

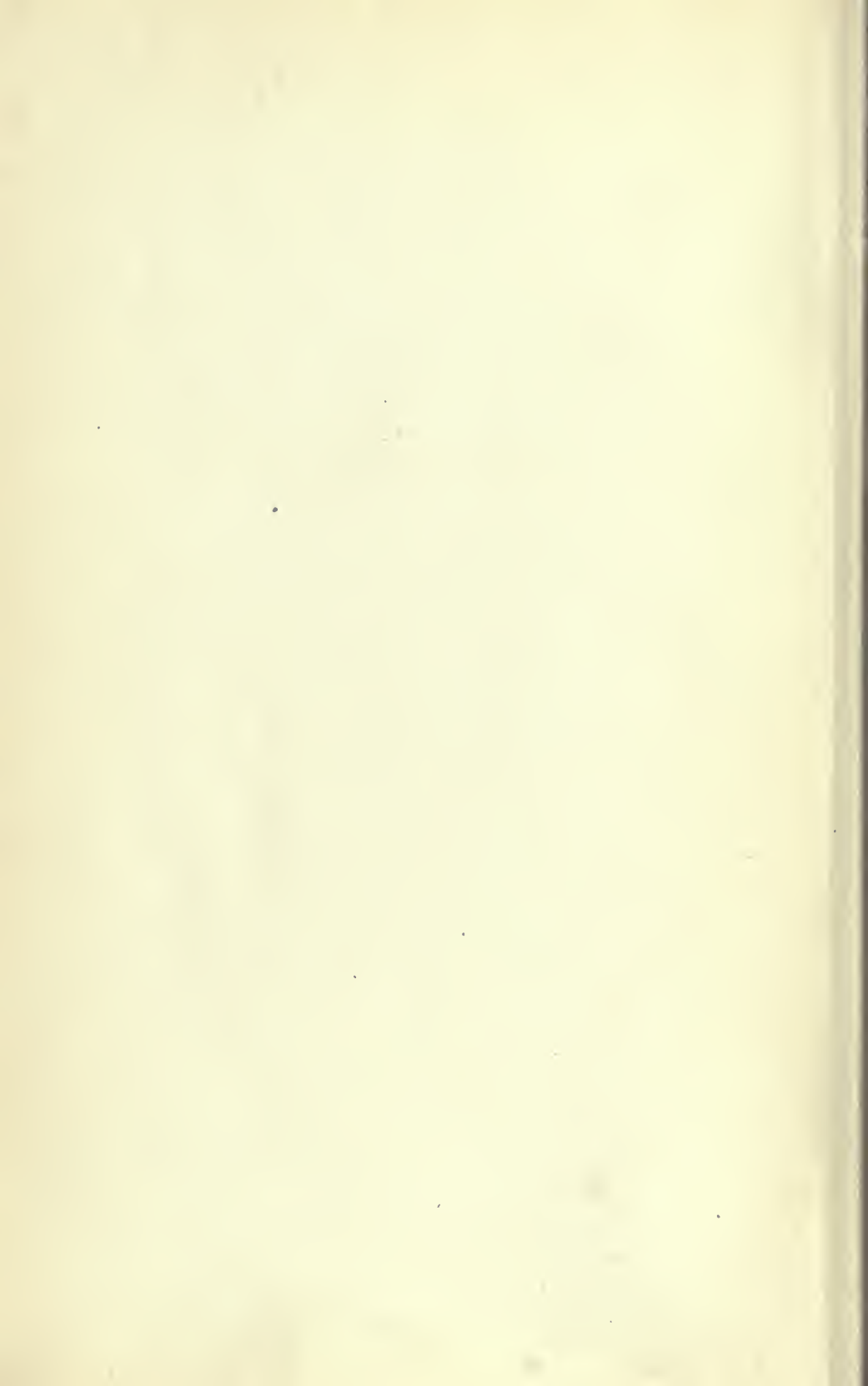
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Overland Monthly

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF THE WEST

VOLUME XXXIX.

JANUARY---JULY. - - - - 1902.



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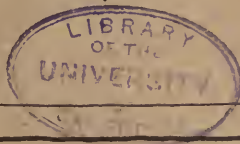
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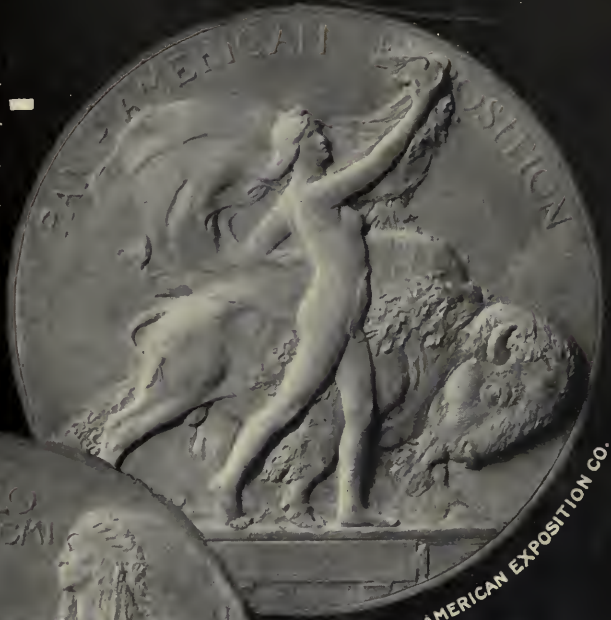
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Overland Monthly

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF THE WEST

JANUARY, 1902

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TWENTIETH CENTURY SAN FRANCISCO

IN spite of the journey around Cape Horn, through the fever-stricken jungles of Panama, or the Indian-ridden plains, San Francisco was the focus of world-wide interest in the days of "forty-nine." The memories so fondly cherished and embodied in concrete form in our "Pioneer Hall" have deep roots to justify their exist-

vitalizing to the field of commerce of the world at large as the Sierra waters now are to the brown earth, when gently led out over the dusty soil of the San Joaquin basin.

Once more San Francisco becomes the focus of world-wide events, and even the most ordinary intelligence perceives that here Destiny has decreed shall be



Oak logs in mill yard.

ence. The enrichment of individuals was of great consequence to each of those, but to the world at large the fundamental factor was that the golden era of the "Forty-nine" in question stood for the golden bridge leading out of and above the then universal slough of commercial depression, panics and industrial disaster. Each grain of the golden sands of the Sacramento foothill belt proved as

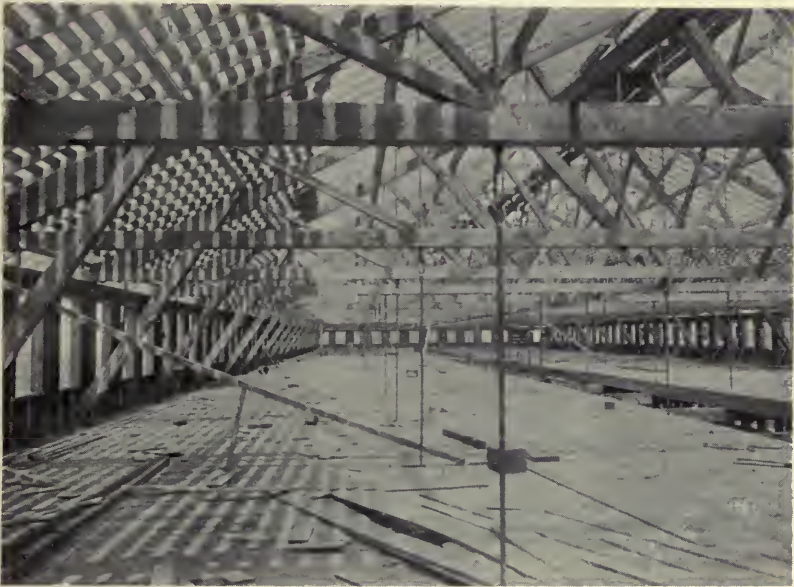
the world's supreme port and commercial emporium, not merely of the "Pacific Slope" as such, but of the Pacific Ocean shorelines and all the empires and islands which are laved by its waters.

These general conditions give weight to the specific divisions that the development is assuming. We have got accustomed to look upon the construction of the finest "man of wars" at our ship-yards

as a matter of course. But as an actual practical conception we have not yet reached the stage where we fully realize that the future of this city is to be as conspicuous for its manufacturing industries, and more so than it ever was for mining and all it stood for. Too long and most exacting has this coast, and especially this city, paid its exceedingly heavy tribute to the Eastern manufacturer.

The situation in this respect is almost identical with that which called forth the lamentable lament of the late Henry Grady concerning the backward-

a very high degree of average intelligence. Yet the bondage to the East for nearly everything except food and wines has continued up till date. But a profound change is at hand. Reference has been had to the conspicuous success our enterprise has achieved in the art of naval construction. We are just entering an era that will give us an equal—i. e., a world-wide—reputation for every requisite, useful and ornamental article susceptible of being made of our native woods. These articles comprise a whole department of high mechanical skill, coupled to artistic designs of true merits.



Truss Work, west wing Machinery Building.

ness of his beloved Southland in the latter eighties. An oration, by the way, that stirred his native State into an earnest effort to redeem her laggardness. The backwardness in California manufacturing is even more paradoxical and unintelligible than were the situations in the South. For here, besides an urgent demand were also raw material in superabundance, coupled to vast sums of ready cash, equally important and significant;

The name of a public benefactor has been accorded to him who makes two blades of grass grow where only one was found before. An even higher designation should be reserved for he or those who, through foresight or sound commercial sagacity, can convert a vacant thirty-acre suburban area into a veritable beehive of industry, an industry that engages the skill of a thousand highly-trained artisans, enabling each to sup-



West Wing Machinery Building, taken when building was nearing completion.

port a family on adjacent homes. Such a man or corporation, founded on a financial rock basis is at once a conspicuous example and a guide. A guide, we repeat, so eminently worth recognizing that the whole enterprise rises above our more or less uncertain and restless sea of industrial progress, like a benign lighthouse.

These reflections came most naturally, as the perambulating scribe found himself on the bay-shore opposite the epoch-making establishment just completed under the suggestive name of "The Pacific Coast Lumber and Furniture Manufacturing Co., West Berkeley." Please note once more both name and location.

This enterprise possesses deep tap roots.

It was not founded for a splurge nor for a splash in the pan; whirled up and down by the caprice of temporary depression, or to be staggered by inevitable obstacles always confronting new projects.

These assertions will be better appreciated when it is stated that this corporation possesses its own woods containing thousands of acres of selected timber, of the most valuable furniture

lumber on the continent. These are located both in California and in Oregon. In the last named State, the company's enterprise is of such magnitude as to have created its own town named for the president of the Pacific Coast Lumber and Furniture Manufacturing Company, Mr. Corbin. Furthermore the company commands access to the sea, where it loads its lumber on its own steamers. Arriving here these steamers will unload at its own deep sea pier, directly in front of its great plant in West Berkeley. While in the rear of this same establishment are two transcontinental railroads, the tracks of which connect directly with every railroad system in the United States, Canada and Mexico.

On yonder bay is a great steamer just back from the Philippine islands. The grandest mahogany forests yet untouched on the globe are located there, and some day just such a steamer will unload a cargo of that wood right here to be converted into a beauty and a joy for my lady's bower.

As one stands here on this shore-line it requires but little imagination to hear again the "swish, swash" of the passing stern-wheel steamers of old, crowded

with miners from the Sacramento foothills. They are shouting a welcome now, as they catch a full unobstructed view of "Frisco," where they are to have "a royal good time." Little do they dream that a day is coming when the very wood the firemen on their steamers are feeding the furnace with would be of far more practical value to the world than the gold dust they are about to recklessly squander "for a good time." But pardon a "forty-niner" for going into reminiscences. We are dealing with twentieth century San Francisco, and we will now catch up again.

Yet it all seems like a dream too good to be true to find old Pacific Coast men strictly up-to-date, of the most unquestioned commercial understanding, proving in every stroke of the hammer that not only have we abstract faith in the manufacturing resources of our commonwealth, but we hereby nail down a million dollars in cash to prove it. Forty different machines under the same roof, each of different character, adapted to perform their specialty, and costing an average of \$1,000 apiece, will speedily be humming a twentieth-century song of the

new industrial empire of a re-awakened California. It will not be the "Song of the Hoe" from a worn-out peasant, bent over a worn-out tool, leaning on a worn-out soil, but a song of rejoicing. A spontaneous tribute for new found opportunities in industry and commerce. Latent opportunities that have been imprisoned as in an ice-floe melted at last, and here have brought forth a veritable industrial springtide.

The machinery alone placed in this remarkable institution is of such efficiency and magnitude as to amply repay a competent author to devote an article and even a volume to that phase of the situation alone. But the limitation of space forbids even an attempt. In passing through, however, we could not but admire the exceedingly interesting automatic arrangement for feeding the engine. The old-fashioned fireman, sweaty and grimy, along the furnace on yonder river steamers in the good old days, acquired a peculiar vocabulary. Some of it at least was learned elsewhere than in the Sabbath schools. But here we find every bit of shaving and sawdust instantly removed and silently conveyed through



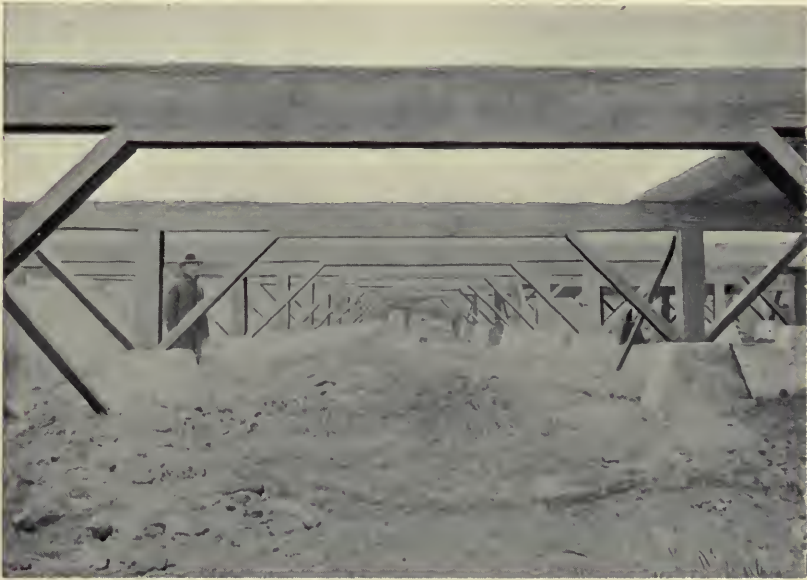
Setting up Machinery.

noiseless suction pipes, direct to the furnaces, operating a machinery that keeps a thousand artisans busy. No profanity, no racket, strictly business. It is proper for the "old timer" to be cut short in his comparisons. But just once more, if at all sure of being forgiven, he will ask the reader's indulgence.

Besides the burro the "old timer" always had a partner; "Pard" for short. Abbreviations were always requisite in the upper Sierras. Next to a grubstake and "pay dirt" the true "pard" was the most indispensable factor in a successful prospecting trip. Now, you wonder, per-

ample time is given for settlement. Furthermore, the value of shares is returned on leaving employment. But so long as one is there, everybody interested at all is also a co-partner.

This is "profit sharing," "divvy," we called it in the good old days of the past. It was eminently a good thing. Do you wonder now that the old timer is pleased? Here you are, young man, and man of family. Throw in your brains plus character and persistence. You cannot fail. The scheme is as old as yonder hills, but as applicable to to-day's necessities as the latest improvement on the telephone



Foundation Work.

haps, a little at the old timer's undisguised enthusiasm over this twentieth century plant. The secret is that he has discovered that these men of to-day, strong as they are with all the gifts of fortune at their disposal, have been perfectly willing to accept a lesson from his own pioneer days. They have studied, learned, and embodied in their enterprise the worth of a true "pard."

Every man here is and must become a joint partner with the main owners of this epoch-making enterprise. The amount is conditioned on his ability, and

box. To the public at large there is offered an opportunity for sagacious and safe investment, rarely if ever presented to our people. The promoters not only desire, but distinctly invite, the most thorough investigation, and if you will do so, you will probably conclude with the "old timer" that you have lost about twenty-five years chasing rainbows in the Sierras, and make up for lost time in getting hold of twentieth century facts, produced before your own eyes.

AN OLD TIMER,

Musing on the shores of West Berkeley.



E

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MISS ETHEL HORNICK • EMPIRE THEATRE COMPANY

GENTHE, PHOTO



Overland Monthly

January, 1902.

Vol. xxxix

No. 1.

STUDENT CEREMONIES IN CALIFORNIA COLLEGES BY WALLACE IRWIN.



HAVE Dr. David Starr Jordan's authority for it that the trappings and ceremony of the old European long to a dark age, and that it is the blessed privilege of modern education to shake off the gold tape and useless ritual that characterize the great Continental seats of learning even to this day. We all have profound respect for the educated common sense of the President of Stanford University, and give due credit to his part in infusing into the institution at Palo Alto the progressive spirit of the age, yet it seems to an extent a practical refutation of Dr. Jordan's theories that the very university over which he presides should be leaning more and more every year toward ceremony and parade, and that the collegians, however grounded in scientific lore and utilitarian learning, manifest a yearning for display that at times equals that of the medieval founders of the miracle plays.

At the University of California the encouragement of the ceremonial instinct is considerably greater. The cap and gown unanimously frowned down at Stanford University,

have gained great favor at the University of California, more especially since the advent of President Benj. Ide Wheeler, who did much to make compulsory the gorgeous annual commencement parade through the campus, graduates and faculty appearing in caps and gowns, and each wearing the distinctive silken hood of the doctor of laws, medicine or philosophy, the master of arts and the bachelor of arts.

Only second to this in solemn impressiveness is the laying of the senior class plate, which occurs during commencement week at Stanford. This beautiful ceremony was inaugurated by Stanford's pioneer class ('95), who caused to be laid into the pavement of the quadrangle a bronze plate bearing the numerals of the class. The "'95 plate" was set into a square directly in front of where the Memorial Chapel now stands, and each succeeding class has followed the custom by planting a plate in a line with the original square. Today the short row of seven plates marks with symbolic significance the history of the university, just as, in long years to come, the ever-increasing line of metal pavement shall



A farmer by compulsion.



"Shoot the hat" with Junior plugs.

Photo by A. & A., Berkeley.

tive honors It is rather an awesome thing to contemplate that line of bronze, creeping the slow pilgrimage of years toward yonder corner arch, seemingly so close at hand. Counting the red mosaic squares in the paving, to mark the flight of years is no difficult task. It is only a matter of seconds to walk to the first turning of the quadrangle; yet before the class plates have reached the spot so near at hand, such of us as are still surviving will be very old. When the slow line shall have reached the second turning, our grandchildren will be old men and women, and ere the brazen band has circled the Quadrangle and linked itself with the "Pioneer Plate" before the Chapel door, the originators of the idea will have mingled

with the dust of centuries.

Before the circle of the plates is made the earlier ones will be subject to much wear from the hundreds of feet passing over them hourly. This has been partly provided against by the manufacturers, who have made the plates of an especially durable gun metal. This will not, however, entirely obviate the wearing away of the surfaces, and I should not be at all surprised if in some future time it will be found necessary to sink the older memorials below the surface and protect them with a thick layer of glass.

Aside from the two ceremonies above mentioned, the student celebrations at both universities partake largely of a burlesque nature. This is logically so, since the



A common ordeal.

"Gaudeamus igitur, juvenes dum sumus" of the undergraduate song and character tends to laugh with rough good nature at the pomp and circumstance of a set ritual, and the lampoon is the most common and the most religiously observed of the student ceremonies. At the University of California they have had until recently the "Bourdon and Minto burial," and they still have the "axe rally," the "Senior extravaganza," and the "Skull and keys running," while at Stanford the "Junior Plug Ugly," the "Sigma Sigma running," and the faculty-senior baseball game add to the college spirit and the undergraduate hilarity.

The "axe rally" annually celebrated at the University of California amidst the wild enthusiasm of the students, has only been established a few years, and marks the history of one of the most sensational incidents of college rivalry known to the literature of student life. It was in the spring of 1899, I believe, when the enthusiasts of Stanford, tired of repeated defeats on the diamond, made a great resolve, and it was to the effect that Stanford should win. The championship ser-



Skull and Keys.

ies consisted of three games, and after two of the series had been played off the honors remained even. The final game was to be a deciding match, and



From a student cartoon.



Comfort from within.

Photo by A. & A., Berkeley.

Stanford was put on her mettle. The Friday night before the fateful—and as it proved fatal—game, the baseball enthusiasts congregated on the campus and decided that the college was suffering from the baneful influence of a “hoodoo,” and that something would have to be done with the evil wizard before the events of the next day. So a messenger was despatched post haste to San Francisco, and an immense red broadaxe was imported. At dusk that night a huge funeral pyre of tar barrels was raised in the middle of the base ball diamond and lighted amidst the lusty cheers of the spectators. Rousing speeches were indulged in, and when the excitement was at its height a writhing figure was dragged into the firelight. It was the “hoodoo,” and although he was but a man of straw he seemed to tremble at the prospect of the summary vengeance to be meted out to him. He was hurried through a solemn mock trial. The California sweater which he wore across his heartless breast was pointed out as damnatory evidence, and he was hurried to his execution. His throat was

pressed against the block, and as the

“Give ’im the ax, the ax, the ax!

Give ’im the ax, the ax, the ax!

Give ’m the ax! Give ’im the ax!

Give ’m the ax!—Where?”

“Right in the neck, the neck, the neck!

Right in the neck, the neck, the neck!

Right in the neck! Right in the neck!

Right in the neck!—There!”

was raised crashing to the sky, the red axe kissed the block and the culprit’s wooden head fell to earth. This was a very glorious and inspiring, but the events of the following day told another story. The new red axe was taken to the city and was borne proudly aloft by the rooters for the cardinal who paraded around the field with the axe in the van. All during the game there was a picked squad of Stanford athletes delegated to watch the precious axe which had slain the “hoodoo” on the campus. The game proved a disastrous one for Stanford. The batters for the Blue and Gold “found” Stanford’s curves and the



A popular candidate.

Photo by A. & A., Berkeley.

game was lost for the Cardinal before the fifth inning. After the match the guards who had been appointed to watch the axe straggled away one by one, until only a half dozen men remained around Stanford's unavailing mascot. At the gateway of the baseball grounds the guardians of the axe were met by a superior force of Berkeley men who made a dash for the Stanford trophy. The struggle was fierce but short, and in the midst of the fray the axe was wrested from the hands of a Stanford protector and handed to a California sprinter who started down an alley at top speed. He was pursued, however, by a Stanford distance runner, who overhauled him at last, and impersonating a Berkeley man, cried, "Hold on a minute! If you're tired I'll take the axe and relieve you."

No sooner had the Stanford man regained it than he was set upon by the enemy, and again the axe was in the hands of the victorious University.

The mascot was then lost sight of for several hours, but Stanford, rather than suffer the humiliation of losing the game and the axe in one fell swoop, notified the police. Two officers were accordingly



Escorting "co-eds." from the Berkeley station.



President Jordan at first base.

detailed to watch the gates at the Ferry building and to search all out-going passengers for the stolen property. Of course the man with the axe showed up ultimately, and when he saw the frowning minions of the law he sized up the situation at a glance. There was a young woman student of Berkeley standing near by, and although he did not number her among his acquaintances, he explained the situation to her in a dozen words, handed her the axe, which she hid under her mackintosh, and the two marched



From a Senior baseball team.

past the police like a happy bridal pair.

As far as Stanford was concerned, this was the last that was seen of the red axe, but the students at Palo Alto did not forget the insult very soon. Immediately after the loss Stanford spies were sent across the bay, and it was telegraphed back that the axe was located in the Chi Phi house on the California campus. That night several score of collegians from Palo Alto took train for the city, where they scattered into groups of five and six, each group taking a different ferry boat for Berkeley. By midnight the whole offensive force had met and



President Jordan tells a story.

surrounded the Chi Phi house. It was the original plan of the Stanford assaulting party to gain access to the house by force of strategy, but the members of the Berkeley fraternity, already suspicious, would not open to the excuses of the Ulysses who knocked with-out. The parley was short. The besieging party grew impatient and fell upon the stout door that stood between them and the stolen axe. As the door flew open a voice from the second story inquired:

"What do you want?"

"We want the axe," came a determined chorus from below.

"Well, you are at liberty to look for it," responded the first speaker. The invitation was quite unnecessary, as the Stanford men were already ransacking the



Men's Dormitory, Stanford.

From a drawing by Plexotto.

house for the stolen property. One of the Chi Phi men had the presence of mind to think of telephoning for aid, but failed dismally in his attempt to get "central." The reason was apparent the next morning, when it was found that the wires had been cut. The Stanford men, however, had their trouble for their pains, for search as they might, no trace could they find of the axe. After some hours spent in overhauling furniture and bric-a-brac the expedition was voted a failure, and the disappointed crusaders straggled back to town on an early morn-

ing train. Meanwhile the red axe was reposing peacefully in the frame-work of a folding door at the Chi Phi house.

"The quest of the red axe," as the expedition came to be called, was followed by a similar and somewhat more successful raid which resulted in Stanford's stealing from the Berkeley campus the "senior fence," and carting it over to Palo Alto, nails, posts, and timbers. The prank was played very neatly in one night by a small band of students. All Stanford turned out to see the boards carried onto the campus and the leaders



Plug-Ugly Priests.

of the crusade were paraded up and down for nearly a whole day, riding at the head of a vast procession, like Roman generals returning from Gaul with captives walking at their chariot wheels.

Since the "rape of the axe," the hard-earned tool has been guarded assiduously at the University of California. A custodian is yearly appointed for the axe and he alone knows where it is hidden. The only time when the axe is brought forth is at the last practice football game of the season, when the custodian, holding the axe aloft, marches ahead, followed by the University band and hun-

ously clad, some in the cap and hood of infancy, others like ringmasters, still others like tramps, vaudeville actresses and "Weary Willies." Some are to be seen wearing clothes that are startling in their ill-assortment, such as the combination of white duck trousers, rubber boots and evening coats and waistcoats. These mis-clad oddities if seen on the streets of a city would be objects for a lunacy commission, but on a campus they are taken as a regular part of the college life. They are neophytes for the Skull and Keys and the Sigma Sigma inter-fraternity organizations, and their



University of California Commencement, 1901. Hon. John Hay addressing the body.

dreds of students dancing the "serpentine," ten abreast. The procession marches, or rather dances, around the gridiron, then retires to the gymnasium, where speeches are indulged in and a new custodian appointed.

Those not accustomed to student ways are a trifle shocked in passing through the grounds of either university during commencement week to see now and then ridiculously-clad figures pacing up and down, stopping occasionally to cut some unusual antic without the least regard for the remarks of passing pedestrians. These strange persons are vari-

ously clad, some in the cap and hood of infancy, others like ringmasters, still others like tramps, vaudeville actresses and "Weary Willies." Some are to be seen wearing clothes that are startling in their ill-assortment, such as the combination of white duck trousers, rubber boots and evening coats and waistcoats. These mis-clad oddities if seen on the streets of a city would be objects for a lunacy commission, but on a campus they are taken as a regular part of the college life. They are neophytes for the Skull and Keys and the Sigma Sigma inter-fraternity organizations, and their

strange acts and costumes are merely imposed upon them as initiative tests. At Stanford University this ceremony is known as the "Sigma Sigma running," and at the University of California as the "Skull and Keys running." Aside from the ordeal of wearing the costumes required by the master of ceremonies, the tasks imposed upon the neophytes are various and unusual. I remember the aspect of a certain Sigma Sigma candidate whom I saw at the Stanford University postoffice attempting to give away samples of crackers and chewing gum to the passers-by without any respect of

persons; and another whom I saw laboriously chalking every alternative flagging stones around the arcades. The latter was not allowed to eat until the job was finished, and long after dark he was still kneeling over his task, while a sympathetic friend held a lantern for him. Some of the photographs shown in this article will give an idea of how dearly the 'Skull and Key neophytes, at the rival institution across the bay, buy their coveted honors.

The class rush, like the Bourdon and Minto burial at Berkeley, has died out at Palo Alto. The latter died a natural

wrestling and resulted in the members of the Sophomore class being tied with ropes and carted like sheep to a distant hay field, where they were left to loose their bonds as best they might. The rents and bruises that resulted from this scuffle were too much for the faculty sensibilities and a written edict against rushing was issued soon after.

The Bourdon and Minto burial at Berkeley was a solemn and impressive lampoon ceremony, which occurred in April and was celebrated by the members of the Freshman class to mark the completion of two unpopular text books, Bour-

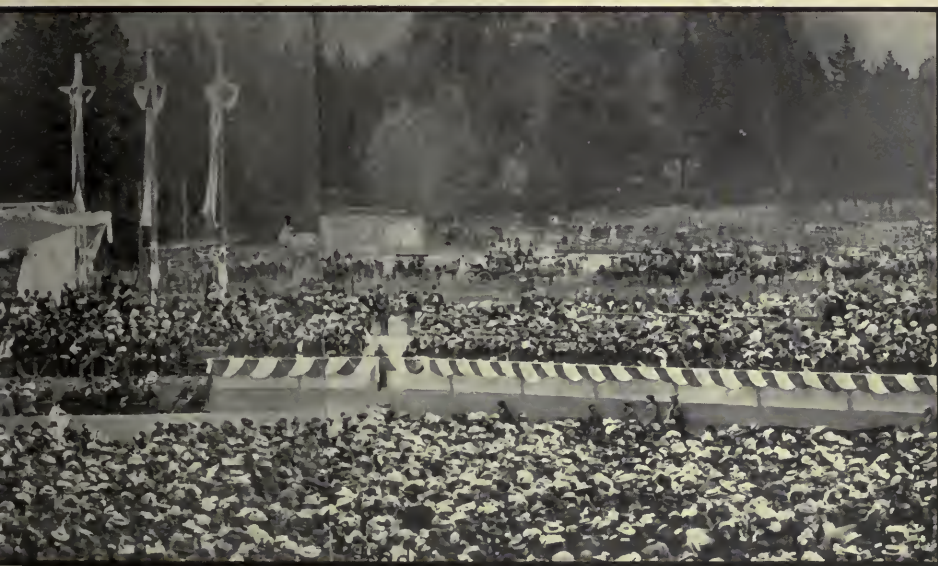


Photo by A. & A., Berkeley.

death, the former was exterminated by a stern mandate of the faculty, who considered the annual free-for-all tussle between the under classmen a proceeding too rough and undignified for seekers after the higher culture. The last inter-class rush at Stanford University occurred in 1896, and was, on the whole, an exciting and not unsportsmanlike event. Before the Freshman class had fairly matriculated, a bold defi was issued by the Sophomores, and the two classes met in a body one cool morning to settle their differences hand to hand. This particular rush lasted for a half hour of fierce

don on Mathematics and Minto on Rhetoric. A float was prepared and illuminated by fireworks, and the coffin containing the doomed books was set thereon. The ceremony was always made an excuse of by the Sophomores for an attack on the Freshmen, and it was not without a deal of skirmishing that the books were at last borne to the burial ground where the white-robed priests uttered their imprecations while the guilty tomes were publicly burned and interred. A few years since the books were formally abandoned, and the ceremony was discontinued for the lack of sufficient raison



Beginning of the last Stanford Rush.

d'être.

A custom that is gaining ground, however, and flourishing at Stanford University is the "Plug Ugly," "the feast of the tall tile," or in simpler words, the formal dedication of the Junior plug hat. The class of 1900 established this ceremony in a year when the wearing of the distinctive upper class headgear was falling into disuse. The Junior class in that year caused to be erected a plug hat of wood and canvas that stood nearly ten feet high, and the dedication exercises were conducted after dark in an open part of the great Stanford arboretum.

Resembling grotesque and not over-dignified Druids, the Priests of the Tall Tile marched and genuflected in the shadow of the eucalyptus trees, delivering their mock-solemn chants around the enormous plug, which was formally declared "a long-felt want and a long felt hat." The ceremony did not "go off



The end of the rush.

without a hitch," as all good ceremonies are supposed to do. The carpenter who constructed the great tile was instructed to build shoulder-braces inside, so that a man could carry it about at need; for it was originally planned that a man should be put inside the hat and that when the proper time should arrive, the hat should find legs and walk away before the eyes of the astonished spectators. An athletic chap was accordingly hidden inside the crown, as per schedule, but when the signal was given for the hat to walk it remained stationary, and a great groan was heard from the cavern within. The actors were placed in an exceedingly embarrassing position. Finally the situation was relieved by several of the priests shouldering the hat



Tying the vanquished.

and carrying it bodily off with the legs of the inside man kicking violently below the brim. From a standpoint of humor the move was a howling success, although not officially a part of the programme. The man inside the plug later explained that the carpenter had omitted the shoulder-braces whereby the hat was to be moved.

In this article I will not make any detailed mention of class day exercises or incidental ceremonies at either university, although the annual class day at the University of California is yearly becoming a more spectacular affair. Among spontaneous spectacles I think the "night-shirt parade" at Stanford deserves mention. This function is far

more decorous, than its name implies, as the robes de nuit are worn over the proper garments of the street. These parades are indulged in on short notice by the students on occasions of general enthusiasm, when, white-robed and several hundred strong, they march, a ghostly, procession, around the Quadrangle, past the great stone dormitories and the sleeping houses of Faculty Row, and finally indulge in a mammoth serenade in front of the President's residence. A few months ago, one of these parades arrived at its ultimate destination before Dr. Jordan's home, and after a series of songs and yells called for a speech, bowing over the railing of his balcony.

Presently a spectacled head was seen. " 'Rah for Dr. Jordan!" came the cry.

"But Dr. Jordan is not at home," came a feminine voice from beneath the spectacles.

Now, Mrs. Jordan wears glasses also, so someone had the presence of mind to suggest " 'Rah for Mrs. Jordan!"

"But Mrs. Jordan is not at home either," came the same discouraging voice. "Dr. and Mrs. Jordan have gone to the city. I'm the maid."

"Well, 'rah for the maid, then!" yelled one of the incorrigibles.

Several handsome trees have been dedicated at one time or another on the campus of both universities.



Seniors in disguise.

THE PRICE OF CLASS POLITICS

A Transcript From Sandlot Records

BY O. C. ELLISON.

“THE Republic is opportunity,” so wrote the great sage that has ennobled every river and woodland of all Massachusetts—and made Concord the sacred Mecca of all who revere American literary life. But shades of our American Bard of Avon! Did you ever contemplate the contingency that the “opportunity” included the election of a violinist as Mayor of San Francisco; and a coal-stoker for the same office in the third-class city in staid Connecticut. Such are the facts of the past harvest moons, and it would seem as if the “opportunities” that are now history would bear a little analysis. The “Destiny of the Human Race” was strictly tabooed as a study in the fall “Semester” of Stanford this year, but the destiny of the Republic would still seem worth one’s while. It is believed that the genesis of some singularly picturesque, but exceedingly perverse currents of contemporary politics that has swept over the country in the last twenty odd years can be traced back in the main to a certain San Francisco “sandlot” and its Jack Cades.

The “Stars and Stripes” were waving a cordial and stately welcome to a wearied traveler some twenty-four years ago over the portico of the old Lick House—as he entered his name, hailing from the dustiest “cow country” in the South. He was soon sound asleep in the consciousness that all was well beneath the folds of “old glory.” But midnight had scarcely passed ere an unearthly yell, as from a thousand throats, each affected by bronchitis, sounded beneath our very windows on the Sutter street side. A sturdy figure in red shirt, open in front, above which was disclosed a leathery neck and a wide-open mouth, was leading the crowd with its noisy clamor. Above

his uncouth face was a heavy head of red, covered with a wide, ragged sombrero. This completed the costume of the midnight apparition. It was on horseback, waving a red banner. The motley crowd took up their leader’s refrain, constantly repeating “Blood or Bread.” This minor San Francisco installment from a would-be scene of the French Revolution was lit up by a number of flaming torches.

The above is a limited outline sketch of what was at the period a rather terrifying demonstration to our country nerves, previously unused at worst to anything more desperate than the business end of a Texas bull with his forehead near the ground. This was the object lesson.

Somewhere in this city, probably in an attic south of Market, the abstract philosopher of this occasion was equally active in his own way proving to his own entire satisfaction that “Progress and Poverty” are synonymous terms. Nor did this idea, forged on the only intellectual anvil of the “sandlot” era die of inanition. About eighteen years later it turned up very much alive in New York politics, nursed into a resemblance of a seeming final social panacea by the god-fathering of the once San Francisco bantling, on the part of a true priest as sincere as he was misguided. The San Francisco philosopher, by his aid, became candidate for Mayor in the Atlantic metropolis. Though not elected, he became formidable enough to defeat our now President of the United States, who was a candidate for the same office.

Henry George led the “one tax” labor union semi-socialistic party of that year. Abraham Hewitt headed the Democratic ticket, Theodore Roosevelt the Republican. Henry George died about three

weeks before the close of the canvas, and his son was induced to take his father's place. Hewitt was elected.

Emotional politics vs. sane economics is not all moonshine.

Now, how did it all come about? The birth of it is in the chronic unwillingness of our "professional" working classes to

collapse of the Comstock bubble, the fact of legal prohibition of the operation of the few remaining valuable placers by the agricultural interests of the Sacramento Valley, compelling the former to stop. So into the city came the laborer from the "busted" mines, his paraphernalia consisting of a pair of brawny arms,



"The 'Opportunity' included the election of a violinist as Mayor of San Francisco and a coal heaver for the same office in Connecticut."

face any transition period in our successive industrial or commercial epochs. The "Everybody flush" era was over. The working miner, with his habitual improvidence, was hit the hardest, and the first to feel the effect of radically altered economic conditions. The inevitable decline of the placer gulches, the

ble assets at the solid institutions of Montgomery and California streets, and of course something was wrong.

There were two visible points of attack from the "sandlot" horizon. One was the thrifty Chinese colony; the other was the railroad and the big land owners. pick and shovel. They were not valua-

The first "must go," the other must be "cinched." The programme was simple, the details easily grasped.

Within two years from the time our well-earned repose was so rudely disturbed, the "Labor Party" had cost the city of San Francisco one hundred and fifty million dollars in exiled capital. At least one hundred and fifty millions more were put into our savings banks, because under our unique "constitution," that was the only place where ready money could escape double taxation. Three hundred millions removed from participation in the activities of the State of less than a million people was a weakening body blow in itself.

But this money, which should represent the savings of the people at large were in reality the accumulated wealth of a comparatively few. This vast sum, constantly increasing, was idle money—or if used at all, was sent elsewhere for investment. So San Francisco presented the spectacle of vast sums of money accumulated in her savings banks, if not driven totally away—while at the same time whole streets in the residence districts occupied by our mechanics and laborers, displayed the ominous sign: "For rent."

The direct and indirect loss to our State of the first five years succeeding our "sandlot" constitution, on the most conservative basis could not be less than half a billion dollars. Railroad construction in the main was absolutely estopped in the entire north and central part of the State. Agriculture remained stationary. Immigration ceased, manufacturing enterprises lagged. About fifteen more years of this and the "Midwinter Fair" was inaugurated. In the very opening address of that remarkable enterprise, accomplished in the face of monumental difficulties, its President, Mr. M. H. de Young, revealed in a single sentence, as with a magic lantern's flash, the unnatural incubus under which this magnificent giant of a commonwealth had been tied up, like Gulliver by the Lilliputians. "This," said Mr. de Young, waving his hand over the aggregation of exhibits, "this is done to prove that after

all we Californians need not despair." There was no melodramatics in this attitude. It crystalized the thought of thousands of the best well wishers of the State. Nor did this unnatural palsy of our commonwealth relax until we all heard and understood the answering echo of Dewey's guns as it reverberated from the heart of the Sierras. Then we all felt and finally discerned the fact that our beloved State had once more come into her own. The slavish chain of the Lilliputians seemed burst at a bound. But we are getting slightly ahead of our story, as it were.

Perhaps the most suggestive feature of the whole strange page is the unmistakable effect our California era of depression sustains to national political history of the last twenty-five years, and to a certain degree as well on the world's finances. As the first ten years of our history constitutes one of the most significant and inspiring epochs in the annals of international finance, so likewise was our sandlot era, with its fearfully and wonderfully made State constitution destined to affect national politics, conspicuously so in its financial aspect, only instead of creating a splendid wave of sound commercial activity, it helped powerfully to lend wings to every craven and every moral coward the land over. It roused every cross road croaker till their aggregate howl seemed like a pack of wolves in winter, searching for prey. "Free silver" became the slogan under which the semi-anarchist ideas of unlimited greenbackism of the early seventies were revived with us. Our commonwealth, which scarcely knew of the existence of the "greenback," except by hearsay, and maintained the gold standard in all its domestic and foreign transactions up till the early eighties, politically fell into the hands of the silver doctrinaires of Nevada. It further belittled its very origin and history by developing a "Free Silver Party."

Of course as soon as California became a "free silver" State, the entire mountain region behind did likewise. So after a little while we became yoked to a "Blood to the Bridles" or free silver

combination, Colorado. Their most genteel mannered orator but enunciator of blood-curdling ideas, had at least the good sense to reserve his performances for home consumption. It was left for the "Sagebrush" State to furnish the international stage hero of this costly melodrama in high finance. The silvery splendor of the Comstock had utterly vanished—the seeming reflection of silver still lingering on the foliage of the brush was extremely unsatisfactory. But the philosopher of the situation was not missing, of course. Somewhere on the headwaters of the Truckee River, out of the reach of the dust on the Humboldt desert, the true alchemy of "Human Destiny," and a fitting return to glorious high silver finance were being formulated. After being duly rehearsed, it was taken for final grand stand performance to the Brussels International Monetary Conference, 1892. Like the original Wagnerian dramas performed at Bayreuth it required days to disclose the inherent grandeur of the glorious scheme. Rothschild and other amateurs in finance assembled from the financial centers created out of two thousand years of financial activity, were duly instructed by a set speech of three days' duration, delivered by our Sagebrush State orator, about what they did not know about international finance. But the particularly delightful aspect of the case is that not silvery Nevada, but golden California, got the full benefit of a three days' silver oration on the International platform.

In Western Kansas and Nebraska wheat had failed as silver failed in Colorado and on the Comstock. So there was "blood on the moon" along the Solomon, the Kaw and the Arkansas rivers. There on the wide open plains were neither Chinese nor big land owners. Uncle Sam seemed the only institution big enough to be punished for the drought. "The very fellow we are after for the low price of silver," said the miners. "The old rascal actually refuses to pay us a dollar in gold for fifty cents in silver any longer," and as misery loves company, they joined hands.

- Now, only a few chefs were needed

to carry all these political yeast pans of dough safely across the Missouri, and onward to the Great Lake country. They were promptly forthcoming. Bryan, Mrs. Lease, and Sockless Jerry came up from the Southwest and converted the dough into a loaf of unleavened bread, indigestible to all the rest of the mature financial world. They insisted, however, that it was very good indeed. It was that or a "cross of gold." Fancy the horror of the alternative—"a cross of gold." All there is necessary to complete this lofty structure of statesmanship, said their friend, Governor Altgeld, is "a reconstructed United States Judiciary." (Sotto voce) "Of course when you (Bryan) become President, my legal attainments may be disclosed to you in their completeness." In the meanwhile, to show my good intentions and clear-cut convictions, "I will, by virtue of my office, liberate a few of our anarchists merely as a preliminary," and he kept his promise.

So far these worthies labored under the impression that the gallery gods only



San Francisco's Priestly Demagogue.

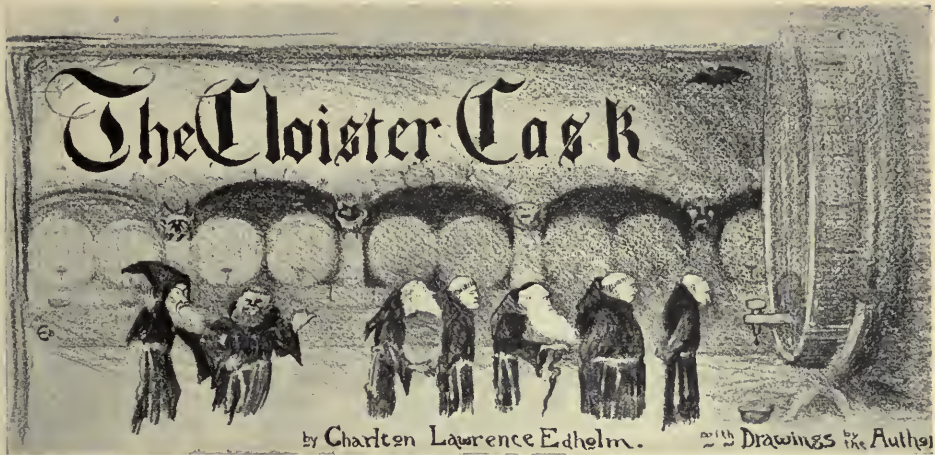
were watching their performances, because these constituted the main portion of their immediate surroundings. But there were others. The audience of the main floor woke up at last and discovered that minstrels and clowns had assumed the attitude and manners of the heavy tragedians, and that they were in for the whole play. "Ah, ha!" said old Dame Europe in Threadneedle street, "we now understand that after all that grandfatherly instructor of yours from the Sierra Nevadas, who entertained us with a three days' address on silver moonshine really spoke for you. We somewhat labored under the impression he was sent over to amuse us. Very well, we lent you good dollars when in distress, considering you honest men. If you are going to return us only fifty cents of that dollar, please pay up when you have a sovereign in sight." Over the sea came two billions in bonds. "Pay! pay!" and the panic of '93 was on. Simultaneously with this wave of emotional finance and its unspeakable wreckage, there have appeared a continuous series of strikes. Like the movements referred to in the silver States and the wheat States, it is primarily based on a total misconception of what constitutes sane economic concepts of what can or cannot be done by a commonwealth or a community for its citizens.

Mr. Wright, the United States Commissioner of Labor, a statistician of unimpeachable worth, stated in tables dis-

played at the Buffalo Exposition, that the strikes of the last twenty years have cost our laboring masses something over a half a billion dollars in wages alone. The indirect losses aggregate even higher. A thousand million dollars for the privilege of playing emotional city politics in twenty years. And what has been gained in return for this fearful price? In Europe the sum in question paid the war indemnity of France to Germany, the heaviest cash indemnity on record. Have our civic warriors aught to show but their more or less honorable scars? But the main question is, have we even learned anything? Is our community like the average twenty-year-old lad, who, forsooth, must repeat his forbears' follies before he knows the first lesson of common sense? The twenty years emotional cycle is around once more. When at its height the last time it elected a demagogue preacher for Mayor—this time we start in with an honest musician.

The "opportunity" afforded San Francisco by the "Republic" is well nigh unparalleled on the continent, if not in the world. It is an imperious challenge to civic eminence. To be the London and the Athens of the Pacific shores is her real destiny. We are at the cross-roads once more. The old provincialism is a ragged remnant impossible to preserve. Shall we endeavor to stem destiny once more for twenty years, in the name of another emotional deluge because labeled class politics and race ostracism?





INSIDE the cloister cask was a darkness, palpable as the festooned cobwebs that brushed my face, when, standing in its belly, I looked up-

ward into obscurity.

Far, far above me glimmered a pale light, like a star veiled in mist, "And that," said the dried-up voice of the little sexton, "that is the bung-hole. It is three feet in diameter; large enough to admit a fine stout man," and he sighed like a withered leaf in the wind.

A fine, fruity smell told of the oceans of old wine that had flowed through this cavern, from bung-hole to spigot, and ah, from spigot into countless pious throats, thirsty with much prayer! for in all the time that this monastery had wielded its power over much of the Black Forest, the cloister cask, though always running, never ran dry.

"Ah, yes, once it did run dry," whispered the sexton, "and once again was it emptied into vile, profane throats. Each time it betokened great misfortune to our order, but now that it is always empty, where is our brotherhood, where our splendid buildings, our glorious church? Ruins, desolate ruins!

"I remember when it was desecrated, that was in sixteen hundred and odd, and

I was a comparatively young man, but already holding a position of trust in the monastery. I was cellar-master when Melac, with his swarm of French ruffians over-ran the whole country, burned the villages, sacked the sacred courts, and drained the great cask—may their throats be scorched for it, the filthy sponges!

"I looked on, bound hand and foot, and thrown into a corner like a sack of rye; yes, I looked on while the swash-buckler, Captain de Monrepos, bastard of royalty, placed a ladder against the side and mounted to the top of the cask, where he found the bung padlocked to the staves.

"His villains tossed him up my bunch of keys, and as he unlocked it, he noticed that this bung was a beautiful and curiously carved piece of oak; but stop, you shall see it—my own work—my masterpiece."

And he dragged me to the end of the cask, where stood a large cylinder, soaked by the wine till it had assumed a dusky purple red.

"Even in its color this is a perfect likeness of Brother Ambrose," gasped the little man. "Brother Ambrose, cellar-master before me and now a blessed saint in Paradise."

And truly, the sculptured head that grinned at me in the dusk could have been naught but that of a cellar-master; the wavering candle light threw flitting reflections over his polished cheeks that seemed to quiver and shake with good living, and the expression of supreme, phy-



The Cloister Cellar.

sical satisfaction was caught with a freshness delightful to behold.

"Brother Ambrose it is, and he lived and breathed," said the sexton with such feeling that the cask echoed sonorously and shook the ghostly draperies, "and this is his memorial, in remembrance of a strange fate that befell him even where we stand.

"But Monrepos, the pig, what knew he of art! When he saw this head on the bung he drew his long sword and struck it a blow on the pate till even the full cask protested dully. 'This was Gambrius!' cried he in his clarion voice 'whom these swine worship. Rise now, Sir Bacchus, worthy of the allegiance of gentlemen of France!' and amid the guffaws of his troopers he pulled out the bung, dipped in his casque and drank a long health to the new leader.

"All this I saw, as bound hand and foot I lay in the corner like a sack of rye."

I looked at the old man suspiciously; ancient as he was, he could not have been

living during the famous raid of Melac, far back in the seventeenth century.

But without noticing my surprise, he went on dreamily, with half-closed eyes: "Ah, Brother Ambrose, that thou shouldst ever have come to this, thou most truly German of all the brotherhood, to be worshiped by a horde of French bandits!

"When Brother Ambrose was cellar-master, I was a mere boy, his assistant. It was my duty to carry the flagons of wine when he had drawn them, for which I was rewarded with the drippings from the faucets that were caught in little pans.

"At that time, the monastery had attained a height of prosperity which it never reached again. Some attributed it all to Father Ekkehard, the Abbot, but I knew well that it was Brother Ambrose, whose generous

measures drew the best men from all the country into the fold. Ah, those were happy times, when each day whole hog-heads of wine were served to the thirsty brothers. For the novices, we had a thin, sour wine, to keep in check their hot blood; for the lay brothers, great plenty but of a common vintage, for he who sweats in the fields or toils at loads of building stone knows only how much is in his gourd and not how good; but for the pious brothers who prayed and preached and meditated, and for those who spent their days in illuminating the wise words of our most excellent Father Ekkehard, was set aside this cask of mellow, red wine such as cuddled under the tongue before it slid down. And that was right, for were not these the ones who in leisure and thoughtfulness could best distinguish good wine from bad?

"And of all these, Brother Ambrose was the most devout, for after making

the rounds of his casks and testing the contents that they had not deteriorated, he would seek the sunny niche in the garden wall, where, undisturbed he might meditate all afternoon, his eyes closed, lest the beauties of this world should distract his thoughts from those of the next, and only an occasional sigh showing how deep were his inward struggles.

"Meanwhile I worked at my wood carving in my little cellar shop, but never did I become so absorbed in my saints and bishops as to forget my other duties of emptying the pans that caught the drippings.

"And so our lives went happily on until that fatal day when the Abbot decided to make a pilgrimage to Rome, and I was selected as one of his attendants. Oh, the homesickness of it all! The days in the Alpine snows, the nights in the hard, hospice beds, and then Italy, ugh! Give me my Rhine wine and Neckar and you may keep your vintage of Italy. Most of all, I yearned for Brother Ambrose, my whole-souled master and friend. How I did long for his full, round, blonde body, when surrounded by the crafty Latins in the court of His Holiness.

"One night I dreamed of him, yea often he came into my dreams, but this was horrible and real as if I had seen it with waking eyes:

"Brother Ambrose was moving slowly among his casks, nodding to this one, laying a friendly hand on that, but when he came to the great tun in which we stand, he rubbed his cheek against it so affectionately that I could hear the bristles rasp against the wood.

"Presently he searched among the straw lying in the corner till he

found a long, perfect tube, and then, climbing the ladder to the top, he took out the bung and gazed at the brimming red liquor as a worldly man might gaze upon the woman he adored. For several moments he squatted thus absorbed, then, with a contented sigh, he inserted the straw and drew unto himself this treasured sweetness.

"I know not how long this lasted, but gradually the liquor grew lower in the cask and gradually he leaned over, following it, never once leaving hold of the straw. His eyes closed, I knew what ecstasy was his, and, poor worm that I am, I envied him. He reeled, he rolled, but still he followed the wine downward, ever downward, till finally the center of gravity was lost; he slipped, he smiled, and still smiling, slid through the bung-hole and disappeared.

"With horror I awoke, and would have run and told my dream to the Abbot, but



"His eyes closed; I knew what ecstasy was his."

he was a stern man who looked upon me with disfavor because I loved not my Latin, so I stayed and told it to little Francesca, but she could not advise me in such matters.

"How the months dragged on in that hot, weary land! If it had not been for Francesca I should have died, between long waiting in ante-chambers and long masses in the church of St. Peter.

"But after much delay we started homeward, and with what happiness did I look from the summit of the last snow mountain to where the dark, rolling hills of my own Black Forest lay beyond the Rhine.

"When the joyous monks welcomed us at the gate, I eagerly scanned each face but that of Brother Ambrose was not among them. Afraid to ask questions I disengaged myself from the curious brothers and ran to his haunt in the garden and to the cellar, but no one was there; only a scrubby boy emptying the pans, who told me that the devil had flown off with the cellar-master, body and soul.

"As I was cuffing his ears, one of the lay brothers came running and panted that the Abbot wanted to speak with me, so I followed him into the refectory, where the brothers sat at meat. 'My son,' said the most excellent Father, smiling at me across the loaded board, "as our unfortunate Brother Ambrose has fallen into the clutches of the Evil One, body, soul and cellar keys, I appoint you cellar master in his place, with this new bunch to hang at your girdle as a token. And now, as your first official act, you may bring us flagons from the great cask!"

"So I brought them much wine, and they sipped it slowly, with the deliberation of the true connoisseur.

"Finally, quoth the brother at the Abbot's left, 'Brother Cellar-master, methinks I notice a flavor as of wool in this wine.' 'Nay,' said he at the Abbot's right, 'tis a tang of leather, though very slight.' 'Not so,' spake the Abbot, himself, 'tis iron; I know the taste well.' But at that instant, one at the lower end of the board exclaimed, sticking his nose

into the cup, 'Brother, 'tis fat Ambrose.'

"At that there was a hubbub at the table, for the Abbot could not bear such words, but when they had quieted, I told them my dream.

"Then said the Abbot, 'Peace, my children, we will drain this cask!' so altogether we went below into the vaults and with a siphon emptied the great tun.

"Finally the siphon sucked dry, and the good Father spake, 'I myself will exorcise the evil spirit.'

"So I was let down with a rope, and there lay our blessed brother, flat on his back, his face as you see it on the bung, his body twice its natural girth.

"'We cannot leave him here,' said the Abbot, 'he must lie in consecrated ground, and, besides, we need the cask!' But when they would have drawn him up through the bung hole it was too small. Then squeaked the scrubby boy, my assistant, he who afterwards became cardinal, 'Turn him over and open the spigots!'

"So five of us did that, and we thus caught enough wine to fill another butt for the lay brothers. After that it was easy to draw him through the bung-hole, which we did with the derrick.

"Then to me said the pious Father Ekehard, 'My son, this has been a day fraught with great consequences to the soul of our departed brother, and Beelzebub, who tried to keep him unburied is again foiled; in memory of which his likeness shall be graven upon the bung as a warning to all future cellar-masters.'

"Not until the death of the good Abbot did the key come to me, and then it was that Captain Monrepos, brat of King Louis, stole it with the others."

With a deep sigh the old man raised his candle that the light fell upon a forest of cobweb, fine and fantastic as the frost work on a window. "Since then," rustled his spectral voice, "the cloister cask has been dry."

We crawled out of the lower opening, and as we passed through the vaults, it seemed to me that I saw a hogshead standing on end between the dim rows.

"Come quickly," he gasped; "they say that the ghost of Brother Ambrose still walks!" and we hurried into the light.

CURIOUS MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS in the Park Museum



WONDER how many of the thousands of people who saunter in and out of the Memorial Museum at Golden Gate Park know of its foundation and realize its rapid growth.

At the close of the California Midwinter International Exposition on July 4, 1894, the Executive Committee found the total receipts of the six months' Fair to be \$1,260,112 and the disbursements \$1,133,121. After earnest consultation, the committee decided to devote the surplus cash to the creating of a Memorial Museum, thereby returning to the people of San Francisco, in the form of donations to their great public park, a sum nearly approximating the fund originally subscribed to the Fair—a fact unique in the history of Expositions.

The building chosen for the museum was the Fine and Decorative Arts Building which had been erected of durable materials, and whose Egyptian architecture made it outwardly and inwardly a fitting home for a collection of the arts and sciences which was to be in the nature of an educational impetus to the people of San Francisco.

An offer of this building along with the Royal Bavarian Building was made to the Park Commissioners, who at once accepted them, and as the museum was

to be a memorial of the Midwinter Fair the nucleus of the collection was chosen from the various exhibits of the Fair. Thus at the start the museum represented nations from all over the world.

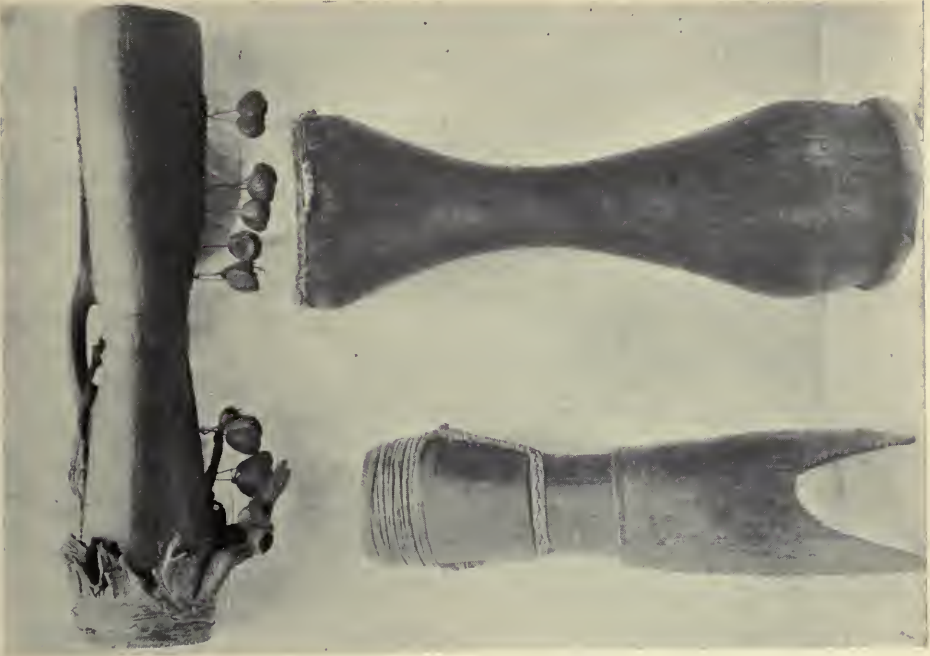
After the Fair had been closed several months and the museum was well under way, there still remained a surplus in the treasury, which the executive committee placed at the disposal of Mr. M. H. de Young, the Director-General of the Fair, and its earliest and most zealous promoter, granting him full authority to make purchases for the museum. He began in San Francisco, then went to New York, and later to Europe, and in all his subsequent trips abroad the museum has been thought of.

The collection has been further enlarged by gifts and loans, and under the care of Mr. Wilcomb, the able Curator, whose Colonial relics and Indian baskets are features of the museum exhibits, the various collections have taken form and shape in the rooms allotted them.

On my return from a several years' sojourn in the East and Europe, where I had ample opportunity of study in the large museums for my present lecture. I was surprised and delighted to see the meteoric growth of our museum. Considering its infancy, it ranks very fa-



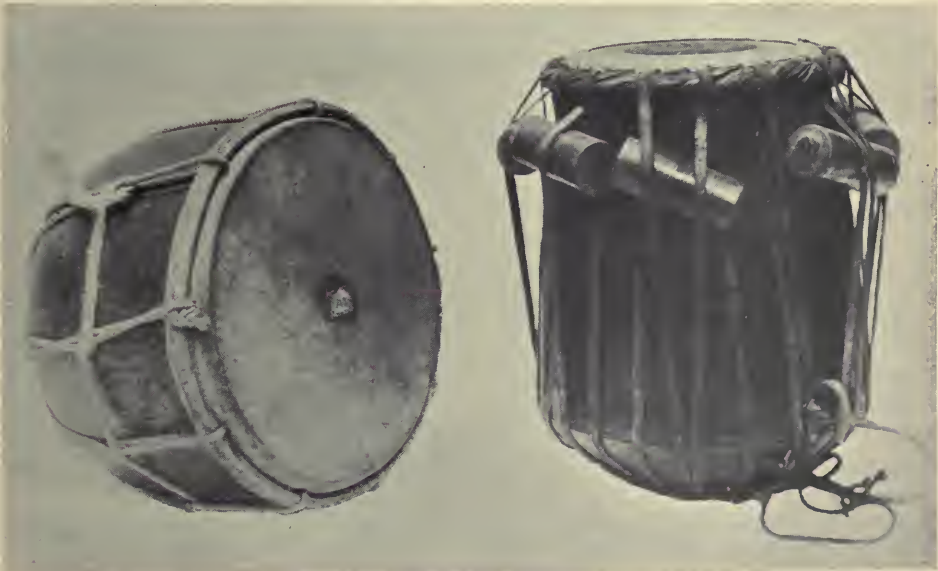
Jews' Harp.



Drums (South Guam.)

vorably with other small museums. Of course it is not to be compared with large ones, yet it is cosmopolitan like our city, and something from all countries is to be found there.

Interesting as are other exhibits, I must confine myself to the musical instruments. The collection is small, very small, if compared with the Crashy-Brown collection in the Metropolitan



Japanese Drum.

Hindu Drum.



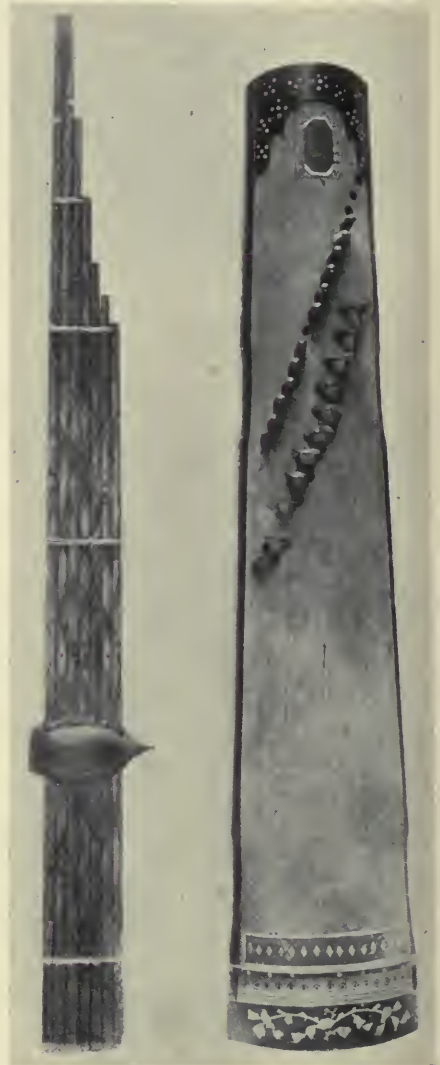
Serpent (France and Italy.)

Museum, New York, or the famous loan exhibition in the South Kensington Museum, or even that of the India exhibit in the Indian offices in London, to say nothing of the collection in Paris, Brussels, Berlin, Vienna, or even the local exhibit at Madrid, which includes Spanish instruments only.

But our collection is broad in the scope of countries it covers, representing China, Japan, Corea, Siam, India, Egypt, all the Mohammedan countries. Italy, Spain, France, German, et al., and several savage peoples widely separated.

The initial exhibit was purchased from Orientals at the Fair. Later, Mr. de Young bought a number of instruments

from old Nathan Joseph, that eccentric character who, for thirty years, had his little shop on Clay street near Kearny. He had a correspondence which extended all over the world, and many were the valuable and curious things which found their way to his shop. Priests and missionaries from various islands in Southern seas always called on Joseph when in San Francisco, and were commissioned by him to get curios of all sorts, so that musical instruments from the islands



Pan's Pipes.
(Guam and
British Guiana.)

Tsing.
(Modern China.)

came into his possession, and thence found a permanent home in the museum.

In the accompanying illustrations are drums of wood with tops of snake skin, and one from New Guinea with nut shells dangling from it, which sound like castanets when the drum is beaten with the hand. It is a very effective instrument both as to appearance and sound. Another drum is from Australia and just next this a large North American Indian war drum of the Kiowa tribe, captured from a party of raiding warriors in Texas. The large native drum from the Hawaiian Islands, with its rude form and crude attempts at carving, should be especially noted, as it is a fine specimen of its kind, and genuine Hawaiian instruments are very rare now. In this same case is a drum from the Marshall Islands.

Instruments of percussion were the first used by primitive man, and an incident to delight the hearts of those who adhere to the theory that monkeys were our ancestors is found in Henry M. Stanley's description of a band of those chattering animals playing on the hollow trunk of a tree with sticks. Lord Stan-

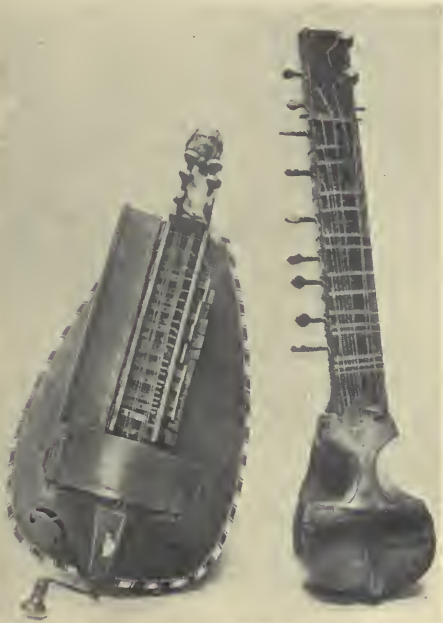


Tamboura. (India.)

ley was an eye witness of this. If monkeys discovered this form of drum the inference in regard to man is obvious.

A sort of xylophone from the Fan tribe of Central Africa is one of the most unique of instruments, the resonance of the wood slabs being increased by a bottle-shaped gourd behind each slab. The cradle-shaped xylophone of Burmah and Siam is a very graceful instrument.

The earliest trumpet was the couch shell, which not only savages living on the sea coast use, but ancient civilized nations as well, and they are now used in India by the Buddhist priests and in Japan by soldier watchmen and priests. When not in use they are slung over the shoulder in a bag of strong brown cord. The Indian name for the couch



Hurdy-Gurdy.
(France.)

Sarod.
(India.)



DRUMS.

1. Tabl Shamee.

2. Daraboukkeh.

shell trumpet is shruck, the Japanese, rappakai.

Turning to the earliest reed instruments from which the organ evolved, Pan's Pipes, single, double, and three or more of varying lengths joined together, are found. The photograph shows one used in Siam and British Guiana. These reed pipes, however, seem indigenous to a number of countries. All the ancient nations used them and they are found in many modern countries.

In China it developed into the cheng, a portable mouth organ with the twelve or fourteen pipes set in a gourd to which was attached a mouthpiece. It possessed all the rudiments of a pipe organ, and harmonies could have been produced on it; yet though the Chinese made this instrument 4,000 years ago and though they knew the chromatic scale, the cheng, used in its primitive form in Chinese temples to-day, stands as a proof of their lack of musical inspiration and development.

The legend of the discovery of the chromatic scale, which is also the legend of

the Chinese pan's pipes, is as follows: Though music had always been under the supervision of the reigning Emperor and his ministers, even in the mysterious spirit land of the Chinese, and was much in use in all festivals, religious or secular, its fundamental laws seem never to have been thoroughly understood, nor any system devised.

Hoang-ti, who reigned 2,000 B. C., showed himself of a more inquiring turn of mind than his predecessors and ordered Ling-lun, his chief musician, to formulate a system of music on natural laws.

Ling-lun therefore set out on his travels in quest of the source of music. He finally reached Si-Goung, the land of the bamboo, in northwestern China. There on a high mountain top in the midst of a bamboo grove he cut a piece of bamboo between the knots, took out the pith, blew into it, and to his delight found that it gave the average pitch of the human voice. Near by was a spring, the source of the Hoang-Ho, or Great Yellow River, and Ling found the music of the



Irish Harp (reproduced from the original of harper of King Brian Boru.)

bubbling waters to be in identical pitch with the sound of the bamboo pipe.

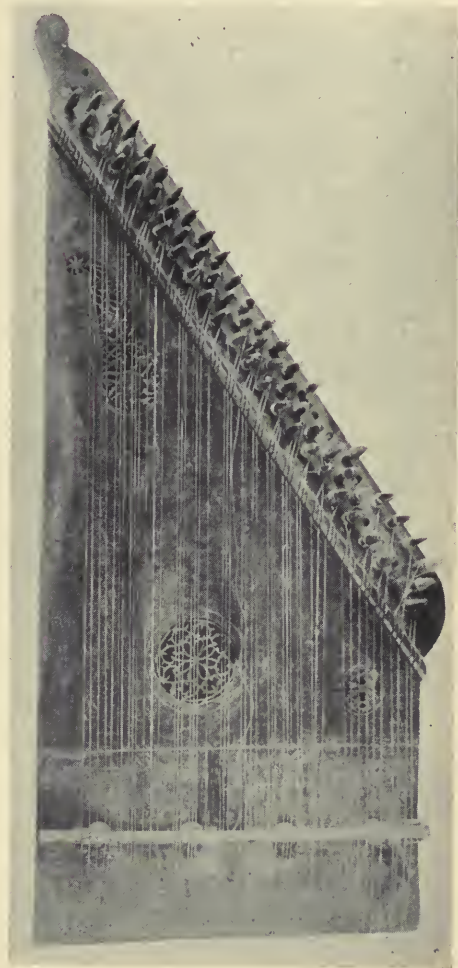
While he pondered on this phenomenon, which he conceived to be the fundamental sound of nature from which all others were derived, Foang-hoang, the mystical bird of the Chinese, perched with its mate upon a tree and both began to sing. Ling listened in rapture to their wonderful song, which was different from anything he had ever heard, and so beautiful that the winds ceased blowing and the birds hushed their singing to listen to them.

The first note of the male bird was the same as Ling's bamboo pipe and the bubbling spring. The first note of the female was higher, the second of the male higher again, and so their song went on in an ascending scale, which Ling determined to catch. He quickly cut bamboo pipes, adjusting them to the alternating notes

of Foang-hoang and his mate, and when finished bound them together and found that he had a chromatic scale of twelve notes, from Fi to Fin, the treble clef.

He hastened back to the court with his discovery. From the twelve pipes the official pitch was taken, a set of bells cast to preserve it, and a system of music formulated.

All of the four hundred Treatises on Music in the Royal Library at Peking make mention of the chromatic scale, but it is used in theory only. In practice the ancient five-toned scale is adhered to. The intervals are such that any Chinese tune can be played on a group of five black notes on the piano.



Kanoon.

The Greek legend of Pan's pipes, which the Greeks also call "syrinx," is even more poetical than the Chinese. Pan the Satyr was in love with the nymph Synnx, but wooed in vain, and when trying to embrace her, found her changed into a bundle of reeds in his arms. The wind rushing over them made sweetest music. Pan, in his sorrow, bound them together always carried them with him and played upon them for solace.

The chief stringed instrument of the Chinese is the dulcimer, called yang-kin. It is a trapezoidal box of wood, with from fourteen to twenty wire strings passing over and through two perforated wooden bridges, and fastened by as many metal pegs. It is played with two delicate bamboo beaters, merely shreds of bamboo.

The specimen at the Park is a very fine one, the tone being sweet though metallic.

The tseng is an instrument which evolved from the kin or scholars' lute, the most ancient of Chinese stringed instruments. Its strings pass over movable bridges and are plucked with the finger tips.

The yue-kin or moon guitar, the san-heen or banjo with its snake-skin to-day, the ehr-h'sien, or two-stringed fiddle, are all familiar to visitors to Chinatown. All these appear again in the Japanese collection under Japanese names, and really are as familiar in Japan as in China.

The tseng in Japan comes under the head of kato, which is the most elegant of Japanese stringed instruments. It, together with the samisen, form part of the dowry of all Japanese brides, though the samisen has become chiefly associated with the Geisha girls. The samisen has a square body of parchment and long, wooden neck. The three silk strings are played with a plectrum of tortoise shell.

Kotos vary in size and number of strings, which are of silk, and are one to thirteen in number. Some have movable bridges, some fixed. They are always a pretty instrument, and those made of primi wood, the blossoms of which form the Imperial crest, are among the most

artistic as to appearance of all Oriental instruments. It is played with an ivory tsume slipped on the first finger.

With the exception of the Chinese erh-h'sin and the Japanese teipin—the fiddles—the stringed instruments give a not unpleasant sound. Certainly Ah Ying, the smiling old music teacher of Chinatown, can make them agreeable. Even the squeaky fiddle becomes unique in his hands when he plays "Marching Thro' Georgia" and "A Hot Time," using only the five intervals of the Chinese scale. He makes the flute—or hsiao, in Chinese—sound very sweet, giving to it something of the tone of a piccolo.

A stringed instrument not as much as the others is the balloon guitar, pepa in Chinese, biwa in Japanese. Biwa Lake in Japan is named from the instrument, because its shores resemble the outline of the instrument.

Gongs, cymbals and drums of both China and Japan are well represented in the same case with the stringed instruments.

Passing along to India, we find but three representatives of that country. Two are of the tambourine family. The tone is rich and full, like the deep notes of a guitar. If another gourd were placed on the other end of the instrument in the illustration, it would be a vina, the most ancient and highly valued of Hindoo instruments. It has been immortalized by all Hindoo poets, among them Kalidasa, 56 B. C., who makes use of it in the garden scene in his beautiful drama of "Sakunlata" or "The Lost Ring." The sarod or shasode is a queer instrument with its curved sides and tangle of wire strings.

Arabian instruments are more numerous than others in the collection. Some came from Arabia, some from the Soudan and Algiers. Turkey and Syria are represented. It must be remembered that all Mohammedan countries show the influence of Arabian music. For instance, in Cairo to-day the music is Arabian, all traces of ancient Egyptian music having disappeared. Yet one instrument remains in force, just as it was in the days of the wandering of the Israelites. They



1. Tamboura.

2. Kemaugsh.

3. Gunibry.

call it the naba. It is the most ancient form of the lyre, from which grew the countless graceful shapes of Grecian and Roman lyres, psalters and cithars.

But more interesting still, perhaps, is the karoon of Arabia proper, which is identically the same as those found in

the ruins of Nineveh depicted in the processions on the walls and in tombs of the marvelous city of ages gone.

The upright kanoon, which is shown in the illustration, was the model of the upright piano, the horizontal of the grand piano. It consists of a wooden



Koto (Japan.)

Teikin Fiddle (Japan.)

Japanese Flute.

box and parchment head and gut strings tuned in sets of three attached to metal pegs and played with a plestrum.

The Arabian tamboura and Algerian guenbri are of the guitar family, and were introduced into Spain by the first Mohammedan invaders. Traces of Arabian influence in music is still to be found in Spain, especially in out of the way villages, where the resemblance is very marked.

The rebab and kemauegeh were descended from the ancient ravanestron, the first instrument played with a bow. It is said to have been invented by Ravanen, a powerful King of Ceylon, 5,000 years ago, and stamps India as the home of the bow. The rebab and kemauegeh were not only carried into Spain by the Arabians, but brought to Europe by the Crusaders, and in modified form became the instruments of the troubadours and minnesingers. They finally developed into the viol, from which sprang the family of viols preceding the famous Cremonese school of violins and its accompanying instruments.

Nothing could be more simple yet more graceful than the unk or harp of Arabia. It is merely an oblong box of parchment with sound holes and curved neck of wood, to which strings are attached, producing a tone of depth and sweetness.

Of drums, the daraboukkeh is the most common, either of earthenware with a skin head, as in the illustration (the neck is broken) or of wood and skin. These drums are largely used by the Nile boatmen marking the time of their boating songs.

A picturesque instrument is the serpent of the 16th century, made of metal, covered with leather. Improved forms are still to be found in France.

Another singular French instrument is the vielle or hurdy-gurdy of the 18th century. The sound is produced by the friction of a resined wheel, revolving against the strings, turned by a crank in the left hand, the right playing the keys. The tone is very harsh.

The graceful lyre of the period of Napoleon I in the Park collection is an

example of the industry of the zeal with which Mr. de Young pursues his quest of curios for the museum. When in Paris on one of his recent visits, he met a lady, who told him of a valuable lyre which she had seen in the window on a certain street celebrated for its second-hand shops. But on seeing Mr. de Young's interest, she evaded his question as to the particular shop. He, not to be outdone by so mere a trifle, took a fiacre and ordered the driver to go slowly up one side of the street and down the other. At last he discovered the lyre, but a fabulous price was asked for it, and there were several visits and much bargaining before it passed into his possession.

An old German bassoon with a serpent's head is a striking oddity, and Germany is further represented by flutes, hautboys, clarinets, flageolets, various horns and drums.

Immensely interesting is the reproduction of the harp of the harper of King Brian Boru, which was supposed to have been played at the battle of Clontarf, near Dublin, on Good Friday, 1014, A. D.

Jumping to more modern times, there is the grand piano of the time of Louis XV, with its painting after Watteau and three quaint claviers of famous London makers.

For those who have known the delights of London and have wandered about the labyrinth of streets adjoining Golden Square, or ridden on top of a "bus" down crowded Cheapside past mighty St. Paul to more crowded Cornhill, the financial heart of the world; or have driven along gay Haymarket just as the famous old theatre of the same name, and the famous new theatre, Her Majesty's, across the way, were pouring out their large audiences to spring into the myriad cabs whose lights seem like waiting fireflies ready to speed to all parts of London—the labels on these old claviers set hearts of such as these to beating and conjure up memories of the old world which can be brought to this newest of cities by just as a medium as the Memorial Museum in Golden Gate Park.

The SMILE of GOD



An Omaha Indian Story by J.C. Neihardt

THE Omahas were hunting bison. The young moon was thin and bent like a bow by the arm of a strong man when they had left their village in the valley of Neshuga (Smoky Water, the Missouri). Night after night it had grown above their cheerless tepees, ever father Eastward, until now it came forth no more, but lingered in its black lodge like a brave who has walked far, and keeps his tepee because the way was hard and long.

All through the time of the growing and dying moon, the Omahas had sought for the bison. Upon a hundred hills they had halted to gaze beneath the arched hand into the lonely valleys, from whence came no sound of lowing cows nor roaring bulls. Like the voice of famine through the lonesome air came the caw-caw of the crow. Like heaps of bleaching skeletons the far off sage brush whitened.

This evening as the women busied themselves with the building of the tepees, there was no crooning on their lips. The valley, in which they were pitching their camp, was still but for the clattering of the poles as they were placed in their conical positions, or the flap of the blankets that were being bound about the poles for a covering. At dreary intervals a grazing pony would toss its weary head and neigh nervously as if wondering at the stillness of its masters.

The silent squaws gathered armfuls of scrub oak and plum twigs and lit fires

that lapped the blackening air with hungry tongues and sent their voices roaring up the hills, to be answered by their echoes, that came back faintly like the lowing of a phantom herd.

The old men and the braves sat about the fires, and no word was on their tongues. From lip to lip the fragrant pipe passed, yet even its softening influence could not move to speech the lips it kissed. Each face, upon which the firelight fell, was hideous with the gauntness of hunger.

One by one the runners, sent out in search of the herds, came into camp. With a slow, swinging trot these great lean men approached, as the gaunt wolf approaches his lair in the cold light of the morning after a lonesome night when no prey has been abroad. Sullen and silent they took their places in the cheerless circle about the fires. There was no need for words from them. Their expectant companions looked into their stolid faces and read the tale of despair so readily from the drawn skin and sunken eyes, that they groaned! That was the only sound to betray the suffering of these stoical wolf-men.

The glow of the West fell into the grayness of ashes, as a camp fire falls when all the women sleep. Then the dark came over the eastern hills. Far into the night the braves sat about the fires, speechless. As they listened, they could hear the hungry children whining in their sleep. Once a squaw, suddenly awakened from her dreaming slumber near the

fires, leaped to her feet and cried, "Ta, ta!" ("Bison, bison!") The hoarse cry beat against the black hills and came back like a mockery. The men gazed into each other's faces and grinned with twitching lips.

Again the lonesome air slumbered, save for a weird, monotonous song that arose from the tepee of the big medicine man, Ashunhunga. He was calling to Wakunda (God). The song droned itself into silence like the song of a locust when the evening is quiet.

After some time a sound of wailing came from the mysterious tepee; and as the men turned their faces to the place, they beheld the half-naked form of the medicine man passing like a spectre amid the glow of the fires! The dry skin clung to his ribs and sinews. His head was thrown back and the fires lit his face. Through his parted lips the white teeth shone. Out of the hollows of his eyes a wild light glared. The dream was upon him! With bony hands clinched he beat his naked breast and cried:

"Wa-hoo-ha-a! Wa-hoo-ha-a! The curse of Wakunda is upon us! The black spirits of the dead are about us! For lo! Ashunhunga has had a dream. A black spirit came to him and its eyes were lightning and its voice was thunder as it said: 'Why do you shelter him whom Wakunda hates?' Wa-hoo-ha-a! Wa-hoo-ha-a!"

Blood fell from the mysterious man's hands where the nails clenched convulsively, and his arms and breast were smeared with blood! The listeners huddled as the wild voice began anew.

"Ashunhunga will talk to the black spirit. He will learn whom Wakunda hates. Him shall we cast from us; then Wakunda will smile and the valleys shall be thunderous with herds!"

Beating his breast and gesticulating wildly with his long bony arms, the old man passed back amid the tepees with wailing. Those who sat about the fires were frozen by the wild words into bronze statues of Fear! Scarcely was a breath drawn. Not a muscle moved. The black spirits of the dead were about them! Not a hand was raised to replen-

ish the fires with fagots; the flames sank and the embers sent a dull blue light upon the circle of haggard faces.

As Ashunhunga passed on toward his tepee he suddenly stumbled over a shivering form, huddled closely into the shadow. Quickly regaining his feet, he saw that upon which he had stumbled. It was a dwarfed, ill-shapen human body, with short, crooked legs and long emaciated arms with grinning joints. The form raised itself upon its hands and knees, and looked upon the medicine man with an idiotic leer upon its face. It was Shanugahi Nettle, the cripple.

With a cry as of a squaw who sees a black spirit in her sleep, Ashunhunga rushed into his tepee. His mystical songs wailed over the camp for a while; then ceased. Ashunhunga, overcome by his fanatical emotions, had fallen into a swoon.

And he had a dream;

He was alone upon the prairie and hunger was pinching his entrails. Then there came a bison bull toward him, roaring through the silence! He raised his bow and with sure aim sent an arrow singing into the heart of the beast. Then the air grew black save for a blue light as of dying fires. The bison began to change form! Its hind legs grew short and crooked; its front legs became long and lean and sinewy like the arms of a starving man. Its body dwindled, dwindled, and it was human! Its head became indistinct, and wavered as with a haze. Then it grew up boldly in the ghastly light, and the face was the face of Shanugahi with the idiot leer!

The vision whirled giddily and sank into the dizzy darkness. With a cry as of one who is stabbed in his sleep, Ashunhunga sprang from his blankets and rushed out of the tepee!

Those who sat about the smouldering fires, startled from their dumb terror by the cry, raised their faces and gazed upon that of the medicine man as he passed. They did not speak, but the question in their eyes was: "Who?"

"It is Shanugahi!" said Ashunhunga, in an aweing whisper. "It is Shanugahi whom Wakunda hates; he has brought

the curse upon us!"

* * * * *

The ill-shapen bronze mass of flesh which was Shanugahi lay curled up in heavy slumber in the shadow of a tepee. Suddenly its sleep was broken by a heavy hand reaching out of the darkness. Shanugahi shook himself like a dog roused from sleep, raised his head and gazed about. He saw the faces of a number of braves indistinct in the dim glow of the fires. Near by a pony, with a thong in its mouth, stood ready for a rider. A strange voice close to him whispered hoarsely:

"Fly! Fly! The black spirits of the dead are about you! The curse of Wakunda is upon you. Fly!"

Shanugahi stared quickly about him, then turned his meaningless eyes upon his tribesmen and leered.

Strong arms seized him and placed him astride the waiting pony. The thong was put in his hands. Some one lashed the pony across the haunches and it plunged down the valley into the darkness!

When the dazed rider had gone some distance, the meaning of the whispered words came upon him. Cold sweat sprang out on his limbs. He glanced behind him, and the night was swarming with demons! His shriek cut the stillness like a knife of ice! He grasped the mane of the pony with a convulsive clasp. He dashed his heels into the flanks of the terrorized brute. The lone gulches thundered with the beat of hoofs! Bushes flew past, and each was a pursuing black spirit! Shanugahi clung closely to the pony's back, hiding his face in its mane; clasping its neck with all the strength of madness; pressing its ribs with his legs until the straining animal groaned with pain and fright. Clumps of sage brush flew past dizzily, and each was a heap of whitened bones.

It was like falling in a nightmare through an unfathomed, immeasurable black pit, save for the scamper of the coyote, as it sought the gulches whining, or the tumbling flight of the owl or bat, fleeing upon wings that whirred in the stillness!

The pace of the pony became slower

and slower. Its breath came in short, rasping gasps. Then with a last effort of its terrified limbs, it took the long incline of a hill, and upon the bare summit tumbled to its knees. Shanugani rolled off its back, and horse and rider, worn out with fright and fatigue, swooned into heavy slumber.

When Shanugahi awoke, the pale light that foregoes the coming sun, lay upon the shivering hills. He looked about him and saw a circle of gray wolves staring at him with eyes like moons dawn-stricken. He felt about him for a weapon but found only his stone pipe and pouch of red willow bark. He filled his pipe and lit it with a spark struck from the flint that strewed the summit. Then the sun peeped above the far sky line, and, with its horizontal rays, touched the hills with glory. Its light warmed the frozen nerves of Shanugahi. He puffed gray rings of smoke into the air. Then taking his pipe from his mouth, he reared his hideous body into the glow of morning, and with a long, bony arm, raised his smoking pipe to the smiling sun in silent invocation.

For some time motionless he stood, like a being of the black depths praying for the mercy of the shining heights! Then he uttered two words:

"Wakunda! Ta!"

The staring wolves, moved by the hoarse, wild voices, raised their noses to the heavens with a howl, and slunk away into the ravines.

The sun rose higher, and Shanugahi breathed into his veins the laughing gold of the morning. With all the simplicity of his nature he forgot the terror of the night. It was to him as some vague and transient dream, dreamed many summers past. Yet the one fixed idea of finding the bison swayed his whole thought.

His hunger had reached that stage in which it acts as a heavy draught of some subtle intoxicant. The stupor of days past had been changed into a joyous and almost hopeful delirium; and as he looked upon the sun, to him it was the smile of Wakunda. Now he would find the bison. He found the pony grazing nearby, and leaping upon its back he

urged its stiffened limbs into a jog, and took the lonesome stretch of prairie with songs upon his lips.

All day the pony jogged across the prairie at an easy pace toward the west. At that time of the evening when the coolness comes with the dew and the bugs awake with hummings among the grasses, Shanugahi caught a roaring sound as of some sullen storm that thunders beneath the horizon. He checked his pony, and placing his hands to his ears, listened intently. He knew the sound. Dismounting, he crawled to the top of a hill and looked into a broad valley. As far as he could see, straining his eyes, the valley was black with bison! For a moment he stood as in a spell. Then a great joy lashed his blood into a frenzy. He rushed to his pony, and, mounting, turned its head to the east.

The night came down, and still Shanugahi held his pony to a run. His brain whirled giddily. Now he had found the bison; his people would not starve. He sang and shouted and laughed until his voice broke into a cackle. The delirium of the rider was caught by the pony. With all the wiry might of long generations of prairie herds, it sent the thundering hills and valleys under its flying feet.

* * * * *

At that time of the morning when the East grows pale and slumber is the deepest, the famished tribe, having moved a weary day's journey westward, was sleeping heavily. Suddenly a hoarse shout shattered their dreams and made the hills clamorous with echoes! The whole camp leaped from its blankets and stared with blinking eyes in the direc-

tion of the shout. There upon the brow of the hill that overlooked the camp, stood a horse and rider, set in bold relief against the pale sky of the morning! With a long bony arm the rider pointed to the westward, and again he cried in a weak, broken voice:

"Ta! Ta!"

Then horse and rider collapsed like the figures of a dream that wavers with the morning! A number of braves, running up the hill, found the bodies of the pony and Shanugahi. Upon the lips of the dead rider lingered a calm smile of contentment.

"It is the smile of Wakunda!" said one old man in awe.

"Wakunda smiles!" shouted the braves.

The whole camp caught up the cry: "Bison! Bison! Wakunda smiles! Wakunda smiles!"

And before the sun rose they were moving westward on the trail of Shanugahi.

* * * * *

Two nights afterward there was joy in the camp of the Omahas. Having found the long-sought herd, they had feasted heavily, and now they slept as the wolf sleeps when the prey has been plenteous.

Beside a fire two old men were still awake, and as they smoked, they talked of Shanugahi. He had found the herd. Wakunda had smiled upon him. Yet Shanugahi was only a cripple!

"Ugh!" they both grunted after a thoughtful silence, shaking their heads in wonderment at so incomprehensible a thing.

Then, wrapping themselves in their blankets, they slept.



SPARTAN DOROTHY AND HER FOX

A FARCE IN ONE ACT
BY LOU RODMAN TEEPLE

Scene First.—Aunt Nettie's Parlor at Fond-du-lac. Aunt Nettie, prostrated with one of her heart spells. Her sister, Mrs. Temple, who has come up from Oshkosh to spend the day. Mrs. Temple's pretty daughter, Dot, who is betrothed to Mr. Fred Campell of Fon-du-lac.

Dot—Why don't you stay a day or two, mamma—auntie says just your presence helps her?

Aunt N.—I wish you could stay, too, Dot.

Mrs. Temple—Dot must be home to attend her class in painting, to-morrow morning. I could stay, if she went home on the 5:30 this afternoon.

Dot (with threatening tears)—Oh, mamma, when you know we wrote Fred we should wait for the 10:20 to-night, so he could spend the evening with us, after he closes his store!

Aunt N.—Fred would be so disappointed if Dot were gone when he comes to-night; and he is such a dear, manly boy.

Mrs. T.—He always was, even when

he wore dresses and wheeled Dot in a perambulator. But about my staying with you, Nettie! Dot can't go alone from the Oshkosh depot to Lincoln Avenue at 10:20 at night. The street cars don't run on our street, you know. I might telephone her brother, Willie, to meet her, but he's only a school-boy.

Dot—Mamma, you know Fred would be delighted to accompany me; and he could come back on the 11:35 to-night, so he could be here to meet his business engagements in the morning.

Aunt N.—Of course, Helen. So it's decided you are to remain with your afflicted sister; for surely you don't object to Dot's plan?

Mrs. T.—Oh, I don't object; only—well, you know poor William's sister, Keziah, and her son Lazarus, the young divinity student, are spending the summer with us; and Keziah has very strict notions about girls (she never had a daughter), and she don't hesitate to say that I am allowing Dot too much liberty. She says if William had lived, Dot would have been brought up to be—

Dot (indignantly)—Another such a stilted prig as Lazarus is.

Mrs. T.—Lazarus doesn't like Fred, but that's only natural, as he proposed to Dot himself.

Dot (hurriedly)—Say, auntie, don't say anything about that before Fred. He says he believes every young man I know has been in love with me, and I—I don't tell him anything any more.

Aunt N. (dryly)—You probably don't need to.

Dot—Anyway, he don't know about Lazarus and never shall. Mamma, Fred

can leave me at the corner, and I'll just tell Aunt Ki some friends walked up with me.

Second Scene—Fon-du-lac Station; time, 10:30. Dot ensconced in a rocker.

Fred just returned from ticket office.

Fred—Train very late, Dot. I'm glad, for I'll have you all to myself while we wait, though I don't dare even look at you as I'd like to, with all these less happy people sitting round.

Scene Third—Oshkosh Station; time, 11:35.

Fred—Here we are, Dot. By Jove, there's my train just ready to pull out—the train we came down on was so late, of course. Leave you to go up home alone? Not if I walked back to Fon-du-lac, little one. Wait till I inquire when the next train goes back. You see, I've got to be there in the morning to see about that Thompson and Barlow affair. (Converses with ticket agent and returns disconsolate.) Hevings, Dot, the next west-bound doesn't leave here till 3:05. What am I going to do till then?

Dot—You could stay with me, if only mamma were home.

Fred (imploringly)—Your aunt Keziah is there.

Dot—That's just it. You know I don't need a chaperon; but Aunt Ki and my cousin will be sitting up till I come, and they'd be scandalized if I entertained you at this hour.

Fred (sorrowfully)—Oh, Dot, have I got to count the boards in this old floor till three o'clock, when I might be in that blessed little parlor with you?

Dot (in a tone of indignant pity)—It's a shame. And you came with me just to accommodate mamma and Aunt Nettie! (Suddenly inspired.) I can do it—I will. I'll tell mamma all about it when she comes home. I never hide anything from her! But Aunt Ki is so different; her suspicions invite deceit. Come on, Fred. I'm going to leave you outside the parlor door while I go into the sitting room and let aunt see that I am alone. Then I'll tell her I have an important letter to write (I have to-morrow), bid her good-night, and go in the parlor and admit you—

Fred—You angel of goodness and Portia of wisdom.

Dot—But you must be still as death, Fred, for if Aunt Ki discovered you she'd call up the patrol, and I believe she would try to prove poor mamma demented if she did not consent to have me sent to the house of correction. I'm taking an awful risk for you, dear, so when the Spartan boy comes to be tried, you must be an obedient fox.

Fred—Dot, we'll make a new version



Lazarus.



"Oshkosh Station; time, 11:35."

of that story; and the submissive meekness of your hidden fox shall be a model for all secreted animals.

Scene Fourth.—The Temple Parlor.

Dot unbolts door. Enter Fred.

Dot—Sh-sh-sh! Take off your shoes, Fred, they'll surely hear you walk. Yes, leave them right there by the door. Of course they were both up; but Aunt Ki is going to bed now. There'll be no one coming in here unless Willie should see the gas burning, and come in when he gets home from the concert; but I'll put this screen right by the sofa and you can kneel behind that if—. Quick, Fred! Here he comes!

(Fred drops behind screen. Enter Willie.)

Willie—Hello, Dot. Didn't mother come home? Well, I'm sorry, for you always have the house full of girls and dudes when she's gone. I think—

Dot—Save your thoughts and go to bed, Will; it's late.

Willie—I know it; but say, I heard some jolly good music to-night. Professor Allen gave me my ticket. He's a

dandy, Dot. There's that book of poems he brought you. (Looking at a book on a little table back of screen.) I'm going to take it to my room and read it sometime, just because he likes it.

Dot (rising hastily and standing before him)—Let that book alone to-night, Willie. I—I want to read it myself before I go to sleep.

Willie—Well, it's time you got ashamed of yourself and read it. I don't believe you've ever opened it, and you know he's just dead gone on you, Dot. I'd rather have him than Fred Campbell, but I suppose it's Fred's money you're after.

Dot (peevishly, while watching Fred's face)—Do go to bed, Willie. (Then noticing the boy standing and staring at something by the door.) What are you looking at?

Willie (pointing to Fred's shoes)—Why, Dot, they're a man's shoes!

Fred (in hoarse whisper, as he wipes the sweat)—Blast those shoes—Dot, I'm lost—that is, I'm found.

Dot (calmly)—Willie, those are a pair of shoes I got for—for—that is, to use as models in a picture I am painting. You didn't think I could use your brogues?

Willie (still surveying shoes)—Models! Must be going to paint a couple of Noah's arks. You bet if I was going to paint shoes I wouldn't get a pair big enough for the Cardiff Giant. And say, Dot, there's one queer thing about—

Dot—They're beautifully shaped, and just what I want. Never mind telling me the queer thing, for I'm going to turn the gas off, and leave you in the dark if you don't go to your room.

Willie—All right, I'm gone. But (calling from the stairs), do you have to have fresh mud on all your little shoe models?

(Dot seizes shoes and thrusts them under sofa. Then follows a long whispered conversation, with the words "Professor Allen," "firt," and "jealous" occasionally audible. At last—)

Dot (tremulous but haughty)—Well, you'd better find some other—

Fred (aloud, with passionate energy)—But I don't want, and won't have any one but you, you sweet little—

(Loud rapping heard. Dot coughs violently and long. Rapping continues, mingled with Aunt Keziah's voice.)

Fred—Oh, Lord, she's heard me.

Aunt K.—Dorothea, Dorothea, come here immediately.

(Dot hastening to aunt's room, finds her sitting up in bed very excited.)

Aunt K. (shaking an accusing finger at her trembling niece)—Dorothy, in the absence of your mother, I shall act in her place. You may well look scared, for I heard you. You needn't jump. I heard you coughing terribly. Now, do you take a spoonful of that cough medicine this minute. I know a pneumonia cough when I hear it.

Dot (swallowing the dose)—Yes, ma'am. (Aside.) I'd swallow anything but strychnine, I'm so relieved that she didn't hear him. (Returning to parlor.) No, she only heard me coughing; but oh, my fox, how you have been snarling and tearing at me.

Fred—Poor darling; I won't say another word. I know I do get unreasonably jealous; but you always laughed at me when I said Allen cared for you. But how can he help it? I can't.

(Delicious interval; then a step so deliberate that Fred has time to kneel carefully behind the screen, against which Dot leans her head. A tap, and Cousin Lazarus enters.)

Laz.—My dear cousin, as neither of us seems inclined to sleep, I seize this opportunity to converse with you on a subject that is pressing for deliverance.

Fred (softly)—Speaking of deliverance, Dot, is there anv for me?

Dot (aside)—Hush-sh! (Aloud.) Not to-night, cousin, please.

Laz.—Always the same cruel denial of even a chance to plead my overwhelming love for you. But, Dot, I must speak. I am tortured with fear for your future as well as by my hopeless love for you. Dorothy, I spent all last night on my knees.

Fred (in a whisper, while he tries to change his position)—And means that I shall spent to-night on mine. Say, Dot, can't you get him out, somehow? My leg is cramping. Ow-ow!



Aunt Keziah.

Dot (to both)—Don't, don't, pray don't!

Laz (vehemently)—Dorothy, I must speak. I see Fred Campbell—

(Fred utters unprintable words and begins to arise. Dot gives a little shriek and covers her face.)

Laz.—I see him with my spiritual eye in his true character.

Fred (settling down on his knees)—Oh!

Dot (uncovering her face)—Oh!

Laz.—Yes, I see that he is lightminded, selfish, fickle—



The Spartan.

Fred (whispering)—He lies, Dot. Minister or no minister—

Laz.—He has a bad temper; his face shows that.

Fred—Mayn't I come out, dear? Do let me, and his face will show what my temper is in brighter colors than my own does.

Dot (clapping her hands to her head, and speaking to both)—I forbid you to speak another word. (Opens door for her cousin. Exit Lazarus.)

Dot (laying her hand on Fred's arm as he rises)—Oh, my fox, you are actually shaking with anger.

Fred—The sneaking cad—slandering a fellow to his betrothed!

Dot—Fred, I want you to light your cigar. There, now, you sit there and smoke while I talk; for see, it will soon be time for you to go to the station. (Fred lights cigar and smokes while they

talk. Presently Dot giggles aloud. The voice of Aunt Ki heard approaching.)

Aunt Ki.—Dorothy, I'm coming to sit up with you while you finish that letter. If your cough should be worse—

Dot (frantically)—Oh, Fred, she will stay forever, or till I go to bed. Get into your coat, quick—here's your hat.

Aunt Ki. (very near)—I'm coming.

Dot—Go! Oh, don't stop to speak. (Pushing him out of the outside door)—Go! Quick! Quick!

Aunt Ki. (opening door and walking slowly in)—I'm coming to stay.

Dot (closing outside door and facing aunt)—I was writing a letter.

Aunt Ki.—If your letter is so important that you must write it at two o'clock in the morning, I'll sit up with you till it's finished. I don't want to say that the letter is only an excuse for—

(Fred appears at window, making energetic pantomime.)

Dot (beside herself with anxiety, addresses aunt for Fred and vice-versa).

To Aunt—Oh, you chump, why don't you go? (Turning to window). Wh-a-a why-y should I want an excuse?

Aunt Ki. (in tones of horror)—That my brother's child should come to this. Why, I don't believe you've had less than three to-night; and to sit up to enjoy them! Shocking. Your grandfather was terribly given to the habit, but he was never as bad as this.

(Fred opens door a few inches and peers anxiously in.)

Dot (half crying)—Oh, I don't know what you mean. (To both)—and I don't care. I think you must be crazy. Excuse me, but I'm going to turn off the gas and go to bed. I—I'm sick.

Aunt Ki. (indignantly)—I should think you would be.

(Exit Aunt Ki. Enter Fred.)

Dot—Oh, you worst of all foxes, why didn't you go home?

Fred—Forgive me, pet; but you see, you shoved me out without my shoes; and I couldn't go to Fond-du-lac in my socks.

(Tableau.)

In Aftertime.

Aunt Ki. (to bosom friend)—Don't mention it, for I don't want to say anything



against poor William's orphan daughter; but there was good reason Lazarus should not marry her. That girl was a confirmed smok-

er. Smoked cigars, too. Why, one night when her mother had gone, I knew her to sit up and smoke till after two in the morning. I went in the parlor, where she pretended she was writing, and the room was—blue—with—smoke.

Bosom Friend—Good land!

WHITE ROSES


BY MARY A. STOKES.

I'll sing thee a song of a white, white rose
 That grew in a garden fair,
 And sweet was its heart, as the dewdrop knows
 That lay like an opal there—
 That lay and glittered and cast its light
 In the merry eyes of a maid,
 Who plucked the blossom with fingers white
 And the spoil in her tresses laid.

Again a day, O white, white rose,
 And you in her bright hair lay;
 But the hands were clasped in a long repose,
 And the eyes were closed for aye,
 And the drop that gleamed in your fragrant heart
 Was sorrow's dew—a tear,
 For the Gardener old had set apart
 His rose too white for here.

THE WAIL OF A LOST SOUL

By J. F. ROSE-SOLEY.

 HE smoking concert at the Bohemian Club had been a great success, and we were all in the best of humors. I was chatting gaily to my friend, the gray-headed bank manager, when suddenly the Master of the Revels held up his hand in an authoritative manner. The babble of many voices died away.

"Gentlemen," said the Master, "I am delighted to inform you that Herr Katzkin, the celebrated German virtuoso, has unexpectedly dropped in. He has very kindly consented to give us a few selections."

The applause which followed was deafening, and the popular long-haired German was fairly hoisted to the platform by a dozen willing arms. His English was remarkable in its quality, but still he thought it necessary to make a little speech.

"Gentlemens," he said, flourishing his bow, "it is that I will you some music give. First, I will blay you Desdemona's dying song, "Willow, Willow, Willow" from Verdi's great masterpiece, "Othello." It is not often gespielt, aber it is wundervoll."

I hardly heard the last words, I was too busy watching the Bank Manager. At the very first mention of "Willow" he changed countenance—his face became ashen, his jaw fell.

"Feel ill, old man?" I asked.

He recovered himself at the sound of my voice, and like one demented, leaped from his chair and rushed out of the room. When the concert was over a little group of us sought him out. Hidden in a snug corner of the smoking room we found the old man, leaning dreamily back in an arm chair, an untasted highball by his side, an extinguished cigar between his fingers.

"What is the matter?" we asked in chorus. "Are you ill—shall we send for a doctor?"

"Nothing, nothing," he muttered, "it's that air from 'Othello.' It's ten years since I heard it, and it goes ringing through my head still." Then he took a long drink, and became once more the jovial bon-vivant and good fellow we had known and loved for so long.

"Look here, boys, you must have thought me awfully rude to run away like that. Fact is, I couldn't help it. I have never told the story before, but I think, in justice to myself, I should let you have it. Don't laugh—it's not a fairy tale, but solemn, sober truth I'm going to give you. The drinks are on me. Just touch that button and I'll begin.

"It was in the Call that the advertisement caught my eye:

"TO RENT.—Picturesque mountain ranch in Sonoma County. Good three-roomed house, barn, etc. Hunting, fishing, shooting, lots of game. Magnificent scenery. Apply, Messrs. Takem & Skinnem, Montgomery street."

"I laid down that advertisement with a gasp of longing; I had just been reading Stevenson's 'Silverado Squatters,' and the fever of rural Bohemia ran in my blood. Here was my chance—why not emulate the Silverados for one little fortnight? That was the limit of my holiday vacation, due in a few days, but you can put a great deal of life into a fortnight, and provided my feminine contingent proved willing, the thing was done.

"The feminine contingent fell in at once. Wife Mary reveled in the notion of romantic surroundings, while daughter Mamie said with a smile and a blush that it would be delightful if the wood-sawing did not prove too much for dear popper's back. If Charlie was near, now—Charlie had such splendid muscle.

"Charlie was my son-in-law elect, so it seemed desirable to utilize his muscle, and one fine day late in December we started, a merry party of four.

"There was nothing eventful about our

journey. A couple of days easy driving up the lovely Sonoma Valley, through vineyards and orchards, now shorn of their autumn glory, brought us to the foothills where our ranch was situated.

"Our nearest neighbors, the Thomp-sons, who acted as caretakers for the deserted place, kept a hog ranch some three miles away. They seemed quiet, respectable people, and welcomed our arrival gladly, immediately contracting to supply us with eggs, butter, milk, chickens, all kinds of fresh food, at city prices.

"Still I thought I detected rather a peculiar smile on the man's face as he handed me the key. 'Hope you'll like the place,' he said. 'I'm afraid you'll find it a bit untidy-like—it's not been lived in for a year. Mind the turn in the road when you reach the mouth of the canyon—it's two hundred feet deep, an' the trail's slippery after the rain.'

"Now, though I was a stout, middle-aged man, I had not altogether lost my old skill in driving. However, I must confess that road almost unnerved me. We crawled like a fly along the sides of precipices, looking right down into the rushing creek. We dashed over rickety plank bridges which trembled beneath the weight of the wagon. We shaved round dangerous curves, and several times nearly slid bodily off the muddy road. I gave a sigh of relief when it was all safely over and I drew rein before the gate of our mountain ranch.

"The place looked dilapidated enough, the fence was sadly out of repair, the gate had long since parted company with its hinges, and was kept in place by a piece of wire, the hogs from the adjoining ranch had played havoc with the garden, only a few fruit trees were left, standing gaunt and bare in the winter sunlight. Still the agent had not deceived me when he described the ranch as picturesque. It occupied a small level spot on the side of a precipitous hill, thickly wooded with great oaks. In the ravine below I could hear the rushing waters of the creek, and promised myself some rare fishing on the morrow. The neighborhood seemed to swarm with game. A band of mountain quail started

from the underbrush as we passed in, squirrels barked at us from the surrounding trees, and jack rabbits fled down the hill at our approach.

"The cottage, a small three-roomed affair, was tolerable enough. The exterior badly wanted a coat of paint, but the interior was warm and dry. The women were delighted with our new quarters, especially Mamie, who clapped her hands and exclaimed: 'Isn't it cute!'

"The house was certainly furnished, but in the funniest possible kind of way. Even my inexperienced eye could detect the traces of disorder everywhere visible. The place looked as if it had just been abandoned by some one in a great hurry. The kitchen, a fair-sized room, which also served as a living apartment, was filled with a miscellaneous collection of odds and ends. The table was littered with a heap of small packages of seed, balls of twine, needles, pins, cotton, and so on, all the things which a careful rancher's wife would naturally keep in her drawers and cupboards. In one corner was a collection of farming tools, loosely thrown down; in another a pile of old bottles and broken crockeryware. A passage leading from the kitchen took us into two small bedrooms. Here the same condition of affairs prevailed, the bed-clothes were all tumbled, old articles of clothing were scattered about, and a lot of cheap novels, evidently pulled down from a shelf overhead, were tossed on the floor. It was altogether a strange state of affairs, everything one could possibly require during a short stay in the country was there, yet somehow nothing seemed to be in its place. Even old Vixen, our sedate fox-terrier, who had followed us all the way up, seemed to realize that there was something wrong. She growled angrily, and sniffed uneasily from corner to corner. I thought it was rats, but still Vic is one of the quietest old ladies in the world, and is not accustomed to behave in such an undignified fashion.

"'Looks as if some tramp had got in here and mussed things up,' I said, when I had taken in the state of affairs. 'Still, it's strange he did not steal everything.'

"There was a fine array of pots and

pans in the kitchen, and my good lady, with housewifely delight, soon busied herself amongst them. Then she came to me with a puzzled look on her face.

"Don't you notice anything peculiar, Tom?"

"We were all alone in the room, for Charlie had been presented with an axe and was now busy trying to chop the end off a fallen log. Mamie was helping him—that is to say, she sat on the other end of the log and did the talking whilst he worked.

"No," I said, glancing round.

"Her keen feminine eyes had noted something which my superficial masculine observation had overlooked.

"Why, Tom, you remember Thomson told us the place had not been occupied for a year!"

"Of course he did."

"Well, then, it's strange there's not a speck of dust or dirt anywhere. And, look at those stewpans; they're as bright as new. Even the stove has been polished up."

"Oh, I suppose Mrs. Thomson came up and did some cleaning preparatory to our arrival. Very kind of her, I'm sure."

"My wife shook her head. 'If she did, do you suppose she would have left things in such a state of disorder. Even the most slovenly servant couldn't have done worse!'

"Give it up," I answered in despair. "But I must say it does look odd. However, don't say anything to the young people about it. We've got to see this thing through by ourselves."

"We had brought plenty of provisions, and our first meal in our new house was a merry one. Charlie was delighted at the prospect of good shooting, and Mamie fairly bubbled over with merriment at her novel surroundings. We old people took things more sedately, for behind it all I had an undefinable feeling of dread, an intuitive perception that everything was not all right.

