Yolo county, of which Woodland is the metropolis, had as good a chance to spend a winter in Monte Carlo as a day at the exposition.

The five county supervisors all had children. Their children had seen the exposition. Those who hadn't, listened to them wide-eyed, wistful. So the supervisors put their heads together, examined the fund available for 'entertainment.' Of course the fund was meant for the entertainment of distinguished guests from the outside. They reversed the procedure. They invited every child of school age to be the county's guest on a trip to the exposition. Charity? Is the guest of honor at a grand banquet the recipient of charity?

Seventeen hundred and fifty youngsters went. Some of them lived on farms thirty miles from the special trains' starting point. Leaving time was 6:25 a. m. Volunteers got up at midnight, cranked their motors and carried the children to the trains. Two hundred and fifty automobile owners helped mobilize the juvenile army. Some of them on the sly furnished new suits and dresses to those who couldn't go because they had 'nothing to wear.'

Instances in which the taxpayers' money buys more concentrated joy, happier, purer memories, are exceedingly rare.



The expositions are not dead. San Diego has decided to keep the gates of its show open for another year, and a dozen foreign countries are transferring their exhibits bodily from the Golden to the Silver Gate



Ad Parks didn't want to turn thief, but the little devil of cupidity was egging him on. It whispered: "Go on, take a chance, Ad!"

"Into Temptation"

By James Fello

Illustrated by Arthur Cahill

IT was the largest lump sum of money Ad Parks had ever seen. He stood and stared stupidly at the "luxury" spilled out temptingly upon the greasy pine table—a fifty-thousand-dollar smear of yellow gold and green paper with not so much as a single solitary piece of silver to cheapen the perfect harmony of its splendor.

He continued to stare. The sight fascinated him, caused him to go first hot and then cold, to be assailed with wild, delicious fancies, to become dangerously unsure of himself. He didn't just want to turn thief.

But the little devil of cupidity was egging him on. It whispered:

"Go on, take a chance, Ad! Gene Pershale won't be the loser anyway. And isn't his company rich? You'll dig holes clear to China but you'll never sell a mine for fifty thousand."

Outside, a tumbled, naked land, boney-dry and blazing with sun, billowed off into

every quarter, met with the concavity of sky in one enormous monotone of desolation. Outside, also, under a brush shed stood his saddle-broke mules.

An hour's ride south would set him on Mexican soil. Then he could drop down to the Sonora railway and board a train for Guaymas, thence on by boat to some South American port, or New York or Europe. Who might ever think of hunting for a desert rat—of all persons, a prospector—in Paris?

His eyes flitted hungrily over the heap of bills and gold coin. The hand clutching the empty canvas bag trembled and his lips twitched spasmodically. If he could only break down that one big obstacle—that Gene Pershale and he had been boys together.

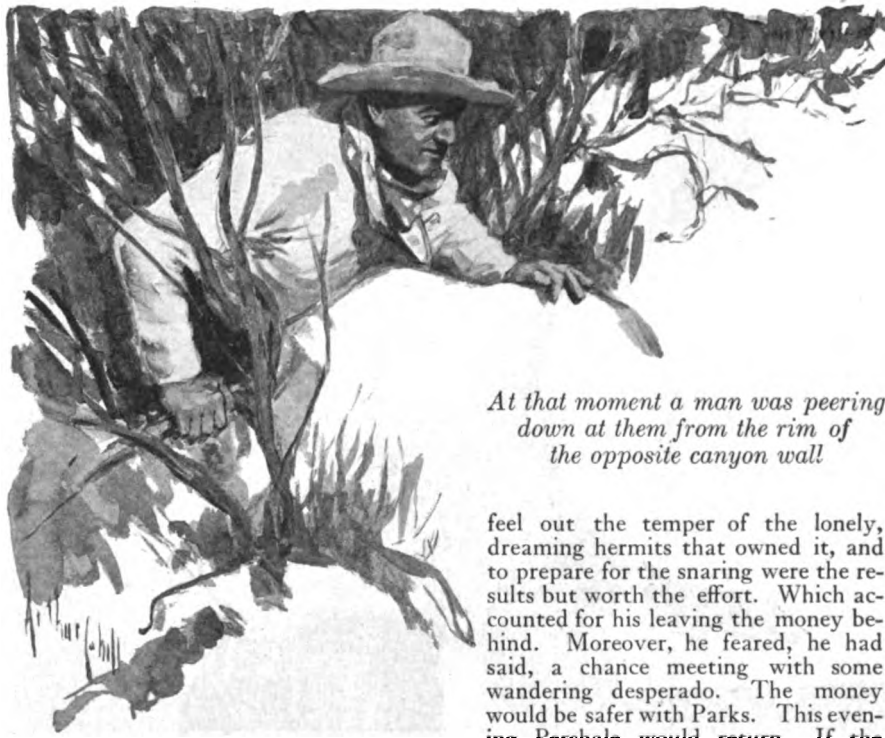
"But look what he does for a living," argued the Tempter. "Look where he

went today. Haven't you always said you'd take a crack at one of his trade if you got the chance?" Parks looked, and weighed the man's business against his friendship.

Pershale was buying mines for a Los Angeles syndicate. Four days ago he and Parks had met accidentally for the first time in ten years in the little desert settlement to the north and Parks had invited his old friend to share his cabin while in the country. Pershale had come and brought along this fifty-thousand-dollar fortune—"bait" he called it.

They were a strange pair, these two men. Opposites in every thing except age—both were forty-two—in nothing was the contrast more marked than in their attitude toward the Golden Rule. Pershale was graduated from the school of worldliness, an institution that has no place in a land where all men are neighbors, and of such was Parks.

So Pershale was the shrewd one of the



At that moment a man was peering down at them from the rim of the opposite canyon wall

two, the ruthless plotter who lived for the making of money, deep of purpose, calculating, and hard as a stone.

Adam Parks was a gawk. He was rough and clumsy; he had never seen the ocean nor the white lights, and held women in the utmost awe and veneration. He had never deliberately hurt a man in his life.

Prospector-like, Parks hated the paid buyer of mines, looked upon him as an out-and-out rogue, unworthy of the smallest consideration at the hands of honest men. The buyer of mines knew the prospector's weakness. Knowing human nature also, he went forth and got rich claims dirt cheap. Not by any dishonest means, understand, but by simply playing upon the longings of these wistful dreamers who had never possessed more than one pair of overalls at one time in all their slaving lives.

Certainly it was not criminal to spread gold and bills to the amount of say one thousand dollars under the nose of some tired-out, work-warped old fellow who had held out for some vast sum like twenty-five thousand for two whole days, and tell him that you gave him five minutes to change his mind. Gene Pershale had made a success of this sort of transaction. He even seemed to have found a humorous side to it. He delighted in telling how the old fellow's rheumy blue eyes had fired up at sight of the golden pile, how the leathery face worked and the bony hand quivered; how, in fact, the graybeard gave up finally, sold a bonanza for a song.

Just now Ad Parks thought this over. The treasure heaped on the table before him, where he had dumped it a few minutes ago out of an inordinate desire to see what fifty thousand dollars looked like, belonged to the Los Angeles Four Metals Mining Company, and Gene Pershale, friend of his boyhood days, was its custodian. It was to be used as "bait." That very morning Pershale had ridden away for a new mining district that was being opened up twenty miles to the east. He had gone to look over the ground, to

feel out the temper of the lonely, dreaming hermits that owned it, and to prepare for the snaring were the results but worth the effort. Which accounted for his leaving the money behind. Moreover, he feared, he had said, a chance meeting with some wandering desperado. The money would be safer with Parks. This evening Pershale would return. If the money was still here he would doubtless carry it off in the morning to bait some poor—

A vagrant breeze struck the rock cabin and the oil cans shingling the roof set up a dismal jangle. The sagging door creaked painfully on its leather hinges. A cloud of dust filtered into the place and thickened the air.

Parks started and swallowed hard. He reached out a greedy hand and closed it over a stack of gold pieces. Caressingly he fingered them, much as a poker player purrs his chips, and listened to their wholesome clinking with eager ears.

This was the stuff for which he had scratched and starved these many weary years. Not the raw product of *arrastra* or stamp-mill, but the minted article flashing forth a spread-eagle which would gain recognition in every nook and corner of the globe. This sum represented the end of all that was distasteful in life. It meant no more work, no more worry, nothing but ease and contentment. It meant a chance to get away from this pitiless, empty world with all its maddening sameness; from those wild, glorious dreams that were destined never to come true—a chance to live like a white man.

At that moment he told himself that he was through prospecting, through with breaking rock. That he had been a convict to his dreams too long. Before him, in the sum of fifty thousand dollars, was

the fulfilment of those dreams. These things he told himself over and over, felt the burning urge of temptation growing within him and the intoxication of a mad desire overpowering him, yet lingered in the clutch of a gnawing doubt.

Long, painful minutes he stood thus. The breeze died down and the heavy silence of the wilderness returned. He wavered. He reverted again and again to the hopelessness of his future, to the fact that it was filled with the same promises that his toilsome years of failure had been. He thought of Gene Pershale and felt more than ever convinced that the only difference between a highwayman and a buyer of mines lay in the kind of weapon each employed to gain his ends. He held to this last for some time. Seemingly there was nothing really bad in stealing from such a man. Wasn't it the same as disarming the highwayman? He thought so. He tried to make his conscience agree with him. But that conscience presented a stubborn opposition, persisted that it was criminal to walk away with another man's money under such circumstances; that it was the depth of depravity if that other man happened to be a lifelong friend.

And because Adam Parks had received his moral training in a land where all men are neighbors he could not drive himself to rob a fellow-man, which speaks badly for metropolitan Gene Pershale.

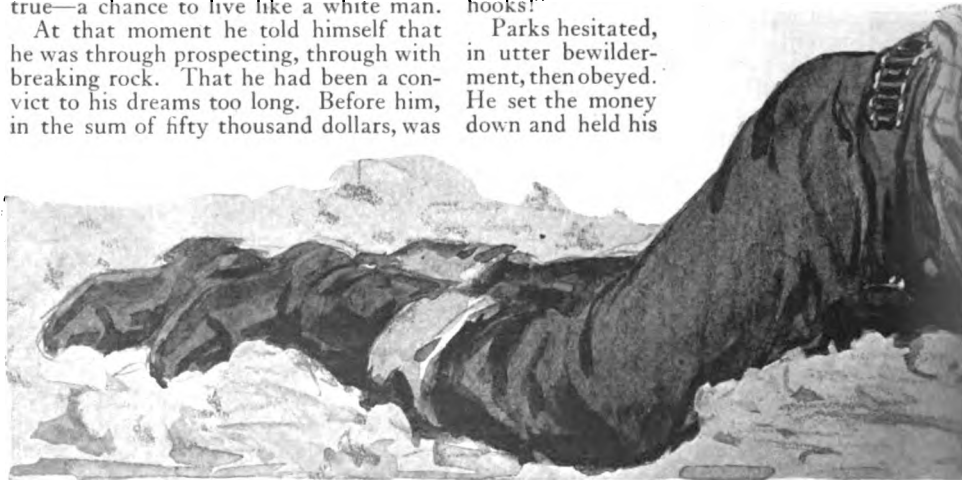
From hungrily studying the money, Parks took to getting it hurriedly out of sight. He swept it back into the canvas sack and tied the mouth of the sack with a cord.

"He'll have to go back to town to live," he muttered, meaning Pershale. "Hanged if I could stand another go like that."

He turned to restore the sack to its hiding-place under the bunk and came plump upon the unexpected—a six-shooter yawning in his face. Back of that six-shooter glowed the two wicked eyes of a strange man. He was standing a pace away, a tall, rawboned fellow with a heavy stubble of beard which heightened the natural viciousness of his swarthy features. About his neck a faded blue silk handkerchief contrasted glaringly with the dirty "checkerboard" shirt he wore. Behind him the door stood open.

"Put it back!" he said curtly, jerking his slouch-hatted head from the sack to the table. "An' up with yore grub-hooks!"

Parks hesitated, in utter bewilderment, then obeyed. He set the money down and held his



Lafayette never moved as he said this. But there was that in his look which

hands in the air while the intruder coolly relieved him of his revolver. The man spoke again.

"You wuz pretty much for takin' a chanct yerself there for a spell, wuzn't you?" He eyed the prospector narrowly. "I held off a-purpose to see what ye'd do. I wuz bettin' you wouldn't. Youse bakin'-powder stiffs ain't got the sand." With his free hand he hefted the sack. "Most all paper, ain't it? Did you hear what I said? Say, Parks, you better talk or—!"

"'Bout half an' half. I reckon you could look if you had a mind to."

The fellow gave a coarse chuckle. "You'll do, old settler. But 'fore we tangle up, sack up a week's grub an' git ready to travel. You an' me is goin' to take a little *pasear* around. 'Twouldn't do to have Pershale come an' find us two here." He laughed. "O, I heerd the both of you chinnin', pal. I seen him go, an' I seen you—Come on, now! Make a showin' for yerself or mebby I'll sorter forget an' take you for a buck deer!"

He dropped to a seat upon a stool and fell to watching the other. Parks, given no alternative other than to follow out orders or suffer the consequences conveyed in the threat, found a flour-sack and began filling it with provisions. While he did this he wondered at the startling turn affairs had taken. It seemed as if Gene Pershale was destined to be robbed. A few moments ago he, Parks, had been offered the opportunity and turned it down; now another had stepped up, grasped it, and was carrying out the deed—the very desperado Pershale had sought to guard himself against!

He finished getting the supplies together and was immediately assigned another task.

"Now set down an' write to yore friend—this yere sporty cuss, Pershale. Square yerself agin that table an' don't let me have to sic you to it, nuther. I'll talk it an' you write."

And Adam Parks wrote. It is certain

that no man with the cold nose of a .44 Colt's against his neck would be rash enough to resist so harmless a command as to write to a friend. For the matter of that, one could easily explain away any type of letter he might pen under such trying circumstances. So, at the outlaw's dictation, the prospector wrote:

DEER FRENED GENE:—I couldn see so much money lyin round loose an I took it. Im rite sorry at that but I bin work'n too long on no pair an Im goin to have one hot ole time if I lose. I wisht it were ennybody else but yu I were doin this to Gene, but there aint no help for it. I wont see yu agin ennyway. Adios.

AD PARKS.

The hold-up grunted his approval over the scribble, spread it out conspicuously upon the table and anchored it down with a plate.

Nor was he to allow this documentary avowal of guilt to stand alone. Followed the making of additional evidence that was to prove the deed to have been the result of a carefully-carried-out plan.

At the man's direction Parks stripped his bunk of its bedding. He collected the best of his wardrobe and made a blanket-roll of the lot.

"Pack up like as if you wuz movin' for keeps," said the man. "'Cos that's about what it amounts to. You ain't never comin' back."

A few minutes later the kitchen equipment was diminished by a coffee-pot, fry-pan, plates, cups, knives and forks, and the preparations for departure were made. The cabin was now a litter of discarded effects, in appearance one of deliberate abandon-

ment. None might say that Adam Parks was not a self-acknowledged criminal.

They went outside, the outlaw lugging the bag of money and the blanket-roll, the prospector shouldering the rest. A short space away stood the brush shed, the outlines of two mules dimly visible through its hedge-like wall. They steered toward it.

It was not quite noon. The heat was intense, the air quivering, the landscape blinding with it. Wild mountain heights were all about, trending north and south in a dense confusion of peaks and hog-backs. Sagebrush smutched the limestone country-rock in tattered patches of drab, which at a distance resembled huge scabs upon white flesh. Far below to the east the range rippled out upon a sea of sand and alkali, the farther shore of which was flanked by a rambling skeleton of chromatic hills.

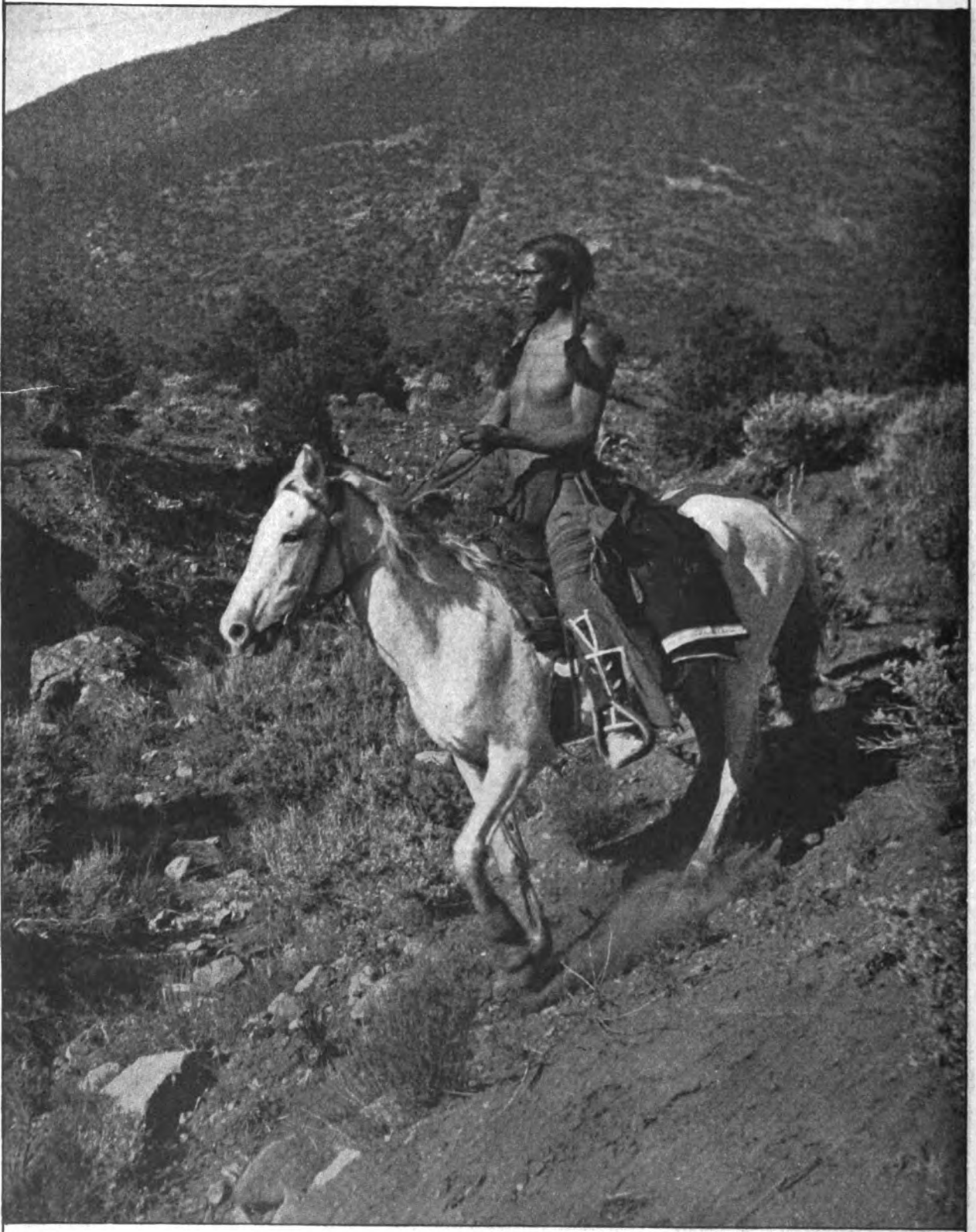
Parks threw the saddles on the mules and started to divide the pack—the money, bedding and utensils on the black mule; the provisions and two water-bags on the brown.

"Back up there, old Hole-in-the-ground!" objected his companion. "You lug the lodgin's an' the pots, an' that's all! The swag an' grub goes with me. I'm goin' to be food an' drink for the

(Continued on page 70)



bespoke the attitude of a man who would stop at nothing to gain his ends. Parks grew cold under that look



The Scout

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"To make pictures that will not only live but also be of practical value to students in generations to come who will have to depend largely upon the pictorial records which are being made today." This has been Karl Moon's purpose for more than a decade and today he has a national reputation as a truthful delineator of the Southwestern Indians by portrait studies with the camera. His portraits, obtained through years of patient, sympathetic effort among the vanishing peoples of remote regions, have been added to the best of the nation's historical and ethnological collections



Before—Two dollars an acre

The Taming of the Rio Grande

By Walter V. Woehlke



After—A hundred and fifty an acre

TAKE a string of the ordinary frankfurters of commerce, hold it suspended in the air with the left hand and contemplate its swelling contours. They give you an almost perfect diagrammatic representation of the longest irrigation project with the biggest dam and the largest reservoir in the world.

It's 220 miles from one end of the link sausages to the other, from the waste gate of the last irrigation ditch to the intake of the reservoir, and the dam of the Rio Grande valley project of the Reclamation Service—it is to be finished in September of this year and the water behind it has been rising for some time—is a whale of a dam. Ask the El Paso Chamber of Commerce how deep, wide, high and heavy the dam. They know

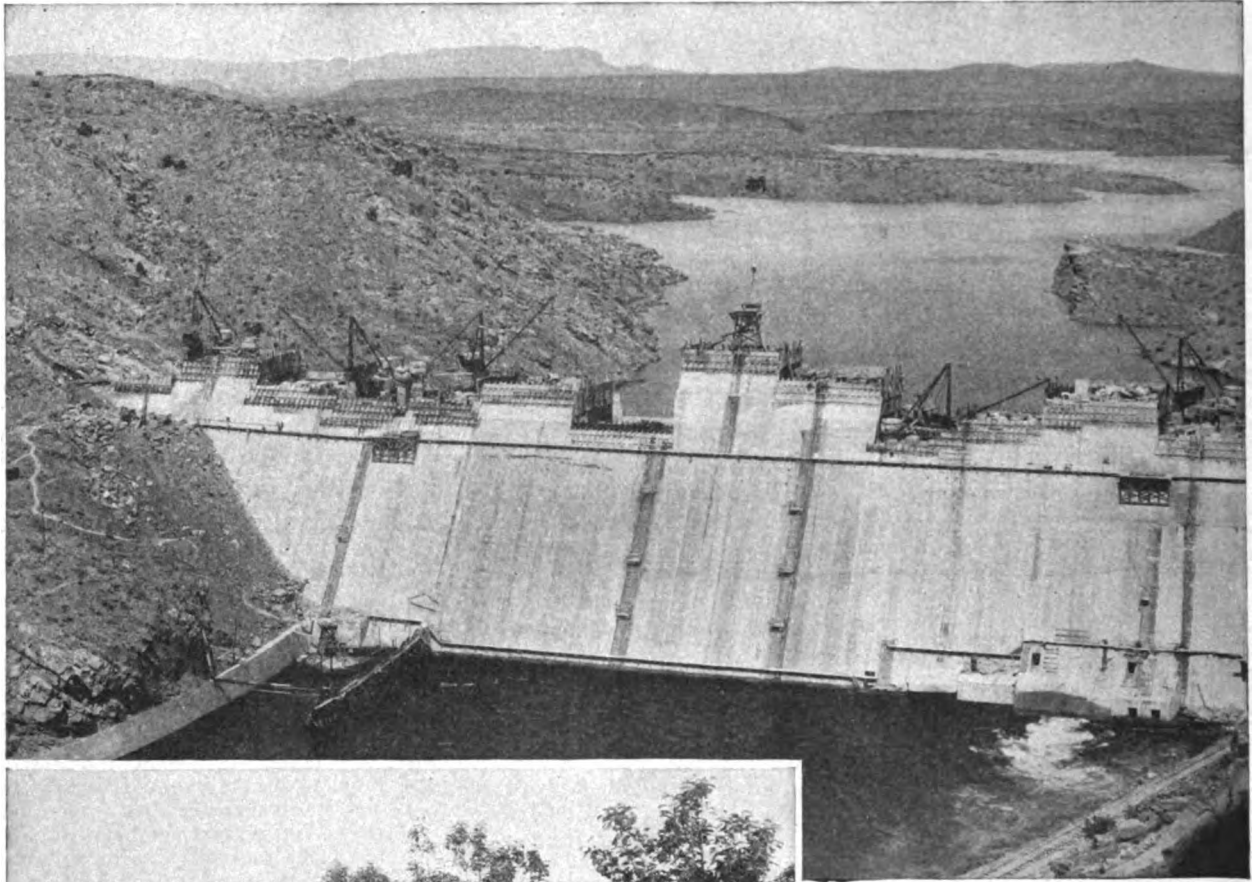
Look at the picture to the left. It's part of the Jornada del Muerto, the Journey of Death that blocked the northward road of the Spanish explorers. Look at the picture on the right. It's a part of that same Jornada del Muerto after the application of the water cure. Uncle Sam is administering the cure. The work he has done in the Valley of the Rio Grande is his largest single job next to the Panama Canal. It's a big constructive achievement. And the story of this achievement is the story of men, big men full of the faith, the hope and the fighting spirit that laid the foundations of the Great West

the figures by heart down there; even the newsboys can recite them backward and will tell you upon the least provocation that the dam will impound 2,642,292 acre-feet of water, enough to fill an eleven-

foot standpipe reaching clear to the moon, to cover Massachusetts six inches deep all over or to fill a hundred transcontinental canals between New York and San Francisco, each canal to be twenty feet wide and four feet deep. These figures, I repeat, every El Pasan knows by heart, but he might become indignant should you compare the Rio Grande project with a string of link sausages. Yet the comparison is true to nature. At the end of the first link below thumb and forefinger the valley narrows down and the gap between the projecting buttes has been plugged with the dam. At the end of the second link the slim valley narrows down again and a diversion dam helps the canals take the water from the river for distribution below. There are four links or valley segments in the



Diversion dam in the Rio Grande just above El Paso. Part of the water is delivered to Mexican irrigators on the farther side of the river, but the bulk passes through El Paso to the farmers on the American side of the Rio Grande below the capital of the Southwest



The Elephant Butte dam, now approaching completion, will create the largest artificial reservoir in the world with a shore line 200 miles long. If not a drop of water were allowed to pass the dam, it would require two and one-half years to fill the lake which will irrigate 180,000 acres of fields and orchards in New Mexico and Texas, the outdoor sanitarium of the sunny Southwestern country

project—Las Palomas, Rincon, Mesilla and El Paso. The greater part of the project is in New Mexico at an altitude of about 4000 feet. Only one link of the long string lies below El Paso, but this terminal segment contains within its boundaries some of the most fertile soil in the Southwest.

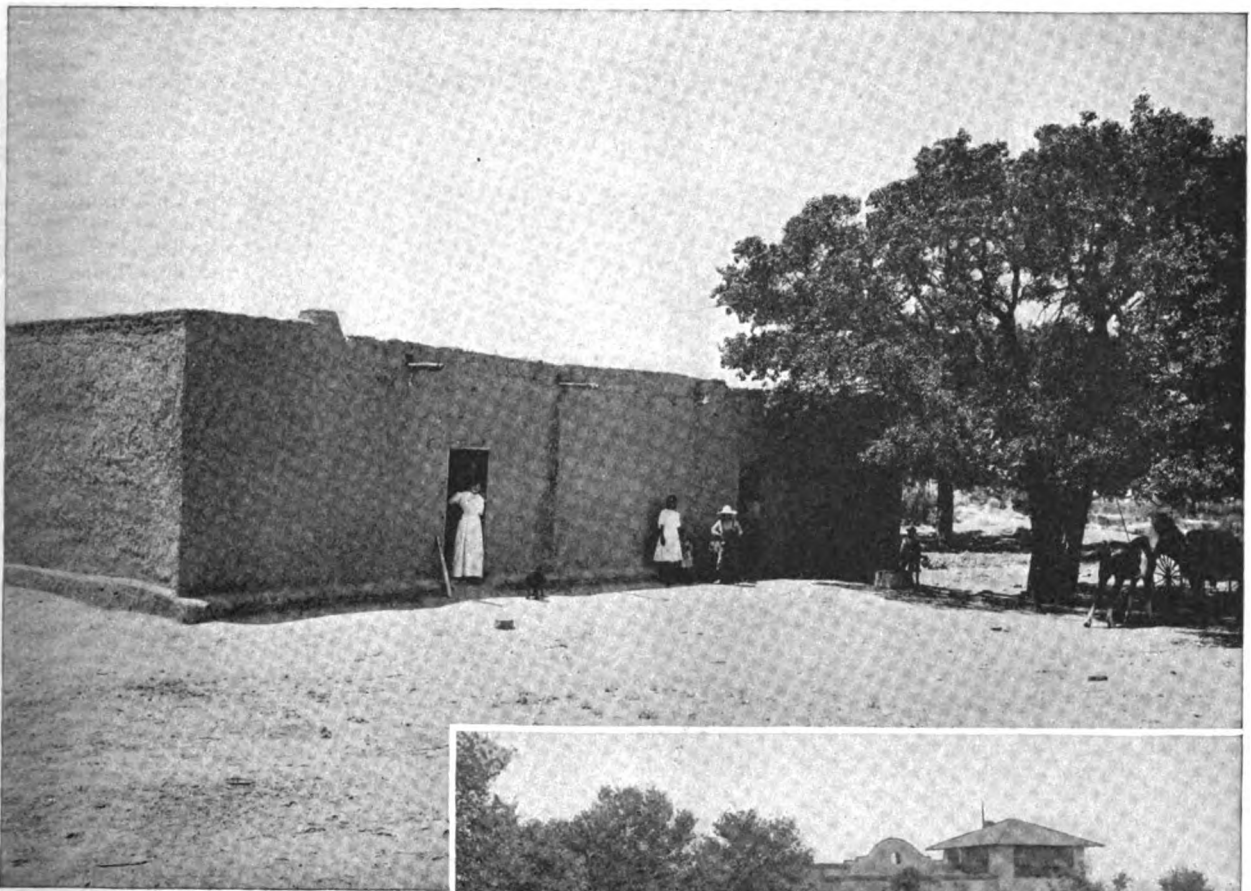
The valley of the Rio Grande is not a new frontier country. If you will travel fifty miles north of El Paso on the Santa Fe's Albuquerque line to Las Cruces, if you will stop on the plaza in front of the quaint church with the squat twin towers, the two surmounting crosses that gave the town its name silhouetted sharply against the Italian sky above the serrated crest of the Organ Range, you will find yourself in a settlement whose Castilian settlers raised crops with the aid of the adjacent river's chocolate water, feasted, married, died and were buried before William Penn built the first Philadelphia brick house. There are houses in Las Cruces parts of whose walls sheltered contented families before the first Continental army responded to

the tocsin. And Juarez, the lively Mexican city across the Rio Grande from El Paso, had its irrigation ditches, its vines and fig trees long before Washington started to carry a surveyor's chain. They are wishing now that Washington might have done some of his surveying in the Rio Grande valley; it would have saved a lot of trouble later on.

THEY have been irrigating and cultivating the soil in the Rio Grande valley for three hundred years, but until now they have never been real happy doing it. They could not induce the river to quit sowing its wild oats and settle down to regular housekeeping. Spendthrift that it was, the Rio Grande would every once in a few years send down a prodigal amount of water, roar and tear through on a drunken riot, tapering off its performance with lesser jags. Thereafter it would repent, try to atone for its sins by going as dry as Arizona for many months at a time. There were periods when not enough water reached El Paso to wet a sizable

whistle; at other times a turgid flood the size of the Susquehanna gurgled past. Of course the farmers never knew what was coming and which way; they were in a state of chronic and continuous chinafied unpreparedness.

And the overwhelming changes in the quantity of the water were not the sole cause for worry; in addition the erratic river often took a notion to hunt for a softer bed. It wandered from one side of the narrow valley to the other at its own convenience without asking the irrigators. More than once they went to bed secure in the knowledge that the fertile brown water was flowing tranquilly down the canal to the fields. When they woke up they found the canal empty, its intake dry as a census report and the river flowing merrily through a new channel on the other side of the valley, miles away. The owners of the land that had become the new bed might beat the river with flails à la Xerxes, getting wet and hot in the process, but they could not recover their possessions until the Rio Grande found the other



The picturesque adobe houses of the Rio Grande valley, many of them two centuries old, are rapidly giving way to modern dwellings, though the Spanish note is retained in the new architecture. The shade tree in the upper picture is a pear tree over fifty years old, bearing almost a ton of fruit every year. Half the population of the project still speaks Spanish as its mother tongue



side more to its liking once again. In those days irrigated land in the Rio Grande valley was considered worth about \$20 an acre. There was nothing wrong with it. The soil produced most excellent crops ranging from pears to cabbages; the growing season began in March and ended in November, the miners and stockmen paid good prices for the valley's output. But the erratic river did not justify a higher land price. The aforesaid crops depended upon a regular supply of water in the right quantities, and regularity was the one habit the Rio Grande did not have. It possessed and practised all the vices from the D. T.'s to grand larceny of real estate, but it did nothing regularly. And it imparted the irregular habits to the production of crops. He who sowed bought a ticket in a lottery without grand prizes; he could not become rich in a season, but he could lose all he had. Ask Lafayette Clapp and some of the other old-timers what the river did to them. Their reminiscences explain the low price of acreage fifteen years ago.

BUT the valley was too rich, the soil too deep and fertile, the climate too inviting forever to lie under the curse of a rowdy river. The Rio Grande must be broken. Could it be tamed? Thirty years ago the residents of the valley above and below El Paso knew it could be done. But the process would be expensive, and they didn't have the money. In 1893 they sat up and sniffed. The odor of pounds sterling came to them from afar. It emanated from Dr. Nathan Boyd, a Virginian of means who had gone to London and made a name for himself. Dr. Boyd was looking into an irrigation enterprise near Santa Fe for English capitalists. Him the Rio Grande valley residents went to see with their project. Dr. Boyd had vision. He saw the possibilities. A dam big enough, heavy enough to hold the largest flood, hold it so that not a drop could go beyond its crest except at the will of the man operating the gates, would make a common henpecked household drudge out of the boisterous river. Above the dam would be a placid lake; below it

abundant water at all times, a river bed as immovable as Christmas or the Glorious Fourth, a large population, peace, plenty and contentment in large doses. Of course there would also be profit for the dam builders.

Dr. Boyd went back to London with his maps and his vision. He financed a company, obtained permission, rights-of-way etc., from the Interior Department and began clearing the site for the big Elephant Butte dam. That was in 1893 and 1894. But he had reckoned without the War Department and the International Boundary Commission, the organization charged with the duty of keeping the line between the United States and Mexico in its proper position. General Anson Mills, patentee of the Mills canvas cartridge belt that made him a fortune, did not want the dam built at Elephant Butte by Dr. Boyd; he preferred to have the United States Government erect it in the canyon just above El Paso, and he had the backing of the War Department. Dr. Boyd's

(Continued on page 88)

On the New Rialto

“**N**ON! I do not dance in the picture. I am Fenella, the dumb girl of Portici, and she has too many other afflictions besides dumbness—that is really not so sad if one knows the pantomime—ah, too many sorrows she has to dance with the other fisher girls in the tarantelle. But I dance, yes, in the introduction, for there I am Pavlova herself. This I do for my friend, Lois Weber.”

If Anna Pavlova thus pays tribute to the clever woman who with Phillips Smalley was co-director of the recent Universal film version of the Auber-Scribe opera, “Masaniello,” Lois Weber pays lavish tribute in return. “Instead of the capricious dancer who has kept audiences waiting because of a tiff with a member of her company—you have heard these stories—a creature whose temperament is thought to be largely temper, what did we find? Absolutely a good soldier! Timidly I told this high-strung lady my desire to add to the dungeon scene the realism of rats. Nice tame white ones, I explained, dusted with brown powder. Madame did not even get up on her toes. ‘*Bien,*’ she said, ‘I feed them a bit bread.’ So she played a fine scene, the lonely prisoner making friends with the intruders in her cell. And she didn’t stop with this realism. She threw herself at the solid walls of the cell, in frantic efforts at escape, and when the camera man had shot enough to make reasonably sure of the scene, the priceless Pavlova legs and arms were bruised and bleeding—not stage blood, either.”

EVIDENTLY the scratched Russian did not prove a Tartar as was expected. During one scene where a dagger is used and where the dumb girl embraces her brother, the camera man suddenly stopped grinding and gazed aghast at splashes of real blood on the brother’s Neapolitan collar. Directors and players crowded in but the dancer stamped her foot in a gust of annoyance at the interruption of the scene. “It is nothing,” she cried. “Why do you disturb me? Continue.” The tip of a finger had been well-nigh sliced off, nevertheless. Pavlova put her whole heart into the making of this picture. Her enthusiasm was born of that delight in oppor-

“*Close-up Shots*” at *Film Stars*

By Charles K. Field

tunity which is recorded of Noblet, the dancer who created the part in Paris, in 1828. The critics derided the absurdity of a dumb girl as heroine of a grand opera.

The paradox was obvious and sarcasm was easy until the first shock of the novelty had passed and its real value appeared. To Mlle. Noblet the part offered a chance to demonstrate that she was more than a dancer, that hers was a pantomimic art which transcended mere poetry of motion for which the ballet gave her scope. And Auber, the composer, found himself required to supplement her expressive dumb-show with instrumental music which would speak for her in scenes of passionate intensity. The result is a character in dramatic contrast to the singing persons in the story, accompanied by orchestral music doubly significant.

Doubtless Anna Pavlova had looked long and wistfully upon the dumb agonies of the fisher girl of Portici, for doubtless she is no less convinced than was Noblet that dancing is the least of her art. And probably she recognizes a special grace in having been born almost a hundred years later, for Noblet’s chance in the opera was nothing to Pavlova’s opportunity in the film. Noblet told in pantomime that she had been cast into prison and had escaped, and Auber’s orchestra throbbed with her sufferings while the audience guessed them as best it might. Pavlova has the actual dungeon, with real rats and genuine business of lacerated skin, while the orchestra throbs through Auber’s score far more understandably.

AS one drives out of Cahuenga Pass toward the white walls of Universal City he sees in a swale among the hills the towers and walls surrounding the marketplace where Fenella’s wrongs fanned the revolutionary spirit which, in history and opera, flamed out against the corrupt rule of Alphonso and set a fisherman unsteadily for a time upon the throne of Naples. The surge of revolt which Auber put into his music and which, tradition says, caused an uprising in Brussels which drove the Dutch out of Belgium after the performance of the opera there, animates many hundreds of feet of “fighting film,” realistically made in the substantial settings which are characteristic of the

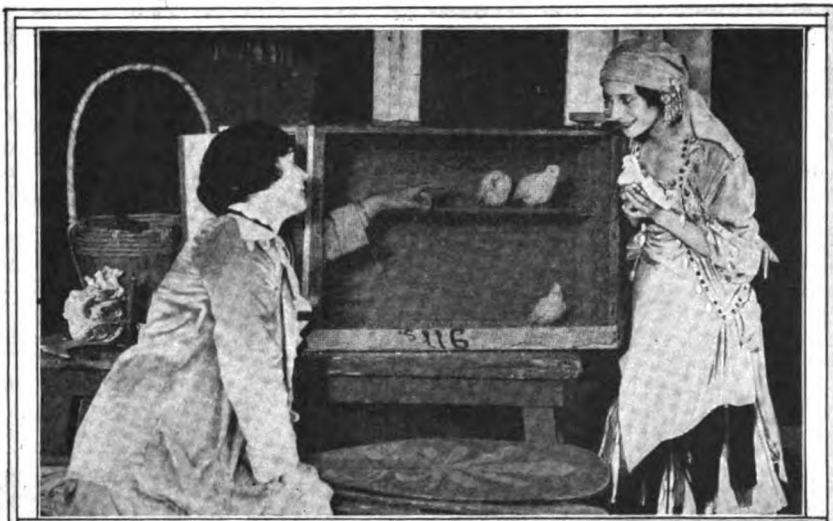


Madame Anna Pavlova demonstrates that she can act as well as dance. As Fenella, the dumb girl of Portici, in the film version of the opera “Masaniello,” she escapes from her prison cell by means of a rope twisted of bedding while her drunken jailer sleeps

big studios. The Los Angeles beaches were convenient for Masaniello's appeals to his brother fishermen but even the southern Californian country, famed for its adjustability to the varied demands of the movies, could not be made to fit the librettist's stage directions in the finale of the opera. Scribe, writing in Paris and probably, like Auber, a stranger to Italy, had the luckless Fenella leap from the palace steps into a river of molten lava flowing from the crater of Vesuvius. Despite the protests of Madame's manager that the film must follow the opera or all Europe would laugh at it, the Universal people risked that laugh to avoid another, and Fenella dies without volcanic action.

“LET'S move over here, out of the lime-light,” said De Wolf Hopper. So we drew into the shade of the projecting shed at Griffith's studio, for the winter rains were still holding off with more consideration for filmers than for farmers and the slanting midday sun seemed focused on the big comedian.

Hopper gave a quizzical glance toward the sun—“as one luminary to another,” I put in, tactfully, but he dodged the flattery. “It's more like a poor actor,” he said, with rolling rrs, “gazing from the stage toward the calcium man in the gallery. That's the only flaw in this de-



Lois Weber and Madame Pavlowa, between shots. (Below) Fenella's love-scene



lightful experience—that calcium man goes on the job at daybreak and stays on it till dark. And we have to keep his hours. I can't get used to it. I've known so few sunny mornings, you see, in my electric-lighted life! And now I'm sentenced to be shot at sunrise and from then on to sunset!

“But I'm enjoying it all. Think of it: a year in California! And with a baby. You know I have a baby ten months old. A marvel! Just consider what it means to an actor-father to be allowed a year in a garden with his child at the wonderful formative period of its life!” The glow suddenly died from the actor's face.

“But there's the flaw again. Here I am, at the studio, and our guest, Digby Bell, not playing just now, is in the garden with my child. And, of course, the baby goes to bed at sundown when the movies cease from moving and the sound of the grinding is low.”

Hopper glanced down at me suddenly. “Tell me,” he demanded, “was Longfellow lying when he said ‘into each life some rain must fall, some days must be dark and dreary?’ But I suppose he'd never been West,” he went on, “or he wouldn't have been so positive.”

The mobile face brightened again. “I rather think Mrs. Hopper will take pity on me and bring the baby around in the car. I'd like you to meet him.”



Hundreds of feet of “fighting film” depict Masaniello's revolt. The big studios are building solid scenery under the Californian sky

I DECLARED that my interest in the young Hopper was only second to my curiosity regarding the filming of "Don Quixote," just completed.

"The dream of my life realized!" cried Hopper, with unfeigned enthusiasm. "I've always longed to be Quixote. But the background of that character always seemed just a bit too big for the stage, in a way. I had to be satisfied with El Capitan—merely the farcical element where so much more remained to be done. Quixote is El Capitan grown up, to me—matured and ripened, with the world-sorrow added. And now comes along the film and makes it possible for me to play that part as it ought to be played—tilting

"Tilting at windmills under the actual sky"

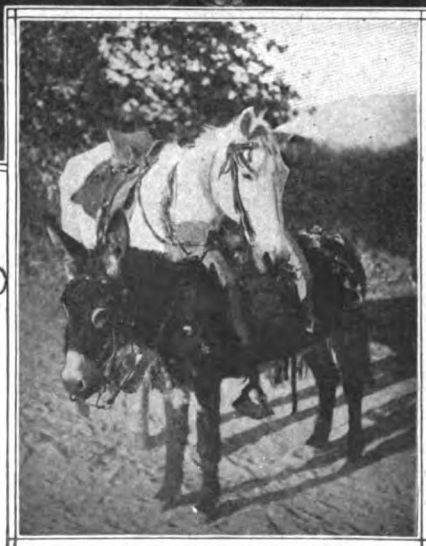


A YOUNG woman with expressive dark eyes and a mouth round which a roguish smile seemed to dart and hover like a humming-bird round a red flower, paused a moment to gaze up at the towering star. "Ah, my Dulcinea!" boomed Hopper, and presented me to Miss Fay Tincher. "It would never have done to have the uncouth Dulcinea of Cervantes, you know," he explained, "so we got a pretty one and the way she achieves the uncouth is simply genius." The humming-bird smile was gone for a moment from Miss Tincher's mouth. "I was thinking of that death-scene, Mr. Hopper," she said. "I don't see how anything could be more sure to bring the tears."



De Wolf Hopper as "Don Quixote" and Max Davidson as "Sancho Panza"

Fay Tincher, as "Dulcinea," "achieving the uncouth by sheer genius"



"Rosinante" the horse and "Dapple" the donkey are co-stars in the Griffith film of "Don Quixote." There was a snake, too, but he is not with the company any more

at windmills under the actual sky. It's big, I tell you. The character grips you because, as somebody said about Shakespeare, he's not for an age but for all time. He's so real that he's got into the language. Not one in ten thousand has read Quixote, but most everybody knows what 'quixotic' is. Look at our own reformers today. How many of them are mistaking windmills for giants? By the way, that's where the film works wonders. Put that windmill on the stage. How would you make it plain that Quixote sees a giant where the audience sees the circling arms of the windmill? He would have to tell what he sees. But the film flashes the very image that was flashed to the old knight's unsteady brain."

"It's really a strong scene," Hopper admitted to me. "Mr. Withey, who wrote the scenario, had to take that matter into his own hands to give the picture a dramatic climax. And I've learned how to die for the camera. I don't mouth any more. When I first got here I said 'My boy!' with facial gestures visible a block off. But that death-scene is part of my joy in this rôle—not that I've ever wanted to play tragedy, and when I did the speech of Marc Antony it was just a sort of blessed vacation from Casey—but Jack Point in 'The Yeoman of the Guard' was the nearest I've got to the big thing of showing a broken heart under the jester's motley. We have no end of rollicking horseplay in this picture, but

underneath it all is the bedrock of a sad sincerity.

"**SAY!**" De Wolf Hopper made a lighting change—"the animals in this picture are co-stars. There's the horse and the donkey and the snake. The last named is not with the company any more. In fact, he is quite dead. You see, somebody strong on realism got a well developed rattler out of this Eden of yours. None of your gentlemanly gopher-snakes or other harmless mousers. This snake had several inches of alarm clock at the end of his tail. They had fixed up his fangs so his bite wouldn't take except in the camera and the property man was very proud of him. Then somebody discovered that they do not have rattlesnakes in La Mancha, so the poor serpent had to be made up as a Spanish adder, with his lovely rattles all painted and puttied out, sacrificing a perfectly good bunch of castanets where one would have thought they would do the most good. When Mr. Adder had his make-up on we all went out in a car to a wild corner of Griffith Park and there some women saw us and came around dangerously close to the camera. Just then the Spanish adder made a graceful entrance and you ought to have seen the ladies' exit! I stopped laughing at it, though, for suddenly I saw the snake bite the actor who had hold of him and honestly, it made me a little sick. I'd wished the snake off on that fellow and I felt responsible. It was only a scratch and the man who had fixed the snake said it wouldn't do any harm. And that poor devil of an actor had to go through the scene with the snake a second time! Afterward I saw the snake again. He was dead, with his ugly head gone, and his grease-painted rattles were still. One of the real cowboys who does fancy riding came along.

"He sleeps!" I said solemnly.

"He ain't dead yet," said the cowboy.

"Not dead!" said I, "and with his head cut off?"

"No," said the rough rider, "he won't die until sundown; they never do."

"I didn't believe it, and so just at sundown I looked in at him again and sure enough, what was left of him gave a tired sort of wriggle and then quit. It was very affecting to me, for the poor snake seemed the ideal movie actor, giving his last wriggle only with the setting sun!

"**IT** is not so sad about the other animals," Hopper went on. "Rosinante, the horse, and Dapple, the donkey, are real actors. In one part of the picture Quixote does penance by riding with his face towards Rosinante's tail. Thus he runs into an overhanging limb of a tree and is knocked silly. When I came to, in that scene, I looked about me, dazed, and there was Rosinante beside me in the most ludicrous pose, one leg apparently done for. I saw my chance and took hold of the leg. It hung as limp as though broken. Then I felt of my own. Fine bit of business and Rosinante posed like an artist all through it. Well, after that they just had to give me the steed—it's worth about \$40 at a horse fair, I should say, but I've pensioned Rosinante and provided a nice open pasture in perpetuity as a sort of Equine Actors' Home. I'd do as much for Dapple if they'd give him to me. There's a scene



Weber and Fields and May Busch in "The Best of Enemies." This photograph, like the title of the Keystone film, is an epitome of the traditional art of the two comedians

where I lie down with the donkey in his stall. They wanted to hobble him but I knew he wouldn't hurt me. And he wouldn't. He was too good, really. The business of the scene was for Dapple to switch me with his tail, but Dapple wouldn't switch while I was there. So they had to tickle him and force him to it. But his gait isn't so gentle. I had to ride him round and round in a scene, while the saddle of carved Spanish leather was cutting an Italian intaglio on the inside of my legs. And Mrs. Hopper and the baby were so delighted with my misery that they got in front of the camera, and I had to do it all over again. I can sympathize now with those war towns in Europe that have to go through the agony of being retaken."

THE magic word "baby" broke the spell of the interview. Hopper held out his hand. "There's one rather sad thing about this filming business," he said. "Heretofore, when I've taken off my makeup after the final performance of

some character I liked, I've had the thought that some day I'd play it again. But when I took off Quixote's wig after the last scene had been taken, I knew that I laid down the part for ever. They would never need me again. They have the film."

PINK pajamas are quite as effective on the screen as on the stage although perhaps the black and white film loses out where the pajamas are part of a color scheme which includes titian hair like Billie Burke's. But the Burke tresses "take" wonderfully well in the sunlight. No "borderfs" or "foots" ever woke more rippling lights above the famous Burke smile than the sun that shines on Inceville, fair Inceville by the sea.

Billie Burke found acting at Inceville somewhat strenuous. Certain severe critics of the stage, shutting their eyes resolutely against the Burke hair and smile and rosy nightwear and closing their ears to the tinkle of voice and piano, have declared that Billie Burke cannot act.



Billie Burke "at home" in California during her recent début before the motion camera. Both the titian hair and the smile "take" well in sunlight



When Billie Burke tells fairy tales with herself as heroine the film shows her adventures, a case where one would rather see than hear

Now then, those critics should have stood down where the Pacific ocean laps the waterfront of Inceville, to see Miss Burke, in boy's clothes, dash up the street of a Scotch village at the wheel of a gasoline racer, pelted by a property rain and missiles from the hands of a hundred villagers; to see her leap from the auto and strive, in an atmosphere of mud and tomatoes, to calm the mob in a village which had been turned topsy-turvy by a young American tomboy heiress in a high-powered car; to see her washing away the stains of battle, neck-deep in a marble fountain (made in Inceville). But, of course, they can see all this in the picture and then eat their words! At least they would have to admit that the little lady was busy.



Story-telling in a sunny street in Scotland. A good example of the outdoor scene-painter's art

BILLIE Burke said she liked it! She was not in the least afraid of the racer, the tomatoes or the pool; all she feared was that she might look at the camera. And she could not get used to making an exit from a scene before she had made her entrance. The camera doesn't bother about little inconsistencies like that. At any time when the light is favorable the actor may depart from a serious situation in which he may not be placed before the following Tuesday. Or he may fall and writhe and die from the bullet of an assassin who made his escape from the scene at least two weeks before. These intricacies of movie technic bothered Miss Burke a good deal at first. Which rather shows that she has been acting intelligently on the stage, doesn't it?

THERE was a real reunion at the Keystone studio. At a long table, athwart a window, sat Joe Weber and Lew Fields and Sam Bernard. These three mirth-makers have not been together for fifteen years, at least not in such wise, for they were not playing cards nor dining together at this long table. The morning sun was shining through the window upon them and they were making-up with paint and whiskers for the parts the public loves them in. Weber and Fields had come together after a separation to fix their peculiar team-work on the film and Bernard was having his peculiar troubles in a neighboring "set."

"**T**HEY won't let me cut my hair," complained Weber, "because in the play I'd have short hair at noon and long hair at night. So I've got to stick to this mop two weeks yet."

Fields, with only a mist of hair above a puzzled brow, turned upon Weber the gaze that has shaken so many audiences.

"You ought to be glad that mop sticks to you!" he said severely.

"You hear how sincere that sounded?" asked Weber. "That's what Joseph Jefferson said when he came behind to see us when we were first playing in New York. It was the sincerity of our actions to each other that he praised."

"You see," put in Fields, "no matter what I do to him, it's because I love him that I abuse him. There's Bible authority for that sort of thing, isn't there? And when finally I kick him or stick my finger in his eye, it's because it has become necessary to do him the favor!"

"But," said I, recalling the delicious liberties with English which have accompanied the actions of these comedians, "what ever do you do without dialogue?"

"Oh, we keep it going under our breaths, to work up the scene," answered Weber.

"But isn't it like an awful frost to be funny and not get a laugh?"

Sam Bernard turned upon me a pair of brown eyes that would make a movie actress' fortune.

"I'd die of grief," said he, "if it wasn't for Mr. Sennett, the producer. Every little while he laughs out loud and I get strength to go on again."

"Then, you see," went on Weber, "the play is written so that plot takes the place of the talk that leads up to the action—and there's a reason for every bit of slapstick in our pieces."

I CONFESS that I am not an admirer of the regular type of Keystone film—which doesn't bother Mack Sennett, their producing genius, a little bit; there are too many paying patrons who differ with me. But I believe that the Keystone is rising to the dignity of the new Triangle programs with the carefully designed slapstick of Weber and Fields, and the ludicrousities of Raymond Hitchcock and Sam Bernard. The physical abuse that is dramatically led up to must, in the long run, win more genuine laughs than the aimless kick and tumble endlessly repeated. With apologies to King Charlie!



The Strange and Curious Adventure of a California Snowball

A True Story In Two Scenes

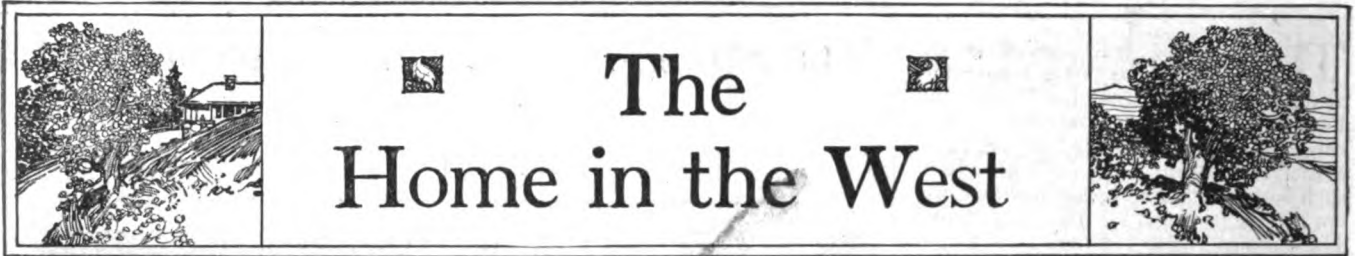


Scene 1. The top of Mt. Wilson. Morning in midwinter. A beautiful lady arrives from the orange-scented valley and gathers the snowball in her arms. It has always wondered whether its destiny would be the trolley wire or the irrigating ditch. And now, this!



PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE LOS ANGELES EXAMINER

Scene 2. The beach at Venice. Afternoon of the same day. The lady has brought the snowball to the edge of the Pacific but now she lets it lie neglected upon the warm sand while another interest claims her. Its heart melts and it passes to its mother, the sea. Yet how few snowballs have such an experience!



The Home in the West

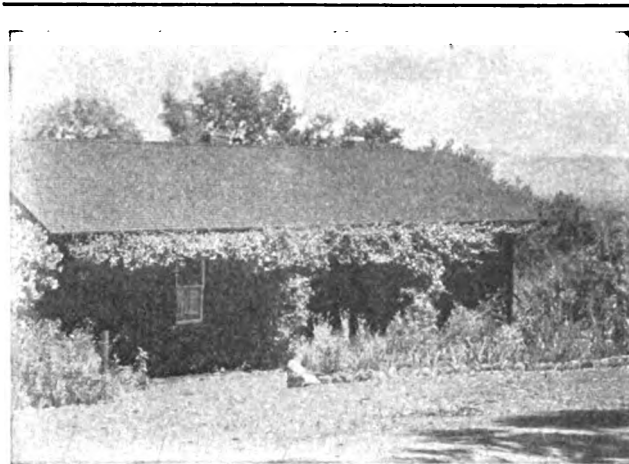
CONDUCTED BY LILLIAN FERGUSON

My Little House by the Road

Let me live in my house by the side of the road and be a friend to man.—Sam Walter Foss.

WHEN we (he and I) went a-venturing for a soul-anchorage, neither of us was conscious of any particular urge to "be a friend to man." Years spent in the marts "where the race of men go by" had had the usual effect of indifference, and we were interested only in the quest of our own long-lost relative, Mother Nature. We soon learned that "fifteen-minutes-from-the-station" and "within-commuting-distance," two materialistic edicts long familiar to the homeseeker, were as hobbles to our feet, obliging us to lag behind to compute our bank balance whenever fancy seemed inclined to do a real altitude flight.

We also discovered that there is no middle ground with the average real-estate man. Everything is strictly utilitarian or the extreme opposite. When we mentioned stations and trains we were introduced to small, dingy, box-like houses, tightly wedged between other houses of the same design, with all



A cabin with its left eye squinting at the rising sun

natural beauty around the premises carefully eliminated but "close in and handy for a commuter." And when we hinted at a view, a jitney would be led around, switched to low gear, and away we would go, toiling up steep mountain sides, to emerge triumphantly on a bleak ledge

somewhere, miles from the base of supplies. Our attention would then be artfully diverted to the "wonderful outlook." Of course the price ascended with the elevation, until one might well question if we had not indeed alighted on a ledge of pure gold.

In despair, we finally set out on foot, instinctively selecting a street that led toward the hills. Just before entering the canyon we turned to get the view which, at this point, takes in Mount Hamilton and Lick Observatory with the sweep of the valley between. On our left, a thicket of wild shrubbery bordered the strip of road that lay between two pretentious, well-groomed country houses.

Across the road, in front of the thicket, just glimpsed through a row of stately eucalyptus trees, was a lordly estate where a red-tiled roof could be seen peeping through the rich foliage of an orange grove; and across the gulch, on a neighboring hill in the rear of the thicket, loomed the gables of a home equally



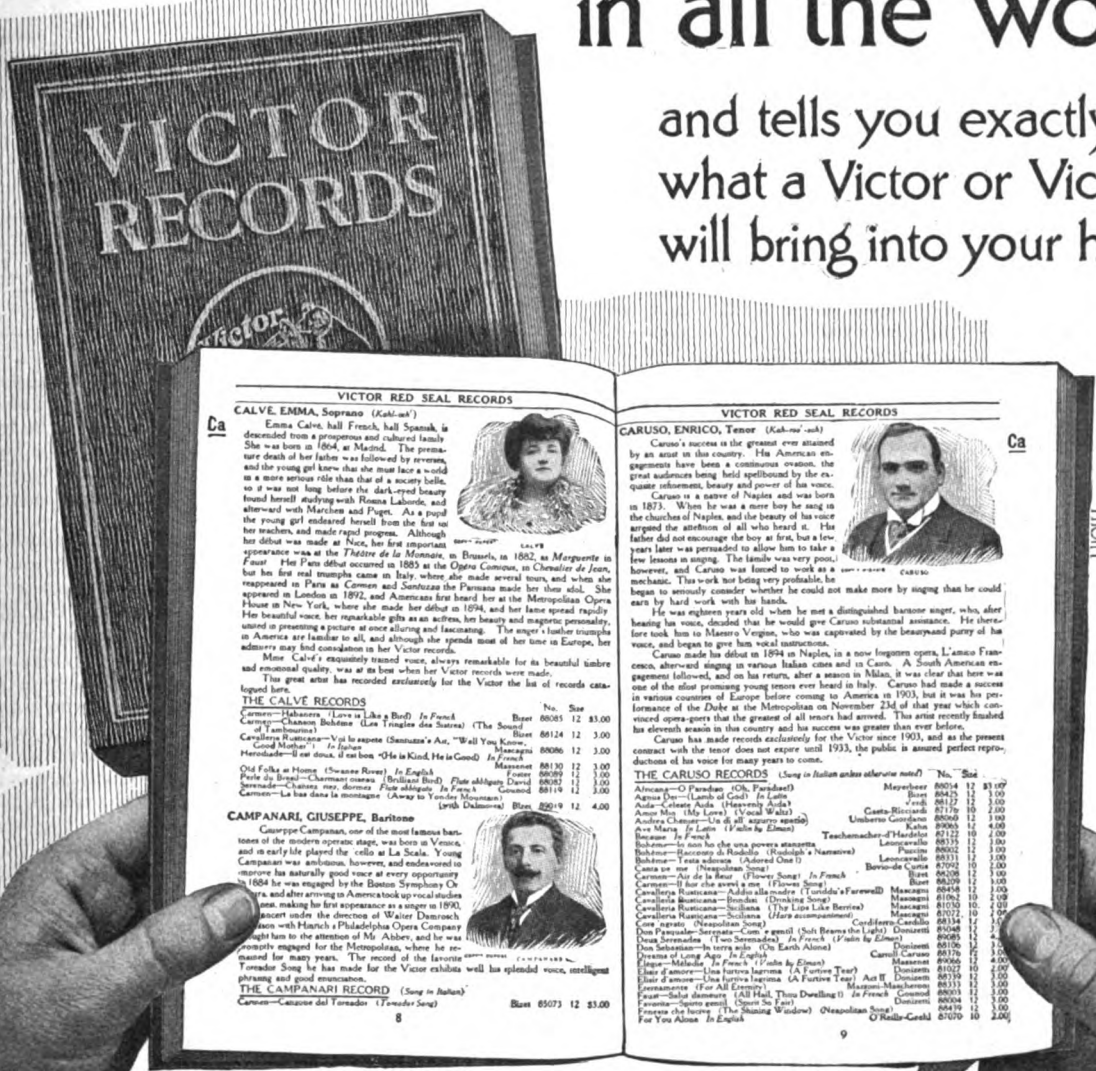
The outdoor bed serves as a hammock by day



One corner of the redwood living-room is a library

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imposing; beyond that lay the blue haze of San Francisco bay.

We looked at each other, the same thought in the minds of both. Without a word we turned and scrambled through the brush, scattering young quail, squirrels and birds at every unexpected slide down the steep hillside into a ravine. There a little stream sang its way along the curves of a lovely wooded road. The hillside was covered with laurel, oak, bay, toyon trees and buckeyes—a miniature primeval forest, and only twelve minutes from the station. Quite by accident we had stumbled upon one of Mother Nature's oases that had been overlooked in the steady march of well-to-do homes, else it too would have been tailored to conventional pattern.

A few minutes later we were downtown negotiating with the real-estate man. Our very souls chuckled at his remark that we would find it "mighty hard work clearin' up that hillside," for we were mutually agreed on one point: not a single growing thing should be uprooted from "Tanglebush" except where necessary to make room for a house.

TO carry out this resolve was not difficult, since the entire three-quarters of an acre boasted only one available site where a home, however soulful, might be anchored with any degree of security. The house really must be "by the side of the road," and its lengthwise side at that, for our frontage of 160 feet is little else than the most casual meeting with the road. The lot then retreats in almost perpendicular lines, only a few feet back from what will some day be the sidewalk.

Of course our house must be a quaint, vine-covered affair, of harmonious proportions and color, with low-spreading arch and brooding eaves. In short, it must not appear like a small boy in his Sunday suit sitting on the edge of an uncomfortable chair, but as though it had taken root and grown up there among the wild lilac and vines, against its background of live-oak and distant mountain.

He went to work. It was he who drew the plans, measured the ground space, bought the lumber—also an amazing collection of brand-new shiny tools—superintended the construction of the cement foundation and the chimney and performed the greater part of the actual carpentering himself. It would be difficult to determine which was the more interesting—to watch the cabin grow day by day under his hand, or his evident delight in multiplying the number of new tools as the work progressed. Perhaps it was the happy combination that gave the boyish lilt to his whistle as he drove the nails or polished the bits and saws.

Someone has said that a man never really outgrows a youthful propensity to shy a stick or a stone at a dog, and climb the fence in preference to going through the gate. From my own observation I would add that the sheer joy in pounding nails amounts almost to an obsession. Its spell was upon him—the noise, and the keen satisfaction that comes from manual labor. He was just a primitive man once more, using his masculine strength for the protection of the woman and the young; while I, in a truly primitive fashion, rejoiced in his prowess with hammer and nails, and never once doubted his ability to provide all things needful.

At the end of a three-months' vacation we were saying with Walter Foss, "Let me live in my house by the side of the road and be a friend to man," adding, "and let that house be a cabin in the West, with its cap cocked over its right ear, and its left eye squinting the rising sun. Let it be perched on the edge of a gulch, overlooking the Santa Clara valley on one side, and on the other be cuddled close to the hills."

With a last regretful polishing, the tools were finally put away, each in its place in the new tool-house. The overalls and checked blue-and-white gingham jacket were exchanged for the business suit of a commuter, and he turned the keys over to me till the week-end.

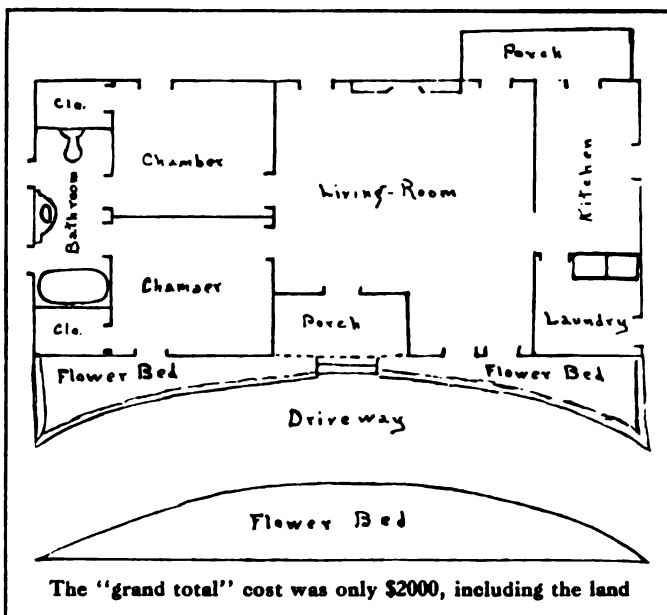
In its rustic garb of redwood shakes, complete with fireplace, bookshelves and a rack for the music, the cabin modestly took its place in the community. It consists of a large living-room, two bedrooms, bathroom, kitchen and laundry, and a basement for storage.

Within, the simplicity of the exterior is harmoniously carried out. The walls and ceiling of the living-room are of rough-sawed eight-inch redwood boards, battened with two and one-half inch strips of the same material, with exposed beams. The bedrooms are plastered and finished with cream-colored woodwork. The bathroom and the kitchen are done in enamel white paint.

THE sleeping accommodations are supplemented by an outdoor bed on a platform erected in a clump of second-growth live-oaks a few steps from the cabin. The platform, being fully twenty-five feet from the ground in the rear, is supplied with a safety rail; but in front, where the slope of the hill is less abrupt, the bed is easily reached by only three stairsteps. The bed-springs are mounted on three-inch corner posts; red-and-white fringed curtains made from a heavy double-weave counterpane serve as a protection against invading winds, while gay-colored blankets and cushions complete its furnishings. As a daytime loafing-place the tree-bed possesses all the advantages of a hammock with none of a hammock's instability. A clump of live-oaks further to the left has been converted into a tea-room.

Including electric wiring and gas fixtures, the total cost of the cabin, in money, was about \$1400, the most expensive items being the cement foundation and the chimney, which required \$300.

Stone walls in front of the cabin to retain earth for flower beds, a retaining wall in the rear, a system of water pipes to irrigate the flowers above the rear wall, also those on the terraces just below the wall, the building of trails, rustic



seats and clearing out the densest of the underbrush, all together added another \$200 to the original cost of the lot—\$400—making a total expenditure for the lot of \$600, and the grand total for one toenail hold in the country only \$2000.

A TRAIL of 1200 picturesque but erratic feet, for which I alone am responsible, begins at the left of the cabin near the tree-bed, runs west in a down-grade, below the tea-room to a big oak at the property line, then to the line on the east, and so on, to and fro, crossing the lot seven times before it finally reaches the road in the ravine below, stepping obligingly aside whenever a tree or a shrub disputes its right-of-way. These leisurely meanderings during the digging of the trail proved to be quite in harmony with the still more leisurely Tony, erstwhile of Italy, who manipulated the shovel by the day. The longer the trail, the longer the job.

But one day, unexpectedly, the man of the family viewed our handiwork. Then the axe fell.

"Whoever heard of digging a trail uphill when you want to go down the hill?" he demanded, and produced the proper instrument to prove by actual calculation that had the trail continued long enough, we should never have reached the ravine at all.

"I did it that way to save the trees," I explained weakly.

"And spoil the trail," he returned.

Meanwhile Tony stood at one side, beating upon his breast and muttering, "My Gott! My Gott! I feel like I'm shot. I doan' know what do!"

The critic at once resumed the reins of government, and engineered a trail that begins at the door of his tool-house at the foot of the old-fashioned garden, and in three quick turns connects with the road in the ravine. It is a splendid trail. I use it frequently, and gladly too, when I am hurried, particularly when the odor of scorching cookery is wafted down the hillside, reminding me that "life is real, life is earnest."

Even so, I love the temperamental paths best. They bring delight and peace to my soul. And somehow they never fail to lead me back to the little house by the side of the road. DORA STUART.



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On His Own

(Continued from page 25)

Anderson lakes, east of the head of the Hare river. Yes, it's country that ain't known, an' that's what we're lookin' for. We're after the fur—and we'll git it."

"Come on in to breakfast," said Claxton; "and if you'll allow me, better let those people have that beaver meat, if you take the hide—they're hungry all the time."

"Oh, well, all right," consented the trader grudgingly, "but they don't deserve it—they couldn't hit a barn, if there was any barns up here. But if Jimmy or me shoots, something happens. Breakfast, eh? Sure. Here's Jimmy, an' the hide."

The self-reliant trader fell behind Claxton as they now turned toward the barracks and laid a hand on the shoulder of Corporal Bray, turning on him a questioning glance of his hard blue eye. "I say, you're a stout built chap yourself, Mr. Bray—you'd ought to know something about mushin' a dog team, eh?"

"Thousands of miles," said Bray, grumbly. "Oh, don't I know?"

"And for one-an'-a-quarter a day? Excuse me, but fur tradin's better for a stout young man. Your own lodge, an' your own woman—your own goods an' your own bit of booze come nightfall—an' at the end of the year maybe five or ten thousand to the candy—eh? I can't see why what you fellows see in the service. It's a dog's life, an' no pay."

"Right you are!" said Bray, malcontent. "Right enough. But for me, not much more of it."

"No? What's wrong?"

"Time's out in January—an' I'm quitin' then," said Bray. The memory of enforced football rankled in his soul.

"So? Up here—quit up here an' can't get out? Say, friend, drift over an' see Jimmy an' me on the Anderson, when you do!" And he laughed, a great guffaw, which none the less had some sort of meaning or question about it. The cold eye, owned by a man who was a cold judge of human nature, covertly was watching Bray.

THE breakfast passed mostly in silence, each man attending to his fish and tea after they had been rewarmed on the cook stove; and small time was lost by either the trader or his silent son after they had eaten.

"Well, we must be on our way," said the older man, tightening the soft thong belt that held his trousers. "Sorry I can't leave a good bottle of Scotch with you fellers—I know how long an' lonesome it's goin' to be for you all."

"We'd not mind!" said Claxton, grinning. "But let's not talk about it—ours is all gone, same as yours! Unless old man Friese's woman has a quart hid out—she usually does cache one or two, every summer's boat, against Christmas—it's nary Scotch now till next July. Well, it's just as well, for liquor's bad for the natives, if it gets out."

"Yes, that's why I never carry it," said the trader gravely. "It sets 'em wild."

"And that's why, if I was tradin', I would!" broke in Bray, with a savage laugh. "Tell you what—knowin' how even a white man longs for a nip to keep

off the horror of this all-night country o' hell up here—when I get out I'm meanin' to turn bootlegger somewhere. Much they'd know of it at Ottawa. And that's the way to get the fur, eh? I'm sick of this life of bein' God A'mighty to the Injuns, when you're only just human yourself. Now, if I was a trader, I don't deny, I'd go after the fur—an' I'd get it, same as you chaps! Only I'd—"

"You might do something risky?" Again the genial guffaw. And again the swift searching eye that flashed over Bray's face, studying, estimating.

"Yes," said Claxton. "It's risky to trade spirits to the natives—while I'm in charge here, anyhow. And I'm in for a long time yet, I hope."

The group broke apart as the strangers, in the most matter-of-fact way in the world, turned to take up their journey into a region as little known and as dangerous as any on the globe.

"You're a boy of good spirit," said the trader to Bray, aside as the silent Jimmy flung on his pack and went on ahead down the bluff trail to the beach; "you've got spirit, an' you can mush a team. There's money in it. Lay low."

"Well, so long," he added, with a short, hard handshake all around. "See you next spring—maybe."

THE nightless day of fifty-eight north turned swiftly enough into the dayless night—the long night of the Arctic. The slush ice in the river thickened, the wild fowl long ago had disappeared southbound, and the snows came—foot after foot, day after day, until the long log house of the company post resembled a grave—or the den of some vast hibernating animal, indicated only by the wisp of mist-like smoke arising. In the barracks of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police the three men who represented law and order in a country a thousand miles square went on with their routine—cutting and drawing wood, cooking, eating, sleeping—and playing football. Now and again they made a trip with the dog team to some nearby village of the natives—fifty miles or so being held nearby in terms of travel in that country. On rare occasions the three of them visited the glowering old trader Friese in his den—where they got the best he had, even a nip now and then of a little Scotch, miraculously treasured.

The patrol came through from Dawson that winter—a new patrol of five hardy youngsters, wiry as wolves, who came trotting in behind their dog teams with the winter mail packet in time for Christmas dinner at McPherson post. This was the second great event of all the year at McPherson, and the entire white population—nine men now in all—made merry for their Christmas season. This meant the last of old man Friese's last bottle of Scotch and the last jar of Claxton's marmalade. They made merry as they could, these castaways. Is there anything in the world, I wonder, quite so pathetic as this childless, womanless, man's Christmas in the land of perpetual night!

Of all these, Claxton was most reticent. He had a letter from the packet—a letter which had come down from Ft. Simpson

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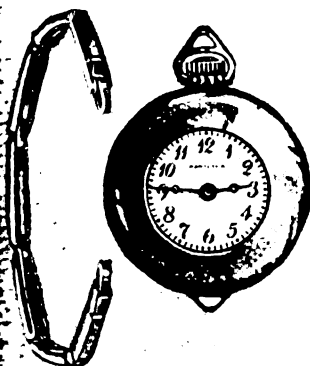
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by sledge runner to the mouth of the Gravel river, thence by native carrier across the Rockies, down the Stewart river, and so to Dawson on the Yukon; thence to the Peel river—an unbelievable journey, but the only one possible at that time.

This letter was from Claxton's inspector, up river at Simpson. It advised him that there had been a great deal of fur coming in at some of the lower posts, especially Good Hope, to independent traders. This fur seemed to come from somewhere over east, part of it down the Hare river to Good Hope, but even some showing up at Norman, on Great Bear. No one could account for this, for that country had not been heard from for years. Some one had started the rumor that this was poisoned fur and search had revealed an empty strychnine bottle in the possession of some natives who came in from the east. The independent traders had been suspected of furnishing the Indians with this poison for taking fur. This was contrary to the law, since it meant the extinction of the fur-bearing animals, which in turn meant the extinction of the natives. Sergeant Claxton therefore was advised to keep a strict lookout for any suspicious looking parties passing through his country. One or two of the independents who had been wintering above the mouth of the Peel were by the last boat reported to be moving out, possibly with the intention of crossing to the Yukon. Sergeant Claxton was advised to report in regard to any newcomers passing through.

The letter was enough to make Claxton thoughtful. It was winter. It was perhaps six hundred miles from McPherson to the place where certain two strangers from up the river were at that hour verifying the suspicions of the inspector—yes, and Sergeant Claxton's suspicions also. He reflected now, and bitterly, that he ought to have made exact search of the outfit of these two men before allowing them to proceed—that indeed he ought never to have allowed them to go on at all.

BUT since he had no right to commandeer any man of the Dawson patrol, Claxton of McPherson held his peace, and only made reply by the return dog packet to Dawson—a letter which would reach his inspector some time next summer, via Skagway, Vancouver, Edmonton and the Athabasca waterway. And after the departure of the patrol back across the Rockies, Claxton said little for two weeks. He stared at the red hot stove.

There was something else which made him thoughtful. If he took any action now he must do so as one of three men; of two men, if he counted Bray as no longer of the force; no, as one man—that was the truth. Hale, a recruit, a raw young lad not long out from Lancashire, was a willing chap and handy, but he was new at this work, new in the country, new to the country's grub list. His face was getting puffy. He had come in the last few days with his ankles too much swollen from the snowshoe straps. He froze too easily. He complained of his teeth. He was game, this lad, but scurvy takes no account of that. To send Hale over east into that unknown country would be murder, and murder without any return.

As to Bray, what could he do? In a month Bray would no longer be subject to his orders. As for himself, again, what

could he do? Surely he could not leave Bray and Hale alone, with Bray feeling as he did and Hale looking as he did. Claxton, sergeant of McPherson garrison, was thoughtful for two weeks, yet made no sign, save that he shaved a trifle closer every morning and buttoned his dress jacket tighter than ever. And he wore his red tunic, not the brown jacket of fatigue duty.

"It seems to me you're a trifle swell lately, Sergeant," said Bray with sarcasm one morning when he was in an especially ugly mood. He nodded to the red tunic. But Claxton, tolerant of the liberties a man will take when he knows his time is nearly up, only smiled at him.

"There's just the three of us together here," continued Bray; "what's the use in raggin' out?"

Claxton turned on him suddenly. "Never mind about the use of it, Corporal Bray. But you said the *three* of us?"

"Well, yes, I did."

"That's it—we're three, or we ought to be, lad. You and I have stuck for five years together, one post with another. There's three of us here. But your time expires pretty soon, and here is Hale comin' down, and not a fresh potato in the post—unless maybe Friese's wife has got one or so hid out. That kid's in bad, Bray, and you know it. So, are we three—or two—or one—to do the work? I'm tellin' you, there's work to be done."

"What is it?" asked Bray suddenly.

"I've got to send a man over east—to the Anderson country," said Claxton, "and I don't know a d—d thing about that country. You know those chaps who went through here? Well, look at this letter from the inspector. That means me—it means us. There's got to be an expedition over there. How am I goin' to do it? Gawd! man, I'm not askin' much of any of the fellows, but there's times when I wish we was three for fair, all winter, the way the names stand on the rolls today."

"I'll take that trip on," said Bray at last, after a long silence.

CLAXTON looked at him suddenly, the corners of his straight mouth twitching. He turned his face to the window to get control of himself. Then he put a hand on Bray's shoulder.

"Bray, old chap," said he, "maybe you think I've been a trifle hard with you of late. Be sure of one thing—I wasn't thinkin' of myself—only the service. While I'm in charge here, I'm in charge, and the regulations tell us what each fellow's duty is. But I just want to say if I haven't been fair in any way, I'm sorry. What you say now hits me hard. The way it lays on the books, I can't send you over there—at least you're under my orders for only about a month longer."

"I'll take it on," said Bray.

Claxton did not understand the peculiar tone of his voice, the peculiar way in which he kept his eyes aside, but he went on in his open-hearted fashion.

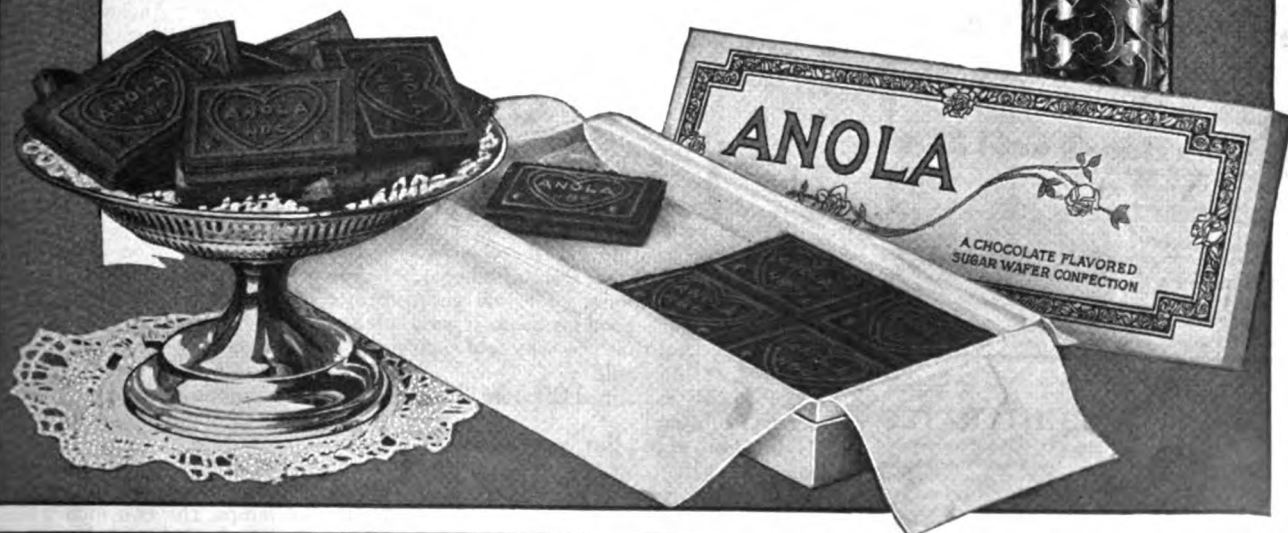
"It's only a fast, hard pull will ever come up with those two fellows. They're a bad lot, unless I'm mighty mistaken—an awfully bad lot, and dangerous as well. The man that goes there after them has got a hard trip and a hard end to it. It'll take some stiff work to bring these fellows back. I'm not clear in my mind how to send one man on so risky a trip, for two men like those. They'll take a chance,


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and don't mind breakin' a law. They'd break any law."

"I'll go in on my own," said Bray, still sullenly.

"On your own! How do you mean?"

"I mean that I know all the grub caches down the river, an' east on the coast for forty miles—you know I do. I'll start tomorrow mornin', if you'll give me that boy Charlie from the village down below. If those two fellows can make it across, so can we. There's Cogwollok villages over in there somewhere, an' those fellows must have left some sort of trace behind them here or there. I'm not doubtin' I could pull through."

"Maybe," said Claxton. "I don't know—I'm only doubtin' if I ought to ask you to. That is to say—"

"I'll start tomorrow," said Bray, still half-savage, half-sullen, "and when I come back in the spring I'll jolly well tell those folks down at Ottawa what I think of them." He rose, hands in pockets, and paced away, still sullen.

"Bring those two chaps out with you any way you like," said Claxton sententiously, "and I'll jolly well tell those folks down at Ottawa what I think of you, Corporal Bray!"

Bray only mumbled, and kept his eyes aside.

CLAXTON once more stood at the top of the McPherson bluff—still, until the chill in his blood matched the ache in his heart. It seemed to him he still could see, in the snowy twilight of the endless night, the two figures which but now had gone down the trail, on the wide white path of the river—Bray and his Loucheux Indian boy, driving their dog team out into the winter and the night, while he, who would rather have gone than to have sent another, remained behind.

He turned at last, and went back into the house. Hale lay on the bed, very sober and silent. "Son," said Sergeant Claxton, "here we are now, just us two. I swear I don't know which is the best place—the one that we have, or Bray's yonder."

"I know jolly well where I'd rather be," said Hale; "that's with the team an' not 'ere."

"Don't mind—don't mind at all, Hale," said Claxton. "I've quite a bit of dried fruit somewhere about, an' I'm sure old Christina, the trader's woman, will have a potato or so hid out, even yet—we'll have you right as a trivet before long. It's only you're not used to the life and the grub yet. If I'd a bit of Scotch now I'd stand treat—I swear, I'm awfully down in the mouth, thinkin' of those two chaps."

"They'll get the Scotch before we do, I'm thinkin'," said Hale.

"How do you mean?" Claxton turned to him sharply.

"I'll tell you, Sergeant. I've been thinkin', an' just wonderin' if 'twas two casks of 140 O. P., or two casks of vinegar, those parties had along. The old chap said 'twas vinegar—good for beans it was, or for scurvy, and that was why 'e'd such a lot along. But would 'e—"

"My Gawd!" exclaimed Claxton. "And you never told me!"

"I did think of it. But you was stiffish-like, along in then, Sir, an'—"

"Nor did you need—'twas my own duty to examine everything they had—I let them through. The Lord help us now! I

see—I begin to see—" He rose and paced the room with more excitement than Hale had ever seen him show.

"But, no!" he turned at last to his associate. "I'll not judge Bray till I know the whole story. I'll put my faith on the years he's spent with us—all sorts of duty—man, he surely wouldn't desert us now, and with that in his soul beside!"

"'E told me, 'ow 'e was d—d lonesome, you know," ventured Hale, "an' you was stiffish-like, Sir."

"Yes. He'd only a few weeks to go until his discharge—you see we'd forgot all about that when the inspector was down—we supposed Bray'd stay on, of course, and sign when he got out. Well, let him go. It's our one chance—and his. Some time or other we'll know what's happened over there."

Within the next six weeks they learned something of what had happened. The Loucheux boy, who had accompanied Bray, came limping in alone behind a crippled dog team. He bore a letter from Bray, dated January tenth and written not even its subscriber knew where, other than as "Somewhere on the Coste."

"Sergt. Claxton, Sir," it said. "We done only about 25 mild a day to hear my boy is sick and scart of the huskies And I am leeving him at the viledge hear or what is left of itt And am going on aloan with a new man from Hear who knows it oaver este 150 mild. They got some seal hear and a Whale last fall. Some fiting hear among the natifs. whisky done it. There is also some Poison out. I am going in on my own so no more at present. J. S. Bray."

Claxton sat for a time, looking at the dull red door of the little stove. Then, silently, he handed the letter over to Hale.

"January eleven was the date Bray's time was up," said he. "He says he's on his own—but if so, why should he go on in? There'll be hell in there—hell that those two chaps have started. He's right—whisky done it."

CLAXTON had accurately described the situation which toward the close of winter existed around the mouth of the Anderson river where, a little inland from the coast, the natives of quite a large section had made a winter village. Bray's new guide took him to this place—seemed eager to reach it himself. Behind him were the faded fires of an exhausted supply of raw alcohol and water. Ahead, there might still be a little alcohol remaining.

There had been, at one time. Now it had done its work. It was a desolate and well-nigh untenanted village which Bray at last entered, hobbling in his snowshoe straps after a journey of five or six hundred miles. It was as though war had swept across the place, save that this was worse than war.

Bray passed one igloo after another, before which there were no recent footprints in the snow. Following a more definite trail, he pulled up at length before a hut which showed tenancy—white tenancy—by certain signs which Bray recognized. Unannounced, he stooped and crawled in through the narrow entry passage.

As he rose, he saw, on the ledge at the opposite side, sitting in igloo dishabille by the oil lamps, the two men whom he wished to see—both bearded to the eyes



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and grimed with the smoke of the lamps. With them were two women of the tribe, each with the blue tattoo line down the chin, comely as any of the strangely vital Eskimos and apparently as headstrong and quarrelsome—for Bray heard voices raised in altercation even before he entered. He caught a glimpse back of them of a great mass of fur—the igloo was piled full of it, ten times the fur which belonged in any Husky hut at that season of the year. Obviously Williams and his son had got what they had come after.

HE had found them—but not unprepared. As Bray raised himself from his half-stooped posture at the door flap he found himself looking into the muzzle of a long revolver, held steadily in the hand of the elder of the free traders.

"How do you come, and why?" rasped Williams at length. Bray looked into the eye of a man as dangerous as a rattlesnake, as free of fear and as unscrupulous, as ready to strike.

"I followed your tracks," said Bray, simply. "Gawd knows it was easy. There's 'ell to pay in the Cogwolloks. It's easy to see who done it."

"Well, then," said the free trader, "you've come to join us? You're not with the Police any more? But most of our work's done—here's the fur from a hundred miles around. Why didn't you come sooner, if you wanted share and share with us?"

"I don't rightly remember I ever did say I wanted in with you—did I?" replied Bray. All the time, paying no attention to the leveled revolver, he was taking off his parkie and feeling in the pack which he had dragged in with him. Something in his voice moved the other to drop the gun at his side; but though Bray pushed on over to the ledge beside him, he took no advantage of that fact. Rather, he looked at the great mass of fur, mostly of the white fox, which filled every cranny of the hut.

"There's money in booze and strychnin', ain't there?" said he. "My word! I didn't think there was so much. Just look at the fur!"

"It'll net ten thousand or better," said Williams, grinning, "if we ever git it out. But that's the question. Are you with us, or are you with the Police? Either way, you can be a lot of use to us. Even if you wanted to stay on with the Police, you could all of you be a lot of help to us getting this stuff out of the country, an' into the Yukon quietly—no fuss about it. I don't like that fellow Claxton. But with him or without him, whether or not you're with him on the force, you'll earn something' for your share if you help us get the stuff west on the coast an' up the river, to the mouth of the Rat Crossin'. Once across, an' on the Yukon, we're all right. I've been over, an' know the Bell an' the Porcupine like a book."

The old man and his silent son sat, their eyes glued on Bray. The latter also was silent and Williams went on.

"We've traded the last of our spirits, Bray," said he. "We didn't use much ourselves, seein' it was worth so much in fur. There's almost a riot now, especially among the women, for a lot of the men haven't come in from runnin' the bait lines."

"Bait lines?" said Bray.
"Sure. We don't monkey with traps.

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Strychnine is the dope for foxes in a new country. They cry for it. There's the answer." He pointed to the stacked fur as he went on.

"But the trouble with these Huskies is, they won't listen to reason—they can't understand that we can't make whisky right here on the ground for them—one bottle of the O. P. makes six of liquor. They're busy howlin' for drink all the time they're about, and that's the only reason they don't knife us, I reckon—they think we can make some more out of the casks. But the casks is empty now, an' there's hell to pay. You've come just in time, Bray. Blood's thicker than water. We're all white."

Bray made no comment. He started, stared, and then sank down, thoughtful. Williams as he ceased had tucked the gun into the band of his trousers, apparently sure that Bray came as a friend. "We'll let you in, of course, even now," he resumed. "You'll fight with us. If you don't—"

"Well, what if I don't?" asked Bray calmly. He looked up, a strange new light suddenly showing in his eye.

"I was just thinkin'," said the grim voice of the free trader, in response, "that nobody ever found it very healthy to hold up Jimmy and me. We've seen life on the front before we ever come up here. It ain't every man we'd offer a place with us, be sure of that. An' we wouldn't mostly look for pals among the lazy Northwest Police. Here's a chance. What chance has a poor devil in the Mounted got?—only a life like a dog an' nothin' at the end of it."

"That's true," said Bray calmly. "There's not a lot in it, 'cept one or two things which maybe you an' me 'as overlooked."

"We don't split hairs," answered Williams. "We'll make it even—Steven between us three. If you'd come sooner, we'd 'uv saved the last dozen bottles we fixed up out of the cask. They raided us. But what are you doin' there?"

Bray had at length unlashd the mouth of his pack sack and was dragging out a garment—a red garment—the tunic of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police. He spread it now out across his knees, ran a hand along the wrinkles.

"That'd trade in well with the Huskies," grinned Williams. "What's it worth?"

BRAY'S face grew a dull red at that question. He made no reply. Slowly he drew off the heavy caribou parkie that he wore, the undervest that lay below it. Slowly he worked his arms into the tunic of his red uniform—the one customarily used formally only by his superiors at the remoter frontier posts. Calmly, with no change of countenance, with no hesitation and no hurry, he fastened the buttons to the throat, pulled it down at the seams. Then, with no hurry and with no hesitation, he reached out a hand, caught the handle of the long gun which protruded at Williams' waistband, and with a jerk pulled it out.

A savage grunt from Williams was followed by a swift movement by Jimmy the silent. But the long gun in Bray's hand now was turned from one to the other.

"Now, don't," said Bray. "Don't start anything. Because it's like you said, we're all of us w'ite. An' blood's thicker than water."



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SUNSET MAGAZINE

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The two sat looking at him with steel-cold eyes, both of them silent. Bray dropped the gun into his own lap.

"I say we're all w'ite," he went on. "What we owe each other now is w'ite man's fashion of doin' things."

"You talk like a fool!" broke out Williams. "But if you're with us, give me back my gun."

"I can't," said Bray. "I can't, because blood's thicker than water, an' because we're w'ite. We've got to work together—but work like w'ite men, an' not like 'Uskies."

"My word!" he went on, inconsequently. "That ear begins to 'urt me. I suppose I'll lose it, an' two or three toes. But listen, now; if we went on and acted like these Cogwolloks, what kind of a report could any of us m'ike when we come out of this business?"

"You chump! Give me that gun, or—"

"I can't," said Bray, shaking his head. Williams tried argument once more.

"You're a free man, ain't you? You told me, once you were off with the force, you'd throw in with us. Are you goin' back on your word? This is no game for chickens nor for snitchers—it takes a man to run this the way we do. Ain't you a man?"

BRAY'S face grew a darker red. "I 'ope so," said he. "An' by Gawd! what men you'd make for the force! You'd stop at nothin'."

"No, we wouldn't," replied Williams. "You've not got us scared, right now. There's two of us. It's a long way home from here. Get one of us—but that don't mean you'll get us both, or that the Huskies won't get you, before you get back."

"No, they won't," said Bray quietly. "I ain't afraid of them, an' I can't be afraid of you. I was some afraid of my own self—that's why I put on the tunic. The fur—it went to me 'ead—so much of it. An' a dollar or so a day—"

"Now, let me tell you. I signed on again for a third term—a 'undred an' fifty mile back of 'ere on the trail. I wrote it on a paper an' put it on a stick. Some of the boys'll find it sometime, an' w'ether or not I get out, they'll get in sometime. Because, don't you see, it'll have been Bray of the Maounted that done this work, 'ere—whatever that work 'as been. I said I was comin' in on me own—but I signed it the day before me time was out. I was still Bray of the Maounted—an' I am now. I 'ope I signed on legal for another term. I 'ope they'll pass me through down at Ottawa.

"And I'll 'ave to caution you now," he added, "me bein' constable an' you my prisoners, that w'atever you say may be used against you. So be careful. If you resisted an officer, that might later be used very much against you."

"You damned chump!" said Williams.

"Did you lie to me, then?"

"I don't 'ardly ever lie to anybody," said Bray, "an' you mustn't say them sort of things to me, else I'll have to take off my jacket. No, I'll tell you all about it. I was thinkin', all along the trail, about 'ow it'd be to be me own man, with a chance to git on in the world. Gawd knows, it's 'ard enough for a chap like me to git on—I've not much eddication, an' no family an' no friends. I've no money an' no backin' to git a start. About all a fellow like me can do is to mush a dog team up 'ere, an'

lucky 'e is if 'e gits grub an' any sort of wage. I'm not sayin', 'twas glory got us all to enlist—what's true for one maybe ain't true for another, an' I don't 'ardly know what was true about myself, that made me sign on first. It was 'abit made me sign the second time. What made me sign the last time was this—"

He touched the sleeve of his red jacket. "You see," he went on, "I 'ad it there, in the 'ind-sack of me sled, all the time. I could feel it there. I felt it there all the time up to January 'leven. Now you're awskin' me what made me sign on again. Near's I can tell you, it wasn't the pay, an' it wasn't the 'abit. It was because I'm w'ite, an' because, like you say, 'blood's thicker'n water.' It come to me all at once, right now, when you said it.

"You see, I did come in 'ere on me own—that is, I mean, I thought it all over by meself on the trail. I wasn't never sure till right now. But if I come in 'ere just as a man, not as a constable, I couldn't arrest you fellows. The red coat in my 'ind-sack told me that. Somehow—right now, when you said that—it seemed like a shame to me that men as good as you would be in 'ere, doin' this sort of thing with the natives an' with the fur. It ain't right. It ain't fit for a w'ite man to do. Blood bein' thicker'n water, I 'lowed, just now, I'd stick with the Maounted an' tell you that, right fair an' plain. So you can't say I've lied to you none at all, for I 'aven't. No. It's this way—us w'ite men has got to be God A'mighty to these natives, even if we're only 'uman ourselves." Corporal Bray certainly had lost sight and memory of consistency as he made this declaration, but his tone carried conviction, and so did the gun in his lap.

"You're braver men than I am," went on Corporal Bray. "You're better shots than I am, both of you. It's probable you've seen more danger in your lives than I 'ave in mine. I ain't brave at all, an' I never could shoot a pistol very much. But now, the point is, you're both w'ite, like me. You wouldn't want to see me, a w'ite man, done up by these natives because they're crazy with your booze—now would you?"

Corporal Bray laid the gun at his side on the ledge, leaned over, fumbled in the pocket of his tunic and drew out pipe and tobacco, offering the prized pouch to each of the others. He lit up at the guttering stove lamp, with no more than a glance at the two silent native women beyond him.

"Tell them to cook somethin'," said he to Jimmy carelessly. "I've a pot o' tea left. My word, that ear!"

The two native women, wondering and yet partially comprehending, now began some sort of sullen talk. "Him got whisk?" asked one.

"Shut up, you!" growled the older man. "Put on the kettle there—the man's hungry and tired."

"He's some man, Jimmy," he added admiringly to his silent son; "some man, or he wouldn't ever have got through."

IT was spring when Claxton, sergeant of McPherson, at last had some reward for his daily march to the observation bench on top of the bluff—spring, for the geese were honking in, and the rats were moving out of their houses, and a swimming beaver was wrinkling the face of the open river once more. Far down stream, around the five-mile point, Claxton saw a

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two-masted schooner slowly rounding in. He knew it would have news. Exultantly he called out, so that all who heard came running.

When the pallid and languid Hale had joined him at the bank they put the glasses on the advancing boat. She seemed clumsily sailed, not as the shifty Eskimos would have handled her. There were two men on deck—men still clad in furs, an older man at the tiller, a younger busy with the halyards. Slowly, clumsily, the best schooner owned in the Cogwollok band presently made its way up to the McPherson landing under white men's handling.

It had on board really three men. And it was crammed, crowded, loaded to the deck with furs—more furs than any schooner had brought to that landing in all the history of the Eskimo inland visits. One of these men, pale, weak, so helpless that he almost needed to be carried by the others, was a man in a worn and soiled red tunic—Bray, of the Mounted.

The stronger men got him down the narrow plank and into the arms of Claxton and Hale; and at last they had him on a dog sled, up the hill and into bed. Claxton said nothing. Bray was wearing the red.

Bray raised a hand in salute to his officer. "Ave the honor to report that—"

Claxton laid a hand on his mouth. "Wait, old chap," said he. "We'll take all this up after due time."

HE turned now to Bray's companion, the older man who always had acted as spokesman.

"We're his prisoners," said Williams simply. "We all of us had a hell of a time gettin' through. The natives jumped us a day's march out on our way back. We fought them for forty miles. Bray got speared—we thought for a long time we couldn't save him. But we brought him back. There's a boatload of the stuff—contraband, I reckon, so I s'pose you'll hold it. As for us, Jimmy and me, I reckon we're goin' out, one way or the other."

He cast a look at the leg of the cook-stove where hung the irons which so long had confined the erring Loucheux.

"Yes," said Claxton quietly, "you'll have to go out. But how? We'll think that over—put on the kettle, Hale. These men are tired and hungry."

"And we're white!" added Williams suddenly, with the first touch of emotion anyone ever saw him show. "I don't mind about myself—I've taken chances all my life, but the boy here—why, Mr. Bray

was sayin' himself he'd be a credit to the force."

Claxton nodded silently, pipe in mouth.

"WE wasn't afraid of that man," went on the hardy free trader, nodding at Bray as he lay in the bunk. "We ain't afraid of the lot of you now. We could have killed him a hundred times if we'd wanted to. But somehow, when he come in there, thirsty as hell, an' didn't ask us for a drink even if we could have give it to him—half froze an' all by himself—on his own—why, somethin' about the proposition got next to us—I don't rightly know how. He said it was because we're white, an' because blood's thicker'n water. An' there must be somethin' somewhere in what he said. Anyway we stuck, an' come out together. If we hadn't, none of us'd a got out at all."

Williams handed to Claxton a soiled and crumpled scrap of paper. "We picked this up on the way out, where Mr. Bray had left it. He was in the sledge and never knew when we passed the place, but I brought the paper in to you. It's where he signed on again. And here's the map of the Anderson country that I promised you. Maybe it'll do the Police some good. I'll not need it again."

Claxton took the papers in his hand gravely, looked at the smaller one, turned it over. "Corporal Bray sent back word he was going in east on his own," said he, after a time.

"So he did," said the free trader. "That's the way we all come out, too."

"I'm thinkin'," said Claxton, "after you've had your breakfast I'll have to be gettin' up my report. Stick around a bit, and I'll maybe show it you."

Sergeant Claxton's report to his inspector, as usual, was brief and somewhat to the point. "Sir," it said, "I have to report that as per your instructions, have looked into the fox poisoning Suspected in the Anderson country east of here. Beg to say the poisoning operations is at an end and most of the fur has been Collected and brought into this post. The two men that went in there last fall have made their Escape up the Rat and over to the Yukon, American side. Being weak from wound received in fight with natives, Corporal Bray, of the Anderson expedition, could not retain control of his prisoners, but held the fur, also broke up the trade. Corporal Bray has signed on again. Corporal Bray's Conduct on the Anderson trip has been Exempellary."

You see, Claxton was thinking of the word and not of the spelling. And so far as the records show, Claxton's own conduct in this matter has never been rated as anything other than exemplary.

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Motoring After Missions

A Diary of Discovery North of Southern California

By A. Z. Bradley

LET us call him The Wise Man, from the East. That has a timely sound just now. Its real significance is this: however wise he may have been when he came West he was wiser when he went back. "And thereby hangs a tale" which may be found herein in the form of a motoring article, for by motoring cometh wisdom these days. In this special case, the motoring was a means to an end. And that end was nothing less than to do justice to certain of the features of central California.

THERE were four of us and we sat together, resting after a long day spent amid the manifold interests of the Panama-Pacific Exposition. We had found a bench in the quaint garden of the California Building. Above us hung the feathery branches of a pepper-tree, splashed with color by long clusters of rosy berries; immediately before us, in a rude basin of concrete, contrasting with the ornate fountains of the Exposition, plashed a two-foot jet of water; from the fountain radiated paths and in the beds between were simple old flowers and shrubs with a background of ancient cypress hedge and climbing roses. Across the garden, which did not seem a part of the display of the Fair, stood a massy group of acacias, and high above these, against the pink and gold sky of evening, rose the towers of the "mission" building, whose tiled roofs, with belfries and arcades, shut away the garden on all sides from the throbbing cosmos of the Exposition.

The atmosphere of cloistered calm filling the spot at that moment was as balm to our spirits, frankly wearied with a sight-seeing pace through the Exhibit palaces. The Wise Man's wife—to be called henceforward The Novice—gave a long happy sigh of relaxation and lifted her eyes toward the mission towers. From a niche, midway of their height, the sober figure of a monk looked down

upon us over the darkening green of the acacias.

"I wonder who that is," she said, half musing.

Silence from the Wise Man. He was a visitor and it was up to the natives to answer questions. Silence from me as well. I am a native, so to speak, by adoption and devotion and I am strong on many things Californian. But I am weak on Exposition statuary. It remained for the other member of our quartet to save the moment. It is not too much to call her The One Who Knows. I have to acknowledge so often her extraordinary information on many subjects to which I have given little atten-

tion that I feel this name designates her very well. She knows, *she knows*, SHE KNOWS.

Silence from her too, but only for a moment. I think the pause was permitted merely to bring out more clearly the ignominy of my lack of response. "That is Father Serra, the founder of the missions from which the architecture of this building is taken," said The One Who Knows.

"Oh, yes," said The Novice. "I remember, now. He is called the first pioneer of California, I believe. I want to see the real missions while we are here."

The Wise Man now spoke up briskly. "We're headed for there tomorrow night. You'll find plenty of them at Los Angeles."

Perhaps it was the confident know-it-all way in which he spoke; perhaps it was a desire on my part to join in the information-giving of the moment; perhaps it was a wound in a narrow local pride from which I am not wholly free; at any rate, I spoke up sharply.

"We have plenty of missions, too," said I. "As many as Los Angeles."

The Wise Man turned on me a gaze of doubt touched with suspicion. Even in the gathering dusk I was aware of it.

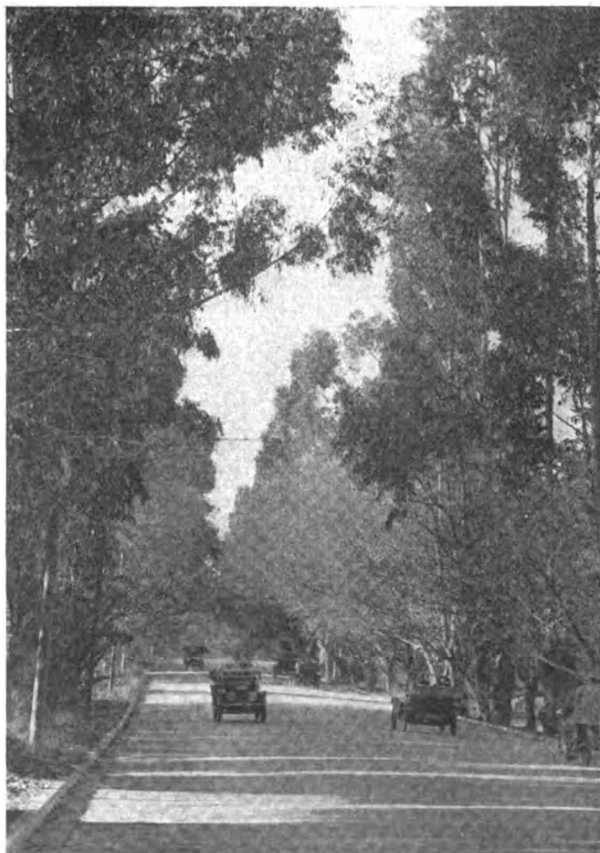
"How do you make that out?" he asked.

"Well," I answered doggedly, "we each have one!"

"Humph!" he said with a flavor of scorn. "I surmised you had something of the kind because I keep my eyes open when I travel and I saw at the Ferry a car marked 'Mission.' But I mean San Gabriel and Santa Barbara and San Diego and the others."

"Ah, yes, the others!" said The One Who Knows. "Dolores and Santa Clara and San Juan Bautista and San Carlos Borromeo. It is too bad for you to miss them. As you must if you go to Los Angeles tomorrow."

SHE looked thoughtfully up toward the tower and in the magic of the twilight the



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figure of Serra seemed to lean forward, as in a gesture of approval. I did not observe it but she told me of it afterward. I did observe, however, that The Novice leaned forward with a gesture of disapproval.

"O Cyrus," she said to the Wise Man, "I don't want to miss them!"

I felt really sorry for him. That list of holy names had seriously impaired his prestige as a guide to the West. So, with an inspiration born of pity and patriotism, I announced:

"You are not going to miss them. We are taking you to see them in the car tomorrow."

"Yes, indeed," said The One Who Knows. "They are in a line along El Camino Real, the road of the padres, you know, and it is a lovely day's run."

"Moreover," added I, "you can go on to Los Angeles by train after we've finished up with Carmel.

It means hardly any delay to you."

I rather think that the Wise Man would have been content with such missions as were still left in the Los Angeles country but he had no choice, for The Novice and The One Who Knows were already settling the details of costume and luggage and it only remained for us to settle the hour at which the car would be at their hotel.

"Eight sharp," dictated I, and our pilgrimage was on.

THE very first part of our direct run to the missions was a detour. The One Who Knows insisted on it.

"We are looking for missions, you know," she argued, "and so we ought to get into the spirit of those who sought for the mission sites originally. We'll go out to the McDowell Drive first."

"Just as you say," I answered, being a Wise Man in my own way, and taking her orders, street by street, we found ourselves at Mountain Lake, by the Marine Hospital, at the Presidio end of 12th ave.

"Now stop just a moment, please," said our Baedeker. "Do you know where we are? This is where Anza, the founder of San Francisco, camped when he came from Monterey to select the site for the mission and the fort. They put the mission way over there beyond that mountain with the cross on it and put the fort by the sea. The town was to be in between. Now we're going over the drive along the cliffs on the Golden Gate."

As we swung round the drive the outer harbor spread before us, serenely blue in the sunlight of an exceptional morning.

"Look way up there along the coast," cried a lady whose memory had been marvelously rubbed up by midnight oil

while I had slept the sleep of the just chauffeur. "How fortunate it is so clear! You see that headland at the very end of everything? That is Point Reyes, and when Portola was searching for Monterey Bay and had missed it by getting too far north, he could see that point from the mountains down the coast. He sent some scouts under Sergeant Ortega to explore as far as that point, but Ortega found himself stopped by an arm of the sea. That means that he got as far as where the Cliff House is now and then came round the cliffs, probably just where we are going. It seems funny that the Bay was not discovered from the sea, but it isn't always as clear as it is this morning, to be honest."

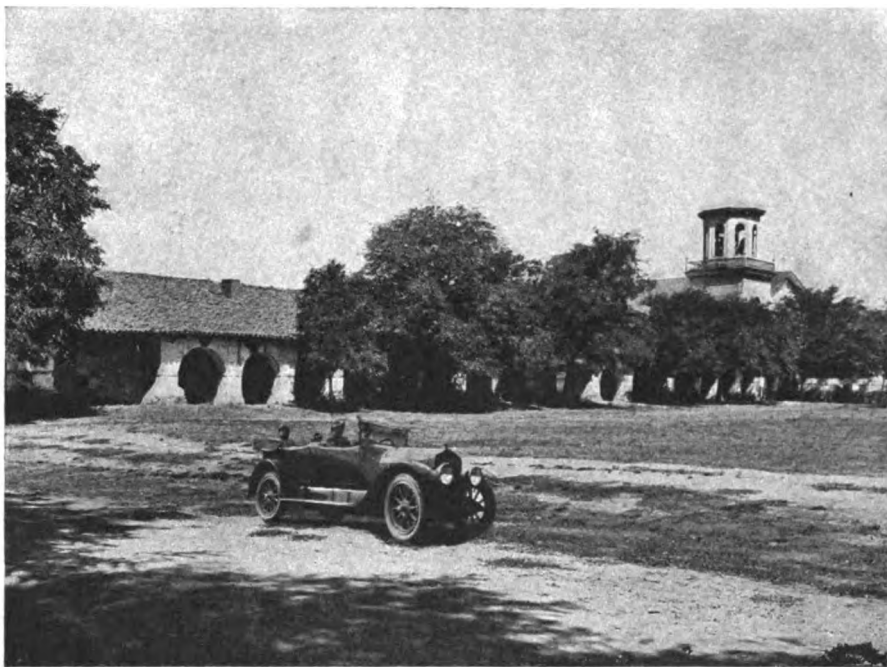
NOW the shore batteries of the Presidio appeared beside the road and presently the inner harbor lay

little part, is going to be famous some day. The priest with Anza wrote in his diary about this spot: 'It is a most delicious view.' Do you blame him?"

Having delivered this lecture, which, I told her, would have done credit to a rubber-neck spieler, The One Who Knows settled herself in her seat.

"I am through for now," she said. "Drive on to Mission Dolores."

WE sped through the Presidio and across town to the sheltered valley under Twin Peaks, now a bustling sub-center of the city with no trace of the lagoon and streamlet where the abundance of all the requirements—soil and water, timber and stone—decided Anza to locate the mission. We did not see the interior of the building, for the doors were closed at that hour, but we gazed at the quaint façade of the ancient church,



Across the plaza of old San Juan. The mission, with its collection of quaint relics, and the little adobe inn, with its uncommonly good steak, sent us off in high spirits, to tackle the San Juan grade

out beneath us with its islands and gliding ferry-boats. At this crest of the divide the car was stopped again.

"We'll never get there!" I protested, but "Just a moment" urged the guide and "Oh, please" seconded The Novice.

"Now look!" cried The One Who Knows. "Just imagine Ortega standing here, about noon on a day like this, Nov. 1st, 1769, and discovering the bay of San Francisco. And picture Ayala, six years later, in the little packet-boat, 'San Carlos' drawn by the flood tide at evening through the narrows of the Gate, just below us, into an unknown sea—the first ship to enter there after so many galleons had flown by unknowing. The following spring Anza, the comandante, came here and planted a cross at the edge of this point to mark the site of their fort. It is called Fort Point now. Look at the great batteries here and think of the little fort they built and remember that the Presidio will be the largest military post in the United States if plans of defense are carried out. Remember, too, that our Bay and Ocean Drive, of which this is a

nestling against the pretentious temple built since the great fire and rejoiced in the good fortune that had spared the landmark from destruction. After a peep into the little graveyard where myrtle and roses overrun headstones bearing some names of history, we went our way along the old mission road and down the peninsula over the glistening state highway, through nearly fifty miles of bungalows. At Colma a new boulevard sought to entice us into the mountains along the ocean; at Burlingame, curving roads under stately eucalypts hinted at ornate gateways and flower jungles

of the millionaire colony at Hillsborough; at San Mateo, road signs tempted with suggestions of lakes and redwoods, but we allowed none of these allurements to disturb our pilgrims' progress.

At the bridge over San Francisquito creek The One Who Knows asserted herself again. "Stop!" she commanded, pointing, with a guide's privilege, to a towering lonely redwood at the edge of the deep arroyo. "There's a landmark," she announced. "That tree is described in the very first diaries. Portola camped there and Rivera marked it as a site for a mission. Anza named the place Palo Alto (tall tree) but the mission idea was given up because the stream is dry in summer. Over a century later, there was an inexhaustible stream of gold flowing here and it was poured into a modern mission built here by one of those later pathfinders, the railroad builders. Take the first turn to the right and you shall see."

So we passed up the palm-bordered avenue of the Stanford University

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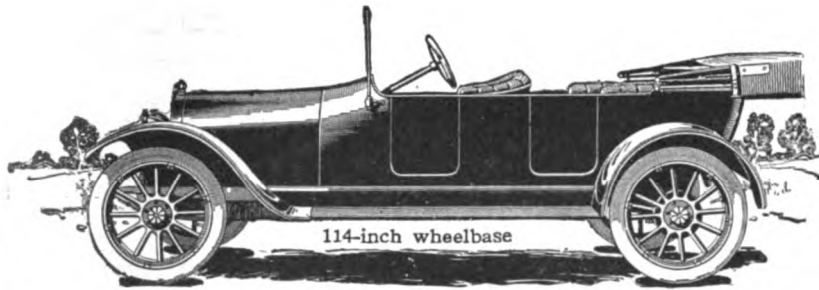
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campus and circled its group of low buildings, an elaboration of the mission plan with arcades of stone and roofs of red tiling enclosing a palm-filled garden. Then back to the highway and on through the oaks and orchards of the lower peninsula toward the mission town of Santa Clara. The Jesuit college of Santa Clara stands on the site of the old mission buildings and holds them somewhere in its heart, but the exigencies of renovation have obliterated their outlines. Yet the old adobe walls, several feet thick, appear here and there; the mission vineyard is a garden where beams of the old cloister roofs are visible and ancient olives linger; Indian carvings decorate the altar and the altar rail was formed from the beams of the mission, doubtless the earliest use of redwood as lumber. And in the museum of the college is a collection of old mission relics, tempting the motor pilgrim to tarry on his way.

The significance of the altar rail suggested to me the delights of the new road to the glories of the California Redwood Park, just over the range that lay darkly green along the western sky beyond the vast prune orchards of the valley. But the old mission of San Juan Bautista lay almost due south, just beyond the foot of the valley, and thither we were bound by schedule. So, through the "garden city" of San Jose, grown from the pueblo whose proximity gave the good fathers of Santa Clara concern for their charges a century ago—and perhaps today—we sped through the remainder of that splendid spread of country which the explorers named the "Plain of the Oaks of the Port of San Francisco." Then, keeping south, we passed through low hills to the valley of the San Benito and into the archaic little hamlet of San Juan.

HAD it not been for my promise to The Wise Man that he should get the "Lark" to Los Angeles that night as planned, I think we should be somewhere around that old plaza yet, for The Novice apparently found what she had been dreaming of when she said she wanted to see the missions, thus precipitating this pilgrimage. The arched corridors of the monastery, flanking one side of the plaza, delighted her as they had at Stanford University, only more so, for here they were rude and mossy and there they were conventional in stone chiseled in union hours. She had a spasm of pain at the ugly wooden bell-tower, erected by a zealous but unesthetic padre seventy years after the simple adobe church, but she forgot it in the interior of the building under the guidance of a Spanish-eyed woman who took us through and warmed, under the enthusiasm of The Novice, to special tales of the vanished life of the place. In a dimly-lighted room we saw musty relics of the mission days, including a barrel-organ one of whose tunes was entitled "Go to the Devil," an importation from London. We walked by earthquake-riven walls, over brick-tiled walks in decaying garden and orchard. We crossed the plaza and lunched in a little adobe inn with balconies in the early style and a ground floor whose heavy uneven planks had felt the beat of military crowds in the stirring days when General Castro was quartered here, organizing his forces to repel the "invasion" of

(Continued on page 78)

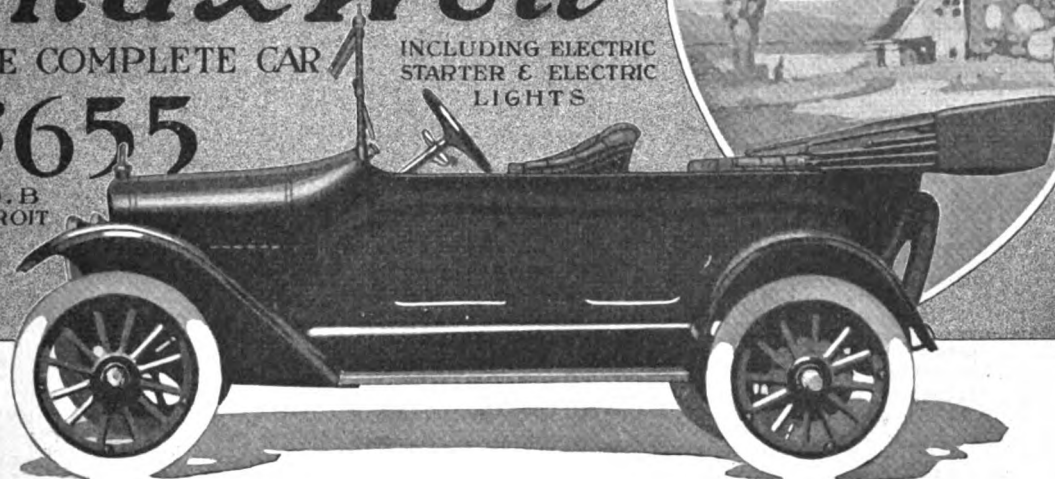
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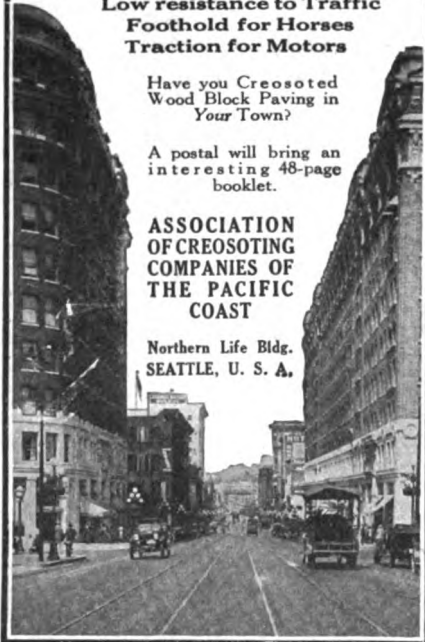
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'Into Temptation'

(Continued from page 37)

time bein', Parks, 'cos I ain't takin' no chances on you snoopin' off an' leavin' me. You're pretty foxy, you air. Go on now!" answering the other's baffled look. "I'm feelin' mean enough to chip little pieces out of yore hide for the fun of seein' 'em skip!"

The prospector set sullenly to work following out the bandit's wishes. When he had finished he turned and asked bluntly:

"Say, what d'ye aim to do with me? An' now that ye're packin' the grub an' water, how do I know it ain't you that'll do the snoopin' off? It looks to me that for a feller that's got all the best of it, ye're actin' mighty nasty."

"Jest you keep a-thinkin' that way," was the reply. "Climb on!"

They mounted and headed down off the summit toward the far-away flat in the east.

HALF an hour passed and neither spoke. Now they were jogging along in the bed of a boulder-choked canyon with toppling, steep walls. The dryness of ashes was everywhere. A hot breeze struck their faces, parching throat and lungs. The thin brush crackled and snapped. The mules lumbered along, snorting, heads lowered to the ground.

They drew rein at last to negotiate a watery-bag.

"I reckon you know where ye're goin'?" probed Parks during the pause. "I wouldn't hurt none to tell, near's I kin see. What're you up to anyhow?" he added more boldly.

While he wiped the wet out of his mustache with the palm of one hand the bandit laid a withering eye upon his prisoner. He turned over the water-bag to him, sneering:

"A fat lot it'd help if I told you."

"Mebby not," said Parks stoutly. "But I'm bein' shoed off like some old cow, an' not bein' one but a human like yerself, I figger I got some right to know where I'm headed for. You'd give a cow that much to think about."

The man grinned tantalizingly. "Aw, don't git all fussed, old settler. Wet up 'fore you bust a hoop. An' say"—in more serious tones—"call me Lafayette, or Lafe for short, so's I'll know who ye're talkin' to."

While Parks drank he took the occasion to roll a cigarette, not altogether relinquishing his hold upon the six-shooter, however, dangling it from one finger by the trigger-guard. He watched the prospector closely, too, from under his shaggy brows. But now it was with curious interest, as if he were fitting the other to something he had in mind. Moreover, a cunning light began to burn far back in his eyes, and it became apparent from his change of manner that he was bent upon some act of treachery or intrigue.

"You make me tired, Parks," he said a moment later, as he very deliberately took the water-bag from the other and returned it to its place on his own saddle. "The trouble with cusses like you is that you let on to be so all-fired nice as not to see nuthin' 'cept what you want to.

Ye're always for easin' off a load of that inncerent stuff 'bout not knowin', an' 'What's this for?' an' 'What's that for?' an' all the time ye're layin' low to git wind of the other feller's game. Jest as if you couldn't see we got to work this thing together. Ye're awful cute, you air." He gazed fixedly at Parks like a man studying the effect of his words.

The prospector's eyes widened with amazement. He frowned.

"We got to work this thing together?" he echoed. "You mean I'm s'posed to help you hang onto this boodle?"

Lafayette nodded. "That's what it looks like, don't it? Figger it out for yerself any old way you want. It's a case of root-hog-or-die, an' I'm gamblin' ye'll root willin' enough when the time comes."

Said Parks with a glance at his six-shooter reposing in the outlaw's holster: "You kin talk big, Mister Laffeyet, an' mebbly 'most any man in my fix would knuckle down to you in a pinch. But don't you bank on me! I've figgered it out, all right enough. You've got the money an' I git the blame. That oughter satisfy anybody but a hog. If they wuz a mite of the white man about you, ye'd turn me loose. Sence you won't—" He broke off. Lafayette was smiling tolerantly, meanwhile mopping his sweaty face.

"An' I honest thought you was smart, Parks!" he said. "Why, damn yore skin, old muck-stick, I'm doin' you a favor holdin' onto you! You don't think it, eh! Wall, looket! If you go back, you git nabbed. You could talk as long as you mind to 'bout some feller holdin' you up an' kiddernappin' you. Didn't you write that letter an' take yore clothes an' all that? What's become of 'em? Hey! They'd make a sucker out of you!"

"Yes, but Gene Pershale—" began Parks confidently.

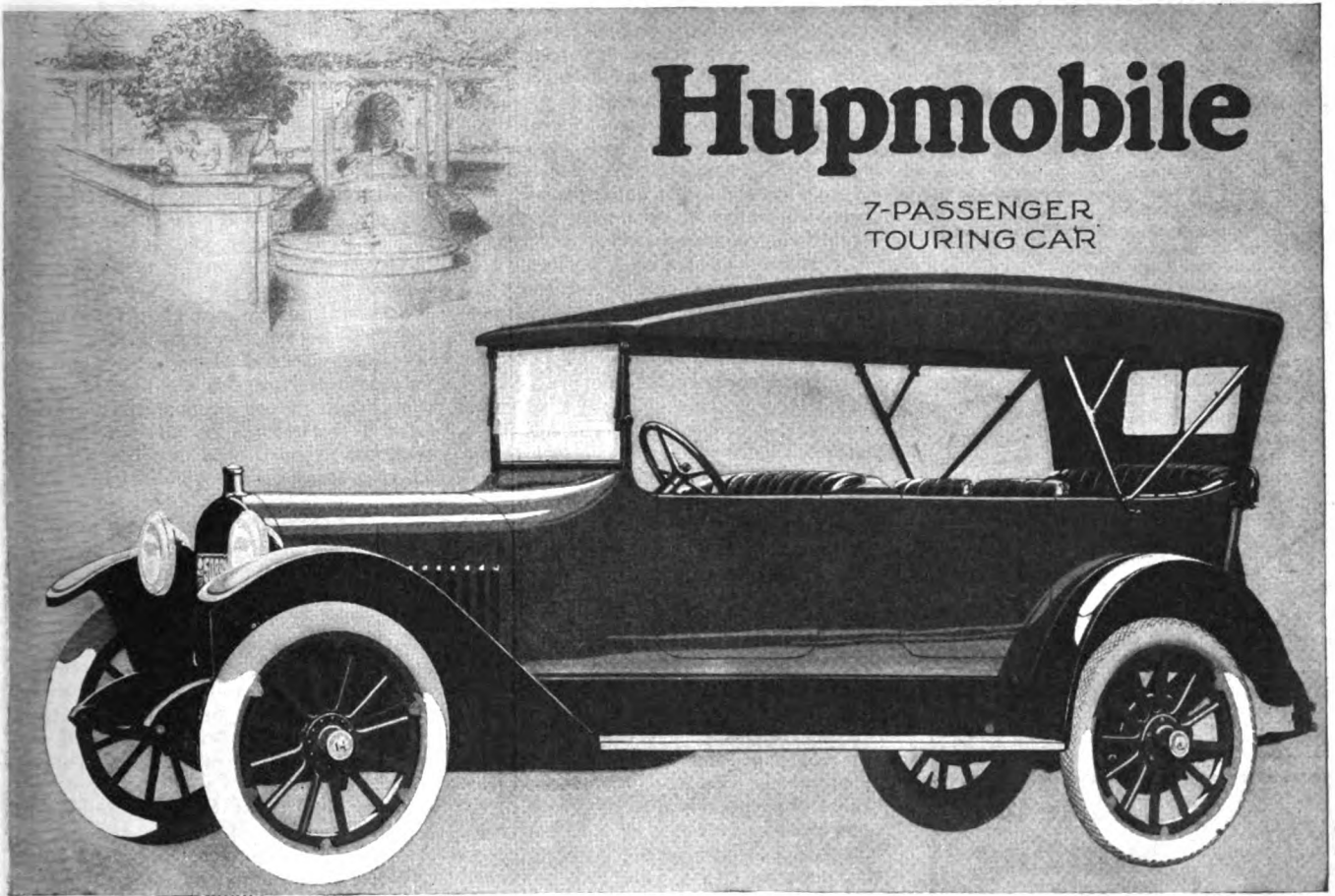
"Gene Pershale!" sneered the other, and laughed. In slow measured tones he said: "Don't ferget, Mister Man—fifty thousand dollars, a poor devil like yerself an' nobody lookin'. You might go a long way for fifty thousand dollars. 'Most any feller would. Myself, if they weren't no other way, I'd go bury it an' let it be for twenty year or so till folks ferget about it. If I got Pershale trued up right, ye'd not git by with no rusty old yarn like you got to tell. He'd figger you wuz workin' deep under. I guess you savvy me now, eh?"

THE prospector made no reply. Lafayette's meaning was plain. The crime was of such a character as to make a truthful account of it sound like a fabrication. A stranger had surprised him, robbed him, forced him to write a letter of self-accusation, to gather up his belongings, and to accompany him away. At best it was a flimsy story to explain the disappearance of so vast a sum of money as this. And if he had to stand trial, there were the horrors of cross-examination—

Adam Parks was not fitted by nature to undergo such an ordeal. He shrank

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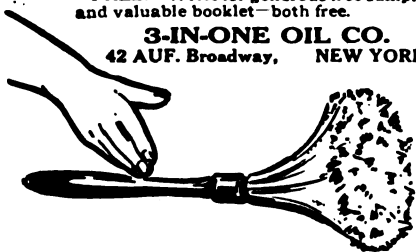
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Wm. F. Nye, New Bedford, Mass.

from the mere thought of being discredited, misunderstood, convicted certainly of a crime of which he was innocent. And there was the disturbing circumstance that he himself had almost yielded to the temptation in the first place. There was only one of two ways by which he could clear his skirts—either he must get the upper hand of his captor, or try to hinder his escape until the arrival of the pursuing party.

Lafayette was speaking. "Of course I ain't a-sayin' I don't need you, too. If I did let you go there's a chance of you hot-footin' it to somebody's camp near here, gettin' help an' takin' after me. I don't know these parts an' you do, see? But I know enough to not put my foot in it. Ennyway, I ain't adoptin' you for keeps, Parks. I'll drop you when I git ready. Till then ye'd better chük in with me an' play friends. Jest to sorter tease you along, I'll tell you somepin—all you got to do is to keep yore baby blue eyes on them fifty-thousand"—he patted his bulging saddle-bag as he spoke—"watch yore show, an' sneak 'em. Nacherly, ye'll allus allow I'm on earth. I call that mighty lib'ral." He stowed the six-shooter into his belt, and with another laugh made a forward gesture.

They rode on. Five miles of hot canyon lengthened out behind them wild and desolate. Its bed was now patched with sand from which the last footstep, if indeed one had ever existed, had long since vanished. High overhead, keeping to the cooler air strata, a buzzard volplaned with long, free, graceful motion. Lizards whisked across their path like mottled streaks. Afternoon had set in. Lafayette broke the silence.

"That's the spring, ain't it?"

A thin line of stunted willow lay ahead snuggling the right canyon wall.

"Yes," said Parks. "I thought you didn't know the country?"

"Only straight east. You don't s'pose I'd tackle this trip without a line on the water-holes? Ain't you bright?"

The other man turned in his saddle with a curious look.

"Then ye're not hittin' for Mexico?"

"Mexico? I should say not! Did I let on I wuz?"

"No," began Parks hastily. "I wuz jest thinkin' it'd be more'n likely what any feller—"

"That's about what you'd do," cut in Lafayette. "But I don't have to. Bein' a law-abidin' citizen I rest easy.—I guess that's poor managin', what?"

Parks did not answer. Instead, he smiled grimly, his head averted—they were traveling toward the very locality for which Gene Pershale had departed that morning. Less than two miles away the trail he had followed dropped into this selfsame canyon.

At the spring the outlaw ordered a halt. They cooked and ate, and afterwards stretched themselves full length in the meager shade of the willows and steeped in the smoke of their cigarettes.

THE cliff above them began to edge its shadow across the canyon bottom. Lament and changeable of hue became the mineralized rocks under the sun-slant. From a furnace breath, the breeze strengthened to a warm impish wind that capered and thrashed about over the region in a joyful fury. But, though the

afternoon slipped slowly away, Lafayette continued his indolent slouch upon the ground, nor seemed in the least concerned with the demands upon his time.

Parks wondered at this. After a while he believed he found an explanation of the fellow's unusual conduct in the thought that he looked for no immediate pursuit. Which proved that Lafayette had not overheard the hour of Pershale's return. The buyer had said he would be back early, at any rate before sundown.

So it was not without a certain growing feeling of nervous excitement that Parks lay and watched the outlaw through half-closed lids, and felt a wild hope rise within him as one minute after another went by. He knew by the reaching-out shadows when it was two o'clock, and when it was two-thirty, and when three had come and gone. He rolled and smoked cigarettes in stupefying numbers with all the indifference of a man seemingly making the best of a bad situation. Meantime, however, his mind was awirl with speculation.

Gene Pershale would reach the cabin, find the note, and set out in pursuit of him. They had come about ten miles. It would be an easy matter to follow their tracks, and the buyer would push forward rapidly to overtake the criminal before nightfall. Parks had not the slightest doubt but that he would, and kept a vigilant eye upon the purple shadows creeping across the wash.

But his reasoning, so it seemed, was sadly at fault. That moment a man was peering down at them from the rim of the opposite canyon wall. He had been watching the two for some time. A few rods behind him stood his horse. In the multi-clad figure of that man, gauntleted, booted, groomed with fastidious care, Adam Parks would have recognized his friend, Gene Pershale. Other things there were about him, however, that the prospector would not have recognized.

His usually placid face was now coarse with vicious lines—the mouth thin-lipped and cruel, the eyes narrowed down to points of angry fire. Now and then he broke out cursing half-aloud. Once he muttered:

"The miserable sneaking cur! He's crossed me right. And I thought I could trust him. It's a partnership! Damn him, I'll fix him!"

DOWN in the canyon Lafayette ended a long moody silence.

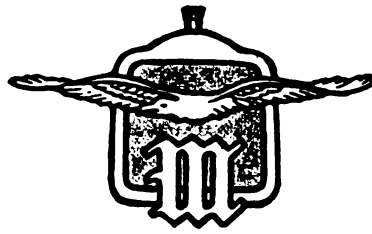
"I jest bin thinkin' 'bout you, Parks," he said in a low voice, squinting hard at the other. "I've sorter changed my plans. I'm strikin' for Mexico instead of east, an' I don't know what to do with you."

The prospector stared at him, first in wonder, then in dismay. Once out of this gorge, and heading south across-country over the torn flank of the range at this hour of day, and Pershale would never overtake them. It was a fearful prospect.

"Tain't exactly that I don't know what to do with you, either," Lafayette went on, explaining. "What I mean is, that I can't let you come taggin' along waitin' yore chance to nail me when I ain't a-lookin'. I got to travel fast from now on. You know where there's water. But that won't buy you nuthin'. The thing is, air you an' me goin' to hitch, or

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will I jest have to git shet of you for keeps? I'm leavin' it up to you."

He never moved as he said this. But there was that in his look which bespoke the attitude of a man who would stop at nothing to gain his ends. Parks grew cold under that look.

"Well?" urged Lafayette.

"Oh, they ain't no way out of it," said the other. "A feller'd be plumb loco to buck sech a proposition. I'll poke along quiet sence I have to, an' do my part."

The outlaw sat up. "You mean that, Parks? Looket! I'll make a dicker with you. You steer me out o' the country an' I'll fix it so's you git out o' this mess scot free." He gazed intently at the prospector.

Parks looked mystified. "You mean ye'd own up to doin' it?" he asked skeptically.

"Never mind how," was the rough reply. "You heerd what I said. I don't have to do it if I don't care to, nuther. 'Tain't helpin' me nohow. But you make good an' I'll sure do that much for you. In ten days from now, mebbey before, I'll arrange things so's nobody kin ever say you robbed Pershale. Is it a go?"

GENE Pershale, glaring down from his hiding-place high up on the north wall of the canyon, saw the two men reach over and shake hands, and ground out a stream of curses at the sight.

Ten minutes later Lafayette and his willing prisoner swung into the saddle and resumed their way. They pressed forward rapidly now, Lafayette taking the lead and holding his mule to a stiff effort. Soon they came to a lesser ravine branching off to the south. Above them the sky's pale blue faded into a colorless mist toward the horizon. It was a wild, lonely, desolate region. Where the ravine took a sharp bend for the summit, Lafayette drew rein. He said:

"We'll hit across-country. Which way's the nearest water?" Parks told him. "Well, here! Better take yore gun back," he handed the weapon over; then—"I've yet got to be fooled on a man of his word, Parks. Too bad ye're so honest," he added seriously.

They rode until long after nightfall under a glorious moon. Their mules were dog-tired when they stopped to camp. But they had reached the first water.

While Parks got the meal together, Lafayette went scouting about the neighborhood. But he took the bag of money with him. Left alone, the prospector fell into troubled thought. Here was his opportunity to escape. He could load the supplies on the mules and leave this robber while he rode back for help. The fellow did not know the region. He would be forced to stay at this water-hole or risk death by thirst. Then Parks remembered that Lafayette was plainly the type of man that would take just such a chance, that he had the loot and that more often than not men lost on the desert were never again seen. He decided to wait. A time might come when he could escape with the treasure.

SUPPER was ready when Lafayette returned. His face was hard set and ominous and he carried his six-shooter in his right hand. In his left he held the canvas sack. He let it fall to the ground.

"We're goin' to git some fightin' to-

night, buddy," he said. "Hurry up an' douse that fire!"

Parks, skidding the fried bacon into a plate, glanced around at him. Lafayette was squinting down the canyon, pointing.

"Look there! See him? He's usin' a spyglass on us. See it shine?"

Quite a way off, on the crest of a ridge overlooking their camp, loomed the figure of a motionless horseman—a dim, barely visible silhouette against the sky.

Lafayette laughed. To himself he said: "You'll hang on for thirty mile, eh, Mister Pershale? Well, ye've come that many too fur. Ye're in Mexico now." He turned to the prospector. "We'll lay low, Parks, an' see what he does. Guess you know who it is, all right. I'd snoop over an' drop him, only you bin so white. Folks'd say you killed him, see? I won't do nuthin' cept I jest have to. How fur's the next water?" Again the other informed him. "Well, if we git a chanct, we'll sneak it. Mebbey we kin git away toward mornin'."

Parks said nothing. He was overwhelmed by the certainty of impending crisis. Yonder stood Pershale, his friend. Pershale believed him a criminal, had trailed him as he would have trailed the meanest criminal. The presence of Lafayette gave the robbery the color of a conspiracy. And he would continue in his beliefs regardless of any explanation to the contrary. He was that type.

Quite the opposite, here was Lafayette and his promise to free him from all blame. True, it was an outlaw's word, but then Parks knew the men of his world, and it was no uncommon thing for the blackest renegade to have a thin thread of sterling honor in his makeup.

They gulped their meal, Lafayette insisting on haste. Ere they finished, the lone rider had disappeared. A few minutes later the bandit's sharp eyes detected a man's head rising above a ledge on the canyon wall scarcely fifty yards away.

"He's crept up, Parks!" said the outlaw. "He's most on top of us an' got a down shot! Duck for that pile of rock!"

He dropped his plate and scrambled to his feet. Followed by his bewildered companion, he threw himself full length back of a window of boulders nearby, just as a revolver blazed from the outcropping on the heights.

The quiet night roared. One of the bullets plowed with a crash into the scatter of utensils. The other glanced off a boulder, screamed away. That instant the mules stampeded. They snapped their stake-ropes in one leap and went madly down the wash of the ravine.

A curse broke from Lafayette at the sound. He half started up, six-shooter in hand, then fell back and cursed the more. Parks lay still, appalled, scarcely crediting his senses—Gene Pershale had shot to kill!

The man on the hill had vanished. He came to view again, almost immediately, and as before had moved to a position of vantage. He was nearly opposite now, his hat alone visible. It was a gray hat while the country-rock was jet black malpais. Lafayette kept his fiery eyes glued upon that spot of gray glaring white in the moonlight. Slowly he brought his heavy Colt to bear upon it, took careful aim and fired.

The hat fluttered. A wild cry burst from its owner, a few seconds of death-like stillness fell, then rose the deep

disconnected groans of a man hard hit. The hat slid out of sight.

"Good Lord!" cried Parks. He staggered up, horror dawning on his face. "You've done for him! You've—!" He stood and stared fearfully at the jagged sky-line above.

A moment passed. The groaning continued.

"Run on up an' see," commanded Lafayette from the ground. "Leave yore gun an' belt here. Git a move on!"

The other fumbled off his weapon and cartridge-belt. A strange suspicion struck him.

"You don't think he's bluff—?" he began uneasily.

"I ain't takin' no chances. I reckon he wouldn't shoot you, an' he would me. But don't you trust him. He ain't no friend of yourn. He's a snake! I'll tell you after. Go on now, an' holler back!"

THE prospector crossed the wash, climbed the steep slope and gained the summit. A man knelt bareheaded in the moonlight. It was Gene Pershale. He had employed the hat ruse to lure his enemy into the open. Far from being wounded he had just finished filling the empty chambers of his revolver with fresh loads. As Parks approached he stopped his groaning and rose to his feet.

"So it's you, is it?" he said in biting tones, his eye traveling over the other and noting the absence of weapons. "Well, I'll settle with you later. Just now I want him. He's pretty wise sending you on ahead. Call him! Tell him I'm wounded bad—to come up! Go on, or—!"

"I—he—we ain't in cahoots, Gene!" stammered Parks desperately. "So help me, he got the drop on me an'—!"

Pershale jerked his gun into line. "Get him up here, I said! You'll have time enough to tell your little yarn after, you—! Call him, or damn you, Parks, I'll give you what I'm going to give him!" And he looked the part of the killer.

Parks, being simple and unlearned in the art of dissembling, did not dream that Pershale might be play-acting. To him the situation was the height of tragedy.

"Good Lord, Gene!" he choked. "You wouldn't do out-an'-out murder, would you? Shoot a feller down like a kiyote! He ain't nuthin' to me, but I won't—."

He broke off. The moon was shining full on his features. Pershale, studying his face, saw the prospector's eyes shift suddenly, open wide with amazement at some sight over his, Pershale's, shoulder. The buyer whirled around.

It was Lafayette, ten paces away, stealthily approaching. As one, both men fired. Parks leaped frantically aside.

"You double-crossing—!" began Pershale, glaring at the outlaw. The rest of his speech was clipped from him. He staggered off, caught his balance and worked the trigger furiously. In four seconds the singing silence of the night was back, the smoke lifted. Where three men had stood, there now remained but one—Parks, stiff, stupefied with horror.

Gene Pershale lay huddled in a curious heap upon the malpais, his arm doubled back, the weapon half out of his hand.

Lafayette lived. He hung limp across a greasewood bush, breathing sonorously. "Parks!" he gasped. "Pull me clear, won't you? Quick! I can't hold out!"

**DU PONT
FABRIKOID**

How Many Cars Have Hides?

A SEQUEL TO "HOW MANY HIDES HAS A COW?"

IT IS A FACT that more cars are now upholstered in Du Pont Fabrikoid than in any other material.

The number of automobiles upholstered in hide leather counting all grades, *real grain leather* and *splits* or so-called "genuine leather" is steadily diminishing.

About 20% of the new pleasure cars sold in 1915 were upholstered in hides or hide splits. About 10% were upholstered in cloth. Of the remaining 70% upholstered in leather substitutes the majority were in Du Pont Fabrikoid, Motor Quality.

Four years ago nearly all automobiles were upholstered in good leather, but 1915 production was just about twice that of 1912; in the meantime the hide supply has been steadily decreasing, and finally the war demand for shoe and harness leather has made prices soar.

The attempt to meet the famine in real grain leather, by splitting the hides and selling the coated and embossed splits as "genuine leather" has been a failure.

The public has learned by experience that there is a vast difference between real grain leather and so-called "genuine leather." Today automobile manufacturers face the choice of real grain leather or its nearest popular competitor, Du Pont Fabrikoid.

Real grain leather, because of its scarcity and high price, is out of the question for popular priced models that are produced in any considerable quantity. Therefore, since coated splits, masquerading as "genuine leather" have proved impractical, the decision of the greatest makers of popular cars has been in favor of Du Pont Fabrikoid, Motor Quality, proved the most desirable after several years' use on hundreds of thousands of automobiles.

Du Pont Fabrikoid is not leather, but a scientific substitute therefor, which has made good. It has the artistic appearance and luxury of real grain leather, and in addition is waterproof, washable and will outwear the grade of "genuine leather" used on 90% of the cars that "have hides."

Fabrikoid Raynite Tops are guaranteed one year against leaking. They do not get shabby because they are washable and fadeless, and will not hold grease nor dust.

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A usable piece, 18x25 inches, sent postpaid for 50c.



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The Californiacs

a race of beings typified by the woman who declared "I saw nothing in all Italy to compare with the Italian Quarter of San Francisco!"

Everybody, even Californiacs, will delight in this attack

SUNSET for FEBRUARY



VANITY FAIR

The most successful of all the new magazines

Don't Be a Social Back Number—

If you are out of step with the whirling progress of our time; if you are removed from its magnetic influences; if, despite your youth, you are becoming an old fogey, or an old maid, or an old bachelor, or an old bore; if your *joie de vivre* is dying at the roots—then you must read Vanity Fair, and presto! you will be nimble-witted and agile-minded again—the joy of the picnic—the life of the grill-room—sunshine in the home.

Six months of Vanity Fair will enable you to ignite a dinner party at fifty yards

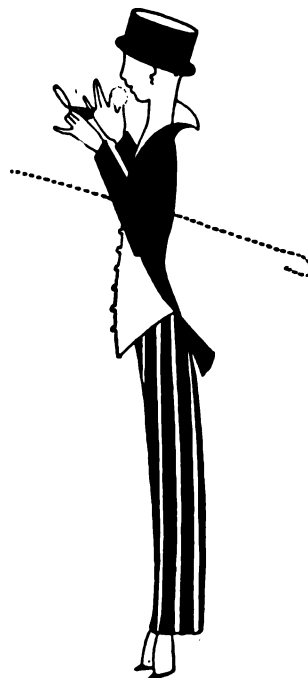
Don't settle down comfortably in the ooze. The world is moving, moving on all eight cylinders—some folks are even moving on twelve—and you might just as well move along with them. Don't stall yourself on life's highroad and be satisfied to take everybody else's dust. Hop up and take a little joy ride on the red and yellow band-wagon—Vanity Fair's band-wagon.

Every Issue of Vanity Fair Contains:

- THE STAGE:** Entertaining first-night and behind-the-scenes views, and reviews of the newest plays—with portraits of the players.
- THE OPERA AND MUSIC:** Stories and portraits of the new singers, composers, conductors, and whatever is new about the old ones.
- THE ARTS:** Illustrated news and criticisms of the latest and most discussed pictures, architecture, books, sculpture and poetry.
- HUMOR:** The most original and amusing work of our young and humorous writers and artists in a fresh and unconventional vein.
- PEOPLE:** Striking and unusual portraits of the celebrities who help to make New York a brilliant and fascinating merry-go-round.
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- ESSAYS AND REVIEWS:** By the most intellectually stimulating essayists, critics and authors—both domestic and imported.
- PARIS AND LONDON:** The latest diverting news from both of these European capitals—and occasionally from others as well.
- DANCING:** New dances, outdoor dances, indoor dances, rhythmic dances, cosmic dances, and their outdoor, indoor, rhythmic and cosmic dancers.
- FASHIONS:** From Paris, London and New York for all discriminating and well-dressed American men and women.
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If you want to be in the social and artistic swim, tear off the coupon in the lower left-hand corner of this page—and mail it

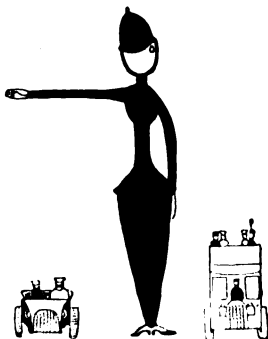


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You think nothing, in your poor deluded way—of paying \$2.00 for a theatre ticket, or \$1.35 for a new novel, but you can secure, for \$1.00 (half the cost of a single theatre ticket, and less than the cost of a single novel) an entire winter of Vanity Fair and with it more entertainment than you can derive from dozens of sex plays or a shelf full of problem novels.

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Frank Crowninshield, *Editor*

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The prospector regained his scattered wits. He ran over and raised the wounded man and laid him on the ground. "Anyway, I sent him over first," panted Lafayette. "He plugged me two good ones in the chest. See 'em? Listen, Parks. You're white an' I like you. He's worse'n me. I ain't pertendin' to be nice. Looket! He framed up on you. He hired me, an' we wuz to split the money even. You wuz the goat. I fixed things so's it would look like you done it. I wuz to hold onto you till I could jump clear. They couldn't do nuthin' to him, see? An' nobody seen me. They'd be after you 'cos he aimed to show yore letter, an' yore mules gone an' all that. At the—" He stopped, coughing distressfully for some time and writhing in the agonies of a great pain.

THE moon was directly overhead. Around about, the inky malpais glinted like polished ebony. A cool breeze had sprung up, coming from nowhere in particular, and filled the night with mysterious whisperings. Parks, kneeling beside the stricken man, watched him in fearful fascination. At last Lafayette went on, his voice lagging and husky.

"At the spring where we ate I changed my mind. I wuz s'posed to tie you up, an' meet him 'bout a half mile further on to whack up the money. I figgered I done the job an' he had no divvy comin'. An' he dassen't say nuthin' 'cos he wuz mixed up—. I didn't know these parts an' made that dicker with you. But I'd 'a' set you right like I said, Parks. 'Fore we quit I aimed to write the comp'ny in Los Angeles 'bout the whole layout. I bin workin' for 'em—trampin' 'round lookin' up new strikes. Then Pershale he'd mosey 'long an' buy 'em up cheap. That's some system, eh? Say, Parks, you got the money now an' you hold onto it. Git back an' burn that letter of yourn an' nobody'll ever know. Then you kin—Is that a woinin singin', Parks? Where air you? It's cloudin' up, ain't it?—Wisht I wuz back home agin. Jest this wunst." It was the end of Lafayette.

The coarse lines that made his swarthy face so forbidding smoothed away, a singular softness crept into it and stayed on. After a while Parks turned and looked over at the still huddled form of the man who had been his boyhood friend. He stared at it questioningly.

A GLORIOUS flush was spreading apace over the monstrous deformity of the desert world, smearing it with pigments, brightening it, kindling it into sublimity. The moon went out. The air took on a comforting warmth.

Parks mounted Pershale's horse. He paused to look at the results of his hours of hard work—two pyramids of rock rising side by side out of the bed of the canyon. They marked the resting-place of a rough and a polished scamp. Across the skirts of his saddle reposed the saddle-bag, and within it fifty thousand dollars in bills and gold.

Lafayette was right—nobody would ever know if he but destroyed that letter. This was his second opportunity that day. It was a better, a rare, the only real opportunity. He'd have to think the matter over, however. Turning his horse about he rode north into the early morning.

\$1050 For The New KISSELKAR—32-Four

HERE'S VALUE FOR YOU—a 5-Passenger touring model, 4-door with divided front seats, 115-inch wheel base, roomy, graceful, full of style and utility, and back of it the well-known Kissel reputation for finish and thoroughness, selling for \$1050. An entire new Kissel achievement that is a revelation in superior power and endurance, good looks and good service.

This new 32-Four Chassis comes also with a 4-Passenger Roadster body, especially built to receive the new Detachable Coupe Top. This model is listed at \$1150.

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The ALL-YEAR Car—an exclusive Kissel feature whose Detachable Top arrangement gives you a closed coach when it's chilly and dusty, and an open car when it's warm and pleasant—has been improved and perfected in design. Two inexpert men can readily attach or detach the top in less than half an hour. The latest development of the ALL-YEAR Car is the Roadster Coupe, a Detachable Coupe Top mounted on the Roadster model of the new 32-Four. It is listed at \$1450.

The complete KisselKar line—including the new 32-Four models, the Coupe and Sedan Tops for the ALL-YEAR Cars, the 36-Four Roadster at \$1250, the 42-Six, 5-Passenger Touring, 4 doors, with divided front seats at \$1485, and all the standard Kissel models—is now ready for inspection. All prices F. O. B. factory.

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A NEW SERVICE FROM WASHINGTON

A special department is conducted by Mr. George Marvin, the Washington Editor of the *World's Work*, who will keep the magazine's readers informed about the government at this time, when it is more than ever important to each and every one of us.

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DEPARTMENT OF THE PACIFIC COAST
 412 WEST SIXTH STREET, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

GARDEN CITY

CHICAGO

BOSTON

Motoring After Missions

(Continued from page 68)

Fremont, in 1846, and later, when Fremont organized here the noted battalion which put down the revolution in the south. The excitement of soldiery had been succeeded by the bustle of a stage station between San Francisco and Monterey, in the days of gold. And now San Juan had fallen asleep like the good priest in the mission garden of the Belasco-Tully play, "The Rose of the Rancho" whose original title was "Juanita of Old San Juan." The Wise Man joined The Novice in her enthusiasm here, for the steak at the little haunted inn was uncommonly good.

THUS, in high spirits all round, we tackled the "San Juan grade." The highway around this bane of motorists is nearing completion now but we were held to the old county road. As we began the climb, The Wise Man looked dubiously ahead.

"Can you make it?" he asked.

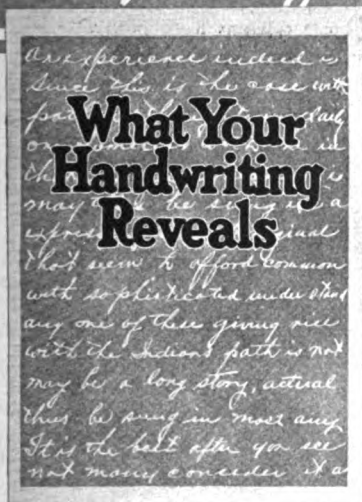
That was my chance. I had been waiting for just such a moment to impress upon him the style in which we were traveling.

"I would have you know," said I grandly, "that the White 4-45 in which you are touring the northern missions was awarded the medal of honor in the Palace of Transportation at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition—yes, sir, this identical car. I will ask you kindly to note how easily we take the meanest grade on the King's Highway." Thus, on the San Juan grade, as chauffeur, I came into my own and I cheerfully left the missions and their meaning to the rest of the family.

IT is a short run across the Salinas valley and seaward through the rolling dunes to Del Monte, modern luxury at the edge of the historic picturesqueness of old Monterey. From the hotel we bowled past beds of winter bloom, under enormous ivy-hung oaks and into the streets of Monterey thronged with legends of the first capital of California. Past ancient adobe theater and custom-house, and through the pines of Pacific Grove, we skirted the cliffs and rainbow waters of the marvelous Monterey coast, among the solitary cypresses of the seventeen-mile drive. No pilgrim, ordinarily, would think of such a detour, for the road runs straight from Monterey to the mission of San Carlos at the Carmel river, but the automobile has changed many things and gasoline wings made it possible for us to taste of off-the-road delights.

At last, descending the road to the Carmel valley—its roughness seemed to us as fully in the atmosphere of pioneer days as anything we had seen—we caught sight of the tender outlines of the Carmel Mission against the waning light and drew up before its solemn portal. This was a fitting ending to the trip. Silence hung over the land, save for the tinkle of cowbells somewhere in the narrow valley and the murmur of the sea against Point Lobos. We broke the vesper calm—yet not rudely, it seemed—by ringing the bell in the beautiful old tower in accordance with a card of instruction tacked upon the church door, and presently a young woman came along the path from somewhere and admitted us to the church.

You put your own personality in your hand



TO supply the great demand for this remarkable book, which illustrates and interprets nearly every style of handwriting, a new edition has just been printed. This book has been prepared by us at large expense for those who desire to study the subject. It is written by William Leslie French, the celebrated Graphologist, whose articles in leading magazines have caused country-wide interest and discussion.

If you are interested in the significance of handwriting and desire a copy of this book, it will be sent with twelve samples of Spencerian Steel Pens on receipt of ten cents.

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I enclose ten cents for twelve different kinds of Spencerian Pens and a copy of the book, "What Your Handwriting Reveals."

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THE faint light within barely showed us our way and the parrot-like lecture of the girl signified little. Yet the shadow and the mystery of the place lay like a benediction upon the end of our pilgrimage. Under the dusky chancel lay sleeping the indomitable Serra and Crespi whose careful diary had helped to make possible the running comment of The One Who Knows. The Novice leaned upon the chancel rail and peered through the gloom at the stone slab above the resting place of the founder of the California missions.

"I remember you," she said softly, "in your niche above the garden of the California Building. And I think I know better now why they put you there."

As we got into the car and turned toward Monterey and early dinner, I said to The Wise Man:

"Now you can take your train for Los Angeles."

"I think," said he, "we'll stay over a day or so. That New York man I met at the hotel praised the golf-links here."

"As for us," said I, master of the return trip, "we are going home through the finest forest in the world."

"Skidding on Orange Peel." That is how Walter Willard—he wrote that delicious account of Captain Biddle's rubber-tired cruise on Vancouver island—suggests his motor trip through the orange-groves. There will be a fine large color-picture to illustrate it—the orange-groves, not the skidding. In February Sunset.

Citizens, Taxpayers, Wage Earners

Your public interest and your private pocketbooks are directly and adversely affected by the Federal Government's avowed intent to seize privately developed wells representing approximately One-Third the entire oil production of California, and this at a time when the production is 1,000,000 barrels a month less than the actual sales.

Consummation of the Government's confiscation plans means virtual elimination of the independent producer from the California oil fields.

The Government's attack is not made in the name of Conservation. The Conservation problem is not involved in this issue since it deals with lands already developed and therefore beyond the reach of conservation.

The Government brings no charge nor suggestion of fraud against the Californians who have developed the oil fields—whose courage and energies have given this state one of its greatest industries; made manufacturing a possibility in California.

The Government has officially stated through its principal spokesmen that the claims of California are JUST and HONEST. It insists, however, upon taking technical advantage of a judge-made law given nearly six years after the establishment of the great oil industry and the industries which depend upon it.

The activities of the Government have curtailed production. The storage supply of oils in California is rapidly diminishing. Gasoline, illuminating, road and lubricating oils have advanced sharply in price.

Communities have lost tax revenues. Wage earners have been deprived of their employment.

You, taxpayers, wage earners, consumers of oil, gas and oil products have been penalized and no public interest has been conserved; no public good can be accomplished thereby.

If the Government's confiscatory program is carried out, the prices of oil, gas and all other oil products, some of which have already advanced from 10 per cent to 25 per cent, necessarily will be greatly increased.

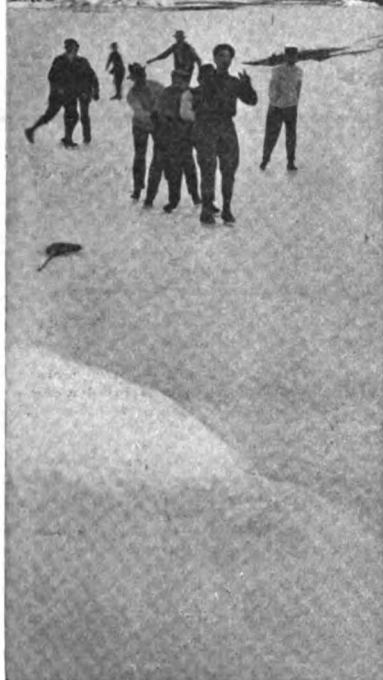
ONLY CONGRESS can give California and the oil consumers of the United States the relief they are entitled to.

The Oil Industry Association is a voluntary association of consumers and producers, business men, professional men, mechanics, all vitally interested in California. It was organized to enable the people of California to present their case to Congress.

Will you help this Association help you and California? Ask your Chamber of Commerce or write to

Oil Industry Association of California Headquarters: PALACE HOTEL, SAN FRANCISCO
LOS ANGELES OFFICE: Chamber of Mines and Oil

Yosemite National Park



Yosemite National Park in winter, readily accessible by railroad, gives opportunity for an experience as unique as it is delightful. The train ride to El Portal via Merced, the automobile ride, over crisp roads through the frosty, exhilarating air, bring the visitor easily to hotels, caravansaries of comfort, set in a scene of magic beauty. There is sunshine here, sparkling in reflection from frozen cliff and waterfall. Sport invites you. There is skiing, skating and snowshoeing, sleighing "with bells a-jingle, blood a-tingle," the trails to tramp and ride to vantage points where the park, silent in its wintry raiment, reveals its grandeur.

Write for folder to

Yosemite Valley Railroad Co.

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The Sunset Country

Here follow the advertisements of hotels, railroads, steamship lines, resorts, communities and colonization companies. The advertisers and the announcements appearing in these columns have been investigated by SUNSET MAGAZINE and are believed to be trustworthy.

Sugar on the Farm

By Clarence E. Fisher

THE farmers of the United States who set their hopes on profits from sugar-beets this year have squeezed forty million dollars from their fields. The sugar bins of America are being replenished with ninety million dollars' worth of the sweetest product of the farm, and California will supply over 160,000 tons of this mountain of sugar.

Few of us ever stop to consider the source of the common food products upon our table. We have a somewhat hazy

Michigan and Utah. California, the first in the United States successfully to manufacture beet sugar on a commercial scale, ideally suited to the growth of the beet, which here exceeds in sugar content that from any other section, should lead in the production of beet sugar, but Colorado is first by a liberal margin. Perhaps California, in her activity and enthusiasm over other products, has not given adequate attention to the sugar-beet.

The American sugar-beet industry originated in California. The first sugar



The sugar-beet is a cash crop and the price has varied little in twenty years

idea that sugar comes from the sugar factory, that nature stores it first in some vegetable growth, like cane or fruit, or beets, but what states or districts are the favored storehouses of this pleasing portion of our daily wants, or what manner of special knowledge is required to produce it, concerns us not at all.

But it should concern the practical farmer, who is constantly seeking a crop that will pay him more for his labor and aid him in bringing his land to a higher state of productive efficiency.

A large percentage of the sugar produced in the United States comes from the lowly sugar-beet.

The chief beet-sugar producing states are, in their order, Colorado, California,

factory in the state was built at Alvarado, Alameda county, in 1870, after several years of agitation. The early history of the industry is almost as absorbing as the more romantic pursuit of hidden treasure in the mountains—the overcoming of aggressive, intensive opposition, the costly importation of machinery from Europe, the overzealousness of the pioneer manufacturers and the subsequent failure of the farmers who endeavored to grow beets in untried and unsuitable soil, the invasion of the fields by army worms and grasshoppers, drought, inefficiency and inexperience, and the final winning over of men with capital to invest, all played important parts in the establishment of the industry upon a sound basis. The

first real impetus came in 1890, following ten years of stagnation to the industry all over the country, when the McKinley tariff provided a bounty of two cents per pound for sugar produced within the United States. Factories sprang up in various sections, millions of dollars were spent in equipment, farmers were induced to enter into new contracts, and from that time the industry has gone forward. Since then millions in profits have been made by the manufacturers and hundreds of millions of dollars have been paid growers.

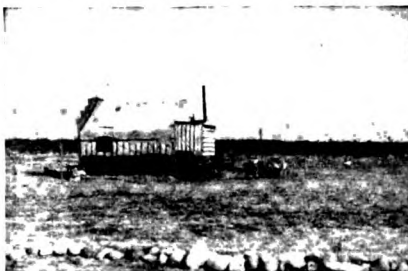
There are today eleven factories in California, which are supplied with the harvest from 104,000 acres devoted to the growing of sugar-beets. The 1914 production of sugar was 169,004 tons, to produce which required 1,082,000 tons of sugar-beets. The average price paid for these beets was \$5.68 per ton, and the average yield per acre was 10.4 tons, on good, bad and indifferent land. The average cost of growing and harvesting the crop approximates \$40 per acre, which shows that the net income from the California beet fields was \$19 per acre. *Net, mind you.* How many farmers can do that with wheat? with corn? with barley? In Monterey county 17,500 acres of sugar-beets produce annually within \$50,000 of the total value of the barley harvested from 100,000 acres in the same county.

SUGAR-BEETS increase the productivity of other crops, because of the deeper cultivation necessary, and hence have a unique value that should not be underestimated. Aside from being a financially profitable crop, the effect upon the soil is markedly beneficial. Rotation of crops in the Salinas valley, California, for example, following the cropping to sugar-beets, shows that the percentage of increase of other crops is remarkable. Oats yielded an increase of eighty per cent; barley, seventy-three per cent; hay, sixty-six per cent; wheat, eighty per cent.

The country surrounding Chino, Oxnard, Anaheim and Los Alamitos in southern California supplies examples of the wonderfully energizing power of the sugar-beet. The Los Alamitos factory was established in 1887, thirty miles southeast of Los Angeles, on the Bixby Land Company's estate. The virgin soil broken for the first crop had been used only for pasturage. Three thousand acres were planted to beets and within six months a town of five hundred people, with comfortable homes, had sprung up about the factory. Oxnard, one of the model cities of southern California, is the direct result of the establishment of the great Oxnard factory in Ventura county in 1897. The district adjacent to the factory of the Oxnards at Chino was sparsely settled and given over almost wholly to cattle-raising up to the time of the establishment of the beet-sugar factory. Immediately it became a thriving community of farms of from ten to forty acres, where many people have homes and furnish employment for many more.

Sugar-beets have done much in the development of some of California's finest farm land. They seem to have an affinity for the soil in certain sections of the state, especially along the low coast valleys in Santa Clara, Monterey, San Luis Obispo, Ventura, Santa Barbara and

Pioneering— Plus



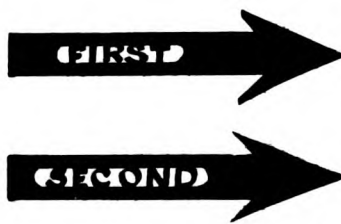
Pioneering



"Pioneering—Plus"

THE FONTANA LAND COMPANY has planted the largest Orange and Lemon Grove in the World. It has expended hundreds of thousands of dollars bringing water to the land, building streets and planting trees, shrubbery and flowers—all this to save their customers from the old kind of "pioneering."

The points we want to emphasize in this advertisement, and which we want you to make us *prove* to you, are these.



With the FONTANA PLAN of selling groves, already planted, at moderate prices and with many years to pay—it takes *no more capital* to buy, and own and pay for an Orange Grove at

FONTANA than to buy, and develop and pay for a farm, anywhere in the United States.

The same investment, in dollars and cents, in a FONTANA orange grove is likely to pay as great cash returns, year by year, as if put into any other form of farming.

BEAR IN MIND

That FONTANA is in the very heart and center of the Navel Orange Belt of Southern California, close to such cities as Redlands, Riverside, San Bernardino, Upland, Ontario and Pomona.

That FONTANA is on the Foothill Boulevard, and on the Ocean-to-Ocean Highway—two of the celebrated concrete automobile thoroughfares of Southern California.

That FONTANA is on the Pacific Electric trolley line from Los Angeles, with connections to all California towns and beaches, low rates and frequent cars.

That FONTANA is on the Main Transcontinental lines of both the Southern Pacific and Santa Fe railways.

That a FONTANA Girl or a FONTANA Boy has the advantages of excellent schools from the primary grades through the High School.

That FONTANA is an established settled community, with 20 years' experience to prove its relative frostlessness, and the high quality of its citrus fruits.

We have groves planted of selected stock, Washington Navel Oranges, Valencia's, Eureka Lemons, celebrated "Boyhood" seedless grapefruit, 1, 2, 3 and 4 years old. Prompt buyers can get almost any kind and any assortment they wish, in any age.

Southern California is not only a "Millionaire's Paradise," it is a land of *real opportunities* for people of moderate means, who want to get productive country homes.

The FONTANA Plan meets almost any conditions.

If you have a good position, and want to keep on *earning* and saving—select a young grove—any kind you want, oranges, lemons, grapefruit, or assorted—and we will give it expert care at a low cost.

If you want to come to California *now* we are ready to show you how to make a comfortable income, while your trees are growing.

SIX YEARS TO PAY on the younger groves, and easy terms also on trees that are almost ready to bear.

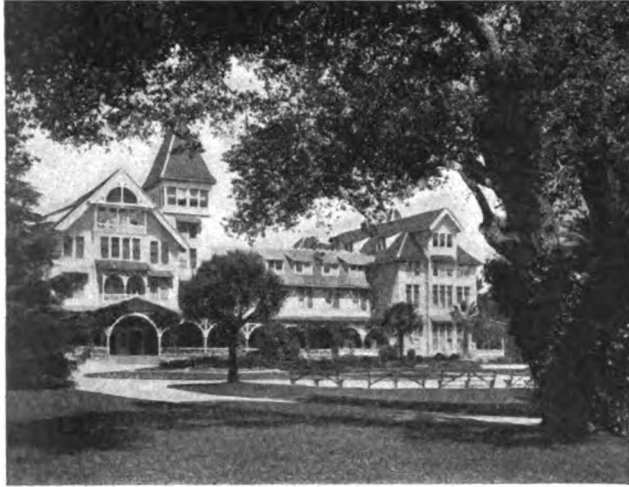
THE FONTANA LAND COMPANY owns the lands and water-rights, and deals directly with buyers. References: Sunset Magazine, First National Bank of Los Angeles; Los Angeles Trust & Savings Bank; San Bernardino National Bank; First National Bank of Rialto. We have hundreds of satisfied buyers all over the United States.

You may safely write us, frankly telling what capital you have, and what you want to do with it, and we will write you equally frankly and tell you what FONTANA can do for you. Address

Fontana Land Company

FONTANA

CALIFORNIA



HOTEL DEL MONTE, DEL MONTE
On the beautiful bay of Monterey



BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL, BEVERLY
Midway between Los Angeles and the sea



THE MISSION INN, RIVERSIDE
In the center of the orange country

FOLLOW THE PATH

WINTER IN CALIFORNIA means the rippling blue of the Pacific along sunny beaches, the spread of grassy hills and deep-hued orange groves, and above it all the beautiful, eternal snows of the mountain barrier, raised by Dame Nature against the forces of old King Cold. Winter is only a name in the country where Tetrassini gave her inspiring outdoor concert on Christmas Eve; where they celebrate New Year's Day with a carnival of roses, and Easter with a daybreak service on the top of Mt. Rubidoux; where you can find pleasure with your automobile all winter through, along the old El Camino Real; where you can swim and boat and fish just as in summer; where you can see the crack teams of Europe, Canada and America in exciting polo tournaments; where golf and tennis and riding are everyday pleasures; where,



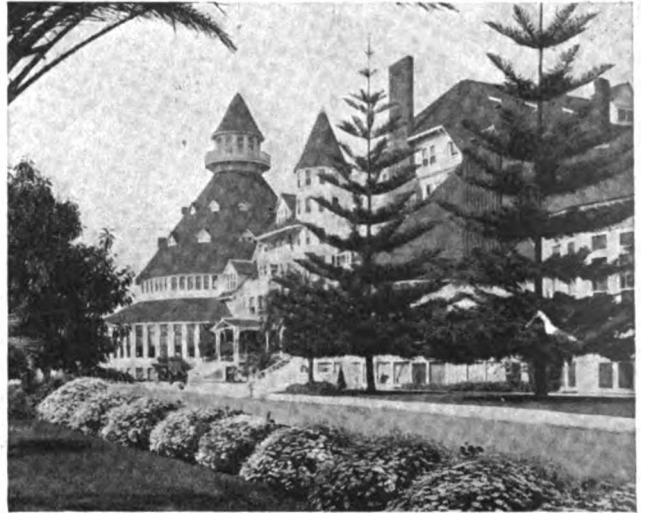
HOTEL ST. FRANCIS, SAN FRANCISCO
The cosmopolitan metropolis of the Pacific



ALPINE TAVERN, MT. LOWE
Overlooking the beautiful San Gabriel Valley



THE POTTER, SANTA BARBARA
Where sea and mountains meet



HOTEL DEL CORONADO, CORONADO
Just across the bay from San Diego

OF THE PADRES

in fact, everything you have to sacrifice in the East can be enjoyed in actual defiance of the calendar.

The resorts and hotels pictured on this page have helped to make California famous. They are as fine as any in the world, and they are as noted for hospitality as were California's original hostelries, the old missions themselves. These hotels and their managers are known and fully endorsed by Sunset Magazine.

If you or any of your friends are interested we want you to take advantage of our Service Bureau, which is thoroughly equipped and will be glad to furnish literature and information about anything pertaining to the country west of the Rockies. Just address any of the hotels included on these pages or SUNSET MAGAZINE, San Francisco, California.



HOTEL ALEXANDRIA, LOS ANGELES
The center of Southern California



HOTEL OAKLAND, OAKLAND
Near the shores of attractive Lake Merritt



HOTEL HUNTINGTON, PASADENA
The home of transplanted millionaires



Southern Pacific Steamships

NEW ORLEANS—NEW YORK

Combination Rail and Water Trips

EAST and WEST

Through Fares Include Berths and Meals on Steamers

Sunset Limited—SAN FRANCISCO and
NEW ORLEANS, 74 Hours

Five Days on Ocean Liners

See Southern Pacific Agents

L. H. Nutting,
366 Broadway, New York

P. K. Gordon,
Flood Bldg., San Francisco

The *Ask Mr. Foster* TRAVEL INFORMATION SERVICE

Supplies without charge or fees accurate and timely information about travel anywhere and about Schools. Mr. Foster has opened offices in San Francisco and Los Angeles where inquiries from tourists or residents will receive careful and considerate attention. You are invited to

Ask Mr. Foster

San Francisco: The EMPORIUM

Seattle: FREDERICK & NELSON

Los Angeles: The ANGELUS HOTEL
J. W. ROBINSON CO. STORE

Indianapolis, L. S. Ayres & Co.
Detroit, J. L. Hudson Co.
Atlantic City, Michigan Ave. and
Boardwalk in front of Hotel Dennis
New York, Lord & Taylor, 5th Ave., 38th St.
Chicago, Carson Pirie Scott & Co.
St. Louis, Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney Co.

Cleveland, The Higbee Co.
Philadelphia, Ackers,
Chestnut and 12 Sts.
Denver, Daniels & Fisher Stores
New Orleans, Hotel Grunewald
Washington, 503 14th St.
Buffalo, Wm. Hengerer Co.

15 other offices in Florida and Cuba.

Executive Offices: 220 W. 42nd St., New York

Ward G. Foster, General Manager

Send stamp with mail inquiry.

Los Angeles counties, and in Alameda and the Sacramento valley counties. The chief districts cluster about the immense factories which have been established at Alvarado, Spreckels, Oxnard, Los Alamitos, Betteravia, Crockett, Chino, Santa Ana and Hamilton City.

The Salinas valley district may be taken as typical of the results from the industry. Here is located the Spreckels factory, the largest in the world, with a daily capacity of 3000 tons of beets, producing approximately 330 tons of sugar every twenty-four hours of the working period. This factory was established in 1887, after continuous and successful operation of a similar factory at Watsonville, in the nearby Pajaro valley. The farmers of the district receive annually about \$1,000,000 for their crop. The annual cutting of beets averages 200,000 tons. Over seventeen thousand acres are devoted to the growing of beets, with an average yield throughout the valley of eleven tons to the acre. Near Salinas the average reaches thirteen tons and as high as 23½ tons to the acre have been recorded. The standard price prevailing here, as elsewhere in California, is \$5.50 per ton for beets testing sixteen per cent sugar content. The price is subject to fluctuation according to sugar content, with a minimum of \$5 per ton. For each percentage above the standard, a bonus of twenty-five cents is paid and some growers have received as high as \$6.75 a ton for extra quality beets. The average cost for irrigation and cultivation is placed at \$36 per acre.

WHERE ARE THE PROFITS?

FARMER'S Bulletin 392 of the Department of Agriculture, on the cost of growing and the return of the sugar-beet crop, says: "The average yield per acre for this crop in the irrigated states is ten to twelve tons, but this should not be taken as a basis for figuring returns, as it represents both good and poor farming methods. Those growers who by their industry and forethought have made a success in producing sugar-beets can alone be considered, and it will be safe to say that their average yield per acre is approximately seventeen tons. Yields as high as thirty-six tons per acre have been noted and from twenty to twenty-five tons per acre are not unusual.

"From figures gathered throughout the district under discussion the following items of average cost are given, which do not include original leveling of the land, interest, and depreciation on farm implements, or fertilizing, nor is the interest on the original investment considered:

Cost and profit from growing sugar-beets:	
17 tons of beets at \$5 flat rate.....	\$85.00
Plowing land 10 to 12 inches deep.....	\$3.00
Harrowing, leveling, cultivating and preparing seed bed.....	2.00
Drilling in seed.....	.50
20 pounds seed.....	2.00
Cultivating five times, at 40 cents.....	2.00
Furrowing twice.....	1.00
Irrigating three times, labor.....	3.00
Thinning, hoeing and topping, contract.....	20.00
Plowing out.....	2.00

Hauling at 50 cents per ton (17 ton crop).....	8.50
Water charge for maintenance of canals.....	.75
Total cost of raising....	44.75
Profit per acre.....	\$40.25

"Generally speaking an eight-ton or ten-ton crop will just about pay the expense of growing, while anything above that yield will be profitable, and as the tonnage increases, the greater will be the returns in proportion. On smaller fields the grower and his family very often do all or the greater part of the work themselves, thus earning good wages in addition to the profit from a good yield. The usual cash rental is from \$8 to \$15 per acre, including water-rights."

It has been a long step from the first efforts of the inexperienced growers who supplied beets to the Alvarado factory in 1870, to the present-day development of the industry with eleven factories taking care of the crop from over one hundred thousand acres. Sugar has fluctuated from 15 cents per pound, the price obtaining back in the 70's, to as low as 3 and 4 cents. The cost of manufacture has been reduced from the 12 cents per pound which it cost to produce the first output of the Alvarado factory to approximately three cents. But the income of the sugar-beet grower has varied less than \$1 per ton throughout all this almost half century of development. Today the grower receives more than did he in those early days.

The by-products from the sugar-beet are a source of profit. The pulp after the sugar has been extracted, an ideal stock feed, is in demand by the dairyman and stockraiser. Salinas valley dairymen annually purchase 100,000 tons of this pulp from the Spreckels factory. The tops in some districts bring as much as \$2 per ton for dairy feed, and have an even greater fertilizer value.

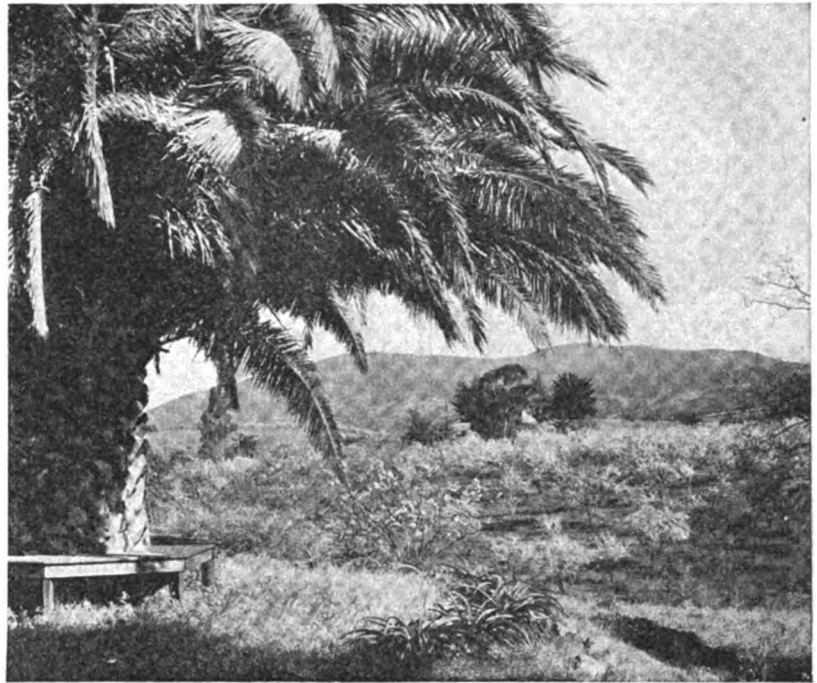
IS THERE ROOM FOR MORE GROWERS?

THE sugar-beet industry is merely in its infancy. That it is bound to grow is as sure as is the truth of the statement that people will always purchase sugar.

Take, for example, the opportunities open in the Salinas valley. Here is a splendid district embracing 640,000 acres of agricultural land, in point of fertility unsurpassed by any valley in California. There are 90,000 acres of beet land, with only 17,500 acres now devoted to the crop. The soil along the Salinas river, which traverses the valley, is a very rich dark alluvium, which farther back gives place to a somewhat lighter loam, very deep and easily worked. Irrigation is not largely practised, since the rainfall is sufficient to mature the crop.

The sugar-beet has played an important part in the development of both the Salinas and Pajaro valleys. Averages compiled from growers show profits of \$40 per acre annually from beets.

Information concerning the Salinas and Pajaro valleys, as well as other districts served by the Southern Pacific railroad, which have openings for wide-awake farmers, may be obtained by writing to Chas. S. Fee, Passenger Traffic Manager, Southern Pacific Company, San Francisco. Carefully compiled descriptive literature will be mailed upon request.



Comfort in California

Would you not prefer to spend your days in a climate which is comfortable all the year round?

Do you really prefer the long, tedious winters, the ice, snow and blizzards which prevail for at least six months in many states? If you have made a little money, why stay and suffer such discomfort every winter when you can enjoy life to the utmost in the "Valley of Heart's Delight" where roses are ever blooming and winter is a name only?

Santa Clara County

Is California at Its Best

THIRTY MILES SOUTH OF SAN FRANCISCO

It offers you everything to make life happy: flowers, fruit, profitable occupation, congenial society, beautiful homes, good roads, unrivalled educational facilities, all the amenities of modern civilization and the finest climate in the world.

A postal or annexed coupon will bring you free a 64-page beautifully **Illustrated Booklet** which tells you the whole interesting story. Write today to

PUBLICITY MANAGER
for the Board of
Supervisors
San Jose, Calif.



Name _____
Address _____



FIRST IN SAFETY

Four Gateways

Between

The East
and
San Francisco
and
Los Angeles



New Orleans
El Paso
Ogden
Portland



Trains of Highest Standard

Best Dining Car in America

Oil Burning Engines—

No Cinders, No Smudge
No annoying Smoke

Automatic Block Safety Signal System
protecting more miles of
Railroad than on any other
line in the world.

Awarded—

Grand Prize for
Railway Track,
Equipment, Motive
Power, and Safety-
First Appliances,
San Francisco
Exposition, 1915.

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 and full name and address must be stated.
Address all communications to Sunset Magazine Service Bureau, 460 4th Street, San Francisco.

Conducted under supervision of Walter V. Woehlke

An Acre, Two Women and a Living

Q. I am writing for information about southern California. Two sisters, 34 and 36 years old, with a little money—\$1500—would like to know if they could make a living on an acre and a half of ground, such as raising chickens, turkeys, ducks, geese and squabs, and have a garden for ourselves on the half acre and plant the acre to some staple product such as onions, potatoes or beans. We would like to locate around Los Angeles provided the ground is not too high. What would it cost to put a two- or three-room house on it, something cheap at first, also how many chickens would you need starting in? We like southern California on account of the climate because we can be out of doors all the year round. How much taxes would be on that much land, also water tax? Please give information about San Diego in regard to land.—K. McC., CHICAGO, ILL.

A. We know of quite a number of women who started in various lines of specialized farming with a capital smaller than you have, who have succeeded in making a living and a little more out of their efforts, but we cannot advise you to come West with the idea of immediately finding a piece of ground and making it pay with the limited amount of money at your disposal, unless you are fully experienced in the poultry and vegetable business. Do you know anything at all about the right methods of handling and feeding turkeys, chickens and ducks? Have you any idea of the variety of the most profitable squabs or the right way of feeding them and the right time to kill and sell them? Do you know anything about how onions are raised commercially, whether from seed or in some other manner? If you have no farming experience, do you know any trade or profession which would keep you in funds while you are paying the inevitable apprentice fee?

There are quite a number of tracts around Los Angeles whose owners have subdivided the acreage into acre and acre and a half lots for the special purpose of providing enough ground so that a family could produce a large part of its food in its own garden, thus cutting down its grocery, meat and milk bill. The idea that the average individual can go to work and make a complete living out of half an acre or an acre has been discarded long ago. Experience has shown that the average man or the average woman lacks the qualifications necessary to produce an income from so small a piece of ground;

only the exceptional man or woman can accomplish this feat. Of course there are real estate promoters who loudly combat this statement and fill the newspapers with advertisements promising Paradise on an acre, but these people have a selfish interest at stake and only desire to make money out of the sale of the land at high prices.

Either in the vicinity of Los Angeles or around San Diego you could obtain an acre and put on it a three-room California house at a total cost of say \$1000 to \$1200. If you go beyond reach of the electric lines you could probably get your acre and a very modest house for less than a thousand. It would cost you not less than \$500 to get a plant large enough for a flock of four hundred chickens and for the stocking of it, provided you buy the eggs and hatch them in your own incubator. If you pay cash for your land this would leave you without a penny and you would have to borrow money for living expenses and to put in some kind of a crop. If you are inexperienced the crop would probably fail, and you would probably lose sixty per cent of your chickens, so that at the end of the first six months' operations you would have to start all over again and you would then be confronted by the fact that your borrowing capacity would be exhausted. Unless you have a business or an income outside of the operation of the miniature farm we cannot conscientiously advise taking the step you propose. Of course we would look at the matter in a different light if you were thoroughly familiar with the vegetable and chicken business.

Stump Lands and Citrus Groves

Q. I read with interest the article by Mr. Walter V. Woehlke on "Stumps and Milking Stools" in the July number of SUNSET and am now anxious for information on the dairy lands advertised in your columns, with special reference as to the correctness of price, labor available for getting the land cleared, general prospects of value of land increasing and all information you can give me.

Concerning Fontana Lands, Ltd., any available information would be welcome about the property. Is the price as held right and are land prices now at their highest or likely to fall or rise? In the orange-growing industry does the grower get a fair profit or do the middlemen, packers and shippers take it all?

If you will give me information on these points I shall be most grateful.—R. W. B., RISALPUR, INDIA.

A. Concerning the value of dairy land in the Pacific Northwest: For several years land from which the marketable timber had been removed was held at prices considered too high by expert opinion. Land covered with stumps, with dead-and-down timber and second growth in many instances was held at prices ranging from \$20 to \$50 per acre, even when the land was broken and mountainous and remote from transportation. Naturally these high prices discouraged settlers and clearing operations were making slow progress until various associations of public-spirited citizens took hold of the matter. They established bureaus for listing uncleared, logged-off land for sale and endeavored to facilitate the meeting of buyer and seller. One of these organizations is the Southwestern Washington Development Association. Thanks to the work of these organizations and to the operation of the law of supply and demand the price level of unimproved logged-off land has been steadily reduced for the past two years, and a good quality of this land can now be obtained at prices ranging from \$10 to \$50 per acre, the value depending upon the quality of the soil, the location of the land and the quality of the roads.

There is no dearth of labor which can be had for clearing operations. However, the most economical way to clear stump land is by contract, having the work done at a stated price by one of the numerous concerns which are equipped with the best and most modern machinery and are therefore able to do the job for less money than the owner who could not equip himself as thoroughly. This remark applies of course only to men who have the necessary capital to pay for the clearing of say forty acres at one time. The man with limited capital could have ten acres cleared at once and proceed slowly and clear the balance of his acreage as he needed it for cultivation.

It is not safe to figure on a cost smaller than \$75 per acre for clearing and in most instances the cost will run above \$100 per acre. There will be no difficulty in finding suitable land once you are on the ground, to have this land appraised by disinterested experts and have the method of its development outlined by the Experiment Station of the Washington State College. We are also certain that Mr. E. A. Stuart will gladly put the services of his field force at your disposal to find the right location for you.

Concerning the orange industry of southern California and the value of orange groves: The citrus industry has just passed through a crisis lasting three years, during which it was assailed in two successive years by the most serious and extended frosts on record, and by the unprecedented amount of citrus fruit thrown into a market which had the lowest purchasing power in twenty years. As a result of these heavy frosts, which occurred in 1912 and 1913, and of the low price received after the outbreak of the war, one might expect to find the industry shaken to its foundation and values utterly demoralized. Yet it can be confidently asserted that the bargain hunter who tries to buy a full-bearing grove, well located, on good soil, fairly free from frost, with ample water and well taken care of, at a price of \$1000 per acre or

less, will be grievously disappointed. Citrus property of this character has withstood the storm and has maintained itself at an average price level of \$1250 per acre.

This result was due principally to the strength of the cooperative organization of the growers. There are no packers and shippers to levy toll on the profits of the citrus grower. He does his own packing and shipping at cost. No other branch of agriculture in the United States is as well organized from the producing to the marketing end and on as scientific and sound principles as the citrus industry. We believe that a citrus orchard, having the above qualifications, will continue for many years to pay interest at the rate of ten per cent on a valuation of \$1500 per acre. Of course, there are many full-bearing properties which can be bought for considerably less than this figure, but any grove that is offered for less than \$1000 per acre may be presumed to have something the matter with it; it either lacks ample water at reasonable prices, is exposed to frequent frosts or is deficient in the care of its trees.

The young groves of the Fontana Company are well located, have an ample supply of water at reasonable cost, are less exposed to frost than the vast bulk of the groves, and are well taken care of. The soil is rather light but can be greatly improved by fertilization. We believe that the prices asked for these groves are reasonable and that the management will keep its contract to the letter.

Any further information which you would like to have we stand ready to supply, and we assure you that we shall personally take an interest in you and help you to get in touch with the right authorities on soil and soil products if you should decide personally to visit the Pacific Coast.

Concerning the Orland Project

Q. Will you please send me the following information concerning Orland, in the Sacramento valley, California? Can one secure good titles to land? Are city properties overvalued? What is the water proposition? Cost? What sort of market for citrus fruits, olives, chickens? What chance for dairying? Schools and churches? Healthfulness? Rainfall? Storms? What prospect for Orland when this boom breaks? Could a man invest in a small place, say an acre, planted with an average of forty oranges, forty lemons, forty olives, with chance for chickens, make enough off it to pay living expenses? We have read your magazine for the past five years and are much interested in it.—A. L. D., TELLURIDE, COLO.

A. Yes, it is possible to secure legal and valid title in the Orland district. We do not know whether city property is overvalued. The water is supplied by the United States Reclamation Service, and we have requested the Service to send you full information concerning its features and the cost of a water-right.

Ninety-five per cent of the citrus fruits raised in California is sold outside the state. The Orland crop has the same chance to reach the market as oranges of the Butte county district, on the other side of the river, or those grown in any other part of California.



TO THOSE WHO COME, equipped with health, a determination to "make good" and sufficient capital for fair investment, Western Oregon offers many, many golden opportunities.

There is room for farming, stock raising, poultry, dairying, fruit raising, hop growing and many other fields of endeavor.

The settler of today will find many agencies to assist him. The experimental work has been done. The experience of others is available.

The Oregon Agricultural College, one of the best equipped institutions of its kind in the west, will furnish, free, expert information regarding soil, crops, fruit, livestock, etc. The markets are being better organized. Transportation facilities are excellent and are being improved. Oregon ranks among the most progressive commonwealths in the matter of education.

If you are interested let us send you our book, Oregon for the Settler, with more detailed information.

Southern Pacific

JOHN M. SCOTT,
General Passenger Agent

PORTLAND OREGON

Personally Conducted
SIGHT-SEEING
TROLLEY TRIPS

Ways most pleasant
"scenes that are brightest"
in
Southern California



OLD MISSION
TROLLEY TRIP

SPECIAL SIGHT-SEEING CARS
RESERVED SEATS—GUIDE-LECTURERS

THREE GREAT \$1.00 TROLLEY TRIPS

OLD MISSION TROLLEY TRIP BALLOON ROUTE TROLLEY TRIP
TRIANGLE TROLLEY TRIP

ORANGE EMPIRE TROLLEY TRIP TO RIVERSIDE, REDLANDS THROUGH 50 MILES—ORANGES AND 12 SOUTHLAND CITIES **\$3.50**

M^r.LOWE TRIP AMERICA'S GREATEST, MOST BEAUTIFUL MOUNTAIN SCENIC TROLLEY TRIP 50 MILE JOURNEY—MILE HIGH—ENTRANCING VIEWS **\$2.00**

ALL TRIPS LEAVE DAILY FROM MAIN STREET STATION, LOS ANGELES
ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES WHEN VISITING SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

FOR BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED LITERATURE, ADDRESS

PACIFIC ELECTRIC RAILWAY

D.W. PONTIUS, TRAFFIC MANAGER
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

For chickens and eggs San Francisco, Oakland, Berkeley, etc., not to mention Sacramento and Stockton, offer an excellent market. For large-sized olives the market is excellent, and various packers and canning factories which are located on the project buy directly from the trees.

You probably know that the world champion dairy cow, Tillie Alcartra, was born and raised in the Sacramento valley and made her record there. The Orland Project is a part of the Sacramento valley and is rapidly developing a splendid dairy industry based upon alfalfa.

Schools and churches are above the average, and we have heard of no epidemics in this district. Some years ago malaria was sporadic but the proper measures reduced this sickness to a minimum.

There is no boom nor has there been an Orland boom that we ever heard of. If there had been a boom it could not have survived the depression that started in two years ago and is just now vanishing.

No, we do not believe you could make a living on an acre, especially when you overburden it with 120 trees. As a rule the limit is fifty olive trees alone to an acre. You should have at least two and a half acres and unless you are thoroughly experienced in truck farming and poultry and work very hard you could not support a family on even that amount of land.

The Taming of the Rio Grande

(Continued from page 41)

company was served with an injunction at the behest of the Attorney-General. Strange to say the construction of the Elephant Butte dam was objected to by the government because it would obstruct navigation on the Rio Grande, on the river which, for hundreds of miles above and below El Paso, was as innocent of steam-, flat- and bumboats as the Painted Desert is of sanitary drinking fountains.

Now it happened that Dr. Boyd not only had vision, courage and English capital, but he was also the proud owner of a fighting spirit game enough to have taken three Lieges by frontal assault without artillery preparation. He shied his hat into the ring, jumped after it and put up a fight against General Mills, the Boundary Commission, the War Department, the Attorney-General and the whole power of the United States Government that will go down in history. He won rounds one, two, three and four. The low courts and the high ones, peering intently into the bed of the Rio Grande, failed to see any evidence of past, present or future navigation. They opined in judicial language that, unless caterpillar wheels were affixed to the vessels, navigation in the Rio Grande would be postponed until ski-running became the favorite sport in Hades. But, after all, Dr. Boyd lost in the fifth—on a foul. The franchise was declared forfeited because he had failed to build

the dam, the construction of which the government prevented by injunction and appeal, within the stipulated time of five years.

Still, Dr. Boyd did not raise the white flag. He induced the English Foreign Office to take up the famous Elephant Butte case on behalf of the English investors. And he succeeded. The affair was scheduled for arbitration and the international commission was about to be appointed when in the summer of 1914 London's attention was diverted quite violently to another dispute.

Dr. Boyd is neither tall nor broad, but he is some fighter—also he is a most excellent loser. When he realized that he personally would not be the instrument that was to tame the river and change the valley into an elongated garden, he did the next best thing: gave up the fight and let the Reclamation Service take hold of the big job. He is now a director of the water users' association, and a movement has been started to apply the name of Lake Boyd to the immense body of water now accumulating behind the Elephant Butte dam.

THIS dam, begun six years ago, is a most impressive structure. Though it is not the highest in the world, it is as bulky as the biggest and it holds back more water than the famous Assouan barrage in Egypt. Above it the river gathers the water from 37,000 square miles of mountain and mesa. Enough water comes down the river every year, mostly during the floods, to cover a million acres a foot deep. But it does not go beyond the dam. The titanic block of concrete stops it. If not a drop were allowed to escape, it would require two years and a half to fill the enormous reservoir which extends north of the dam for a distance of forty miles. Once filled the lake will contain enough water to cover 2,640,000 acres a foot deep. But this immense quantity will be used to irrigate 200,000 acres only. The Reclamation Service declined to take a chance on the river. Engineers made the reservoir big enough and the irrigated area small enough to assure every acre of its full supply even if the river should go out of business entirely for two years.

The dam is practically completed now. Its official dedication will occur during the coming summer. But its effects made themselves felt the moment its construction was definitely decided on. It helped to make Oscar Snow a rich man, for instance.

Snow was born in the Rio Grande valley, I believe, and learned his trade at the College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts in Mesilla Park, three miles from the old, old town of Las Cruces. He didn't have much when he started more than twenty years ago except a six-foot body, sound wind, abundance of energy and an unshakable faith in the valley. Of the latter possession he needed an extra large supply. He started as a tenant on sixty acres which he put into alfalfa, the fodder crop then coming into public notice. The results were not especially brilliant. Though the deep soil, fertilized by ages of floods and decayed vegetation, produced hay in abundance, the market was limited, alfalfa brought six to nine dollars a ton and the demand for it was not exceeding-

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ly strong. Still, Snow made enough out of the sixty rented acres to buy them, at low-water, shifting-channel prices. Thereafter he continued to buy. Most of the landowners were anxious to sell. They did not believe that the Rio Grande would ever become a docile, henpecked river; Snow knew it would. He backed his faith with his signature on numerous notes given in payment for land, and whatever he bought he put into alfalfa at the earliest moment.

About twelve years ago central and eastern Texas, Louisiana and northern Mexico discovered the peculiar virtues of alfalfa hay; they found that a ton of alfalfa would get more work out of a mule, more pork out of a pig, more milk out of a cow than a ton of timothy. So the cotton growers and the dairymen began to buy more and more alfalfa. The Rio Grande valley could ship the hay into the cotton districts of Texas and Louisiana, into the mining regions of Chihuahua at a freight cost of \$3.50 to \$6 a ton; districts farther west and north had to pay from \$6 to \$9 freight per ton. The Rio Grande valley had the alfalfa trade cinched. The price kept pace with the increasing demand, climbed to \$12, \$14, even to \$18 a ton and staid there. Since baled alfalfa could be delivered at the sidetrack for about \$5 a ton, and since five tons was a fair average crop, an acre of alfalfa yielded a net income of \$45 to \$65. Snow by-and-by had a thousand alfalfa acres working for him. Most of the land was bought by him during the lean lottery years for less than a single year's profit under the new dispensation. He is wealthy now, a bank director, motor owner, capitalist, officer in the water users' association. But he does not employ a valet and a private secretary. I found him tossing heavy sacks of Spanish beans upon the scales, weighing them out in Spanish to a swarthy customer.

There are a good many swarthy laborers and landowners in the Rio Grande valley. They were there first, centuries before the coming of the first American settler. President Lafayette Clapp of the Las Cruces Water Users' Association sends out a monthly report to the two thousand members. A thousand letters are printed in English; another thousand in Spanish. Most of the old lands under the community ditches that relied upon the river's undomesticated, erratic flow were farmed by Mexicans when the project was started. Las Cruces, Ysleta, Rincon were pure Spanish-American towns in those days. Sun-dried adobe covered with plaster constituted the building material, and long spouts projected from the flat roofs to keep the walls from melting during the rains. When the Reclamation Service tried to survey the farm lands under the century-old ditches, it gave up in despair. There was not a single corner to begin with; not one straight, unbroken section line had ever been run. The individual farms had most unusual shapes and there was not a valid, legal description to identify one of the twelve thousand miniature holdings.

What was to be done? The land had to be surveyed in order to establish valid water-rights and to determine the part of the cost each parcel was to bear.

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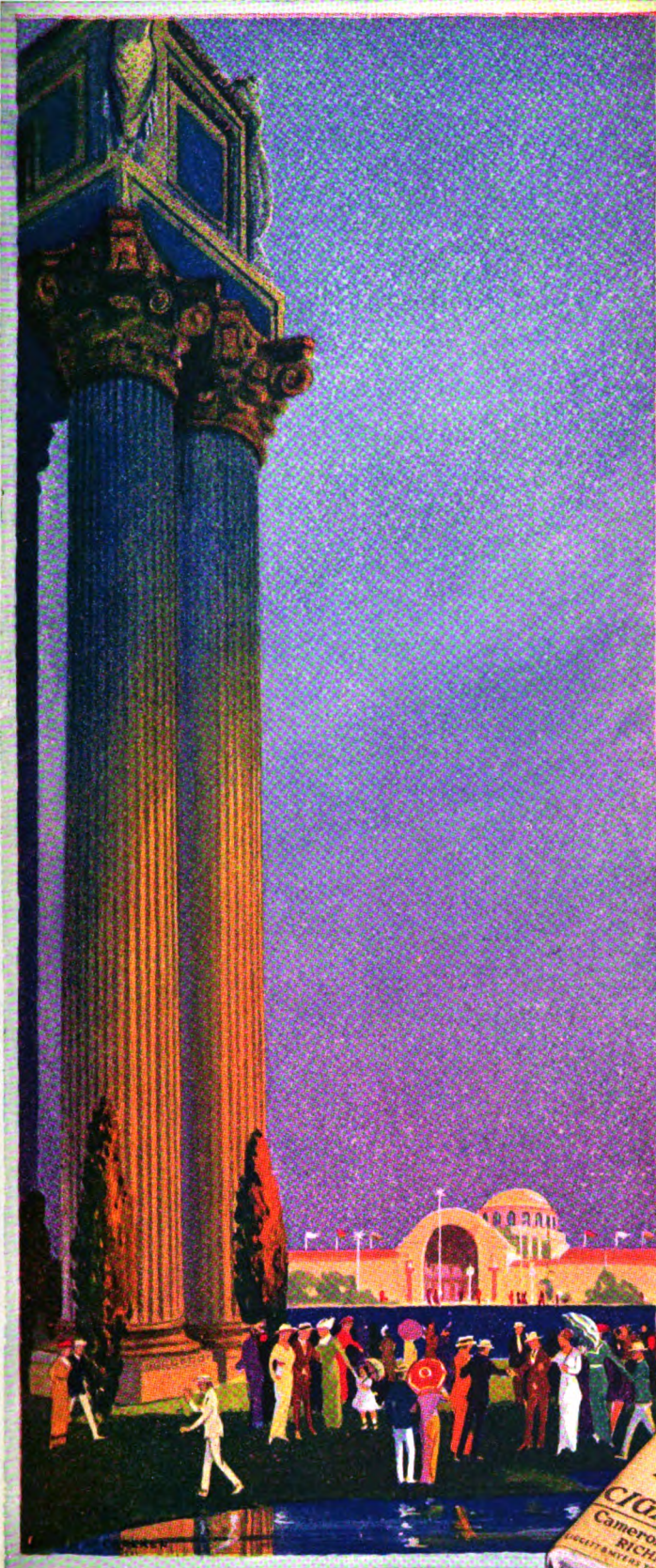
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AFTER weeks of reclaiming and planning, all futile, the engineer in charge had an inspiration. He caused to be manufactured thousands of long, square blocks. These blocks he distributed among the Mexican landowners, asking them to set the blocks into the ground at the corners of their properties.

There were twelve thousand vague, ill-defined parcels. What would have happened if American owners had been asked thus to define the limits of their property? If killings could have been avoided, the courts of New Mexico would still be clogged by hundreds of lawsuits, and neighborhood feuds by the score would be going full blast.

I believe the Mexican farmer and laborer has been much maligned. 'Tis true that designing politicians have taken advantage of his ignorance to keep themselves in power for the sake of the spoils, but at heart the Mexican is a peace-loving, easily contented individual. He proved it in the Rio Grande valley. The thousands of landowners quietly, without fuss, without one lawsuit, by friendly agreement set the corners and defined the limits of their land. It was easy to survey, map and record the holdings after that.

Las Cruces, the old irrigation town, has no bars. When a certain district prepared to hold a prohibition election, the owner of the single saloon in the neighborhood appeared before the committee.

"It is not necessary to hold an election," he said simply. "I have made my living out of the place for twenty-six years, but I can still do other work. You do not want my place. I close it tomorrow. *Adios.*" And he did.

The Mexican population of the valley, however, is thinning out rapidly. Since land values went up, many of the owners could not resist the temptation and sold out. All around the Mexican nucleus on the old lands irrigated from the ancient community ditches American families are settling on the new, higher units and, more's the pity! the ancient towns are rapidly being modernized. Bungalows are springing up everywhere and the picturesque adobe buildings of the older days are giving way to immaculate brick blocks with the latest modern improvements.

Alfalfa and grain have been the valley's chief products. The ranchers shipped baled alfalfa to Illinois and loaded the return cars with butter, eggs and canned milk for their own consumption. Why should they bother with cows and chickens when alfalfa brought them sixteen and eighteen dollars a ton? Fortunately the great war changed conditions. When cotton dropped to seven cents a pound the Texas and Louisiana growers could no longer afford to feed their mules alfalfa at \$25 a ton. They proceeded to raise their own hay, and in the Rio Grande valley prices dropped to eight and ten dollars a ton. Whereupon a rush for livestock began. Cow purchasing associations were formed, dairy herds were bought, pigs and chickens came into favor. At last the farmers realized that a district famous for the quality and quantity of the hay it produces per acre is eminently qualified to become equally famous—and prosperous—as a livestock and dairy center.

They will have to build miles of feeding racks and buy thousands of milk pails before they will be able to supply New Mexico, western Texas and north-central Mexico with all the meat, butter, milk, bacon and eggs this vast country now has to draw from California and the Middlewest.

It isn't going to be *all* bacon, butter, beef and eggs, though.

There is plenty of room for the diversifier to show his talent in the Rio Grande valley. He has good, deep soil, a long growing season and abundance of sunshine—not to mention the spring winds—to work with, and out of these ingredients it is easy to produce first-class vegetables, melons, small fruits, plums, peaches, grapes, apples and especially pears. I have seen pears in the Rio Grande valley which approached the pears of the Rogue River valley in Oregon, both in size, color and flavor, and the Rogue river product is the peer of all pears. New pear orchards are fairly numerous and undoubtedly remunerative along the Rio Grande; since the blight ran through the orchards of the United States like a brush fire the marketing of pears has caused small worry to those who had them. And the Rio Grande people swear by the cornerstone of the Elephant Butte dam that pear blight has not yet blown its breath upon a single twig in the valley.

Diversification as practised hitherto in the irrigated West has usually meant the production of luxuries, of deciduous and citrus fruits, berries, cantaloupes, nuts, hops, grapes and other high-priced commodities. Considering the things that have happened to the market for most of these luxuries of late, perhaps the Rio Grande valley showed superior wisdom and foresight when it continued its plain alfalfa diet. It is an indisputable fact that, taken by and large, the Rio Grande project is on a sounder economic basis, so far as the area already under cultivation is concerned, than most of the other Reclamation Service enterprises. But this does not mean that the Elephant Butte project may now sit down in the arm-chair and take it easy. Only a beginning has been made. By far the largest portion of the 180,000 acres to be supplied with Elephant Butte water is not yet under cultivation. How to make productive this land, each acre of which represents an investment of at least \$50 for the irrigation system, is a problem hard enough to wear out several sets of vanadium-steel store teeth.

THE government land is all gone. Tracts of two thousand, five thousand, ten thousand acres are owned by individuals and corporations. They must be subdivided and sold before they can legally receive water; a good part of the land is rather rough and much of it is covered with a fairly heavy growth of deep-rooted willows, mesquite and chaparral. Clearing, leveling and ditching this land will cost from \$20 to \$30 an acre. But before the land can be cleared and leveled, before the water can be productively applied, the owner must have his pay. Three years ago a goodly share of the close-in desert was held at \$100 and \$125 an acre. Counting the cost of the water-right and the expense of getting the land ready for the plow,

The Elephant Butte Dam

Which is reclaiming nearly 200,000 acres of fertile lands in the valleys of the Rio Grande, in New Mexico and Texas, is so far completed that water has been delivered from its great storage reservoir for nearly a year past.

Settlers are wanted, men and women of the right sort, who are not afraid of work and who will pursue some special line of agricultural endeavor.

Fruit growers who understand fruit growing and who will pick and pack the product of their orchards as it should be picked and packed will do well in any of these valleys. All deciduous fruits thrive here.

We want settlers who will feed their abundant yields of alfalfa to hogs, to beef "critters" or to dairy cows instead of growing it for the hay market.

Above all things dairymen are wanted. The abundant crops of forage, of all kinds, which may be grown here and the great market for dairy products afforded by the rapidly growing city of El Paso and the mining camps of Arizona, New Mexico and West Texas and the northern states of the Republic of Mexico, make of this an ideal dairying center.

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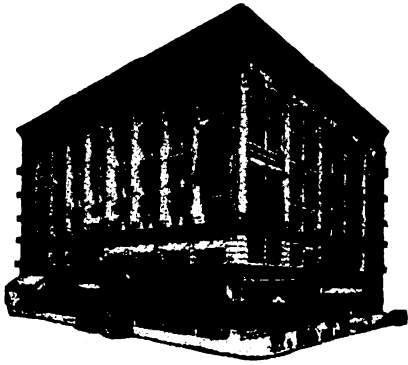
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these prices meant an investment for the bare land of \$200 an acre.

Some time ago the thoughtful members of the water users' association began to realize that the continued increase in the price of raw land would greatly retard the healthy and normal development of the entire project, a fact which had already become evident to the Interior Department in regard to all Reclamation Service projects. To prevent further inflation, to bring about deflation, if possible, the water users began a campaign of education. They showed that every dollar added to the price of a raw acre made it harder to find a buyer, made it easier for the buyer to go broke under the burden. They agitated for lower prices, obtained options on the holdings of those who did reduce the price and, aided by the general drop in the value of irrigated lands, they succeeded not only in arresting inflation, but in bringing about a decline in the level of average prices. This reduction in a good many instances has been radical; there are tracts which, priced at \$100 an acre and more three years ago, are now on the market at \$60 and \$70 an acre.

The association went even farther. It hired an official land-shower who is taking charge of landseekers, piloting them in his machine over the Mesilla valley and pointing out available tracts

to them. He tells the truth about the quality of the land; he will not show land unless the price is reasonable. Whatever he says is backed by the full power of the association. And he never tries to sell a newcomer more land than the prospective settler can afford to buy. He works on a fixed salary and whatever commissions the landowners pay go into the association's treasury. Hence the land-shower endeavors to obtain the best bargain for the buyer rather than for the owner of the land. A similar service is rendered by the joint colonization bureau maintained jointly by the Las Cruces and the El Paso valley water users' associations.

The whole of this region in western Texas, northern Mexico and in New Mexico is a vast outdoor sanitarium. Lying from 3000 to 4500 feet above sea-level, with Italian skies, brisk, short, mild winters and sparkling summers, the dry air of this plateau country has transformed thousands of invalids into productive, healthy, happy citizens. It is an old country, yet it is just beginning to find its real stride. Its copper and silver and gold mines have been producing for centuries, yet they have never shown as great an output as today. Its forests and coal veins have just been opened. It's a land of wide, far horizons; there is hope and promise in its clear air. It's a good country to live in and grow up with.

The Three Captains

(Continued from page 16)

effect of a well-placed kick from this deceptive animal. His forehead was broad, intelligent, and the contours suggesting music and mathematics (two faculties in which his ability approached to genius) abnormally developed. It overhung a pair of light-colored eyes which never seemed to focus on the object of his immediate attention but to gaze through or beyond. The smallness of their pupils gave them an even more sinister regard. His nose was thin, aquiline, but with rather spreading, sensitive nostrils and his mouth was well shaped, with mobile lips, and beneath it a rather pointed chin.

In a way he was a handsome man and there lacked no proof of his fascination for women. It is probable that if the truth were known his blood was a pretty pure strain from some hid'algo of the shattered Spanish Armada. His virulent hatred of the English, of which he made no secret, may have been partly a hereditary trait. He spoke most languages with easy volubility and his English was that of an Oxonian. Well dressed, scrupulously clean, he might have passed for a British peer of the gier falcon type bred in the hills of the north.

CASSEL, a sound and respectable master mariner who had never departed a hair's breadth from the channels of legitimate trade, had always regarded MacTavish as an enemy to society and no better than a pirate, in which opinion he was entirely correct. However, the well-known fact of the man's being an open and acknowledged enemy to England endowed him

at this moment with a special grace in the eyes of the German, who had read in his belated newspapers Lissauer's Hymn of Hate and thoroughly approved it. Cassel hated England partly because of trade conflicts but principally because the orders issued by his government were to hate her, and he was a good disciplinarian. Wherefore from his partisan point of view it seemed that there must lurk some latent good in any sincere hater of perfidious Albion. On this account he had recently greeted MacTavish with a politeness which aroused the suspicion of that outlaw.

His rendezvous with MacTavish was at the gambling dive in a small private room reserved for the use of certain monarchical clients of the establishment of Cassel's quality, and on entering he found MacTavish awaiting him.

"How do you do, Captain?" said Cassel, and offered his hand which the other took rather as a wolf paws at a jaw-trap.

"Quite well, thanks," MacTavish answered, and his pale eyes flickered over Cassel and then at the dingy, fayspecked clock. "You are half an hour late," said he. "They will be wanting this room presently."

"In that case," said Cassel, "suppose we go aboard the ship. Perhaps it would be better, anyway. What I have to talk to you about is very important and should be greatly to your advantage, but it would not do to be overheard."

MACTAVISH assented, and in the gathering darkness the two went down to the beach, where they found a

shore-boat to set them aboard the "Dantziger." Scarcely a dozen words were said on the way out, but when they were in Cassel's cabin the German went to his proposition with characteristic conciseness.

"I have a bit of work for you," said he. "Seagrave is sailing the day after tomorrow, homeward bound with a cargo of saltpeter. I shall sail some hours later with a cargo of copper ore and hides. My plan is to overhaul the Chester Maid just inside the entrance to the straits, lay her alongside and take charge of her. I shall then put Seagrave and his crew under guard in the forepeak and proceed with the Chester Maid, impersonating Seagrave. Do you understand?"

"Quite so," said MacTavish. "Good. You and your crew are to sail with me on the Dantziger under my orders. After we have taken the Chester Maid you are to take command of the Dantziger and navigate her to a certain point off the Irish coast where you will be met by a flotilla of German submarines which will convoy you into Cuxhaven or the Baltic. The Dantziger will be under the Peruvian flag and her papers will show her to be owned by a Peruvian firm and manned by a British master, yourself, and a British crew. If you should be stopped previously by a British ship this should be enough to let her continue her voyage."

"How about the contraband copper?" asked MacTavish in his languid and softly modulated voice.

"Her cargo will be ostensibly hides, and nobody is going to rummage under these rotten hides which I shall load to get to the copper. She will be cleared for Copenhagen. If you should be stopped by a German ship during the voyage, her real papers and the credentials in code from our German consul here will be sufficient. Our consul is attending to her fictitious transfer and clearance. That is merely a question of bribes. If you choose to undertake the job you will now receive a thousand marks from me and on entering Cuxhaven or Dantziger and presenting the orders which we shall give you, you will be paid the amount of fifty thousand marks; with which you may make such division between yourself and crew as you see fit. Is that all clear?"

MACTAVISH'S light eyes seemed fastened on some distant planet.

"Suppose this British ship that holds me up decides to burrow into those hides and spoils the copper ore?" he asked.

"No danger," said Cassel. "They are not going to dig into them very deep. But there is another thing. We are to make the voyage in consort, ostensibly for the sake of mutual assistance should one of us happen to strike a mine on hauling in on the coast. If stopped by a British man-of-war I shall testify that you are what you represent yourself to be, as you were loading in Callao the same time as myself. Once met by our submarine fleet there will be no longer any danger as it will pilot us through the mines and into port."

"If you are held up by a British ship," said MacTavish, "on learning that you have a cargo of saltpeter she is almost sure to convoy you into port."

"I do not think so," Cassel answered. "England is in no great need of saltpeter at this moment, so far as I can learn. We hope that she may be, later, as the result

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of the blockade, but England herself does not appear to have any apprehension on this account. With her great extent of open sea coast she is not shut off as we are in Germany. However, that is a chance which I shall have to take. But it does not concern you. Mind you, MacTavish, I don't say that the job is a crack sure one. If it were you wouldn't be offered fifty thousand marks to tackle it."

MACTAVISH shook his head. "The pay is not attractive, Cassel," said he. "It is not in proportion to the value of the service rendered, nor to the risks to be run. Stop to think, man; here we propose not only to take a valuable ship and a cargo of rich, minerally pure Bolivian copper ore to a country so hard pressed for the stuff that they're commandeering and-irons and church bells and pots and pans and kettles but we're cutting off another ship with a full cargo just as badly wanted and making Germany a handsome present of her. In doing it some of her Johnnies may get their gruel and there's a hanging job right off, if we fluke it. In fact it wouldn't need a beggar or two scragged to make it that. The piracy alone would be enough, even in times of peace. Fifty thousand marks? Man, dear, you make me blush for your German avarice. Just take your little slate and pencil and multiply that figure by five and we may be able to talk business; otherwise, good night!"

Cassel frowned and began to drum on the table with his strong fingers. He had expected something of the sort but his patriotism, thrift and hard commercial sense rebelled at obliging his government to pay so dearly for a service which he did not consider as desperately difficult or dangerous.

"You must remember, MacTavish," said he, "that you are not taking home two ships, but only one."

"And you must remember, old chap," said MacTavish quickly, "that you can't get either of them home without the help of me and my jokers. And you must remember also that the deal cuts both ways, as you count not only on scooping the Chester Maid and her nitre for Germany but on keeping England from getting them. Why, hang it all, Cassel, when I stop to think I'm almost tempted to stand out for half a million, or else take you up on your offer of the paltry fifty thousand and steer the bally ship into Cork or Plymouth." And he smiled pleasantly at the German.

CASSEL gave a grunt of contempt. "Don't try to bluff me, MacTavish," said he. "I've considered that, of course. You know as well as I do that there'd be no good for you in anything like that. They'd be more apt to stretch your neck as a pirate than to give you a gold watch and £15 for the capture of a German merchantman. Besides, with our blockade you'd never get her into port. It's not as though you were a man with a spotless record, nor a patriotic Englishman nor a friend of Seagrave. Now I'll tell you what I'll do; I'll double my offer and make it a hundred thousand marks and you can take that or leave it, just as you like. In fact I'm not authorized to offer any more."

MacTavish's quick, penetrating glance examined Cassel for an instant. He was

a keen judge of men and he saw that this decision was a final one. Everything about the lawless adventure appealed to his gambler's nature. It was a blow at England, at Seagrave, whom he knew and hated, and he reflected that a thousand marks apiece to his six men and twice that to his mate would leave him a fortune sufficient to put him on his feet again for some new venture. So he sighed and said:

"Very well, Cassel, I'm on, since you will be so devilish stingy. I say, though, how about your German crew?"

"They can pass as Scandinavians," said Cassel. "In fact, three of them are. The rest are Dantzig men and all speak some Danish or Swedish."

"How many of them are you going to leave aboard the Dantziger?" MacTavish asked.

"Only one watch of the black gang," Cassel answered. "The work will not be hard, as you will be running about four knots under your normal speed."

"Right-o," said MacTavish. There was a moment's silence and the pale eyes of the sea scamp rested for a moment on the face of the German with a curious scrutiny which was not without a certain admiration.

"Tell me something, Cassel," said he. "What if I had refused to have anything to do with the proposition?"

"You would never have left this cabin alive," said Cassel briefly.

MacTavish's sensitive lips quivered, then he smiled.

"Gad," said he, "you Germans are certainly thorough in your methods."

Cassel did not reply. He rose, went to his small ship's safe and opened it, then tossed upon the table a chamois leather sack which clinked agreeably.

"Count yourself a thousand marks," said he. "That is for immediate expenses," and turning he went into an adjoining stateroom.

(To be continued)

Self-Help for the Hobo

(Continued from page 21)

There were 381,975 meals served, costing a trifle less than five and a half cents apiece. The men who were working received three meals a day and the others two. The object was to keep all men physically fit. But it only required one and one-third days' work for each of the men over a period of six months to keep them all fed. This is certainly a country of cheap and abundant food.

I will not describe the hotel. The physical aspects of shelters of this kind are pretty much alike. This one made a point of bathing the men and sterilizing their clothes as they entered. A down-and-outer might enter at ten in the evening and go out the next morning clean, rested, shaved and with food in his stomach with which to face the day.

THE Hotel Liberty has proved that nearly all men are willing to work. Real tramps avoided Seattle. If they went to the Hotel Liberty they had to work and if they were picked up as vagrants the hard-luck story was lost in the police courts. They were regularly given sixty days. The Hotel Liberty certainly did not prove a magnet for tramps. Tramps hate to associate, anyhow, with the "blanket-stiffs." They look down on a man who will work, and the Hotel Liberty is full of men only too anxious to work.

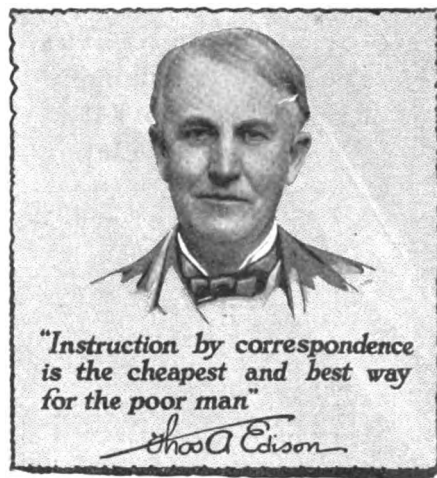
The Hotel Liberty has had one scandal in two years, and it has been made so much of by critics that the hotel is very sensitive on the subject. A gang working on a land-clearing job sold the tools and went on a drunk. Just one outfit did this, one small gang out of thousands of lodgers, almost all floaters without ties or responsibilities, men of a kind most likely to yield to temptation. I was told of this incident with bated breath, but I am afraid I disappointed my informer by not being as shocked as I was expected to be.

Considering the undertaking as Jeff Davis did, that of mere theatricals, Henry Pauly has proved himself a Belasco, while Jeff Davis only staged a clap-trap melo-

drama. I return to this point to make the distinction between the real and the false. For the land is full of Jeff Davises, and they usually get a sentimental hearing. But the Henry Paulys are not sufficiently encouraged. There are undoubtedly men of Henry Pauly's type in every city on the Pacific Coast.

Portland has had no such dramatic situation as Seattle to handle, possibly because Portland did not let it attain dramatic proportions. The city has taken care of the situation in the usual municipal lodging-house way. It has housed and fed all-comers and made them chop wood in return. In this manner the city of Portland acquired 10,000 cords of wood last winter, at a cost of about \$75,000. But, as nearly as I can judge, the local problem was intensified in Portland because the unemployed were kept in the city where they could not very well help interfering with labor conditions. Realizing this, the city is pursuing a different course this winter. This year the city has about \$75,000 worth of rock to crush, there is city grading to do in the outlying districts and work on the state highways is going on all winter. This work has been planned by George F. Baker, Commissioner of Public Affairs, for the express purpose of preventing the floaters from settling down on Portland like a flight of wild geese. I liked this about Mr. Baker's method of approaching the problem; he realized it was a problem of moderate size that needed attention, not excitement. He did not become panicky about it. He sat down and figured out the approximate number of unemployed guests which Portland would probably have to entertain this winter; then he cast about and found work for them to do. When the unemployed rise and fly away in the spring they will leave behind a notable amount of work accomplished to pay for their keep.

California has been handling the unemployment problem as a state. It reached out and made a few sweeping movements,



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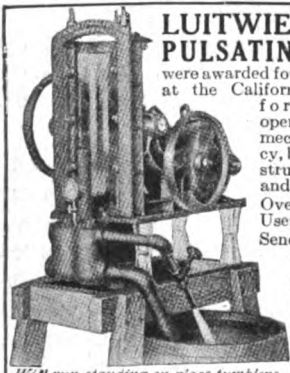
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and after that all the excitement caused by the fire-hose and the wandering armies of two years ago fell flat.

A friend of mine who drove a motor-car from San Francisco to San Diego and back told me he was struck by the apparently equal streams of men going north and south. He and his companions began making bets on whether they would see more men bound north than south. They kept this up during the entire trip, and though they passed thousands bound in both directions, the numbers were about equal.

THE Housing and Immigration Commission of California took the first essential step. It simply asked the various municipalities in the state not to pass the unemployed along. The streams stopped where they were. Of course some men moved on and are moving on yet. Though they are workers and pay their way, they have the "wandering foot." "Tramp mechanics" they are called on the road. They are often brilliant workmen and small factories welcome their coming, but like Kipling's Tramp Royal, pay cannot hold them when their time is done.

As the winters in California differ so little from the summers there are very few jobs such as road-building, grading and the construction of municipal works which cannot be done just as easily in the off-season. So the Immigration Commission has asked the cities to save their jobs until they have their portion of the arrested stream on their hands. There again the workers can be made an asset rather than a burden.

Acting on these two principles, the Housing and Immigration Commission, which is a much more nimble organization than its name implies, succeeded last winter in getting under control a situation which, the year before, was entirely out of hand. Its recently issued report on the destitute unemployed shows only two cities in California which did not meet the Commission's views: Sacramento and Los Angeles. Sacramento's difficulty was lack of authority. The police agreed not "to pass" on the unemployed, but private charity had to keep the indigent in food. To the Commission's way of thinking, Sacramento, situated in one of the richest valleys in the world, ought to have played host officially. But I think I can also understand Sacramento's apparent apathy. Its citizens could not see why the indigent should crowd in on them out of a land fairly bursting with richness. At worst Sacramento's situation was a passing one.

Los Angeles was rapped on the knuckles even more severely by the Commission. The mayor refused to admit the existence of an unemployment problem in Los Angeles. When the chief of police urged a municipal lodging-house he was told to hold his peace, that no such thing as poverty could exist in southern California. That attitude, of course, is absurd. Poverty can exist in the most fertile places, not by fault of the country but through the imperfection of human institutions. There were, in point of fact, five or six thousand homeless, unemployed men in Los Angeles last winter, and the only provision made to meet their needs was a road camp employing a few hundred. Pasadena, Redlands and River-

side followed the course of the other California cities, but Los Angeles, the Commission reported, "would have experienced a crisis not at all to her credit, if the Los Angeles county supervisors had not cared for and fed the unemployed."

MOST of the local relief places in California are referred to as "woodyards." Oakland has just finished a new brick municipal lodging-house where the chopping of wood would seem a strange adjunct, still the name of "woodyard" clings to the institution. Its superintendent, W. S. Goodrich, sticks to the name with whimsical insistence. I had an interesting interview with him, and learned he was a student of sociology at the University of California when he took charge of Oakland's unemployed.

"Woodyard?" he asked, when I smiled at the name. "Why not? We've got to have a woodyard. That is the way to let the unemployed keep their independence. Let them work their way. They want to. I had an average of one hundred and thirty-nine men to sleep in forty-nine beds all last winter, but none of them left here without his self-respect. This is city institution, but it has nothing to do with charity. The city runs this establishment because it realizes it must keep every man up to a certain efficiency. But if we did not have that woodpile the men who come here would feel they were taking charity, and that would never do."

Goodrich also analyzed in a new way the increased crime arising from unemployment.

"If there is apparently more crime in the slack season," he said, "the crimes are not committed by workmen out of job, but by the criminals who prey on them when they are flush. Workmen are dumb. If they are robbed in a saloon or in some disreputable place, they rarely make a complaint. But when workmen are no flush, these criminals prey on the ordinary citizens and the citizens howl. When we have an unusual number of petty robberies here in Oakland, the police do not come here to the woodyard to seek the criminals. They swoop down on the haunts of the robbers who ordinarily live securely on their pilfering from the flush workmen who have just reached town. There is not a real increase in crime, but it hits people who complain about it."

I AM glad to be able to report this analysis of Goodrich's, because I have encountered a resentment against the unemployed based on this apparent increase in crime. Workmen are not potential criminals. Men who have been close to this problem, like Goodrich, know that an astonishingly small number of workmen will take to thieving even if they are starving.

It is impossible to indicate the exact line to follow with the unemployment problem. The solution is a matter of local conditions. But the reason why unemployment is as big a problem as it is on the Pacific Coast must be understood by everyone who hopes for a solution. Most of the unemployed are willing workmen out of a job on account of the time of year. It must also be remembered that they are, besides, "single men in barracks, most uncommonly like you."

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TERMS: \$1.50 a year, single copy, 15 cents. For Canada, 50 cents additional; for other countries, \$1.00 additional.

Entered at the San Francisco Post Office as second class matter.

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6 BEACON STREET



Hurry! Today start to Play Your Way to Your Share of \$10,000 Cash

\$2,500 in cash is the first prize. It should be yours. There is no reason why you should not get it. Surely you can pick out titles to pictures as well as anyone.

Piktur-Qwz-Game consists of 60 easy and interesting pictures. Each picture is drawn to represent the title of a book. From the Official Catalog of titles, you are asked to pick out the titles you think best fit the pictures, and then enter your answer or answers (you are allowed to make five answers to each picture) in the Reply Book. Game is simple and easy. Everyone can play it. Each member of the family can enter and enjoy it.



How to play the game: A good title for this picture is "A Tramp Abroad," because the man is saying "This beats tramping at home" and on his back is a knapsack which says "I. Smith, U. S. A." There is also a sign post which says "20 K to France." There the man is undoubtedly tramping abroad. This little object lesson picture shows you how to play the game. There are 60 pictures. The best answers will receive the awards, and in case of ties, each tying contestant will receive the full award tied for.

The Complete Piktur-Qwz-Game Outfit, consisting of Picture Pamphlet (which contains the 60 pictures) the Catalog of book titles from which you select the titles you think best fit the pictures, and Reply Book in which you submit your answers will be sent to you free as a premium if you will subscribe (new or renewal) for ten months to SUNSET MAGAZINE and one year to *Woman's World Magazine*, both subscriptions costing you \$1.25. The *Piktur-Qwz-Game* was initiated by *Woman's World Magazine* and SUNSET MAGAZINE has combined with them in offering the game to the public. The full rules, showing you how you can compete without one cent of expense, will be sent to you free if you ask for them, but you should start in this game at once. Send in your \$1.25 today and receive two splendid magazines and the complete Outfit, and play your way to one of the big cash prizes listed below.

The Prizes

- \$2,500 cash—1st prize
- \$1,500 cash—2nd prize
- \$1,000 cash—3rd prize
- \$ 500 cash—4th prize
- and 1,203 other big cash prizes, totaling in all \$10,000 cash.

SEND IN THIS COUPON TODAY SURE

.....
SUNSET MAGAZINE, San Francisco, California.
I hereby enter the \$10,000 cash Piktur-Qwz-Game, and send you herewith \$1.25, for which send me your magazine for ten months and *Woman's World* for one year, and as a premium you are to send me free the complete Piktur-Qwz-Game Outfit.

Name.....
Address.....

The *Grand Prize* and *Medal of Honor* The Two Highest Awards

Both Won by The

Encyclopaedia Britannica

At the Panama-Pacific Exposition



The Encyclopaedia Britannica was awarded at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition the *Grand Prize* and *Medal of Honor*—the two highest prizes. The Committee of Awards decided that the Britannica, both as a book and as a means of education, was supreme.

This award gives official sanction to what has always been recognized as beyond dispute; namely, that The Encyclopaedia Britannica was the best work of general information, the highest authority. It confirms the popular verdict, which has been expressed by the sale within a short time of 75,000 sets of the Cambridge University issue, for which the public paid over \$14,000,000.

The Encyclopaedia Britannica, Cambridge University issue, is printed on India paper from large type, with large pages and wide margins, this being the form that has heretofore been associated with The Encyclopaedia Britannica since the first edition—1768.

We sell this issue in the several bindings at the following cash prices:

Cloth Binding	\$166.75	Limp Suede Full Leather	\$255.25
Green Sheepskin Full Leather	203.25	Genuine Red Morocco Full Leather	267.50

Subscribers may, if they wish, pay only \$5.00 down and \$5.00 a month at slightly more than the above cash prices, the complete set of 29 volumes being sent on receipt of the first payment.

It is only fair to state that we have arranged with Sears, Roebuck and Co., of Chicago, for the distribution by them of the Encyclopaedia Britannica—guaranteed complete and unabridged—in a "Handy Volume" issue, the 29 volumes being smaller in size, and therefore produced at a lower manufacturing cost. These sets will be sold for cash at \$58.88 (Cloth); \$68.54 (Full Sheep Morocco); \$81.88 (Three-Quarter Levant Morocco); and \$92.00 (Full Levant Morocco); or, at slightly higher prices for \$1.00 down and monthly payments of \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00, or \$4.50, according to binding.

Anyone interested in this new form of The Encyclopaedia Britannica should apply directly to Sears, Roebuck and Co., Chicago.

You can get full information about The Cambridge University issue of the Encyclopaedia Britannica if you cut out and mail to us the inquiry form; we will then send you a large pamphlet, together with specimen pages, illustrations, maps, reproductions of bookcases, an order form, etc.

Cut Out and Mail

I am interested in the Cambridge issue of the new Encyclopaedia Britannica. Please send me your Illustrated Pamphlet with specimen pages, and particulars of prices, bindings, monthly payments, etc.

46

The Encyclopaedia Britannica Corporation, 120 W. 32nd St., New York

Would You Accept a \$25.00 Check?

The announcement of Sunset's "Ad Letter" Contest for 1916 in the January number met with immediate response. Letters are pouring in—good letters—that are going to keep the judges busy.

We knew they would come. The Contest last year, which was open only to those subscribers who qualified by performing certain services, was a success, and now that EVERY READER OF SUNSET MAGAZINE IS ELIGIBLE the 1916 Contest will be a tremendous success.

We've increased the number of prizes and taken away all restrictions. Get into this Contest and earn some money. It's as good as a course in advertising.

Five Cash Prizes Each Month for Merely Writing Letters

The object of this Contest is to stimulate the interest of Sunset Magazine readers in the splendid announcements of the national advertisers whose advertisements appear each month in the Magazine, and to encourage a keener appreciation of the values of design and text.

What constitutes a good advertisement? Why do some ads appeal more strongly to you than do others? Why did this or that announcement indelibly impress itself upon your memory?

Study the ads in this number of Sunset. Try to analyze the advertisement that made the deepest impression upon your mind. Then write down your reasons.

Now! For the best letter received each month we will award a cash prize of \$25.00; for the second best letter, a prize of \$15.00; for the third, a prize of \$10.00. Each of these letters will be published in full in Sunset Magazine, together with a reproduction of the ad, and the name and address of the prize-winning letter

writer. In addition to these three prizes, there will be two \$5.00 cash prizes as awards of merit for the fourth and fifth best letters.

Below are the prize-winning letters in the December Contest. They are good letters, carefully written and carefully analyzing two of the many strong ads which appeared in Sunset for December. These were selected by the judges as the best of all submitted in December. Study them as models for your letter.



Rules Governing the "Ad Letter" Contest

The contest begins with the January, 1916, issue and will run until December, 1916, issue. The letter must not exceed 250 words in length.

The letter must bear the name and address of the writer and in no instance will we assume responsibility for the return of manuscript.

The letter must be submitted within ten days after receipt of copy by the subscriber in order to reach us in time for consideration. The announcement of the prizes will follow in the second month's number of Sunset—for example, the prize-winning letters submitted on the advertisements in the February Sunset must reach us not later than February 10th and the awards will be announced in the April issue of Sunset.

If you can write a letter, you stand a chance to obtain one of these cash prizes.

The conditions of the Contest are all set forth in this announcement. It will not be necessary to write for further particulars. Just send in your letters, typewritten if possible, together with your name and address.

This Letter Won First Prize in the December Contest

I am staking my last chance for a prize on Old Dutch Cleanser. If it were my first chance I should do the same. In December Sunset there is no ad to compare with that on the rear cover.

It makes no reference to the holidays; there are no bromide Christmas greetings; there is no mistletoe, no holly nor picture of Santa Claus; yet nevertheless the ad is peculiarly suited to Christmas Sunset, for in California we hope not for a white Christmas but for a bright Christmas. And in any land or any climate, what a boon this bathroom would be to Santa Claus after coming down that chimney!

The Old Dutch artist is a real artist and understands advertising. His keynote is realistic simplicity—the same realism and simplicity that we see in our best moving pictures, but not even the moving picture can portray life with such fidelity, for it cannot give us color. Life is here dramatized for us, but there is no savor of melodrama, of false emotionalism. The picture is not an illusion, it is life itself. The bathroom is real, the woman is real from the color of her gown to the tint of her hair and flesh.

In advertising it is not enough to baldly state facts—the advertisement should tell a story, a very short story but one that leaves play for the imagination. Without cumbering his idea with words, the artist here tells us the story of a sanitary home and of a woman's work quickly done. The rest we easily visualize; we can put this woman in any environment that imagination dictates.

And as to the story's truth, surely little need be said. We know that no soap will banish grease from bathtub, bowl and kitchen utensils, and we see here results that cannot be improved upon. We see, moreover, that the woman's hands are soft and shapely. Lives there a woman who will not try such a cleaning compound!

To the few who have not bought, this ad must bring the impulse to buy; to those of us who know Old Dutch it is an entertaining reminder. Fill our magazines with such ads and we will save many a dime now spent at the movies.

Harold Playter, Box 476, R F D 11, Los Angeles, California.



The Second Prize Was Awarded for This Splendid Letter

"No Xmas Gift is Comparable in Pleasure giving to the Angelus Player Piano." That sentence catches the eye. One sees at once a happy family group, grandparents, father, mother, children, in a cozy room with the world shut out, each one from grandfather to five-year-old listening delightedly while each in turn plays a favorite selection. Such a family group is delightful to contemplate for the long winter evenings, while the thought of the influence, the education, the created love for the good and beautiful, makes a lasting impression.

Do you wonder then, as I carefully perused the pages of the beautiful and interesting December number of the Sunset, that this advertisement of the Wilcox & White Co. attracted and held me? The truth of this quotation set me thinking. My mind was full of Christmas giving, so only pages of advertisements that were Xmas-spirited attracted me. Then the beautiful holly decoration pleased me, and the picture of "The Angelus," wreath-encircled, held me as it never fails to do. The joy, happiness and warmth of Christmas, with the thought of humble thanksgiving and praise for every gift however simple, for life itself, and loved ones, expressed in this exceptional advertisement page ranks it in meaning, artistic merit and beauty above any other advertisement in this number of the Sunset.

Aside from its decoration, why is this advertisement a leader? It is in harmony with the month, the spirit of the day. The whole arrangement is artistic; the language is dignified, truth-impressing and convincing. One feels at once the truth of each interesting, simple, dignified statement, is impressed with the value of the merits of the Angelus because of the words of Fritz Kreisler, and is filled with a desire to possess the instrument.

In art and language, then, this advertisement is complete. It attracts, interests, holds and convinces. The beauty of the page attracts; the time-applicableness, the thought that here is something one must buy at once, catches the eye; one is interested enough to read farther, being more and more impressed with the desirableness of the instrument and the reliability and solidity of the firm; the quotation from the great Fritz Kreisler is the finishing blow to complete persuasion. You desire above all things to possess an Angelus. The advertisement has fulfilled its purpose.

Emma A. Stacy, 1803 Belmont Street, Portland, Oregon.

Send Your Subscription and Address All Correspondence to "Contest Editor" Sunset Magazine, 460 Fourth St., San Francisco

Factors in Choosing Your Investment

Safety

Assurance of the payment at maturity of the principal invested is of the first importance.

Yield

Interest return should be at the highest rate consistent with absolute safety.

Marketability

Ability to resell at all times, in accordance with existing market conditions, is desirable.

Carefully selected bonds fulfill these three prime factors in a greater degree than any other form of investment.

Send for our

Circular SM-34

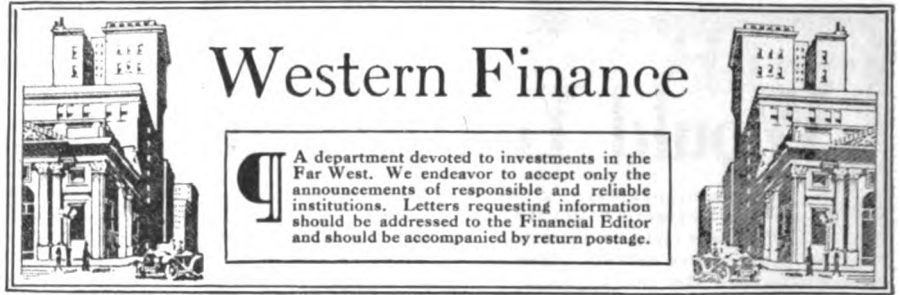
giving list of carefully selected investment bonds.

N.W. Halsey & Co.

424 California St.
San Francisco

Hibernian Bldg., Los Angeles
Railway Exchange Bldg., Portland

New York Boston
Philadelphia Chicago



Western Finance

A department devoted to investments in the Far West. We endeavor to accept only the announcements of responsible and reliable institutions. Letters requesting information should be addressed to the Financial Editor and should be accompanied by return postage.

Far Western Utility Bonds

A PUBLIC-UTILITY corporation renders a service indispensable to the public welfare. It operates a railroad, an electric line, supplies gas, telephone service, water, electric current, steam and a multitude of other things which the private person could not obtain out of his own resources except at a very much higher cost. In order to render these services efficiently, the public-utility corporation is invested with the power of eminent domain—that is, it can take private property at an appraised valuation whether the owner wants to sell or no. In return for this power it must submit the conduct of its business to public supervision and regulation. The amount and kind of supervision vary greatly in different states.

Throughout the country the remarkable demand for such public conveniences as gas, electric light, street-car service, telephone, etc., has enabled the public utilities to pay their owners a higher average rate of interest at a smaller risk than is paid either by the steam railroads or the big industrial corporations. This fact is easily explained. Industries have their ups and downs, and railroad earnings go up and down with them, but no one disconnects his electric lights, substitutes coal for gas or walks instead of taking the car down town when times are hard. The income of public utilities is subject to fluctuations of narrower range than that of almost any other class of enterprise depending upon the general investor for its capital.

Of late years two more factors contributing to the safety of public-utility bonds have been created. Public-utility commissions in several Far Western states have protected established companies against ruinous competition. If an electric company, for instance, was serving a certain city efficiently and at reasonable, low rates, the commission has refused to grant a new company the right to invade this territory and take part of the business from the old company. The commissions acted on the principle that in the long run the public pays for the unnecessary duplication of equipment caused by ruthless competition and that the ruin of both companies through rate-cutting and diminished revenues benefits neither the consumer nor anyone else. This firmly established attitude of public utility commissions redounds, of course, to the benefit of those corporations which are efficiently managed and which render good service at rates low enough to prevent dissatisfaction among their patrons.

A third factor increasing the desira-

bility of public-utility issues, in California at least, is the rigid supervision exercised over the issue of new securities. In California no public utility can issue a share of stock, make a long-term note or put out long-term bonds without the approval of the State Railroad Commission, which also determines the condition under which the securities shall be sold. Through this supervision stock-watering, the issue of bonds in excessive amounts to favored insiders, etc., have been made almost impossible. Though many of the public-utility men do not yet realize it, it is a fact that the legislation of recent years has been a distinct boon to every established, fairly financed utility.

Investors have realized this condition, though. Owing to the sense of confidence created among investors, at least one large public-utility company on the Pacific Coast has been able to finance its needs by the sale of stock instead of bonds. This stock was taken up so rapidly that others are following its example. Five years ago it would have been absolutely impossible to interest the investing public in stock offerings of this kind.

As predicted in these columns six months ago, bonds of all kinds, including those of public utilities, have rapidly gone up in price owing to the necessity of finding safe investments for the huge amounts of funds accumulated in the banks. Yet the price of these bonds has not yet reached the level of two years ago, and many sound securities yielding from five to six per cent are to be had.

What public-utility bond shall the man of average means buy? It is hard to answer this question by generalizations. But there are several broad rules which the inexperienced investor should follow. Perhaps the most important of these is: Buy only through an established investment house which has proven that it will look after and protect the interests of its clients.

This rule, though, does not exclude the exercise of ordinary prudence and common sense on the part of the investor. In judging the standing of a public-utility bond he should first of all ascertain whether the company is earning and has earned sufficient net revenue to meet the interest on all its bonds and outstanding notes. Nor should he be satisfied with a net revenue barely enough to pay the interest. After paying operating expenses, taxes, etc., there should be enough revenue left to pay the bond interest plus a goodly margin. Of course the bonds of those companies which have been earning and paying dividends on their share

capital are better investments than bonds of corporations which pay no dividends on their stock. If a public utility has for the past six or eight years earned enough net to pay its bond interest twice or thrice over, its securities may be considered a sound investment.

There are all kinds of public-utility bonds, underlying, first mortgage, refunding, equipment, divisional, convertible, etc., and it behooves the buyer to find out exactly what class of bonds is offered him. Reliable houses will gladly tell him in detail the status of any particular bond; they should also be asked to supply information concerning the total funded debt of the concern, the physical value of its assets and the rank which any particular security has in the succession of bond issues. But the best proof of the standing of a public-utility bond is supplied by the balance sheets of the corporation issuing it. If its financial history during the past eight or ten years shows that it has always earned a large margin above the requirements for bond interest, it is safe to assume that it will continue to do so in the future, especially since strict public supervision has made ruinous competition and barefaced juggling of securities almost impossible.

Looking Forward

JUDGE ELBERT H. GARY spoke. The next day 'war brides' dropped an average of fifteen points on the stock exchange. But the drop caused by the Gary warning will be mild compared with the tumble of the munition stocks when the first authentic peace move is made. The bubble will burst.

The first peace rumor will also affect the West. It will cause copper to slide from its price of 24 cents attained in January, to a lower level, but the descent will not be far. The Central Powers will need tremendous amounts of the metal to replace the war wastage and to accumulate new reserves; their enemies will need copper for reconstruction purposes. It is doubtful whether copper will fall below fifteen cents a pound for the next three years, and this price means an abiding, most satisfactory prosperity in the Western mining districts. Nor will the Western oil industry suffer when peace is declared and shipping is restored.

When peace causes copper to drop, lumber prices will leap. Despite the crippling of the export trade through lack of bottoms and excessive charter rates, lumber prices commenced to climb in November, and the new year saw the end of the worst depression the industry has faced in a decade. Reconstruction needs and ample shipping facilities are the guarantee of high lumber prices the moment peace is in sight. And an active demand for lumber means expansion for the Pacific Northwest.

No matter what happens to munition stocks and inflated war industries, the Far West's position is sound to the core and peace can only strengthen it. Investors should remember this fact in determining the stability of securities issued west of the Rockies.

Millions for Defense

IS THIS ONLY ANOTHER PHRASE FOR PRODIGALITY—OR PORK?

MAY it not be that the real lessons of national defense are to be learned earlier and more deeply than headlong entrance into the armament race?

Suppose our present military organization is a failure, a waste of money on a futile force. What are we going to do about it? Shall we continue the mistake on a yet costlier scale?

Suggestive answers to these questions and others like them will be given in this Magazine next month. An outstanding feature of the MARCH SUNSET will be an article on democratic militarism for the United States. The material comes from the inside, which must be nameless; it is the result of earnest, anxious study. You may not agree with these findings, in whole or in part; they are certain to arouse fierce opposition and eager support. But you cannot ignore them; they represent an effort to solve *your* problem. And yours is some problem!