"The cottage had evidently been built with a view to winter comfort. There was a huge open fireplace as well as a cooking stove, and we soon had a bright fire of oak logs roaring up the open

chimney. We shoved all the loose things lying about back into the cupboards, and soon had the house fairly tenable.

"My wife and I occupied the larger of the two front rooms, Mamie the other, whilst Charlie had to be contented with a shake-down in the kitchen. In spite of the tumbler of hot Scotch I had taken just before retiring, I did not sleep well that night, but then, I never do in a strange place. Vic, spoilt dog as she was, positively refused to sleep on her rug. She persisted in getting on the bed, a thing she was never allowed to do at home. She shivered constantly, as if suffering from cold, and gave an ominous growl as she cuddled up closely to me. The house was perfectly still. I could hear no sound, yet it seemed to me that there was something moving about restlessly from room to room.

"Next morning I asked Charlie how he slept. 'Oh, first-class,' he replied, 'but several times I was awakened by a noise in the cellar. Sounded like some one chucking boxes about, or something of that kind; think a wild-cat must have got under the house. Let's have a look!'

"We had not noticed it before, but at the rear of the house there was a strong door, leading evidently to a cellar. The door was fastened by a stout padlock, and there was no way of opening it.

"Thomson must have forgotten to give me the key,' I remarked. 'It's no use forcing the door. I'll get him to open the place when he comes up.'

"Then, in the bustle of preparing breakfast and settling down amid our new surroundings, I straightway forgot all about the matter. The weather kept beautifully fine, but it was not too cold for an active out-of-door life. Charlie took his gun out daily and returned with phenomenal bags—quail and rabbit and squirrels, dished up in every conceivable way by my wife, who is a splendid cook, formed our diet. We were many miles from a game warden, so Charlie, in defiance of all game laws, returned one day with a fine buck, and we were never short of venison after that. Being a little too old and fat for mountain climbing, I contented myself with taking many a fine

salmon from the creek below. My wife found plenty to do around the house and garden, whilst Mamie fluttered aimlessly about, getting in everybody's way, and making herself generally amusing. Altogether we were as happy as possible, and I began to congratulate myself on my brilliant idea for a holiday vacation.

"I slept better after the first night, and Vic also seemed more contented, though she still insisted on sleeping on the bed. Only one thing worried us: do what we would, we could never manage to keep the loose articles we had found about the house stowed away in the cupboards. Every night something either fell or was taken out, and dropped on the floor. We would find in the morning packages of seeds scattered about the place, or it might be a bag of shot, or a paper of pins. Laughingly we accused Charlie of somnambulism, but he rejected the notion with scorn, and declared he had never slept better in his life. I locked the cupboards securely and took the keys to bed with me, but still the practice went on, until finally it ceased to alarm us. We would amuse ourselves at night by making bets as to the articles which would be found on the floor in the morning.

"Time sped rapidly in this happy way, and, what with the out-of-door life and lots of exercise I found myself getting into splendid condition, or, as you would say, fit as a ferule—but I don't like using that phrase now.

"I used to get up at dawn and go down to the creek, for that was the best time to catch the big salmon which swarmed there. Then I would come back with a hunter's appetite to a steaming breakfast. One morning my wife said to me, as she poured out the coffee: 'Tom, dear, I think you are working just a little too hard. What is the use of your chopping all that wood in the morning? Let Charlie take a turn at it—he's younger than you are.'

"Charlie, who was always an obliging young man, cheerfully asserted his willingness to chop all the wood required in the household, and it was a pretty considerable quantity.

"'But I never chop wood,' I protested; 'I haven't touched the axe since I came here.'

"For answer my wife took me by the hand and led me to the kitchen door. 'Tom,' said she, as she pointed to a big heap of split firewood which lay just outside, 'do you mean to say you did not split all that lovely burning wood?'

"'No,' I asserted, 'Charlie must have done it, and wishes modestly to conceal his good deeds.'

"But Charlie vigorously denied the imputation, and we were left to face the problem. A big heap of wood had been split each morning since we came there, and no one could be found to admit having done it.

"'Perhaps,' I laughingly suggested, 'some tramp in need of exercise slipped in here and did the work.'

"My explanation served to carry off the thing as a joke, but I was not altogether satisfied in my own mind. Strange occurrences of this kind were getting altogether too common.

"One fine morning my wife, after breakfast, beckoned me into the garden. 'Tom,' she said, with a mysterious air, 'I want to show you something funny.'

"'Well, dear?'

"'Do you see that old rosebush over there?'

"'Of course I do. I'm not getting blind just yet.'

"'Well, look at the ground underneath.'

"I thought her request rather a strange one, but like a good husband did as I was bid. I wondered no longer.

"For a space of about six feet long by two wide, just at the foot of the rose tree, the earth was swept scrupulously clean. Every dead leaf, every broken twig, every scrap of the miscellaneous rubbish which littered the garden, had been carefully removed, and piled in a little heap alongside. The ground was as bare and clean as if newly dug.

"I tried to explain the phenomenon. It must have been an eddy of the wind, I suggested vaguely, but my wife whispered in awe-stricken tones: 'Tom, it looks horribly like a grave.'

"Then Thomson rode up, bearing holi-

day greetings and a fine ham of acorn-fed pork, the sweetest meat I ever tasted. Suddenly I remembered about the noises I had heard under the house.

"'Thomson,' I asked, 'do you know what's in that cellar? Must be a wild-cat or a bear or something living down there, judging from the noise it makes. Where's the key?'"

"'Don't know, I'm sure,' replied the matter of fact Thomson. 'Place has never been opened to my knowledge since—' and he checked himself—'since the last tenant left.'

"A fit of curiosity seized me. 'Well, I'm going to have a look anyhow, if I have to break the door down.'

"Thomson protested against thus damaging the property, but in vain. I promised to pay for repairs, and seizing the axe made valiantly for the mysteriously sealed entrance. The whole family, in a subdued state of excitement, followed me.

"A few blows sufficed to break the rusty padlock from its fastenings, and we entered, full of anticipation. The result was somewhat disappointing. The place was merely a small hole, dug out of the earth on one side of the house. There was nothing there save a heap of old boxes and such like rubbish. Mechanically I turned over the pile with my foot, just to see if any wild creature were hiding there.

"'Hullo,' cried Mamie, holding her skirts tightly around her for fear of rats or mice, 'there's something in this box.'

"I turned out the contents with the axe handle, being somewhat afraid of snakes. Underneath a pile of shavings we found an ordinary card-board box, such as drapers use to pack their stock in. It was rotten with age and fell to pieces as we touched it.

"'A fiddle,' cried Mamie, 'a real old violin. What a find!'"

"It was truly a fiddle, but not such a very old one. It was a rough, unfinished affair, not yet varnished, and apparently made by an amateur. The wood was discolored with mildew, the strings looked sadly in need of tuning, but still the instrument was complete enough, and

no doubt might once have yielded tolerable music.

"Mamie, as was her wont, enthused over this trifling discovery. 'May I have it, Mr. Thomson?' she cried. 'It will make just a lovely ornament for my room. I'll paint it with blue enamel and hang it on the wall. Won't the other girls be jealous!'"

"Thomson smiled. 'Don't seem to me as if it belonged to anyone in particular, Miss. Guess you may as well have it as the next one.'

"So it was settled, and Mamie in triumph carried off her prize to the kitchen, where she hung it on a convenient nail over the fireplace, so that it might get a chance to dry, she said.

"The rest of the day was occupied in preparations for the morrow, which we intended should be the jolliest Christmas we ever spent. After supper we drew round the open hearth and toasted ourselves pleasantly before a great fire, watching the flickering play of light and shadow on the smoke-darkened walls. Purposely we had extinguished the lamps, for we loved to sit thus in the fire-light, my wife and I chatting soberly, as became elderly people, whilst Mamie and Charlie billed and cooed after the immemorial fashion of lovers. Mamie was busy roasting chestnuts in the embers, which Charlie diligently ate.

"Suddenly the girl glanced upwards, and gave a little scream of dismay.

"'Burnt your fingers again,' I laughed. 'Remember the fab—'"

"'No, no, that's not it,' she hurriedly interrupted. 'Look at the fiddle.'

"We looked, and our gaze was riveted. The fiddle hung in the shadow cast by the broad mantelshef, so that, in ordinary circumstances, it would have been barely visible. But now it was faintly illumined with a bluish-white phosphorescent light. Every detail of the instrument was visible, the dark strings stood out clearly against the bright background.

"'Must be some kind of luminous fungus,' I commented, 'which shines in the dark.'

"But the explanation, which seemed

commonplace enough, would not go. The nerves of our little party were already keyed to the highest pitch. Instinctively we clasped hands and sat silently, in awed expectation. I knew nothing of spiritualism then, thought it was all nonsense, but afterwards I learned that, by joining hands, we had formed a magnetic circle, and provided force for the phenomena which followed.

"The light came and went in a flickering manner, now dying almost out, and again flaring up brightly. We lost count of time as we sat there fascinated, it may have been half an hour or perhaps an hour; but presently the violin began to tune itself. There was no bow, but by the phosphorescent light we could see the strings twisted and tightened; we could hear the discordant notes given off as the invisible player strove to perfect his fifths.

"It took quite a long time to get the instrument into harmony, but when it did begin to play the music was ravishing. It had a wild, unearthly charm, a weird undercurrent of feeling, which I have never known equalled—and I have heard all the great virtuosi. Although the bow was invisible there was no question of limiting us to a pizzicato performance; the player's repertoire seemed inexhaustible. He ran through some of the popular operatic airs, gave us specimens of Corelli and De Beriot, played Auld Lang Syne, Come Back to Erin, and Way Down Dixie in a fashion to make three nationalities weep, struck up a wild strathspey, and finally burst into the "Carnival de Venise" with a mad "brio" that suggested the ghost of Paganini on his beloved Guarnerius.

"Suddenly the music stopped and we thought the strange concert over. But a minute later the instrument began afresh; this time the mute was used, and we heard in muffled sweetness the plaintive, soul-reaching melody, "Willow, Willow, Willow," repeated ever and again. The violin actually talked to us. Now we could hear Desdemona's anguished appeal as she prayed in vain that her maddened lover might spare her life; now the mute was removed that her cries might

ring as she fruitlessly struggled with the monster; and we could hear, nay feel, the silence of Death stealing over her beautiful form. Then, with one awful wail, more like a human cry than a note of melody, the music ceased.

"Gentlemen, it was the cry of a lost soul we had heard.

"We were aroused by a crash—the violin had tumbled to bits and pieces of it lay scattered all over the hearth. I struck a match and looked at my watch. It was six o'clock and grey dawn was just stealing through the window. The fire had almost died out, and we were shivering with cold. For a space no one spoke. Then I took command, and quickly made up a bright blaze.

"'Mary,' I ordered, 'make some hot coffee, quick. Mamie, go and pack up all your things. This is no place for us. Charlie, come with me, and we will find the horses and hitch up the team.

"We passed out into the clear, cold winter's morning, the morning of the day which is supposed to bring peace and joy to all on earth. As we went through the garden my eye fell on the old rose tree my wife had pointed out. I stepped from my path to look at it.

"The earth, for a space just the size of a grave, was swept clean bare, as on the previous day, but in the center there was one bright spot of red—a spray of Christmas bush had been carefully placed there, by whose hand none may say.

"Like a flash it came to me. I knew what I had to do, and I knew also that the womenfolk must not witness the execution of the task. By the time we had drunk our coffee my plan was formed. I instructed Charlie to take the wagon and drive down to Thomson's, where he was to leave with the ladies, returning as speedily as possible with a couple of spades. Meanwhile, I would remain on the ranch and prepare everything for the journey.

"In less than an hour Charlie was back and we started digging. We found what I expected, the skeleton of a woman, some fragments of decayed clothing still clinging to the mouldering bones. Enough cartilage remained to hold the bones in

their place, and tightly clenched in the fingers of the right hand was the remnant of a fiddle bow.

"At the Coroner's inquest, which followed in due course, some facts were elicited, which had hitherto been carefully concealed from me. The ranch had been taken up and improved by a Pole named Radofsky, a swarthy, eccentric, passionate genius. On Christmas morning, five years previously, he was found dead in his own kitchen, a razor in his right hand, his throat cut from ear to ear. His wife had disappeared, and was

never seen again. The popularly accepted theory was that she had run away with some lover, and that her husband, in despair at her loss, had committed suicide. Another interesting fact was that he was an enthusiastic musician and a wonderful violin player. He was even said to be making a fiddle for himself when he died. His wife, a pretty enough little woman, whom he had married but a year before, did not share his artistic bent, and was very jealous of his devotion to the instrument—the one that played 'Willow' to us."

Stevenson in His Latest Biography

(This article was written for the *Overland Monthly* by an intimate friend of the late Robert Louis Stevenson, and is based on Mr. Graham Balfour's "Life of Robert Louis Stevenson.")

HERE was published in October the authorized "Life of Robert Louis Stevenson," by Mr. Graham Balfour. It is in two volumes uniform with the "Letters to His Family and Friends" which appeared last year.

No other person, with the exception of Mr. Lloyd Osbourne, was so well qualified to undertake the biography of Stevenson, and Mr. Osbourne declined the task, feeling that so intimate a thing as a "Life" could be written with more freedom and better taste by one outside his immediate family. Mr. Balfour was Stevenson's cousin, and for the last two years and a half lived with him at Vailima. He enjoyed his confidence and in a degree increased by their common isolation from home, old friends and associates. Mr. Balfour gained an insight into Stevenson's character, and a knowledge of his aims and ambitions that perhaps none of his contemporaries possessed. He has used his knowledge with discretion and has accomplished his task with care and appreciation.

Nothing can compare with a good biography in interest and inspiration, but

few have ever been written of men of letters. It is necessarily so, for most writers are wholly absorbed with their work, and their last moments present an outward picture of a man bent over his desk. Johnson, Scott and Carlyle are notable exceptions to this rule, and to these we must now add "The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson." And we have in Mr. Balfour's "Life" of this most lovable, brilliant and fascinating man a biography worthy of the subject.

It may be objected that there was no need of a separate biography. The introduction to the "Letters" is comprehensive and excellent. Stevenson himself, while never practicing any of the arts of self-advertising, was extremely frank, open and autobiographical. There is scarcely a period of his life that he has not at least touched upon in his writings. "The Child's Garden of Verses" is his own childhood. Much of "Archie" in "Weir of Hermiston" is himself, the experience of the young man in lay morals who would not spend an unnecessary penny of his father's money when he lay sick unto death because nothing he had

yet accomplished justified the expenditure, was his own experience. "Ordered South" was his convalescence. And, more than these, we have the "Vailima Letters" and his "Letters to His Family and Friends." And there have appeared several other biographies of Stevenson of greater or less merit. No new "Life" could come as any sort of a revelation. It could give us no new conception of the man. It could only amplify and confirm that which we had before. And that is exactly what Mr. Balfour's "Life" has done. Not a few passages have been taken bodily from unpublished diaries and bear the Stevenson touch, and sparingly he has quoted from Stevenson's works. But all have been most skillfully dovetailed with Mr. Balfour's own narrative. The result is most praiseworthy, and the story, if familiar, is so animated and brave that it can never weary the readers in the re-telling. Then the lovers of Stevenson are so many and they are forever demanding the one word more, and this is Mr. Balfour's justification.

Robert Louis Stevenson was born in 1850 and died in 1894. He was the poet of youth, and dying in his forty-fifth year he never knew old age. He was a Scotchman. His father and grandfather before him were notable men in their own profession, that of civil engineering. Robert Louis, an only child, was expected to follow the same profession and occupy the same office that Robert and Thomas Stevenson, his grandfather and father, had held, Engineer to the Board of Northern Lights. Naturally, when Robert Louis chose another profession and before he had shown what great talents he possessed as a writer, there were misunderstandings between him and his father and consequent unhappiness to each. His youth was spent in Edinburgh, the place of his birth. His health was always precarious, and his consequent attendance at school interrupted. And more than that, he was an avowed idler, being always with his own affairs, learning to write. On quitting the university he was so broken in health that he sought to regain it in a better climate than

windy, foggy Edinburgh. Europe, America, and ultimately the South Seas were the scenes of his travels. His last years were spent in Samoa, where he bought an estate and builded a house. Here at last he enjoyed a degree of health that had not been his for years. And it was here he died, and he lies buried on Mt. Vaca, which was a part of his own estate.

His whole life was a brave battle against disease; but it was a splendid fight, conducted with manliness, frankness and merriment, so that he was a delight and comfort to all about him. And it is none the less to his credit because sometimes he was weary at heart, as his letters to some of his friends reveal. Samoa, if most beautiful and full of much that appealed to Stevenson's romantic disposition, was still a land of exile. It was his friends and his country that he missed. "The love of country which is in all Scots and beyond all others lies deepest in the Celtic heart," flowed back upon him again and again with a wave of uncontrollable emotion. When the "smell of the good wet earth" came to him it came "with a kind of Highland tone." A tropic shower discovered in him "a frame of mind and body that belonged to Scotland and particularly to the neighborhood of Callander." When he turned to his grandfather's life, he was filled with this yearning, and the beautiful sentences in which he has described the old man's farewell to "Sumburgh and the wild crags of the skye" were his own valediction to those shores. No more was he to "see the topaz and the ruby interchange on the summit of the Bell Rock," no more to see the castle on the hill, or "the venerable city which he must always think of as his home." It is not to be wondered that his letters show moods of depression which his indomitable spirit prevented him from manifesting at the time to those around him, and which, perhaps, beset him most when he turned to his correspondence.

We have said that ill-health was Stevenson's always, but what he accomplished in the way of letters surpasses in amount and scope that which many a stronger man has done. It amounted to

"nearly four hundred pages a year for twenty years," and of the conditions under which most of it was done he wrote to Mr. George Meredith in 1893:

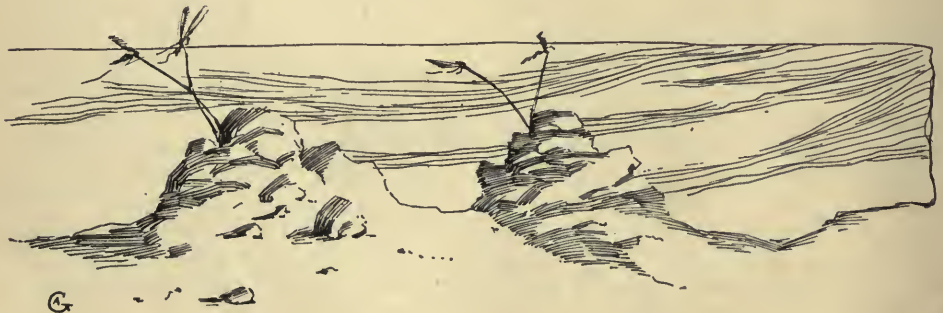
"For fourteen years I have not had a day's real health; I have wakened sick and gone to bed weary; and I have done my day unflinchingly. I have written in bed and written out of it, written in hemorrhages, written in sickness, written torn by coughing, written when my head swam for weakness; and for so long it seems to me I have won my wager and recovered my glove. I am better now, have been, rightly speaking, since first I came to the Pacific; and still few are the days when I am not in some physical distress. And the battle goes on—ill or well is a trifle; so as it goes. I was made for a contest, and the powers have so willed that my battlefield should be this dingy, inglorious one of the bed and the physic bottle."

His appearance Mr. Balfour thus describes: "The best portrait and photographs give a fair idea, if each be considered as the rendering of only one expression. It will be seen that the eyes were the most striking feature of the face; they were of the deepest brown in color, set extraordinarily wide apart. At most times he had a shy, quick glance that was most attractive, but which he was moved to anger or any fierce emotion they seemed literally to blaze and glow with a fierce light. His hair was fair and even yellow in color, until he was five and twenty; after that it rapidly deep-

ened, and in later years was quite dark, but of course without any touch of black. His complexion was brown, and always high, even in the confinement of the sick room. In height he was about five feet ten, slender in figure, and thin to the last degree. In all his movements he was most graceful; every gesture was full of an unconscious beauty, and his restless and supple gait has been well compared to the pacing to and fro of some wild forest animal.

"His speech was distinctly marked with a Scottish intonation, that seemed to everyone both pleasing and appropriate, and this, when he chose, he could broaden to the widest limits of the vernacular. His voice was always of a surprising strength and resonance, even when phthisis had laid its hand most heavily on him. It was the one gift he really possessed for the stage, and in reading aloud he was unsurpassed. In his full, rich tones there was a sympathetic quality that seemed to play directly on the heart-strings like the notes of a violin."

Stevenson was most happy in his death, for he had long feared and dreaded a return to the sick room. It took him unawares. "In the hot-fit of life, a tip-toe on the highest point of being, he passes at a bound on to the other side. The noise of the mallet and chisel is scarcely quenched, the trumpets are hardly done blowing, when, trailing with him clouds of glory, this happy-starred, full-blooded spirit shoots into the spiritual land."





THEY were a couple very pleasant to look upon, as they came out together on the wide verandah to breathe the dewy freshness of the early evening. Within the month past they had been married, and, after a little wedding journey, had come here to take up their new life. The future begun to-day gave such promise of happiness pressed down and running over that from the utter joy in their hearts they felt they could ask no more of heaven or earth. The husband, tall and dark, looked the lineal descendent of kings, but was in fact only one of the many men of strong will who seem born to rule by the force of great individuality. Very deliberate and direct in manner, as one whose mind is made up of an utter hatred of anything vague or irresolute.

His wife was petite and dainty, with a wealth of reddish brown hair as to give the impression of an intense vitality amounting to ecstasy. One could see that in love she would be most generous, although in beauty she was not above criticism—only charming. That she adored her husband all who ran might read. She had the same faith in him she had in the creed and Bible, and would as soon have thought of rebelling against all laws civil and religious as to doubt him.

This new home of theirs was in a little corner of the western world too obscure and too new for geography to even make a note of it, but was made up of ardent sunshine and blue sky. The

charm which clings about the early spring of this far west is too illusive to describe. In trying to fix it there is only a memory of brightness—a glow of color—a warmth and a dreamy quiet, where just the joy of living seems happiness enough.

At this hour, as the big sun is going down like a ball of fire, it casts a violet glow over all the fair country, glorifying even the plainest clod and picking out little bright patches; but lingering longest and most lovingly on the cherry little head that rests so fondly on her husband's broad shoulder.

Bending his face to look into the clear depths of her brown eyes he said: "Are you happy, my darling?"

She met his glance with a bright smile, although there was something like a sob in her voice as she said:

"So happy, my heart seems too small to hold all this blessedness."

"God bless you, my bonnie bride, for the precious gift of your great love and contentment. In this way life will be easy and we will accomplish mighty things."

Robert had come to this wide-awake little mining town to take charge of the banking house of Mills & Co. The town, like many others in the west, had sprung into life suddenly, and become an active business center on account of the rich gold discoveries near by. The mining interests had naturally attracted all sorts and conditions of men, from the most daring and clever, to the very outcasts

of many countries. However widely separated by social conditions, all met here with one common interest. Robert had invested all his savings in the Golden Ledge, the largest mine of this district and the one in which his father was chief owner. One of the great inducements in coming to this far away place was to be near their combined interests, which he could the better look after. For they had great hopes that this promising mine would eventually make gold a drug in the market. And earlier it had "panned out" surprisingly.

Every one was enthusiastic, and welcomed the new manager with a heartiness which sent the blood bounding through his veins.

"The right man in the right place," they said, as they nearly wrung his hand from his arm.

The quaint, old-fashioned place which they had taken for their home was on a slight bluff, a little apart from the business center, with wide verandahs shaded by mighty oaks, all bent in the one direction of the prevailing wind, which seemed to have stopped forever after bending them in this attitude of adoration.

Their small family was distinguished by a most valuable and sensible member, which they had brought with them from their former home. It was "Joy" a huge dog, only a little smaller than a good-sized calf, and who had undertaken the heavy responsibility of this little woman, since his babyhood. His origin was always a matter of uncertainty. Doubtless a relic of some idler, who had loved and ridden away. In some points he resembled a mastiff, brindled in color, with a head large in proportion to his body, but in the black muzzle cut squarely off he had decidedly the wicked look of a bulldog. Full of kindness and an unmistakable appreciation of fun up a certain point, still his calm dignity and active watchfulness boded ill to the evilly inclined. Of whatever breed, or cross of blood he evidently came of an iron race, and as a dog was without a peer, for his fidelity and courage never wavered while life abode with him.

When Robert assumed charge of the

bank it was considered by the outside world to be perfectly safe, but he had inward misgivings as to the previous management, knowing well the incompetency of the cashier who had wielded its resources. The ignorant class of the miners had been very slow in trusting their gold to other hands than their own, having greater confidence in the conventional stocking. But after Robert's arrival, he seeming to have gained the hearty respect of these people, they came and laid their precious gold dust pompously on the counter in great confidence, gradually coming to look on the pile of shining dollars behind the glass bars as their very own, in charge of some one whom they trusted.

The Board of Directors had great confidence in this new man, whom they had put in charge, and felt that they were not only incompetent but very pigmies to deal with the errors which their negligence or mismanagement had caused, and were perfectly willing to shield themselves behind this man as their representative. Not only had the bank been grossly misrepresented, but before six months had passed, Robert saw that the affairs were nopelessly involved, and inevitable ruin staring them in the face. As he discovered the alarming and monstrous frauds, which had been perpetrated from time to time, his astonishment changed to sickening dread.

By this time he had come to know the excitable, suspicious medley of humanity which made up the census returns of this district, and shrank from the bare thought of what their frenzy and acts of violence might be when the true state of affairs was made known to them, holding him, as he knew, individually, in their trusting ignorance, as alone responsible for the safety of their treasures.

For seven months he had striven with these financial difficulties, and at last, near the end of October, this man of business knew for a dismal certainty that the time had come for a decision. Unless prompt measures were adopted all would be lost. The black clouds which had been threatening for so long were ready to burst.

Before leaving home on this fatal morn-

HOREN PATIGIAN '01



"Together on the veranda."

ing he confided to his wife the dread that had been growing on him all these long months, and of the blow that was likely soon to fall.

She, in this threatened disaster, with true natural womanliness, thought only of the peril of the man whom she loved. When alone in the necessity of some confidant, she took her heart-sickness to Joy, her wise and trusted counselor. He raised his great eyes to her in sympathy, and the swaggering of his great body spoke a world of comfort.

"We must be brave, dear old boy, and everything will come out all right." Was it her tone or manner, or shall we say that he understood? For he rose with deliberation evidently impressed that all could not be well that his mistress should be so troubled; and was alert on the instant in every muscle for her defense, and the full tones of a low growl gave warning to any trespasser on the peacefulness of that quiet home.

When Robert set out for the bank that morning, he knew that he was about to engage in a hard battle. The Board of Directors were to meet in the little office adjoining, at nine, an hour before the usual opening. And what would they decide upon? He knew that there was but one hopeless chance to continue, and that was to make them all feel, shareholders and depositors, that each individually had an equal share in success or failure in order to avoid a panic, and consequent run on the bank. But he had doubts of being able to persuade these "giants of importance" to face the risk of informing the miners of this situation. He knew what ought to be done, and had the courage and confidence to do it promptly, but his power was defined by the Board, and in this great calamity, he could only hope that they would confess their guilt of the past and bravely stand by the simple truth until the storm was passed. But they, in their cowardly weakness and incompetency, thought to put off the evil day, and decided to do the very worst thing imaginable, and that was to close the doors, until such a time as they could call in their resources. "Temporary embarrassment" was the official term entered on the minutes. How

it came to be known at the Golden Ledge that the bank was not to open no one was ever able to tell. But like the muttering of thunder, which grows louder as it nears, it reached the distant mines and fell with a crash. The excitement was intense. Pick and shovel were unceremoniously dropped, and one by one, and in little crowds, they hurried to the town to see if it were a fact. They found it only too true. The doors were closed and barred, and they were met by a card hung on the inside of the glass bearing the word "suspended." This seemed at first to strike the clamorous crowd like an electrical shock, but soon they began to realize what it meant to them, which turned the tide of their panic into a struggling, infuriated mob. Only to get hold of the man whom they had trusted with their hard-earned gold, and who had so grossly deceived them! In their malicious minds, thirsting for revenge, he alone was the one personally responsible.

Even to the little home on the outskirts did a vague murmur of voices penetrate and the little wife waited, in sickening suspense for news. She rose from the window where she had been watching, she knew not how long, and went to the mantle and pulled the pendulum.

"Oh, Joy, anything but this awful suspense!" Her lips trembled as she spoke. "Let us go to meet him."

Eagerly he trotted by her side his whole body bristling with the heavy responsibility which he always assumed when in charge of his wee mistress. There had been no sleep or rest for him this livelong day, and he was only too glad to relieve the tension of long waiting, and go in search of the master.

The sun sank behind the purple dome of the low mountains, and Robert started homeward.

As the few stragglers of the infuriated mob, who were still about the front entrance, saw him emerge from the door, their fury broke out afresh, and he knew that he must expect the worst. He scarce admitted even to himself the fear which began to creep into his mind, but when he thought of the wistful, pathetic little figure of his wife holding her breath and with dim eyes peering into the dark-

ening night, an iron band seemed to grip his heart and he said, turning:

"Boys, God knows I've done my best!"

"I would like to smash that blooming head of him, for putting up that job on us 'Knights of Labor!'" grumbled the one in the lead fiercely.

"Yer sowl ye! Ye'll not be gettin' another gould sthore out ov the likes ov us," breathlessly threatened one, with bulldog ugliness, louder than the rest. Robert calmly realized that he was facing the chances of death by going on, with this frenzied, drunken rabble at his heels, growing louder and more persistent every instant. Just as he entered the dense shade of the little ravine at the foot of the hill an ominous howl, which filled every echo within reach, chilled his soul with terror, for he recognized Joy, and knew his wife must be near.

Turning and facing the men he screamed in agony: "Back, you villains!" and he drew his pistol, which he had hitherto ignored.

Panting, with a wild scream, his wife ran from out the gloom and threw herself upon his breast, with her arms clasping his throat like a vice.

The sight of the pistol, which Robert had drawn, loosened the last bond of restraint in these wretches.

"If it's shooting ye'll have, we'll larn ye!" shouted one.

With these words he sent an aimless bullet whizzing through the gathering darkness.

In another instant Joy, without a growl, leaped up and fixed his teeth in the brute's throat with a deadly grip. As he drew his last breath the villain sent another bullet into the dog's body, and they both rolled over together, dead, still clasped in a convulsive embrace. As Robert, with his face wan and painfully set, loosened the clasp about his neck, his little wife's brown head fell heavily on his arm, clinging there with an ominous weight.

"Dear, do you know that you are hurt?"

"Oh, Lord, be merciful to us! But it's the mistress we've hit!" some one cries, hoarsely.

The utter unexpectedness of the shot, and the still more unexpected horrible result seems to instantly bring these savages to their senses. Robert lifts the sunny head very gently to his shoulder and bears her softly up the shelving path leading to their cottage. As he goes, all the wealth of her glittering hair falls tumbling about his arm, and her great eyes filled with ineffable love are wide and fixed steadily on his face.

She sighs and murmurs wearily, but with pathetic pride:

"It was Joy; my noble dog."

His heart is numb with unknown terror, but hearing the sound of men's voices he turns with a cry of thankfulness on his parched lips, as he recognizes the village doctor, which the penitent men have eagerly summoned.

When the darkness of the early dawn had merged into the misty light of the morning the physician and Robert come out of the quiet chamber together. The doctor, before going, holds Robert's hand for a moment and says:

"Have patience. Good nursing is all we need now to bring her safely back to health and strength."

The critical morning light reveals the haggard misery of what this night of awful anxiety has been to the husband. There are gray streaks in his hair and he has aged years.

The excitement in the country was intense as soon as the tragedy became known, and even the hardest criminal of them all, who had been most bitter was softened by the awful blow which had fallen on the man whom, when they became more reasonable and calm they knew had done his best. Later, left to himself, he evolved and carried out a scheme by which he restored the bank to its former financial standard and he had no firmer friends than these miners.

The unselfish wife bore the mark of the murderous bullet on her white throat all her life long, and carried a big ache in her heart for the one who had died so bravely for her. They laid him under the shade of a rose in their own garden. Poor old Joy! Being a dog he was only faithful.

SOME METROPOLITAN STARS.

BY T. P. O'CONNOR.

SAN FRANCISCO'S great distance from New York, headquarters for all good things theatrical, places us at a disadvantage. We don't see all the stars, nor do they come with adequate support. Still, considering our remoteness, we get a goodly share of dramatic treats, for which we are adequately thankful. Most of the people whose portraits are presented herewith, some stars and some satellites, have been in San Francisco at one time or another, and of those who have been here we will be glad to see most of them again.

Miss Ethel Barrymore has made a great hit in "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines," the piece in which she has been starring for several months. Not

a little of the success of the comedy has been contributed by Edwin Stevens, well known to San Franciscans.

We all know and admire Nat C. Goodwin. He is probably the leading American comedian, and in "The Gilded Age," "The American Citizen" and other comedies he has been successful in America, Australia and England, making himself a great favorite in the latter country, where he has a beautiful estate near London. He has not been successful in Shakespeare, although his "Shylock" had great merit. He is too talented an actor to play anything indifferently.

Maxine Elliott, Mr. Goodwin's wife, has long been noted for her beauty, and during the past two or three seasons has



N. C. Goodwin,
As Shylock.



Miss Irene Bently,
Francis Wilson Co.



Ethel Barrymore in "Captain Jinks."
Photo by Burr McIntosh.



William Faversham.
Photo by Fowler.



Eleanor Moretti,
Photo by Fowler.



Mrs. Gilbert, Royal Family Co.,
Copyrighted, 1901, Burr McIntosh.



Miss Mannering in "Janice Meredith."
Copyrighted, 1901, Burr McIntosh.

developed high histrionic powers. She played a good "Portia" to his Shylock.

William Faversnam has made his mark in the dramatic world, and is now playing in "The Soldier's Return," a revised version of "Don Caesar de Bazan." He had the leading part in "Diplomacy" and "Under the Red Robe."

Scott Seaton is a San Francisco boy and is a nephew of the late Collis P. Huntington. He was here with the Neill Company in its last visit.

Miss Ethel Hornick is an Oakland girl who has been on the stage two years. She has developed great talents, which



Scott Seaton.

Photo by Imperial.



Guy Standing, with John Drew.

Photo by Fowler.

she used to advantage with Margaret Anglin in "Miss Dane's Defense." It was her first visit to San Francisco, as an actress, and she was given a good reception. Miss Hornick has beauty, talent and a strong personality.

Miss Dorothy Tennant, who visited San Francisco last summer, is related to Sir Henry Stanley, the noted African explorer. She is just commencing a stage career and has ability and good looks



Maxine Elliott as "Portia."

Copyrighted, 1901, Burr McIntosh.

to help her toward success.

Miss Irene Bentley is a pretty member of Francis Wilson's Company, and a favorite with play-goers.

Eleanor Maretta is a fine-looking lady, and is good in character work. One of

were very successful in "Romeo and Juliette."

There is no actress more beloved on the American stage than "Grandma Gilbert." She is over eighty years of age, but is still playing, and is planning future



Gertrude Elliott.

her best things is "Roxy" in "Pudd'nhead Wilson." She was here with the Frawley Company.

Mary Mannering, who is the wife of James K. Hackett, has made a hit in "Janice Meredith." She and her husband

work with all the enthusiasm of an ingenue. Mrs. Gilbert was here last summer with Annie Russell in "The Royal Family," and charmed all who saw her. She has spent over half a century on the stage.



Arnold Genthe

MISS DOROTHY TENNANT
in "Lovers Lane."

GENTHE

PHOTOS.

Current Books.

Reviewed by Grace Luce Irwin.

Mr. Kipling said
The Poetry of a some years ago that
Mature Mind. no matter how sorely
tempted, one
should never essay the writing of a novel
before one is forty years old. Whatever
brilliant exceptions have proved this rule,
very many weak and trifling books have
been flung on the market by men too
young or inexperienced to have yet
gained that proper perspective to their
view of life, which is necessary to any-
where near an adequate expression of
its serious questions and aspects. Simi-
larly, in poetry, the depth of philosophic
thought, the serious commentary on life's
illusions and truth, should be left to
men of experienced soul. Under such
conditions, and united with a command of
the technique of literary art, philosophic
poetry is the highest form the world
gives. It is the trumpet voice of the
prophet and the seer. And this is what
Mr. Edwin Markham gives us in his last
book, "Lincoln and Other Poems." Of
the fifty-seven selections which make up
this volume, all express a nobility of sen-
timent clothed in beauty of phrase. Mr.
Markham has already proven, in spite
of the excellence of "The Man With the
Hoe," that he is very far from "The Man
of One Poem." A picture of Lincoln pre-
faces the book, and here are the closing
lines of Markham's tribute:

. "He held his place—
Held the long purpose like a growing
tree—
Held on through blame and faltered not
at praise.
And when he fell in whirlwind, he went
down
As when a kindly cedar green with
boughs
Goes down with a great shout upon the
hills,

And leaves a lonesome place against the
sky."

His "Mighty Hundred Years" will do
men good to read. And the closing of
this:

"It is the hour of man; new Purposes,
Broad-shouldered, press against the
world's slow gate;
And voices from the vast eternities
Still preach the world's austere
apostolate.

Always there will be visions for the
heart,
The press of endless passion: every
goal
A traveler's tavern, whence he must
depart
On new divine adventures of the soul."

And "The Joy Maker."

"Time's touch can din our sorrows and
destroy,
But only Art can turn them into joy."

(McClure, Phillips & Co., New York.)

The more famil-
A Treatise on Crime. iar one becomes
with the details
of the attempts of society to secure pro-
tection from criminals, from early times
to the present, the more profoundly he
is likely to be impressed with their inor-
dinate cost and their inutility. "The
Science of Penology" is a deeply inter-
esting book on this subject which is of-
fered to the public "in the hope that,
whatever imperfections may appear, it
may help to awaken a wider interest in
the necessity for a more rational treat-
ment of the violators of law, and assist
those who make and execute the laws
in the discharge of their duties to the

greatest public advantage, by presenting a complete plan to which all details can be adjusted." The volume contains quantities of matter, exhaustive of the subject, collated and systematized by Henry M. Boies, member of the Board of Public Charities, and of the committee on lunacy of the State of Pennsylvania, and who is also author of an earlier work on "Prisoners and Paupers." Under the first section—Diagnostics—he treats of: The Criminal Class, Crime, Detection and Identification of Criminals, Criminal Codes, The Defense of Society, and State Control of Criminals. Other sections are on Therapeutics and Hygiene. A beautifully printed and well gotten up book, and with a subject of real value, "The Science of Penology" should be in the libraries of all interested in such matters.

(G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, Publishers. The Knickerbocker Press.)

California should be proud of the brilliant successes of Miss Jessica Peixotto, Ph. D., in her chosen line of work. She graduated from the State University here with unique honors, not before bestowed upon any woman student, and her latest book, "The French Revolution and Modern French Socialism" is dedicated to Professor Bernard Moses of Berkeley, "in grateful acknowledgment of Inspiration and Guidance." The work is a comparative study of the principles of the French Revolution and the doctrines of modern French Socialism.

Just at this time, when the attention of the whole civilized world is being turned toward the solution of the socialistic problem—when the stern outgrowth of this doctrine is menacing the heads of all governments—a work analyzing the first fruits of socialism is of distinct value. Dr. Peixotto's study is on the broadest lines, and most dispassionate. It betrays the investigation of a scholar who is seeking to arrive at the truth, and is evidently the result of painstaking research back to original sources. The purpose of Part I is to show how French-

men of the eighteenth century came to 'e at odds with the creeds of an old social order and how this quarrel bred a new set of theories which came to be counted fundamental truths; then the general character of these new beliefs is described. In Part II the discussion passes over to the next century, where it follows another series of progressive changes resulting in another body of principles leveled against the accepted social order. Finally comes a summary and a comparison of the social with the political theory.

(Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., Publishers, 426 and 428 West Broadway, New York.)

Maxim Gorky is the latest Russian literary wonder. He appears, in his picture which adorns his volume of short stories, "Orlo and His Wife," an intense young man of Slavonian feature, with a stern, relentless mouth, and sad, sympathetic eyes. It is the face of a realist who has seen heart-rending things and must depict them out of stern loyalty to his art, whatever their effect upon himself or others.

"—but have you read the romances of the Russian writers?" he has one of his interesting women asked. "Yes," is the answer, "but I don't like them—they are tiresome, very tiresome! And they always write things which I know just as well as they do. They cannot invent anything interesting, and almost everything they say is true."

The first of these short stories—the tale of the unhappiness of "Orloff and His Wife"—is cruelly true, magnificently realistic, of the depths of elemental human natures, however alien it may be to the brighter conditions of life in this "God's land of ours."

Orloff possessed a "restlessness of soul" for which his narrow life offered no outlet, and which made him continually unsatisfied—"he longed for something on a greater scale, and this longing burned incessantly within him, tortured him, and at last drove him to anguish." And drove him also to drink, which brought brutal terrors in its wake.

Not all of the tales are in this sombre

strain, but all are likewise vivid, entertaining, about original or fascinating or clever men and women. There is always the excitement of highly emotional life, of an almost brutal enjoyment of the strenuous delights of it, and the fateful miseries.

(Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Price, \$1.00.)

The classic myths are ever being retold in song and story, and the undiminished love of the world for their ancient beauty speaks with the voice of authority for their truth and love of nature. It is seldom, however, that these tales are presented to us in adequate dress. All the more reason why the splendid new edition of "The Heroes," by Charles Kingsley, brought out by the R. H. Russell Co., New York, should be greeted with the enthusiasm it deserves. Altogether it is a rarely beautiful volume, with sixty full-page colored drawings by M. H. Squire and E. Mars. I have seen no better work in the way of illustration this season.

("The Heroes." R. N. Russell Co., New York.)

"Mother and Baby," Lullaby Poems by Mary D. Brine, is a distinctly attractive book. It contains over a dozen excellent reproduction of well known paintings of the Madonna idea, as well as the poems, which are charming and full of feeling. The book is artistically bound and beautifully suitable as a gift.

(R. H. Russell, Publisher, New York.)

Miss Josephine Dodge Daskam has made for herself so admiring an audience, through her magazine stories of child life, that she needs no introduction to readers of the new and clever. Her children are faithful delineations, yet more in that charmed atmosphere of humor and fancy, in which they shine, to the eyes of the appreciative "Big" who understand and love them while they laugh at them. "The Imp and the Angel" is the story of a little boy, more natural than "Lord Fauntleroy," and quite as interesting. The book is all about his fun

and his zest in what he sees of "this world so wide," told in a clear, realistic style. The illustrations are good, and are by Rosenmeyer.

(Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Price, \$1.10.)

Miss Carolyn Wells, the clever writer of nonsense verse of all sorts, has written a book for children, called "Folly In Fairyland." It is a mixture of entertaining prose and delightful jingling verse, which will undoubtedly make music in the willful heads of many a little "Folly," who, like this one, visits often in the dreams of "Fairyland." The illustrations by Wallace Morgan are delightfully quaint.

(Henry Altemus Co., Philadelphia.)

"King Midas" is a love-story which depicts the struggle in a girl's mind between her two desires to marry for wealth and "to marry for love." In the end love wins, but involves drama and tragedy before the book closes. The character of Helen is well drawn and adds a charming figure to the picture galleries of fiction. Her principal interest is music, and bars of music printed at the close of each chapter strike its keynote.

("King Midas," by Upton Sinclair. Funk, Wagnalls & Co., New York.)

Miss Heloise Hersey, the well known educator of Boston, has compiled a charming book of letters "To Girls." Not only good advice, these papers form a series of essays which are a running commentary on that perennially interesting and wonderful subject—the life of an American girl of to-day—a subject which is a test or challenge of our whole civilization. Miss Hersey's book is one of practical advice and assistance to any girl who has the good fortune to read it. She treats of not less than twenty-eight subjects. Among them: "College or Not?" "The Art of Speech," "The Reading of Fiction," "The Educated Girl in



Society," "The Manners of the Modern Girl," "The Amusements of Girls," "Friendships for Women," "The Virtue of Reticence," "The Duty of Health," "The Place of Luxury in Life."

"College life is a means," she says, "not an end. * * * The gains of college life are easily enumerated. The first and most evident is the trained mind. It is becoming more and more widely acknowledged that efficiency is far more important for men and women than accumulations of knowledge. What the graduate can do is far more the question than what she knows. * * * Second, no doubt, is an acquirement of knowledge. * * * The third advantage is the executive experience gained in the miniature life of the college. One of the great disadvantages of a woman's career is that she must always be doing tasks of which she has had no previous experience. * * * Closely allied to executive power lies the great privilege of friendship. * * * Finally, the college brings us a noble gift when it imbues us with esprit de corps." She closes her last essay with the words: "I believe to-day, as I have always believed, that a Beneficent Love sits on the throne of the universe. Some pessimists seem to believe that the devil sits there. But the French have a proverb as true as it is heart-searching—"God pays, but not always every Saturday night."

("To Girls: A Budget of Letters," by Heloise Edwina Hersey. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. Price, \$1.00.)

The appearance of a new book of "Essays and Addresses," by the English essayist, Augustine Birrell, is one of the pleasing literary events of the year, with all those who believe with Renan that "the beauty of a work lies in the philosophy it contains," or with Frederick Soccker when he says: "If you wish to judge of a man's character and nature, you have only to find out what he thinks laughable." But the subjects of the present volume are wholly serious. He treats—"John Wesley," "The Ideal University," "Froude," "Browning," "The House of Commons," "Peel," and other subjects,

and no critically-minded student should fail to read what he says on "Is it Possible to Tell a Good Book from a Bad One?"

(Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Price, \$1.00.)

The Modern American as he is. "The New Americans" is in many ways a remarkable book. It is also stimulating to the mind; moreover, it is entertaining. A big, thick novel, I am speaking of, by Mr. Alfred Hodder, who is a young professor at Bryn Mawr College. His method of telling his story is to express the thoughts and opinions of his characters, thoughts that are epigrammatic and clever. This is certainly a subjective method of treatment; but in this case highly successful. Not carried to excess, it puts the reader on the inside of things immediately, and goes deep. After all, man is more mind than matter. His thoughts are certainly of equal importance with his clothes. For instance, of the heroine we learn that she "shrugged her shoulders at the feminine world and its facilities. Properly speaking there was but one world, and the application of distinctions of sex to it was ridiculous. One could either do something worth doing, or one could not, and that was an end of it. She was not a woman twenty-four hours in the day. She was not a woman from nine to four, in 'business hours,' in the hours that count; she was a woman at the utmost only after dinner, when she did not care to drink or smoke, and at the opera, where she liked the best place. * * * An aptitude for being a woman was like an aptitude for playing polo or golf, or for small talk on private theatricals. * * * She finished by defining a person of importance as a person with engagements—fifty a day." Altogether this Cecily is an unusual woman in fiction, but not rare in our lives, for she is the cold, self-contained aristocratic type, over-read, over-satisfied, over-ambitious, which American men have made of their women—a type of woman who, through excess of liberty, has lost taste for "feminine" occupations, and lacks

portunity to express her personality in the ways open to men. Somewhere the man of the book, who loves her, pities her for her great intelligence, which is of no earthly use to her. There are other women in the book—sharp-tongued, clever women of the world, but lacking the breadth of mind of Cecily, they strike one as less thoroughly an American creation. Their interests are those of other women the world over—the social game between man and woman. In this Cecily found no entertainment. This is only a sample of the many interesting questions which Mr. Hodder manages to raise in his engrossing, original novel, with its Jamesque love of speculation. He manages to achieve, in an unusual way, a realism of value. "Up-to-date" the book is, showing us the crowded mental lives we moderns live. It is a triumph of continual small philosophies.

(The Macmillan Co., New York. Price, \$1.50.)

Miss Lillian Whiting's latest book, for which so many of her admirers have been eagerly waiting, is "The World Beautiful"—this time "In Books." It is a marvel in the way of compilation and quotation; an extraordinarily wide acquaintance with the very best in literature being shown. Through the paths and among the treasures of Book-Land she leads us in her pleasantest vein. The subjects of the papers are those which especially appeal to the average reader. And so rich are they in reference, authority and example, that there is thoroughly practical need of the lengthy index at the close. A book of pleasure and information Miss Whiting has given us, delightful reading, covering a large ground, and nowhere becoming dull or too "deep." It is attractively gotten up.

(Little, Brown & Co., Boston. Price, \$1.00.)

Books of travel, if written in an easy, conversational style, and registering original impressions, are quite as interesting as story books. Mr. George Horton has written a book of this kind on

"Modern Athens." He has been an independent observer of the picturesque in the Grecian treasure city, and the result is a charming book. The binding and printing are ornamental, and the illustrations by Corwin Knapp Linson cannot be praised too highly. They appear in almost every page, and are beautiful and artistic. Altogether a delightful little book.

(By Charles Scribner's Sons, New York City. Price, \$1.25.)

"The Round Rabbit" is a little red book of nonsense rhymes, written by Agnes See. It has several quaint illustrations, and more than several quaint fancies in both rhymes, rhythms, and ideas.

(Small, Maynard & Co., Boston.)

The story of the exploring expeditions of Lewis Clark in 1803-4-5 is entertainingly set forth by Mr. Noah Brooks, in a fair-sized volume called "First Across the Continent." It is illustrated, and valuable both as history and romance.

(Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

Among the many interesting books for girls and boys which Mr. Albert Bigelow Paine has written, none is more charming than his last, "The Little Lady—Her Book." The illustrations are good and the print easily read. It is dainty and pretty enough to please any child.

(Henry Altemus Company, Philadelphia.)

Mr. Cyrus Townsend Brady, whose historical novel, "Barbarosso," is now running in the Century, has also written "The Quiberon Touch," of late issued by D. Appleton & Co. It is an historical dramatic novel of love and adventure, full of interest and filled with a love of the sea. Price, \$1.50.

"The Leeper Photographs of Bible and Classic Lands" is a bi-monthly publication. Each number contains a dozen or more excellent pictures with explanatory text. The whole affair is very well gotten up.



Main Street Boulder Creek.

FROM LUMBERING TO HORTICULTURE

A Study in Mountain Economics in Santa Cruz County.

THE United States is often spoken of as the experimental field of the world at large. In a great measure this is eminently true. There is scarcely an idea in politics, religion, education, mechanics or finance which has not been put to test in the United States either directly or indirectly. What is perhaps less perfectly comprehended in the United States itself is that California is in many respects one of the chief experimental stations of our own great country. This assertion will be found to hold good, it is believed, regarding the race problem, the question of finance, our relation to Pacific Coast and ocean history; the Pacific Slope, art and literature as well, will be moulded here—more even in the future than in the past. But for our particular purpose it is especially to be noticed that by as much as our State contains an epitomized edition of nearly every climate and soil of the continent at large, it is susceptible of reproducing, and does already in its varied divisions reproduce every agricultural, and especially every horticultural, product of commercial importance, both in the United States and Europe.

Some twenty-five years ago the writer witnessed with amazement the wholesale digging up and the total destruction of

vineyards in the level southwestern area of what is now a densely settled suburban district of Los Angeles city. These grapes were planted in a furor of grape-growing excitement only a few years previously. All of a sudden it was discovered that these rich, level valley areas were the most unsuitable lands obtainable for that purpose. Back of the city were high mesas, foothill slopes, etc. These, it was speedily ascertained, were the true grape lands, as well as fruit lands in general. It was a somewhat needless as well as exceedingly costly lesson.

Reference has been made already to the fact that our State is a field of concrete experiments in solving race problems, as well as answering a number of serious interrogation points in horticulture, viticulture, etc. By race problems it is not intended to enter upon a discussion of the hoary conundrums that brings up in San Francisco Chinatown. What is implied is that this State has proved itself to be not a mere asylum, etc., in the generally accepted sense of that word, but a duplicate homeland, arousing affection and sincere attachment on the part of nationalities as widely divergent as are those occupying the north shore of the Baltic, and those born on the isles



Boulder Creek—base of Ben Lomond Range.

of Greece and Asia Minor. In the woodlands and river valleys of Mendocino County are thriving colonies of Scandinavians. In Fresno are men and women lineal descendants of an ancestry that cultivated the fig at Smyrna, and dried the grape into raisins when St. Paul was yet on his way to Damascus. In the Sonoma foothills are Italians and Swiss settlers who, on the remains of a former sheep-pasture and rolling woodlands, are recreating not only the vineyards and the orchards of their native hills; they boldly send their products back home to compete with the cellars located on estates, whose vines are fabled in song and story by native poets for hundreds of years past. And this brings us forward to a vantage ground where we wish to tell a story "that may point a moral and adorn a tale."

Some years ago there was a gathering of brainy men from California in the one and only queen city of the West. They had occasion to deal repeatedly with many knotty problems, and met often. There were many minds and they could not always agree, and sometimes they roundly abused each other, as we Californians have a way of doing. When matters finally came to a climax there was only one solution: i. e., that was the uncorking of some Santa Cruz bottled goods. Its effect was sometimes more magical than the famous oil on the troubled waters. There was always missing a bard on these occasions. If there had been, as would certainly have been the case in Italy, and the vales of sunny France, these poorly-worded reminiscences would not have been called for. Now, poets and such are supposed to be a mere luxury in this immensely practical civilization of ours. But if we had had but one, at the gathering referred to above—i. e., one of the right kind—every dinner in San Francisco would scratch the imitation French labels that confront him at his restaurant table and demand Simon-pure Santa Cruz product to season his meal with. For not one of every ten that can afford a good dinner in San Francisco possesses a remote consciousness that the choicest

vineyard districts in his own State, and therefore in the world at large, are located one hour's journey below the South Gate of his own suburban district.

"What, on the other side of Los Gatos?" "Certainly, sir; on the other side of Los Gatos." "Among these mountain slopes?" "Yes, sir. What is more, right on the top of them, the very best of all, the elixir is grown." "Investigate?" Yes, by all means investigate. Some of these good men and women down there have been cognizant of these facts for twenty-five years or more, and being ordinary mortals, they could not understand why the whole world was not aware of what constituted the most ordinary every-day, common-place affairs to themselves. These good friends and neighbors of ours for one generation past have raised the choicest fruits, not only grapes, but peaches, apples, apricots, walnuts,—the sweetest and most nutritious grasses, and the daintiest garden truck, breathed the purest air, bathed and fished in crystal brooks—and all this while we have simply thought of them as "buried in the woods."

"Give me a country," says a noted author on economics, "where there is an abundance of pure water, wholesome fruit and good grass, and there I will proceed to prove that this same country is also just the right one for the raising of sturdy men and winsome women." The well-known traditions of knightly men, fair women, and splendid horses, that dates back already a century, lingering all over blue-grass regions of the Appalachian ranges, more than proves the scientist's point of view in practical experience. In Europe these same climatic, geographical as well as topographical areas, are identified for all time with the inspiring story of Wilhelm Tell of Switzerland, of the Stuarts in Scotland, the Meinhards in Tyrol; the historically very important dynasty of the Vasas in Sweden, were founded on the heroic fidelity of the mountaineers of its central regions, the sturdy occupants of the picturesque, often impressively beautiful districts of Dalarne. To show the similarity of Tyrol, famed for its idyllic moun-

tain landscapes, fertility of soil, and thrifty population, to our own Boulder Creek regions, it is only necessary to state that this small but important prov-



Boulder Creek Water Power. Column, 140 feet high; stream $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches; unlimited supply; unexcelled quality.



Brimblecomb Oak Grove. Favorite camping ground near Boulder Creek. Pioneer cabin, property of W. H. Booth.

ince of the Austrian Empire produced last year over ten million gallons of the finest vintage in Europe. The southern portion bordering on Lombardy, North Italy, is becoming famous as well for producing exactly the same orchard products that are raised in the Santa Cruz mountains. It raises as well an abundance of choice corn, and the best potatoes up to an elevation of 6,000 feet. Tyrol sustains a population of over one million people, the average intelligence and comfort of which is not excelled by a corresponding number of people elsewhere in Europe. The same conditions are in every essential duplicated and perhaps more generally known to exist in Switzerland. These comparisons are not instituted for the purpose of filling space, but to enable us to properly estimate the characteristics of our own Switzerland, our own Tyrol, and Scotland: i. e., the county of Santa Cruz. This area is the California edition

of all these epitomized.

A brief three hours' journey from the Alameda Ferry station takes us to the exceedingly picturesque county seat of this county. Located at the south base of a noble uplift of lime and sandstone formation, its inhabitants look out upon one of the most historic scenes in the State—the Bay of Monterey. The town, now containing some seven thousand inhabitants, is destined to become the



Commercial Hotel.

Los Angeles of Central California: i. e., whenever its citizens see fit to arouse themselves to realize their own opportunities. At present the most of them would seem to be waiting for something to turn up, or down—doubtful which. But for our specific purpose the interior of this attractive county holds out far greater inducements. Re-entering the narrow-gauge trains of the Southern-Pacific mountain division, we find ourselves speedily in the town of Boulder Creek, the commercial center of this whole interior. The exceedingly attractive mountain slopes, the valleys and the great mountain glens, which we observed on our first passage south seems to converge here. Indeed, we discover that it was not necessary to go down to the seashore at all, but we might have proceeded straight to the heart of the mountain fastness direct from San Francisco, by stepping off at Felton, seven miles from Santa Cruz, where a branch road connects with the main line. There are many gratifying surprises in store for the wayfarer in these regions. Perhaps one of the most delightful of them all is the discovery that either the purity of the water, the dignity and perennial beauty of the landscape, or the translucent at-



Big Basin Lumber Co. store and office.

mosphere, have all combined to make the people hospitable to the stranger in all that the word implies, which includes an unlimited patience with, and a ready answer as well to well-nigh endless questions about the country and everything in it.

To show the necessity for these inquiries, let our reader station him or herself on the corner of Market and Kearny some sunny afternoon, and imagine yourself in search of definite information about Santa Cruz County. The assertion is ventured that only about ten out of a thousand would be able to inform the questioner anything definite about Santa Cruz County. One would state that all there is there is the surf, excel-



Young apple orchard near Boulder Creek. Property of Nettley Bros.



High School, Catholic, Presbyterian and Methodist churches.

lent for swimming lessons. Five, that it is the county of big trees, two that it is good for fishing and hunting. One would be capable, provided you were in good luck, to inform you that it embodies within itself a perfect abstract of every scenic charm of Sonoma, of the great woods of

Mendocino, that it possesses as well the requisite cleared space to transplant to even more ideal locations, the present entire orchard area of the Santa Clara Valley. That it possesses a grander amphitheatre of gracefully undulating valleys and mesas rising from the sea



Home of Arthur H. Stagg.

Home of W. H. Dool.



Residence I. Hortman.

level to 3,000 feet than that which has made Los Angeles Valley the far-famed spot that it is. That, finally, and perhaps more important than all else, it is mother nature's bank deposit of the most invaluable treasure of our State: i. e., an unlimited water supply. These very woods, mountain slopes, creeks and rivers are the very fountain which every man and woman in three of our leading central counties are drawing upon daily.

Furthermore, this entire area of mountains and valleys is already now practically a portion of the suburban districts of greater San Francisco. Within less than five years a broad gauge track will be substituted for the narrow gauge, and more important than even that within the same period we predict that a system of electric roads connecting with the metropolitan and suburban districts of San Francisco will penetrate these regions in all directions for the simple reason that the steady growth of San Francisco homes around the bay will inevita-

bly demand the same.

It is possible that to not a few of these assertions will appear mere verbiage. It is, however, easy to prove every affirmation made by the most casual reference to the transformation that has taken place in the southern half of the State the last sixteen years. The writer recalls very distinctly, indeed, a stage-route ride

I. O. O. F. Hall,
Store of J. H. Rambo & Co.



Vardel Falls, heart of Big Basin.

between Los Angeles and Pasadena some eighteen years ago; about two hours were consumed on one of the dustiest and most disagreeable journeys of its kind in the State. Pasadena was in the throes of transition between a sheep-ranch and an orange grove—neither one nor the other. Los Angeles was provincialism embodied, neither wholly American nor Mexican, but a perplexing mixture. Now, there is an electric mountain railroad clear to the summit of the Sierra Madres Range. Electric cars every 15 minutes in all directions between Los Angeles and Pasadena. Two transconti-

ental railroad lines—local trains every half hour—a city and suburb of a hundred and fifty thousand people.

But we hear some good, conservative citizens observe: "No Los Angeles boom in ours." Fortunately the furore and unavoidable temporary collapse of a mere boom is not needed. Inevitable economic forces, operating with the irresistibility, and very often as silently as the law of gravitation, have decreed that between the head-waters of the Missouri, east, the city of Mexico, south, and Sitka, north, the scepter of commercial empire shall be enthroned at and around the bay of

San Francisco. It is not the superlative genius of its citizens, nor their superior enterprise, that is bringing about this result, but simply a clearly defined commercial destiny. Even as we write, plans are being perfected for the first tunnel under the bay to connect the suburban railway system of Oakland and Alameda with the city proper. Electric motors on unobstructed rails have already attained a speed of close on to a hundred miles an hour.

It is in view of all these contingencies, not in the air, but materializing now, every hour of every day right before our eyes, that we claim this entire region as part and parcel of our own San Francisco suburban area. In view of all these, and other perfectly patent factors impossible to enumerate here, how utterly paradoxical and puerile becomes the opposition of two of the leading morning papers of San Francisco to the purchase on the part of the State of what is known as the "Big Basin" woods. The "Basin" is the

last stronghold of the sequoias, only about some three thousand acres, but a veritable cathedral of redwood arches: the final one remaining between the Golden Gate and Santa Barbara of an almost continuous coast forest which was here only seventy years ago. In addition, it is topographically the very water-fountain of Santa Cruz, San Mateo, and Santa Clara Counties. The latter especially is in urgent need of every additional cubic inch of water obtainable. But to the coming millions of inhabitants around this bay these woods and hills should be held as a sacred heritage in trust. The advance echo of their coming is far more audible than when Henry Clay halted on the head waters of the Ohio, some three generations ago, and kneeling close to the ground, looked out over the grand scene before him—requested his companions to leave him there for awhile "listening to the tread of millions to follow." They came even sooner than any expected. The difference between that day and



One of the giants in the Big Basin; was there before Solomon built his temple.

this is the rather important one, that ten years now will see the transformation it required two generations to accomplish then. That is the difference between stage coaches and electricity. Even San Francisco conservatism, the

the most convenient gateway to the Big Basin woods, will be as well-known to the San Francisco public as the Alameda Ferry is now.

Pending this, an economic transformation of the utmost value will take place



Members of the Sempervirens Club, Big Basin.

most ludicrous of its kind on record, cannot stop the onward rush. She is in the midst of it now, without fully realizing its meaning. So the opposition to the purchase of these magnificent woods by the State is intrinsically fully as absurd as was the opposition on the part of the would-be very wise editors and wise-acres generally, thirty years ago, to the purchase of the lands that now constitute the chief public asset of San Francisco—its Golden Gate Park. Then, as now, "the land was worthless, anyway, utterly inaccessible. City would never reach it," etc. How sagacious these counsellors must appear to-day both to themselves and their friends! It is predicted with perfect faith in its realization that in ten years more Boulder Creek town, as

along the valleys and mountain slopes here referred to. The greater portion of the interior valley areas of Santa Cruz County has been stripped of its first great crop—its choice redwood lumber. This was simply an inevitable commercial necessity. Without this commercial invasion this whole region would yet remain an untouched wilderness. But the country now faces a transition era. The great northeastern base of the imposing Ben Lomond Range at the foot of which Boulder Creek town is located, contains on its very crest at nearly two thousand feet elevation, the index of the volume yet to be inscribed on every hill and valley of this entire section. The wines produced on this summit, which, by the way, is a perfectly level plateau, have achieved

international reputation. At successive world fairs—Paris and the United States—the products of these hills have not only held their own, but excelled its competitors. It would be a most conservative estimate to claim that within a radius of five miles in any direction of Boulder Creek town there are fifty thousand to a hundred thousand acres, immediately available for duplicating the success already achieved and an established commercial factor on the top of Ben Lomond. Statistics of climate and rainfall are not so convincing as actually consummated results. Fortunately these are there now and can be seen. Vineyards, orchards, garden and field crops, all bespeak the innate value of soil and climatic envi-

utmost value and prompt returns.

But to the casual beholder accustomed to associate all husbandry with the level areas of the central west or our own great inland basins, the topography of the landscape is a stumbling block. "What, raise anything on these steep slopes!" Yes, sir, nearly everything—not only necessities, but the most delightful luxuries of life. For the latter it will be remembered that mankind always gladly pays the most. But we are aware of the importance of first impressions, etc. It is for this reason that this sketch started in with a brief summary of the value, historically and economically, of the corresponding regions of Europe. Above all others these areas in the old world have



Saw Mill, Big Basin Lumber Co.

ronment. Except the citrus family it is actually demonstrated that nearly every orchard, vineyard and field product of our State, will grow here to perfection, and that grapes and the finest apples can be made commercial specialties of the

held their own not only horticulturally, but socially—economically. They are the very citadels of patriotism and sane citizenship of their respective national domains. This will become equally true in the empire State of the Pacific Slope.

The Mission fathers of Santa Cruz County inaugurated the era of agriculture and horticulture in this picturesque region. It will be seen, therefore, that the experimental stage is long past. They landed in Santa Cruz the 25th day of September, 1791. A year or two later they harvested a crop of over a thousand bush-

and all the sunshine and floral wealth that such productions indicate, have been the household factors for two thousand years. No wonder they prospered in Santa Cruz Cou ty. They had only to look about them to realize that here is the climate of Andalusia—the hill slopes of Piedmont, the blue mist of the Alps,



Brimblecomb Grove. Property of W. H. Booth.

els of wheat. In 1830 the Mission possessed over 200,000 head of live stock, wide-spreading orchards and vineyards, while their log chapel had become a stately church containing over \$25,000 worth of silverplate and ecclesiastical ornaments.

So much for the early days about which a volume could be written. Reference is had to this fact for an economical rather than historical reason. The Mission fathers came from lands where the grape, the olive, the pomegranate, the walnut, the apricot, the peach and orange

the gentle breezes of the Eastern Mediterranean Sea. And to-day it will be found that their countrymen and closely affiliated nationalities are the ones who, par excellence, will recreate the new economic era in the Santa Cruz County interior, as their own national religious teachers of a hundred years ago did on the front edge of these very mountain plateau. The Swiss—the North Italians more especially—once in possession of these hill-slopes (every outlet and inlet of which centers at Boulder Creek) would soon make them yield a tonnage of fruits



Madrone Villa—south exposure.

PROPERTY OF HENRY L. MIDDLETON, ESQ.



Madrone Villa—west exposure.

and wine, inferior, only in quantity, but not in cash value, to the tonnage passing through here in the most famous days of the lumber shipments.

The typical American lad in the main,

ian colonists at Asti to create the necessity for building a wine vat large enough to accommodate a whole dancing party of a hundred couples on the day of its inauguration, on the top of its cover.



Shady woods—Madrone Villa.

has become a sophisticated city chap. He appears unconscious in a thousand cases, that the country is of any consequence at all, except for a fishing or hunting trip. It is left for our Swiss and Ital-

But that is only part of the story. In 1892 the managers of this colony sent to Genoa, Italy, on the occasion of an international wine exhibit, a full display of its product, with the result that these



Green-house—Madrone Villa.

Sonoma redwood hills converted into vineyards elicited one of the very first prizes in competition with the world at large, and in competition with the most famous wine districts of their own home-



Public road approaching Madrone Villa.

land, for which the colony is named, the historic Asti of the Piedmont region of North Italy. That was certainly a triumph for California and its citizens, long to be remembered, and is referred to here solely because it directly points the way to the solution of all the economical problems awaiting an early solution in Santa Cruz County, conspicuously so in the environs of Boulder Creek. The manner in which these most desirable results at Asti were attained were at once simple and effective. For the detail history of this epoch-making colony experi-

ment we must refer our readers to a most readable article in the Overland Monthly pages, bound volume January to June, 1900. The article is the public statement of the private enterprise and skill that governed the founding of Asti—presented as no one else could, because personally conversant with each step onward—through the courtesy of Andrea Sbarboro, the well-known public-spirited Italian banker of San Francisco.

It has been demonstrated in every possible, practical way that this region under discussion is a horticultural area of the rarest possibilities. Climate, soil, its very topographical features, at first a seeming disadvantage, prove the exact reverse. There are men of rare intelligence, public spirit, and financial capacity, in that little burg of a thousand in-



Same old story.



Private driveway approaching Madrone Villa.

habitants. It possesses schools, churches and other advantages that would do credit to a much larger place. It is in possession as well of homes of refinement,

and an unexcelled location for ten thousand suburban San Francisco residents, who will here find beauty, shade, clear brooks, unmatched tranquility, and life-giving climate. Its roadways are susceptible of improvements, something which a steadily increasing population will soon bring about. It connects directly with the outside world by four daily trains.

It possesses a most intelligently conducted weekly, "The Mountain Echo," Mr. W. S. Rogers, publisher; good hotels, telephone and telegraph.

It remains to be seen if its citizens are willing to take up as *one man* the problem presented to them of making central Santa Cruz County what nature intended it for, not only par excellence the most charming woodland area, but equally the site of its most picturesque and productive orchard area in the State of California, and therefore in the world. United co-operation under competent leadership will accomplish this here as it has elsewhere. It is sincerely to be hoped there will be no needless delay in this matter, for nature has done everything for this region, and only awaits intelligent direction of her gifts to recreate a new Piedmont region crowning these hill-slopes of beautiful Monterey bay as the old one graces the highlands of the historic Adriatic gulf on the Mediterranean shores.



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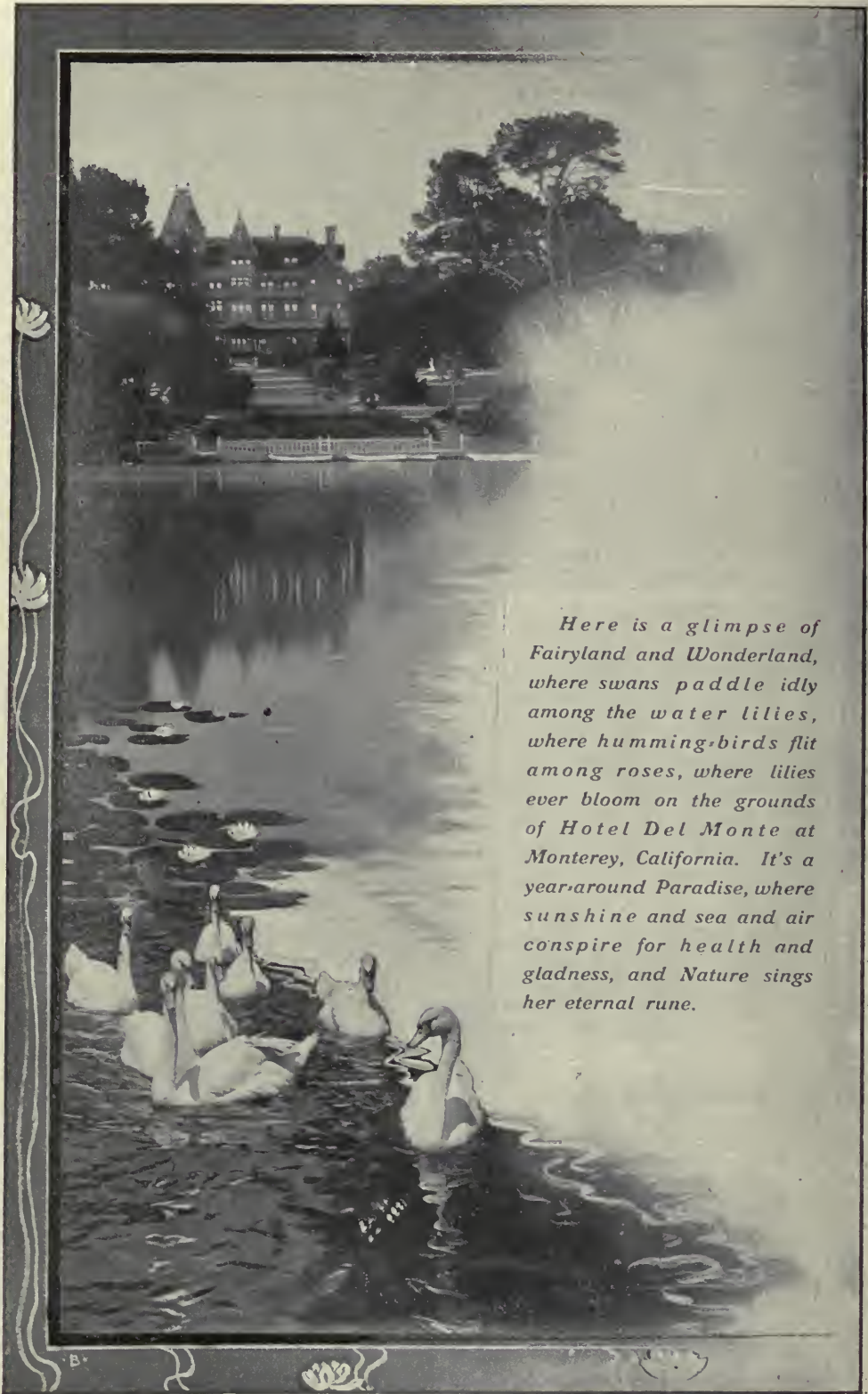
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DIVIDEND NOTICE. Savings and Loan Society.

The Board of Directors declared a dividend for the term ending December 31, 1901, at the rate of three and one-eighth (3 $\frac{1}{8}$) per cent. per annum on all deposits free of taxes, and payable on and after January 2, 1902. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of dividend as the principal from and after July 1, 1901. CYRUS W. CARMANY, Cashier.

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DIVIDEND NOTICE. San Francisco Savings Union.

For the half year ending with the 31st of December 1901, a dividend has been declared at the rate per annum of three and forty-two one-hundredths (3 42/100) per cent. on term deposits, and three (3) per cent. on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Thursday, January 2, 1902.

LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

Office—532 California St., corner Webb, San Francisco, Cal.

DIVIDEND NOTICE. The German Savings and Loan Society.

For the half year ending with December 31, 1901, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three (3) per cent. per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Thursday, January 2, 1902.

GEORGE TOURNY, Secretary.

526 California Street, San Francisco, Cal.

DIVIDEND NOTICE. California Safe Deposit and Trust Company.

For the six months ending December 31 1901, dividends have been declared on deposits in the saving department of this company as follows: On term deposits at the rate of 3 6-10 per cent. per annum, and on ordinary deposits at the rate of 3 per cent. per annum free of taxes, payable on and after Thursday, January 2, 1902. Dividends uncalled for are added to the principal and bear the same rate of dividend as the principal from and after January 1, 1902.

J. DALZELL BROWN, Manager.

Office—Corner California and Montgomery Sts., San Francisco, Cal.

DIVIDEND NOTICE. Mutual Savings Bank of San Francisco.

For the half year ending December 31st, 1901, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three (3) per cent. per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Thursday, January 2, 1902.

GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier.

Office—33 Post Street, San Francisco, Cal.

DIVIDEND NOTICE. The Continental Building and Loan Association

has declared, for the six months ending December 31, 1901, a dividend of eight per cent. per annum on Classes "A" and "F" stock, six per cent. on Term Deposits and five per cent. on Ordinary Deposits, free of taxes.

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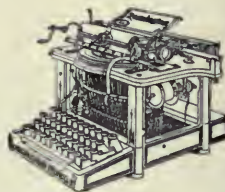
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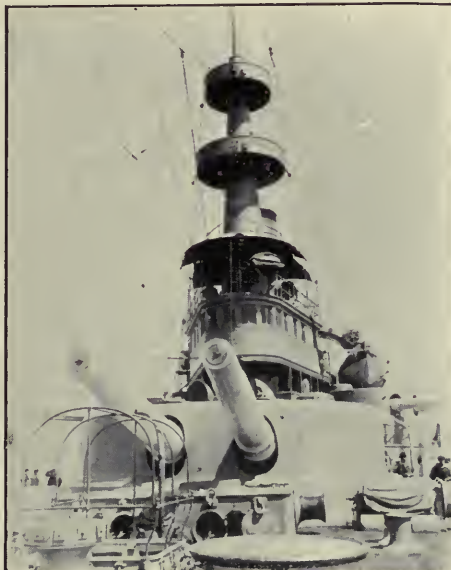
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This issue will contain among articles of unusual interest the first of two papers on "The Biography of a California Salmon," by Cloudsley Rutter, elaborately illustrated by the author. This article, as a piece of semi-fictional animal literature, stands unique. Mr. Rutter is a scientist, but the accuracy of the story in no way interferes with its fascination. "The Office Detail, A Study of Newspaper Cranks," by W. J. Weymouth, is a humorous treatment of an original theme. The article will be illustrated with a set of vivid sketches by C. M. Peter. Dr. Yomei Kin, the well-known Chinese woman physician and lecturer, will give a touching little account of her personal experiences in the slums of Japan. "Recent Outdoor Literature," by Charles F. Shinn will begin in the February number. Professor Shinn is an expert on out-of-doors, and knows how to make his subject interesting. "Little Levities," a department of humor, will be first published in the February issue.

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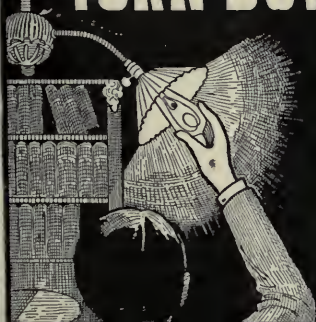
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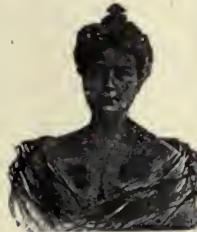
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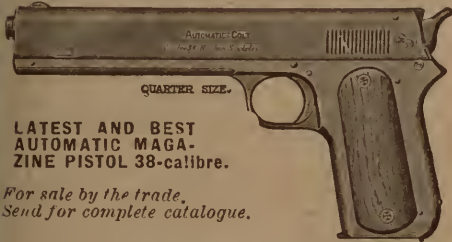
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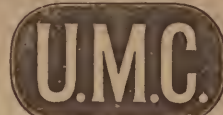
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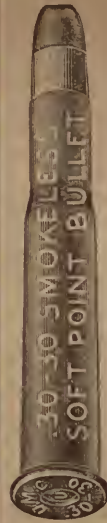


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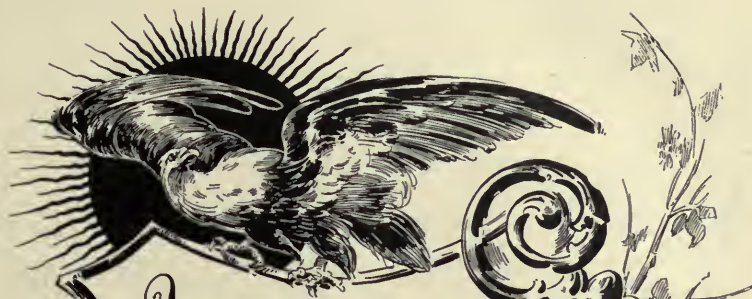


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(See "The Pride of His House," page 655.)

Overland Monthly

February, 1902.

Vol. xxxix



The Life and Death of Chouicha a Sacramento Salmon

By Cloudsley Rutter

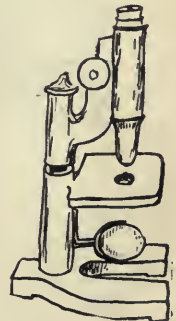
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Part I.—The Embryo.

I.—Parentage.

Ⓢ RDINARILY the Salmon that ascend McCloud River in California are stopped by the racks at the Government fish-culture station at Baird. In 1898, however, a few passed the station before the racks were set, and a pair of them were seen spawning on a riffle just above the hatchery about the middle of August. An old Rainbow Trout soon discovered the spawning Salmon, and, acting on an impulse born of the memory of previous feasts, took a station a few feet down stream from them and gorged himself with the eggs as they floated past. His feasting soon attracted other Trout, a dozen of them, besides several Sacramento Pike, and among them all they destroyed about half of the six thousand eggs as fast as they were spawned.

Then the Sculpins, or Bullheads, degenerate fresh-water relatives of certain ugly large-mouthed sea-fishes, together with Suckers and Minnows, continually searched the bottom of the river and devoured about a third of the eggs that lodged among





McCloud River.

the rocks. The spawning Salmon threw sand and gravel over the others, and many of them were covered too deeply and were killed. After all these mishaps there were only about a thousand left to hatch.

About the time that the Salmon began spawning, a college boy who loved nature better than books arrived at the hatchery. His purpose was to gain practical lessons in fish-culture and at the same time enjoy an outing in the mountains. One of his first acts after reaching the station was to set a fine-meshed net in the river just below where the Salmon were spawning, in order to catch some of their eggs. He secured half a dozen, but the net caught so much sand and gravel that only one of them was uninjured.

It is the life-history of this egg and the fish that grew from it that we are now to follow.

"Professor," as the hatchery help called the college boy, took the egg to the hatchery and cared for it as salmon eggs ordinarily are cared for at fish culture stations. He wanted to study the growth of the embryo, but soon found that a salmon egg is too large to place under a high power microscope, so he had to use other means—poisons and stains and dissecting instruments. And he had to have a lot more eggs, too, for an embryo never grows any more after being placed in a concentrated solution of corrosive sublimate and acetic acid.

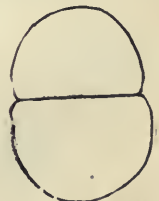
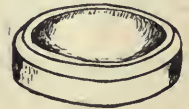
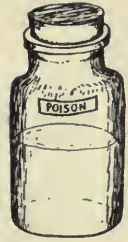
The hatchery season had not yet opened, but "Professor" hunted among the Salmon in the pool between the racks until he found a pair that were "ripe;" that is, that were ready to spawn, and the hatchery foreman had them spawned for him.

It was from studying these artificially spawned eggs that "Professor" was able to give the following account of how the embryo grew in the egg from the river.

II.—Embryology.

A few seconds after the egg that we are studying was caught in "Professor's" net, as mentioned above, the male Salmon extruded a small quantity of milt, which floated down stream just as the egg had. Out of the many millions of spermatozoa contained in the milt, a few hundred came in contact with the egg, and one of them found its way through the micropyle, a microscopic hole in one side of the shell, and fused with the egg germ. This process is known as the fertilization of the ovum, or egg.

For five or six hours after fertilization there was scarcely any noticeable change in the egg, though a cell was forming on one side of the yolk. In seven hours the formation of the cell was complete, and the future Salmon assumed a definite shape, appearing like a very minute bubble, except that it was not hollow. In another hour the cell had divided into two cells, just as you might divide a lump of wax with a string. By the



ninth hour each of these had divided, thus forming four cells. About the fourteenth hour each of the four divided, making eight. So far, the divisions had all been made in "vertical planes," as "Professor" tells us, just like dividing a biscuit into two, four and eight pieces by cutting from top to bottom through both crusts. The next division was in a "horizontal plane," just as if you should divide all the eight pieces of biscuit at once by cutting



48 hours.

between the crusts. This horizontal cleavage occurred about the 15th hour, and from this time on cell division, which is also cell multiplication, continued more rapidly, and the cells soon became so small and numerous that they could not be counted. At twenty-four hours they formed a little spherical mass resembling a berry, that is, if seen through a microscope, for the embryo was smaller than a pin-head.



9 days.

And this multiple division of cells continued—until the Salmon ceased growing about three years later. For several days the size of the cells decreased as their number increased, so that the embryo as a whole scarcely became larger. By the fifth or sixth day the cells began to spread out over the yolk, and by the

seventh day the embryo formed a disk an eighth of an inch across. About the fifth day a minute rounded lump formed near one edge of the disk, and gradually grew into a ridge that extended across the middle. This was the beginning of the body of the future fish. On the eighth day the cells along the center of the ridge began to assume a different appearance from the others, remained smaller after dividing, and became more closely packed, forming a kind of rod that lay buried in the ridge. This was the beginning of the spinal cord. It was larger at the end nearest the middle of the disk and soon became hollow there, forming the brain. Soon after this two little rounded knobs grew out from the brain, one on either side. These were the eyes. This was before there was any mouth, or stomach, or gills, any of which are more necessary than eyes.

After the tenth day the embryo grew rapidly, and added new organs daily. It is not necessary to recount each day's growth, but the following statement indicates the typical rate of development of a Salmon embryo:

- 0 hours. Fertilization of ovum.
- 7 hours. First cell formed.
- 8 hours. Two cells.
- 9 hours. Four cells.
- 14 hours. Eight cells.
- 15 hours. Sixteen cells.
- 20 hours. Berry-like mass.
- 5 days. Embryo begins to spread over yolk.
- 6 days. Formation of ridge representing the body of the embryo.
- 7 days. The ridge extends posteriorly to form the tail.
- 8 days. First trace of spinal cord.
- 9 days. Eyes bud off from the brain.
- 11 days. Ears appear as thickenings in the outer layer of cells, or skin.
- 12 days. The alimentary canal begins forming in the posterior part of the body as a fold in the layer of cells, or skin, next the yolk.
- 13 days. Nostrils and the crystalline lens of the eyes appear, like the ears, as thickenings in the skin. First trace of kidneys.
- 14 days. The heart begins as a pouch in the skin next the yolk, and the liver buds off from the alimentary canal.
- 15 days. The lateral line appears as a series of thickenings in the skin, very much like the beginning of the ears and nostrils and crystalline lens of the eyes.



16 days. The aorta grows out from the heart.

19 days. The gills appear as slits in the side of the head, and the pectoral fins begin as little conical protuberances on the skin where it spreads out over the yolk.

20 days. About this time the mouth begins to show up as a V-shaped slit on the under side of the head, appearing much like a gill slit.

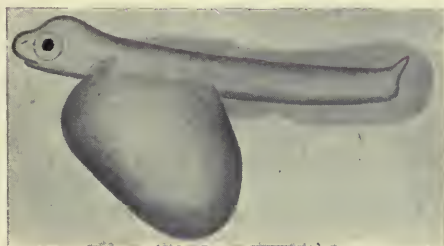
So by the twentieth day the embryo with which we are concerned had developed all of its important organs to some extent. From that time until about the fiftieth day they simply became more perfect.

III. A Railway Journey.

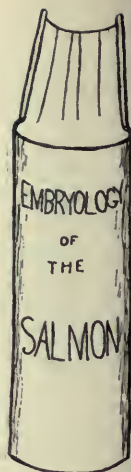
By the middle of September all the troughs at Baird Hatchery were full of eggs, and it was necessary to ship some of them to Sisson, where there was another hatchery. "Professor," having seen all he wished of the mountains near Baird, decided to take his experimental eggs also to Sisson and enjoy new scenes. Accordingly, they with the one whose biography we are noting were packed on moist cotton flannel trays and shipped by express. Arriving at Sisson, they were placed in the hatchery and cared for as they had been before leaving Baird.

PART II.—THE ALEVIN.

I. In the Hatchery.



It was the fourth of October, and the subject of this sketch, rolled up inside a sphere about a quarter of an inch in diameter, was feeling very much cramped. He also wanted more air, or water, which is the same thing so far as he knew. During the past few days he had twisted around scores of times in vain efforts to get out. At last his tail broke through one side of the shell. This gave him more room and also enabled him to move about a little, though very awkwardly. After tumbling about for



1898

SATURDAY

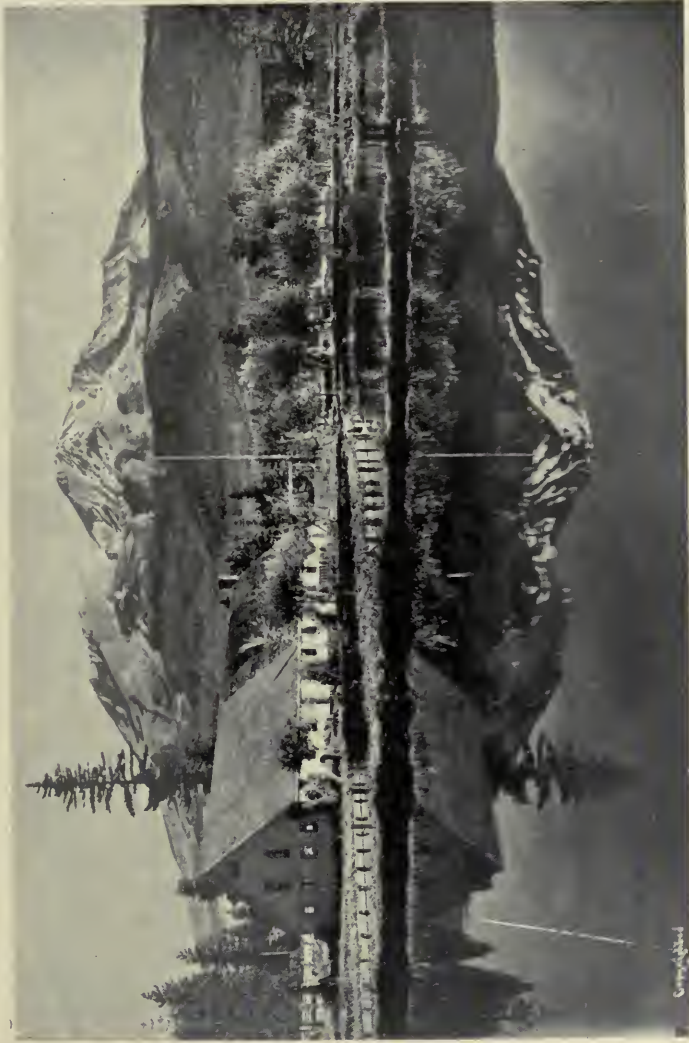
October

4

31 days

277





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Sisson Hatchery.

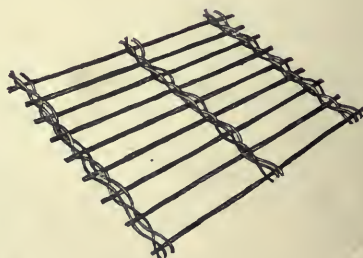


a few minutes, and bumping against the sides and bottom of the basket, he succeeded in breaking off the shell entirely and came out—not a perfectly formed fish, but what fish-culturists call an ALEVIN: that is, a fish-like body attached to a more or less oval-shaped mass of yolk. The eyes were large, and there was a remarkable bump on top of the head. The pectoral fins were pretty well formed, but the unpaired fins consisted merely of a fold of skin that extended the full length of the back and around the tail to the yolk-sack—dorsal, adipose, caudal, and anal, all in one. The ventral fins were still undeveloped. The body was nearly transparent, and by the aid of the microscope "Professor" could trace almost the entire circulation of the blood.

After canvassing all the fish books in his possession in order to find a name suitable for his charge, "Professor" decided upon one that the German naturalist Walbaum gave the Quinnet Salmon over a hundred years ago. It is an exasperatingly heathenish name, but as it has priority over all others, "Professor" rightly considered that he should use it. We will write it Chouicha (Chow-ee-cha), though he spelled it Tschawytscha.

Soon after emerging from the shell, Alevin Chouicha fell through the oblong mesh of the basket, constructed so as to hold eggs but not alevins, and rested on the bottom of the trough. Here he remained, keeping his head against the current, and occasionally swimming obliquely across from one side of the trough to the other. Sometimes he tried to rise to the surface, but it was hard work lifting the big yolk-sack, and he soon became exhausted by such efforts. In a few days he succeeded in gaining the head of the trough, where he remained.

And so he continued for six weeks. At first he never felt hungry, what nourishment he needed being supplied by the yolk through the blood capillaries that spread over its surface in a fine network. But as the alevin grew larger, the amount of yolk became smaller and afforded less surface for the blood vessels. By the time Chouicha was five weeks old there was such a small quantity of yolk remaining that the blood could not absorb it rapidly enough to satisfy the needs of growth. This caused him to feel hungry, and leaving the bottom of the trough he began snapping at minute crustaceans that were sometimes carried into the hatching troughs from the meadow above. Noticing this, "Professor" prepared some milk curds and scattered small quantities through the water. Chouicha was grateful—at least he ate several small bits which if put together would have made a mass as big as a pin-head.



II. Brothers and Sisters.

But what became of Chouicha's brothers and sisters that we left hatching out in McCloud River? They were as helpless as Chouicha, and were surrounded by enemies. It was fortunate that they did not need to eat, for they could not swim fast enough to catch food, and they never escaped being taken for food when seen by their distant relative, Rainbow Trout, or the rock-searching Sculpin. There was no need of their exposing themselves; all they had to do was to lie quietly among the rocks and grow. But they did move about a little; like all children they could not keep quiet. Even the slightest movement attracted the Sculpins and the Trout, and before they were able to swim all but about a hundred had perished. Indeed, it is a wonder that any were left.

There were a few twins and cripples in the family, and they were the first to be caught, except one poor little fellow who had his tail curled around his back like a snail shell. He couldn't move at all, and so did not expose himself. But being unable to swim he was also unable to catch food, and when the yolk was all used up he starved to death. And bacteria ate him up.

PART III.—THE FRY.

I. The First Day of Freedom.



It was the middle of November and Chouicha was six weeks old. He had used up all the yolk and was beginning in earnest his life-long search for food. His fins and teeth were well developed, and he was therefore able to pursue and catch food and



1898
FRIDAY
November
14

30 days

318-47

flee from enemies. He was nearly an inch and a half long; to be exact, an inch and four-tenths, and was no longer an alevin but a FRY.

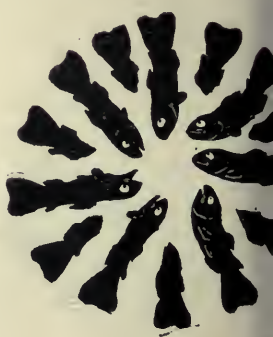
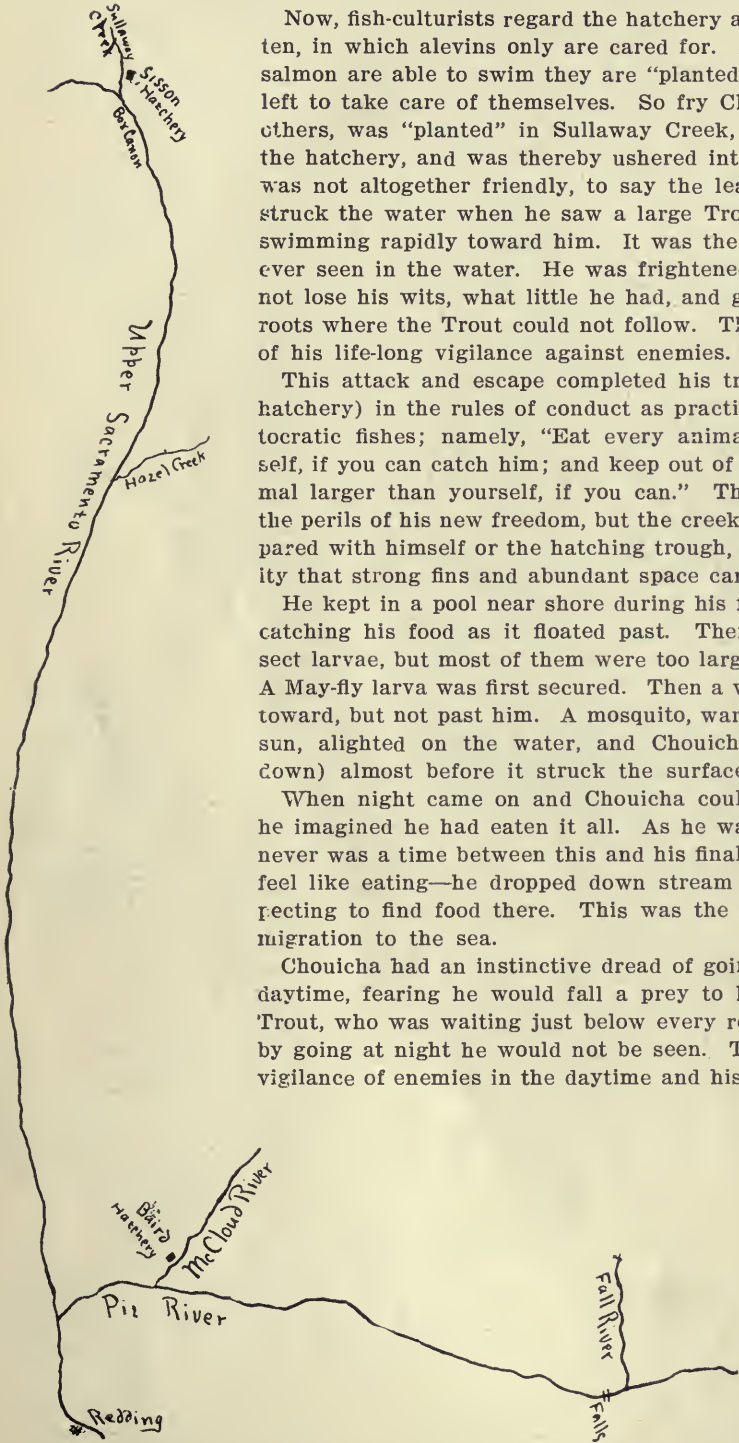
Now, fish-culturists regard the hatchery as a kind of kindergarten, in which alevins only are cared for. As soon as the young salmon are able to swim they are "planted" in some stream and left to take care of themselves. So fry Chouicha, with a lot of others, was "planted" in Sullaway Creek, a small stream near the hatchery, and was thereby ushered into a new world, which was not altogether friendly, to say the least. He had scarcely struck the water when he saw a large Trout (six inches long!) swimming rapidly toward him. It was the biggest thing he had ever seen in the water. He was frightened, to be sure, but did not lose his wits, what little he had, and glided in among some roots where the Trout could not follow. This was the beginning of his life-long vigilance against enemies.

This attack and escape completed his training (begun in the hatchery) in the rules of conduct as practiced by the more aristocratic fishes; namely, "Eat every animal smaller than yourself, if you can catch him; and keep out of the way of every animal larger than yourself, if you can." Thus Chouicha realized the perils of his new freedom, but the creek was large when compared with himself or the hatching trough, and he felt the security that strong fins and abundant space can give.

He kept in a pool near shore during his first day in the creek, catching his food as it floated past. There were plenty of insect larvae, but most of them were too large for him to swallow. A May-fly larva was first secured. Then a wriggler came floating toward, but not past him. A mosquito, warmed by the afternoon sun, alighted on the water, and Chouicha snapped it up (or down) almost before it struck the surface.

When night came on and Chouicha could find no more food, he imagined he had eaten it all. As he was still hungry—there never was a time between this and his final meal that he did not feel like eating—he dropped down stream to the next pool, expecting to find food there. This was the first step in his long migration to the sea.

Chouicha had an instinctive dread of going over a riffle in the daytime, fearing he would fall a prey to his relative, Rainbow Trout, who was waiting just below every rock, or might be. But by going at night he would not be seen. Thus two reasons, the vigilance of enemies in the daytime and his own inability to find





"The Upper Sacramento is a turbulent stream."



food after dark, induced him to begin and also to continue his down-stream migration at night.

instead of swimming actively, he allowed himself to float with the current; and except when going over a riffle he always kept his head up stream. Chouicha did not need to be taught that in breathing the water must pass in at his mouth and out at his gills, which it would not readily do if he kept his head down-stream. Indeed, his very first act upon emerging from the egg-shell as an alevin was to turn his head upstream; and as we shall see later almost the last struggle of his life was an effort to keep his head upstream.



That food floated with the current rather than against it was merely a coincidence, but keeping his head upstream enabled him to see his food before it got to him, and was therefore a great convenience in getting his dinner.

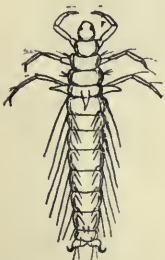
At the lower end of the pool from which Chouicha began his migration the current was strong, and he hesitated in venturing into it—did not know but that there was a Trout just below waiting for his supper. At last he started, and was soon in the next pool. But he found no food on account of the darkness, and therefore continued on downstream. He passed a number of rapids, some of them verging into waterfalls. In the worst places the current turned him over and over until it is a wonder that he did not become dizzy and get his brain dashed out against the stones.



In a few hours Chouicha came to the mouth of the creek and entered Sacramento River. Here he found a large quiet pool in which he rested until morning, having become somewhat exhausted by the night's exertion.

II. The Upper Sacramento.

When daylight came the first thing that Chouicha saw was another salmon fry, a companion from the hatchery, swimming around in a circle, having been injured in coming over some of the rapids. Being hungry—always hungry—he began nibbling at the cripple's tail. The cripple objected, but little did Chouicha





care; it only added zest to the meal. The feast of the little cannibal, however, was soon interrupted by a Trout noticing the injured fry. Now, Trout are the chief surgeons of the mountain streams. If a small fish gets injured in any way, some Trout is always near by to give relief; and the service is always gratis. True, you never see the patient after treatment, but that is another story. The point is, cripples are always looked after. So in this case the cripple was treated, while Chouicha ran away a foot or two and caught the larva of a Mayfly, straightway forgetting that there ever was such a thing as a crippled salmon fry.

Chouicha remained all day in the pool below the mouth of Sull-away Creek looking for food. A favorite place was just below a large rock from which the current frequently washed insect larvae as they crawled up its sides. Before noon he caught the larva of a small Mayfly, as we have just mentioned, and a caddice larva that ventured out of its case too far. In the afternoon he caught a gnat, and tried repeatedly, though unsuccessfully, to swallow an ant. He might have caught more food, but he was not the only little gourmand in the pool.

In the swifter shallow water he found the larvae of the little black-fly sticking to the stones, standing up like soldiers and waving their fringed tentacles as if wig-wagging signals, though they were only trying to sweep microscopic animals and plants between their jaws. But Chouicha was no friend, as they soon found out, and they drew in their flags and doubled themselves up into knots. This made them so big around that Chouicha could not get them into his mouth, but he nibbled at them until he succeeded in pulling one off, which made a very satisfactory meal. He soon learned to catch them before they doubled up, but not until several had jerked their heads out of his mouth. They soon became a staple article of diet with him.

Caddice larvae protect themselves from their numerous enemies, or try to, by building little tubular houses out of bits of leaves or sticks or grains of sand, which they carry about with



them or into which they run at the approach of danger. Rainbow Trout was so much of a glutton that he swallowed the caddice-worm, house and contents; but Chouicha was better bred, and never destroyed the case, even when he grew larger; he believed in preserving works of art. If he found a larva in its house he simply caught its head between his jaws and jerked and jerked until either the head came off or the larva came out.

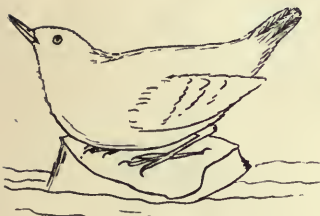
Chouicha's principal difficulty this first day in the river, and for some time after, was not in a failure to find food, but in a failure to find it in small enough pieces. There were hundreds and hundreds of black-fly and caddice and Mayfly larvae in the water, but very few of them small enough for him to eat; and floating helplessly on the surface were ants and flies and beetles and spiders, but try as persistently as he would he could not swallow them. Once he pulled a leg off a fly, but it did him little good and the fly but little harm. Eating was his only pleasure and it was exasperating to see so much delicious mince pie going to waste because the pieces were too big.

When night came on he got into the current again and floated down the river, going backward as usual except when passing rapids. This was much of the time, however, for the Upper Sacramento is a turbulent stream. He always rested a while in the pools, even at night, so that his progress was slow. A number of fry of his own age accompanied him, but he paid little attention to them. It was very pleasant to have them in sight, but not too close; the number of insects of suitable size for eating was limited.

In nearly every pool that Chouicha came to while traversing the Upper Sacramento he found a few fry about his own size that had decided to remain in this part of the river, thinking there was an abundance of food. He also found from a few dozen to several hundred young salmon about four inches long that had been there all summer. The high water of the previous spring had passed before they were able to swim, and they were afraid to pass the rapids of the summer low water. Many of these summer residents had been caught by anglers who thought they were trout. On account of their small size, they were nearly always thrown back, but with a torn mouth.

A few of these summer residents had been attacked by a mould-like fungus that grew on their gills. This is the disease that Dr. Trout calls consumption, the first symptoms of which are torpid movements. There are no advanced stages, for Dr. Trout always takes the patient in charge. His motto is "cure or kill."

Chouicha frequently saw the Water Ousel flit across the sur-



face like a shadow, or bob up and down on the rocks as if it were on springs. He fled precipitatedly when it dove after its food. Once a bewhiskered Gray Squirrel sipped the water while standing on the rock under which Chouicha was hiding. At another time a deer came to the river to drink, but it bounded away for some reason unknown to Chouicha, dashing across the shallow water and scaring all the fishes, but leaving no track.

But these were only imaginary enemies, and however much they might frighten could do him no harm. The Kingfisher was different. It would watch the water from the limb of a tree and when a small fish came near the surface would fly to a point directly above and descend vertically, so that the fish could not perceive the motion. Thus the Kingfisher would have the fish in its mouth before the danger was recognized. Once or twice Chouicha had a narrow escape, though his habit of swimming deep usually protected him from such attacks.

Four days after leaving Sullaway Creek Chouicha found himself in a particularly deep and quiet pool near the mouth of Hazel Creek. He had just caught an insect larva out in the middle of the stream when he saw a net floating down through the pool. He knew not what it might be except that it was probably an enemy. Everything bigger than himself that moved was an enemy. He started for the rocky shore to hide in the crevices, but found that he was already surrounded.

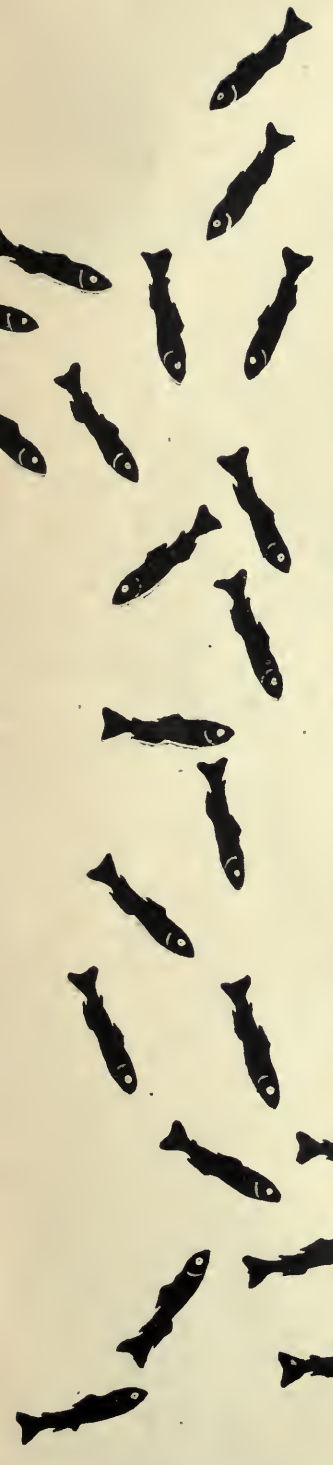
The net was hauled ashore by two Fish Commissioners who were studying the habits of young salmon, and at that time were on their regular monthly visit to that place. Among other things they noted: "Six 1.5 in. fry, evidently from the summer run; the first we have seen." Five of the six were put into the collection can to preserve for an examination of their food. Chouicha was returned to the river, else our story would end here.

Chouicha was faint from being handled—Salmon young or old are very delicate—and floated on his back over rapid to the next pool. He gaped his mouth and spread his gills, and the water flowed through the wrong way, his head being down-stream. It revived him, however, and he was soon able to keep right side up and nose against the current. He hid among the rocks for the rest of the day, and at night resumed his journey down the river.

From this point on the river is not rough, though there are numerous small rapids, and Chouicha traveled almost to the mouth of Pit River without incident worthy of note. But there was trouble ahead.

Just above the mouth of Pit River the Sacramento divides into





two channels. Chouicha followed the smaller and swifter portion, and a few minutes later found himself in a dark cavern. The river at this point makes a long bend around a mountain spur through which a railroad tunnel passes. The railroad company while making the tunnel for their track made one also for the river. Chouicha was passing through this tunnel and at a furious rate. When it first began to grow dark he thought he was coming to the end of his journey. For he had a vague idea that he was going somewhere. Then the current became so strong that he concluded that he wanted to go somewhere else, even if this was the end of his journey. He tried to go back upstream. He could make headway against the current for a few seconds, but could not keep it up long enough to get clear of the danger. In spite of his efforts he was carried downstream and over a high fall. When he came to the brink and saw he had to go, he turned head down stream and made a plunge. Down he went, and thought he never would reach the bottom, though he was only about a second falling.

Below the fall the eddy caught him and twirled him around until he did not know whether a little Salmon should swim on his back with his mouth open, or some other way. Then the current carried him out into the main river, and he came to himself in time to escape a surgical operation by Dr. Trout.

And Chouicha had to undergo all the hardships of his long journey from Sisson simply because "Professor" was tired of staying at Baird and wanted a change of scenes!

A little further downstream Chouicha came to the mouth of Pit River. Here he met a great school of Salmon fry that had come from Baird hatchery. About a hundred of his brothers and sisters were in the school, but he neither knew nor cared anything about them. Among them were also a few young Salmon five or six inches long from Fall River. They could not summon up enough courage to pass Pit River Falls until they were a year old.

III. The Main Sacramento.

Below the mouth of Pit River the channel is often narrow and deep, and the current carried the young Salmon along at a rapid rate. There were many rapids, and Chouicha had to keep his head downstream much of the time in order to avoid the rocks. He soon came to the vicinity of Redding, where the river leaves the mountains and becomes broader, more shallow and less swift.

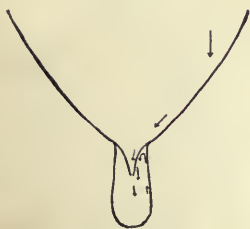


"A small pool near shore."

One morning soon after entering this part of the river the current carried Chouicha into a small pool behind a rock near shore, where he remained all day. An abundance of food floated past, and he took his toll. The night being clear, he was able to see by moonlight, and so did not resume his journey after sunset as was his custom. Before the next evening he had come to like the pool so well that he thought it must be the end of his journey, and therefore decided to remain permanently.

The pool was only about eighteen inches across, but was two or three times as long and deep. The current entered near one corner and formed an eddy at the upper end. Chouicha's favorite position was near the outer edge of the eddy, though he often spent an hour or more in the center of the pool. He was constantly on the move, and scarcely ever spent two successive seconds in the same place. His sole occupation was the pursuit of food. Every minute he snapped at small objects two or three or even as many as ten times. There was hardly ever a minute he did not see something to snap at, though not one time in a hun-





dred did it prove to be food. That did not discourage him. He would take a small seed in his mouth, and, finding that he did not like seeds, eject it only to catch another within a few seconds. When the second seed came along he had forgotten that he had ever seen one before.

The accompanying diagrams each indicate his path through the water during the space of a minute. The little circles indicate points at which he snapped at some object. The space covered in each case was about twelve inches across.

The only other resident of the pool was a Sacramento Pike that was looking for what he might devour, and Chouicha kept at a respectful distance from him. When the Pike went to the upper end of the pool, Chouicha went to the lower, and vice versa, as long as the Pike remained.