Other Features of the March Sunset

THE GRAPE GROWERS' DILEMMA . . . By Arno Dosch

Can the saloon be kicked out and the wine industry saved or is it impossible to sever the Siamese twins?

THE NEW BONANZA KINGS . . . By Walter V. Woehlke

The story of the recent delivery of twelve-cylinder mining magnates from the Western factory of Fortune.

THE FIGURE ON THE YELLOW THRONE . By Carl Crow

Yuan Shi Kai is the most commanding personality which has come out of China's 400,000,000 people in a generation, at least. Who he is, what sort of a seat he is taking and his chances of keeping it are brilliantly told by a writer who has lived for years in the Orient.

A "GHOST TOWN" IN THE FOREST By W. L. Morris and Russell V. Mack

The plaintive annals of the city of Grays Harbor, Washington, which "died a-bornin'."

MARRYING INEZ-ISABEL By Kennett Harris

Don't miss this delightful love-yarn by one of the most popular of American Story-tellers. Trot along with honest young Perry Hockaday whose duty it is to marry Inez-Isabel to somebody, somewhere, somehow. How Perry "comes through" with this task makes merry reading. Illustrated by Arthur Cahill.

THE PRICE OF STUPIDITY By J. F. Davis

An amusing tale of the Mexican border, describing the discomfiture of a Mexican junta. Just now it is mentally sanitary to find an entertaining story among the tragic ones which come from that troubled region. Illustrated by Arthur Cahill.

THE THREE CAPTAINS By Henry C. Rowland

Now comes the climax in Dr. Rowland's strong sea-story of the world war. Captain Destiny sails into the narrative and deals out the cards to the three captains who had left lovely Elsie Muller behind them in Callao. One of them holds the winning hand. Illustrated by Louis Rogers.

DEPARTMENTS: THE PULSE OF THE PACIFIC—WHAT OF THE NATION?—ON THE NEW RIALTO—INTERESTING WESTERNERS—THE HOME IN THE WEST—SUNSET SERVICE BUREAU.

COLOR PICTURES: "THE WINGS OF WAR"—"THE PAINTED DESERT."

7% CALIFORNIA STREET IMPROVEMENT BONDS

Meet all the requirements of conservative investors. They are secure, convenient, and pay the largest amount of interest consistent with safety. California Street Laws, under which these bonds are issued, have been in effect for over twenty years and are therefore time tried and dependable.

Denominations range from \$25.00 up, and therefore give the small, as well as the large investor the same advantage as to security and interest return. We offer only carefully selected issues that have been purchased for our own account.

Exempt from taxation. Price par and accrued interest. Write for circulars; they will interest every investor who wants 7% and safety.

THE EMPIRE SECURITIES COMPANY
(Incorporated 1906)
1230 Hibernian Building, 4th and Spring Streets, Los Angeles, Cal.

Readers of "Western Finance"

are turning more and more to Sunset Financial Bureau for advice and guidance regarding their investments. Letters from all parts of the country indicate an interest in Western Securities and their attractive interest rates. Questions addressed to the Financial Bureau will bring you the information you seek—free.



The Spirit of Childhood

in its light-hearted, care-free enjoyment may lessen with the passing years, but the appealing beauty of the delicate, clear complexion will be retained by any woman who faithfully gives her skin a little attention. A few drops of

Hinds HONEY AND ALMOND *Cream*

used every day keeps the skin soft, smooth, and fine-textured; it helps wonderfully to retain the fresh, girlish loveliness of childhood days. If used before and after exposure to the weather Hinds Cream will prevent Roughness, Chapping and Windburn in any climate. It is particularly fine for sensitive skin in cold weather.

Let us send you booklet and liberal samples. Enclose 2c stamp for postage

Selling everywhere, or postpaid by us on receipt of price.
Hinds Cream in bottles, 50c; Hinds Cold Cream in tubes, 25c.

Do not take a substitute; there are dealers in every town who will gladly sell you Hinds Cream without attempting to substitute

A. S. HINDS 287 West Street **Portland, Maine**

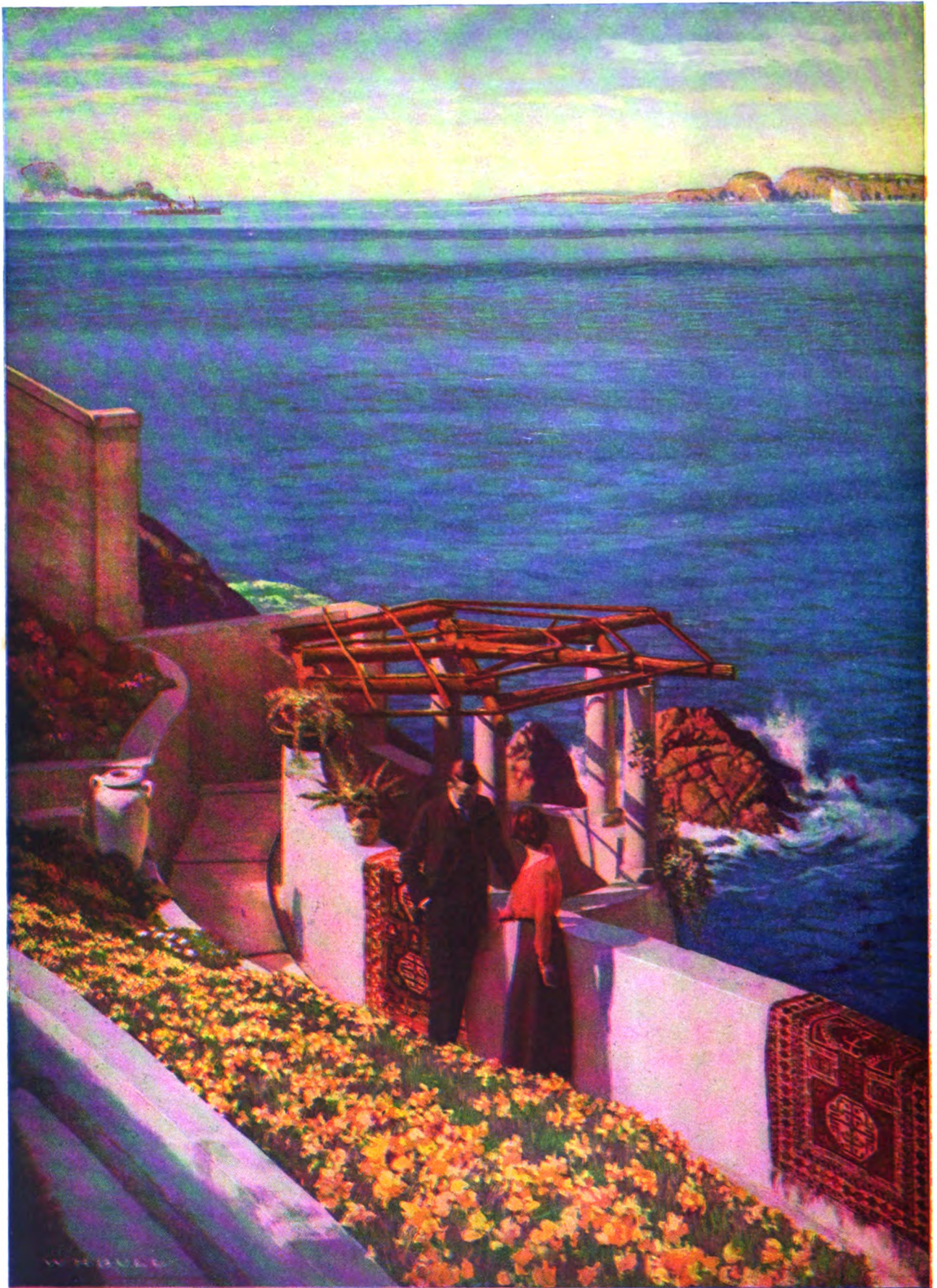
You should try HINDS Honey and Almond CREAM SOAP. Highly refined, delightfully fragrant and beneficial. 10c and 25c. Trial size 5c postpaid.





**When the winter storm clouds break in the honeymoon land of snow mountains
and golden apples—southern California**

(Illustrating "Skidding on Orange Peel," page 66)



The Garden with the Golden Gate

“—where the city slopes to abrupt cliffs along the outer harbor are mansions whose windy gardens overhang the surf”

(Illustrating “The Californiacs,” page 13)

Sunset

THE PACIFIC MONTHLY



Across the Editor's Desk



READERS, gentle and otherwise! We acknowledge with thanks letters from both divisions since the January issue made its appearance. Yet either *SUNSET* in its new shape has made a hit or the holiday season has worked a miracle of gentleness, for we are getting bouquets from almost everybody!

"**D**ON'T be too proud" says the Circulation Manager, overhearing the complaisant chuckles in the editorial room. "It's mostly because of the change in price!"

There's cold water for you! Yet it doesn't even make us shiver because the Circulation Manager follows it up with a warm sprinkling of figures which show that the newsstands are selling out and reordering. Let us have no false delicacy about this. We are glad of it, whatever the reason.

WE hardly believe, however, that the result is measured by a nickel. We get some encouragement from the following letter:

"I want to congratulate you and send my approval of the change in the make-up of *SUNSET*. Although we take the magazine, I never enjoyed reading it on account of the fact that it would not open flat. I do a good deal of my reading in bed and I much prefer those magazines which I can lay on my knee with a pillow back of my head. I really enjoyed *SUNSET* in bed last night."

Here is evidence, of another kind, that price has nothing to do with the result:

"You cannot have my subscription for *SUNSET* in the flat shape. I do not want a magazine with reading matter among the advertisements. I wish the advertising all together in a place by itself so that I can tear it out and save the worthwhile material."

And here is a letter which hits both ways:

"I greatly dislike the large flat shape. I discontinued two magazines I was taking because I disapproved the change and I would not renew *SUNSET* except *there is none to take its place.*"

FROM Idaho comes a howl, more of sorrow than of anger: "I think it is a howling shame that such a picture as that of 'America's Unhorsed Knight' in your December issue should come before the readers of *SUNSET*. It is all right to show them pictures to the people of the East, but to us Westerners—Nix. I have followed the cattle business for thirty-five years and I never saw a cowboy like that punch a cow. He would be out of luck if that pea-shooter should happen to go off. Those spurs fit very nicely down on the heels of them gunboats. I am beginning to think that man never saw a horse. He might hang himself with that rope; I can't see what else he could use it for."

That portrait of "A Live Unmarried Plainview Cowboy" was printed to show the picture which five

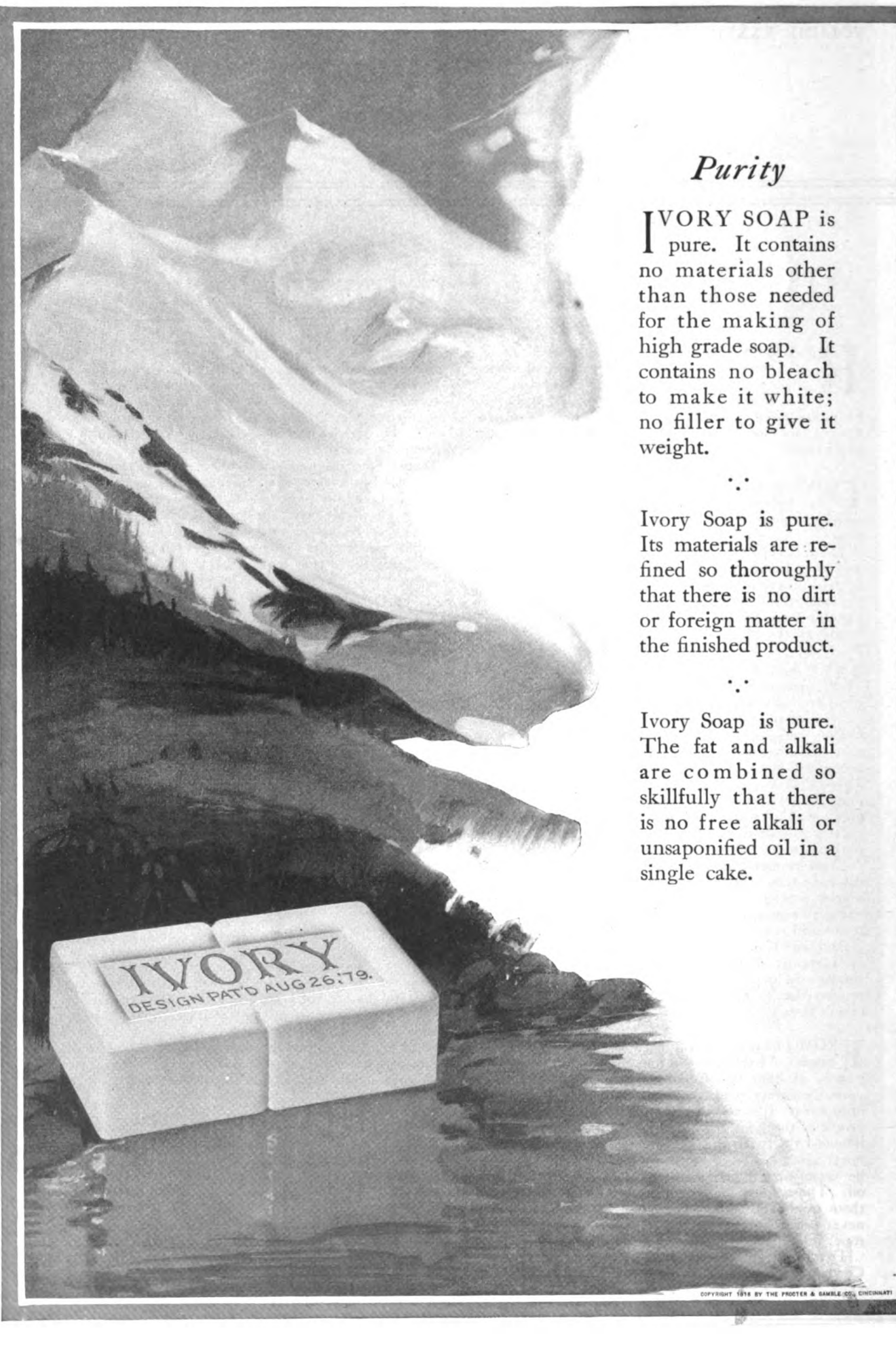
hundred women considered representative of a life they were willing to share. But the picture was accompanied by an article which spoke of the cowboy in terms of romantic chivalry. Your true cowboy hates such treatment. He doesn't want to be "bragged on." Yet the article was true enough to be republished several times in the heart of cowland, down in West Texas. The original of the obnoxious portrait is thus described in a letter from the author of the article:

"He takes his punching flavored with gasoline and always has. He owns a monster ranch in Hale county, Texas, and cleaned up some \$50,000 on mules and horses sold to the belligerents. But he couldn't ride anything that bucks worse than a Ford; in fact he has never tried a Ford yet. The picture is a burlesque, of course. He had a well-rope instead of a catching-rope; shoes and leggings instead of boots; 'O K' spurs instead of shopmade—a capital offense in cowland—and his 'gun' was fashioned for Fourth of July celebrations. He dressed up and had this picture taken to send a girl in college back East."

THAT name "Ford" reminds us of correspondence too profuse to include here—letters both toasting and roasting us for daring to question the essential greatness of the Old Man of the jitney ranch. "Your poke at Henry Ford certainly does me good" writes one and "I was very much surprised and grieved by your unjust article on Henry Ford" writes another, and so they come. Yet all comers might well agree with Dr. Jordan's statement on page 19 of this issue: "The time for cheap jibes is past. Henry Ford, man of business and man of ideals, is a factor in this struggle, this deadlock of history—a factor, great or small but unquestionably for good."

JOHAN MUIR'S admirers are legion. They are those who love him as a "nature-lover," interpreter of the silent places, the "way out-doors," and those who relish the hardy quality of a man who could cling to the edge of a thousand-foot Alaskan precipice, grasp with his teeth the collar of a companion in peril and climb with him to safety. It may be that some, unmoved by these qualities, may be stirred to admiration by the story of the canny Scotch naturalist's financial operations, as told this month (first time, too) by Arno Dosch.

DON'T miss reading Mrs. Gillmore's article "The Californiacs" in this issue. It is some of the sprightliest writing that has ever seasoned these alfalfa-scented pages. If you are a Californiac yourself, you will cry "Treason!" at the first column. If you are not, you will probably hail this article as submitted proof of the sincerity of what was said across this desk last month in disclaimer of a Californian monopoly of *SUNSET*. Whichever way it strikes you, you're bound to enjoy it.



Purity

IVORY SOAP is pure. It contains no materials other than those needed for the making of high grade soap. It contains no bleach to make it white; no filler to give it weight.

∴

Ivory Soap is pure. Its materials are refined so thoroughly that there is no dirt or foreign matter in the finished product.

∴

Ivory Soap is pure. The fat and alkali are combined so skillfully that there is no free alkali or unsaponified oil in a single cake.

“California, ad libitum, ad infinitum, ad nauseam!”



The Californiacs

By Inez Haynes Gillmore

Author of: Phoebe and Ernest

Drawings by Louis Rogers

CALIFORNIA, which produces the maximum of scenery and the minimum of weather; California, which grows the biggest men, trees, vegetables and fleas in the world and the most beautiful women, babies, flowers and fruits. California, which, on the side, delivers a yearly crop of athletes, boxers, tennis players, swimmers, runners and a yearly crop of geniuses, painters, sculptors, architects, authors, musicians, actors, producers and photographers; California, where every business man writes novels or plays or poetry or all three; California, which has spawned the Coppa, Carmel and San Quentin schools of literature; California, where all the expugs become statesmen and all the excons become litterateurs; California, the home of the movie, the Spanish mission, the golden poppy, the militant labor leader, the turkey-trot, the grizzly bear, the bunny-hug, progressive politics and most American slang; California, which can at a moment's notice produce an earthquake, a volcano, a geyser; California, where the spring comes in the fall and the fall comes in the summer and the summer comes in the winter and the winter never comes at all; California, where everybody is born beautiful and nobody grows old—that California is populated mainly with Californiacs.

CALIFORNIA, I repeat, is populated mainly with Californiacs; but the Californiacs are by no means confined to California. They have, indeed, wandered far afield. New York, for instance, has a colony so large that the average New Yorker is well acquainted with the symptoms of *Californoia*. The Californiac is unable to talk about anything but California, except when he interrupts himself to knock every other place on the face of the earth. He looks with pity on anybody born outside of California and he believes that no one who has ever seen California, willingly lives elsewhere. He himself often lives elsewhere, but he never admits that it is from choice. He refers to California always as “God’s country” and if you permit him to start his God’s country line of talk, it is all up with intelligent conversation for the rest of the day. He will discourse on California scenery, climate, crops, athletes, women, art-sense, etc., *ad libitum, ad infinitum* and *ad nauseum*. He is a walking compendium of those Who’s Whosers who were born in California. He can reel off statistics which flatter California, not by the yard but by the mile. And although he is proud enough

of the ease and abundance with which things grow in California, he is even more proud of the size to which they attain. Gibes do not stop the Californiac, nor jeers give him pause. He believes that he was appointed to talk about California. And Heaven knows, he does. He has plenty of sense of humor otherwise, but mention California and it is as though he were conducting a revival meeting.

ONCE a party which included a Californiac were taking an evening stroll. Presently a huge full moon cut loose from the horizon and began a tour of the sky. Admiring comments were made. “I suppose you have them bigger in California,” a young woman observed slyly to the Californiac. He did not smile; he only looked serious. Again, a Californiac mentioned to me that he had married an eastern woman. “Any eastern woman who marries a Californiac,” I observed in the spirit of badinage, “really takes a very great risk. Her husband must always be comparing her with the beautiful women of his native state.” “Yes,” he answered, “I often say to my wife, ‘Lucy, you’re a very pretty woman, but you ought to see some of our San Francisco girls.’” “I hope,” I replied, “that she boxed your ears.” He did not smile; he only looked pained.



"It was my misfortune to be born in Iowa, but I feel as though I were really a native son—everybody is so kind"

Once only have I seen the Californiac silenced. A dinner party which included a globe-trotter were listening to a victim of an advanced stage of Californoia. He had just disposed of the East, South and Middle West with a few caustic phrases and had started on his favorite subject. "You are certainly a wonderful people," the globe-trotter said, when he had finished. "Every large city in Europe has a colony of Californians, all rooting for California as hard as they can and all living as far away as they can possibly get."

MYSELF, Californoia did not bother me for a long time after I first went to California. I am not only accustomed to an offensive insular patriotism on the part of my countrymen, but, in addition, all my life I have had to apologize to them for being a New Englander. The statement that I was brought up in Boston always produces a sad silence in my listeners and a long look of pity. Soft-hearted strangers do their best to conceal their tears but they rarely succeed. I have reached the point now, however, where I no longer apologize for being a Bostonian; I proffer no explanations. I make the damaging admission the instant I meet people and leave the matter of further recognition to them. If they choose to consider that Boston bringing-up a social bar sinister, so be it. I have discovered recently that the fact that I

happened to be born in Rio Janeiro offers some amelioration. But nothing can entirely remove the handicap. So, I reiterate, indurated as I am to pity, the contemptuous attitude of the average Californiac did not at first annoy me. But after a while even I, calloused New Englander that I am, began to resent it.

This, for instance, may happen to you at any time in California—it is the Californiac's way of paying the greatest compliment he knows:

"**D**O you know," somebody says, "I should never guess that you were an Easterner. You're quite like one of us—cordial and simple and natural."

"But—but," you say, trying to collect your wits against this left-handed compliment, "I don't think I differ from the average Easterner."

"Oh, yes, you do. You don't notice it yourself, of course. But I give you my word, nobody will ever suspect that you are an Easterner unless you tell it yourself. They *really* won't."

"But—but," you say, beginning to come back, "I have no objection whatever to being known as an Easterner."

That holds her for a moment. And while she is casting about for phrases with which to meet this extraordinary condition, you rally gallantly. "In fact, I am proud of being an Easterner."

That ends the conversation.

Or perhaps somebody in a group asks you what part of the East you're from.

"New York," perhaps you say.

"New York. My husband was from New York," she goes on. "He was brought up there. But he's lived in California for twenty years. He got the idea a few years ago that he wanted to go back East. I said to him, 'All right, we'll go back and visit for a while and see how you like it.' One month was enough for him. The people there are so cold and formal and conventional, and then, my dear, your *climate!*"

"Yes," another takes it up. "When I was in the East a friend invited me out to his place in the country. He wanted me to see his pine grove. My dears, if you could have seen those little sticks of trees!"

"I went to New York once," a third chimes in. "I never could get accustomed to carrying an ice umbrella—I couldn't close it when I got home. I'd come to stay for a month but I left in a week."

AND so it goes. No feeling on anybody's part of your sense of outrage. In fact, Californiacs always use the word *eastern* in your presence as a synonym for *cold, conventional, dull, stupid, humorless.*

Sometimes it actually casts a blight—this Californoia—on those who come to live in California. I remember saying once to a young man—just in passing and merely to make conversation: "Are you a native son?"

His face at once grew very serious. "No," he admitted reluctantly. "You see, it was my misfortune to be born in Iowa, but I came out here to college. After I'd graduated I made up my mind to go into business here. And now I feel that all my interests are here. Of course it isn't quite the same as being born here. But sometimes I feel as though I really were a native son. Every-

body is so kind. They do everything in their power to make you forget—"

"Good heavens," I interrupted, "are you apologizing to me for being born in Iowa? I've never been in Iowa, but nothing could convince me that it isn't just as good a place as any other place, including California. The trouble with you is that you've let these Californiacs buffalo you. What you want to do is to throw out your chest and insist that God made Iowa first and the rest of the world out of the leavings."

IF you mention the eastern winter to a Californiac, he tells you with great particularity of the dreadful storms he encountered there. Nothing whatever about the beauty of the snow. To a Californiac, snow and ice are more to be dreaded than hell-fire and brimstone. If you mention the eastern summer, he refers in scathing terms to the puny trees we produce, the inadequate fruits and vegetables. Nothing at all about their delicious flavor. To a Californiac, beauty is measured only by size. Nothing that England or France has to offer makes any impression on the Californiac because it's different from California. As for the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome, he simply never sees it. The Netherlands are dismissed with one adjective—*flat*. For a country to be flat is, in the opinion of the Californiac, to relinquish its final claim to beauty. A Californiac once made the statement to



Somebody says to you, paying the greatest guess you were an Easterner. cordial and simple

me that Californians considered themselves a little better than the rest of the country. I considered that the prize Californiacism until I heard the following from a woman-Californiac in Europe: "I saw nothing in all Italy," she said, "to compare with the Italian Quarter of San Francisco."

NOW I am by no means a rabid New Englander. I love the New England scene and I have the feeling for it that we all have for the place in which we played as children. Most New Englanders have a kind of temperamental shyness. They are still like the English from whom they are descended. It is difficult for them to talk about the things on which they feel most deeply. The typical New Englander would discuss his native place with no more ease than he would discuss his father and mother. In California I often had the impulse to break through that inhibiting silence—to talk about Massachusetts; the lovely, tender, tamed, domesticated country; its rolling, softly-contoured, maternal-looking hills; its forests like great green cathedral chapels; its broad, placid rivers, its little turbulent ones; its springs and runnels and waterfalls and rivulets all silver-shining and silver-sounding; the myriads of lakes and countless ponds that make the world look as though the blue sky had broken and fallen in pieces over the landscape; the spring when first the arbutus comes up pink and delicate through the snow and later the fields begin to glimmer with the white of white violets,



compliment she knows, "I should never
You're quite like one of us—
and natural!"

to flash with the purple of purple ones, and the children hang May baskets at your door; the summer when the fields are buried knee-deep under a white drift of daisies or sealed by the gold planes of buttercups and the old lichen stone walls are smothered in blackberry vines; the autumn with the goldenrod and blue asters; the woods like conflagrations burning gold and orange, flaming crimson and scarlet; and especially that fifth season, the Indian summer, when the vistas are tunnels of blue haze and the air tastes of honey and wine; then winter and the first snow (does anybody, brought up in snow country, ever outgrow the thrill of the first fluttering flakes?), the marvel of the fairy frost-world into which the whole country turns.

Do you suppose I ever talked about Massachusetts? Not once. And so I have one criticism to bring against the Californiac. He is a person to whom you cannot talk about home. He grows restive the instant you get off the subject of California. Praise of any other place to his mind implies a criticism of California.

ON the other hand, that frenzied patriotism has its wonderful and its beautiful side. It is a result partly of the startling beauty and fecundity of California and partly of a geographical remoteness and sequestration which turned the Californians in on themselves for everything. To it is due much of the extraordinary development of California. For to the average Californian the best is not only none too good for California but she can have nothing else. Californians—even those not suffering from an offensive case of Californio—speak of their state in reverential terms. To hear Maud Younger—known everywhere as the "millionaire waitress" and the most devoted labor-fan in the country—pronounce the word California, should be a lesson to any actor in emotional sound-values. The thing that struck me most on my first visit to California was that boosting instinct. In store windows everywhere I saw signs begging the passerby to root for this development project or that. Five years ago passing down Market street I ran into a huge crowd gathered at the Lotta Fountain. I stopped to investigate. Moving steadily from a top to a lower window of one of the newspaper offices, as though unwound from a reel, ran a long strip of paper covered with a list of figures. To this list new figures were constantly added. They were the sums of money being subscribed at that very moment for the Exposition. Applause and cheers greeted each additional sum. That was the financial germ from which grew the wonderful Arabian Nights city by the bay. It was typically Californian—that scene—and typically Californian the spirit back of it. And four years later, when the outbreak of the war brought temporary panic, there was no diminution in that spirit. Whether it was a "Buying Day," a "Beach Day," an "Automobile Parade," a "Prosperity Dinner," San Francisco was always ready to insist that everything was going well. It was the same spirit which inspired a whole city the day the Exposition opened to rise early to walk to the grounds, and to stand, an avalanche of humanity, waiting for the gates to part.



"I saw nothing in all Italy to compare
with the Italian Quarter of
San Francisco"

LET'S look into the claims of these Californiacs.

I can unfortunately say little about the state of California. For with the exception of a few short trips away from San Francisco and one meager few days' trip into the south, I have never explored it. Nobody warned me of the danger of such a proceeding and so I innocently went straight to San Francisco the first time I visited the coast. Stranger, let me warn you now. If ever you start for California with the intention of seeing anything of the state, do that before you enter San Francisco. For you will never do it afterwards. If you must land in San Francisco first, jump into a taxi, pull down the curtains, drive through the city, breaking every speed law, to "Third and Townsend," sit in the station until a train—some train, any train—pulls out, and go with it. If in crossing Market street you raise that taxi curtain as much as an inch, believe me, stranger, it is all off. You'll never leave San Francisco. Myself, both times I have gone to California, I have vowed to see Yosemite, the big trees, the string of beautiful old missions which dot the state, some of the quaint, languid, semi-tropical towns of the south, some of the brisk, brilliant bustling towns of the north. But did I do it the first time? No. Did I do it the second time? No! Will I ever do it now? NO! Why? Because I saw San Francisco first.

I treasure my few impressions of the state, however. Towns and cities, comparatively new, might be three centuries old, so

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Things beyond sight and touch came to sit by the camp-fire with James Beckitt—boys who had turned placer sands in their pans, playing high stakes with fortune, then passed on

The Pilgrim of Jackass Bar

By Robert Welles Ritchie

Illustrated by Arthur Cahill

JAMES BECKITT, capitalist, entered his office on a high level of the Monadnock building and made for his desk with the curious trot of age—a step jealously defying the critical to detect age in it. Old Henry, secretary-bookkeeper, clerical and executive staff of James Beckitt, Investments, cocked his grizzled head up from a weathered ledger and beamed good news upon his employer from eyes quaintly perky and birdlike.

"I think, Mr. Beckitt, it's come," he chirped, then instantly switched his eyes back to the ledger. So simple a soul as Henry's thought it not meet to intrude upon the privacy of his employer's happiness. At his words James Beckitt quickened his trot and put out an eager hand to the small sheaf of mail lying on the extended elbow board of his desk. The top letter bore an English stamp and the

Here is a real contribution to the rich literature of the California mining camps. Only a few years from now such a story can not be written as of the day, for the pioneers are passing. Mr. Ritchie's word-paintings of the West are a part of the best work now being done by American story-tellers. This tale of a lonely millionaire and a lonely Chinaman will bring a lump into your throat. If you're not afraid of that, don't miss reading it.

superscription was all bayonet points and barbed wire trochas of a woman's hand. Beckitt eased himself into his swivel chair and slit the envelope. He was meticulous

over the adjustment of his spectacles. Then he read:

FATHER DEAR: Yes, I know I have neglected you shamefully; but you must understand that these are busy times for me and my immediate duty sometimes crowds other things out of mind.

Your last letter worried me for a time, father. I could plainly see by it that you do not in the least understand my situation. I should think you'd only have to read the papers to see how impossible it is for me to come home. The poor Belgians, you know; they're pouring into England by the thousands and were it not for the noble work Lady Twembletitch is doing with her Hospital for Indigent Belgian Orphans—she was a dear to let me in on the staff of directors—I do not know how much terrible suffering would go uncared for. I am up to my eyes in the hospital work—hardly have time to see my own Phyllis and Dick for an hour each day.

And of course with Dick Sr. over in Flanders with his regiment I could not think of coming 'way to California until the war is over at least—and nobody knows when that will be.

Anyway, why should you be so lonely? Doesn't Hawkins make a good house-keeper for you? No, Father, I'm sorry, but you ask the impossible. I think you are the least bit unreasonable to ask me to run away from my duty here just because your "heart is shriveling with lonesomeness." Please don't urge me, Father dear.

Dutifully,

PHYLLIS.

BECKITT read the letter through twice, then carefully tore it into three exact parallelograms and dropped them into the wastebasket by his chair. Old Henry, venturing a peek over the ledger top, saw a face gray and drawn and old—old. Guiltily he bored into the ledger again, whispering the figures that a running forefinger tabbed. For many minutes there was no sound but the slitting of the envelopes on Beckitt's desk and the rustle of letters laid in the filing basket.

"That was a good send-off the boys gave Bill Busted up at the hall this afternoon." Beckitt spoke his thought aloud more than for Henry's hearing.

"Glad to hear that, Mr. Beckitt." Henry consciously attempted a note of cheeriness.

"Yes, eleven of the boys were there—though that was hardly enough to form the ring of fellowship around the—around the—"

"The Pioneers always step a little closer, Mr. Beckitt, when there's a gap in the ranks." Henry dared again to look over to the half-hidden shoulder of black broadcloth and fringe of white whisker. What he had not noticed before was the broad mourning band about the crown of the silk hat set atop the desk. Old Henry was a simple soul; he felt a mist come to his eyes.

"The Society of California Pioneers is like its members, Henry—all things of the past." Beckitt's voice sagged with infinite weariness. "Nobody gives a hang for either nowadays."

"Oh, I wouldn't say that, Mr. Beckitt," Henry objected in a flurry. "The Society's one of the grandest memories San Francisco has."

"Memories is right," Beckitt said, and turned his chair to the windows.

NOW there was magic in those three broad sheets of water-clear plate, divided only by the narrowest of metal frames; more magic, perhaps, for James Beckitt than for the average man who might have an office behind them. For the three windows brought a flattened triptych to the wall of Beckitt's office, the like of which no painter would dare attempt, no engraver's tool reproduce. San Francisco, palpitant, alive, standing a-tiptoe on her hills and flinging out her energy to Asia and the islands of the sea—that was the picture. The Monadnock building towers high; below it lie the canyons of the financial district, gushing steam plumes like the cracked surface of a lava lake, and the splayed fingers of the wharves coddling ships between them. Beyond is the blue pond of the bay, cut into white tracks by the ferry-boat spiders. Over and beyond all, the brown hills of Oakland, the Sleeping Lady of

Tamalpais and the dim, far spike of Diablo. A city and seventy miles of background brought to lighten the office of James Beckitt, Investments. Beckitt paid rental for those three windows; the floor space was gratuity.

For him those windows were the gateway to a dream, and lately he had come to dream much. Any other man would have seen through them a robust city at work—the rebuilt city after the fire; but for Beckitt this far panoramic fling was but a screen upon which dissolving pictures played. He saw not the new San Francisco but the old and the older; not the city after the fire but the city that lived before the first fire and that was between the two obliterations. He could even look far beyond the brown Oakland hills and see pine-clad gorges of the Sierras and men turning over their placer sands. An easy thing for Beckitt to do, for he was an old man and had come to that time when memory is much stronger than perception. His old roll-top, which knew in its oaken heart the tragedy of a man playing at being busy, would tell you that more visioning than business was done over its soiled blotter.

THIS day of the arrival of the letter from England and of the funeral in Pioneers' Hall Beckitt saw accustomed magic wrought beyond the triple panes; but somehow the pictures were terrible. Gone! All gone the red riot of the city's youth—and his which once leaped in tune with it. Gone those roistering, devil-cheating souls once linked with his in the fellowship of brave adventure up among the placers, down here in the gambling palaces. Friends passed; a new city come to steal the glory of the old, and even Phyllis—

A hand wavered uncertainly toward the wastebasket as if to collect the neat fragments of a letter there and conjure out of them a message less bitter than the one they had given.

"Guess I'll be going home, Henry." Beckitt hoisted himself to his feet by hands on chair arms. "That funeral sort of took it out of me." Henry's eyes, like those of a devoted nurse, followed the stooping figure to the doorway.

Once at his house Beckitt dodged the importunities of Hawkins, that competent housekeeper upon whom the absent daughter relied for a proxy ironing out of the shrivels in an old heart. He did an unusual thing. After fussing noisily in his bedroom as if in the task of dressing for dinner—crafty blind, that—Beckitt slipped off his congress gaiters and tiptoed warily up creaking stairs to the attic. Why he did this Beckitt did not seek to know; something outside of him, not to be comprehended, was tugging him thither. The whole day had been a strange one and this stealthy excursion was but part of its strangeness. Not in years had he invaded this mausoleum of the dead past with its spectral monuments: pale glimmer from a pier glass cracked across the face; dressing table of heavy mahogany, before which a woman counted a belle on Rincon Hill had once preened her beauty; baby's crib with a forlorn rag doll sprawling on its faded coverlet.

When he stood uncertainly in the dusty gloom at the head of the stairs Beckitt knew why he had come. He just wanted to see if *They* were still there.

LIGHT still seeped in through a dormer window and by it the prowler came to his cache of treasure. *They* were there—those homely relics of the empire of youth first laid away in a quixotic spirit of loyalty, then forgotten, and now, this day so many years after, strangely remembered and suddenly become dear again. A "rocker," crude contrivance of the placer diggings wherein the coarse gravel is winnowed from pay dirt; a miner's heavy iron pan and pick-head, the like of which had not been manufactured for thirty years—these lay under dust and shadow. Beckitt fumbled for his spectacles and in the fading light read what had been burned with a hot iron on the edge of the rocker's screen: "Jackass Bar—June 26, 1859"—the date of his big strike, when he had washed from a pocket the foundation of a fortune. Yellow, gnarled gold: He leaned over the rocker, his old eyes burning in a strange after-glow of that long gone delirium of treasure-trove, and one hand went out mischievously to grip the primitive machine's handle. A push, the rocker slowly tipped, and a rusty creak startled the attic's quiet.

"Yes, yell, you old cobble-washer!" He bubbled mirth like a child as he swung the rocker over and back. The waning sun through the dormer window was in his eyes. Was it the streaks of dust across the panes or the mist of spiderwebs that wrought the enchantment? For Beckitt saw no roofs in the sunlit path—only a high ridge with prickly pines along its crest, which spaced the dropping sun into red hot lozenges; blue of night already creeping down a gorge; rosy smear of snow on a distant peak.

And there the river made a big U bend about the gravel dike, which was Jackass Bar!

AN idea smote James Beckitt so terrifically that he staggered to the edge of the rocker and sat down upon it, trembling. Idea and illusion wrought in the sunlight were synchronous: one was the complement of the other and neither was to be denied. Not as notions came to him these latter days, halting and half-formed, was this; rather keen-edged and convincing as a blade. A shrill twitter of excitement escaped him; his heart lifted to a new and high beat.

Henry arrived at eight o'clock, a little breathless in anticipation of unknown developments. The library swallowed the two old men. They sat under the jealously narrowed glow of a reading lamp, knee to knee, in exaggerated attitudes of weighty discussion. Henry's birdlike eyes had been quick to note a change in his employer's face over that heavy melancholy of the afternoon. His eyes were bright with almost a boyish hint of deviltry; a pink glow played about the bearded cheeks; wide shoulders—once harbors of great strength—were braced back in confident buoyancy. Beckitt laughed mischievously as he leaned forward and tapped his secretary on the knee.

"Henry, I'm going to run away—disappear!"

Then Henry heard the substance of a dream—the dream of an old man who believed himself forsaken.

A JULY sun lanced down upon the vivid cinnabar-red dust trough that was the Bear river road out of Gold Run—the

road to California's Yesterday. From the jack pines, bleeding amber sap, from the dust-smeared *yerba buena* by the roadside and the thickets of chaparral and manzanita on the near flanks of hills were distilled odors suave and medicinal, which was the breath of the lower mountains. Far, far to the east and north, a darker blue against the horizon, with flecks of white flung upward like foam from a reef: there lay the Sierra crest, cold, aloof, unattainable. Everywhere void of silence and steady downshoot of heat, palpable as rain.

James Beckitt drove with a high heart into the shimmering wilderness. The clop-clop-clop of the old white mare's hoofs in the dust measured for him the diminishing miles between the desert of the city far below on the sea slope and land of dreams ahead. Behind the seat of the democrat wagon a lashed tarpaulin was thrust into humps and swales by the potent freight it concealed: blanket-roll, grub and campfire equipment; the rocker, pan and pick smuggled out of their attic retirement in a packing case, proof against the Hawkins eye, and dropped, with their owner, off the Overland at Gold Run. Beckitt had shed his chrysalis of the dreary city conventions in the stuffy hotel room he occupied for the night and now he was dressed for the expected reincarnation. A floppy black felt crowned his white head; one of the cool cluster of grape leaves he had stowed in the crown against the heat strayed out over his forehead. A common gingham shirt spanning his broad chest was rakishly opened at the throat. Blue overalls, shining at their copper-riveted seams, were thrust into the tops of cowhide boots.

Beckitt was not conscious of any theatrical dressing the part. He was like

a boy who tempts the first mild day of spring with bare feet after a fretful winter of cramping shoes. Like a boy, too, he sang snatches of song on his pilgrimage—old tropical songs of the placers, whose words came flooding back unbidden out of dim recesses of memory: Sonora Slim and the ballad of Duckfoot Sue.

James Beckitt had achieved his disappearance, completely, satisfyingly. None but old Henry was privy to it and even he knew not the goal of the adventure. He was enormously pleased with himself and tremulous as a child on Christmas eve before the approaching dénouement under the distant blue line of descending hills.

NOW he was come to that fantastic land of hydraulicickers—a man-made wilderness slashed and ripped out of the softness and beauty of the primitive hills by the tremendous erosion of water batteries. The road led out onto a thin knife edge of original terrain, now made a ridge, with precipitous drops on either side down into the bone-white gravel pits and scourings left by the destroyers. Grudgingly they had spared this single long prop for a way out of the desert of their own making. In the chasms below, tortured trees, half-uprooted, stretched out skeleton arms in appeal. Grotesque turrets of rock which would not be dislodged by the hydraulic monitors rose from the scarred plain. Here and there a tufted island of desolation pushed up from the boulder sea. Struggling woods drew back afraid from the edges of abrupt cliffs.

He came upon You Bet.

No mistaking the town, even were that dingy sign, "You Bet Palace Bar," not still in place over the false front of an outlying shack. Just that single long street where lights used to shine o' nights and the gold scales jiggered over every

faro table. But now—! Beckitt reined in his horse mid-length of the street and stared.

THE dead bones of a town bleaching in the sun! A single long street lined on either side by tottering, weather-blackened shacks, some fallen in under their straddling roofs, others leaning like paralytics against their neighbors. Doors gone; windows sightless, sockets shadowed in the sunlight; stovepipes yawning crazily and rusted to wafers. From the white glare of the street black interiors receded in dim and grisly distances like unused tombs. Not a sound. A footfall on the trash of curled shingles would have been terrible. From a nearby vacant doorsill, as Beckitt looked, a fat and dusty rattler dropped lazily down to the road and scoured a crooked trail to a hole under an opposite shanty.

A rattler was You Bet's sole citizen. Beckitt accepted this fact slowly, hardly daring to let his mind appreciate its significance. Of a sudden he was overwhelmed by acute sadness, felt a gathering of tears and willed not to stop them. He had hoped, he had dreamed that time, which had wrought change over the city, could not prevail against the eternal face of the mountains; that, escaping change and the forward drift of the tide where men were thickest, he could come back to immutable places known of old as one returning home after many years. But the mountains had been haggled to trash and here was the very doorstep to his dream country in unburied death.

"Git up, white horse," Beckitt clucked, and with a brave clutch on optimism: "We'll find that old Jackass Bar just as she always was."

So You Bet was left stark under the

(Continued on page 93)



From his thicket, not forty feet across the stream, Beckitt heard a startled grunt, saw Fook Wo lift the pan and look searchingly into it



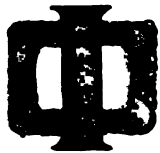
What of the Nation?

The Safeguard for Peace—Mr. Ford's Peace Pilgrimage

By David Starr Jordan

*Chancellor of Stanford University
Director, World Peace Foundation*

The Safeguard for Peace



IN these days of war-madness when the whole civilized world is crushed under the cost of war and the great nations are bleeding to death on the battlefield, when our own nation, yet law-abiding, is disturbed by wild currents of induced hysteria, what is the duty of the sane man? Shall he throw his interests on the side of victory in a war he deems inevitable? Or shall he take his stand in the belief that no war is inevitable and that the patriot and the hero must work bravely for the supremacy of Law?

The true answer is found in these fine words of the *Harvard Crimson*: "The paramount lesson of this war is not the need of attempting to insure for victory in the event of war; we must insure against war itself. The patriotism which it is the peculiar task of the educated college man to exercise must cease to be linked with military service if progress toward universal peace is to be made."

For we must realize that Peace is not merely the absence of a war, "a pale negation," as some writers have stupidly phrased it. Peace is the term of action, of reform, of the upbuilding of personal and of national ideals. Peace is the permanence of Law, and Law ideally represents the best of all possible relations, the relation of freedom, when men can upbuild and create.

THE value of Law lies in the opportunity it gives for constructive progress. Peace is reality in human history while war is the ruinous negation. Peace is the period in which constructive acts become possible, the establishment of freedom and justice, of education and sanitation, of commerce and industry, of the removal of barriers and the spanning of continents, the saving of life and the exaltation of spirit, of the discipline of self-restraint and the virtue of helpfulness. There is joy in upbuilding not to be found in the noisy pretense, the ghastliness and the rampant uselessness of War.

Moreover, in war, all laws are silent. In war all worthy aspirations are submerged. War unifies a nation by forcing its elements to meet on the very lowest plane, that of mere self-preservation, one remove only from the plane of mutual complicity in international aggression, which is highway robbery writ large.

And "preparedness" in all its forms beyond the degree, whatever that may be, indicated by ordinary political

caution implies always an enemy against whose threatened ruffianism we place ourselves on guard. And as all war is ruffianism, the nation which sees our preparation and hears our noisy justification of it, must stand on guard against us. For the military plans of no nation are accepted as righteous save by itself. And when preparedness and mutual recrimination go on long enough, some one touches the secret spring or fires across the border the gun which is the signal for war. This is Europe's experience and this is Europe's lesson to us. The way to avoid war is to keep away from it.

To maintain peace we must realize its worth, its righteousness, its necessity, guarding it at every angle, and reducing systematically and seriously all incentives to war. When nations are armed, a very few men, a very small accident may turn the scale. To lose at one point is to lose at all. Fear, hatred, jealousy, political urgency may be excuses for armament, but in the armament itself is found the true cause of war. Every war system, whatever its original purpose, "clamors for expression." In the minimum, therefore, never the maximum of armament lies the safeguard for peace.

The Peace Pilgrimage

THROUGH excess of military activity, through weakness of government and through resultant injustice and crime, the nations of Europe have fallen into a helpless slough of mutual destruction, so abominable, so ruinous, so preposterous, so devilish that any adjective we may apply to it shrivels in inadequacy.

And no man great or small sees any way out of it short of absolute obliteration of the people behind one set of belligerents or the other. But this involves calamities as yet not dreamed of. Moreover, we have definite assurance that the rulers of nearly every nation concerned would welcome any escape which should give peace with a semblance of victory, enough to save their royal or their ministerial face.

Into this deadlock of history leaps Henry Ford, man of business and man of ideals, with two ancient remedies, newly applied, "Demonstration" and "Mediation."

The time for cheap jibes is past. Henry Ford is a factor in the struggle—a factor great or small, but unquestionably for

good. We must recognize that he is in earnest and that he is working for righteousness in the moment of the world's greatest crises. If his work shortens the war by a day he will save a day's waste and a day's suffering. The cost of half an hour's war will outweigh all expenses of the cruise of the "Oscar II."

BUT he might have managed the business better, you may say. This may be, but first let us be thankful that he managed it at all. He had the benefit of nobody's experience, and he was dealing with the culmination of blunders in a blundering world. A rationally governed Europe would never have prepared itself for death by such a conflict. It would never have needed a Henry Ford to save it from itself.

To Mr. Ford, some such view of the case was presented by persons who knew the facts at first hand. Notable among these were Jane Addams, Rosika Schwimmer and Louis Lochner. This presentation awakened an immediate response.

In a letter dated November 27, 1915, Mr. Ford writes to the persons first chosen for this "pilgrimage" in this fine and earnest fashion:

"From the moment I realized that the world situation demands immediate action, if we do not want the fire to spread any further, I joined those international forces which are working towards ending this unparalleled catastrophe. This I recognize as my human duty.

"There is full evidence that the carnage which already has cost ten millions of lives, can and is expected to be stopped through the agency of a mediating conference of the six disinterested European nations, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Switzerland and Spain, and the United States.

"Envoys to thirteen belligerent and neutral governments have ascertained in forty visits that there is a universal peace desire. This peace desire, for the sake of diplomatic etiquette, never can be expressed openly or publicly until one side or the other is definitely defeated or until both sides are completely exhausted.

FOR fifteen months the people of the world have waited for the governments to act: have waited for governments to lead Europe out of its unspeakable agony and suffering, to prevent Europe's entire destruction. As European neutral governments are unable to act without the cooperation of our government and as our government, for

unknown reasons, has not offered this cooperation, no further time can be wasted in waiting for governmental action.

"In order that their sacrifice may not have been in vain, humanity owes it to the millions of men led like cattle to the slaughter-house, that a supreme effort be made to stop this wicked waste of life.

"The people of the belligerent countries did not want the war. The people did not make it. The people want peace. It is their human right to get a chance to make it. The world looks to us, to America, to lead in ideals. The greatest mission ever before a nation is ours.

"This is why I appealed to you as a representative of American democracy. . . . It is for this same reason that I repeat my appeal to you and urge you to join a peace pilgrimage.

"From all these various delegates will be selected a small deliberative body which shall sit in one of the neutral capitals. Here it will be joined by a limited number of authorities of international promise from each belligerent country. This international conference will frame terms of peace, based on jus-

tice for all, regardless of the military situation.

"I respectfully beg of you to respond to the call of humanity and join the consecrated spirits who have already signified a desire to help make history in a new way. The people of Europe cry out for you."

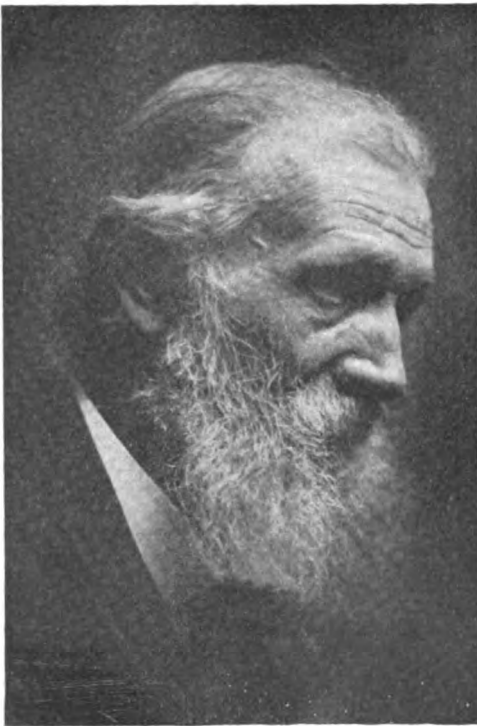
THESSE are very noble words and they were uttered by a man who could and would put them into action. They deserve a high place among the utterances we cherish as classic. They express the true spirit of America.

And now I may be pardoned a word of regret, a regret that the Commission of Continuous Mediation was not wholly separated from the public call for Peace. The plan of the "Peace Pilgrimage" involved two separate lines of action: "Demonstration" and "Mediation." The first is the work of the "Oscar II," and its very essence is emotion and publicity. The essence of mediation is patient endeavor by men who know the problems of Europe and who will work earnestly and quietly, through wide acquaintance and widening effort towards their solu-

tion. The best men in America, those wisest, most influential, most widely conversant, would be none too good for this work, and the right men cannot be designated offhand. The work of the "Oscar II" is wholly different in nature, and the consecrated enthusiasts chosen to hold aloft the banner of peace could not supply the self-effacing agents of mediation.

But at the end you may say the fighting world will ignore them both, pilgrims or mediators, and make peace in the old way, with its old machinery. Certainly the final strokes will be made by the diplomatists, and the influences that work in quiet will never be recognized or estimated. That is quite true. Effective mediation will lead to no notoriety of any kind. The reward is in the final result, and it is by no means certain that even the wisest efforts would produce any positive effect. But there can be no nobler motive for action. Peace, real peace, the peace of mutual respect and mutual trust is the greatest blessing this troubled world can ask. We may not doubt or despise any effort designed to secure it.

A Simple Naturalist's Studies in the Temple of Mammon



PORTRAIT-STUDY BY DASSONVILLE

"Harriman has only a hundred millions while I have all I want." Nobody dreamed how much that was!

ACOUNTRY buggy, powdered with the dust of Contra Costa county, drew up before the Bank of Martinez, and a wiry old man in a faded coat stepped out on the foot he had been dangling over the side, country-fashion. Reaching into the back of the buggy he took out a large bag, labeled conspicuously "Laundry," and disappeared with it in the bank.

arouse interest and create talk. Martinez watched him go, and speculated on what the spare old white-bearded Scotch naturalist might have in that strange bundle of his.

AT that time, a year or so ago, Martinez had little else to think about. It was still the sleepy little California town that had grown up where the

Alhambra valley breaks off abruptly at the tules of Suisun bay. Its old gardens were filled with oleanders, crêpe-myrtles and geraniums, but its hills had not yet begun to sprout great oil tanks, painted as yellow as poppies, and the boom that has sent Martinez town-lots soaring with the coming of the new oil refinery and the millions—oh, countless millions!—to be spent there, was not even dreamed of. Martinez still had time to let its imagination loose on what its most distinguished citizen, the world-celebrated author-scientist, could be taking in and out of his safe-deposit box in the outlandish bundles he carried back and forth from Martinez to his farm a couple of miles out of town. It was rumored that he had a safe-deposit box as big as a chest of drawers, and, curiously, rumor was right. So Martinez let its imagination run riot over the valuables that box was

The Mystery of John Muir's Money

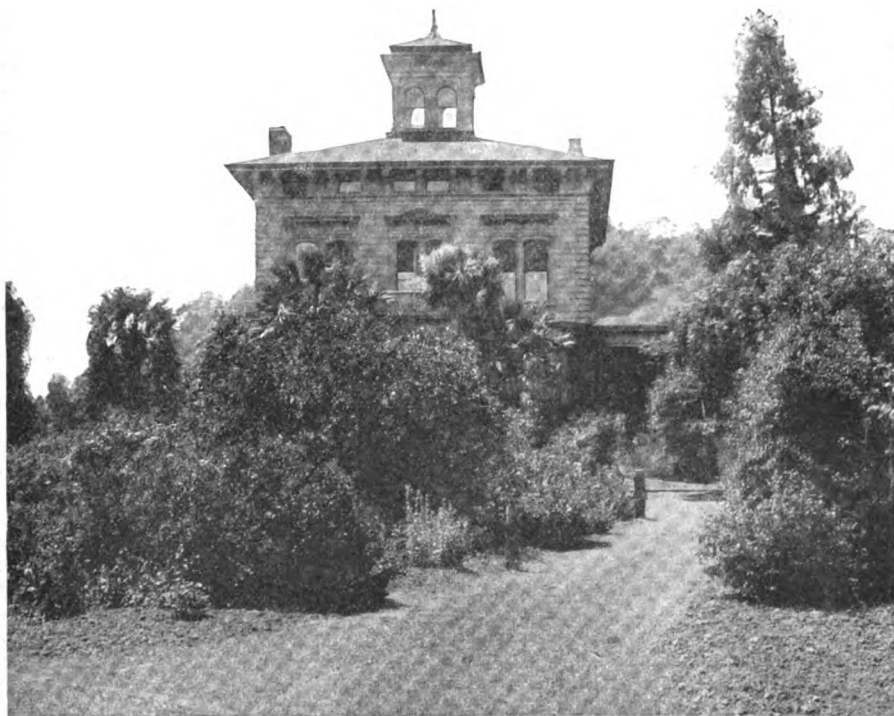
Unraveled Here for the First Time

By Arno Dosch

"There goes John Muir," remarked the storekeeper across the street, "putting his laundry in the bank again."

By and by the old man came out carrying a pillow-case bulging in an angular, mysterious way. He threw it into the buggy with a practised hand, as though that were his custom, and drove slowly out of town again, still dangling his foot, but the whole affair was one, nevertheless, to

believed to contain. Then John Muir died and the daughters of the discoverer of Muir Glacier opened the safe-deposit box in the presence of the county officials. They had some inkling of what lay hidden and they could hardly keep from smiling at the serious expectant look on the faces of the officials; but even they did not know all that was concealed under the odd collection that lay before them.



besides the safe-deposit box, contained a savings account of \$33,129. Altogether John Muir had where he could get the cash all in one day over \$184,000, and all but a small drawing account was earning four per cent at compound interest. The modest lover of nature had left an estate worth a quarter of a million dollars, most of it in cold, hard cash.

WHEN the news of John Muir's fortune



Piled on top of the legal documents they sought were scores of neatly written notebooks, the unfinished work of the scientist, and lying alongside of a bank-book containing a certificate of deposit for over a hundred thousand dollars was a little essay by one of Muir's grandchildren. The officials were puzzled by a sense of values that gave the bank-book no preference over the child's essay. But they had a puzzling day of it anyhow. They pulled out bills of sale from the midst of nature studies, and it took them an hour to

John Muir's house and the valley out of which he drew his golden hoard.
On the wall of his room the naturalist pasted a list of the banks in which he had deposited money

separate the books of bank deposits from the tumbling heaps of notebooks.

Their search was rewarded, however, to an astonishing degree. It revealed an old deposit book of the Savings Union and Trust Company of San Francisco which showed that John Muir had an account there of \$108,158.18. In the Security Savings Bank of San Francisco he had \$33,415.11 and in the Hibernia Savings Bank \$7,432.62. The Bank of Martinez,

reached the world it gasped. A large sum of money did not seem to fit somehow with the popular conception of the naturalist passing months idealistically in the mountains with nothing but a few loaves of stale bread and a little bag of tea in his pockets. The world had not heard of the safe-deposit box. It wondered where and how John Muir had made so much money. Was the grand old man of the Sierras a secret placer miner? Had the simple naturalist been handed a sheaf of Union Pacific bonds by his friend and admirer,

Edward H. Harriman? What was the solution to the mystery of John Muir's money?

It piqued my curiosity, too, when I learned that the author of "Stickeen" had left behind so much money. Could he have made it out of the sale of his books? That I doubted. The solution of the mystery lay in some other direction. I fancied I would find the key to it in the Alhambra valley. But before I went I began to hear stories which intensified my curiosity. Some of these old savings accounts of his dated back thirty years and more. As the money was put in, it remained. Each account kept growing by compound interest with an occasional substantial addition of fresh funds. No part of it was ever withdrawn.

ONE of these accounts had until a few years ago lain untouched for a long time. New clerks had come and "John Muir, Martinez," meant nothing to them. At the end of seven years, as compelled by law, they sent a formal notice. John Muir was in Australasia studying plant life. Six months later another notice was sent, and that went unheeded, and another and another. But before the deposit slipped into the ledger recording unclaimed funds, Muir's brother walked into the bank one day and deposited a dollar. The account was revived and went on drawing compound interest.

This seeming carelessness with money was so contrary to all the other stories I began to hear about the famous Scotchman that I sought an explanation. Here it is. I cannot vouch for it as I can for many other anecdotes telling of a side to John Muir's life of which the public is ignorant, but I learned it from a trustworthy source.

In the old house in the Alhambra valley where John Muir spent his later years he had pasted on the wall a list of the banks in which he had deposited money. But the list was so placed that water was occasionally splashed upon it, and the ink had faded. The name of one bank had entirely disappeared. That was the bank which had so much trouble locating its lost depositor.

I JOURNEYED to the Alhambra valley in the late fall when the grapevines that cover it from hill to hill needed all their knotted strength to hold up the two-foot clusters of purple tokays. Out of the level valley, winding like a green ribbon into the tawny Contra Costa hills, stood the old Muir house on a knoll commanding a sweeping view of Suisun bay. In between now are the sprouting oil tanks. I could not help feeling it was just as well John Muir had died before these tanks had risen to spoil the perfect contour of his view. They seemed to rise out of the ground like some unnatural growth that had sprung up to mock the naturalist, and they gave the impression that at any moment they might spring a fresh crop flanking the old house on the knoll and taking all dignity from it by their brazen commercialism.

In this valley lay that side to John Muir's life of which he never wrote a word. For all the world knew of his personal life he might have been a confirmed bachelor; yet there was a rich personal history to the lover of nature which a certain Scotch reticence prevented him

from ever mentioning. It was his own and he held it sacred. So I felt as I wandered among the orchards and vineyards of the lovely valley. But even the tawny flanks of the hills exhaled that ripe romance peculiar to the shut-in California valleys, and I realized before I was told that in the story of the Alhambra valley lay the mystery of John Muir's money.

BEFORE John Muir ever saw California, when he was a boy in Wisconsin newly arrived from Scotland and working hard on his father's farm, a fiery little Polish revolutionist who had escaped from Siberia, Dr. John Theophil Strenzel, found shelter for his ninety pounds of consumption-racked body at Benicia, on Suisun bay. With him were his invalid wife, the daughter of a Tennessean who had settled in Texas, and their sturdy little seven-year-old daughter. Benicia was a mere trading-post then and the country thereabouts was empty except for the Indians and the Spaniards who ranched on so grand a scale that they hardly knew their own estates. For this was the year 1853. Dr. Strenzel had brought his wife and baby overland from Texas to California in '49, and he had dug for gold in Tuolumne Gulch. But he did not have the strength for the rough life of the camp and when he arrived at Benicia the doctors had told him he had only three months to live.

But John Strenzel could not afford to die. He was not the kind that die easily. Still there was not much he could do. He knew about fruit, but who was stopping to plant fruit in California in the year 1853? Dr. Strenzel rowed across Suisun bay, left his boat in the rushes and walked up the creek three miles to a knoll which commanded a view of the valley. He liked the location and he felt rightly he would have no difficulty in buying this infinitesimal part of the Rancho Cañada del Hambre y los Bolsas. Study that name and you will see how the valley came to be known as the Alhambra. It is really the Hungry Valley. Its name dates back to the Indian famine recorded by the mission padres, but as no one has ever been hungry there since, it is just as well the name was corrupted.

DR. STRENZEL put up a shack and planted vegetables. He had no money, but he worked. Some unexplained incident in his Polish or Siberian past made him unwilling to practice his profession for money. It was just as well, for, as he worked in the open, he gathered strength. No one expected to see him harvest his first crop of potatoes. But I stood on the same spot just the other day with his four great-grandsons about my knees. They were looking up to their father, as he told me the story of the early struggle. Their grandmother, the seven-year-old daughter of Dr. Strenzel, washed the clothes and cooked the meals for the family at the direction of her bedridden mother that first summer. Mrs. Strenzel died there years afterwards, and Dr. Strenzel fooled his contemporaries completely. He outlived most of them and died on that knoll forty years later. The little girl grew up to marry John Muir, and she too lived out her life and died in the Alhambra valley. The fourth generation is now living and prospering on the knoll at which John Strenzel

turned and looked back down the valley that day in 1853.

Dr. Strenzel planted an orchard. "You'll never live to eat the fruit," he was told.

"That's all right," he replied. "Someone else will."

STARTING with nothing but his knowledge of fruit, Dr. Strenzel built up a well-rounded ranch. He had fruit in the valley, grapes on the hillsides, grain lands and fruit lands. His little world was self-sustaining. As his orchards and vineyards thrived he sent fancy baskets of fruit to the San Francisco market. That was in the flush '60's and he received fancy prices. With the money he experimented with all sorts of fruits, and was the first experienced horticulturist in California after the mission fathers. He dried the first raisins in California for the market. Much has been said recently about the possibilities of shipping California grapes in redwood sawdust. Dr. Strenzel did that more than forty years ago. In the early '70's he packed tokays in redwood sawdust and sent them to an exhibition in Dublin. He planted an orchard in '54 that contained sixty varieties of pears. That orchard is still bearing on the original stock, except for a few trees which were cut out of one corner to make room for the family cemetery. There lie, among the rest, John Muir and his wife, appropriately close to all that was best in their lives. One of their daughters, Mrs. Thomas R. Hanna, lives with her growing family within a stone's throw.

A MILE up the valley is the ranch of the late John Swett, founder of the California school system. He met the wandering young naturalist, John Muir, in San Francisco, in the '70's, and brought him to the Alhambra valley. On the way up the valley they passed the Strenzel ranch, and there began John Muir's romance.

I have an advantage over my readers in that I have seen an old daguerreotype of Miss Strenzel. I would have liked to have it grace these pages but I must confess I hardly tried to get it. Mrs. Hanna produced it almost shyly and I could see it was her dearest possession, one she did not care to share with the world. But it was easy to see what turned John Muir from a mountain-wanderer to a fairly domesticated man. She had the broad, intelligent brow and dark, dreaming eyes of the Pole set in a slender American face with high daring Tennessee cheek-bones and an eager mouth.

Scattered through the Contra Costa hills you will find a few old-timers who speak wistfully of her beauty. They will all confess they asked her to marry them. But the young Scotch naturalist won.

NOW we begin to unravel the mystery of John Muir's money. Dr. Strenzel gave the original ranch to the young couple and built himself a more pretentious house on a knoll farther down the valley. This house still stands. In it Mr. and Mrs. Muir also spent their declining years and, after Mrs. Muir died, Muir lived there alone, occupying only one room, the light shining out from the windows through many long nights as he worked carefully over his writings, making

(Continued on page 61)

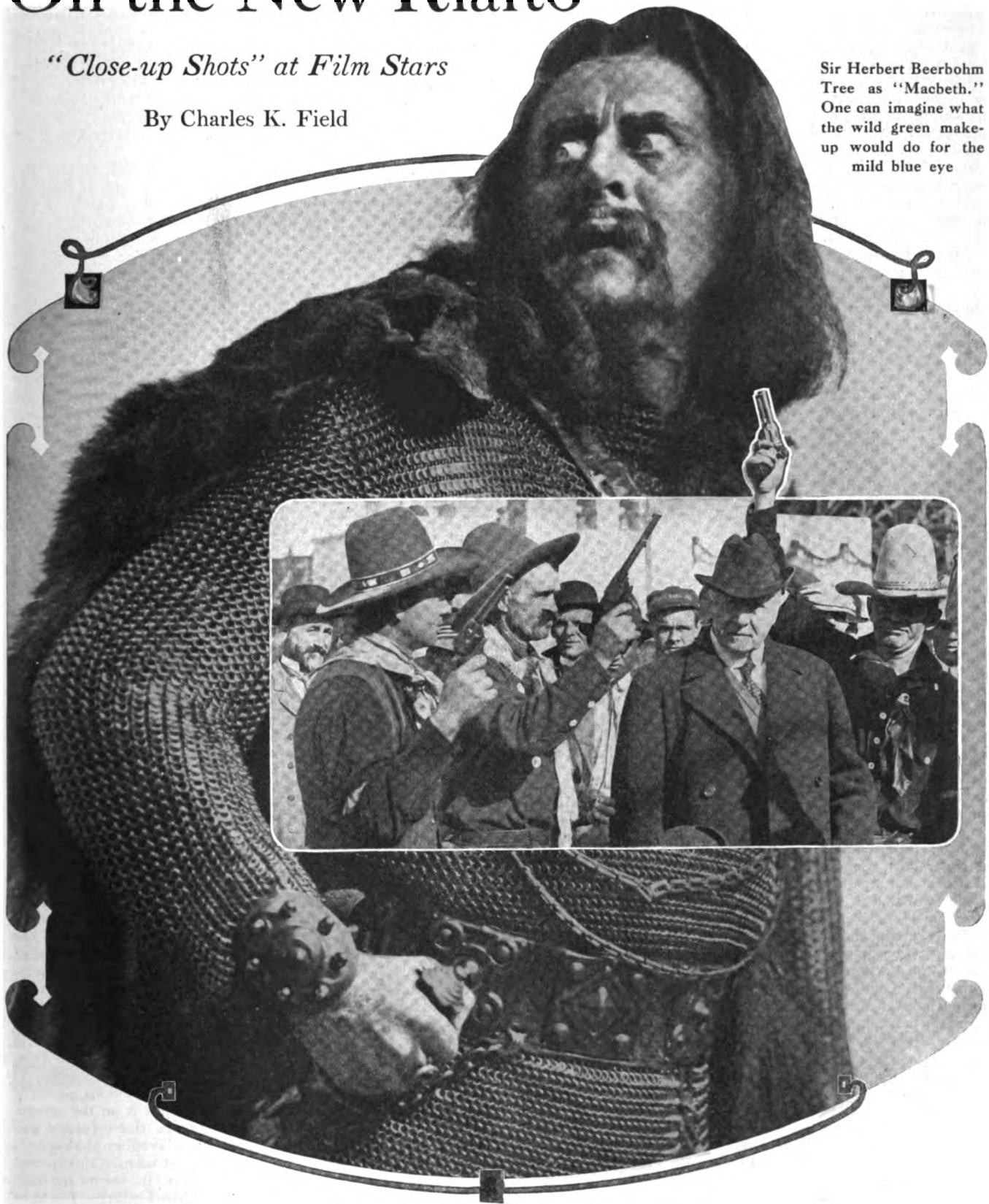
William Shakspeare, Scenario Writer for the Screen

On the New Rialto

"Close-up Shots" at Film Stars

By Charles K. Field

Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree as "Macbeth." One can imagine what the wild green make-up would do for the mild blue eye



AT ten o'clock that January morning the unclouded sun was rapidly drying out the "stage" at the Fine Arts Studio on both sides of Sunset Boulevard, at Los Angeles. There had been a veritable downpour the day

Sir Herbert arrives on the New Rialto and is given a "Western" greeting

before, and sly little pools of water lurked in just those spots on piles of lumber and

other accessories which, in normal weather, furnish temporary lounging places for ladies and gentlemen, variously dressed of body but similarly decorated of face with surfaces of yellowish-white trimmed delicately with green. The

stage was fairly clear of "sets" and into the steaming open from the shelter of a covered property-room intrepid hands had rolled the cage of Leo the Magnificent. Many a show-bill, during his seven years' experience of life, had called him the "monarch of the African desert." He looked the part perfectly. Many an impressionable visitor had stood before his cage and remarked the wistful gaze in those royal eyes looking out and over the heads of the curious human pack, away to the wide free desert of his birth, to the breathless silence of starlit spaces that had quaked under his sudden roar in by-gone nights of mighty hunting. That gaze, so potent in its suggestions, was Leo's passport to the inner circle of the motion-picture world where D. W. Griffith and Frank E. Woods are making dramatic history with the camera. These men could appraise the worth to the screen of that wistful, desert-haunted gaze because they were aware that Leo, natural actor that he is, had been born in captivity and had never known anything else.

The specific purpose for which Leo was now mingling, under certain restrictions, with the other members of the Fine Arts Stock Company, was that of chasing Mr. De Wolf Hopper through a hair-raising, side-splitting scene in a picture under "construction." I conceive that each of these distinguished actors had his particular part in that scene. I should say that the lion did the hair-raising and De Wolf the side-splitting. Mr. Hopper's dramatic ability is doubtless broad enough to cover both demonstrations, but I cannot imagine anything of the comedian in Leo the Magnificent.

YET, resting there in his cage, doubly barred by shadows under the grateful sun, on the morning of which I write, Leo got a hearty laugh from the audience. In this act he was ably assisted by no less a dramatic personage, and no more essentially a comedian, than Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, of His Majesty's Theatre, Haymarket, London. To properly understand the performance, you should know that there were in the cast, beside the two noble personages, whose portraits are shown here, two ordinary persons named Rice, the same being father and son, animal trainers of experience. You must know, also, that Leo the Magnificent hates the senior Rice as intensely as he loves the younger man. There is a reason for this, but it is mixed up with the law of heredity and the psychology of cats in captivity, and its exposition would clog this narrative. Suffice it to say that Leo, lying in his sun-bathed cage, heard the

footfalls of the junior Rice upon the damp boards of the stage, roused himself eagerly, although it was not feeding time, and when Rice reached his arm through the bars the great cat rubbed his head and shaggy shoulders against the keeper's hand and "talked" in low delighted growls as chummily as any fireside pet against his master's knee.

It was a pleasing though exotic spectacle and Sir Herbert was an interested spectator. Then, at the request of the camera man who was calling for "Mr. Tree," being eager to make this double-print study of the British lion—as Bennie Zeidman put it—the distinguished English actor-manager took his place beside

he strolled back and forth amid the gathering paraphernalia and delivered as pretty a little lecture on the relation of Shakspeare to the motion-picture as ever he gave on any subject at the Royal Institution or on a Sunday evening with the Playgoers' Club.

"It is something of a step," I had begun by saying, "from His Majesty's stage to Mr. Griffith's studio."

"Geographically, yes," replied Sir Herbert, "practically, no. My production of King John was recorded by the cinematograph eighteen years ago for the British Museum. I have also been filmed in Henry the VIII."

"Yet that was for record, merely the photograph of the consecutive action of the plays—not in any sense a photo-drama as we know it, with a scenario written for the camera."

Sir Herbert paused and regarded me with a mild blue eye. Every actor that passed us betrayed his calling much more sensibly than the English star. Indeed, he suggested to me no one so much as a certain benevolent rector of a Vermont parish of boyhood memory. But I can imagine what the wild green make-up would do for the mild blue eye. "The scenarios are pretty well written already," said Sir Herbert—"by Shakspeare himself."

A PERSONABLE young actor, named Gay, was leaning against a building, absorbed in a fat cloth-bound book. Sir Herbert left me abruptly and descended upon the reader.

"Pardon me—just a moment," and bore the book back to me.

"It is my copy of Shakspeare, you know," he explained. "Mr. Gay is studying Bassanio to play with me in the 'Merchant' on Sunday at a theatre in the city. I wanted to show you what I meant about the scenario. You remember *Antony and Cleopatra*? Look, here is Act III—eleven changes of scene—here is one scene of only four lines—hardly too much for a title on a film—quite in the cinema vein, I should say. In fact, we cannot put this act on the stage as Shakspeare wrote it, for obvious reasons. But it is possible to put it on the screen. We have no evidence that *Antony and Cleopatra* was ever played in Shakspeare's own time. Perhaps it was too much even for Shakspeare. But it seems written for the new art of Mr. Griffith. I said to somebody, once, that I considered the motion-picture reprehensibly Shakspearian in its swiftness of change! Is not this play a wonderful example?"

Beerbohm Tree turned the leaves of his master's prompt-book reminiscently.

"I did something once," he went on,



Futurist picture entitled "Lion at Foot of Tree." Also called "Double Print study of British Lion"

the cage, and posed in an attitude of unstudied grace, facing the camera. Meanwhile, Leo had yielded to the caress of the belated sun, and had settled into another attitude of unstudied grace, undramatically dozing.

"Poke him up a bit, Rice," called the camera man. Sir Herbert held the pose. Now the junior Rice had vanished, but his father stepped forward instantly. There came a sudden man-eating roar that shook the mysterious monoliths across the Boulevard. Sir Herbert did not keep the pose! Thereafter he kept his eye on the cage, as the photograph shows.

"Really, if you don't mind," he said, a bit breathless, "I'd prefer the lion in repose. Please do not twist his tail!"

"**A**ND now," said the Knight, after his adventure with the King of Beasts was over, "what is it you were about to ask me?"

Sir Herbert, cordiality itself, prepared to seat himself in one of the lingering pools of water. Saved from a second peril,



“Tennessee” (Miss Fanny Ward) leaving the old mission, in the film version of Bret Harte’s Californian classic, “Tennessee’s Pardner.” The scenes round Sandy Bar were filmed in an abandoned mining camp in the neighborhood of that mythical camp. Had Mr. Lasky known that the original of the Pardner probably still lives in Tuolumne county, some special realism might have been added. As it was, many of the “extra men” were actual prospectors who entered into the scenes with the gusto of memories. One of them was a hermit, with a natural make-up, who was dug up in a remote canyon. Later someone declared him insane. “Miner’s loco” or movie-mad?

Isn’t Fanny Ward a little wonder! She has been acting for years and years (stage whisper) yet look at this picture of her as the little waif of the wagon-train. And it doesn’t all lie with the camera, either. She comes to the Wild West from the prim parks of London and mounts a placid-looking bronc; starts off in approved park manner and is promptly bucked off into a convenient sandpile. Whereat handsome young Jack Dean, appearing with her in the “Pardner,” shows extreme solicitude. They had met in “The Marriage of Kitty” and now they are starrng together in a life picture “The Marriage of Fanny” with a Hollywood bungalow-de-luxe as “location”



“which was quite in the cinema vein, also. You know the film occasionally reverts—‘cuts back,’ I think they call it, to explain some action of a person in the play. There is a scene in *Antony and Cleopatra*—here it is—the love scene between Antony and his wife, Octavia. It is an eminently decorous domestic scene yet immediately following it, you observe, Antony goes back to Cleopatra, at Alexandria—in positively indecent haste. That has been

difficult to make plausible upon the stage, particularly to our British public which sees life largely through the telescope of a wedding ring. I felt that some explanation was due the public and finding it in history—in Plutarch himself, as I remember—I interpolated a little scene. Antony has gone back to Alexandria after his marriage to Octavia on necessary business of state and his manner toward the Queen of Egypt is coldly formal and

official. Determined to win him back, the Queen appears before him, accompanied by her five children, only one of whom was Caesar's. With this four-fold appeal to Antony's father-love, she conquers. It appeared to be a justification which even our public could not resist. I outlined the scene to the very estimable lady who impersonated the Queen, but she shook her head.

"It would never do," she declared. "Cleopatra would lose the sympathy of the audience and I could not endure such a display of immorality!"

"Ah, yes, I see," said I, soothingly. "I understand. Five children. It would hardly do. Yet after all, life is a matter of compromise. Could we not play the scene with only three of the children?"

"To which she consented."

"I remember," ventured I, "hearing of the remark of a matron of the late-Victorian period when the curtain had fallen on one of Cleopatra's throbbing scenes: 'How different from the home life of our own dear Queen!'"

"OF course," laughed Sir Herbert, "while I satisfied the domestic public I mortally offended many worthy members of what may be called the 'Adequacy School' of production."

"And now that you have gone into the movies" (the Englishman winced at the regicidal word), "it must be the last straw, for you are cutting out the lines altogether."

"I am not so sure of that," came his instant response. "I have brought with me some very definite ideas which I hope to see tested here. Shakspeare means

to me, above all, the sheer beauty of the spoken word. But take the picture alone. Consider the actual service it can render even to our greatest dramatist. Although the Elizabethan stage was not wanting in 'quaint devices' of machinery, and the productions for the Court were undoubtedly furnished lavishly, Shakspeare had to supply scenery by the suggestive

art of poetry—a fact which he honestly laments when it comes to crowds and armies and the clash of battle. It is a fact that as scenic investiture increases the need for descriptive text vanishes, by a process the reverse of its creation, but the text so discarded is never dramatic. And the best that our modern efforts on the stage have been able to accomplish is still merely suggestion, only weakly supplying the lack which the dramatist bewailed. And now comes the motion

mand that he be kept in the closet. They have denounced modern methods of Shakspearean productions as an 'avowed intention to appeal to the spectators mainly through the eye.' Well, now that we have Shakspeare on the screen, they may enjoy being entirely correct!

"BUT observe what it means—an even greater stimulus to the reading of the poet for his poetry after actually seeing his dramatic visions. Do you not be-

lieve more people are reading Don Quixote than before he rode forth against the windmills upon the screen? Think how Shakspeare's beloved ghosts will get new 'glimpses of the moon' through the invention of the 'fade-in-and-out.' I can imagine Mrs. Siddons' wonderful 'business' in the sleep-walking scene in *Macbeth*—when she strove to suck the bloodspot from her hand—made to live again by photography. Think of it, Birnam Wood, for the first time, will come to Dunsinane! Ah, no, there should be no scholastic fetters upon Shakspeare's spirit. He lives not alone in printed text—he lives most triumphantly in his irresponsible heirs, his love-children who sing his songs to each succeeding generation in its own voice and will yet carry his message to states unborn in accents yet unknown."



PHOTO BY HARTSOOK

Many and varied are the perils which attend the twinkling of film stars. Here is Flora Parker De Haven, the intrepid little heroine of "Get the Boy," condemned to go out into the suburbs of Universal City and milk a huge cud-chewing cow before the camera, when milk to her means something that comes out of a bottle marked "Certified." Her husband, Carter De Haven ("the Boy"), would gladly put his protecting arms about her, as in this picture of the blithe little couple, but Carter has to scour the country meanwhile for a house without a palm in front of it, to serve as a Long Island residence. All the while he is in agony of mind, for an old song keeps humming in his brain: "When Molly milked the mooley on the left-hand side."

You see, the uncertainty of life is all a matter of stage directions

picture and behold, forests and even armies become actually possible. By the film we may return to a production of the plays without the cutting and rearrangement necessary to meet the exactions of scene-shifting and the shortened time of production. Surely Shakspeare wrote primarily for the stage, though there are some literary executors of his who de-

as he gave me his hand, his gentle eyes smiling. Again that "cut back" in my memory film to the rectory in Vermont.

"Yet I shall be conscious of more than that," he said, seriously. "I shall realize that we who until now have played for our own generation can no longer live in our press notices. I shall see before me, always, the mocking faces of posterity!"

Must We Clean Up Mexico?

By Frederick Reid

I WENT to Mexico with a curious delusion. I had thought that armed intervention would be vigorously resisted. That delusion vanished, first, because there was a chance to see the "armies" of Mexico, and second, because there was a chance to talk with enlightened Mexicans. It will surprise Americans to know that the best type of Mexican would literally welcome American intervention as the only sure cure of brigandage. To me it was a revelation to discover how skeptical are the better Mexicans of their country's ability to save itself and how confident they are that some day the United States must cross the border, unless it prefers the job done by some other nation, European or Asiatic, and must stay in Mexico during the education of a new generation.

No doubt the Indians down by Vera Cruz arose in wrath when Cortez first appeared—but when he decided to march on the Aztec capital he had in his army many times the number of Indian allies that he had of Spaniards.

No doubt there was much patriotism fifty years ago when the French troops marched toward the capital—but long before the French troops reached the goal their ranks had been swelled by Mexican turncoats.

We know that there was a great to-do about the landing of the American marines at Vera Cruz before they landed—but we also know that when the guns began to roar opposition died with only a brief struggle.

And we may be fairly sure that opposition to a much stronger intervention would follow precedent. The Mexican army does not impress the northerner. Discipline is not in the Mexican language. Marksmanship is negligible in the Mexican army. Intelligence is non-existent in an army which fights as Mexicans fight.

It is a fact that no Mexican general will ever surround a hostile force. He will always leave an avenue of escape. Time and time again it has been possible to crush Villa, or for Villa to crush someone else, but it isn't done. "It is not the custom of the country." That way of escape is always left. We asked an army officer why it was.

"I will tell you," he said promptly. "We let our enemy escape because we know he is Mexican, and so is brave as a lion and able to do vast damage even to our larger forces. But, sir, if we are fighting the wretched gringos, them we will surround and exterminate!"

And that poor little greaser believed it, firmly. Maybe it will cause the heart of the American to thrill with pride to know that at Vera Cruz is a monument to the "gallantry of the artillery corps," etc., referring to the Carranza troops who occupied Vera Cruz after the retirement of our marines. It did not cause me a single thrill of pride—for I felt that within the year that monument will bear a plate describing the mythical battle in which the hated gringos were driven into the sea. Watch and see.

In January, sixteen Americans and two Englishmen were murdered in cold blood by Mexican bandits after having been assured of military protection by the Carranza government. A week before the crime that aroused the entire United States and brought the Mexican problem once more into the national focus, Mr. Reid returned from a tour of investigation through the southern republic. In this article he reports what he saw and heard. And what he did hear and see proves that the mere recognition of Carranza does by no means solve the Mexican problem. Appalling conditions confront the unhappy country, conditions which Mr. Reid pictures vividly. Whether he wants it or not, Carranza must have outside aid to cleanse that Augean stable. Will the United States be forced to supplement its diplomatic stationery with the bayonet to protect American lives and prestige? If not, whose iron broom will do the sweeping?

NO one will seriously contend that an American army would have any difficulty in marching the length and breadth of Mexico. The only point is about the time which would be occupied in suppressing the murderous bandits. That might take years, but a little demonstration work with such bandits as were caught alive would be an efficient method of bringing the operations of others to a close. Don Porfirio used to hang highwaymen beside the highway, each neatly labeled, and Don Porfirio had decreased the popularity of highway robbery in Mexico. That is the only quick way of quelling brigandage now.

But no one in Mexico believes the United States could stop with a brief occupation. There is no one who does not feel positive that if there is intervention at all it must be for a long educational period. There is no one who believes any European or Asiatic nation would contribute its services as policeman and guardian, sacrifice the lives of its soldiers and the necessary millions of dollars and then gracefully withdraw without making Mexico pay the piper. There is no one who sees any reason why the United States should do it without the ultimate receipt of something to pay for the loss of blood and funds. Permanent occupation? Well, Mexico might fare a lot worse.

MY trip was by way of Piedras Negras—it used to be Ciudad Porfirio Diaz—southward through the neighborhood of Saltillo, with a pause to look around, then on to San Luis Potosi, and upward with a grateful sniffing of the cooler air of the upland to the plateau and the Vale of

Anahuac. The running was leisurely, not because of arrangement but because delays were necessary to get our train back on the track or get another one off. This delays traffic and tests a passenger's patience.

Our car was a wonder. Every seat had been stripped clean of its upholstery, the patriots having stolen it to use for saddle-cloths or for dresses for their women. Some of the seats had been removed altogether. Every window was kicked out. It was also especially interesting to nervous people to note that the bellrope was gone so that if anything happened at the end of the train there was absolutely no way of notifying the engineer.

"Nonsense," said a companion. "Someone could run ahead along the track, and tell him."

There were no lamps in the cars; there was no headlight on the locomotive. When we eventually had our wreck—a really minor affair on a level stretch which did little damage except to wreck the engine, tender and baggage coach and wake up the engineer—no one was sent ahead or behind to flag any other train which might be coming, or to wire for help.

Before our train had dragged wearily out of the yards beside the Rio Grande we encountered our first wreck. From then on we passed scarcely a mile of track without encountering at least one burned freight or overturned locomotive or dynamited bridge. Every steel bridge was gone, and often its substitute had been dynamited as well. Almost every side track had been attacked, and all the ties stolen for fuel. Every station was gone, and every freight shed, and most of the miserable little section houses which had sheltered a poor family. Telegraph wires were down. Water tanks had been blasted to pieces, one that we passed standing full 200 feet, and right side up, from its ruined foundations.

I subsequently learned that of the fine equipment which once had rolled over the tracks of the National Railways of Mexico about one-fifth of the locomotives remain, and two-thirds of these survivors are under repairs. Of the freight cars about a fourth remain. Of the passenger cars there is not one which must not be rebuilt. What is true of the National system is true of the Vera Cruz line. The new roads which were being built in the northwest, before the revolution, suffered heavily.

The damage done to the National system alone is at least \$50,000,000 in U. S. gold, and to the roads generally is not less than \$80,000,000 U. S. gold.

This is simply physical damage. It does not take into account the past loss of business and the loss of business which is to continue just as long as rehabilitation is delayed. It does not take into consideration the moneys actually paid out to guaranteed bondholders, amounting to \$15,000,000, nor the terrific depreciation in the once sound stock issues.

The revolution is over, according to Washington. Does that mean that

the railroads are joyously rebuilding? The State Department assured the public that the properties had been turned back to the companies. The State Department should have known that this was entirely false. The roads have not been turned back to the companies and will not be for some time. The companies would take them back only at the point of a gun, for the companies do not see why they should have to pay the bills for repairing damages incurred by the Mexican government.

The capable Americans who had been operating the railroads, just as Americans had built them and Americans had financed them, were gradually weeded out, and from the day of their departure started the downfall of the roads. An engineer on one division told me that in the first week of the "Mexico for Mexicans" idea, with Mexican engine crews, thirteen locomotives went out of commission on his division alone.

There are too few freight cars today. Are they in use for hauling freight? Ah, no. Most of them are used for transporting the patriots. Even more important is the use of the car to let out to some gringo merchant who wishes to bring in corn to relieve starvation in the capital, and so is willing to pay a few thousand pesos for a car to haul it.

This is literally true. An American who succeeded in finding corn in the suburbs had to pay in graft ten times as much as the actual freight rate. A metal exporter who keeps careful accounts showed me by his books that today it is costing him more to get his metal from Mexico City to Vera Cruz, the port, than it formerly cost him to get the metal from the mines to the smelter in New Jersey. And of this expense nine-tenths was plain graft, every cent of which went to a patriot (Mex.)

This is the regular thing in Mexico. Election or usurpation of office is simply a license to step out and make a good thing of opportunity while it lasts. When a railroad employee declines to furnish any service until he receives his individual graft, he is only doing what every other official, mainly, is known to be doing.

From the railroads one can see the damage to the agricultural country. Burned haciendas are plentiful. Just why the torch should have been set not only to the home of the wealthy owner, who was not there, but also to the home of the poor peon, who was there and who bore the full misery of it, is hard to grasp. The principles of the revolution are at times elusive.

I found some interesting figures of the 1915 corn crop, which showed that the yield had been about one-third of normal. That helps to show what is going to happen in Mexico during the coming year, for even a normal crop never suffices for Mexico's needs, and importing of corn is the rule. If the farmer felt at this time a confidence which I do not believe he does feel, he would still have difficulty in putting in a big crop this spring because seed is terribly high. Everything indicates a woeful starvation period in 1916, far greater than that of 1915.

WHEN I left Mexico City the typhus was at the highest point in recent history—and the cold months, when typhus flourishes, were only started. A government official admitted there

were 30,000 registered cases, which means probably 60,000 actually. Figure that twenty per cent of the cases are fatal, and that the plague was on the increase, and you have a chance to understand the seriousness of the situation. Today, as I write this, typhus is flourishing in Juarez and several other Mexican cities.

Just before I left there was a resumption of the confiscation program which has disgraced the present government, and which I genuinely believe Carranza is trying to stop. One of the biggest victims was Lascrain, who was robbed of every cent solely because he had something of which he could be robbed. And so were most of the other seven hundred Mexican aristocrats whose houses have been seized.

This thievery is the work of Carranza's lieutenants, not of the First Chief himself. But the man who has lost his property is disposed to believe that an administration head ought to be able to control the men under him. It may be faulty reasoning, but it explains much of the bitter hatred of Carranza, and helps to explain why the peons show much more enthusiasm for Zapata or Villa than they do for Carranza. The outsider will tell you that Carranza retains his troops primarily because he allows them free rein to loot, and that if now he should attempt to check them they would revolt. Hence the thefts continue.

THERE is too much tendency to blame Carranza for all which is wrong. An excellent opportunity to talk with the First Chief and study him at close range has given cause for lasting gratitude. The old man is not a whirlwind. He is not a soldier. He is not a statesman of prompt appeal. He is not an orator at all, which in itself is something in his favor. He is not a popular idol.

Carranza has little of the Latin about him, and his natural traits, which suggest a Teutonic strain, are set off the more by contrast with his associates. Where they are swift to leap at conclusions—generally the wrong conclusions—he takes his time, and sometimes he waits so long that he gets to a right conclusion. Also sometimes he waits so long that the emergency passes and it is no longer necessary to take any action. Thereupon everyone gives a sigh of relief.

Carranza is too slow, perhaps. Well, others have tried to settle the Mexican muddle in expeditious fashion, and they have failed horribly. Possibly the ponderous Carranza will succeed, simply by doing things in the unexpected way. That he is genuinely earnest seems to be true. That he had a moderate amount of money long before the revolution and does not care about money anyway, appears to be true. That he is honest, so far as his own actions are concerned, seems to be true. That he is trying to do the right thing seems to be true. But it is also dismally true that he is faced by a disheartening array of difficulties, not the least of which is the shameful lack of adequate assistance given him.

It's a joyous crew that surrounds Carranza, almost from top to bottom, and except for the fact that the Mexican hates water, whether for sailing or washing purposes, it would make a corking band for Captain Kidd. Keep in mind that Mexico's sufferings directly due to

fighting were quite trivial, but that the real damage has been done by each band of "patriots" as soon as it gained a temporary triumph. Keep in mind also that Mexico City, the social, industrial and financial as well as the political center, has suffered more at the hands of Carranza's lieutenants than at the hands of all the other bandits combined. That explains Mexico City's lack of enthusiasm for Carranza, whom it blames for the shameful behavior of his lieutenants.

OF the department heads under Carranza not much of a favorable nature can be said. The head of *fomento*, which is the department concerned with development work, was a garage keeper before the revolution, and later served as a broker of the "coyote" class.

The head of the banking commission, Manero, served for a short time in the Banco Nacional, on which he subsequently forged a check for \$40,000, it is charged. He was in jail when Carranza's troops entered the capital, and was, of course, released. The first act of the patriots triumphant is always to free the jailbirds. His wide experience in banking—witness the forgery episode—qualified him for the most responsible banking position in the republic, and within the year.

Another example of administrative qualifications is the minister of justice, Estrada, formerly a lawyer's clerk. Of the five judges he appointed, four had never practiced law.

The mining industry is the biggest in Mexico. The republic contains the largest silver mines in the world. The silver, generally, is of exceedingly low grade, which means that ore properties must be operated on a very large scale or not at all.

Limantour knew this, and Limantour's law provided for a reduced tax on large holdings. Against this Carranza made a just protest, but he did not stop with equalizing the tax. The larger the holdings, the heavier the tax he imposed. On the basis of a mining claim of 250 acres, a fair average, the miner today has to pay thirty-two times as much as he used to, just for the privilege of hanging on to his land. When he begins to operate he has to pay an export tax which also shows a sharp increase over the old rate.

And he has to pay the tax in gold, for Carranza's government will not accept Carranza's own money.

One miner after another told me that he simply would forfeit his non-producing property. And mining is the biggest industry in Mexico. It is the industry which provides a living for thousands and thousands of peons whose welfare constitutes one of the theoretical reasons for the revolution. It is the industry which supported one town, El Oro, of 20,000 inhabitants. The town now has 200.

The revolution was started for the peon—theoretically. The peon has gained not one thing. He has lost everything.

BUT, omitting the sufferings of Mexico and Mexicans, what about the losses of our own country?

Are you aware that of the whole vast total which the United States has invested in foreign enterprises, more than one-half was invested in Mexico?

(Concluded on page 81)

The Pulse of the Pacific

Murder in Mexico

SIXTEEN Americans were vilely murdered by Mexicans January 8, and the Southwest is growling deep in its throat. What shall be done?

Though this cold-blooded murder offers a better reason for armed invasion than the twenty-one-gun episode, intervention is out of the question. The time for armed force has passed. Carranza's recognition is an established fact. It now behooves the administration to go the limit in supporting the de facto government that the day of complete tranquillity may be hastened. In the meantime American mining men should discount the promises of protection given by the Carranza government at least 99 per cent. So long as gangs of bandits roam in isolated districts, travel and work will not be safe in Mexico.

The course of events in Mexico depends largely upon the ability of Carranza to restore order. The full size of this task is described in the article on page 27 by Mr. Frederick Reid, a recent eyewitness of conditions. If Carranza's government, bankrupt, shaky, threatened, confronted by disease, starvation and chaos, fails to pacify Mexico, if things drag along without prospect of improvement, then the job of cleaning up the southern neighbor's house must inevitably be undertaken by the United States. It is not at all improbable that American soldiers will cross the Rio Grande during 1916.

Problems of Defense

IF the Pacific Coast were in danger of invasion next June, Congress would not be holding academic discussions concerning the relative value of superdreadnaughts and submarines at this moment, nor would it be debating the advantages of a Continental army as compared with the National Guard. If an enemy, East or West, were threatening to pound at the gate, men would be drilling in every hamlet, the new gun factories and munition works would pour their output into the government's arsenals and there would be long lines of trenches for hundreds of miles along both coasts.

But no enemy is threatening our shores. The danger of invasion is potential only; it is not a definite menace positively known to break loose on a certain date. The catastrophe may happen next year; it may

never happen. It is well to remember that all our foreign wars have been of our own making. It is possible, even probable, that the people of Europe at the conclusion of the present slaughter will be very, very sick of war, that they will not tolerate the beginning of a new and bloody buccaneering expedition on American soil. Yet it is also possible that they may seek to lighten the intolerable burden of war taxation by seeking American loot.

Adequate precautionary measures designed to repel invasion are necessary, but the necessity is not so urgent that in the hysterical 'preparedness' rush hasty measures are adopted and hundreds of millions are spent on a plan which twelve months hence will turn out to be unworkable, impractical and wasteful. If undigested emergency defense measures are rushed through now, if the tax burden is increased by hundreds of millions now to begin a system which turns out to be faulty, there will be such a tremendous reaction in less than two years that popular clamor will reduce the defense appropriations below their present level. The failure of an emergency defense plan will leave the country in a worse condition of preparedness than it is now. Only a workable plan which can be carried out with reasonable cost will survive the dangers of the coming tranquil years.

Any 'preparedness' program which lacks a sound, permanent foundation will be found roosting with Free Silver, the Full Dinner Pail, Greenbacks and other moth-eaten issues four years hence. Until we devise a system adapted to the peculiar needs of the United States, permanent and adequate defense will remain merely a pleasant dream.

The Pork Brigade Mobilizes

WE do not like to speak of this, brethren, but reform is valueless unless it begins at home. We are referring to the grand rush for the federal lunch counter upon which 'preparedness' is spreading the most tempting display of pork chops in a generation.

The Far West, through its busy representatives in Congress, is close to the counter clamoring for a helping. Seattle wants a naval academy and a greater naval base; San Francisco also asks for a naval academy and training station to cost only ten million dollars; Oakland will be satisfied with a great

dry dock and repair station for ships that cannot navigate the channel to the Mare Island navy yard. San Diego wants to be remembered; San Pedro is in a recipient mood; Salt Lake City will be satisfied with a brigade post. They are all working like beavers, but not for 'preparedness.' Their impelling desire is for pork.

Perhaps a new ten-million-dollar naval academy is needed, though we have not heard the Secretary of the Navy clamor for one. Perhaps the training of additional officers can be made possible by enlarging the capacity of the Annapolis school at a cost of two or three million dollars. We do not know, but we do know that the scramble for the pork chops will blacken both eyes of the 'preparedness' program. If every community or district applauds 'preparedness' merely because it hopes for selfish profits, the country is in a bad way. If the coming defense appropriations are to be divided on the basis of pull and politics, then Reno is entitled to a company of Coast Artillery, Spokane should have at least two submarines and a gunboat to protect commerce on the Shadowy St. Joe river and several companies of mounted marines should be stationed in Denver to defend the passes of the Rockies.

Commercial clubs and boards of trade in every city and hamlet throughout this great country are scenting the odor of the frying chops and their mouths are watering. They have convinced themselves that it is their patriotic duty to urge Congress to spend defense money in their particular locality, and their representatives in Washington eagerly fall in line.

The patriotic, the right attitude to maintain is that of strict neutrality among all communities. Of course they have the right to submit their claims to the War and Navy departments, but after this submission their activities should cease. The military and naval experts know what is necessary, where and how the necessary thing should be done. They should be given a free hand, unhampered by local pressure.

We believe that the Western Senator or Representative who declines to line up at the lunch counter, who stands out for efficiency and economy as against slices of fat pork, will earn the plaudits of his constituents, ninety-five per cent of whom have no desire for or interest in the distribution of the 'preparedness' bacon. The masses can be relied upon to prefer patriotic action to the grab bag.



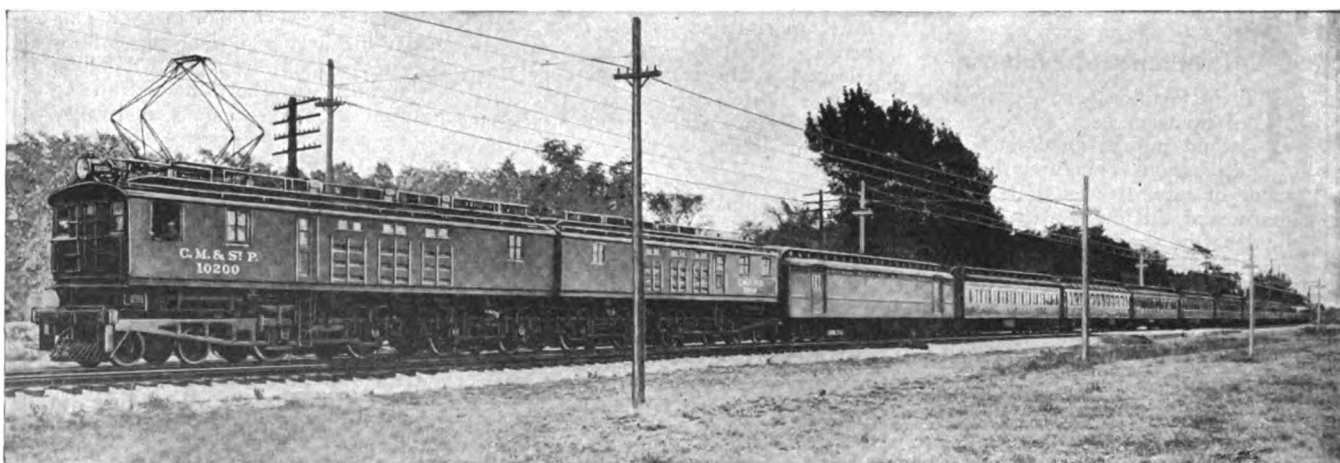
They're Off!

THE first race on the opening day of the Lower California Jockey Club's new track at Tia Juana, Mexico, below the line near San Diego. The promoters are said to have put up \$150,000 in cash for the concession to run a gambling plant. Before Carranza got the cash away from Governor Esteban Cantu, the First Chief denounced horse racing and gambling, but his moral scruples vanished when good American cash clinked into his empty coin box. The racetracks at Juarez, opposite El Paso, and at Tia Juana are important sources of revenue to the de facto government of Mexico. By the middle of January Carranza again changed his mind and once more threatened to close the racetrack and the gambling dens on the Lower California border. It may be surmised that the second instalment of cash was overdue



Tennis and Babies

THEY said that the greatest star had gone from the tennis firmament when May Sutton Bundy, the invincible, became mother of a baby. They repeated it when the second baby came. Now the invincible May has demonstrated that babies do not preclude championship tennis. She met the new world's champion, the Norwegian wonder, Miss Molla Bjurstedt, this winter, and took from the Scandinavian phenomenon two out of three matches. Though the victory, being informal, leaves the title with Miss Bjurstedt, it has smashed the prejudice against babies in the tennis world. Mrs. Bundy maintains that motherhood has not detracted from her skill, speed or strength, and her friends aver that her game is as good as it ever was, though the long pause has naturally deprived Mrs. Bundy of her old-time endurance



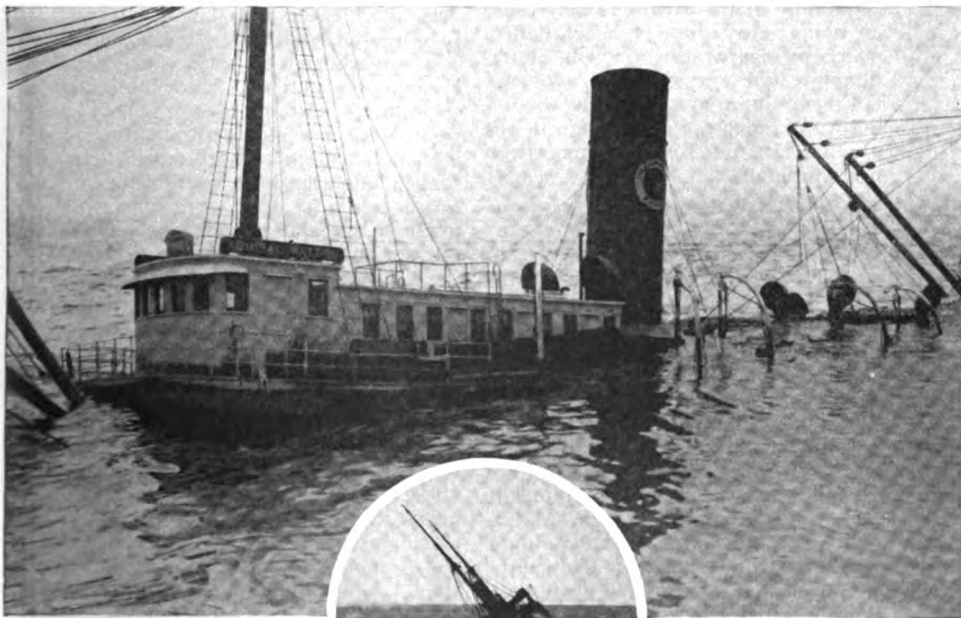
THE MISSOURI AND THE MADISON RIVERS ARE PROPELLING THIS TRAIN OVER FAR WESTERN RANGES After three years' work, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul opened traffic on the first link of its electrized mountain division in January. Freight and passenger trains are now pulled for a distance of 113 miles by huge electric locomotives whose current is supplied by a chain of hydro-electric power plants on the Missouri and Madison rivers, the alternating current being distributed at 100,000 volts and stepped down to 3000 volts direct current in the numerous substations. The use of direct current enables the engineer to change his motors into generators and make current instead of using it on down grades, thus helping to pull other trains up the hills. When the installation is complete, 440 miles of main line traffic over the Belt, the Rocky and the Bitter Root mountains will be moved electrically. The utilization of this water power in place of coal for transcontinental transportation is one of the most important developments of the decade and is fraught with great possibilities for the West

Rah! Rah! Northwest!

THEY are still yelling in Washington. And why shouldn't they? Their joyful season of victory began when Oregon Agricultural College went eastward and defeated, 20 to 0, Michigan Agricultural, which had defeated Michigan by a fat score. Then Washington State College promptly took Oregon Agricultural into camp, 29 to 0. Syracuse, which had almost beaten Princeton, was clearly outplayed by Montana in a tie game and Washington State had soundly spanked Montana. Then Brown, which had scored against Harvard and been beaten by only one touchdown, fell before the Northwest heroes, at Pasadena, to the tune of 14 to 0. Comparative scores mean little but comparative results show that Washington State College has a better team than Harvard's, the Eastern champion. Harvard defeated Brown by only one touchdown or a score of 14 to 7. Brown was unable to score on Washington State. More than that: if the Washington fullback had not slipped with the ball on the slippery field just on the two yard line the margin would have been three touchdowns or 21 to 0. Eckersall, the famous all-American quarter, said, after the game: "There is not a better team in the country. I do not believe that I ever saw a better one, anyway." Yet there is another team in the Northwest which is considered by many better than Washington State; it is the University of Washington. Washington has not lost a game in eight years' playing. This year Washington State did not play the University, unfortunately for comparisons, but here we have three teams, which have not been able to defeat Washington in seven years, outplaying representative aggregations from the Middle West and East. May we not ask modestly: What would have been the result had the University of Washington been able to meet Harvard?



Here is a picture of the valorous team of Washington State College which gave Brown University an unhappy New Year's Day at Pasadena, California, although the Easterners outweighed by eleven pounds to the man the lanky raw-boned youngsters from the Puget Sound country. On January 1st Eastern football sharps sat up and took notice of the Far West. Below is a picture of Gilmore Dobie, the coaching genius of the University of Washington; he has not lost a game in ten years—almost a world's record. Also two contrasting portraits of "Lone Star" Dietz, the famous Indian coach for Washington State, whose mother was a member of Red Cloud's band of Sioux and who won his first gridiron laurels by sensational playing at Carlisle



Recent wrecks in the poorly charted waters of the North Pacific Coast and Alaska

Why should not Congress get busy here instead of on obscure rivers and creeks?

Unpreparedness

THE Pacific Coast, especially the coast of Alaska, needs aids to navigation and accurate maps showing all hidden reefs and dangerous pinnacles to prevent wrecks similar to those shown in the accompanying illustrations. To make accurate maps the Coast and Geodetic Survey needs adequate equipment. The vessels at its disposal are old and some of them so unseaworthy that the lives of the crews are endangered. The Survey needs specially equipped launches with which to drag submerged wires through the coast waters to locate dangerous needle rocks, but so far Congress has turned a deaf ear to the pleas of the navigators. Congress should see to it immediately that the great maritime highway between Alaska and Puget Sound is mapped and charted, especially since the opening of the territory through the government railroad will greatly increase traffic to and from Alaskan ports

The Suicide of Reason

A COUPLE of hundred years ago France took Alsace-Lorraine from Germany; in 1870 Germany reconquered the stolen territory with a slice of French territory to boot. France armed to get revenge and the Lost Provinces. Germany armed to keep them. Seeing Germany arm, Russia got busy. Seeing Russia arm, Germany armed some more. Seeing Germany arm, France bought more guns. Seeing France buy more guns, Germany ordered additional Krupps. Seeing Germany enlarge the Krupp works, Russia increased its armament orders. Germany went Russia one better, France hurried to bring its forces to the new level, Germany gave its army another boost and started a fleet as a side line, thus bringing England into the game, whereupon Russia enlarged its supply of field howitzers etc. etc. until someone carelessly tossed the lighted match into the mess. **BANG!**

Reason commits harikari when the armament race begins.

Mr. Hearst in a recent editorial saw the Japanese attack the Pacific Coast while England, mindful of its duty to its ally, attacked the Atlantic Coast and half a million Canadian veterans swept in from the north.

We have a vivid picture of British Columbia invading Washington to help the Japanese. But we would like to know whence the half million Canadian veterans is coming. So far only 220,000 Canadians have enlisted and more than 50,000 have been killed or disabled. If Canada does raise half a million, one-third will be put out of action, and the entire army will be disbanded when the European war ends. For the new Anglo-Japanese war against the United States the recruiting would have to be done all over again.

We have a great deal of respect and admiration for California's newest Senator, James D. Phelan, but we cannot follow him with his 50,000 Japanese veterans. In the first place we cannot quite grasp the method by which these 50,000 veterans, scattered over a territory eighteen hundred miles long, can be concentrated hurriedly and without arousing suspicion at two or three points. We would also like to know why we are maintaining a secret service if it has not yet discovered the place in which the equipment of 50,000 men is hidden. Without effective concentration and equipment the gun men of the Chinese tongs would suffice to protect California from the scattered, unarmed, undirected groups of Japanese.

If it's the half million Canadian soldiers and the 50,000 Japanese veterans that are causing all this stir and excitement, the nation does not need more guns. It needs an ice pack and a cathartic. If, on the contrary, there is danger of a concerted attack by England, Japan and Germany, every able-bodied man should quit his

civilian task at noon for the daily drill, the military training to be dispensed with only in favor of work in the gun factories and powder works.

The Preparedness arguments will make funny reading in 1919—unless the European armament race should continue as vigorously after the war as before. In that case the uniform will cease to be an unfamiliar sight on American streets.

Twenty-Cent-an-Hour Patriots

NINETEEN and a half cents multiplied by ten makes less than two dollars a day. Deducting Sundays and the inevitable periods of unemployment, average earnings at this rate sink to barely ten dollars a week. In Oregon the Minimum Wage Commission has fixed \$9.25 as the lowest amount that will enable an adult woman worker to live in decency. It is obvious that no American family can subsist on a wage of nineteen and a half cents an hour earned by its head.

The result of this wage scale is the presence in the body politic of large masses of foreign workers, most of them unmarried, unattached and undigested by the pepsin of American ideals. Their allegiance to the country in which they work is measured by the wage rate of nineteen and a half cents an hour, their respect for its institutions was glaringly shown in the flames of Youngstown and Ludlow.

Who can lay all the blame for the Ohio excesses on raw foreigners filled with raw booze who have suddenly been blessed with political liberty?

It is bad enough to have native workmen sullenly go on strike in supreme national crises. England has felt the sensation. In the United States there are several million foreign laborers whose loyalty the country can claim only at the rate of twenty cents an hour. Any plan of Preparedness which disregards this element of national weakness is woefully incomplete.

Preparedness must include the living wage and a radical change in the national attitude toward immigration in its program.

Labor Leaders and Hypocrisy

AFTER the dynamiting of the Los Angeles Times building, in which twenty men were roasted to death, Matthew A. Schmidt and David Caplan, among others, were charged with murder. They became fugitives from justice.

After the lapse of four years Schmidt was caught and brought to trial. For a while his attorneys attempted to make the jury believe, the McNamaras' confession notwithstanding, that gas and not dynamite had caused the explosion. The trial lasted for months, the defense being supplied with ample funds. The jury found Schmidt guilty on the first ballot and rendered its verdict in less than an

hour. It was proven to the complete satisfaction of the jury that Schmidt had ordered, paid for and called for the dynamite part of which was used to consign twenty men to a horrible death. During the trial it was brought out that McNamara and Schmidt had been in close touch with Olaf Tveitmo, secretary-treasurer of the California State Building Trades Council, and with Anton Johannsen, general organizer of the carpenters' and joiners' union.

After the verdict Tveitmo is reported to have said: "There will be ten years' war in Los Angeles. They will pay for this."

The secretary of the State Building Trades Council did not maintain that Schmidt was innocent. No labor leader alleged that the trial had been unfair, that Schmidt had been railroaded to the penitentiary. Los Angeles was threatened with revenge merely because the community had brought to justice an active participant in the murder of twenty men.

Does organized labor endorse Tveitmo's threat? Is the American Federation of Labor sending fifty organizers to Los Angeles as a "punishment" for Schmidt's conviction? Did organized labor really mean what it said when it repudiated the McNamaras after their confession or did it merely fail to have the courage of its convictions?

Hypocrisy is contemptible. There is far more courage and manliness in the I. W. W.'s open, frank declaration of war against a capitalistic society than in the attitude of labor leaders who encourage and condone dynamiting out of one corner of the mouth while the other corner deprecates dynamiting and murder.

When is a Law Not a Law?

SOMEONE recently dug up a moth-eaten Blue law in Oregon, passed before the Civil war and ordaining complete Sunday-closing of practically all commercial enterprises and amusements. The webfooters shivered in anticipation of a Canadian Sunday until Judge Gantenbein, apparently of Teutonic origin, saved the state from the impending made-in-England catastrophe. Taking the bull by the horns he declared the act unconstitutional and the baseball fans were jubilant until the federal courts opined that Judge Gantenbein was wrong. Having settled the state's power to enact legislation blue as the Arizona sky the federal judges sent the case back to the Portland bench where Judge Gantenbein promptly continued the case until after the state election in November. He maintained that the populace was against the enforcement of the forgotten statute and that it should be rendered inoperative until the question of the obsolete act's repeal could be settled at the polls.

As laws go, Oregon's Sunday-closing act is a perfectly good statute, a little

dusty and mildewy perhaps, but otherwise in as good condition as the laws prohibiting murder, arson, theft, booze selling and bribe taking. In the light of Judge Gantenbein's attitude, is there one good reason why a judge with a mania for opening the throttle should not declare that the speed laws in his opinion were not endorsed by the majority of the voters and suspend them until the question could be settled at the polls?

Though right in practice, Judge Gantenbein's act is decidedly wrong in principle. The judiciary should not have the power to suspend any law, good or bad, constitutional or unconstitutional. But it would be a distinct blessing if the governors of all Western states should call special sessions of the legislatures for the single purpose of repealing obsolete, shop-worn, impractical and downright foolish laws. Removal of the dead wood would improve the health of the law tree and increase its vigor.

The Will of the People

IN January two rival sets of California politicians kowtowed and saluted and prostrated themselves with surpassing humility before that deity known as the "Will of the People." Each faction claimed to be the true, anointed high priest of the new god, to know its innermost thoughts and to have the only correct and genuine formula for the proper interpretation of the monster's dreams.

Governor Johnson's non-partisan program for the election of state officers caused the near-riot. A year ago the Progressive legislature passed the Governor's non-partisan program and put it on the statute books. Immediately the standpatters countered with that offspring of the Progressive devil, the referendum. They forced the submission of the Governor's new laws to the people at the November election. The tired voters, resenting the excessive demands made upon their gray matter by the endless succession of elections, knifed every proposition, non-partisanship among them. The standpatters cried with joy. Unfortunately they had left a hole for the resourceful Governor to come back. He came.

When the standpatters invoked the referendum to kill non-partisan elections, they winked with the left eye and snickered. Instead of holding up the entire program, they attacked only the non-partisan election laws, but allowed the new non-partisan registration law to stand. Apparently they hoped to make political capital out of the ensuing confusion. If the Governor called a special session of the legislature to repeal the non-partisan registration law, his defeat would be rubbed in and the cost of the special session could be transformed into "extravagance" bullets; if he did not call a special session, the new non-partisan registration law, preventing

Republicans, Democrats and Progressives from registering as such, would make the holding of primary elections practically impossible, confound the presidential primary and perhaps lead to a return to the old state and county convention system. The standpatters grinned expansively as they handed Governor Johnson the platter containing a nice portion of roast crow on one side and political chaos on the other.

But the Governor declined to partake of either delicacy. He would not eat crow by ordering the repeal of the non-partisan registration law passed at his behest. Neither would he stand idly by and allow chaos to come. He called the legislature together and instructed it to carry out the "will of the people" by upholding non-partisan registration on the one hand and partisan primary elections on the other. To accomplish this the untaged, undifferentiated voter was to go to the primaries without a party label, there declare his preference in an audible voice and nominate the candidates of the particular party he chose at the last moment. Thus the "will of the people" would be carried out and yet any Republican who felt so inclined would be able to nominate Governor Johnson for any office he might decide to seek.

It was a clever stroke. The disappointed standpatters, seeing their trap empty, wailed loudly and once more threatened to invoke both referendum and initiative to carry out the "will of the people."

In the meantime the mass of the people, those unnumbered individuals not interested in politics as a business or a sport, yawned clear to their boots. They didn't give a whoop how, when and where they registered and voted. The squirming and jockeying of the rival politicians plainly bored them. A good dog fight would have aroused greater and more personal interest.

Politics is a game played almost exclusively for the enjoyment of those who take a hand in it. And the mass of the non-political voters knows this fact, no matter how holy the mien with which the players slam down their cards.

Chinese Sailors as Linguists

THE steamer "China" of the Pacific Mail's fleet was bought by Chinese capitalists who retained it under the American flag. Its officers are white, its crew is yellow. Under the Seaman's Act seventy-five per cent of the crew must be able to understand the orders given by the white officers. The members of the crew were examined by the port authorities and received certificates. Officers of the Seamen's Union protested. The crew was re-examined and part of the engine-room force did not pass muster. Twelve certificated Filipinos were hired for the engine room and the "China" departed, yel-

low from bow to stern, the only low-wage vessel flying the American flag able to compete with the low-wage Japanese steamers on the Pacific.

Incidentally the union officials admitted that safety at sea was not the primary motive for the "language clause" in the Seaman's Act; rather that it was the desire, not unreasonable *per se*, to drive yellow labor from all American ships and substitute white sailors. The example of the "China" seems to prove that it will not be excessively difficult to obtain Asiatic crews with a knowledge of English sufficient to pass muster.

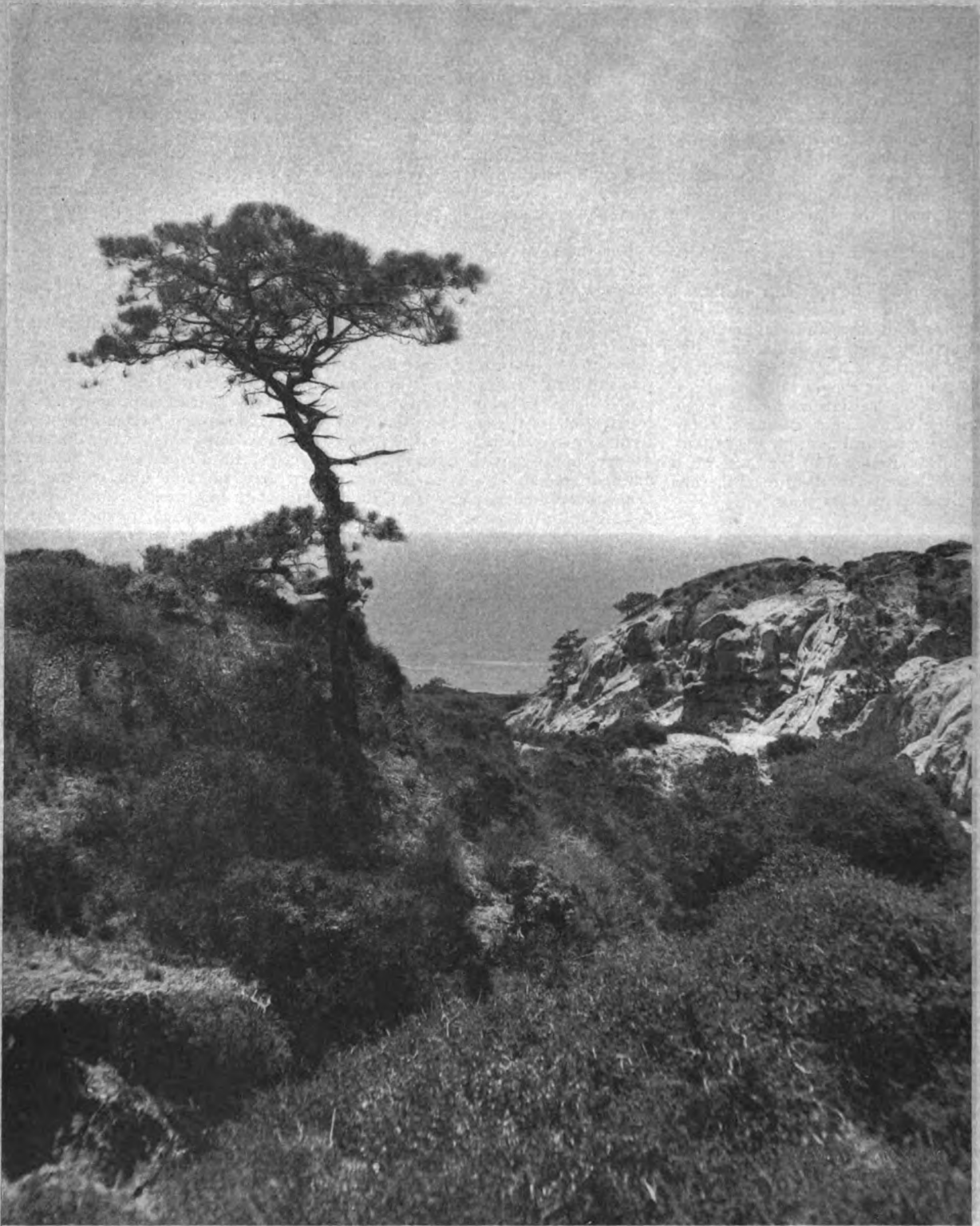
So far the equalizing effect which the Seaman's Act was expected to exercise upon international wages in the maritime trade has not made itself felt. It was expected that the sailors of low-wage foreign ships would, upon reaching high-wage American ports, take advantage of the act's new freedom and quit, forcing the skipper to hire them or another crew at the wages current in the American port. So far the Japanese liners have cleared from Pacific Coast ports with the same crews they brought; unless the Chinese and Japanese crews of the ships plying on the Pacific can be induced to desert in American ports, the act will not equalize wages on the Pacific. It will merely handicap white ships to the advantage of vessels owned and manned by Japanese.

Who is the Leisure Class?

THE student of the social lack of economy knows that the unemployment problem in recent years has attained proportions far larger than is popularly known. Every afternoon throughout the year long lines of the unemployed may be seen forming at the gallery entrance of the vaudeville houses; every afternoon the settlement worker and social investigator can find thousands of able-bodied men in the film palaces staring intently, fixedly at the screen in an effort to obtain a nickel's worth of *loche*.

Who are the men that fill the gallery and nickel seats of countless thought-killing, sleep-inducing afternoon shows? Whence do they come? Whither do they go? How do they get their meals? Why are they? Sociological experts are invited to investigate and report.

The number of those entitled to spend their afternoons at golf by reason of superabundant funds is strictly limited. The workless hordes are not supposed to possess the obolus that procures admission to vaudeville and film theater. Night workers as a rule prefer sleep to excitement. The farther one delves into the problem of the origin and habits of the million men who pay for their siesta every afternoon, the deeper becomes the mystery that surrounds the real American leisure class.



February Along the Coast Near San Diego

St. Valentine's month brings halcyon days to the Californian beaches. The occasional soaking storms of January have spread rich verdure above the sun-bathed cliffs and dunes, the quiet sea is green edged with white, and in the lush grass of the shoreward ravines appears the bravery of spring flowers. Through this winter miracle of green and gold runs a smooth highway, glistening with oil scattered from countless motor-cars. Less and less are flowers born to blush unseen, less and less is their fragrance wasted on the desert air!

The Three Captains

A War-Story of the Sea

By Henry C. Rowland

Author of: *The Kidnapping of Coline; The Apple of Discord; The Closing Net*

Illustrated by Louis Rogers

Captain Seagrave, of the freighter "Chester Maid," out of Liverpool, and Captain Cassel, of the German ship "Dantziger," have been friendly for years until lovely Else Müller comes to Callao and both mariners fall in love with her. Their relations have become strained already by the conflict in Europe. Shortly before they are to sail from Callao the rival captains bet each other a hundred pounds that neither will land his cargo in any home port during the war. Thereafter Captain Cassel employs Captain MacTavish, an adventurer, in a plot to overhaul the "Chester Maid."

III

IN the amethyst dawn the "Chester Maid," loaded to a depth which would have brought a frown to the face of a Lloyd's inspector, steamed slowly to sea and laid a course down the coast for the straits. Seagrave walked up and down the bridge with his springy, nervous step, pausing occasionally as the light grew stronger to study a certain house on the edge of the slope through his strong binoculars. His face was anxious but not unhappy and when presently in the swift rush of the tropic day there came the flash of white from an upper window of a cream-tinted villa he reached for the whistle pull and sent three long blasts roaring across the still waters. It is doubtful if the sound reached Else, for the breeze was off the land and the ship well in the offing, but she could see the snowy steam puffs against the azure sky and knew that her lover had seen her farewell wave and was sending her his *au revoir*.

For Seagrave had received his answer the night before and it had been all that the heart of a sailor could desire. It had come with a tropic flood of tears and a passionate embrace and such a generous surrender of a maiden heart as to bring the moisture to his eyes and a contraction in the muscles of his throat. As Else clung to him, held close in the clasp of his strong arms, she had sobbingly avowed that she loved only him and begged him to marry her at once and take her back with him. But this, though sorely tempted, Seagrave firmly refused to do. The dangers of the voyage were too great and he knew that good old Max Müller who liked and trusted him would never give his consent.

It was not entirely Seagrave's departure which had moved Else to this unconditional surrender. Cassel had called in the afternoon and the almost brutal insistence

with which he had urged his suit had left her frightened and repelled. There had been some quality in the gleam of the fierce Teuton eyes and a subtle undercurrent of cruel mastery which had driven into her with a violence almost terrifying. Perhaps she felt instinctively something of the danger which threatened the man she loved and whose wooing while ardent was never rough nor domineering. When Seagrave called later she had flown to him like a frightened child to a strong but tender protector and found her solace in his soothing caresses.

CASSEL, a gentleman and a man of honor despite his primitive instincts, had recognized his defeat and after the first violent outburst of passion had accepted it with a sort of gloomy though not sulky silence. He was laid out on too large lines for this to engender any violent hatred of his successful rival. At the same time, it did not make the execution of his plan any the more difficult. The chances are that his project had never been in any way fermented by his rivalry, either social or commercial, with Seagrave. Had the latter been a warm personal friend while at the same time an alien enemy to his country he would not have acted differently. His motives were as strong and simple as the man himself where his principles were concerned. First came duty to country, then personal ambition for the recompense of honor and distinction, and last of all pecuniary profit. In a dim, vague way God was supposed to superintend the

whole. Cassel was not an avaricious man and if at the completion of his hazardous undertaking he had been told that his country could at the present



Cassel covered the dark huddled figure, fired, and the man came down, quite dead



"I'll get you yet," growled Seagrave. "If not in this world, in the next"

crisis afford to reward him only with honors, he would have felt no sense of injury. He was what might be called a ruthless patriot. Country came first. Thereafter as the fortunes of war decreed.

IF there is such a thing as the prescience of ill (which seems thoroughly proven) certainly Seagrave was not clairvoyant these first days of his long voyage. He was naturally a little worried and anxious for the achievement of a successful voyage and the delivery of a cargo very precious at that moment. Although never having found Cassel sympathetic, Seagrave respected him and had a great respect for the man's strong and honest qualities. The French achieve by inspiration, backed by a certain hot enthusiasm; the English by stubbornness; the Germans are calculators, theoreticians. Seagrave, from his British point of view, reflected that Cassel, whom he regarded as a sound and prudent man and one of sane judgment, had been willing to bet him two hundred pounds (a considerable sum for a sea-captain to risk) that he would never get his ship to port, and esteeming Cassel's talent for calculation this fact gave him food for reflection. No doubt Cassel was thoroughly informed as to the marine warfare about the British Isles. His wager had been no silly pothouse bet made in the flush of partisan enthusiasm fomented by drink. No doubt British waters were sown broadcast with German mines and the seas thick with that abomination of sturdy seamen, the stealthy submarine, abhorred by all who are quite ready and eager to fight in the open, even though it be against heavy odds.

In the Great War, we read and hear constantly of the valor of soldiers and

sailors, and these histories most properly cause our hearts to expand. But not enough is published of the heroism of such folk as Seagrave and his crew who risk their lives in the supplying of the sinews of war with no means for striking a blow in defense. The dangers of the sea to be encountered by these strong hearts are quite enough to command our respect and admiration in times of peace; but when are added to the usual perils those of mines and submarines beneath the surface of the sea, destroyers upon it, infernal machines in coal or cargo, air-craft striking from above and extinguished lights upon the coast, the odds seem hardly worth the bet. And still the trade goes on and one seldom reads the names of these devoted souls who have made their run and fetched their port through the gauntlet of such terrors.

Cassel and MacTavish watched the departure of the "Chester Maid" a good deal as a pair of greyhounds in leash might watch the liberated hare. Their papers were in as perfect order as the high grade genius for trickery and intrigue of the flaccid-bodied but active-minded German consul could make them, and that was saying a great deal. The bales of rotten hides purchased at a nominal figure for the sake of masking the copper ore beneath were pouring into the "Dantziger" as fast as a double gang working at double wages could transport them from the sheds.

MACTAVISH, neatly uniformed by virtue of the hurried handicraft of an enterprising local tailor, whipped in his pack of sea wolves and led them aboard the "Dantziger" in excellent array. He ren-

dered skilled service to Cassel in the haste of loading the stinking hides and what with threats, cajoling and abuse, twenty-four hours after the departure of the "Chester Maid" the "Dantziger" had her hatches battened down over the pestilence of the hold and she put to sea. There was no farewell wave from the cream-colored villa on the slope of the hill, nor did Cassel examine it through his binoculars. Once clear of the land the "Dantziger," a fine modern ship and capable of her fifteen knots, laid her belly to the brine and surged down the coast in the groove left by her quarry. She wore no lights and Cassel, who seemed to find such an indulgence as sleep quite superfluous seventy hours after leaving port, sighted at dawn smoke dead ahead which he judged must issue from the single funnel of the "Chester Maid." Carefully calculating the relative speed of the two vessels he slowed his engines, for he desired to pass the "Chester Maid" at night. This he accomplished successfully, putting his prey abeam at a distance of about five miles near midnight and losing her lights toward the early dawn.

Cassel's iron discipline irked MacTavish's ill-set gang before the ship was two days out. Sea wolves as they were they could brook no restraining hand save that of the leader of the pack. In answer to his curt command one of this scum gave him a surly answer and Cassel felled the man with no sign of anger or emotion, continuing on his way to the bridge without so much as a backward glance. MacTavish observed the incident and smiled.

"You certainly have a way about you, Cassel," said he, as the German relieved him on the bridge.

"This is not the time to put up with insolence," replied Cassel curtly.

"Better keep your weather eye lifting," cautioned MacTavish. "I know that swine of old. He will get back at you if he has the chance."

"He shall not get the chance," said Cassel coldly.

THAT night as Cassel was walking the bridge something glanced past his head and struck into the teak rail with a humming jar. Cassel reached out his hand and found a long knife so deeply imbedded that it took a vigorous wrench of his strong wrist to dislodge it. He looked aloft at the foremast head where a lookout was posted, then drew an automatic pistol from his hip.

"Come down!" he rasped.

There was a snarl from the top. Cassel covered the dark, huddled figure, fired . . . and the man came down. He was quite dead.

"Throw him overboard," said Cassel, and these brief funeral rites observed he continued his promenade.

MacTavish appeared rather pleased than otherwise at Cassel's summary enforcement of discipline. It was precisely what he would have done himself under similar circumstances and besides, the little incident made him the beneficiary of a thousand marks.

"I'm glad he got it," said he to Cassel, in his well modulated voice. "I never liked the beggar nor trusted him. He jolly well needed a good lesson. Besides, it ought to have a splendid moral effect on the rest of the rotters. They have been inclined to look upon this business as too much of a lark."

"Discipline must obtain," said Cassel sententiously.

Nearing the entrance to the straits the "Dantziger" plunged into violent squalls of wind and rain. Cassel, to assure himself of MacTavish's ability as a navigator, had turned over to him the navigation of the ship, checking him up from observations of his own. He quickly discovered that he had to do with a master of his craft.

"You know your business," said he, briefly, to MacTavish, who thanked him with a certain irony which made Cassel regret the compliment.

GR^{EAT} plunging seas assaulted the "Dantziger" as she struck the currents where the oceans meet. Hauling in upon the land there came gusty flaws striking in from any quarter of the compass, but the surface of the water was sufficiently still.

"Here's the place to get him," said

MacTavish. "No swell and the nights as black as the vestibule of hell. We can slide alongside with our lights doused and take him in charge before he know's what's up."

"That is my plan," Cassel answered.

In their few days of intercourse there had developed an odd quality which was almost friendship between the two men. The cause of it was enlightening as a human document. MacTavish admired Cassel's iron discipline and inflexible purpose which took no heed of anything emotional which might have drawn the attention of another from the main objective. That which drew Cassel to MacTavish was the latter's gift of music. Oddly enough music was about the only thing which could stir Cassel and also repose him. He had a small Beckstein in his cabin and at sea he played almost every night, and he played well. But under the supple fingers of MacTavish this little instrument developed wondrous power. Cassel thought that he had never heard better music. He had, of course, but not at sea. The wild, fanciful improvisations of MacTavish led before his senses splendid thoughts of conquest and

would sneak aft and hang their lobeless ears over the cabin skylight while the little piano rippled or roared its inspired themes.

JUST within the straits the "Dantziger" hung waiting like a hovering kite. She did not anchor, for the water was too deep, but edged back and forth and about, twisted in the strong eddies and buffeted about by fierce random flaws until at night in the fickle blinding squalls of sleet and rain even Cassel sometimes found himself for a time bewildered. But MacTavish was never for a moment at a loss and Cassel, a man of theory and calculations to the accuracy of which he pinned his faith, was forced to admit that there was such a human attribute as instinctive sense of locality; the instinct of the hound and the gull, the seal and sea turtle, more accurate than formulae. He was too intelligent to deny the existence of this, but it opened new lines of thought as connected with his own profession. Hitherto he had ascribed this sense to mere local knowledge, such as might be found in the Trinity pilot or the humble hoveller. Yet here was MacTavish, who had never

made the passage of the straits, dreamily certain of the ship's position after all of these twistings and turnings, and the turbid, wind-swept dawn proving him to be correct.

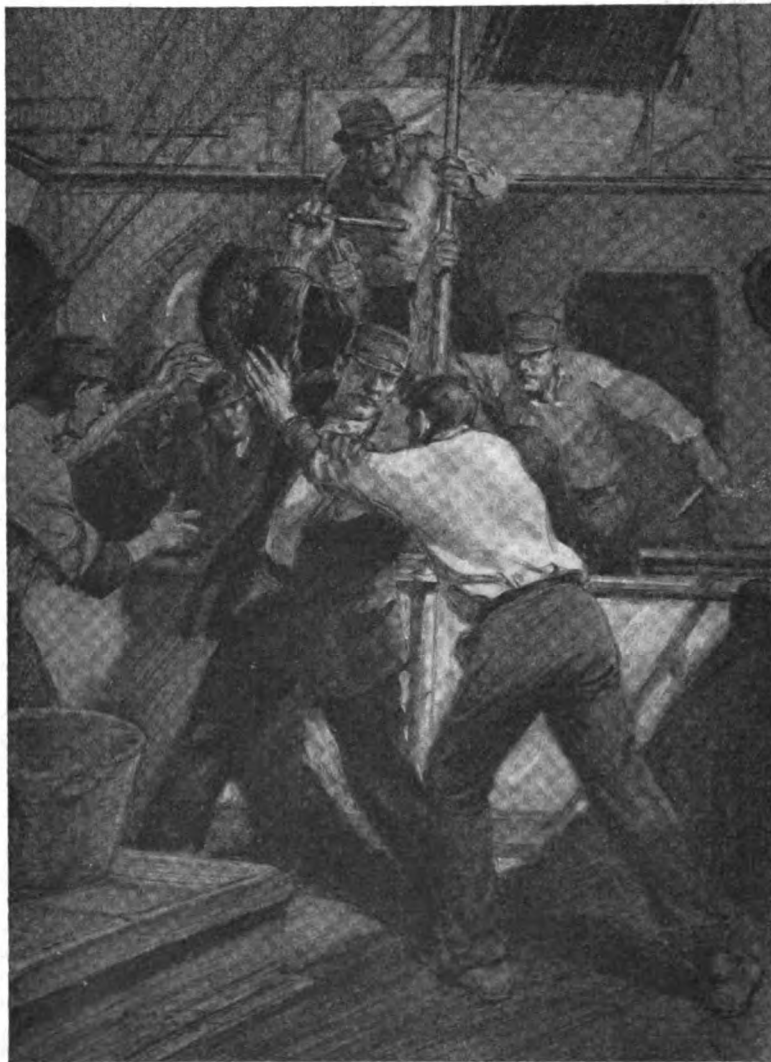
The first night in the straits Cassel feared that the ship was being sucked in on a high falaise of cliffs and wanted to sound a blast of the whistle to get the echo. But MacTavish stayed his hand.

"We're working off the cliffs, not onto them," said he. "What's the use of asking the policeman?" And Cassel allowed himself to be convinced.

The crew had been instructed in the parts which they were to play and choked with eagerness, like hounds in a leash. MacTavish suggested that in boarding the "Chester Maid" it would be preferable to take no prisoners.

"We might as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb," said he. "Somebody's bound to get scragged and prisoners are always a nuisance. Why not make a clean job of it? One of the beggars sent home to hell means the same thing to us as if we'd sent all hands on the same course. What?"

But for all of his stern resolve Cassel would not consent to this and he lost a little in MacTavish's esteem by insisting that the boarding party should be armed only with belying pins and



Cassel's men swarmed into the ship

power and even sensuous delights such as his work-a-day soul never indulged.

"Come down and play," he would say to MacTavish. Then the watch on deck

that there should be no needless loss of life.

"THAT means you'll have a blooming hospital ship," said MacTavish. "But you're the doctor and if you want to treat sore heads it's none of my funeral. I must say, though, I think you're making a big mistake. Most jobs like this fall down through lack of thoroughness. History proves it. If I were running the show I wouldn't leave a man to peach. The general orders to your troops in the field were to take no prisoners; then why the devil should you? You're acting under orders."

"This is different," said Cassel stiffly. MacTavish shrugged. "All right," said he indifferently. "Do it as you like. You're the doctor. But I'll tell you one thing, Cassel; if my jolly rompers slip their leashes when we lay her alongside there are bound to be some dead Chester Maids. They don't like Seagrave and his psalm-singers. No more do I."

He turned to the piano and began to sing a hymn through his nose, accompanying it with masterly improvisations. Cassel frowned. There was a blasphemous note in the music which offended him.

"Keep your men aboard the Dantziger," said he. "My crew can do what is necessary," and he turned on his heel.

MacTavish laughed and changed his theme to a dreamy fugue which wove itself into the wash of the sea and the drumming of the wind, chanting of dead men swirling in deep fields of algae and coral and which beat in Cassel's ears to produce a profound melancholy and destroy his brief hours of repose.

IV

CASSEL knew that Seagrave would time his approach so as to enter the straits before dawn in order to make the passage of the English reach in daylight. True to his reckoning the "Chester Maid" came pushing into the fairway when the night was stale and with the careful tread of a girl carrying her basket of eggs to market. It was very dark with gusty squalls and intermittent showers and Seagrave proceeded slowly and cautiously. He was no stranger to the place. MacTavish first sighted her.

"Here she comes," said he to Cassel; "bright as a liner."

The "Dantziger" was shrouded in the murk, her portholes covered by their deadlights. Those aboard her watched the "Chester Maid" eagerly as she shoved her way along about a mile away. Then, when well past, Cassel said to MacTavish:

"You put her alongside. I shall lead the boarders myself."

"Carry on, old top," said MacTavish lazily.

CASSEL would have preferred to handle his ship himself, but he did not trust MacTavish to board with his bloodthirsty ruffians. He well knew what carnage might follow and he wished to avoid bloodshed in so far as was possible. But he had seen enough of MacTavish's ability as a seaman to know that the ship could not be better controlled than under his cool and able direction. MacTavish took the wheel from the hands of the quartermaster and rang the engines ahead. Nobody aboard the "Chester Maid"

observed the stealthy approach of the "Dantziger" until she was very close. Then, a sudden rift in the flying scud disclosed her great bulk blotting out the foaming crests of the short chop and a startled hail came down from the mast-head lookout. The "Dantziger" was almost abeam and breasting in on her quarry and Seagrave, whipping his night glasses from the rack, recognized her immediately.

But more than that, he recognized her fell purpose. No lights, his own bright and the ship crowding into him. His swift seaman's sense told him that this was no careless blunder of the sea. Shipmasters are not careless in the straits, whatever they may be on the high seas, and Seagrave knew Cassel for an able mariner. In that instant he realized what was afoot, but there was no time in which to organize any defense. The heavy laden "Chester Maid," driving slowly into a strong head current, was like a squat pelican which has been a-marketing for her brood and homeward bound with her pouch of fish for the nestlings when she falls within the shadow of the swooping kite. Seagrave examined the "Dantziger" for a brief instant, then said quietly to his quartermaster:

"Hard-a-port—hard down!"

THE order was promptly executed, as were all orders aboard the "Chester Maid," no matter how quietly issued, for Seagrave abominated stampings and roarings about his ship. In this moment he saw that Cassel meant to lay him aboard and he was able to imagine why. This friendly proceeding he determined to thwart by the simple maneuver of ramming and sinking the "Dantziger." Could he swing his ship in time the heavy laden "Chester Maid" would bite into the German ship like a knife into the plump cheek of an apple.

Had any other than MacTavish been conning the "Dantziger" it is probable that she and her valuable copper ore and stinking hides would have been a votive offering to His Marine Majesty Neptune within the following half hour, possibly tearing the bows off the "Chester Maid" and dragging her also to the port of missing ships. But the instinct which had many times saved MacTavish in moments of stress did not desert him now. He anticipated Seagrave's desperate maneuvers, feeling that it was precisely what he would do himself under the same conditions, and before the deep-laden and sluggish "Chester Maid" had started to swing in on him MacTavish crowded down his helm. The "Dantziger" was approaching the other vessel obliquely and had therefore to turn in a greater arc, but her speed was greater, she was not so deep and responded more quickly to her wheel. The only other alternative to save her from destruction would have been to starboard her helm (for she was approaching the "Chester Maid" on the latter's starboard side) and ram her.

CASSEL, as he heard the sudden rattle of the steam steering-gear and saw that the "Dantziger" was swinging off, did not for a moment know what to make of it and was about to rush for the bridge when he saw that the "Chester Maid" was swinging in the same arc. Then he realized Seagrave's purpose and also the swift and

accurate intuition of MacTavish. The maneuver was not executed a moment too soon, for even as it was the "Dantziger" did not get quite clear and the bluff bows of the "Chester Maid" struck her a glancing blow just abaft the beam; in the midriff, as one might say, and she lurched and staggered under the grinding contact. Two minutes sooner and her plates would have sprung and buckled and possibly she might have filled and sunk. Even as it was both plates and frames were badly strained.

MacTavish stopped his engines, and as the "Chester Maid" forged forward rubbing sides with her enemy, Cassel and his swarm of boarders poured over the rail and invested the ship like terriers in a rabbit warren. Cassel himself rushed forward for the bridge, where he encountered Seagrave plunging down in quest of a weapon, for he was quite unarmed. He recognized Cassel in the murk and drove at him with his fist, but the powerful German parried the blow with his thick, muscular arm and as Seagrave pitched forward his forehead met the belaying pin in Cassel's grip. There was the crunch of iron on bone and the British captain went down like a slaughtered steer. Cassel had not struck; he had merely thrust forward with his weapon. Otherwise Seagrave's skull would have been crushed like an egg.

THE fight was brief. The crew of the British ship, unarmed and taken by surprise, had no chance to resist. Cassel's men swarmed into the ship and from below came the sound of muffled bellowings. In five minutes' time the vessel with her valuable cargo was in the hands of the enemy.

Cassel lost no time in proceeding with his project. Seagrave and his crew were imprisoned in the forepeak under an armed guard. Both vessels had stopped and were fast to each other. Cassel and MacTavish held a short consultation.

"She's making a little water," said MacTavish, referring to the "Dantziger." "I guessed what the blighter would try to do and tried to swing off but was a bit too late."

"Your handling was masterly," said Cassel. "A moment later and he might have sunk us. Do you think that she is badly strained?"

"Can't say," MacTavish answered. "The blow was a glancing one, but pretty heavy. However, I don't believe there's much damage. She may leak a little, but no doubt the bilge pumps can handle it."

Cassel waited long enough to assure himself that this was the case, then in the gusty dawn went aboard the "Chester Maid" and the two ships proceeded on their voyage. Cassel cared humanely for the prisoners, sending his steward with dressings and brandy for the wounded and a bed for Seagrave. Before parting with MacTavish he had said:

"Of course I realize, MacTavish, that you can sell me out to the English if you like, but I must say that I think you have more sense. Such a step could not possibly profit you. England is not like France or Germany. She settles old accounts before considering new ones. It would not do you much good to be hanged for piracy and murder and then have a statue erected to your memory as a

(Continued on page 86)

Interesting Westerners

THERE is not a town of any size on the Pacific Coast in which "Miss Spokane" has not appeared in her quaint Indian costume as the ambassador of the capital of the Inland Empire, nor a community in the nation which has not been presented with her picture.

Six years ago the Spokane Chamber of Commerce decided that the city should have a symbol to be used in "booster" campaigns, and out of a number of designs submitted chose one of an Indian maiden as most fitting for the Indian name, Spokane. Then, said somebody, how splendid would it be to have a beautiful young lady as a living symbol! A committee of judges selected Miss Marguerite Motie as having the type of beauty best adapted and from that time she has been known always as "Miss Spokane." She has traveled many, many thousands of miles to represent the city at the Portland Rose Carnivals, conventions and fairs; and where she has been unable to go, as in the far East and South, thousands of her pictures have gone in her stead. The merchants of Spokane, when they mail orders to other parts of the nation, enclose a print on which is the wording: "Miss Spokane invites you."

On her first journey to a neighboring city the president of the Seattle Chamber

of Commerce proposed to "Miss Spokane" in Indian love words and proffered her a totem ring of gold; she accepted, and is now "betrothed" to the great western city of her state.

Twenty true Indian braves from the Glacier National Park acted as her personal escort on her special train to California, adopted her into their tribe and gave her the name "Itsatapiaka," which means: "She is an Indian girl."

ALVIN E. DYER.



AWAITING the Government's final action in regard to the widely discussed Alaska coal situation, the eyes of the public naturally turn to the man on whose report depends the equitable division into leasing units of those lands under consideration.

From among the very best mining engineers of the United States, George Watkin Evans was selected by the Department of the Interior for this important and extremely difficult commission. After a summer spent in the Bering river coal fields he is now in Seattle at work on his report, upon which the Government will base its own reservations in that field and outline the leases so that every lessee will get a square deal.

Mr. Evans is a man of forcible yet engaging personality—athletic in appearance and not yet forty years old. His rapid advancement in his profession is considered phenomenal, since he is purely a product of the West, and starting out at the bottom, worked his way, absolutely without help from any one higher up.

He was born in Abercarne, South Wales, in 1876. For several generations his people had followed coal mining in that country, but in 1880 his father, Watkin Evans, moved the family to America. After several years' wanderings among the various coal mining sections of the eastern states the Evans family finally settled at the Franklin mine near Seattle, Washington.

George Watkin Evans followed in the footsteps of every other coal miner's boy, and began his career, at the age of twelve, in the Franklin mine. He oiled cars, drove a mule and tended the doors that control the air currents in a mine. He carried chain on surveys, and as he grew older took up the regular tasks of the coal miner. For six years he labored at the mines, without thought of educational advantages; though unconsciously he absorbed an understanding of the working man's point of view and built up a fine physique. When seventeen years old he suddenly decided to become a mining engineer. The environment was not at all conducive to educational advancement, but young Evans had heard the inspector of mines casually mention a correspondence school, so he wrote for their course in mining engineering. Then began the busiest period of Mr. Evans' very busy life. From seven in the morning till six at night he toiled at the coal mines. After



Miss Marguerite Motie, known pictorially to the world as "Miss Spokane," whose beauty is the official mascot of the Northwest



George Watkin Evans, mining engineer, sent to Alaska by the Department of the Interior to untangle the coal question—some job

a bath and supper he worked at his books every night till eleven, and on Sunday the entire day was devoted to his studies. As a result, by the time he was twenty-one he was ready to enter the State College at Pullman, Washington, although he had never been to high school and had spent very little time in public school. From Pullman he received the degrees of Bachelor of Science and Engineer of Mines; he was also past master in the art of managing his own family.

In 1912 it became necessary for important representatives of Canadian and German capital to secure the services of an American engineer to make an exhaustive examination of coal holdings in British Columbia. On the report of this engineer hung the fate of the Ground Hog anthracite coal field and several prospective railroads. It is noteworthy that Mr. Evans, a typical Western engineer, was selected for this work on the recommendation of Wall Street financiers.

In 1913 he took charge of the examination of the Matinuska coal fields in Alaska for the U. S. Navy, and completed that difficult work in a manner that not only won him the commendation of the Department at Washington but the hearty approval of all Alaskans, a combination hitherto unheard of in the history of the Alaska coal land tangle.

Mr. Evans is considered the foremost authority on Alaska coal, but in addition to his work for the Government in these fields he is now consulting mining engineer for the largest coal operating companies in the West.

FLORENCE B. WILLOUGHBY.



Young Fairbanks has studied from nature itself, his animal models posing for him in the Zoo



Avard Fairbanks, Utah's boy sculptor, who was in knickerbockers when fame came his way

A LITTLE less than five years ago a man well past middle age presented his credentials at the door of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City. His every move bespoke him a westerner. His credentials said he was an artist from Salt Lake who had been commissioned to make copies of some of the works of the masters in the museum. At his side was a boy in knickerbockers. The boy carried no credentials but, through the man, asked permission to make copies of some of the masterpieces of sculpture.

"We do not permit children to play in the museum," evaded the courteous attendant.

"But he doesn't want to play; he wants to work," replied the artist.

It took a lot of argument to get the twelve-year-old boy into the museum even long enough to demonstrate what he could do. Less than twenty-four hours later everybody about the institution apologized to the boy and the man. Within six months the boy was the talk of New York. He was heralded as a genius and recognition was accorded him by admission to exclusive art organizations that had never before honored one so young.

Within four years—yes, almost within

three years—the work of the youth met the exacting requirements of the National Academy of Designs, in New York, and of the Salon des Artistes Francais, in Paris. During the same period the boy completed ten pieces for exhibition at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, which thousands of people admired without a thought that they were the work of a boy in knickerbockers.

The boy was Avard Fairbanks of Salt Lake, Utah's boy sculptor; the artist was his father. Avard comes of an artistic family, but other than to watch his father and his brother occasionally between playtimes or on rainy days, Avard evinced little interest in art until he was twelve years of age. One afternoon at the end of about three hours' work Avard offered for inspection a clay likeness of his pet rabbit that created a stir in the Fairbanks household.

Shortly after his experience with "The Rabbit" Avard accompanied his father to New York and began to study in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Within seven months he had been awarded a special scholarship in the Art Students' League for his composition, "The Fighting Panthers." A second special scholarship was given him the next year for his models of "The Tiger" and "The Bear." At the age of thirteen he was the youngest sculptor ever admitted to membership in the Art Students' League and the youngest sculptor to have work accepted by the National Academy of Designs.

The youngster is an indefatigable worker. After receiving the scholarship in

the Art Students' League he discontinued his work at the Metropolitan Museum. During the evenings he attended a class at the league and each day between 9 and 4 he could be found modeling some animal at the Bronx Zoo. At odd times he pursued his common school studies and graduated from the eighth grade.

About two years ago, accompanied by his father, Avard set out for Paris. He stopped in New York about six weeks and while there made the statuette of "The Baby" and the model of the "Jersey Bull," which were accepted by the National Academy of Designs. Upon arrival at Paris he was admitted to the Ecole National des Beaux Arts to study sculpture and marble cutting upon submitting photographs of his work. But he was just getting well started in his work when war was declared and in order to get out of the country he was forced to abandon practically all the pieces he had done, and many of his personal belongings. Since returning to America he has continued his studies at Salt Lake.

O. J. GRIMES.

At a table in the Belgian section of the French Pavilion at the Exposition in San Francisco, every day for five months, sat Madame Jules Clerfayt, a San Franciscan and widow of a personal friend of Albert, King of the Belgians, who had died of worry over the fate of his mother of whose whereabouts, after the capture of Mons, he could never learn. Open before her was a book which she called the "Book of Gold" after the famous volume burned in the cathedral at Louvain. It was well named, for during the five months 2000 signatures represented \$6000 donated to the cause of Belgian relief. The "Book of Gold" is closed, but Madame Clerfayt is continuing her relief work at the exposition in San Diego.



Madame Clerfayt, widow of a personal friend of Belgium's king, engaged in relief work in California

TEN years ago Parsons Motanic, Cayuse Indian of the Umatilla reservation in eastern Oregon, was a savage so far as morals, religion and habits were concerned. The vices of the white man were the only part of civilization which he had absorbed. Today he is a successful and respected farmer, tilling his own land and renting land from other allottees, and, incidentally, riding about in his own six-cylinder automobile. He is more, too. He is one of the foremost religious workers among the three tribes of the reservation.

Motanic's life history has been a remarkable and interesting one. In his younger days he was an Indian Hercules, one of the greatest natural athletes the West has produced. Before the influence of the missionary had touched him and when the fire of youth was in his blood, he was the recognized leader of the wilder element of the young manhood of the Cayuses, Umatillas and Walla Wallas. None there was who could stand before him in a wrestling match, his fleetness of foot and strength of arm became traditional, and he had no peer among his companions in riding bareback the wild ponies of the plains or in executing with barbaric grace the weird steps of the Indian war dance. He owned several of the fastest racehorses on the reservation and was a reckless gambler. He drank the "firewater" of the white man and, altogether, was a wild, dissolute, roisterous but, nevertheless, handsome and romantic young brave.

In those days he was the idol of the younger Indians of both sexes. The young men emulated him and the maidens smiled upon him. It occasioned no wonderment when he married, after the tribal way, pretty Alice Pat-a-wa, the belle of the reservation. But Alice was as fickle as he and in a few years Motanic cast her off and took another wife. This fact would not be material in his life-story



Parsons Motanic, Cayuse Indian of eastern Oregon, farmer and religious worker, in his six-cylinder automobile

were it not that his second wife became one of the instruments of his redemption. She was a convert of Rev. J. M. Cornelison. One Sunday, following a protracted debauch, he attended church with her and received a moral kick from the sermon of the young missionary.

Since that time, nearly a decade ago, he has become one of the leaders in the reservation church. He has held nearly all of the offices and is now president of the temperance society among the red people. In his business dealings he is scrupulously honest and trustworthy.

Industrially his change was as complete. Where before he rented his allotment of rich wheat land and squandered his income in riotous living, he now farms his own land and that of some of his neighbors as well. Driving his car about his ranch or to and from the city of Pendleton, he offers a strange contrast to the Motanic of ten years ago dashing about on his Indian cayuse, such a contrast as would have awed his ancestors.

Motanic is a notable part of the affirmative answer to the question, Can the Indian become a good citizen?

MERLE R. CHESSMAN.



SOME thirty years ago in Flagstaff, Arizona, a schoolboy wrote on the flyleaf of a school book, "Henry F. Ashurst, United States Senator from Arizona." The next year this same ambitious lad aspired to be a page in the state legislature, but was defeated. To one of the legislators who refused to vote for him, he said: "I'll be back in a few years and elect some pages myself."



Ten years ago Motanic was a savage as to morals, religion and habits. These photographs are from the historic collection of Major Lee Moorhouse, Pendleton

Like many lively boys he wearied of the slow plodding along the conventional educational road, so at the age of fifteen he mounted a bronco and learned the use of rifle, rope and running-iron. After some months of combing the ridges and scouring the canyons he began to realize that one could not ride to a senatorial seat on a bronco.

So around the blazing campfire, while others were joking, smoking and telling stories, this earnest boy began to study the history of the United States and England. After four years of this life he graduated as deputy sheriff of Coconino county; thus at the age of nineteen he had passed the first mile-post of his journey.

After a term in the sheriff's office he became, in turn, hod-carrier and lumberjack. Then he went at the study of law. He was soon elected to the State Legislature, and became Speaker of the House at the age of twenty-five, being the youngest man ever elected to that position. Eleven years later, Henry Ashurst at the age of thirty-six had fulfilled the prophecy written in childish hand twenty-six years before.

L. A. LENFEST.



Henry F. Ashurst, U. S. Senator from Arizona, who believes in hard work. He was a hod-carrier and lumberjack before he got to the Senate

Life Can't Break You

By Winona Godfrey

Author of: *The Dancing Partner*

Illustrated by Arthur Cahill

Do you think Stephen should marry Zoe? Are the two of them just fools like a lot of others who take unreasonable chances or are they actually conscious of a divine right and the power to win out? This is a simple little story, on the surface. But what would you say to these lovers if they brought their problem to you?

STEPHEN burst into the tiny hallway blithely, the moment's popular ditty on his lips.

The song merged into a "Hello, everybody" as he entered the combination parlor, dining and bedroom of the four-room flat. Only his mother, looking in from the kitchen, responded with a smile, her face pink with the flush of exertion it wore most of the time.

Twenty-year-old Lewis, with a clubfoot, merely glanced up sardonically from his book. Peggy, fourteen, was setting the table sulkily.

"Have a good time?" asked his mother as Stephen washed his hands at the sink.

"Fine as silk!" He turned toward her eagerly, his lips parting as if some confidence pushed up for utterance. But he only smiled at her through the smoke of the frying chops and went back into the other room. He was happy, though, and the little song again slipped out:

"And when we're married, dear,
My dear, my dear, (he hummed)
Oh, when we're married, dear—"

"Thinking of getting married, dear?" Lewis mocked in the high, strident voice that always seemed the very instrument of his ill-nature.

"Maybe," Stephen replied lightly.

"Say, anybody'd have a crust bringing



Stephen burst into the tiny hallway blithely

a wife home here!" Lewis threw his book on the floor and glanced at his surroundings contemptuously.

Stephen winced and the light left his eyes like a lamp blown out. He did not reply, having long since learned that there was no profit in giving his brother the satisfaction of a retort.

MRS. DWIGHT set the meat platter on the table. "Did you cut the bread, Peggy? And call Ralph, please, dear."

Peggy flounced to the back door. "Ralph! You come in here! Ralph! you hear me? Supper's ready!"

She took her place at the table, her pretty, dark little face twisted in a sullen, childish passion.

"Where's Molly?" asked Stephen.

"She went out this afternoon," Mrs. Dwight answered nervously. "I hoped she'd be back by now—"

"Go with Tupper?" Stephen questioned.

"Yes." His mother looked at him apprehensively. Her thin face twitched a little.

"Dear Molly has swell taste in men," Lewis sneered. Then he looked at Stephen seriously: "The fellow's no good," he stated, a real anxiety replacing his jeer.

Ralph, a grimy, good-natured, tousle-headed urchin, here entered noisily.

Stephen did not reply to Lewis. That subject, too, was a family thorn. All his happiness of the afternoon was oozing from him. His face began to settle back into the resignation of daily grind and wrangle. Stephen's was a face strong and thoughtful beyond his years, with a refinement in it almost of the ascetic.



"Look at me, Steve!" cried Josie suddenly. "This is what getting married's done for me!"



humming "When We Are Married, Dear!"

He had been the head of this trying household since he was seventeen—since the night he had pushed his drunken father from the door, commanding in a boyishly trembling voice: "You just better not come back here! You better not come back at all!"

And Dwight senior, reeling away with a maudlin chuckle, had not troubled to come back.

So between them Stephen and his mother had endeavored to feed and clothe and educate after some fashion the four younger children. Yet now that Lewis and Molly were grown and both working, the task of keeping the family happily together seemed more trying than ever. They were intelligent, ambitious, high-spirited, the sort who bear poverty the most discontentedly, who chafe most against all limitations. The combined family purse was greater now but the demands upon it had increased disproportionately.

STEPHEN felt an unwonted bitterness against his lot sweep like a cloud across the hopeful happiness he had brought home. What had been the use of it all? He had worked so hard, tried so hard, denied himself so long, thinking only of these. His mother's face, patiently cheerful, was yet so worn, so wistful; discontent and callow cynicism sat only too patently on Lewis; even Peggy was always either in the clouds or the dumps; eighteen-year-old Molly, pretty and wilful, seemed in real danger of falling a victim to her inherited instability. There are few more sickening discouragements than these glimpses of the apparent futility of effort.

Stephen, who was above all his mother's

son, tried to throw off the depression.

"Didn't you go to your picnic, Peg?" he asked mildly.

"No," she snapped back.

Stephen glanced inquiringly at his mother. "Why, what was the matter? I thought you'd been planning all week for this Saturday afternoon."

"'Cause I didn't have a decent thing to wear." Her lip quivered. "Every girl in the class had a new white dress. D'you think I'd go in my old gingham!"

Perhaps she did not mean to gaze accusingly at her brother's new suit. With childlike egoism she did not realize how the buying of that suit had been put off to the last possible moment, could not guess how pathetic had been the young man's pleasure in it—that he might look his best today for *somebody*.

"Stevie's got a new suit," Ralph put in with unconscious impishness. "Is that goin' to be your weddin'-suit, Stevie?" He grinned in good-humored mischief.

"Ralph!" His mother's tone was unwontedly sharp. "Don't say such things. They're not funny."

Stephen changed color and his mouth set. "Not likely," he said grimly. Lewis's sneer rose to his lips: "Anybody'd have a crust to bring a wife *here!*" but he did not let it pass them.

Mrs. Dwight hastened to speak of some neighborhood incident and so maneuvered the conversation into safer channels.

THE family was just rising from the table when someone knocked, and Peggy, being nearest, opened the door to Josie Martin, her baby in her arms. Josie was not now more than twenty; the Dwights had known her long before she became the wife of young Will Martin, a clerk.

"Oh, hello, Josie, come in."

"No, I won't come in, thanks. I—car, I speak to you a minute, Steve?"

"Sure." Stephen advanced to the doorway, and then, surprised, followed the girl out into the hall as she retreated before him.

Josie had been a pretty girl of the rather fragile blond type, but she had faded quickly since her marriage. She was getting that dragged-out look, and sagged perceptibly under the year-old baby's weight on her hip.

"What's the matter, Josie?" Stephen was concerned by something tragic about her.

"Stevie, I wish you'd go down to Clancy's poolroom and see if Will is there. And if he's not there look into Joe's, will you? He's been gone all day." Her voice threatened to break.

"He has? Is he—drinking again?"

"I suppose so."

"Sure I'll go. Don't you want to stay here with mother awhile?"

"No, I'll go back. And you bring him home if you can, Steve."

Stephen got his hat.

"Let me carry the baby, Josie. He's getting so heavy. There's the boy!" She let him take the child and they went on down the stairs and out into the street in silence.

THE Martins lived a block away in two rooms on the second floor of a dingy three-story building. Stephen insisted on carrying the baby upstairs. Josie unlocked the door, and entering, they stood for a moment in the little front room.

Stephen did not look about him—he knew every object there; but as Josie laid the baby in its buggy something in the *atmosphere* of the place made his heart sink with a recurrence of that depression he had felt at home. He suddenly wished fiercely for the sight of something *new*, clean, fresh, unsullied—he was so sick of dinginess, shabbiness, makeshifts.

"How's Zoe?" asked Josie, turning back to him.

Stephen looked conscious, as a man does at mention of the name he is always thinking.

"She's all right."

"You and she going to hit it off?" There was a thoughtfulness in her tone, not mere curiosity.

"I don't know," he answered sadly.

"Say, look at me, Steve!" she cried suddenly in a low, harsh voice. "Would you do that to Zoe?"

He stared at her, startled, wondering.

"I'm a peach, now, ain't I! Look at me, thin as a rail, and a complexion like skim-milk, and I'm all dressed up in swell clothes, too, ain't I!"

"Why, Josie!" He was shocked, a little frightened by her intensity.



"Nobody could break my life, Stephen," said Zoe, "no, not even you. And love—" she paused

"This is what getting married's done for me!" She made a little passionate gesture that included herself and her surroundings. "This is the little paradise Will and me had all planned out. Grand, ain't it? and him off in some saloon somewhere."

"Aw, Josie, don't get discouraged. It'll come out all right. You'll feel better soon. I expect you're not very well—"

"You bet I'm not well. Feel like a rag all the time. Oh, but it's not that—say, how'd you like to see Zoe in this fix? Huh? All her peachiness gone. Would you like it? Say, would you?"

He stood, turning his hat in his hands, his eyes fixed on it. He did not want to look at her, to seem to take stock of her misery.

"I'm awfully sorry, Josie," he said hesitantly, "to see you—unhappy like this. What is it—just—just being poor that you mind so much? I—I've always thought that if you—if a person—*cared* enough—" He broke off.

"Just *caring* isn't enough." She was quieter now. "Or at least," she hesitated thoughtfully, "it's hard to *care enough*. I suppose if Will and me felt like we did at first—but we don't." Her voice fell drearily.

"You were out with Zoe this half-holiday, weren't you? Before we got married Will was always out with me, too. But you don't see him around now, you notice."

"I don't understand why," pondered Stephen. "Will's a pretty good fellow, he likes the baby, he still cares for you, Josie—"

"He don't care *enough*," she repeated dully. "Too much work and fuss and worry and not enough money or pleasure—people are only human, Steve. We're none of us saints willing to give up everything that's fun."

FUN? The word seemed to Stephen suddenly grotesque—pitiful, contemptible. But he understood.

"I suppose you care a lot for Zoe now," Josie went on.

"*Care!*" His voice was vibrant, his whole body suddenly tense, his hands clinched on his hat-brim.

The girl-woman beside him laughed mirthlessly. "God! ain't it a farce!" Then, "Aw, never mind, Stevie, I didn't mean to hurt you. I'm just in a bad humor tonight. You're an awful good boy, I know that. Go on, now, and see if you can find Will for me."

"Josie, I wish I could say something to cheer you up. You mustn't get blue like this. You and Will will come out all right. I'll find him—" He moved toward the door.

"It's awfully kind of you." She followed, her thin hand resting for a second on his sleeve as he reached for the door-knob. "And you—" Her wet blue eyes seemed trying to read his face—"you'll be good to Zoe, won't you, Stevie?" she whispered.

Stephen pulled his hat over his eyes as he descended to the street. He was shaken as sensitive men are by life in its nakedness—a woman dead, a child born, a man's agony, the dull little commonplace tragedies of everyday. He did not wish to look on these things. And he shrank even from the thought of them in connection with Zoe.

WILL was not at Joe's saloon; he was at Clancy's poolroom. He had been drinking but he was not drunk. He turned, surprised, when Stephen touched him on the shoulder.

"Why, hello, Steve. What you doin' here?"

"Looking for you." Stephen was in no mood for diplomacy. "I saw Josie just now and she said you hadn't been home to dinner."

"Oh." Will's face fell like a small boy's when he is made to give up stolen apples. "It's early yet—lord, it's only eight o'clock! Oh, well, I'll go."

He moved listlessly toward the door, Stephen following.

"Always the way," Will grumbled. "A fellow can't have a minute's peace. What's the awful difference if I don't come home once in a while?"

"Well," Stephen spoke mildly, "I guess Josie was a little worried. She's not feeling very well—"

"Say, don't get married, Steve, if you know what's good for you! If I'd known what I was getting into—"

"I thought you and Josie would get along fine," said Stephen.

"Aw!" Will slouched along dejectedly.

"This marriage business is all wrong for a kid like me. Why, Steve, I had no more business gettin' married than a two-year-old! I can't make enough for two people to live decent, workin' my head off! To say nothing of doctor's bills and all. Why, I'm just swamped—up to my ears—owe everybody. It's a great life all right!"

"You and Josie seemed to think so much of each other," said Stephen dully.

The scowling boy beside him laughed harshly, then thrust his hands deep in his pockets with a shrug of dejection.

"Oh, Josie's all right. And the baby—he's the smartest kid I ever saw, honest, Steve! But—why, say, I thought it was going to be me and Josie at her prettiest on one endless picnic! Fine! Only it's not a bit like that!"

"You'll come out all right, Will. Don't get discouraged. Everybody has some hard sledding some time or other. This is just kind of a—of a stage. You'll get past it."

"Oh, I'm not quittin'," said Will. "Of course I've got to stay with it. I got myself into it. Only—you stay out of it, Steve. You're out, stay out. Want to glue your nose to the grindstone? You've never had it so easy, with that family of yours; don't go and sidestep every chance you'll ever have."

"I wasn't thinking of gettin' married very soon," said Stephen.

"Well, you and Zoe seem pretty thick. Just don't get a notion that she can give you a ticket straight through to heaven, that's all."

Stephen did not think it worth while to reply, and they walked the last block to Will's place in silence.

"Come in?"

"No, thanks, I guess not tonight."

"Well, so long."

"Goodnight, Will."

STEPHEN walked on alone. His heart was heavy, his thoughts bitter. He did not deny to himself that he had thought Zoe *could* "give him a ticket straight through to heaven." He did not deny thinking the only weariness was this waiting until his family could care

for themselves a little more. He had been patient in the hope that Molly would get married to some decent fellow, Peggy be able to do something for herself, Lewis help more with Ralph and their mother. When was this likely to happen?

The spring went out of his step, his head was bent. And it seemed after all that this was not the great part. *Zoe!* What was he going to do to *Zoe?* Little delicious ways she had come to him making his throat ache with tenderness for her. To see Zoe become like Josie—drab, worn, unhappy! He could not bear that—he could never bear that. Ah, but he was not Will. He *cared—enough*, oh, surely enough. The wonder of her would never stale to him! The fine white fire of his passion never burn out! Will had thought that, too, perhaps. Stephen looked up at the stars. Did life, then, never blossom in happiness, did love never fulfil its promises?

He had never thought definitely of these things before. Men as a rule, he guessed, didn't. They never thought about what they were going to do to a woman. That phrase of Josie's stuck in his mind: "*Would you do this to Zoe?*"

What did it mean? Just that men were cruel? And yet it wasn't that Will really *meant* to do that to Josie. He thought of his mother, and something deep in him writhed at that thought of her. What a life she'd had! He recalled her as she had smiled at him across the cooking dinner that night, pain-scarred, toil-worn, but smiling, tender-eyed, words like these always on her lips: "Well, son, I wouldn't worry. It'll be all right; we're not so bad off. You're such a good boy to me, Stevie." Did he want *Zoe* to be like that? Yes, and no—no—no!

NOW he was at Zoe's door. Zoe kept her house with two other girls in a tiny apartment. The two were out now, and Zoe opened the door to him.

"Hello, Stephen."

"Hello."

"You're late, aren't you?"

"Yes, a little." He did not offer to kiss her, to touch her. The shadow of thought was still deep on his strong face and the boy seemed gone from it.

Zoe closed the door behind her.

"What's the matter? Anything wrong?"

He stood looking at her for a moment, unanswering. Zoe was not only pretty. She was something much more attractive. She had earned her own way since she was fifteen and she was now twenty-two. There was an air alert and capable and distinctly city-bred about her. She was one of the few women who can inspire real emotion—the merely shallow are always afraid of such women. And even in those rare moments when she was nearest abandonment she seemed never wholly won. As Stephen looked at her he unconsciously drew himself up and lifted his chin even while his spirit fell prostrate in worship.

Her breath quickened at what she saw in his eyes. She leaned back against the door she had just closed. The perfection of her body in its simple close-fitting dress stood out against the dark wood like a wonderful bas-relief.

"What's the matter?" she repeated with that half-whimsical carelessness

(Continued on page 72)

Skinning the Land Grant Bear

A New Problem in Advanced Conservation is Turning Oregon's Hair Gray With Worry

By S. Dike Hooper

LET'S take it away from the Octopus," said Oregon ten years ago. That was during the days when Tom Lawson and Charles Edward Russell filled the literary firmament with the effulgence of blood red and sulphur yellow light. The thing to be taken away was the Oregon and California land grant inherited from the original grantees by the Southern Pacific railroad. Railway ownership of the two and a quarter million acres stifled development, said Oregon, kept settlers away and retarded growth. "Railroad ownership must go!" became the popular slogan.

Washington responded to the cry. It took its trusty gun and went out after bear. Suit was brought. The government won a partial victory. It was decreed by the Supreme Court that the railroad was not entitled to more than two dollars and a half an acre in accordance with the conditions of the original grant. Great was the rejoicing—for one fleeting moment.

Now Oregon is scratching its ear and wondering what in tarnation it shall and can do with the skin of the land-grant bear. Not a few people in Oregon would be mighty glad if the status quo ante were restored, if the grant had not been dissolved at all. These people wear the railroad collar. They are comprised principally of taxpayers in seven counties of western

you see, the moment an adverse decree was handed down in 1912, the railroad refused to pay any more taxes on the land in dispute. Immediately the revenues of the affected counties took a slump. To many of them the loss of the grant-land taxes was a most serious blow. Take Lane county, for instance.

This county is almost as large as the whole of Connecticut. It has to maintain 3000 miles of roads, a full set of courts, high and low, the usual complement of county officials and a comprehensive system of grammar and high schools. The cost of all these necessities has to come out of the

earnings of 37,360 men, women and children.

In Lane county the railroad owns 300,000 acres. The taxes assessed against this land and remaining unpaid since 1912

In Douglas county it is even worse. The 1915 county tax levy is almost \$500,000; if the railroad land paid its annual taxes, the county's income would be nearly \$600,000. The successful attack on the land grant has cost Douglas county almost twenty per cent of its annual income, over a quarter of a million since 1912.

The land-grant bear has been wounded by the judicial bullet. What shall be done with the skin, with the two million acres of timber land?

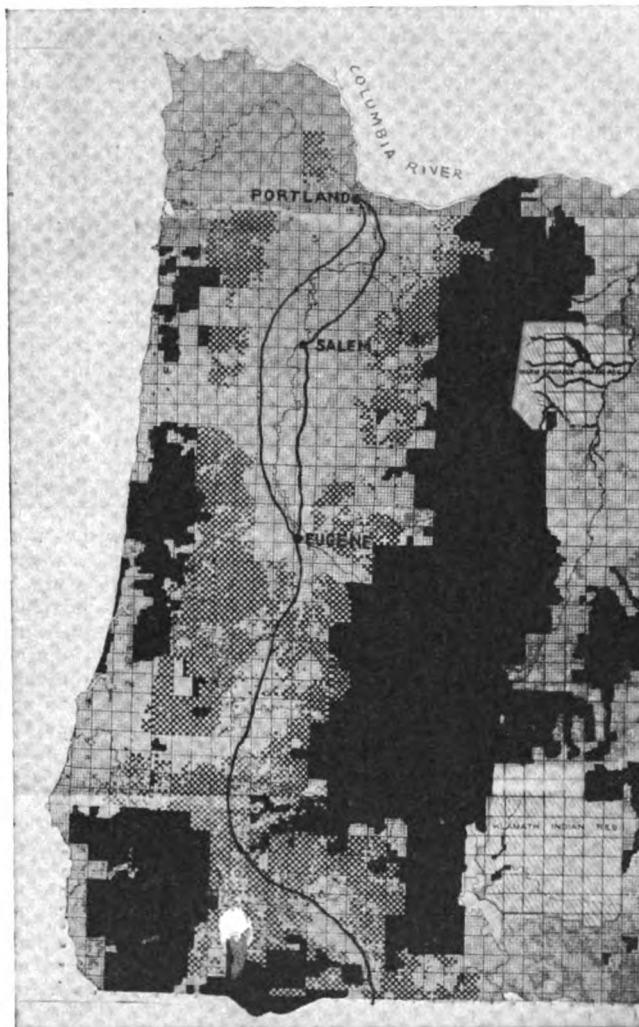
That's easy, you say. Turn it into a National Forest and let the Forest Service run it.

At once there arises a loud wail of protest from Oregon. They plead with you on bended knees not to do that. It's the last thing they want. And the reason is obvious.

HALF of western Oregon's surface is within the National Forests, and the National Forests pay no taxes whatsoever to state or county. Adding the grant lands to the National Forests would merely increase the area of tax free property. Look at the accompanying map to see what that means.

What, then, shall be done with the skin?

Congress will have to answer that question. It has been bombarded with reams of petitions, prayers, resolutions and memoranda suggesting fifty-seven ways of solving the problem. In September, 1914, Governor Withycombe of Oregon called a conference to discuss the question. Commercial interests, the counties, labor, the lumber interests were all represented. With one voice the conference went on record as favoring the settlement and continued taxation of the grant. That the lands be not embraced in the National Forests, that they be kept upon the tax rolls, and that in some manner they be opened to settlement and development in so far as consistent with their physical character, was the substance of practically every one of the various plans suggested. There were differences of opinion as to the best manner of bringing



This is a map of Oregon's western half. The solid black areas are the National Forests. They pay no taxes. The light cross-hatched areas are Indian Reservations. They pay no taxes. The black squares in the checkered areas are railroad grant lands. They used to pay taxes. They don't now. This map explains why the counties of western Oregon do not want an increase in the untaxed area within their borders. It is a most illuminating map which should be studied by Eastern arm-chair conservationists

now total \$96,230. There is no hope of obtaining anything but an infinitesimal fraction of this amount, and in future the railroad will contribute only a pittance to the county exchequer.

these things about, but right there all differences vanished.

The case at issue is of such paramount importance to the proper development of the Pacific Northwest, and so little understood outside of Oregon, that a brief résumé of the early history of the case seems justified.

As early as 1861 there was agitation in Congress for a land grant to encourage the construction of a railroad from Portland, Oregon, to California. This agitation finally took the form of a proposed amendment to the Union Pacific Bill, which passed July 1, 1862, though the amendment was lost.

In 1865, the year that marked the close of the war and the commencement of the era of expansion all over the country, the passage of the Oregon and California land grant of 4,000,000 acres became certain. With the spoils virtually within sight there arose all manner of conjecture as to what group of capitalists would take home the bacon. As Oregon's three representatives in Congress fell into a violent squabble over the division of the spoils, Congress relieved them of the problem by attaching to the bill an eleventh-hour amendment which provided that such of the grant as fell within the boundaries of Oregon would go to the corporation designated by the state legislature of Oregon. The passage of this bill, on July 25, 1866, was the signal for one of the most picturesque exhibitions of graft and chicanery that ever occupied the Northwestern portion of the national stage.

The first bidder for the plunder was the Oregon Central Railroad Company, organized and dominated by the late Joseph Gaston, which filed articles of incorporation with the Secretary of State on October 6, 1866. The instant these articles had been recorded the originals were taken from the Secretary's office by Gaston, and rushed to the legislature, which was then in session, where they were placed in friendly hands for action. The whole affair was handled so expeditiously that just four days later the legislature passed a bill recognizing the Oregon Central Railroad Company as beneficiary under the terms of the Congressional Grant. With this asset as a basis for his operations, Gaston experienced little difficulty in interesting the foremost bankers and capitalists of the Northwest in his projected railroad. On November 23 the articles were returned to the office of the Secretary of State.

Gaston and his associates were jubilant. The ice was smooth and their skates were ground to a fine edge. With the grant in their pockets they turned their attention to the important matter of the route. They decided on the *west* side of the Willamette valley along the line of the present Portland, Eugene & Eastern, recently completed by the Southern Pacific Company as far as Eugene. This decision was received by citizens along the proposed route with great rejoicing—which was rather premature, considering the things that befell the road and its backers.

A PRECOCIOUS young man employed in the office of the Secretary of State evolved the idea that the Gaston articles of incorporation, having been removed from the office after filing, were not legally recorded. Acting on this assumption,

and undoubtedly with legal advice, he and two of his friends very quietly organized another "Oregon Central Railroad Company," a corporation identical in name with the Gaston company. Their articles of incorporation were secretly spirited into the office of the Secretary of State and inconspicuously placed on record. The second company selected a route on the east side of the Willamette valley, through Salem, the state capital.

When it was found that there were two claimants for the land grant, the uproar dwarfed all other state issues. The Gaston company based its claim on priority and justice; the Salem company was strong for regularity of procedure. On its side it had a tremendous public sentiment in the capital and other east side cities ignored by the route of the Gaston road.

As the fight progressed the feeling on both the east and the west sides became intensely bitter. The three originators of the east side road were soon shouldered aside, leadership was assumed by the most powerful men in the state. These new leaders took up the fight with resourcefulness and great vigor.

The case was carried into the courts and the original company, which had commenced actual and feverish construction on the west side, was declared the rightful beneficiary. Nothing daunted, the east side company began construction at an equally prodigious rate of speed. How its management hoped to complete the road without the grant as a basis for credit is a mystery.

At that stage of its development the Willamette valley could not support two railroads, and neither company possessed the necessary strength to crush the other. The time was ripe for a new leader to bring the rival factions to their senses, and Ben Holladay came to the front. With the shrewdness that afterwards won him distinction in railroad affairs, he measured the political strength of the two roads, determined which route was most feasible and went to the legislature of 1868 with a proposal that it repudiate its former action, as having been taken under false representations, and designate the east side company as the rightful beneficiary. To the consternation of the Gaston interests the legislature lent a willing ear to Holladay's arguments and granted his request, freezing out the Gaston company completely.

Had the terms of the original grant been adhered to, the present complex situation would have been averted. The original grant required an acceptance of its terms by the beneficiary within one year of its passage by Congress. The Gaston company had filed such acceptance, and it now devolved on Holladay to procure from Congress an extension of time to enable his company to do likewise. To accomplish this he delegated John M. Mitchell, a young attorney who afterwards became United States senator, to present his case to Congress. Mitchell obtained the extension, but had to accept an amendment in the form of a so-called "Settlers' Clause" which specified that the land was to be sold only to actual settlers in parcels not exceeding 160 acres at a maximum price of \$2.50 per acre. This amendment resulted from a change in the attitude of Congress toward rail-

road companies in general rather than toward the lands, which were still regarded as of small value.

The required extension, with the troublesome clause appended, was passed by Congress April 10, 1869. It has been the railroad company's disregard of this clause that precipitated the recent litigation and saddled Congress with a problem that is severely taxing its patience.

ON Christmas day of '69 the first twenty-mile unit of Holladay's road was completed. This was properly regarded as a great achievement and enthusiastically celebrated. It required all of Holladay's financial and executive genius to interest Eastern capital in a road through a country which was commonly regarded as a howling wilderness. The completion of this unit meant formal recognition from the Department of the Interior and the commencement of issuance of patents to the railroad company for the grant lands. To avoid confusion with the west side line, the name of the Holladay road was changed to the Oregon and California Railroad Company; it is this company, the stock of which is all owned by the Southern Pacific Company, that is the owner of the grant today.

Just as things looked most propitious for Holladay and his associates, the country felt the first symptoms of the financial crisis of the early seventies. Holladay managed to hold things together, but his west side competitors went to pieces and by salvaging their wreckage he increased his already heavy burdens. Progress was slow. Only by squeezing every town on the line for heavy subsidies did he manage to complete the west side line 42 miles to McMinnville and the east side road to Roseburg, a distance of 198 miles. At these points both lines were overtaken by the panic of 1873. Construction ceased. Holladay found himself a ruined man. The holders of the bonds he had floated took over both properties and operated them until 1880.

Turning their attention to the grant, they commenced to sell off the lands. They soon realized, however, that the "Settlers' Clause," which Congress had tacked on as a condition of the extension granted to Mitchell, was not going to work out at all to their satisfaction. As though to question the sincerity of Congress on this subject they proceeded to put through a few sales in direct violation of the terms of the Settlers' Clause. This was in 1872, and the details of these sales, including the amount received by the railroad company in excess of \$2.50 per acre, were reported to Congress with all regularity. There appears no record of a single voice raised in protest. Quick to recognize the tacit consent of Congress, the company began selling grant lands in tracts larger than the stipulated acreage, and to other than actual settlers. Several such sales were recorded in 1874. Neither the Department of the Interior nor Congress seemed to have any objections to these sales.

Up to and including 1885, when the Southern Pacific Company acquired a controlling interest in the O. & C. Company, land sales were being constantly made in utter disregard of the conditions imposed by the Settlers' Clause. And for emphasis let it be repeated that

(Continued on page 82)



The Home in the West



CONDUCTED BY LILLIAN FERGUSON

The House of Not Much Trouble

Exterior Stucco, Its Economy and Plastic Possibilities

THE classic beauty and evidence of artistry which may be hand-modeled into the exterior of an inexpensive house with the stucco type of construction is not equaled by any other method of low-cost building. With the plastic possibilities of this material, architectural beauties of line and color that for generations have been the Mecca and the masterpieces of the artistic world may, under the atmospheric alchemy of Western blue and gold, become the inspiration for a thrifty workman's cottage or the model for a moderate priced suburban business building. Unfortunately, however, for the many whom inclination and circumstance would lead to adopt this method of building, it has had the serious drawback of being somewhat deficient in durability. This fault has undoubtedly caused many decisions in favor of otherwise less desirable forms by those contemplating building. There are, to be sure, a few fairly satisfactory examples. These, however, are due to exceptional skill and care in design and construction.

The trouble arises primarily from a cause which is very much like the proverbial irresistible force acting in opposition to an immovable body. Wood will not form a bond or union with plaster—and cannot be made to do so, or to submit to atmospheric changes in like manner or degree. With metal lath and plaster construction, any movement of the frame underneath caused by shrinkage or dampness always causes visible and serious defects, because the surface is simply a thin, brittle sheet covering the lath and the clinch, which constitute the principal thickness of the stucco.

ANOTHER source of trouble is that ordinary stucco is always regarded as plaster, the material is more or less plaster, and it is applied like plaster. All of these points must be avoided to secure permanency in exterior work, and the following description will help to enable those favoring this style of architecture to secure that much desired result.

This method, as outlined here, will produce a stucco that is, in effect, a solid sheet of reinforced concrete, not depending for support upon lath, nor even entirely upon the frame of the building.

To begin with, let us assume the position that we are not plastering a wall with a coating—we are going to build a practically separate exterior covering for the

framework. In sheathing the building it is not necessary to join edges. A space of two or even three inches may be left open. Then cover with a good quality of building paper. Instead of the usual furring strips use pieces five-eighths by three-quarters, nine inches long, nailed on perpendicularly ten inches apart, and arranged in staggered formation. Instead of metal lath use twenty-two gauge galvanized chicken wire stretched on tight. The stucco material must be a first-class concrete mixture of about two and one-half to one, three-quarters of an inch thick and put on in one coat. It may afterward be dashed or otherwise finished, as desired.

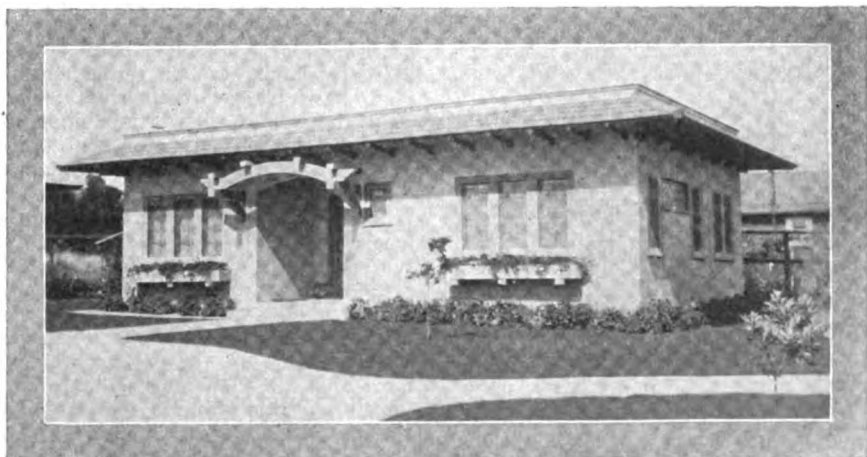
NOW comes a very important part of the work in the application. Instead of beginning at the top, in the usual manner of plastering, begin at the bottom and build upward, using the material as wet as possible. By applying in this manner the compression of its own weight causes the concrete to settle into a solid sheet of great density and hardness, with the chicken wire completely embedded near the center, forming an ideal reinforcement.

With a coat or two of good cement waterproofing at the start, a wall of this kind ought to last a hundred years. The Bungalow Court Dwellings described in this article were constructed in this manner in a suburban portion of Los Angeles and are thoroughly satisfactory. For the

exterior wall the cost to the contractor was thirty per cent less per square yard than the lowest price obtainable for the regular metal lath stucco. In this case the surface is not waterproofed.

IN contemplating the design for this court, which consists of six detached bungalows and a garage with divisions for four cars, the problem was to provide for the maximum of comfort, privacy and sanitation in the minimum space—and in a fundamental way that would, for a long time to come, prevent them from becoming obsolete. The total outside dimensions of each house are twenty by thirty-six feet, and from the floor plan and photographs, with some guidance from the text, readers can easily analyze how the conveniences of a five- or six-room house are condensed into this space with successful results. The longest measurement forms the front, and with the recessed entrance porch, red-tiled visor or eaves and sand-colored walls, gives an effect of substantial dignity and pleasant color harmony.

A valuable feature of privacy is the entrance hall which separates the house into units and provides convenient accessibility under all ordinary conditions. Though a house of this size is of course primarily intended for a small family, three beds may be used when necessary. The oscillating bed-closet of the living room is fitted as a dressing room, adding much to the general independence and



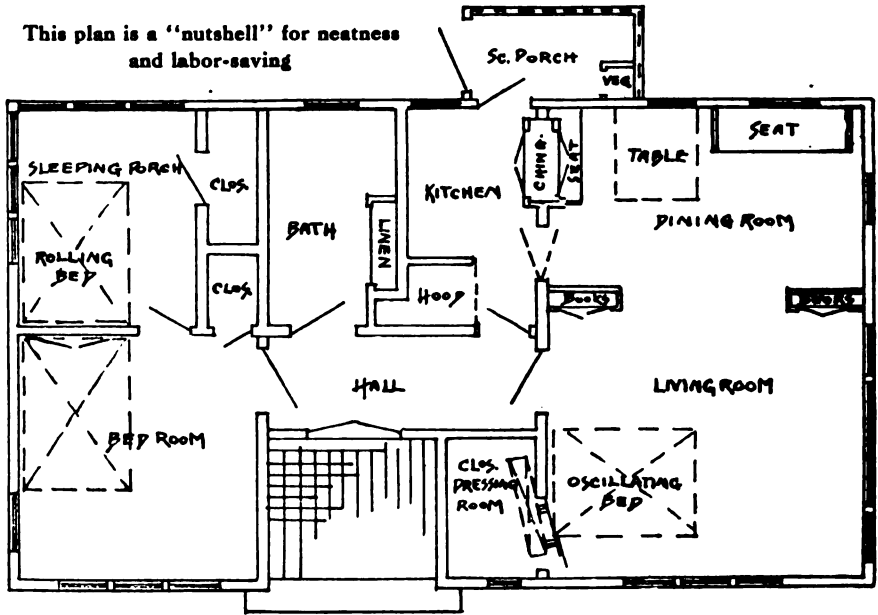
The total outside dimensions are twenty by thirty-six feet, and the conveniences of a five- or six-room house are condensed into this space

convenience. In the bed-room a low rolling bed travels through the panel doors into the sleeping porch, so that it may be used in either room. Of course another ordinary bed may be added to this equipment, leaving the rolling bed permanently in the porch.

A piano window in the living room and book-cases with columns to the ceiling dividing the living and dining rooms are, of course, ordinary features used in larger houses, and not omitted here. The china cabinet opens through to the kitchen and underneath is a movable bench seating two persons. A movable seat for three placed under the rear dining room window can be moved to face the square dining table indicated between the two seats. This arrangement makes dining chairs unnecessary, though if they should be preferred, the table may be moved nearer to the center of the room.

A FIREPLACE was omitted from these houses, but may be used in addition to, or instead of the floor furnace. A special feature of the interior is the entire absence of window sills, moldings and dust-catchers generally. This effect is further enhanced by substituting lighter and narrower window and door casings for the needlessly heavy ones in general use. This adds materially to the apparent size of the rooms and is harmonious with the exterior design.

The kitchen is very compact, with stationary tub next to the sink, having a re-



movable cover which forms the drain-board. A drop table is built under the china closet and it also serves to hold the ironing board. The cooling closet, while placed next to the hood, has been found in practice to be as satisfactory here as any other location. An extra cooler for vegetables and an ice-box are provided on the screen porch.

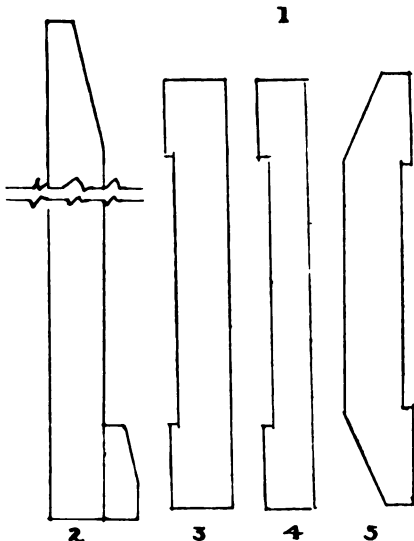
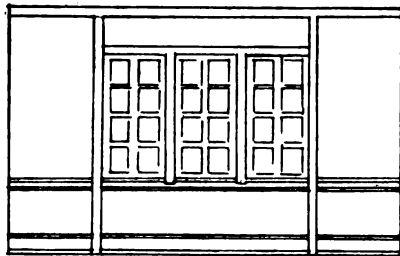
Latent economical tendencies exist in all of the structural features we have mentioned. The exterior concrete shell should need little, if any, attention for decades. A smaller quantity of the interior trim is required than with the usual routine of finishing and the straightforward lines and absence of unnecessary detail and material are aids to efficiency, both during construction and always afterward.

With this little "near concrete" House

of Not Much Trouble some simplification of daily life is easily attainable, while at the same time visitors may be made welcome without an undesirable intrusion of the intimate family arrangements.

TO make one step accomplish something that required two steps before—to build a house where no steps at all are needed to preserve, here and there, more than accustomed neatness, seems a helpful accompaniment to the "Westward Star of Empire." And any release from household care is, perhaps, especially welcome in the West, where Nature's beckoning smile is always bidding us to come out into the vast sun-vaulted treasure house of Mother Earth and replenish our store of youth and life with her ambrosial draughts.

HENRY HURLBUT VICTOR.



1. Side of living room showing arrangement of finish. Door casings ditto. Elevation, $\frac{1}{4}$ -in. scale.
- Interior Trim—Full Size Detail.
2. Base, $1\frac{1}{4}$ -in. x $7\frac{1}{2}$ in. Shoe, $\frac{1}{2}$ -in. x $\frac{1}{2}$ -in.
3. All casings and headers, $\frac{1}{2}$ -in. x $3\frac{1}{2}$ -in.
4. Mullions only $\frac{3}{8}$ -in. x $3\frac{1}{2}$ -in.
5. Apron, $\frac{1}{2}$ -in. x $3\frac{1}{2}$ -in. continuous.

Animal Pets Now of National Importance

IF the children's pets, four-footed or feathered, knew what is being done in their interests between the Atlantic and the Pacific oceans, they would at least wag their tails, or squeak, or crow, or in some other eloquent way express their gratitude; for a dignified body of men, aided by kindly women throughout the land, have pledged themselves to promote the welfare of wild and tame animals, to the mutual betterment of the animals and the youngsters acquainted with them.

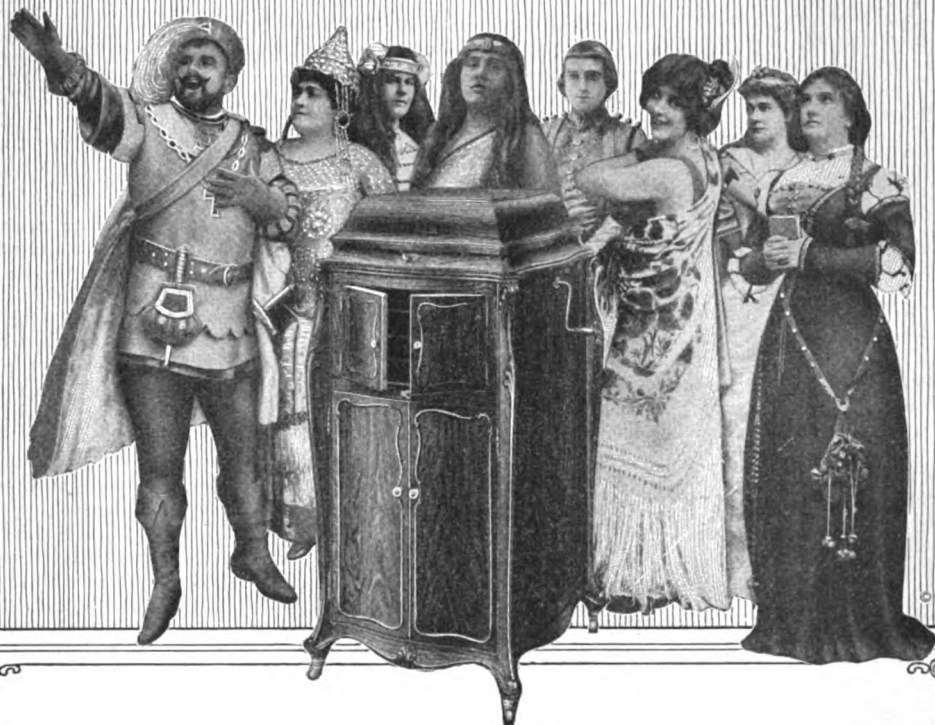
The new society has a name almost as long as a proudly-pedigreed dog's: "National Children's Pets Exhibitions Association of America." San Francisco started it—one might say that the very egg of it was hatched in the city by the Golden Gate—for the organization was formed at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, during the last of the remarkable series of congresses, some 900, held under Exposition auspices, this one being a Children's Pets Exhibition Congress—the first time in history that a world's exhibition had registered such a

title upon its program. Its great success was the result of enthusiastic, diligent effort upon the part of Dr. Frederick W. D'Evelyn of San Francisco and his co-workers. As explained by him in reply to a plaque-of-honor presentation to the Congress, the movement is humane and altruistic, "essentially a co-education with nature." All pets at the show were judged from the standpoint of their utility and desirability as pets for children.

Robert Newton Lynch of San Francisco is president of the national society; Dr. D'Evelyn, secretary. Among the directors are Albert H. Platt, member of Houghton, Mifflin Co., New York, and president of Burroughs Nature Club; Richard C. Rathbone, who maintains a bird sanctuary on his private lands in New Jersey; and Hon. John Perry, president State Agricultural Society, California.

Interest in children's pets exhibitions as a regularly recurring event is already widespread, Seattle, Spokane, Minneapolis, Boston, Salt Lake and many other cities adopting San Francisco's example with decidedly encouraging success.

Victor Records



The master interpretations of the world's greatest artists

Victor Records are the consummate art of the greatest singers, instrumentalists, bands, orchestras—their own superb renditions exactly as they interpret them.

All the distinctive personality, all the individuality of expression, all the beauties peculiar to the performance of each artist, are ever present to charm you in their Victor Records.

Victor Records *are* the actual artists—the greatest artists of all the world. The greatest artists at their very best. The greatest artists just as you want to hear them.

There are Victor dealers in every city in the world who will gladly give you a complete catalog of the more than 5000 Victor Records and play any music you wish to hear.

Always use Victor Machines with Victor Records and Victor Needles —*the combination.* There is no other way to get the unequalled Victor tone.



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



LADY MUFF de TAIL ought not to have been hungry. Her husband was a wholesale milk and mouse merchant and he provided lavishly, although he thought his family should live on the supplies which he sent

The Tempting of Lady de Tail

By Florence Bingham Livingston

Photographs copyrighted by Gertrude Livingston

The stars disappeared, Lady Muff stayed behind and suffered from a sprained paw and an awful feeling in her head.

Her daughter Tornie heard the crash and telephoned to her sister, Frills, who was a trained nurse. Frills was out on a case, but she left her patient, jumped into the ambulance, went for her mother, and took her to the hospital. But when she got her there she didn't know what to do. Lady Muff's injuries were so mysterious that Frills had to consult with her about the treatment that would be advisable. Lady Muff said she thought some catnip would set her right, but Frills pointed out that you can't get well so easily as that in any hospital.

Then all of a sudden Lady Muff settled



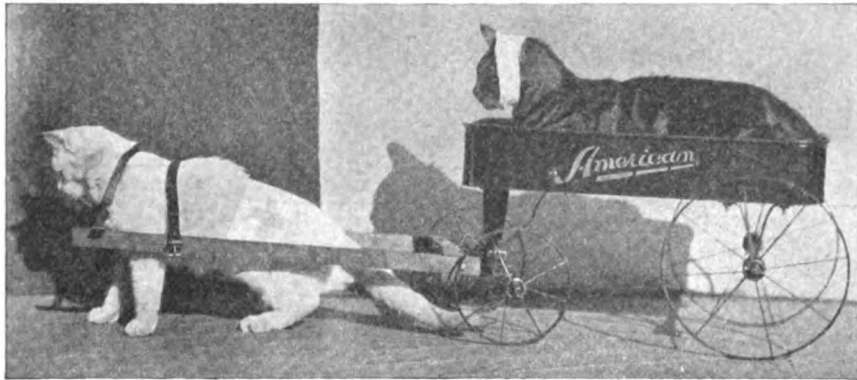
Lady Muff's injuries were so mysterious that Frills had to consult with her about the treatment

when you're getting well you always feel worse than you did when you were sick."

This was such great encouragement that the very next day Lady Muff was stronger and could sit up almost as straight as ever. Indeed, she was so nearly well that Frills kissed her on the left whisker and went back to her neglected case.

Slowly Lady Muff opened her eyes and discovered three things: she wasn't dizzy, she would soon have to go back to a mouse diet—and she was alone! Instantly she threw off her shawl and bandage, carefully took off her slippers, and sprang up. Was she going to eat mice all her life? Not much!

Now, a sick cat is a very good cat, but a well cat is almost human. Therefore Lady Muff rushed to the porch and sprang up on a table. Then she drooped. "Oh, dear," she sighed, "I am still



Frills took her mother to the hospital

up from the store. But Lady Muff was tired of mice; she wanted canary bird.

Finally her mistress, in whose house she had an apartment, brought home a beautiful fat canary and hung up the cage on the porch. Lady Muff folded her paws in delight and waited demurely till Lord Bobby had gone to the office and the two girls were not around. Then she climbed to the back of a chair and reached upward, but instead of reaching the cage, she fell to the floor with a lot of stars.



"That's because you're convalescing," cried Frills



Lady Muff was nearly well

back and fainted away. Frills was frightened, and she mixed some horrid medicine in a glass. Every few minutes she fed her mother a great spoonful of it. Lady Muff didn't like it at all, and at last she said that she would get well rather than take any more. So, in a way, the medicine did her a great deal of good, and in two days she was able to go home.

But when Frills had put her into a comfortable shawl and her crocheted bed-slippers, and got her into a chair, Lady Muff slid down full-length and groaned twice.

"O Frills," she gasped, "I'm afraid I've lost some of my lives. I have an all-gone feeling."

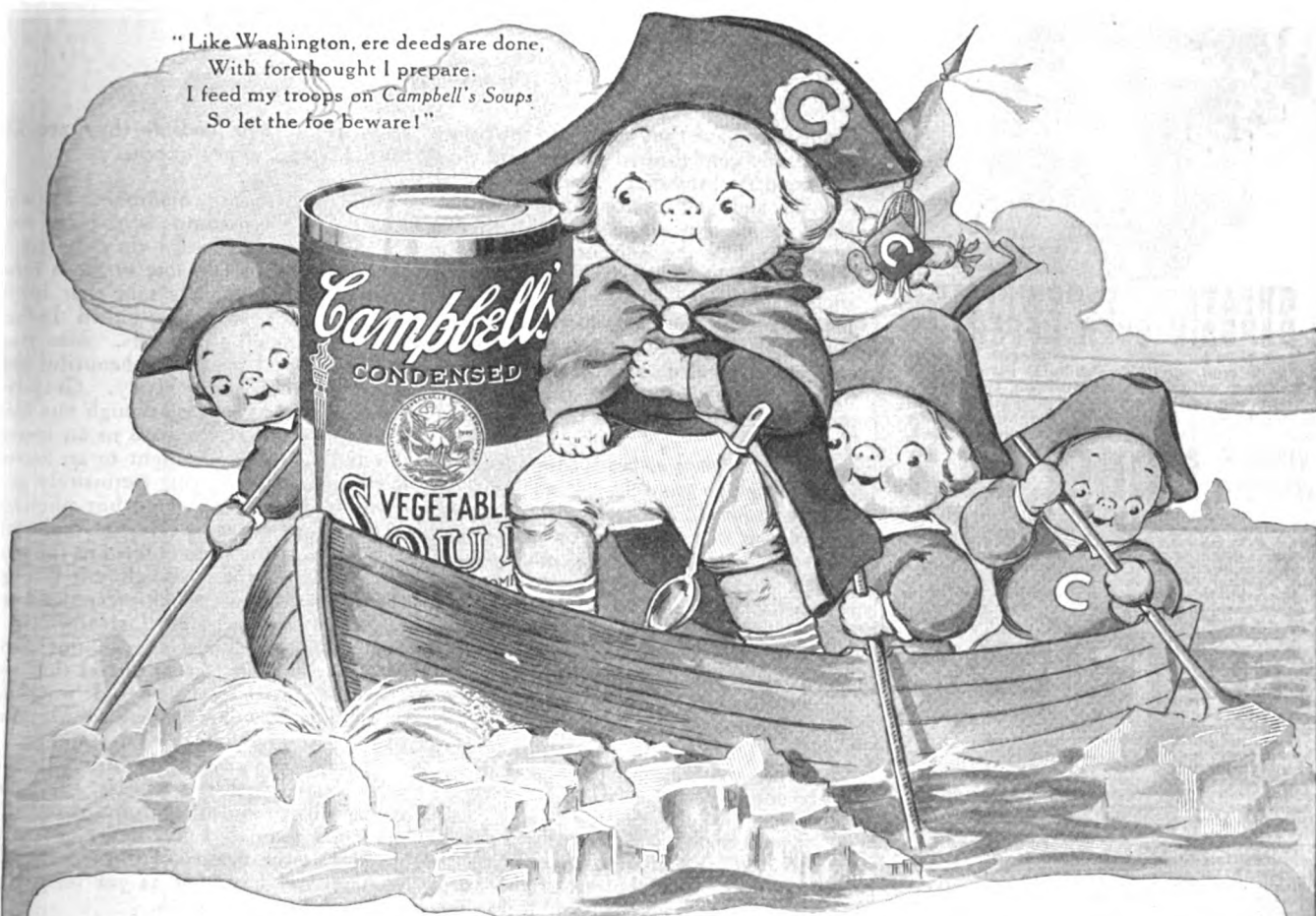
"That's because you're convalescing," cried Frills in delight. "You know,

weak from my sickness. I can't jump today—but maybe tomorrow!"



"I can't jump today—but maybe tomorrow"

"Like Washington, ere deeds are done,
With forethought I prepare.
I feed my troops on Campbell's Soups
So let the foe beware!"



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Your whole family is put in better condition against the trying winter months by the regular use of

Campbell's Vegetable Soup

This savory Campbell "kind" includes such wholesome vegetables as white potatoes, sweet potatoes, juicy green okra, small peas, tender corn, carrots and "baby" lima beans—all delightfully flavored with celery, parsley and a hint of red peppers. And these appetizing ingredients—together with "alphabet" macaroni—are combined in a rich meat-stock made from choice beef.

Have this strengthening soup for dinner *today*. You'll say you never tasted a soup more nourishing and delicious.

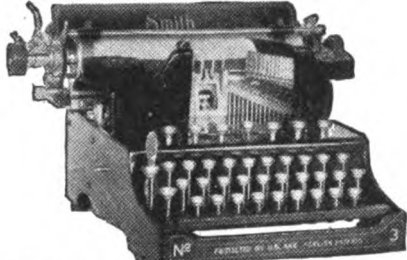
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***** Tear Out—Mail Today *****
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 Ship me your Model No. 3, F.O.B. Chicago, as described in this advertisement. I will pay you the \$24.00 balance of the SPECIAL \$29.60 purchase price at the rate of \$2.00 a month. The title to remain in you until fully paid for. It is understood that I have five days in which to examine and try the typewriter. If I choose not to keep it I will carefully repack it and return it to the express agent. It is understood that you give the standard guarantee for one year.

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 "The cure is positive and permanent."—N. Y. Herald, July 9, 1893.
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The Californiacs

(Continued from page 15)

beautifully have they sunk into the colorful, deeply configured background that the country provides. Even a city as thriving and wide-awake as Stockton has about its plaza an air so venerable that it is a little like the ancient hill cities of Italy; more like, I have no doubt, the ancient plain cities of Spain. And San Juan Bautista—with its history-haunted old Inn, its ghost-haunted old Mission and its rose-filled old Mission garden where everything, even the sun-dial, seems to sleep—is as old as Babylon or Tyre.

You will be constantly reminded of Italy, although California is not quite so vividly colored, and perhaps of Japan, for you are always coming on places that are startlingly like scenes in Japanese prints. Certain aspects from the bay of the town of Sausalito, with strangely-shaped and softly-tinted houses tumbling down the hillside, certain aspects of the bay from the heights of Berkeley, with the expanses of hills and water and the inevitable fog smudging a smoky streak here and there, are more like the picture country of the Japanese masters than any American reality.

IF I were to pick the time when I should travel in California, it would be in the early summer. All the rest of the world at that moment is green. California alone is sheer gold. One composite picture remains in my memory—the residuum of that single trip into the south. On one side the Pacific—tigerish, calm, powerfully-palpitant, stretching into eternity in enormous bronze-gold, foam-laced planes. On the other side, great, bare, voluptuously-contoured hills, running parallel with the train and winding serpentine for hours and hours of express speed; hills that look, not as though they were covered with yellow grass but as though they were carved from massy gold. At intervals come ravines filled with a heavy green growth. Occasionally on those golden hill-surfaces appear trees.

Oh, the trees of California!
 If they be live-oaks—and on the hills they are most likely to be live-oaks—they are semi-globular in shape like our apple trees, only huge, of a clamant, virile, poisonous green. They grow alone, and each one of them seems to be standing knee-deep in shadow so thick and moist that it is like a deep pool of purple paint. Occasionally, on the flat stretches, eucalyptus hedges film the distance. And the eucalyptus—tall, straight, of a uniform slender size, the baby leaves of one shape and color, misted with a strange bluish fog-powder, the mature leaves of another shape and color, deep-green on one side, purple on the other, curved and carved like a scimitar of Damascus steel, the blossoms hanging in great soft bunches, white or shell-pink, delicate as frost stars—the eucalyptus is the most beautiful tree in the world. Standing in groups, they seem to color the atmosphere. Under them the air is like a green bubble. Standing alone, the long trailing scarfs of bark blowing

away from their bodies—they are like ragged, tragic gypsy queens.

THEN there is the madrone. The wonder of the madrone is its bole. Of a tawny red-gold—glossy—they contribute an arresting coppery note to green forest vistas. Somebody has said that in the distance they look like naked Indians slipping through the woods. Also there is the redwood tree, more beautiful even than the stone-pine of Italy. Gray-lavender in color, hard as though cut from stone, swelling at the base to an incredible bulk, shooting straight to an incredible height and tapering exquisitely as it soars, it drops not foliage but plumage. To walk in a redwood forest at night and to look up at the stars tangled in the tree-tops, to watch the moonlight sift through the masses of soft black-green feathers, down, down, down, until strained to a diaphanous tenuity it lies a faint silver gossamer at your feet, is to feel that you are living in one of the old woodcuts which illustrate Shakespere's "Midsummer Night's Dream."

Most people in first visiting California are obsessed with the flowers, the abundant callas, the monstrous roses, the giant geraniums. But I never ceased to wonder at the beauty of the trees. And remember, I have not as yet seen what they call the "big" trees.

Yes, California is quite as beautiful as her poets insist and her painters prove. It turns everybody who goes there into a poet, at least temporarily. Babes lisp in numbers and those of the native population who don't actually write, talk poetry—no matter what the subject is. Take the case of Sam Berger. Sam Berger—I will explain for the benefit of my women readers—was first a distinguished amateur heavyweight boxer who later became sparring partner for Bob Fitzsimmons and manager to Jim Jeffries. In an interview on the subject of boxing, Mr. Berger said, "Boxing is an art—just as much so as music. To excel in it, you must have a conception of time, of balance, of distance. The man who attempts to box without such a conception is like a person who tries to be a musician without having an ear for music."

Is it not evident from this that Mr. Berger would have become a poet if a more valiant art had not claimed him?
 In that ideal future state in which all the world-parts are assembled and perfectly coordinated into one vast self-governing machine I hope that California will be turned into a great international reservation, given over entirely to poets, lovers and honeymoon couples. It is too beautiful to waste on mere bromidic residential or business interests.

SO much for the state of California. I confess with shame that that is all I know about it, although I reiterate that that ignorance is not my fault. So now for San Francisco!
 San Francisco!
 San Francisco!
 Many people do not realize that San



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The common habit of coffee drinking tends, not only to irritate and upset the nervous system, but also to undermine general health.

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smooth out the wrinkles and crow's feet that mar your beauty. They are absolutely harmless—simple and easy to use—a toilet necessity. Made in two styles. *Frowners* for between the eyes. *Eradicators* for lines in the face.

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Francisco tips a peninsula projecting west and north from the coast of California. Between that peninsula and the mainland lies a blue arm of the blue San Francisco bay. So that when you have bisected the continent and come to what appears to be the edge of the western world, you must take a ferry to get to the city itself.

I hope you will cross that bay first at night, for there is no more romantic hour in which to enter San Francisco: the bay spreading out back of you a-plash with all kinds of illuminated water-craft and the city lifting up before you ablaze with thousands of pinpoint lights, for San Francisco's site is a hilly one and the city lies like a jeweled mantle thrown carelessly over many peaks. You land at the Ferry building—surely the most *welcoming* station in the world—walk through it, come out at the other side on a circular place which is one end of Market street, the main artery of the city. If this is by day, you can see that the other end of Market street is Twin Peaks—a pair of hills that imprint bare, exquisitely shaped contours of gold on a blue sky—with the effect somehow of a stage-drop. If you come by night, you will find Market street crowded with people, lighted with a display of electric signs second only in size, number, brilliancy and ingenuity to those on Broadway. But whether you come by day or by night the instant that you emerge from the Ferry building, San Francisco gets you. Market street is one of the most entertaining main-traveled urban roads in the world. Newspaper offices in a cluster, store windows flooded with light, filled with advertising devices of the most amusing originality, cars, taxis, crowds, it has all the earmarks of the main street of any big American city, with the addition, at intervals, of the pretty "islands" so typical of the boulevards of Paris and with, last of all, a zip and a zest, a pep and a punch, a go and a ginger that is distinctively Californian. I repeat that California throws her first tentacle into your heart as you stand there wondering whether you'll go to your hotel or, plunging headforemost into the crowds, swim with the current.

IMAGINE a city built not on seven but a hundred hills. I am sure there are no less than a hundred and probably there are more. Certainly I climbed a hundred. On three sides the sea laps the very hem of this city and on one side the forest comes down to its very toes. That is, when all is said, the most marvelous thing about San Francisco—that the sea and forest come straight to its borders. And as, because of its peninsula situation they form the only roads out, sea and forest are integral parts of the city life. It accounts for the fact that you see no city pallor in the faces on the streets and perhaps for the fact that you see so little unhappiness on them. On Sundays and holidays crowds pour across the bay all day long and then, loaded with flowers and greens, pour back all the evening long. As for flowers and greens, the hotels, shops, cafés, the little-hole-in-the-wall restaurants are full of them. They are so cheap on the streets that everybody wears them. Everybody seems to play as much as possible out of doors. Everybody seems to sleep out of doors. Everybody has just come from a hike

or is just going off on one. Imagine a climate rainless three-quarters of the year which permits the workingman to tramp all through his vacation with the impedimenta only of a blanket, moneyless if he will, but with the certainty always that the orchards and gardens will provide him with food.

THROUGH the city runs one central hill-spine. From this crest, by day, you look on one side across the bay with its three beautiful islands, bare Yerba Buena, jeweled Alcatraz and softly-fluted Angel Island, all seemingly adrift in the blue waters, to Marin county. The waters of the bay are as smooth as satin, as blue as the sky, and they are slashed in every direction with the silver wakes left by numberless ferryboats. Those ferryboats, by the way, are extremely graceful; they look like white peacocks dragging enormous white-feather tails. By night the bay view from the central hill-spine shows the cities of Berkeley and Oakland like enormous planes of crystal tilted against the distance, the ferryboats, illuminated but still peacock-shaped, floating on the black waters like monster toys of Venetian glass. In the background, rising from low hills, peaks the blue triangle of Mt. Diablo. In the foreground reposes Tamalpais—a mountain shaped in the figure of a woman—lying prone. The wooded slopes of Tamalpais form the nearest big playground for San Franciscans—and Tamalpais is to the San Franciscan what Fujiyama is to the Japanese. Would that I had space to tell here of the time when their mountain caught fire and thousands—men, women and children—turned out to save it! Everybody helped who could. Even the bakers of San Francisco worked all night and without pay to make bread for the fire-fighters.

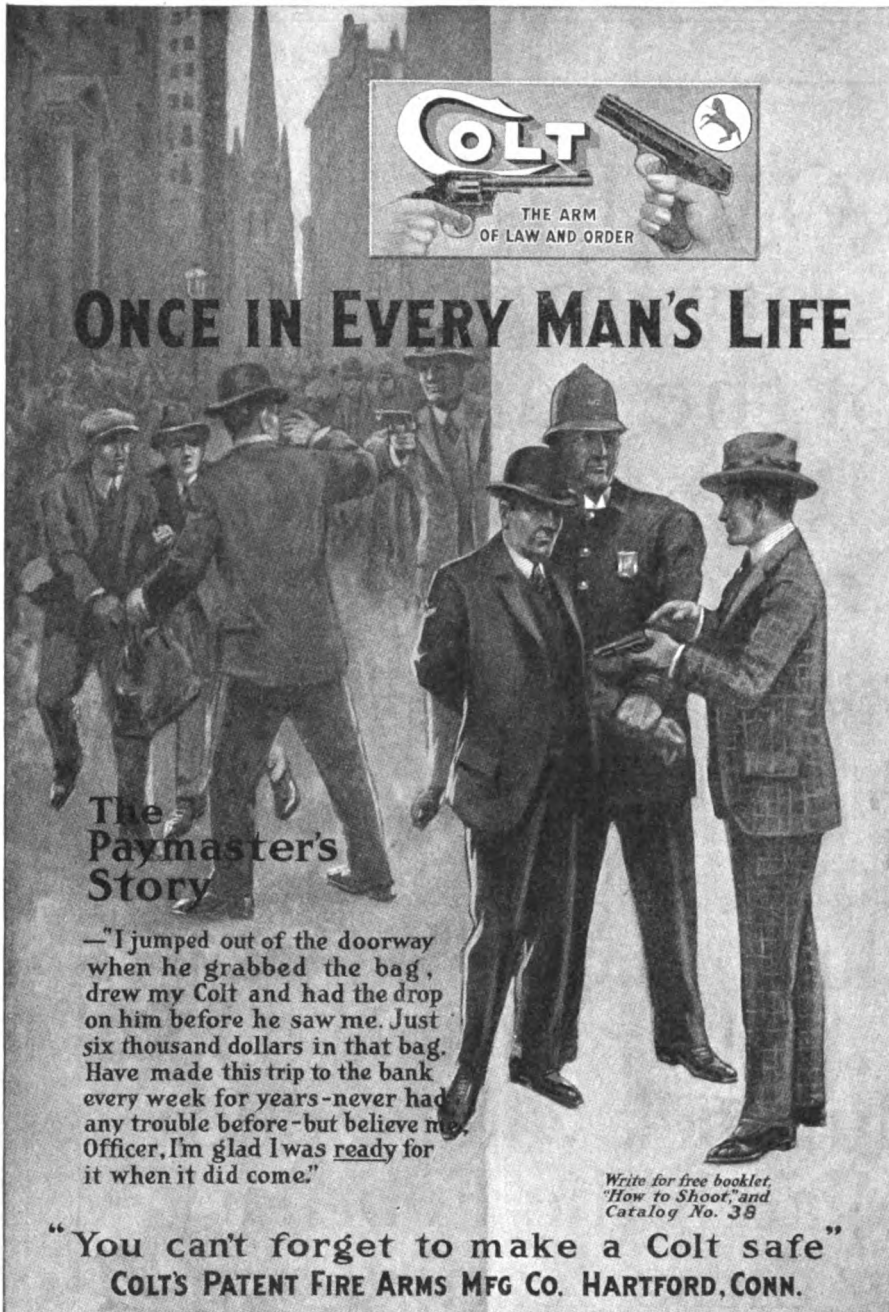
By day on the city side of the crest you catch glimpses of other hills, covered for the most part with buildings like lustrous pearl cubes, for San Francisco is a pearl-gray city. At night you can look straight down the side streets to Market street on a series of illuminated restaurant signs which project over the sidewalk at right angles to the buildings. It is as though a colossal golden stairway tempted your foot.

PERHAPS after all the most breathtaking quality about San Francisco is these unexpected glimpses that you are always getting of beautiful hill-heights and beautiful valley-depths. Sunset skies like aerial banners flare gold and crimson on the tops of those hills. City lights, like nests of diamonds, glitter and glisten in the depths of those valleys. Then the fogs! I have stood at my window and watched the ragged armies of the air drift in from the bay and take possession of the whole city. Such fogs. Not distilled from pea soup like the London fogs; moist air-gauzes, rather, pearl-touched and glimmering; so thick sometimes that it is as though the world had veiled herself in mourning, so thin often that the stars shine through with a delicate muffled luster. Any view from the hills shows a scene touched here and there with fog.

As for the hills themselves, steep as they are, street cars go up and down them. What is more extraordinary, so do auto

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mobiles. The hill streets are cobbled commonly, but often, for the better convenience of vehicles, there is a central path of asphalt, smoothly finished. I have seen those asphalt planes by day when a flood first of rain and then of sun turned them to rivers of molten silver; I have seen them by night, when an automobile standing at the hilltop and pouring its light over them, turned them to rivers of molten gold.

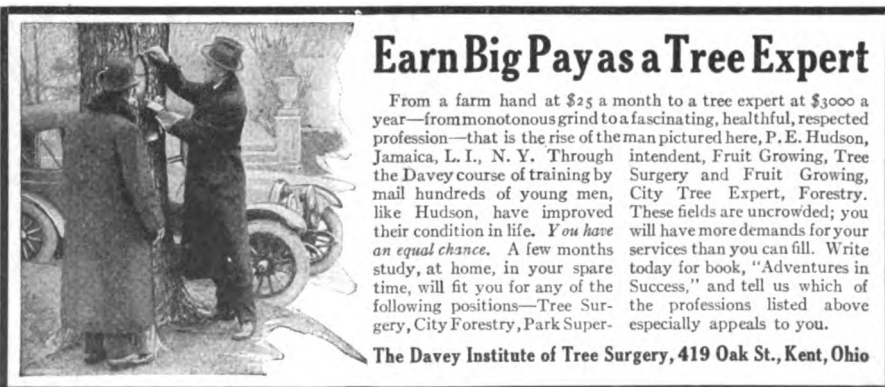
WITHIN walking distance of the ferry is the heart of the city. Here are the newspaper buildings, many big and little hotels, numberless restaurants, the theatres and the shopping district. The region about Union Square, Geary street, Grant Avenue, Post and Sutter streets is a busy and attractive area. You could live in San Francisco for a month and ask no greater entertainment than walking through it. Beyond are various foreign quarters and districts inevitably growing colder and more residential in aspect as they get farther away from the city heart. Beyond the heights where one catches glimpses of the ocean, the city slopes to abrupt cliffs along the outer harbor and here are mansions whose windy gardens overhang the surf.

HERE and there—and it is a little like meeting a ghost in a crowded street—through all the beauty and freshness of the new city the bones of the old project: the lofty ruins, ivy-hung, of a huge Nob Hill palace here; the mere foundation, bush-encircled, of a big old family mansion there; elaborate rusty fences of Mid-Victorian iron which inclose nothing; wide low steps of Mid-Victorian marble which lead nowhere. The San Franciscan speaks always with a tender, regretful affection of that dead city, but, as is natural, he speaks of it less and less. For myself, I am glad now that I never saw the city that was; for I can love the city that is with no *arriere pensee*.

They serve, however—those bones of a dead past—to remind the stranger of that marvelous rebuilding feat, to accent the virility and vitality, the courage and enterprise of a people who before a half decade had passed had eliminated almost every trace of the greatest disaster of modern time.

PERHAPS after the beauty of its situation, the stranger is most struck with the picturesqueness given to the city by its cosmopolitan atmosphere. For San Francisco, serving as one of the two main great gateways to an enormous country, a front entrance to America from the Orient, a back entrance from Europe and a side entrance from South America, standing halfway between tropics and polar regions, a great port of the greatest ocean in the world, becomes naturally one of the world's main caravansaries, a meeting-place of nations.

Chinatown is not far off from the heart of the city. And Chinatown pervades San Francisco. It is as though it distilled some faint oriental perfume with which constantly it suffuses the air. You meet the Chinese everywhere—men who differ in no wise from the men with whom the smaller Chinatowns of the East have acquainted us; women who make the streets exotic. Little slim-limbed creatures, amber-skinned, jewel-eyed, dressed in silk



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of black or pastel colors, loosely coated and comfortably trousered, their jet-black shining hair filled with ornaments, they go about in groups which include old women and young matrons, half-grown girls slender as forsythia branches, babies arrayed like princes. You are likely to meet groups of Hindus, picturesquely turbaned, coffee-brown in color, slight-figured, straight-featured, black-bearded. You see Japanese and Filipinos. And as for Latins—French, Italians and Spanish flood the city. There are eight thousand Montenegrins alone in California. I never suspected there were eight thousand in Montenegro. And our own continent contributes Canadians, Mexicans, citizens from every state in the Union. In addition, you run everywhere into soldiers and sailors. The bits of talk you overhear in the street are so exciting that you become a professional eavesdropper; strong-languaged, picturesquely slangy, pungent narrative, sometimes the speaker has come up from Arizona or New Mexico or Texas, sometimes down from Alaska, Washington or Oregon, sometimes across from Nevada or Montana or Wyoming. And with many of them—at least with those who live west of the Rocky mountains—San Francisco is always (and I never failed to respond to the thrill of it) "the City." Not a city or any city but *the* city—as though there were no other city on the face of the earth.

ALL this alien picturesqueness adds enormously of course to the San Franciscan's native picturesqueness. Not that the Californian needs adventitious aid in this matter. Indeed this cosmopolitanism of atmosphere serves best as a background, these alien types as a foil for the native-born. For the Californians are a comely people. No traveler has failed—at least no man has failed—to pay tribute in passing to the beauty of the Californian women. And they *are* beautiful. In that climate which produces bigness in everything, they grow to heroic size. And as a result of a life inevitably open-air in an atmosphere always fog-touched, they have eyes of a notable limpidity and complexions of a striking vividness. To walk through that limited area which is the city's heart—especially when the theatres are letting out—is to come on beauty not in one pretty girl at a time, nor in pairs and trios nor by scores and dozens; it is to see it in battalions and acres, and all of them meeting your eyes with the frank open gaze of the West. San Francisco is, I fancy, the only city on the globe where any musical comedy audience is always more beautiful than any musical comedy chorus. They are not only beautiful—they are magnificent.

Watch in the Admission day parade for the Native Daughters of the Golden West—stalwart, stunning young giantesses marching with a splendid carriage and a superb poise—they seem like a new race of women.

AND the climate being of the kind that, for three-quarters of the year you can count on unvarying sunny weather, the women dress on the streets with nothing short of gorgeousness. All the colors that the rainbow knows and a few that it has never seen, appear here. And worn with such *chic*, such *verve*! Not even in Paris,



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where may appear a more conventional smartness, is sartorial picturesqueness carried off with such an air of authority. Polaire, who was advertised as the ugliest woman in the world, should have made a fortune in California. For the Californian does not really know what female ugliness is. I have a theory that the Californian men cannot quite appreciate the beauty of their women. They take beauty for granted; they have never seen anything else. Nevertheless, that beauty and that dash constitute a menace. A city ordinance compels traffic policemen to wear smoked glasses and car conductors and chauffeurs, blinders.

Go West, young man!

BUT everybody celebrates the beauty of the California woman. Probably that is because heretofore "everybody" has been masculine. He has been so busy looking at the California woman that he hasn't realized yet that there's a male of the species. The California man, I sing.

It is curious what a difference of opinion there is in regard to him. I have heard Californians say in their one moment of humility, "Why is it, when we turn out such magnificent women, that our men are so undersized?" Now I know nothing about average male heights and weights. I have never seen any comparative statistics. I can say only that the average Californian seems bigger than the average man. And often in walking through the San Francisco streets the eye, ranging along the crowd of pedestrians of average California stature, will strike on a man who bulks a whale, a leviathan, a dreadnought beside the others and rises a column, a monolith, a tower above them.

He is certainly upstanding, this average California male—running to bulk and a little to flesh. Often the line of features is so regular that it suggests the Greek. He has eyes like mountain lakes and a smile like a break of sun. He generally flashes a dimple or two or three or more (Californians are speckled with dimples). He manufactures his own slang. And he joshes and jollies all day long. In fact, he's—

Oh, well, go West, young woman!

BEYOND its high average of male beauty California has, in its labor-man, produced a new physical type. It is different from the standardized American type of which Abraham Lincoln of a past and the Wright brothers of a present generation are perfect specimens—the ugly-beautiful face, long and lean, with its harshly contoured strength of feature and its subtly softening melancholy of expression. The look of labor in California is not so much of strength as of force—an indomitable, unconquerable force. Melancholy is not there, but spirit; that fire and light which means hope. It is as though they were molded of iron—those faces—but illuminated from within. And with that strength goes the Californian comeliness.

Pulchritude begins in childhood with the Californian, grows and strengthens through youth to middle age. Even the old—but there are no old people in California. Nobody ever gets a chance to grow old there. The climate won't let you. The scenery won't let you. The life won't let you.

All this picturesqueness, beauty and charm form the raw materials of the most entertaining city life in the country. For whatever San Francisco is or is not, it is never dull. Life there is in a perpetual ferment. It is as though the city kettle had been set on the stove to boil half a century ago and had never been taken off. The steam is pouring out of the nose. The cover is dancing up and down. The very kettle is rocking and jumping. But by some miracle the destructive explosion never happens. The Californian is easy-going in a sense and yet he works hard and plays hard. Athletics are feverish there, suffrage rampant, politics frenzied, labor militant. Would that I had space here to dilate on the athletic game as it is played in California—played with the charm and spirit and humor with which Californians play every game. Would that I had space to narrate—as Maud Younger tells it—the moving story of how the women won the vote in California. Would that I had space to describe the whirlwind political campaign of 1914 when there were at least four candidates in the field for every office and when you were besought by postal, by letter, by dodgers, by advertisements in the papers and on the billboards to vote for all of them. Would that I had space—but here I must take the space—to tell how the Californian plays.

REMEMBER always that California has virtually no weather to contend with. For three months of the year rain appears; for the remaining nine months it is eliminated entirely. And so, with a country of rare picturesqueness for a background, a people of rare beauty for actors, everybody more or less permeated with the artistic instinct and everybody more or less writing poetry—California has a pageant for breakfast, a fiesta for luncheon and a carnival for dinner. They are always electing queens. In fact any girl in California who hasn't been a queen of something before she's twenty-one is a poor prune.

In the country—especially in the wine districts where the merrymaking sometimes lasts for days—these festivals are beautiful. In the city—it depends largely, of course, on how much the commercial spirit enters into it; but whether they are beautiful or the reverse they are always entertaining. Single streets, for instance, in San Francisco, are always having carnivals. The street elects a king and queen, plasters itself with bunting, arches itself with electric lights, lines its curbs with temporary booths, fills its corners with shows, sells confetti until the pedestrian swims in it—and then whoops it up for a week. All around, north, south, east, west, every other street is jet-black, sleeping decorously, ignoring utterly that blaze of color, that blaze of light, that boom of noise around the corner. They should worry—they're going to have a carnival themselves next week. Apropos, a San Francisco paper opened its story of one of these affairs with the following sentence, "Last night" (shall we call him Hans Schmidt?) "was crowned with great pomp and ceremony king of the ———Street Carnival and fifteen minutes later, with no pomp and ceremony whatever, he was arrested for petty larceny." Billy Jordan was made king of the Fillmore Street Carnival. Now Billy

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PALO ALTO, CALIF.

Jordan, who is over eighty years of age, has served as announcer for every big boxing contest in San Francisco since—well, let's say since San Francisco was born. He always ends his ring announcement with the words, "Let her go!" The reporters say that in the crown and scepter, the velvet and ermine of a king, he opened the Fillmore Street Carnival with "Let her go!" And for myself, I choose to believe that story. The queen of this carnival—her first name was Manila, by the way—a pretty girl of course was a picturesque detail in the city life for a week. In velvet, ermine and brilliant crown, she was always flashing from place to place in an automobile surrounded by a group, equally pretty, of ladies in waiting. When the deep, cylindrical cistern-like reservoir on Twin Peaks was finished, they opened it with a dance; when the Stockton street tunnel was finished, they opened it with a dance; when the morgue was completed they opened that with a reception.

THE San Francisco papers reflect all this activity and they certainly make entertaining reading. For one thing, the annual crop of pretty girls being ten times as large there as anywhere else and photography being universally a fine art, the papers are filled with pictures of beautiful women. They are the only papers I have ever seen in which the faces that appear on the theatrical page pale beside those that accompany the news stories. The last three months of my stay in San Francisco I cut out all the pictures of pretty girls from three newspapers. They included all kinds of women—society, club, athletic, college, high-brow, low-brow; highway-women, burglareses, forgeresses and murderesses. I have just counted those pictures—three hundred and fifty-four—and all beautiful. When I received my paper in the morning—until the war made that function, even in California, a melancholy one—I used to look first at the pictures of the women. Then always I turned to the sporting page to see what record had been broken since yesterday and, if it were Saturday morning (I confess it without shame), to read the joyous account of Friday night's boxing contest. And, always before I settled to the important news of the day, I read the last "stunt."

Picturesque "stunts" are always being pulled off in San Francisco. Was it the late lamented Beachey flying with a pretty girl around the half-completed Tower of Jewels, was it a pretty actress selling roses at the Lotta Fountain for the benefit of the Belgians, it was something amusing, stirring and characteristic. Always the "stunt" involved a lot of pretty girls and often it demanded the services of the mayor. I shall regret to the end of my days that I did not keep a scrapbook

devoted to Mayor Rolph's activities. For being mayor of San Francisco is no sinecure. But as most of his public duties seemed to involve floods of pretty girls—well, if I were a man it would be my ambition to be mayor of San Francisco for the rest of my life.

The year I spent in California they were building the Exposition. They made of that task, as they make of every task, a game and a play and a lark—a joy and a delight—even though they were building under the most discouraging conditions that an exposition ever encountered. But nothing daunts the Californian, and so wood and iron, mortar and paint grew steadily into the dream city that later fronted the bay.

AS I think it over, I am very glad that I did not tell the Californians how beautiful Massachusetts is. Because it would only have bewildered them. I am glad that I did not mention to them that I shall always cherish a kind of feeling for Massachusetts that I can develop for no other spot. Because it would only have hurt them. You must not tell a Californian that you love any place but California or that you have found beauty elsewhere. It's like breaking an engagement of marriage with a girl. It's like telling a child that there's no such person as Santa Claus. There's no tactful way of wording it. It simply can't be done. And I am very glad that I told the Californians all the time how much I love California, how much I love San Francisco. I think of California always—with its unabated fighting strength as a champion among states. It takes the stranger—that champion state—under its mighty protection and gives him of its strength and happiness. It is more fun to be sick in California than to be well anywhere else. And I think of San Francisco always—the spirit of Tamalpais in the air—as an Amazon among cities. Its people love "the city" because, within the memory of man, it was built and within the memory of child, rebuilt. They themselves helped to build and rebuild. They have worked and fought for it through every inch and instance of its history. It takes the stranger—that Amazon city—into its great, warm, beating mother-heart. If you are sick it makes you well. If you are sad it makes you glad. It infuses you with its working spirit. It inspires you with its fighting spirit. It asks you to work and fight with it. Massachusetts never permitted me to work or fight for it. Woman is yet, in no real sense, a citizen there. And the result is that I love California as I love no other state, and San Francisco as I love no other city. I have no real criticism to bring against the Californian. In fact, reader—ah, I see you've guessed it. *I'm a Californian myself.*

"MARRYING YNEZ-ISABEL"

A KENNETT HARRIS STORY

IN MARCH SUNSET

The Mystery of John Muir's Money

(Continued from page 22)

him more of a mystery than ever to his neighbors. The picture you get of John Muir now in the Alhambra valley is of an old man rarely seen, but a generation ago there was another John Muir, a young, devoted husband anxious to show his mettle, and it is to that John Muir I wish to introduce you. I feel certain of my facts in this instance, and the stories I have to tell are authentic.

"Don't let our marriage interfere with your work," his young wife said to him. "Don't let me tie you down to the farm."

But Muir was a Scotchman with a Scotchman's sense of duty, and he felt he must first make his family secure against need. So he turned to and became rancher for ten years, and was one of the most successful ranchers who ever took advantage of California's possibilities.

"Father never liked it," said his daughter Wanda, Mrs. Hanna, "but he had an enthusiasm about everything he undertook which made him successful. For ten years he did hardly any writing and only left the ranch for two or three months every summer. He was then, as always, up before the earliest bird stirred in the morning and he made the ranch pay as it never had before."

Mr. and Mrs. Hanna handed me the key to the mystery, and told me the details of the life of John Muir, rancher. No one knows better than they that hidden side to his life, so I set it down with complete confidence.

Dr. Strenzel farmed because he loved it. He was successful too, but was always a bit of a dilettante. He was content with sending to the market choice baskets of pears and grapes. People of discerning taste asked their grocers to get his unusual varieties of pears. He delighted in going through his orchard and hand-picking the perfect fruit.

It was different with John Muir. He did not like farming. It was merely a business to him. He much preferred the wild things growing as they would. But he made a much greater financial success than his father-in-law. He took up fruit growing on a commercial scale.

Dr. Strenzel had a few acres of tokay grapes. John Muir increased the vineyard to a hundred acres.

The lower part of the old Strenzel place contained thirty acres which Dr. Strenzel had always kept for hay and grain. It was part of his scheme of a rounded ranch.

"I can make more money off that in grapes," said Muir to his father-in-law, "and buy the hay and grain."

"But it's too late this year to plant," objected Dr. Strenzel.

"What, lose a year?" said Muir. "I can't afford it. I have other things to do."



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THAT'S where the grape growers and wine makers of California are finding themselves. Wine-making is a big industry in the Golden State. Californians—most of them—don't want to kill it; but they don't want to put up with the saloon either. Can the saloon be kicked out and the wine industry be saved or is it impossible to sever the Siamese twins? Arno Dosch tells of the grape growers' dilemma in the

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So he set out the cuttings, and did it himself, as he always did important things. He would not take the trouble to touch a plow or do any ordinary work he could hire someone else to do, but he refused to delegate particular jobs.

Dr. Strenzel waited, confident that the dry late spring would wither the cuttings, but that spring it rained five inches in June, an almost unprecedented rainfall at that time of year, and the vines received a substantial growth.

Dr. Strenzel never ceased talking about it. "Luck, fool's luck," he used to say, but Muir told his own son-in-law, Hanna, years later, that he had expected to haul water, and the rain had merely saved him the trouble.

In a few years Muir had the biggest and most dependable supply of tokay grapes in California. The San Francisco jobbers bought his yield to meet their regular shipments to the north and east. There were at that time four big fruit jobbing houses in San Francisco and they tell tales yet in commission row of the bargains John Muir drove with them. Ordinarily the grower in those times was putty in the hands of the jobber, but not so John Muir. All his Scotch canniness came to his assistance and he got his share. Where Dr. Strenzel sold a hundred crates, Muir sold a thousand and got his money in advance. He began shipping in carload lots, something Dr. Strenzel had never dreamed of. The old doctor had always admired his son-in-law as an idealistic naturalist. Now he began to have a wholesome respect for him as a business man.

IT was John Muir's custom to leave the valley in June when the spring work had all been finished and there was nothing to do but wait for the crop to ripen, and for three months abandon himself to his love of the mountains. During those summers he gathered the data for his "Mountains of California" and "The Wild Flowers of California." But he never became so engrossed that he forgot the season. On the first of October he was always back on the ranch, and the jobbers of San Francisco knew they could expect him in a few days with an estimate of his yield. He also told them what he expected to be paid.

AS a bargainer John Muir was pure Scotch. He was never known to name a price first. Whether he was selling grapes or land, he tried first to find out what the other man was willing to pay. But he always had a price in his mind, and he got it. It made no difference what was the market price of grapes. He made the jobbers pay what he expected.

"I'll take five hundred crates on commission," a jobber once said to him.

"You'll buy a thousand outright at fifty cents," replied Muir, "or you'll not get any."

The jobber had orders to fill and he had to take Muir's terms. The jobbers sometimes complained he was overloading them.

"If you work as hard creating a market as I do supplying the grapes," he replied, "you will get rid of them."

"Steamer-days" were sometimes anxious times for the men who bought of John Muir. They often tried to hold off buying

until the last moment in the hope that Muir would lower his price to anticipate a falling market, but he never faltered.

"But if you don't let me have them at my price," a jobber was once foolish enough to say, "they'll rot on your hands."

"Let them rot," replied Muir dourly.

One time the jobbers, knowing the importance of steamer-day to him as well as to them, decided to hold off in a body before they would buy. When they finally came, Muir, knowing their game, refused to sell. "Too late," he replied, and the steamer to the north went off without the grapes. The next steamer carried double the usual amount, sold by Muir at Muir's price.

FOR ten years Muir laid away above all expenses an average of \$5000 a year. He kept putting this in the savings bank, depositing altogether \$50,000. This is the deposit which grew to nearly a hundred and ten thousand dollars. Compound interest kept on depositing after Muir ceased.

His other savings bank deposits grew from his later ventures, for, though he ceased to take so active a part after ten years, when he had his competence, he never quite ceased to be the rancher and became entirely the naturalist. Once in more recent years a jobber called him up over the telephone and offered to buy five hundred crates of grapes. A voice at the other end of the line which Muir was not expected to hear, said, "Pay him sixty if you have to, but you can get them for fifty." Muir promptly hung up the receiver. A little later he was called up again, and the jobber offered to take five hundred at sixty cents.

"A thousand or none," he replied.

"Send us five hundred at sixty," came the reply, "and we'll do the best we can with the other five hundred."

"I will not sell less than a thousand crates," was Muir's ultimatum, "and it will be a complete sale at sixty cents."

"They'll rot on your hands at that price," the jobber said.

"That's my affair," said Muir before he hung up again. "I'm not trying to sell them. I believe it was you who called me up."

As usual he got his price.

A number of years ago a big fruit commission firm swept ahead of all others and made a fortune for its promoters, but not for the men who dealt with it. One of its buyers came up the Alhambra valley, and Muir took an instinctive dislike to him. But a price was agreed on, so Muir reluctantly made the sale. When the crates arrived they were double depth. The agent tried to bluff it through.

"It's immaterial to me what size crates you prefer using," Muir said to him, "but you bought from me on a basis of what has become established as a crate. So you will take them by weight."

As the grapes were packed he stood by and ordered his men to weigh in each crate. When the shipment was complete and the agent was moving off with the grapes, Muir said,

"Just a moment. I want the money first." He refused to deal with this company again.

Another jobber who tried to force down his price finally and reluctantly came to Muir's terms.