When Chouicha first entered the pool he kept near the upper end and swam near the surface, and did not hide when a bird or other animal came near. In a few days he swam deeper and was more easily frightened. Then he would drop down to the lower end of the pool or remain hidden under the edge of the rock for half an hour at a time.

His last day in the pool he spent in the lower end. As the shadows lengthened in the afternoon he came nearer the surface. Then he let the current carry him into the shallow but swift water of the outlet. Two or three times he darted back into the pool as if afraid of being found in such a shallow place, but in a few seconds would reappear in the outlet. After a while he let the current carry him through the outlet until he saw a Pike in the deep water outside, when he darted back into the pool again. Then he tried it another time, and just as the sun went down he was carried out into the river current and resumed his journey toward the sea.

That night it rained, and every creek and gulch and roadside drain poured muddy water into the river. The water became so muddy that even when morning came Chouicha could hardly find anything to eat, and so high that he could find no place to shelter himself. However, he looked but little for food and less for shelter, but allowed himself to be carried down stream by the rapid current.

He was floating along with the current near the mouth of Battle Creek when he came to a net that the Fish Commissioners had set in the river for the purpose of catching him, or any other young salmon that might pass. He ran along one wing of the trap, which led him into a funnel-like arrangement. Passing through this he found himself in a closed bag with a lot of other fry of his own size. Upon inspecting the trap the Commissioner noted: "56 fry 1.5 in. long. More than usual for day time. Accounted for by the muddy water."

"I think we had better keep all these to-day for accurate meas-



urements and food study," remarked one of the Commissioners. But Chouicha did not care to have his food studied, and so jumped out of the pan in which they had been placed and resumed his journey downstream.

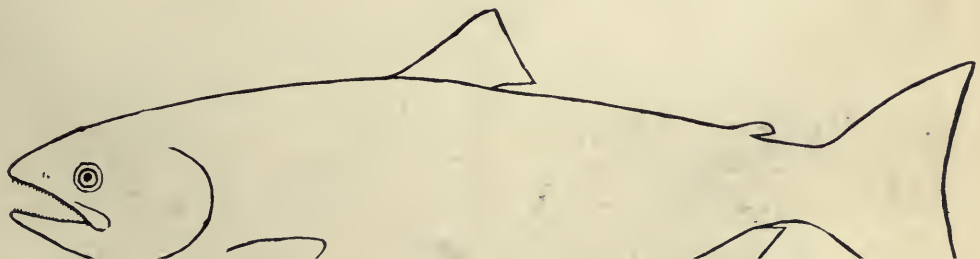
The next day he passed through Iron Canyon. Here he found the current so swift that he was afraid to float backward, so he turned head downstream and swam actively through the long rapid, going a half mile in about two minutes. Then the river became broader with shorter and less frequent rapids. In a day or two the water became more clear, and Chouicha stopped in the pools during the day, resuming his journey at night.



IV. Enemies.

In this portion of the river Chouicha met with many strange fishes, or rather he avoided meeting with them. He saw no more Trout, but the Sacramento Pike was just as dangerous, except that he could not swim quite so fast. Chouicha soon learned that Carp live on foam and mud and any old refuse that comes in their way, and that they paid no attention to young salmon. Neither did the suckers that kept sliding around over the rocks on their noses. Hardhead and Blackfish resembled Sacramento Pike, and were therefore carefully avoided. Splittail, Hitch and Chub were harmless so far as other fishes were concerned, but it took Chouicha some time to find it out.

He frequently met some very large fishes that looked a little like himself, only a thousand times bigger. They resembled trout also, and he was much afraid of them. But they paid no attention to him, having more important duties to perform than eating. Some of them were swimming slowly up stream, except when they came to rapids, which they passed quickly.



Others were lying quietly in the deep pools, scarcely moving except to open and close their mouths in breathing. Many were on the riffles, spawning, and were always followed by a lot of Splittails, who live exclusively on salmon eggs when in season. He saw many more that had completed their spawning, and were lying dead at the bottom of the pools.

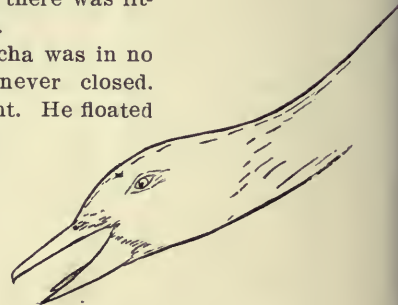
Chouicha might have conversed in Quinnat with these old Salmon, and asked them a great many questions—where the current was carrying him, what he would find when he got there, how long he would be on the road and so on—if there had only been any such language. But there was not, nor could there be. Even if the old Salmon should learn to communicate with each other, they could not teach their young because they always die before the young leave the shell, and fishes do not keep orphan asylums. In this respect Chouicha was no worse off than other fishes. The Viviparous Perch is the only California fish that ever knows either of its parents. All fishes are self-made in so far as their mental attainments go, which is not very far. They speak only to themselves, and their vocabulary is limited to the words "good eating, catch it; dangerous, run."

Below Iron Canyon Chouicha came across Catfishes, and he learned to keep a close lookout for them. They liked to lie in ambush among the roots, and especially in muddy water, and capture their prey unawares. Then a hundred and fifty miles further downstream he met another of the alien cannibals that had been introduced into the waters of California—the Striped Bass. It is more savage than the Catfish, but it does not lie in ambush, and was therefore more easy for Chouicha to avoid.

But there were other enemies besides fishes. One day when Chouicha happened to get into shallow water near a sandbar he came to two sticks standing upright in the water. Just as he was floating past he saw something dart from the top of them. Now, nothing scares a fish as quickly as a motion, and Chouicha lost no time in reaching deep water. The "sticks" were the legs of a heron, and Chouicha lost a bit of his tail-fin between its beaks. But this did not cripple him much, and it soon grew out again.

He very often saw Cormorants under water chasing Carp, and he took good care to keep out of their way, though there was little danger to a fish of his small size and fleetness.

Notwithstanding this long list of enemies, Chouicha was in no particular danger. His eyes were large and never closed. His fins were strong and ever ready for instant flight. He floated



with the current, and was therefore never too exhausted to be vigilant. He could swim faster than any other fish in the river, and he usually kept in water too deep for Herons. It is doubtful whether many Salmon fry are destroyed while migrating downstream.

There was another thing that passed him every three or four days after he got below Red Bluff, and he never could quite determine whether it was a fish or a duck. It was so big that he could make no comparison of its size; it fairly divided the river. It made a puffing noise that was horrible even under water, and its tail churned the water until he was reminded of the falls just above the mouth of Pit River. His ghost is still wondering what it was.

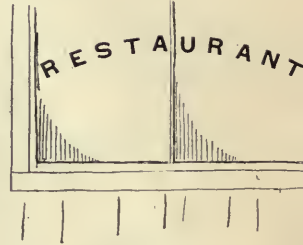
V. Muddy and Brackish Water.

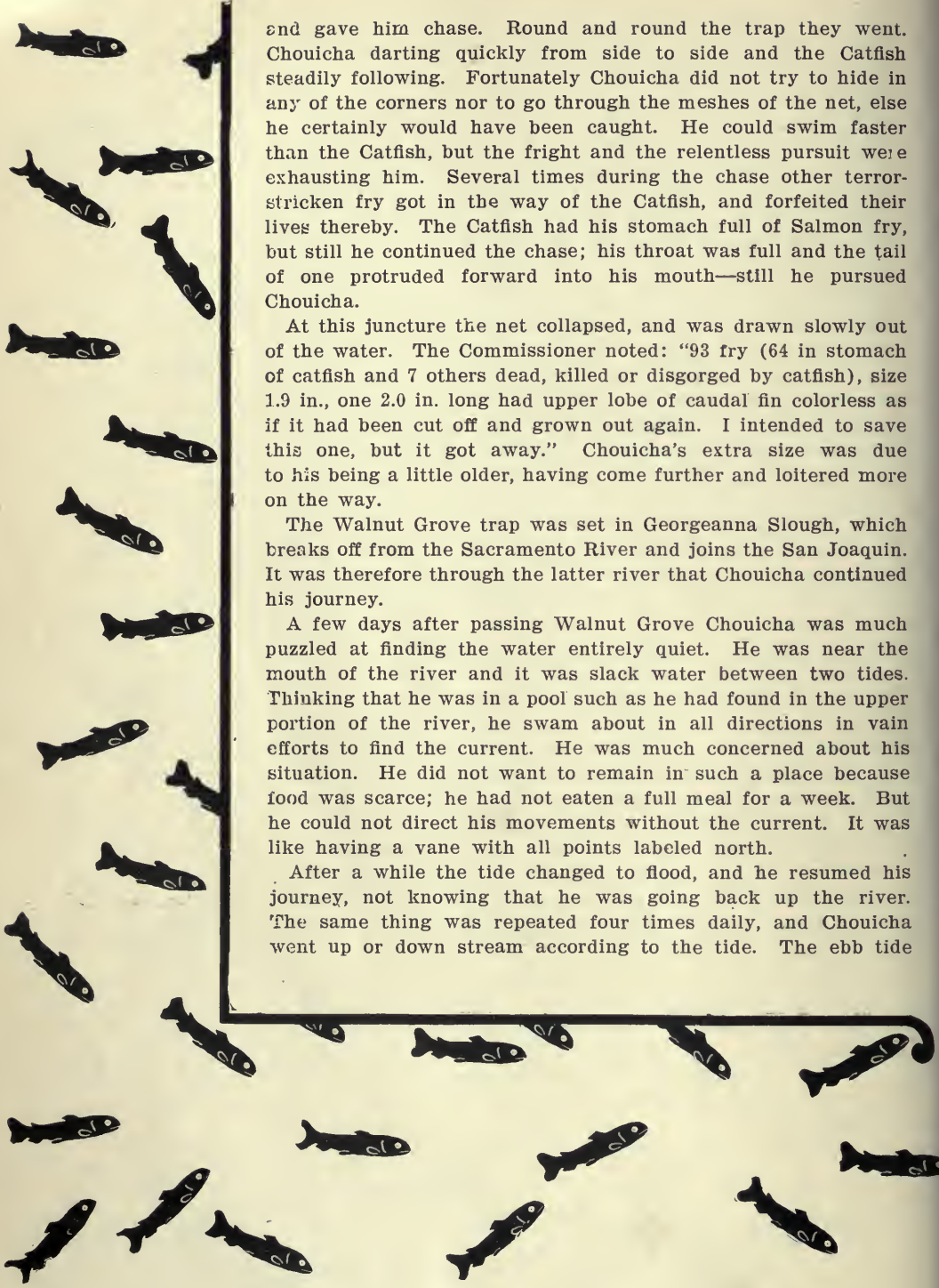
Chouicha passed through Iron Canyon when nine weeks old. The high water carried him rapidly down stream and in four weeks more he had passed the mouth of Feather River. The muddy water that he encountered below this point greatly displeased him, and he remained in the current day as well as night, hoping to get past it. When he first entered the muddy water he thought it might mean that he had reached the end of his journey, but the current still continued and he was glad to find himself mistaken. The muddy water prevented his finding as much food as he was accustomed to find, and this made him travel more rapidly, for what time he was not catching food the current was carrying him downstream.

During his migration Chouicha traveled with a large but straggling school of fry that was scattered along the river for a half mile or more. It was made up of fry from all parts of the river, from the Upper Sacramento, from Baird Hatchery and Pit River, and from the main river between Redding and Chico. They were nearly all of one size, being a little less than two inches long at the time of entering the muddy water of the lower river.

At Walnut Grove, about a week's travel further downstream, Chouicha ran into another Fish Commission trap. The distance between this and the Ball's Ferry trap was about three hundred and fifty miles, and he had been thirty-four days on the way. His average daily progress, therefore, had been about ten miles.

There were already a few Salmon fry in the trap when Chouicha entered it, besides a young Sacramento Pike, but he gave them little notice. A Catfish was absorbing his attention. And the Catfish saw Chouicha, too, as soon as he entered the trap,





and gave him chase. Round and round the trap they went. Chouicha darting quickly from side to side and the Catfish steadily following. Fortunately Chouicha did not try to hide in any of the corners nor to go through the meshes of the net, else he certainly would have been caught. He could swim faster than the Catfish, but the fright and the relentless pursuit were exhausting him. Several times during the chase other terror-stricken fry got in the way of the Catfish, and forfeited their lives thereby. The Catfish had his stomach full of Salmon fry, but still he continued the chase; his throat was full and the tail of one protruded forward into his mouth—still he pursued Chouicha.

At this juncture the net collapsed, and was drawn slowly out of the water. The Commissioner noted: "93 fry (64 in stomach of catfish and 7 others dead, killed or disgorged by catfish), size 1.9 in., one 2.0 in. long had upper lobe of caudal fin colorless as if it had been cut off and grown out again. I intended to save this one, but it got away." Chouicha's extra size was due to his being a little older, having come further and loitered more on the way.

The Walnut Grove trap was set in Georgeanna Slough, which breaks off from the Sacramento River and joins the San Joaquin. It was therefore through the latter river that Chouicha continued his journey.

A few days after passing Walnut Grove Chouicha was much puzzled at finding the water entirely quiet. He was near the mouth of the river and it was slack water between two tides. Thinking that he was in a pool such as he had found in the upper portion of the river, he swam about in all directions in vain efforts to find the current. He was much concerned about his situation. He did not want to remain in such a place because food was scarce; he had not eaten a full meal for a week. But he could not direct his movements without the current. It was like having a vane with all points labeled north.

After a while the tide changed to flood, and he resumed his journey, not knowing that he was going back up the river. The same thing was repeated four times daily, and Chouicha went up or down stream according to the tide. The ebb tide

lasted longer than the flood, having to carry out the flow of the river in addition to the water brought in by the flood, and by this means Chouicha was gradually carried further downstream and into Suisun Bay.

After about a week of this floating back and forth in very muddy water and sometimes barely escaping a Striped Bass or some other cannibal, Chouicha began to notice a difference in the water that made his gills tingle. He was in the lower part of Suisun Bay and had reached brackish water.

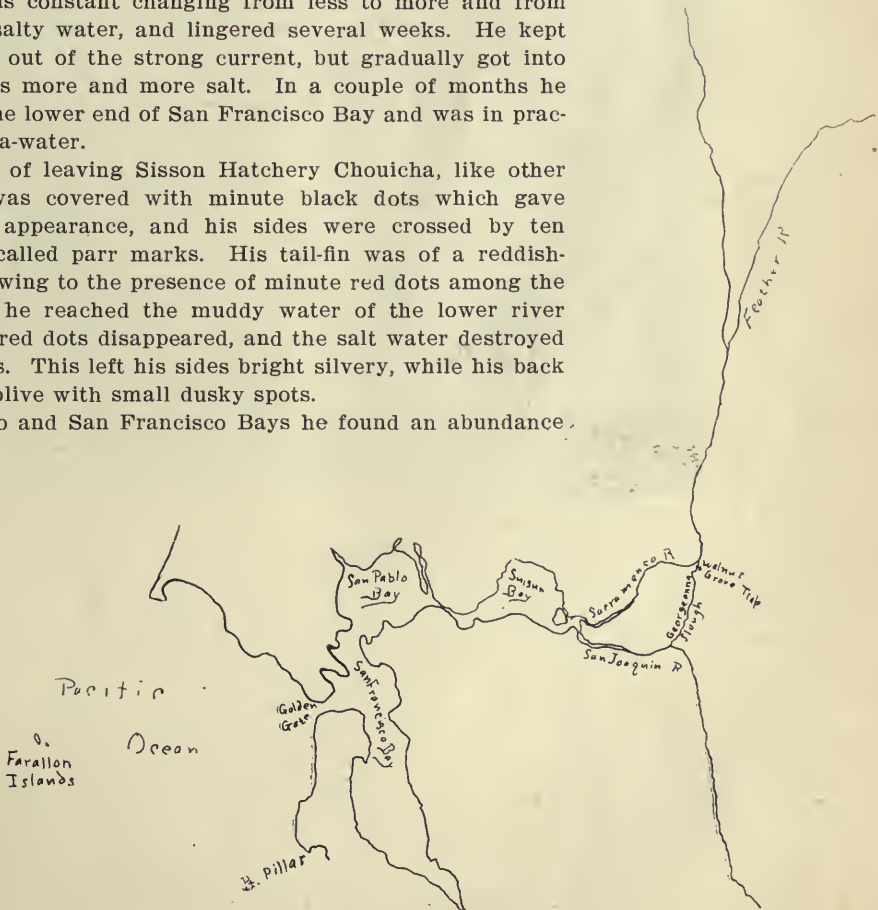
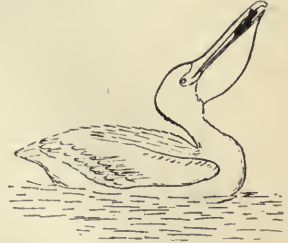
He rather liked the change, especially as the water became a little more clear and enabled him to see a small shrimp-like animal known as a sand-flea. He had never seen one before, but was sure it was good eating. Being hungry—always hungry—he lost no time in catching it. He soon found more and had a square meal.

In a few hours the brackish water began disappearing, and with it the sand-fleas, but for all that Chouicha did not turn about and follow the current. He was enjoying the exhilarating sensation in his gills caused by the change from brackish water back to fresh, and so continued to fight the current as he always had. The next flood tide brought in more sand-fleas and a great school of Copepods, and he fell to eating again.

He liked this constant changing from less to more and from more to less salty water, and lingered several weeks. He kept in little coves out of the strong current, but gradually got into water that was more and more salt. In a couple of months he had reached the lower end of San Francisco Bay and was in practically pure sea-water.

At the time of leaving Sisson Hatchery Chouicha, like other Salmon fry, was covered with minute black dots which gave him a dusky appearance, and his sides were crossed by ten vertical bars called parr marks. His tail-fin was of a reddish-brown color, owing to the presence of minute red dots among the black. When he reached the muddy water of the lower river the black and red dots disappeared, and the salt water destroyed the parr marks. This left his sides bright silvery, while his back was greenish olive with small dusky spots.

In San Pablo and San Francisco Bays he found an abundance



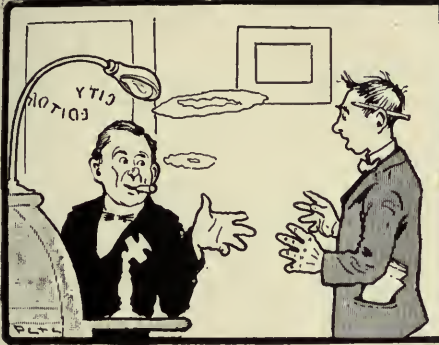


of food. There were sand-fleas and other little crustaceans about the kelp, and schools of Copepods were frequently met. Very often he found insects floating on the water, which reminded him of old times. Occasionally he ran across a young fish, which he considered equal to shrimp salad. When feeding near the surface he had to keep a close watch on the gulls and pelicans that were hovering over the water ready to pick up every fish that poked its nose above the surface.

One day while swimming near shore below the San Francisco wharves he was caught in a drag net, but the mesh was too large to hold him and he escaped. The next ebbtide carried him through the Golden Gate.

(To be concluded in March Overland Monthly.)





The Office Detail

A Study of Newspaper

Cranks

By W. J. Weymouth

MR. SMITH, you may take the office to-day," said the city editor.

The young reporter did not make any reply. He had been on the paper only a week, but he had learned in that time that the city editor didn't like to answer questions—that his ideal reporter was one who worked without elaborate instructions.

So Smith went out to the local room and asked another reporter what the "old man" meant when he told him to take the office. The other reporter explained that Smith was to stay around the office all afternoon and receive people who wanted to see the editor.

These people are legion. A great daily is read by nearly everybody, and thousands of them look upon it as a medium founded especially for the airing of their grievances, ideas or jokes. Without the least conception of what constitutes news or is of public interest, they troop in with ideas for stories, "write ups" or attacks upon what they consider public evils. Often petty affairs of their own are the objects of their visits. Most of them are selfish—many of them are crafty and cunning. There is not much time on a metropolitan daily to verify news, and constant watchfulness must be exercised to prevent unfounded stories creeping in—and attempts are often made to foist such upon the city editor, either by some

one holding a spite against the one mentioned in the story, or possessed of an abnormal liking for a practical joke. Then there are "cranks" by the score—no other name fits them—and the young reporter had many of these to deal with the first day he "took the office."

This is a record of one day in the annals of the daily upon which Smith was employed. It happened to be an unusually busy one, but in its main incidents it was characteristic of every day, including Sunday. The cranks never rest.

The reporters had all gone out on their various details, and the young reporter was alone in the local room when the boy who did duty in the reception room came in and handed him an office visitor's card upon which was inscribed in a lame and straggling hand, "Mrs. Clancy."

"What does she want?" asked Smith.

"She wants to see the editor."

"Well, take her card into him."

"I did, but he ain't got time to see all them people. That's what you're here for. Guess you ain't done this job before, have you?"

The young reporter went out to see Mrs. Clancy. He found her large, rubicund and Irish, and evidently from Tehama street. She had a red-haired, eight-year-old boy with her.

"Oi wants to put a piece in the paper," she announced.

"Yes," said Smith, politely.



"Yis. It's about the School Board, bad cess to thim. They've been afther changing the school on us. Last year Terrence (this is the dear choild) had to walk two blocks to school, an' now, faith, it's foor blocks, an' wan block up hill. An' it's all done because me husband wouldn't do poitics for wan of the min on the Board. Oh, Oi can see through it all. An' just for his spite poor Terrence has to throt his little legs off. Now, I want you to put a long piece in the paper about it. Oi've got my picture an' Terrence's, an' Oi can tell you all about this man, because he used to live just ferninst us, an' his wife was a Murphy—Oi know the whole pack of the Murphys, an' a bad lot they are—an' Oi can tell you all about the whole family. Will it come out tomorrow?"

Then this young reporter did a very unwise thing. He went in and told the city editor about it. It is impossible to tell all that his superior said to Smith. But he concluded with the advice to throw Mrs. Clancy down the elevator shaft, intimating that if he was bothered over any more such trivialities Smith would leave the office by the same passage.

The young reporter gained wisdom as the day advanced. He had a keen sense of humor, and altogether managed to extract considerable amusement out of his duties. The portly old man with the silk hat and the white vest, who

wanted to reform the ferry system across San Francisco Bay, was a source of enjoyment. Smith learned afterward that he was a regular caller, and that his scheme had been propounded to every one in the establishment, from the office boy up.

"I think," said the portly man, "that people shouldn't be allowed to pass from one side of the boat to the other. Apt to tip 'er over. Ought to have 'em confined to each side. Lock the doors an' keep 'em there. Suppose some one jumps overboard; everybody rushes to one side—tip 'er over sure."

"How would it do to have chains and padlocks and fasten each passenger," suggested Smith.

"Thought of that myself; too expensive. Then, passengers might object; interferes with American ideas of freedom. No; there's only one way—my way. Pen 'em up in rooms on each side of the boat and lock 'em up. That'll fix 'em. I've been here before; paper always too crowded to get my ideas in; hope to see it in the morning. Good-bye."

Most dailies have little use for original poems, except upon special occasions, but that does not prevent them being besieged by poets of both sexes. Of course, some of them bring good verses, but the majority are decidedly otherwise. There is an old lady who is a familiar sight in every newspaper office, daily or weekly. She is fantastically dressed, simpers, and has glaring, shifty eyes.

Smith encountered her the first day he was on office duty.

"I have a poem," she announced, "and I would like to see the editor!"



There was evidence of the truth of her preliminary remark—the huge roll of manuscript she held in her hand.

"The editor's busy," said Smith, "but perhaps I will do as well."

"No, I want to see the editor personally. I would like to have a nice, long talk with him. I had an uncle in the newspaper business once, up in the

mountains, and I feel that there would be an affinity between us. And I would like to read him some extracts from my poem, or all of it if he had time. Do you think he will be busy long?"

"Well, to tell the truth," said Smith, "he is not in the office at present. He has no regular hours. In fact" (the young reporter's humorous propensities were again to the fore) "just now he's out in the Mission soliciting subscriptions."

The absurdity of this was lost upon her, however, and with the hope that she would have better luck the next time, she left him.

The fact that people like to see their names and pictures in the papers is known to everybody, and that they always disclaim any such desire is well known to newspaper people.

Smith's inexperience led to his bewilderment the first time he encountered a case of this kind. The name on the card that the boy brought in was in a dainty hand, and when Smith confronted her he was not surprised to find her very pretty.

"My engagement has just been announced," she told him, "and I was so afraid the editor would put my picture in the paper. I——"

"Certainly not," said Smith, "if you don't want it. I will speak to him about it, and——"

"Well," she said, looking a little disappointed, "mamma didn't think it would be exactly nice or proper, and, to tell the truth, I don't either. I happen to have one with me that I just got from the photographer. I've heard that editors don't pay much attention to people's wishes in regard to pictures, and I thought that——that is, if he determined to publish mine I would rather have this one, because it is the best I have had taken."

A great light dawned upon Smith. The portrait appeared in the paper the next morning, and the beauty bought several copies.

Anarchists and socialists in particular think that the columns of every newspaper belong to them by rights, and a motley, shaggy crew of them find their way to the reception rooms. Most of



them are no more harmless than other bores, but one who made a demand to see the editor and was met by Smith came near causing a panic in the office. He had a small black box under his arm, and after a long and wild preliminary talk setting forth his peculiar views, he dropped it upon the table with a thump, and an-

nounced that he had invented the most fiendish, ingenious infernal machine ever devised by an anarchist.

"It was not set now to eggsplode," he explained as he put his machine on the floor. "I vill open it und eggspain how it would eggsplode. It vos loaded now, und if I moved dis little spring one hundred part of an inch dere would be such eggsplosions as——"

The office boy vanished behind a desk, and the young reporter dodged into the hallway. He was too excited afterwards to remember exactly what he said to the janitor, who appeared on the scene just then; but the latter, evidently not realizing the anarchist's mission or weapon, grabbed him unceremoniously and bundled him into the elevator. Smith waited, expecting to hear an explosion, but there was none, the anarchist evidently preferring to save his machine for bigger game.

Once in a while a good story comes to a daily through the reception room. In fact there is one city editor I know who insists that the best ones reach the paper in that way, and instead of putting an inexperienced man on office duty he always selects one of the best reporters on the staff for that task.

As an illustration of the truth of his theory he tells of an incident that happened during his reportorial days, when he was an inexperienced man and was doing office duty. A little negro boy came in and told a wild tale to the

effect that he had been kidnapped in New Orleans and taken to the Hawaiian Islands. There he was made to work for almost nothing on a sugar plantation, undergoing at the same time the most brutal treatment. He escaped and made his way to Honolulu, where the captain of a ship took pity on him and brought him to San Francisco. His story, when he told it to the new reporter, was laughed at, and he was dismissed in short order. As he was leaving the office one of the star reporters happened in, and heard the last of his story. Instinct told him that there was something good in it, and following the young darkey into the elevator he tried to extract the story from him. The youngster was sulky at first, on account of the treatment he had



received, but half a dollar loosened his tongue and he repeated his tale. The reporter took him to the captain of the ship, where he verified most of the story. Further investigation led to the uncovering of a wholesale contract labor traffic and made the newspaper sensation of the month. To the credit of the reporter be it said that he did not betray the now city editor, who had turned away the boy, but he gave him a lecture on what does and what does not constitute news that has lasted him until this day.

But to return to the cranks. College graduates who proceed to the daily newspaper offices as soon as they leave the universities could hardly come under that head, but they are numerous and persistent. The girl graduates are the worst, inasmuch as they are the hardest to get rid of, especially when they are pretty and make their plea to young and impressionable reporters. One of these happened in during the day that Smith was on duty, armed with clippings from college journals and interior papers.

"I know I would make a good journalist," she said—amateurs always say "journalist." "I've written an awful lot of things for the college papers, and would have had more of them published, only the girl who was editor was jealous of me. I write poetry mostly, but I can write prose just as well, and I think it would be awfully nice every time I write an article about anything to put in verses here and there through it."

The young reporter promised to speak to the editor about her case, and sighed a little when she left.

There was an ancient maiden lady came in that day who for a while had the reception room in an uproar. She had a performing dog—a shaggy, bright-eyed creature, that would stand on his head and do one or two other mild and easy tricks.

"I want something in the paper about 'Toodles,'" she announced. "He's the cutest dog that ever lived. Aren't you, sweetheart? Why, the dear little angel knows every word I say to him, and when meal-times come he knows it just as well, and will cry just like a child, and he

won't eat anything but the best steak, and chicken, and cream. I know the theatre people would buy him if I would only sell him. But I wouldn't give up dear Toodles for anything. Would I, Toodles? Here are a lot of photographs of him, ever since he was a puppy. Do you think you could print them in colors? Say your prayers for the gentleman, Toodles. Now, did you ever see anything so cute as that? WHAT! I think you are an impudent young man, and a hard-hearted, unfeeling brute. Why, you wretch, I wouldn't let him wipe his feet on you. Come along, Toodles, dear. I wouldn't let them print your pictures in their nasty, dirty old paper if they paid me for it. Now, don't get angry, Toodles. We will show them that we have more manners than he has."

Disappointed politicians of the lesser variety are frequent callers at newspaper offices, and generally have some sensational story to tell of candidates. Such stories make first-class material in campaign times—if they are true. But anybody with a knowledge of politicians and their devious ways will readily see the chances one would take in believing all of them.

The Chinese have learned the mission of the newspapers, and are beginning to appeal to it as their white brethren do. During the time to which this article refers there was considerable trouble in Chinatown—a war between two of the tongs. Two or three deaths had resulted, and there was a clamor among Mongolians for more blood. Consequently the police were watching the Chinamen and searching them for weapons, which were promptly confiscated when found.

At about five o'clock in the afternoon, when there had been a lull for awhile and the young reporter was wondering who or what would be next, the office boy came in and announced: "Say, there's a Chink out here that's got troubles."



Smith went out, and found awaiting him a small, ferret-like Chinaman, who took off his hat and bobbed his head.

"You editor?"

"Yes."

"Well, me tellum you stoly. Me live Malysville. Me come down San Flan-cisco to clatchum job cook. Stay all night with my cousin. My cousin got gun, but gun bloke. Thisha morning my cousin he say to me, 'Sam, you take gun down and gettum fix, because he bloke.' I go down town, when policee-man he stoppee me and he say, 'You got-



tem gun?" I tell him no. He look and findum gun up my sleeve—my cousin's gun. I try to tellum it's my cousin's gun and him bloke. But he say me alle same dam liar, and takum gun to chief police. Now, you loast chief police and me tell you where Ling Poy hid."

Ling Poy had committed a particularly atrocious murder a week before, and policemen and reporters had been search-



ing high and low for him. Smith saw that there might be something in the Chinaman's promise. He felt that the story of the broken gun was a fabrication, and was satisfied that his informant was a hatchetman who had been imported from Marysville to assist in settling the score between the warring tongues. He decided to tell the city editor about it, and that astute individual, when he heard the story, had the Chinaman brought in and by dint of promising and bullying, obtained the suspicion of a clew as to Ling Poy's hiding place. But Sam absolutely refused to tell all he knew or pretended to know until he saw the "loast" on the chief of police. The city editor refused to make this bargain with him, but sent a man out to work on the meagre information he had obtained. It was useless, though, and when Ling Poy was arrested in Los Angeles the next day he congratulated himself on his wisdom. It may be added that the Chinaman didn't get his "bloke" gun.



Religious and temperance people demand much of the papers, and if they were allowed to would entirely fill them with accounts of the doings of their various organizations. One of them, an old lady with intolerance plainly written on her face, took up half an hour of Smith's time with a description of a little feast she and others had given that day to a company of soldiers who had just arrived on their way to the Philippines. Tracts formed the principal part of the offerings they had made to the warriors, and she told at great length of the good advice that had been given them. "And I made the most telling reply to one of them," she said. "I asked him if he drank, and he said that he just took a glass of beer once in a while, which he



didn't think hurt him any. I said, 'Maybe you think so, but think how much better you would feel if you didn't drink a drop.' Don't you think that is clever enough to make a good heading for the article? You could make nearly a page out of it altogether, and you can have one of your artists draw a picture of me talking to the soldiers."

Smith was weary enough to promise her anything by the time she had finished. The "article" occupied two inches of space in the next morning's issue, with a single head over it, and, strange to say, there was no mention of the old lady's telling speech to the soldier.

That day came near being the young reporter's last on the paper. It was only the humor of the situation that saved him.

It was about ten o'clock, and Smith was just leaving the reception room when a tall, smooth-faced young man, silk-hatted and clad in a full-length overcoat of the latest cut, stepped in and started to go into the editorial department. Smith immediately stepped in front of him.

"Excuse me," he said; "whom do you wish to see."

"Well," drawled the other, "there are two or three people in there whom I thought of seeing, if no one objects."

"You will have to send in your card."

"Is that so? I'm in the habit of going right in without any announcement." He attempted to pass Smith. The latter stepped in front of him. He was angry by this time, and his voice showed it. "Look here!" he exclaimed. "If you want to see anybody in there you'll have to send in your card."

"Who do you happen to be, anyway?"

said the tall man.

"It doesn't matter at all who I am."

"Well, this is who I am." He handed out a card with the name of the owner of the paper upon it.

This staggered Smith, and he looked keenly at him. Then he looked at the picture of the proprietor which hung in the reception room. It showed a full-bearded man. Smith recovered himself and laughed. "If you've a million or two to spare, you might become the proprietor," he said sarcastically. "There's the elevator just going down. It might be a good plan for you to go down and speak to the business manager about it."

Just then the managing editor came out. He looked surprised and a little puzzled, then stepped up to the tall young man. "Why, how do you do, Mr. ——" he exclaimed, using the name of the owner of the paper. "We didn't expect you back from your vacation so soon. I hardly recognized you with your beard off."

THE PASSING OF NIGHT

BY HARLEY R. WILEY.

Lo! Night grows pale; and far away,
 On shores of darkness, vast and dim,
 The white tides of the coming day
 Are breaking o'er the shadow rim.

Far up the silver threaded trail
 That rises to the saintly Moon,
 Pathetic mourns the nightingale
 The passing of her realm too soon.

And through those wide, sweet fields on high
 The angels soar to meet the sun;
 The fading stars like flowers die,
 And close their petals one by one.

A MATTER OF BUSINESS

By MAY C. RINGWALT.

“FEEL as strong and lusty as a young eagle,” smilingly declared the old gentleman, as he triumphantly took down his hat from the rack and selected his most frivolous walking stick.

“And a young eagle is the most inconvenient of birds to have about the house!” saucily exclaimed Beth, resting a loving hand on her father’s arm.

He detained the caress by gently laying his own hand over her soft little fingers. “And so the cage door is opened at last, and my former jailor cries: ‘Shoo!’ Never mind. I’m wanted elsewhere, miss!” A proud importance played with the tender banter of his tone.

“Dear old dad, I’m so glad that you are able to go, but how much I shall miss you! Why, with you at home I’ve basked in sunshine all day long, and you know I’m only accustomed to candle-light when you come in at night.”

“Candle-light!” he retorted. “Surely my illuminating powers put me on a par with a Welsbach!” He abruptly stopped speaking, kissed her, and hurried away. It seemed impossible to him that the sleeping blue of the beautiful eyes turned upon him could be unconscious of the yearning pity on his face.

Out in the air and sunshine, a wonderful buoyancy took possession of him. There was a spring in his step, and his stick sported with a pebble. He paused at a garden-gate—within, a common geranium suddenly throbbled with a passion of color, and a simple twitter of birds sent a stir of joy through his soul. A little later, he audaciously ran for his car. As he glided down town on the dummy he felt the ecstasy of flying through air. His doctor’s buggy passed him and he gaily shook his fist at the bowing occupant.

Leaving the car, a few quick steps brought him to his destination, a brownstone block, known as the Crawford building. The discovery of a horse and phaeton at its entrance produced a glad,

boyish whistle, instantly answered by a whinny from the horse.

“Dobbin, dear old fellow!” cried he, delighted at the animal’s recognition. The horse turned its graceful neck toward the pavement, and lifted its intelligent eyes to the old gentleman’s smiling face. “Did you know that it had been seven whole weeks since we’ve seen each other, Dobbin?” said he, stroking the white star on the chestnut forehead. “I’ve been sick, Dobbin. They all thought that they’d see my finish, but here I am as lively as a young kitten!” The horse laid its soft nose on the old gentleman’s other hand. “Well, well, to think I forgot,” he chuckled, fumbling in one of his pockets, and producing a lump of sugar. “A little worse for wear, Dobbin, but for a horse with a sweet tooth it will pass.” He lingered a moment, watching Dobbin blissfully munching, then hurried in to the elevator.

“Mr. Frere!” exclaimed the elevator boy, beaming a welcome. “I’m glad you are able to be out, sir.”

“Able to be out?” repeated the old gentleman, laughing and giving a cordial grip to the boy’s hand. “Why, sonny, I feel as well and as strong as I did at twenty-five. And it’s lucky I do,” he added with a naive importance, “for it seems that Mr. Crawford couldn’t get along without me any longer. He sent for me.”

At the third floor he left the elevator and went down the familiar corridor, humming a gay little air. As he turned into the office he cast a glance of scorn mingled with pity at the strange youth bending over his own ledger. With no further ceremony than a playful knock on the glass of the closed door he at once entered Mr. Crawford’s inner sanctum.

“Grandpa Frere! Grandpa Frere!” came a joyous shout, and a youngster excitedly darted into his arms.

“Teddie!” remonstrated the child’s father, coming forward. “Don’t you know

that Grandpa Frere has been ill? He's not strong enough to have a big boy like you bounce at him so roughly."

"Nonsense!" cried the old gentleman, one hand held out to Mr. Crawford, the other roguishly pinching Teddie's pink little ear. "I'm as strong as can be—so glad that you sent for me, Mr. Crawford. I would have been here Monday, anyhow, but I'm impatient to get to work again."

"We'll talk of that—later. Sit down, Mr. Frere, sit down." The embarrassment of his employer's tone passed unnoticed, and the two men seated themselves, Mr. Frere in reposeful serenity—Mr. Crawford nervously fingering papers scattered over his desk.

"What have you got in your pocket?" whispered Teddie, standing at Grandpa Frere's knee, ostensibly playing with his watch-chain.

"I'm afraid," regretfully replied the old gentleman, shaking his head, "that I haven't even a peppermint drop."

The corners of Teddie's mouth disappointedly drooped.

"But I've an inspiration, my son." Grandpa Frere's hand disappeared, and on its return to Teddie's inspection, exhibited a dime upon its upturned palm. "You're such a little man now, you can do the purchasing yourself."

"Teddie, you haven't been asking Grandpa Frere to give you candy?" interrupted Mr. Crawford, as if suddenly waking up to his surroundings.

"Nope," said Teddy, beaming at the dime transferred to his own chubby hand. "I didn't ask him to give me nothing—did I, Grandpa Frere?"

Laughing, the old gentleman stopped and kissed the tiny patch of forehead between the clustering curls.

The child stood on tiptoe, threw his arms about Grandpa Frere's neck, and gave him the latest in bear hugs. "I love you," he softly said.

"Teddie," said his father, uneasily, "tell Jack to take you down to the phaeton and to stay there until your mother comes—she said that she'd be ready in ten minutes, and the time is up."

"I'm mamma's coachman, and hold Dobbin when she's in the stores, shop-

ping," gleefully announced Teddy.

"Don't let Dobbin run away!" exclaimed Grandpa Frere, shaking a warning finger.

"The hitching-post might object," smiled Mr. Crawford, with a confidential wink at the old gentleman.

With parting kisses and prolonged prattle, the child finally flitted from the room. The old gentleman instantly straightened himself, an alert expression on his fine, sensitive face. "Now, what shall I do first?" he eagerly asked.

Mr. Crawford folded a sheet of paper and fitted it to an envelope with studied care. "Mr. Frere," he replied, without looking up, "I didn't send for you because I needed you. I wished to—to suggest that you should extend your holiday—indeinitely!"

The listener knit his brows in a puzzled surprise, then a light shone in his kindly eyes. "Mr. Crawford, I can't tell you how much I appreciate your thoughtfulness, but I'm perfectly able to resume my duties at once."

The envelope in the nervous hand tore, and Mr. Crawford hunted in a pigeon-hole of the desk for another. "But, Mr. Frere, remember your age. Really, you had better take my advice. I give it as your best friend."

A moment's confusion disturbed the old gentleman's serenity, but his natural straightforwardness pierced through his embarrassment. "The truth of the matter is," he explained, with a smile at his own foolish shame, "I need every cent of my salary. You know I lost all my savings in that mining swindle, and nowadays doctors are an expensive luxury. To please you I'll wait until Monday, but the first of the week I must—"

"I don't think that you quite catch my meaning," interrupted Mr. Crawford. "I regret the circumstances exceedingly—exceedingly—but, my dear Mr. Frere, it is an absolute necessity for us to cut down our expenses—competition, you know, and all that sort of thing." Another envelope tore, and was fiercely thrust into the waste-paper basket. "We find the young man—Jack in there—answers all our purposes on half your sal-

ary. Don't for a moment think that it is—is anything personal," he stammered. "It is purely a matter of business." For the first time he turned his gaze full upon the old gentleman before him. He was sitting very still, very straight. There was no stir of life in the eyes staring into space, nor on the face which seemed suddenly shrunken—only the slim stick held in one hand slightly shook.

"Am I to understand that I'm dismissed?" So slowly struggled the question from the quivering lips that it seemed as if breath had been strained to the utmost in forming the simple words.

"Of course not! Nothing of the kind! You are marking things out worse than they are." The tone had a forced lightness of touch, a tentative offer of cheerfulness. "That is the reason that I sent for you—to prevent any unpleasantness. There's a Board meeting to-morrow, and I—I thought if you should hand in your resignation on account of your recent illness that——"

"I understand," interrupted the old gentleman, falteringly. He got up and walked to the door. With his hand on the knob, he paused. "I've been here many years, Mr. Crawford," said he with a plaintive dignity, "and I've never asked a favor. For myself, I could not ask one now, but for my blind daughter's sake"—there was a catch of pain in his throat—"for her sake, will you keep me—at the new salary?"

"Mr. Frere, such an arrangement would be impossible." Irritation at the renewal of a disagreeable duty that he had supposed discharged sharpened Mr. Crawford's former suavity of manner. "Besides," he continued, "Jack—he's brim full of energy, activity. There's much that he can do that we couldn't ask of you. You see, young blood tells. It's a matter of business, Mr. Frere."

The door quietly opened and shut; noiselessly the old gentleman glided through the outer office, like a shrinking shadow of the past. Stealthily he stole along the corridor to the stairs. Stumblingly he descended the three flights, his pride, bowed low but unbroken, shun-

ning the pitying stare and wondering questions of the elevator boy.

On the street at last, a sense of safety in escape came to him—then a shrill call, expectant, exultant, of "Grandpa Frere! Grandpa Frere!"

At the curb, in front of a dry-goods store stood the Crawford phaeton.

"Look at all what the dime bought!" cried Teddy, pointing a proud finger at a triumphant array of three small white bags upon the vacant seat at his side. "Peppermint lozenges, lemon drops and chocolate!" The happy excitement in the upturned eyes gave place to a puzzled, questioning look. "I guess you're hungry, Grandpa Frere. I'll give you a chocolate that's all white and squashy inside." With patient care the eager fingers selected a chocolate marshmallow from the third bag, and generously held it out. "Eat that, Grandpa Frere, and it will alive you up—it's just a Jim Dandy!"

The habit of small jesting, of babbling kindly nothings was his saving grace in his hour of stress and pain. He lingered by the child, automatically echoing the playful words of a happiness the sound of which had died out of his life. But he could not meet the child's mother. As he glimpsed her approach he hastened away. Just then to face the scrutiny of any acquaintances seemed the most positive horror of his suffering. He took shelter in the little park near by.

As he sat down on one of its benches he was conscious that he was very tired and—old. But he scarcely thought of himself at all. "Poor little Beth?" he murmured. "My poor little child!" For, in his eyes, Beth had never grown up. Her guileless faith, her helpless dependency, her tender, caressing ways—the child of her, shut in by the shadows—had outlived all changes and developments of unfolding womanhood. His gaze wandered from the trees to the grass beneath them, from the blue patch of sky above to the forget-me-nots at his feet, but everywhere the same vision stabbed his aching eyes—the vision of Beth in poverty and want. With a sickening horror, he looked out beyond the park to the neighboring street—the same vision,



though there it was suddenly blurred by fitful gusts of smoke, while the silent pain of his heart was broken by the sound of a spinning whirl and a clattering gong. But it was not the dash of the passing automobile that sent the blood throbbing through lethargic veins that made him forget his weakness, his despair—that made him forget Beth. It was the noise of a horse's galloping hoofs, the terrified shriek of a child.

As the old gentleman leaped to his feet with an agonized cry of "Teddie!" in his heart, the horse, maddened by the strange snorting monster before him and the loud cries of men giving chase behind him, gave a sudden turn, a plunge for freedom, into the little park. Instantly a flashlight of thought pictured the coming catastrophe on Frere's sensitized brain. The converging paths of the park centered in a large bronze fountain. He knew that Dobbin in his wild race up the broad clear path would discover too late the obstacle blocking his way. With the anticipated crash already deafening his ears, he tore his coat from his back, and sprang out into the path.

On came the run-away, the light phaeton mercilessly pitched to and fro, the screaming child tossed from side to side of the seat, his little hands still bravely clutching the lines. Measuring the distance, with an eye that never faltered and a nerve that never flinched, he flung the coat over the horse's head, then jumped aside. Stunned, bewildered, lost in total darkness, Dobbin floundered—tossed his muffled head in helpless frenzy.

"Dobbin, whoa! Dobbin, Dobbin—whoa!" Clear, calm, compelling came the words in the commanding tone of a master, in the familiar voice of a friend.

The horse stopped rearing—stood, quivering in every limb.

"Dobbin, good old Dobbin!" went on the voice—lower now, and persuasive.

While speaking, with eyes watching the horse, he snatched the child from the phaeton, strained him to his breast, stood him in safety upon the grass.

"Dobbin, poor old Dobbin!" A firm, gentle hand patted the horse's shaking, sweating side. Quietly, fingers felt for

and grasped the dangling broken hitching strap, then with words of soothing affection, slowly the coat was drawn aside and the startled eyes of the horse lost their terror as they looked into the smiling face of an old, trusted comrade.

So quickly had action followed thought that all was over before the hurrying crowd caught up with the conquered run-away. But as the men and boys cautiously gathered around the phaeton and a hysterical woman clasped Teddie in her arms and sobbed over him, the hand that had so tenderly caressed the white star on the horse's chestnut forehead suddenly gave way—the old gentleman's majestic head, with its whitened face drooped upon his heaving breast; the tall, commanding figure swayed—fell tottering to the ground.

* * * * *

"There is pansies; that's for thoughts," Beth gaily said, as she placed a vase of the garden's choicest bloom on the table beside her father's bed. "If you would only tell me your thoughts, sweetheart," she tenderly added, "I'm sure that I could comfort you—I know that you are fretting over something."

"Nonsense, child!"

An unexpected cheerfulness of tone surprised her anxiety.

"After all," she cried, "Mr. Crawford's visit did you good! He insisted upon seeing you immediately upon a matter of business, and I was so afraid that it would worry you."

"Beth, I've something to tell you"—his low, moved voice dashed aside her new-born hopefulness.

"What is it, dear?" she asked, bending lovingly over him.

"I've lost my position as book-keeper, Beth."

"Dad-dy!" she faltered.

To her pleading eyes was denied the sight of the radiance on his dear face, but the joyous words that followed flooded her heart in sunshine.

"My little girl," he cried, his outstretched arms enfolding her, and drawing her close, "Mr. Crawford came to tell me at the last Board meeting your old Dad was made a member of the firm."

SAM

By E. R. WYNNE.

HER hair was wavy and silken and golden; her large, dreamy eyes were of the deepest, tenderest blue, her rosy lips were made for kisses, and from the crown of her winsome head to the tip of her dainty French slipper she was charming, charmante, reizend. Likewise she was a millionairess in her own right, but what were beauty, wealth and charm to a girl cursed with the name of Sam! Sam! For a girl! And a romantic girl! One brought up on Bertha M. Clay and nurtured on the sweet nothings of the Duchess! Ah, me, many a time had she wept over the cruel fate that had given her an uncle cranky enough to leave her his money on condition she should bear and be called by his name—Sam! If it had been Richard or Edwin or Francis—Miss Francis Van Camp would have been distinguished and refined, and even Miss Frank Van Camp would not have been hopelessly impossible, but Sam!—ye gods, Sam!

At school how she envied the Amys and Ysobels and Mabelles and Maries; even the Janes could, she felt, look down on her from a pinnacle of dignified femininity never to be attained by a young person guilty of the name of Sam. And if Sam was neither dignified nor feminine, what about Sam Slick and Samivel and Sam Weller and Uncle Sam, all of which horrid, coarse soubriquets had been forced on her by her cruel schoolmates, who twitted and teased and tortured her about her name until the bare mention of the subject would reduce her incontinently to tears. And once, oh, the shame of it! A poem had appeared in the school paper, beginning:

"My name is S—m,
And I don't care a d—m."

But wit and sarcasm were easier to bear than the gushes of confidence in which the girls would read her passages from their love-letters, beginning "Sweet Marie" or "Elaine, dearest," or would

whisper scraps of their latest love-scenes: "And as we were letting the boat drift, and the moon was rising, over the hill, he took my hand, and you just ought to have heard the way he said 'Ysobel!' It would have thrilled you to the soul!"

Poor Sammy! She would drink it all in thirstily, and then go to her room and cry by herself over the knowledge that she, whose one ambition it was to be the heroine of a real romantic love-scene, must live and die with her heart's craving unsatisfied. For who could ever say "Sweet Sam!" in a way to thrill the soul? What moonlight-and-sleeping-lake-effect could ever make "Sammy, I love you!" other than hideously prosaic? And Sammy would cry herself to sleep, and dream she was Guinivere-Yolande-Ysobel-Dolores, and was wooed by a fairy prince.

When our heroine left school and the papers began to speak of "that most charming bud of the season, Miss Sam Van Camp," her family seemed for the first time to realize the incongruity of calling a blue-eyed bud Miss Sam; still, with her elder sister, Margaret, monopolizing the title of Miss Van Camp, "Miss Sam" the poor bud would have to remain unless some softening feminization could be found. But the task was difficult, not to say impossible. Her New England aunts, during her visit to them, attempted "Samantha;" Sammy submitted at first, finding even some consolation in the old-fashioned ring of the name, but when in due time it degenerated into "Samanthy" and "Manthy," she packed her trunk and fled. Then a hard-headed New Yorker, a power in the "Street," who admired her and disapproved of her name, wrote a dignified letter, asking "Miss Samuella Van Camp" to be his wife. "Miss Samuella," with visions of possible "Muellas" and—who knew?—"Muleys" of the future looming black before her, refused promptly, and not all the remonstrances of her family could make her alter her decision.

After that the Van Camps went to Europe and once out of reach of the English language things were better: one was called "Senorina" or "Senorita" or "Mademoiselle" without having one's name continually thrown in one's face, and besides, in languages so musical, might not even "Sam" exist in some harmoniously transfigured form? And if it didn't, still love, European love, romantic and all-beautifying, would surely find a way. Why, even the German had its possibilities, and "gnadiges Fraulein," though not beautiful, had a dignified ring that came as balm to the wounded spirit of one who had been "Sammy" and "Miss Sam" for eighteen summers.

How delightful were those months in Berlin! And the Herr Lieutenant! Ah, the Herr Lieutenant! Six feet two of blue uniform, with shoulders as square as training and tailor could make them, and such a divine mustache—thick and yellow and soaring up at the ends into a bewitching brush a la Kaiser! And his bow! And his dancing! Small wonder that when one afternoon the maid announced that the Herr Lieutenant wished to see the younger Fraulein Van Camp alone, the younger Fraulein Van Camp's heart should have beaten fast, and should have beaten even faster a little later when the Herr Lieutenant, in full regimentals, was kneeling at her feet, imploring in impassioned German that the "gnadiges Fraulein" would do him the honor to become his bride. "Gnadiges Fraulein"—she had always liked that, although it was a bit cold: the blue eyes drooped encouragingly. The Herr Lieutenant grew more excited—"Mein Herz, mein Schatz!"—Not musical, but very nice, indeed; perhaps a faint blush stole into the delicate cheek—the Herr Lieutenant quite lost his head, sprang up, stretched out his arms—"Sammychen, liebes, theures Sammychen!"

With a shriek she clapped her hands to her ears and rushed from the room, upsetting a chair on her way, and leaving the dumbfounded Herr Lieutenant standing in the middle of the apartment, his mouth agape, his outstretched arms em-

bracing the empty air.

The next day the younger Miss Van Camp, accompanied by her obedient family, was speeding southwards, fleeing from the memory of that awful, sausage-beer-and-sauerkraut "Sammychen." For a while Paris offered her shelter, and soothed her soul with gentle yet respectful "Mademoiselles," and black waxed mustachios were certainly nicer than shaggy blonde ones, and the Count was even more devoted than the Herr Lieutenant, and had lots better table manners. He, Count and Frenchman that he was, would never wound her feelings with anything so gross as "Sammychen;" no though convention obliged him to stop at "Medemoiselle," one could see that his lips longed to frame in addition some gentle, quaint, romantic name, culled perchance from the old French romances and by which, in his heart, he adored her. But one day, one fatal day, she overheard him asking her father in that polished French she had so often admired for permission to pay his addresses to "Mademoiselle Sammie." Sammie! Good Heavens! The pertness, the snipiness of it! Couldn't even a French Count find something better? From that time she lost faith in men; they might call her "gnadiges Fraulein" or "Senorita" or "Mademoiselle" with their tongues, but down in their souls she was just some awful form of plain, prosaic Sam!—"Dear Samuella"—"theures Sammychen"—"Sammie adoree"—ugh! And life looked very black to the younger Miss Van Camp.

Paris and France was left behind, and the Pyrenees; Castile Aragon and Andalusia unrolled their glories to the eyes of the Van Camps. And the Marquis had been very attentive, and had obtained them invitations to the court-ball, and had secured them the best seats for the bull-fight, and altogether, with his wealth and influence and exquisite English had been exceedingly useful. Also, his soft, black eyes had rested more than once on the younger Miss Van Camp with a glance that had set her heart throbbing, and he had sung Spanish love songs of his own composition right at her in

a way that could not be misunderstood, and his name was Rodriguez, and his title and wealth were both undoubted. But if the younger Miss Van Camp, man-hater though she had meant to be, was obliged to confess that Rodriguez was much to her, what was she, what could she be to him? Sam, dear Sam, sweet Sammy! No! never, never would she be that to any man again! Never would she allow so sacred a thing as love or a proposal to be profaned by the utterance of that dreadful name! Rather spinsterhood than that!

So she treated the Marquis coldly, and reduced him to the brink of despair. But it is hard to be always sternly on one's guard when one is only eighteen and has ravishing blue eyes. And one night—the moon was at the full, and out in the garden the air was warm and mild and heavy with the scent of oleanders—the Marquis gathered courage, and before she knew what had happened he was pouring out the story of his love. How sweet it was to listen to those soft, impassioned utterances, with those glowing eyes fixed upon one's face, to hear those sweet, gliding

syllables—no wonder she hesitated, trembled, looked down. The Marquis took advantage of the moment, seized both her hands, and holding them fast, covered them with burning kisses.

"Ah, *Senorita*, could I but venture, but dare to hope——"

She raised her eyes—she meant them to say no, but they must have betrayed her heart, for in a moment the Marquis had her in his arms. "*Senorita*, is it possible! Sa——"

Horror! How could she have forgotten! It was coming! That dreadful name! She tried to tear herself away from him before one idyllic bit of romance should have been dragged into the mud of the common-place.

But her fears were groundless. He was a lover, a poet, and a Spaniard.

"*Samacita*, mia," he murmured.

And as she caught the caressing inflection that, gliding over the hated first syllable, lingered lovingly on the tender diminutive, *Samacita* mia, alias Sammy, let her head sink on her lover's shoulder with a sigh of content.

Romance had found her out at last.

"BOBBIE"

By JOHN FLEMING WILSON.

THE night was tepid on the Line. From the curling gossamer wave that rolled into phosphorescent lustre under the forefoot of the Curacao to the horizon around which flashed the silent heat-lightning, there was nothing to catch the drowsy eyes or ears of the watch who slumbered on the fo'k's'l head and dozed over the rail.

Four bells had seen the last passenger tumbled within his heated bunk, the last deck light extinguished; from the cabin of the Chief Engineer alone there came wakeful sounds. The lattice door was hooked back that the faintest breathing of air might stir unhindered within the

stifling interior. The lamp swinging against the bulkhead burned low and by its dim light the gray-haired chief watched the tossings of a chubby-cheeked, dark-haired boy sick with fever. The old man sat away from the opening and shaded his eyes with his hand; beside him, closer to the bunk, knelt the boy's mother.

"When did the doctor say the crisis would be past?" she questioned for the twentieth time.

"Before dawn," the chief answered patiently.

"Are we doing everything we can? Are you sure?"

"We must let the fever run its course, Mrs. Errol. It's past our management," he replied.

"Hush! He's saying something," she whispered. "Can you hear?"

"You take this chair and I'll take that and we'll play horse," the child was muttering. "Come, Bobbie, here's your chair."

"He's dreaming of his little games," explained the woman.

"Don't go so fast—I can't keep up, Bobbie; do you hear? Bobbie?" The last came in a full treble, and the old man bent over in his seat.

"All right, Billie, I'll wait for you," answered another child's voice.

"But, Bobbie, we can't play any more, for the chair's turned into a big fish and it's taken all the bait, every bit of it—Bobbie!"

"It'll come back, Billie, and then we'll catch it," answered the new voice. The sick child slumbered quietly again, and the Chief swallowed painfully. "This business is a little hard on the throat," he said, huskily.

"He's very fond of Bobbie," said the woman. "What made you ever think of it?"

"I had a little son of my own and we called his name Bobbie," he replied. "He went out with a fever, too—but not this sort."

"You miss him very much," she said.

"I've come to playing with him a good deal," he went on. "Bobbie and I have made many a voyage together, and it doesn't do anybody any harm, for nobody knows, and the children, they understand."

"How old was he when he died?"

"Seven years, ma'am."

"Was it long ago?"

"It was twenty years ago, ma'am. I was young when he died. I used to amuse him in this way, and the little beggar made me talk for a whole lot of boys. You see, it pleased him, and I knew just what he was hearing."

"Billy always talked about 'Bobbie' since he came on board, and I wondered who it could be for a day or two till I heard you one day myself."

"Yes," said the Chief, "it's a great comfort to forget my gray hairs once in a while and be with my boy again. I think sometimes that if my child had lived I'd never have got old."

"That's the way with men," said Mrs. Errol. "They are old till they live with a son. I was young till Billie came, and then I grew old as women do."

"I know, I know. Billie here is a pretty lively chap—little fellow. Bobbie was a terror, his mother said. I never had any trouble."

"Did his mother die before he did?"

"No, but not long after. Next voyage it was."

"And you have lived alone since?" she asked, gently bending over her own boy.

"Yes, all alone, except Bobbie; and I find Bobbie says things now that he did not say when he was—then. He says things I think he shouldn't."

"Are you forgetting his boyhood?"

"No, but he's growing up; he's getting like me. You know it's so long since he left that—well, he never lived long enough to say and do so very much—that is, I was away so much. A good many things he said then I didn't understand, but now he doesn't say those things any more. I've been over it all so often that it's wearing thin, and the old man shows through. He's leaving me again, and—for good."

"It would have been the same if he'd lived," she answered.

"Would it?"

"Yes. Do you know, Billie here has talked about games I never knew he played? I used to think I knew all his thoughts. I don't, and this proves it."

"They live their own life, spite of what we can do. Yes, Billie," and the old play went on, while the mother turned her white face to the open.

"Is he worse?" she whispered when the baby muttering ceased.

"I can't tell," was the hoarse answer. "Only God knows, ma'am."

"Did you know when your Bobbie died?"

"His mother knew. I thought I did. Their little lives dwindle very swiftly."

"Is it time to call the doctor?" she

asked wearily.

"No, it's not time. You see there is no change to speak of."

The bell struck the half hours to the end of the weary watch, and still the weary play went on, though now the Chief's hand shook on the arm of his chair. Suddenly Mrs. Errol rose and bent over the child. "Call the doctor," she commanded. Without an instant's pause the old man strode out and returned behind the blinking surgeon.

A glance into the bunk roused the latter, and he worked steadily, panting in the heat. At last the child stirred, and again came the call "Bobbie!"

From outside the cabin came the answer, curiously childlike, though tremulous. The doctor put his head out of the door and said, "Keep him easy for five minutes; keep him roused and I've hopes. Madam, you'd better go out into the air. I'll call if I want you."

"Mayn't I stay?" she pleaded.

"Hurry out—I'll call," said the doctor, quietly.

Mrs. Errol leaned against the rail and watched the lustrous waters curl against the side of the dipping steamer. Against the deck house sat the Chief, staring vacantly at the awning above him and holding one hand in the other. The eddying voice of the child was the sound in the ears of both. "Its awfu' hot, Bobbie; let's go out in the grass and play."

"What'll we play at?"

"Let's play, let's play——" the child ceased.

"All right, Billie, come on quick, let's

go and play mumblety-peg. Here's a new knife."

"Let's see it," commenced the sick one again. "Is it more'n one blade?"

"It's two, Billie, and both sharp. Come!"

There was no answer, and "Bobbie" began again hurriedly. "Come, Billy, don't go to sleep. Come and play."

"I can't play because it's getting dark, and the grass is all wet, so's I must come in, Bobbie."

"I'm comin' too. But I ain't afraid to stay out. Anyway, I'm bigger'n you."

"But I *must* come in," said Billie with a dry sob. "I must because—O—O—Bobbie, O—O Bobbie!"

"Coming, coming, Billie!" His voice broke harshly. "I—I can't keep it up, I can't do it," cried the Chief, as Mrs. Errol swept by him.

The doctor stepped out on deck and wiped his face. "The little fellow will do if nothing happens. Great play of yours, that. Who is Bobbie, Chief?"

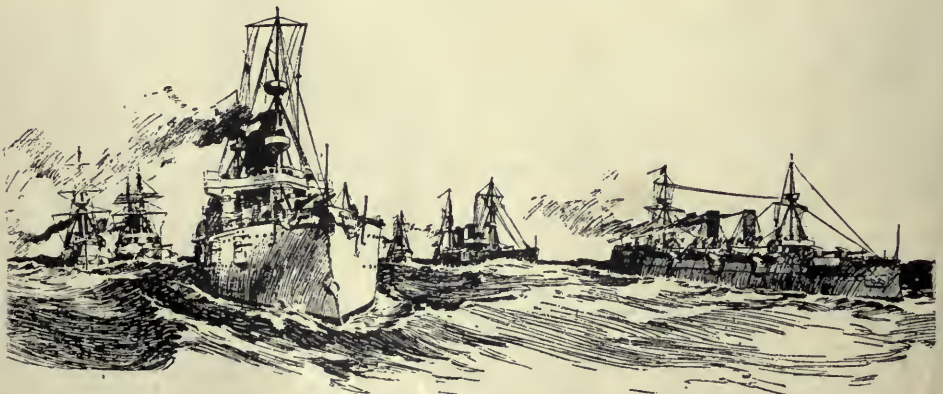
"Bobbie? Why, don't you know? Bobbie's dead."

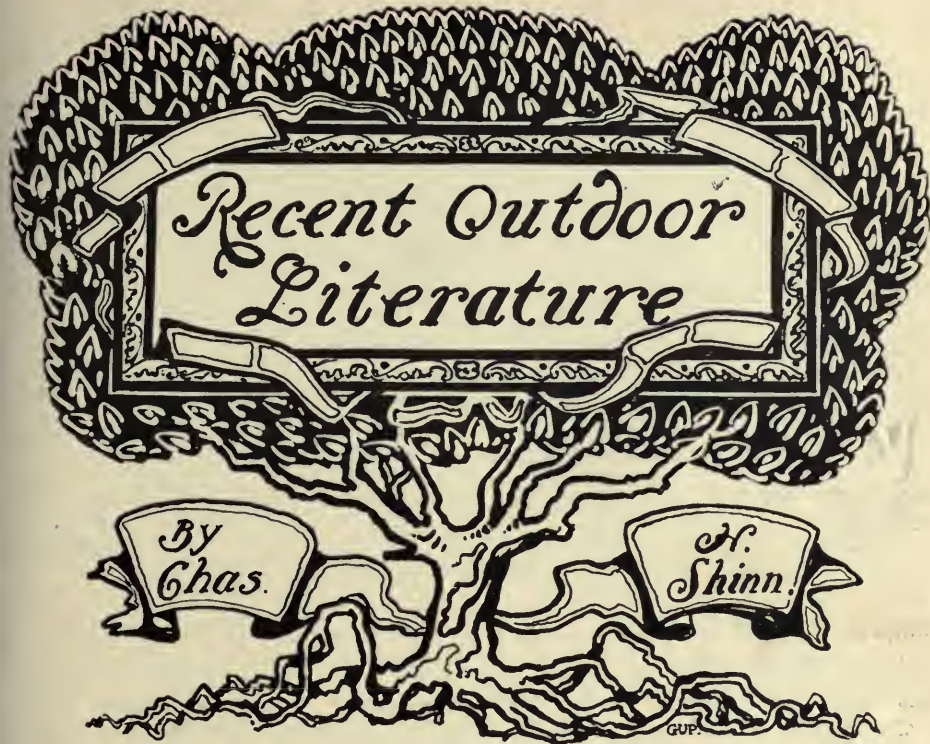
"Fiddlesticks, the boy's all right, if you mean Billie."

"I forgot, I guess. We must take good care of little Billie."

"Here's something to drink, sir," said the doctor, cheerfully. "Come and sleep in my room. Now, you needn't fuss, I'll look after the boy."

The Chief went with bowed head and the surgeon rubbed his chin as if in doubt. "Growing old, I suppose, and it is hot," he muttered.





Part 1.—English.

EVERYWHERE in these days, one finds new studies of outdoor life and new illustrated editions of classics like *Selbourne and Walden*. Nature-articles appear in all the popular magazines; nature-leaflets abound in teachers' institutes and kindergartens; railroad millionaires go merrily forth to Alaskan wilds with whole companies of botanists, geologists and naturalists, to gather fresh materials for beautiful books.

In a word, we are in the midst of a literary development which within the past five or ten years has surprised the reading public of England and America, not to mention Continental Europe, with many and charming volumes, neither novels, essays nor histories, and yet as interesting as any of these.

There stand upon my bookshelves some 300 of these modern out-door books, all worth reading, all expressive of this new tendency in literature, all

full of promise for the ultimate production of a few more outdoor classics that generations to come will read, admire, love, extra-illustrate and collect editions of—just as we now do with old Izaak Walton's immortal book. There might be several times three hundred volumes gathered together in this broad and not easily defined field, but the scope and tendencies of modern nature-studies can be determined from the lesser number.

Definition hereof no writer seems to have fairly made. In the wider sense, out-door books may be prose, verse, essays, stories, or studies of plants, insects, birds or animals. We may have an encyclopedia of gardening, a dictionary of horticulture, or a manual of mushrooms. When an enterprising California dealer fills his window with "nature books," as did one I noticed a few days ago, he builds his display scheme on generous lines, and out of the seeming chaos one gathers only a sense of vast, throbbing out-door life, in the main apart from books that are based upon human pro-



Glimpses of a Rectory Garden. (Reproduced from an Engraving in 1882.)

lems and the dealings of men therewith. Meehan's "Flowers and Ferns" stands beside John Muir's "Mountains of California;" Coulter's new botany is next to Vachell's "Life and Sport on the Pacific Slope;" Seton Thompson's latest book of animal stories has slipped into a nook between Von Mueller's "Select Extra-Tropical Plants" and "Fishin' Jimmy." Bailey's superb three volumes (all as yet printed) of the "Cyclopedia of American Horticulture," a monumental work, with collaborators in nearly every State (three or four in California) stands by that too-clever, diverse-tempered yet fascinating "Elizabeth and Her German Garden" (not an immortal, but a likely bid for twenty years of brilliant existence.)

Therefore of this seller of nature-books I ask by what rule he filled that great window. "The chief interest," he says, "is other than human."

"Alas, good bookman," one could not but reply, "then why not 'The Shaving of Shagpat' or ghastly 'Dracula' or 'Vikram and the Vampire?'"

Let the question wait awhile till one can truly say where to draw the line, for instance, between a book of pure science and one of popular science. In

this case we can easily see that much depends on the reader, whose use of books changes with his needs and knowledge. One kind of a nature-book takes nature in some degree to the reader, another kind takes the reader more or less to nature, and still other sorts, more dull, more mechanical, are the innumerable text-books of this out-door realm.

The real thread to seize upon and follow through the wilderness of modern outdoor books is one of methods and inspiration. Take up Professor Sach's standard, "History of Botany," which can best be read in the Garnsey translation revised by Professor Balfour of Oxford, and published at the Clarendon Press. Though printed ten years ago, it remains a splendid and indeed a masterly account of the development of botanic science which, passing from the closet to the field, accepts as working formulas the doctrines of the development of species, the perception of a natural affinity among plants, the value of exact descriptions ten thousand times repeated, and the fundamental necessity of specialization. This has produced, primarily, a whole group of new sciences relating to plant life, and secondarily many readers, writers and pub-



A Vicarage Porch. (Reproduced from "The Garden" of 1886.)



Daffodils in a Copse. From Miss Jekyl's "Wood and Garden."

lishers have been educated to a point where they realize that books relating to plants and their culture may be and must be accurate as well as attractive.

Not only in botany, but also in every department of natural science these working formulas have wrought great results. Turn, if you please, to the fascinating errors of the elder English annuals of the last century, such as "Time's Telescope," published regularly from 1804 to 1810 (and I know not how much longer.) Its monthly "Naturalists' Diary" and other outdoor papers, with their numberless quotations from the elegant Pratt, the melancholy Bidlake, the contemplative Lobb, and other lost poets whom no modern anthologies enshrine, are calculated to fill the twentieth-century reader with delighted amazement. The "annual" has had its own especial place in the history of English gardening.

The kind of universal book once represented by Goldsmith's "Animated Nature," is now utterly obsolete and impossible. Once it scorned the fashionable annual of its period, but now it lies in the same limbo with "Time's Telescope." Even as late as ten years ago, there were many popular compendiums of the natural sciences which in legal phrase were "incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial," compiled by hack writers from still earlier books, and utterly without any first-hand observation. The new outdoor school of writers in all lands is learning to specialize, and to prize facts as more precious than rubies. Hence, like a sunburst, in both England and America, a new, fresh, and virile literature, to which some of the best specialists contribute popularity without rendering inaccurate their conclusions.

Notable, also, is the rapid increase of readers for specialized books on botany, geology, and natural history. Perhaps nothing is less likely than fossil botany to be called "popular reading," and yet, what with the stately volumes of the United States Geological Survey upon various fossil floras, and with many more recent works, such as Seward's two volumes in the Cambridge natural science manuals, there is a real increase of inter-

est in the subject. The best critical digest of knowledge respecting fossil plants from the botanical, not the palaeontological standpoint, is probably the Oxford edition of Professor Solms-Laubach's work. Many a California reader must find much of interest in this author's discussion of fossil Araucariaceae, including now extinct forms of Sequoias and allied families whose modern descendants are found only on the Pacific Coast.

Books of remarkable interest upon gardening and kindred outdoor topics have come in recent years from England. They differ in several respects from American work along similar lines, and I shall in my second paper endeavor to point out some of these contrasts. But their value to Americans, and more particularly to Californians, is very striking, and some of them should be a part of every horticulturist's working library. Their importance to us comes in part from the care with which they have been written and published, and in part from the suggestiveness of much of their material, if properly modified to suit California conditions.

My first teacher in English garden-art was Mr. W. Robinson, the founder (in 1872) of "The Garden," the author of "The Wild Garden," the "English Flower Garden," and other charming books, most of them still in print, and all widely read. The Ruskin of modern gardening, Mr. Robinson has been able in something like twenty-five years of intense literary labor, profoundly to influence the tendencies of garden-art. The force, beauty, and rushing eloquence of some of his outbursts against formalism have justly made them classic quotations in English out-of-door literature.

Among the more recent English books upon gardening are several widely-differing types, and one or two new writers of especial promise are being heard from. The favorite forms of expression remain those of the essay and the history. The latter merges imperceptibly into a reference-book, for nothing is more convenient than an alphabetical arrangement.

Nicholson's great Dictionary of Gar-

dening, now extended by two more volumes (making six in all), marks the English idea of the complete reference book, in this field, and still it leaves room for smaller, more handy, better-arranged books of this class. There have been hundreds of these one-volume garden dictionaries. I have quaint little pocket manuals of long before the middle of the last century. Nothing of recent years offers more within the compass of one volume than a "Practical Guide to Garden Plants and Best Kinds of Fruits and Vegetables," by John Weathers (what a super-appropriate name for the writer of an out-door book!) He was a Kew man, the assistant secretary of the Royal Horticultural Society, etc., and Longmans, Green & Co. have lately published his work in a royal octavo volume of 1192 pages, bound in green buckram, which "wears like iron." This book contains directions, as its title implies, regarding soil, culture, propagation and much else about gardening. But far the greater number of its pages are conveniently cast in modern dictionary shape, and as it went to press in 1901, it is really just beginning its useful career.

From the standpoint of horticultural displays, as at fairs and society shows (a matter of increasing importance in California), much of interest can be found in William Williamson's "The British Gardener," lately published by Methuen & Co., of London. The same author has written an "Exhibitor's Guide," which, I am told, has no superior in its rather arid field.

One must turn to quite a new enterprise, however, "The Country Life" Library of London (George Newnes, Limited,) for some recent books of noteworthy qualities in this realm of the encyclopedias. One of these is the "Century Book of Gardening," published in twenty-six weekly parts (610 quarto pages in all, and an index.) Such paper, such illustrations, such excellently well handled articles and modernized descriptive lists of plants for various purposes, have never before come under my observation at the price of six-pence a part. The Englishman or the American who binds them in a volume (and if he is wise he will

include at the end the covers and the advertising pages), will have a very attractive book, half literature and half reference. I have carefully examined many cultural notes in this work with reference to California conditions, and find them both useful and suggestive. Among the contributors are several charming writers (beside the editor, Mr. E. T. Cook); such as F. W. Burbidge of Trinity College, Dublin; Edward Mawley, the rosarian, and Mrs. Earle, whose "Pot-Pouri from a Surrey Garden" was so widely read a year or two ago.

Another "Country Life" volume—"Gardening for Beginners," a handsome, large octavo of 495 pages—contains many fine illustrations, plans, diagrams and tables, useful, comprehensive, trustworthy and "up-to-date." This modern "Handbook to the Garden" of Mr. E. T. Cook has had the advice and assistance of not a few specialists, and it amply justifies its right to exist. Every California gardener or horticulturist should find such a work of reference worth several times its cost, and its literary quality is better than that of many others in the same field.

Nevertheless, there are certain drawbacks about all these encyclopediac books which one must have, but need not commit to memory. For my own part, I confess myself old-fashioned in that I prefer to read for pleasure some book that from cover to cover is the work of one person. Here, for instance, is that well-written "Handy Book of Horticulture," by F. C. Hayes, Rector of Raheny, published by John Murray, London, and H. P. Dutton & Co., New York. It is not large—225 pages, with some good illustrations—and it winds up with some common-place "examination papers" for would-be gardeners, the author being a lecturer on practical horticulture in a Dublin college. But it "hangs together" in a way that no work with "collaborators" and "assistants" can do; and, what may seem to the reader foolish, it also deserves a word of notice because it came from a rectory. Did you ever stop to consider how charming, and, on the whole, how distinguished a group of out-door writers in England have been church-



LIME AVENUE, BUSHEY PARK.

Lime Avenue, Bushey Park.



Poppies.

men, not only now but for many years past? One meets them at every turn in these green lanes of literature. Glancing up at my own book-shelves there is that Walter Harte, Canon of Windsor in 1770, whose "Essays on Husbandry" contain one of the earliest and best accounts of experiments with lucerne (alfalfa) in England; there is that William Gilpin, prebendary of Salisbury, and Vicar of Boldre, whose "Remarks on Forest Scenery" (third edition published in 1808) form a classic of the New Forest; and there is Charles Marshall, vicar of Brixworth, who early in the last Century published his readable "Introduction to Gar-

dening." Innumerable other names might be added to these, and among those still living, the Dean of Rochester (S. Reynolds Hole), the famous rosarian; Rev. Wilks, vicar of Shirley, and prince of poppy-land, and many, many others. There is undoubtedly in England some occult relationship between the taking of holy orders and the writing of an out-door book. We have a little of this in America, also, and Henry Van Dyke is our prophet, but our divines are apt to take to fishing and shooting, while in England they cultivate gardens.

Sometimes it is a relative of the English rector or minor canon or other clerical who writes the book in question. This is the case with a light summer story of 252 pages called "How the Garden Grew," by Maud Maryon, published by Longmans, Green & Co. Here the heroine, who is the garden-builder, is the daughter of the vicar of Nowhere, and in the end she becomes engaged to the curate. It is all exceedingly proper, with mild splashes of slang, gentle gardening enthusiasms and quotations from James Whitcomb Riley. If it is a "first book" there is hope for Miss Maryon; our own E. P. Roe began with stories about raspberries, and died with some dozens of novels to his credit.

One stately, and to all libraries essential type of out-door book, is the historical, and few there be who can write it. The best histories of gardening in English are four in number—London's (the preface to his Encyclopedia), published in 1834; Johnson's, published in 1829; the Honorable Alicia Amherst's, which appeared in 1895, and is now much sought after by collectors; and Sieveking's "Gardens Ancient and Modern," the first edition of which came out in 1885, and a new one in 1899. This last is in all ways a classic epitome of the literature of gardens, and really gives the true perspective better than does many a formal history. It leads the way into many countries, peoples and centuries, revealing the better side of many a blasé statesman and pitiless conqueror.

There is no more interesting development among the new types of out-door

books in England than that which is shown by the writings of Miss Gertrude Jekyll, who with Mr. Cook, now edits "The Garden." The first book of hers that I read was "Wood and Garden," with the so characteristic sub-title: "Notes and Thoughts Practical and Critical of a Working Amateur." Issued in 1899 by Longman, Green & Co., it reached a "seventh impression" before the end of the year, and is still a book that must be reckoned with. In 1900 the same firm issued her "Home and Garden" in no less attractive style. Still a third book about wall and water gardens has very recently appeared. Here, then, are three books published within as many years which would have made friends for their authors in any time and place. Wherein, let us inquire, lies the charm of these volumes, which will surely be sought for in years to come with an increasing desire? They are noteworthy, in part, because as mere garden books the principles enunciated are sane and harmonious; partly, too, because Miss Jekyll has evidently had an excellent art training in form and color which enables her both to see clearly and to express truly what she sees. But chiefly, I think, they stand apart from among other recent out-door publications because of the purity of their English. They will live in literature by this powerful charm, though changing fashion sweeps away their most cherished doctrines.

Miss Jekyll's books are illustrated by photographs of her own, and the beauty and strength of these adds a special grace to finely-printed volumes. Their inter-

est for Californians must be found in the refinement of home and garden ideals herein set forth, and in the practicability of the attainments of these ideals by the right sort of persons under our very favorable climatic conditions. What she has to say of tulips, lilies, irises, trilliums, daffodils, asphodels, rhododendrons, and many other flower types might very well have been written for the valleys of our Coast Range. Over and beyond all this there comes to us who live on the western rim of this noisy continent, the full, sweet breath of gardens and homes, rock-rooted in centuries of culture. Like Penelope, Salemina and Francesca on their English and Scotch pilgrimages, we feel that we have long dreamed of such things.

Precisely here lies the secret of the attractiveness of all the best-written English out-door books. Their ideals are really in great measure our own; all over California we have our cottage-gardens, our farmsteads, our villas, our noble estates and oak-sheltered mansions, new as yet, but in time to become to us as dear, as sacred, as our Tudor gardens and dwellings are to English hearts. From that elder land come glimpses of our own future selves, dimly seen as in a magic mirror, when we, too, shall have botanic gardens such as Kew, and an intense horticultural activity centering in San Francisco and Los Angeles will be manifested in great societies and through numberless books and periodicals. How precious then will become the few remaining copies in our libraries of these helpful English books!





A SOUL AT THE CROSS ROADS

BY
GRACE GARRELL
GOWING.

STEPHEN HARDEN felt himself a free man as he strode through the farm yard. He paused as he reached the gate, and looked back at the house with no feeling of regret at leaving his home or the gaunt figure in blue-checked apron and sunbonnet who watched him from the porch with bright, dry eyes. This was his mother. She had let her son go out into the world with no farewell caress; her only comment on this event, which meant all that was worth while to him, was that he had never done half that a strong-bodied man should have done on the farm, nor been a credit to her in the church, so she didn't expect that he would do anything to be proud of when he had secured all his new-fangled learning that he was going to seek.

Her horizon was filled by the village church so completely that she had almost lost sight of Stephen, whose awakening intellect had slipped past it out into the broad world where he was about to follow. Her strongest feeling toward him was a keen sense of disappointment that he was not content to let the four sides of the farm fence in his life; his highest ambition to be a deacon of the church.

A moment he looked at her with just a little longing in his heart for her to be more like other mothers. Certainly she

had always been good to him; but there was something more that she could have given; he smiled as he thought that he did not remember ever having been kissed by her.

Half a mile from home he came to the crossroads. He sat down on a flat stone, his bundle beside him. This had always been his favorite resting place; here he had dreamed of what was at last a reality; he was going away from the farm and the slow unprofitable work that he hated into the world, where he was to find the knowledge that he longed for, and the rush and bustle of a city life. The road to the left led in to the village, and he knew every turn and twist in it, every rut and rough place; but the road to the right led out, always out. Far along it over the first ridge of hills lay the town from which the train was to bear him to take his place among living, striving men, restlessly toiling toward success. It was true, many fell and were forgotten, but he would not think of these; his place was not among them. First, he must work his way through college; then he saw himself climbing ever higher the frail ladder of fame. The day he received his diploma his feet would be on the first rung, then, then steadily upward till he could no longer follow his course, but it would always be up—of that he felt assured.

A restless grasshopper making a sudden descent on his hand roused him; he watched it make another headlong leap into space, then picked up his bundle and turned down the road to the right.

II.

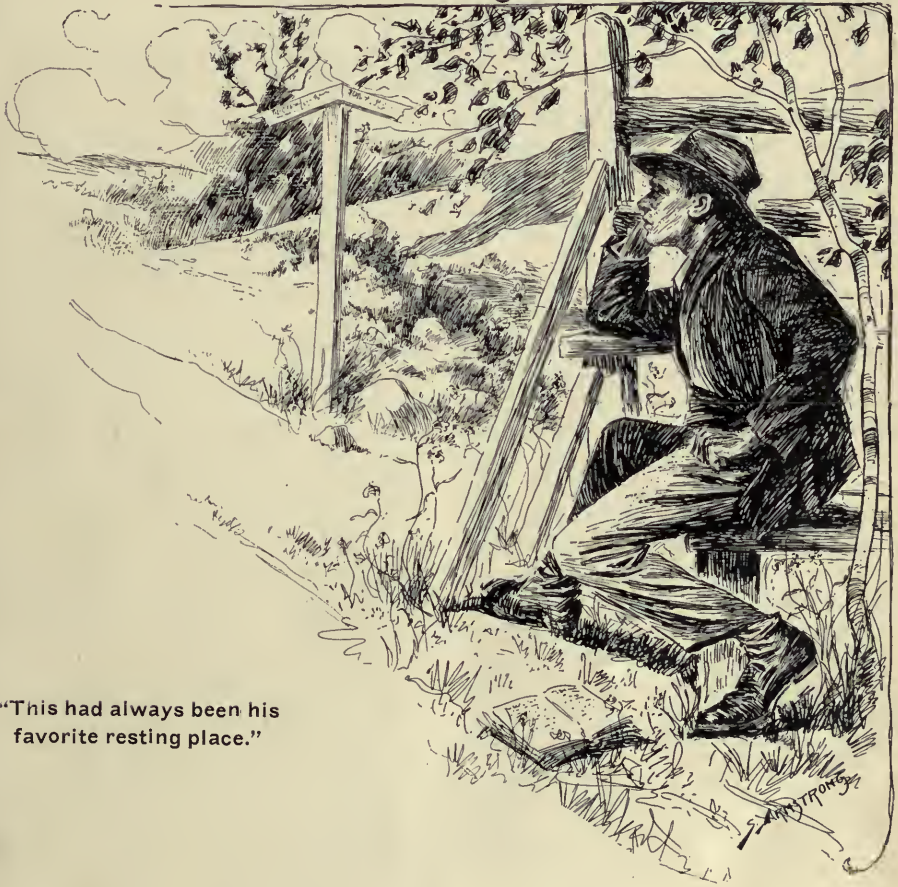
Mrs. Harden laid aside the peas that she was shelling to read a letter. This was unusual eagerness for her to show

but it was excusable. Stephen had been away eighteen months. During the first year his letters had been regular, full of glowing accounts of his college work. It was all and more than he had anticipated. Then the letters grew less frequent; there was a lack of enthusiasm in them; his interest in his studies seemed to be gone, and for the last three months there had been no word from him. She read

"Is the boy sick?" There was a tone of anxiety in his voice, and it would not be repressed.

"Don't be a fool over that boy," she answered. "He's fool enough in the family."

Mr. Harden swallowed his curiosity and anxiety in a lump. There was no use questioning Mirandy. When she was ready to say anything she would say it, not be-



"This had always been his favorite resting place."

the letter through carefully, slipped it back into the envelope, and went on with the pease. Mr. Harden, watching her closely, saw the muscles around her mouth tighten; otherwise she made no sign.

"Well, Mirandy?" he inquired.

"Well," she snapped; "it isn't well at all."

fore.

"You ought to be proud of your son, John," she said, presently, turning to him.

He longed to remind her that Stephen was not his alone, but he only asserted mildly.

"A nice way he has been going on at college," she continued. "Fell in love with

a girl; lost interest in his work, as he calls his book learning; and now, John Harden, he has married her. Her folks have thrown her off, so he is coming home with her because he can't support her anywhere else. Coming here today!"

John squirmed under the glance that she gave him. Then they sat in silence, broken only by the hard dropping of the peas in the tin pan—a long silence, in which John's mind had time to comprehend the enormity of the case. Finally he glanced timidly from Mirandy to the clock.

"It's about time they were coming," he ventured. There was no answer. He looked nervously toward the door. "If there's any little fixing up you want to do, Mirandy, I'll just go out into the yard," he said.

"I guess I know what's my duty, John Harden," she answered, "but it don't consist in fixing up for the prodigal son, nor in killing a fatted calf. We'll have the meat that was left from yesterday hashed over for dinner, and you can just sit still where you are." I hear wheels now. They must be coming."

Limp and expectant, John waited. The wheels stopped—that was to open the gate; he heard the bar pulled back, the gate pushed around, the wagon drive slowly through, then another pause while the gate groaned back to its place. Would Mirandy never stop shelling those peas? He could hear the soft thud of the horse's feet in the dusty driveway, then the rasp of the brake. They were here! Two more pods remained. Mirandy shelled them deliberately, set the pan on the table, then rose and smoothed down her apron as she started for the door.

She waited on the porch, watching John as he pulled the small trunk from the back of the wagon. Stephen stood with his back to her, lifting a frail, girlish figure down from the high seat. Then he turned toward her, with his arm still around the girl beside him.

"This is my wife, Kathleen," he said. As no reply came he added: "Won't you say she is welcome?"

The girl made a little movement away from him, then she ran lightly up the steps to the older woman.

"I'll try and make myself welcome," she said, "and Stephen and I will be such a help to you—mother,"—the last words hesitatingly, with almost a caress in her tone.

"You will probably be as much help as Stephen," Mrs. Harden replied, "but I never was aware that I had more than one child. I suppose Stephen is the only one who has a right to call me mother. I'll show you your room. Wipe your feet off well before you come into the hall; I don't want any dust about the place." With this welcome she led the way into the house.

III.

In the best room upstairs Kathleen lay, having a struggle with herself. It was not the first trouble she had experienced since she had come to the farm to live, five months ago, nor was it a single trouble. It seemed to her tired brain as though she was caught helplessly under a pile of rocks, imaginary rocks, but pressing her down none the less hard. Alone, she had fought her battles; to Stephen she was always sweet and patient, hiding her wounds, trying to put the best face on things which seemed to have no best face, till he had grown thoughtless of her comfort. She seemed contented and happy, so he gave all his sympathy to himself, forced to do uncongenial work, and wrapped himself in his cloak of self-pity till he could not see out of it.

To-day Kathleen felt hard and defiant. She knew she could not conquer herself till the tears came; through them she would see everything in a blurred, softened light that disguised the rough edges of her pile of rocks. She tried to keep her eyes closed, for she could not restrain her feeling of angry impatience while she looked about the room. The very cleanliness of it seemed to offend her. A little dust on the immaculate legs would be a relief, and anything to take away the odor of soap, which seemed to lurk in every corner of the house! She turned wearily toward the wall; she



"He paused as he reached the gate and looked back at the house."

must indeed be getting childish to think of such trivial things.

She lay quietly, going over the road that led from her own home to this clean old farm—no other adjective seemed to express it. After she had met Stephen life seemed to give her more than she imagined it had to give anyone else; then they had married against her parents' wish, and after that the struggle began. They waited hopefully for an answer to her letter begging for forgiveness; in its place a trunk had arrived, full of all her girlish possessions, which spoke more plainly than any written words. Still, they did not give up. For days Stephen hunted for employment in an overcrowded city, till there was but one choice left them: it must be starvation or the farm; and many times since, when homesickness and the barren life she lived, so devoid of human sympathy and understanding, had seemed too much for her to endure, she wished that they had chosen the former.

For the first month after their homecoming Stephen's love and tenderness had helped her to bear his mother's harshness, her narrow, stiff-backed views of life and duty. Then she had stood it bravely, hiding all she could from him, and so she had made her gravest mistake. She was not conscious that the only way to keep him from his selfish self-pity was to appeal to his strength to help her. So they had grown apart. While she looked on with bewildered eyes, unable to prevent it, and this was the heaviest burden of all.

With the rosy light of the sunset in her room the tears came, and half an hour later she went down to meet Stephen. There was no noticeable change in her appearance. A little more of the brightness was gone from her eyes; the corners of her mouth seemed harder to lift into a smile, but he was not aware of it. His eyes had a wide restless look in them, and he was too pre-occupied to question her about how she had passed the day.

"Have you seen anyone to-day?" she asked finally, merely to divert him.

"I? No," he answered absently. Then, after a moment, "Oh, yes. I met Mr. Rob-

ertson this afternoon."

"The one who owns that dear little farm in the valley with all the flowers and trees about it?" she asked.

"Yes. It seems that he is going to the city to live, and wants some one to take charge of it for him, finally pay for it out of the profits, you know. He wanted us to take it," he went on, unmindful of the eagerness in her face, "but one farm is the same as another to me. It's all bad enough."

"Oh, Stephen," she exclaimed, "if you knew how I should love to live there—just you and I, and the garden, and all the fresh green trees, and there's running water on the place, too! I sometimes think that your father picked out this level piece of land, without a tree on it, because it was so clean." She slipped her arm coaxingly about him. "Won't you just think it over, our going to live there?" she asked.

He looked at her half yielding, then he patted her cheek. "There, there, Kathleen, don't be a foolish little woman. You are comfortable enough here, and as for flowers, you will have to be content with the window box I made you. Mother doesn't like the litter that flowers make around the place."

IV.

Another month has passed. Outwardly, there was no change in the life on the farm, but to both Stephen and Kathleen it had brought something new. Stephen had made a decision, and the hardest part of it was yet to come. He must tell Kathleen—tell her that he had been mistaken in thinking that his love for her could take the place of his ambition. The hate of the farm life, the craving for that other, to him, fuller life, had been more than he could fight against. He was going to leave her, to go out into the world again under a new name, free from all burdens. Kathleen might stay with his parents. It was an even exchange: they would lose a son and gain a daughter. As for Kathleen's feelings, he gave no thought to them. Any woman should be content to live on the farm. His mother would never turn her out, they would feed her and clothe her. She

might miss him at first, but she would be glad to know that he was free once more, and that she had proved no burden to drag him down, for she had told him many times that she would suffer anything rather than that he should be kept back from realizing his ambition. She had offered to return to the city with him; to support herself and leave him free to go on with his work, if she could be with him to care for him. But a woman could not understand. He was a better judge of what was for her good and his. Some day, in years to come, he might come back to her, but he made no plans for this; time would decide it for him. With this reasoning he kept back his scruples, and soothed his conscience; with his ambition he covered his better nature and smothered his love for Kathleen. And now that he had decided to go, he found that his resolution failed him when he thought of telling her—it would be much easier to write.

He was arranging in his mind all that he should say as he walked toward the house that morning. Kathleen watched him from her window with a happy smile on her face. She, too, had something to tell. It would be a little hard, but she longed to let him share her secret.

She brushed her hair carefully, then she put on her prettiest waist, laughing at such vanity. She delayed going down for one trifle after another, till half an hour had passed, and the longer she waited the nearer she came to not going at all. So she took her courage in both hands and went down into the hall. After she turned the knob she paused a moment, then she went quickly within. There was a bright color in her cheeks that brought back all the prettiness she seemed to have lost during those hard months since her marriage, but Stephen did not see it—his back was towards her as she entered the room, and he was bending over the table writing. As he heard her step he deliberately folded the paper in front of him and thrust it into his pocket.

"Is that you, Kathleen?" he asked, in a strained, unnatural voice.

For answer she just put her arms about

his neck, leaned over from behind him, and kissed him lightly on his forehead. For the moment her love for Stephen shut out all else. Then she nestled her cheek against his hair; she could tell it to him so, better than if she were looking into his face.

"Stephen, I've something to tell you," she began. Then she paused—it was not so easy to tell him, after all. "Oh, can't you guess? It's——" then she laughed softly, with a little catch in her voice.

"Why, Kathleen, you're laughing—or are you crying? What is your wonderful secret?" he asked, drawing her around so that he might look into her face. "There, now, hide our head like a little ostrich, and out with it." Probably she wanted another new window box and had some plan to get flowers for it, he thought, and now that he was to leave her so soon he could afford to be lenient. He bent his head to catch his words, then he put her roughly from him.

"My God, Kathleen, it's not that?" he asked, fiercely.

She looked at him with fear and bewilderment on her face, which mixed oddly with the last little lines of her smile, still about her mouth and eyes.

"Why, Stephen, aren't you glad?" she faltered. "I thought——"

"If you had thought more before you married me it would have been better for both of us," he said. He looked at her steadily for a moment, then pushed her aside and went out of the door.

She heard him go down the steps, listened for the opening of the gate, then she went slowly up-stairs, feeling her way uncertainly, as though the sun made no light for her.

V.

Almost running, Stephen hurried down towards the cross-roads. He was not conscious of having chosen his direction, nor did he notice which way he was going until he reached the familiar place. Outwardly he was calm, inwardly in such a tumult that he was powerless to straighten his thoughts. Like a seething mass all the old difficulties and questions, and this last new hindrance, rose and fell on the surface of his mind. His only

clear idea was that he must fight his battle over again: call his ambition to his aid to quiet his unruly thoughts into the places that he had chosen for them.

He looked restlessly about him. There was nothing in sight down the right-hand road, but coming from the village was a light farm wagon. Stephen watched it approach, and he soon recognized its occupant—it was old Joe Toby. The fat white horse, and the half-grown colt beside it, were familiar to him—he had known them from childhood, with no change except that there had been several generations of colts.

"'Morning, Stephen," Joe called, as soon as he recognized the figure ahead of him. "Now, I'm not much good at seeing, but it appears to me you look a bit down in the mouth. Eh? No?" he went on as he drew up in front of Stephen. "Well, as you aren't doing anything else, you just get right in here with me. I'm on my way to Betsey's, and she was saying, only last week, as how you hadn't come to see her this three months past. Too much took up with your wife, eh? We'll have to bring her over to see Betsy some time soon."

Stephen looked miserably about him. He felt no inclination to talk; he must think, he had so much to straighten out in his mind. But Mr. Toby urged him with an old man's persistence, till he climbed up beside him. Mr. Toby jerked the reins, chirruped cheerily to his steed, flicked his whip at the colt, and they squeaked and rattled leisurely down the dusty road.

"You haven't seen Betsey's last baby yet?" the old man enquired presently. "Fine boy! Why, that little fellow is way ahead of all the others."

Stephen groaned inwardly. Why would Mr. Toby talk about babies? But he rambled on contentedly about the first and the second, and this last, which was the best of all, taking no notice of his friend's gloomy silence. Finally, in spite of himself, Stephen became interested. Half a mile from their destination, Mr. Toby drew rein, then with a great show of mystery he bade Stephen look under the blanket in the back of the wagon.

Stephen pulled away the covering and disclosed a new, hooded cradle.

"For the last one, you know," whispered Mr. Toby excitedly. "I made it myself, a surprise to Betsy. I'll have to show it to you before we get there, though. Fact is, I have been hankering to see it myself ever since I covered it up with that there robe," he went on, with a little chuckle. "Lift it out, Stephen, and I'll show you how easy it works."

Stephen smiled at the old fellow's childish eagerness, as he set the cradle down on a level piece of ground by the road side. Mr. Toby climbed stiffly down from the wagon and sat on a rock beside it.

"There, Stephen, see how easy it goes? Just a touch and she'll swing for half an hour."

Stephen looked at the bent, white-haired figure before him, one foot on the rocker, one thin, uncertain hand resting on the hood, and in its place he saw Kathleen. Kathleen softly rocking a cradle, and instead of the robe that it held there lay in it a little white bundle. Something between a groan and a sob broke from him. He saw it all now, realized what he had been ready to cast aside, then he thought of that figure rocking the cradle, with an ache at her heart, with eyes dimmed with tears, left to bear all the burden alone, and he cursed himself that he should ever have left his selfish ambition get possession of him.

"Why, what's the matter, Stephen?" asked Toby, looking up from his treasure.

"Nothing, nothing," answered Stephen hastily. "Let me lift it back for you. It's fine, Mr. Toby, and some day I'll—we'll—Kathleen and I will come and see the new baby in it, but to-day I'm not well, I think. I'd better go home," and he hurried away over the road they had come, conscious that he had at last made the right decision: his place and his true happiness was at home beside Kathleen, and there he would go.

He started full of his new resolution; then the thought that he must pass the crossroads began to trouble him. It was there that the temptation was always the hardest to resist. He stopped in the

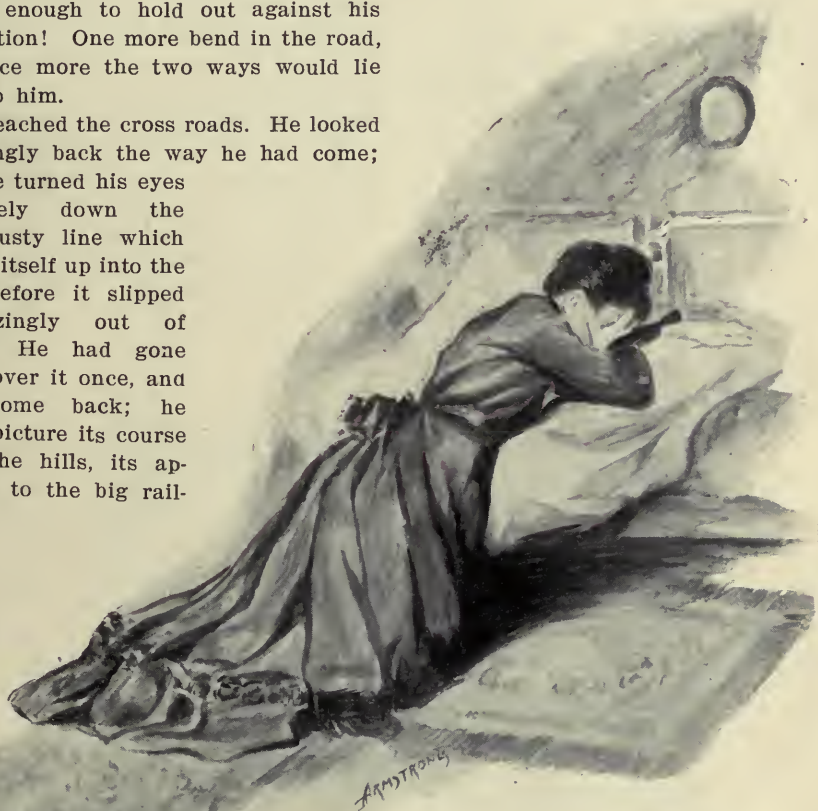
middle of the road; should he take a roundabout way through the fields and avoid the place? That would be an easy way out of it, but he couldn't always go that way. He must find out now and forever if his victory was only temporary or if it was permanent.

With every step his dread grew greater; he experienced an almost physical fear of himself. What if he were not strong enough to hold out against his temptation! One more bend in the road, and once more the two ways would lie open to him.

He reached the cross roads. He looked lingeringly back the way he had come; then he turned his eyes resolutely down the long dusty line which wound itself up into the hills before it slipped tantalizingly out of sight. He had gone away over it once, and had come back; he could picture its course over the hills, its approach to the big rail-

ing the prospect was only he could know, but he felt that he had gained a new strength to resist. He did not question whence it came; he only knew that it was his.

There remained one thing yet by which to try himself; he took his letter to Kathleen from his pocket and read it, read all his argument and reasoning,



Alone she fought her battles.

road town; then the train, in itself a pleasure, as it was of the active life that he longed to be a part of; lastly, the vast throbbing city, steadily going round like a great treadmill, and he longed to be among those whose work it was to keep it going. He did not spare himself one detail. All his life, as he wished it to be, he laid bare before him. How allur-

clearly set forth. Surely they sounded plausible; he hesitated, then the vision of the cradle by the roadside rose before him. He read his letter through once more, then he looked straight down the tempting road. He was stronger than all it had to offer. He tore the paper once, twice, then across in little pieces, and tossed them before him.

"You go there," he said, "and I go home to Kathleen."

VI.

It was dusk at the cross-roads. Two figures stood silently, trying to decide which road to take. Presently the woman laughed softly.

"Stephen, what a boy you are, after all!" she said. "I know you like the road to the village best, but you always go a certain distance down the other, as though it was a duty."

"Not any longer, Kathleen," he answered. "I felt it a duty at first, just to try myself, to see if the old temptation were there to meet me. Five years ago to-day," he went on after a moment's pause, "five years ago I turned away from that road to go back to you."

She looked at him questioningly, and then she seemed to understand.

"Why, that was the day you took Rob-

ertson's farm, our own now, Stephen, our own. I like to say that. How happy I was when you came to me and told me that we were to go there! But you say you turned back from this road? You never told me that you had thought of taking a place out there somewhere, and was it such a temptation? But you are glad that you took the other?"

He took her eager face between his hands. In not one of the features so dear to him was there a trace of discontent. It was a little more womanly than when he had first known it, but still full of childish confidence in him and in all the world, and he felt a great thankfulness that his steps had been turned down the right road.

"I have spent the last five years being glad, Kathleen—little mother," he said. And they walked slowly along towards the village.



THE PRIDE OF HIS HOUSE

A Story of Honolulu's Chinatown

By C. R. YAMEI KIN.

IN one corner of the picturesque city of Honolulu may be found a home like so many other Chinese homes of men who have gone abroad to seek a livelihood. Over the general merchandise and drygoods store of Li Sing Hing is a suite of apartments reached by a flight of steep stairs, scarcely more than a ladder. The first room at the head of the stairs is quite large, and used for a reception room or parlor, and furnished according to the taste and means of the master. One side was occupied with an old-fashioned set of three straight chairs and a capacious sofa, all upholstered in green reps. A grandfather's clock stood in the corner, slowly ticking the time away. Various chromos such as Wide Awake, Fast Asleep, Christ Before Pilate and other specimens of European art adorned the walls, for Ah Sing had a fair knowledge of the English language, and was considered one of the most enterprising merchants. Several bright colored carpet rugs were spread over the cool, light matting. But on the other side of the room Ah Sing had let his soul down from the mazes of Western civilization which he was earnestly trying to master by hanging up a couple of scroll pictures in the usual style of Chinese water-color painting. The landscape scenes reminded him of the hills around the village from which he had come, and where he hoped some day his bones might repose beside those of his ancestors. Under these scrolls stood a pair of beautifully carved teak wood Chinese chairs, with a small square tea table to match between. The most highly prized article was a long panel, on which was written a sentence from the ancient classics. The firm yet graceful lines of the characters made almost a picture in themselves, and showed a master's scholarly hand. Every

time Ah Sing read the sentiment, "The superior man preserves harmony," he recalled the face of his old teacher as he amplified the terse statements of the ancients, and with much note and comment revealed the full extent of wisdom inclosed; how he had emphasized the duties a man owed to his ancestors and the obligation to leave a posterity, which should perform the same duties, so that the spirits of the departed should not wander homeless and hungry without a son to offer sacrifices to them. This was to be remembered in the midst of striving for the calm and dignity that belonged to the superior man. But it was so easy to for-



get in the new life he was surrounded with, just as the old green rep sofa was the most natural thing to drop into or entering the room, rather than the stately carved Chinese chairs. Sundry pieces of bric-a-brac stood on brackets and what-nots around the room. Pink and blue Dresden shepherdesses jostled mandarins in full official costume. A group of the Eight Immortals smiled benignly at terra cotta figures of dancing girls and a Dutch flute player. But the special article of pride was a great glass chandelier hung in the middle of the room, full of many sparkling pendants. These failed to relieve altogether the cold whiteness which reminded one too forcibly of a funeral; hence, several little red baskets filled with gay artificial flowers and with red and green tassels attached, and in addition three or four

connected with the chimney in the back, so that no smoke could escape to blacken the room, as with many of the common ranges. The pictures of the kitchen god and goddess were pasted up as usual over a small shelf, bearing an offering of rice and wine and lighted tapers floated in a cup of nut oil.

The breeze drawing through the windows blew open the door on the opposite side of the parlor, and disclosed what seemed to be a bed-room, but the bedstead was an importation from China, with a beautiful carved canopy and side pieces, but without springs, and not any more comfortable to sleep on than the Chinese chairs were to sit upon, though costly and of fine workmanship. On the edge of the bed sat a woman about thirty-two or three years of age, rather tall for a Chinese woman, but with too large a



rows of pink flowered globes off a job lot of hand-lamps that he had bought at an auction, so that when the chandelier was lighted up the bits of color made it truly Oriental in effect. Under the chandelier stood a round, inlaid table also handsomely carved, for the master had prospered in his business and could afford much more display than he ordinarily made. The windows overlooked a small back yard filled with rows of pot plants and a few shrubs, but mostly boxes and things out of the store occupied the available space. To the left a door ajar showed a kitchen with an array of brass and copper sauce-pans and an earthen range with its big hole for the rice pot, and smaller holes for the other things. Wood chopped fine was piled up ready to stick into the spaces under the holes to furnish heat to cook with. This was an improved range and had a hood

mouth and nose to be called pretty; however her delicately arched eyebrows and oval outline of face, with its pale ivory tinted skin of exquisite texture, and air of refinement showed her to be of rather better blood than most of the women one sees in the mercantile communities which have grown up from the coolie laborer abroad. Moreover, her feet had been partially bound in youth, so that she wore a shoe six inches long, which, though not up to the fashionable measurement of two and a half inches, yet redeemed her from the stigma of being a common slave or a boat woman. Her dress was of the simplest—a pair of black trousers reaching to the ankles and a blue cotton tunic or wide-sleeved jacket called a "saam." She sat in deep meditation, and finally clasping her hands together, jingling the heavy bracelets, said aloud: "Ai ya, why have all my pray-

ers and sacrifices failed? Kwan Yin has indeed been deaf. I wonder what I could have done to be so unfortunate." Just then the outer door of the parlor opened. A young man of medium height, smooth-shaven except the queue, came slowly across, near to where the woman was sitting, and stood hesitating. Ah Sing's round, boyish face, usually so bright and cheerful, was troubled to-day, and it was some time before he asked: "Well, what did the new doctor say?" "Oh, I don't think this one amounts to any more than the others. She will not even give me one dose of medicine. I have been twice, and she says there is no hope." His face fell, for he had hoped more than he had been willing to acknowledge to himself even. Drawing towards him a pipe standing on a table near by, he sat down on the little bamboo stool, and for a few moments the gurgling of the water as the smoke passed through the pipe was the only sound. Then making a distinct effort, he remarked: "I am the last one of our branch of the clan." "Yes," she assented. "How long have we been married, Yut Ho?" "Sixteen years," she replied. Then he sat silent again, and smoked a few puffs more. "We have had no children at all," he said gently. She nodded her head, as he went on with a sigh. "I wish we did not have to do this thing. You have been a good wife to me in every way, but it can't be helped." "I know it," she said, and rose, passing through the parlor to the kitchen, where she busied herself with preparations for the evening meal. Once in a while her tear-dimmed eyes glanced up at the teacher's panel and she wondered vaguely why it should be so hard to fulfill her part in preserving harmony. But the last thought as she went to sleep that night was an echo of her husband's words. It can't be helped—it must be done. A few days after this, Yut Ho might have been seen one afternoon dressed to go out calling, with fresh, new satin shoes, black, shining trousers, and a handsome light blue saam or jacket; covered, however, while going through the streets by a saam of black similar to the trousers, so that she should present the quiet aspect of a respectable woman; but on en-

tering the house where she was to spend the afternoon, she would lay the upper garment off and appear in the style that befitted her position. The house where she called was that of a poor woman, so far as this world's goods go, but blessed with a large family, among whom were several young girls. The mother rose and greeted respectfully the wife of Li Sing Hing, and hurried her daughters, who moved easily about, not having bound feet, to bring tea and refreshments, inwardly wondering to what she owed the honor of a call. Gradually, as the afternoon wore on, she surmised that the rumors she had heard were true. Yut Ho had given up all hope of having a son of her own, and was looking for a handmaiden to serve her to bear an heir for the family. At first she resented the thought of any of her daughters going in a secondary capacity, though they were of the large-footed class, for girls of any kind were much sought after by young men growing up, since it was different from China, where a wife could easily be found. But she reflected, Li Sing Hing was rich and generous, and could afford to keep her daughter in much more comfort than she would have as the only wife of a laborer. Moreover, if she should be the mother of a son, her position would be assured, or even honorable, and the more she looked at the kindly, strong face of Yut Ho, and was impressed with her refinement and good breeding, and the more she felt that her daughter would perhaps be more kindly treated than if left to the caprice of a mother-in-law, who, in her querulous old age, might be hard to please. Of course, none of this was expressed in the chat of the two women, though Yut Ho stayed till late in the afternoon, but they each understood the attitude of the other. That evening, when Ah Sing returned, his wife asked if he had made any arrangements or had any one in mind, and he had told her no. Then she quietly said: "I was down at Hop Winn's place to-day. How do you think his second daughter would do?" "Well, if you are satisfied," said Ah Sing, "that she is strong and will be obedient, I am willing." "Who do you think would be a good middle

man?" she asked. He reflected a moment and then said: "I think cousin Ah Ching would do it. How much dowry will they want?" "I do not know," said Yut Ho. "Perhaps \$400 would do. The oldest daughter is soon to be married." Ah Sing began to calculate. "There will be a dowry of \$400, a present of jewelry, bracelets and ear-rings when the papers of contract are signed. I can send some wine and other goods from the store that will be enough for a pledge of good faith. Then the astrologer's fee if the Fates are propitious; a fee for fixing the marriage day; a present to Ah Ching for his services as go-between, and lastly the feast, which will be no small item, for my clan and friends are numerous. It will cost not less than \$800. I had

covered with the red satin embroideries only used on special festive occasions, everything brushed up and in order, ready for the coming of this girl, upon whom so many of their hopes depended.

We must pass over now a period of nearly two years, and this is the note we find in the doctor's diary: "Must call again this afternoon to see Li Sing Hing's baby; has some colic, slight case of indigestion, nothing much, but parents are anxious." There in a small back bedroom lay the young mother, who was most carefully waited on that she should not harm herself in any way, but have every kind of food and medicine needful. Yut Ho with her crippled feet was walking to and fro trying to hush a lusty boy who was in the throes of infantile colic.



better say \$1,000 in round numbers." He sighed and looked over at Yut Ho, and he thought what a bother it was all for the sake of keeping up the family name, and he had been so comfortable all these years with Yut Ho. He wondered whether this would not be the beginning of discord, but then he thought of a childless old age for her as well as for him, finally laid away by strangers, and then, no matter what happened, nothing would take away Yut Ho's position, for this girl was simply her servant, to wait upon her and obey her commands. While he was thus meditating, Yut Ho's housewifely instincts were already making preparations, changing the order and adding to their apartments, and in her mind's eye she saw the Chinese chairs

Ah Sing looked in anxiously, and then said: "I have to go down to the store, but stop on your way out, Doctor tell me what to get. I will send for it at once." Yut Ho paused a moment to show the some new flannel bands and dresses made after the pattern of some things belonging to the wife of Ah Sing's English teacher, who had a little one about the same age. She anxiously inquired if the shape of the new band was right, and pointed with much pride to the little saam made in the same shape as Ah Sing's, but buttoned down the middle of the front, with big American white porcelain buttons, as such an improvement on the Chinese little knotted button. Then she showed me the gorgeous silk clothes and cap with fringe and long streamers

ready for his shaving feast, which would occur next week when the baby was 30 days old. His head would be shaved for the first time, and he would be formally named and entered in the family register. To this feast all were welcome. "I am going to invite the English teacher and his wife," she said. "For though we did not ask them to the feast when Chin Yo came, because they would not understand it, surely they would come to baby's

feast." She looked down with such maternal pride and tenderness at the little one, who had at last gone to sleep in her arms! Her child—truly the child of love and sacrifice, who should care for and honor her old age, who redeemed her husband, Ah Sing, from being the mock and reproach of his family—Ah Sing, who had been so good and kind to her all these years, and of whom she was so fond and proud.



Sir Edwin Arnold, Poet, at Home

BY JAMES MATLACK SCOVEL.

IT was in September in London when I got my gracious note from Sir Edwin Arnold to call at eleven o'clock in the morning, at his residence in one of the Cromwell mansions, No. 225, near the Queen's Gate.

Sir Edwin's greeting was cordial, not lacking a certain empressment of manner as he seized my hand, saying, "I am glad to see you, for it has been ten years since we last met at Walt Whitman's little frame house in your own country. Yes, Whitman was to me among the foremost of American poets. His simplicity charmed me. His 'Leaves of Grass' I keep now on my desk, and I agree with the well-known writer, who says, 'Millet, Wagner and Whitman lived in the open air; with towns and cities they have small sympathy. They felt themselves no better and no wiser than common folks; they associated with working men and toiling women; they had no definite ideas as to who were 'bad' and who were 'good.'

"Walt Whitman often repeated to me an extract from his first book, 'The Art of arts, the glory of expression, and the sunshine of the light of letters is simplicity.' When in America I spent a good deal of time with the Good Gray Poet in his little Mickel street house, Camden, N. J.

"And when I found he did not own the house in which he lived, I went across the river to Philadelphia, and found George W. Childs, that Maecenas of men of letters, of the Ledger, and before the end of the week Mr. Whitman had a title to his home in fee simple."

Just at this moment from the parlor I heard the flutter of a silk dress, and a beautiful Japanese vision entered the room, and Sir Edwin Arnold arose and said, "Colonel, allow me to introduce Lady Arnold." The fair Japanese lady was slender and statuesque; she had the bright eyes that lend brightness and

never know shadow. Her knowledge of the English language was almost perfect, and she impressed me as a woman possessing a great, tender, loving heart, giving her all and asking no idolatrous homage. Her delight is in serving and willingly, more than willingly, for without thought she breaks the vase of precious ointment and wipes the feet of her beloved with the hair of her head. Sir Edwin Arnold is of medium height, straight as an arrow, and dressed in a gray suit. His eyes are grey, and his conversation gives you the impression, as Emerson says, "A man for whom no surprises await." His rooms were filled with bric-a-brac, and many articles of rare beauty and exquisite taste, brought from India, Egypt, South Africa, America, and Japan, for he has roamed with willing feet over many lands. Many years he was Professor in an institution of learning at Pena, India. The poet was anxious to return to the subject of Walt Whitman, and continued, "I always loved the good grey poet, for thus he called himself. His first book was printed in 1855. Many newspapers sent the book back to the author with contumely and bitter criticisms, but he never lost faith and he lived to see those that scorned him become his fast literary friends for life.

"He loved Tennyson very much, and the English Lord and poet more than once invited him to come to England and make him a long visit. Walt told me that he would have gladly accepted this invitation, but his health was too infirm. My first interview with Whitman at his home he quoted to me the poem I wrote about my relative, Mathew Arnold. The author of 'Balderdead.' Whitman said, the poem in his opinion should be called Balderdash. These are the lines:

"'Dead Poet, let a poet of thy house lay, unproved, these bay leaves on thy brows. We that seemed only friends were lovers; now Death knows it, Love

knows it, and I and thou.'"

Sir Edwin continued the dissertation on Whitman by saying "he was a builder, not a destructionist, while personally, not vain or egotistical; he took delight in the fact that his work was admired by the thoughtful men who praised it. Personal zeal for his work was commendation to him only in a measure. He liked men because they were men. He would have had a wondrous welcome had Mr. Whitman ever reached the shores of England. Among the men and newspapers whom the poet most often mentioned in America for their constant tenderness toward him, were George W. Childs of Philadelphia, and the New York Herald."

On Sir Edwin's desk were thirty-three volumes and among these were his "Selected Poems, National and Non-Oriental." He explained the appearance of all these books on the table, saying: "The Duchess of York, daughter of the Prince of Wales, now next in line of succession to the Prince himself, (Edward VII) has sent me a perfumed note this morning, requesting me to send her copies of all my works. This is a command which I gladly respond to, and here they are ready to be sent to her Royal Highness.

"She has always been one of my warm literary friends, as her father is." In a pause of the conversation I mentioned the fact that when a college boy in Indiana, forty years ago, there were two of Mr. Arnold's poems that particularly captured my fancy. One was "Vernier" and the other "He and She." "Yes," Mr. Arnold replied, "I have no greater favorites than these two poems," and he quoted with much pathos from memory four verses from "He and She."

"She is dead, they said to him, come away,
Kiss her and leave her, thy love is clay.

"They smoothed her tresses of dark brown hair,
On her forehead of marble they laid it fair,

"Over her eyes which gazed too much,
They drew the lids with a gentle touch.

"With a tender touch they closed up well,

The sweet thin lips, which had secrets to tell."

These lines had a secret to tell Sir Edwin Arnold, for his eyes filled with tears as he recited the lines; and I told him how my college sweetheart had copied these lines for me nearly a half a century ago. "No wonder you like them," said the great poet.

The other poem is called "Vernier," and is about Sir Roland Vavassour, who went to fight Salladin Saracen, in the wars of Crusades, and Julie de Montargis.

The knight went to battle

"And bear the cross braided above his heart,
To where, upon the cross Christ died for him
Led him away from loving."

The tragedy occurred where we follow the silver Seine through the French vineyards and French villages. Says the poet of Roland's lady love,

"Very lovely
Was Julie de Montargis, even now,
After six hundred years are dead with her,
Her village name—the name a stranger hears.
Is la plus belle des belles."

Julie thought Roland dead, and Claude his brother, attempted to win the fair Montargis' heart—but Roland discovered his brother false. Then these three seek the little boat at Vernier. Each strives to save the other; too late, the frail boat sinks and all the lovers—"lie there, buried a twenty fathoms in the pool, whose rough cold wave is closed above their graves,

"Like a black cover of an ancient book over a tearful story."

There is nothing more touching or beautiful in all Sir Edwin Arnold's many volumes of poetry from the Occident or Orient than "Vernier," the tragic story of the Knight Roland and the sweet Julie de Montargis. Count Vavassour from

Province, France, Sir Edwin said to me, came to his house in London from Paris to tell the poet of his Honorable name and standing among the French aristocracy and asked him how he came to use the noble name of Vavassour, which means a servant of the King, even in a beautiful story like Vernier. "Oh," replied Sir Edwin, "poets have many licenses, and you ought to be delighted that the story of Roland Vavassour has rescued your noble family from oblivion, and made them immortal."

I noticed a Japanese clock on the mantel. Looking at the clock, I said, "Mr. Arnold, an American writer says, in Japan the birds are without plumage, the flowers without perfume and the women without virtue." The gracious poet did not seem to relish this remark, but replied reflectively, "when you see him tell him he has slandered the Japanese."

"There may be and I believe are, four thousand of the frail fair, who occupy by themselves according to the law of their land, the beautiful part of the city of Tokio, but in the better class of society, I never found more social elegance, higher purity, or a more royally generous

hospitality than I found in Japan. Her prestige was shown in her triumph over China. They are decidedly an intellectual people. I enjoyed Japan more than I did my long residence in India, and I have thought sometime that the voters of England growing in power may become weary of the Empire in India, as an annex to England's greatness and will give back to the Indians the control of their own country." The Japanese clock struck one, and we had begun to talk at eleven o'clock. I arose to bid farewell to the poet-editor. "Don't go," he said, "I will take you to the office of the Telegraph." He then rang for a cab. At the doors of his great printing office we made our farewells with regret. Sir Edwin said, "Colonel, I hope we will meet again in America. I shall be there once more. You must not think me Pagan because I love Whitman so much, and because I like the Turkish nation, men and women. But ah! I love America, and often think of the great Italian Statesman, Cavour, who wrote the Greater Lincoln—'America is again what she was, but now, the admiration of man and the wonder of the world.'"



SINGIN' BILL

By ROBERT V. CARR.

BENEATH a star-emblazoned sky the Pacific lay in a perfect calm. The rippling waters gleamed as though lighted with myriads of tiny incandescent lamps, and where the white foam raced back from the sides of the transport sprays of opals and diamonds flaunted their dazzling beauty.

The mystery of the sea was upon them, and as the ship rose and fell with each deep breath of her mighty engines, the talking and idle jesting ceased, and here and there among the groups on the upper deck the little red fires of many pipes glowed peacefully.

Presently from the rigging a clear tenor voice began:

"The moon shines fair to-night upon the Wabash,

From the meadows comes the scent of new-mown hay——"

"It's Singin' Bill of A," a private of L Company said softly, pointing out to his comrades a black spot on the rigging not far below the point where the great light swung on the swaying main-mast.

"Thro' the sycamores the candle-lights are gleaming,

On the banks of the Wabash——"

And the deep voice of the regiment sobbed after him, "f-a-r a-w-a-y," holding the rich notes until they trailed into silence.

Then "taps" floated out across the

waters, the singer descended from his lofty perch, and the regiment went to sleep to dream of the banks of the Wabash far away.

A few months later a majestic line of skirmishers were advancing across a Luzon rice field, on whose opposite side were the trenches of the enemy. Suddenly they rushed into a sweeping charge, and as the Mauser fire spluttered and crackled from the jungle there rose in awful grandeur that heart-shaking sound—the terrible American yell. That night a thousand blue-shirted fighters camped beyond the trenches the Tagal dictator had pronounced impregnable. It had been a glorious afternoon, but the regiment had paid for its fierce pleasure with the bloody coin of Death. Over there beneath the bamboo were the wounded, and close by a silent row of figures with campaign hats covering their faces.

In the group of wounded was one shot through the chest; it was "Singin' Bill of A Company." He lay and looked up at the bamboo leaves, but did not see them. Instead he viewed a little cottage in a cooler, fairer land, and in the doorway was she who from childhood to manhood had always called him "Baby Boy."

"I long to see my mother in the doorway," he murmured sleepily, and as the surgeon bent over him he added faintly, "Wabash—Far away."

Then the voice of "Singin' Bill" was still.



CURRENT BOOKS

REVIEWED BY GRACE LUCE IRWIN.

Five Fictional Melodramas. To my taste sensational novels are more monotonous than striking, yet I suppose we

will continue to call for them, as we do for sugar in our coffee, so long as we have eyes to spoil by reading them. Consequently, (for as I have said before, it takes only the requisite enthusiasm to write a book) busy penmen search busily for sugar-coated pills of the most obvious adventure to give us. I have on my desk five novels of romantic or historical melodramatic quality. In a world full of the strangest and most entertaining episodes and characters, we are still writing of madly beautiful Princesses of no particular country at all, or of warriors abstracted from history, whose heroic deeds of killing appeal less to us than the latest thing in Gatling guns.

"The Princess Cynthia," by Marguerite Bryant, is a love-story dressed out in the light trappings of a fictitious court. It touches ground nowhere, except in the moments of pathos. One could shed a few tears over the sad ending of young, chivalrous Lord Arrancourt. Served up in a bright violet-colored and yellow binding by the Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York.

* * * * *

On the contrary, "God Wills It," a tale of love and battles, by William Stearns Davis, depicts the passions and warnings of our queer humankind as far back in our little history as the First Crusade. This book is vividly done in good strong colors, and hurries one breathlessly from Christian camps to Moslem harems, from slaughter by Crusaders to the strange clairvoyant spells of an infidel houri who loved too well to live after her faithless master was dead. The two women of the book, the conscienceless faithful Turkish Morgiana and the faithful Christian Greek, Mary Kurkuas, are well contrasted, while in the hero, Richard Longsword, and Musa, the Spaniard, we have a good portrayal

of a manly friendship.

"At times Sebastian, the father of Richard, could see that his mind was clouded, and would say:

"'Dear son, do not hide what makes your face so sad.' 'Ai, father,' said Richard, 'I am thinking of Musa, and how I love him, and how terrible is the state of his soul.' 'Love him not,' Sebastian would cry sternly; 'and as for his soul, it is given to be buffeted of Satan, at which all good Christians should rejoice.'

"'But we are bidden to love our enemies, and Musa is no enemy. I count him as my brother.'

"Then Sebastian would frown more fiercely than ever.

"'Yes, love 'our enemies,' not those of Holy Church. Give heed lest to your former sins you add not a greater—that of sinful pity toward the hated of God.'"

But notwithstanding this spirit of the First Crusade (which has not often been novelized) modern ideas of virtue have allowed Mr. Davis to create in Mary Kurkuas a strong, beautiful and natural character, and the narration of the strange events which befell her in the year 1098 makes extremely exciting reading.

(Macmillan Co., New York.)

"The Great White Way," a pleasing, rather merry tale by Albert Bigelow Paine, combines a number of well-known elements in a somewhat original style. There is the usual yacht upon which a party composed of Self (who tells the story), the girl he loves, the young scientists, the girl's father, and sundries, cruise through halcyon seas seeking a way to the South Pole. There is the familiar contrast of the common sense American humor, evinced by some of the characters, with the wild "pipe-dreams" of the others. There is the adventuring through a strange, wild country of snow and ice, the long Antarctic night which intervenes. Then the finding of the land of which the narrator had long dreamed—"that about the earth's southern axis, shut in by a precipitous wall of ice,

there lay a great undiscovered world. Not a bleak desolation of storm-swept peaks and glaciers, but a fair fruitful land, warmed and nourished from beneath by the great central heat brought nearer to the surface there through terrestrial oblation." And here inevitably is also found "the madly beautiful princess of no particular country."

("The Great White Way." J. F. Taylor Co., New York.)

The fourth deals with melodrama of the "Secret Service" (Gillette) sort. Billed as "the best spy story of the civil war," "A Friend with the Countersign," by B. K. Benson, brings us back to our country again and our own past. It deals with the desperate personal adventures of the hero, who is a Union spy—plain, hard-working, patriotic Berwick Jones—and contains continual change of political plot and counterplot, battlefields, cleverly executed designs on the part of the spy. The slight love story is a thin woof to the warp of the Virginia campaigns of Grant and Lee, and there is throughout the long tale an excellent sense of proportion and perspective. The illustrations by Louis Bett are full of action, and contribute their part to the thrilling interest which is engendered in the helpless readers' breast until the curtain falls, after a cleverly developed climax, in which Jones, alias Berwick, finds his life endangered through the mystery of the army button.

(Published by Macmillan Co., New York. Price, \$1.50.)

Last, I find (but nothing surprises one after living through such strenuous fortunes) "Minette," by George Cram, also a "Story of the First Crusade," showing that great minds never move singly. To compare this with Mr. Davis' romance of the same period is an interesting study. We note with satisfaction that here also the lady is charming and is at the bottom of most of the trouble.

("Minette," George Hiff & Co., Publishers, Chicago.)

The real "Bohemia" being a country whose borders seem

ever on the wing, its very existence a matter of doubt, in spite of the constant use made of its name—it is satisfying to remember that there is, at any rate, "The Real Latin Quarter"—in modern Paris, of course. Mr. F. Berkeley Smith has written a book of this caption, which is charming in every particular. He is a son of the well known writer and artist, Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith, (who does the introduction.) The younger man is himself an artist, architect, designer, and musician, the best type of the youth which America sends over yearly to give lustre to the Latin Bohemia. The result of his stay there is a book, which for art-work is supreme of its kind—covers, photographs, sketches, drawings, all being of the highest quality. The reading matter is in a pungent, realistic vein:

"Then there are bizarre cafés, like the d'Harcourt, crowded at night with noisy women tawdry in ostrich plumes, cheap feather boas, and much rouge. The d'Harcourt at midnight is ablaze with light, but the crowd is common, and you move on up the boulevard under the trees, past the shops full of Quartier fashions—velvet coats with standing collars buttoned close under the chin; flamboyant black silk scarfs tied in a huge bow; queer, broad-brimmed black hats without which no 'type's' wardrobe is complete. * * * It is 6 p. m., and the terrace, four rows deep, with little round tables, is rapidly filling. The white-aproned garçons are hurrying about or squeezing past your table, as they take the various orders. * * * At your left sits a girl in bicycle bloomers, yellow tanned shoes, and short black socks pulled up snug to her sunburned calves. She has just ridden in from the Bois de Boulogne, and has scorched half the way back to meet her 'officer' in pale blue. The two are deep in conversation. Farther on are four older men, accompanied by a pale, sweet-faced woman of thirty, her blue-black hair brought in a bandeau over her dainty ears. She is the model of the gray-haired man on the left, a man

of perhaps fifty, with kindly intelligent eyes, and strong, nervous expressive hands—hands that know how to model a colossal Greek war-horse, plunging in battle, or create a nymph scarcely a foot high out of a lump of clay, so charmingly that the French Government has not only bought the nymph, but given him a little red ribbon for his pains." By which excerpt it will be seen that Mr. Smith has an eye for the picturesque, and tells what he sees in a simple, engaging fashion.

("The Real Latin Quartier," published by Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York.)

An Artistic Novel of Manners. "The best way of telling a good book from a bad one," says Mr. Augustine Birrell, "is to make yourself as well acquainted as you can with some of the great literary models." And by this severe standard, "The Ordeal of Elizabeth," is very poor, in comparison, for instance, with that greatest of novels of manners, "Vanity Fair." The unknown author of "The Ordeal" undoubtedly lacks Thackeray's wit, or his choice of significant episode, or his good humored, impartial scorn of his characters, but why should we expect always the miracle. Judged by the average of this season's novels, "The Ordeal of Elizabeth," published anonymously, is a charming, sympathetic study of conditions of American social life, and of American girlhood. For Elizabeth is not only lovely, she is interesting, sensitive, complex. She is the member of an aristocratic New York family, but her father falling below the Van Vorst standard, had married a handsome bar-maid who lived near the family country residence, so that the girl had in her rebellious, plebeian blood; carrying out the idea that even here in democratic America there is perforce an aristocracy. Elizabeth, after an "elegant" city education, and finding life in the country neighborhood dull, contracts a secret marriage at an early age, with a musician of poor character, but attractions. He goes abroad, she is brought out in a fashionable New York society, where her success is brilliant, but just as she is about to fall in love with a conserva-

tive New Yorker, Gerard, the musician, from whom she has carefully kept her foolish secret, re-appears. He promises not to claim her as his wife, but in payment exacts her services to help him socially. At length, in the course of the tale he is poisoned by Elizabeth's cousin, and by a train of circumstantial evidence Elizabeth is made to stand trial for her life as his murderer. A rather strange idea, but the plot is developed with absolute realism, and the characters are drawn easily but faithfully. The hand seems that of one who is familiar with the inadvertent, half-instinctive "little things," which make the difference between a coarse person and a well-bred man or woman. The ordeal of the young girl is made to arouse our pity, though the absence of any particular nobility of motive robs it of dramatic value. However, as a novel of manners, the work is faithfully, if a trifle colorlessly done, and seems to promise something of more importance in the future. The portraits of the beautiful Elizabeth, by S. Allan Gilbert, as a frontispiece, and on the cover, add attractiveness to the volume.

(Published by the J. F. Taylor Co. New York. Price, \$1.50.)

A New England Waif.

From the fashionable, weak-willed Elizabeth to sternly determined little "Tildy Jane," is to settle down in the social scale. However, in "Tildy Jane" Mr. Marshall Saunders has written a successful work. Intended for the reading of boys and girls, this touching little history of the search of an orphan girl for a home is realistic and amusing enough to interest older readers. Indeed, the mingling of pathos and humor in the book is continual, and humor wins out by all odds. The scene is laid in the northern part of Maine. The strongest feeling in the child's breast is for dumb animals:

"A little, thin, old, brown cur staggered out, with lips viciously rolled back, and a curious unsteadiness of gait.

"'Steady, old boy,' said the young man; 'my soul and body, he ain't got but three legs! Whoa—you're running into the

table.'

"'He don't see very well,' said 'Tildy Jane, firmly. 'His eyes is poor.'

"'What's the matter with his tail? It don't seem to be hung on right.'

"'It wobbles from having tin cans tied to it. Gippie, dear, here's a bone.'

"'Gippie, dear,' muttered the young man. 'I'd shoot him if he was my dog.'

"'If that dog died, I'd die,' said the little girl, passionately."

Through a time of hardship which would have daunted a less plucky soul, the little girl at last gains her wish, and becomes "a member of a happy family." "She saw stretching before her a long vista of happy years—the sight was almost too much for her, yet even in her ecstasy she thought of other children less fortunate. 'Hank, brother Hank!' she called suddenly, 'all the world ain't joyful like us. When you make a little money will you let me write to the lady-boards for another orphan—the ugliest little orphan they've got—worse than me, if it's not impossible.'" This delightful story of a delightfully natural and "commonsense" little person, is never mawkish or sentimental. In fact, it is a strong bit of realism.

("Tildy Jane." L. C. Page & Co., Boston. Price, \$1.50.)

A re-publication of
Dr. Drummond's Dr. Drummond's
French Dialect. "Johnny Courteau,
and Other Poems,"

comes to us in an attractively bound little volume adorned with artistic drawings as head pieces above each poem. They are written in the broken English dialect of the French Canadian, and illustrate many phases of the peasant life. Dialect seems ever to lend itself easily to the purposes of word music. Here is the beginning of a poem called:

"The Rose Delima."

"You can sew heem up in a canvas sack,
An' t'row heem overboar',
You can wait till de ship she's comin'
back,

Den bury heem on de shore:
For dead man w'en he's dead for sure,

Ain't good for not'ing at all,
An' he'll stay on de place you put heem
Till he hear dat bugle call.

Deey say will soun' on de las', las' day,
W'en ev'ry t'ing's goin' for pass-away,
But down on de Gulf of St. Laurent,

W'ere de sea an' de reever meet,
An' off on St. Pierre de Miqualon,

De chil'ren on de street
Can tole you story of Pierre Guillaume,

De sailor of St. Yvonne
Dat's b'ingin' de Rose Delima home

Affer he's dead an' gone."

The poems are many of them too long to be quoted here, and on the ballad order, usually tell some story or present character.

("Johnny Courteau," by William Henry Drummond. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

Quaint Glimpses
of Early American
Literature.

Unless one has been a careful student of American literature, he will be surprised to find how much of interest is contained in three small volumes recently issued, called altogether "Colonial Prose and Poetry," or singly, "The Transplanting of culture, 1607-1650," "The Beginnings of Americanism, 1650-1710," and "Growth of the National Spirit, 1710-1775." The work is edited by Professor W. P. Trent and B. W. Wells, and aims especially to show the development of national culture and ideals by illustrating the literature of the American colonies. Although not entirely avoiding them, it does not primarily deal with political life or with historical interests. It presents mainly in modernized spelling such passages from the works of colonial authors, as reveal most of literary art, of individual genius, and of the traditional mind in the process of its differentiation. But aside from this serious purpose, who can measure the charms of this dipping into the quaint, the noble, the humorous, the sorrowful, which was in the beginnings of American life? The selections are arranged of course in the chronological order in which they were written, and a short biography of each. Beginning with

Captain John Smith and his "True Relation," we find an end only with the "Virginia and New Jersey Contrasted." In all this period there was only one poet—the Puritan, Mrs. Anne Bradstreet, who was a progenitor of the poets Oliver Wendell Holmes and R. H. Dana, and of the orator, Wendell Phillips. First of the annalists is the "dignified, sober and benign" William Bradford of Plymouth, who is capable of a more humane humor than Francis Higginson of Salem, a pious soul, naively credulous. Rather credulous, too, is William Wood, though he was an acute observer, and John Underhill, who is worthy of note "for his singular faculty of discerning special providences." More sober and statesmanlike is the writing of John Winthrop. And there are many more Puritans, until we get to the time of the Virginia Cavalier. Measured by literary standards the greatest of them all was Roger Williams, "that stone rejected of the builders." Certainly we should all be better read than we are, in matters which pertain to the work of our past, which was the stone building of our present. And no better edited work has appeared for many a day than "Colonial Prose and Poetry."

(T. Y. Crowell & Company, Publishers, New York.)

Another work American in spirit and matter, a book of charming fiction, is "In Our County," a book of short stories by Marion Harland. The scenes of these stories of the last generation are all placed in one county in Virginia, and are illustrated by excellent photographs taken of late of the delightful country landscape in which many of them are laid. "Thus it came about," the author says in her preface, "that I gathered into my mental garner great store of comedies, romances and tragedies pertaining to an age which exists no longer, and which can never come again. The Old Virginia of my childhood is so unlike the Virginia of the twentieth century that I could not hope to reproduce it for my reader were my own recollections of it less vivid. The stories of her social and domestic life, collected in these pages,

are but a few of the many incorporated into a life that spans the great gulf fixed between the Then and the Now. My tales have naught to do with the mighty convulsion that opened that gulf. My business is with the days that are no more." And most artistically and interestingly has she performed her task. The tales are written in a leisurely, limpid style which has an unusual beauty; and what is rather remarkable in a book of Southern stories, its purity is undisturbed by any dialect of any sort. In their air of being true annals, and the originality of plot, they remind one somewhat of Thomas Hardy's Wessex stories. The ones entitled "Dodder" and "V. V." are two of the best.

(G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

"The Wild Fowlers" is a little book which will interest those fond of shooting. Its sub-title reads, "Or Sporting Scenes and Characters of the Great Lagoon, with Many Practical Hints Concerning Shot-Gun and Ammunition, the Natural History of Wild Fowl, and the Chivalric Sportsman's Best Method of Taking the Game," by Charles Bradford. The tiny pen drawings which adorn the book are especially good. "Reading and writing are inflicted by school-masters, but a crack-shot is the work of God," is quoted by Frank Forester at the outset. The book is dedicated to Grover Cleveland, "a sportsman and nature lover of rare quality."

(From the Knickerbocker Press, G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, Publishers.)

"An Indiana Girl," by Fred S. Lincoln, is an entertaining novelette, issued by The Neale Publishing Co., Washington, D. C.

One of the most taking little books we have seen for many a day is "Mother Goose's Menagerie," written by Carolyn Wells, and illustrated by colored drawings by Peter Newell. It is something certainly which every little child deserves to have, and which no cruel parent should deprive his offspring of the pleasure of possessing.

Noyes, Platt & Co., Boston, Publishers.

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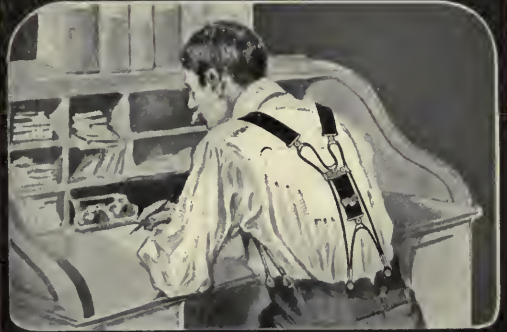
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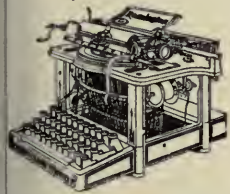
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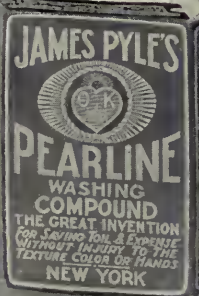
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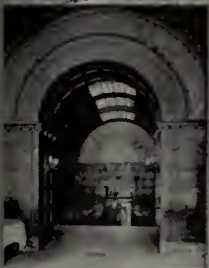
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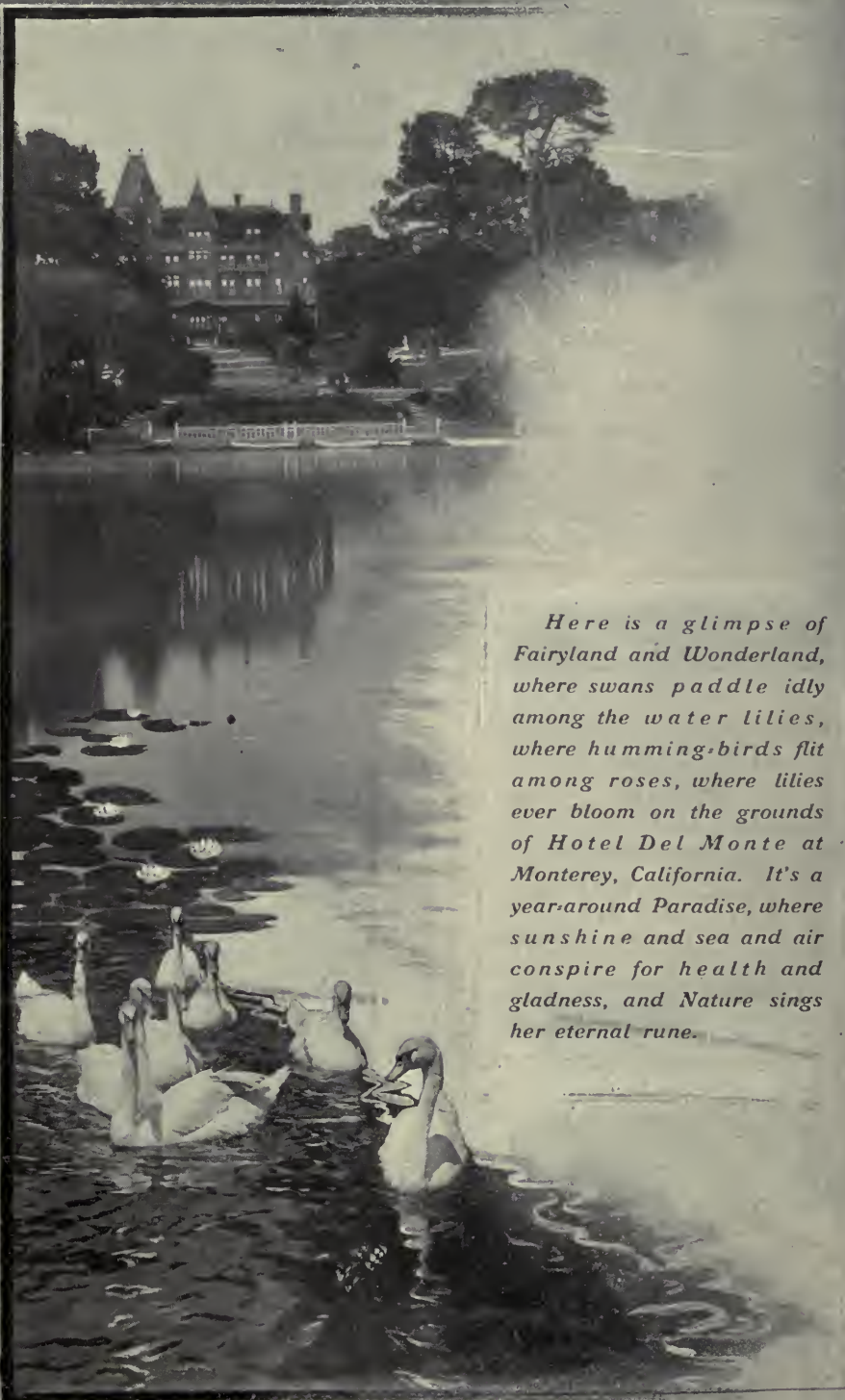
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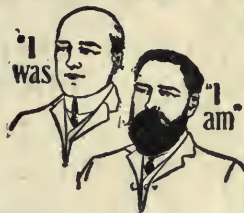
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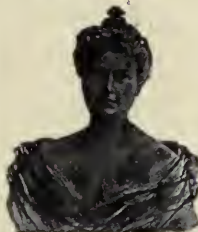
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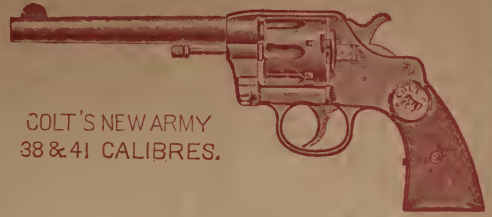
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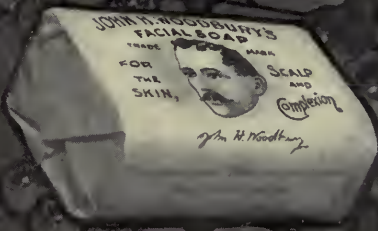
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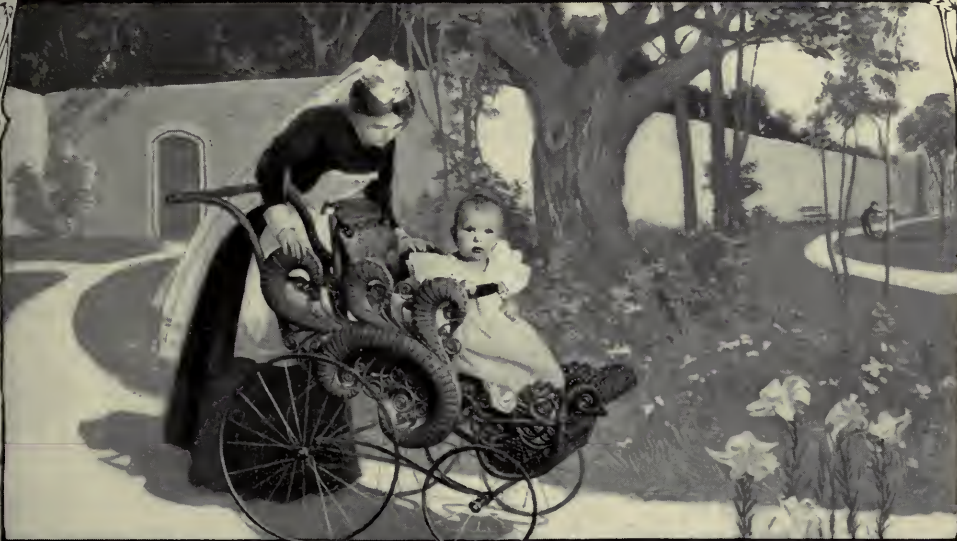
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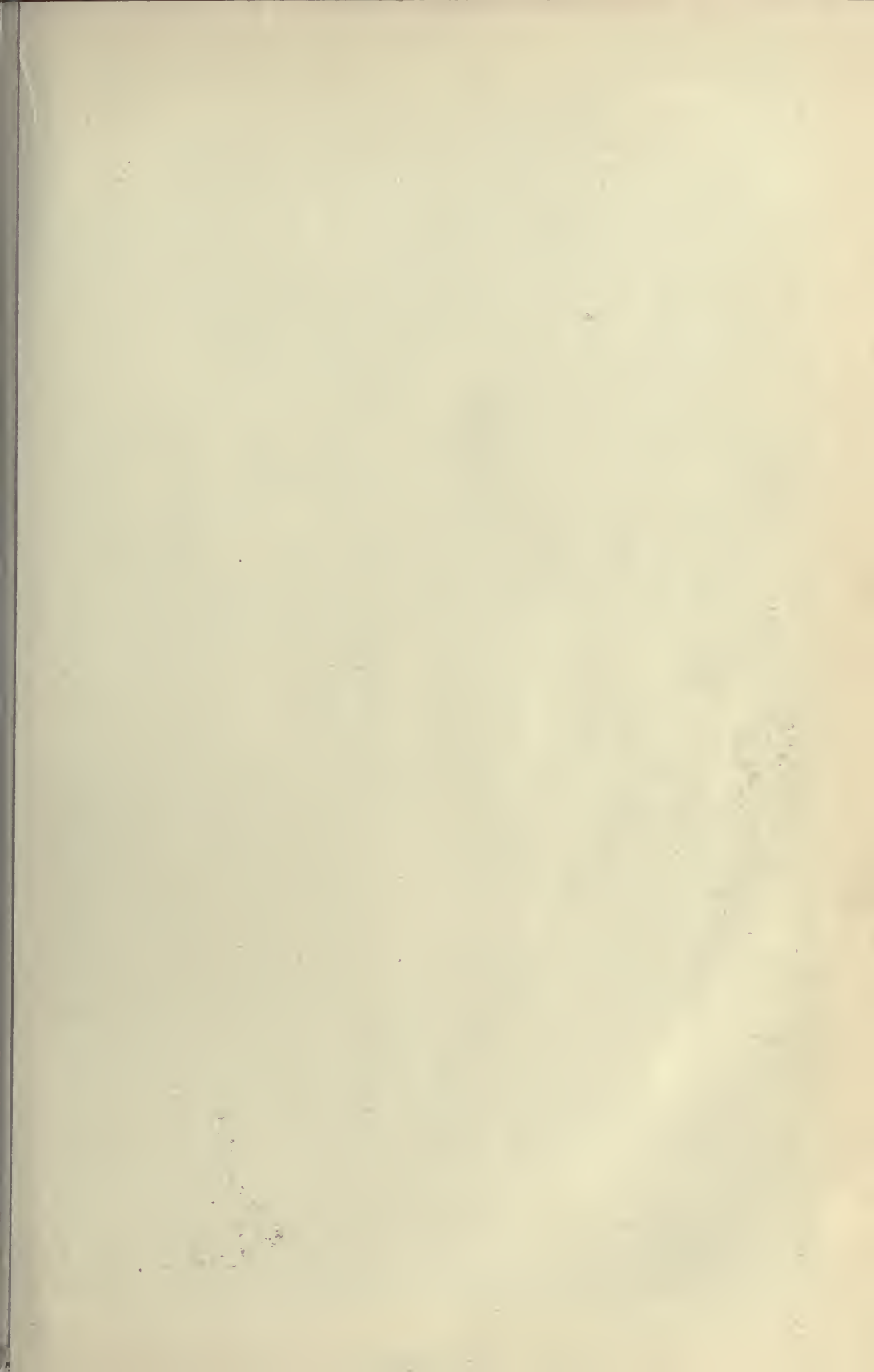


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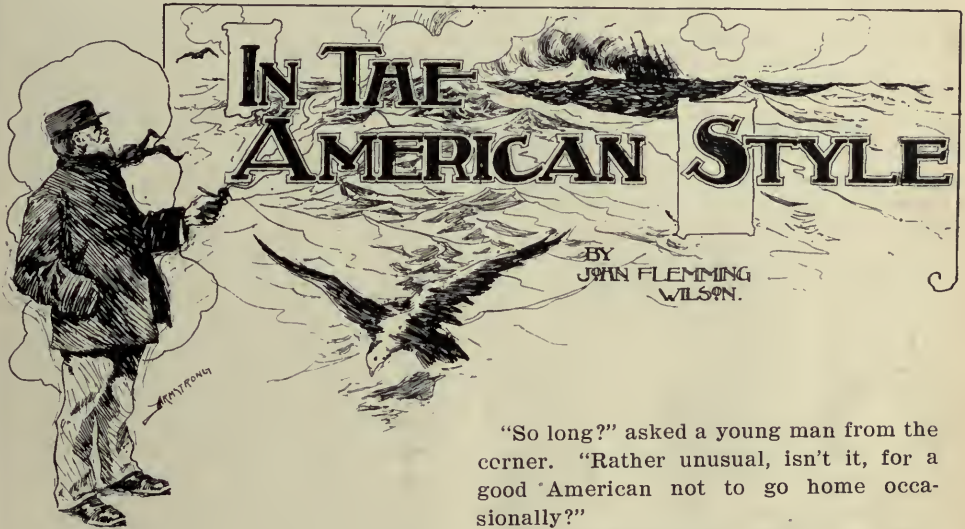
(See Jim and Kittick, page 685.)

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THE chief engineer dropped his cards and nodded to the German. "We can't deny," said he, "that some of 'em are lubbers with dirty politics behind 'em, and maybe some of 'em are willing to reach for a dollar lying handy. But you can't say it's a fault confined entirely to Americans. Furthermore, there are consuls on this coast that do credit even to the States."

"How about the shooting of General Barrundia on one of your Mail boats?"

"That's one side of the question," interposed another. "There are plenty of decent fellows among the Americans."

"Surely, surely," assented the German pacifically. "For instance you have French of Mapala. Straight as a string, honest as a Chinaman. But he is on this coast so long that we forget. He's a rabid American, but he doesn't smell of the Yankee soil so strongly as some of you."

"He hasn't been home since '67," remarked the captain.

"So long?" asked a young man from the corner. "Rather unusual, isn't it, for a good American not to go home occasionally?"

The chief engineer growled in his beard, and took his gaunt form out of the smoking room. The last speaker repeated his question to the captain, adding, "I thought all the consuls were expected to go home every so often."

"They get sent home or called home every so often," replied the captain, with a smile, "but I guess if a man likes the climate and can keep his position it rests with him how often he goes home."

They turned again to their cards and talked dully in the stifling heat. The young man whose questions had met such meagre response left them for the deck and stared at the sky. Seaward blazed the Southern Cross above a bank of haze which ran continuously around the horizon till it blended with the shadows of the Central American coast. About the ship the ocean lay in gentle plains glowing here and there into milky phosphorescence. Above and below every sound was asleep except the drowsy breathing of the engines and the occasional whisper of a lapping wave. For the young man,

John Mason, his few years were multiplied into very many, and he felt driving in his blood the abundant South; at this moment things of great value that he earnestly desired were fading away from before him, and life was not scanty lacking them. His thoughts were dying away into mere flushes of consciousness and he awoke and smiled contentedly at the chief, who sat upon a hatch smoking.

"Dreaming?" asked the elder.

"A little," was the reply.

"I suppose this country is new to you. It seems pretty much of a heaven while you're young."

"Yes," answered Mason slowly, "it's new to me. That is, some things seem new; some are strangely familiar."

"Well, you will find some of our countrymen down here—all sorts of 'em. That ought to make you feel at home."

"I don't know anybody down here, except by reputation," said Mason. "So the smoking-room crowd say, I don't lose much by not knowing them; are there no honest men beside Mr. French of Malapa?"

"Good man, that," said the chief, without committing himself.

"Friend of yours?" asked the young man, sitting down.

"I've known him for thirty years off and on," said the old man, with a sigh.

"Well, why don't he go home once in a while?"

"Funny you should ask that," said the chief moodily. "Other people beside you wonder at it. French is a good sort," he continued slowly, "and before foreigners like those"—he nodded towards the smoking room—"I say so always and don't explain. We Americans must watch out for one another, you understand."

"Is he——?"

The chief laid a reproving hand on John Mason's knee. "No, he's honest. I've known Tom French on this coast for twenty odd years and he's never done anything crooked. It was before."

"Made his stake and quit?"

"He's still poor," said the chief dryly. "He was young like you."

"Are you telling the story?"

The old man made no answer, but slum-

bered over his pipe, until Mason ventured to suggest: "You said he was young."

"Like you. You remind me of him in more ways than one; perhaps you would have done the same thing that he did."

"When was this?" asked Mason.

"During the war. I'm Nova Scotian, from Pi'tou. Maybe you've heard that there were a lot of Blue Noses in the contraband business out of New York. It was a good thing while it lasted, and naturally enough, after I got my papers running down Plymouth and Boston way I joined a steamer in that trade. It was getting to be a ticklish bit of work, and when the port officers finally put a stop to it I lost my ticket. So I moved down into the Gulf and joined a light draft steamer where we didn't need new certificates every year. We ran from various points in the Gulf to the Brazos, with an occasional jaunt down the Mosquito Coast. We were owned in New Orleans, and with the other news that came from there we used to hear about a young Union officer named French. From all accounts he was thick with the nabobs and enjoying life better than most of his mates. Mind you, we heard never a word of anything crooked; he was simply a young chap who preferred to get along nicely with the men on the other side.

"When the war was over the United States seized a warehouse on the Brazos which held the profits of several good voyages. In the teeth of that fact (we thought) orders came to run over and load that stuff for Belize. I confess I didn't expect to find Captain French in charge of that depot. But he was. I don't recollect the value of that contraband, and it doesn't have anything to do with the yarn, but we took three cargoes away.

"When we came in for the fourth, we couldn't get any: the Government was checking the captain up. He must have been in for trouble, and it must have been unexpected, for he picked a dark night and came aboard of us with his uniform on and his sword at his hip. We took him to New Orleans without asking questions. We were lying in a blind pass waiting for orders when a supply boat came alongside with instruc-

tions to the skipper to go to Cartagena with passengers.

"A night like this they came aboard, Tom French and his bride, the daughter of our owner. None of us blamed him.

shipped to San Francisco and joined this line. In the course of time I found Tom French at Mapaia shipping coffee in a small way. One trip he asked me up, and though his wife didn't care much to have



"I've known him for thirty years, off and on," said the old man.

She was a tall woman with a red mouth and eyes as soft and starry as that wave. It wasn't a pleasant voyage for any of us. I reckon it was bitter to them.

The war was settled, but I didn't feel equal to getting my papers back, so I

me around, I went in as often as he called me in there. Before very long Mrs. French died and Tom was left with his little daughter Kate. By and bye, I guess, people in the States forgot his doings, because about fifteen years ago

they made him Consul. He came off to the ship in his boat, and called me. 'I am serving the old flag, Jim,' he said. 'Come over.'

"I went over. Above his door was the Eagle, and Tom French cried like a child. 'It's more than I deserve, Jim. More'n I deserve,' said Tom, 'but Kate shall have an honorable name.'

"He lives quiet, and he's pretty old; but my firm belief is, young man, that to lose that little, dirty, out of the way consulate in Honduras would kill Tom French."

John Mason refit his cigar and stared at the mountains above which the moon was splendidly rising. A breath of the seawind rippled the shoreward expanse into golden glory beneath the reginal hour. "Time I was turning in," said the Chief. "We'll be at anchor by four in the morning."

"Good night, I'm very much obliged for the story. It's been a pleasant voyage and I'm almost sorry to be going ashore in the morning."

"At Mapala?" said the Engineer rising.

"Yes," answered John Mason. "I'm the new Consul there."

The dawn was glowing into day when the Consul-elect started ashore in a *lancha* loaded high with freight. Eagerness for the land forgot the weeks past and he turned away from the last farewell to scan with curious eyes the harbor of Mapala. His gaze ran from the rugged peak that locks it from the Pacific which beats outside to the town that lies just back of the slender curve of the beach. Above the fringe of low palms rose an

occasional roof nestled beneath the tall twin towers that mark the Cathedral. Beneath the first shadows of the morning he caught a bit of green, the flash of white from a woman's dress; beyond, the massive Cordilleras rose into cool, lofty heights, the horizon of this breathless bay. The setting was that of his many dreams, but the remembrance of how he had attained this degraded him to the brutal reality.

On the beach, instead of announcing his office and thus avoiding the vexatious customs, he drove a shrewd bargain; perhaps too shrewd, the official thought, for a stranger, and he treated him with respect.

From the landing the new Consul walked up a narrow street hemmed by dark houses with latticed windows and emerged on a little plaza.

Across this he saw through the trees a two story building above which drooped the Stars and Stripes. He paused a moment in the shade and there

bared his head to the cool. Around him the shadows lay lifeless; he glanced up and not a leaf was stirring in the foliage. The transient sense of the refreshment passed and John Mason continued on his way to the Consulate. Within its wide veranda he paid the porters who had brought his luggage and stepped inside. A languid clerk of mixed blood rose from a chair, by the one desk in the hallway and politely inquired his errand.

"I'm off the Quito," said Mason, "and called to pay my respects to Mr. French, and his—Miss French," he added.



"There are plenty of decent fellows among the Americans."

"An American, Senor?" asked the clerk scrutinizing the card.

"Yes;—my compliments to Mr. French, please."

The clerk retired leisurely and Mason turned to the door to look out. He soon heard the steps of two people crossing the interior court. He stepped forward to meet an old man whose erect bearing was belied by the fact that he leaned slightly

gentleman held out his hand, saying, "Mr. Mason, I am glad to welcome you, sir. Kate, allow me to introduce Mr. Mason."

The young man bowed awkwardly. "Are you ashore just for the day?" asked Miss French.

"No, I shall be here some time," he answered shortly.

"I hope your stay will be pleasant," said the Consul. "It isn't often that we have



"Jim Hurley, with a heavy sigh, turned down the street."

on the arm of a young woman.

"Mr. French, I believe," said Mason, bowing.

"Yes. Have I the pleasure of welcoming an American?"

"I am John Mason of Oregon." His answer was given with the expectation of an instant change of manner on the part of the Consul. There was none; the old

the chance to really welcome a countryman. Is there anything that I can do for you officially this morning? If not, suppose we take Mr. Mason into the sitting room, Kate."

"Yes, and we'll have a real, good American talk," she said hospitably.

"Thank you, but perhaps I had better seek a hotel first and make myself pre-

sentable," said Mason.

"You are our guest for the time, sir," replied the Consul.

"I really can not intrude," he protested. "If you will tell me of a place, I'll go there and get some sort of accommodation."

The girl laughed frankly. "Mr. Mason, let me be your hostess. There is no need of your going anywhere else, for we'll be too glad to have you here. Where is your luggage?"

"On—on your veranda," he stammered, blushing. "I—I didn't know where to take it, and I distrusted the men on the beach."

"You should have told them that you were my guest sir," said the Consul gently, "but I am glad you knew what to do. Any American is at home under the Flag."

Awkward as Mason felt it to be, he was constrained to become the guest of these kindly people. He grew angry at himself for allowing his hands to be so tied, he included in his resentment the Chief who had made ordinary ceremony impossible; yet there was a certain joy in having destiny in his own power for a moment and he audibly blessed the Chief Engineer.

At the advent of breakfast time, which in the tropics is mid-day, he found himself installed in a cool and spotless room. Through the lattice breathed the heavy scent of magnolia pervading the atmosphere with drowsy, reminiscent perfume. Its dreamy influence softened his mood into one of strangely familiar reverery where everything faded into a swift, unknown, shadowy delight. He was

aroused by the breakfast call and went with a very animal sensation of calm pleasure.

"I quite expected Jim Hurley," said the Consul as they sat down to table. "He rarely misses a visit. Strange, they haven't even begun to bring the mail off."

"The Chief is one of papa's oldest friends," said Miss French. "He is my oldest and dearest friend. Don't you like him?"

"He has been very good to me," he replied, "and he spoke so warmly about you that I was very happy to think of making your acquaintance."

"Isn't it nice," she responded, "to know something about people before you meet them?"

"What did you hear about me?" he inquired curiously.

"When Ramiro brought your card he announced that 'an Excellency was come.' Isn't that flattering?"

"What did he mean?"

"He meant you were a Consul or dignitary of some sort," she answered carelessly.

The old gentleman broke in here with a question and John Mason was glad of the diversion. They went from one thing to another till far into the afternoon. "I will leave the mail until this evening," said the Consul when they rose, "and in the meanwhile, Mr. Mason, we may doze in peace. Now, Kate, if they bring off the mail, don't go fussing over the letters, but wait for me. My eyesight, sir, is so impaired that I leave all my correspondence to my daughter."



"In salute to his country's hymn."

"And you've no idea of the diplomatic secrets I share in, Mr. Mason," said Kate demurely.

Once is his room the young man wiped the sweat from his face and sat down to smoke a pipe. Outside the very trees droned in the heat and the sluggish odor of magnolia was stupefying. Fresh as his nerves were he could not sleep. So through two hours he smoked grimly and dried his face. At five o'clock he put aside his pipe and went softly across the court and out upon the street. He stood still a minute under the dry sun, traversed the plaza beneath the now lengthening shadows of the trees and went down towards the beach whence he heard the dull sounds of men laboring. As he reached the row of palms that fledged the shore he saw the Captain and Engineer step out of a boat followed by a quartermaster carrying a mailbag. "Oh, Lord," muttered Mason, "there goes the finishing touch. If they don't know it now, they will pretty soon." He stepped back and they passed without seeing him. With a restless gesture he turned to follow, but after he had taken a few paces a sense of his new dignity came over him. "I think I'm equal to working this out by myself," he thought, "and if anybody will tell me what concern it is of those people in duck, I'll make allowances. Hang 'em, anyhow."

The two officers labored through the heat to the Consulate where they found the old man and his daughter astir in the cooling air. "Thought you had forgotten us," said the Consul when they had shaken hands.

"I ask your pardon for not sending the mail off this morning, Mr. French," said the Captain.

"No harm done, Captain. I was a little afraid you weren't coming ashore."

"We've both had our hands full," said the Chief. "But you know, Kate, I always have to see you if only for a minute. If you'll talk to an old man a while, we'll leave the skipper and your father to a yarn."

Without other response than a smile she laid her hand on his arm and they stepped out into the plaza across which a few women were strolling on their way

to vespers.

"How are you, little girl?" asked the Chief affectionately.

"Very well; I wanted to see you all day. Did you know we had a visitor from the States?"

"I guess I ought to know; didn't we bring him down in the Quito?"

"Did he say what he came for?" she asked.

"He didn't particularly make a fuss about it; fact is, I'm the only person he did tell. Do you know what he's come for?"

"To take my father's place, I know, but—I don't believe I understand," she answered.

"Did he tell you?" said the Chief quickly.

"No, it was in a letter that came some time ago," she replied, wearily, as the memory of anxious nights returned.

"Well, I thought it was all in that hanged mailsack, Kate. I kept the old man from sending it ashore this morning by the stiffest kind of work; you see I wanted to break things to you and sort o' ease you over the hard places. I—I wish I could help you."

"Is it a very great disgrace?" she said timidly.

The Chief glanced at her flushed face and fairly laughed. "It's a gilt-edged compliment, a testimonial that he's a gentleman; why, Kate, it's a tribute, an ovation, by Gorry."

She was hurt and the tears shone in her eyes when she said, "Please don't. I reckon I don't understand."

"Forgive me, Kate. I didn't mean that it was so bad as all that. What I was trying to do was to save telling your father," said the old man gently.

"I haven't."

The Chief brought his jaws together with a snap. "You're a good girl, Kate, and we mustn't let them lay your father off. He's old, you understand, and he wouldn't take it easily."

"Beside," she continued, "it's all we have. Father has been so honest, you know, even when it would have been all right to take advantage of little things that everybody down here expects him to use. I don't want him to worry. What

shall I do?" she cried bitterly.

"I wish I could help you," sighed the old man wiping his face with a piece of waste. "I've done my blametest, Kate, ever since I heard about it. I didn't know anything certain till last night, and guess it rests with you. This Mason is a decent sort, from all I can see; keep him in tow for two or three weeks; tell him the truth; play your long suit, and maybe I can help you."

The glow of the day was dimming into no less oppressive night. In the sunless, starless dusk the Chief wilfully tried the temper of the girl he loved.

"I can't, I can't do that," she protested desperately while he urged her to use every art. "I am a woman. He would scorn me if I used my woman's privilege. I would do anything for my father but be untrue to his ideas of what is honorable."

"There's naught dishonorable with that," said the Chief feebly. "It is what many a good woman has done."

"I won't," she answered hotly. "Would my mother have done such a thing? I'd rather see my father in poverty than lose the respect of any man, much less of a gentleman and my guest."

"That's where you have a good hold,"

continued the Chief. "He's your guest. That's what I should call a strong card."

"Where else could he go? There's no hotel and even if there were, did my father ask him to stay just that we might use his sense of obligation for our own benefit? I—— wish mamma were here."

The old man patted her hand and spoke as cheerfully as he could. "I have a good faith that you will do the right thing, Kate."

"I wish mamma were here," she repeated with a sob.

The Chief remembered the starry eyes that a generation ago had lost a battle. "I know, I know," he said gently, "but a woman can do a great deal by herself, and you've a just cause."

When he had seen Kate French re-enter the Consulate Jim Hurley with a heavy sigh turned down the street leading to the landing and as he trod the uneven stones he cursed audibly. On the sand he met John Mason face to face. "Good evening," said the latter.

The engineer grinned half approvingly. "I see you've kept things in the dark," he said.

"I'm in a tight place," the young man answered frankly, "and I don't see how



"The dawn was glowing into day."



"The row of palms that fledged the shore."

to get out of it."

"There's one way," suggested the elder.

"There's another" came the challenge.

"Which are you going to take?" asked the Chief bluntly.

The Consul-elect stared at the sky now resplendent with new stars and made no immediate answer. Finally he met the gaze of the old man and said defiantly, "Quien sabe? Who knows?"

"I thought you were an American," said the Chief quietly and passed on.

Mason was welcomed heartily and cheerfully when he came in to dinner. "There's good news from home, sir," said the Consul. "Congress has passed a bill that we down here have advocated for years. I flatter myself that they have some respect for our opinions. I count it a feather in my cap, I assure you."

"No other news?" said Mason rudely.

"None, except maybe the papers have it. Kate and I haven't worked around to them yet." The young man threw back his head and laughed boyishly. "Mr. French, it's worth while being an American isn't it?"

"It means everything," said the Consul in some astonishment.

By the evening candle Mason read the papers aloud while Kate worked at her needle. Without the town was waking; gay laughter floated in from the passers on the street, the vendors of lottery tickets cried unceasingly and little naked children peeped in by the door. As the night deepened they fell silent. The two men smoked and watched Kate, who looked up now and then to smile at her father. At least above the sounds of the street there rose the music of a band.

"I'll go to bed now," said the Consul. "What with the pleasure of meeting you, sir, and the good news from home, I shall sleep soundly to-night."

"Isn't it rather early for sleep in this climate?" Mason asked when the old man was gone.

"Yes, and father doesn't go straight to bed. He'll be out on the upper balcony long after you're gone sound to sleep. I reckon he's always done it."

"It is surely a night for dreaming," he returned, "and—surely that is America?"

When they stepped out upon the pavement the melody was in full swing. Above the mountains appeared the glow that heralds the rising moon, but sea-

ward the stars shone in still undimmed splendor. In the shadows of the lower night Mason had not seen, but now that a hand was laid upon his arm he saw above, in the dull gloom of the Consulate, the old gentleman with head bared in salute to his country's hymn. His own throat swelled: he had dreamed of the thrill with which he himself should salute that hymn.

The band swept on into one of those enchanted airs which beat through the soul like the pulse of all the life that's worth the living. As they listened the very stars swung in the sky, and John Mason bowed his head that Kate French might not see his face; for he was losing his way.

A passing group compelled them to step off the pavement and he sought a seat for her by the little fountain that plays in the middle of the plaza. When she was seated he stood before her. "Did you see the letter explaining my business?" he asked.

"Yes."

He smiled faintly. "Why didn't you tell your father?"

She looked up at him with a pitiful quiver of the mouth. "I will as soon as I can," she said, "but it is a hard thing to do."

"Was it because you thought I'd do what was right?" he continued without noticing her plea.

"You looked to be a gentleman, and I thought you—I could—you would excuse a little delay."

"Why is it so hard?"

She made no answer and John Mason felt ashamed of himself. He said more gently, "What is the right thing to do, Miss French?"

"I—I don't know," she confessed.

He stiffened his shoulders slightly. "You mean," he said "that you thought you might put me in so uncomfortable a position that I could choose the easier thing?"

"If I did," she retorted looking him bravely in the eyes, "I was foolish."

He glanced at her soberly with words on his lips. Instead of uttering them he gazed upon her delicate face showing clear and proud in the darkness. From

her white shoulder the black lace fell over an arm of surpassing fairness. A sense for the beauty of this woman woke within him and his eyes dimmed. "Yes," he said blindly, "it seems unjust,—it is unjust."

The tone roused her and she arose, saying quickly, "Well, let's say no more about it. It is hard, a little hard, but we must both obey our government."

"I don't want you to think too hardly of me," he responded. "I am not sure that there isn't some mistake. Don't mention this to your father and if there has been a mistake, I will right it."

"Surely there must be," she pleaded half to herself, "for he has done so much. He was wounded and they made him Captain. Down here, he has done them honor. You could have told them how much they respect him here."

"I sympathize with your father," he said a little grimly.

In the hallway of the Consulate she said good night hospitably and he held her hand an instant. "What was the Chief's idea?" he asked gravely.

Her hand rested within his as she answered. "He said that you were an American and a gentleman."

That night the Consul-elect spent laboriously over pen and paper. The dawn was breaking when he folded the final sheet and mopped his face. "They've paid off all obligations by giving me this appointment," he muttered, "and they won't give a hang for this stuff. They'll think I'm crazy; that may do some good. Any way I've done my part. Now for the fun."

He sealed the package and stepped off to the post. Here he entered into parley with an early rising official who guaranteed its delivery to the United States rails within eight days. "Allow three weeks," thought Mason, "and my Christmas tree will be ready. Lord, but I'm sleepy." So he went to bed and slept.

For a week he dawdled away the time in such aimless fashion that the polite Consul hinted that he would be glad to help him in any business, and Kate grew more constrained. Each evening the hour of the National Airs found him in the plaza whence he watched the old man

dreaming in the shadows of his balcony. "It's not so much fun as I expected," he admitted to himself one night. "I'm not over-nice in matters of politics, but this isn't politics; this is——". He halted over the last word and scowled savagely at the arms over the Consulate. Later he entered the hall to find Kate sitting alone in the dusk. He sat down heavily and watched her face. "I have made up my mind," he said presently.

"Yes?"

"I shall resign."

"My father is still Consul; how can you resign?"

"I mean that I'll throw up the appointment, Miss French. I'll explain to the Bureau and the man who got me the chance."

"But," she said quickly, "maybe it will mean that another will come in your place."

"Is your armory exhausted?" he returned.

The tears rose in her eyes. "Haven't I humiliated myself enough?" she pleaded. "Can't you understand why I do this?"

He made no response except a gesture of assent.

A slight breath of air crept through the room and he stirred restlessly. Finally he broke the silence by saying, "Would you mind a stroll in the plaza?"

"No; let's get a little fresh air. I'm sorry you're going to leave us," she went on, somewhat inconsequently. "When will you go?"

From the beach they faintly heard the notes of a sailor's guitar and above its strum the laughter of women. A parrot chattered rudely from an unseen perch. Mason laughed. "This is very good. Must I leave it?"

"How can you stay?" she responded, simply.

"Won't you feel safe while I am here?"

She looked at him curiously. "Have you written your letter yet?" she inquired softly. He bit into his lip and his hand trembled on the lapel of his jacket. Kate, with an almost unwilling movement put

out her hand toward him and tried to speak. He turned around and they went back to the Consulate. She was about to pass in, but he stopped her with a gesture. "You've said exactly what I deserve to hear," he averred. "It was utterly childish in me to try such a scheme. I wrote my letter the night of the day that I accepted your hospitality. It's on its way to Washington if it's not there now. I felt rather virtuous (for a while) and thought I'd surprise you. I didn't tell you because I wanted a little fun for my trip and—isn't it ridiculous?"

"I—I shouldn't have asked you the question if I—I hadn't known—the answer—I think," her voice shook a little as she raised her eyes to his—"and I beg your pardon—humbly."

"Quite unnecessary," he answered, gravely, "for I have got my deserts. Adios!"

"Where is Mr. Mason?" Kate asked her father at breakfast the next morning.

"Left for Chinchuga to look at a mine," he answered. "He seems a nice, gentlemanly fellow, and he knows a good many respectable people. Funny, though, that he should stop here: wonder what he's after. Railroad, probably."

"Did he leave his luggage?" she asked.

"I believe so; in fact he asked me to ship it up by the Quito, in case he didn't get back in time to catch her. He seemed to think he might not be back here."

"His room is ready for him if he comes back," said Kate, and the subject was dropped.

The Quito called and went up the coast, but John Mason did not appear. However, the Chief showed Kate a cablegram among the bunch sent aboard by the operator at San Juan del Sur. It announced that the appointment of John Mason of Oregon to the Consulate at Mapala had been revoked at his own request, and Mr. Thomas French continued in that office. Over this Kate cried. Much to the Chief's amazement.

Avila: an Idyl of Southern California

*by Tracy and Lucy
Robinson.*



We were four days at Avila.
Away from the dust of a Mission town
Whose hills wear the sun for a golden gown,
Where Winter's a name and nothing more,
We drove us down to the kelp-strewn shore.
A green little canyon, with many a gem
Of loveliest vista, wound as a hem
Round highland slopes where the plow was plied,
Or countless cattle went ranging wide,
The once-great ranch of Avila.



We came at noon to Avila.
On day so fair haste had been ill.
At ease climbed we the low last hill,
'Mid scatter of live-oak and sycamore,
Gray with the mantles of moss they wore.
Then felt we a wafture of cooler air,
Heard sound of breakers, and there, oh, there!
A wide-away wonder of dreamful haze,
The vast Pacific held fast our gaze
Beyond the Bay of Avila.

Joy welcomed us to Avila.
The way fared down to a hostelry
Half hid in evergreen trees by the sea,—
Blue-gum and cypress of Monterey,—
Alone, with never a guest that day.

Green grew the grass on the seaward slope,
 Though thrift drew near to the end of hope.
 Then Joy to our host said: "Senor mine,
 These be my friends; see thou make them thine
 At the quaint Inn of Avila."

Don Juan Vidal de Avila,

Patrician born of the Spanish race,
 Heard the command with smiling face
 And wealth of phrases that seemed to be
 Weighty with gold of sincerity.
 Portals of cedar were open thrown,
 And the great hall became our own,
 With its carven panels, its ceiling-beam,
 And the heirlooms held in high esteem
 By the dead lords of Avila.



O, perfect air of Avila!
 December stole over hilltops sere,
 Yet the white-beard frost king came not near;
 Nor did the wind-gods once find way
 To fret the calm of the halcyon day;
 While rounded moon and the stars of night
 Sent messages from the Source of Light,
 Under seals of silence, broken alone
 By the surf beating ever its monotone
 On the broad beach of Avila.



Life reached high tide at Avila!
 Happy to find in that solitude
 Naught intrusive, sordid or rude,
 Claspng each other's hands turned we
 To the rocks and dunes, to the sun and sea.
 Morning thrilled us with pleasures new,
 With new delights, with the falling dew,
 When sundown-crimson flamed in the sky,
 Came to us with the sea-gull's cry,
 Heart-holden by dear Avila.





Jim and Kittick

*A Life Sketch
from Nome Beach*

by Josephine Scroggs

I LIVED in the sand-spit at Nome, a large point of sand bar washed up between Snake river and the sea. It is not a secure place for residence, for the sea washed completely over that bar last year.

At the mouth of Snake river the sand-bar is a mere point of the long sandy finger, gradually growing wider as Snake

river bends inland.

Many native Eskimo live in tents on the sandspit. They come from Diameda and King's Island, from East Cape, from Kotzebue Sound, and from St. Lawrence Island. The native people come long distances in their skin boats, bringing the families, their wares to sell and trade, their stock of furs and skins, and all their



The mother returns with Attuk.

belongings for a few weeks' itinerary.

They come to look at the civilization, to question and to learn. They settle the families near the water on the white sand, and here they live for weeks, perhaps the whole season.

Two white tents were pitched one day not more than six rods from my door. In one of the tents I noticed a native in citizen's dress. "Jim," they called him for the want of a better name. With him came his little devoted wife and their small boy, Attuk. One day there was a great commotion in Jim's tent. Attuk

no complaint, no cry, but how heavy-hearted! Over the Geiger bridge they went, up the rough streets of the camp, pausing occasionally to enquire of their native friends whether they had seen the little one. At last they disappeared.

Two hours later they came back bearing the little fellow fast asleep. "Jim" whistled and sauntered on ahead, while the faithful mother carried the child safe and warm upon her own back. Weary she was, but smiles of gratitude played around her eyes and dimples of joy danced on her cheeks. Her step



Nome Beach.

was lost. The mother went tearing down the muddy road searching for the boy, with that expression on her face that always sends a pain to the heart—an expression of suffering and direful suspense. Her long black hair flew in the wind. She uttered low words in her own tongue, searching and peering every way for the boy.

No one heeded the anguish of the mother as she went in and out, back and forth, rushing here and there. As the sun continued to send long rays of light Jim came and joined the woman in the hunt. Hand in hand they went, still

was slow, but the burden on her heart had been lifted, and the herald of dawn found the fond mother at peace with her little world.

* * * * *

I observed the Health Officer enter one of the tents—soon a physician called.

At high noon the wind was blowing a gale. I feared lest the tents would be destroyed. The waves ran up on the crest of the ridge almost to the foundation of the little white dwellings.

The dogs were howling in their apparent desolation; as sheep huddle together in sleet and storm so the malamutes,

hungry for human sympathy from their master, clustered around the entrance to the cabin and whined and cried like suffering children.

Unable to let the circumstance pass, and having seen evidence that some one must be ill, I went to Jim's tent to ascertain definitely. Jim was asleep on the only bed, his little Attuk close beside him. The bed consisted of a few pieces of scantling, the proper length, and put together to make a frame work. Standing three feet high, thrown upon this rude cot lay skins, sacks, bags, bundles—in fact, everything that had no other place. The wife and mother was curled upon the sod floor with a reindeer skin for her bed and she was taking her mid-day nap. It was too disagreeable to go out on the street, and they were sleeping to pass the time away.

I awoke Jim, who told me that his sister was ill in the other tent. I opened the fly, bent down, and stepped in, to behold an awful scene of wretchedness.

The native woman was lying on the sod floor. A few pieces of old clothing, gunny sacking, fox skins, and worn blankets were drawn over her, and by her side lay a struggling six-months-old baby—a boy. The woman was very thin, pretty of features and black of hair and eyes, with the beautiful dark olive skin of the Eskimos giving her a delicate paleness enhanced by her long illness.

Her name I found was Kittick. Poor Kittick! She touched my heart. She was too ill with typhoid fever to speak and she cared little, only for the baby. How closely she cared for the boy. Even in her weakest moments she heard every sound the baby made, every breathing and heart beat. She was devoted to the child.

I saw Kittick every day, and prepared her breakfast of toast and milk gruel, for which she always seemed grateful. She was silent, but those eyes expressed what lips could not. At first I found it difficult to approach her. She was wholly



"Eskimo Jim" makes inquiries.

mute, but those eyes looked such depths of longing. She had suffered. One morning the doctor left a note for me. She understood that he left it for me, and after that we met on equal terms. When I had secured the co-operation of two or three native women we cleansed the tent, built a fire and prepared a more comfortable place for the patient. Every morning some good native neighbor visited Kittick, and had a ray of sunshine let in before I made my call. The natives of Alaska are so very kind, easily

eyes of dawning sweetness and intelligence. Indeed, little Kittick was surely convalescing, and my charge for weeks was now beginning to smile and to be happy. Again I called, and Kittick was sewing, making her baby a red print dress with all the pride and joy of motherhood. I loved Kittick. She became tenderly attached to me, and took pleasure in confiding her little story. She knew the handsome young white man. He gave her bright trinkets. He taught her to speak many English words, and for him she wore her hair plaited and tried to dress like the pretty white sister far off in the States, whom the handsome



A breakfast on the sandspit.

teachable, patient and helpful to one another that it is a pleasure to help them and to teach them.

One day the sun was brighter than usual, the waves had ceased, the sea was as silent as the hills. The great steamers had all gone south to the homeland, the week of rain had passed away. I went over to see my Kittick, and she was beautiful. She had slept through the night. She looked so bright with a little color in her cheeks, the delicate blue veins streaking the temples, and those

stranger told her about. She made a pink print dress and edged it with fox fur, and when she wore it she set it off with the wolf belt, and the girdle was clasped with the long claws. Kittick wanted to be a lady, and she kept the cabin home for the handsome white man; she watched by the fire till he came, she picked the willows for kindling, and dried the fish for winter. She brought the water from

the lagoon and kept the little cabin cosy and snug for her lover and master. Surely pretty Kittick wanted for nothing. She had shelter, clothes to wear, and food to eat. The Eskimo imagination goes no further. He cannot read or write, and he can only make fur garments, catch fish, drink seal oil, and when weary, lie down and sleep.

When Kittick became a mother, she cared very tenderly for the little stranger

heavy, the dark eyelids drooped, she had no smiles. But the white man filled the tent with sacks of flour and bacon, and gave Kittick a pretty red dress and the baby a flannel gown.

Kittick watched her lover far out of sight. That was when the snow was on the ground.

Then Kittick fell ill. She did not know how long. She only knew her head ached and there was no one to help her



Little Attuk.

with blue eyes and light skin and fine forehead. She loved her home, and through the long winter night the handsome white man kept his fireside, teaching Kittick many household lessons, and helping the little native girl to nurse the baby. He was kind to her.

One day he told Kittick he would go to the Kongrock—by-and-bye, to-morrow, he would come back. Kittick's heart was

nurse the fair-haired baby.

When the other natives went back to their island home Jim longed to go and to take his good wife and Attuk, but Kittick was too sick to be moved, and he could not leave her alone in that desolate spot..

Jim stayed to care for Kittick. The neighbors, his companions made ready and sailed away under the favorable

wind one Sunday night just at even-tide. Jim watched the sails away out toward Sledge Island, then he turned slowly toward the lonely home, left on the shore.

Kittick could hear the splash of the oars, and she whispered "by-and-bye, tomorrow," and we knew she thought he would come.

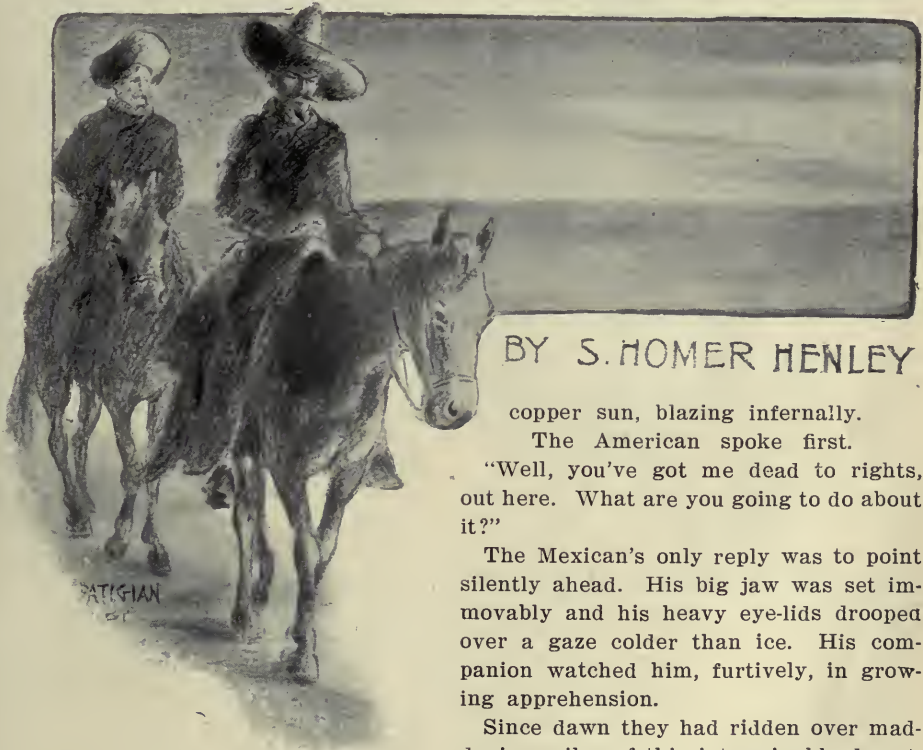
Little Kittick! She didn't know. No one taught her. She only knew the sea, the ice-bergs and the mud hut. To eat fish, to drink seal oil, to tell stories over the feeble fire, and to fall asleep, that was all. The day had nothing new, and often she was cold and shivering.

Why should she not take the warm shelter of the white man's cabin and the plentiful food, and the pretty new dress?

* * * * *

Dear Kittick plaits her hair in two long shining braids. She waits by the window, stitching a tiny garment for the light-haired baby boy. She listens for his step, her eyes are bright with expectancy. She wears the pretty ribbon with the ornament of ivory around her neck. She watches, she waits. To-night she is waiting for her dream to come true, away, far away, on the bleak shores of the Ber- ing waters.

ACCORDING TO SCRIPTURE



BY S. HOMER HENLEY

copper sun, blazing infernally.

The American spoke first.

"Well, you've got me dead to rights, out here. What are you going to do about it?"

The Mexican's only reply was to point silently ahead. His big jaw was set immovably and his heavy eye-lids drooped over a gaze colder than ice. His companion watched him, furtively, in growing apprehension.

Since dawn they had ridden over maddening miles of this interminable desert, without the exchange of a single word. The American's pride of race in not "knuckling" to a damned "Greaser" by speaking first had been gradually but inexorably borne down in part by the terrifying stillness and monotony of this blistered waste, but much more by the unnatural silence and immobility main-

AND.

Everywhere dazzling, white and glaring hot sand, smoothly level for little distances, then billowing softly in breast-like mounds. But always the same blinding white stretch; no cactus, no bunch-grass—just sand. And a brassy-blue sky-ring with a setting of

tained by the other. He had always reckoned himself a fairly brave man, but the uncanniness of the whole situation was getting upon his nerves.

What a fool he had been to ride out, absolutely unarmed, into this pale sea with this granite-faced devil. He felt, savagely, that he would give all he possessed to mash that man's mouth, to crush the light from those arrow, steely eyes. Presently he began to speak rapidly, thickly, as one hurried by an uncontrollable something apart from himself.

"Look here, now, damn you. I know that I kept after the girl until she gave in to me. But how was I going to know that she would kill herself because I had to go away? Of course, I knew you loved her, but I didn't see any reason for that stopping me. Oh, I know you'd have married her, where I don't; but that's just the point, I couldn't. I'm engaged to a girl up in Nevada, and all my prospects depend upon my marrying her; so you see how I was placed, don't you?"

The Mexican gave no sign that he had heard. His left hand, holding the thin reins that ran to the dejected mouth of the weary mustang, rested on the high pommel of the "buck" saddle; and his right hand clasped, with quiet significance, the butt of the heavy revolver in its stamped-leather holster. Not a muscle of his face relaxed its fixed strain. It made the American's jaws ache to look at him.

He waited, mechanically, for the answer he knew would not come; then burst out again in a frenzied effort to batter down the stony ramparts of the other's deadly silence.

"You hound, you! You'd have done the same thing in my place. You'd have done worse if you could. Why don't you say something, you dirty Greaser dog? You're a filthy coward! Get down off that horse and fight me like a man. No, of course you won't. Ugh! What a beautiful fool I was to think that you would help me to get away from her relatives. You would show me a safe way across the desert and over the frontier, would you? Yes, you would. Like H——! Yah! You dog, you! What I want to know is,

what are you going to do with me? Answer me that. Answer me. What are you going to do with me? Hey? SAY something, can't you! SAY SOMETHING!

His voice had climaxed to a faint yell; but now he fell quiet suddenly, watching with fascinated eyes the automatic mask of the utterly unmoved man. His burst of rage had been but a sorry cloak for the cold terror that was clutching at his heart. He realized this with increasing alarm; and worse—he knew that the Mexican knew it. In spite of the terrific heat his face and hands were clammy cold, and he shivered fitfully.

They rode on through the long afternoon in silence that was unbroken for the muffled shuffling of the mustangs' feet in the pillowy sand. The American had fallen into a dull apathy, and rode like a sick man, his head drooping lolling upon his breast. The Mexican did not change his attitude by so much as a hair: riding erect and elastic, his face—a stone, and his eyes—ice.

Presently the sun dropped abruptly over the far edge of the sand-bank, and there succeeded a brief twilight of the blanched grayness of death. The Mexican swung himself lightly from the saddle and with a gesture to his companion to do likewise began to loosen the "belly-band" from his sweating mustang. This new move was viewed by the American with quick suspicion and alarm; but, seeing that no immediate danger was imminent he alighted slowly on the further side from his fellow traveler, and cautiously unsaddled his animal. The Mexican, in the meantime, had staked out his horse with his riata, and was now busying himself with the preparation of some coffee over a small spirit-lamp. When this was done he spread a blanket upon the sand, and motioning the other to be seated opposite, they ate a slender meal of crackers and canned corned-beef, washed down with the steaming coffee, and topped off with a sparing drink from their water-pottles.

Dinner over, the Mexican stretched himself at ease upon the blanket, with a brown paper cigarette between his slender



HOREN PATTIGIAN '01

“ * * * Immediately beneath the American's eyes.”

der fingers; fixing the American, between the smoke-wreaths, with a sustained, impersonal regard under which the latter soon found his eye-lids drooping with irritating persistency. The significance of this over-mastering drowsiness did not dawn upon him until, in a moment when he had wrenched his gaze from that impenetrable, idol-mask of a face opposite, with the cigarette smoke curling about it like streamers of incense, his eyes fell upon the other's tin coffe-cup. It was full. In the act of rising to shake off the deadly lethargy which was overcoming him, he swayed unsteadily for a moment, and then fell heavily back upon the blanket.

When the American next opened his eyes, his gaze rested on a strange sight. Far down near the horizon's rim a cold, glittering moon was flashing a pale radiance over a frozen white sea. At least this was the first impression on his confused senses, from which the numbing effects of the drug he had swallowed had not yet disappeared. The weird appearance of the desert was further heightened to him by the fact that his eyes were nearly on a level with the sandy surface; and he had much the feeling that a swimmer in a heavy sea, and out of sight of land, might experience.

His gaze roamed dully over the bleak expanse, and finally rested on a dark blotch a few yards in front of him.

He watched it in a puzzled way, his fogged mind struggling vaguely to shake itself clear of the mist-weight that lay upon it. Suddenly the blotch stirred, and the marble face of the Mexican gleamed like a white cameo in the moonlight. Recollection and physical sensation returned to the American in a bound. His muscles tautened in their preliminary to attempted movement, but his frame refused to respond. His glance

darted downward and encountered—sand.

He was buried to his neck.

In an ecstasy of madness and frenzied terror he strained every muscle, nerve and fibre of his imprisoned body until the blood literally burst from his nose and mouth. It was useless. He was as immovably fixed as if he had been in a bed of cement. Then he raised his blood-shot eyes in mute questioning to the silent figure seated in the moonlight. The response came quickly.

The Mexican rose deliberately, and releasing the re-saddled horses from their tether, he led them in front of the helpless captive and stood for a moment looking coldly and speculatively down upon him. Then his face seemed to break up as a mirror is starred in breaking, and he smiled a frosty, devilishly malignant smile. Still smiling, he drew from his saddle-bag a paper-wrapped parcel. Carefully unrolling this, he disclosed an open book which he deposited face downward upon the sand immediately beneath the American's eyes. The printed space was heavily blacked over with ink, all but one line, and this stood out, easily readable in the dazzling light from the desert moon.

The line ran: "Ocho por ocho, O'Dente por dente." (An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth.)

The unhappy American was quick to grasp it all.

He ran his glance to the top of the page: "Del Nueva Testamento."

The Mexican mounted his horse and grasped the reins of the companion animal. His smile had broadened and there was cool amusement in his eye.

"What you call—ah—some Screepture—No?" he said gaily. Then leading the American's mustang, and without one backward glance, he rode placidly back in the direction from which they had come.



THE WOODS

BY FANNIE HERRON COOKE.

Cathedral of nature! Fair temple of her heart!

Thy giant pillars rear their crowned heads

Toward the vast expanse of cloudless blue,
And with entwined arms bedecked with green

Is heard within thy spacious, lofty halls,
Where mossy carpets, emerald and brown
Are starred with flowers, whose subtle,
sweet perfume

Floats lightly with the aroma of the woods.

Ah, when I stand within the Temple vast,

At morning's rosy hour, the sunshine bright

Just peeping through the branches overhead

And flecking with rich gold the grasses' green

Where dewdrops sparkle—Nature's jewels fair—

Or at the majestic hour before the night,

When purpling shadows bring their healing calm,

When all is hushed save vesper song of bird,

Or gently sighing night wind amid peace

Aye, then, with souls uplifted far beyond

Earth's trivial things, its petty cares and strife,

I catch, like distant glimmer of a dawn,
The meaning, real, of life, and bow the head

In rev'rent homage to an Unseen Power.



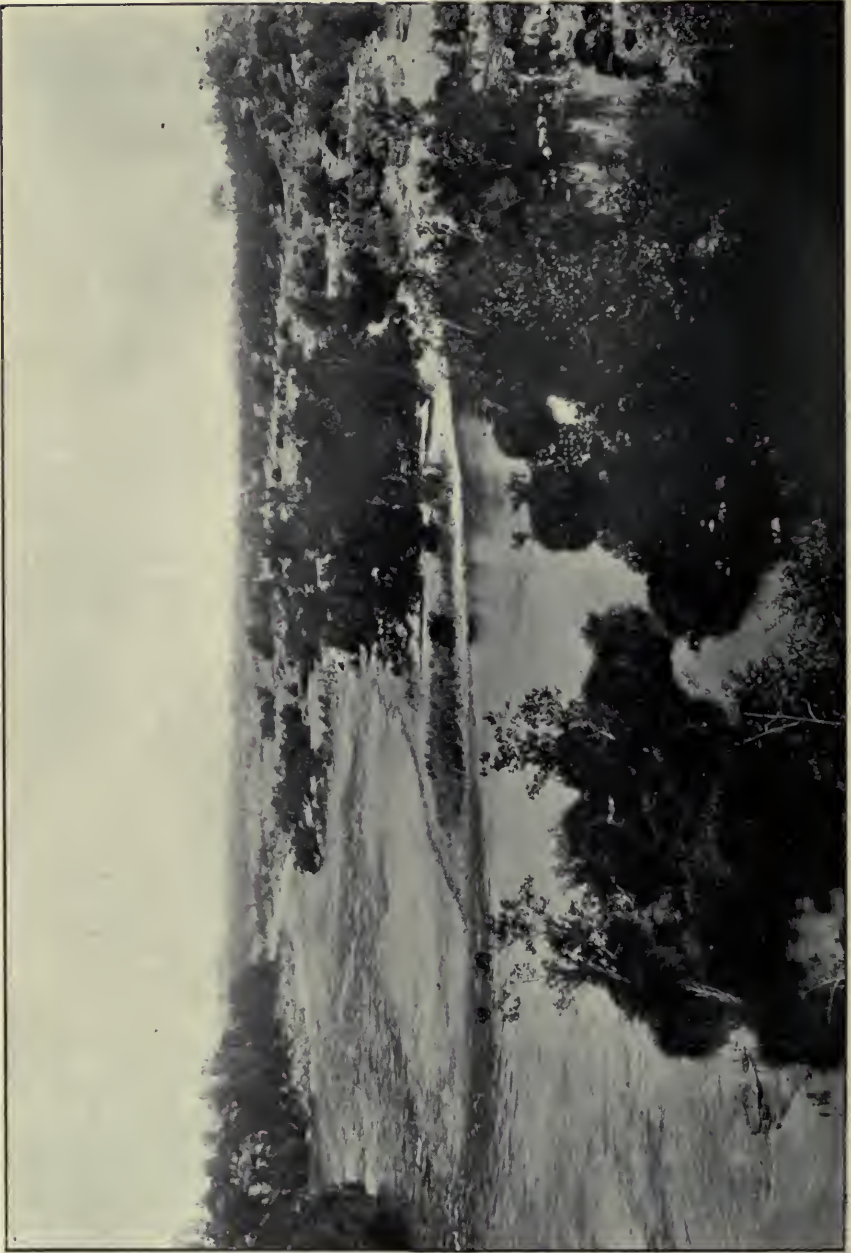
Of ever varying tint and changing hue,
Form lofty canopies and arches grand,
Within whose sheltered depths there
safely hide

The feathered songsters, and secure from harm,

Pour forth, unhindered, lays of love and praise.

No sound of footsteps, falling e'er so light,





Iron Canyon.



The Life and Death of Chouicha a Sacramento Salmon

By Cloudsley Rutter

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PART IV.—THE PARR.

I. The Ocean.

And Chouicha was in the great ocean, in pure, clear seawater, with no currents to make him keep his head in one direction, where food was abundant, his home for the next two years, or rather his dining-room with a continuous feast! There were no enemies, of course, but then few fishes could swim faster than a young Salmon, and he caught more of them than they did of him.

Chouicha reached the ocean when five and a half months old, four months after leaving Sisson Hatchery. At that age he had attained the length of three inches, and was no longer known as a fry, but as a PARR.

At first Parr Chouicha felt a little lonesome in his new home. In the river he had always come across other young Salmon every few hours at least, but in the ocean he would pass days without seeing any.

His favorite haunt was the kelp, so very different from anything in fresh water, and so full of food, too. He never tired of threading his way among the swaying fronds and tendrils, nor of eating the little crabs and shrimps that he found there. Then there were scores of young fishes that kept getting in his way, and he disposed of them to his own satisfaction. The big awkward sea-urchins and abalones, and the brilliant sticky sea-anemones were worthy of merely a passing glance, but the crabs and fishes filled him with admiration or terror, according to size.

One of the first things that Chouicha noticed upon reaching the ocean, and that filled him with concern for his safety, was that nearly all sea-fishes have large mouths and strong teeth. Instead of having one or two species to avoid, as in the river, he had scores of them. And then a great many were exactly the color of sea-weed, and every time Chouicha poked his nose into the kelp after a crab he ran the risk of being ambushed by



a Sculpin, or a Blenny, or a Rockfish, or any one of a score of other cannibals. Nor was he entirely free from the danger of being caught by Cormorants, Fish-Ducks, and other water fowl.

Soldiers soon become at home in battle, and likewise Chouicha soon learned to take all these dangers as matters of course. This was the more easy as he himself was one of the most rapacious pirates that lived under water. He did not make life a burden to everything smaller than himself that he met—life simply ceased.

We cannot follow all his adventures; his life was a continuous round of adventure. In the ocean the rule is that

Big fishes eat little fishes,
And these chase small fishes to bite 'em;
The small catch smaller yet,
And so on, *ad infinitum*.

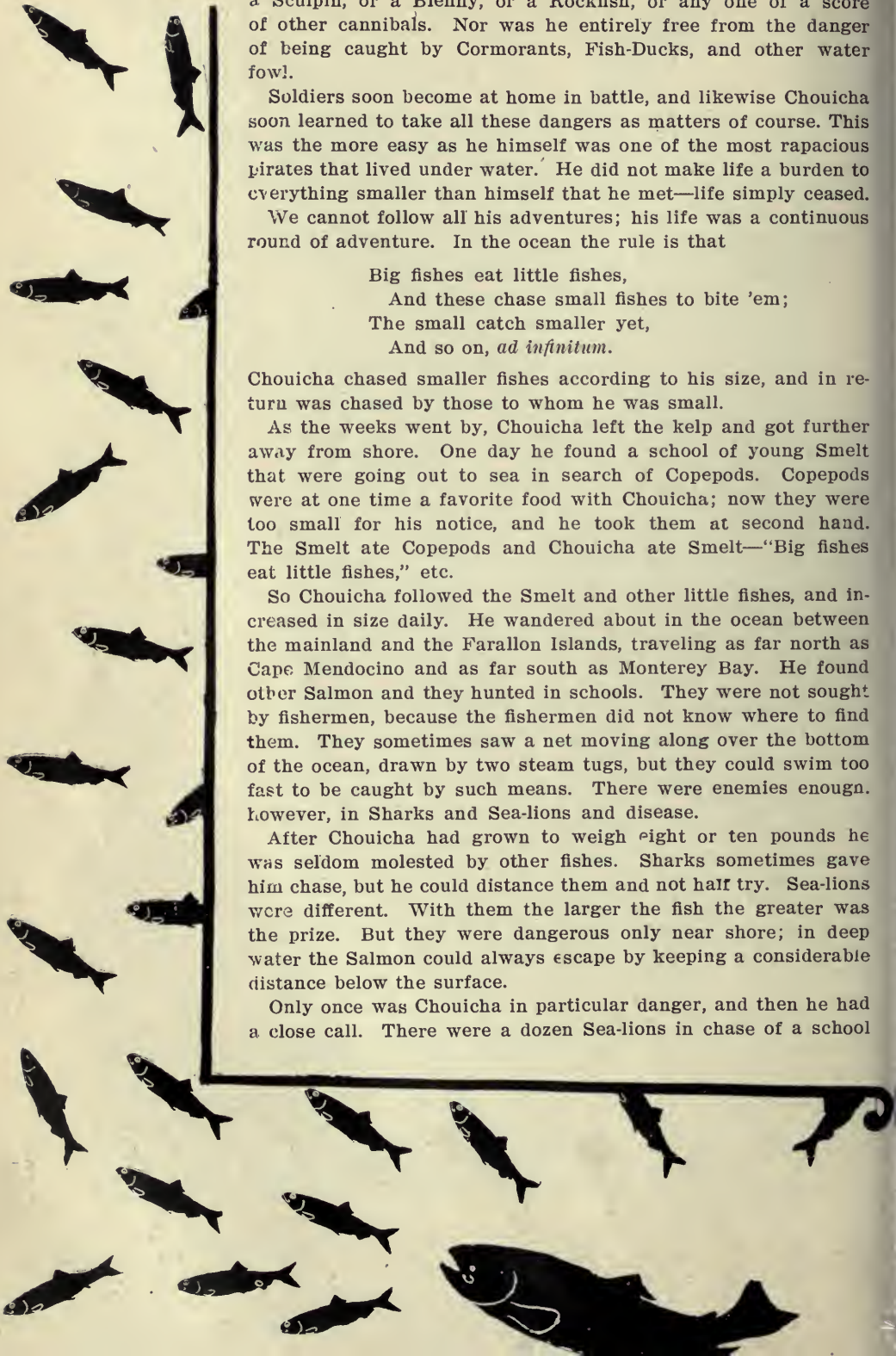
Chouicha chased smaller fishes according to his size, and in return was chased by those to whom he was small.

As the weeks went by, Chouicha left the kelp and got further away from shore. One day he found a school of young Smelt that were going out to sea in search of Copepods. Copepods were at one time a favorite food with Chouicha; now they were too small for his notice, and he took them at second hand. The Smelt ate Copepods and Chouicha ate Smelt—"Big fishes eat little fishes," etc.

So Chouicha followed the Smelt and other little fishes, and increased in size daily. He wandered about in the ocean between the mainland and the Farallon Islands, traveling as far north as Cape Mendocino and as far south as Monterey Bay. He found other Salmon and they hunted in schools. They were not sought by fishermen, because the fishermen did not know where to find them. They sometimes saw a net moving along over the bottom of the ocean, drawn by two steam tugs, but they could swim too fast to be caught by such means. There were enemies enough, however, in Sharks and Sea-lions and disease.

After Chouicha had grown to weigh eight or ten pounds he was seldom molested by other fishes. Sharks sometimes gave him chase, but he could distance them and not half try. Sea-lions were different. With them the larger the fish the greater was the prize. But they were dangerous only near shore; in deep water the Salmon could always escape by keeping a considerable distance below the surface.

Only once was Chouicha in particular danger, and then he had a close call. There were a dozen Sea-lions in chase of a school



of Salmon, and one selected Chouicha as being particularly fine game. He could swim faster than the Sea-lion for a short time, but could not keep it up. This the Sea-lion knew, and continued the pursuit relentlessly. Chouicha tried repeatedly to get away from the shore, but the Sea-lion always confronted him when he turned in that direction. At last Chouicha was so close inshore that a breaker caught him and threw him on the beach. The Sea-lion was about to seize his prey, but was stayed by a rifle-ball through his brain. The Fish Commission had decided to kill off a few of the Sea-lions in order to protect the Salmon, and one of the deputies was at Point Pillar (near Half Moon Bay) for that purpose.



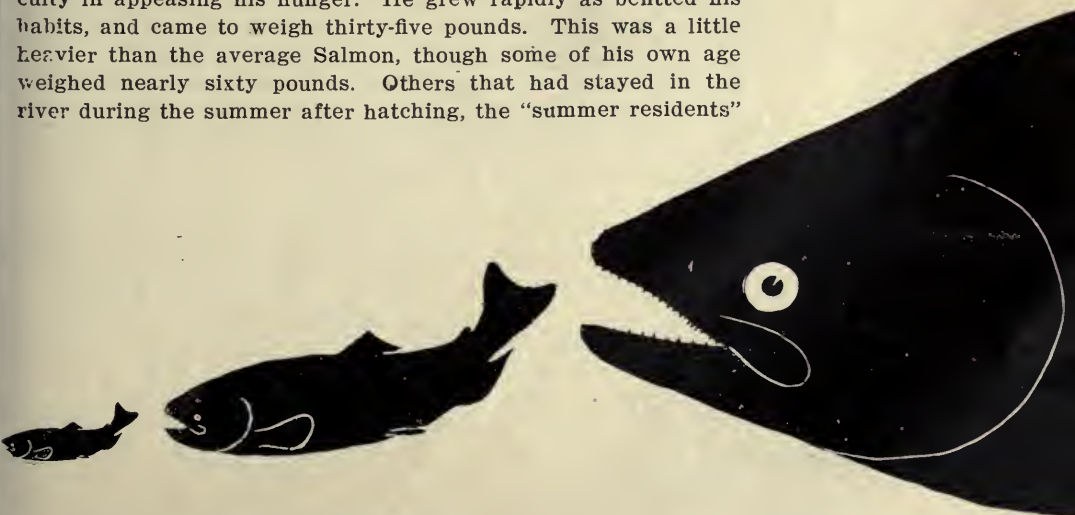
Chouicha got into the water again and gained the deep-water side of the Sea-lions before they saw him.

PART V.—THE ADULT.

I. The Beginning of the End.



This life Chouicha led for many months and grew to be an adult. The intermediate stages of smolt and grilse as applied to the Atlantic Salmon were passed by Chouicha without change of habitat or habits, and we need not notice them. He had a ravenous appetite; he also had strong fins for chasing his prey and strong teeth for catching it, and therefore found little difficulty in appeasing his hunger. He grew rapidly as befitted his habits, and came to weigh thirty-five pounds. This was a little heavier than the average Salmon, though some of his own age weighed nearly sixty pounds. Others that had stayed in the river during the summer after hatching, the "summer residents"



mentioned above, were stunted and weighed anywhere from two to ten pounds.

In February, twenty-four months after reaching the ocean, Chouicha felt that a great event was about to take place. Instinct told him that he was to take a long journey in water barren of food, and he prepared himself for the journey by eating more voraciously if possible than ever before. Luckily he found a lot of Squid. Now, Squid are like peaches and cream to Salmon as well as to Chinamen, and Chouicha partook of dessert hourly. When the Squid turned toward the ocean, he ran across a school of Sardines. These he pursued and continued to add to his store of reserve energy.

The Sardines led him into Monterey Bay, and fishermen came out in scores to catch him; for, of course, there were a great many other Salmon along with him. Chouicha conscientiously lived up to the rule of ethics recognized among fishes, which required him to relieve suffering whenever found. So when he saw a poor mangled Sardine jerking its way along through the water he humanely tried to end its misery. "Oh! Sharks and Sea-lions! Let go!" The Sardine was fastened to a hook, and a Chinaman above was yelling that he had a fish. And Chouicha, what a time he was having! He jerked back with all his might, the hook sank deeper; he plunged forward, the hook lacerated his mouth but was not released. But now the Chinaman was having trouble. Another boat had caught a Salmon, and the two fishes managed to tangle the lines. The wind carried the sailboat away from the Chinaman's boat. The line snapped, and Chouicha swam away with the hook and a short piece of line with the sinker attached. This was very awkward, especially as a shark saw that he was in trouble. The shark also conscientiously lived up to the rule of ethics. Chouicha dodged, and the Shark caught the line in his teeth, severing it and freeing Chouicha from the weight. That ended the fight. No one was in trouble; equilibrium was established. Chouicha still had the hook in his mouth, but fishes are not very sensitive to pain, and he went on catching Sardines.

After a stay of a few days in Monterey Bay, Chouicha fell in with a school of Tomcod and accompanied them northward, much against their desires. About the middle of March he arrived at the Golden Gate. By this time he felt prepared for his final migration. He was very fat, and his silvery sides shone as he dashed through the water. He was a powerful and beautiful fish.

Again Chouicha passed through the Golden Gate, being directed

by the outgoing current at ebb tide. The water coming from the bay did not seem quite the same as that of the ocean, but this only excited him to seek its source. Most of his companions remained in the ocean from a few weeks to several months longer, as they did not yet feel able to make the long journey.

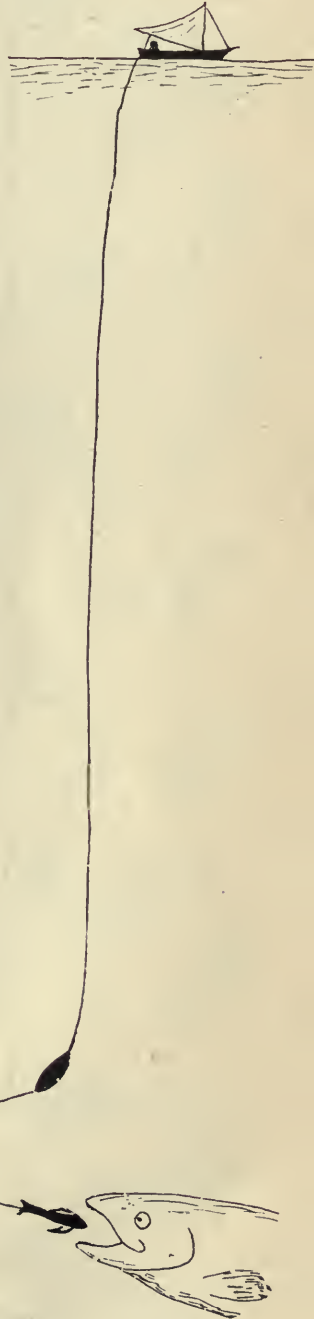
Chouicha soon left all his natural food behind and did not seek any other. Like all Pacific Salmons, he never tasted food after beginning his migration to the spawning grounds. Up to that time he had spent his whole life in eating, in preparing for this long journey and its arduous ending; now his whole energy was bent on accomplishing this, the final purpose of his existence.

He hurried through San Francisco and San Pablo bays, but the ebb and flow of the tide retarded him as much as it had a little over two years previously. At that time he was floating with the current, and having no other means of directing his movements, was at the mercy of the tides. At this time he was going against the current, but having no other means of directing his course, was again at the mercy of the tides.

The only enemies that followed him in from the ocean were the Harbor Seals and Sea-lions, which Chouicha could not distinguish, but others were awaiting him. He met the first when he entered the muddy fresh water of Suisun Bay. While swimming along against the current he saw one of his companions become entangled in the meshes of a great net that hung down from the surface of the water, almost to the bottom and extended across the bay further than he could see. When the unfortunate fish struck the net he plunged forward, thinking he could force his way just as he often had through the kelp in the ocean, but it only fastened him the more securely. Backing out was equally unsuccessful, and the more he floundered about the more firmly he became ensnared. Chouicha, being warned of the presence of the net, avoided being caught by going under it.

Over a hundred other nets were passed during that and the two or three following days while he was going through the bay, and the lower river. Sometimes he went under them and sometimes around the end. The latter method of passing the nets was not always successful, for the fishermen usually turn the ends around in the shape of a hook, knowing that to go a few yards downstream in order to get around a net requires more brain power than the average Salmon possesses.

The hook that Chouicha got in his mouth in Monterey Bay was still with him; it had worked through the side of his upper jaw until the point and barb were sticking outside. The hook



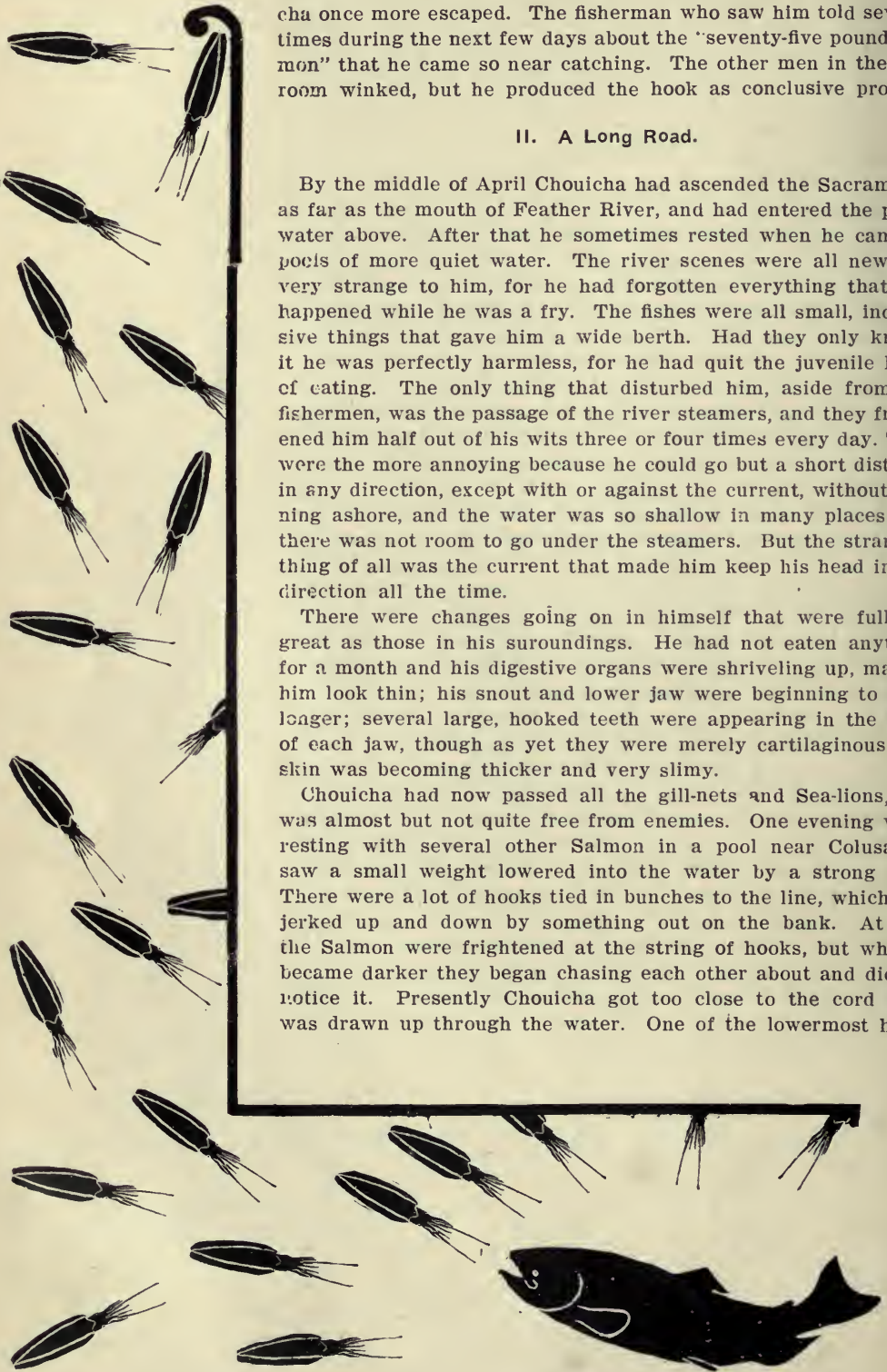
caught on one of the nets as Chouicha was going around the end' and he was pulled up to the surface. Just as the fisherman was about to strike him with the gaff, the hook pulled out, and Chouicha once more escaped. The fisherman who saw him told several times during the next few days about the "seventy-five pound Salmon" that he came so near catching. The other men in the bar-room winked, but he produced the hook as conclusive proof.

II. A Long Road.

By the middle of April Chouicha had ascended the Sacramento as far as the mouth of Feather River, and had entered the purer water above. After that he sometimes rested when he came to pools of more quiet water. The river scenes were all new and very strange to him, for he had forgotten everything that had happened while he was a fry. The fishes were all small, inoffensive things that gave him a wide berth. Had they only known it he was perfectly harmless, for he had quit the juvenile habit of eating. The only thing that disturbed him, aside from the fishermen, was the passage of the river steamers, and they frightened him half out of his wits three or four times every day. They were the more annoying because he could go but a short distance in any direction, except with or against the current, without running ashore, and the water was so shallow in many places that there was not room to go under the steamers. But the strangest thing of all was the current that made him keep his head in one direction all the time.

There were changes going on in himself that were fully as great as those in his surroundings. He had not eaten anything for a month and his digestive organs were shriveling up, making him look thin; his snout and lower jaw were beginning to grow longer; several large, hooked teeth were appearing in the front of each jaw, though as yet they were merely cartilaginous; his skin was becoming thicker and very slimy.