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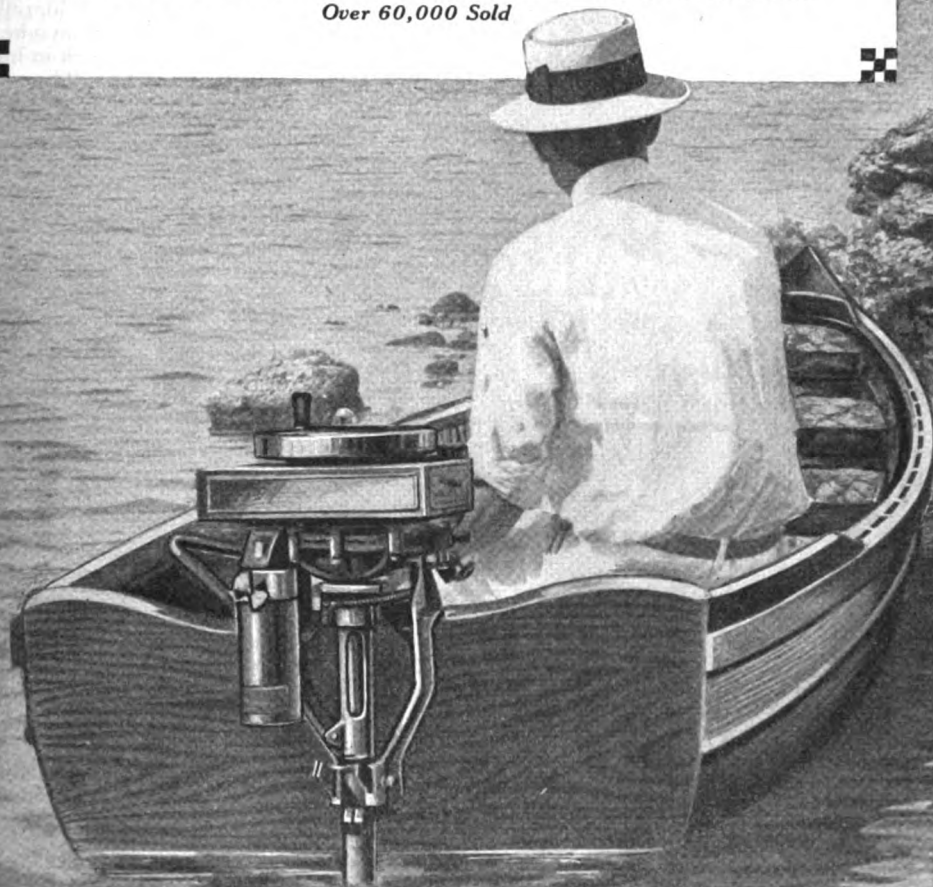
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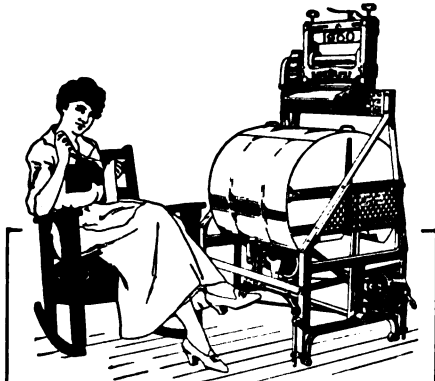
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"I hope you're satisfied," he said gruffly.

"Of course you understand," said Muir, in reply to the discourtesy, "that you furnish the crates."

It is not surprising to learn that John Muir grafted the sixty varieties of pears in the old orchard into one variety, Bartlett's.

"Give people what they want," he used to say to Dr. Strenzel.

JOHN MUIR reaped the harvest of Dr. J. Strenzel's pioneering, but he did not do it for himself. He never touched any of the money but placed it where it accumulated and grew for the benefit of Dr. Strenzel's grandchildren and great grandchildren. His own wants were notoriously so few as to amount to nothing. Once after he had been visiting Harriman at his hunting lodge on Klamath lake in Oregon he came away with another guest. Harriman had been called East and had left hurriedly the day before. "They tell me," said the other guest, "that Harriman has a hundred million dollars."

"He's not as rich as I am," replied Muir.

"How do you mean?"

"Well, he has only a hundred millions while I have all I want."

Once the ten years of providing for his family had passed, Muir turned to his long-deferred work. He worked slowly and conscientiously so that some of his most important contributions have not yet been published. Most of his books, in fact, were published after he was seventy. For the last fifteen years he

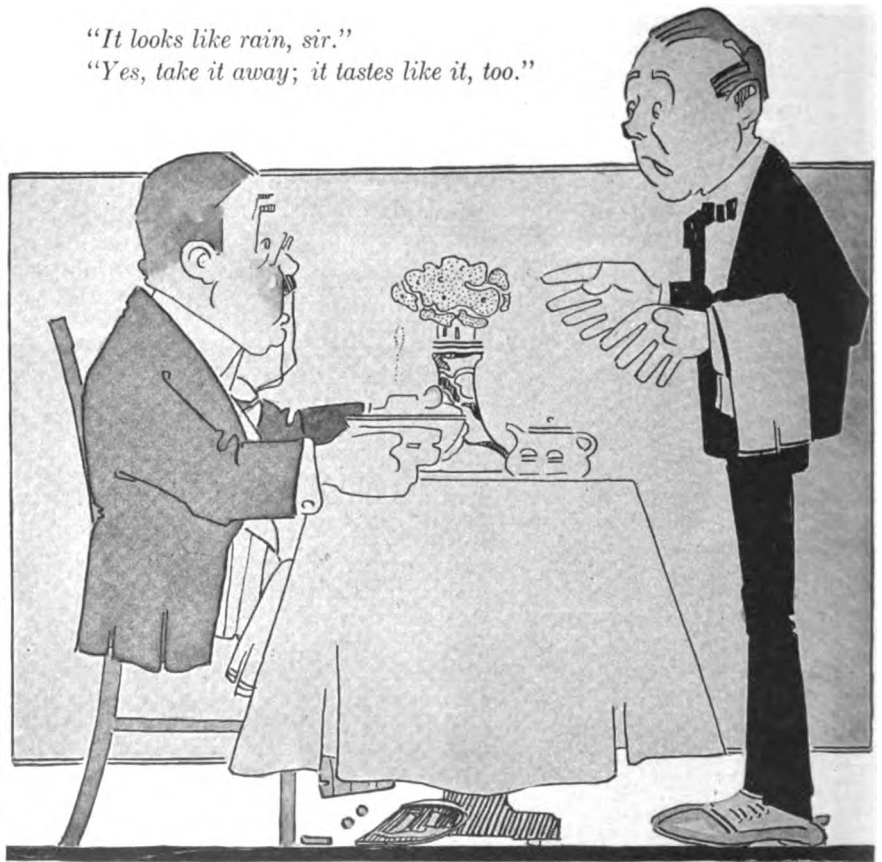
spent most of his time in the house that now has such a perfect view of the oil tanks. In Martinez one can hear strange tales of the hermit life he lived. As a matter of fact, he ate his meals at the Hannas and loved to have his little grandsons make over him. When he was writing he would brook interruption from no one else, but they were always welcome.

Once a publisher visited the Alhambra valley to make a contract with the naturalist. He was a spruce New York type and eager to get Muir's signature in time to catch the afternoon train. But the children came along and decorated their grandfather with a waste-paper basket and all business was postponed for two hours. At the end of their game Muir was still wearing the waste-basket and had it on when he signed the contract.

After Mrs. Muir died the old naturalist clung to the Alhambra valley in a way that will strike as odd those who knew him only as a mountaineer. For years he would not let the house be touched, though his daughters sometimes pointed out to him that the furniture was falling to pieces from disuse. He insisted it should be left as their mother had lived in it. But a year ago in the autumn, just before he started on the trip south that ended for him the day before Christmas at Los Angeles, he went into San Francisco and bought complete new furnishings for the house. Perhaps he had a premonition of his end and wished literally to put his house in order, or, maybe, another recurrence of the Scotch in him, he wanted to make ready for a "decent funeral."

"It looks like rain, sir."

"Yes, take it away; it tastes like it, too."



DRAWN BY JOHN ARGENS

Alois P. Swoboda

A Remarkable Personality

By Donald Richardson

THE simple fact that the human body is built up of billions of cells, all resulting from the evolution of one original cell, is in itself interesting, but little more to the average person. The further declaration that health, life and pleasures of the body depend upon the condition of each individual cell compels notice.

When, however, along comes an individual who combines intimate scientific knowledge of the human cell with the discovery of the means to insure its health and develop unusual energy and potency—who by reason of study, experience and a certain genius, shows us how without inconvenience, apparatus, drugs, study or loss of time, we can put unusual health and uncommon life into every one of our vast multitude of cells, thus giving the human body and mind the maximum of health, pleasure and power, and do this in a perfectly natural, easy and practical way—then we are all attention.

A Great Secret of Life

This is the marvelous secret uncovered in a wonderful little book by Swoboda, a great pioneer in the realm of physiological science. Some day the complete history of Conscious Evolution and its discoverer will be recorded, with all its immense significance and far-reaching ramifications. This brief article can only sketch the rough outlines.

The story of Alois P. Swoboda is one of the romances of human history. As the discoverer of the origin and nature of the laws governing "conscious energy" and of a scientific system for applying those laws in a manner that has operated successfully in over two hundred thousand cases, Swoboda occupies a peculiar niche in earth's hall of fame. He did not merely write a great book, paint a great picture, invent some useful device, or win some particular battle. His fame is built on a far more substantial foundation. He is the wizard of the human body. He is the apostle of the greater, the successful life. Swoboda not only makes men and women unusually well, unusually energetic, unusually alive and unusually keen; but he, virtually, by exchanging the elements of the cells of the body, recreates human beings. He makes them more powerful, capable, and happy than they were before. He advances them a tremendous way along the line of human development. The man himself—as well as his hosts of enthusiastic clients—is a most convincing example of the effectiveness of his methods. He has revolutionized the methods of energizing the body and mind.

The Swoboda System of Conscious Evolution Based on a Knowledge of All Sciences

Swoboda fairly radiates vitality, his whole being pulsating with unusual life and energy. And his mind is even more alert and active than his body; he is tireless. He discourses with learned fluency on the science of "Conscious Evolution," which embraces all other sciences, entering with equal ease and facility on any phase of this all-important subject. Start him on his particular specialty—the development of human powers—and he pours out a veritable flood of illuminating exposition. Earnest and vehement, he rises to eloquence as he unfolds in his masterful manner the magnificent possibilities of man under the guidance of "conscious energy." You are impressed with the fact that you are in the presence of a remarkable personality, a superior product of the Swoboda system of body and personality building. Swoboda embodies in his own super-developed person the best proof of the correctness of his theories and of the success of his "Conscious Evolution."

The Aim of Conscious Evolution Is Better Minds, Better Bodies, Better Health and More Intense Pleasures

Mr. Swoboda must not be classed with ordinary physiologists, physicians, faddists or with those whose aim is merely the development of muscle. Neither his philosophy nor his science is confined to such narrow limits. Swoboda's plan comprehends the complete development

of the human being—increase of internal force, more body power, more brain power, mind power and, in fact, greater capacity to live and enjoy in every way. He is primarily interested in those influences which make for a fuller and more potent life.

One cannot remain long in the presence of Swoboda without realizing that he is mentally and physically a superman. He makes you feel that you are only partially well and vigorous and ambitious, only partially developed, that, in short, you are only half as alive as you must be if you wish to enjoy to the full the benefits of living—that you are leading an inferior life. No one can read his book without becoming conscious of his wonderful power and personality.

Ponce de Leon's fountain of youth died with him. Your fountain of youth will die with you. Each man's fountain of youth is within himself. Through Conscious Evolution only can you drink to the full of the fountain of youth.

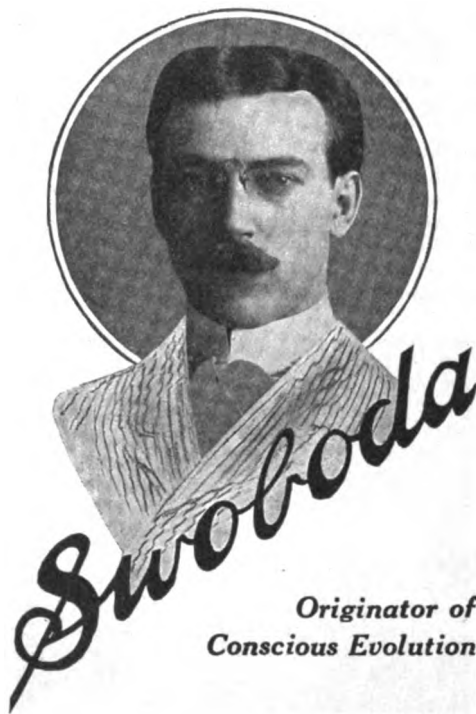
Swoboda demonstrates that no matter how old we may be we can, through the conscious use of the principles of evolution make ourselves full-powered dynamos, with every part and wheel and power-belt thoroughly in trim, working smoothly and at maximum capacity—100 per cent. efficient.

If you believe you have developed to the highest degree your vitality, energy and powers of living and enjoying, you are, according to the Swoboda Standard, indeed, mistaken. Conscious Evolution can lead you to a new and greater realization of health, energy and pleasure.

More power, energy and life are the needs and will be the salvation of the present generation. The problem has always been how to get them. Eagerly we try each solution offered, swarming like the Athenians after every new thing. And yet the means lie right within us, as Swoboda clearly demonstrates.

Conscious Evolution is an antidote to old age in its every form and variety of conditions. It scientifically reduces excessive blood pressure, restores elasticity to arteries and turns the dial of physiological time in the direction of youth, efficiency, vitality and greater pleasure.

No one who is energized through Conscious Evolution will be subject to indigestion, bowel sluggishness, nervous exhaustion, brain fag, sleeplessness, nervousness, or any functional difficulty of any character.



Originator of
Conscious Evolution

Swoboda Has Written a Wonderful Little Book

This book explains the Swoboda System of Conscious Evolution and the human body as it has never been explained before. It makes clear Swoboda's new theory of the mind and body. It startles, educates and enlightens. It tells how the cells build the body and how to organize them beyond the point where nature left off, for each one of us. It will give you a better understanding of yourself than you could obtain from a college course; the information which it imparts cannot be duplicated elsewhere at any price. It shows the unlimited possibilities through conscious evolution of the cells; it explains Swoboda's discoveries and what they are doing for thousands of men and women of every age and condition. It tells of the Dangers and after-effects of Exercise, and Conscious Deep-Breathing. Swoboda's book shows how anyone may possess unusual health and vitality.

You will cherish this book for having given you the first real understanding of your body and mind and for showing you how you may be able to attain greater pleasure and in every way a superior life.

Thousands have advanced themselves in every way through a better realization and conscious use of the principles of evolution which Swoboda discovered. It will open new avenues through which you may become successful in satisfying your most intense desires. It is not a dry treatise on physiology; on the contrary, it tells in a highly interesting and simple manner just what you need to know about the body and mind and the laws of their evolution.

Write for book today while it is free. Address Alois P. Swoboda, 1377 Aeolian Bldg., New York.

What is said of the Swoboda System, no doubt, sounds too good to be true. Swoboda, however, has a proposition of which you should know and which will, no doubt, prove to you that nothing said about Conscious and Creative Evolution in SUNSET is too good to be true.



Motoring and Good Roads



Skidding on Orange Peel

The Story of a Voyage through the Lair of the Citrus Fruit

I LIKE to show and explain scenery. When I approach one of the numerous Inspiration Points with a tender-foot in tow, when I say "Now you're going to see something that you can brag about in Iowa" I feel a proprietary interest in the panorama. Because I have seen it before, I feel superior to the victim who is to do the gasping and gaping. It's a good deal like beating the host to it when he puts a fresh record on the phonograph. It raises one's self-esteem to be able to guess the name of the selection immediately after the opening snarl. And you have probably noticed the glow of inner satisfaction with which your friend in

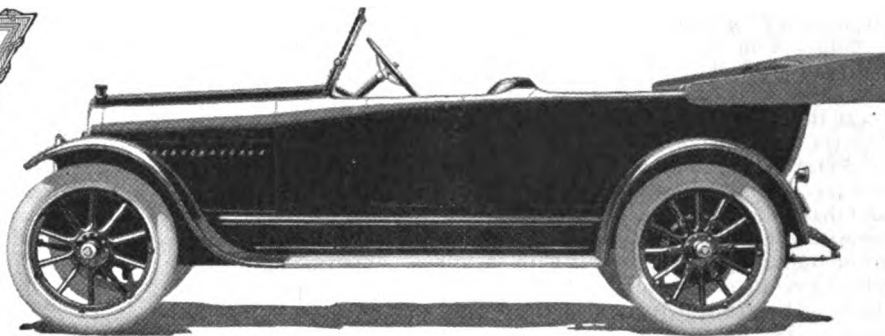
By Walter Willard

Washington pointed out the high peaks and domes of the D. C. scenery to you; he knew Champ Clark, Claude Kitchin, Senator Works, Josephus Daniels and the little McAdoos by sight. He was proud of his knowledge, just as proud as I am of knowing the famous pine halfway up the face of El Capitan, the hair-raising turns on Bright Angel Trail and the names of the creeks that tumble into Hood's Canal from the Olympics. But this knowledge is of small value unless you can dazzle someone with it.

I had promised myself thrills innumerable in showing Captain Biddle, young Biddle and his newly acquired wife over the Orange Belt. Captain Biddle is sixty-nine. Thirty years of his life were spent on the bridge of a steamer in Arctic waters where the winds are fierce and loud. He has mild blue eyes, side whiskers of pure white that stand out like sails in a breeze and a voice that needs an outdoor setting to be appreciated. His son was superintendent of an Alaskan mine; the son's bride, a fair, blue-eyed blonde, hailed from Indiana. She had never seen a hill higher than three hundred feet until she came West to be 'spliced,' as her father-



Fifteen miles by motor from the orange groves—north view from the shoulder of Mt. Wilson over the Sierra Madre range. From the same point citrus orchards in bloom may be seen in the checkered tropical valley to the south



7-Passenger Phaeton, \$1375 at Detroit. Five other body styles.

We Now Present the

Hudson Super-Six

Patented by Hudson
December 28, 1915
Patent No. 1165861

76 Horsepower—An Added 80%, Without Any Added Size

Officially Breaking All Stock Car Records Up to 100 Miles Also All Stock Car Records for Quick Acceleration

100 miles in 80 min., 21.4 sec., averaging 74.67 miles per hour, with driver and passenger.

The previous best record of 72.49 was made by a car with more cylinders, more cylinder capacity and driver only.

75.69 miles in one hour with driver and passenger. During this speed trial laps were made at 76.75 miles per hour.

From standing start to 50 miles per hour in 16.2 seconds.

All these records made with same stock car, using same motor, at Sheepshead Bay Speedway in November, under American Automobile Association supervision.

The most powerful stock motor per cubic inch displacement which the world has ever known.

Mark what those records mean.

No other stock car in history has done what this car has done. No other like-size motor has developed such power.

A car almost twice better than the best of former Sixes. Which has outrivalled Eights and Twelves.

That is what Hudson engineers present in this marvelous Super-Six. And, because of Hudson patents, we control it.

EXCELS BY 80 PER CENT

The Hudson Six-40 of last year stood first among Sixes. Its matchless performance made it the pattern type. It quadrupled Hudson sales in two years.

But the Super-Six excels it by 50 per cent in high motor speed capacity. It excels it 80 per cent in power. Yet the cylinder size is identical. Lightness and economy are retained. All this increase—this 80 per cent—comes through wiping out vibration.

AN ENORMOUS RESERVE

The Hudson Super-Six develops 76 horsepower. That means an enormous reserve. It enables you to creep on high gear, to pick up quickly, to mount hills without effort, to avoid changing gears.

And it all comes through lack of vibration. So it brings with it bird-like motion. The motor is so quiet that one almost forgets it. The car seems to move by magic.

OLD TYPES DISCARDED

This Super-Six invention led us to stop production on the former Hudson at the zenith of

our success. We lost thousands of sales in consequence.

It led us to cease experiments with Eights and Twelves, because the Super-Six excelled them.

It led us to double our factory to meet a doubled demand, at a cost of \$1,500,000. And to buy materials for \$42,000,000 worth of these new cars before the first Super-Six appeared.

For this car means Hudson supremacy, over all other cars and types. Any man who knows it will choose it if he buys a high-grade car. Also many a man who would buy a cheap car were it not for this marvelous motor.

The Super-Six is resistless. Its performance will alter all your ideas of motoring. And now, for the first time, a master feature is controlled for one car by a patent.

MOST LUXURIOUS CARS

The Super-Six looks its supremacy. The body lines are perfect. The finish is superb. In the upholstery we use a rare grade of grain leather. Each compartment of the Phaeton has a rounded, finished dash.

In every detail we attain luxury's limit, regardless of the cost.

Yet our mammoth production brings the price to \$1375. That for the finest motor ever built, in the finest car that's possible. Go now and see this new car at your local Hudson showroom.

7-Passenger Phaeton, \$1375 at Detroit.

Five Other Styles of Bodies.

Ask for Our Super-Six Catalog.

HUDSON MOTOR CAR CO., Detroit, Michigan

in-law termed the process unromantically. I felt that I had excellent material upon which to impress the splendors of the Orange Belt.

As a means of entertainment the automobile ranks ahead even of the phonograph. One has to have a house for the phonograph. The motor, on the contrary, needs only a garage, and a suitable shed or space can always be hired. And the motor is not subject to the deep sighs with which your friends greet the golden tones of your latest seven-dollar record. "Beautiful, isn't it?" they say, stifling a yawn. "We used to play that record on our machine quite often when we first bought it." And they go on talking until you wearily shut down the harmonic cover and join the circle. No, as an entertainer the automobile has not its equal.

Of course I could not entertain the Captain and his tribe in our house. When we planned it, the guestroom was sacrificed. It would have projected too far

pepper trees to the white summit of Mt. Wilson, lifted sharply against a sky of dazzling blue, and announced impressively:

"That's where we're going to be in three hours."

The Captain looked up, saw the snow and whispered for a bell-boy. Three of them came running. He sent one back for a heavier coat. Jack Biddle and the bride had not even heard the announcement. They were in a trance. Climbing into the tonneau they settled down into the rear seat. It was built for three and they had it all to themselves, yet they seemed to expect a third one to share the seat with them every moment, or maybe the lap robe was a little narrow. Anyway, as often as I looked back, I never did see a quarter of an inch daylight between them. The Captain, of course, occupied the front seat alongside of "Bloody" Bulger.

Bulger used to drive a racing car. After

war. The green-golden carpet of the California spring was spread over hill and dale iridescent in the caressing sun. We drove through Pasadena, proceeded slowly up Orange Grove avenue. All the time I was industriously explaining, pointing out the Far Western homes of Eastern steel, beer, fly-paper, of Northwestern mines, Alaska gold, of Middlewestern patent medicines, railroads, box factories, full-floating axles, roller bearings, penny papers, reeling off lists of names that sounded like a national director of directors' meeting. I was enjoying myself; the dispensation of exact data concerning the cost of grounds and houses in which these nabobs lived gave me pleasure—until I discovered that Captain Biddle's glittering eyes were fastened on the steering wheel, the foot throttle and the oil glass. He wasn't interested in mansions, palaces, their owners and the origin of the owners' fortunes, but he was very anxious to find out what made the wheels go 'round and why. I subsided into an injured silence.

We left Pasadena, drove between rows of tall deodars; between the cedars from the Himalayas the eye caught glimpses of golden oranges, the nose scented the sweet odor of orange blossoms just beginning to open. And on ahead, at the end of the drive, rose the dark wall of the Sierra Madre, covered with a diadem of snow.

"Isn't it just heavenly!"

It was young Mrs. Biddle who spoke. I hadn't paid much attention to her; she seemed so absorbed in her husband. I must have underrated her.

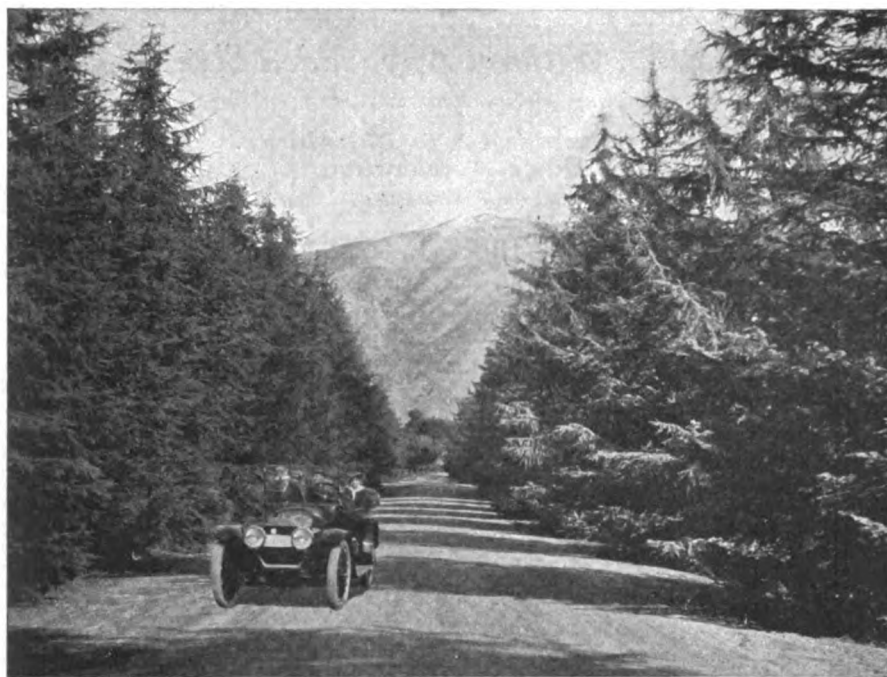
WE swung around over a broad boulevard skirting the edge of the hills until we reached the foot of the Mt. Wilson toll road.

This road, built to allow the transportation of building material and machinery to the Solar Observatory on the peak, is fifteen miles long and rises five thousand feet in that distance. Most of the way it is a shelf or ledge hewn out of an almost perpendicular mountain side, the right-hand wheels on the upward journey turning merrily within two feet of the long jump all the time. There is no parapet on the outer edge, and curves abound as zig follows zag clear to the top. The road isn't quite wide enough to allow two machines to pass, so turn-outs have been built at suitable intervals and a horn with a loud voice is a blessing. I was glad we had Captain Biddle along.

The car behaved like a good mule. She went up the steady, uniform grade of ten per cent on second speed, purring like a tomcat. Bulger handled the wheel like an artist. He swung her around the curves with such precision that there was rarely more than three inches between the outside tread and the long, deep drop to the orange groves. Captain Biddle no longer bothered with throttles, gear-shift, brakes and switches; I noticed that he was trying hard to accomplish the feat of looking around the corner.

"Half steam, boy, half steam!" he urged the driver. "It's like a narrow channel in a thick fog. You don't know what's coming and you haven't any sea room if something should come. Ease her along, boy, and better tie that whistle cord down. Caution has never yet hurt a navigator."

Bulger brought the car to a sudden stop.



Motoring between rows of deodars from the Himalayas, with snow-capped mountains at the end of every vista and the scent of orange-blossoms in the soft February air

out into the driveway leading to the garage. But the Biddles didn't mind. The Captain slipped into the life of big tourist hotels as an eel slips into water; his voice boomed through the lobbies, startled the dowagers out of their easy-chairs on the sun-flooded piazzas, carried from the first to the sixth hole on the links and, when the strains of the fox-trot filled the ballroom, anyone except a deaf person could hear Captain Biddle count under his breath: "One-two-three-four, one-two-three-four-five-six-seven-eight, one-two-three-four" while he laid a straight four-cornered course around the floor where every couple respectfully made room for the impetuous mariner and his panting partner.

HOWEVER, all these things developed later on. In the beginning he was mild and tractable enough. He did not even object when, on the first morning of the auto entertainment, I pointed through the green-and-red festoons of the

eight months in the hospital he took the anti-racing pledge at the urging of his wife. The pledge has made him morose. Below forty miles an hour he is as taciturn as the sphinx; he won't open his mouth except to tell stories of death and dismemberment. Only when the car is really going does he become human. He likes to take out old ladies; they always want speed. He despises young women. They clutch his arm, scream hysterically and tell him to slow down when he shoots between a coming and a going car with an inch to spare on either side. But Bulger has a clear head, no nerves and a quick mind. He shines in emergencies. In two years he has broken nothing except lamps and mud guards. Barring his depressing line of talk he is an ideal driver.

It was a beautiful late February morning when we started. There had been rain in the valley, snow on the mountains a few days before. The mocking birds were singing as though they were getting Caruso prices per hour and needed to finance a



Hupmobile
\$1085
 F.O.B. DETROIT

Worthy of Its Place

The Hupmobile could not hold preference over every other car of similar price if it were just an ordinarily good car.

But it well deserves its place in the public esteem, for daily, in a thousand ways, it justifies our belief that it is "the best car of its class in the world."

And the man who confirms his judgment of motor car values by an investment in this car gets the best Hupmobile we have ever built.

He gets, also, free service on the broadest and most definite basis yet devised for a motor car—available at any of close to 3,000 service stations, and paid for with coupons he receives as a Hupmobile owner.

One ride in the Hupmobile will emphasize the difficulty of discovering a higher order of motor car performance, or touring car comfort.

Hupp Motor Car Corporation
 1320 Milwaukee Avenue Detroit, Mich.

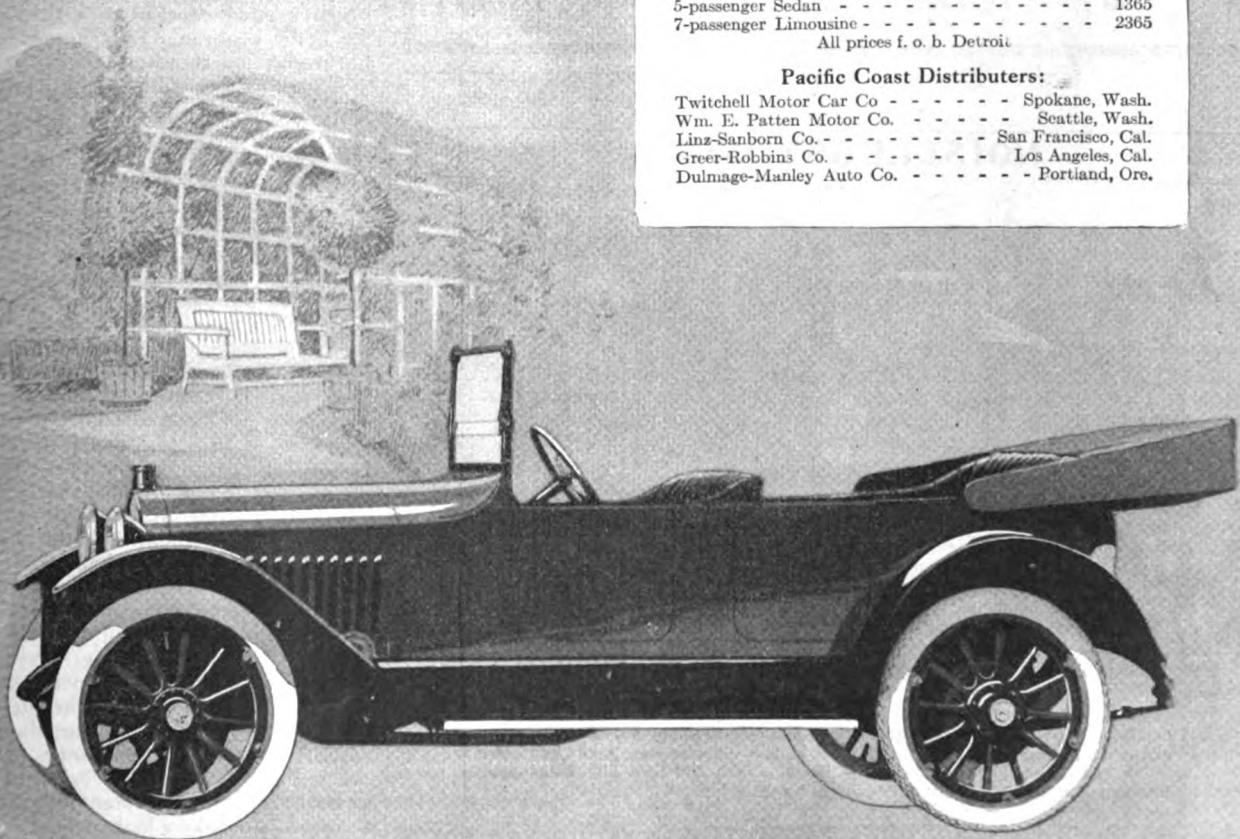
Models and Prices

5-passenger Touring Car - - - - -	\$1085
7-passenger Touring Car - - - - -	1225
2-passenger Roadster - - - - -	1185
Year-'Round Touring Car - - - - -	1185
Year-'Round Coupe - - - - -	1165
5-passenger Sedan - - - - -	1365
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All prices f. o. b. Detroit

Pacific Coast Distributors:

Twitchell Motor Car Co - - - - -	Spokane, Wash.
Wm. E. Patten Motor Co. - - - - -	Seattle, Wash.
Linz-Sanborn Co. - - - - -	San Francisco, Cal.
Greer-Robbins Co. - - - - -	Los Angeles, Cal.
Dulmage-Manley Auto Co. - - - - -	Portland, Ore.



What Standardization Means to Automobile Buyers

IT means VALUE—the utmost in efficiency per dollar of cost. Just to the extent that a car is standardized does the buyer's dollar approach the maximum of purchasing power.

Standardization means definite, proved quality, known manufacturing costs and reduced selling costs.

Of the million autos that will be sold in 1916, 75% will be standardized cars selling for less than \$1000.00 each. This remarkable American achievement is the result of standardizing motors, starters, carburetors, speedometers, ignition and lighting systems, transmissions, differentials, tires, wheels, axles, rims, bearings, etc.

Finally the upholstery has been standardized by the almost universal adoption of



MOTOR QUALITY

40% of all 1915 cars sold were upholstered in this proved, guaranteed material, and in 1916 the total will be nearly 60%.

Fabrikoid is the only standardized automobile upholstery. It wears better than coated splits (commonly sold as "genuine leather") and has the artistic appearance and luxurious comfort of the best leather.

To get the most for your money, buy a standardized car.

Du Pont Fabrikoid Company

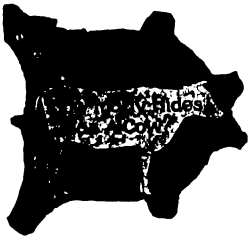
WILMINGTON, DELAWARE

Works at Newburgh, N. Y.

Canadian Factory and Sales Office, Toronto

Raynite Fabrikoid
top material, single or double texture, is guaranteed one year against leaking, but built to last the life of the car.

Craftsman Fabrikoid, the artistic and durable upholstery material for furniture and home decoration, is sold by the yard in leading department stores.



"Caution!" he growled. "See that steep pitch just ahead? Well, last summer a man drove up here with so much caution that they charged him extra toll on it down below. He was so cautious that he used safety pins instead of suspenders. When he got to this point he saw a car coming down a mile ahead. Being a cautious man with his family along, he decided to go back to the turn-out just below and wait. He could have made the next turn-out with five minutes to spare, but he was cautious. So he backed away—right over the rim. The car is still down there, way at the bottom of the gulch. The baby hung on that there scrub oak"—he pointed to a bush at the very edge of a two-hundred-foot perpendicular drop—"for two hours before they could get him off. He laughed when they got him. And that family of five got off with a broken arm and a couple of broken ribs. Don't talk caution to me. Keep sober and going and watch the road! That's my motto."

THE last half mile to the top was through snow beneath tall pines singing in the fresh breeze. As the car rounded the curve on top of the ridge even the bridal couple sat up with a gasp. The car was headed east. To the south basked the orange valley filled with palms, bungalows and blossoming roses; to the north rose range upon range covered with deep snow, pines silhouetted sharply against the sky, snow banners waving from peaks two miles high. As a study in contrasts few places in all the world could supply the equal of this spot.

Captain Biddle turned up the collar of his coat and snorted.

"Get us out of this mess, quick!" he boomed. "I've seen enough snow and ice in my life to be perfectly content without it. Port your helm and warp up alongside of the golf links. This may be impressive and beautiful to a farmer who lies under his orange tree the whole year, but it gives me the shivers."

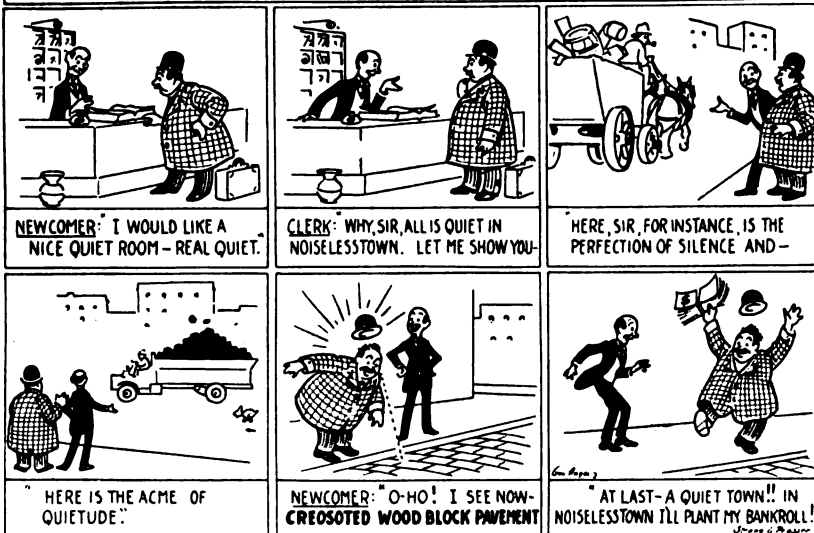
Accordingly the following morning Bulger laid a course due east along the foot of the mountain lay through the heart of the Orange Belt.

Though it was February, though but a few miles to the north, beyond the first chain of the range, snow lay piled in twenty-foot drifts, spring was in the air. The trill of the meadow lark came softly over fields knee high in young grain and fleecy white clouds sailed casually across the Sicilian sky. We steered along the Foothill Boulevard into the Valley of San Gabriel, meandered through Monrovia, Glendora and Azusa, the Captain all the while humming a deep-sea chanty. It took a rather long time to get through the towns. Young Biddle and his bride requested that the car stop in almost every block to afford them a better view of bungalow homes which had particularly attracted their attention. In front of a shingled 'biplane' bungalow covered with Gold of Ophir and Cecil Brunner roses clear to the overhanging eaves they stopped so long that the owner descended from a ladder and came to the curb.

"Would you like to see the place?" he asked. "She is a little beauty. It took me two years to design her and three years to build and to plant the grounds. Come on and take a look around."

The young couple accepted the strang-

NOISELESSTOWN



Would you like to know more about Creosoted Wood Block—the "Silent, Everlasting" pavement—the pavement the biggest cities in the world are so extensively adopting? A card addressed to the Association of Creosoting Companies of the Pacific Coast, Northern Life Bldg., Seattle, Wash., will bring you an interesting and handsomely illustrated booklet.

PAIGE

The Standard of Value and Quality

FIRST and foremost, let us remind you that the Paige Fairfield "Six-46" is a *tried and proven* success.

When you buy a Paige "Six-46" today, you are buying a car that has passed the experimental stage. You are buying a car of *known* quality—*known* ability.

In a word, the "Six-46" is an eminently *safe* automobile investment.

It is a good car—not merely because we say so—but because its owners have conclusively established this goodness in the gruelling tests of more than a year's actual road work.

Other "Light Six" makers are now introducing 1916 models. Some of these makers feature new designs—new power plants—new engineering theories.

In the course of time, these innovations may prove thoroughly practical in every way.

But until that time comes—until these cars have been thoroughly "tried out" in actual service—the prudent man will be inclined to buy the car with a tangible record of accomplishment behind it.

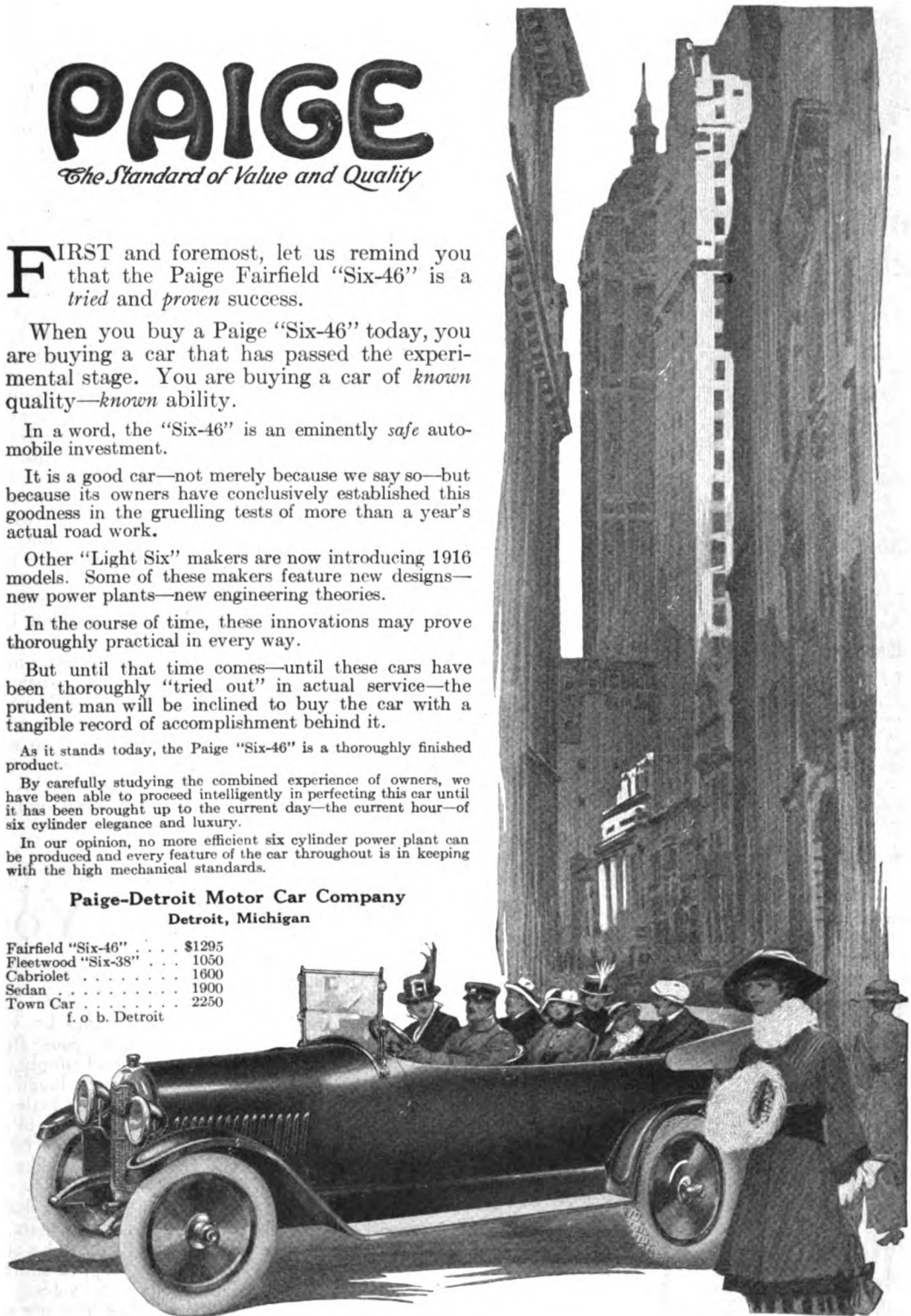
As it stands today, the Paige "Six-46" is a thoroughly finished product.

By carefully studying the combined experience of owners, we have been able to proceed intelligently in perfecting this car until it has been brought up to the current day—the current hour—of six cylinder elegance and luxury.

In our opinion, no more efficient six cylinder power plant can be produced and every feature of the car throughout is in keeping with the high mechanical standards.

Paige-Detroit Motor Car Company Detroit, Michigan

Fairfield "Six-46"	\$1295
Fleetwood "Six-38"	1050
Cabriolet	1600
Sedan	1900
Town Car	2250
f. o. b. Detroit	





Brilliant Light that Stands the Jolts

Prest-O-Lite enables you to drive safely on any road, never fails you in emergencies.

Furnishes you ideal riding light—yet costs less to buy and less to use than any other system for brilliant lighting.

Prest-O-Lite gives you the utmost in practical convenience and reliability. It is as sturdy as your motorcycle itself—requires but slight attention, and that such as you yourself can give, easily and quickly.

Your Satisfaction Guaranteed

Use Prest-O-Lite on your machine. Give it every test in your daily riding. Then, if you're not satisfied, you get your money back.

In Any "Complete" Equipment Get Prest-O-Lite

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er's naive invitation with delight. They explored the house and the grounds thoroughly, guided by the proud owner who ruthlessly bared the privacy of boudoir and bathroom to their prying eyes. Nor did he omit to call attention to the sooty solar heater.

"Sell the place?" echoed the owner as the couple reentered the car. "No, I hadn't thought of it. Still, if someone should make me a good offer—wait a minute." He dashed into the house and presently returned, scribbling on a card. "If you people should want the house badly, just let me know. Here's the address. I guess we can come to terms all right if you mean business."

Mile after mile the smooth road led through fragrant groves of oranges and lemons, between rose hedges, through avenues of oleander, palm, cypress and eucalyptus. At Pomona Bulger swung the car over the winding hill roads of Ganesha Park, its slopes clothed in a riot of flame-yellow acacia blossoms and odorless with their perfume. At Ontario he detoured north, up the long straight avenue leading from the bungalows and orange groves into the heart of San Antonio canyon, a deep cleft in the mountain.

He headed north again, to the vineyards and lemon groves of Etiwanda where the vista up every cypress and palm lined road ends in a wall of perpendicular mountains crowned with snow. We flew through miles of young orchards to Rialto and, listening to the loud inner voice, swung the craft around to the beacon lights of Riverside in the south.

IF I were running a hotel, I would refuse to serve table d'hôte dinners to motorists. I was ashamed of the Captain. He ate like an Alaskan native who hasn't had a taste of blubber for thirty days. The arm of the waitress trembled and the arches of the instep on both her feet had broken down when at last the Captain, the last ounce of cargo stowed away, tried to rise.

A big log crackled in the fireplace, the two green and red parrots talked to each other in an undertone, the notes of the organ came softly from the chapel as the mariner sank into an easy-chair.

"Let's tie up here for a while," he suggested when his cigar was going properly. "There's good anchorage here, the water is smooth and the natives are friendly. We can explore from here in the launch or just absorb peace, rest and food."

So we made the Mission Inn our headquarters, sallying forth before or after lunch according to the state of the barometer and of the golf links. We sped down Magnolia Avenue, over Victoria and Arlington Heights, inspected the lemon orchards and packing houses of Corona where Bulger found a circular boulevard that caused him to open the throttle until the trees merged into a wooden fence and the wind sang in the Captain's hirsute rigging. For a week we navigated into every corner of the Orange Belt, from the date-palms of Mecca to the pine-clad heights of Squirrel Inn, from tropic Smiley Heights to the almond blossoms of Banning.

It was on the last evening of the grand tour. Captain Biddle after an al fresco dinner in the Mission Inn's Spanish garden reflected thoughtfully.

"If I made this my home port," he mused, "I'd build a garage first. I wouldn't want to live in the orange belt without an automobile. This country was made for gasoline navigation. To live in it without a machine is like living on an island without a launch. You can see a lot from an island, but you can't go anywhere if you have to wait for the regular steamer. Yet a motor car doesn't do you much good when you have to tie her up where it's cold six months in the year and where there's nothing to see the other six months. You sure need a place in the sun to enjoy an automobile, and so far as I can see this combination of gasoline fumes and orange-blossom perfume beats the world."

Life Can't Break You

(Continued from page 44)

with which she habitually veiled emotion.

"Zoe, I've just seen Will and Josie."

"Was that what kept you?"

"Yes."

"Well, what of it, serious Stephen?"

"They're so—unhappy."

"Yes. I know it." She paused. "I was talking to Josie the other day."

"What did she say to you?" he asked slowly.

"She asked me some personal questions." She flashed a half smile at him. "She gave me some advice. She tried to—prick the bubble of my dreams."

"What do you mean by that?" Such phrases were one of Zoe's wonders to him—they stirred the poet in him—they were incense to his adoration of her.

"You know. Have they quite smashed yours, Stephen?"

He tried to follow her imagery. "I didn't know it was a bubble—before. It made me feel bad to see them—like that. It made me think about things—

made me see things I never saw before."

"Did it make you—afraid, Stephen?"

"Yes," he said simply.

She gave a little laugh as if one should strike a single soft little chord.

"Afraid that we might get like them?"

Her lids drooped, she bit her lip. "Are you afraid of getting like Will?"

"Zoe!"

"Oh, you're afraid I shall be like Josie!"

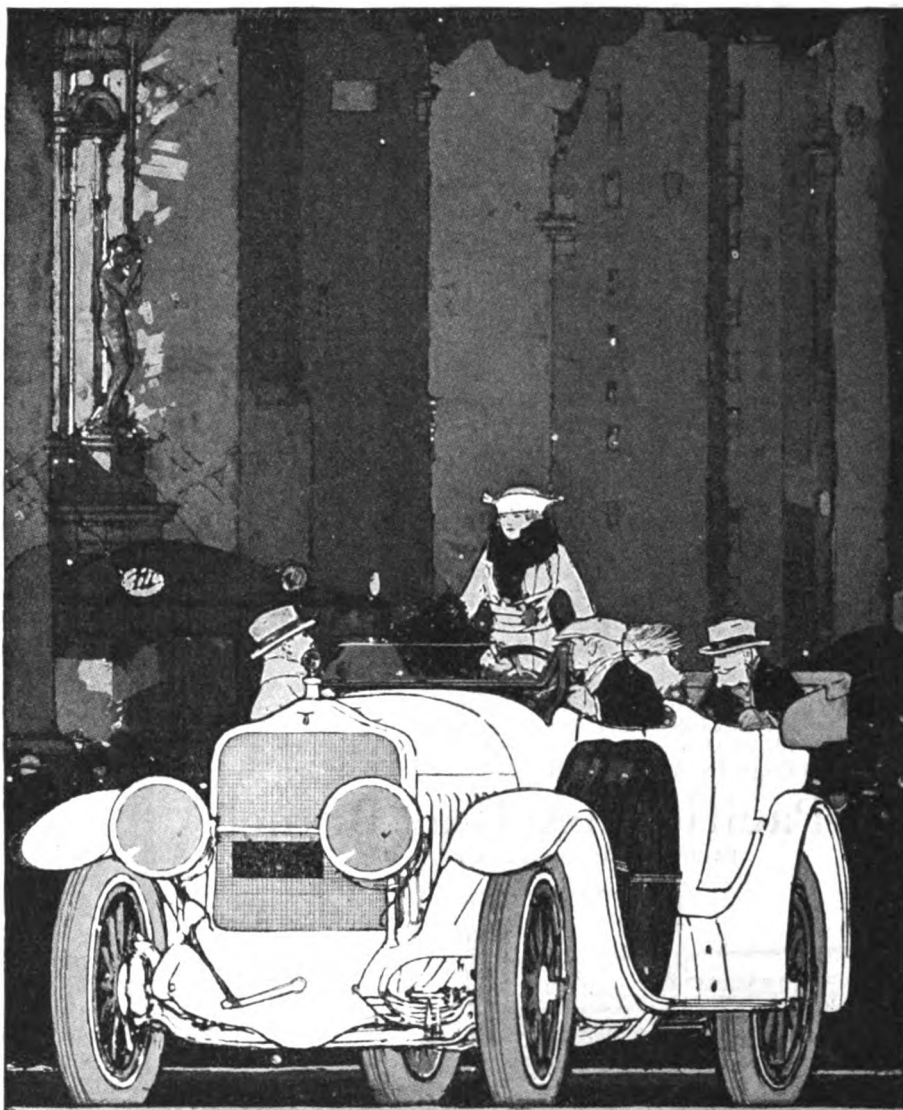
"Zoe!" he cried again, and this time took a step forward, his arms reaching for her, but he stopped short and his hands fell heavily to his sides.

She watched him, not moving. "Well, why don't you—come?"

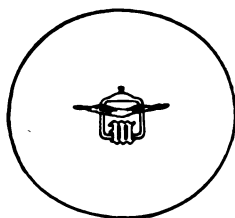
"Because I don't want to love you—just like that."

There was a quiver in her voice. "How do you want to—love me?"

"Zoe, I haven't tried to—think things out before. I don't believe men do. I've just gone on loving you and wanting you and—planning. But tonight, Josie—oh,



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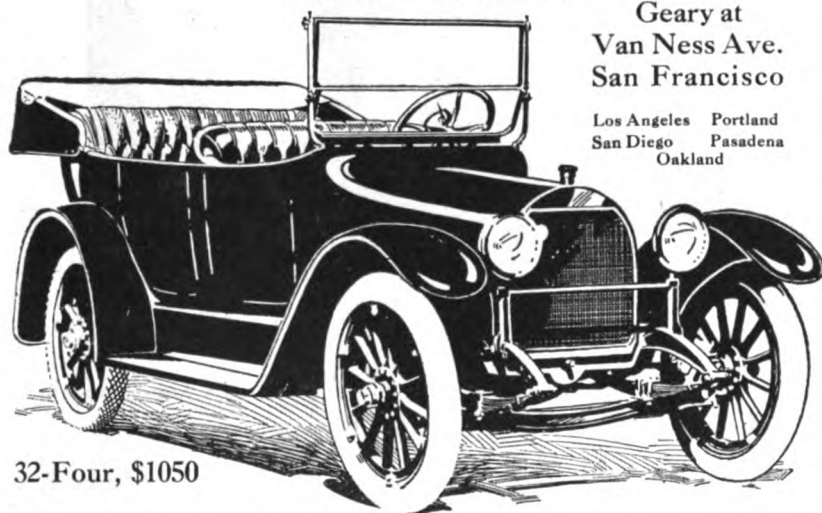
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Rebellion Breaks Out in the South

ONCE more the Mason and Dixon line is being sharply drawn, but this time the conflict rages in China. In that sardine can of humorous, good-natured humanity great events are taking place, events which may decide whether China shall become, as the Balkans were, the powder barrel of the world. Carl Crow, contributor to the best American magazines, for five years a resident of China and Japan, writes a brilliant, trenchant article on Yuan Shi Kai and the Chinese problem. Mr. Crow's contribution will appear in the March issue of *Sunset*. Fifteen cents at all newsstands.

there seems to be something wrong with marriage or—or with love. Men talk like they'd been trapped—cheated somehow, and the women, there's Josie and—and mother—what are they getting out of it? I guess it isn't just being poor—I don't know what it is. Something doesn't come true, I guess. Zoe, I—I wouldn't do that to you. I don't want to do that to you. I *won't* do that to you!"

His low voice gathered intensity as he gained expression for what was seething in him.

"Zoe, I don't know how to say things very well. Maybe I'm just fooling myself when I think I love you—differently. I'm not 'stuck on' you, Zoe. I'm not just 'sweet on' you. I want you, but—but— A man goes hunting and makes all kinds of fuss about it and finds out all about the game and tracks it and chases it and don't think of anything else—and then he *kills* it. I don't want to take your life, Zoe, like a clumsy fool, and—and crush all the sweet out!"

"Stephen," she whispered, "isn't it wonderful that I should be the woman to get the only man who really knows how to love!"

Still he did not come to her. He seemed very tall and straight, very much a man, standing there before her, his head up, hands clenched tight. His eyes, burning with deep fires, clung to her face.

"I couldn't bear," he said, "to see you unhappy—to think I brought it to you. That's what makes me afraid."

"Would you—give me up first?"

"I don't know," he said.

"To some other man who'd never think of it?"

"No!"

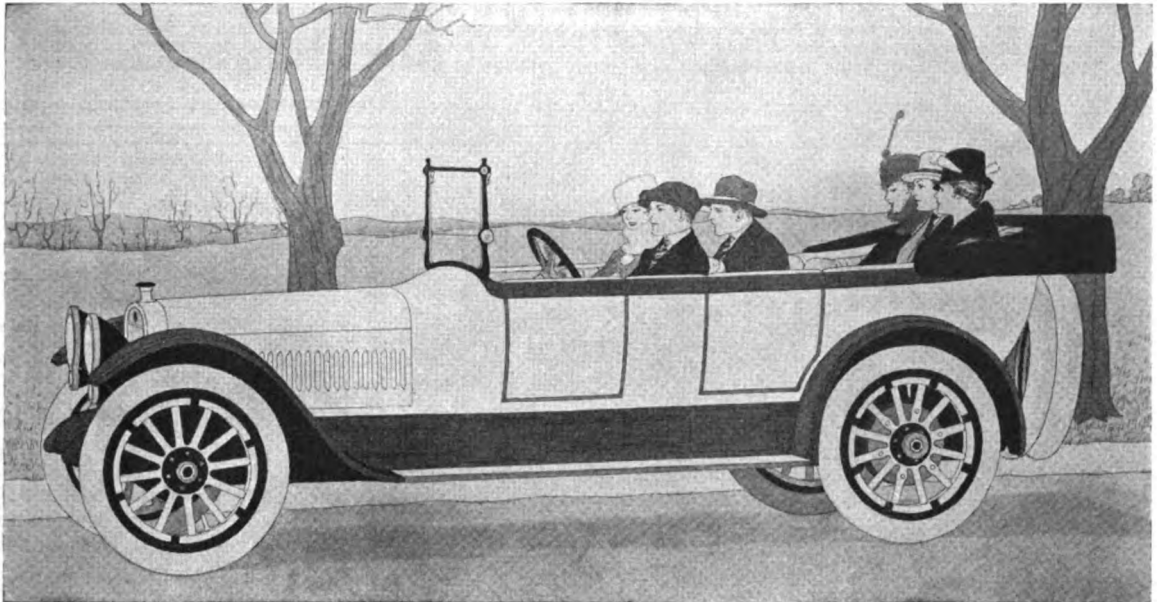
She smiled a little. "Stephen, you and I haven't got much education—out of books anyway, but we've both lived pretty close to life. I haven't had any mother since I was ten and nobody much to wise me up to things, but I've been looking on pretty hard and doing a lot of thinking on my own account. And it isn't love nor marriage nor being poor that's just to blame. It's life that's cruel to us. I don't know what we're here for—maybe to get some sense knocked into us. Anyway, life gives us all a lot of hard whacks, and, you're right, the women get the hardest ones. And it's no use trying to dodge. But as for being afraid of Will and Josie's kind of misery, no. I'm not afraid that yours and mine will be that kind. You're not Will and I'm not Josie, and what's between us is different, too.

"I used to think I'd never get married—because I'd looked around and I was afraid. I've had men tell me they loved me and I might have listened, only I knew so well they'd take my life and break it like a little stick—if I'd let them. But nobody could break my life, Stephen, no, not even you. That's what I've thought out. Life can be cruel to you but it can't break you if you won't let it.

"And love—" She paused a second on the word, a little half-smile on lips that did not quiver, eyes deep and tearless. "You've shown me how you love me, Stephen, and now I'll show you mine. It makes me take my life like a little crystal ball and put it—without one single fear—into your hands."

She stretched out her arms. He came now and bent his head to hers.

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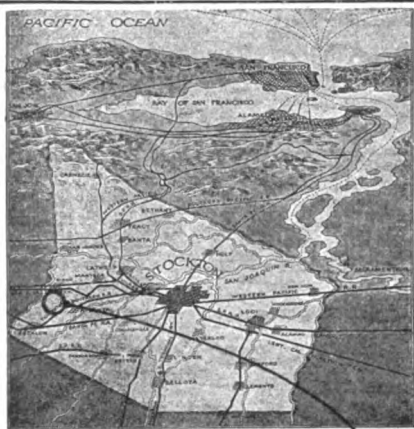
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The Sunset Country

Here follow timely and interesting facts concerning the great Pacific Slope, the country served by Sunset Magazine. The Sunset Magazine Service Bureau, conducted in conjunction with this department, supplies disinterested information concerning the West, its lands and industries. The purpose is to guide and advise the stranger, whether tourist or homesoeker. Its organization covers the entire West and the services are free. Questions and answers of general interest, illustrative of the general service of the Bureau, will be found below. The announcements of hotels, railroads, steamship lines, resorts, communities and colonization companies appearing in these columns have been investigated by Sunset Magazine and are reliable and trustworthy.



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We selected the South San Joaquin Irrigation District—where the land owns the water—for our plantings because of the acknowledged superiority of this district—soil, climate and cheap water for irrigation. Our judgment has been fully confirmed.

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Sunset Magazine Service Bureau

Conducted under the supervision of Walter V. Woelke

The following general questions and answers are typical of the service supplied by the Bureau. Stamps should be enclosed in letters of inquiry and full name and address plainly written. Address all communications to Sunset Magazine Service Bureau, 460 Fourth Street, San Francisco.

Silk Worms and Ostriches

Q. I am thinking seriously of coming to California to live. I think I would like a few acres near a fair-sized town that I might work at my trade (carpentering) while things on the place are getting in shape. What would be your advice to one knowing nothing of farming and with a limited amount of money and a family to care for while we make the change? Will you tell me the subjects taught in the correspondence course of the College of Agriculture, University of California, also the cost? Have silk-worms proven profitable and successful in your state? Would also like information on ostrich farming, capital to start and about the profit. Where do you think one could secure the best land for the investment?—M. R. V., HANNIBAL, MO.

A. Do you know whether you like farm work and whether you are fitted for it? Has it ever occurred to you that, after you had invested all your available capital in a piece of Western land, you might discover attending silk-worms, incubating ostriches, irrigating alfalfa and milking cows at the gray break of dawn was not at all to your liking? If you made such a discovery what would you do? You would be tied to the land with a family to support and you might have to wait years before you could find a buyer.

Why don't you try out the plan which you propose to follow on the Pacific Coast right at home where you are now? It would be our suggestion that next spring you go out and get a job on one of the farms in the surroundings of Hannibal for a few weeks or months; of course it would be better if you would stick to the farm work and give it a trial for a full year. Then, if you are still of a mind to try farming in California, after you have had some actual experience, we shall gladly answer any questions you may care to ask us. But you must not imagine that ostrich raising is a snap. Anyway, it requires large capital and is not an industry for the novice, and silk-worm culture in California is still in the experimental stage. The correspondence courses of the College of Agriculture, University of California, cover three dozen lines of specialized farming and are given free of charge.

Conditions in Owyhee County, Idaho

Q. Can you give me any information about Owyhee county, Idaho? Why is this county so thinly populated? Is there good land still open and is it a cattle country?—F. McG., FULLERTON, CAL.

A. Although Owyhee county is one of the largest counties in Idaho, comparatively little of the land is available for cultivation. Owyhee is primarily a mining and stock-raising county. Some of the finest irrigated tracts in the state are situated along the Snake River valley, which forms the northern boundary, but most of the land adapted to farming is either dry-farmed or used for grazing.

The State Market Director of Idaho has a number of attractive large Owyhee stock ranches listed which can be secured on favorable terms. There is also some homestead land open to entry, but if a person wants to get reasonably close to civilization on good roads, etc., numerous private holdings can be purchased at prices which remove the incentive for going on a homestead in isolated sections and enduring privations which the taking up of homesteads in most parts of the West requires at this time.

Owyhee county was one of the most active mining districts of the state in the early days, and consequently many of the cattle ranches are held by old-timers, many of whom have made fortunes in stock run over that territory. Many of these early settlers are anxious to retire or have passed away and their heirs are willing to dispose of all or part of their holdings.

Orchards Around Dufur, Oregon

Q. I am very anxious to get some information concerning the Dufur Orchard Company of Wasco county, Oregon. They have been selling small tracts on the instalment plan, and had offices in Portland but have lately moved to The Dalles, Oregon.

I bought a few acres from them and got quite a bit paid on it, but I am worried for fear they are not all right, and I cannot afford to lose any money.—M. M., WILLITS, CAL.

A. The Dufur Orchard Company has about 5000 acres in the vicinity of Dufur, Oregon. The largest part of this tract is

planted to Jonathans, Winter Bananas and Staymen Winesaps. According to reliable authorities Spitzenbergs and Newtown Pippins do not do well at this altitude of 1200 to 1800 feet, but the varieties mentioned are all good commercial apples. In addition the company has planted several varieties of pears, mostly Bartletts. From two different sources we learn that the trees have been given excellent care and that the company is endeavoring to do its best for those who have purchased the orchards. We understand that the concern completed a soil survey of its holdings last year, and when it discovered a particular tract was unsuitable for apples it voluntarily traded this tract for a better one to give the buyer full value for his money. The largest of the trees were five years old this spring, and just beginning to bear.

The orchards in the vicinity of The Dalles should be in a very good position to market the second-class apples and pears, as one concern has established a large cannery and another concern a large evaporating plant in this vicinity. These two establishments will consume approximately 20,000 tons of green fruit per annum. In addition there is water transportation down the Columbia to Portland and Astoria, enabling the orchardists to obtain the full benefit of the low water rates to the Atlantic Coast, once the Panama Canal is open and the shipment of green fruit by steamer becomes established.

Perhaps the worst drawback to the Dufur district is the attempt to grow fruit without irrigation. Even in Hood River where the rainfall is considerably higher, the growers found it necessary to irrigate during the dry season in order to obtain the best results, and we believe that the Dufur district will eventually arrive at the same conclusion. We understand that tentative plans have been made to store the water of one of the numerous streams to use it for summer irrigation.

Timber in Coos County, Oregon

Q. What parts of Coos county, Oregon, are heaviest in timber? I am especially interested in sections 1-2-11-12 in Township 26 South, Range 10 West, of the Willamette Meridian.

What is the average stumpage per section, in this locality? Can you name a fair average price per quarter section for the timber investor to pay in above descriptions? Are these lands likely to have a mineral value? Is it extremely mountainous and how far from the Coos Bay waters?—J. F. S., GILLET, Wis.

A. We have obtained from Mr. W. J. Conrad, Secretary of the Coos County Tax Association, definite information concerning the sections in question. Mr. Conrad writes as follows:

"My records show that there is approximately 18,000,000 feet of timber on Section 1, 28,000,000 feet on Section 2, 30,000,000 feet on Section 3, and 25,000,000 feet on Section 4, all in Township 26 South, Range 10 West, which timber consists of second growth yellow or Douglas fir.

"At the present time, timber stumpage is not worth to exceed 60 cents per thousand feet and especially in the locality in which the above lands are situated. In all probability these lands have no min-

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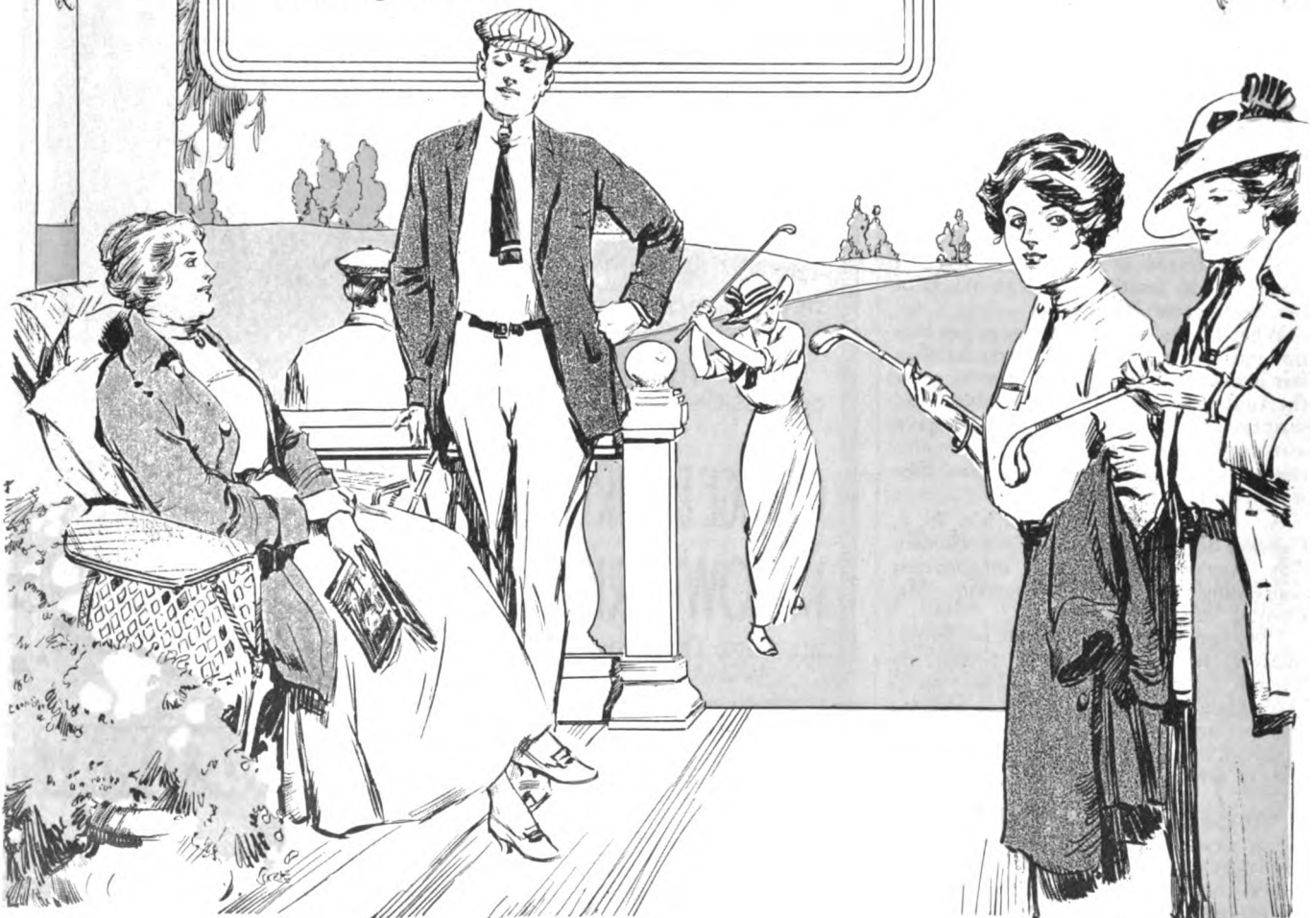
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HOTEL and BUNGALOWS, BEVERLY HILLS
Midway between Los Angeles and the Sea

Winter on the Riviera

Europe? Of course not; you couldn't if you would and you wouldn't if you could. Do you know the American Riviera—your own Riviera? California in February means sunny beaches, green hills, bursting buds, golden poppies—a time for play and recreation. Here one may speed over superb automobile highways, play golf or tennis or polo, fish or swim, or indulge any whim for pastime. Every moment of the bright days of sunshine can be turned into golden memories. At San Diego, the beautiful Panama-California Exposition has been continued for another year, affording an opportunity to those belated Americans who missed the 1915 expositions to see something of them now.





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Near the shores of attractive Lake Merritt



HOTEL HUNTINGTON, PASADENA
The home of transplanted millionaires



HOTEL ALEXANDRIA, LOS ANGELES
The center of Southern California



PASO ROBLES HOT SPRINGS
Midway between Los Angeles and San Francisco

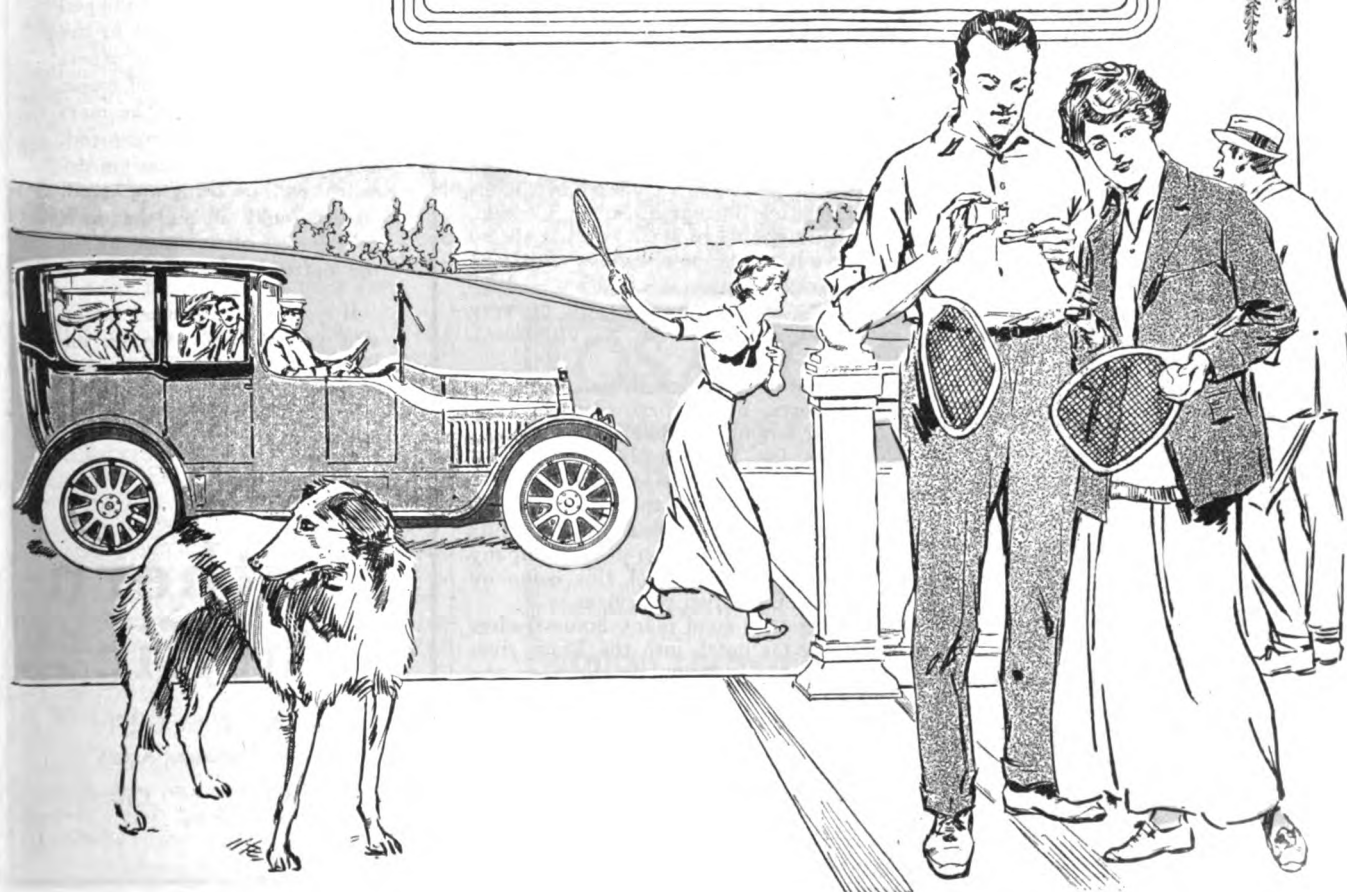


HOTEL DEL CORONADO, CORONADO
Just across the bay from San Diego

Follow the Padres' Path

In no other section of the United States have the wants of the tourist been more carefully anticipated than in California. The resorts and hotels pictured on these pages have helped to make California famous. They are as fine as any in the world and are noted for that hospitality which has characterized California hotels since the original hostelries, the missions themselves. These hotels and resorts and their managers are known to and fully endorsed by Sunset Magazine.

If you or your friends are interested, we would like to help you obtain full information about them. Our Service Bureau is thoroughly equipped to furnish literature and information about anything pertaining to the country west of the Rockies, make up itineraries, etc. Just address any of the hotels included in these pages, or Sunset Magazine, San Francisco, California.





Where Money Talks and Figures Count

1795 Miles of Southern Pacific railroad in California are protected by Interlocking and Automatic Block Safety Signals. This is 95 per cent of the total steam railroad mileage in the State so protected, and represents an expenditure of over Five Million Dollars.

Southern Pacific in 1913 received the first Gold Medal awarded by the American Museum of Safety for the "Utmost Progress in Safety and Accident Prevention," and at the San Francisco Exposition, 1915, received the Grand Prize, the highest award, for Safety First Appliances, as well as for Railway Track, Equipment and Motive Power.

Travel via
**SOUTHERN
PACIFIC**

eral value. The land mentioned is rather mountainous, but in time will offer fairly good logging chances. They are located but a short distance from the south fork of Coos river, but this river is not navigable at that distance and the only way to get the logs down is by winter freshets. As a timber investment this is a fairly good speculation at the price mentioned."

Stumbling Blindly Into Alaska

Q. I intend going to Alaska and taking a homestead, and would like to know where the best place would be in your opinion. I want to do some grain raising, but want the best place for cattle raising. How early do the winters usually begin? And what time does spring usually open? Are the winters too cold and stormy to feed cattle outside? If shelter is necessary, would open sheds answer the purpose?—W. M. F., PAISLEY, ORE.

A. Our advice to you concerning your project of taking up a homestead in Alaska for stock-raising would be to go first on a scouting expedition before shipping in any stock. From your letter we judge that you are in total ignorance concerning Alaska conditions. You do not seem to know that it will be necessary to chop down trees and clear the land before you can raise anything. Nor do you seem to know that in the interior well-built shelter is absolutely necessary to protect stock through the long winter when the sun is practically absent for three whole months.

You can make the Alaska round trip at a cost of \$65, and we believe this will be the best investment you ever made. It will give you a personal insight into conditions and enable you to judge for yourself whether you want to make the venture. But don't go blindly without knowing what you are going to run into. If you can't make the preliminary survey, write to the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., for agricultural conditions in Alaska.

Canadian Furs and Homesteads

Q. I am anxious to obtain information about trapping for furs and also about homesteading in northwestern Canada, and being unable to get it will ask if you can give it to me, or tell me where I can secure the desired information. Anything you can do for me will be very greatly appreciated.—G. S., SHANGHAI, CHINA.

A. The provinces of British Columbia and Alberta, in northern Canada, contain over a hundred million acres of land available for homesteading. Both of these provinces likewise furnish abundant opportunities for the fur hunter and trapper, in fact the bulk of the furs handled by the Hudson Bay Company comes from the posts of this company located in these two provinces.

At present a good many homesteaders are going far north into the Peace river country on the boundary between the two provinces, the war notwithstanding, because the construction of the railroad into the district has continued in spite of the financial shortage caused by the war in Canada.

The Provincial Bureau of Information, Victoria, B. C., and the Department of Agriculture, Edmonton, Alberta, will both be very glad to give you detailed



TO THOSE WHO COME, equipped with health, a determination to "make good" and sufficient capital for fair investment, Western Oregon offers many, many golden opportunities.

There is room for farming, stock raising, poultry, dairying, fruit raising, hop growing and many other fields of endeavor.

The settler of today will find many agencies to assist him. The experimental work has been done. The experience of others is available.

The Oregon Agricultural College, one of the best equipped institutions of its kind in the west, will furnish, free, expert information regarding soil, crops, fruit, livestock, etc. The markets are being better organized. Transportation facilities are excellent and are being improved. Oregon ranks among the most progressive commonwealths in the matter of education.

If you are interested let us send you our book, Oregon for the Settler, with more detailed information.

Southern Pacific

JOHN M. SCOTT,
General Passenger Agent

PORTLAND

OREGON

and extensive information concerning both homestead land and fur bearing animals in the two provinces.

Must We Clean Up Mexico?

(Continued from page 28)

Are you aware that foreign investments in Mexico have been completely shattered, through absolutely no fault of the investor or his agent, but through the playful frolics of the revolutionary rascals?

Are you aware that, to quote just one example, the losses to eight French companies, eight out of hundreds of foreign companies, during the revolution have been three times as much as the total annual budget for the whole republic of Mexico before Madero? American companies have lost in proportion.

The Americans have been heavy investors, and they have lost proportionately. They have been robbed of their stocks, if they were tradesmen, of their equipment if they were railroad men or manufacturers, of their crops and livestock if they were farmers. They have seen their hard earned money vanish, through no fault of their own, and they have turned to their government for help—and received a stone.

The administrations at Washington for years have been urging Americans to go out and establish foreign trade relations. The present administration urges more trade with Latin America.

And then the men who have established foreign trade relations, who spent years of patient endeavor at it, have need of their government's aid. And do they get it? Do they get it?

Washington tells them calmly and dispassionately that they are pirates and adventurers, that if they don't like Mexico they can get out, and if they don't want to get out they can stay there. They went there and it's their risk.

THE result? Every last Mexican has felt at liberty to add another insult to the men whose country spurned them. Every peon is convinced that the gringos are afraid of the Mexican army. And the shocking truth is that the patriotism of these Americans has gone through a test which no human nature can be expected to stand for long.

Regret the loss of American dollars. Regret the loss of American lives. But the fullest tragedy in Mexico is this—that the policy of Washington has forfeited the very pride in citizenship which in former days every American in Mexico had in plenty.

We tried to make friends of the Mexicans.

We failed, but we succeeded in forfeiting their respect, and in losing the respect and patriotism of our own nationals.



That Dream

of yours, about getting the most out of life in "The Land of Sunshine, Fruit and Flowers"—California—will come true, just as soon as you desire, if you let me tell you where you can get excellent land, in large or small tracts,

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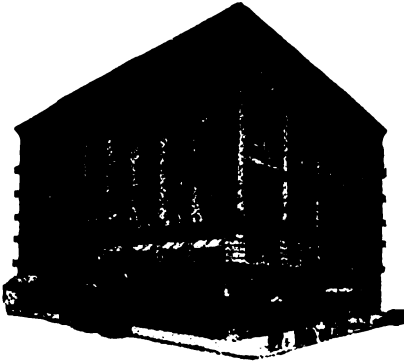
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San Francisco, California
SYDNEY SHORT LINE

Skinning the Land Grant Bear

(Continued from page 46)

neither Congress nor the Department of the Interior filed any objections, though both were fully cognizant of the terms of every sale.

Shortly after the Southern Pacific Company took over the assets of the O. & C. Company it proceeded to "cruise" the timbered portions of the tract and make sales based on the value of the timber instead of the acreage; the large sales which were the most notable violations of the Settlers' Clause were made between 1886 and 1902. In the latter year E. H. Harriman's hand made itself felt. He was quick to recognize in the lands one of the company's valuable assets, and the loose methods of cruising and classification then in vogue did not at all meet with his approval. He caused the lands to be withdrawn from the market until a proper examination and appraisal could be made. This policy became effective January 1, 1903. The new appraisal occupied three years, and it was barely completed when the San Francisco disaster of 1906 destroyed both the old data and the new. This, as it proved, was an even greater calamity than the mere loss of work and money involved, for while the lands were withheld pending a second thorough examination, general dissatisfaction began to manifest itself. This first appeared in the counties embracing grant lands. Prospective purchasers whose lumbering activities were being hampered by inability to purchase intervening sections of railroad land grew restive. Murmurs of dissatisfaction arose among settlers in the vicinity of the lands and among seekers of timber lands for speculation. Each complainant took courage from his neighbor until the combined outcry assumed big proportions. Politicians harkened and spiked a new plank in their platform, pledging themselves to initiate proceedings for the absolute forfeiture of the grant.

WHEN the Oregon legislature convened in 1907, this was one of the pledges that was not forgotten. Sensational attacks on "big business" were much in vogue at that time, and offered a sure and swift route to prominence for the aspiring legislator. Small wonder then, that a valentine in the form of a memorial to Congress urging the commencement of forfeiture proceedings against the railroad company was passed on February 14, 1907.

Congress jumped at the opportunity to accomplish something tangible on the strength of which individual members might plead for their constituents' vote. In September, 1908, special prosecutors for the government instituted forfeiture proceedings in the United States District Court at Portland, Oregon. Events that have since transpired require only a brief review. The lower court entered a decree of forfeiture from which the railroad company promptly appealed, at the same time formally refusing to pay further taxes on any of the grant lands until the ownership of the lands should be finally determined. The Supreme Court

of the United States then reversed the decision of the lower court and declared the railroad company to be the rightful owner of the grant in fee simple, but ruled that it could not dispose of the lands except as specifically provided in the "Settlers' Clause," unless Congress should within six months formulate modified rules governing the disposal of the lands.

In contrast to the early agitation for forfeiture, the people of Oregon today are ready and willing to recognize the rights conferred on the company by Congress. In fact, there is no inclination on the part of the thinking people of the state to abrogate in the slightest degree the company's rights of ownership, as defined by the Supreme Court.

The entire grant may be roughly grouped into five classes: timber, agricultural, mineral, grazing and waste lands. The two latter merge in so many places as to render exact classification difficult. Much of the timber land will eventually be excellent agricultural land, but the present value of the timber so far overshadows the value of the land beneath it that the ultimate agricultural values of such lands can well be disregarded for the time being. In view of this classification it becomes apparent that, if the railroad company is held to the letter of the decision, it cannot possibly get even the stipulated \$2.50 per acre. The reason for this is obvious. The most valuable lands cannot be sold in excess of this sum, and there are approximately 400,000 acres of waste lands that will bring only a fraction of this amount. If the company were unhampered by restrictions in selling, it might work off the poor land with the good, but under the terms of the "Settlers' Clause" this becomes a manifest impossibility. On the other hand, so small a portion of lands is really adapted to immediate settlement by bona-fide settlers that the great majority of the people of Oregon look forward to some Congressional action which will preclude the wild rush that would follow the unrestricted opening of the grant.

The object of the promoters and leagues that clamor for "law enforcement" are perfectly transparent. If Congress could be persuaded to keep hands off, they think that they and their followers might "rush" timber lands on which they have already made repeated and ineffectual attempts to file. By simply making the merest pretext of settlement they hope to acquire for \$2.50 per acre timber lands that are conservatively worth \$50 per acre in many instances, and in some cases even twice this sum. Since it is no longer fashionable to give away the people's estate in this manner, the chances of these ventures are exceedingly slim.

NOW that the bear has been brought down, what is to be done with the skin?

If Congress fails to act, it will be a tacit invitation for timber grabbers, land speculators and a limited number of real settlers to squat on the grant. This

means fight, and the fighting will be done in the courts. The railroad, under the Supreme Court decision, still is the owner of the land. It is at liberty to choose the time of sale and the purchaser. It can withhold the land from sale or refuse to sell to anyone not of its liking. Hence a rush of squatters will mean more litigation and no taxes for various counties.

It is clear that Congress must do something. What shall it be?

Governor Withycombe suggests a compromise. He characterizes the uniform price of \$2.50 an acre as "ridiculous." And he believes that the federal government is not entitled to any part of the bear's skin. In his opinion the land should be classified, appraised and sold for what each acre is worth, the citizens of Oregon and the railroad company dividing the excess above the stipulated \$2.50 an acre.

Congress would have to legalize this compromise. It is very doubtful whether Congressmen from the East and the Middle West would ratify such a pact. And many people in Oregon believe that better terms can be made.

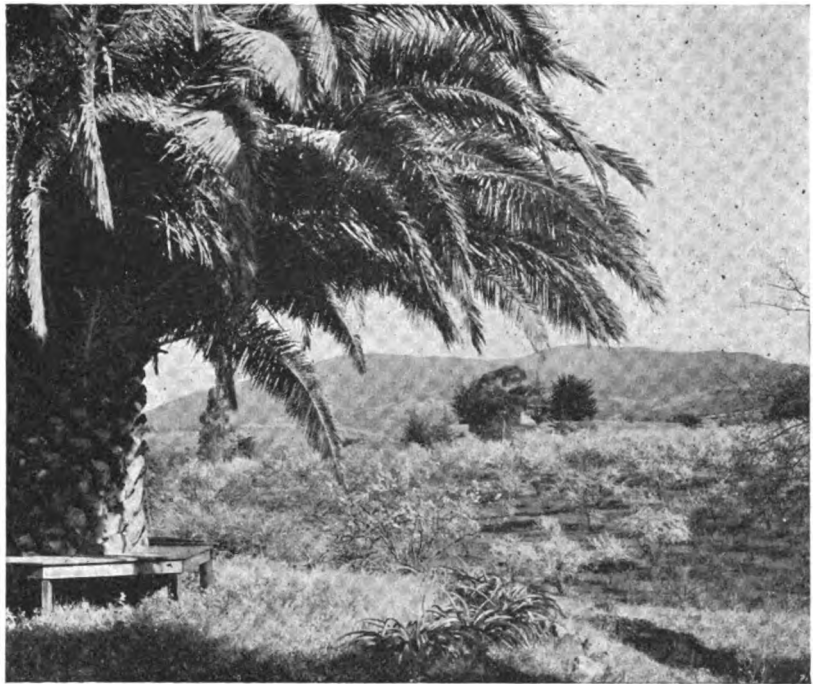
Another large faction in Oregon wants the federal government to buy out the railroad, to pay it the stipulated \$2.50 an acre and become the absolute owner of the grant. If that is done, if Congress appropriates five million dollars and buys the railroad's interest—always presuming that the railroad, like Barkis, is willin'—the question is only half settled. For in this case Oregon arises and in a very loud voice asks what the government is going to do with the land.

Look at the map again. The checkered squares of the grant lands everywhere touch elbows with the solid black of the National Forests. What would be easier, more logical—at least in the mind of the Eastern arm-chair conservationist—than to add the two million grant acres to the fourteen million acres already in the National Forests?

Merely suggest this in the halls of Congress and listen for the echo from Oregon. It will come, rapidly, in great volume, and it will be a reverberating NO.

Can you blame Oregon? Look at these facts:

The area of Oregon is 60,000,000 acres in round numbers. Of this area 17,000,000 acres are public property, unreserved, open to entry. These seventeen million acres pay no taxes. There are 13,908,000 Oregon acres in the National Forests. These fourteen million acres pay no taxes. There are 1,638,000 acres in Indian Reserves, 164,000 acres in National Parks in Oregon. These one and a half million acres pay no taxes. Including half a million acres of school lands, more than fifty per cent of Oregon's area produces no annual tax revenue for public purposes. Though the counties containing land under the control of the Forest Service receive 25 per cent of the gross receipts from timber sales and grazing permits, this amount is insignificant. For the total fourteen million acres the counties' share does not exceed \$100,000 a year. Of the two million acres of the grant the taxes exceed \$400,000 a year. Undoubtedly the receipts from the National Forests will be far larger thirty years hence, but roads, schools, court-houses, jails, sheriffs' offices must be established and maintained right now. These are the reasons



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The Maid and the Money

\$3,500,000 A YEAR FROM FRESNO COUNTY DAIRY FARMS

Some people have an idea that Fresno County produces nothing more than raisin grapes. This is due, of course, to the fact that Fresno, which is the big raisin-grape center of the United States, produces more raisins than even the whole of Spain. But it is a fallacy to think that the vast agricultural acreage of this county is given wholly to fruits.

Dairying is one of our big industries. Fresno County is one of the first four counties in California in dairying.

We've made this record in a period of ten years. Ten years ago our county held no rank as a butter producer. Now three and one-half million dollars are annually paid to Fresno County dairymen.

Alfalfa may be credited with the great advance in the dairying industry. Fresno is pre-eminent among California counties in the production of this rich forage crop and, turned into milk and cream, the farmer gets full value out of every ton of alfalfa.

In spite of California's increasing output of dairy products, the State markets are not supplied by the State producers. High prices always have and probably always will prevail.

We want to communicate with practical farmers and experienced dairymen. The opportunities are here for money-making and we want more settlers. Send for illustrated literature and information in regard to dairying opportunities.

Fresno County Chamber of Commerce FRESNO, CALIFORNIA

Sanger Chamber of Commerce..... Sanger, Cal.	Fowler Chamber of Commerce..... Fowler, Cal.
Coalinga Chamber of Commerce..... Coalinga, Cal.	Parlier Chamber of Commerce..... Parlier, Cal.
Selma Chamber of Commerce..... Selma, Cal.	Raisin City Chamber of Commerce, Raisin City, Cal.
Clovis Chamber of Commerce..... Clovis, Cal.	Riverdale Chamber of Commerce..... Riverdale, Cal.
Reedley Chamber of Commerce..... Reedley, Cal.	Laton Chamber of Commerce..... Laton, Cal.
Kingsburg Chamber of Commerce..... Kingsburg, Cal.	Kerman Chamber of Commerce..... Kerman, Cal.

why Oregon most emphatically objects to the inclusion of the grant lands in the National Forests.

In a journey of investigation and feeling-out a special agent of the government found only one man in half the affected counties favoring the inclusion of the grant lands in the National Forests.

IF Congress should order the lands classified and sold, through whatever agency, the original "Settlers' Clause" would have to be disregarded. Any attempt to sell the timbered portions of the grant in tracts limited to 160 acres would bring about a needless waste because the only possible use that individuals not engaged in the production of lumber could have for a quarter section of timber would be to hold it for speculative purposes. The actual settlers should be able to acquire the raw land in usable quantities at a fair price without the intervention of intermediaries; on this point there can be no dispute. The owner of the sawmill is the logical purchaser for the section that proves a costly obstacle to his present operations, and the larger lumber companies, whose present holdings are interspersed with railroad lands, are the persons who can logically afford to pay the most for lands commingled with their own, and which are properly a part of the same logging operations.

Much of the timber on the railroad lands, like large portions of the National Forest, is already over-ripe, and is depreciating steadily through the inroads of decay. Obviously, such timber should be made instantly available to those who can make the best use of it, without resort to unnecessary red tape or restrictions which so often characterize the sales of timber from the National Forest in which the land is, of course, necessarily reserved.

Many men in western Oregon raised their voices and shouted loudly for absolute forfeiture of the grant ten years ago. The direct effect of governmental action in response to their demands was an increase in their taxes. Absolute forfeiture was not attained. The railroad is still in possession of the tract, its title confirmed by the highest tribunal. It can choose the time of selling and the purchaser. It can retain the grant lands intact for years to come, if it so wishes. During these years the railroad-owned land will pay only nominal taxes; the government-owned timber will pay no taxes at all. Therefore those most interested, the people of western Oregon, are in a mood to compromise. They are willing to meet the railroad half way if by this meeting the grant timber can be made available for taxation and the agricultural portions of the grant can be opened to speedy settlement. They do not want, however, to have the grant added bodily to the National Forests, nor do they relish the idea of having the Forest Service administer the grant pending development and sale.

It's all up to Congress. Congress must act. It must say what shall be done with the grant. If Congress does not act, the federal district court will resume jurisdiction and a new era of endless, taxless litigation will begin. Oregon is willing to compromise. But Congress must say what that compromise will be.

What will Congress do?

The Ask Mr. Foster TRAVEL INFORMATION SERVICE

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Readers, Gentle and Otherwise

Wellington, Ohio.

As the publishers of SUNSET were so wanting in good taste as to send out a cover such as was on the October number [the fountain of the Setting Sun, at the Panama-Pacific Exposition] I dare not risk the magazine again in my family of young people. I am transferring my subscription to a friend in New Mexico.

MRS. E. A. HERR.

Oakland, Cal.

I feel I must tell you of my great disappointment when I received your magazine and found you did not have the "Rising Sun" on the cover. The "Setting Sun" was so beautiful that I saved it, thinking you would surely give me the mate the following month. Can't you do this in an early issue, using the same shade blue for background?

ADA A. SEARLE.

54th Battalion, Kootenay Reg't, C. E. F.

It is but natural that the Pacific States should take an interest in the Pacific province of their northern neighbor and her share in this war. The boys of the 54th appreciate the sympathetic article of Mr. Arno Dosch in the November number and I venture to send you a picture of the "Bunch." We are about to pull our freight and follow our brother regiments that are in Europe. Most of us are cosmopolitan in our ideas but we are in that conglomeration of far-spread communities—the British Empire—and it is up to us to dig in. In our ranks are miners, loggers, railroaders, prospectors, trappers, cowpunchers, office guys and a few half-breeds. The homesteaders can verify Mr. Dosch's statement about the deserted cabins and it's a hard sacrifice to pull one's self up by the roots and beat it to Flanders.

G. F. LAWES, Serg't.

Fairfield, Cal.

It is neither fair, just nor honest to charge the SUNSET with being for California first, last and all the time and it is not true, for every state on the Pacific Slope had leading articles and beautiful illustrations and descriptions of different sections. I sent the magazine to my cousins in Ohio and last June they came and visited every important city from San Diego to Vancouver. They said "the half was never told" and the result of their visit will be that their sons and daughters will visit the Pacific Slope this year. I attribute all this to my sending them copies of SUNSET Magazine.

D. M. MILLER.

Abilene, Texas.

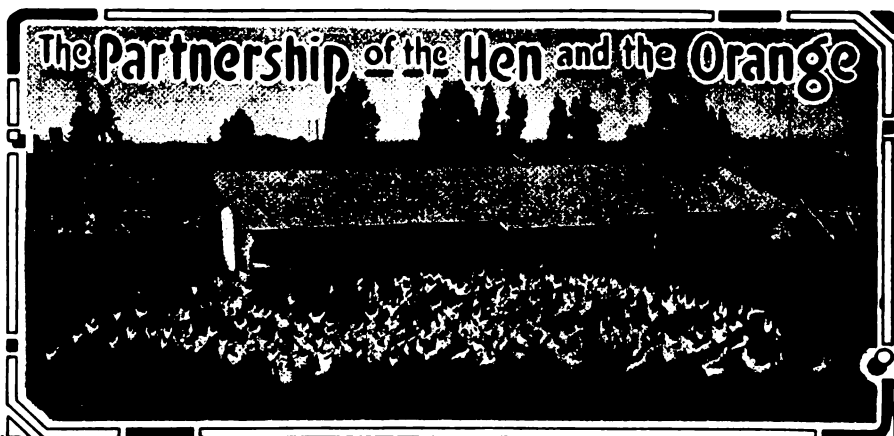
Referring to Burdine's caustic criticism of SUNSET in the November issue, one would readily presume that he lived in a malaria climate and doubtless a thorough course of Smith's Bile Beans would be beneficial. I have been reading SUNSET for several years with much pleasure.

W. J. THOMPSON.

Kittery, Maine.

I want to tell you that yours is one of the best magazines printed, that is what I think.

J. R. WENTWORTH.



This picture shows part of a plant which made for its owners (two young men who started with less than \$1000, four years ago) a net profit of more than \$4000 last year.

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The two most difficult problems for the settler, in starting an orange grove, are:

1. Making a living while the trees are growing large enough to bear.
2. Keeping up and building up the fertility of the soil in the grove.

TEN YOUNG CITRUS GROVES WITHOUT ANY CASH PAYMENT

To the first TEN applicants who have capital enough, (\$2000 to \$3000) to build a dwelling and henhouses and embark in the poultry business.

The grove (any variety of citrus trees, oranges, lemons or grapefruit, or assortments) may be paid for in 3, 4, 5 and 6 years—terms so easy that the hens and oranges should pay them out.

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THE FONTANA POULTRY ASSOCIATION,

a non-profit, co-operative organization, provides feeds and materials for FONTANA poultrymen at wholesale prices, and ships and markets their products for them.

WHY THIS OFFER?

We have a good settlement of people at Fontana now, but

Expert Advice and Guidance

The POULTRY ASSOCIATION is headed by a successful, practical poultryman, who knows the methods that produce financial success, and who will be on hand to advise and guide its members.

WE WANT MORE RESIDENT OWNERS

Hence our offer as above to let you put ALL your capital in buildings and stock, while WE furnish the capital for the Land, Water and Trees.

FONTANA ORANGE GROVES are in equally competent hands. Their superintendent is a man who has been in the Orange and Lemon business in this locality 25 years, and who has made a financial success of his own groves. The advice and guidance of this man can always be had by FONTANA orange grove owners.

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¶ Dependable gravity water rights, with moderate annual charges. ¶ Delicious soft water. ¶ On the Pacific Electric trolley line from Los Angeles. ¶ On the Main Transcontinental lines of both the Southern Pacific and the Santa Fe. ¶ On the famous Foothill Boulevard. ¶ On the "Ocean to Ocean" concrete highway. ¶ In the center of the Washington Navel Orange District of Southern California. ¶ Surrounded by such cities and successful orange-growing districts as Riverside, Redlands, Highlands, San Bernardino, Colton, Ontario, Pomona, Claremont, and Upland. ¶ Grade school, high school and college facilities.

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So, while a man is saving to get a productive home, the trees are already growing and the investment rapidly increasing in value.

The FONTANA LAND COMPANY owns the land, water rights, young groves, nursery stock, etc., and deals direct with buyers. The offices of this company are in Fontana. The officers and management of the company are neighbors of the people who have bought land and settled here.

References as to the reliability of the Fontana Land Company are made to Sunset Magazine, First National Bank of Los Angeles, Los Angeles Trust & Savings Bank, San Bernardino National Bank, First National Bank of Rialto, California.

We invite correspondence with any person interested in getting a beautiful and profitable country home.

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907 Kerckhoff Building, Los Angeles

The Three Captains

(Continued from page 38)

patriot. I have weighed the conditions of the case and cannot see how it could benefit you to play me false.”

“Right-o, dear boy,” said MacTavish, lighting a cigarette. “I think you have made a mistake, though, in not finishing up the beggars. You wait and see.” He shrugged. “I know the breed; besides, if you get overhauled they’re bound to find the blighters. Take my advice and chuck ’em overside. What do you care about Seagrave? We both hate the smug brute.”

“This is not a private quarrel,” Cassel answered coldly, for MacTavish’s blood-thirstiness offended him. “This is war—and war is war. Germany and England are at death-grips and I am a German—” and in voicing these sentiments Cassel made his first serious mistake.

FOR there lurks in the breast of every man, no matter how depraved or brutalized, that innate sense of loyalty to country. MacTavish was no exception. He hated his country and felt that he had never received a square deal from her hands, but he was a sensitive scoundrel, emotional and sentimental of nature. It had once occurred that his mother, a woman of ungovernable temper, had severely maltreated him. He had fastened his teeth in her arm, hating her with the frenzy of a rabid little beast. Yet two days later when his stepfather, a swaggering bully of a county squire, had come in drunk from following the hounds and struck his wife across the shoulders with his riding crop, MacTavish had leaped upon the brute, screaming like a wildcat, and driven the blade of his clasp-knife deep into the muscles of the hairy chest. The incident had been the cause of many violences to follow.

It was a bit like this in regard to his attitude toward England, and Cassel, had he been a man of imagination, might have realized that in dealing with such a type as MacTavish it would have been wiser to leave out the question of partisanship and keep their project on a personal basis. He should have known that a man able to strike harmony on the heart-strings of most people might have swift, hot and unreasonable impulses. For those fatal words: “Germany and England are at death-grips and I am a German,” had aroused something in the untamed, unregenerate breast of the wild adventurer—and suddenly he saw himself as an Englishman and Cassel in the light of an hereditary enemy. MacTavish did not place much value on anything and perhaps regarded his life as the most inconsiderable asset. He did not value gold particularly, and when he bargained (and no better bargainer) it was more for the sake of wrenching this precious commodity from the purses of those who loved it than to enrich his own. He was a frank enemy to society and loved to plunder it, but underneath all else he

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- ¶ I know how to conduct a Hotel to please Californians.
- ¶ Every room has a bath.
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ROBERT D. BLACKMAN

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You should have a copy of the “Beauties of the State of Washington,” 112 pages, published by the State Bureau of Statistics and Immigration, which shows in many colors the unrivaled scenic attractions of the

STATE OF WASHINGTON

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was a dreamer, a poet and the battleground of jealous devils.

"We shall see what we shall see," said he in his soft, languid voice. "It is scarcely worth while bothering our heads about it at this moment. You had better be getting along, old top. The day is breaking and we might run into a policeman."

"You are right," Cassel had said, and went aboard the "Chester Maid."

V

IT is a long way from the straits to the Irish coast and it seems incredible that one should tread this sea trail without encountering other vessels; but the "Chester Maid," with the "Dantziger" about a mile in her wake, never sighted a ship. The sea was deserted and abandoned.

The weather was mostly bad: cold and foggy at first, and then as they hauled northward to the equator, thick and viscid with stagnant seas, a heavy yellow atmosphere with frequent optical phenomena and nights when the corposants tugged for an instant at the spars and drifted into the muggy reek.

Later, after tugging the weed and disturbing the scum of the stinking sea, they struck an area of harsh winds and great billows through which the two ships snored and spouted like bull whales making a passage. And all the while the three captains pursued in silence and a sort of gloomy aloofness the trend of their individual thoughts.

Cassel did not like to confine Seagrave in the black and stifling hold where the air was heavy and thick, but there was no alternative. Seagrave contemptuously repulsed all kindly advances and suggestions of parole. He would not speak to Cassel or his emissaries. When one day the disciple of German Kultur went to reason with him, Seagrave, his head bound up in a towel, snarled at him like a savage beast and for all of his Teuton phlegm Cassel was conscious of the shock and jar of the hatred bursting from the man.

"I'll get you yet, you German swine," growled Seagrave. "If I don't get you in this world I'll get you in the next. What a rotten beast—phaugh!—loosing that filthy MacTavish and his mangy curs on a white man and fellow master mariner. I'll get you both, you scurvy Hun! Just wait and see!"

SUCH pleasant observations upset Cassel more than one might think. He was a proud man and felt that he was justified in all that he had done and he wished Seagrave, whom he respected, to understand his motives.

"You be blowed," snarled Seagrave. "Don't stand there whining about your accursed country, you damned hypocrite! You know as well as I do that it's not the country but the girl—" and he turned his face to the wall, while Cassel, smothering the wild impulse to kill the man then and there, went back to the bridge and nearly wore it out. Seagrave infuriated him, not from his stubbornness and vicious refusal to listen to his approaches but because Cassel knew that Seagrave believed his enemy's action to have been inspired by motives of personal jealousy. And Cassel knew that this was unjust, for it had not. He hated Seagrave

as an Englishman but he esteemed him also, and desired his fair estimate of his own behavior. It is a sad thing when strong men who might be friends should thus misunderstand each other. Nothin could have convinced Seagrave that Cassel had not set his trap from two principal motives: jealousy and avarice. This was not because Seagrave lacked the ability to appreciate patriotism but because his whole ethical code worked in an entirely different way to that of the German. He could not admit the employment of personal treachery even for the country's sake.

After Cassel left Seagrave he paced his bridge, a prey to the uttermost gloom. The Englishman's utter inability to understand what he himself considered to be a loyal duty infuriated him. At times he felt capable of torturing Seagrave into an admission of his ethics. Such minds as Cassel's are subject to the erosion of an insistent idea, and as the days passed Cassel became a changed man. He brooded and began to question to himself. As the French say, he began to listen to himself. His face lost its ruddy tint and grew haggard, though no less stern and resolute. He lost his appetite and could not sleep. If he had been a drinking man it is probable that he would have grown violent and cruel to his prisoners.

DAY after day the "Chester Maid" plunged into the heavy surges with the "Dantziger" in her wake and at night MacTavish hauled closer, following the dim taffrail light as it eddied and spun and glowed and disappeared. Neither ship carried any sailing lights. Cassel was not afraid of the inspection of an Allies' ship but he preferred to avoid it, remembering MacTavish's warning that with so valuable a cargo he might be conveyed into port. But the Atlantic is very large and in that wintry season the visual range was closely limited. The two ships sighted nothing but brimming seas sweeping up from the dreary distance and disappearing against the troubled sky.

And MacTavish? Aboard the "Dantziger" it was rather pleasant for this careless adventurer and his pack. The food was good, the work inconsiderable, and for men who had been leading the lives of pariahs despised even by the natives the change to comfortable quarters with the prospect of what was to them a rich reward had naturally its effect upon their physical and mental tone. The possible dangers to be encountered said nothing to them. If they had any grievance it was MacTavish's short allowance of grog. He served them at first a limited ration of rum per capita; then finding that they gambled amongst themselves for the whole ration in order that one man might get thoroughly drunk he adopted the early system and obliged each one to take his tot in his presence. MacTavish was taking no chances on the babbling of some sot in the event of being boarded by a man-of-war. Even the paint locker which contained wood alcohol was guarded day and night by an armed sentinel, a stolid German on whose sense of discipline threats and bribes fell indifferently.

MACTAVISH'S discipline was of a peculiar sort. There were no harsh admonitions, no oaths nor abuse. Some-

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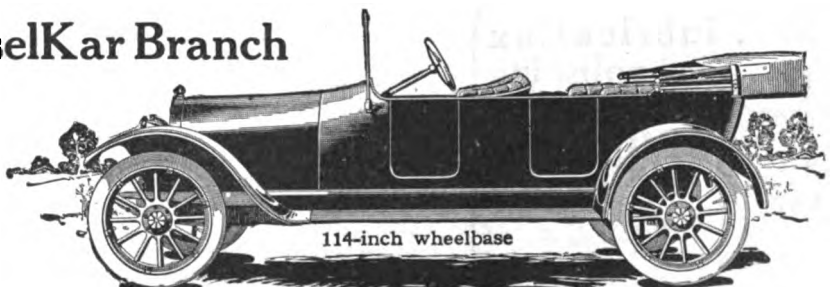
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times he overlooked slight infractions, or to be more accurate looked them over, and let them pass. In such cases the offender was apt to be careful of his subsequent conduct. Only rarely did explosion occur, and then it was apt to be swift and fatal. His larrikins well knew the danger which lurked under that smooth, languid surface and dreaded him most when in such a dreamy and pleasant mood as the present one. MacTavish did not once indulge in drugs during this run, but his manner was so loutain, so quiet and reposed that the men instinctively passed him with cat's feet. The hands decided that he was taking opium and watched him askance, wondering when the squall would break. As a matter of fact MacTavish was enjoying a rest cure. He did not even put himself to the trouble of taking sights, as all required of him was to plow along at reduced speed in the wake of the "Chester Maid."

Most of his time was spent in reading and revering and composing little themes on Cassel's piano. Some of them he set to words. First he tuned the instrument, for his ear was sensitive as that of a leader of an orchestra. Probably no epoch of his adventurous existence had ever been so calm and free of care. And all the while his savage familiars were convinced that this tranquillity was due to a drug and must culminate in a furious storm of passion, often the sequence of his indulgences, just as a violent squall is apt to follow a period of low barometric calm. So they watched him carefully, no man caring to be the spark of fulminate which might detonate this drifting mine.

All feared him, and in this fear there was a certain real devotion which in the case of his mate, or bo'sun, probably reached the grade of a real affection. This burly ruffian would have given his life for his master, and could not have been driven to desert or betray him.

AND Seagrave? He lay in his sweltering prison quietly enough, convinced that it was only a question of days before the ship must be fetched up by a British man-of-war, and he did not believe that Cassel would be able to deceive the investigating officer. Cassel looked rather English than German, spoke the language perfectly, and to the average person would have passed as an Englishman of rather superior education. But men whose lives are passed in contact with the many races of the globe are apt to develop a peculiar and accurate sense of discrimination. Such folk as Cassel are usually convinced of their ability to impersonate an individual of alien race, trusting in their thorough knowledge of speech, mannerism and general appearance. But Seagrave was positive that Cassel would be unable to deceive the scrutiny of a British naval officer. There was some subtle quality of inflection in his speech, something in his terse diction and choice of words which would have betrayed him immediately for what he really was, so Seagrave thought. There was also in his features that peculiar conformation of the frontal and malar bones which suggested the Hun ancestry.

Seagrave quite appreciated the sort of man with whom he had to deal. He realized the futility of any attempt to regain command of his vessel. He and some of

his men were confined in a heavily barred storeroom, dimly lighted, and at the distance of three feet from the padlocked door a cord was tightly drawn across the place. To touch this cord was equivalent to touching the third rail of an electric railroad, for the prisoners had been warned that any man who so much as brushed it, even inadvertently, would be immediately shot by the armed sentry.

The captives did not suffer except from confinement and the heavy air. Their rations were of the best which the ship's stores could afford. A proof of Cassel's freedom of personal spite was in giving them carte blanche to requisition what they pleased and in the scrupulous daily cleansing of their somber quarters. He sent them reading matter and a free allowance of water in which to bathe and did his best to make their confinement as little onerous as possible, but would not permit them on deck, even under an armed guard. He knew the character of the folk with whom he had to deal. It is probable that most of the prisoners profited physically by their enforced seclusion.

OF the three captains Cassel was by far the least at ease, particularly when he began to approach the higher latitudes, and his anxiety increased. He had no means of knowing what change of conditions might have been evolved in the last few weeks, nor was he sure but that MacTavish might take it into his moody brain to play him false. And this was precisely what MacTavish meant to do. Three factors wrought this determination: Cassel's untactful speech, the little piano, and the length of the voyage. In those idle days MacTavish fell into a romantic, retrospective mood and composed heroic songs based on Celtic folklore. A sort of exaltation possessed him and this divine fire burned away much of his pettiness so that he saw many things in a different light. He did not value his life nor did he greatly value gold, and in those stormy days and nights the soul of the man began to grow and expand. In the rush of his musical inspiration blending with the rush of wind and shock of seas and the thrumming from aloft he found the trail of his errant soul and began to follow it. His nature softened and he was gentle with his people even while his actual strength increased and enabled him to resist the temptation to indulge in the contents of the little silver box which he was never without. Ideas came from unknown quarters of his moral compass and in N. Latitude 40 MacTavish was not even related to the MacTavish of S. Latitude 50. He smiled to himself as he thought of Cassel's rage on finding that his carefully calculated theories had gone all wrong and that his fine new ship with her cargo of copper had fallen into the hands of the enemy. The "Dantziger" and her cargo were worth three "Chester Maids," thought MacTavish, and besides, he doubted that Cassel would be able to get her into the Heligoland bight when he had his story. His thought, which can scarcely be said to have crystallized, was meant to quit company with the "Chester Maid" before arriving at the point where they were to be met by the German submarines, then sheer off to sea and making a wide detour to try for the North Channel



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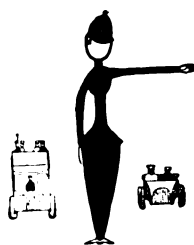
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and fetch the ship into the Clyde. Then he would say to the authorities: "Here you are, gentlemen. I've helped to cut off a British ship but I've brought you something better. Do what you like about it."

SO here were these three captains, each hoping to serve his country to the best of his ability and each holding the other two in hatred and contempt.
(To be concluded)

The Pilgrim of Jackass Bar

(Continued from page 18)

sun. The road plunged into heavy pine woods beyond the scars of the hydrauliclers and the white-headed pilgrim dared hope that the melancholy wreck of You Bet was but an accident, not a signpost to the glorified beyond. Heavy odor of balsam was the breath of yesterday, pure and undefiled by the years; great brown pillars of sugar pines made of the road an aisle straight to the fane where memory was shrined. Through a break in the woods the camelbacked hump of Smoky mountain showed close ahead.

"Look there, white horse!" Beckitt cried tremulously. "There's old Smoky, big as life; Jackass Bar's right down below."

It was as if an old friend, unchanged by time, were holding out a beckoning hand to him, calling across a great gulf with familiar voice. Old Smoky, who'd nodded goodby with his pine-tufted head to a youth moving on to great adventure in the new city by the bay that day so long ago—same old Smoky now welcomed back the remembering heart. Beckitt cocked his floppy black hat back at a rakish angle, straightened his back, threw out his chest. His voice piped song:

Says Duckfoot Sue: 'I give to you My maiden heart an' hand.'

DOWN dropped the road through the pines and the murmur of white water was in the pilgrim's ears. Pines shredded away and below Bear river threaded through the narrow canyon. Beckitt caught his breath and slowly turned his head for the first reassuring look downstream. If—if it should not be there—

"Oh, good Lord, white horse; look yonder. It's there—it's there!"

Down perhaps a mile away where the canyon opened into a broader gap the silver band of water widened, approached a long gravel tongue, swung around it in a great inverted U and passed on.

An hour later horse and wagon emerged from the scrub of a faint wood road—offshoot of the main traveled road from Gold Run—and came upon a little flat hard by the bend of the river. The flat was sparsely thicketed by small digger pines and chaparral, dropped gently down to the river's edge and was backed by the abrupt rise of the canyon wall. By the time the pilgrim had come to it the sun was already behind the ridge and

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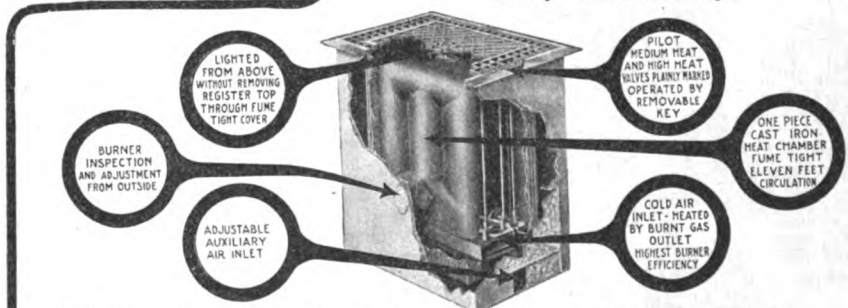
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blue shadows clotted in the gorge. Beckett had to forego his yearning for exploration and busy himself with making camp. He had a bad time of it getting his tent up; fingers that had drummed idly on a desk blotter for years were not deft at ropes and pegs. Then came the making of the fireplace with smooth stones from the river shore, the setting of the cooking irons and at last the comforting purr of the coffee-pot. How many years had it been since he heard a coffee-pot? Beckett chuckled at the thought. Flapjacks? Well, by jiminy crickets, he guessed he used to be the champion flapjack flipper of Placer county! So flapjacks there were—of a sort; flapjacks and bacon and coffee. He ate with tremendous enjoyment.

NIGHT dropped—night peopled with tenuous shapes, vocal with faint sighings and whisperings. In the light the flat by the river bend had been merely a space of green and dun and dappled gold; darkness made it a theatre of mysteries. With the cloaking of the tangible came the stealthy hosts of things beyond sight and touch to sit with James Beckett. Came also that youth of '59, a stripling with light of strength and glory of adventure in his eyes, all his young body vibrant with life: came and sat by the bent shoulders of James Beckett and whispered to him of things that were—of things that were. Yes, and others clustered in the shadows behind the campfire to share his vigil. They, too, were young men and strong—boys who had turned placer sands in their pans, playing high stakes with Fortune, then passed on. The pilgrim recalled their names, the peculiar characteristics of this and that one. Incidents of the roaring life of camp and town, which had long lain dusty in James Beckett's mind, came glimmering back: salt tragedies and comedies of Jackass Bar.

The old man was caught in a spell. When he saw the faint gleam of firelight through a thicket of pines far off he thought it but one with the magic of the night. No effort of will, however, would make the fire fade; it waxed robustly. Realization that another shared the flat with him—one so fleshly that he could kindle a blaze—came as a shock. Since he left Gold Run the pilgrim had not encountered a single traveler; the whole day's journey had been through unpeopled wilderness. Beckett threw a handful of cones on his fire to light his way for the first steps and made through the low thickets for the distant beacon.

He came upon the other camp suddenly, with the rounding of a great boulder. A very old, very wrinkled and leathery Chinaman, squatting on a rock and sucking at a stubby acorn pipe, turned eyes black and twinkling as huckleberries up to the newcomer. They were supinely neutral, those eyes, neither giving welcome nor resenting intrusion. Beckett was startled.

"Huh! What you doing here?" he asked fatuously.

"Smoke him pipe," the Chinaman grunted and raised a hand, gnarled as an old manzanita root, to curl around the tiny bowl. Still his twinkling eyes were drained of expression.

"Live here?" the white man demanded.

"Live here," the squatting figure echoed affirmatively.

"What do you do around here?" Not curiosity so much on Beckett's part as a vague desire to make talk. His own fire back there—well, it was lonely and even a Chink—

"Me do? Wash him dump." This answer carried nothing to Beckett. The Chinaman, thawing a bit, elaborated: "Big mine dump—plenty dirt—plenty stone. Maybe-so li'l gold. Me wash him gold."

BECKETT picked a convenient rock, sat down and pulled out his pipe. He smiled as he offered his tobacco pouch to the other. The yellow man pinched a bit of the proffered tobacco into the midget bowl of his pipe with a grunt of acceptance. Lighting of tobacco and wreathing smoke—ancient ceremonial of first acquaintance in the mountains—put the two old men on an easy footing. James Beckett was too far from youth to harbor prejudices of long gone days and, too, he was a little timid of the night and its tricks. The Chinaman unbent from the protective stolidity of his kind in grateful appreciation of a white man's advances; moreover, a graybeard carried wisdom in his eyes.

"Make much washing the mine dump?" Beckett jogged conversation along its easiest channel.

"Oh, maybe-so li'l piece. Some day t'lee-fo' dollah; some day all work, no gold."

"How would you like to wash out twenty-five thousand dollars in three days?" Beckett looked eagerly into the little eyes to see them light up and was not disappointed.

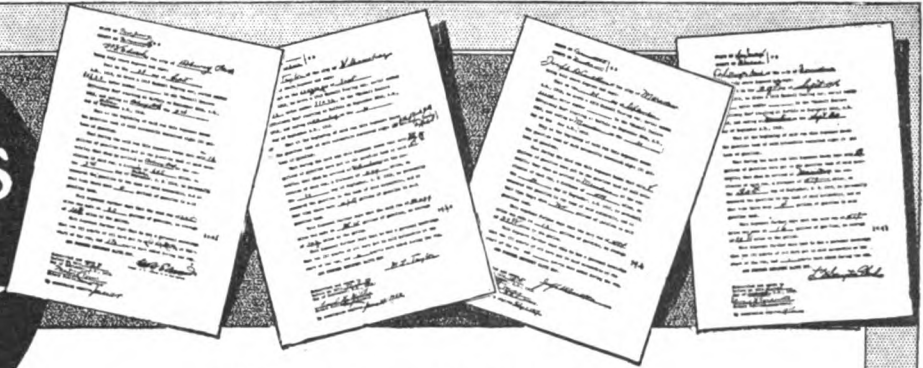
"No can do," the withered lips denied. "I did it—once! Right out on that bar, too." He waved his hand riverwards.

Then came the story of the triumph. With childish eagerness and large gestures the pilgrim sang the glory of that elder day when Jackass Bar roared to the pulse of adventure, when gravel pans slithered all up and down the banks of the river and gold—knotty, fat nuggets—gleamed richly in the black sand. Beckett omitted not one detail of the lure of the treasure hunt, the joy of treasure-trove. He lived again a drama here in the empty theatre of its first brave *première*, found applause in the avid eyes of a listener. Ah, that was joy indeed! He reveled in it. The fire burned low; many times the little acorn pipe was refilled. Beckett talked on.

And so that night was born the strange friendship between James Beckett, capitalist, and Fook Wo, who washed the dump for three-four dollars a day.

A WEEK passed and Beckett was supremely content. The city and its great lonesomeness seemed a long way off. Also that gnawing canker of despair—despair of an old man forsaken—which had been capped by the letter from England, was soothed by the balm of the mountains and by the memories made alive at Jackass Bar. Beckett played at being at work and found great zest in it. Though of the old camp he had known as a youth not a vestige remained, not a rotted board, a tarnished bit or iron to mark a cabin site, the place was very real to him. His imagination easily filled

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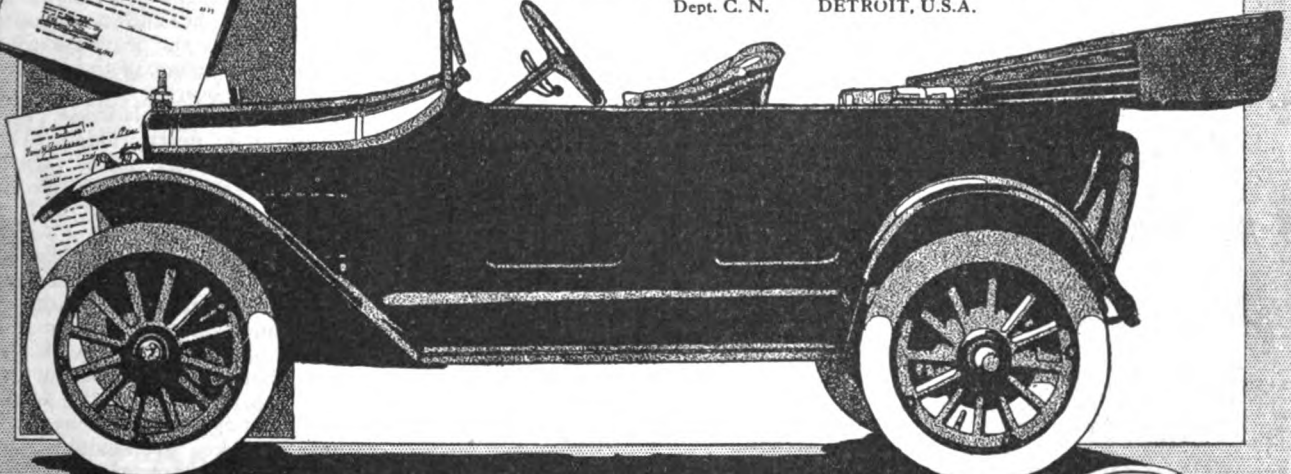
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the flat with shacks and lined the stream with rickety flumes and rude engineering of the placers. He even thought he hit upon the claim which had yielded him that golden treasure, just there at the top of the river's U. With grave precision he recreated the ancient boundary lines, marked them with whittled stakes, set up his rocker and laboriously built a flume with boards carried in the democrat wagon down from an abandoned cabin on the Bear river road.

There was gold in that claim yet, the old Argonaut assured himself. Hadn't he just skimmed over it that first time and quit when he made the big strike? All the boys in those old days were careless; they were after the pockets and let the seed gold wash out of the pan.

SO after nearly sixty years Jimmie Beckitt, the bully of Jackass Bar, worked his claim. The old rocker, with that epic date burned into its timber, swashed gravel once again; the battered pan, re-deemed from its attic exile, rang reminiscently to the bruising of pebbles. In the black sand that was the residue of each washing Beckitt pawed with trembling fingers to turn up little flakes and nodules of glittering metal. Gold he got, sparsely—no marvel even now in any of the old Sierra placer streams. His gleanings he hoarded in a pill bottle, whose original contents had been contemptuously tossed away the first day of the gold quest. Neat stacks of bonds and securities, which were the financial foundation of James Beckitt, Investments, back there in the city and fruitful author of \$40,000 or more a year, were all forgotten. He wielded pick, rocker and pan as if for his bread and took his backache seriously.

The hot sun beat upon his laboring shoulders and he had pride in their staying power. The pan swung tirelessly in the old rotary motion which lets the water wash gravel and silt over the edge in cautious dribbles, fines down the contents and reveals finally the heavier auriferous sand. Down the gorge of the Bear came vagrant winds, bearing the spice of the mountains to quicken his blood. Rowdy jays perched on nearby alders to blaspheme him. Squirrels flirted their tails in compliment to one at labor like themselves.

FOOK Wo washed the dump of an abandoned mine a few hundred yards downstream from Beckitt's rejuvenated claim—washed and washed, nor ever allowed himself a smile at the picture of a gray-beard combing sands too poor for even a Chinaman to work. Fook Wo possessed the wisdom of ages; not without a certain sentiment was he. He thought he knew why this white man worked thus. But grilling necessity, not sentiment, spurred the arm of Fook Wo. His pre-empted claim was a towering gray cone of "tailings," or crushed ore of a one-time free-milling vein, which had been spewed out by the stamps of a mine long since dismantled. You could see the skeleton frame of the mill and a black tunnel mouth far up on the mountain side above the dump. The gold Fook Wo grubbed for laboriously was that poor dust which the careless milling of quartz and gravel had allowed to pass out with the waste. He did his work with a pan and at infinite pains.

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Not a night that the two old men did not foregather for a smoke. By virtue of his white skin and readier flow of language Beckitt became the raconteur these nights, and Fook Wo sympathetic listener. On one such occasion before the fire Beckitt put a question:

“When you make your pile, Fook, what are you going to do?”
“Go back China-side,” the Chinaman instantly answered. “Maybe-so die first—no go back.”

Beckitt, his sympathies all at once elicited by the other old man's hint of a golden hope, in essence so like that which had brought him back to Jackass Bar, deftly drew his companion out. Fook Wo dropped his mask of reticence for the time and stumbled in his lame English through a simple confession of an old man's heart-ache and great yearning. If he could only see the ducks—“plenty duck”—herding homeward on Canton river, hear once more the squalling fiddles at a New Year's feast; then would Fook Wo be ready to die.

In his blankets that night Beckitt answered to the call of a great inspiration and next day the old white mare carried him back through the desolation of the hydraulic fields to Gold Run. There he sent an imperative message to Henry, guardian of the interests of James Beckitt, Investments. For two days he fidgeted about the dull streets of Gold Run; the night mail on the second evening brought up from the city an express package for Beckitt. It was a small wooden box, extraordinarily heavy for its bulk; the tag of National Smelters and Assayers was pasted on its top. With this snugly nestled against his arm, Beckitt turned the mare back over the Bear river road with the new day.

From the minute the democrat wagon first dropped down grade toward Bear river and the flat—this was along about sundown—James Beckitt's actions became peculiar. First he led the mare off the road and tied her beyond observation. Next a wide detour through the woods to the abandoned mill, whence a cautious peep could be taken down the steep cone of the dump. The sun set and the watcher carefully made his way down along the edge of the great talus heap to the spot where Fook Wo's abandoned pick and pan lay. Followed certain actions even more peculiar than the preliminary maneuvers; then the final retreat up the mountain and around to the tethered mare. Beckitt was very late reaching camp and his first act there was to burn an empty box marked, “National Smelters and Assayers.” Fook Wo, who came over at the first flare of the white man's fire, saw a curious light playing about the corners of his eyes.

CONSIDER the unparalleled conduct of old Jimmie Beckitt on the following morning: Up before the sun, he raced through his coffee and bacon with anxious speed, gave the old white mare a wide tether in dewy meadow grass and was off up the river to a shallow ford before the blue shadows in the gorge had sped. Crossing at knee depth, he began an elaborate cautious stalking maneuver downstream to a point opposite the white cone of the dump. No boy ever tracked

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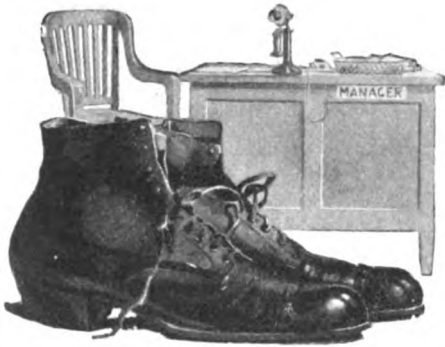
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 City _____ State _____

painted Indians through an elderberry patch with more delicacy or professional aplomb than that marking his approach to a spying point over Fook Wo's scene of labor. With nice judgment he picked a clump of young spruce, whence he could gain an uninterrupted view of the Chinaman at work, and lay at full length in the fragrant softness. Little soundless chuckles bubbled in his throat and he wagged his white beard knowingly.

FOOK Wo came to the dump, a withered spider of a figure in flapping blue smock. Bent shoulders, forward thrust of dried old head, gnarled hands like tough manzanita roots: these the stamp of labor on the grubber for unconsidered dust of wealth. Stiffbacked, he lifted his pick and commenced his labor. One stroke brought down a white waterfall of pulverized quartz; the Chinaman filled a rough box sled with the stuff and dragged it to the edge of the stream. Then he began panning. Filling his pan brimful of the heavy dirt, he dipped it into the water so that just a thin film of current passed over its edge, trailing a white smear downstream. Up came the pan, to be shaken in slow rotary oscillation. Down into the current; more jiggling and slopping over of water and silt. Fook Wo's processes had the rhythm of machinery. Less and less grew the residue in the pan.

Suddenly the Chinaman's hands poised in the midst of swinging. Beckitt from his spruce thicket, not forty feet across the stream, heard a startled grunt, saw Fook Wo lift the pan close to his eyes and look searchingly into it. A knotty finger dared to steal over the iron rim and gently stir the contents.

In a frenzy of energy the crouching figure by the river edge dipped and shook, dipped and shook. Strange whimpering noises came from his throat; his mouth opened and shut spasmodically. At last he tipped the pan on edge and poured into his cupped palm a thin yellow dribble, which caught the sun and flashed as it fell. A small buckskin bag, whipped out from under the blue smock, received what the pan had yielded.

Beckitt, lips parted and eyes glowing, enjoyed in his covert a proxy thrill of treasure-trove. Fook Wo was no more eager in washing a second panful than the secret watcher was seeing him do it. The infinite pains given to the washing but delayed and made more keen the ultimate disclosure. Again, the supreme moment when gold—yellow gold—spilled into the cupped palm.

FOOK Wo worked like mad. Beckitt watched him for the better part of the morning before making a cautious retreat. When he was back at his own barren placer he raised his voice in rollicking song, supremely happy. His eyes had seen the glory of Jackass Bar shining again in this latter day. That it was a stage-managed glory detracted not a whit from its potency to clothe with reality a dream. The pilgrim felt in his own veins a touch of the fever coursing Fook Wo's. That day of June, '59, which was burned in memorial on the edge of the old rocker, came back in crystal clear detail. The old Argonaut recalled how he shook with an ague of joy almost fearful; how others came to bend over his

pan, clapped his back and shouted the news of his great strike over all the bar.

A question cut across his reminiscences: how would Fook Wo act over his find? Would the Chinaman come to show him clean, glittering dust—handfuls of it; share with him the exultation of discovery? Or—a jealous stab went to Beckitt's heart—would this withered spider of a man be afraid to reveal a secret lest a white man, exercising the ruthless prerogative of his kind, snatch his treasure from him? If he showed this latter temper somehow all the glamour of this game, which was very real, would be sped. All day Beckitt was in a fret of doubt; but with the first glimmerings of his campfire at dusk came Fook Wo. The little Chinaman walked stolidly up to the circle of light, in his eyes not a sign. As he eased himself to a seat he picked up a tin cup which hung on the edge of the waterpail. With a swift motion he emptied the contents of a dingy buckskin bag into the cup and passed it to the white man.

"Look-see!" Fook Wo grunted, his leathery face all broken into little wrinkles of quizzical humor. A mound of gold came halfway up to the brim of the cup.

Beckitt played the game of excited congratulation out of memory—as those boys of Jackass Bar had played it with him nearly sixty years before. Then long they sat together over the fire in grave discussion of the phenomenon of such a find in a mine dump. The white man carefully constructed a barrier against possible suspicion, built up in words of one syllable an elaborate conjecture of milling process gone wrong when the dump was growing, or of somebody's costly blundering. But Fook Wo had a simpler theory.

"Him velly good joss put plenty gold in dump for Fook Wo," he expressed it succinctly.

THE Chinaman worked pay dirt for two days more; then on Beckitt's recommendation he harnessed up the old white mare and took his dust, stowed in an old coffee-pot, to the bank in Gold Run. Before he turned the democrat wagon into Bear river road Fook Wo made a surprising proposal.

"You wash him dump while Fook Wo away," he said, and his beady eyes softened in honest philanthropy. "Take one pan fo' Fook Wo—notah pan fo' Jimmie Beckitt. Allee same make him shares."

When Beckitt, smothering a smile in his beard, protested the Chinaman capped his demand with unassailable argument: "No wash him dump while Fook Wo away, good joss he take away plenty gold."

So the Chinaman went to store his gold in a vault and Beckitt washed the dump. He washed three rich pans, wherein fine flake gold began to sparkle before even half the gray dust was sluiced away. The next pan failed to show even a "color," and the next and the next. Beckitt then knew better than any man could that Fook Wo's "pocket" had given to the full and was now barren.

Jackass Bar had yielded its last big strike—two thousand dollars in Alaskan gold, as measured beforehand on the scales of National Smelters and Assayers, in San Francisco.

From his blankets that night James Beckitt looked up to the white stars burning on the feathered tips of the great

pires and told them his pilgrimage to the bar had been good.

THE following evening brought the old white mare, Fook Wo—and one other. Beckitt, walking down the wood road at the sound of approaching wheels, was brought up standing by the eager, timidly smiling face of Henry, nodding from beside the Chinaman's shoulder.

"Oh, there you are, Mister Beckitt!" he chirped while his employer hesitated between a grin and a frown. Henry leaped out of the rig and was pumping Beckitt's hand with unconcealed fervor. "Such a time! Such a time finding you!"

"I thought I told you, Henry, I wanted to disappear." Beckitt tried to be harsh. But the competent office staff of James Beckitt, Investments, babbled without abashment:

"If it hadn't been for the liveryman recognizing his white horse—two whole days I've been in Gold Run trying to get a clue—the Chinaman here wouldn't admit he knew where you were until I told him about the message, and then—"

"Message!"
"Here it is, sir, and you'll pardon my opening it; but of course I thought best—"

Beckitt took the yellow envelope from his secretary's hand, whipped a cable form from it and read:

My dear Dick lost in battle. You alone can comfort. Coming home at once.
PHYLLIS.

AN hour later, while Henry picked dubiously at bacon, Beckitt left his fire and walked through the scrub to the Chinaman's camp. Fook Wo, feeling the presence of another white man to have raised barriers which their first understanding had leveled, had slipped off to his own cold fire stones at the meeting. He looked up from his task of blowing feeble sparks into flame and greeted Beckitt soberly. The white man seated himself, tamped tobacco into his pipe and passed the pouch to the Chinaman. As on that first night of their meeting, the simple ceremony of the smoke relieved the strain; the comradeship of the bar was theirs again.

"I panned out the dump yesterday," Beckitt began, "and here's your half." He passed over a salt sack with a goodly sag to one of its corners—all the gold of the final three-pan yield. "No more gold there, Fook, old scout. Panned and panned and no dust."

"Joss, him say, 'Fook gotchee plenty gold,'" Fook Wo commented soberly.

"Plenty to go back to China on," Beckitt suggested.

"Go back China-side," the other echoed, and for a minute his wrinkled lids veiled his eyes in reverie. "See—um duck—plenty duck—makee quack-quack by libber. Plitty flower makee grow all time."

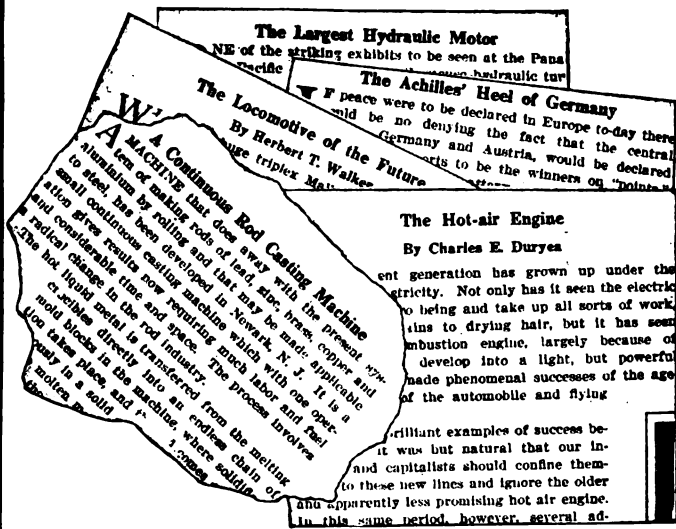
"I'm going home, too," Beckitt put in with a little sigh of contentment.

"You got home?" Fook Wo asked in mild surprise.

"I will have one—soon." Beckitt knocked the ashes from his pipe and rose. "Come on, Fook, let's start for home tomorrow. Us two old fellows going home—tomorrow."

"Tomalla," Fook Wo assented, and laid his gnarled old hand in Beckitt's.

Which Interests You Most?



And these are but a few of the articles that appeared in a recent issue of Scientific American.

One—entitled "A Continuous Rod Casting Machine", is a complete description of a machine that will save hundreds of thousands of dollars for the manufacturers of it.

Another—"The Achilles' Heel of

Germany", tells of one grave danger which Germany runs in the present stupendous conflict.

Read these titles of a few of the more important articles which have appeared in Scientific American during a single recent month only:

- Effect of the War on American Industries.*
- A Thinking Machine.*
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- America's Greatest Engineering Project.*
- Strategic Moves of the War.*
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- Inventions New and Interesting.*
- Mechanical Equipment of the Grand Central Post Office.*
- Where Wings are Made for Fighting Men.*
- Emergency Exit from Boiler Rooms.*
- The Austrian Submarines.*
- Multiplex-Cylinder Motors.*
- How the War Has Modified the Aeroplane.*
- A Million Chicks to the Acre.*
- Influence of the War on the Automobile Industry.*
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- Measuring the Hardness and Elasticity of Rubber.*
- Educating Invalid Soldiers.*
- A Small Aero-Electric Plant.*
- The War and Immigration.*
- To Make Coal Tar Dyes in America.*

For the non-technical man who would read, in simple language, of practical science and invention; for the technical man who would hear the last word in scientific achievement; for the business man who would learn what science can do for him; for all those who seek to keep in broad touch with the world's material progress; and finally, for the larger public which is attracted by the fascinating interest which underlies all scientific and mechanical achievement, Scientific American is, above all, *The Weekly Journal of Practical Information.*

A year's subscription to Scientific American—52 numbers—costs \$3.00. You will find it a valuable investment.

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On the road to health at last! And yet how impatient you are to be up and doing. But it is now, when the system is trying to rebuild its store of energy, that you will be most grateful for the reconstructive help of Sanatogen.

Sanatogen, you must know, is a natural food-tonic, combining purest albumen with organic phosphorus—thus conveying to the wasted system the vital elements to build up blood and tissues, and it is so remarkably easy of digestion that the most delicate—young and old—can take it with nothing but beneficial effects. It reawakens the appetite, assists digestion, and as a physician in “The Practitioner,” a leading medical journal, says, “It seems to possess a wonderful effect in increasing the nutritive value of other food material.”

When we tell you that Sanatogen is used by the medical profession all over the world as an aid to convalescence and as an upbuilder of strength and vitality, that more than 21,000 physicians have written letters commending it, you will understand that our confidence in recommending it to you is firm and sincere.

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Madame Olive Schreiner, the gifted writer, states: “Nothing that I have taken for years has given me such a sense of vigor as Sanatogen.”

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March 15 cents
Sunset
THE PACIFIC MONTHLY



CALIFORNIA NEXT?
A REPORT BY ARNO DOSCH ON THE WAR BETWEEN THE
SOAKING WETS and the EXTRA DRYS



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on Enamel
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Means
**Wholesome
Cleanliness**
in the
Kitchen

Sunset

THE PACIFIC MONTHLY

WILLIAM WOODHEAD
President

CHARLES K. FIELD
Vice-President

WALTER V. WOELKE
Secretary

WOODHEAD, FIELD & COMPANY
SAN FRANCISCO

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Entered at the San Francisco Post Office as second class matter.

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THE ROYCROFTERS, East Aurora, N. Y.

The Scientific American

is conducting a campaign of

Industrial Preparedness for Peace

Cut off from the products of the Old World, the United States has awakened to a realization of its extreme youth and dependence upon the parent countries across the water.

With the prodigality of youth, we have been most lavish in the use of our resources and neglectful of their development. The natural products of this country have gone abroad to be worked into finished articles and be re-transported to this country. Even our waste materials are taken over by European manufacturers and returned to us in useful form. We must learn to do for ourselves what others have been doing for us.

Our younger brothers on the Western hemisphere find themselves in an even more helpless condition of dependence, and the opportunity to develop a vast export trade awaits us.

We have prided ourselves on our *political independence*. It is time we worked out our *industrial independence* and carried into foreign fields the products of our manufacture.

New lines of work, which the necessity of war imposes upon us now, will meet with keen competition as soon as the European nations return from fields of battle and resume their industrial operations. How are we to meet this competition?

The time for us to prepare for the industrial struggle that will follow the declaration of peace is *now*. Otherwise, we shall lapse into our old helpless dependence, and may never realize the destiny of becoming a really great industrial nation.

The SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN is launching a campaign of *industrial preparedness for peace*. We are planning to publish helpful articles on our opportunities and how they may be realized, on our wonderful resources and how they may be developed, on our manufactures and how they may be improved, how we may eliminate waste of material and waste of effort.

This is the day of co-operation. The day of secret processes is past. No man can develop his work to a high degree of efficiency without studying the methods of others.

The Industrial Editor of the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN invites manufacturers to send him such suggestions as have been helpful to them and to contribute their ideas on this patriotic movement of *industrial preparedness for peace*.

Subscription price \$3.00 a year

Sample copy on request

MUNN & CO., Inc.

Woolworth Building, New York City

Peoples Gas Building, Chicago, Ills.



Prize Winning Letters in Sunset's Ad-Letter Contest for January

My, what an avalanche of letters! They came from all parts of the country, hundreds of them—good letters. The judges tussled with the problem of awards for several days. Their verdict is given below. There were other letters that surely were worthy of highest commendation. Few advertisements escaped the watchful eye of the contestants, but of course it was impossible to give every one a prize. Read these splendid letters and see if you don't agree that these are indeed prize-winners.

First Award—Hamilton Watch

Without any question in my mind, the best advertisement in January *SUNSET* is that of the Hamilton Watch Co. That ad just hits the spot. I stood on the street corner this morning for seven minutes waiting for a street car, the coldest morning of the year with the thermometer 23° below zero—just because my watch had gotten ahead of time again without my knowing it. I am always having trouble regulating that watch—always too fast or too slow—never sure which it is.

That "Long Term Watch Insurance" is just what I need. I should say, "It is policy to buy a good watch." Don't I know it's poor policy to buy a poor watch! The kind of a watch I want is one that I can forget about till I want it and then have insurance that it isn't lying to me, and I won't have to invest a month's salary for insurance either. Some of them cost no more than my old one did—and insured for life, and are they not beauties too?—look at that thin, plain, classy 12 size. But, you say, beauty is only skin deep. True enough, but the beauty of the Hamilton Watch is its accuracy—"the fastest trains in America are run on Hamilton Watch Time." I'm going to send for that Hamilton Watch Book—"the Timekeeper"—to-day.

R. C. SMITH, Butte, Montana.

Second Award—National Biscuit

After thoroughly studying your Ad section, which is large and contains the best in advertising, I have decided that the Anola ad of the National Biscuit Company is the masterpiece of them all.

My reasons are as follows:

First.—The wide, dark border and the large central white space present a contrast that immediately catches the eye.

Second.—The attractive picture at the bottom of the ad holds the attention already attracted, and you are sufficiently interested in the delicious looking wafers to read the print above.

Third.—The print, which is concise and to the point, tells you all the advertiser has to say in as few words as possible. There is just the right length to the print. Less would not be sufficient to put forth what the advertiser has to say. More would probably not be read.

Fourth.—The wording of the print is itself a masterpiece. It convinces you that you will be delighted with the wafers, tells you what you are getting and the price.

Fifth.—The small paragraph, describing Festino confections, in no way hurts the ad, although if longer it would do great harm. Why not kill two birds with one stone?

Sixth.—Again you look at the picture. The beauty of the design and the neatness, assures you that the wafers are delicious. The neat box, the vase of roses, and the attractive arrangement of the wafers, carries out the idea the advertiser meant to impart.

CHARLES H. NOBLE, 2110 N. Alabama Street, Indianapolis, Indiana.

Third Award—Spencerian Pen

The Spencerian Pen ad in the January *SUNSET* was written by a psychologist. The line of script is calculated in itself to attract attention among pages of printed matter. "You put your own personality in your hand—" The key-word is *personality*, the potent appeal to the ego. It arrests and holds the attention; then the eye catches the black-faced type at the left, "What Your Hand-writing Reveals." Another word to juggle with—*reveals*. It smacks of the occult, seems to put handwriting in the fascinating class with palmistry, card-reading and spirit rapping. There is something queer about it. "Of course I don't believe—I'm not a bit superstitious, but—" The ego nibbles. It goes back to the line of script. "There is personality in it. I wonder what those gay-looking terminal strokes reveal. Why does the writer always close a and e so carefully? Is it the same characteristic that shuts the s? Why did he leave one y unlooped? Really, I must know!" The ego swallows hook, line and sinker. You write to the Spencerian Pen Co., wondering the while why you make certain peculiar strokes. "What do they reveal?" you find yourself asking; then, "Huh! that sputter reveals a poor pen. Well, I can write any way I like when I have twelve different kinds of Spencerian pens to choose from." The ad has accomplished its purpose. So great is their faith in their product that the Spencerian Co. ask nothing more than a trial.

MISS PROBIE LOWRIE, Mission San Jose, California.

Awards of Merit: In addition to the three prize-winning letters reproduced above, special awards of merit and cash prizes of \$5 each are given to Miss A. R. Crever, 1228 Delmas Ave., San Jose, California, on her letter analyzing the Libby, McNeill & Libby advertisement and to R. F. Fobes, Loomis, Cal., for a splendid letter on the two-page hotel advertisement.

Five Cash Prizes Each Month for Merely Writing Letters

The object of this Contest is to stimulate the interest of *SUNSET* Magazine readers in the splendid announcements of the national advertisers whose advertisements appear each month in the Magazine, and to encourage a keener appreciation of the values of design and text.

What constitutes a good advertisement? Why do some ads appeal more strongly to you than do others? Why did this or that announcement indelibly impress itself upon your memory?

Study the ads in this number of *SUNSET*. Try to analyze the advertisement that made the deepest impression upon your mind. Then write down your reasons. Simple, isn't it!

Now! For the best letter received each month we will award a cash prize of \$25.00; for the second best letter, a prize of \$15.00; for the third, a prize of \$10.00. Each of these letters will be published in full in *SUNSET* Magazine, together with a reproduction of the ad, and the name and address of the prize-winning letter writer. In addition to

these three prizes, there will be two \$5.00 cash prizes as awards of merit for the fourth and fifth best letters.

Above are the prize-winning letters in the January Contest. They are good letters, carefully written and carefully analyzing strong ads. There were hundreds of other letters but these were selected by the judges as the best of all submitted in January. Study them as models for your letter.

Rules Governing the Ad-Letter Contest

The contest begins with the January, 1916, issue and will run until December, 1916, issue.

The letter must not exceed 250 words in length.

The letter must bear the name and address of the writer and in no instance will we assume responsibility for the return of manuscript.

The letter must be submitted within fifteen days

after receipt of copy by the subscriber in order to reach us in time for consideration. The announcement of the prizes will follow in the second month's number of *SUNSET*—for example, the prize-winning letters submitted on the advertisements in the March *SUNSET* must reach us not later than March 20th and the awards will be announced in the May issue of *SUNSET*.

For the best letter received each month we will award a cash prize of \$25.00; for the second best letter, a prize of \$15.00; for the third, a prize of \$10.00. Each of these letters will be published in full in *SUNSET* Magazine, together with a reproduction of the ad, and the name and address of the prize-winning letter writer. In addition to

If you can write a letter, you stand a chance to obtain one of these cash prizes.

The conditions of the Contest are all set forth in this announcement. It will not be necessary to write for further particulars. Just send in your letters, typewritten if possible, together with your name and address.

Send Your Subscription and Address all Correspondence to Contest Editor, *Sunset Magazine*, SAN FRANCISCO

The Services of a Specialist

When in need of professional advice, one invariably consults a specialist to obtain the benefit of his knowledge, his training and his wide experience.

When in need of advice regarding investments, the services of an experienced bond house should be sought in order to obtain the benefit of its exhaustive examinations and financial experience.

Our business activities, covering a period of many years, enable us to give valuable advice in the selection of investment securities.

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Circular SS-35

giving list of current, conservative investment bonds.

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424 California St.
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Railway Exchange Bldg., Portland, Oregon

New York Boston
Philadelphia Chicago



Understanding Western Investments

By Edwin Selvin

Mr. Selvin has made for himself a special place among those writers who deal with the financial problems of the Far West. For a number of years he has given all his thought, all his efforts to the mastery of the questions which confront both those who would sell and who would buy the securities originating on the Pacific Slope. His utterances on Western financial conditions are being quoted and accepted as authoritative by leading Eastern financial journals. In order to present its readers with the very best thought on the investment conditions of the Far West, SUNSET MAGAZINE has arranged with Mr. Selvin for a series of articles dealing with these conditions. The first paper of the series follows.

LIFE out here in the West is very real, and very earnest. Western men have few illusions and no delusions—least of all about investments in their own country. They are optimistic—yes; for who could live in this glorious climate, this land of flowers and promise with its never-ending vistas of scenic grandeur, without being an optimist?

But climate doesn't pay interest on bonds and flowers do not retire them at maturity; promises do not pay debts and scenery doesn't provide an income.

Optimism with us is only confidence in ourselves and belief in our future; and these we back with our brains, our brawn and our dollars—to the uttermost.

The Eastern investor should not allow himself to be influenced unduly by a spirit of optimism, whether it comes from a trip he has made to the Coast or from the circulars of an optimist with something to sell.

The line of demarcation between the safe and the unsafe in investments is just as sharply drawn in San Francisco, Seattle or Portland as it is in New York, Philadelphia or Boston. The principles of sound investment being the same everywhere, the criteria upon which his judgment is based should not be altered by intervening distance.

To differentiate between investment and speculation is essentially important, though not always so simple as might appear. It is curious to note the amount of money that comes West for projects of a highly speculative nature, which if they turn out badly, become a reproach; whereas the same money tossed into Wall Street and lost will bring only a shrug and "better luck next time."

If you wish to speculate and do so with full knowledge of what you are doing, that's one thing. But if you speculate when you think you are investing, that is yet another thing. And if you can't tell an investment from a speculation, you had best keep your money in bank until you have obtained the advice of a reliable investment house.

Financial writers frequently have occasion to comment on the antithesis of investments and investors. To me one of the most interesting of investment phenomena is the contrast in two classes of ultra-conservative investors. One, the big Eastern life insurance companies; the other, the private investor of which the New England possessor of an estate handed down from generation to generation is a type.

Millions of dollars of life insurance funds are invested in bonds of municipalities and in first mortgages on farm and city property in the Pacific states. The men to whom is entrusted the responsibility of making these investments know conditions here. Therefore they regard these investments with favor not only because the security is the equal of that offered in the older communities, but also because the return is larger.

The other class, not knowing, passes them by. Why, is not hard to understand, when one stops to think. In the minds of many otherwise well informed Easterners whom business or pleasure has never brought out to the Coast, this is yet but a region of undeveloped resources. Quite rich in possibilities, of course, but hardly the place for the conservative investor.

These good people do not realize that what would ordinarily require a century has been done here within a few years. It may be hard for them to understand how and why it is so.

It is a far cry from a blockhouse in the frontier settlement of Seattle to the shadow now cast on its former location by the second highest office building in the world; from a half-starving band of perhaps one hundred settlers beleaguered in this blockhouse by hostile Indians to municipal bonds voted for by some of them still living and now legal for savings banks in Massachusetts and New York. Yet but 60 years spans this gap, as time is measured; for it was on January 26th last that Seattle observed the sixtieth anniversary of this battle, which but for the timely aid from the U. S.

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Afraid?

THOUSANDS of men and women begin to tremble and shake the moment they start planning to invest their hard-earned savings in bonds. The thing worries them. The campaign against fraudulent promoters has caused them to doubt the standing of nearly *all* securities.

What shall these apprentice investors do to obtain better than four per cent on their funds?

There are numerous houses which have sold bonds for ten, twenty, thirty years without causing their clients to lose one dollar. Would *you* feel safe in following the advice of such firms?

If you want better than four per cent without running any risks, write to Financial Editor, Sunset Magazine, San Francisco, for information concerning the standing and the record of Far Western bond houses.

Sloop-of-War "Decatur" would have been a massacre.

It is this utter outstripping of time by accomplishment that is so little understood. The basis of comparison is lacking. It is this mostly that gives rise to so many fallacies concerning our Western investment situation.

The remedy?

Information—adequate, specific, unbiased, dependable.

The Pacific Slope needs no apologist; neither does it require the superlative in setting forth the merits of its investments. The truth is good enough.

All the West needs—or wants—is to be understood.

In the four messages to come, each different from the other yet all to the same purpose, SUNSET, as the distinctively Western magazine with a national circulation, hopes to make the West understood—as to investments.

How is Business?

WITH copper 'way above twenty cents a pound, wheat above a dollar a bushel, with lumber creeping up the price scale steadily, with half a dozen metals selling at famine prices, with wool sky high and the fruit markets firm, the Far West can truthfully answer the question at the head of this paragraph with one word: "Fine!"

The apple crop has left a substantial profit in the hands of the growers. California oranges, of extra good quality and packed with more than ordinary care this year, have brought splendid returns since the beginning of the season. Dried fruits, notably prunes and raisins, are putting money into the growers' pockets. Though lima beans are weak, the balance of the bean crop is doing well and the rise of the barley quotations has caused talk of an attempted "corner" on the Coast exchanges. Hops are still in the doldrums, prices of live stock have stiffened, railroad earnings both gross and net are the largest on record. The lumber market has continued to improve so steadily that warnings against a too rapid mobilization of the mills are in order. If all the mills should suddenly run full capacity, their output would break the market's back. By making haste slowly, the goose will continue to lay small golden eggs.

But the best feature of the Far Western business situation is the fact, pointed out before in these pages, that peace can only increase prosperity. The Far West has no powder-boom towns, no new munition factories. The reconstruction period and normal shipping rates will enlarge instead of destroying the market for all its products, especially when the blockade of the Panama Canal is raised and West Coast products once more have water transportation open to them.

One of the remarkable features of the present condition of Western finance is the avidity with which four per cent state and municipal bonds are snapped up. Early in February more than \$3,000,000 of California state bonds bearing four per cent were sold at par. Two years ago there was no open market for these securities at all unless the buyer was willing to assume a certain loss.

Does Your Doctor Give Advice for 15 cents?

Does he tell you stories, talk to you about current events, show you beautiful pictures and diagnose your case, all for three nickels?

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SUNSET has a real story to tell month after month, a real service to render. Through its expert advice on Western lands, their character and value it has helped hundreds of its readers to place their money advantageously, has prevented thousands from losing their savings in fake land schemes. SUNSET's financial advice has enabled hundreds of readers to obtain a better return on their funds than is paid by savings banks, without sacrificing the safety of the investment. And SUNSET's travel department has smoothed the way, contributed to the comfort of thousands of tourists who came to see the Great West.

If you contemplate establishing a new home in any part of the Pacific Slope; if you would know of the best hotels in any part of the West; if you are anxious to find out about agricultural conditions, the price of land, the supply of water, the character of the soil anywhere West of the Rockies; if you want information concerning *safe* investments that will yield from 5 to 7 per cent; if you contemplate a motor journey and need data on road conditions and accommodations anywhere beyond the Rockies, ask SUNSET. The information will be furnished cheerfully, as promptly as possible and without cost.

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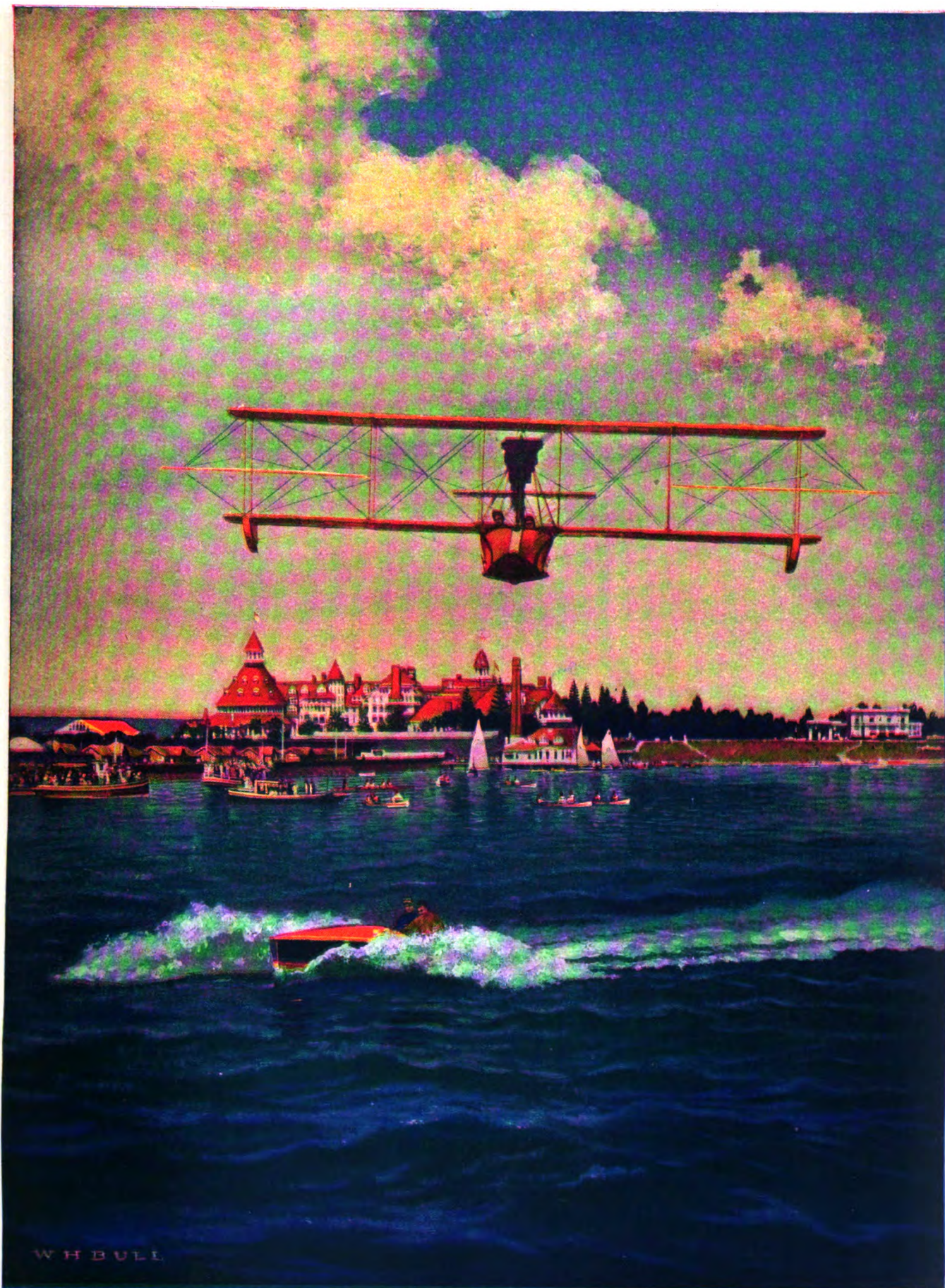
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The Wings of War

For a little over two years the Signal Corps Aviation School of the United States Army has been in operation at North island, in San Diego bay, where the Government is given the use of land belonging to the Coronado Beach Company. Here men are fitted for service at Corregidor, in the Philippines, Fort Kamehama, Hawaii, and the Canal Zone. Last year 3500 flights were made and several American records established for altitude and endurance. Incidentally the law limiting the detail of aviation students to such unmarried lieutenants of the line as are under thirty years of age has had an important bearing upon the brilliant maneuvers in the ballroom of the red-roofed Hotel del Coronado



When the Brush of Spring Paints the Desert and Its Hills

In March the desert of the Southwest begins to weave its wedding robe. Between the rocks, among the columns of the giant cactus, millions of blossoms of a thousand varieties spring out of the moist sand. As if a mile-wide brush worked its way upward on valley floor and slope with swift strokes, so the color bursts out in vivid splashes, transforming for a brief time the uptilted planes into the gorgeous palette of the Lord

Sunset

THE PACIFIC MONTHLY



Across the Editor's Desk



NOW that it has been put together, this March issue looks like a special poppy number. The cover is ablaze with poppies; they fleck with gold the frontispiece; their wind-blown seed has been carried even into the advertising of California hotels. Lest this be considered a breach of that neutrality which we were at pains to describe in January when we enunciated the principle "Not for California only but for the entire Pacific Slope," let us explain. It is indeed the "California poppy" but that is only an accident of name. The botanist Chamisso landed on the strand of the Presidio and found a brave cup of gold standing against the ocean breeze. But he might have navigated the Arizona desert in March and waded through miles of their glowing bloom. In which case the name would doubtless have come to us as Arizona poppy—*Arizonica* instead of *Californica*. Or he might have been crossing Nevada—but enough. It is plain that the warm beauty of these pages is in honor of spring in the blossoming southwestern states of this peaceful if somewhat puzzled land.

IN the flowery March number which is now before you, observe the consistency which includes an article on "the bloom and the decay of the Flowery Republic." And certainly it is quite in the spirit of spring to lead off such a number with a love-story. Young Perry Hockaday, the hero of the campaign recorded in "Marrying Inez-Isabel," is just the man for a March number for he comes in like a lion and goes out like a lamb. Kennett Harris is thoroughly at home in this whimsical tale of Missouri—at home because he lived there once and kept his eyes and ears open. When still in his teens he journeyed straight from London to Missouri with the laudable and adventurous purpose of slaying Indians and buffalo which he understood, from Cooper and Catlin, were numerous in that region. Not finding his quarry, he went even further West until today he is at home in San Diego. He can see Indians there any day at the Exposition, but he hasn't found the buffalo yet. So he may keep moving. He seemed fairly contented the other day, in camp on the lookout of a sunny veranda above the town. We had been talking of Inez-Isabel as a maiden who was true to type.

"Sometimes they can be too true for local consumption," said one of us.

Kennett Harris laughed. "Same here," he said. "Tarkio, Missouri, objected to the type I used although I was writing thirty years after my experience there. When I went there I found a prosperous and prosaic country inhabited by what I then considered a rather primitive, but perfectly good, people. I wrote of them conscientiously and with no more than the reasonable exaggeration that a writer's license permits, but it was not until these stories began to appear in the *Saturday Evening Post* that the storm broke and I was bombarded with highly explosive letters from worthy citizens of Tarkio. I received picture postal cards of residences

of prominent citizens, churches and school buildings in support of much statistical information. As to the local paper—! Well, I'm still raw in spots. Curiously enough, I also received some letters praising my faithful delineation of the speech, manners and customs of the Atchison county people of thirty years ago.

"Honestly, I was grieved, because I wouldn't hurt anybody's feelings unnecessarily or undeservedly and I was rather puzzled, because I thought I had made it clear that I was writing of a long departed era. I stand by and swear by the authenticity of my dialect as well as the fidelity of my descriptions of local manners and customs, granting, of course, that there may have been no end of people of education and culture. It happened, however, that I was brought more into contact with the rustic part of the community—of whom I wrote. I want to say, moreover, that no finer lot of men and women than they ever breathed pure air.

"Well, I deplore the sensitiveness of my correspondents but I don't intend to give up the Tarkio country. I am too fond of it."

POPPIES and poetry! What else do you expect when the year's at the spring? So in March you have the blooming poppies and in April you shall have, as a natural sequence, the blooming poets—two of them, count 'em. To begin with, you shall have George Sterling, soloist with the Western choir. Mr. Sterling contributes to the April number a sonnet which may be described as of characteristic beauty—which would be high praise for any sonnet. This Easter poem is accompanied by a painting, by W. H. Bull, depicting the Easter Dawn Service on Mt. Rubidoux, in southern California. Both poem and painting appear to us to possess the quality of inspiration. In contrast to these solemn offerings, yet equally fitting to the month, you are to have a long poem—two pages—count 'em also—by William R. Benét, imported Western singer for the New York symphony. "Down Along the Mountain" is a glad carol of spring in the cowboy country, and C. S. Price, who was a cowboy once, has drawn sympathetic marginal sketches. And in May—you shall see what you shall see!

ALL this is very pretty and timely, no doubt, but something more substantial should follow a number containing two such articles of serious timeliness as "Why Gild the Flintlock?" and "California Next?" which make March so significant an issue. Exactly. Do you happen to know, for example, just what our withdrawal from the Philippines would mean in our national history? Most of us have rather a vague idea of how the wave of American supremacy swept across the Pacific, touched the shores of Asia and receded. How about the ill-smelling flotsam such a wave may leave on far-away beaches? This is one of the timely articles put in the April number to take the curse off the verse—if you chance to feel that way about it.



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IT FLOATS



"You're going to wear these," announced Mary-Ann. "I'm not either," declared Inez-Isabel

Marrying Inez-Isabel

By Kennett Harris

Illustrated by Arthur Cahill

I
PERRY Hockaday sat on Levi Moseley's front porch, clad in the bravery of his Sunday-go-to-meetin's, and looked squarely, steadily and with something of an air of proprietorship at Mary-Ann Moseley. Mary-Ann looked at Perry obliquely and with fleeting glances, and her expression would have puzzled a tolerably acute observer. But she smiled, and that was enough for him. Enough for the present. He was there and she was there and there was no probability that they would be disturbed for some time.

Two reasons for that. One was that a couple of miles away, in a woodland glade on the margin of the gently murmuring Little Tarkio, a husky young man was murmuring not at all gently, as he gingerly felt a loosened front tooth with one hand and held a large cool pebble to his eye with the other. He was otherwise damaged, and he was resolving to shun

When a man promises his sweetheart to marry her homely sister to somebody, somewhere, somehow, he has only himself to blame for the results. Honest young Perry Hockaday made such a promise, but do you blame him after all?

the Moseley front porch forevermore. The other reason was that Perry Hockaday was tolerably well fixed and Old Man Levi Moseley knew it and knew, moreover, that any interference with Perry was likely to be fraught with unpleasant consequences. Not that Perry was mean. He just nachally happened to like having his own way, and *being* well fixed and weighing one-eighty, stripped, without a smear of fat and quicker'n a steel trap, not to mention his pistol shooting or the way he could flick a knife from the pa'm of his

hand into anything you'd a mind to mention at twenty foot—why, he most generally had his own way.

As to Mary-Ann Moseley—well, there had just penetrated to the Tarkio region a song about another Mary-Ann which the young bucks thought particularly applicable. The refrain began:

"She's a daisy, she's a darling,
 She's a dumpling, she's a lamb."

Miss Moseley was a daisy, shore 'nough. She was also a darling, and her contours were sufficiently rounded to justify the dumpling part of it. But she was not exactly a lamb.

"I—jinks! that knuckle's sore," said Perry, regarding his closed right fist.

"I'm right glad of it," said Mary-Ann. "I wish't it was sorer. I wish't pore Billy had tuck some of the conceit outen you."

"Two like him 'ud have their work cut out for them," smiled Perry vaingloriously.

"They cert'n'y would, if they got it all," Mary-Ann agreed, moving her chair farther away from his advance.

PERRY laughed. He knew something about gals. Sometimes the sassier they are, the better sign it is. Jist bluff.

"You might as well say the word now," he urged. "There hain't no good reason why you shouldn't. You cain't look me in the eye and tell me that I'm p'ison to you."

"Cain't I?" said Mary-Ann. And she did say so; but her manner was so far from convincing that Perry gave his chair another hitch and put his arm about her waist, only to withdraw it in the same instant with an exclamation that made Mary-Ann look at him reproachfully.

"That's a cuss word," she accused.

"Tain't neither," Perry denied. "But if it was, I'd be justified. Sticking pins into a body!"

"A body kin keep his arm where it belongs, then," said Mary-Ann. "There's a right place for ever' thing." She looked at him sidewise with a mischievous smile.

"You're a-going for to take me," Perry persisted.

"I hain't," said Mary-Ann. "I hain't a-going to take nobuddy—not until Inez-Isabel is married, anyway. I'd be a right cur'ous sort of a sister for to push in afore her after all she's done for me. No, sir. When Inez-Isabel is married, maybe I'll think of marrying, myse'f; but not afore then, Mr. Hockaday."

"But she hain't even got a beau," protested Perry.

"That's so," said Mary-Ann. "And what makes it worse is she hain't never had one. Cain't you think of nobuddy?"

Perry tilted his hat in an endeavor to stir his brain into activity by the familiar digital process. "For to marry Inez-Isabel? Why—er—I dunno either. I'll study on it, Mary-Ann. You shorely mean that, do you, Mary-Ann—not getting married till after she does?"

"I shorely do," said Mary-Ann.

II

PERRY Hockaday left the Moseley place that evening in a disturbed frame of mind. He had not lost self-confidence but at the same time there was no doubt that Mary-Ann was sort-of-cur'ous-acting. I—junks! Inez-Isabel was nigh on to twenty-one, and as for looks—

Joe Bridlow put it this-a-way: "If you'd lean Inez-Isabel up against a mud fence," says Joe, "the fence wouldn't look so daggone homely after all, and ekally, if you met Mary-Ann a-trailing a little red wagon behind her, chances are you wouldn't take no partickler notice of the wagon."

And yit, considered Perry, with more acuteness than he usually displayed—and yit if Inez-Isabel wasn't Mary-Ann's sister, folks wouldn't think she was so turble onpleasant for to look at. You take Inez-Isabel by herse'f, not taking no 'count of Mary-Ann, and there's homelier women raising fam'lies and making good men toe the line all over Atchison county.

THIS reflection comforted the young man to a great extent and he proceeded to ponder in his mind the various unattached males of his acquaintance.

It was not strictly necessary that they should be young, he decided, and their eligibility was almost entirely a matter of single estate. Nevertheless, Perry resolved to do the best he possibly could for his future sister-in-law. As a member-to-be of her family, that would be his duty; besides which, he liked Inez-Isabel—liked her right well. Daggone if he hadn't always thought a heap of her. Suthin' about that gal . . . Therefore he would begin at the top, and work down the list, if he had to. There was Cassius Snell. Cass was a likely young feller and he wasn't tangled up with no petticut. Good worker, stiddy; Baptis', too, which ought to suit Old Man Moseley. Worked his Pap's place on third sheers, Cass did, and had a bunch of stock of his own. Why, cert'n'y! Cass Snell.

HOCKADAY was an energetic young man, direct in his methods and prompt as he was purposeful. Early on the following morning he rode out to Snell's farm. Cassius, a blond young hulk of a fellow, was in the creek meadow cocking timothy, with one blue eye on a dark cloud-bank in the west. He was grateful for Perry's offered assistance, as that cloud looked like rain.

"What brung you over, Perry?" he asked, after they had been working with silent expedition for as long as ten minutes.

"I come for to do you a favor," replied Hockaday. "Might as well tell you now. That rain won't come a-nigh us."

"Right clever of you," said Cass, without slackening speed, however.

"I'm that kind," observed Perry. "Bo'n in me, I reckon. Cass, you aim for to take in the dance at Phil Giddings'?"

"I don't hold weth dancing," Cass answered gravely.

"You're like Inez-Isabel Moseley," remarked Perry. "She don't neither. There's a mighty fine gal, Cass."

"She cert'n'y had ought to be," said Cass, striding on to the next windrow.

"She cert'n'y is," declared Perry, following him. "Neat as a pin, too, that gal, weth saving ways, and an elegant cook."

"She had ought to be," repeated Cass.

"She is," said Perry earnestly. "Ambitious as they make 'em, is Inez-Isabel, and for as slimsy as she looks, she's as stout as a mewl. Kind disposition. I hain't been around there so long but I've took notice of that." Here Perry spoke sincerely and truthfully.

"Tain't no more'n fair she should be," Cass observed.

"She is," said Perry. "The man as gets her'll be lucky."

"The saying is, 'A fool for luck.'" Cass thriftily scraped up some spears of timothy that the other had left.

PERRY frowned. "He won't be no fool. It's because most of the boys mound here is fools that she hain't arried long ago. But some of these days a feller that knows what's what, a feller weth two sharp eyes in a level haid is a-goin' for to snap Inez-Isabel up like a toad ketching flies. Then he'll live happy and die rich."

"He had ought to," commented Cass.

"He will," said Perry. "Now stop for a minute and listen to me, Cass. I aim

for to marry Mary-Ann Moseley and I'd like for to have the right kind of a brother-in-law. I've been studying out jist who I'd be willing to have marry Inez-Isabel and I don't know nobuddy what's more deserving of her than what you are. I've allus thought a heap of you, Cass, and I want to see you prosper and thrive. I wish you well and happy, as the feller says. Now don't you say nothing. Keep your haid shet and listen to me. You and me is good friends, Cass. You know I'm a friend of yours and you jist think over what I've been saying. Beauty hain't but skin deep, Cass. You come over weth me to Moseley's tonight."

"I reckon you'll have to excuse me, Perry," said Cass. "I cain't do it."

"You don't have to do more'n set around a while and be sociable."

"I know, but I reckon you'll have to excuse me."

"You and me has always been good friends, hain't we? You'd jist as soon have the Hockadays for friends as not, wouldn't you? I wouldn't keer for to fo'ce friendship on nobuddy. What's your objection to visiting around weth me at my friend, Mr. Levi Moseley's, Mr. Snell, sir?"

"Perry," replied Mr. Snell, "you know daggone well what my objections is and you know I think a heap of you and your folks, but if this here is the favor you come for to do me, I thank you kindly, but I reckon jist the same you'll have to excuse me."

IF you was a beauty yourse'f, I could understand your p'sition," said Hockaday, eying his friend coldly and critically. "If you wasn't knock-kneed and pigeon-toed and if your face wasn't so much like a slab of cold mush left over from supper and sprouting hair, I wouldn't be so much surprised."

"That there is jist the reason I aim to have good looks somers in my fam'ly," explained Snell good-naturedly. "Perry, it hain't a-going to do you no good for to pick a fuss weth me."

"I dunno but what it would do me a right smart of good," observed Hockaday doubtfully.

He glared at the imperturbable young yokel for a moment and then jabbed his hayfork into the ground and turned away. "You need somebuddy with brains in your fam'ly, too," he said over his shoulder.

III

TWO more swains were checked off Hockaday's list before the day was over—Ab Freeden and Dick Wauchope. Ab pleaded a prior attachment to 'Lizabeth Padden—which nobody had suspected and even Ab had not been quite sure of. Dick declared his intention of seeing the world before he settled down and was considering a trip either to Hongkong, China, or Memphis, Tenn. "It wouldn't be fair to no gal for to tie her up under such circumstances," Dick represented. "Mabbe when I get tired of traveling and come back home—"

"It may be too everlasting late then," said Hockaday.

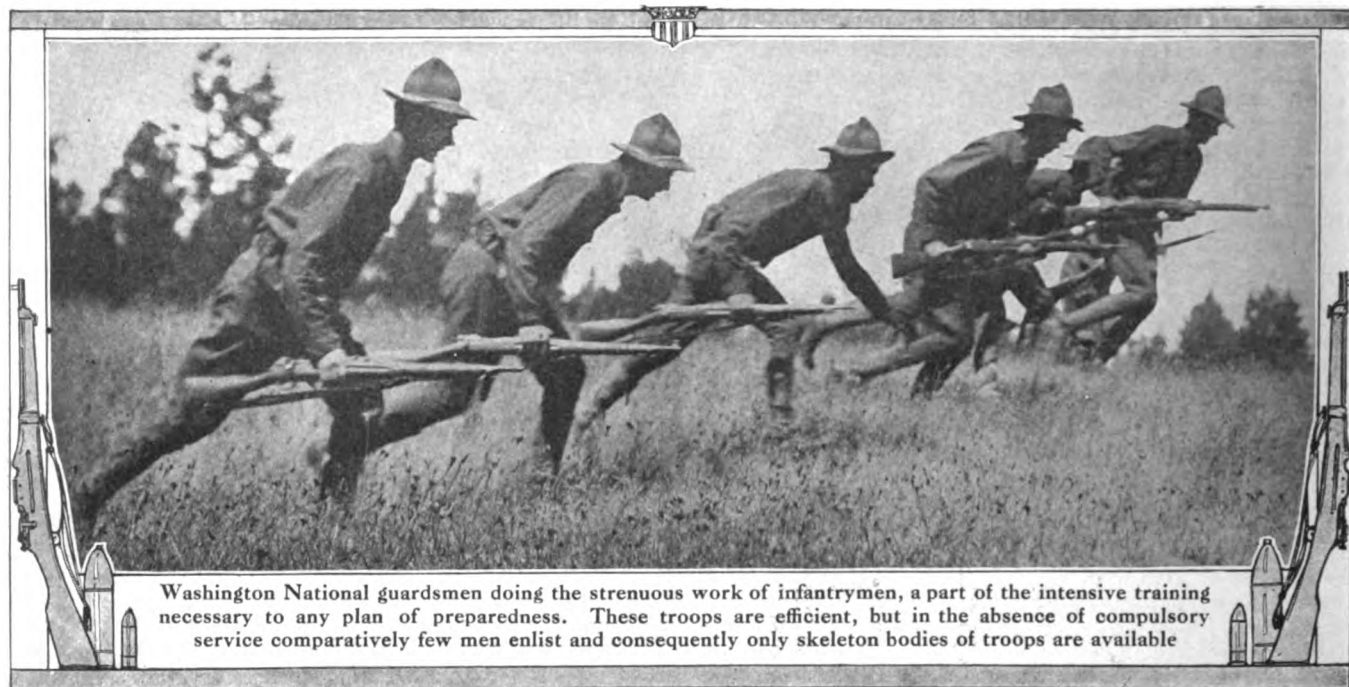
"I reckon I'll have to take my chances, Perry," replied Dick, quite firmly.

It was right discouraging. Perry told Mary-Ann so when he made his evening

(Continued on page 40)



Mary-Ann Moseley was a daisy; she was also a darling and her contours were sufficiently rounded to justify the word dumpling. But she was not exactly a lamb



Washington National guardsmen doing the strenuous work of infantrymen, a part of the intensive training necessary to any plan of preparedness. These troops are efficient, but in the absence of compulsory service comparatively few men enlist and consequently only skeleton bodies of troops are available

Why Gild the Flintlock?

Our Regular Army is a Costly Obsolete Mistake—Real Preparedness Demands a New Defense Foundation

By Arthur Dunn

TWO years ago a priest of preparedness would have been a prophet without honor; today the country is converted to a conviction, the unanimity of which is without parallel in our legislative history. The conviction is that something must be done. Yet no one knows exactly what it is that should be done. Not one propagandist has advanced with a plan and championed it with the statement,

"This fits our needs."

And in this singularly idea-less wilderness, no sound is heard save the rumble of vox populi:

"Something must be done."

Something is going to be done, but if no one knows what it should be, it is not hard to see what it will be.

A political sop will be tossed to a clamorous Cerberus. We shall have no more than a makeshift stop-gap, a mess of "molasses to catch flies"—a nothing. The seven days' wonder will die and we shall have lapsed back into that lethargy that has so long been content with the sort of business efficiency that spends \$100,000,000 every year and admits that the net result is an ability to put 20,000 men on the

threatened point in—charitably—ten days.

Judging puddings by their eating, crediting nothing but the result, admitting, but not considering, overhead charges, our present preparedness system costs \$4,000 per man on the battle line per year.

Considering the growing American passion for business efficiency, it is remarkable that more has not been said—from the standpoint of the efficiency en-

gineer—of this result compared with that of the present military systems of the world. The comparison has startling results.

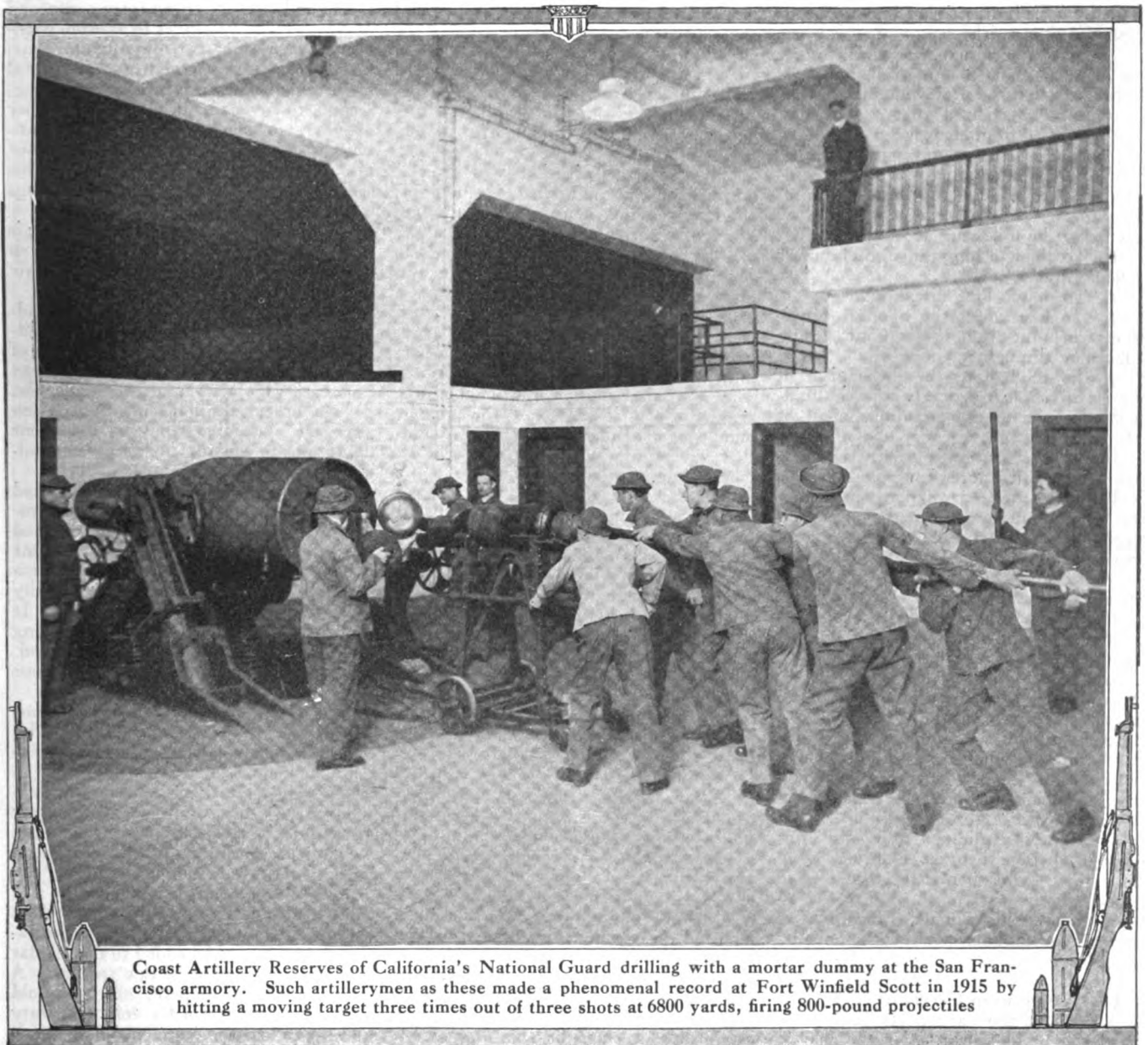
THE United States can assemble at the danger point 20,000 men in *ten* days—maybe. France and Germany had 1,500,000 ready in *four* days. The European reserves could be mobilized at least twice as fast as the American regulars. Both France and Germany spent less than \$200,000,000 a year to obtain this result; the United States spent \$100,000,000 per annum. In other words, disregarding the disparity of numbers, the regular American military machine has, unit for unit, one-thirtieth the efficiency of the standard European establishments.

There shall be no muckraking in this article. Startling as the preceding paragraph may seem, it will not be difficult to demonstrate that only the evolutionary development of our vigorous young nation and not any man, party, bureau or system has been to blame.

The problem of our first hundred years has been that of internal development. We have blanketed a wilderness



Citizen soldiers plotting a target moving miles at sea; working out data that permit the "men behind the guns" to destroy an "enemy" ship



Coast Artillery Reserves of California's National Guard drilling with a mortar dummy at the San Francisco armory. Such artillerymen as these made a phenomenal record at Fort Winfield Scott in 1915 by hitting a moving target three times out of three shots at 6800 yards, firing 800-pound projectiles

with a mantle of civilization and wealth and it has called all our attention inward. We brushed the nations distantly and the result has been a nation without an extra-national sense. We permitted the trade of South America to escape; we allowed our merchant marine to be crowded from the sea. Foreign trade was, to us, not vital. But seated astride our undeveloped resources, it little becomes us to condemn other nations for external aggressiveness. Competition was the vital thing with every country of our rank save us—with whom it was an incident, a dilettantism. The nineteenth century brought an experience to Europe as different from its gift to us as black is different from white. It left continental nations armed for aggression, lean and hardened by the years that led to the present conflict. It left us fattened and lethargic, knowing nothing of the real nature of the silent combat. Yet as competition had made them great, internal development had made us great, and in 1914, standing as an equal in the forum, we had not seen what a century had done to them. Feeling as the century had made us feel, we did not think that they would fight; knowing the little we knew, we did not

dream that they would fight after the manner in which they have fought.

The terrific object-lesson that came when six of these giants rushed upon each other with the unconcealed weapons that our purblind eyes had refused to see, has searingly blazoned one conclusion:

"We have no arms."

The preparedness agitation has been called hysteria. If it is hysterical, after a half-century of inertia, to wake and see the thing that is shaken like a bloody scalp before one's eyes, then the preparedness unrest is hysteria. It undoubtedly has a hysterical element which lies in this: We have taken no time to consider just what weapons we need. We have thought it enough to say "Something must be done."

PERHAPS it would be best if before demanding preparedness we consider what preparedness means.

The treaty that followed the defeat of the Prussians at Jena aimed at the perpetual subjugation of Prussia by requiring that only a small force be kept in arms. The stipulation was evaded by the Kümper system which may be epitomized as follows:

"Make the army a school; put the greatest possible number of men through in the shortest possible time. Organize the graduates, provide equipment, so systematize the whole that at the tap of a drum there will spring into armed being an equipped force of as many times the standing army as is determined by dividing the years from the beginning by the years it takes to make a soldier."

THUS was born the idea of the Nation in Arms. As competition in trade and rivalry in peace seemed to demand the possibility of power for war, the scheme expanded until, in 1870, its execution astonished the world.

The Franco-Prussian war did not present to us the object-lesson of the present conflict, because at that time there were, within the continental limits of the United States, perhaps a million and a half trained and veteran soldiers. The lesson was, however, that it was not an army in the old sense that swept across France. It was a nation armed. But we did not grasp that lesson. European nations learned it. Japan learned it. Turkey and the little Balkan states learned it. England used what has proved a

sapient variant by suiting her preparedness program to the sea.

To avoid multiplicity of issues it must be assumed that the American nation is convinced that the profession of arms has become so specialized that a man may not be wafted from his place in civil ranks to the battlefield without some training. This individual training is the first requisite in the modern conception of preparedness. Briefly it may be stated to comprise the following accomplishments:

1. To shoot a long-range, high-power rifle accurately.
2. To march long distances.
3. To live under the rigorous conditions of out-of-doors without losing efficiency through sickness.
4. So to acquire the mechanism of minor tactics as to properly apply individual endeavor to the accomplishment of the collective end.

Individual fitness is then the first requisite. But a force composed of individuals is a mob—a weapon which may be compared to a properly organized regiment as a hatful of loose sand compares to a brick bat.

Minor organization of the resources of men is the next necessity.

It has been told that German reservists reporting even from America had only to go to the proper building at their mobilization point, walk to the proper locker, take off their civilian clothes and replace them with a uniform from a prepared and assembled field kit, complete to the shoe laces and the emergency ration. There was no confusion about their place in their company, regiment and corps, and it cannot be doubted that the organized system of equipment was efficacious enough to place them on the firing line in four days. This then is the next step in preparedness—systematization of the already trained individuals as it applies to the actual organization of the smaller military units.

AN American in Germany at the outbreak of the war reports that on the first day of mobilization, in the city on the Rhine where he was staying, construction of an immense mess-shed and rest station began instantly and, notwithstanding the paralysis of civilian labor, was carried to completion with a swiftness that would have shamed the bungalow builder of a Western town boomer. Commercial traffic on all railroad lines stopped instantly. Long before the war a forehanded system had been worked out which had so considered every ounce of Germany's economic resource, that under every conceivable form of threatened stress that resource could be applied to the accomplishment of any desired end, without a moment's hesitation, uncertainty or delay.

Instances could be multiplied indefinitely. Enough has been said faintly to suggest what Europe means when it speaks of preparedness.

First, the individual is trained and enabled to fulfil the obligations of citizenship.

Second, the tactical organization of the resource of men is complete.

Third, the material economic resource of the country is systematized with the end of war in view.

In a word, preparedness means the organization of the nation into a great

team. It means the end of *armies* and the substitution of *armed nations* as the effective force in future wars.

TO understand the gap that lies between this and our own plan it is necessary to recount a modicum of history.

When our constitution was framed nothing of this had been dreamed of. Preparedness then consisted of a standing army of sufficient strength to force the mandate of an aristocratic few on the suffering many. Soldiers were paid by and for this non-democratic centralized force called government. Government was not of the people and neither was the army which supported that government. Armies were not national institutions. They were the paid instruments of a force against which at that time the popular mind was rebelling. They were organized for a purpose and according to a scheme inimical to democracy.

"He has kept among us, in times of peace, standing armies, without the consent of our legislatures" read the Declaration of Independence, and it voiced the very protest that became a cry in our own rebellion and rose to a maniacal shriek in France. It was in this state of national affairs that our constitution was drafted. When we established our political inhibition against the maintenance of armies we were speaking against the mercenary hirelings of tyrannical power. The idea of a nation in arms had not been born.

Certainly 'it is not President Poincaré for whom armed France is fighting at this hour. In the sense in which we considered King George's soldiers in 1776, France has no army. There is a distinction with a difference between the army of France and France armed.

We have maintained an army for a hundred years, and, introspective and hermetical nation that we are, we have insisted on keeping alive the very outworn and hateful tradition against which we rose at Lexington. With this fact established, we may be able now to understand why our army has, in effect, cost us \$4000 a year for every effective unit of preparedness—we have insisted on going into the labor market for hiring fighting men in the perpetuation of an outworn thought.

Here will be found the reason for our stupendous extravagance. It certainly requires no extensive comparison to see that we cannot afford to expand our present plan to compete with the preparedness of other nations. Its peacetime cost is prohibitive; its war-time efficiency is admittedly nil.

THE general result of all that has been said is voiced in the popular demand that "something" be done. Many plans have been advanced and some of them have taken the form of bills before Congress at this moment. These bills fall into two general classes.

First, the increased-army schemes. This idea is simply that the present establishment be enlarged regardless of cost. It frankly perpetuates the hired-army system and every element of our present anachronism. It simply bulks it bigger.

Second, the supplemental army scheme. This idea retains the present army as it

is and adds to it a second force composed of citizens who volunteer to assume without compensation two binding burdens; first, to give up a period of their useful life to what is known as intensive training; second, to covenant for a certain number of years to place themselves unconditionally at the call of the state. Without discussing the manifest defects of this second scheme, two very striking things may be said of both.

No champion of either claims that it is more than a piece of a loaf. No one even suggests that either is remotely adequate to our needs.

Both retain intact the present admittedly obsolescent idea of our hundred-million-dollar army without a scintilla of change. It seems incomprehensible but it is true that neither of these schemes, nor any other plan that has hitherto been advocated, proposes to lay an irreverent finger on the existing hoary error fossilized in the regular army.

Our present army consists of a fixed number of regiments, batteries and companies—unit organizations maintained during peace at, let us say, sixty per cent of their total war strength. Within this organization is concentrated practically all of our national military talent. It comprises all our experts, our teaching force, our laboratory of military method. It is admittedly inadequate to patrol our southern border.

It is plititudinously called a nucleus. In the event of war, from the ranks of its officers would come all the trainers, experts and professional talent necessary to the Herculean task of creating the sole reliance of this country—a volunteer army quickly carved from the raw. Yet we have practically no surplus of officers. This withdrawal would paralyze the army's commissioned personnel.

At the same time that the officers were leaving to join the volunteer organizations, there would be added to the regular ranks forty per cent of raw recruits. A large proportion of petty officers would have been withdrawn for volunteer duty and the influx of recruits would demoralize the leaderless units. A statement of the system is amply sufficient for its condemnation. Yet it costs \$100,000,000. It is backed by the national guard. It is most difficult to mention this wonderfully patriotic body of men with anything but praise, but under their present handicaps it would be impossible for supermen to succeed. It is enough to say that the system is noneffective.

WE have traced the development and the present status of the modern conception of preparedness. Then in stating what our own system is, and has been, we have outlined a perfect antithesis of any idea of preparedness. Our yearly outlay does buy us a small force of trained men. What it does not buy is national preparedness. It does not buy partial preparedness. Considering preparedness as a national commodity, the hundred million dollars spent annually on the mobile field army buys nothing at all. This force is not mobile. Despite its insignificant size it cannot be concentrated anywhere speedily; it is not elastic; it cannot be expanded readily; if expansion is attempted, its efficiency drops automatically. It is an out-of-date,

(Continued on page 95)



The Price of Stupidity

By J. Frank Davis

Illustrated by Arthur Cahill

THREE men, just after nightfall, stood talking and smiling in one corner of the Cutler Hotel lobby.

They were a tall, thin, light Mexican, a short, stout, medium-complected Mexican, and a middle-sized, very dark Mexican—so dark that only his straight black hair and Spanish mustache saved him from suspicion when he sat in the white folks' part of a street car.

There was nothing in particular about the appearance of this trio to differentiate them from a dozen other groups that combined with tourists, traveling men and townfolk in to dinner to fill the room. Sooner or later most of the better class of Mexican refugees come to the Cutler. Ten thousand of them, more or less, have foregathered in this wide, lofty-ceilinged lobby, as guests or loafers, since that surprising day when little Don Panchito Madero gave old Don Porfirio Diaz his comeuppance.

They meet and gossip and smile, and plot and intrigue and smile, and lift hats courteously and shake hands warmly and smile. And if, as they clasp right hands in brotherly greeting, they affectionately tap one another with their lefts, it is merely that ounce of precaution whereby one gentleman ascertains whether or not another gentleman has a knife suspended from the left armhole of his waistcoat or ingeniously concealed under the back of his coat, just below the collar.

Some of them are millionaires, and some of them were, and most of them hope to be. The more impecunious do not live at the Cutler, but they pick their teeth there. The everchanging groups represent every Mexican faction that had to come away and cannot yet with safety

go home. For the language heard it might sometimes be esteemed a Spanish club.

Behind the three vari-colored Mexicans above referred to, a great oil painting of the late General Sam Houston, whose opinion of all Mexicans was low, looked down unsmilingly. They talked with lowered voices, using English and Spanish indiscriminately.

I THINK, by the way, it is going to be possible to tell this story without using a single Spanish word, unprecedented and perhaps unprofessional though that may be. All the characters spoke both languages except the hero, who didn't need to. So sometimes, as the plot develops, they will be speaking Spanish and sometimes they will be speaking English. The intelligent reader can figure it out for himself if he feels it necessary. The main point, after all, is what they said, not in what language they said it.

THE middle-sized, very dark Mexican was delicately manipulating a toothpick.

"I have found just the man for our undertaking," he said. "He was recommended to me by Mr. — I can't say his name, the latter part of which is demibopulous—the Greek, you know, who conducts the Elite, where I have just dined. The man is a Yankee."

"Naturally," said the short, stout, medium-complexed Mexican. "You would not get a Mexican chauffeur for such a task, my dear Zarza."

"I mean," explained Zarza, "that he is from the northern part of this accursed country—such a man as these people of the South call Yankees."

"Exquisitely droll, these distinctions," murmured the tall, thin, light Mexican.

"Such a Yankee, my dear general," continued Zarza, turning to him, "is a most fit person for our little errand tonight. They are more stupid than the gringos of the South—much more stupid. Always you may note that they are referred to disparagingly. Were we to employ a car from one of the large companies, perhaps there might be difficulties. These native Texas chauffeurs, in dealing with Spanish peoples, are what, in their vernacular, we should call 'wise ones.' For an expedition like this we do not desire 'wise ones.'"

"Quite right, colonel," replied the tall, light man. "Quite right and thoughtful. And the automobile? The load will be heavy."

"An excellent touring car, I am told," said Zarza, "and the Yankee himself drives it, although he is one of the owners of the livery garage."

"How does he understand the errand?" "I talked briefly with him over the telephone. He knows he is to carry some gentlemen to Laredo. Probably he appreciates there will be luggage. He must. He asked seventy-five dollars. He would never ask more than sixty if he did not expect to carry ammunition."

"When will he know that he is to go to—"

"S-s-sh! On the road. I will attend to that at the fitting moment. See? I think this is he who comes."

THE three focused their attention on a thin man of medium height, wearing on his arm a chauffeur's badge, who had just entered the lobby.

He had a long sharp nose, a long thin neck, hair of that indeterminate shade that nobody can ever remember, and big, innocent china-blue eyes. He was twenty-five or forty years old. As he crossed the lobby he glanced from group to group with little inquisitive birdlike twists of the head.

"Your judgment is excellent," whispered the tall, light man who had been called "general" to Zarza. "Just the kind of man we want."

The innocent big eyes of the chauffeur spied the three Mexicans looking in his direction. He quickened his steps, smiling amiably.

"Either of you gentlemen Mr. Zarza?" he asked, in a dialect that no traveled American would have hesitated to diagnose as State o' Maine. Mr. Zarza bowed.

Amos P. Blossom was a typical San Antonio chauffeur. That is to say, he was born in Kittery, Maine, where his

father worked in the navy yard, learned the machinist trade at Saco, went to Boston as a car mechanic when the lure of the great city called, and traveled to southwest Texas to valet the automobiles of an Albany millionaire with one lung. Sending for a relative from back home to be his partner, he went into the livery business there when the one lung and the millionaire quit their activities together.

The middle-sized, dark Mr. Zarza introduced the newcomer to Mr. Ramon Sanchez, tall and light, and Mr. Avarista Gonzales, short, stout and medium-complexed. They all shook hands and the three Mexicans lifted their hats and smiled most charmingly.

MR. Blossom got down to business without delay. "I didn't just get what you wanted, except that it was a trip to Laredo," he said. "Three passengers, I understood."

"True. We three."

"And you said you have to get there in time to catch the seven thirty-six train out of Nueva Laredo, across the river—be in Laredo, say, about six-thirty."

"Quite correct. Though you could do the distance much more quickly if you had to, could you not?"

"I could," said Amos, "but it would be harder on the tires."

Of course what he said was "hahduh on the ti-uhs," but this is not a dialect story.

"If it was speed you was after," he added, wagging his head dubiously, "I couldn't think of doing it for seventy-five dollars. That's a sort of special rate, anyway." He dropped his voice to a confidential tone. "I wouldn't want any of you gentlemen to let it get out that I made a price like that."

Mr. Zarza ignored the confidence and looked at his watch. "When can we start?"

"The car's right outside, all ready," replied Blossom. He led the way.

"We go first to No. 136 San Sebastian avenue for a trunk or two," remarked Zarza as he took the seat beside the chauffeur.

"Why, I declare!" said Blossom blankly. "I don't believe I could take any baggage. Not at that price. I tell you, gentlemen, a great, long trip like this is awful rough on a car."

"Of course you can take some baggage—one little trunk," protested Mr. Zarza.

"We-e-ll, I might take one. We'll go up and look at it—if it ain't too heavy." He kicked his clutch.

At No. 136 San Sebastian avenue—any Mexican in town could have told you which junta had that house for its headquarters—Zarza and Gonzales went in and returned in a few moments staggering under the weight of a large and obviously very heavy trunk.

"Tut, tut, tut! Oh, dear me!" exclaimed Blossom as they lowered it very carefully to the sidewalk and wiped their faces. "I couldn't carry a heavy trunk like that—not for seventy-five dollars. Goodness, no! My partner would never forgive me. Gracious! We'd lose money. What's in it that makes it so heavy?"

MR. Zarza did not hear the question. "The trunk has to go," he said positively. "If you have to have more money, we will make it eighty dollars."

"Eighty? My, my, I couldn't. Hon-

est, I couldn't," protested Blossom earnestly. "I'd like to, gentlemen. Goodness knows I would. But with all that weight—Golly! Think what it'll do to my tires on those bad roads down near the border. Honest to goodness, gentlemen, I just can't do it for a cent less than ninety."

"WE need to start. It is getting late, colonel," whispered the tall and light Mr. Sanchez to the perspiring Mr. Zarza. "There is no time to change our plans."

"All right," agreed Zarza, ungraciously. "It's ninety."

"And if you don't mind," suggested Blossom, "we might sort of save time by settling up now, in case of fire, as the feller says. You know, gentlemen, I don't question your—"

Mr. Sanchez interrupted. "In the name of the saints, shall we ever get started? Listen, friend. Fifty dollars you can have now and forty at Laredo. That is the best. Take it or go back to your garage and the devil go with you."

"Well, if that's the best you can do, I s'pose—"

Mr. Zarza separated fifty dollars from a goodly roll and Blossom put it away carefully. Zarza and Gonzales prepared to lift the trunk into the tonneau.

"If I might make a little suggestion—" said the chauffeur, buttoning his coat and pulling on his gauntlets. "It ain't really none of my business, as you might say, but those guns and cartridges and things would stow a lot easier right on the floor, and the trunk wouldn't be in your way. And it would save a little weight on the springs," he added.

Mr. Gonzales looked at Mr. Zarza and Mr. Zarza looked at Mr. Sanchez. They all looked at Mr. Blossom, who looked merely helpfully interested.

"That is wisdom," said Sanchez, and forthwith the trunk was opened and its contents distributed about the car—rifles, pistols, ammunition boxes, a surprisingly large quantity of war supplies for the space they occupied. Zarza and Gonzales carried the empty trunk back to the house and brought out a few more boxes of cartridges which they added to the store in the car, not without protest from Blossom. They climbed to their seats and the car set out smartly for the southern outskirts of the city.

DURING the four years in which revolutions have been the king of Mexican outdoor sports the official attitude of the United States has varied. During certain seasons it has been quite laudable to ship munitions of war across the border; at others such an act has been highly reprehensible. The incidents herein recounted occurred during one of the periods when gun-running was a mortal sin. Down on the northern banks of the Rio Grande were alert cavalymen to demonstrate this mortality when necessary.

It was in no wise illegal to transport munitions to Laredo, on this side of the river. Getting them into Mexico was another matter. That, however, was no concern of Amos P. Blossom, who took the road to the south and rolled smoothly into the country under the light of a moon that had risen early and would set at midnight.

From San Antonio to Laredo as the buzzard flies might be at least a thousand

miles, but a crow could do it in a hundred and fifty and the highway is fairly direct. It was half-past eight o'clock when the automobile passed the last electric light in the city's suburbs. Seventeen miles an hour would get them into Laredo with time to spare. The chauffeur drove his car at a little better than that speed.

"Can't we go a little faster, driver?" asked Zarza an hour later.

"No need of it. Barring a flat, we'll be in Laredo at this rate by half-past five, and you'll have time to eat breakfast this side the river if you want to before going over to get your train."

"You've made the trip before?"

"Oh, yes."

"At night? And with this kind of a load?"

"Now, mister," said Blossom. "You wouldn't want me to answer any questions by and by about this trip, would you? S'pose we don't talk about any others. A close mouth turneth away wrath, as the feller says."

"I don't suppose anybody ever stopped you—made you a holdup—on such a trip?"

"What do you mean, a holdup? Soldiers, secret service men or just thieves?"

"Oh, thieves. Soldiers and secret service they are down by the Rio Grande, eh? But not up here. I mean robbers. You carry a pistol, of course, so if they should—"

"Well, now, to tell you the truth, Mister Zarza, I don't," confessed Amos candidly. "I got one—a good one—a great big thirty-eight, but I keep it at the garage. I used to carry it in the car some, but I was so nervous for fear the blamed thing would go off that it bothered my driving. We don't have pistols much where I come from. I couldn't seem to get the hang of having one around. Whoa, Bill! What's that?"

IN the glare of the headlights suddenly appeared a man waving a white handkerchief. Blossom applied his brakes. The man in front stood focused in the bright illumination.

"It is Ricardo!" exclaimed Sanchez suddenly. "Stop!"

The man with the handkerchief began to talk excitedly almost before the wheels had ceased revolving. "They are watching for you in Devine," he cried, waving an arm vaguely ahead of the car. "They will telephone the border when you pass. You must go around."

"The road?"

"It is just ahead. A turn to the left and, after a few kilometers, another to

the right. You will come back upon this road eight miles beyond the town."

"Good, Ricardo," approved Sanchez, and Zarza translated the new program to Blossom, who became perturbed.

"My, my!" he exclaimed blankly. "That's an awful bad road. It'll be awful tough on the springs, and what it'll do to the tires— Can't we go through the town, fast?"

"No, no!" exclaimed the man who had stopped them. "The number of the car is known. They would telephone."

straight road to Laredo and not any trip all over south Texas. I want you to feel satisfied that I ain't taking any advantage and—"

"Peace!" cried Sanchez. "It is sufficient."

"Let's go!" echoed Zarza, in the Southwestern vernacular, as the car took the turn to the left.

For fifteen miles or more there was no chance for conversation, had any one desired to indulge in it. Blossom had said the road was "awful." This proved to be, if anything, an understatement. When, at something after eleven o'clock, they came again to the main highway, with the town of Devine behind them, every bruised and battered occupant of the car breathed a sigh of relief.

"**A**ND now," said Zarza in a soft voice to Blossom, "open her up. Make time."

"Sure," agreed the chauffeur. "We'll make twenty an hour from now on and that'll get us into—"

"We'll make thirty-five friend." Zarza's voice was not exactly pleasant and Blossom suddenly noticed that the men in the tonneau were leaning forward and displaying much interest in the conversation. "There is a ford eleven miles above Laredo. You will cross it before daylight."

"Cross a ford? Go over into Mexico? Take this car across the river?" Blossom's voice was pitched hysterically. His china-blue eyes stared with horror. "Goodness, no!" He began to slow down.

"This hard lump that presses against your side, Friend Blossom, is an automatic," remarked Zarza. "Our friends in the tonneau

also have automatics. Two of us, if it should be necessary, can run this car. We are going across the river. Let her out!"

"Lord!" The sweat poured down Blossom's face, but he obeyed orders. "Say, now," he said, after a few moments. "You wouldn't murder a man and steal a three-thousand-dollar automobile just to run a few hundred dollars' worth of guns, would you?"

"There is more than a matter of guns, Mister Yankee. Our friend Sanchez is needed by his chief, and certain meddlesome people have said he cannot cross the line." He paused. "Is it necessary to keep this gun where it is?" he asked.

"No. For mercy's sake, take it away. I ain't no fightin' character. I'll go if I have to. But, gracious! The border

(Continued on page 90)



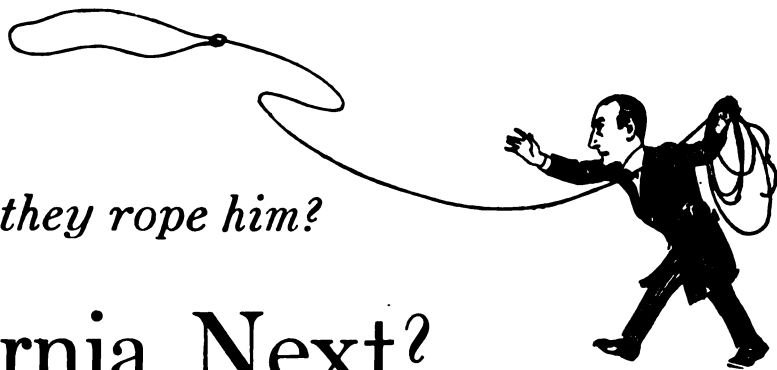
Mr. Gonzales searched Mr. Blossom with a dexterity that indicated some previous practice

"We must go around, as this friend says," insisted Zarza.

"Well, if we've gotta, we've gotta, I s'pose. But, I say, gentlemen"—Blossom turned in his seat to argue the point—"it ain't just fair to expect me to go all that distance out of the way for ninety dollars. I'll leave it to you, when you come to think of the wear and tear on the—"

FROM the tonneau came in the voice of Sanchez an impatient interruption. "In the name of Saint Peter, shall we talk here all night? A hundred dollars, then, and let us be off!"

"You know I don't aim to drive no sharp bargain nor anything," said Blossom, as he faced about and threw in his clutch, "but business is business, and when I made the deal it was for the



Will they rope him?

California Next?

A Report on the War Between the Soaking Wets and the Extra Drys

By Arno Dosch

SUNSET is published for the big body of thoughtful, earnest readers who desire to see both sides of the shield and to form the conclusions which they will take to the voting booth. It is the reporter's business to gather facts and to present them clearly, succinctly, interestingly, so that the readers may have a firm basis upon which to formulate their own line of thought or action. Mr Smalley, in the January issue of SUNSET, presented the salient facts developed by eight months of prohibition in Arizona. Mr. Dosch, before returning to the red front in Flanders, prepared this survey of the prohibition battlefield in California. Primarily the aim of these articles and those to follow them is to report upon conditions as far as they may be determined; the writers' opinions are incidental and subordinated. To those readers who desire information rather than partisan support—and we believe that it is with these readers that an editor must reckon—these articles are addressed.

WHEN prohibition was defeated in California, in November, 1914, Theodore A. Bell, the attorney for the California Grape Protective Association, did a clever thing. Within a week he suggested a progressive platform which would take the drunkenness out of drink. At the moment the "drys" were decisively defeated. Prohibition did not threaten for at least two years. The grape men had no axe to grind. So Mr. Bell's platform was big.

The men who are fighting for prohibition in California have told me that when the plan was announced they felt the ground slipping from under their feet. The overwhelming majority against them at the polls they had been prepared for. Keen politicians on the "dry" side thought it would be even worse. But to have the enemy show a desire to help the

temperance movement was a real blow. It left them without an issue. The edge was taken from their fight.

For here was a proposal of county option, which the prohibitionists had been fighting for unsuccessfully through two sessions of the legislature. The plan was for limiting the saloons to one to each 1000 of population. It asked for separate licenses for men who sold only wine and beer. It proposed to get the saloons out of politics by making the licenses attach to the property and by preventing brewers and distillers from owning strings of drinking places. It declared for midnight and Sunday closing, anti-treat laws and regulations which would prevent dives and deadfalls. Lastly, and most powerfully, it asked to have charges against saloons tried by jury, the licenses to be forever revoked in case of conviction. Here was regulation indeed!

If this program had come from a prohibitionist it could not have been more strict. It hit at all the abuses. It showed apparently where the wine men stood. Announced at the very moment of prohibition defeat, appealing to all those who hesitate between extremes, it seemed to place the wine men in a position to control the temperance campaign in California.

But they are not in control now. They never carried out that bold platform. Although California is the greatest wine-producing state in the country, the wine men are of less importance politically than the brewers and the liquor men. The fight is under way again and it lies between the saloons and the Anti-Saloon League.

Apparently Mr. Bell acted entirely on his own account and did not speak for the wine interests. The grape growers never brought forward his plan and they have



Uncle Sam has spent a lot of time and money experimenting in his own little vineyards with an eye to beating the wine districts of Europe at their own game. Viticulture is also an important part of the curriculum of the University of California. The grape furnishes the largest of all the fruit industries of the state—larger than all the deciduous and some of the citrus fruits combined—as regards the area devoted to vines. The grape-growers do not believe that raisins and grape-juice and jellies can take care of this product. They fear the prohibitionists, even though "bringing gifts" of partial prohibition



A castle of the wine-barons amid the already famous vineyards of California. This castle is besieged by the armies of both the Soaking Wets and the Extra Drys. The forces of prohibition assail it frankly from the front. At the same time they fly a flag of temporary truce which bears the device of a secondary proposition permitting the manufacture of wines but destroying the market afforded by hotels, restaurants, clubs and cafés and preventing a distributing system for the product. The forces of the saloon menace the castle from behind, terrorizing its keeper if he raises the banner of saloon regulation. From his highest tower the bewildered grape-lord peers covertly, hoping to see that banner borne by some rescue party down the middle of the road

made no persistent efforts to carry out even their modification of it. If they do not do something, or if similar initiative is not taken seriously, a safe prophecy can be made that California will have a sweeping prohibition law within six years. I say six years to be safe. It may come in four years, or even two.

The saloon is doomed. The saloons had few enough friends before the last election. Since then they have been treating the defeat of prohibition as a personal victory and have assumed a brazen, defiant air. That will kill them.

Dozens of conservative voters who voted against prohibition last time have told me they will support any measure next time which will put the saloons out of business.

Backing the saloons are the brewers and distillers. They are stout allies, and have fought the prohibition movement side by side in state after state. They might prevent prohibition by getting behind the wine men's program as originally started, but they have already shown they will not do that. They evidently prefer to go down fighting stupidly

and dully rather than to remove the abuses from the traffic in their wares. So we can consider the distillers and brewers defeated along with the saloons.

This leaves the wine men standing out by themselves, meaning well, trying to correct abuses in a feeble sort of way, but apparently lacking the power to wrest the control of the anti-prohibition campaign from the brewers and distillers and making it their own. If they continue in the present course, there will not be a wine-press working in California two years after the saloons are closed.

The prohibitionists are centering their fight on California, which they regard as a citadel of drink. They consider the winning of California necessary before turning their undivided attention to the national prohibition campaign. They want California not only because it is flanked by Oregon and Washington on one side and Arizona on the other in the anti-saloon fight. They want California because it is the state from which most of the wine comes. They want to put an end to wine-producing, and they are quite candid about it.

But when Bell made his original suggestion it was even well received by the Anti-Saloon League. In that dark hour the enemies of drink were glad enough to have assistance from any source. It was the psychological time for the wine men to come forward with their measures of reform. Bell evidently realized this, so he made his suggestion in the form of an open letter to the board of directors of the California Grape Protective Association. It contained ten provisions, which I will give in Bell's language.

(1) County option, except in cities having 5000 or more inhabitants.

(2) In licensed territory, not more than one saloon for each 1000 inhabitants, or major fraction thereof, exclusive of table licenses for hotels and restaurants.

(3) Separate licenses to sell malt and fermented liquors, as distinguished from distilled liquors.

(4) No saloon license to be issued to an individual, but only to property, the owner of the property under heavy bond, to be responsible for the faithful observance of the law.

(5) Unlawful for any winemaker, brewer, distiller or wholesaler to have any pecuniary interest in a saloon.

(6) Midnight and Sunday closing.

(7) Anti-treat law.

(8) Drastic laws concerning the sale of intoxicating liquors to minors, women or persons in an intoxicated or partially intoxicated condition.

(9) Such limitations and restrictions respecting the granting of licenses in licensed territory as will forever eliminate dives and dead-falls.

(10) When charges are filed before any magistrate alleging a violation of the liquor law, a jury of twelve men to be drawn from the body of the county to try the case, and, in the event of conviction, the license shall be suspended until the judgment shall be reversed or become final, and, in case of final judgment of conviction, the license shall be forever revoked and no other license shall be issued in its stead.

I have given this program in full to show the spirit in which the wine men seemed to be opening their campaign. It is also a first-rate liquor law, one which would satisfy anyone except an out-and-out prohibitionist. Certainly if such a law were in force in California, prohibition would be a remote possibility. The average Californian would like such a law. If the wine men came forward even at this late date boldly in support of such a measure they could still save their vineyards.

After these first indications the friends of prohibition watched events with mixed feelings. They knew it was a good plan, but they still hoped for prohibition. In January, 1915, the legislature convened and it was certain the "wet" and "dry" fight would be taken up again. As late as the middle of January the wine men were apparently still sailing strong. They advanced on Sacramento determined on putting out of business the evil types of saloon which were winning votes for the prohibitionists. They did not conceal the fact that they had nothing in common with the saloons, and they were carrying public sentiment with them to such an extent that the saloonmen began to feel themselves in serious danger.

"It is merely a question of time until the new immigration from the 'dry' states of the Middle West overbalances the old vote in California. This new vote will eventually sweep everything before it unless the evils connected with the liquor traffic are so much reduced that the economic loss involved in prohibition will outweigh the moral issue"

It looked for a few weeks as if the wine men, by standing for strict regulation and decency, would give the prohibition fight in California an entirely new angle.

Now let us see what happened. The legislature opened last year with the wine men apparently unchanged in opinion. But when they announced their plan of campaign there were already some important changes. The program no longer had an air of high-minded indifference to consequences. Several of the most notable provisions of Bell's plan were also missing.

The program was now to introduce a "liquor code for California." It provided for a state commission of three men to have complete control of licensing, a decided step forward over the present haphazard method, but in other respects it fell far short of what was hoped for.

There was to be a saloon now for every 500 inhabitants. The licenses were to continue to be issued to the individual. Saloons were to be open until two in the morning and on Sunday from one to six in the afternoon. Nothing was said about county option, the refusal of licenses to saloons owned or controlled by brewers and distillers, midnight closing, or anti-treat laws. That telling provision about a jury deciding on the revocation of licenses was also omitted.

The growers' plan, when announced by Frank Swett, chairman of the legislative committee of the California Grape Protective Association, still contained one important provision that showed the wine men were acting with a free hand. It distinguished between licenses for the sale of wine and beer and licenses for stronger drink. But ten days later, when the plan took the form of a bill, known as "the first Bruck bill," that distinction had already disappeared.

THE Bruck bill was not bad. Merely disappointing. Evidently, in the legislature itself, reasons for modification had been discovered; discretion probably seemed the best strategy. The bill did not come anywhere near to living up to Bell's plan. But it limited manufacturers and wholesalers to the ownership of one bar in a city or district, a reasonable provision. It put an end to the dance hall with bar attachment, the worst evil of all, and to the sale of all drinks to women. Gambling fell under the same ban. It also followed the announcement by limiting saloons to one to every 500 inhabitants. That would have meant the closing of thousands of saloons in the state.

This bill failed. It was amended and failed. And it failed because both the saloonmen and the Anti-Saloon League fought it. These strange bed-fellows both had reasons for feeling dissatisfied with it. Naturally the saloonmen did not want it. As usual they insisted on having everything wide-open and the more sensible could not hold the "low-brows." They were still bloated with the victory in November.

The Anti-Saloon League opposed it for quite a different reason. Licenses under the new bill were to be \$1000 apiece, ten per cent of which was to go into the state treasury. Immediately religious bodies from all parts protested against the state collecting taxes in this manner, as part of the tainted money would thus be used for the schools. So the Anti-Saloon League opposed the bill along with the saloon-keepers, and, as a consequence, instead of having a reasonably good state license law, California has a poor one and its saloons are still bad. This is what the "low-brows" among the saloonmen wanted. By themselves they could not have kept things as they are. But with the assistance of the various ministerial associations which voted protests to the bill, they killed it.

When the second Bruck bill failed, all the anti-prohibition forces in the legislature joined together to back a constitutional amendment, also proposed by Assemblyman Bruck, which had an entirely different purpose. It proposed compensation for all interests involved if the state went dry. Such a law, if passed, meant an enormous cost to the

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What of the Nation?

Our Fight Against Democracy—The Panhandle of Alaska

By David Starr Jordan

*Chancellor of Stanford University
Director, World Peace Foundation*

OUR FIGHT AGAINST DEMOCRACY

FROM the *Seven Seas Magazine*, the organ of the Navy League, for November, 1915, Mr. Claude Kitchin quotes the following: "There should be no doubt that even with all possible refinements it is the absolute right of a nation to expand, to found colonies, to get richer and richer by any proper means, such as armed conquest. Such expansion as an aim is an inalienable right and, in the case of the United States, is a particular duty." In another place the same journal asserts: "The true militarist believes that pacifism is the masculine and humanitarianism the feminine manifestation of national degeneracy. . . . World empire is the only logical and natural aim for a nation.

Land has always been the correct aliment for nations, and never until the arrival of the pacifist did gods or men ever witness a nation trying on strait-waistcoats as if they were life preservers."

No Pangermanist eager for war, no Bernhardt or Keim seeking to justify conquest and aggression, no robber-baron of the middle ages, no jingo in any land has ever put the case for international criminal aggression more baldly, more unpatriotically, more treasonably, more in defiance of all that is worth while in our national traditions, than in this utterance of the organ of the Navy League. And the statement frequently heard that our diplomacy must be backed the world over by the instant force of arms, means the same thing: the use of brass knuckles in international relations, the substitution of force for justice, of fear for fair play. For their own benefit our War Traders and their colleagues and parasites would turn our democracy into an imperial organization of world exploiters and world bandits. A certain amount of "preparedness with a small p," as Anson Phelps Stokes expresses it, may be not unreasonable in these critical times, but "Preparedness with a big P" on the scale the War Traders and the Navy League are demanding will cause the future of democracy to bristle with dangers which will threaten its very existence, even as the same methods in Germany have menaced the very existence, not of Germany alone, but of the civilized world.

"Government of the people, by the people, for the people" should have but one interest—the welfare of the individual men. It has no place for a "vigorous foreign policy," for military adventures

in foreign lands, for compulsory service of whatever kind, nor for the formation of a military caste ignorant and contemptuous of civil affairs. The main purposes of democratic government should be security, justice, education, sanitation, conservation, international friendliness, and the development of individual wisdom and self-restraint, through the discipline of responsibility in public affairs. All this a huge military establishment would tend to weaken and at last to overthrow.

THE PANHANDLE OF ALASKA

UNDER the curiously irrelevant title of "Eugenic Peace," Hon. Frank O. Smith, a congressman from Maryland, has put forward the proposition that, in the interests of world peace, the United States should cede to Canada the southern part of Alaska, known as the "panhandle." This district shuts off from the sea a large region in Canada, and Mr. Smith compares this fact to a condition which should take from our Atlantic Coast line from Maine to New Jersey, a seaboard belt of thirty miles more or less, as part of some other nationality.

This proposition has secured the support of a number of eminent names of men who have never been in Alaska, but to one familiar with the affairs of that territory it seems the height of absurdity. In any case, no change should be made without the consent of the people resident in their district. As a matter of fact, their business relations are almost entirely with Seattle and San Francisco, and their affairs would be utterly paralyzed if turned over to the Canadian government with a tariff interfering with their exports to the towns of the United States. Nearly one-third of the salmon fisheries of the world are in this panhandle, and also one of the largest gold mines—the Treadwell mine on Douglas Island. These islands have also what the mainland has not, great resources of timber, of which the government for the present forbids the cutting. The panhandle contains Juneau, the capital and principal city of Alaska, Sitka, the venerable Russian capital, with Ketchikan, Wrangel, and other fishing and trading villages—probably more than half the permanent population of the whole territory of Alaska.

In the land territory thus shut off from the sea there are at present a few dozens of inhabitants. The mountains for some distance back from the sea are utterly uninhabitable. There are a few people, fishermen or hunters, living in the vicinity of the Stickeen river, but otherwise there is nothing, nor is it possible to carry a railroad across this country to Alaska, except by going far inland to the north-east, branching off from the Canadian Grand Trunk Railway, which now ends at Prince Rupert, somewhat to the south of southern Alaska. When it was thought that the Grand Trunk would end at Port Simpson, the arbitrators gave Canada Wales Island, to which she was not apparently entitled. It was transferred in order to give Canadian surroundings to the bay at Port Simpson. At once the entire population of this island moved out so as to get under the protection of the American flag again. There were not many of them, but the principle involved could be widely extended.

If we wish to secure the Canadian gratitude, we could go much further by granting to Canada, Point Roberts, the little cape at the northwestern tip of the state of Washington, which belongs to the United States, and from which pound nets are able to secure and shut off considerable of the salmon headed for Frazer river.

The map given by Mr. Smith shows the preposterous character of the proposition. There are more people on some little outlying island off New Brunswick or Maine than there are likely ever to be in all the territory between Canada and the Pacific ocean shut off by the panhandle. It would be just as rational to cut off the northern peninsula of Michigan and give it to Canada, though the panhandle is much more valuable and larger, and equally closely related to the business of American citizens.

If the only desire of Canada is to arrange so that her traffic with the Yukon may go on without paying tariff duties, the remedy is not a transfer of territory but reciprocity of trade. If not absolute reciprocity, then free trade to and from the Yukon and Skagway, its natural seaport. The cession of the whole country in order to accommodate the residents in the much less important Yukon territory would be preposterous.

THE agreements to follow the end of the war are more important than any feature of the war itself.

Dusting the Yellow Throne

*An
Analysis
of the
Bloom
and the
Decay
of the
Flowery
Republic*

*From
President
to
Emperor
by the
Mandates
and the
Virtues
Decreed*



A SCHOLARLY Chinese who knows the foreign world but sees it through Chinese eyes was asked a few weeks ago why the joyously heralded Chinese Republic was being abandoned for a return to the monarchy. He answered by quoting the old Chinese proverb: "Only a fool will cut the feet to fit the shoes." According to his explanation, the new shoes of Republicanism have been tried for some time and while Cantonese and others who are enamored of the republican idea have tried very hard to cut and reshape old China to fit the new footgear, the experiment has not been a success. The Chinese, with their usual reasonableness and common sense, have cast off the new shoes and are returning to the old which through forty



Yuan Shih-Kai and the Yellow Throne

By Carl Crow
Author of:
A Handbook for China

centuries of wear have been creased and stretched to fit the corns and bunions on China's old feet.

If the same Chinese had been asked why Yuan Shih-Kai, once a humble servant, now occupied the Yellow Throne and wielded the vermilion pencil of supreme authority, he might have answered in the cryptic Chinese fashion that Yuan had received the three mandates and displayed the five virtues. The three mandates are from Heaven, the people and his predecessor, though according to the rules laid down by Mencius and Confucius the approval of Heaven and of the people are the same, for "Heaven sees through the eyes of the people," and manifests its approval of a ruler by the peace and prosperity which attend his

rule. There have been many proofs that Yuan meets with the approval of the people and, through them, of Heaven, but one proof is convincing enough: his success in securing the collection of such new and strange taxes as on land transfers, marriages and inheritances. The cheerfulness with which the Chinese of all provinces have paid these taxes, none of them sanctified by old custom, leaves no room for doubt. No Manchu emperor of the past century would have dared attempt their collection. Yuan's mandate from the retiring Manchu dynasty was contained in the abdication edict which placed all power in his hands, and has since been repeated, for the Manchu clans have petitioned him to take the throne. The five virtues in a ruler may be set down as kindness, sincerity, generosity, strength and wisdom. Yuan's admirers, who outnumber his enemies, believe that he has displayed all of these. From the Chinese point of view, which is the only point of view that needs to be considered, the return to the old form is a sensible one and the elevation of Yuan Shih-Kai to the vacant and dusty throne is as natural as was the downfall of the Manchus who had outlived their mandates, had ceased to display any of the five virtues and had brought bitterness to the people.

BUT let us go back to the time when the flowery republic bloomed and blossomed. During the fall of 1911 the mutterings against the Manchus which had for years been heard in Canton were echoed in Szechuan, that far western province which borders on mysterious Thibet. The Szechuaneze were building a railway which would connect their mountain-enclosed province with the Yangtse valley. They were building it with their own money and with their own engineers, asking aid neither of foreign concessionaires nor of fellow countrymen. Peking proposed to take over the railway and make it a national enterprise, to which the Szechuaneze objected, first with memorials and then with riots and rifles. Before the Manchus in the Forbidden City, a thousand miles away, had written their first futile edicts against the rebels, a vigorous and determined revolt against them had spread through all the Yangtse valley.

This was not an unusual occurrence, for the Chinese have always held fast to the right to revolt against unwise or unjust rulers, and many times the Son of Heaven has been driven from his seat of honor by his subjects and replaced by one more worthy. Two centuries before the beginning of the Christian era the great Prince of Han mustered his forces against a cruel ruler and placed himself on the throne to establish the revered Han dynasty. More recently a servant in a Buddhist temple beside the Yangtse brooded over the wrongs which his country endured from the Mongol rulers and in 1355 began a local revolt which eventually grew to be a national movement. The Mongols were driven out and the humble servant in the temple became the ruler of the Middle Kingdom, the first of the Ming Emperors. These are only two of many similar occurrences. Each time the strong man who overthrew the ruler seated himself on the throne and took over all the rights and duties of the Son of

Heaven. He became the Son of Heaven, with all the rights of those who held the place by virtue of a long line of royal ancestors. It is an interesting fact that these rulers who, like Yuan Shih-Kai, have climbed to the throne from a more humble station have invariably been wise and good emperors, while the worst rulers of the country have been those whose title to the throne has been strongest by reason of the long tenure of the dynasties to which they belonged.

But in 1911 a new situation arose. Some of the revolutionary leaders were Cantonese, a few of whom had lived in America and acquired republican ideas. They proposed, they said, to replace the monarchy with a republic, a Chinese republic modeled on that of the United States. The idea, an entirely new one to China, took hold of the revolutionary



P'u Yi, who was the Son of Heaven at the time of the revolution, four years ago. Yuan Shih-Kai is keeping him in the family by betrothing to him one of the numerous Misses Yuan

leaders, who having cast off allegiance to the monarchy were quite ready to go to the other extreme. The proposed republic became a symbol of their hopes for China as well as their hatred for the Manchus and they clung to it tenaciously, argued for it and fought for it. Perhaps it was accepted so widely at the time because no alternative was offered. There was a small movement to restore the Ming line to the throne, but it met an early death. Though the Mings ruled China three hundred years ago and their rule had lasted for several centuries, there was no Ming pretender nor could any descendant of the Mings be found. It was a convincing proof of the essential democracy of China that this royal line, as with all other royal lines, had become extinct, merged with the common people, while every descendant of Confucius is numbered and known, though the great sage died 24 centuries ago.

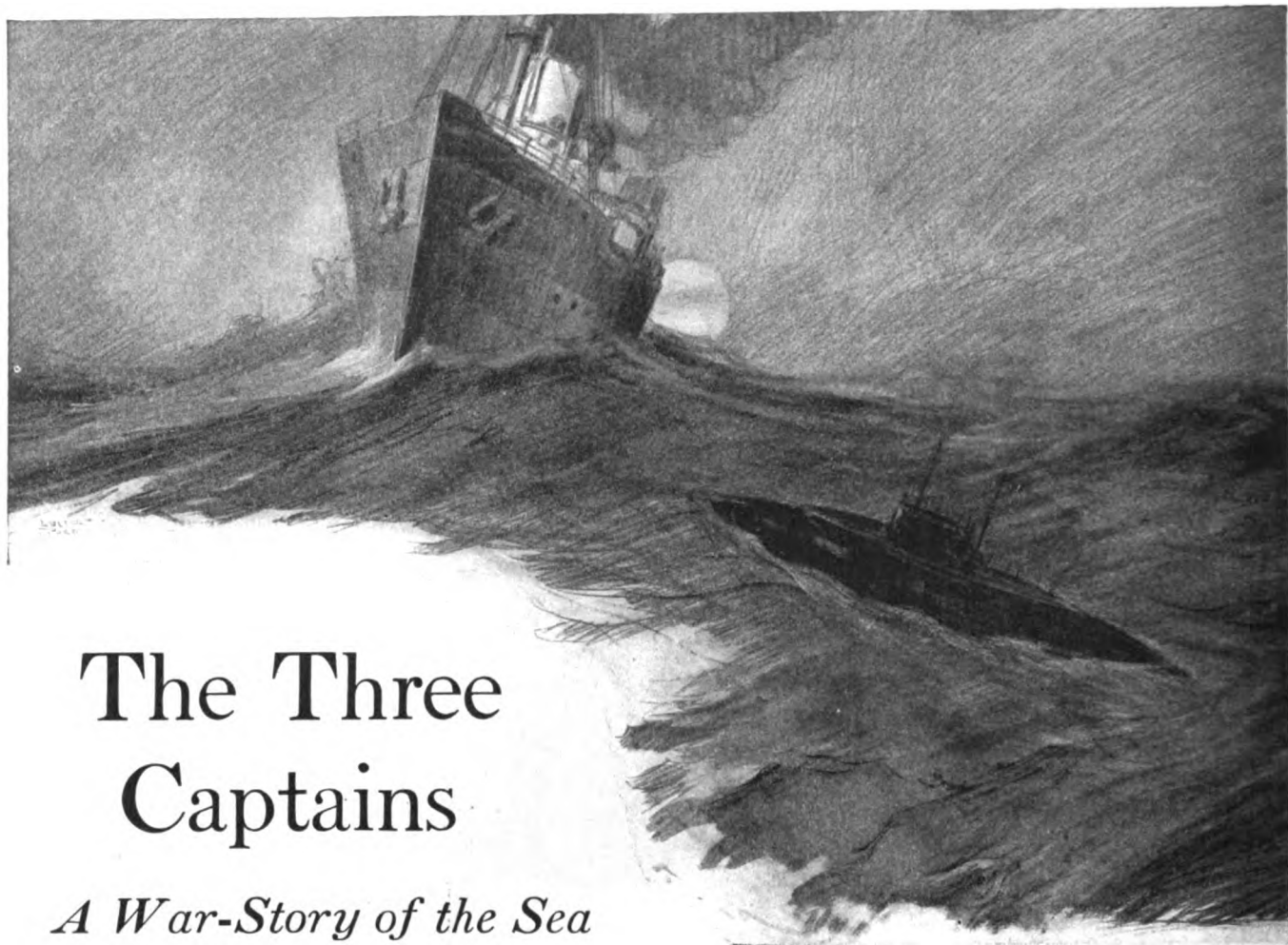
AS the revolt spread, the Manchus, cowering in the Forbidden City, called on Yuan Shih-Kai as the only man strong enough to save them. Three years

before Yuan had been deposed from great power by the Manchu clan which was now appealing to him for aid, and by that appeal displaying the desperate straits in which they found themselves. The edict dismissing Yuan from office had been written with the usual Chinese subterfuge. It recounted that he had long been suffering from rheumatism in his leg and he was therefore relieved of further duties. Yuan's reply to the appeals for help endeared him to all who love a sense of humor, for he excused himself from an immediate compliance by saying that he needed a little more time in which to nurse his ailing leg. He continued to nurse his attack of official rheumatism until he was able to go to Peking on his own terms. He then went to the capital in great state, equipped with powers to do as he liked with both Manchus and republicans.

CHINESE internal politics is more complicated than the most intricate of Chinese puzzles and the events which followed Yuan's recall to power mystified those who thought they knew all the ramifications of Peking officialdom. There followed intrigue, bribery, assassination, the counting up of old grudges, clan prejudices, hereditary hatreds; the measuring of pounds of southern silver against ounces of northern gold. In an extraordinary sequence of events which followed Yuan out-maneuvered the south-erners to such good advantage that though he had returned to Peking to save the monarchy, he remained to rule the republic. China at that time was divided between two opinions. One was that the republicans had won by converting Yuan to their beliefs; the other that Yuan had won by grabbing control of the government which the republicans had set up.

At any rate Yuan announced himself a republican, cut his queue and called in a tailor who fitted a pair of foreign trousers over his Chinese legs. The little black caps of millions of Chinese were discarded and replaced by hideous Japanese imitations of foreign hats. Almost overnight the barbers, whose chief business was to plait queues, found themselves without occupation. All China was divided between those who wanted to make everything over according to foreign pattern and those who wanted to retain nothing but that which was purely Chinese. A few tried to compromise, like a treaty port merchant with whom I traveled from Shanghai to Nanking. He wore a frock coat of purple brocaded silk, and a silk hat made of the same material. There was a trial by jury in Shanghai and a massacre of Manchus in Sianfu. Many provincial assemblies met to try their hand at making laws, and in Canton three women members took part in the deliberations. Demure Chinese ladies in Shanghai braided their hair in foreign style, announced themselves as suffragettes and bored everyone unmercifully with arguments for the cause. Some city officials followed the example of New York aldermen by chipping the patina from fine old bronzes and replacing it with red and yellow paint. The oldest of monarchies had become the newest of republics and in the suddenly granted freedom of speech and action China became the home of freaks as well as fables.

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The Three Captains

A War-Story of the Sea

By Henry C. Rowland

Author of: The Kidnapping of Coline; The Apple of Discord; The Closing Net

Illustrated by Louis Rogers

Captain Seagrave, of the freighter "Chester Maid," out of Liverpool, and Captain Cassel, of the German ship "Dantziger" have been friendly for years until lovely Else Muller comes to Callao and both mariners fall in love with

her. Their relations have become strained already by the progress of the war. Shortly before they are to sail from Callao the rival captains bet each other a hundred pounds that neither will land his cargo in any home port during the war. Thereafter Captain Cassel employs Captain MacTavish, an adventurer, to assist him in a plot to overhaul the "Chester Maid." Seagrave puts to sea, after winning Else's promise to marry him, and the other two captains, following in the "Dantziger," overpower the Britisher in the Strait and Cassel takes command of the "Chester Maid." Against MacTavish's advice he spares the lives of Seagrave and his crew. MacTavish is now captain of the "Dantziger," with its cargo of precious copper, masked by bales of rotting hides. He determines to "double-cross" the German by taking the "Dantziger" into the Clyde.

VI

As the two ships hauled in on the Irish coast the tension heightened for Cassel. They met a furious nor-wester which drove them apart and in the ragged dawn there was no sign of the "Dantziger." Cassel did not know what to think: whether MacTavish had lost the ship or merely lost the "Chester Maid." During the passage he had several times spoken the "Dantziger" and learned that though leaking steadily the water was well under the control of her bilge pumps. But he feared the effect of the wrenching which she might have suffered from these heavy seas.

They had been "running in a groove," as sailors say, but Cassel could not determine whether or not the "Dantziger" had forged past him or foundered. He was nearing the place of rendezvous with

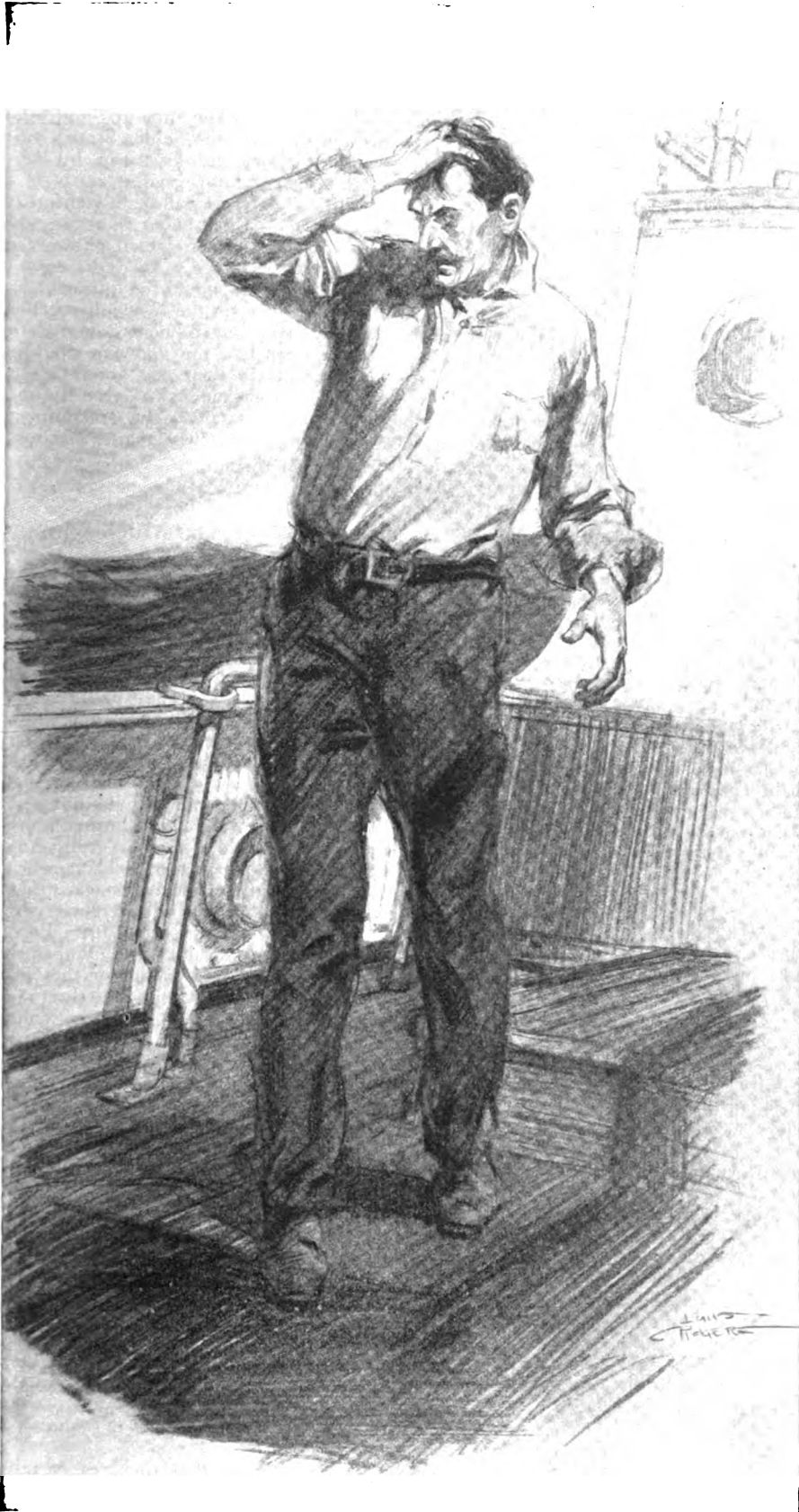
the German submarines and his eyes ached from searching the brimming seas for periscopes or the wash of a partly submerged hull. Failing to find them, there seemed nothing to do but to hold his course, so he kept on stubbornly.

The "Chester Maid" was lighter from her consumption of coal and made good weather of the most violent gale of the winter. But the storm showed no signs of abating and to pick up a periscope in such weather was impossible. Cassel decided to hold on his course and trust to MacTavish to do the same, if he were still afloat. The "Chester Maid" was equipped with wireless but the operator was with the other prisoners. Cassel knew nothing of the technique and dared not trust the young man. He had often intended to learn how to operate (which in this day ought to be a requirement of a

master's billet) but other things had demanded his attention.

Wherefore the anxious man decided to hold on and take his chance rather than to linger in those dangerous waters, waiting for the "Dantziger." He laid a course for the Pentland Firth, judging the waters of that strait to be too deep and swift to offer much risk of mines. But on approaching the land the weather grew so thick and the gale augmented with such fury that he was obliged to consider the danger from the elements as well as that of man, so he bore off again.

MacTavish, pushing along in the wake of the "Chester Maid," caught a stellar observation through a rift of cloud and worked out his reckoning. His log and dipsey lead verifying his calculation he quietly mustered his vagabonds in the chartroom.



MacTavish, staggering on deck, found himself alone. Two of the boats were gone

LADS," said he, "I've been studying over this business and I've about decided that we can do better for ourselves than to take this hooker into the Baltic. I've reason to believe this damned Cassel means to serve us a pup."

A rumbling growl came from the group of sea beauties and MacTavish continued: "There's no good in a German most

times, but in time of war a man might as well trust a tiger-shark. We're their sworn enemies, and what guarantee have we got that we'll ever see five bob of their money for this job? It's more likely they'll heave us into a detention camp or turn us to digging their trenches."

"Right you are, sir," growled the bo'sun, a barrel-chested ruffian of middle age

who had lost an eye in some pothouse brawl but could see more with the remaining one than can most men with their two. "The same idee has struck me, frequent."

"Me too," said one of the others in a thin whine. "This 'ere Captain Seagrave and Cassel was good pals. I see 'em often a-drinkin' their glaws together all friendly and sociable at the Hotel Marina. Then this 'ere Dutchman rounds on 'is friend and cuts off 'is ship and bashes in 'is conch wiv a belayin' pin. Nice sort o' bloke, 'im, I *do* say. Wot's to 'inder 'is pl'yin' it on we, likewise?"

"That's just the point," said MacTavish. "I considered all that when I took on the job. Cassel thinks he's devilish clever and that he's got it all his own way. According to his reckoning I daren't set foot on English soil and I don't mind admitting that under ordinary conditions it would be taking a long chance. But if we can manage to run this vessel into the Clyde I don't believe that we need fear losing anything by it."

"But 'ow about our 'aving 'elped cut off the Chester Maid, sir?" asked the bo'sun.

"No blooming fear on that score," replied MacTavish. "We're now past the point Cassel expected to fall in with his submarines. Something has gone wrong with the program and now he's apparently decided to hold on and take a chance. We're at this moment less than twenty hours' run to the Clyde and if we can manage to duck in there and make our report it won't be long before Cassel is laid by the heels. He's counting on impersonating Seagrave and the beggar's just clever enough to work it unless our people are warned. But once general orders are sent out by wireless to hold him up and fetch him in he's a goner."

THERE was a moment of silence, then the bo'sun croaked:

"In your opinion, sir, we're like to be treated 'arndsome if we fetch this one into the Clyde?"

"That's my conviction," MacTavish answered. "Man, we'd be rendering a big service to the country. They couldn't help but recognize it at this time. It's irregular, of course, but this is war. I'd make a clean breast of the whole business and claim that I only took it on because I saw the chance to bring two vessels with valuable war material into England. I'd ask for prize money, and I'd get it, too."