Chouicha had now passed all the gill-nets and Sea-lions, and was almost but not quite free from enemies. One evening while resting with several other Salmon in a pool near Colusa, he saw a small weight lowered into the water by a strong cord. There were a lot of hooks tied in bunches to the line, which was jerked up and down by something out on the bank. At first the Salmon were frightened at the string of hooks, but when it became darker they began chasing each other about and did not notice it. Presently Chouicha got too close to the cord as it was drawn up through the water. One of the lowermost hooks



caught his pectoral fin and he was jerked entirely out of the water before the hook tore out, dividing the fin as it went. Chouicha did not tarry in that pool any longer.

Continuing up the river, the middle of May found him near Tehama, four hundred and fifty miles (by water) from the ocean. For a week during the latter half of May he traveled more rapidly than before, being incited to extra exertion by the rise in the river. High water always impels Salmon to move upstream more rapidly. It seems that the stronger the current the more determined they are to overcome it.

He soon passed Iron Canyon and the rapids above Redding. Although it is impossible for boats of any kind to ascend this part of the river, to Chouicha it was only sport. He instinctively sought the most rapid portion of the stream, and apparently nothing pleased him more than to leap over a small fall. This

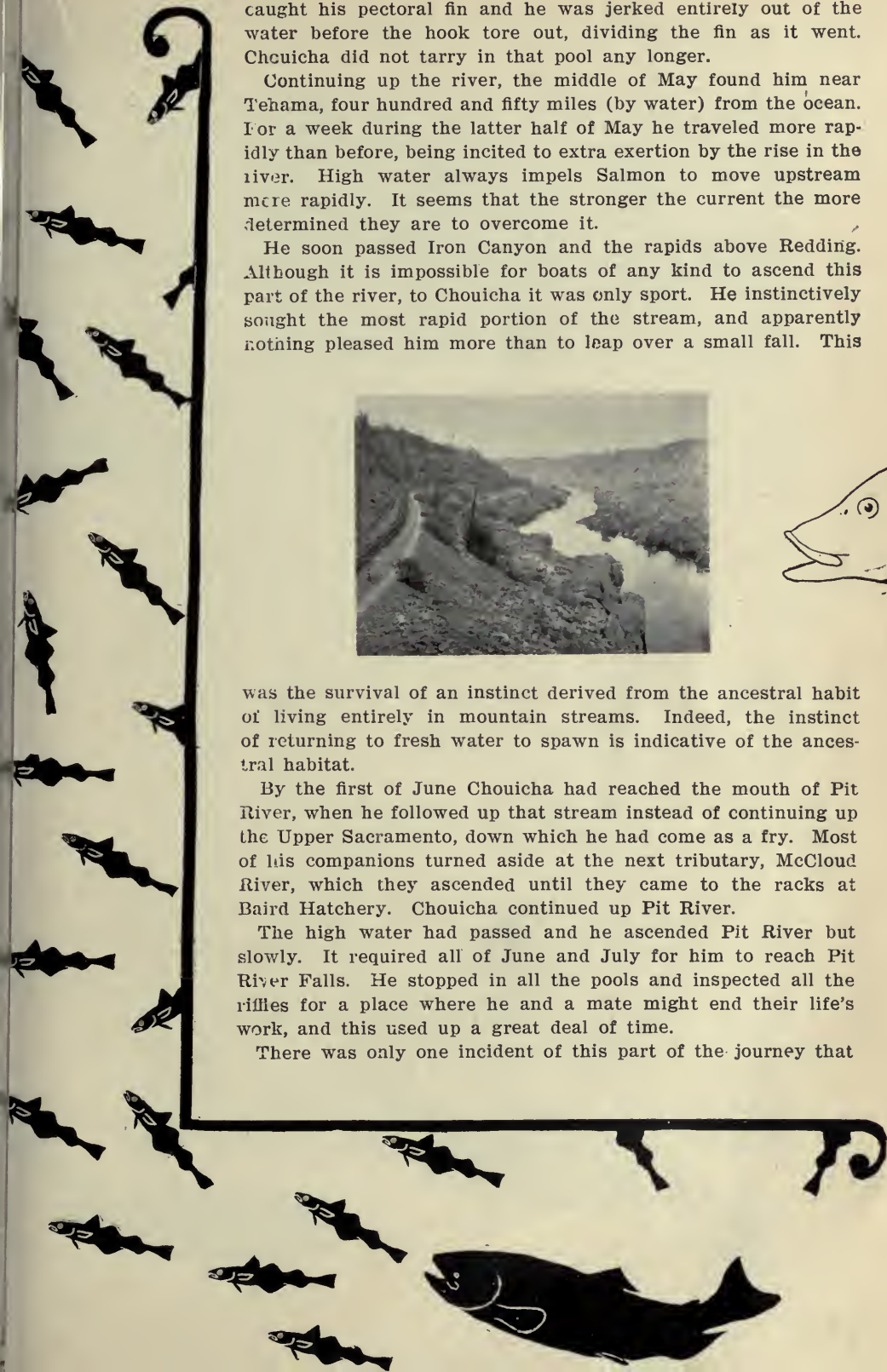


was the survival of an instinct derived from the ancestral habit of living entirely in mountain streams. Indeed, the instinct of returning to fresh water to spawn is indicative of the ancestral habitat.

By the first of June Chouicha had reached the mouth of Pit River, when he followed up that stream instead of continuing up the Upper Sacramento, down which he had come as a fry. Most of his companions turned aside at the next tributary, McCloud River, which they ascended until they came to the racks at Baird Hatchery. Chouicha continued up Pit River.

The high water had passed and he ascended Pit River but slowly. It required all of June and July for him to reach Pit River Falls. He stopped in all the pools and inspected all the riffles for a place where he and a mate might end their life's work, and this used up a great deal of time.

There was only one incident of this part of the journey that





"A pool near Colusa."

needs to be recorded, and it came near ending his life. At a certain place in Pit River there is a large rock that stands two or three feet above the surface of the water. Its top is split in two or three directions, leaving a kind of basin in the middle through which a little water flows. When Chouicha came to the rock he tried to jump over it, just as he had done in other instances. Unfortunately he fell into the basin, and had it not been for his extra size and the fact that the basin was already partly full of dead Salmon that had fallen in just as he had, he probably would not have been able to get out.

Pit River Falls apparently formed an impassable barrier. Forty-one feet was higher than Chouicha could jump, though he tried it many times. By great effort and a few bruises he succeeded in getting onto the ledge at the north end of the fall. He then tried to scale the steep incline above, but was washed back and off the ledge, his efforts wasted. Again he tried repeatedly to scale the forty-one feet at a single bound, but in vain.

Thus August was passed in fruitless effort, and Chouicha gave up trying. He lay in the deep pool below the falls days at a time, without attempting to find a way upstream. Occasionally he would make a spasmodic effort to pass the falls, but soon





"Formed an impassable barrier."

tired. He was slow to learn, but finally concluded that further effort was futile.

September was getting old, when the first rain of the season fell in that region and raised the river a few inches. This put new energy into the Salmon that were held in the pool below the falls, and they resumed their attempts to pass them. Soon one of the Salmon found a little stream that entered the pool at the south end of the falls. Chouicha noticed the discovery and followed, although the stream was so small that half his body was out of the water most of the time. The stream, which was simply a small division of the river, led him around a ledge of rocks to a fish ladder, a zigzag stairway of falls made several years before by the Fish Commission. Chouicha jumped from one "step" to another, resting in a sheltered nook after each jump. In a short time he reached the river above. He then swam five or six miles further upstream to the mouth of Fall River.

The Upper Pit River, above the mouth of Fall River, drains an extensive table land, and during the dry season shrinks to a mere creek with water warm and impure. The water of Fall River, on the contrary, comes out of the mountain side some fifteen miles away as two or three large springs. This gives the stream a constant flow of pure cool water even during the dryest summer. There could be no question which stream a self-respecting fish would take.

At the mouth of Fall River Chouicha encountered his last waterfall. Having passed it with some difficulty, he entered the "promised land." The stream above was broad and shallow and swift, the bottom gravelly, the water pure and cold, an ideal spawning stream, the place he had been seeking for many long weeks.

III. Brothers and Sisters Again.

We left Chouicha's brothers and sisters, about a hundred strong, going down the Sacramento River on their way to the ocean. They encountered the same vicissitudes that we have noted in Chouicha's career, and succumbed one by one. Disease, Sharks and Sea-lions, hooks, gill-nets and seines, all levied toll. We have mentioned two periods of great mortality, the egg and the alevin stages, and there were two more, one just after entering the ocean, when they were the prey of the thousand and one larger fishes, and the other when they met the fishermen in Suisun Bay and the lower river.

Of the whole family that would have numbered six thousand under favorable circumstances, only Chouicha and his sister Tyee lived to reach the land of their birth. Tyee did not leave the ocean until the latter part of August, as she did not feel prepared to make the long journey sooner. And when she did finally start



the warm brackish water of Suisun Bay and the lower river had such a depressing effect upon her that she loitered about in the edge of the tule swamps and took life easy for two or three weeks. By taking life easy I do not mean eating and sleeping; she may have slept, but she never ate. She simply swam lazily about and paid no attention to anything except fish-nets. The gill-net fishermen annoyed her a good deal whenever she got where they could drift a net, but in some way, no one knows how, she managed to escape them all.



"Again was Tyee Released."

After fishing was prohibited on the tenth of September, she moved about more freely, and in a few days had ascended the river some fifteen miles to Steamboat Slough, which is a portion of the river that makes a short cut across a big bend. Here she was caught by a Fish Commissioner who was weighing and branding a lot of Salmon for some purpose that Tyee could not appreciate. She was number 43, and her weight was 29 pounds. She was kept out of the water two or three minutes during the





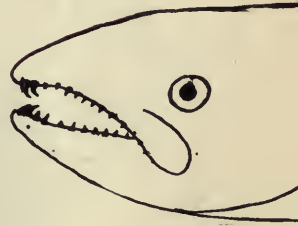
"The hatchery foreman had them spawned."

branding, and came near suffocating. After some difficulty the Fish Commissioner revived her and let her resume her journey.

The warm water of the lower river and the shallow water of the middle portion retarded Tyee's migration very much, and it was the last of November when she was found by the hatchery fishermen at Battle Creek Fishery. The ever-present Fish Commissioner was there and weighed her again. She had lost twenty five per cent of her weight since leaving Rio Vista, and had been 66 days in traveling the 400 miles between the two places.

Again was Tyee released. Immediately afterward a heavy rain washed out the rack at the upper end of the fishery, which enabled her to go on up the creek as she desired.

And she spawned her eggs and died, and the hogs ate her up.



IV. The Final Purpose.

At the time of his arrival in Fall River, Choutcha was a very different fish in appearance from the plump silvery Salmon that the fisherman pulled up to the surface near the mouth of the river. He had lost eight pounds in weight, and his body had grown deeper, which made him look very thin; both jaws were prolonged and hooked and filled with large hooked teeth; his skin had grown very thick and had embedded the scales until they could not be seen; his color was a dirty red. He occasionally snapped viciously at floating leaves and other bright objects, and was rather quarrelsome with the few male Salmon that he met.

Soon after entering Fall River, Chouicha began keeping close to another, a smaller and more plump Salmon, a female, whom we may call Chouichina, the name being of Russian origin. The pair continued slowly upstream, resting in all the pools and examining all the riffles for a spawning place. When near the source of the river, about seven hundred and fifty miles from the ocean, they found a deep, quiet pool with the top of a tree



lying in the lower end. Here they remained over a week. Chouichina often ran out to the swift current where there were cobble stones and coarse gravel. Chouicha always followed. If any other male attempted to follow a fight ensued and the intruder was driven away.

After a few days of such courting they began spawning. The female selected a place at the upper end of the riffle that she had inspected so often. After extruding a few eggs she moved away, and the male took her exact position and extruded a small quantity of milt. This they repeated about every five minutes day and night for nearly two weeks.

The eggs as spawned floated downstream a few feet and most of them lodged in the mouths of a score of Sacramento Pike and Rainbow Trout. Occasionally the female would turn over on her side and dig up the gravel with her tail. Some of the very fine silt that she stirred up floated down stream and settled on the few eggs that escaped the Trout and Pike, making them



invisible to the Sculpins. She threw up a considerable hillock of gravel, which formed an eddy in the current and prevented many of the eggs from floating away.

As the spawning progressed the appearance of the Salmon changed rapidly. At its conclusion they weighed but little more than half as much as they did upon leaving the ocean. Both were scratched and bruised from fighting; the one against other males, the other chasing other females away from her nest, and in turn being chased away from the vicinity of other nests. The tail-fin of the female was worn off to a mere stub; that of the male was much frayed, but not evenly worn. The anal and dorsal fins of both were badly frayed. The skin was almost entirely worn off the side of the tail, exposing great patches of yellowish-white muscle. Chouicha had lost several teeth from the side of his jaw, and some from the tip; the bone was exposed along the sides of his lower jaw, and the skin was entirely worn



off his snout. Fungus grew in several large patches on his sides and back; the whole top of his head was covered with it, and it had blinded one of his eyes. His gills were half destroyed by fungus, and parasitic Copepods attacked the uninjured filaments. Besides these afflictions neither had tasted food for six months. Tapeworms and microscopic parasites were destroying their intestines, and pin-worms were burrowing into their other digestive organs.

But they seemed not to mind their injuries, nor to know what hunger was. They were apparently unconscious of everything except that they had a duty to perform. They would not run away until a person approached within a few feet of them, so engrossed were they with their work.

And so determined were they upon the accomplishment of this work, this final purpose of their existence, that they continued on the spawning bed trying to spawn for several days after all eggs had been extruded. Had it not been for this extreme devotion to duty they might have had enough energy left to carry them back to the ocean, as is the habit of the Atlantic Salmon. But long ages of such devotion on the part of their ancestors had eradicated the instinct to return to salt water, and there was not a vestige of it left in Chouicha and his companion. Their whole instinct when once spawning began was to continue on the spawning beds as long as life remained.

At last their efforts ceased, their life work was complete. That for which they had traveled over seven hundred miles without food, and that for which they had previously roamed the ocean and gorged themselves with food; in fact, the sole purpose of their existence, the propagation of their species, was accomplished so far as was in their power. They were utterly exhausted. The current carried them back to the pool, where they struggled a few hours to keep their heads upstream.

Chouichina was borne against the tree top by the current, and she had not strength enough to get away. She opened her mouth, but the current coming directly against the side of her head held her gills down and she could not breathe. In a few minutes she was dead.

Her companion struggled on for another day, but he, too, was unable to hold his own in even the slight current of the pool, and was carried to the shoal at the lower end. He was too weak to hold himself in his natural position, and fell over on his side. Feebly and vainly he struggled to get off the shoal, but had not strength to continue his efforts long. He lay there for

BILL OF FARE

—
APRIL--SEPTEMBER
—

Soup.

Ocean Water
Salt Water

Salad

Brackish Water

Bay Water

Entree

Bilge Water

Tide Water

Rain Water

Roast

Muddy Water

River Water

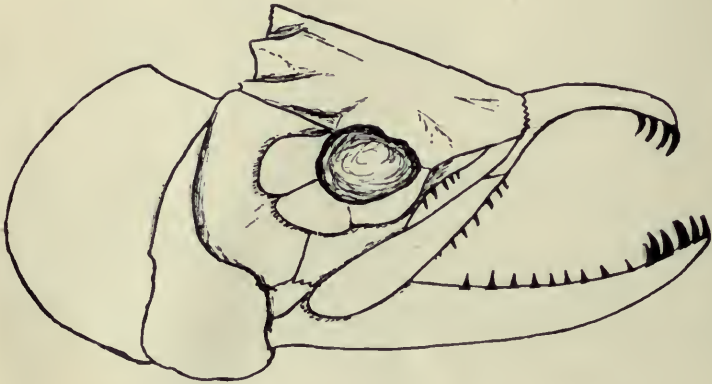
Dessert

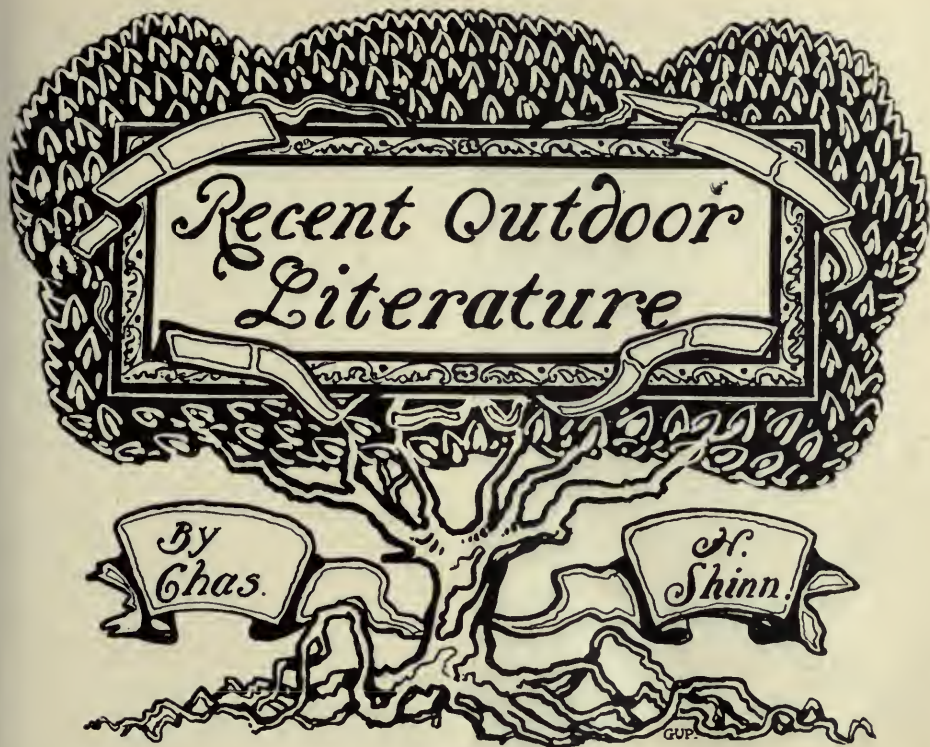
Aqua Pura



half an hour or more, his mouth partly open, the water flowing over his all but bloodless gills. At last he was aroused by the approach of men, a party of the U. S. Fish Commission who were seining Fall River that day. At their approach he made another desperate effort to get off the shoal, but his vitality was exhausted; it was his last struggle. Before his biographer reached him,

CHOUICHA WAS DEAD.





Part II.—American.

WE turn from the beautiful old-world literature of gardens, whose age-enduring charm is like the charm of the Elizabethan poets, and looking over the more varied field of outdoor *Americana*, we find that much of it is but transplanted from the elder land to new soil and brighter skies. Whoever studies the history of American horticulture, or of any department of our outdoor life, will sooner or later land in colonial times, and begin to tell us of things that came from England, France, Holland or Germany. Some of the most successful of recent American books have been strongly colonial, and in every line breathe love for the sources from which our gardens came.

Among the writers of the future there is to be a pale and anxious scholar in an old-world university, who will toil, a hundred years hence, upon his grand encyclopedia of out-door literature. One volume, with its innumerable subdivisions, he will entitle "Anglo-American,"

and thus it will begin: "The outdoor literature of England and of America are so closely related to each other that they form but one harmonious whole. There is no distinct, sharply-drawn line of demarkation between the writings of English-born and American-born persons in this field—nay, there are even some writers who might easily belong to either camp, or to both. Who can say, for instance, whether Kate Douglas Wiggin is most at home in a New England garden or in one in Ireland, England or Scotland?" From the beginning our toiling critic, nameless here, seen only as in Cornelius Agrippa's magic glass, or Cobbler Keazar's lapstone, proceeds to discourse for full five hundred dismal pages upon "the eternal unities and sympathies lingual and institutional between England and America."

Like all the specialists I have ever known, he carries his theory too far, and overlooks those many differences which so profoundly modify the situation. America is not England, though subtle bonds unite them. Mr. Ellwanger, one



Truth and Beauty bearing a new Flower on the ancient stem of Time (from "A Child of Nature.")

(Courtesy Dodd, Mead & Co.)

of our classic essayists, writes of gardens and garden art less as an Englishman transplanted to a new world than as a representative of a new race who nevertheless is not unmindful of his ancestry. Professor L. H. Bailey, of whose books I shall have more to say hereafter, understands our over-sea relations, appreciates all they have given, and still may give; but he has gone on and on to new expressions of new needs wholly American and intensely modern. And, indeed, even those new-world writers who seem to dwell with most affection in the past, come back to us with their treasures, rejoicing as good and healthy modern collectors rather than as backward-glancing antiquarians whose hearts and souls dwell for the most part in the dust of dead centuries.

Herein I recognize a new charm in out-

door books—the frank and free union of old and new, of student and toiler, of careful reader in libraries and modern woman in her American garden. More than one recent book has something of this happy union, but nowhere, in my mind, is it discoverable in such perfection as in the writings of Alice Morse Earle, whose "Old Time Gardens" is a book with glowing hollyhock covers and an air of reasonable, but not aggressive erudition gleaming forth from its twenty-two chapters and nearly five hundred pages thick-sown with useful and helpful pictures, some from half-forgotten herbals, but mostly modern and of lovely and famous American gardens.

The fame of Mrs. Earle as a brilliant yet painstaking student of colonial life has been worthily gained by other books, and this one only shows that the same deft writer who so well described the home life, child life and public life of our ancestors, has always meant to round her series of old-time studies with something better and of still more universal interest. Like those, also, it is frankly based upon a wide correspondence, extensive reading and wise use of a note-book. It is a volume to pick up at intervals, and lay down again after a chapter or so, with vivid new impressions of the garden-wealth of America and of its close relationship to old-world gardens, and to take up again and again until it is all one's own. Then there will remain in heart and mind forever the out-door setting of many an early American romance. Through such gardens, as I read, the brave, the beautiful, the unfortunate of our literature pass endlessly; I see Agnes Surriage and Elsie Venner there, and slender Darthea's stately grace, and gay, defiant Silver Heels. There, also, are the famous matrons of our colonial and revolutionary annals—Margaret Winthrop, Catherine Schuyler, Mercy Warren, Eliza Pinckney, Martha Washington, and many more besides.

Macmillan has never published an out-door book more likely to become a family heirloom than this same "Old Time Gardens" of Mrs. Earle's. Read her chapter on "the Blue Flower Border" and see how true and human is her touch, or her

"Comfort Me with Apples" to understand how much at home she is in rural New England. The ancient Spanish gardens of the Mexican borders and of California are not within her field; their story is yet to be told.

I turn from Mrs. Earle's captivating work to something quite different and yet in its own way as interesting—the careful, thoughtful books of Mabel Osgood Wright, published by the same firm, Macmillan, and showing in every line hard study and genuine talent.

Mrs. Wright knows her birds, her wood-

land plants, her wild places, such as they are along that somewhat too much populated Atlantic Slope, and she has done as much as any other American writer, not even excepting dear old John Burroughs, to teach the Young Person something of the abounding life of nature. How much she has written and on the whole how well, how free from technical error, how modern in spirit! I read her "Citizen Bird," her "Friendship of Nature," her "Birdcraft," her "Four-footed Friends," her "Flowers and Ferns in Their Haunts," and remembering also



Ruby-throated numming birds (from "Birdcraft.")



"THE WHITE WOOD TRILLIUMS NOD AS THEY SEEM TO BEND AND HURRY
DOWN THE SLOPE."

how tireless and constant a magazine writer and editor she is in her own lines, and that even other books are hers, I take delight once more in her superb equipment and her overflowing energies.

"Birdcraft," that useful and beautiful "field-book of two hundred song, game and water birds," with its revealing dedication, its flavor of good literature, its evidence on every page that the author is truly a naturalist and so recognized in the world of science, is a book that we can safely show to our Eastern cousins. The book is interesting, from Andrew Lang's well-known verse:

"Thus on Earth's little ball to the birds
you owe all, yet your gratitude's small
for the favors they've done.
And their feathers you pill, and you eat
them at will, yes, you plunder and kill
the bright birds one by one;
There's a price on their head, and the
Dodo is dead, and the Moa has fled
from the face of the sun!"

to the last of its 305 pages. The illustrations add much to the value of "Birdcraft," and one of these, a charming picture of ruby-throated humming-birds, accompanies this article. The color-plate, though perhaps commercially useful, does not seem to me worthy of an instant's comparison with the black-and-whites of Mr. Fuertes, whose fruitful study of his master Audubon is most manifest.

Such illustrations as these ought by rights to have been put in Mr. Charles Keeler's delightful little book on California birds, published not long ago by Elder & Shepard. Mr. Keeler, of the Academy of Sciences, and the Harriman Alaska Expedition, has but recently returned from the South Seas, and I hope has a book in press somewhere on the birds of Oceanica, abundantly illustrated with Louise Keeler's capable sketches (for happy Mr. Keeler does not have to seek alien artists.) There is no one in California other than Mr. Keeler to whom we can look for bird literature; no one else with his equipment in this field—and we need more of his work.

Mrs. Wright's latest book, "Flowers and Ferns in their Haunts," is one of the

most attractive books in its way that an American publisher has issued in recent years. The paper, type, format, illustration and binding harmonize unusually well. There seems to have been good-fellowship quite after the Morris manner, among them all—author, illustrators, printers, binders and publishers. After a little one discovers that J. Horace McFarland, of the Mount Pleasanton printery (where the press-work was done) took something like forty of the photographs for the full-page plates, and many for the text cuts. It becomes evident to any sensitive reader, turning over these pages, that no loud-voiced flamboyant village press of the most recent American amateur school has produced as yet such satisfactory results as are shown in a book like this from a well-trained writer, illustrated after the real Morris manner, (whose essence is truthful detail), printed, bound and published by conservative, old-school firms.

Some of the illustrations to Mrs. Wright's book appear in this article. It is, of course, understood by all intelligent persons that such illustration cannot be printed in a magazine so as to look quite as well as they do in the book itself, where they "went to press" under the supervision of author and illustrator. But even so, they tell their own story—the story of the triumphal march of modern photography. It has reached a point where climatic and racial characteristics as well as individual ones are manifest. The photographs taken by Mrs. Wright and by Mr. McFarland are different from those taken by Miss Gertrude Jekyll for her own book. These are American, taken under American skies, printed and managed with artistic aims in many respects different from those of Miss Jekyll in her English work, in that old-world atmosphere.

Our future continental critic, toiling over his encyclopedia of out-door literature, will write down, I am told, this dictum: "The hall-mark of American illustration is strength; that of English is finish and fineness." How often this wretched and mistaken commonplace is heard even now, regarding both illustration and literature, and how necessary it

becomes to file a protest against it. The fact is, these wonderfully beautiful illustrations to Mrs. Wright's book, American in all respects, are finished and refined to the very verge of safety beyond which lies the descent into "prettiness." On the other hand, Miss Jekyll, hampered by grayer skies, seeks for broad and strong effects and finds them, not easily but surely, so that in the end it happens that some of these wild places in Mrs. Wright's "Flowers and Ferns" look half-planted, while some of Miss Jekyll's copses look half-wild, and once more wisdom is justified of her artistic children who follow their own lines of work and do not copy each other.

This flower and fern book, quite aside from its illustrations, amply repays reading, for it is packed full of the knowledge and the love of these things. That is a cold, life-lacking word that I have used; as yet we have no exact word in the language to denote the life of bird, beast, of plant, so absurdly easy to sentimentalize over, and to write out in mistaken terms of our own human existence. Perhaps before long we shall have a young and over-enthusiastic botanist giving us a tale of Mother Fern, or Elder Sister Composite, or Naughty Little Lady Slipper, all in conversations, and thrilling situations, ending up most sadly with the explanation "such is the way of Nature." Our young botanical novelist may have quite a vogue for the while, but in the end a sane and sensible realism will prevail.

There have been many books written by women in recent years, and often illustrated by women, too, which deal with wild flowers. Some of them are splendid with color-plates, some suffer sorely from poverty of illustration, but all, nearly without exception, prove that in this department of literature women, if they will pay the price, can easily take the first rank. The price is not hard to state—it is technical botanical knowledge, genuine, deep and positive. The pitiful little American Flower Annuals of a few decades ago, and too many books, pamphlets, and magazine articles now appearing, show painful lack of scientific knowledge on the part of women who evidently think that the love of gardens

and the desire to write are sufficient to give one a place in the procession.

One very creditable book in this field, "The Wild Flowers of California," by Mary Elizabeth Parsons, illustrated by Margaret Warriner Buck, has justly become a popular classic. We have our botanists of the Universities and the Academy of Sciences, whose monographs are essential to the library of a Californian, but we none the less needed this useful and readable volume. The hand-colored plates in the rare limited edition now out of print were excellent, and future collectors will battle over stray copies as they do now over Bosqui's "California Grapes."

Color plates of great excellence form a striking feature of the books of Miss Lounsberry, published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company. This busy and capable author has since 1899 sent out "A Guide to Wild Flowers," a "Guide to the Trees," and a volume on "Southern Trees, Flowers and Shrubs." The color plates in all are the work of Mrs. Ellis Rowan, so well known as a painter of wild-flowers. Dr. Britton of Columbia, Director, also, of the New York Botanical Garden, has revised the scientific portions of the text, and has written introductions. The publishers have done their best, and the results are eminently satisfactory.

Of real literature, there does not pretend to be very much in such books as Miss Lounsberry's, but if one looks it is not hard to find more than we have a right to expect. Good literature of its kind hides shyly in words and phrases of description that light up the paragraphic and topical arrangements. There is no doubt of the usefulness of such books as these to the general reader, and they have made a place for themselves. Their direct appeal, of course, is to those who have not studied botany, and the problem is whether reading of such popularized manuals really leads to more exact study. Are more copies of Dr. Britton's "Flora" sold because of these attractive manuals? Such a question cannot be answered offhand; perhaps it is in a measure unfair to ask it. I do not know that reading the "Lives of



The home of the wood ferns. (From "Flowers and Ferns.")

the Hunted" turns students to the Cambridge Natural Science Series, and the bulletins of the United States Biological Survey. But it is at least wise for every writer of outdoor books to ask himself in all seriousness where his work belongs and whither it leads.

It is a mournful thing that the color plates which naturally form the strik-

ing feature of this series (Miss Lounsberry's) cannot be shown here. The best I can do is to give a glimpse of one of the many black-and-white plates, the rare white rose of the northern woodlands (*Rosa blanda*.)

Several of the books previously spoken of in this article describe trees, but none of them illustrate with such accuracy the

leaves and fruits of our wayside trees as do F. Schuyler Mathew's four little books published by the Taber-Prang Art Company. The brief descriptions and the catalogue are excellent.

But a little while ago, I was discussing that one of Mrs. Wright's books which is largely devoted to ferns, and yet ferns are so wonderful a class of plants that they have persuaded more than one person to give every page from cover to cover to their history or description or analysis. Indeed, the fern-literature of the world is overwhelming in quantity and yearly attracts more students. The first book in this field that I ever owned was D. C. Eaton's "Ferns of North America," which I eagerly studied as it came out in parts, with dark brown wrappers. Then I went from New York up to New Haven once, just to meet Professor Eaton, and found him all, and more than, I had expected.

It ought to please us out here in California to know that a good piece of professional work on ferns (and mosses) was done a few years ago by Professor Douglas H. Campbell of the Leland Stanford Junior University. Macmillan published it; the exact title is: "The Structure and Development of the Mosses and Ferns (*Archigoniatae*)" and it is not possible to summarize here in non-technical language such a thorough study of plant life. It is a book for the modern botanical laboratory, but any thoughtful reader should be interested in Professor Campbell's chart on page 519 giving his idea of the evolution by which, for instance, the descendants of *Hepaticae* became *Gymnospermae* (Pines, Sequoias and other Conifers.)

My shelf is crowded with other fern books, one of the most modern, popular and interesting of which is "Our Ferns in their Haunts," by Willard Nelson Clute, editor of the Fern Bulletin. This is another of the books that the Stokes Company publish in their liberal style, with full-page color plates and photogravures and lesser pen-and-inks in the text. In fact these illustrations number in all more than two hundred, and they do much credit to the artist, Mr. Stilson. One of the full-page illustrations, "The

home of the wood-fern," appears in this article, and the reader may care to compare it with other work to which I have alluded. It is very different, more "touched up" and carried, as it were, into the studio, but it is a very striking illustration; one gets the rough feel of the rock, and a great depth of distance, rather than the fern masses up to one's waist.

Another of the illustrations chosen from Mr. Clute's book is a pen-and-ink of our handsome Southern Californian *Adiantum* (*A. capillus veneris*), the Venus-hair fern, so widely distributed over the world and quite distinct from our common maiden-hair (*Adiantum emarginatum*) or the "Five-finger" (*A. petatum*.) Any of us can go out into our canyons and foothills these March days and gather up armfuls of either of these last two species. I wonder if we all remember, however, that ferns must not be pulled up and carelessly destroyed, or in a few years they will be hard to find. Time was, not long ago, when polypodiums and adiantums could be found within the limits of the city of San Francisco, but now one must seek the foothills or redwoods.

The third, and the smallest, illustration taken from this book is but one of a number which deserve careful study and are in fact worth, as the circus posters say, "the whole price of admission." Ferns propagate by means of spores, and the formation of the spore-cases (*sporangia*) affords students the means of the first broad classification. The largest spore-case known are of the sub-order *Ophioglossaceae* of the great order *Filices* (Ferns) and two of these from which the spores are just flying are shown in the illustration. In other sub-orders the spore-cases may be egg-shaped, opening longitudinally, or urn-shaped opening vertically, or even stalked, opening transversely. In the modern laboratory, and under the microscope, these things, as in fact everything about plants, become of absorbing interest.

Mr. Clute has had excellent opportunities, and his book contains an immense fund of information respecting the haunts, habits, structure and nomencla-



SILKWEED

(From "Flowers and Ferns.")

(Courtesy Macmillan & Co.)

ture of American ferns. It touches also upon the folk-lore and literature of these interesting plants, and its style is very clear and simple. So fully has he occupied the territory that, to use a Westernism, his claim will be hard to jump. His feeling for what is excellent in other writing "rings true;" he could not but rejoice with Thoreau over the "cheerful community of the polypody" freshly green in early winter, and as one reads his book this windy afternoon, it quite gives the Thoreau feeling and one's heart remains behind for a little while among the ferns.

The astonishing beauty of modern illustrations is excellently shown by various books published of late by Doubleday,

which comprises other volumes and may easily come to include all the modern divisions of Nature Study. Into the work of preparing these books, specialists are being drawn, and the value of the series is steadily increasing. Neltje Blanchan (Mrs. Doubleday) has taken deservedly high rank with her brilliant books in this series, "Bird Neighbors," "Birds that Hunt and are Hunted," and "Nature's Garden." The latter, more nearly than any other book I have yet seen, gives the unbotanical reader a practical guide to wild flowers which is full of the literature of the subject, and which nevertheless ventures to give in popular form the scientific views of natural selection. It



The "King Row" (from "Life of Wild Birds.")

(Courtesy G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

Page & Co., "Nature's Garden," by Neltje Blanchan, the "Mushroom Book," by Nina L. Marshall, and "The Insect Book," by Dr. L. O. Howard of the Division of Entomology, are all three strikingly modern, and may serve here as my text for certain comparisons and conclusions respecting the drift of outdoor literature. All are royal octavos of a character, mechanically speaking, which twenty years ago was impossible at any price, and which, ten years ago, would have been obtainable only by well-to-do purchasers. As it is, they come within the reach of school-teachers, mechanics and persons of average incomes. They form, in fact, part of an extensive Nature Study series

shows wide and intelligent reading of the authorities, and careful use of results.

But from the purely technical standpoint, "The Insect Book" of Dr. Howard's has scientific claims quite unlike those of earlier volumes of this remarkable series. From cover to cover its 428 pages are fit for use in University work, and indeed to inspire all higher students in entomology to acquire the art of telling facts in a manner at once popular and scientific. Dr. Howard has it, because it evidently has been his aim for many years of teaching, editing, preparing leaflets and bulletins and reports, to make the subject very simple without sacrificing anything else. The book is just as read-

able as such a subject can be made without spoiling it.

Taking, then, this series as a whole, it shows a serious effort by high-minded men and women to build a bridge at last across the void; to write, illustrate and publish books which the great middle classes will take in the place of the ordinary cheap, badly written, blundering books, often reprints of a generation ago, often hasty translations, and always misleading, or not leading anywhere. The ideal of such books as these must be to deserve the respect of the specialists. I do not know of a better, more hopeful scheme at present in evidence among publishers, but it must be carried on with unstinted means and nothing less than the best work put therein. It is easy to be cheaply popular—I have cast aside book after book while writing this paper—but it is very hard to know rightly and tell truly these things. I assure you, gentle reader, that Dr. Howard and Mrs. Doubleday and our own loved Joseph Le Conte and Gifford Pinchot of the Bureau of Forestry, and all others who, knowing their subject very well, have attempted to re-tell it for the larger public without doing harm, have had to burn much midnight oil.

There is one field of out-door literature into which I cannot venture to glance, so wide it is, so difficult to classify. It is official; it deals with the experiment stations and botanical gardens of America. Hundreds of workers here are toiling over reports and bulletins. But once in awhile a man brought up in this work strikes out for himself, edits, like Professor Buffum of Colorado, an "*Agricola Aridus*," or like Professor F. H. King of Wisconsin, writes on "The Soil," "Irrigation and Drainage," and the "Physics of Agriculture." Written for University men, such books fill the needs of the intelligent land-owner whose farm,

Chatauqua circle, Grange and Farm Institute are his Universities. Such a book as Professor King's "Physics of Agriculture" (which he publishes himself at Madison, Wisconsin), is peculiarly modern, practical and American. It deals with the fundamental principles of agricultural science, and it would be hard to find another book which fills the place so well.

Bird books, as I have noted, form a large part of American out-door literature. There is one recent publication, Mr. Francis Herrick's "Home Life of Wild Birds," brought out by G. P. Putnam's Sons, which I confess appeals to me more strongly than usual. It is once more "the camera that does it." How sterile and mistaken become the illustrations in thousands of books when the right man's camera is focussed on the subject. The conventional nest and nestlings and mother-birds and much of what has heretofore passed as fair representations of the domestic life of our birds is now consigned to the rubbish-heap. Every lover of nature or photography and every one interested in natural science will find this book worthy of study.

Beyond and above all this, the spirit of the book is utterly charming. It attracts persons of every age; and, without being in the least didactic, it preaches good Emersonian doctrine of naming "all the birds without a gun." Mr. Herrick's plan is to bring the birds close, camp



Newborn birds in crouching reptilian attitude. About $\frac{7}{8}$ life-size. (From "Life of Wild Birds.")

beside them, watch their behavior "at arm's length," and record "with the camera their varied activities." The "birds come and go at will, and their life is as free and untrammelled as ever." He "controls the nesting sight," and "conceals the observer." To tell how this is done, and what the results of such studies are, takes a quarto volume of 186 pages with 141 original illustrations. Four of

place, and a curious place it sometimes is. Long ago I remember the "Ten Acres Enough," "Three Acres Too Much," "Boy Farmer," "Blessed Bees," and "Paying Off the Mortgage with Potatoes" types of stories. Out of this past, and better than most of them, come Charles Barnard's "My Ten-Rod Farm," "The Strawberry Garden," "Farming by Inches," and "A Simple Flower Garden," re-printed by



Red-tailed Hawk, six months old, in attitude expressive of fear and calculated to inspire fear in others. (From "Life of Wild Birds.")

these illustrations appear in this article and really need little explanation. Among the birds studied closely by Mr. Herrick were the robin, the cedar bird, the red-eyed vireo, the blue-bird, the cat-bird, the night-hawk, the king-fisher, the brown thrush, the red-tailed hawk, the woodpecker, the oriole and the black-bird.

Here in America, as elsewhere, the semi-novel of the garden or forest finds

Henry T. Coates & Co., in one new volume under the title "\$2,000 a Year for Fruits and Flowers." These garden tracts, brimful of intensive horticulture, have done and are doing a world of good. Mowbray's "Building of a Country Home" is frankly shapen on this plan, and does not seem to me much better done, though more outspoken.

A book that is hard to define, and not

very well worth the effort except for its enthusiasm over small things, is Almon Dexter's "And the Wilderness Blossomed," published by Fisher & Co. It is in part a narrative of a return to a very mild wilderness about a mythical Insley Lake in Maine, and the building of a home there. It contains comments on books, seed, catalogues and miscellaneous reflections in every imaginable key. It is evidently the work of a decided person, unskilled in this sort of literature, and it reads like a first book—but of that no one can be sure. I should like to see this writer really tackle a positive and genuine wilderness some thousands of miles from that Insley Lake club house.

Looking for the last time over the shoulder of our maker of an out-door encyclopedia, I observe that he will write: "Between September, 1898, when 'Elizabeth and Her German Garden' appeared, and 1920, when that famous horticultural novel by the well-known Lady Blantyre of Central Africa appeared, it is estimated that six hundred stories of domestic bliss in gardens were published. One of the best of these, 'The Garden of a Commuter's Wife,' appeared any-



Venus Hair Fern.

mously in 1901."

Thus it is, everyone now has the seed of the golden flower, and so the world will not run after it as once it did. But this bright little American story with its attractive illustrations was very well worth writing and printing. Decidedly the best character-sketch in it is the old physician.

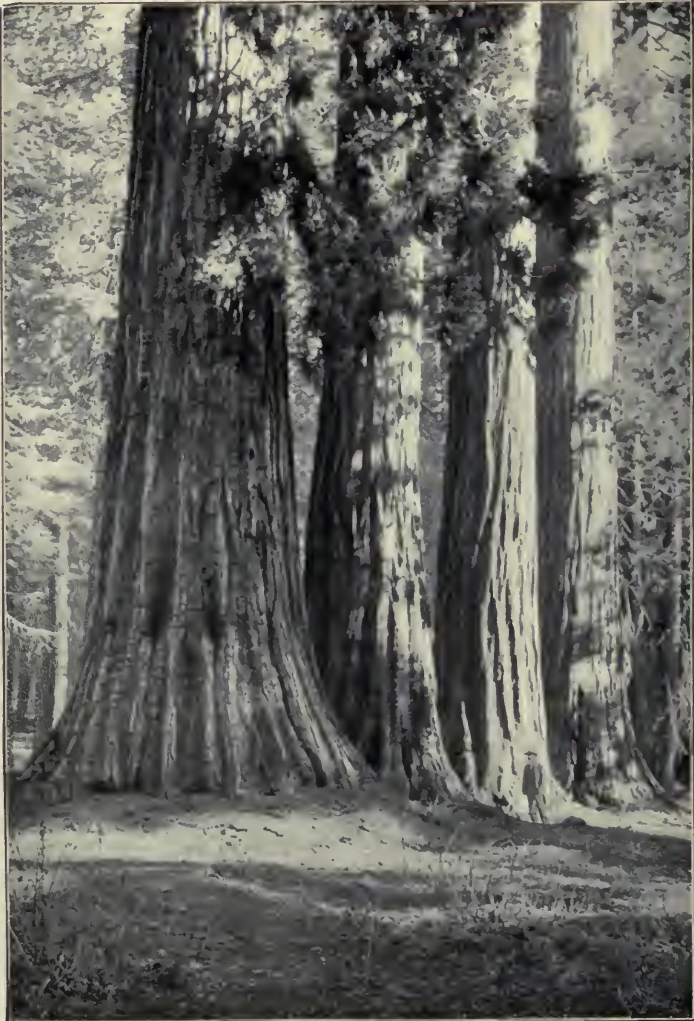
While writing this article, which even at its fullest will be notorious for its omissions, I have ever had in mind one writer, Professor Bailey of Cornell, whose work has been for young men the most helpful and suggestive of recent years. I cannot in the space at my command either list his writings or properly discuss them. It is perhaps enough to say that many volumes in the Garden Craft and Rural Science Series of Macmillan are his, and a vast amount of editorial work upon other volumes; that he is head and front of the great American Encyclopedia of Horticulture, now nearing completion, and that he is the editor of "Country Life in America." His "Pruning Book," his "Survival of the Unlike," and his "Evolution of our Native Fruits," serve to show in some degree the turn of



Wild Columbine. (From "Flowers and Ferns in their Haunts.")

his genius. Still, the man is more than all his books, and presses forward with a swift, generous, organizing spirit, setting many enterprises in motion, studying the horticulture of the entire country and fitting himself, if his body endures,

Mead & Co. sends me "A Child of Nature," altogether lovely from cover to cover, perfect prose wedded to perfect illustration. Hamilton Wright Mabie has grown more in power of sweet and healing literary expression within the past



The Guardsmen—Mariposa Grove. (From "Our National Parks.")
(Courtesy Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

for still greater responsibilities.

Another man, dear as Professor Bailey to out-door Americans, but of a very different type, more resembling Henry Van Dyke, wrote "In the Forest of Arden," and now from the press of Dodd,

fifteen years than any other American writer whose course I have followed in detail. That which he now writes comes from deeper springs than of old, and it seems to me will long remain giving comfort to men and women. These two books

of his which I have named belong to the literature of our race, and will be remembered when most of those I have spoken of in this article are superseded by later and better fact-books. One illustration, reduced in size, is given here to show in some degree the work of the artist, Charles Louis Hinton, whose decorative borders, as well as his full-page pictures, are worthy of Mr. Mabie's essay.

Californian out-door books abound, and are of every kind imaginable. Some of the best outdoor writing one can find anywhere is nicely wrapped up and embalmed in official publications, either State or national, whence only a well-trained antiquarian can ever spade them up. There lie some of the most characteristic writings of Dr. Albert Kellogg, Dr. Bolander, Benjamin Avery, Clarence King, J. D. Whitney, Joseph LeConte, and others of equal note. Books uncounted, too, published by people who have come and gone without a sign, deal with out-door California and some-

times better than is done by our home talent, for now and then the stranger sees more and deeper than the local writer. One of the most effective of the outsiders is Horace Annesley Vachell, whose "Life and Sport on the Pacific Slope" is honest to the backbone. Its criticisms on some of the features of social life out here are not always pleasant to read, but they do not leave a sting behind. They are inevitable, and they come from a manly fellow who sees the coming commonwealth of California quite as clearly as we do.

I turn for the real heart of the California Sierra to John Muir's two books, one published seven or eight years ago by the Century Company ("The Mountains of Cali-



Ophioglossaceae

Ophioglossaceae. (From "Flowers and Ferns.")

fornia"), the other recently issued by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. ("Our National Parks.") In a sense they belong together, and beyond this, they form a part of a great and noble body of writing which, when Mr. Muir leaves us, will pass into literature to be sifted, and in the end to become in some shape our West-American out-door classic. Not all of Mr. Muir's writings will belong in the final and authoritative edition of his works, but that which represents him at his



Female bluebird with cricket in bill ready to enter nest-hole. (From "Life of Wild Birds.")

best and fullest is sufficient to secure two results—his permanent place among American writers, and his permanent place as the first great prose-poet of the California Sierra.

All those high qualities of knowledge, observation, insight, imagination, which Mr. Muir has heretofore shown are at their best and fullest in his last book. It rushes on like one of his own mountain torrents, it rests in broad, clear places like a lake of the high Sierras, it aspires toward the blue skies like a hemlock spruce, and it holds its own from cover to cover like a sequoia in its matchless prime.

From such a book as this one finds quotation difficult. The illustration presented is, of course, from a sequoia grove where the giants stand on guard. But since, aside from its value as literature, this book is a noble and timely appeal for the forests, let the following show its practical value to Americans. Mr. Muir writes:

"The axe and saw are insanely busy, chips are flying thick as snowflakes, and every summer thousands of acres of priceless forests, with their underbrush, soil, springs, climate, scenery, and religion, are vanishing away in clouds of smoke, while, except in the national parks, not one forest guard is employed.

"All sorts of local laws and regulations have been tried and found wanting, and the costly lessons of our own experience, as well as that of every civilized nation, show conclusively that the fate of the

remnant of our forests is in the hands of the federal government, and that if the remnant is to be saved at all, it must be saved quickly.

"Any fool can destroy trees. They cannot run away; and if they could, they would still be destroyed—chased and hunted down as long as run or a dollar could be got out of their bark hides, branching horns or magnificent bole backbones. Few that fell trees plant them; nor would planting avail much towards getting back anything like the noble primeval forests. During a man's life only saplings can be grown in the place of the old trees—tens of centuries old—that have been destroyed. It took more than three thousand years to make some of the trees in these Western woods—trees that are still standing in perfect strength and beauty, waving and singing in the mighty forests of the Sierra. Through all the wonderful and eventful centuries since Christ's time—and long before that—God has cared for these trees, saved them from drought, disease, avalanches, and a thousand straining, leveling tempests and floods; but he cannot save them from fools—only Uncle Sam can do that."

This is that righteous wrath of a strong man aroused which counts for so much in the battle. Muir has always been a tower of strength in this campaign, but never yet has he seemed so much like an old Hebrew prophet, standing on his mountains, eaten up by his zeal for the Temple of the Almighty.



THE UNFORSEEN.

BY MARY HARDING.

M. R. T. PERCIVAL JONES was a bachelor of mature age and comfortable fortune, of good social position, and a successful lawyer—in short, a most acceptable member of society.

As a rule, his unruffled calm was enviable, but could his more easily disturbed friends have seen him at this instant, their envy would have melted into sympathy. After keen self analysis and introspection, he had arrived at the conclusion that happiness in the future would be an impossibility to him, unless his existence were made complete and perfect with the companionship and guidance of Miss Emily Van Pelt. With this thought in his mind he had seated himself at his writing desk, and after much prolonged agitation and numerous efforts, had succeeded in writing the state of his affections to the lady in question. Realizing that suspense such as he would undoubtedly undergo would be the cause of his sudden demise if extended indefinitely, he had finished the letter by begging an answer before the close of the morning. As it was then a little before nine, he would only have to wait at the club until twelve to know his fate, and—O! ecstatic thought, perhaps less time than that. With trembling fingers he folded the note, and then it was that Fate decided that he should play the buffoon, and that she would amuse herself at his expense for awhile. The desk was littered up with many envelopes and letters, and in his excitement he took an envelope which he had addressed to a Mrs. Rutherford on a previous occasion, and had cast aside owing to some slight defect; it had been a mere note of acceptance to some invitation.

Into this envelope he hastily thrust the out-pourings of his heart, and after having disposed of it, he settled down to a nerve-racking three hours. He had instructed the messenger boy not to wait for an answer, as he wished to be perfectly fair and not take her unawares; she should have the privilege of thinking it over. At the expiration of that time he

had smoked two or three packages of cigarettes, and had won several enemies by the curt abruptness of his remarks when they had been unfortunate enough to address him. He had jumped up at every footstep, and had sunk back into his chair again with a scowl upon his face, when beholding nothing more than a friend. What was a friend compared to a messenger boy at such a time? At last when the clock struck twelve, he felt that the chimes were tolling his funeral. As the last stroke sounded, haggard and miserable, Mr. Jones withdrew from the arena of love sadly conscious that he deserved a better fate. He thought of the luckless chain of love that had held him in its thralls, and sighed. He wished that he might never see the object of his adoration again; the shock to his feelings would be too great for mortal endurance. As he realized this, he recalled the fact that he was to dine at Mrs. Rutherford's that night, and that Miss Van Pelt was to be one of the guests, so at the risk of offending that estimable lady he wrote a little note of regrets, which ran thus:

“My dear Mrs. Rutherford:—

“Circumstances having arisen over which I have no control, and let me add also that they are not of my own making, as you most assuredly must know, I am afraid that I shall be compelled to forfeit the pleasure of being with you this evening. Regretting exceedingly that such should be the case, I remain,

Very sincerely yours,

T. Percival Jones.”

Mrs. Rutherford was a widow of mature age, whose buoyant spirits and persistent charms had long excited the envy of her juniors. During the few years of her widowhood she had been a conspicuous example of the sanitary effect of well modulated grief; she bloomed in weeds, and had kept her heart as fresh as her complexion. Her return to society had been looked upon as an event of importance, and the rumor that she was about to bestow her hand upon one of

her numerous admirers had made her doubly interesting. This rumor was not altogether unwelcome; she did not seriously resent the insinuation that she might possibly be overcome by the pleadings of some favored suitor. Mrs. Rutherford had decided upon a careful review of the eligible men she knew, that in case Mr. Jones should reciprocate the marked preference of which she was conscious, and should attempt to over-persuade her, he should have a fair chance. It was therefore with more than ordinary pleasure that she caught sight of his handwriting upon her arrival home. She had been out since early in the morning engaged in the arduous duties of shopping, and was somewhat worn out and cross, but the perusal of Mr. Jones's note banished all thoughts of anything save bliss and happiness. She had never considered Mr. Jones a man of extreme fervor, and the ardor of his suit pleased her.

She read the lines again with satisfaction; they were as follows:

"My adored:—

"If I may call you so! For some time past I have realized that life without you is a barren waste, and that I love you to the exclusion of all other things. At last, with much fear and trepidation I have gathered sufficient courage to apprise you of the fact, and also to ask you to become my wife. I need not add that the one thing which will render my whole future existence happy, will be your answer, should it be in the affirmative. Upon the other possibility I dare not dwell. I beg of you to let me know before the hour of twelve.

Believe me, faithfully yours,

T. Percival Jones."

After the first thrills of pleasure had vanished Mrs. Rutherford's next thought was of the time. It was then two o'clock, and the appointed hour was twelve! She felt keenly the suspense and bitter disappointment that he must have undergone. Indeed she pictured him as succumbing to a dread disease, which she diagnosed as a broken heart with typhoid complications. She rose hastily and was

about to pen an answer to him, taking the chance that he was still at the club, when the bell rang, and Mr. Jones's second note arrived, informing her of his inability to attend her dinner party that night. Reading his words, she knew that the real reason of his writing in this manner was that under the circumstances of her supposed refusal, he did not have the fortitude to become one of a gay party, and that party—hers—. But there was not time for speculation. The boy was waiting (upon seeing Mr. Jones's chirography she had the forethought to instruct him to do so), and what was of much more importance, poor dear Mr. Jones was waiting; he must be saved from his error, and that speedily. With a palpitating heart and a blush that savored of long ago, she rapidly wrote these lines:

"My dear Mr. Jones:—

It is all a mistake. There is no reason why you should not meet the lady in question, as usual. She did not receive your note of this morning until too late to answer, and she will explain all satisfactorily to-night.

Evelyn."

In the meanwhile, Mr. Jones had been promenading the streets, in hopes of forgetting his sorrow, but with poor success. Almost the first person he saw, at a little distance, was Miss Emily Van Pelt, walking and chatting pleasantly with a hated rival, a cad by the name of Gilding. He did not wait for their approach but darted back to the Club, and ordered a small bottle. Here he sat in impenetrable gloom, until Mrs. Rutherford's note was handed him. It took Mr. Jones's fertile brain but a very short while to adjust the problem to his own joy and satisfaction.

It was evident that Miss Van Pelt had gone out too early to receive this note, and coming home later, and not knowing whether he would still be at the club, had hesitated in sending so delicate a missive where it might be lost. She was a great friend of Mrs. Rutherford and Mr. Jones, who always maintained that a woman could never keep a secret



(no matter of what nature) from her dearest friend for more than two minutes. It was clear that she had rushed over and confided the news to Mrs. Rutherford.

After she had left, Mrs. Rutherford had received his regrets, and the dear lady, reading between the lines, had fulfilled the requirements of a true friend, and had told him in as delicate a way as possible, that matters were all right. "Dear, good Mrs. Rutherford," thought he. "What a kind old soul she is! I'll adopt her as a mother." (She was a few years his senior.)

At the appointed time Mr. Jones appeared radiant with joy, and eager for the sweet word or glance which surely awaited him; but he was disappointed to find Miss Van Pelt surrounded by other guests, and apparently indifferent to his presence. He had no difficulty, however, in getting a moment apart with his beaming hostess. Pressing her hand with unmistakable fervor, he called her an angel, and vowed that he owed her the happiness of his life. She called him a foolish boy to be so easily discouraged, and a few moments later whispered to her dearest friend that she had at last consented to become Mrs. Jones, but wished nothing said about it at present. Within five minutes her dearest friend had enjoined the same secrecy upon the other ladies present, including Miss Van Pelt, who was considerably surprised, and very much annoyed. She had dangled Mr. Jones through four seasons, and felt morally convinced that she could be Mrs. Jones at any time that she wished; in fact she had made up her mind that very day to give him a little leeway—it was time. Now that she realized that she could no longer have him, his good qualities grew at an alarming rate, and her anger at Mrs. Rutherford for having literally snatched him out of her hands, was extreme. Before dinner was announced all knew, and all had been pledged to the same silence. It was most natural, from the hostess's point of view, that Mr. Jones should escort her to the table and occupy the place of honor, and most extraordinary, from Mr. Jones's point of view, that Miss Van Pelt was

placed at the other end of the table, next to Mr. Gilding, concerning whom his candid opinion has already been recorded.

The hour wore on merrily enough with laugh and jest, and tinkling table talk, with now and then a sly allusion, closely veiled, to a certain future social event, and yet Mr. Jones was not supremely happy. He was on the alert, watching for the tender glance from Miss Van Pelt that was to assure him of her yielding heart; but she seemed never to see him! True, it might have been a maiden modesty that hid her tell-tale eyes from him; it might have been some proper feminine instinct that prompted her to hang upon the words of that inferior Mr. Gilding; nevertheless, he grew uneasy.

It was not enough that his hostess beamed upon him with fond looks. He never felt her beams, but gazed disconsolately at the other end of the table. At last, worried and perplexed, he turned to Mrs. Rutherford and said in a low, anxious tone, "It cannot be; you must have misunderstood. I see no sign of feeling," and she replied, "Hush dear, be patient. I must play hostess now."

Her words and the fond glance that accompanied them disturbed him, and when a moment later she drew his attention to Miss Van Pelt and Mr. Gilding, and remarked in a confidential undertone that she thought they were engaged, he looked at her in amazement which gradually settled into a sort of stupor in which he was vaguely conscious of some terrible mistake. He tried to think it all out, but the lady on his left insisted upon telling him how much he resembled an old dear friend of hers, and he had to listen to a dissertation upon the extraordinary resemblances of the human race. He endeavored to recall the exact words of his note to Mrs. Rutherford, but could see nothing in it to warrant such a situation as that in which he now found himself.

He determined to enquire into the details of the affair after dinner, and consequently when he found himself alone with Mrs. Rutherford a little later, he broached the subject at once.

"Mrs. Rutherford, I wish to ask you something about a note which I—"; 'he

got no further. "Oh! Percival; not now. It is all right," she whispered softly. "I got them both, only I was out when the first one arrived, so I could not answer before twelve, but——" At this juncture a friend arrived on the scene and insisted upon Mrs. Rutherford playing an accompaniment to a song, so with a parting, heart-felt glance at Mr. Jones, she left. As the truth dawned upon that gentleman that he had, through some inexplicable carelessness sent the avowal of his love to Mrs. Rutherford, he began to shiver with apprehension. He now saw clearly enough that he was engaged—to the wrong woman. He tried to reflect calmly. Could such a correspondence, based upon a misunderstanding, be really binding? The more he pondered over the matter the more he was positive that he could explain it all to her. His manner towards her had always been that of a friend and nothing more. He had never been effusive nor had he taken advantage of a charming widow's loneliness to console her by any show of devotion. But this comforting thought was soon put to flight. To his horror he recalled his genial meeting with his hostess, and how he had held her hands and called her an angel, and vowed that his happiness in life was all due to her; then he felt that the explanation would require more courage than he had at first anticipated. Still it must be done, and at once. Having reached this conclusion he felt somewhat relieved, and was about to resume his functions as a social being, when Hambridge, an old friend of his, drew him to one side, and claiming the privilege of a warm friendship for both parties, cordially congratulated him on his engagement. He added that he already had taken some liberty with Mrs. Rutherford, and had been deeply touched by her frank expression of the happiness she felt in yielding at last to the impulse of affection. Mr. Jones gasped. He inquired of his torturer when he had first heard of the affair, and if he thought the rumor had reached others, and was informed that Mrs. Rutherford had told Mrs. Hambridge just before dinner—in confidence. And that Mrs. Hambridge had told him; also, that from a life long knowledge of

Mrs. Hambridge he had not the faintest doubt but that all the other ladies of the party now possessed the secret. Indeed several of the gentlemen had already indicated to him some knowledge of the affair. The speaker saw no reason to conceal an event so worthy, and one which would undoubtedly bring much rejoicing to the friends of both parties. Mr. Jones did not respond as an irrepressibly happy man usually does; also he felt distinctly less inclined to linger and have that understanding with Mrs. Rutherford. From that moment his case grew steadily worse. The frank partiality of his hostess completely unnerved him. He dared not go and he feared to stay. The moment when he should be left alone with the charming widow, and attempt that explanation, appeared more dreadful to him than the day of Judgment.

At last, when one by one the guests had taken their leave, and the fair object before him turned and sweetly said, "At last, Percival dear, we are alone," he thought, "How happy are the dead wherever they are, or whatever they are doing"—and then with a mighty renewal of his courage he spoke.

"Mrs. Rutherford, I wish to state, or rather I am compelled to state that there has been a mistake, a—er—misunderstanding."

Here a veil must be drawn, not that there was anything in the interview which might not properly be told, but simply because Mr. Jones who kindly and frankly related the story up to this point, here drew the veil himself, and no amount of persuasion or threats could induce him to furnish the details.

His wife, who was a Miss Emily Van Pelt, sometimes uses all the devices belonging to the coaxing power of woman, but to no purpose. To her he says that as there are moments in a man's life to which the world is not entitled, so there are centuries which a man has the right to forget, if possible—and that this was one of them.

Of course this computation of time must be regarded as inaccurate, but then Mr. Jones declares that there are times when moments are not reduced to an exact science.

CURRENT BOOKS

REVIEWED BY GRACE LUCE IRWIN.

Mr. Dooley and
George Ade
Compared.

To compare the last volume of "Fables of George Ade," written in slang, with "The Opinions of Mr. Dooley," delivered in Irish dialect, serves to bring out more than anything else their inherent contrast. At first glance—to a club woman, perhaps, who scorns newspaper "writers" while she laboriously writes fiction imitative of her last "favorite author"—they may seem much alike. Are they not both humorists, both poking fun at daily happenings in the newspapers, both chuckled over at the breakfast table and in the cars, wherever, in fact, the masculine half of American humanity congregates? Yes, and furthermore both touch off our weaknesses and foibles with their barbed wit, both relentless in their amusement at affectation, artificiality, or pretension. But here begins their differences. "Dooley" (Mr. E. P. Dunne) dissertates upon the larger questions of the day, mostly political, while at least the last series of "Forty Fables" are almost entirely social in interest. More important still, femininity rustles its skirts in every sketch, while Dooley and his friend Hennessy scorn such foibles utterly.

That is, as subject matter; now and then she appears as a by-word to the general and larger subject, as it were. For instance, Dooley, says in his opinion "On Athletics": "'Twill disrupt th' home. Our fathers was r-right. They didn't risk their lives and limbs be marryin' these female Sharkeys. What they wanted was a lady that they'd find settin' at home whin they arrived tired fr'm th' chase, that played th' harp to thim an' got their wampum away fr'm thim more like a church fair than like a safe blower." Ade would have illustrated this idea in a little story, and naturally it is the more interesting method of the two. He is a born story teller. Did you

know that his first literary venture was a novel, "Captain Horne," and his last a comic opera, "The Sultan of Sulu," which promises to be a great success? It is probably not to be sung in slang. Of the two, dialect is far less funny than slang. Dialect is the superior medium for pathos, but there is nothing so surprising about it, as there is about slang—that child of the soil and of to-day—and humor is dependent upon the emotion of surprise. Only too often slang is spoken of as if it were a dialect of itself. Chimmie Fadden spoke a dialect, and there was slang in it, but George Ade's Fables are not dialect. No class of people speak always as he writes. He coins words and expressions continually. Everyone uses slang words now and then (the less the better, perhaps), but no one uses it as a vernacular.

For my part, I think Mr. Ade has rather a cleverer, though perhaps brutal, way of attacking the foibles of woman-nature. We have our failings, of course, as many, perhaps, as the men—if we laughed at them oftener we might lose them the sooner. This may be a deplorable state of unfastidiousness, but has it not its grain of truth? "In a Shady Street there dwelt two Maidens who had their Traps set and baited. 'Come in, Boys,' is what it said over the Door. They were at the Age when they lived on Caramels and Excitement. All respectable Males who could talk back and who kept their Hair Combed were more than welcome. * * * 'Oh, I suppose I don't know a thing about the Male sex, do I?' asked the Popular One with a Squint. 'No man cares much for what she said, and then what you said to her. I talk about Him and nothing else. I make him tell me all about his Clothes and how he has his Room fixed up. I repeat all that I ever heard any of the other girls say about him. I throw the Lime-light on him all the evening. He has the Center of the

Stage, and makes all the Hits and gets all the Flowers. I am simply present to feed him his cues and demand Encores. Sometimes it is hard work to Boost all Evening but I seldom fail to land him. When he gets up to go at 11 o'clock he is thrown out in froat like a Russian Sleigh. Naturally he is back to see me the next evening.'

"'But we are not Orientals,' said the Good Looker proudly. 'If there is to be any Fattering or Incense-Burning, let the Men do it.' * * * 'Some day I will single out one and marry him,' said her Friend 'and when I do, he won't stay up on any Pedestal more than Twenty Minutes. You Know me.'" Which ends, you see after all, in attacking a man's well-known foible—his omnivorous vanity. All this may be nonsense of a somewhat rough-and-tumble sort, but it is clever nonsense, and I contend that Mr. Ade is a remarkably keen observer, and knows human nature as few of the rest of us do. He speaks the truth as well as being funny, and prone to a humorous exaggeration.

Dooley waxes witty on the Boer war, on the slump in the Kipling boom, on the Yacht Races, on Life at Newport, on Lying, on the Booker Washington Incident, and kindred subjects of general interest, which we read about in the press dispatches. The two books are both charmingly gotten up, and bound in attractive covers.

(Forty Modern Fables—George Ade. Mr. Dooley's Opinions, by Dooley. Both published by R. H. Russell, New York City.)

Paul Bourget!

Bourget as a
Translator of Women.

What a necromancy of style the name of the well-known French writer of novelettes brings to the story-lover. He is also invariably an analyzer of the minds and emotions of women; too, he essays at times even the courageous feat of disentangling the mystery of their motives. How successful he is at this only a Frenchwoman can tell us, for his subtly reckless Marquises and Madames are very unlike Anglo-Saxon women. Too often for our taste his tales

are based on the inevitable Parisian situation, the loves of fashionable young married women for another than their hood-winked husbands. However, his "The Screen" I have been reading, although it seems to glitter with a cold artificiality of sentiment, has in it, too, an element of innocence and strength in the sweet figures of its heroine—Marquise Alyette. She loves unlawfully, but to her own sorrow, only, and never expresses her deep feeling, but by one act of pure and self-sacrificing devotion to the unworthy object of her love. Her friend, Mme. Sarlieve, and young D'Aydie, are secret lovers. Because of the unblemished reputation of the Marquis they use her as "The Screen" for their affair. Having fallen herself in love with D'Aydie, her pain is great at discovering the deception her two dearest friends have practiced upon her. But to save D'Aydie from the wrath of the jealous husband of Madame Sarlieve she allows him to think herself the guilty party instead of his wife. D'Aydie, too late, awed by this sacrifice, realizes his love for her, but she will not receive him, and the two meet no more. Very French, you will say, and that it is hard for us to sympathize with such an unpleasant state of affairs. But consider the style of M. Bourget. It is all written in his pure, lucid, restrained manner, which has an appealing beauty of its own. The closing is brief: "Without realizing the intense comicality of this brevet of lofty virtue discerned in Madame Sarlieve through the name of her friendship for Alyette, the old Parisian continued to instruct her disciples at the club, among whom he had the reputation of knowing the world, and thus the screen-friend continued, unknown to all, to save the honor of the one who had wronged her. Life has its ironies." The cover is ful in gray, and the dainty pen-drawings are by A. Callet.

(J. F. Taylor Co., Publishers, New York.)

"The Goldsmith of Nome" is a volume of verse written by Sam C. Dunham. It is well gotten up by the Whittaker-Ray Co., San Francisco. Price, \$1 00.)

Mr. Davis as a
Vehicle for Fashion
Plate Pictures.

The illustrators of the present rather bizarre period in art seem bent upon expressing a rather freakish taste. For instance, in Mr. Richard Harding Davis's latest book, "In the Fog," the work of illustration and adornment was given to the two well-known artists, Thomas Mitchell Peirce and F. D. Steele. Mr. Peirce's pictures are in his well-known "fashion-plate" manner, most of them being graceful full-length, but conventional portraits of the principal characters, whereas Mr. Steele's pictures are more original in style and done in a way to give the effect of a color sketch—in black and white and orange. They are certainly interesting, but instead of the two artists seeming to have worked in collaboration, the effect is rather as if they had been at sword's point in their conception. For instance it strikes one as stupid that a character on one page should be portrayed as bald-headed, and on the next we find him with a miraculous growth of hair. Also we object to the same subject being so often portrayed in two different manners, and altogether the pictures have far too little to do with the story, being puzzling and misleading, rather than an assistance to the text, although taken singly they are pretty and interesting. The story itself is freakish and thin in the extreme—but what is to be expected of a story so frankly a vehicle for pictures, and art-work, as to sport sixteen full-page illustrations in one hundred and fifty-five pages? The story is told by a number of men gathered at a club table in London, the matter being taken up by the next in order, when the invention of the last romancer fails, the object of the whole being to work out a sufficiently thrilling detective story to keep interested an old Baronet, whom they do not wish to leave the room. The story might have been interesting if the reader had been for one instant allowed to believe it true, or that it ever happened anywhere. There is absolutely nothing of interest or of value in it, and as a piece of literature it is utterly worthless. The same sort of

slipshod laziness or of frank valuation of the unimportance of the whole thing, has spoiled the making of the story as it has the making of the pictures. In fact, one gets the idea that it is scarcely worth while any more for Mr. Richard Harding Davis or Mr. Thomas Mitchell Peirce to do their best, being so sure of their market. Mr. Steele's work is far better. Such a trifling bit of a book as this must scarcely take Mr. Davis's mind off of more important questions of matter and manner. Beside the earlier work done in "Gallegher," it is languid and inane. However, it is only necessary to mention the name of the publishers to know that the book is attractive in appearance.

("In the Fog." R. H. Russell Co., New York.)

Mrs. Emma Louise Orcutt has a novel in press which will be ready for the holiday trade. It is entitled "Esther Mather," and will be found abundant in the portrayal of strange and vivid vicissitudes of life touched with pathos and lightened by humor.

(The Grafton Press, Publishers, New York.)

It is possibly because I knew "Mistress Joy" to be written in collaboration by two clever journalists who are women—Grace MacGogan Cooke and Annie Booth McKinney—that I found in it more grace and charm than strength, more hint of womanly pleasure in fine gowning, balls, and love-making, or in sweet peacefulness of religion, than I did power, originality or humor. It is a Tale of Nachez in 1798, and is the story of a wonderfully pretty little Methodist, Joyce Valentine, who wishes to turn preacher, and is yet tempted for a time by the vain shows and glitter of this world's frivolities. As an historical character Aaron Burr appears in the pages, many gay and pleasure-loving young French people, and a few sober gentlemen of the gospel. It is attractively bound and printed.

("Mistress Joy." The Century Co., New York.)

"Who shall deny that all kinds of fiction have equal right to exist?" propounds Mr. Robert Neilson Stephens in his preface to "Captain Ravenshaw." "Who shall dictate our choice of theme, or place, or time? Who shall forbid us in our faltering way to imagine forth the past if we like? The dead past, say you? As dead as yesterday afternoon, no more. Where's he that died Wednesday? As dead as the Queen of Sheba. But on the pages of Sienkiewicz, for example, certain little matters of Nero's time seem no more dead than last week's divorce trials in the columns of those realists, the newspaper reporters. All that is not immediately before our eyes, whether dead or distant, can be visualized only by imagination informed by description, and a small transaction in the reign of Elizabeth can be made as sensible to the mind's eye as a domestic scene between Mr. and Mrs. Jones in the administration of McKinley." By which we see that Mr. Stephens belongs to the neo-romantic school of modern fiction, and is driven to its defense by the slight put upon it by Mr. Howells and other "realist" critics.

As is to be expected, then, we find "Captain Ravenshaw," or "The Maid of Cheap-side," a romance of Elizabethan London. It is stirring, well written and engages our sympathies, a fault perhaps being that it drags a bit at the beginning, making us feel we are an unnecessarily long time in getting into the swing of the tale. Captain Ravenshaw, the hero, is a swaggering rascal, strong physically and mentally, but almost a beggar, forced by the stress of circumstances to live a low life, of tavern brawls, lawless adventure, and rough play. Yet he is as honest as necessity will permit, chivalrous, and a gentleman in spite of all. With his ragged doublet, his pride, his strength and his hunger of both body or soul, he wins our hearts as he won the love of the pretty "maid of Cheap-side." This girl, Milicent, is a goldsmith's daughter, a small, delicate, dependent-appearing creature, with a spirit and combativeness quite out of keeping

with her blue eyes and blonde hair. She strikes the taste of a gentleman villain Jermingham, who hires Ravenshaw to entice her into illicit relations. But the swaggering captain himself falls in love with her, and thereby hangs the tale. Another interesting and amusing character in the novel is that of the bashful scholar, Ralph Holyday. The unfolding of the plot is at first humorous, and then thrillingly exciting, especially so when Ravenshaw, against big odds, risks his life in defense of Milicent's honor, although the girl herself at that time scorns him, and lays all her troubles at his door. However, the ending is "right merrie."

Mr. Stephens certainly knows well his Elizabethan London, and the truth of the local color is unquestionable. If we have a certain feeling of disappointment at finding a novel of Shakespeare's time, with no Shakespeare in it, it is at least better for Mr. Stephens' work than if we had such an historical figure to find fault with. As it is, the book has few weak points, and is all it sets out to be—a charming tale of adventure in a time when sport and roguery went hand in hand, and rollicking and laughter were in the air. The illustrations are by Howard Pyle and others.

(L. C. Page & Co., Boston, Publishers.)

The latest addition to the series of American Men of Energy

Historical Biography of an American.

is the volume "Israel Putnam," written by William Farrand Livingstone. This thoroughly scholarly and interesting history covers the period of Putnam's life, from 1718 to 1790, and tells of his varied, brilliant, and useful career as pioneer, ranger and Major-General. The book is well illustrated by numerous good reproductions of exceedingly interesting photographs. Of the importance of General Putnam's well known place in history, and of his personality, the following excerpt gives us an idea: "His positiveness was of that kind which creates enthusiasm. It was inspiring to be in the presence of one who had never known fear whatsoever. The thrilling

exploits, from the wolf-hunt at Pomfret to the ride down the rocky height at Horseneck, were not mere adventures prompted by the chance of circumstances. They were evidences of a force of character which manifested itself in manifold ways. The years in the French and Indian war were characterized, not only by the bold deeds of the faithful ranger in constantly reconnoitering the enemy's camp, or in pursuing plunderers, or in guarding the army against sudden attack, but also by that eagerness for the rescue of others from danger which impelled him, single-handed, at the risk of his life, to save a comrade from the fury of a savage, or to steer companions skillfully through dangerous rapids away from the foe, or to hasten with his little band of men to the protection of soldiers who were under an unexpected assault by the enemy, and who had been abandoned to their fate. This was more than simple daring on Putnam's part. It was energy and efficiency as the result of self-forgetfulness. In the national struggle for independence the same quality of character found expression in him. When others faltered he remained strong-hearted. When others would question or debate the expediency of an undertaking he was eager for action. He would draw the British wolf out of the den, not delay or dally! His instant response from the plough to the call to service, the ride to Boston, the marshalling of men, the advance to the gates of the enemy's stronghold for siege and conflict, and the memorable encounter at Bunker Hill—who does not recognize in these events of Putnam's life a forceful purpose which made him the practical commander-in-chief of patriots? Whatever may be thought, from a strictly military point of view of his capacity for handling large bodies of troops, it is certain that he was of invaluable service in the struggle for liberty, in arousing men to courage and patriotism by his own positive nature." Of such blood were the first Americans! "Israel Putnam" is an interesting biography.

(Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

It is a new plan for children's stories which Miss Eva Lovett develops in her charming book, "The Billy Stories," for Billy himself is made to recount the tales in which he always appears as the redoubtable hero, and makes interesting for the express purpose of making his mother forget that it is his bed time. The tales are reprinted from the children's page of the New York Sunday World. A number of humorous drawings add their fun to the bright pages, and altogether, after once making Billy's acquaintance, it is quite out of the question to forget him again.

(J. F. Taylor Co., 5 and 7 East Sixteenth St., New York City. Price \$1.00.)

"Ames on Forgery," (Its detection and illustration) is not only a valuable and instructive work, it is also entertaining. It is written by Daniel T. Ames, who was the founder and for twenty years the editor of *The Penman's Art Journal* of New York; and for thirty years has been Examiner of Contested Handwriting in courts of justice. From this it will be seen how high Mr. Ames's reputation stands as an expert. In the book, over fifty cases are explained and illustrated, making more than seventy pages of engravings, and many of the cases are among the most celebrated in the world.

(Published in New York by Ames-Rollinson Co. And by Daniel T. Ames, 24 Post St., San Francisco.)

"The Herald's History of Los Angeles," by Charles Dwight Willard, is an attractive book, full of entertaining Californian matter, and well illustrated by a quantity of excellent photographs. It is a valuable addition to our history, and seems to thoroughly cover the ground. There are thirty-three chapters, telling of such subjects as *The Edge of the Spanish Empire*, *The Pueblo Plan*, *The Mission System*, *Eighteenth Century Los Angeles*, *Exit Spain*, *The Epoch of Revolutions*, *The Ruin of the Missions*, *The Pastoral Age in California*, *The Pueblo is Made American*, *The City Takes Shape*, *In War*

Times, The Coming of the Railway, The Modern City, etc.

(Published by Kingsley-Barnes & Neuner Co., Los Angeles, Cal.)

"From Fair Hawaiiand" is a collection of Hawaiian poems of a patriotic and descriptive nature, by P. Maurice McMahon. The book is well gotten up by the Stanley Taylor Company, San Francisco.

"Topical Discussion of Geography," by W. C. Doub, seems to be a practical educational book and a good one for teachers to have at hand.

(The Macmillan Company, New York. Price, 25 cents.)

"The Inauguration of President Waterson," published by the American Writers' Trust, is a painful effort at fun, strangely and wonderfully illustrated.

A MATTER OF OPINION

Concerning the Sons and Daughters of — Since the publication of the February Overland Monthly the editor has received a rather voluminous letter from a Californian woman of Puritan lineage urging us to advocate more activity in "that exclusive and patriotic body, the Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution." The Overland Monthly is unable to advocate any such increased "activity," but we think it only fair to our correspondent to give a few reasons why.

At the outbreak of the American Revolution, Caleb Walker, the shoemaker, and Jasper Jones, the butcher's son, left their humble cottages in Boston and did some very gallant skirmishing at Lexington and Bunker Hill. As they aimed and reloaded their flint-locks, they did their utmost to inspire a certain opening phrase in the Declaration to the effect that all men are created Free and Equal, and never thought at all of the advantages of fighting for the privilege of figuring as progenitors of the Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution. If we are not mistaken, the uncultured Minute Men entertained a very violent prejudice against the Colonial Dames and their aristocratic consorts, and shed their honest peasant blood to the purpose of discouraging an aristocracy and founding a democracy.

The purposes of the organization

which our lady correspondent wishes us to defend are, then, we think, somewhat at war with the Colonial atmosphere in which they seek to bathe. Whatever the *raison d'être* offered by the laws of such bodies, the underlying principles and purposes are toward founding an American nobility—and from what stock? we venture to inquire. Why, from the proud descendants of the peasant-soldiers Caleb Walker and Jasper Jones, who marched out of Boston-town one fine, crisp morning, enthused with the fallacious idea that their sons and daughters and their sons' and daughters' sons and daughters would know no more the oppressions of an hereditary rule.

It is worthy to note that these royalist societies have originated in American women rather than American men, and proves pretty conclusively that the average wife is less democratic than her husband. First it was the Daughters of the American Revolution, then the Colonial Dames, then the Daughters of the Crown, and then—let us hope that the masculine perpetrators acted involuntarily—the Sons of the American Revolution, which arise to trouble the simple ghosts of Caleb Walker and Jasper Jones.

Fortunately, very few of us take the Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution, and kindred organizations, with sufficient seriousness to injure the American idea to any extent. The peas-

ant-soldiers of Lexington and Bunker Hill are much more alive to-day than even the most ardent Colonial Dame imagines.

The United States Government has every reason to be proud of its mail facilities, both in regard to the cheapness, quickness, and thoroughness of delivery. A hundred years ago letters and papers were carried by private parties, slowly and at great expense. Fifty years ago an improvement had been shown, but still the system was cumbersome and expensive. It has not reached perfection yet, but still it is one of the best in the world and is constantly improving. The Postal Department reaches out to every new country to which our adventurous people go, and wherever the American flag flies the familiar two-cent postage stamp follows.

Sometimes great dangers and privations attend the delivery of letters and papers from the loved ones at home, but these are overcome by the sturdiness, pluck and endurance of the people employed. Such obstacles as are encountered in Alaska are almost appalling, but they are overcome. Mail is now delivered at Kotzebue, the farthest point north to which the Postal Department

reaches. The privations undergone in its delivery are great. The route is over snow and ice several hundred miles. The start is made from St. Michaels, and a recent account of the winter trip is thrilling. Two men and six dogs formed the party. The mail, provisions, a gun and cooking utensils were carried on a sled. Some days but a few miles could be made, owing to the stormy weather and the almost impassable snow and ice. As a rule, Esquimo huts were reached at the end of each day's journey, but staying in the small, close, crowded rooms of these dwellings was almost as bad as being outside, except that they were warm. It was an arduous journey, but it was finally accomplished. The return was made by the way of Cape Prince of Wales, Port Clarence, Teller, Nome, Golovin Bay, and Norton Bay.

Mail arriving only at long, irregular intervals seems a hardship to us who are accustomed to receiving it several times a day. Even in the country districts of some parts of the Union there is a free mail delivery that is proving a success in every way. It is a great convenience to rural residents, and the increase in letter writing is almost paying the Government for the extra outlay. But perhaps, after all, the joy of receiving mail in Alaska makes up for the long wait for it.



Camp Eight, Fort Bragg Woods.

(The Overland Monthly is indebted to the Union Lumber Company for the pictures accompanying this article.)



Sawing logs into convenient lengths.

(Courtesy Union Lumber Co.)

THE RAPE OF THE REDWOOD

BY VAL. SHAW.

"Ere over Nilus' waking wave the strain
Of Memnon's morning melody was
blown;

Ere Cheops from his quarries clove
the stone

And piled his pyramid on Egypt's plain;
And later—ere the God-projected fame
Of Solomon had into grandeur grown;
Before the glory of the Greek was
known,

Or Romulus the she-wolf's dugs did
drain;

We stood in youth where now in age we
stand,

Colossal types of life, that closer climb
To clasp the stars than any living
thing.

Ye cherish crumbling temples that were
planned

In Dian's day, yet deem it not a crime
Our older glory in the dust to fling."

L. A. ROBERTSON.

River of Mendocino County is a far cry,
but the Poet's Pegasus jumps all space.

In the seaboard vales and on the coast
hills of Mendocino County the mighty
redwoods are continually falling to the
ruthless axe and rapacious greed of man.

The spirit of the woods, as voiced by
the poet, groans in vain against the in-
cisive invasion. Down, and ever down,
the giants fall with thunderous sound
and reverberation. Woe to the woodsman
who is caught by trunk or branch of fall-
ing tree. His days of life, or fitness for
life's struggle, are surely numbered. Then
are the Redwoods mightily avenged!

When a certain section of the timbered
area has all its merchantable trees felled,
the modern donkey engine is made to
drag itself up amid the prostrate Titans
by its own motive power. Thus a skid-
road is gradually formed and the logs,
linked by heavy dog-chains, forced down-
ward to a landing place, where they are
steam-hoisted onto cars and from thence
steam-hauled to the mill.

From the Nile of Egypt to the Noyo

It is curious to observe that the modern method of logging is subject to being water-fed by an ancient mode of water carrying, which doubtless prevailed in Egypt at the building of the pyramids mentioned in the preceding verse. Water-bags are slung at either side of mule or horse, and so the donkey engine is supplied; also tubs placed along the skid-way are kept full by the same means. This is for the purpose of irrigating, or greasing (?) the skidway. Here again it is curious to note a Chinaman, with buckets suspended on shoulder stick, irrigating the skid to ease the downward trip of the logs, just as his forebears watered their tea-rows on their native hills a thousand years ago. Nimbly as a goat the Chinaman skips around and down precipitous corners as the logs descend, flinging water here and there. Should a break in the linked logs occur, he will gesticulate and swear in evilly excellent English for two or three steady minutes, assisted in a minor degree by a swarthy son of Romulus strain. All races help in the rape of the redwoods. It is remarkable that when it comes to swearing, all foreign immigrants prefer to use the emphatic Anglo-Saxon speech.

The manner of felling the trees and modern methods of yarding and hauling the logs to the mill, are exceedingly well illustrated by the accompanying pictures. Also the older ways of hauling by horses and oxen. The tree shown is about as large as can be conveniently handled by most mills unless the logs are split by powder. Expert John Muir tells of a tree he found burned in two at Converse Basin in Fresno County as being the largest in the mountains. With the aid of an axe he cut into the heart of it and counted the rings. He counted 4,000. How many rings had grown when Solomon was using cedar for his temple? Its diameter, exclusive of bark, was 55 feet. The log in the picture had, probably, about half the number of rings of Muir's Sequoia Gigantea. Its birth would take us back to the time of Diana's temple.

The latter-day killing of the log is hardly so rapid as the modern slaughter of the hog, but once it is brought to the mill and placed through the different

saws, edgers and planers, its marketing divisibilities are exceedingly rapid. The translation from timber to lumber, from wood in the concrete to wood in the abstract, making boards, planks and scantling, shakes and lathes, is aided by all the ingenuity of man as applied to time and labor saving machinery.

A less fine ear than that of the poet can hear the centuried spirit of the timber shriek as it comes in contact with the band saw, groan as it passes through the edger, and gradually the moan and hum become less loud as the trimmer saws and planes reduce its bulk to commercial sizes. All the time the Pacific Ocean plays an undertone of ceaseless roar. Then, too, so much of it goes on endless links to the perpetual pyres which have burned, and will burn, ceaselessly for years! So it is—not only in California, but in Oregon and Washington, the stored force of centuries flagrantly returning to its natural elements without being utilized by hasting, heedless man. If all the mills in California were running, the daily rape of the redwood would be far greater than it now is.

Here is an item which will object-lesson the awful daily consumption of timber: Over one thousand acres of timbered land are denuded every month to keep up the nation's match supply, which is 700,000,000 matches per day, averaging about ten matches per head, and this is not in excess of the demand.

Here is another: Every day in these United States more than twenty-five thousand acres of trees are cut down and made into railroad ties, all kinds of lumber, furniture, etc. Even this vast cutting down only gives a small per capita portion among seventy-five to eighty millions.

Dr. W. Schlich, a well-known forest expert, gives the per capita consumption of wood in the four chief countries of Europe at fourteen cubic feet each year. He ascribes the greater consumption of wood to its latter-day use for paper making.

Not only poets, but men of science and sense, which are not always synonymous terms, recognize the need of heed-

ing the voice of the spirit of the forest. The object of this writing is not to inveigle against the marketing of merchantable timber, but to suggest and point out the advisability of perpetuating the possibilities of the timbered areas. While deforestation is a commercial need, reforestation is a present necessity for a necessitous future. The prosperous future of California in general, and San Francisco in particular, depends upon the means and methods now decided on and soon adopted for the preservation, or rather perpetuation, of the State's vast timbered resources. Mining and agriculture depend upon it.

That the foregoing is true was ably witnessed to by A. L. Fellows, who read

a paper before the Forestry Association held at Denver in August last, entitled "The Hydrography of California." In it he said: "That there is an intimate relationship between the subjects of forestry and of the water supply of any given region has been too well demonstrated to admit of argument. Nowhere is this more evident than in the arid West, where practically no crops can be raised except by irrigation, and where streams which are used for the development of power for the mining industry too frequently become so low through a large part of the year, by deforestation, that mines are compelled to close down for long periods."

Even the decay of Spain as a country and nation has been ascribed to her lack of providing for the future with her timbered lands.

The utilization of waste lands is generally suggested as an expediency for overcoming the coming lack of timber, especially of coniferous woods, which are most in demand. Little England alone has 25,000,000 acres of such land available. One-fourth of this area if timbered would make that country independent of foreign supplies. As Dr. Schlich says: "The country that first engages in systematic timber cultivation on a large scale will do much to assure its own perpetuity as a nation."

In one of his reports, the French expert, M. Melard, has these *obiter dicta*: "It is, therefore, absolutely necessary, for all countries in the temperate latitudes to increase their forest resources. Governments should not confine



(Courtesy Union Lumber Co.)

"Yarding" logs with donkey engine. The logs are to be fastened together and "shot" down the hill to the skid-road, where they are connected with an endless steel cable.

themselves to reforesting the mountain regions, but the plains should also be planted with timber wherever it may be made to grow. Not a moment should be lost in taking steps to augment the forest supply. A dearth of lumber supplies may be felt within the next half century, and a century is needed to grow a crop of timber large enough to make the most desirable lumber."

In the East it is apparent that already in many sections they are alive to this need. An authority quotes: "The past year has been notable for the planting of timber. Never before were so many trees planted in a single year. The work is not limited to the plains but extends throughout the Mississippi Valley and to the Atlantic States, where some of the largest operations are now in progress."

One public-spirited gentleman of the age of eighty is contemplating the extensive planting of acorns to provide for a future supply of railroad ties.

What it all means may best be gathered by the thought that if all tree life and growth were suspended for a single summer throughout the world, it would prove the extinction of all animal life.



The "undercut" in a 16-foot redwood.

(Courtesy Union Lumber Co.)

In Sweden, the children are taught the value of tree-planting. Would it not be a good thing for the children of California to be similarly taught? Let Californians now see to it that they leave a goodly heritage of potential and natural wealth to their posterity in the form of reforested lands. To this end the educating of the children of to-day will prove the best means.



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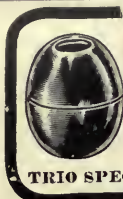
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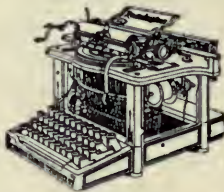
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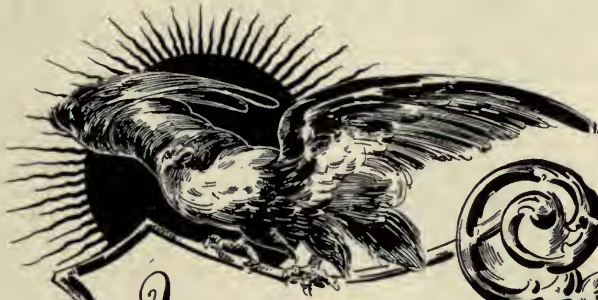
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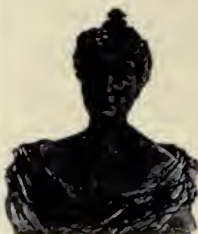
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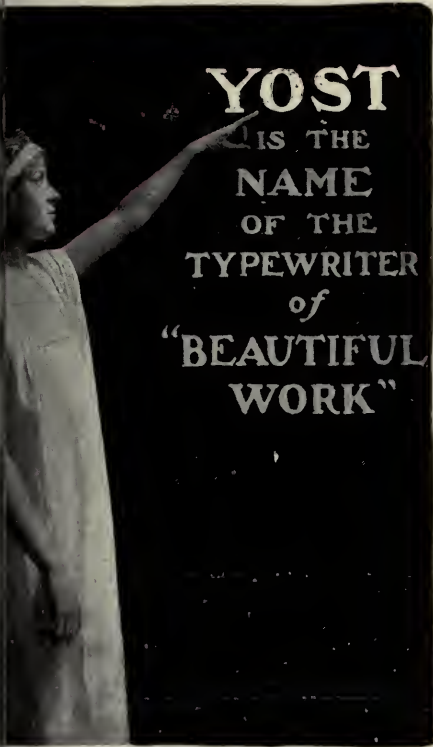
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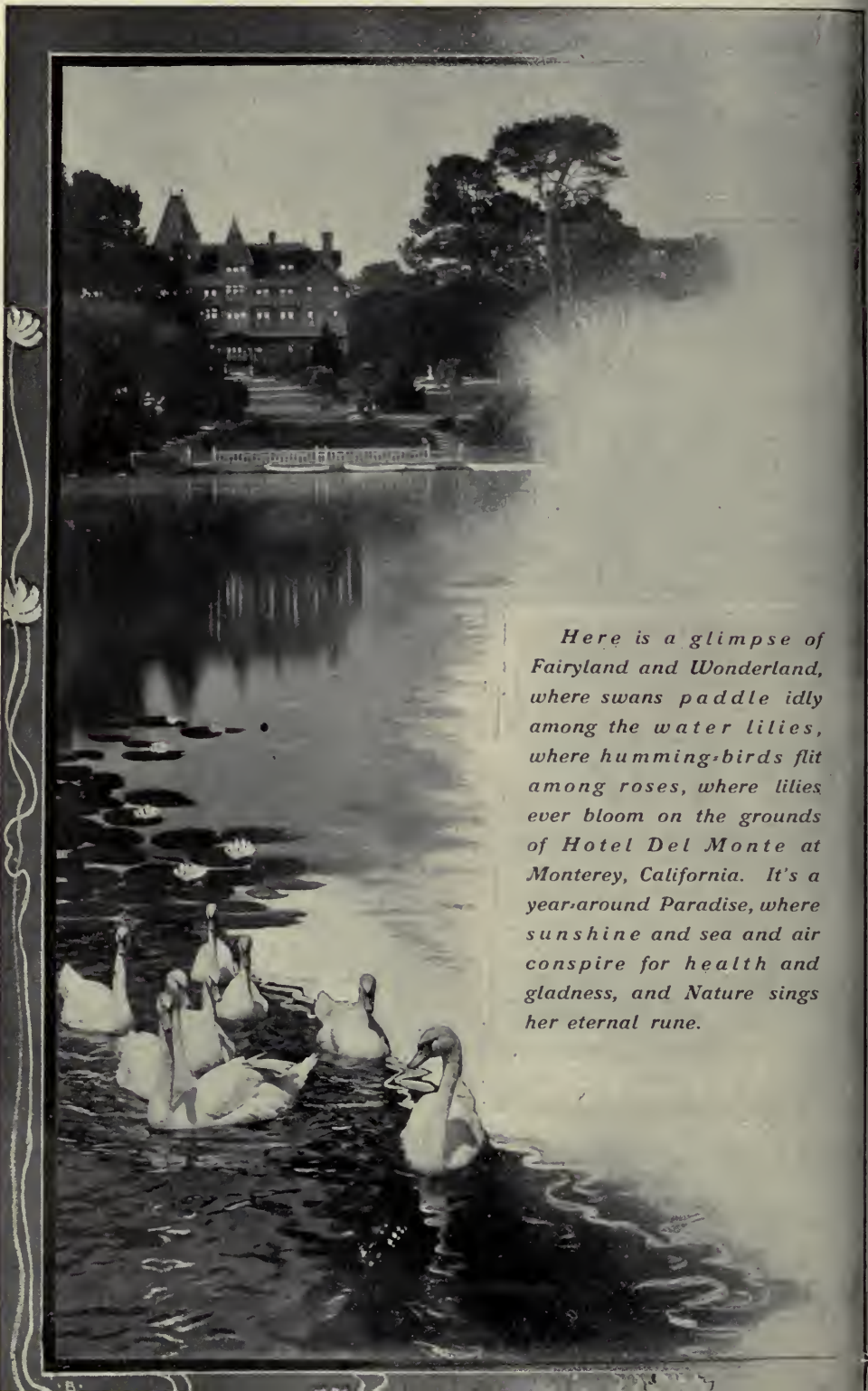
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Overland Monthly

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF THE WEST

APRIL, 1902

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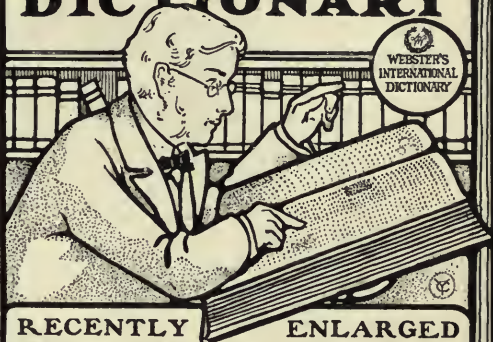
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" Well, my girl, you *have* made a mess of it!"

Overland Monthly

Vol. XXXIX

April, 1902.

No 4



WRITTEN FOR THE OVERLAND
MONTHLY BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

"I SHOULD never suppose him to be an American," said Lady Innismore.

"Why not, Mamma?" asked her daughter, the Honorable Miss Vane.

Her mother, who was thin and pink and high-nosed, after a certain type of patrician Englishwoman, laughed lightly.

"He hasn't, for one thing, any dreadful twang when he talks. For another, he's graceful, and dresses like our own men. I don't like his legs, somehow," drawled the lady in conclusion, "but his figure is very good, and his face manly, if not handsome."

"You don't like his legs because they have calves to them," said Cicely Vane. "Our men's never do, unless their possessors are of the old John Bull pattern, which, for some reason, is rapidly disappearing."

"My dear, how unpatriotic! By the way," pursued Lady Innismore, taking a red rose from a vase and putting it

into the front of her black lace dress, "who got him out?"

She was going to six or seven afternoon receptions and had just met her daughter in one of the drawing-rooms of their Portman Square home, which they occupied not longer than about three months every season. Her carriage, with its powdered coachman and footman on the extravagantly high front seat, and its huge colored coat-of-arms painted on one of the panels, waited for her outside. She knew very well that her daughter, who stood hatless before her and very simply gowned, had chosen to stay away from all entertainments, this afternoon, because of an expected visit on the part of this same young American gentleman whom they had just been discussing.

"Who got Clement Madison out?" Cicely replied. "Why, he knew the American Ambassador, I believe—"

"Nonsense, my dear. The American Ambassador is charming. I wish they'd always send over such nice specimens. But this official, as you perfectly well know, doesn't occupy his time in seeking to thrust fellow countrymen down the throat of British society."

"Mr. Madison met at one of the European watering-places," proceeded Cicely, as if recollecting, "that pretty Mrs. McNamara."

"Oh, the little woman whom two or three of our Royalties beam on? That makes the affair altogether different. I *thought* I saw him talking with her at the Vandeleurs' garden-party. He's—er—very rich, isn't he, by the bye?"

"They say so," answered the girl, rather vaguely. "I've never made inquiries."

"Oh, you haven't?" said her mother, with a smile dim but sharp. "And yet you have grown rather rapidly intimate, I should gather."

Cicely flushed and started. "By the way," she heard Lady Innismore add, "your father will see you presently; I think he said that he will join you here."

In the hall Lady Innismore met her husband. He was a grizzled and very spare man, unerringly tailored, with deep-set eyes from which, of late days, troubled flashes would sometimes leap.

Eighteenth Baron Innismore of Ormolow, sprung from a race no richer than patrician, found himself at the present time in galling financial straits. There was no reason why this condition of things should be otherwise. Lord Innismore was not the victim of misfortune, but rather of his own violent extravagance. Ormolow, in Devonshire, had for several years been heavily mortgaged, because of his gambling debts. This June his winnings at the Ascot races had been very large, but debt had left him only a few thousands of this after they were reaped. Like so many of his compeers in rank he lived a false, vain, selfish life, and like many of them, as well, he scarcely gained one annual half-hour of happiness. His wife he had never loved, though at the time of their marriage, she was very much in love with him. So much, indeed, that she had

"lent" him almost half of her jointure, never seeing a penny of it again. She now hugged the remainder greedily. Cicely was their one child. The girl was so handsome, with her profuse amber hair and sea-blue eyes, that when her first London season began, there were many prophecies as to her making a great match before its end. Yet this was her third season, and though offers had come to her, some of them highly approved by her parents, she resisted all suasion from any source but that of her own heart and spirit.

"She's an odd girl to be ours," Lady Innismore had said repeatedly to her husband, in varying forms of phrase. "I don't know where she gets her sentiments from, really." This mother, now so ossified in worldliness, had forgotten the sentiment of her own girlhood and the bitter disillusiones which had cruelly gorgonised it.

"Cicely's there in the front drawing-room, if you wish to see her," the lady continued. Then, looking coolly into her husband's face, she went on: "I think I guess the truth, Innismore. The American has asked you for her. I saw you reading that long letter this morning in the library, and something in your face made me suspect. Perhaps you may have seen him since. I've heard he's enormously rich."

Lord Innismore pulled his gray mustache and nodded twice or thrice. He had long ago given up all confidential dealings with his wife, but this time he doubtless felt that she deserved full tribute to her shrewdness in a matter of such momentous family import.

"Yes, Adela, there's no question about his wealth. I'll tell you everything later. I shan't have a very long time to talk with Cicely, for Madison's coming this afternoon."

He was moving past his wife when her next words made him pause.

"How we hate it, don't we?"

"Hate it? You mean—?"

"Marrying our daughters to foreigners. But if Cicely takes him, as I've strong suspicions that she will, we should remember his Americanism as a very small fact. He'll live here with her most of

their time, if not all—I'm convinced of it. As if he could possibly prefer one of those provincial Yankee towns after being accepted by our great English world! I shouldn't be at all astonished, indeed, if he had himself Anglicised."

Lord Innismore gave a dubious little grimace as his wife passed him on her way downstairs. At once he went in and joined his daughter.

"So, Cicely," he said, taking her hand and holding it for a moment; "Mr. Clement Madison tells me that he wants you for his wife. He believes that you like him. Do you?"

"Yes, papa."

Cicely was perfectly accustomed to her father's matter-of-fact way. He seldom kissed her; he had rarely scolded her, though he had once or twice told her she was a precious little fool for refusing So-and-So or Thus-and-Thus. His manner had never seemed to her brusque or heartless, for she knew so many Englishmen of their aristocratic set who behaved precisely as he did. With one of them she had indeed narrowly escaped falling in love. They were nearly all very much alike. They waxed talkative, even enthusiastic, over horses and dogs and races; they had long periods of silence when this woman or that did her best to amuse them; they spent hours in the hunting-field or in shooting grouse, and often at country houses their feminine admirers were expected to follow them into the billiard rooms and attempt some travesty of conversation, punctured by the frequent clicks of ivory balls. Without realizing it Cicely knew in every detail the ungallant modern swell of her race.

"He wrote me," said Lord Innismore, dropping into a chair, pocketing either hand and crossing his slender legs. "Then I went to his chambers and we had a chat." Seeing a look of surprise, here, on the girl's face, her father added: "I—er—went to *him*, you know, because his letter was—er—very polite indeed. He offers handsome settlements—I may say, exceedingly handsome." Here Lord Innismore rose. He hated long talks, and he had a card-playing appointment at one of his clubs. "I don't know much

about our ancestral line, Cicely, but I don't think that in any instance we've married other than Englishfolk for surely two hundred years."

"In 1620," said Cicely, with a demure recitatorial manner, "Edmund Gordon Waynfleete, Baron Innismore, married a Venetian lady belonging to the famous family of Gradenigo."

"Brava!" replied her father, with the rasp that he usually gave instead of a laugh. "That's where you get your yellow locks from, I haven't a doubt. Well, my consent, please understand, is given. I'd like the marriage to take place before the shooting season, and I suppose you'd prefer St. George's, Hanover Square."

"Yes, papa, though the preference isn't strong."

His lordship gave a shrug, and took out a cigarette, which he rolled unlighted between his fingers. "I hope your preference in another direction is more decided."

"Oh, certainly," said Cicely, laughing.

"Upon my word, I've sometimes believed you'd marry a pauper if you were fond of him," declared her father, "But Madison, luckily, is very far from being that. The truth is, he's richer than some of our dukes. I've verified his statements absolutely. They know all about him at Coult's. One of the American agents happened to be there to-day when I called. He left no doubt in my mind as to Madison having a million and a half of pounds (I never can remember how you put pounds into dollars), besides holding a very respected position."

Lord Innismore departed, that afternoon, without having mentioned to his daughter a fact which he wished to remain inviolably secret, and which Clement Madison, on his own part, had promised to keep so. The latter had received a daring proposal that he should make Lord Innismore a large loan within the next few days. Only to call this proposal daring would be to invest it with an insufficient blame; for it was also the very essence of hideous taste. But Innismore felt desperate enough to deport himself thus, even after having accepted this young man as a son-in-law and received from him, as well, an assurance that

Cicely should be generously dowered.

Clement mused rather sombrely after the father of the girl he loved had left, that morning, his agreeable chambers in St. James's street. He did not like his prospective father-in-law; he liked few of the fashionable, dawdling men with whom Lord Innismore mingled. All in all, titled and untitled, they were a great throng, and they stood for a most lamentable arrogance. Love for Cicely made much of her surroundings, at least temporarily, rose-color, but even so hal-



"Cicely was their one child."

cyon a necromancy could not tinge it all. Except for Lord Innismore's daughter he would have gone back to America soon after the feverish fascination of Mrs. Macnamara had perished. He was by nature cool-headed, firm of purpose, and an abominator of vice. Especially did he loathe vice when blent with so-called culture. He had begun to look, in his reticent, clear-visioned way, upon the English aristocracy as the curse of a noble country. He was young—barely twenty-seven—and his opinion may have been open to refutation in many of its most important details. I leave that to the arguments of the comparative social analysts. Nevertheless, it was his opinion and he clung to it with hardly concealed stubbornness. For many days before telling Cicely that he loved her, he had undergone much severe anxiety. He had never dreamed of marrying an Englishwoman at all, and if such an idea had ever entered his head, it must have been totally disconnected with becoming the husband of any woman who belonged to Cicely's class. He was very fond of his own country; he came of New England stock, though for several generations his family had made their home in New York. Now he had no near relations, and had found himself, when scarcely twenty, the master of a great fortune. It had always been his wish to enter a political life on returning home, and already he had concerned himself not a little with primary meetings and other governmental questions in his large native town.

Of all this he had scarcely spoken a word, as yet, to Cicely. His love for her was the truest of passions, but like so many attachments of the sort, it never concerned itself with the girl's mental strength or weakness. He felt that she was complaisant and yielding, and that she resembled hundreds of Englishwomen, old and young, who consented without murmur to play passive parts toward the other sex. These made of themselves voluntary backgrounds, and took it for granted that they were to be amused rather than to amuse, smiled upon rather than even hint self-assertion, obey and conciliate, rather

than direct and counsel. All this Clement disliked; he had a furtive conviction that some day he would see Cicely delicately Americanized. Such a change could not add to her a single charm in his eyes, but it would still bring him an elusive, yet vital cheer.

To-day his meeting with her in Portman Square dealt only with the divine frivolities of love-making. That evening, at a certain very large dinner in Mayfair, the fact of their engagement was caused to transpire. Later, at a great crush in Belgrave Square, Clement and Cicely received many congratulations. From the English of both sexes, they mostly came in the characteristic, reserved way. But there were several American women present, and their cordiality was, to Clement, rich in refreshing contrast.

"What will you do when you bring her to New York?" whispered one of these, "and have to put on your cards 'Mr. and Lady Cicely Madison?'"

"She isn't 'Lady' anything," said Clement; "she's a baron's daughter, you know."

"True; I'd forgotten. But 'Mr. and the Honorable Mrs.?' Won't that look even stranger still?"

"It may," returned Clement, with an oracular smile. "It certainly ought."

At this same entertainment a slender, comely young man found his chance to glide into the little crowd which surrounded Cicely. "Is it true?" he asked, carelessly, with his lips close to her ear. He spoke with such speed and in a voice so deftly modulated, that almost no one caught his words.

"Yes, it's true," she answered, looking full into his earnest eyes.

"Will you come and talk with me about it for a little while?" he said, in his quick, yet wooing voice. Somewhat later, as they moved away into whatever coign of privacy the thronged apartments would grant, Cicely met the gaze of Clement Madison. It did not look at all jealous, though he was well aware that her present companion, Sir Chetwynd Poyntz, had been among her former suitors, and that he stood well without the black list of detrimentals.

It was not until the next day that Clement had untrammelled possession of his sweetheart's company. By pre-arrangement he drove her in one of his smart traps to Hampton Court, which they reached in time for luncheon at the drowsy and picturesque Mitre Inn, only a step from the river. After lunching, they strolled among the imperial oaks and chestnuts of old Bushey Park, sought to pat the shy deer and fawns, laughed at their own repeated failures, and then moved onward among the glorious trees.

"You haven't told me anything about your talk last night with Sir Chetwynd Poyntz," Clement presently said. "Did he tear me all to pieces as an impudent usurper?"

"Fancy my allowing him!" she replied. They sank, as if by mutual wish, on one of the infrequent benches. All about them was a voluminous melody of high-tossed leafage, whose rifts revealed the brilliant blue and the rounded, rolling clouds of a perfect midsummer English day.

"No," Cicely continued, "there's nothing mean or double about Chetwynd. If I'd loved him as much as I respect and like him, no doubt we'd be to-day Sir Chetwynd and the Honorable Lady Poyntz."

"You'd have called yourself after that funny fashion?"

Cicely drew herself up a little. "Don't you know yet," she asked, "about the rigid etiquette of our titles?"

"I haven't thought very much about some of their intricacies," laughed Clement, perhaps a little nervously. "Why, if you married him, should you not be simply 'Lady Pointz?'"

Her sweet eyes widened. "Because I *could* not. It would be against all custom, all precedent. I am above him in rank; I am the daughter of a baron; he is only a baronet."

"M-m, I see. And then he's an Englishman."

Her head gave a bird-like start. She looked at him across one shoulder, with slanted eyes. "An Englishman, of course. If he were a *real* foreigner, like a Frenchman, a German, or an Italian, then it would of course be different."

"A real foreigner," Clement repeated, as if to himself. "Do you call an American a real foreigner, Cicely?"

"No," came her brisk response.

Clement spoke up very softly. "Then you would expect to call yourself the Honorable Mrs. Madison after you married me?"

"Call myself?" she exclaimed, with a twang of irritation in her tones, wontedly so suave and mellow. "One never *calls* oneself that. One is never addressed as 'Honorable' even by servants, as of course you know. But one always puts it on one's cards."

"Still, to us in America, it would seem absurd, no matter how employed. During our visits to England, I should not have the least objection. But as residents of New York I should not desire it, and no less for your sake than my own."

"As residents of New York!" The words were harshly given. "You can't mean that you've intended to drag me over there! You surely don't wish me to *live* there!" The face of Cicely was pale as her puffed and brodered white frock.

"I do wish it." And very gravely, but very tenderly, Clement leaned toward her. "All my future lies there, Cicely. You come of a race and a set that despise my country—"

"We don't despise her! We don't think enough about her to do that!"

"Could contempt go farther?"

"It isn't contempt," she persisted. "We admit her enormously large and prosperous. In certain respects we're prepared to call her refined. But we do not often feel like doing so. As a rule (you must pardon me), it has been our experience that she is very vulgar."

In a swift mounting surge the color stained Clement's blonde face, then slowly faded. She had hated to speak as she had spoken, and she dearly loved the man at her side. But it must be now or never. She must make him yield. Here and forthwith must the fight be fought out—a veritable fight to the finish. Here and forthwith must be crushed down and forever annihilated this horrid peril of becoming an American through marrying one.

"You call my country vulgar," Clement said, after he had held for some time his chin buried in one hand, whose arm rested on his knee. "How, pray, is it in the least more vulgar than yours? Assuredly, judged by size, it has far fewer paupers, and these sink to depths of degradation that ours rarely reach. Is not ignorance vulgarity? Go among your peasantry, your mechanics, your fisher-folk, your miners, all your working-classes, and see what ignorance abounds there! Many of them dwell in pretty cottages, and through summer these are over-mantled by flowering rose-vines. But inside they are often comfortless, ill-ventilated, unwholesome. The question of pensions for your aged poor has long cried to your Parliament and received from it no pitiful answer. The education of your masses at the present hour is below that of Germany, France, Austria and even Denmark. It is so far below that of our United States as to make any comparison ridiculous. Is knowledge, then, your definition of vulgarity?"

Cicely evaded his clear, mild eyes.

"Your people flock here in droves, and we judge them by their loudness, their pushing deportment, their braggadocio."

"But your people—your common people, as perhaps you would phrase it, Cicely—cannot flock to us in droves. They are too poor. The Irish flock that way, and do so still, but only because starvation has driven them to our shores. However, I have no desire to talk politics."

"I do so wish that you would drop the entire subject," she flashed, impatiently.

"I cannot," said Clement, with placid seriousness, "for the time has come when it must be threshed out thoroughly between you and me."

"You mean, then—?" murmured the girl, growing pale, and knotting her hands in her lap.

"That must be all arranged, dear Cicely, and the sooner the better."

"All arranged?" she faltered.

"That I should never consent to your not living with me as my wife in my native land. That, however, we may transiently wander to this or to other lands, from time to time, our real home must

be overseas. That I concede the faults of the great Republic in which I was born, but that these faults, in a sense, only make her dearer to me, since I believe them always fraught with a promise of betterment. That I see in this Republic the noblest and purest idea of human government yet conceived by man. And finally, that it would cover me with shame to forsake her for any protracted period."

"This—this," the girl stammered, "covers me with a sort of horror. You never told it me before. You waited till now, when everybody knows we are engaged."

"And pray," asked Clement, a note of sternness creeping unawares into his voice, "what did you expect from me?"

"Expect? Why, that you'd already pitched your tent here, for good and all! We'd received you," she fired on, her eyes moistly flickering, her pure lips curling with disdain. "We don't receive everybody, you know."

"Yes, I do know," he answered. "You receive nearly every American who is rich, you British aristocrats, and who is willing first to fawn upon you a little and then to spend money on you in showers. You bow specially before the American women who marry your dukes and earls, my angry Cicely. And very often these marriages are horribly unfortunate, being made with the most sordid motives. One foolish little woman gives thousands to mend the old broken-down 'historic' abode of His Grace This. Another little woman, equally foolish, pays the huge debts of Lord That. The list of Anglo-American marriages has grown very long by this time. How many of them have been happy! How many of them have contained, during the early days of courtship, a spark of actual love—of the rich, devout love which I feel for you now, and which I am certain you feel for me as well?"

Cicely rose, trembling. "You insult the class to which I belong."

"I could not," said Clement, while he also rose. "It is beneath insult. It is too lazy, selfish and vicious. However, I speak only of what are called its smart sets, and by this time, I think I ought to know them."

"Why, then—why, then," she gasped, "did you go among us after you saw our depravity?"

"Because of you, Cicely. Nothing as yet had tainted you! Your purity was like a star which I loathed to see blurred."

"Are you sure it was not Mrs. Macnamara who kept you handling such pitch as you describe us?"

Clement's features grew tense. "That is not worthy of you. And I resent your 'us.' "

She laughed high and gratingly. "Ah, don't idealize me, please. It sounds anomalous enough after you've abused my place in the world, my associates, even my kindred. Still, all's over now." She swept past him, having grown deadly pale. "Good-bye," he just heard, no more.

As she began to walk rapidly onward he sprang after her. "Are you not going home in my carriage?"

"No; I've been here often," she said, in husky tones, her head almost imperceptibly turned toward him. "I'm quite familiar with the place. I shall go back by train."

"One moment, please. You said 'all's over.' Did you mean by that——?"

"I mean that our engagement is at an end." She hurried on, and he stood with one lifted hand pressed hard against the furrowed bole of a giant tree.

On her return that afternoon, Lady Innismore met her with marked surprise. "So early, my dear! I thought you and your new sweetheart were to feast upon all the finest paintings in Hampton Court. You look queer. Did the horses run away—or what?"

"I ran away," said Cicely, beginning to pace the floor.

Lady Innismore stared at her child in that stolid, languid style with which years had made Cicely conversant. "Good gracious, my dear, I hope you haven't been quarreling!"

At once Cicely told everything. She was in great mental pain, and now her mother's throwing of the head from side to side and intolerant curling and recurring of the lips, by no means lessened her distress.

"This is quite preposterous," Lady In-

nismore declared, when the recital was ended. "You never knew the word diplomacy, and you'll never learn it till you're an old maid with scores of wrinkles."

"Ah, you say that, mamma, because Clement Madison is rich."

"I say it because he's an admirable

taken up and smiled on by us? I hear he's a good sportsman—has ridden to the hounds more than once in Leicestershire and elsewhere. And then he's seen our country houses, a few of the very best. You played your role idiotically."

"I had no role to play, mamma."

"Yes, you had. It was marriage first



"'You call my country vulgar,' Clement said.

match, certainly. What on earth was the sense of your breaking with him, because he chose to be a little pompous about his own country and rather impudent about yours? Didn't your common sense tell you that he'd never be contented with Yankeeedom after having really been

and talk afterward. Wouldn't you have had your assured settlements, you goose?"

"Oh," cried Cicely, "you counsel such deception as that!"

"Bosh! How would we women ever get on without it? Besides no special de-

ception would have been needed. *C'était la mondre des choses*—it was all such a trifle! You could have smiled and looked a little sad and got married. Men are all alike. Oppose them in a pet idea and they turn granite. Yield (or seem to yield) and they're wax. Hadn't you the weapons of your beauty and the fascination it exerts upon him? And why in heaven's name should you bore yourself by taking a heroic pose on the subject of the British aristocracy. My girl, are you a conservative newspaper wrangling with an Irish-parliamentary member? He said we're a sorry lot, did he? Well, he's quite right; so we are. We've nothing to do except spend money, and we have not half enough money to keep up the impudence of our idleness. What Clement Madison said we've all heard a thousand times before. The Radical gangs are always flinging it at us, and (for that matter) we're always flinging it at one another."

Lady Innismore paused. She was very indignant, but she had not once raised her voice above a tart, stinging drawl. Cicely had dropped upon a sofa, and she now went up to her, and with a touch of something in her tones that might relatively be termed softness, she recommenced:

"Come, now, let me write Madison a note. You shall sit beside me while I write it. I'll tell him that you were secretly feeling quite nervous and unstrung this morning, and that you regret——"

But here Cicely flew up from the sofa. "No, no! Clement isn't the fool you paint him, mamma. He at least meant what he said. He has the dignity and honesty of his opinions, however I deplore them. He loves me, and he would not lie to me. I love him, and I will not lie to him. You told me once while you scolded me because I wouldn't marry that odious Mr. Cavendish-Pomfret, that you were sorry you'd ever sent me for three years to Wye Seminary under the care of dear old Mrs. Holme. But she taught me at least what truth and honor mean, if she taught me nothing in your eyes more noteworthy."

Here Cicely hastened from the room,

and went upstairs to her own. By degrees her anger against Clement died, but its passing left her determination still firm. She would not expatriate herself. It was bred in the bone that she should not. Let her mother talk insincerely and flippantly of the whole affair. If pride and love of country were myths, if there was nothing worth having on earth but splendor, then she meant to live as if this were all a fabulous affirmation and the complete reverse were true.

She dread to meet her father, for she was dearly fond of him despite flaws but too manifest. In a little while, however, Lord Innismore, fresh from a talk with his wife, appeared; and Cicely had cause never to forget the interview that ensued. Lord Innismore began by looking at his daughter as if she were a dish of something that he didn't like, and was impelled to push away. But instead of pushing her away he went closer to her. His air was horribly grim; his bushy eyebrows were so drawn down that they almost veiled his eyes; he stood planted before Cicely with red face, legs apart, hands deep down in his pockets, and a general air of commonness which suggested its having been borrowed from one of his most plebeian grooms.

"Well, my girl, you *have* made a mess of it!"

Cicely was not in the least afraid of him. She had long ago learned that his bark was far worse than his bite. She was excessively fond of him, as already recorded, however much or little he may have deserved it. He had once saved her life when her horse bolted with her on the hunting ground, and had been laid up for weeks with a fractured thigh in consequence. He had never complained afterward in spite of much suffering, and repeatedly he had said, with hand tight-clasped about her own: "Thank God I got you safe through it, anyhow, Siss, old girl."

"You've come to scold me," she now said, receding from him a few steps. "I'm miserable enough, surely without that. No doubt mamma has been telling you just what happened at Hampton Court."

He suddenly veered away from her, and went to a table, from which he

snatched up a book. Staring down at the volume, he turned over its leaves with such rapidity that each twist of thumb and finger threatened to tear one of them from its binding.

"Take care, please," ventured Cicely, with veiled satire. "That's a Mudie book, and if you mutilate it the damage must be paid for."

"I can't pay for it," he shot out, flinging the book with a slam back on the table. "I can't pay for anything. I'm about as well ruined now as a man can be. I don't see anything that I can raise money from. I'm brutally in debt; you're not mean, and would have helped me with a small slice of your settlements or enabled me, before you got 'em, to put myself on my legs again—I know how, perfectly well."

Cicely said with sadness, then: "Papa, if I had married Clement, and if I had lent you anything, you'd simply have gambled it away. And so——"

Lord Innismore struck the table with his clenched fist. "I wouldn't have done anything of the sort! I tell you I would *not*. I've made up my mind never to touch a card again or gamble in any way, as long as I live!"

"*Germent d'ivrogne,*" thought Cicely. But this was better than to be scolded after the manner of her mother. Aloud she promptly answered: "Bravo, papa! I wish all the more now that Clement Madison hadn't tried to use so high a hand with me."

He looked at her, quite abruptly, with a certain mildness and melancholy which he had never showed to any one else. "If I make you a sacred oath, Cicely"—he began. But then he stopped dead short.

"I should love to have you make the oath," she said, perfectly understanding his incomplete sentence. "But not on the terms which I feel confident you desire—no! no!"

Lord Innismore gave a great sigh. With lowered head he moved toward the door. When he turned and looked at her again, with great steadiness.

"I—I oughtn't to have spoken of the settlements he promised, Cicely. It was shabby of me, I grant. But you don't

know the madness that comes over a man placed as I am. Your mother will do nothing for me. She's never forgiven me—you recall for what. She'll help you, but she'll let this house go, she'll see me in the gutter before she helps me with five hundred pounds—or even less. Only fools babble of suicide, and then don't commit it. Look at Rotheraye, last month. He staid till four o'clock at the St. James's Club, merry as a linnet over baccarat. By ten his valet found him ——"

"Papa!" cried Cicely. She sped to her parent and struck him sharply on the shoulder, then kissed him almost violently on both cheeks.

He caught one of her hands, pressing it with vehemence. "Take my oath that I'll never gamble again!"

"I'll take it."

"There's nobody on earth I'd make it to but yourself."

"I'll take it," repeated Cicely. "But not on the condition that I marry Clement Madison."

"Never mind." He gave her the oath, and in his rough, lowered voice he made it very sacred.

"Now," he broke off, with his old bluff manner returning, "will you do a favor for me?"

"A favor?"

"Yes. See Madison once more. Oh, you needn't look so stern. It's nothing about marriage. Perhaps it's harder than would have been any offer to take him back."

"Harder?" Cicely creased her brows.

"What is it?"

"This: Madison agreed to lend me a certain sum of money during the next day or two. Of course he'll think it all off, now. Will you see him and ask him (remember, my girl, the solemn oath I've sworn you!) to let the agreement hold good?"

Cicely gave a great start. Then she hurried away, sank into a chair and covered her face. She felt the hot crimson shame steal against her delicate palms.

Lord Innismore's voice went on: "If he lends me that sum I can pay him back every penny inside of two years. Living my new life, which I've sworn to you that I *will* live, I can get from my Devonshire

rents and my Scotch property twice the sum he offered."

There came a pause. Cicely still sat with covered face. Presently her father's voice again sounded, mournful, but not reproaching.

"Oh, well, I see it's no use. You won't do it. All right. You're the only woman I ever loved, Sissy, old girl. I don't blame you. I've been a bad lot in my day and you've stuck by me more than once. It's asking too much, though, this time; it's asking too much."

She heard the door close, and staggered to her feet. Yes, her father had gone. She flung herself into the chair again, racked by a torrent of tears.

* * * * *

"I am sorry," said Clement Madison to his visitor, "that you did not send for me instead of coming here yourself."

Cicely was darkly clad and looked all the paler on this account. For a moment her eyes wandered about the pretty room, full of curious, tasteful and costly things. "You were afraid to have me come like this, all alone?" she said, absently. "Well, I didn't know whether you'd answer any message I might have sent. How should I know?"

"Cicely!" He motioned toward a chair close at her side.

"No, thanks; I'll stand. So you think I've compromised myself by coming here? Well, we'll assume I'm a typewriter, or a girl with some sort of subscription, or an artistic damsel with a portfolio of barbaric water-colors. But my mission is more serious." For an instant there came into her eyes a kind of frenzied light. She slipped one hand toward her throat, rubbing it restlessly below the chin. "I—I don't come on my own account," she pursued, and then seemed unable to speak the next words.

But effort prevailed, and soon she brought them out with clearness and calm. Her entire appeal to the man with whom that morning she had broken faith was meant to be set in the key of intense entreaty. But she never reached the end of it. With trenchant ardor Clement cut her short.

"I hadn't dreamed, Cicely, of withdrawing my word to your father. How could

I?"

She stared at him wonderingly. "But the marriage?"

"Our marriage has nothing to do with the affair. If you will not, you will not. Your father, meanwhile, shall receive his cheque to-morrow."

A gladdening light seemed to pour itself over Cicely's face. "Oh, how I thank you! Many another would not have acted like this, Clem—excuse me, Mr. Madison!" Her eyes glittered with tears, and some of them fell. "I—I told you, didn't I, of papa's oath to me? And he'll keep it—he'll keep it! In two years' time, he will have gathered together——"

"Yes, you told me about that, too."

"Did I? My head's so confused, I——"

"You'd better let me go home with you, in that case," proposed Clement.



"He was a grizzled and very spare man unerringly tailored."

"Oh, no, thanks." Here Cicely sank her voice to a whisper. "I—I didn't tell you I feared papa might commit suicide!"

It occurred to Clement that there was not much danger of anything so ghastly. "In that case," he said, however, "I'd better bring the cheque myself at once. Provided," he went on, solemnly, "you'll allow me to appear in your house."

"Oh, it isn't my house," fluttered Cicely. "You may do precisely as you please."

He dismally laughed. "You didn't speak like that this morning."

Cicely moved toward the door. Resting her hand on its knob, she gave him a look replete with mystery. Half of it seemed gratitude and half belligerence.

"Don't mar your noble conduct," she murmured, "by allusions to this morning."

Clement somehow slipped much nearer to her without being himself aware of the approach.

"I might allude to them—er—apologetically, you know."

"Oh," cried Cicely, "you want to make me appear a perfect fiend by deporting yourself like an angel! Come, now; you meant every word you said."

"That doesn't prevent me from apologizing. Suppose *you* did the same." "Never!" But she softened in every feature while this little exclamatory crash was effected.

"I'm sorry," Clement answered. "Because that, you know, would make us quits. You certainly were not very polite in Bushey Park. Neither was I. We might each apologize for that. Then we could begin all over again. I see your eyes ask me how, dearest! Well, this way: You could be my wife and spend three years with me in America——"

"Three years!"

"Wait! You could go back with me every summer. Summer's the only decent time in England, anyway."

"Pray," she said, with a pensive haughtiness, "don't revile poor England any more. Surely I've had a surfeit!"

"Is that reviling her? Good heavens! I've heard you vituperate the fogs and the dampness for hours at a stretch. Well, if not hours, appreciable periods. After we'd spent three years in New York

you would have the right to command that I should spend three years with you in England. It would ruin my career, but I'd do it, provided you so insisted."

"Ruin your career?" she repeated, as he slightly turned away.

"Oh, yes; I had hopes for a political future in the States. Not on my own account, but because I've felt that I might do some good in a land where legislation, God knows, needs honest men far more than rich ones."

"Oh," burst from Cicely, "so your beloved United States are not perfectly faultless, after all?"

"Did I ever say that they were?"

"No; you were too occupied in upbraiding England. I must go now; it's growing dusk." She turned the door-knob slightly opening the door. "I would never ruin your career," she continued, shutting the door again, yet still keeping a stout hold on the knob. "But you must not believe I'm not immensely thankful for your great goodness to papa. It would trouble me past all words if I thought otherwise."

Clement drew backward several steps. He folded his arms, and drooped his head. There was silence. Cicely's hand dropped from the knob; she took some faltering paces toward the man she loved.

"Clement."

He lifted his eyes, but gave no other response.

"I—I think I might try to live in your country for—for three years. But if I should grow very homesick before they were ended, wouldn't you take pity upon me, and——?"

She did not finish her sentence, for with eager haste he had caught and crushed her in his arms, and pressed his lips to her own.

They were married in London that autumn; and when they went to America a few weeks later Cicely found her fear of homesickness drifting away with unexpected speed. The gay world welcomed her, and its novelty, freshness and individualism became, as month followed month, a deepening charm. Clement's political impulses were exploited with determination, and their first result was

a winter residence in Washington. But every summer the young pair would sail for England, and at these times all the old remembrances were brightened for Cicely by the realization that her father was not only keeping his oath, but would

still keep it while he lived. If possible, this realization endeared her to Clement all the more. It seemed like a continual testimony, shining and precious, of the high and sweet boon that his love had brought into her life.

IF LOVE WERE ALL

BY W T. BROWN.

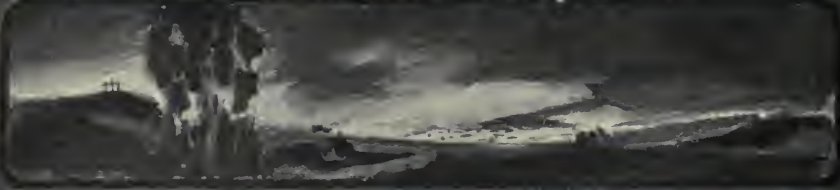
" . . . but, is love the only thing?"—Prisoner of Zenda.

If love were all,
 If love were all,
 We two had flung our challenge to the world
 And dumb defiance at its censure hurled,
 If love were all,

If love were all,
 I could have followed thee to doom and death
 In spite of Heaven's high frown or Hell's hot breath,
 If love were all,

If love were all,
 We had not taken thought of others' woe,
 Or matched our madness with aught else below,
 If love were all,


If love were all,
 We had not known the thrill of sacrifice,
 Nobler than joy, sweeter than love; our eyes
 Had never caught the splendor of the hills
 Whence cometh help, while peace her dew distills
 Upon the soul that seeketh not its own,
 And, seeking not, finds more than love had known,
 If love were all.



AT EARLY DAWN

BY FRANCIS A. CHURCH.

Above a dewy garden hung the moon,
Low in the western sky. The soft night
wind
That swayed the flowers like censors,
incense shed
Around the dreaming night. At peace
One lay
Within a rocky tomb, beneath the
shade;
One who had lately passed from life
to death,
And now from death to life again was
stirred
By white robed angels ministering to
Him.
The stone was rolled away at early
dawn,
And He, whom neither death nor grave
could hold,
Walked forth in simple majesty, and
passed
Down through the garden, where the
perfumed night
Waited the dawning day.



With heart oppressed,
And hands with spices laden, Mary
came
Unto the tomb; but finding no one
there—
For all had fled—wept and bemoaned
her Lord.
Then He, who in the garden walked,
drew near
With pitying glance and gentle mien,
to ask,
“Woman, why weepst thou?”
Blinded with tears,
And holden of her grief, she answered
Him—
“Because I know not where my Lord
is laid.
If thou hast borne Him hence, then tell
me where.”
“Mary!”
She trembling turned and knew the
Lord,
Then fell upon her knees and wept for
joy,
And clasped his feet, with the adoring
cry,
“Rabboni!”—master. Easter day has
dawned.



新中納言知盛
関三十郎



大塚
國貞

A Utagawa Kunisade original (1785-1864.)



BY WILLIARD M. WOOD.

SAN FRANCISCO contains more Japanese curio shops than any other city in the world, except those in the Oriental Isles. What citizen or visitor has not paused in front of their attractively-dressed windows and admired the interesting handiwork of the Mikado's little brown men? And who has not recalled seeing strung on a line a number of small and lightly-colored sheets, each having a male or female figure strikingly and superbly costumed, with sword or fan in hand, in grotesque attitude; or several war-like figures clad in heavy armor depicting a bloody battle, and who has not commented upon the outlandish formation of the hands and faces? How few, indeed, know when, by whom, and for what purpose those sheets were published! If an inquiry is made of the proprietor, he will mention the price and tell you of finer ones he has to offer, pulling out from under the counter a small roll, which he handles carefully, while explaining that these are old, rare, by great artists, and superior to those in the window.

These statements you accept as truthful, for the paper undoubtedly shows age, the picture careful composition and soft mellow coloring.

Should he impart further information and should you become a willing listener to the interesting facts, you will find yourself going out of his store with several of these sheets tightly tucked under

your arm. If such is the case you are then doomed to have what is known as the "print craze;" for the more you see and study the curious pictures the more fascinating they will seem, and you will have no rest until every shop in town has been thoroughly ransacked and until you have amassed a collection of the finest obtainable.

These pictorial sheets are not original paintings, as the casual observer would naturally suppose nor are they of recent issue. They are called "color prints."

A number were used in connection with novelties, issued by the Japanese in book form, between the end of the 16th century and the middle of the 19th century. Some were purposely designed for use as cheap pictures to be placed on the walls in homes of the poorer classes, who could not afford the purchase of an original painting. Those styled "broadsheet portraits" were sold singly, and they were especially sought after by owners of tea-houses. These were pasted together, attached to a stick, and made up a roll several feet in length. A large number of these rolls were kept on hand for the use of patrons who delighted to study the latest style of coiffure and dress, to discuss the merits of the artists, and to enjoy humorous sayings while partaking of refreshments.

Although the first illustrated Japanese book was published A. D. 1608, the founder of the popular school of painting and

print designing from wooden blocks, known as Ukiyo-ye (art of the common people), and which has been a complete mirror of Japanese life, was one Iwasa Metahei, a man of considerable originality, born in the 16th century. He was the first sketcher of scenes in the life of Japanese women of the middle and lower classes, and he had many followers. His caricatures are particularly clever. He was first a pupil of the Tora school and later of the Kano. The productions during his life were almost all colored by hand.

Other artists soon copied his style and the pictures proved so popular that work could not be turned out fast enough to supply the demand, hence a radical change had to be made.

The application of color by impression from flat cherry-wood blocks was tried,

and this proved quite satisfactory. The first batch of these sheets—or nishikiye—struck off, appeared in 1695. They found an immediate sale. It is not known who first conceived the idea of using these wooden blocks which have been in constant use for a period covering almost two hundred years. The paper upon which they were printed was made from the bark of the paper mulberry tree.

There were two kinds of brushes used by the artists. Flat ones about three and one-half inches in width for laying on the broad washes, and round ones of various sizes, tapering to a point for delicate strokes. They were composed of deer, horse, or hare's hair, inserted in handles of bamboo. The more expert often manipulated two brushes at a time with the same hand.

In the year 1743 the Japanese were printing from two blocks in delicate shades of lemon, pink and soft greys. At the beginning of the eighteenth century single sheet engravings printed with much skill in three colors from blocks made their appearance. Not until 1720 was a fourth color added. Forty years later the number was increased to six colors. In 1767 as many as ten blocks were being used. The purity in color gained with each successive generation of artists, until 1785, when the Japanese brought the art to perfection. From that date until 1830, when a slight decadence set in, owing to their using cheap European pigments, many of the most beautiful folding books of native scenery, pictorial cards, and portraits were put on the market and sold. The popular style, however, was soon revived, and held full sway until 1840. The actual decline in the printing of illustrated books and broad-sheets began shortly after the arrival of foreigners in Japan in the year 1852.

Actors of renown were the artists' favorite subjects. Then came beauties of local repute and disrepute, and lastly were portrayed the occupations and recreations of the common people, from which the majority of artists arose.

Although painting of the human figure has never been mastered by the little fellows—because of the deficiency of



From a Shunsho book (1717.)

三浦や傾城大巻
津川菊之丞



豊国魚

W.M.W.
after
Toyokuni



One of the pretty maidens of Toyokuni (1805.)

their knowledge in anatomical details—their drawing of plants, birds and insects is done with a fidelity that American and European artists might envy.

Mothers-in-law (not the wife's mother, but the husband's mother) were caricatured to a great extent. Many witty epigrams are found in their books above the pictures.

The capital, Yedo, where the greater number of artists lived, was the center of gaiety and fashion, and in consequence furnished much material for these men of great natural gifts. Every change in fashion was faithfully shown in their drawings. Thousands of sheets were struck off the blocks. No out-of-town visitor thought of returning to his home without a package of them for his wife and children, by whom they were prized more highly than presents of silks and toys. Even the poorest laborer would deny himself many absolute necessities in order to furnish his home with these picture books and sheets.

Several of the Ukiyo-ye artists were painters only; others were both painters and designers of prints for books, while a few devoted their entire time to print designing. In some cases the artist's original designs are not known to exist, having been destroyed in the process of cutting away of the blocks upon which they were pasted.

In the sixties this country began to realize that Japan had artists of considerable note, and in the seventies art collectors in America and Europe began stripping the country of her gems. Students and lovers of Japanese art know she has still hidden away in remote corners of her various quarters quantities of fine prints. Word has been received here that a collector, now in the Orient, has succeeded in gathering a number of old and valuable ones, and a shipment is expected to arrive in San Francisco shortly.

There are many famous artists of the popular school of illustration. Among them are the names of several whose works are so important in the field of art and literature that they cannot be passed over with a mere mention of their names. It is essential that one making

a collection should know something of their lives, what their brains devised, and their hands executed.

Katsugawa Shunsho was one of the earlier artists of the Ukiyo-ye, and founded the Katsugawa school. He was born in the village of Mijagawa, Owara, in 1682, and worked almost entirely engraving pictures for books. Between the years 1770 and 1780 his work became very popular, especially the "Portraits of Yoshiwara Beauties" in colors. He was conceded by critics to be the most talented depicter of actors in costume. Each of his prints is certainly a masterpiece. The date of his death is uncertain, but is said to have occurred at a very advanced age—perhaps at one hundred. The Shunsho figure shown in this article is copied from a very rare and valuable book of colored sketches published before his death.

Utamaro Kitagawa, who studied under Sekiyen, was an artist of the Kano school and worked principally on book illustration. His birth occurred in Yedo in 1754. Drawing of the female figure was his specialty. The beautiful Utamaro women in his day were as popular as the Gibson girl is to-day. His very finest paintings were executed in the year 1792. Barring Hokusai, Utamaro has created more talk about his work among well-known critics than any other artist. Collectors of all things beautiful have vied with each other at sales to secure the finest specimens. The Chinese also appreciated his work, and large numbers of books and prints were constantly being exported from Nagasaki. In 1800 Utamaro published "Momo chidori kioka awase," a picture book having comic verses. Four years later appeared "Seiro Nenjiv Gioji," (annual of The Courtesan Quarter). He died in 1860 from excessive dissipation.

Katsugawa Hokusai, a born artist and one of many styles and names, was for a time a pupil of Shunsho. He was the son of Nakajima Ise, a mirror-maker, and first saw the light of day in 1760, in Honjo, a quarter of Yedo. The first thirty years of his life is much of a blank. The Japanese records, however, show that a part of his earlier training



角海老屋内

五芳

英泉
畫
父

From a Keisai Yeisen original (1792-1848.)



東海道五拾三次

岡阪

俵園
 舟橋
 中上
 三浦
 三浦
 三浦
 三浦

三浦

(M) after Hiroshige

Landscape from a rare Hiroshige book (1830.)

was obtained in cheap schools. Later, he was earning a scanty living by writing and illustrating mediocre novels. His nom de pinceau were many. Should his work fail to attract attention signed with one name, another would be assumed. He seemed sadly neglected by his countrymen. Many Japanese picture connoisseurs considered his work coarse and demoralizing, and freely expressed their opinion that it was bad taste for anyone to hang his pictures on their walls. However, nothing daunted, he kept on working. His more important works began to appear when thirty-eight years of age and he made steady progress during the next fourteen years. As late as 1836, although quite aged, he was still getting out finely illustrated books. Scenes of history, drama, and novel incidents in the daily life of the common people were his specialties. Hokusai had no honor in his own country until his work was sent to foreign countries, and the art critics of America and Europe acknowledged him a genius.

This book draughtsman, now considered the greatest painter of his nation, has certainly taught us more of his country and its people than any of his numerous rivals and contemporaries. He died April 13, 1849, aged 89, and his remains were finally laid at rest in the Buddhist Temple of Saikioji, in the Asakusa quarter, Yedo. His chief fame rests upon fourteen volumes of "Mangwa" (rough sketches) which first appeared in 1812. Other notable books are: "One Hundred Views of Fuji," beautifully printed in black and soft shades of grey; "E-hon Suiko den" (Chinese heroes and heroines), printed in 1812; "E-hon Chiu-kio" (Examples of Fidelity of Retainers), 1834; "Ei-Yu dzu ye," (Military Heroes of Japan), 1834; "E-hon Saki-gake" (Japanese Heroes), 1836; and "E-hon kobun kokio (Legends), 1849.

If the reader has just commenced to collect pictorial sheets, and should find one bearing the artist's name, Jaito, thereon, he may be quite sure that a prize has been secured, for it will prove to be a genuine Hokusai. Jaito was the first name assumed by this genius. Having no success with it he tried that of

Iitsu, then Manji, Manrojin, Temeichi, and Shunro until 1796. During 1797 and 1798 he signed his work Sori, which name he bequeathed to a struggling student of fair ability.

The name Hokusai was chosen in 1798, when he published "The Thirty-six Famous Poetesses."

Utagawa Toyokuni (the first) was a pupil of Utagawa Toyoharu, who founded the Utagawa branch of the popular school, and whose works are very beautiful and exceedingly scarce. Toyokuni's birth occurred in the Shiba quarter of Yedo in 1768. He was not an engraver, but worked principally on book illustration at first, and won high recognition. Later he was a prolific producer of figures. He was the first to introduce the use of purple into color printing. Some of his earlier production bear the name of Ichiyosai, which name he discarded as soon as he found it failed to draw.

Toyokuni's most famous book, printed in 1809, is called "Schichifuku Monogatari." In running over the novels of the Japanese authors, Kioden and Bakin, many illustrations are found bearing his signature.

His own album, the "Toyokuni Toshidama Fude," shows well his power as a colorist. He died January 7, 1825, aged 57. Many of his actor portraits and theatrical scenes may be purchased in this city.

Hiroshigé was a painter of the manners and life of the people who lived in the 18th century, and he contributed largely to the single sheet color prints. Some critics have pronounced him the greatest landscape painter of Japan. His work without doubt compares very favorably with the gifted Hokusai. He was born in 1786, and the greater part of his life was spent in the Nakabashi quarter of Yedo.

Before taking up art, his occupation was that of a fireman in the capital. He died of cholera, September 6, 1858, aged 52. Examples of his work, which formerly decorated the interiors of tea-houses, and small illustrations torn from books, sell for from \$2.50 to \$40 apiece. These prices are quoted by American collectors on Japanese antiques. A small

book from which the accompanying landscape was reproduced, is valued among collectors at \$25.

Hiroshige's "Fuji no hiaku-dzo" (views of Fuji in colors) was gotten out in 1820. An interesting volume, "E-hon Tokio Miyage" (Scenes in and around Yedo), appeared in 1850. "Ujigawa Rio-gan" (the Banks of Uji) in two volumes, came out in 1862—four years after the master's death.

The artist Utagawa Kuniyoshi was a pupil of the celebrated Toyokuni, the first, and worked principally for albums. His single-sheet figures of soldiers and military life proved very popular with the common classes. Some of the landscapes are very beautiful, and in a few the colors are far richer than some of Hiroshige's, which may be seen at the stores and in private collections. He was born in 1796 and died in 1861, aged 65. His book, "Ichiyu gwa-fu" (Miscellaneous Sketches), was brought out in 1831; "Wa-Kan Ei-Yu" (Stories of Heroes), in 1845, and "Nippon Kaigiaku Yuraki" (History of Ancient Days in Japan) in six volumes in 1856.

Utagawa Kunisada was also a pupil of Toyokuni, and worked exclusively for the popular picture trade. At the age of 23 (1808) his first books were published. About the same age he became famous as a broad-sheet artist. His best work was done in 1830. In that year the Japanese critics complimented him upon his extremely refined style.

One finds that this artist's work predominates in the American shops. He was an earnest worker, and is said to have turned out more work than any of his predecessors. Many of his prints bear the name of Toyokuni, which name he assumed for some time, and failed to write "the second" after it; hence, it is difficult to distinguish the original work

of his master, Toyokuni the first, and Kunishada, Toyokuni the Second. Before becoming famous he attached the names of Gotete and Kacharo to his prints. Excellent examples of his work bearing the two former names may at all times be purchased in our stores, and range in price from 25 cents to \$1.75. Kunisada was born in 1785 and died in 1864, aged 79. He illustrated a novelette in 1816 called "Otoko No Naka No Otoko Kagami," and an important novel by Bakin in 1813, entitled "Kikwan Rioki Kiokaku-Den."

The lesser lights were: Tachioana Morikuni, a talented illustrator of the 18th century, who died in 1748, aged 78; Moronobu, a designer of much power, whose principal work came out in 1770; Miyagawa Chishun, his pupil, whose specialty was portraits of belles; Torii Kiyonaga, who reigned from 1765 to 1790 as a designer of chromoxylographics; Keisai Kitao, of Yedo, who died in 1824; Utagawa Toyohiro, well known as the illustrator of Bakin's novel in five volumes, called "Zenmiokan Sayotsuki"; Kaisai Yeisen, born 1792, who worked industriously from 1829 to 1832 at novel illustrating and broadsheets until prosperity overtook him, when he became a habitual drunkard and died in 1848, aged 56; and Isai, an artist who turned out splendid work during the years 1864-65-66.

The last of the famous Japanese illustrators of the popular school was Kikuchi Yosai, a figure painter, born in 1787. He was the author of "Zenken Kojitsu" (Noted Historical Personages in Japan from 660 B. C., to 1300 A. D.), published in 1850. Twenty volumes were issued. This remarkable man did not give up working until two years before his death, which occurred in 1878 at the ripe old age of 91.



Animal Life on the Colorado Desert

BY J. M. SCANLAN.

IN the Colorado Desert, that arid land of mysteries where the elements of continual war, there are found the most peculiar animals, birds and reptiles known to nature, and here is a fierce struggle for existence unparalleled elsewhere in the world. Each animal, bird, reptile and insect wars upon the other, and with a ferocity unknown to animal life beyond the borders of this land of chaos. It is a fight for existence from the beginning of life, for, owing to the lack of water and vegetation, there is very little to sustain life, and they prey upon each other—the strong upon the weak, much as in the human world. When the cry of the mountain lion is heard in the foothills, the bark of the coyote is silenced, for he knows that the lion is coming down for a repast. And when the coyote approaches, the jack-rabbit hunts his hole; the rattlesnake preys upon other reptiles, and is the terror of his kind. His only antagonist is the "road-runner," which impales him with its bayonet-like beak.

It seems strange that in a dreary land where the struggle for existence is so hard and renewed every day that these animals remain there. That is one of the mysteries of Creation. They remain faithful to a locality where an unequal Fate has placed them, with its burning heat, almost total absence of water, vegetation and food; where everything must fight or run, and frequently does both. They accustom themselves to do without water and are inured to the burning climate. Their thirst is quenched in the blood of their victims, which serves both for food and water. Some of them exist weeks without water, longer than those of similar species elsewhere. They must get accustomed to these inconveniences in



A desert shade-tree. (Tabor, photo.)

order to live in the desert, and thus they become of a peculiar type. The desert

animals are lean and gaunt, and are constructed more than others with a view to stealthiness and swiftness, upon which their food and safety depends. The animals usually have a hungry look, and evidently sleep little, for they must guard as well as attack. Their eye is keener, their look more savage, and their fur of a much lighter color than that of the others of their respective tribes. The feathers of the desert birds are of a lighter or dustier hue—"washed out," owing to the lack of moisture. The skin of the reptiles also partake of this peculiarity of coloring, or rather this absence of coloring.

In this strange land of silence and desolation are found the extremes of animal life, larger or smaller than their kindred elsewhere, and some that are not found in any other desert in the explored world. Among these are the smallest owl in existence (the elf owl), and the largest vulture; the most poisonous rattlesnake, the ugliest toad, and the most hideous lizard (locally known as the "Gila Monster"); the sweetest singing birds.

The much-dreaded Gila monster is found in the Gila bend of the Colorado River, near Yuma, Arizona, and is seldom found elsewhere. There are base imitations in other parts of the country, but the type is of a more mild and less repulsive nature. Scientists differ as to whether the bite of the Gila monster is poisonous, but the fact exists that it is poisonous if the teeth reach a vein, or are inserted where the blood has free circulation to the heart. Some people have died of the bite of the Gila monster, and some have suffered small inconven-

ience. It has no poisonous glands like the rattlesnake, hence it does not belong to that class. Professor Coke was bitten by one some years ago while making investigations to determine that fact, but the wound was not near a vein, and he was not seriously affected—but was satisfied with his investigations in the interest of science. Indians of the desert handle them carelessly, and it is said seek to be bitten by them in order to get drugged with whisky, which seems to be also an antidote for other poisons. But this is perhaps a fiction told to open-mouthed tourists, who swallow everything. The Gila monster is, however, the most interesting specimen of desert life. It is known to scientists as the "Heloderma." It is a repulsive thing, and is from 12 to 18 inches long. It has four squat legs on the plan of those of the alligator, which it somewhat resembles. On each foot are five toes, and on each of these is a sharpened claw. It walks slowly, using the fore and hind feet of alternate sides, keeping the head almost upon the ground. If trodden upon it raises its head quickly, then slightly raises its body by its bench-like legs, hastily wheels round, and emits a blowing sound, thrusting out and drawing back its black forked tongue in a defiant manner. It throws out a greenish vapor for a distance of three or four inches, which is poisonous if preceded by a bite; otherwise the bite is not so dangerous. The grip of its jaw is like that of a vise, and the manner in vogue of releasing the hold consists in prizing the reptile's mouth open with a stick, or slicing it down lengthwise with a knife.



ience. All reptiles are poisonous to some extent, in fang or sting, and those that do not kill human beings kill their own kind. Often a bite is not deadly, but this does not prove the absence of poison. When the reptile is angry, as when trodden upon, the bite is more poisonous than otherwise.

Scientists have catalogued the uncouth and much exaggerated Gila monster as a

The mouth is about three inches round, and contains a row of grooved teeth on each side of the upper and the lower jaws. They are firmly set, partly inclined like

the teeth of a saw, and are as sharp as a needle. An army officer told me that he was bitten by one which he had tied to the crupper of his saddle and was carrying to camp as a curiosity. It let go only when he had cut the monster's throat with his knife. Its broad, black tongue is about three inches long, and is forked for about one inch. The head is broad, black, flat and slightly mottled, and the front or forehead is jet black. From tip to tip it is covered with raised bead-like scales in rows around the body and the tail, the rows being closer together on the tail, while on the head the rows are larger and more regular. The scales vary in color from a deep jet black to a bright orange, pale orange, and a muddy yellow. These colors are modified by the color of the rock upon which the monster is basking in the sun or the sand in which he is half hidden while waiting for food to come his way. For, like the chameleon or "horned toad" his color is thus changed. The tail is round or conical in shape and tapers to a sharp point. The Gila monster lives upon other reptiles, ground-nesting birds, and their eggs.

The rattlesnake is the most poisonous reptile of the desert. There are the ordinary spotted, brown, and yellow rattlesnake, the "side-winder," and the "ground rattler." These latter species are more numerous found in that part of the desert known as "Death Valley." The "side-winder" advances side-wise, or in a zig-zag course, and while apparently running away from an object will be ap-



The rattlesnake and his hereditary foe.

proaching it. The "rattle" is difficult to define. It is something like a buzzing sound, and so noiseless that the victim is bitten without knowing the presence of the snake. The gland is at the bottom of the tooth, and the poison follows the tooth into the flesh. The "side-winder" is from fifteen to eighteen inches long, and has over each eye a small protuberance called a horn, which is about a quarter of an inch long. It is also called the "horned" snake. It feeds upon other reptiles, and is very fond of rabbits. It is aggressive, and slays everything that comes in its way. The "road runner" is the only thing in the desert that does not fear the "side-winder," and dares to fight it. The "ground rattler" is similar, and the poison is almost as deadly. It is said that the owl will descend into the "ground rattler's" hole, and that they there dwell in peace and unity.

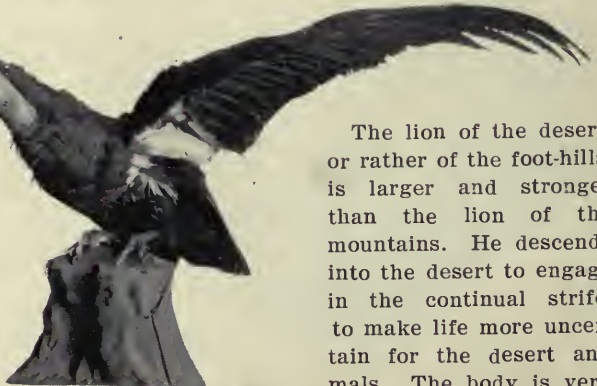
The "horned toad" (which has no horns), is also found in other parts of California. It is scientifically known as the Crowned Tapayaxin. The crown of "horns" consists of a short protuberance over each eye like a hood. It is a hideous looking thing, but is not dangerous, and is sold by the desert Indians to passing tourists as pets. The toads are put in boxes of sand, and the woman with a fad is told to "feed it on crumbs, beetles, flies and things." It is sluggish in movement, and feeds on red ants, beetles, and occasionally catches a passing fly, for it is too lazy to move about. It basks upon a rock or half buries itself in the sand, and waits for things to come its way, and when an insect is within range it darts upon it with remarkable rapidity. It partakes of the color of the sand or brown rock upon which it rests, and herein often lies its safety from other reptiles which pass it unobserved while also seeking food. Its natural color is gray, variegated with small streaks of chestnut brown. The head is light brown, blotched with a darker hue, and the under-neck is ochre-yellow with blotches of dark gray. Its head is flat, and from it sprouts conical, sharp-pointed spines, from a quarter to half an inch long, extending backward. The back is covered with shorter spines, in clusters, extend-

ing backward to the short and sharp-pointed tail. The edge of the tail has rows of spines, giving it the appearance of a two-edged saw. When it hisses it emits a jet black fluid which stings like a fire-burn. This mildly venomous toad is from four to six inches in length, and is found in dry hills as far north as Mendocino County.

The coyote is the tramp of the desert—an enemy to every form of animal life in the region, and all are arrayed against him. He is a night-prowler, seldom sleeps and is ever alert for food, eating anything that falls beneath his paw, and never seems to have enough. "He eats cactus and digests the needles," the voracious cowboy tells me. He seldom drinks water, or instead of going in search of it puts in his time eating rabbits and snakes, the blood serving as a substitute for water. The coyote is a species of wolf, somewhat resembling the fox. The body is long and lean, legs short, and the head "foxv." The nose is long and pointed, and the sense of smell is very keen. The eyes are yellow and framed by black brows; the long ears hang over the side of his head like those of a bloodhound, and he raises them above his head when he is alarmed; the jaws are long and sharp and the tail is bushy. He does not howl, as is often related by amateurs, but "barks." The bark is short and sharp. Nothing in the shape of food escapes him, and he will prowl around the miner's camp waiting for provisions when abandoned, or will attack by stealth at night, when re-inforced by large numbers. For the coyote is a coward—he is ever running away from something, and

stunted bushes or sucks a nest of eggs, and when nothing else is in sight makes a lunch on lizards or mesquite beans. With the instinct of a wolf he unites the cunning of the fox, and he takes his position on a knoll, waiting for something to pass, instinctively knowing that he cannot be easily seen on the colorless background of the desert, so long as he is still. Whatever comes under his paws is his meat. There is a scantiness about the coyote not seen in others of the wolf species. His hair is sun-scorched, and he has a dusty, sandy appearance, which, with his general stealthiness, gives him the most repulsive and hateful appearance of any animal or reptile on the desert. He is the most typical animal of the desert, and the most cosmopolitan, fitting himself more aptly to its intense heat and extreme scarcity of water. A pack will surround a miner's camp, sitting silently and motionless, waiting to attack when the miners are asleep. Unlike most other animals the coyote is not afraid of fire. They creep up under the darkened shadows of the bushes and squat upon their haunches, licking their paws in anticipation of a feast, their eyes glistening like fire, as they watch the miners. When in sufficient numbers to attack, the leader barks, and all follow in the attack, all barking in a chorus, which becomes faster and faster, and the pitch higher, until it unites in a long-drawn howl in the highest key. Sometimes this concert is given in order to frighten the miners when an attack is not intended, for the coyote is a good judge of numbers. A few shots puts the pack on a dog-trot.

rarely runs after his victims, preferring a dog-trot. He slips along lightly and stealthily, seeming scarcely to touch the white, soft sands, and scents his victim's track as he runs. He stands up on his hind legs and snaps up birds in the



Californian condor.

The lion of the desert, or rather of the foot-hills, is larger and stronger than the lion of the mountains. He descends into the desert to engage in the continual strife, to make life more uncertain for the desert animals. The body is very



The tramp of the desert.

lank, the head bushy and square, the neck is large, and the forelegs and paws are much larger than those of any other species. He can sneak upon a jack-rabbit and pin it to the ground with the stealth of the coyote.

The jack rabbit of the desert is built differently from others of his kind. He has stronger legs, and can outrun anything of his kind, and it is well for him, because he makes a most edible meal, and is usually regarded as a dessert. Even the coyote will not run after him, knowing the rabbit's way of doubling himself up like a ball and jumping sideways. He has a very acute sense and sleeps little, as he is in continual danger—more so than any other animal.

Bird life on the desert is one of the peculiar natural features of the land of starvation and perpetual drought. With the bird the struggle for existence is fiercer than with the animals and reptiles, for it has enemies in the air as well. The hawk pursues by day, and the owl trails after it by night, and when it descends to earth, its troubles increase. There are no trees in the desert—only stunted bushes and cactus. The coyote can run through cactus plants with the agility of the jack-rabbit, and there are other animals that can climb these spiny shrubs and reach the top. So the bird is

less protected, and besides, there is less food for it. One wonders why, having wings, it does not fly away to some other section where food is more plentiful, and can be had without risking so much danger of being turned into food. Desert air is the purest of any, but it is not known that the denizens of the desert live there because of the purer air. Besides, the heat is greater than elsewhere, and the pure air does not counterbalance the many disadvantages. The desert birds are thinner, have less color, and are more active than are their species elsewhere. They have a sharper eye and a stronger beak, more especially adapting their faculties to a desert life of warfare. Savagery is instilled into their natures by continual dread and combat.

The elf owl, the smallest owl in the world, is found on the Colorado desert—he is scarcely large enough to utter a hoot. He is five and one-half inches long, has the shape of the ordinary owl, and looks to be as wise. The scientific name is "*Micropallas Whitneyi*," named for Prof. Whitney. This species was discovered by Dr. Cooper. It lives on insects and small snakes when it can catch them. Its mode of warfare is to alight on the back of its prey, and, sticking its sharp claws in its back, hold on to the death;



The smallest owl in the world ($\frac{3}{4}$ actual size.)

and, if attacked, it flies away. Its feathers are of a lighter hue than others of its species, though it goes up into the San Bernardino Mountains to an altitude of 2000 feet.

The "Le Conte thrasher," named for Professor Le Conte, scientist, is perhaps the sweetest singer on the desert, or elsewhere. His notes rival those of the mocking bird when it is at its best, and it does not imitate other songsters. The thrasher is so named because of a peculiar sound it makes when seeking cover, like the whirr of the quail. Its notes are sweet and variable and of remarkable musical elegance. It sings apparently for love of music—wasting its unrivaled sweetness on the desert air. Indians hunt them when young to make cage birds of them for their music.

The cactus wren is the common scold of the desert. It skulks in the shelter of the almost impenetrable cactus patches and mounts to the top of a bush, and complains in a loud, harsh tone, even when no other bird is within hearing. It is very assertive, petulant and inquisitive, yet strangely timid. Its beak it like a pair of scissors. When it sings its notes are clear and ringing and sweet, notwithstanding its sour disposition. It is eight inches long, one-third larger than the wren found elsewhere. Prior to the discovery of the cactus wren, the "Great Virginia" wren, about six inches in length was the largest known. Since, however, the Virginian ornithologists have dropped

the word "great" in deference to our desert wren.

The Texas night-hawk is developed to an unusually large size in the desert. It lives in the yuca trees, and preys upon everything that flies or crawls.

"Costa's humming bird" is also larger than the usual species, but its feathers are not so ornate. It has a pale, "washed out" look. It nests in cactus bushes and feeds on its brilliant flowers, and when they are not in bloom it lives on leaves and insects. It is a swifter flyer than the ordinary humming bird, and is more quarrelsome than any other of its kind.

Here are also found blue-birds with red breasts, and blue-backed wood peckers, with their continual chattering and tapping with their tough beaks. The woodpecker lives in cactus bushes, and spends his time mainly in backing up over the needles—a feat which he accomplishes with little or no difficulty. He is the least combative of all desert birds, and pursues his thumping and hole boring unconcerned.

The "dwarf dove" is smaller than his kindred. It seems to have been stunted in its desert growth, while other birds have grown larger. The note of the lark is different, and those that stop in the desert on their migration sing differently, and less sweetly. The "road runner" is a feature of the desert. It is so named because it keeps in the middle of the road and runs when frightened. The desert species not having a road runs more obliquely, using its tail as a rudder to keep its course straight.

The eagles and hawks dwell in the foothills, and fly down into the desert to war upon its striving, fighting inhabitants, wresting from them what little food they can conquer, and returning home at night. The owls roost in the caverns of the foothills, and in the night, when tired Nature is asleep, swoops down into the desert and renews the warfare. There is little sleep in the desert and little rest, for there is strife day and night in consequence of the scarcity of food. Yet, one would think that these birds would find better picking in their mountainous districts. From these caves and rocky ledges in the dry arroyos bats swarm forth at

night. They live upon the blood of insects and birds which they scent out in their noiseless flight.

The largest vulture known in the United States is found on the Colorado desert. It is twelve feet from tip to tip when the wings are spread for soaring. While it is a desert vulture it is also found as far north as the Santa Lucia mountains. It rarely ventures out of the desert, however, for vandals shoot it from curiosity, and the vulture, like all the other birds and animals, soon learns to fear the form of man. There seems to be no adequate protection in this State for bird or animal life—the laws, very incomplete, are a dead letter. The vulture is the scavenger of the desert, as elsewhere, and here he has the advantage, perhaps, for the dry atmosphere prevents the decay of bodies, and herein the taste of the desert vulture differs from that of his less discriminating brother of other countries. The desert vulture is not so lazy and stupid as other species, because industry and a keen vision are necessary in its pursuit of food. As it cuts the thin air with its motionless wings it closely surveys the surface and then drops sidewise to its prey, a carcass. Scientists differ as to whether it is by the power of vision or the sense of smell that the vulture detects its repast at the height of 1000 feet or more. In proportion to its size, the desert vulture is lighter than other species, because it is not so well fed, scientists hold. It is a better "sailer," however, than any other species, though the thin desert air has less buoyancy. It

has white-tipped wings, and the head is whitish like that of the eagle of the adjacent mountains.

The condor, which belongs to the vulture species, is the largest bird in America—measuring fifteen feet from tip to tip of the wings, and weighing thirty-five or forty pounds. It is not a desert bird, and only visits it to make matters more unpleasant for animals and other birds, as if there were not strife enough in this battleground of drought, intense heat and famine, where all animal life is at war, and the very elements combine to add to the scene of strife and desolation.

The desert animals, birds, reptiles and insects are specially fitted for this life—being enabled to withstand more heat, eat less food and drink little water. The animals have greater instinct, are more ferocious and their weapons of attack and defense are more fully developed. The air-birds have stronger wings with less developed feet, while the ground-birds are constructed more with a view to running than flying. Their frames are different from kindred birds of other sections, and they have sharper claws and stronger beaks. The reptiles are provided with more poison as a means of defense, which may not poison human beings, but is nevertheless destructive of animal and bird-life, and the animals and birds all seem to know this. Even the insects are protected from their kind by a harder shell, and, strangely, while every other form of life in the desert has a "washed-out," dull color, the insects alone retain the bright and gay hues of their more fortunate cousins.



Gila monster.



The little goose girl.

BOHEMIA REVISITED

BY ANNA NEDOBYTY.

EARLY in the afternoon we passed the German frontier, and were soon whirling through the beautiful Bohemian Forest, which was dressed in the new green of early spring. In the shadowy distance the streams gleamed like threads of silver against the darker hillsides. My pulses quickened, while a new charm seemed to be cast over hills and sky, and at every station my ears unconsciously strained to catch the musical sounds of my mother tongue, so seldom heard in the land of my adoption. Strains of old familiar ballads and folk-lore came to my mind with an underlying minor chord to which all life seems attuned. On and on we sped through the fertile land towards the Mecca of the true Cech—"Praha," "Zlata Praha" (Golden Prague.) And it is charm-

ing, this stronghold of ours, with its quaint mixture of western and Asiatic civilization.

We arrived late in the evening, and stopped at the hotel of the Golden Goose. I think it was the name which attracted me. We were taken through an old doorway, up a narrow stone staircase to the chief personage, the Portier, who, to my surprise, was in this case a woman; although there was a conspicuous absence of gold braid and brass buttons the lordly air sat upon her as if she was to the manor born.

I found this to be an unusual hotel. To my no slight inconvenience, I was put into a room with another woman for whose respectability the Portier vouched. (Who vouched for mine, I have not the faintest suspicion.) Being too tired to

make an effort to go elsewhere, I submitted, feeling rather sorry for the other woman. The room was roomy and bare, with no windows except a very large transom over the door. I insisted upon that being opened, which may have been objectionable to my companion, who no doubt had the national prejudice against pure air generally and night air particularly. In the course of the conversation that followed, I found that my fellow in misery was a milliner, and came from a town where my grand uncle was priest. In the morning I was lying in bed contemplating the advisability of getting up when the door suddenly flew open and a man and his wife walked through our room, this being the only mode of egress from their room. I was so astonished that I forgot to cover my head. I had heard of such arrangements in country hotels, but to have such an experience in the capital of Bohemia, in the fashionable Wenzl Platz, was certainly amazing.

However, I was rescued by friends from this old fossil, and taken to what they called a modern flat on the Weinberge. This was a degree better in the matter of convenience. The fact is, these people have not the slightest idea of what convenience means. We climbed four flights of stairs, then entered the kitchen, from which doors opened into the other rooms. How I wish they could see one of our American flats, where Yankee contrivances make housekeeping a pleasure. My entertainment was royal, and I had to submit to having my first breakfast of coffee and rolls in bed. A second breakfast was served at ten o'clock, dinner at one, coffee at four, and supper at seven. Being accustomed to living very simply and to drinking Adam's ale, I naturally had little appetite for the extras. I was asked what Americans drank at meals. My answer was: ice-water, coffee and tea. Water, I was told, chilled the stomach and was only fit to wash in. They could not associate good health with three meals a day and drinking only water. We were mutual curiosities.

The sights in the Jewish quarter were characteristic. Here one would scarcely realize that this was the city of the hard-headed Slav. What a jumble of holes

called shops! Shops for old clothes, iron, meat, vegetables, and fruits, with here and there a smithy to add to its grimness and dirt. It was an endless source of amusement to watch groups of mothers and happy-hearted children in all stages of undress, togged out with odd shoes, stockings, and bits of bright color; and listen to the bargains made over a bit of vegetables or fruit between two witch-like women with hooked noses and glittering black eyes. In the midst of these old houses and their attendant squalor and misery is the ancient Jewish burying ground. Entering it one is suddenly transferred from the din and noise of this bedlam to Sabbath quiet. "Hundreds of time-worn stones, some very old, overgrown with moss and creeping plants, bearing symbols and Hebrew inscriptions stand silent witnesses to ages past." My Jewish friend took me from stone to stone with loving reverence, explain-



Powder Tower.

ing the strange inscriptions and symbols. The two hands signified the descendants of Aaron, the pitcher marked the tribe of Levi. Some stones bore the pictures of fish or other animals from which the family name was derived. There are heaps of small stones on the graves placed there as tokens of regard by the relatives of the deceased.

I was not sorry to leave behind me this gloom and ancient dust and find myself in the broader streets of the new city. Instead of peanut and popcorn stands on the street corners, Prague has something more picturesque to offer, in the shape

in manners, greets his lady customers with: "Have I the honor to wait upon you, gracious lady?" and "the gracious lady," bare-footed, answers in phrases equally high-sounding, but untranslatable.

We wended our way through mazes of old courts with quaint doorways, and under the beautiful Powder Tower, once the tower of a gateway when the old city was separated from the new by walls. We viewed the curious clock on the older Rathhaus of 1474, where, as the hours strike, figures of the apostles corresponding in number to the hours struck



Charles' Castle (Restored.)

of an old woman selling dill pickles, a delicacy much enjoyed by my countrymen. I also make a purchase. The old woman dives down into the crock with a wooden fork and brings up a big fat one, which is soon transferred to my hands and I begin to eat with much relish, laughingly remarking that the Cech is like the Jew; national traits cannot be stamped out by foreign associations. My friend looked rather disgusted, and left me to buy some stamps in a tobacco shop. I stepped to the next door to have a better view of a shop eight by eighteen feet in size. The owner, a Chesterfield

appear on the little platform. At twelve o'clock the figure of Christ and the twelve apostles are seen walking slowly across the platform, and after they disappear a cock comes out and crows thrice.

From here my guide hurried me to the opposite side of the city, where I might see the pride of Prague, Charles Bridge (Karlova most), which was built between 1357 and 1507. It has sixteen arches each surmounted by a saint, its entire length being 540 yards, with an ancient tower of defense at each end. These old towers have often defended the city against invaders, and still retain the spikes on

which the heads of ten Protestant noblemen were exposed for ten years by the Catholic victors of the Hussite War. As we loitered on the bridge, I observed how sadly battered the saints were, not even the city's patron saint, Jan Nepomauk, escaping the sacrilegious hand of time. His last name is very suggestive of the desperate struggle he made for his life in the swift-flowing river below, where he was thrown because he refused to divulge the queen's confession. It is said he rose seven times as the stars around his halo indicate. There is a lamp burning at his shrine, and nearly all the

that possesses such a rich inheritance of heroic deeds and such power to sing and rehearse them as these people. On yonder height, rising straight from the river, stands Vysehrad, a citadel built on the site of the castle of Lisbusa, the founder of the Bohemian royal family. Near by in his lair sleeps the Bohemian Lion. I asked my friend if it was not time for the historic beast to wake. He answered sadly: "It can never be." Since the above was written Emperor Frances Joseph has consented to be crowned King of Bohemia at Prague, thereby giving the people a comparatively independent government



Jewish grave-yard.

passers-by bend the knee and make the sign of the cross. We find ourselves at the other side of the bridge with a steep hill in front of us which must be climbed to get a nearer view of the cathedral and the surrounding country. Towards the west, my friend says, is the famous White Hill, where a battle decided the fate of Protestantism in Bohemia, and destroyed our national unity.

How familiar one becomes through ballad and folk-lore with the romance and history of many of the places in his fatherland. I know of no other nation

such as Hungaria enjoys. Perhaps the cry of the oppressed has at last penetrated the rocky walls of his cave and the Lion has begun to stir. But who can tell? The genius of the people still lives, the State and Church have not succeeded in annihilating the Slavic tongue, though they tried hard to force the German on the people, by making it the official language and taking the Bohemian out of the public schools. The people protested so strongly that the objectionable laws were repealed and Protestant religious instruction goes hand in hand with the

Catholic in the public schools. The regiment of Bohemian soldiers stationed here has been replaced by a German one, as the Government considered it dangerous that the Cech should have so powerful an ally. Prague took up the gauntlet flung down by Austria, and the hate towards the German oppressor is at a white heat, often ending in blows. Even travelers, when accosting a native in the German tongue are rudely ignored.

I am loth to leave this charming city, its beautiful gardens where the nightingales sing at night, and to which throngs of gaily dressed people flock for the Sunday afternoon concerts.

But the bitter with the sweet comes to all travelers and I must leave friends and Prague to visit Sedlec, famous for its Kostnice church and nunnery. The town, like all others in this country, is built of stone, covered with plaster, and the streets are paved all over with cobble stones, most painful to American shoes. I was directed to the custodian's house and gladly availed myself of the invitation to come in and wait while the wife, who was to be my guide, finished making her cherry dumplings. The room was the kitchen, and I observed with con-

siderable interest the curious porcelain stove with its odd shaped pots and kettles. In the meanwhile I was entertained with the usual family history and gossip of the town. The dumplings being completed and laid out in nice straight rows, my guide tied a small shawl over her head, took a bunch of keys, and we started for the church.

The Kostince is a chapel adorned with human bones picked up near by from the battlefields of the Hussite War. What a ghastly sight! I wondered at the infinite patience it must have taken to arrange the decorations. The organ loft was so designed that the bones of the forearm fitted into the wrist bones. The four pyramids were made of skulls: the chandeliers of thigh bones, and the altar of a conglomeration of all the bones found in the human body. A legend says that this was done by a blind youth. The church and nunnery of the 12th century was destroyed by Jan Ziska. The church is being restored, while the nunnery has been converted into a tobacco factory. The history of this destruction was related with a great deal of pride by the sexton's wife. What consternation and terror that stern avenger of Jan Hus



A Bohemian kitchen.



House and barn under one roof.

brought!

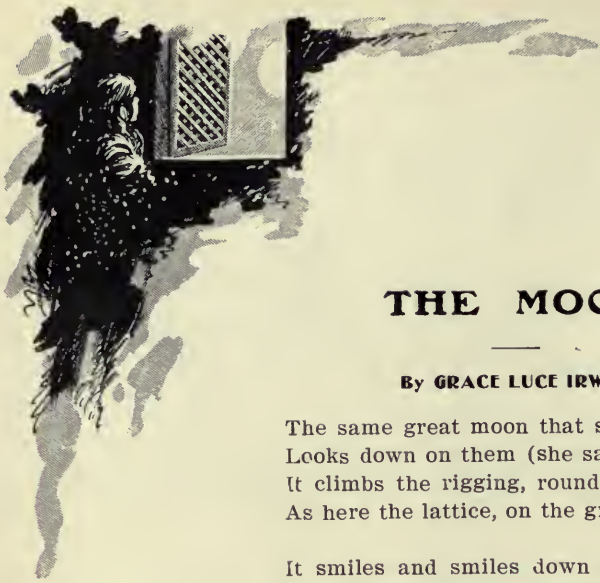
Strong and invincible was that one man's opposition to Catholic Europe. Did he know that the walls battered down with his iron flails could never be rebuilt, though all the stones and mortar of Christendom were used?

By night the news spread about that I was from America, and at supper mine host and his wife vied with each other to show me deference, and I in turn was plied with questions in regard to this El Dorado, America. Mine host has a brother in Chicago. Did I know him? Also minute inquiries as to the different trades, the tobacco trade especially. I necessarily made such very unsatisfactory replies that I saw disappointed faces when I took my leave.

The villages and towns in this country abound in geese. Every peasant girl that marries has in her dowry so many head of geese, and fortunate indeed is she if she can count her feather beds into the dozen. Besides the traffic in feathers a great many geese and half-grown goslings are shipped into German markets, where they bring a high price on account of their superior flavor. It was my good fortune to visit an out-of-the-way village. While the life of the villagers is slow it is much more wholesome than the village life in this country. The loafer is

almost an unknown quantity; every one must work, for the wage is pitifully small. The tramp is in evidence under the guise of a traveling craftsman. He carries with him an official pass which contains a description of his person and tells his trade. This must be presented to the head of every village he enters, and he is allowed twenty-four hours in a place.

The social side of the people is simple, but to me very pleasing. The cousin whom I visited kept an open house. The postman made his daily rounds so as to be there at dinner time; the forester always happened in for afternoon coffee; while one of the schoolmasters was a regular visitor at the evening meal. One day I noticed the lady of the house in close conference with a mysterious-looking old woman who staid all day and ate in the kitchen with the servants. Finally my curiosity got the better of me, and asked who she was. She was trying to arrange a marriage between a certain young man and the remaining daughter of the house, I was told. It was love's labor lost, for the young woman's father refused to furnish the required dowery. I was somewhat scandalized to learn that the prospective bride did not know the suitor, and that her likes and dislikes in the matter were not consulted.



THE MOON

By GRACE LUCE IRWIN

The same great moon that shines on me
Looks down on them (she says) at sea;
It climbs the rigging, round by round,
As here the lattice, on the ground.

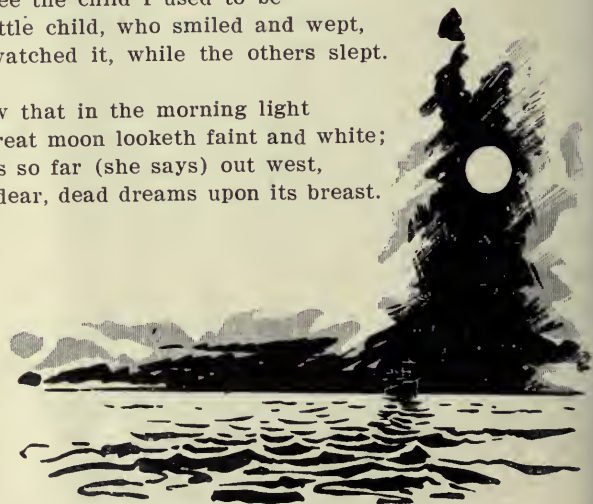
It smiles and smiles down on the sea,
As here it smiles and smiles on me;
But there, its path is wild and free,
And here, 'tis stopped by fence and tree.

I see it rise, a silver thing,
In sky made clear by sweep of wing,
And there, it is as red as blood,
And hurries o'er the silver flood.

Across its face the great wind blows,
And what it see'th no man knows.
I would it were a scarlet flower
And I could hold it for an hour.

I would that it could look on me
And 'see the child I used to be—
The little child, who smiled and wept,
And watched it, while the others slept.

I know that in the morning light
The great moon looketh faint and white;
It goes so far (she says) out west,
With dear, dead dreams upon its breast.



THE RIDE OF THE NEOPHYTES

BY HARRY R. P. FORBES.

[When the California Missions were secularized, the Government of Mexico, through preconcerted arrangement, had the padres all removed at the dead of night, and without warning. One hundred neophytes followed the good Padre Peyri of San Luis Rey all the way to San Diego in hopes of bringing him back. Some even swam after the ship as it sailed away.]

"Hie, hie, awake, ye sons of the Mission! He is gone! He is gone! Our padre is gone. Rise men and ride as you never have ridden before! We will capture the thieves and take back our own. The night is far spent, but our horseflesh is steel! Mount, then, and away!" Thus shouted a stalwart Indian boy when he learned the Republic's decree was enacted, and that good father Peyri of

San Luis Rey had been torn from his slumbers to answer the call to New Spain. With preconcerted arrangement and craft beyond credit, Eachandía ordered a messenger sent to each of the twenty-one Missions; each band to arrive the same hour of night, without warning or reason to snuff out the light of redemption and claim the broad lands and great herds as addition to State.

The priests to be taken and sent to the shore; the chapels a church of the parish; each neophyte given a wee bit of land to continue to work out existence; while the grand Mission walls were carelessly left for the ages to seam into beauty, and with picturesque chisel the sun, wind and rain to carve or to melt the noblest of structures into ruins, monition to Eachandía's shame. Heaven's festoon of stars watched over the Mis-



THE REDEDICATION OF SAN LUIS REY



Padre Antonio Peyri.

sion where trusting, confiding and peacefully slept two thousand bold hearts, who unwittingly let their padre be stolen, because in their slumbers they knew not the father was taken.

One watchful neophyte heard muffled steps as of some one approaching in secret, then silence awhile. Then the voice of his well-beloved master rose and fell on the soft midnight air, in a tear-laden prayer and a pure benediction.

Without murmur, and waving a final farewell to his neophyte children, the good padre meekly bowed his grey head in submission to man, and left the place where for more than one-fourth of a century he had labored to rescue the

wild Indian heart from the throes of idolatry, darkness and sin.

Stunned into inaction the ignorant boy lay with wide-open eyes in the darkness, then thoughts came. Could it be that the padre was leaving forever? Were the fast-flying feet of the horses a mournful reveille that echoed farewell?

Not daring to rise he watched until far into the night. Then he arose and went to the padre's apartments. He was gone and all his belongings! True, too true, had the Indian's heart solved the mystery.

The whispered instructions had been "take back the padre."

The boy ran as one wild through the village. He shouted, he called the men "to the rescue!"

In less time than it takes here to tell it, one hundred excited men were in action; one hundred dark faces, all set and defiant, guided one hundred stout hands in tightening the cinches, while one hundred brave hearts were vowing to bring back the padre.

The clinking of bits and the creaking of leather were the sounds that denoted the speed of the riders. The neophytes pressed themselves close to the saddles; they lay prone on their ponies and patted





THE OLD SAN LUIS REY

their necks with caressing affection. They impelled them to fly, to speed to the rescue.

"Our father, our loved one, our padre is in danger!"

With nostrils wide-spreading, the lithe ponies weighed toward the ground in exertion. Ten miles were passed and the thick clouds of dust had no time to repose on the neophytes' shoulders as they sped toward the coast to delay and re-capture the core of the Mission.

Ten more were passed and the faintest took courage. A bright streak of dawn showed itself in the East as the Indians galloped on in solemn distress. Could they make it? Could the water be reached before the Mission was broken? Could they rescue the padre and return to the mountains? Fierce thoughts were alive. They would carry the padre far back to the gay hunting grounds where no one could find them. Fierce affection cried out, and from time to time found expression.

"They robbed us!" "He is ours!" "The heartless deceivers, they gave him and then have retaken!"

A fierce yell as of yore: "Ha! Li! to the shore! Rescue our padre, rescue our father!"

And then snorting and blowing and fast-flying feet told of the effort that horse-flesh was making.

Embarcadero San Diego de Alcala lay far to the southwest of San Luis Rey, and to this port had New Spain's highway marauders taken the father Antonia Peyri. The ship Pocahontas lay out in the bay, and already her anchor was weighing. On the deck stood the padre in anguish of heart, in tears unrestrained and unnoticed, his thoughts with the Mission, his heart with his God, while he silently prayed for forgiveness and strength to be reconciled now to departure.

The first rays of the sun shone over the hills in the East, and revealed to the padre a thick cloud of dust on the road toward the Mission. He watched it, but saw not; his heart lay beyond it.

The clank of the anchor grated harshly on the ear. The good padre shuddered and leaned toward the railing, as the huge vessel's side kissed the waves of the ocean. Now his eyes saw the dust that followed the road, and he heard a faint sound, as if children were wafting an angel's good-bye in the morning.

The sound grew in volume, the dust formed into riders. Then a shout rent

the air that made the crew tremble.

Wild Indians they, who rode like the demon! They bent to their saddles, they lay flat on their ponies; they shrieked and they cursed like the wildest of heathens; unmindful were they of aught save the unanchored vessel.

Down to the water's edge leaped the uncontrolled horses! But the riders' wild fury was spent in the vision before them.

Padre Antonio Peyri stood on the deck of the slow-moving vessel, his face shone with resplendence; sublime glory from Heaven reflected directly through the rays of the sun.

His hands extended in mute benediction, gently calmed the turbulent souls of the men. Dismounting, they knelt on

the shore of the ocean, and the dark, bending forms proved to the departing priest that the work was complete.

Two or three wilder spirits dropped the reins on the horses and plunged through the surf to swim out to the father. The waves tossed them back, and their poor, bruised bodies were caught by companions, whose breath and warm blood coaxed them back into life.

Four Indian boys followed the padre to Rome, where they studied and gained erudition.

Since then years have passed. Those neophytes came again to the Mission, and now preach the gospel in San Luis Rey in place of the most beloved and revered of all fathers, the sanctified Padre Antonio Peyri.

THE NIGHT OF HER TRIUMPH

BY MARY C. RINGWALT.

A MOUTH made for champagne and kisses," quoted Kenneth, raising his sparkling glass, and smiling at her.

His playful compliment won the recognition of a sprightly little bow. "Do you remember, Ken, when we drank to our first success, five years ago?"

"In beer, with accompaniment of pretzels!" The reminiscence seemed to call back his old boyish laugh. "We were a jolly lot in the Pine-street studio that night—but what a beastly hole it really was!" He glanced about the gay café with an air of complacent superiority. "And the play that we gloated over—begging somebody's pardon—was simply rot!"

"And—begging somebody's pardon," she gaily retorted, "how the leading man in it stamped and ranted!"

Their good-nature met in a ripple of laughter.

"The playwright," she solemnly announced, "has preserved the original manuscript of that delicious melodrama

in her safe. It's to be hoped that the hero's boots are——"

"They're laid away in lavender," he interrupted, with impressive gravity.

Again they laughed, like happy children.

"It is one of those picturesque coincidences decorating the commonplace of life," said he, musingly, "that I should be the leading man in your leading play—a play which a first night's furore has proclaimed the hit of the season."

For the first time her shining eyes turned from his face. The manager had kept his word, then, and Kenneth had not guessed her secret power when Norris has sent for and offered him the role.

"It was you who gave me my inspiration," she said, softly. "You that I had in mind when I dreamed it all out. I created the character for you. I——" She industriously crumpled a morsel of bread. "On the stage you simply lived up to my thought of you. That is why it was all so real—so splendid. I owe

everything to *you*.'

"Of course we all understand," he teasingly said, "that the play had no merits of its own, but you must at least allow me to share my honors with Judith Hiliary."

"Judith Hiliary," she vaguely repeated. "Oh, you mean the leading lady. I had forgotten her."

"You would have known her too well to forget her," said Kenneth, "had you not been so naughty as to run away to San Jose during our rehearsals."

"The first night was torture enough, without the rehearsals," she protested, with a nervous laugh. "I know now what it means to face death—when the poor little sinner is uncertain to which place she's to go when she arrives at the other side!"

"Did you care so much as that? My ambitious little girl!"

A flush of pink swept over her cheeks. "It was not my own failure that I dreaded most."

"That is so like you, Mildred!" His tone lingered upon her name, caressingly. "Dear little friend, you've known all my failures, the hardships and struggles of years—none can understand so well as you what this final victory means to me!"

Her eyes were as torches celebrating a march of triumph.

"Sunday," he went on, with a bright smile, "I gave a little dinner party in honor of the playwright, but this first night, when heaven is all new, I wanted to talk alone with my dear old Milly. Wanted to tell her, in a poor blundering way, how her sympathy and confidence had helped some stumbling feet up the slippery ladder of fame. Wanted her to feel what her true, sweet womanhood has always meant to me!"

A divine tenderness softened her eyes to the hallowed light of altar candles in a cathedral.

"Ken!" she murmured.

He leaned over the little table, speaking very low. "And your best gift came last of all. Have you guessed what crowns my happiness to-night? Mildred, it was through the thought and words of your dear play that a woman's heart was laid open to me—that I found, and knew, my ideal."

Her eyes put on the exalted splendor of the stars, but her fluttering breath could form no words.

His face grew radiant with a great joy. "I know, Milly, that you'll be so glad, for she has promised to be my wife—Judith Hiliary."



Tiger lily.

CONSIDER THE LILIES

BY JESSIE JULIET KNOX.

GREETINGS to the goddess Ostara from Flora the Queen of California! Ostara was the personification of the morning, or East, and also of the opening of Spring. California never fails to bring its perfumed burden of lilies to lay at the feet of this goddess at Easter-time. In this climate we have a marvelous variety of lilies, and it is nothing to see great fields of callas, like pure virgins, carrying their yellow tapers and censers of perfume to the churches to place upon the altar, for the celebration of the festival of the resurrection of the Christ. "*Surrexit!*" chants the stately calla, while from its waxen and odorous throat the regal Easter lily sings back the answer: "*Vere surrexit.*"

Perhaps that most lastingly traditional of easter is the lily, which is essentially a flower of purity, and whose form and color have done so much to suggest and perpetuate the poetry of the thought which Christ gave to the world. The blossom which most essentially symbolizes the life of Christianity is the St. Joseph or Easter lily. This has long been praised by poets, and its beauty and fragrance have been, and always will be, woven by them into metrical beauty, and placed in undying colors upon the canvass of artists. Here, in our beautiful gardens, they rear their shapes of snow-white bloom, recalling the exquisite simile:

"If we could enter the lilies
And burst from the lilies' mold,
Pure would we be, like the lilies,
With hearts of the lilies' gold."

In a large proportion of our nation Easter is spring in name only, for then the snow is scarcely off the ground and

only the bolder blossom dare peep forth in honor of the Festival of Resurrection. There even the more hardy lilies, the calla and the Easter lily, must be cultivated in hot-houses, and are accordingly a rare and expensive luxury. At that same season California's perennial spring is already lavish with its bloom, and Easter lilies in wonderful variety are nodding in quiet garden closes that have never worn the mantle of the snow. In



Wild iris.

no flower can our State show the world more varied specimens than are found among our lilies, which are unexcelled. The ubiquitous calla, cultivated to enormous size and still suggestive of graves and churchyards; the unparalleled Easter lily, with its petaled bell of white; the gorgeous tiger lily; the exquisite lily of the valley; the amaryllis, red, pink, and white; the Chinese lily, blowing its surfeiting sweetness from painted balconies in Chinatown; the fleur de lis,

“Beautiful lily, dwelling by still rivers,
Or solitary mere;
Or where the sluggish meadow-brook
delivers

Its waters to the weir.

Born in the purple, born to joy and
pleasance,

Thou dost not toil nor spin,



Mountain lily.

But makest glad and radiant with thy
presence

The meadow and the lin.

“Thou art the Iris—fair among the
fairest,

Who, armed with golden rod
And winged with the celestial azure
bearest

The message of some god.

Thou art the muse, who far from crowded
cities

Hauntest the sylvan streams,
Playing on pipes of reed the artless
ditties

That come to us as dreams.

O flower-de-luce, bloom on, and let the
river

Linger to kiss thy feet;

O flower of song, bloom on, and make
forever

The world more fair and sweet.”



White iris.

In passing through Southern California the tourist sees on either hand vast acres of enormous white blossoms stretching, like fields of grain, off into the distance as far as the eye can reach. If the tourist has never been in California before he will avail himself of the first opportunity to ask what manner of plant or vegetable this can be that is grown in such wholesale quantities and gives forth such fragrance as it grows.

“Oh, yes, those are lilies,” the Californian will reply absent-mindedly.



St. Joseph lily.

"Lilies!" the traveler will exclaim.
"What next!"

The cultivation of calla lilies is, indeed, a common and profitable business in the large farms of Southern California. Easter lilies also are grown, but not in such great abundance as their more hardy cousin. The calla lilies have a market value both for their blossoms and bulbs. The extent of the industry attests their popularity. The thing that the stranger first notices about California callas is their size, both as to blossom and stalk. The plants themselves often reach a height of five feet. So common are they everywhere that at Easter one has but to step to the doorsill and gather armfuls of the waxen flower.

The gorgeousness of our tiger lily (a Chinese importation) is only equaled by the hues of the amaryllis,

"The wand-like lily which lifted up
To a Moenad, its moon-light-colored cup,
Till the fiery star, which is its eye,
Gazed through clear dew on the tender
sky."

This is a very brilliant flower. Its long, naked stems spring from the brown earth, and are crowned with a perfect mass of blossom. Not having any leaves it looks like an artificial flower.

In California, the Chinese lily plays a most prominent part, for it is queen in the Celestial realm. It is omnipresent

at the feast of the Chinese New Year, which begins about the middle of February and lasts a week. This flower, with us, is known as polyanthus narcissus, and grew in our old-fashioned gardens of childhood. The Chinese hold it sacred, and with them it is exhibited in a bowl of water, with small stones placed in the bowl. On the Chinese New Year or San Nin the Chinese present bulbs of this fragrant lily to their particular American friends as an especial mark of esteem. During the week of their New Year the joss houses and private residences are a perfect mass of snowy bloom, and most beautiful and picturesque are the Oriental balconies, with the great dragon-lanterns swaying in the breeze, and the front edge of the balconies lined with large jars of lilies, bearing brilliant tags of red paper, with queer



Spanish iris.

cabalistic inscriptions thereon intended to keep the devil away. One's senses are fairly intoxicated with the fragrance of the flower mingled with the burning incense set before the joss.

The narrow streets of Chinatown are also lined with the lily in bloom, so that

the long flower-laden avenues look like vistas of fairy-land. The lotus also has a poetic meaning among the Chinese. It is especially connected with Buddha, and as symbolizing female beauty. The small feet of their high-caste ladies are often referred to as *kin leen*, or "golden lilies."



Japanese Tiger lily.

The End of the ARGUMENT.

By Alice N. Andrews.



MAHI was troubled. He sat on a log with his hands spread out upon his knees. His huge shoulders drooped dejectedly and his forehead was indented by as deep a frown as that smooth surface was capable of accomplishing. His broad face, when not actually smiling, usually radiated good nature, and the frown made him look like a petulant child. The grass house behind him was in excellent condition. The velvety luxuriance of the taro patch near by betokened a plentiful supply of that necessity, and two fat pigs strayed contentedly with the chickens which scratched among the sorghum stalks. Down on the beach, his new canoe was drawn safely above the tide mark, while the net, spread on the rocks to dry, had that very day held a big catch of mullet. What cause had he for worry?

There was a good reason, he thought. That morning his best friend Loni had come to invite him and Marie to a feast on the following day. Alas, the plantation manager had sent word, last night, of the arrival of some long-expected guests. To-morrow was the day set for them to climb the mountain, and Mahi had promised to act as guide.

Mahi had asked Loni if the feast might not be postponed, but the pig had already been killed and the pit prepared

for its roasting. Loni and Marie argued that not even a white man could wish, in sober earnest, to put off a feast, and that the manager would doubtless defer the mountain trip. But Mahi did not feel so confident. Besides, noblesse oblige, and Mahi was justly proud of his reputation as the best guide on the island, and still more proud of being known as always honest and trustworthy.

He had urged Marie to go to the feast without him. This she had refused to do. He smiled a little at this thought, but his gloom quickly returned as he remembered the manner of her refusal. She was devoted to him, yet her way of showing that devotion was, at times, peculiar.

At that very moment she was seated on a mat spread on the ground behind the house, and was vigorously ironing a pink cotton shirt. He sighed as he reflected that she intended it for his wearing at the approaching feast. Usually she sang at her work, but there was no music to be heard this afternoon.

Loni had often told him that he ought to punish her fits of anger, but she was so small and pretty—and he dolefully sighed again.

A clear, high voice from within the house called:

"Mahi, Mahi! The manager wants a dozen mullets taken down to the big house this afternoon. You have left me to take them, I suppose. Gone off with the horse, too. Pig!"

She flounced into the doorway. She was smaller and less stout than most of the native women. There was a snap in the black eyes and a vivacity in her manner which she had inherited from her half-caste French father.

"Ah'h!" she cried as she saw her husband. "Not gone yet? When will you get those fish down? And you promised to take some to Loni. Look at that horse. Do you expect me to saddle him?"

Mahi stared at his hands. The old horse lifted his head a moment, then went on cropping grass. Three dogs ran around the corner of the house, barking excitedly, but turned tail as they saw their mistress and slunk off.

"Mahi!" she cried again, her voice running up the scale, "are you asleep?" Suddenly the "steamboat iron" leaped from her hand straight for his head, scattering bits of red-hot charcoal in its flight. He dodged it with wonderful quickness for so large a man, then rose slowly, as though gently roused from a nap, yawned, and stretched himself. Stooping, he picked up the smoking iron from the heap of taro leaves in which it had buried itself, looked at her with a lazy smile, and said, sweetly:

"What do you want, Marie?"

"Want!" She choked with rage, stamped her foot, and ran into the house.

Mahi looked after her, shook his head, set down the iron by the door, and then untied the horse. Leading him to a small tnatth-covered shed, he saddled the animal, and mounting rode to the back of the house. Soon he came back with a large basket on his arm. The dogs followed gaily at his heels. The horse threw his head up and down in the fashion dear to every native, and galloped down the road.

As the clatter of hoofs and the joyful yelping of the dogs grew fainter, Marie came again to the door. She wiped her angry eyes on her sleeve, picked up the iron, shook a small fist after the retreating cavalcade, and muttered: "Pigs!"

The sea was ablaze with the glory of the setting sun when Mahi came home. The horse now held his head quietly, as one who realized the peace of the evening, and the dogs trotted slowly along. All was quiet about the grass-house. The big yellow Cochín-China rooster had gathered his harem and stood gravely at the foot of a stragglng mango tree, in which his wives, with much low conver-

sation and occasional nervous squawks, were settling themselves for the night.

Loni had come back with another young man, and the two were sitting on the ground, playing cards. Several yards in front of the players stood a blackened kerosene tin. The top had been taken off and an opening cut in one side. Through this glowed a charcoal fire, and on top of the tin some mullet were cooking in a large frying pan. Near by stood a big calabash of poi and a wooden bowl of coarse salt.

Marie was apparently putting her whole soul into her cooking, and did not look up as Mahi rode into the yard. Her small pretty face showed no trace of the afternoon's storm. Her turkey-red holoku was freshly clean, and the little fire sent dancing lights over her dark face and gay gown.

"Aloha oe!" shouted Mahi, as he got down from his horse. Loni and his companion grunted good naturedly in reply, but Marie seemed not to hear. The dogs at a safe distance sniffed the delightful odors from the frying-pan, and one by one settled themselves near the card-players. Mahi unsaddled his horse, tied him to the fence and threw down before him a great bundle of sorghum stalks. Then, coming to where Marie sat on the ground beside her fish, he dropped a little bag of cut tobacco into her lap. She smiled a little at this offering, and drawing a package of cigarette papers from her pocket, rolled one, lighted it at the fire, and began to smoke. Then she passed the tobacco to Loni, and still smoking turned over the fish.

"Is supper ready?" asked Mahi. She waved her hand toward the poi, and took the pan from the fire and put it on the ground.

Near the house ran a swift little stream. In a dip of its bed a large basin had been hollowed by the winter floods. Here Mahi knelt down on the grassy bank and plunged his head completely under the cool water. Rising, and shaking himself like a great dog, he drew a green and yellow handkerchief from his pocket and mopped his face. Then going up to the waiting group he spread out both hands with a gesture of invitation

and said solemnly: "Let us eat."

They all sat down where they could easily reach the calabash of poi, and each, dipping in two fingers, with a twist brought out a smooth lump of the sticky paste and deftly conveyed it to his mouth. No one spoke until the poi had nearly disappeared, and but one or two of the fish remained. Then Loni, rubbing his fingers on the grass beside him, turned to Mahi.

"You have surely changed your mind," he said, insinuatingly.

Mahi glanced at Marie and shook his head.

"Ah, Mahi," said the other man, quickly, "why not come? The people from the far side of the island will all be there. It will be the feast of the year. We can't do without you. Nobody else knows just when the pig and fish are cooked enough. My wife has the cocoa-nut pudding all ready. We have plenty of sea-weed and shrimps, and the kukui nuts are cooked and pounded. Besides, no one can sing so well as you and Marie."

"Marie can go," answered Mahi.

"But we want you both," urged Loni.

Mahi got up and went into the house.

For awhile the three sat looking out upon the sea, now almost hidden by the night. Then Loni and his friends rose and walked off into the darkness.

Marie rolled and smoked another cigarette, hummed part of a tune, then, throwing the remaining fish to the dogs, she picked up the empty calabash and the frying-pan and carried them over to the stream.

She put them down upon the bank and stood quietly for a moment, but her anger was rising again. Thoughts of the morrow's feast, of the friends coming from a distance, of the music and dancing, and of the new yellow holoku made for this occasion, crowded fast upon her. She suddenly kicked the frying-pan into the water. The calabash followed, and, tipping, sank gurgling to the bottom.

"Oh, Marie," called Mahi, "where is my blanket?"

"Under the bed," she answered, sullenly, standing still beside the stream.

In a moment he called again, "Where

are my spurs?"

This time she went into the house. Mahi had rolled the blanket inside his yellow oil-skin rain coat, and tied them into a compact bundle ready to be slung behind his saddle the next morning. A heavy flannel shirt lay on top of the roll and his leather leggings were beside them. He was filling a cartridge belt, and said persuasively, as she came into the room, "I'll shoot some wild turkeys on the mountains for you."

Paying no attention to him, she went to a box, took out some heavy spurs, and threw them, clanking, beside the leggings. Every movement of her lithe body showed her suppressed wrath.

Mahi began again, as he took his rifle from the corner and examined its lock, "I'll fill the canteen with ohelos on the way down. They are big and sweet now."

Still no answer. One of the dogs poked his nose into the door, but hastily backed away as Marie started toward them.

"Now, Marie, see here," said Mahi, laying down the rifle and putting his hands into his pocket. "You know I must go up the mountain to-morrow. Be a good girl. Go to the feast, and soon we will have a feast of our own. That's it!" he exclaimed, joyfully. "Tell all the people to stay, and when I come back we'll have a feast of our own."

"We won't!" she burst forth, her rage at last breaking loose. "You know I won't go without you. You are a beast to go off and leave me."

Her voice grew louder and more shrill, and looking around for some convenient missile, she saw the pink shirt and the yellow holoku, where she had hung them in anticipation of the morrow.

Seizing first one and then the other, she frantically tore them into rags, flung them to the floor and stamped upon the gaudy heap while bursting into a tornado of sobs and shrieks.

Mahi gazed at her with a helpless, dazed expression, but as the last fragment fluttered to the floor, he sprang forward, caught a pillow from the bed with one hand, with the other grasped the little fury, and gently laid her, face downward, upon the floor. In an instant the

pillow was upon her back, and, while throwing most of his weight forward upon his feet, he carefully sat down. Her small brown toes thumped the floor. Her vicious little hands vainly tried to grasp

some part of his clothing. She choked with utter rage, but he sat serenely, and smiled at the dogs, which looked distrustfully, and then came boldly forward, wagging their tails.

Census Figures on Illiteracy

BY ERNEST P. CLARK.



HE census bureau has just completed its series of bulletins on "School, Militia and Voting Ages," and these include some highly interesting figures on illiteracy. They certainly deserve a wider circulation than they will ever have, stored away in the pages of bulletins which by title do not refer to the subject of illiteracy at all. This article is written with the hope that these statistics, rearranged in more convenient shape for easy reference, may be instructive to many who never see a census bulletin.

The percentage of illiteracy of males of voting age in all the States and territories, is as follows:

Eastern States:

Connecticut	6.8
Delaware	14.
District of Columbia	18.4
Maryland	12.5
Massachusetts	6.4
Maine	6.4
New Jersey	6.9
New York	5.9
New Hampshire	7.9
Pennsylvania	7.7
Rhode Island	9.2
Vermont	7.9

Southern States:

Alabama	33.7
Arkansas	20.
Florida	22.1
Georgia	31.6
Kentucky	18.8
Louisiana	37.6
Mississippi	33.8

North Carolina	29.4
South Carolina	35.1
Tennessee	21.7
Texas	15.4
Virginia	25.3
West Virginia	12.9

Central States:

Illinois	4.8
Indiana	5.6
Iowa	2.7
Indian Territory	15.9
Kansas	3.4
Michigan	5.5
Minnesota	4.1
Missouri	7.
Nebraska	2.5
North Dakota	5.4
Ohio	4.8
Oklahoma	5.9
South Dakota	4.8
Wisconsin	5.5

Western States:

Arizona	23.9
California	6.2
Colorado	4.1
Idaho	5.4
Montana	5.8
New Mexico	28.3
Nevada	12.8
Oregon	4.8
Utah	3.7
Washington	3.4
Wyoming	4.3

The State that heads the list, having the smallest percentage of illiterates, is not an Eastern State, as might be ex-

pected—it is Nebraska, the crude prairie State that some good people in New England think is on the borders of civilization. There is not a State in the Eastern group that can boast a percentage of illiteracy under five; Oregon, Washington, Colorado, Wyoming and Utah in the Western group can beat that; and California has a lower ratio of illiteracy than Maine, Massachusetts or Connecticut. With the exception of Indian Territory, there is not a single State in the Central group that does not show a lower percentage of illiteracy than any State in the Eastern group. (Oklahoma and New York rank the same.) The birth place of the "little red school house" may be in the East, but it has traveled Westward; and these figures certainly indicate that it has done its good work more thoroughly and effectively in the West than in its old home.

Arizona and New Mexico make a bad showing, but that is due to the large percentage of Indian and Mexican population. The conditions there are somewhat like those in the South. The Southern group in general rank very low. Louisiana has the highest percentage of illiteracy of any State in the Union—37.6, while Alabama, Mississippi and South Carolina are nearly as bad. Conditions in that section will be more fully considered later in this article.

Separate figures are given on the illiteracy of the native and foreign-born males, and the comparison, which follows, is an interesting one:

Eastern States:		
	Native Born	Foreign Born
Connecticut	1.3	15.6
Delaware	13.4	17.7
Maryland	12.8	11.
Maine	3.2	21.4
Massachusetts	1.	14.
New Jersey	3.2	13.5
New York	2.	12.2
New Hampshire	2.	24.
Pennsylvania	3.1	20.3
Rhode Island	2.4	18.3
Vermont	4.2	23.3

Southern States:		
	Native Born	Foreign Born
Alabama	34.4	8.7
Arkansas	20.3	6.8
Florida	23.	11.8
Georgia	31.	6.9
Kentucky	19.3	8.7
Mississippi	34.1	10.8
North Carolina	29.5	6.4
South Carolina	35.4	6.2
Tennessee	22.	8.
Texas	14.1	25.5
Virginia	25.7	11.1
West Virginia	12.4	22.5
Louisiana	38.7	25.

Central States:		
	Native Born	Foreign Born
Indiana	3.3	9.7
Indiana	5.1	7.9
Iowa	1.8	5.2
Kansas	2.9	6.4
Indian Territory	15.9	17.1
Michigan	2.7	10.2
Minnesota	1.6	6.4
Missouri	7.1	6.9
Nebraska	1.3	5.2
North Dakota	3.8	6.6
Ohio	3.8	9.6
Oklahoma	5.9	6.6
South Dakota	4.8	4.9
Wisconsin	2.3	9.3

Western States:		
	Native Born	Foreign Born
Arizona	20.9	30.5
California	2.4	11.5
Colorado	2.9	7.3
Idaho	3.6	9.8
Montana	3.9	8.3
Nevada	14.2	10.9
New Mexico	28.	30.5
Utah	2.8	5.2
Washington	2.1	5.7
Wyoming	2.5	8.6
Oregon	1.9	11.8

When it comes to the native born citizen, New England comes to the front in the matter of education, and the poor showing made by the East in the general average, it must be admitted, can be

largely accounted for by the high percentage of foreign population. In illiteracy of native males, Massachusetts leads with the lowest percentage, 1; Connecticut has 1.3, but that is no better than Nebraska again; and Minnesota and Iowa are not far behind, with a percentage of 1.6 and 1.8 respectively. The highest percentage of foreign born illiterates is in Arizona and New Mexico, 30.5, but New Hampshire is nearly as bad with 24 per cent, Vermont with 23.3 and Maine with 21.4. That certainly does not speak very well for the French-Canadian factory hands in these three Northern New England States.

The Northern States having the highest percentage of foreign born population do not have the highest percentage of illiteracy. (The South has to be considered by itself on account of the negro.) North Dakota, for instance, heads the list with 35.4 per cent of foreign born population; but the percentage of illiteracy is but 3.8 per cent for the native and only 6.6 per cent for the foreign population. In Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota, where the foreign population averages 25 per cent, the average illiteracy of the foreign population is less than 9 per cent. Massachusetts has 30.2 per cent of foreign population and 14 per cent of it is illiterate. In Pennsylvania 20.3 of the foreign population is illiterate.

These figures indicate that the Scandinavian and German immigrants who have gone into the North-west are much better educated than the Slavs who work in the Pennsylvania coal mines, the Italians who congregate in the large cities of the East, or the Irish and French who form a large percentage of the foreign population of New England.

The Southern group is the only one in which the percentage of illiteracy is higher for the foreign than for the native born males, but that condition is accounted for by the fact that practically all the negroes are native born. It might be supposed that the high percentage of illiteracy in the South is due to the ignorance of the negroes, but the census reports do not fully justify this expla-

nation. The percentage of illiteracy of native white and the colored males in the Southern States is as follows:

	Native Whites.	Colored
Alabama	14.2	59.5
Arkansas	10.8	44.8
Florida	8.6	39.4
Georgia	12.1	56.3
Kentucky	15.5	49.5
Louisiana	20.3	61.2
Mississippi	8.4	53.3
North Carolina	19.	53.1
South Carolina	12.6	54.7
Tennessee	14.5	47.6
Texas	5.3	45.
Virginia	12.5	52.5

The average illiteracy among the whites is higher in the above States than in any group of States in the Union. With the exception of New Mexico, Louisiana heads the list and North Carolina, Kentucky, Tennessee and Alabama are not far behind. Slavery kept the poor white as well as the negro in ignorance; and the South has not yet outgrown the conditions of the ante-bellum days in this regard.

The illiteracy of the negro in the South seems appalling, for on the average it is over 50 per cent. But it is really remarkable that in one generation since slavery half the males of voting age should be able to read and write. The school-master, however, still has a long, hard task ahead of him in the South. In Louisiana over 61 per cent of the negro males are illiterate, and the negroes constitute over 47 per cent of the total population. In South Carolina they are over 58 per cent of the total population, and almost 55 per cent cannot read or write. In Alabama they are over 45 per cent of the population and show almost 60 per cent of illiteracy.

In the light of these figures we of the North cannot think it strange that the South deems it necessary to restrict negro suffrage. We may not justify all the methods used to accomplish this restriction, but if we were in their place, it is a question whether we might not do as they are doing.



"The Old Vallejo Place." 2½ miles from Napa.

NAPA VALLEY

BY CARLOTTA REYNAL.

INTRODUCTION.

"I spied a beautiful valley,
All nestled cosily down
In the laps of some grand old mountains
That were flecked with green and brown."

These lines are graphically descriptive of one of the loveliest valleys in California.

To drive through Napa Valley upon a clear day is to inspire poet and painter with vague, harmonious dreams which, perchance, sing themselves into verse, or burst into glory upon the canvas. The great mountains, leaning over against and towering one above another, in a bewildering, irregular chain, hold the little valley in an embrace which neither the march of years nor the evolutions of nature has broken. One could write volumes of these grand old hills, silently guarding their priceless wealth, like the

grim giants of Fairyland lore who stood speechless, sword in hand, before the mighty caves which hid their gold. Only a fairy wand was able to cause the giants to reveal their hoarded treasure, and it almost seems as though a similar magic had disclosed the wonderful richness of these Napa mountains, the discovery of whose concealed forces and fertility of soil has been so marked and rapid.

In the early days the Indian—lonely, ignorant, wondering "Child of Nature"—stood motionless among these fastnesses, dimly feeling their beauty, faintly alive to his privilege in living among them, but too wild and untutored to convert his splendid inheritance into gold.

But one day, after the Spaniard had come, and the chastened Indian had first fought and then fled, the mountains themselves spoke! Suddenly, there was a terrible roaring, a fearful convulsion of the shaking earth, and volcanic fires burst



Sugar Loaf Mountain.

from the summit of Mt. St. Helena and other smaller peaks. The Spaniard awoke, dreamed no longer, for the rocks had split open and a future of marvelous promise lay within their emerald depths.

From that day to this the mountains have been the work-shops of clever men. Across their glossy surfaces the grape vine trails; on the pleasant plains below them spread graceful orchards and prosperous farms, while bold Bacchus, himself penetrates into their inmost depths.

Running hundreds of feet deep and wide into the stone foundations of the hills are dark cellars, lined with huge hogsheads into which the juice of the grape is poured. Thus, without and within, these famous mountains are store-houses of ever-increasing wealth, and the history of Napa Valley is one continued recital of growth and prosperity.

NAPA COUNTY.

The traditional early history of Napa County is much like that of the other Californian settlements. First the Indian, then the Spaniard, and then the pioneer white men. At the time the Americans took possession of the terri-

tory now called Napa County, it was a part of "Alta" California, roamed over by the Indian and Spaniard. The ownership of the land was then through Spanish and Mexican grants, which the United States Government afterwards confirmed, so that the titles are incontestable, and run straight back to the first Government titles.

Of a certainty the Indians named the county, but the correct significance of the word Napa is a matter of some doubt.

One local historian asserts that Napa means fish, and this does not seem improbable, as the Indians came in dense crowds to the Valley because of its general fertility and attractive fishing facilities. But nevertheless, we are inclined to credit a different derivation. With the Indians, the word "Nappo" meant village. Thus, "Hoo-la-nap-po" signified "Lily Village"; "Ha-be-nap-po," "rocky Village," and "Kai-nap-po," "Wood Village." It is therefore reasonable that the quiet valley, asleep among the hills, would be chosen by the red man as a sheltered place for his wigwam and squaw, and hence be termed his village, or home.

Napa County is bounded on the north

by Lake County, on the east by Yolo and Solano Counties, on the south by Solano County and San Pablo Bay, and on the west by Sonoma County.

It is the smallest county, only the size of Rhode Island, but for reasons mentioned in the introduction, one of the richest sections in the State. Spurs of the Coast Range Mountains bound it on the north, east and west, and divide it into a number of very productive valleys, with fertile soil, congenial climate and gorgeous scenery.

Its population is over 17,000. It is free of any material debt, and its rate of taxation is: State and county, \$1.65. As in other counties, Napa is wonderfully blessed by nature, which seems markedly partial to California. Here the farmer needs no artificial irrigation, and the water is some of the purest to be found anywhere. Cereals do well here, and luscious fruits reward the orchardist. Cherries, prunes, peaches, apricots, pears and apples grow lavishly, while almonds, walnuts and olives of recent years have been steadily increasing in commercial value. The making of olive oil is a practical industry throughout the county, and Mr. Vincent Smith of Napa City has perfected the process to such an extent that his oil received the gold medal. His oil is put up in fine bottles, and he sends



Goodman Public Library, Napa.

much of it East. As though bent upon crowding this small county with every desirable product, nature sends mineral springs bubbling to the surface which restore health, stimulate tired brains, and add wonderfully to the prosperity of the section.

Blessed with a large supply of pure ozone, plenty of sunshine, and plenty of



State Bridge, St. Helena.





Stone, Marble and Granite Works, Napa.

rain, the county is further blessed in its people. Progressive, clear-headed men and women inhabit the pretty valley. They love its historic past, take pride in its prosperous present, and are steadily working for a brilliant future. The Supervisors, during the past ten years, have been making many improvements, especially in the structure of bridges. Only stone bridges are put up now, and several of these are very handsome and costly.

Also great care is taken of the roads, and all other public affairs.

NAPA CITY.

Napa, the capital of the county, is forty-six miles north of San Francisco, situated at the head of navigation on the Napa River, which river has its source high up in the hills, and runs the entire length of the valley. Besides being one of the cleanest and prettiest little towns in California, Napa has many commercial advantages. Tide-water floats ocean craft to its wharves, and it is the principal station on the Napa Valley branch of the Southern Pacific. The small harbor presents an imposing approach, with its two tanneries (in which are made glove, shoe, harness, and sole leather), its woolen mill, glove factories, planing mill, shirt factory, flour mills, fruit driers, cannery, cream of tartar works, distilleries, wineries, lumber yards, etc.

Napa City is destined to become a manufacturing center of peculiar inter-



Napa Soda Springs.

est because of its varied and unsurpassed attractions for the business man and the tourist. Its streets are busy and well-kept and illuminated with gas and electric lights; its buildings are fine, its private residences eminently handsome and refined, its churches and banks elegant and prosperous. The city of Napa has a perfect system of water works, its large mains being filled from an underground stream two miles away by means of steam pumps, and a three-million gallon reservoir.

Not alone in Napa, but all through the valley one is amazed at the ambitious educational institutions. Truly, California can afford to smile when termed the "wild and woolly West," considering the fact that there is one college student for every four hundred inhabitants, a larger proportion than in any other State of the Union. In advertising a piece of land for sale that old philosopher, Themistocles, noted that "it lay by a good neighbor." California gives scholastic proof that her people are already good neighbors.

Right here in Napa City are good schools, well-paid teachers, imposing edifices, and a business college and school of shorthand, whose energy and progressiveness would shame many a larger place.

Education is one of the most essential factors in any nation's progress, and it is indeed gratifying to discover in the smallest county in the State methods and means of enlightenment which compel unstinted respect and admiration.

Now let us venture outside the city, and drive seven miles distant to the Soda Springs. Feasting our eyes upon the mountains, always seeming so near that we feel inclined to stretch our hands and stroke their soft slopes, we pass out of the busy town, past lovely homes, peaceful farms, climbing higher and higher until the winding road seems a garden of green and hush, trees nearly meeting overhead, and only the music of stream and bird to break the restful silence. Finally we enter massive gray-stone gates, surmounted by two solemn stone owls, whose unblinking eyes compel and attract us, and we are within the grounds of the springs. Climbing still



Business College and School of Shorthand, Napa.

higher, at the head of a canyon, 1000 feet above sea level, the Napa Soda Springs commands a view of the country for twenty-five miles around. Looking southward from here over the beautiful valley is a landscape of wonderful charm: green fields, cultivated farms, orchards, vineyards, creeks, groves of majestic oaks, and in the distance San Francisco Bay glistening in the sun. In the west, that old warrior, Tamalpais, looks proudly through a veil of violet mist towards



County Court House, Napa.



Napa State Asylum.

his two neighbors, Mt. Diablo in the east, and snowy Mt. St. Helena in the north.

The environments of the springs are charming and cozy nooks, the beautiful and stately oaks festooned with hazy Spanish moss and ivy, make the scene a perfect picture to tired eyes. Altogether Napa Soda Springs is one of the most delightful watering places on the Western Coast. Lately there have been many stone improvements made, all the stone being quarried from the hills near by, no two buildings being alike. The hotel accommodates two hundred and fifty guests, and is crowded during the season. As a cure for asthma and all consumptive tendencies, these springs are famous, and are yearly increasing in patronage. The variety of trees found within the grounds is remarkable. The



J. A. Greenwood's grounds.

eucalyptus and mountain pine tower above their fellows; the Italian cypress adds a southern charm of its own, while the palm, the almond, olive and orange trees testify to the generous fertility of the soil.

Numerous living streams of fresh water burst from the mountain sides at such an elevation as to send the flow over the entire thousand acres constituting the property of the springs. Of course, the particular feature which distinguishes this spot is its mineral springs, world-famed for their curative powers. A flow of almost 4,000 gallons daily is developed, mingling, iron, soda, magnesia, lime and muriate of soda with free carbonic acid gas. From over twenty of these springs is poured forth what is so well-known in the commercial world as "Napa Soda." The water is bottled and sold just as it flows, pure from nature's laboratory, with all her sparkling freshness upon it.

Within a mile from Napa, in a different direction, lies the State Insane Asylum, built at a cost of \$1,500,000. It is a magnificent institution, and beautifully located in spacious, well-watered grounds. If anything can restore a poor, weak mind, and rest a distorted, suffering brain, surely a sojourn within this quiet, secluded spot can do it.

The scenic beauties remind me that there is excellent fishing all through Napa County. Within a short distance from Napa one can land pretty trout, and higher up the stream big salmon have

been found. A trout stream is so attractive: nearly always it runs through a quiet, sheltered place, its water very clear, and the small fish are so delightfully plucky and energetic in wriggling off the hooks!

Napa City, being at the lower end of the valley, its system of agriculture is diversified. Broad grain fields and thrifty orchards are intermingled with the familiar vineyard, showing that within the limits of the county nearly every branch of farming industry can be conducted successfully.

The entire valley is highly favored for every marketable product of a luscious land, and its fruit orchards are now especially luxuriant. A few years ago a deadly insect destroyed many vineyards and farms, but now its poisonous presence is banished, and health and wealth adorn each orchard and vine.

As instance, note the picturesque prune orchard of the firm of W. M. Fisher & Co. and its substantial packing house where the prunes are packed fresh from the orchard, and transported, in attractive boxes, to the East for sale.

The writer had a box opened for her inspection, and the large, glossy, purple fruit, flawless and cleanly packed, artis-



J. A. Greenwood's residence.

tically wrapped in pretty tin-foil and white paper covering, was appetizing and wholesome enough to make one long to live upon just such prunes forever. The plentiful rainfall in Napa Valley, and its situation near the coast, has made possible this splendid growth of prunes and other fruits. The moist mornings of the early spring and summer allow the fruit to fully mature and grow to a good size, and contain a large percentage of saccharine, which is most desirable. The Napa fruit compares favorably with any in the State, and the Eastern markets are



Oak Street, Napa.



Fisher's Orchard, Packing House, and Drying Plant, Napa.



Residence of E. W. Churchill.



The Churchill Vineyard



Views of Churchill Vineyard, Napa Valley.



Drury Melone's Grounds, Napa.

steadily increasing their demand for it. The visitor to Mr. Fisher's packing-house is impressed with the conveniences of its appointments. The fruit is packed fresh from the orchard, never being touched by hands in the process until

it is put into the boxes. The system is complete, condensed, and a shrewd intelligence carries it successfully through.

Proceeding further on towards St. Helena and Calistoga, at the northern end of the valley, we find the soft-hued moun-



Drury Melone's Residence, Napa.

Three
Artistic
Napa
Homes



Judge Ham -



The Deringer Place - St. Helena -





Roman Catholic Church, St. Helena.

tains closing in upon us, and the big, rolling vineyards, covered with vines, rising upon either side.