The bo'sun scratched his grizzled head.

"'Ow about these lads as got their gruel w'en we took the Chester Maid, sir?" he asked.

"All that goes down to Cassel's account," replied MacTavish. "Now listen, you lads, and let what I say sink in. We were shipwrecked British sailors and because he knew that we were stranded on the beach and our reputations none of the best Cassel made the mistake of thinking that for a price we'd help him to capture a British ship and afterwards take his own into a German port. We agreed because we saw the chance to turn the tables on him, but we refused to have anything to do with boarding the Chester Maid and made him swear that there would be no bloodshed. Not a man of my crowd set foot on the Chester Maid. Our plan from the start was to give Cassel

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The Pulse of the Pacific

Imperialism or Safety First?

IF the House concurs in the action of the Senate taken early in February, the Philippine barge of state will cut the hawser connecting it with the big convoy and drift along its own independent course in 1921. Disregarding the feelings of American investors in the islands, perhaps this settlement of a vexing problem is the best. At all events it is better than continuous agitation and uncertainty.

The Administration has declined to do any sweeping in Mexico, close proximity and the Monroe Doctrine notwithstanding. If this safety-first policy expresses the mature judgment of the republic, it should be applied to the distant archipelago at the earliest possible moment, regardless of the Filipinos' fate after the cable is cut.

If, however, the Philippines are to be retained until their inhabitants are really ripe for successful self-government, the action of the Senate is a piece of almost criminal stupidity. It raises false hopes in the handful of Filipino politicians clamoring for autonomy for selfish reasons and may encourage them to shed the blood of American soldiers in abortive revolts.

The Spectre of Invasion

A READER reported the other day that a friend with whom he had intended to come and locate on the Pacific Coast had decided that it would not be safe. The newspaper and magazine reports of an impending Japanese invasion had caused a chill to seize his pedal extremities. He preferred to stay inland, out of reach of the enemy's howitzers.

Shortly thereafter the President pronounced the Pacific Coast "defenseless" during his preparedness campaign. Obviously the only power which could do more than bombard a few unfortified coast towns on the Pacific shore is Japan. Though the Navy has not been heard on the subject, the Army asserts that Japan could, within a month, land sufficient soldiers between San Francisco and Los Angeles to eat all available regulars and militia men before breakfast. To land a sizable army anywhere north of San Francisco at the foot of the wild Coast Range rampart would be foolish, Homer Lea notwithstanding. But, granting the successful landing and the easy victory of a Japanese expedition, what next?

There are no munition factories on the Coast; powder works are easily blown up; California's 140,000 motors could escape under their own power; the Sierras would shelter the stock; in other words, the conquered territory would supply only an infinitesimal part of the material needed by the invaders to carry on the war. They would have to bring their ammunition 7000 miles across the Pacific. It has yet to be demonstrated that a power lacking control of all the Seven Seas, with a fleet far inferior to that of its adversary,

can successfully conduct a campaign 7000 miles from its base. A fleet of six modern battle cruisers stationed on the Pacific Coast could so disturb the thin, long lines of the foes' communications that an attack would never be attempted.

Japan may attack the United States; Roosevelt and Bryan may run on the same ticket; San Francisco may vote unanimously for absolute prohibition. In a topsyturvy age these things are not impossible. The skunk may become a household pet, Billy Sunday may forget a collection, Secretary Lane may plait his hair into a queue, but precedent, history and common sense are against the occurrence of these extraordinary phenomena. Unless the United States should decide to extend the Monroe Doctrine to China and to defend the youngest empire by force of arms, there is absolutely no reason why America and Japan should fight—except the same mutual, insane fear followed by the same armament race that plunged Europe into the pit of hell.

The Asiatic Institute proposes to hold a conference of representatives from the entire Pacific basin this summer. If this conference will refuse to dwell exclusively on Japanese grievances, if it can help to stifle baseless international suspicions and recriminations before they have taken deep root, it will have rendered the entire world a most signal service.

The Prohibition Wave

DURING the first two weeks of Washington's partial prohibition twelve persons died, having consumed overdoses of alcohol, wood and plain. During the first month twenty-two hundred residents of King county, in which Seattle is located, paid the county auditor twenty-five cents each and received in return a certificate entitling the holder to have two quarts of distilled liquor or twenty pints of beer delivered to their respective residences. When the stock of drink held over from the old wet days in violation of the law is consumed, the applications probably will increase in volume. In the meantime the sheriff of King county is raiding aristocratic and humble clubs, hotels, inns and the homes of millionaires with an impartial hand; wherefor a minister with strange inconsistency accuses the sheriff of enforcing the law with the intention of discrediting it. Unless the character and the object of the prohibitionists have been terribly misjudged, they urged and passed the law with the firm intention of having it rigidly enforced. If partial enforcement was expected, if liquor in the home was to be inviolate, the law itself should have made the exemption.

The effects of prohibition in the Pacific Northwest will be presented in a paper to be published during the coming summer.

Undoubtedly the experience of Oregon and Washington with partial prohibition will have a decided influence on the state of mind of California's voters when they cast their ballots on the alcohol problem

in November. The line-up and the strategic moves of the Golden State's contending factions are discussed by Mr. Dosch on page 22 of this issue.

What the outcome will be in California can be predicted just about as accurately as the exact date on which the peace treaties will be signed. Yet it is reasonably certain that, should the initiative be invoked to place on the November ballot a constitutional amendment doing away with the open bar, but allowing the sale of intoxicants in bona-fide hotels, clubs and in sealed packages through a limited number of wholesalers, the amendment would stand an excellent chance of adoption.

The Curse of Too Much Money

A MISFORTUNE has befallen the Palouse country. The judgment of the old combine-and-gang-plow farmers has been vindicated. They were wavering. Steady but slow headway was being made by the apostles of diversified crops. They had the old codgers almost ready to mend their ways. Then came the war and war prices for wheat. The old fellows stamped back to straight wheat. They had a good crop last fall, but they would not sell. They held out for a dollar a bushel, minimum. The world's bumper grain crop did not budge them; they held on when the Culebra cut became a toboggan; they would not let go when the cost of carrying a bushel of wheat to Europe from Portland or Puget Sound by water climbed to five times the rate prevailing at the outbreak of the war. Crop statistics, rail freight, steamer rates left them cold; they held out for a dollar a bushel. Having had four successive good crops at good prices, the Inland Empire wheat farmers were in a position to take a chance. They had the money. Too much money, the diversification evangelists think.

And they got it. Late in January they were offered a dollar a bushel. They got it because they had good, clean, hard wheat. Late rains and early frosts had damaged a heavy percentage of the American and Canadian crops. Europe complained of the quality. No. 1 wheat got scarce. The Inland Empire had been without late rains and early frosts, so now the farmers are shipping their grain by rail to the Middle West and the millers have to pay through the nose for it. After all there is a certain amount of cash value in Climate.

It is significant that the area of fall-sown and winter wheat has decreased sharply—by four million acres—in the United States as a whole. The only district which shows a decided increase in the area is the Inland Empire where the crop is now hibernating under several feet of snow. Too much money has lifted straight wheat back on its throne.

Taken in conjunction with the Coeur d'Alene mining boom and the increase in lumber activity, the Palouse and Big Bend wheat money is helping Spokane mightily to forget the horrors of war.

The Benefit of Floods

QUITE often belated roses may be seen abloom in Walla Walla gardens on Christmas day; the cows of Puget Sound and Portland find green grass aplenty on January pastures, and the tinkle of the sleigh bell in Tacoma is as rare as pacifists in Bethlehem (Pa.) Of the widely advertised brand of winter sunshine in California and Arizona it is superfluous to speak.

But this year something went wrong somewhere. It was colder than usual in the Arctic regions; the icy, heavy air of the far north traveled south way beyond its usual limits. Real winter descended upon the harbors of the evergreen North Pacific Coast. Snow fell, broke down church roofs in Seattle, ice bridged the Columbia and impeded navigation, logging camps shut down, avalanches descended, coal and cord wood went up. The Inland Empire experienced zero weather; in Montana the thermometer reached 63 below zero.

The southward advance of the cold arctic air also dislocated the path of the usual winter storms formed in the North Pacific. As a rule these storms pass inland and to the east over the coast of British Columbia or Washington. This winter the blanket of heavy arctic air pushed their path far south of the usual route. As a result sunny California had twenty-nine rainy days in January, floods spread through the river bottoms and eighteen feet of snow piled up on the Sierra's crest. Speaking meteorologically, January was the freakiest month since the first barometer appeared on the Pacific Coast.

Yet the entire region west of the Rockies is smiling. Cold, snow and floods did a good deal of damage, but it must be remembered that winter moisture is the West's life blood, that a professional rainmaker had been hired on a contingent fee to produce downpours in the mountains behind San Diego. A deficiency of rain and snow is a far greater calamity than the spectacular excess. When the snow is deep in the mountains, irrigation ditches will be filled in August, reservoirs are replenished, hydro-electric plants run at full capacity, the forests will be green and safe. In the valleys deep snow or heavy rains assure abundant crops of all kinds, fat pasture on the ranges, a rising water plane in the wells.

If February should endeavor to emulate January in the matter of snow and rain, the East need not bother about condolences; winter's inconvenience will be summer's abundance. But floods will probably continue to be the feature of Far Western news.

Dams and Engineers

BENEATH every dam that breaks lie the reputation, the conscience of an engineer. He builds both into the foundation of the structure. He knows what he can safely do, and he knows when he is taking a chance. The responsibility for the lives down the valley is his. He knows and, left to his own devices, he will build true and safe.

But the engineer is human, after all. Like the rest of us, he must often agree to compromises against his better knowl-

edge. He has to live—even if others die. Therefore it becomes necessary that he be prevented from carrying a compromise too far.

As dams go nowadays, the Otay structure near San Diego, California, was a small affair, so small that they expressed its storage capacity in gallons instead of acre-feet. Its sheet-steel core was an experiment, probably considered permissible in view of the reservoir's small size. Yet more than a dozen died, even after the wild rumors of an overwhelming disaster had been disproven.

No engineer wants to build an unsafe dam. If he does strangle the voice of his conscience, public supervision should protect him against himself. No dam should go up anywhere in the West until its plans and specifications have been approved by a commission of competent engineers, either state or federal, and an engineer representing the public should be inspector of construction. Now is the time to investigate the foundation and superstructure of every dam. Next winter it may be too late.

Alaska's Moderate Needs

FROM the sale of seal and fox skins obtained on a few rocky islands the government has, during the past twenty-five years, derived a direct revenue almost covering the total purchase price of Alaska's immense territory. There are approximately 20,000

white persons in the territory, as against four hundred million persons in China, yet last year the trade of the continental United States with Alaska was five million dollars in excess of the United States' total trade with China. It reached \$73,000,000 and will be over \$80,000,000 this year.

Alaska is asking Congress to appropriate \$8,247,000 for railroad construction this year; this money is an investment, not a donation. The railroad will be running and earning interest long after the channels of a hundred "improved" creeks have shoaled up again. For aids to navigation in the difficult Alaskan waters a million is asked. The law obliges every contractor to hang out a red lantern to mark a dangerous excavation on a public street. Shall the government do less for the marine highway?

The item for wagon roads carries \$320,000. Since wagon roads are the feeders for the government railroad, the item might be doubled and still leave a profit.

For geological and land surveys \$150,000 is asked. This is a bagatelle compared with the value of the annual mineral production. The cable and telegraph service returns out of commercial receipts part of the \$350,000 asked for operation. The protection of the salmon supply surely is worth \$90,000, and justice requires that the \$290,000 requested for Indian schools and medical relief be given without a murmur.



Preparedness in Portland, Oregon

Though the Rose Festival and the dedication of the Columbia River Highway will not occur until June, Portland in January disregarded the unusual snowshovel brigade and sent out several million letters "boosting" the climate, the scenery and the Portland rose. For a week in January an endless procession of loyal Oregonians deposited letters asking the world and his wife to visit Portland in June

Alaska asks barely two million dollars for all purposes except railroad building, and in revenues of various kinds, in seal-skins, in cable receipts and land office fees Alaska will return a part of the appropriation into the treasury. Surely the entire Far Western Congressional delegation will lend its support not only to these appropriations but to Secretary Lane's proposal for the creation of a resident Alaskan commission which shall control all branches of the territorial administration instead of having this control scattered among a score of bureau chiefs in Washington, D. C.

The Land-Grant Lobby

ONCE upon a time S. A. D. Puter wrote a book in which he placed a royal crown upon his head. The crown was made of infamy and the kingdom was that of the Oregon land-fraud ring, the exposure of which sent a United States senator, a millionaire and a number of professional land-sharks to the penitentiary. Today S. A. D. Puter, self-styled land-fraud king, is lobbying with a brazen face in the halls of Congress on behalf of schemers who would divert the unearned timber increment on two million acres into their own pockets.

Congressman W. W. Wilson—of Chicago—has introduced a bill giving those who have filed claims on the Oregon railroad grant lands—See "Skinning the Land Grant Bear" in the February SUNSET—a preferential right to select and buy 160 acres of the land at \$2.50 an acre, the claimants to have one year in which to exercise their option. About 16,000 claims have been filed, ninety-nine per cent of them by speculators and professional public-land jugglers who hoped to obtain for \$400 a quarter section of land covered with timber worth from \$1000 to \$10,000. For years designing, shrewd swindlers have used this difference between cost and value as a bait with which to fleece the innocent and unwary out of "location fees" from fifty dollars upward, even though they knew that the title to the land was in dispute. Several swindlers have been convicted and more have been indicted for this fraud. Now Puter, his record notwithstanding, has the unspeakable gall to appear openly before Congressional committees and smoothly, expensively expound the claim of persons who have no more right to a gift from the nation than they have to the iron cross.

Fortunately the *Oregon Journal* is waging a relentless fight against Puter and his ilk. The Portland newspaper is endeavoring valiantly to keep the vast timber domain out of the multitude of itching palms reaching for it, and its efforts will be successful unless an overdose of preparedness gives Puter and his cohorts a chance to get away with the loot. But there is a string to this loot. The railroad has been confirmed in all its possessory rights subject to the conditions of the grant by the Supreme court, and the railroad need not sell a single acre to the 16,000 claimants unless it chooses to do so.

In the meantime it is pertinent to ask why a Representative from Chicago should father a bill apparently drawn to put money in the pockets of a Puter.

Dredging Political Shoals

CONGRESS is preparing to lift another large slice of cash out of the public treasury by means of a Rivers and Harbors bill. Though the Rivers and Harbors Committee virtuously rolls its eyes heavenward and declares sonorously that there is not a penny of graft in the bill, the appropriations being confined to "existing projects," this holy attitude is merely a pose. Among the "existing projects" are the famous Trinity River enterprise designed to stimulate Texas navigation by creating a channel which is to be filled with water from artesian wells; the Brazos, the Black Warrior, all the innumerable projects "for the improvement of navigation" which have cost scores of millions, which have been followed by a continuous decline in water traffic and which will con-



A Ride for Less than a Jitney

In Spokane a new style of motor bus locally known as a "cheese box" is selling 100 tickets for \$3.50. In Oakland, Cal., jitney buses have been barred by ordinance from down-town streets. They are evading the ordinance by demanding no fare, displaying tin cans for voluntary offerings. In Portland the jitneys raised their rates when snow put the trolley system out of commission and the enraged populace is demanding drastic legislation. In San Francisco the jitneys are to be barred from Market street

to be "existing projects" for fifty years to come, are in this virtuous bill.

The Far West can lift its voice against the Rivers and Harbors graft with a clear conscience. It has never had its feet in the trough. The lower Columbia is the West's most important navigable river, yet the port of Portland had to pay out more than a million of its own money to keep the channel navigable while the federal government proposed to drill artesian wells to float canal boats in central Texas. Monterey bay in California needed a breakwater. Congress was willing to build it provided the city of Monterey would pay \$200,000 toward the cost and build a direct railroad into the broad valley to the east. At the same time Congress dumped millions unconditionally, even against the advice of the Army Engineers, into obscure Eastern and Southern creeks which carried no traffic whatsoever. On the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers, both carrying a heavy traffic in their lower reaches, the state, the reclamation districts and the federal government have been sharing the expense; on the Mississippi and the Ohio the federal government generously paid

the entire bill out of its own pocket. There are few good harbors on the Pacific Coast and every one of them is legitimately entitled on the basis of actual traffic to all the federal appropriations it has received.

Remember the rivers and harbors graft, the pension padding and the public-building steal if bank checks, automobiles, gasoline, incomes low and high are squeezed by the taxation screw next fall. Remember that a large part of your tax money goes via the federal treasury into the campaign funds of needy Congressmen to dredge political shoals; and remember also that *your* indifference is largely responsible for the enormous percentage of waste in federal, state, county and municipal expenditures.

Pulling the Columbia's Teeth

A SHIFTING ridge of sand rises in a semi-circle seven or eight miles wide from the bottom of the sea where the Columbia river empties into the Pacific. The channel across this dangerous barrier—its crest exceeds a mile in width—was twenty-two feet deep in 1880. And it shifted. It never staid put. To fix the channel and deepen it, the government thirty years ago started the construction of a jetty four miles long from the south shore of the mouth. The jetty cost three millions, more or less. It was to confine the Columbia's current, direct its full force against one part of the bar, push the sand away and create a deeper, more permanent channel. It did deepen the channel to more than thirty feet—for a while. Then a shoaling process began. The depth decreased, went back to twenty-four feet. It was decided to prolong the south jetty three miles farther out, practically to the center of the bar. It was done. A good many doubters said it was a waste of money, that the bar could not be conquered. To make sure, the government contracted and guided the outflow of the mighty river still further by building a second jetty from the north bank. Still the doubters croaked in chorus.

The north jetty is not yet finished, yet the survey completed in January showed the existence of a channel thirty-five feet deep at mean low water and fifteen hundred feet wide. The engineers expect a forty-foot channel by fall.

If your city had been served by a narrow-gauge railroad frequently blocked by slides, and if this narrow-gauge had at last been replaced by a broad-gauge, four-track system, perhaps you might realize what a permanent forty-foot channel means to Portland.

The Right to Work

PRIMITIVE man employed himself. He had the right to work two, six or twelve hours at hunting without asking anyone's leave. But his wages were uncertain. His pay in venison or bear might or might not be forthcoming. If luck went with the work, he ate; if luck was against him, he worked and starved.

If modern man works, he is sure to eat. The reward of labor has become certain. But the opportunity to work, the elusive job, has become uncertain. Yet man

must work in order to live. Is there an inherent right to work, to live?

The legislature of the state of Idaho a year ago answered this question in the affirmative. It enacted a law forcing every county to provide emergency work for any resident unable to find a private job, and to deduct the cost of this emergency work from the tax money raised within the county for state purposes.

The Idaho supreme court late in January rendered this law inoperative. The learned judges did not, however, deny the validity of man's right to work. They merely objected to the manner in which the work was to be paid for. They maintained that the Idaho constitution prohibits the disbursement of state funds except in definite amounts appropriated for specific purposes by the legislature. No such definite appropriation had been made for emergency work, hence the law was unconstitutional.

Yet sooner or later society will have to look this question of emergency employment squarely into the eye. Hungry men do not care about the constitutionality of the method of paying them. They must eat and they will eat. A little preparedness in this direction would not be of evil.

Labor War and the Public

THE average man has neither the time nor the data necessary for an exhaustive study of the issues between the railroads and their organized employes, issues which threaten to paralyze all lines of activity throughout the country. The average man does not know whether all classes of railroad men are entitled to shorter hours and higher pay, whether a universal eight-hour day with time and a half for overtime can safely be granted or whether such grant will cripple the carriers. But the average man does believe that the railroad employes are the "aristocrats of labor," that their compensation is above that of the average wage-earner and that they are neither in dire poverty nor unduly oppressed. And the average man knows that a general railroad strike will affect his earnings, his job and his household the moment it begins.

Will the powerful, wealthy railroad brotherhoods under these circumstances have public opinion with them? Or will the public, knowing that arbitration was offered, give its sympathy to the other side? The big chiefs will do well to consider the state of the public mind very carefully before they plunge the country into chaos.

The Canal Slides

FOR the first time in more than ten years the American-Hawaiian steamers have been withdrawn from the coast-to-coast service and as a result of this withdrawal the bulk of the transcontinental freight is again going by rail, the Tehuantepec railroad being out of commission. In other words, the volume of water shipments between the two coasts is now smaller than it was before the opening of the canal.

How long will this condition last? Is the Panama Canal a failure? Will dis-

astrous slides continue to recur indefinitely? These questions are of vital interest to the Pacific Coast. SUNSET hopes to present an authoritative study of conditions in the Canal Zone in an early number.

The Great Shipping Boom

IF in August, 1914, you had been possessed of \$50,000 in cash and the gift of prophecy, you could have increased your capital tenfold by this time through the purchase of ships. The interning of Germany's merchant marine, the commandeering of thousands of English, French and Italian vessels for

before the outbreak of the war and sold in a skyrocketing market.

The shipyards of the Pacific Coast have on hand orders totaling thirty million dollars. They have added thousands of mechanics and are spending large sums in plant extensions. These enlarged plants will be kept busy for years to come. Vessels with a tonnage of more than a million and a half have been destroyed in war, with more losses in prospect. English, French and German shipyards are crowded with naval and repair work. The production of new merchant tonnage is far below normal and the destruction of existing ships is far ahead of normal losses. Shipyards will continue to be busy places after peace is declared.



Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur, the new president of Stanford University, being escorted to the installation ceremonies in the Memorial Church by Chancellor Jordan. Dr. Wilbur's preference for extreme simplicity appears in the absence of academic cap and gown worn by the other participants. He is a graduate of Stanford, with the Class of 1896, and has been dean of the Stanford Medical School. He succeeds Dr. John Caspar Branner, the eminent geologist, who resigned last year and who remains as head of the geology department. The new president has announced that hereafter the number of men students will be limited; the registration of women has been restricted for several years

war purposes cleared the mud flats of all the ancient hookers lying in the ooze. Any old hulk that could be patched enough to pass the inspectors was resurrected and sent to sea under steam or sail. Ship brokers up and down the Pacific Coast are buying gasoline with a free hand nowadays; it's a poor sale that does not net them a cool ten thousand. Eighteen months ago a superannuated collier offered by the Navy Department to the best bidder was appraised at \$75,000; in January several shipping firms offered \$225,000 for the steamer. And San Francisco's mayor, being in the shipping business, having cash and the gift of peering into the future, is reputed to have cleared a minimum of half a million on freighters which he ordered built just

Why Taxes Are Levied

THE purpose of taxation is the production of revenue. When taxes are raised, the obvious aim is increased revenue.

California is the sole producer of real sweet wines such as port, malaga and sherry. The grape brandy used in the fortification of these wines used to pay a tax of three cents a gallon. The war measure raised this tax to fifty-five cents. At once the production of sweet wines in California dropped seventy-five per cent.

If the death of California's sweet-wine business was the aim of the tax, it should be doubled. If more revenue was the object, a moderate tax on all classes of wines will produce far better results.

Interesting Westerners

A Woman Who Nursed a Whole Alaskan Tribe—Utah's Non-Stampedable Governor—An Oregon Sheriff Who Doesn't Have to Shoot—The "First Lady of Oklahoma"—A Book Farmer Who Has Made Good—The Colorado Farmers' Lady Friend



Mrs. Alice Andersen, who saved an Alaskan village with pills, turpentine and talcum powder

MRS. Alice Andersen leaned back in her steamer chair, the center of a group of interested tourists. "When I was sent to Ninilchic, a quaint little Russian village on Cook's Inlet, where I am teaching at present, over three years ago, to establish a school for Uncle Sam, it was like stepping back a hundred years into one of the Czar's own possessions. The ninety inhabitants, very few of whom had ever seen a white woman, were Russian all the way through, living exactly as their exiled ancestors had done at the time of their banishment countless years ago. They observed the same numerous Russian holidays and ancient customs, practiced the same religion, and knew nothing of our government and what is more did not want to know. The United States simply did not exist for them. They resented my presence, and being the first white American woman in the vicinity, I was looked upon with distrust and treated as an interloper.

"To make matters worse, the boat bringing all my personal effects, together with the Government school supplies and building material for the school-house, was wrecked, so I had practically nothing with which to begin. When this news reached Ninilchic, the natives were overjoyed, thinking it the end of the school and of me also. They made it very hard for me to secure a building and it was only after much bickering that I managed to get a house at the end of the village. With a few books I had in my trunk, and a square of blackboard about as big as a pocket handkerchief, I started the first school in Ninilchic.

"When finally I was on good terms with all of the villagers I made a mistake which came near wrecking the peace of my little community. I arranged a spelling match between the youngsters and the grown people whom I had been teaching at night school. But when the children spelled words their elders couldn't, the adults cuffed them and ran from the building. That was the end of the spelling matches, and, anyway, I had no time for further social events, for it was then that a terrible epidemic of measles swept the Inlet, and the natives began dying by the hundreds. I knew it would get among us sooner or later, and having no doctor in our vicinity I also knew it was up to me, as they say, to do

the best I could for my people. "No, I had no medicine chest, nor was there one in the place. But I did have a bottle of cathartic pills, a little turpentine, some carbolic acid and some talcum powder. I had nursed my own daughter through the measles years ago, so I was not unprepared, you see.

"Every man, woman and child in the village came down with the malady, except myself, but usually there was one in each family who could help me take care of the others. I was rather rushed toward the end, I admit, and right in my very busiest time one of my patients gave birth to a baby girl, who also had the measles.

"Yes, I lost two of my ninety-one patients, but one was a man far gone with tuberculosis, who would not have lived long anyway, and the other was a woman who died—well, because she insisted on dying. On the whole, Ninilchic came through with flying colors."

From Mrs. Andersen's modest account of her work during this epidemic one can get no idea of the horrors this little lonely woman faced when she heard the dreaded malady was com-

ing her way. She knew how the terror-stricken natives of other villages abandoned their sick, just as soon as the symptoms appeared, leaving them to die alone and lie unburied, while they fled frantically to escape a similar fate. She knew the utter ignorance of the laws of sanitation that prevailed in Ninilchic—the inhabitants' contempt for herself and distrust of all things American. She knew their primitive belief in witchcraft, and the absolute certainty that sooner or later they would put the blame of their misfortunes on some one—unquestionably herself—and mete out punishment accordingly. She was absolutely alone and unprotected, yet with her pitiful little stock of pills and turpentine and talcum powder she set about fighting the grim reaper for possession of her village! How she coaxed and scolded and mothered her ninety patients into actually enjoying the measles, no one but herself will ever know. What she said to dispel the sullen fatalism, the grim superstitions of the stricken ones, and the panic-stricken fears of those not yet afflicted will remain forever a secret, for now that it is past, Mrs. Andersen chooses to treat it all lightly, humorously.

This energetic little woman has built up one of the best schools in her part of



William Spry, Governor of Utah, whose firmness brought him national reputation

the country. She has established classes in sewing, laundry work and the simpler branches of domestic science. When she took up her work in Ninilchic, underwear was unknown among the children. They simply kept putting on new garments over the old ones as they needed them. Now, however, all the little girls are adepts in making these articles of apparel from flour sacks or any other material available. Every Thursday afternoon the mothers of the village meet in the school-house, where Mrs. Andersen keeps her sewing machine. She teaches them to use the machine and the paper patterns which she provides. At the end of each lesson she serves them with tea and cake of her own baking, so these afternoons are in the nature of social events, and greatly enjoyed by the matrons of Ninilchic. **FLORANCE B. WILLOUGHBY.**



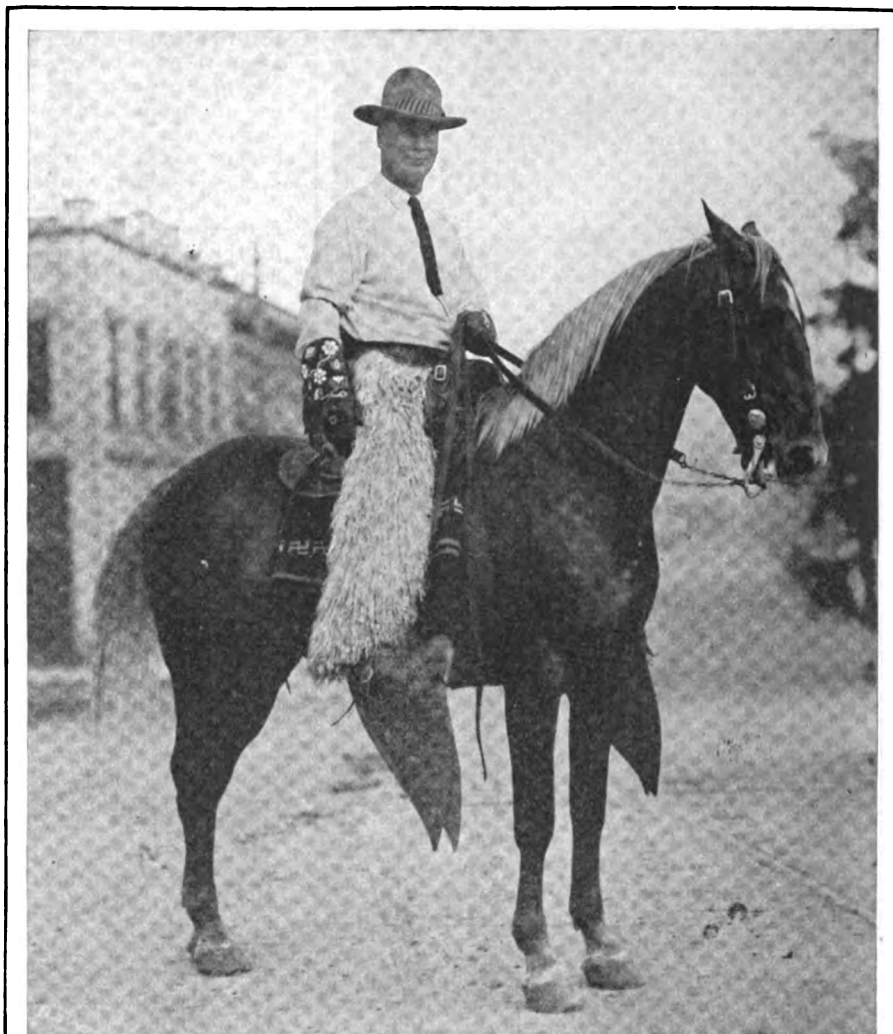
SOME seven years ago "Bill" Spry, former United States marshal, slipped into the governor's chair in Utah without causing more than tiny ripples on the Sea of Interest. But the sobriquet, "Bill," had no more than been replaced by the title, "Governor," when the ripples began to grow and before long they had reached wave-like dimensions.

Of course it wasn't possible to please everybody, but Governor Spry directed the state government so well that when his four-year term expired he was handed another term of the same length. Furthermore, he interested himself in anything that was of general interest to the western country. He studied conditions and took an active part in all gatherings, sectional or national, when the West was up for discussion. He was not a flowery speaker but his talks were practical and conservative and based on first-hand knowledge. Soon he was recognized among the governors and men of the nation as a man of foresight and ability. Probably he has done more than any other one man to correct many false impressions about Utah that have existed for years in the eastern part of the country.



Mrs. Fred E. Sutton, of Oklahoma, not without honor in her own country

William Spry was not born with a silver spoon in his mouth. The story of his life sounds like the biography of one of the founders of the republic. He was born in England—the son of a tailor—in 1864, and, when eleven years of age, came with his parents to America and Utah.



"Til" Taylor, sheriff of the round-up town of Pendleton, Oregon. He talks low and soft, but he always brings back his man

William obtained employment as a chore boy and in his odd hours attended the common schools. Later he served as clerk in a department store but the lure of the soil was too great so he emigrated to southern Utah and became a farmer. And he was a good farmer, too, as any old-timer in the southern part of the state will testify. For eleven years he followed the simple life with an occasional dip into rural politics. In 1905 he was appointed president of the state land board and the following year was made United States marshal for Utah, a position he resigned to become governor.

Circumstances made him an interesting figure recently when his life was threatened because he declined to interfere with the action of the courts in the case of Joseph Hillstrom. Governor Spry dislikes notoriety although his firm stand in the case immortalized him in Utah. He is decidedly human and democratic in spirit and the people of Utah claim that they made a good governor without spoiling a good farmer. **O. J. GRIMES.**



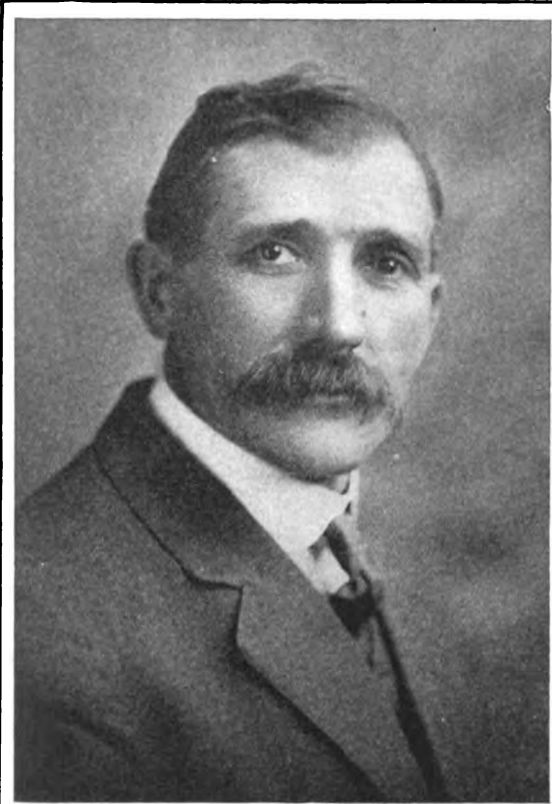
ADMIRERS of Mrs. Fred E. Sutton, of Oklahoma City, have spoken of her as the "First Lady of the State," in spite of the fact that she is not the wife of the chief executive. They justify the title by the fact that she came with the first settlers into the newly opened ter-

ritory and no history of Oklahoma would be complete without an account of how she helped to organize the first school, which she taught, and a record of her continued leadership in the social welfare of her state. When, after all sorts of difficulties in the way of properly representing Oklahoma at the Panama-Pacific Exposition, an appropriation of \$5000 was made by the legislature, Governor Williams said, "But for the work of Mrs. Sutton, my signature would never have been attached." Mrs. Sutton was appointed Commissioner-General of the Oklahoma commission and official hostess of the State Building, serving throughout the period, without compensation. So they feel warranted in speaking of her as "The First Lady of Oklahoma."

H. M. W.



"**I**T'S no use. You can't beat Til Taylor," said an old-time Republican war-horse to me after the votes were counted at the last election in Umatilla county, Oregon. "Til is a Democrat; Umatilla county is strongly Republican. It wouldn't be so bad if Til won by a head or even by a length but this thing of him romping in an easy winner every time is sure getting monotonous. No, sir, it isn't the fault of the Republican party. Til could run on the Hottentot ticket and win. You can't beat him, that's all. Trouble is,



PHOTOGRAPH BY STUDIO ASHLAND
D. M. Lowe, an Oregonian who made a successful change from the khaki of the classroom to the blue bib overalls of the farm

everybody likes him and then, too, there's no disputing the fact he's the best sheriff we ever had, so when he runs the voters make his election practically unanimous.

"I remember seeing Til when he wasn't bigger than a pint of hard cider out with the V shaped scraper scraping the crust off the snow so the horses could paw down to the bunch-grass. Til went to business college for a spell and had a little schooling at Walla Walla but not enough to hurt him.

"In 1902, after four years as deputy, he was elected sheriff.

"Pendleton used to be a wide-open town and some pretty tough characters used to drift into town. Til hadn't been sheriff very long when he went out to get a 'bad man' named Weston, alias McKay, alias Wilson. It was said he would die game and would not be taken. Til and his brother Jenks rounded him up on the old Hank Vaughn ranch near Athena. Til told Jenks to stay out at the gate and hold the saddle-horses while he went into the house to get Weston. Til found his bird flown—apparently. He saw a small opening in the kitchen ceiling. He thought he heard a board creak. Putting an apple box on the stove he climbed up, put his head through the hole and in the darkness he saw a man. He ordered him to come out. The man crawled out and to Til's surprise it was another man altogether. Taking him out and turning him over to Jenks he again climbed up, stuck his head through the opening and discovered the man he was after. Til told him to come out, he wanted him. He came and Til and Jenks took them both to Athena. It developed that Herron, the other man, was an escaped convict with a long record. Both men were sent up for long terms. No, sir, Til never

pulled his gun. Just told them he wanted them and asked them to come along. No, he has never shot any one in making an arrest and I doubt if he has pulled his gun half a dozen times in the past dozen years.

"Til has been president of the Roundup Association for the past four years and he has been reelected for another term. You know the roundup has a national reputation now—the best riders, bulldoggers and horsemen in the whole West and the worst bucking horses in the country make it some spectacle—and much of the success of the roundup is due to its president. Why don't I vote for Til if he is such an efficient sheriff? Why, what do you take me for? I am one of the standbys of the Republican party. Me vote for Til? Say, if you will never give me away I will tell you a profound secret. I *did* vote for him and I have for the last four or five elections." **FRED LOCKLEY.**

♣

D. M. LOWE changed his college khaki for blue bib overalls and put into plow practice, successfully, the technical theories he learned in the classroom. He was a civil engineer who had completed a four years' course at Michigan in two and one-half years, working his way and graduating \$160 ahead of the game. But the hardships of a civil engineer's life proved not to his liking and some years later he fitted himself for the profession of farming. Today he is possessor of sweepstake and other awards at the biggest land shows of the country, for his exhibits of farm products. His booming voice has lectured all over the country; he is a popular fruit judge. His deepest interest is the testing and creating of new varieties, and he has many to his credit. Moreover, his seventeen-year-old son Donnie, a chip of the old block, has originated a new winter radish of excellent quality.

O. H. BARNHILL.

♣

IN a small western town, instead of the agricultural experts for whom an audience had gathered but whose train was delayed, a young woman stepped forward and faced the disappointed and incredulous audience. In five minutes the atmosphere had changed to surprise, then interest and finally hearty approval. She had put before the farmers a new and appealing idea—the matter of a rest room for their wives and children

when they should come to town—and when she finished speaking the whole crowd rose as one man and pledged themselves individually and collectively to support the plan.

Today that young woman, now Mrs. Clara A. Lucas of Cheyenne, Colorado, enjoys the distinction of having done more for the farmers of eastern Colorado than any other one person, man or woman; she is generally acknowledged an expert on soil fertility and crop rotation, and is, in the largest sense, probably the only woman agronomist in the United States.

Several years ago Mrs. Lucas bought a ranch of several thousand acres near Cheyenne, which was nothing but a waste of sand and sagebrush. In a few seasons she had accomplished such remarkable results in farming this land that she was fairly besieged by farmers for a hundred miles around to tell them how she did it. These requests became so numerous and insistent that finally Mrs. Lucas was compelled to leave her own farm in the hands of assistants while she traveled about the state, helping the farmers to solve their problems.

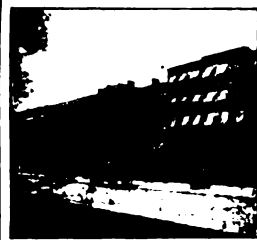
Recently, with Prof. Perry G. Holden, in a special train of half a dozen Pullmans, she helped carry through a great agricultural railroad campaign that covered all of the dry-farming country in Kansas and Colorado.

Just now Mrs. Lucas is working to secure cheaper money for the farmers, who are forced to pay as high as 10 per cent and give security of five to one. Another of her hobbies is the establishment of a farm bureau in each county, to be under the direction of a scientific agriculturist who shall visit the farmers on their own farms and aid them in solving their various problems. Her greatest desire, however, is to start a nation-wide movement for a community clubhouse for the farmers and their families in each small town. Mrs. Lucas believes that more social opportunities and recreation would not only keep the young people on the farm, but bring back many of those who have found only disillusionment in the city.

ROBERT H. MOULTON.



Mrs. Clara A. Lucas, said to be the only woman agronomist in the United States



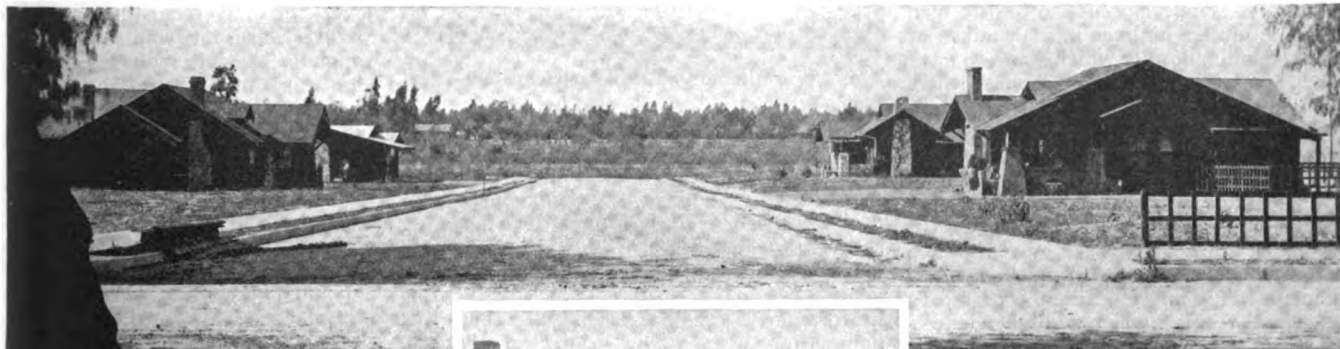
The Home in the West



Would you rather rent one of these apartments in New York?

Conducted by LILLIAN FERGUSON

Or, on the same income, own this home in Los Angeles?



These are the tenements of Los Angeles, and nowhere in all this California city are there a thousand people to the acre

Miles and miles of modern homes, each one sheltering a working-class family, and easily reached by a perfect transportation system

ELEVEN years ago a man from Cincinnati landed in Los Angeles with an even ten dollars in his pocket, and a wife at his side—strangers in a strange land.

Just why any man goes to a strange land with only ten dollars in his pocket only that man knows. It would seem that the place for a man with only ten dollars is among his friends. Still, a lot of people do this thing, and most of those who do toe westward.

Somewhere these two saw an advertisement offering lots for a dollar down and a dollar a week. They decided to begin buying their first real home with their last real ten dollars. It took fifty cents of that precious ten to go to see the lots, which were about eight miles out of Los Angeles on the Long Beach line. The dollar-down-and-dollar-a-week proposition was on the basis of hundred-dollar lots. On higher priced lots the payment was one per cent down, and one per cent a week.

The painter bought \$450 worth of real estate, and away went the half of his ten. His wife had a diamond ring, so they visited some people they had met on the train, and the diamond ring stayed with the people, who furnished the couple with a capital of twenty-five dollars. This bought a tent, without a roof.

Straightway the man went back to Los Angeles and got a job. He could not afford carfare twice a day, so he bought a cheap bicycle out of his first week's wages, and rode the eight miles back and forth.

One Sunday he was lying in the shade of a hedge that separated his lot from the street and he heard some men talking as they passed. They looked at his roofless tent, and laughed.

"There's another man gone wrong in the head," said one.

But there were other people wrong in the head who bought lots, and within three years a town was incorporated under the name of Watts, which in four



The tenement of the Eastern city

A Dollar Down Can Build a Town

more years numbered four thousand inhabitants, by night count. In daytime most of the men and many of the women are in Los Angeles at work. The town has a \$10,000 city hall, a \$31,000 school house, and lots on Main street are worth \$10,000. Perhaps a dozen families in the town pay rent. The rest either own their homes, or will one day.

The Cincinnati painter had not been working long before he found that in addition to the \$4.50 a week he was paying for his lot he could lay aside something toward a wood roof for his canvas walls. Then the canvas was replaced by boards. Something about the energy and ambition of the man appealed to the owners of the tract, and they hired him for fifteen dollars a week, and gave him a dollar for every lot he sold. One Sunday his commissions amounted to eighteen dollars. By the time he had finished paying for his lots he was offered a thousand dollars for them.

THIS is one of countless stories to be heard in Watts, yet Watts is seized upon by every cheap vaudeville monologist as the shortest way to a laugh. Why, and at whom do people laugh?

Is the laugh on this Cincinnati painter, or is it on a certain letter-carrier from Indianapolis? Back in Indianapolis the letter-carrier got a thousand dollars a year, lived in dingy rented houses and never saved a cent. He came to Los Angeles and got another job. One day he was visiting a friend at Watts.

"Why don't you buy a lot?" asked his friend.

"I haven't any money to buy a lot," he answered. "I've got just five dollars."

"Don't need any money," said his friend.

They looked about that very day and picked out two lots. The man from Indianapolis paid \$3.25 down and agreed to pay that much each week. By the month it was fourteen dollars, and that began to feel big, with house rent in Los Angeles to pay.

"Why don't you build a house on your lots?" said his friend.

"Haven't any money," he answered.

"Don't need any money," said his friend. "Come and I'll introduce you to a lumberman who will give you lumber on credit, and I'll build your house and you can pay me when you like."

That day a bill of lumber was made out, and the friend went to work. The rent money went to the lumberman, and today the ex-letter-carrier from Indianapolis owns a little home worth \$1500.

THE time has come to apotheosize Watts. Watts is the type of tenement Los Angeles has adopted to ward off the danger of those other tenements that are the curse of all great cities. Tenement has come to be synonymous with working-class home, because in most cities the tenement—or one of its horrid kindred of multiple dwellings—is the only

place where the man who works for wages not salary, the man who has a job not a position, can live. Tenements are usually dingy, crowded, devoid of fresh air and sunshine, ill-smelling, unhealthful. It costs a man anywhere from eight to thirty dollars a month for a few rooms in one of these rookeries, where he is sandwiched so close to his neighbors that he smells their cookery and can hear them quarrel and say their prayers. He moves from one to another nearly every May or October. It never occurs to him to own a home, unless he lives in Milwaukee or Philadelphia, both of which claim to have the greatest number of home-owners among the working classes of any city in the United States. Evidently they have overlooked the Los Angeles record.

In most cities home-owning among wage-earners is out of the question, because they must be near their work. In those cities the street-car systems have not been developed as an inducement to home-owning, and it has not occurred to men with some money and more enterprise that they could give the poor man a lift, for which he in return would give them a boost.

WHEN the great transportation boom struck Los Angeles and the system of city and suburban lines grew quickly to twelve hundred miles, the projectors thought less, perhaps, of drawing people away from the heart of the city than to it.

But other men saw the chance. They bought up acreage and paid the transportation companies to build their lines to it, and cut barley fields into lots that any man can own. Go north, go south, go east, go west, or to any point between, on both urban and interurban lines, and just inside the city limits or outside up to the ten-cent limit, you will find climbing the hillsides, slipping along the valleys, stretching across the plain until they join fields still planted in grain, street after street of cozy homes—miles and miles of homes for one man and his family. These are the tenements of Los Angeles, and nowhere in all the city are there a thousand people to the acre.

If you doubt that small wage-earners can afford to own such homes, ride out on the cars that carry the strap-hangers after five o'clock in the evening. Off they drop, men and women from every rank of the great army of toilers. These selfsame men and women in any other city in the country would be making their way toward tenements, or flats, or two-family houses, or furnished rooms.

LOS ANGELES has always made the boast that it is a city without a slum. With the spread of the city seaward to its twenty-mile-distant harbor, industrial concerns have moved out along the transportation lines to be in closer touch with the harbor, and the housing commission is working to prevent the evils of overcrowding which other cities of slower growth are trying more or less vainly to remedy. Also the commission is seeking to interest manufacturers in laying out tracts for homes for their employees in the vicinity of their plants. Not with the idea of adopting the parental plan of Pullman and the English factory villages, with the owners as landlords and the workmen as tenants, but on the plan already proved by private building and



This type of home in a Los Angeles "tenement" district may be paid for with rent money in five years

investment companies to be of great profit to themselves and of splendid opportunity and benefit to those enabled to buy ready-made homes on the instalment plan. Nothing in all the realm of preventive medicine is more effective for health, morals and general efficiency than home-ownership by the masses of the population, and the scattering of these homes over wide areas. This is one of the chief causes of the increasing birth rate in Los Angeles, and a constant decrease in the death rate among infants and from contagious diseases.

THE selling of lots and of ready-made homes on the instalment plan has been reduced in Los Angeles to an absolute science.

The men who have reduced this business to a science know exactly how much a man can afford to pay out of twelve or eighteen or twenty-five or thirty dollars a week. They don't want him to agree, and generally they won't let him agree, to pay more than they know he can pay regularly under ordinary conditions.

On many tracts there is the privilege of temporary houses for two years, to be placed on the rear of the lot, and all companies will tell you that the people who build temporary houses at first have the best homes in the end.

Tracts owned by companies who build houses are more uniformly attractive than those where each individual builds his own home. And in many such tracts houses sell on a basis of \$25 per month.

ONE day you motor out past a barley field. A month later you pass again, and graders are at work. A month later



The occupant of this type of home in a crowded Eastern city will own a bunch of rent receipts at the end of five years

houses are springing up like mushrooms. In another month the company's carriages are driving people about, and for one magic ten-dollar bill the driver will put a placard on any house reading "Sold." Of course this is not all the buyer has to do. He must have a heart-to-heart talk with somebody in the office and show why he thinks he can buy a home. Then he pays the balance of ten per cent of the price of the house and signs a contract to pay one per cent a month. Then he moves in. His monthly payments include taxes, insurance and interest. It is as simple as handing money to a landlord—but much more satisfactory, for in course of time the monthly payments stop, and there are only the taxes and insurance to think about.

IN the early years of the past decade a real estate man in Los Angeles filled the city and surrounding barley fields with great glaring signboards, painted half red and half white. On them was simply his name, and below it this augury:

LOS ANGELES—POPULATION

1900.....	101,000
1910.....	250,000

Scarcely had they been planted where all who ran or rode might read when Los Angeles began that phenomenal growth which was one of the wonders of the decade. It soon became apparent to knowing ones that the signboards were prophesying not wisely but too small. The real estate man had his sign-painter go about and change the signs to read:

LOS ANGELES—POPULATION

1900.....	101,000
1910.....	350,000
	250,000

At this most people laughed. The sign became one of the local jokes during the middle years of the decade. But when Uncle Sam's census man came along in 1910 and counted noses, he proved the sign was no joke at all. He did not find quite 350,000 people actually residing in Los Angeles, but pretty near it. And taking into consideration that there are never less than 25,000 visitors in Los Angeles, and often as high as 100,000, it puts the mean average population beyond the prophecy of the signboard. Now the boards have all been changed to read:

LOS ANGELES—POPULATION

1910.....	350,000
1920.....	1,000,000

Nobody laughs at the sign any more. Everybody believes it. And there are those who predict in all seriousness that the present generation will see Los Angeles the third city in size in the United States. It is this swift and steady growth that makes the housing problem one of live interest.

The tenement-dweller from otherwheres responds quickly to the influence of home-ownership. He has no natural preference for living in the modern cliff-dwellings with their tunnel-like halls and windowless rooms and smells and smells. Give him a home of his own and his very character undergoes a change. In him it generates a pride in his house, then in his garden, then in his street, his neighborhood, and finally a general civic interest that makes for the best type of citizenship.

BERTHA H. SMITH.

Victor Records



The superb interpretations of artists famous in the world of song

Victor Records bring you not only the actual living voices of the world's greatest opera stars, but the art and personality of concert singers famous the country over.

These talented artists who charm thousands of music-lovers on their concert tours are also the delight of countless other thousands who know them mainly through their Victor Records.

Victor Records *are* the actual artists absolutely true to life—ever ready to entertain any one at any time.

There are Victor dealers in every city in the world who will gladly give you a complete catalog of the more than 5000 Victor Records and play any music you wish to hear.

Important warning. Victor Records can be safely and satisfactorily played only with *Victor Needles or Tungs-tone Stylus* on Victors or Victrolas. Victor Records cannot be safely played on machines with jeweled or other reproducing points.



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

For Swollen Veins

Absorbine Jr.
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

IT was not known to us that Absorbine, Jr., would relieve swollen veins until a few years ago. Then we did not find this out for ourselves. The discovery was made by an old gentleman who had suffered with swollen veins for nearly fifty years. He had made many unsuccessful efforts to get relief and finally tried Absorbine, Jr., knowing its value in reducing swellings, aches, pains and soreness. Absorbine, Jr., relieved him.

He told us that after he had applied Absorbine, Jr., regularly for a few weeks his legs were smooth as when he was a boy and all the pain and soreness had ceased. Thousands have since used this antiseptic liniment for this purpose with remarkably good results.

Absorbine, Jr., is made of oils and extracts from pure herbs, and when rubbed upon the skin is quickly taken up (absorbed) by the pores; the blood circulation in surrounding parts is thereby stimulated and healing helped.

Absorbine, Jr., leaves no residue, the odor is pleasing and the immediate effect soothing and cooling. Though absolutely harmless to human tissues, Absorbine, Jr., is a powerful germicide, being very valuable in cleansing cuts, scratches, burns and other skin breaks liable to infection.

For muscle soreness, aches, pains, strains, sprains, stiffness and all accidental hurts, Absorbine, Jr., is the remedy to have always at hand and ready for instant use.

\$1.00 a bottle at
druggists or postpaid



A Liberal Trial Bottle

will be sent to your address on receipt of 10c. in stamps. Send for trial bottle or procure regular size from your druggist today.

W. F. YOUNG, P. D. F.
243 Temple St.
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Marrying Inez-Isabel

(Continued from page 14)

call. "I don't see no reason for it, either," he declared. "I've been a-looking at her partickler close and I don't see no reason for it nohow."

"You made her blush, pore gal!" said Mary-Ann reprovingly. "'Co'se there hain't no reason, only that men is jist nachally idjits."

"I RECKON we won't wait, Mary-Ann," asserted Perry boldly. "I kin 'tend to fixing her out with a beau after we're married jist as well, or better, than I kin now. I kin give my mind to it more."

"You do jist the way you feel like," said Mary-Ann. "I've done told you the way I feel about it and what I said I hold to. And I've got another pin here, Perry Hockaday; you remember that. It's wore through to the brass and I've heard tell that's as p'ison as snake bite."

"I'll take a chance," muttered Perry. "Oh, Inez-Isabel!" called Mary-Ann. "Come on out here. I want you."

Perry moved his chair back as Inez-Isabel came hesitatingly out on the porch. "Set down here, honey, and watch the moon a-coming up," coaxed Mary-Ann. "I'm feeling lonesome out here weth no-buddy but Mr. Hockaday."

"Be ashamed of yourse'f," reproved Inez-Isabel gently. She had at least the charm of a low and musical voice. "I had ought to be darning," she continued, "stid of trifling out here, gawping at the moon. But it cert'n'y is right sightly." She sighed and allowed Mary-Ann to force her into a chair where she sat gazing on the big yellow disc that was just clearing the horizon.

A THIN, rather sallow complexioned young woman she was, with dark hair, very tightly drawn to a hard knot, so to speak, on the top of her head, a big mouth and a nondescript sort of nose—a most striking contrast to her blooming sister, not only in face and figure but in her dress, which was of an unlovely patterned gingham and cut with an economy of material that made no allowance for the ruffles and fluffles to which Mary-Ann was addicted. A prim, narrow ruche at the high neck was its only adornment. But "neat as a pin," as Perry had said. He looked at her appraisingly—approvingly, as he had earlier in the evening, but she was quite unconscious of his regard.

"There's something about the moon," she murmured, "... something ..."

"There's a right smart," assented Perry. "You take it planting potatoes or getting your hair cut and sech. No-buddy can't tell jist how it works or why it is, but it cert'n'y makes a difference."

Inez-Isabel flashed him a quick, humorous glance, and then laughed. Mary-Ann tittered. "Some won't only shave in the dark of the moon, and skassy that," she said. "There's Timon Brody—" She stopped because Perry was shaking his head violently and frowning.

"Sol Winch, he's apt—"

Perry was shaking his head again and indicating Inez-Isabel with his thumb. Mary-Ann opened her eyes wide. "Your

haid must have worked loose, Mr. Hockaday," she remarked. "You ought to go and get it fixed afore you lose it. It hain't much of a haid, but you'd miss it when you went to put your hat on."

Perry laughed. "You figger it's jist a hat peg, do you?" he said. "I might fool you, gal."

"If foolishness was ketching, I wouldn't let you come nowheres a-nigh me," retorted Mary-Ann.

Inez-Isabel interposed. "That hain't no pretty speech, honey." She sighed for the second time, and got up. "I must go and set my sponge," she said. "I declare to goodness I forgot all about it."

WHEN she had gone, Perry explained himself. "I allowed you was going to mis-call Timon Brody and Sol Winch," he whispered. "Now, I hain't a-saying they're all what they might be and I aim to find Inez-Isabel a better than either one—if I kin. But I'd got them two in mind sort of—sort of to fall back on."

"Oh, you had, had you?" said Mary-Ann with withering scorn. "Then you get them outen your mind. If you think Inez-Isabel is a-going for to take up with any sech, you're a right smart mistook. Miscall them! I'd be put to it jist to call them—anyways fitten."

"I only meant for to fall back on them," Perry protested. "If they was the onliest ones they was, Sweetness."

"Keep where you belong," warned Mary-Ann. "And listen to me. The man Inez-Isabel marries has got to be a somebuddy. You fall back on the right kind when you fall, or you'll be apt for to hurt yourse'f."

"That's so, too," agreed Perry, after a thoughtful interval. "Cert'n'y neither one of them men . . . Yes, she's got to have a somebuddy."

IV

AS Inez-Isabel was braiding Mary-Ann's hair that night—she always brushed and braided it—she asked why she had been called to admire the moon. "Cain't you manage your beaux without me?" she wanted to know.

"Perry Hockaday hain't no beau of mine," Mary-Ann evaded.

"Seems like it's right serious," Inez-Isabel remarked. "Most generally you own up." She patted her sister's plump, bare shoulder. "I'm glad for you," she went on. "He cert'n'y is the ch'ice of them all. Sech a fine good looking feller! And I know he'll make a kind husband, for as high sperrited as he is. His eyes is honest."


"So's his ears," mocked Mary-Ann. "Sech fine big ears!"

"They hain't no bigger'n they ought to be," says Inez-Isabel indignantly.

"Not so big, really. Not so long, anyway."

"Mary-Ann," said Inez-Isabel, "you don't mean for to tell me that you hain't a-going to take him?"

Mary-Ann sighed. "If you'd ever seen—" She checked herself, and continued lightly, "I reckon it's him or none."



Health and Joy In Childhood

are based largely on the food the children eat.

Generally it's the sturdy boys and girls that take the lead in play as they do later in the sterner affairs of life as men and women.

Chief among food faults which cause many a youngster to lack vim and energy is deficiency of mineral salts in the daily diet.

A growing child needs iron for the blood; calcium for the bones; phosphate of potash for brain, nerves and muscle.

Nearly twenty years ago a food—now famous—was originated to supply these needed elements. That food is

Grape-Nuts

Made from Nature's food-grains—whole wheat and malted barley—it abounds in the rich nutrition essential to building husky little folks.

Grape-Nuts and cream or good milk is delicious—a daily custom in thousands of homes where health is valued and children are growing into sturdy, successful men and women.

“There's a Reason”

Famous Wonders
Paradise Glacier
and—



The
QUINETTE
Assortment
\$1.00 the Box

Johnston's
MILWAUKEE
THE APPRECIATED CHOCOLATES

with **Malvina Cream**

"I Defy Wrinkles"

You too can have a clear, fresh and youthful complexion every morning.

NO MASSAGE NEEDED
Malvina Cream works over night with Nature. Apply at bedtime and wash off next morning. 40 Years a Toilet Necessity. Established 1874.

Takes sting out of sunburn, quickly removes tan, heals chapped hands, restores flabby muscles, prevents pimples, freckles, sallow skin.

Ichthol Soap 25c. Malvina Cream 50c. Malvina Lotion 50c. All druggists; or sent postpaid on receipt of price. Send for testimonials. PROF. L. HUBERT, TOLEDO, OHIO.

Send for this genuine Mahogany or Black Walnut

CANDLE STICK

Beautifully hand polished—Durable—An exquisite gift that will always be appreciated.

Price, postpaid \$1.15; white enamel \$2.00 extra.

Ask for price list of other novelties

PACIFIC FURNITURE & FIXTURE COMPANY
Home of the "Pacific" Cedar Chest
Medford, Oregon

There won't no other feller dast to come around sence he whipped Billy Fenwick, and if they did, I wouldn't want no feller weth a broken nose or crippled up some other way. I don't want no feller no-how."

"You're jist a fooling," said Inez-Isabel wistfully. "It wouldn't be in reason if you wasn't."

V

THE village dandy is almost as much of an institution as the village drunkard; more so, in fact, nowadays, for the chronic, persistent and habitual inebriate is disappearing by rapidly increasing degrees whereas the dandy remains, to preen, primp and pose, impervious to Boeotian ridicule, complacent and assured. Chris Blennerhasset was the dandy of Fairfax. He was also its one certificated drug clerk and the drugstore was a favorite loafing place for certain of the gilded youth of the village. Behind the counter, Chris would loll with his thumbs in the armholes of his resplendent vest, redolent of bay rum, frangipanni and whatever entered into the composition of his scented soap; shining, gleaming and sparkling, flat, black bangs, highly finished linen, Albert chain of rolled Roman gold, conversation and all; oracle of sport, mirror of fashion, wise in the ways of women, the central figure of an admiring group.

On this particular occasion, however, Chris was not the central figure. A greater than he was present, the beautiful on whom he patterned himself—Archibald Peden, traveling salesman for the house of Hochheimer, wholesale cigars, St. Joe, Mo., was in our midst, and would Sunday therein. The magnificent Arch, dapper, debonair and dashing; not only a dandy but a jim-dandy; a diplomat who was also a democrat, breezy, self-confident, genial and good-looking, a teller of tales and an appreciative listener to those told by other people. He had his weaknesses: A certain youthful boastfulness, for instance. He believed himself to be a heaven-born salesman, a supremely gifted poker player and a perfect devil with the women. He may have had reason for his beliefs, which were nevertheless inoffensive enough. One could never be sure that he was in earnest about them. Jist a coddling, it might be, as when he made his brags about what he would do to the gang when he got them up in the little back room over the oyster saloon, with the doors locked and the windows well draped. He was not coddling, however. He had done remarkably well hitherto in those little night sessions in the back room and he intended to do better. That was the main reason of his Sundaying in Fairfax.

HE was making his brags on another subject when Perry Hockaday entered the store. Johnny Bliss enlightened the newcomer as follows:

"It's the way he's pestered with the gals," exclaimed Johnny, giggling. "He can't keep 'em off, seems like."

"I didn't say that, Johnny," corrected Mr. Peden good-humoredly. He nodded and smiled brightly at Perry, who was a valued back room acquaintance. "I didn't say that, however the facts may be."

"Any way, all he has to do is to crook

his finger at 'em and they come a-running like cats to cream."

The drummer twisted an end of his little silky brown mustache and smiled. "That ain't my fault, is it? S'long as I don't crook it around this town you ain't got no kick coming, have you?"

Hockaday regarded him gloomily. He had been in a gloomy frame of mind since Mary-Ann had expressed herself concerning Timon Brody and Sol Winch. Gloomy because his chances of finding a somebuddy for Inez-Isabel, of course . . . or somethin' he'd et . . . or somethin'.

"I can't account for it," Peden was saying, "but there it was. A daisy looker, too, and she had the spondulix. There was another one—well, I ain't going to tell you about that; but there it is. I don't reckon I could make much headway with a blind and deaf lady, but if she's got her hearing and eyes in her head, I certainly don't have no trouble."

JUST then Perry Hockaday had an inspiration. "We hear you tell it," he said with biting sarcasm.

"Don't believe it, eh?" asked Arch pleasantly.

"Co'se I b'lieve it if you say it," returned Perry. "I b'lieve ever'thing I'm told. We all do here in Fairfax; we're jist that simple minded. All the same, I kind of suspicion you're a big bluffer for a little man."

"You're entitled to your suspicion," returned Peden, somewhat piqued. "If anybody thinks I'm bluffing, all he has to do is to call me. Ain't that right, Chris? Ain't that right, Johnny?"

The persons appealed to grinned sheepishly but assented.

"I'll call you," said Perry quickly. He dived into his pocket and produced a long shiny billbook. "I lay you fifty dollars to ten cents I know a lady what will turn you down so quick you'd be surprised. She hain't a married lady neither, and she hain't been disapp'nted in love, and she hain't so rich she's stuck-up nor so old she's lost intrust."

"There's some catch in it," said Peden incredulously. "Is she alive?"

"She's alive but there's a ketch in it jist the same," said Perry. "The trouble weth this here Miss Moseley is she's got sense."

There was a chorus of laughter at this, but Arch Peden was not the man to allow that to discompose him. He even joined in the laugh, but as soon as it had subsided he winked at Chris Blennerhasset and handed him a dime.

"I'll trust you to hold the stakes, Chris," said he. "I wonder who's bluffing now?"

"Not me," rejoined Perry, and thumbed out ten five-dollar bills, which he turned over to the smirking young drug clerk.

"My buggy's hitched right outside," said Hockaday. "Come along and we'll settle this here matter right away."

VI

MARY-ANN Moseley caught Perry Hockaday's arm and drew him away from the window that overlooked the porch.

"They'll see you," she cautioned. "Lemme look."

Seated in one of the sflint-bottomed



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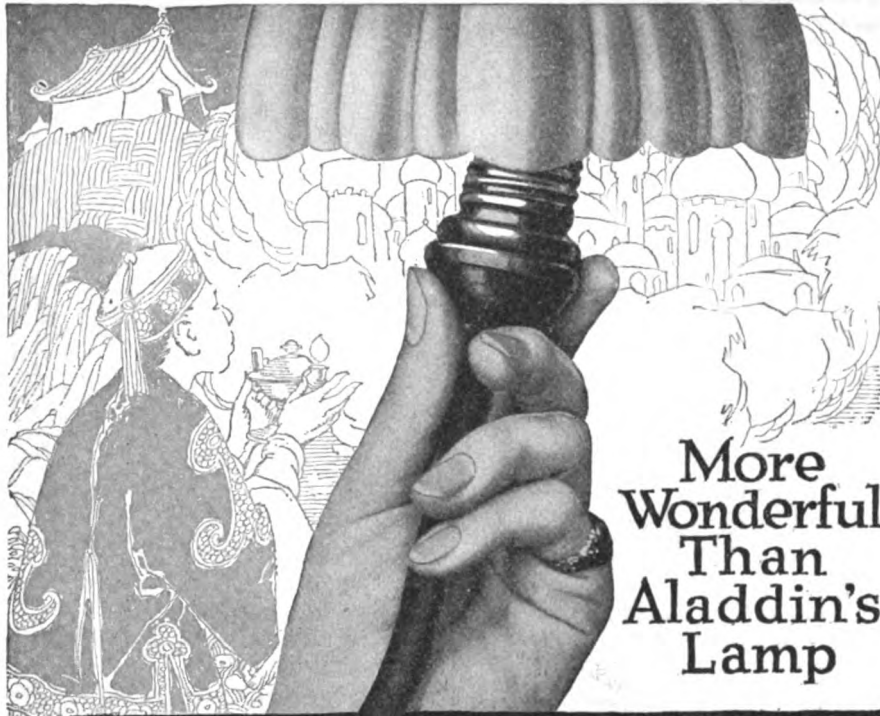
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rockers, with his prettily striped legs comfortably crossed, was Mr. Archibald Peden, and at no unsociable distance, Inez-Isabel Moseley occupied another rocker and laughed with unusual animation at something that the drummer was saying. It was apparent that Arch was exerting himself to be particularly agreeable, and equally apparent that he was succeeding rather well.

"Looks like I was fifty out," observed Perry over Mary-Ann's shoulder.

"Seems like a shame," giggled Mary-Ann. "I mean it hain't fair to Inez-Isabel."

"What do you think of him, Sugar-lump?" asked Hockaday anxiously. "Enough of a somebuddy? Notice that diamond in his tie and them sleeve links in his shirt cuffs. Ever see a coat like his'n—or a mustache? Ain't he right cunning? Nobody's fool either, Arch hain't. They pay him high wages, the folks he works for—more'n I make."

"I dunno that he's so terrible good looking," said Mary-Ann indifferently, and tossing her pretty head. "He's too fixed-up-and-fine. But if he suits Inez—do you reckon as he'll—" She looked at her lover doubtfully.

"I reckon he'll ast her," replied Hockaday grimly. "He figgers on that and he figgers on changing his mind afterwards and writing to tell her so when he gets back to St. Joe. Yes, he'll ast her. I done settled that p'int with him on the way over here in case he might figger that ten cents wasn't a heap of money for to lose."

"But—" Mary-Ann began. Perry anticipated her as before. "He'll marry her inside of a couple of hours after she's taken him," he declared. "I'm enough a member of the fam'ly and enough of a man for to see to that. 'Co'se he might sooner go round on crutches for the balance of his days but I reckon I'll make him see reason."

"S'posing Inez-Isabel won't have him?" Mary-Ann looked at him queerly.

Hockaday tiptoed to the window and carefully drew the curtain aside. After a moment he beckoned to Mary-Ann.

"I reckon there won't be no trouble on that score," he whispered. "Look at her. Gosh! Daggone me if she hain't pritty! Yes, sir, she's pritty." Mary-Ann looked at him quickly. "Jist a-finding that out?" she asked.

VII

AS the two young men drove away from the Moseley farm Perry Hockaday turned a savage and dangerous countenance on the drummer.

"Allowed you'd take water, did you?" he growled. "All right. Jist wait until we get a piece away from the house."

"What do you mean?" asked Peden innocently. "What's troubling your mind now?"

"You didn't pop the question, did you?" snapped Perry. "You rickerleck what I done told you was going to happen if you didn't?" He fixed his companion with a burning eye and nearly allowed the horse to run into the roadside ditch. It took a man with nerve to laugh as the drummer did.

"So that's it?" he said. "I wondered what made you so glum. I thought it might have been them few little compliments I paid Miss Mary-Ann and the

short confab that we had together. Jimi-nee, but she's a lu-lu! Think of finding anything like that—well, if you're going to get mad about it, I won't say nothing.

"Go right ahead and say all you want to," said Perry. "You've only got a quarter of a mile more to go afore you'll be too daggone busy to talk, and after that your nurse'll tell you not to."

"You're crazy," declared Peden. "There wasn't no time limit set, as I remember. I ain't no hair-trigger popgun and you wouldn't want me to spoil my game by getting down to brass tacks the first time of meeting. It wouldn't be fair. Now the way it is, I should say I've made a good impression. It looks encouraging. I don't believe I'd take forty-nine dollars for my chances of that fifty; but you've got to be reasonable."

"You aim for to win that fifty, then?" asked Perry in a milder tone of voice.

"I've done won it—practically," said Peden. "I'm modest and I hate to say anything good of myself, but if I had popped I'll bet she wouldn't have said no right out. The only thing I was considering, really, was the lady's feelings."

"Maybe it would have seemed a leetle mite brash," Perry admitted. "I reckon we'll set the time limit though and we'll make it tomorrow evening before sundown."

THEY had come to the top of a hill where the road was unfenced and ran through a thicket of rank sumach, brambles and jack-oak. Perry turned his horse out of the track, drove for a short distance into this screen, and then, stopped.

"How does sundown tomorrow suit you, Mr. Arch Peden?" he inquired.

Peden hesitated, but not for long. "It suits me all right," he answered. "What are you undressing for? Going in swimming?"

"No," said Perry, resuming his coat. "I thought I might do some exercising, but I reckon I won't just now. Giddap! Sundown tomorrow it is."

HE drove back into the road and his manner became more friendly. He spoke of the supper they had had at Moseley's. "That co'n bread now: Co'n bread seems like a little thing, but—I leave it to you, Arch?"

"Elegant!" declared Arch.

"Inez-Isabel, she made it. She fried the po'k, too. Now I want to tell you it hain't ever' woman kin fry po'k that-a-way—make it taste like something for Thanksgiving or Fo'th. I took notice you stayed in ever' time that gooseberry preserve come around."

"Don't talk about it," begged Peden. "I was ashamed of myself."

"Inez-Isabel put up them gooseberries," said Perry; "made the cakes, too. You don't get much better cakes in St. Joe—much, do you?"

"You don't find no better nowheres," replied the drummer with fervor.

"She cert'n'y understands how to fix vittles and run a house," said Hockaday reflectively. "If I was Old Man Moseley I'd never let a good looking, slick-spoken, spick and span feller like you come within forty rods of Inez-Isabel, let alone giving him a chance to taste of her cooking. But I reckon the old man'll do what's



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right by the gal. Well fixed, Old Man Moseley is, and jist the two gals and a misery that's likely to carry him off unexpected most any time. I'll be around for you weth the buggy about noon. I reckon you won't feel like getting up much afore then." He sighed. It might have been a sigh of relief.

"Depends on how long it takes me to clean you boys out," said Peden.

VIII

AS a matter of fact it was nearly three o'clock in the morning when the last remaining members of the back-room party stumbled down the stairs and out into the clean, decent night. Perry Hockaday was one of the remnant and he was in no amiable frame of mind as he went down the street to the livery stable. The only really cheerful person was Peden. As that genial gentleman emptied his pockets in the seclusion of his room at the Murphy House, the reason for his cheerfulness became apparent. Half a dozen or more crumpled wads of bills he straightened out and rolled into a comfortably-fat little cylinder and the silver coin that he piled gave his dresser the appearance of a bank counter. What might have seemed a trifle odd, however, was that when the count was completed the drummer's grin faded and his expression became pensive to a degree. For quite a little while he sat in reverie, smiling now and then, but as one smiles at delicate thoughts. But presently he started into sudden activity, brushing and carefully disposing his clothes and arranging his toilet articles conveniently. The last thing he did before retiring was to take a large, efficient-looking alarm clock from his grip, wind it and set it for an outbreak at 6.30.

"That gives me nearly three hours' sleep," he chuckled. "Perry, old sport, I could nearly feel sorry for you."

IX

AT about the time that the poker session began there was a reversal of the usual order of things in the gals' bedroom at Moseley's. It was Inez-Isabel who sat before the mirror and Mary-Ann who stood behind her busy with brush and comb. Inez-Isabel had protested against this arrangement but was overruled.

"Hesh your mouth now," commanded Mary-Ann. "I'm a-doing this. You've been a-disfiguring yourse'f about long enough, Miss Lady. D'clare to goodness! who'd ever s'pose you had any hair, the way you fix it! I reckon it's about time I tuk you in hand. Neat and clean! 'Co'se you're neat and clean; but there's a heap more'n that a woman needs to be. I'll show you afore I'm through."

She fluffed her sister's dark locks, tossing them lightly with open fingers, patting and parting them, massing them here and there and noting the effect with a critical eye.

"It's thicker'n mine, I do believe," she resumed. "Anyway, there's a plenty for it."

"For what?" asked Inez-Isabel.

Her sister made no answer but divided and combed down a section across the fore scalp, after which she laid down the comb and picked up a pair of scissors. In three quick snips the thing was done. Inez-Isabel had a bang.

"You mis'able—!" Inez-Isabel started up, her eyes flashing with indignation. Then her anger changed to dismay. "How could you!" she cried. "A pretty objec' I'll be!"

"You will, shore 'nough," laughed Mary-Ann. "Set down now, honey. I hain't skassly begun yit."

SHE forced the reluctant and expostulating Inez-Isabel back into the chair and began to trim the bang. When she had finished that she arranged the back hair loosely and, taking up the curling irons that she had thrust into the lamp chimney, tried them on a piece of paper, and then rolled one strand of hair into a long curl and brought it forward to droop over neck and bosom. The bang was curled next, and then some little love-locks around the ears. It took time, deftly as Mary-Ann worked, but the result was astonishing. Inez-Isabel, confronted by the mirror, gasped for breath and tried to stifle the new and pleasurable emotion that she felt at the sight of herself.

"Nobuddy wouldn't know you," cried Mary-Ann ecstatically, hugging her sister with the joyful enthusiasm of the true artist. "We'll see whether—somebuddy—don't think you're *right pritty*."

"Quit," interrupted Inez-Isabel, blushing. "I don't keer, not a snap of my finger, what Mr. Peden thinks, and I don't hold weth a gal laying herse'f out for to attrac' attention. I hain't blaming you, honey, but—" She took another look at herself. "Hain't it right 'cuous the diffrunce it makes in the face!"

"There's a-going to be more diffrunce," said Mary-Ann briskly. "Take them duds of yourn off." She flung open a drawer and took out a sprigged muslin dress of her own and, after a moment's consideration, a pair of red stockings.

"You're a-going to wear these here," she announced.

"I'm not either," declared Inez-Isabel.

Mary-Ann took her by the shoulders, shook her and then proceeded forcibly to disrobe her and get her into the sprigged muslin. There was a short struggle when it came to the stockings, but Mary-Ann triumphed, drew them snugly over the slim legs and gartered them securely.

"There!" she concluded. "I've got to take in some of the fullness in this here dress but I kin do that easy. I cert'n'y won't feel disgraced now when your company calls. Jiminy, jist look at yourse'f!"

IT was a transformation. The new arrangement of her hair had taken all the pinched, drawn look from Inez-Isabel's face, softened its outline and given it a remarkable attractiveness, especially as she smiled and blushed at her reflection. The dress with its ruffles, tucks, paniers and flounces became her figure amazingly, and the inch or two of red stocking at the bottom of the skirt lent quite a piquant touch to the general effect.

"Now take 'em off again and I'll get to work," said Mary-Ann. "And, honey, afore you go to bed I want for you to put on some of my cucumber lotion."

"I won't," said Inez-Isabel. "If you're bound and set for to fix that dress, I'll he'p you, but I want you to understand that I hain't a-going to waste no time on Mr. Peden."



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"We'll see," smiled Mary-Ann mysteriously. "Inez-Isabel, I want for to whisper in your ear."

She bent and whispered and the effect of her communication was remarkable. Inez-Isabel stared unbelievably and then, with a cry, threw her arms about her sister and the two stood for a moment locked in a close embrace.

X

MRS. Hockaday first called her son, Perry, to breakfast at the customary Sunday morning hour of seven but receiving no response but a grunt or two that denoted irritation, she went softly downstairs again. She made two more ineffectual efforts to arouse the young man later on, and then went off to meeting with the rest of the family, so that when Perry got up it was past eleven o'clock and he had his own breakfast to get. Nevertheless, he prepared and ate the meal in a leisurely fashion, and afterwards even took pains to wash some little spatters of mud from his own particular buggy before he started on his drive to town. There was no rush, he decided. Maybe it would be just as well if that ape, Peden . . . Maybe he, Perry, had been too brash about this here business, anyway. Well, he would be at the Murphy House by half-past one or thereabout in any case, and without sweating the mare.

His calculation was very nearly exact. When he tied the mare at the Murphy House hitching rack she had not turned a hair and it was only just half past. Walking to the desk where Cal Parker, the proprietor, was plying his postprandial toothpick, he asked for Peden.

"Peden?" said Cal. "Why, he left right early this morning. Yassir. He's done left, bag and baggage. Got a rig from Johnson's, didn't he, Ben?"

"Yassir," replied the clerk. "I reckon he must have drove to the junction for to ketch the freight."

Hockaday glared from one to the other and then expressed himself briefly and explosively.

"Here, here, Perry," Cal remonstrated. "That hain't no way for to talk in public."

"Daggone his sneaking cowardly hide!" exclaimed Hockaday with more moderation. "The little pea-souled whiffet! If I could get my two hands on him onct—I Cal, I've a notion—"

"Study it over, Bud," advised the landlord. "When you get them notions, study on them a right smart before you act."

Perry studied. Somehow he felt a guilty sense that his anger was forced. "Well," he said at last, "I hain't a-going after him and he hain't apt for to come back. But there was fifty dollars he might have had, jis as well as not."

FROM the hotel Perry hastened to the drugstore, and on the way he began to laugh. After all it was one on Peden and no harm done. A good joke for the boys. The boys, it happened, were gathered in the store in force and they looked at him oddly as he entered, but he thought nothing of that at the time and addressed himself directly to Chris.

"Gimme my fifty and the dime that that blowhard put up," he demanded. "He's skipped out."

Chris fingered his pink-striped collar and smirked. "He didn't skip out alone," he giggled. "He took his wife weth him and he took your fifty."

"What!" shouted Perry.

"Couldn't go back of the marriage c'tifkit, could I?" grinned Chris. "He showed it to me weth the ink skassly dry and Old Man Moseley allowed it was so. Say, you ought to have seen Inez-Isabel! Fixed up to the queen's taste. Yassir, Mr. and Mrs. Arch Peden went off on Number Six."

"Honest to goodness?" queried Perry. Amazement was in his tone, but, curiously, no delight.

"I'm telling you," assented Chris.

He would have said more, and did try to, but Hockaday darted from the store. Back to the Murphy House he ran, untied his mare, leaped into the buggy and plied his whip.

THE distance between Fairfax and the Moseley farm had never been covered in anything like the time that Perry Hockaday took in going over it that afternoon. It was long before six-cylinder cars traversed that road, of course. At the young man drove, his face was serious, considering that the one obstruction to his happiness had been removed. His mind was not working well, but he felt disappointed in that gal Inez-Isabel. 'Co'se this here Peden had taking ways weth women—must have had—and yet it didn't seem like Inez-Isabel for to be took that-a-way.

"We've got to make the best of it," he muttered. "One thing, he's got to be good to her, or—"

He drove into Moseley's barnyard and, jumping out of the buggy, merely threw a couple of turns of a rein over a fence post before hastening to the porch. He had caught sight of Mary-Ann's green-sprigged frock disappearing into the house. Due for to run, she were, plague on the leetle torment! The spirit of the chase seized him. Up the porch steps he went at a single bound and into the kitchen but, as he burst in, the green-sprigged skirt fluttered out. From the sitting room he chased to the passage-way, and half way up the dimly-lighted stairs he overtook and caught her.

"I'll have it now," he cried triumphantly.

She struggled but he only laughed, and easily drawing her averted head to him, kissed her, and then staggered back—not so much from the force of the tingling slap that she administered as from a shock of surprise.

"Inez-Isabel!" he gasped.

HARD to believe that it was Inez-Isabel, this girl with tumbled hair, flaming cheeks and flashing eyes. But it was.

"Don't you dare for to do that again," said Inez-Isabel.

She made a movement to run up the stairs but Hockaday caught her by the wrist. "Where's Mary-Ann?" he asked hoarsely.

"She's married to Mr. Peden and they've gone to St. Joe."

She tried to release herself but Perry held her firmly and his face was beaming. "Come and tell me about this here," he muttered. "We'll go out on the po'ch. I feel like I needed air."

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He led her to the porch, seated her and sank rather limply into a chair.

"There . . . there hain't much to tell," faltered Inez-Isabel. "Seems like she met Mr. Peden on the train coming back from Hannibal last month and she gev him a wrong name and address when he got off the car. Jist to fool him, I reckon, and because . . . she allowed he aimed to fool her. But she's been grieving account of it ever sence, seems like. I reckon he wasn't fooling much either. Anyway, he come again this morning, bright and early, and first off, he talked her over, and then, he talked Pa over—mighty p'suading, Mr. Peden is—and . . . I reckon that's all there is about it."

It was a minute or more before she bent forward and timidly patted him on the shoulder just once.

"Don't you feel bad about it, Perry," she said, and there was much kindness in her voice.

Perry raised his head. "I hain't agoing to," he said, and to her blank amazement he was grinning.

She began to be conscious that her face was still burning and, remembering the cause, blushed still deeper.

"I reckon a gal has got a right to her ch'ice," continued Perry, still looking at the young woman in a quite embarrassing manner. "You're fixed up right pretty, Inez-Isabel," he said, after a pause.

"It was Mary-Ann done that."

"She done right well, but—I reckon she didn't do it all."

"She did, too."

Perry's grin broadened. Mary-Ann didn't put that there shine in her eyes, he knew, and it wasn't Mary-Ann gev her that hair. He wished Mary-Ann well and happy. His heart was broke—more or less broke—or ought to be, but—

SLOWLY the conviction that had been forming in his mind since the day before overwhelmed him and, as he continued to look at Inez-Isabel, he ceased to struggle against it. In all propriety he should have thought of nothing but the tragedy of his bereavement. Misery and despair should have possessed him, or a frenzy of rage, yet he found himself actually joyful. He forgot his wrongs and—remembered only the dim stairway, and thereupon found breath and utterance.

"Inez-Isabel, I'm right glad it wasn't you that slick drummer run off weth."

Inez-Isabel knew that she ought to assume an air of innocence and ask him why. One reason was that she had always liked Perry. But when he took her hand in his, she rebelled.

"I—I won't be no secont ch'ice," she stammered.

"Inez-Isabel," said Perry with great earnestness, "you hain't my secont ch'ice. Oh, honey, you never hain't been! you're jist my sober secont thought."

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The Three Captains

(Continued from page 29)

the slip before we got to where the submarines were to meet us, then fetch the Dantziger into the Clyde and report the position of the Chester Maid and that she was in German hands. Got that straight?" He looked keenly from face to face. "Make jolly well sure that you all understand and tell the same yarn, as your necks may depend on it, to say nothing of prize money."

There was a murmur of assent. MacTavish's crew were all knaves but there was not a fool amongst that hard-bitten crowd.

"So here we've rendered a great service to the Empire," MacTavish continued. "It's easy to see what the newspapers will say about it when I've talked to a few reporters. . . . Despite the unsavory record of Captain MacTavish and his crew their behavior in this matter only goes to prove that when danger threatens the Empire she may depend upon the loyalty even of those hitherto proscribed by the law and enemies to Society. . . . or a lot of such bally rot. . . . For all of their lawlessness there still lingered in the breasts of these men, little better than pirates though they were, that patriotism which is the birthright of every loyal Briton. . . . That's the slush they'll be lading out."

"But 'ow about this 'ere Seagrave, Captain?" asked the bo'sun. "If so be's the blighter's still alive 'e might myke things thick for we. 'E knows we ain't no bloomin' patriots."

"He won't be able to dispute the facts," MacTavish answered. "I've got no love for Seagrave but I know the man for one of these fools that always tell the truth and under oath he can't swear that one of this crowd set foot aboard his ship. Cassel's the same sort of a swine. No, if we can pull the job off there's nothing we need fear. But what we got to think about right now is this: as soon as I change our course these Dutchmen down below are going to pipe down the game and get nasty. In that case you all know what to do—" His cold eyes passed from one to the other of his ruffians. "None of Cassel's chicken-livered methods, you understand. Not a blighter of the lot must be left alive—" and all of the criminality in his ruthless nature blazed from his grimly set features.

There was a mutter of assent and the ruthless cruelty in MacTavish's face was reflected from those about him.

"Our greatest risk at this moment," said MacTavish, "is in taking the ship into the Clyde. But there's the devil of a gale brewing and it will probably break in a few hours. That's in our favor. It's going to be ticklish work but we're used to that. Now carry on and stand by for squalls when I change her course towards midnight."

MacTavish's prophecy in regard to the weather was not long delayed of fulfillment. The wind and sea, already violent, grew rapidly worse and toward midnight the "Dantziger" was laboring heavily so that MacTavish began to think about the plates so badly strained from the wipe given them by the bows of the

"Chester Maid." He was not surprised when presently it was reported that the bilge pumps were no longer holding the water in check and that the engine-room gang was hard at work rigging auxiliary ones. Cassel had taken his chief aboard the "Chester Maid" with him, leaving the second engineer aboard the "Dantziger," and this officer, a clean and wholesome looking young man with a great precision of manner, came up to confer with MacTavish.

"She is leaking very badly," said he, stiffly, for all of the Germans looked askance at MacTavish and his gang of cut-throats. "What is worse, I fear the plates are giving all the time under the wrenching which she gets with every roll. Methinks that unless we slow down and ease off she is apt to open up."

MacTavish's brain worked swiftly, as it always did in emergencies. For an instant he was tempted to avail himself of this pretext to change his course, get the ship off before the wind and run into the North Channel for shelter. But he immediately dismissed the idea for two reasons: he did not wish to take the "Dantziger" into port in a foundering condition. In that case it might be claimed that his act was less inspired of patriotism than to escape drowning. Also, he knew that to do this would bring about an immediate conflict with the German black gang, of whose services he was at this moment greatly in need.

On the other hand, to heave the ship to meant lingering in the vicinity of the rendezvous with the German submarines. He thought of trying to rig a collision mat, but the weather conditions made this well nigh impossible, and, besides, it would not have been very effective, for while stopping the rush of water temporarily this would not support the weakened plates. The decks were being swept and the ship was laboring so heavily that he gave up the idea. The engineer agreed with him that it would be an idle effort.

"There's nothing for it but to slow down," said MacTavish. "Every dive she takes is wrenching at those sprung plates. What do you suggest, yourself?"

The young man reflected for an instant.

"Methinks the leak is just below the waterline," said he. "It might be possible to rig a shield on the inside and brace it with heavy balks of timber. This would serve to check the inrush of water and also support the strained section. It will be difficult, for we should have to shift the hides, and also the air below is not fit to respire."

"Suppose we go below and look it over?" said MacTavish.

As they passed through the door of the watertight bulkhead the reek and stench of the rotten hides was almost overpowering. Bales of these foul skins hid the damaged section and it was necessary to shift them in order to get to the seat of danger. Had the weather permitted, MacTavish would have got up the hatch, whipped them out and slung them over-side; but such a measure was at the moment impossible. Even with her engines

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stopped the low decks of the "Dantziger" were being continually swept. She had not much freeboard and was deep from her load of copper ore, and the gale was one of the most violent for years.

Even under MacTavish's ruthless driving the hands were unable to support the foul atmosphere for very long and required to be constantly spelled. Nobody aboard was exempt from the work, MacTavish's men staggering out nearly asphyxiated to relieve the German stokers who replaced them, the fireroom being a haven of rest in comparison to the pestilential hold. On reaching the damaged portion and ripping away the ceiling MacTavish and the German engineer were startled at the danger which threatened. The brine cascaded in flat bands through the opened seams, while at the shock of each heavy sea the plates sagged and quivered like the head of a slack drum, threatening to loose their feeble hold and be driven inward. Many of the rivets had worked entirely out and the water spouted through their empty holes. Some few still held though shorn of their heads.

"That's a bad job," said MacTavish. "Do you think we can patch it enough to get on?"

"Yes," said the young German. "With some plates of iron reinforced by heavy planks and buttressed with balks of timber against the stanchions and hatch coamings they should give enough support. We should make a packing of these hides between the plates and the ship's side."

Then the real work began and MacTavish, observing the steady efficiency of this man whose death-warrant he had practically signed but a few hours before, was conscious of a certain glow of admiration not only for him but for his silently obedient and ungrumbling assistants. MacTavish's own men were growling and muttering and would have shirked or malingered had they dared; but they feared their skipper even more than they did the foul air and cruel labor, for the wallowing of the ship added infinitely to every effort. Not a man but was cut or bruised or chafed from being flung against deck or stanchion or the ship's rough skin; but they accomplished their heavy task and ten in the morning of the semper, roaring day found the makeshift repair practically and efficiently completed.

All hands were exhausted and some of them violently sick. The poisons exhaled from the hides had smote them far more severely than the desperately heavy character of the work itself and even MacTavish, for all his great physical strength and resilient energy, found himself reeling giddily when he went up on the bridge. He had not spared himself. There was a gash on his forehead and his mouth was cut, while his knuckles were stripped of skin.

The ship was wallowing lazily and there was scarcely steam enough to hold her head to sea. MacTavish would have taken advantage of the general exhaustion of all hands to lay her on a course for the North Channel had he been in any way sure of his bearings. But for one of the few times in his life he had no accurate idea of his position and, besides, he preferred to make the passage at night for fear of German submarines. The storm

showed signs of abating, so he left the ship to push sluggishly on her course, hoping a little later to get a sight which might enable him to work out even a rough reckoning.

But the savage winter gale paused only to recommence with more brutal frenzy. Driving squalls of sleet and snow masked the thundering seas which hove themselves upon the ship as though driven by the wrath of God, which no doubt they may have been. The day and night were scarcely distinguishable. The rails were bent and twisted; the starboard boats were smashed to splinters on their davits, the latter themselves twisted into curious curves. But the leak was checked, and MacTavish, convinced that he had ample searoom and conscious of the futility of trying to accomplish anything in such a maelstrom, stopped the engines and let the ship drift. As nearly as was possible he figured that the "Dantziger" was being driven slowly in the direction which he wished to go.

Despite his physical fatigue he had not the slightest desire to rest or sleep. There was a fever in his blood and that exaltation which sometimes possessed him when hard driven by a combined exhaustion and nervous strain. He went below to the cozy cabin on which there opened perhaps a dozen staterooms and seating himself at the piano began to weave weird and fantastic themes inspired by the storm sounds. To him there came presently the second engineer, and the boy's face was waxen while a rime of sweat bearded his broad, white forehead. MacTavish heard him enter, and twisting about while still playing regarded him curiously.

"Please do not stop," said the German. "I enjoy your playing, though I do not like you. It does not matter. I am a dead man." And he laid his finger on a scratch across his cheekbone where a slightly raised excrescence had formed. "Do you know what that is?" he asked.

MacTavish nodded, then drew up the end of his wiry mustache and displayed the corner of his lip.

"I've got one myself," said he. "Malignant pustule. Those rotten hides. I wasn't at all sure, but now that I've seen yours I fancy there's not much doubt."

"There is none," replied the German quietly. "Two of my men are already stricken. What a beastly job. I suppose there is nothing to do. I have seen it before. Do you know of anything?" And he looked at MacTavish with an expression which for some reason curiously affected that ruthless desperado. He had conceived a sudden liking for the boy.

But before he could answer there came a rap at the door. "Come in," called MacTavish, and stopped playing.

The bo'sun came in, and MacTavish needed but one glance at his mottled face to show him that the man was very ill.

"What's the matter, Bill?" he asked.

"Two of the hands 'as been took very bad, sir," replied the bo'sun. "It's them 'ides wot done it. I seen the same thing before in the Argentine. A doctor off'n a British ship called it 'wool sorter's disease' and says as 'ow there weren't much 'ope, once it started."

MacTavish nodded. "Anthrax," said he softly, and touched the sore upon his lip. He had been conscious these last few hours of a growing malaise.

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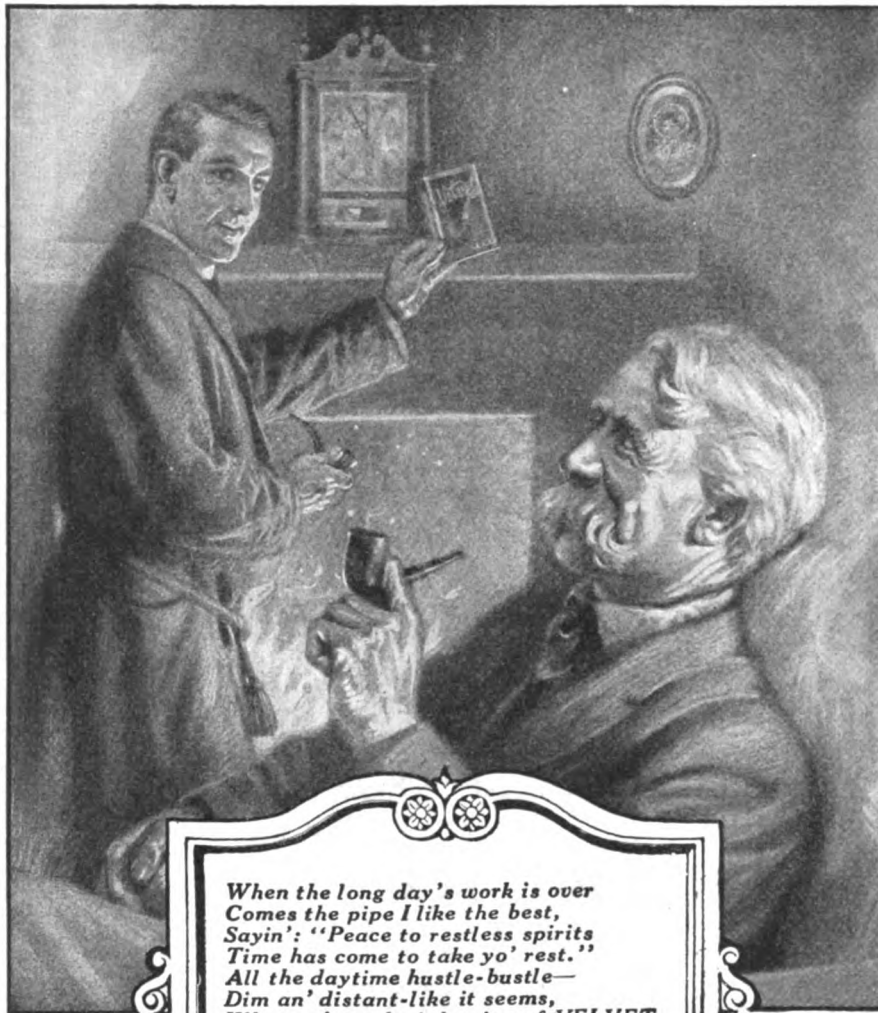
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"I got it, too," growled the bo'sun, "on the beak—" and he lifted his heavy mustache. "These two lads of ours ain't got no sores on 'em but they're swellin' up like. They got it on their insides, maybe. Sometimes it 'its the innards first."

The German engineer leaned forward across the table. His eyes were bright with fever.

"Those hides must have been stripped from infected cattle," said he. "Captain Cassel did not pay for them. The people were glad to have the warehouses cleared. I think that he meant to throw them overboard on reaching port. They were merely to cover the copper ore. We had a great deal of work in getting them properly stowed around the ore. Captain Cassel knew that they were worthless, but he did not know that they were diseased."

"Captain Cassel be damned," said MacTavish. "Don't try to tell me that he didn't know what he was doing, my dear boy. Well, he's fixed us. Anybody's who's traded in wools and hides knows what anthrax means." He smiled. "I'm no doctor but so far as I've heard there's only one thing to do, and that's to cauterize. These Johnnies that have got it on the inside are done for."

"That is true," said the German. "It is by no means sure but it is possible when the pustule appears on the skin."

MacTavish flicked away his cigarette and turned in his chair.

"Stick that poker in the stove, Bill," said he, "and let's get the cursed operation over with."

The engineer nodded. "That is best," said he. "Red hot iron is more sure than acids."

The bo'sun shoved the poker into the glowing coals of the cabin stove and crouching on his heels watched it slowly redden. Presently he turned a sickly face to MacTavish.

"I got a strong 'eart, skipper, as you 'ave reason to know. But I must say it upsets me a bit to 'ave that red 'ot iron shoved into my jib. If it's all the same to you I could do with a stiff 'un afore we turn to."

"All right," MacTavish answered. "Sponge it up, matey. A bottle if you like. It doesn't matter much, because I tell you straight it's my private opinion that it's too late. Go tell the steward to fetch a couple of bottles of gin."

But there was no need to hunt up the steward, a Chinaman, for that functionary appeared at the same moment. His yellow face looked like a skull carved in antique ivory.

"Plenty sailorman velly sick, sar," said he. "No can shift. Lotten hides makee sailor man plenty sick. Pletty soon he go dead. Me know."

"Right-o," said MacTavish. "That night in the hold has done the business for the whole blooming ship's company. Give all hands what they want to drink, Charley. They won't want it for very long."

The Chinaman's eyes glittered. "No wantee dlink, sar," said he. "Wantee leave 'im ship."

"All right," answered MacTavish wearily. "The orders are that all hands can do as they jolly well please. Get along now and fetch us that gin."

The gin was brought and the bo'sun took a tumbler neat and drew his hairy

wrist across his mouth. The German engineer was more moderate and MacTavish took none at all. He abominated the flavor and effect of alcohol while enjoying the action of certain drugs, but at this moment he did not seek even the solace of these. Stepping to the stove he worked the poker deeper into the coals. His face expressed no particular emotion beyond its lines of fatigue and a certain indifference. But the two watching him in silence were less inscrutable. The china-blue eyes of the young German were wide and his face like chalk, while that of the bo'sun was mottled with purple blotches alternating a livid gray and his forehead beaded with sweat. His hand shook as he reached for his glass, into which he swashed another gill of raw gin.

"It has not taken long for the infection to occur," said the engineer, in a dry guttural voice.

"Why should it?" MacTavish answered, without turning and in tones as smooth and languid as though he had been roasting chestnuts on a shovel. "We were bottled up in that filthy place swarming with the beastly germs and all of us chafed and scarred. Well, the poker's nearly white. Who's the first candidate for radical treatment?" He reached for a napkin and wrapped it around the handle of the poker. "What if I demonstrate the technique? Take that standing light, Bill, and hold it here by the mirror so that I can see what I'm about."

He stepped to the little strip of glass above the mantel while the bo'sun took the lamp from its gimbals and held it shoulder high with hands that trembled until the lamp chimney rattled and threatened to fall.

"Oh, buck up, Bill—it's not as bad as all that," said MacTavish, and pressed the livid iron point slowly and steadily against the sore upon his lip. The flesh steamed and hissed under the contact, but not the slightest quiver came from the hand holding the poker. The sweat was streaming from the face of the bo'sun. It needed both of his huge hairy hands to hold that small lamp and even these were not adequate, for as MacTavish finished his operation it slipped and fell with a crash on the deck, where it flamed for an instant before MacTavish snatched the table cover and smothered it. This done he looked reproachfully at the bo'sun.

"You must be getting in your dotage, Bill," said he. "Your hand was steady enough when we roasted the heels of old Tapuli. Now, when it's a question of searing a pimple on yourself you go and lose your nerve. Come along, matey—it's your turn next—" and he shoved the fading poker back into the coals of the stove.

The bo'sun slumped back against the bulkhead. His single eye had lost a great deal of its usual brightness and he looked a very sick man. The neat gin was beginning to assert itself, but not precisely as a present help in time of need, as is the way of that treacherous friend, King Alcohol.

"Old Tapuli—" he muttered. "The bloody old 'eathen put a curse on me. 'You burn me with fire,' says 'e, 'and by fire you shall be burned w'en your wicked life runs out with the ebb tide.' Curse all missionary 'eathen, say I—and 'im a bloomin' cannibal—" and then as

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MacTavish stirred the coals with the point of the poker the bo'sun flung out his hands with a protesting gesture. "Old 'ard, skipper—let soak in a bit afore you turn to—the drink, I mean."

"Nonsense, Bill," said MacTavish sharply. "Nothing can hurt a mug like yours." He drew the iron from the fire. "Stick it up, old chum, and let's get finished with it."

The operation was quickly performed. MacTavish smiled and turned to the German. "Do you want me to do it for you or will you do it yourself?" he asked.

"Thank you, I should prefer to do it myself," said the young man. "But if you would be so very kind as to hold the other lamp—"

Three of the men died that night—two Germans and one of MacTavish's crew. The rest were all in the throes of the fatal malady, some more, some less. Then the day broke with a serene sky and great undulating seas which no longer combed as they mounted.

MacTavish, staggering on deck, found himself alone. Two of the boats were gone. He had heard the creak of the sheaves as they were lowered at dawn. The engines had stopped and the ship was lolling about in a sick and drunken way.

MacTavish lurched forward to the fore-castle. Four of the bunks were occupied and the lax bodies of the sleepers rolled with the sling of the sea. "I suppose we all make mistakes sometimes," muttered MacTavish, and shambled aft again. Passing through the cabin he tripped over the body of his bo'sun and where he fell he lay.

And the "Dantziger," with her precious cargo of war material, wallowed in the smoothing sea, stripped of her boats and manned only by the dead.

As for the "Chester Maid," she was plunging forward, in the hands of the enemy, toward an unguessed tragedy.

(To be concluded)

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Noah enjoyed the only real freedom of the seas

California Next?

(Continued from page 24)

state and a mass of litigation which, the Anti-Saloon League maintains, would take fifty years to settle. Whatever the motive behind this amendment, it meant the defeat of all future prohibition measures. It would make of them practical impossibilities. But if this amendment had received two more votes, it would have had the necessary two-thirds majority of the Assembly and would have been submitted to the people. It received powerful support.

That is where the matter rested when the legislature adjourned and there has been no occasion since to show what is the alignment. But enough had transpired to show that the wine men had not held to their high-minded program. The prohibitionists accuse them of an unholy alliance with all the other liquor interests. This they deny.

When I started out to make a report on the prohibition fight for SUNSET I found before long that this was going to be the difficult point to decide. When I put the question bluntly to the wine men, they denied it.

"We are fighting for ourselves and no one else," they said defiantly.

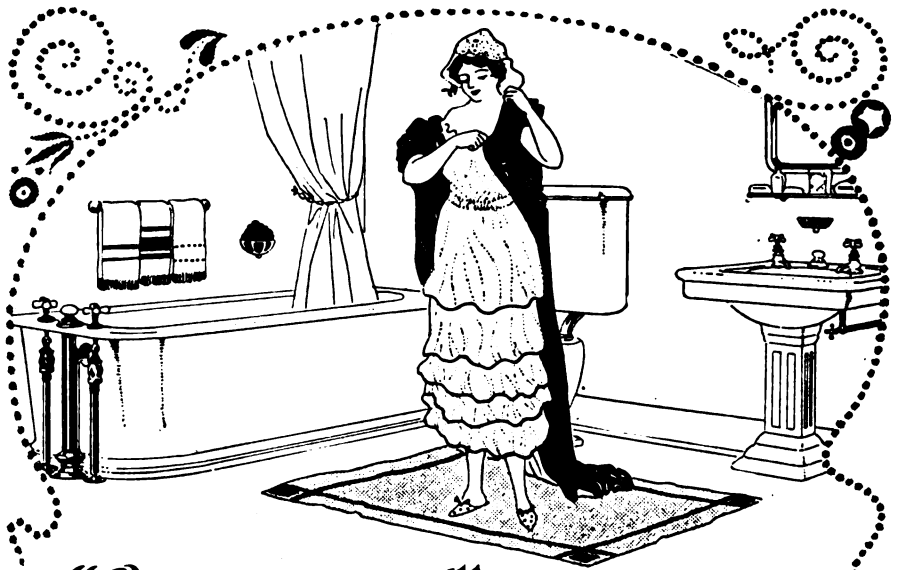
Then I went to the liquor men. "Of course the wine men are with us," said those who were willing to talk at all. "They know they must stay with us. If we go, they are certain to go, too."

So I went back to the wine men, and from many sources, piecing together information gleaned here and there, I succeeded in getting a pretty fair explanation of the wine men's predicament. That it is a predicament is made evident by that fact that all those who dared tell me their difficulties were very careful to impress on me that I must not quote them.

So this is the situation the wine men face:

The saloons, the brewers and the distillers have made common cause. For the big profit of both the brewers and distillers lies in the saloons. They cannot afford to let the saloons go overboard. Meanwhile neither the brewers nor the distillers can get action within their own organizations leading to reform. There are very many individual brewers and distillers who would like to bring about better conditions. But there are always enough unenlightened members to block action. The saloonmen have a similar difficulty. For instance, the owners of the better type of San Francisco saloons have organized the Buffet Owners' Association, the chief purpose of which is to fight the dive. They had a meeting in San Francisco to which they invited the police commissioners, who issue the saloon licenses, the whole purpose of which was stricter regulation of saloons. But they have been hampered at every step by the Royal Arch, the general organization of those saloonkeepers and barkeepers opposed to regulation.

Naturally the saloons and the distillers and brewers who are backing the fight do not view with pleasure any move on the part of the wine men which leaves them out in the cold. They want to have the wine men play their game. At times, as we have seen, the wine men have taken



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a free hand, but not for long. The saloon interests have always found a way to curb their activities.

When the wine men issued their modification of the Bell plan, the saloon interests received it as nothing short of a challenge. From their point of view it was a scheme to limit the consumption of whisky and beer. It won their enmity. And they had the power to coerce the wine men.

One wine company that was outspoken over the necessity for saloon reform suddenly received cancellations of orders for nearly \$70,000 worth of wine. The cancellations came from Eastern distributors. The company's wine was all being sold through ordinary trade channels in the East and its customers were members of liquor dealers' associations which were not inclined to tolerate "desertions." Not unnaturally the directors of that company began putting the soft pedal on their remarks.

As eighty per cent of California's wine is sold outside of the state, and most of it through liquor dealers, it is easy to see how readily the saloonmen and their allies, the liquor dealers, can put the clamps on the wine industry. The wine men had made a start on an independent distributing system, but it could cut no figure in this crisis.

The antagonism of the liquor interests took an even more active form. They said in so many words:

"If you let us get voted out of existence, watch out. We'll get you later."

You can imagine how forcibly arguments of this kind were being brought to bear on the wine growers all during the last session of the legislature.

In talking to wine men I found them all uneasy in mind. They would start out to say what ought to be done to make saloons behave, but before they finished they were extremely careful to impress on me that I must not quote them. They acted as if they did not dare go on record as opposed to the saloons or the methods of conducting saloons, no matter how they may feel about it.

I have blamed the wine men for not having enough backbone to stand up for their own interests. I can understand why they have failed to do so. There is a big club swinging over their heads. But if they do not defy that club, they are going to die anyhow, so they would do far better by espousing the Bell plan or one with a similar number of teeth in it, and letting the saloons and their allies do their worst. They would have a first-rate chance of escaping.

The wine men advanced one argument of their own for standing by the saloon interests.

"If we let the campaign of the saloons and liquor men fail," one of them said, "after they have been legislated out of existence, the prohibitionists will turn against us standing all alone, and wipe us out with one sweep."

That seemed more than reasonable, so I asked Daniel M. Gandier, who is leading the fight of the Anti-Saloon League in California, whether the prohibition forces would turn on the wine men.

"We certainly would," Mr. Gandier replied; "we have no intention of stopping until we have done away with alcohol in every form. Politically we are opportunists. We get what we can, and then

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try for more. We would naturally prefer to fight saloons unsupported by the wine men, and then turn around afterwards and finish up the wine men."

The candor of Mr. Gandier made me feel there might be something in the fear of the wine men. But the wine growers are not helped off the horns of their dilemma so easily. If they drop off on the side of the saloons, there is no doubt they will all go down to defeat in a very few years. This can be figured out as a point of immigration.

Prohibition was not even attempted in so moderate a form as local option until the recent heavy immigration from the Middle West began pouring into California. This has centered largely in southern California and in the San Joaquin and Sacramento valleys. From these sections the heavy prohibition vote was polled at the last election. The settlers there are largely from the dry states of the Middle West and they are trying to vote California dry too. Now these settlers are coming in in increasing numbers every year, and those opposed to prohibition are not gaining a proportionate number of votes. So it is a mere question of time until the new immigration overbalances the old vote. This new vote will eventually sweep everything before it unless the evils connected with the liquor traffic are so much reduced that the economic loss involved in prohibition will outweigh the moral issue.

So, as a matter of practical politics, the wine men could do nothing better than to enforce the reform of the saloon. If they can bring it about, the prohibition issue in California will lose its force. But if they let the saloonmen run away with the fight, as I believe they are doing at present, that steadily increasing dry vote from the Middle West will catch them.

The law the prohibitionists tried to put through by direct vote in November, 1914, was so drastic it was certain to fail, and yet it polled 355,000 votes. If it had received a majority vote the manufacture or sale of every alcoholic drink would have been stopped five days after the final count. Wine and beer would have gone with whisky and the wine-presses would have been stopped the same day the saloons were nailed up. Those 355,000 people could not be moved by the plea that the grape industry represented an investment of \$150,000,000, with an income of \$30,000,000 a year, half of which was from the sale of wines and brandies. They were out after alcohol and the financial loss was nothing to them. They can be counted upon to feel the same way about it at the election this fall, and their campaign is much more skilfully handled. The last campaign was considered so hopeless, in fact, that the Anti-Saloon League refused the leadership.

The fight getting under way is another affair. The Anti-Saloon League has taken the lead and it is going to come very close to carrying one of the two constitutional amendments agreed upon by the "Drys" at their convention held at Fresno. The first amendment is expected to fail. It provides for a complete cleanup of alcoholic drinks, though it grants a respite until 1920 before it is carried out. Frankly the Anti-Saloon League does not think this amendment has a ghost of a show, and it is on the ballot simply to satisfy the extra-drys. The Anti-Saloon League

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There isn't room in this article to go into a lengthy description of Mr. Bennett's methods for the restoration of youth and the prevention of old age. All of this he tells himself in a book which he has written, entitled "Old Age—Its Cause and Prevention." This book is a complete history of himself and his experiences, and contains complete instructions for those who wish to put his health and youth-building methods to their own use. It is a wonderful book. It is a book that every man and woman who is desirous of remaining young after passing the fiftieth, sixtieth, seventieth, and, as Mr. Bennett firmly believes, the one hundredth milestone of life, should read.

Partial Contents

Some idea of the field covered by the author may be gained by the following topics: Old Age, Its Cause; How to

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The Cayuse Twins. They are on the cover of the April SUNSET, with smiles and tears, like the month itself.

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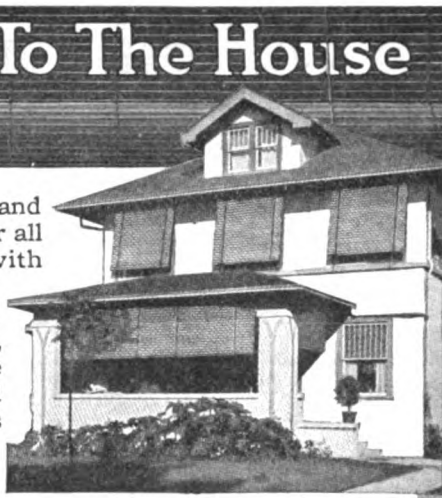
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is working for the second amendment which, if passed, will bring about a condition comparable to that in Oregon and Washington. It will put an end to saloons—and to the sale of intoxicating drinks in clubs and hotels as well. It will permit the manufacture of wine or anything else, but this can only be sold in the state in two-gallon lots or more; it cannot be sold elsewhere than on the premises where it is made and must be delivered to the permanent residence of the purchaser. The law thus prevents any distributing system for the manufacturer. He cannot even allow a prospective customer to sample his wares. The wine men point out that this law inevitably discriminates in favor of the rich man with wine cellar and ice chest, and against the poor man whose need, as it arose, would naturally be supplied by the family liquor store.

The Anti-Saloon League, which has struck me as being more clever politically than any of the forces opposing it, holds this out to the wine men as a peace measure. As eighty per cent of California wine is sold outside the state, the wine men cannot arouse the feeling against it that they had no difficulty in stirring up last time. But they know and fear the spirit that prompted the exclusion of hotels and clubs. It is the spirit of the teetotaler. It means no California wine at any public banquet or at any table whatsoever where the guest pays for his meal. All of which applies, of course, to the lightest of beers. "If they carry that amendment," said one wine man, "two years from now they will turn around and wipe us out completely."

And the Anti-Saloon League admitted that it would certainly try.

All of which leads back to my earlier contention that the only way the wine men can save themselves is to force the saloonmen to reform and force regulation in accordance with such a plan as Bell laid down in the beginning. It is not too late for them to do it now. But after next November they may find it is.

I have a personal bias in this matter. I believe like the New York reformer, Dr. C. H. Parkhurst, that the way to stop the drink evil is to encourage the drinking of wine and beer. Dr. Parkhurst was harried and badgered and threatened with dire ecclesiastical punishment for daring to admit alcohol in any form could do anything but harm, but I have just seen a whole nation go on record for the same contention. I have seen France put an end to absinthe and do it effectively, though it believed in wine and beer. It was also planning to do away with everything containing more than fifteen per cent of alcohol. It was aiming at *apéritifs* and liqueurs, drinks that do the harm done by whisky and gin in this country.

The French are nothing if not intelligent, and their handling of the drink problem might well serve as a model for California. There are many points of resemblance between France and California, anyhow, particularly in the temperament of their people.

France began with the obvious bad thing, absinthe. Now it is after the next worst. It was too intelligent to try to make one grand sweep. It has no intention of trying to do away with beer or wine, though the French brewers are

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The Way of a Man With a Maid in Mexico

The Story of Faustina, at Mrs. Tibbits' Boarding House in Puebla

By EDITH WAGNER

IN

APRIL SUNSET

"Can take a pound a day off a patient, or put it on. Other systems may temporarily alleviate, but this is sure and permanent."—*N. Y. Sun*, Aug. 1891. Send for lecture "Great Subject of Fat."

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guilty of as many political follies as the American brewers. It considers light wines and light beers temperance drinks, and it is certain that in the parts of France where beer or wine alone are drunk there is no drunkenness and no physical degeneration from drink. In the southwest of France, the largest claret producing country in the world, live the sturdiest, most healthy race of people I have ever seen. Kansas with its thirty years of prohibition can produce no such specimens of physical vigor and lusty health as the country about Bordeaux.

I had occasion to interview the two leaders of the temperance movement in France, Henri Schmidt, the deputy who introduced the bill that put an end to absinthe, and Joseph Reinach, the leader of the general temperance movement. Both took pains to inform me without delay that it was not their purpose to attack wine or beer. Rather they were starting a campaign in favor of wine and beer. M. Schmidt said to me:

"You must understand at once that our struggle for temperance in France is different from the struggle in England and the United States. We have no intention of attempting complete prohibition. There is nothing of Puritanism in our movement. We are not interested in making the French people a race of teetotalers. It would not be possible, and we would not care to accomplish it if it were. We have nothing against wine and light beers. I drink them and so do the other members of the Assembly who are fighting alcoholism."

M. Reinach carried the point a step farther.

"Here is a consideration that is not to be overlooked," he said. "We cannot drive the French people. We can only hope to lead them. The spirit of France is one of tolerance and liberty. Total prohibition would be impossible in France. We put an end to absinthe only because all France was convinced it had to be done. Every step forward will have to be made in the same way. A day may come when France will be ready to abolish all forms of alcoholic drink. But even in our temperance group in the Assembly we have no members so radical they wish to force the whole issue. We have no one, for instance, so carried away by his zeal that he will not be content with anything short of total prohibition. The idea of preventing the sale of wine, for instance, has not even come up for discussion. One might as well try in France to prohibit eating, and the attempt would be attended with about the same amount of success."

It is too bad the temperance leaders in this country, considering the meaning of the word temperance, are not equally tolerant. They would get farther in the long run.

An Easter Poem

By George Sterling

With a Painting, Reproduced in Colors,
by W. H. Bull

APRIL SUNSET



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CONFORMS TO THE
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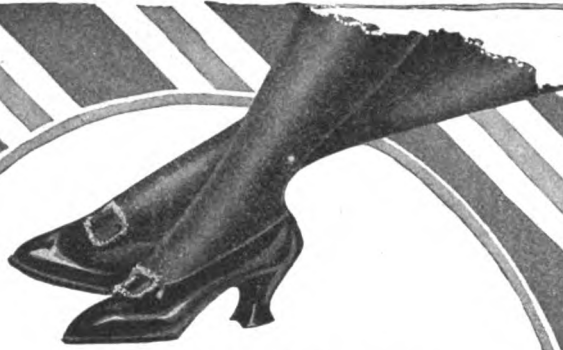
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Paring never ends a corn. Harsh acids may cause soreness.

But here is a little, thin plaster, holding a wondrous wax.

It is scientific, gentle, sure. It is ending a million corns a month.

Let it prove that corns are needless. Then you never again will have them. Please try it on one corn tonight.

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Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters

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Makers of Surgical
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Readers, Gentle and Otherwise

Prineville, Oregon.

You sent me an offer to take the SUNSET one year for \$5.50 down and pay \$1.00 more at the end of the year if I thought it was worth it. It is not worth it. You promised great improvement and it developed the other way. That magazine is sure going down hill.

H. W. FAIRCHILD.

Washington, D. C.

I have just seen the first copy of SUNSET in its new form and hasten to send a congratulatory word. It is easily the most attractive magazine that ever has been published on the Pacific Coast.

FRANKLIN K. LANE,
Secretary of the Interior.

San Rafael, California.

When you announced your change in form I made up my mind that I was not going to like the new style. Therefore I want to "rise up on my hind legs" and say: It is beautiful; it is easy to hold; it is convenient; it is easier to read; it is jammed full of both good articles and good fiction; it has *not* got enough color pictures; it is thoroughly and truly Western; and, oh, well, heck! I can't find a darn thing to really kick about.

H. J. BLACKLIDGE.

Tombstone, Arizona.

It seems to me that Mr. Smalley detracted materially from whatever value his article on the results of prohibition in Arizona may have had when he stated, without qualification, that the increase of half a million dollars in the savings accounts of the Arizona state banks during eight months of prohibition, and the increase of three million dollars in the deposits of all state and national banks during the same period, was due solely to the closing of the saloons.

If he had made a fair and honest investigation, if he had taken into consideration all circumstances, he could not have given prohibition the entire credit for this increase. During 1914 the state's principal industry, copper mining, was at a lower ebb than it had been for years, copper was selling at 12 cents, and after the outbreak of the war the mining camps reduced their forces by half in many instances. Throughout the state production during the last half of 1914 was curtailed by at least thirty per cent. Any unprejudiced observer familiar with the rise of copper during 1915 must admit that the bulk of the increased business in Arizona, and the largest part of the increase in the savings and commercial deposits, was due to the increased number of men employed and to the greater regularity of employment.

Prosperity came to Arizona because copper went up, not because whisky went out, though a small part of the money paid out in wages probably found its way to the savings bank as a result of prohibition. If the prohibitionists would only learn to be fair, their propaganda would be more effective.

CHARLES LIND.

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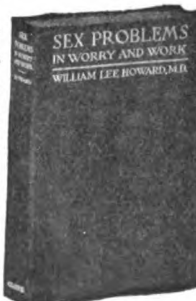
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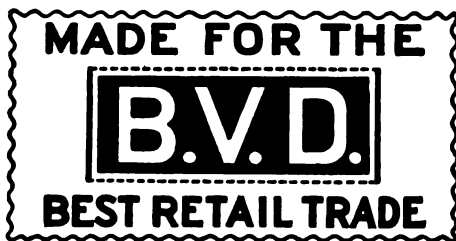
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(independent, blunt, artistic, a bit selfish)

especially for your hand
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Electric or Water Power Will Do the Work

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Columbus Junction, Iowa.
I have been a little fearful that perhaps after the Exposition *SUNSET* might not be quite so interesting but the last number was even more so than usual and I cannot do without it. **MRS. IRENE TUCKER.**

University of Washington.
We of the Northwest share in your ambition to have the *SUNSET* Magazine represent us and I shall be glad to say whatever I can to fulfil the Magazine's representative function.

HENRY SUZZALLO, President.

Kansas City, Mo.
In the November *SUNSET* J. F. Rotruck, of Colorado, said that California has less to brag about than Colorado. He is mistaken. Statistics tell us that California beats Colorado in gold, silver, quicksilver, salt, sugar, fruit raising, vegetable raising and fish. It has higher mountains and deeper valleys, a better climate and finer scenery, natural and otherwise. Also it has smarter men and better looking women but it does not excel in liars.

An Ohioan (R. S. B.) too, said that California has nothing to brag about, but one can't expect any one fed on hog and hominy to appreciate anything better. This Ohioan also has a wrong view on why *SUNSET* is called *SUNSET*. It is because it is published in the *SUNSET* state, and this state is not called the *SUNSET* state because of its beautiful sunsets (though it has them) but because it is on the coast where the sun last sets. And there I saw the most beautiful sunrises I have ever seen, but I never roasted in summer nor froze in winter looking at them.

I have traveled a good deal and I have lived in California, where I am going shortly. I was not born there but if I had had my choice I would have been.

DORIS LANG.

"Somewhere in Wyoming."
SUNSET is certainly a treat to us here in the Desert, 89 miles to a railroad. That story of LaCroix is as near to life as I can remember of a certain happening here. We have been getting the magazine long before it and the *Pacific Monthly* joined hands, and have never howled. Now be good and give Wyoming a show. Don't hog California all the time. Don't know when this will reach you. Have to mail it on the fly as the limited goes by.

BILLY DARRIS.

Lewiston, Maine.
While I am not much at throwing "hot air" I am pleased to tell you that the *SUNSET* is one of the classiest and best magazines which find place in my home.

P. W. BABCOCK.

Siskiyou Co., Cal.
I arrived from Canada safely and thanks to the kindness of the people your Bureau put me in touch with and the Forest Service rangers, I have already got a good location for ranching.

DICK HALLIDAY.

Bonn, Germany.
Your magazine as it comes along from month to month is always hailed with delight. The part of the world luring me most intensely is California and Oregon.

ED. C. MAGNUS.

READY

For Spring Cleaning

Instead of dreading Spring Cleaning, buy a **BISSELL'S VACUUM SWEEPER** and make it easy with a machine that eliminates the misery of sweeping day; that raises no dust, because every particle, with its disease-carrying germs, is confined in the air-tight dustbag, which comes out in one piece with the nozzle and is emptied from the rear—an exclusive Bissell feature. With

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Claxton, D.D.

Another fine story of the Canadian police

By Emerson Hough

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Across the Springtime Desert

Moving Pictures on the Motor Roads of the Great Southwest

"I AM willing to admit," said the Little Woman as she gathered up the remnants of the lunch and secured the hamper, "that to all intents and purposes you may be a perfectly good husband, even if you aren't a late model. But what I require now is for you to produce some of that scenery you were telling about."

We had paused for a wayside lunch beside an enthusiastic brook at the Colorado end of the Raton Pass; consequently I confidently answered:

"Woman, anyone would believe to hear you talk that I had scenery concealed up

By J. Constantine Hillman

my sleeves. Just about how much scenery would be required to fill your system?"

"Well, considering how patient I have been," she replied, "about enough to take my breath away would do to begin with."

"Rather a large portion for one person," was my comment, "but it doesn't require any more for two," and we proceeded on our way.

Without any preliminaries the road made a big sweep to the right, and began ascending. It was convict-built and

secure, and we had worlds of power under our hood. Part way up we passed a sign, "Colorado-New Mexico State Line," and kept on climbing. It wasn't really steep, but it was continuous and presently we sailed up to the crest of the pass, made a big swoop out around a commanding promontory and, without a word, shut off the power.

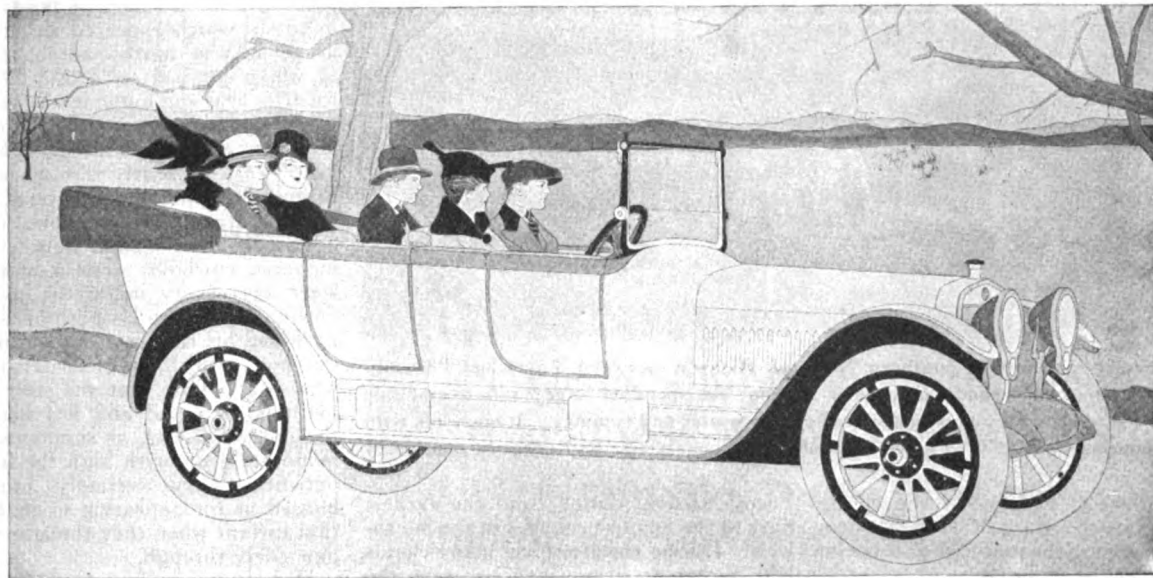
I looked at the Little Woman to see how her breath was getting on, but she didn't waste any of it on me at that juncture. She was all eyes. About a mile below us and almost under our feet was the town of Raton, while to the east,



On the Rim of the Grand Canyon of Arizona

"We suddenly found ourselves in the presence of Personified Silence. Every faculty was fused into the sense of sight, and that particular one was having a perfect orgy. Scarcely breathing, we wondered if it might not all vanish should we even whisper, and it was a long time before we put it to the test"

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33 \$2285
48 \$3500

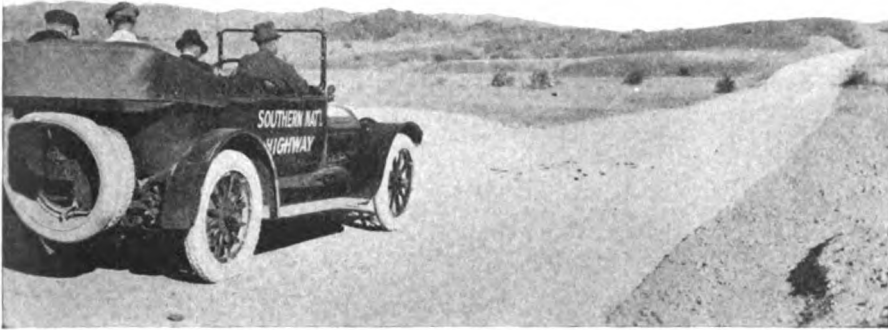
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on request.

We submit individual
designs on approval.

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Pacific Coast Branches: San Francisco, 1250 Van Ness Ave.; Los Angeles, 1225-1231 South Flower St.; Seattle, 1000-1006 Pike St.; Portland, 23rd and Washington Sts.; Vancouver, B. C., 1112 Seymour St.



Type of desert road on the Southern National Highway between Yuma and Phoenix, Arizona. Yuma county and the state of Arizona are spending large sums to put this route into shape for continuous motor traffic both winter and summer. It connects with the famous Apache Trail between Globe and Phoenix via the Roosevelt dam

south and west, basking in the spring sunshine, lay the state of New Mexico, fairly challenging the motorist to come on down and get acquainted.

All the way down the steep and winding descent we were continually stopping to enjoy the wide range of views, and presently arrived in the town of Raton, which snuggles up against the mountains at the foot of the pass, and here all our wants were well supplied.

THE following morning we were early on our way. The road led right out into the open country. It was one of those soft, mysterious mornings full of the quickening influences of spring. It was in the earth, in the profusion of wildflowers that bordered the road, in every breath we drew and even seemed to be in the vitals of the car that seemed to pour itself along the road, more like the motion of a liquid than a solid force. The road pushed confidently onward into the great open landscape until, without warning, it dipped down into a lane bordered on both sides by tall trees. Over to the left we came upon the sort of rambling ranch house often painted in words but all too seldom seen. It was an ideal in composition, setting and atmosphere. Just beyond lay the station of Watrous, where oil and gasoline were obtainable, and twenty miles farther on found our tires rolling on the real streets of a live town, Las Vegas.

The following morning we left Las Vegas and swept out into a country that had made up its mind to rise in the world, no matter at what cost to motorists. Presently we entered a region of dwarfed trees through which our road disappeared—and reappeared in all sorts of unexpected places. Every now and again, by way of variety, our way led past picturesque collections of adobe houses, corniced with loops of brilliant red and green peppers. Far ahead arose the bold outlines of Starvation Peak, dominating the view for miles. At Fulton Station there was no store but at Rowe there was, and we enjoyed our roadside lunch among the queer twisted trees of that section.

Shortly after resuming our journey we saw off to the left the ruins of the old

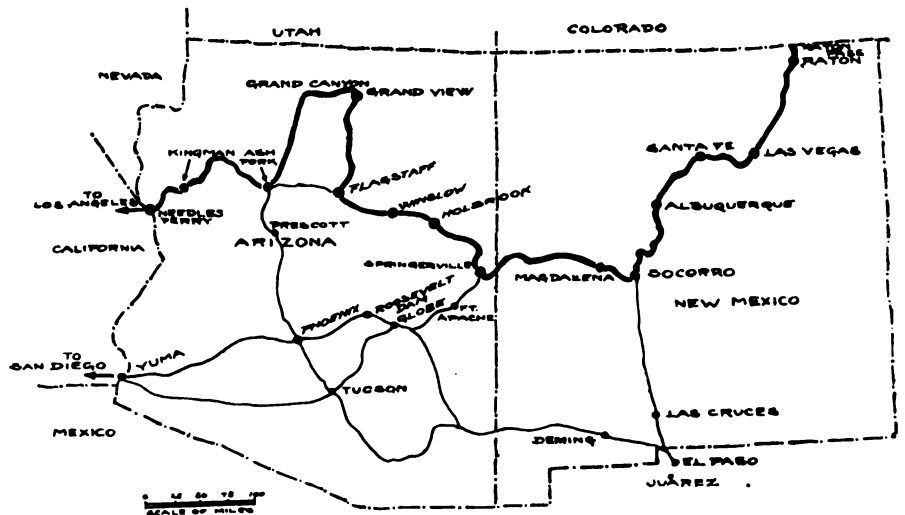
Pocos Mission, dating from the earliest days of the Spanish colonies in the Southwest. During the afternoon many clouds had gathered, somewhat obscuring the sun, but as we progressed we saw far ahead all the sun's rays concentrated upon what appeared to be a reproduction of one of the old cities of the Holy Land. It did not vanish, as we half expected when we drew near, and presently we were rolling down its streets. We had arrived in the old city of Santa Fe. It was so quaint, so foreign and so filled with mystery that we decided while we were in it to also be of it. Accordingly we put up for the night in a rambling adobe house, every room of which, including the bathroom, had a fireplace.

In this old city with the fascinating foreign flavor we lingered until late the following day, starting off across a long upland that stretched away for some twenty odd miles. Of a sudden we found ourselves gazing into space from the brink of a great rocky rampart that ex-

tended away to the west far as the eye could reach. We were on the summit of the famous La Bajada Grade, which winds back and forth like a whip lash down the rocky face of this enormous barrier. Undiscouraged, the road starts off across another great section of landscape toward a range of far-away hills, in one of which appeared an enormously deep and very narrow notch, the details of which puzzled us considerably until we drew near and found it was man-made. It is up-grade, approached from either direction, and only wide enough for one car. We were nearly through it when a magnificent wild steer entered, with a bellow, from the opposite direction. Some distance behind him were two mounted cowboys. For a moment the steer gave every indication of charging down and clearing his path of us, but we answered his challenge with a blast from our horn, which, in that narrow space, was so appalling that the steer changed his mind, wheeled and fled back across the rocky hillsides, as surefooted as any mountain goat, with both the herders in pursuit. They certainly must have blessed us for appearing in that spot at that instant when they thought they had him safely through.

Mid-afternoon found us within the limits of Albuquerque. Here the traveler finds excellent hotel, garage and tire service.

THERE are two routes leading to Socorro from Albuquerque, the Mesa route which is not signposted, but is fairly good going, and the river road, which is signposted but sandy. We chose the former route. After crossing the main line of the Santa Fe railway we started off across a mesa of immense proportions, the road running parallel with a range of mountains which towered on our left. It was an easy road to lose, and more than once we were obliged to apply to passing cowboys for the proper directions. Further on we found ourselves winding along on the apex of a skyline drive, descending a sharp grade full of hairpin turns, crossed the Rio Grande



Main Motor Highways of the Southwest

The heavy black line indicates the route followed by Mr. Hillman. The Southern National Highway from San Diego to the Atlantic goes via Yuma and Tucson or Phoenix and Globe to El Paso. Various connections with the National Old Trails route are indicated on the map. The Southern Highway is becoming very popular for winter and early spring transcontinental tours

Hupmobile



THE Hupmobile — with its clean, simple, powerful, four-cylinder motor—furnishes all the elements most desired in motor car performance:—

Each purchaser of a Hupmobile receives, without extra cost, a book of coupons, good for 50 hours of service-labor on his car at any Hupmobile service station. Of these there are now approximately 3300 on main-traveled roads, and Hupmobile service is available in all parts of the United States and Canada.

Rapidity of pick-up, flexibility, and pulling power on high gear; smoothness, silence, and absence of vibration at any speed.

These characteristics, and its consistent economy, explain why old owners remain steadfastly loyal, and why the Hupmobile market is steadily widening among those seeking a quality car.

Let us prove that we are justified in our belief that "the Hupmobile is the best car of its class in the world."

Hup Motor Car Corporation, Detroit, Mich.

Five-passenger Touring Car \$1085	Two-passenger Roadster \$1085	Seven-passenger Touring Car \$1225
Year-Round Touring Car 1185	Year-Round Coupe 1165	Prices F. O. B., Detroit
<i>Pacific Coast Distributors</i>		
Twitchell Motor Car Co., Spokane, Wash.	Wm. E. Patten Motor Co., Seattle, Wash.	
Linz-Sanborn Co., San Francisco, Cal.	Greer-Robbins Company, Los Angeles, Cal.	
	Dulmage-Manley Auto Co., Portland, Ore.	

Courtesy First—Safety for Others in Motoring

The mark of superior



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GOOD ROADS FOR MOTORISTS

You can transform bad roads into good roads and make good roads better, as far as riding comfort is concerned, by equipping your automobile with the

*Hartford SHOCK ABSORBER

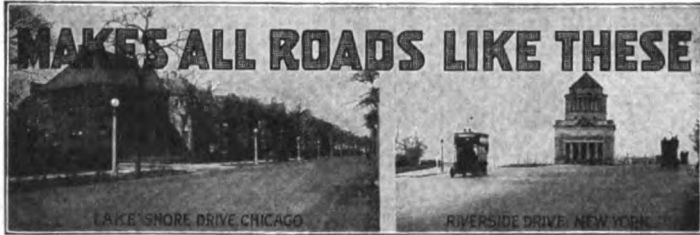
Working harmoniously with the automobile's springs, it curbs every tendency toward violence when rough roads are traversed; it absorbs the little jolts and jars incident to travel over moderately rough roads; it assimilates the minute but disagreeable vibration that often attends smooth road riding.

The Hartford makes an automobile ride undulatingly over every kind of roads. A real shock absorber which absorbs *all* shocks, large and small, which actually



Automobile Manufacturers are now using the finest springs that can be made. If you want more comfort, you must use Hartford Shock Absorbers.

Makes Every Road a Boulevard



Write for our "COMFORT CHART." It tells how to make *your* particular make, year and model of car truly comfortable. Free upon request.

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Makers of the Hartford Shock Absorber, Hartford Cushion Spring, E. V. Hartford Electric Brake, Hartford Auto Jack, Hartford Bumper.

Pacific Coast Distributors:

CHANSOR & LYON COMPANY

SAN FRANCISCO, LOS ANGELES, OAKLAND, FRESNO, PORTLAND, SEATTLE, SPOKANE

*Formerly Truffault-Hartford.

river on an iron bridge and found ourselves in the plaza at Socorro. Continuing, our upward road charged full tilt toward a range of abrupt mountains, and, without hesitation, began surmounting them by way of the Blue Canyon Grade. Midway up we encountered a very small boy on a very large horse, herding a flock of goats. In an instant the flock sort of exploded. Every goat remembered an important engagement elsewhere, and for the next half hour I helped chase those woolly will-o'-the-wisps over the rocks until the little herd was again reassembled. Late that afternoon we rolled into Magdalena.

From Magdalena the road leads out into a country that no one seems to want badly enough to live in, but it is mighty attractive to pass through after the great plains as it leads up through hillsides covered with tall timber. The wanderings of our road now demanded all our attention as it wound and twisted higher and higher, until we found ourselves on the summit of the Continental Divide, at an elevation of considerably over 8000 feet. Some distance further on we made out a signboard, tucked away in a fence corner, bearing the inscription "New Mexico-Arizona State Line." We had reached the heart of the Great Southwest, the land of age and mystery. We had also reached a section of exceedingly rough and rocky roads, demanding the utmost caution if one would not join the great number of disabled cars that we continually passed. The road was well defined. We had power and to spare but common humanity to our engines forbid our letting her out. That particular stretch of rough going terminated in a steep descent into the town of Springerville, where we were perfectly willing to call it a day's work.

At this point the westward trails diverge, one going to Phoenix, by way of Fort Apache, the other to the Grand Canyon, via Flagstaff. Having traversed the Apache Trail before, we chose the latter route, and the following morning made an early start for the Petrified Forest. It was well we carried provisions and water; for upon our arrival we found no habitation of any sort in sight, nor was there a human being, bird, beast, not even a bug. The Little Woman and I were the only signs of life and the place was all our own. We gathered innumerable specimens, and compared them, filled our pockets, and then our hats—just like two children. We tried to conjure up the Forest in its Woodpecker days and left that wonderful locality with genuine regret.

Just before reaching Holbrook we struck a section of deep sand in the Puerco wash. Then we pushed out into a generous landscape and crossed several well-bridged gorges which appeared suddenly in our path and dropped out of sight behind us as if they had never been. Winslow proved a good stopping place for the night.

THE following morning we left the main road and followed a branch leading to the rim of what is locally called the Meteor Crater. Here we gazed into a depression, enormously deep and a full mile across, and tried to imagine how many seconds old Father Time counted over the earth before it recovered

The "ECONOMY" TRAVELLING SPRINKLER

AT LAST! - An Automatic Sprinkler which travels around the lawn. (see cut)

WITH 50 TO 60 LB. PRESSURE AND FED BY 1/2 INCH HOSE, WILL WATER A CIRCLE 75 FEET IN DIAMETER; WITH 3/4 INCH HOSE, 130 FEET IN DIAMETER.

The only Sprinkler in existence which will water an entire Golf Green without attention.



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WHITE TRUCKS PREDOMINATE *in this* Country TWO to ONE



THE truck users of this country purchase each year twice as many White Trucks as trucks of any other make. This predominance is not confined to a few localities or special lines of business. It is nation wide, among all classes of users, ranging from retail butchers to the great packers, from small municipalities to the United States Government, from local oil distributors to the chief refining companies, from small retail merchants to the big department stores. A significant feature of White Truck distribution is the high percentage of multiple and repeat purchases by concerns whose transportation experts know exactly what a given truck is worth.

STABILITY OF SERVICE AND PERMANENCE OF ORGANIZATION

Large output warrants a degree of service to White owners which no lesser distribution can support. It insures also a stability and permanence of organization on which owners can confidently rely as no inconsiderable asset in these days of elimination and consolidation in the motor industry. The purchase of a White Truck is an investment with high net earning power behind it and with *permanence*, both of truck value and of White Company service.

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B. Altman & Company	87	Mandel Brothers	17
Armour & Company	94	National Cashier Company	15
Associated Bell Telephone Companies	86	New York Board of Fire Underwriters	18
Atlantic Ice & Coal Corporation	15	Oppenheimer, Collins & Company	21
Atlantic Refining Company	91	Frank Parsons Company	18
City of Baltimore	15	City of Pittsburgh	15
Beigs & Bohl, Inc.	25	The Rosenbaum Company	34
City of Boston	23	Schulze Baking Company	21
City of Cleveland	19	W. & J. Stearns	19
Cleveland-Akron Bag Company	19	Standard Oil Company of California	25
Coca Cola Bottling Companies	40	Standard Oil Company of Indiana	126
Gimbel Brothers	38	Standard Oil Company of New York	127
Glacier Park Transportation Company	20	Standard Oil Company of Ohio	18
B. F. Goodrich Company	17	Stern Brothers	19
Gulf Refining Company	186	Supreme Baking Company	23
Joseph Horne Company	42	Union Oil Company of California	22
Kaufmann Brothers	44	United States Government Post Office Department	109
Kaufmann & Beer Company	48	Ward Baking Company	23
Los Angeles Brewing Company	15		

The Above 37 Owners Operate a Total of 1596 White Trucks

The WHITE COMPANY
CLEVELAND

More Than 25 Automobile Manufacturers

in Detroit use FEDERAL Motor Trucks in the every day hauling of their raw material, unfinished cars, etc.

Which is significant in that it places the stamp of approval of the mechanical experts of America on FEDERALs as economical, dependable, efficient performers.

For YOU also FEDERALs should be eminently successful business builders. They will open up new territory for you, widen your field of trade, enlarge your sphere of action and their operating and upkeep cost is extremely low.

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The splendid service given by FEDERAL trucks is backed by the service facilities which we, as FEDERAL distributors, are prepared to offer. In case of accident or any difficulty, we are equipped to render immediate service. We would also be glad to aid you in finding the best style truck to meet your requirements.

There are three FEDERAL models, 1½ ton, 2 ton, and 3½ ton, all equipped with the genuine Timken David Brown worm gear axle.

All models made in various wheelbases to suit your particular transportation needs.

We have on file booklets containing full FEDERAL data and specifications in the Italian, French, German and Spanish languages.

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Distributors of FEDERAL 1½, 2 and 3½ Ton Motor Trucks.



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SAN FRANCISCO

SAN DIEGO OAKLAND PASADENA LOS ANGELES

sufficiently from the impact to continue on its way. Six or seven miles further on we crossed a bridge over the deep and mysterious Canyon Diablo, shortly after which our road led into tall timber, which accompanied us all the way into Flagstaff. Leaving this point our way led off to the north through miles and miles of timber backed up by lofty mountains, and among these we wound until we reached a rustic hotel. A bit further on at Grand View Point the road led right out to the rim of the Grand Canyon, and we suddenly found ourselves in the presence of Personified Silence. There was no necessity for smelling, tasting or touching, nor was there anything to hear. Every faculty was fused into the sense of sight, and that particular one was having a perfect orgy.

Scarcely breathing, we wondered if it might not all vanish, should we even whisper, and it was a long time before we put it to the test. We crept away from the Great Presence, until the road led back into the timber, and a dozen miles further on we pulled up at El Tovar, where the hand of man has created a charming shelter.

Our days at the canyon passed as days have a habit of doing. There were mornings when I strode forth down the Bright Angel Trail and the Little Woman welcomed my remains in the late afternoon: days of tramps to the many points of interest all along the rim of the canyon, and days of just watching the shadows play their perfect parts in this most wonderful of all theatres.

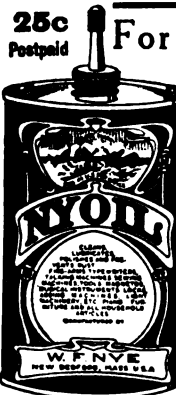
At Ash Fork the main line of the Santa Fe railroad was very much in evidence, first on one side of us and then on the other, and we continually found ourselves being paced by long vestibuled trains. It is well not to depend too much upon the names of some of the stations in this neighborhood. For instance, Peach Springs sounds like real possibilities but it turned out to consist of an Indian agent and good water. Late that afternoon the town of Kingman appeared before us. Here we found an atmosphere of suppressed excitement that sooner or later gets into one's very blood. The gold mining fever was abroad in the land and from all directions a stampede was converging toward Gold Roads and Oatman.

ACCORDINGLY the following morning we fairly flew out of Kingman over an excellent road. Everything that could turn a wheel was going our way, all loaded to the fenders. Across the great levels of the Sacramento valley we slipped along like beads on a string. Directly ahead towered Pilot Peak. Presently we slipped around its flanks and found ourselves climbing a long, stiff grade, all gear work to the summit, from which point there is a down grade hewn in the rocky mountain sides that makes the hair rise clear to the nape of one's neck. We emerged in Gold Roads, the streets swarming with men. The eccentric road led on, around and over all sorts of nature's obstructions and swung to the left into Oatman.

Here the streets were practically impassable, so filled they were with excited men. The place fairly pulsed with magnetism. The lust for gold was in the air and on all sides preparations were under

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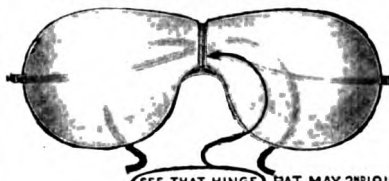


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May be procured from any optician, motor supply house or sporting goods dealer. If your dealer hasn't them, write us. Over 40,000 now in use.

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The Standard of Value and Quality

WHEREVER you find a Paige car, you will find a proud contented owner. And wherever you find Paige owners you will find people of good taste and unerring judgment—men and women who can readily afford the better things of life, but insist upon an adequate return for every dollar invested. After all is said and done, no amount of money can buy more than complete satisfaction.

The Paige "Six-46" accommodates seven full grown passengers in luxurious comfort. In beauty of line and design, it ranks with the finest cars produced by the European makers.

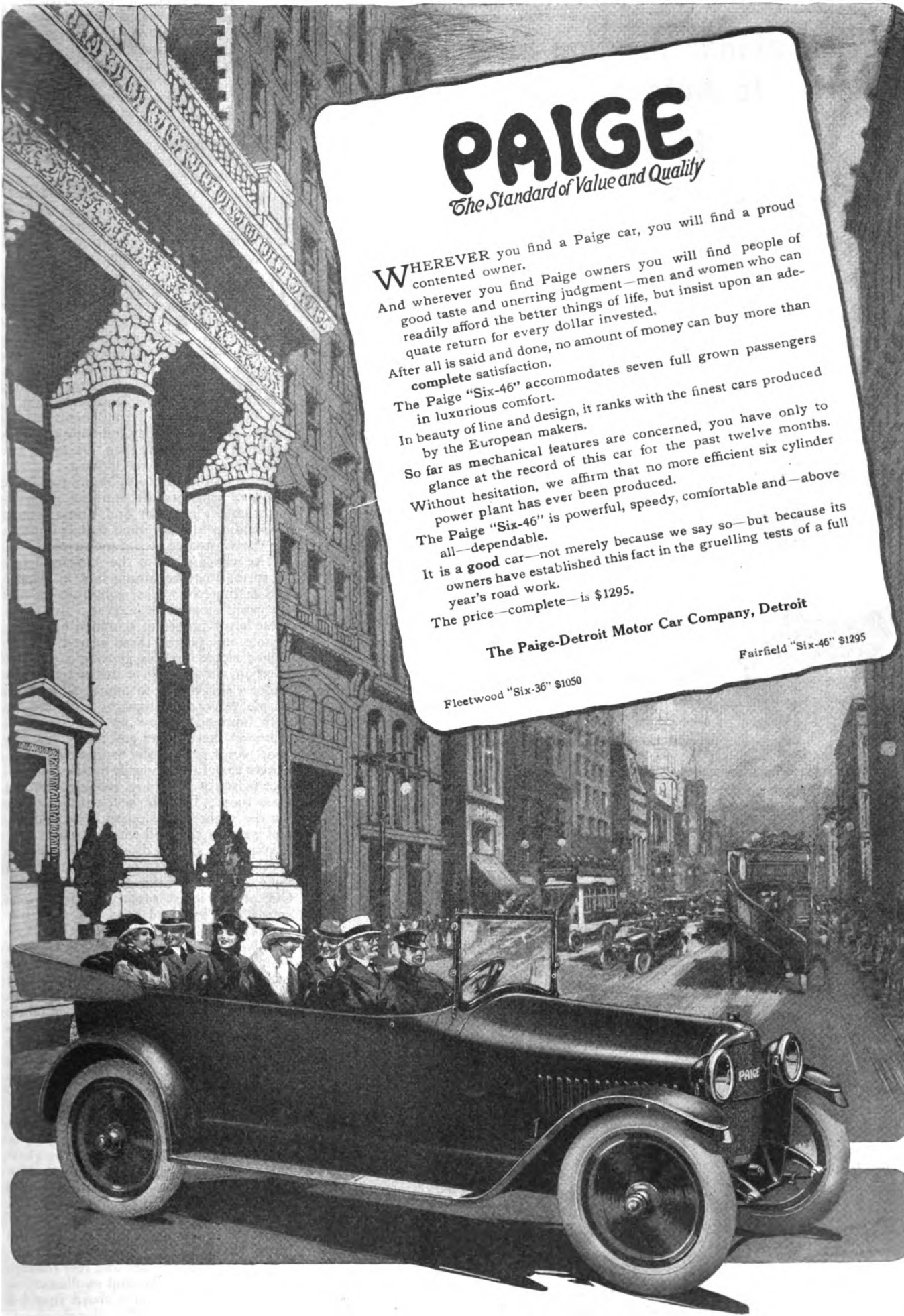
So far as mechanical features are concerned, you have only to glance at the record of this car for the past twelve months. Without hesitation, we affirm that no more efficient six cylinder power plant has ever been produced.

The Paige "Six-46" is powerful, speedy, comfortable and—above all—dependable. It is a good car—not merely because we say so—but because its owners have established this fact in the gruelling tests of a full year's road work. The price—complete—is \$1295.

The Paige-Detroit Motor Car Company, Detroit

Fleetwood "Six-36" \$1050

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What Standardization Means to Automobile Buyers

IT means VALUE—the utmost in efficiency per dollar of cost. Just to the extent that a car is standardized does the buyer's dollar approach the maximum of purchasing power.

Standardization means definite, proved quality, known manufacturing costs and reduced selling costs.

Of the million autos that will be sold in 1916, 75% will be standardized cars selling for less than \$1000.00 each. This remarkable American achievement is the result of standardizing motors, starters, carburetors, speedometers, ignition and lighting systems, transmissions, differentials, tires, wheels, axles, rims, bearings, etc.

Finally the upholstery has been standardized by the almost universal adoption of



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40% of all 1915 cars sold were upholstered in this proved, guaranteed material, and in 1916 the total will be nearly 60%.

Fabrikoid is the only standardized automobile upholstery. It wears better than coated splits (commonly sold as "genuine leather") and has the artistic appearance and luxurious comfort of the best leather.

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Raynite Fabrikoid top material, single or double texture, is guaranteed one year against leaking, but built to last the life of the car.

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way to take it from the stony earth. We shot out of the lower end of that town and headed for the Colorado river.

Now the conditions were all reversed. It was practically all down hill for us; every moving thing was headed toward Oatman, and this condition continued all the way to the bank of the river, where we presently found ourselves honking our requirements across the wide, swift stream to the ferryman.

From the west bank of the Colorado river across the desert to the snow-tipped wall of the San Bernardino range, through El Cajon pass into the orange belt of southern California the route is well marked and extensively traveled.

IF I were coming across the continent and had never before seen the desert in springtime, I would follow the Apache Trail from Springerville southwest through the San Carlos reservation where Geronimo died, via Fort Apache to Globe, the copper camp, thence over the splendid mountain road to the Roosevelt dam in the Tonto Basin and to Phoenix in the green Salt River valley, crossing the Colorado at Yuma with San Diego as the western terminus of the highway.

Between Phoenix and Yuma two large gangs of convicts are working industriously on the highway and Yuma county is spending half a million dollars improving the transcontinental motor road.

The wild-flowers in the Arizona desert in springtime, beginning late in March and lasting six weeks, constitute one of the world's incredible marvels. In August these burnt ranges of scorched cinnabar, sienna and ochre, these seared grayish yellow slopes are the glowing ash pit of creation, the slag pile of the satanic ovens under a sky which, at night, is like unto purple velvet, low hanging and studded with luminous yellow jewels. No grass grows on these slopes and hills. The hot June winds scatter the myriads of seeds. Where they fall they wait on the thin soil that is free of searching, twining, choking grass roots. Undisturbed, without rivals for the scant nourishment, the seeds lie and wait for the chill winter rains.

When the clouds disperse and the sun climbs again toward the zenith, the desert dons its bridal robe almost overnight. Out of the moist sand the wild-flowers spring in a hundred hues, lift their soft petals to the sun in such masses that no man who has not seen the transformation with his own eyes will believe in the reality of the miracle. It seems impossible that this desolate region of sand and rock and spiny, leafless plants should produce every spring more varieties of wild-flowers in far greater abundance than any other spot in the United States, yet this is a well authenticated fact. Even the golden poppy erroneously claimed by California as its very own may be found in greater profusion in southern Arizona than in the Golden State. Hundreds of square miles are speckled with the glowing orange cups so that a faint golden haze seems to have been spun even into the lilac shadows of the distant hills . . .

I admire the calm, impersonal peace of the desert in summer; I love its soft charm in the cloud-speckled sunshine of spring. It is worth going to see and feel through mud and soapy caliche and swollen creeks if there be within you a chord that will respond to the voice of the lonely places.

Roof of the World

Certain-teed Roofing

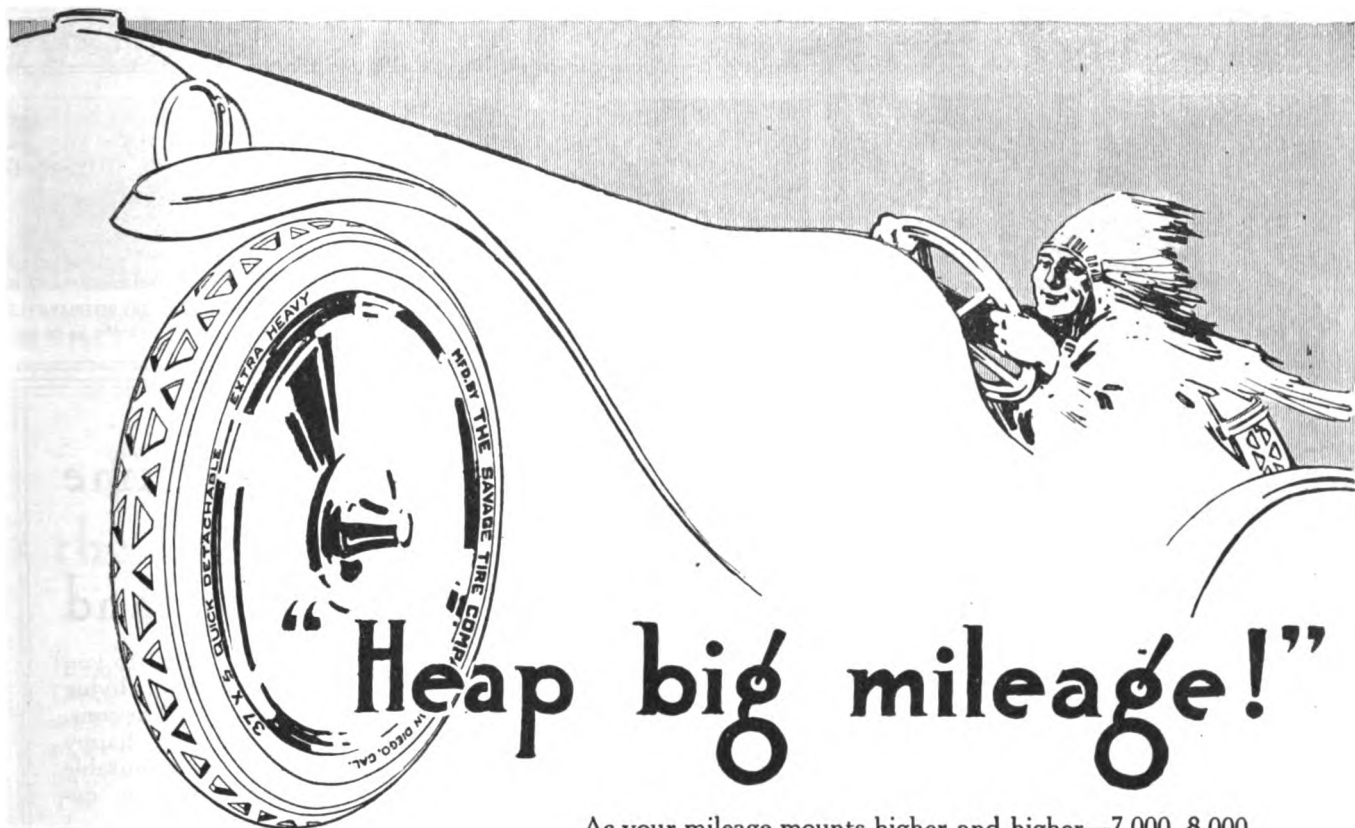
Every third roll of roofing used in the world is made by "The Roof of the World."

Our manufacturing facilities, our knowledge of how to blend materials and the use of the best materials have made **Certain-teed** the *Roof of the World*.

Manufactured in 1, 2 or 3 ply according to ply (1, 2 or 3)

Certain-teed Manufacturing Co.

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As your mileage mounts higher and higher—7,000, 8,000, 10,000 and even 20,000 miles in many cases—you will more fully appreciate our slogan, "No road too Savage for Savage Tires."

And Savage Tires cost less than most of the so-called standard makes. You buy them direct from factory through employed distributors. The middleman's usual profit is saved and we give it to you in higher quality—extra miles. Adjustments are made on the basis of 4,500 miles.

It is easy to obtain Savage Tires. You can buy them of Distributors near you or mail your order to our nearest sales branch. Either way, the price is the same.

Ask for the address of a Distributor near you and for our interesting Tire Book No. 137. It describes Savage Tires and Grafinite Tubes and explains our money-saving sales plan.

SAVAGE TIRES

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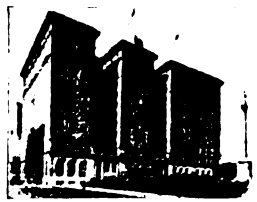
THE MISSION INN, RIVERSIDE
In the center of the orange country



HOTEL DEL MONTE, DEL MONTE
On the beautiful Bay of Monterey



ALPINE TAVERN, MT. LOWE
Overlooking beautiful San Gabriel Valley



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The cosmopolitan metropolis of the Pacific



HOTEL and BUNGALOWS, BEVERLY HILLS
Midway between Los Angeles and the Sea



Springtime in Poppyland

Doesn't it appeal to you — this land of living color, with its Missions, its throngs of happy children, its hospitable hotels, its outdoor delights?

California in March means the triumphant conquest of Spring — sunny beaches, green hills, trees and flowers in full bloom, great masses of golden poppies, with their irresistible invitation to the fields and the woods.

Here one may speed over superb automobile roads — the most wonderful highway system in America — or play golf, or tennis, or polo; or one may fish or swim or indulge any whim for pastime.

Always there is the glad hand and the open heart. Always there is comfort and good cheer. Do you love sunshine, flowers, warmth, outdoor delights? Here every moment can be turned into golden memories.

At San Diego the beautiful Panama - California Exposition is in full swing for another year, affording an opportunity to those belated Americans who missed the 1915 Expositions to see something of them now.



HOTEL OAKLAND, OAKLAND
Near the shores of attractive Lake Merritt



U. S. GRANT HOTEL, SAN DIEGO
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HOTEL ALEXANDRIA, LOS ANGELES
The center of Southern California



PASO ROBLES HOT SPRINGS
Midway between Los Angeles and San Francisco



HOTEL DEL CORONADO, CORONADO
Just across the bay from San Diego

Follow the Padres' Path

In no other section of the United States have the wants of the tourist been more carefully anticipated than in California. The resorts and hotels pictured on these pages have helped to make California famous. They are as fine as any in the world and are noted for that hospitality which has characterized California hotels since the original hostelries, the Missions themselves. These hotels and resorts and their managers are known to and fully endorsed by Sunset Magazine.

If you or your friends are interested, we would like to help you obtain full information about them. Our Service Bureau is thoroughly equipped to furnish literature and information about anything pertaining to the country west of the Rockies, make up itineraries, etc. If you are planning a trip to the Pacific Coast you should have literature describing these famous hostelries and arrange to make your journey through wonderful California comfortable and complete. Just address any of the hotels included in these pages, or Sunset Magazine, San Francisco, California.



THE GIRL

Winsome Edna Mayo, the popular Essanay star, as she appears in *The Strange Case of Mary Page*.

THE GOWN

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THE LADIES' WORLD

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Dusting the Yellow Throne

(Continued from page 27)

BUT the important fact is that the republican form of government was an incident of the period of change and neither the cause nor the result. The revolt against the Manchus and the many movements for reform would have come if the republican idea had never been heard of. Of the 400 million residents of China, probably ten per cent really knew what was going on. These embrace the litterati and the gentry, that is, scholars and landowners. Of these classes a small number of the southerners favored the republican idea. That they were ardently in favor of it there can be no doubt. I attended the first republican convention ever held in China. One of the orators was a young student who spoke at length of the wonderful things his country would accomplish under republican rule. He mentioned Washington, Jefferson and Lincoln. At the end of his address he seized a knife, cut off the end of his little finger and with the blood which flowed from the wound wrote on the wall the Chinese character for Republic. All semblance of Oriental reserve vanished in the applause which followed. He was one of thousands.

But there were many others who did not believe that a republic was anything to cut one's finger about. They accepted it because they were willing to accept anything to rid themselves of the Manchus and the republic was the only thing offered. Then there remained the submerged nine-tenths, peasants and laborers, men to whom the difference between a republic and a monarchy is like the difference between the shoulder of a snake and the hip of an eel. To them the dramatic and remarkable events of the past few years have simply meant that the Manchu Emperor has been dethroned and that Yuan has taken his place. It is safe to assume that the change is quite satisfactory to them, except in so far as their dissatisfaction has been or will be stimulated by offers of strings of sound brass cash to carry a rebel rifle. The indifference of the mass of Chinese people to the form of government under which they live may be explained in part by mental lethargy and ignorance, but it is also due in part to the fact that the Chinese are the least governed of all people. Except for the payment of taxes, the average Chinese might live a lifetime without ever coming in contact with any law or regulation except those approved and enforced by his own clan. It is quite natural that he should be indifferent to a government which has had nothing to do with him and with which he has had nothing to do. With nine-tenths of China indifferent, it is absurdly wrong to assume that all China rejoiced at the establishment of the republic or that all China is shaken by its downfall.

THE establishment of the republic brought the progressive south and the conservative north into harmony. The south, led by Canton, wanted a republic. To this the north assented,

insisting only that Yuan be president. There were several love feasts and formal funerals of old grudges and the Cantonese took prominent places in the councils of Yuan. The Cantonese, from whom all the Chinese population of America is drawn, are the Irish of China, nimble-witted, plausible, turbulent and rebellious. They have always been jealous of the power of Peking, which is distant a thousand miles, and have always been in a state of potential if not actual revolt. The provincial spirit found in all parts of China is accentuated and magnified in Canton, for the Cantonese have more than their share of sectional conceit. At the beginning of Yuan's rule the Cantonese were working in apparent harmony with Peking. They had wanted a republican form of government and now they had it, with a big representation in the newly formed parliament. The rest of China sat back to see what the Cantonese would do with this new form of government.

The new parliament had barely been organized when the rebellious spirit of the Cantonese broke out in movements against President Yuan. In a short time a clandestine fight became an open one and the chief opponents of the first republican administration of China were the republicans themselves, while the supporters of the Chief Magistrate were the conservative northerners who in their hearts wanted a return to the monarchy. Yuan countered Cantonese opposition by dissolving parliament and thereafter, step by step, with the precision and smoothness of a well rehearsed drama, events have followed the net results of which have been to concentrate all power in the hands of the president. Control of the provincial military forces was taken away from the provincial governors and again centered in Peking. When Yuan disbanded the troops which had been raised for the republican revolution, the southern troops were first paid off and disarmed, while the northern forces on whose loyalty Yuan could rely have been kept up to full strength. Naturally the breach between Yuan and the republicans widened until Huang Hsing, and Sun Yat Sen and other republican leaders who had been given their choice of positions under the Yuan government, disavowed their allegiance to his administration and started a revolution. Since that time the republicans have been openly hostile to his administration and those who have remained loyal have constantly urged a return to the monarchical form of government.

Because so many people assumed that the republic was the cause of progress in China, there is a natural tendency to believe that a reversion to a monarchy means an abandonment of progress. It cannot be too strongly emphasized that the sound progressive movement of China, a movement which has been under way for more than a quarter of a century, was independent of the republican idea. In the history of China it will be set down as the incident of a moment, a new manifestation of the many freak and chaotic governments under which China has lived during the interregnums which separated old from new dynasties. From the Chinese point of view it has served its purpose and served it well. It enabled China, during the interregnum, to secure the recognition of foreign governments and



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By C. G. PERCIVAL, M. D.

DO you know that over three hundred thousand Americans are at the present time seeking freedom from small, as well as serious ailments, by the practice of Internal Bathing?

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There are the best of logical reasons for this practice and these opinions, and these reasons will be very interesting to everyone.

In the first place, every physician realizes and agrees that ninety-five per cent of human illness is caused directly or indirectly by accumulated waste in the colon; this is bound to accumulate, because we of to-day neither eat the kind of food nor take the amount of exercise which Nature demands in order that she may thoroughly eliminate the waste unaided—

That's the reason when you are ill the physician always gives you something to remove this accumulation of waste before commencing to treat your specific trouble.

It's ten to one that no specific trouble would have developed if there were no accumulation of waste in the colon—

And that's the reason that the famous Professor Metchnikoff, one of the world's greatest scientists, has boldly and specifically stated that if our colons were taken away in infancy, the length of our lives would be increased to probably one hundred and fifty years.

You see, this waste is extremely poisonous, and as the blood flows through the walls of the colon it absorbs the poisons and carries them through the circulation—that's what causes Auto-Intoxication, with all its perniciously enervating and weakening results. These pull down our powers of resistance and render us subject to almost any serious complaint which may be prevalent at the time. And the worst feature of it is that there are few of us who really know when we are Auto-Intoxicated.

But you never can be Auto-Intoxicated if you periodically use the proper kind of an Internal Bath—that is sure.

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The following enlightening news article is quoted from the *New York Times*:

"What may lead to a remarkable advance in the operative treatment of certain forms of tuberculosis is said to have been achieved at Guy's Hospital. Briefly, the operation of the removal of the lower intestine has been applied to cases of tuberculosis, and the results are said to be in every way satisfactory.

"The principle of the treatment is the removal of the cause of the disease. Recent researches of Metchnikoff and others have led doctors to suppose that many conditions of chronic ill-health, such as nervous debility, rheumatism, and other disorders, are due to poisoning set up by unhealthy conditions in the large intestine, and it has even been sug-

gested that the lowering of the vitality resulting from such poisoning is favorable to the development of cancer and tuberculosis.

"At Guy's Hospital Sir William Arbuthnot Lane decided on the heroic plan of removing the diseased organ. A child who appeared in the final stage of what was believed to be an incurable form of tubercular joint disease, was operated on. The lower intestine, with the exception of nine inches, was removed, and the portion left was joined to the smaller intestine.

"The result was astonishing. In a week's time the internal organs resumed all their normal functions, and in a few weeks the patient was apparently in perfect health."

You undoubtedly know, from your own personal experience, how dull and unfit to work or think properly, biliousness and many other apparently simple troubles make you feel. And you probably know, too, that these irregularities, all directly traceable to accumulated waste, make you really sick if permitted to continue.

You also probably know that the old-fashioned method of drugging for these complaints, is at best only partially effective; the doses must be increased if continued, and finally they cease to be effective at all.

It is true that more drugs are probably used for this than all other human ills combined, which simply goes to prove how universal the trouble caused by accumulated waste really is—but there is not a doubt that drugs are being dropped as Internal Bathing is becoming better known—

For it is not possible to conceive, until you have had the experience yourself, what a wonderful bracer an Internal Bath really is; taken at night, you awake in the morning with a feeling of lightness and buoyancy that cannot be described—you are absolutely clean, everything is working in perfect accord, your appetite is better, your brain is clearer, and you feel full of vim and confidence for the day's duties.

There is nothing new about Internal Baths except the way of administering them. Some years ago Dr. Chas. A. Tyrrell, of New York, was so miraculously benefited by faithfully using the method then in vogue, that he made Internal Baths his special study and improved materially in administering the Bath and in getting the result desired.

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Dr. Tyrrell, in his practice and researches, discovered many unique and interesting facts in connection with this subject; these he has collected in a little book, "The What, the Why, the Way of Internal Bathing," which will be sent free on request if you address Chas. A. Tyrrell, M.D., 134 West 65th Street, New York City, and mention having read this in *SUNSET*.

This book tells us facts that we never knew about ourselves before, and there is no doubt that every one who has an interest in his or her own physical well-being, or that of the family, will be very greatly instructed and enlightened by reading this carefully prepared and scientifically correct little book.

to float several foreign loans. It maintained peace and repaired the ravages of the revolution. But it did not fit the foot. It made the administration of the country the tool of clan and provincial rivalries and jealousies, opening up vast opportunities for intrigue and rebellion. The Son of Heaven was above provincial prejudices, while an elective president could not be. Early developments showed that the Cantonese republicans would be content with nothing less than Cantonese rule of China and though this might have been wise, for the Cantonese are the most progressive of their countrymen, other parts of China would look on it with as much disfavor as they would on alien rule.

The revolution accomplished many permanent things which will live in the future, no matter what the fate of the government may be. The changes are not dramatic ones. Those who look for a remaking of China as sudden as that of Japan will look in vain. That slavish obedience to their superiors, that docility of mind which is peculiarly Japanese and which made the modernization of Japan possible, is not found in China. The Chinese will agree to no reforms or changes of which they do not personally approve. They cannot, through one revolution, or a dozen, be brought to the political mourners' bench and sent away with a complete change of heart. But the Chinese have changed politically. The old provincial spirit has partially given away to a new spirit of nationalism. That this spirit is pitifully weak need not dishearten anyone who reflects that five years ago it did not exist at all. Of course provincial prejudices have not been forgotten. The Hupeh men will continue to jibe their Honan neighbors about their aversion to baths. The residents of Kiangsi, from the superior heights of Shanghai culture, will continue to call the men of Chekiang "iron headed," iron in this case being the Chinese equivalent for bone. But at the same time there is a sense of national unity which was brought into being by the revolution and strengthened later by Japanese aggressions. The dragon flag of the monarchy was a Manchu flag, but the gaudy striped flag which replaced it is, as the five bars indicate, a flag of five peoples of China. The Chang, Ching or Wong of a few years ago took little interest in what was happening in Peking. Today they are interested and the native papers are full of discussions of political matters. Perhaps the interest of the Chinese Tom, Dick and Harry is not always an intelligent interest, but the old attitude was hopeless and the present one is full of promise.

THE revolution cleared away one of the greatest obstacles to reform by making possible complete changes in administration. Every office under the Manchus was encumbered by dozens, if not hundreds, of official parasites who held their places through nepotism, heredity or clan or provincial influence. Few governments were ever so hampered by the dead weight of useless employees, all of whom fought reform measures as the only means of saving their official necks. This was not particularly the fault of the Manchus. It was the natural result of China's loose system of government and the three centuries' tenure of

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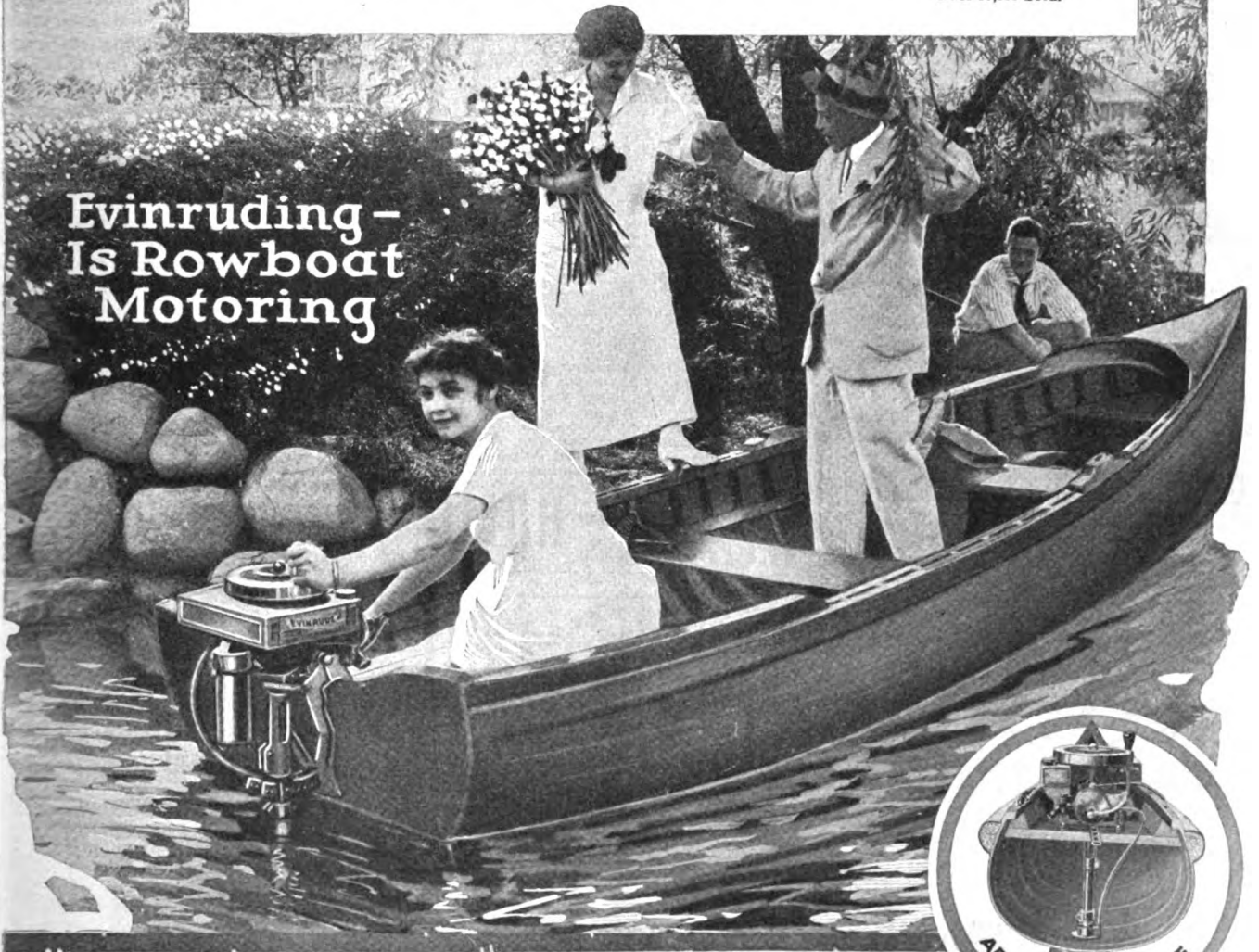
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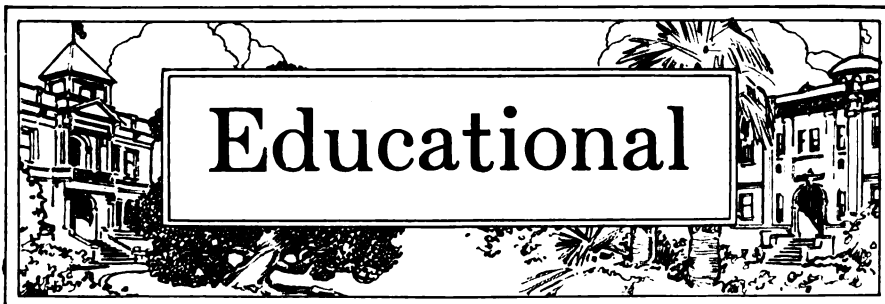
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power by a single clan. These encumbrances the revolution swept away, vastly simplifying reforms in administration. In spite of the turbulence in China of the past four years, the remittance of taxes to Peking has increased for the very simple reason that there are fewer provincial and local officials through whose sticky fingers the stream of tribute flows.

The revolution at once opened opportunities for all the reformers of China who had previously kept silent either through the hopelessness of urging reforms on the court of Peking or through caution inspired by the frequency with which reformers in the past had lost their heads. Nanking had not fallen into the hands of the republicans before there was a well organized band of suffragettes in Shanghai and the feminists of Kwangtung province actually secured the vote and elected several of their sex to the provincial assembly. It may be remarked that this denotes greater progress than has been made in Japan, where it is against the law for any woman to attend a political meeting. Socialists, anarchists, single taxers and many other reformers and faddists sprang into existence and have since continued their propaganda. If they have accomplished nothing more they have at least helped in that great and necessary task of arousing the Chinese mind to think of political problems.

In a more practical way, many reforms have been accomplished. The old turbaned soldiers with muzzle-loading rifles, cotton-padded trousers and felt-soled shoes have disappeared, along with the old-fashioned mandarin. The Chinese army is not yet perfect. It is commonly said to be equipped with a half dozen kinds of rifles. But before the revolution it had a dozen kinds. The old-fashioned mandarin may be found in places, for there are not enough of the new kind to go around. The new ones have been educated in Europe and America and many of them have the ardor of those of the Young China party without their dangerously radical ideas. When I was last in Canton I found a Chinese school-mate in charge of the prisons of the city, running them as nearly as possible on the American plan. The vileness of Chinese prisons is notorious but no prison in America is any cleaner than this one in Canton. The beggars of Canton had been turned into street sweepers and though the odors still offended Occidental nostrils it was no longer the foul Canton

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which has figured in a thousand travelers' tales. In Hangchow last winter I found that even in that city of iron-headed men the movement for progress was a strong one. A large part of the city had been completely cleared of buildings and laid out in new well-paved streets, as wide and as well kept as any to be found in an American city. Changsha, which fifteen years ago had its gates closed resolutely to the foreigner and all his works, now has an American telephone system. In every part of China there has been a new interest displayed in public works, formerly looked on as purely the business of the magistrate, now beginning to be understood as proper objects of community activity. To the foreigner streets are still foul, but not so foul as formerly. There is the same need for roads, but now it is recognized as a need. All opposition to the building of railways has disappeared and provinces which a few years ago memorialized the throne against the building of railways now send petitions asking for them. Foreign schools which were formerly built in spite of the opposition of the Chinese are now going up with the aid of liberal Chinese contributions. The revolution made possible a free expression of the reform movement which had hitherto been curbed by reactionary officials of the old school.

THOSE who look on Yuan's occupancy of the throne as the sign of a reversion to the old and hopeless state forget that Yuan, even as an official under the Manchus, gained great fame as a reformer. He was the first Chinese official to engage foreign instructors for the army and the first to establish a modern system of Chinese schools. When he was Viceroy of Chihli province he outdid the Cantonese in the adoption of foreign ideas and in movements for reform which continued until his dismissal from office. Though he has always shown a strong dislike for the radical reformers of the Sun Yat Sen and Huang Hsing type, he has always surrounded himself with men who had had foreign training and today shows a strong predilection for students who have been educated in America. In one of his cabinets a majority of the ministers and vice-ministers were graduates of Yale, and in all of them American students have been well represented.

China's problems are many and difficult. There would be little hope of their successful solution so long as the administration of Peking remained a prize to be struggled for by more or less jealous provinces. The work of reform requires the undivided attention of a strong man such as Yuan Shih-Kai has proven himself in every emergency. Surely he can accomplish more as emperor than would have been possible as president.

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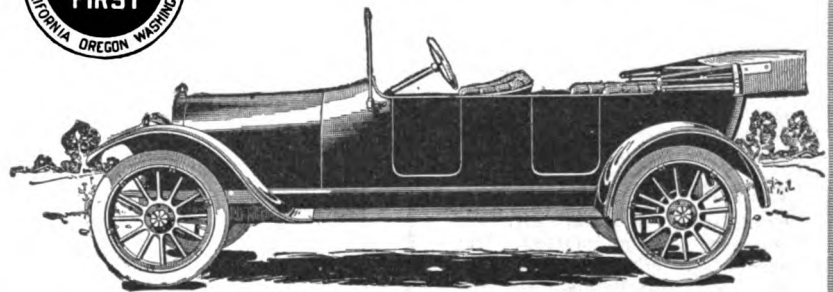
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The Sunset Country

Here follow timely and interesting facts concerning the great Pacific Slope, the country served by Sunset Magazine. ■ Sunset Magazine Service Bureau, conducted in conjunction with this department, supplies disinterested information concerning the West, its lands and industries. The purpose is to guide and advise the stranger, whether tourist or homeseeker. Its organization covers the entire West and the services are free. Questions and answers of general interest, illustrative of the general service of the Bureau, will be found below. ■ The announcements of hotels, railroads, steamship lines, resorts, communities and colonization companies appearing in these columns have been investigated by Sunset Magazine and are reliable and trustworthy.

Sunset Magazine Service Bureau

Conducted under the supervision of Walter V. Woehlke

The following general questions and answers are typical of the service supplied by the Bureau. Stamps should be enclosed in letters of inquiry and full name and address plainly written. Address all communications to Sunset Magazine Service Bureau, 460 Fourth Street, San Francisco

The Colville Indian Reservation

Q. I understand the Government is going to open up an Indian Reservation in the state of Washington some time this year, and I would like to find out when it will open up and also what part of the state the reservation is located in. Also what are the requirements for homesteading on reservations? If you cannot give me the desired information please write me where I can get full details.—G. G. J., GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

A. The Indian Reservation referred to is probably the Colville Indian Reservation in northeastern Washington. There have been rumors for the last seven years that this reservation was to be thrown open to settlers, but the last inquiry to the Department of the Interior elicited the reply that the conditions of the opening had not yet been settled upon. If you will keep in touch with the Bureau of Indian Affairs, Department of the Interior, Washington, D. C., you will receive formal notice of the time of the opening. However, there will be no homesteading on this reservation. The land will be sold at prices fixed by the Department of the Interior, and if there is a drawing it will be to determine which one of the applicants shall have first choice among the parcels offered for sale.

Citrus Land Values

Q. I should very much appreciate the following information: I own a seven-acre orange grove in the old Sunny Slope Estate, San Gabriel Boulevard, Cal. This is an old grove needing constant attention. I intend the purchase of additional property in California suitable for diversified truck and bush-fruit farming in connection with bee culture. While I believe that land in the Santa Clara or San Joaquin valleys would be cheaper and more suitable for this purpose, I have to settle down in the San Gabriel valley to live near my above grove. What is the present cash valuation in this valley for 10 to 15 acres of first-class land for above farming purposes, including water rights; land cleared, graded and ready for cultivation; raw land? Such land to be within a radius of fifty miles from Los Angeles. In 1913 land values were inflated around Los Angeles, but I hear they are now on a more reasonable basis. A detailed answer to my above questions and literature

about the San Gabriel valley would be highly appreciated.—W. E. M., Prisoner of War, ISLE OF MAN, ENGLAND.

A. Land of the character that you describe in the San Gabriel valley has not depreciated in value very extensively since 1913. As a property owner in this district you know that values are based largely upon the productive capacity of the land when planted to citrus fruits, and in consequence values have become very high. You probably also know that the big freeze of 1913 delimited the acreage upon which citrus culture is profitable, and that a good deal of land in oranges which has been subjected to frequent frosts is now planted to deciduous fruits. But there has been no general and deep cut in land values. In the San Gabriel valley proper you could not buy an acre of land, cleared, graded and ready for cultivation, with a water right sufficiently large to enable you to do truck farming, for less than \$350. Raw land, most of which has been in grain, usually has no water right and, though ground of this character can be bought for about \$125 to \$200 per acre, the necessity of supplying water will raise the price appreciably.

When you leave the San Gabriel valley proper and go further, but keep within a radius of fifty miles of Los Angeles on the electric line, you can buy unimproved land without water at prices ranging from \$60 to \$100 per acre, but the purchase of this character of land is more or less of a speculation as you are not certain whether you will obtain sufficient water for irrigation. Raw land, with a water right attached, or land upon which underground water can be developed at a reasonable depth, is held at prices ranging from \$200 and up. As you want to make beekeeping part of your operations, the land should be located near the sagebrush section of the foothills, and as a rule water is hardest to get in those locations.

In the San Fernando valley, northeast of Los Angeles where the city is disposing of the surplus aqueduct water, land prices, including a water right, range from \$250 an acre upward. By careful combing of the district you will probably be able to buy raw land, upon which water can be developed, in the localities you mention, at about \$150 per acre and it will probably cost you an additional \$60 to \$100 per acre to develop the water and get the land ready for cultivation.



Ten Acre Almond or Peach Orchards

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Hotel and Land Openings

Q. In reading the last SUNSET MAGAZINE, I saw an inquiry in your columns concerning opportunities for the location of a hotel. I wish you would keep in mind that our Government town on the Minidoka Project is badly in need of a first-class hotel and offers an excellent location for one. The Government is prepared to furnish electricity for lighting, heating and cooking. The town is growing very fast and is in the center of an area of 60,000 acres of well cultivated land. I believe the citizens of the town would take stock in the enterprise and give it financial assistance if it were backed by a responsible and experienced hotel man.—J. C. BLANCHARD, RECLAMATION SERVICE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

A. The Service Bureau will gladly forward inquiries concerning this opening for a hotel. The Service Bureau also will give information concerning the opening of land to settlement on the North Platte Project in western Nebraska and on the Boise Project in Idaho. The land to be opened on the Boise Project is owned by the state of Idaho and will be sold on easy terms.

The Alamogordo Country, N. M.

Q. I am somewhat interested in Otero county, New Mexico, particularly around the town of Alamogordo. I would like some information concerning the land there that can be homesteaded, and also about the water in that section as to whether it contains alkali or is drinkable. Also the general price paid for uncultivated lands and what kind of crops are grown there.—J. C. P., NOGALES, ARIZONA.

A. There is a considerable amount of public land in the vicinity of Alamogordo still available for homestead entry, although the more desirable sections have been taken up. Desirable patented land can be secured at prices ranging from six or seven up to thirty or forty dollars an acre, depending upon the improvements, location, etc.

There is alkaline water in the valley surrounding Alamogordo. There is also plenty of good pure water which is excellent for drinking and contains no injurious or displeasing elements. The drinking water which is supplied the town is brought from the mountains by pipe lines at a cost to the consumer of 25 cents per thousand gallons. Water depths vary from twenty to fifty feet in the shallow-water belt. It is customary to drive a well to the second or third stratum. The water rises to the level of the first and is pumped from that depth.

Crops grown around Alamogordo consist principally of alfalfa, different varieties of cane and maize, oats, fruits of all kinds and garden truck.

Since irrigation is necessary and water can be obtained only by pumping, the prospective settler should make sure that his capital is sufficient to drill a well, instal a pumping plant and bring at least forty acres into cultivation before returns come in.

Logged-Off Lands Again

Q. What do you think of the chances of success for a small farmer on the logged-off lands of west-central Oregon?



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Besides this physical development, the Fontana Land Company has worked out the problems of making it easy for a thrifty man to own an orange grove.

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Sells a planted grove for a small payment down, gives long time on the balance and as the grove grows, the Fontana Land Company gives the little trees expert, careful attention. The buyer pays the moderate cost of care. The grove grows while he continues at his position or business and saves to pay for it.

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PRICES AND TERMS

Good young orange, lemon or grapefruit groves, or assortments, planted in 1913, 1914, 1915, 1912 or 1911, are priced at from \$550 to \$850 an acre.

This price includes the land, trees, gravity water rights, and a concrete irrigation system with a hydrant at the head of each row of trees.

REGULAR TERMS—Two-fifths cash, balance in 2, 3 and 4 years. Interest six per cent.

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The FONTANA LAND COMPANY owns the land, water rights, young groves, nursery stock, etc., and deals direct with buyers. The offices of this company are in Fontana. The officers and management of the company are neighbors of the people who have bought land and settled here.

References: Sunset Magazine; First National Bank of Los Angeles; Los Angeles Trust & Savings Bank; San Bernardino National Bank; First National Bank of Rialto. We have hundreds of satisfied buyers all over the United States.

You may safely write us, frankly telling what capital you have, and what you want to do with it, and we will write you equally frankly and tell you what FONTANA can do for you.

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Fontana Land Company
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Travel via
**SOUTHERN
PACIFIC**

They say that this land can be bought for from \$6 to \$10 per acre, and that it is very fertile and the climate is mild and equable.—R. J. P., SCOTTO BLUFF, NEB.

A. We do not believe that logged-off land which is offered for from \$6 to \$10 per acre is worth while purchasing. Cut-over land offered at this price usually is located far from transportation and towns, and as a rule it consists of steep hillsides and rocky slopes. We doubt whether you could buy fairly level logged-off land with good soil, reasonably close to schools and railroads, for less than \$25 per acre. You must remember that land of this character is covered with stumps and second growth which must be cleared away before cultivation is possible, and this clearing costs from \$50 to \$150 per acre. Logged-off land, like any other land in the West, varies greatly in the character of the soil, in its contour, and in the crops to which it is adapted.

Throughout the Willamette, the Umpqua and the Rogue River valleys, in Oregon, there are thousands of acres of cut-over land which will repay clearing and will become very productive. But the task of clearing this land is hard and often quite expensive, so that no man should undertake the job unless he is willing to work very hard and very long, or else has capital sufficient to have at least fifteen or twenty acres cleared by contract. The climate throughout western Oregon is mild, the winters are rainy and the growing season is very long.

A Double Receivership

Q. Some months ago I read an article in your magazine in regard to the investigation of the Canadian Home Investment Company of Vancouver, B. C. As there is a company operating here I believe somewhat on the same order I should like to have a copy of the number containing your investigation.—F. R. C., CANNON FALLS, MINN.

A. Our Canadian representative writes as follows concerning the Canadian Home Investment Company:

"This company is in liquidation and, from what I can gather, it is another hopeless case. As you are probably aware, the Dominion Trust Company was appointed receiver at first. The cash assets of about \$50,000 disappeared while in its hands, the Dominion Trust itself now being in liquidation with liabilities of \$3,000,000 and assets of \$300,000 or \$400,000, so there would not seem to be much show for a recovery of the \$50,000. A letter addressed to J. T. Griffin, Receiver Canadian Home Investment Company, Vancouver, B. C., would no doubt bring full details to a shareholder of the concern, although it is very difficult for an outsider to obtain anything definite regarding the affairs of the company."

We hope this will give you the desired information. Under separate cover we have sent you a copy of the November, 1914, issue of SUNSET for which you remitted.

Concerning the Umpqua Valley

Q. Is any considerable part of the logged-off land in the Umpqua valley, Oregon, suitable for prune or apple orchards after it is properly cleared and planted? Could or can it be purchased in small tracts,



TO THOSE WHO COME, equipped with health, a determination to "make good" and sufficient capital for fair investment, Western Oregon offers many, many golden opportunities.

There is room for farming, stock raising, poultry, dairying, fruit raising, hop growing and many other fields of endeavor.

The settler of today will find many agencies to assist him. The experimental work has been done. The experience of others is available.

The Oregon Agricultural College, one of the best equipped institutions of its kind in the west, will furnish, free, expert information regarding soil, crops, fruit, livestock, etc. The markets are being better organized. Transportation facilities are excellent and are being improved. Oregon ranks among the most progressive commonwealths in the matter of education.

If you are interested let us send you our book, Oregon for the Settler, with more detailed information.

Southern Pacific

JOHN M. SCOTT,
General Passenger Agent

PORTLAND

OREGON

and on terms, say 20 or 40 acres? Do the lumber mills there encourage the operatives to start orchard homes and small farms?—A. C. L., WELLS, NEV.

A. The following data come to us from Roseburg in reply to your questions concerning logged-off land in the Umpqua valley:

"I doubt whether there is a large amount of logged-off land in Douglas county. It is all situated near Drain, Comstock, Glendale and perhaps a little near Myrtle Creek. The land, in common with most of our timber land, is rough and rather steep, and I believe that while most of it would produce good fruit when cleared, where the elevation is not too high, entailing heavy frosts, it would hardly be advisable for commercial orchards. For a small family orchard it would answer satisfactorily. I hardly think there is much coöperation between mill owners and employees along horticultural lines. The Leona Mills Lumber Company and the Page Investment Company have some of these lands. They are for sale, and I suggest that your correspondent take the matter up with these firms, both being of Roseburg. They are owners and millmen, not real estate men."

The Animas Valley, New Mexico

Q. I am desirous of homesteading a claim, also wish to buy state land, and have been told that it can be done in Animas valley, Grant county, New Mexico. Will you kindly give me all the information you have of this valley, climate, soil and crops? Is it possible to grow crops without irrigation and is grazing plentiful?—M. R., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

A. Some very successful crops are grown without irrigation in that part of the Animas valley which is subject to periodic overflows. Most of the farming so far attempted is confined to that portion. That district is from a mile to about three miles in width and in the neighborhood of fifteen miles in length. The underground water in that district stands from about ten to thirty feet from the surface and some water is being pumped for irrigation purposes. There is land in the valley subject to homestead entry, but none in this shallow water or flood belt. There are some deeded farms for sale but we are unable to give the prices at which they are held. Animas valley enjoys a growing season of 200 days or more. The average annual precipitation is around twelve inches and the elevation is a little over 4000 feet. The soil in those parts of the valley in which farming is being carried on is of very good types. It is practically free from alkali and ranges in texture from quite heavy clay silt to sands and gravel.

If you would have first-hand information from residents of the valley write to Mr. R. S. Trumbull, Agricultural Agent of the El Paso and Southwestern System, El Paso, Texas, who will gladly supply names of reliable farmers residing in the valley from whom you will be able to obtain data concerning local conditions by correspondence. This should be only preliminary, as we do not advise the purchase of land unless the buyer is personally familiar with the new surroundings.

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- Fowler Chamber of Commerce.....Fowler
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European Plan \$1.50 a day upward
Breakfast 50c Luncheon 50c Dinner \$1.00
Most famous meals in United States

The Price of Stupidity

(Continued from page 21)

patrol can shoot at us for trying to leave the country and the Mexicans can pot for trying to get in. And if a bullet happens to hit this car— Say, my partner won't ever forgive me for this job, and wouldn't if I was him."

Zarza laughed quietly. "Silence— speed," he said. "The nearer daylight is when you get across, the more danger and the smaller chance of getting back. We all expect to leave you on the outside of the river," he added. "You dodge your gringo soldiers to suit yourself after that."

Silence, except for the purr of the engine and the noises incidental to occasional bumps over bad places in the road, fell upon the car and its occupants. The chauffeur obviously had in mind the importance of getting both into and out of Mexico before sunup. The car raged along. Amos P. Blossom, when needed, certainly knew how to get speed.

Along a road that was interminably bordered by mesquite and pear cactus the car dashed, barely slowing down for occasional villages and small towns that all looked more or less alike. The swiftness of the vehicle and lateness of the hour lulled the passengers. By turns they dozed fitfully.

The moon set, clouds overspread the sky, the stars went out, landmarks disappeared. The automobile rushed through the tunnel made by its search lights.

At a certain parting of the ways Amos P. Blossom turned to the left. Nobody but he aboard his car knew it, but it was the right-hand highway that led to Laredo. This new road bore steadily more and more to the left, as well as might, seeing it merely circled the boundaries of a many-acred ranch and came out, after fifteen minutes or so, upon the main, broad highway again.

Mexican revolutionists have never felt it necessary to carry compasses with which to check up Yankee chauffeurs. And had there been moon, or even stars, the conspirators must have realized that they were now heading not south but almost due north.

Strictly attentive to business was Amos Blossom. His companions noted with drowsy approval that they no longer needed to urge him to greater speed.

Three hours and more had passed. The glow of electric lights loomed on the sky ahead. "What town?" demanded Zarza, with some show of surprise.

"Laredo," grunted Blossom. "We turn off for that ford pretty soon."

"I did not remember Laredo was so well lighted," mused the Mexican.

"Cloudy night. They show up," replied Amos.

Then they climbed a hill, swept over the top, and the lights of a big city lay before them. Much more glorious in Blossom's eyes was the figure of a slowly plodding mounted policeman under the first arc lamp, not five hundred yards



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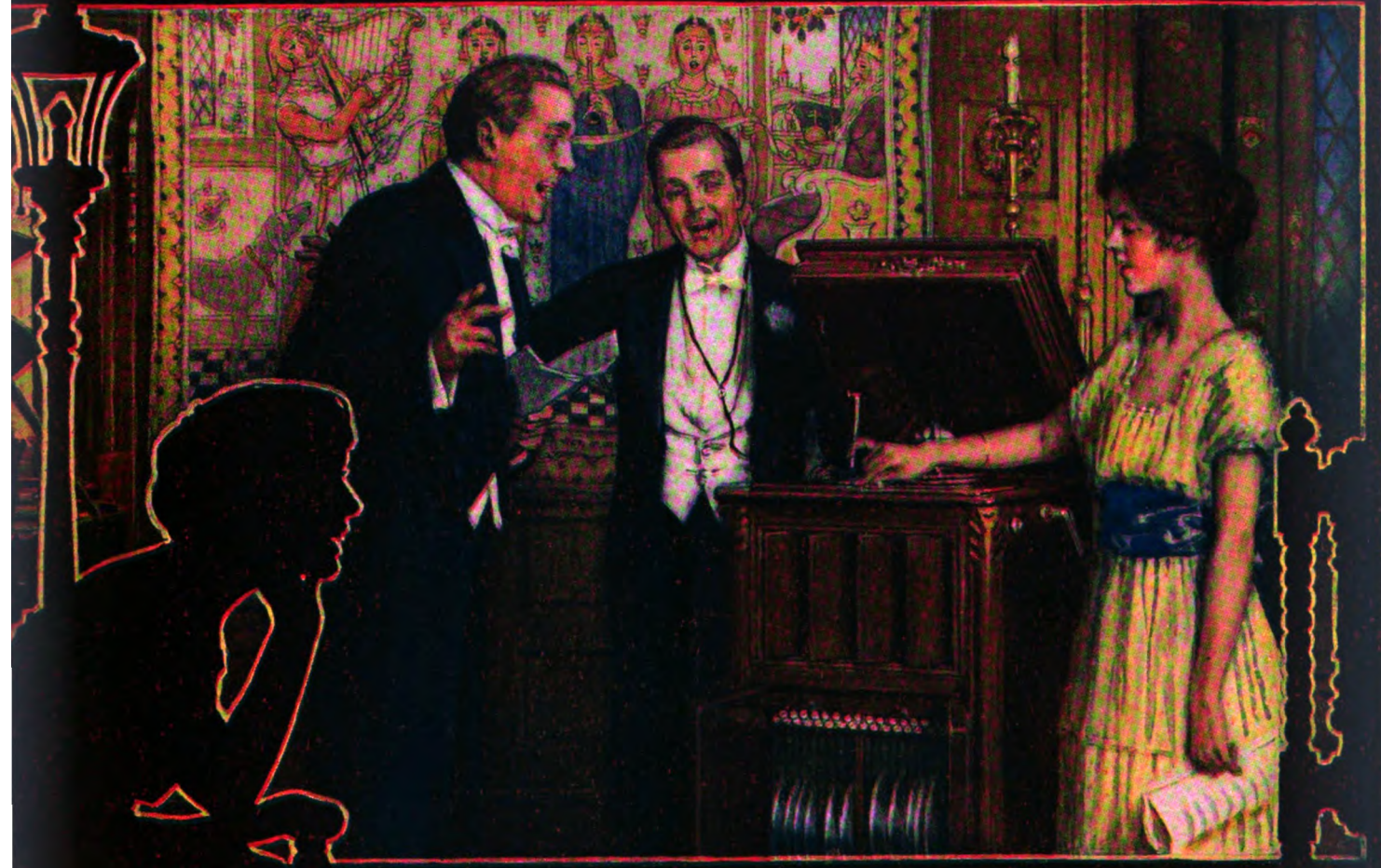
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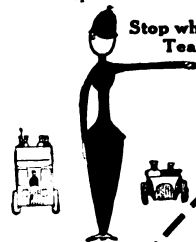
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SUNSET 8-16

ahead. The suburbs of even a metropolitan Southwestern town do not reach out very far; coming thus at high speed over a hill one is into the city almost as soon as he sees it.

Three Mexicans sat up sharply. "San Antonio!" they cried.

"Why, yes, gentlemen," said Blossom, as the car slowed down to a crawl and he eased his tired muscles. "I s'pose the cat's out of the bag and I might as well tell you. You see, the more I thought about going across the river at that ford you spoke about, the less I liked it. It might have raised the Old Harry with the car, and I didn't think I ought to do it anyway. So I thought I'd come back home"—he smiled at them brightly—"if it's all the same to you."

They glowered at him, speechless.

"And I should think," he went on, "that it might be a good idea to kind of settle up, right now—while we're still out on the trip, as you might say."

Zarza found his voice with difficulty. "Settle!" he choked. "Settle!"

"Pay the bill," explained Amos, as though his foreign companion had failed to understand the word. "Liquidate, as the feller says. I'd kind of like to get the rest of that pay before I take you fellers and all this hardware home. I'd feel—" he dropped his voice apologetically—"sort of easier in my mind, you know."

Amos failed to understand any of the next hundred or so sentences, all three of his passengers being joint spokesmen.

"All right," he sighed. "I don't know what you said, gentlemen, but I sort of gather you're objecting. So I s'pose I'll have to tell that policeman just ahead about it and take my chance of collecting in the court." He shook his head solicitously. "And you with all them automatics and things, against the law in Texas." Cheerfully he added: "I'm glad I ain't got one on me."

The trio of Mexicans conversed hurriedly in whispered Spanish. Then Zarza spoke, quite without courtesy. "If you'll stop under that light, I'll give you your fifty."

"Fifty! Oh, I just couldn't do it," protested Amos. "Really, gentlemen, it's worth—"

"The bargain was one hundred and you've had fifty."

"Honest, I wouldn't go through such a strain on my nerves again for two hundred dollars—no, not for five hundred. I don't want to be hard on you, but I'll leave it to you if a hundred and twenty-five dollars for such a night's work is—"

General Sanchez spoke huskily in his native tongue. "For heaven's sake give it and get by this policeman. When we get him to the junta—"

"Take it!" exclaimed Zarza, and passed Blossom seventy-five dollars.

"Thanks," said the chauffeur. "And now, as that's over and we're all friendly again, we'll let her out a little and hike along for home and mother, as you might say."

Past the policeman, who seemed to eye them suspiciously, rolled the once genial Mexicans and their once downcast driver, into the city and across it toward San Sebastian avenue. There was but one pause, in front of a lighted garage, on a street that contained many such. A young man in his shirt-sleeves sat tilted back in a chair outside the entrance.

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night—rough characters about and so on—and it struck me if I could give it to my partner to keep for me, that would be a pretty good idea. So I handed it to him when I passed back his box of cigarettes.”

I promised to try not to use a single Spanish word in this story. My excuse for doing so now is that the word is untranslatable.

In perfect chorus a tall, thin, light Mexican, a short, stout, medium-complected Mexican and a middle-sized, very dark Mexican cried bitterly:

“Car-r-r-ramba!”

Why Gild the Flintlock?

(Continued from page 18)

superannuated, obsolete, costly extravagance, yet every preparedness advocate clings to it with both arms, lists it at the head of the preparedness inventory. It is the foundation, the basis of all preparedness plans, yet this foundation is unsound, impractical and should be discarded. Its expense alone is sufficient to condemn it.

Suppose that we had reached our present stage without a war, without an army, without so much as a soldier. Suppose that under these conditions our present problem were suddenly presented to us. Would the solution at which our executives might arrive include anything remotely suggesting a blunder so absurd as the established hired army?

No; the method would be to write on one side of the sheet the requirements of the situation and on the other the resources at our hand, and applying the one to the other in the light of the world's experience, to plan a military system fitting our peculiar needs, based on our peculiar requirements and adjusted to our peculiar genius. There seems to be no good reason why the same method and result may not now be attained.

Certainly our army contains some of the finest material in the world. Its traditions are the traditions of the nation and some of our greatest men have been schooled under its régime. But during a consideration of the national problem it should be set severely aside as a century-old mistake. Let us say: “Yes, when we have made an ideal solution, we shall use everything of worth that the army contains, but why must we conform our solution to our error; why not conform the error to the solution? Why insist on retaining willy-nilly the ramshackle shanty of our beginnings and building, as we have built, new lean-tos on the hoary crazy-quilt structure of the past?”

IT is the purpose of this paper merely to suggest the bare outlines of that solution. Its first element is individual training. This has been accomplished in the Continental-army plan by concentrating the instruction in two or three years of a man's life after he has arrived at a useful age. But is it necessary that all this training be given him at this time? Reverting for a moment to our bill of particulars, we find that a soldier must know how to march, shoot, live in the open and to drill. Conceding that this training must needs require a year or two years of waking, working hours, must those

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years be put in at the earning age? Must the hours be put in consecutively?

In the maintenance of garrison regiments there is much lost time. We say our regular soldiers are highly trained; we are striving toward a one-enlistment plan. Yet not considering time put in in the routine of garrison, guard and fatigue duty, it is doubtful whether the American recruit receives very much more than six hundred hours of actual systematic instruction in the first two years of an enlistment—an hour a day for two years.

A boy of ten can be taught to march and, with competent instructors, it is not too much to say that he can attain as much proficiency in the mere mechanism of drill as an adult. Moreover, these things are not forgotten. Camping, sanitation and hygiene can be more deeply and lastingly impressed in the minds of lads twelve and fourteen years old than in the minds of men. If a soldier does not learn to shoot in two regulation target seasons, only a miracle will improve him in his third. It is not to be denied that what has been mentioned does not specifically cover the whole gamut of individual instruction. But the principle of the Swiss and Australian systems has been sufficiently outlined. Neither of those systems fits all our needs, but in both there is a departure from the German scheme, in that the instruction is spread over a long period of adolescence, instead of being concentrated in the first years of useful manhood. The efficiency of this departure has been demonstrated, and the basic idea therein contained is adaptable to our particular problem.

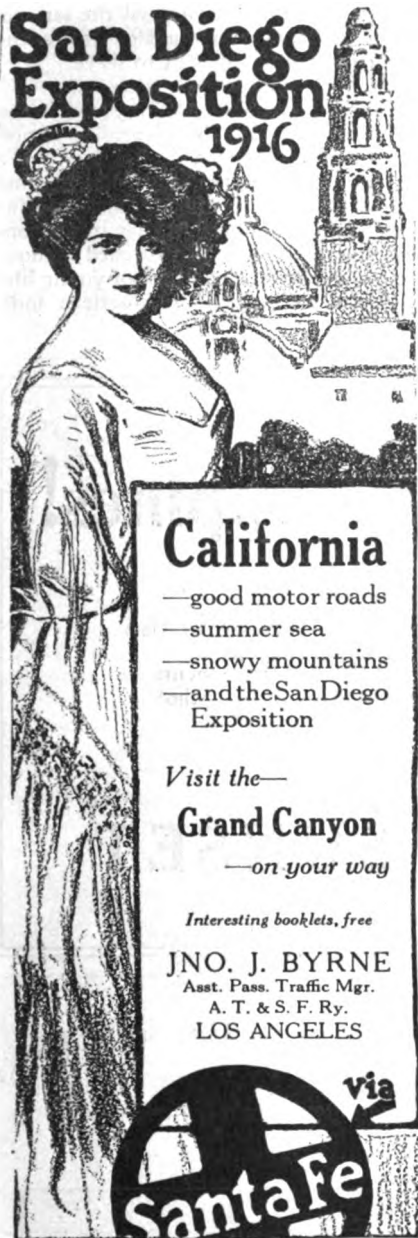
We have seen that individual training is but a small part of the problem. The individuals must be organized into company, regimental and higher units. But we must not leave the item of individual training without more comment.

The habit of organized effort—of team play—must be inculcated. Tactical units must be given more than paper form. The trained individual must be welded into the organized whole and these units must be handled as working parts of living corps, divisions and armies. But this does not mean that three years must be taken from a young man's life at the hour of his majority. It means that the individual training that has been carried on through several years, perhaps in connection with school work, must now be rounded out with a six-month period of actual service.

The rest of the problem consists in systematization of resource. No one who saw the exposition at San Francisco and realized the intricacy of its organization, the smoothly running execution of its plan, could suppose that there is lacking in this country the administrative and executive facility to mold our economic resources into an efficient system interfering not at all with the uses of peace, yet accurately fitted to the emergency of war.

Such a plan would certainly keep always mobilized a sufficient increment of the trained force to meet the demands—not only of any domestic garrison need that has been suggested in the exposition of our strategical problem—but, on the hypothesis of one million men reaching the age of twenty in this country every year, a continuous six-month period of service would give a constantly mobilized force of five hundred thousand men.

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Overseas, Canal, and Alaskan garrisons are a matter for separate consideration, the details of which are beyond the space that can be allotted to this discussion.

The result of this plan would be a citizenry trained and equipped to perform their duty to the nation. The organization of this resource for war could take any form that the strategical and political situation of the country seemed to demand. Its cost to the nation should be computed on a basis that includes none or a nominal wage to the young men during their periods of training. The military expenditure involved would be confined to the salaries of the permanent or semi-permanent corps of instructors, to the maintenance of equipment, to the subsistence and supply of the force with the colors and to the expense of the organization system. It is to be doubted whether it would greatly exceed the cost of the present establishment.

IF there is a meritorious conclusion to be drawn from this discussion it is that we are not wedded to the extravagance of our existing system, that there is no good reason for writing at the head of every bill for change the enormous treasure we have expended in the perpetuation of a hired army. Against the idea herein contained there will arise two objections. The first is that it advocates universal service; the second is that a plan which adds a million trained men a year to our national resource will give us more than we shall ever need. Both objections may be answered in the same breath. What is advocated is universal training, not universal service.

The thing we lack is organization of resource, and under our present plan we have not even the resource of trained men to organize. These must be supplied. Once we have them, the working system may call for as great or as small an actual field organization as our political and strategical problem seems to require. But fit civilians to make our plans effective must be provided. When we conceived our antipathy to armed force we were a frontier nation clinging precariously to the fringe of an unsounded wilderness. A three-thousand-mile bulwark of sea water stood as an ample protection to a scrawny prize. How little we had to fear as late as 1803 is proved by the fact that Napoleon sold us Louisiana for \$15,000,000. In 1867 Russia sold us Alaska for \$7,200,000.

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prairie are gone, but while we have retrograded in this regard, every other nation in Christendom—and not a few without—has stopped that gap by training. This we have refused to do. This perhaps is the most striking feature of our present dilemma. We have been outstripped in every leg of the race.

Before we can hospitably receive a suggestion of change we must conceive military service in time of national need as an imperative civic duty. We must conceive fitness to perform that duty as an obligation as binding as the duty itself.

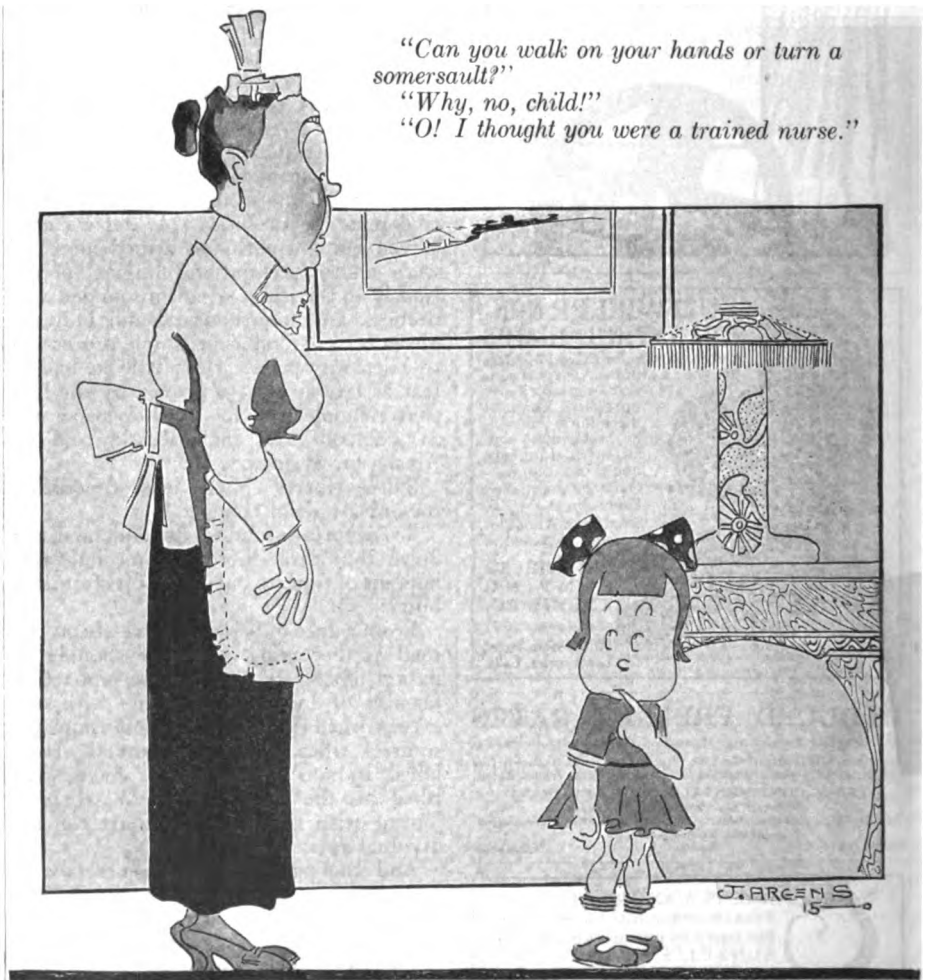
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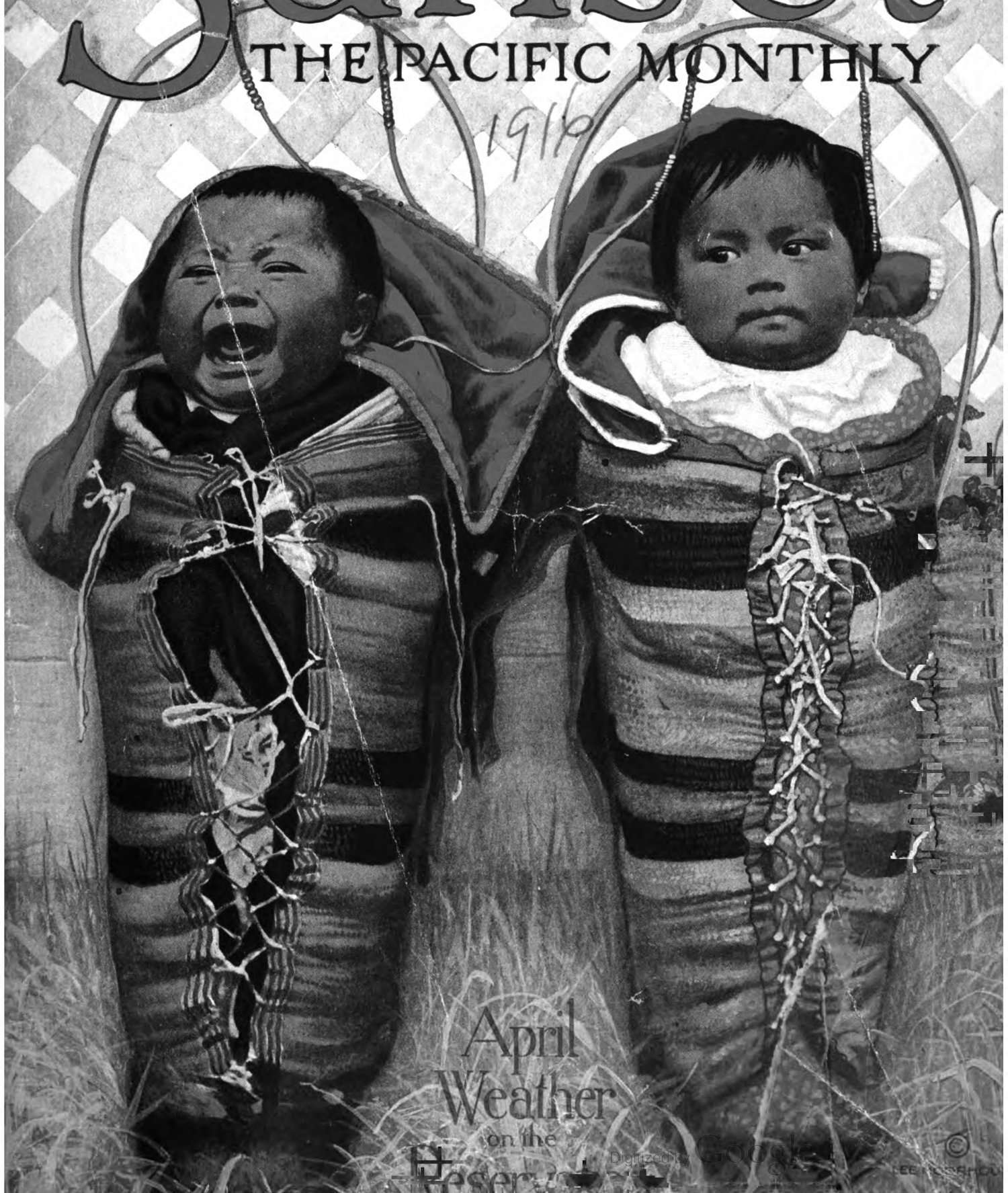
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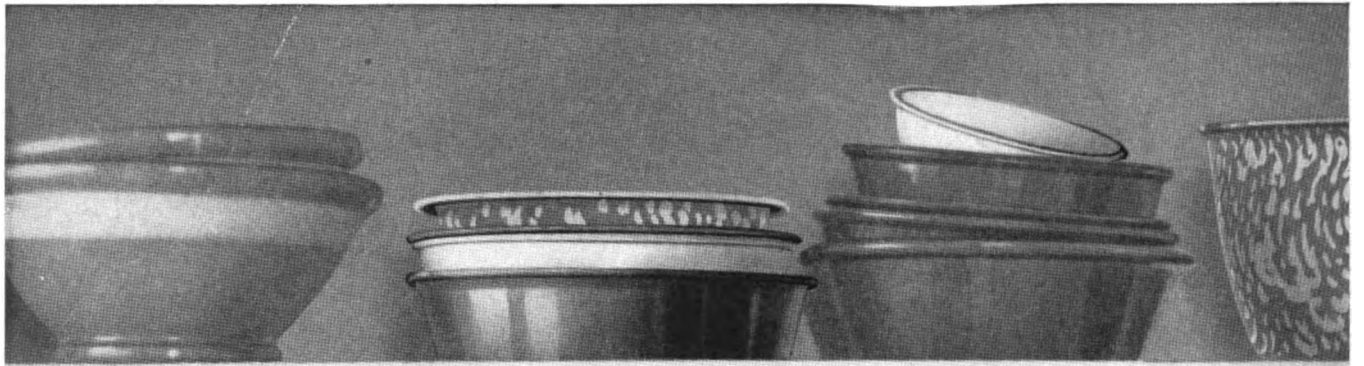
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1916



April
Weather
on the
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CHARLES K. FIELD
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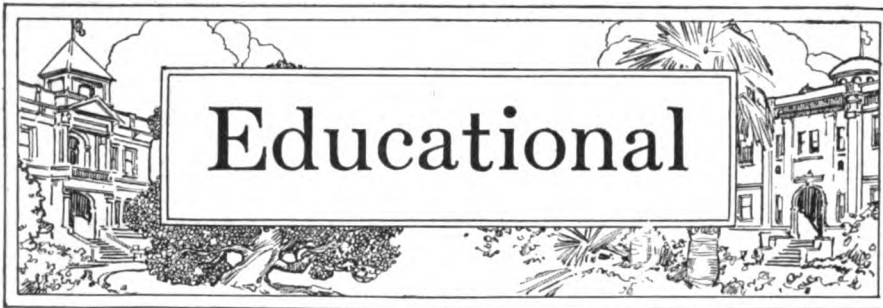
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LEARN SHORTHAND AT HOME

Simple, easy and efficient system. Quickly learned, unexcelled for Court reporting and commercial work. No expense for board or tuition; sold on Money Back Guarantee. Price reasonable. Easy weekly payments. Write today for complete information, and Free first lesson.

Mosher Shorthand Co. Desk D3, Omaha, Nebraska.

Class Pins
 RINGS-MEDALS-FOBS
 Any one or two colors Enamel
 Any letters or date
 Engraving on Rings Free
 CATALOGUE FREE
 C. K. GROUSE CO.
 North Acton, Mass. Box 5

Silver Plate 15¢
 150D
 Gold Plate 50¢
 971 150
 Solid Gold 50¢
 150 50¢
 Sterling

What Is It Costing You? STAMMER?

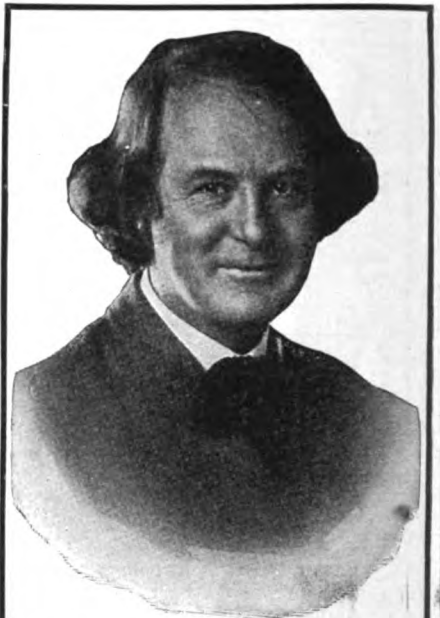
When you are held back by FAULTY SPEECH, Fear and Failure to talk when conditions demand? I was myself thus afflicted for over 30 years and well know its terrible effects. MY NATURAL METHOD of treatment never fails to cure. PRIVATE INSTRUCTION ONLY. Write or call for full particulars.

William E. Bassett, Principal and Instructor
 The Bassett Inst., Nevada Bank Bldg., 14 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.

Be A Travelling Salesman
 Experience unnecessary. Earn Big Pay while you learn. Write for big list of positions open, and testimonials from hundreds of our students who earn \$100 to \$500 a month. Address our nearest office. Dept. 531.
 NATIONAL SALESMEN'S TRAINING ASSOCIATION
 Chicago, New York, San Francisco

Castilleja School for Girls

Accredited to Colleges East and West. Grammar and Primary Departments. Send for illustrated catalogue
 Principal: Mary I. Lockey, A. B.
 PALO ALTO, CALIF.



Elbert Hubbard's Ten Greatest Essays and THE FRA \$1 For Six Months

THESE ESSAYS include *A Message to Garcia*, which has been given a larger circulation than any other book but the Bible (more than 40,000,000 printed); *The Cigaretist*; *The Boy from Missouri Valley*; *Get Out or Get In Line*; *Pastboard Proclivities*, and five other masterpieces, in Booklet Form, any one of which, passed along to the one who needs it, will pay you dividends in enlightened service. Or they might benefit YOU.

THE FRA, "the most beautiful magazine in America," believes in Free Speech; is an open forum; discusses all subjects courageously; presumes to have an opinion; commands the attention of the Thinkers of the World. "THE FRA editorials certainly have the 'punch'!"—Hugh Chalmers. "Particularly struck with THE FRA."—Booker T. Washington. "Fine life and verve in it."—William Marion Reedy. "Greatly pleased with THE FRA editorials."—Luther Burbank. "Editorials full of life and vim."—Ella Wheeler Wilcox. "Especially impressive."—David Starr Jordan. "Heart-touching mirth and wisdom."—Hudson Maxim.

MAIL US \$1.00 IN ANY FORM THAT SUITS YOU, OUR RISK, AND THE ELBERT HUBBARD ESSAYS WILL BE FORWARDED AT ONCE, AND "THE FRA" EVERY MONTH FOR SIX MONTHS. ADDRESS:

THE ROYCROFTERS, East Aurora, N. Y.

Ad-Letter Contest Winners for February

SUNSET READERS are surely discriminating students of advertisements. The letters which poured into this office in our Sunset Ad-Letter Contest for February far exceeded the number received in any previous month. They came from all corners of the United States—splendid letters that reveal a real knowledge of advertising value. We've done our level best to award the prizes justly. Many contestants chose the same subject and thus increased the problem of award. Below are the first, second and third letters, reproduced in full, and the names of the writers. Read the letters carefully; they will serve as models for yours.

First Award—Firestone Tires



Any advertisement, to be effective, must offer value, or money's worth, in some form. It must, to meet with approval from the discriminating person, have just the right balance; it must be artistic and logical; it must contain an instantaneous appeal to the reader's mental faculties. Applying these determining factors to the Firestone ad, I find it meets the requirements of the ideal ad.

To concretely analyze this ad, we should first consider the qualities it emphasizes. There is the clear-cut illustration of a perfect Firestone tire. Beside it is an explanation of its qualifications for service: durability, elegance and dependability—a rare combination.

Here is a firm advertising "Most Miles per Dollar." Isn't that what you want when you buy a tire—"Most Miles per Dollar?" Isn't that a realization by the Firestone Company that value—not appearance or size simply—really counts?

Then there is what may be called total impression in this Firestone ad. By that I mean an exact, concrete idea of the product advertised, a mental picture of the tire as a working part of your auto. Notice the lucid explanation of "why;" why the Firestone tire is efficacious and invaluable to the auto owner. From the color to the texture of the rubber used, everything is illustrated and explained. I would call this the acme of efficiency in advertising—the force that pushes value to the front.

ELBERT CHARMAN, Oregon City, Ore.

Second Award—Smith Wheel



SUNSET is never laid aside until I have studied all the ads. Four miles from even a country village, it is the only chance to learn the new ideas in work and play.

Tonight the picture of a lady cyclist caught my fancy. We had been speaking, the man and I, of the isolation, and my need of getting about more. "There is always risk," he said, "in driving a horse. The best may fail you some time in a crisis. Now if we could afford—" "No, not even a Ford this year," I said, and we laughed as we sighed.

So I stopped to look at the lady on the wheel. How I used to enjoy my wheel, but here—Ah, California is a country of such magnificent distances.

Then my glance traveled down the pictured street, and up to the top of the page. "Motorwheeling." "Uh, intricate machinery, and much too heavy for my slight strength."

And then I looked down again. Why, this is different! Lightness, simplicity, ordinary attire, and I began to read the text aloud. Twenty-five miles an hour, and one hundred and twenty-five miles on a gallon of gasoline. Why, it's only forty miles across the hills to little mother. Church; shopping in the large towns; even the city, by the state highway; all are possible.

"Just the thing," we agreed, for myself, for every lonely country woman, and all town weary folk. Oh! Mr. Editor. What a wonderful ad.

Mrs. C. E. BRENNER, Maxwell, California.

Third Award—Johnston's Candy



For a year or more I have enjoyed reading the beautifully displayed advertisements in SUNSET MAGAZINE, and have been pleased and benefited financially in dealing with some of the advertisers.

In the February number "Johnston's, Milwaukee," causes my admiration to explode in words of admiration and appreciation. It is a beautifully designed and executed, that it holds my attention over all other attractive and alluring ads. It might embrace another "famous wonder," besides "Indian Pueblos and Special Assortment of the 'Appreciated Chocolate,'"—and that is a girl who does not dote on chocolates.

The ad is delicate and dainty, and in all of its features and expressions is as sweet, captivating and charming as the famous bonbons it represents. It's an ad to make girl readers of SUNSET envious of the beauty in the picture; and a man have sweet thoughts of his best girl, or wife, and express them in purchasing for her a box of "Johnston's Chocolates." The mind loves to dwell on it and weave fascinating fancies. It is a "famous wonder" in ad construction. Girls of my acquaintance, who have seen it, think as I do. So it's a "telling advertisement." It is a star in the SUNSET's crown of dazzling displayed ads. It's a pleasure to see something else besides a beer that is "making Milwaukee famous."

MISS LILY JONES, Patterson, N. C.

Awards of Merit: Besides the prize-winning letters published above hundreds of others were received that we would gladly acknowledge because of their keen analysis and clever phrasing. Two were selected by the judges as especially meritorious, one by Stella G. Holgate, Sawtelle, California, on the Inferno Floor Furnace ad which is awarded fourth prize; and one by Lealie W. Tower, Red Bluff, California, on the "Ready Built House" ad which wins the fifth prize.

Five Cash Prizes Each Month for Merely Writing Letters

The object of this Contest is to stimulate the interest of SUNSET Magazine readers in the splendid announcements of the national advertisers whose advertisements appear each month in the Magazine, and to encourage a keener appreciation of the values of design and text.

What constitutes a good advertisement? Why do some ads appeal more strongly to you than do others? Why did this or that announcement indelibly impress itself upon your memory?

Study the ads in this number of SUNSET. Try to analyze the advertisement that made the deepest impression upon your mind. Then write down your reasons. Simple, isn't it?

Now! For the best letter received each month we will award a cash prize of \$25.00; for the second best letter, a prize of \$15.00; for the third, a prize of \$10.00. Each of these letters will be published in full in SUNSET Magazine, together with a reproduction of the ad, and the name and address of the prize-winning letter writer. In addition to

these three prizes, there will be two \$5.00 cash prizes as awards of merit for the fourth and fifth best letters.

Above are the prize-winning letters in the February Contest. They are good letters, carefully written and carefully analyzing strong ads. There were hundreds of other letters but these were selected by the judges as the best of all submitted in February. Study them as models for your letter.

Rules Governing the Ad-Letter Contest

The contest begins with the January, 1916, issue and will run until December, 1916, issue.

The letter must not exceed 250 words in length.

The letter must bear the name and address of the writer and in no instance will we assume responsibility for the return of manuscript.

The letter must be submitted within fifteen days

after receipt of copy by the subscriber in order to reach us in time for consideration. The announcement of the prizes will follow in the second month's number of SUNSET—for example, the prize-winning letters submitted on the advertisements in the April SUNSET must reach us not later than April 20th and the awards will be announced in the June issue of SUNSET.

If you can write a letter, you stand a chance to obtain one of these cash prizes.

The conditions of the Contest are all set forth in this announcement. It will not be necessary to write for further particulars. Just send in your letters, typewritten if possible, together with your name and address.

Send Your Subscription and Address all Correspondence to Contest Editor, SUNSET Magazine, SAN FRANCISCO

The Accumulation of Money

A DEFINITE plan of saving is the first requisite towards the accumulation of wealth.

A DEFINITE plan of investing your savings must be followed to obtain the full benefit of accumulation.

HIGH grade bonds offer the best field for the investment of your funds because they combine a good rate of interest with a high degree of safety.

YOU are invited to call upon us for advice, either personally or by letter. Write for our

Circular SS-36

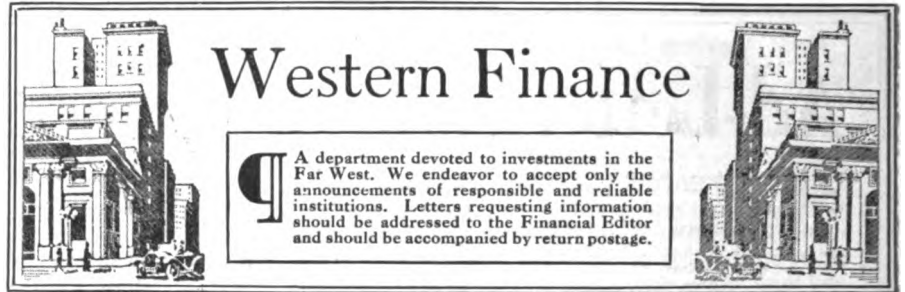
giving list of current bonds suitable for the investment of your savings.

N.W. Halsey & Co.

424 California St.
San Francisco

Hibernian Bldg., Los Angeles
Railway Exchange Bldg., Portland

New York Boston
Philadelphia Chicago



The Western Interest Rate

By Edwin Selwin

WESTERN securities and Western financial problems are becoming better understood in the East. There is a newly awakened desire among really worthwhile people for fuller knowledge and more accurate information of conditions out here. This is going to be a factor of prime importance in the further development of the Pacific Slope during the next few years. It is finding manifestation in the constantly increasing inquiries concerning the essential things being made of banks, investment houses and financial writers.

It is always interesting and usually instructive to analyze the causes that turn the attention of thinking people to a particular section of the country. The states west of the Rockies have been filling up fast the past few years. Unlike the great movement to the Middle West of two generations ago and the early influx of settlers to the Coast—a splendid type of people, but with little beyond their courage and toil with which to build—those who are now coming are in the main men and women of education and means. They were persons of some importance in their home communities and when they have arrived and been fitted into the general scheme of western life they become one of the very best sources of information for others who have half formed ideas of also becoming residents or investors.

Probably the benefit to the Slope of the scores of thousands who last year came to the Coast for the first time to attend either expositions or conventions cannot be measured. But surely as a result of the first-hand impressions which have been carried away and are even yet percolating through widening circles of acquaintances, interest in the West and Western things is being stimulated.

One of the many reflex actions in America of the European war has been to lift people out of an attitude of provincialism, to give them a broader viewpoint, to instil a desire for a closer touch with the affairs of their own country.

Last summer some of the nation's foremost bankers attending the American Bankers' Association Convention in Seattle, after having spent their vacations in California, personally expressed to me the opinion that this section of the United States, over all others, was destined to be the theatre of the greatest development during the next decade.

Now, assuming all this to be correct, it

is easy to understand why people with money—no less the small investor than the capitalist—are becoming interested in Western securities and possessed with the determination of investigating and mastering western financial problems.

The capitalist and banker having sources of information closed to the average person can in large measure take care of themselves, without any particular aid from us. But the small investor, or the man who wants to engage in business, or the family who is coming to make a home, need all the help in the way of dependable information and wise counsel that we of the West who ought to know the good and the ill of the West, can give.

The most necessary thing for the Easterner who is thinking of sending his dollars here for investment to bear in mind is that fundamentally an investment is an investment wherever it may be made; that the questions of how, what and when, are of as vital import on the Pacific Coast as on the Atlantic Seaboard—and ever present in both places.

Much money has been sent West and lost. That is not the West's fault; rather is it the fault of him who sent it, expecting some impossible return. All men in the West are not honest; all Western dealers in investment securities are not scrupulous. Many promises of promoters were not kept last year, nor will they be kept next year.

Of psychological phenomena as applied to the investment of money, that which passeth all understanding is exemplified in the man who in buying a vacant lot in his home town for \$200, will call for expert real estate judgment, the opinion of his business associates and the advice of his lawyer, and then turn around and send \$1000 a thousand miles away to a firm he has never before heard of, to buy something he knows nothing about, and with no investigation whatever.

To know of whom you buy is as important as to know what you buy.

There are investment banking houses on the Pacific Coast the equal of those to be found anywhere in integrity, knowledge and judgment. Before you send money west for investment, make sure it is to one such that you are sending it.

"How?" you ask.

If you have no other means of finding out, write SUNSET MAGAZINE.

Many investors have a supposition that they can get a larger return with equal safety as to principal in Western securities. This is not supposition. It is fact.

**Free Market Letter on
Stocks and Bonds
Of the Great Southwest**

Securities listed on the Los Angeles Stock Exchange and which are showing activity are analyzed for the information of investors in

The Market Letter

which is published at stated intervals. The analysis deals with physical and market conditions relating to securities.

Statistical Information

has been our specialty for years and we have built up what we believe to be one of the most comprehensive statistical files in the west

Prompt and Efficient Service

will follow your request for The Market Letter or for information relative to any specific western securities. **THIS SERVICE IS FREE.**

A. W. COOTE

Member Los Angeles Stock Exchange

604 I. W. Hellman Bldg. Los Angeles, Calif.

NO PROMOTIONS

**A. H. WOOLLACOTT
STOCKS and BONDS**

Member

SAN FRANCISCO STOCK EXCHANGE

308 BUSH STREET

SAN FRANCISCO

LOS ANGELES STOCK EXCHANGE

261-62 I. W. HELLMAN BLDG.

LOS ANGELES

**DEALER IN ALL PACIFIC COAST
SECURITIES**

**7% CALIFORNIA STREET
IMPROVEMENT BONDS**

Meet all the requirements of conservative investors. They are secure, convenient, and pay the largest amount of interest consistent with safety. California Street Laws, under which these bonds are issued, have been in effect for over twenty years and are therefore time tried and dependable.

Denominations range from \$25.00 up, and therefore give the small, as well as the large investor the same advantage as to security and interest return. We offer only carefully selected issues that have been purchased for our own account.

Exempt from taxation.

Price par and accrued interest.

Write for circulars; they will interest every investor who wants 7% and safety.

THE EMPIRE SECURITIES COMPANY
(Incorporated 1905)

1230 Siberian Bldg., 4th and Spring Streets, Los Angeles, Cal.

**Is Your Money
Working for You?**

There are numerous houses which have sold bonds for ten, twenty, thirty years without causing their clients to lose one dollar. Would you feel safe in following the advice of such firms?

If you want better than four per cent without running any risks, write to Financial Editor, Sunset Magazine, San Francisco, for information concerning the standing and the record of Far Western bond houses.

The reason is quite simple. Comparatively, there is less money in the West than in the East. Similarly the current demand is greater than the West itself can supply from its floating capital. Capital here, this being a new country still in the development stage, though—and mark this—past the speculative development stage, is and must be for some years yet to come largely in fixed forms of investment. Given this condition it is inevitable that money—which economically considered is but a commodity—will command a higher price. Therefore it is but natural that investment yields here are greater. Likewise the higher yield, within reason, has no bearing upon safety. Here a borrower goes to the bank and pays 7% or 8% interest for his accommodation. It is the custom of the country, a custom fixed by the law of supply and demand for the commodity he is buying—money. The same man in New York or Pennsylvania or Massachusetts; with the same responsibility, would pay the bank 5% or 6%. There he is in another market.

So, if you are offered a mortgage on a Western farm paying 7% interest, or a local improvement bond yielding 6% to 7%, the promised income is not out of line with the security you will hold for payment of interest and repayment of principal—provided you buy from a reputable dealer.

But if you are offered a security to net 7% in a market whose normal rate is 5½%, then watch out.

Savings banks and life insurance companies of the East are heavy investors in Pacific Slope bonds and first mortgages on farm and city property. They need the greater income from these Western investments to bring up the average income of all their investments to over 5%. They feel perfectly secure about their principal. One Eastern life insurance company with a reputation for ultra conservatism has upwards of \$5,000,000 invested in first mortgages on residences, apartment houses and business blocks in four cities alone in one of the Pacific States. An executive officer here a few weeks ago to loan still more money in these same four cities and on surrounding farm lands told me that not a dollar of interest or principal was in default in this state.

This instance is typical.

And in the matter of bond sales, when new issues are being bid for, local bond houses have the keenest kind of competition from New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, Cincinnati and other Eastern centers. As a matter of fact the greater part of the new municipal issues originating in California, Oregon, Washington, Montana and Idaho finds its way back East en bloc. Here they are distributed to institutions, estates and investors who know the West, and knowing, have faith.

The individual investor really can find, all things considered, better employment for his funds in mortgages and bonds here than anywhere else. But he must exercise due caution, with particular care in the selection of the firm through which he deals.

And above all else he must not allow himself to be carried away by a new-born enthusiasm for the West and things Western, for we have them bad as well as good here, just as they do elsewhere.

**The Unvarnished Facts About
JAPAN and
AMERICA**

By Carl Crow

Author of "America and the Philippines"

"More nonsense has been written about Japan than about any other modern country—" and yet there is no nation which the people of the United States need better to understand.

Here is a book of extraordinary interest and value by a man who has really lived and worked in the Far East, and who was for a time one of the editorial staff of the Japanese Advertiser, an American newspaper published in Tokyo.

\$1.50 net. Postage 12 cents



LINCOLN

The Super-Spy

His correct name is Isaac Trebitch; he was born in Hungary of Jewish parents. He changed his name, went to England and became an Episcopalian minister.

Elected to Parliament, he won the confidence of the powers behind the British Empire, became a spy for Germany, and is now a fugitive from American justice.

The full story of his adventurous career is told in

**The Revelations of an
International Spy**

At all booksellers—\$1.50 net

Illustrated with fac-simile corroborative documents

THE RETURN OF FU-MANCHU

By SAX ROHMER

Author of "The Yellow Claw" and "The Insidious Dr. Fu-Manchu."

Here's another Fu-Manchu story—more exciting—more thrilling—more provocative of that "what's-going-to-happen-next" sort of bewildering delight—more absolutely enthralling than anything Sax Rohmer has done before.

By all odds the best detective story of many years.

\$1.35 net. Postage 12 cents

Let This Electric Spark Wake Up Your Mental Magazine!

EFFICIENT LIVING

By EDWARD EARLE PURINTON

Are you getting the most out of life? So many people merely drift along, accepting success, health and happiness if they come, but never reaching out and seizing them. Don't be a drifter! Mr. Purinton, Director of the Independent's Efficiency Service, and one of the greatest efficiency experts in the world, will show you how to galvanize your latent talents into action.

12mo. \$1.25 net. Postage 10 cents

ROBERT M. MCBRIDE & CO.
NEW YORK



Thrift

"The maid of yore who spun the flax
was wise and clever too—
Today, her grandchild makes each Dime
A Double Duty do!"

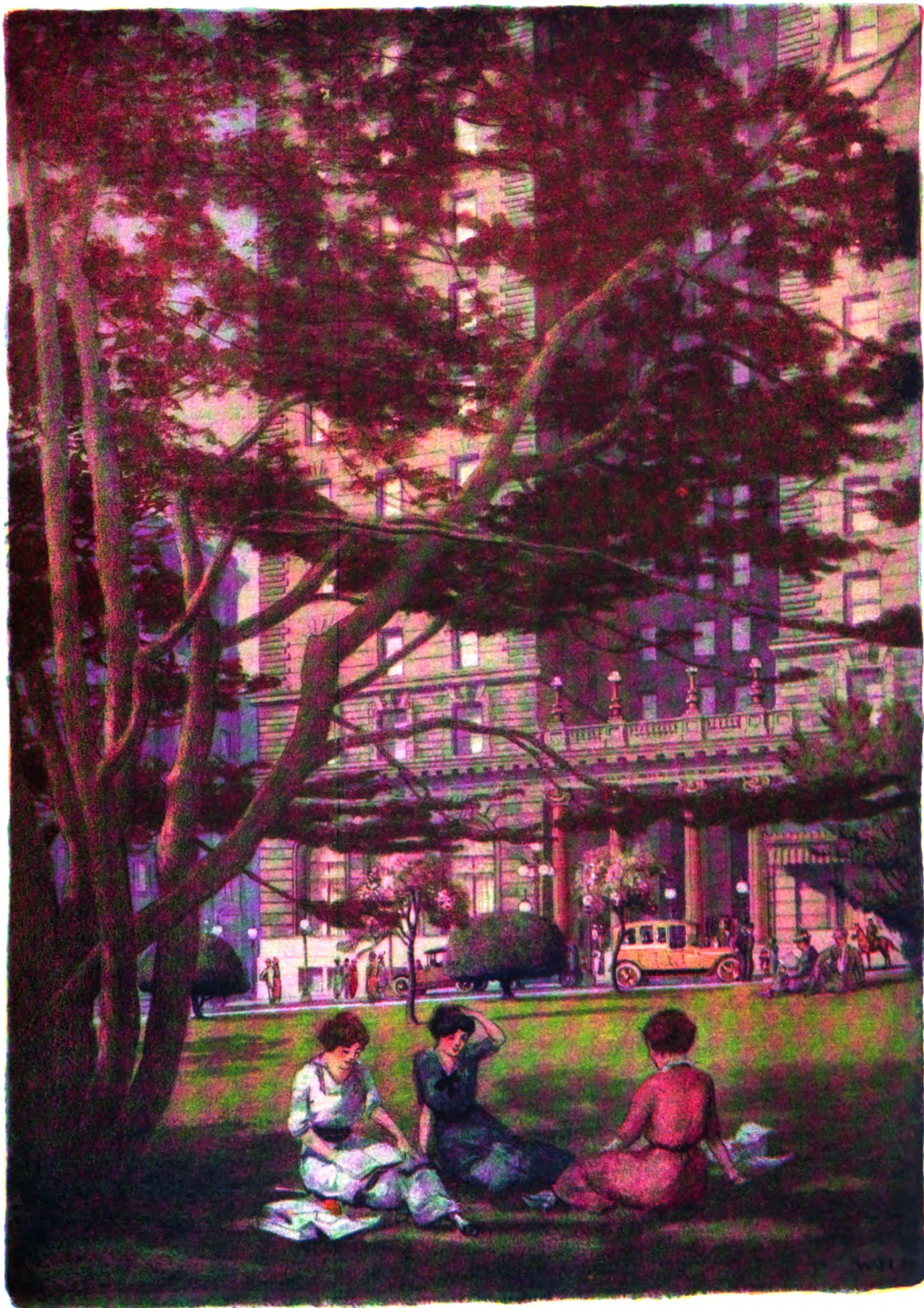
THE spirit of wise thrift which turned the spinning wheels of old now finds a more modern expression. Sensible women, millions of them, from the Golden Gate to the shores of Maine, are reaping the everyday benefits offered by the *Sperry* System.