Right here in the very heart of Napa County is the "To-Kalon Vineyard," the property of Mr. E. W. Churchill. This ranch contains five hundred and thirty acres, three hundred of which are laid out in the productive grape. It is one of the largest resistant vineyards in the State, all the vines being grafted to the best resistant stock coming from France and Germany. Only dry wines are here produced. The cellar capacity is one-half million gallons, equipped with all



New Grammar School, St. Helena.

the modern improvements for the cultivation of fruit and the making of wine. Some there are who think that Napa County produces no citrus fruits, but this one ranch alone contains large orchards which bring forth many varieties of fruit—oranges, lemons, peaches, apples, prunes, and almonds.

ST. HELENA.

Passing through Oakville and Rutherford, we finally reach "lovely St. Helena," the theme of many a sonnet and romance. The scenic beauties of St. Helena are unsurpassed in the State. This is no tribute with a commercial value but an honest personal sentiment. I love St. Helena!

To drive out from the snug little town in a northerly direction whether the sun smiles or the rain pours down, the impression received is charming and lasting. Straight ahead the road apparently terminates in a locked chain of mountains; to the right and left the chain continues. Look backward, and far away the mountains still beckon you. To fully appreciate St. Helena, drive out early upon a cool, moist morning, when the sun is tempered by a soft, seductive haze, enhancing the romantic interest of the valley, and preparing one for the historic and superstitious legends connected with its earliest days.

The town itself boasts about two thousand inhabitants. Its local affairs are well managed, and in a prosperous condition. Its streets are well-kept and attractive. The residence part of the town contains the handsome homes of many wealthy men, side by side with many a cozy cottage sacred to the memory of a dead past.

The business part is substantially built, and contains many brick and stone buildings.

St. Helena is no laggard in the forward march, and her shops are remarkable for their enterprise and smartness. This little, hidden-away town in an historic region, is destined to be the lodestone attracting those who crave rest, beautiful scenery, and an incomparable climate.

St. Helena's schools are her pride. Recently a modern grammar school building has been erected at a cost of \$24,000.

It is most complete in every way. No finer structure could be desired even in the heart of a big city. Fresh, commodious, refined, it ranks with the very best schools in the State. Its system of electric light, bell-calls, teachers' signals, etc., is perfectly arranged, while the modern equipments of each class-room are above criticism.

St. Helena has water and gas works, an efficient volunteer fire department, three live banks, three weekly newspapers, and all necessary telephonic and

it is difficult to realize that within that busy brain there is concealed a tenderness of sentiment, a strong human nature which has broken through its practical fetters, and has sent a sad, sympathetic cry of heart-felt appeal out into the world.

The book he has written bears as yet no title, nor has it yet been committed to any publisher, but it is sure to succeed and feel its way into every big-hearted philanthropic nature. It is an impassioned pleading for those afflicted with terrible inherited tendencies, which so



"The Old Mill."

telegraphic facilities.

And now right here, before the atmosphere of Napa City has deserted us, and before we enthuse over St. Helena's suburbs and penetrate into its region of superstition, Napa City and St. Helena must be joined in a book-review which possesses strong, personal attraction.

The District-Attorney of Napa County, Mr. Theodore A. Bell, has written a novel. This will come as a surprise to many—seeing the young barrister in court, cool, convincing, affable, and "slow to wrath,"

often lead to the fearful crimes of this period. "Heredity" is the keynote of this startling novel; heredity against virtue and a strong, dominating will-power. Mr. Bell asks, and answers, the old question: Can we judge those born into an atmosphere of crime, born to love it, born to emulate its cleverness? Can we judge these unfortunates as we do those born under a luckier star, under purer conditions, with no generations of sin to limit and cripple them?

Read this intensely human story for

light upon this sorrowful old riddle. Accustomed in his legal connections to the extremes of life, to sifting the dross from the gold, Mr. Bell has, in this story, presented a stirring, striking picture of faulty human nature lifted out of its hopeless, inherited depravity by the compelling power of a good man and a good woman.

The author, while often dramatic and always forceful, never eliminates or glosses over the crooked human side of every character, and even the real hero of the tale—Dr. Weston—has a secret fault which he only overcomes through undertaking the rescue of a soul far more deeply cursed than his own, whose reformation so ennoble his own nature that its tainted weakness becomes impossible. While it possesses the small faults of a first publication, still the book is human, logical, ingenious and natural. Its characters teem with life, not the stilted story telling life, but the down-right, real thing. The story begins with a robbery, successfully consummated by father and son, who gloat over their luck. The father is the incarnate type of every vice inherited through successive generations, and augmented by his own villainy and degradation. Hated and feared by the entire country-side, brutal and vicious and untrustworthy, still one human being loves him. His boy, and youthful partner in crime, loves and admires him. This is not strange, considering the fact that the boy's whole short life had been spent in an atmosphere of crime, and morbid dissertations against the law and order of the land. Compelled to shoot the father in self-defense, the officers vindicate themselves before an impromptu jury, while the boy, stupid with misery, utterly friendless, listens sullenly until blame is imputed to his dead father. Then with fearful passion, he cries: "You lie! Dad didn't try to kill you! You shot him down like a dog, and now to clear yourselves, you say you had to do it. It's an infernal lie, and I won't stand here and let you abuse poor dad any longer!"

While the boy, maddened into a delirium, insults and repudiates every living soul, a stronger spirit than his and a nature blessed with gentle human pity,

enters, and Dr. Weston rescues this poor sport of a tainted heredity, transplanting him into a new world of purity and refinement. Through all the following years this new interest in life is gradually reclaiming the good Doctor from his secret sin against himself and future generations—the deadly and degrading morphine habit.

With the introduction of the two women, representing opposite types, and the wicked, revengeful Indian, the story increases in intensity of power, and the climax is too unusual and dramatic to spoil by describing. All through the story the fearful results of a corrupted heredity are vividly portrayed, and the mighty, unequal battle between virtue and inherited vice is pictured by a master-hand. Even Josephine, the dark beauty whose fascinations led men to ruin, and whose nature arouses our worst condemnation, even she—child of crime—compels pity as she cries, for once being honest with herself:

"You condemn me, papa condemns me, the world condemns me, for what you are pleased to call my wantonness. Do you condemn the lioness for her fierceness, the rattle-snake for its venomous sting? Can you change the nature of the beasts, or serpents, by simple disapprobations? Would you not have to revise the laws of the universe first? Then why condemn me? The blood of India flows in my veins, the desires and cravings of that blood are handed down to me through a thousand generations. Can you undo the work of centuries, and imbue me with the sluggish blood of the Anglo-Saxon?"

This pitiful, distorted nature is in contrast with the noble, unselfish Maurine. In the capable finale, when heredity is at last subdued (if not conquered) by the loving influence of purity, we close the book with only one dominant feeling permeating us, namely: how true it is, how human and what a solemn trust is imposed upon all in this world who perpetuate the race and launch innocent souls into the world with only, at first, the indelible handwriting of Heredity upon their whiteness.

We predict a success for this startling story, and congratulate its talented author.



Situated in a quiet retreat among the picturesque wooded foot-hills on the southern slope of Howell mountain, is the St. Helena Sanitarium, which enjoys a wide and enviable reputation. It is one of the leading health resorts on the Coast, and its location is peculiarly attractive. Only three miles from St. Helena, good roads leading up the pretty slope, and prompt and comfortable carriage-service, make the sanitarium readily accessible. This institution is located in the thermal belt, at an elevation of 760 feet above the sea. Back of the cheerful main building is a cool, attractive forest of shade and mystery.

Upon a Sunday afternoon, nothing is more invigorating than a drive up Howell Mountain behind two strong, sturdy horses, and a careful driver. Up and up and up we go, every abrupt turn refreshing us with a view of the valley that paralyzes a pen. At one point we plainly see the Napa Soda Springs in the far distance. At another point we view the two desolate trees commonly known as "Adam and Eve." It is a peculiar fact that these two trees can be discerned away down the valley, and their name originated from their age and appearance. "Adam" is very tall and spare, and is not vested. "Eve" has a little foliage, which the vulgar mind terms clothing. So these two spectral trees stand there amid storm and sunshine, and when at last one or both must fall a vague, superstitious chill will strike the inhabitants of this valley.

Perhaps here a word should be said of Howell Mountain in particular. This fertile plateau, eight miles from St. Helena, is 1600 feet above the sea, and is



Ancient image erected by a St. Helena farmer over the grave of his wife.

a great wine-growing section. Besides, it is invested with an historic and superstitious interest. Tremendous trees grow there, and its location in the thermal belt (where every tender plant may be grown), presents a climate which is very attractive to invalids.

Anguin's Hotel, high upon the mountain, is a favorite summer resort.

Returning down the mountain to the Sanitarium, we pass a farmer's cottage in the front yard of which stands a curious, carved image of a woman. There is nothing beautiful about this figure, but it simply arouses interest because of its age and oddity. It was supposed to have been erected over the remains of a settler's wife. If the wife looked like this image, it is perhaps just as well for the husband that she is dead.

The main building of the Sanitarium is a commodious five-story structure, furnished with elevators, steam heat, electric bells and lights, and other modern conveniences. The parlors are bright and luxurious. The outside sloping piazzas connect every floor with the ground, a great advantage for invalids. Numer-

ous cottages and tents nestle among the trees, and there is a fine gymnasium and chapel in conjunction with the place.

Every essential for health and pleasure of a rural nature is here, and the eighty rooms for guests are always occupied. The treatment rooms are splendidly equipped, and the volunteer workers most energetic and cheery. Mr. Bell, in his book, says of the Sanitarium folk: "There you will find a strange sect grouped in a colony about the famous Crystal Springs, where the members greet each other as brother and sister, maintaining an asceticism better fitted for the Saints of the Middle Ages. They are deeply pious, these 'Seventh Day Adventists,' and consistent in their religious belief. They make good members of society, and are jealous in protecting and enforcing the plain principles of justice." Certainly there is a cheer and zest about this complete sanitarium, and a simple, well-lived creed, which compels the respect of all who visit it.

Down the hill from the Sanitarium is the Health Food Company's factory, from which thousands of pounds of Sani-



St. Helena
Sanitarium
and Food
Co.





tarium Health foods are shipped. These health food factories are wide-spread throughout the country, and their goods are sent all over California, Oregon, Nevada, Arizona, Utah, as well as to Alaska, Honolulu, Australia, New Zealand and Japan. Their goods are now extensively advertised by catalogues, price-lists, samples, etc., at fairs, in grocery shops, in newspapers and magazines. This St. Helena factory, in particular, is a wonderfully complete institution. Spotlessly clean in all departments, the dough is rarely touched by hand, and the immense ovens are kept busily at work all day long. It is intensely interesting to watch the various processes, and the many workers, and we predict a brilliant future for this St. Helena Health Food Company.

About a mile east of the Sanitarium, on the western side of Howell Mountain, is a deep cave extending far into the bowels of the earth. It is a mysterious place and as yet no human being has fathomed its secret recesses. For years no one ever entered it, and an almost impenetrable thicket has grown around its mouth. Great chambers, cut out of the white clay by the turbulent waters of early ages from time to time, "relieved

the narrow passage-way of its oppressiveness." Once or twice of recent years a bold spirit has ventured into its weird recesses, and one—a girl—penetrated further than anyone else, but even she succumbed finally to the dense blackness, foul odors and the awful gruesomeness of the place. How far the underground stream once flowed, or whence its sources flow, no one knows, for no one dares brave the terrors of that dark, narrow passage under Howell Mountain.

Rumor, of course, has been busy, and tales of a half-starved hermit with a romantic history, have floated around, but these Napa mountains are apt to develop the imagination, and the hermit must be taken "with a grain of salt," if he is taken at all.

Adjacent to St. Helena are many objects of interest to the tourist. The famous White Sulphur Springs, two miles distant, once presented a scene of "revelry and mirth," but are now a picturesque relic of a by-gone day. The winding road leading to these springs is very beautiful, and we can easily fancy the soft laughter, and the low murmurs of happy lovers in that time when the State was young.

The large stone winery of the California Wine Association (the largest in the State and costing \$300,000); the Beringer places and extensive wineries; the big stone bridge; and the sanitarium, lie still toward the north.

Still journeying towards Calistoga we pass the interesting old Krug place, the pioneer winery of California. Right here seems the place to put in a few words concerning the grape culture and wine making of Napa County. This was one of the first counties to make dry, light wines from the grape, and Mr. Charles Krug was the pioneer—veteran in this industry. In 1858 he planted twenty acres in vines, and made the first wine ever produced in Napa County, for F. Pachett, on a small press constructed by himself. In 1860 he made 5,000 gallons for Colonel Yount, the old settler at Yountville. Mr. Krug found his first venture so successful that he went in for larger plantations, and built a large cellar near St. Helena. This was the beginning of grape culture in the country.



A bunch of Napa Valley Grapes.

In 1873 Mr. Krug was burnt out, losing everything except the four walls, including 40,000 gallons of wine. After this disaster the cellar was rebuilt, and until the "Greystone" (California Wine Association) was the largest winery in

the county. The vineyard included over two hundred acres of the best variety of wine grapes, which were most favorably known both in this country and Europe. The cellars have a capacity of over 500,000 gallons. As in every instance in the early '80's, the phylloxera (a poisonous insect) attacked the vines in every vineyard, and the old vines were being rapidly destroyed. A Frenchman had brought a special variety of grape from his beloved France, and when this deadly visitor attacked his vineyard he quickly grafted his imported vine upon the stem of the diseased one a few inches above the earth. It grew, and from this the resistant graft was made which has saved the county from terrible loss. This fact is only known to a few, and is authentic.

In 1894 the Krug property passed into the hands of Mr. James Moffitt, of San Francisco, who is the present owner. The vineyard is being rapidly reconstructed on resistant roots, and the bothersome insect has entirely disappeared.

Still upon our way to Calistoga, we pass the old mill, the little white church, and historic cemeteries.

The mill is now only a picturesque



The Charles Krug Winery.



"Old White Church," St. Helena.

ruin, covered with vines, but its big wheel reminds one of the early days when it turned and turned to the music of the stream beneath it. These old mills are an ordinary sight in many of England's old towns, but are rarely seen in America.

The "Old White Church" possesses more than unusual interest for the denizens of the valley. During the early '50's, a few pioneer whites of the Upper Napa Valley met together and started a fund for a church. In those days the valley was "one continuous grove of white oaks among which the wild grass grew to the saddle-horn."

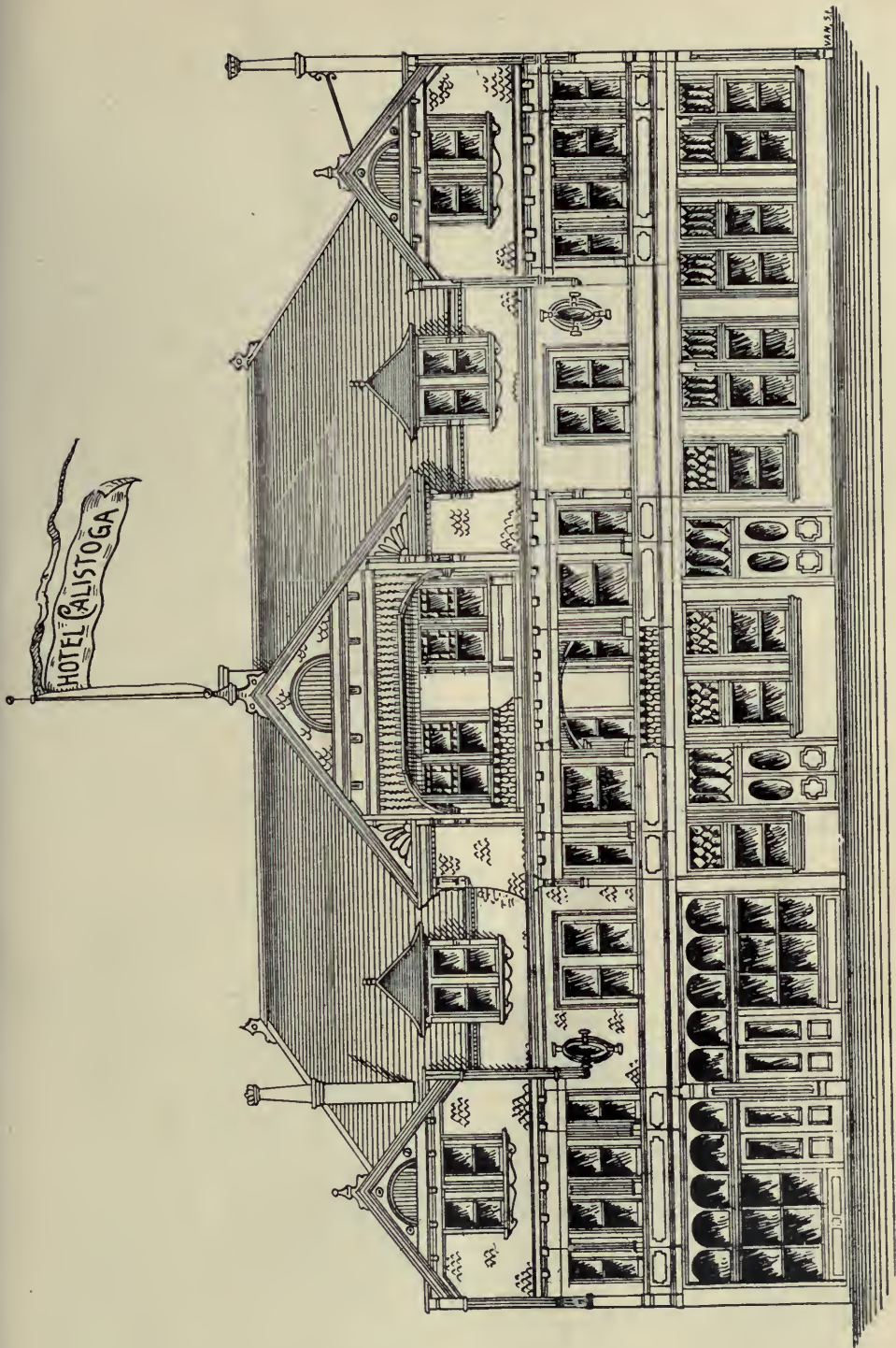
Here among the oaks, stood the little white church, which frequently echoed with music and holy service, and was the meeting place of the entire countryside. All unconscious of the coming of the Anglo-Saxon and his sway, these people lived happy lives, were baptized and married in the little church, and then at last laid to their rest in the quiet cemetery behind the small building. To-day the church is no longer white; its roof in places has rotted away, and its loose shingles rattle in the wind. The steps leading to its entrance have long since vanished, and only three square openings on each side indicate the places where its ancient windows once were. But

nevertheless this desolated building faces the east, and the morning sun streams in brightly as though to drive away the gloom from this lonely spot.

Close by the ruin is the old churchyard with its neglected graves. Over the mounds weeds and tall grass have grown, so that only one or two headstones can be discerned. This forgotten "City of the Dead" is a mournful place, and standing motionless there one can hear the faint rush of natural springs which gush from out the mountains behind, and the pretty tinkle of the cow-bells near by. Of this place Mr. Bell says: "The Old White Church, consecrated by so many sacred associations, and touched with just a hint of superstition, has become a spot of unusual interest. Despite the shades of the dead, romance has insistently intruded its presence, and marked it as a favorite trysting place."

CALISTOGA.

Nestling at the foot of Mt. St. Helena, in a rich and fertile little pocket of the valley at the northern extremity, is the pretty town of Calistoga. It is the terminus for the Napa Valley railroad, and the station for the stage lines that go over into Lakeport and the famous health resorts in Lake County, as well as the



New hotel being erected at Calistoga.

Great Geyser Springs, located in Sonoma County.

Calistoga has a population of over one thousand, and its citizens are energetic and thriving. Its bank, its livery accommodations, and its newspaper, are all prosperous. Despite the fact that this charming little town was razed to the ground by a terrific fire a little over a year ago, still to-day it presents a flourishing appearance, and small traces of the disaster are noticed. With remarkable pluck and energy men rebuilt their own houses and shops with their own hands, and no time was lost in the reconstruction either.

But the most imposing and attractive new building is the "Hotel Calistoga," which has recently been opened to the public.

Its proprietors are Spreen & Powell, the affable hosts of the old "Magnolia Hotel," which was destroyed in the fire. The new building has a frontage of 108 feet on the main street, half a block from the Southern Pacific Railroad station.

It is a very handsome building, and its unique attraction is the Hot Sulphur Baths, with a temperature from 150 to 160 degrees, piped directly to the rooms; also there are large, hot, ancient Moor-

ish mud baths. These latter baths are a sure cure for all skin diseases, rheumatism, or any other ailments of an inflammatory nature. This "Hotel Calistoga" is certain to be well patronized during the season, as it is first-class in all ways, the cuisine excellent and its location unsurpassed.

With a fine hotel, convenient daily train service from San Francisco, and its many natural attractions, Calistoga is a retreat rapidly gaining in popularity. Right at the foot of the mountain, with an elevation of 365 feet, Calistoga is one of the prettiest sections in the State. The drives are famed for their scenic beauty, and their rough, wild romance. It is an experience not forgotten to climb up on top of one of those lofty six-horse stage-coaches, and drive over the mountains. The capable driver will describe how the stage had been "held up" by masked men, revolvers in hand, and many another thrilling episode. These mountain trips during the summer are very popular, and attract many tourists to Calistoga.

The country round about Calistoga is given up to nearly every form of farming pursuits. There are thrifty vineyards, profitable fruit orchards, and extensive grain farms in the vicinity.



Residence of Mr. H. A. Crawford, Napa.

CONCLUSION.

Space has only permitted an inadequate description of Napa Valley with its commercial and historic interest. The picturesque Vallejo place a few miles out of Napa City, the Old Mill, Old White Church and the gruesome cave, are all invested with a romantic, superstitious charm, while the pioneer wine press, constructed by Mr. Krug, the living wineries of to-day, the institutions, banks, and thousand other signs of a prosperous age, wear the glowing badge of commercial success, and must attract to this valley many in search of health, country homesteads, and a lucrative living.

Among the most thriving industries in this valley are the stock farms. Horse-breeding is carried on with great success here, all the climatic influences tending to make it a profitable and pleasant business. Mr. A. B. Spreckels, Esq., has a large stock farm a few miles out of Napa, upon which many of his racers are born and bred. In the East the winters are so severe that all stock must be under cover, while here, in the "sunshine" State the horse can be out all the year round.

The picture herewith shows Mr. Spreckels' imported thoroughbred,



"Crighton," who won the Huntington Challenge Cup for thoroughbreds at the San Francisco Horse Show in 1895, and who has won first prize every time exhibited since. "Imp. Crighton" has a double cross of Australian Sir Hercules, styled the Australian Stockwell, and, coming from such a great mare as Ghinni-Ghinni, should prove a great sire.

The trend of the century is westward, and yearly California welcomes upon her shores capitalists and tourists who succumb to her innumerable fascinations, and satisfied that the world holds no more-favored spot.



Steamer landing on Napa River at Napa.

OUR NATIVE HIGHLANDS

BY CHARLES WESTGOTT

SAN FRANCISCO is the future New York and London, not of California, but of the Pacific Slope and Ocean shore empire. In less than twenty years the city and its immediate environs will contain over one million people. It is fortunate, then, that a region so marked for over-population should have in its vicinity such a rare combination of health-giving hills, the mountainous Tyrol and Scotch Highlands immediately beyond its south gate—that within a short ride of the city's limits there should lie a natural sanitarium surpassing both in healthfulness and beauty the original Ben Lomond after which it is named. For at the foot of Ben Lomond Mountain the famous and beautiful peak on the San Lorenzo River and in the Santa Cruz Mountains, nine miles north of Santa Cruz, a new hotel—the Rowardennan—a quarter of a mile from the pretty village of the same name, has been recently constructed, and every convenience of the city hotel has been put into this “lodge in the wilderness,” which was designed after the colonial style of architecture, with hard-wood finished interior.

The climate and topography of this

entire region is the exact antithesis of San Francisco. The change is so entire and so salubrious that the stranger cannot but ask himself: “Why should I not bring my wife and children here—not alone for a holiday, but to live?” Yonder bay region is all very well for toil and commerce, but a poor place in which to renew the armor for the fray. If you doubt the veracity of the scribe it would pay you to accept my invitation and ascend with me to the crest of Ben Lomond, which towers one and a half miles above the village nestling at its foot. Take a breath and look around. Before you in every direction of the compass is a landscape unique, inspiring and difficult to duplicate in the entire Coast Range from Puget Sound to Acapulco. Turning to the northward your vision is attracted by a bird's-eye view of a veritable cathedral of the woods. The “Big Basin,” the last stronghold of the grand primeval woods of this entire region, is in full view. They are now what they were four thousand and more years ago—God's first and grandest temple in this noble landscape. Beyond and to the right you locate the charming gateway of the mountain province in which you



The New Hotel Rowardennan.

stand. By glancing over the portals of Los Gatos you can encounter the Lombardy plains of Northern California—the fertile Santa Clara Valley—an almost continuous orchard, and in the distance, standing boldly out, the top of Mt. Hamilton Observatory. There are periods when that view implies a bird's-eye survey of twenty miles in width by thirty in length of cherry and peach blossoms.

Looking still further northward, you will, if the habitual fogbanks over the Golden Gate permit, discover, not the castles of Edinburgh, but the summit of Mt. Tamalpais, away to the north of San Francisco. To the south will be seen a clear, translucent atmosphere, and seemingly within the reach of your finger-tips, only twelve miles away, lies modest, but ever-alluring Santa Cruz. This exceedingly attractive place, destined to be Newport and Atlantic City of this Coast, is bordered almost up to the surf, with semi-tropical gardens.

Such surroundings as this tend to give the average mortal a healthy appetite for substantial things, and after a space spent in feasting on the marvels of the scene, the blue smoke curling from the commissary kitchen of the Rowardennan will tend to remind you that the hospitality has an enviable reputation as a "provider," and it is not long before you are testing the quality of the dishes produced by the Rowardennan's chef and washing down the excellent courses with draughts from the rare native wine of the region. Ben Lomond has its own peculiar vintage, and those who have partaken of it will attest to its excellence.

The Rowardennan has been as happily named as has the mountain itself. The "Rowan" is a berry bush that grows along the Scottish roads, and to it is attributed the power of driving away evil spirits. If the "blues" are the effect of evil spirits, as some may attest, surely the little berry is potent in the air of Ben Lomond. The beautiful grounds of the Rowardennan are a notable feature. Its premises comprise upwards of three hundred acres of redwood and hardwood area, intersected by the sparkling San Lorenzo River, damned at this point to allow boating over a stretch of water unequalled in the State.



Rowardennan cottages.



On a Rowardennan piazza.



Club house and bowling alley.



Among the big trees.

Fortunately for all concerned, the latent possibilities here have come under the control of cultivated men of brains, character and ample means, who have dotted many bungalows in this veritable Garden of Eden.

Due to its unparalleled natural ad-

vantages Ben Lomond has drawn to itself both capital and brains, and there is a permanent and fast-increasing colony of the real aristocracy of our country and State. The Big Trees are three and a half miles distant—a pleasure drive through canyons and over a beautiful



A glade on Ben Lomond.



A drive to the big basin.

and well-sprinkled road.

"How shall we get away from the city" that often pathetic question propounded by well-to-do but busy men, need not remain long unanswered in San Francisco, when Ben Lomond calls you for a rest of a few days or weeks and the Rowardennan assures you with its good entertainment, good company, and good cuisine—all to be had so close at home that you need not feel that you are separated irrevocably from your town interests. Every man owes it to himself and family that an outing be taken once or twice a year, and where can one go more conveniently, more healthfully, more delightfully than to the beautiful hostelry on the slopes of our own Ben Lomond?



Characteristic scenery.

CURRENT BOOKS

REVIEWED BY GRACE LUCE IRWIN.

A love for the great Sport, Indeed? "out-doors" of Nature was born in the embryo heart of embryo man, simultaneously with the beginnings of poetry. Rather a long time back, as eons go, but then as now the love of Nature was Poetry herself; however, there was the practical necessity of eating, the unfortunately imminent problem, and it brought a paradoxical delight in hunting and killing: the elemental man-need was there to range the free forests and (while their lover) to assassinate the children of Nature—the wild beasts and birds. Killing is a fetich still, though its need has passed, and sport out-of-doors is a part of the Anglo-Saxon religion. Because everything goes into book-covers now as soon as perpetrated, hunters and nature lovers continually give us readable records of life in the wildwoods, written sympathetically by The Man with a Gun. Shooting is pious because it is healthy. All this apropos of "Sport Indeed," an interesting book, written by Thomas Martindale. A lengthy work it is, telling of adventure in the forest wilderness in Maine. Let me quote from a chapter on the hunting of moose:

"And then followed a strange sight. The bullet had reached the bull, and he started with a rush and a crash like a locomotive off the rails. Away he went, straight for the woods to the left. The guide and I then sprang upon the top of the dam and watched the cow, who was still running about in the open, and thoroughly panic-struck. A couple of minutes elapsed, and then the wounded bull ran back from his stronghold of timber to get the cow away from the danger. This gave me a chance to fire three more shots at him. While he was circling around the cow and trying to lead her into the

safety of the woods, he seemed to say: 'You can shoot at me if you like and kill me if you can, but I'll save my frau or perish in the attempt!'

"And just as soon as he had her headed and started right, then he got away also, both entering the woods to the left. * * * * In a few minutes we found the trail of the wounded moose, by discovering a pool of blood in the swale grass and another considerable pool on the edge of the wood. After that the trails of the cow moose and the bull were so intertwined that it was hard to unravel them. But there were five of us, and each would discover a trace every minute or two. Sometimes a splash of blood on the side of a tree, or a drop on a leaf, or a streak of it on some dead-fall the wounded moose had stepped over. At one place he had passed between two trees, evidently a tight fit, as it showed the blood from the left hip, where he was struck, down his leg as far as the knee. At another place he had stopped, and quite a circle of blood was formed. But nowhere was there any sign that he had lain down." Courageous, faithful, plucky moose-king of the forests! I am glad he got away. And reading further we find a caribou bull, "as grand a specimen of his tribe as 'he sun ever shown upon. The guide whispered 'Hit him in the shoulder.' * * * the caribou dropped in his tracks almost at the same instant. He hadn't moved an inch after being hit. We soon covered the hundred yards or more of distance which separated us from his lordship, whom we found down on his knees, unable to rise. The guide wanted to finish him with the back of an axe, and would angle around him, trying to get in a blow in the forehead. The caribou, however, although unable to rise,

could and did swing his great antlers around in every direction. * * * Another shot from my rifle settled the matter. * * * As he was frozen pretty stiff, the men raised him up on his feet and fastened a rope from each antler to a couple of trees, one on either side of the road. These held up his head and we photographed him." Surely this was honor enough even for the brave caribou, thus torn from the protection of his family. Well, there won't be any caribou later. And episodes of this sort are "Sport Indeed." Mr. Martindale's own photographs serve as illustrations, and the work is gotten out in attractive covers by

George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia.

Another out-of-door book is "Touring Alaska and the Yellowstone," by Charles M. Taylor Jr., which is profusely illustrated from photographs taken by the author, who is experienced both as writer and traveler. He seems to be a careful observer both of minute details and of the beauties of nature. He manages to affect his reader quite as if one were traveling over his route oneself, and it is an interesting journey. As a book of information the work is valuable.

Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia.

In the sunny season,
California's California fields and
Cup of Gold. hills are ablaze with

poppies. We have all tramped through them and admired them. Why not cordially welcome, then, a book which sings them in prose and poetry? Professor Emory Evans Smith of Stanford University has gotten up a pleasing volume of this sort—a compilation of the verse and legend in which the California poppy has appeared, as well as other interesting matter related to it. He calls it "The Golden Poppy," and the flower sprawls in gold over a green cover. One of the best bits of poetry is a sonnet by Ina Coolbrith, which she calls by the Spanish name of the flower:

"Copa De Oro.

"Thy satin vesture richer is than looms
 Of Orient weave for raiment of her
 kings;

Not dyes of olden Tyre, not precious
 things
 Regathered from the long-forgotten
 tombs
 Of buried empires, not the iris plumes
 That wave upon the tropic's myriad
 wings,
 Not all proud Sheba's queenly offerings
 Could match the golden marvel of thy
 blooms.
 For thou art nurtured from the treasure
 veins
 Of this fair land; thy golden rootlets
 sup
 Her sands of gold—of gold thy petals
 spun.
 Her golden glory thou; on hills and
 plains
 Lifting, exultant, every kingly cup
 Brimmed with the golden vintage of the
 sun."

Joaquin Miller contributes:

"The Golden Poppy is God's Gold;
 The gold that lifts, not weights us down,
 The gold that knows no miser's hold,
 The gold that banks not in the town,
 But careless, laughing, freely spills
 Its hoard far up the happy hills—
 Far up, far down, at every turn—
 What beggar hath not gold to burn?"

Edwin Markham is represented by a lovely thing taken from his "Latest Peems," called:

"In Poppy Fields.

"Here the poppy hosts assemble,
 How they startle, how they tremble;
 All their royal hoods unpinned
 Blow out lightly in the wind.

"Men that in the cities grind,
 Come! Before the heart is blind.
 Here is gold to labor for;
 Here is pillage worth a war."

These lines by Warren Cheney are especially felicitous:

"In the fields gay prince's feather
 And tall poppies flaunt together,
 Giddy with the warm wind's wine."

The last line is very beautiful, full of vitality and color.

A reprint from Lippincott's Magazine of a full-page drawing by Miss Florence

Lundborg is among the interesting adornments of the book. The drawing is subtly suggestive of the line it illustrates:

"Cliff-born, but beautiful they blow
Beside the sea."

Altogether the book is charming and promises to fill a long-felt want. For never before has so much data upon our State Flower been gathered together.

San Francisco News Company. Murdock Press, San Francisco.

**The Younger Muse
of Thackeray.**

Now let us be worldly, civilized, - complex, return indoors to the drawing room awhile, and smile a jocular cynicism with Thackeray; for here we have his "Stray Papers." This remarkably interesting book is a reprint of his magazine and newspaper work, and written prior to the publication of his novels. We find here the reviews, short stories, verses and sketches, not included in any edition of Thackeray's "Collected Works," edited with an introduction and notes by Lewis Melville, who is author of "The Life of Thackeray." The illustrations are all from Thackeray's humorous sketches. As Mr. Melville says in his preface: "The republication of the writings of a great man's youth is, however a question that is continually being argued. It is urged that people, reading the worst, are inclined to lose their reverence for the best productions of the author; and, to a certain extent, I am quite willing to admit this contention. But a volume such as this is always issued, more or less openly, for the pleasure of students of literature, for the critical, rather than for the general reader—for those, in fact, who may desire to trace the development of a great writer's literary genius." And for such appreciative readers what a mine of interesting ideas, the "Stray Papers," even though issued at this late date, will prove. They will have the opportunity of tracing the growth of Thackeray's humor, both in his writings and in his sketches; of remarking how little, comparatively, his style changed; and how excellently he wrote as a young man. They will

see how it came about that the author of the review of "The Duchess of Marlborough's Letters" wrote "Esmond" and "The Lectures on the English Humorists;" that the young man who invented "Ramsbottom" in "The Snob" helped later to create "Jenkins" in "Punch," and that the artist who caricatured "Louis Phillippe" and "Brun" in the "National Standard," eventually drew "Lord Steyne" in "Vanity Fair." In one of the most charming humorous short stories he ever wrote, published first under the title of "Vultigeur" in "The Keepsake"—we have in Captain Joseph Raikes, the premonitory premonition of Rawdon Crawley. "Amelia" appears as "Arabella" in "A Partie Fine," but nowhere in the "Stray Papers" occurs a hint of the individual, the inimitable "Rebecca." In his college days, Thackeray wrote verse of a very frivolous description, for "The Gownsmen," as instance the following characteristic bit of nonsense:

"I'd be a tadpole, born in a puddle,
Where dead cats, and drains, and water-rats meet;
Then under a stone I so snugly would cuddle,
With some other tad that was pretty and sweet.
I'd never seek my poor brains for to muddle
With thinking why I had no toes to my feet;
But under a stone I so snugly would cuddle,
With some other tad as was pretty and sweet."

Or this bit of prose from the "Ramsbottom Papers"—

"Let me advise you to buy the 'Gownsmen,' a Cambridge paper; there was a beautiful epitaph in the last number. and I daresay I shall send some of my poetic diffusions, which I think are fit for desertion. The part in hysterics is not of a nature for the 'world's kin'—it is only a piece of private infirmity."

However, perhaps unnecessary to state, there is much beside nonsense in the volume, and some of the short stories are

as dashing, as wonderfully constructed, as charming and correct in style as anything Thackeray wrote in his later days. Let me quote a few paragraphs to prove this, from his short story called "Vol-tigeur" (the name of a race-horse): "It happened, then, that among the parties who were collected on the hill to see the race, the carriage of a gentleman, whom we shall call Sir Joseph Raikes, occupied a commanding position, and attracted a great deal of attention amongst the gentlemen sportsmen. Those bucks upon the ground who were not acquainted with the fair occupant of that carriage—as indeed how should many thousands of them be?—some being shabby bucks; some hot and unpleasant bucks, smoking bad cigars, and only staring into Lady Raikes' carriage by that right which allows one Briton to look at another Briton, and a cat to look at a king;—of those bucks, I say, who, not knowing Lady Raikes, yet came and looked at her, there was scarce one that did not admire her, and envy the lucky rogue, her husband.

"Of those ladies who, in their walks from their own vehicles, passed her ladyship's, there was scarce one lady who did not say: 'Is that all? Is that the beauty you are all talking about so much? She is over-rated; she looks stupid; she is over-dressed; she squints;' and so forth; while some of the men who did happen to have the honor of an acquaintance with Lady Raikes and her husband (and many a man who had thought Raikes rather stupid in his bachelor days, was glad enough to know him now), each as he came to the carriage and partook of the excellent luncheon provided there, had the most fascinating grins and ogles for the lady, and the most triumphant glances for all the rest of the world—glances which seemed to say: 'Look, you rascals, I know Lady Raikes; you don't know Lady Raikes; I can drink a glass of champagne to Lady Raikes' health. What would you give, you dog, to have such a sweet smile from Lady Raikes? Did you ever see such eyes? Did you ever see such a complexion? Did you ever see such a killing pink dress, and such a dear little delightfully carved parasol?' Raikes had it carved for her last year, when they were on their wed-

ding trip." And you know the couple well already. They are perennial, for they are types.

Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia.

As a matter for argument the war in South Africa is no longer a new question. It is more than ever a matter for surprise that the questions it represents are so long in being decided, but if it could have been done on paper, the battle of the books waged in its interest would have reached a crisis months ago. Here we have in pamphlet form "The War in South Africa: Its Causes and Conduct," by A. Conan Doyle, author of the larger work on "The Great Boer War." The present volume betrays something of the character, of an attempted vindication of the English side in their efforts to quell the evidently not easily quelled Boers. Mr. Doyle always writes in a clear and interesting manner, and in these some eleven chapters he gives concisely an abundance of facts and information. Whether or not we take his side in the controversy depends largely, I suppose, on what opinions we have already formed.

McClure, Phillips & Co., Publishers, New York.

"The Americanization of the World," or "The Trend of the Twentieth Century," is a book by W. T. Stead, "with several interesting maps." This is the way it begins: "The Americanization of the world is a phrase which excites, quite needlessly, some resentment in Great Britain. It is even regarded as an affront to England to suggest that the world is being Americanized. Its true destiny, of course, is to be Anglicised. And many are quick to discern something of an anti-patriotic bias in the writers who venture to call attention to the trend of the Twentieth Century.

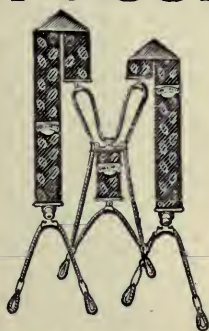
"To all such irate champions of England and the English it is sufficient to reply that, as the creation of the Americans is the greatest achievement of our race, there is no reason to resent the part the Americans are playing in fashioning the world in their image, which, after all, is substantially the image of ourselves." High praise for us, indeed!

Horace Markley, Publisher, New York and London.



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Its Origin, Aim and Results

By P. A. AIKMAN, M. D., Windsor, Ontario.

In 1892 I was appointed medical director of the Monroe Sanitarium, at Windsor, Ont. I had there an opportunity of studying the effect of morphine, cocaine and other remedies usually prescribed by physicians for the relief of pain. I saw how these drugs, while giving only temporary relief, destroyed the nerves, stomach, liver, kidneys, heart, etc.

It seemed to me that some formula could be devised which would ease pain and at the same time benefit the system.

With this object in view I first experimented with the various remedies in daily use with no satisfactory results. I then began a systematic test of numerous drugs upon my own person, and finally discovered that a properly balanced combination of Acetanilid, Caffeine and Bicarbonate of Soda would relieve pain but left a reaction upon the heart and digestive organs.

My next aim was to procure a remedy which would counteract such effect, and after months of further test upon myself and a number of patients I found that a homeopathically proportioned combination of Podophyllin, Nux Vomica and Blue Flag, combined with the above, counteracted all objectionable effects and produced a positive CORRECTIVE AGENCY OF UNLIMITED SCOPE.

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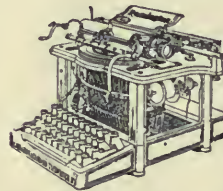
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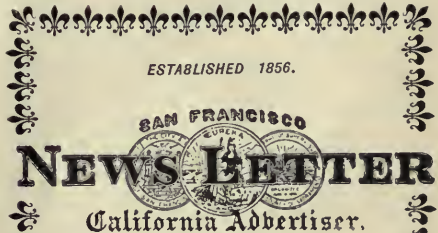
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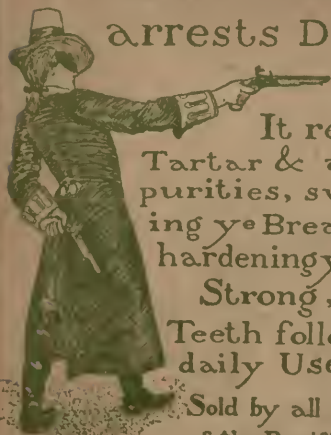
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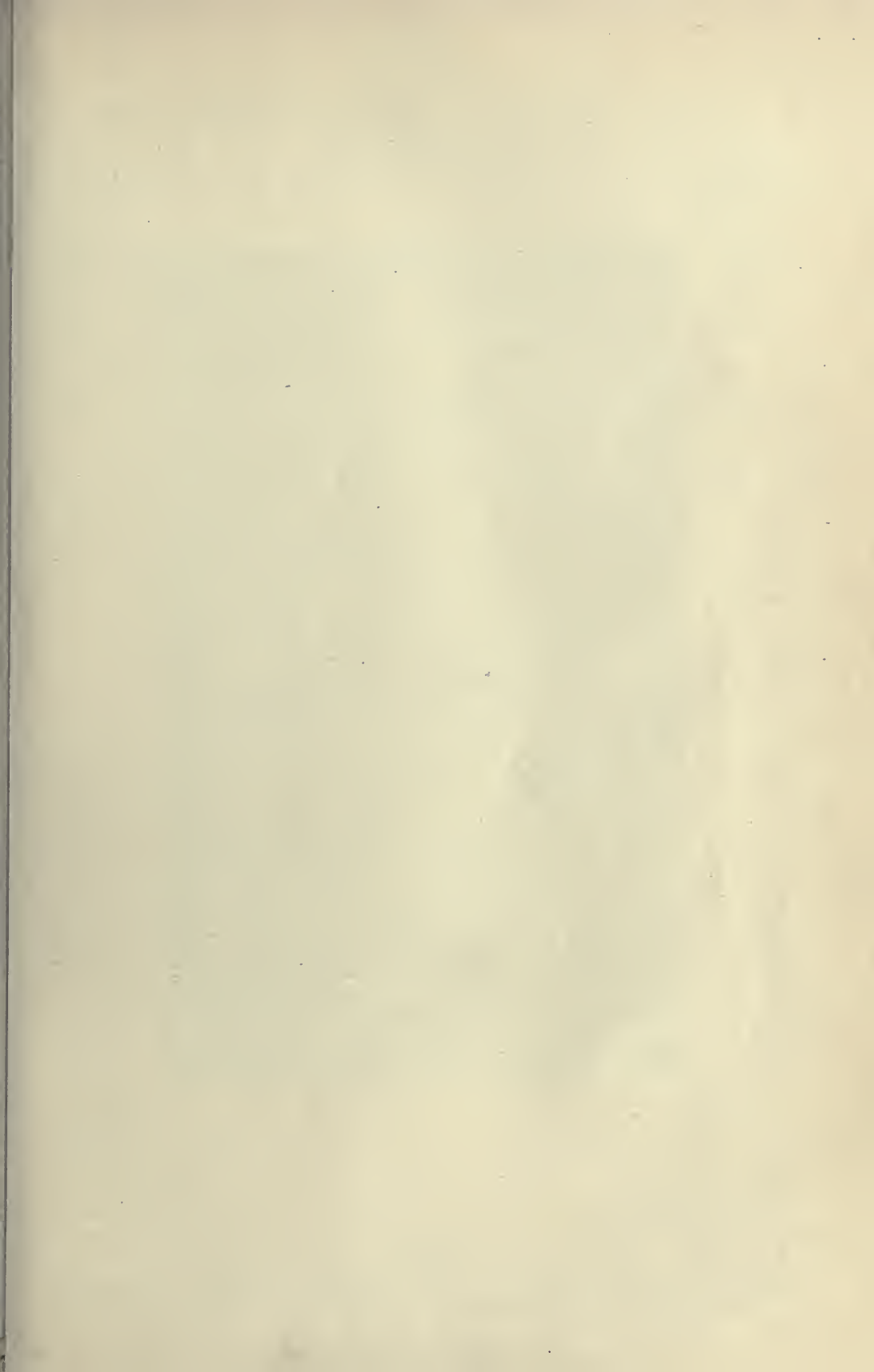


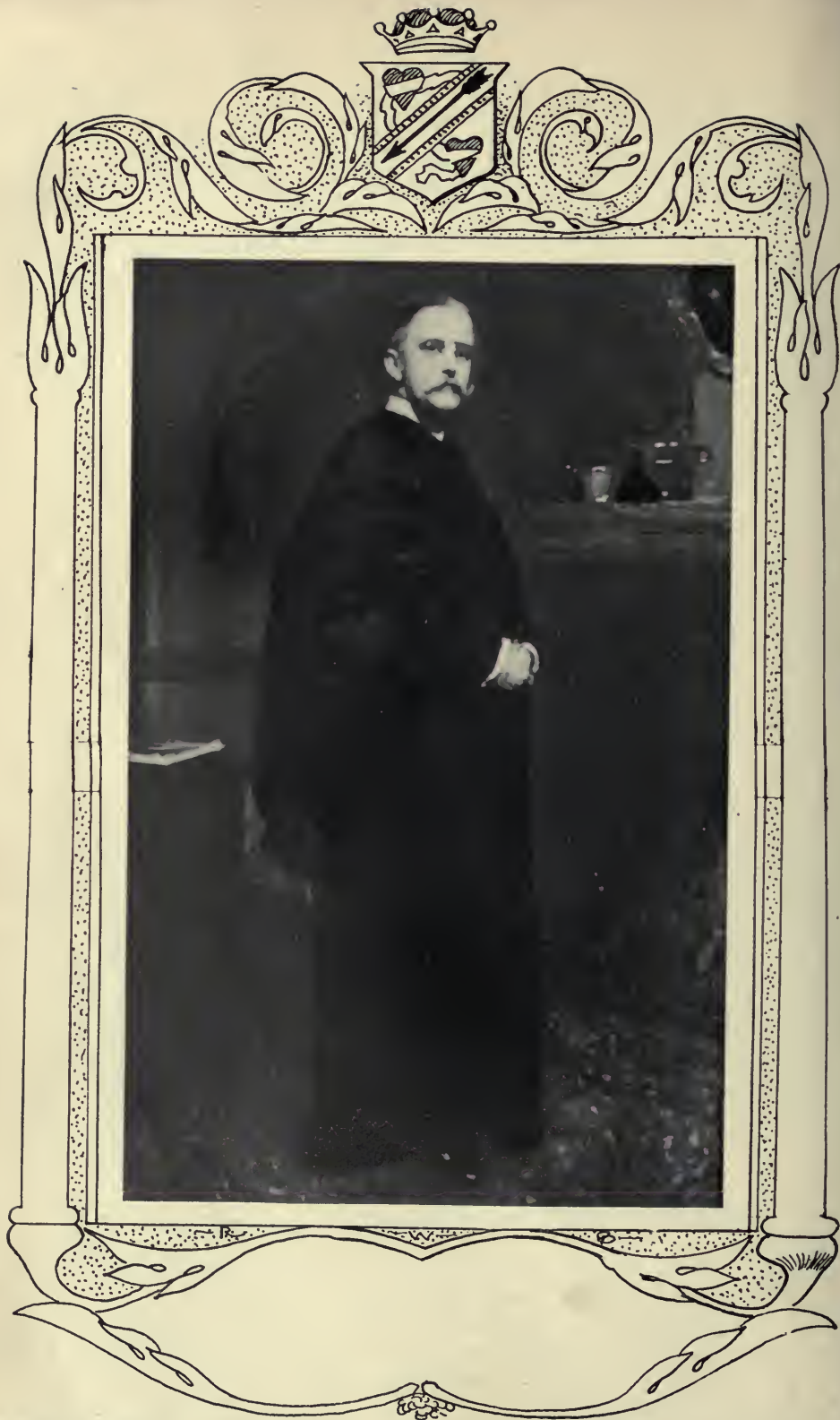
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Paid-in Capital.....	2,000,000
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From the painting by Orrin Peck

Overland Monthly

May, 1902.

Vol. xxxix

No 5.

The True History of the Founding of the University of California

BY SAMUEL L. LUPTON

FACTS of history sometimes grow dim in the past, the memories of men fail, and when the living witnesses pass away it is not always an easy task to rescue the truth from oblivion. The University of California has now been in existence for the period of time usually allotted as the duration of one generation, and the men who brought it into existence have nearly all passed away. It seems to me the true history of its foundation should be recorded, while there are yet some living witnesses.

On July 2, 1862, Congress passed an act under which this State became entitled to 150,000 acres of public land for maintaining an agricultural and mechanical arts college.

When the legislature met in December, 1865, the State was but fifteen years old. At this session William Holden, a lawyer from Ukiah, represented Mendocino County as an Assemblyman. Notwithstanding the burdens of the people of the State had been great and taxation heavy, Mr. Holden was in favor of accepting the grant of the Government and establishing and providing support for a State College, and he proposed, in making the effort to carry out this purpose, to have the institution located, if possible, in his part of the State.

We therefore find on page 135 of the Journal of the Assembly at that session, under the head of introduction of bills, this entry, "By Mr. Holden, for an act to establish an Agricultural and Mechanical Arts College in Sonoma County. Read first and second times, referred to a select committee of five, and the usual number of copies ordered printed."

On page 138 of the same journal, we find, "The speaker announced the following special committee on agricultural college, Messrs. Holden, Hunt of Santa Clara, Reed, Smith of Eldorado, and Meredith."

The Reed here mentioned was Charles F. Reed, assemblyman from Yolo County, and who was at the time the president of the State Agricultural Society, and the Hunt, assemblyman from Santa Clara County, was A. B. Hunt, a lawyer, and now registrar of the United States Land Office in San Francisco.

On page 271 of the same journal, a clerk was allowed the committee, on motion of Mr. Holden, for one week.

The special committee appointed on Mr. Holden's Bill was in favor of the purpose of the bill, but not in favor of fixing the location in Sonoma County, and favored the changing of the title and purpose of the bill to "An Act to Establish an Agricultural, Mining and Mechanical Arts College." The committee therefore adopted a substitute to the original bill so as to put the three leading industries of the State upon an equal footing.

Accordingly on page 372 of the same journal, we find this entry, "Mr. Holden made the following report, 'Mr. Speaker: The special committee to whom was referred Assembly bill No. 49, an act to establish an agricultural and mechanical arts college in Sonoma County, have had the same under consideration and report it back to the Assembly with a substitute therefor, and recommend the adoption of the substitute.

Holden, for committee.'

"On motion of Mr. Holden the usual number of copies of the substitute above



Bridge and walk made by students in 1896.

reported was ordered printed."

This substitute was passed by the legislature and became a law March 31, 1866.

On page 702, same journal, we find, Mr. Holden introduced, "An act to provide for the selection of the lands donated to the State of California by the Act of Congress, approved July 2, 1862, for the endowment of colleges for the benefit of agriculture and the mechanic arts, and all lands that may be granted to the State for like purposes," which act became a law April 2, 1866.

On page 770, same journal, we find Mr. Holden offered a joint resolution for the meeting of the Senate and Assembly in joint convention for the purpose of electing five directors for the new college, which joint resolution was adopted.

The joint convention was held, and Messrs. Joseph B. Meader, Henry Phillips, Felix Tracy, William Holden and C. F. Ryland were elected directors, (see Assembly journal pages 803, 806, 809), to act in conjunction with the three ex-officio members, who were the Governor

of the State, F. F. Low; the president of the State Agricultural Society, Charles F. Reed; and the president of the Mechanics' Institute of San Francisco, who was at the time, I believe, A. S. Hallidie, the inventor of the cable street-car system.

Thus the organization for the establishment of a State College was put in motion, and William Holden was all through the proceedings leading up thereto the moving active agent thereof.

When the State once resolved and undertook to establish a State college, "a high seminary of learning, in which the graduates of the common schools can commence, pursue and finish a course of study, etc.," its character and usefulness in the future was necessarily but a matter of evolution and development. The title by which this institution was named was the one used in the act of Congress making the grant of land with the department of mining added. The word college was used therefore instead of university, although the latter was used

in article IX of the first State constitution, wherein it was provided that all grants of land made by the general government, or others, in the past, the present or in the future, should be carefully protected, and the fund accruing from the rents or sale of such lands, or from any other source, shall be a permanent fund for the support of a university, (that is when the fund got to be large enough to establish a university), "for the promotion of literature, the arts and sciences."

In the memorial of the State Constitutional Convention to Congress asking for the admission of the State, on motion of William M. Gwinn, who was afterwards for twelve years United States Senator from this State, and the most influential representative the State has ever had at the National Capital, a grant was asked of public lands for the founding of a university. There were, however, at that time not people enough west of the Rocky Mountains to support a university.

The word university was not used as advisedly in those days as now. It was then often used to mean simply a higher class of college. Practically universities did not exist in the United States in those days. Even Harvard and Yale were then commonly known as colleges instead of universities by name. The so-called universities at that time in the United States were generally such only in name, and were institutions of comparatively minor educational importance and standing.

When this Agricultural College bill had become a law, the directors met, organized and elected Governor Low President of the Board. They then selected a site for the State College, which was located about a mile north of the present site of the university.

Prior to this time there had been several colleges established in the State. In 1851, the Methodists had established a college at Santa Clara and which is now known as the University of the Pacific. Very early in the fifties the Catholics had also established a college at Santa Clara, now known as Santa Clara College. These colleges have graduated many students.

Another college known as the College

of California principally under Presbyterian and Congregational influences, had been established about 1860, and it was located in Oakland. This college was the outgrowth of a classical school or seminary established by Doctor Durant. It had no president but the Rev. Dr. Willey, the vice-president, acted as such. Having the advantage of location, being near the leading commercial city, San Francisco, and the then center of the State and convenient to its controlling influences, a strong effort was made by its several professors to bring to its support the men of education and the possessors of wealth. A list was made of all the known graduates of colleges of the United States residing in the vicinity of the bay. Invitations were sent to them to attend the commencement exercises of the college, and their aid and interest sought in all available directions. The institution, however, was sorely pressed for means, and placed its hope for future development and strength upon the support of the influences above mentioned which it sought to draw around it. It had, however, obtained title to 160 acres of land where the university now stands, and which had at the instance of Frederick Billings been named Berkeley. This college was in existence for five or six years and graduated about twenty students during that time.

The passage of the bill to establish the State Agricultural College, and its proposed location near Oakland, was to this college of California as the handwriting on the wall. Its friends knew that the influences on which it must depend for prosperity and support would gather around the State institution, and that their college could not for want of support exist with the State College in its immediate neighborhood.

The proposal to establish this new agricultural and mining college met with such universal support and encouragement from the men of education in the State and the tax-payers that its future was assured. Those having charge of the College of California saw this. They could not absorb or unite the new colleges with theirs, for the act of the legislature expressly prohibited its being

united or connected with any other institution of learning in the State, and also from in any manner whatever being connected with or controlled by any sectarian denomination, while the College of California was at least a semi-Presbyterian and Congregational institution.

Such being the state of affairs with the College of California, those who controlled its affairs concluded that they might as well join in with the friends and supporters of the new college and help it along for the general benefit of the State. They therefore consulted with the friends and directors of the new State institution in regard to its future. As they had resolved to quit business and disincorporate, they agreed to turn over to the directors of the State College the 160 acres of land where the State University now stands, so that the location selected by the directors of the State College could be relinquished. This proposition was accepted. They also asked that the law be so extended that distinct provision should therein be made for a classical department for the new institution, as well as the departments for instruction in agriculture, mining and the mechanical arts, and for future extensions or affiliated colleges.

These suggestions all coincided with the views of the directors and friends of the new institution, and all agreed that the title of the new institution was cumbersome and inconvenient for use. It was therefore fully agreed by all concerned that the title of "University of California" should be adopted. It was also deemed wise to change the method of selecting directors and their number. These matters being fully agreed upon the trustees of the college of California stipulated to turn over to the State institution whatever assets it might be possessed of.

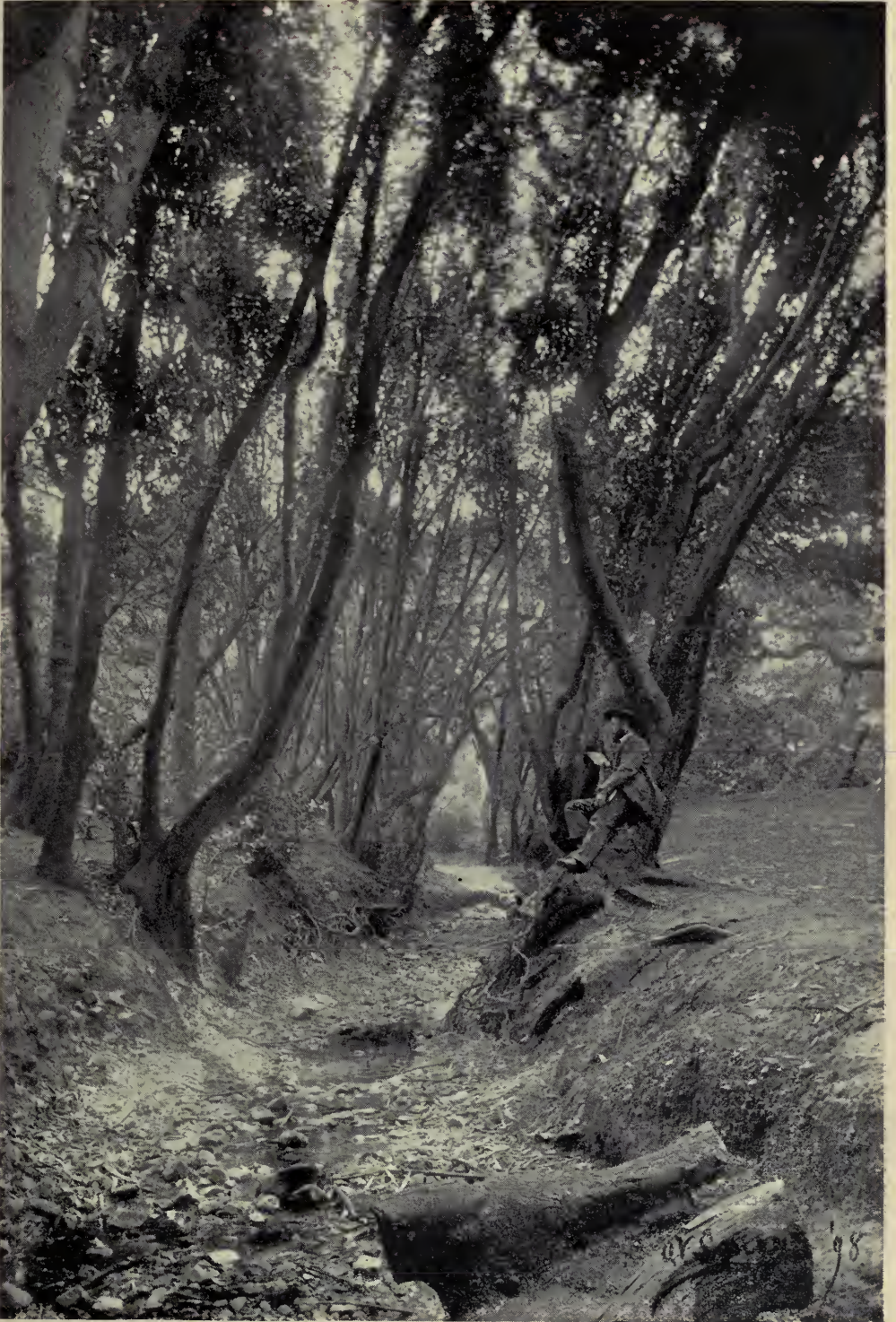
A bill by consent of all parties having interest therein was drawn embodying these proposals and agreements, and was introduced into the legislature at its next session by John W. Dwinelle, a prominent member of the San Francisco bar, and a graduate of Hamilton College, and who was at the time a resident of Oakland, and a member of the Assembly from

Alameda County. Of course this bill being intended to supersede the old law, as it did, was carefully drawn, though since many times added to and amended, and was designed to cure what crudities or imperfections existed in the original law. It was the result of two years' experience and reflection of the directors and friends of the new State college. It became a law March 23, 1868. When it passed the legislature, William Holden, who had been in the mean time elected Lieutenant-Governor of the State, and acted as president of the State Senate, advocated the passage of the bill. It substituted the more mature and perfected new law for the old one, and repealed the old one. If, however, the Holden bill had not been a law, the new bill introduced by Mr. Dwinelle and which became the substituted law, would never have had an existence.

I think these facts show that William Holden was the father of the University of California.

I was not uninformed about college matters in this State at that time, for a fellow college student, my senior in age and in classes, became in the early fifties one of the Professors of the University of the Pacific at Santa Clara, and remained with that institution for a number of years; while a college classmate of mine was the instructor in mathematics in the college of California at the time the agricultural bill became a law. In Rev. Dr. Willey's history of the College of California will be found a list of the known college graduates residing in its vicinity at this time and whose interest and influences were sought in behalf of the welfare of that college. My name appears in that list.

When the Holden bill was passed establishing the agricultural and mining college, and the Dwinelle bill was passed as an amendment or substitute therefor, I was at both sessions a member of the Assembly from San Francisco, being at that time elected by the city at large. I voted for and actively interested myself in the passage of both laws. I felt so much interest in the matter that, when the Holden bill was passed, I wrote an article calling public attention to the



Under the laurels.

law, and urging encouragement and support to the new institution. It was published as an editorial in the *Evening Examiner*, October 23, 1866.

The writing of this present article has been incited by the fact that the only formal history of the University of California published that I know of, and which seems to have the endorsement of that institution, intimates strongly that the reason the university was not founded earlier was because the people of the State were ignorant, and had to be educated up to the point of realizing the necessity and advantages of such an institution. It even intimates that the legislature was occupied in passing bills for the establishment of prisons and that the one that passed the Holden bill, was too ignorant to know enough to pass a bill establishing a State university at once. The exact language being, "Thus, in their blindness, did the legislators of 1866, seek to defeat the predestined organization of the university," thus attacking the real founders of that institution. As inducing causes to the establishment of the university, it recites vain acts of individuals of more or less erratic character, but whose efforts were devoid of effect or influence. It also gives great credit to persons who delivered speeches on occasions such as college commencements, in which the establishment of a university in the future was predicted, just as a fourth of July orator would predict the advancement, growth and glory of our republic in the future, drawing vividly on his imagination, regardless of fact or conditions, and had about as much influence in one case as in the other. The first thirty or forty pages of that history I believe to be untruthful in theory and fact. It assumes facts and gives credit where such does not belong, and withholds or suppresses credit from those to whom it belongs in connection with the foundation of the State College or university, and its intimations in some instances are wholly without just foundation. I believe it is due to the people of the State and to the character of the university that that part of the history should be rewritten.

The extraordinary circumstances under which California became a part of the United States, and was rapidly settled and became a State of the Union and has grown into a great commonwealth, passed so rapidly into history and under such uncommon and exceptional circumstances that it seems often difficult for the generation of to-day to comprehend fully the changes that have occurred, the growth that has been made, or the circumstances under which events took place or the trials and difficulties encountered by the early residents, not to say pioneers.

When the United States forces took possession of California in 1846, there were in this great State, which is seven hundred miles long and from two to three hundred miles wide, only about 5000 white inhabitants, with perhaps ten thousand so-called domesticated Indians, the wild Indians being unestimated. These few people were scattered over the surface of this great State. Yerba Buena of which the great commercial city of San Francisco is the successor, had at the time about 300 inhabitants, while cities like Sacramento, Stockton, and Oakland had none or only a nominal existence.

In 1850, when California was admitted as one of the States of the Union, its entire population was 92,597.

The character of this population and that of a few years after that date and its burdens, seem nowadays not generally understood.

The civilized world was electrified by the stories of the discovery of gold in 1848, and when the truth concerning the existence of gold became generally known intelligent, enterprising men of every State in the Union and every civilized and semi-civilized country in the world, began to wend their way to this State. It was as if the unfixd, unanchored possessors of energy and intelligence in the world bent their way to California. They came by steamers or sailing vessels around Cape Horn, or from south of the equator, across the Isthmus of Panama, or from the distant Orient, while others sought to reach the same destination by traveling thousands

of miles across the uninhabited, trackless and unknown plains and deserts, and over the Rocky and Sierra Nevada Mountains, in those days thought to be a trip to be undertaken only by the most hardy and venturesome, while fierce Indians and dangerous wild beasts were likely to be encountered at any hour of night or day.

Some of these people came with their families, others came to repair or make their fortunes and then return thither to their homes. Many came and many after a short stay returned, some with fortunes, others without. But others, attracted by the climate and business opportunities, and who saw a great future for the State and city, remained here to make their future homes.

The enterprise which these people displayed was extraordinary, the endurance heroic, with hope ever undismayed, one failure resulting usually but in another effort. Intelligence of the highest order dominated these people. All through the Placer mines, and in every branch

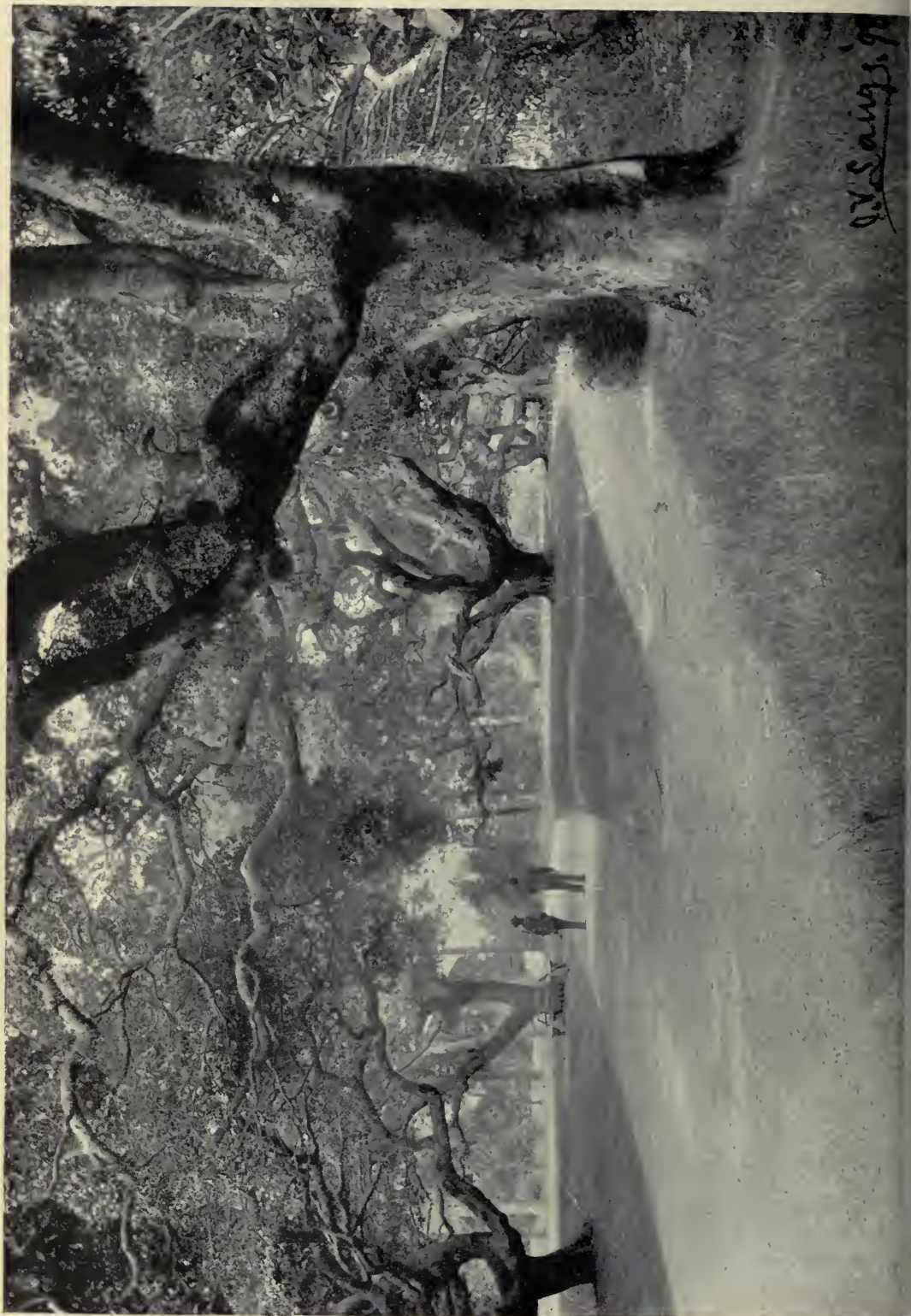
of business were found educated and experienced merchants, lawyers, doctors, and all kinds of professional or semi-professional and educated men. While the mechanics and common laborers were of the highest intelligence and energy of their class. The trip across the plains or a long distance by sea to reach this State required large sums of money for an outfit and for cost of passage, and the people generally who in those days could command such sums were people of energy, enterprise, and character.

Of course there were some others. There are in all communities. But there never has been a day in the history of the State of California that the large majority of the people of our city and State was not peaceable, orderly, and law-abiding, and of the better class of citizens. The other elements that came to the surface like the froth of the sea were, when deemed necessary, severely dealt with, and human life and property in the early fifties and later on was, generally speaking, as safe throughout this



O. J. Lange, '97

A glimpse of the University campus.



W. S. Lang, '90

city and State as it is to-day. Considering the fact that many thousands of people from all parts of the Union, and in fact from all parts of the world, were suddenly thrown together in quest of gold and fortunes, the record is astonishingly creditable. The world's history had never recorded like circumstances.

No ordinary men laid the foundations of this city and State. Many of them had held high positions in their former homes, and many in after years became distinguished or wealthy men in all the States of the Union, as well as here in our own midst. Many officers of the army and navy became citizens, and when the Civil War broke out this State contributed from among its then or former residents such men as Halleck, Sherman, Hooker, Geary, Grant, McPherson, Baker, Stone, Fremont, Hancock, Naglee, Dent, Sheridan, Ord, Lippitt, and others, and to the navy Farragut, and to the Confederate side Albert Sidney Johnson. All of these men had relations with the people and their affairs, and had influence in the community. Many educated, energetic and ambitious young men who had just started in life, or who had just completed their college course, were here and gave their best energies and efforts to the building up of these communities.

At the time the Civil War had commenced, it has often been said and among the older residents thoroughly believed, that no city of the same size as San Francisco could have in all respects produced a people, in proportion to population, the superior of those to be found then in our city. The Civil War, however, and the discovery of the Bonanza and Constock mines and the completion of the overland railroad produced great changes in our population.

From 1856, for ten or twelve years after the Act consolidating the City and County of San Francisco went into operation, this city had no superior as to government in the world. The public officers were thoroughly honest, thoroughly capable, intelligent in the performance of all their duties, and gentlemanly to all who had personal or busi-

ness intercourse with them.

The extent of the burdens these people had to bear in building up a great State from the very foundation, as from the naked earth, is not always remembered.

These 92,597 people, constituting the population of the State at the time of its admission into the Union, and their successors, were compelled to build a State house and State prisons, insane asylums, County Court houses and jails, hospitals, wagon, and stage roads and bridges, trails across the mountains, school houses and churches, and even the houses to live in and to do business in. Gas and water works had to be established, all taking capital to do so, while all building material had to be brought from a distance.

They had to contribute to the building of telegraphs, stage lines and railroads, and establish all the industries of the State, and their efforts met with discouragement or were unsuccessful. In many instances, as in mining, new methods had to be devised and put into operation. Coal was brought around Cape Horn. Hundreds of miles of streets had to be graded, sewerred, curbed, paved and sidewalked in the cities and towns, which themselves had to be created and the ground to be graded and made orderly.

Agriculture was comparatively unknown, orchards and vineyards had to be planted as an experiment as to soil and climate, tons of clippings for the latter being brought from Europe. Land was held in large tracts. In many instances the most desirable parts were held under Spanish or Mexican grants, and was used only as grazing places for cattle and horses, with a few sheep.

State, city, town, and county governments had to be established. At the beginning the State was under military rule. Irrigation was unknown. Ditches had to be made to carry water to the mines, mills had to be erected, and tunnels run to the mines. The flour consumed had to be brought from Chili or some far distant port. In 1852 San Francisco was destroyed by fire, and a like fate at various times befell many of the

interior towns, while Sacramento, in consequence of floods, was compelled twice to raise the grade of her streets ten feet. In the winter of 1861-2 many parts of the State were flooded, doing great damage, especially in the Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys, and the Legislature was compelled to adjourn to San Francisco, while in 1863 a great drought caused many thousands of cattle to die for want of pasturage and water.

In 1861 the Civil War broke out, and the State was compelled to meet the additional burden of fitting out five or six regiments of soldiers and maintaining them during the war, yet neither the State nor the city had any public debt.

Millionaires were unknown in those days; the bonanza mines on the Comstock had not yet yielded their millions. Many men became poor holding on to land and paying taxes, while hoping it would improve in value, and the result of many extensive and expensive enterprises were still undetermined. California was the young mother of the States and territories west of the Rocky Mountains. She was the first admitted into the Union. It was her capital, energy, and people that discovered and first developed the resources and industries of those States and territories.

Under such circumstances, here partly

set forth, the burden was considered to be too great and taxes too heavy to undertake to establish a college at State expense, until the National government lent its aid by grants of land. The man who attacks the intelligence of energy of the early settlers of this State but manifests his ignorance of facts, and attempts to pervert truth. The exercise of intelligent energy in this State in those days was so universal as to be looked upon as a matter of course.

When the university was finally set going, the brothers John and Joseph Le Conte were called from South Carolina, and were made professors, the former of them being elected President. Professors Durant and Kellogg, both former professors of the College of California, were also made professors. This latter fact and its attendant associations may in some degree account for the excessively partial statements made in the published history of the University as to the participation of these latter gentlemen in its origin, notwithstanding the fact that the passage of the bill for the establishment of a State college was without their procurement or wish.

In conclusion I would say: All honor to William Holden, the country lawyer, the father of the University of California.



THE INTERIM

BY HERMAN SCHEFFAUER

Veiled with thy hair, my eyes stray o'er
Thy face. Ah, who would wish thee more?
Still, from the voiceless void of Nought,
Leaps forth unconquered one dread thought;
Leaps like a flame my heart to sear—
Listen, my love, and do not fear.
O, when that day of dread is due,
When part we must, we hapless two;
Remember! all the time that flies
When drowned with earth this body lies,
Is but a briefer day than this,
Far briefer than our briefest kiss.
Aeons on aeons waste away;
And what to us?—a second's stay,
An interlude that angels play.
The Soul may live by Will and Strife,
Since Life is but the way to Life.
What hope holds the Unknowable,
Save hope that I with thee may dwell?
Heaven with thee, without thee Hell.
Awakened by strange morning light,
Fair in our faces after night,
We shall arise new life to greet
Like travelers from distant lands,
With lips to lips and hands in hands,
When Death makes Life complete.





The oyster fleet.



Kloogh: the Story of an Oyster

By E. L. Washburn, A.M.

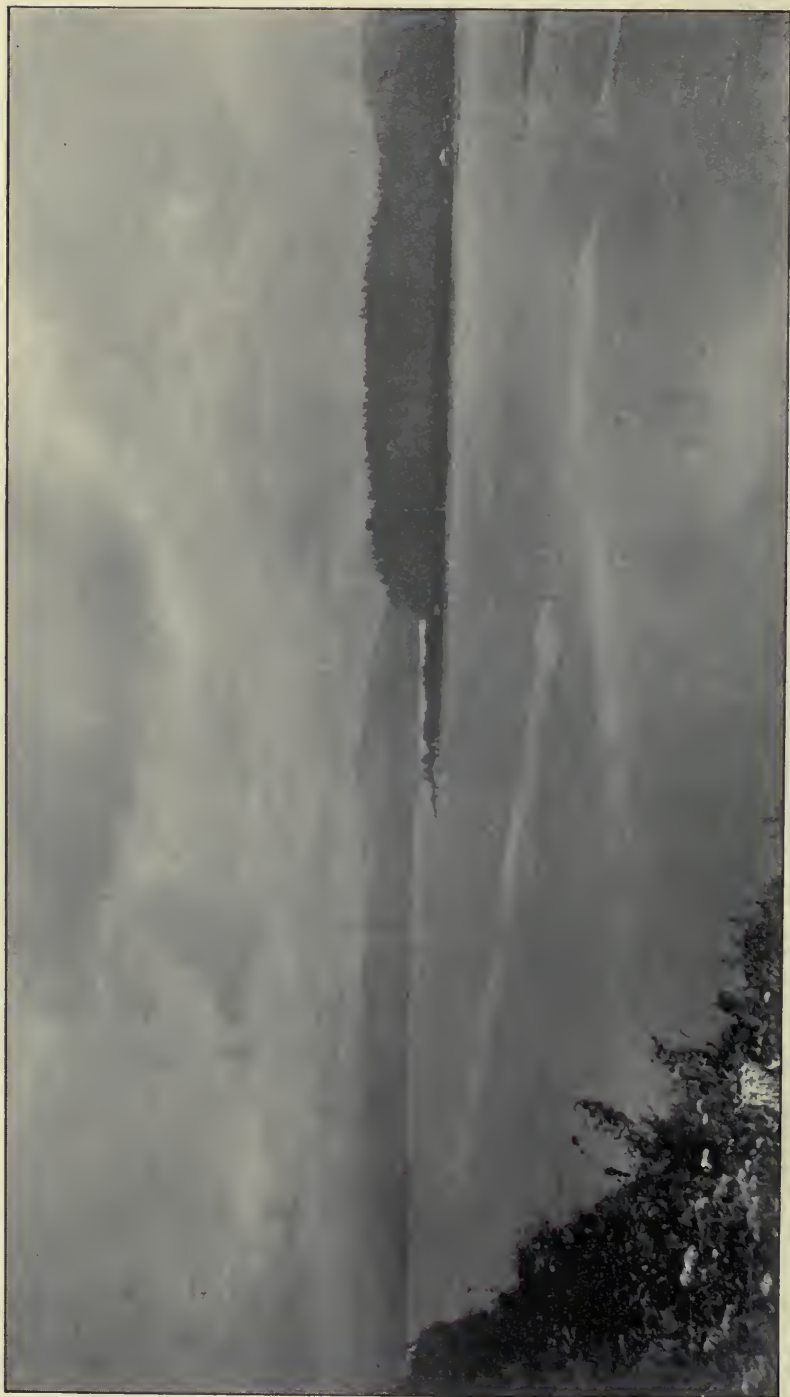
State Biologist and Professor of
Biology in the University of Oregon.

In the following story the leading scientific facts in the development of an oyster are recounted in a manner intended to interest old and young who are not necessarily scientifically inclined. Every seemingly trivial incident related has some bearing either upon the life history of an oyster, or upon the life histories of organisms which may be found in the neighborhood of the oyster beds where the scene of this story is laid. For the better understanding of the story it has been thought best to preface it with a few facts more or less technical, and yet easily understood by the general reader. As will be seen, it recounts the adventures of an oyster whose parents had been brought from the eastern seaboard to Oregon; but for the most part, the principal facts dealt with might occur wherever oysters grow, and in studying Kloogh's experiences, one learns the general history of every oyster, besides becoming familiar with the habits of many other aquatic animals. The writer hopes that this little insight into Nature's realm will help to stimulate a love for her many attractions, and to further this object has illustrated the story with numerous personally made photographs and sketches from nature. For two of the photographs and one sketch he is indebted to friends whose co-operation is hereby gratefully acknowledged.

In 1896 the U. S. Fish Commission planted in Yaquina Bay, Oregon, twenty-two barrels of Eastern oysters, Princess Bays and East Rivers. No question existed as to their living and growing—that had been demonstrated already; the experiment was intended to determine whether or no they would propagate and their young survive in the cold and salt water of the northwest coast. A careful choice was made of the place of planting where there was a bottom free from soft

mud, which is fatal to an oyster, and it was hoped sufficiently far from the ocean to insure the water being warm enough and fresh enough for spawning conditions, and not far enough up the bay to cause the oysters to be injured by the large amount of fresh water coming down the river in the winter time.

The writer was placed in charge of all experimentation leading to a solution of the above question and for three summers has endeavored by various means to



"Below him lay black, unexplored depths. . . above him was the bright blue sky."

bring about the desired end. It is thought that, if a "catch" of spat or young oysters can be secured, their offspring, inherited the acquired hardness of their parents, may form the nucleus of future Eastern oyster beds in Oregon waters. Each year, since the first, a diligent search has been made for young oysters which have been hatched and grown here. This season the search has been successful in that about fifteen young oysters have been found apparently originating in Yaquina Bay from the original plant. Among other things the writer had recourse to artificial fertilization of oyster eggs and culture of the embryo, these embryos being later poured into the bay to shift for themselves. In previous work of this nature it has found that the minute embryo swims about from eight to twelve days, then, settling on some clean surface, a pebble, piece of shell or crockery, or even an old rubber boot, and secreting a protecting shell over its soft body, becomes what is called a "spat," which later grows into a fully formed oyster. The eggs of an Eastern oyster are emitted directly into the seawater, while those of the native west coast oyster (*Ostrea lurida*) after being fertilized are retained in the parent shell until they have acquired a shell of their own and are otherwise rendered capable of withstanding a condition which the Eastern oyster finds very hard to endure. Yaquina Bay contains many native oysters and it was in close proximity to these that the introduced species was placed.

All oysters are constructed upon essentially the same plan, a two-valved calcareous shell, the lining of which is nacreous or pearly and very smooth. A thin mantle, so-called, lies next to each valve, thereby inclosing a mantle-cavity in which lies centrally a mass of tissue called the "visceral mass," containing the alimentary canal, generative follicles, liver (the dark mass so easily seen in a cooked oyster), the rudimentary kidneys, etc. On each side of the visceral mass, between it and the mantle, are two gills. Each gill can be likened to the letter V, or better, the two leaves of a sheet of paper, the point down, and the top at-

tached above. Both plates of the gill are thickly perforated with holes, and cilia (minute hair-like projections) on the gill cause the water to pass into these holes and through the gill. From this water oxygen is taken into the blood contained in rudimentary blood-vessels. The gill then, is an organ of respiration. Cilia along the edge of the mantle also help to sweep the water into the mantle cavity and with this water come diatoms and desmids besides microscopic worms and swimming embryonic forms of life which make up the food of the oyster and which find their way by these induced currents to the mouth at the anterior end of the visceral mass. A heart which can be easily seen to palpitate in a freshly opened oyster, is situated above the visceral mass. The blood is colorless. The two valves of the shell can be brought tightly together and so held by a single strong muscle called the adductor muscle running across from one valve to the other. The nervous system is exceedingly rudimentary, two little bundles of nerve cells above the mouth, two delicate nerve threads running back to a mass of nerve tissue in contact with the adductor muscle, a nerve ring around the mouth and branches to gills and mantle represent the entire nervous system.

Among the enemies of the oyster can be enumerated the star fish, drill, sting ray and boring sponge. While the sting ray is much dreaded in some localities, notably San Francisco Bay, the chief and most widely distributed foe is the star fish. This insidious creature clasps an oyster in its arms or rays, and then, strange to relate, protrudes the lower part of its stomach until it partly envelops the fated bivalve. It has been believed in the past that this stomach secretes an acid which reaches the interior of the shell cavity and paralyzes the animal. The adductor muscle relaxing, the valves of the shell which had been tightly closed at the first touch of the star fish, gape open, and the poor oyster is sucked into the stomach of its foe. A recent worker advances the idea that by a prolonged and steady pulling on each valve by means of the adhesive feet of the star fish and its strong rays, the muscle is

finally made to yield.

The live oyster is very receptive to germs reaching it in the water. Typhoid germs, for instance, find in it a rare culture medium, hence the danger of eating raw oysters which have by any chance been placed in polluted and infected water.

The best temperature for Eastern oyster spawn lies between 70 degrees and 80 degrees Fahrenheit and the salinity of the water should be between 1.012 and 1.018 for best results. The sudden changes in water temperature and in saltiness of Yaquina Bay are hostile to the success of the experiment. The writer has seen the temperature of the water drop from 70 degrees at low tide to 55 degrees at high tide on the same day with a corresponding increase in salinity, i. e., from 1.012 to 1.022, the latter being almost ocean saltiness.

The story recounts the experiences of an Eastern oyster started artificially in the laboratory and by chance destined to be the very one whose survival made it possible for the author to declare that the Eastern oyster will propagate in our waters and the young will survive; to how great an extent, and whether the industry will ever become of practical importance cannot yet be stated.



"The shiny brass thing just beyond the tumbler was a microscope."

Chapter I. Klogh's birth and early infancy.



When consciousness first dawned upon Klogh he was swimming in a tumbler half full of sea water standing near a microscope, together with some fifty or sixty millions of brothers, sisters, and cousins, all looking almost exactly alike and none of them at all resembling a full-grown oyster. Klogh did not know this, neither did he care; questions of genealogy and pedigrees were of little import to him. He did not know that the shiny brass thing just beyond the tumbler was a microscope, nor was he aware that the water in which he and his brothers were swimming had been freshened a little and kept at a temperature which just suited him. The apparatus all around on the table was of no consequence to him, although plainly visible through the clear glass. He was dimly aware, it is true, that below him, on the bottom of the tumbler, were thousands of little friends lying motionless and dead, unable to carry life's burdens, discouraged at the very outset. But this ever-growing graveyard caused him no pang as long as the water was kept fresh and he could butt merrily against his living companions, like him ceaselessly swimming about in the somewhat narrow confines of their glass prison. And this prison seemed to grow more and more cramped, and Klogh began to feel very languid, and to look oftener at the little still bodies below him, when Presto! with his fellows he was turned into a larger volume of water, a little saltier and a little colder than that in the tumbler, but much better to breathe and not nearly so crowded.

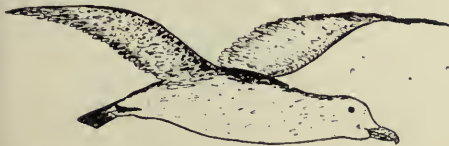
We have said that Klogh had no interest in his pedigree, whence he came, nor whither he was going, yet even at this early stage of consciousness he was in a dim way aware that he was changing, changing rapidly and destined eventually to be something quite unlike his present self. Hence when he was placed in a pail of water, taken out on the bay



"Poured with millions of his fellows."

and poured into it with millions of his fellows he took it as a matter of course, albeit he was thoroughly chilled by the sudden change. Ugh! How cold and how salt it was! It made him shrink for a moment to almost half his size.

But most alarming of all, he found himself widely separated from his companions, who went circling off near the surface, most of them never to be seen again by our hero. Nevertheless, Klogh was a brave fellow, and choking back a sob that would rise in spite of him at the thought of losing his many associates, he proceeded to make the best of the circumstances. He was perhaps more impressed with his minuteness than any one thing (he was hardly more than 1-200th of an inch in diameter) as he saw the limitless expanse of water all about him. Below him lay black, unexplored depths; he did not like to look down there, in some way associating it with looking down on the dead bodies of his comrades in the tumbler; above him was the bright blue sky, a ripple on the surface of the water intensifying its beauty. The same ripple softened the rays which O'telagh the Sun sent filtering down into the limpid depths. Occasionally Skuse, the Gull, would sail over him, or, settling,



alight on the water so near that he could distinguish the fine markings on the birds' feet as they passed him with easy movement.

CHAPTER II. His Adventures Begin.

But our hero found to his great alarm that there were manifold dangers to be met with all about him. A dark shadow rising from below took definite shape, enormous it seemed to Klogh, until it resolved itself into Tenaspish, the terrible minnow, who swam along near the surface with open mouth. Oh, so near to Klogh! And our hero actually saw, a little later, one of his former companions disappear in the capacious gullet of the monster. These were trying times for Klogh. For instance, one day, shortly after his escape from hungry Tenaspish, when O'telagh warmed the water of Yaquina on its way to the sea, he found it pleasant to float with the outgoing tide, dreaming of what the future might have in store for him, dimly conscious that the water, coming from way up on the fir-clad hills, and mingling here with the salt, was to his liking. Down the bay



he drifted lazily, noting the buoys swinging at anchor in the warm sunshine, the eel grass passing him on the current, and the measured flight of the white-breasted gulls overhead. An eddy carried him near the shore, among barnacle-covered snags next the grassy flats where the sleek cattle chewed their cud, switching away Malakwa the mosquito. Right near him, on the edge of the flat, with sharp eye and sharper beak, stood Siwashtree, the Great Blue Heron, watch-



"Past the old wreck at Milligan's bend."

ing for any small luckless crab which might come his way. Klogh, conscious that the mud in the shallow water might smother him if he remained, swam vigorously away, only to be borne quite smartly against the side of an oyster scow anchored in mid-stream, escaping destruction, however, by the vigorous use of the little hair-like growths on his body, which we will call "swimmers."

Beyond the occasional passing of a swiftly-rowed boat, also bound down the bay and laden with garden produce, the darting sand gars, and the more alarming schools of jumping tom-cod, Klogh met with nothing to disturb the serenity of his temper; it was so easy to drift with the current, the sun was so bright and warm! The tinkle of the bells on the cows browsing along the shore could be plainly heard across the bay, over whose smooth surface barn swallows skimmed. It was a perfect midsummer day.

On he went, past the oyster houses on the beach, past Poole's Slough, and past the old wreck at Millegan's Bend. When quite a long distance down the bay, near the worm-eaten pilings of Yaquina's wharf, he met a star-fish, crab, and sea-urchin holding a most animated conversation. They looked for all the world like three arch-conspirators, and just as the current swept him by he heard the starfish say: "And that's the way I tackle an oyster," whereat the others laughed loudly.

Then something dreadful happened. The gentle current, which had been bear-



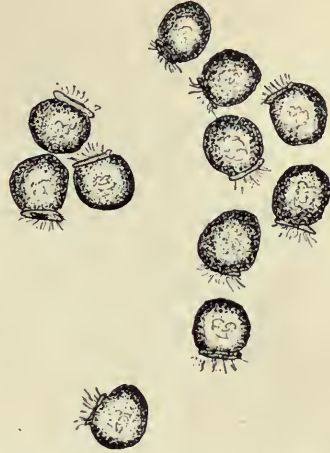
"He met a starfish, crab and sea urchin, holding a most animated conversation."

ing our hero along, had been growing weaker for some time, and it suddenly stopped. Before he realized what it all meant, the water began to flow up the bay, carrying him along with it. The tide had turned, and was on the flood. Stree, the Northwest Wind, now blew, as he does every pleasant afternoon. Stronger and stronger he blew, putting white night-caps on every wave, and the surface of the water grew cold, the chill reaching poor Klogh. Misery loves company, and when he saw one of his old associates of the tumbler in the same plight as himself, he at once joined him and together they began the race with death, for death was behind them. The water grew saltier and colder—oh dear, how salt!

"Hurry!" cried Klogh to a crowd of young oysters as they were passing. But these oysters only laughed scornfully.

"We were born here, and our parents before us!" they cried, and kept on with their sport.

Our poor little oysters struggled on, their bodies hardening with the salt and almost frozen. The surface of the water, so smooth and still when he came down, was now roughened by the waves. The buoys all swung the other way. Down on the ocean beach, Skuse and his brothers, with full crops, stood with their white breasts turned toward the northwest wind. Klogh's companion was fast growing weaker, and finally with a shudder he stopped and sank, sank into the fatal mud, never to swim again. Klogh thought of the graveyard in the bottom of the tumbler and sped on.

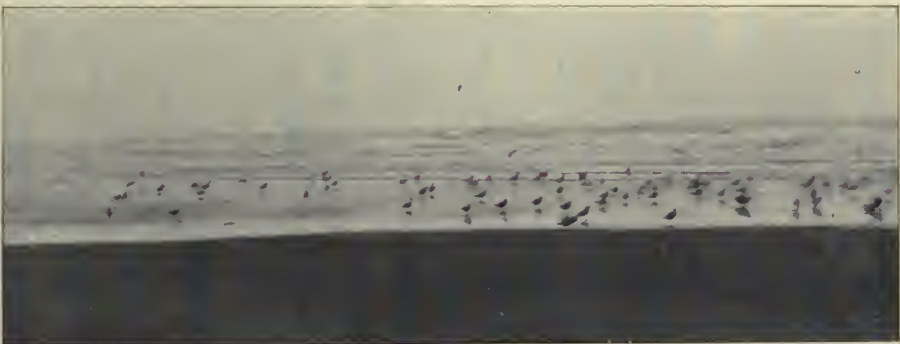


"These oysters only laughed scornfully."

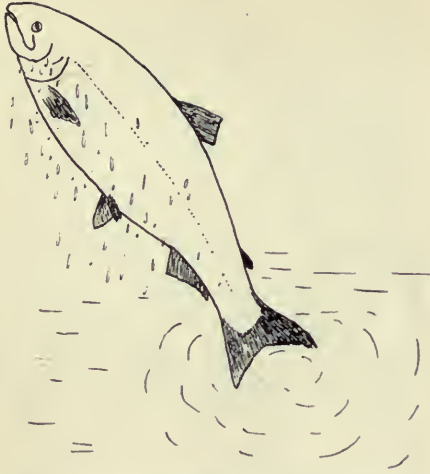
CHAPTER III. He Gains Knowledge.

Gradually, when he became more accustomed to his environment, and when he had been carried quite a distance up the bay, where the water was fresher and warmer, the cold and the pain grew less severe, and he knew he was saved.

"But for what?" asked poor Klogh; "why must I endure all this pain and see all my companions die; what will happen next?" As if in answer to this question, there was a rush of a large body, a swirl in the water, and great Sammon, the King of Fish, leaped into the air with Klogh in his mouth. He did not want to eat Klogh; it would have taken many millions of oysters of the size of our hero to have afforded him even a taste, and then, too, he did not eat on his mad rush up the river. It so happened that the little



"Their white breasts turned toward the northwest wind."



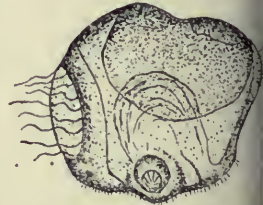
"The King of Fish leaped into the air."

oyster was right in the path of his monstrous mouth and into it he went with the rush of the water, and out of it again through the fish's gills, and back into the bay in one of the flashing drops which fell like jewels from head and silvery sides of the great fish. This experience, coming so soon after his sad trip up the bay, was almost too much for our stout-hearted Klogh, but a period of warm sunshine and water just salt enough to suit made him forget his troubles and relapse once more, like any child, into a careless and happy state best suited for his physical growth and development.

Now Klogh, as the reader must know, had changed considerably since we first saw him in the tumbler; he had become larger, more nearly round, with a most delicate shell and a mouth and a stomach. Strange to say, up to this time he had eaten nothing whatever, for Mother Nature had been kind enough to place in the egg from which he came nutritious matter to supply every tiny cell with food. But as he grew and the little cells became more numerous and formed tissues and organs, there was need of food from outside; so Nature gave him a stomach, and having that and a mouth, he at once proceeded to seek for food. And what do you suppose he ate? Nothing more or less than very tiny green and brown plants, with very young and very small

embryo sponges occasionally as sauce, while tiny young barnacles and minute worms swimming in the water formed appetizing side dishes. One must remember that these organisms are very, very small—so small that it takes the highest powers of the big brass microscope shown in the early part of our story to see them; otherwise, Klogh could not have eaten them, he was so very small himself. He did not swim near the surface any more, but deeper in the water, where changes were not so sudden; and he was so proud of his newly-acquired shell (he did not know that he would get a nicer one later) that he swam eagerly about seeking some sympathetic admirer. Becoming each day more accustomed to his surroundings, he hardly winced when the temperature of Yaquina Bay fell 20 degrees in the six hours between low and high tide. But when the water grew very salt, then poor Klogh forgot his fine shell and was unmindful of the little green and brown plants waiting to be eaten; his swimmers curled up and his poor little body shrank until he thought it would never again recover its shape.

"Oh, dear!" moaned Klogh, after one of these salt water attacks, "if I could only find a foundlings' home where I could be cared for; I know I shall die if some one does not look out for me!"



"Klogh had changed."

Imagine our hero's astonishment to hear an answering voice to his plaint. "Well, I'll be scalloped! What are you whimpering about?" came from a creature very much like himself, though a little larger and sturdier, who formed one of the foremost of a swarm of similar creatures issuing from between the valves of an animal which Klogh instinctively felt was in some way related to his family.

"You must be a tenderfoot," continued this individual, swimming threateningly toward Klogh. "Where did you come from, anyway? And how curiously you talk! Don't you dare as much as bat your eye at me; if you do, I'll—" and the burly little fellow bristled up to the

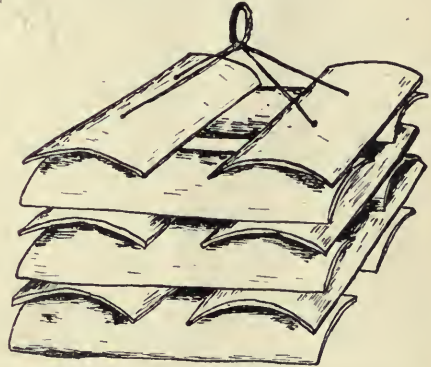
timid hero of this story as though he had the proverbial chip on his shoulder. Now, Klogh had no such thing as an eye, and neither did the creature who was bullying him. What is more, Klogh did not know what an eye was, but he did not dare admit it, so he asked gently, with his perfect Bostonese accent, trying to be polite, "Pray sir, who are you?"

"Who am I?" repeated the individual addressed, in a contemptuous tone, sweeping a minute crystal of salt into his mouth and smacking his lips with evident relish, "I'm a native, I be. Where are your pa and ma?" (He pronounced these two words "paw" and "maw.")

Klogh shuddered at his language. "I have neitner father nor mother," he answered sadly.

"Well, my pa and ma are over there," said the other in a somewhat softer tone, pointing to the shell from which the last of nearly a million of his fellows had issued; "We have always lived in Yaquina Bay—ma and pa, and grandpa and grandma, all of us. We have cousins and aunts and uncles in Shoalwater Bay and in Netarts, and we used to have relatives in Coos. I reckoned you were a stranger here as soon as I saw you, I haven't saw nothing just like you before! for that matter I am just out myself, but I know where I am at, all right." And he sailed away, taking in those minute green and brown plants moving in the water as though he had always been accustomed to such a diet. Klogh blushed at the ungrammatical expressions and swam slowly over to where the animal lay, which his companion of a moment before had referred to as his "paw and maw." He found in the vicinity many similar shells lying close together and in some of them he heard a confused murmur like that of bees in a hive, which noise, he discovered later, was made by the maturing young within the mother's shell, all ready to be let out into the water. Our hero reflected sadly on the inequality of worldly conditions; here were children with mothers, with shell homes in which they were kept safe from all harm until they could care for themselves, while he not only had no home but he knew absolutely nothing

about his mother and father. "Nevertheless," thought Klogh, "I do not talk as that fellow did," and it was a comforting thought, filling him with much self-satisfaction. His mind was diverted from himself by listening to the conversation between a number of these oysters, for such they were, who, at an afternoon tea, were discussing, not the best remedies for croup, nor the too sudden discarding of mourning by widow so and so, but the injury caused their shells and the young oysters by the nets of fishermen drifting over the oyster beds, and the best things for "catching" hold of at the catching stage. One argued for pebbles, another for a bit of crockery, a third said crockery was all right, but for her a brick was preferable. The consensus of opinion, however, seemed to be in favor of bark or the clean shells of their relatives who had gone to the Beyond. Then they discussed brush collectors and those new-fangled things made of tiling. Two, who had remained silent for the most part, said they had caught on an old rubber boot and found it excellent.



"New-fangled things made of tiling."

Chapter IV. He meets his own kind, is stirred by conflicting emotions and experiences certain changes.

Klogh felt in some way, that these small-sized oysters were not very near kin and he swam off for his lunch of young barnacles. He had not gone far before he was delighted to behold below him, resting on a bed of mud, shell, and gravel, a host of to him beautiful shells, for which he suddenly felt a great affinity. How perfect their shape! How much larger than those he had just left!



"The shadow was cast by an oyster scow."

And how delicately their shells were marked! Through the open valves projected the edges of the mantles in each one and little "swimmers" were sweeping hosts of the small green plants and young barnacles and little sponge embryos into the shell cavity. Our hero was suddenly shocked to see the same little bully who had talked to him shortly before, caught in the ingoing current and disappear with the other food. "He needn't have been so mean to me," reflected our young oyster and was hurrying joyfully to meet one of his long lost fellows of the tumbler, whom he saw approaching, when the latter suddenly stopped, receded, and with a gasp was drawn within that awful whirlpool into the mouth of a large oyster.

"Oh my, what cannibals!" ejaculated Klogh, and fled from the scene. Just then a large shadow fell upon the oysters; instantly every shell closed with a snap, so tight it seemed that it would never open again. The shadow

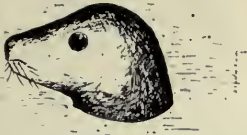
was caused by an oyster scow, and presently from the side of the scow a long slender tong-like thing was pushed down, like two rakes fastened together. The lower part, with its iron teeth, opened and shut amongst the oysters, emitting a curious crunching noise, catching many between its jaws and drawing them up to the boat.

Klogh's horror at what he had seen gradually wore away. "Perhaps they did not mean to," he thought. "If my brother had kept away from those other things he would not have been eaten." Then, too, the serenity and beauty of these kinsmen of his impressed him; he felt

imbued with pride and new strength, for he knew instinctively that sometime he would be like one of those, when he could eat so much more and snap the two valves of his cell together. So the days sped on, and pleasant days they were. O'telagh sent his warm rays from morning until evening all through the water, making



"Branching hydroids."



shadows with the hemlocks and quick-growing, gray-trunked alders along the shore. The *Spiraea* hung its festooned branches over the water. Little crabs scuttled round in the shallow pools. And Klogh was happy. Helped by the ambition to become big like his kinsmen, and now thoroughly wonted to his surroundings, he grew and flourished. Gradually as time went on, very gradually, an uneasy feeling took possession of him. It grew slowly, at first not understood, but after a while impressing upon our little oyster the consciousness that a great change for him was approaching. And he waited and listened as though something would tell him what to do; and it did, for suddenly it flashed upon him that he was going now, right away, to be like his fellows whom he had so recently seen lying calm and beautiful upon their bed of mud. He realized that his swimming days were over, and at the same time he recalled the words of the native oysters at their afternoon tea. It was as plain as day, he must fasten to something, something clean and free from mud and slime. He mentally went over the suggestions made by the natives. What shall it be, thought Klogh, shell or pebble, bark, or old rubber boot? He began a feverish search for a "collector," for such is the name used. Borne by the tide from one side of the bay to the other and back, he worked under difficulties, but becoming more and more impressed each hour with the immediate need of settling down for life, his search was pushed with vigor. When our little friend was nearly distracted at not finding a suitable thing to hold on to, he chanced to rest a moment on a small bit of clam shell to gain breath as it were, when lo! the left valve of his shell became fastened to the shell below it, and with a sigh of relief Klogh settled down to a life of contentment and immobility. No more would he rush about in anxious haste. All that seemed so undignified now! No, he would develop his beautiful shell, and

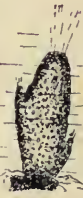
draw hosts of the tiny plants, green and brown, into his mouth by means of his "swimmers"; though they were swimmers no longer, but served to create a current of water over his gills or breathing organs and to his mouth; just like the oars to a boat, which, as long as the boat is free, serve to propel it through the water, but as soon as it is anchored by the same motion only tend to make the water move past the boat. The boat can be likened to our little oyster, the oars to the cilia or hair-like growths which were swimmers as long as he was free to move. To most living things such a life as Klogh was now destined to would be unendurable. It was not so bad, however, with our little oyster. The shell he was attached to lay in a depression which caused the water to eddy about him in gentle circles, bringing all sorts of interesting things to his neighborhood. Most interesting of all, of course, to an oyster, were the minute plants we have referred to before, together with the microscopic young of sponges, worms and the like, the consumption of which filled Klogh with so much energy that he felt he could add an enormous amount of lime to his growing shell in a minute and not half try.

Of secondary interest were minute forms of animal and plant life gathered near him, branching hydroids fastened to the bottom and engaged in sending off tiny jelly fish from time to time; green and red sea-weed forming small groves on every side; brilliantly colored worms, too large to be eaten but not large enough to injure him. One quite large sponge near by was pouring out a small torrent of water from its top and drawing in water through thousands of holes on its sides. Sometimes he witnessed scenes not at all pleasant, quite shocking, in fact; as when Olyu, the Seal, seized and tore to pieces with his cruel teeth, a brother of Sammon, reddening the water with the blood of the poor fish for yards around.

At this time Klogh was one fifteenth of an inch in diameter and looked like this:



(Concluded in June issue.)

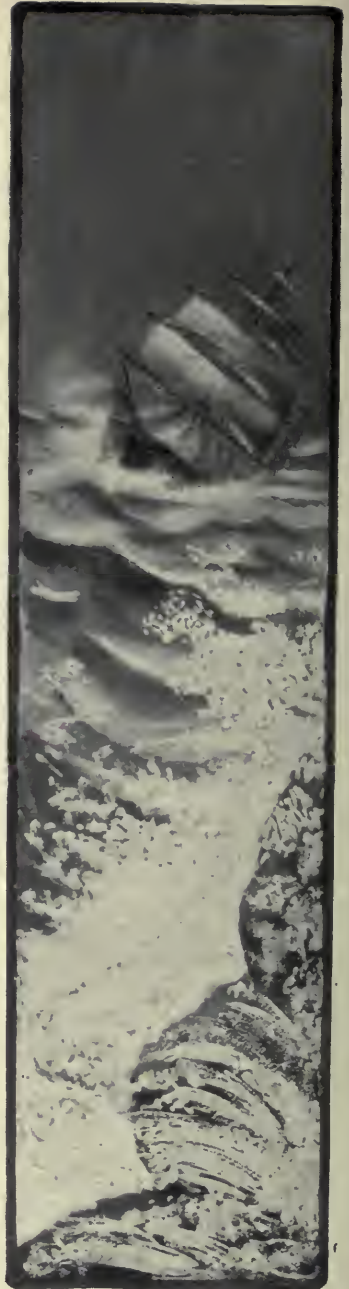


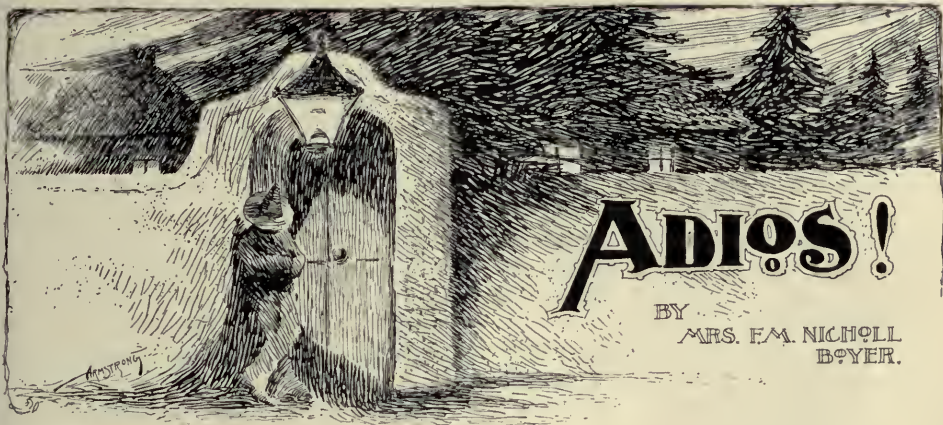
STRANDED

BY T. H. GUPTILL

Thou hast voyaged, old ship, by the raging Horn,
Thou hast furrowed the bosom of seas new born—
Tho' strange winds harped in your straining shroud
And strange skies lowered o'er your canvas cloud—
Tho' the storm steel leaped from its riven sheath
And the tempest smote in thy foaming teeth,
Tho' beaten in where the breakers roar
On the beetling cliffs of a bleak lea shore,
Still rode thou on. Come woe, come weal,
Spurned thou the deep with a lordly heel
And the mighty swing of each crested spar
A challenge hurled to the storm afar.

No more, alas, shall this heart of mine,
Exultant, leap with that heart of thine,
No more be marked thy course aright
Through the long, still watch of the rayless night.
Where the drowsy night-birds, dreaming, croon
In the silver light of the tropic moon—
Where the lotus-laden breezes sleep
On the limpid breast of the tranquil deep,
Veiled in a smother of fleecy foam
The coral's hidden shaft thrust home,
And thy staunch old timbers bleaching lie
Under the dome of a Southern sky.





*Fare thee well! And if forever,
Then forever fare thee well!*

"I AM tired!" she said, sullenly. Then in the magnificent *hacienda* of the American there was silence for awhile, disturbed only by the murmur of bees in the rose-embowered *patio*. For the man did not answer at once. His face was hidden in his arms upon the table, but his hair, slightly streaked with gray, betrayed him.

Finally he raised himself and looked at the girl; and in the light falling through the open door it was clear to see that the lines in his face were not all drawn there by the beat of wind and sun on the high plains.

"Look at me, Belita!"

She obeyed, with eyes as blue as the sky, and as changeful.

"Are you not my wife? Have I not given you all that the whims of woman can desire? Have you not jewels, fine clothes, horses, carriages—*peons* to attend you—gaities even? What more will you have?"