They always deal with stores which give *S. H.* Green Stamps and select the popular brands which carry a **Hamilton** Coupon in the package. They are adding comfort and beauty to their homes without spending an additional cent of the family income.

Let us send you our Premium Catalog, showing over 4000 items in standard merchandise, together with a complimentary copy of "*The Sperry Magazine*." We will tell you how to get this Newest and Best National MONTHLY, —Free—every month. Address Department "Q" Service.

THE SPERRY & HUTCHINSON CO.
THE HAMILTON CORPORATION
Geo. B. Caldwell, President
2 West 45th Street New York City





High Noon in Union Square

There is a little valley in the heart of San Francisco, a green meadow surrounded by cliffs of stone and steel. Blossoming shrubs and a few evergreen trees lightly shade its inviting carpet from the April sun. In the great hotel named for St. Francis, patron of the city by the Golden Gate, luxurious guests are lunching, surrounded by the gorgeous colors and gildings of a famous decorator. Outside in the fresh and fragrant air, amid the pastel paintings of spring, youth and beauty are free for an hour from service in the surrounding shops, lunching more simply but not less gaily



Easter Dawn on Rubidoux

BY GEORGE STERLING



his is the land heroic Serra blest,
 In that far day of which our annals tell.
 Here first he planned his holy citadel,
 Whose shadow fell so wide upon our West.
 Here in the solemn morning of his quest,
 None dreamt what silver voices yet should
 Above the music of his altar-bell, swell,
 From Mission towers, ere he won to rest.



Here was the Advent of his kind crusade,
 Whose patient skies hid yet their Easter light,
 As flies wait below the snows of loss.
 On Time's horizon still the Dawn delayed,
 Upon whose front, as on the southern night,
 Shone, mystical and luminous, a Cross.

PAINTED BY
 W. H. BULL

AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY
 HARRY E. SCOTT

During the dawn of each Easter Sunday, an "Easter Sunrise Pilgrimage" is made to the summit of Mount Rubidoux, above Riverside, California. Here stands a great cross, erected to the memory of Fra Junipero Serra, "apostle, legislator, builder," to commemorate "the beginning of civilization in California." The pilgrimage was suggested by Jacob Riis and the cross unveiled by President Taft, in 1909. The sunrise service is simple but thrilling; its inspiration is powerfully expressed in picture and poem here presented

Sunset

THE PACIFIC MONTHLY



Across the Editor's Desk



HERE it is—a bunch of poetical posies, with a sprinkling of salt water. You were duly warned last month. We are not worried about it. When this number leaves the press both slopes of the Great Divide will be in the grip of delicious spring fever. We believe there will be few of our readers who will not respond with an involuntary thrill to the spirit of Benét's "Down Along the Mountain":

Waving his blue serape, the wild vaquero wind
Whooped o'er the purple mountains, the herds
of Spring behind.

That is the sort of madness which has overtaken the editorial mind and opened wide the editorial door to the Spring poet. Now the office is trusting to the contagion of the quickening season to enable us to "get by" with this extraordinary issue. In the words of Mr. Benét—who never intended such an application of them—we hope to be able to say, a month from now:

Bellowing loud and lowing with
Spring's wild loco-weed,
The galloping herds of the Sun-
set passed in a mad stampede!

BUT there is that sprinkling of salt water on the bouquet. How else would you describe the mournful recital by Carl Crow in his "Our Surrender of the Pacific?" We Westerners like to look out across the Sunset Sea and call it grandiloquently the Twentieth Century Ocean. From the record it would appear that said ocean belonged to us for most of the nineteenth century and that we have not kept it. Mr. Crow's article is not a merry one, we admit, but it serves us to keep our balance after the heady wine of Springtime. Don't dodge its cold briny facts. Keep them in mind through the next few years.

WHEN the artist brought in his drawing for the heading of that article, we looked at it askance. "Uncle Sam sitting under the Japanese flag is a little too much," we declared.

The artist stood his ground. "Call up the Post Office," he suggested. We asked Mr. Foster at the main office. "Are the United States mails carried to the Orient in Japanese ships?" we inquired-to-know. "Yes," came the answer. "All of them?" we persisted. "Well," came the drawling reply, "that's about all the ships that's running out that way nowadays."

We handed back the drawing. "Send it to the engravers," we said wearily.

THUS you have the April number, a thing both grave and gay, a thing of smiles and tears like traditional April itself. Who could better represent such variety than the famous Cayuse twins, Tox-e-lox and A-lom-pum, who appear upon this cover? A-lom-pum, in this picture, has the placid face and Tox-e-lox is shown in action. These young ladies of the Umatilla reservation, grand-nieces of the famous Chief Joseph of the Nez Percés, are now grown-up and A-lom-pum is the wife of a young Nez Perce Indian in Idaho and the mother of a red hope. Tox-e-lox is still on the reservation where the twin sisters

have been noted for several years for their typical beauty as well as for the famous photographs which Major Moorhouse was so lucky as to get of them in their papoose days. The story goes that at the time of their birth there was an ancient tradition among the Cayuses that twins were a sign of the displeasure of the Great Spirit and must be killed accordingly. Ha-hots-mox-mox (Yellow Grizzly), the father of these two, determined to circumvent the death decree immediately pronounced at their birth by

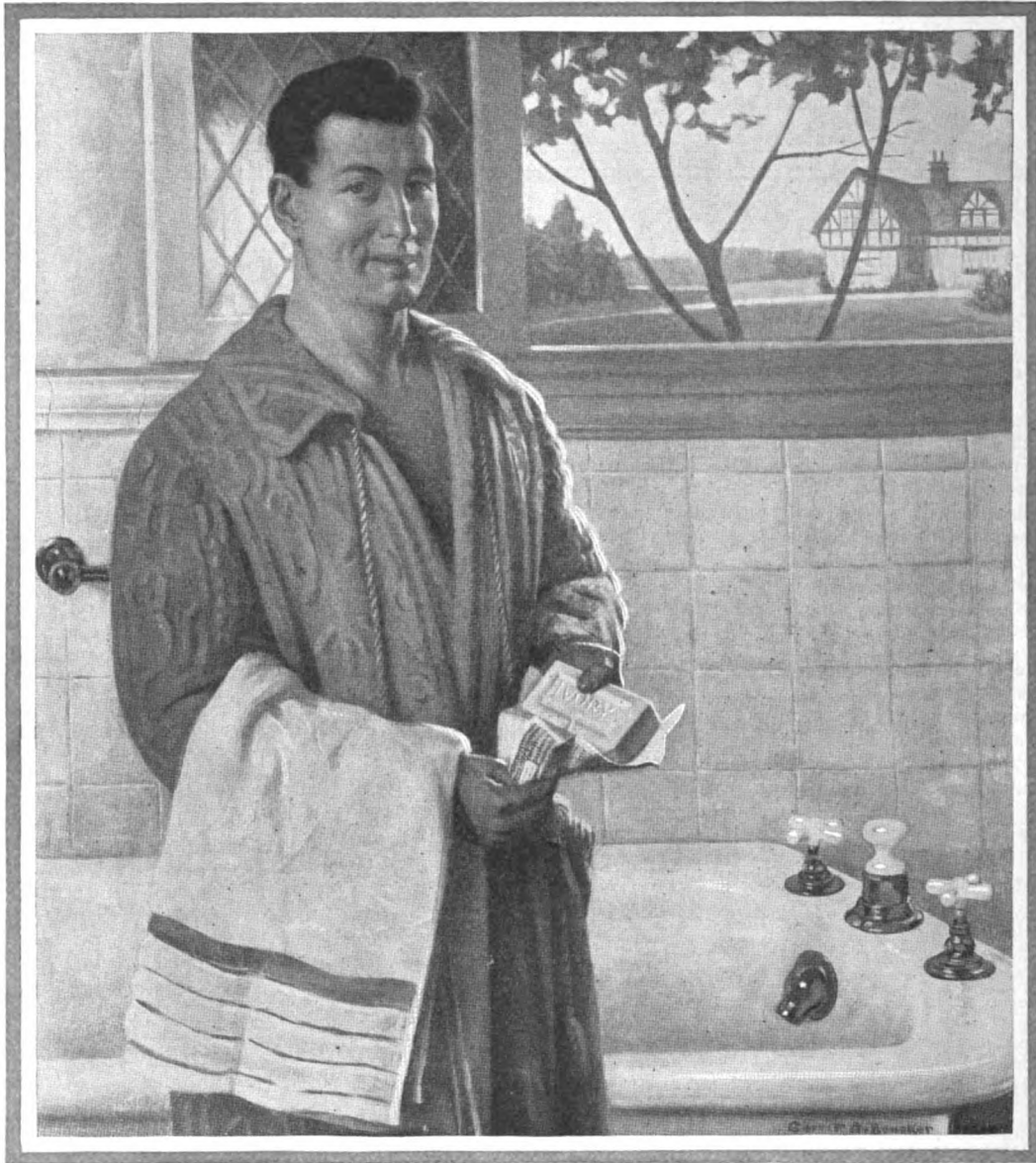
Chief Si-ah-sum (No Shirt). He could not very well tell the chief to "keep his shirt on" so he resorted to strategy, Indian fashion. He told the tribe in council of a vision he had had one night after long hunting, a vision which had promised him that twin daughters should be born to his squaw Him-ye-an-hi-hi (White Fawn) who should bring great blessings to the tribe. The vision was duly respected and the little lives

were saved. In the midst of this romance it is almost painful to add the necessary biographical data that the twins are the daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Jones, of the Presbyterian mission church on the reservation, that they are known as Emma and Edna, and that Edna is now Mrs. Jim Moore.

PETER B. KYNE comes home again in May after several months' sojourn in popular Eastern magazines. He is a bit overdue, as is made apparent by the inquiries regarding him. Thus it is a pleasure to report that he has been sighted, coming in under full steam, with a fine San Francisco yarn about overdue ships and them that gamble on them. It is purely a coincidence that Mr. Argens' interesting reconstruction of literary life in the Stone Age should appear on the same page with this up-to-the-minute announcement.



Mr. Peter B. Chiselpusher submits the manuscript of his new prehistorical romance to the editor of the "Cavewoman's Companion"



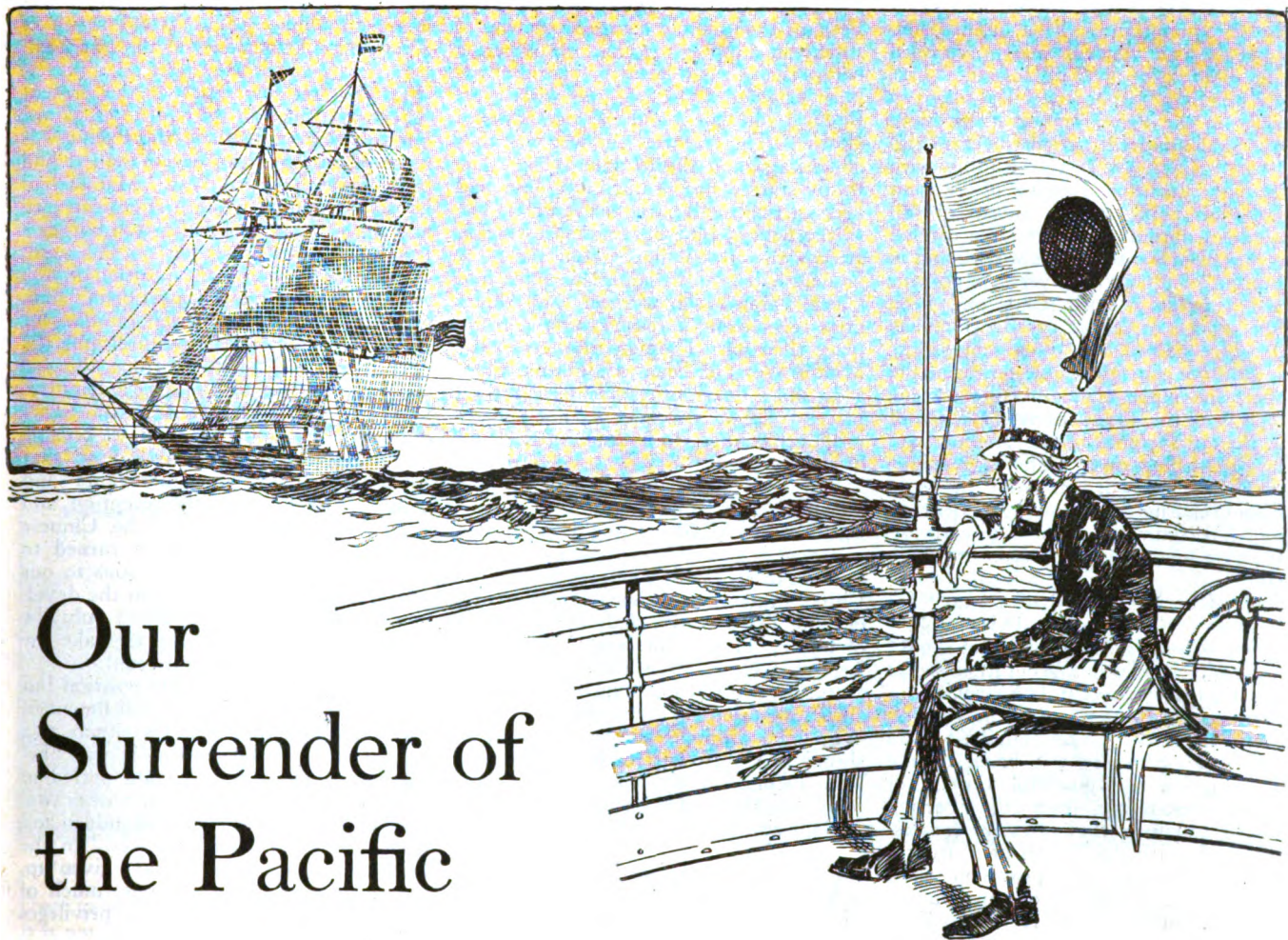
COPYRIGHT 1915 BY THE FRICTER & GAMBLE CO., CINCINNATI

THE great American eye-opener is an Ivory Soap bath. A quick massage from head to toe with the mild, bubbling, copious Ivory lather, a plunge into clear, cold water, a brisk rub-down and one enjoys that feeling of exhilarating cleanness which gives mind and body a running start in the day's work and play.

IVORY SOAP . . .  . . . 99⁴⁴/₁₀₀% PURE
IT FLOATS

Factories at Ivorydale, Ohio; Port Ivory, New York; Kansas City, Kansas; Hamilton, Canada

The Pacific is no longer an American ocean. It is under the domination of Japan



Our Surrender of the Pacific

How the Wave of American Supremacy Swept Across the Pacific, Touched the Shores of Asia, and Receded

LEST we grow too sure of our world greatness in these note-writing days let us recount some of the vanished glories which our fathers won and we have lost. Let us measure our dwindling frontiers, for though customs houses may mark the outermost boundaries of Mexico and Siam, the frontiers of the nations which are truly great lie far beyond and end only where their influence, or their *kultur* (if you are a word faddist), ceases to be important. We may be extending these invisible frontiers in some directions but in the Pacific, that theater for the great events of the future, we are withdrawing, driven back defeated in the bloodless warfare of trade, enterprise and diplomacy.

Let us go back to the year 1860, for by that time the United States had attained a position in foreign trade, shipping and international relations which was the wonder of the world. No other nation had ever made such progress in the same length of time. This had been accomplished during the era of Bedford and Salem, the period when with the West largely unknown and unsettled, the daring skippers of the New England coast threshed the seven seas for commerce and whales. They made the American flag a familiar sight in every port of the world

By Carl Crow

and bartered in a hundred languages. These trading skippers had been particularly successful in the Pacific, where by 1860 Americans had acquired a position of power and prestige which was the admiration and despair of European rivals. Only a few years before this time admiral Perry had opened the tightly closed doors of Japan, the foremost of many brilliant exploits of diplomacy, commerce and navigation through which America had gained first place in the Pacific and sent Russia, England and France seeking domination in other fields. No one then thought that Japan, whose rise in the Pacific was destined to be as remarkable as our own, would ever be a serious rival.

With occasional dramatic advances which startled the world, American influence, prestige and trade had grown steadily until the Pacific became an American ocean. Before the existence of the Columbia river was known American skippers had carried the sparsely starred flag into every corner of the Pacific and had penetrated to the most distant points in the Indian ocean. The republic was not three years old before our fast clipper ships carried tea from

Canton to Liverpool in successful competition with the Honorable East India Company, which but a few years before had been responsible for the Boston Tea Party. American traders set themselves up in Hawaii within a year after Washington took his oath of office. So great was the interest in the Pacific that the second act of the first session of the United States Congress was one to encourage American shipping by levying a preferential duty on tea brought from China. The American mercantile marine was soon so important on the China coast that it was second only to that of Great Britain, though now it is exceeded by that of every other maritime nation. By 1805 our trade with China amounted to \$10,000,000 a year and was of much more relative importance than it is now. The first steamboat in the Pacific was built in America for use in Chinese waters and Boston firms had been doing business in Canton half a century before the first American business house was set up in San Francisco.

OUR shipping in the Pacific had reached its highest development in 1860. In a single year before that time, more than one hundred American ships had called at ports in Java, where the

American flag is now almost as rare as that of Switzerland. Five hundred oil-soaked Yankee whalers were provisioned in one year at the ports of Hawaii. There were nine hundred ocean-going vessels in service in the Pacific and of these more than eight hundred carried the stars and stripes. American vessels trading with the now vanished Empire of Muscat numbered three times those of all European nations together. We carried freights from Canton to New York and in addition conducted a very important trade between Mexico, Chile and Peru and the ports of China, a trade which has long since passed into other hands. At one time we controlled nine-tenths of the import and export trade of China, a trade which laid the foundations for most of the Boston fortunes of the present day. The British flag, or any other flag, might then have been driven from the seas without causing any embarrassment to American commerce. We were carrying our own goods and the goods of others as well.

It had been a busy half century for American diplomacy in the Orient, a half century of which every American should be proud, though this generation seems to have forgotten it. The opening of Japan is well known. But how many Americans know that one hundred years ago there existed in the basin of the Indian ocean the powerful Empire of Muscat, extending from the Persian Gulf to Zanzibar, that a Yankee statesman made with the Sultan of Muscat a treaty containing the provision that, owing to the friendship of the two nations, the Sultan would return to their homes at his own expense all American sailors shipwrecked on his shores? How many know that in 1860 we had made treaties with Borneo and had had commercial relations with Siam for half a century? Or that fifty years before its actual annexation the King of Hawaii voluntarily wrote to the President of the United States placing the Kingdom of Hawaii under his protection? Or that the American navy had carried on a successful campaign against the pirates of Formosa? Or that we had fought a small war with Korea? Or that the American minister to China was the first foreign diplomat to be received with marks of respect by the haughty Chinese court? Or that the principal manufacturing district of Shanghai is located on what was once an American colony, of many times the importance of Kiaochau? Or that one hundred years ago our trade with the Philippines was of more relative importance than it was at the time of the battle of Manila bay? In a word, how many Americans know that when Perry braved the forts of Yedo American interests in the Pacific were relatively larger and more important than they now are?

THE year 1860, which marked the height of our influence in the Pacific, also marked the beginning of the decline. Confederate privateers slipped around the Horn and soon the great fleets of New England merchantmen and whalers had disappeared. The daring exploits of the "Emden" and of other German sea raiders make tame reading compared to the deeds of the little Confederate vessels which raked the Pacific and sent the tubs of whalers and the graceful clipper ships

speeding under full canvas for safe ports. Perhaps they merely hastened the end of American shipping to China. The period before the war had been the period of the New England Coast, of the whalers of Bedford and Salem and the merchants of Boston. The era after the war was that of Chicago and the Middle West. The thinly starred flag of our early days had been carried to all parts of the world, but as the field of blue became more thickly strewn there was more room for it at home. Salem and Bedford declined and Chicago grew in importance. The whales grew scarcer and kerosene came in to replace their oil. The new markets of the Middle West, of Texas, California, Colorado and a dozen other raw but growing places offered quicker if not bigger profits than those to be found at the end of a sea voyage.

For forty years after Perry's visit to Japan, America forgot that there was a Pacific ocean. The opening of Japan was not, as it is generally supposed to be, the prelude to an era of new prestige for the United States, but rather the closing of a cycle of achievement and the beginning of an era of inaction and indifference. After the close of the Civil War manufacturers, statesmen and financiers turned their attention to the growing West. With the disappearance of American shipping, China was farther away than ever before. Diplomatically and economically the United States lost its world outlook and became smugly provincial.

AT length through Dewey's victory over the Spanish fleet, America rediscovered the Pacific ocean and with the closing years of last century it appeared for a time that the old spirit of the Bedford and Salem era was again to dominate us. There was a burst of American activity in the Pacific and we made history there faster than it could be written. The long expected annexation of Hawaii was accomplished. We of this generation felt a glow of self-satisfaction over this, forgetting that it might never have been possible but for the vigorous policy of half a century before. We acquired Guam and the Philippines, our geographical frontier being extended clear across the Pacific in two rapid steps.

But that was not the entire story of our dramatic advances. The Philippine insurrection was still seething when Secretary of State Hay, by securing the assent of the powers to the open-door policy in China, established in the Far East a twin brother of the Monroe Doctrine, bringing China into the rapidly growing territory wherein American influence was of first importance. The open-door policy means, or did mean, to China, just what the Monroe Doctrine means to the American republics, with two modifications. One of these is that though our doctrine for South America has been approved by no other power, the policy in China has been assented to by all the great powers and has been included in several treaties. The other modification is that while European aggression in America has been a remote possibility and therefore our Southern neighbors have not shown gratitude for the policy, foreign aggression is something with which China is unpleasantly familiar and she is therefore grateful for what we have done to prevent or lessen

it. The establishment of the policy was a second climax to a second series of American achievements in the Far East.

IN the first few years of the present century, though we had not regained our shipping supremacy, the Pacific was more of an American ocean than it had been since the Civil War. Manila had become the most western American city and the sun rose on our Eastern border a few hours after it set on our Western. We held a predominant position in the trade of Manchuria, that portion of China which holds forth such rich promise for future development. By establishing the open-door policy and returning the unexpended portion of the Boxer indemnity, as well as by our consistent refusal to acquire a colony on Chinese soil, we became recognized as the best friend of that country, assuring our merchants and manufacturers a friendly reception and sentimental advantages in the Chinese markets. Chinese statesmen turned to us for advice and sent their sons to our schools. We were foremost in the development of Korea. We needed only the reestablishment of shipping to make the Pacific again an American ocean.

We enjoyed this enviable position but a few years. While the establishment of the open-door policy was the climax to a second era of achievement, it was likewise the prelude to a second period of decline. When it came, our withdrawal from the Pacific was almost as sudden and dramatic as our later advances. In the brief years since 1900 we have given up, practically without a struggle, much of the prestige and many of the privileges we held at that time.

Our first loss was the trade of Manchuria, for Japan defeated not one but two adversaries in her war with Russia. One of the things she fought was the imperialistic ambition of Russia and the other was the commercial ambition of the United States. Russia was seeking to dominate Manchuria in order to gain a warm water port. The United States was leading in the Manchurian markets. Japan's victory over Russia would have brought her comparatively small reward if the United States had retained its share of trade. Japan defeated us just as decisively as she defeated Russia. During the war Americans and other foreigners were kept out of Manchuria and this prohibition was maintained for a year after peace was declared. When Americans were allowed to return their huge trade was dead. The bludgeon of exclusion and the stiletto of imitated trademarks had done the work and preferential rates over Japanese owned railways now give Japanese merchants an advantage which cannot be overcome. Examples of what Japan did in the imitation of American trade-marks in a large way in Manchuria may be seen today in any Japanese city, where native grown oranges are sold in wrappers bearing the names of California "Sunkist" growers and, to mention but one of many, the product of an Osaka factory is such a clever imitation of Ivory Soap that the closest inspection is necessary to reveal the difference in the trademarks.

PERHAPS historians of the future will find a delicious bit of Oriental humor in the fact that the treaty of peace



The Harbor of Hongkong

Once upon a time the American mercantile marine was so important on the China coast that it was second only to that of Great Britain. It is now exceeded by that of every other maritime nation. Today from such crowded ports as this the American flag is practically gone

between Japan and Russia, brought about at American suggestion and signed on American soil, with Americans looking on and smiling in self-satisfaction at the success of American diplomacy, has been the means of keeping American trade and investments out of the territory in which the war was fought. Mukden, which was opened to foreign trade at the request of the United States, is now the commercial stronghold of Japan. Manchuria is a closed province to America. No American can build a foot of railway within its borders, put in a telephone or electric light system, dig a ton of coal out of the earth, or plant an acre of the untilled plain. Our next withdrawal—the abandonment of Korea—followed soon after this. For many years American influence had been strong in that unhappy but hopeful kingdom. We had made the first treaty Korea negotiated with a Western power and in this treaty appeared a clause which Americans soon forgot, though the Koreans cherished it tenderly. It read: "If other powers deal unjustly or oppressively with either government, the other will exert their good offices, on being informed of the case, to bring about an amicable arrangement, thus showing their friendly feeling." The Koreans thought that this bound us together in a defensive alliance and this was doubtless partly responsible for the marked preference shown to Americans in Korea. Americans put in the waterworks of Seoul, developed the Korean gold mines, built the first Korean railway and established the Seoul street car system. This street car system is, I believe, the only one in the world outside American territory

which follows the American rule of the road "Turn to the right." Koreans looked to America to lead their country into modern ways, asked and followed American advice and solicited American investments.

THE Japanese had barely finished driving the Russians back from the border of Korea when they began indecently hasty plans for the annexation of the country. The brutal murder of the Queen of Korea by a Japanese agent and the humiliating demands of Japan on Korean officials left no room for doubt that Japan was dealing unjustly as well as oppressively. Korea appealed to the United States for aid. The Koreans probably did not expect armed assistance, but they did expect, and had a right to expect, the exertion of our still powerful, though waning, influence in their behalf. The eight thousand Koreans who were then residents of Hawaii forwarded to Washington a petition in which they said: "The clause in the treaty between the United States and Korea gives us a claim upon the United States for assistance, and this is the time when we need it most." American residents of Korea, shocked by Japan's apparent determination to ignore treaties and make a vassal of Korea, pilgrimaged to Washington and plead in vain for action, if nothing more than a protest. An American minister to Korea was removed for no reason other than that his sympathy for the Koreans displeased the Japanese, and Korea became a colony of Japan without a protest from the country which for a quarter of a century had

stood pledged as its first as well as its best friend among the foreign powers. With Japanese annexation all American influence except that exerted by the missionaries died a natural death, and recent Japanese action in restricting the work of the American missionary schools threatens to drive that small vestige of America's former glory from the "Land of the Morning Calm."

This treaty with Korea, whereby we stood pledged to aid her in the event of trouble, was taken seriously by the Japanese as well as by the Koreans. Long before the immigration and land ownership questions arose to aggravate the situation the treaty was the cause of the growth of an anti-American sentiment in Japan. The Japanese did not believe we would easily give up the fine position we had so fairly won in Korea and anticipated American efforts to preserve the integrity of the little kingdom. Our annexation of Hawaii (against which Japan alone protested) and trade rivalry in Manchuria were serious issues in Japan before the question of Japanese immigration to America was ever seriously discussed.

Our defeat in Manchuria and Korea left us with the possession of the Philippines and the very important prestige of having established the open-door policy in China. But the outbreak of the European war was soon followed by Japan's successful attack on the latter policy and our frontiers were again shortened by waning influence in China. It is not necessary to go into details of the demands made by Japan on China or the

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Bray looked through the glasses at the far-off speck on the ice. "What in 'ell," said he, "is that fellow doin' out there, in forty below, walkin' with one dog under pack?"

Claxton, D. D.

A Story of the Northwest Mounted Police

By Emerson Hough

Author of: *On His Own*

Illustrated by Arthur Cahill

"WELL," said Sergeant Claxton, knocking the ashes from his pipe on his boot heel and pulling the strings of his tobacco pouch, "that will be about all for this year, I'm thinkin'."

He kept his eyes fixed on the far edge of the murky, gray-blue horizon, where a thin, crooked, wavering line still showed, lessening each instant—a skein of wild geese on their way south.

"When they come up squawkin' right in the middle of the lake and start off hollerin' bloody murder that way," added Claxton—who had seen many wild geese in his day in the far North—"that means they know something's comin'. It's time to bank up the house, Bray, and get in some wood and plug the cracks. Winter'll be here any minute now. Don't those old honkers know? They are off for Florida or Mexico."

"I don't know in the least where them places is," said Corporal Bray, who stood nearby his superior officer, "but I do know that this 'ere ain't no place at all. This is the h'absolute end of all the world, right 'ere on Beaver Lake. We'll be cut off from the entire world till April

or May. W'y—I awsk you that, Sergeant—w'y? W'y in 'ell do we do it?" Claxton did not speak and Bray went on.

"W'y don't we follow the geese on out? I'll tell you. It's because we 'aven't got the gol-blimed sense of a dash-blimed wild goose. That's w'y. Us growed men, too. Northwest Police—bah!—I'm going to quit, that's what I am."

"You can't quit, Bray," grinned Claxton, his commanding officer, who was used to these tirades. "You ain't in bad health, and your time isn't up yet. There's nobody to take your resignation, and no way you can get out. The lakes will be froze any time now. Those fellows"—and he nodded toward the place where the last wild geese had disappeared—"they can get out, but we can't. Besides, I couldn't recommend you for discharge, Bray."

"W'y cawn't you, Sergeant?"

"Because I need you too much and like you too much," said Claxton. "Some chaps don't know what they want. You're one of them."

"Oh, don't I, then! I'd like to know if I don't. Come spring, I'll show you."

"That's a long way off yet," said Claxton, smiling. "Why make plans that far ahead?"

"I'm not miking no plans special," grumbled Bray, "but this is our second season 'ere. The only reason I 'aven't deserted long ago is—"

"—Because you couldn't, Bray," said Claxton. "If you did I'd have to follow you and catch you, and it's goin' to be cold pretty soon—too cold for any sport at that sort of work. That's the one trouble about a two-man post. If we both left the shop, how'd she run?"

"Better if it was shut up," continued Bray. "Two of us keepin' 'er open. W'y? Because a while back some fool prospector come along 'ere an' found a color of gold somewhere—an' then 'e went out and lost 'isself, an' the bally government at H'ottawa got scared that some one else would come up 'ere and start something. Nobody never did. But we're put 'ere for fear somebody will. Fine business, ain't it? We might both be drowned or froze or killed. 'Oo'd know it at H'ottawa, and 'oo'd care?"

"Well, I can't tell you that just, Bray," said Claxton mildly. "We're not on the Ottawa station, but on Beaver Lake post, the two of us, and we don't need ask any questions outside our own district. We've got in our supplies for the winter, and we'll get mail in the spring. Now we've little to do except to bank up and get in the wood—and log the date of the last wild geese to start south this year. If anything happens we'll have to record such things as native outrages or murders or the like. Not that I see any chance," he added, smiling, "for since the tribes pulled off to the east across the lake last summer, we've been left pretty much alone, that's the truth. One way of speakin', I don't know of any easier job than ours; do you, Bray?"

"It's the last job in the world for a man," grumbled Bray. "I know plenty better."

"Why don't you take them on then, Bray?" grinned Claxton.

"Well, you see, I 'adn't quite thought it all out when I signed on, Sergeant, don't you see? I didn't know what might appen, either. And so—well, the fact is, Sergeant, I was only a w'ite drifter—driftin' all over the world, like plenty of others. I says to myself about the Maounded, 'W'y not?' An' so I did. But I found out more about the Maounded since than I knew before. I'm tellin' you, this is the lonest, worthless, gol-blimedest job any two men ever did tike on. We're not doing a bit of use up 'ere, neither. Nothink 'appens."

"Nothing much, that's true," pondered Claxton. "But a fellow can't al-

ways tell what's goin' to happen. Only wild geese and wild Indians can tell what's goin' to happen. If I thought it was fair to say, I'd say my own self that something's bound to happen before long. Those geese goin' out the way they do—it gives a fellow a sort of turn, doesn't it? But then, my business isn't readin' palms in a side show, or shufflin' the cards in a fortune teller's booth. Only, I was feelin'—just at the beginnin' of winter—you know, if I was any kind of prophet I'd prophesy hard luck for somebody! Of course, that's just eatin' too much marmalade and not workin' hard enough."

"For Gawd's sake, Sergeant, don't tell me anythink like that," said Bray. "If you've got any suspicions that things is goin' to be worse, keep it to yourself. I don't want to know anythink worse. It's 'ard enough luck, Gawd knows, just to be 'ere."

"But what you was sayin' is a funny thing enough," he added presently. "These bally natives—they've got some sort of way of seein' into the future, or seein' across the country, some ways. The 'Uskies is the worst at that. Talk about telegraft an' the like—they've got something that beats that. Some of their old men can just see a 'undred miles an' tell you right off the bat what's 'appenin'. 'Ankticook'—that's the 'Usky word for this sort of sight-seein'. The missionaries writes about it, don't you know?"

"I've heard of the like," said Claxton. "Anybody who has lived on the front knows that natives have strange ways of gettin' news across country."

"Sure they 'ave. Now, once over at Churchill, some years back, one of the old medicine makers of the village nearby, 'e throws some sort of fit, an' 'e comes over to the Post—'twas in the summer, an' the yearly boat was due down 'Udson's Bay. Well, 'e says to the factor, the boat's off its course an' gone ashore three days' journey down the coast. 'E says the men 'as took to little boats, three of them, an' that one of the little boats is wrecked one day's journey down the coast, but all the men is safe. 'E insists the Company shall send out a party to sive the men. Well, the factor 'e jolly well does send out a party—an' by jove, 'e jolly well does find it all 'appened just the way the old 'Usky said! That's ankticook. I cawn't explain it. There's a 'eap of things up 'ere a man cawn't explain."

CLAXTON nodded meditatively. "There's something in that sort of thing. The natives have some fashion of gettin' news that we don't understand. It's like the Scotch second sight, I suppose. But what's the strangest of it is, it's nearly always true. The natives can get word that way of the doings of white men. Their medicine doesn't seem to work so well in their own affairs. It's all a mystery to our wise men—and I'm not wise at all, and never claimed it. I'm thinkin' the doctors will explain ankticook about the same time they explain wild geese. Those old boys know what is goin' on. Yet so far as we can see and so far as the glass says, the weather is just the same as it has been for a week. I was just tellin' you I've got



With his knuckles out, his hands thrust down, he made the sign for dead or death

that sort of feelin' myself. Mebbe it's catchin', so white men get it, livin' on the front all the time among the natives. For the sake of argument, I'm willin' to call it antkicook, and not marmalade! You couldn't blame a fellow for gettin' savage up here."

"Yes, savager than any savage," grumbled Bray. "We ain't as good off as savages, you an' me, Sergeant. They 'ave their 'omes, after a fashion—they get married an' settle down an' raise families, an' 'ave something of their own. We don't. It's against regulations for one of us to marry before or after 'is first offense of signin' on in 'Is Majesty's service. I'm tellin' you the bally Maounted service is a crime—an' we're worse than in prison right 'ere, you an' me. Not a wife—not a sweetheart—nor we don't 'ope to 'ave one."

"Shut up, Bray, will you!" said Claxton suddenly. "Come on, let's go look over the dog team, or do something. We can't stand here talkin' like two old women—we're men, and we're in the service."

"W'y not?" said Bray gloomily. "I've got the same feelin' you said you 'ad. It's catchin'. What 'elp for us, up 'ere all alone, if anythink did 'appen?"

BRAY only grunted, but the two wandered off together along the narrow path which led along the edge of the lake. The vast sheet of leaden blue water lay before them, boundless, desolate. They stood in silence for a time looking out over the gloomy scene.

"The geese will be to Cumberland House by midnight," said Bray. "Look, it's freezin' now." He kicked loose a spicule or two of ice that lay in the grass at the edge of the water. "They did know all right, didn't they, Sergeant?"

Without much more speech they both now turned toward the log hut. Claxton kicked together the smoldering embers in the fireplace. The two went out and began to carry in wood—went to complete such unfinished work as would be necessary to make their tentement more weather-proof.

"Gawd! 'ear the wind," muttered Bray.

These two, the only white inhabitants in more than five hundred miles of country, lived practically on a basis of camping out in the wilderness; but over all their rude ménage sat the imprint of discipline. The interior of the cabin was neat. There were no loose odds and ends of clothing cluttering the floor. Each man's bed was neatly made up, his uniform, hat and accouterments each at the proper nail at the head of the bed. The table was clean, the hearth well swept. What Bray might have done in camp if left alone was one matter. With Claxton in charge any post was certain to be ship-shape. It was Claxton who took the stub of a broom and swept the ashes into the fireplace.

"That will be a bit better now, eh, Bray?" he said as the flames began to leap up the chimney. "I am thinkin' we'd better put on another blanket

each tonight. Those old honkers knew, believe me. She'll come cold before long."

Bray only mumbled some sort of reply, and sat looking into the fire, his chin between his hands.

"Bray," said Claxton sharply to him, "you didn't shave this morning. Do it tomorrow morning—and every morning—won't you, please?"

"Oh, I suppose so," said Bray, still grumbling.

"So do I!" said Claxton, with just a touch of grimness in his tone, which Bray recognized very well. Claxton himself buttoned up his tunic as he spoke, brushed down his trousers with his gauntlets, and stood up, stretching his long arms. He gazed into the little glass on the wall, without a trace of vanity, but only with military care. As he stood he showed the



He took two sticks, lashed them arm to arm and stood there in the candle-light. Somewhere the cross had come to the wilderness

sinewy height of five feet eleven, a man deep in chest, and not carrying an ounce of extra weight. He was hard and fit through, was Claxton. Bray, as he sat, seemed a trifle more lax, and loose alike in mental and physical habit; yet two fine young specimens of manhood they were, and alike qualified for this very job of holding the white man's flag at the edge of the wilderness. Wilderness it was. Winter was coming. They would have no touch with the white men's world for six months now.

But Claxton cast aside his gloom. "Come on, Bray," said he; "let's get the supper ready. We'll both be better for a cup of tea—and no marmalade for me tonight."

Soon they were at their frugal meal, not ill-cooked and not un nourishing. They had abundance of wild fowl from the store which hung frozen under the eaves of the cabin. There was a bit of caribou venison, abundant whitefish, and the unvarying dish of desiccated potatoes. Also there was tea. Presently even Bray took on a more cheerful point of view.

"Now," said Claxton, after they had cleared away the dishes, and after Bray had washed and wrung out his dishrag and hung it on a nail behind the stove, "let's sit up and play a rubber to see who will cook breakfast. We'll have to do something to celebrate the coming of frost."

It came that night—the frost. The wild geese had known. Before midnight the men were reaching out for the additional blankets in their bunks. In the morning, when they looked out, it was upon a world gone white. The lake was under a tough skin of ice on which the drifting snow was skirling before the lash of the northern wind. The woodpile, the cache, the cabin itself, lay under a mantle of white. The six dogs, drawn up in a semi-circle before the cabin door,

were covered in the snow, their noses protected by their tails; and they only raised their eyes, not their heads, when Claxton opened the door. All the world was silent. The wild fowl no longer clamored along the lake shore. The winter of the icy North had come.

"Well," said Claxton cheerily, "here we are again!" Bray growled. "Gawd!" said he. "If only somethink could 'appen inside these next six months."

BUT nothing did happen that day, or the next week. Nothing happened, in fact, until the next month. In many ways Beaver Lake post was the most remote of any in the service, new as it was. Claxton and Bray were more castaway than they were when stationed at the mouth of the Mackenzie river. There at least the Dawson patrol came through, and there was such a thing as Christmas; but at Beaver Lake the name of Christmas could not be known. This little post was stationed there on the off chance that at some vague, indefinite time in

the future a gold field might develop—in which case there might be trouble among the local population. As yet the population had not come. Certainly, now that winter had settled, it could not come that season.

Claxton stood at the door, his hands in his trousers pockets, looking out. He could see as far as the thin line of cedars which edged the lake among the marsh grasses. Somewhere off to the east, more than seventy-five miles over the water, there was, or perhaps there was, a native village. There was no human being closer than that village, wherever or whatever it might be.

Even Claxton sighed just a bit as he turned back. "We'll have to fire up the stoves, Bray," said he. "The fireplace won't keep us warm enough much longer." Thus they settled down to their regular winter routine. In this Claxton was wise in his day and generation. He kept both himself and his companion busy—for instance, undertaking a line of traps for mink and marten which kept one or other

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What of the Nation?

Preparedness If Need Be—Strikes and Wages —An International Loss

By David Starr Jordan

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PREPAREDNESS IF NEED BE

UNDER the impulse of the wave of preparedness set in motion by the fear and the greed of men about New York, we seem likely to make a considerable increase in our army and navy. This wave has been somewhat checked and modified by a counter-current emanating from the President, this having the effect of taking the whole matter "out of politics." Its force will also be largely spent on the rocks of finance. When we come to decide on how to pay, neither the dangerous process of borrowing money nor the disagreeable process of doubling the income tax will satisfy any of us.

Still some increase may be put through and we shall have a really big navy, with something of a standing army. Our pride in being able to look up or down our great avenues without seeing a soldier will be a thing of the past. We shall get into line with Europe.

But Europe must perforce reduce her fighting force for lack of money to pay for it. As her far-called navies melt away ours will begin to materialize, a condition that might leave us the final world-bully.

This we do not want, and the way to avoid it is to make our naval expansion contingent on the continuance of naval rivalry in Europe.

To that end certain far-seeing men and women have sought to prevent possible calamity, by adding a "civilizing clause" as a rider on the appropriation bill.

This has been phrased as follows: "That as to such appropriation bills as finally pass in regard to the army and the navy, a clause be added checking these matters and turning any unused balance back into the treasury in case, at the end of the war in Europe, an agreement should be made reducing or limiting the present armament of the nations of Europe."

It seems to me that no one honestly fearing for our future peace and asking only national "preparedness with a small p," can object to this cautious limitation.

STRIKES AND WAGES

IT is well proved that war brings no economic or other good to the nation that engages in it, although it may serve to make some individuals rich. In like manner, industrial warfare does not enrich those who engage in it. Strikes impoverish employers and workers alike, though they may incidentally enrich those who stir them up.

An official publication in England before the war is of interest in this regard. In the ten years ending in 1913, there had been in Great Britain many strikes for higher wages. Through these strikes wages in the aggregate have been raised by the sum of \$13,571,700. In the same time, the loss to workmen through enforced idleness amounted to \$87,065,940. Thus strikes caused a net loss in ten years of \$73,494,240. All this at the expense of the laborers themselves. This does not count the amount of strike pay, nor the losses of capital, impairing its ability to give employment. We may further presume that employers of labor suffered in like proportion.

Meantime in ten years, by methods of friendly conciliation and agreement, without strikes or strife, the aggregate of wages has been increased by \$75,000,000. This involved no extra loss to capital. It goes to show not only that strikes in general are foolish, wasteful and self-destructive, but also that it is in the interest of employers of labor to treat workmen with justice and consideration, meeting them as men and giving no occasion for a justifiable strike.

The report shows that of the strikes in this period about half were won by the employers, one-fourth by the laborers and the other fourth were compromised.

It appears also that no strike wins unless it has the approval of the public. To this end its cause must be just or must appear so. If it is really justifiable and worthy of popular support, it should make its purpose public. Hence the value of investigation by a non-partisan committee. It is a fact that in some of the most bitterly conducted strikes neither the strikers nor the public knew what it was about. It appears also that those strikes which offer least violence are most likely to be successful. Violence is in itself a great offense, a crime against law and order, which necessarily stirs good citizens to opposition. In the end, law and order must prevail.

It appears also that the more clean cut the strike, the greater its success. If it involves men and women who have nothing to do with the original alleged offense, it is sure to be futile. For this reason, all "sympathetic strikes" and "general strikes" are bound to fail because they attack the rights of the people at large,

thus creating new offenses, placing "labor" in antagonism not merely to "capital," but to society in general, and in such a conflict the many will always win as against the few.

Hermann Liebknecht once declared "*Generalstreik ist Generalunsinn*" (A general strike is general folly). And this statement of the great labor leader has always proved true.

And the final lesson is this: obstinacy, violence and hate are not good weapons on the side of labor. In like fashion, obstinacy, brutality and scorn are not winning instruments on the side of capital. Nothing is lost on either side by frankness, conciliation and good understanding. The methods of war have no honest place in industry or business, nor anywhere else in civilization. To get rid of intimidation and violence is civilization's first duty.

ERNST SIEPER

WE have just learned of the sudden death of Professor Ernst Sieper, of the chair of English Literature in the University of Munich, on January sixth, at the age of fifty-two. Dr. Sieper was one of the genuine apostles of "Sweetness and Light," the most broad-minded and "gemüthlich" of German scholars, taking a place as a clear writer and lucid thinker like that held in England by Professor Lowes Dickinson. And because of this, he stood with Dickinson firmly for international understandings and against the notion that every diplomatic step must be expiated in blood.

Dr. Alfred H. Fried in "Friedenswarte" says that "Sieper knew England extraordinarily well. He was a leading member of the movement for Anglo-German understanding in the interest of which he worked for years. The war could not change his standpoint. He was one of the iron columns of pacifism which war could not overturn—but only strengthen. In the coming struggle when the war shall end, he should have been one of the leaders."

Dr. Sieper had just published an important paper, "Weltkrieg und Wahrheit," showing the incompatibility of truth and the details of a world war. My own last word from him was a post card, "Es Kommt einmal Frühling" ("Spring is coming some time"). This shows his unflinching hope that the era of senseless rage will pass away, leaving a world wrecked, no doubt, but still throbbing with humanity.



Down Along the Mountain

(An Idyl of Western Spring)

By Wm. Rose Benét

Drawings by C. S. Price



I

*Waving his blue serape, the wild vaquero wind
Whooped o'er the purple mountain, the herds of Spring behind.
His silver-mounted saddle, his chinking bridle-chains,
Glittered between the live-oaks as he flashed to find the plains.*

Down along the mountain
A cowboy
Came riding,
Down along the mountain,
Down along the mountain,
O'er the deep-cut canyons,
Through the high hill-meadows;
But his heart was swept of shadows
And it gushed a golden fountain,
As his hard-braced little horse's legs
Went jolting,
Went sliding—
With hitches, twists and slithers,
Humped-up rump and sunken withers—
While the pebbles spun along;
And the loosed water-courses
In his soul foamed to his riding,
Red-roaring, fervid forces
Thundered "Spring!" through every vein;
And the clouds above the mountain in the blue of love abiding
Caught the glory of his song
With its braggart refrain,

"Hang
your
spurs
On the back-door of the rainbow!
Bow
to
Gawd
In the great big sky corral!
Hitch your britches, and amble to the ranch-house!
Sail in, Davy—sail in, Davy—
Sail in, Davy!
You're bound to get that gal!"

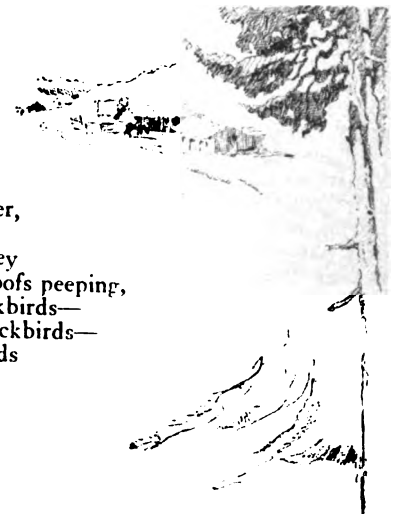


*Silken and orange poppies, lupin in blinding blue,
Painted the billowed foothills, and pure as a globe of dew
The meadow-lark's lyric bubble purled out of silver oats,
And song from the orange orchards trilled from throbbing vireo throats.*

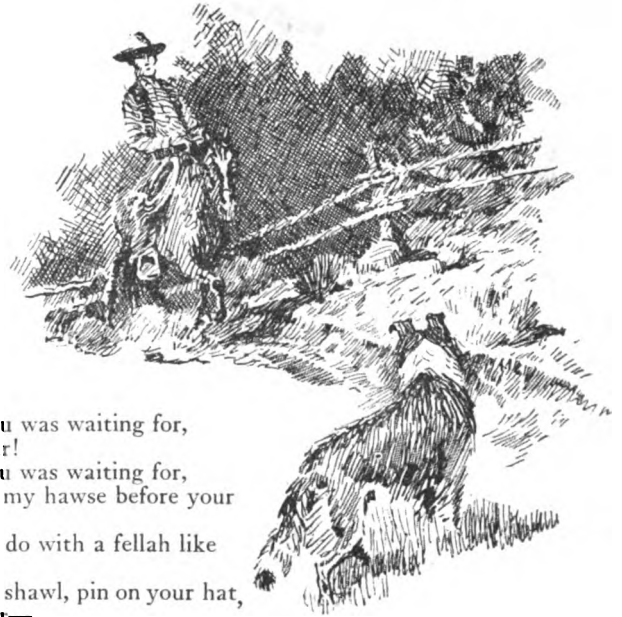
Dreaming in the meadow
Goldilocks lay sleeping.
Shaggy "Shep," beside her,
His nose on his paws,
Watched the distant valley
With its sprawly ranch-roofs peeping,
Lolled his tongue at blackbirds—
Skimming red-winged blackbirds—
Curled his lip at blackbirds
And a crow's far caws.



*He saw the blue serape of the wild vaquero wind
Stream o'er the purple mountain, the herds of Spring behind.
Silver-mounted saddle and chinking bridle-chains
Glittered between the live-oaks as he flashed to find the plains.*



"Shep" rose trembling,
 But dissembling
 All his awe—
 And raised a paw,
 Took a step,
 (Romantic "Shep!")
 And then, beyond the oaks, he saw,
 As from hiding
 A cowboy
 Come riding
 Down along the mountain,
 Down along the mountain,
 Singing strong at a song—
 For his heart in the Spring
 Gushed a golden fountain,
 And he simply had to sing!



"I'm the fellah you was waiting for,
 M-y-y-y dear!
 I'm the fellah you was waiting for,
 And I'm here on my hawse before your
 door.
 So what will you do with a fellah like
 that?
 Take down your shawl, pin on your hat,
 M-y-y-y dear—
 And come on, come on—we're goin'
 On a ride
 To the moon!"

Goldilocks, the rancher's daughter,
 Had a laugh like a fairy,
 Had a smile the angels taught her,
 (Though her real true name was Mary.)
 And I think they must have brought her
 In a pearl and ivory car
 When she came to Bar-X-Bar.



II

Look out, look out for squirrel-holes,
 When sunshine makes you drowse!
 Spring will daze a cayuse, and a dog's bark make him jump.
 Don't fool along through live-oak groves
 Where Spring is keeping house!
 You'll slip sidewise and you'll stumble, and go grassward with a bump—
 And the surest-footed cayuse prove a triple-plated chump.
 That was how it happened—*thump!*

Goldilocks
 Sprang from sleep.
 And a cowboy, in a heap,
 Scrambled up, and then uncovered,
 (When he saw his pony stood
 Quivering, snorting, but all sound),
 And bowed low to the ground
 In a gay Lothario mood.

Spring in their veins
 Thrilled and tingled.
 Spring in their brains
 Throbbled and mingled.
 Her cloud of gold hair,
 Like an aureole,
 Breezes tossed—to snare
 His heart and soul.
 Breezes swept its strands
 To a maze of light
 Till he clenched his hands
 And stared at the sight,
 And his heart sang loud for delight:

"You came out of the sunset to me
 Long ago, long ago—
 Riding a cayuse the color of night
 And whirling a lariat of diamond light!

(Continued on page 66)





Two Bad Men from Jimtown

Old Dr. Chitterley and "Hell-roarin'" Lemuel flee from their Past and Present

By Robert Welles Ritchie

Author of: *The Pilgrim of Jackass Bar*

OLD Dr. Chitterley climbed to the high seat of his black and gold medicine wagon, threw off the brake and headed Ben and Bill toward the distant blue bulk of Table Mountain—fashioned in one of Nature's ugly moods—and the hell-roarin' camp of Jimtown. Silence of noon and the mountain spaces lay over the crinkled brown and green face of Tuolumne county—silence and a sea of heat, whose waves blurred the far, ragged line of the high Sierras. Out of the secret laboratories of gulches floated clean scents, sun-engendered: scent of tarweed, of manzanita bells and digger pine. Everywhere countless multitudes of growing things pushed upward toward fleckless blue.

Now Sue, she met a gambler bold,
What dealt in sleight o' hand.

The Doctor tilted his patriarchal beard to the sky and his lusty barytone, hardly scratched by age, had jackrabbits hoisting periscope ears from the chaparral. For the worthy Doctor was brimming good spirits; the exultation of youth was upon him. Ahead lay Jimtown, the bourne of a little sentimental journey—Jimtown, shrine of memories. After forty years Buck Chitterley, that bully of Shirrtail Slide who once had driven a Chinaman clear through a shanty's side with one whick from the stream of his hydraulicking "monitor," was returning to the scene of riotous youth. Professionally, of course, and as the patentee and sole dispensing agent of Squaw Root Tonic; but even as Joseph returned to his brethren, with a heart of great yearning.

A brave and eye-filling picture of a man was he who tooled the two big blacks from the high seat of the medicine wagon. Under the wide brim of the soft crowned hat, with its circlet of rough-cut Alaskan garnets set about the band, heavy white ringlets fell over an old stock collar and circled round to mingle with the cascading white of a prophet's beard—a beard to remember, full, fine-spun, hoary. Though hair and beard were cast after the model of an early Christian Father, the eyes were strangely hostile to the spirit of these saintly trimmings. They sparkled

Illustrated by Louis Rogers

youth, adventure, competence. The good Doctor's broad shoulders stretched tight the black broadcloth "Prince Albert" he wore; pegtop trousers of delicate lilac shade and frilled shirtfront, such as was vogue when bonanza kings set the fashions for San Francisco's Montgomery street, finished off the costuming for the grand entry which Dr. Chitterley had just accomplished in a wayside dressing room of little pines.

Meeting this outfit on the dusty pike, you'd say first off here was a gospel wagon coming to chart the vistas of hell for a wicked Jimtown. But you'd err grievously—grievously!

Abruptly the shoulder of a spur hill fell away and Dr. Chitterley was at the edge of Jimtown. Had he not known the unalterable face of Table Mountain he would have said this was not Jimtown at all. Over there on the opposite ridge the unpainted monstrosity of a shafthouse reared itself above the green scrub, and the noise of stamps was engulfing, like the roar of a cataract. Down below, where the flume used to carry water for the hydraulicking monitors, a switch engine was juggling a string of freight cars. Quartz mine and railroad equally were not of the old Jimtown the Doctor had known.

"Hee-yup, Ben! Step out, Bill! The old Doctor's going to show Jimtown a little fancy ribbon work." Subtle attempt, this, to still with easy braggadocio the small voice of fear in his heart—fear for the collapsing structure memory builds. Where the country road began to be the town's main street the Doctor prepared to give that exhibition of ribbon work. His neck stiffened; back went his shoulders; from the hips he gave his body an easy tilt forward, and his hands held the ribbons and whip a little out and up from the lap, after the manner of old-time stage-drivers. The snowy head turned neither to right nor left as with a fine pacing trot the two glistening blacks spun the medicine wagon straight down Main street. Black horses, black wagon

glistened like polished ebony. Old Dr. Chitterley's flowing white hair was lifted ever so little by the wind of his passage, and his patriarch's beard parted and streamed over his shoulders. The tunnels of shade under wooden awnings on both sides of the street became populous with spectators, dogs barked, barelegged boys leaped to the street and followed, shouting.

As he had left Jimtown, so did Dr. Chitterley return—in a breeze and large in the eyes of Jimtown's citizens.

"THE human larynx, dear friends, is a most wonderful and beautiful machine, surpassing in the delicacy of its construction the most cunning works ever put into a Swiss watch, more durable than the great hoisting engine I can hear in that mine over on the mountain. Take my larynx, for example—" Dr. Chitterley raised his right hand with a fine, free-handed gesture, and gently insinuated two fingers into the thicket of his beard over the throat. "My larynx, dear friends, is an unusually good one, though some of you'll say, 'The old Doctor must make his little boast.'

"My larynx, I repeat, must be an unusually good one to stand the strain my mission in life puts upon it. For forty years—count 'em, folks; figure out how long a time that is—for forty years, I say, this God-given machine of mine has devoted itself to the good of my fellowman, talking, talking, talking in every large and small town the length and breadth of our glorious state—talking for the people's good. And what has kept this remarkable larynx of mine in fine condition? My answer is in three magic words—Squaw Root Tonic!"

The Doctor lifted high a bottle of the tonic with the epic gesture of Patrick Henry apostrophizing liberty, and he slowly turned it in the light of the gasoline flare over his head, beaming upon it with loving eyes. The discovery of the ages! A gift of the simple red man to the arrogant whites who robbed him! Nature's own remedy for the ills Nature imposes! The good Doctor told the dollar bottle of Squaw Root Tonic just

what it was in words loud enough to carry away down to the Bon Ton eating house. His larynx was operating at its best.

A circle of yellow light under the poplars fringing Courthouse Square—a circle of yellow light which fell on scores of upturned faces, blurring and smudging them by the vagaries of its flux in the wind; this was the stage-set for Old Dr. Chitterley's return engagement with Jimtown. And nobly did he fill the scene. Behind the polished brass rails running around the top of the wagon box he stood. The driver's seat, inverted, made a commodious counter for the disposition of his wares. His wide brimmed felt hat of professional dignity lay beside the medicines, where the flare light could catch and play upon the blunt facets of the Alaskan garnets about the crown.

The Doctor was drawing. From the long tunnels of the awninged sidewalks on three visible sides of the square, where saloon lights splashed white out of swinging doors, came the miners of the "graveyard shift," craving amusement, excitement, until midnight should send them into the dripping stopes. Big fellows they, with fleering deviltry lurking in their eyes and on their lips jest rough as a horse rasp. They came to "kid" the old gentleman with the Santa Claus whiskers; but Chitterley blasted the first attempt at horseplay by an old trick.

"You're a pretty husky young man,"

he broke off his lecture to address an interrupter on the fringe of the crowd. "You look as if Nature had been good to you—given you tremendous muscles.

Well, my son, anybody who thinks he can sell Squaw Root better than the Old Doctor has got to be strong enough to prove it. My young friend, here's a dollar bottle of this incomparable elixir. You take this in your right hand"—the grinning chuck tender shouldered his way to the wagon side and reached for the bottle—"and I'll take another in my right hand. If you do with yours what I'm going to do with this one here I'll give you a bottle of the tonic free—and wrap a five-dollar gold-piece in the same package with it, too."

A little sigh of expectancy fluttered over the crowd as the Doctor

slowly raised the solid, eight-ounce bottle over his head. His fingers gripped it midway of its length, holding it firmly against the palm; the thumb was free.



"Stand out from behind those whiskers, Buck Chitterley, and tell the crowd who it was you left waiting in a satin wedding dress!"

When he had turned his hand around so all could see the position of fingers and thumb he suddenly set the thumb against the thin flange at the base of the cork; there was a sharp snap, and the whole neck of the bottle was driven clear of the body, squarely broken off. With a smile the Doctor poured the contents of the broken bottle over the side—a prodigality not lost on the crowd—and looked down upon the chuck tender with amused tolerance.

The young giant had his bottle out at arm's length, thumb braced against the flange of the neck, and his face slowly purpled with fruitless effort. Yells and derisive taunts from companions stung him to increased exertion; his eyes popped and his tongue curled out of one corner of his mouth, and still the bottle resisted. In a fury he hurled it at his feet, where it exploded noisily. Flipping a silver dollar on the seat-counter of the wagon, he turned and bucked his way through the crowd, muttering savagely.

"And Old Dr. Chitterley is going on sixty-three," was the comment from the medicine wagon which closed the incident. Six bottles of the tonic went in a gust of appreciation for the medicine man's sporting blood. Dr. Chitterley pushed back his tumbling mane, stooped to the mysterious recesses of the wagon and brought out a banjo.

"And now, dear friends, a little music from the Old Doctor," he pre- luded as his fingers made the strings snap tunefully. Grins of surprise and delight flickered over upturned faces. Somehow this austere and reverend graybeard with a banjo on his knee offered as great a surprise as would the Apostle Paul with a meerschaum between his teeth. Dr. Chitterley seated himself on a corner of the medicine stand, cocked one varnished boot over a lilac hued knee and sang to the ripping and stamping of the banjo.

HE sang the saga of Mokelumne Mose, a brave old ballad of the Roaring Fifties, wherein the hero bully "et three men an' yelled for more—loudly cried, 'I must have gore!'" Some of the elder men in the crowd, graybeards like the Doctor, fetched back in memory to the days when "Mokelumne Mose" used to be roared out to the wild squeak of fiddles and thunder of boots on dancehall floors. They winked waggishly at Dr. Chitterley and ventured snatches of the chorus, recalling with wicked pride certain verses which discretion prompted the performer to omit.

Just as the banjo was tinkling a final requiem to the Mokelumne terror, "planted where the skunk cabbage blooms," a shawled figure crossed from the red and yellow lights of the drugstore corner and insinuated itself with eager

hitchings and shovings well into the crowd. From beneath the cowl formed by the projection of the shawl over a hidden forehead two very bright eyes bored into the jungle of Dr. Chitterley's beard, vainly trying to reconstruct in that sedate foliage the outlines of a long lost chin, mayhap the set of a mouth.

The Doctor propped his banjo against the seat, rose to his impressive height and, with right hand slipped into the sling of his "Prince Albert's" cutaway front, allowed his eyes to play over the faces under the yellow flare. A meditative light was in them; forgetting for the

howl all night when the boys were engaged in that misguided practice known as 'lickering up.' Such were the memories of Jimtown I carried away with me, when I started on my never-ending pilgrimage to bring health to the ailing, relief to those in affliction.

"The strength of my young manhood, the maturity of my older years have gone into the work of mercy—distributing up and down the length of our great state this precious health secret of the Shoshone squaw doctors. Now in my old age I return to Jimtown. Do I see a familiar face?"



Dr. Chitterley blacked up Lemuel with a smudged cork. The result was a startling nocturne in black and white, for Lemuel would not part with his chin whisker

moment that it could not be seen, he encouraged a sad smile to play over his lips.

"Good people of Jimtown—excuse me; with the march of progress I believe it's Jamestown—the Old Doctor's going to let you into one of his little secrets." His sympathetic voice, the voice of a great character actor, took on a plaintive tremolo and the hand that rose to sweep through the white mane lingered on the forehead to soothe a dull ache.

"Old Dr. Chitterley, known by that title of endearment in love and gratitude from Shasta to Mojave, has looked forward to this night with mingled yearning and fear. For it is the Old Doctor's home-coming—after forty years of wandering, his return to the scenes of his glorious youth." A murmur passed from mouth to mouth. Local pride bestirred itself to recognize as Jimtown's own so picturesque a pilgrim. Dr. Chitterley continued in a hushed voice:

"When I left this beautiful town of yours—of ours, may I say?—the ridge over across the creek used to bellow all day with the roar of the hydrauliclicker monitors and Forty-rod Row—I regret to say it, dear friends, but in the interests of truth I must—Forty-rod Row used to

THE good Doctor made a little play of shielding his eyes with a dramatic hand and scanning the faces about the wagon. Slowly, sadly he shook his white head.

"Do I hear the beloved voice of a friend?" He cupped one ear and cocked his head expectantly.

"You just peel your ear right sharp, Buck Chitterley, you angel-faced old hippercrit, an' you'll hear that loving voice—take a look an' see that face you're talking about!"

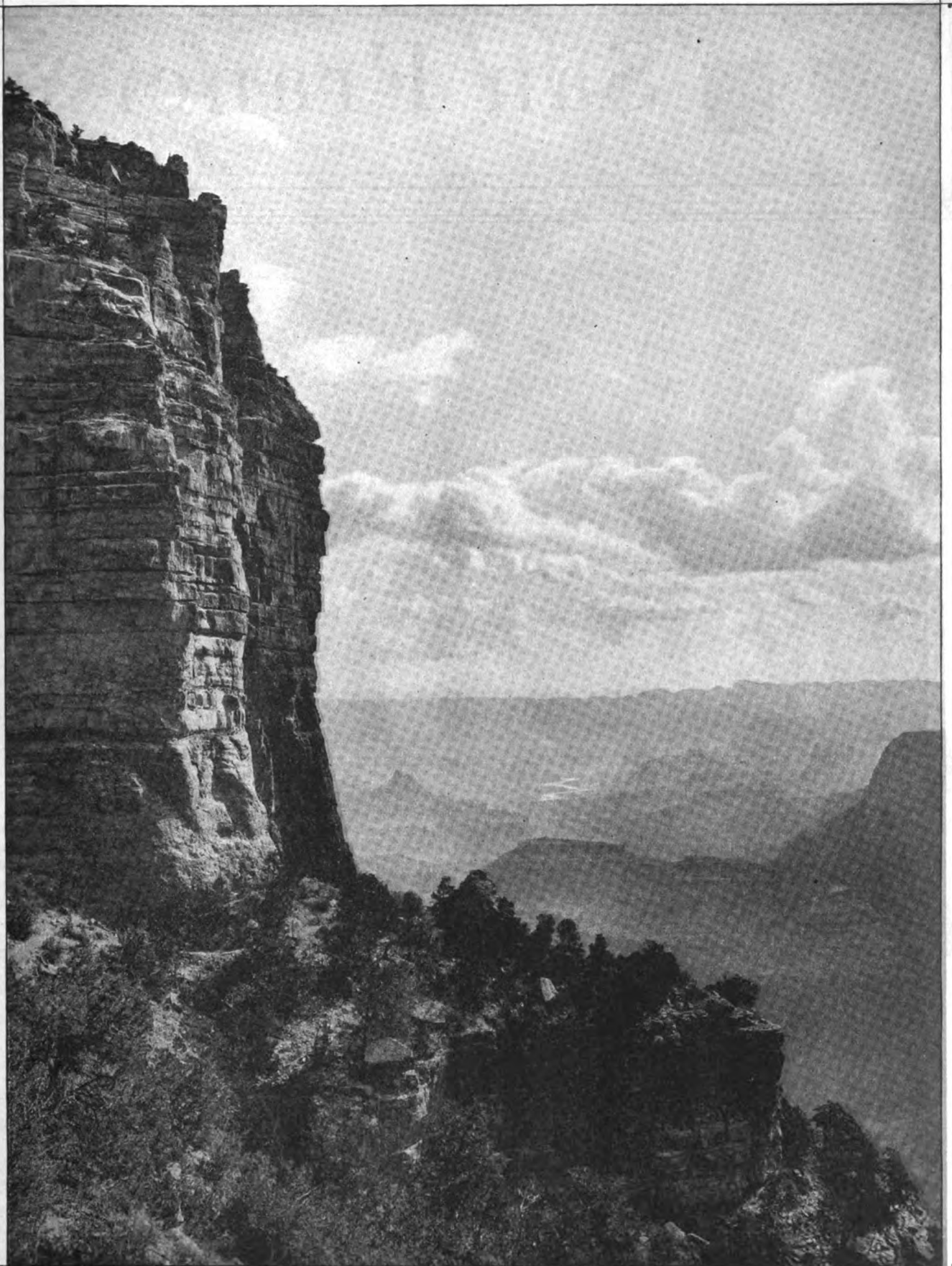
A swirl in the crowd as the figure with the shawled head pushed briskly toward the wagon. Dr. Chitterley was appalled—dared not anticipate the next development in this horrid termination of his pathetic interlude. He saw a shawl drop from a gray head and the waspish visage of a woman turned to him accusingly.

"You're yearnin' for old friends, Buck Chitterley"—how her words did rasp! "You want to find a lovin' heart that remembers you. Well, take a good look at Maggie Tierney!" The Doctor could not conceal the start her self-identification gave him. "And while you're reminiscing, Buck Chitterley, stand out from behind those whiskers an' tell the crowd who it was you left waiting in a satin wedding dress, with pink roses all up and down and around, so that every Chinaman in Jimtown was snickering at the poor fool. Tell 'em who it was got that patent sideboard and folding bed all the way up from 'Frisco to go into that house where the bride never stepped a foot. Tell 'em—"

Old Dr. Chitterley made a plunge for the reins. A yell from the crowd as it parted and the black and gold medicine wagon went through like a thunderbolt. Falling bottles of Squaw Root Tonic tinkled an aftertone to the rumble retreating down the dark.

HOW he managed to con his team up a dark alley to the Elite Stables, thence to thread through back lots and plantations of broken glass and discarded cans to the rear entrance to the Tuolumne House and so gain the temporary security of his room undetected

(Concluded on page 82)



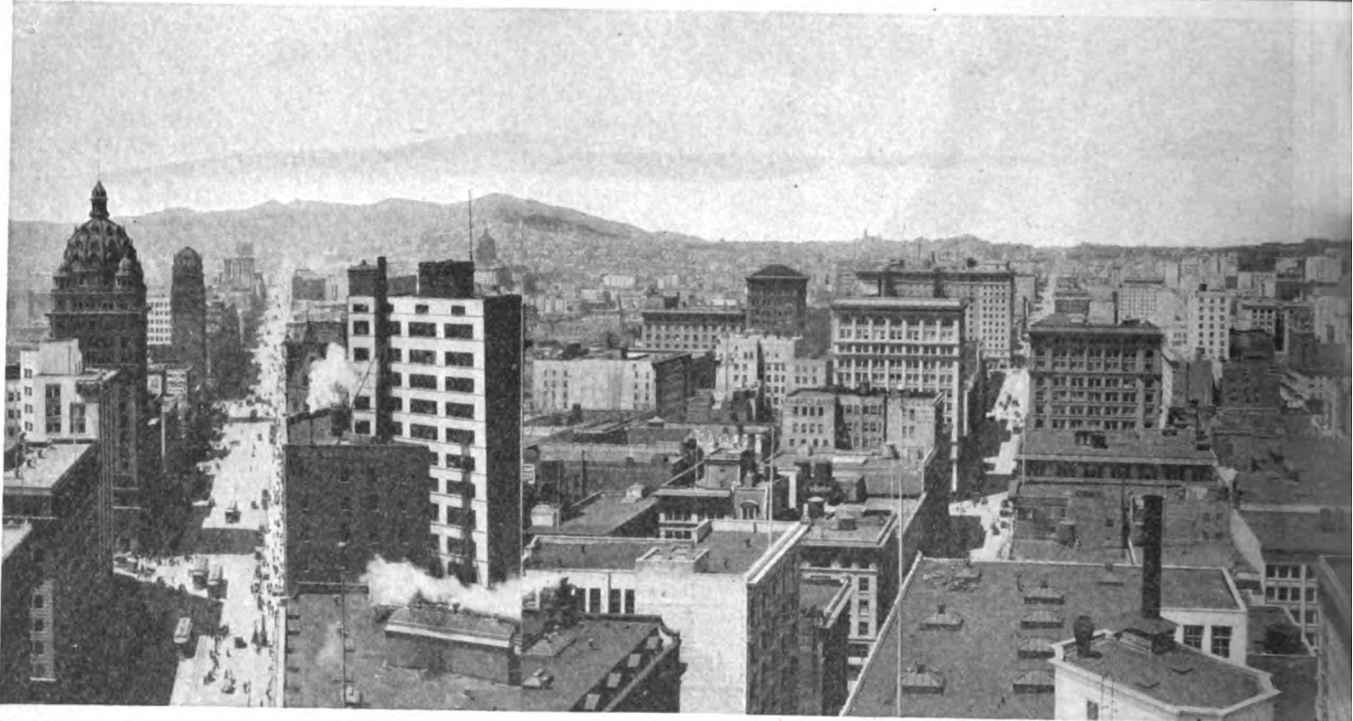
The Rainbow Colored Silence

An infinite stillness holds the winter country of the Far North, which men have named "the white silence." Soundlessness as complete reigns in the vast temple of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. Far below, between walls of melting colors, glides the great river, its voice lost in the immensity of the channel it has made



San Francisco

A Panorama



The Risen City—a splendid flower with its roots in ashes. In April, 1906, one of the great conflagrations of history laid waste an area of 497 city blocks—four square miles of closely built city. In three days 28,000 buildings, including most of the business structures of the town, were utterly destroyed or left standing naked skeletons of brick and stone and steel. \$350,000,000 in the value of improvements went up in the terrible smoke of those days. People looking across these desolate fire-swept hills wondered if ten years would suffice to clear away the wilderness of debris. The spirit of the San Franciscans discounted such speculations. While yet the ashes of their historic bonfire were cooling they began to rake them aside to lay the foundations of the city's return



“Ten Years After”

of Resurrection

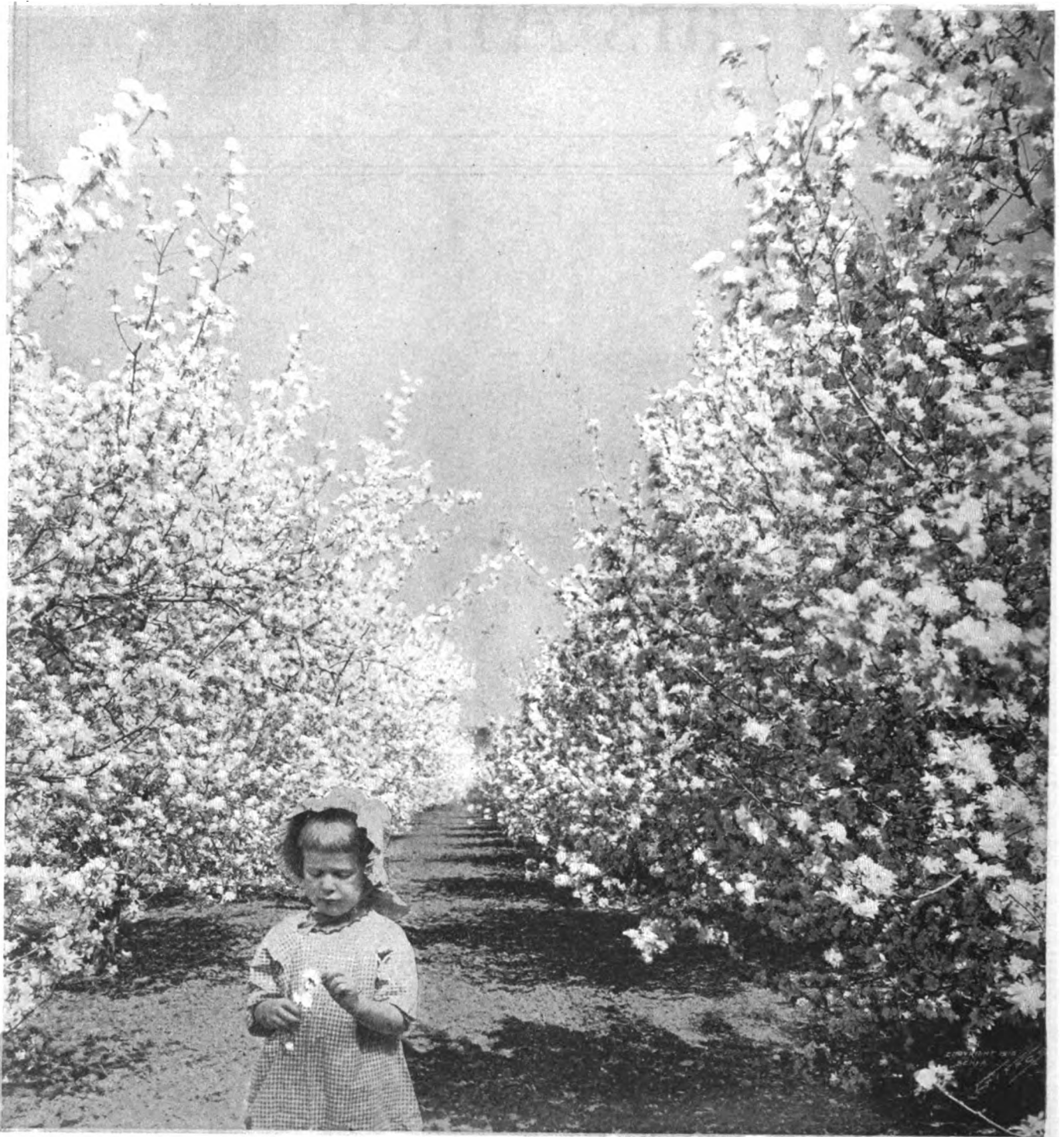


PHOTOGRAPH BY H. C. TIBBITTS

In ten years San Francisco has “come back.” The definite loss in the fire has been replaced by an equal amount invested in modern buildings. In 1906 the population was estimated at 450,000; today a conservative figure is 551,000. One-half of these people are savings bank depositors. In 1905, the savings banks held 169 millions of their money; in 1915 they held 205 millions. Bank clearings were half again as large as ten years ago. In 1905 the total commerce of the port was 65 millions of dollars; in 1915 it was 103 millions and this does not include commerce borne through the Canal. In both business and in the joys of living “the city,” the child of the Argonauts, is herself again. “The City That Was” in 1906 is “The City That Is” in 1916!



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It's Apple Blossom Time in the Northwest!

Where is there a flower of the conservatories that compares with the pink and white marvel now appearing along the green-draped twig of the apple tree? And where in all the beauty shows of the world is there anyone as fair as the little lady of the orchards, in gingham and sunbonnet? Many an eye that glances at this picture will grow wistful with memory or eager with desire for the glad sweet countryside in spring





The Three Captains

A War-Story of the Sea

By Henry C. Rowland

Author of: The Kidnapping of Coline; The Apple of Discord; The Closing Net

Captain Seagrave, of the freighter "Chester Maid," out of Liverpool, and Captain Cassel, of the German ship "Dantziger," have been friendly for years until lovely Else Muller comes to Callao and both mariners fall in love with her. Their relations have become strained already by the progress of the war. Shortly before they are to sail from Callao the rival captains bet each other a hundred pounds that neither will land his cargo in any home port during the war. Thereafter Captain Cassel employs Captain MacTavish, an adventurer, to assist him in a plot to overhaul the "Chester Maid." Seagrave puts to sea, after winning Else's promise to marry him, and the other two captains, following in the "Dantziger," overpower the Britisher in the Strait and Cassel takes command of the "Chester Maid." Against MacTavish's advice he spares the lives of Seagrave and his crew. MacTavish is now captain of the "Dantziger," with its cargo of precious copper, masked by bales of rotting hides. He determines to "double-cross" the German by taking the "Dantziger" into the Clyde. But fate sets his plans at naught. Leaking plates make it necessary to shift the foul hides and all on board the "Dantziger" are infected with anthrax. The German ship goes drifting, stripped of her boats and manned only by the dead, while the "Chester Maid," in the hands of the enemy, plunges forward toward an unguessed tragedy.

VII

CASSEL, nearly a nervous wreck from strain and worry, observed the clearing weather indications and changed his course again, heading for the Butte of Lewis. He did not feel capable of standing many more such anxious days and nights and decided not to linger in the vicinity but to take his chance and make a dash for the Baltic.

But the unfortunate man was doomed to even greater tension, for the weather moderated with a thick, smothering fog and Cassel, by no means sure of his position, was obliged to slow the ship. He had got no observation for a week and figured by dead-reckoning that he had overshot his point of rendezvous. This did not cause him any particular anxiety, as he was convinced of his ability to satisfy the scrutiny of any British man-of-war. But there was always the danger of being convoyed into a British port, and such an event would have meant not only the loss of his vessel but probably his life as well. Cassel was no coward, but he could not help admitting that his situation was perilous in the extreme.

The "Chester Maid" was equipped with wireless and Cassel cursed his inability in never having learned its operation. The ship's operator was amongst the other prisoners and Cassel sent an armed guard to fetch him. This young man was a pallid youth with very large dark eyes and something in them which burned as he regarded the German.

"I desire you to send a code message," said Cassel.

"Right, sir," answered the boy, and the sudden gleam that passed over his face did not escape the keen scrutiny of the captain.

"If you send it correctly," said Cassel, "I shall pay you a hundred pounds on entering port. If you send a false one you will get a bullet through your head."

The face of the youngster showed a mock distress which did not deceive Cassel, an expression of fear which did not live in that boy's heart.

"Don't talk like that, Captain," he whined. "It puts me off."

Cassel dropped his chin on his knuckles, then after studying him intently for a moment jerked his head to the guard.

"Take him back," said he. "No—wait a moment. What is your price?" he asked.

"My price?" The boy's eyes glittered. "What price my honor—my manhood? Why, you bloody German swine—" his face worked and his voice broke. "I haven't any price, damn you—!" and he burst into tears.

"Take him back," said Cassel wearily. "They are all alike—stubborn as pigs!"

THE weather thickened, hot and sultry with a steaming white fog through which the sun tried vainly to burn. Cassel's distinguishing lights were quenched by this opacity like a lantern under a blanket, making only a dim glow smothered at less than half a mile. It seemed to Cassel that he was trying to drag through viscid glue and out of the smudge many images mocked him. He was heavy with fatigue

and lack of rest and at times could hardly tell whether he was awake or asleep and beset with elusive dreams.

Then the wind began to rise again, though it did not drive off the fog as is usually the case. The sea began to make up out of the southwest and it looked as though they were in for another gale. The night came down thick and heavy and nobody aboard the "Chester Maid" saw the stealthy sea-viper which had risen to the surface to breathe and look about. The German submarine had been warned to be on the watch for Cassel, but she was also on the lookout for an expected British blockade runner of some fifteen thousand tons, and approaching the "Chester Maid" on her port bow the vessel loomed so huge as she rose on a sea, her bulk thrice magnified by the pale glare of the moon through the smoky fog, that her commander felt no doubt of her identity. The submarine was approaching the "Chester Maid" under fair headway and close aboard, so to do her work and save her skin she fired her torpedo and dived.

But the best laid schemes of mice and Germans go oft a-gley. Cassel, on the bridge, caught the wash of the partly submerged hull and the dark column of the periscope and misjudging the direction of the submarine grabbed the wheel from the hands of his quartermaster and swung the ship bow on, his motive being not only to avoid a possible torpedo but to avoid ramming the submarine. In this maneuver he was only halfway successful, for as the bows of the "Chester Maid"

rose on a sea the torpedo passed fairly under them. But the slinking craft which launched it was less fortunate. She failed to dive quickly enough and deep enough and as the "Chester Maid" swung in on her with a heavy weather roll there came a grinding jar well forward of the beam on her port side, another shock farther aft which caused the vessel to quiver throughout her length. The engines raced wildly for a moment, then stopped.

Cassel well knew what had occurred and was possessed by a sudden sickness of soul. He had ridden down the torpedo and sunk her, and in so doing had probably, to judge from the rending crashes below, knocked a hole in the bottom of the "Chester Maid" and wiped off her propeller blades. He thought in that moment of the men, his compatriots, choking and stifling in the brine beneath his keel—of the loss to the Empire in this deadly engine of modern maritime warfare.

In that terrible moment of profound despair it seemed to the unhappy man that for all of his efforts he had accomplished more harm than good for the great cause of Germanic Kultur. It seemed to him that at that moment an effective submarine was of greater value to the Fatherland than a dozen ships laden with copper, saltpeter or even precious metals. "A horse—a horse—my kingdom for a horse!" Cassel quoted to himself, his feverish brain suddenly recalling his English classics. And in these straits of desperation it seemed to him that only a violent offensive could save the descendants of Atilla and his stern warriors.

THEN, as these somber thoughts were churning through his brain like the thresh of the screw in the wake of a laboring ship, his Chief Engineer came up to tell him that the ship was sinking. The water was pouring in and he thought it probable that she had lost all but one of her propeller blades.

Cassel reflected for an instant. "It has not been successful," said he. "Such accidents are not always to be avoided—especially in time of war. It is destiny. I have tried and I have failed. No man could have tried harder. Deutschland—Deutschland über alles!" He held his head for an instant in his hands. "I am very, very tired. Give orders to lower the boats and see that they are well supplied with water and provisions. We must abandon ship."

"And the prisoners?" asked the Chief.

"I shall liberate them myself. Go." The Chief understood. He was German to the core and knew what Cassel had in mind. So he left the skipper whom at heart he really loved and went to execute his orders.

Cassel went heavily below, dismissed the guard over the prisoners and unlocked the door.

"The ship is sinking," said he to Seagrave. "Come up and save yourselves."

"Thanks," Seagrave answered, ironically. "What sunk her? A German blunder?"

"Yes," replied Cassel heavily. "My own. You had better hurry. She is settling very fast."

Seagrave roused himself. "Come along, you men," said he, "and behave your-

selves. You've lost your bet, Cassel," said he.

"I have lost everything," Cassel answered, "even life itself—"

He turned suddenly on his heel. "There are boats enough for all and to spare," said he. "Good luck, Seagrave—and give my love to Else when you see her again. Goodnight."

He made his way on deck without a glance and so to his quarters abaft the chartroom. Leaning for a moment on the rail he looked long at the sea, then at the sky—and then he entered his cabin and looked into the mysterious muzzle of his Mauser.

VIII

SEAGRAVE and his crew, flaccid from weeks of imprisonment, scrambled on deck and the cold harsh wind bit them to the bone. As he mounted to his cabin Seagrave heard the sharp report of a pistol and knew what it betokened. Cassel had given up the fight.

The Germans were lowering a boat on the lee side, for the "Chester Maid" was drifting sluggishly with the wind and sea on her port quarter and for a moment Seagrave was tempted to fall upon them with his men and wreak vengeance. But his first thought was to save the ship if possible, so he rallied his shivering band and gave the necessary orders. A swift investigation showed the leak to be in the forward hold, probably along the garboard streak, and Seagrave decided to try to rig a collision mat. There was steam in the winches though the fireroom deck was nearly awash. Starting the engines ahead the ship responded sluggishly though with a sickening clamor under the stern and Seagrave was of the opinion that two blades of the propeller probably remained, though bent and loosened in their bosses.

The German Chief Engineer had lingered and now he approached Seagrave, who was giving orders to get up a heavy storm trysail from the lazaret.

"It is useless," said the German. "She is settling fast, and heavy as she is the bulkheads are bound to go. You had better leave her while there is time."

"You go to hell, damn your eyes; get out before my crowd wades into you!" snarled Seagrave. "This is my ship and I'll leave her when I get ready. Start and go, you bloody pirate, and I hope you all drown!"

"It is a pity," said the engineer, and followed his men, who were sliding down the falls into the boat. She washed clear and the murk absorbed her.

Seagrave's little band worked swiftly and with method. The weighted gear was sunk beneath the forefoot of the "Chester Maid" and drifted aft as the sorely crippled vessel forged sluggishly ahead. Then, at the point where he judged the leak to be, the winches took the strain of the cables keelhauling her and the heavy trysail was hove taut. Another followed it and still another and to envelop the whole a brand new foresail, which served, as one might say, like the bandage over a surgical dressing. All the while the pumps were working to their utmost and in the gusty dawn the engineer reported that the leak was under control.

Seagrave, examining Cassel's carefully picked off course and occasionally step-

ping over Cassel's corpse to do so, got a fair idea of the ship's position. He decided that he was somewhere off the mouth of the North Channel, but well out to sea, so he gave his complaining tail-shaft a little steam and swung on a southeasterly course, taking deep soundings every hour. The day came with a bright sun burning into the white haze and the muggy warmth of a hothouse, unseasonable and treacherous but a great relief to the congealed crew. The mast-head lookout was not far separated from this lifegiving influence and his eyes brightened enough to discover a steamship apparently hove to, almost in the course of the "Chester Maid."

"What d'you make her out—?" Seagrave called aloft.

"Carn't s'y, sir. Looks like a Dutchman" (this being the generic term of British sailors for all European peoples north of 55 degrees.)

Seagrave judged the vessel to be probably a Danish or Norwegian ship waiting for the weather to clear a bit before approaching the coast and this made him think that he must be farther in than he had thought. And then, a moment later, a rift in the mist disclosed her and he recognized the ship in an instant for the "Dantziger."

SEAGRAVE did not know what to think. This vessel of all the many on the high seas was the very last which he had ever expected to encounter. Cassel, in their brief interviews, had never told him of his plan and Seagrave had supposed that after his daring stroke the "Dantziger" had probably been sent back to Valparaiso or some other haven of refuge. Yet here she was, wallowing about athwart his course and apparently not under headway. A few minutes later she came clearly into view, and examining her carefully Seagrave could discover no signs of life aboard her. The bridge appeared to be deserted and there was no moving object about her decks. Neither could he detect any indication of smoke or steam.

"She looks to be abandoned," said he to his mate. "What the deuce could have happened to her?"

"Hit a mine, maybe, sir, and her crew left her," Thompson answered. "She's pretty deep. One compartment flooded, like as not."

"Let's have a look aboard," said Seagrave, and headed the floundering "Chester Maid" for the German ship. The "Chester Maid," limping painfully and threatened with the loss of her two remaining loosened blades, threshed up to the "Dantziger" and Seagrave stopped the engines and called away a boat.

As he drew alongside the stricken ship he saw a faint wisp of steam eddying aloft, and rounding up under her stern he saw two sets of boat falls swinging idly, the heavy blocks jarring against the ship's side as she rolled. Apparently the "Dantziger" had been abandoned but very recently, and Seagrave, much puzzled, laid his boat alongside. One of the boat's crew managed to get the bight of a line around something on deck, then dropped a sea ladder and Seagrave went up, followed by two of his men.

He first investigated the cabin, and there he found the mortal remains of MacTavish and his bo'sun. A brief

examination assured Seagrave that death had come to them not from violence but disease, and he did not linger. As he went on deck again one of his men who had looked into the fore-castle reported that there were four dead men in their bunks.

"Yellow Jack—" said Seagrave, "but it took plenty of time. Think of that; MacTavish running the show! Well, no doubt he did his best. Cassel must have been shoved pretty hard to have signed on MacTavish, for with all his faults Cassel was a clean man and MacTavish was not. A filthy pirate, MacTavish. They all get it in the end. Well, let's have a look below."

Such was the virtuous Seagrave's obituary of MacTavish, that avatar of sea raiders. It was just and yet unjust; true enough perhaps but after all not quite fair to MacTavish, who was a brave man if not an honest one. Cruel he may have been, but not more cruel in the wide scale of his emotions than most of us. Ruthless he may have been, but never a hanger back; never one of those who send others into danger of body and soul from a safe vantage. A pirate he may have been, but always ready to support the first shock at the head of his desperate band. He was no shirker, MacTavish.

The fires of the "Dantziger" were very low but still burning and Seagrave, quick to realize what the chance of the sea had put in his way, came to a quick conclusion. The remaining loosened blades of the "Chester Maid's" propeller were threatening to jar off at any moment and at best her speed was scarcely four knots. These were dangerous waters and Seagrave wished to be quit of them with all possible despatch. The "Dantziger" was

undoubtedly empested, though with what form of plague Seagrave could not imagine. Yellow Jack, he reflected, would have done his deadly work long before this, but whatever the malady it had been sufficient to kill a part of her crew and send the rest flying for their lives, as the swinging boat falls testified. Nevertheless, he decided to get steam on the German ship and take the "Chester Maid" in tow.

So he mustered his crew and explained the situation. "Lads," said he, "the Dantziger is pest ridden and it may be as much as your lives are worth to stop aboard her for twenty-four hours. But it seems to me the risk is worth the running. I want to get steam on her and tow the Chester Maid into the Clyde. Two hands must stop aboard her to steer and I'm going to ask the rest of you to come along with me. There's no question of reward about it. We're all British seamen here and we want to serve King and country. Will you come?"

"Aye, sir—that we will," growled Thompson, the mate. "We've got no shirkers here."

There was a mutter of consent. It is probable that not a man Jack of them who would not have preferred being torpedoed than to go below decks on that abandoned plague ship with her scattered dead men in cabin and engine-room and hold, but none hung back. Two hours later the "Dantziger" was steaming slowly toward the North Channel, while in her wake at the end of a long steam hawser tugged the all but disabled "Chester Maid."

As the day waned in drove the friendly fog again. Under ordinary circumstances Seagrave would have considered it as anything but beneficent, but now he greeted

it with a silent prayer of thanksgiving. He had no exact knowledge of his position and he entered these three dangerous waters a good deal as a man without a light would thread a cavern beset with pitfalls. But Seagrave possessed, though in a far more limited degree, MacTavish's instinctive sense of locality, and the weather, though thick as pea soup (to use a time-honored nautical phrase), had moderated. The only spark of light which came from either ship was the low trimmed taffrail lantern of the "Dantziger" which gave a glimmer to the strained eyes on the bridge of the "Chester Maid," and the glow from Seagrave's pipe.

Yet daylight found them in the middle of the fairway, and here they fell upon a scout of British destroyers which piloted them into port. And so the thing was achieved, and of the three captains concerned in the affair he who happened to be the favored of destiny reaped the reward of the fates. Seagrave realized this and was almost ashamed at the honors rendered him.

"I did nothing to deserve it," he wrote to Else. "Now that the business is finished I feel differently about poor Cassel and wish that I had met his advances more decently. He did what he thought was right. My bet with him goes to the widows and orphans and I am authorizing your father to send the cheque to the Society. I am to have command of an armed merchantman, the Solent, a swift and tidy little boat which formerly did a tourist traffic about the coast. My work is to hunt submarines and general scouting duty. And when this beastly war is finished, which God grant may be soon"

THE END

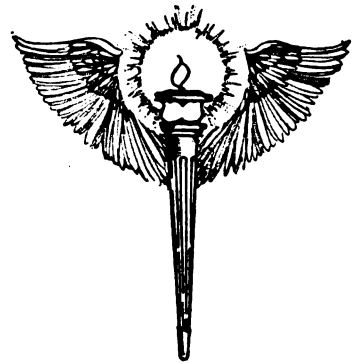
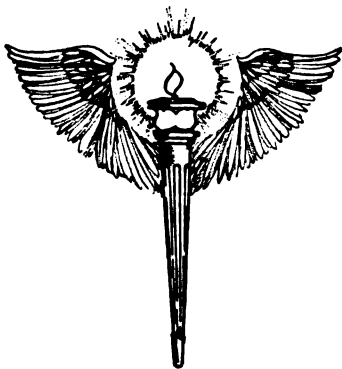
There Is No Death!

By Aldis Dunbar

I was a tree;
The sap ran swift in me.
Through storm and sun
My strength of root was won.
And then From day
My forest sank away.

A blackened stone—
Hid in the deep Unknown!
For ages still
I felt God's purpose thrill,
Each bough and bloom
Transmuted in the gloom!

Lo, at man's need
I am both flame and speed!
I am the power
That slept in branch and flower!
And I am light
(Fair light!)
On rain-wet leaves at night!



The Pulse of the Pacific

The Preparedness Fizzle

PREPAREDNESS is dead. The House of Representatives has voted to hire 25,000 more paid fighters. That ends it. "Let George do it." So speaketh the nation which has not yet learned to translate its will into effective action.

The "regular" army never has protected, does not now and never will protect the country against a serious invasion. It is an expensive police force, not a fighting machine, an antiquated, wheezing, costly apparatus overloaded with political wheels inside and out. Preparedness is a sham and a fraud unless the nation discards the crutches of the regular army and the state militia and fashions a new staff for its needs.

We shall have the Philippines out on the cold door step soon. When that measure of national defense is accomplished, permanent garrisons totaling fifty thousand will suffice for the Hawaiian Islands, the Canal and Porto Rico. If we are really in earnest about preparedness, we will use the remaining parts of the regular army to help put 500,000 young men through a course of compulsory military training every year. That will supply the indispensable body of trained reserves without which any preparedness scheme is plain fake.

But the martial ardor of the military organization should be held down. The power of killing and maiming a million men should be taken from the hands of one individual. The Constitution should be amended to prevent any declaration of war unless authorized by the vote of a majority of all citizens, except in case of actual invasion. A bill to this effect has been introduced by Congressman Church of California. If carried out, this proposal will draw the military fangs even of universal compulsory service. Voting takes time and thought; in the future no war will be made except in haste and hysteria.

Three Cheers for Lamb

FRANK H. LAMB is in the machinery business and doing exceedingly well, thank you. He is also a member of the Grays Harbor port commission and the president of the Hoquiam Commercial Club. Hoquiam is a thriving, bustling sawmill town in western Washington.

Last year Uncle Sam signed a lease for post office quarters in a new building. The lease runs for ten years. This year Congressman Johnson of Washington noticed his Democratic colleagues busily brewing a rich, fat Public Buildings bill. So he slipped in a clause appropriating

\$125,000 for a federal building in Hoquiam.

Frank H. Lamb—the president of the Commercial Club, mind you—read the news and pondered upon it. He had ideals, even where public funds are concerned. The reckless squandering of the nation's money set his teeth on edge. He discussed the post office appropriation with a number of his friends. Eleven agreed with him that reform, to be effective, must begin at home. So the twelve notified Congressman Johnson by wire that an appropriation of \$50,000 instead of \$125,000 would amply provide for Hoquiam's needs.

We believe that this telegram was the very first of its kind. Of course it aroused opposition in Hoquiam. All the ancient

But the stresses and strains are coming. If democracy survives them, it will live because the Lambs of this country have defended it with the bright shields of their idealism.

The appetite for pork, coupled with the deadly, slothful inertia of the well meaning masses in all matters affecting the public welfare, is the country's most serious weakness.

Arbitrate!

FEW laymen are sufficiently familiar with the intricate system of determining the earnings of engineers, firemen, conductors and trainmen to arrive at an intelligent technical opinion concerning the justice of



The Grand Winter Drive of the Embattled Utah Farmers

The regiments of jackrabbits have been fearfully decimated the past winter. Impeded by the extraordinarily deep snows, the long-eared battalions fell easy victims to bullet, club, disease and hunger; their hereditary foes, the coyotes, waxed sleek and fat on rabbit meat. Throughout the Intermountain region the farmers' haystacks, fruit trees and vines will suffer less from the bunnies' appetites the coming summer than for many years. In many drives this winter 5000 jackrabbits were killed and shipped to charitable institutions in the cities. But he who thinks that the supply is exhausted does not know jackrabbits

arguments in favor of unlimited pork were polished up and trotted out. But Lamb, the president of the Commercial Club, stuck to his guns and his ideals.

This nation has a great, a most important task in the world. It is its mission to demonstrate that democracy is a workable, practical method of government, able to survive the severest stresses and strains. This demonstration has not yet been made. Democracy in the United States has been reposing dreamily on the soft pillows of boundless natural wealth.

the dispute between the railroad brotherhoods and the railroad managers. But the average man believes that the engine and train crews are well paid for the services they render, and this belief is supported by the standing of these railroad employes in the community. The average man also believes that increased pay is needed far more among switchmen and section laborers than among engineers and conductors. Gradually the average man is also realizing the importance of keeping the efficiency of the transportation

system unimpaired through excessive drains upon its earnings. The fact that one-third of the country's railroad mileage is in the receiver's hands has impressed him.

Strikes are largely won by the attitude of the public. This time the public is not with the brotherhoods. The public—for selfish reasons perhaps—does not want its taste of the new prosperity curtailed by transportation chaos. The side that refuses to arbitrate will have a hard row to hoe.

Booze Gets the Hook in B. C.

THERE will be two more "dry" sea ports on the Pacific Coast in 1917. Shaken by the war ague, British Columbia is about to follow the example of its neighbors below the line and take the pledge. In April an anti-treating law and an early-closing regulation will go into effect throughout the province. When the provincial parliament convened at Victoria in March, Premier Bowser, the successor of the gallant Sir Dick McBride, announced that a prohibition law would be submitted to the voters in May. If it is adopted—and the state of mind induced by the war sacrifices favors prohibition—the saloons will pull up stakes January 1, 1917.

At the same moment the provincial legislature of Saskatchewan was startled by accusations of graft involving ten members of the house, including the speaker. The go-between of the liquor interests confessed that he had distributed \$10,000 to kill prohibition legislation or cripple it. Graft scandals in other departments of the provincial government added to the joy, and Manitoba is still indignant over the exposure of a million-dollar rakeoff in the construction of its parliament building.

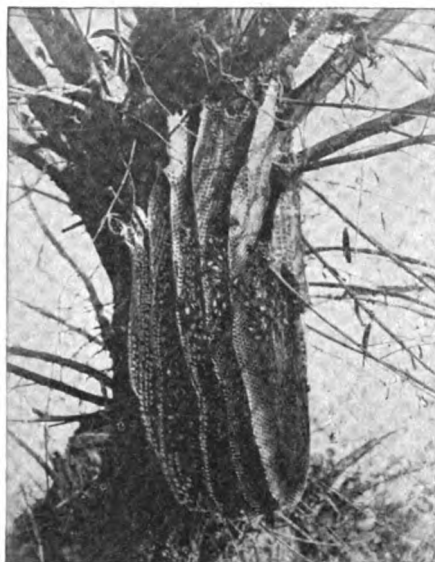
In Arizona the wets scored a point. The Supreme court held that possession of liquor for individual consumption is not a crime; hence, the court ruled, importation of liquor for individual consumption can not be a crime. But this victory does not kill the copper state's stringent prohibition act. Whoever wants liquor, has the privilege of traveling to New Mexico or California for a bottle of his favorite brand; neither the railroads nor the express companies can transport liquid cheer except as personal baggage. Nevertheless the court decision helps the bootleggers and blind-piggers to squirm more easily through the widened meshes of the law.

Only the preliminary rumbles of the prohibition campaign are audible in California. The liquor men profess to be without worry and of good cheer, but the grape growers—see the article "California Next?" in the March issue—are slowly counting the 1914 vote in order to lull themselves to sleep of nights.

Paternalism and Politics

CONGRESS consenting, a most important experiment is about to begin on the Orland, California, project of the Reclamation Service. Dr. Elwood Mead, for eight years chief of the irrigation enterprises of Victoria, Australia, and originator of the

advanced colonization methods practised on the Australian tracts, is asking Congress and the Interior Department to give the Australian system a trial. He proposes that the government buy the 9000 as yet unimproved acres of the Orland project, classify and subdivide the land and sell it in small tracts at cost, plus fifteen per cent to cover expenses. The purchaser is to be given thirty years in which to pay for the land, remitting four and a half per cent interest and one and a half per cent of the principal every year. The government is to level and prepare the land for the settlers, erect their fences and put up their houses, the settlers to pay 40 per cent of the cost of these improvements in cash and borrowing the remaining 60 per cent from the government at four or five per cent. Under this plan the man with \$2000 could successfully acquire, improve, stock and operate a forty-acre dairy farm; under the old



Proof of the Climate!

These bees have reverted to the habits of their ancestors in India and built their abode right out in the open in the branches of a tree. The daring colony, which came through the winter in good condition, makes its home on a ranch near Lemoore, Kings county, California

system of unaided, undirected individual effort he could have acquired such a farm with so small a capital only by almost superhuman efforts and sacrifices.

The Australian plan, however, requires not only a careful selection of the settlers, but it also necessitates government supervision over the private affairs of the colonists. Unfortunately the number of chronic kickers, slackers and skinkers is large everywhere and the government, having a mortgage of ninety per cent on land and water, of sixty per cent on all improvements, could not afford to tolerate shirking and shiftlessness. Wherever paternalistic benefits are distributed, certain individual rights and prerogatives must be surrendered. Will the future Orland colonists like it when the project manager tells them to put a new coat of paint on the government-built house and to repair the government-built hog fence? Will they submit to supervision and discipline in return for financial assistance?

The proposed Orland experiment is worth trying. If it succeeds it will be the first step in realizing the dream of a nation with a backbone consisting of millions of small, independent farmers and landowners. If it fails, it will be time for conscious efforts to remedy the influence of unrestrained individualism on the American character.

Safeguarding the North Pacific

SINCE 1910 three vessels belonging to the government have been wrecked in Alaskan waters, involving a loss of \$800,000. Though complete data on all wrecks are lacking, a compilation made by the Alaska Bureau of the Seattle Chamber of Commerce shows that, since the acquisition of Alaska, 402 vessels have come to grief at sea or on the hidden rocks of the territory's tremendous coast line. The monetary loss in hulls and cargoes exceeds thirteen million dollars, most of it incurred since 1900. According to the "Pacific Fisherman," it is positively known that 449 lives were lost in nineteen wrecks.

If Congress cannot spare the money for additional surveys, better maps, more buoys and lighthouses in Alaskan waters, the nation needs a business manager with autocratic powers.

The Water Power Situation

CONTRARY to the claims of the electric interests, the development of the West's water power has not been throttled by the lack of comprehensive, liberal laws regulating the use of falling water on the public domain. In the decade between 1902 and 1912 the thirty-four states east of the Rockies merely doubled the capacity of their water-power plants, increased it by 98 per cent. The eleven Western states, during the same period, built enough new hydro-electric plants to raise their output by 451 per cent.

In the three years since 1912 the West has built new hydro-electric plants with a total capacity of 200,000 horsepower; in the five years preceding 1912 the total new construction was only 145,000 horsepower. When it is remembered that half of all the hydro-electric plants in the West are operating parts of their generating, storage or transmission systems under revocable federal permits, it becomes clear that even this objectionable feature has failed to stop the growth of the West's hydro-electric industry. In truth, it has so little stopped or even retarded this growth that in many districts the supply of hydro-electric power is larger than the demand for it.

In view of these facts the oft-repeated allegation that the normal development of the West's hydro-electric industry is being strangled by the federal government is absurd. Equally absurd is the fear of an hydro-electric monopoly fostered assiduously by the ultra-conservationists. Extensive inter-connection of water-power plants is a blessing from every standpoint, not a curse. Without this inter-connection the service would either be irregular and poor or else, owing to the necessity of maintaining steam plants in reserve, its cost would be higher.

Anyway, what difference does it make whether ten men or ten thousand control the hydro-electric systems so long as the public, through the utility commissions, retains control over rates and service?

To do away with the objectionable revocable-permit system, the government in the Ferris bill, twice passed by the House, has offered to lease power sites on public land for a period of fifty years, surrounding this lease with conditions which safeguard the public's interest. The Ferris bill died in the Senate during the last session; now the House has repassed the Ferris bill, but the Senate still balks. It is endeavoring to weaken the act so as to give the power interests greater privileges and fewer obligations. It is to be hoped that the House will summarily reject the Senate substitute for the Ferris bill. There is no hurry. The West has a surplus of hydro-electric current at present; when additional power is needed, opposition to the Ferris bill will cease abruptly. If the House will only stiffen its backbone and wait patiently for a session or two, the Senate will come around to its viewpoint.

The Columbus Raid

THE territory of the United States has not been invaded. Villa's band of cut-throats did not constitute an "army"; the raid on Columbus, New Mexico, was the work of bandits. Of course it is the duty of the American government to exterminate these bands, to pursue them as far as needed into Mexican territory regardless of the impotent Carranza government, to make prompt use of convenient blank walls and firing squads, but this relentless pursuit of organized highway robbers need not lead to war with the Mexican nation. If Carranza proves that he has the ability to pacify the country and protect American lives outside of Villa's sphere, there is no reason for interference. The Columbus raid does not alter the general situation unless it should become clear that Carranza is too small and weak for his big job.

Now the question arises from a perusal of the press reports concerning the Columbus raid: Why were no sentinels stationed in the deep draw which enabled Villa's band to sneak past the cavalry camp into the town of Columbus? The successful surprise reflects no credit upon the watchfulness and efficiency of the army if the first press dispatches have correctly described the events that brought Mexico into the foreground again.

The Case of the "Lunger"

EL PASO owes a large part of its marvelous growth to the "lunger." Hundreds of its successful business men came to El Paso to seek health, found it, staid and became important factors in the border city's development. Almost every city and town in the sunny Southwest can point to multitudes of similar examples of healing and success. As a health-restorer the sparkling air of the Southwest has abundantly proved its power.

But this air alone cannot keep even an invalid alive; there is no manna in the Southwest. Room and board must be paid for. Of the ten or fifteen thousand sufferers who annually arrive in the Southwest, many, too many are almost penniless on arrival. Disappointed in their hopes of an immediate cure, of light work at which to make a living, these indigent invalids die like flies. The California State Board of Health estimates that in many districts ten per cent of the newly arrived tuberculars cross the Divide within thirty days after arrival, and that thirty to fifty per cent of the indigent patients succumb to worry and disease in six months.

Yet the Southwest is doing all in its power to save them. In a single year the Los Angeles county hospital cared for a thousand tubercular indigents; less than fifty of them were Californians. Similar percentages can be produced by many localities in Arizona, New Mexico, Texas and Colorado.

Obviously it is unfair both to the invalids and to the Southwest to throw the entire burden of the non-resident patients' support upon the states with a curative climate. Yet these indigents deserve aid and assistance. Therefore it is proposed that the nation pay out of its treasury a subsidy of five dollars a week per patient to institutions caring for penniless non-resident victims of the White Plague, provided the institutions maintain the standard established by the U. S. Public Health Service under whose jurisdiction the appropriation is to be expended. Through such an act of national generosity the capacity of public and private sanitarium in the Southwest could be doubled and trebled, thousands of lives could be saved annually.

Is it necessary to emphasize the importance of saving lives in this age when no instrument of destruction and death is considered too expensive by the most highly civilized nations?

Discipline Versus Democracy

TEN thousand Australian soldiers went on strike, terrorized a large city, smashed and looted shops, killed and were killed because the daily period of drill was to be increased by an hour and a half.

A thousand Canadian soldiers similarly terrorized Calgary, Alberta, smashed restaurants, a dance hall, gutted a hotel and plundered its bar. In both cases the civilian police was practically powerless.

A powerful warning lies in these outbreaks, a warning particularly applicable to the United States. The men who rioted, looted and fought were not conscripts; they had voluntarily offered their services, taken the oath of obedience in order to defend the mother country in a grave crisis. They knew that drill, drill, drill, incessant drill of the hardest kind was necessary to fit them for the self-assumed duty. Yet they balked, attacked the country they had sworn to defend when they were asked to carry out the work they had volunteered to do.

In Australia, in Canada and in the United States democracy has almost gone to seed. The freedom of the individual to do as he pleases has been over-emphasized.

There is an underlying stratum of fact in the charge that these countries are not organized nations but merely immense mobs. Though the charge is overdrawn, nevertheless it contains a grain of truth. No democracy can be truly free until the individual has learned that obedience to the laws he helps to make, to the authorities he helps to elect is an imperative duty, an obligation not to be disregarded when it conflicts with his personal whims. A democracy must learn and practice self-discipline if it would maintain its place in the sun.

Under the stress of a world catastrophe the governments of the most democratic nations are pruning individual rights with a ruthless hand, demanding implicit respect for their orders from every individual that the whole may survive. Why not carry a modicum of this war-born spirit, of this enforced team work into the labors of peace? If discipline helps a nation to survive a period of tremendous stress, will not discipline—without which team work is impossible—also help to make a nation great and prosperous in normal times?

The outbreaks in Australia and Canada are symptoms of the lack of self-discipline, of the contempt in which law and authority are held in these countries—and in the United States. Yet discipline pays. There are many American employers who eagerly bid for the services of discharged soldiers *because these men have learned to obey orders*, not slavishly, but without that I-am-just-as-good-as-you-are spirit that destroys the efficiency of any organization, military, industrial or political. Even the Socialists exact implicit obedience to the mandates of the party, demand signed, undated resignations of all successful candidates the better to enforce party discipline.

If military drill will teach Americans the respect due the laws they themselves made and the authorities they have elected, compulsory universal training—with voluntary service—would be a good step to take even without danger of invasion from abroad.

Montana's Turn Next

THREE years ago about this time seven stock exchanges were running full blast in Calgary, a thousand oil companies had been organized in Alberta and the presses could not turn out the stock certificates fast enough. Of the Alberta oil boom not much is left except headaches, litigation and liquidation. The same remarks apply to the boomlet that grew in Puget Sound two and half years ago; it died in a hurry when the *Post-Intelligencer* stepped on it and the oil did not come. Spokane caught the fever, but recovered in a few weeks. And now it's Montana's turn.

Near Havre and Glendive large gas wells have been brought in. Gas often is the forerunner of oil. Oil has gone up everywhere; gasoline more so. Money is abundant everywhere in Montana. Twenty-five-cent copper, dollar-wheat, horses at war prices and three consecutive seasons of big crops have lined Montana's pockets. Whether oil is or is not struck, the state is ripe for a thorough shearing by the oil-stock promoter.

The only fly in the speculative cocktail is the act of the Secretary of the Interior who withdrew more than half a million Montana acres from entry as soon as the wells began to spout gas. But there is enough patented land left to part at least ten thousand fools from their money.

The Timber-Land Puzzle

TWENTY years ago standing timber in any quantity could be bought in the West for a dollar a thousand feet, board measure, or less. Immense areas of timber land changed hands at far lower prices. Thousands of timber claims taken up by dummies and speculators brought only a few hundred dollars per quarter section. As the price of standing timber went up, the little fellows dropped out of the game; only the big operators could afford to keep on buying, and most of them bought with borrowed money.

They have to pay interest on the millions they borrowed to buy timber land with. The only way to earn the interest is to cut the trees and sell the lumber. The moment the mill stops, earnings cease, but the interest goes on merrily. Hence the long continued, chronic depression of the lumber business. The mills have to keep on sawing to earn the interest on the money borrowed to buy timber with; even if their output breaks the market's back, they must keep on sawing wood to pay the bondholders. Likewise and also, they have to earn money with which to pay the taxes on the standing timber bought with borrowed capital. Interest and taxes raise the cost of standing timber until by-and-by it will be cheaper to buy stumpage in the National Forests from the government than to own it subject to a mortgage. The government pays neither interest nor taxes on its timber and a large part of the administration expense is raised by general taxation.

If the forest reserves had been created fifteen years earlier, the West's lumber industry would be on a sounder base today. The government could regulate its timber sales according to the needs of the market; having neither interest nor taxes on immense timber tracts to pay, the mills could afford to curtail their output in dull seasons. As it is they must keep on cutting regardless of the state of the market or default on the bond interest. Not a few of the large operators have already been forced into the latter alternative.

It would not be at all surprising if, during the next fifteen years, the crown of the timber king should turn out to consist largely of thorns.

Conservation and Taxes

THE tax on standing timber is a most important source of state and county revenue in Oregon, Idaho and Washington. The federal government pays no tax either on the timber or the timber land in the National Forests. If the National Forests in Oregon were privately owned, they would pay into the state and county treasuries a total tax of approximately \$800,000 per annum; instead of this sum the counties receive, as their share of timber sales and grazing fees, less than \$75,000 a year.

In a nutshell, the people of the Western states, through their inability to tax property belonging to the entire nation, pay a stiff annual price for Conservation, a tribute usually overlooked by ardent Conservationists east of the Rockies. It is this loss of revenue from untaxed federal property which is primarily responsible for a goodly number of the attacks on the Forest Service; naturally the taxpayers in the affected counties take a whack at the federal department closest at hand. Eastern Conservationists will do well to remember this tax issue whenever they feel inclined to treat all Western objections as the insincere mouthings of grabbers, speculators and monopolists. Even the Forest Service is acknowledging the injustice of withholding three-fourths of all the property in certain sparsely settled counties from taxation, forcing the privately owned one-fourth to bear the entire burden.

When these circumstances are considered it becomes clear that Oregon is making no unjust demands when it asks that eighty per cent of the money to be derived from the sale of the timber and mineral on the two-million-acre railroad grant lands be turned over to the state and the affected counties for the benefit of the school and road funds. Roads are built and schools are maintained in the National Forests by the counties and states, not by the federal government. The state of Oregon and the affected counties have been taxing the grant lands for forty years. The tax income will practically cease for the years while the land and the timber are being disposed of. Perhaps the best and most feasible division would be to turn into the National Forests the 300,000 acres of the grant lands lying in their boundaries and to turn over to the state and the counties eighty per cent of the proceeds derived from the sale of the remaining million and three-quarter acres.



The Biggest Bear Ever Brought Down

It weighed 1200 pounds and measured 10 feet 2 inches from tip to tail. It fell before the rifle of Capt. L. L. Bales, Alaska's veteran guide and hunter. Big bears are not confined to Alaska, however. Idaho offers a bounty on bears. Recently the bounty was withdrawn after \$8000 had been paid out as the influx of bearskins threatened to deplete the fund. Apparently all the West's wool has not yet been rubbed off



Steps coming up the walk sent color into her face

The Striking of the Clock

By Elizabeth Irons Folsom

Drawing by Arthur Cahill

THE men had finished their dinners in the shade of the barn. They had emptied their pails, beaten them upside down on the ground, put on the lids and risen stumblingly.

The one in advance, looking back and talking as he turned the corner of the building, stepped on something soft. It was the hand of a man, protruding through the open door. He saw it and recoiled. The others also saw and they sprang into the barn.

He was lying in a grotesque huddle, his head bent back under the weight of his

heavy body, his arms outspread; the hay that had fallen with him from the loft scattered over and about him.

They picked him up and laid him on the grass outside and straightened his limbs. They could see where his head had struck the iron wheel of the planter; his hands, still limp, were chill. He must have lain in that strange heap all the time they were eating their dinners just beyond the wall, and laughing. Strange they had not heard him fall!

A GIRL sped down the uneven walk from the kitchen door and dropped on her knees beside him. The sun flecked her tawny hair and touched into relief the oval of her face. She raised eyes purple with horror to the man standing opposite. "The doctor!" she gasped.

The men pointed silently to where across the field a horse was galloping, urged by its hatless rider taking the short cut to the village.

The girl put a hand fearfully on the breast of the prostrate man. Then a lad touched her shoulder and she sprang to

her feet and crowded her face into the sleeve of his calico shirt. The boy put his arm awkwardly about her and led her away.

They carried him into the house and put him on the lounge under the dining room windows and the girl who was his wife stood beside him and watched. His big coarse shoes made tall peaks above the red plush, the weight of his body sagged the springs until he slipped helplessly—he who was so strong, so dominating.

She was silent through the useless visit of the doctor; through the confusion of the things later done; through the questions; through the preparations the neighbor women made; through their condolences. She found the things that were wanted and when there was nothing for her to get, she stood staring out over the fields, clasping and unclasping her fingers, a queer throb showing through the whiteness of her throat.

When they had finished with him she went alone into the parlor where he lay. It was so little and he so big. There was just space to pass him at his feet and not at all space at his head: the room was all him. The majesty of death swathed everything; the very knobs on the chair tops looked stern and significant in that panoply of death. Only the crocheted tidies, the silk scarf across the organ seemed pert—seemed as if they were making an effort to brazen themselves through. She took them quickly away.

When she came out, clinging to the door frame, she was encircled by friendly arms. "Go up stairs and rest," they adjured.

She went slowly up the bare stairs that led from the dining room and to the little room shoved in under the front gable. She shut the door and stood against it. In front of her was a mirror and the girl she saw there looked at her strangely; as she went forward to see what the girl meant, the reflected eyes glowed into hers. There was a gleam, a flash of that which made the girl suddenly put her hands up over her mouth; her eyes glowed into those of the reflected girl. Then she took off her apron and hung it over the mirror and lay down on the bed, pressing her eyelids tightly shut.

The apron hung over the mirror all the next day and the next. Those days were a blur of comings and goings, of ordinary things done unnaturally, of the parlor dominating all. She listened quickly to new arriving voices; now and then she turned suddenly at a coming step and those moments were the only alive spots in the blurred hours.

AFTER it was all over, even to the slow departure of the women from the next farms, she went up stairs and took the apron from the mirror and flashed a glance into it. She took off her black dress and reached a blue and white cotton frock from the closet and put it on. It had a big blue bow cockading from under her chin. She ripped the bow off and pinned on a black one, patting it that it might lie flat and straight. She brushed her hair until it shone, coiled it high and went down stairs into the dining room. She lighted the lamp and walked back and forth, standing at each window a while and peering into the fading light; then she sat down by the table, spread her arms upon it and listened.

She did not move when steps coming up the walk sent color into her face. When the door had opened and closed she reached out her hands, palm upward, resting on the table.

"I thought you would come sooner," she said.

The man was young and tall and slight. His face, clear cut, browned, was haggard; there were circles about his eyes. He looked unkempt and blown by the wind and as if he might have ridden far and long. He dropped his hat beside a chair and sat down opposite her. He did not touch her outstretched hands.

"I thought you would come sooner," she repeated.

"I only just heard. I have been—away."

"Oh then," she answered. "I knew you would come if you knew."

The man reached suddenly across and took her hands. "Margie," and his voice was weighted with tenderness, "Margie, I will not lie to you. I never have and this is no time to begin. I did not come because if I had I should have shouted aloud to everyone the thing that I am going to tell you now—and I wanted to tell you alone first and I wanted to think first."

She looked at him, but there were wisps of smiles about her mouth, caress in every one of them.

"Yes?" questioningly, less interested in what he was to say than in his presence.

He leaned farther across the table. He was gripping her arms at the elbows.

"Margie, listen. I killed him!"

THE girl's lips dropped apart and she caught her breath. She clasped her fingers about his arms.

"Don't say such things," in a shocked whisper. "He fell, Hort, from the loft—you must have heard. What makes you say such things! He fell—he struck his head—"

"Yes, he fell. But I pushed him down."

She dragged her hands from his clasp and they clutched each other at her throat. She rose to her feet, leaning against the table and staring at him.

He had risen too and his face was in shadow above her. "Listen," he said again. "Every word I am going to say is God's truth; I found him in the barn—I had come over for some seed—not to quarrel. He was in a bad temper and he said this to me:

"I want you to keep away from here! I know why you come! I want you to keep away from my wife!" And I answered him quietly—I did, Margie, and he swore and said I was a cur anyhow. Then I got suddenly hot all over and furious and I answered him back and I told him that I knew what he had done; that I knew how he had stolen you from me by keeping my letters back from you. I told him that I knew he had lied to you about me, that he had told you I had gone away for good, that he knew of another girl, that he had taken advantage of you because he was so much older and you did not understand and that he had urged you to marry him and have a home for Bud and yourself and that I was worthless—and that he had stolen you—"

The girl had backed away from him against the wall, pulling with her the chair in which she had sat. She fenced herself from him with its high back.

"He ordered me off the place and climbed into the loft. I went after him. I struck him first and we fought there in the hay. It was a slippery place to fight a man but I am stronger than he was even if he was so big, and I got him down and I pounded him and I choked him and presently he cried 'enough' and stopped fighting. And after he stopped," he spoke slowly, each word like a blow, "and after he had stopped and after he had said 'enough' I threw him backward and I heard him fall through the opening. I heard him strike the floor and then I climbed out of the window on the other side and went through the orchard home and got on my horse and rode away into the hills and stayed there and did not come back till last night—"

He looked at her then for the first time flattened against the wall, gripping the chair.

"You little girl!" he said pityingly. "Did they suspect me, Margie?"

"No, no! Oh, no!" she gasped.

The man walked to the window and stood there. She slipped back to the table and laid her head upon it. After a long time she spoke.

"What are you going to do?"

"Give myself up. But I wanted to see you first. I am going tonight and give myself up."

She cried aloud. "O Hort! Must you? How would that help?" He came back to the table.

"I decided at first that I would not tell even you. I said to myself that we have had sorrow enough and it was our due to take what we could get of happiness. No one could know. I decided I would keep still and that I could have you and be happy. But after a while I knew I could not take you that way, that it must all be fair and square and that I must pay for what I had done—"

"O Hort! But you did not mean to kill him!"

"He had said 'enough.' I must have meant to."

THERE was again a long silence. He picked up his hat from the floor.

"I must go. I must get it over—this telling."

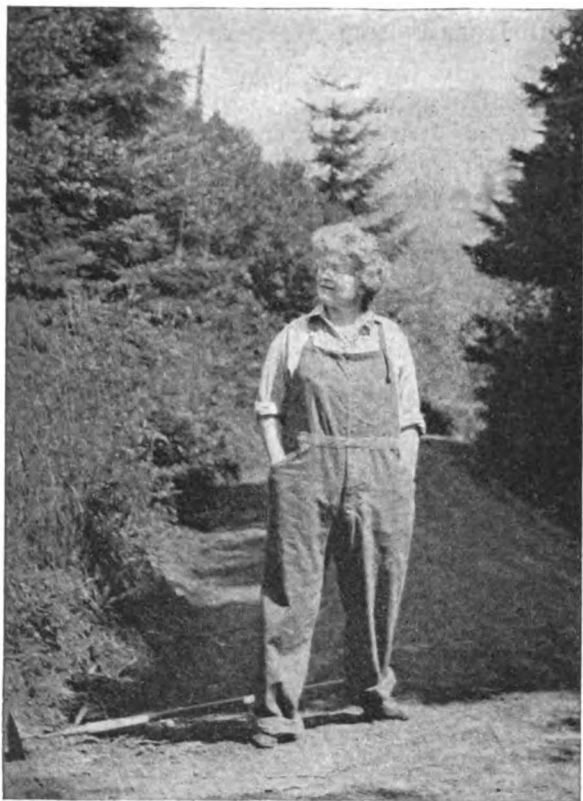
She ran to him. "Not yet! Not just yet," she cried. "Oh, we have tried to do right, Hort—we haven't seen each other since I married him. He did steal me! He did lie to me! He told me such things about you—"

She was walking swiftly back and forth across the room, crying openly.

"And we had tried to do right by him because I was his wife. And I tried to forget and be good to him. Oh!" with a wail, "just that day I tried to be kind and he was so angry. He was so angry about something and would not answer me. And when he went to the door I went with him and I put my hand on his arm and he threw it off and it struck the door and hurt it. See, where it was hurt?—and even then I tried to be kind. Somehow I felt queerly about him that day, I wondered why he was so angry. It was almost like a presentiment—I noticed things so. I stayed at the door. I saw how he kicked the kitten off the step and I stood there and watched him all the way down to the barn. The clock was just striking over in the village and I counted

(Continued on page 64)

Interesting



She is the happy mistress of an orchard, bought and improved out of her earnings and now ready to earn a living for her

MRS. MARION MACRAE, the owner of Larkspur apple orchards, in the Hood river valley, Oregon, is a horticulturist whose experience is worth weighing, considered from whatsoever point of view. With a capital insufficient for the present-day Easter bonnet, she went to this scenic fruit region in the heart of the Cascades, a few years ago, and secured an option on 25 acres of uncleared bench land. She paid for her little tract by doing reportorial work on a Portland daily newspaper, later taking up the sale of fruit lands in the valley which was fast becoming known in the big markets of the world for its fine strawberries and apples.

Gradually, as she could earn the extra money for improvement, Mrs. MacRae got her land cleared and set to commercial orchard. For the first three years the devoted orchardist pruned her young trees herself, having lessons and supervision in the earlier days from a scientific horticulturist.

The happy little ranch mistress talks entertainingly as well as logically of the qualities that go to make success in horticulture out there.

"A steady head and active brain are even more necessary," she emphasizes, "in farming or fruit-raising, than are willing hands and strong back. Mere physical labor won't accomplish anything without good head work to direct it."

When the question was put as to other women ranchers and orchardists in her section, she replied that there were many who, to her own knowledge, were coming out successfully in the work.

"On the other hand," she said, after deliberation, "I know other women who have put their capital in property without exercising any judgment in selection

of land, and without knowing anything about the business. And then they are unreasonable enough to expect large harvest returns while they sit on the veranda, doing embroidery or tatting, or perhaps reading the best sellers. It's a system that won't work in this any more than in other lines of business."

With some impatience over this type of orchardist, the Larkspur enthusiast went on, with emphasis:

"I tell you, when the colt gets a nail in his foot, or the spraying machine breaks down, or a main limb tears loose from the parent stock, the woman fruit-raiser has got to know what to do just as much as a man in the same situation would, and do it just as quick. She must be able to detect the presence

of any disease or pest at the earliest moment. In Oregon, you know, it costs a fine of \$20 to have San Jose scale discovered on one of your apples, and the fruit inspector has full authority to come and cut the infected trees. The woman orchardist must know, also, how to prune, spray, thin, prop and tie, how to bud and graft. Above all, she must understand cultivation, which means far more than making the ground look pretty on top. Then there is the irrigation problem, which has to be solved by actual experience."

Mrs. MacRae was asked if she had any advice to offer to her sisters of the cities who in many instances were looking longingly toward life in the country, with its freedom, sanity and health. She shook her head at first, but reflecting, said:

"If what I have just said isn't enough, both in the way of encouragement and discouragement, I might add that the school teacher or girl who has saved up a few hundred dollars from store or office earnings oftentimes yearns out upon that vista of farm life shown in a certain class of publications, but she should give the matter careful consideration from a business standpoint, and also arm herself with practical knowledge before risking the investment of her small fortune. We

read of the successes more frequently than the failures. But the level-headed woman will investigate both, nor risk being disillusioned and disappointed by plunging in all unprepared for the work. If she has the qualities I just now enumerated, and persistent courage added thereunto, she is more than likely to make good; she is pretty sure to do it."

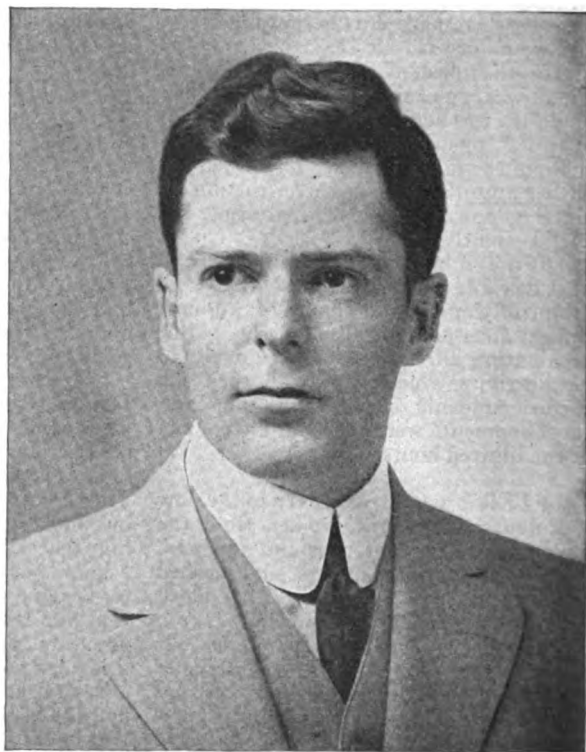
Being reminded gently that in her own case she had "plunged" in the matter of the land investment, having no capital to go on, and, moreover, had been obliged to acquire her horticultural education entirely in her own growing orchard, the Larkspur lady answered in rebuttal:

"Yes, but I had nothing to lose, all to gain. I had a means of making my living and paying for my land, and I have not even now allowed myself to grow rusty on my earning capacity. So by this combination I have been enabled to hold on through thick and thin, and in the end have grown an orchard that will henceforth make me a living without any material physical labor on my part. But—Larkspurs are not picked up just any day!"

L. B. ELLIS.

†

A WESTERNER who, although he has at the age of 30 accomplished enough, perhaps, to satisfy the ambition of the ordinary man, is still a comer. That is George Palmer Putnam, of Bend, Oregon, editor of a country newspaper, an author of note and secretary to Governor James Withycombe.



He is thirty years old. He was mayor of his town at twenty-two and he is largely responsible today for a governor's popularity

Westerners

Putnam has a knack of knowing what is going on, and should go on. He keeps his eyes open and his mouth shut when not using it, but is a forceful, pleasing and often humorous public speaker. He is not a politician by inclination and, although he shirks none of his duties as a citizen, if he was to do what appeals to him most it is more than likely that right now he would be trailing a packhorse through the highlands of the Cascade mountains—or, perhaps, exploring in Thibet.

Mr. Putnam stands six feet two and has the rotund and graceful proportions of a column rule. His weight is about 170 pounds—all energy, except a large chunk of good common sense. He was born near New York, but has been so successful in forgetting that fact that he recently refused a position there carrying double his present salary. His father, who recently died, was a member of the publishing firm of G. P. Putnam Sons, after whose founder young George was named.

Had George P., Jr., been a robust lad, he would have most likely followed in his father's footsteps. To see him today one would not recognize the puny boy whose wanderings over the globe in a search for health brought him to Oregon.

At 22 years of age, and soon after reaching Bend, Putnam was chosen mayor and was reelected by an overwhelming vote. In 1911 Putnam and his bride toured Central America for half a year, whence he sent articles to *SUNSET MAGAZINE* and other periodicals. He is

the author of "The Southland of North America," and a delightful volume of Oregon sketches, entitled "In the Oregon Country."

ELBERT BEDE.

¶

THERE is one man in this Pacific Northwest who believes that a red-headed boy is handicapped by the color of his hair. He came to this conclusion on account of his own experiences, for hard luck and hard knocks came to him, as he believes, largely on account of his shock and mop of fiery red, which earned for him the sobriquet of "Red Clemmer." Not that he lacked the sand and grit that are the usual accompaniment of the red-headed boy, for without these he would never

have risen from newsy to plumber's assistant, from book-keeper to salesman, from dentist to movie magnate, for he is now the owner of the "Clemmer," about the most beautiful and best equipped play house in this Northwest, besides being in part the owner of another of the leading moving picture houses in Spokane, Washington.

About two years ago, Dr. Howard S.

Clemmer of Spokane started a "Red-head Club," to which any sorrel-topped boy of from six to sixteen could be admitted, if the floridity of his headpiece and agreement to behave and respond to roll-calls were sufficiently satisfactory to the doctor.

The club now has a roster of two hundred, and each member is the proud wearer of a button. One of his brightest boys, on reporting to his mother that he could now go to "Doc" Clemmer's show free, was asked: "Why, Henry, how can you do that?" "Oh, just by showing my bean and my button," responded the proud member.

The organization takes part in nearly all parades and many entertainments of a booster order; its members, with Dr. Clemmer at the head, parade bareheaded in all kinds of wind and weather, and their lusty yells can be heard for blocks.

On Christmas of 1914 a prominent banker promised to place on deposit one

dollar to the credit of each member, provided such deposit and its accretions were not disturbed for five years; and Dr. Clemmer adds a substantial sum each year to those showing the proper spirit of saving.

For a time he invited its members to a Saturday morning exhibition at his comfortable "Clemmer." These became so popular and enjoyable that he now has inaugurated a regular Saturday morning program for children, which includes instructive films as well as comics, with the result that the theatre is packed with a hilarious crowd of enthusiastic youngsters paying tribute to the man whose remarkable love of children has caused him to initiate and maintain these diversions.

If one wants an exhibition of real, genuine simon-pure enthusiasm, all that is necessary is to call on the Clemmer Red-Heads.

SAMUEL R. STERN.

¶

SHE has been called the most far-traveled woman in the world and geographical societies list her among the seven greatest world travelers, yet Harriet Chalmers Adams holds to the idea that she is a Westerner because she was born one and married one with whom she went to school at her birthplace, Stockton, California. But having thus established a Western residence, she has been about everywhere since. She has penetrated to scores of places where no white woman has ever been. She has slept on a mountain peak 15,000 feet above the sea; she has been at the headwaters of the Amazon. She has visited every former Spanish possession. For ten years Mrs. Adams has been writing and lecturing on South America. Her husband, Franklin P. Adams, is editor of the *Pan-American Magazine*, at Washington, and there Mrs. Adams is at home, whenever that may be.

COLVIN B. BROWN.



His hair is red and because of it he has founded a thriving booster club of "scarlet beans" for the encouragement of sorrel-topped boys



She is a lady who "goes everywhere"—very often where no white woman has preceded her—probably the most far-traveled woman in the world

Grafting Romance on a Rose-Tree

The True Story of Doña Maria Bonifacio and General Sherman at Monterey

By Nellie Van de Grift Sanchez

THE recent death of Doña Maria Ygnacia Bonifacio at Monterey resulted in the reappearance in the newspapers of the old romantic tale of an alleged love affair between this well-known lady and General Sherman. This seems to be an opportune time to contradict this foolish story, which had no foundation except in somebody's over-fervid imagination. This much is certainly true—that Señorita Bonifacio and the young American officer became acquainted during his stay at Monterey, that he may have visited at her house, and probably was her dancing partner at many a gay ball in the little town, which was then in its heyday; and certain it is that a fine old rose tree, of the cloth-of-gold species, has for many years unfolded its rich yellow blooms in her garden. Further than these few plain facts there is no truth in the tale, and it may be positively asserted that no romantic affection existed at any time between this pair. How the story originated I cannot say, but by dint of constant repetition it has come to be accepted as a fact by large numbers of romance loving persons, and even the lady in the case herself, as she assured me years ago, became so weary of ineffectual denials that she finally let the thing take its course and ceased to contradict it. Of such stuff are history and traditions made!

Let it be said that this statement of the truth of the case is not made in an iconoclastic spirit, nor through any lack of appreciation of genuine romance, but rather through a firm belief that tradition, to have any value, should be based upon a semblance, at least, of truth. Besides, looked at rightly, the story does no credit to either party, and should be contradicted for that reason, if for no other. It represents the Señorita Bonifacio, who, as all her friends know, was a strong, courageous, proud and high-spirited woman, in the humiliating role of a forlorn and jilted damsel, meekly waiting for the lover that never returned. Nothing could be more contrary to her real nature. And as for that bluff and



Señorita Bonifacio (from a late photograph) who grew weary of refuting the legend about herself and "Tecumseh" Sherman and the ancient rose-tree in her garden

gallant soldier, Tecumseh Sherman, he would scarcely be pleased, were he alive, to know that he had been made to play so mean and treacherous a part.

Added to this, such labored efforts to add interest to the personality and life of this charming woman are wholly gratuitous, for in her true self she possessed attractions that needed no embroideries of cheap romance.

In the merry days of the old capital

there is no doubt that she was a leading figure in social functions, and even after many years she still kept relics of those dead gayeties stored away in a camphorwood chest in her house. Sometimes, for the delectation of intimate friends, she would open this chest and draw from it reminders of the bygone days in the shape of old-fashioned w a s p -waisted dresses, crimson velvets and rich gray brocades, embroidered mittens, tiny slippers and curiously mounted necklaces of pearls from the Baja California fisheries.

It seems very likely that a real romance may have entered at some time into her life, for the sake of which she lived until the age of eighty-six a spinster, but if any sorrow of the sort ever touched her she let no sign of it appear, and, whatever may have been the inmost history of her heart, she presented a brave face to the world, and met life as it came to

her with undaunted courage.

In all domestic arts she was wonderfully skilled. In the manufacture of lace, the Spanish "drawnwork" for which the women of her race are famous, she had few equals, and the sale of these filmy creations became her chief dependence when straitening circumstances began to press upon her. Neither was she lacking in the finer accomplishments, for in the long living room stood a harp whose voice, long since silent, had once responded to the cunning touch of her fingers. And Father Time seemed to have forgotten her, till she became a marvel to all her friends for her look of eternal youth.

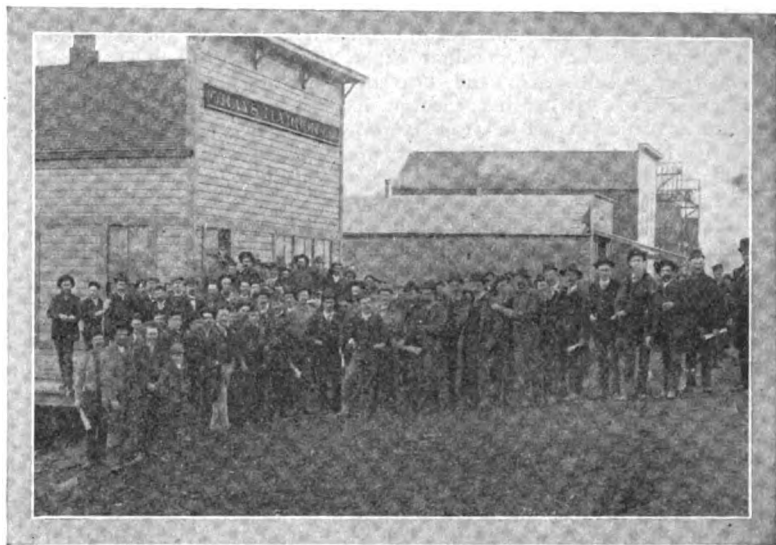
Among the interesting, and authentic, circumstances of her life was her acquaintance with Robert Louis Stevenson, during his sojourn in Monterey. He had no Spanish and she no English, but her vivacity and his Scotch wit interpreted for them.

This is the true and unexaggerated portrait of this remarkable woman, and surely it will be acknowledged that she was not the sort to waste her life in vain regrets for a faithless lover. Had any man in truth ever treated her so cavalierly, she would have tossed her head in scorn and promptly forgotten him!

The Town That Died A-Bornin'

Grays Harbor City, a "Ghost Town" in the Forest

By W. L. Morris



They stood in line all night to buy lots in the second addition to the town. A half-million dollars' worth of realty was sold next day

SOME seven miles from the head of Grays Harbor, on the Washington coast, a melancholy string of piles reaches out into the water. Starting for no apparent purpose and ending, a mile or so from the shore, for no better excuse, only seafaring folk of an older generation recognize in the haggard sticks the skeleton of Grays Harbor City.

A second-growth forest of fir and cedar today covers the greater part of the old site of the town, which was spread over the hills back of the big dock. Corner lots in that bustling town, a quarter of a century ago, were selling at \$500 apiece. Every last one of the eight hundred and odd souls that composed the population was sure that realty prices were to mount far higher. Those lots now are tangles of ferns and tall grasses, of wild flowers and blackberry bushes.

Rank underbrush almost hides the course of Summit avenue. It grows to the door of the Grays Harbor Company's office, to the very door where, all through the night before October 15, 1890, waited a long line of weary men.

THE morning light which found that line of sturdy farmers, fishermen and lumbermen of the West, with here and there a real estate operator from the East, waiting patiently to bid on the second

offering of town lots, revealed a city in embryo, ambitiously laid out. It had hotels and stores, one of the latter housed in a building costing \$20,000; it had fine restaurants, seven ornately furnished saloons, scores of pretty homes and a dock that had cost \$125,000.

The twenty-six men who stood in line on that morning, twenty-five years ago, simply knew that their city was to be the metropolis of Grays Harbor. Before that day was over half a million dollars' worth of realty had changed hands. Two men, between them, had acquired lots worth \$130,000, paying down in cash a third of the price.

They were all building on the future. Each was convinced that Grays Harbor City, its site on the north shore of the bay cleared but a twelvemonth before, was to be the western terminus of the Northern Pacific railway. A huge mill town was planned by the founders. Settlers of the towns of Hoquiam and Aberdeen, the one three, the other seven miles to the east, also were planning mill towns.

THE Grays Harbor City people felt assured, as did the Hoquiam and Aberdeen citizens, that so soon as the Northern Pacific railway should run down from Olympia to Grays Harbor, lumber mills and the value of their lots would rise out of the forest.

But the coming of the railroad was long delayed. And when the Northern Pacific did decide to build to Grays Harbor from Olympia, it picked Ocosta, on the south and opposite shore of the harbor, for its terminus. And, just as this dispiriting news was received, the rumor was circulated that the Grays Harbor City townsite company must engage in litigation, presumably protracted and expensive, with the state over title to its tide-lands. So Grays Harbor City died aborning.

BUT there was no thought of failure in the minds of the nineteen men who composed the little party that set out in a scow from Hoquiam, one early spring morning in '89, to lay the foundations of Grays Harbor City. The townsite company put the men to work slashing timber. As the forest clearing progressed, a gang

of thirty more, in charge of James M. Bowes, now a councilman of Aberdeen, was set to work building a wagon road to Hoquiam, three miles distant.

Money was spent in even greater volume as the season advanced; first and last, possibly a million dollars was paid out. Summit avenue and Broadway and a half dozen other streets were graded. Residences grew up, tradesmen and speculators from all parts of the West came in twos and threes. In the autumn of '89 the first sale of town lots was held. So magically had a town sprung up in the wilderness that the lots fetched from \$100 to \$1500, according to location. By the summer of 1890 the population had grown to 800, of whom 780 were males. The dock was completed at a cost of \$125,000. A plant was erected, at a cost of \$25,000, to manufacture shale brick. It was not quite ready to turn out bricks when the bubble burst.

On October 15, 1890, the second addition to the town was thrown upon the market. Two hundred men, including the twenty-six who stood on their feet the weary night through in front of the company's offices, bought lots. E. E. Sells, who is a merchant in Bellingham now, bought the first lot. Two men, D. J. Johnson and one McMillan, bought \$130,000 worth of realty. That day saw sales amounting to \$500,000, and most of the land was sold for taxes within a year or two.

THE rolls of the Grays Harbor county assessor show that in 1890 lots in Grays Harbor City were assessed at values from \$50 to \$575. The standard assessment for a business lot seems to have been \$430. Lots in additions to the town were assessed at \$25. There were seventy-six blocks in the original plat of the town, and several hundred blocks in the additions.

By 1892 assessed valuations in the business section had dropped to a maximum of \$50 and in the "suburbs" to \$5. For many years now, the business section lots have been carried on the assessor's rolls at from \$1 to \$2 each, lots in the suburbs maintaining the unvarying figure of \$1.

None of the builders of Grays Harbor City made any money from the enterprise.



Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Jaeger, pioneers of Grays Harbor City, and sole inhabitants of the "ghost town"

Some fared forth into the world to do well elsewhere: men like Edgar Piper, to become publisher of the *Portland Oregonian*; with his brother, George, he had started a newspaper in Grays Harbor City, its field the farthest west of any publication in the United States; James Gilbert and Chester A. Congdon went to the Yakima valley to acquire apple orchards from which they are reputed to have amassed fortunes which they later took to New York and turned into millions.

BROADWAY, the town's principal thoroughfare, is a woodland path now. We were ascending it, in search of the two lonely survivors of the town who, we had been told in Aberdeen, still dwelt in its ruins, when we met an ancient printer who emerged unexpectedly from the shade of a blackberry bush.

"This old townsite does get to a man who has traveled like I have," piped the ancient printer. "I'm seventy-nine, and I've seen things."

Plodding along up the hill, he told us of his travels. He had seen Virginia City when its population was 31,000, and again, fifteen years ago, when it had dwindled to less than 2000. Sonora he remembered when it was something more than the county seat of Tuolumne. "There wasn't a city in California, outside of San Francisco, to touch her," he said; "and she's all right now, but when I was there last all the cabins that used to line the road, both sides clear to Columbia City, was tumbled to the ground." And he told us of an Arizona town that had disappeared because an irrigation ditch had been moved.

"But all those towns had something to look back at," said the ancient printer; "while this here Grays Harbor City never had the least bit of a look-in. I've worked in print shops all over the Coast and seen a sight of places, but this beats 'em all. Hark to that!"

It was a mill whistle, borne on the vagrant wind from busy, bustling Hoquiam.

"That's what the Grays Harbor City folks hoped for; and never got. Look here!" On all sides stretched the forest. The ancient printer bade us look to the east.

"There, where you see the roof showing through the trees, there's where Adolph Jaeger and his wife live," he said. "They've stayed with the town. They're most as old as I am, and I'm seventy-nine. Smith—Robert Weston Smith's my

name. Of a Sunday, and times through the week, I like to walk out here and kick around among these Grays Harbor City ghosts. After you've talked with the Jaegers, come up this other way, where you see the buildings. That was the old business section."

IN a clearing stood a pretty little house, its garden a bower of flowers, the fragrance of yellow Sofrano roses and sweet-peas heavy in the air. On the porch of the little house, gazing contentedly out over the harbor, sat Adolph Jaeger, seventy-eight, hale and hearty, and his wife, whose strong, virile face and sturdy figure looked good for another score of years. Sole survivors of the one time population of Grays Harbor City were they.

While they talked of days long gone by, one or the other would fill in gaps in the word pictures by pointing out crumbling roof, showing in the distance through mantling forest, or barely discernible woodland path, that represented store or house of friend.

Jaeger, whose German nativity was apparent in his speech, had come to the new town in 1889 to open a tailor shop. He paid \$1000 for the lot, 50 by 140 feet, on which he built his home for another \$1600.

"We were going to do big things," said the old man in deep, rumbling tones. "A general store we had. It was the best you find anywheres, with fine offices overhead. And a good hotel. There was butcher shop and grocery store and bakery. There was seven saloons. It was a city! Me, I was to make big money with my tailor shop."

Insensibly, as they both talked, the tense of their speech changed.

"This house, where we sit, it is on Summit avenue," explained the old man proudly. "This street is graded for three miles, all the way to Grass Creek. Yes, and if you walked up from the dock you were on Broadway. That is a fine street, too."

PRESENTLY, through the almost pathless wildwood that covered Summit avenue, we pushed our way to the remains of Grays Harbor City's business section.

As we stood, idly speculating on the use of a frame structure's shell, from its interior uprose a high, cracked voice:

"Then I looked up at Nye,
And he gazed upon me;

And he rose with a sigh,
And said, 'Can this be?
We are ruined by Chinese cheap labor.'—
And he went for that heathen Chinee."

Through the warped, blistered doorway came the ancient printer, Robert Weston Smith.

"See the ghosts anywhere?" he queried. "I been watching them play cards in here. Yep, this was a saloon . . . I don't reckon they was bothered much, if any, by the heathen Chinee here; but there's been many a Scowegian rough house started from a card game in this shebang; and men hurt worse'n old Nye hurt the heathen Chinee whose sleeves oozed cards.

"Hear me reeling off 'Plain Language from Truthful James'? Don't know what put it into my head unless it was just thinking over old days, here and in California. Some folks that don't know any better call that 'The Heathen Chinee.' But I was setting type in the old Overland Monthly shop when Bret Harte passed those lines to the foreman to fill in a hole in the make-up; and I know what was their right title."

SEATED on the tottering porch of the old saloon, the ancient printer dribbled history and anecdote. Away back in '61 he had left his home in Indiana and had come over the plains to California and down the Feather river—he called it the Rio de la Plumas—to Oroville. There he worked for a space setting type for the *Butte Record*, published by George M. Crosett—who remembers Crosett's *Butte Record* now?—then drifted down to San Francisco and on, in endless pilgrimages up and down the Coast, to camps that later evolved into cities; or that, like the ruins surrounding us, faded into wilderness.

A NEWSPAPER publisher in Hoquiam, E. C. Moore, who still conducts a weekly paper in that city, wrote the obituary of Grays Harbor City in one line, one early winter morning in 1890. He, even as Bret Harte, achieved fame in filling up a hole in the paper's make-up. Turning from the window of his newspaper office, through which he had been watching a long line of wagons hauling away the building outfits of the Grays Harbor City townsite company, Moore called lazily to his foreman: "Bill, shove this line into the form and go to press: 'Grays Harbor City terminus terminates.'"


"The Mountain That Was God"

In all ages different peoples have had different names for their supreme deity. In a parliament of religions this deity becomes "God" to them all. The Indians of the Northwest worshiped the snow-crowned majesty which came to be known to the white man as Mt. Tacoma and as Mt. Rainier. Fierce war raged between the partisans of these names and now a truce is declared and those who worship the grandeur of this father of many glaciers pay homage to "The Mountain."


The Court of the May Queen

The West is gay with pageantry in the merry month of May. Green glades, already enriched with spring bloom, burst into magic flower with hosts of blossom-crowned children, with garlands and gauzy streamers floating in the sun.

These are the subjects portrayed, in full color, in *Sunset* for May



The Home in the West



CONDUCTED BY LILLIAN FERGUSON



In planning the façade of this spacious home, nature was taken into partnership by architect and builder upon tapestry terms

Consider Your Vines, How They Grow

CONSIDER the vines on your house, how they grow. They stop not, neither do they sleep, and one day after you have been doing the latter for some time you will wake up and wonder why you did not wake sooner. The vines will have destroyed the value of the best architectural feature of your house or done some other dastard trick you had not dreamed of while you slept. The fact is it will be all your fault, which is never a pleasant fact to face.

Vines, like people, have certain definite characteristics, and to get the best out of them those characteristics must be considered—not after the vines are well on their way in life, but when they are set in the ground. The art of the Japanese gardener lies in his knowing from the

start the part he wants his shrub or tree or vine to play in the general scheme of things, and he begins his training when the plant is in its infancy.

WE plant things haphazard, leave them to their will, and if the effect some years later is good, very well; if not, we cuss the plant and uproot it. The truth is that if one will but stop to think there is no reason for not knowing the exact intention of the *Ficus repens*, the *Ampelopsis*, the *Bougainvillea* and all the other common vines and creepers used in California. The *Ficus repens* intends to form a thick green mat on any wall where it can gain a foothold. Before planting it is the time to decide whether you want your wall entirely hidden by this thick

green mat, or whether six or ten years after date you will hate it and want to pull the whole thing off. Will your house be spoiled or will it be improved by this green tapestry on the wall? It is well to remember, too, that the *Ficus* must be clipped three or four times a year or it will have the unkempt look of a man overdue at the barber's, particularly after it has reached the roof where, untrimmed, it gives the impression of an unruly pompadour.

Like humans, too, are vines in that there is just one period of their existence when they are quite perfect. With some it comes early, with some later in life. Long as we may, we can never catch and hold fast youth at the moment of its greatest charm, nor can we prolong



Broken lines in architecture demand treatment in accordance with the general scheme, hence the need of variety here in vine growth



No other ornament is needed upon this smooth surface than is supplied by nature

indefinitely the hour of full maturity. It is impossible to check the *Ampelopsis* at the stage when its graceful festoons and tender traceries are the most perfect thing conceivable in a growing vine. Its growth can be somewhat retarded and this stage slightly prolonged by judicious cutting and a little unkindness and lack of care, but Nature will finally assert herself and push on with her purpose. But in the planting it is for you to remember that if you would have the full glory of the autumn coloring of this vine it makes a difference which side of the house it is on. And it is then you must decide, as with the *Ficus*, whether you want the architectural features of your house shrouded in green tapestry or not. A wonderfully beautiful effect can be had by coaxing the *Ampelopsis* inside your porch and letting its stems vein the ceiling with a delicate



A tracery of vines here helps to frame a charming garden vista

tracery from which young tendrils drop in graceful pendants. These pendants are sometimes very effective around an arch, and the vine may be allowed to grow over a screen on a window or inclosing a porch where the summer sun shines too hotly, and the filtered light, cool green in summer, warm red in autumn and almost full strength in winter when the leaves have fallen, is a grateful relief. It is as much a mistake to try to trim the *Ampelopsis* like the *Ficus* as to dress a *débutante* in an old maid's clothes. The one is by nature severe, the other full of grace.

And then one wonders why some things are ever planted by a house wall at all, such things as the *Bougainvillea*, the *Solanum*, the plumbago, wistaria and those riotous roses like the *La Marque*, the *Banksia* and the climbing *Cecil Bruner*.

It is entirely unnatural for any of these and many other climbers to scale a house wall. While very young they are ambitious, and given a wire or a trellis against the wall they try to do what is expected of them. But as they get older



The humblest home may be made beautiful by a bower of roses

they get lazy and want to sprawl about. What they need is an arbor, a pergola, the stump of an old tree all their own, or perhaps a wall on top of which they may fling themselves in their careless abandon. The roof of a *porte-cochère* might do or the terrace-like roof of a part of the house that is lower than the rest. But to provide no place for them to lay their heavy heads is to rob them of their birthright.

Much of the beauty of wistaria is lost if its clusters of bloom are not allowed to hang pendant but must struggle as best they can through a clump of leaves bunched against a wall and held there by wire or otherwise in duress vile. A mass of glowing *Bougainvillea* huddled awkwardly in the angle of a house has missed its real purpose in life, a purpose that might be wondrously fulfilled if its great splash of color shone from the top of an arbor. Many a cottage has been completely smothered under a climbing rose, the rose in itself a seven-days wonder of beauty but by the license given it robbing the cottage of any intrinsic merit it may possess. A few of the less luxuriant varieties of roses have an irresistible charm over a doorway or veranda, and the humblest home may be beautified by a bower of roses.

The truth is that in the West Nature should be taken into partnership by architects and house builders on definite terms. She should be given her part with the understanding that she will do much to enhance the beauty of the builder's

scheme but must not intrude upon his part of it. Once the builder realizes just what Nature can and will do as her share, he will leave off a lot of his gimcrackery and pseudo-ornament which have no real reason for being and will plan wide spaces for the tapestry of vines that have the right to grow on walls, and will make trellises and arbors for the others. And presently and unconsciously people will find a new pleasure in the African grape vine running a race with its shadow around the smooth white surface of a pergola pillar, in the *Bignonia* climbing warily to a point of vantage from which to fling its gold into the face of the sun, in roses rioting over an arbor of their own instead of rotting the shingles of a roof where they strayed by chance.

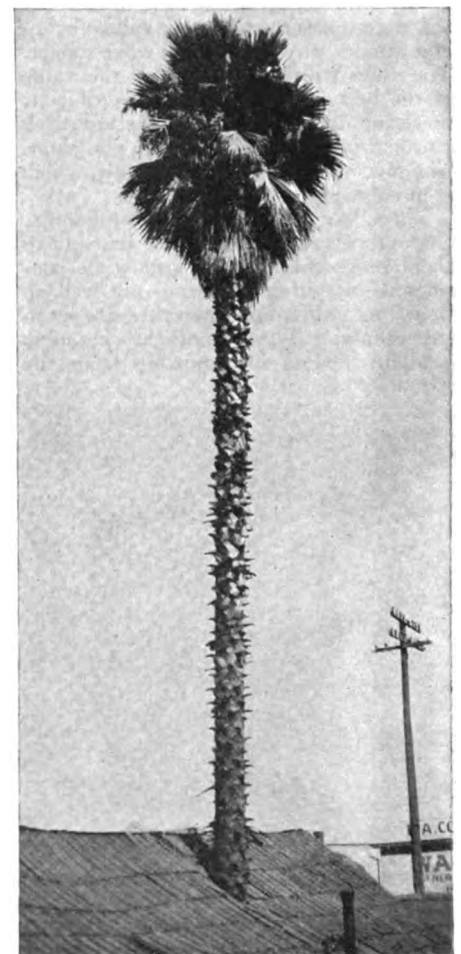
There are no set rules for this sort of thing, but before you take spade in hand, just stop and think a minute about the nature of what you are about to plant, and whether it will live in peace with the house that you have built. It is none too soon to think of your planting when you begin to think of planning your house.

ELIZABETH ELKINS.



A House Built Around a Palm

A fifty-foot palm grows through the roof of a Los Angeles house, or, to be exact, the house was built about the venerable palm. The landmark stood in the front yard of a fine home in a section which has since been devoted to business. It was found necessary to build upon that portion of the lot, and this was the only means by which the dignified old tree could be preserved





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Amato
Dalmiro
Martelli
Homar
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"The Stretch That Goes Back"

Our Surrender of the Pacific

(Continued from page 15)

methods whereby they were forced on China. The open-door policy meant that all nations should be free to trade on equal terms with China and that more powerful nations should not take away parts of Chinese territory. By her demands Japan set herself up as the self-appointed guardian of China, reserved certain markets for herself, and paved the way for annexation of Manchuria, if not for domination of the entire country. The open-door policy, the principle of equal trade and equal opportunity in China, is not yet dead, but has received its death-blow. At a favorable opportunity it will be neatly dispatched and the proud record of the United States as the disinterested friend of China will be ended. When the Japanese ultimatum to China was delivered last May and Japanese troops were mobilized ready for a dash on Peking, Chinese officials delayed their reply until the last moment, hoping the United States would say a word in defense and support of the policy which it had so successfully established only fifteen years before. The word was not said and the Chinese finally submitted to Japanese threats.

OUR final withdrawal is the proposed giving up of the Philippines, an action which will leave America with less prestige and influence in the Pacific than she has had at any time since the beginning of the nation. It will cut short and prematurely end what promises to be not only the most brilliant American achievement in the Pacific but the most successful piece of tropical colonization in the history of the world. In a few years there we have done more to consolidate the country and build a nation out of fragments than Great Britain has done in half a century in India. With some mistakes and a few small scandals, American colonization of the Philippines stands out in sharp contrast to the muddling, brutality and selfishness of most colonial enterprises. There was no potential Philippine nation when Americans went to Manila and there is none today, though Americans are building one out of the native materials, unifying mutually hostile tribes by giving them a common language, teaching them political ideals by giving them a larger share in self-government than is possessed by any other people of Asia or by any other people between Honolulu and Cairo. The Filipinos today under American rule have a far greater degree of local and national self-government than is enjoyed by the Japanese, and the Filipino voter enjoys rights and wields a power of which Japanese voters are still dreaming and for which they dare not ask.

But enough has been said of the woes which the natives will bring on themselves by their insistent demands for independence. What of the Americans who must of necessity remain there? The United States may withdraw its authority from the islands, but in a hundred places Americans have invested their money and developed timber lands, mines and plantations, and set up stores

and manufacturing plants. They will remain in a country which we have no reason to believe will be governed any more wisely than Mexico or be any less prone to indulge in rebellion and brigandage. Indeed the isolation of different sections of the many widely separated islands will tend to keep the tribes isolated mentally as well as physically and make for clannish and feudal politics if not for actual tribal warfare. It is quite logical to expect that in troubled times to come Americans living in the independent Philippine republic will take a prominent part in rebellions and intrigues. A characteristic of the American abroad is his belief in his own ability to take care of himself, a faculty which he has been compelled to develop because his government so seldom takes care of him. We may reasonably expect to see in the Philippines a repetition of what has happened in Mexico. Americans who do not scruple at the methods necessary will find it easy to secure from a native Filipino government concessions and land grants which the present administration would never give them. Then will come changes in native governments, oppression of the concessionaires, active participation in politics by the Americans, revolutions financed and engineered by Americans in defense of their own interests, all that vicious circle of bribery, intrigue and rebellion which has so frequently followed the undisciplined and unregulated activities of Anglo-Saxons in small and weak countries.

This is one of the natural results of the refusal of the United States Government to regulate and support the activities of Americans in foreign lands. "Get out of Mexico," says the United States, "for we cannot protect you." The citizen replies: "My property is here and I can not get out. If you will not protect me then I will protect myself." And he does it with any means at hand. This we may expect in the Philippines as surely as we may expect other ills for that restless land. We may look forward to an oligarchy of Americans who will rule the country through the mestizo politicians, but rule it without that high regard for the good of the native which is expressed in the present rule. We may look forward with equal certainty to a peaceful invasion of Chinese by the hundreds of thousands, for no Philippine republic will be strong enough to keep them out and the undeveloped Philippines is the promised land for the hundred million hungry Chinese of crowded Southern China. The Filipino will be equally unable to withstand the intrigue of the American and the economic competition of the Chinese laborer.

WITH abandonment of the Philippines our western frontier will be Hawaii. Our open-door policy in China, our trade and investments in Manchuria, our favorable position in Korea and finally our possession of the Philippines will have only a musty historical interest. We won all these things fairly and honorably, but not without much bloodshed



The Carnation Milk Palace at the San Francisco Exposition

The milk question answered at the exposition

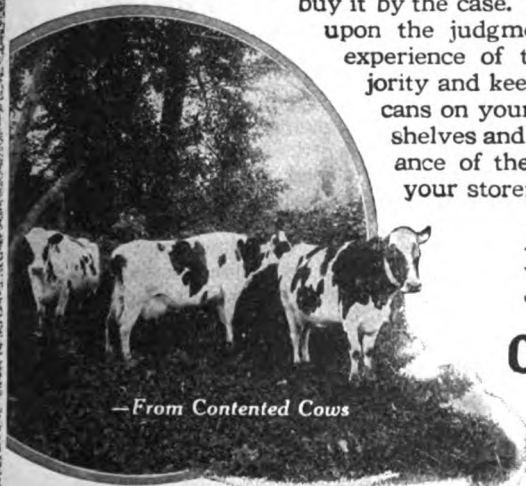
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"If She'd Ever Worn a Hat!"

The Way of a Man With a Maid in Mexico

The Story of Faustina, at Mrs. Tibbits' Boarding House in Puebla

By EDITH WAGNER

IN

MAY SUNSET

can they be secured to us again. What is the net result of this withdrawal from the Pacific? Twenty years ago the Manchurian market formed an outlet for vast quantities of our cotton, and the leaders of American finance were preparing to add to their investments there. Since the Russo-Japanese war our sales of cotton goods to Manchuria have dwindled to the vanishing point and a few months ago the American consular agent at Newchwang, formerly the port of entry for millions of dollars' worth of American goods, was advised by the State department that there was no longer any need for his services and his office was closed. There has not been an American dollar invested in Manchuria for the past ten years, nor is there likely to be.

In Korea there were many American investments before annexation. Most of the American enterprises have now passed into Japanese hands and there has not been an American dollar invested there since Korea became a colony. Our trade there is still protected by old treaties which precluded a change in existing tariff rates for a period of years which is now about to expire. We may then expect the tariff wall to go up against us, and our trade with Korea to be confined to those articles which Japan cannot supply. The millions of Koreans who were seeking a way out of the darkness have been turned from American ideals to Japanese, from Christianity to Shintoinism, from the voluntary study of English to the enforced study of Japanese.

The breaking down of the open-door policy in China has had a similar effect. Japan has added to the spheres of influence already established and narrowed the number of provinces in which American capital can be invested in railways and other enterprises. The construction of docks and an arsenal and shipbuilding works at Foochow, for which an American

firm was negotiating, is expressly forbidden in the agreement wrested from China. Only a few years ago the great Han Yeh Ping iron works (the Krupps of China) missed passing into American ownership by a very narrow margin. American possession of this great property would give the west coast of the United States pig iron and steel as cheap or cheaper than on the Atlantic Coast and might mean the building up of great manufacturing industries here. This door of opportunity which was open yesterday is now closed, for Japan forced China to pledge this property to her.

With withdrawal from the Philippines will go the downfall of a large portion of the Philippine trade which has been built up. The present Philippine market is free to American goods, as the American market is free to Philippine products. We cannot expect this to continue with an independent Philippines, while with the possible and not improbable passage of the Philippines to another power the market will be closed to us as is that of Manchuria.

The Pacific is no longer an American ocean, but is under the domination of Japan, for that country has advanced in just the ratio that we have withdrawn. While the Japanese have spent millions of dollars annually in subsidizing shipping lines, the American flag has practically disappeared from the ocean where once it was dominant. It will remain for historians of the future to judge the wisdom of our present policies. They will doubtless conclude that our forty years of inaction in the Pacific was due to the greater interest in affairs at home. But the later withdrawals of our frontiers, taken at a time when we are again looking for foreign trade—what of them? Can they be explained by anything but a national timidity, a willingness to give up rights and ideals in order to fatten ourselves in peace?

Claxton, D. D.

(Continued from page 18)

of them out from the cabin some miles every day. They had a few steel traps, and Claxton employed himself making the spindles and triggers for an indefinite number of deadfalls which he persuaded Bray it was their duty to set, since they had nothing else to do.

"We can't sell confiscated fur, of course, Corporal Bray," said he, "but I don't remember anything in the regulations which says that we shan't trap a bit of fur for ourselves when we have nothing else to do. If it is according to regulations to kill a rabbit or a wild goose, why not a marten? We've tried to eat 'em, but never could; but if they try us before a court-martial we can swear we caught 'em for food."

"No," said Bray, "a marten ain't good to eat—e's too lawsting. But as for 'is fur, it's different. Besides, I know of several beaver families along the lake above, yon. W'y not start something for the bally government at

H'ottawa to find fault with w'ile we're about it?"

Thus discussing and wrangling amiably among themselves, as had been their habit for years, the two went on day after day, making the best of life, and doing their best to be busy. And nothing happened. That is to say, it did not for some weeks.

IT was Bray who one morning when the wind was down and the snow had ceased looked out across the lake and saw the far-off speck on the ice. That was in December—December of 55 degrees north where the cold is very cold, and the wind sometimes is such as no man of the lower latitudes can guess. But here was something out on the ice. If it had come from the east side it had come seventy-five miles. What was it?

"Sergeant," called out Bray. "Come 'ere. Bring the glawses. Somethink's out there on the lake."



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Claxton hastened out, and after a time got the small moving object in the field of the binoculars. "Confound these eight-powers," said he; "they haven't any illumination at all. I can't keep it in the field—oh, now I've got him. It's not wolves—it's not caribou—it's not a dog sledge . . . yet it looks like a dog, too. And there's a man. Yes, there is one dog anyhow, and loaded. They are coming slow—one native—one man. See if you can make out anything more, Bray."

Bray took his turn with the glasses. "One native," said he after a time. "One dog, packed. No sledge. What in 'ell is that fellow doin' out there, in forty below, walkin' with one dog under pack? Gol blime me, was there ever such a forsaken, blighted, perishin' country in the 'ole world, I do wonder!"

"E's comin' on in," he added a moment later. "Not very fast, neither."

"Get something ready to eat. Build up a fire, Bray," said Claxton. "I'll go cut some wood and make a smoke for him, out here in the open."

Claxton stepped to the side of the log shack and carelessly picked up the axe from the place where it always was left, not far from the entrance. He did not need his snow shoes, but followed the beaten path which led from the cabin down to the lake shore through the cedars. He paused at the side of a tall stub of dead wood, axe in hand. Carelessly, with the confidence of an old-time axeman, he sunk the blade deep into the tree trunk, all the time half looking out over the ice at the figure struggling on.

And then there happened that thing—that accident—that calamity—which it is said comes at least one time in the life of every axeman who keeps at the profession long enough. The accident with the axe is one of the dreaded things of the wilderness.

What occurred was this: The blade of the axe, driven just a trifle carelessly by Claxton's sinewy arm, glanced on an icy knot and came down. It shored through the moose-hide moccasin as though it had not been there. It divided Claxton's foot between the second and third toes, half way back into the instep—and did it so neatly that Claxton himself hardly knew what had happened. The accident in part was due to a slight slipping of his other foot on a bit of ice under the snow.

As he looked down now with a sudden catch of the breath, Claxton saw the snow go red where his left foot, moccasin, was hidden under the snow. Just for an instant he stood looking, half leaning on the tool which had done him this injury. Then, with a deep sigh, he turned and hobbled toward the hut. As he went, his expression turned from chagrin, surprise, into rage at his own clumsiness. For one moment he gave vent to all such profanity as the occasion demanded. Then, after his fashion, he became thoughtful once more, for he could see that the cut in the moccasin ran nearly half way back, and knew well enough that axe cuts have a fashion of recording deeper on the foot than they do on the leather covering it. Claxton was thinking now about what he ought to do. He did not say anything to Bray when he first entered the cabin.

"See him comin'?" asked the latter, looking up from his work at the stove.

"Yes," said Claxton, dusting his leg-

gings with his glove. "He'll be here in a jiffy now. He's seen the chimney smoke and is comin' faster. Both loaded, I think, dog and man too. Pretty tired, I'm thinkin'."

"Well, let the perishin' beggar get tired!" grumbled Bray. "They 'adn't ought to mike a dog carry a load like a 'orse, any'ow. W'y don't 'e pack it on 'is own back? A dog ain't mide for packin', an' to put a load on 'im is what the Yankees call something cruel an' unusual. Not that anyone ever saw a Cree or a Loucheux or any of 'em that wouldn't do that or anything else to save 'is own lazy 'ide."

"Well, it's a long way across that lake," said Claxton, hanging up his coat and taking a half step forward. He rested his hand on the edge of the table 'n some sort of gesture, which caused Bray suddenly to look up—and to look down. He saw a red stain spreading around Claxton's foot on the floor.

"What in 'ell's up?" he cried. "You're 'urt! The axe—"

Claxton nodded. "It jolly well went deep, I'm thinkin'," said he, looking down at the injured foot. "We'll have a look."

So now, carefully, judiciously—himself the doctor and all else in command at Beaver Lake station of the Northwest Mounted, he sat down in a chair, took his knife, and cut the thongs of the moccasin—indeed, divided the moccasin itself and let it fall in two halves from his divided foot.

"Hot water, Bray," said he, "hot as I can bear it, and quick. Boil a lot of my handkerchiefs. Get me the biggest needles you've got, Bray, and some silk thread. Boil 'em all. Then hurry out and help that beggar on the ice. He might go by, and I'm thinkin' he is about all in."

"Oh, damn that perishin' bloomer, man!" cried Bray, his eyes suddenly full of concern. "It's no matter about 'im at all, Charlie. 'Ere's a good foot gone—an' we only 'ad four between us."

"Yes," grinned Claxton, setting his teeth as he freed the sock from the leg. "I couldn't walk six hundred miles on that now, could I? Six weeks—two months—how long does it take an axe cut to get well, Bray? I don't remember."

"My Gawd A'mighty, don't awsk me, man! I don't know anything about it. W'at I do know is that somethink 'as 'appened, right enough—an' we was 'oping it would! If it 'ad 'appened to me it wouldn't 'ave been so bad. But you, now—w'y—"

"Don't mind, old chap," said Claxton. "That's why you're here—don't you see, we're a two-man post."

THE surgical preparations were still incomplete when they heard a voice calling out something outside the cabin—a voice thick and muffled and in some strange tongue.

When Bray strode to the door he saw a gaunt little old man standing there, a man clad more lightly than the average white man is in the summer time. His snow shoes were long and narrow and turned up at the point—Chippewa influence, that was plain. He might have been Cree or Chippewa or Chippewyan, with his high cheek bones, his lank black hair. He seemed wayworn and suffering,

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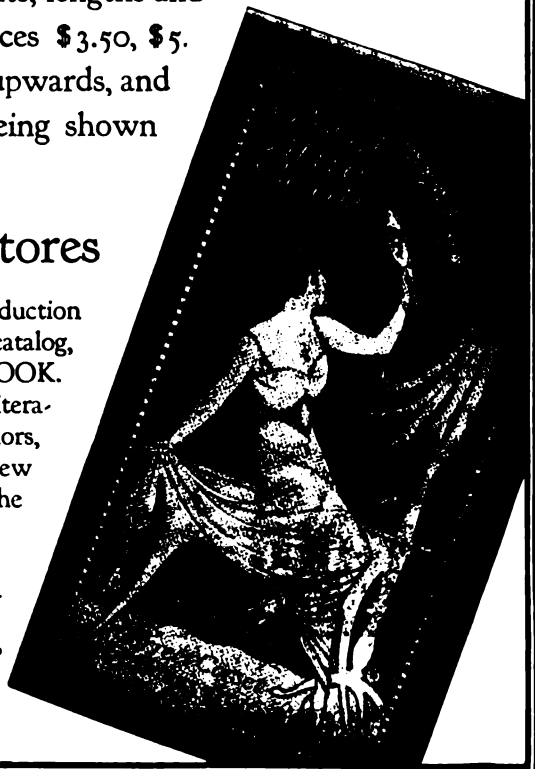
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starving perhaps. The sash at his belt, once gaudy, was thin and worn. The mitten cord around his neck was worn. Yet these bits of wool showed that he was a "Company man"—that he had lived in a country somewhere tributary to the great fur monopoly. No doubt he brought news of some sort.

What had been the news? Bray looked out. The dog, wolf-like and gaunt, weary with his long journey under weight, had now lain down in the snow under his burden, his nose flat out, his eyes dull. This was no dog hypocrisy. The animal was well nigh spent. It scarcely looked up as Bray, whip in hand, lashed his own howling pack when they burst around the corner, ready to eat up bodily and actually the strange dog which had come among them.

Bray knew that a strong dog can pack for a considerable distance a load of forty pounds. This one had a double pack on its back. Either might have weighed twenty pounds. Either was rather long and slender, rolled up and lashed tight with thongs of babiche. The double load was fastened so tightly to the dog that he could not by any means escape it. He could not reach it with his teeth. Cast down, despairing, hopeless, the dog and his master alike made a good enough picture of the despairing and hopeless northern wilderness.

The old man stood silent, looking intently at Bray's face. He made no attempt to talk, for he knew he could not be understood.

"Gawd A'mighty, Sergeant," said Bray, calling back through the door. "'Ow did this blighter know we was 'ere? 'Oo is 'e? W'ere does 'e come from? W'at's 'e got? Talk about ankticook! We was wanting somethink to 'appen. My word, it 'as! This fellow knows we're 'ere. 'Ow? An' 'ow will we learn we're 'e come from?"

"Feed him," said Claxton succinctly. "Build up the fire. Put on the tea. Better help him unload and take care of that dog—our team will eat him up."

As Claxton sat, still looking down in chagrin at his wounded foot—thinking not of the pain of it, nor of the blemish, but of the inefficiency it meant—Bray went on about the duties of the moment. He threw a bit of frozen fish to the prone dog—which gobbled it and tried to stand. All the time Bray's own dogs stood close by in a semi-circle just out of the reach of the lash. They seemed to sniff at the packs on the back of the strange dog. Strangely enough, they began now to howl—ceasing in their barking.

"Out with you—mush on—get out!" cried Bray. "'Ere you, John," he added to the native, "get around this w'ile we are waiting. Cut off your packs, man, and come on in. Eat! muck! muck!—hi-you!—bokoo mangy!—do you understand? Baccy! Tea!—Go ahead, John!"

The old man dragged his pack dog to the door of the cabin, where he might watch it. He stepped within. He saw Claxton sitting there, his foot dripping more blood into the pool on the floor. He himself was a man of the wilderness. He expressed no anxiety and no concern over what he saw. His face immobile as that of a statue, he drew his own knife now and leaned down and cut the thongs which held on the packs of his dog. Strangely enough, he did not go to the

table or take up any food—his eyes did not rest on the teapot. On the contrary, he stooped down, and picking up the two packs, one on each arm—precisely as a parent might have held a child—he stepped back out of the door and around the corner of the house.

Bray followed him. "'Ere now, 'urry up," said he. "W'at are you doing there, man? W'at 'ave you got there, anyw'y?"

The native made no answer, for he could not. But as Bray followed him he fumbled with his frost-stiffened fingers at the coverings of the pack. Under a mantle of moose-hide it seemed there rested a covering of calico, very ragged, very dirty calico. The old native pushed back the folds and looked up at Bray's face as he gazed. He himself made no speech whatever.

"My Gawd!" said Bray solemnly. "My good Gawd A'mighty!" And he himself pulled back the folds of calico into place.

The old man was observant, as are all his people. He saw lying in the snow a ladder, which he knew was used in mounting to the roof of the shack. Carrying both bundles on his left arm, he raised this ladder clumsily into place and began to climb. The wolf-like dogs of the post team sat on their haunches a little bit removed and looked at him. They were silent now, and their silence was but the grimmer. All about them and beyond them swept the icy northern wilderness. The only figure showing motion was that of the little old man, who climbed the ladder, his double burden in his arms. He had taken a swift look at the cache, a place of safety, but it had not pleased him. Here on the roof of the shack, at a distance from the smoking chimney, he had determined upon a place which seemed to suit his purpose.

Slowly, clumsily, stiffly, he crawled up the shallow slope of the roof to the ridge-pole, and laid his two bundles down, side by side in the snow. They lay there, rigid, stiff. The old man folded over the ragged calico and the protecting covering of moose-hide. Then, as though his work were not yet wholly done, he turned to meet Bray, who himself had climbed the ladder and rested at the level of the roof.

"Come on down, John," said Bray. "Come on in an' eat. Wait a bit, old top."

The native came down the ladder slowly and stiffly, his face drawn, gaunt, sad. But for a time, instead of repairing to the table and the fare, he sat down in the snow, his eyes fixed on the roof-tree. He tried to draw his ragged coat from his shoulders over his head. Bray knew that he was mourning, and he caught him by the arm, not ungently.

"Come on, old top," said he—in the firm belief that English ought to be understood by all natives—"come on in an' 'ave a bit to eat. We'll finish it all off after a bit. They are safe enough up there. We'll tike care of them, I say."

But when Bray had his man inside and had helped him bountifully to whitefish and beans and tea, he said nothing to Claxton about what he had seen. The very short winter day was drawing to the end of its brief season of light. All at once the dogs began to howl again. Bray jumped nervously.

"Listen at the perishin' brutes!" said he; and once more reached for his whip and went out.

WHEN he came in once more he found Claxton busy with his pan of boiling water. And soon he sat, his own face drawn to one side with each stitch watching Claxton carefully sewing together the edges of the divided skin on the crippled foot. The old native sat looking into the fire, not curious as to these unimportant matters.

"My word! Charlie," said Bray after a time. "I didn't know the 'uman 'ide was 'arf so thick."

"It's good and thick, all right," said Claxton, grinning, his teeth set. "I cut my knee open once. It's thicker on the knee even than it is on the foot. But you'll have to take it on the other side—I can't reach to make a good job on the bottom."

"I'm no good at all at it," said Bray—"I never could sew the least bit of use."

"Well," said Claxton judiciously, "you don't need to make a regular button-hole stitch all the way across. I'm no surgeon my own self, but I know that a fellow's hide is so thick you don't need very many stitches."

"Tell me, Sergeant, do you knot 'er at the end?" said Bray solicitously, looking up from his work after a time.

"Not at all, old man," rejoined Claxton. "She'll stay tight enough if you just draw her even. Now, when you get her done on the bottom, we'll tie her up in some clean hankies, and then with some bark and some more rags and things, I'm thinkin' that's about all we can do."

"Not quite all, old chap," said Bray after a time. He went to the head of his own bed, and fumbling under the blankets fished out an almost empty bottle which once had held Scotch whiskey. He shook it somewhat ruefully, looking through it at the candle.

"'Ere's your Christmas gift, Charlie," said he. "I'll admit it's dash-blimed small, but 'ow could I 'elp it? It was my intent to give you the 'ole bottle for Christmas—I saved it out of the supplies. But I'm thinkin' it would be better now than later."

"Divide it," said Claxton. "Half and half, fair play."

"As to this, Sergeant," replied Bray, "give me leave to be commanding officer. You'll drink it all, for you need it, man." And Claxton for once accepted orders from his corporal.

Claxton sat silent and moody now, looking down at his foot. "Here's a fine bit of business," said he, still more angry than aught else. "You'll have to take care of me for a couple of months, Bray. I'll be like a baby—like a dash-blimed baby, do you mind?"

"Don't, Charlie," said Bray suddenly, "don't say that."

"Why, what's wrong?" said Claxton querulously. "I'll not walk for a month or better. I'm a fine sort of man to chop my own foot off, like a bloody tenderfoot on his first camp. I say I'm like a baby."

"An' I say you mustn't talk about babies," said Bray uneasily.

"Why not—what's wrong about that?"

"Well," said Bray, arguing, "we are both of us single men, don't you know. What's babies got to do with us, or us with babies? Don't let's talk about 'em now. We got plenty."

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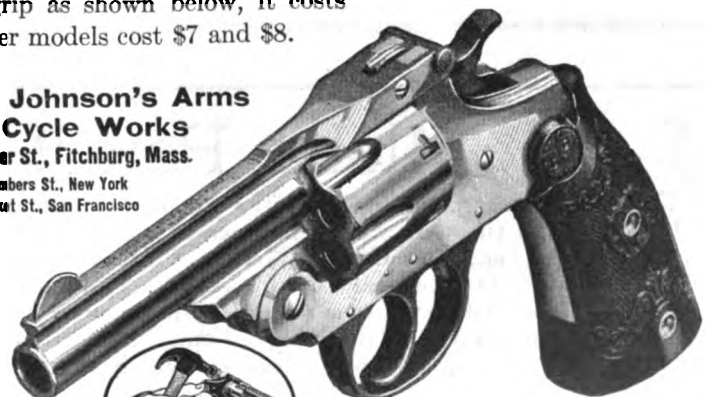
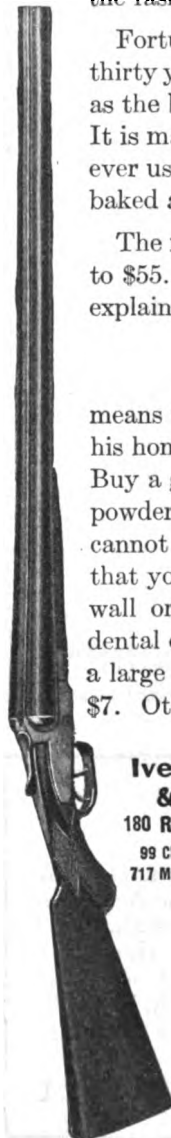
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Peter Kyne Story in May Sunset

"I ain't so sure," said Bray. "I seen two just now—less than an hour ago."

"What do you mean?" demanded Claxton suddenly. "Babies?"

"Uh huh," said Bray, "two of 'em." He was filling his pipe.

"Where?" demanded Claxton.

"Up there," shrilled Bray, his voice suddenly strident. He jerked a thumb toward the roof above them. "In the snow, up there! Two of 'em—two babies. That was w'at the old fellow was packin' on 'is blightin' perishin' dog out there. 'Ow did 'e know we was 'ere? W'y did 'e bring 'is perishin' dead babies over 'ere, anyway? Tell me that!"

"Babies?" said Claxton—"up there?—dead?"

"On the roof," said Bray, nodding, "deader than 'ell, both of 'em. An' little—my Gawd, 'ow little! Say, Sergeant, the dog, 'e carried both of 'em, it must have been seventy-five mile, across the lake. What do you know about that, I awsk you? An' w'y did 'e bring 'em 'ere to put 'em on our roof? Why didn't 'e cêche them 'imself the way 'e might 'ave done?"

The old native knew now that they were talking about him. He sat silent, looking from one to the other. Bray went on.

"The two of 'em dead," said Bray; "froze stiff as wedges. 'E 'ad 'em all wrapped up. Say, Charlie, tell me, do you suppose they really love their kids—them people?"

CLAXTON made no answer for the time, but sat looking at the old native as he cowered by the fire.

"Something's up, Bray," said he. "Something's wrong! That chap has come over here for something; and we've got to find out what it is; and we have no interpreter. He can't talk our language and we can't talk his. Have you fed his dog? Has he eat everything he can hold himself? And—did you throw the ladder down?"

Bray nodded, still smoking.

"Something's wrong," resumed Claxton. "Something's wrong in the village over there. This old man didn't come here for nothing with—with those. He's in need of help. He wants something. He's come to us to help him. It's our business to know what all this means. What's goin' on over there?"

"We've got to get across somehow, Bray," he concluded presently; "and my God, look at that foot!"

"I've always said that's the trouble about a two-man post," said Bray sagely. "If one of 'em dies or gets disabled that leaves only one. That stands to reason—ain't it the truth?"

"Well," said Claxton irritably, "as for this post, neither of us is dead nor disabled. I'll be walkin' come February or March. I can keep camp, too. As for you, Corporal, it looks as though you'd have to go back with John here and see what in the bally hell is wrong over yonder. There's something under this."

"Come here, old man," he said to the wrinkled old native presently, beckoning; and the latter approached, his face intent, anxious, his eyes fixed on the steady gray ones which looked at him in frowning question.

"You Loucheux?" Claxton asked. But the native looked at him blankly.

"Chippewyan? —No?" The native's face still was blank.

"Cree—Chippewa—?" Now the native's eye lightened a little bit.

"Speak French? —Speak English?" The native shook his head.

"The blighter cawn't speak a single word of any 'uman langwitch," said Bray. "What does the Government expect us to be—bally professors? 'Ow could a man learn to speak their perishin' language for a dollar and a 'arf a day—tell me that?"

But Claxton had yet other means. He shook his fingers loosely in the air before him, asking in sign talk the general question which says "What is it?" "Where?" "How?"—the sign of query. He did not know that this man had ever heard of sign talk, and was himself not much skilled in this ancient means of interchange of thought among the tribes. But he tried it as a last resort, fault of anything better.

The old man's eye kindled now. He knew that the white man was trying to talk with him. He had come all this desperate journey across the lake to talk with white men. They *must* talk!

Claxton put his folded hands to the side of his face and leaned his head over—the sign for sleep, or night. He raised his fingers two, three, five times; and again shook his loose hand, his fingers spread. "How many sleeps?" he was asking.

The old native understood. He held up four fingers.

"He has been out four nights," said Claxton to Bray, "around seventy-five or eighty miles he has come. It ought to be that village of Woods Crees or whatever you call them over there."

Claxton now took a chance. He made the sign for dead or death—his knuckles out, his hands thrust down; and once again he shook his loose fingers. "How many dead?" was what he wanted to ask.

The native grew excited. In some strange way the white man's thought was penetrating to the red man's brain. Mind was speaking to mind. Out of the very need of intercourse the northern wilderness was having its way. Thought was traveling from somewhere to somewhere.

The old man began to speak rapidly in some thick tongue. He seemed to have some words of the Ojibway roots which Claxton could not understand. He saw that the white man did not understand. He himself made once more the sign for death, and then rapidly he held up his fingers opened and closed, time after time. "Many, many, many dead," he said plainly enough.

Now the Indian made the sign of the tepee, his fingers together, cone-shaped at the top. He showed to Claxton well enough—for Claxton had to understand in this extremity—that the tepees held no smoke—that they were cold. He swept his arms wide to say something large, general, sweeping.

Claxton frowned. He sat thinking. He was sure he had understood.

"Bray," said he, "there has been something bad over yon. They are starving, or there is some disease. As I make it the village is about wiped out. This chap's people are all dead. He has come across here for help or something. Anyhow, he is leaning on us."

"'Ow did the blighter know we was



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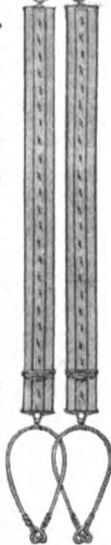
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'ere, is what I can't mike out?" said Bray complainingly.

"Why can't you?" said Claxton. "Wasn't it you was telling me what the medicine chap did up at Churchill? All these people that hang close to the edge of the Eskimos know the ankticook—they have some way of seeing across the country—God knows how. I can't tell you how I know it, but I'm sure something's bad over there. Bray, we'll have to go over and find out."

BUT something still was troubling the mind of the old native. He sat for a time looking at Claxton between his drawn lids, his own eyes bleared and red with the smoke of bivouac fires. At length he rose and stepped over to the woodbox. He picked up two bits of kindling wood and placed them crosswise—the sign of the cross. He held it up and pointed above him to the roof of the cabin.

The white man could not understand this. Slowly, patiently, the native arose, stepped to the door. He passed out into the winter night—a night now brilliantly clear. He turned the corner of the cabin, and they heard the thump of the ladder as once more he thrust it against the eaves. They heard him walking on the roof, and heard him descend, heard him shuffling in the snow. But when again he appeared at the door he held in his arms two bundles—held them as a father might carry a child, one on either arm. He came now to the table and placed them down in the light of the candle. He motioned to Claxton, and Claxton, seeing it was his duty, tenderly opened the end of the one broken bundle. He looked—once—and then quite tenderly covered up again what he had seen.

The old man looked at him once more, anxiously, trying with all his might to impress his mind upon that of the white man—trying to talk—trying desperately, as a dog tries to talk. He pondered on what sign to make which should express what he wanted to say. At length he picked up the skin on his own face, a little bit here and there.

"God!" said Claxton. "Smallpox! That's what it was—that's what's happened over there! Wiped out—the whole village—and he has come here for help."

"When were you vaccinated, Bray?" he asked a moment later.

"The lawst time was six or eight years ago, maybe," said Bray. "There 'asn't been no chance of late. Maybe it was five years. Why?"

"Well," said Claxton, "as for myself, I've been damned careless too. It may be six or seven years, I don't know. It's worse with the natives. So much the worse for you and me, Bray. If my foot was so I could travel I'd not send you, but Corporal Bray, smallpox or no smallpox, you've got to start tomorrow for that village. You'll find them dead, I'm thinkin'—the tepees cold. You'll have to go alone, unless he will go back with you."

Now whether the old native understood anything of this or not would have been difficult to tell. He only looked from one to the other, recognizing in his own fashion the white man or the two holding the greater authority. As for him, something still was on his mind.

Once more he picked up the two sticks

which he had taken from the woodbox. He placed them once more arm to arm. He stood, his little cross, held in his two hands, on the table in the candle-light at the head of the two long bundles which still lay there.

The cross had come to the wilderness somewhere. It was all these natives had had when pestilence and dread had come upon them. Reaching out for something—feeling in some inscrutable fashion the presence of that something over yonder, across the many icy miles—the lesser intelligence had reached out for the greater as our lesser intelligence reaches out for something yet greater and higher. The red man had sought out the white man for the last remaining comfort, because at some time a black-coated man had told him that there was hope—and that there were some duties—after death.

"By God! Bray," said Claxton unconsciously, and not irreverently profane. "Wiped out, they were. He has packed them a hundred miles for Christian burial. That's what he is after. He's a Catholic and we're not, but he has come for religion—he's looking for some sort of comfort—ain't it the truth? And here he finds only us two perishers who don't know a damned thing but mushing dogs. What can we do, Bray?"

For once Claxton seemed to find his own resources not quite sufficient. He turned a troubled eye upward at the roof, then sat for a time looking at his own crippled foot thoughtfully.

"We've got to bury them, Bray," said he at length gently—once more reaching out to pull down the cover from the opened end of the nearest bundle. "We've got to give them Christian burial. There's no one else to hold services for him, and we've got to do it—he has come so far. Where's that bally prayer book of ours?—the service provides one. Last time I saw it it was under the head of my bed. Go find it, Bray, if you can. Damn it! man, you're always losin' things, some way."

BRAY rose, passed to the head of the bunks, and fumbled around. The white man living in camp soon picks up Indian habits. All loose knick-knacks, trinkets, things of value, odds and ends not in daily use, are thrust under the robes or blankets of the bed. Without too much trouble Bray at length found the Book of Common Prayer. He passed it to Claxton, who sat still at the table side.

"I've never held services," said he. "One time we buried Calhoun, down on the Athabasca. He was drunk when he was shot, and he deserved it, and I hated to read services over him. But I did it. I don't feel the same way about these kids—they've got it coming to them, all right. Maybe ours ain't just his kind of religion. The English Church does it all by rules and regulation, which is easier for us in the Mounted or in the Army, like. Don't you think it will do for him, Bray?"

"Sure it will," said Bray calmly. "If it's English it's good enough for anybody. All that's troublin' me is 'ow did the blighter know that we was 'ere? 'E 'as got second sight worse than a Scotchman out of the Kilties, and Gawd knows they are bad enough—the Kilties—always prophesying they're goin' to be killed



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when they're goin' into battle. Well, any-
way, if we've got to hold services over
these perishin' babies, let's get about it.
'E's come quite a w'y for it, and that's a
fact."

The old native by now had lashed to-
gether the two arms of the cross with
bits of babiche. "It goes," Claxton said,
nodding. "They have them on all the
English churches. It's only a couple of
feet high, but it's good enough. Help him
fix them up now, Bray."

So Bray and the old man between
them once more tenderly adjusted the
little bundles. Claxton meantime was
looking through the pages of the Book
of Common Prayer.

"I ought to know more about it, and
that's a fact," said he. "Still, it's all in-
dexed according to the regulations. I
think this must be the place—yes, here
it is. Well, old top, come on."

He motioned now to the old native
and to Bray, and himself reached out,
supporting himself by a chair back until
he found some sort of staff to act as sup-
port as he hobbled toward the door.

"W'y don't you read the services,
Sergeant?" demanded Bray. "W'ere are
you goin'?"

"Services," said Claxton, "are always
read at the grave-side. It's no use trying
to dig now. In the spring we'll do them
right and proper. Just now we'll take
the tip the old man gave us. We'll bury
'em upstairs there on the roof. That's
the safest place."

"But you cawn't walk," said Bray.

"Oh, yes, I can," said Claxton. "Come
on, bring a candle."

The night was cold—such cold as we
do not know who have never lived in it.
The stars shone brilliant as great lamps
above. There was snow, but there was
no wind. The candle, protected by Bray's
curved hand, hardly flickered as slowly
they walked out around the corner of the
cabin, climbed the ladder, and crawled
up on the roof. The old man carried his
double burden. He placed the bundles
down once more. He stood there, in his
hand the cross he had made. Bray held
the light. They both took off their hats,
and Claxton, bending over, read there in
the cold of the subarctic night the great
words of comfort which have spelled all
of hope that remained for men in many
remote portions of the world.

Claxton himself, when the service was
done, helped place the two bundles side
by side at rest. He scraped up the snow
over them, placed over this the sheets of
bark, and weighted it all with poles from
the heap of spare material which had been
placed on the roof at the time it was
finished. Then, taking the old man
gently by the arm, he turned him toward
the ladder, and himself followed slowly.
He had left a red trail all the way.

Shivering, half frozen, at length they
got back to the fireside. Now the face of
the old native seemed to light up. He
began to sing in some fashion of his own.
He reached out now joyously and shook
the hands of his new friends. He smiled
broadly; and then, very practically, he
turned and poured himself a cup of tea,
and after that ate yet more abundantly
of whitefish and bannocks. He had at-
tended to the problem of life as it had
arisen for him. He had done his best—
and done it nearly as he knew as the white
man had taught him it should be done.

BRAY for the time sat silent, but at length he turned toward Claxton.

"And you think we ought to go over there and see where all that happened? 'Ow can I leave you, Sergeant? It ain't right. W'y should we risk good w'ite men for such as them?"

Claxton pondered for a time before he answered. "Corporal Bray," said he, "if I could go I surely wouldn't ask you. But when I do ask you you'll have to go. I know you will. I'm not goin' to insult you by askin' you if you are afraid, because I know you're not. I'm the one to grieve about it—sittin' here alone with one peg to the bad in a time like this."

Bray's face flushed a dull red. "I know you'd not think I'd funk it."

"No," said Claxton, "never in the world, old man . . . You'll have to take it on, I'm thinkin'."

Bray pondered for a time himself. "Old John an' I can get across together all right," said he. "E'll know the way back 'ome—if we can pry 'im loose from the tea an' bannocks 'ere. W'y, man, it's easy. As for the smallpox—if one tikes it, 'e tikes it, that's all. If we're to start in the mornin' belike we'd better sleep."

Claxton nodded, and soon thereafter hobbled off to his own bed. It was the happy faculty of Corporal Bray to sleep well at any time and under all conditions; but it was not pain alone which kept Sergeant Claxton awake that night. He was thinking. He lay awake hour after hour—until, three hours or so before what would have been dawn, had there been any normal dawn, he heard the usual chorus of the North—the dogs howling in unison. They were all lying now curled up in the snow, but each one raised his nose from the middle of the furry ball he made as he lay and gave vent to the long drawn howl of the northern wilderness—the most desolate sound on earth. Claxton frowned when he heard it. The native, who had slept on a pile of caribou hides on the floor not far from the stove, was first up in the morning, and without instruction he made up the fires. Bray, still heavy with sleep, presently busied himself about the breakfast, while Claxton, hollow-eyed and just a trifle pale, did what he could in help. Little was said.

After breakfast Bray got down the dog harness and the sleeping robes and the needful packages of grub—beans, tea, fat meat, the box of torch matches which the traders use when they can get them. In half an hour he was ready. His dogs outside stood, some eager to be off at the work which they knew was coming, others shirking and sullen. One by one Bray coaxed them up to the collar. At an hour which ought to have been about ten o'clock in the morning, he and the old native kicked their feet into the thongs of the narrow tripping shoes, and Bray cracked his whip in preliminary.

"So long, old man," said he briefly to Claxton, and Claxton waved his hand without a word.

"Mush! Mush on, you devils!" Bray's whip cracked now like a pistol in the thin cold air. The thermometer was minus thirty-seven, and the sledge runners creaked on the snow. The lead dog barking joyously as they all leaned into their collars, the little procession started—toward what, none of them but one could know. It not being etiquette to look back, Bray did not look back, and



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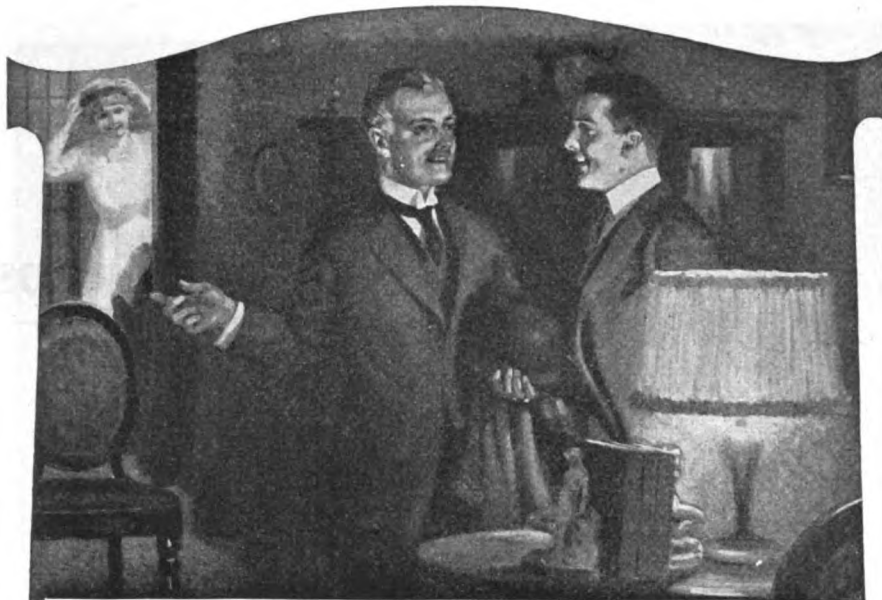
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neither did the native—not even at the little cross which stood now at the summit of Beaver Lake post barracks house. Claxton turned back and closed the door.

EACH day for a week, for ten days, for two weeks, at the hour when it should have been morning, Claxton stood at the door looking out over the white level of the lake to the far rim of the lead-blue sky. Nothing came. The frost increased, the snow deepened. The full sweep of the northern winter was on. Crippled, hobbling about, caring for himself the best he could, the days and the nights seemed unspeakably long to Claxton of the Mounted. Indeed, he almost lost track of them. Sometimes he slept late. One morning—he did not know what morning—as he lay in his blankets he heard a voice outside his door.

"Halte la!" called someone. And then he heard Bray's shout, "What ho!" Came then the mingled sounds of a dog sledge arriving; and Claxton hobbled fast as he could, half-clad, to the door.

Outside stood Bray, ten pounds lighter, gaunt, grimed, bearded, goggled, with wooden slit spectacles, whip in hand and just kicking his feet out of the snow-shoe thongs.

"Charlie!" he cried, and against all regulations caught his superior officer in his arms. There was no Inspector within many hundreds of miles.

"God bless you, old top!" said Claxton fervently. That was about all.

"Who is this?" he asked of the other man who was now slipping the harness off the team.

"That's One-eared Johnnie, they call 'im," said Bray. "'E's a Company man from over east, Pierce Factory way. 'E cime into the village about the time old John and I got in. In some way or other 'e got the word that things was wrong—they 'ad sent out a messenger east, and Johnnie 'ere was west of the Factory, so they kind of met up. 'Appenin' that way, we both met at the village—the only w'ite men, I warrant, within a thousand miles, you might say. Ain't it odd 'ow things 'appen up 'ere? But 'ow's the foot, old man!"

"Fine," said Claxton. "Couldn't be better. Right as a trivet in a day or so now." And so, with the etiquette of the trail, crippled though he was, he did what he could to start the fire and the breakfast for the newcomers; there being occasions, after all, when rank is but a tenuous thing in the wilderness.

"We made ait across the fourth day," said Bray after a time, his mouth full of potatoes. "That bloomin' native was like wire—'e could lope along like a wolf, thin as 'e was. But w'en we come to the village—thirty mile it was from the lake edge yonder—my word, it was a sight! Empty—not a smoke! Things layin' about you wouldn't like to see—some-think awful. Smallpox—that's what it was. An' starvin' beside. There wasn't no caribou in that camp, so far as I could see."

"Where did it come from?" said Claxton. And Bray still acted as spokesman, for the half-breed Johnnie was busy with bannocks and tea.

"All come out of a peddlin' freetrader that got up with the brigade over east last summer—that's what Johnnie says. 'E was a bloomin' thief that 'ad got

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Ward G. Foster, General Manager



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THE "RUN-DOWN" RUT

Peggy and Bob were so proud of their new home and new furniture when they married. But six years and two irrepressible children will leave impressions—to say nothing of depressions—on the best of furniture, walls and woodwork.

Instead of sighing or moving or buying new things, Peggy got busy with a supply of Acme Quality Paints and Finishes and in two weeks the place blossomed out like sunshine after clouds.

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After it was all over, Peggy was not only surprised with the results, but with the ease and economy of it. Now she keeps an Acme Quality Shelf (as described below) for the little "touching-up" jobs to keep things spick and span.

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The Japanese Screen

Sessue Hawakaya is a Japanese artist. He makes excellent pictures upon the screen. There is only one just like Hawakaya, and his story is a fascinating one. The shop where he works is called a studio, and while Hawakaya makes the pictures somebody else takes them. Nothing very new about all that, is there? Yes, there is, for the studio is a moving picture factory, and Hawakaya is a dramatic artist whose moving likeness appears upon the screen. Now you have it—or rather you will have it.

Sunset for May

together a lot of old clothes down Toronto way like enough, an' started out to make 'is fortune in the fur trade. 'E took out with 'im a trunk load of mink and marten—the Company men didn't try to stop 'im, for they said they 'ad no right. But what 'e left be'ind 'im for the natives was a trunkful of clothes that was full of smallpox. They got it, an' it spread. Well, that's about all. An' Sergeant, I forgot to take along with me the Book of Common Prayer!"

"No, you didn't, Bray," said Claxton, quietly. But Bray did not understand, and went on.

"Well, I mislaid it then, somew'eres. We just 'ad to leave 'em there in the snow, two 'undred an' fifty of 'em. Man, it was awful, but it was the best we could do. The old boy that cime 'ere after us, 'e takes 'is perishin' dog, the same one that cime in 'ere last month with 'im, an' 'e mashes out into the bush. That's the last we saw of 'im. We waited about quite some time before we started back. Johnnie 'ere an' me. Johnnie is 'arf French, you see, an' 'arf Scotch, an' three quarters Cree or somethink else. An' say, 'e's 'arder to kill some ways than them blighters."

He ceased, and Claxton looked at Johnnie, who looked back again. The same question was in the eye of each.

"Well, better come down with it 'ere than there, old man, eh, w'at?" resumed Bray presently. "I didn't want to be took with it back there—I wanted to be with you—an' the Book. Well, you see—"

"Maybe the cold will end it or keep it back," said Claxton simply.

"Ave we got it?" remarked Bray presently, as answering the query in the eye of his companion. "'Ow can I tell? If we 'ave got it, we cawn't 'elp it now. 'Ave you got it, Charlie? Them babies—"

"I don't know," said Claxton.

"Johnnie 'ere says 'e never was vaccinated in 'is 'ole life—'e don't know w'at it is," said Bray. Unconsciously his eye was turned up toward the roof.

The three sat still for a time. Claxton was the first to speak, after he had rapped the ashes from his pipe on top of the stove.

"At least we'll know by spring," said he. "But after all, that's not the question. They came to us askin' for the Book of Common Prayer, the poor devils. We've done our work—you've done your work, Bray. I'll write my report right away, to see it gets done—first—an' I'll say your conduct has been exempellary, Corporal Bray. You took the poor beggars what they wanted, though they was dead and you wasn't a preacher. Yet you couldn't see why we're here! Man, it's us that's the Book of Common Prayer."

"Well, medicine can't help us, anyway," he continued. "We'll know by spring, when the geese come back again. It won't be so long."

BRAY made no immediate answer, but after a time arose and began fumbling under the pillows at the head of the bunk. At length he turned triumphantly, holding up something he had found.

"W'at are you talkin' about, Cnarlie?" said he. "Didn't I tell you I forgot the Book?—I didn't 'ave 'er along at all. 'Ere she was, right under your pillow all the time!"

More Home To The House



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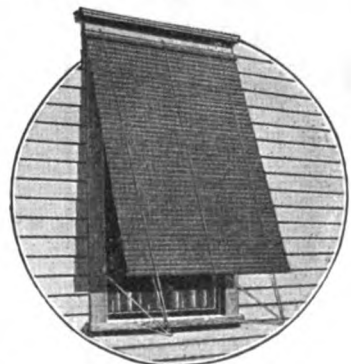
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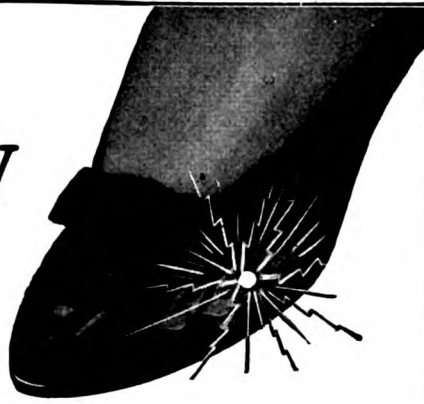
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Blue-jay
Ends Corns

The Striking of the Clock

(Continued from page 37)

every stroke and stood there all the time—twelve strokes—I thought he might look back—”

The man raised his head from his hands. “Not twelve, Margie, eight. I counted them myself as I went through the orchard. Eight! Strange we should have both—”

“Why, how can you say eight?” she cried. “It was twelve! It was just noon. I had made the dinner and he would not even sit down. I was trying to be good and I even called and said, ‘Don’t you fall out of the loft again—’”

“Again?”
The hands that clutched her arm were like steel. Each finger left its imprint. His face had flamed scarlet; his gaze seemed to burn as it met hers. “Again?” he repeated.

“Yes. He had fallen in the morning, too, and bruised his shoulder. I thought that was why he was so angry—why he would not eat his dinner—Hort! Hort!—Oh, what is it?” for the man was sobbing, his face working like that of a child.

“It was in the morning when I threw him down,” he said slowly

THE meaning of it touched the girl and she reached her hand to him. He caught it and pressed it over his eyes. She felt his tears on it.

“Suppose I had not thought to tell you that?” she whispered in awed voice.

“Margie,” he answered in the same tone, “if there was ever to be a time in our lives when we should go on our knees before Almighty God, it is now.”

Readers, Gentle and Otherwise

Chicago, Illinois.

I do not like the new style at all. It is hard to read and the illustrations do not look as well. I do wish you would go back to the artistic form you had before.

MRS. E. N. RITHELL.

Norse, Texas.

I hardly recognized SUNSET in its new dress but after reading it through and looking at the pictures, I see the same old yet new magazine. I am well pleased with the new form, it is so much more convenient to read. GEO. RYSTAD.

Chicago, Illinois.

I have been a subscriber to SUNSET for six years and have watched its growth and improvements very closely and am pleased to tell you that your latest change is for the betterment of the publication. I am very much interested in the color pictures and now that you have enlarged its pages I consider it the greatest improvement of all. PERRY O. DAVIS.

VOSE PLAYER PIANO



The VOSE PLAYER PIANO

not only has one of the latest, most perfect control methods, but has a patent device that enables you to instantly change the key in which a piece is written to suit your taste or the voice of the singer. This is a most remarkable improvement, without which no player piano is complete. To this is added the sweet tone and supreme quality of the Vose Piano, made for 66 years by the Vose family.

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Ithaca, N. Y.

I beg to call your attention to an error in your columns under date of February, 1916, under title of "Rah! Rah! Northwestern." You refer, I believe, to Harvard's football team as the "Eastern Champions." Are you aware of the fact that having gone through the entire football season without a single defeat, and having defeated Harvard on her own field by a score of ten to nothing, Cornell holds the title of Eastern football champions?

You may consider this error in your columns of slight consequence. Perhaps you may be correct in so assuming, but please remember that the SUNSET MAGAZINE not only is on file in the Cornell library, but is read by Cornell alumni in all parts of this country. No undergraduate, alumni, or friend of the University could read this very erroneous statement without thinking that certainly the SUNSET MAGAZINE is decidedly unfair, or has on its staff members who are prone to make statements without having fully investigated facts.

In all degree of fairness to Cornell University you should retract the statement referred to above, and further state through your publication that Cornell's football team, not Harvard's, won the Eastern football championship for the year of 1915. WAYNE WALTER COE.

Hanford, Cal.

Your Mr. Smalley evidently knows very little of conditions in Arizona. Phoenix has 760 vacant houses of all classes. In mining towns rents have been cut sixty per cent and taxes increased. Mr. Smalley, I think, belongs to the Longhairs, the non-taxpayer, and likes to see himself in print. Arizona will come back in the sane and wet column. I am surprised that you would print such rot in your columns. You are doing business in San Francisco and not in Kansas.

ARIZONA.

Canastota, N. Y.

Congratulations on the excellence of your last number. It would seem almost impossible to improve on SUNSET's past excellence, but you are doing it.

While eagerly perusing the pages of SUNSET from cover to cover, as is my wont as soon as I receive it, I was much amused by reading in the column devoted to "Readers Gentle and Otherwise," a letter from a (late) Ohio subscriber, who is sorely displeased by the beautiful cover illustration of your October issue, and dares not risk the contamination of her family by further perusal of SUNSET, hence has transferred her subscription to a friend in New Mexico. As Mr. Squeers would say "Here's richness"! One hardly knows whether to congratulate the friend in question on succeeding to the unexpired subscription, or condole with her on being made the recipient of an objectionable magazine. Possibly in the estimation of the Ohio lady, the standard of morality is lower, or the sense of propriety less acute in New Mexico than in Ohio! I am forcibly reminded of an anecdote of a noted lexicographer who, on being congratulated by a lady on the fact that there were no improper words in his recently published dictionary, retorted with "Madam, I perceive that you have been looking for them."

W. H. MOORE.

How do cigarettes treat you AFTER you smoke them?

(This is a test that few cigarettes can stand up under)

Many other good cigarettes besides Fatimas taste mighty good—WHILE you are smoking them. Fatimas are not the only good ones. Although Fatimas taste so good that they continue to outsell any other cigarette costing over 5c.

But Fatimas deliver something more than good taste. They will give you *cigarette comfort*—comfort while you are smoking them and comfort AFTER you smoke them.

While you are smok-

ing them, they will feel cool and comfortable to the throat and tongue.

And AFTER you smoke them, even though you may smoke more than usual, they will leave you feeling as you'd like to feel. No heavy or "heady" feeling—none of that "mean" feeling of having smoked too much.

All this is the reason why Fatimas are called a SENSIBLE cigarette.

Yes—some day you will try Fatimas. Why not do it today?

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FATIMA
THE TURKISH BLEND
Cigarette
20 for 15¢
A Sensible Cigarette

FATIMA was the Only Cigarette Awarded the Grand Prize, the highest award given to any cigarette at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition.

Down Along the Mountain

(Continued from page 21)

The hoods of your stirrups were gold
 And the horn of your saddle was pearl,
 Little girl!
 And you told
 What you know
 Of the range that lies way past the
 planets,
 Just starlight to mortals below!

"Come up on my pony with me
 And we'll ride
 For that range,
 Raising a dust on the white milky way,
 Bucking through space like a bronco at
 play!
 We'll weave up to heaven with a whoop
 and set the gold streets in a whirl,
 Little girl!
 I will loop,
 For a change,
 All the stars with the slack of my rope,
 And bust every wild steer on that
 range!"

"Shep" growled once, then wagged
 beside him.
 Mary stood aloof and eyed him,
 In her figured calico
 Looking like a princess lost.
 And the ranch-house far below
 Spired a thin blue smoke toward
 cloudland
 Then the cowboy laughed, and tossed
 His Stetson high in air,
 And he said, "Miss, I swear,
 As you stand there,
 You just strike me like a cyclone, till I
 want to buck and r'ar!"

"How did you," said Mary,
 "Come so far?
 The cows out here are tame.
 Me and Par
 Herds our few;
 But sheep—
 There's a heap.
 Down there's the siding, by the
 marshes.
 You can see a cattle-car."

"Where did I come from?"
 Said he.
 "Round by Arizona—
 That's me!
 Loped it on my lone—
 And Mexico.
 I've wrestled from Cheyenne to
 San Antone—
 That's so!"

"Seems we're shif'less here,"
 Said she.
 "An'—oh dear!
 Par is gettin' queer.
 Mar is dead. An' as fer me,
 I'm—oh well,
 This life is Hell—
 Baked-bread hills, and sky, and
 sky . . . !
 Sometimes I think that I might just
 as well
 Die!"

"What? You?"
 Said he.
 "You that raked your spurs
 Into me

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Enjoy clean, heated air, entirely free from carbon-dioxide or carbon-monoxide fumes. The **INFERNO GAS FLOOR FURNACE** is the latest scientific way to produce heat at small cost.

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 - ADJUSTABLE AUXILIARY AIR INLET

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First time I laid eyes on
That hair o' yern?"

*Down toward the west's hill-filled
horizon
The sloping sun began to redly burn.*

Mary flushed—could not speak—
But a sparkle on her cheek
Tattled of a tear.

"Miss," he said, "my dear,
I'll be gone from here
Just like that—or, if you say so,
I'll stand pat and wait a year.
If your Pap is queer,
You won't make no sudden hike—
Not the girl that *you* look like.
There's a feller in the Bible,
A sky-pilot told me of
Oncet, that worked fer fourteen years
Fer his girl. They tried to fool him
In between times—but he stuck.
I would chuck—
Well, ye know it kinder skeers
When I think what I would do
Just to sit acrost from you
At the table, and corral
Hopes and fears—and damn the
luck!—
With you fer everlasting pal."

"Hush!" said she.
"Are you—are you—
"Oh!" she whispered. "Do you mean
you're fonda me?"

*Waving a red serape, the wild vaquero wind
Fled through the fiery sunset, with phantom
herds behind.*

*Bellowing loud and lowing with Spring's
wild loco-weed*

*The galloping herds of the sunset passed in
a mad stampede!*

III

Down in the valley,
In a ranch-house window,
A yellow lamp,
A little steady star mocks the sky.
And down along the mountain,
Down along the mountain
Stream the sheep bleating
From their pastures high;
Shambles a cayuse,
And a cowboy singing
Lifts in his stirrups
To see that window shine.
Down along the mountain
His voice comes ringing
To where his wife stands clinging
To the morning-glory vine
On the porch of that ranch-house white-
glimmering afar,
On the porch of the ranch-house of the
Bar-X-Bar.

"You're waiting, Mary—
Oh, I know you're waiting, Mary—
Like I always knew that it would be.
Spring's comin', Mary,
Summer's comin', Mary,
Winter's comin', Mary?
What's that to you an' me!
For Spring's come truly
Forever an' forever—
Spring and the evenin', an' the moon.
Sing the younguns off to sleep,
Fer I am comin', Mary—
I am comin', Mary, with a cowboy
tune—
*Supper's on the table, an' I'm comin'
soon!"*



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Motoring and Good Roads



Blasting the Cascade Barrier

The Sunset Highway Opens the Gates to Puget Sound

By Clyde L. Morris

THE other day a real live furry wild bear was shot within the city limits of Seattle. This bear has a distinct bearing on the automobile situation in the state of Washington. Because the country at the backdoor of Seattle is so wild that a bear can make a successful living in it, the radius of action of the motor car hitherto has been sharply restricted.

The bear came into Seattle from the foothills of the Cascade range, and the Cascades raised the red danger flag in the path of the automobile tourist. Running due north and south, their rugged, serrated crest culminates in a series of

splendid snow-clad peaks; the serrated crest also separates eastern from western Washington.

Climatic, agricultural and industrial conditions of the territories to the east and west of the Cascades are radically different. Long after the automobile had obliterated the county lines of the valleys and plateaus throughout the state, the hazardous crossing of the Cascade mountains stood as a barrier to trans-state motor travel. Though three railroads cross the range, there was no road over

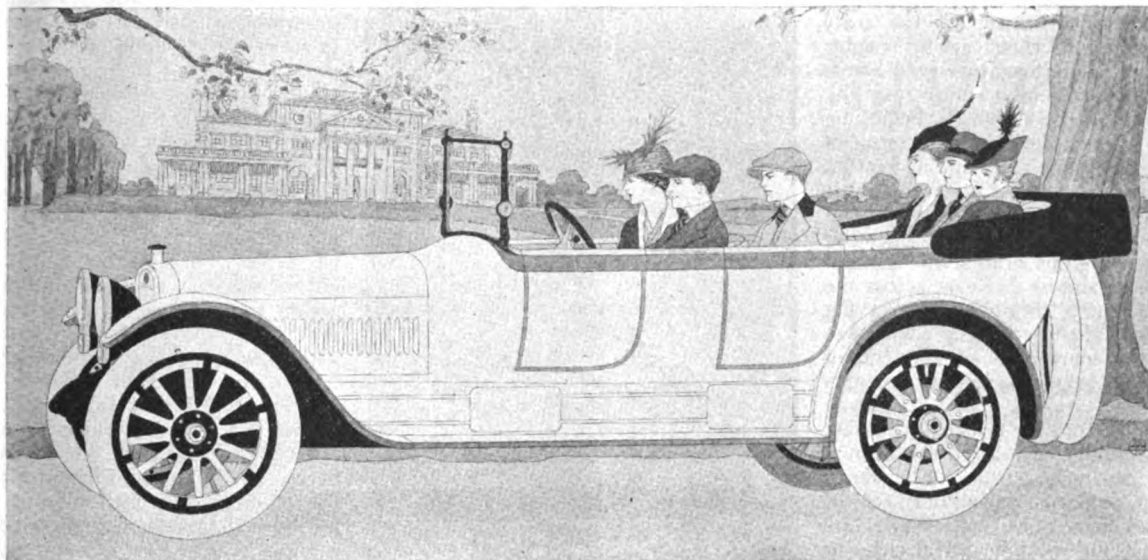
which an automobile could travel in safety and comfort from the Puget Sound country to the Columbia Basin until the completion of the Snoqualmie Pass section of the Sunset Highway straddled the obstacle.

Not every city of 300,000 can advertise good bear hunting within its limits. Seattle—and Tacoma for that matter—enjoy the occasional visit of a bear because their outskirts almost touch the wonderful forests which clothe the slopes of the Cascade range from base to summit on either side. Glaciers, eternal snows, the finest forests on the continent, unnumbered cascades and roaring waterfalls



Where the new Sunset Highway across the Cascades skirts the rugged shore of Lake Ketchikan in the state of Washington

WINTON SIX



Just so Long as People Have Eyes

they will always pay admiration to beauty. And it is a great error to buy a car lacking this distinction. ✎ Beauty never requires apologies, nor explanations. It is accepted everywhere at face value, as proof of quality, because *only those makers who take the time to build excellent cars ever take the additional time to make them really beautiful.* Common-place cars look monotonously alike, and that monotonous repetition defeats beauty. But the genuinely superior car, designed and finished to meet the exclusive personal taste of its individual buyer, stands out cheerfully as the well-built and carefully selected possession of one who is accustomed to the good things of life. The visible beauty of his car is in harmony with its mechanical excellence. ✎ You can have everything that is desirable in a motor car when you order a Winton Six. ✎ Let us talk it over with you.

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48 \$3500

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combine with the blue salt water of the Sound to make this region perhaps the most picturesque district, comprising side by side the highest type of civilization with the finest, wildest outdoor country anywhere in the world. Yet until very recently this magnificent domain was practically inaccessible to the motorists of the eastern two-thirds of the state unless they shipped their cars by freight.

The new Washington State road across the Cascades is the final connecting link in the Sunset Highway which, beginning at Seattle, follows the brawling course of the swift Snoqualmie river up the western slopes of the range, across the Snoqualmie Pass at an elevation of 3006 feet and zig-zags down the eastern slope to Ellensburg. From Ellensburg one branch of the highway continues almost due east across the Columbia Basin, through the waving wheat fields of the Great Bend country to Spokane, the metropolis of the Inland Empire. This branch is in reality a portion of the National Parks Highway which extends from the Great Lakes west to Puget Sound. The alternate branch runs southeasterly from Ellensburg through the orchards and alfalfa fields of the irrigated districts to Walla Walla, one of the oldest and most beautiful cities in the Northwest. At Walla Walla it connects over a good road via the old Oregon Trail with the Lincoln Highway at Salt Lake City. Hence the overcoming of the Cascade barrier by the newly completed road is of interest to transcontinental motor tourists throughout the nation.

At Seattle the Sunset Highway connects to the north with the splendid roads of the so-called Georgian Circuit which links up the finest scenery on the mainland of British Columbia, on Vancouver Island and on the primitive rugged Olympic peninsula of Washington, combining sea and motor road into a tour which cannot be duplicated anywhere in the country. From Seattle south the Sunset Highway connects with the Pacific Highway leading to San Francisco, Los



Along the rushing Snoqualmie which guides the new Washington State Highway to the pass across the crest of the Cascades

Angeles and San Diego. The side trips from the Pacific Highway to the glaciers of Rainier National Park from Tacoma; to the famous Columbia River Gorge over

the new Columbia River Highway from Portland, Oregon; to Crater Lake, to Mt. Lassen and to the Sierras and California resorts give this route a variety which is not possessed by any automobile highway of similar length anywhere in the world.

The Snoqualmie Pass road was in use as early as 1870, but it was practically unimproved until 1906 and 1907, when a little work was done on the eastern approach. In 1913 the state legislature included in the road budget an appropriation of \$350,000 for a highway which was to link the eastern and western portions of the state.

The survey was completed and actual work began in March, 1914. The engineers wanted a maximum grade of five per cent. They got it, but in order to obtain this easy gradient, and in order to avoid sharp curves, they were forced practically to relocate the entire road. This new route lay through almost unbroken forests of the densest timber in the Northwest. It literally had to be blown and chopped out of almost solid walls of rock and trees. The roadway has been graded to a uniform width of twenty feet, the crowned portion being four feet narrower. Drainage ditches, culverts of concrete and cedar logs provide ample drainage for the heavy precipitation. Eventually the highway is to be surfaced its entire length with crushed rock and permanent camps have been established to remedy any winter damage so as to have the highway open for traffic the moment the snow in the upper reaches vanishes in spring.

The numerous mountain lakes and streams, the waterfalls, the splendid forests of spruce, fir and cedar with their ever-changing background of bold peaks covered with eternal snow makes this road so attractive to motor tourists that between its opening on July 1, 1915, by Governor Ernest Lister of Washington, and October 1 of the same year it is estimated that 15,000 automobiles made use of the highway.

The Coast in the Headlight's Beam

By Herbert S. Houston

IT was a candid San Franciscan, traveling in Saskatchewan, who told me: "We have only two kinds of weather in San Francisco, fair—and unusual." Well, all the time we spent in San Francisco the weather was more than fair: it was perfect. Other friends, equally candid, assured us that the perfection was unusual. Be that as it may, the fine October morning on which we started for a thousand-mile motor trip from San Francisco to San Diego was fair—and for me at least it was unusual. When the big car started from the St. Francis it carried a wonderfully happy load southward bound.

As we were swinging down the Salinas valley a sign came into view. It was the friendly announcement of an inn, but it expressed a change that was written in large letters all along the Pacific Coast from Vancouver to San Diego:

HOTEL EL CAMINO REAL
KING CITY

Not the best hotel in the world,
but very, very good.

When I visited the Coast ten years ago, that sign would have read: "The best hotel in the world and very, very good." The Coast is certainly progressing from the superlative to the comparative and at times even to the simple statement. That is a clear and refreshing evidence of growth. The Oxford Englishman never asserts his position or tries to exalt it, for he is serenely conscious of having it. California hasn't come to that feeling of security yet, but she is evidently on the way. So I was unable to join a distinguished California author who asked, in a burst of frankness: "Oh, when will we Californians give up our pose and be ourselves, content with the wonderful things we have instead of belittling them with silly superlatives?"

In rejoinder I might have said—but I didn't, for the flow of gossip about the Carmel colony and the Bohemian crowd and the rest of the great or the merely

gilded was too swelling to be dammed—that California, from the days of Father Junipero Serra till now, had been the victim of what dear old Irv Cobb calls "pitiless publicity." For all must agree that the Golden State, again to quote the Puducah philosopher, has had just about "as much privacy as a gold fish." It was not necessary to set up two expositions to make California an exposition state—she has been that always.

DOWN that same El Camino Real, the old road of the padres, where the modest sign of the inn was displayed, there has been a long and often dramatic spectacle on view. The history of California has been a drama. The state has been a vast stage. The people have been actors. Naturally they have been touched with some of the pose and characteristics of stage folk. Even the glare of the sunlight has some of the intensity of the footlights. And a thousand miles of the shimmering ocean is the curtain, while as many miles of mountains rise as screens

DELCO

ELECTRIC
CRANKING
LIGHTING
IGNITION



ON one of the busiest corners in Chicago a few days ago a young man checked the Automobiles as they passed.

Nearly 30 per cent. were driven by women.

The modern Automobile has been simplified and refined.

It is so thoroughly dependable and so easily controlled that the whole realm of Motor Car Enjoyment is opened up to the woman driver.

Even the heavy traffic of down town city streets has no terrors for her.

The refining influence that has so revolutionized the Automobile industry began to make itself felt four and a half years ago.

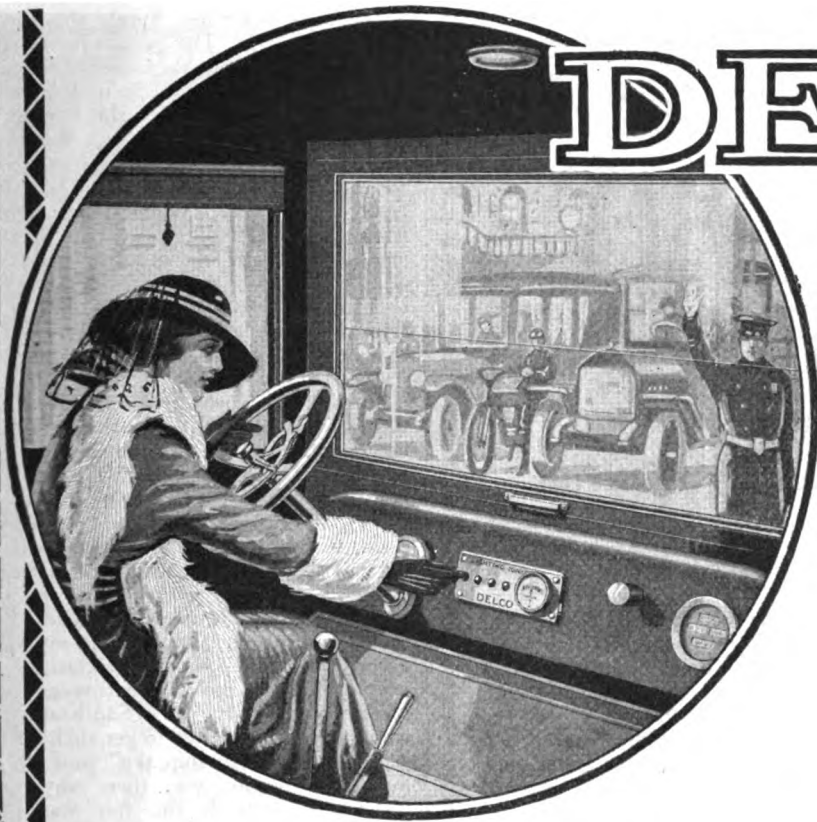
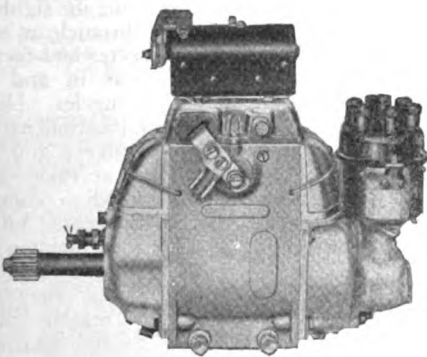
It was then that the first Delco Equipped Car appeared.

It was then that Electricity first took the place of the cumbersome hand crank and that the three important functions of starting, lighting and ignition were first combined in one Compact Efficient System.

It is an important part that Delco has played in refining and broadening the scope of the motor car.

Today more than 335,000 Delco
Equipped Cars are in use.

The Dayton Engineering Laboratories Company
Dayton, Ohio



60% of 1916 Cars
upholstered in








Imitations of Fabrikoid

"Genuine Leather"

Cloth

Orain Leather

The Standardized Upholstery Material

Standardization has revolutionized the motor car industry. It has increased manufacturing efficiency and lowered selling costs. It has given the manufacturer methods and materials of definite proved quality and insured the motor car buyer maximum of value.

Of the million autos sold in 1916, 75% will sell at \$1000.00 or under and this remarkable achievement is the direct result of standardization.

To this revolutionary process of standardization Du Pont Fabrikoid Motor Quality adds the final word in upholstery. It eliminates the buying hazard, the high cost and the manufacturing wastes of leather because it gives the manufacturer an upholstery material of known Quality, Efficiency and Cost.

To the motor car buyer it combines all the richness, all the luxurious and aristocratic appearance and texture of the finest leather with double the service, strength and satisfaction of so called "genuine" leather.

You can now buy almost any standardized car upholstered in Du Pont Fabrikoid Motor Quality.

FABRIKOID RAYNTITE

made especially for tops and storm curtains, is guaranteed one year not to leak, but built to last the life of the car. It is sturdy in structure and fadeless in color. Made in both single and double texture.

Write for samples and booklets.

Du Pont Fabrikoid Company, Wilmington, Del.
Canadian Factory and Sales Office: Toronto

to the sides and rear. Surely this simile is not fantastic. The people have been both spectators and spectacle so long that they are sort of grown-ups in fairyland, still using a good deal of the hyperbole and superlative of childhood. But they are steadily coming to the natural and normal side of the footlights where the great body of their countrymen dwell. And they are finding the way to this human side right in California—at least that was my observation—despite the almost vehement declaration of the distinguished author, already mentioned, that one had to leave the state to become really "emancipated."

Let me jot down a few impressions, which give some ground for the hope that the signboard of the inn may come to be the signboard for the Coast. Remembering the *réclame* of ten years before, I frankly hesitated to visit the two expositions, fearing that I would be so wearied by their overpraise that, in sheer defense, I should be turned against them and fail to see their real beauties and value. But quite the contrary happened, to my keen surprise. There was appreciation, of course, but not the wild extravagance I had dreaded. Not even in San Francisco, which had been known to get such different words as "earthquake" and "fire" merged into one, was there any vain boasting. Instead, the fair was permitted to interpret its own suffused and radiant beauty, quite unaided. And San Diego was equally restrained. Her charming exposition, really an interpretative miniature of what the Coast can produce with its soil and climate and sunshine, was given a free hand to tell its interesting story without the annotations of the boomer. All this was indeed amazing. Where was the vaingloriousness of yester-year? It seemed to me that it had been absorbed in the consciousness of a genuine power and a real strength. The old illusions, conjured in imagination, had disappeared before irresistible realities.

As this is a veracious narrative, taking its cue from the swinging signboard by the Salinas, I must chronicle an exception to this general character and focus in my observations. It was in and of that wonder city of Los Angeles. Here there still seemed to dwell verbal artists who would paint the rainbows and gild the pots of gold shining at their ends. At luncheon one day with a company of gentlemen in the Jonathan Club we fell to talking of diversified farming and fertility.

"Do you realize that here in California," remarked a man at my right, "there are three of the five counties in the United States that lead in the amount and value of their farm products—and we've never made a great deal of farming either?" Now this was most impressive. It was stated in such a casual way, almost as an "aside," that I filed it at once for future recounting. But I came a cropper the very first time I brought it forth. It was only two weeks later, in crossing the rich farms of Iowa, stretching between Omaha and Des Moines. I looked out of the car window and remarked to my companion, Lafe Young, Jr., of the Des Moines "Capital." "This is a great farming country, but do you know there are three counties in California that raise more crops than the three best counties in Iowa?" This was a slight adaptation

What Paint
shall I buy, is sometimes asked,
to be sure that it contains
Dutch Boy White Lead
It can't be done. You buy Dutch Boy
White Lead in a steel keg (as shown here).
The painter makes paint of it by adding
linseed oil and color.

That is the paint which we use.
Ask us for Paint Tips No. 103

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY
New York Boston Cincinnati
Cleveland Buffalo Chicago
San Francisco St. Louis
John T. Lewis &
Bros. Co. (Philadelphia)
Philadelphical
Lead &
Oil Co. (Pittsburgh)



Hotel Belleclaire
Broadway at 77th Street
New York

A little thing oft-times gives a Hotel a great reputation.

A few months ago, we advertised our **APPLE PIE**. It is very good Apple Pie. Apparently, everybody in New York now wants **BELLECLAIRE APPLE PIE**.

We cannot fill out of town orders, but we do fill New York City orders.

People know that a Hotel which supplies good Apple Pie can generally be depended upon to supply good food of all kinds.

When you Californians come to New York, we want you to come to the **HOTEL BELLECLAIRE**.

Everything about the Hotel is as good as the Apple Pie—Service, Food, Rooms, etc.

Room with bath, \$2.50 per day up. Food served (big portions) at reasonable prices.

ROBERT D. BLACKMAN

PAIGE

The Standard of Value and Quality

"The Call of the Road"

Come brother—wake up. Sniff the air and you will find that the thrilling breath of Spring is already there.

Look about you. Sense the newness—the *freshness*—of it all. See how the laggard step of the crowd has quickened into a full swinging stride.

See those cars "break" at the traffic officer's whistle. Watch them come down three or four abreast at the "getaway." Hear the shrill, merry note of the sirens and the good natured chaff of the drivers.

This means Spring. This means the "open season." This means *Touring* at its best.

Surely, you are not going to be "left behind" this year. Surely, you are not going to keep the wife and kiddies indoors when all the world is hiking far afield.

Perhaps, you already know it—but what you need is a big, handsome, sturdy Paige "Six-46."

Nothing *less* will completely satisfy you—nothing *more* is necessary for any man no matter how wealthy he may be.

So, don't hesitate—don't procrastinate.

Tell the stenographer that you will be "out" for a short spell and hustle right over to the Paige dealer. Tell him your troubles—and let him prescribe.

Paige-Detroit Motor Car Company, Detroit, Michigan

Fleetwood "Six-38" \$1050
Fairfield "Six-46" 1295
f. o. b. Detroit



The Fairfield
"SIX-46"

The KisselKar Year after Year!

ONCE a KisselKar becomes a member of a family, as long as that family owns an automobile, you may rest assured it will own a KisselKar. The inherent power, unfailing reliability and satisfying roadability of the KisselKar grows to become a part of every KisselKar owner's ideal of a motor car. The longer they drive one, the longer they want to.

There is a KisselKar made for every family, from the perfect easy-riding 5-passenger 32-Four Touring Car at only \$1050, to the sumptuous 7-passenger 42-Six Sedan with the "All-Year" body and top, at \$2100 F. O. B. Factory.

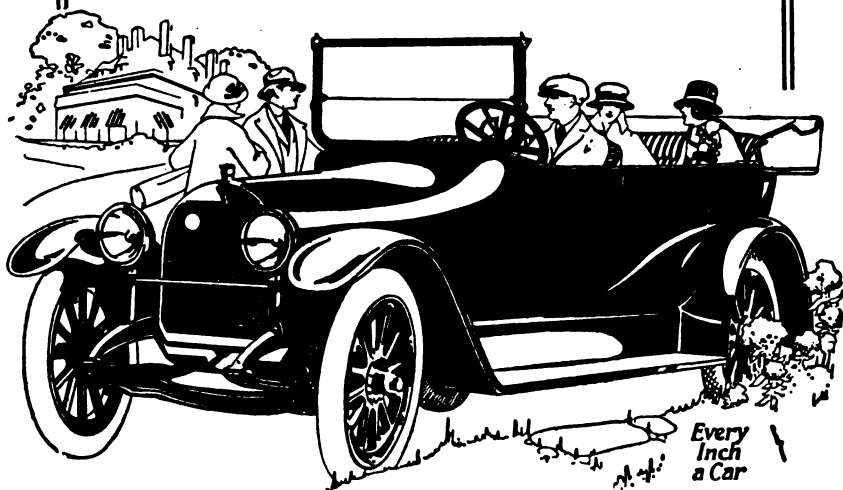


The Pacific KisselKar Branch

Pacific Coast Distributors

Van Ness at Geary, San Francisco, Calif.

Los Angeles Portland Oakland San Diego Pasadena



of the original remark, but it was a valid one for the man in Los Angeles had gone on to say that the other two counties, which made up the triumphant five, were Lancaster in Pennsylvania and McLean in Illinois.

"Yes, but each of the California counties would be as big as five or, very likely, ten of our Iowa counties, which are only thirty-six miles square," was the dead-center shot in reply. Then it dawned on me like a flash that the five-county story meant nothing—for without the common denominator of similar size there could be no comparison on production that would prove anything.

ALL of which reminds me of the explanation which that mellow and delightfully human philosopher, Senator Lafe Young, gave for the "talk talking" of some of the southern Californians when he returned from a visit among them which just preceded mine.

"You see, it comes about largely from the thousands of Iowans who have gone out there in the past few years. They've got plenty of money—made it back here in Iowa—so they put in their time spending this money and explaining how they happened to go to California—and they do go pretty strong sometimes in making out a case for themselves."

As many of these retired farmers and sojourners from the Middle West have located in the country contiguous to Los Angeles, Senator Young's explanation may be fairly correct. But he only intended it, I am confident, as a bit of impressionist criticism and not as a serious indictment; for he agreed with me fully that the whole Coast was in an era of substantial upbuilding.

And in no place is this more apparent than in southern California itself. Wonderful to relate, it is observed even in the real estate developments, many of the boom methods from which California has suffered so sadly having been wholly discarded. Around Los Angeles there were a number of land projects that would be a credit to the constructive plans of more conservative communities. And in motoring out from San Bernardino one day I found a fine example of this new type of promoter, or rather builder, that deserves a snapshot.

"Do you sell the land?" I inquired.

"Yes, if it's planted and well on the way to yield an income to the buyer; not otherwise," was the reply. And as I went through the orange and lemon and grapefruit orchards, all in the highest state of cultivation and each adequately watered, I saw the macadamed roads on which they abutted, the scientifically gauged water supply for the entire tract, the electric railroad to bear products to market, pedigreed horses and cattle and hogs to improve the quality of live stock, every evidence of the most modern cultural methods in the orchards, in which immediate advantage was being taken of the latest and best knowledge from the government departments in Washington—I saw that this was no paper prospectus of a real estate promotion but a balance-sheet record of far-sighted investment to build up a country. And what Mr. Miller was doing, I was told, was fast coming to be the rule and not the exception in land developments along the whole Coast. In the best interest of the three

When the pesky shade won't work

You can be sure it is *not* a Hartshorn Shade Roller. Hartshorn Improved Rollers move quietly and smoothly at a touch, and stay right where you leave them. Cost a few cents more, but oh, how much better!

FREE Valuable book the Best Service from your Shade Rollers". Send for it today and learn why it pays to look when buying shade rollers for this signature:

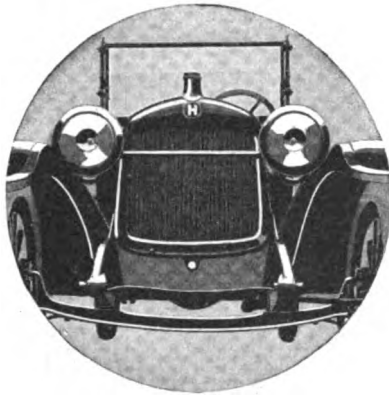
Stewart Hartshorn

Stewart Hartshorn Co. Dept. 27 E. Newark, N. J.

HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLERS



Hupmobile



OUR conviction is that the Hupmobile represents the world's finest expression of the four-cylinder principle.

That principle—which is giving entire satisfaction to nearly 85 per cent of the motor car buyers of America—has been the basis of Hupmobile engineering for seven years.

We have developed "the best car of its class in the world", with a dependable, simple motor, noted for swift pick-up, high-gear flexibility, and abundant power with smoothness and silence.

That is why Hupmobile sales stand now at the highest point yet recorded in the car's career, and why they are steadily climbing.

Hupp Motor Car Corporation, Detroit, Mich.

<i>In the United States</i>		<i>Prices F. O. B. Detroit</i>	
Five-passenger Touring Car	\$1085	Year-'Round Coupe	- - \$1165
Year-'Round Touring Car	1185	Seven-passenger Touring Car	1225
Two-passenger Roadster, \$1085			

<i>Pacific Coast Distributors</i>		<i>Wm. E. Patten Motor Co., Seattle, Wash.</i>	
Twitchell Motor Car Co., Spokane, Wash.		Greer-Robbins Company, Los Angeles, Cal.	
Linz-Sanborn Co., San Francisco, Cal.		Dulmage-Manley Auto Co., Portland, Ore.	

Courtesy First—Safety for Others in Motoring



The mark of superior

motor car service

Fifty hours of service-labor are given free to each Hupmobile buyer, to be had by him at any Hupmobile service station in exchange for coupons he receives with the car. This service is available anywhere in the United States and Canada, and the coupons are accepted at any of our 3500 service stations.



HOTEL ST. FRANCIS, SAN FRANCISCO
The cosmopolitan metropolis of the Pacific



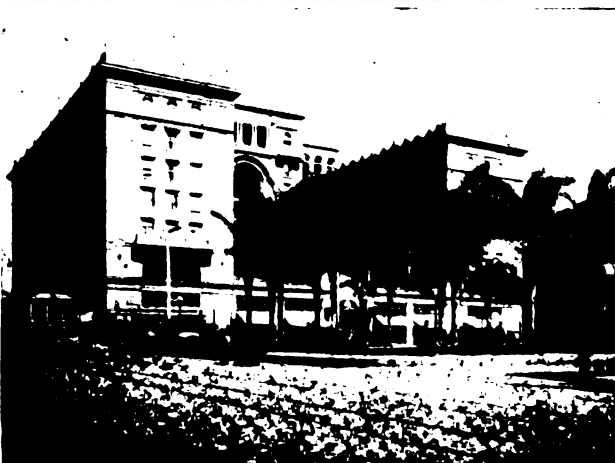
BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL, BEVERLY
Midway between Los Angeles and the sea



THE MISSION INN, RIVERSIDE
In the center of the orange country

IT'S BLOSSOM TIME

CALIFORNIA'S valleys are now redolent with millions of fruit blossoms. Sunshine and magic odors fill the soft air; the splendid motor highways through orchards, mountains and along the blue sea beckon you to come and enjoy a California spring. ¶ Along the ancient Path of the Padres now stretches a paved roadbed bearing the romantic Spanish name used by the Franciscans, El Camino Real—The King's Highway. This famous coast auto route links together many of the most beautiful spots of the Golden State.



HOTEL U. S. GRANT, SAN DIEGO
On the tropical plaza of the Exposition City



HOTEL DEL MONTE, DEL MONTE
On the beautiful bay of Monterey



HOTEL EL PASO DE ROBLES, PASO ROBLES
The great Spa, half way between San Francisco and Los Angeles



HOTEL OAKLAND, OAKLAND
Near the shores of attractive Lake Merritt

ALONG EL CAMINO REAL

Dotted along this smooth concrete motor path are world-famous hotels ready to show the traveler who enters their doors true Western hospitality. Tennis, golf, riding, polo, salt water fishing, sailing or bathing, vary the gay social life of these hotels. ¶ These hotels and their managers are known to and fully endorsed by Sunset Magazine. Our Service Bureau will gladly furnish information and literature about them; it will also supply free of cost, information concerning the principal motor roads throughout the West. For details address any of the hotels included on these pages or SUNSET MAGAZINE, San Francisco, California.



HOTEL ALEXANDRIA, LOS ANGELES
The center of Southern California



HOTEL DEL CORONADO, CORONADO
Just across the bay from San Diego



ALPINE TAVERN, MT. LOWE
Overlooking the beautiful San Gabriel Valley



YOU cannot motor far without encountering bad roads, roads either rough in spots or over stretches. With the change from smooth to uneven surface, comes a change in the riding action of your car, which must prove disturbing to your comfort unless you ride upon the

Hartford

SHOCK ABSORBER

Then, the transition from good roads to bad, whether sudden or anticipated, is not dreaded nor is there need for a marked diminution of speed because, between you and the rough spots in the road, a real shock absorber is on guard.

Every quiver, jar and jolt are absorbed by self-lubricating friction discs which assimilate and dissipate the superfluous energy of the over-active spring, called into being by road irregularities. Consequently, wherever or how fast you motor, your car rides undulatingly. The Hartford Shock Absorber

Makes Every Road a Boulevard

Mention make, year and model of car and we will send you a marked copy of our "Comfort Chart" which will tell how to make your particular car doubly comfortable.

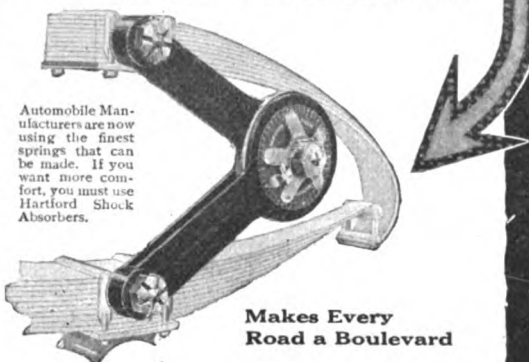
Executive Offices and Works:
HARTFORD SUSPENSION CO.
 E. V. HARTFORD, President
 171 Morgan St., Jersey City, N. J.

Makers of the
 Hartford Shock Absorber, Hartford Cushion Spring, E. V. Hartford Electric Brake, Hartford Auto Jack, Hartford Bumper, Red Rack Jack

Pacific Coast Distributors:
CHANSLOR & LYON COMPANY

San Francisco Los Angeles
 Oakland Fresno Portland
 Seattle Spokane

*Formerly Truffault-Hartford.



Automobile Manufacturers are now using the finest springs that can be made. If you want more comfort, you must use Hartford Shock Absorbers.

Makes Every Road a Boulevard

great states lying between British Columbia and Mexico, I hope that this is true, and my own observation persuades me to believe that it is true. For if there is any other section that has suffered more than those states from the irresponsible land boomer, I don't know where it can be found. That statement was made in scathing fashion by the publisher of this magazine, before the Advertising Club of San Diego, and I was delighted to hear it endorsed with a hearty cheer. When I was asked to make a few remarks I commented on the great change compared with ten years before in land booming and land advertising that I had seen everywhere; and I said that this change had been largely wrought through the influence of SUNSET MAGAZINE and of the Advertising Clubs on the Coast.

A LONG with this great change I observed another that is fraught with even more far-reaching results to California and the two states to the north—I refer to the new emphasis being placed on distribution instead of production. Ten years ago the emphasis was all on the latter; business men, fruit-growers and railroad men were talking about soil culture, increased production and kindred subjects. But now the overshadowing question is one of markets, as I found all the way along the Coast. In Los Angeles I called Mr. Stoddard Jess, a leading banker, what were the problems before the Coast.

"There's only one," was the instant response. "Markets, markets, markets." And that I found everywhere. Mr. Stuart of the Pacific Coast Condensed Milk Company in Seattle, Mr. Bentley of the California Fruit Cannery Association and Mr. George Armsby of the J. K. Armsby Company in San Francisco, Mr. Powell of the California Fruit Growers' Exchange in Los Angeles—with them all it was the one big problem iterated and reiterated by the banker: "Markets." At such a time, when everyone seemed to have a firm grip on the truth that distribution isn't a mere question of transportation, but embraces the fundamental question of making a market among consumers for the fruits and products transported—at such a strategic time it is a piece of good fortune that the Coast is swinging in the orbit of fact rather than of fancy. And it is a piece of even greater good fortune that at such a time the Coast has in all of its chief cities, modern, effective Advertising Clubs which are bringing the latest and most authoritative knowledge from the whole commercial world to aid in solving this pressing and fundamental question of markets. For these clubs have as their emblem the word "Truth," an emblem which might have been inscribed on that signboard of the inn in the Salinas valley. That sign, I said in beginning these random impressions, might become the signboard of the entire Coast. And there was surprising evidence of this in the new attitude with visitors toward the vivid panorama of scenery which unrolls for nearly two thousand miles, all the way from the big trees in Vancouver to the beach at Coronado.

The Coast was behind us. On the previous day we had left Sacramento with its air of dignity, touched with

CONGRESS

50¢ PLAYING CARDS

For Social Play
Congress Cards, the most beautiful in the world, are just as good as they are handsome.
Air-Cushion Finish Club Indexes

TRADE MARK

HOYLE
UP-TO-DATE
THE OFFICIAL RULES
OF
CARD GAMES
ISSUED YEARLY

BICYCLE

25¢ PLAYING CARDS

For General Play
Better cards can not be had at the price. Good cards can not be sold for less than Bicycle.
Ivory or Air-Cushion Finish

GOLD EDGES SEND 15¢ IN STAMPS CLUB INDEXES

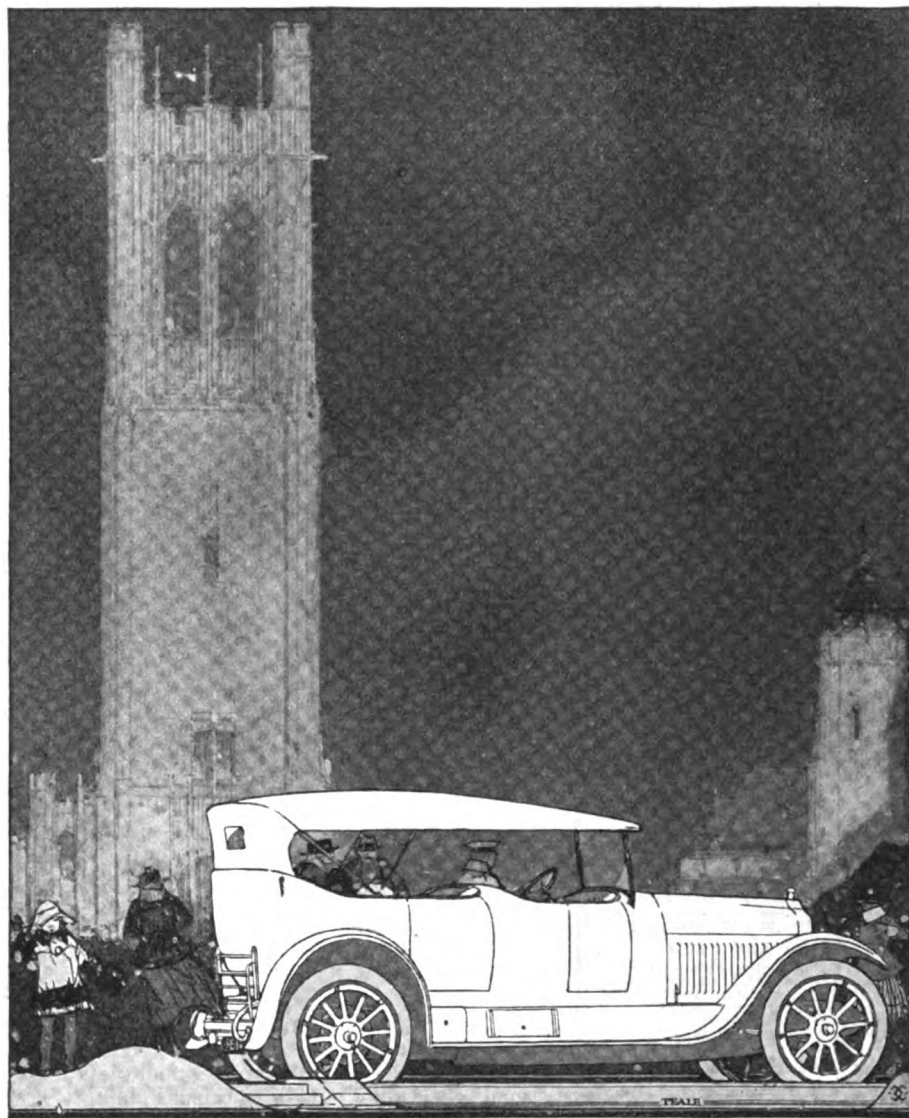
THE U.S. PLAYING CARD CO., CINCINNATI, U.S.A.

The

Prophy-lactic

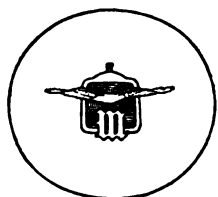
Tooth Brush

Used every day—note how your smile improves



White

Custom Built

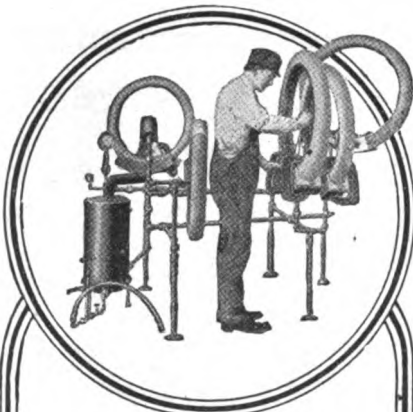


A high purchase price for a high quality car may give less bulk for the money, but it gives more satisfaction to the owner who appreciates a fine piece of mechanism and the marked refinement of a custom-made body.

The price of White motor cars is stable, year after year, because their value is constant. There can be no reduction of the one without depreciation of the other. Neither the methods nor the results of quantity production apply in the manufacture of a White.

THE WHITE COMPANY

Cleveland, Ohio



Make This Your Business at \$3,000 per Year

Repairing and Retreading Automobile Tires. There isn't a business you could get into that offers such sure possibilities of success and fortune. One man and a Haywood Tire Repair Plant can make \$250 a month and more. Scores already have done it and this year there is a greater demand than ever for tire repair work.

"15 Million Tires to Repair"

That's not a myth nor some man's dream. It's an actual fact. Tire factories everywhere are building new buildings—enlarging their plants for the biggest period of prosperity in the automobile business. 15 million tires will be manufactured and every one will need repairing.

No Experience Necessary

No previous training, no apprenticeship, is required to enter this business—not even the faintest knowledge of tires. If you have a little mechanical turn of mind, you can quickly become an expert. We teach everything. You learn in a week. Handle all kinds of jobs—figure prices at big cash profits. Nothing is easier to master completely.

A Rich Opportunity

Awaits ambitious men everywhere. No city too large—no town too small—everywhere the same opportunity exists. A Moderate investment starts you. Get one machine and build the business from there. Business comes easy. We show how to get it. You grow and grow. You're soon a Real Manufacturer—A Success—a mighty big factor in your community.

Write for the Facts

INVESTIGATE. Send the coupon below, a letter or postal. This brings full information—and a big interesting catalog. Tells all about tires and how to repair them. Shows how to make money—to become independent. Do this today—NOW—before you forget it.

Haywood Tire & Equipment Company
858 Capitol Ave. Indianapolis, Ind.

FREE CATALOG COUPON

Haywood Tire & Equipment Co.
855 Capitol Ave. Indianapolis, Ind.
Gentlemen:—Please send me your catalog, details and plans for starting ambitious men in the Tire Repair business.

Name
Address

Stillwell CALIFORNIA HOME Plans

SEND FOR THESE PLAN BOOKS:
"Representative California Homes" \$50, \$2000 to \$6000—Price 50c
"West Coast Bungalows" \$1, \$1000 to \$2000—Price 50c
"Little Bungalows" \$1, \$300 to \$1700—Price 25c
SPECIAL OFFER
—All 3 Books \$1—Postpaid
E. W. STILLWELL & CO.,
436 Henne Bldg., Los Angeles

Send forth this genuine Mahogany or Black Walnut
CANDLE STICK
Beautifully hand polished—Durable—An exquisite gift that will always be appreciated.
Price, postpaid \$1.15; white enamel 25c extra.
Ask for price list of other novelties
PACIFIC FURNITURE & FIXTURE FACTORY
Home of the "Pacific" Cedar Chest
Medford, Oregon

REDUCED FREIGHT RATES

Through Car Service for Household Goods and Automobiles From and to all parts of the East. Consult our nearest office before shipping. Cars carefully loaded and unloaded by experienced men.

TRANS-CONTINENTAL FREIGHT COMPANY
203 South Dearborn Street, Chicago
Pacific Bldg., San Francisco Van Nuys Bldg., Los Angeles
Alaska Building, Seattle
New York Boston Charleston

progress, and were approaching Salt Lake. In perspective the myriad places and scenes and people were coming into some sort of cohesion. And it is interesting to state that the touchstone by which they were brought into a semblance of unity was the signboard of the inn.

People were relating themselves not merely to California, but to the whole country. In San Francisco I had heard Dr. Stratton of the University of California give the clearest exposition of the Japanese question I had ever listened to, East or West. He made it clear that the question couldn't be treated merely as a state question, because it was affected by treaties and relations of the larger nation of which the smaller state was a part; and he took pains to emphasize the fact that he spoke as "a native son." Then I had the good fortune to hear several times that truly national and international voice, the most far-reaching on the Coast, David Starr Jordan, in illuminating discussion. His *Jupiter tonans* pronouncements were glowing with the live coals of national feeling as against provincial pride and prejudice; it was the full-throated expression of a truth that some little men had been losing sight of—the truth that a state to be really great must be a properly subordinated part of a greater nation.

Of course this truth is by no means fully accepted in all quarters. But it is steadily gaining ground. When an issue, such as the Hetch Hetchy water question, arises, the old States Rights feeling flares up and is likely to prevail. Whether the decision on that question was right or wrong may be debatable—but the argument that the land of a National Park should be diverted to the exclusive use of the particular state within whose boundaries it is located, and primarily on the ground that that state has some special proprietorship as against the forty-seven other states, will scarcely stand the final test in the Court of National Public Opinion. And that is the Court to whose decree California and every other state, in a democracy like ours, must at last submit.

A few days after my return from the Coast, I had the privilege, always a stimulating one, of talking with Secretary Lane in Washington. As I listened with a group of others to his vivid account of plans for Alaska, for sane conservation, for the National Parks and for many other things within the wide horizons of his department, I thought "here is the man with such gifts of dramatic presentation that he can bring the little Californians into the feeling and power of national consciousness." And happily he is a Californian, possessing in unstinted measure the confidence of the state and the confidence of the nation.

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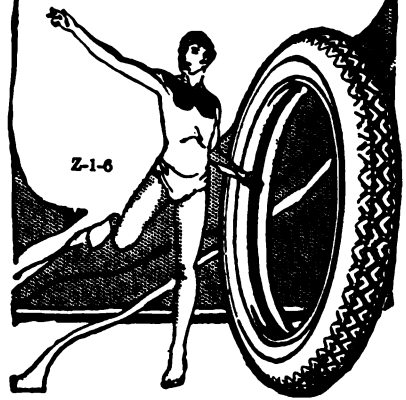
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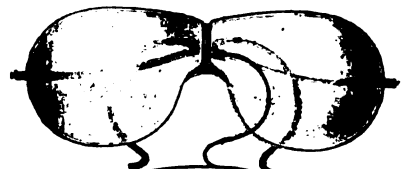
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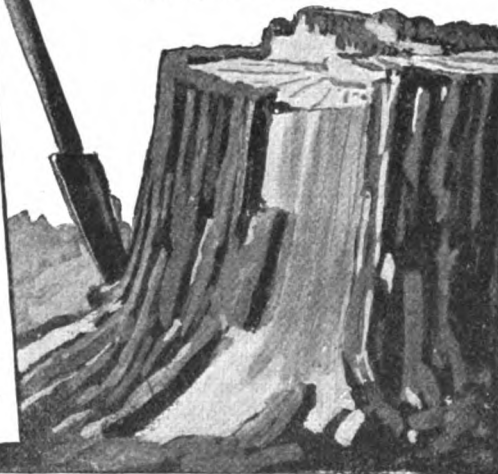
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Two Bad Men from Jimtown

(Continued from page 24)

were incidents of a nightmare never quite clear to the Doctor. Once the key was turned in the lock, his first instinct was to examine the three windows in reference to their height from the ground and general availability for the purposes of a quick getaway. This determined, he sat on the edge of the bed in the dark—a light would have been positively poisonous—and listened to the beating of his heart.

Old Dr. Chitterley had got the fright of his life and a great fear rode him. Nemesis, in a shawl, had suddenly flung open to his affrighted eyes a long sealed chamber of the past and dangled before him the excellently preserved Chitterley skeleton. And the Doctor, who had known this Nemesis as a girl, her peculiar—not to say tempestuous—temperament, had every reason to fear the worst in retribution. Many a tight squeak he had blustered or blarneyed through during his checkered career as a medicine man; more than one warrant or summons to show cause had been met by his ready ingenuity. But only one affair of the heart had been his—that wholly disastrous. Now that isolated horror rose from the dim past to confront him! He groaned softly and murmured his thoughts aloud for the pitiful stiffening power his own trick voice might carry:

"She remembers that patent combination sideboard and bed, even—oh, good Lord! 'Pink roses all up and down and around'—dear, dear; how that affair must have sunk in on her? Breach of promise—me in court—at my age!"

The Doctor in his agony of apprehension was in no mental condition to snatch at the life-buoy a beneficent statute of limitations might throw out to him, nor to reflect that after forty years a court might consider a broken heart passably ligated. He was familiar with no laws except those governing medical practice. But he did know Maggie Tierney, her strong and determined nature. He was only glad he didn't give her time to arrest him at the shocking moment of revelation and arraignment. If only she'd delay running him down at the hotel for an hour or so, why then, when the town was quiet and not so many people were stirring, Dr. Chitterley knew where he'd be. Somewhere away from Jimtown; that's where!

Was it full realization after all these years of the enormity of his youthful flouting of the Tierney affections which led the worthy Doctor so to construe inevitable tracking down and punishment at the hands of the vengeful lady? Nay. When he thought of that incident at all—and it had been years since the matter had even flickered across the horizon of his mind—it had always been to conceive of himself as a hero, for that he had dared at the very striking of his hour of doom to leap back from the altar and take a flying jump to the broad road beyond Jimtown. So buried in the forgotten past had been the circumstance of his

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exodus from Jimtown that when he returned on his little sentimental journey the very cause of his original departure was ignored if not forgotten. Ah, that sentimental journey, now to become a flight out of Egypt!

THE better part of an hour passed and the Doctor was fumblingly stowing his toilet things into his grip preparatory to stealthy departure. A step sounded on the uncarpeted hallway beyond his door—came surely and unerringly down toward that door. Dr. Chitterley threw the hasp on his grip and with a bound was at window No. 2, which his reconnaissance had found to be immediately above a peaked shed roof. The steps halted just outside that thin pine barrier, and knuckles knocked—lightly and with a feminine touch, the Doctor thought. Rusty pulleys squeaked as the Doctor's hands lifted the lower sash. He had one leg over the sill and was on the point of dropping his bag to the roof below when the knocking came again and with it a single, muffled word: "Buck!"

The voice was masculine; the nickname came lingeringly and with the intonation of affection. The figure in the window hesitated in indecision, fearing a trick.

Tap-tap-tap!
"Who is it?" Chitterley quavered with no great assurance.

"Buck, let me in. It's Lemuel—your ol' side-kick Lemuel Tisdale. Open up, Buck!"

Dr. Chitterley scrambled back into the room with alacrity, unlocked and threw back the door. The dim light of a bracket lamp some distance down the hallway showed him a wispy little figure of a man under a floppy-brimmed black hat. Narrow shoulders that rose to meet the drooping edges of the hatbrim, a straggling tuft of white chin whisker, like a stray raveling from a cotton-stuffed manikin, a hatchety face all broken into lines of timorous, dog-like greeting: these were the flash impressions of Lemuel. The Doctor tucked a finger under the sparse whisker and tilted the chin upward, as a taxidermist might pose the head of a shy chipmunk for the best mounting position; he looked long into pale blue eyes—skittish, apologetic eyes, which now lighted with great yearning.

"Lemuel Tisdale?" he murmured, incredulous. "Old Lem—Hell-roarin' Lem-u-el?"

"Sh-h-h, Buck!" the little man twittered as he fumbled for the Doctor's hand and squeezed it with hysterical fervor. "Easy go on names, ol' side podner."

One of the Doctor's arms swept down on the visitor's thin shoulders and whisked him into the room; the door was shut and locked and they were in the dark. The Doctor led the visitor to the side of the bed and pushed him down to a seat there.

"You caught me resting my eyes," he lied. "The gas flare on my wagon—I always have to be in the dark afterwards. But Lem—Lem-u-el, you old side-winder!" His voice mellowed in affection, his hand sought Lemuel's and, finding, squeezed it. There was in the modulation of his voice and the grip of his hand infinite pity for the stooped shoulders and dog-like wistfulness in the eyes of this little man, who in that elder day had



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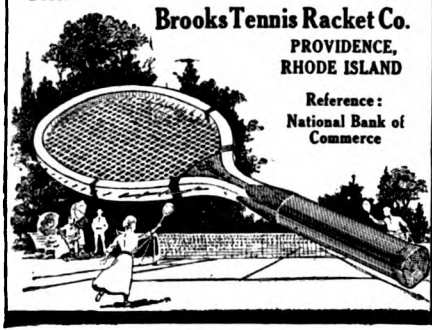
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made his mark on the tough civic countenance of Jimtown under the gay sobriquet of Hell-roarin' Lem-u-el. Of a sudden Old Dr. Chitterley felt himself overwhelmed by the pitiful proof of the tragedy of life which the dim lamplight had revealed to him at the door. What had brought down the devil-teasing glance in Lemuel Tisdale's eyes—that wordless challenge which more than once had caused a riot in a faro room, broken heads among the valiants of the Eagle Hose? Was it only the drain of years that had taken the swagger from those shoulders?

"Don't bother about a lamp, Buck," the little man was saying. "I—I'd a heap ruther you wouldn't light up."

"As you say, Lemuel," Chitterley hastily assented. Silence between them for a minute—perhaps the embarrassment that comes with readjustment of memories to facts after long absence. Then from Lemuel:

"Buck, you always was about the closest podner Lem Tisdale ever had—Lord love you!"

"I counted you the same—just the same, Lemuel."

"And I could always reckon on ol' Buck to help me out of a tight place, be that a jam in a barroom fight, with t'other fella giving me the boot, or a bucking monitor tearing up the sluices in a gravel pit." Another heartening squeeze for riotous memory's sake.

"Well, Buck, I hears tonight there's a big fella named Ol' Doc Chitterley selling medicines under a gas flare down town—a 'big fella with whiskers like a Methody bishop,' they says to me and I, who saw those whiskers get a flying start in their youth, I knew it must be Buck Chitterley, come back to Jimtown after all these years, an' so I just made tracks to you—'cause I'm in trouble, Buck."

"Like David and Absalom in the Good Book," the Doctor murmured piously. "Pour out your heart, Lemuel. The old Doctor's a sort of soul healer as well as physician to the suffering body."

The dark of the little hotel room was pregnant with emotions. Lemuel hitched himself a trifle closer to the Doctor and cleared his throat nervously.

"It's—it's too turrible to whisper about, even, my trouble is. I just got to ask you to take my word for it 'thout going into p'ticulars. But I want to go away with you, Buck. I want you to sneak me out o' Jimtown so's—so's who's after me won't get me."

"The mantle of Elijah—" Dr. Chitterley intoned sonorously, taking not a little pride in a fancied patness of allusion. "You know you're welcome to go with me, Lemuel; no questions asked."

"Right smart soon—tonight?" The question came eagerly. Dr. Chitterley pretended to weigh the exigencies of the case.

"I was planning a couple of more days' stay in the old town," he hesitated; then in a generous burst of yielding to importunity: "But just for your sake, Lemuel, I'll pull out tonight—right away for the matter of that. We can make a camp somewhere out under the pines on the stage road and by tomorrow we'll be down Angel's Camp way. How's that?"

"I knew you'd be the same ol' Buck," came the grateful whisper. "I sure had to get out of Jimtown tonight."

The Doctor was fumbling the hasp on his bag when he was struck by an inspiration.

"Lem, you still titillate the keys on the accordion in your old-fashioned style?"

"It's been a long time since I nursed a push-box on my knees," the other answered; "but I reckon I can make a stab at it."

"Good—good! I have in my wagon a first rate accordion a grateful patient up in Sierraville gave me. You can come along and play the accordion at my concerts. And"—inspiration was still pulsing strongly—"we'll black you up with cork, like a minstrel, when we come to the towns on the road. That'll disguise you if you are afraid of being recognized."

"You always was an ingenious cuss," Lemuel assented in admiration and together they tiptoed downstairs and out through the hotel's rear door. In the weeds there Lemuel had cached a blanket roll, which he now recovered; it contained his essentials for flight. At the Elite Stables the Doctor invented a tale to cover his departure at such an unusual hour, and soon the big blacks were harnessed to the medicine wagon. Jimtown may have stirred uneasily in its sleep; a watchdog sense may have whispered to Jimtown in a dream that here were two reprobates fleeing to the broad road beyond the grip of outraged justice. But at that, not a hand was raised to stay them. Old Dr. Chitterley—respectable, patriarchal Chitterley, known in love and gratitude from Shasta to Mojave, was decamping ingloriously from the city of his golden youth, the gold of his elder dreams, in the company of an abandoned character named Hell-roarin' Lem-u-el, who had sought sanctuary from the consequences of a mysterious crime under the staff of Aesculapius. Sad and deplorable end of a sentimental journey!

OUT to where the dim brotherhood of the lower mountains kept bivouac under the stars rode the discredited twain. An atmosphere of Kismet wrapped them about—wraiths of pines on a hilltop; whispers that came not from lips; pencil lines of phosphorescent fire flickering in darker caverns of gloom; mystery of rebirth lurking in an odor of new buds and dew. Here they skirted the rim of an ancient hydraulic pit—a white, leprous scar on the face of the mountains, like a lake drained dry. There the humpbacked shape of a mine's shafthouse and mill appeared, silhouetted against the stripe of the Milky Way, volleying sound from its batteries of never-failing stamps. The road leagued with the night to chasten the souls of untimely travelers.

The Doctor and Lemuel could not shake off at once the spell of the weird. The incident of their reunion in the pitch black hotel room, the renewal of ancient pledges by the grip of hands unseen and the flight into this borderland of mystery: all this served to throw both of the old men back upon themselves. Then, too, there was in both a certain restraint of manner after so long a lapse of time. Each was to the other a stranger with a familiar name, accepted on the guarantee of memories. Only in the half minute of lamplight when they met at the Doctor's door had each seen clearly the other's face; for Lemuel it had been an austere, bearded

face of a man of affairs; for the Doctor the pinched, wistful countenance of a dry chip on life's back wash. Once equal adventurers in the empire of youth, now they were conscious of a gulf between their stations, which could be bridged only by the magic of an ancient bond.

So rude was the shock the medicine man had sustained that night in Jimtown's courthouse square, so real his fear of a pursuing and vengeful Maggie Tierney, that his imagination peopled the black copses along the way with shawled furies, his ear caught the sound of pursuing feet. As for Lemuel, by his own confession he was without doubt fleeing the consequences of a crime; that, as the good Doctor argued, put him in worse case than himself. Lemuel's cogitations became unbearable. He needed the tonic of the stronger man's outlook on life and affairs—and instinctively Lemuel recognized the personality of his protector as infinitely more resisting than his own.

"Buck," he began timidly, "I reckon you've got a heap more out of life than I have."

Dr. Chitterley seized by instinct upon the opportunity to swing back to the subjective attitude and vent himself.

"I wish, my dear Lemuel, while we are together you would address me as Doctor," he gently chided. "I think the dignity of my profession would suffer even in my eyes if you continued to use that old term of brevity, albeit in affection."

"All right, Doc—I mean Doctor," came the humble answer. "I reckon I've got no right to make free with your dignity."

"Doc" will not be offensive, Lemuel." Delicate consideration for an inferior's susceptibilities was in the Doctor's tone. "Buck, you see, recalls all my old wild life—the days before I found my mission. 'Buck,' I may say, seems to stand for barroom companionship, roistering nights and general looseness of character which, unfortunately, might be charged up against my early career in Jimtown. 'Dum vivimus, vivamus,' as the Latin poet Scipianus said and which I'll translate for you, Lemuel: that means, Youth drinks hard liquor; but Age drinks wisdom."

Dr. Chitterley had now slipped into his finest philosophical mood, his most resonant oratorical strain.

"You ask me, Lemuel, what my life has been since I put behind me the frivolities we shared together many years ago. Well—"

THE two big blacks took the medicine wagon through the dark at a steady pace and the Doctor, enthralled by the epic measure of his own Odyssey, opened to the wondering eyes of the Jimtown recluse a romantic page. Forty robust years were conned by the art of an individualist. Lemuel Tisdale—ancient alias, Hell-roarin' Lem-u-el—was left by the narrative shriveled to the substance of charred paper.

"And now, Lemuel, tell the Old Doctor something of your own interesting life," Chitterley urged in afterthought of charity. He looked down upon the floppy rim of the big hat below his shoulder; nothing but a tuft of chin whisker was visible beneath it. "What have you done in the forty years we've been apart?"

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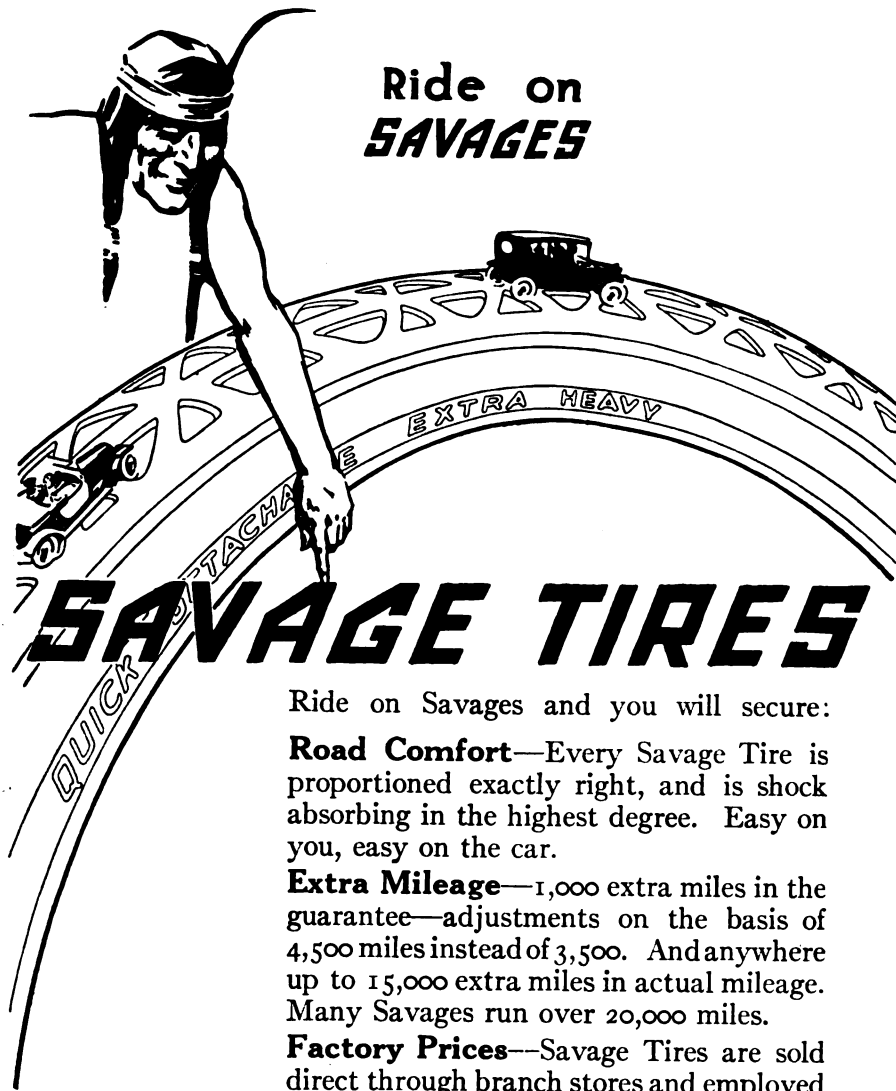
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"Lived in Jimtown forty years an' in hell thirty-nine—thirty-nine an' two months," came the bitter answer. Dr. Chitterley, touched by the hint of tragedy in his companion's terse summary, clucked sympathetically to his team and waited for more light. But Lemuel was mute.

"I—ah—you have my sympathy," the Doctor murmured, thinking to cover Lemuel's case in a general way. "Life, my dear Lemuel, is but the crackling of thorns under a pot, as Marcus Aurelius says."

"My pot must have been cracked when I was born," the melancholy Lemuel commented.

"Come—come, old friend!" A heavy arm circled Lemuel's thin shoulders. "Let us not repine. If you care to tell me your trouble—why you came to me tonight and asked me to take you away from Jimtown—"

"I dasn't dare, Buck—I mean, Doc," was the tense answer. "I'm so bad I'm afraid of myself, an' I'm runnin' away from the biggest trouble any man could tie to. You said, 'no questions asked.' Stick to that program, an' Lord love you!"

Silence fell between them then. Dr. Chitterley toiled the big blacks abstractly, weighing in his mind the comparative gravity of murder or arson—nothing less could be on Lemuel's conscience—and an action for breach of promise brought against a professional man of spotless character in the fulness of honored years.

THE runaways dared make their first public appearance only after a second night of flight and when by a circuitous route through the ranges they had come to Angel's Camp, a mining town at safe distance from Jimtown. An afternoon spent on their backs on clean, odorous pine needles and under the tonic downpouring of ardent sunshine lulled their fears and instilled renewed confidence in the ultimate goodness of life. That long, lazy afternoon was one of rehearsal; the Doctor with his banjo and Lemuel fingering the stops of the "push-box." Old tunes they had roared together in the golden age gone by were mulled over, harmonies established. Lemuel's singing voice had the sharp, rasping quality of a tin whistle on a peanut stand; but he was an earnest performer, and the whine of the accordion worked wonders in taking the edge off his high notes. As the sun declined to the purple ridges they took the road again, heading toward a distant plume of coppery smoke, which marked the smelters and the scene of their joint premiere.

Electric lights were sparkling frostily under the wooden awnings of Angel's main street when the medicine wagon trundled into town. But no grand entry, as in the instance of Jimtown; no "fancy ribbon work." Very circumspectly the Doctor kept his team to a side street until he found a livery stable; then he piloted the timorous Lemuel to a very modest miners' hotel almost under the eaves of a clanking mine hoist. There, after hasty stoking in the dining room, a room was requisitioned for purposes of a studio, and under the uncertain light of a lamp

(Continued on page 94)

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THE NORTHER
A WHIRLWIND STORY BY
GEORGE PATTULLO
IN MAY **SUNSET**

MY MONUMENT

By Amelia B. Rolker

WHEN sorrow came, and troubles thick and fast

Piled up around me to obscure with gloom
The vision of a brighter day to come,
I cried within me, "Lord, what have I done
That I should walk this dreary, darkened trail,
And carry extra burdens that add pain
Unto my fainting heart? My strength is frail,
The way so steep and long, and I grow weary;
I fain would drop the load and rest awhile."

At once I stopped, and, tugging at the cords
Which bound the heavy load I bore, I found
They had been tied by stronger hands than mine
And powerless was I to loose the knots.
Exhausted then I sank beside the road,
And listened in the silence for a sound
Of those behind, still toiling up the path.

As each one struggled on with bended back,
Some, bearing heavier burdens than mine own,
Would turn and smile, adding a cheery word;
Others, who scarce had aught that I could see,
Would pass unheeding as with scowls and groans,
Cursing the "luck" which led them on their way,
They stumbled onward o'er the deepest ruts.
And then a voice within me seemed to say:

"Why sit here, helpless, while the burden grows?
My place is in the line of those ahead;
They have companions on their weary road,
Grief, want and pain are means unto the end!"

Even as I heard, I started forth again,
And, leaning on the sudden strength of Prayer,
With heart awake to catch the cry of those
Who needed only help to rise again,
And eager eyes strained upward so to catch
The first gray dawning of my coming day,
I climbed the ancient pathway deeply worn
By countless weary feet for ages past.

At last, upon the summit's height I stood,
And viewed the scene before me. Silver-bright
The River Peace meandered happily
Along the Valley of my Dearest Dreams,
Where High Ideals rose like temple-groves.
There, towering in grandeur side by side,
The steadfast Mountains of my Strength stood clear;

Some ruts and crevices appeared, which showed
Where storms of life had left their imprint deep.
Standing entranced, I felt the burden slip;
My back grew straight again, my breath came free.

Turning to see the nature of my load,
My heart stood still with joy and ecstasy.
For there before me stood a shaft of stone,
White in the sunshine of my Promised Day.
Rich carvings traced the pattern of my life,
Though marred in places by my heavy falls;
Each little act of kindness by the way

Done in His Name, was graved forever there.
Hope's eyes looked deep into the eyes of Faith;
Each grasped the hands of Loneliness and Want,
While Love-in-Sacrifice stood sweetly forth
And pointed onward to the Promised Land.

Turning, I left my burden there, to be
A sign post unto those who followed on,
While rest and light awaited me within
The beckoning Valley of my Heart's Desire.



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The Sunset Country

Here follow timely and interesting facts concerning the great Pacific Slope, the country served by Sunset Magazine. The Sunset Magazine Service Bureau, conducted in conjunction with this department, supplies disinterested information concerning the West, its lands and industries. The purpose is to guide and advise the stranger, whether tourist or homesoeker. Its organization covers the entire West and the services are free. Questions and answers of general interest, illustrative of the general service of the Bureau, will be found below. The announcements of hotels, railroads, steamship lines, resorts, communities and colonization companies appearing in these columns have been investigated by Sunset Magazine and are reliable and trustworthy.



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¶ The South San Joaquin Irrigation District produces peaches of superior quality. California peaches, dried and canned, are known in the markets of the entire world. Nowhere is fruit of finer flavor and firmer texture grown. The California product commands the top prices.

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¶ We have a few selected ten-acre peach tracts in the South San Joaquin Irrigation District, three hours from San Francisco. The trees are now in bearing. These tracts were scientifically planted and tended by expert horticulturists under our personal supervision, and are guaranteed in perfect condition. No pioneering.

¶ For a limited time we are offering these splendid bearing groves at \$350 and \$400 an acre; liberal terms may be arranged.

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¶ Poultry may be raised profitably in connection with the orchard. Conditions are ideal in this district for success with poultry and also for dairying and alfalfa raising. We make special inducements to purchasers who can go upon the tracts at once.

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Sunset Magazine Service Bureau

Conducted under the supervision of Walter V. Woehlke

The following general questions and answers are typical of the service supplied by the Bureau. Stamps should be enclosed in letters of inquiry and full name and address plainly written. Address all communications to Sunset Magazine Service Bureau, 460 Fourth Street, San Francisco.

Lots in the Tall Timber

Q. Can you tell me whether business lots in the Crawford Point Addition near Marshfield, Oregon, 25x150 feet, are worth \$250? These lots are offered by the Portland, Eugene and Coos Bay Land Company, which claims that the new railroad from Eugene to Marshfield will establish a depot and yards close to the addition. Are these lots good investments?—C. W. B., WATERTOWN, S. D.

A. In our opinion the property offered by the Portland, Eugene and Coos Bay Land Company is valuable as acreage only. A time may come when this property will have a definite real residential value, but that time is so far in the future that, in our opinion, the purchase of a 25-foot lot at the price asked is a gamble of the poorest sort.

The property is separated from Marshfield by the full width of Coos Bay, and in our judgment there is as much excuse for a 25-foot lot at residential-property prices on the east side of the bay as there is for an ice plant in Circle City. So long as there is an abundance of reasonably priced acreage in the immediate vicinity of Marshfield itself, the value of 25-foot lots on the other side of the bay is extremely problematical.

Problems of a Land Buyer

Q. Can you send me some information concerning the part of the San Joaquin valley lying on the Kern county and Tulare county line in the neighborhood of the town of Delano, Cal., and lands known as the Delano Bench? I would like to have answers to the following questions with the idea in view of making a home there on about 20 acres of land under irrigation. Is the nature of the underground supply such that there will always be ample water, even though the whole section comes under irrigation? Is the soil as rich as that in the Turlock region? Are the soil constituents such that oranges can be raised without fertilizer and if not, would commercial fertilizer have to be used and at what cost per acre? Figuring out all expenses and costs, including owner's labor, what would you consider a safe annual return on 10 acres of oranges in the fifth to tenth years inclusive? On 10 acres of alfalfa? Of course that depends much upon the care taken, but assuming the best care is exercised that an

intelligent and conscientious person could take. Is the orange crop sure in that region? Is that as good orange land as that around Porterville? Would potato and onion crops be profitable and would they in any way interfere with orange trees if planted between the rows while the trees were coming to bearing age? Do you consider that part of the country better for any other tree crops rather than oranges for one who expects to locate there and make a living from 20 acres? What would you consider a good crop to raise between rows for the first few years, or rotation of crops? Would the market probably be good for such crops? Are the citrus growers' organizations capable of handling all orange crops at profitable prices to the growers? Is there any reason to think that there might be a possibility of overproduction of oranges in California? What is land in that section worth without water developed for irrigation purposes?—H. G. B., ASHLAND, ORE.

A. We do not know of a "Delano Bench." From the foothills of the Sierra Nevada the land slopes gradually, almost imperceptibly, toward the trough of the valley and there is no bench formation.

Your question about the underground water supply can be answered only by actual experience. However, it is possible to judge of the future by the conditions that have arisen with the development of the water supply in adjacent districts. In the citrus belt of Tulare county, Cal., the supply of underground water proved to be both scant and expensive when the number of wells and pumps multiplied and the drain upon the underground resources increased. The water problem in all of the districts has become troublesome and irrigation districts have been organized to solve the problem on a permanent basis. To the east of Delano, toward the trough of the valley, the water supply improves and artesian water has been found, but of course the amount of alkali and hardpan in the lowlying sections of the valley and frost conditions make the cultivation of citrus fruit impossible in the artesian belt. One company has spent a very large amount in the development of well water in the Delano district and its supply should be permanent, though some of its wells are bothered through the inflow of quicksand.

The soil of the San Joaquin valley, as

everywhere in an arid region, varies so markedly in narrow limits that a general comparison between two districts is useless. The best thing to do is to select a 20-acre tract and have a soil analysis made. No matter how rich the soil may be, in the end it will require fertilization when it is continually cropped to the same fruit. The orange tree is a voracious feeder and will exhaust certain ingredients of the soil, necessitating artificial fertilization after a certain period.

You could not figure on a very large return during the fifth and sixth years of an orange grove's life. If your grove is well taken care of and handled by a man who knows his business, we would say that you could expect a yield of one packed box per tree as the average yield between the fifth and ninth years in the San Joaquin valley. In the eighth, ninth and tenth years you should be able to count on one and a half packed boxes to the tree, which would give you approximately 120 boxes per acre. Figuring very conservatively, a packed box ought to bring \$1.00 at the lowest, f. o. b. the shipping point, so that the lowest gross return you should expect the ninth and tenth years would be \$125 per acre. As we stated above the yield in the fifth, sixth and seventh years is problematic.

On an acre of alfalfa you should have, with a modicum of care and labor, about five tons per annum. It is not safe to figure on more than \$5.50 per ton in the stack, and you can see from this what the average return would be. Of course, the income would be higher if you feed the crop to your own stock.

No, we could not say that the orange crop in the largest part of the Delano district is safe and sure. Experience has proven that the so-called thermal belt, which has warm, almost frostless winter weather, is very narrow and lies only in the highest part of the valley floor close to the foothills. Experience has also proven that an orchard located to the west of this narrow belt will produce profitable crops in some years while in other years the frost gets the fruit. Only a personal investigation on the ground, by one who knows the district well, can determine whether any piece of property is within the thermal belt or outside of it. Taking the district as a whole we would consider that olives, prunes, figs and peaches would bear more regularly and more abundantly in the largest part of the district than citrus fruits.

Taking an average of the last ten years we can say unhesitatingly that the organization of the citrus growers has proved its ability to sell its crops at a reasonable profit. Considering the fact that a large amount of territory has been definitely proven to be unsuited to citrus culture and that the area of really truly citrus land has been shown by the 1913 frosts to be strictly limited, we do not believe that there will be an overproduction of oranges in California.

Potatoes and other truck crops can be planted between the rows of young trees without causing appreciable injury. A good many crops have paid well in this district, but the best paying product depends largely upon the condition of the markets. We cannot predict, of course, how the market on any particular crop is going to be next year. You should obtain the advice of a disinterested expert before



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and after buying. The Service Bureau is prepared to recommend such an expert on request.

Land in the Delano section without irrigation water is not worth a whoop. Land underlain with water which can be developed at a reasonable cost is held at prices ranging from \$50 per acre up.

The Little Landers Again

Q. Would you advise a man in my position to join a Little Landers colony? I am 46 years old, a carpenter, and am making \$4.50 a day at my trade here, but I want to provide against the day when I won't be able to work hard any more. I have \$1100 saved up and am thinking of buying an acre in the Hayward Heath colony. Can you tell me whether land in that colony would be a good investment? I have two children to support.—J. S. B., SACRAMENTO, CAL.

A. We would strongly urge you not to invest your money in the tracts offered by the so-called Little Landers. We have repeatedly stated that in our opinion an acre is entirely too small a piece of land upon which the average man could make a living. Unless he is peculiarly fitted for the work and has had extensive and long experience, he cannot possibly support a family on an acre. Furthermore, the reports about the so-called Hayward Heath colony in California are not at all encouraging. We understand that most of the land is offered by the promoters at \$1200 an acre, a price which in our opinion is far beyond the actual value of this tract. A great deal of the land is stiff clay and needs extensive mulching and plowing under of vegetable matter before it can be worked.

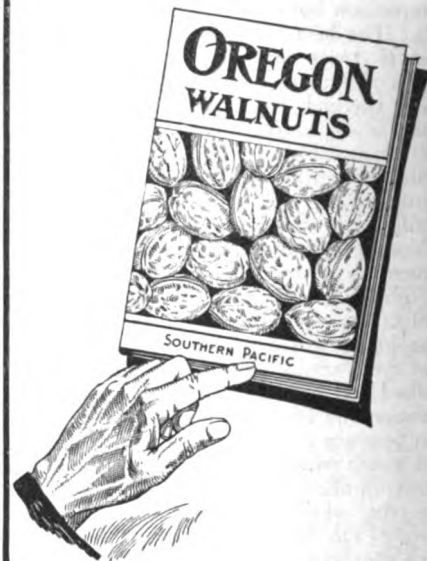
The promoters promised to deliver water but last summer the supply ran short very early in the season, we understand, and the colonists had a terrific time trying to keep alive. So far as we know the water situation has not yet been remedied and dissatisfaction among the colonists is general.

Do not be misled by the words of men who prate of coöperation, of a good living on a little land—sure, of social halls and a wonderful community life, when these same men fail to keep their promises and sell inferior land at outrageously high prices. Hang on to your money and take a correspondence course in the particular line of agriculture you want to follow before you invest your savings in land.

Gobblers in Western Oregon

Q. I understand there is a valley in Oregon where turkeys are raised in large numbers. Could you tell me where this valley is, what land costs and what methods are followed by the turkey raisers? We have a little capital and experience with poultry and we are looking for a place with a fairly dry, mild climate where we could raise turkeys for the market.—MRS. A. C. E. B., SEATTLE, WASH.

A. Douglas county in the Umpqua valley is probably the best turkey raising district in the state. At any rate it has been more highly developed in that county than in any other. The town of Oakland ships out large quantities of turkeys each year to different coast cities, including San Francisco. The business, however, is not very highly specialized.



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The farmers there, or a large proportion of them, keep a flock of turkeys and to many of them the turkeys are the main source of profit. The turkeys have wide range over the large farms and in that way the cost of care and feeding is reduced to a minimum. The farmers there have been very successful in the rearing of turkeys. It is not a business, either in that county or in any other district of the country, that lends itself very readily to specialization. Turkeys require considerable range to do well.

Land in the vicinity of Oakland and Roseburg, suitable for turkey raising, as well as for the production of other crops, may be had at very reasonable prices. Good farm land suitable for turkey raising could probably be purchased for \$50 an acre, more or less. We would not advise anyone going into the business on a few acres and keeping any large number of turkeys.

The equipment needed to start in a modest way need not be very much. The main item would be the stock itself. In Douglas county the turkeys are hatched in parks of an acre or two in small cheap coops, then after they are hatched the hen turkey is turned into the fields with her brood and she rustles for most of her living during the summer. No expensive houses are needed.

High-Priced Potato Land

Q. Will you cite me the best section of California for growing Irish potatoes? What would be about the average cost of land for that purpose? I am looking for a district where irrigation is not necessary.—W. D. S., ASHLAND, OHIO.

A. The only large district in California where potatoes are grown without irrigation is the Salinas valley, the largest valley in the Coast Range south of San Francisco. The annual production of the Salinas Burbank potato reaches the value of \$1,000,000 and the quality of this potato is known everywhere in the Southwest. Practically all the potatoes in the Salinas valley are grown without irrigation. Approximately 5000 acres are devoted to potatoes in this district and the average yield per acre is 75 to 80 sacks of 125 pounds each. In the river bottom land around Salinas the yield not infrequently rises to 125 sacks per acre. In 1914 N. F. Martin of Salinas produced 5600 sacks on 38 acres, averaging 155 sacks to the acre.

But the price of land is also high in the vicinity of Salinas; north and east of the river unimproved land of good quality is held at prices ranging from \$95 to \$125 per acre. On this land, however, irrigation is necessary. The best sugar beet and potato land is not on the market except at prices ranging from \$250 to \$400 per acre, without improvements, and the farmers are not anxious to sell as they are making good interest on this valuation.

So far as quantity is concerned the biggest potato district in California lies in the vicinity of Stockton on the so-called islands reclaimed from the overflow lands of the San Joaquin river. Most of these island potatoes are raised by Japanese and Chinese tenants who lease large tracts from the owners. The crop is produced by irrigation. This overflow land protected by levees can be bought for about \$125 to \$150 an acre.

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PATERNAL IRRIGATION
 How the Australian Government Waters the Dry Lands of the Commonwealth, by Edward F. Adams
IN MAY SUNSET

(Continued from page 86)



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Dr. Chitterley achieved a masterpiece of impressionistic art, with smudged cork for a brush and the irregular features of his partner in crime serving as canvas. A startling nocturne in black and white was the result; inasmuch as Lemuel stoutly refused to part with his chin whisker, relic of happier days and badge of his manhood, that appendage stuck out from the dull ebony of his features with more than ever the aspect of a raveling from a rent in the countenance of a ventriloquist's doll. The floppy black hat settled low enough over his ears to conceal his white poll.

With considerable secret misgivings Dr. Chitterley piloted the medicine wagon, vividly bright under the gasoline flare, to a populous corner of Angel's main street. Not in years had the worthy medical man suffered such trepidation at an "opening." He felt that his snowy hair and beard of a prophet must shine a beacon for the queuing eyes of a lurking Maggie Tierney. Moreover, he dreaded the very possible moment when a sheriff would step to the wagon tail and snap something bright and ugly on Lemuel's wrists. He had accepted the lawyer's confession of culpability in full measure.

"My friends, the Old Doctor greets the citizens of Angel's in the name of health and happiness." Chitterley was standing behind his spread counter, his right hand tucked in the bosom of his tight buttoned "Prince Albert." The wagon was quickly surrounded. "Out of forty years of experience in curing the sick and distressed the Old Doctor brings to you tonight the best elixir a bounteous nature has provided for her ailing children. But before giving you the secret of his remarkable discovery, the Doctor hopes to enlighten you on the operation of that most wonderful of all machines, the human body. Now, my friends—"

A voice: "Hey, Doc, where'd you pick up that Chinese nigger you got in th' wagon?"

Lemuel started so violently at this pointed reference to his presence that the accordion between his knees vented a frightened squawk. The crowd roared.

"You see, my friends, the talented gentleman you referred to has answered for himself." Dr. Chitterley said this with the utmost gravity; then, turning to put the question direct to Lemuel: "You do not admit having any Chinese relatives in your family, do you, Mr. Bones?"

"No more'n you'll admit havin' a polecat in your'n!"

Lemuel snapped this out in a squeaky treble, viciously angry. This unrehearsed bit of repartee, wherein the Doctor sided with the crowd and against him, he took as something immediately personal and insulting. Moreover the Doctor's addressing him as "Mr. Bones" Lemuel construed as invidious allusion to the meagerness of his physique.

"Steady—steady, Lemuel," Chitterley admonished, sotto voce, while the crowd bellowed delightedly. Lemuel had made an instantaneous hit. He was a humorist for fair. The very pugnacious outshooting of his stringy white goatee challenged laughter. Impatiently Angel's citizens waited for the Doctor's lecture on the human machine to draw to a close, anticipating the treat promised by Lemuel's presence.

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"And now, good friends, before the Old Doctor puts his inestimable Squaw Root Tonic on sale he will endeavor to amuse you by a little music, in which the Chinese nigger may consent to join. 'Music is the angel speaking in man,' as the poet Milton so truthfully said." The Doctor picked up his banjo, perched himself airily on a corner of the medicine stand, one varnished boot over a lilac hued knee. He nodded down to Lemuel on one of the wagon's lateral seats, the accordion droned a preliminary chord and they began:

Oh listen, all you bullies, while I sings a
 song of him
 What rid a horse to Hellengone, a lov'ly
 bride to win—
 Six feet two, an' thin as a tack;
 Eyes like headlights an' a ramrod back;
 Plays his blue chips by th' stack;
 Awful short on temper an' a'mighty deep
 in sin.
 "Who's him?" says you. (By the Doctor.)
 Why, that's Sonora Slim!
 (Lemuel's antiphonal.)

There was something delightfully wag-gish in the way the good Doctor rolled his head and jiggered his varnished boot in time to the lifting measure. Lemuel's earnestness over the accordion, the sema-phoring of his white paintbrush at every caroled word, brought down the street. When the Doctor stepped behind the medicine stand dollars clinked into his cash drawer like big raindrops before a thunder shower. Another lecture and a second "concert" were given before a more extended audience. Not since the last Tom show came to Angel's had art found such appreciation. When, late that night, the medicine wagon flicked through deserted streets and out into shadowed gulches the success of the Chitterley-Tisdale team was emphatically established.

THEIR next stop was Columbia, where initial success was repeated. Then followed "stands" at Chinese Camp, Murphy's, Jackass Hill. Their fame preceded them. "That Squaw Root outfit" came to have a reputation all up and down the tumbled foothill country of what is known in California as the Southern Mines. A week—two weeks marked the period of their enfranchisement from the double terror that lay behind in Jimtown.

Many elements contributed to blunt the edge of that fear which had sent them on furtive pilgrimage. Each succeeding day that brought no accuser, revealed no secret assassin of happiness, added by so much to the confidence of the fugitives. Though they still considered it the part of wisdom to delay arrival at a town until after dark and preferred the tent of the sky to the walls of a hotel room, the Doctor and Lemuel chose the open camp out of sheer gipsy love rather than because of original precaution. The breath of the mountains soothed old hurts. Arcadian were those hot, herb-scented days, magical the light of stars on pine tree tips. Their way led through musky vales, where the odors of madroño, manzanita and tarweed spread like a fog; over pine-spiked summits of long ridges, piled one behind the other like monstrous waves caught and held in balance; down, by tortuous zigzags and switchbacks of the road, to the misty depths of canyons,

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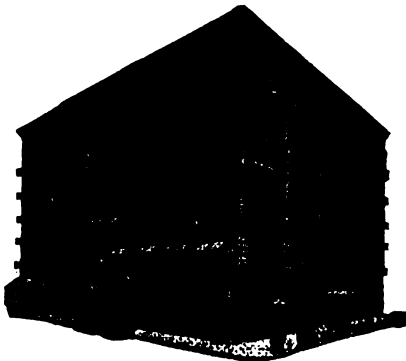
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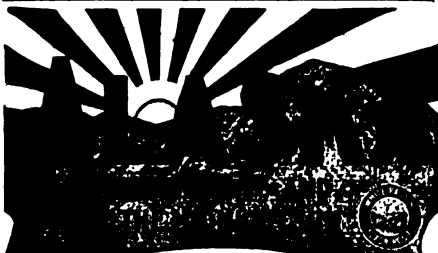


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where what appeared from the heights a silver wire boiled a lusty river. The spirit of the wilderness entered in them, and they forgot.

Over Lemuel, particularly, came a curious change. The timorous, dog-like look faded from his eyes and a rakish independence and swaggering cocksureness took its place. He swore picturesquely, after the school of classic cussers of the hell-to-breakfast sturdiness. He grew to the trick of bracing back his thin shoulders and puffing out his chest like a young rooster. When he chewed tobacco his wispy chin whisker became a spike, challenging combat, and punishing precision marked his disposition of the by-product. In idle moments, when he and the Doctor lolled in the shade by some creek side watching the volplaning of the devil's-darning-needles and listening to the battery blows of some woodpecker, Lemuel fell into the habit of dropping cryptic remarks about himself.

"I reckon a certain party's got to rise up purty early before dawn to come anythin' over Lemuel Tisdale—ol' Hell-roarin' Lem-u-el," he once said, wagging his head with the air of one on terms of familiarity with wickedness and guile. Another time, without any preliminaries: "Nobody could figure how downright bad a man can get when he's druv to it; now could they, Doc?"

In the revival of memories and mulling over old times together one circumstance brought immeasurable comfort to the Doctor. Lemuel never mentioned the reason for Buck Chitterley's sudden departure from Jimtown that dour day forty years back, yet Lemuel knew well enough. That silence was very circumspect of the little chap, Chitterley thought; Lemuel had discretion.

DARKLING disaster came as she always does, robed in purest sunshine and tripping it on a carpet of flowers.

It was near noon of a gorgeous day and the medicine wagon was joggling along the stageroad from Indian Diggings to Grizzly Flats. Lemuel, on the driver's seat, was nodding, chin on chest, in a delicious daydream. Dr. Chitterley held the reins carelessly, and from his bearded lips came a tuneless little song. With a rattle of whiffle-trees and slither of brake on tire the Grizzly Flats stage bore down a sharp little hill ahead of them. The Doctor turned Ben and Bill off the road to let the lumbering old Concord pass. He looked up under his wide hatbrim to pass the greetings of the road—and his heart turned to curds.

A shrill feminine yell: "Driver, stop! I want to get off here. Stop, I say!"

"Huh?" Lemuel questioned sleepily, opening his eyes. "Huh!"

Bang! went the brake arm down to the farthest notch, the stage came up with a jerk and she whom the Doctor knew as Maggie Tierney half fell, half scrambled down from a seat on the roof. She alighted solidly on her feet, and made the steps at the tail of the medicine wagon in three jumps. The two big blacks were sliding to their haunches with the convulsive tug given to the lines by the Doctor. Paralyzed, he could not utter the command to flight. In a qualm of fear he saw nodding geraniums on a bonnet, then a turkey red shawl, appear

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between the brass handrails at the back of the wagon. The stretch of countenance between those two decorative incidentals was not pleasant to look upon.

"LEM-U-EL TISDALE!"

"Yes, Maggie, I can hear without all that hullabaloo." Lemuel had turned in the driver's seat and was observing the advancing fury with his paintbrush spiking out at a most aggressive angle. Maggie stopped short between the lateral seats and stared—stared exclusively at Lemuel. Nor was this unexpected shunting of the lightning lost upon the worthy Chitterley, along whose spine little caterpillars were crawling. Lemuel swung his feet over the back of the seat and dropped down to the wagon floor. His hands were plunged uncompromisingly into his trousers pockets and his head held itself jauntily.

"Drive on there, you stage-driver!" he gruffly commanded over Maggie's shoulder. "This lady'll ride with us a spell." The Concord resumed its way. Lemuel approached the lady in the red shawl with a slow and calculated step. The Doctor, on the high seat, still expected a flank attack from the boarding party—counted Lemuel's move as a deliberate sacrifice to divert the enemy's main purpose.

"You, Lem—" the lady began; but a white semaphore of a chin whisker signaled "closed switch."

"An' may I ask what you are doing so far from home?" Bitter scorn was in his voice.

"Why—why, Lemuel, when you ran away from me I had to come and find you, didn't I?"

"An' so you come just where you ought not to be, woman! Here where this snake in the grass Chitterley can cast his desirin' eyes at you." The geraniums nodded convulsively.

"Why, Lemuel Tisdale, what d'you mean, 'his desirin' eyes'?—that old turkey gobbler up there!" A gasp from the Doctor.

"Just this, wo-o-man." Lemuel prolonged the shrill fife note of his outraged dignity. "This old rapsallion sweet-heart of your'n comes back to Jimtown after forty years to look you up an' get you to elope with him. Oh, don't you go for to say nothin' denyin'. I know! he's confessed everythin'. Didn't I hear how you went up to this medicine wagon for to have words with him the very first night he was in town? And why did you seek him out if it tw'ant to renew tender affections?" Lemuel was nearly magnificent in his righteous scorn. The startled eyes under the bobbing geraniums wavered. Like fire set to a full blown field of cotton the blood flooded up under the Doctor's beard.

"So what did I up and do?" The white goatee put the rhetorical question with a fierce down-and-up crescendo. "Why, I went to his hotel that night, before he got a chance to meet you clan-des-tinely, as you might say, an' I run him out of Jimtown. An' what was I doin' right this minute when you traipeses along an' throws yourself into a strong man's business—just like women's always doin'? What was I doin', I say?"

"Why, I was runnin' of him out of th' state of Californy. 'S that right, Chit-terley?"

"I must admit that is so, Tisdale," the

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Will advance expenses and pay straight weekly salary of \$18 to man or woman with fair education and good references. No canvassing. Staple line. Old-established firm. G. M. Nichols, Philadelphia, Pa., Pepper Bldg.

Five bright, capable ladies to travel, demon-strate and sell dealers. \$25 to \$30 per week. Railroad fare paid. Goodrich Drug Company, Dept. 68, Omaha, Neb.

Motion Picture Business

\$35.00 Profit Nightly. Small Capital Starts you. No experience needed. We teach you. Our machines are used and endorsed by Government Institutions. Catalog and Testimonials free. Atlas Moving Picture Co., 403 Franklin Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Miscellaneous

Cash for Coupons. We buy, sell, or exchange all kinds of cigar, cigarette, tobacco, grocery, and trading stamps. Levy & McKaye Coupon Exchange Station, 204 Mercantile Place (upstairs), Los Angeles. Oldest and most reliable Coupon House on the Coast.

Engines, Ranch Supplies, Implements and Wagons. All sizes of tractors. Largest stock in southwest. Established 1892. Write for 300 page catalogue. Quotations furnished promptly. We ship everywhere. Arnott & Co., Los Angeles.

Spend spare time, profitably—Gathering butterfiles, millers. Many wanted for Museums, Artwork. I pay highest prices. Everybody. Send 2c stamp for particulars and 8 page folder. Sinclair, Box 244 D-51, Los Angeles, Cal.

Australian Black Opals—We are headquarters for these beautiful Gems, as well as all other precious and semi-precious stones. Mounted to order. Illustrated book free. The Gem Shop, 925-27 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

Doctor murmured in a trance, vaguely shaping his answer to half-comprehended strategy.

"Why, Lemuel—why, Lem!" Black eyes, recently so dangerously smoldering, grew misty with admiration and feminine love for knight-errantry conquered. The turkey red shawl dropped and arms clasped Lemuel's neck in a gust of hysteria.

"Drive on to Grizzly Flats, Chitterley!" Lemuel cocked one humorous eye over his lady's shoulder in the advantage moment of the embrace—gravely lowered a pregnant lid over it. "Drive on to Grizzly Flats an' there we'll talk over what's to be done with you. Meantime Missis Tisdale and me'll just set down here together on one of these side seats. The Missis wants to explain her outrageous conduct sort of private like."

BRoad noon a week following the incident on the Grizzly Flats road. Dr. Chitterley sat in dappled shade by a creek side, compounding in a china bowl his incomparable tonic; by his side Lemuel, comfortably ruminating.

"Which it always does work out that way, Buck," Lemuel was saying. "Just let a man show a female woman where she stands—just once!—an' she's goin' to know her place forever an' amen after. A rough hand, Buck, an' a curb bit—"

"Lem-u-el!" The little man's goatee flicked like a frightened rabbit's tail. A bottle dropped from the Doctor's hand to shiver against a rock.

"Lemuel Tisdale!" Again the strident hail from the campfire back on the little flat where the medicine wagon stood. Lemuel scrambled to his feet in haste. "Where's that pail of water I sent you to fetch a half hour ago? And you tell that old gobbler Chitterley he don't get coffee unless he rustles me some fat pine pronto."

"Yes, Maggie," Lemuel babbled.

"Yes, Maggie," echoed the worthy Doctor.



The Ark: Not a Boat But a Boat-Shaped House

A n oddity in cottage construction is "The Ark," a quaint little home in the California city of La Jolla, which looks like a stranded boat, and which stands only a short distance from the sea. In reality it is a comfortable bungalow, when one sees the interior, with all the modern conveniences and artistic furnishing. It was built in this odd design merely to give a nautical touch appropriate to its site by the Pacific.

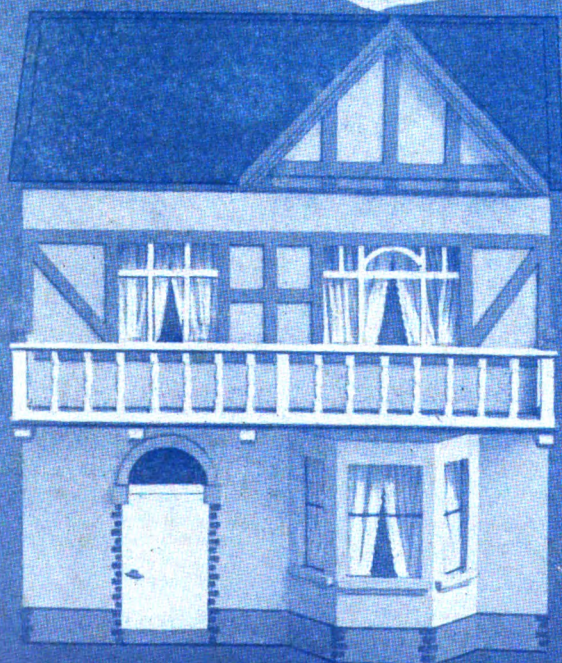
May 15 cents
Sunset
THE PACIFIC MONTHLY



The Ram and the He-Goat—By Peter B. Kyne
Mobilizing the Flintlock Army—An Object Lesson

Housecleaning

"Is Play"
With
Old Dutch



Highest
Quality

Contains No
Dangerous
Caustic
Acid
Alkali
Ammonia

Won't Roughen
or Redden
Your Hands

Sunset

THE PACIFIC MONTHLY

WILLIAM WOODHEAD
President

CHARLES K. FIELD
Vice-President

WALTER V. WOHLKE
Secretary

WOODHEAD, FIELD & COMPANY
SAN FRANCISCO

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Editor

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TERMS: \$1.50 a year, single copy, 15 cents. For Canada, 50 cents additional; for other countries, \$1.00 additional.

Entered at the San Francisco Post Office as second class matter.

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SAN FRANCISCO

SUNSET BUILDING

LOS ANGELES
STORY BUILDING

SEATTLE

STUART BUILDING

PORTLAND, ORE.

WILCOX BUILDING

NEW YORK

CANDLER BUILDING

CHICAGO

MARQUETTE BUILDING

BOSTON

6 BEACON STREET

H. G. Wells' New Novel

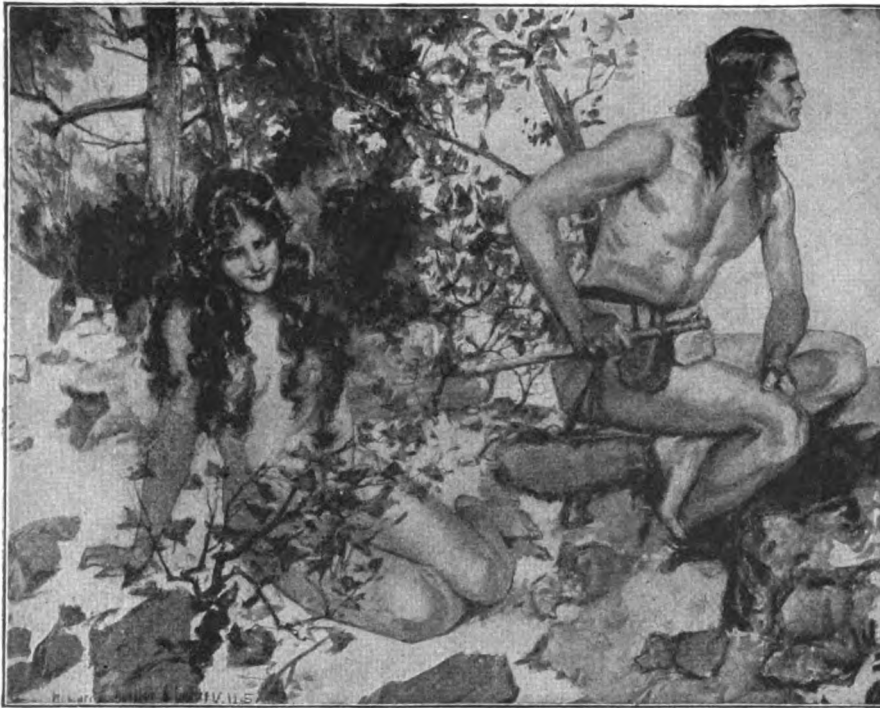
is a powerful and graphic picture of the great European War and the British spirit awakened.

Its title is "Mr. Britling Sees It Through." Future histories will be illuminated by this fictitious narrative that is more living than history can be.

You can begin reading this story by England's greatest living novelist in the May issues of

5¢ a copy
Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

416 West 13th Street, New York City



It Took a Genius to Write This Love Story

MORGAN ROBERTSON'S genius leaped beyond the conventional love story. In this idyll of young love he pictures man and woman in conditions as primitive as when Adam found Eve. The story—"The Three Laws and the Golden Rule"—is found in the new McClure-Metropolitan edition of Robertson. It continues the narrative told in "PRIMORDIAL"—of the boy and girl shipwrecked on a desert island. It shows how each life responded to the instincts of the race. The reader sees vividly unfolded in these two young lives the whole

drama of human existence. The world's first wooing was like this. The new edition is a treasure trove to the lover of unusual, absorbing stories. It contains "Sinful Peck," a novel of 70,000 words—Morgan Robertson's master creation. "Sinful Peck belongs in the same immortal company with Long John Silver and Robinson Crusoe," said Irvin S. Cobb. These stories throw you among Chinese pirates, hypnotists, stowaways, undersea creatures. They take you into the mysterious realm of Personality. They make you hunger for more. Here's how you can get them free:—

MAKING A DREAM COME TRUE

MORGAN Robertson never got any real reward for his work. He grew old—and poor. Last March he died. Before his death, however, he had the satisfaction of seeing the McClure Publications and Metropolitan Magazine undertake to gain him his rightful place in literature—the place he deserved in the hearts of his countrymen, and the money necessary to enable his wife and him to spend their last days without hearing the howl of the wolf at the door. His desire, when dying, was that the sale of his books would permit his devoted wife to live without want. Will the American public grant him his last wish? That's what we propose to find out. You answer Yes when you

send in your order for this new four-volume edition of Morgan Robertson's works, together with a year's subscription to McClure's Magazine, Metropolitan, and Ladies' World. We will pay for the books. We will pay the carriage charges on them. We will pay Mrs. Robertson a generous royalty—if you will pay for the magazines less than they would cost you at the newsstands, and you may pay for your subscriptions in easy monthly payments.

THE 4 BOOKS FREE

The 35 stories, embracing his best work, are in four handsome cloth bound volumes—over 1,000 pages—printed in new easy-to-read type—titles stamped in gold. You need send only 10c now with this coupon. After that, \$1.00 a month for four months to pay for the magazines, and that's all. The books are yours FREE. If you wish to pay all at once, send only \$3.75. If you prefer full leather binding, send \$5.75. We recommend this edition to book lovers.

WHAT ONE READER SAYS:

"Gentlemen:—For the love of Mike, please tell me where I can secure more of Morgan Robertson's stories! I own the four books which you offer—have read them from 'kiver to kiver,' and believe with Irvin Cobb that his sea stories are the best ever written by an American. I want to hear some more about poor old Finnegan, who was no good unless drunk, and Lieut. Brown and Capt. Swarth and the rest of them."

You Join Hands With These Men When You Mail the Coupon

"No American writer has ever written better short stories than Morgan Robertson."—Irvin S. Cobb.

"A master of his art. No lover of real stories can afford to miss reading Morgan Robertson."—Richard Harding Davis.

"Morgan Robertson has written some of the greatest sea stories of our generation."—George Horace Lorimer, (Editor Saturday Evening Post).

"I hold a high opinion of Morgan Robertson's work. Please enter my subscription for your new edition."—Robert W. Chambers.

MAIL THE COUPON WITH 10c TODAY!

McCLURE BOOK CO.
McClure Building
New York

I enclose ten cents. Please send me Morgan Robertson's new stories in 4 volumes, and enter my subscription to McClure's, Metropolitan and The Ladies' World, each for 12 months. I promise to pay one dollar a month for four months for the magazines. The books are mine FREE.

Name

Address

City.....State.....

* Change terms of payment to six months if you prefer full leather binding

THE McCLURE VALUE CO.
McClure Building New York City

Unique Among Magazines



Probably Joe Mitchell Chapple knows personally more famous people than any other man in the world

—The London Daily Mail, Paris Edition

OTHER magazines have their place in fiction and fact, but the *National* with Joe Chapple at the helm is different. Every month for twenty years he has made a trip to Washington to obtain material for his "Affairs at Washington" department. You can hear him 12 times a year through the pages of

The National Magazine

and enjoy the many timely, interesting talks and special articles on the big men and affairs of the day. The *National* follows no rut. It is the *vers libre* of the magazine world. It takes you over wide stretches of territory. It sets you down suddenly face to face with a big fact. It keeps close to human impulses. People usually like it. It "boosts" life at every angle. It is not a palliative, but a blood and iron tonic to every person—man, woman, child. No matter where you live, the *National* will do you good. Write today for a copy and until you have read the magazine. Send No Money now and know you like it. For \$1.00, every four months, you can become a regular subscriber to the *National Magazine*.

NATIONAL MAGAZINE, Boston, Mass.
Publishers of "Heart Throbs" and "Heart Songs"

You like to go
**Hunting
Fishing
Trapping**

Then surely you will enjoy the *National Sportsman* Magazine with its 160 richly illustrated pages, full to overflowing with interesting stories and valuable information about guns, fishing tackle, camp-outs—the best places to go for fish and game, and a thousand and one valuable "How to" hints for Sportsmen. The *National Sportsman* is just like a big camp-fire in the woods where thousands of good fellows gather once a month and spin stirring yarns about their experiences with rod, dog, rifle and gun. All this for 15c a copy.

Special Offer

We will send you **FREE of Charge** one of our handsome Ormulo Gold watch fobs as here shown with Seal grain leather strap and gold plated buckle on receipt of \$1.00 for a year's subscription to the *National Sportsman*. Here's what you get for your money:

12 copies *National Sportsman* at 15c ea., Val. \$1.80
Watch Fob,50

Total Value, \$2.30

All to you for \$1.00. Your money back if not satisfied.

NATIONAL SPORTSMAN, 243 Columbus Ave., BOSTON, MASS.

Ad-Letter Contest Winners for March

LAST month we thought the limit had been reached, but in March we received an avalanche of letters from Sunset readers who have entered into this absorbingly interesting contest. One contestant says the entire family is competing and that "it's lots of fun." Another says, "thanks for thus encouraging me to read the advertisements carefully. I've learned more about goods advertised than I have ever known before." There were hundreds of fine letters concerning the March ads, and we're really sorry we could not give more prizes. Below are the first, second and third winning letters reproduced in full and the names and addresses of all the winners. If you are not competing in this contest get into it at once. It's great fun and has an educational value worth while for the effort.

First Award—Old Dutch Cleanser



In advertising the same as in other branches of art there is usually more than one standard of excellency. The highest class of advertising is that which at first glance attracts the eye, is so arranged and worded that the reader's interest is immediately arrested, and lastly is a picture which remains in the mind's eye to be recalled when occasion prompts it.

To me the "Old Dutch Cleanser" advertisement is representative of the best class of advertising for the following reasons:

1. It is attractive to the eye.
2. It radiates cleanliness, and you feel and know that the picture is one taken in the house-wife's kitchen, and not from an artist's mind.
3. The picture is so real that every shadow, every fold and wrinkle of the young woman's dress, and even the bending position of her body and position of hands, show that it is a real and not an imaginary picture.
4. The picture shows one use of the article advertised, therefore it is necessary to state and to show other uses of it; and here again it is neat and concise. Any more would look bunglesome, and any less would not be doing the article justice.
5. And most important, it suggests a bright, sunny, cheerful morning in a most delightful kitchen, with the happiest of a house-wife singing and smiling while doing her housework all because of the "Old Dutch Cleanser."

(Miss) IRMA MORRIS, 762 Walker Ave., Oakland, Cal.

Second Award—Clinton Wire Cloth



It tells the story at a glance: the filthy fly and the murderous mosquito, where they belong, "on the outside looking in."

That's one reason why I consider the ad of the Clinton Wire Cloth Company in March Sunset the most effective in the issue.

And it's a good reason, a fundamental reason, for a good ad, like a good cartoon, hits you between the eyes. Then, too, the ad is seasonable, and it appeals particularly because the problem of screen protection is perennial and peaky—as much so as the pests which make it a problem.

You wonder instantly if there really can be a screen cloth which does not rust or tear or sag or wear out. And you are satisfied—because the screen shown in the cut looks strong and you know that it is bronze and you are told that "Pompeian Bronze Screen Cloth" does not do what all the screens you have ever tried have never failed to do.

Further, the ad, from the standpoint of artistic typography, is perfect. The white border throws it into bold relief; the forceful lines in white against a black background are vivid; even the landscape enlists your interest because of its realism, and the insects—involuntarily you breathe a sigh of relief to know there is a screen that offers real protection against these enemies of disease and death.

Finally—and this is the clincher—you feel an irresistible impulse to investigate Pompeian, the very first thing in the morning!

W. W. GALL, Billings, Montana.

Third Award—Evinrude



Of all the Ads in March *SUNSET*, that Evinrude advertisement pulls me the strongest. Look at that refreshing, summer scene, the cool, leafy nook, the staunch little boat and happy, white-clad figures! They are adventurers exploring the undiscovered corners of their vicinity. The suggestion strikes home. Every community has its undiscovered corners. I know mine has, especially along the rivers. I have always had a longing to explore these out-of-the-way places but the very thought of using a common row-boat or canoe, suggestive of perspiration, backache, and blistered hands, offsets my desire to make such trips.

But now I am wise. That little, detachable Evinrude motor is just the thing. It combines the advantages of a real power boat with the inexpensiveness of an oar-boat. A motor boat would be too large and expensive for me. But I can stick this little Evinrude engine on the tail end of my old row boat—it says that it takes only a few minutes—and with a few of my friends, go Evinruding on voyages of discovery during the hot summer months as I have always wanted to do. It will cost less and afford more real pleasure than going to the beach or to the mountains. I can use it any time and be home every night. Surely, I shall look up this Evinrude proposition. It's a good thing I saw that Ad.

HOWARD O. ROGERS, Portland, Oregon.

Awards of Merit: It was a close decision but the judges decided that the fourth and fifth prizes of \$5.00 each should go to Mrs. R. Stephenson, Rockford, Illinois, on her splendid letter about the Hind's Honey and Almond Cream advertisement, and to H. A. Hart, Olympia, Washington, on a dandy letter analyzing the Union Pacific colonization advertisement. Hundreds of fine letters concerning the Savage Tire, American Telegraph and Telephone, International Correspondence School, Old Hampshire Paper, Ivory Soap, Fairy Soap, and other advertisements were received—but of course five prizes can't be distributed to all our contestants.

Five Cash Prizes Each Month for Merely Writing Letters

The object of this Contest is to stimulate the interest of *SUNSET* Magazine readers in the splendid announcements of the national advertisers whose advertisements appear each month in the Magazine, and to encourage a keener appreciation of the value of design and text.

What constitutes a good advertisement? Why do some ads appeal more strongly to you than do others? Why did this or that announcement indelibly impress itself upon your memory?

Study the ads in this number of *SUNSET*. Try to analyze the advertisement that made the deepest impression upon your mind. Then write down your reasons. Simple, isn't it?

Now! For the best letter received each month we will award a cash prize of \$25.00; for the second best letter, a prize of \$15.00; for the third, a prize of \$10.00. Each of these letters will be published in full in *SUNSET* Magazine, together with a reproduction of the ad, and the name and address of the prize-winning letter writer. In addition to

these three prizes, there will be two \$5.00 cash prizes as awards of merit for the fourth and fifth best letters.

Above are the prize-winning letters in the March Contest. They are good letters, carefully written and carefully analyzing strong ads. There were hundreds of other letters but these were selected by the judges as the best of all submitted in March. Study them as models for your letter. Every reader of *Sunset* is entitled to enter the contest.

Rules Governing the Ad-Letter Contest

The contest begins with the January, 1916, issue and will run until December, 1916, issue.

The letter must not exceed 250 words in length.

The letter must bear the name and address of the writer and in no instance will we assume responsibility for the return of manuscript.

The letter must be submitted within fifteen days

after receipt of copy by the subscriber in order to reach us in time for consideration. The announcement of the prizes will follow in the second month's number of *SUNSET*—for example, the prize-winning letters submitted on the advertisements in the May *SUNSET* must reach us not later than May 20th and the awards will be announced in the July issue of *SUNSET*.

If you can write a letter, you stand a chance to obtain one of these cash prizes.

The conditions of the Contest are all set forth in this announcement. It will not be necessary to write for further particulars. Just send in your letters, typewritten if possible, together with your name and address.

Send Your Subscription and Address all Correspondence to Contest Editor, *SUNSET* Magazine, SAN FRANCISCO

Having Saved Your Money— What Bonds Will You Buy?

Municipal Bonds:

Under this classification are grouped the bonds of States, Counties, Cities and School Districts: authorized by vote of the people, and, when legally issued, obligations of thriving communities are absolutely safe but bear a low rate of interest.

Railroad Bonds:

The underlying mortgage bonds of the large railroad systems are desirable securities for temporary investment on account of their immediate salability in the markets of the world.

Public Utility Bonds:

The mortgage bonds of prosperous companies serving the necessities of modern life such as water, gas and electricity for light and power are a favorite investment as they are well secured and ordinarily yield a fair return.

Any of the above bonds should only be purchased under the advice of experienced dealers.

Send for our descriptive circular
SS-37

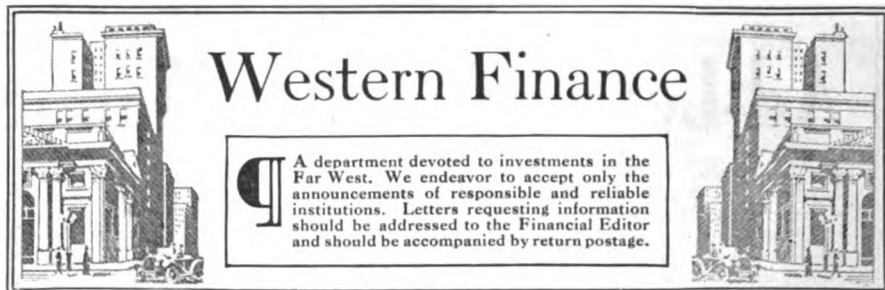
offering various issues of all of the classes mentioned above.

N.W. Halsey & Co.

424 California St.
San Francisco

Hibernian Bldg., Los Angeles
Railway Exchange Bldg., Portland

New York Boston
Philadelphia Chicago



Western Finance

A department devoted to investments in the Far West. We endeavor to accept only the announcements of responsible and reliable institutions. Letters requesting information should be addressed to the Financial Editor and should be accompanied by return postage.

Are Western Securities Secure?

By Edwin Selwin

TO understand Western investments it may be assumed that an understanding of the West and Western people will be helpful.

Western people are much like those of any other section of the United States; actuated in the main by the same motives, subject to the same exigencies of business, with the usual frailties of human nature, but perhaps with a degree more of the Spartan virtues. Certainly they are more venturesome; in their own minds at least, broader in view; and it is quite within bounds to say that the creative instinct is with them more highly developed.

Now, Western investments are performed by Western people having as a whole those characteristics, and these investments are for the most part based upon things typically Western.

It is hard for the man or woman living, for instance, in Boston or Philadelphia or Savannah, who has never crossed the Rockies, to get the Western viewpoint. They have been born and reared amid surroundings wherein the measure of comparative values of men and things is more or less unchanging. Custom and precedent with them mean everything. Out here custom, never a matter to be regarded with a feeling of awe, changes as fast as a better way is found; while as for precedent, the Western men who do things make their own precedents.

So if you would understand Western investments you must understand something of the mental processes of the people who are responsible for these investments.

First of all you must take into consideration the cosmopolitan character of the population. Most of us are from somewhere else. That is to say, with the exception of the older settled portions of California, but few of the men at the head of the big things out here are native to this section; and in the case of the Californians, the old spirit of the Argonauts still runs in the blood.

From every part of the land have they come, the most daring spirits, the brightest minds—to make accomplishment out of the dreamings of ambition in the old home town.

And coming, they have been quickly assimilated, have easily found the place awaiting them in the ranks of the builders.

One does not live long on the Pacific Coast before one begins to think big things in a big way.

So the man from the Eastern or Southern states soon grows away from the won-

der of his first years in the West, forgets the question "why" he asked himself in the beginning, and—he goes back home on a visit.

He is asked to explain the Lure of the West. He cannot. He offers to, but his explanations are inadequate. Somehow he feels the judgment passed upon his remarks when he tells of the business opportunities "out West," of the wonderful farming and fruit country bordering the Pacific, of the climate, of the big things of which he has now become a part. His descriptions fall flat, he is regarded as an enthusiast with optimism run wild.

And why?

Because it is hard to tell others that the Lure of the West is a cumulative, constructive thought force—a movement of bound-together interests, rather than a plain matter of dollars and cents.

The Easterner yet a stranger to the Coast, when it comes to considering a Western investment, doesn't altogether understand this, and he feels in an indefinite sort of a way he is taking chances.

Right here it may be well to remark that unless he grows to "understand" he is taking chances.

There is nowhere in the world that a man may go and find a safe and profitable investment for his money at all times in all kinds of business.

Some branches of industry are worked to the full limit out here—but only a very few. Other lines offer splendid opportunities if the investor starts when the time is ripe for the particular thing he has in mind. There are considerations here as elsewhere that make for failure or success, and the wise investor tunes himself to his surroundings, studies the proposition from all sides, and sees to it that he doesn't go in too deeply.

Daring like all things else is largely a matter of comparison. Things that back East would be considered foolhardy are here taken as a matter of course. It's the difference in conditions as much as in the mental attitude. Unless you have the right perspective your judgment on Western investments will be untrustworthy.

Every financial man in San Francisco, Los Angeles, Portland, Seattle and Spokane has seen the rankest kind of schemes masquerading as investments gather in Eastern money while really meritorious projects have been financed at home after having been rejected by Eastern capital.

Some people are over-optimistic about the West. To them the phrase "my

Western investments" somehow seems to take on a magic meaning that can be translated only by the word "gold." Like as not their "investments" are but the veriest speculations. Even the West cannot put value where it is not.

Others are unduly pessimistic. To them there is naught of investment good in anything that lies this side the Allegheny mountains.

So it goes.

The investor in bonds always has his own peculiar problems, safety of principal, net yield, convertibility, maturities, etc. To these has been added another, which with many investors is becoming a decidedly serious one. Investment return is in the nature of a fixed quantity. The purchasing power of the dollar is growing steadily less. The Eastern investor, assuming he is still buying the same type of securities as he did say a decade ago, finds himself with the same relative income yet with a vastly diminished purchasing power.

What is he to do?

Either he must cut the scale of his living expenditures, or seek a higher return. To get the latter, unless he be careful, he will — perhaps unconsciously — sacrifice the element of safety, which in itself comprises the law and the prophets of successful investing.

To him the West should be a most inviting field. Here he can get the increased yield which circumstances beyond his control have made necessary. At the same time he need not take any risk with his principal beyond the negligible one to which all investments are subject, and which he has always taken, whether knowingly or not.

As shown in the last article in this series, interest rates are dependent upon the money market in which the interest originates; and it was explained why interest is higher in the West than in the East, with degree of safety the same.

So it would seem that the logical thing to do for the Eastern investor whose savings must for his own comfort produce a larger return is to turn to Western investments.

But if you do not know the West, the Western people, and are not able of your own knowledge to judge of Western investments, do not rush blindly in; else you are quite likely to meet with disaster. The thing for you to do is to get in touch with a reputable investment house in one of the big Pacific Coast cities. Write to them frankly of your needs and resources, that they may intelligently serve you.

Service is the foundation stone upon which the structure of the modern investment house is built. It neither begins nor ends with the sale of a security to a customer. It begins away back with the preliminary investigation which is made before the bringing out of a new bond issue is even considered. It ends only with the redemption at maturity of the bond that has been sold. In between is a vast amount of detail work and responsibility of which the investor knows little.

The reputation of the bond man is his stock in trade. A bond house of ill repute cannot sell good securities. A bond house of good standing can sell bad securities—once.

But you as an investor have your part to do. Don't put it all up to the bond man.

**President Wilson's Message
on Advertising**

Contained in the following letter to the President of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

October 11, 1916.

My dear Mr. Houston:

Advertising is a factor of constantly increasing power in modern business, and it very vitally affects the public in all its phases, particularly since the mediums for the dissemination of advertising have increased so remarkably in recent years. For business men, therefore, it is of the utmost importance that the highest standards should be applied to advertising as to business itself.

The country is to be congratulated on the work of the Associated Advertising Clubs to establish and enforce a code of ethics based upon candid truth that shall govern advertising methods, and the effect of its work should be of the greatest benefit to the country. It augurs permanence and stability in industrial and distributive methods, because it means good business judgment, and more than that, it indicates a fine conception of public obligation on the part of men in business, a conception which is one of the inspiring things in our outlook upon the future of national development.

Cordially and sincerely yours,
Woodrow Wilson

Drawn by
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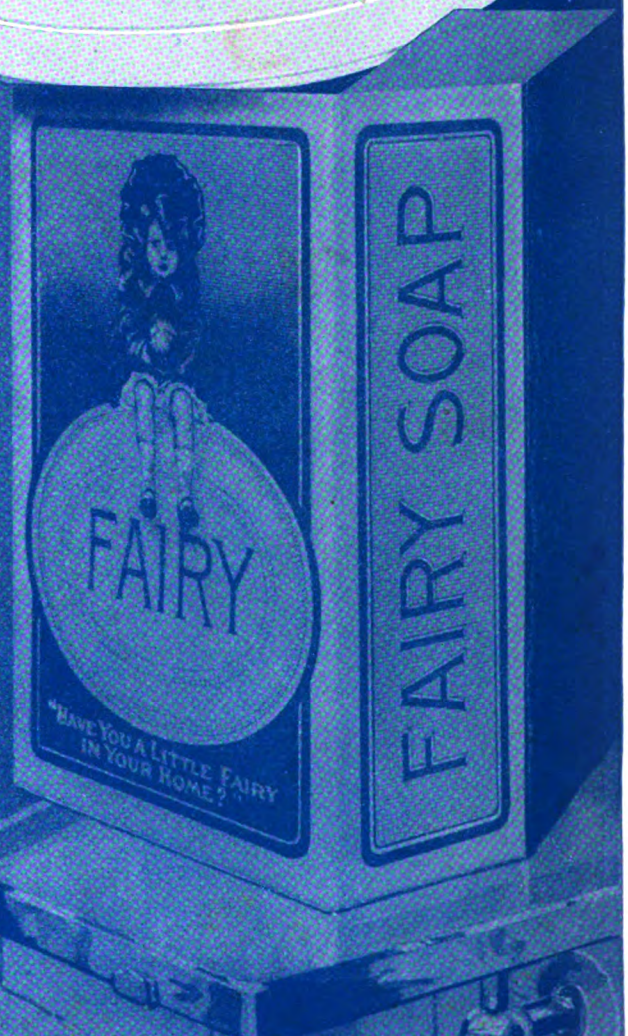
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The Pageant of May

The May Queen rules amid the blossoming hills and dales of the West. She holds high court before a joyous people in a shining fragrant realm. It is the eager bud-time of the year and all the world belongs to youth

Sunset

THE PACIFIC MONTHLY



Across the Editor's Desk



AS was unerringly predicted by our Marine Exchange last month, you will find the good ship "Peter B. Kyne" tied up to Pier 13 with a standard cargo from those Hesperidian islands of the blest where stories grow. The Hesperides, of course, were noted chiefly for their apples, while the present cargo is specifically listed as live-stock, but as no poetical allusion to a classic land of rams and he-goats comes to mind just now, the Hesperides must serve. Yet accuracy in all ways is the SUNSET ideal. Even Mr. Kyne, born romancer that he is, aspires to it. Recently a reader noted carefully that Mr. Kyne in a Yucatan tale had mentioned a jennet and made his hero say "Ride my mule; she's very gentle." Whereupon she sent a letter to this desk as follows:

"If Peter B. Kyne would consult Webster's dictionary he would find that a jennet is not a 'lady mule'."

Such an error in our Service Bureau would have been very serious and even in our fiction it would be regrettable. The complaint was referred at once to Mr. Kyne for an explanation. His reply was prompt: "These magazine detectives give me a pain. The fact of the matter is the lady does not know what she is talking about. The dictionary defines a jennet thusly: 1. A small Spanish horse originating in the Middle Ages from a cross of the native stock with barbs or Arabians. 2. (Local U. S.) the female ass. In this country the female ass is a hybrid obtained by crossing the male ass with a mare. This produces a large bony draft animal. On the contrary, the hybrid which is a cross between the stallion and the jenny is a light graceful animal which is used for saddle purposes and which, erroneously or not, is called colloquially a jennet, doubtless owing to the fact that the animal, being small, light and graceful, resembles the female ass or jennet. Anyhow, only jennets complain to magazine editors!"

Of course, Mr. Kyne's "Irish was up" or he wouldn't have spoken so harshly of our gentle readers whose "otherwise" letters are respectfully read and frankly published. And if he hadn't been excited he would not have overlooked the corroboration of the dictionary which says further that a jennet is: 3. "A hinny (from the Latin *hinus*, a mule)." So there we are, all fixed and no further kick coming.

THE ideal ought to be something just out of reach. This may not seem to apply to accuracy, in theory, but it works out that way in practice. The fallibility of the human mind, editorial or otherwise, is cheerfully admitted. When letters from our readers call attention to apparent evidences of this fallibility, it is refreshing to be able to produce a witness for the defense. The other day a letter said:

"Is it the custom in Fresno county to drive pacing horses at such a rate as indicated on page 95 of SUNSET when plowing? I have admired the illustrations in SUN-

SET but I hope they are truer to what we Easterners experience in the use of plow teams than this seems to be."

The unhappy artist who had drawn the picture for the Fresno advertising was summoned into the Editorial Presence. When confronted with the reader's criticism he blushed rosy red to the roots of his tumbled mane.

"Is the horse pacing?" he asked weakly. It was plain that he was concealing something. Out with it! Finally with the greatest reluctance he yielded up his shameful secret. "I copied it from a photograph of a man plowing" he faltered and withdrew disgraced. Art was in the discard but accuracy was aces high.

THE name given by Mr. Bull to his cover design this month is "As they say in the Navy." Mr. Bull does not commit himself as to just what this particular bit of wig-wagging conversation expresses. This leaves it open to conjecture. At this writing it is probable that the young gentlemen with the bright flags are signaling nothing more critical than the announcement that the Admiral is having his dinner on the flagship. It is just possible, though, that by the time this cover is brightening the newsstands of the land, these flags may be saying something not to be translated into Spanish for the benefit of those on shore at Vera Cruz. Let us hope that the Admiral continues to dine in peace. Yet Mr. Reid's description of the mobilizing of the flint-lock army, on page 16 of this issue, at a time when no one knows just what is going to burst out of the enlightened patriotism of various Mexican generals, inclines the mind to thoughts of ships off Vera Cruz rather than long thin lines of communication across the deserts of northern Mexico. But journalistic enterprise sinks in the larger desire for peace. May this cover-picture have no extraordinary timeliness a month after this writing!

THERE are dustless silken state highways and more automobiles per capita than almost anywhere else, and symphony orchestras, and many other luxuries to show that the West is becoming sophisticated. Yet pioneer days are right at the edge of these modern improvements. To be sure, no Indians are on the war-path, but homesteading is still much more of an undertaking than gardening on a suburban town lot. If Miss Cecelia Weiss, who describes her experiences as a homesteader next month, had any illusions on this point when she took up land under the Homestead Act, she got bravely over them. In the best regulated subdivisions the devoted resident who is engaged in obtaining a flower-smothered home does not carefully save the water after having washed his face of a summer's morning. Young ladies in the suburbs do not have to guard against scandal so carefully that they dare not ask their callers into the house. In spite of drouth and loneliness, this plucky girl "won through" and her narrative is well worth reading.



SOFT silky hair, smooth white skin, delicate little garments—from head to foot everything about a child says, "To keep me clean use Ivory Soap".

To the mother who knows Ivory Soap nothing else seems quite good enough; nothing else seems to have the purity and mildness which she desires.

For thirty-seven years Ivory Soap has been associated with the most exacting of toilet, laundry and household uses. Wherever cleaning tends to irritate or injure, making necessary a soap of extreme mildness and purity, it is natural to trust to Ivory.

IVORY SOAP



IT FLOATS

99 $\frac{44}{100}$ % PURE

The Vision of the Ram and He-Goat



The Somewhat Biblical Record of Men Who Bet on an Overdue Ship



By Peter B. Kyne

Illustrated by Louis Rogers

ALL of this happened a number of years ago, in the days of the old San Francisco when gambling on overdue ships was one of the sins that was then possible and added to the joy of living. They used to speak of the pastime as reinsurance, but that was just to take the curse off it, for gambling on the overdue board was the sport of a gentleman and a business man, and while business men are, of necessity, the greatest gamblers on earth, nevertheless (doubtless because we are all hypocrites in a greater or lesser sense) the word gambler distresses them. It has a sinister sound and wherever spoken it is a shock to one's sense of order and righteousness. However, there is this much to be said in favor of gambling on the overdue board. Heaven is the judge who decides the issue. When one goes to the racecourse and bets one's money on a legitimate favorite, he is appalled by the secret apprehension that the horse may be the victim of strong arm work; if one seeks relaxation in faro, he remembers that the quickness of the hand frequently deceives the eye; if one gambles on the stock exchange he realizes he is at the mercy of a coterie of financiers; but when one gambles on an overdue ship he has the satisfaction of knowing that whether the winds of fortune blow good or ill, man, the scalawag, has no control over them. Only Neptune knows what the answer is going to be, and whether the ship returns or whether she doesn't, Neptune gives no advance secret information. The ship is missing until she comes up to the bar and the lookout at Land's End sights her, and she is arriving until she is posted at Lloyds in London as missing. The proposition is simple. "You pays your money and you takes your choice."

OLD man Hickman was the ram in this fable. Upon the occasion of his adventure with the he-goat he was about seventy years old, as agile as a trained flea, as cunning as a Balkan diplomat and as ruthless as a Mexican bandit. He was the father in Hickman & Son, and as rich of pocket as he was poor of soul. Also, he was the treasurer of his church; president of the Chamber of Commerce, two banks, numerous corporations and a secret syndicate of shipping men formed for the purpose of making a book on all likely-looking overdue ships!



Tommy borrowed those bonds

This syndicate was not incorporated. Oh, no! Nothing so raw as that. While old Hickman considered it immoral to gamble, the sin never bothered him half so much as the possible disgrace of being exposed! He could afford practically everything but that—and there was no doubt but that he could afford to gamble on overdue ships. Moreover the old gentleman knew the Bible from cover to cover and backwards, and was, perhaps, a little bit too prone to drive home the force of a business argument with a quotation from Timothy, John, Ezra, Nehemiah et al. He had occasion once upon a time, as the story books say, to have a serious interview with one Jimmy Searles, object piracy and stiffening of the bank roll by trick and device, and in the fervor of his exhortation he quoted to Mr. Searles a few choice bits from the Proverbs. In the final accounting Mr. Searles developed a little religious mania himself and returned the Proverbs with compound interest in the shape of half of the eighth chapter of the book of Daniel.

JIMMY SEARLES was the he-goat. He had been born with a sense of humor, a love of a joke and an instinctive knowledge of human nature which enabled him to recognize a hypocrite in from two seconds to five minutes after being introduced to such a person. As a hotel clerk he would have been a pearl of great price, for there is no doubt he would have been able to sniff out a beat the instant the fellow reached for the pen in the potato. During all the fifty-five years of his thoroughly enjoyable existence Mr. Searles had never had a rating with either of the leading commercial agencies, for he had married young and on a modest salary, the babies had come with delightful regularity and until the youngest was able to shift for himself, Jim Searles had not been in position to take any chances whatsoever. A leader of men he might have been but for his conscience. However, he was not worried in the knowledge that at fifty-five he was not his own master in a financial sense, for he had a fine family, a good job that couldn't get along without him, the best of health, the appetite of an ostrich, a spare dollar for the unfortunate, a kind word for the erring, a funny story for the telling, friends in legion and a serene indifference as to which was the only safe road to heaven.

He was the captain of his soul and on Sundays he went fishing. He had heard the story of Adam and Eve but had forgotten it, and privately he considered Solomon a most immoral fellow, second only to old Hickman, of Hickman & Son, who was so fond of quoting him.

In passing we might remark that Jim Searles played every overdue ship that ever appeared on the board, and didn't care two whoops in a hollow who knew it. He derived more genuine delight from a ten-dollar bet when he won than most men would have derived from winning a fortune. He was a piker, pure and simple; he knew it, gloried in it and never expected or desired to be anything else, and like all of his kind he wanted "piker's odds." On the race-track piker's odds are a hundred to one on a nag entered for the exercise; on the overdue board they are a bet, at five per cent, that an overdue ship will not arrive, or a bet at eighty to a hundred per cent that she will. Fifty dollars invested in "reinsurance" at five per cent "Not to arrive" would, if the vessel failed to arrive, net the investor



"Employers and fellow employees, there's a soft one posted today. I'm for taking the entire last dividend and playing her not to arrive"

\$952.38. The past tense is used purposely, gambling on overdue ships being no longer the shipping man's pastime, for the day of the windjammer is nearly gone and there are not enough square-riggers afloat now to make the game interesting. Moreover, the practice died in San Francisco when the British steamer "Stansbury" caused the syndicate, of which old man Hickman was a member, to declare such a tremendous Irish dividend that the members decided to retire and take up golf!

The story really begins with the fall from grace of young Tommy Kenyon, who was cashier in the office of the California & West Coast Steamship Company, of which genial Jim Searles was general freight agent. Tommy, like the majority of his kind that succumb to the temptations incident to handling other people's money, was the last person on earth one would suspect of such weakness. However, weaknesses in men, like the rotten planks in a ship, are never discovered until a strain is put upon them, and after all Jim Searles was responsible for some of the strain put upon Tommy Kenyon, since it was Searles' enthusiasm over the "Stansbury" as a "soft one" which had inspired Tommy to make a star-spangled monkey of himself.

IT happened thusly. Jim Searles, by virtue of his utter indifference to all Puritanic standards and the fact that he was a regular human being, had appointed himself some twenty years previous, the California & West Coast Steamship Company's scout of the overdues. Whenever a likely looking risk went on the overdue board at the Merchants Exchange, the genial James immediately would an-

nounce the fact and start an investigation. For his personal account he always made a little bet at five per cent not to arrive the day the vessel went on the board, and if she went to ninety or a hundred per cent, he would hedge and play her to arrive. For his fellow employees, however, he never counseled a bet until he had garnered all the available information and weighed it in a business-like manner; then if his judgment told him the vessel was worth a bet, he would open the jack-pot with twenty dollars. McBain, the president, Parsons, the general manager, Kittredge, the general passenger agent, and old Captain Barker, the dock superintendent, would each chip in twenty, and Jim Searles would place the entire sum with the maritime book-makers, taking out the contract in his own name. In the interest of this little syndicate Jim Searles had played twenty-four ships not to arrive, prior to the day the "Stansbury" went on the board, and of the twenty-four he had picked four winners. The result was a little fund of approximately ten thousand dollars of which by tacit consent Jim Searles was the custodian. He kept the books of the syndicate and nobody ever thought of experting them or questioning his investment of the fund, so, since Jim's word was law on all matters connected with the syndicate, he issued a ukase limiting the investments of the syndicate to five ships a year; then he invested the ten thousand dollars in municipal bonds at five per cent, which netted an income of five hundred dollars a year or one hundred dollars to each member of the syndicate, which dividend allowed each member five twenty-dollar bets per annum. Thus they had all the excitement and pleasure of

playing the overdue board, without having to dig down in their pockets every time Jim Searles gave the word. It was agreed that upon the death or withdrawal of any member of the syndicate his widow or he should be given two bonds and the remaining members would continue the business as usual.

This syndicate fund was always the subject of a great deal of jolly banter in the office. There were threats, from time to time, of a meeting of the syndicate to appoint a new manager, the appointment of a committee to visit the company safe and verify Jim Searles' statement that the bonds were there, threats on the part of Jim Searles to resign his office as overdue scout, take his two bonds and operate on his own account, and similar joy-producing arguments and sly digs. Jim Searles would not have abandoned the joys of his office if an angel from Heaven had dropped in and ordered him to quit.

This was the situation on the day the "Stansbury" went on the overdue board. For ten months of that particular year Jim Searles had not considered anything on the overdue board "ripe" enough for a syndicate investment and the last dividend was still unspent; consequently he was ripe for adventure. He came back from luncheon in that state of excitement which always presaged a little flyer in reinsurance, and immediately called a meeting of the syndicate.

"Employers and fellow employees," he announced, "there's a soft one posted today. I dropped in at the Merchants Exchange on my way back from luncheon and there it was, so big that if it had teeth it would have bitten me. The British steamer Stansbury, from Hakodate to Singapore, with a full cargo of coal! I've looked up the dope on her and she's an old iron tub, single screw, low freeboard—and probably overloaded! Those dirty old tramps that rove up and down the China coast don't pay much attention to the Plimsoll mark, if you ask me. She's five days overdue, this is the typhoon season on the lower Asiatic coast, they've just had a devil of a typhoon in Hong Kong and the Stansbury must have been in the Formosa channel just about that time. Now, believe me, brethren, the Formosa channel is a mighty rotten place to be caught in a typhoon, and I'm betting the British steamer Stansbury just took a header and never stopped until she was snug on the bottom. She went on the board half an hour ago and I'm for taking the entire last dividend and playing her not to arrive. There's no rule in the syndicate against bunching our bets! Her boilers are old, she has a fourth class rating at Lloyds, so I say we ought to be sports for once in our wicked lives and let the tail go with the hide!"

After some discussion a vote was taken and it was unanimously resolved to give Jim Searles full power to act.

"I'm very glad you did that," Searles declared with his whimsical smile as he disappeared into his office, "because I have already made the bet! It's been quite a while since I picked a winner and I feel in my aged bones that this Stansbury is meat in the syndicate's pot."

LONG after Jim Searles had forgotten the incident young Tommy Kenyon, who had listened to the conversation, was thinking of it. The fact of the matter

was, Tommy needed a great deal more money than he possessed, because he was engaged to marry a young lady who didn't expect to do her own cooking and who looked confidently forward to a life of ease and a little Prussian blue gas coupé in which she and Tommy would go to vaudeville at night. So Tommy was worried. Something whispered to him that he ought to have more money or the girl would feel hurt; possibly she might conclude she had been swindled and cease to love him, and that was a possibility Tommy Kenyon, in the simplicity of his twenty-five years, felt he could not face. He thought it over all the afternoon and did some figuring; then he went in and asked Jim Searles how long it would take to decide the fate of the "Stansbury" and cash in.

"Well," said Mr. Searles, "if she doesn't show up at the end of thirty days she'll be reported at Lloyd's in London as missing; then the underwriters are allowed thirty days' grace in case she should turn up even after she has been officially reported lost. There have been a few cases, you know. We'll cash in on our little bet, Tommy, in from sixty to sixty-five days."

Tommy thanked him and went back to his little wire cage, and that night the devil whispered to him. Some months back Tommy had fallen heir to a portion of his grandfather's estate—about twelve hundred cash in bank and some property, the total value of the legacy being approximately nine thousand dollars. In the ordinary course of probate it would be distributed to him in about three months and as Tommy had listened to Jim Searles' glowing verbal prospectus anent a five per cent bet on the "Stansbury" not to arrive, he wished most heartily he was in position to place a heavy bet himself. He would bet a thousand in a minute—if he only had his inheritance. Well, he would try to raise some money—somehow, and in the meanwhile he would look up the "dope" on reinsurance. He did so and discovered that if he intended placing a wager he must get his money down immediately—while the vessel was quoted at five per cent. At that rate every dollar invested would net him a trifle over 19 to 1, while if he waited until the price had been forced up to ten per cent he would only get 9½ to 1. Poor Tommy! If he only had that confounded inheritance! He would bet the cash immediately and get some of that five per cent money; then he would mortgage the property and play the funds thus procured at the best obtainable odds. He was so provoked that he would have said something to the executor and the probate judge had they been present.

However, as we have already stated, that night the devil said something to him. He was putting away his cash when his glance rested on the packet containing the ten bonds of those lucky fellows in the office—those boobies who had ten thousand dollars and lacked the courage to bet it on a cinch. Poltroons! They thought they were regular ring-tailed sports when they bet a wretched hundred dollars. Pooh!

TOMMY borrowed those bonds. They were negotiable security and could be hypothecated at any commercial bank for eighty per cent of their value. Jim Searles would never miss them—indeed he would never know they were gone, for

he only looked at them twice a year, when he came to clip the coupons. The next clipping would not take place for four months and by that time Tommy would have cashed in on the "Stansbury," taken up his note at the bank, redeemed the bonds and placed them back in the safe. Even if he failed to cash in on the "Stansbury," he would still be safe, for his legacy would have been distributed to him before Jim Searles came again to clip the coupons, and with the cash in bank and more to be raised by mortgaging his real estate, he would still be enabled to take up his note. Of course it would be awful to lose five thousand dollars, for that would mean the loss of Ethel—well, nothing risked, nothing gained—

At noon next day Tommy dropped in at the Second National bank where he was not known, hypothecated the bonds for five thousand dollars and bet the entire sum on the "Stansbury" at five per cent, not to arrive. When he got back to the office Jim Searles came to his cage and said:

"Isn't it awful about poor old Captain Barker, Tommy? They telephoned up from the dock that the old man died of heart failure half an hour ago. Found him sitting at his desk in the dock office. He was writing out a check for a hundred dollars in my favor when the stroke came. You remember, Tommy. Only yesterday I put up the money for a little flyer in reinsurance for him."

"Oh, I'm so sorry," Tommy declared. "I wonder how he leaves Mrs. Barker?"

"Well, he leaves her two thousand dollars in bonds of our crazy little syndicate, thank God. I guess that sort of alibis the skipper for the sin of gambling. According to our agreement I must deliver her his two bonds. As for his bet on the Stansbury—well, the old boy never finished writing out the check, so I'll take over that bet myself. Far be it from me to gamble with the money of the widow or the orphan!"

He went back to his office so preoccupied over the death of his friend that he failed to notice the delicate green tinge that had come over Tommy Kenyon's countenance, for all too clearly now Tommy realized that honesty is the best policeman. The very day after Captain Barker's funeral Jim Searles would come and ask him for two of the bonds to give to Mrs. Barker, and—

WELL, that night Tommy came to Jim Searles' home, broke down and confessed what he had done. He expected Jim would denounce him and telephone for the police, but strange to say, Jim Searles only smiled the thin, philosophical smile of one who declines to tell everything he knows. "You have a pretty good job for a boy of your years, Tommy," he said—and that was the closest he came to reproach. "Why did you have to have such a lot of money you were willing to take such desperate risks to gain it? There must be a girl in the case somewhere."

(Continued on page 6c)



Jim Searles thereupon read to old Hickman from the eighth chapter of the book of Daniel, beginning at the third verse



THE OUTLAW

DRAWN BY MAYNARD DIXON

Mobilizing the Flintlock Army —an Object Lesson

THE army of the United States is now in action. Four hundred miles south of the border, twice the distance from the German border to Paris, American troops are pursuing the enemy. The flag has been carried deeper into a foreign country than at any time since 1846—and the flintlock, the regular army of the United States of America, has cleared the way for the banner.

Fifty-nine of Colonel Slocum's men beat ten times their number at Columbus; four hundred of Colonel Dodd's men rode fifty-five miles in seventeen hours and worked five hours' overtime scattering a

By Frederick Reid

numerically superior force to the four winds. It has been proven that the regulars can ride hard, fight hard, shoot straight; it has also been proven that, man for man, the very cream of Mexico's fighting material—it was in the Villa crotch—had no chance whatsoever in a contest with American regulars. It was demonstrated that the army organization was able to establish a line of communications 350 miles long in three weeks and to keep a steady stream of supplies moving over

it to the farthest point almost without interruption. The mobilization and the advance proceeded smoothly, without confusion. It was an accomplishment of which the general staff may justly be proud, but—

When the army struck, it hit thin air. It encountered no resistance. Its long line of communication, as unprotected as a blackbird's nest, has not been attacked—as yet. The value of the mobilization's test would not have been altered if Villa had gone four hundred miles north instead of south of the border. It is not war the soldiers are waging in Mexico; they are out hunting big game.



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Paralleling the railroad with motor-trucks over the roadless desert in an effort to keep the army supplied without giving offense to the tottering Carranza government

Suppose it had been war. Casas Grandes was empty and peaceful when General Pershing's troops got there. If 50,000 *real* soldiers with heavy artillery, barbed wire, mines, air cruisers, captive balloons, searchlights, field and machine guns had awaited Pershing's coming, what would have happened?

When Villa rode into Columbus, the American army was semi-mobilized. For several years the largest part of the available field forces has been encamped along the Mexican border in anticipation of a raid. When the expected event occurred, it took six days to assemble, equip and start an expeditionary corps of barely 6000 men, equal to one and a half European regiments.

Four days after the declaration of war a German army of 120,000 men was attacking Liège. Fourteen days after the first shot was fired even unprepared England had 120,000 men marching through France. A month after the Columbus raid the United States had not to exceed 30,000 in Mexico and along the border. Not another brigade of fully trained troops could be added without turning the coast defense forts over to the janitors.

There are ninety-two army posts in the United States, most of them inhabited by detached parts of regiments so widely scattered that the officers have to be introduced to one another when the regiment does get together. When the call came, the fragments of the fragmentary army had to be picked up a troop here, three companies there, two-thirds of a regiment somewhere else, and hurried to the threatened spot.

When they return, they will be broken up into infinitesimal units once again. Everyone of the ninety-two army posts will clamor for the money of its soldiers. The colossal overhead expense of maintaining sixty, aye, seventy useless army posts will go on—unless there is a revulsion of feeling, unless courageous national leaders defy the pork-hunting horde and insist on the removal of the preparedness problem out of practical politics.

Congress is not entirely to blame for the costly dismembering of the army. The



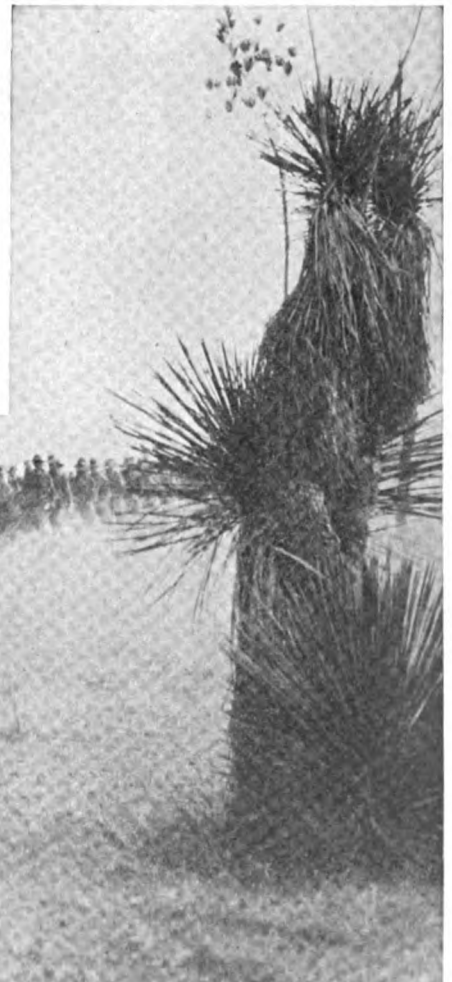
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Food piled up at Casas Grandes in the open air while the troops at the front are on half rations because the use of the railroads was denied the punitive expedition

citizens of numerous districts who place their personal profits above the needs of the country, who force their representatives to fight for the retention of expensive, worse than useless army posts, must bear the major part of the responsibility.

At the beginning of the war with Spain in 1898 the regular army consisted of 28,000 officers and men. Spain had in Cuba an army of 196,000 seasoned soldiers. Within four months 220,000 additional American soldiers were enlisted. The story of the manner in which these recruits were equipped, housed, fed, drilled, transported and handled in the field was slow in the telling. Comparatively few persons know the whole of it and the public has almost forgotten the nightmare of the 1898 mobilization. Here is just one instance.

The fifth corps was to embark at Tampa, Florida. Port Tampa, nine miles from the city, had only a single line of rails. Switching facilities were inadequate. The single line was choked with



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Headed toward the Panama Canal—The army making the first forced march under actual field conditions since Aguinaldo surrendered. The campaign has proved again that individually the trained American soldier can march as long, ride harder and shoot straighter than the best of the European product

trains unable to reach their destination. The little postoffice, forgotten by the War Department, was buried under the influx of mail. This undistributed mail contained the bills-of-lading describing the contents of hundreds of loaded freight cars. Hence the Quartermaster's Department did not know which car was which. Officers seeking equipment for their troops had to break open car after car until they found what they wanted, even if it was consigned to somebody else. Thirty-five steamers had to be loaded; there was dock space for only eight. As fast as they were filled—nobody knew with what—they started off at the whim of their masters, without convoy, regardless of Cervera's fleet. Confusion chased chaos around the stump. But Providence, always especially merciful to soused ones and the United States, smiled compassionately on General Shafter's expedition throughout the campaign.

No such events happened at Columbus. Troops and supplies were unloaded without delay, without confusion. The War Department's mechanism worked smoothly, even to the mobilization of the Apache G. A. R. There were minor points of criticism, perhaps the most important one being the army's selection of a machine-gun type which needs daylight to be loaded properly, which must be reloaded with clips frequently instead of firing

belted ammunition, which jams after 7 p. m. and which cannot be aimed properly in brush more than two feet high, though under other conditions it is a perfectly good weapon. Of course the Columbus cavalry troop had a perfectly good excuse for being asleep at the moment of the raid, warnings of impending attacks that never materialized having been delivered to commanding officers along the border at the rate of three a day, yet it is proper to inquire why sentries were not posted guarding the approaches to the camp half a mile from its center. Surely such an elementary, routine precaution would not have been amiss if practised by an army on a semi-war footing. That the field telegraph and the field wireless would not work smoothly was to be expected. In view of the previous record of the aviation branch, the inability of the under-powered machines to stay off the ground for a reasonable length of time astonished no one, yet individually the army was eminently fit and ready to start out on a long, difficult *man-hunt*.

But, to return to our original question, was it, is it ready for real war? Is it ready today to smite those 50,000 hypothetical soldiers lying behind modern barbed-wire and bomb proof trenches at Casas Grandes or Chihuahua?

Of course it isn't. A hostile force of the kind and size assumed to be in waiting, of

necessity has reinforcements and supports able to strike at other points. It would not be sufficient to call out the militia and muster it into the federal service. Volunteers would have to be enrolled, new organizations created, equipped and trained to meet the situation. Practically without notice the general staff would be called upon to make provision for at least a quarter million new soldiers, just as it was called upon to do in 1898—and the result would be the same.

Congress authorized the recruiting of 20,000 men to bring the regular army up to its present legal maximum. These recruits did not join the regiments in the field; the commanders did not want them. The officers were afraid of them. They knew that the addition of raw rookies to their small forces of seasoned men must inevitably reduce the efficiency of the whole. So they preferred to start out with regiments only two-thirds filled, without reserves of any kind, rather than fill the gaps with untrained men.

THE weakness of the regular army, demonstrated again through its mobilization for service in Mexico, lies in the fact that its organization is about as elastic as pig iron. In time of need it can be expanded about as easily as a safety-deposit vault. It is designed to perform

(Continued on page 92)



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Machine-gun troop of the Seventh Cavalry heading for Guerrero—This regiment has been the point of the southward flying arrow, has distinguished itself through its riding and fighting qualities and has in truth upheld valorously the best traditions of the American army—even if its machine-guns jammed, its wireless broke down and the underpowered aeroplanes failed to render adequate service



What of the Nation?

The Military Expert on International Affairs— The Spirit of the Camp

By David Starr Jordan

*Chancellor of Stanford University
Director, World Peace Foundation*

EXPERTS FAR A-FIELD

CIVILIANS often make queer mistakes in military affairs. Every officer has had occasion to smile at them. For example, I am asked today whether a company of women getting between the lines in France might not stop the war. And again, whether we could not get an aeroplane on a dark night to distribute over the "far-flung battle line" a series of tracts calling the soldiers from the trenches. And again, other civilians express serious and useless opinions as to ships and fortifications. While honorable peace should be the supreme goal of every good citizen, the details of the process of destroying peace are foreign to every day life. Being out of our line, we show our ignorance.

The same limitation is shown by the average army officer. He is ignorant of civilian facts which are out of his line. In all nations he shows himself supremely ignorant of matters of international politics, finance and economics. In most cases he is supinely indifferent also.

In military matters we trust our experts because we have no one else to trust, though at times their statements stagger us because we know they are not true. This is their line of business, not ours. But when they talk to us of dangers from Europe or Asia, of political coalitions or imminent highway robbery, they are out of their field and on what ought to be our ground. In this case, their opinions may be of no more consequence than those of the village pundit who discusses campaigns from the top of a sugar barrel.

THREATS OF INVASION

FOR example, one officer threatens us with an invasion of Los Angeles if the real estate men interested in property about the Palos Verdes do not urge the immediate continuation of the fortification of that hill. He has found it easily possible for some "great Asiatic power" to land 300,000 men at Monterey before we know that they have left Asia.

Hawaii, an armed camp with all the petty military over-riding of civilian interests common to "the little garrisons," is already a source of danger, not of strength. And we are told to fortify some rock in Alaska, lest that huge territory be a base of supplies for invading Asiatics.

And yet, any one at all familiar with "the Asiatic powers" knows that any sort of invasion from that quarter is as near

impossible morally, mentally, financially as any political event can be. But such talk as this, echoed from army officers and passed down the avenues of yellow journalism, keeps thousands of people in alarm and creates the only danger from Japan which has ever yet existed. For hysteria induces like currents in Japan, and the Japanese military group are quite as ignorant or indifferent to finance and of international politics as any American captain can boast of being.

In the current press, another military expert is reported as testifying that "the United States is practically powerless to resist invasion." "England with 4,000,000 trained men at the end of the war could make such an attack as successfully as Germany. I am not one of those who believe that we are in no danger of attack from Great Britain."

WHO CARES?

WHAT do we care whether this colonel is "one of those who believe" or not in a matter concerning which he seems not to have an atom of knowledge? If there is anything certain in international politics, it is that the liberal leaders of Great Britain and their colleagues of the United States are bound together by bonds of like hopes and like efforts, by chains of blood and of experience, which no military operations can divide. And there has not arisen a spark of evidence from any quarter that the government of Germany has ever dreamed of recuperating her exhausted finances in any other way than by industry and commerce. As Louis Raemakers of Amsterdam has indicated, "This is Germany's last Dance with Death." And we shall not willingly take up the dance when all the other revelers have left it.

It took three months to send 50,000 men to the Boer War, imperfectly equipped. The Transvaal had no sea coast nor were there then any enemies on the sea to impede transportation. Any reasonable nation would think twice before sending an Armada with 4,000,000, or even 400,000 men, to invade our coast. The lower number would involve some 800 ships for men and equipment, and men and equipment must travel together, surrounded by a cruiser

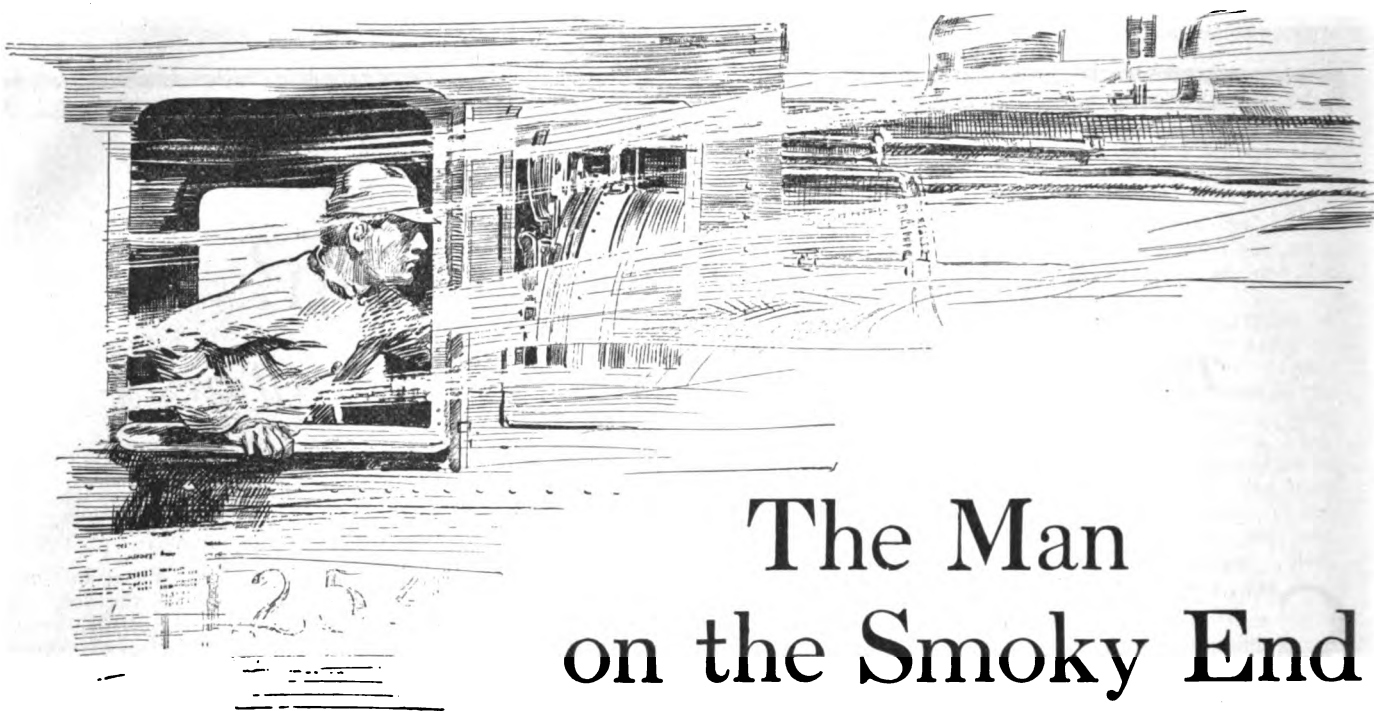
and dreadnaught fleet, for transports alone are as vulnerable as the deep-sea fishermen. Moreover, the British army is a volunteer army, with ideas of its own as to the use to which it is put. Even the German army cannot legally be taken out of Europe except as volunteers.

In a late number of the *New Republic* we find these words:

"There is in America today the beginning of that very military arrogance which we are told this war is being fought to abolish. It shows itself in contempt for all efforts toward peace, in programs of armament that are the vista of a nightmare, in denunciation of the virtues that make a free and tolerant people, in a hatred of other points of view, in the attempt to haze and ostracize those who have different opinions, and in the assertion of a brittle, touchy impatience at the thought that anything human can be adjusted without slamming the table and rattling the windows. The militarists are forcing the issue in such a way as to consolidate the opposition. If the American people have to choose between their virulence and the amiable intentions of the official pacifists they will follow the pacifists."

THE SPIRIT OF THE CAMP

NO nation with general military service can readily recover its sanity or its freedom. The first purpose of compulsory service is to make serviceable industrial as well as military units of the young men of the country. The docile army is the right arm of privilege, and the reliance of the industrial exploiter. Military drill accustoms men to blind obedience. They are taught to regard frightfulness in terms of exalted patriotism. To think of time of service as years thrown away occurs to but few of them. The danger from the enemy nation demands their sacrifices. This enemy nation, which they blindly hate, is always watching for a chance to spring. When all men have been through three years of camp-servitude they are ready for war-scares, for the domination of "makers of madness." Thus the people become "incapable of self-government." They subject themselves to all kinds of extortions and discomforts to pay the "insurance against war." And most of this goes to swell the war-spirit, at once making war more probable and to its backers more profitable.



The Man on the Smoky End

Days and Nights of the Locomotive Engineer

By Rufus Steele

Author of: "Rule G"

LONG, lank Fifty Thirty-nine was trembling like a greyhound waiting for the leash to slip. She was hissing through every exhaust-pipe and giving off smoke like a burning house. She seemed to know that when she sprang away with her string of steel Pullmans ten minutes hence she must go through to her first station fifty miles distant in exactly sixty minutes. Fifty Thirty-nine, by the look of her, was going to get there on time. Trig Buell was to drive. He poked his lantern here and there and inspected the frames, the tires, the flanges, the springs, the hangers, the center pins, the eccentrics, and then with a satisfied mind climbed to his seat on the right-hand side. I was in the cab by virtue of a special dispensation. I offered Trig a cigar. He shook his head. A great sigh went down the train as he tested the air.

"You don't smoke?" I inquired, remembering that many workers under a tension find an imaginary solace in tobacco.

"Sometimes at home; never in the cab."

"Why not? You don't need your teeth to do your work, do you?"

"Smoking," said Trig thoughtfully, "interrupts the functions of my two most important senses—seeing and smelling."

"Why, I didn't know the effect of tobacco on the physical system was so—"

"I didn't mean that," Trig explained.

"I mean that in the draft that rushes through this cab it takes ten or fifteen seconds to light a pipe or a cigar. When I'm doing fifty an hour I can't afford to take my eyes off the right of way for ten seconds. Then, too, when a fellow is smoking he isn't smelling information. My nose, you understand, gets me news from places my eyes can't reach. When there is a certain kind of trouble brewing I depend upon my sense of smell to tell me accurately whether the cause is a hot pin,

the lagging, the ash-pan or a dragging brake.

"I used to smoke in the cab. One morning I dropped my pipe out of the window. I had lighted it to keep my nose warm. I was running through a fog so thick that it seemed almost like tunneling through soft snow, and I cursed the loss of that pipe for an hour. Suddenly I sniffed engine smoke in that blanket of fog. I knew I was not smelling my own engine, for my stack was high and the smoke carried back over the cab. I was pulling my passenger train at pretty good speed. I sniffed that smoke again, then I reached for the throttle and closed her way down. With one hand on the air and the other on the reverse lever I slipped along. In a few minutes I could make out the dim lines of a caboose moving ahead of me in the mist. I followed that freight train slowly for three miles until it stopped at a water tank. The conductor in the caboose, who had mixed his orders, was not aware of our presence until his train came to a standstill. My nose had saved us from a rear-end collision. If I had been smoking I should not have smelled the freight. I have never scratched a match in the cab since that day except to light a lantern."

We put the cigar in the fire-box and I asked Trig to tell me how rapidly an engine-man can think and act in an emergency.

"An engineer will probably do a lot of acting before you'd suppose he could have done any thinking at all," was his reply. "Recently an engine-runner whom we call Big Mac related an experience that answers your question. One very dark night he was pulling a passenger train up a grade. He had a helper engine

coupled in behind. He rounded a sharp curve and found something on the rails. A box car, slipping its brakes, had run out of a derailing switch and fallen over on his track. From the time the pilot struck the obstruction until the cab reached it was about a second. In that time Mac had closed the throttle, applied the air-brakes, opened the sand valve, reversed the engine, whistled brakes for the second engine and jumped down behind the boiler. The engine, being on an uphill climb, stopped in 130 feet. It did not leave the rails, and the damage was not very serious. As Mac had no warning, he could not have thought and acted so quickly, nor could the other engine-man have done his duty as he did, but for the fact that it is a part of a runner's nature to be eternally on the lookout for trouble—for trouble he prays he is not going to find."

"Big Mac was merely doing the things he was accustomed to do," I argued. "He was just doing them at lightning speed. Does an engineer ever show such quickness in doing in an emergency things which are not among his familiar duties?"

"Your answer happened several months ago over in Nevada," said Trig as he compared his watch with the fireman's and noted that three minutes were yet to elapse before he was due to stow his tongue and begin that sixty-minute race to the first station. "It happened near Harney. An overland train was making forty miles an hour. My friend Charlie was at the right side of the cab. He was running out on a long bridge when he felt something give under the left side of the engine tank. In an instant he knew the wheels of the front truck were off the rail. As a matter of fact, a wheel had lost its tire. Even as Charlie's mind gripped his problem the truck sloughed around and began to tear up the ties of the bridge.

"The engineer knew the peril of his train. For the threatened derailing to take place on the long bridge meant a worse wreck than if there was solid ground at the side to check runaway wheels. Cars that left the rails on the bridge must pitch into space.

"Charlie's hand was on the emergency valve, though he knew, of course, that no brake ever devised would bring a train going forty miles an hour to a standstill before that banging truck had done its dreadful work. Then Charlie's inspiration came. It was not nearly so slow in coming as I am in telling about it, or else it would have done no good. Charlie did use the emergency, but not in the customary way, which would have exerted the pressure simultaneously upon the locomotive and the cars. Reaching down, he applied the emergency to the cars alone. At the same moment he opened the throttle still wider and let the locomotive drive ahead under increased steam. A terrific tension was instantly put upon that tank. The engine was yanking it forward while the cars were dragging it back. It was not exactly lifted into the air, to be sure, but the tractive power of the engine pulling against the impeded train prevented the tank from following the direction of its derailed wheels.

"The train came to a stop after traveling twelve hundred feet. The white-faced conductor hurried forward to learn how it was that in spite of the ominous

bumping that had reached his ears there had been no piling up of rolling stock. He found Charlie standing on the ground beside the tank car estimating the time that would be required to get the broken truck replaced. Stretching behind the train for a quarter of a mile the splintered ties recorded a plain tale of what must have happened had not an engineer evolved and executed upon the spur of the emergency a trick which, so far as he knew, had no precedent in his trade."

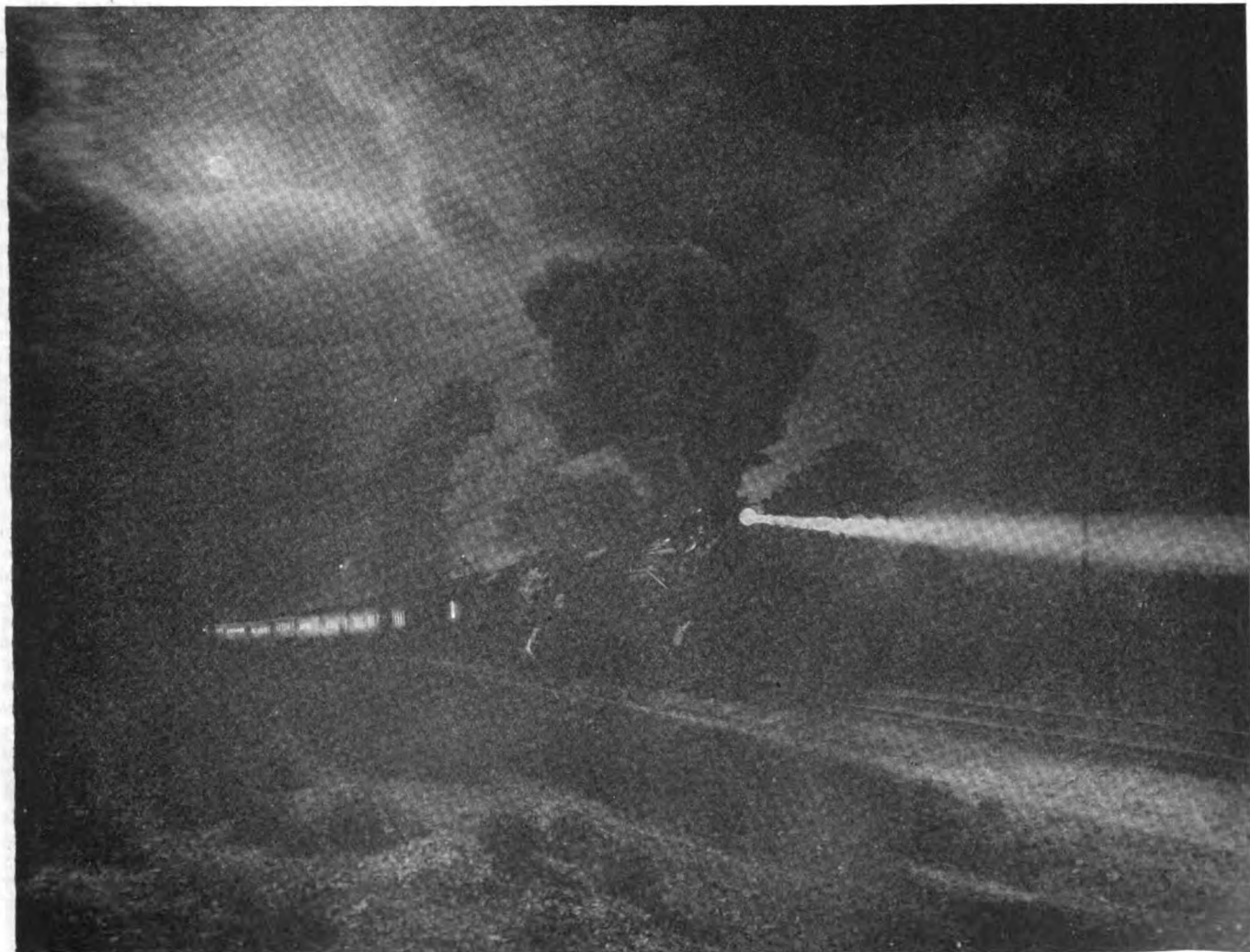
THE engineer is serious-faced in a way peculiar to his kind. His eyes miss nothing that comes within their focus, even when he is off duty and miles from his train. His alertness is abnormal. By the time an engineer has passed his first five years as a passenger runner he is not unlikely to be as fat-waisted as a squaw. The circling cushion just above the hips, he will tell you, is Nature fortifying the body against the terrific vibration of the cab.

The passenger engineer has survived a sieving process in which all the coarse ones were caught and thrown out. The man begins as a fireman on the humblest kind of a freight. Before he is hired at all an inquisitive trainmaster or assistant superintendent goes into every detail of his home life. The railroad is interested in him not as a fireman but as a prospective engineer. The rapidity of advance, even of the most capable, is governed by the vacancies higher up. As a general

thing the man serves about seven years as a fireman before he becomes a freight engineer, and he pulls a "drag" for another seven years before he is entrusted with the pulling of a train that has men, women and children as its load.

To understand the engineer and his problems it is necessary to understand something about the machine of which he is master and better half. A locomotive is the darling of all machines. It is the blue-ribboned thoroughbred, all spirit and all temperament, that will run its heart out, but which on occasion will balk and falter until its despairing driver might be forgiven for wanting to mix dynamite in the stuff the fireman feeds her.

"One night I was riding the cab of a Mogul we called Big Betty up to Summit," a trainmaster told me. "A second engine was hooked in at Betty's tail and a third was snorting down toward the middle of the freight. We were carrying the staff on that piece of single track, which locked the block to all other trains until we got out of it. Big Betty was not pulling her own weight. She fumed and fussed and drove her 'hoghead'—that is, her engineer—half mad. Finally he stopped the train and took a look all round to see if he could discover the trouble. Everything appeared snug. Someone had left a tar bucket beside the track. It was full of dirt and rain water. The hoghead snatched up the bucket and doused Big Betty with the slush. 'Take that, you old hag!' he roared. 'I was



The engineer of a night train is engaged in watching the most absorbing motion picture in the world

never so ashamed of a Mogul in my life! He climbed back into the cab, gave the signal, opened the throttle—and Big Betty nearly yanked the drawheads out in her sheer eagerness to pull the whole load."

It is the steam-producing entity that is most likely to get out of order. The greatest possible heating surface is brought into contact with the water. The water is above and on both sides of the firebox, and about two hundred and seventy two-inch flues extend through the full length of the boiler. In the oil burners the oil feeds toward the back of the firebox, rises and sweeps forward through these flues. The boiler is so sensitive that the sudden opening of the firebox door may affect it seriously. Cold air striking the flue sheet causes a sudden contraction. The flues leak. The water begins to run out. Cold water must be injected into the boiler. The steam gauge drops below 200. The engineer's troubles begin. He can't make the speed with his load. He may be a hundred miles from a roundhouse. He mustn't be a hundredth of an inch from his native resourcefulness.

One night, on a Coast Line passenger train that had no time to lose, the flues were weeping like a funeral. As the locomotive shrieked to a standstill at the Gilroy station the engineer leaped down and hotfooted to a grocery near the tracks. "Gimme two-bits' worth of bran, quick!" he bawled at the clerk. Before the conductor gave the highball the engineer had lifted out the frost plug and fed in his bran to be sent through the injector into the boiler as the train moved along. The bran found the leaks and plugged the holes. The locomotive reached the end of its run on the dot. In the roundhouse a machinist opened her up to see just how she had assimilated the breakfast food and exclaimed: "As nice a job of soldering as ever I want to see!"

IT is around the speed-producing entity that the romance centers. The placing of great weights in violent motion never has ceased to be—perhaps never will cease to be—one of the most serious acts of man. Creating motion has been a rather simple matter ever since a cave-man on a rampage started a boulder down hill. The difficulty has been control. The function of the engineer is to govern motion and to nullify it without disaster. The goal of invention has ever been: better, and still better, ways to stop 'er.

In the West mountain grades and innumerable tunnels narrow main lines to a single track. Yet trains flow in both directions and without uniformity of speed. The employment of the almost perfect automatic block signal system and other approved devices for safety minimizes but does not eliminate the necessity for quick control. And if there were no possible danger from another train, there is the ever-present possibility of an animate or inanimate obstruction upon the track. Safety is a commodity which may be bargained for by mechanical devices, but which is actually purchasable at no other price than the absolute vigilance of an engineer.

It has been my high privilege to share the fireman's seat and cling to his window sill while the train cut through the night at an average speed of fifty miles an hour. It seemed a hundred. I won't forget that night. Two minutes before the run began the engineer closed up like a clam. He had gone all over Twenty-four Eleven with his lantern, had examined his gauges and tried his air. He chatted with me and with the "tourist," which is a derisive nickname for the soft-snap fireman on an engine that drinks its fuel through a pipe. Then he wiped clean the glass of the forward window, climbed into his little seat at the corner of the boiler, which intruded so far that the cab seemed merely a square nut screwed onto the head of it, and did not speak again until we reached the next station fifty miles away. During that hour he gave one or two orders in a pantomime that the fireman instantly understood and obeyed.

The engineer sat with his feet resting evenly on the floor. His body was bent slightly forward with no support at the back or side. His unwavering eyes bored straight down the right of way. It seemed to me that only on straight track did he divert his gaze long enough to flash the steam gauge and note the glass that told him where the water stood. His right hand was free. It remained at his side ready to leap to throttle or Johnson bar. His left arm appeared to drive the train. That arm was in constant motion. The left hand was eternally on the air valve or on the whistle cord, showing that the engineer's mind was everlastingly on the safety of those behind him in the cars, or of those who might be ahead of him on the rails. I could see that the bell never ceased to ring but no heavy note of its clangor reached my ear. I felt rather than heard the whistle. Soon I could understand the engineer's language of steam—I could tell whether he was shrieking safety to a road-crossing or preempting a favorite pathway of the cows.

THE engineer of a night train is engaged in watching the most absorbing motion picture in the world. It is absorbing because there is no telling the unexpected thing that may at any moment stand revealed. Into that patch of light way down the right of way leap objects that pause just long enough to be comprehended by his brain. The instantaneous analysis must tell the engineer whether all is well, or whether he is to close the throttle, open the sand, throw on the emergency and reverse the Johnson bar with lightning speed.

A warning may come to him from something he sees down the track; it may come from the block signal semaphore, that motions to him at least once in every five minutes about the condition of the block ahead; it may come to him through his left ear, which is forever tuned to the sounds within the cab, or through his right ear, which is tuned to catch every telltale sound outside. If he sees anything that looks red, or hears anything that sounds red, or sniffs anything that smells red, he goes for the air. When he obeys a warning of the semaphore or a blazing fusee on the track and stops

quickly, he may climb down to find that his prompt response has saved him from a wreck—or he may meet the trainmaster stepping out from behind a bush to compliment him on the way he has performed under an efficiency test. He must be capable of making decisions that are both sound and rapid. Sometimes he must stop short or split a switch. Shall he let the company pay for a new point for that switch, or shall he save the point at the expense of broken dishes in the dining car?

The fireman, who is an engineer in the making, follows his chief's rule in keeping his mind sacred to the work in hand. We made a test in Blackie's cab. I had asked Blackie if he and his fireman were able to hear each other across the cab when old Twenty-nine Thirty-one was roaring along, and he had replied that they could hear each other only when the talk was of things that were in their minds. As we pounded on in the dark Blackie poked my shoulder and called across to his "tourist."

"Denny, loan me a dime!"

Denny, who was busily watching a left hand curve, as the fireman is expected to do, gave no sign. Blackie called a second time. No response. He lifted his voice and shouted the words again. Denny might have been a stone man. Then Blackie asked in a conversational tone, "How's the block ahead?" and Denny, without shifting his eyes from their duty, signaled with an upward gesture of his right arm that the block was all theirs.

IT used to be that every man had an engine he could call his own. Some of the men took a vast pride in decking and furnishing their pets. One man on the Valley Line had every brass knob, cock and plate in his cab nickel-plated. But it developed that engines ought to do longer hours than the short-shift engineers, and now engines are in "chain gang" service and go out of the roundhouse in rotation. There were certain advantages growing out of the pride a man took in an assigned engine, but the modern idea is to give the engine all she can do, wearing her out and replacing her with a machine of later type. Yet an engineer never ceases to have his favorite, and it is his happy day when the "chain gang" of which he himself is a part so fits the chain of the locomotives that it is "old sweet-heart" that the hostler leads out for his run.

"Who's the real boss of the train, anyway?" I asked an old-timer.

The engineer smiled. "The conductor is—the rules say so. You see him bustling round in his blue broadcloth and gold buttons and you know he is the real thing. You see him sitting in the diner eating his dinner like a gentleman, with soup and napkin and nuts, while I'm here fishing mine out of a tin bucket with a dirty paw and warming my coffee on the boiler head. Oh, he's the boss all right. But say—let me whisper it—once my conductor leaned down from the rear platform to look for a hot box and took a tumble off into a bush. When do you suppose we found out that we had lost the boss who makes the wheels go round? Why, when we stopped at the next station twenty miles up the road!"



Suddenly she grew rigid, her gaze fixed on an object amid the litter.

The Norther

The Story of An Ill Wind

By George Pattullo

Author of: The Blind Goddess; The Night Riders

WANTED—Refined lady to corespond with bachelor. Right handsome no habits. object matrimoney. must be young and No widdows need apply. no sufragets neither. Steady job a nice house and a peace of money saved up. address H General Delivery, Windy City, Tex. send phot.

UNCLE BILLY carefully revised this effort for the tenth time, a complacent grin lighting his absurdly boyish features as he rubbed the gray stubble on his chin. Having further punctuated it at regular geometric intervals, he enclosed the advertisement in an envelope addressed to a St. Louis newspaper.

To the ordinary individual, a decision to marry would lead to some cautious

Illustrated by Arthur Cahill

browsing among his feminine friends, but Uncle Billy had his own reasons for seeking far from home. Lying in bed with a broken ankle sustained through climbing on the wrong horse in the dark, he had decided on his fiftieth birthday that the time had arrived for him to settle down; but he strongly suspected that no girl in the county would have him. He was equally positive there was no girl in the county he would have. What more natural, then, than that he should employ the modern weapon for getting what you want?

About noon Dr. Sanders arrived from

town and Uncle Billy gave him the letter to mail.

"What's new, Doc?"

"Nothin' much. I just came from the grand jury. They were taking evidence on that killin'."

His patient gave a grunt of disgust. "Shucks, why don't they turn Mullins loose? He done just right."

"It's men like you," the doctor told him with heat, "who're keeping this country back. We'll never get law and order, Uncle Billy, till they hang a few."

"A man's got a right to protect his own home, ain't he?"

"Sure. But the law will do the gettin'-even for him! Besides, Mullins was too late. What good did he do by shootin'?"



"He squared up with the sorry hound. That's what good he done!"

AT this moment the young owner of the Spade appeared in the doorway. "Arguin' again?" he exclaimed. "No use wastin' your breath, Doc! He'd argue on his deathbed. What's the ruckus about, anyhow?"

"Why," said Uncle Billy, "Doc here says they'd ought to string up Lee Mullins. Can you beat it?"

His employer snorted and, as he drew up a chair and straddled it, replied: "I

reckon you figure he'd ought to of sued Sliney—hey, Doc? That'd be the nice peaceful way. But I'll bet the jury frees him! Lee did exactly right. I'd have done the same myself."

The doctor, testing the plaster cast, merely smiled and shook his head.

"What you grinnin' at, Doc?"

"Because you wouldn't do anything of the sort. You couldn't. It isn't in you."

"Why ain't it in me?"

"Because it isn't. That's why. You were raised right, and in a pinch you'd show it. You can't get away from breedin', Jeff."

His positiveness seemed to incense Sadler. "You know a lot about what I'd do and what I wouldn't, don't you? Maybe if it came to a showdown you'd change your mind."

"I don't think so, Jeff. In certain primal impulses we are the product of our ancestors and—"

It was too much for Uncle Billy. "Tarnation, talk American, Doc!" he begged.

"All right," said the doctor, laughing. "Who's cookin' for you since Uncle Billy got hurt, Jeff?"

"That Swede who was diggin' post-holes; and you could kill a steer with one of his biscuits. Say, Doc, can't you make this rascal mend quicker? Shoot some high life into him, or somethin'; else he'll lie there till Christmas."



"You're crazy!" she cried. Then, pointing straight at the boss, she said firmly, "There's the man I came to marry!"

INDEED, the cook evinced no eagerness to be back at his job and had only progressed from bed to a rocking-chair when the mail brought him an answer to his advertisement from a small town in Kansas. He read it three or four times, very dubiously.

"She's tryin' to hoorah me," he concluded. "Yes, sir, that's it. She prob'ly thinks she's cleverer'n hell; or maybe she thinks I'm foolin'. Wants to see what I look like, huh? That's something else agin."

After a day given to thinking it over he sent a photograph. A second letter arrived promptly.

Highly elated, Uncle Billy seized his crutches and hobbled off to the bunk-house for supper.

"Well, boys," he said patronizingly, "I won't be eatin' here with you much longer."

"Ain't you feelin' well, Uncle Billy?"

"Never felt better in my whole life! That ain't it—I aim to git married."

One and all laid down their knives.

"Married? Who to?"

"A lady from Kansas City. She's a sure-enough dream, too—young and peachy."

Dear sir and friend,

The picture has made me change my mind. you do not look like you would play cheap tricks on a girl So maybe I was wrong.

If you are in real earnest write to me again. I am sending you my picture Maybe we will get to like each other. you never can tell. How about it?

Anyhow I have a reason for wanting to go away from here and never come back and even if we do not get married perhaps you could put me on to a job out in your country for I want to get away from here. I have always heard that westerners were perfect gentlemen or I would not take the risk and besides your face is a real honest one.

Do not think I am a bad girl for I am not. I am just an average girl with only myself to depend on and must earn my own living but I am a fine worker and know how to keep house and if we got to like each other I would make you a true wife.

Anyhow take a look at my picture and if you are satisfied write and maybe I will come. the picture is a fright because that old hair is all out of style and my hair is a fright but it will have to do. How old are you? About 28 I guess, are you not? That is what you look. I am twenty.

Yrs truly,
KATIE STEEN.

P. S.— You do not need to send money for my fare because I have some layed by and besides I do not

want to be beholden to you until we see how we like each other.

The general laugh that greeted this announcement was extremely offensive, and Shorty capped it with: "Any gal you could git would jump at a job in a beanery!"

"Oh, is that so? You're awful smart, ain't you?" retorted Uncle Billy.

NATURALLY the entire Spade outfit considered the cook's project a hoax, but Uncle Billy persisted in the notion that he was going to marry and bespoke a vacant cottage close to Sadler's on the hill. It was a two-roomed shack that a former owner of the Spade had used for the accommodation of buyers, and the cook planned to furnish it.

"She's a-comin' Friday," he informed them. Howls of incredulity! "All right. You wait and see. I reckon you fellers think I cain't git me a wife? Hey?"

Early Friday morning he hitched the dun mules to a buggy and set off to town. Under Sadler's direction the outfit was loading five hundred twos and threes at the pens on the outskirts and the last car was sealed just as the Burro Express showed at the summit of the down-grade. Thereupon they raced for the depot, whooping madly.

But when the prospective bride stepped on to the platform a deathlike silence fell on the crowd. They could scarcely believe their eyes. Uncle Billy had told the truth! Nay, he had grossly understated it. This copper-headed girl was more than young and peachy; she was more than pretty. Dave Rucker, who drove the bus and whose profession naturally endowed him with exceptional insight, took one glance at her and muttered in helpless despair: "Well, I'll be dogged! How did the li'l runt do it? That there's a sure-enough woman."

Nobody moved to welcome her and this seemed to embarrass Miss Steen. She colored and looked expectantly at the group of horsemen. Was it possible nobody had come to meet her?

"Go on, Uncle Billy," hissed Shorty, prodding the cook savagely with his thumb. "What're you standin' there like a fool for?"

As well ask a man why he is drowning! Uncle Billy was scared out of his wits. Looking like the wreck of a misspent life, he stood miserably mopping his brow with a bandanna. Suddenly he started forward with suspicious force, casting a resentful glance back at Shorty as he went, and shambled to meet her.

"Was you lookin' for anyone, ma'am?" he inquired politely.

"Yes, indeed. I was looking for Mr. Huckabee. He said he'd be here to meet me."

"I—I'm Mr. Huckabee," piped Uncle Billy with a pale smile.

Miss Steen whirled on him and cried: "You're crazy!"

"No, I ain't, ma'am. Honest, I ain't. I'm Mr. Huckabee. I'm the one you're going to marry."

A flash of dismay, quickly subdued, and she said firmly: "Is that so! You're not the Mr. Huckabee I'm looking for. He's—why, there's the man I came to marry!"

Everybody turned to look; she was pointing straight at the boss!

Jeff laughed, but her underlip started to quiver and he said hastily: "I'm afraid

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The Soul's Awakening and the Price of Prunes

By Walter V. Woehlke

SUPPOSE all the American wheat farmers should this year or next heed the incessant admonition of the agricultural experts and adopt German or English methods of grain production. Instead of an average yield of 14 bushels to the acre, there would be raised say 28 bushels. The total production would leap from around 800 million bushels to 1600 million bushels—and every wheat farmer would lose money faster than a war baby sheds its financial teeth after peace is declared.

In California and Arizona cotton yields an average of a bale to the acre; in the South the average production is less than half a bale to the acre. Suppose it should suddenly reach the Far Western average. Suppose the crops should suddenly jump from twelve million bales to twenty-four millions. Wouldn't the South have to call on the Red Cross for relief rations?

Production is only one end of the farming business. The selling end is of fully equal importance. If the product cannot be sold at a profit, it would better have been left ungrown.

In the fall of 1914 the apple orchards of the country produced 84,000,000 bushels of fruit; the following year they produced 76,000,000 bushels. The difference amounted to about three apple pines per capita. It was exceedingly small, yet in 1914 the growers throughout the country could not sell apples for enough to cover expenses; in 1915 they made a fair profit on the crop. What would happen if the apple crop should be doubled?

A surplus of 8,000,000 bushels extracted every penny of profit out of the apple business. In the Pacific Northwestern states a crop increase of about 10,000,000 bushels is in prospect during the next six or eight years. Will the added production kill the market? Will the new acreage of young apple, prune, pear, apricot, cherry, nut and peach trees and grapevines take the profit out of the fruit business when this acreage comes into bearing?

Growers throughout the Far West are nose to nose with this question. There is no sidestepping. It has to be answered. What is the answer going to be?

PERHAPS the raisin growers can shed some light on the question.

It has been variously estimated that it costs about 2½ cents to produce a pound of Muscat raisins in the sweat box. This estimate does not include interest on the vineyard investment of about \$500 an acre. Thus, if the farmer gets three cents a pound, or sixty dollars a ton, he gets his money back and gets paid for his labor; he also makes two per cent on his invest-

ment. Since most of the vineyards, for reasons which will be set forth, were until recently covered with good-sized plasters drawing seven to ten per cent interest, the producer had to pay the bulk of the mortgage interest out of his labor earnings when the price was down to three cents a pound.

AND it was down to three cents about half the time; sometimes the price was down to two and a half, even to two cents a pound. When it dropped that far, many farmers fed their raisins to the hogs and the horses. It was cheaper to feed raisins than to buy barley at the same price per pound.

Take a look at the California raisins. Better still, take a mouthful of them. There is nothing in them except grape-sugar and sunshine. They are not dipped in boiling lye like the Spanish raisins. They do not have to be washed three times like the Greek currants before they can be sold. They are clean. If you had ever seen the texture and color of the three changes of the wash water that must be used on most of the Greek currants; if you could watch the Greeks pile the currants on the dirt floors and cover them with various unappetizing materials to keep in the heat that cures them, you would appreciate the sweetness, the purity of the California product which the grower for years had to sell for three cents a pound and less.

But you, the consumer, paid a quarter for two pounds of raisins regularly; the standard retail price was four times the average amount the grower received. Of course the grower did not like to see his debts grow with each successive three-cent crop. What could he do? What did he do to diminish the margin between the amount he got and the price the consumer paid?

For years he didn't do much of anything—except to cuss the packers.

The packers are the owners of the big plants in which the raisins are stemmed, seeded, weighed and packed in boxes and cartons. The packers went out into the vineyards, advanced the grower money with which to pay the harvesting expenses and contracted for his crop—at the lowest possible price, of course. Like any other business man, they paid no more than they had to. Also, they tried to sell at the highest price they could get, but—

There were several dozen packers, and each packer tried to sell as much as he could and as fast as he could. They shaded prices to get the business, under-sold one another to such an extent that

they likewise failed to make money. The raisin seemed to have the Midas touch with the reverse English: everybody handling it grew poor. Even the speculators, the wholesalers and jobbers got tired of the everlasting uncertainty, turmoil and confusion attending the marketing of the raisin crop.

Several years ago the leading growers, the packers, the bankers and merchants of the raisin district determined to end the raisin chaos. They organized a company with a capital of a million dollars. This company leased the packing plants from the owners and it bought the crops of the growers. But it did not try to buy cheap and sell high. At the time of the company's organization the ruling market price was less than \$60 a ton: the company contracted to buy at a minimum price of \$80 a ton. It aimed to remove the ruinous competition among rival packers and speculators, to keep the raisin price at a steady level that would yield the growers a living, fair return plus six per cent interest on the capital invested in the California Associated Raisin Company. This effort was not a strictly co-operative movement conceived and carried out solely by the growers; the packers, the mercantile and the financial firms through the raisin district, realizing the importance of a stabilized and prosperous fruit industry, all lent a hand in getting the project started.

MORTGAGES have been paid off, automobiles, phonographs and pianos have been bought in the raisin country since speculation ceased and merchandizing became the order of the day in marketing the raisin crop. The average gross receipts of the small grower who has forty tons of raisins to sell have been \$800 a year higher during the last three years than they were during the preceding three-year period—and the growers know it. When the company stipulated last winter that, in order to continue its work it must have sales' contracts covering the crops of fifteen thousand additional acres, the growers went at the task with grim determination. They were not going to allow a stubborn neighbor to wreck the movement which had helped them to escape from the black shadow of foreclosure. When reason and pleading failed, they ostracised the selfish one socially, isolated him and his family even to the children until he gave in. The fifteen thousand additional acres were signed up and fair prices were assured for at least another three years.

In other words, the raisin growers have proved conclusively that the margin between the production costs and the retail price of their output is sufficiently large

to give them a fair profit while stimulating consumption at the same time—if cut-throat competition is eliminated and modern selling methods are used in the marketing of the crop.

Now let us switch to that much misunderstood fruit, the sugary, health-giving prune of commerce.

It's the same story, except that the producer as a rule has been receiving better prices than the raisin grower. But quite often he did not get enough. The packer, the man who owned the plants for handling and selling the crop, who financed the grower and dealt in his product, naturally was always gloomy and pessimistic when he contracted to buy prunes. Early in 1915, about the time the prune trees were in blossom, the line of talk he carried into the orchards was especially blue. Germany, the principal buyer of export prunes, had been cut off by the English orders-in-council; the war brides had not yet begun to smile; the country felt poor; the prune crop was going to be extra large. Any packer in the spring of 1915 could prove at a moment's notice that he was rendering a philanthropic, patriotic service by taking the ungrateful prune crop off the hapless grower's hands at three cents a pound. And a good many growers, fearing the worst, did contract to sell their crop around this price.

But there were others who refused to wear the blue glasses offered by the pessimistic packers. These courageous souls gnashed their teeth when they found that speculators had, in spring, sold at starvation prices more than a thousand carloads of prunes that would not be in existence until fall. These men decided that conditions warranted a price of 5 cents instead of 3½ cents a pound, but they could not prove it. So they held meetings, agitated and organized the Growers' Information Bureau, the Bureau to gather data concerning the probable size of the prune and apricot crop, the amount of stock on hand, the demand for dried fruits and other factors bearing upon the future course of the market.

VIEWED superficially the outlook for prunes and dried apricots in the spring and summer of 1915 bore out the packers' gloomy contentions, but the growers' bureau looked beneath the surface. As a result of its investigations it advised the growers to stand like a stone-wall for five-cent prunes and nine-cent apricots. Most of them stood, though the temptation to stampede was strong. All through the summer clear to the harvest the packers maintained their ground, fortified by the increasing severity of the British blockade. But when the allied countries suddenly developed a strong appetite for dried and canned fruits of all varieties, the packers beat a strategic retreat. The growers strong in faith got what they wanted; the others had a fine chance to do some plain and fancy repenting. And the man who sold fifty tons of prunes for \$3500 when he might have had \$1500 more merely by heeding the advice of his colleagues is learning to hesitate this year.

The curve of the 1915 prune and apricot price was one of the prettiest object-lessons of the cash value of coöperation ever presented to a group of farmers. Yet this lesson should not have been necessary. The citrus growers of California

have demonstrated the cash value of coöperative methods so thoroughly for so many years that additional proof should have been superfluous. The association of the walnut growers, controlling eighty per cent of California's output, the raisin men and the almond producers transmuted united effort into the coin of the realm right before the eyes of their doubting neighbors, but these neighbors were not interested until the rough paw of calamity forced them to stop, look and listen. The peach growers have seen the light since the disastrous summer of 1915 when thousands of tons of peaches rotted beneath the trees. In California they have formed an association with a capital of a million dollars on the model of the Associated Raisin Company. The olive growers, handicapped by a relatively small acreage scattered from one end of California to the other, are endeavoring to perfect their organization. The hop growers of California, Oregon and Washington have come together for a measure of mutual protection against the storm of blockades, embargoes, prohibition and speculation; even the hen men have heard the cackle of coöperation and are groping toward each other in an effort to put more money into their purses by consolidating their chicken-wire defenses.

YET it must not be expected that the market millennium will arrive overnight as a result of the agitation that has spread into every rural community of the Far West. Successful coöperation presupposes a cleansing of the old Adam. He who would profit must first learn gracefully to surrender a large part of his constitutional right to run his own business; he must cast out the devils of suspicion and doubt; he must steel himself against the temptation of higher prices offered by the opposition; he must learn to contemplate the high salaries paid specialists and executives without envy; he must realize that even high-salaried experts are not infallible and that they can only make the best of market conditions, the power to create prosperity throughout the country being denied them. If the grower would stand high in the councils of the movement, he must acquire the difficult art of looking beyond his own personal benefit to the welfare of the industry; he must study human nature, make allowance for its frailty when he is criticized and remember that, in the long run, his own success is bound up with that of the industry he helps to manage. The cornerstone of coöperation is not the organization of paid executives and salesmen; it consists of the attitude of the growers toward one another, toward the men who run the machine the growers own in common. In its essence this cornerstone is spiritual; when the growers really and truly are in the right frame of mind, the organization and financial problems can be adjusted rapidly.

IT is the unwillingness of the individual to purge himself of selfishness, suspicion, pigheadedness, hatred and prejudice that has caused the downfall of many coöperative efforts. And there is no successful enterprise operated by a group of farmers in common which has not passed through a period of mental storm and stress. The apple growers of the Pacific Northwest know this state of mind intimately. They have seen so-called co-

öperative enterprises run for the benefit of a few large stockholders, for the profit and the personal aggrandizement of the manager, for the advancement of a certain shipper's business. They have seen a group of malcontents withdraw and form a rival association because they did not like the color of the secretary's hair. They have seen big shippers fight each other, using the growers' fruit as ammunition; they have seen the managers favor one member at the expense of others and they have seen members steal a march on their fellows by dishonestly, carelessly packed fruit. They have seen politics of all varieties in their organizations, dissensions, schisms, contract-jumping and hammering until the woods rang with the song of the anvil.

Are the fruit-growers of Oregon, Washington, Idaho and Montana in the right spiritual condition for true coöperation now?

They should be. Based upon the new bearing acreage and upon last year's short crop, but without considering the weather factor, the four Northwestern states should have this fall more than 20,000 carloads of apples, the biggest crop since the first pioneer of the Oregon Trail was tempted to plant an apple tree. If the producer is to dispose of this great quantity of fruit at a profit, the squabbling between rival shipping organizations, large and small, between the various districts, between the associations in the districts and between the factions in the associations must cease; the knife and the hammer must be buried, the hands must come out of the other fellow's hair to seize the rope for a united pull.

The Northwestern growers did not trust one another. Hood River made a face at Wenatchee, Wenatchee suspected Yakima, Yakima would not pull with Rogue River and Western Oregon had its grievance against Spokane. The task of bringing them all under one hat had been tried, but without real success. It seemed impossible—until the federal government tackled the job.

THE Bureau of Markets of the Department of Agriculture has no special interests, no favorites to look after either in Yakima or in Hood River. Its one concern is to help the growers market their output at a reasonable profit. It is not involved in sectional jealousies or factional politics. It is an impartial outsider. Hence it became the snubbing post around which each district, shipper and grower could throw the lariat without fear or suspicion, the neutral ground on which the emissaries from all parties could meet to discuss their common problems.

And the representatives of the Bureau of Markets worked out a plan which met with the joint approval even of factions which had been openly hostile for years. They organized the Fruit Growers' Agency, which now includes over eighty per cent of the shippers' and growers' associations of the Northwest. The independence of the various selling agencies was not disturbed. They all will continue to sell the growers' fruit, but under conditions laid down by the new Agency. The principal condition is uniformity. Every selling organization joining the Agency must make a new contract with every grower or growers' association, and

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Miss Margaret Kennedy catches Columbia river crawfish to pay for singing lessons. It takes twenty-three dozen crawfish for each lesson. She "dresses the part" of the crawfisher as faithfully now as some day she will dress for the "Pearl Fishers" or other operatic roles

Interesting Westerners

A Girl Who Crawfishes to Get Ahead—A Scientist Who is Also a Household Efficiency Expert—A Man Who Teaches by Day and Farms by Night—The Uncrowned Queen of Utah—The Lady of the Garden Rosaries—The Boss of the Reindeer Range

A YOUNG girl singing as she works is an interesting object, always. This is particularly true of Miss Margaret Kennedy of Skamokawa, Washington. For her singing actually depends upon the amount of her work. If she catches twenty-three dozen crawfish that means money enough to go to Astoria, twenty miles away, for a vocal lesson.

Last year, in Olympia, before it became necessary for the Kennedy family to move down into Wahkiakum county, Margaret Kennedy's voice had attracted attention. Back of the voice lay purpose and the will to succeed. Changed conditions could not change these ambitions. The young singer thought it out beside the lower Columbia river. She had a small boat, a strong physique, and determination to go on with her music. She noticed others crawfishing on a large scale. Of course no girl had ever done it before, but was there ever another girl who wanted voice training as much as she? So she caught some bait, set her traps, and tied them to trees along the banks of the Columbia river.

Her crawfish are sold to an Astoria restaurant for twenty cents a dozen. Since beginning last September she has made an average of thirty dollars a month, twelve dollars being her highest week, and three dollars her lowest.

Once a week she has her vocal lesson in Astoria, paying three dollars for it, and a dollar and a half for her fare. Her voice is improving every day, so with renewed enthusiasm she dons her rubber boots and rubber coat and trousers each morning, and rows out to pull in her catch.

It is not difficult to predict for her a

time when she will draw in crowded houses from the flowing current of the music loving public.

U

WHEN Lord Kelvin, the famous English scientist, touring America, alighted from a train in Seattle several years ago, he was welcomed at the depot by a party composed of the city's most distinguished people, including members of the Chamber of Commerce.

"I cannot spend any time with you, gentlemen," said Lord Kelvin quite brusquely. "I am looking for Trevor Kincaid."

Some of the distinguished citizens had never seen nor heard of Professor Kincaid, who is better known in London, Paris, Berlin, Rome, Tokyo, New York and Petrograd than he is in his home city.

Professor Kincaid is very unprofessorlike in appearance. He is a slender, young appearing man with wiry black hair that persists in growing in the wrong direction and a whiskerless face upon which droll smiles are continually playing. His collars are usually a size and a half too large for him and he often walks absentmindedly across the campus carrying his umbrella upside down.

Relations between the United States and Great Britain were very strained in 1897 over the



Professor Kincaid has wiry black hair which persists in growing in the wrong direction and his collars are usually too large for him. Yet when the world's great scientists visit Seattle it is Professor Kincaid they come to see

seals on the Pribilof Islands. Professor Kincaid and Dr. David Starr Jordan went to the islands to represent the United States, met English experts there, made a scientific study of seal life and compiled a detailed report which formed the basis of an agreement satisfactory to both governments.

In 1899, Professor Kincaid acted as entomologist to the great Harriman scientific expedition to Alaska, and a little later he was sent to Japan by the department of agriculture to discover a parasite inimical to gypsy moths. Next the government sent him to the Carpathian mountains in Russia to secure more parasites which would kill destructive moths.

One of Professor Kincaid's best known achievements is his discovery of a parasite to combat the Douglas spruce beetle, which has made disastrous attacks upon American forest trees.

One of his latest achievements is the successful growth of Eastern or Baltimore oysters upon the Pacific Coast. Recently he has transplanted them from Chesapeake bay and they are breeding at the present time in Willapa harbor and neighboring coves and bays upon the seacoast of western Washington. Up to the time of his discovery the toothsome little Pacific Coast oyster, masquerading under various names, was the only one which had been successfully grown on the Pacific Coast.

Professor Kincaid is a strong believer in efficiency in the household. He maintains that women can eliminate fifty per cent of fatigue by motion study and economy of footsteps in their duties in the home. He says that the same principles of efficiency should govern their work as those now employed in many factories and public institutions. Before making her shopping tour, a woman should make

out a list of the stores to be visited in the order of their relative position so that instead of doubling back upon her steps she may save both time and energy by moving about on a timesaving plan. He also points out that an architect when planning a home, should give more attention to the arrangement of the kitchen so that the sink and drain-board may be in close proximity to the pantry. It should be planned to conform with her convenience and not the water piping as is usually the case. The kitchen should be formed around the stove as the productive center and a kitchen cabinet should be installed to save unnecessary bending and searching for lost articles.

Professor Kincaid is not merely a teacher and theorist. He is a warm-hearted, vigorous man who does things—a man whose achievements in entomology have put him in the same class in science as John Burroughs, Luther Burbank and Thomas Edison.

WARREN CRANE.



EIGHTY-EIGHT years old, yet youthful in spirit; slight of figure but powerful in influence; such is Mrs.

Emmeline B. Wells of Salt Lake City, president of the National Woman's Relief Society with its forty thousand active members. Mrs. Wells is one of the few remaining pioneers who blazed the trail across the plains in the late forties. She is one of the last of those, who, from personal experiences, can recount from the beginning the story of the development of the great west. At the age of fourteen, near the place of her birth in Massachusetts, she became a member of the Mormon Church. By carriage she went to Boston, by railroad to Albany, by boat through the Erie Canal to Buffalo and on lakes and rivers to Nauvoo, Illinois. A few years later she left Illinois and began her real pioneer journey of sixteen hundred miles across the plains. She reached Salt Lake valley in November, 1848,—sixty-seven years ago.

From the time of her arrival in Utah this energetic little woman, as school-teacher, author,

poetess, editor and publisher, public speaker, traveler—both at home and abroad has been an important figure in all the religious, political, social and educational life of the state, being particularly prominent in those lines of endeavor which have had for their object the advancement and development of woman.

Her office, headquarters of the Woman's Exponent (the second oldest woman's paper in the West) and the National Woman's Relief Society, in addition to being a veritable public bureau of information, has been especially a hospitable gathering place for women. Her guest book contains the autographs of hundreds of famous travelers who, passing through Salt Lake City, have paused for a moment to visit with this well-informed and interesting woman.

AMY BROWN LYMAN.



WILLIAM MALCOM, 57, teaches school from 9 until 4 and farms four ranches during the rest of his wakeful hours. He has taught school and farmed for thirty-five years. As he sometimes jokingly puts it, he is a teacher by day and a farmer by night because he needs farming as a recreation after teaching all day and then a little teaching to ease his muscles after farming all night! Even at 57 Malcom is a man of unusual capacity for work, the capacity being well preserved by a physical strength maintained by his outdoor work. Bearing this in mind it is easier to see how he carries on his two lines of work simultaneously.



William Malcom is a school teacher by day and a farmer by night. He says he needs farming as a recreation after teaching all day and then a little teaching as a rest after farming all night. Here he stands in a \$60,000 eucalyptus plantation which he has grown after school hours



Mrs. Emmeline B. Wells is called the uncrowned queen of Utah. She is eighty-eight years old, yet youthful in her activity; dainty of figure yet powerful in influence

You have heard of many a teacher who goes from the classroom to take care of a small garden or a few chickens. That isn't Malcom. He farms big; none of the pottering over half an acre. Give him an eighty-five-acre eucalyptus plantation, a 100-acre fruit farm, and throw in two small ranches of seven and five acres for his after-school amusement. Four such ranches are being farmed by Malcom now, with a partner on two of them. He has accumulated these properties during his thirty-five years of teaching and farming in spite of a \$50,000 loss in the panic of 1889-90. And if you wanted to buy him out today you probably would need \$100,000 or so.

Malcom is principal of a four-room district school at Puente, California. If he would retire the state would pay him a pension of \$500 a year the rest of his life for thirty years of faithful service. But Malcom loathes inactivity. Ask him when he expects to retire and he will laugh and tell you twenty or thirty years, with affected seriousness.

Here is an example of his activity.

He bought seven acres of cheap land some twenty years ago and planted it to eucalyptus trees. Every six years thereafter he cut crops of these trees—three in all—which averaged \$300 an acre to the cutting. Then he dug out thousands of tons of granite, which he discovered lay in rich deposits on this land, hired men with wagons, and sold it to the county for road building—enough to make twelve miles of highway. After that he filled in the cavities with good soil and sold the seven acres for town lots. Under Malcom's treatment those seven acres behaved much like a gold mine.

The class in agriculture in the Puente school is taught by the principal. It is more than a book course, you may be sure. In a well-arranged school garden across the road Malcom shows, with all the

equipment of a model garden, how to apply the book knowledge. His pupils are the sons and daughters of farmers in a region where farming competition is keen. And when they carry home the ideas of William Malcom on sweet corn growing there is no discounting their value on the part of the parents. For wasn't Malcom, with his own five acres, the first grower on the market with corn last spring? And didn't he, for several days while he had the market to himself, get as high as sixty cents a dozen for this same corn? Indeed he did. And he harvested it mornings, before school hours, too. HARLAN SMITH.



MRS. J. E. ANDREWS

of Los Angeles, had no idea, at first, of making flower beads a business. She began to make beads as a sort of idle-hour pastime, and to provide what she thought would be acceptable Christmas gifts for a few friends. These friends, however, quite naturally showed their beads to friends of theirs, and soon she was permitting herself to be persuaded into making strings of beads for sale. In a short time she was booking orders so fast that, before she realized what she was doing, she had to spend practically all of her time in the effort to fill them. That's the way it started, and today her beads are being sold all over the United States.

Mrs. Andrews, of course, makes no claim for originating the making of beads from the petals of flowers. The discovery of a process for making flower beads, in fact, is said to have been made many years ago by a nun, but the beads made according to this nun's process are always black, because the fresh petals are used. This California woman, however, does claim to have discovered the method, now largely in vogue, for creating a flower bead in which is preserved the natural color of the flower, as well as its natural perfume. She uses flowers of all kinds—and the exact color and fragrance of each of these are preserved in the beads. This makes it possible for a woman to possess a string of flower beads suitable in color to go with every gown.

By Mrs. Andrews' process the flowers are gathered when in their most perfect state and are allowed to thoroughly dry. The petals are then ground



Mrs. J. E. Andrews makes beads from the petals of flowers, so that the beads retain the color and the fragrance of the flower. They are rosaries of western gardens

into a fine powder and carefully sifted. A paste is made from this powder, which is then molded into pellets of the desired size. The pellets are pierced with a pin, and, with the pin in place, are placed in cardboard trays to dry. Later they are strung on strings, and sold in neat boxes.

CHARLES ALMA BYERS.



W. T. LOPP, of Seattle, Chief of the United States Bureau of Education in Alaska, has spent twenty-five years of continuous educational service in the frozen north. A few weeks ago Mr. Lopp, known as Tomguruk to the Eskimos, received a strange acknowledgment of his work among the Alaskan natives. It came in the shape of an ivory tusk, appropriately engraved, and a tanned baby-seal hide with a message written upon it inviting Mr. Lopp and his wife to visit Cape Prince of Wales some time this year.

In his twenty-five years' service in the north Mr. Lopp has been connected with the reindeer commission and by adopting practical methods has made reindeer raising an industry. There are now nearly 70,000 of these animals in the territory—the increase from a few hundred which were imported during the first few years of Mr. Lopp's residence in the north. Through his efforts aboriginal restoration has been realized—the savages have been elevated from the blubber and fish eating to the pastoral stage of life. Many of the northern natives have become comparatively wealthy and own large herds of deer.

The surplus male deer are sold to the residents of Nome and this summer many of them will be shipped to Seattle in vessels especially fitted for the purpose. A visit from Mr. Lopp is desired for a grateful celebration in his honor.

COLIN C. CLEMENTS.



W. T. Lopp recently received a written invitation to visit Cape Prince of Wales. The invitation was written on a tanned baby-seal hide. Mr. Lopp is Chief of the United States Bureau of Education in Alaska. He has spent twenty-five years of continuous service there

The Pulse of the Pacific

America's Costly Trenches

IF Congress would take the sixty millions per annum which are to be paid out for 25,000 additional regular soldiers, and the fifty million dollars which are to be dropped annually into the barrel of the militia, if Congress should take these hundred odd million dollars and spend them on new construction and increased personnel for the navy, something would have been accomplished. If the original purpose is adhered to, the immense sums will be worse than wasted.

An increase of 25,000 men in the size of the regular army enables the country to hold just six additional miles of trenches against a potential invader. A system which necessitates an outlay of almost ten million dollars to hold one mile of trenches is absurdly obsolete and so extravagantly inefficient that it cannot be justified. And no one but a muddleheaded politician would even dream of giving fifty million dollars a year to a system of known incapacity, with an unbroken record of failure and inefficiency, over which the federal government does not and cannot exercise adequate control.

Since it seems impossible to take sensible and reasonably efficient measures for land defense, it would seem the course of wisdom to concentrate on the navy—after the naval lesson of the great war has been studied and the need of greater preparedness has been demonstrated.

Gun Metal Patriotism

TWO decades ago the Carnegie Steel Company, through its superintendent, Charles M. Schwab, now of Bethlehem fame, and through the

testimony of numerous workmen, acknowledged that it had placed defective armor plate on the warships of the nation and charged full price for the goods. It confessed that many plates of the armor resembled Swiss cheese in their holiness, that these holes were plugged so artfully that the inspector's myopic eye failed to detect them. The enemy's shells would probably have been less considerate. The steel company, after a scathing denuncia-

tion by a Congressional committee, came through with a rebate of more than a hundred thousand dollars.

Since that time half a dozen Congressional committees have investigated the cost of armor plate, have found it excessive and have recommended the construction and operation of an armor plant by the government. Somehow the gun-metal patriots succeeded in preventing the execution of these urgent recommendations; armor plate continued to be made at private plants whose directors and stockholders became the spokesmen of the Navy League, an organization formed to bring about the construction of a larger and ever larger navy.

Over in Europe, the Krupps, the Creusots, the Armstrongs, the Schneiders and the Vickers blew upon the dying embers of race hatred and race prejudice to stimulate the arms business, blew and blew until the embers burst into lurid flame. It would pay the United States to make its own armor even if the money cost were twice the present private price.

The Senate has passed the bill appropriating \$11,000,000 for a government-owned armor plant; the House will find the country nodding an emphatic approval when it registers its assent to the bill.

The Political Round-up

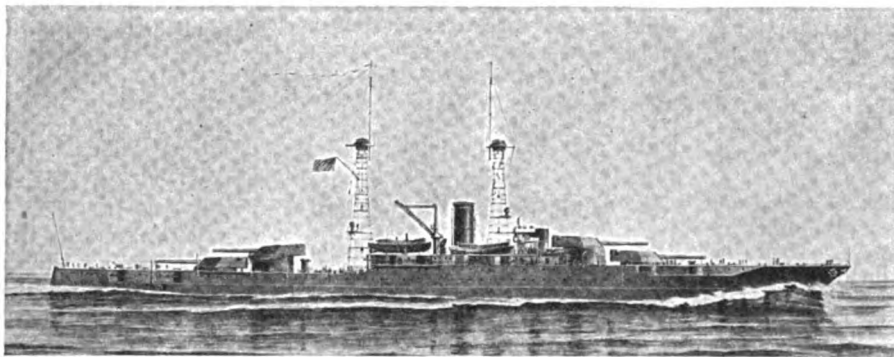
IT has been a good many years since the Far West found itself confronted with as long a row of political question marks as in the present presidential year. Viewing the situation from a tall peak, the one fact that rises out of the haze of uncertainty is the large hole in the place where the Progressive party used to do its towering. In the state of Washing-

ton the Armageddonites marched back into the Republican ranks en masse a year ago; in Oregon they returned in straggling groups, three and four at a time; in Utah, Arizona, Nevada, Idaho, Montana and Colorado they merely vanished. And now the fatted calf has been slain in California. For delegates to the Republican convention two Republican tickets have taken the field, one appealing to the Old Guard to do the usual rallying, the other one supplying the hyphen between progressive Republicans and conservative Progressives. And Governor Johnson is as loquacious as the sphinx, as communicative as a newly laid ostrich egg when his plans, preferences and projects are mentioned. Never have the faithful, the deserving ones, been wondering harder and longer which side is going to have the butter, if there is going to be any.

Nor is the seat of anxiety reserved solely for the various brands of Republicans. The Democrats likewise are fidgeting. They want to know the worst. Is it going to be Roosevelt? If Roosevelt, how does he stack up alongside of Wilson in the popular esteem? What is going to be the paramount issue, and which end of this issue will produce the most votes? Will it be Mexico? Preparedness? The tariff? The submarine killings? What will appeal strongest to more voters, pacifism or the big stick? And how about the hyphenated vote?

The Far Western politician cannot answer these questions, no matter how hard he tries, because the average citizen west of the Rockies has not yet answered them for himself. He does not know what he wants, and he is waiting for the political platter to come around to see what it will contain in the line of issues.

Roosevelt still has a strong following in the West, but this following is not muscular enough at this time to rope and tie the Western electoral votes for him. The standpatters still make horrid noises 'way down their throats when the Colonel is mentioned; the peace-lovers resent and fear his truculence; the German-American vote will go against him with a bang. Yet the discordant elements do not hail the candidacy of President Wilson



The New Superdreadnaught "New Mexico"

At the suggestion of A. A. Jones, Assistant Secretary of the Interior, the new battleship No. 40, to be launched at the New York Navy Yard early this fall, will be named after the state of New Mexico. Like her sister ships, the "Idaho" and the "Mississippi," the "New Mexico" will displace 32,000 tons, carry twelve 14-inch guns, burn oil and be driven by turbines. The "New Mexico's" turbines, however, will be connected to electric generators which are to turn the propeller shafts. The vessel will be commissioned late in 1917. Its construction was authorized in June, 1914

with shouts of joy. The agony of the Republican standpatters, if forced to choose between Roosevelt and Wilson, would be worth a whole set of tires to come and see. The German-Americans are in the same boat; at the mention of either name they begin to breathe hard. Preparedness fans of either party roll their eyes heavenward when they contemplate the spiral course of the President's preparedness measures, and the following of the Commoner, a factor not to be despised, looks upon these measures with like disapproval. Western Texas, Arizona and New Mexico gnash their teeth at the President's watchful waiting. They want energetic measures in Mexico, and the bulk of the Westerners approve of the demand for a tighter grip on the prickly neighbor, yet this same bulk undoubtedly disapproves of actual intervention. The masses of hard-working citizens want American rights doughtily championed against all comers. They want President Wilson to do the championing firmly and decisively everywhere, but they are hazy on the specifications. Something ought to be done, they believe, but they don't know what—and they do not want war.

As the situation stands in the Far West today, the Socialist candidate is going to get a corking big vote and President Wilson would probably beat Roosevelt in the first heat. But something may happen at any moment that would change the complexion of the West's political face overnight. Hughes, for instance.

"Continued fog and mist" is the forecast of the Far West's political weather bureau.

How's Business?

BEEF has gone up fifty per cent in the last six months. Prime steers that brought six to seven cents a pound in the fall of 1915 sold at nine and ten cents in the Coast stockyards during April. Spring lambs leaped over the ten-cent mark; hogs went to nine and a quarter. The Western wool clip, though the herds were slightly smaller, approached the 1915 clip in quantity as the animals put on heavier fleeces during the severe winter, and the wool prices are eminently satisfactory. This same severe winter also was a godsend to the alfalfa farmers; hay was in extraordinary demand and the price paid the producer in many districts was doubled. Though March and February were rather deficient in moisture, causing deterioration of fall-sown wheat in the Inland Empire, there is ample water for irrigation and power purposes.

The farmers who still have wheat and barley for sale are allowing the other fellow to do the worrying. A coöperative selling scheme of the salmon packers was abandoned; the prices received for the pack were too good to encourage special efforts. Dried and canned fruits have maintained strength, though the outlook for the next crop is not promising high profits. Citrus fruits are continuing to move forward at good prices, arousing the envy of other growers who lack efficient selling organizations. Hops and beans are lagging; early vegetables and berries were in strong demand at the usual high prices.

Though lumber is not making millionaires out of paupers, the price level at-

tained during the spurt three months ago has been maintained with fair uniformity and more men are at work in the mills and camps this spring than for two years past.

A copper output of 1,200,000,000 pounds was considered large three years ago and fifteen cents a pound was a price reached only in boom times. Last year the output of copper reached 1,322,000,000 pounds, and it sold at an average price of 18 cents. This year, at the present rate of production, it will leap to 1,792,000,000 pounds. Copper has been sold for delivery six months hence at 27 cents a pound. Never before has copper made so many fortunes as right now. And silver within a year has risen from 49 cents to 61 cents an ounce! Lead had doubled in value. Nevada, Arizona, Montana, Utah, Idaho, Colorado can't dig metals fast enough to feed the greedy maw of Mars. Crude oil was 35 cents a barrel; it now brings 58



Dr. John A. Widtsoe, the new president of the turbulent University of Utah

cents. But for the ever present fear of sudden peace or sudden war, the West would now be in the throes of a wild mining boom.

Both bank clearings and deposits, building activities, real estate transfers and railroad earnings throughout the West have shown satisfactory increases over the period in 1915. Western business, taken all in all, is good; in spots it is better even than booming.

Utah Boils Over Again

A YEAR ago the summary dismissal of four members of the University of Utah faculty caused twelve other members of the institution's staff to resign in protest. It was alleged at the time that the Board of Regents, through the president, J. T. Kingsbury, was interfering with the freedom of thought and speech of the institution's teacher. A public hearing of the charges against the four dismissed professors was demanded, but a majority of the regents supported President Kingsbury and the educational storm gradually drifted beyond the horizon. But the muttering of distant thunder continued. The element opposed to

the Mormon church, whose members dominate the Board of Regents, did not forget.

When the Board of Regents announced that President Kingsbury would retire at the end of the school year and that Dr. John A. Widtsoe, president of the Utah Agricultural College, would take his place, the storm broke out afresh. The minority of the board, mostly non-Mormons, maintains that it was not consulted at all. This minority does not object to the Kingsbury retirement, but it wants a voice in the selection of his successor. Yet it is improbable that the minority will oppose Dr. Widtsoe's appointment as his selection meets with general approval, even though he is a prominent member of the dominant church organization.

Dr. Widtsoe was born in Norway, came to Utah as a boy, studied at Brigham Young College, at Harvard and Goettingen, Germany. Since he became president of the Utah Agricultural College that institution has grown rapidly and now occupies a high place among its competitors in the West.

The Joy Zone's Aftermath

THE Combined Amusements Company built and operated a number of concessions on the "Zone" of the San Francisco Exposition. It spent \$428,362 on construction; its operating expenses were \$129,834. At the various gates the company took in \$126,168. The stockholders not only lost every penny they invested, but now they are also facing a suit brought by the creditors. The balance sheet of scores of other amusement enterprises shows similar results. Out of about four hundred concessions, less than ten repaid the investment and declared a dividend. By far the largest number barely covered operating expenses. Only those with a large attendance and a small investment pulled through.

When Chicago opened its Midway, expensive and exotic concessions were a novelty. Since 1893 a dozen Coney Islands have sprung up; every sizable city has its amusement park containing "villages" from the four quarters of the globe; nerve-racking rides, side-shows, stage spectacles of all kinds have become commonplace. The novelty has worn off, and the ingenuity of the showman seems to have stopped on a dead center.

Unless the showman has something really new to offer, the Midway of the next big exposition will be an even more dismal failure to the stockholders than the San Francisco "Joy" Zone.

Woman and the Limping Law

ALL law limps. It never catches up. It is always a lap behind the circumstances that created it.

When a law concerns the status of woman, it is usually two laps behind. Ask Mrs. Carrie Wright, of East Side, Oregon, if you don't believe this assertion.

Mrs. Wright decided to run for the city council. She did. Her fellow citizens thought enough of her ability to elect her by a handsome majority. Only a few refused to abide by the verdict. These few maintained that the popular candidate could not take her seat because she, a native of Oregon, had forfeited her

citizenship by contracting a matrimonial partnership with an American born north of the U. S. border line.

There was a hearing. Mrs. Wright, conducting her own case, cited the fact that in Oregon the franchise was bestowed equally upon men and women and that men continued to vote and hold office regardless of their wives' nativity. Mrs. Wright had the better of the argument; the new circumstances were all on her side. But the limping law sided with her opponents. She lost, because the Supreme Court recently decided that, all the facts notwithstanding, the wife still merges her individuality and her citizenship completely with that of her husband. If she marries an unnaturalized foreigner, a foreigner she becomes even if her ancestors fought in the Revolution.

Isn't it time that someone speeded the law with a good swift kick?

The Bargain Lorelei

THE proprietor of three "bargain" stores advertised a sale of raincoats. At the head of the list he announced, at a slashing reduction, the raincoats of a nationally known maker. The vigilance committee of the Associated Advertising Clubs investigated. It found that each store had just one raincoat of this well known maker. Using the reputation of the manufacturer as a shield, the "bargain" dealer endeavored to work off quantities of inferior stuff at stiff prices. Instances of similar nature covering every line of goods from breakfast foods to pianos can be multiplied almost indefinitely.

Why should a manufacturer of a really superior article be denied the right to fix the retail selling price of his output under proper restrictions to guard against monopolization? If his price is too high, his competitors eat him; if it is too low, the receiver hurries along; if it is reasonable, if the superior quality is maintained, manufacturer, retailer and consumer all profit alike. The Stevens bill protects the manufacturer; its clauses are designed to safeguard both the retailer and the consumer against an abuse of the price-fixing privilege. The Stevens bill deserves support.

The Grant Land Problem

CONGRESS has been proceeding with the division of the skin before the bear is really dead. We are referring to the efforts of the House committee which is endeavoring to divide the proceeds from the sale of the two million acres in Oregon granted to the Oregon and California railroad fifty years ago. The Supreme Court confirmed the railroad's title to the grant, but ruled that the land could not be sold for more than \$2.50 an acre. Since thousands of quarter sections contain standing timber worth \$50 to \$150 an acre, the Congressional committee is now trying to devise a method by which the timber may be sold and the proceeds divided. Oregon demanded that forty per cent of the proceeds go to the state school fund, an equal amount to the road funds of the affected counties and that twenty per cent be turned over to the federal government. The committee, however, decided to give

only twenty per cent to the Oregon schools, thirty per cent to the county road funds, ten per cent to the government and divert forty per cent into the Reclamation fund, out of which the government is advancing money for the construction of irrigation works, the cost to be paid back into the fund by the settlers in twenty years. The West, therefore, would receive ninety per cent of the proceeds, but Oregon—with good reason—objects to this division unless all of the Reclamation fund's portion is spent on Oregon irrigation works.

In the meantime the railroad maintains that there is no skin. It is willing to sell the land at \$2.50 an acre, but it maintains that the grant said nothing about the timber, that the railroad is the rightful owner of this timber just as it would own the wild hay or the blackberries growing on any portion of the grant. It



John Dowd, of Bend, Oregon, is 104 years old, still travels about the state and carries a hunting rifle besides a heavy grip. He came to Oregon in 1840 as a soldier and, two years later, cast his vote in favor of the United States and against England in the memorable settlers' meeting that saved the Oregon country for the Union. He has never given a patent-medicine testimonial

asserts that it has the right to harvest the timber crop before it sells the land at \$2.50 an acre, especially as the major portion of the timber-covered land is unsuited for agriculture, and it has appealed from the decision.

The land-grant problem, after all, may not be settled for years, and in the meantime Oregon and its counties continue to lose the tax revenue.

Yellow Froth on the Melting Pot

EXCEPT perhaps from Russia and Turkey, immigrants come to the United States for the sole purpose of filling their pockets with dollars instead of lires, gulden, kroners or rupees. Political or religious persecution has be-

come a negligible cause of emigration; the economic factor has assumed the center of the stage. Since the causes and the character of immigration have changed, it is obvious that the traditional American policy toward immigration should also change, especially as no man knows what effect peace will have on the situation.

The literacy test has been commended in these columns before. If it is vetoed, the cause of the veto may safely be accepted as an indication of preparedness for the November election, a sop thrown to the "foreign" vote. And it is not at all improbable that Congress will disregard the whip of party discipline and pass the bill over the veto.

At the behest of the Pacific Coast all Hindus are specifically excluded by the Burnett bill, and Japanese exclusion becomes an implied fact through the clause which bars aliens ineligible to citizenship. This clause, if adopted, will undoubtedly inject fresh complications into the situation arising out of the presence of 95,000 Japanese in California. These Japanese, though satisfied with the so-called Gentlemen's Agreement, have been insistently demanding the full rights of citizenship. Adoption of the Burnett bill is a peremptory denial of this demand. The Japanese government can, with a show of justice, claim that the new immigration act abrogates the Gentlemen's Agreement. Without this agreement it would be impossible to grant citizenship to Japanese immigrants as the bestowal of the naturalization privilege would remove the bar against their admission. If the Burnett bill becomes a law, the discrimination against Japanese residents must continue indefinitely, its consequences bobbing up from time to time at inopportune moments.

The proper solution of the problem would be the specific exclusion of Japanese laborers in the same manner as Chinese are excluded, plus a clause conferring the right of naturalization upon all immigrants regardless of race and color once they are admitted to the country. But this solution would not save Japan's sensitive face.

Apparently the yellow froth will continue to bubble over the edges of the Melting Pot for some time to come. Still, the next boiling-over may be staved off until the Gentlemen's Agreement expires in 1920.

Fertilizer From the Sea

UNTIL the war broke out the sole purpose of the vast kelp beds along the Pacific Coast was the fouling of the propellers of vessels following the shore line. It was known that the kelp contained potash and iodoform in commercial quantities, but the cost of extracting the substances was too high. The German mines could supply potash at less money per ton. High finance sniffed at kelp and turned away.

When potash importation ceased and the price went up, capital at once flowed into the struggling plants, improved apparatus was designed, costs were cut and new uses discovered for the kelp. Half a dozen powerful concerns have gone into the kelp business, especially along the littoral of southern California, to such an

extent that Los Angeles county enacted an ordinance limiting the cutting of kelp to six feet below the surface in order to conserve the supply. A powder firm, a match manufacturer, a Chicago packer and a St. Louis hardware concern have established large plants for the harvesting and treatment of the marine weed, and potash from kelp is now being shipped in carload lots. In addition the kelp is being used in the manufacture of imitation horn, bone and rubber tool-handles. Apparently the new industry is now so well established that it cannot be killed off when German potash reenters the world market. Hence an experimental government kelp plant is not needed.

The scramble for kelp calls attention to another Pacific Coast resource in earnest need of exploitation. In the salmon and halibut industry approximately 12,000 tons of fish-scrap fertilizer, worth half a million dollars, and 2,500,000 gallons of fish oil worth more than a million dollars at present prices, are dumped into the sea annually from the canneries, unused. The installation of a small rendering plant in each cannery would add both to the receipts of the canneries and to the Western fertilizer supply.

Curing Grievances With Lead

DO you remember the night-riding farmers of Kaintuck? They attempted to form an all-embracing organization in order to obtain, through collective bargaining, a living price for their principal product, tobacco, the buyers of which were strongly organized and acted collectively. Perhaps you remember that the power of the organized farmers was wielded in defiance of the law and for criminal private purposes in the end.

Now the dairy farmers of northern Illinois and Indiana are on the rampage. They are in revolt against the organized distributors. They want more money for their milk. Anyone familiar with the dairy business knows their cause to be just. They have a grievance. To cure it, they are using typically American methods. They are defying law and authority, applying brute force. The weapons of democracy are in their hands, but they do not use them. The lawful process is too slow and hard; it requires self-discipline.

Those striking farmers of the Middle West own enough land and equipment as a basis of credit to acquire and operate their own distributing plants, to eliminate the middleman entirely. Why don't they? Why don't you, dear reader, buy your groceries coöperatively and save money? Because it is too much trouble; because you won't take the required interest in your store; because you will insist that the store,

against the rules, shall give you credit; because you will run after "bargains" and starve your one-price store; because you will get mad if the clerk in your store does not wait on you first.

You are not willing to pay the price of successful coöperation. You let things drift until they become intolerable. Then you reach for your gun and join the mob on the highway.

The Danish farmers, the German farmers, the English Rochdale buyers did not make coöperation a success at the point of the gun. No one ever has; no one ever will. To learn about the cornerstone of successful coöperation, read the article on page 26 of this issue

Speeding Into Eternity

THE modern automobile is a projectile as well as a vehicle. A mass of metal propelled at a speed of fifteen to sixty miles along the highway will, on impact with an obstacle, produce the same results as a shell of large calibre. The opportunities to study the result of such impacts are unfortunately too abundant for comfort. For five years the California railroads have collected data on the nature of grade-crossing accidents. These data show that fifteen per cent of the motorists killed at the crossing had so little control over their cars that they could not prevent the motor from hurling itself against the side of the train; another fifteen per cent of those killed paid no attention to the train

whistle and bell, ignored the crossing bell passed by automatic wigwag devices, disregarded the flagman and paid no heed to the warnings of other persons in their mad haste to cross the tracks ahead of the approaching train. Had there been barrier gates, they would have smashed through them in order to make connection with the Reaper Limited.

If the chronic speeder merely hurled himself into eternity, the world could stand the loss. But unfortunately he shares the highway with millions of others, and often his tonneau is filled with trusting innocents. Street cars cross no track without stopping; why should a motor car be allowed to whiz over a grade crossing without taking time to stop, look and listen?

More Grease for Waterways

THE world's best example of successful waterway improvement is the Rhine. Since 1866 it has cost Germany \$4,250,000 to canalize the river. The government owns the railroads paralleling the river, and on these railroads it fixes the freight rates on bulky, low-priced commodities so high that the shippers must send them by water. Thanks to these circumstances the Rhine annually carries a burden of 40,000,000 tons.

The new canalization project of the Ohio will cost \$64,000,000, minimum. It has so far swallowed ten times the amount spent on the Rhine. The annual traffic on the Ohio is between one and two million tons, and ninety per cent of the traffic consists of soft coal.

Does it pay to spend \$64,000,000 more on the Ohio?

St. Louis had a river traffic of 2,120,000 tons in 1880, of 153,000 tons in 1914. Between the two dates a hundred and fifty million dollars were spent in "improving navigation" on the Mississippi.

Does it pay?

The Missouri has been "improved" to the tune of \$21,000,000 so far, with \$14,000,000 more in prospect. Result: a traffic of—count 'em—19,377 tons in 1914.

There are many similar instances, most of them worse. On scores of "improved" creeks it would pay the government to buy the waterborne goods outright. It would be cheaper. Yet Congress, confronted by vastly increased army and navy expenses, proposes to open a pork barrel containing \$40,000,000 for rivers and harbors.

The minority of the rivers and harbors committee recommends the establishment of a non-political waterway commission to study the entire subject of inland navigation and put a stop to the present disgraceful waste of the nation's money. Write a line to your Congressman and tell him what you think of this particular pork barrel.



Miss Dorothea Huggins as the "Butterfly" in the Partheneia, the annual spring play given by the women students of the University of California. Five hundred young women participated in the elaborate masque and pageant early in April



Big Mitt stood amid the wreckage of the room, looking foolish. In front of him stood Faustina, threatening him with a remnant of the chair

If She'd Ever Worn a Hat

By Edith Wagner

Illustrated by Arthur Cahill

Faustina was a beauty and a miracle of honesty. If she had ever used a fork or worn a hat this vivid little tale of Mexico might easily have had a different ending

THE boarders at Mrs. Tibbits' *casa de huéspedes* in Puebla took a consuming interest in Faustina, not only because she was good looking but because she was a miracle of honesty. Before she came to make the beds, sweep the floors and carry in the towels it had been maddening. If the previous incumbents were young and fancied themselves, they used the perfumes, the cold creams and the hair restorers—freely was no name—and not a piece of jewelry could be left alone a minute.

Faustina was a revelation, for it was soon found that toilet articles, even new socks and gaudy cravats, could be left loose with impunity. Her other attractions were velvety black eyes that she kept half-closed behind a long double fringe of lashes; a large wholesome mouth filled with teeth white as popcorn; an olive and claret complexion, and heavy braids bleached to a deep red by the tropic sun and worn in a sort of wreath around her small head—a head set proudly on a fine columnar throat. Her figure was faultless—as she wore the sleeveless

camisa of the Indios, very little above the waist line was left to the imagination—glorious arms of a soft pale-brown, dimpled shoulders and round abrupt breasts.

The boarding-house was near the Inter-oceanic railway station, so nearly all Mrs. Tibbits' boarders were railroad men, and while most of them were pretty decent—as men go—it was hardly the place a careful mother would select for an unprotected daughter. Still old Tomasa, who took the place of a mother to Faustina, was careful according to her lights—which maybe were a little dim.

The mother had died when her sixteenth child was born; of the sixteen, but Faustina and an ineffectual brother or so were alive; and Tomasa, this little bent grandmother, made a home for them. Her face was like a monkey's—so shrewd, so wrinkled, so sad. She knew what a misfortune beauty is for a servant, and could only put her trust in Faustina's good sense and bad temper. The men already stood in awe of the bad temper.

FAUSTINA had been but a few days at the casa when one morning Mrs. Tibbits heard loud and quarrelsome sounds proceeding from "Big Mitt" Andrews' room. Big Mitt deserves a word: he was from Arkansas, a drawling, awkward giant. He was called "Big Mitt" because his mitts *were* big and his name was Mitford. One of his mild, light-blue eyes turned up at the outer corner, which phenomenon—known in railroad circles as "cock-eye"—seemed to give a poignant flavor to his most trifling remarks. He had a humorous outlook on life that was attractive, and it was considered a privilege, among his railroad brethren, to sit with him Sunday night in the plaza to hear his comments on the passing throng.

To go back to the loud sounds: when Mrs. Tibbits reached the room Big Mitt was standing in the center of the wreckage of it looking foolish. He was dripping with water, the fragments of a large crockery pitcher at his feet, also a smashed-up chair—four of the rungs made a kind of yoke around his neck. In front of him stood Faustina, threatening him with a remnant of the chair.

"Call off yer wildcat!" he implored Mrs. Tibbits. "Now don't *you* git to gittin' excited and imbibe the wrong idee, as it were. I jest offered her a fatherly kiss, but I wasn't allowin' to insist on it; and after I see kissin' was a lost art to her I wuz more'n willin' to let bygones be bygones. But dern it all! For the last five minutes I hain't been trying to kiss her—I been tryin' to save my life! I'll sure pay the damages, Miz. Tibbits, ef you won't give me away to the boys."

From that time began a respectful admiration on the part of Big Mitt for Faustina; as for her, she had the Indian gift of silence, so if she felt anything nobody could say what it was.

THEN the Adonis, the beau of the Interoceanic road, was transferred to the Puebla division, and came to Mrs. Tibbits' to board—Dave Ritchie. He had a heavy, somewhat slouching body but his face was well cut and not unhand-some. A fastidious person might object to his manner of eying a woman—a steady, calculating gaze, something the way a sated wolf would eye a lamb, deliberating where to take the first bite.

The boarders were all fearful for Faustina, as Dave was known far and wide as a heartless Lothario, so they naturally made the mistake of warning her against him.

Even Jackson Peters, the chief engineer of the road, who took his more elegant meals at the Café Roma uptown but passed his hours of relaxation at Mrs. Tibbits', gave the girl a word of advice. As he was the only one who could speak Spanish intelligibly, his was the only warning she understood. And she gathered



She favored him with a cool stare

from it that he did not like the new man and wanted her to hate him. Of course no one wants his dissuasive insinuations put in cold-blooded words; in consequence, Jackson Peters thought it best to reconsider, thus leaving Faustina perplexed but not at all alarmed over the new man.

When she met him at the foot of the stairs leading from the patio to the gallery from which all the bedrooms opened, she favored him with a frank stare from between her inky-black lashes. He returned the stare with a fire lighting in his bold gray eyes. With a heavy *jarra* of water on her head, the slim fingers of one hand lightly touching the swelling side of the red clay jar and the other laid on her rounded hip, dimpled arm akimbo, she proceeded to mount the stairs as erect as Diana.

Dave Ritchie did not make the mistake of trying to kiss Faustina; he began rather subtly by bringing her small presents—a tiny green *colorra* with a vocabulary of about five words, a string of milk-amber beads, a matrix opal ring set in silver—sometimes it was only a box of Celaya *dulce*. In his coarse way he understood the heart of a woman. The little gifts, the little attentions that are so dear to a woman, he never forgot.

ONE night Dave Ritchie's train was late from Jalapa and everyone was at the meal they called supper. He had removed his blackened jumpers at the roundhouse and washed the engine grease and grime from hands and face; put on the high collar and red necktie he kept carefully wrapped in his valise. He came in the dark *zaguan*, gave his hat that tilt which bespeaks the man who thinks mighty well of himself; threw away his cigar; put a perfumed "breathlet" in his mouth; fingered his tie and started up the stairs carrying his valise. He could look across the patio into the lighted dining-room. Everyone was there who was not out on the road. Mrs. Tibbits, her grizzled hair drawn into a knot the size of a peanut, with her gingham blouse open a button at the base of her fat neck, was dishing out the food while the talk mounted high of busted cylinders and cracked crown-sheets, petticoats—engine-petticoats—and leaky valves. He could hear Mr. Toohy querulously complaining that "She pounds like the devil on the Bandera grade!" Even the colorless "Tib," Mrs. Tibbits' husband, was safely seated at board.

There was a bell at the head of the stairs. One ring was for water and two for towels and so on. When he reached the bell he rang twice. He did not turn on the electric light but stood in his doorway. When Faustina came with the towels he gently led her into the room; she walked in without a word but to his surprise resisted violently when he tried to kiss her.

"I love you," he said in his halting Spanish. "You are a bad girl to be bad to me."

The girl was of Tehuana blood. Her mother had been a famous Tehuana belle, but had lost caste by marrying a northern man—a worm from Jalisco; however, Faustina had inherited her beauty and also seemed imbued with that scorn of mere man for which the beauties of Tehuantepec are notable.

FAUSTINA had a simple logical code which she proceeded to elucidate for Mr. Ritchie. If he loved her, and he said he did, of course he wanted to marry her. If he wanted to marry her, also as a matter of course, he would love her enough to want to please *her* and not himself!

The man was without principle, but he could see the necessity of bridling his actions. When he found the girl inflexible, he plausibly agreed to marry her, mindful that a religious ceremony is not binding in Mexico.

"We will go to a priest tonight," he whispered. They were standing on the gallery outside his room, for when she had repulsed him she had adroitly slid out of the door.

Words could not express his smothered fury when she again thwarted him by pointing out that they could not be married for three Sundays, as the priest had to call the banns. He understood enough Spanish to get the meaning of what she was whispering to him in her soft voice. He had barely time to warn her to tell no one of their affairs when he heard the men scraping their chairs on the brick floor of the dining-room preparatory to coming out in the patio. He let her go but he could not be certain that she understood him.

A little later she told Mrs. Tibbits, as that lady was making a round of the pantries and larder, locking up everything, that she was going to marry Señor Recchee in three weeks. Mrs. Tibbits sent a *mozo* for Jackson Peters and hunted Big Mitt out of "Pump-handle" O'Brien's room where a select few had a poker game. The three met in the storeroom, which occupied an inconspicuous place near the kitchen.

Jackson Peters, his fine, clean-shaven face alight with interest, listened, as sympathetically as Big Mitt, to Mrs. Tibbits' heated recital of the facts.

"You know," she concluded, "he's jus' going to live with her 'til he's tired of her, then he's going to run off and leave her. He's jus' planning to fool her. Pretty as she is, he'd be ashamed to take her to the States. Why for one thing: she ain't never had a hat on in her life! But poor girl! I hate to have her treated so."

"I hate, too, to think of that beast embittering the girl's life," agreed Mr. Peters.

Big Mitt's vocabulary was limited; but he also said he would hate it, too.

"We really ain't no right to interfere," Mrs. Tibbits continued; "but when I think of him so conceited and cock-sure . . . Besides I jus' know he's planning to deceive her."

Mr. Peters absently put a crimp in his expensive Panama. "Would she marry him if she thought he was already married?" he asked.

"No, she's a good honest girl—if she is so pretty! But he says he ain't—so what you going to do?"

"I kinder think," Big Mitt murmured, "I ain't right shore, but I think Skinny Lewis told me that Ritchie's a consumed name and that he'd left a wife rattlin' round some'eres in the States."

"Well, I'd like to be a mutton-head like you," Mrs. Tibbits said acidly. "What ain't you sure of—whether 'twas Skinny told you or whether Dave's got a wife?"

But Big Mitt appeared lost in a fog of conjecture.

The conspirators were dispirited, although Mr. Peters reminded them that anything might happen in three weeks.

"Nothing ever happened to me that I wanted to happen unless I made it happen," Mrs. Tibbits declared sagely.

Jackson Peters went to his uptown hotel feeling more than a little sorry for Faustina. He liked her and recognized in her a tough fiber of honesty and a straightforwardness rare in women as a whole. Next morning he went to Mexico City.

At various times in the two following days Mrs. Tibbits tried reasoning with the girl, recalling to her the unhappy fate of Susana and Lola and Ysobel—victims of lawless American men.

"Pues, if he deserts me, mine is not the blame," Faustina argued. "Our own men go away with other women and beat us and besides starve us. Look at Miguel who works in the roundhouse, begging all these days to marry himself with me. He earns (figure to yourself nothing more!) thirty pesos a month. Señor Ree-chee twenty times that. I will marry with Señor Ree-chee."

IT was early in the morning and she had been sweeping out the *sala* when brought to stand and harried by Big Mitt and Mrs. Tibbits. She stood with her head brought back as graceful and spirited as a doe at bay. At that moment Jackson Peters, who had just got back from Mexico in his private car, stuck his head in the *sala* door. Mrs. Tibbits was the only one to see him. He dropped her a wink and drifted off down the patio. Mrs. Tibbits, coughing shrilly and artificially at Big Mitt, waddled out of the *sala*, and before long the three were holding a junta in the storeroom.

"While I was in Mexico yesterday afternoon," Mr. Peters began, "I made a little effort to delve into Ritchie's past and I was told that old MacKeller knew him—Mac, the despatcher—that he had worked on the Aransas Pass when Ritchie fired a freight there. I didn't get much satisfaction, but if what Mac says is true Ritchie must be a rank black-guard. He abandoned a wife in Waco and brought a pretty Texas girl to Monterey; the girl was obliged to appeal to the American consul when she found that Ritchie was planning to trade on her good looks. Mac would not tell me Ritchie's own name. He kept saying that he had promised not to divulge it. Poor old Mac! He is so used up with drink and dope that there is no use appealing to his moral sense. He will stand and shed tears by the gallon but won't help a bit. He wouldn't even come here to Puebla to repeat to the girl the yarn he told me. Of course Faustina will not take my unsupported word against Ritchie's."

"Miz. Tibbits, what do you reckon you got a woman's intooitions fur ef it ain't to come to the scratch in a fix like this-er?" inquired Big Mitt when Jackson Peters had finished. "Don't you-alls reckon maybe he's got letters some'ers that 'ud turn the trick fur us?"

Mrs. Tibbits' fat face was instantly irradiated and she cried gaily, flapping her apron at them, "Now both of you scat! For I jus' thought of a plan."

(Continued on page 100)



Chief Two Lance

(Thomas H. Ince Players)

INCEVILLE, at the edge of the Pacific, has become, among many other things, a miniature Indian reservation. In all there are one hundred and twenty-one Indians at the Ince studio, a small Sioux tribe. Three or four hours a day before the camera is all the work required of them. Producer Ince, as a sort of Indian agent, had a constructive problem on his hands to take care of the redskins' leisure. He solved it by building a regular Indian school where Mr. and Mrs. Lo and their children go to school together as they would on a real reservation





Bessie Barriscale

(Thomas H. Ince Players)

ALAS for the limitations of the camera! Fortunate Westerners saw—and heard—the winsome Juanita in the Tully-Belasco play, "The Rose of the Rancho." It was not the sophisticated Juanita of Frances Starr, on Broadway, but the "only genuine" characterization of Bessie Barriscale, who had spent dreamy hours in the actual mission garden at San Juan Bautista. Do you remember that adorable lisp? The camera catches the charming Barriscale personality for the screen, but the lisp is only a memory. Yet why complain when the loss to a few ears is gain to many eyes!



Beatriz Michelena and William Pike

(California Players)

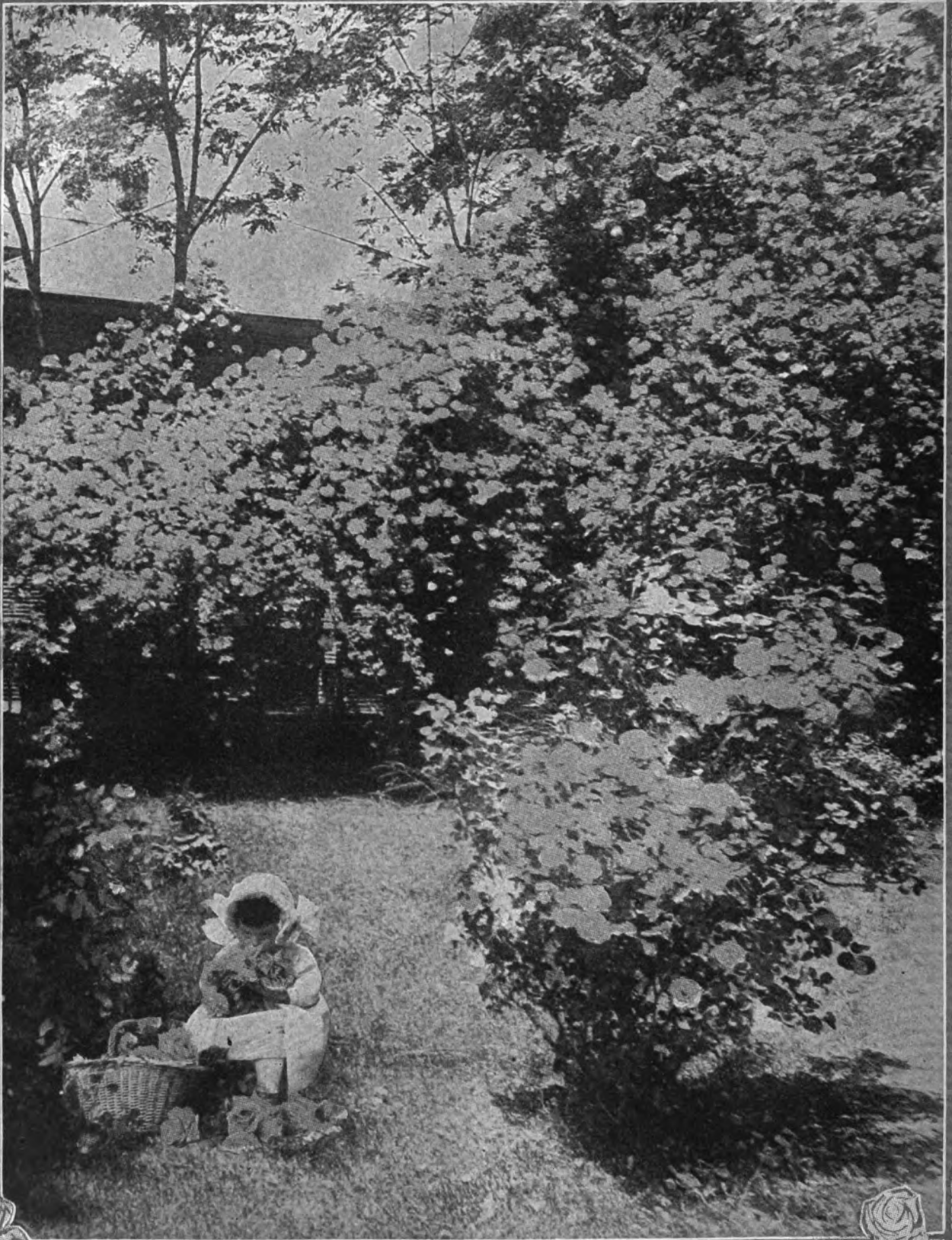
THE film version of Edwin Milton Royle's drama "The Unwritten Law" is a thing of fire and water. The water is salt, as it enters in the form of tears. Miss Michelena has an effective courtroom scene in which she sheds copious and compelling tears. These are expected to act on the spectators as priming in the lachrymal pump, for even the hardened force in the "cutting room" is said to have wept as the film was assembled. There might easily have been true cause for tears, for a fire scene was somewhat too realistically done and the principals were painfully burned



Constance Collier

(Morosco Players)

LONDON was depressed, unlighted, many of the theaters closed and no money for anything theatrical excepting musical comedy. Constance Collier felt toward London as Mme. Lavalliere felt when she left Paris, "because it had become as a lover grown old." So the English actress came six thousand miles direct to the New Rialto at Los Angeles looking for health and money. First off she played before the camera, with profit, in a low-cut evening gown and a rainstorm. Yet she got health. Two scenes, taken a month apart, show her gaining apparently between one room and the next



Between the city apartment house and the isolated ranch home lies the Children's Paradise. It is a place of sunshine and soft grass where there is room to run and to frolic with pets. May-month brings the roses—a tidal wave of them overwhelming house and garden. The air is as sweet as the children who breathe it. Fortunately, for many reasons, there are more little people in this blossoming Western paradise than amid the crowded buildings of the cities



The Home in the West



CONDUCTED BY LILLIAN FERGUSON

A Sleeping-Porch in Alaska

TO live and to be happy in a place where soil, climate and location all conspire against one seems like opposing nature, yet that is what Mr. and Mrs. W. N. Lozier of Tee Harbor, Alaska, have successfully done.

Twelve years ago, when Mr. Lozier was chosen as a representative of a Puget Sound fish company, and came north with his bride, the prospect seemed dreary enough. The site where he must live was a small peninsula backed by the mighty forest. The nearest town, Juneau, was forty miles distant, except in seasons of high tide, when small craft could make a short cut, reducing the distance to seventeen miles. There was no medium of communication with the outside world except by the chance fishing-boat or by a small launch, and often in winter storms compelled the place to be completely isolated for months.

The soil was rocky and sterile, yet when I visited there in June, all about the house was a blooming garden. Daisy-bordered walks led among beds of pansies and nasturtiums, and finally back to a spot where grew the crispest vegetables ever tasted. Currant, gooseberry and raspberry bushes flourished, and wild roses bloomed along the fence. "This rich soil was brought from Juneau," in-

formed my host, "and many boat-loads it required, too." I looked upon it with awe, which was certainly the proper feeling for that day of marvels.

After I had dined upon choice viands, my hostess offered to show me about. A glance through a half-open door caused me to exclaim, for there was a bathroom completely equipped. My hostess led me to a window and pointed to a mountain towering on the other side of the narrow bay.

"A STREAM supplied by the mountain is piped to our humble home," she said. "We have water the whole year round, for you may be sure that we take care that it does not freeze," she continued, opening the door to a pantry where were many shelves loaded with glasses of jelly and jars of delicious looking fruit. "All native products," said she. "Besides the produce from my own garden, lagoon berries, salmon berries, blueberries and wild strawberries all gathered and put up by myself. At the proper season we take the launch and visit the regions where they grow, sometimes camping for days. I may add a few jars of peaches and plums from the Juneau markets and my store will be complete. Now have a look at my sleeping-porch."

"What—a sleeping-porch in Alaska!" I exclaimed.

"Why not? We need air as well as others," she laughed.

It was a tiny porch roofed as usual, but with walls of white canvas which could be rolled up in times of good weather. She told me of a wonderful winter when they had slept with it open for two consecutive months. Quite subdued I followed her to the living-room, where she left me while she went to prepare food for her chickens. I had time to look about and saw a room characteristic of its inhabitants. The well-filled book-cases and magazine racks, the harmonious rugs and curtains, a few plants tastily disposed, and, above all, the wide windows overlooking the blue waters, left an impression of beauty and homeness hard to describe but impossible to forget.

Later I stood outside by a chicken-park that surrounded a neat coop where a heating-stove saved those precious fowl from winter destruction; and as I watched her scattering grain that had grown in Iowa or Kansas I meditated that the world was wide but that one found the same people everywhere, and that even in Alaska's remote places people lived their own lives in spite of anything; and the thought was an inspiration to me. GRACE ETON DAVIS.

One Thousand Dollars' Worth of Wild Flowers

IF any one had said to me, on the morning I set out to take my first view of the Pacific ocean, that by evening I should be the owner of one thousand dollars' worth of wild-flowers on its shores, I would not even have scoffed. The idea would have seemed too ridiculous for notice.

My enthusiastic hostess had repeatedly assured me that I would never be content to live East again. "Wait," she adjured, "until you have seen a little more of California, and you will find that you can do without New York and Boston forever."

To which I replied with the superior smile that indicates the foolishness of even bandying words. Not all the roses in Pasadena—not the mocking-bird that sang in the moonlight outside my case-

ment window, not the blue-veiled mountains, not the golden sunshine and orange-perfumed air in which I read my eastern letters telling of snow and cold—could unsettle my conviction that California, while it had indeed heavenly delights for the visitor, had no permanently satisfying qualities for the well-balanced, thoroughly civilized and loyal Easterner. She was, I considered, a charming witch, to whose enchantment the unthinking immediately succumbed, renouncing in a fine frenzy of infatuation all previous loves and responsibilities, to sink enslaved at her feet. Me she was in no likelihood of enslaving. Deep in my heart were the protecting charms of New England apple orchards and brown brooks, Washington Square and the hum of Broadway. I was immune.

AND then came the day of which I speak—the day whereon, like Balboa, I set forth to view the Pacific ocean. The great Spanish explorer himself could scarcely have had more curiosity about that body of water. The Atlantic I knew, from the sandy flatness of the south to the rocky coast of Maine—and all the way eastward. By what strange, unnamable variation differed the Pacific? Was it blue? Was it green? Was it salt? Was it wild? Or was it indeed calm and pacific, as its name indicated? Strange to say, in all the weeks I had been in interior California no one had been able to satisfy my curiosity on these points. No one seemed to have noticed the Pacific sufficiently to say definitely whether or not it differed from the Atlantic, and in what particular.



It was a delicious morning in May when I first saw it for myself. Between rolling green hills and fruitful fields we ran down to the coast. Toward the end of our journey I caught a blue flash here and there between the trees that made me sit up eagerly and sniff the air. I love the water. I love not the desert spaces that are so pitifully bereft of it. Even in beautiful southern California, the rainless summer season brings drouth to her charming streams. After six weeks there I was thirsting for the sight of water. And now a whole ocean was to be spread before my eyes!

And in a moment more we rounded the last hill and came suddenly before the broad expanse of it, and at least three of my questionings were answered at once. It was blue—a heavenly blue, sparkling beneath the morning sunshine. It was calm—from that point, at least, as placid as a lake. It was not salt; at least I could neither smell nor taste the salt air as one can almost anywhere near the Atlantic.

MORE experience with the Pacific has modified some of these first impressions. There are places where it can dash as thunderously on the rocky coast as can the Atlantic, although its general behavior is, indeed, as its name implies, peaceful. It is not always and everywhere the brilliant Neapolitan blue of that first morning. I have seen it emerald, jade, turquoise, violet, mauve, indigo, and a dozen changing shades in an hour. But when it is blue its azure cannot be exceeded by the bay of Naples in its most cerulean moment. Beside it or on it, however, I have never tasted on my lips nor sniffed in the air the bracing salt tang which is one of the charms of its sister ocean. Those who are familiar with such matters know, of course, that the Pacific contains a much lesser volume of salt than the Atlantic ocean.

I may add that never, beside any body of water, have I dwelt in such incessant, gray, gloomy, all-enshrouding fogs as those that hang over the Pacific a large part of the summer, but in a spot much further north than the southern California of which I am now writing.

To return to that region. I have said that we rounded the foot of a hill and that the ocean lay suddenly outspread before us. It did. But between it and us lay a sight that, when I could take my eyes off the blue waters and use them nearer, left me breathless, motionless, speechless.

All around us, as far as the eye could see, stretched a greensward, swelling to gentle hills behind, rolling in a flat carpet straight to the edge of the cliff before. And this vast green amphitheatre was literally covered—how shall I express the profusion of it?—spangled, jeweled, enameled, thick-carpeted, with the loveliest and most brilliant wild-flowers I have ever seen, in what seemed under that April sunlight like a thousand different hues.

I have walked through Alpine meadows where each footstep seemed to be planted in a carpet of soft mosaic, so thick and brilliant were the flowers. But I have never seen anything like that California meadow beside the sea.

Pink and purple and orange, yellow as the sun, blue as the sky, scarlet and crimson and delicate rose, lavender, white and violet, they swept like a wave of color down the gentle slope and out over the top of the cliff above the sea. Some were star-shaped, some bell-shaped, some like brilliant verbenas, daisies, lilies, diminutive orchids. Some trailed, some crept, some ran, some flaunted, some nestled.

All along the edge of the cliff ran a trailing vine covered with masses of star-shaped flowers of a beautiful pink. The effect of the blue ocean seen in this frame of rosy bloom I leave to the reader's imagination.

TO shorten a long story—whose further expansion belongs only in the office of the county recorder—I, who had scoffed at apostates from the East, who had declared the charms of California to be but bewitchment, who had avowed my firm intention that, however others might lose their heads and their purses in the West, nothing would induce me to lose mine there—I, before I left that spot, was rooted and grounded to the soil of California as an owner of real estate. I had become possessed of exactly one thousand dollars' worth of those wild-flowers, together with as much of the earth as was legally attached to them at the moment.

I say this in no boastful spirit. I have sometimes blushed to think of it. My California friends smile among themselves when it is mentioned. Most of them were there a much longer time than I before they succumbed.

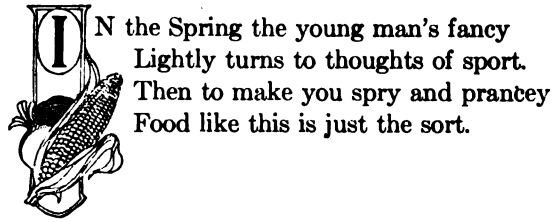
But I insist that it was not the charm of the climate that bewitched me, nor the roses, nor the mocking-birds, nor the orange-blossoms, nor even the fruitfulness of the land. It was that pageant of wild-flowers running down the hills and out to the cliff and shaking their rosy masses over the very brink of the dancing blue waters below!

I wish that I could tell the botanical names of my wild-flowers. I went home that first night with my arms full of them; but alas! most of them withered and faded past all recognition before they could be identified in the botany books. Anyhow, what does it matter about their names? It was their color and beauty that bewitched me. I shall learn to know them some time. There is no hurry. They will not be gone. The whole ten hundred dollars' worth of them will go on growing and blooming year after year, with never the sowing of a seed nor the pulling of a weed nor the watering of an inch by me.

SARA LANGSTROTH.



If you happen to be making a collection of houses, why not add a log cabin to the list? This one was built on the grounds of a tourist hotel and is used for informal dancing parties. It offers good suggestions for a summer camp in a forest region. A large stone chimney is in the rear wall. The interior is 24 x 34 feet



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Lightly turns to thoughts of sport.
Then to make you spry and prantey
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The strong, full-bodied stock is made from selected beef. In this stock we blend an abundance of choice vegetables—potatoes, carrots, yellow turnips, tomatoes, green okra and other fine vegetables—beside "alphabet" macaroni. The whole is flavored tastily with celery and parsley and just a touch of sweet red peppers to complete the appetizing zest.

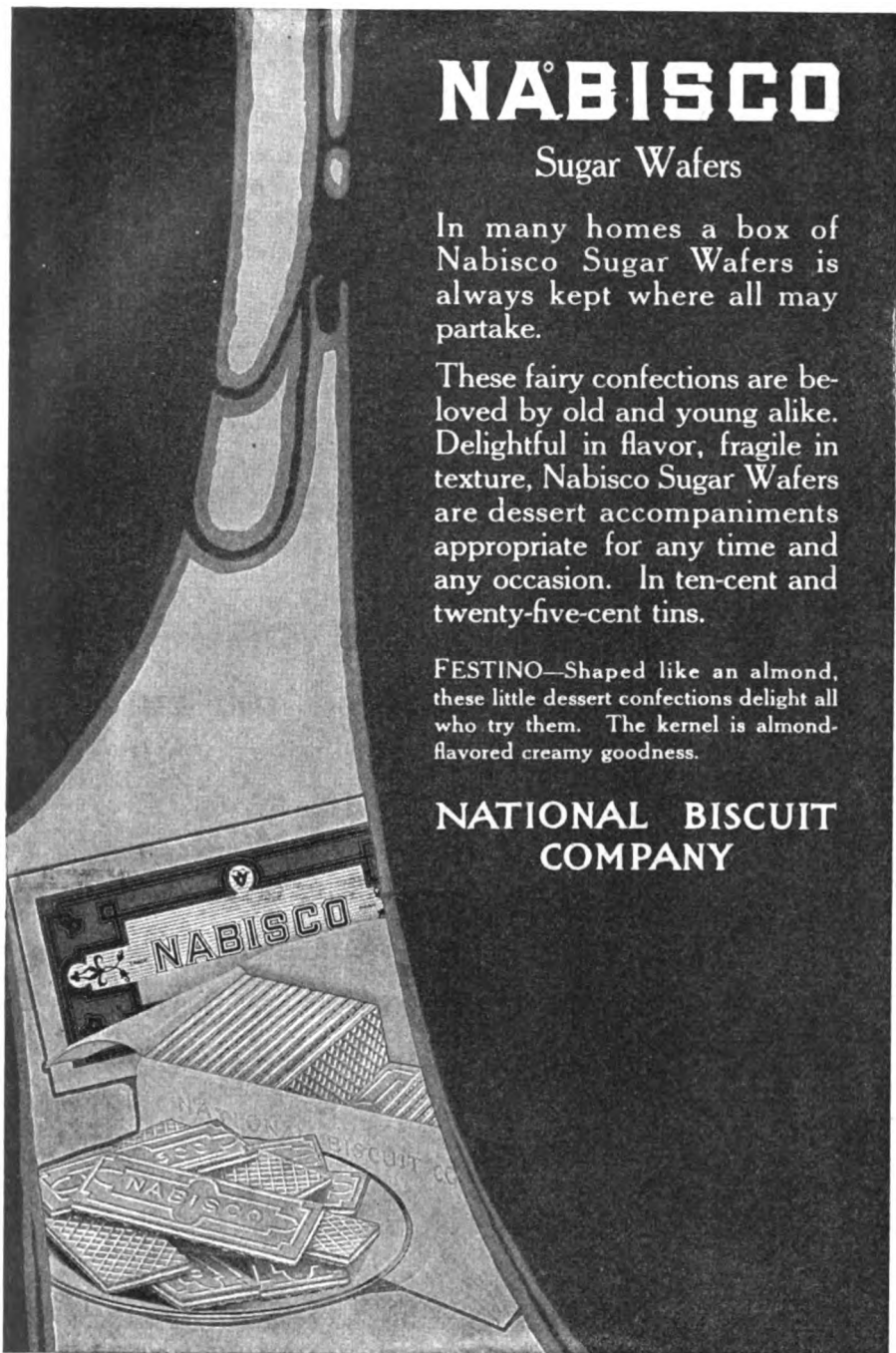
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In many homes a box of Nabisco Sugar Wafers is always kept where all may partake.

These fairy confections are beloved by old and young alike. Delightful in flavor, fragile in texture, Nabisco Sugar Wafers are dessert accompaniments appropriate for any time and any occasion. In ten-cent and twenty-five-cent tins.

FESTINO—Shaped like an almond, these little dessert confections delight all who try them. The kernel is almond-flavored creamy goodness.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

The Norther

(Continued from page 25)

there's been a mistake, ma'am." Then to his men: "You boys hush up! Don't you know how to treat a lady? Drag it for town now, and mighty quick, too!"

It spoke well for Katie's intelligence that she grasped the situation instantly; more for her resolution, that she did not falter. She picked up her suitcase and walked toward the bus.

"Hold on!" wailed Uncle Billy. "Wait a minute! I've got a team here. Gimme that valise and we'll drive on up to the parson's."

Her answer was to brush him aside as though he were a troublesome urchin, and she handed the suitcase to Rucker.

"You're crazy!" she repeated. "Get out of my way."

The bus went lurching up town, its sole occupant striving to keep back the tears as she peered through the dingy windows at the houses. She alighted at Dake's Hotel in the square and Dave Rucker actually carried her suitcase into the hall! Five minutes later she was alone in a bare, gloomy bedroom, sobbing into the pillow like a child.

Meanwhile the Spade outfit set out for the ranch.

"For two pins," said the boss to Uncle Billy, tagging behind them with the mules, "for two pins I'd give you your time. A man who'd play a trick like that on a girl had ought to be tarred and feathered! But how come you fooled her?"

"I meant right," whined Uncle Billy. "Honest I did, Jeff! But I was afeared she wouldn't come unless, so when she asked me for a picture I done sent her one of yours!"

"GOT him hooked yet, Katie?" inquired the proprietor of the Bonton Eating House less than a fortnight later, before the crash of the screen door behind Sadler had died away.

The waitress threw him a smile and went on piling dishes. "Who's trying to hook him? That's just the way! You men always think that about a girl."

Her employer gravely closed his left eye and remarked in a meditative tone: "You ain't going about this right a-tall, Katie."

"It is to laugh, Augustus!"

"All the same, I think you're playing 'em too strong. And my name ain't Augustus. It's Sam! I've told you that twenty times."

"But it ought to be Augustus. Oughtn't it, now? Augustus is so cute!"

He iterated coldly: "You ain't going about this right. Some like a gal to warm up to 'em and some don't. Jeff's one of them who don't. He's just awful gun-shy. And if you go 'at him too rough, he'll up and run. Your work's coarse, Katie. I'm a-telling you!"

The waitress laughed hilariously and went on with her labors. Nevertheless the tip appeared to carry weight, for on Sadler's next visit to the Eating House she was a different person, treating all customers with a fine reserve. Sundry members of the traveling fraternity made this difficult to sustain, but she was able to fend their familiarities without loss of

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Either kind sold in 25c., 50c. and \$1.00 boxes, including a booklet "Dressing Table Hints" at drug and department stores everywhere. If your dealer is out, sent direct, postpaid, on receipt of price.

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A clean tooth never decays—the Pro-phy-lac-tic keeps teeth clean

THE difficult, uncertain life of the fire fighter calls for resourcefulness, skill and courage at unexpected moments.

An alert mind, a quick eye, stout muscles, and steady nerves are essential.

Many a man helps to keep himself fit for any emergency, by regular use of the sturdy wheat and barley food—



Grape-Nuts

Not long ago a fire company in Texas took the prizes in two state competitions after a training on Grape-Nuts food.

It gave them endurance to outlast the other fellows—a normal, healthful endurance that was built into them by right feeding.

You, too, can build better by improving your method of living, and it's worth while.

A dish of Grape-Nuts with cream or good milk is the regular morning ration of many successful men who appreciate the power for success that comes with health of body and brain.

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Let us send you our Premium Catalog, showing the sterling worth and attractive variety you will find in over 4000 items of standard merchandise from which you may select, free of any cost, in exchange for your stamps or coupons.

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poise, and the effect on the cowman was immense. He scarcely took his eyes off her. Next day he was on hand again, and after that came regularly for dinner.

"He wants me to marry him," she reported to Sam in due course.

"Dadgum, and you looking like you'd et a green persimmon!" whooped Sam. "Why, you'd ought to be kicking up your heels! What ails you, anyhow?"

Katie did not answer, but turned wretchedly to the task of clearing the tables. Shortly she put down the tray and came to the counter behind which her employer perched on a stool.

"I can't go on with it, Sam," she said.

He could not have been more astounded had she punched him on the nose. "Laws-amercy, why not?"

"Just because."

"You're stuck on him," he jeered.

She denied it vehemently.

"Then what the Sam Hill has got into you?"

"I don't know. But he's so trustful! He thinks—just because I cried when he tried to kiss me—I can't do it, Sam."

"You're plumb foolish, Katie."

"Maybe so. But it all came over me when I saw how he looked. It'd be for our whole life, Sam, and if I was to keep back anything at the start—I've just got to tell him."

The Eating House man was plainly nonplussed and exasperated. "Tell him what?"

"About Phil."

Upon that Sam spun round on his stool and said earnestly: "If you do, it'll be all off. It'll be adios!"

"I don't care. I've got to tell him. I told you!"

"Landin' a job and landin' a husband are two different propositions," observed Sam sagely. "And I tell you right now, Katie, if you name Phil to Sadler, it'll gum the whole game. I know that breed. I knowed his daddy before him, just after he come here from Rhode Island or one of them towns. Divorces and shootin' scrapes and such are poison to 'em. They're just awful sot!"

"That doesn't make any difference."

"All right! Have it your own way; only don't go and say I didn't tell you. Blamed if you don't make me riled!"

Following this conference the boss received in his mail a letter from Katie:

Dear sir and friend,

It is no use I cant marry you and you must not ask me why. I will go away and you will forget me but no matter what happens dont ever think I do not love you because I do. oh I do Always and always!!

yts truly

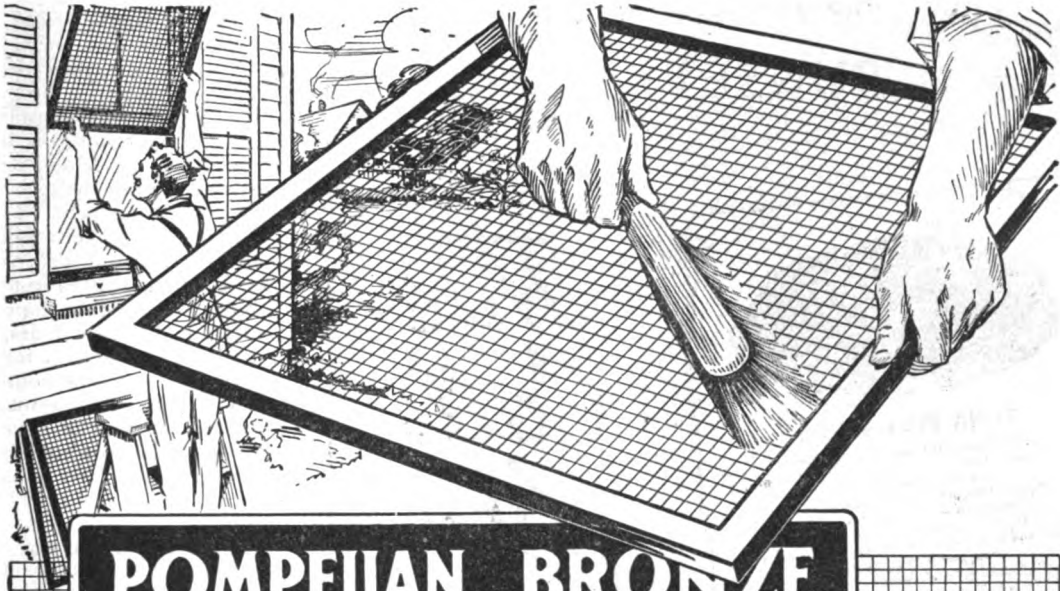
KATIE STEEN.

P. S. perhaps this will surprise you.

He frowned and read it again. Then he tried to get the Eating House on the telephone, but there were murmurings on the party line and he gave up the attempt. At noon his dust-drenched car drew up in front of the restaurant.

"Why can't you marry me?" he asked smilingly, and before his serene confidence her resolution faded like clouds before the sun. The best she could contrive was a plaintive whimper: "You don't know anything at all about me."

Jeff guffawed and did the only thing possible in such emergency. Breathless, Katie tried to repulse him, but very



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Ward G. Foster, General Manager

feebly; and, for the life of her, could not tell him afterwards.

"Well?" queried Sam, on the broad grin.

"I just couldn't."

"Fine! Now you're showing some sense, Katie. Thirty thousand acres without a dollar against it!—wow!"

THE wedding took place in June and the couple went to live at the ranch, where Sadler had transformed a run-down bachelor abode into a habitable home.

They readily adjusted themselves to the little compromises in domestic habits that make for peace and smooth running, and were sinfully happy. He was slow of speech and patient; Katie, vivacious and flashing. Sadler's pride in her was positively sickening to Uncle Billy, who, when the boss boasted in town at the end of four months that expenses of headquarters had been cut despite an outlay of six hundred dollars for the addition of a bathroom to the house, raged: "No wonder! Why, that woman'll raise sand about a teeny sack of flour!"

"Everybody was robbing you, Jeff!" Katie declared. "It's a shame for a man to be a bachelor; he can't look after himself!"

Her feeling for him was of an intensity that made her jealous of his favorite horse, of the work that took him to distant parts of the range and necessitated a few absences. Indeed, they were as blissful as the dealer in a big jackpot, and five months after marriage not a single cloud had appeared in their sky. How about that for a record?

Then something happened to disturb the husband—a trifle, but a seed for tares: The mail carrier drove by the corral where he was breaking horses, and stopped to see the fun. He brought some letters, among them one for Mrs. Sadler.

"Leave 'em up at the house as you go by, will you, Will?" asked the cattleman, and thought nothing more of the letter until he chanced to inquire in idle curiosity at dinner: "Well, what's new? Get any mail?"

"Nothing but some bills. And the paper came for you. That's all."

"Didn't you get nothing?" he continued, in surprise.

An instant's hesitation, and she said: "Uh-uh! Why?"

"Oh, I was just wondering."

A second letter came, which Sadler also saw. Again he asked: "Get any mail?"

"Nothing but a seed catalogue," she answered steadily. Practice will improve!

He was hurt and angry, but did not let it appear. "I never thought she'd hide anything from me!" he exclaimed.

The following week he was gossiping with the cashier of the First State Bank after a directors' meeting, when the latter, being in jovial mood because of a hundred-dollar increase, began to chaff him.

"It's a wonder to me, Jeff, you wouldn't give Miz Sadler enough to live on—with calves at twenty-eight! Why don't you loosen up?"

"What's the answer? She got an over-draft?"

A shade of anxiety fitted over the cashier's face. "Say," he urged, "don't give me away! I done promised I wouldn't tell, but of course I—"



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A. J. Cooper, Pres.
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Union Suits made with Closed Crotch
Patented Oct. 18, 1910



"Wouldn't tell what?"

"Why, she come in here yesterday and borrowed a hundred dollars on her own note—allowed she could save enough in six months to pay us back." He added lamely: "Maybe I oughtn't to of mentioned it!"

"Sure you ought," said Sadler, without a flicker of surprise. "I remember now; she wouldn't let me give it to her."

The cashier relaxed with a sigh of relief. "Gee, I'm glad! I was afraid maybe I'd made a bust."

That night Katie asked: "What's the matter, Jeff? You look so queer."

"Nothing, so far as I know."

A slight emphasis on the pronoun disconcerted her. She glanced at him anxiously, but he was devoting himself to the hot cakes like a man and she let the subject drop.

SOME thefts of Spade cattle early in December took Sadler to town, and his wife accompanied him. While waiting for the sheriff's arrival she amused herself inspecting the accumulation of legal documents and rubbish in his office. "My, isn't it filthy!"—starting to dust with her handkerchief—"His wife ought to make him clean up."

Suddenly she grew rigid, her gaze fixed on an object amid the litter. Jeff, engrossed in a map on the wall, gradually became conscious of her silence and wheeled just in time to see Katie turn white and grasp at a chair for support. She missed it and fell heavily to the floor as the sheriff entered from the square.

"Is she hurt? What happened?"

"Only a faint," said Sadler composedly, loosening her dress at the throat. They sponged Katie's face and neck and wrists, and presently she revived.

"That's the last cent you'll get!" she murmured.

"Who'll get?"

She stared at him blankly. Then, growing conscious of her surroundings, she sat up and smoothed her hair.

"What happened? Did I faint?"

"That's what they call it, ma'am," responded the sheriff. "You keeled over so sudden—why, I seen you standing there one second, and the next you was on the floor. What frightened you, ma'am?"

"Nothing. I got dizzy, I think. What time is it?"

The question provoked a laugh from the sheriff, who assured her that only a few minutes had elapsed. Meanwhile Sadler was doing his best to inspect the contents of the desk without appearing to do so. He could descry nothing of significance, most of the correspondence and documents being musty and out of date, but there was one long, stiff postcard that seemed to be fresh from the mails. It bore two half-tones—the full face and profile of a man—and he read:

\$200REWARD \$200.

Escaped from the United States Penitentiary,

Leavenworth, Kansas, December 3, 1914.

T. J. Stone, No. 9235

Alias U. B. Coventry.

Age 31, height 5 feet 7½ inch, weight 138 pounds, black hair, slightly gray, sallow complexion, orange eyes. Irregular scar of burn 2x2 inches above outer left brow. Left index finger amputated at third joint. Small scar on tip of right third finger.



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\$200 Reward will be paid for the delivery of the above, after identification has been made, to an authorized officer of this penitentiary.

Sadler turned from the desk in some disappointment; evidently the explanation he sought was not to be found there.

"Better now?" he inquired gruffly.

"Yes, much. I'm ready to go whenever you are."

On the homeward way: "What made you do that?"

"I haven't the slightest idea! Wasn't it silly of me?"

Jeff grunted and relapsed into resentful silence. What had transpired suggested some bewildering speculations, yet he could not bring himself frankly to question Katie; the habit of restraint was too strong.

SO he took to brooding over the mystery. What did it all mean?—the repudiated letters, her secret borrowing, her fits of nervousness, her agitation in the sheriff's office? Could it be possible that anything she had seen there had upset her? He recalled her warning: "You don't know anything at all about me!" only to banish it scornfully from mind.

"I'm a fool!" he concluded. "Katie'll tell me when she's good and ready."

Despite this conviction a barrier was raised between them. Misunderstanding colored the whole of Christmas week. Jeff was taciturn and morose, his wife distraught. The day of peace and goodwill passed with scarcely a word exchanged. They gave each other gifts; Jeff gulped when he tried to thank her. As for Katie she could not get out a sound.

On the last day of December he went early to town to close a calf sale by wire. The weather was warm, the sun sparkling. Returning shortly after dinner, he surprised Uncle Billy in the act of saddling a horse.

"Where you bound now?"

The cook was plainly flustered. "I was just fixing to take some beef over to Tud's place."

"You've been drinking," his employer accused.

"There you go agin!" cried Uncle Billy. "Always suspectin' a feller!"

"How often have I got to tell you to cut it out? Once and for all, drinkin' on this ranch has got to stop!"

The cook grumbled about "a kindergarten" and walked away, abandoning the horse and his intention of slipping off to town to make a night of it. A thought seemed to strike him when he reached the corral gate, and he turned. "Dadgum, I cain't figure this out! Didn't you ride off from the house on Mustard not ten minutes ago?"

"Oh, go to bed and sleep it off!"

"Well, anyhow," insisted Uncle Billy, scratching his head, "some one done rode away from the house on Mustard. And I thought it was you. He crossed the West pasture and—why, there he goes now! Look! Toppin' that butte!"

A horseman was clearly silhouetted against the skyline. He was moving toward the Plains.

"Go to bed and sleep it off," repeated his employer calmly. "Or if you feel like it, climb up and fix the rope on the bell. It's been broke for a coon's age."



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He took Uncle Billy's horse and ascended to his home.

"Katie!" he called.

There was no response. He strode through into the kitchen and stumbled over her body on the floor. The pang of terror that shot through him submerged every other consideration. "Katie!" he whispered imploringly, raising her in his arms. "Honey! Look up, dear!"

A fluttering of the eyelids and she regained consciousness. There was a contusion on her forehead, marks of fingers on her neck.

"Has he gone?"

In swift reaction he demanded harshly: "Who was here just now?"

His wife did not answer. She seemed dazed, and Jeff did not wait for her to get her bearings. Lifting her to a chair, he went into their bedroom and opened a bureau drawer. Now that apprehension on her account had been laid, another purpose moved him.

"What're you going to do?" cried Katie, following him. "Where're you going? Put that gun away, Jeff! Please! Don't go! Come back and I'll explain! Jeff!"

She clutched frantically at his arm, but he shook her off with rough strength.

"I want to find out," he said huskily, "who the man is who can strike my wife! And then I'll kill him!"

Heedless of her pleas, he ran outside to his horse; there was a certain grim cheerfulness about him as he loped over the West pasture slopes. "For," said he, "I'll get to the bottom of this."

ALL unaware of pursuit, Mustard's rider headed toward the Plains at the leisurely, shuffling dogtrot a cow-horse can maintain from sunup to dark. He did not perceive Sadler until Mustard climbed the steep trail to the rim of caprock, and he chanced to glance back over the canyon; then he rode off at right angles to the mail road he had been following, apparently with the object of developing the other's intentions. Sadler did not leave him in doubt; he also turned to the right, shaking his horse to a gallop; and the chase was on.

It soon became apparent to Sadler that his quarry was no horseman. In getting down to open one of the gates that obstruct the Plains roads he practically fell off, and he experienced difficulty in remounting. However, Mustard had reserves of speed and his rider had the sense to fasten the gate tightly behind him with a dexterous knot in a strand of barbed wire, so that the distance lost was regained through Sadler's delay.

The Plains stretched bleakly away to the horizon, as flat to the eye as a sea in dead calm. Some windmills showed like skeletons. They flashed by a herd of steers drifting south toward the canyon, grumbling as they went. The curly mesquite grass was thick underfoot, but the brutes ignored it.

"Must smell something," said Sadler, squinting upwards. It was still cloudless and warm.

They passed a few dreary, isolated farms and skirted a town—two straight rows of frame cottages and stores, a church, a livery stable and some poplars. A mile beyond, they swung around a surface lake, and the cattleman noted that there was not a duck or gull on it.

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Shoes sent prepaid by Parcel Post on receipt of price.

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Boston, Mass.

An automobile, loaded with drummers, came throbbing out of the distance and sent Mustard plunging off the road. The occupants of the car yelled gleefully and, sensing that a chase was on, stood up to cheer. Their driver would not alter his course to oblige them, however, but held on toward town like a rabbit scurrying to cover. After that the fugitive kept off the hard, waxy road and struck across-country. Soon he got beyond the farms and houses and windmills; not a sign of human habitation in the illimitable brown expanse.

He arrived at the confines of the Bar N Bar range and clattered over a cattle-guard at a wagon-opening in the fence. Sadler arrived at the same spot three minutes later, but lost valuable time in coaxing his mount to cross.

It was now four o'clock. The air had grown still. Low in the northern sky was a dark streak, and the light was fading. A flock of ducks passed overhead, the whimper of their wings sounding like a plaint of fear. The signs were not lost on Sadler, but he did not waver.

"He sure must be scared!" he said contemptuously, "or he'd stop and take a chance."

And then a cold wave enveloped him, so that he gasped as from an icy plunge. His horse was pricking its ears and sniffing the air; it required constant urging to make him try.

THE dark streak in the north grew to a wall of dirty gray that looked as solid as rock—mounted higher—advanced slowly and remorselessly until a pall covered sun and sky. The world seemed to hold its breath, to wait tautly for a blow. And then the terrible quiet was broken by a piping whistle.

"Here she comes," said Sadler grimly, and a gust sucked the breath from his nostrils.

The fugitive kept on in the teeth of the Norther, flitting eerily ahead of him through the gloom, but it was patent that he was having trouble. Evidently Mustard did not relish the blasts; the cattleman saw him whirl and tuck his tail; his rider was vainly flogging.

Then the snow drove down, blotting everything from sight. It came in long, stinging slants that flesh and blood could not withstand. Sadler's mount refused the fight and turned its rump to the storm, nor could he persuade the beast to face it. Instead, he began to drift slowly toward the canyon, and Jeff let him go.

"Perhaps this is the best way," he told himself. "Leave him freeze to death! But if me and you don't find some shelter right soon, Tommy-boy, we're liable to do the same."

He could not see a foot from his nose and, fearful lest he ride into a wire fence, moved at a walk. His feet grew numb and he dismounted to lead the horse. By keeping its body between him and the force of the gale he partially protected his aching shoulders; but he was chilled to the bone. A thousand devils rode the wind, whining, whistling, shrieking, gibbering in his ears. Wrought up to the verge of collapse, the babel moved him to childish spleen.

"Howl yourself black in the face!" he yelled. "You won't get me!"

Suddenly he became conscious of a

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NO MASSAGE NEEDED
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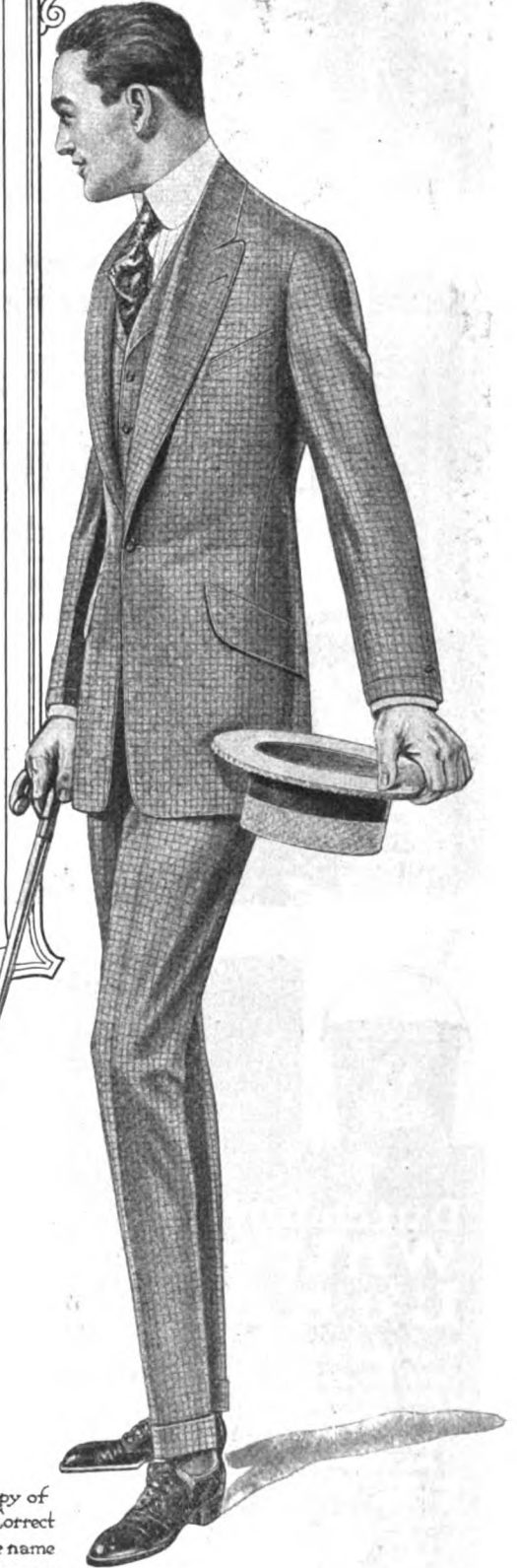
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presence near him and hailed it. Whatever it was sped past with the wind, and he trudged on.

About an hour later his horse lifted its head so abruptly as almost to tear the reins loose from his arm. It whinnied; there came an answering neigh, and in a momentary abatement of the swirling snow a saddled horse showed magically at their side, crowding close up to them.

"Mustard!" cried Sadler.

Out came his gun, and he peered into the storm. He might as well have tried to probe inky night, and after a while he went forward again.

A hundred yards and the horses stopped. Before he saw it, Sadler was entangled in a barbed-wire fence; but it was not the fence that sent him scrambling to his feet, gun in hand; he had tripped over an object on the ground! It did not stir. He reached out and felt of it. Next he tried to strike a match. The wind whipped it out even as it flared, but Sadler obtained a glimpse.

"Get up on your legs!" he commanded.

Receiving no reply in words or movement, he stooped to investigate. The man on the ground breathed, but he was unconscious, and the snow was drifting over him.

"I guess," said Jeff slowly, "me and you'll call it square. You can stay here."

And off he started in the direction he knew the gate to be, feeling his way along the fence. The bridle reins of both horses were over the crook of his left arm.

"It ain't my fault." The hissing snow muffled the words on his lips. "It won't be me killing him," he muttered, farther along.

A few rods more of blind progress and he stopped. The horses drooped patiently behind him. His hands were cut and bleeding from the barbs.

"Damn him," he broke out savagely, "I can't even leave him to die!"

Mustard shied at the tone, and he jerked furiously on the reins. Then he turned back to the man in the drift.

Without a trace of sympathy he kicked the snow off the limp form and heaved him to Mustard's back. "And if you so much as pull back once," he warned the horse, "I'll let you both go plumb to hell!"

Once more he started to feel his way along the fence to the gate.

A FLAT calm had succeeded the Norther when Sadler toiled wearily down the last slope into headquarters. Myriads of stars were twinkling in a clear sky. The earth sparkled under a mantle of snow. Somebody was singing in the bunkhouse as he climbed the hill to his home.

Arrived at the gate, he painfully transferred the load from Mustard's back to his own, tottered up the path and fumbled at the door-knob. A light was burning in the living-room. With his stiff hands he could not open the door and he began to weep, helplessly, in impotent anger. A heavy footstep crossed the hall, and Dr. Sanders threw wide to him.

"Good Lord!" he began, and then Sadler pushed past with his burden. He dropped it on the floor, almost at Katie's feet as she emerged with a lamp.

"There," he said wildly, with a high, cracked laugh, "there he is! There's No. 9235!"

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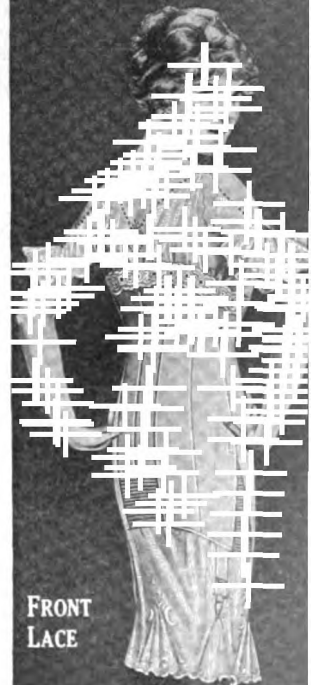
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She merely looked at him with a detached air, as though what he said did not penetrate to her consciousness; her concern seemed to be all for the man on the floor. She placed the lamp on a chair and knelt to aid the doctor, and Sadler turned away; he went into the dining-room and poured for himself a generous drink of whisky.

To him presently came Dr. Sanders. "Take some of that out there," he ordered. "Huh? I can't tell yet. The odds against him are about ten to one. Go get the bed ready, Jeff! Don't just stand there!"

Swaying on his feet, Sadler said solemnly: "Well, you can't blame me for it! Nobody can! . . . How come you're here, Doc?"

"She sent for me after you'd gone. She—man, what got into your head, anyhow? He tried to jimmy some more money out of her, and when she wouldn't—oh, well—No. 9235 is her brother!"

He went back to his patient. Sadler remained standing near the sideboard, blinking dully at the door through which the doctor had gone. A clock began to strike the hours and he counted the strokes—twelve!

Then, harsh and clear, came the clang of the ranch bell, peal on peal, stunning, triumphant. It was Uncle Billy, comfortably drunk, ringing in the New Year.

The Vision of the Ram and He-Goat

(Continued from page 15)

So Tommy told Jim Searles all about his engagement, and the plans for a Chinese cook and the Prussian blue gas coupé, and Jim Searles guessed about the diamond ear-rings and the sealskin coat. He asked a few discreet questions from time to time and Tommy ranted on. Finally Jim Searles said:

"I'll save you, Tommy," he said, "if you'll promise me something."

"O Mr. Searles," Tommy blubbered, "I'll promise you anything."

"You'll have to keep the promise, Tommy."

"I'll keep it, Mr. Searles, I'll keep it. O Mr. Searles, this is a terrible lesson to me. I'll be straight as long as I live—"

"I know you will, Tommy. But if you marry that girl you won't. You want a wife around the house, not a leech. You want a girl that will work with you and for you, not pull your leg and cry when you can't do the impossible. Really, Tommy, a wife without any brains, no matter how pretty her baby-blue eyes, is a very great liability. Fellows in our class can't afford them. Doesn't she know you cannot afford a sixty dollar cook and a five hundred dollar a month wife on two hundred a month. The poor little mis-raised nut! Go to the telephone, Tommy, call her up and tell her the stuff is all off. If she cries, tell her you're sorry but you wouldn't marry her on a bet. Insult her, Tommy, and insult her so cruelly she'll never speak to you again. It's your only salvation."

"O Mr. Searles," Tommy quavered, "I couldn't do that, you know."



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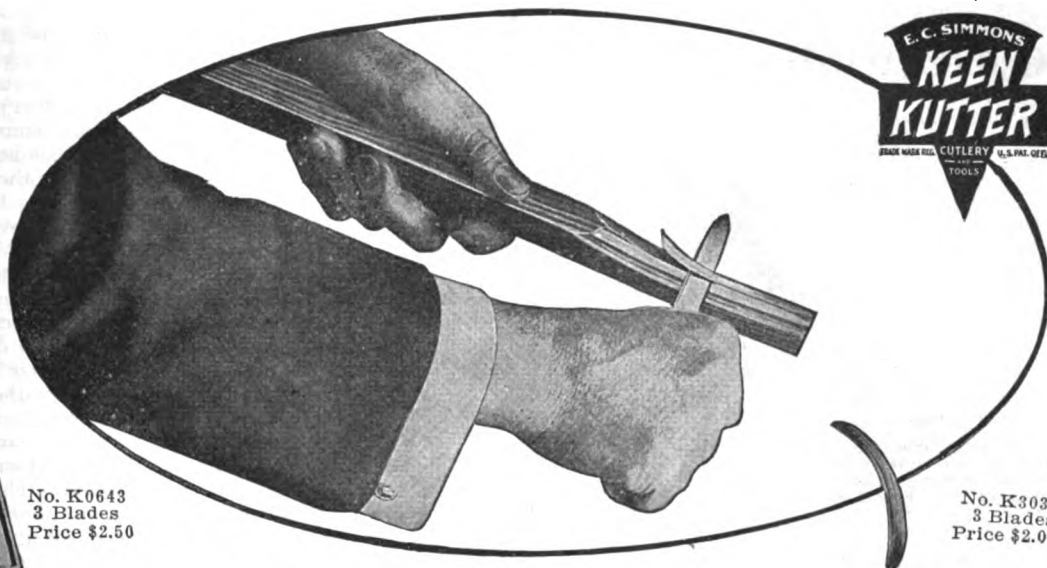
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A feature of SUNSET for JUNE

"All right, Tommy. You gave me your confidence unsolicited and I didn't promise to respect it. Tomorrow morning I'll speak to Mr. McBain—"

With a cry of anguish Tommy staggered to the telephone and it was all over.

"Now, Tommy, I guess you're cured," said Jim Searles. "However, I'm partly responsible for your misfortune, and when a man's responsible, Tommy, he's just got to face the responsibility. Give me your promissory note for the amount you owe the bank where you hypothecated Mr. McBain's bonds, turn over your overdue contracts to me and Mr. McBain's bonds will be back in the safe tomorrow forenoon. As for that property you've got coming to you, it happens to be mortgaged already, and really I don't see how you're going to assign your legacy to me without giving your mother a reason. When you get the cash you can turn it over to me and in a few years you'll have your note paid from your salary and nobody will be the wiser. This just about cleans me, Tommy, but you're too young and decent to be smashed, so run along now, son, and forget the overdue board. We've had lots of fun with our little syndicate, but after we clean up on the Stansbury, whether we win or lose, the syndicate is going to dissolve and Jim Searles is going to distribute the assets, the reason being he's going to need his share to cover the deficit in the Searles' family bankroll."

II

THE heavy bets made by Jim Searles for his little syndicate and by Tommy Kenyon for his private account, shot the price on the "Stansbury" up to fifteen per cent overnight. Old man Hickman saw the announcement in the morning papers, and since he was in position to acquire accurate inside information, he was not long in placing the responsibility.

"Hum-m-m!" he mused. "Jim Searles, eh. Never made more than a hundred dollar bet since I've been in the syndicate, and now he comes across with five hundred. And that young cashier fellow from the same office—five thousand not to arrive! Whew-w-w!" And old man Hickman whistled. "Where the devil did that Kenyon boy get five thousand dollars? Stole it, I bet. I know blamed well he never earned it."

Whenever old man Hickman found anything he couldn't use at the time he never threw it away. In this respect he resembled a dog, which finds a meaty bone and buries it for future consumption. Old Hickman buried his information and his suspicion far back in a corner of his ingenious old brain and forgot all about it until he attended a directors' meeting at the Provident Savings Bank, where he was called upon to vote on the application of James Searles for a loan of one thousand dollars, secured by a first mortgage on his home.

Instantly old Hickman resurrected the information he had buried. The old skinflint was suspicious of a man who bet five hundred dollars on an overdue ship and then mortgaged his home for a thousand. That probably meant Jim Searles wanted to take another hack at the "Stansbury." "I'll keep my eye on that fellow," old Hickman decided. "As general freight agent of the California & West Coast

Steamship Company he handles a lot of money, and I'm not what you'd call a small stockholder in that company."

However, old Hickman voted to grant the loan, for the appraiser of the bank reported the security was ample. Before leaving the bank, however, the ancient fox trotted around to the cashier's office.

"I have a great curiosity," he said, "to see that thousand dollar cashier's check you are about to issue to James Searles, whose application for a loan we have just granted. I don't mean now, but after the dead check comes back through clearing."

The cashier promised to save it out for him; hence, in due course, old Hickman learned, from the endorsement on the check, that Jim Searles had deposited it in the Marine National Bank. So the next time old Hickman happened to be in the Marine National, of which he was also a director, he was enabled, by virtue of that office, to scrutinize Jim Searles' modest account. He was interested to find among Searles' dead checks then on hand one for \$5,002.50, drawn in favor of Thomas Kenyon and certified!

"Hum-mm!" said old man Hickman, and turned to the endorsements, which informed him that Thomas Kenyon had endorsed the check in special to the Second National Bank.

Now, old Hickman knew that while banks are inevitably rivals, yet, in the protection of their mutual interests they are inevitably allies. One banker will gladly tell the other all he knows of anybody's business except his own; so when old Hickman intimated a desire to learn what Thomas Kenyon had been doing with the Second National Bank the cashier of the Marine National promptly volunteered to find out.

And he did! That very afternoon old Hickman knew that Thomas Kenyon had given his one day note to the Second National for five thousand dollars, secured by ten one thousand dollar municipal bonds, of a certain date and certain serial numbers.

OLD Hickman gnawed at that information for hours, even as a dog gnaws on a bare bone. Always as suspicious as a rattlesnake in August, he wondered what those two fellows could possibly be up to. Jim Searles had made a five hundred dollar bet the very day the "Stansbury" went on the board; the following day young Kenyon bet five thousand and shot the price to fifteen per cent; then ten days later Jim Searles, after mortgaging his home to make up the sum, had given young Kenyon a certified check for five thousand and two dollars and fifty cents to take up his one day note. Why had Jim Searles done that? It must have been to get possession of the bonds again, for well old Hickman knew the man could not afford a loan of that magnitude. His haste argued that the bonds had been stolen and hypothecated in order to raise funds to bet on the "Stansbury;" then Searles had gotten them back before they had been missed! That was it. The only question that bothered old Hickman now was whether young Kenyon had stolen the bonds for his own account and Jim Searles had discovered the theft and saved him, or whether Jim Searles had induced young Kenyon to steal the bonds for their joint account. The latter hypothesis



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seemed to old Hickman to be the most tenable, however, for no man in business and in Jim Searles' financial class would give up five thousand dollars to save a thief unless there was something big in it for him! People simply didn't do things like that, and moreover, Searles, being old and wise in the ways of the world, would see to it that Kenyon took all the risks and shared half the gains with him.

"Rascals!" murmured old man Hickman. "Infernal scoundrels! They ought to be exposed, only—well, a fellow couldn't prove anything without a Grand Jury indictment, and you can't get a Grand Jury indictment unless you can prove that a crime has been committed. However, we'll wait and see what we shall see," and again he buried his information until it should be needed. From time to time, however, he dug it up, as the price on the "Stansbury" climbed higher and higher.

Up to twenty-five per cent the "to arrive" gamblers, always in the great majority, did not nibble at the "Stansbury," while the pikers, ever anxious to get in on the top of the flood, had all climbed aboard, playing her not to arrive. At thirty per cent a little "to arrive" money began to come in, and continued until the vessel had reached fifty per cent, when a few conservatives who played "to arrive" when the odds were to their liking and were not afraid to play heavily in the light of the statistics which proved that seven out of every ten overdue ships eventually arrive, came at the syndicate with an avalanche of dollars. Also a few who had bet heavily on the "Stansbury" at five and ten per cent "not to arrive" now began to doubt their own judgment and decided to hedge by playing her "to arrive." A fifty dollar bet "to arrive," made at fifty per cent, would return the plunger \$95.23, which is not at all bad odds, while the returns, as the rate climbed upward, increased by leaps and bounds. It was felt that the "Stansbury" would not go much higher than seventy per cent before being posted as no longer reinsurable, so those who had faith in her ultimate arrival hastened to get their money down.

In the meantime the syndicate held a meeting, at which it developed that no matter which way the cat jumped, the marine bookmakers stood to break about even. The secretary reported that business had about ceased at sixty per cent.

"They're waiting for the price to go higher," old man Hickman suggested. "Shove her to ninety and you'll bring on a new rush of 'to arrive' money, all right." "But suppose she should arrive. We'd receive a jolt," another member suggested.

"I'm willing to bet she won't arrive," old man Hickman declared decisively; whereupon it developed that in the opinion of all present the "Stansbury" had entered the port of missing ships; so after some discussion the price went from sixty-five to ninety per cent. Coincidentally one of the syndicate furnished the waterfront reporters with stories of ships that had been reported lost and had turned up; particularly did he cite instances of steamers which had become disabled at sea and drifted around for weeks before being sighted and picked up. This judicious press-agentry, together with the tempting odds, did the trick, and after



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two days at ninety per cent the syndicate concluded not to be greedy, and the "Stansbury" was listed as no longer reinsurable.

IN the office of the California & West Coast Steamship Company all was serenity and contentment. Tommy Kenyon was looking all mankind in the face once more, Jim Searles was going around with a smile for everybody, and the members of the syndicate were planning what they should do with their winnings, for when twenty-three days had slipped by following the appearance of the "Stansbury" on the overdue list it was a foregone conclusion that the old hooker had failed to weather the typhoon; consequently those who had money on her not to arrive commenced to brag of their perspicacity; those who had played her to arrive denied their guilt while those who had not played her at all cursed themselves for their stupidity and lack of courage. Among this latter class was old man Hickman.

The old man had been doing some figuring. The syndicate had handled a deal of money on the "Stansbury" and while their winnings (old Hickman, in common with most of us, was given to counting his chickens before they were hatched) from the men who had played her to arrive would exceed by about five thousand dollars their losses to the men who played her not to arrive, old Hickman was far from satisfied. Five thousand dollars was no business. Poof! Chicken-feed! Nevertheless he would have assimilated this meager profit with fair grace and hoped for better luck next time had he not been convinced that \$104,761.80 of the syndicate's losses would be the gains of men who had stolen to place their bets! That was too horrible to contemplate. It savored of placing a premium on dishonesty; it encouraged the gambling spirit, and was all wrong anyhow, because whenever there was a melon like that ripe for the cutting, might, the right of the virtuous and ancient usage, dictated that old man Hickman should be there with his jackknife.

Truly, to permit a couple of thieves to escape in daylight with \$104,761.80, one-fifth of which must come out of his pocket, was business in which old Hickman could see no promise of fun. Indeed, he was so fully convinced of the inevitable outcome of the "Stansbury" affair that for a good liberal discount he would have cashed a "not to arrive" contract! He told himself he would—

Old man Hickman proceeded to dig up his bone of inside information. "Why shouldn't I use my knowledge of that nefarious transaction to buy those scoundrels out for the money they put in?" he asked himself.

The idea took hold of him even as a bulldog takes hold of a tramp. It would not let go, and the longer old Hickman thought of it the more alluring the prospect seemed. "I guess I'll buy them out," he murmured presently, and having wotted the which he took down the telephone, called up Tommy Kenyon and requested an interview. Would Mr. Kenyon call at the office of Hickman & Son about six o'clock, after his day's work was over? Mr. Kenyon, wondering what old Hickman could possibly want, assured the old wretch he would be very happy, indeed, to call.



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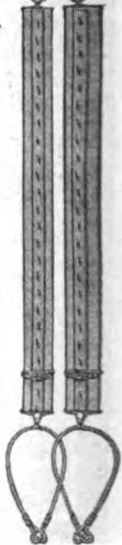
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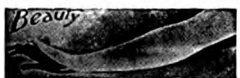


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Tommy wondered if old Hickman had in mind offering him a better job than he was at present enjoying, and in view of the fact that Jim Searles was the rightful receiver of the gold bricks, hard-luck stories and confidences of all men, Tommy casually mentioned to Searles that old Hickman had telephoned and asked for an interview.

Jim Searles sat back and rubbed his chin reflectively. "What do you think he wants, Tommy?" he queried.

"I can't imagine. I know the old man by sight, but this is the first indication I have had that he knows me. Perhaps he wants to offer me a job."

"If he does, refuse it, Tommy. He's an old pirate. I know him like some people know their children. He's a wicked old man, Tommy, and you wouldn't be happy working for him. Besides, you have a good job here, and a nice future before you. Old Hickman wouldn't pay you half what you earn here."

He resumed his work, but the thought of what old Hickman could possibly want with Tommy Kenyon kept obtruding itself, and presently Jim Searles sat back to mull the problem over.

"There is a hypocrite, if there ever was one," he soliloquized. "He's filled with a lot of false-alarm religion, which he uses as a cloak to conceal his business daggers; I'd swear there isn't anything mean enough or underhanded enough for that old villain to tackle, if the profits were large enough and he was certain he wouldn't get caught at it. Now, as long as I've been playing overdue ships I've never been able to ascertain who is back of that syndicate. All I know is that they pay when they lose. For a long time, however, I have suspected that it would be just like that sanctimonious old Hickman to be mixed up in that layout. He's so flagrantly pious I'm sure he must have a secret sin, and I'm willing to hazard a guess as to what he wants of Tommy. Very foolishly the boy had those overdue contracts he turned over to me made out in his name; as a member of the syndicate old Hickman has discovered Tommy's identity. I'll bet he stands to make a loss on the Stansbury and he wants to get Tommy up to his office and browbeat him into selling his contracts. He figures Tommy will be glad to deal with a real, definite profit now, rather than run the risk of waiting thirty days longer, during which time there is always the probability that the vessel may turn up!"

He rose and went out to Tommy Kenyon's desk. "Tommy," he said, "I'm working late tonight. Drop in to the office on your way back and tell me what old Hickman had to say."

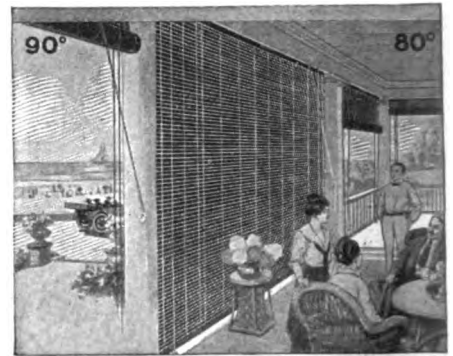
III

OLD Hickman was alone in his private office waiting for his victim when Tommy Kenyon arrived and introduced himself.

"Sit down, young man," the old rascal said brusquely. "Aren't you a son of Captain Amos Kenyon, who used to command the steamer Lakme?"

"Yes, sir."

"Your father, while he was alive, was a very, very dear personal friend of mine, Mr. Kenyon. You may recall that he commanded my steam schooner Argosy, the first steam schooner built on the Pacific



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Coast, by the way," old Hickman continued, "and your excellent father left my employ to enter that of the California & West Coast Steamship Company. Subsequently we became good friends again and continued in that happy relationship, I am glad to say, until your father's death some ten years ago."

Tommy nodded respectfully and waited for old Hickman to continue.

"It is because of that dear old friendship which I had for your father, young man, that I have called you to my office. Once I did your father an injustice, and it seems to me it is my duty now to make amends by doing something for his son."

"I'm sure that is very good of you, sir," Tommy mumbled, embarrassed.

"You might reserve your comment until I tell you what that something is," old Hickman retorted. He straightened up in his chair and pointed a bony finger at Tommy Kenyon. "Young feller," he said, "you've been gambling."

Tommy was instantly on the alert. "That," he said coldly, "is a personal matter which does not, as I view it, concern anybody except myself, Mr. Hickman."

"It concerns me this much, young man. I have it pretty straight that you played five thousand dollars on the British steamer Stansbury not to arrive."

Tommy smiled. "Well, it looks like I made a safe bet!" he parried.

"No, you did not, Mr. Kenyon. Gambling is something no young man—and particularly a young man employed in a confidential capacity, should indulge in. If your employers should discover that you had been playing the overdue board so heavily they would have a new cashier while you'd be saying Jack Robinson, and don't you forget it. Now, on the face of things, boy, you stand to win about \$95,000 on the Stansbury. As a matter of fact, however, you do not stand to win a cent and as a further matter of fact you stand to lose the five thousand dollars you have wagered."

Tommy's eyes popped with apprehension. "Do you mean that, sir?" he quavered.

"I do, my boy. Today on 'Change I learned through an unimpeachable source that you had made this bet on the Stansbury, and for your father's sake it grieved me. It happened to be in my power to save you, and you are here to be saved—on one condition. You must promise me never to play the overdue board again, and never to divulge to any human being what I am going to tell you now."

"I'll have to tell one man," Tommy muttered. "I'll have to."

"Who is that?"

"Mr. Searles, of our office—Mr. Jim Searles."

"Oh, yes. Know him well. Very excellent fellow. But why do you have to tell him?" To himself old Hickman said: "Hah, hah! I knew they were in cahoots—the crooks!"

"He and I are in on the bet together," Tommy replied. He concluded to tell a fib and see what old Hickman would have to say.

"Well, enjoin upon Mr. Searles absolute secrecy," old Hickman continued. "I received in confidence the information I am now about to divulge to you, and should it become known that I violated



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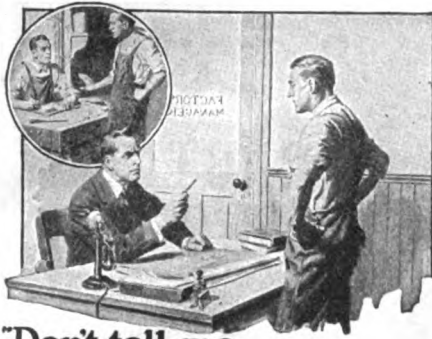
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It was too precious to lose. It was used again for the evening ablutions. She had to carry each bucket half a mile through the sagebrush. But she stuck it out on the gray, dry Utah plains. Now she has a quarter section that is worth \$3200.

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Claxton, Strategist
BY EMERSON HOUGH

A notable number in the series of big gripping tales of the Canadian police by one of America's greatest masters of virile fiction in

Sunset for June

that confidence—well—you understand, of course. You might tell Mr. Searles you had this information from an unimpeachable source—don't mention my name—you know—"

"Yes, sir. I understand. Do you think my five thousand dollars is in danger, Mr. Hickman?" Tommy pleaded anxiously.

"I do not think it. I know it. The steamer Stansbury will be reported missing until she is overdue thirty days—and then she's going to turn up. At the present time she is snug in a little harbor on the west coast of Formosa. She kicked off her wheel and drifted in there; the skipper let go his anchor, and there she is at this minute, snug as a bug in a rug, while her skipper, who is also her owner, is in Shanghai getting a new wheel cast. In Shanghai he met the skipper of my barkentine Sailor Boy; my skipper warned him to keep quiet about the Stansbury and permit the vessel to be reported overdue; then when she appeared on the board to play her to arrive when the price was right! The skipper of the Sailor Boy cabled my son to place five hundred dollars on her for him—to arrive; I heard about it, figured there was some skulduggery afoot and cabled the master of the Sailor Boy to cable me in cipher everything he knew about the Stansbury—and here is his reply."

Old Hickman thrust an old cablegram under Tommy Kenyon's nose and then tossed it back on the desk. Tommy's knees shook under him. For two weeks his contrition had been tempered with the thought that Jim Searles might yet win out on the contracts Tommy had endorsed to him, and that for his greatness of heart in temporarily begging himself to save the cashier, a just God would shower him with gold. But that hope was gone now, and the tears sprang to Tommy's eyes. He was terribly sorry for Jim Searles and a little bit sorrier for himself, for he would have to repay Jim Searles at the rate of a hundred a month, and it was going to take several years of his young life to square the debt, principal and interest.

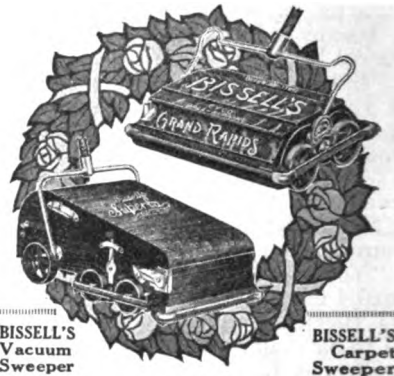
"O Mr. Hickman," he wailed, "what shall I do?"

"I see you do not know what to do, so I shall tell you. The Stansbury is no longer insurable, so even if you had another five thousand to bet on her to arrive, you could not cover that way; if you could, you could not cover fully, and moreover, I should not permit it. You have gambled enough already, poor boy. Unfortunately—forgive me, my boy, for speaking so plainly—you stole that five thousand dollars you bet on the Stansbury—and that makes it particularly hard. Yes, indeed. Par-tic-u-lar-ly hard!"

Tommy Kenyon thought he should faint. How had this amazing old man discovered his terrible secret? His not too square chin dropped; pop-eyed with terror he stared at old man Hickman. Presently he found his voice. "It's a lie," he stammered.

"Naturally you would deny it," old Hickman retorted, and knew he had hit the nail on the head. "However, I do not ask you to admit it. You abused the trust imposed in you by your employers, Tommy—that's your name, isn't it? to steal ten municipal bonds from the office safe. Those bonds were the property of—by the way, do you want me to give you

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their numbers? Well, you hypothecated them with the Second National Bank, and you had no sooner done this thing than you were sorry. Evidently Mr. Searles must have discovered your crime, for he took up the note for you and returned the bonds to the safe—"

"How did you discover all this?" Tommy whined. "Jim Searles never told you. He's not the kind of a man to do a kind act and then brag about it."

"How did I discover the Stansbury is hidden in that wild little harbor on the west coast of Formosa? Don't ask me, son. I can't betray a confidence."

Tommy Kenyon wrung his hands. "Oh, what shall I do?" he sniveled; "what shall I do?"

"Yes, it's going to be pretty hard on poor Mr. Searles," old Hickman agreed. "He's a poor man—largely because of his generous and sympathetic nature—and this is a loss he can ill afford. For your father's sake I shall pay it for you!"

"O Mr. Hickman!"

"Tut! Tut! No thanks, young man. I'm square with your father now, and once I did him a grievous injustice. Run back to your office, bring me up those foolish contracts of yours and I'll give you the five thousand dollars to hand to Mr. Searles."

Tommy Kenyon shook the old hypocrite's hand in a hysteria of rejoicing and fled back to the office, where he poured forth the incredible tale to Jim Searles.

Mr. Searles smiled.

Then he put on his hat. "Where are you going, Jim?" Tommy queried.

"Up to old Hickman's office to give him the shock of his life," Jim Searles answered and departed on his charitable errand.

IV

OLD Hickman opened the door to his private office when Jim Searles knocked. "Why, hello, Mr. Searles," he said cordially and without exhibiting the least surprise, "come in and sit down. You called, I take it, in reference to our young friend Kenyon."

"You've guessed it, Mr. Hickman. The boy just returned to the office and told me of his conversation with you."

"Too bad, too bad," old Hickman mourned. "These things are very sad, Mr. Searles, very sad. How foolish of that poor boy to hypothecate those bonds! Well, wisdom comes with the years and Tommy will live and learn. His splendid father raised him right. That I know. But as Solomon says in the Proverbs: 'Therefore shall they eat of the fruit of their own way and be filled with their own devices. For the turning away of the simple shall slay them and the prosperity of fools shall destroy them.'"

Old Hickman paused. He smiled a little. "I might go on and finish the chapter," he continued, "but—"

"Pray do," said Jim Searles.

"But whoso hearkeneth unto me shall dwell safely and shall be quiet from fear of evil."

"I'm a bit of a sharp on Solomon myself," Mr. Searles replied demurely. "I'm not a church-goer, but I love to read the Bible for the sheer beauty of its sonorous lines. Looking at you sitting there, Mr. Hickman, I am reminded of the third and fourth verses, chapter three, of the Proverbs: 'Let not mercy and truth forsake

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thee; bind them about thy neck; write them upon the table of thine heart. So shalt thou find favor and good understanding in the sight of God and man."

"True," old Hickman murmured piously. "I only did my duty by the boy."

Jim Searles saw that he was shooting high and to the left. "Talking in parables isn't my long suit, Mr. Hickman, and I see you didn't assimilate what I was driving at. I'll try another Proverb, 'My son, attend unto my wisdom and bow thine ear to my understanding—lest strangers be filled with thy wealth and thy labors be in the house of a stranger.'"

"Eh? What's that?" old Hickman started.

"Whenever I get started on this biblical stuff I never know when to stop," Jim Searles continued, almost childishly. "I'm awfully strong for the Proverbs. Listen to this one. 'These six things doth the Lord hate; yea, seven are an abomination unto Him. A proud look, a lying tongue, and hands that shed innocent blood. A heart that deviseth wicked imaginations, feet that be swift in running to mischief; a false witness that speaketh lies—'"

"Look here, my friend. What did you come up here for?" old Hickman demanded. His face was telltale with anger and shame.

"To tell you that Tommy Kenyon isn't as great a little ass as you took him to be; to tell you that those bonds he hypothecated were my bonds and I gave them to him to hypothecate," Jim Searles lied gallantly. "To tell you to your face that you're an infernal old hypocritical scoundrel; to tell you that I know you're a member of the overdue syndicate; to tell you that you have the wrong pig by the ear when you go butting in on my business; to tell you that if I ever hear you charge Tommy Kenyon with crooked work I'll have him sue you for slander; to tell you that I have, right here in my breast pocket, contracts calling for \$104,761.80 in case the steamer Stansbury fails to show up. You know in your wicked heart, you old thief, that she's at the bottom of the sea."

"How dare you, sir?" old Hickman chattered.

"I dare anything—when I know I'm right. Now, Mr. Hickman, you're a gambler. I'm a piker. You want these contracts I hold because you're a bit of a plunger under cover and I want you to have them because I'm a bit of a piker in the open, and it takes courage to wait and cash in. You can have my contracts at fifty cents on the dollar—and any old time you turn down a bargain that's going to net you one hundred per cent profit, there'll be a blue moon in the sky. Call a meeting of your syndicate, you bird of ill omen, and talk turkey to them. My offer holds good until midnight. If you want to communicate with me, call me up at the office. I'll be working late. Good-evening," and Jim Searles got up and walked out.

At nine o'clock old man Hickman phoned him to come up and get his check. At ten o'clock next morning Jim Searles was at the Marine National Bank and had the check certified, after which he removed his account to the Second National. Upon returning to the office he drew four checks for \$2,380.95 and handed

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"I got one of them down. Then the other 'Yegg' hauled off at me with a black jack, but when he saw my Colt he dropped his 'sleep producer,' threw up his hands, and begged me not to shoot. Then Jim, the roundsman came on the run. Why shouldn't I think a lot of this Colt? It saved my life and helped to break up the worst gang that ever bothered the Department."

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Would you plant your fruit trees in large tubs?



"Without the use of dynamite in tree-planting," says U. S. Bulletin No. 38, "the roots soon meet with the smooth and compacted sides of the hole, through which they have great difficulty in penetrating. The tree is in about the same situation as if it had been planted in a large tub."

But when you plant your trees in holes blasted with

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STUMPING — AGRICULTURAL

the trees will grow faster, develop deeper, stronger roots and bear earlier. "When dynamite is used," continues the bulletin, "cracks are formed in the soil to distances of five or sometimes six feet on all sides. This makes the very best conditions for the continued growth of the tree. For tree planting dynamite is recommended confidently as the best method of preparing the soil."

In selecting explosives for your orchard work, be careful to get those that will pulverize the soil, rather than pack it or throw it in the air. The proper explosives are either of the two Giant Farm Powders—Eureka Stumping Powder and Giant Stumping Powder—both improved forms of dynamite, made especially to meet western agricultural conditions. They are sold by distributors everywhere. Ask your dealer for them.

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Practical, valuable information on improved methods of planting and cultivating fruit trees is contained in this illustrated book. Other books on stump blasting, subsoiling, ditching and boulder blasting are also free. Choose the books you want and mail the coupon.

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Who's Who in the West—

Neither social position nor business influence qualifies an individual for entrance into the monthly Hall of Fame known as "Interesting Westerners." Some of the vital personalities of the Western country are obscure and unknown. People who are "doing things," however quietly, are worth meeting. All sorts and conditions of these really important persons hold informal receptions twelve times a year in the pages of *Sunset*, *The Pacific Monthly*.

each member of his little syndicate his check and his two bonds.

"The syndicate is up the spout," he declared. "I'm through. I'm not a gambler, boys; I never could hope to be a dead game sport. I've sold out our contracts because I thought twenty-four hundred per cent was profit enough for any man; I couldn't wait until the Stansbury is reported missing, and I've played an overdue ship for the last time. Gambling is no business even in fun."

"WHAT did you do with old Hickman?" Tommy Kenyon queried, when he came into Jim Searles' office a few minutes later.

"Tommy," said Jim Searles, "all my life I've been the recipient of other people's troubles and the bearer of their burdens. I took a burden from you because you're young and there's hope for you, and that burden has now been removed. I sold out to old man Hickman for \$47,619.00 and the money is in the bank."

"Good gracious, Jim!" the young fellow gasped. "Do we split that much?"

"No," said Jim Searles, "we do not. I bought your contracts from you for five thousand and two dollars and fifty cents in cash and a million dollars' worth of honor and self-respect. Tommy, you don't get one little smell. I've been so busy taking care of other people all my life I haven't been able to lay up a cent, and this wad is entirely for the use and benefit of little James in his blithe old age. Go back to your cage and behave yourself."

When the "Stansbury" was thirty days overdue she was reported as missing at Lloyds in London, and old man Hickman's wicked heart slowed down to about seven beats a minute, for the excitement was nigh to killing him, and he could scarcely keep to himself the news that he had purchased, entirely for his own account, not only the contracts held by Jim Searles, but about eighteen thousand dollars' worth additional here and there, working through a trusted lieutenant. Jim Searles heard of these purchases from time to time and managed to check up on a good many of them by listening to the gossip on the floor of the Merchants Exchange. He almost envied old man Hickman his superb gambler's nerve, until one day he came into the Exchange shortly after luncheon; then he remembered he had forgotten something, so he went to a bookstore down the street, purchased a cheap edition of the Bible and returned with it to the Exchange. He watched at the gate until old man Hickman came trotting in; whereupon he accosted the old fellow and drew the Bible from his pocket.

"I want to read you something, Mr. Hickman," he said sweetly.

Old man Hickman decided he was in for something unpleasant, but for the sake of the fragments of his self-respect he concluded to brazen it out. "Very well, Searles," he snapped. "I guess I can't listen to anything better than a chapter from the Bible. Go to it."

Jim Searles thereupon read from the eighth chapter of the book of Daniel:

Then I lifted up mine eyes, and saw, and, behold, there stood before the river a ram which had two horns: and the two

(Continued on page 100)

The Soul's Awakening and the Price of Prunes

(Continued from page 27)

this new contract is uniform everywhere. It gives the grower the exclusive right to fix the price at which his fruit is to be sold, subject of course to market conditions; it provides for a uniform system of grading and packing, for a uniform system of accounting, for the collection and dissemination of market information and for joint efforts in the extension and development of markets new and old, both at home and abroad.

The Northwestern fruit growers have an effective instrument with which jointly to promote the sale of box apples. Will they make good use of it? Only time can tell. Perhaps their souls have not yet been purified sufficiently in the fires of adversity; perhaps they will refuse to make use of the instrument in the spirit in which it was fashioned. Their fate now lies in their own hands. Backed and supported wholeheartedly, without mental reservation by the growers and shippers, the Fruit Growers' Agency will be able to place the Pacific Northwest's fruit industry on a sound, stable foundation. But this foundation cannot be built, will not last unless it is anchored in the true spirit of coöperation. And the spirit of coöperation resides in the hearts of men, not in the clauses of a contract.

IT'S a man-size job, though, to bring this spirit out and make it perform. The excessive individualism developed by the peculiar conditions under which American agriculture is carried on must be overcome before collective action is possible. It is being overcome. The work of the state market directors in three Western states—Harris Weinstock of California, W. G. Scholtz of Idaho and Hector McPherson of Oregon—is daily increasing the number of converts. Of necessity their campaigns are educational in character. They cannot undertake, even with state aid, to take the farmer's product and sell it for him at a profit. That is the farmer's own job. But they can show him the way, point out to him how, through collective effort and modern business practices, he can obtain good pay for his labor and a fair return on his investment. It can be done. The citrus growers, the almond and walnut men, the raspberry producers of Puyallup, even the Finnish salmon fishermen of Astoria have proved it. But their achievements do not rest on any particular style of organization, contract or procedure. The spirit, the will to coöperate made their success possible. The price of prunes depends largely upon the condition of the growers' soul.



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Going to Get Your Nose Blistered This Summer?

If you are planning to drive Betty into the hills for a week or a month, you want to know about the latest wrinkles in outdoor conveniences for the gasoline camper. L. W. Peck writes comprehensively of things the motor traveler in the woods and mountains should have for the good of his body and his soul

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Motoring and Good Roads



Bucking the Dust Trail

Adventures on a Gas Cart in the Western Sagebrush

By Hamilton M. Laing

IT is a long trail, is this dust trail. It comes winding out of the sandy sagebrush lands of central Colorado, enters the neighboring state of Utah at Vernal, turns toward the sunset and squirming about like a serpent aims ever to westward toward Utah's capital. From this fair queen city of the dry lands it turns northward, skirts the bitter waters of America's greatest salt lake, thence swings westward and, touching the dead desert, winds through far scattered cattle and mining towns in Nevada, paralleling the Overland Trail of wondrous fame in history and fiction which it joins at Reno. Thence the doubled highway climbs over the Sierras and, heading southwestward for the Golden Gate, loses its dusty rakishness, assumes respectability and becomes a thoroughfare, a real road. And always in this region of almost rainless summers it is dusty. The sun-mellowed haze that hovers miles ahead or behind the traveler tells him who is coming or going. Plainsmen here read these golden clouds above the sagebrush and greasewood, and because one horse raises less dust than two, and neither cloud resembles the comet wake of an automobile, they read truly.

The dust trail that is, is not the trail that was. The romance of the not far distant past has gone out of it. Ah, what a fall! Colorado, Utah, Nevada—what did not the very mention of these romantic names once call up in our imaginations? The gunman and bad man and rampageous Indian—how we loved him and hated to give him to the law! Yet one may travel the dust trail today and look for him in vain. The gaily decked cow-puncher of the pictures—and the movies—comes up for inspection in blue overalls, a respectable, harmless appearing chap; his guns are not

much in evidence. An odd Indian—disreputable Piute or obese squaw of some half forgotten tribe—may show up rarely, and teams of horses or mules still may be seen driven tandem; but the stagecoach has descended to the plane of a mere automobile. In fact most of the dust-comets are kicked up not by the feet of cow ponies, à la Remington, but by the rubber tires of the auto tourist. Even the impudent little motorcycle raises its comet there, at rarer intervals though, for the two-wheeled conveyance is out-classed by the four-wheeled in this land, and it was on such steeds that we (Frat, Tan and I) tackled the dust trail to have old notions and ideas dispelled and to acquire new ones.

Our trail is not one likely to become a favorite with the devotees of the little gas cart. On such uncertain footing, two wheels have not the anchoring qualities of four; the rider must use his own good legs as outriggers, and in the extreme cases fight hard to get through at all. Under the influence of the environment the two-wheeled steed seems called on to emulate the worst behavior of the vilest mustang outlaw, and probably no rider has followed the dust trail far without being bucked from his saddle several times.

Oh, the variety of that trail! In

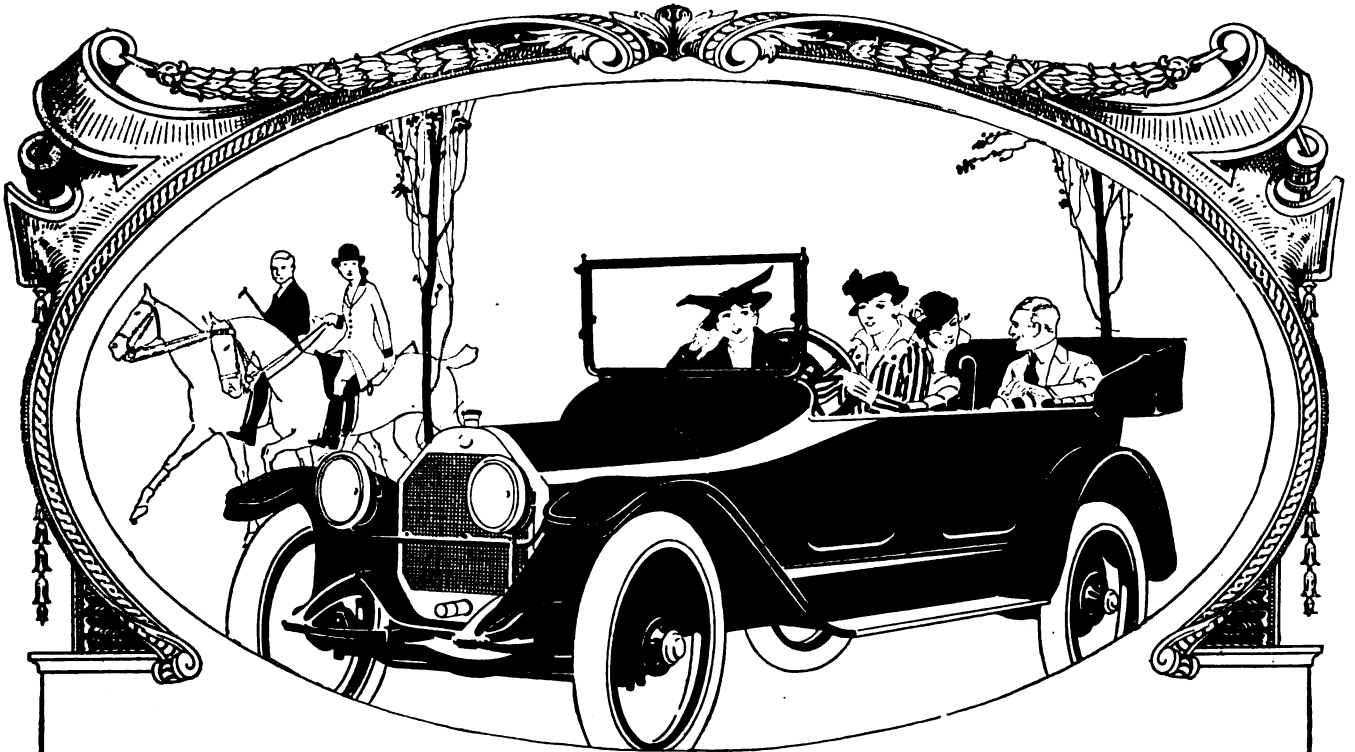
ridableness it swings from the extremes of impossible dust and chuck-holes where an automobile drags its belly and runs aground, or from a rampant irrigation ditch that must be forded, to the macadam and concrete roads radiating from Salt Lake City—these last, thoroughfares that could not be improved upon if the state tried for a generation. And between these two poles there lies anything, everything that in any ramble of the imagination could be construed as a road. Winding, two-rut sand trails through the gray sagebrush, stony up-hill roads, stony down-dale roads, roads like plowed fields, roads washed bare to the stones by some recent cloudburst, roads of clay and sand and earth of wondrous colors—such are some of the vagaries to be encountered.

But it must not be felt that this trail of the dry lands is a veritable ogre of a road seeking victims and enticing the itinerant tourist to his destruction. There were the good places where the baked soil was brick hard and smooth; the little towns usually take pride in their few miles of adjacent running—in fact the citizens are all too prone to speak of their boulevards—and here and there the state has taken firm hold of the trail, shaken most of the crookedness out of it, and by substituting trigonometry for romance, made an ordinary, though dusty, highway. There, too, beyond Winnemucca, Nevada, we found a road, a flightway of which speed lovers might well dream in rosy dreams.

Down in a valley it lay between purple hills, not a road but the dry white bed of an ancient lake. With but a few greasewood islands of greenery here and there it was spread flat, smooth as a billiard table and led off into the sunset. Weary miles of sand we had fought when we came out upon it and—ah, the heaven for



"This turn-coat land of extremes, its gray valleys and painted hills and ethereal sky, its tingling silence by day and night and the coyote song that but deepened it"



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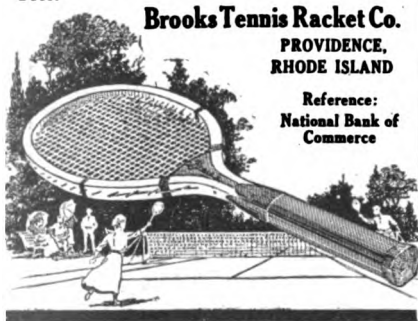
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good motorists, if there are any such, must be something like that. Faster! An extra gunful or two of oil, more throttle, more, more, till the motor purred into a hum, till, though it was dead calm, there was a rushing wind in our ears, and we lay down after the manner of the signboard monsters in goggles and humped our backs too, till the throttle grip was open wide, till the indicator trembling at forty and fifty, darted timidly up to sixty, hovered, and then all atremble tripped on up to sixty-five and seventy and then ran back again as though ashamed to register such shocking speed. That indeed was no man-made road, but it was a link in the chain of the dust trail.

BUT there are more pleasures to this road than the mere joy of whizzing. For in this droughty land where the air is so dry that distance becomes a blue void and loses half its meaning, the world seems a dream in color. Always the intangible blue and purple hills in the distance look across the gray-green sage or deeper greasewood clumps below, always the vari-colored road twists away like a colored serpent, always the nearby hills or canyon walls burn hotly in reds and chromes, always the golden dust columns whirling up like sacrificial fires rise straight to heaven, always the sky dome of softest ethereal blue arches from zenith to horizon. The juniper and piñon pines enriching the hillsides above the pasture-like mesas of the Strawberry, the red sandstone cliffs of the Diamond Fork—bored and gouged by erosion into capital epyries for the hawks—the gap in the blue hills through which we looked out upon the yellow, shimmering desert, the green valley land of the ditches and tall poplars in Utah, each and all jointly and severally combined with a thousand others to adorn this long picture gallery of the dust trail.

Second interest of the road to the traveler is the human associations along the way—the folks one meets. Some even might reverse this. Though the Indian is gone and the gay cowboy not just what he used to be, there is still much the same human nature along the way. At least one of those heroes of romance is there still; the hold-up man plies his trade as of yore but now he does it otherwise than with a gun. He has a sign on Front street—the biggest sign in town too—that calls on you to stand and deliver. And whoever on rubber tires ever passed such a sign? If you do not deliver he shoots you casually and easily, but as unerringly as any Wild Bill or Dead-Eye Dick ever did it with "Fifty miles to the next gas—how're you off?" When you pay the bill for a full tank you realize that Bill or Dick has but changed his methods.

The prairie-schooner is there still and will be for many a day. In the little town of Carlin, Nevada, we saw one in the process of manufacture. Still is it drawn by tough, wiry horses or mules apparently indifferent to the heat of the dry lands; still it shelters driver husband and tired wife and two or three small children and the household gods.

It is well for these lands that there are such travelers on the road. They are the intrepid ones who are bringing the emerald patches into the valleys, at long intervals no doubt, but growing larger and closer together with the years. They

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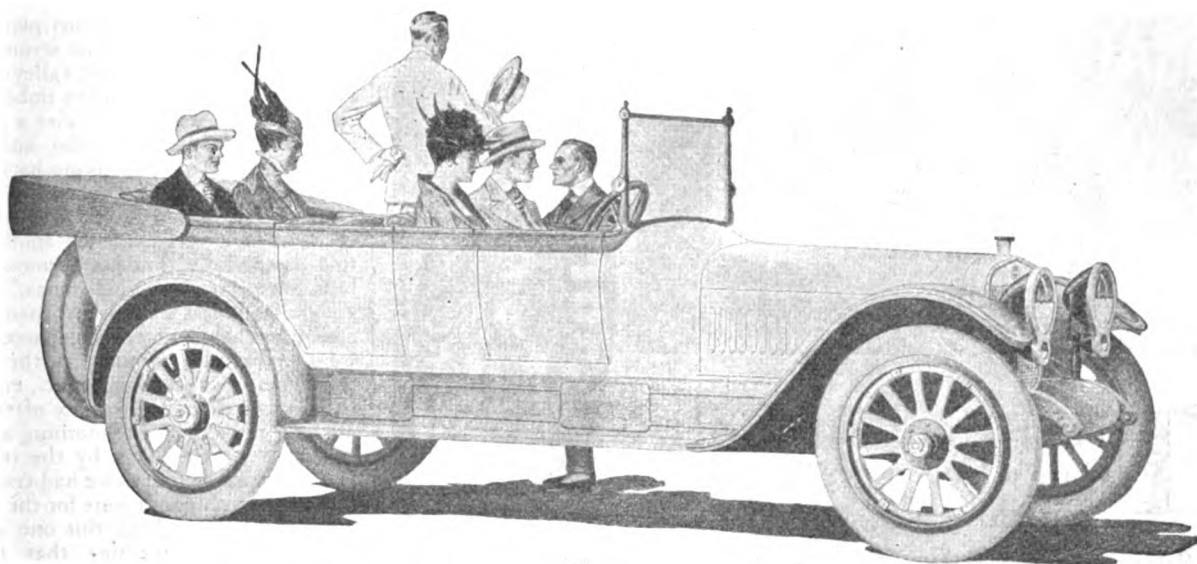
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JERSEY CITY, N. J.

Makers of the Hartford Shock Absorber, Hartford Cushion Spring, E. V. Hartford Electric Brake, Hartford Auto Jack, Hartford Bumper, Red Rack Jack.

Pacific Coast Distributors:

CHANSLOR & LYON COMPANY

SAN FRANCISCO LOS ANGELES OAKLAND FRESNO PORTLAND SEATTLE SPOKANE

★ Formerly Truffault Hartford

are pushing back the hand of the desert. There will be no slackening nor retreating of these bearers of green things; for theirs is the faith in the future that endures.

And how cheerily they accept their lot; how full of optimism their talk. Optimism, the booster spirit, just plain bluff, call it what you will, it is as strong in the dry lands as in the richest valley beyond the Sierras. They seem to imbibe it in the air or the water. We met a chap at a ramshackle premises who had thousands of sheep in the making back in the hills, another who reckoned his cherry crop in tons—what he did with the proceeds was not very evident—another who told us candidly that his business in the hills was "locatin' gold-mines;" alfalfa yielded goodness knows how many crops a year and how many tons per acre; mines were pointed to proudly as the richest in the state, or the world, etc., etc. But somehow I think the climax of this sort of thing came to us one morning when we called at a little shack by the trail. It was the third or fourth we had tried, only to find the occupants gone for the season, but at last we sighted this one with its string of white washing that shouted woman and home to the hill-tops. And it was a home; and although the man of the house was absent I'll wager he was proud of it. His wife, a young woman of two or three and twenty, pretty and homey, met us frankly at the door and took our canteens and filled them from the supply of cool water within. The small stream of spring water ditched down from the hills explained their attempt at settlement here.

How were they getting on? "Why, pretty well"—she glanced around at the little garden that somehow seemed making a heroic fight of it, and we tried to be encouraging. They had second water rights, she said.

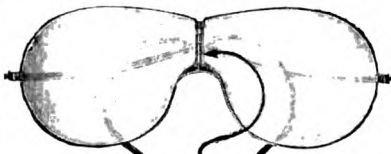
Any neighbors? "Yes; Mr. — has a claim up at the foot of the hills; he is three miles away. The next neighbor is across the valley about six miles."

Ever get lonesome? "Not now. I used to a little at first; my husband is away a good deal."

And the inside of that pole-and-mud little house was as clean, the tablecloth as immaculate as any in the land.

NOT the least interesting side of the humanity met along the way was our travelers in automobiles. In big touring cars and little gad-about, home-made camping tonneaus and factory-made novelties they came; and always a canvas waterbag or two dangled handy and usually a canvas tenting outfit formed a big bundle somewhere. Often tent poles protruded far or were lashed to the mud-guards; and always with the big cars spare tires and a shovel were strapped at side or back. The purpose of this implement? To dig the wheels out or in when the machine dragged her belly, freed her wheels and raced and roared helplessly in the chuck-holes as most of them did at times. Some there were who after coming all the way from New York became disgusted with trying to be heroes—so they said—shipped cars and all to Reno. Others there were who, tied up by breakage, cheerily wired for repairs and waited; some declared that they had found the last land on earth and that no

THE AUTOGLAS



SEE THAT HINGE PAT. MAY 29 1911.

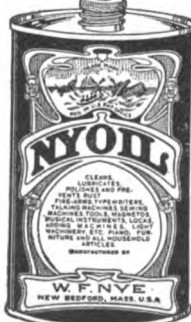
This glass is the only comfortable goggle and efficient eye protector made. Without rims, hinged at the center, it is neat and inconspicuous, fits contour of the face and affords absolutely unobstructed vision.

May be procured from any optician, motor supply house or sporting goods dealer. If your dealer hasn't them, write us. Over 40,000 now in use.

F. A. HARDY & CO. Department Z. Chicago, Ill.

25c Postpaid

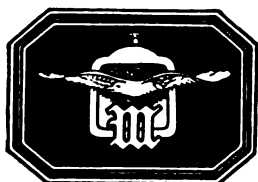
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is a matchless combination. Sportsmen have known it for years. Dealers sell NYOIL at 10c and 25c. Send us the name of a live one who doesn't sell NYOIL with other necessities for sportsmen and we will send you a dandy, handy new can (screw top and screw tip) containing 3 1/2 ounces postpaid for 25 cents.

Wm. F. Nye, New Bedford, Mass.



A STATEMENT

Concerning Final Drive in White Motor Trucks

IN VIEW of the conflicting claims for this form and that form of final drive which now confront the purchaser of heavy duty trucks, this Company, as the largest manufacturer of motor trucks in America, deems it fitting to make a public statement of its own purpose and practice in the matter.

White Trucks of over two tons capacity have always been chain-driven, and *will continue to be chain-driven* until some other form of final drive is developed in the future which is more efficient or equally efficient. In its present stage of development, worm drive will not be adopted by this Company, and White engineers now see no prospect of its basic handicaps ever being sufficiently overcome to warrant its adoption.

CHAIN DRIVE EFFICIENCY

White chain-driven trucks are more efficient because more power is delivered to the rear wheels.

2. They require a smaller motor for equal load capacity.
3. They consume less gasoline, getting as high as 50% more mileage per gallon.
4. They endure a higher road speed; perform more easily on rough roads, steep grades, and in heavy going.
5. They pull loads out of chuck holes and over obstructions which would stall a worm-driven truck.
6. Tire mileage is materially greater because the unsprung weight on the wheels is so much less.

WHITE TRUCK PERFORMANCE

Motor trucks have been in use long enough to accumulate a volume of motor truck experience, long enough for owners to know *actual operating value*. They can compare one truck with another. They have the records of performance; and large users who keep the most effective cost records indicate the showing of those records by an overwhelming preference for White Trucks.

That preference is well known. It is eloquently reflected in the fact that in total annual sales White Trucks predominate two to one of any other make, and among many large users they predominate ten to one.

WHITE TRUCK PREDOMINANCE

When a truck both outsells any competitor two to one and commands a higher price—its competition is severely felt by trucks of similar design, so severely in fact, as to necessitate a change in that design to escape the brunt of parallel competition. This gives rise to new theories of construction, which are adopted to arouse fresh interest rather than to improve the truck, in the endeavor to divert attention from White *performance*.

At this late stage of motor truck experience there is no need of truck buyers being bewildered by fads and theories. Over and above the conflict of all theory looms the solid fact of White Truck performance—longer life, more days in service, lower eventual cost, as attested by comparative cost records of numerous large users and by the fact that such users purchase more White Trucks every year than trucks of any other make.

THE WHITE COMPANY

CLEVELAND

ONLY GRAND PRIZE for Motor Trucks, Panama-Pacific International Exposition, San Francisco

DELCO

ELECTRIC CRANKING LIGHTING IGNITION



**THE Sale is half
made when
The salesman says
"Delco Equip-
ment."**

350,000 satisfied owners are now
driving cars equipped with Delco
Cranking, Lighting and Ignition

The Dayton Engineering Laboratories Company
Dayton, Ohio

When is the Lincoln Highway Open for Motor Traffic in the Spring?

For information on road conditions anywhere in the Sunset
Country address Sunset Magazine Service Bureau, 460
Fourth Street, San Francisco, California. The information
will be supplied without charge.

power under heaven could induce them to face the dust trail and the heat again; others we met who said that they enjoyed it and through their grime looked the part. There were doctors and lawyers and in fact about all the professions enumerated in the old rhyme, but there were few collectively; no species seemed represented many times. Most of them wore khaki and all were equally dusty.

But not all the old has thus given place to the new. It was on the new government road as we were coming down the Diamond Fork, Utah, that we met him. He rode a roan pony, sitting in that careless, easy, glued-on way that is not seen much out of the cattle country. Behind him trotted a gray pony with a small pack outfit, and yes, he was clad in real honest-to-heaven cowboy togs, almost all we had seen at the movies. He was a real cowboy! And though we knew the trail well enough, we stopped to inquire.

Twenty-three or four he appeared, soft-spoken, good-natured, almost suave, and dismounting at once he answered all our round of rapid-fire questions with a smile. Yes, he had been riding since he was six years of age, had wrangled wild horses in Utah, ridden in the round-ups clear to Winnipeg, etc., and now he was traveling light and camping where he pleased. Lucky chap! The romance had come back to the trail again, and in about three minutes I was ready to trade a gas cart for a certain gray cayuse nibbling about in the sage in quest of a mouthful of eatables. But he forestalled me.

"John, come here," he called finally to the gray pony, and John, wise-appearing and considerably beyond his coltish days, lifted his head and came to his owner at once.

"John, tell these gentlemen how old you are," and the equine chap thus addressed, after a preliminary shift or two on his front feet, pawed away with his right foot to the number of seven or eight.

"Shake hands." He lifted his front foot high and extended it.

"Show them how you scare the Indians." He drew back his ears, showed a mouthful of yellow teeth and appeared ready to digest a red man even to the feathers and moccasins.

"Show them how you like the ladies." He came nearer and nuzzled his master's cheek.

"Very good; now show them how we dig a well in the desert."

John hesitated a moment at this and a far-away look came into his eyes, but a little slap jogged his memory wondrously. He put his left front foot behind his right front foot, then began to pivot about on his front members.

"Go to it now!" And John bored away with a vim and really made quite an auger hole in the dry soil.

When we had exchanged pleasantries about the merits of our differing steeds, he handed us his card. It read:

Professor Blank.

Professional horse-trainer.

OUR road friends might have been divided into two classes: those who were campers-out, and those who kept the blue-book within beck and call and always made town to eat and sleep. I might even venture to name a third class:

PAIGE

The Standard of Value and Quality

The car of "Her" choice

It is probably no exaggeration to say that nine women out of ten will prefer the Paige "Six-46" to any other car in the moderate price field.

Certainly the automobile shows have gone a long way toward confirming this statement.

But—if you want the evidence of your own experience—take the "Missus" along with you next time that you visit Automobile row.

Let her see *all* of the popular light Sixes. Then ask her to name the car of her choice.

It is, of course, the Fairfield's beauty of line and design that makes the strongest appeal to feminine fancy.

No woman can resist the charm of this long, graceful touring body with its rich hand-buffed upholstery and luxurious appointments.

But don't forget for one minute that your wife will also be interested in the mechanical features.

This is the car that she can drive with absolute safety—and she will be quick to recognize that fact.

Though the "Six-46" is a *big* car, it can be controlled with amazing ease.

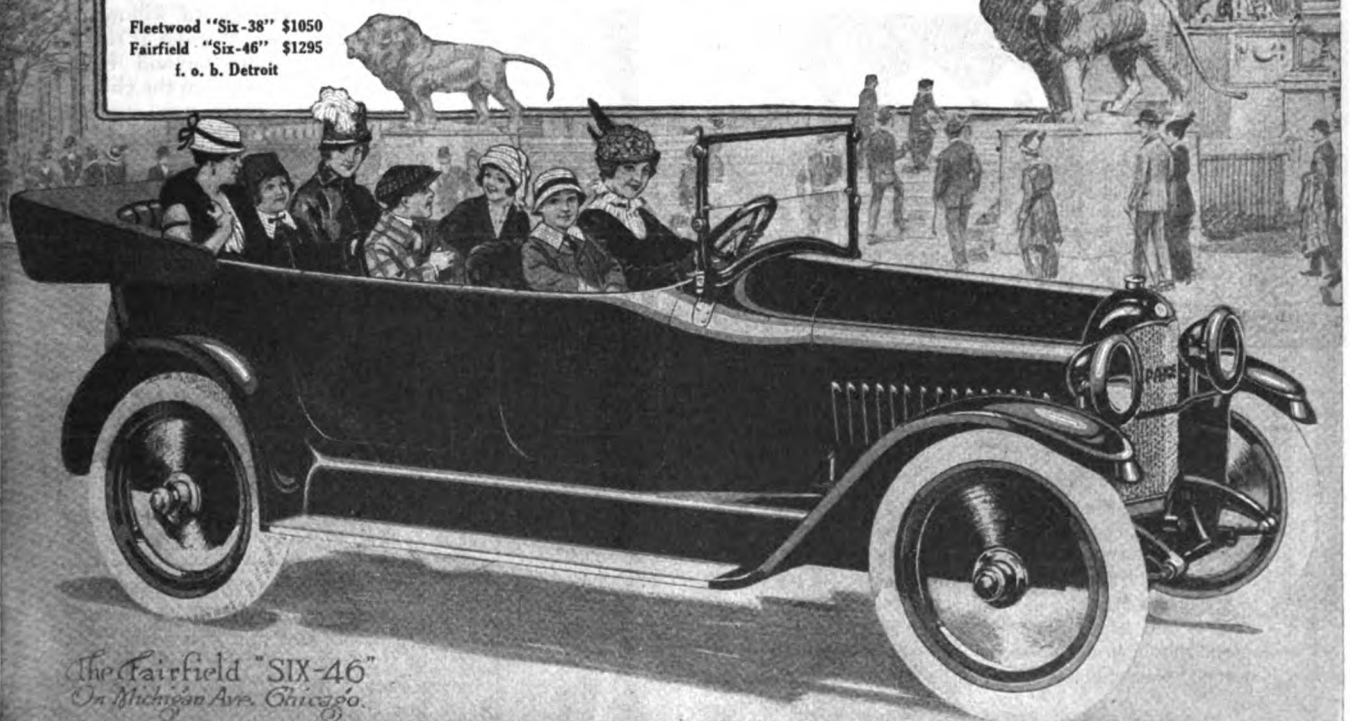
The powerful Six cylinder motor throttles down to a mere snail's pace without change from "high" and instantly—eagerly—responds to the slightest impulse of the accelerator.

With so much flexibility at command, it is child's play to drive in the thickest city traffic.

The Fairfield "Six-46" is the *ideal* family car. That is why it makes such an instantaneous appeal to both men and women.

Paige-Detroit Motor Car Company
1221 McKinstry Ave., Detroit

Fleetwood "Six-38" \$1050
Fairfield "Six-46" \$1295
f. o. b. Detroit



The Fairfield "SIX-46"
On Michigan Ave. Chicago.

The Outward Sign of Inward Service

IN the new Firestone Tire with trade-mark, Red Side Wall and Black Tread, the tire is given an appearance in keeping with the excellence of its inner building.

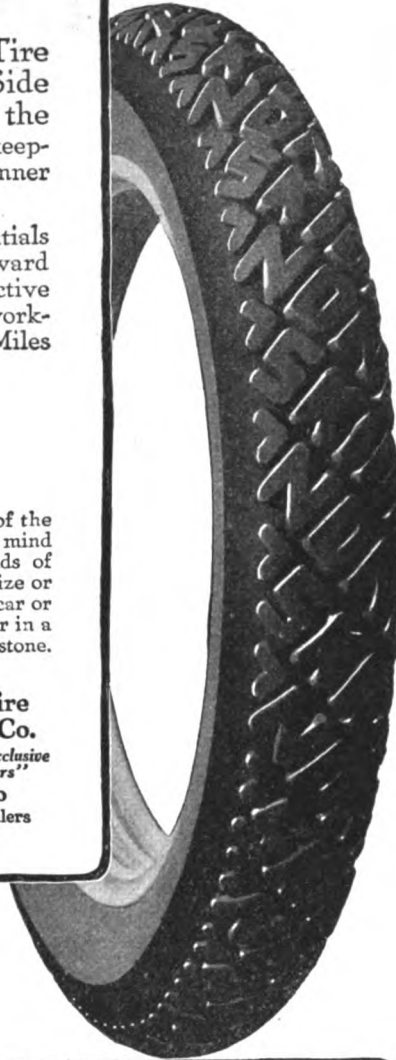
Perfection in all service—essentials have been matched with outward elegance; the result is an attractive combination of looks with a working record that insures Most Miles per Dollar.

Red Side Wall and Black Tread

The Firestone reputation as Colossus of the tire world is associated in the public mind with giant endurance for the demands of heaviest service. But whatever the size or type you need—for light or heavy car or motorcycle—there is the exact answer in a Red and Black Firestone.



**Firestone Tire
and Rubber Co.**
"America's Largest Exclusive
Tire and Rim Makers"
Akron, Ohio
Branches and Dealers
Everywhere



Firestone

The Red Side Wall and Black Tread

IF the call of the open road is ringing in your ears; if you intend to take camping kit or your check book and hit the Gasoline Trail for the mountains, glaciers and waterfalls of the West this summer, you will need reliable information concerning the condition of the transcontinental motor highways. **Sunset** will see that this information is supplied free. Merely write a line telling **Sunset Magazine Service Bureau** which highway you intend to follow and when. **Suggestions** concerning the motor itinerary, stopping places, hotels, etc., will be submitted on request.

those who carried no camp outfit, but who on occasion slept out nevertheless. All the occupants of the covered wagons were outers, of course; and our neighbors in autos varied from the extreme of those who camped in town and paid the price, to that of the old lady traveling with her son, who dressed, or undressed, a jack-rabbit in the doubtful shade of the car and invited us to dinner.

How strange indeed were the chance meetings along the way, and what a spirit of camaraderie, what a lack of the so-called proprieties of intercourse. All the starch and stiffening get out of everyday manners on the dust trail. Man meets man—or woman. You see his state's license and make a bee-line for him as for a long lost brother. Or you are discussing the probabilities of rain with some grower of mules, when along comes a motor car behind you, and just as you shut eyes and nose (and ears if you could) to stifle the dust wake, there comes a volley of "Hello, New Jersey!" and you read through the dust a friendly lot of hands waving back and a license from New York State. Introductions are not in order. You meet a bevy of girls arm in arm in the outskirts as you hurry from town—how sweet and neat are they now when you ride agrime, and if the shameful truth be told, perhaps disgracefully bewhiskered—and when you impudently wave them, well, just because you cannot help it, not a hand but returns the salute in that intangible way that only a young girl can do. And Frat coming second wonders why he got such a spontaneous reception and Tan coming last gets an ovation. But then Tan is a masher and breaker of hearts anyway.

Strange, too, the mixture of campers at certain well-chosen night camps or watering places. Because our trail and the Overland are as it were but two spouts to a funnel and all the traffic has to follow one of these routes, our neighbors on several occasions offered much variety of homesite. As we sat at noon below the wide-skirted willows flanking the wondrous marsh pond at the Rosebud Ranch somewhere beyond Kelton, we seemed to have reached the climax of this diversity. Of three cars one was from North Dakota, the second from Ohio, and the third from Oklahoma; and our motorcycles bore the stamps of New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Manitoba, Canada, respectively. That eating hour was indeed too short for a proper exchange of experiences, but we made the best of it.

Yet it is hard always to be hale fellow and agreeable on the dust trail, especially when one rides the cranky little machine on two wheels. It is the worst place in the world for the chronic "groucher," and many a party has been spoiled irretrievably by the inclusion of such an animal. Our trio was a lucky one: we had Tan. No grouch could hold the fort long against his golden smile.

He hailed from Pittsburg and had come all the way bareheaded; and when he had nothing else to do he used to sit and smile and pick the seventeenth coat of sun-blisters off his nose. Life was all a joke, a comedy. When Frat in his endless tinkering invaded the gear-case and let the gears fall out in the sand—not one of the three of us had even an inkling as to how to get them back, and we were



Havoline Oil Goes to College

ANOTHER triumph for quality! Another victory for efficiency! The superiority of Havoline Oil is no longer debatable. Science has confirmed Havoline's pre-eminence. In the fiery furnace of *competitive test* with the twelve leading automobile oils, Havoline demonstrated its superiority not merely in one but in *every essential element* by which the value of lubricants is judged.

This dramatic standardization test was staged at Purdue University, Indiana's noted seat of higher learning. The purpose of the test was purely scientific. It was carried on independently by the Mechanical Engineering Department of the University. We neither requested nor knew of the competition.

Havoline Outrivals World's Leading Lubricants

The test was based on the most advanced principles of scientific analysis as applied to mechanical subjects.

Havoline Oil was awarded *first place* because it outrivalled—all other lubricants in these essential elements:—

- In wearing qualities Havoline led all other oils.
- In heat resisting qualities Havoline led all competitors.
- In minimizing frictional loss Havoline Oil led its competitors.
- In uniform quality in all temperatures Havoline stood highest.

The demonstration is *conclusive*. It places Havoline supreme among lubricants. It gives scientific sanction to our constantly repeated claim for superiority. It confirms the judgment of thousands of motorists who have for years used Havoline Oil and recommended it to their friends. It is the final answering note to the validity of the far-flung and far-sung Havoline Oil slogan—

"It Makes A Difference"

ALL ROADS LEAD TO HAVOLINE DEALERS

Havoline Oil is sold everywhere a motor car will go. The Havoline Oil you buy at the mountain garage, at the village grocery or the big supply station exemplifies the same qualities which graduated Havoline *first* at Purdue University. It is the purest, finest and most dependable lubricant in existence and its cost, despite its proven superiority, is no more than that of other lubricants. Why temporize with the next best?

Send for booklet, "Havoline Oil goes to College." Read the whole story of the remarkable university test, which established Havoline Oil as the World's standard lubricant.

INDIAN REFINING CO.
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Indian Refining Co. _____
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Please Ship and bill to PURDUE UNIVERSITY, Purchasing Dept.
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Deliver to Receiving Department

HAVOLINE OIL

IMPORTANT: *Havoline Oil*

The Honor Lubricant at Purdue

HAVOLINE OIL Enters
Purdue University

HAVOLINE OIL
Scores Highest in Examinations

HAVOLINE OIL
Graduates First



KISSELKAR Four-32 5-Passenger Touring, \$1050

A real KisselKar embodying the same high standards of efficiency and construction that have made the name, "KisselKar," synonymous with the highest conception of motor car excellence.

It is a wonderful car at the price, a car that will stand up under any amount of abuse and prove the genuineness of the materials and workmanship that enter into its construction.

This is the 32 High Efficiency Four that climbed the famous (50% grade) Duncan Hill, San Francisco, carrying seven passengers.

The KisselKar 4-32 is the baby of the KisselKar family. Other KisselKar models, including every sort and style, up to the luxurious six-cylinder, 7-passenger Sedan, with All-Year quickly attachable top, built in, not on, at \$2100.

All prices f. o. b. Factory.

Pacific KisselKar Branch

Pacific Coast Distributors

GEARY AT VAN NESS AVE., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Oakland Los Angeles San Diego Pasadena Portland



twenty-five miles or so from nowhere—Tan laughed. When we fell off he laughed; when he himself tumbled he laughed louder. When he skidded over of the trail, climbed over the humpy sage, dropped into a gaping badger hole and ended on his head, he waved a legged member high in the dust and shouted "Hurrah!" This was the king-pin joke and he laughed before he even reached out to choke the roaring motor.

To most folks however, the trail was not the joke that Tan would have it. The dryness and thirstiness one may combat by the canvas water-bag; by its services a cold draught of water may be had at any time. But most trying perhaps is the heat, a parching heat that dries and toughens one, yet causes little sensible perspiration; somehow, though the thermometer registers 100 degrees and over, it is not wilting and gruelling as such a temperature would be in a humid atmosphere. But it is hot; everybody except the resident agrees to that. He dismisses the subject with "Hot? Yes, but you don't feel it here."

IT is the cool, even chill nights that make the land so livable and cause the gypsy followers of the trail to rejoice and be glad. At sundown the temperature is delightful; an hour later the camp is the better for the blaze of the sagebrush or greasewood fire. Fuel always is abundant here and dry enough if not very lasting, and such fires have fragrance and virtue of their own. There are no mosquitoes and little dew; a tent or cover is unnecessary. And who that has tried the desert nights can ever cease to love them? The silence that tingles in the ears, the stars winking down, the moon so bright through the void above that the Old Man seems within hailing distance, the coyote's keen song in the early darkness and again in the dawning, the feeling of vastness and loneliness, and yet one is a part of it.

For it is a companionable sort of loneliness, and there are others than human fellows along the road to give a touch of liveliness to the desolation. Ravens croaked and jeered from the dead hill-tops; black, ominous vultures circled us to gaze down wonderingly—doubtless speculating on what they could do with such steeds if they died in the desert; big hawks were seen at rarer intervals, and the confiding little red sparrow hawk more commonly; once or twice a golden eagle crossed the valley heading fixedly toward an eyrie in the blue hills; magpies, the garrulous newsmongers of the desert, were commonly in earshot; and there were scattered doves and sage thrashers and shrikes and cliff swallows, but never many at a time in this land of loneliness and distances.

Even more interesting to most followers of the desert way are the animal neighbors. The long-eared, black-tailed jack-rabbits easily claimed first attention; but there were coyotes now and again and badgers as often, prairie dogs in whole villages and towns, and little scurrying lizard chaps that had greased lightning in the tips of their tiny toes.

Tan, the only member of our trio to carry a pistol, enjoyed the jacks more than Frat or I did. Such things do not ramble about in the suburbs of Pittsburg. Almost every jack loves to race for a few yards just to keep himself in

THE CHIEF ESSENTIAL of perfect pneumatic tires is the ability to **absorb shock** with consequent comfort to passengers and the reduction of car-racking vibration.

UNTIL QUAKERS WERE put on the market progress in the development of the shock-absorbing property of tires had not kept pace with the improvements and refinements of automobile construction.

**TEMPERED
QUAKER
RUBBER**

Study this dissected tire. Note the sturdy tread, the special binder strip, the thick resilient cushion, the multiple plies of Sea Island cotton duck.

THE REASON WHY the riding qualities of tires showed so little improvement in the past was because practically no advancement had been made in the **treatment of tire rubber**—the method of “curing” having remained practically the same since the discovery of vulcanizing.

WE UNDERTOOK THE TASK of discovering a way to secure the properties desired in rubber for tires. The result was **tempered** rubber. This was five years ago, and, still, QUAKERS lead—setting

a standard and making “the tire of the future” a reality.

THE ADDED STRENGTH and resisting power imparted by **tempering** the rubber tell in **increased mileage**. Users, everywhere, say: “QUAKERS are MILES CHEAPER.”

QUAKER MULTI-TUBE is also made of **tempered** rubber, and is unusually elastic and strong.

Probably there is a Quaker dealer near you. His name and address will be sent on request to the Factory Division.

QUAKER CITY RUBBER CO. Factory and Home Office **PHILADELPHIA**

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SAVAGE TIRES

Feathers in Our Bonnet

Excerpts from a few of the hundreds of letters that we are continually receiving from satisfied users of Savage Tires and Tubes

16,000 miles over bad roads
I have, to this date, gotten almost 16,000 miles, and taking into consideration the bad roads I travel, and using chains, I do not think that I will ever be able to better myself.
RUSSELL KENT.

20,000 miles—will use no others
Having used two Savage Tires on my car, each of which tires have given me a mileage of better than 20,000 miles, I have decided to use nothing else.
W. B. MARTIN.

No weak spots in Savages
During the last twelve years, the writer has tried out many different kinds of tires, but has yet to experience a "blow-out" in a Savage Tire. It appears that the wear is divided equally and there is never a manifestation of a "weak spot." NATIONAL PERCOLATOR Co. Inc., By G. J. WIGGENHORN.

Savage Tires and Grafinite Tubes will undoubtedly give you the same or better service.
Ask for Tire Book No. 157

THE SAVAGE TIRE COMPANY
SAN DIEGO, CAL.
BRANCH STORES:
San Francisco: 1125-27-29 Van Ness Ave.
Los Angeles: 700 W. 7th St. San Diego: 936 2d St.

form, before taking to the cover of the sagebrush, and Tan loved to work that little automatic Colt. If he could get out the gun in time—and he really became rather proficient on the draw—he usually had a shot or two. The rabbits did not seem to mind, though one or two had close calls—so Tan said. After a box or two of empty shells had been distributed along the way, he changed his tactics and dismounted. He would have a rabbit-paw souvenir or stay and shoot till his money gave out.

Bang! the jack so addressed usually sat up startled out of semi-somnolence. Bang! he was awake now. Bang! he yawned and settled back his ears in a bored sort of way. Bang! he discovered a flea behind his left fore-leg and proceeded to dislodge it with his left hind-foot. Bang! something threw sand in his eyes and he bolted. Such was the usual run of the comedy; and Tan would say "Dog-gone-it, anyway!" before he inserted a new shell-clip.

But one day comedy turned to bloody tragedy. At the little river beyond Elko, Nevada, we stopped for a much-needed clean-up. While Frat and I lingered, Tan went gunning. We heard a popping, some fifteen shots, but little guessed the deadly work in hand till we returned to the machines. There stood Tan with a tenfold smile and yes, he was holding aloft a real dead jack-rabbit! It was but half-grown, but it was freshly killed. There could be no doubt about it; in fact it was shot squarely through the eye. Tan proudly haggled off a foot, likewise severed the tail and we departed.

Such were but some of the incidents of the dust trail. Like a story by certain writers, the tale may have been slow in the telling at times, but it never lost interest. There was variety always. No two of our night camps were alike, from our bed on the sodded slope beside the rustling fruit trees in that valley in Utah that truly has been made to blossom like the rose, to another of doubtful softness among the lava rocks and stones in the drear land approaching Fernley, Nevada. No two eating stations were alike. Tinned preparations of well-known staying qualities partaken by the trail, ranch-house hospitality kept in readiness for hungry passersby, or that necessary evil, the stool of repentance that bears the sign of Lunch Counter. In short, if environment is half the meal, we of the dust trail were well nourished. Our wash-up quarters too varied quite as much and ran the gamut from the garage hose to a red-hot sulphur-water affair of great elaborateness at a steaming spring in the Nevada desert. Trifles do not count here. When we threw away the last sliver in our several tonsorial kits—everything breakable breaks on this trail—and dragged the last half-dozen teeth from the pocket comb, no one replaced either mirror or comb.

And it passed all too soon, did this winding dust serpent of the thirsty lands, for though at the time we thought we were glad to be rid of it, I now know better. So we left it, this turn-coat land of extremes, its gray valleys and painted hills and ethereal sky, its tingling silence by day and night and the ravens' croaking and the coyote songs that but deepened it, its golden dust fogs above the gray-blue sage—turned our backs upon it and tackled the greener lands of the Sierras.



SOL DUC HOT SPRINGS

Nature's Sanatorium

Surrounded on all sides by an indescribably beautiful landscape in its primitivestate. The Creator was extremely lavish here at Sol Duc Hot Springs in providing for the human race almost infinite charm. Not content with all these rare treats for the eye, Nature has caused to pour forth from Mother Earth hot mineral waters containing healing properties not found in any other part of the entire world and pronounced by eminent Specialists and Medical Experts to be a specific for Rheumatism, Diabetes, Gout, Skin diseases and all forms of liver and stomach affections. Hundreds of so called "incurable" cases have been treated with complete success.

By the investment of more than a half million dollars in the erection of a thoroughly modern Sanatorium, Bath houses, Sun Parlors, Hotel, Cottages, surrounded by exquisitely beautiful grounds, the builders have given to the world Nature's Rich Endowment at: SOL DUC HOT SPRINGS so that every possible comfort and Medical attention is provided in Twentieth Century form. SOL DUC HOT SPRINGS is the place for you if you are searching for restoration to your normal health. Write for free booklet and detailed information to SOL DUC HOT SPRINGS COMPANY, Sol Duc, Washington. Seattle Office: 740 Henry Bldg.

The Magic of Motor-Wheeling

THERE'S a world of wholesome fun and ready service in a bicycle. Thousands are returning to the two-wheeler.

But to endow your bicycle with motor life — new riding power — obedient at the slight touch of a thumb lever — that is to lend real enchantment to bicycling.

And *there* is the magic of Motor-Wheeling!

The SMITH MOTOR WHEEL attaches to *any* bicycle in five

Smith Motor Wheel
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minutes, and the first short spin will foster friendship. Two pedal turns awaken the

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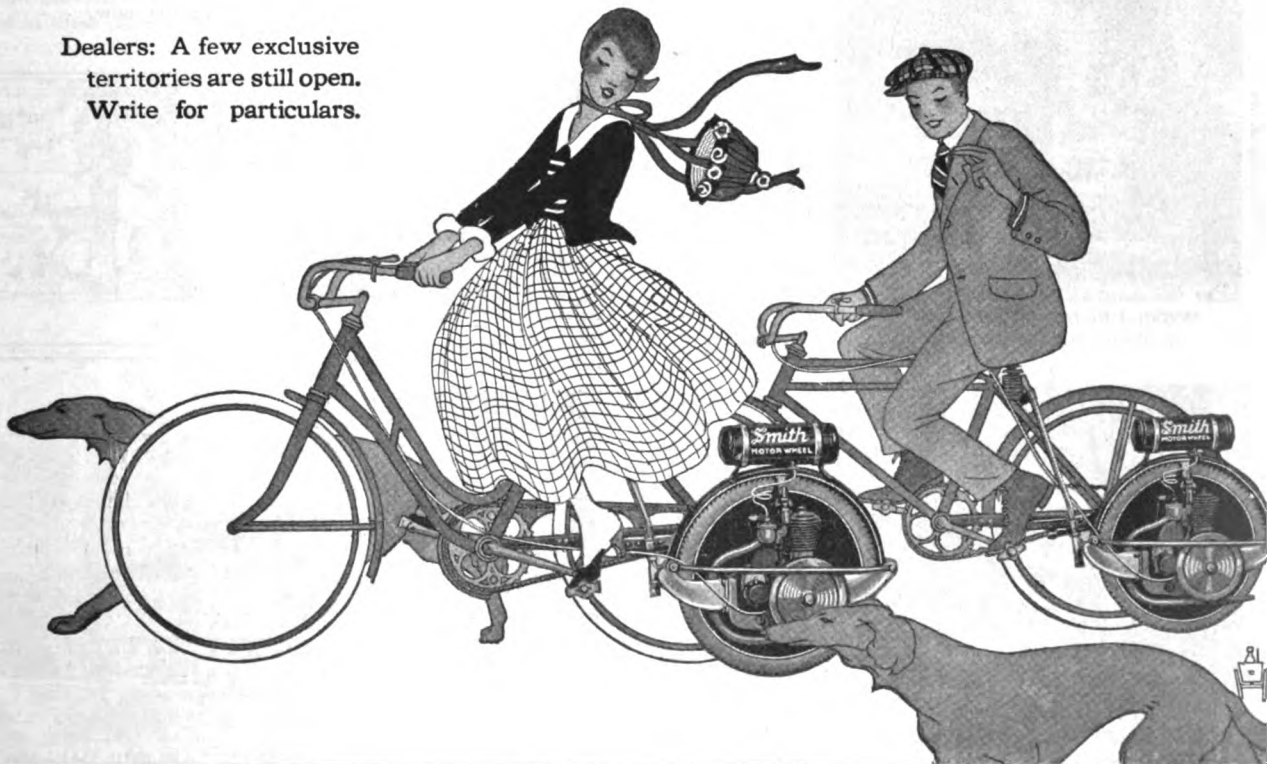
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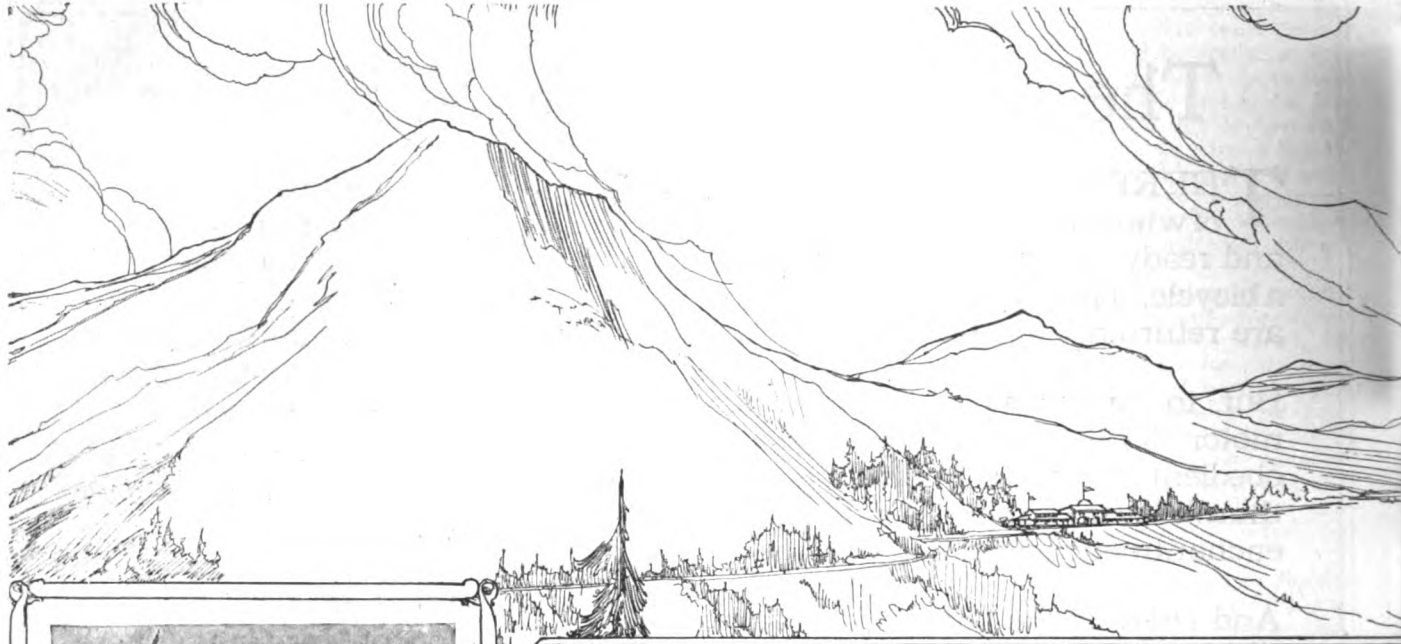
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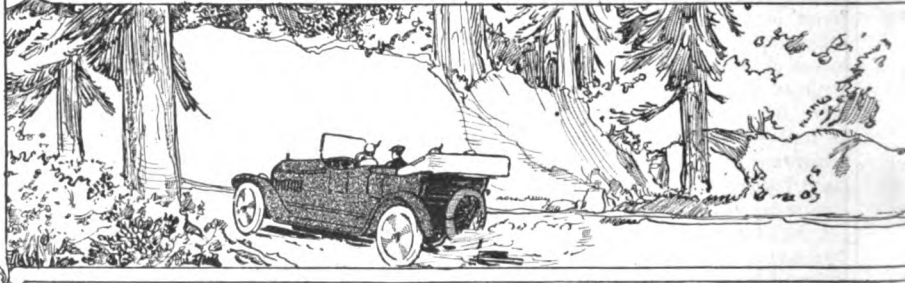
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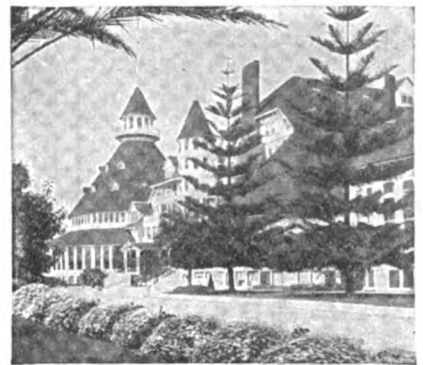


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Mobilizing the Flintlock Army

(Continued from page 18)

a fixed quantity of work; it has no overload capacity. It is a funnel through which a certain amount of men and material can be poured with dispatch. When the amount grows suddenly in an emergency, it spills over the rim and there is a mess. One's hair stands on end in considering the size and quality of the mess had Villa fallen back on entrenchments defended by say, 50,000 Turks with modern equipment and adequate reserves.

Fortunately no Turks or any other soldiers were encountered in the peaceful penetration of northern Mexico. The army did what it was supposed and trained to do: it marched and rode until its anatomy was blistered in various spots; it got a large dose of real work and a small taste of fighting; it deeply impressed Eastern correspondents with the fact that a column marching through the desert raises all kinds of dust, gets thirsty, hungry and more or less footsore; it still further astonished the young men of the press by actually camping out right in the open, rain, shine, snow or wind, and it wondered how soon and under what circumstances it would be recalled.

It is telling no secrets to report that the army expected and feared to receive orders to go home before its job was done, before Villa could be caught. And it is not betraying military secrets to state that the expeditionary corps, having seen something of Mexican troops in action, would undertake to smash down the resistance of all Mexican factions by itself if the militia and volunteers would undertake to hold and patrol the territory conquered. Furthermore, it is no secret that the army has been tearing its hair out and gnashing its teeth whenever it contemplated the extreme courtesy and consideration with which Washington spared the feelings of the Mexicans. If the army had had its way, mighty few bullets would have fallen into Naco, Nogales and other border towns; if the army had its way now, a million dollars' worth of loaded motor trucks would not be moving over a distance of 300 miles while railroad facilities are available for the work. But the army isn't saying these things out loud. It obeys orders, does as it is told and keeps its lips shut in a thin, straight line.

LET us disregard the army's nightmare and assume that the expeditionary force, strengthened from time to time, remains in Mexico under orders to go as far as Villa goes until the bandit is captured. Such a course must in the nature of things weaken the power and the prestige of the de facto government. As this prestige decreases, the loyalty of the semi-independent military chiefs who have leaped from one side to the other with the nimbleness of a goat, will likewise show a decrease and the chances of a collision between Americans and Mexicans will multiply. Until Villa is caught and the American expedition has been withdrawn, the danger of an explosion is present every moment.

Let us be of good cheer, however, and assume not only that nothing happens on the spiderweb thread connecting the

scattered cavalry with its base, but also that Villa is bagged, the soldiers have been safely returned to the clamorous merchants and voters of ninety-two Congressional districts favored with army posts, and everything is as it was before. Does that solve the Mexican problem?

Felix Diaz is now stirring a new revolt against the de facto government in Oaxaca; Zapata, Canuto Reyes, the Arrieta brothers are still in the field; the fleshpot loyalty of many Carranza followers is in grave doubt; the "first chief" still refuses to honor the country's capital with his presence; bandits of the plain variety who rob and slay without the pretense of a revolution have multiplied; agriculture in northern Mexico at least is at a standstill; the transportation systems are in ruins; at a time when the richest mineral country in the world should be rolling in wealth, mining is cut down to a minimum; the currency is degraded, public credit is gone, disease and hunger are taking toll. All the reserves accumulated in Mexico during the thirty years of the Diaz régime are gone. The country is back where it was before Porfirio's iron hand seized by the throat and strangled the banditti masquerading as revolutionists. It is possible that Carranza will be able to pacify the country, to restore transportation, to protect life and property, but as yet he has given no evidence of the military and administrative genius necessary to lift Mexico out of the morass in which it is floundering.

On the contrary, the internal evidence presented by the last year's development in the republic seems to indicate that the history of the pre-Diaz period will repeat itself. Before the dictator rose to power the American army was constantly engaged in border patrol. During the forty years following the extension of the American boundary to the Rio Grande and the Gulf of California revolution was Mexico's normal daily routine. The same brigandage, the identical bombastic, hollow pronouncements, the same insincere protestations of love for the peon accompanied by murder, rapine and theft, the same scampering of revolutionary rats from the ship of a defeated leader to the craft of the victorious one have filled the history of unhappy Mexico for a century, broken only during the reign of Porfirio Diaz. And it was the turmoil in Mexico which induced France to attempt the conquest of territory in the Western hemisphere in defiance of the Monroe Doctrine.

SO far there has been no indication of impending tranquillity in Mexico. Apparently brigandage is once again to be the normal condition south of the line for an indefinite period. Shall the United States be content to do as it has been doing during the past five years, to keep the army semi-mobilized along the border and, at regular intervals, to send out punitive expeditions in order to provide a safety-valve for the rising pressure at home?

The United States now stands at the parting of the ways. The country must decide upon something it has lacked for



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fifty years—a national policy. Indifference, aloofness will no longer serve in place of a well defined, consistent standard of international conduct and action. On this shrinking globe no member of the family of nations can wash its hands in the water of professed isolation and claim complete freedom from responsibility. Whether it wants to or not, it has to play a part in the grand international symphony. And so far the United States has been unable to agree even upon the key in which its part shall be played.

Fifteen years ago the nation decided to retain the Philippines until the Filipinos were ripe for self-government. Now it is proposed to turn the islands loose regardless of their inhabitants' ability to maintain a stable government. What stand will the nation assume toward the Philippines next year? Fifteen years ago the United States thrust its foot into the rapidly closing Chinese door; it had a treaty promising Korea its good offices should the Hermit Kingdom's independence be jeopardized. Korea as a separate nation has vanished without a word of protest from the United States. Shall the nation withdraw its foot from the Chinese door in like eloquent silence?

We have built three battleships, two battleships a year and no battleships a year. Even now we have been unable to decide in our collective mind whether we want an enlarged army, a stronger navy, and, if yes, how strong an army and navy. We object to the attacks of belligerents upon our rights on the high sea, but we cling grimly to the fetish of self-imposed political isolation and refuse to give force to our protests by joining hands with other neutrals. Yet, in the case of Mexico, we worked up the famous A B C conference in a futile attempt to settle the Mexican problem by joint inaction. We intervened in Cuba because a battleship was blown up through an agency undetermined to this day, boldly declared war against a power having eight times more trained soldiers than our own within striking distance of our shore, yet we risk the lives of thousands of American soldiers deep in Mexico at the time of writing by our failure to commandeer indispensable railroads from a government so weak that it can barely keep on its legs.

We start grimly on an expedition to capture a bandit who has wantonly murdered Americans on American and Mexican soil; our troops cross the line while the entire country applauds, yet within a few weeks from the start there are intimations that the expedition will turn back without accomplishing its object. Nay, it seems that the country was misinformed as to the object of this expedition. It was not sent out, according to General Funston's order, to capture Villa, dead or alive; in reality it was not, as the country was led to believe, a punitive expedition at all. Its orders were merely to disperse the band of Villa, to forestall similar raids across the border.

WE allow Carranza to transport his troops over American railroads, thereby arousing the hatred of Villa whom we glorified a few months previously; we manufacture and transport arms, ammunition and supplies for Carranza, but we submit when Carranza peremptorily denies our troops the right to obtain needed supplies over the railroads in his

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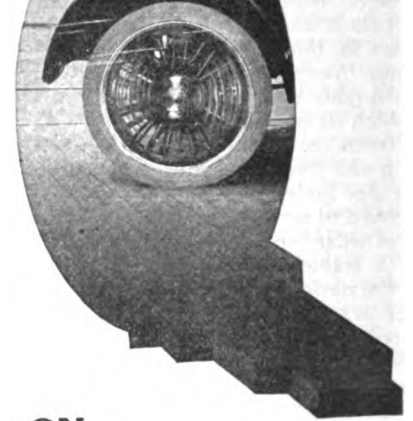
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jurisdiction, for a purpose the accomplishment of which would be to his great advantage. We applaud the "hands-off" policy in Mexico, but we also applaud the maintenance of armed American forces in Nicaragua, Santo Domingo and Haiti. By treaty we reserve the right to supervise the internal affairs of Cuba and we exercise this right by the dispatch of American troops, but we disavow even the suspicion of exercising a similar supervision over Mexico. We speak in loud tones of the necessity of extending American foreign commerce, smile approvingly upon those who organize banks to plant American capital in foreign countries that American trade may follow, but we also serve notice upon them that they need expect no firm measures, no consistent support if they and their investments should get into trouble. Out of one corner of the national mouth we laud those who go beyond the star-spangled border seeking export trade with dollar bait; out of the other we denounce them as adventurers, international pirates, concession hunters and renegades who should have kept their money at home to develop domestic resources.

The vacillation, the uncertainty, the lack of firmness and decision noticeable in all our dealings with Mexico since Porfirio Diaz abdicated, a vacillation that has become especially painful since the Columbus raid, cannot with justice be charged wholly to the White House. As in the case of preparedness, the nation has been too yawningly apathetic to care a whoop what its foreign policy was. There has never been a clear-cut expression of opinion on the wisdom of retaining the Philippines, of policing Nicaragua and Santo Domingo, of going into or keeping out of Mexico. The nation has never had the time and the inclination to sit down, think these matters over and make up its mind as to the proper course to pursue. Nor has it cared very much. It has allowed the occupant of the White House or the individual who happened to be Secretary of State to go ahead without guidance or interference; it has not even taken the trouble expressly to approve or disapprove of their acts. The nation's utterances on foreign policies have been, are today, a confused murmur; no matter how hard the White House might listen, it will not be able to catch distinct sentences in the babel of voices. The President can only interpret the noise by its quality and key. And just so long as the country itself is in a state of mental chaos concerning its proper attitude in international affairs, just so long must the policy of its execution be vacillating, uncertain, lacking consistency and decision.

A MOST beautiful illustration of the national incapacity to formulate a consistent course of action is supplied by the present situation in Mexico. Our seven-column scare-head indignation against the Columbus raid within a month condensed itself into a modest single-column, constantly diminishing interest in the pursuit of Villa. After all, Columbus is a long way from Kansas and Connecticut; a good many Americans do not even know that New Mexico is an integral part of the United States. Did not a Chicago merchandise firm hold up a shipment of goods for a week while its export department tried to find what duties it

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would have to pay at the New Mexico line? As for the Santa Ysabel massacre, how many Americans can recall the circumstances and the actual number of the murdered Americans?

If the President should order General Pershing to give up the chase and return, his political opponents would use this act as an additional campaign howitzer, but the bulk of the population, while mildly disapproving, would forget it in a week. A great part of the voters would agree with the President that such a withdrawal was the best thing under the circumstances. Should the President, however, decide to seize the railroads in northern Mexico by force, should he mobilize the militia, call out volunteers and proceed to pacify Mexico in earnest, that action likewise would be criticized by his political foes and accepted almost passively by the bulk of the population. There is so little concentrated, continuous interest in Mexico, the thought concerning American relations with its neighbors is so muddled and confused that almost any policy could command the passive tolerance of an apathetic citizenship.

Yet there is very little doubt that a firm stand right now would be a blessing to both countries. General Pershing's undisputed advance of four hundred miles into that part of Mexico where anti-American feeling has always been strongest, apparently proves that the Mexican peon, the merchant, the mechanic and the landowner are tired of the eternal revolutions. Though the long line of communications is guarded by considerably less than twenty soldiers per mile, supply trains have not been attacked, there has been no sniping, the populace has nowhere shown hostility toward the invading troops. If the behavior of the Mexicans in the territory traversed by General Pershing is a criterion, the occupation of Mexico clear to its capital would not be an overly serious task at this time, and the army has proven that, despite the shortcomings of its organization and equipment, it is amply able to handle the situation if assured of supplies and reinforcements.

But the occupation of Mexico would be a mistake; the Philippine fiasco would find its counterpart on the North American continent if the American hand should be withdrawn unconditionally once order is restored. The example of Cuba has proven that the tropic Latin-American countries can maintain peace and thrive if the necessary pressure is applied from the outside. The ancient self-sufficient policy of non-interference in the affairs of other nations went to smash when the United States made protectorates of Cuba, Nicaragua and the turbulent negro republics of the Antilles. Mexico differs in no wise from Cuba except that it is larger. The precedent has been established, but its application to the southern neighborhood will probably be delayed until circumstances force intervention. When the job is done, the average American will approve of it just as he has approved of methods adopted by the government to bring Mexico's little brown cousins to their senses.



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Watch for It in Sunset for June

The Sunset Country

Here follow timely and interesting facts concerning the great Pacific Slope, the country served by *Sunset Magazine*. *Sunset Magazine Service Bureau*, conducted in conjunction with this department, supplies disinterested information concerning the West, its lands and industries. The purpose is to guide and advise the stranger, whether tourist or homeseeker. Its organization covers the entire West and the services are free. Questions and answers of general interest, illustrative of the general service of the Bureau, will be found below. *The announcements of hotels, railroads, steamship lines, resorts, communities and colonization companies appearing in these columns have been investigated by Sunset Magazine and are reliable and trustworthy.*

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Sunset Magazine Service Bureau

Conducted under the supervision of Walter V. Woelke

The following general questions and answers are typical of the service supplied by the Bureau. Stamps should be enclosed in letters of inquiry and full name and address plainly written. Address all communications to *Sunset Magazine Service Bureau*, 460 Fourth Street, San Francisco.

Quicksilver Speculation

Q. What is the condition of the quicksilver market at present? I understand that California supplies the bulk of this metal and that the production is monopolized by two or three properties. Any information you can give me about the quicksilver industry and possible investment opportunities will be appreciated.—**G. R. S., PHILADELPHIA, PA.**

A. California has been for many years the principal American source of quicksilver, though a great proportion of the world's supply came from Spain. When the war broke out quicksilver was selling at prices ranging from \$35 to \$40 per flask, and this price was so low that most of the smaller, low-grade quicksilver properties had shut down because they could not cover the cost of production. The war gave the demand for quicksilver a tremendous stimulation and the price rapidly soared to \$60, \$80, \$100, even to \$300 per flask. Naturally a good many of the older properties reopened and production rose until the price in April remained almost stationary at \$180 to \$200 per flask. Anyone owning a producing quicksilver mine at these prices is coining money hand over fist. Most of the old properties have been reopened, but there are a few small ones and at least one fairly large property in California which, owing mostly to lack of capital, are still unproductive. One of these old properties would be a good speculation and could be bought and rehabilitated at a total investment of \$50,000 to \$60,000. If the war lasts another year quicksilver mines should be a good speculation.

Eucalyptus "Investments"

Q. Can you give me information concerning the reliability of the information contained in the enclosed folder, issued by the San Diego Eucalyptus Company? This company has plantations near Lakeside, California, and these are the lands they have for sale. Do you consider it a safe and good investment? Would also like some information regarding spineless cactus, especially in regard to its use as a cattle food and the tonnage to be expected per acre. Would you advise the purchase of stock at \$375 per 100 shares, in installments (par value \$10 per share), in the El Cajon Cactus and Cattle Company?—**A. L. W., CHICAGO, ILL.**

A. The eucalyptus boom blew up with a loud bang several years ago and is dead as a doornail now. The prospectus which you enclosed says in paragraph 24 "In eight or ten years a 10-acre grove should produce a net of \$25,000 and then continually reproduce it increasingly every six or eight years." Of course, this is utter nonsense. There are many groves considerably older than eight to ten years which have not returned one per cent of the profit mentioned. In fact eucalyptus profits have been so tremendously disappointing, the figures given by the promoters have been so horribly exaggerated that anyone familiar with the situation could not be induced to invest a penny in an enterprise of this kind. Our advice would be to hang on to your money as a eucalyptus grove bought without personal knowledge is no investment at all. You would probably lose practically your entire investment if you purchased a eucalyptus cat in the bag.

The same can be said of spineless cactus. The only substantial profit made out of this prickly plant is flowing into the pockets of promoters who use it to dispose of inferior land at extravagant prices. There is no market for cactus slabs for propagating purposes and its value as cattle food is still problematic. Don't invest your money in enterprises of which you know nothing. It would be far better if you would be content with five or six per cent and buy bonds of approved standing. We are prepared to advise you on the purchase of bonds if you so request.

Oregon Timber Land

Q. Can you tell me how much timber there is on the N. W. ¼ of Section 19, Township 21, South Range 5, West of Willamette Meridian, Douglas county, Oregon. How much is 1000 feet worth, and what is the land worth?—**A. L., HATTON, N. D.**

A. Concerning this land the Hooper-Mayo Company, dealers in timber lands, writes as follows:

"The information could not be had short of an actual cruise of the property. This would probably cost from \$25 to \$50 according to the cruiser. Our maps show this land to be 'Merchantable Timber' and located in the heart of a good-sized tract, not far from where logging operations are now being carried on. There is an old burn in the vicinity of the claim

which might tend to increase the fire risk on this property. From its general location, provided the land is not excessively broken or too high up, this timber would be worth, in normal times, in the neighborhood of \$1.00 per thousand feet on the stump. At present, however, there are a great many single claims, similarly situated as regards accessibility, which are offered for sale at a considerably lower figure—some of them as low as 50 cents per thousand feet stumpage, and the inquirer should bear this in mind if he is considering a purchase. We should be glad to cruise this land for your correspondent in case he desires exact information. He will understand, however, that he could hardly expect to obtain this sort of thing free, as it would require the work of an expert."

As land is usually sold with the timber in Oregon nothing extra is paid for the land itself.

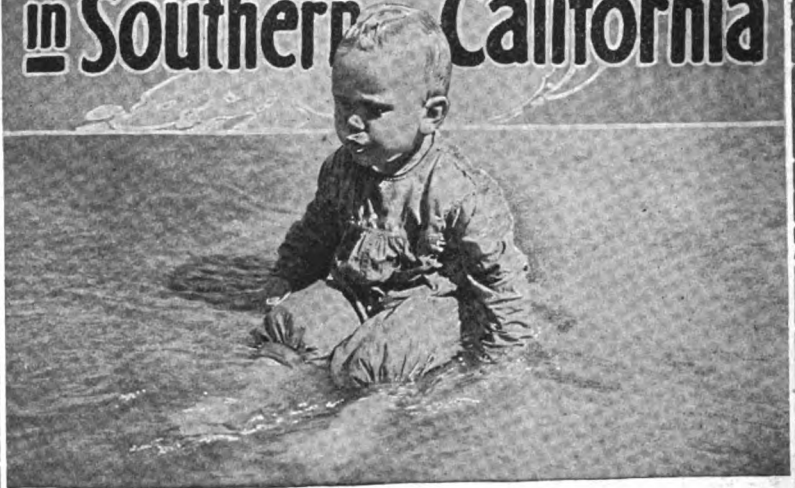
Blooded Cows Among the Oranges

Q. If you could afford to own a "show" animal stock farm in California, would you consider buying near Pasadena? Would this locality be near enough the dairy districts so that one could sell his stock, granting that he is a salesman? Do you think that California is educated up to, or rather do you think that the time is right for such a project? Here's my proposition: I have a steady income, so that if I couldn't sell my prize stock one year I could hold on till the next year and if I had to hold cows I could buy some more prize hogs and feed the extra milk. In other words, if I only got my own food from the farm for ten or twelve years, I think I could live cheaper than I'm living now and on top of this my land would undoubtedly be very much more valuable by that time, to say nothing of the other benefits in health, etc. I figure that one hundred fifty acres would do my trick, figuring quality, not quantity, and also I wouldn't have a very large labor bill. I will greatly appreciate any advice you may give both in regard to the location and to my idea.—T. B. F., CHICAGO, ILL.

A. Your project of establishing a pedigree stock farm in California is certainly sound, and if you have the requisite experience, should be very profitable, as the demand for high bred stock of all classes is larger than the supply. In order to supply this demand the Pacific Coast Condensed Milk Company, for instance, has established a very large blooded stock farm near Seattle and is making heavy sales at good prices continually.

Everywhere in California the farmers are waking up to the fact that the scrub cow does not pay and are looking for better material, but I doubt very much if the country around Pasadena would be suited to your needs. Pasadena is in the orange belt of southern California where land values are based largely upon the productive capacity of a citrus orchard, and the dairy industry is only of very small proportions. The principal dairy districts of California are in the Imperial valley and in the San Joaquin valley, although the Sacramento valley is taking up dairying very rapidly. It would cost you a great deal for 150 acres of land near Pasadena, your water for the production

SEA SHORE DAYS in Southern California



The Delights of Sand and Surf

Unsurpassed in the World,
*with resorts adapted to every
individual taste and purse
—make your summer plans now
and let us assist by providing
illustrated and descriptive liter-
ature*

Mountain Camps & Resorts

of the San Bernardino Range
*are also best reached via lines
of this Company and complete in-
formation may be had on request*

Trolley Trips Through Wonderland

*a beautifully illustrated booklet
will be of great interest to all
visitors to Southern California
and is descriptive of America's
most wonderful and beautiful
Sight Seeing Trolley Trips*

For Literature and
other information address

PACIFIC ELECTRIC RAILWAY

D. W. Pontius Traffic Manager
Los Angeles Cal.

Orange Blossom Time in Fontana



The beauty and the fragrance of Blossom Season, in the Orange Country, is only one of the many charms of Southern California. For weeks at a time the delicate fragrance fills all the air, while masses of white flowers adorn the deep green of the trees.

This season of bloom is also the season of harvest. Into an area of orange groves in Southern California hardly larger than an Illinois county, will come, in this twelve months, from Thirty to Forty Million Dollars. The golden tide rolls in every year. It is divided among less than 10,000 owners of groves. Producing Oranges or Lemons or Grapefruit from Good Trees in the right soil and location is a staple, profitable kind of farming.

FONTANA

Is where we make it easy to own an Orange Grove. Good trees, on good soil with good water rights, 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 years old, sold in 5 and 10-acre tracts on long time.

On the Foothill Boulevard, the Ocean to Ocean Boulevard, the Pacific Electric Trolley line to Los Angeles, Main line of the Santa Fe and Main line of the Southern Pacific.

Not a "project," but is the Largest Planting of Citrus Trees by One Concern in the World. Bearing Groves twenty-five years old in Fontana prove its superiority of location and soil for citrus fruits.

References, *Sunset Magazine*, First National Bank of Los Angeles, Los Angeles Trust & Savings Bank, San Bernardino National Bank, First National Bank of Rialto. We have hundreds of satisfied buyers, many in Fontana, others all over the United States.

You may safely write us, frankly telling what capital you have to invest, and we will write you equally frankly and tell you what Fontana can do for you. Address

FONTANA LAND COMPANY,
Fontana, California, or
Los Angeles Office, 548 South Spring St.

THE FONTANA PLAN.

The Fontana Land Company has its own nurseries, and steadily plants, year by year, groves of Oranges, Lemons and Grapefruit.

A maintenance organization, manned by men with years of experience in citrus growing, and headed by practical experts, takes care of these trees from the time of planting until they are large enough to bear.

Owners of Fontana Groves live all over the United States. They are working, saving, planning for the day when they can live upon their beautiful, productive Orange Grove homes—and while they are saving and planning, their trees are growing. Care charges are moderate.

THE FONTANA POULTRY PLAN.

The Fontana Poultry Association is a co-operative, not-for-profit organization of people now living on their young Orange Groves in Fontana.

The Association provides feeds at wholesale prices, collects and markets the eggs and gives each owner of a poultry plant the expert supervision needed to produce success.

Model henhouses, designed by one of the most skillful practical poultrymen in Southern California, each houses 500 hens. One man can care for from 1,000 to 2,000 hens. Profits, over feed and replacement, of from \$1 to \$1.50 per hen per annum, are shown.

Special terms on groves given buyers who have the capital to build homes and engage in the Poultry business.

of the alfalfa would cost you more than in any other place on earth, and you would be far from your market.

If you are interested in better locations, we shall endeavor to point out to you localities in which conditions are very favorable.

Chickens in the Willamette

Q. I am, at the present time, thinking very seriously of locating in the Willamette valley of Oregon, probably between Salem and Eugene. Can you give me information regarding this land, that is, in regard to price of land and kind of soil, and also in regard to the timber? I am thinking of starting a poultry farm in the valley, and would like to know what the prospects are for such a project. Will you also give me climatic conditions?—**H. K. P., GREAT BEND, KANSAS.**

A. We believe that the Willamette valley offers an excellent chance for a successful poultry farm, provided the owner has experience in the business. A good deal of grain is raised in the valley and feed therefore is comparatively cheap, while Portland and the Puget Sound country offer excellent markets at good prices for the entire output. The climate of the Willamette valley is mild, rainy in winter and with very little snow, except in abnormal years. Spring begins in February and the first frost quite frequently is delayed until Christmas. The rain is not heavy, but it continues with few interruptions from October until April.

Between Salem and Eugene lies the oldest and perhaps the best developed agricultural district in the West in which settlement began before Kansas knew a grasshopper, that is in 1834. Electric and steam lines furnish excellent transportation and the valley is crisscrossed by electric power lines, which supply most of the farms, and of course, the price of land is in harmony with this advanced state of civilization. The cost of an acre depends entirely upon the character of its soil and its location.

You should be close to a station and on good roads. And land having these characteristics is hard to obtain for less than \$150 an acre with few improvements. However, you do not need much land for a poultry farm and 10 acres should be sufficient for a plant capable of handling 4000 to 5000 hens. These ten acres you should be able to buy within a mile or two of a good town at a price not exceeding \$200 an acre, perhaps less, if part of the land is covered with second growth and needed clearing.

The Value of Desert Land

Q. In accordance with your advertisement in the *SUNSET*, I take the liberty of asking you for some free information regarding farm lands in San Bernardino county, Cal. What I most desire information about is land about five or six miles west of Barstow towards Hinkley. What would you say that land in this section is worth? There seems to be quite a little alfalfa being grown in this section. Do you think it would be all right for hogs and turkeys? Any information which you may give me will be greatly appreciated.—**S. W., LOS ANGELES, CAL.**

ALASKA

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Let your summer outing be in Alaska, voyaging 2500 miles of inside waters, viewing glaciers, totem poles, Indians, gold mines, midnight sun

\$66 for 10-day trip from Seattle

Berth and Meals included. Othertours \$75 to \$280 through the scenic north

From Seattle: S. S. SPOKANE, June 20, July 2, 14, 26, Aug. 7, 19
S.S. City of SEATTLE, June 14, 26, July 8, 20, Aug. 1, 13

Send for illustrated folder

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.
C. D. DUNANN, Passenger Traffic Manager, San Francisco

The Blackfeet Council

Take the richly soft coloring of Indian tepees and feathered regalia; give it a background of gleaming glacier and sky-reflecting lake and you have material for a wondrous color picture. See what splendid use W. H. Bull has made of this material in the

Frontispiece of the June *Sunset*

A. Of course it is impossible to generalize about the price of land in any given district and to arrive at a definite result. Value of land five or six miles west of Barstow depends entirely upon the depth to which a well has to go, upon the volume of water struck by the well and upon the character of the soil. If an adequate supply of water is to be had with a lift not to exceed sixty feet, and if the soil is the usual sandy, desert type, with not too much alkali, we would say that unimproved land at the distance you mention should be worth approximately \$25 per acre, provided the water supply has been proven. If the water supply has not been proven the purchase would be a plain gamble.

Both hogs and turkeys ought to do well in the vicinity you mention, provided you have a good supply of water at not too great a depth. You realize, of course, that the expense of water increases the higher you have to lift it and there is a limit under which water can be profitably pumped for the production of alfalfa. If you are interested in the district, why don't you take a run out there and talk with the settlers? That would be the best and quickest way to arrive at reliable information concerning the district. Please remember that the price of land is not the only consideration. There is a great deal of land which would be expensive at fifty cents per acre. And you must also remember that it takes a fairly large amount of cash capital to develop a desert ranch from the raw soil. Unless you have this capital our advice would be to leave pioneering severely alone.

A Copper Mine That Was

Q. Would you advise me if the Santa Rita Copper Mining and Smelting Company, of Tucson, Arizona, with Mr. Geo. P. Myers, representative, 180 No. Church St., is a working mine and a reliable concern. Should be greatly obliged for any information regarding this mining company.—G. K., NEW YORK CITY.

A. Concerning the Santa Rita Copper Mining and Smelting Company, the Copper Hand Book says:

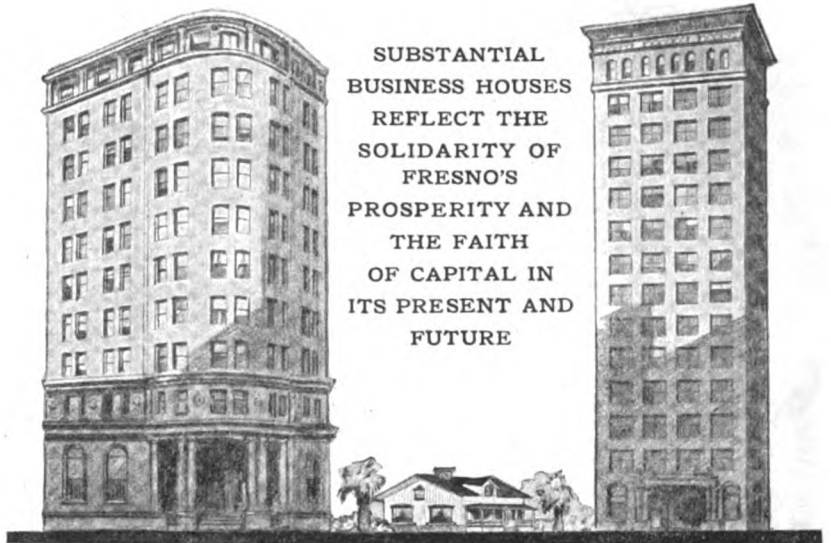
"The lands of the Santa Rita Copper Mining and Smelting Company include 40 claims, area 630 acres in the Tyndall district, Santa Rita mountains, Arizona, 13 miles from Arivaca. Mine office, Arivaca, Pima county. Home office, 1509 Chemical Bldg., St. Louis, Mo. (Letter returned unanswered from the latter office.)

"The officers of the company were Geo. P. Myers, R. J. Adams and C. T. Sharn, vice presidents, N. C. Wilson, secretary, J. M. Wyatt, treasurer, C. F. Elliott, manager. Company organized in June, 1901, under laws of Arizona with capitalization of \$3,000,000, par value \$1 share.

"The company changed officers repeatedly, was a mere stock jobbing scheme under former managements, and is regarded with suspicion."



The SKYSCRAPER encroaches upon the COTTAGE



SUBSTANTIAL BUSINESS HOUSES REFLECT THE SOLIDARITY OF FRESNO'S PROSPERITY AND THE FAITH OF CAPITAL IN ITS PRESENT AND FUTURE

Fresno's population in 1900, according to the United States Census, was 12,470. In 1910 this population had doubled—24,892. The present estimated population is upwards of 45,000. In 1920 the figures will easily pass the 60,000 mark.

Fresno is one of California's fastest-growing, prosperous, wide-awake cities. Buildings, not yet old, are being razed to be replaced by imposing modern structures that reflect the wealth and progress of the city and county.

Fresno is the marketing center of a vast rich section of the San Joaquin Valley. Fresno County alone sends to market annually over \$40,000,000 worth of products. This county produces sixty per cent of the raisin crop of the world—almost three times the entire production of Spain, the original raisin producing country.

Fresno's manufacturing industries are large and varied. The concerns now here are prosperous and growing; conditions for manufacturing are exceptionally favorable—equable climate, adequate transportation, cheap power, cheap fuel, etc.

Factory interests seeking Pacific Coast locations should communicate with Fresno's civic organizations at once.

Write for free information about Fresno City and County. Beautifully illustrated book telling about farming, fruit-growing, stock-raising, dairying, poultry raising, manufacturing, etc. Sent free upon request.

**Fresno County Chamber of Commerce
FRESNO, CALIFORNIA**

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| or | Sanger Chamber of Commerce.....Sanger | or | Parlier Chamber of Commerce.....Parlier |
| | Coalinga Chamber of Commerce.....Coalinga | | Raisin City Chamber of Commerce.....Raisin City |
| | Selma Chamber of Commerce.....Selma | | Riverdale Chamber of Commerce.....Riverdale |
| | Clovis Chamber of Commerce.....Clovis | | Laton Chamber of Commerce.....Laton |
| | Reedley Chamber of Commerce.....Reedley | | Kerman Chamber of Commerce.....Kerman |
| | Kingsburg Chamber of Commerce.....Kingsburg | | Orange Cove Chamber of Commerce.....Orange Cove |
| | Fowler Chamber of Commerce.....Fowler | | Caruthers Chamber of Commerce.....Caruthers |
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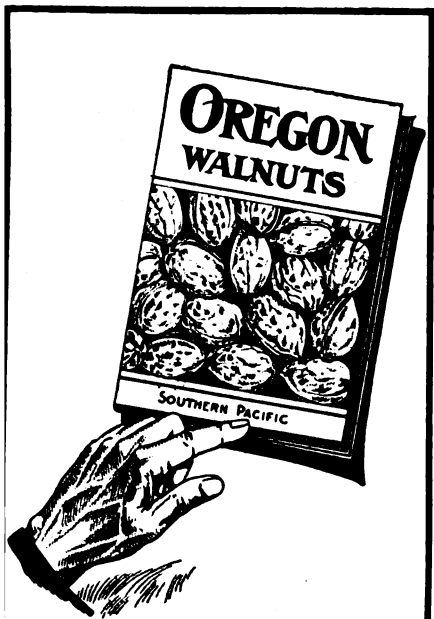
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TWIN SCREW OIL-BURNING STEAMSHIPS

All outside sanitary rooms—Running hot and cold water.
Reading lights in all berths.
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All Trans-Continental Fares apply via Prince Rupert
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Oregon Walnuts

Is the title of our new illustrated book dealing with Walnut Culture in Oregon.

The English Walnut is being grown profitably in Western Oregon.

The Walnut is a staple and finds a ready market at good prices. The average importation of English Walnuts the last four years has been 30,000,000 pounds. Not much chance for overproduction.

There is in Western Oregon plenty of good land suitable for Walnut growing.

A postal will bring you

our new book "Oregon Walnuts."

JOHN M. SCOTT

GENERAL PASSENGER AGENT

PORTLAND, OREGON

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

The Vision of the Ram and He-Goat

(Continued from page 74)

horns were high; but one was higher than the other, and the higher came up last.

I saw the ram pushing westward, and northward, and southward; so that no beasts might stand before him, neither was there any that could deliver out of his hand; but he did according to his will, and became great.

And as I was considering, behold, an he goat came from the west on the face of the whole earth, and touched not the ground; and the goat had a notable horn between his eyes.

And he came to the ram that had two horns, which I had seen standing before the river, and ran unto him in the fury of his power.

And I saw him come close unto the ram, and he was moved with choler against him, and smote the ram, and brake his two horns: and there was no power in the ram to stand before him, but he cast him down to the ground, and stamped upon him: and there was none that could deliver the ram out of his hand.

He closed the book and gazed benignly at old Hickman, who said: "Well, sir. What has all that got to do with the price of peanuts?"

"Mr. Ram," said Jim Searles, "look at the blackboard! The British steamer Stansbury was towed into Singapore yesterday with a broken tail-shaft. The old box has been wallowing around in the China sea for thirty days and you've bought about seventy-five thousand dollars' worth of not to arrive contracts, and I'm glad of it, and I'm going to tell everybody on the floor of the Exchange—"

Old man Hickman glanced at the board and almost fainted. "O Jim! Jim!" he quavered, "don't say a word about this. For heaven's sake, haven't you gored me deep enough already. Don't play the goat!"

"You mean the he-goat," his tormentor corrected. "By the way, let me read you this from Ezekiel—"

But old man Hickman had fled to hide his broken heart!

If She'd Ever Worn a Hat

(Continued from page 37)

As they were leaving she called to Jackson Peters: "Come back while we're eating supper and slip up to Big Mitt's room and we'll join you when nobody's noticing."

Mr. Peters was in good time. He waited a moment—an athletic figure in white duck—at the foot of the stairs in the velvet dusk. Juan, the portero, was watering the oleanders with a painted gourd from a great tinaja filled every morning by the water-carrier. From the cages hung round the patio the clarines poured out to "ancient environing night"

Low Fares East



From Principal Points in California

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Baltimore	\$108.50
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Chicago	72.50
Colorado Springs	55.00
Dallas	62.50
Denver	55.00
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Kansas City	60.00
Memphis	70.00
Montreal	110.70
New Orleans	70.00
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and other points.

\$110.70 to New York is good between New Orleans and New York by Southern Pacific's Atlantic S. S. Line, with sailings Wednesdays and Saturdays, and includes Berth and Meals on Steamers.

Good on All Trains

Pullman Standard and Tourist Sleeping Cars

Best Dining Car in America

Stopovers Going and Returning

Sale Dates

June 1, 2, 3, 8, 9, 10, 26, 27, 28.
July 1, 2, 4, 5, 6, 11, 12, 13, 26, 27, 28.
Aug. 1, 2, 3, 8, 9, 10, 24, 25, 28, 29.
Sept. 7, 8, 11, 12.

Tickets will also be sold to Buffalo, N. Y., July 4, 5 and 6, August 1, 2 and 3; to Cincinnati, Ohio, July 11, 12 and 13; to Davenport, Iowa, July 26, 27 and 28; to Chattanooga, Tenn., September 11 and 12.

Going Limit 15 days.

Return Limit, Three Months from Date of Sale, but not after October 31, 1916

a thrilling flood of melody. Above glittered the stars like diamond-dust on a purple curtain. He looked across the flowering shrubs into the brightly lighted dining-room. Everybody was talking about the various ailments of an engine, and Big Mitt, who was yardmaster, was telling what he said to the trainmaster: "Empties! I reckon not; not unless them peons has got 'em tucked away in their hats! I can't make freight-cars outen this saloobrious climate and a monkey-wrench."

Mr. Toohey was having a lovely conversation with Mr. Holden—the master-mechanic—not present in flesh, merely in hypothetical answers to stingers delivered by Mr. Toohey. Mrs. Tibbits, having taken her second cup of tea, was telling how sylph-like she was in her youthful years; she ended as usual by saying, "You should have seen my waist when we was married; why Tib could span it with his two hands!" And to show how it was done she made a circle with her pudgy hands, that at present speaking would not span one of her ankles.

Smiling to himself Jackson went on up to Big Mitt's room and shortly after the other two followed.

MRS. TIBBITS was big with her news and beginning dramatically, continued without a comma. "I found out his name and where his wife is! Look!" She pulled from the old leather bag hung at her waist a bunch of letters. "I'd noticed whenever I'd been in Ritchie's room (his name is really Beasley) that he kep' his little steamer trunk locked, but I'd never thought nothing of it until Big Mitt said that, this morning, and it popped into my head that he had his reasons for keeping it shet. It was luck that Faustina's grandmother, old Tomasa, was here. First off, the poor old thing told me Faustina was breaking her heart and disobeying her by marrying a gringo and a protestante. She had a rag tied tight around her head to keep her thoughts from escaping—so she said. I thought if she felt that way I could trust her. So I told her—the best I could with this pesky Spanish—what I wanted to do. So she sent Faustina away for the afternoon and went, herself, to the Thieves' Market for some bunches of keys and a man with a file. The man from the market soon got a key to fit. I felt a lot guilty snooping into his letters but being as it's in a good cause . . . I found that some friend of his'n up in Monclova has been sending his letters to him: they reach Monclova under his right name and the kind friend redirects 'em here to Puebla. His wife's working in a candy factory in Chicago. She's askt him to send her money and a pass and keeps asking why don't he answer. If this wasn't Mexico we could show the girl these letters and tell her what's in them, and that would settle the whole thing; but down here Ritchie could have us arrested for opening his trunk and defaming of his character. We'll have to prove our case by writing to his wife."

"What was the date of her last letter?" asked Jackson.

"Two months ago," Mrs. Tibbits answered, "and she may have moved by this or went to some other place."



Now it's
GLACIER NATIONAL PARK
Established as America's Vacation Paradise

Discovered by thousands of American tourists, who, deprived of the Old World, found a still greater wonderland at home. They came last year to Glacier National Park, Uncle Sam's greatest playground, twenty thousand strong. Many of them were second- and third-timers—answering again the call irresistible of the "land of shining mountains."

YOU step into a new world at Glacier Park. You measure Nature with a newer, bigger vision. Above you rise the towering Rockies—the far-stretching Continental Divide—cloud-piercing peaks and glistening glaciers; skyland lakes of turquoise and emerald.

Safe motor roads or go by saddle-horse, or over wide, safe trails afoot. Stop at splendid modern hotels or Swiss chalets, or live in a tepee, cook your own meals.

Vacations, \$1 to \$5 per day.

Great Northern through trains of supreme comfort daily reach this vacation country. Low round trip summer tourist fares via Great Northern, from June 1 to September 30.

Handsomely illustrated Glacier Park booklets giving exact expense figures—mailed free. Send for copy now. Write for information concerning Pacific Coast and Alaskan tours.

C. E. STONE, Passenger Traffic Manager, St. Paul, Minn.

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Please send me Walking Tours Book, Aeroplane Folder and other descriptive literature on Glacier National Park, Free.

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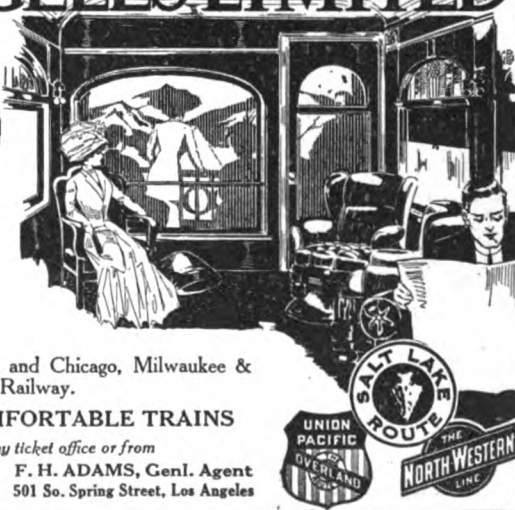
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The Santa Clara Valley Blossom Girl says:—



“COME TO Santa Clara County CALIFORNIA

and enjoy life to the fullest in the ‘VALLEY OF HEART’S DELIGHT’ that glorious land of sunshine, fruit and ever-blooming flowers. Be one of us.”

SANTA CLARA COUNTY is 30 miles south of San Francisco, a highly developed country of beautiful homes, wealth producing orchards and farms, splendid universities and schools; miles of paved highways, good roads, steam railways and electric trolley lines. For the man or woman of some little capital it is a delightful place for a home. For the tourist a land of romance and never-failing interest. For the farmer a field for profitable investment.

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PUBLICITY MANAGER for the Board of Supervisors SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA

Great California Round-Up at San Jose, July 1st to 4th, inclusive. Don't Delay. Write Today!

Don't miss it!



Name
Address

“Well, we’ll jest have to chancet it,” drawled Big Mitt. “All we can do is to write to this yer pore wife and tell her as how he’s aimin’ to deceive a beautiful Mexican girl, and fer her to send us her wedding stificate and a sworn statement, taken afore a notary republic, that she’s the lawful wife. We can make it some strong on how little time we got to save this yer beautiful Seenoreety.”

There was a chorus of dissent from the other two.

“No,” Mrs. Tibbits advised from an abysmal knowledge—mostly second-hand—of the human heart, “she won’t care for no Beautiful Señorita’s sufferings. We’ll have to make her think that he is crazy over the girl and that she has an eye to his pay-check. And let’s us hint that mebbe we can send her a pass. Jackson’s a big Injun on the road—he could have one wired to her.”

And in such wise did they write it. As Jackson Peters had the gift of concrete narration he made a draft of the letter and Mrs. Tibbits with difficult pains copied it.

It is well known that nothing exhausts like brain-work, so Juan was sent to the corner for hot tamales and to the other corner for a few bottles of ice-cold beer. The colorless Tib was fetched from somewhere to give an air of propriety to the revels. As the feast was spread on Big Mitt’s washstand, the three friends sat on the bed while Tib occupied the one remaining chair.

Jackson hummed a verse or so of “Fair Harvard”; Mrs. Tibbits said you wouldn’t believe how slim-waisted she was in her bygone days; Big Mitt told the trainmaster where to get off, and Tib listened.

THE three weeks passed. Mrs. Tibbits arranged for Faustina to be married from the casa de huespedes. Dave Ritchie was in a black rage. He had intended to slip away quietly, be married at the priest’s house, and afterwards take the evening train to Jalapa.

Affairs were going amiss. Angela, the pretty sewing-girl, had come to him as he was about leaving Jalapa—oiling his engine and getting ready for the run to Puebla; she had almost fallen at his feet. Sobbing forlornly, she cried that her poor mother would die of shame when she found out He had pulled away from her with a laugh and left her huddled on the platform. But no matter how hardened a Don Juan, how pitifully small and shabby his soul, it must not be easy for a man to admire himself as much as usual after a scene like that. Then to find Mrs. Tibbits making wedding cake, and *cargadores* bringing *tulé* baskets filled with smilax and pink and crimson orchids from Vera Cruz—all the preparations for an open, above-board wedding—was more than disconcerting.

After supper came Jackson Peters with his mozo carrying two big rolls of banana-tree bark filled with fragrant creamy gardenias packed in damp moss. Mrs. Tibbits invited all the men in the sala to help decorate it for the morrow.

Faustina was busy putting the last stitches in her embroidered *huipil*—she had intended renting a wedding veil and wreath, but Jackson Peters in the interests of esthetics had persuaded her to wear instead her native headdress—

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however, she came a moment to the door to look at what all these kindly people were doing to make her wedding beautiful. Her wonderful eyes were gleaming between the thick lashes, and damask roses bloomed in her olive cheeks. Jackson, near the door braiding a great rope of evergreen, asked her to hold an end a moment. He looked at her narrowly.

"You seem very happy, Faustina. Do you love Señor Ritchie so much?"

Her wide mouth curved in a frank smile. "My grandmother says it is fatal for a handsome girl to love men; an ugly woman may, for her face protects her! Everyone tells me I am handsome, so I try not to love the men."

"Do you succeed?" he persisted.

"Si, señor," she replied rather wholeheartedly.

And Jackson, relieved of his fears, went back to the business at hand.

Dave Ritchie also came in for a moment, then churlishly disappeared, but not before Pump-handle O'Brien had called his attention to his future grandmother, looking more than ever like a lady-monkey dressed in cast-off clothes and humbly holding a ladder for Mrs. Tibbits to stand on. She still had a red cloth tied firmly about her temples to keep her thoughts from escaping!

WHEN the sala—an enormous room—was fully garlanded and wreathed and the wedding-bell of gardenias hung in front of the improvised altar, everybody went away to bed. The three friends had also to make a feint of leaving, as Mr. Toohy showed a desire to stick around where he wasn't wanted. If he had continued to stick, he would have seen Mrs. Tibbits stealing cautiously back to the darkened sala where she turned on a solitary electric light and deposited on a bent-wood cane sofa her burden of glasses, plates and forks. Then the mozo appeared, bearing a large platter of smoking *enchiladas*, and a moment later Big Mitt and Jackson Peters tiptoed in, carrying suspicious-looking rolls wrapped in newspapers. Tib was not fetched from anywhere. His presence seemed unnecessary, in the face of his enlarged portrait which greatly resembled a frightened Spitz terrier.

Mrs. Tibbits carefully spread papers on the ingrain carpet, so that the oily cheese fragments would not soil it, then served to each on a tender, green lettuce leaf a lovely scarlet *enchilada*.

Mr. Peters filled the glasses. "Here's to the success of our plot!"

Mrs. Tibbits put down her empty glass with an anxious air. "I've got a hunch, Jackson, she won't get here in time."

"She should. Allowing for a day in Laredo, if she starts the day after she gets the pass she should reach here tomorrow on the three-fifty."

"And this yer wedding's scheduled at four! She better hit only the high places ef she's aimin' to attend it," said Big Mitt. "Well, ef she ain't in time to stop it, we-all's shore kin do something."

As Mrs. Tibbits, thrifty soul, lamented the waste of wedding guest and wedding feast, in the event of there being no wedding, they arranged to get an orchestra and have a dance, and further planned to present Faustina with a silk-thread *reboca*.

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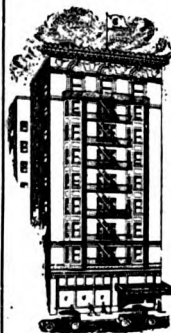
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THE next day was a busy one: what with roasting turkeys, boiling hams, making salads, and helping Faustina dress, Mrs. Tibbits had hardly a minute to spare in which to struggle into her best gown—a cinnamon-colored silk. At last the priest and four o'clock arrived. Everybody had gathered in the sala: all the railroad men, Faustina's few relatives and a number of Mexican friends. The groom looked sulky, but he had "dressed up" in a neat blue serge suit and impaled a huge opal in his blue and white striped tie. Big Mitt was not present but was expected to come as soon as his work was done at the station, which would be when the passenger train from Mexico City had departed for Jalapa.

The priest was not the usual fat, jolly bon-vivant, speaking a half-dozen tongues; on the contrary, he was a lantern-jawed ascetic, speaking but Spanish, and it took all Mrs. Tibbits' persuasion to induce him to consent to take a small glass of port; then it was necessary to convoy him in person to the dining-room, although everyone was fuming at the delay.

OUT in the dining-room, Mrs. Tibbits first had trouble finding the cork-screw and then had more trouble pulling the cork. The padre had taken but a sip when he put down the wine-glass with an inquiring glance at Mrs. Tibbits. There seemed to be something interesting going on in the zaguan. Mrs. Tibbits, not having her dignity at heart, reached the scene first.

A small woman—evidently reared in the Dangerous Age of Tight Lacing—with small, steady, black eyes and abundant black hair, was apparently the storm-center. With her was Big Mitt, looking foolish, and a cargador holding her "grip" and lunch-basket.

Everybody had a scared, guilty expression save the culprit himself; he lowered like a thundercloud at her as she stood shaking her finger at him. While her face was waspish it had, too, a pitifully harassed look.

"I heard you was to be married today. You forgot to send me a invitation," she began with fearful politeness, but her voice kept climbing and putting on more edge. "Mr. Dave Ritchie! Indeed! I s'pose Beasley ain't as pretty as Ritchie. I guess you done so many low-down things under your own name that you had to have a new one. You could go away and leave me with not a red cent—to slave myself to death—you mean sneak—you—you" She burst out crying.

With a furious face Beasley tried to push past her, but Big Mitt happened to be blocking the path. Jackson Peters, with a very composed air, was suavely translating to Faustina what the little waspish woman was saying. For a moment the vivid color faded from her face, then with a panther-like leap she caught up a chair—Big Mitt gave a reminiscent shudder—and crashed it down on Dave Beasley's head just as he succeeded in shouldering through the crowd. He did not turn, but the little wasp, who was following, did.

"Somebody tell her," she called, "that she ain't hurting him none. He's too hard to feel a blow like that! It's me she's hurting. Why, she ought to be glad she's getting off so easy." And she

followed him out of the big double doors, the cargador tagging with "grip" and lunch-basket.

THE musicians carrying 'cello, fiddle and flute filed into the sala and began to tune up for the dance. Big Mitt observed a mozo carrying out the broken chair, and shaking his head said aloud, to nobody in particular, "Well, seems like to me almost as ef 'twas a stand-off!"

He looked toward Faustina, standing in the street door, a picture in her snowy huipil and the gorgeous ceremonial dress of the Tehuana belles; and his heart smote him at the desperate humiliation he saw written on the girl's face. She was watching the two walking away together down the long, narrow cobbled street.

"Ef she wasn't sich a catamount, and could speak a word of United States, and had ever worn a hat in her life—I'd be tempted" he said to Mrs. Tibbits as he walked with her to the sala.

"Never mind," comforted that lady, "I got a little s'prise fixed up for you and Jackson."

Mrs. Tibbits, then, was the only one who had taken cognizance of the girl's feelings. A silk rebozo is not always an equivalent for a husband, although men—knowing men pretty well—might think so!

Faustina came into the sala, drooping a little in her bravery. Father Benito, who had been conversing with Mrs. Tibbits—chiefly in pantomime—now went over to speak to the girl. Jackson caught a few words from the padre—a quite human person after all. He was assuring her that he could waive the banns, or, that they would do for anybody, that there was no time like now . . .

"Confound it!" thought Jackson. "If she had ever used a fork or ever worn a hat But there's no use my making a fool of myself just because she's beautiful! I couldn't take her home."

The blessed music of Mexico with its incomparable rhythm and spirit had covered the blank embarrassment of the guests; with Mexican courtesy they pretended nothing had happened and nearly everyone was rotating in a danza, when Mr. Holden, the master-mechanic of the Interoceanic, came in with Miguel, who worked at the roundhouse. Miguel was so washed and brushed and shaved and dressed that his own mother would have doubted her eyes. He was really attractive—doubly so after Mr. Holden said loudly:

"Este hombre será asistente jefe con ochenta pesos cada mes, mañana!"

This gibberish meant that Miguel was to be made on the morrow assistant foreman at eighty pesos a month.

Faustina smiled.

Later, at the supper table, spread in the patio under the aloof stars, Big Mitt gave a toast to the bride and groom, his cock-eye earnestly fastened on a Chinese lantern hung from a magnolia tree. He said: "Here's luck to Faustina and Miguel and hopin' that they-alls' troubles 'ull be only little ones!"

"Well," Mrs. Tibbits said, "I never expected to hear a chestnut like that in the heart of Mexico! Now, Jackson, to end the evening with a gay one, let's get the orchestra to play that bull-fight piece—'Fuentes en Chihuahua'."

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WALTER V. WOHLKE
Managing Editor

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TERMS: \$1.50 a year, single copy, 15 cents. For Canada, 50 cents additional; for other countries, \$1.00 additional.

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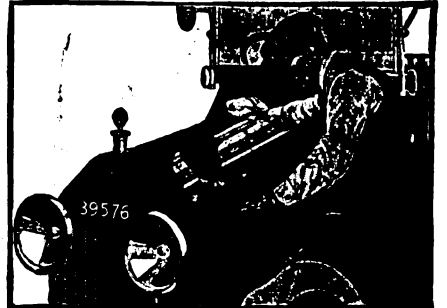
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Over the Border

A Novel of Northern Mexico

By Herman Whitaker

Author of "The Planter"

The daily press has prepared us for the scenes and the action of this powerful story. Herman Whitaker has written it from his heart, for he has been for many months among the unhappy Americans across the line. No one can describe Mexico and the Mexicans better than Whitaker and he has surpassed himself in this tale of tragic adventure and colorful romance in an unfriendly land.

ILLUSTRATED BY
MAYNARD DIXON

The best in contemporary western fiction and art, the timeliest story of the year

BEGINS IN THE
July Sunset

Readers, Gentle and Otherwise

Piedmont, Cal.

I wish that you would congratulate Mr. Robert Ritchie on my behalf for his excellent story in your February number. It is splendid, and splendidly done. Bret Harte might have written "The Pilgrim of Jackass Bar;" indeed, it might well be included in one of his collections and none but an expert could tell the difference. Ritchie has the same intimate knowledge of nature—it breathes through his story.

HERMAN WHITAKER.

Trimmer, Cal.

I greatly admire your illustrations, but I miss those of Maynard Dixon. The next time you catch him West of the Mississippi, hog tie him and chain him up hard and fast in San Francisco.

L. MARVIN RICE.

Campbell, Cal.

In a rather recent issue you present Miss Carmalt and Miss Norwood as "probably the only women gold-miners in the world." Mrs. Mitchel, on the upper reaches of the Klamath, in Humboldt county, is a "pocket hunter" of standing and success. She is an adept with the pan and her nerve and staying power in following a "trace" through placers where few, if any men, have ever been earn her the respect and admiration of all the miners in the hills. In this way she has worked out several good pockets and she earned every cent she has made. When we pass around the honors I'd like to suggest that we pass a few to her.

REID HALL.

Hood River, Ore.

In our opinion SUNSET's new form is *decidedly* no improvement. We grew to like the old magazine style, and while in its new form SUNSET is splendid, we would be glad to welcome our old friend again. However, change or no change, we want the SUNSET.

BLISS L. CLARK.

Whittier, Cal.

Since the change in style in SUNSET, I have decided to write you and register my kick against the innovation. It is to my mind *decidedly* a backward step to change the form of the magazine as you have. The new shape is not attractive and savors of cheapness. But I am willing to accept the necessity for the change, as evidenced by the manifest tendency of magazines in this country, and am loyal to SUNSET. I am a five-year subscriber, and if I live, shall expect to subscribe again when the time is out. I believe in SUNSET—it is a magazine with a mission. It is unique among world publications. It has a field, a unique field, and this field it is filling better and better each month. It has a virility, a strength, a beauty, as unique as the great West that it represents. I believe in its success. I would rather pass a bouquet than a brickbat.

MILO HUNT.

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Western Finance

A department devoted to investments in the Far West. We endeavor to accept only the announcements of responsible and reliable institutions. Letters requesting information should be addressed to the Financial Editor and should be accompanied by return postage.

Getting the Western Perspective

By Edwin Selwin

THE Eastern man who essays to make a success of Western investments must first get the right perspective. It is not enough that he shall study Western conditions in the abstract; he must go further and place himself in a position to get at relative values. This is not so much a process of reasoning as it is of exact knowledge.

There are a number of well-defined errors into which Eastern people who have never been to the Coast seem naturally to fall when giving consideration to things Western. These would be looked upon by the well-informed Western man with feelings of tolerant amusement were they not so serious in their consequences. Most of the money that is jeopardized in Western investments is directly traceable—as to loss—not to the West and what it has to offer, but rather to misconceptions that exist in the mind of the average Easterner who is for the first time making an investment out here.

Of the mistakes most common to the sizing-up of a Western investment proposition, none is more persistent than the geographical error.

What does the term Pacific Coast mean to you?

Probably much the same as the term New England—if you have never been to the Pacific Coast. That is to say, it brings to mind a definite section or part of the country whose aspects, topographical, climatic, industrial and commercial, are much the same, and whose interests are identical.

As a matter of fact there is no one portion of the United States that can be segregated as a geographical unit in which all these things are more varying than in the Pacific Coast region. Without considering the number of fair sized Eastern states which could be set down in one of our Coast states with room to spare, stop for a moment to think of the varied communities with differing activities in the stretch of country you will cross in twenty hours on board the Twentieth Century Limited from New York to Chicago. Now to go from San Francisco to Seattle on the Shasta Limited requires thirty-three hours; while the trip from Seattle to San Diego by boat occupies five days, six and a half hours, and yet this voyage which requires more time than the fast run between New York and Liverpool takes you but along the coast line of only three states bordering on the Pacific.

In the Pacific Coast region are to be met conditions as varied and numerous as this reach of territory is vast. Here we have mountains, plains, hopeless deserts and the garden spots of the earth; with industries running the gamut from the outfitting on Puget Sound of whaling expeditions into the frozen North, to the growing of citrus fruits in southern California. In between are most of the usual commercial, manufacturing and agricultural undertakings, so it may be seen that conditions making for an ideal investment of a certain kind in one portion of the Coast region, would, in another, mean utter undesirability.

Therefore avoid the geographical error.

The classification error comes next in popularity back East. Mining stocks, for instance. Somehow in the three thousand miles of intervening distance they seem to lose the hazard for which they are notorious, whatever and wherever they may be, and by some queer kink in the mental processes of the otherwise conservative investor, come to be regarded as investments and not speculations. It must be that distance lends enchantment to the view, else Eastern people would not be stung on propositions that Western people would not touch on any terms.

Give the average Eastern investor his choice of a number of different kinds of investments with which he is familiar and he will properly classify them and make his choice with sound investment sense. But turn him loose among the mass of stuff offered in the East from the West, and unless he have the right perspective he is quite likely to come to grief, and forever afterwards to damn the West.

This is why I have said that these popular errors would be looked upon with tolerant amusement by Western people were they not so serious in their consequences.

The real Western people, they who are doing things, and who have in a short space of time builded an empire that is the marvel of all who come to see it, are jealous of the fair name of their country, and they do not like to see Eastern people lose their money in the West, even though it be lost by reason of their own stupidity.

There are lots of bonds out here; municipals that will rank with municipals anywhere and yielding a bare four per cent; and from this there is all kinds of stuff, good, bad and indifferent, all the way up to the junk that is put out on a ten per cent basis. Give the average

Eastern investor who lacks perspective the descriptive circulars of these heterogeneous offerings, and he will go for the eight, nine and ten per cent income every time—just because it is from the West.

Money doesn't grow on trees out here, and money is just as hard to get and keep here as it is anywhere else.

A merchant in a Pennsylvania town would not sell a bill of goods of one hundred dollars to a man he had never before heard of, and ship the goods, expecting to be paid later, just because the man ordering lived in the West. So why should he send a thousand dollars to invest in something of which he knows nothing, to a firm of whom he has never before heard, simply because it happens to be in the West?

Do not confuse Western speculations with Western investments. If you have been solicited by mail or otherwise to buy stock in some new enterprise on the Pacific Coast, you should properly consider the use of any of your funds in this way as a speculation.

Speculation is all right in its way—for those who can afford it and who know what they are about. But when people speculate under the impression that they are investing, it is all wrong.

I would unhesitatingly advise Eastern people not to send money to Western promoters for the purchase of stocks in anything, no matter how good the proposition may look on the face of it.

Confine your investments to those things which are investments.

When investing in the stock of a corporation away out here run as a local enterprise, it is manifestly impossible for the average Eastern man to possess himself of the independent data and disinterested opinion so essential to the making of a venture of this kind with understanding.

By adhering to this rule of making no stock investments one good thing may be passed up, but at the same time nine bad things will be passed by.

The real West does not need to get its money for development purposes by means of a stock-selling prospectus placed broadcast in the hands of the public.

The Eastern man who is seriously contemplating making Western investments can do no better than arrange his summer vacation trip to the Pacific Coast. He will not only have a delightful time, but will gain a new viewpoint on many things. The opportunity to study the situation at first hand will repay him for his time and expense in the certainty of making his future investments with a knowledge of conditions that will preclude the possibility of loss and assure him of higher income return.

Our good Western investments will stand personal scrutiny—the bad ones you should know of so they may be avoided.

When he does come, whether he visits San Francisco, Los Angeles, Portland, Seattle or Spokane, or all of them, he should make it a point to get in touch with an investment house of established reputation upon whose information he can rely. Through well established, reputable investment houses he will be able to obtain authentic data which will enable him to form an accurate judgment as to general conditions and specific securities.

SPEND YOUR VACATION IN THE WONDERLAND

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A very interesting description of all this in detail is found in the booklet, "Vacation, 1916," free copies of which may be obtained on application to J. J. Geary, G. P. A., 808 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco.

A special booklet on "Hunting and Fishing" will soon be ready for distribution, which will tell by word and picture of opportunities awaiting the hunters and anglers throughout this section. Send for a copy.

Northwestern Pacific R. R.

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I NVESTMENT HOUSES AND BOND DEALERS HITHERTO HAVE DONE BUSINESS with not more than one per cent of the population. In the Far West their clients have been less than one per cent of the population. The Westerner with \$2000 to \$5000 left the money in the savings bank. No other part of the country shows as large per capita savings bank deposits as the Far West. Why? Because the average small capitalist does not know about bonds. But he is learning. He wants to get more than 3½ and 4 per cent on his money. He wants to buy bonds, but he does not quite know how to go about it. There are thousands of these new investors, none of them ever reached by any financial mailing list, who are thinking about bonds, considering the purchase of securities. Many of them are turning to SUNSET Magazine for advice and guidance, because SUNSET has their confidence. Easterners, too. They want the higher Western interest rates.

Space on the financial pages of SUNSET is open only to reliable investment houses of established reputation. Firms of this character desirous of widening the circle of their clients are invited to correspond with the Advertising Manager, SUNSET Magazine, San Francisco, Cal.



The Summer Vacation

—whether at the seashore, the lakes, the mountains or on the farm, involves some exposure to the weather. It is now customary for a large proportion of those who seek an outing to take along a bottle of

Hinds HONEY AND ALMOND *Cream*

It has saved them from so much of the discomfort caused by *sunburn and windburn*, as well as by mosquitoes and black flies, that nothing else seems to quite take its place. Motorists everywhere are depending upon it to cleanse the skin and neutralize the injurious effect of dust.

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FAIRY SOAP

is a real pleasure for toilet and bath. Its whiteness—its rich, free lather—its refreshing, cleansing qualities—are evidence of the choice materials used and expert skill and care in making.

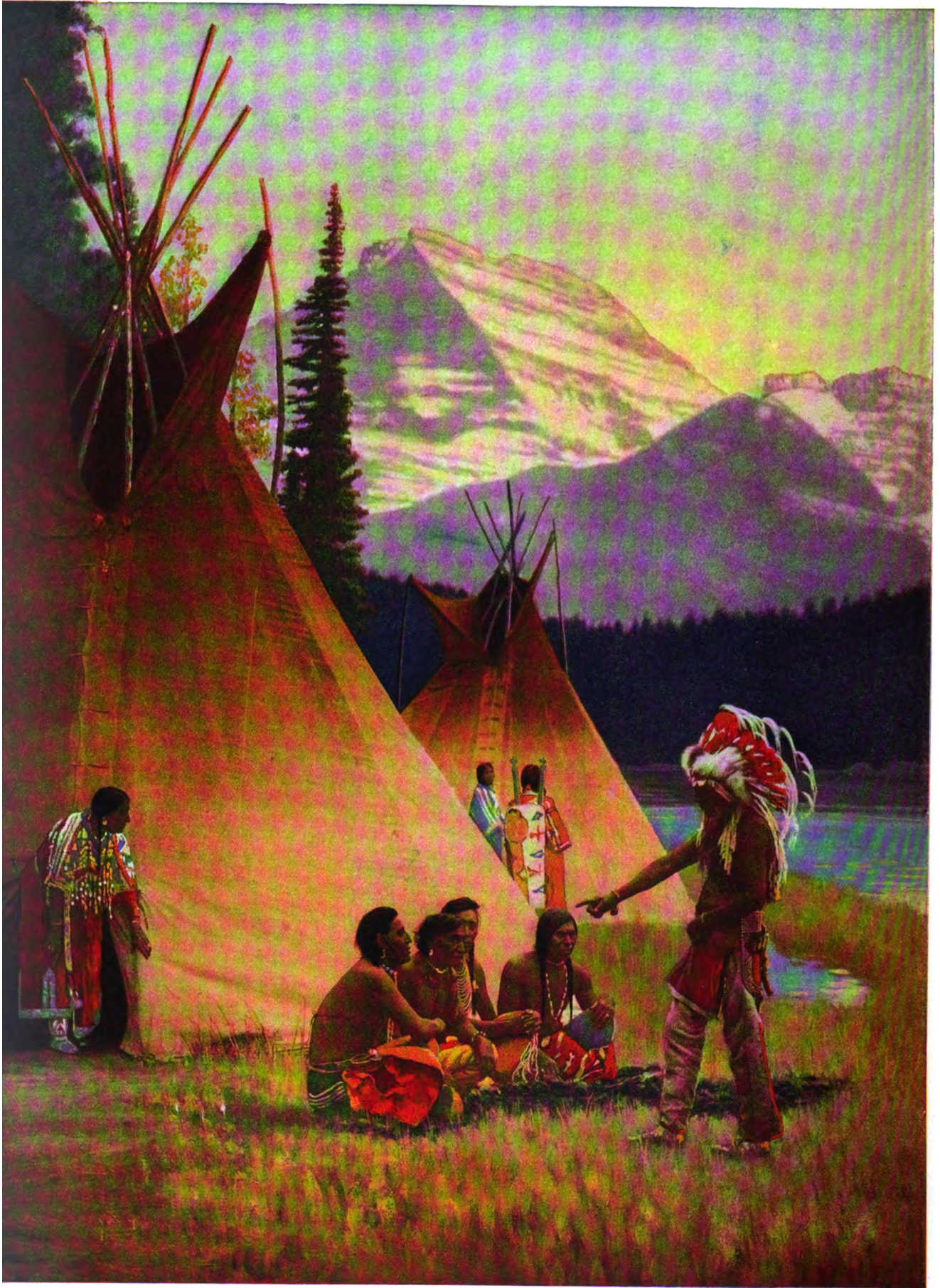
Fairy Soap floats. The oval cake fits the hand; it wears down to the thinnest wafer without losing its fine quality.

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a little Fairy
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Legends of the Tribe

The hereditary chief of the Blackfeet spun yarn after yarn, yet never a word spoke he. And while his hands worked, a freckled pale-face turned the crank rapturously. For the American Indian is a born actor, the ideal subject for motion-picture photography

Sunset

THE PACIFIC MONTHLY



Across the Editor's Desk



ONE memorable morning, a particularly bewildered editor sat at this desk trying to keep his mind on his work. He had just learned, through the unofficial source of a friendly reporter on an evening paper, that some time during the day he was to be arrested. No ordinary policeman was to perform the act; the Federal Government itself had the matter in hand. "Somewhere in Washington" a picture of the Panama Canal, published in *SUNSET*, had impressed somebody as a violation of the law of the land.

THAT was two years ago. Much water has flowed through the Canal since then and much military aviation has taken place elsewhere. And many lessons have been learned.

Meanwhile the Federal Grand Jury has dismissed the charge against *SUNSET*'s editor with the long and ugly word "*ignoramus*." Fortunately, as used in the sonorous speech of Grand Juries, it means nothing worse than "we ignore."

What time the shadow of Uncle Sam's displeasure lay across this desk, many letters came in from sympathetic people. One of them came from the Secretary of the Interior, keenly interested in all Western activities; another from a convict in the Arizona penitentiary, calling attention to a vacancy in the editorial office of the *Era*, published at the Leavenworth Federal Prison, and signed "yours fraternally." Dr. J. C. Branner, then president of Stanford University, wrote frankly, as follows:

"My sympathies are all with you, for I was once arrested for simply asking for the privilege of making a photograph of a fortress on the coast of South America. The guardian of national honor and integrity and of public safety on that occasion delivered to me a long and inspiring lecture on the seriousness of my crime, offered me several dangerous looking drinks, cigars and cigarettes and finally embraced me and told me that he was always and entirely at my orders, and bowed me out. I hope that your troubles may end as pleasantly."

YET here we are, both at it again! Behold, in this number, pictures of the Canal and an article upon its vulnerability by Dr. Branner himself. Furthermore the learned doctor contributes a drawing made by himself of a critical part of the Canal, constantly menaced and attacked by an invading enemy. But, mark you, the spot is absolutely unfortified by the government, and the enemy, being the tropical rainfall, is thus incapable of receiving "information against the interest of the national defense;" ergo: pictures and text are wholly within the law.

At the close of a monster celebration of our triumph in the construction of the Panama Canal, the Canal itself could not be used; in the midst of a nation-wide concern as to the immediate need of the Canal for the national defense, a "natural enemy" appears likely to render the waterway useless at any time. Dr. Branner was a distinguished member of a scientific commission sent by the government to spy out this enemy. His personal views, presented in this issue, answer the eager

question of the people: "What's the matter with the Canal?"

Dr. Branner is optimistic, he has a word of comfort for those celebrants whose rejoicing has lately had a cold douche of doubt. Yet it is evident that the eminent geologist does not share the complaisance of his eminent colleagues, as expressed in the official report. Dr. Branner's article, confined to statements of scientific fact, as clear and graphic as his lectures to classes in geology and as authoritative as his *Brittanica* articles, might be printed in double spaced lines. There must be so very much between them!

A REALLY big story begins in next month's *SUNSET*. "Over the Border" is a novel of contemporary American life in Northern Mexico, and it is written by Herman Whitaker. What further announcement is necessary! The eyes of our nation are looking southward to that unhappy land, the hearts of our people are concerned with the conditions that have obtained there for innocent Americans during the last four years. The material of the story is manifest. The fact of the country is an evident basis for gripping fiction. And Herman Whitaker, knowing the fact at first hand, and holding an honored place in American fiction, is exactly the man to do it. And he has done it! The story is his best work so far.

Mr. Whitaker knows his Mexico. He has visited that country six times in the last ten years, staying there months at a time gathering material for his authentic novels of Mexican life. During these years he came to know the leading characters in recent Mexican affairs, Porfirio Diaz, Madero, De la Barra, Huerta, Carranza, Villa. Two years ago he spent three months with Villa, was present at the battle of Paredon. His writings on Mexico have been republished in Spanish. American residents of Mexico consider Herman Whitaker an authority on Mexican conditions. As a word-painter of the deserts of Northern Mexico and the golden girls of the Tehuantepec isthmus, Whitaker has no equal in American letters.

So much for the accuracy and the art of the story. How about its human interest? Read this extract from the first instalment:

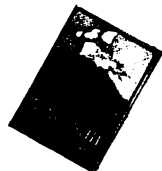
"Yet after granting their 'badness,' there was about them no taint of the mean, ratlike wickedness of the city criminal. Their composite was of strong impulses misdirected, forces gone to waste, of men cast by birth in a wrong age. In the councils of a nation in the olden time, their strength, ferocity, would have gained them power and place; and here, out in the desert, they exactly fitted their environment. It were a safe bet that—horses and cattle not being in question—they would, at a given emergency, live in the letter of its best traditions."

Here you have epic quality and Mr. Whitaker has realized it in his dealings with the souls of Bull Perrin and his two companions. Add to this a love story as tender and heroic as its background is terrible and tragic and you have a real story. That is, you shall have the first part of it next month.



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THE youngster who is dressed up prettily, then told to go out and play without soiling dainty garments and spotless hands, is in a sad predicament. Far better is it to place no restraint on youthful exuberance of spirit and trust to Ivory Soap. It makes no difference how often delicate clothes and tender skins are washed with it. The whiteness, the purity, the mildness, the freedom from alkali—all the distinctive Ivory qualities—make it the children's friend and the mother's aid. It cleans—but cannot injure.



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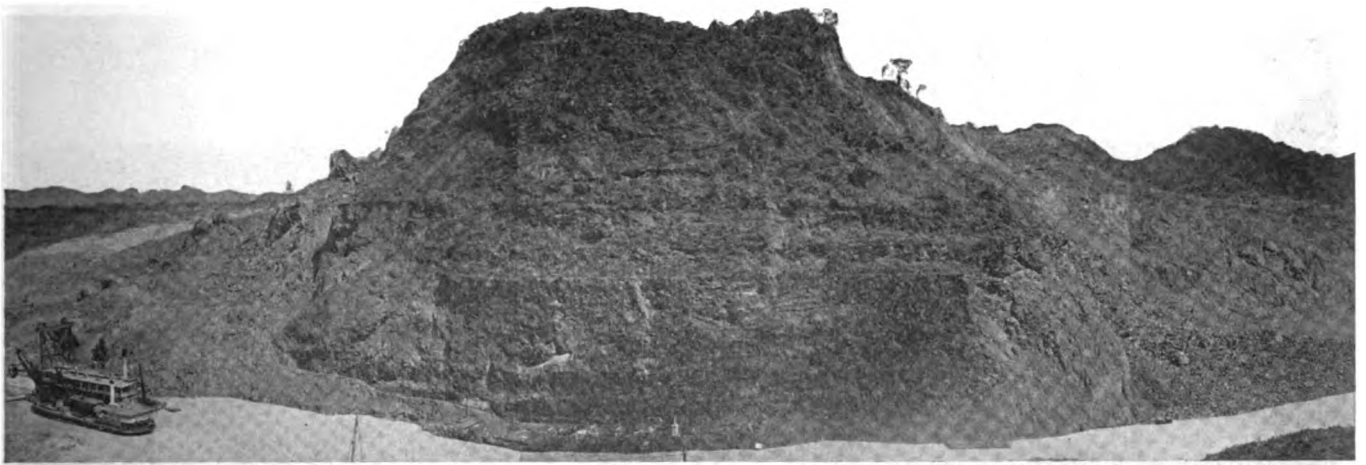
Every youngster will enjoy reading or hearing the wonderful adventures of Betty Snow, Bobby White, Gniif the Gnome, Snip the dog, and Yow the cat. Written by John Martin, the well known editor of the juvenile magazine, "John Martin's Book". Full of pictures. Send your name and address today to The Procter & Gamble Co., Department 27-F, Cincinnati, Ohio, and ask for "The Cruise of the Ivory Ship".

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View of Gold Hill taken Dec. 29, 1915. Here is the heart of the trouble on the Panama Canal. To the right is the site of the old Cucaracha slide; to the left is a portion of the East Culebra slide where it involves the north side of Gold Hill. The Cucaracha debris has been cleared away by efficient dredging. Further slides at that point appear unlikely because of the fortunate occurrence of stable rock at the bottom which may hold back the remainder of the soft rock above. It is not known that there is foundation for such a hope for the Culebra slides. The diagram at the bottom of this page explains the formation of the land in this picture

Can We Keep the Canal Open?

An Analysis of the Causes of the Slides on the Panama Canal and a Suggestion for Their Prevention

By John C. Branner

President Emeritus of Stanford University. Member of the National Commission to Report Upon the Slides on the Panama Canal

THE landslides that closed the Panama Canal September 18, 1915, and kept it closed until April 15, 1916, were just like other landslides; that is, they were due to the same agencies, and behaved in precisely the same way as other slides, except in so far as they were affected by the extraordinary local conditions. The matter will be simplified somewhat by a few words of explanation of the causes of landslides in general.

There are just three factors that enter into the problem: first, *the slope of the ground surface*; second, *the character of the materials*; third, *the water that enters the ground*.

If the reader will recall any landslide he may have seen, he will find that it was on a steep or sloping surface, or on a sur-

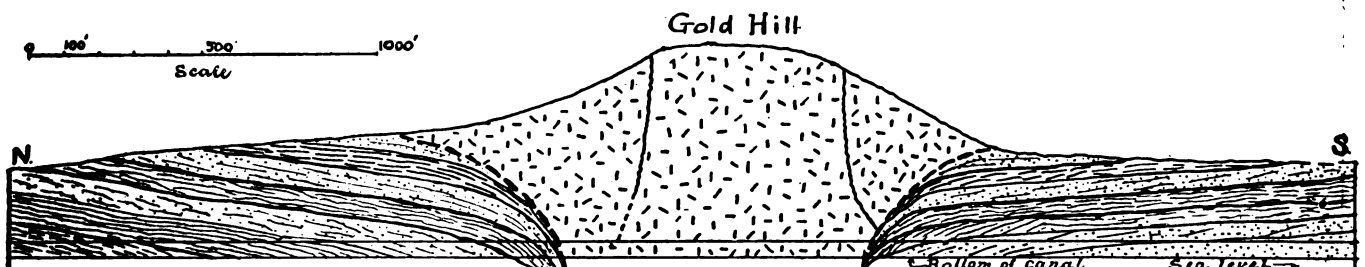
face that had lately been made steep by the removal of the former support of the material that slid. He will recall also that the materials that moved were not solid massive rocks, but were incoherent or slippery, or they had enough slippery materials to make the mass slippery. And finally he will find that the slide occurred during, or after, long rains when the ground was thoroughly saturated with water. Earthquakes sometimes take a hand, but earthquakes are never effective in producing landslides unless the other conditions are favorable.

What have these three agencies, slope, materials, and water, to do with the Panama slides? They have everything to do with them, for they are all three on the job together, and they have stayed on it night and day, year in and year out, from

the time the deep cuts were begun. And they are on it now, and they will stay on it, unless man can find some way to eliminate one of them.

HOW THE NEW SLOPE WAS MADE

The digging of the Canal necessarily removed materials that supported the ground along the banks. Before the Canal was dug the ground was nearly flat, and no matter what the materials were, or how much water fell on the ground, or what happened, the ground could not slide, for it had no place to slide to. But as soon as the digging of the deep cut began, a place began to be provided for them, and even before the water was let into the Canal the banks began to slide. And the higher the banks were the more and the bigger the slides were. It is



Theoretic section along the Canal and through the crest of Gold Hill. The shaded areas represent soft sedimentary beds that slope gently toward Gold Hill from all sides, and bend sharply downward at their contact with it. The two heavy vertical lines in Gold Hill show where its sides broke off and fell into the slides that formed on both sides of it—the Cucaracha slide on the south, and the East Culebra slide on the north. The slides began in the soft rocks, and, as they moved out, the sides of the eruptive hill also broke down and fell into the slides



Looking northward along the Canal from the north face of Gold Hill, Dec. 21, 1915. The black mass at the left is part of Gold Hill; the trees and rocks in the foreground have fallen from its summit and from its north side. The broken hill west of the Canal is Zion Hill, a plug of basalt that has partly broken down and fallen into the West Culebra slide which involves the entire area between Zion Hill and the Canal. The houses to the right are on Culebra Hill

chiefly for that reason that the biggest and most difficult slides of all are at the deepest part of the Canal, where they formed what are known as the East Culebra slide, the West Culebra slide, and the Cucaracha slide.

I do not know the original height of the banks there, but in December last the top of the moving ground of the East Culebra slide was from two hundred to four hundred feet above the bottom of the Canal, and on the west side of the Canal the slides had broken back at some points beyond the three-hundred-foot contour. Of course these outer margins of the slides are now well back from the Canal (1200 feet on the west and 1400 feet on the east side), so that the present slope of the

ground is much lower than the original slope of the banks, for nature is trying to readjust itself to the new conditions and to the new topography imposed by man.

Evidently the removal of the support of the sliding ground was made necessary by the digging of the Canal. There was and there is no way to avoid removing that ground so long as the Canal had to be dug, and consequently there is no remedy to be expected by dealing with the matter of the support.

THE NATURE OF THE MATERIALS

But while the slope of the ground is an important factor in such cases it is of no importance at all, or of very little impor-

tance, if the rocks involved are of a kind that can stand at any angle. If the Canal had been cut through solid granite, it might have been as deep and as steep as the walls of the Yosemite without causing a landslide. But so far as their power to stand up is concerned, the materials in which most of the Canal is excavated are about as far from granite as they could be. They are mostly soft, sedimentary materials, and a large percentage of them is plastic clay of the slipperiest kind. Interbedded with these clays are soft sandstones and marly beds that break up very easily, and indeed they are already much broken by faults and joints. If sandstones alone had formed the beds in which the Canal was cut there might have been some hope of their standing better, but, mixed as they are, with the plastic, soapy clays, they broke down as soon as the clays began to slip from beneath and about them.

Here then is the second factor—the nature of the materials—for which there is no remedy. The rocks are what they are, and there is no way to change them.

THE WATER ENTERS THE GROUND

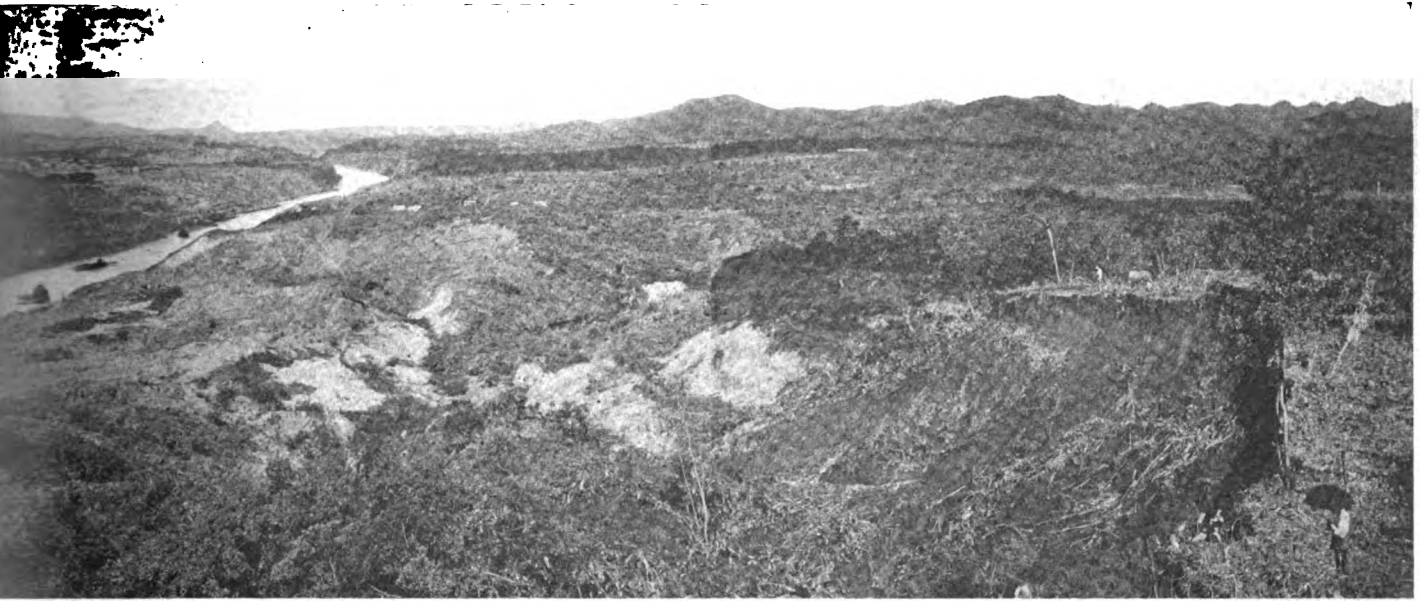
Water is the third element of the slide problem; or perhaps it should be called the first, for it certainly stands first in importance.

Water does its work by soaking into the ground, wetting the materials, and making them unstable. When the materials are of a kind to be much affected by water they lose their rigidity and stability, and flatten down, collapse, or break and slip away from their former position under their own weight. Clays are especially liable to be affected by water, and clays of the most slippery kinds form a large part of the Panama slides. When wet, they not only cannot lie still themselves but they do not allow anything else to lie still.

The annual rainfall at Panama is about seven feet—a large rainfall in itself, but rendered the more effective as a producer of slides by its concentration within eight months of the year (May to December).



Looking southward along the Canal where it passes between Gold Hill and Contractors Hill. The Cucaracha slide completely closed the Canal channel for a distance of 2000 feet in 1914



The right end of the picture shows the east margin of the East Culebra slide, which extends from the base of Gold Hill nearly to the four or five houses visible to the right of the Canal in the middle background. Cracks were still opening along the east margin of the slide in January, 1916. Here is the battlefield on which Uncle Sam's engineering forces must meet and conquer the real invader, which is water. Eighty-four inches of water falls here during eight months of the year

HOW CAN THE SLIDES BE DEALT WITH?

It suggests itself at the outset that the slides of Panama may be dealt with just as railway engineers deal with the slides on a railway line, that is, on the theory of "let 'em come; we'll fix 'em." They have on the Canal a large and remarkably efficient equipment of men and machinery, and as the slides have moved down into the waterway they have been immediately attacked, dredged out, and carried away. That the slides should occasionally get a little ahead in such a race is not a matter for surprise.

And at first glance it does seem as if complete removal, clear out of reach of the Canal, of all threatening materials were the most reasonable and most satisfactory way to deal with them.

But when one sees the sliding area extending further and further away from the Canal, the volume of the moving masses gradually getting bigger and bigger, and the very hills themselves toppling over and adding to the confusion trees, mud, rocks and great blocks of basalt as big as houses, and when he sees that these millions of tons, that have to be removed, *cost about sixty cents a cubic yard*, he feels that some way ought to be found to make the hills stay where they are.

Such was the problem that confronted the Committee of the National Academy that went to Panama in December last.

It was evident from the outset that the digging of the Canal required the removal of the support of the adjacent land; it was equally evident that there was no practical way to substitute an artificial support for the one taken away. Here was one condition that could not be changed—one factor of the problem impossible to deal with on so large a scale.

A partial remedy has been looked for in the lowering of the new slope of the sides of the Canal, but whether the new slope will stand in a region of seven feet of rainfall nobody really knows. We can only guess at it and hope.

The character of the rocks involved in the slide is a matter that cannot be

changed. They are of a slippery, un dependable kind, and unless they are treated just right they will always be slippery, shifting and unstable, and they will always be on the nerves of the engineers.

The third element of the problem—the water—is the only one that there is any chance for man to control. The rainfall itself cannot be influenced, but it is quite possible to keep the water from getting into the ground, and the control of the water offers our only hope of preventing the continuation of the slides.

In dealing with the common run of smaller slides it is customary to dig trenches to turn water away from the ground endangered. But with slides covering 130 acres, a rainfall of seven feet,

and banks of slippery clay and weak rocks three hundred feet high, it seems highly improbable that such ditches can be depended on to stop the sliding. And they cannot. At most they can only prevent the running into the slides of rain water that falls outside of the slides. No amount of ditching around the margins of the Panama slides would diminish the seven feet of water falling on the slides themselves!

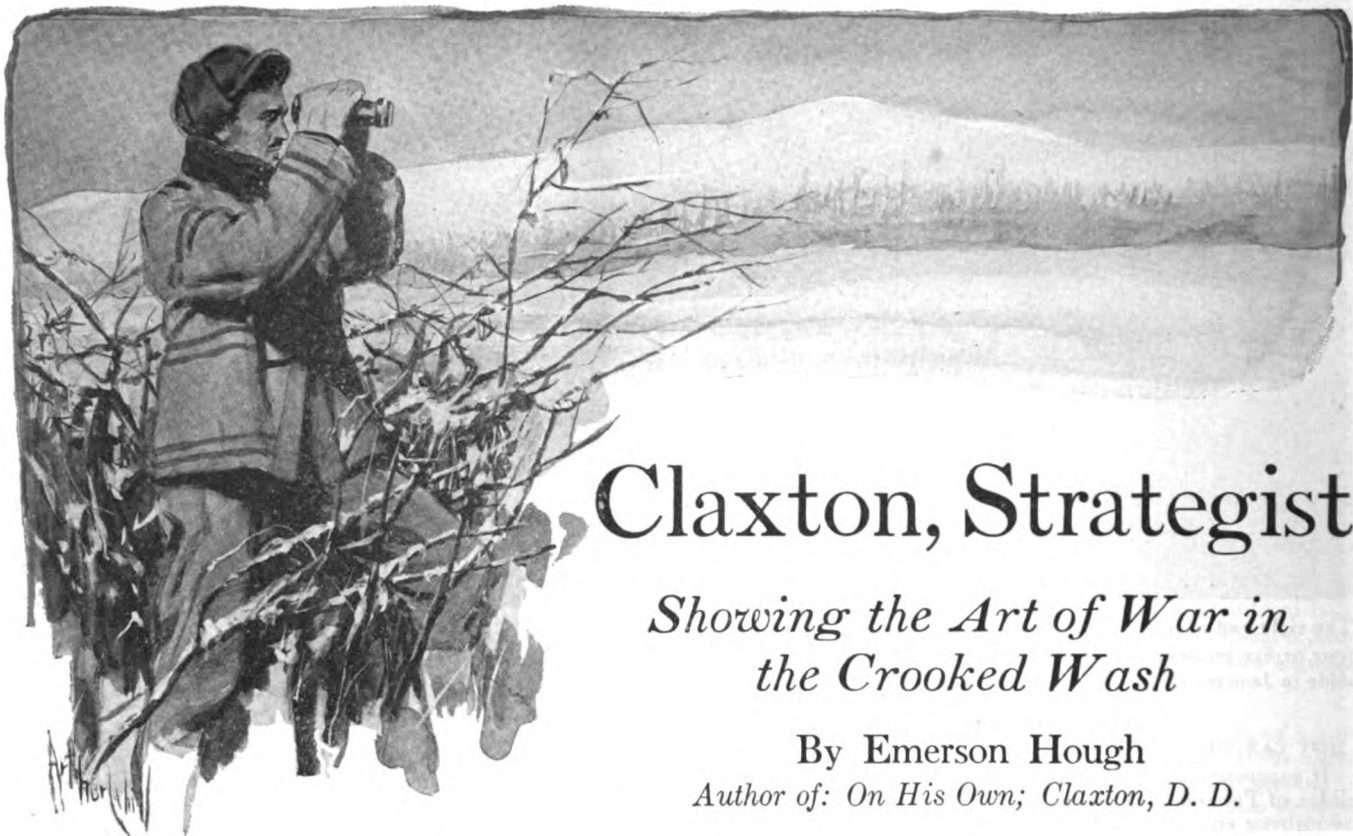
What can be done then to keep the water out of the sliding ground?

Speaking for myself I see but one thing that offers any hope of success, and that is to protect the entire area, sliding or likely to slide, first by keeping the surface

(Continued on page 70)



A typical crack at the outer margin of the West Culebra slide. Such cracks allow the surface water to get into and beneath the moving ground. They are the trenches of the "enemy"



Claxton, Strategist

*Showing the Art of War in
the Crooked Wash*

By Emerson Hough

Author of: *On His Own; Claxton, D. D.*

He gave a sudden exclamation, dropped the glasses, then put them up again to his reddened, smoke-bleared eyes

"Bray," said Claxton, again peering over the top of his book, "you'll get neurastheny if you don't look out—go split some wood—go whitewash somethin'—get out of doors."

Illustrated by Arthur Cahill

WHAT'S that you're readin' all the time, Sergeant? I've not 'ad a word out of you for hours; and 'ow can I do cribbage alone?"

Corporal Bray of the Royal Northwest Mounted cast a moody glance at his ranking officer. Bray was lonesome and wanted to talk, but Sergeant Claxton only edged a trifle closer to the window; for the winter light, even early in the afternoon, was dim at the latitude of Edson Barracks, far north of the most northerly railroad on this continent.

"It's all about fightin'," said Claxton at last, looking over the top of his book; "and jolly good readin' it is too, Bray."

"Huh, fightin'! Plenty of that goin' on everywhere but 'ere. There ain't a drink of whisky within two hundred miles, nor anythink that could be identified for real calico, so there ain't no native an' natural fightin'. As for the big war, we don't even get a newspaper to tell us about the fightin' there."

"Fightin', Corporal Bray," commented Claxton, "ain't what you think it is. Accordin' to you, fightin' is punchin' somebody's face Saturday afternoon. That's all right for a policeman, but not for a constable."

"You ought to know," said Corporal Bray. "You've been readin' that book on the art of war ever since they went at it last summer. I presume mebbe you're readin' up for Kitchener's job, huh?"

"Maybe so," said Claxton soberly. "Somebody has to take those jobs when they come up."

"Is that so! It's likely they'll look out 'ere for timber, ain't it? We're 'ere because we're 'ere—and that's about all there is to it."

wood—go whitewash somethin'—get out of doors."

Bray, grunting his discontent, took the advice, although it was not an order. He buttoned up his fatigue jacket and strolled out into the biting air. Whereupon Claxton once more resumed his absorbed attention to his book. He read aloud to himself that he might better remember what he saw on the printed page.

"Strategy," he read, "is the art of planning out a campaign in advance and adjusting plans to cope with the disposition of the opposing forces. The object of strategy is at all times to place the enemy at a disadvantage, whether in point of numbers or in support of the defending or attacking positions."

"Successful strategy may be brought about in many ways. An army may be forced to give battle in conditions unfavorable to the full use of its forces, or it may be caused to divide its forces, or to unite them at great disadvantage; or, again, it may be compelled to take action when ill-prepared, or to submit to delay when every hour is valuable."

Sergeant Claxton read all the foregoing over to himself a second time, aloud, before he went on.

"In drawing up a plan of campaign the commander must first consider the whole matter from his opponent's point of view; and the subsequent operations, modified to suit the circumstances, constitute the strategy."

"The first object of every commander when ready to fight is to bring his adversary into battle with the intention either of destroying him or of forcing his surrender. The wise commander will place his forces in such position that the chances of victory, owing to superiority



"Now, my men," said Claxton,

of numbers, position or morale, will be greatly in his favor.

"Successful strategy, therefore, depends upon a correct opinion in advance as to the enemy's plan of campaign, while masking as far as possible the probable nature of one's own attack or defense. For such a purpose a thorough knowledge of the topography of the scene of war is of first importance—is, indeed, essential to the success of any scheme of campaign.

"In offensive strategy it is necessary to prolong the enemy's uncertainty as to whence will spring the brunt of the attack. In defensive strategy the object consists in allowing the attack of the enemy to waste itself fruitlessly; or in accepting battle under conditions which will nullify the force of the enemy's attack. The Fabian policy against Hannibal is a classic example of defensive strategy. Upon the other hand, the great principle of Napoleon—concentration of all the destructive elements upon one decisive point—is proof of genius in offensive warfare."

Claxton had never heard of Fabius or Hannibal, but was acquainted well enough with Napoleon, there being a shortened branch in his family tree dating back around 1812, where certain of his ancestors had met the aforesaid Napoleon. He, therefore, pondered on the foregoing advice, especially when it mentioned Napoleon.

Not that there seemed any probability that Claxton would need much education in the art of war here in the bush as ser-

geant of a four-man post, where duties consisted chiefly of trying to enforce the game laws, helping the agricultural widows to hang up their washing, or taking a chance look about for whisky smugglers now and then; but in Claxton's ears, even at this far-off situation, rang the shoutings of the captains far across the seas.

BRAY came in at length, a dab of whitewash on his nose, but his cheeks red with the sting of the wind. He found Claxton now poring over a great piece of paper which he had spread upon the table.

"Still after Kitchener's job?" said Bray. "What's that you're makin' now—a map?"

"Yes," responded Claxton, his pencil in his mouth. "I'm makin' a map of the Crooked Wash valley. That's the worst bit of country we've got in our district. What with the damned Yankees and the Ontario Canucks running whisky down to the railroad camps at the head of steel, that country in there is what my book calls 'the probable war terrain.' That's the scene of our trouble."

"It don't take no map to know that," said Bray.

"No, but it takes a map to learn that there terrain. Look over that valley and it seems flat—like you could ride plumb across it any way. Try it, and you'd find the creek runs across it a thousand ways for Sunday. There's cut banks twenty feet high in lots of places, and no way to get from one bend to the other. Get in

there and you're lost. It's like one of them libraryrhythms—you have to leave a string behind you when you go in."

"That's why Inspector Thompson was relieved of this post," asserted Bray. "He never could catch Old Man Hanecey when he started his pack-train down. Once he got into the Crooked Wash, he pulled the hole in after him."

"Sure, he did. Inspector Thompson didn't have any map, neither, ner he didn't study strategy, only cribbage an' Yankee cocktails, neither of which is mentioned in the Art of War. As for me, I've rode across that country with a old cow-puncher, and I've got most of the crossings, inlets and outlets all figured out. Old Man Hanecey goes in and he goes out; if he can, so can we. . . . Here's the map of the terrain.

"You see"—and Claxton picked up his pipe—"he heads in from the Peace river transportation country, west on the prairie, seventy-five miles north of here. Then he runs a compass course and heads for the north side of the Crooked Wash. There's where he disappears. If once he comes out, he's in the spruce cover and muskeg—hard enough when it's froze in the winter—and nothin' to hinder him from workin' down to the Bohunk camps and sellin' his whisky for any price he wants. He's been doin' that some time now, and gettin' away with it regular."

"And you figure that readin' about the art of war is goin' to catch old Hanecey?"

"How can I tell? I don't know. Leastways, here's what the book says."



"I've got a half dozen shots and there's only five of you. One of you make a break and I'll open on the bunch"

"A thorough knowledge of the topography—that means the lay of the land, Bray—is essential in any scheme of campaign." Then again it says here—"The old custom of marchin' en masse to frontal attack no longer suffices in strategy. The value of flankin' and turnin' movements has been discovered by all great leaders in strategy."

"Now, that's what was wrong with us last October. We advanced on Hanecey in a frontal attack. What does he do? He slips down in a coulée he knows an' hits a gallop along the creek bottom into the middle of the Crooked Wash—his whole pack-train ahead of him, carryin' two hundred gallons of whisky worth ten dollars a gallon. An' we never flanked nor turned him once! It's bonehead plays like that that loses inspectors their jobs. Near as I can figure it out, we're here to get Hanecey—e's 'ad the entire railroad force of the Grand Western drunk for eight months. Hanecey is standin' in the middle of the path of Empire, Bray."

"Huh," said Bray, "is that so? And our business is to clear up the w'y for h'Empire?"

"It sure is," nodded Claxton; "which brings it now time for another branch of the art of war. Here it says—"The department of information is one of the most important branches of the service." In this particular case," he grinned, "that means I'm goin' to send you down to the head of steel to have a look around for Bohunk whisky, Bray."

"That would be fine—if there was any whisky there. But there ain't. The Bohunks drunk it all up three weeks ago. I expect there'll be some fair lot of murders, though. When they get out of lemon essence and Jamaica ginger, they take to pick handles for to relieve themselves. My eye! That Jamaica ginger is awful stuff! I'd rather 'ave a jag on almost anythink else."

"Well, you see, Bray, I don't want to get any liquor—I want to get old Hanecey himself. He's a buzzard, that fellow. He can smell where whisky ain't, a thousand miles off. It's his business to supply the railroad camp that *hasn't* got no whisky. So if you find that the whisky's used out at the head of steel, and they're down to Jamaica ginger, we can figure it is pretty near time for old Hanecey to come through from the north—winter or no winter. He's a Prince Edward Island man, an' he don't care what happens to him so's he gets the coin—the d—d ol' Bluenose!"

"An' once we locate him," concluded Claxton, "it's our business to put him at a disadvantage in point of numbers, position or morale. That's on page 136."

"E usually runs eight or ten men with 'is pack-train," said Bray. "Unless Norton and McCallum get back with the supply wagon in time, that leaves just two of us to furnish the superiority in numbers, position and morale. Suppose old Hanecey 'as been readin' this art of war too—what then?"

"He ain't; but if he has," said Claxton simply, "then let the best man win."

II

DEAR ANNIE—I take my pen in hand to write you and wish there was any news. It is lonesome out here in this Post with mail but once in two weeks. Annie I wish I was worth more money.

If I had even a hundred a month and barracks we could get along but what can we do the way it is? Now if I had a Commission in the Volunteers I could go right away to Vancouver and we'd get married even if I had to leave the same day, we would be better off than feeling it ain't right for us to be married at all, me only in the force here as a sergt. But I don't seem to have any way of getting a Commission in the Expedition. Nothing has happened since I wrote last. We had to shoot two breeds last week resisting arrest. Donoghue was shot in the leg and was relieved and a new man Norton took his place. The horses is well enough. Bray is sick with a cold—he maybe caught it down at the railroad camp where I sent him last week. He says there will be another pack-train down from Dunvegan way before long. Old man Hanecey is still smuggling whisky in. Annie, I love you more than I ever did. It don't seem hardly fair for me to love you the way I do and me only a sergt. but I do all I can and work all the time and I do love you no matter what happens be sure of that. If I was even an Inspector here we would marry, for they can be comfortable on their pay, but a sergt. is cutting it pretty close for you.

Goodby, if anything happens I will write.

CHAS. S. CLAXTON
First sergt. R. N. W. M. P.

P. S. Could you ask the Minister in your Church to get me a Commission in the Volunteers? I would even go as a sergt. but think I could be a lieut. I have been studying pretty hard.

YRS. C. C.

Sergeant Claxton carefully folded his letter and addressed it in his best hand:

ANNIE W. HOLMES,
23 Coquitlam Ave. W.,
Vancouver, B. C.

He sat looking at it a long time as it lay on the table before him.

"Bray," said he at length to the prone figure in the bunk across the room, "how about it? Cough gettin' any better?"

"I'm all right," said Bray. "Be up tomorrow."

"And in four days Old Hanecey'll be at the head of the Crooked Wash. That's cuttin' it pretty close. Can you ride tomorrow, Bray?"

"Sure I can. I'll be all right."

Bray's hollow cough was none too reassuring. In good truth he had a near thing for pneumonia; but it was Bray's way to complain all the time when he was well and prosperous, and not to complain at all when matters went the other way.

"Norton and McCallum ought to be in tomorrow at the latest," said Claxton after a time. "I wish they was here now. It looks like old Hanecey has got us at a disadvantage once more."

"No he ain't," said Bray stoutly, stifling a cough. "We can whip 'im and tike 'im. Where is that map of yours?"

"Well," said Claxton, "we'll leave word here for the reinforcements, Norton and McCallum, to come on after us. You an' me will have to ride on out tomorrow, forty miles. Not that I wouldn't feel better fixed if there was, say, four of us instead of two."

"I don't know," said Bray. "There ain't but two flanks to any army—an'

only but just one front. We ain't got no rear. Two men ought to be enough."

"We've got to do something to bust up his morale," said Claxton thoughtfully, "but the book says—here on page 248—that 'operations in the winter time is attended with additional difficulties.' I should say they was! I wonder if Kitchener ever fought when it was twenty-five below—and with a army of only two!"

III

THE Crooked Wash country is a most interesting example of nature's occasional mirthfulness. It is a natural labyrinth, and one which has cost more than one man his life in the attempt to solve its puzzle.

Once perhaps there was a sea where now this flattish valley lies. At least, some fifteen or twenty feet of alluvium was left there, lying above a stratum of gravel, where sometimes a geologist finds shells. The banks of this flat, saucerlike depression—which is some five by ten miles in extent—slope off to the prairie on the north, and to the muskeg country on the south. Upon the latter side, the wet ground lies like a big sponge, which drains by means of a little stream north into the valley itself. This creek has run along the lines of least resistance time without end, and in places has cut down twenty feet through the alluvium to the gravel hardpan. Through ages of flooding and washing and sloughing and cutting it has gone on with this work, making a multitude of deep criss-cross leads, the main channel lying like a crooked snake, midway in the valley.

As Claxton had said, one could look from the rim of this valley out across what seemed almost level ground. Yet any one undertaking to ride across would have found himself fronted by first one and then another of the steep cut-banks, standing above the dried channel of the little stream. Supposing that he found his way down one of these banks and followed the stream for a little way, it would only be to find himself fronted by yet other bluff faces, up which no horse could scramble. More than one cowpuncher has lost his way in the Crooked Wash—and more than one has never gotten out again.

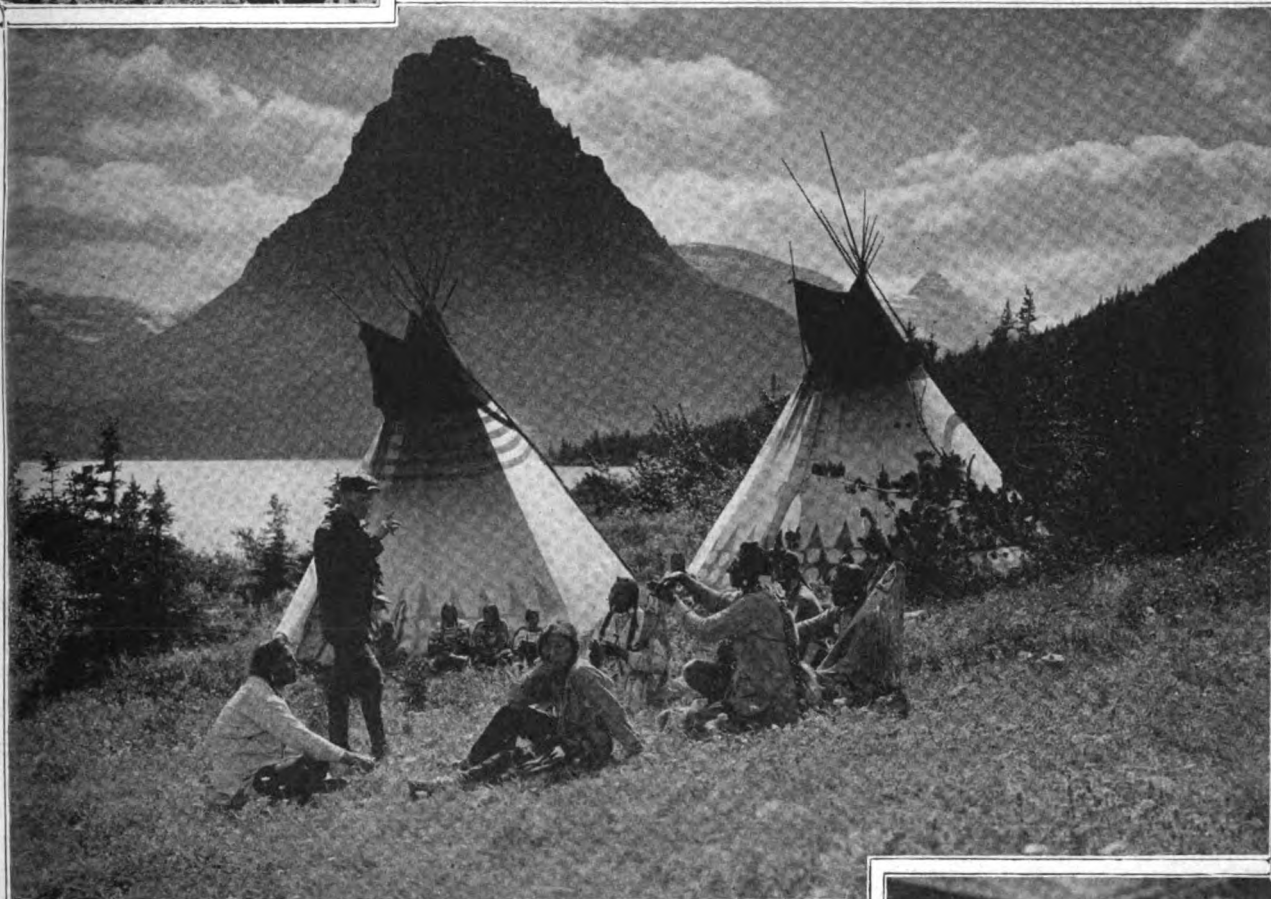
The gentle-minded farmers, who were pushing in on the north, did not pretend to know the Crooked Wash and kept their cattle away from it religiously. The roistering railroaders sixty miles to the south had never heard of it. A few adventurous cowmen in the earlier days had explored it. Old Hanecey, the most successful whisky smuggler in all the Northwest, had both explored it and learned it; and this knowledge had been worth many a thousand dollars to him in his illicit trade. Once at its northern edge, he counted himself and his pack-train safe.

At Ottawa the Crooked Wash did not exist. No government map recorded it. The only map ever made of it was that in Claxton's pocket, as he started out this winter morning, muffled to the chin in furs, his muskrat cap drawn down about his face to keep out the bitter wind. At his side rode Bray, likewise muffled deep in furs and woolens. He still coughed now and then, still belonged on sick list—and still refused to stay there. Claxton said nothing, but he understood Bray perfectly well. (Continued on page 16)

Our National Parks— a Seven Reel Feature

By William Harper Dean

Photographs by Herford T. Cowling, official photographer of the Reclamation Service



(Top) Clambering 800 feet above Crater lake with a 40-pound camera. (Middle) Explaining, in sign language, why the Blackfoot braves must not look at the camera. (Bottom) Photographer Cowling ready for action



TWO-GUNS-WHITE-CALF held up one finger and pointed at his moccasined feet, sent his finger through a hastily improvised and quickly demolished tepee constructed in symbol by his two hands, touched his lips and made as though to part his hair in the middle. Thus began his story.

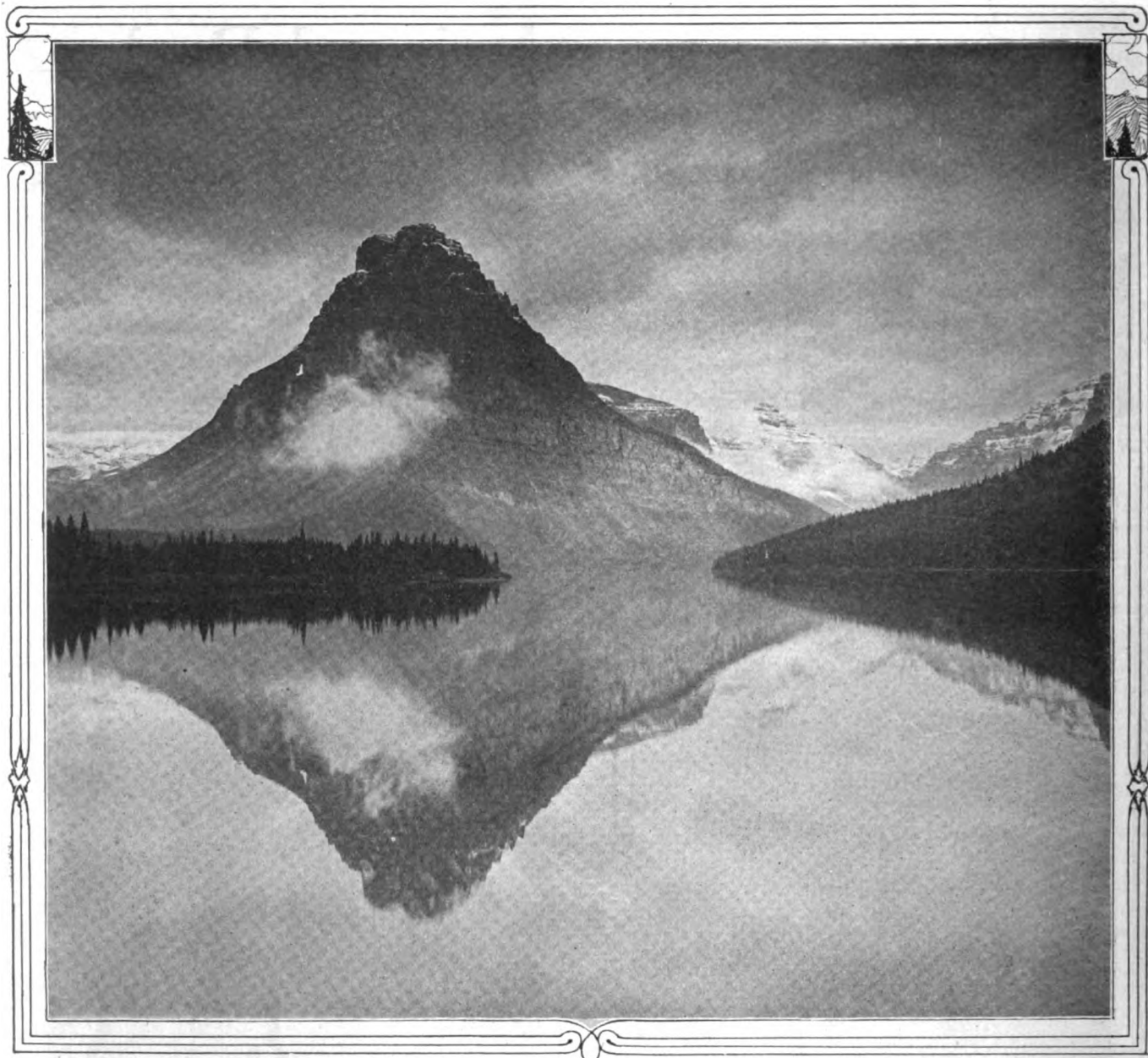
"One Blackfoot brave entered a tepee and to the maiden with parted hair he spoke: 'How is it? I love you, will you marry me?'"

"But she with hair parted in the middle drew down her brows and shook her head. 'I do not love you; you are too

poor!'" Here Two-Guns-White-Calf made as though to scrape his finger to the bone.

"So one Blackfoot brave went out of the tepee and journeyed. Three suns he traveled, three moons he slept. And then he came to the camp of the Sioux." Here Two-Guns-White-Calf designated the Sioux by drawing the edge of his hand across his throat. (The delicacy of it!)

"And one Blackfoot brave slew three Sioux and took away three ponies. Three days he traveled and three moons he slept. Then came he once again to the tepee of her with hair parted in the middle.



From a motion picture showing the birth of a cloud at Two Medicine lake, Glacier Park

"How is it? You marry me now?"

"I love you," she said. "I marry you."

"But one Blackfoot brave drew down his brows and to the maiden with hair parted in the middle he said, 'You do not love me, but you have fallen for the ponies.' Thereupon he departed—alone!"

"Three hundred feet!" called the freckle-faced one, letting go the crank of the movie camera. "Three hundred feet of a bang-up story in sign language. Say, when we split this stuff with legends, won't it be a bird! The only thing of its kind."

Like Iagoo, "the great boaster, he the wondrous story teller," Two-Guns-White-Calf, hereditary chief of the Blackfeet, spun yarn after yarn, yet never a word spoke he. And while his hands worked, the freckle-faced one turned the crank rapturously.

THE Government party had assembled on the shores of Two Medicine Lake in the Glacier National Forest determined to secure a movie record of the Blackfeet Medicine-Elk ceremony. But though a

goodly host of Blackfeet had come over from the reservation which forms the eastern boundary of this park and though they promised with certain reservations that the ceremony would come off on schedule time, the party had been sticking around the lake for the best part of a week. And as yet no Medicine-Elk ceremony.

"It was hard on the nerves, believe me!" said Cowling, the freckle-faced one, running his freckled fingers through his red hair. "We had the big guns of the tribe all staked down and willing to perform, even though it was the first time they had ever agreed to do their sacred specialty before the movie man. Yes, Eagle Child, Black Bull, Stabbed-by-Mistake, Running Eagle, Three Bears and I forget how many others were on hand. And then we had old Many-Tail-Feathers, the oldest medicine man in the tribe, who was to assist in the ceremony.

"But old Many-Tail-Feathers swore by the scalps of his ancestors that he couldn't think of taking the responsibility on his

shoulders. He needed Yellow Eagle to help him. At last Yellow Eagle came. He looked over our party and shook his head. This would never do.

"In the first place this was their sacred ceremony, a prolonged prayer to the gods for their sick. It meant much to them—more than any of us realize, I guess. If he were to go through with it, then everybody who could not show a Blackfoot credential must clear out. Either that or no ceremony.

"So they adopted me into the tribe. I smoked their pipe of peace and swore allegiance and lots of other things I don't remember. But after this was done we counted noses. Not a pale-face present. James Willard Schultz, who was adopted by the Blackfeet back in the 70's and who has spent twenty-five years of his life among them—you may remember his 'My Life as an Indian'—he had seen the ceremony before and so he acted as interpreter.

"So we got ready. I say we—but I mean the Blackfeet. I had been ready for



Motion photography counts for little with the eternal stillness of Crater lake

a week. The tepees were pitched on the shore of Two Medicine Lake, the chiefs and medicine men sat around until the proper inspiration came. When it arrived I was waiting with my hand on the crank. I had been tipped off that when they were ready there would be no waiting, no duplication of parts of the ceremony. I had to get it on the wing and this was my only chance—perhaps the last chance.

"The ceremony began at the exact spot where the double medicine lodges of the Flatheads and the Blackfeet were once held. I made a quick set-up and began to crank as the chiefs and the medicine men began to chant and sway. It was a great moment. If I hadn't been so nervous and worried I think I would have experienced a thrill such as the indoor producer gets when he realizes he is making the film hit of the year.

"But here I was about to photograph something which had never been photographed before. Not knowing from one moment to the next what would happen,

not having been able to persuade the Blackfeet to rehearse the ceremony, realizing that once started they would proceed without interruption to the end and would permit no re-takes, I did get my thrill, but it was an icy one.

"But once more Schultz came to the rescue. He was sitting in the tepee with the chiefs and medicine men, participating in the ceremony. Every now and then he would turn his head and tip me off to what was coming next. I'd grab my machine and sprint to another vantage point and begin to crank just in time.

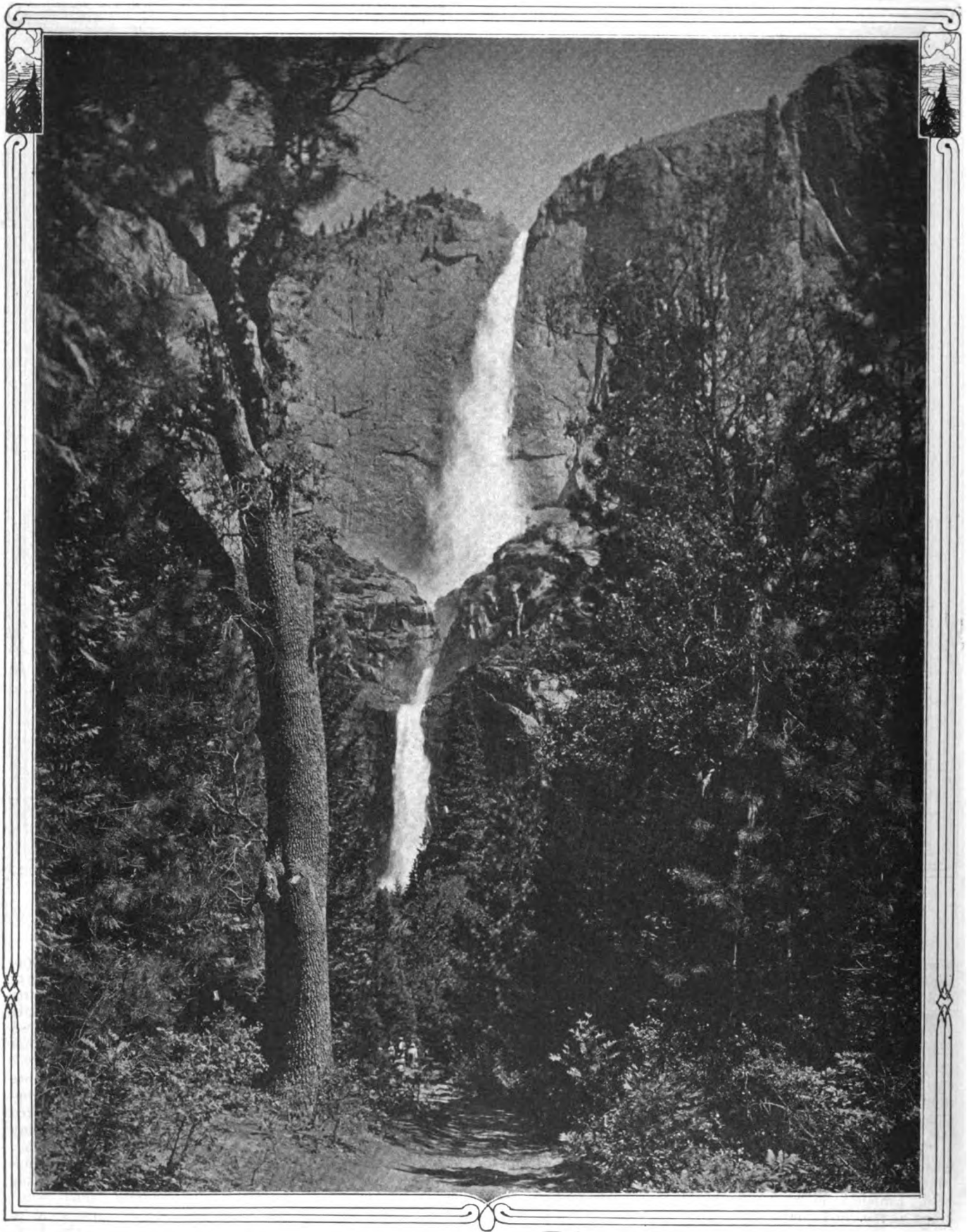
"Believe me, that was a strenuous time. For two hours and a half the ceremony proceeded without a minute lay-off. I made more than thirty set-ups and by using Schultz's tips was able to film the connected story of the ceremony in about 3000 feet. If I had ground away without knowing that certain rites were repetitions, I would have used up more than 9000 feet of film.

"But I got it—it's all in the reels. A real scoop, I'm thinking."

HE spoke of this film as a scoop. It is, but I've had to wheedle out of him the story of films and still pictures that are just about as scoopy as you'd dare imagine. This fellow Cowling has shown me movies of the Grand Canyon that made little chills creep up my spine.

You know the Grand Canyon is at once the lodestone and despair of photographers. You can see with your naked eye the most sublime silent symphony ever struck by time, color and matter. But when you endeavor to get a permanent record of it, the result is flat. Pale blue and purple shadows which when viewed from the canyon's rim seem to echo through the corridors of this blue-domed cathedral, show nothing but gray hazes on the film. And as for getting faithful records of the canyon's beauty registered on movie film—it's next to impossible.

But Cowling has done it, both in the Grand Canyon and the Yosemite valley. A specially constructed ray filter screws over the lens of his motion-picture camera

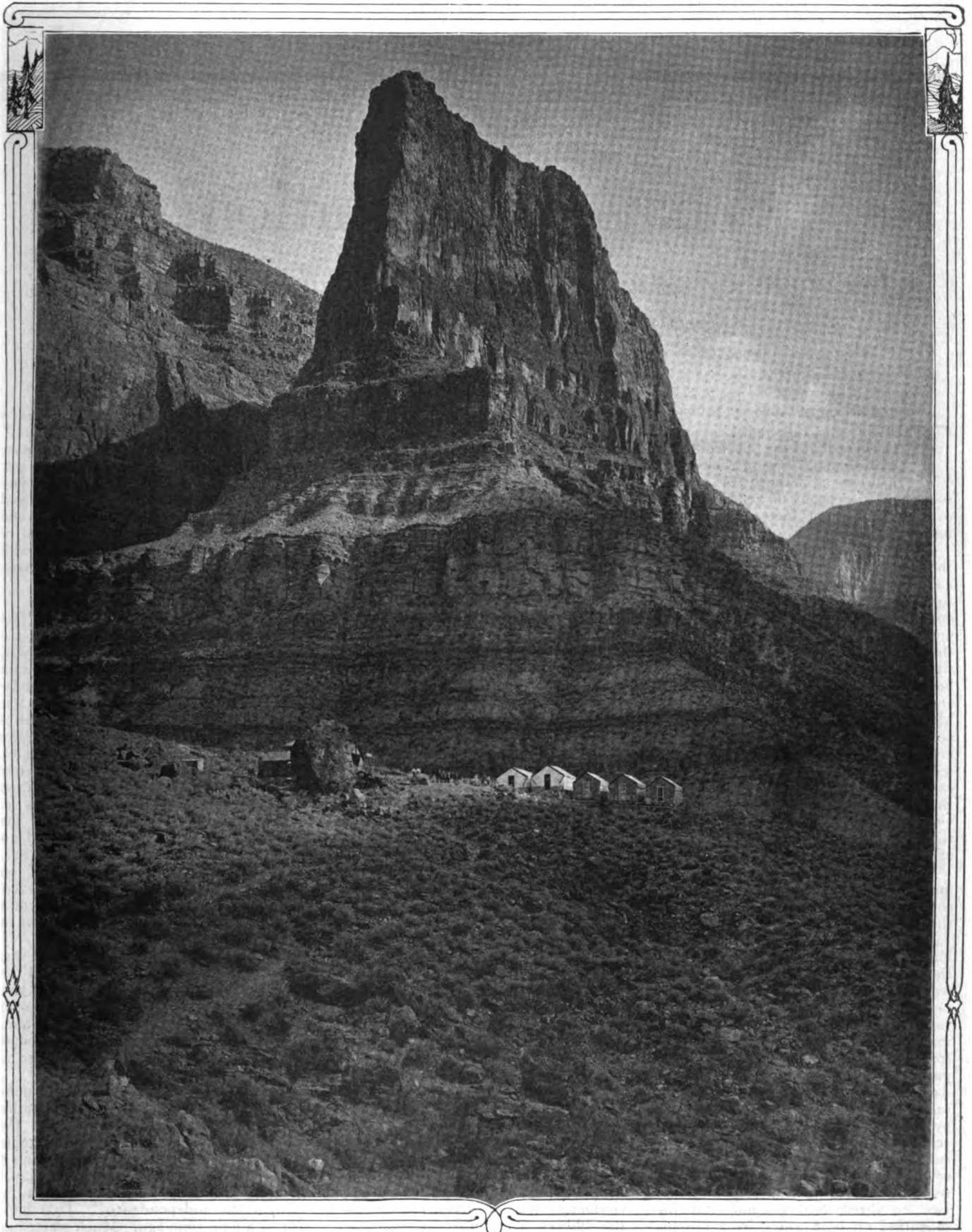


The tremendous leaps of Yosemite Falls are reproduced for millions of eyes that have never seen the Park

and without increasing the exposure time to the extent of making motion-picture photography impossible, he gets moving clouds and changing lights—authentically registered with full color value on his films!

You'll find him working in his laboratories in the Reclamation Service at Washington or you'll find him in any section of the West, depending upon the season of the year. When it warms up, Cowling

begins to pack up and off he goes to the National Parks, the Reclamation Projects—anywhere in the West to get imperishable records of its progress and incomparable beauty.



Hermit Camp, in the Grand Canyon. The motion camera helps to a sense of the majesty of these looming rocks

His outfit is strapped to the back of a pack mule and looks like a unit of a mountain battery. Cowling straddles the hurricane deck of a cayuse.

Last summer Cowling was working in

Glacier National Park with movie and still camera getting material for a "See America First" campaign which has been inaugurated by Stephen T. Mather, Assistant Secretary of the Interior. Iceberg

lake caught Cowling's eye and he unlimbered his batteries.

That was in July, but the lake was full of floating bergs. One berg was too near

(Continued on page 69)



What of the Nation?

American Graduates in Japan—Public Opinion and Public Will—“First in Peace”

By David Starr Jordan

*Chancellor of Stanford University
Director, World Peace Foundation*

AMERICAN GRADUATES IN JAPAN

THOSE who talk lightly, foolishly or wickedly of the “inevitable war with Japan,” basing their apprehensions apparently on the cartoons and scareheads of yellow journals, overlook one great factor in the international relations.

There are in Japan upwards of two thousand young men, graduates of American universities, as thoroughly devoted to their Alma Mater as any American collegian could be, and with this thoroughly loyal to the nation which gave them their education. Stanford University has sent out over a hundred of these, besides many more debarred one way or another from completing their courses. Most of these men occupy influential positions as professors, teachers, superintendents of schools, mayors of cities, secretaries, official advisors, scientific experts, financial experts. One of them, Baron Iwasaki, shipbuilder, from the University of Pennsylvania, is reputed the richest man in Japan, as well as one of the most broad-minded and efficient.

Largely through the influence of these men, the intellectual classes of Japan have come to know the United States far better than our people of similar capacity know Japan. And an understanding of the United States involves a recognition of the broad principles on which our republic was founded, the recognition of equality before the law, of the right to opportunity and the freedom of the individual man. It repudiates the caste system, from which Japan still suffers, and the paternal system with which Japan still dallies, and it throws on each individual man the responsibility of choosing his own status in life. Most of these Japanese scholars and officials owe their individual success to the freedom they won for themselves by coming to America. They recognize the fact that, notwithstanding two or three local misunderstandings, magnified on both sides by a mischief-making press, the two nations have maintained the closest relations, and the Pacific ocean brings them more and more closely together.

The good sense of Japan frowns on any attempt at trouble-making. Japan puts up a bold face, but she has not yet recovered from the financial strain of the Russian War and the absorption of Korea. More than anything else she needs a half century of peace to enable her to build

railways, of which she has not one quarter enough, and public roads, of which she has practically none at all. War with America would mean national suicide on her part, and ineffaceable shame on the part of the United States. To accept it as “inevitable” is to confess imbecility and criminality on one or both sides, and the government of neither nation is open to that charge.

Meanwhile, as we of California are to be neighbors of Japan for the next thousand years, let us resolve to be good neighbors. The caste system of Japan we do not want: neither does Japan want to force it on us. The “Gentleman’s Agreement” which keeps Japanese laborers from the United States is our pledge to that effect, and so long as it endures it is an adequate pledge. Meanwhile let us continue to hold the doors of our colleges wide open to the students of Asia, that they may learn not only science and arts, but the workings of democracy as well. For in education in democracy, the oldest world will find relief from tyranny and caste and war.

PUBLIC OPINION AND PUBLIC WILL

OUR President, as Mr. Walter Lippmann has said, speaks for our people in a double capacity, as interpreter of Public Opinion and of Public Will.

The *public opinion* of the United States most strongly disapproves the campaign against neutral nations and non-combatant people. We recognize a law of right as above national interest. This law of right condemns the occupation of Belgium and, for that matter, of Macedonia, the submarine campaign, the English food blockade, the Zeppelin business, the Armenian extermination, and most of Germany’s trusted specialties. It resents the robbery of our mail and other petty offenses of Great Britain as unworthy of a great nation, and as a shabby way of treating friends. But war is no remedy for wrong-doing. There is no law of God or man that requires a nation to avenge a bad act by a worse one, that compels a nation which expresses disapproval of violation of law to throw law aside for a plunge into wholesale anarchy. A declaration of war is always a confession of impotence. It means the loss of faith in all

lawful methods of adjustment to seek a decision through a “brawl in the dark.”

The *public will* of America is, I believe, unalterably opposed to entering this war on any pretext whatever. Nobody threatens us. No American has suffered because he is an American. There is and apparently there can be no method of breaking into the war consistent with national honor, or with national welfare.

“FIRST IN PEACE”

WASHINGTON was known as “first in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen.” First in war, because he viewed war only as a means (in itself unwelcome) towards the end of independence. He had no illusions as to war for war’s sake such as possessed some of his associates, for example, Arnold, Gates and Lee. He was first in peace because for seven years he resisted the severest pressure, far greater than any Mr. Wilson had to face, to drive him into war on the side of France. “Citizen Genet,” the Roosevelt of that time, left untried no scheme which could force us into war. He realized that freedom depended on unity, and unity on security and peace. And finally, his patriotism, without taint of selfishness or hate, made him “first in the hearts of his countrymen.”

Washington’s greatest achievement was that he was loyal to his duty toward the future of his people and kept out of war with England, even when public opinion and public will were alike opposed to him. Even his great Secretary of State, Thomas Jefferson, had left the Cabinet because he would not fight for France.

So long as the President voices the public will, he will not allow our sympathy with any nation to drag us into war. He will not be moved by the Tremont Temple resolutions, regretting that “we cannot send to France such military and naval assistance as she gave this country in the struggle for independence.” That happened a long time ago. Much water has flowed under the bridges since then. But the vital fact remains. Washington in his day resisted the tremendous pressure which would drive him into war.

And the countrymen of President Wilson approve his stand on international law, and his stand against war, for war is the rejection of all law. And those who would prevent his reelection must find some basis for their opposition other than his policy in dealing with Europe.

Homesteading Without a Chaperon

*Being the Experiences of
Cecelia Weiss in the Sage-
brush of Southern Utah as
Told by Her to*

Amy Armstrong



This fall I shall receive title to the land from the government. Then I shall have a well and with the development of water I shall draw closer to my dreams for my oasis in the desert, until this picture might be taken there!

IN the first place my 320 acres do not support life yet. I support them. This spring I put in forty acres of rye and I have a little garden. I don't care much for a steady diet of rye bread, and the rabbits share the garden truck with me. If I had depended for my living on the produce of the land during the four years since I picked out the half-section and filed on it, I would be worse off than the people in the country where I was born, on the border of Russia and Poland. There are no relief commissions for girl homesteaders, and the Red Cross pays no attention to them. So I had to go to the city every winter to earn enough money to keep myself and the homestead going in summer.

So far the homestead with its improvements has cost me about a thousand dollars. This fall I shall receive title to the land from the government. They say that an unimproved acre in my vicinity is worth about ten dollars, so I figure that, should I desire to sell and find a buyer, I will have a profit of \$2200. But I don't want to sell. I would rather make a real farm out of the sagebrush tract.

My homestead is in Iron county, in southwestern Utah, so close to the main line of the railroad that I can hear the puffing of the locomotive on still nights when the wind is in the right direction. There is not a tree on it; when I filed on the land in 1912 not a tree was in sight clear to the horizon. The gray-green sagebrush covered the flat valley like a shimmering Persian rug to the foot of the bare blue ranges on either side. The land lay as the Lord had made it. There was no water to irrigate it, and no one had thought it possible to raise crops without irrigation until dry-farming began to be talked about.

I did not know a thing of dry or any other kind of farming. Since I, a little girl then, came to Salt Lake City fifteen years ago, I had never done any kind of work except to clerk in my father's jewelry store. And I never would have thought of homesteading if my sister had not taken the lead. Five or six years ago everybody in Utah suddenly began to talk of dry-farming; lots of people came from California to take up land that nobody had wanted before and we caught

the infection. My sister was to take up half a section and prove up in her own name while her husband looked after his business in town and supplied the funds. I saw my chance and picked out 320 acres touching my sister's land at one point. Without my sister's companionship I think I would have deserted before the first season was half over.

There was nothing on the land except sagebrush, and sagebrush was all around it. Only here and there a homesteader had cleared a little space and built his shack. About eighteen or twenty claims had been filed in our district, but only two of the men had their wives with them. From the first we were known as "The Girls."

WE could have enjoyed great popularity among the women-hungry men had it not been for two circumstances. My sister had a husband who was at their home taking care of his business and I was handicapped by the fear of gossip and scandal which, mushroom like, spring up overnight without provocation out here where folks have nothing to do for recreation but scan the empty miles and sit and think about their neighbor, until they light upon some choice morsel of gossip which will make good conversation at the occasional meetings. A young girl unprotected and without a chaperon is the best of material for such stories. The settlers are not at all unkind; they are only human, but a young woman must be very careful. More of this anon.

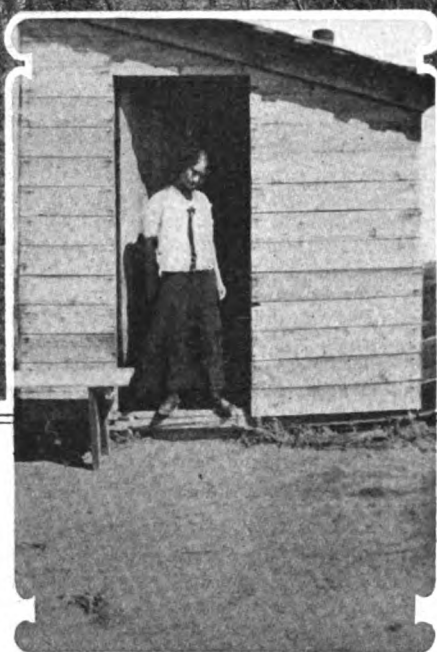
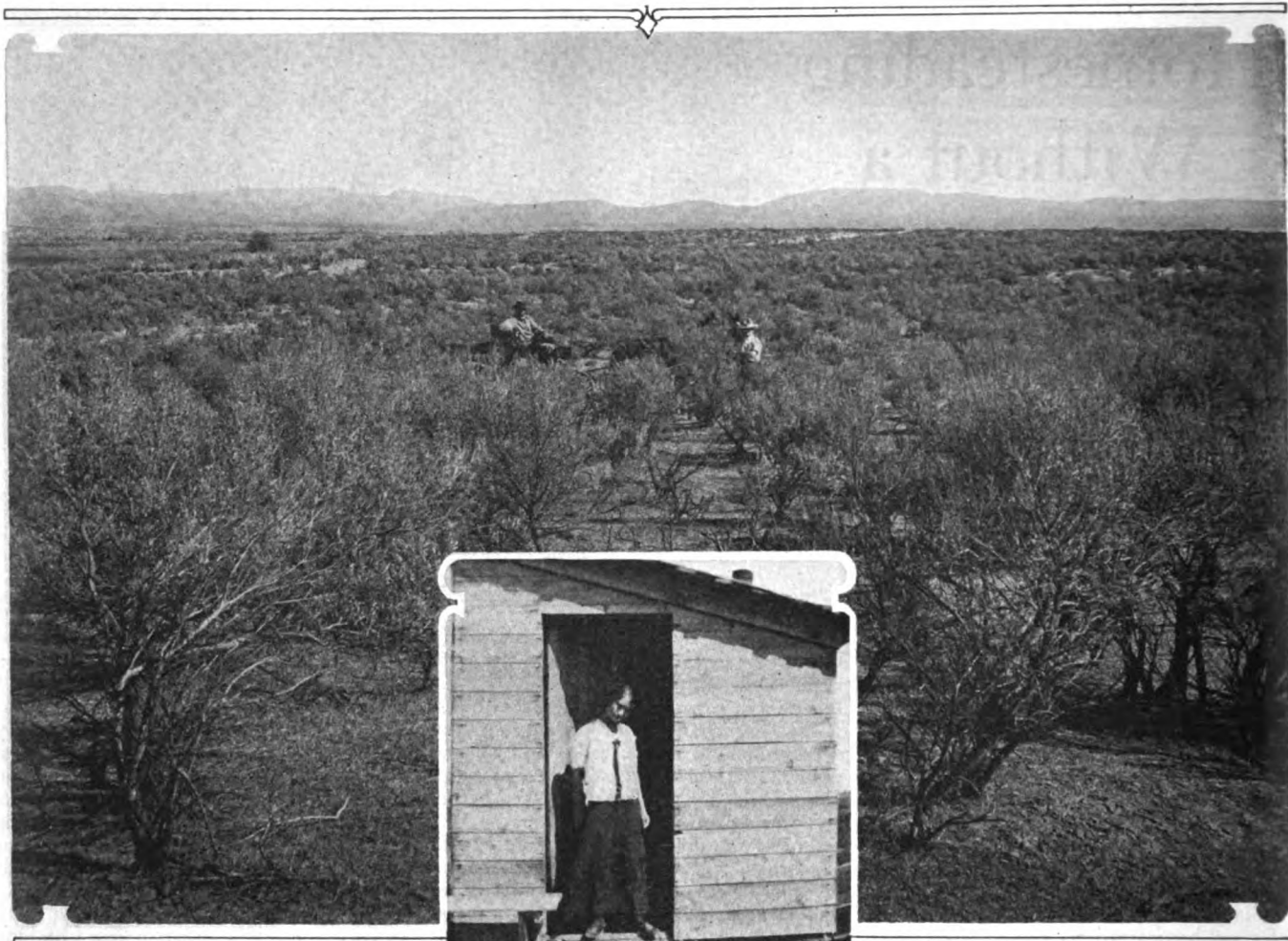
The first thing for me to do was to have a shelter built, for I could not manage the construction of that myself. So I hired my nearest neighbor, who lived three-quarters of a mile away, to put up a little board structure for me at a cost of about \$50 in all.

I was not allowed the privilege of naming my residence. It was no sooner up than a facetious homesteader passing by remarked: "The piano box is finished," and "The Piano Box" it is now called by every one, the nickname having clung to it ever since. It is 8 x 10 feet, without lean-to or addition of any sort. Its equipment consists of the following articles: One cook stove; one single bed; one small table; one

chair; one bench; one tiny looking glass, a dresser, home-constructed from a box and a couple of yards of chintz, and a clock. The latter is a most important adjunct in helping the hours to pass. My sister's shack is similar though of necessity a trifle larger, as she insisted upon bringing her piano, which has been a wonderful comfort to her. My "Piano Box" is not entirely weather-proof, but as it rarely rains in summer it affords sufficient protection.

I had to have a house of my own, as I could not obtain a patent unless I had my legal residence on the land for three consecutive years. The government insists on this requirement and, if your homestead is worth having, there are always enough newcomers who will start a contest for the claim if they are given a chance. But the government grants the homesteader a furlough of five months every year during which time he or she can leave the land. This furlough must not be extended, though, not even for a week, as the homesteader is carefully watched by those who covet his land. Mere residence on the land, however, is not sufficient. The claimant must also cultivate at least twenty acres the second year and the third year forty acres must be in crop.

Of course I am not strong enough to drive two teams of horses dragging a railroad iron over the ground in order to clear it of sagebrush. For heavy work of this kind I have always paid cash. A neighbor brings over his team and his implements and does the plowing, seeding, hauling and other heavy work for \$3.50 a day. The arrangement suits both of us, though it increases my cash outlay and, worst of all, adds to the hours of leisure at my disposal. So far as I can see, this overabundance of spare time is one of the worst features of homesteading. Unless one has the capital to improve the entire claim in two or three years, there are always long intervals when one can't find anything to do except to contemplate the scenery and watch the hands of the clock go 'round. I never knew how much time there is in the world, how it refuses to be prodded and hurried in its snail crawl until I contracted with Uncle Sam to spend seven consecutive months in the



Here I am at the door of the "Piano Box," my castle in the sagebrush. When I filed on the land in 1912 there was not a tree in sight, clear to the horizon. The gray green sagebrush covered the flat valley like a Persian rug to the foot of the bare blue ranges. The nearest store was seventeen miles away; now it is only about a mile. Three years ago we were in the wilderness; we are in the suburbs now

sagebrush, with the nearest neighbor almost out of sight and not sufficient work to make me forget the heat.

It is a little better today. When I first came into the Escalante valley, the store nearest to my homestead was at Lund, seventeen miles away. I did not have to go there for my furniture, though. Most of it was bought from other homesteaders who were either going away, disappointed, or replaced it with better articles. Today Beryl, a little over a mile away, merely a sidetrack three years ago, has a station, a hotel and a store. We were in the wilderness three years ago; we are in the suburbs now.

But the water problem is still with me.

AS I mentioned before, the land in the Escalante valley was to be had free because no one wanted it, and the lack of desire was caused by the lack of water. There is no running water of any kind for miles and miles and miles. To survive one must drill a well and set up a pump, which is an expensive undertaking. Sister and I have no wells, but the neighbor who lives three-quarters of a mile away has installed water works. He became our source of supply. Until I had to walk a mile and a half and carry every drop I had no conception of the value of water, and I never knew how much of the precious fluid is wasted criminally when you only have to turn the faucet to wash your hands. Water conservation became a religion with me.

Since my sister was even farther from the well than I we kept house on the community plan. Each day we walked the three-quarters of a mile to the neighbor's

for a bucket of water. One bucket we "banked on" to last out the day for drinking, cooking and washing purposes. At that time I was not at all accustomed to walking except for short distances on paved streets. Three-quarters of a mile over stubble and through high grass and brush was a good morning's exercise; the distance back, lugging a heavy bucket of water, seemed four times longer. You had to be thirsty those days to permit yourself even the luxury of a drink.

Looking back on the carting of that bucket of water I am reminded of the dry-farmer who, on his first visit to the big city, stopped in the middle of the street and held his sides, laughing. A sprinkling

wagon in full action was approaching. "Gee, won't that fool be mad when he gets home and looks into the tank," chuckled the dry-farmer.

It was so with us. The bucket was never a full bucket by the time we reached the shack. And this bucketful of water had to do double, sometimes triple duty. We watched over it as a miser over his hoard. We were in truth slaves of the bucket. I would wash the dishes in the morning and put the water carefully aside to save for washing the dinner and supper dishes. By the time night came it had just about outlived its usefulness. My sister and I took turns washing our faces in as small a basin of water as we could make effectual, then save the same water to wash our hands the rest of the day. When we felt extravagant and ventured a bath we would save the water to wash our clothes.

The water problem is not such a difficult one now. Though I have as yet no well on my own place of course, not having my title, the neighbor delivers a barrel of water each week; and with just a little thought, economy and sole leather worn out on special trips with the bucket, this lasts fairly well.

Getting the land fenced is always one of the worst jobs of a homesteader. My sister and I determined to put up our own fences in order to save money and also to keep ourselves busy. The summer days are terrifically hot, the sun beating down for hours with nothing to break the intensity of the rays, for there are yet no trees. There is only a short time early in the morning and about an hour in the evening,

(Continued on page 95)

"Mr. Gifford, I'll go you!" said Mr. Purvear. "Wait until I call in the girl and we'll put this in writing"



When Strong Men Meet

The Diverting Record of Several Sharp Engagements Between Solon C. Purvear and R. Hayes Gifford, at Oil City, Texas

By J. Frank Davis

Author of: *The Price of Stupidity*

Illustrated by Arthur Cahill

But there is neither East nor West,
Border nor breed nor birth,
When two strong men meet face to face,
Though they come from the ends of the earth.
—Kipling.

SOLON C. PURVEAR was born in Acushnet, which, being known locally as Head o' the River, is suburban to New Bedford, Massachusetts, about the time Barnum's circus got too big to exhibit on Pope's Island. R. Hayes Gifford arrived in this world at Oakland, California, six months later, and as the "R" stood for "Rutherford" you can figure out the approximate period for yourself if you want to. They came into head-on collision at Oil City, Texas, which was altogether fitting, Oil City being three days' train ride from the Golden Gate on the one hand and three days from Buzard's Bay on the other.

R. Hayes, when he struck Oil City, wrote home that he thought he was going to like the East. Solon C., when he arrived, said it was mighty interestin' to be way out West.

Solon C. was as big a spendthrift as John D. Rockefeller. R. Hayes had no more idea of how to make a dollar and keep it than Andrew Carnegie. Hence each was "well-fixed." Both were bachelors.

Gifford's vocation was real estate, his avocation architecture. Purvear, on the other hand, was an architect by trade with real estate as a side line.

They landed in Oil City a month apart, in the late autumn of 1914. Someone in Los Angeles had told the Californian, who

arrived first, that the place offered exceptional opportunities for a good professional booster. The Yankee came down because a deceased aunt had left him a big block of stock of the Jim Hickey Oil Company, and he was too suspicious to take the word of anyone else as to what it was worth. When he had been in Oil City long enough to learn that he need not have worried about its value, because it had none, he had become sufficiently impressed with the country to determine to remain at least long enough to win back expenses. Business was dull in New Bedford that fall anyway.

So he sent for Mrs. Morris, his younger sister, a comfortably rounded and cheerful widow, to keep house for him, and leased two office rooms in the Woodmen's Building, right under the electric sign that for four hours each evening glared at all

Marguerite surveyed Mr. Hicks without favor



comers: "Welcome. W. O. W." He also hired the furniture that the last tenant had left in lieu of rent, had his name lettered on the door, and got him a stenographer.

The office was well located, the late tenant's desks and chairs adequate and the lettering on the door reasonably artistic, but Solon C. stubbed his toe on the stenog. And she looked all right, at that, and sounded all right, too—to him. What he missed was that she neither looked nor sounded right to the Native Sons. They thought she was putting on lugs. They were right.

Miss Marguerite Reilly was a cute and excessively well-dressed little thing. Queer how little things can affect important events—like the time Mrs. William P. Achilles forgot to let go of the boy's heel, or the incident of the geese that waked up Rome, or that day when Merkle failed to touch second.

She just happened to be in Oil City because the doctor in Broadway (Broadway, South Boston, not New York) had told Michael J. Reilly, her father, that his lungs wouldn't last through another New England winter, and Mrs. McCormick's son Hugh, who was a traveler (the McCormicks lived in the flat below the Reillys in the C Street three-decker), knew a well-driller in Oil City who was able to promise him an outdoor job. So Mr. Reilly asked the school committee to

grant him a two years' leave of absence, putting a substitute janitor in his place, and moved with his lares and penates to Texas.

Miss Marguerite, who was the principal lares and penate of the Reilly outfit, objected to leaving the classic shades of Boston, where she had a position in a Court Street real estate office, but Michael J. was adamant.

"Until ye're twinty-wan," said he, "an' that's a year yet, ye'll live where I say, Maggie Reilly. After that pray Gawd ye'll have more sinse than t' think ye arre th' same kind iv people as Missus Jawn P. Hunnewell."

At this unappreciative, not to say brutal remark, Marguerite wept bitterly—but she resigned her Court Street position without marked effect on the prosperity of her employer's business, and packed her trunk. Mother was her sole comfort in that hour of sorrow.

"Tis Himself is sick these days," she said. "Little he undherstands ye have th' manners now iv a lady an' hate t' go to a far counthry like this Taxis an' leave behind ye th'—th'—"

"Culture," supplied the sobbing Marguerite. She pronounced it "Cul-chaw." Pronunciation was Miss Reilly's long suit. She carefully and ostentatiously spoke the dialect that C Street imagines is current on Commonwealth Avenue. In

her heart she was confident one couldn't tell the difference—over the telephone, say—between her accent and that of the lady members of the Sears family. And her manner in public was invariably such as she fancied Mrs. John L. Gardner's might be if someone who had butted into Mrs. Jack's Italian villa on a public exhibition day were to presume to tell her she ought to hang that latest Botticelli in the Rembrandt room.

So she said "Cul-chaw."

"Shure, that's th' wurrd!" cried Mrs. Reilly admiringly. "But 'tis not for long we'll be goin', Gawd willin'! Perhaps Himself will be able t' come back another year, an' in th' meantime think how fine 'twill be t' see furrin parts an' all th' wild cowboys an' Ingins an' th' like same as in 'Th' Sheriff's Swateheart' at th' Palace Dhream."

Thus it befell that Marguerite was in Oil City, willing to accept a position, when Solon C. Purvear prepared to open his new office and looked around for a girl to tend shop, answer the telephone and write his letters. Naturally, her Boston experience told with him. Her dialect, too. New Bedford may not be far from Boston, but Whaling City folk are not necessarily up on the niceties of the Back Bay accent.

(Continued on page 62)

Eight Days

By Maximilian Foster

Author of: Rich Man, Poor Man

The Confession of an Able Fisherman



Along the willows steelhead burst from the depths

Mr. Foster, holding the trophy of an eight days' campaign

SURPRISING fish, the steelhead! Most surprising, the Humboldt county brand—the kind they grow in *Eel River*, California!

If you will picture to your mind's eye half the world's visible supply of whalebone and india rubber compressed into a compass of, say, 2 feet, 3 inches in one dimension, 6 inches in the other, you will have a more or less striking portrait of the first of them to which I was introduced. Perhaps I exaggerate. Perhaps, after all, it was only a quarter of all the whalebone and india rubber. However, as it wasn't my fish anyway I can afford to be moderate. A friend of mine had hold of it, or it had hold of my friend, one couldn't be sure; and after the two of them had wrestled themselves ashore I went after them and helped choke the fish to death, at the same time beating it over the nose with a club.

Then we got out the scales and weighed it. Seven pounds, four ounces it weighed; and I thought something must be wrong with the scales.

My friend said no. He said it was only a moderate-sized fish. As he said it he waved his hand nonchalantly. Just like that. Only a fair fish, y' know.

Only a fair fish, what? Oh, yes. Once he had taken one of 12 or 16 pounds, something like that; and he started in to tell me about it. As he started in at the beginning, though, and the afternoon was waxing on, I didn't wait for him to finish. I went to fishing. I wished to take a steelhead; and as it looked easy, more or less so in a way of speaking, I wished to do it at once. So, as I say, I fished.

To be short about it, I got a steelhead, too. It was eight days later—you follow me, don't you?—days, not minutes. Count 'em—8.

I'D like to stop here for a minute. In every fish story, the kind especially you read in magazines that have bird dogs, grizzly bears, moose and so forth on the covers, not just girls, the writer always slips in the fact modestly, in a shy, violet-like way, that he is the lineal descendant of old John J. Walton—or is it Izaak?—and that what he doesn't know about fish and fishing is not worth know-

ing anyway. So gather about the campfire, boys; it happened this way; and, say, talk about your Speckled Beauties! You know how it is, don't you? In the story the reel screams; it always screams; and "old Limberlop," the writer's faithful I. X. L.—or is it Leonard?—bends double, always double, humming with the strain, after which the fish leaps into the sunlight, ever the sunlight, ever the leap, and there and then flashes like a bar of silver. In the tale, too, is always someone named "Doc" or "Bill," "Doc" normally; and after the fish has been "given the butt," or whatever it is you give a fish when you give it to him, and when he's been fought "inch by inch" until he's "killed" or "creeled" or what it is that is done to a fish by a writer that knows just how to do it and isn't ashamed to show you he does, the fish is weighed, whereupon the "Doc" and the writer talk it over, the "Doc" slapping the writer, Harry Hailfellow, on the back, telling him how skilful he is, and Harry modestly disclaiming the honor—that he knows so much about fish and fishing anyway the fish didn't stand any show.

Well, who am I to batter down time-worn tradition?

IT was on a Saturday, late in September, that I dropped in at Fernbridge, the point where first I attacked Eel river. At half past 2, that or thereabouts, I made

my maiden cast over the pool in front of Goe's Fishing Tavern. The river was alive with fish; from the bridge above you could see them in schools, lying ranked along the bottom; and here was I that knew all about fish and fishing! So up to the den, fellows, and listen!

I fished, and it was about ten minutes before dark that doubt first began to assail me. Four hours of fishing, a pool filled with fish, and the net result: one—count it!—one miserable half-pounder!

Simple Simon went a-fishing
For to catch a whale;
But all the water that he had
Was in his mother's pail.

Something was wrong. I was almost sure of it.

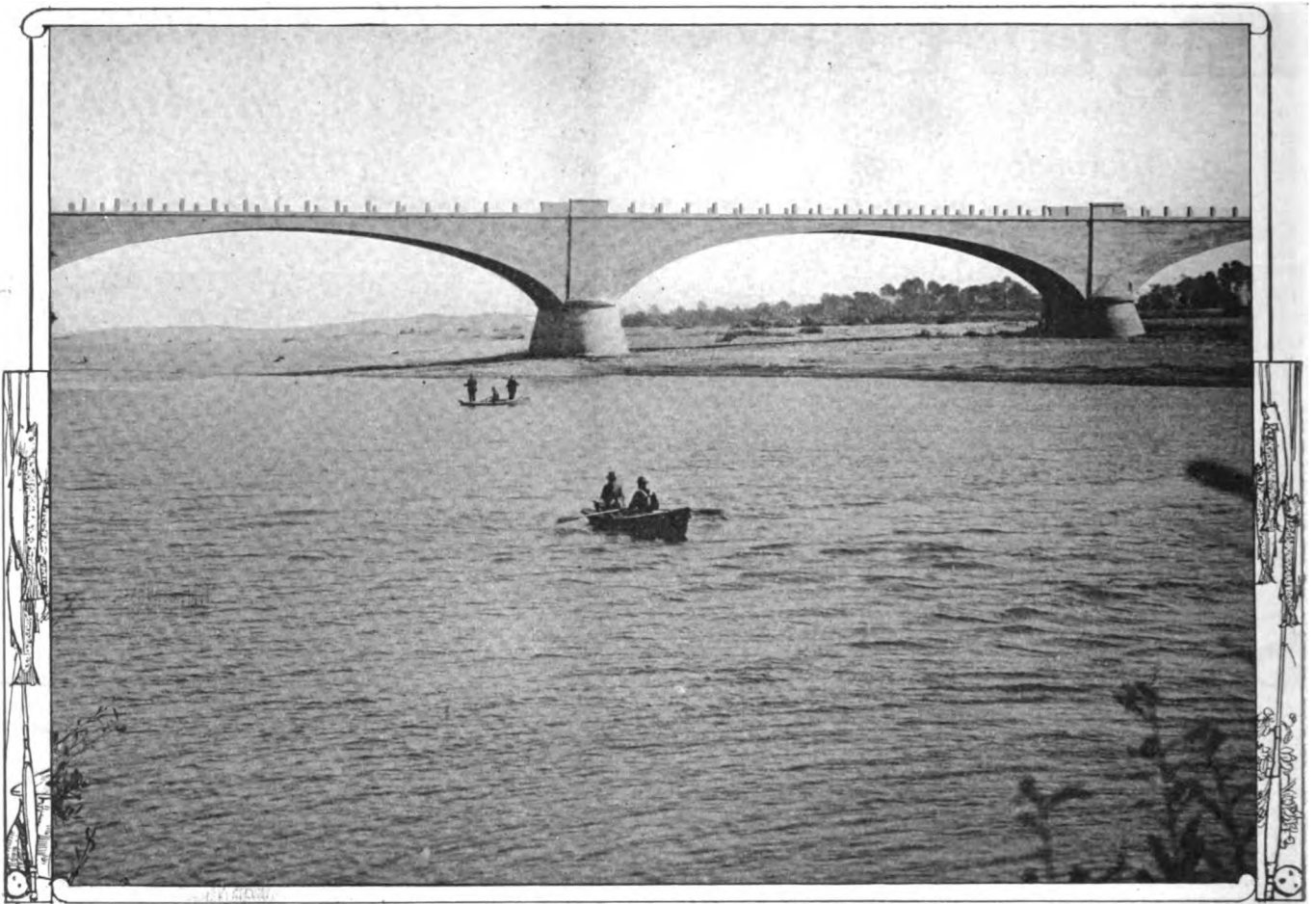
Consider the circumstances. Here was I, the heir to all the ages from Peter down to Izaak, old Walton himself—from Izaak, I say, then on down to the best of them in the Round-the-Campfire, I-tell-you-boys school of fishing fact and fiction; yet all I'd taken was one measly half-pounder. Wrong? Yes, but it couldn't be I that was wrong.

Hadn't I fished all the Atlantic seaboard from Florida to Maine, New Brunswick, Newfoundland? Hadn't I dry-fried the chalk streams abroad as well? Of course I had. In all the whole school of Once-a-Month campfire boys I knew none, in fact, that had a better opinion of his skill.

Why, just a fortnight before, just to mention it, I'd been fishing Rangeley lake, all the way across the continent; and as a final coup to end the fishing there, hadn't I raised, hooked, played and netted a 4-pound brook trout, a fontinalis? Yes, and hadn't half a dozen other anglers, all good fishermen—none so good as myself, maybe, none writing for the sporting magazines or otherwise about themselves—hadn't these same six good men and true tried to take that trout and failed? Never mind! Three thousand miles I'd come; I'd fished four hours, yet I hadn't taken a steelhead!

Something must be wrong with my tackle. It must be that, of course.

But no! Wasn't my rod a Leonard? they always are in fishing stories; that or a Hawes. Besides, wasn't my reel a Hardy; and there was my line, too, 42



The long pool beneath the white arches of the Ferndale bridge lay pellucid in the sunlight

yards of double-tapered, vacuum-dressed oiled-silk. Then my leader, nine feet of tapered gut; my flies as well. As flies, the flies too were all they should be. No, rod, reel, line, leader and flies, nothing seemed wrong with the tackle.

But what could it be?

I didn't know. The next day I went at it again.

It was 8 o'clock when I pushed off from the landing, "old Limberlop" my trusty Leonard tournament rod in my hand. You notice I was using a tournament; all the best fishing writers do. However, the mist had risen, the long pool beneath the white arches of Ferndale bridge lay pellucid in the sunlight. Over its surface the first breath of the day's wind played in flaws; and along the willows by the edge, salmon and steelhead ever and anon burst from the depths with a sudden resounding *slosh!* There were dozens of fish, hundreds literally, lying in the pool; and sculling rapidly along the shallows, I reached the end of the water, drew in my oars, and started the first drift back to the bridge.

I cast and I cast. Harry Hailfellow could not have done it better. The feathered lure—mark the "feathered," mark the "lure"—fell lightly as thistle-down. You can mark the "thistle-down" too, if you like. Nothing happened, though. Not a thing. Not to me, at any rate. Halfway down the pool, though, I heard a yell; then something sailed into the air over near the willows.

The something was a steelhead.

The "Doc" was fishing over there. I didn't know the "Doc," but I'd read about him. In a recent issue of one of our

best sporting prints the "Doc" had figured largely. The tale told how the "Doc" was a great artist with the fly-rod, as great almost as he was with the forceps; only now, in place of flies, the "Doc" was baiting with salmon roe. Fact! I wondered if Harry Hailfellow would have said "Fie!", or had Harry, too, spawn-fished? However, a steelhead having investigated the large gob of "spaghetti," the "Doc" had baited with, the said steelhead was now resenting what it had swallowed. It leaped into the sunlight, all right. In addition, after standing on its tail, it scurried briefly for ten or fifteen feet along the surface. Afterwards, entirely forgetting its dignity, it hopped, skipped and jumped several times in as many directions; and reversing itself, then stood upon its head. Meanwhile the "Doc," faithfully following all the best rubber-stamp directions of the best school of campfire writing, was "giving it the butt," reeling it in "inch by inch" and otherwise living up to the eminence accorded him in the August issue, all bookstands, price 15 cents, only a dollar and a half the year.

He shone with determination and salmon spawn. He reeled and reeled. The only flaw, in fact, to an otherwise perfect performance was that just about this time the steelhead, making other arrangements, all at once decided to go elsewhere; and going there, the fish took with it the "Doc's" double-twisted leader, the two hooks baited with "spaghetti," and about twenty yards of the "Doc's" oiled-silk line.

I resumed my fishing. So did the "Doc." I still stuck to the fly, but the

"Doc" was more catholic. Flies do all right when you're writing about it, but just for fishing the "Doc" preferred salmon roe. Probably he wanted fish.

Nothing still happened. Having fished the drift, I rowed back up wind, and started in again. It was not, in fact, until half past 9 that anything did happen.

Then it happened!

I HAD not lost faith in myself, faith, either, in my trusty Leonard, my reel, my line, my flies. I had not even lost courage. I may have lost, of course, a little of the fine wire-edged keenness of my desire; but still I cast and cast. Then, all at once, all in an instant, Eel river seemed to rise in the air and explode.

I will try now to be moderate. One defeats one's own purpose in the descriptive by becoming too superlative.

As near as I can remember, what occurred, occurred at a point about thirty feet from the boat. The flies sailing lightly through the air, hovered an instant over the water, then dropped softly to the dimpling wave. Resting them an instant, I had just begun to draw them toward me, when directly beneath them a sort of seismic upheaval burst from the river's bed, and with the tail fly as its pivotal center, the convulsion spread itself violently from that axis outward. An instant afterwards, disclosed within this swirling vortex, I had a momentary gleam of something flashing white, upon which the flash as instantly disappeared, leaving behind it that tumultuous upheaval of the waters, now swirling in a mound. That a fish, a mere fish, was in any sense responsible for this, I of course doubted. A

dynamite bomb might have been held accountable, that or a liner's screw; but, still, still let me be moderate. Let me say the swirl, that convulsive uprearing of Eel river, was comparable to the swirl of an oar-blade. Sporting writers all use the term. As the swirl of an oar-blade, then, Eel river did swirl.

Subsequently, I struck. You know how it's done. Harry Hailfellow always does it with a neat turn of the wrist, just the wrist, nothing more. It does not even jar the watch. Yes, as I say, I struck.

The steelhead, meanwhile, had gone elsewhere.

That day, feverishly employed in the task, the attempt to take a steelhead, I occasioned no less than seven others of those same seismic disturbances in the depths of Fernbridge pool. The next day I created nine. Going up! The day afterwards, something like eleven occurred; but after that I ceased to count. Day after day I'd sally forth, and day after day Leviathan would come busting at the flies, only to depart unscotched. By this time the conviction, sad as it was, had settled on me that something surely was wrong.

Enlightenment at this point came to me in the person of a chance acquaintance. It was just after I'd made one of my periodic bumbles.

"Hullo," said a voice.

"Oh, hullo," I mumbled; and a boat came bumping alongside.

I do not think that Harry Hailfellow, as a fisherman, would have approved of the person in the boat. He did not wear a khaki outing shirt with pleated pockets on the breast. He did not have on a sombrero, nor was there tied about his neck one of those red or blue bandana handkerchiefs which all our best cowboy sporting writers wear when they have their pictures taken. He wore just clothes, a derby hat too into the bargain, if I'm not mistaken. I was, in fact, a little aloof about him myself until I happened to notice his rod. It was a good rod. It was just as good as mine was; and so was the reel, the line, the leader and the flies.

It struck me then that the stranger

might be there to fish, not merely to have his picture taken.

In the bottom of his boat was also an 8-pound steelhead.

"Any luck?" he inquired.

No. No luck whatever. I admitted as much. I admitted also that the same condition had now prevailed for eight days, hand running. My visitor gave a grunt. In return I begged him to tell me what was wrong with my rod, my reel, my line and my flies.

Taking the rod, he inspected it. Then he inspected the flies, the line and the reel.

Again he grunted.

"Nothing wrong with the rod, nothing wrong with the line, nothing wrong, either, with the flies." Again he gave it the once-over. "Not a thing," he grunted.

Yes, but something was wrong. I knew it now. I was sure of it.

He told me then, what it was.

"It's you," he said.

What's more, he was right.

"I'VE been watching you," grunted my adviser; "when you raise a fish you take the fly away from him. You have to be quick, of course; but you're too quick. Now get into my boat, if you like, and I'll show you."

He did, too. I got into his boat, and in five minutes or thereabouts I learned more than Harry Hailfellow would have listened to in a lifetime.

First, not more than 30 or 35 feet of line, thirty the better. Then slow with the fly. Let it rest a moment once it hits the water, after which draw it slowly toward you. Then there was the strike. My new acquaintance had fished about half the first drift I made with him when a steelhead came to the fly.

It came with a rush. "Oh, hullo," grunted my instructor, "here's one now." Afterwards he struck; not any of your wrist business but a good, steady whang. He did not jerk, of course; he merely planted the hook firmly where it was calculated to do the most good.

I wish Harry had been there. That steelhead, incidentally, weighed nine pounds; and as a source of potential

dynamic energy, one might well transcribe the pounds into tons. Harry, perhaps, might have "given it the butt," but not even Harry, I believe, would have done that more than once. It was in the air most of the time; and while it was there the Eureka person let it soar as it willed, in the meanwhile sculling himself quietly ashore. Then, after the first bloom of those aerial transports had become quieted, the said Eureka person went to work.

Ten or twelve minutes later the steelhead lay gasping on the shingle, a bright cock-fish, fresh run from the sea, its flanks tinged with paleiridescent pinkness.

Time, half past 3. Eager to apply in practise what I had just seen and learned, I went at it again.

At 3.45 I had hold of my first, my original steelhead.

THE gentleman—for, truly, if ever a fish was a gentleman, this one was—came to the fly with a surge. I see the vision yet. The fly, a yellowish California coachman, No. 10 in size, fell to the water, hung there a fractional instant; and then, just as I moved it toward me, it was engulfed.

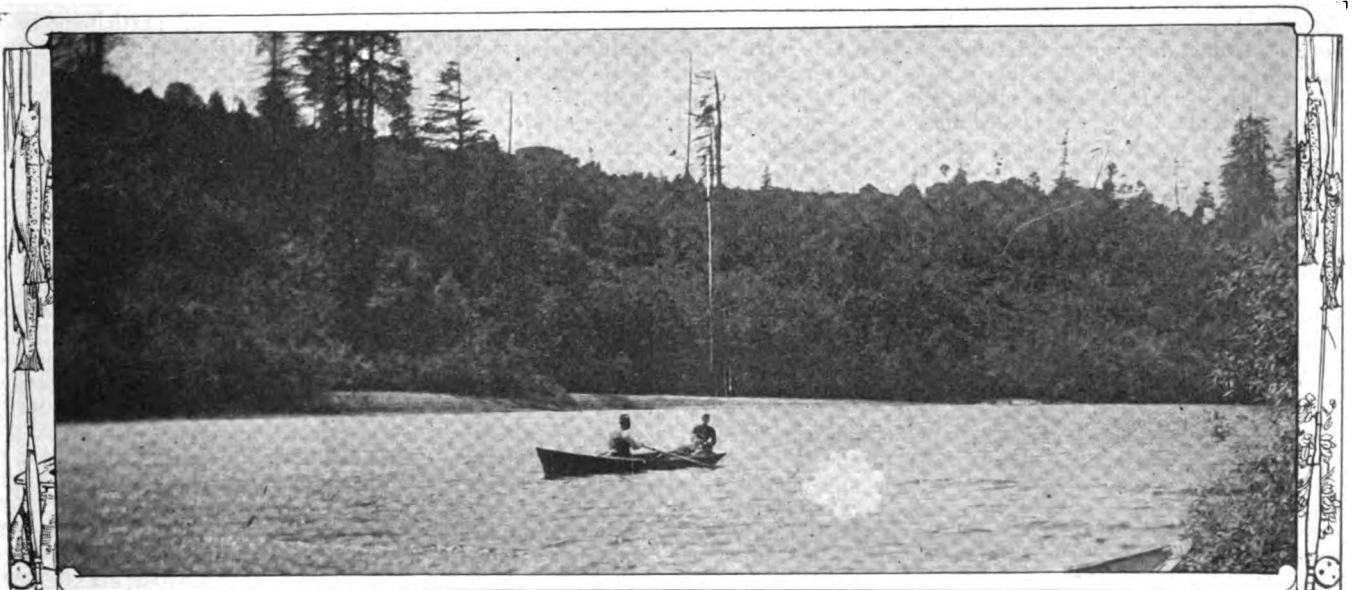
Engulfed is the word, indeed. There was that quick, vital tumult in the depths; the water heaved, whirling with a flash of white; and as the fish, emerging, flopped at the fly, I let him take it. Steady on was the word now. He took it. Then when I knew he'd taken it, I struck.

This time I had him.

The rod chugged, there was an instant's pause. Immediately upon that, the Humboldt county landscape rose into the air and swam before my ken, a chaotic mélange of sky and water indescribably mixed with fish.

I seemed to see steelhead in the air. I seemed to see steelhead catapulting along the surface. Steelhead, it seemed, filled every angle of that quick moment's disordered vision. Then, as instantly, the shoals, swarms, myriads of steelhead appeared to disappear, after which, forty or fifty yards away, a single shape, a crescent of minted silver, vaulted skyward

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The white spot you see is a steelhead, breaking water. Surprising fish, the steelhead, most surprising the Eel river brand! The world's visible supply of whalebone and rubber seems compressed into the compass of one fish



EXCUSE ME!

Observations by the Recruiting Officer of a Company of the National Guard

By Arthur Dunn

THE Congress of the United States may legislate for preparedness; the President may plead for it, the press preach about it, and this one big fact remains—

The youth of America refuse to become prepared for military duty.

They may not be too proud to fight. But they certainly are too proud to prepare. In the event of national necessity there is little doubt that a million men would "spring to arms"—and would not know how to carry them; be ignorant of the correct way to march; understand none of the rudiments of ordinary camp life. And if they were compelled "to dig themselves in," as were a like number of Germans or French in the same space of time, they would literally dig their own graves! Of the science of modern warfare they would be entirely in the dark, and a detriment and absolute danger to the few thousand trained troops we now have.

It is a shocking thing to hear an American youth declare that he refuses to prepare himself against the time of his country's need for him, and yet countless thousands of them today take that position. And they are more positive in their assertions when the country is in seeming need of trained men than in other times. Let the President discuss the submarine situation with Germany, and immediately the American youth launches an excuse to escape military preparedness. If American troops crowd the border of Mexico and our pursuit of Villistas seems likely to bring about intervention the average American youth entrenches himself behind a bulwark of self-sufficiency and fires his heavy artillery of criticism at men in high places. He not only does not want to fight—and none of us does—but he doesn't want to be prepared to fight in the event he *has* to take up arms.

THIS is the alarming situation confronting this country today. While Congress deliberates over plans for strengthening the military arm of the nation and provides for an army on paper, every military officer in the United States realizes that unless there is a sudden change of sentiment it would be utterly impossible to recruit a standing army of

"The youth of America may not be too proud to fight but apparently they are too proud to prepare"

reasonable size, while the National Guard, except in a few striking instances, would not meet adequately the requirements of an army of the first line.

There may be many reasons for our military helplessness, but the fundamental one is because the young men of the country are not interested in what may happen. There is some patriotism among the youth of the United States. They are as willing as of old to applaud the Flag, and by word of mouth are still the champions of the world. But they positively will not sacrifice one night at the movies or an afternoon in the bleachers for the lofty purpose of helping their beloved country to do the one thing which all authorities agree must be done—be ready to compel peace by being prepared for war.

When I was designated recruiting officer of a company of Coast Artillery Reserves, National Guard of California, I promised myself that I should repay the captain who had honored me so signally by recruiting the largest and certainly the best company in the United States. In looking over the situation I discovered that there had been little or no systematic effort on the Pacific Coast to obtain the coöperation of employers in recruiting the National Guard, so I set about bringing to the attention of the concerns that employ hundreds of men each these important facts:

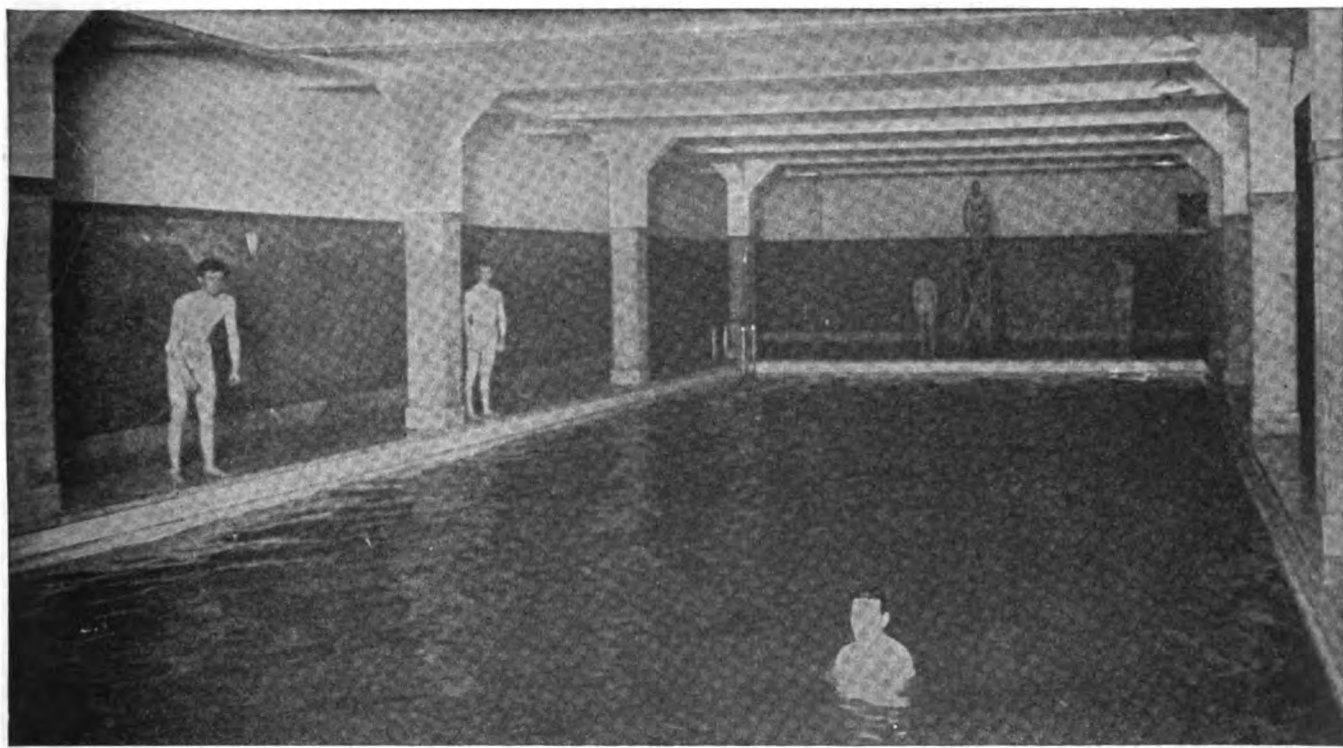
In the interests of national preparedness, the state of California maintains ten companies of Coast Artillery Reserves at San Francisco. Of course, the state maintains other organizations—infantry, signal corps, field artillery, hospital corps and

naval militia, in all the number being 4590 officers and men; but we are dealing now with happenings in the city of San Francisco, which surely would be a prize for any invading force and certainly must be safeguarded with mighty guns, and, more than all else, men behind the guns who could drop detonating projectiles into the vitals of enemy naval vessels offshore. It is the duty of these Coast Artillery Reserves to be efficient in the operation of the long-range guns and mortars that guard the Golden Gate.

The Reserves are trained at the State Armory, a magnificent building erected and equipped at a cost of \$500,000. The War Department prescribes and supervises the drill and instruction of officers and men, thereby making for efficiency. In addition to the equipment for military purposes, the Armory has a fine gymnasium, shower baths, swimming tank, and each company has its own club-rooms for the convenience of its members. Surely these are the attractions of a city club, and they are all absolutely free to the guardsman, save that he shall enlist for a period of three years, attend one encampment of two weeks annually, for which he is paid, and participate in a reasonable number of drills during the year. The total number of such drills would not exceed fifty-two, or one a week, and if a guardsman will attend seventy-five per cent of these he will be doing much more than the average.

THE first employer to whom I went has 750 eligible young men on his payroll. He was enthusiastic about his employees joining the National Guard.

"The Guard makes for better citizenship and better citizenship insures better employees," was the logical way he put it. So this employer forthwith posted notices throughout his vast establishment agreeing to give all employees who joined the National Guard time off, with pay, to perform any military duty that might arise, and in addition each would receive his regular two weeks' vacation with pay. Inasmuch as the annual encampment is for a period of two weeks, this employer was giving his employees a full month off every year, with pay and without loss of any rights as to seniority of service.



This is the swimming-pool in a Western armory of the National Guard. It typifies the cold plunge of preparedness into which the young men of America apparently hesitate to dive. In the case of this particular pool, a club of young men was offered the armory for headquarters, in the interest of recruiting. The offer was declined. The club would have liked the convenience because its members went in for swimming, but each member had a girl who also liked swimming and, as the girls couldn't go to the armory, it might break up the club if they joined the National Guard

I went away from that establishment elated. The enlistments from that place alone would fill up the thinned ranks of our company, I assured myself. I would be commended by the company commander, complimented by the colonel, and envied by all fellow officers.

But none of this happened. Not a single man employed in that establishment enlisted in the National Guard! Not one of them paid the slightest attention to the generous offer of their employer. They didn't want to be prepared for anything, save the serious business of having a good time, untied and untrammelled. I suggested a meeting of employees, and although it was requested by the heads of all departments not over a dozen put in an appearance, and of these three were cripples, and therefore ineligible, and another confessed a willingness to join the National Guard but his heart was too weak. The others? Frankly they were hearkening more to the honking of the passing jitney than they were to the clarion call of country.

The second employer I visited decided to extend to twenty men the privileges granted by the employer cited in the first instance. Today, after many months of effort, five men have come from that establishment. One of these is a boy sixteen years old, and I doubt not it was necessary to shrink the tape measure a bit in his case.

A third instance was a real shock. I became acquainted with the leaders of a young men's club numbering twenty-five recently graduated from high school. Here was an opportunity to get, at one potshot, as it were, the very kind of material we required for artillery work, the young man of fair education who, in time, would become good militia officers. I

spoke to the president, secretary and one or two of the leading spirits of the club. Their little organization had no headquarters and they saw the opportunity of having all the comforts of home without cost to them. They promised to talk over the matter with their membership and we fixed an evening upon which the entire club would visit the armory and be shown around the establishment. The appointed night no one put in an appearance, and upon inquiry these were the reasons assigned:

1. "We go in for swimming a great deal. Each of us fellows has a girl and the girls are all good swimmers. The girls wouldn't go to the armory to swim (because they couldn't), and it might break up our club. Say, my girl is *some* water baby!"

2. "We might get into war with Germany. My father is a German, and I don't want to mix in that kind of affair. Besides, there's Mexico."

3. "My father was thirty years in the regular army. He doesn't want me to be mixed up with it even remotely."

4. "Another note went to Germany, didn't it? And we're pretty close to the Mexican border, aren't we? *Good night!*"

I could go on multiplying these sentiments, expressed with amazing frankness by young Americans aged between 19 and 24 years, the type of youth you would expect naturally to be eager for any adventure. But when you analyze these statements you are startled that the spirit of the fathers has waned, and you wonder what the outcome will be. Undoubtedly were the United States to become embroiled in war, there would be a rush to the recruiting offices on the part of young men eager to serve under the colors, but these would be just as unprepared as they

are today, and would have to be drilled and instructed for a period of months before they would become efficient soldiers ready for the serious business of war.

Nor is apathy the only deterrent to the upbuilding of the National Guard. That can be overcome, in time. We can educate the boys that they will be preparing for higher citizenship by performing their full duty to the state, and we need not despair altogether about our military situation. The United States has been training its citizenry for generations in the art of evading law and scoffing at order, and it is too much, perhaps to expect that our young men will become converted in a day to the serious business of government.

BUT there is a real menace threatening the nation's effort to be prepared in a military sense. It is the open opposition of organized union labor to the National Guard. Though the forty-eight National Guard units have been established by law for the purpose of repelling invasion and maintaining order, there is scarcely a labor union which does not oppose the National Guard, forbidding the membership to join the Guard, and threatening with expulsion from the union any man who takes up training for national defense. In countless hundreds of instances, in every state in the Union, National Guardsmen have been given discharges by commanding officers because they were threatened with loss of position by some walking delegate. This condition is not peculiar to any one locality. It is universal. In nine cases out of ten the agitation against the National Guard is fomented by foreign-born persons and denunciatory resolutions are

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The Pulse of the Pacific

The Panama Canal

LATE in 1915 a German geologist inspected the Panama Canal, more especially that part of it subject to periodic slides. The conclusions he arrived at were laid down in two articles published in a Berlin paper. They were not reassuring. The scientist maintained that the United States had failed to make an adequate geological examination of the danger zone before investing its four hundred million dollars; he asserted that the eruptive rocks of volcanic origin, the slippery, unstable sedimentary deposits subject to a heavy annual rainfall, liable also to disturbance by earthquake shocks, might not stay in their appointed places, and he predicted that the Canal would be closed by slides off and on for an indefinite period.

What are the real, deep-down, unvarnished facts concerning the Canal slides?

On page 13 *SUNSET* presents an article written by Dr. John C. Branner, the eminent geologist and member of the scientific commission sent to the Zone to study the slides. Dr. Branner's simple, clear description of geological conditions in the Canal area is not reassuring. Stated very baldly, one must conclude from the learned doctor's statement of facts that the engineers have calmly removed the

support of huge masses of unstable material subject to tropical deluges, that increasing masses of this material are beginning to move toward the big cut and that the only remedy of the engineers consists of—more dredges. Temporarily the dredges have won; at present writing the channel is open, but many times the amount of material already lifted out of the Canal prism—at sixty cents a yard—is waiting along the banks, ready to move forward as soon as the summer cloud-bursts have greased the skids.

"But when one sees the sliding area extending further and further away from the Canal, the volume of the moving masses gradually getting bigger and bigger and the very hills themselves toppling over and adding to the confusion . . . he feels that some way ought to be found to make the hills stay where they are."

"A partial remedy has been looked for in the lowering of the new slope of the sides of the Canal, but whether the new slope will stand in a region of seven feet of rainfall nobody really knows. We can only guess at it and hope."

These are quotations from Dr. Branner's article. They lead to the question: Was the nature of the material through which the Canal was dug, was the amount of rain falling on this material, was the effect of water on this material unknown

to the builders? Was the geological formation carefully determined and taken into consideration in selecting the route of the Canal? When the earth began to move into the Canal prism, was anything done, were any steps taken to stop the movement at its source? It all seems very simply stated now. But why *now*?

A good many dams have been built in the United States when the builders did not know upon what kind of a foundation they were building—often with disastrous results. Too often the engineer, impatient to make the dirt fly, has failed to base his plans upon the painstaking preliminary investigations of the scientist. Considering the things that have happened, the Panama Canal appears to be another testimonial to the splendid technical efficiency, to the genius for organization of the American engineer—and to the impatient haste, the craze for action ahead of thorough knowledge of all factors that is one of the faults of the national character.

Consequences on a Sliding Scale

AFTER a pause of seven months the Canal was reopened for traffic April 16. Unfortunately there was no traffic. During the first two weeks after the reopening only one vessel reached Pacific Coast ports via the



The commission of learned scientists investigating the Canal slides last December. The members are, from left to right: R. B. Potter, secretary; A. P. Davis, chief engineer U. S. Reclamation Service; C. R. Van Hise, president of the University of Wisconsin, formerly professor of geology; J. R. Freeman, consulting engineer; J. C. Branner, president emeritus of Stanford University, formerly head professor of geology; R. C. Carpenter, professor of experimental engineering, Cornell University; H. L. Abbott, engineer, brigadier-general U. S. Army; H. F. Reid, professor of dynamical geology, Johns Hopkins University; Whitman Cross, U. S. Geological Survey; J. F. Hayford, director of the college of engineering, Northwestern University

Canal. Instead of five companies with large fleets of modern vessels operating through the Canal on railroad schedule, only one concern maintained an irregular service. In 1916 the tonnage of goods moving between the East and West coasts by water was the smallest for four decades. Of course the world-wide shortage of bottoms and the alluring charter rates in the war trade helped to keep the coast-to-coast water traffic down, but the abandonment of this traffic would not have been complete if the Canal had remained open. The shipping companies, knowing that the war and its profits must end some time, would not have handed their business, carefully built up in the time when trans-shipment at Tehuantepec or Panama was necessary, to the transcontinental railroads on a platter; at least a part of their fleets would have remained on the run.

It may be accepted as a fact that, unless dredging is supplemented by preventive measures, slides will continue to fill the Canal prism at intervals for an indefinite period, that traffic through the Canal will be interrupted for weeks and months at a time and that the expense of removing the slide material will add millions to the investment. As a commercial undertaking the Canal will be a flat failure unless continuous traffic through the waterway can be guaranteed; if extensive delays due to slides occur every fall when the effect of the summer deluge is felt, schedules, rates and contracts will be disturbed so frequently that fifty per cent of the Canal's usefulness will be gone, even if the closed season lasts for only a few weeks at a time.

Aside from its commercial aspect, the Panama Canal was designed to be one of the country's most important defensive works. A continuation of the slides at frequent intervals will render the ditch worthless as a defense measure. No enemy of the United States will be accommodating enough to wait with an attack until the dredges have cleared the channel. In fact, it may be safely prophesied that an attack will be timed to coincide with an extensive shifting and moving of the Canal banks.

Half a Canal is worse than no Canal. Muffled exclamations of admiration will not stop the slides. Unless the slides are stopped, definitely and permanently, the Canal is a failure as a commercial undertaking and a defense measure. Dredging the debris will not stop the slides. Accurate knowledge of every factor bearing on the slides, their causes and courses is needed; the nation's four-hundred-million-dollar investment needs a constructive policy in regard to geological conditions to be preserved at its face value.

Mexico and Nicaragua

THE present ruler of Nicaragua is maintained in power at the point of American bayonets; in Haiti and Santo Domingo American armed forces are protecting the de facto governments, helping these governments to keep things in order and decency; in the republic of Panama American influence is dominant, revolutions have ceased because an American garrison is almost within call of the policeman's whistle. When the patriots of Cuba decided to do their balloting with bullets,



Will they float? If they do, driftwood gathering will be a popular sport on Puget Sound. Seattle deputy sheriffs are here throwing 1800 cases of perfectly good beer into the Sound. Numerous raids in the new prohibition territory have lately been productive of "wet" results. Washington may soon see a determined effort to repeal the prohibition law

the glint of the sun on American steel caused them to change their minds.

Only Mexico can go on a bloody debauch without interference by the United States, yet more American men have been murdered, more American women have been violated, more American property has been destroyed in Mexico than in all the other turbulent Latin-American countries combined. Why?

Is there any difference between Nicaragua and its problems and the puzzle presented by Mexico, except in size?

De Facto Governments

EARLY in May it became apparent that the de facto government in Mexico was about to change hands again. Alvaro Obregon, the one-armed station agent who became minister of war, seemed to be ready to put his hand on the steering wheel of the battered Mexican Tin Lizzie, quietly superseding Don Venustiano of the whiskers. Obregon graciously granted the United States the privilege of shipping hay over Mexican railroads to its army; Obregon gallantly promised not to attack the American troops chasing Villa if they would make themselves exceedingly scarce; Obregon assured the United States of his undying friendship and thorough cooperation if the American troops would continue the pursuit of Villa by marching north while the bandit chief headed south. To facilitate this strategic pursuit, Obregon consented to the use of the Mexican Northwestern railroad whose tracks considerably end barely two hundred miles below the line. Fresh graves containing American soldiers may be found three hundred and fifty miles below the line.

Who will blame General Funston for gnashing his teeth in the corridor while the Chief of Staff of the American army and mouthpiece of the President played the game of Saving the Face with the impending First Chief of Mexico?

During the last five years all Mexican factions have lost the last shred of respect for the government of the United States. It has come to such a pass that the leaders of the dominant faction no longer care a whoop whether the American government is for or against them, except in so far as the hostility of official America affects the supply of ammunition. There was a time when the openly expressed moral support of the United States government might have enabled the dominant faction to establish itself in power and to pacify the country. Now this moral support is worth as much as a Carranza peso. If Mexico is to be pacified, the United States will have to do the job against the opposition of whatever government happens to be de facto; no Mexican faction is strong enough for the task. Considering the Vera Cruz fiasco and the punitive expedition fizzle, it is doubtful whether any decisive step will be taken before March, 1917, notwithstanding the repetition of the Columbus raid at Glen Springs, Texas, early in May.

Fish or Cut Bait

ONCE the flag is hauled down, the ample folds of the Monroe Doctrine will not reach around the Philippines. It is significant that the purchase of sugar and hemp plantations in the islands by Japanese capital occurred directly after the passage of the Philippine independence bill by the

Senate, Mexican conditions will surely be mirrored in the Philippines as soon as the islands are self-governing. Unless Japanese interests are injured, the Mikado would have no reason for interference.

But K. K. Kawakami, the well known Japanese writer in America, says that the Japanese government has no desire to take over the Philippines. He admits that the Emperor Hiyedoshi four hundred years ago planned the conquest of the archipelago; he states that the removal of the American flag from the islands would be at once followed by a flood of Chinese immigration now excluded, but he does not believe that the Japanese government under any circumstances would undertake forcibly to obtain possession so long as the American government maintains peace and order. Yet, should the United States withdraw and chaos follow the withdrawal the Japanese writer regretfully comes to the conclusion that the Japanese government would, of course, be obliged to protect Japanese interests in the islands.

What shall it be? If the Philippines are to be American wards until they are really ripe for complete autonomy, let Congress fix a definite term, say thirty years, during which American sovereignty shall continue unaltered and unimpaired. If, on the other hand, Congress desires to cut loose regardless of the islands' subsequent fate, let the knife descend at once and unconditionally. It is unfair both to the Philippines and to the United States to keep a fruitless agitation going year after year without a definite understanding that will enable both parties to plan their affairs systematically.

The Trade of the Islands

IN 1895 the Philippines, while under Spanish control, imported goods valued at \$15,261,000. Of this amount the United States supplied \$120,917. In 1914 the islands, under American control, had total imports worth \$56,011,570, of which amount the United States supplied \$28,571,000, seventy-five per cent of the imports from the States consisting of manufactured products. During the last three years the seven million Filipinos bought from the United States goods worth \$15,000,000 more than the total American purchases of the four hundred million Chinese in the same period.

The fact that American exports to the Philippines surely will join our deceased Manchurian exports is worthy of consideration when the future of the islands is under discussion.

Freight by Parcel Post

IT is 232 miles from Marysville, California, to Bartle, California, by rail, and Adin is 75 miles farther. Whoever wants to go from Bartle to Adin has to hoof it or take the stage. The freight rate from Marysville to Adin averages \$1.72 per 100 pounds; but Uncle Sam transports parcel post from Marysville to Adin for \$1.08 per 100 pounds. On account of this low rate 50,000 pounds of commodities were shipped by parcel post in one month between the two points. Most of this stuff formerly went as freight. Via parcel post the shippers saved 64 cents per 100 pounds.

Uncle Sam lost money. The stage contractor received \$1.95 per 100 pounds for the 75-mile haul, 87 cents more than the total postage for the trip of 305 miles. And the railroads which carried the freight which went as parcel post, carried it 232 miles, received nothing at all. They were paid for the average weight of the mail going over their lines early in 1914 when the parcel post traffic was barely beginning; for the subsequent increase they did not get a red cent.

There are 750 small railroads, mostly feeders for the big systems, in the United States. They have had troubles in abundance. Most of them have to stand on their toes to keep their noses above water. The small Western roads have been especially hard hit by the growth of the parcel post matter which they must carry without compensation. They want relief. They ask that the mail be weighed every year instead of every four years; that they be relieved of the cost of carting the mails from the station to the post office, a service rendered free for no other shipper, and that the Interstate Commerce Commission be empowered to fix the rates for carrying the mails.

Perhaps these demands of the short-line railroads are unreasonable. If they are, then reason is in conflict with justice. No one should be asked to perform an expensive service gratis, even for the government.

Japanese Exclusion

AS forecasted in these columns, that provision in the Burnett immigration bill which legalizes the exclusion of Hindus, Japanese and other Asiatics has not met with favor in Tokio. Japan considers the proposed act a reflection upon the honesty of its conduct and a humiliating discrimination against its nationals. Ambassador Chinda has said so.

It must be admitted even by organized labor that Japan has scrupulously lived up to the letter and the spirit of the Gentlemen's Agreement. Though Japanese women—the so-called picture brides—have arrived in growing numbers, though as a result of their arrival the number of prospective Japanese-American citizens is increasing rapidly, the immigration of male Japanese laborers has ceased, except through surreptitious entry via Canada and Mexico. The purpose of the agreement has been accomplished—for the time being. Since the agreement still has a life of several years, the extension of the exclusion law to the Japanese at this moment accomplishes nothing except to irritate the Island Empire. This particular clause might well be omitted until the entire problem of the status of the Japanese in America can be permanently settled.

That such a settlement must of necessity include a provision barring Japanese laborers purely on economic grounds might as well be definitely understood right now. Just as Japan bars Chinese labor on account of its lower standard of living, so the United States in self-protection must bar Japanese labor, and Japan, in view of its attitude toward Chinese coolies, cannot with justice protest. But so long as exclusion is accomplished through a voluntary act on the part of Japan, so long as the Gentlemen's Agree-

ment is in force and carried out, just so long the United States might well consider the psychology of its brown neighbor and keep its heel away from Japan's most sensitive toe.

The Burnett bill with the Japanese clause eliminated should be speedily passed as a preparedness measure.

Preparing from the Bottom Up

STRICTLY speaking, the government has no more justification for the improvement of rivers, channels and harbors to facilitate the passage of privately owned vessels operated for profit than it has for the construction of and maintenance of railroad tracks upon which to operate privately owned trains for the owners' private profit. Public policy, however, has sanctioned the use of public funds for the improvement of watercourses used free of tolls by private ships. It is a subsidy which the nation pays to stimulate water transportation. But this subsidy becomes plain graft when the money is paid out to improve watercourses through which no traffic moves.

Impeachment proceedings would be started should Congress proceed to appropriate public money to build and maintain tracks serving a private factory, yet dozens of creeks have been dredged with public funds solely for the benefit of private enterprises located on their banks. And hundreds of obscure rivers have swallowed federal money by the million merely to provide jobs and contracts for deserving Democrats or Republicans.

Now the House has passed another River and Harbor bill appropriating some forty million dollars. The bill oozes grease out of every pore; it was condemned as a vicious measure by a minority of the committee. In a critical time when irksome emergency taxes have to be levied to keep the wolf from the national door, when extraordinary appropriations totaling hundreds of millions for national defense are in prospect, it is proposed to waste at least twenty million dollars on absolutely useless enterprises of benefit only to politicians and their friends.

The same objections apply with equal force to the Post Roads bill which proposes to turn fifty million dollars over to the states for road-building purposes. If the federal government starts building county roads, it might with equal propriety reshingle the court house and give the county jail a new coat of paint. The Post Roads bill is merely an euphonious name for a new pork barrel.

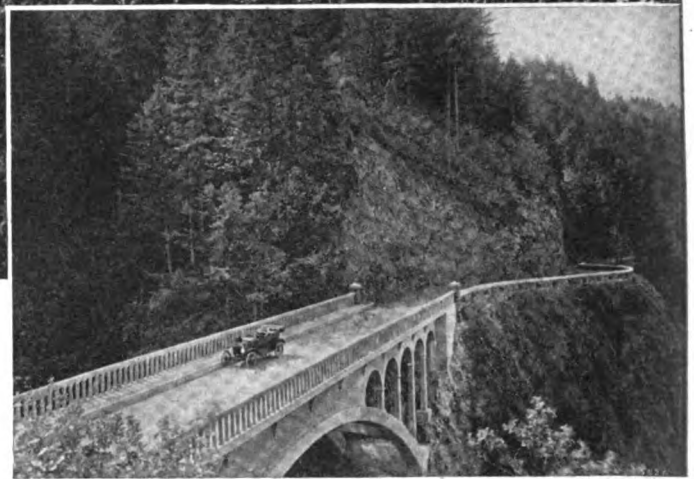
And the Militia Pay bill serves the same purpose. The national defense is a federal, not a state matter. The general staff should have complete control over the expenditure of every defense dollar. Under the proposed system the state militia organizations do the spending; only when war breaks out does the federal general staff assume complete control, provided the militia regiments do at once enlist as federal forces. And the record of the militia in the expenditure of federal funds is full of ugly spots.

You will render the cause of preparedness a real service if you will write your Senators and your Representatives a few lines telling them what you think of the bills enumerated above. If that is too



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The Columbia River Highway through the Cascades gorge from Chanticleer. On Crown Point, 725 feet above the river, a structure commemorating the labor of the pioneers is under construction. Portland this June combines the Rose Festival with the formal dedication of the Highway that is destined to become as famous as the greatest of Europe's scenic motor roads



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much trouble, merely cut out the above paragraphs or the page on which they appear and send the slip with marginal comments to Washington. Most of the members of Congress vote for measures of this character because they hope to please you. Prove to them that you place the good of the nation above pork.

How's Business?

ON May 4 San Francisco recorded the largest single-day bank clearings in its history, an achievement the more remarkable because it occurred in the post-exposition period concerning which there had been much trembling and chattering of teeth. Since the beginning of the year bank clearings from Bellingham to San Diego and from El Paso to Butte have climbed consistently. The Southern Pacific established new records for monthly earnings, both gross and net; the Santa Fe, the Great Northern, Northern Pacific, the Milwaukee & Puget Sound continue to pile up increases that give eloquent testimony concerning the fundamental health of business in the territory served by these lines.

Copper is still above 25 cents a pound. As a result the greatest mining activity since the Comstock days prevails through-

out the West. Never before have producing mines been blessed with as great and prolonged a period of extraordinary high prices as at present. When it is considered that 80 per cent of the West's copper is produced for 12 cents a pound or less, that 50 per cent shows costs below 10 cents, when the phenomenal rise in production from 1,400,000,000 to 2,000,000,000 in two years is considered, the full effect of the mining prosperity on Western business becomes apparent.

But copper does not tell the entire story. After decades of sluggishness silver has gone up with a tremendous bang. A year ago it sold for 56 cents an ounce; two years ago it brought only 49 cents. Early in May it went to 76 cents and 80-cent silver before June was predicted.

The causes of this sensational rise are not at all obscure. When some of the belligerents resort to iron for the minting of small coins, when gold is steadily withdrawn everywhere to be piled up in government banks or to be shipped to the United States, silver must of necessity flow in to fill the vacuum.

Lead, mercury, manganese, a dozen other metals have gone to prices so high that operators often pinch themselves to find out whether they are really and truly awake. Yet—and this is in marked con-

trast with other mining booms—there has been very little speculative activity in mining stocks. The business of the Western exchanges has been normal only, a startling condition when it is remembered that the two-by-four Goldfield boom ten years ago kept three exchanges working overtime in Goldfield alone. Of course mining stocks have gone up, but as a rule their rise in value has not kept pace with the increased earnings. And most of the buying has been for investment rather than for speculative purposes; the buyers have paid for the shares and taken them home instead of leaving a margin with the broker.

BLUE-SKY BLESSINGS

Even more impressive is the total lack of new get-rich-quick, fly-by-night mine promotions. The flamboyant announcement of the Jackass Consolidated Copper, Gold and Silver Company, ten cents a share, buy-them-before-the-next-rise-on-the-fifteenth from Saltem & Skinnem, Fiscal Agents, is strangely absent in the daily papers. Promising prospects are being financed by those who know the risk they run, and the cobblers, teachers, mechanics and grocers are leaving their money in the bank. It can be truthfully asserted that the Blue Sky legislation of

(Continued on page 84)

INTERESTING



"Chief George" Barrett, early Alaskan pioneer and Indian scout and discoverer of northern coal fields

and we are friends." He acknowledged the Indian's respectful greeting as Old Tom went slowly by.

Mr. Barrett is one of the very earliest Alaskan pioneers, coming to the country in 1879, after serving the Government as an Indian scout in the days of Custer. He established trading posts of his own in the Copper River District and along Controller Bay in the days when small fortunes were made in furs, but later he became a trusted employee of the old Alaska Commercial Company.

For nearly forty years he has acted as friend, mediator and advisor for the natives in his vicinity, and is known among them and loved—and feared—as "Chief George." In the old days he was their Medicine Man and dentist—keeping abreast of all the latest diseases by means of doctor books and a medical journal or two.

In 1881 one of his Indians came into the store on Controller Bay bringing the Colonel a gift. It consisted of several black, lustrous lumps, which the Indians called "Shining Rock." When Mr. Barrett showed them how it would burn they were astonished. It was the first coal ever taken from the Bering River coal fields. Mr. Barrett staked his claim near where the McDonald mine now awaits re-opening, then he took samples of the coal and departed for San Francisco, in those days the Mecca of all Alaskans. He tried to interest J. W. Mackay in the newly discovered coal land, but Mr. Mackay laughed him away with the remark: "Come around in about thirty years, Barrett, and I may talk to you!"

The Colonel has made and lost several good-sized fortunes in the North, for like other old timers, he depended on his coal land to supply the "stake" for his old age, and repay him for devoting his splendid youth to the development of a wild country. The civilization for which the Colonel helped blaze a trail has come to Alaska—the good old days of fortunes in furs are gone—and now, owing to a recent decision of the Land Office, the old pioneer has no interest in Alaska's coal. His years of hardship and danger have brought him nothing but memories, yet he wastes no time in repining. The old spirit still burns bright in his eye. He holds his white head up, and keeps his tall slender figure as straight as one of the spruce trees that grow beside his home. To the natives he is still "Chief George" and his word is law. To the new-comers in Alaska he is the "Colonel"—a title bestowed

on him because of his hospitality and gallant ways with the fair sex—and to the moneyed men who are coming to lease the Alaska coal lands, he hopes to be a guide to show them over the field he discovered thirty-six years ago—for after all a man must live.

FLORANCE B. WILLOUGHBY.

U

IN 1914, the Los Angeles Board of Public Utilities was a discredited moribund institution, pulled and hauled between conflicting political influences, of no value to the city, to the people or to the utility companies.

Disgusted with the situation, Mayor H. H. Rose went outside all political camps and selected for this potentially important office the youngest division engineer on the Los Angeles aqueduct—because the records of the Jawbone Division showed that Fulton Lane had built more rapidly and at less cost than any division engineer on the entire system.

No one in the city hall knew Lane. He was an unknown—a dark horse, but Bill Mulholland, builder of the aqueduct, voiced approval when he learned of the appointment.

A big man—six feet three and 235 pounds is the official record—slow spoken and placid, Lane took office without causing a ripple. A newspaper editor or two requested that he call at their offices—of course at his earliest convenience. Lane sent back word that he was too busy, but that his office hours were from nine to five. That settled that question—and it has remained settled.

A few weeks after Lane became a



Fulton Lane, the young reorganizing genius at the head of the Los Angeles Board of Public Utilities

"THERE comes the first Indian that ever tried to kill me," casually remarked Col. George Barrett.

The stem of his mellow old pipe indicated a gray-headed Indian who was moving with stolid dignity down the beach in front of the Colonel's comfortable Alaskan home at Katalla.

"I had just established my first trading post on Controller Bay, about thirty-six years ago. Tom there, who was on one of the tribe's periodical 'hooch' sprints, disturbed and annoyed me by chopping the door in."

The Colonel straightened his six feet two and the light of battle shone for a fleeting moment in his keen, gray eyes. Then he went on apologetically:

"Of course, if the young villain hadn't been so persistent, I shouldn't have had to knock him down so many times; but after the sixth time he lay quite still, so I took his knife away from him and then I fixed my door. But would you believe it, for years after, whenever we'd meet, Tom there, would take a loaded cartridge from his pocket and holding it up before me, promise, with his blood-curdling grin: 'For you, George Barrett. I get you yet!' Four murders and two disappearances are laid at Tom's door, but—" the Colonel paused retrospectively—"you see we are both old now,

WESTERNERS

member of the Board there was a reorganization of the office and engineering force, and Lane called on the civil service commission examiners with a list of suggested questions to cover the examination of prospective candidates.

Few engineering applicants passed the examinations and Lane raided the offices of the public utility companies and the railroads to get the kind of men he wanted.

Disgruntled politicians, with porkish tendencies, objected to such a procedure, but the big valuation engineer so completed his organization that at the present time there is no city in the state so well represented before the Railroad Commission.

This does not mean that the Los Angeles Board of Public Utilities acts solely as a prosecuting attorney against the corporations, but rather as a referee, which first takes evidence, reaches a decision in a semi-judicial manner and then carries its findings before the Railroad Commission, or to the courts for final adjudication.

In Los Angeles Fulton Lane is being mentioned for place upon the State Railroad Commission, and in spite of his age—Lane will be only 35 when the next vacancy is scheduled to occur—he will be a strong contender for the position if his hat is tossed into the squared circle.

CARL R. WILLIAMS.

U

WHEN he was a boy, in Kansas, William Gladstone Steel had to walk five miles to school every day and care for six cows morning and night, so he had no time to study except on the road

to and from school. In order that he might not be hampered by carrying a dinner-pail he used to carry his lunch in a newspaper. One day while eating his lunch, from the newspaper spread out before him he read a little item about a mysterious lake that had been discovered in Oregon. It was said to be fifteen miles in diameter and 5000 feet from the rim to the water. It said that the Indians feared the lake and considered it to be the dwelling place of the Great Spirit.

Then and there, child as he was, he resolved to see that lake. Fortunately for him, when he was about eighteen years old his father moved to Portland, Oregon. Always he had his mind on that mysterious lake and he spent hours wondering about it and pondering how he should ever see it. He asked everyone he met in Oregon about it, but it was several years before he found anyone who had ever heard of it. In 1881 he was helping to publish a monthly magazine in Portland when C. B. Watson, a resident of Ashland in the southern part of the state, came into the office.

Mr. Watson said he had been to the lake. The next issue of that magazine contained an article about the lake by Mr. Watson. Right then young Steel began to lay his plans for going to the lake, but it took him four years to complete those plans.

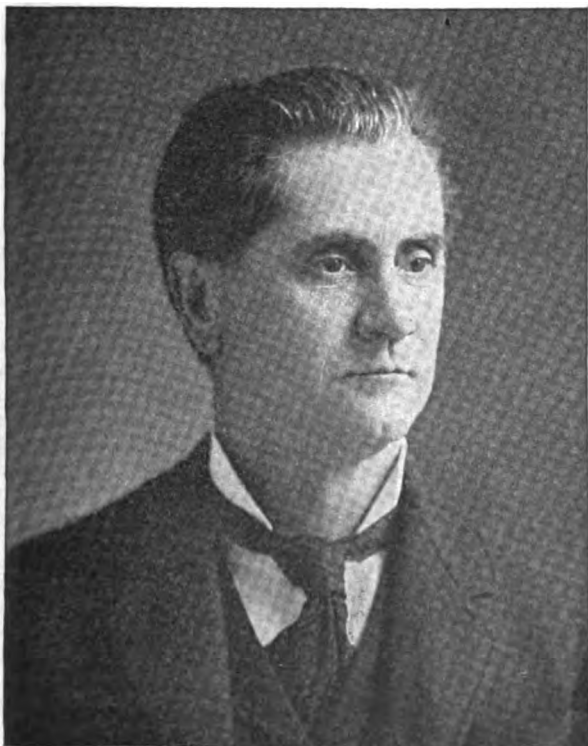
In 1885, he made that wondrous long dreamed of trip and began his first actual work in the development of Crater lake. At that time few white men had seen that natural wonder. Mr. Steel at once started a movement which culminated in seventeen years in the creation of a National Park surrounding Crater lake.

It has been forty-six years since that portentous lunch-hour when the schoolboy read of the mysterious lake which became the quest and object of his life. Since his first visit there in 1885 the larger portion of his time has been spent in its interest. He planted the first trout in its waters, carrying a can of fingerlings forty-nine miles and safely landed thirty-seven live little ones. He has rendered valuable assistance to every movement in the interest of Crater lake. He has asked only a realization of his dreams as remuneration for his work. In 1914, however, he was officially appointed to the position he now holds, which carries with it a salary of \$1500 a year. Mr. Steel lives with his family at Medford, Oregon, in the Rogue River valley, whose people appropriately and affectionately call him "the father of Crater lake."

LUCILE R. CONRAD.



Marguerite Flower, to whom the gift of song was made to atone for the denial of sight



William Gladstone Steel, superintendent of Crater Lake National Park in Oregon, to which he has devoted his life

MARGUERITE Flower, of Oregon, has been sightless since she was three days old but she has been singing joyously ever since her baby lips could form the simple words of little lullabys—even before that, as though the happy spirit which could not look out of her eyes upon a beautiful world, rose to expression in a throat that had borrowed from the birds whose songs were not denied her. She was left motherless when she was eight years old, but she has had the love and devotion of a host of friends. Under this tender care, like a blossom out of darkness, has come the development of a truly beautiful voice.

Miss Flower is a graduate of the Oregon State school for the blind, at Salem. Her musical education has been the devoted work of Miss Minnetta Magers, a well-known Oregon musician whose efforts in behalf of her protégée are not unlike those of Miss Macy for Helen Keller.

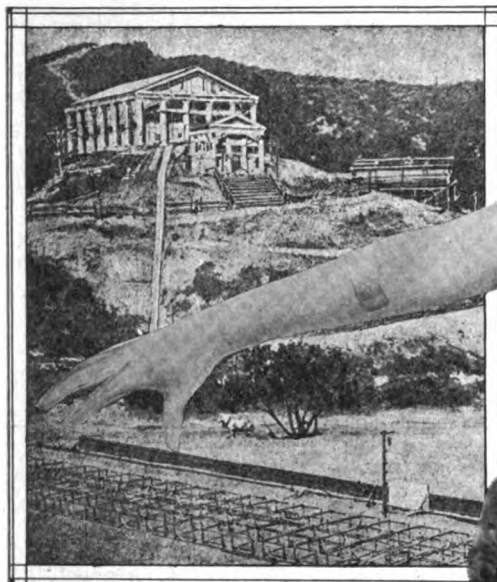
During the past year Miss Flower has appeared on many concert programs in Oregon—always a revelation to her audience. To her gift of song is added beauty, temperament, brains, and an appealing winsomeness as though her birth-fairies had done their best to compensate her for the one great gift they chose to withhold.

MOLLY RUNCORN.

New Light on an Old Roman

Great Caesar's Ghost Walks on the New Rialto and Film Stars Break Their Golden Silence While Exposition Searchlights Illumine Ancient History

By Charles K. Field



The Temple of Jupiter rebuilt in Beachwood Canyon. Below is a horse plowing Brutus' garden. In front are the boxes for society



She danced before Caesar in the Shakespearean festival at Hollywood. The moving picture industry made possible an extraordinary all-star production

“CAESAR'S wife was above reproach, but J. Caesar himself—well, hardly!”

De Wolf Hopper said it, but no professor of history could have spoken more solemnly. One does not expect solemnity from De Wolf Hopper; no, nor ancient history, either. Mr. Hopper has something of a history, it is true, but he is essentially modern. He is a star whose light has been reaching us for many years, but he is now effulging in a new orbit. The Rialto has been shifted from the stage of Broadway, New York, to the screen of Broadway, Los Angeles, and the distinguished comedian has been shifted with it. And there are others. Oh, lots of others. There are so many of them that important dramatic history has just been made among the brushy hills back of Hollywood. It was at a rehearsal of the unique Hollywood production which has gone into history that Mr. Hopper made his solemn remark about Julius Caesar.

Just a moment, before we come to that. You wonder why De Wolf Hopper was so solemn. For two reasons, probably. In the first place, the conditions under which he spoke were extraordinary—we'll come to them presently. And in the second place, you must remember that modern dramatic history is being made every day and that Mr. Hopper is making some of it. Also, that some of it is tragic

“HOW MANY AGES HENCE SHALL THIS OUR LOFTY SCENE BE ACTED O’ER IN STATES UNBORN AND ACCENTS YET UNKNOWN!”

—Cassius

history although a great comedian may be making it. A really tragic thing, from the Hopper viewpoint, although you may laugh at it, happened to him recently. Of course you know that Hopper's other name is Casey. Not really—just given him by an adoring public who insist that his recitation of the baseball classic “Casey at the Bat” is the greatest accomplishment of his long career. And now behold, “Casey at the Bat” has become a moving picture and Hopper has played Casey and ball at the same moment. Real ball, too. You see, in the scenario devised by the ingenious Willie Wing, of Griffith's staff, Casey is the hero of a winning team and you see him actually doing the winning. Well, De Wolf Hopper, summoning back from some one of the seven ages the baseball prowess that has ever lent conviction to his rendering of the immortal Casey ballad, made a regular hit (baseball term as well as dramatic). *Whiz*, went the ball and the camera man ground frantically away while the director of the picture leaped in the air as wildly delighted as any fan could have been over the real thing. The great ball-playing comedian could hardly wait for the development of the film. Feverishly he awaited the try-out in the projecting room. Alas—“somewhere bands are playing and somewhere children shout,” but there is no joy in Hopper's heart, for the ball was a poor movie actor; at any rate, it was moving so fast that it did not “register.” There was no ball in the picture. Nothing but Hopper and his mighty swing of the bat. The

picture might as well have been faked. The public would never know that he had actually hit that ball!

You can see reason for solemnity, can't you? You could have seen it, too, had you been sitting with us that night under the extraordinary conditions which accompanied Mr. Hopper's comment on the difference between Julius Caesar and Mrs. C. as regards reproach.

We were sitting in a theatre. But what a theatre! Our seats were two out of 25,000, half of which had been sold already, though the performance was two weeks away. The proscenium opening, if you can use that word for such a stage, was at least 500 feet wide and the proscenium arch was the curve of the sky itself. The floor of the stage was the floor of Beachwood Canyon, back of Hollywood; the backdrop, hundreds of feet away, consisted of graduated hills, seen in profile, with canyons hidden between them. Those hills, in artificial light, looked exactly as though some titanic scene-shifter had pushed them in upon the stage. They were bare, save for their thin covering of sagebrush, but on the hill to the left wonders had been wrought. It had been transformed into the Capitoline Hill, at Rome, and the pillared temple of Jupiter shone out against the night sky. A cascade of steps dropped from it into another marvel, a reproduction of the Circus where gladiators stood up as long as they could and where thumbs were turned down when they could do the most harm. At the foot of this hill, marble copings enclosed the trees of Brutus' garden, at the extreme left front of the stage. From this garden your eye traveled along the stage across the Forum, past Pompey's theatre, to Caesar's palace—that is, one of them, the home of Mrs. Calpurnia Caesar where Caesar was staying the night before his death. There were other palaces, which has a bearing upon what De Wolf Hopper said about Caesar. They were not part of this tremendous stage-set, however. What we looked upon were the scenes in which Shakespeare placed the action of his play.

Now, you have seen that play performed on the stage, and perhaps on the screen, but never like this. Because it has never been done before. Because dramatic history has been made in Beachwood Canyon.

What you have seen heretofore has been a stage with one set of scenes upon it. The curtain came down, or the lights went out, and scene-shifters got busy and you were in another place when you saw the stage again. Perhaps you looked upon one of the few revolving stages in this country or in Japan, where the scenes were all set ahead and the big turntable shifted them instantly, or you may have been looking at one of the ultra-modern stages in Germany, where the scenes are set in layers in a gigantic dumb-waiter that rises from the basement and ascends into the attic.

In Beachwood Canyon all these processes were accomplished by the wizardry of the searchlight. The calcium man had become the scene-shifter. The audience sat facing what the poets have always called "the curtain of night." Behind this curtain the various scenes of "Julius Caesar" were ready set. At the word of the director, the calcium man trained his



Tyrone Power as "Brutus" in the open-air performance of "Julius Caesar" in the hills of Hollywood, California, on May 19th. Mr. Power was but one of many stars in a constellation of 5000 participants

battery of searchlights upon a portion of this curtain, and behold, a corner of Ancient Rome, warm with color, glowing amid the darkness. Followed action, then black night again, and over there, to the left, another miracle. If you saw the Panama-Pacific Exposition, you will remember that the illumination of that spectacle was made possible by the advance in the science of lighting since the last World's Fair. The greatest exhibit at San Francisco was D'Arcy Ryan's display of the modern searchlight. Thirty of Ryan's magic lanterns were on the hills behind us as we sat watching the rehearsal of Julius Caesar in Beachwood Canyon.

These Exposition lights were not the only luminaries gathered to make dramatic history. With the shifting of the Rialto, Los Angeles has become a veritable Milky Way of stars. Such a constellation appeared in Beachwood Canyon on May 19th, for the benefit of the Actors' Fund, as had never been possible anywhere in this country outside of New York until the cameras began grinding in the sun-spot of southern California and the lure of the studios drew one stage favorite after another to a gilded season of pantomime at the edge of the Pacific. There have been many notable all-star casts, many serving the loved cause of the Actors' Fund but, taken all in all, not even the Harvard Stadium with its Joan of Arc pageantry and its Metropolitan Wagner drama, or the Lambs Club gatherings of Broadway's best, have excelled the offering in the hills of Hollywood. We have had Bernhardt's thrilling accents in the Greek Theatre; Bispham's great voice among the Bohemian redwoods; and now Shakespeare's tercentenary with an all-star cast at Hollywood.

De Wolf Hopper gave California credit as we sat watching the drilling of the Roman mob and the contending Roman armies on the hills and plains of that

tremendous stage. We saw Theodore Roberts inspecting his palace at the right, satisfying himself that it was worthy of such a Caesar. His beard glistened in the light in defiance of classic portraiture of Julius. Think of an actor being at liberty to grow a beard without being "at liberty" otherwise. The Roberts' whiskers are to Roberts what Hopper's bungalow is to Hopper, blessings conferred by this new life in the sunlight. Theodore Roberts' Russian in the Lasky film "Mr. Grex of Monte Carlo" revealed in this genuine beard, but its sacrifice for Julius Caesar is only one of the things an actor will gladly do for the Actors' Fund. Constance Crawley, who first came to us with Ben Greet's Shakespearean Players, some years ago, was Calpurnia, and she, too, was inspecting the dwelling of the Caesar family. It was while we were observing this domestic scene that De Wolf Hopper expressed himself about Caesar. The remark was called forth by a truly remarkable happening. A street pageant was being rehearsed and there appeared in the procession a sumptuous litter bearing a regal female assiduously fanned with ostrich plumes (presumably from Pasadena) by dusky attendants (apparently from Ethiopia).

There was no mistaking the outfit. Cleopatra, as I live!

"Yes," said Hopper. "It's a bit scandalous, I think. But Raymond Wells, who's doing this whole big thing, insists on putting her in. He's been reading up on this subject and he has found that at the very time Caesar was having all this excitement Cleopatra was stopping at his villa by the Tiber. The old reprobate! I wonder if Shakespeare knew it. But Wells has found it out and he is sure Cleopatra would never have stayed at home when they were offering the crown to Caesar and having a pageant. So there she is, and when Calpurnia sees her, Mrs. Crawley ought to

put in some stage business that isn't in the original."

Making history. I should say so! And that isn't all that this adventurous man Wells has done. He has written some words to be chanted during the first act. Probably he is only following the lead of the illustrious Beerbohm Tree who confessed to interpolating a scene of his own making in "Antony and Cleopatra." Both Wells and Sir Herbert have been working with Griffith. But this sort of thing threatens to complicate still further the Baconian controversy. Eh? What?

William Farnum was testing out the rostrum from which he would thunder the immortal speech of Antony. Farnum has just been making a picture "The Battle of Hearts" in which he is a seafarer, supposedly shouting against the fury of the elements. The Antony oration gave him a chance for ~~more than~~ a dumb show. De Wolf Hopper watched him and sighed. "Every man in the cast has played Marc Antony. I'm not sure that Mrs. Crawley hasn't also. She has played Hamlet, I think. Even I have pronounced that funeral oration. But in this production I am Casca. You might have expected me to play Cassius (he pronounced it *Casey-us!*) But I rather fancy Casca. When Caesar gets it in the neck it is Casca who strikes first and the other conspirators follow. You see, it's really a leading part. Then, too, he has some lines that I can speak with more conviction now than before I had my screen experience. Casca gives quite a lecture on the habits of the sun. I know much more about them now than I did."

Tyrone Power, who has been dividing his time between picture making at Universal City and appearance in the spoken drama in Los Angeles, was at home in Brutus' garden at our left. Sarah Truax, emerging from one of the "silent places" where the camera man rules, was also in

(Continued on page 97)



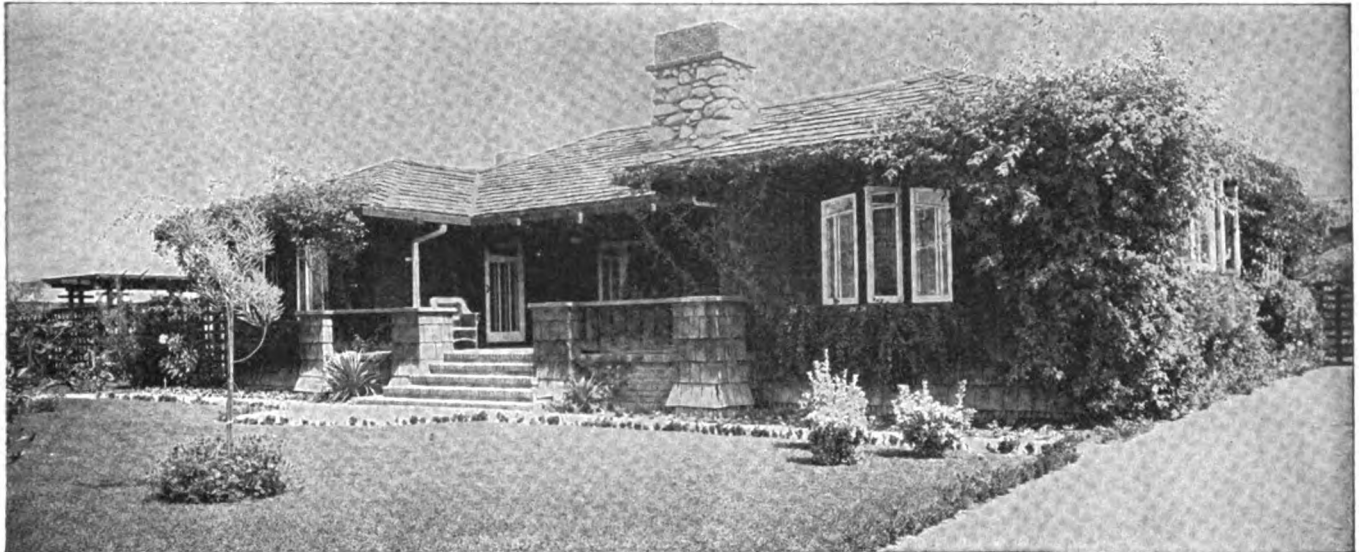
Some of the famous stage stars who returned to the spoken drama for the sake of the Actors' Fund. Reading from left to right, these heavenly bodies are: Raymond Wells, director of the production; De Wolf Hopper, "Casca"; Frank Keenan, "Cassius"; Tyrone Power, "Brutus"; Sarah Truax, "Portia"; Theodore Roberts, "Caesar"; William Farnum, "Antony"



The Home in the West



CONDUCTED BY LILLIAN FERGUSON



PHOTOGRAPHS BY HAROLD A. PARKER

Outdoor living is of prime importance to Pacific Coast folks. They delight in easy access to garden, court or terrace at all hours

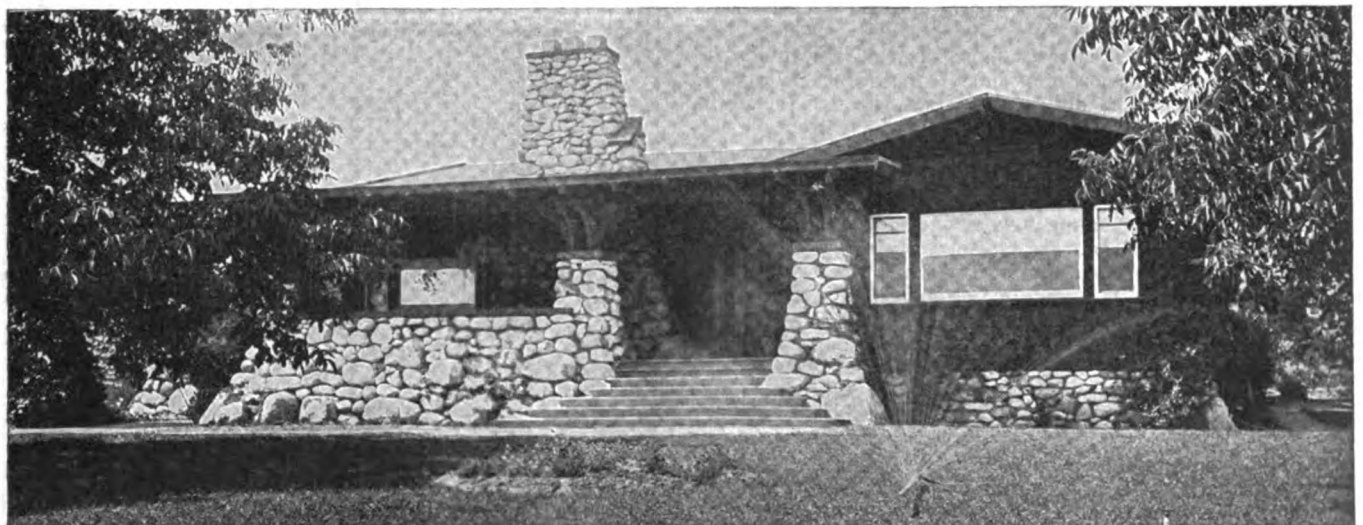
The Bungalow in Its Variety

COMFORT and economy in home-building have been more successfully combined on the Pacific Coast than anywhere else in the world. The contrasting designs shown herewith, by Sylvanus B. Marston, an architect of Pasadena, California, present what can be accomplished with a comparatively limited lay-out, from \$3500 to \$5000, and give many ideas in the arrangement of rooms. They are planned to accommodate small families who desire to live on the ground floor where easy access to the

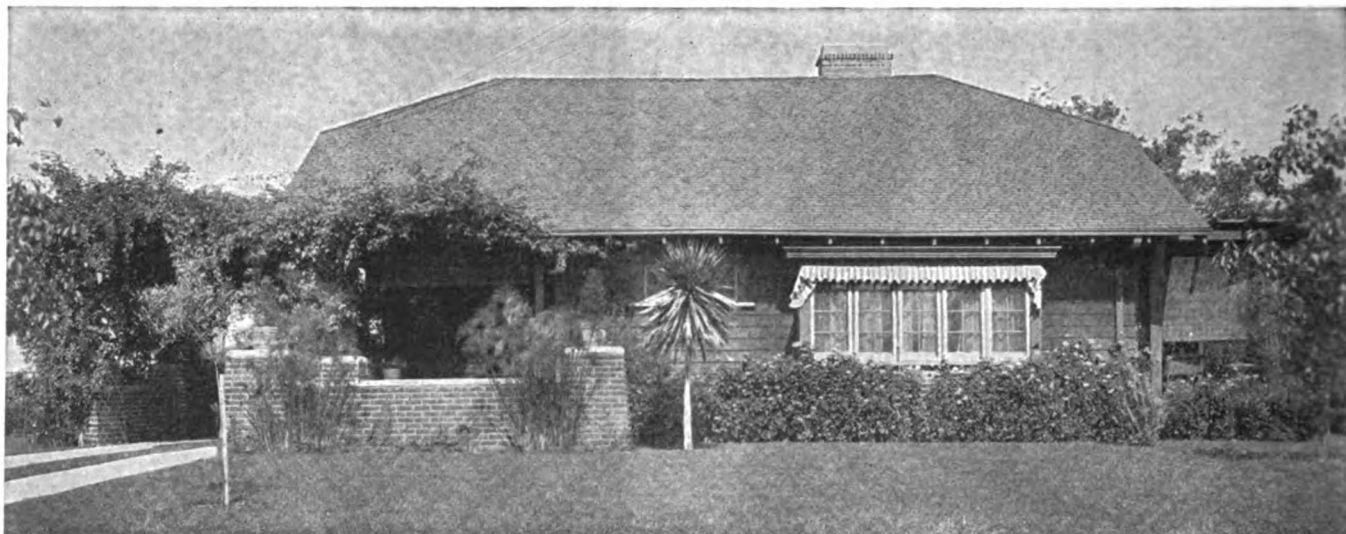
garden, court or terrace may be made at all hours of the day. Outdoor living is of prime importance to Westerners, and Mr. Marston has designed his houses with that end in view, making the exterior facilities as inviting as the interior ones.

In the bungalow first pictured is shown a living-room 17 ft. 6 in. by 24 ft. finished in white cedar toned down to a rich soft brown which brings out the grain of the wood in the paneling exceedingly well. The ceiling is curved, beamed, and the room lighted by a five-outlet electrolier.

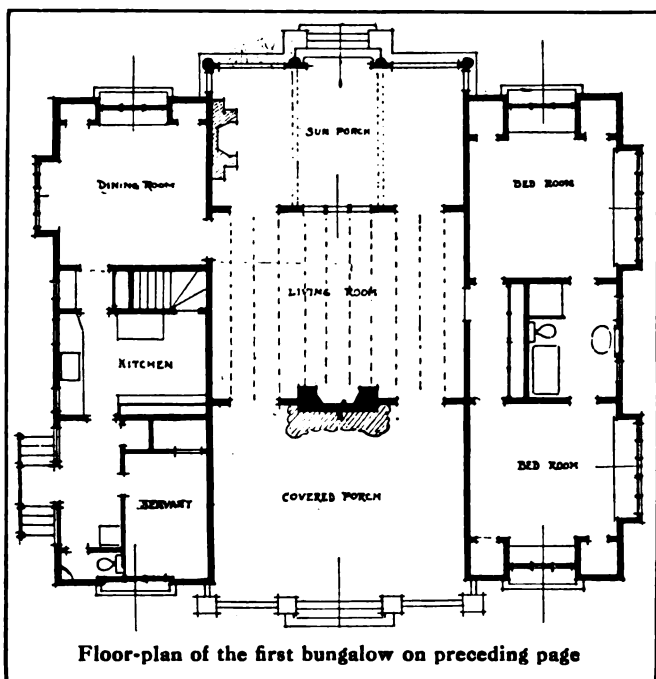
Two sets of French doors open out upon the large porch and sun-rooms, the latter having an open-air fire-place, for use on cool evenings such as often occur in this part of the country. The two bedrooms and dining-room are of the same size, each being about fourteen feet square, with two large closets and comfortable window box seats. These box seats are also made and lined with cedar for storing linen, etc. The finish of the dining-room is white cedar, and the bedrooms are of white enamel. The kitchen has all the modern



Low roof-lines are so popular with builders and owners of Western bungalows that they have become typical. The cobbles for this house were gathered from one of the many river bottoms along the San Gabriel range in southern California



An example of good "composition" in gardening. The vines over the port-cochère give shade to the driveway and a living screen to the entrance



here, and two spacious bedrooms with bath and a sleeping porch have been added. Blue brick has been used for the pleasant terraces, and brown stained shingles for the exterior walls.

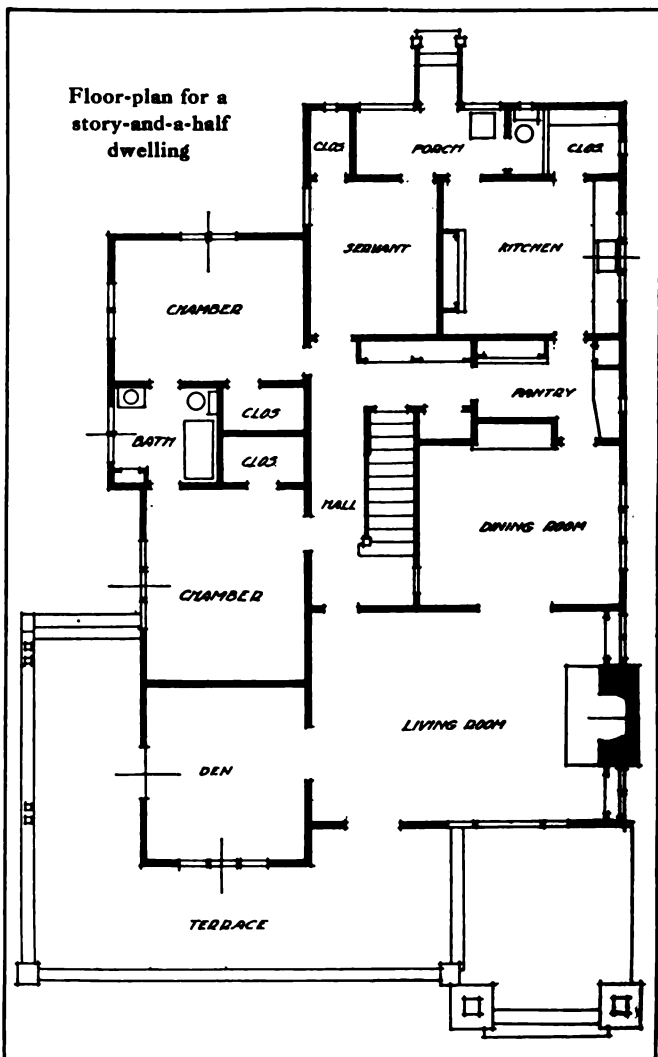
In order to have a successful bungalow one must look to the garden design, to lawns, flowers, etc., to bring out the fullest enjoyment of living a semi-out-of-doors life, and in looking back over the plans and photographs we see that the upkeep is carried to its best. What place could be called a home if it didn't have flowers, vines or lawns to give the place a setting? It is a part of the community, and each tends to encourage the next. This seems to be the result of what the architect had in mind when he designed these homes. Ross W. Edminson.

conveniences, including a large china-closet with ample bins under. A small pass-pantry separates the dining-room and kitchen, thereby doing away with the odors from the latter during meal hours.

The residence next illustrated shows typical California architecture in that it has low roof lines, a roof which is covered with white malthoid to deflect the intense heat of the sun, a profuse use of cobblestones gathered from the many river bottoms that are to be found along the San Gabriel range, and brown stained shingles. The living-room is 15 ft. by 34 ft. with a large fire-place in the center of the long wall. This room, like the other rooms of the bungalow, is finished in white enamel, and the floors throughout are polished quarter-sawed oak.

Enough time has passed to allow the vines, plants and shrubs to give the third house a good setting in its plot, and to make it as livable as one could wish. The vines covering the port-cochère have completely covered the cross beams, and give shade to the driveway at all times. The floors of the house are quartered oak, the trim is birch and stained brown, which seems to be the dominating shade of all bungalows. The large recess for the brick fire-place in the living-room, the window seat and side porches are the excellent features, which give much of that homelikeness for which we are constantly striving.

A floor plan is herewith outlined, showing a very interesting treatment of a story-and-a-half bungalow. In its strictest terms it is not a bungalow, but there are so many houses having excessive head-room above that it has become popular to treat this space for a second story. This is just what has been done





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Claxton, Strategist

(Continued from page 18)

It took them a full day and part of another to finish their journey from the barracks out to the Crooked Wash; and it was a miserable journey in bitter weather—so bitter that often they were obliged to dismount and walk to keep from freezing, obliged sometimes to brush off the icicles which froze shut their horses' eyes. Claxton's book on the art of war had spoken a great truth when it mildly had said that winter operations are attended with additional difficulties. Russia has little more by way of weather than may be found at Edson post; but neither Claxton nor Bray made any complaint of their hardships. They went about their day's work.

They stood looking out over the wide valley at length. "It's all right," said Claxton. "There's nothin' in there yet. We'll make camp in the bush for tonight."

Bray was all for doing his share of the work in the snow bivouac, but Claxton pushed him back. "Just keep walkin' enough so's not to freeze, Bray," said he. "Take care of yourself, for I'm goin' to need you tomorrow."

It took Claxton a couple of hours to log up enough wood to leave them safe for the night. They unloaded their single pack horse, had a cup of tea and plenty of meat and spread down their bed. Bray sat on his blankets in front of the fire, a robe pulled over his knees, the tarpaulin wind shield back of him—none too good a house for a sick man. "My word," said he, "I'd jolly well like a stiff noggin of old Hanecey's whisky now. I surely 'ope we'll get 'im!"

"I hope myself we'll not have to wait long for him," was Claxton's reply. "If only Norton and McCallum would come up—we can't lie here long. Twenty below is hell on an army's morale."

It was cold that night, bitterly cold—that sort of cold which toward dawn half frightens a man as he lies in bivouac and makes him almost feel the fingers of the frost gripping at his throat to choke off his life. But Bray slept fairly well under his blankets and furs, lying between two fires, one great one and one small.

As for Claxton, he did not lie down at all, but sat wrapped in his overcoat and blanket and leaning against a tree, tending the fires without which both must perish. Dozing, nodding sometimes in spite of himself—for he had ridden far in the wind that day—he would half awaken and automatically reach a hand for another billet of wood to keep the fires going. Sometimes he got a fresh piece of bark and leaned it in front of Bray's feet to keep his moccasins from burning as he slept. There was nothing specially easy nor pleasant in the art of war as Claxton saw it that winter night at the edge of the Crooked Wash.

IV

DAY broke, clear and cold, with the unspeakable brilliance of the winter mornings in high latitudes. Claxton stirred once more to put on wood, pulled up Bray's blankets about him and sleepily started out to the edge of the little bluff of

timber in which they had pitched their camp. Glasses in hand, he now swept once more the wide expanse that lay before him—apparently a level plain, white in a foot and a half of snow.

He gave a sudden exclamation, dropped the glasses, put them up again to his reddened, smoke-bleared eyes. Yes—there was a tiny wreath of smoke hanging above the snow level out yonder in the valley! Claxton dropped, and stooping, hurried back under cover to the camp. Swiftly he kicked apart the embers of his own fire, and stifled it with snow.

"What's wrong, Sergeant?" demanded Bray from his blankets.

"They're in there," answered Claxton. "Must have come down in the night. Gawd! what nerve that man has—moonlight—good business to travel—but, my Gawd! How cold! Nobody but Hanecey would have done it. They're out in there now—gettin' breakfast, likely. The smoke's a couple of miles or so in from the north. How are you feelin', Bray?"

"Fit as beans!" said Bray, sitting up and coughing.

Claxton looked at his little army somewhat dubiously.

"There ain't but two of us," said he. "I don't know how many there is of them. We have got to do some flankin'—it's no use to try to go straight in. If you're able to ride, Bray, after you've had a bite to eat, you ride to the north end—there's a coulee runs down into the Wash just this side of that tall, broken tree at the edge of the sand dune. That's where they get down in. Scout that way, but don't ride too close—keep under cover of the bushes and use your glasses. I'm goin' down on the other side—there ain't but one place there where they can get out. Hanecey will come through as straight as he can, I know that well enough."

"It looks like they 'ave got us divided, an' plenty too," said Bray.

"It starts in that way, but it can't be helped. Now, after you have been gone away an hour or two, and after I have got around to my side, we'll each of us build a fire. Hanecey'll see them fires and know he's watched—but he won't know how many there is of us. If he has got us guessin', so have we got him the same way. What we do next depends on what shows. Norton and McCallum might come up. If they do, they'll find our camp and see our trails split here. We'll leave trail sticks, pointin' each way, an' put a initial on each. They'll guess which is which. I left a letter for McCallum at the barracks. If they was here now, we would have them trapped."

"Well, it looks like somebody was trapped, anyway," grinned Bray.

"We've got to divide 'em—it said that on page 175—but how? Leastways, they can't get out, if we hold both the Crooked Wash passes."

"Sergeant," said Claxton's little army fervently, "when I think there is two hundred gallons of whisky out in yonder, not more than three miles away, and you sittin' 'ere, not even darin' to make fire enough to boil a cup of tea, it does seem to me

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that the luck ain't distributed quite even in this world."

"Well," said Claxton, "on our way! Take care of yourself, Bray—wrap yourself up in your blanket if you have to wait, and signal if you need help—three shots, spaced."

An hour later Claxton emerged from the cover of the low timber on the south side of the valley. He had spread his overcoat over the back of his sheltered horse and drawn his belt tight to keep himself warm. At the edge of the cover he stopped and once more examined thoroughly the wide expanse that lay before him. Finally he made out the little curl of blue smoke, which originally he had seen. He watched this for some time, but at length, quite suddenly, it disappeared. Claxton presently saw the cause. Far off upon the northern side, more than five miles away, a thin column of blue smoke was rising—Bray's fire. He turned, gathered some scraps of birch bark, some dead wood, and soon had a fire of his own going.

"That'll keep 'em guessin'," said he to himself grimly. "If they doused their smoke when they saw our signal, maybe they won't know what to do when they see two smokes and find we've got 'em flanked."

But it was cold, standing about waiting for something to begin. Claxton missed his overcoat of canvas and sheep-skin.

"I'll have to move," said he. "A fellow'd freeze right by a fire this weather. I'll have to divide those fellows somehow. They've got as much position and morale as we have—and a whole lot more whisky."

Altering his plan of campaign, he now slipped down into the ravine of the little stream, followed it out beyond the cover of the wood and walked rapidly along the bottom of the shallow channel until it deepened and widened again to wander into the original labyrinth which had been forming here for ages in the Crooked Wash. He ran fast as he could until he found himself warming up, and then kept on steadily, hearing nothing and seeing nothing, for more than two miles and a half. The washed-out channel, floored with gravel, walled with alluvium and clay, continually bent upon itself. He was ten feet, twenty feet sometimes, below the level of the plain.

From time to time, as he advanced, he stopped to listen, and at last he caught a sound which brought him up sharp—the whinny of a horse, clearly audible. Claxton knew that Hanecey also would understand what that whinny meant. It meant danger. He would be on his guard.

Scrambling up as fast as he could, his carbine slung across his shoulder, Claxton climbed out of the gully by means of a shallow break which ran into it, crossed an intervening neck of land, dropped down once more and ran on ahead for a hundred yards. He had all along gained thrice the channel distance by virtue of his knowledge of the available cut-offs. Now he could hear voices, the coughing of horses—he guessed a considerable party was just beyond the bend. A sudden feeling of failure came upon him—he had not divided the enemy's forces! But he had small chance to argue about it. Carbine in hand, he squeezed himself into a cleft of the bank, back of some bushes, and waited for what might happen.

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Apparently the party had stopped for a moment, but now they were coming on. He could hear men talking, hear horses advancing—a number of horses. The enemy was en masse, undivided, ready to give battle, and surely with all the advantage in numbers, position and morale! "Come on, boys!" called out a big voice. "What's the matter—they ain't in here yet. Pull on in."

To the surprise of the hidden man, the entire party of Hanecey's whisky train now came into full sight—halted and stood irresolute in spite of their leader's command. They were on foot, leading even their saddle horses. As he looked at them, Claxton wished that his crevice in the bank were deeper, but he crouched behind such cover as it offered.

"Damn it, let's take a drink, Hanecey!" exclaimed one husky voice. "I'm thirsty and near about froze."

Hanecey grunted out some indistinguishable reply. Claxton identified him easily enough—a huge hulking figure of a man, muffled like all the others in heavy furs.

Not to be encumbered, the men now carelessly put down their rifles against the bank, and with a certain unanimity of purpose stepped back to one of the pack animals, a claybank cayuse, carrying two five-gallon casks slung on its aparejos.

"Where's Slim?" demanded the gruff voice of Hanecey. "There ain't nobody back of the train!"

"He went back to round up a couple of cayuses that turned on him," replied someone.

"Well, he'd better be coming on," grumbled Hanecey. "First thing we know, the train'll be all balled up in here."

Indeed, the pack horses, no longer pushed up from behind, now had bunched and begun to move back on the trail as the men approached them from the front. In a flash Claxton saw what this meant for him. They could be separated from their arms—they were already thirty yards away from their rifles—the enemy was flanked—he could be divided!

CLAXTON, strategist, slipped down out of his crack in the bank, took a running leap, dropped and came stumbling out on the gravel floor of the sunken creek—between Hanecey's men and their rifles! His own carbine came to a level.

"Drop that!" said he. "Hold 'em up, men! You're in charge."

"Well, I'll be damned!" remarked the big voice of Hanecey, the smuggler. "So this is where you was!"

"It's where I am," said Claxton. "Keep your hands up. I'll kill the first man that makes a break. Come over here, Hanecey—I'll have to tie you up. Bring that rope off your ridin' saddle with you. You had better work with your hands in plain sight now. Hurry up, I'm cold."

Hanecey stood for one moment studying his man, then he advanced readily enough, rope in hand. Whether or not it was his plan to cast the bight of the rope over Claxton's neck, or simply to trust to rough-and-tumble tactics if he could get under the rifle guard, Claxton never knew. What he saw was a sudden movement of Hanecey's right arm, and without time for much planning he brought the muzzle of his own carbine up under Hanecey's chin with a swift upper-cut. The



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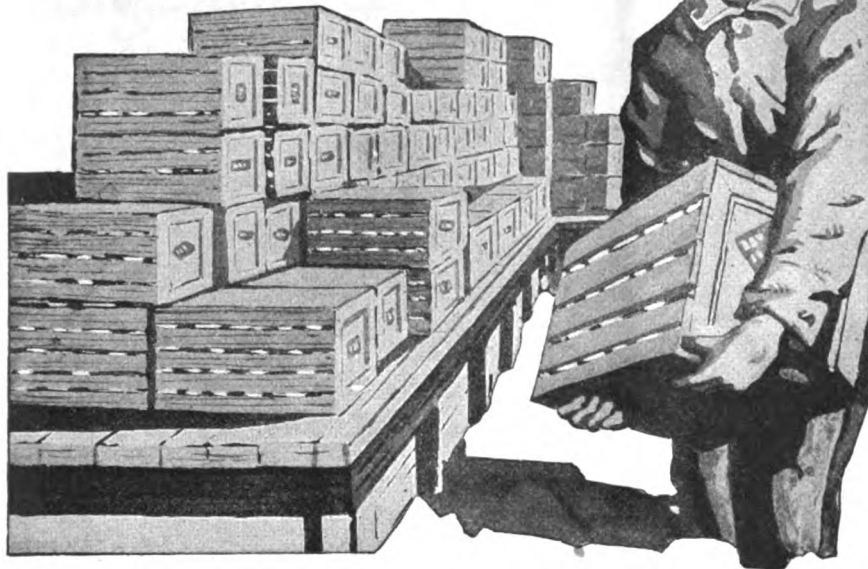
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big man fell dazed, well-nigh put away by the force of the sudden blow. Claxton swung the muzzle on him now.

"Lie still!" he commanded. "I knew you'd try something, you sweep! Now move, by Gawd! and I'll fix you! Turn over." He kicked him with his foot, the carbine muzzle steadily pointing down.

Hanecey lay on his face before his silent men, who feared to move. Claxton, his attention divided between the men and their leader, managed to truss him up, with his elbows behind his back, after some fashion.

"Now, my men," said he, "I've got a half dozen shots and there's only five of you. One of you make a break and I'll open on the bunch. Come here and sit down. Make a circle—face inward. Put that blanket pack cover over your legs. Damn you! If I see a foot out over the blanket, I'll shoot, so help me, Gawd!"

The look of a repeating rifle in the hands of a man whose blood is up has something about it extraordinarily convincing. These men, none of them too amiable of disposition, and all of them well used enough to rough scenes, found it entirely convenient to obey Claxton's instructions and to do so explicitly. And Claxton himself, passing around his circle, managed after a fashion to pinion the elbows of each man behind him. Not one of them undertook an offensive movement. The advantage in position and morale, if not in numbers, was with Claxton now.

"Now," said he at last, "all of you sit tight here, and don't you move."

He walked back to the rifles which had been left against the bank. They were bolt pattern, and Claxton knew the model. He needed no screw-driver to dismount each piece, and having done so, he threw the bolts out over the rim of the bank, scattering the cartridges from the magazines likewise. Having done this, he came back and stood regarding his six captives contemplatively, finger at lip. As he did so, he heard three shots from the north—Bray's side—three shots spaced at intervals—the agreed signal.

WHAT did it mean? Was Bray in trouble? If so, how could he be helped? Had he met the rest of Hanecey's men, and if so, how many were there? For one instant Claxton was not sure which of these two opposing forces had the advantage after all, because now he was summoned to support his own left wing, and he had no forces to send but himself, encumbered as he was with prisoners. It would have been a problem for Kitchener himself.

"What are you goin' to do with us?" chattered one of the prisoners from his cold seat upon the snowy earth. "You tie our hands and won't let us move—it's murder, that's what it is."

"I'm sorry," said Claxton, "but it ain't murder at all—it's only strategy. How many gallons have you got along this time, Hanecey?"

"It's none of your damned business," growled the old smuggler, turning a bloody face toward his captor. "You slob, if I ever get the chance, I'll even this up, damn you!"

"I'm sure you would," said Claxton amiably, "but that will be five or ten years before you get out, maybe, Hanecey. By that time I'm a Colonel in the Volunteers over among the Belgians!"

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"Well, fly to it! We can stand this as long as you can," was Hanecey's sardonic answer.

"Maybe longer," nodded Claxton. "I didn't sleep well last night—I sort of thought maybe you'd come on in here in the night."

Hanecey grinned. "Half an hour," said he, "and we'd have been by."

"Slim really ought not to have built that fire till you got across," said Claxton, offhand.

"How did you know he did?" demanded Hanecey. "I told him—"

"I read it in my little lesson book," grinned Claxton pleasantly—not mentioning the fact that he never had seen or heard of Slim until within the past five minutes.

"You got no right to freeze a prisoner to death," complained the first speaker of the little blanket-covered group.

"Well," said Claxton, "I'll change the locality of the detention quarters if you all will promise to help."

"What do you mean?" demanded Hanecey surlily.

"If you want to keep warm, I don't mind marchin' you out the way you came in. Like enough my other men have accounted for Slim before this."

"Do it, Bill," urged the shivering citizen from his place in the main group. "Gawd! I'm freezin' to death."

"I'm agreed," said Hanecey readily; and Claxton knew why. The old smuggler was depending on his own wit to give him yet another chance, depending perhaps on Slim—perhaps on yet others of his men. Claxton did not know, but he had to take this chance. The signal from Bray meant that he must go on. Of the entire train, only the claybank cayuse remained at hand, his lash rope loosened. Claxton tightened it and slapped the cayuse on the hip to give him a start.

"Fall in now, men," said he. "Keep close together and keep your eyes ahead. It's no use tryin' to break away—I don't want to shoot, but you jolly well know I will. It's under regulations for me to report that I couldn't bring you in. We've got you between two turnin' movements, my men—you're flanked and rolled up. So now you march, and look alive what you do."

Whereupon Claxton, with a motion of his head in the general course of the back trail where the pack-train now had disappeared, started off his band of prisoners, himself marching in the rear close up, and occasionally poking a laggard in the back with his carbine muzzle. Claxton himself had not the slightest idea of what he would meet on ahead.

He saw Hanecey at length noting two or three places where shallow washes came down into the main channel, and where it seemed as though one or more horses had struggled up. Seemingly the pack-train had not kept together in the broken channels. Claxton could not help that, but only saw to it that his men kept in the main channel, along the frozen bottom of the creek. He himself, like many another general, was wishing that Blucher—that is to say Bray or Norton or McCallum—would come up—but wishing that the day might be longer, not shorter.

THEY had advanced in this fashion perhaps a mile or two in all when they heard a sudden command on ahead,



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which brought them up standing. The voice came from some place out of sight, apparently at the rim of the gully.

"Halt!" it called out. "Stop there, I s'y." They saw no movement now. The barrel of a carbine projected from beneath a stunted scrub.

"It's all right, Bray!" called out Claxton suddenly, high and clear. "Come on down. I've got them in charge."

Bray stood up at the rim of the bank, his carbine headed in the general direction of the prisoners.

"I cawn't come down, Sergeant," said he. "I've got twenty-five 'orses in behind me and I cawn't leave 'em. There is any-ways two 'undred gallons in this whisky trine!"

"Never mind about that," ordered Claxton; "come on down." Bray obeyed the orders of his superior.

"Well, I'm damned!" said he as he saw Claxton's prisoners all trussed up. "Is that the whole bilin' of 'em?"

"It's all I've seen," replied his commanding officer. "Where's your man?"

"My man?—I ain't seen any man," said Bray. "My specialty ain't men—it's 'orses. I told you I've got twenty-five 'ead of rollin' stock rounded up in this bend across the neck 'ere; and every one of 'em 'as got two kegs. I followed the trail on in."

"But you fired a signal—"

"No, I didn't—I only just shot."

Claxton looked at him inquiringly and Bray ventured to explain. "You see, something started part of these 'orses on the back trail. I could 'ear 'em comin' on a gallop, I didn't see anybody, but like enough there was someone drivin' some of the 'orses back, tryin' to make a get-away on the north side—you did have 'em divided after all, Sergeant, didn't you?"

"Sure, I did," said Claxton calmly. "But why did you shoot?" All the prisoners also were turning to Bray curiously.

"Well," explained that worthy, "I seen a 'orse comin' on out on a gallop, two kegs of whisky, one on each side, a floppin'. I seen that 'orse was goin' to get awy with the whisky, an' I tried to 'ead 'im off, but I couldn't—the damned cayuse broke for the bush and I was on foot. So I just jolly well up an' let 'im 'ave it—three times. I got 'im, too!"

"Well," said Claxton seriously, "that's one way of doin', I suppose. Did you know how much I needed you in here?"

"No—'ow could I? I was just keepin' my wicket the best I knew 'ow on the north end—there wasn't anything got by—I batted a perfect score when I got that cayuse."

"Yes, and you lost the only other prisoner," said Claxton.

Hanecey looked at his captor with a grin on his face.

"I see that Slim got away this time," commented Claxton in answer to his derision, "but what good will it do him? If he had all the whisky in your train, he wouldn't last one night in here. Either he will take the trail out on foot to the railroad—and maybe freeze at it—or he'll be jolly well glad to come into our camp and ask for somethin' to eat and a place to warm his fingers. Now, Hanecey, you might as well admit your game is busted. We've got you divided, turned, flanked, rounded up and hog tied—what more can you ask than that?"



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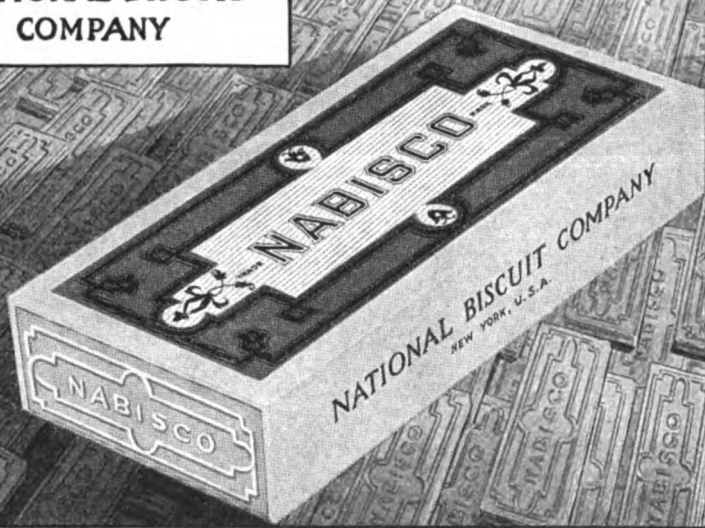
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"I'm freezin'—my fingers is plumb froze right now," whined the original complainer among the prisoners. "You got our arms tied so tight we're sure bound to freeze."

"Go behind them, Bray," said Claxton. "We'll go on out now and build a fire. I reckon the whole of us can take care of the horses. Here you—" he turned to the complaining prisoner, "I want you to go on out ahead and stand guard to round up the horses when they come up out of the coulée. If you want to make your escape this time of year, with your hands tied behind your back, you're welcome—I don't know as the Dominion Government cares much about havin' fellows like you to feed anyhow."

NOW, what with the persuasiveness of the cold and of the carbines combined, a new meekness came upon the souls of these lately riotous ones. They saw themselves huddled like sheep, outwitted, if not outnumbered; soon saw also the twoscore horses of their pack-train, each carrying its precious burden of ten gallons of whisky, worth ten dollars a gallon at the rails, all rounded up in the bush at the northern edge of the Crooked Wash.

"This," said Claxton to Bray, "is the d—dest bunch of horse wranglers I ever did see—every one of them with his hands tied behind his back; but we got to take things as we find 'em. How's your cough, Bray?"

"It's better, Sergeant," said Bray. "I 'ope to give it proper treatment before long."

"What are you goin' to do with all of it, Sergeant?" he added. "You surely ain't goin' to leave it all out 'ere—two 'undred gallons of it—all by itself!"

"Maybe Norton and McCallum will have a wagon," said Claxton. "But I'm thinkin' we'll travel lighter if we drive the horses in stripped. Where are you goin', Bray?"

"Over there to where that dead 'orse is—I reckon I'll begin the unloadin' there."

But when presently Bray came back to the fire he was carrying a cask somewhat lightly on his shoulder and muttering exclamations of disgust.

"Look 'ere, Sergeant," said he as he threw down the cask. "That's what I call 'ard luck! It's all because of the modern military piece—it shoots too damned 'ard. I bored this cawsk plumb through, both sides, busted the cayuse's backbone and spilled the whisky out of the second cawsk on the far side. I don't believe there's four drinks left in the two kegs together!"

"If there is," said Claxton, "pour 'em out. I remember that on page 249 it says, 'All prisoners of war should be made as comfortable as possible with the resources at the command of the force responsible for their maintenance.' That means we'll all have a wee nippy." Which they did.

"Now, Bray," resumed Claxton, able strategist, "my horse is five miles to the south and maybe froze by this time, though he's got my overcoat on him. If you can, go around and fetch back my horse. I'll stay here in charge."

Bray, uncomplaining, mounted and disappeared. Claxton resumed his mixed duties as fireman, entertainer and general, all in one.

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Thoughtfully he took an axe and stove in the heads of every whisky cask save two—a thing which made Hanecey swear aloud for half an hour and then bow his head on his knees. "I'm done!" said he. "There goes every dollar I got in the world. D—n a government that won't let a man earn a honest livin'!"

Claxton admitted that there was a certain problem still on his hands, but that problem lessened perceptibly when, less than two hours after Bray's departure, he looked up to the south and saw approaching not one horseman, but three. His glass made them out distinctly—the reinforcements had come up! Bray was coming on with Norton and McCallum, all at a gallop.

It transpired that Bray cut the trail of the other two at a point on the east side of the valley—they had never come on so far as the bivouac of the night before, but had cut Claxton's trail as it headed to the timber on the south side of the Wash. They had followed this, found Claxton's horse and, unable to find Claxton himself, were bringing the shivering animal along with them when they met Bray riding down.

"You see," said Claxton, turning to Hanecey, "now we are reinforced. You never had no chance at all. Of course, the reinforcements might have come a little earlier, but a whole lot better late than never. It is lucky for you too, because now we can break watches keepin' fire, and all of us get a little sleep."

They all of them did get a little sleep that night—and a very considerable horseback ride the next day. It was Hanecey, ex-whisky smuggler, who led the column as they headed out for Edson Barracks, but it was Claxton, riding in the rear, who commanded. On either flank marched the supporting regiments, Norton and McCallum, silent in chagrin that they had not been in earlier, but glad they had not been altogether too late. Bray constituted a general skirmish line, passing here and there ahead or at one side—his own movements being largely governed by the vagaries of a certain claybank, wall-eyed cayuse, which carried lashed on its back two five-gallon kegs, which Claxton had marked as being in all likelihood the least poisonous of any of the kegs carried in the pack-train—because he had seen Hanecey once on the point of tapping one of these kegs himself!

"It don't look as 'ow Christmas is goin' to be so bad," said Bray as he dropped back and rode alongside Claxton during a temporary mood of tractability on the part of the claybank cayuse. "My cold is gettin' better right along—just watchin' them two kegs 'as cured it. But it was a crime to throw away two 'undred gallons right on the ground. Man! I don't see 'ow you 'ad the 'eart to do it. It was a awful waste. But 'ow come you to sive these 'ere two cawks?";

"It says on page 186," replied Claxton gravely, "that it is 'desirable to lessen the food supplies and munitions of the enemy while makin' your own command comfortable as possible with the resources of the enemy's country.' In one way of speakin' ten gallon is comfortabler than two hundred. I don't know what we could do with two hundred; but as for ten, I do know."



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"Sergeant," said Bray, grinning, "that's a great little book of yours after all, ain't it?"

V

DEAR Annie (thus ran the more recent letter written by Sergeant Claxton): "It seems like luck can turn some day, even in the Royal Northwest Police, don't it? It is all along of you. I got word from Ottawa day before yesterday I am to be Lieut. of the Volunteers and to join on at Val Cartier in 60 days—they gave me a little time because of Certain Things. I said I wanted to come to Vancouver and get married and now I am going to come to Vancouver and get married right away. I think I can get to the railroad some time next week, but am sending this out by Bray and Norton which is taking some prisoners down today. Nothing much has happened since I wrote. The prisoners is Hanecey and five of his men that we caught with 200 gals. illicit. He was selling all the time to the Bohunks on the railroad and making a Good thing. It was because he didn't get him Thompson was relieved here, but Thompson had no map and he didn't know Strategy for Sour Appels. I don't know why I get my promotion and get into the Army because I don't deserye it, but I suppose maybe you spoke to your Minister and maybe he wrote to the Govt. Well, anyways I am thankful and Annie I love you so much. Now I can send some pay home all the time and you will be comfortable in Vancouver till I come back. Ain't it funny Annie the way things works out sometimes? So no more at present from yrs. affectly.

CHAS. S. CLAXTON,
First Lieut. 10th Volunteers.
Edson Barracks."

Sergeant Claxton did a little more writing on that same day—to wit, his final report to his commanding officer at Regina.

"Sir,
I have the honor to report that Things has been pretty quiet at this Post this winter. The settlers to the north seems to be wintering all right, Stock doing well and they have got enough Supplies because we told them to bring in plenty last Fall.

"The Condition at the railroad camps is more Quiet. On the 10th of December I took in charge S. G. Hanecey and five men which had been running Whisky across the Crooked Wash country down to the railroad. Another man came in and surrendered later. I destroyed 200 gals. confiscated on the Spot. Corporal Bray and Constable Norton are taking on the Prisoners. Corporal Bray aided me in the arrest. I beg to say his Conduct has been Exempellary.

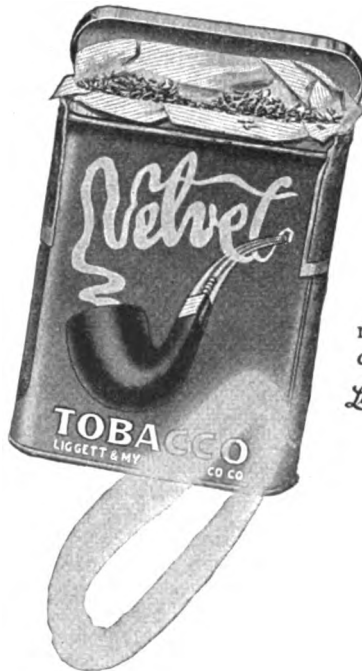
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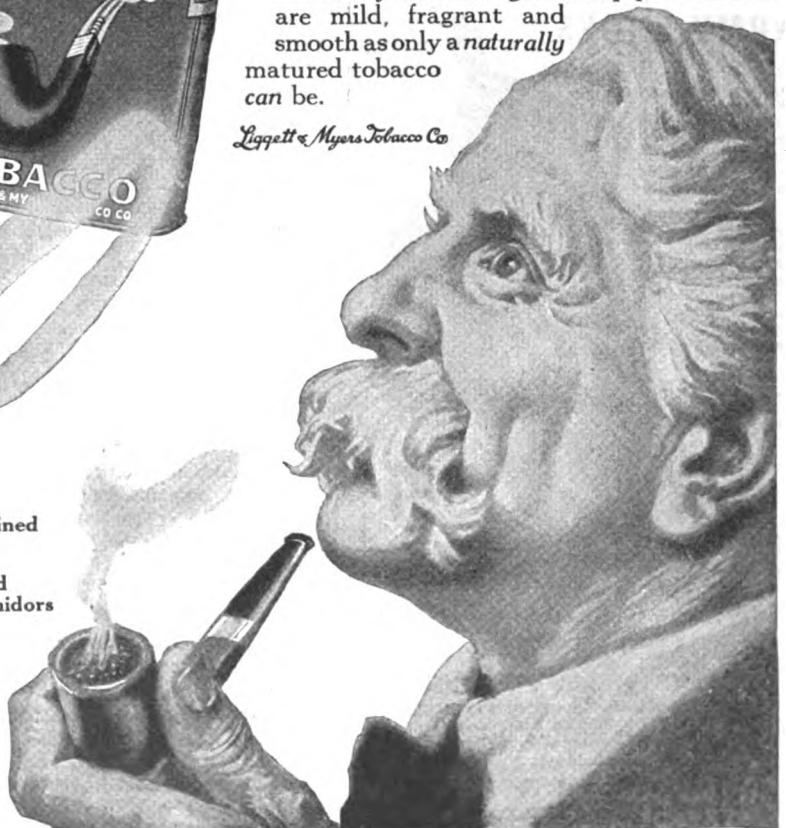
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When Strong Men Meet

(Continued from page 28)

The very first day the new Purvear establishment was running, Ike Hicks, county clerk, dropped in with no purpose whatever other than sociability and helpfulness.

"Mr. Purvear 'round?" he inquired cheerfully.

Marguerite surveyed him without favor. In the first place, she was homesick and scorned her surroundings. In the second, she didn't know who he was. In the third, Court Street callers who appeared in shirtsleeves and with gold collar-buttons prominently shining where cravats ought to be (not that there really are such persons in Court Street, of course) would be received coldly, being probably without funds. It would have surprised and shocked the new stenographer could she have seen the figures in Ike's bankbook.

She looked at him distantly and replied: "Naah!"

As she gave no indication of going more fully into the matter of when Mr. Purvear might be expected to return, Hicks, crediting her hauteur to embarrassment, continued:

"Well, you might mention I was in. Hicks is my name—Ike Hicks. Thought's long 's he was fixin' to do some real-estatin, I'd drop over an' get acquainted. Might be some things I could tell him, him comin' from up East that-a-way. Like about abstracts an' so on. Reckin mebbe you-all might like a few words of kind advice, huh?"

Miss Reilly replied icily: "Reahly, I think you do not know to whom you are addressing. When one has had business experience in Bost'n, one is not likely to requiah advice in Texas." Ike grinned.

"I see," he said. "Just like that! Well, I reckon I'll be goin'. Kinda feel like I needed a coat; cold weather we're havin' for November. Good-day, ma'am."

Marguerite did not think it incumbent upon her to reply. When Mr. Purvear came in she merely said:

"There was a person of the name of Hicks to see you. He said he had no business."

"Hicks? Hicks? Don't know him."
"I thought not. He was a rough person."

At this moment Mr. Hicks was recounting the incident with considerable enjoyment at the bar in the Central House. His appreciative audience included Mr. R. Hayes Gifford, late of California.

"That's what you-all get for tryin' to be perlite to damyankees," remarked Major Simmons, an elderly man with Confederate whiskers. He spoke the phrase as one word because in all his long life it had never occurred to him that it might be two.

"This Purvear, now. Is he that up-state sort, too?" asked Mr. Gifford.

"Dunno. I was just fixin' to get acquainted with him," replied Hicks.



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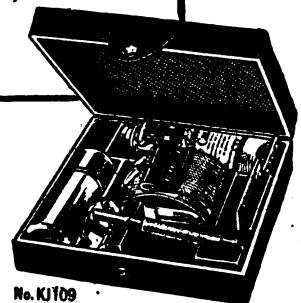
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"They're *all* that-a-way," declared the major with conviction.

The bartender spoke. "I know him. Lives on my street. He ain't such a bad lot, I expect, by'n large, but a leetle sharp. Come in here last Wednesday, the night of the Norther, fer a drink o' red-eye, an' ast if I couldn't give him a check or somesin' on a fifteen-cent drink, so the next one he happened to buy wouldn't cost him but ten cents. Said he s'posed two fer a quarter was the regulation tariff."

"No fool, though," spoke up Lawyer Hollister. "Ed Rounds was in to see me yesterday about a trade this Purvear makes with him for his auto—that old two-lunger. This Purvear party goes at Ed quick and sharp and offers him a motorcycle he'd picked up somewhere and two vendor's lien notes, face value \$618—take it or leave it—and Ed falls. The notes are worth just forty-seven dollars at the bank and the motorcycle won't go. And I kain't see 't Ed's got a bit of come-back."

R. Hayes Gifford held an amber glass topped with foam meditatively between his eyes and the light.

"Girl didn't *want* to be told anything about abstracts, eh?"

Mr. Hicks looked quickly at the Californian but kept his peace. Later, the others having left to return to their respective places of business, he said to Gifford:

"If you should happen to get a chance to turn that Kelly pasture, now? Still got it, ain't you?"

"I sure have."

"Standin' you how much?"

"Fifteen thousand. A hundred acres at one-fifty."

Mr. Hicks hummed a little tune. "Mebbe he hasn't ever heard about abstracts," he remarked. "Lots of 'em hasn't."

"I hadn't," said Gifford sadly.

"You didn't ask *me*."

"I was too wise. Saw a quick chance to turn a few hundred dollars' profit, grabbed it—an' tore my pants. Fools wade in where angels get cold feet, huh? If I should happen to—" his tone was a question.

"Nachully I ain't honin' to get froze no more," said Mr. Hicks earnestly. "Them as gets real estate experience in Bawston don't need no advice in Texas, she says. Go to it, friend! I'm strong fer you! Me, I'm as noisy about it as a deaf an' dumb asylum."

"I ain't been here but two months, brother, but there's something about you I like," declared Mr. Gifford. "Let's pour another libation on the altar of friendship."

Entirely ignorant of what plottings Miss Reilly's unconscious affront had generated, Solon C. Purvear went about his business cheerfully and with strict attention thereto, said business, as has been intimated, being primarily architecture.

In Tweed, which was the capital of an adjoining county, the citizens had recently voted the necessary bonds for the erection of a courthouse which they had proudly determined should cost \$80,000—about the actual value, it must be admitted, of all the other improved real estate in the town. The plans and specifications to be selected were open to competition, the fortunate architect to

receive one thousand dollars for his designs and perhaps a later commission for supervising the work, if the county commissioners should so decide.

Mr. Purvear submitted plans; so did Mr. Gifford, and a dozen others.

On the Monday before the Thursday on which the award was expected to be made at an evening meeting of the commissioners, Mr. Gifford made an unostentatious trip to Tweed. Architecture being with him a by-product, he was dubious regarding his own chances, but nevertheless had in his mind a course of action that might prove profitable under certain contingencies. He held a private conversation with one Smithers, a clerk in the sheriff's office, and several banknotes of small denomination changed hands. Then he returned to Oil City, and on Tuesday evening, at the monthly Get-Together banquet of the Chamber of Commerce, he got Jefferson D. Jones, the affable secretary of the Chamber, to introduce him to Purvear.

At about noon on Thursday, Mr. Gifford received at the hands of a Postal messenger boy a telegram that read as follows:

R. H. Gifford,
Oil City, Tex.

EPATOTOMIA THAT GIFTHAUS OF RAEVRUP
BEKKENIST J. S.

First transcribing this cryptic communication to a fair sheet of paper, in order that he might not display a Postal message in a rival shop, he hastened to the Western Union office and asked the momentary loan of the codebook. From this he deciphered the following meanings:

EPATOTOMIA—Have information from private sources.
GIFTHAUS—Plans and specifications.
BEKKENIST—Will be accepted.

"Raevrup" he read as "Purvear" by the simple expedient of transposing the order of the letters. His message, as decoded, read thus:

"Have information from private sources that plans and specifications of Purvear will be accepted."

Shortly afterward he was favoring Miss Reilly with his best booster smile and asking if she would be good enough to ask Mr. Purvear to give him a few minutes on a matter of private business.

Mr. Purvear's inner office had a rolltop desk, some chairs, an architect's drawing board and the paraphernalia usually attaching thereto. Mr. Purvear removed a green eyeshade and shook hands with a fair degree of cordiality.

He was a tall, thin, reddish, shrewd-eyed man with a long jaw, a slow smile and big spectacles. As he took a seat before the rolltop and waved his visitor to a chair he looked rather like a skinny but benevolent owl. Mr. Gifford contrasted with him sharply, being medium in height, broad of shoulder, bald of head, and of a professional manner of tooth-displaying geniality.

The conversation drifted briefly on matters of weather, general business conditions and the war. Then Gifford got down to brass tacks.

"I suppose that Tweed courthouse award will be made tonight. You've got plans in?"

Mr. Purvear bowed assent, with his eyes on Mr. Gifford's smile. It is of

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import to state that while he knew it said "architect" on Mr. Gifford's business cards and office door, he had never seen any of the Californian's professional work and had no idea whether Gifford was superior or inferior to himself in craftsmanship. Also, in this new field, he was somewhat oppressed by the strangeness and uncertainty of contractual requirements. In a word, he felt very modest indeed regarding his chances for the Tweed award.

"Two of us from this town have submitted plans—you and I," went on Gifford. "Maybe one of us might get it—maybe not; there's lots of 'em in. But I was thinking, after I met you at the Chamber night before last, here is a chance for us to make it a sort of Oil City proposition. You and I have had a different sort of training and experience. I ought to know better than you what Western folks want. You, coming from Boston, ought to be up a bit more than I am on the latest ideas."

Now Mr. Purvear had been in the city of Boston a little better than fifty times in his life. He had slept there perhaps six nights. But did he exclaim at once: "You are mistaken, my dear sir! I do not come from Boston, but from the thriving city of New Bedford, sixty miles distant." Did he? Answer: He did not.

How often, on hotel registers, have you ever seen the names of East Orange, N. J., or White Plains, N. Y., or Stamford, Conn.? Yet people live in those flourishing communities and from time to time go back and forth across the land and stop at hotels. Alas, although they come from there, they register, in what boldness of chirography they possess, from "New York City." So, too, citizens of Worcester, Mass., and Nashua, N. H., and Woonsocket, R. I.—and New Bedford—being far from home and danger of detection, surely and invariably hail from Boston.

Mr. Gifford went on:

"Now it struck me that maybe we could sort of pool our interests—both being strangers in a strange land, as you might say—and make a little partnership out of this. Whoever's plans are accepted gets a thousand, and perhaps a supervision commission afterwards. Suppose we make a deal to split the thousand, if either of us gets it, with an agreement to divide the supervision work, if that comes along later. Then if the commissioners pick yours, and the Easterner wins, I get a bit; if they like the Western ideas better and I should happen to win, you are in on the job."

Mr. Purvear secretly thought it much more likely, if either of them were to win, that it would be the man with Western ideas. But:

"No, I hardly see it," he said. "I've submitted some pretty good plans. And to be honest, I don't know anything about yours."

"You haven't got anything on me; I don't know anything about yours, either." He paused. "All right," he said. "If you want to, we'll just let it set. Tell you the truth, I ain't a bit sure they'd like to give it to a Yankee. Little narrow that way, they are down here, sometimes."

The New Englander drew toward him a slip of paper and a pencil and began to draw little pictures. He sketched a Swiss chalet, and a chimney, and a sailboat, and wrote below them a row of figure nines. Then:

"Your proposition, as I understand it, is to make an agreement that if either of us two gets that award he gives the other \$500."

"And a look-in on the supervision, if that happens to go with it. That supervision will take about all one man's time for a year—leave him not another minute to 'tend to his other business. I don't mind saying I've got other things on hand for my part, that ought to pay better than eight thousand a year. I don't know's you've been here long enough to realize it, but there's lots of good chances for a smart business man in oil, real estate, et cetera, here in Oil City. Me, I want to be here at least half the time to watch 'em—not over at Tweed counting bags of cement."

"The commissioners meet tonight," mused Purvear.

"Yes, sir, and we ought to know who gets the award by early tomorrow. Of course there's ten or fifteen other plans submitted besides ours. If one of them gets it you and I ain't interested anyway. I just thought it would be a good chance not to get all my eggs in one basket. I don't want to be tied down to a supervising job. Suppose they happened to bring in a big gusher in a new part of the field some day, and I was over at Tweed. Maybe I'd lose the chance to get in quick and make all kinds of money."

"Mr. Gifford, I'll go you," said Purvear, pushing his paper and pencil away from him. "Wait till I call in the girl and we'll put this in writing."

The next morning's earliest mail brought Mr. Purvear, on the official letterhead of the county commissioners, word that his plans had been accepted, but that the matter of supervision had been temporarily held in abeyance. On the day following, he motored over to Tweed in his new "two-lunger"—arriving, it may be said parenthetically, earlier than if he had walked, but later than if he had hired a pair of horses at the livery stable. The county judge, chairman of the commission by virtue of that office, extended him the glad hand of fellowship, paid him \$1000 and took him out to lunch.

"You must have held your meeting pretty early and gone through those plans pretty quick," Mr. Purvear suggested idly as they were walking back toward the judge's office. "I noticed my letter was postmarked at eight o'clock Thursday night."

"Oh, yes," said the judge. "We met at seven. They were working the Third at the Blue Lodge, that night, and Tom Mattison and I both wanted to be there, and Emil Scholtz had a date for a friendly little poker session. Both the other commissioners were obliging. We couldn't hold the meeting until night, having advertised it that-a-way, but we got around that by having an informal meeting in the forenoon and getting all the work done. Then, when night come, we only had to take the vote. Evening meeting didn't last more'n five minutes."

Mr. Purvear smoked in serious silence for some time. "What time did you say you actually settled it?"

"'Bout half-past ten o'clock."

"I see—I don't s'pose anybody outside the commissioners knew you were going to take my plans?"

"Why, I don't know. I guess it wasn't any secret among the boys in politics."

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A little later, as he was getting ready to try to find out why his car wouldn't crank, he paused to ask the judge another question.

"Did Mr. Gifford of our town have some pretty good plans?"

"Who? Him? No. He had some plans but they weren't considered more'n a minute. Good fellow, too, that Gifford. Lots of new stories he had that day he was down here kinda smelling 'round trying to get a line on what was doing."

"What day was that?"

"Why, I don't know. Yes, hold on. It was last Monday. Made quite a lot of friends among the boys. You know him, of course. Mighty good story-teller, ain't he?"

"I do. He surely is," acquiesced Puryear.

There was ample time for meditation and planning on the trip home, so when the two-lunger had finally coughed itself into Oil City, Solon's course of action was clear in his mind.

He went at once to his office, got out his agreement with Gifford, and read and re-read it long and carefully. Then he sighed, wrote a check for \$500 payable to Mr. Gifford's order, scrawled a few kind words to enclose with it, and prepared it for the mail. This done, he dug out from a mass of papers in a file an old list of addresses, which he ran over until he found the name he sought. He then composed a careful and lengthy letter to one J. W. Judson, care of Adler, Judson & Company, attorneys-at-law, Cleveland, Ohio.

Attorney J. W. Judson was a New Bedford product, an old classmate of Puryear at the Parker Street Grammar. Long ago he had left the circumscribed opportunities of his native city and, entering the profession of law, had prospered in it even though he had not conspicuously adorned it. Any exasperated corporation official in Cleveland could tell you—albeit he would surely use language in the telling that would have to be deleted by a conscientious censor—that the firm of Adler, Judson & Company employed the most efficient squad of ambulance chasers west of the Nantucket Lightship, and had developed to an exact science the extreme possibilities of that profitable branch of their profession known as the damage suit industry. The firm's code of ethics was brief: "Do nothing evil at which you are likely to get caught."

When Puryear had completed his long pen letter to the estimable Mr. Judson, he tore into small bits the sheets that bore his first draft of it and carefully distributed the fragments into two separate wastebaskets. Then he enclosed with it a check for \$50—not without another sigh—mailed both this letter and the one to Gifford, and went home to a belated supper.

"You look tired," remarked his sister as he took his second cup of tea. "Had a busy day?"

Solon stirred in his sugar and replied:

"Tain't so much that I've been busy, but I got a little het up. I've taken some and given some, but you don't ever get used to gettin' trimmed. And I sure got trimmed good."

Briefly he sketched the story of the Tweed courthouse plans, with his justifiable deductions. Julia, he knew from a lifetime of experience, was reliably close-mouthed.

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She did not express either horror or indignation, as some might have done at such a tale of perfidy. Neither, for that matter, did he. Their emotion was rather regret, disappointment and chagrin.

"So that's the way he did it," he concluded. "And now I got to go out and get him."

"You'd be a mighty poor Yankee if you couldn't, I should say," was Julia's comment.

"Yeah. That's what's botherin' me. If he'd been another Yankee—or a Jew, say—I'd feel easier about it. I guess, far's that's concerned, I'd of watched him closer. Didn't think one of these open-faced, smilin' hail-fella-well-met Westerners would set out to trim me first go-off. He made quite a lot of talk about Yankees, too, come to think about it. Said folks down here didn't like 'em, or something like that. Well," he pushed back his plate. "If I let it stand that way and take my trimmin', I deserve it."

"What was you planning to do?"

"I d'know for sure. Got a scheme. If it works I'll show him. If it don't, I'll think up another. Yankees! Honest, Jule, I wasn't aimin' to do anything slick to anybody; you know I ain't a sharp character. But of course when you get sort of dared to do it, like this, you've got to try to put one over. And if I can't get a fella that comes from California I don't deserve to be a Yankee."

"That sounds just like Grampa Hatch," declared Mrs. Morris.

"If I can come out 's well as gramp usually did, I'll be satisfied. What was it he used to say? 'Never lie in a hoss-trade, 'tain't honest; but if the other fella ain't listenin' to exactly what you say, that's his business.' That was the time he sold the blind hoss and told the man it didn't have any outs 'except it didn't look as good as some hosses.'"

In the living room Purvear stretched his long legs comfortably and lighted his evening cigar.

"Well," he said, "'sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.' Put on that new Sousa record, will you?"

[Next month these strong men meet again, as the direct result of Mr. Purvear's resolve to go out and "get" Mr. Gifford.]

Our National Parks— a Seven Reel Feature

(Continued from page 23)

the shore to resist temptation. Cowling constructed a bridge from the shore to the berg, crossed over, set up his movie camera and began to reel off the picture of the season. The wind rose and the berg moved off. Splash! His improvised bridge severed communication with the shore. Cowling kept grinding away until he had finished the take and then scratched his red head.

He was moving away from dry land at the rate of about two feet a minute. There was no canoe in sight, nobody to throw him a rope. He scratched his head again.

"I was up to my neck," said Cowling, "in trouble and water. And I knew that



The concrete road will withstand the wear of any traffic.



This could not happen on a concrete road

Concrete Roads Will Withstand the Traffic of Peace and War

NEVER before have roads played so great a part in the world's history. The European war teaches the enormous importance of permanent roads as a measure of preparedness.

War demands roads that will withstand the concentrated traffic of thousands of motor vehicles, heavy trucks loaded with men, supplies and ammunition, guns weighing many tons. The normal traffic of years is often crowded into a few weeks.

Macadam roads, once sufficient for the requirements of horse-drawn traffic, cannot resist the motor traffic of peace, much less that of war. The passage of heavy trucks and the shearing action of the tires of swiftly moving pleasure cars soon tear loose the surface of the best macadam and leave a road raveled, rutted and unfit for travel. Of all permanent roads which can withstand the wear and tear of automobiles, at low maintenance cost, concrete is the cheapest.

A concrete road 16 feet wide costs on an average \$15,000 a mile to build and about \$50 a year to maintain. The first cost is somewhat more than macadam; the ultimate cost is very much less. Futhermore, the concrete road will grow stronger with age, while the average macadam road must be entirely rebuilt approximately every seven years.

Our illustrated booklet, "Concrete Facts About Concrete Roads," will be sent free of charge on request.

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THE ROOSEVELT DAM

No reference to any bad language from the Colonel. On the contrary, it is a peaceful picture in glowing colors, showing the beautiful lake which the Salt River irrigation project has created in the heart of the Arizona desert. It is the frontispiece of

Sunset Magazine for July



Copyright 1916 by Carnation Milk Products Co. Make delicious appetizing cocoa with Carnation Milk

Why Carnation Milk answers the milk question

Its quality is always the same. Evaporated to the consistency of cream, it is the rich butter fat and milk solids, minus the quantity of water evaporated. It is for every milk purpose every day.

It can be "whipped"—that fact alone indicates its quality and purity. That also is one reason

Buy Carnation Milk by the can or by the case from your grocer—"The Carnation Milkman."

why so many people use Carnation Milk in coffee, tea and cocoa—they like the rich flavor it adds.

It gives a rich flavor to vegetables; it adds to the delicious quality of bread, pies, cake and other things cooked with it. It is healthful and safe always for the children to drink.

Our book of Carnation Milk recipes was prepared for us by cooking experts. Write for it.

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662 Stuart Bldg., Seattle, U.S.A.

Carnation Milk Clean Sweet Pure

The answer to the milk question



in another minute I'd be out of my depth. So of course you know what I did. And say, if you ever have a well meaning friend who wants to try his hand at Arctic exploration, advise him to practice in Iceberg lake in July. And if you ever see a man who believes water will freeze at thirty-two, send him to me. That water was liquid, but if it wasn't thirty-two below zero I'll eat my hat—the one that's at the bottom of the lake!"

But of all the thrills that have fallen to Cowling's lot since he has set his heart on making for this Government the best photographic record of the progress and beauty of the West in existence, none appeal to him so much as his experiences in photographing the Western Indians.

"They're the ideal subjects for still and motion-picture photography," says he. "The American Indian is a natural born actor. And the best I have met are the Blackfeet of Montana. I've taken them in the midst of their ceremonies and I've stuck them about here and there for the sake of local color in my scenic views. And they make good.

"Tell an Indian not to look at the camera and wild horses couldn't pull his head camera-ward. Instruct him in the part he is to play in some little colorful drama and he will carry out your directions to the minutest detail, throwing in some perfectly corking original work for good measure. With them every part is a lead. They'll never allow their attention to be diverted from the business in hand. They're all Stars!"

Can We Keep the Canal Open?

(Continued from page 15)

waters from running into it, and finally by some sort of a water-tight covering over all the sliding or threatened ground, that will completely shut out the water and keep it out.

It is no part of a geologist's business to determine just how that covering is to be made. That is a matter of engineering, and if the engineers fully realize the point, purpose, and importance of the complete exclusion of the water, there is no doubt about their ability to devise and handle the way and means of excluding it.

In this connection it would be interesting to know at what price a trustworthy firm of contractors would undertake to exclude the water from these slides, and how that price would compare with the cost of letting them slide into the Canal, and then dredging them out.

MAY EARTHQUAKES LIKELY DAMAGE THE CANAL?

Systematic records of the earthquakes at Panama have been kept only since December, 1908—a period entirely too short to afford a trustworthy idea of the earthquakes of the zone. It is sometimes said that certain low arches that have been standing in the city of Panama for hundreds of years are proof positive that there have been no severe shocks there since the arches were built.

MEXICO

a big splotch of the Color that's in Uncle Sam's eye right now

MAYNARD DIXON
has made a cover of it for the

JULY SUNSET

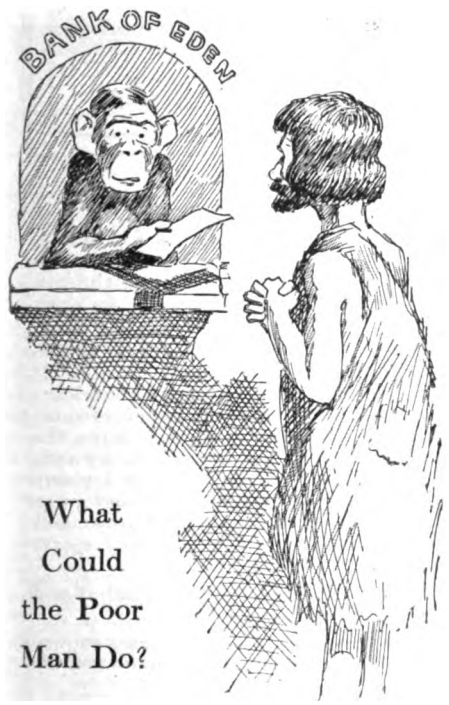
Those who have much personal acquaintance with severe earthquakes know that the severity is indicated by what is thrown down—not by what is left standing.

Fear has been expressed that the dams, locks and other works of the Canal are liable to be destroyed by earthquakes. It is my personal opinion that there is little or no danger of earthquakes doing damage to the locks, spillways, dams or anything else made of reinforced concrete. To persons familiar with the effects of the San Francisco earthquake on structures of reinforced concrete, it is not necessary to give explanations. We simply know that such structures, when carefully made, are not likely to be injured.

The only damage likely to be done by earthquakes is by starting slides that otherwise might not occur. Furthermore, and in this case of the utmost importance, it was pointed out years ago by the California earthquake commission that water in the ground raises the local intensity of earthquakes, so that a shock incapable of doing damage to or on dry ground would be rendered dangerous to wet ground or to anything standing upon it.

Those of us who are familiar with the many interesting things that happened at the time of the California earthquake of 1906 recall the great number of slides that formed at that time all through the Santa Cruz mountains. But it is reasonably certain that the slides would not have been produced in the Santa Cruz mountains on that occasion if the ground had not been well saturated; for the rainy season had just come to an end when the earthquake occurred. This fact is one more reason for keeping the water out of the slides at Panama.

Such are the writer's personal views, based upon forty years of study of land slides in tropical countries.



Drawn by Clifton Meek

"I'm very sorry, Mr. Adam, but you're a total stranger to us. You'll have to be identified"



Forty-one Years of Telephone Progress

The faint musical sound of a plucked spring was electrically carried from one room to another and recognized on June 2, 1875. That sound was the birth-cry of the telephone.

The original instrument—the very first telephone in the world—is shown in the picture above.

From this now-historic instrument has been developed an art of profound importance in the world's civilization.

At this anniversary time, the Bell System looks back on forty-one years of scientific achievement and economic progress, and gives this account of its stewardship:

It has provided a system of communication adequate to public needs and sufficiently in advance of existing conditions to meet all private demands or national emergencies.

It has made the telephone the most economical servant of the people for social and commercial intercourse.

It has organized an operating staff loyal to public interests and ideals; and by its policy of service it has won the appreciation and good will of the people.

With these things in mind, the Bell System looks forward with confidence to a future of greater opportunity and greater achievement.



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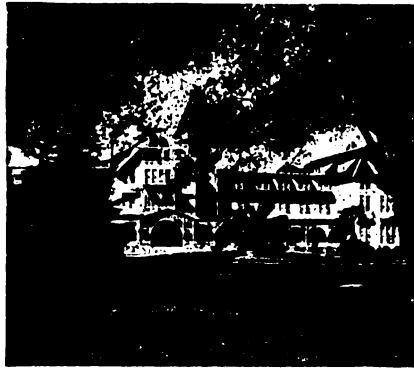
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The Call to the Out-of-Doors

WHO hear and heed it more than the people of the West! And why shouldn't they, with Nature providing so lavishly for their entertainment! For satisfying variety California dares the world tourist to find a region comparable to its diverse attractions, be the search continued to the ends of the earth.

Here the sunny beaches in June time are thronged with pleasure seekers. The superb highways hum with the vibrant song of thousands of automobiles. Vacationists are seeking the cool woods, the trout streams, the quiet blue lakes in the mountains. An endless procession of happy auto parties passes the fruit-laden orchards of oranges and lemons, of apricots and prunes, the great vineyards with their clusters of purple and green grape, the quaint Missions. It is play-time in this land where polo, golf and tennis, fishing and swimming and all manner of out-door sports provide the utmost of pleasure.

The tourist will always find here the welcoming hand and the comfort and cheer for which California's big hospitable hotels are noted.

At San Diego the second year of the Panama-California Exposition provides an unusual attraction for those belated Americans who missed the beautiful Expositions last year.



ALPINE TAVERN, MT. LOWE
Overlooking beautiful San Gabriel Valley



THE INN, FEATHER RIVER INN STATION
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HOTEL DEL CORONADO, CORONADO
Just across the bay from San Diego



How Best to Enjoy a Vacation

MAKE your headquarters in one of California's noted hotels, and thus combine the pleasures of out-door life with satisfying comfort. Choose for example, The Oakland, shown on the opposite page. Here one is within easy access of all that has made the great Bay region famous—Oakland, the beautiful city spread over the hills on the east bay side; its nearby neighbors, Alameda and Berkeley, where is located the University of California, second largest in the United States; across the bay, San Francisco, city of endless amusement and delightful surprises; wonderful motoring trips down the peninsula through veritable bowers of fruit-laden trees or into great central valleys with their orchards and vineyards and vast gardens, or to Yosemite and Tahoe and the Big Trees—all easily accessible, with quiet comfort awaiting one's return from such satisfying excursions.

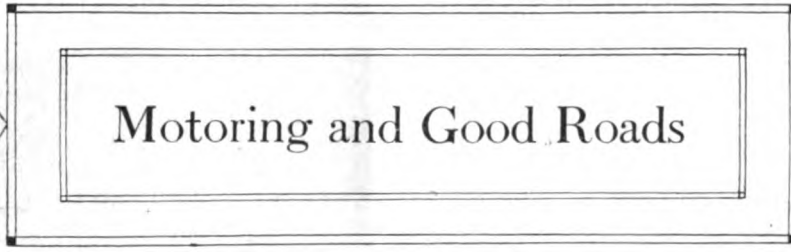
All the hotels and resorts shown on these pages have helped to make California famous. Sunset Magazine unhesitatingly endorses them and their management and will gladly aid its readers in obtaining full information concerning them. Inquiries may be directed either to Sunset Magazine or the hotels direct.

Sunset Magazine Service Bureau,
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Please help me to obtain descriptive literature and full information about the famous California hotels and resorts as advertised in Sunset Magazine. I expect to visit California _____

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Practical Hints for the Motor Camper

How You May Take With You Into the Woods the Comforts of Home

By L. W. Peck

THE naturalized version of a well-known Old Country proverb would be: "Scratch an American and you'll find a backwoodsman," for nowhere in the world is the love of the out-of-doors more inherent than among the city-dwelling, dollar-chasing residents of the United States.

Every normal man annually feels the call of the Red Gods; it steals in through the open windows, finds its way behind counters and desks, into money cages, private offices—everywhere—transforming the best workers into day-dreamers. For this vagrant spring visitor brings many delectable sensations: the balmy spice of the conifers, the pungent smoke of the campfire, the splash of the trout stream, the call of the mountain quail. In memory the dreamer again follows a fragrant, shadowy trail among the fir trees, up, up, to a rocky eminence from which, through the lavender hued haze of distance, he sees the bare granite

ridges rising above timber line, topped with white mantles of snow.

To Western people, the Sierra Nevada, the Cascades and the Rockies stand for all that can be desired in a scenic, mountainous country. Most of these people answer the call of the open in some form or another each year. Just where they go or just how they seek the free places does not matter materially; the vital thing is that they do get into the open country. Yet in this land of outdoors many persons have still to learn this important truth: to get the utmost benefit from a vacation, one must live close to Mother Nature. In other words, Go camping!

Try today's brand of camping. It's different—and easy. Old-fashioned camping has undergone modern treatment; its cumbersome, uncomfortable features have been eliminated, while all the fun

has been retained. The modern version is to use your automobile for your real back-to-the-woods trip. This means the employment of equipment unthought of by the old-timer with his horse-drawn outdoor home. You know the old hit-and-miss style of rambling into the woods. In the wagon bed a miscellaneous assortment of tinware jangled about in a barley sack; some odd-sized blankets and quilts wrapped in a frayed piece of canvas, and a few soap boxes filled with a jumbled selection of paper-bagged foods, rocked and slid to and fro as the horses took the hills on the collar or coasted down on the breeching. From beneath the wagon at every jolt came the clatter and bang of the old galvanized water bucket and kerosene lantern, while the dust stirred up by the toe drag of the hot and weary beasts rose in an all enveloping cloud, settling impartially and with considerable penetration over everything. When camp was made, things felt and tasted gritty.



Full two weeks' equipment for four persons is condensed and carried on the outside of this car. Every passenger has foot room, and no ladder is needed to enter the car either



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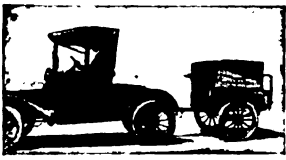
How many happy trips have been made under these conditions! Many more will be taken, too. But the heyday of wagon camping is past; the automobile has left the city pavements and has taken to the open road. The outing fraternity, with which this country is so liberally populated, has turned to motor-power so unanimously that poor old Dobbin-power has been hopelessly crowded off the road as the honking procession of camp-laden automobiles rolls past toward the hills.

When the time for vacation comes round the owner of a motor car nowadays assembles a compact assortment of camp necessities; stows them away in dust and weather-proof bags and cases; applies these artfully to the running boards with broad straps; hoists some of the bulkier stuff to the wrought iron boot behind the rear axle, and still has plenty of room in the body of the car for his and his family's feet, fishing rods, firearms, lunch kit, camera and outer garments. Even these last are protected from the sifting dust by buttoned-up wall-pockets slung from the robe rail.

The autoist's system is like the canoeist's: both must keep weight down and bulk small, yet deprive themselves of nothing of comfort and convenience. It is true that the modern automobile camping outfit includes more of the luxuries and niceties of home living, and in smaller space, than does the usual wagon camper's outfit. This is probably due to the modern notions a man acquires along with a motor car. Your gasoline camper has seen the folly of trying to make the utensils and bedding of home serve in the wilds. He knows that special equipment, made to nest, telescope or otherwise fit into the outfit, is by far the best, and he balances his load as carefully as the mountaineer balances his pack animal's kyacks.

THE CULINARY DEPARTMENT

If you will watch one of the enthusiastic automobile campers making or breaking camp, you will learn that orderliness is the first virtue. His articles of camp use must be of a size and shape to fit together well and to form packages of such size as will pack best in or on the space provided by the modern car. His cooking equipment is a dream of simplicity, most of it being contained within the largest utensil and the whole of it stowing nicely in a canvas bag or a cylindrical fiber case resembling a hat box. For choice, the pots and kettles are of cast aluminum, which has the virtues of the best of other wares with the faults left out. Being seamless and tasteless, and having no projections whatever, it will stand any amount of hard usage. The practical outfit for four persons consists of a large lidded pot, capacity about five quarts; a smaller lidded pot, capacity about three quarts; a coffee or tea pot or pail; a steel frying pan, ten inches in diameter, with a folding handle; two small "milk pans" for mixing bread-stuffs, etc.; white enameled plates and cups; knives, forks and spoons of white metal. The latter tools slip into a slender bag which, with the cups, goes into the coffee pot. Each of the pots nests comfortably in the next larger size, the largest being placed in the mixing pans and frying-pan. The whole assortment has an outside measurement of ten inches, breadth and depth. With this outfit a capable camp cook can serve as many as



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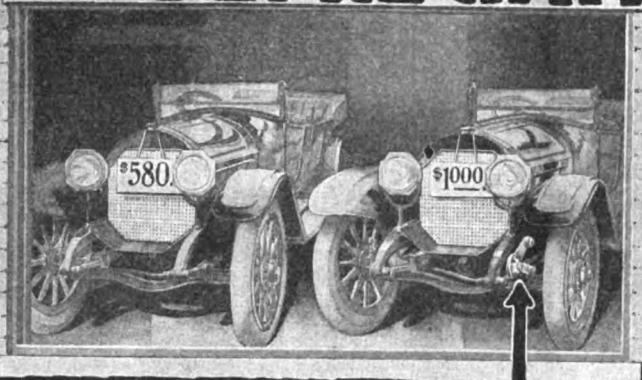
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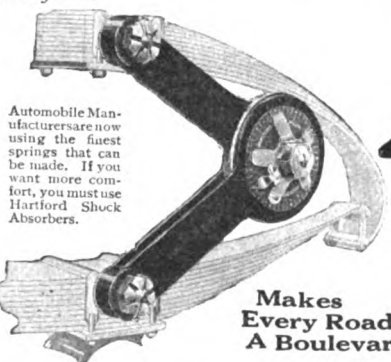
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Makes
Every Road
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five or six persons with a meal that has sufficient variety to suit any outdoor appetite.

An accessory highly desirable and recommended is the efficient folding aluminum reflector oven, an artful biscuit maker and roaster of meat and “spuds.” There are two sizes. One, folded flat, is twelve inches square by one inch thick, and it takes an eight-by-twelve inch baking pan. For four or five persons or less, this size is sufficiently large. Keep the inner surfaces well burnished and your breadstuffs will brown beautifully. You jockey it forward and back to suit your fire. It slides into a square flat canvas carrying case, in which you will find room for a folding wire griddle with sharp legs, which is your hurry-up stove, and for a thin bread board, the plates, and the dish cloths. The above culinary outfit is pretty well balanced for the experienced go-light camper who likes to potter over open fires and who supports his kettles over the flames by means of forked sticks, rocks, and his wire grid. For the more fastidious outer, or for those not so used to preparing meals out under the sky, there are a number of outfits specially designed.

DE LUXE KITCHENS

There is now on the market a folding “kitchenette,” a hinge-sided, steel reinforced box which includes a folding sheet-steel gasoline stove with an oven; fry, bake and stew pans; containers for flour, sugar, coffee, salt, etc.; cooking and table knives, forks and spoons. These complete outfits are to be had in sizes for two, four or six persons. The case attaches neatly to the car's running board by lugs, and when opened gives you a table the height of your car's step. Those who are not keen for the fickle campfire's flame can prepare a creditable meal on the two burners and in the oven of this stove and eat in comfort seated on cute little folding, carpet-bottomed stools which are dug up from depths of the tonneau. Thus you can be independent of firewood and can go into action anywhere along the roadside.

Emergency cooking kits for the hurry-up traveler who expects to miss a meal now and then at the wayside hotels have been so perfectly gotten up that a two- or three-man kit will nest together and fit into your coat pocket. This outfit provides pans for boiling, frying and baking, as well as two cups and a wire grill.

Tourists who are making long jumps from breakfast in camp to dinners in another camp have learned the trick of filling their vacuum bottle sets with hot coffee and food for a brief lunch. Automobile sets of this kind are to be had in many sizes, from one-man up to six, and they are labor savers for the folks who make nomadic camps only. Vacuum food jars as well as bottles can be obtained, all in dust-proof cases fitted with all the necessary luncheon utensils.

THE GRUB BAG

Probably the most satisfactory method of carrying “grub” is to put your dry foodstuffs such as flour, cornmeal, sugar, cereals, dried fruit, etc. in paraffined muslin bags which measure about eight inches across, and which sit, one on top another, in a waterproof canvas bag with a double throat for double protection from dust and insects. The little bags

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Patents Pending

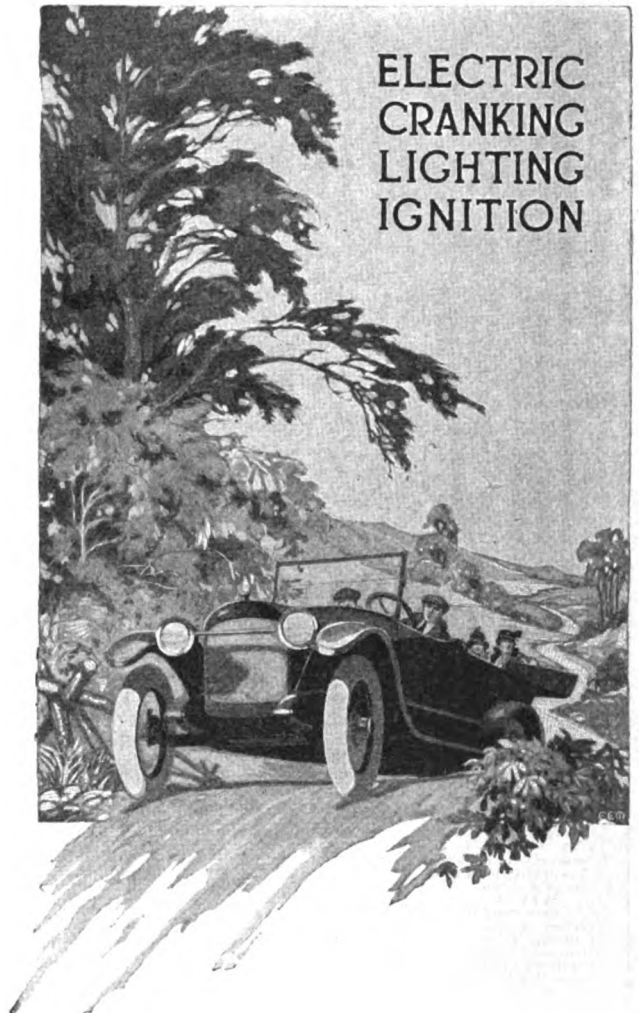
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should be plainly labeled on their sides. For such articles as coffee, tea, cooking fat, and the like, use friction-top tins which are made broad and flat to fit the cylindrical bag. For greasy foods such as ham and bacon you will have to provide bags of pantasote or similar grease proof material. Carry the neat little wooden salt and pepper shakers that have interchangeable ends. No better outdoor style has been made as yet. Provided your car has long enough running boards, a grub-box with reinforced corners and a dust tight lid may better suit your taste. The choice is yours.

You will feel freer to drive on into the mountain fastnesses if you know your food supply is ample. Gasoline stations will probably be found oftener than stores where fresh food can be had. The motor has driven gasoline back beyond the farthest edge of cultivation. On some mountain roads you may possibly meet a mule team hauling a huge steel drum of motor fuel up the long grade. After that you may feel less inclined to object to the per gallon prices charged half a hundred miles from the main road.

REAL AND FANCIED NECESSITIES

The writer has seen touring parties provided with folding steel chairs with backs; tea service kits; fancy tire trunks, and other appointments more luxurious than will be demanded by the majority of travelers. Some of the articles that may seem fussy, however, pay well in comfort for the space they occupy in your outfit. Folding wash basins; folding water buckets; rolled or folded camp tables; compact little acetylene gas lamps for night work out of range of the car's headlights; electric flashlights for intermittent use; desert water bags; individual toilet article bags; pot hooks; mosquito head nets; little feather pillows to take the curse off the pile of clothing under your head—these and other aids and abettors to comfortable out-of-doors living are advised for the average auto-camper. A recent innovation for the conservation of foot and elbow room in the motor car is a well-balanced little two-wheeled carry-all called a "trailer" which hitches on behind the gasoline steed. Another new idea is a folding hammock which hooks on the robe rail, thus solving the big problem of taking the baby along.

Slip an axe, sheathed in leather, under the straps about your war bag; a small shovel or spade is a mighty handy article sometimes on mountain roads. Fifty feet of three-quarter-inch rope, a tire repair kit, a small compass, an axe and knife sharpening stone, and a camera, are all essentials. If you are to stop on the edge of a lake or river where there are boats, you may find room for a little out-board motor with which to transform a plebeian rowboat into a power boat.

THE SLEEP PROBLEM

To most vacationists the sleeping question is the big one. Hay makes excellent beds with a little manipulation, but usually the harvest hands have been thoughtless enough to pile it up too far from the best camping grounds, and either the camper must rustle up his own mattress filling from the woods or carry along a ready-made mattress. The success and pleasure of your trip depends largely upon how you rest. For mountain



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The Edison of the illustrators' fraternity, whose astounding "inventions" appear in America *exclusively* in Puck. Mr. Robinson is the star of the London *Sketch* staff.

Mrs. Helena Smith-Dayton

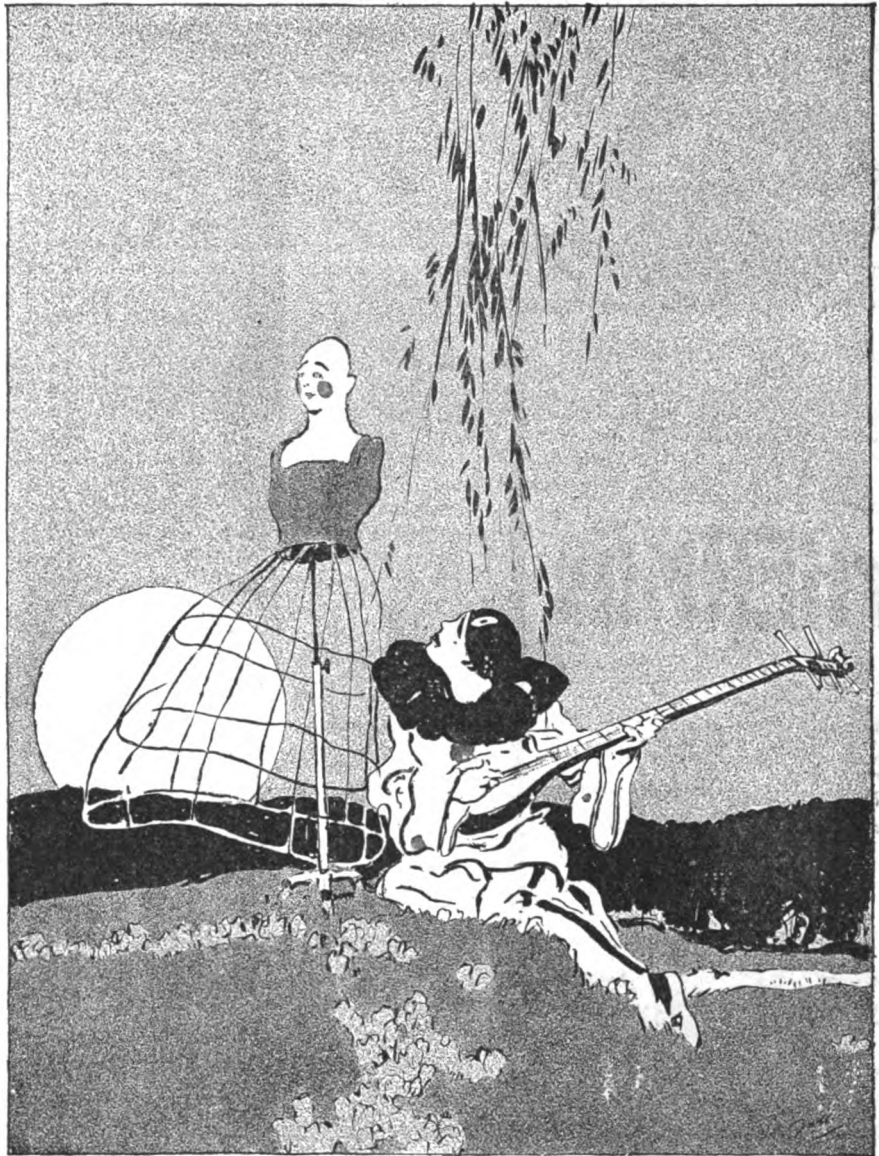
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camping, say at an altitude of around 6000 to 8000 feet, your bed must be no skimpy affair. A waterproof bed, fitted with all-wool blankets, should weigh at least twelve pounds; anything lighter is risky. For a camp in the foothills a less heavy bed will do.

You will see heavy comforters, folded, used as mattresses, and couches made of fir boughs. You will find campers who carry ticks which they fill and empty each time they make and break camp, using whatever softening agent the country affords. You will see fastidious folks using pneumatic mattresses which they inflate by lung power or with a tire pump. Probably these are the softest beds you can use, though they, like every other camp bed so far devised, have drawbacks. If you want to be warm you will need every bit as much bedding beneath you as you have on top. But you can sleep peacefully on a rock pile on one of these modern affairs, and there is a heap of satisfaction in having a ready softener for any spot your day's travel brings you to.

Snake shy folks and others who want to be up off the ground use folding cots, stretcher beds, and other contraptions which have legs or supports. Provide yourself with a warm pallet for your cot and you will have a good bed; the thing that will worry you most is how to tie the cots to the machine and still be able to get in and out of the latter.

The "compartment" idea has been made practical by one manufacturer, who has combined a spring mattress and a folding tent which fits on the back of the car.

The enterprising makers of a well-known automobile have designed a car to fill the need for a bed. The front seat is built on the "take-down" principle and its cushions and back, properly combined with the rear upholstery, give a springy bed for two in the body of the car. For comfort and safety and for doing away with packing a mattress, this scheme appeals to many motor camp enthusiasts.

THE OUTDOOR SHELTER

In the Eastern states the tent stands at the head of the list of camping requirements on account of those arch enemies of campers, rain and mosquitoes. Here in the West it takes a less prominent place, for you will probably camp many summers and experience no rain. But some of the winged pests are here, at least on the moist mountain meadows, early in the summer, and a sleeping and dressing tent is usually wanted for its privacy.

An automobile tent can be bought that has the virtue of being roomy yet requires but one pole. Its floor is rectangular, and when the broad back is securely anchored to the broadside of the automobile, but one guy rope is needed, from the peak at front to the ground. You will want a sod cloth sewed in your tent, and a ground cloth, either sewed in or separate, gives you a clean, dry floor. You probably will use, if you are wise, a telescopic steel tent pole and small wrought iron tent pins. It is a nuisance to cut poles and stakes in the woods. "Balloon silk" is the best all-round material for your tent. It is a waterproof cotton fabric, very much lighter than canvas, and very strong. Your tent should be fitted with an inner tent of cheese cloth or mosquito netting.



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One thickness of it over the tent opening frequently fails to bar unwelcome guests.

AND INCIDENTALLY

Now as a usual thing the tent, the cook kit, the bed, the grub, and the extra clothing all go in separate bags. You may elect to use fiber cases or boxes for the cooking outfit and the food. Your taste and mine very likely will not agree as to a grub list; that is a matter for you to work out for yourself. In bulk, figure twelve to fourteen pounds of food a week for each person in your party—that is, if they are the kind that work up appetites with the axe or on long exploration tours. Avoid heavy canned goods, take your milk and eggs in powdered form in tins, and pack some dehydrated vegetables for your camp "mulligans." Malted milk will fit in at meal time and between, just as sweet eating chocolate will. As you assemble your stuff keep an eye on the checking list. It is a good rule to prune down the first enthusiastic list you make with a firm hand. First and foremost you must shun bulkiness of equipment. Leave home the patent do-dad for poaching eggs and the improved whoo-siz for making coffee. The open is not the place for curling or pressing irons; leave them home with your dress-up clothes.

Don't worry about where you will camp in the night to come. Be motor vagabonds; camp for a day or a week if you feel like it, and when you weary of your site pack up and adventure further. This is the day of collapsible, condensable, practical outfits. With portable companions who do not mind getting freckled, your motor vacation should yield much pleasure and benefit.

The experienced camper will sniff at many of the suggestions included in this article. But it is not at the experienced camper that this friendly advice is aimed. It is only by making comfortable and pleasant the initial trip into the realm of camp life that outdoor converts are made. Once let the campfire, the pines and redwoods, and the night sky cast their spell over you, and forevermore are you doomed to gypsy longings when the call of the Red Gods comes stealthily in through the windows in the spring.

Excuse Me!

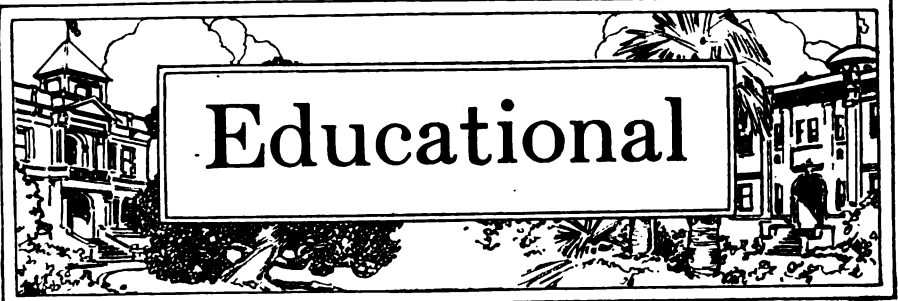
(Continued from page 33)

urged by a union membership usually more than fifty per cent non-voters.

The union opposition to the National Guard is not secret. It is proclaimed publicly. And yet no one makes a move to suppress it. The law that will reach out for a spy caught sketching a national defense system is entirely blind to the near-citizen who wantonly spikes the gun under the very eyes of the defenders.

This is not merely my own opinion, reinforced by some bitter experiences, but it is the viewpoint of virtually every Adjutant-General in the United States, but for political reasons few of them care to go on record publicly. Let me quote from a letter written by one of the ablest officers in the country:

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THE ROYCROFTERS, East Aurora, N. Y.

interest in the National Guard is the absolute indifference on the part of a majority of citizens as to the obligation they owe their government for its protection and guarantee of life, liberty and the peaceful pursuit of happiness. This may be obviated by a federal law compelling service in the National Guard of able-bodied men for a short period between the ages of 18 and 30, possibly two years, or one enlistment.

"My experience has shown that there is a decided opposition on the part of union labor to the National Guard, but I desire to state that I believe this opposition is based on ignorance more than anything else. It is the common supposition that members of the guard are merely policemen off duty, and subject to call at the desire of capital for the purpose of imposing upon labor. I feel that it is not necessary to enter into a discussion of this matter, as any sensible person who will take the trouble to think about the matter can very easily convince himself that such is not the purpose in any particular of the National Guard.

"The methods which I have seen manifested in this opposition have been open criticism and refusals to participate in parades where National Guard troops march.

"Certain members of the National Guard in — have requested discharges from the guard because of the open opposition on the part of labor unions to which they belong. I have known of other cases in which young men have refused to join the guard, although they desired to do so, because of such opposition. I have also heard of threats being made to expel members of the guard from the union if they didn't get out of the guard.

"In regard to eliminating opposition on the part of labor unions, as before stated, I feel that this opposition is based principally on ignorance, and it might

be eliminated by educating the people at large up to the importance of National Guard work, and teaching them to respect members of the guard and its uniform."

Of course, labor union leaders defend their opposition with the argument that the National Guard has been used in the suppression of riots incident to strikes. While the guard has been so employed and fatalities have resulted from collisions of militia and mobs, it must be borne in mind that the police and courts likewise stand between society and the lawless, and there must be some restraining force under the control of the authorities.

WHAT is the solution of this situation? Shall we continue to talk about preparedness and to theorize about the citizen-soldiery, or shall we undertake to settle the question in a business-like manner? If we are required to back up General Pershing in Mexico with more troops (and such an eventuality is not improbable) where shall we get them? Suppose all the Western States were called upon in an emergency to turn out the National Guard, how many regiments would be ready for an immediate dash to the front?

We must ponder these things if we are sincere in our efforts to obtain national security. We must sooner or later come to realize that some form of compulsory training must be provided or we shall have no first line of reserves to fall back upon. Business men's camps, or the Plattsburg plan, may be pleasant, if somewhat strenuous, summer outings for portly persons having the price to pay for the privilege, but the benefits will not prove lasting to the nation unless the participants in these camps, on returning to their homes, unite in compelling legislative action that will make mandatory a short period of service with the colors.

The Pulse of the Pacific

(Continued from page 37)

the last few years is now saving millions of dollars that would have flown into the pockets of the green-goods artists if their hands were not tied by the restrictive laws.

Railroad prosperity has reflected itself in the lumber market. Most of the mills in the Pacific Northwest are working full time and obtaining fair prices for their output, a condition that is making itself felt in all lines, wholesale and retail, in Seattle, Tacoma, Portland and Spokane. Yet the scarcity and high cost of bottoms for water shipments to the Atlantic Coast, to South America and the Orient are preventing the expansion of the market necessary to keep the lumber industry going full blast.

It is hardly necessary to speak of oil and gasoline. The tide has turned with a vengeance and for the first time in four years the California oil producers are burning their own product in their own six cylinders.

THE AGRICULTURAL OUTLOOK

In the field of agriculture and horticulture the situation is spotted throughout

the West. Hogs, sheep and cattle continue high; for wool, mohair, dairy products and—in most districts—for alfalfa hay satisfactory prices are being paid. But the outlook for the grain farmer is not as favorable. The season in the Inland Empire was held back by a cold, wet spring following one of the severest winters on record. Apparently the wheat yield in the Spokane country and in Montana will not be up to the 1915 mark. In California drouth blighted the dry farmers' bright prospect. The floods of January were succeeded by three increasingly dry months, not a drop of rain falling in April for the first time in fifty-nine years. As a result the output of barley and wheat will be reduced probably 35 per cent below the 1915 yield.

The fruit crop of the Pacific Northwest has apparently been damaged extensively by the cold, wet spring, though the extent of the damage may turn out to be exaggerated if the weather from now on is favorable. In the Southwest lack of rain and frost will hold the fruit yield down below the 1915 figures.

Since the Southwest's dry-farms are far overshadowed in importance by the irrigated area for which the water supply is abundant, the agricultural prospects as a whole are only slightly below normal. And the prices realized for the short fruit crops will in all probability compensate the grower for the lack of quantity.

What Is a Homestead?

ON the face of it, the homestead is a piece of public land donated to a citizen on condition that he live on the soil and dig his support out of it. But Congress is now asked to throw this definition into the discard. It is asked to legalize "homestead" of a square mile on which the "homesteader" need not live. The supporters of this bill maintain that in large parts of the arid West the homesteader cannot make a living by cultivating a quarter or a half section and that therefore he should be allowed to acquire title to a "grazing homestead" of a full section!

It may be accepted as fact that the man who cannot raise enough grain to support himself on 320 acres will lose more money if he tried to till 640 acres. If he gives up dry-farming and uses the 640 acres as a pasture for his stock, he will also fail unless he has sufficient irrigated land to raise winter feed for his stock. And if he has such irrigated land he does not need title to a homestead of 640 acres.

The public-land laws as applied to Western conditions need a thorough revision. Preceding this revision there should be made a detailed investigation and classification of the remaining public lands as to character, irrigation, possibilities, rainfall, etc. Uncle Sam should at last make an inventory of his real estate, find out what he has before he attempts to dispose of his domain helter-skelter.

A law increasing the size of arid homesteads to 640 acres is not needed. No one can make a living on such a tract. The inevitable result of the law would be a revival of dummy entries for the benefit of large stock interests; in a few years the free range would be a thing of the past. All grazing land would be fenced for the benefit of big operators and the small stockman would be on the outside, looking in.

Land good for no other purpose except grazing should, after thorough investigation, be withdrawn from entry and leased to adjacent settlers in the same manner in which grazing privilege is now regulated by the Forest Service, which organization now has the machinery to exercise control over all grazing land still owned by the public.



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The Sunset Country

Here follow timely and interesting facts concerning the great Pacific Slope, the country served by Sunset Magazine. ■ Sunset Magazine Service Bureau, conducted in conjunction with this department, supplies disinterested information concerning the West, its lands and industries. The purpose is to guide and advise the stranger, whether tourist or homesoeker. Its organization covers the entire West and the services are free. Questions and answers of general interest, illustrative of the general service of the Bureau, will be found below. ■ The announcements of hotels, railroads, steamship lines, resorts, communities and colonization companies appearing in these columns have been investigated by Sunset Magazine and are reliable and trustworthy.

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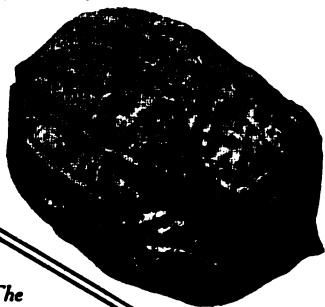
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GOING WEST OR GOING EAST

whichever way you are headed our Service Bureau is in a position to help you with information. Write to Editor Service Bureau Sunset Magazine, San Francisco.

Where the Cotton Blossoms Mean Dollars

By Clarence E. Fisher

IN six years the cotton acreage in the Imperial valley, California, has increased from 1500 to 45,000 acres.

In three years in the same valley, three acres of Durango long staple have grown 5500 acres, the extension of the acreage being hampered only by lack of seed. Since 1912 the harvest of Egyptian long staple cotton from the Salt River valley has grown from 280 bales to an estimated 6000 bales for 1916.

market has already been created and developed.

Cotton is one of the established farm products of these districts. It has passed the experimental stage and the growers are settled down to serious development of the industry.

The history of the industry is a record of early difficulties encountered, disappointments and financial loss. Experiments in cotton culture in California date



An average production of a bale to the acre of cotton of superior quality has placed the California-Arizona cotton-growing districts on a safe footing.

The acreage is increasing tremendously

In the southern cotton-growing states the average yield of short staple cotton is one-half bale to the acre. At the present prices of cotton, about \$60 per bale, the industry in the South is sufficiently attractive to induce investment.

Is there any wonder that the California and Arizona districts are so rapidly enlarging when growers here easily harvest an average of one full bale to the acre, of cotton of finer quality and a consequent premium in price over that grown in the South?

The California crop for 1916 will exceed \$2,500,000 in value, while the Salt River valley expects to produce close to \$600,000 worth of high-grade Arizona-Egyptian long staple cotton, for which a

back to as early as 1856 and trial plantings in the San Joaquin valley and sections of southern California in the 70's and 80's resulted in loss of crop and consequent lack of interest on the part of farmers. The Salt River valley had its share of trouble, due chiefly to inexperienced labor and the slow painstaking process of developing the right strain of long staple adapted to Salt River conditions. But persistence on the part of those who had faith in cotton as a desirable crop for these districts has led to final success.

There is a distinct difference in the varieties grown in the two sections. Imperial valley growers favor short staple and Durango, an Upland cotton with a staple length between Egyptian and the

common Texas varieties, by far the greater acreage being devoted to the short staple cottons. Practically the entire acreage in the Salt River valley is planted to "Yuma," a variety of Egyptian long staple, developed from Mit Afifi, by the United States Experimental Station.

Cotton is essentially a community crop. It must be grown on a community basis, for the grower who attempts it in isolated districts where ginning facilities are lacking is bound to failure. Its success as a community crop depends upon cooperation in growing, careful seed selection, proper ginning facilities and an understanding of and cooperation in selling. These problems have been carefully worked out in both the California and Arizona districts.

The long staple varieties are neither so easily grown nor so cheaply handled as the short staple, and the tendency on the part of the grower is to take the easier route toward quick profits, yet the long staple cottons are admittedly better adapted to the peculiar conditions found in these sections.

Imperial valley growers have made big profits from short staple cotton, farming large areas and finding a sufficient supply of labor in the nomadic Hindu, Mexican and Japanese laborers, who harvest the crop at a wage of one cent per pound for the short staple and two cents per pound for the long staple. The labor problem in the Salt River valley was solved by teaching the Pima and Papago Indians the method of picking, the Indians proving excellent help. During the picking season of 1914-15 a total of \$150,000 was paid out in this valley in wages.

Thus far growers have been able to meet the demand for labor, but if the acreage of short staple is increased and the farming of large areas continued, the problem is apt to become acute. For this reason those who are most vitally interested in the future of the industry are encouraging the supplanting of the short staple varieties with long staple cottons, a restriction of the extensive system of planting where bulk and not quality is the prime requisite, family picking to save cost and the necessity of dependence upon transient labor, and substantial home-building in the cotton districts.

The cost of growing and harvesting a crop of short staple cotton is estimated at \$40 per acre. The yield is one bale per acre which sells at \$60 to \$75 per bale. Durango brings a premium of \$10 to \$15 over the short staples, but costs more to pick because of the smaller bolls and lower ginning percentage. In the Salt River valley it is estimated that the cost of growing the Egyptian varieties will average between 13 and 15 cents per pound, while the average selling price, 20 cents per pound, leaves a margin of profit for the grower of \$25 to \$35 per acre. Egyptian cotton grown here is of a quality that easily competes with the best grades from the Lower Nile Delta, and is in demand in the manufacture of goods which require a long fibre strength or fineness or a combination of the two qualities. Some of the principal articles manufactured from this cotton are sewing thread, fine hosiery, automobile tire fabrics and fine and fancy dress goods. It has little competition in the market with



The flock of 967 hens, in the two houses shown in the picture above, which belong to Alex. M. Wilson of Fontana, laid in the Month of April, 1916, 18,583 eggs, which brought an average price of 21 1/2 cents per dozen net at Fontana, or a total of \$320.07. The total cost of all feeds and materials used, including green feed, was \$146.57, leaving a net balance of profit over feed of \$182.50.

WE ARE CERTAIN any diligent man who will follow the instructions he will get through the Fontana Poultry Association can duplicate this record.

We believe that on the easy terms we sell our four-year-old orange and lemon groves (one-fifth cash, balance in 3, 4, 5 and 6 years) a settler with from \$2,000 to \$4,000 capital, on from five to ten acres can make his hens and the income from his trees pay his expense and enough margin to meet the payments on principal as they come due, which would be when the grove was 7, 8, 9 and 10 years old.

A good orange or lemon grove, in bearing, in Southern California, which is in a location known to have a good record as to frosts, is on high ground, has loose soil, is free from hard-pan, adobe and alkali; has dependable gravity water rights with low annual cost; is in a compact community with electric and steam railway and boulevard facilities; is planted with carefully selected stock and well-grown trees, with a soil systematically built up with an abundance of manure and fine straw such as a hennerly produces—such a grove would be very hard to find for sale at \$1,500 an acre, cash.

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Fontana is 50 miles due east of Los Angeles, 10 miles from Riverside, 15 miles from Redlands, 7 1/2 miles from San Bernardino, in the heart and center of the Navel Orange district of Southern California. On the Pacific Electric trolley line from Los Angeles, on the main lines of the Southern Pacific and Santa Fe railways, on the Foothill Boulevard and Ocean to Ocean Highway.

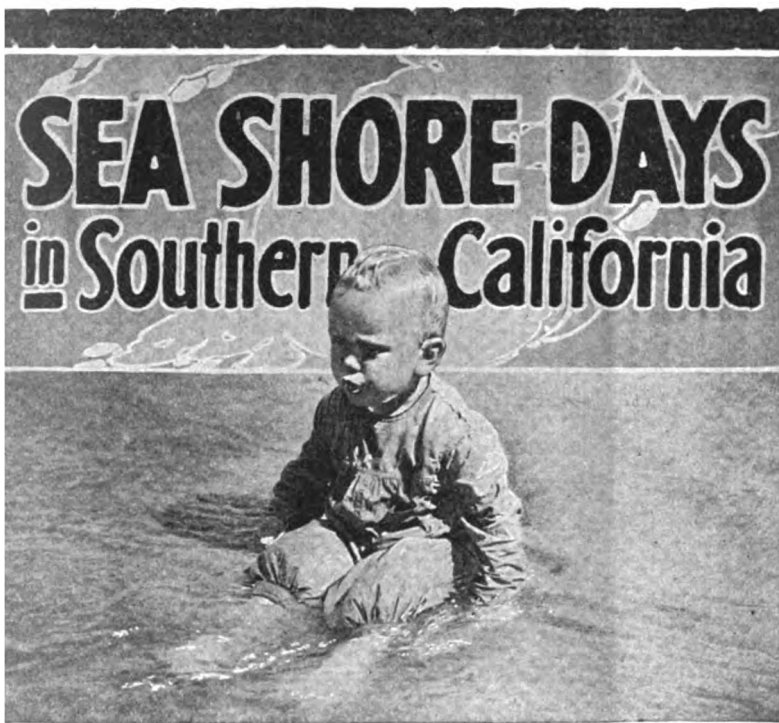
The Fontana Land Company offers references as to reliability, etc., to SUNSET Information Bureau; First National Bank of Los Angeles; Los Angeles Trust and Savings Bank; San Bernardino National Bank; First National Bank of Rialto.

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of the San Bernardino Range are also best reached via lines of this Company and complete information may be had on request

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a beautifully illustrated booklet will be of great interest to all visitors to Southern California and is descriptive of America's most wonderful and beautiful Sight Seeing Trolley Trips

For Literature and other Information address

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D. W. Pontius Traffic Manager
Los Angeles Cal.

the common grades produced in the American cotton growing districts.

The future of the industry in both California and Arizona is assured. The value of cotton as a soil enricher, its advantages over the perishable crops in marketing and the fact that it demands only one-half the amount of water required in the irrigation of alfalfa, the major crop in the irrigated districts, makes its growing exceedingly attractive. An economy of water supply will allow a far greater extension of the irrigated sections, should cotton become more largely grown. The acreage which might be devoted to the crop is limited only by the irrigable area of the Salt River, Yuma and Imperial valleys, and portions of the San Joaquin valley and San Bernardino and San Diego counties, in California. There are 200,000 acres in the Salt River irrigation project, 100,000 acres in the Yuma project and 500,000 acres in the Imperial valley. It is not reasonable to conclude that all of this vast acreage will be given over to cotton, but should only twenty per cent be planted and an average of one bale to the acre be produced, the annual crop would exceed 160,000 bales with an estimated value exceeding \$12,000,000 annually.

The U. S. Department of Agriculture has been persistent in its investigations of the possibilities of the industry, and valuable information is available to those who are interested in cotton culture. A complete list of these bulletins may be obtained by writing the department at Washington, D. C.

Cotton growing is well worth investigation in the California and Arizona districts. The experienced grower will find a much better opportunity for greater profits than in the older established cotton growing sections of the South. Complete information in regard to land values, climatic conditions, transportation facilities, etc., may be obtained by writing to Charles S. Fee, Passenger Traffic Manager, Southern Pacific Company, San Francisco, who will be glad to aid the inquirer in securing full and reliable data relative to both the Imperial and Salt River valleys.

Sunset Magazine Service Bureau

Conducted under the supervision of
Walter V. Woehlke

The following general questions and answers are typical of the service supplied by the Bureau. Stamps should be enclosed in letters of inquiry and full name and address plainly written. Address all communications to Sunset Magazine Service Bureau, 460 Fourth Street, San Francisco

Concerning Stock Ranches

Q. Will you kindly answer a few questions which I have to ask regarding Kern county, California? It is my intention to go to California with the idea of finding some satisfactory location in the mountains for a future home and for a small cattle and horse ranch. I have lived in Colorado for several years and have had some experience in the business, although not very much. It is my intention to get a job on a ranch in the locality that suits me before investing anything, or if possible to take up some homestead land at

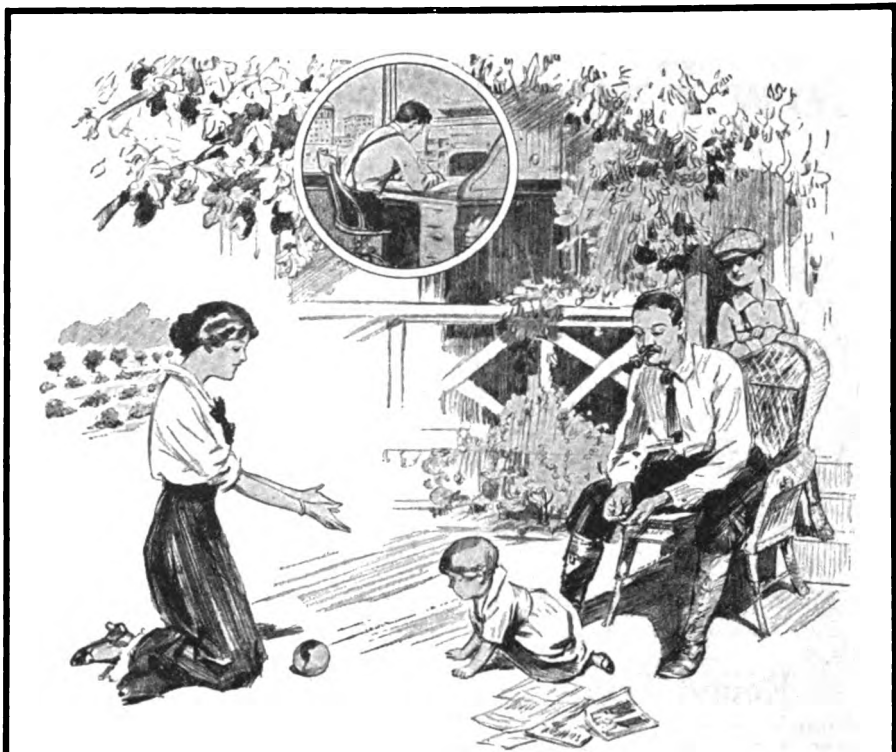
the same time. Kern county, from what I can learn, appeals to me very strongly. Will you kindly advise me if conditions in the Kern county mountains are favorable for raising horses and beef cattle? Is there any land yet open for entry in the mountains that would be suitable? I would just as soon be 20 miles or so from town or railroad if by going that distance I could better secure land such as I want. In Kern county are cattle able to range practically the year around or is some feed necessary? Also is the mountain section of Kern county well watered by streams, creeks, springs etc.? What is the climate in this section? Any snow? I fully realize that in some respects a more northern climate might be a little more advisable for cattle, but I am also considering that I want to get in a place where I can make my permanent future home, and the southern part seems to be better adapted for that than the northern part of California. Are the ranches in Kern county mountains fenced in or is open range used in common? Is Kern county near Kings and Kern rivers in government forest reserve?—J. T. T., ELMIRA, N. Y.

A. The District Forester in charge of the Central and Northern California territory some time ago determined to make an effort to bring together those who had stock ranches for sale and those who desire to buy them. After careful examination it was found, however, that few of the owners of stock ranches, located so that the stock could be taken into the National Forests for summer pasture, cared to sell. When they did put a price upon their holdings, the cost was usually very high.

In Kern county, as in every other district devoted to stock raising in the Pacific Coast states, a home ranch upon which forage and grain for winter feeding can be produced is necessary for the operation of a remunerative live stock business.

You say that you would not mind going twenty miles from the railroad. One of the principal stock-raising districts in Kern county, not controlled by the corporation which owns the bulk of the valley ranches devoted to stock raising, is a mountain valley at an elevation of 3000 feet, sixty miles from the railroad, where snow is practically unknown, where water is plentiful and where alfalfa yields four cuttings per season. All of the arable land in this mountain valley has been in private possession for many years. Every summer the owners drive their herds into the mountain meadows, a large part of which also has been in private hands for many years. During the winter months the foothills offer fair pasture, but most of the stock has to be fed some time during the year and, of course, it has to be finished off on cultivated forage. The stock ranchers are practically all prosperous, owing to the good prices they have been receiving for their products and few of them care to sell.

Neither in Kern county nor in any other favorable location will you be able to take up homestead land in the foothills or mountains and within the distance you mention from a town or railroad, on which you could carry on stock raising without at the same time buying an established ranch. You may be able to find



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Only a fraction, we might say, of the tillable productive area of Fresno County is now under intensive cultivation. There is plenty of room for hundreds of aggressive farmers, who can make more from 20 acres here than 160 acres yield in some localities.

Send for illustrated literature and full information about successful small farm homes.

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July 1, 2, 4, 5, 6, 11, 12, 13, 26, 27, 28.
Aug. 1, 2, 3, 8, 9, 10, 24, 25, 28, 29.
Sept. 7, 8, 11, 12.

Tickets will also be sold to Buffalo, N. Y., July 4, 5 and 6, August 1, 2 and 3; to Cincinnati, Ohio, July 11, 12 and 13; to Davenport, Iowa, July 26, 27 and 28; to Chattanooga, Tenn., September 11 and 12.

Going Limit 15 days.

Return Limit, Three Months from Date of Sale, but not after October 31, 1916

agricultural homestead land in the remoter districts in the national forests in Northern California, Southern Oregon or in Washington, but you can rest assured that all this territory has been carefully gone over and that the most desirable portions have been preempted long ago.

It would be our advice that you come out to the West and discuss your problem with the Assistant District Foresters in the various districts in which you may want to locate, who have charge of grazing matters and who are in very close touch with stock ranchers and who have knowledge of local conditions. But you must be prepared to buy out an established ranch unless you want to spend a great deal of time and effort to find a location which will be practically isolated and almost inaccessible.

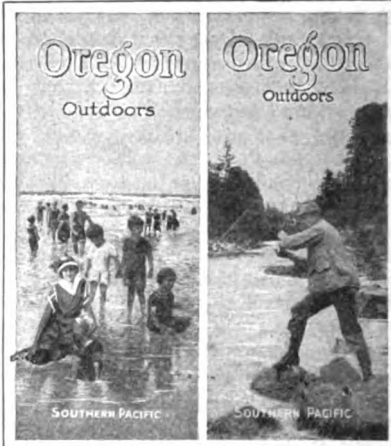
Cheap Land and Expensive Feed

Q. Would you please tell me whether or not the vicinity of Daggett, San Bernardino county, California, would be suitable for a poultry farm? My idea is to get a piece of government homestead land near Daggett or Otis and market eggs in San Bernardino and Los Angeles, buying all of my feed except probably green stuff. I would stock up with white leg-horns. Do you think the plan is feasible or would the cost of feed be prohibitive? I understand handling chickens but do not know Daggett conditions. I heard that well water could be had at shallow depth near Daggett—is this so? Do you think that the summers are too hot for laying hens and is this place subject to too much high wind? Do the wells furnish enough water for household and stock purposes?—J. K., KANSAS CITY, Mo.

A. While it is possible to handle poultry in the vicinity of Daggett, San Bernardino county, California, we should certainly very seriously advise against such work. The local market in the immediate vicinity of Daggett is negligible, and you therefore have to depend upon such markets as Los Angeles, San Diego and points further away. The cost of transportation would be, under these conditions, a serious menace to the success of the venture. In the second place, the government lands available in that particular region are, generally speaking, not of particularly high character, and you would undoubtedly have to purchase all of your feed. Owing to the same reason of high cost of transportation into this section, you would find that your feed bills would be exceedingly high, and probably your venture would not be a financial success because of this high cost of feed. On the whole, we do not think the plan feasible, and would suggest that you take under consideration smaller pieces of land nearer to the markets. The summer conditions are exceedingly trying in the Daggett section, and the winds also would make work there with poultry of rather doubtful success.

Grain in Northeastern California

Q. For some months I have read with interest your Service Bureau reports in SUNSET, and now wish to impose on your time for information about Lassen county, California. What are the rainfall, the elevation and grazing conditions of Bieber and the Pitt river section? Also Madeline and the section around Honey



OREGON

offers much for the summer vacationist—fishing, hunting, boating, camping, bathing, motoring or mountain climbing. Scenic wonders of the world are Crater Lake and the Columbia River Highway, Marble Halls of Oregon (natural caves of great size), Ashland Lithia Springs, the Coos Bay Country, recently thrown open to the world by the completion of the branch line from Eugene to Marshfield. Some of the most beautiful lakes in this country are there. Newport and Tillamook County Beaches are famous as Seashore resorts. At Portland, the Rose City, the Annual Rose Festival is held in June.

Secure detailed information concerning this wonderful vacation land by writing for a copy of booklet "Oregon Outdoors."

JOHN M. SCOTT
General Passenger Agent
Portland, Oregon

Southern Pacific Lines

Lake? Is it a grain country or is grain profitable so far from the railroad? Can you give the prices of land in the localities mentioned?—B. L. H., YUMA, ARIZONA.

A. Bieber in Big valley, Lassen county, California, has an elevation of about 4200 feet or thereabouts. The rainfall is approximately twelve inches, and the fields are fertile and highly productive, irrigation water being easily secured. There is a lot of good grazing land in the hills around Big valley; the valley itself comprises about 90,000 acres.

Fall River valley, located below Big valley on the Pitt river, has an area of about 68,000 acres with perhaps a little heavier rainfall. It is a fertile country, highly productive and, like the Big valley country, it has a large amount of range lands in the hills surrounding it. Its elevation is about 3200 feet.

Honey Lake valley, around Susanville, has an elevation of about 3100 feet or 3200 feet and is similar in many respects to Fall River valley, also having a large local market by reason of the big timber industry at Westwood.

The Madeline section is considerably above 4000 feet elevation. It is a newer country than the others. However, there is a great deal of early and late frost and this element almost precludes profitable grain production. The other sections are good grain districts and grain is profitably raised and turned into flour, even if many of these sections are at some distance from the railroad. The most successful industry though is the raising of stock. Both Fall River valley and Big valley turn out quantities of cheese and butter.

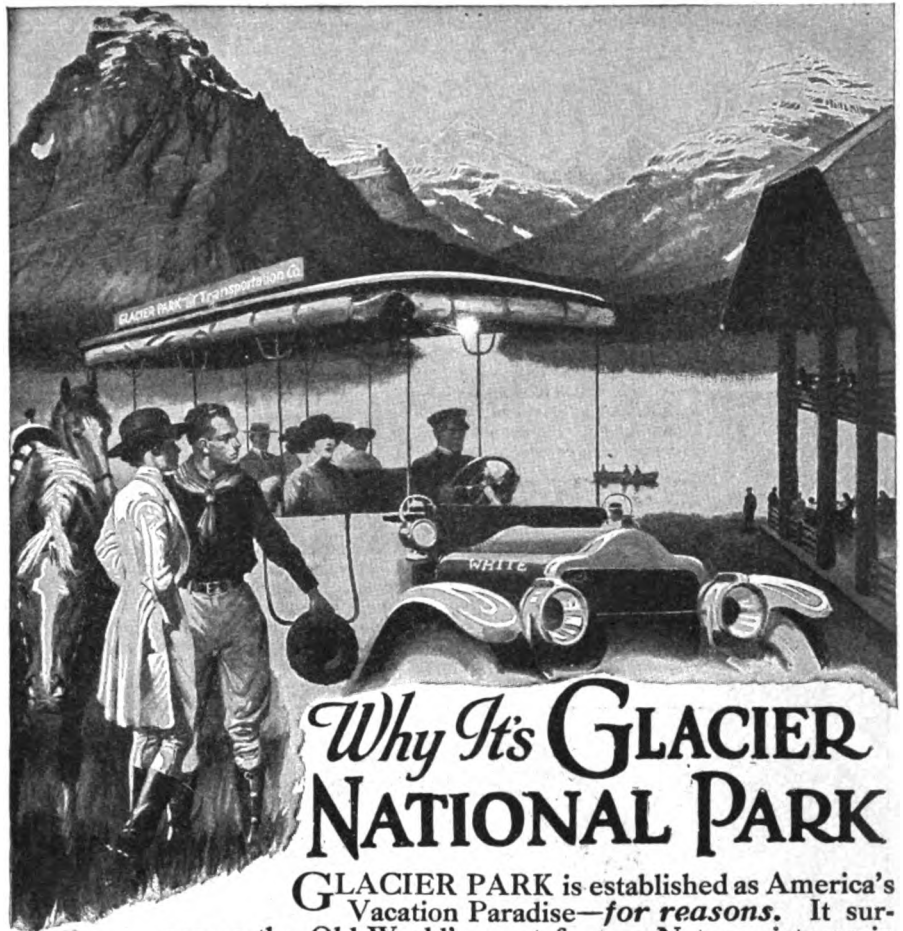
In some sections around Madeline there are a few possible homesteads, but not of the best class. Some good relinquishments can be secured upon payment of \$1000 to \$2000. The other valleys being older countries homesteads are a thing of the past, but land can be secured at prices ranging from \$15 per acre up to \$150, depending upon improvements, developments, water and location.

Barred to Homesteaders

Q. Can you give me any information about the San Luis Obispo country? A man was speaking about the National Forest there to my husband a few days ago. He said it was government land to be homesteaded. Would like to know more about climate, rains, etc. Is it a good dairying and poultry country?—MRS. F. P. B., SAN JACINTO, CAL.

A. We quote letter from the office of the District Forester as follows:

"The National Forest area in San Luis Obispo county comprises a narrow strip along the summit of the Santa Lucia mountains lying north of Santa Maria and San Luis Obispo. This National Forest area is quite largely alienated and has been retained in the National Forest mainly because of the protection afforded to the water supply of San Luis Obispo and surrounding country. San Luis Obispo county has for some time cooperated in the protection of this area from fire. The National Forest lands in San Luis Obispo and Santa Barbara counties are not subject to application for entry under the Forest Homestead Act of June 11, 1906; in fact, this is the only National Forest land in the United States that is not subject to this act—Congress has expressly



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Glacier Park is on the main transcontinental line of the Great Northern en route to Spokane and its vacation places—Seattle, Tacoma and Puget Sound resorts—Portland, Astoria, with the new Columbia River Highway and Clatsop Beach resorts—Vancouver, Victoria and Alaska.

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C. E. STONE, Pass. Traffic Mgr., St. Paul, Minn.
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Nature's Sanatorium

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Truth and Trade

By Bishop Warren A. Candler, Chancellor of Emory University, Atlanta



WHEN a seller and a buyer have made a trade, based on truth, both have obtained a benefit, and the community to which they belong has been benefited insofar as their interests affect the welfare of the community. Each has parted with that which the other needed, and in turn has obtained from his fellow-man what he himself needed. Honest exchanges, therefore, enhance values.

But trades based on untruth damage all concerned. They approach dangerously near to theft.

By advertising, buyers and sellers are brought together, and truthful advertising promotes the welfare of the commercial world; it is, in fact, a part of the wealth-producing forces of the world. But untruthful advertising is a fraud and the fosterer of fraud. It

partakes of the nature of the crime of getting money, or goods, under false pretenses. The medium of advertising, whatever its nature, which lends its columns to such advertising, accepts a bribe to become accessory to the same crime.

It is a far-reaching reform proposed by the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World in the motto "Truth." Such a sentiment must act like a health-laden current on the trade winds. Its influence will extend far beyond the limits of advertising, and stimulate honesty in all the processes and transactions of commerce.

The patron saints of the commercial world ought not to be Ananias and Sapphira. Lying spirits cannot guide safely the merchantmen of the world. The argosies of trade must sail by the pole-star of truth. Otherwise they will be wrecked.



This is one of a series to Advertise Advertising, by the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World (headquarters, Indianapolis). Write for interesting booklet, written for buyers like yourself.
Drawing by Chas. Daniel Frey Co., Chicago. Plate by Mound City Eng. Co., St. Louis

THE TOURING PARADISE OF AMERICA



IN the Puget Sound country are trips of charm and beauty that are only now becoming well known to travelers and tourists. From Seattle you can easily reach some of the most beautiful spots in all America—the best known, Mt. Rainier National Park.

We will gladly assist you in planning your Northwest tour. Write us for information regarding side-trips, routes, etc.

Hotel Washington Annex, Seattle

is a modern, fireproof hotel, an ideal Seattle headquarters for the traveler. Commodious suites for parties, at very reasonable rates. Admirably situated. Garage service.

J. H. DAVIS, Proprietor

WE CANNOT TELL YOU HOW TO MAKE MONEY

but we can tell you how to invest it in safe Western securities with the highest possible yield. Write to Financial Editor, Sunset Magazine, San Francisco, Cal., and tell him your problem. The service is free.

reserved these areas from the general application of the act. The National Forest area in San Luis Obispo county is uniformly rough and steep and very little of it has any value for agricultural purposes, although some of it is quite good grazing land. Outside of the National Forest, San Luis Obispo county is quite largely given over to grazing and dairying. It is quite possible there is some public land in the county open to application and I regret that I cannot give you any information along that line."

Wants to Start a Heron Farm

Q. I wish to return to California to live and educate my children, but I hesitate to burn my bridges behind me and invest my small capital there without reliable information.

I have a capital of \$7000 and could raise more if necessary. I also know California very well and have many friends there as I lived there a number of years. My idea is to start a heron farm in southern California in one of the beach resorts, either Long Beach or Venice, as that would be near the ocean for the food and at the same time close at hand for the tourists. I have one tame heron and could get more if it were worth the trouble.

Is there a law in California prohibiting women from wearing aigrettes? And to whom could I write in Washington in regard to more information?

If there is a law against the use of aigrettes, it does not stop the killing of the birds, as different people in New York and San Francisco, as well as in Europe, send posters down here offering \$22 the ounce. And as the people here do not know anything about the breeding season or at what time the heron has the aigrettes they are killing the herons all the year round in hopes that they will get a few aigrettes.

A man here, who makes his living out of the aigrettes he sells to an English firm, tells me that sometimes he kills as many as fifty herons and not one will have aigrettes. By this you will see that the heron will soon be extinct.—P. D., TUMACO, COLOMBIA, SOUTH AMERICA.

A. There is no California state law prohibiting the wearing of aigrettes, but there is a federal law which prohibits the importation of these feathers. We believe that this law would not bar you from raising tame herons and from selling the feathers to the trade, but to make sure on this point we have written the Attorney-General in Washington, D. C., asking him whether the sale of heron feathers is prohibited by federal enactment. If you know the habits of herons, and if you are certain that you can bring them up in captivity under California conditions, your statements seem to indicate that it would be a profitable industry. With your capital you should be able to make this enterprise go, providing you succeed in bringing a sufficient number of tame herons, alive and well, to start your farm going. On this point we are absolutely in the dark.

Hen Fruit and Berries

Q. The line of farming I'm interested in is fruit and poultry farming. Have had no experience in the fruit line, but have done considerable in the poultry. As to the kind of land preferred I would like

about 10 acres of sandy loam and about 5 acres of woodland. Capital at my command, \$2500. Will you kindly give me full particulars as to your opinion of Clarke county as a center in which to locate. Also about how long would it take to perfect a fruit farm so that the product would be marketable. My reading has convinced me that the state of Washington holds great possibilities for anyone interested in these lines, hence my desire to locate there. Any information whatever at your disposal will be greatly appreciated as I am an entire stranger to the West and its inducements.—Miss J. F. G., PATERSON, N. J.

A. We do not believe that Clarke county, Washington, would be a desirable location for an orchard property. As you probably know, Clarke county has a distinctly moist climate and lacks the quality and quantity of sunshine needed to produce the highly colored tree fruit which is the only kind it pays to raise in the Far West. In addition, the moisture tends to encourage fungus and bacterial diseases of all kinds, necessitating a good deal of spraying to keep the trees healthy. In our opinion a far better plan would be for you to go to the Puyallup valley and buy a small tract upon which to raise berries and produce eggs.

For information concerning conditions in the Puyallup valley, where coöperation has created a most excellent market for both eggs and berries, we would refer you to the Service Bureau Department of our October, 1915, issue, and also to the article entitled "The Puget Sound Country," in our June, 1914, issue. You can see copies of these issues either at your library, or we can mail them to you upon receipt of 20 cents each. We are also asking the Secretary of the State of Washington to send you a booklet giving information about every county in the state.

The capital of \$2500, which you mention, would enable you to make a start, though it will be hard sledding for a while. The berry patch in addition has the advantage over the orchard as it comes into bearing considerably earlier.

After you have read the articles to which we have referred won't you write us again telling us what you think of our recommendations?

Goldfield and Its Water

Q. I shall greatly appreciate any information you can give me in regard to Goldfield, Nevada. Is there a large foreign population? What is the climate? What supplies the city with drinking water? Is irrigation necessary in that locality?

What churches are located in Goldfield and how do its schools compare with the schools of other western cities of the same population?—A. H. C., FLINT, MICH.

A. There is no large foreign population in Goldfield, Nevada. For the most part the miners are Americans.

The climate of Goldfield is dry. It is hot in summer and there is considerable snow in winter. It is essentially the climate of the desert with higher altitude.

The water supply is brought from Alida, 60 miles away. It is pure mountain water.

Irrigation would be quite necessary in this vicinity. Water for irrigation is very scarce and if one were to depend on the

That Dream

of yours, about getting the most out of life in "The Land of Sunshine, Fruit and Flowers"—California—will come true, just as soon as you desire, if you let me tell you where you can get excellent land, in large or small tracts,

at reasonable prices and on easy terms. So write to me TODAY.

*Accurate information
free for the asking.*

R. A. SMITH

Colonization and Industrial Agent
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Union Pacific Headquarters
OMAHA, NEBRASKA



Short Ocean Voyages

14 days from San Diego for - \$60.50
12 days from Los Angeles for - 57.50
9 days from San Francisco for - 42.50

Attractive short cruises, on the large, well known, modern passenger liners "PRESIDENT" and "GOVERNOR" from California "Around the Sound" and return, visiting VICTORIA and VANCOUVER, B. C., SEATTLE, TACOMA, EVERETT, ANACORTES and BELLINGHAM. Tickets are good for stop-over at Seattle or San Francisco up to October 31.

Other Low Cost
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ALASKA
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A Comfortable Berth and Enticing
Meals included Free in Each Ticket

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

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IN THE HEART OF AMERICA'S
SUMMER PLAYGROUND



LET THE
**New Washington
Hotel, Seattle**

Suggest Your Vacation Plan
Amongst the Wonders of the Great Pacific Northwest
**RAINIER NATIONAL PARK,
PUGET SOUND, ALASKA**

Road maps, Garage data and also complete first-hand information of this entire section, gathered personally by the Management, all for the free use of guests. Write today for complete literature and travel information.

New Washington Hotel, Seattle

THE
ALASKA
1916 TOURIST
SEASON

JUNE 1st to SEPTEMBER 15th

As conducted by the enlarged fleet of fast, splendid ships of ALASKA STEAMSHIP CO., all admirably suited to handle ALASKA TRAVELERS and SIGHTSEERS, places this company in position to offer ALASKA EXCURSIONISTS more frequency of service and comfort, and through its connections with Railways and River Steamers which penetrate to the very heart of this NORTHERN FRONTIER WONDERLAND enables us to plan a varied assortment of ALASKA SIGHTSEEING TOURS not possible to secure any other way.

Judging from the number of inquiries being received daily, travel to Alaska this summer will undoubtedly tax to the limit even our extensive accommodations. Therefore we suggest to those who desire to SEE ALASKA this summer that their reservations be made at the earliest possible moment on either of the following ships: *Alameda, Northwestern, Mariposa, Alaska, Jefferson, Dolphin and Victoria.*

So write today for sailing dates, rates, and illustrated Alaska booklet to

ALASKA STEAMSHIP CO.

JOHN H. BUNCH, G. F. & P. A.

459 Colman Bldg.

SEATTLE

City Ticket Office: 720 2nd Ave.

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RENDEZVOUS
RAINIER GRAND HOTEL**

given nation-wide prestige as the Seattle scene in Rex Beach's famous story "THE SPOILERS." A land mark of the pioneer Alaska Gold Rush days where the Sourdoughs and men prominent in the North's official life mingled then and today, lending a touch of romance to modern Hotel life. Rainier Grand Hotel provides an excellence in service throughout which pleases the most exacting. Situated conveniently to berths of Alaska Steamship Companies, financial, theatre, and shopping districts.

Write for literature and rates.

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UNDER PERSONAL MANAGEMENT-CHAS. PERRY
SEATTLE, U.S.A.

Large Acreage Profits

ORANGE, LEMON, WALNUT and Sugar beet land at WHOLESALE or retail

Tract contains 6,500 acres in beautiful Riverside County. Splendid level ground for Walnuts. Sugar beets can be raised between trees. Good soil, water, climate. Transportation on three railroads. Special prices to parties buying together 50 to 100 acres. Long time payments.

PREFER SELLING TRACT AS A WHOLE AT LOW PRICE

Write for Particulars and Booklet

W. J. HOLE, Owner

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LOS ANGELES CALIFORNIA

water supply for the same the cost would be prohibitive.

Churches located in Goldfield are Roman Catholic, Episcopal, Methodist, Congregational.

The school system compares favorably with that of other western cities of the same population. The buildings are all modern and fully equipped.

Eight Days

(Continued from page 31)

once again, and passed with a *slosh!* that sent the spray flying upward as briskly as if some wayward hand had tossed a brickbat from the arch of Ferndale bridge overhead. The reel—oh, never mind about that. It shrieked or screeched or did whatever it is that Harry says it does at such times. Yes, but I wasn't interested just then in that. The line on the reel was 92 yards in length—42 yards of tapered silk, spliced on to fifty yards of linen backing.

About ten yards of the backing remained when I began to yell.

"Help, help!"

I do not think Harry would have yelled. To yell is not campfire stuff. In all probability Harry would have braced himself, rolled back his sleeves, then given "Old Reliable," his sturdy companion in many a battle afloat and afield, a stiff, resounding thump.

In the type-keys. In the keyboard. Probably in the exclamation point.

Oh, well, I am no Harry. I might as well admit it.

"Help, help!"

A boat bumped alongside.

"Oh, hullo," grunted Eureka.

Getting in, he turned his own boat adrift. Then, laying to the oars, he rowed me after that distant acquaintance of mine, this steelhead. Up near the bridge now, it had just reappeared, on view for a brief moment and doing the Castle-walk, without music, on its tail-end. Between the coils of the flying line I now could see where the line ended on the spindle. It was knotted there. I knew what would happen once the knot was reached.

About this time, though, the fish got it into its wayward head to stop. Why it did, though, I know not. Probably it imagined itself out of the county. Elsewhere. Away from there.

And while it paused, Eureka rowed, while I ground away at the reel.

I ground and ground. It was a grand day for grinding, in fact. However, while still I was grinding, while still Eureka was grunting at the oars, the steelhead got a new lease of consciousness, and as abruptly went elsewhere.

Eureka rowed and I reeled. A midnight club member could not have more assiduously reeled. Again the Humboldt county background grew bright with a meteoric display of steelhead. Constellations of scintillating fish soared brilliantly into and out of my ken. More somersaulting. More Castle-walking. More and more. Then, as in a dream, I found myself ashore. Solid earth was beneath my feet. Rod uplifted, I retreated backwards, towing something after me.

**HOTEL
WALDORF
SEATTLE**

New steel and concrete hotel. 300 rooms, \$1.00 per day and up. Comfortable surroundings, courteous service. In center of theatre and shopping district. Authentic data and complete maps of automobile highways in the Northwest and Rainier National Park. Headquarters for Alaska tourists.

Northwestern and Alaska literature cheerfully sent on request

WALDORF
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**Hotel Stewart
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Geary Street just off Union Square

European Plan \$1.50 a day upward
Breakfast 50c Luncheon 50c Dinner \$1.00
Most famous meals in United States

TAKE A TRIP TO AUSTRALIA

Go there now! Voyage is delightful via Honolulu and Samoa. Splendid 10,000 ton twin-screw American steamers every 21 days from San Francisco (June 13, July 4, 25, Aug. 15). Return 1st class, \$337.50; 2d class, \$225.00; including China, Japan, 1st class, \$575.00; to Honolulu, \$65.00. Folders free. H. E. BURNETT, 17 Battery Pl., N. Y., or Oceania S. S. Co., 675 Market St., San Francisco.

SYDNEY SHORT LINE

REDUCED FREIGHT RATES

Through Car Service for Household Goods and Automobiles From and to all parts of the East. Consult our nearest office before shipping. Cars carefully loaded and unloaded by experienced men.

TRANS-CONTINENTAL FREIGHT COMPANY

203 South Dearborn Street, Chicago
Pacific Bldg., San Francisco
Alaska Building, Seattle
New York Boston Cincinnati

It came slowly. It came—could I believe it?—inch by inch. Ere long, its dorsal fin sharply cutting the wimpling wave, it drew toward me, then rolled solemnly on its side.

Oh, Harry! Oh, fellows!

SAY, come gather round me in the den, boys, while I tell you all about it! There he is now, the big steelhead, hanging over the mantel, mounted on a birch-bark plaque and as big as life. It was like this, fellows. We were up there in Humboldt county, the "Doc" and I, and one morning—

"Hey, for Gawd's sake!" yelled Eureka. I almost had him, had that fish. Flat on his side, I was towing him to the beach, when all at once he rose on his tail, spun dizzily a while, and with that, went thencewards.

"Hi! you idiot! Let him go!" There was nothing else to do. I followed the directions.

But why continue? Five minutes he was mine, mine in reality. I had him, so why prolong the agony? No need, either, for harrowing you with the details. The second time I brought him in the leader broke, when with a deft foot Eureka booted him ashore.

I hope Harry does not read this!

SERIOUSLY, I'd like to say this now: I have fished many rivers, I have taken many fish, and the fish have been of many kinds. But east or west, be the fish salmon, trout or bass, for his inches I do not know a sportier fish than the steelhead, the Eel river brand in particular. Nor do I know, either, a better brand of sportsmen than the Eel river, Humboldt county, brand.

Good food, good friends, good fish! What more could a good fisherman ask here below?

You will find all that at Fernbridge.

Homesteading Without a Chaperon

(Continued from page 26)

between 7 and 8 o'clock, before it gets dark, when a woman can do hard outdoor work. When we began to dig the post holes and set the posts for our fences, one in the morning and one in the evening was all we could manage. It was our very best effort and that left us tired out and sore in every muscle. But before we had been at it very long we had increased our output to ten holes in the morning and ten in the evening. In all, we set 600 posts, saving at least \$75, the cash cost of the work if done by hired labor. But the land is not yet all fenced. It is important to get this done as it can then be taken better care of and cannot be tramped over by ranging cattle. I could have rented some of my land for cattle holds, but I did not care to as it takes too long to get the ground back in condition after the animals have been on it for a while.

BUT homesteading on a dry-land farm is not all thirst, desolation and dreariness. The social side of life is not

Classified Advertising

Real Estate—California

Seal Beach, California—the greatest and newest amusement resort on the Pacific Coast, is only forty-five minutes ride from Los Angeles, the greatest city on the Pacific Ocean. Any lot there will make you a profit. Write for full details free. You don't have to buy anything. Robert B. Armstrong Co., Seal Beach, California. The place where the scintillating searchlights from the San Francisco fair make a new White Way.

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Invest in a Growing Seaport in Southern California. Summer sea breezes and winter sunshine. Ask why. C. J. Colden, 705 Story Bldg., Los Angeles.

Real Estate—Washington

Workmen—Look! If you want a little farm you should buy it close to where you can earn wages. That's the one way to make good. Good land, close to things and where there is lots of work. That's my proposition. Only a little money necessary. 10 years to pay. When your farm is improved you are independent. Full information free. H. C. Peters, Central Bldg., Seattle, Wash.

Farms For Sale

Virginia, N. C., W. Va., and Ohio Farms at \$15.00 per acre and up offer big value for the price. Best climate, markets, schools and transportation. Good land and neighbors. Write F. H. LaBaume, Agri. Agt. N. & W. Ry., 267 Arcade, Roanoke, Va.

Help Wanted

Do You Want a Position for Life, with big pay, short hours and sure advancement? Then work for Uncle Sam. My free illustrated book DK 914 tells how to get an appointment. Earl Hopkins, Washington, D. C.

Agents Wanted

Agents—Pair Silk Hose Free, state size and color. Beautiful line direct from mill. Good profits. Write today. Triplewear Mills, Dept. 3, 720 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Agricultural Implements

Engines, Ranch Supplies, Implements and Wagons, Tractors. Largest stock in southwest. Write for 300 page catalogue. Quotations furnished promptly. Ship everywhere. Arnott & Co., Los Angeles.

Patents

Patents Secured or Fee Returned. Send sketch or model for free search, report, and advice. Manufacturers want Kimmel patents. Latest and most complete patent book ever published for free distribution. George P. Kimmel, 242 Barrister Building, Washington, D. C.

Patents that Protect and Pay. Advice and books free. Highest references. Best results. Promptness assured. Send sketch or model for search. Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, 624 F Street, Washington, D. C.

Wanted Ideas. Write for List of Inventions wanted. \$1,000,000 in prizes offered for inventions. Our four books sent free. Send sketch for free opinion as to patentability. Victor J. Evans & Co., Patent Attorneys, 751 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

Wanted—An Idea. Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas, they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions" and "Patent Buyers." Randolph & Co., Patent Attys., 627 F., Washington, D. C.

Patents Manufacturers BUY are the kind we get for inventors. For proof and Reliable free book, write R. S. & A. B. Lacey, 707 Barrister Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Ideas Wanted—Manufacturers are writing for patents procured through me. Three books with list hundreds of inventions wanted sent free. I help you market your invention. Advice Free. R. B. Owen, 105 Owen Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Old Coins Wanted

Will Pay \$3.00 to \$10.00 for Flying Eagle Cent dated 1856. We pay cash premiums on all rare dimes, quarters, etc. and all rare coins to 1912. Thousands of coins wanted. Send 4c for Large Illustrated Coin Circular. Numismatic Bank, Dept. 65, Fort Worth, Texas.

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Perfection Extension Shoes make a Short limb look normal. Does away with iron or cork extension. Worn with ready made shoes. Sent on approval. Booklet free. Henry T. Lotz, 313 Third Ave., N. Y. City.

Miscellaneous

Cash for Coupons. We buy, sell, or exchange all kinds of cigar, cigarette, tobacco, grocery, and trading stamps. Levy & McKaye Coupon Exchange Station, 204 Mercantile Place (upstairs), Los Angeles. Oldest and most reliable Coupon House on the Coast.

Australian Black Opals—We are headquarters for these beautiful Gems, as well as all other precious and semi-precious stones. Mounted to order. Illustrated book free. The Gem Shop, 925-27 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

Wanted, by a young man, 30, good education and ability, range-bred, with wide knowledge of live-stock business in West and Southwest, position as foreman or manager of ranch or range where conditions favor possible investment. R. H. Diehl, Big Oak Flat, California.

ONE DOLLAR A LINE

INQUIRIES AT FIVE CENTS EACH

Three insertions of our classified ad in SUNSET MAGAZINE, soliciting inquiries on "Hollywood, the Favorite Poothill Suburb of Los Angeles," have brought us 150 replies and they are coming in at the rate of four or five daily. I figure it cost me less than five cents a reply. Other magazines I have used cost me eighty-one cents a reply.

SUNSET certainly reaches the people who are planning to come to the Pacific Coast.

C. H. LIPPINCOTT & Co.,
Los Angeles, Cal.

The Classified Advertising columns of Sunset offer a cheap, effective means for reaching Sunset's thousands of readers. The rate for announcements in this department is \$1.00 per line each insertion. Check should accompany order. Send for booklet "The Evidence."

SUNSET MAGAZINE
460 Fourth St. San Francisco

CONVENIENCE

GOLD will buy things anywhere. But it's neither as safe nor as easy to carry as Wells Fargo Travelers Checks.

And the carrying of neither gold, silver nor paper money will insure you the attention of Wells Fargo & Company, widespread, and with a reputation for *personal service*.

Wells Fargo Express Service is immediate, personal and safe. Try it for your baggage as well as your packages.

WELLS FARGO

Travelers Checks

SEE
ALASKA
ATLIN AND THE YUKON

Decide on seeing this Great North Land this summer, (via the famed "Inside Passage"). You will never regret it, but see *more* than the shores. Stop over at Skaguay—go beyond. See the fascinating interior—a land of flowers, sunshine and ideal summer climate. World-wide travelers who know say it is the most interesting part of the trip. Read their letters in our booklet "Opinions". It's worth while.

In addition to our regular trips throughout the summer to Atlin-Dawson-Fairbanks and Nome—(via the famed "Inside Passage")—we offer two Midnight Sun Excursions in June and—

TWO GRAND TOUR EXCURSIONS

—to Nome via Skaguay-Dawson and Fairbanks, returning from Nome via Seward, the terminus of the U. S. Govt. R'y., the Columbia Glacier, Valdez, Cordova and the Great Miles Glacier. Unquestionably the most interesting and comprehensive trip to Alaska and the Yukon possible to take. Early reservations very essential. Write now for Free Booklets and information regarding round trip fares, etc.

First-Class Steamers and Service Throughout

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BABY CHICKS, all breeds, any number. Hatching eggs, all varieties. Breeding stock, laying hens, ducks, geese, guineas, pigeons, pheasants, canaries, parrots, dogs, cats, rabbits, guinea pigs, white rats, monkeys, pets and pet stock. We ship everywhere. Send for price list. Travelers Exchange, 640 S. Main St., Los Angeles

neglected, and many congenial friends can be found among the settlers. To be sure, one does not have regular calling hours, for visits in the sagebrush are made by the day. One goes before breakfast, as it were, and stays until evening. Distances between the homes are too great to be taken lightly. But parties in the land of hope and thirst are just as much fun as they are in the city and many of them are made to serve useful purposes as well. If a homesteader has a big job on hand he invites all of his friends. After many hands have made light work of the task there are "eats" for which every one is more than ready; and thereafter the festivities begin. A potato picking party to which my sister and I were invited by a homesteader who lived several miles away proved almost to be our Waterloo.

On this occasion no one near us was going, so we decided to rent the horse and wagon of a neighbor. The horse, the wagon and the harness had been brought around and left the night before. When we were ready to start, a serious problem confronted us. Neither my sister nor I had ever harnessed a horse. The straps, buckles and hooks with which he was to be attached to the wagon completely mystified us. For long minutes we stood and looked at him, waiting for inspiration. As no inspiration came, we began to try first this and then that combination, but without results satisfactory to the horse. At last the power of advertising made itself felt. I remembered the harness catalogue I had sent for. With the aid of its pictures, working slowly and systematically, we finally had the animal all hitched and buckled up ready for action. Not particularly confident even at that, we decided to stop at the house of a friend who lived on the way, to have him look over the job. As usually happens in such cases, he was not at home when wanted, but we reached our destination without mishap and were much commended.

One has friends here as elsewhere and I dress as becomingly as I can. Why shouldn't one look pretty if one can? That isn't a crime, although a girl must be rather conservative in the sagebrush. Since, as before mentioned, the people do not have much diversion and therefore take a lively interest in each others' affairs, a young woman alone must be more than conventional to avoid being talked about. It is not sufficient that she avoid evil itself; she must avoid even the least appearance of evil. We young people, for example, like to get together for a chat now and then and the young men are disposed to call on the young women out here just as normal young men are everywhere. But when a young fellow from a distant farm rides over to call on me, I cannot ask him into my home. To be sure there is no other place except a hard wooden bench in the broiling sun on which to sit, but that is not the point. It is not proper to ask a man inside, for I have but one room and no chaperon. So we look for the soft side of the bench, try to find a few feet of shadow cast by the Piano Box and thoroughly enjoy ourselves in spite of everybody.

I have often been asked if it is not dangerous for a girl to live alone in a sparsely populated, isolated place. I have never been very much afraid, although there are quite a number of hoboes along the

Alaska
The Scenic
Wonderland
SEE IT THIS YEAR
and become intimately acquainted with that

LAND UP THERE
Wonderful mountains and glaciers—Thousands of islands, bays and inlets—Alaska Indians at work in their native Totem Pole Villages, weaving fantastic baskets and mats and shaping huge cedar legs into graceful multi-colored canoes. Halibut fisheries and salmon traps—Canneries—Operating mines. Our Steamers land at all interesting points and out-of-the-way places not possible to see by other routes. Passengers have lots of time ashore to see it all

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EVERY ROOM \$1.50
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One block north of St. Francis Hotel
Take a "Universal Bus" direct to Hotel at our Expense
Management: J. H. PLUNKETT

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, ETC.
of **SUNSET, The Pacific Monthly,**
published monthly at San Francisco, Cal.,
required by the Act of August 24, 1912.

Name of—	Post-Office Address
Publisher, Woodhead, Field & Company	San Francisco, Cal.
Editor, Charles K. Field	San Francisco, Cal.
Managing Editor, Walter V. Woehlke	San Francisco, Cal.
General Manager, William Woodhead	San Francisco, Cal.

Owners: (If a corporation, give its name and address of stockholders holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of stock.)

William Woodhead, San Francisco	William A. Wilson, Harrington Park, N. J.
Charles K. Field, San Francisco	Graham C. Patterson, Evans-ton, Ill.
Walter V. Woehlke, San Francisco	Robert E. Anderson, San Francisco
Robert E. Anderson, San Francisco	Robert Green, San Francisco

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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Isadore Zellerbach, San Francisco
William Howarth, Everett, Wash
James H. Anderson, San Francisco
Lillie A. Anderson, San Francisco

Woodhead, Field & Company
per William Woodhead,
General Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 4th day of April, 1910.
[Seal] **E. BLACK RYAN**
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco,
State of California.

railroad. I have a .22 rifle, but never shot anything except two rabbits with it. Nevertheless, my sister and I had an experience which scared us a little. Late one afternoon three exceedingly rough looking men asked for food and shelter at my sister's house where I happened to be. When we told them truthfully that we had nothing to spare, they loafed around for a while and finally sauntered off in the direction of my shack.

I remained with my sister as long as I could. After dark I started for home, as no matter what happened I always slept there in order to fulfil the homestead obligations. I entered the door with fear and trembling, reluctantly said good-night to the neighbor who had walked home with me, nailed a board across the door on the inside, put my rifle across the bed near my hand and lay awake all night trembling at every sound. Nothing happened. The neighbor watched my place throughout the night as well as he could from his own distant home, ready to come at the slightest sign of trouble, but he did not dare stay near me and take any chances with the school for scandal as he had a wife and children back in Kansas.

MY garden is a source of great delight to me. I get up early in the morning to dig, pull weeds, plant and coax the radishes, lettuce and other things to grow. The results are not what they should be, I must confess, because the arid soil is not yet in good condition and I am not an expert gardener. And there are the rabbits and gophers. They do not wait to be asked; they simply help themselves. But the few things I do manage to raise help

out wonderfully. Since the store was opened at Beryl and the people in the vicinity began to raise more and more, the food problem is being solved. I chop my own wood, which I get in rather large logs that have to be split into stove size. It is quite cold when I first go to the farm, usually in March, and it gets cold before the seven months are up, so I have to have a fire part of the time for heat as well as for cooking.

It has taken pluck to stick to the venture and see it through. There have been times when it has been very hard to stay, but I have never even thought of quitting, though scores of men in this vicinity have been unable to hold on. Most of those who stay seem to think that their problems are solved when they receive their patents. To my mind the real task has then only begun. It takes money, grit, perseverance and self-denial to develop a farm out of raw land, and a dry-farm is harder to make than an irrigated farm. But we have hopes that by-and-by a reliable supply of underground water will be developed and part of the land at least will be irrigated. But even without irrigation water the aspect of the country is rapidly changing. Substantial homes are here and there replacing the shacks of the homesteaders, the square green patches in the gray sagebrush are growing in number and size every spring, and though there are many disappointments and failures, the shimmering valley is gradually becoming filled with real houses.

Disregarding whatever pecuniary gain there may be, it is a real inspiration to be part of a modern pioneer colony conquering the wilderness. At least it is an inspiration in the retrospect.

New Light on an Old Roman

(Continued from page 42)

the garden preparing to express the wifely anxiety of Portia at Brutus' unwonted late hours out-of-doors. A group of distinguished Romans stood at one side, beyond contact with the mob. Frank Keenan, trained down by hard work under Producer Ince, was the lean and hungry Cassius; Douglas Fairbanks, from the Fine Arts Studio, was young Cato, although he could have done justice to the part of Antony, for Marc was some boxer. There were strenuous times ahead for these Romans yet, just as that moment, they were preoccupied with a charming barbaric dancer, Mae Murray, from the Lasky studio, at the head of about 500 wild young things chosen to dance before Caesar. And so it went. Beachwood Canyon was full of stars. The lines of the play, describing the marvelous appearance of the heavens with "exhalations whizzing in the air," might have been written for the occasion. Actors from everywhere, fully three hundred of them, reinforced by an enthusiastic army of high school youths until the complete cast numbered upward of five thousand.

Raymond Wells originated this really notable production, and "put it over," backed by the enterprising Board of Trade of Hollywood. It is a wise board of trade that recognizes the value of a Shakespearean centenary celebration for the benefit of the Actors' Fund as compared with a rose carnival for the benefit

of Hollywood publicity. Hollywood, being wise, scored big, and Wells scored, also. He is an actor and director at the Fine Arts Studio and this production has brought him real fame. He came over to where we sat that night, panting from a climb up the Capitoline Hill.

"Please notice one bona-fide novelty," said he. "The moving picture cutback has already appeared in the spoken drama in 'On Trial,' but here you have the classic 'messenger-speech' helped out by this film device. Shakespeare had to say 'shouts' and then have Casca describe what the shouts meant. We simply turn the searchlight on the hill and there you see Caesar refuse the crown and the mob throw their sweaty night-caps in the air. And when despairing Cassius sends Pindarus to the hill to tell him how the battle goes, the lights pick out the battle itself on the horizon line until, in the blaze of the burning camp, the conflict comes down front and Brutus runs on his sword. There have been real battles in these hills, in early California history, and we're making history in this production, if you'll pardon the conceit."

Wells had got his breath by then and the actor quality was in his voice. Impressively, because of real accomplishment, he quoted Cassius in the play:

"How many ages hence
Shall this our lofty scene be acted o'er
In states unborn and accen's yet unknown!"

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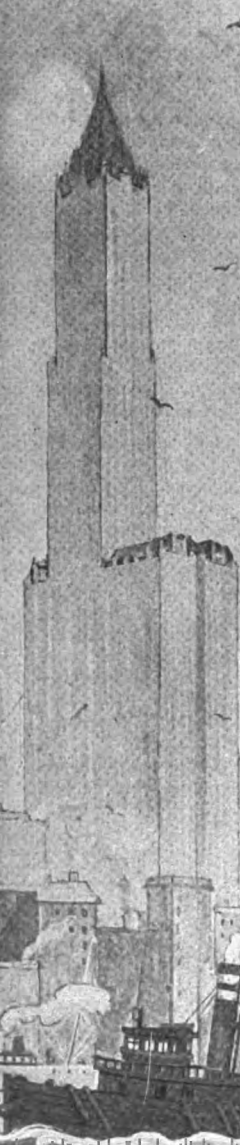
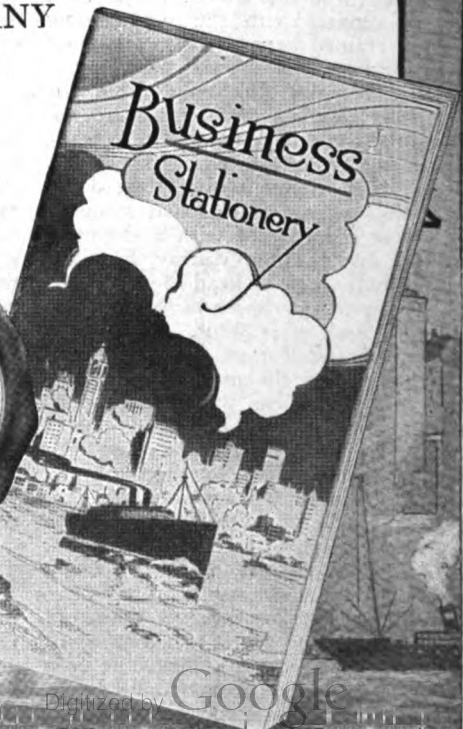
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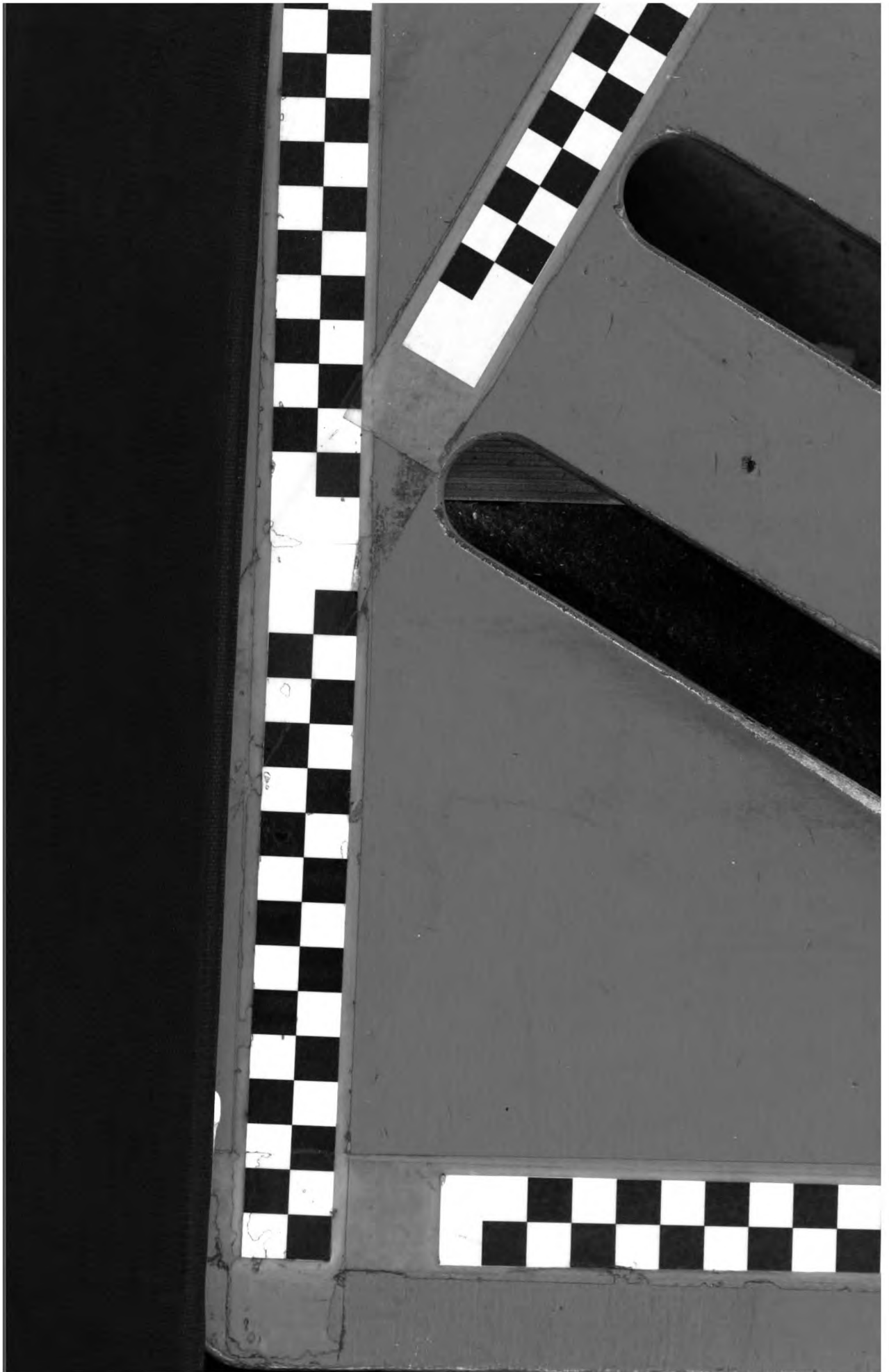


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