"I am tired," she repeated, still sullen, though from her wonderful eyes leaped a flash as of lightning from behind a thunder-cloud, so dark were the brows and lashes shading them. "I am young. You are old. What more will you have!"

The man groaned; then rose from his

chair and began heavily to pace the floor.

Presently he paused before her, taking her hands in his. Confronted with the amazing beauty of this half-breed woman he appeared indeed haggard and old; yet he was not old except as foolish girls reckon age.

"Belita," he said, in a voice of one that pleads. "You are mine—my own. Yet it is I that am the slave. Take all I have—only come back to me. Come back to me when you are again tired—tired of those other things. Come back to my home and my love; it will be here—always. If you go, I shall not follow, but—you will not leave me, Belita!"

Still she did not answer, veiling her eyes once more behind their long lashes, her mouth like a red and folded rose upon her creamy skin.

"It is the wild blood in you, Belita," he went on in the same voice. "I knew it when I made you my wife; therefore I forgive it."

She raised her head proudly.

"My father, he was from over the seas. He was white—yes, far whiter than yourself! Are not my eyes more blue than your own? Is not my skin more fair?"

There are women without beauty who draw men to their feet; there are, here and there, women with beauty who fail to stir their hearts. This woman was beautiful, but far more terrible than

beauty, she possessed the power that a man can no more resist than the fish can resist the high tide that sweeps them into the well-set net.

The husband of the woman stepped to his desk, and took from a secret drawer therein a jewel case. Opening this he displayed a crescent of diamonds, which after a moment he laid upon her dark hair; then putting his arm around her, he led her before a tall mirror. But the Indian blood stood her now in good stead; she gazed, apparently unmoved, and his eager face clouded. Dropping his arm from her waist, he laid the jewels back in their case.

"What has come to you, Belita? You loved such things once, and I bought these for you to wear at the Governor's ball next week. Don't you want to outshine every woman there? Is all this nothing to you any longer? What is it that you wish?"

She sighed impatiently, and with the blindness of his sex he suspected nothing. That she had seen the One Man, he who was to make or mar her, the One Man for whom just once in her life the most covetous and material of women will forego her greed, never occurred to him.

"It is the wild blood," he said again, sadly, replacing the jewels in their drawer. "On the night of the ball they are yours. Meantime let us forget what we have talked about this morning. Take this"—handing her a small bag of gold—"go to the city, buy everything that you need. When you come back you will love me better, perhaps."

He caught her in his arms, crushing her to his breast and pressing kisses on lips cold and unresponsive.

Belita drove to the city, but she did not spend much time shopping. She drove to the barracks where the American soldiers had been entertained when, in company with the Mexican troops quartered there, they had returned from a fruitless quest for Victorio, the mighty Apache chief. Here, as everywhere else, her witchery told, and in an hour she had obtained all the necessary information; the present location of those American troopers, what members had been transferred to another company, and where

that company was. Elated and satisfied, she returned home.

"Angelo," she said to the *mezo* specially detailed to care for her horses, "Feed well my black saddle-horse from across the Rio Grande—he for whom the *Senor Don* gave many American dollars. Place upon him the saddle of a man and the strong Mexican bridle. The *Senor Don*, when he comes home from the ranges to-night, goes forth again with the late moon. You may go to the *baile* at the *Gonzales rancho* if you desire."

The man's eyes gleamed with pleasure and he departed to the stables, while behind locked doors the *Senora* applied herself to the despoiling of her jewel and money drawers.

For the *Senor Don* was he of the free hand.

It was three days or so after this that the chaplain of the American fort across the border was holding a very private and still more interesting interview with the handsome bugler of the company stationed there.

"And the home is ready for the bride?" commented the chaplain kindly.

The young man, in the act of slipping the picture of a pretty girl back into its envelope, looked up and smiled. His face, besides being extremely handsome, was honest and simple; the face of an everyday kind of a young man, as that of the girl in the picture was everyday and commonplace—neither, perhaps, the worst for that, so long at least as there were no intervening complications or tragedies.

"Yes, sir," he replied, "I have bought a small ranch near the river and within easy reach of white neighbors. She will be here in six or seven weeks, and I am promised on my wedding day an honorable discharge."

"That is well," began the chaplain; then paused, attracted by sounds from without.

Hurriedly saluting, the bugler departed, leaving the chaplain standing at the window.

A detachment of soldiers, raw and dusty, had just arrived. In their midst, and the center of attraction was a young

man, proudly seated upon a proud black horse. The lieutenant at the head of the detachment was engaged in making a verbal report to the officer in command at the fort, and the eyes of every man present were bent, more or less furtively, upon the prisoner, who sat immovable, with disdainful, drooping lids.

"A Mexican half-breed of the better class!" murmured the Colonel, glancing at the profuse silver adornments of horse and rider. "How did you come to take him, Lieutenant?"

"In the fight with the smugglers. They fell back and were trapped by the *rurales* on the other side, I think; but this fellow flung himself upon us, shooting off his guns like a fury—we had no choice but to take him."

At that instant the bugler stepped out of the Chaplain's room, exactly in front of the horse of the Mexican. The latter suddenly lifted his eyes and met those of the bugler, scarcely even ordinarily curious; for his mind was absorbed by other thoughts.

The two men were equally handsome, yet when the color rushed into the face of the Mexican and his large eyes opened—blue, lambent, wonderful, instead of dark and opaque as they had expected, a sort of murmur ran through the group of watching soldiers. But the Mexican continued to look at the bugler, who presently strode away to write a letter to the girl of the picture.

"Humph!" grunted the Colonel, pulling at his moustache and examining the prisoner with redoubled interest. Then—"What's he got in that roll behind his saddle?"

Blankets, it was presumed; but when, at an order from the officer, a private stepped forward to remove it, he fell back helplessly before another of those bewitching glances.

The Colonel repressed a smile.

"Let his be! Put him in the guard-room, bundle and all! And feed them both—horse and man."

And away he went to consult his wife—a notable woman.

The result of the conference soon appeared in the form of that lady at the guard-house door, with an order for ad-

mittance. Later she emerged, returning straight to the officers' quarters.

"What does—" began the Colonel.

"*She say?*" prompted the wife.

The Colonel nodded, and laughed.

"Yes, my dear, you were right. She confessed at once. According to her story her father was a rich Englishman, her mother a Pima Indian. The father sold his ranch on this side, went down to Mexico, did well in mines, and died there, leaving her instructions to take all the money and jewels that could be carried



"I am tired."

and return to the United States. Her return was in the nature of an escape, as she was pursued almost to the border by a Mexican Don who wished to make her his wife; and, when you have seen her, my dear, in feminine get-up, you won't wonder at the Don—or anyone else, for that matter!"

The Colonel's wife laughed and glanced at her husband.

"What does she want to do?"

"Well, her mother's tribe have their village near us, but she wants to live in the fort and—"

The Colonel brought down his fist on the table with a mighty thump.

"She won't! You can bank on that! She's got to get out of here, and *pronto*, too! Come along with me. I'm going to offer her her liberty with all the cheerfulness in the world!"

"And her jewels, Henry!" proceeded the Colonel's wife, as they crossed the square together. "Wait till you see them! Native and foreign, I have never seen them surpassed—all sewn inside her dress!"

Within the guard room sat a demure Indian maid, but of a beauty such as no full-blooded Indian yet possessed, and attired in a costume which to experienced eyes represented the artistic toil of generations of her tribe.

The Colonel was undoubtedly a trifle dazzled, but he maintained his equilibrium, restored the lady her freedom in due form, and courteously, although coldly, informed her that she could not be received as an inmate of the fort.

She was silent for awhile; then said, raising her lovely eyes imploringly to the Colonel's wife:

"Senora, the Senor Colonel knows what is best. There lives near the fort, on a ranch belonging to my father, an old Mexican; he and his wife will give me shelter; but, Senora, it grows dark—the way is not known to me—can I not have the privilege of an escort? Some soldier, perhaps, who is not on duty?"

An escort! The absurdity of the thing did not strike the two who granted her request—until afterward, when both secretly acknowledged that what this girl wanted, that she would be apt to have—

beg, borrow, or steal—she would get it some way, even if in imperfect condition when obtained!

"Heavens, what a witch!" muttered the Colonel, and sent George Tappan, the bugler, with her—not merely because he happened to be off duty (as the "witch" rightly surmised), but because, under existing conditions, he was pretty safe.

So the woman who had ridden three score miles or so unattended, ambled meekly along for a couple of more, escorted by a stalwart trooper. Him she watched under her long lashes as he rode Eyes Front.

"Does the Senor not wish to know the name of the lady for whom he does escort duty?" she said at last, piqued beyond bearing.

The buglar saluted.

"Si, Senora."

"I am not a Senora!" she flashed at him. "I am a Senorita! And I speak English as well as you do!"

Which was true, except that her accent was adorable.

"My name is Belita," she continued, "Can you say it?"

He repeated it after her gravely and obediently, but that seemed to be the best she—even she—could do with him, for the present.

"For the present!" she repeated, as alone in her room that night she stamped her foot passionately, tears to which her eyes were unaccustomed finding brief lodgment there. "But this is not the end, my Senor! Do you think I have followed you all this way—given up home and wealth for you—for *this*? No, I will make you my slave of slaves!"

And the singular part of the affair was that the poor bugler was absolutely innocent in the matter; to his knowledge he had never even seen the lady who thus threatened him. True, he had been down in Mexico whilst attached to another Company, and, as a bugler of handsome—nay, in full regimentals of almost magnificent appearance—had been a rather conspicuous figure at the entertainments tendered the American soldiers, but beyond this he was blameless. For him, however, the beautiful Belita had conceived one of those wild and reas-

unless infatuations which occasionally seize upon, for making or marring the human heart.

A month ran its headlong course. That section of country was bewitched. Men had long ceased to enquire from whence came this wonderful maid, or who she was—she herself was answer enough. Officers and privates, white men and red, ranch and cattlemen, with few exceptions, laid themselves at the feet of the half breed, who in turn laid herself in spirit at the feet of the One Man. It was whispered that she had more offers of marriage than could be counted on the fingers of both hands; yet he, the One Man, had not offered her marriage, and at the end of the month was not even a slave.

But this state of things could not continue. What hope is there for the everyday man when such a woman as this loves him not merely passionately, but mercilessly? Not much!

So far, then, he had held out. She now tried other arts, singling him out publicly for her favors, appealing to the innate sense of rivalry, stronger, perhaps, than any other sense in the everyday man. The finer fire may languish in him, but the fire of chivalry, which he holds in common with other animals, never. Of this fact the accomplished coquette had many a time and oft been made aware, and she now used it for her own purposes. In soldiers' sports and games it was not hard for him to get ahead; he had never cared much before, but somehow he cared now. When each flash of a radiant woman's eyes tells a man that he is her hero—that there is none to compare with him—that she can make him go without the flash until he misses it sorely and works to win it again—what will you? It was the going without sometimes that did the mischief. Nothing so uncertain and exciting had transpired in the everyday man's courtship of Annie Bray, the everyday girl. Men had not been forced by his superior charms to stand back from *her*, but from this dazzling marvel of a woman they had been made to stand back—not every time, but often enough to cause his blood to boil in his veins

with the intoxication of a successful rivalry.

So it went on, and one day the Colonel, who alone besides the chaplain knew about the other woman, read him a chapter on duty.

"I don't blame you for having your head turned a bit," he concluded. "All the men are daft about the girl, but what are you going to do about it? Do you want to marry her? If so, it's time you notified the other one. According to your reckoning she's due at the fort in a week."

The bugler, standing at attention, merely looked at his Colonel.

"A tough job, eh?"

"Yes, sir!"

"I'm with you there! But it's got to be done, Tappan. You'll have to straighten matters out with the witch."

"I will, sir," said the bugler, solemnly, and saluting, departed.

The week went by, and opportunity, and perhaps something else, had failed him.

On the edge of the bosque a mile from the fort the young soldier sat, his handsome head upon his knees. She was his for the taking. He had won. What then?

He, the one man, had naturally not offered her marriage, although she was looking for such an offer. How could he, when she who held his heart-strings between her fingers, as this woman never had done, was even now within a few hours' journey of the fort?

It was only the old story. The trouble was, the woman had yet to be told it.

Love versus vanity or rivalry? Which of these? No matter—the commonplace tragedy was present in any case. On the woman's side there was love—deep, devouring, all-embracing—in one word, life.

He would reason with her, tell her of his duty, remind her of the many who were ready to sell their souls to call her their own. After all he really was not to blame, and some day—not yet, of course, he would confess the whole affair to his wife. Then he actually smiled a little; it was something to have won in such a case.



"A *moso* had opened to them and they were in the room."

And when he lifted his head and saw the exquisite vision coming toward him in the moonlight, the smile still lingered. What woman living could compare with this half-breed girl?

And then he told her. Slowly she withdrew herself from his arms, the crimson fading from the perfect oval cheek. Yet her eyes—eyes made to draw the very heart out of a man—sought his, her red lips quivered close to his own.

Steadily he gazed upon her, knowing—unpleasant knowledge to the every-day man—that he was foregoing that which was desired of other men; that his rivals might say that he had not won. And as he so thought and looked upon her beauty, his heart swelled within him.

"Adios, my Beautiful!" he sighed.

Something that was not himself—his true self, that is—pressed her closer to his breast. Something that was not the

self waiting for the yellow-haired girl whom the dawn of a new day was to bring to his waiting arms, yielded to the pressure of those other clinging arms and to the passionate pleading of uplifted lips. They met his own in a long and thrilling kiss, whilst that other self cried unbidden:

"After all, what better can life give than this? What woman will ever love me as this woman does?"

Then, suddenly, there was no other self, true or false—at least not here. There was only a body—fair to look upon undoubtedly, but only a body. And she who had loved all there had been of the man was gently drawing from the heart that had ceased to beat, either madly or serenely, a keen and tapering knife, which, having withdrawn, she hid, unwiped, in her bosom. Then bending her own strong and lissome body she

half lifted, half dragged his, out of which all the strength had gone, to the edge of the trail beside the bosque.

There, still very gently, she laid it down—the face set to meet the dawn of a new day, and that other face even now journeying toward it.

No blood was upon the body, and she composed the limbs and swept the fair hair tenderly from the brow.

"Adios, my Beautiful!" she murmured. "Now the white faced woman may have you!"

Once more across the border, riding the black horse steadily, steadily, as one who has a goal to make and for whom time is brief.

The gates of the *hacienda* were not closed, although it was deep night.

"For she will return to me," said the *Senor Don*. "And it will be at night."

And it was as he foretold. He heard the feet of her horse in the *patio*, but he did not move from his chair. She was coming back to him; it was enough.

He closed his eyes, and his pulses beat in his ears. When he opened his eyes she was standing before him.

"I have brought them all back," she said; and taking a bag from her bosom poured upon the table a glittering heap of gems; yet not more hard and glittering were they than her eyes.

He arose and brushed them aside.

"You have come back!" he said, and held out his arms.

She stepped to one side, evading his touch.

"I have killed a man," she went on, coldly. "The *rurales* are on my trail. It will not be long."

"Why did you kill him, Belita?"

But he did not drop his arms.

"Because I hated him."

He glanced at her; then slipped out and closed the great doors of the *patio*,

coming quickly back.

"Why did you hate him, Belita?"

But he waited for no answer. He had her in his arms now; she was *his*—no man could take her from him; the *rurales* might come if they wished.

"I am weary," she said faintly. "Let me rest! Give me water!"

He laid her upon the lounge heaped with blankets beyond price, and went to the *olla* for water. As he turned away she passed her hand again into her bosom, where the knife was, and the gems had been, and when he stood before her with the glass, held the same hand for an instant over it.

"Adios!" she said, and leaned back upon the pillows.

"I am here, Belita," he replied. "I shall not leave you—and you will never leave me again!"

"Adios!" she repeated. But she left her hand in his.

After awhile she shuddered—just once—from head to foot. He flung himself on the ground beside her, smoothing her dark hair.

And it must have been as the *rurales* began to pound upon the great gates that he exclaimed:

"My Belita, how cold you are! Wake, and let me rub your hands!"

The *rurales*, or the soldiers sent by them, continued to pound; the *Senor Don* paid no heed—not even after a *mozo* had opened to them, and they were in the room.

The officer advanced to the lounge, but neither the figure upon it nor that flung across it stirred. Then he went nearer still, and touched with his finger the up-turned face amongst the pillows.

"*Madre de Dios!*" he muttered, and left the room with his soldiers.

The *Senor Don* was alone with his dead. No man could take her from him.

THE SPIRIT OF THE PHILIPPINES

BY WILLIAM O'CONNELL MCGEEHAN.

JUANITA Marong was putting the finishing touches on the work of two weeks, a large silk flag of the Republica Filipina. The needle work of the Tagalo girl is of the best, and the gaudy flag of the republic that never really existed was a fine study for the art. Because it was a labor of love the girl's whole soul was in the work, and the delicate embroidery of the sun with seven rays on the white triangle would have delighted a connoisseur. Suddenly with the wild impulsiveness that characterizes the race she embraced the thing passionately and kissed its silken folds.

"Mi bandera bonita!" she exclaimed, "you are to be given to El Presidente Aguinaldo and some day you will float over the Governor-General's palace in Manila. For some day we shall drive the Americanos to their ships and then you shall fly high. Hearst thou, beautiful one? Oh, my heart's heart! Flag of my country!"

She leaped to her feet and with kindling eyes stood looking into the distance. From the verandah of the little nipa hut situated on a rocky bluff she could see the town of San Pedro Mecati and the church over which floated a flag similar to the one she held. Beyond that was the city of Manila, and a few church spires were visible through the heat haze. Below her flowed the muddy Pasig River, bordered with brilliant foliage. The strains of the Insurrecto march came faintly to her ears from the open ground before San Pedro Mecati, where Pio Pilar's division of the insurgent army was training for the struggle that might begin any day.

Juanita was a Tagalo girl of the lighter complexioned type, which class sometimes produces women pretty even ac-

ording to our standards. This girl was not pretty, but she had eyes that were the wonder of the ignorant natives of the barrio of Guadaloupe, where she lived. The more superstitious feared her and shrank from her eyes as the lower animals shrink from fire; others wondered vaguely why she could always hold their attention by looking at them. She was sixteen, at which age a Tagalo girl generally is a bride. Juanita was not married. The young men who knew her feared the magnetism of her eye, and, even if the army had not called away nearly all the *sulteros*, it was not likely that she would have been much sought after.

She had one suitor, however, a *Mestizo-Chino*, Gorgonio Buena, son of a Cantonese Chinese and a Tagalo woman. His father, *Ling Yen*, and Juanita's father were firm friends, and the boy and girl had been playmates. But, despite his love for her and Juanita's power over him, she could not persuade Gorgonio to enlist in the insurgent army. In vain she tried entreaties and the lash of scorn. The stolid Chinese strain in his blood could not be fired.

"Loco," he would say, calmly, "Aguinaldo is loco. All his soldiers are loco. I have seen many Americans. They are big men with guns that make big holes in people. They shoot straight and they love fighting so much that they fight among themselves. And one soldier told me that in one week America could have a million men ready to come to these islands."

This would drive Juanita into a fury, though she did not believe it could be true. Every Filipino in the interior of Luzon who was able to read Aguinaldo's stately worded and very lengthy proclamations understood that there was a big

insurrection in the United States at the time. The latest one announced that Senor Bryan was marching with a host against Presidente McKinley, and also that Senor Bryan was a friend of Presidente Aguinaldo. But Gorgonio Bueno did not read these publications. He and his father, Ling Yen, were too busy making firecrackers to pay much attention to literature, and they thought the exorbitant tax they paid to Aguinaldo's agents an illegal extortion. Though Gorgonio was without patriotism or love of adventure, he was Juanita's slave in everything else.

Juanita's father was too old for the army, so he remained with his family. Besides Juanita there were two other children, a twelve year old boy and a year old baby. The Marongs were firm supporters of the Republica Filipina, and the father gave what little money he could to the cause. Juanta's mother favored Gorgonio's suit, though he was not a patriot, because she knew that the Mestizo-Chinos are the possessors of the faculty of acquiring and retaining pesos. This trait in a son-in-law is pleasing to mother-in-laws the world over.

The girl stood for some time lost in a day dream until she was roused by the tramping of many feet. A regiment of unsoldierly-looking Filipinos was marching along the road beneath the bluff, stirring up a cloud of dust. They were undersized men clad in all sorts of dressings, but Juanita watched them with admiration and love. They would have better uniforms when Manila was taken, she reflected.

Her mother called out from the house and she hurried inside and laid the flag carefully in a camphor-wood chest. She was wanted to assist in preparing the supper, which was to be out of the ordinary that evening, as it was her brother's birthday. Ling Yen and Gorgonio had been invited to the banquet, and arrived at about eight o'clock, arrayed in cotton trousers and banana cloth shirts. The tables, spread between two cocoa palms in the rear of the house, groaned under a load of boiled prawns, some fish from the Pasig, a salad of bamboo shoots, chickens fried in cocoanut oil, unlimited

rice, some very bad wine, and a little villainous gin. They ate with both hands in Filipino style, cramming rice into the mouth by the handful.

After supper all but the baby lit cigarettes. The old Filipino and the old Chinese settled down to a game of monte; Ramon, Juanita's brother, produced a catechism and became absorbed in its contents; the mother lulled the baby to sleep with a weird native lullaby; Gorgonio and Juanita were left to themselves. But Juanita's thoughts were far away, picturing the triumphant entry of the insurgent army into Manila, while the few surviving Americans fled to their ships in confusion. The Filipino bugles at San Pedro wailed "Lights Out."

Suddenly Juanita leaped to her feet and stood listening intently. Gorgonio rose at the same moment, and the two at the table dropped their cards. The crash of a volley of musketry came distinctly from the distance. It was followed by another and another. A blood red rocket burst in the black sky over Manila.

"It has begun!" cried Juanita; "Libertad! Libertad!"

"Loco, loco," said Gorgonio, calmly.

"Coward!" she exclaimed, and struck him in the face with all her strength.

On the next night Juanita stood upon the bluff sobbing wildly as she looked toward the church of San Pedro Mecati. It was lit up by the blazing houses of the town. Farther on Santa Ana and El Paco were still smouldering and the houses on the outskirts of Pandacan, across the Pasig, were beginning to burn. A semi-circle of sullen red lights around Manila showed where the former insurgent strongholds had been. The army of the Republica Filipina was scattered far into the interior.

Something had been gnawing at the girl's heart all day as she watched first the non-combatants, then the wounded; then small detachments of soldiers, and finally whole companies and regiments of the routed force hurrying along the road to get anywhere away from a storm of lead that swept close to the ground and mowed down everything before it. She had seen General Pilar hurrying with the rest and "Dios!" they had left the

flag at San Pedro to be torn down by the Americanos. Had it not been for the faithful Gorgonio, who restrained her by force, she would have rushed off in the direction of the firing. He stood near her, desiring to comfort her, but knowing not what to say. "Loco, loco," he whispered to himself monotonously.

A squad of fleeing Filipinos had cached their arms beneath the house and commended their wounded Captain to the care of the Marong family. The Captain was a young Spanish Mestizo, which caste furnishes the brains and the misguided ambition of the country. He lay inside the house in great pain, for a forty-five caliber bullet had shattered his shoulder blade and torn away much flesh. He was very young and might have been handsome, but pain and the bitterness of failure had made his boyish face old. Padre and Madre Marong sat side by side, silent and frightened, the mother holding the baby and resting one hand on the shoulder of her son. Old Ling Yen, the Chinese, crouched in one corner puffing a cigarette, and his was the only face that showed no emotion in the light of the household lamp.

Juanita entered the hut with the quick, decided step of one who has a fixed purpose. Opening the camphor-wood chest she took from it the Filipino flag and several dozen packages of firecrackers. She unfolded the flag and wrapped it around her form. Then she began to tear the paper coverings from the firecrackers.

"With a noise," she announced, calmly, "I am going to frighten back the Americanos as the women of Cavite did the Spaniards. Will you help me, Captain?"

The blood of the old Spanish adventurers that was in the Captain's veins bounded at the call. He arose with an effort and exclaimed: "I will follow you, *senorita*, to death!"

"Viva la Republica Filipina!" cried the old man, "I go, too!"

"And I!" shouted the mother. "You, too, can be a soldier, Ramon!" she said to her son.

The child's eyes lit up with pride.

"Gorgonio, will you come?" asked Juanita of the Chinese Mestizo, whom the Captain surveyed with contempt unspcak-

able.

"I will go," replied Gorgonio, quietly.

The old Filipino took a Mauser rifle and a cartridge box from the cache. "I want to kill an Americano!" he said with senile ferocity, as he loaded the magazine. Juanita distributed the firecrackers and matches. She gave a cry of astonishment when Ling Yen approached and held out his hand for a share.

"You are coming, too?" she asked joyfully.

"Si," he replied, shortly.

The mother slung the baby over her shoulders in a hastily improvised contrivance like an Indian papoose basket, so that her arms might be free.

"We will go close to San Pedro," said Juanita, "and make a big noise. Then perhaps the Americanos will think there are many insurrectos and fall back. When our soldiers hear they will return and fight."

Gorgonio muttered "loco, loco," but, with the exception of Ling Yen, the faces of the others were transformed with this glorious hope.

"Viva la Republica Filipina!" cried the girl leader. "Avante!"

And this little army, containing a specimen of the predominating castes among the insurgents set out to turn back the First Brigade, First Division of the Eighth Army Corps. It was a strange coincidence that on that very same day the General commanding had asserted that "all hell could not stop the First Brigade." Juanita was going to stop it with a noise.

The little army followed the girl down to the dry rice fields and moved forward slowly, under the light of the half moon, in the direction of San Pedro.

"Loco, loco," Gorgonio muttered continually.

A company of volunteers was lying beside a company of regulars on the road to the right of the town toward which Juanita and her command were making their way. Both companies had been very busy throughout the day, wading through sloughs, crashing through bamboo hedges, firing ammunition with prodigality and burning up nipa villages. They



"A girl, wrapped in an insurgent flag."

would have been nearly dead with fatigue had not an Englishman, whose name, unfortunately, has been forgotten, contrived to bring from Manila a carmatta load of whiskey. The precious fluid made the soldiers comfortable, and they would have burst into shouting and song had they not been on picket duty, and where any noise above a whisper would have been frowned upon.

One man in each squad peered into the darkness ahead, while the others smoked, holding their hats before them to shield the light. The two captains sat together steeped in the memory of a glorious day. Under the benign influence they discovered that they were very dear friends, and that their two companies were the best two companies in the world.

One of the volunteers hurried up to them and whispered excitedly to his commander, "Something in front, sir."

Both instantly hurried to the centers of their respective commands, and the men who were asleep were quickly awakened. The word was passed along the line to load, and there was a series of clicking sounds as the cartridges slipped home.

Suddenly shots began to pop in front, and the order was given to "fire at will." Both companies began to fire and reload with rapidity and precision. The steady pop, pop, pop, pop, of the Krag-Jorgensens was almost drowned by the tearing crashes of the Springfield.

"What in the deuce is up?" mused the volunteer captain. "I don't hear any bullets. Sporney, you fool," he shouted to a private, "you're firing at the Southern Cross, and that's out of range!"

"Oh, trumpeter," he bellowed, "blow 'cease firing!'" But the trumpeter was busy with the rest, and he had to hunt for him. At last recall was sounded, and the din stopped. All was silent as the grave in front.

The Brigadier, awakened by the noise, rode out from San Pedro and gave it as his opinion that too much had been drunk and that the pickets had been fighting serpents created by it.

"Go out in the morning and see how many boa constrictors you killed," he said, as he rode away laughing.

As soon as it was daylight the two companies moved forward in skirmish line through the low grass. Suddenly a corporal of the regulars, a little in advance, stopped short and gave vent to a cry of wonder. The volunteers broke their formation and hurried toward him. The officers elbowed their way through the ring to see.

Lying dead on the ground were a girl, wrapped in an insurgent flag, an old Filipino, an old Chinese, a woman, a little boy, a young man in "amigo" clothes, and one Mestizo captain in an insurgent uniform. The gay colors of the flag were stained here and there with dark splashes, there were dark splashes on the clothes of the others and on the ground. Most startling sight of all was a little live Filipino baby sprawling on the grass and playing with the bolt of a Mauser rifle, the only weapon visible. All around the bodies were the fragments of exploded firecrackers.

The men looked at each other with shame and grief in their faces. Some swore. Others were silent but breathed hard. One very young volunteer flung his rifle to the ground and burst into tears.

"I did not enlist to fight women and children. Oh, God!" he sobbed.

The regular officers lifted their eyebrows at this, and the volunteer captain was very angry.

"Pick up that rifle instantly," he ordered, "and when we get back to San Pedro, report under arrest. You enlisted to do just what you were told."

There were tears in the captain's eyes, however, as he tenderly lifted the baby and tucked it carefully inside his knaki blouse.

"There is something very much like patriotism here at any rate," he remarked, unguardedly.

"To the rear! March!" ordered the regular officer, sharply.

Afterward Juanita, still wrapped in her flag, was buried in a trench with her followers. The baby may grow up to a prosperous American citizen, or, if the spirit of the Philippines lives on, he may be a soldier of another futile and foolish insurrection. The latter is most probable.

The Regeneration of Young Hawley

BY NEILL SHERIDAN.

§ HE came to Manila with the first consignment of Red Cross nurses, as the correspondent of an American newspaper, and in one day she drove her calesa up and down the Luneta through the golden dusk, and over the hearts of the whole mess of the First Volunteer Infantry. She was young, small, and not beautiful. She had no color at all. Her figure owed so much to art, the Red Cross nurses said—though that might have been envy—that the little nature had done was overlooked in the total result altogether. But her gowns, sheer white for the most part, were perfect after their kind, her green eyes were the large eyes men fall into and drown, and her smile the revelation of unutterable things. And although she was young, as years went, she had been born old in that measureless guile that comes from the serpent.

She had all the officers of the transport that brought her across the Pacific at outs before the boat reached Honolulu, and all the women on board hated her with perfect ferocity. The mess of the First called upon her, and went down to a man. Even the Adjutant, who had a dragon and some well-grown nestlings at home, quartered at the Presidio, and who was regarded as proof, struck his colors and took her for a ride on one of the regimental Tagalog ponies out beyond the Pasay cross-road. That was the scene of his gallant action during the siege of Manila.

But the worst hit were the Major-doctor and young Hawley. That was plain from the first. And she was impartial. Also, she rode and drove, at odd times, with naval officers from the fleet, and she was not averse to receiving, now and again, a private who came well recommended. There were the sons of million-

aires in the ranks of the First, and Lydia Fairish could gild brass buttons and a plain blue coat with paternal gold as well as another. More than that, she was a young woman who had not been born with any illusions, which are apt to be troublesome things to an enterprising spirit.

Miss Fairish rode out with the Major-doctor in the morning, and even went one day to the smallpox hospital with him, upon the plea that she wanted to get a story for her paper. The Colonel raved when he heard about it, and the whole mess sent the Major-doctor to Coventry and the brandy bottle for daring to risk her life—but Miss Fairish came to dinner at the mess that night, and laughed at the Colonel and sent glances from her soft eyes so straight into the heart of every man there that not one of them but would have jumped off the balcony into the Pasig, and taken her with him if she had ordered it. Each man reprobated not the less the conduct of the Major-doctor. Moreover, he had a wife and a family of small children at home, as every man there knew.

It befell, therefore, that Miss Fairish presently heard all about the domestic concerns of the Major-doctor, with the result that she made not the slightest difference in her treatment of him. It was at this juncture one of the Red Cross nurses said that she had been born wicked as well as wise. Women are malicious, but that seems to be the usual human combination.

But if the Major-doctor found favor in the morning, young Hawley found favor and also a seat in her calesa when she drove on the Luneta in the tropic dusk. The Spanish women, disdainful of their conquerors, were driven there in the dusk also by liveried coachmen, but

if one of them deigned a glance at the bold young woman who outraged the proprieties by sitting beside a man and herself trying the paces of her fast pony, Miss Fairish never knew it.

"The poor things must have a stupid time of it," she said to young Hawley, flicking her pony, and that youth would have laid his whole prospect of the paternal millions at her feet if she had let him. No man knows how, but a girl not yet out of her teens can keep a lover skating along the thin edge of a proposal for months, and not let him break through. Miss Fairish was a long way out of her teens, and also she had been born wise.

Now, it chanced that young Hawley had also left an entanglement at home. Most young fellows do, who go to war as volunteers. The blood runs red in their veins. But young Hawley had the distinct advantage over the Major-doctor that there was as yet no legal tie.

The story was told in various ways. Miss Fairish soon heard it, in all its variety, as she heard most things—and she let it make not the slightest difference in her treatment of young Hawley. That innocent youth never really knew how wise she was when she purred to him in the dusk, making him put strong restraint upon himself lest he clasp her in his arms and cover her with kisses. It was a liberty no man had ever taken. There is a strong repressive force about the woman men know to have claws, though she keeps them in sheath.

The larger portion of the mess dropped out after awhile, leaving the running to the Major-doctor and young Hawley, with a navy lieutenant or two whom nobody considered, because navy men are popularly regarded in the army as beneath consideration in affairs of the heart. Besides, several army women came within a few weeks, and the fellows were not so shut off from the companionship of the females of their species as they had been. The comedy went on, nevertheless, for a couple of months, to the intense amusement of the spectators, and to the enjoyment, as it appeared, of the principals. Her mornings were given to the Major-doctor and her afternoons to young Haw-

ley, with rigid impartiality. The men hated each other with great cordiality, and were both evidently greatly enamored of the woman. An entanglement, with or without the sanction of the law, is of small force in the presence of the woman at hand—and that man must have a keen ear who can hear the crying of small children across eight thousand miles of sea.

The rivalry became the subject of betting in the mess, at last. Everything did, sooner or later. In the meantime, transports were coming and going across the sea to San Francisco, and these ships sometimes carried tales not of war. It was in September, and the monsoon was sweeping the black clouds against the hills that lie close about the Laguna de Bai, and the hush of the coming rains was in the air, when the curtain went up on the last act.

The First had been relieved from duty at the Palace of Malacanan, and removed across the river to the old barracks of the Spanish Marine Infantry. The transport Senator came up the bay one afternoon, driving ahead of the monsoon, and the men at headquarters were counting upon getting their letters at dinner-time. Miss Fairish dined at the mess that night. She had no chaperon—but, then, she needed none. She had made that fact patent from the first. The letters came in with the dessert, and the Major-doctor, who had got her seated at his end of the table and consequently scored in young Hawley's time (leaving that youth scowling among the juniors), was observed to become greatly perturbed upon reading one of the missives brought to him. It was the custom to read home letters as soon as they were brought in, at Manila, and even Miss Fairish had her mail sent to headquarters that night. She was stopping at the Red Cross headquarters, by way of giving no handle to scandal—and hated her hosts with an intensity altogether feminine. The Major-doctor read his letter, excused himself hastily, and then went out and called the Colonel after him. Young Hawley, smiling once more, slipped into the Doctor's vacant seat, and the discussion of the home news became general. The

Colonel came back presently, smiling.

"The Major's family is on board the Senator," he said.

The whole table smiled. Young Hawley fairly beamed, but he said nothing. The lad was a thoroughbred.

"How pleasant for him," Miss Fairish said, and every man there saw that she honestly meant it. Also, it began to dawn upon the dullest, even, that her hand was visible in this thing. The expression on young Hawley's face was cherubic. The Major-doctor rejoined the company when they had adjourned to the Colonel's room, having been unable to board the transport that night, and Miss Fairish went straight up to him.

"I am so glad, for your sake, Major," she said. "You need not be lonesome now. Will you not let us go on board with you to-morrow to welcome them to Manila?"

Young Hawley glared, but the Major-doctor jumped at it. You have perhaps observed how frail a straw sometimes serves the purpose of a drowning man.

"You should head a delegation from the mess, Colonel," she went on. "Mr. Hawley would be glad to go, I am sure, and the Adjutant, and Captain Jones and Mr. Smithers."

The elect testified their delight, and young Hawley was again in the clouds. Of course she knew all the time what was to happen. She never said so, but the whole mess saw the hand of that young woman in it as plainly as God's hand—or the devil's, as young Hawley put it.

The whole party was on hand next morning at the office of the Captain of the Port, where the Government launches lay, and they were very gay as they steamed down the Pasig and out upon the rough waters of the bay—very gay, all but the Major-doctor. Gaiety is not in the part when a man is being led to execution. The Major-doctor behaved well, on the whole, but chastened. But you would have thought the Mrs. Major-doctor was going to smother Miss Fairish with the fervor of her embraces. And young Hawley stood apart and chewed his mustache and grinned. That was in appreciation of his own superior acumen in fathoming

the manner of the undoing of the Major-doctor.

That was not the last scene. The Senator has a saloon and staterooms between decks, and presently Miss Fairish, breaking away from the embraces of the Mrs. Major-doctor and the relation of the last bit of interesting domestic experience, fluttered like a bird down the companion-way into the saloon. Like a bird, also, she drew her tail after her, young Hawley well to the fore. It was dark in the saloon, after the tropical sunlight, and nobody noticed the little woman seated at the piano, strumming softly, until Miss Fairish bent over her and kissed her. Then the little woman arose; there was a cry, "Oh, John!" and she had her arms around the neck of young Hawley. He had to stand and hold her up. She would have fallen otherwise. But he looked unutterably foolish; and he said things, softly.

"Speak to me, John," the little woman said, between laughing and crying. "You are not angry? The doctor's wife wanted a nurse, and I had to come. I could not stay away any longer."

Young Hawley was not exactly a brute. He was taken by surprise—and Miss Fairish was present. Matters adjusted themselves after a little, and Miss Fairish took her tail back to the deck, where she gave the worldly-wise Colonel a three-volume novel in one smile.

There were three women and three children in the launch that took the party back to the city, but neither the Major-doctor nor young Hawley so much as looked at Miss Fairish on the way. There are some things the boldest men may not venture to do. But she was dangerously sweet to the other two women.

The Major-doctor took up separate quarters at once, and presently took his discharge and went home. Children do not thrive in that climate. And after a very quiet ceremony, performed by the chaplain, young Hawley also took up separate quarters. That was proper. But it is a curious thing that within a week after young Hawley's marriage neither of those women would speak to Miss Fairish. They had got on swimmingly before that.

She did not seem to mind it in the least. "I am used to the ingratitude of my own sex," she said plaintively to the Colonel. Then she married a navy lieutenant, who was popularly reputed to have a wife at every port in the Pacific, and went off with him to the China station, leaving the First desolate. They

attended her farewell in a body, and looked their reproaches.

"There are women," young Hawley was heard to say afterwards, "who do not care how many wives a man has, if he is the right man." It was the only grain of malice the youth had in his composition.

HER WIDOWHOOD

BY JOHN FLEMING WILSON.

HER face seemed brutally expressionless under the dim light, and the house surgeon glanced at the wife. She stood quite still, and watched nervously. "There is no hope?" she asked again.

"He has been this way six weeks," responded the surgeon, "and after so long a time—why—seeing that the operation was hardly successful, we cannot be confident of the outcome."

"I want the truth," she said with a faint tone of impatience. "I shan't cry."

The young doctor, with an automatic movement, felt the unconscious man's pulse. His knowledge of women was quite professional, and (as he felt now) unpractical. He turned to the nurse, expecting a little hint, or perhaps a word that would relieve him of the responsibility. But the nurse gave no sign, and he resorted desperately to the truth. "He cannot live through the night," he answered.

"If he dies," said the woman, dwelling on the condition, "if he dies, will he recover consciousness before?"

"No," replied the surgeon. "If he regains consciousness he will live."

"Then he will not be conscious again?"

The young man was slightly nettled. He had learned it as an axiom that the truth must be stated only once. "I have given you my professional opinion," he replied, shortly.

The wife wet her lips and stepped to the bedside. She attempted utterance

more than once. Seemingly, to the onlooker, she abandoned a purpose when she cried softly over the leaden face, "Good-bye, Bob!"

In the hallway she laid a hand on the young surgeon's arm. "Will you send me word?" she asked.

"If a change for the better should come," he responded.

"If he becomes conscious?"

"Yes."

In the reception room she dropped her veil over her face and motioned to a man who sat uneasily in the corner. He rose and followed her out upon the street.

"Is it over," he said, when he had caught up with her.

"It is over," she answered and accepted his arm.

"Poor Bob!" he sighed, and no more was said for a long time. They walked steadily down the street, and on to the busy avenues. At a crossing where the cable cars pass he halted a little. "No," she said, "let's walk. I need the air."

"What are you going to do?" asked the man, presently.

"I don't know, Charley; I am all alone, you see. There's not much to think of."

"That should clear up your horizon, Grace, for it is simply for self that you are acting now."

She turned and looked at him with eyes that reminded him of her youth and his own. "I have still his name," she said, "and it has always been in honorable keeping. You know the name still

lives."

"That is a heavy legacy," he responded, "and—the final cynicism."

"Bob was not cynical," she said, purposely misunderstanding.

The man looked at her curiously and compared the face with that he had known before. The mouth had become passively heavy, and the chin was not so pure in contour. The forehead and eyes alone retained the old expression. "He was not cynical," he ventured, "but he was (shall we say?) brutal."

She caught her breath and looked askance at him. She recognized her own thought. "All men are brutal," she continued, as if she had said this herself, "except the man one loves."

"You did not love him?"

"You knew him almost as well as I," she whispered.

There was a long interval of silence and she let go of his arm. "I understand," he affirmed, "you did not love him."

When they reached her door she went slowly up the steps. The man halted below and seemed in a state of indecision. "Will you come in a little while?" she asked, coldly.

He went up then and opened the door for her. The hall was dimly lit and he had some difficulty in finding the coat-rack.

She noticed it, and directed him. "You never call here," she explained.

"No; it is quite strange to me. I did not want to have your happiness thrust upon me."

She made no response, but walked before him into the sitting room. They sat down by the fire, now almost dead, and there was a dreary silence. He broke it by a slight movement of his chair, and she looked around at him. "To go back," he said, definitely, "to the main question. What are you going to do?"

"I am undecided."

"Perhaps," he suggested, "your memory might give a hint."

Her eyes fell, and she drew her cape about her shoulders as she spoke. "My memories are dead up to the time of my marriage."

"He was a brute," he explained as if to himself.

"It was not he that killed them," she retorted. "No memory dies except by the hand of the one who made it sweet—or bitter."

"It was I?"

"It was you," she continued more firmly.

"I think I told you," he ventured again, "that I loved you."

"Do you remember my answer?"

"I do. But you married him."

"Yes," she assented with a gesture of pain.

"I know why you married him. I was unjust. I was brutal."

"Not brutal," she interrupted, quickly: "You were always a gentleman; you were unjust."

"I have paid for that," he continued without noting her exclamation, "for I love you."

The noise of the busy avenues drifted in and they both listened apparently. Presently she arose and stirred the fire into a feeble flame. He rose, too, and bent over beside her. "What are you going to do?" he asked steadily.

She made no reply; she did not look around; but he felt her hand slip into his own.

"I am glad," he whispered, "and your life shall be worth living."

"Am I very wicked?" she sobbed, half under her breath. "It was hope made it bearable before."

He dropped her hand and she looked into his face. He noticed the mobility of her mouth as she stifled her sobs and cried at him as though to a great distance: "But I was faithful!"

He stepped to her side and put an arm about her. She turned her face to his again, but there was an imperious command upon her lips that forbade a caress. "I owe him," she said, clearly, "I owe him a time of widowhood."

"And when that period is over?"

"I am your wife."

She accompanied him to the door after helping him on with his coat. The cool air of the night seemed grateful to both, and there was a long pause in his leave taking.

On his way down the steps he halted and said, hat in hand, "You will let me know of—the arrangements?"

"Very soon——" She ceased suddenly and he looked down, to see a messenger boy leaning his bicycle against the curb. He looked up again and she motioned to

him. He obeyed and took the message. When he had opened it and read it she met his eyes with a chilled inquiry: "Is it for you or for me?"

"It is for you," he replied, coldly. "Your husband has recovered consciousness."

A VISION

BY GERALDINE MEYRICK:

I saw the world, a sick, degenerate thing,
 Reeling uncertainly through trackless space;
 I heard the World-Voice dully muttering—
 "Doom and despair! Disaster and disgrace!"
 I saw men, serpent-like, creep out and sting,
 While one would look into another's face,
 With evil gesture and uncouth grimace,
 And say, "As I am, so are all!" and fling
 A curse into the foul and murky air.
 Then saw I suddenly, now here, now there,
 White souls arise, who each to other cried:
 "All hail! Now Truth the wand'ring world shall guide,
 Now Hate and Sin yield place to Love!" And so,
 My heart took hope, forgetting earlier woe.

The Preservation of the Cliff Dwellings

BY KATHERINE LOUISE SMITH.

IN New Mexico, Arizona, Colorado, and Utah, in tracts formerly almost destitute of inhabitants, and one the Mesa Verde in particular, a level plain overgrown with woods of piñon and cedar, through which canyons have ploughed deep furrows, are found numerous ruins which in some respects suggest the buildings constructed at the present day by the agricultural Indian tribes. The ruins would indicate that some race of beings unknown at the present time had once been here and the dwellings had been occupied probably before the advent of the Spaniards.

These regions were a few years ago unknown, but are now intersected with railroads which afford access to each interesting spot. America does not stint her surprises for those who study her ancient history, and while new discoveries are daily being made, breaking down early theories and changing what had appeared to be the best founded conclusions in these regions, we feel we are justified in concluding we are in the presence of a nameless people, without a written history. It was reserved for recent years to discover these facts, and it is for science to re-establish that which time and the barbarism of man have destroyed. Ruins which would indicate that they represent whole villages or towns are found here, and fortress-like buildings have been erected of hewn blocks of sandstone, often so high in the cliffs as to be almost inaccessible.

The cliff dwellers lived in the great plateau of the west, and, for aught we know, were the earliest inhabitants. The date of their appearance and disappearance is uncertain, for there is an air of mystery about these people, but we know that at some time in the obscure past they migrated to this region, and amid

the deep canyons that furrow the mesas made their homes. The Rio Mancos in particular flows between cliffs formed of limestone and clay deposit, in many places worn away by the action of the water, and in this narrow space many of this singular race built their domiciles.

The name Cliff Dwellings is peculiarly appropriate when applied to those ruins which have been described by various explorers and called Cliff-Palace, Long House, Balcony House, Sandal-Cliff House, etc., all of which were really fortified villages. They are nearly all found on the Mesa Verde and were first explored and described by W. H. Jackson, who in 1874 discovered several ruins, most of them nearly level with the ground. In the summer of 1875 and 1876 W. H. Holmes made a journey through Mancos Canyon, described several of the ruins, discovered earthen ware, etc.; but, notwithstanding the great interest taken in these accounts, few persons visited these regions, and the chief explorers since that time have been private parties. F. H. Chapin and W. R. Birdsall have each published works descriptive of the locality, but the person who accomplished most in the way of exploring this region was Nordenskjöld, of Stockholm, Sweden. He was visiting America, and became so interested in this region that he made extensive researches. The result is seen in a large quarto volume in Swedish and English, with numerous handsome illustrations. These and some fugitive newspaper articles have been the chief source of our information as to the pre-historic ruins of our southwestern country. Remarkable ruins have also been found by Richard and Alfred Wetherill, of Mancos, who own large herds of cattle, and in excursions after them have penetrated the Mesa Verde and its

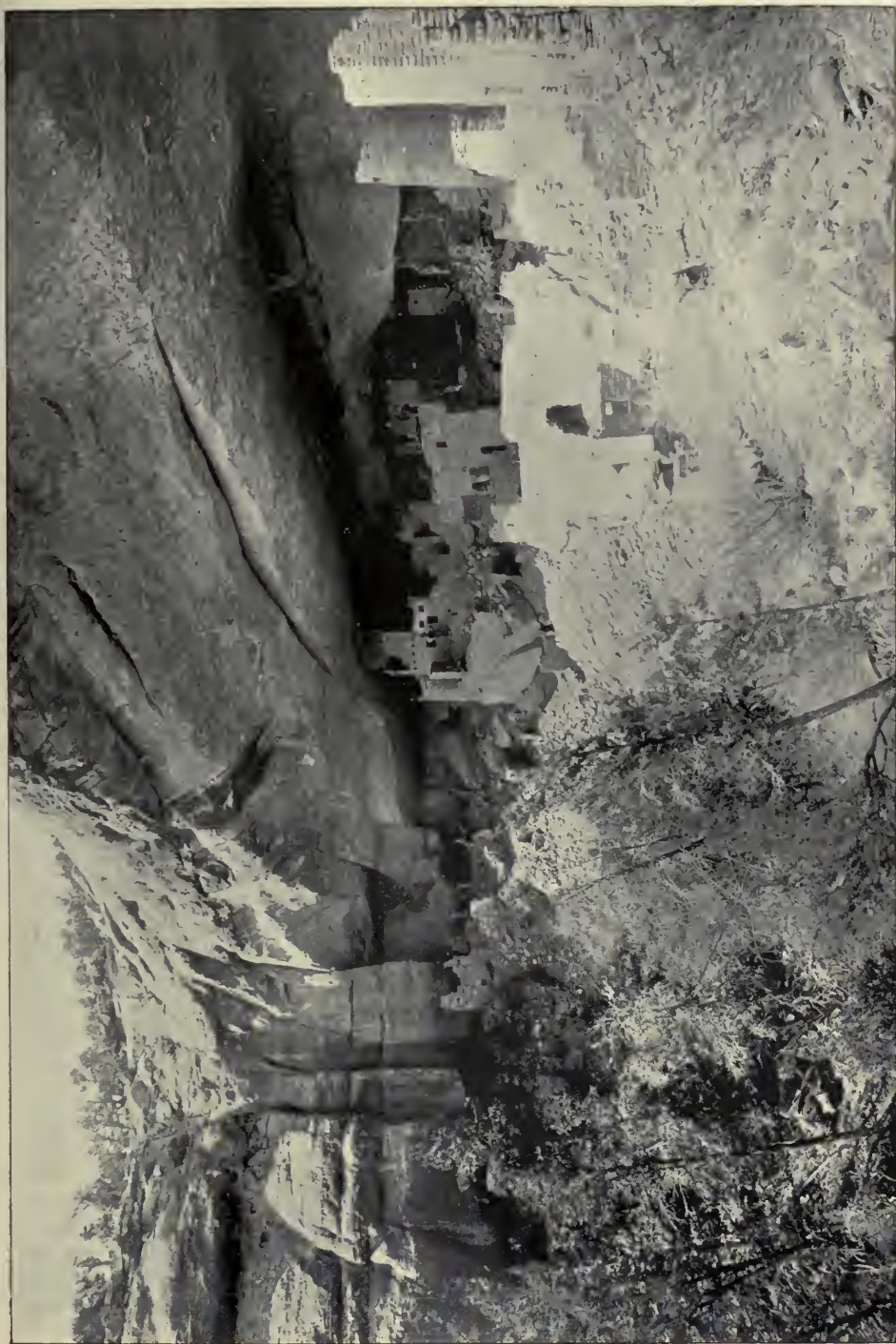
canyons. During the course of years they have discovered the remains of whole towns, and their collections of skulls, pottery, stone and wood relics have been considered of so much value that part of it was purchased by the Historical Society of Colorado.

For years past naturalists and historians have been complaining that, unless some aggressive effort was made to prevent, these wonderful relics of past ages must be inevitably destroyed by vandals and curiosity seekers. The States in which they are situated have seemed unaware of the value of this heritage, which scientists and ethnologists the world over declare to be the only spot where "middle barbarism" can be studied successfully. In the past few years the Colorado women have become alive to the danger of losing these relics of a pre-historic past, and The Women's Society for the Preservation of Cliff Dwellings was formed. Later this emerged into The Colorado Cliff Dwelling Association, affiliated with the State Federation of Women's Clubs, and the task undertaken of conserving for future generations gifts that can never be reproduced if destroyed. The work of this association has been enormous, for they were obliged to negotiate for land that belonged to the Indians and had not been subdivided. First an accurate map of the Mesa Verde was made at the expense of the club women, for upon this plateau are situated from three to four hundred cliff houses, including the great Cliff Palace, with its three hundred and fifty rooms, and it was decided that in saving these ruins the best of Colorado's inheritance from the past would be preserved. A provisional arrangement was made by which a ten years' lease was secured from the Indian owners of the land. This was drawn up by a lawyer versed in Indian affairs, and after the signatures of the committee and the Indians are affixed must be attested by the Indian agent and affirmed by the interior department. As a result of this work the project is receiving a great impetus, and is succeeding beyond the most sanguine hopes of its creators. Prominent as a worker in this good cause has been Mrs.

Virginia Donaghe McClurg. This enterprising woman made the trip to the Mesa Verde cliff dwellings in 1881, and has repeated the journey at intervals ever since over Indian trails and camping on the cold ground. In recognition of her services she was asked to address the Exposition's Ethnological Congress at Paris upon the subject of the Colorado Cliff dwellings and their preservation. In a recent article Mrs. McClurg states:

"The actual condition of things is appalling, as civilization creeps nearer this territory of ancient interest. The gallant swain takes his best girl on a picnic to the ruins and prods out a pottery bowl or stone axe, which are possibly broken in transit or forgotten, or taken home to the parlor shelf. The cowboys select fine, large jars of pre-historic make and, setting them in a row, beguile their Sunday leisure by peppering them with shot in lieu of the tin cans which serve as targets on ranches nearer town sites. The relic hunter digs up curios which he does not catalogue, and which he separates from their environments without record, making them valueless to science, and barter them for groceries at the nearest center store, or sells them piecemeal to the infrequent tourist. The honest farmer carts away the walls from a pre-historic pueblo to line his irrigating ditch. Worst of all is the fiendish treasure hunter. He it is who fondly imagines that a treasure of gold and silver is hidden under Aztec ruins. The fact that the use of metals was absolutely unknown to the neolithic aborigines of our southwest until the Spaniard came, deters him not."

In view of these conditions a brief sketch of these ruins is of interest. It will be understood that no survivor of the cliff dwellers has ever been met, and no tribe ever discovered with reliable traditions as to ever having occupied this territory, though in New Mexico and Arizona there is a group of Indian tribes who have been supposed with greater or less reason to be descendants of the people that built these ruined structures. These are the Pueblo Indians, a name which properly includes the Zunis and Moki tribes. It is to the architectural structures and relics we must look for our



"Cliff Palace," estufa or round tower at right.

chief source of information. Viewed in this light the cliff dwellers are supposed to represent an advanced stage of the stone age, for all explorers have recognized the superiority of the architecture. According to Richard Wetherill, who has made excursions from his hospitable ranch, there are fully five hundred ruins situated in the canyons of the Mesa Verde, some of them at such a height we lose ourselves in conjecture on the means employed to reach the places from which the buildings rise. The cliffs themselves consist of sedimentary rocks, layers of hard sandstone impervious to the actions of the elements alternating with beds of friable rock, and so skillful were the early inhabitants in taking the result of the natural weathering of the rocks in account, that the cliff dwellings not only take the form of the platform from which they rise, but the walls are joined to the cliff, and the aspect of the rock has been imitated with care. In fact, the architecture of these strange people differs from any other on the face of the globe.

The chief features of the architecture of the cliff dwellers was that one house always held a village, and constituted not only a home but a castle. This is particularly noticeable in the Cliff Palace, which is probably the largest ruin in the United States. This lay long undiscovered, as its approach is filled with almost insurmountable obstacles. The impressions of the traveler are strange and indescribable when, after a long ride, he halts on the brink of a precipice, and in the opposite cliff beholds these numerous ruins. They well deserve their name, for with high towers and walls rising out of a heap of stones, the ruin resembles a fairy castle. About twenty rooms are known. The stones are carefully dressed and laid in regular courses; the walls are perpendicular, and air and light seem to have been provided by small peepholes, which appear in places. The doorways are either rectangular or "T" shape, and the walls bear evidence to stability as indicated by the careful dressing of the blocks and the chinking of interstices with small chips of stone. An interesting feature is the mortar, which is glazed pink or gray in color to imi-

tate the neighboring rocks. In several places terraces have been constructed, and some of the rooms are covered with a thin coating of plaster laid on by hand, as the marks of the fingers of the workers show. Ornamentation has been found in the shape of dark red fingers on a ground of yellow plaster. Like other large ruins the Palace has at the back extensive open spaces where tame turkeys were probably kept. As defense seems to have been the chief aim of these people, the courts were always at the back of the house, and access to them was prevented by the row of walls which formed a line close to the ledge.

Balconies were common, and not far from the Cliff Palace is a remarkable cliff dwelling, which has been named Balcony House on account of the balconies found upon it. This is the best preserved of all the ruins of the Mesa Verde, and probably the most recently inhabited. While it cannot rival Cliff Palace in size, it seems as if here the architecture of the cliff people had reached its culminating point, for it occupies a better position for purposes of defense.

One ruin has been called Mug House from the quantities of pottery, especially mugs, which have been found there. These mugs, shaped like a truncated cone, are among the most singular specimens of the cliff dwellers' pottery. There are numerous other structures found, all well preserved, though they have been abandoned for centuries, and in many cases wooden beams are intact.

Certain peculiarities of architecture seem common to all. The arch, for instance, seemed to be unknown to the builders of these villages. A marked peculiarity is the circular room, which reappears with slight variations in size and structure in every cliff dwelling. These round rooms are situated in front of the other rooms, their foundations are deeper and they have no upper story. Their number varies according to the size of the building and they correspond to what is known among the Pueblo Indians as estufas or meeting places for religious or political assemblies. While other rooms have been found destitute of fittings the hearth occupies a prom-



Relics of mats, tools and pottery.



Hemp net or basket and woven corn ceptacle.

inent place in the estufa. The doorways of these buildings are a history in themselves for they give hints of the life of the builders. The typical door was made narrow at the bottom and wide at the top or "T" shape for the convenience of those who carried burdens on their backs, for the people were compelled to carry the necessaries of life from the valleys up to their houses hidden among the cliffs. In this connection it may be stated that no fragments which might be supposed to be the remains of ladders have been found.

As it is important in the study of these cliff dwellings, the origin and history of which are veiled in such obscurity, to know what race and people built and inhabited them the examination of relics found there possesses great interest. In the estufas have been discovered pieces of cotton cloth, cords of yucca fibre, sandals, pottery and maize, well preserved though they have probably lain for centuries. Authorities differ as to the climatic conditions which prevailed at this time but there is reason to believe that agriculture was the staple industry, for maize has been found among the ruins,

smaller than that cultivated at the present day, as well as solitary specimens of beans and the seeds of the cotton shrub. The long, sharp, tough leaves of the yucca plant afforded an excellent raw material for rope cord and the animal kingdom was laid under contribution, for the turkey supplied not alone the down from which feather cloth was made but the bone for awls. In these dwellings have also been found pieces of hide used for belts; moccasins and bags for holding salt, but no trace of metal. Osier mats and baskets made of willow have been excavated, rendered water tight by a coat of pitch.

All who have visited this country have been impressed with the vast quantities of shattered pottery, not alone in the dwellings but scattered over the land. The art of ornamentation seems to have been especially cultivated for few specimens are found not painted, and of a better quality than that found at the present day in Indian villages. The dry climate and scarcity of springs made it necessary to provide suitable vessels for carrying water. The details of the method employed by potters of prehistoric tribes are unknown but information has been gleaned by close examination of specimens and American archaeologists distinguish between ancient ware, transitional ware and modern ware. We may assume the pottery of the cliff dwellers represents the oldest of these types. It shows no deterioration though subjected for centuries to the inclemencies of the weather and seems to be made of a fine clay mixed with sand and pieces of shell. It is found as white decorated with black lines; red with black designs; corrugated indented with plain red and plain black. The white with black lines is considered the most ancient and found in the oldest ruins.

Of equal interest in the study of this race is their disposal of the dead. Often the dead were buried within the buildings itself either in a room walled up or in the court at the back. Mummies have been found under jutting rocks but in most cases the resting places have been selected with care and the body which is well preserved and mummified placed

in a squatting position with pieces of bowls, jugs, etc., near by. Scientific literature contains only a few cursory descriptions of mummies found in this neighborhood but in all the bodies so far discovered the cranium has been subjected to artificial deformation caused presumably in early infancy by the application of steady pressure by some flat object.

Until within a few years damaged stone houses and broken pieces of pottery formed the basis of our conception regarding the cliff dwellers but now as the country has become more thickly settled and explorations more common the cliff dwellings have been more thoroughly examined. All intelligent delvers among the ruins are impressed with the wonders of these dwellings and the wonderful preservation of things that in other climates would have crumbled away. It is one of our national disgraces that we do not realize the importance of this field for archaeological research and see to it that dwellings are not injured and portable

objects are not destroyed and despised. We are killing the goose that lays the golden egg in more ways than one by our carelessness in this direction. Switzerland is one of the richest per capita countries in the world simply because the government protects its show features. Italy protects her historical edifices and localities by strict laws, even private owners being forbidden to pull down ancient buildings; but here, we who possess some of the greatest wonders on earth allow collectors, tourists and picnickers to visit these ruins, demolish what they will and haul off relics at will. It is the goal of those interested in the recent move for the preservation of these dwellings to make the Mesa Verde accessible to all, a place of rest, interest and pleasure, with strict surveillance, however, that these priceless ruins may be conserved for future generations. Unless unforeseen hindrances occur this tract will be saved for the State of Colorado and part of our heritage from the aboriginal past be preserved for us.



Cliff Dweller Skulls, interesting because of their shape.



Eschscholtzia
or California Golden Poppy.

CALIFORNIA'S STATE FLOWER

BY GRACE HORTENSE TOWER.

Thy satin vesture richer is than looms
Of Orient weave for raiment of her
Kings!

Not dyes of olden Tyre, not precious
things

Regathered from the long forgotten
tombs

Of buried empires, not the iris plumes
That wave upon the tropics' myriad
wings,

Not all proud Sheba's queenly offer-
ings

Could match the golden marvel of thy
bloom.

For thou are nurtured from the treas-
ure veins

Of this fair land; thy golden rootlets
sup

Her sands of gold—of gold thy petals
spun.

Her golden glory, thou! On hills and
plains,

Lifting, exultant, every kingly cup

Brimmed with the golden vintage of the
sun."

—Ina D. Coolbrith.

Among the myriad wild blossoms that make gay every meadow, hill, and country roadside throughout Southern California it is a remarkable fact that the predominating colors are gold and purple—or blue. It seems appropriate that her flowers, in very truth her smiles, should in a measure reflect the gold of her sunshine, the heavenly blue of her sky. But of all the beautiful blossoms that spring into being from foothill to sea coast, clothing all the land in their wealth of vivid, brilliant coloring, there is none to challenge in popularity the golden poppy, Queen flower of them all.

In the early days when Western civilization was young, and towns were

few, and small, and far between, it was the gold of the poppy that lay along the foothills for leagues and leagues like a sea of gold, while sailors, miles out on the blue ocean looked across the tumbling blue waters to the distant horizon and thought they gazed upon a fire. Indeed, it was the Spanish sailors who termed California the land of fire, (La Terra del Fuego) and they said that the altar cloth of the good Saint Pasqual was spread upon the foothills and they oft times disembarked that they might worship on the shore.

The flood tide of this yellow sea comes in February, but from the time that the first yellow blossom bids good-bye to the late spring, the ragged little flower vendors, both Mexican and American, throng the streets and cluster eagerly about the hotel entrances where each morning they find a ready market for their great sheaves of golden blossoms. No visitor to California feels his visit complete till he has sought the foothills or the mesas and reveled in the joy of wading into the yellow sea of bloom and picking poppies to his heart's content. And the scene is one long to be remembered! In the background the Sierra Madres rear their peaks, purple shadowed against a turquoise sky. In all directions from the roadside stretches the yellow sea of poppies, the gentle breeze from the ocean swaying gently the sensitive stems and delicate petals in an undulating ripple. Now and then a clump of blue gray eucalyptus trees, stately and tall, break the yellow monotony, adding strength to the picture by their deep shadows.

Because of their prolific growth, distinctive beauty and coloring, emblematic of the gold, the oranges and the sun-



The Poppy Fields.

shine, California's three greatest products, and the fact that they are peculiar to no particular section of the State they came, some years ago, to be chosen as the State flower of California, and since then more and more have they come to be woven into song and story and design.

There are several varieties of poppies growing wild in the State, but the *Eschscholtzia California* is by far the most common. A noted German botanist, Adalbert von Chamisso, who arrived in San Francisco bay in 1816 on the good ship "Rurick" seeing these blossoms of gold for the first time, named them for his esteemed friend Dr. Eschscholz, who was also a member of this Russian exploring expedition. But the Spanish Californians gave to it long before that, a name musical in sound, poetic in meaning—"Copa de Oro," (cup of gold),—and surely no more appropriate name could be found for the silken petaled blossom that raises aloft its golden chalice to catch the yellow sunshine.

Though growing throughout the State they are found in the greatest profusion in the San Joaquin and San Gabriel valleys where they cover many acres of ground with their vivid color.

The stems are from six to eighteen inches long, of a pale green, dusted with a soft grayish bloom. The flower has four petals of the texture of finest satin and two or three inches across. Over the tightly rolled buds is a green calyx peaked like a jester's cap, and when the bud is ready to bloom it bursts its bonds and the cap flies off with a pop.

"She raises her head and cries,

'Blow off my emerald cap, good wind,
And the yellow hair out of my eyes!'"

The fern-like foliage is finely dissected and feathery. The corolla is strangely of a carmine tint and if closely examined it will be found that each tiny leaf particle is tipped with carmine too.

The poppy, the emblem of sleep and oblivion, is itself imbued with the same languorous spirit which it is supposed to exert over others, and the fields lie bathed in their heritage of sleep, each golden cup half closed, each tiny bud tightly rolled, till the bright finger-tips of

the morning shall with their magic touch open the sleep-heavy eyes of the poppy children. As the god of day seeks the western horizon the poppies again curl themselves up for their beauty sleep, while if the day be cloudy they only nod their heads and draw their satin mantles the tighter. There are many insects that crawl into the yellow cups and when the shadows lengthen and the satin petals are curled tight hide within their shining folds the little insect who is sheltered through the night time by as royal a coverlid as was ever spread over a sleeping king. Perhaps the spirit of the poppy breathes itself from out the silken folds, proving a potent sleeping draught for the willing prisoner!

When the chilling breath of the Ice King fills all the air and the cold touch of his great white hand lies heavy upon the snow bound East, the poppies of the Golden State are lifting their shining faces to the great warm sun who has called them into being. In January, sometimes even as early as Christmas, a few stray blossoms may be found, brightening some country roadside, the only gold to be picked up in the streets of California! But February and March are the months when all the landscape is splashed with vivid blotches of fire color. The poppies love the foothills best and creep close to the grand old mountains, lying along the uplands in one long, broad band of gold.

The most common tint is a clear orange but in certain instances one finds a much more beautiful clump of blossoms, the edges of each petal for possibly a quarter of an inch being a light chrome-yellow, blending into the deeper yellow of the petal. Occasionally a pale cream-tinted blossom is found, but these are rare.

The Indians of Placer County boil the herbage, or roast it on hot stones, afterward placing it in water, and eat it as greens. A harmless drug is also made of the plant, which is said to be an excellent remedy for insomnia and headache and is especially good for children. The Spanish Californians make of the plant a hair oil by frying it in olive oil or bear grease, and then adding per-

fume. It makes the hair glossy, and is said to greatly induce and stimulate its growth. The San Luis Rey Indians chew the poppy leaves with gum.

Another poppy resembling the *Eschscholtzia* somewhat in the shape of its bloom is the tree poppy or *Dendromeron Rigidium* which grows on small trees or shrubs, from two to eight feet high. The leaves, which resemble closely those of the willow, are from one to three inches long and the flowers are from one to three inches across, containing four bright, chrome-yellow petals. The habitat of this variety of the poppy family is from San Diego to Butte County, although found in its greatest profusion in and about Santa Barbara. This is the only plant known to belong to the poppy family that possesses a woody fibre.

Still another variety is the wind poppy, or Blood Drop, which varies according to the locality in which it is found. The color varies from orange vermillion to flaming scarlet. In Central California the blood colored blossoms are fully two inches across while the stems are from one to two feet high. In the southern part of the State, however, the flowers are small and lie like flecks of blood color on the short grass, hence the name of blood drop. The petals are of a satiny texture, shading in the centre to a deep, rich maroon. From the group of slender stamens whose yellow anthers show brightly against the petals, rises the green, top-shaped ovary. The blossoms are most fragile and the silken petals fall almost as soon as touched, which would seem to place them in the "touch not, taste not, handle not" category, and reminds one of the words of Robbie Burns,

"But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed."

These wind poppies seek the hillsides thriving best where there is shade, at least a part of the day, which is in sharp antithesis to the habits of the *Eschscholtzia*, its cousin, which depends upon the sun for its golden, full-blown beauty.

Last, but far from least, are the

Matilija poppies, whose great, golden hearts might well be likened to "apples of gold in pictures of silver." *Romneya Coulteri* is the name by which these beautiful blossoms are known upon the classic pages of the botanies, and they were named in honor of Dr. Romney Robinson, a famous astronomer, but because they are found in the greatest abundance in Matilija Canyon above Ventura, this musical name has clung to them. They are also known as the Mission Poppies and the Giant California white poppies.

The bushes grow from two to fifteen feet in height, and the petals, of which there are six, are from three to five inches long, while many of the blossoms are from six to nine inches in diameter. The round or occasionally pointed buds are closely wrapped in three overlapping, hairy sepals and usually, just as the sun rises out of the east, painting all the sky with rosy light, the buds throw off their fuzzy green mantles and unfold their great, crumpled, diaphanous petals, which resemble the finest white crepe. These flowers are found from Santa Barbara to San Diego and over the Mexican border and are abundant near Riverside and also in certain portions of Lower California. The foliage is a gray-green and the branches of leaves and blossoms are especially effective for decoration where striking effects are desired. These queenly flowers are, however, of a retiring nature and seek the seclusion of the canyons, where they cover the precipitous sides in some places like a cascade of foam-flecked green water.

Of late years florists have cultivated these plants and many are finding their way into the most fastidiously kept gardens. Indeed, English gardeners regard them as priceless treasures, and persons interested in flower culture have been known to go great distances to behold the golden-hearted blossoms. When first opened they exhale a pleasant fragrance. The Indians esteem them highly for their medicinal qualities. The seeds require an unusually long period of germination, it taking sometimes two years. Root cuttings are therefore preferred.



Matilija
Poppy
or
Love
Flower

The *Eschscholtzia* is now much prized by Germans as a garden annual.

No flower, perhaps, can boast of greater wealth in the way of names than the golden poppy of California, and the Latin, Greek, Spanish, German, Indian and English languages are drawn upon. Some botanists took exception to the name "*Eschscholtzia*," because of the long established botanical rule that two different genera could not be named in honor of the same person or individual of the same family name, another plant having been named for Escholtz Sr. But as the former name was spelled *Elsholtzia* by an error of the press, it is believed that the two are now distinct words, even though made so by accident.

Chryseis is one name that has been applied to the poppy and is thought pretty because it was the name of an Homeric beauty of renown, and alludes to the golden hue of the flower. *Omonoa* is another name referred to by Rafinesque in his botanical work, "*Flora Tellurium*." The Spanish names applied in times past to the flower are *Calce de Oro* (chalice of gold) or *Calcedora*; *Copa de Oro* (cup of gold); *La Amapola* (the poppy). *Dormidera* is another name which may either refer to the sleep-producing qualities of the flower or its own drowsy habits in closing so early in the day. *Torosa* is also obscure in derivation. If coming from "*Toroso*," it signifies the strong robust blossom, but if it is derived from "*antorcha*," it refers to the torch-like appearance of the flower, or the torch-like shape of the long, slender seed pod.

It is said by Emory E. Smith in his book upon poppies, that the San Luis Rey Indians called the poppy *A-tow-shanut*, and the place where Pasadena now stands *A-tow-shan-a-my* (the place of poppies.) The Mendocino and Humboldt County Indians are said to have called the flower *Dis-shu-le*, *To-shu-le* and *Sdosh-stu-sdoh*. *Tes-an-aht* was the name applied by the Serrano Indians, while the Coahuillas called it *Tesebal*.

Crocus poppy, Orange Flower, and California Gold Flower were some of the English names in common use in the early days, the last being much in use among

the Argonauts of '49, who often sent pressed specimens home in their letters.

The name, Golden Gate, first appears in the Geographical Memoirs of California, published by Colonel Fremont in the spring of '48, and as this was before the gold craze, some writers believe that it was the gold of the poppies which grow so abundantly upon the hills at both sides of the San Francisco harbor that gave to the entrance its name of Golden Gate.

Of legends concerning the poppy there are strangely few, but there are two which, because of their connection with the early days, are of interest. One is pagan and relates to the rancho San Pascual (the present site of Pasadena), which Victoria, the most famous of the Indian capitanas of the San Gabriel Valley, brought as her dower to her bridegroom, Hugo Reid, while the other, representing the Christian religion, relates to the San Gabriel Mission.

La Amapola (the poppy) was one of the names by which the poppy was known, and it is said that during the month of February, when the land was clothed with golden bloom, from Altedena mesa to the base of what is now Raymond Hill, there was a festival of the Indian women known as the *Amapola* dance, in which they wore coronas of the golden blossoms upon their dark heads, and fluffy boas of them about their necks, reaching to the ground. These Basket Indians were said to be by far the most artistic in their conceptions, and it is not difficult to imagine the weird beauty of this *Amapola* dance, the strangely-clad, brown faced women, crowned with poppies dancing in the midst of the flame-colored blossoms. Tradition says that the religion of these "Basket Women," was a species of sun worship, and if this poppy dance really existed, it is probable that it took place at high noon, when the sun god was enthroned on high. The dancers are said to have worn skirts woven of willow bark and reaching to their knees, a woven cloak reaching to the waist, and a woven basket cap. The sandals were of yucca fibre made from the stalk of the yucca plant or Spanish Bayonet, whose spikes of creamy blos-

soms gladden all the mountain side in the spring-time.

In 1812, Padre Jose Maria de Zalvidea took charge of the San Gabriel mission and the mission Indians. Then the preaching was in Indian, and the paternoster was repeated in Indian, too. During the poppy season there was a time each year when there were twelve old men of the San Gabriel Indians too old and feeble to walk, brought into the mission church in the strong arms of the young men, and placed in front of the altar and the angel in the *iglesia*, while the padre knelt, and in all humility washed their withered feet. And upon their heads the while rested crowns of poppies, shimmering with sunshine.

It is said that during the rush of gold seekers to California the Indians believed that the falling petals of the "Great Spirit Flower" sank into the earth, producing the precious golden metal. It is also said that many of the Indian women had a superstition that if a mother with a nursing babe touched a poppy or allowed her child to do so the milk dried within her breasts.

The famous poppy fields once completely covering the present site of Pasadena were known as Las Flores (the flowers), and were one of the most conspicuous features of the way along El Camino Real, the military road which wound through them from the mission of the San Gabriel Arcangel to San Fernando Rey de Espana.

There is an old Indian legend of the "Fire Flower," told in verse of the time when there came a famine in the land, crops failed, vegetation died, cold winds blew and all the Indians succumbed save two, the young chief Manona and his beautiful young squaw, Mahala. They set out bravely in search of a better

land, crossing ice-bound rivers and rugged steeps, praying all the time to the Great Spirit of the red man. And the Great Spirit heard and sent the fire flowers to drive away the chill winds and to fill all the land with warmth and plenty. And this is why the poppy is held dear to the childish heart of the red man.

There is a pretty little legend connected with the Matilija poppy, or "Ama Flores" (love flower) as it used to be called in the olden days, about which still clings a bright halo of romance. In the time of the old regime, before the Americano's energetic foot had stepped within the domain where romance and love and gallant deeds held sway, it was the custom each spring for the dark-eyed lovers to seek diligently for the first love flowers that bloomed upon some rugged canyon side. This great, golden-hearted blossom of snow was the love token from man to maid, and many a love glance found its way from beneath the long dusky lashes of some dreamy-eyed Spanish beauty into the heart of her passionate lover, as from his swarthy hand she accepted this token of his favor. When two caballeros knelt at the same shrine, it was the one who first found and presented the love token that received the maid's gracious acceptance. In case a fatal accident befell the gallant lover, it was said that the nearest love flower would the coming spring bloom pink instead of white. There were tragic tales of treachery when rivals met in some mountain fastness seeking for their passport to the favor of their amorata, and it is whispered that once a blood-red blossom sprang up to mark the spot where one brave fellow died, fighting for his life and love.

The Humorous Side of the Patent Office

By JOANNA NICHOLLS KYLE

AMERICA is pre-eminently the land of invention. As if the spirit of "the world-seeking Genoese" had descended as a legacy upon the land of his discovery, all Americans have bent their energies, like Columbus, toward finding something new. During the Colonial days this spirit met with small encouragement, owing to the inferior patent system of England. Finally the suppressed but restless energy of our nation launched itself in that unparalleled Declaration of Independence, which led to the most unique form of government in the world. No longer trammelled by foreign rules, the infant

Republic began its existence by recognizing the peculiar genius of its people and with a view to encouraging industry, offered rewards for the invention of all new and useful articles—the foundation of our world-famous Patent Office. But sometimes that enterprising spirit of discovery which has given us the railroad, the telegraph, the telephone, the electric light, and all other comforts and conveniences of modern civilization, is driven to excess. The result is the production of various laughable eccentricities. According to the laws of our patent system, every device which shows decided originality and has a fair claim

Fig 1

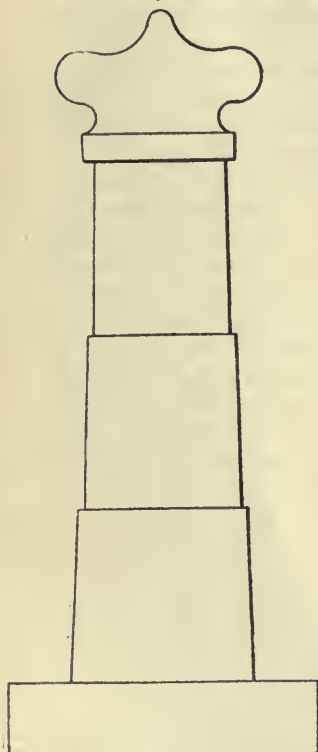


Fig 2

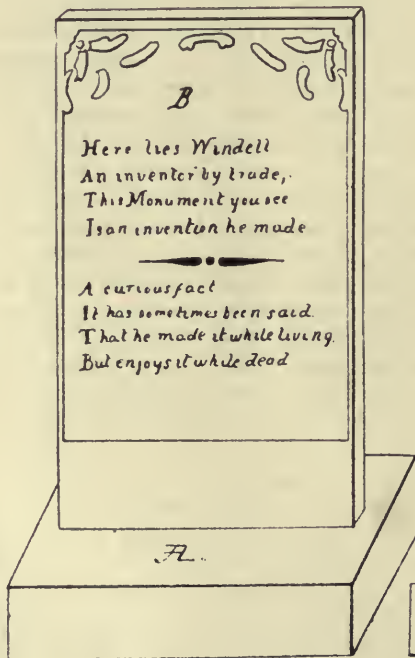
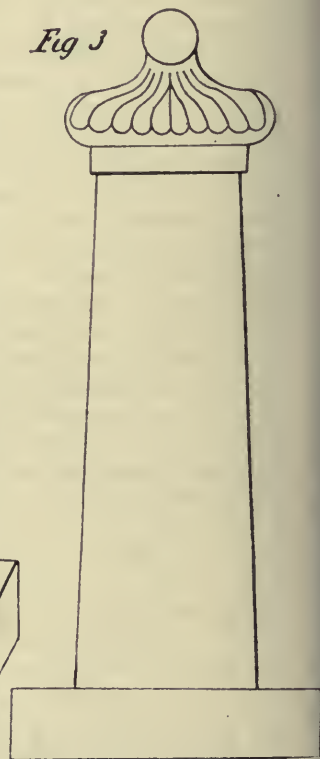
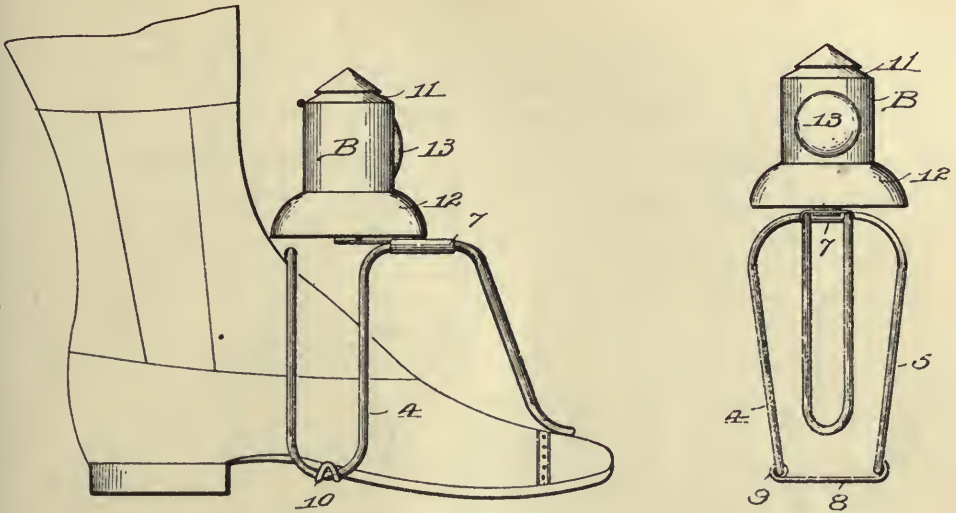


Fig 3





Designs for a "foot lantern."

to utility, is entitled to consideration, hence a number of very ludicrous inventions have been patented, thereafter to be filed away on the shelves of the vast building at Washington, never to see the light of day except when some person explores the archives in search of fun.

Side by side with the most useful inventions of the age may be found these extravagances of genius. One of the earliest, as well as funniest, inventions filed among the patents for surgical instruments, in 1856, is "a tape worm trap," a device which proposes by means of a hook and line baited with a tempting morsel and let down the throat of the sufferer to catch the wily inhabitant of his interior and haul him out like a fish. Nor is this the only ridiculous appliance added to the realm of surgery. The humanitarian instinct of modern times, applying itself to the alleviation of all forms of distress, was ably illustrated in 1891 by the invention of "an anti-snoring device" for the relief of all individuals afflicted by the vociferous breathing of some member of the household. As snoring results from the opening of the mouth and consequent breathing through it, instead of through the nostrils, the author of this remedy (a Massachusetts man) proposes to prevent the mouth from opening by bands so arranged as to pass around the neck

and across the chin, a very simple and harmless device to be worn during sleep.

Women have invented several appliances for restoring facial symmetry, which are so ludicrous as to give them distinction. One consists of a spring, which may be attached to the teeth "to restore the mouth lines to their proper position"; another claims to be able to produce dimples; another is "a finger compress," which may be used by those who desire to have pretty, tapering fingers, especially if their hands have been injured by piano practice, while yet another is "a device for clamping noses" in order to correct nasal deformities.

L. H. SHAW.
ANTI-SNORING DEVICE.

FIG. 1.



(No Model.)

3 Sheets—Sheet 1.

A. WARD.

WHALE SHAPED MUSEUM BUILDING.

No. 339,828.

Patented Apr. 13, 1886.

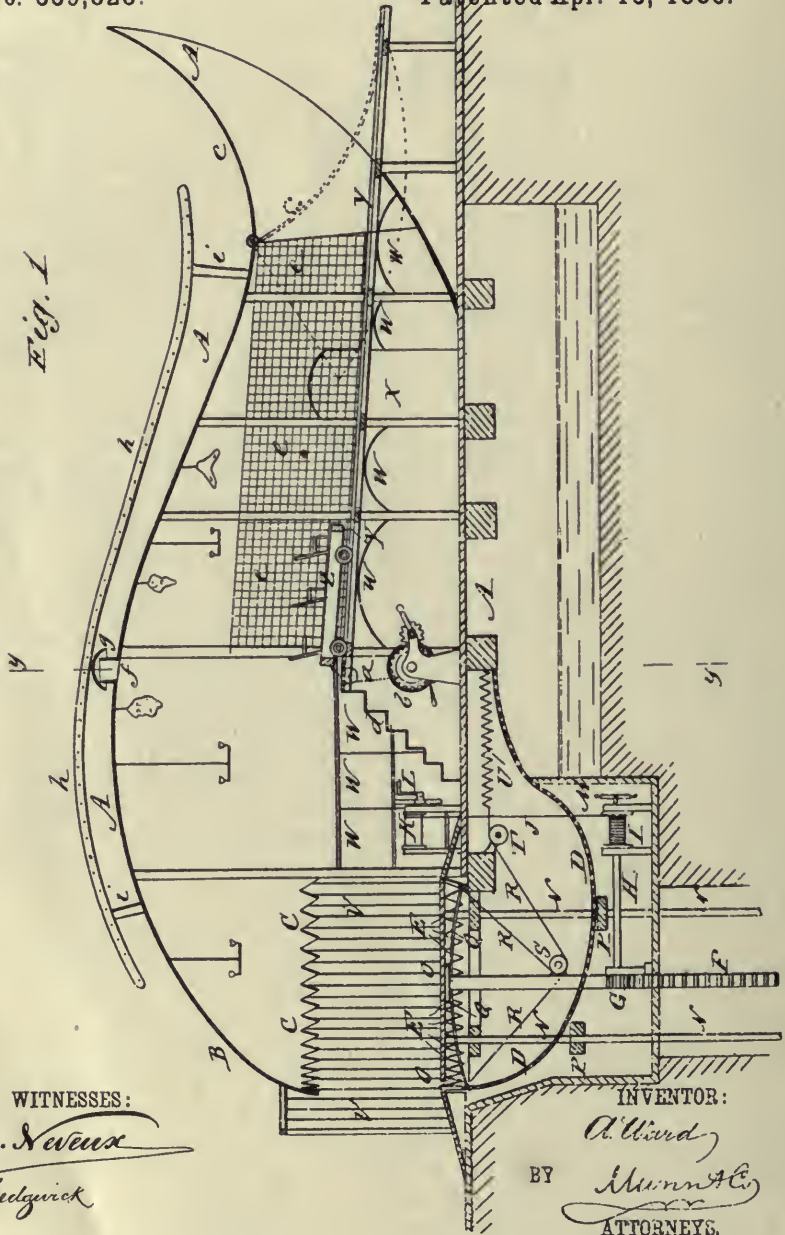


Fig. 1

WITNESSES:

C. S. Ward
C. Sedgwick

INVENTOR:

A. Ward
 BY *Munn & Co.*
 ATTORNEYS.

The last named remedy closely resembles an instrument of torture used by the Inquisition, the offending nose being placed between two plates, the pressure from which is regulated by a thumb screw.

It is a noteworthy fact that woman, with all her intuitive cleverness, has effected almost nothing in the way of invention. Her ideals in this direction end in abortive mechanisms. One vast bubble projected from a feminine brain to burst during our late Civil War was "a device for raising sunken vessels." This gigantic scheme proposed to pump up the water from the submerged hull, and by means of air-tight tubes introduce enough condensed air to buoy the ship up to the surface.

Architectural freaks are very numerous, one of the most singular being "a tornado-proof house," invented in 1890, by a New Yorker. This building was to be mounted on wheels, which should run on a circular track. It was to be pointed like the bow of a ship at both ends and possess an enormous vane, which under the influence of a very strong wind would be capable of turning the structure so as to keep one of its bows steadily pointed to the blast. Ante-dating this invention by four years, another New York man presented to the Patent Office his ideal of a museum in the shape of an enormous whale, the entrance door to consist of the animal's lower jaw, which in opening and closing might exhibit the amazing spectacle of swallowing its visitors, but an example of this sensational creation has never yet been given to the public, owing perhaps to the impecunious condition of its author. A notable freak in architecture whose practicability was actually tested is "the elephant house," invented in 1882 by a Philadelphia gentleman, with a view to securing better light and ventilation than was afforded by ordinary buildings. Some who read this article may remember seeing the wooden elephant erected according to this plan, on Coney Island, N. Y.; for its size made the structure conspicuous and drew large crowds of visitors, rendering the speculation very lucrative for its owners until it was de-

S. R. MILLER.
TOMBSTONE.



WITNESSES:

Thos. G. Hostrick
& Bodquick

(No Model.)

L. RAY.
 DEVICE FOR CLAMPING NOSES.

No. 580,954.

Patented Apr. 20, 1897.

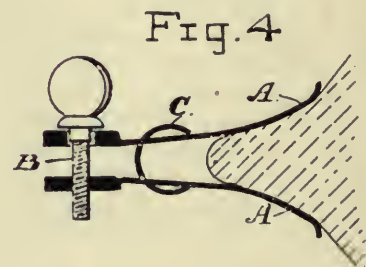
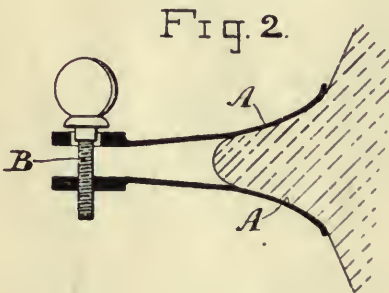
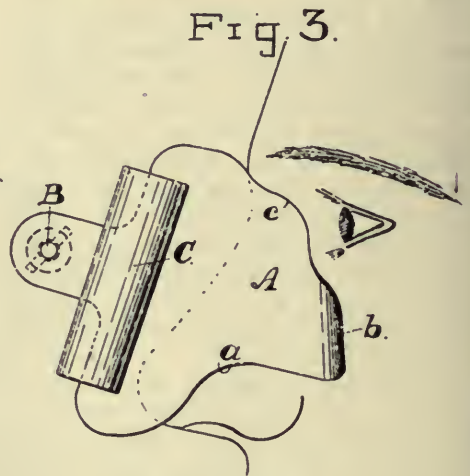
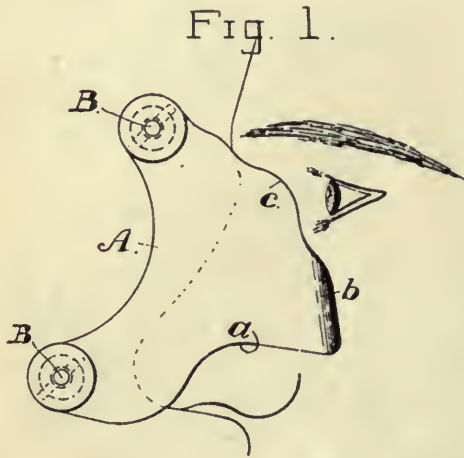


Fig. 3.

A face-straightening device.

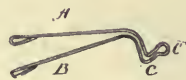


Fig. 1.

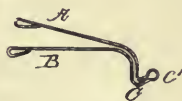


Fig. 2.

stroyed by fire in 1893. The hind legs of the beast contained the staircases, which led to the apartments in the main body, while its trunk was used as a sewer connection pipe.

Another queer device, invented in 1896 by a Pennsylvanian, who wished to have the free use of his hands and recognized the inconvenience of carrying a lantern when traveling by night, is "a foot lantern," which may be securely attached to the foot by a wire device. The inventor remarks at the conclusion of his explanations that the weight of the lantern is trifling, and that it is provided with a single pane of glass in front so as to throw the light forward and not blind the user. Some patented oddities are so ridiculous that one can hardly believe that they were suggested in sober

earnest. Among such is "the illuminated cat" device, originated in 1884, by a gentleman who had an antipathy for the live animal, as a good substitute to frighten away rats and mice. He remarks that his cat, made of pasteboard and painted with illuminating colors, the eyes being touched with phosphorous to cause them to shine in the dark would also serve as a handsome parlor ornament. It may not be out of place to mention in this connection an ingenious toy invented by a native of Connecticut, in 1884. This simple mechanism is a unique little pistol, the hammer of which is shaped like the head of a rooster. The

receptacle resembles an egg in form, and contains a movable device like a chicken, while the cover to the receptacle fits it with an irregular edge to resemble the break in an egg shell. When the trigger is pulled, a slight explosion takes place, and the head of the rooster appears to peck the egg just as the chick emerges from its shell.

There are, also, some grewsome examples in the list of funny inventions, the most extraordinary, perhaps, being "a torpedo coffin" so arranged as to explode when disturbed and scare away the resurrection men from their unlawful work in grave yards. The stoical

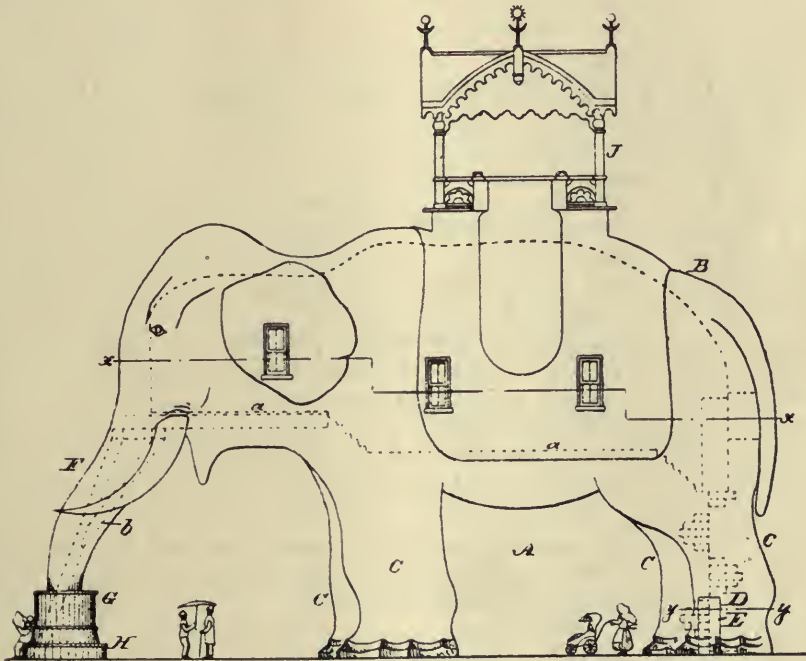
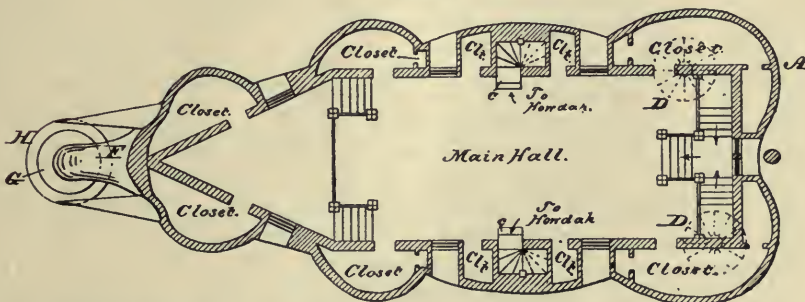


Fig. 2.



An elephant-shaped building.

Jerry Cruncher himself would hardly have nerve enough to proceed in face of such an underground phenomenon! Another invention provides for the possible revival of a corpse after interment by so arranging a simple cord passed over the hands of the deceased that the least movement will start the ringing of a little bell fastened in the top of the tombstone overhead. Curious devices for monuments to be used in cemeteries abound. One of these consists of a small air-tight, water-proof compartment, fitted into the stone, in

which may be preserved a photograph of the departed. The author of this appliance suggests that its cover bear some such inscription as, "Look at me, then cover my face," so that the picture may not remain exposed for any length of time. The most amusing feature of this grim subject is an inscription presented by an inventor with his drawing of an appropriate tombstone which he wished to be erected above his own resting place that future generations might know that he was the one who had originated the design.

THOU SAYEST THOU ART NOT SO FAIR

BY ARTHUR CLEMENTS

Thou sayest thou art not so fair
 As in the days gone by:
 Thy cheeks are faded and thy hair
 Is gray, and dim thine eye.
 It is not so! O bid depart,
 Such unreality!
 Look in the mirror of my heart
 And let it picture thee:

Not with the brilliancy of those
 That shine beneath youth's sun;
 There is a beauty in repose—
 That beauty thou hast won:
 Not in the joys of early years,
 Untried and sorrow-free:
 Peace comes with waiting and with tears;
 With age, tranquility.

As some pure lily set apart
 From other flowers gay,
 My love shall hold thee as thou art—
 More cherished than they.
 And when life's fated course is run
 And darkness draweth nigh,
 God grant mine eyes may rest upon
 Thee near me as I die!



California's Graveyard Literature

By David Atkins

A BOX where sweets compacted lie"—George Herbert's fit description of springtime—has been employed by someone as a definition of verse; and it is possibly the doubt as to what constitutes sweets, and a vague sense that it is permissible to confine in rhyme matter which would never be suffered to wander loose in prose, that delude and entice the twin poets of the newspaper and the tombstone. It would seem that they first either construct or boldly steal their box: then into this framework they ram a quantity of fact and fancy; and, finally, cap the whole with a neat cover of rhyme, counting it a great performance if only it closes with a convincing click.

While newspaper verse is usually maintained at a certain standard by a hard-hearted editor, the verse of the tombstone is subject to restraints even less mutable. The very real feeling that is struggling for expression ensures a certain fleeting pathos; while the size of the stone and the price per letter demanded by the sculptor are factors that make strongly for brevity; and the path of least resistance which must be steered between these restrictions, leads the verse almost inevitably into the realms of the ridiculous.

But a long purse and a large stone sometimes give a waiting rhymester his chance; and the resulting phenomenon

goes a great way toward clearing up the mystery of the minor poet's complacency in the face of neglect and derision. In the case of tombstone verse there can be no question of his sincerity or depth of feeling. In dealing with death and sorrow, to employ a common phrase, he has "struck oil": he is in communication with the same deep wells which have supplied the famous "gushers" from the beginnings of literature. But, this question does remain: Why are not his readers affected seriously by what is so plainly a serious matter to him? The answer, of course, is that he was not able to express in intelligible terms what he so clearly felt. The following hyperbolic case will make this clearer:

There was once, and perhaps only once, a mathematician who by some strange chance was fired with an inspiration. He was sadly torn in giving it deliverance, and in sore doubt as to the best vehicle by which it might be conveyed to a waiting world. Having no working knowledge of that "old family coach," the sonnet, his habit of thought finally determined him, and with pencil and paper he proceeded as follows:

Now let "X" stand for my present grief,
let "Y" stand for the consolations of
time,
and let "8" represent infinity:

Then since, at the moment, my grief is infinite, and "Y" is a constantly in-

creasing factor, limited however, by the length of my life, it is evident that the intensity of my grief at any period may be determined by the formula:— $X=8-Y$.

But, since the subtraction of time from eternity never seriously affects the latter, then $X=8$, which is exactly what I meant to express when I commenced!

This statement, $\lambda=8$, he then neatly copied on to a piece of scented paper, and as it was his first poem he appended his signature with a flourish. For some days he gloated over it in secret; but, finally, he showed it shyly to his wife. She had among her acquaintances a newspaper editor, and he was given no rest till it appeared in print.

It mattered nothing to the mathematician that those of the paper's readers who noticed it thought that it was a cipher message to some friend, duly paid for at advertisement rates. It looked to him even more vital in type, and every morning he opened his mail with the expectation of seeing a letter of congratulation from William Dean Howells.

San Francisco, unfortunately, has lived its life entirely in the Self-conscious Age, and from our epitaphs there is consequently lacking the simplicity which distinguishes those of the Eastern and English burial grounds. Yet they have the same sources, and it will be seen that, in a guarded fashion, they parallel their prototypes. We are not, indeed, without our minor triumphs; for no matter what the age, verse, like murder, will out.

The epitaphs in the San Francisco cemeteries fall naturally into groups, of which the largest treats of death from many different standpoints. Next in importance is the group which attempts to administer consolation to the sorrowing survivors. Then follow verses which deal with the attributes of the dear departed; verses which express simple sorrow; verses which contain protestations of undying remembrance; verses in which appeal and warning is supposed to be spoken by the dead; and lastly, verses which contain, as far as is consistent with decency, a plain statement of facts—a class which is fittingly represented in

Westminster Abbey, where the public is informed that "through the spotted veil of the smallpox he yielded up a pure and unspotted life to God."

In the verses dealing with death, the orthodox view is not always taken, and this holds true even in Catholic cemeteries, where lie the dead who died in the church. Here are a few specimens:

"Far from the joys of home removed,
From friends and kindred fondly loved,
Far from the scenes he loved so dear
He sleeps in lonely silence here.

"Friend after friend departs,
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts
That hath not here an end.

"Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep,
A calm and undisturbed repose
Unbroken by the last of foes.

"Asleep in Jesus, far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But there is still that blessed sleep
From which none ever wakes to weep.

"Those we love have left our number
For the dark and lonely tomb;
Closed their eyes in dreamless slumber
Faded in their early bloom."

Succeeding generations might call in doubt our belief in immortality if this was all the evidence they had to go upon, but the more cheerful view of death is not without its rhyming exponents:

"As the bird to its sheltering nest
When the storm in the hills is abroad—
So this soul from the world of unrest
Has returned to the bosom of God."

"O 'tis a placid rest,
Who should deplore it
Trance of the pure and blest
Angels watch o'er it;
Sleep of the mortal night,
Sorrow can't break it
Heaven, our morning light,
Alone shall awake it."

The opportunity to vent their spleen

is not missed by the misanthropic:

"The Hand of Death, he claimed our
mother,
Carried her soul to realms of bliss,
Friends who knew her and loved her
Would not wish her back to a world
like this."

This verse conveys, in more subtle
form, the sentiment attributed to a Bris-
tol churchyard, where it marks the grave
of an infant of a few months:

"She tasted of life's bitter cup;
Refused to drink the portion up;
Then turned her little head aside
Disgusted with the taste, and died."

The effort to see the bright side of
the trial of bereavement leads sometimes
to ludicrous combinations of sentiment.
The most common form in which consola-
tion is administered is this:

"Dearest one, thou hast left us,
And thy loss we deeply feel—
But 'tis God who hast bereft us;
He can all our sorrows heal."

But in one case grief overflowed con-
vention, and the verse did not end as the
original author intended:

"Dear little Lilian, you have left us,
And your loss we do deplore,
But 'tis God who hath bereft us;
We shall never see you more."

One tombstone in the old grave yard
of the Mission Dolores has two stanzas
inscribed upon it, the second of which
shows that one, at least, of the survivors
was not able to profit by the self-adminis-
tered consolation. They run as follows:
and are of different date:

"Our sainted mother has gone to rest,
But O! how great we feel her loss;
We murmur not, she is with the blest,
And we will meekly bear the cross.

"Our father, too, he bowed his head,
Her loss he could not long sustain;
Both are numbered with the dead:
Our loss is their eternal gain."

Others of this class are interesting
mainly in the light of the knowledge that
the comfort, while put upon the lips of
the dead, is really offered to the mourn-
ers by themselves:

"My parents dear,
Don't shed a tear;

Though we are parted for a while,
I have no fear, but hope sincere
To meet my future with a smile.

"Weep not for Joey,
My parents dear,
I am not dead
But sleeping here."

The following is from an Irish grave
and bears witness to the untrammelled
imagination of the Celt:

"I am free from all harm, from death's
cold alarm

That came our fond hearts to sever,
I am free! I am free!

And will watch over thee

Till here we're united forever.

And when Thou'rt alone, a long lost tone
Shall come from Heaven to cheer
thee,

Breathing forth soft and low,
And then thou shalt know

That my spirit is hovering near thee."

And here is another case of cheerful-
ness in which a good deal has been left
to the reader's imagination:

"O reader, think not

That this is a place of gloom;

It is the dearest spot to us,

It is our mother's tomb."

Belonging to the same general class,
but standing quite alone because of its
Byronic phraseology, is another interest-
ing example:

"Angelic nursling of maternal care,
Beneath God's beauty-breathing pencil
born,

So mildly sweet, so innocently fair,
Thou wert beloved of Heaven, thus to
be torn

From the parental stem in this the morn
Of thine existence; doubly art thou
blest

Whom Love or Virtue never dared to
scorn;

And thou hast with thee in thy bliss-
ful rest

The heart that loved thee so that none
could love thee best."

While in its simplicity and its marked
preference for coherence rather than
grammar, the next is a decided contrast.
It comes, however, from Los Angeles:

"Father and Mother you love me,
Weep not Papa and mother for me;
For I am waiting in Glory for thee."

Another class of epitaphs which should
be given rank in that branch of descrip-
tive literature which includes the mining
prospectus and the real estate advertise-
ment, deals with the attributes of the
dead.

This type is comparatively rare here,
while in England its obtrusiveness led
a small boy to ask pertinently where the
bad people had their graveyard. Here
are some Californian specimens:

"Loved and respected in life,
A friend to the poor and the needy,
Cut off in the prime of his life
May his flight to Heaven be speedy.

"Rest in peace dear brother Willie,
Our darling little boy,
He was pure as the water-lily
And the pride of his mother's joy."

The following lines, which are headed
simply by the words, "My Mother," con-
vey a definite impression of a good
motherly woman:

"All her power was a love of goodness;
All her wisdom was a mystic faith
That this rough world's strife and rude-
ness
Turned to music at the gate of death."

But in this class San Francisco can
never hope to compete with the estab-
lished record. The world-famous epitaph
to Lady O'Looney has set a mark that
will probably be never touched again:

"Here lies Lady O'Looney,
Great niece of Burke, commonly called
'The Sublime'
She was bland, passionate, and deeply
Religious

Also she painted in water colors
And sent several pictures to the exhibi-
tion

She was first cousin to Lady Jones
And of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

This is a heritage that makes it mourn-
ful to reflect that California leaped, like
Minerva, "ready made" on to the stage
of time, as our great State seal reminds
us. Even from the brief past which we
have won by patient waiting, the follow-
ing example shows the lost possibilities.
It has an international reputation, but
is credited to California: "Here lies
the body of Jeemes Humbrick, who was
accidentally shot on the banks of the
Pacus river by a young man. He was
accidentally shot with one of the large
Colt's revolvers with no stopper for the
cock to rest on. It was one of the old-
fashioned kind,—brass mounted. And of
such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

Those epitaphs which express simple
sorrow are most affecting. Their sin-
cerity is so obvious that they are invested
with a dignity which is lacking in more
ambitious efforts. There is one in Laurel
Hill cemetery that takes high rank. It
is inscribed on the tombstone of a young
Irishman, and appears to have been writ-
ten by his lover:

"Dearest Thomas thou are gone,
Thy kind heart I miss.
You did not say Good-bye, Tom,
Or give me the parting kiss!"

Others of the same class are not so
unaffected as this last, though the next
is not conventional:

"Farewell, dear Carrie, we had to part,
Thy loss we deeply feel;
And many a time in future
Thy name will o'er us steal.
For times that now are past and gone
Our hearts must heave a sigh,
To think that thee, in the prime of life,
Were suddenly called on high."

Protestation of undying affection is the note sounded by another group, and it is mournful to reflect that these graves are not always the best tended:

"Dear husband, though dead, thou still art dear,—

Oft to thy grave I'll stroll,—
There fond remembrance drops a tear,
And my affection's with thy soul.

"The night dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps;
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls."

Appeal and warning are often put upon tongues of the dead by relatives who, in the first flush of their grief, resent the thought that they may forget, or who see occasion to point a moral. One form of such verse which is commonly employed runs as follows:

"Farewell, dear husband, my life is past;
My love for you till death did last;
And after me no sorrow take;
But love my children for my sake."

This, though, is varied with regard to circumstance, but with no regard whatever for metre. Instead of the word "children" anything from the home to a second cousin is inserted; and one poor woman, who apparently had no relatives whom she wished to have cared for, prayed to her husband as follows with a fine contempt for prosody:

"Farewell, dear husband, my life is past;
My love for you till death did last;
And after me no sorrow take,
But love and cherish the memory of the past for my sake!"

Another favorite, which is also adapted to circumstance with occasional disastrous results, is this:

"Will you come to my grave,
When my spirit has fled,

And beneath the green sod
I am laid with the dead,
And the heart that loved you
Has mouldren to clay,
And in ——'s cold dews
I am passing away?"

The verse which follows must surely have been written by an ailing wife in calm contemplation of approaching death, for it betokens a leisurely and thoughtful mind, even if it may not be perfectly clear at first reading:

"Neath this marble, dear husband, and place,
Which so often in sorrow you will trace.
With my infant, now motherless left,
And my mother her daughter bereft,
And my kindred relations and all,
When you pass by this place as a call.
Underneath this contains,
And here lies the remains
Of your Mary, now under the sod,
While at home and at peace with her God."

There are also several examples of the direct warning, a type of "Sermons in stone," which was formerly very common:

"All you, my friends, who pass this way,
O do you think of the Judgment Day:
One Paternavie for me say
For the love of God, I do you pray."

"Weep not kind friends and relatives dear,
I am not dead but sleeping here;
My end you know, my grave you see;
Prepare yourselves to follow me!"

"Remember man as you pass by,
As you are now, so once was I;
As I am now, so you must be—
Think of death and eternity!"

These three last are all in the old Catholic cemetery that lies below the Lone Mountain, and at Holy Cross there are a few ominous lines which must have been born of a recollection of them. They are interesting because of the sardonic play—perhaps unconscious—on the words

"as well as":

"Stop and pray!
I was once as well as you,
You will be here as well as me."

The attempt to make of Pegasus a pack-horse, and weigh him down with fact is nearly always disastrous, as Mr. Slammer, of Hurly Burly fame, found when in his effort to please her relatives, he penned the following immortal lines to Mrs. McFadden's memory:

"Mrs. McFadden has gone from this life,
She has left all its sorrows and cares,
She caught the rheumatics in both of
her legs,
While scrubbing the cellar and stairs;
They put mustard-plasters upon her in
vain,
They bathed her in whisky and rum;
But Thursday her spirit departed and left
Her body entirely numb."

Laurel Hill cemetery has a couple of verses which belong to this class:

"To us for fourteen anxious months
Her infant smile was given,
And then she bade farewell to earth,
And went to live in Heaven.

"To Heaven I hope her soul has gone;
In time to her I hope to come:
In love we lived; in peace she died;
Her life was asked; but God denied."

The arrangement of the type, and the carelessness and ignorance of the stone-cutter help sometimes to produce unusual effects. The following, which comes from the Mission Dolores is very quaint, partly because the true lines of

the verses have been broken to fit them on the stone, and partly because of its phraseology:

"Snatched by Death
Alas! too soon you fled
At noon of life
To join the silent dead
But when the trumpet
Sounds that awful phrase
May angels bright
Your soul to Heaven raise!"


In other places the graver has interposed his personality with less happy results. In an old churchyard of Boston appears a statement that a certain worthy citizen "succumbed to the inevitable gravel", but on close examination the question is raised whether the stonecutter did not intend an exclamation mark rather than an "I", and to say, "the inevitable grave!" In Laurel Hill cemetery there is the simple record of a child's birth, and her death at the early age of ten; and it is accompanied by this grim prayer: "May the Lord have mercy on her soul." At the Holy Cross cemetery there is a quotation from St. Ambrose, that must be rather unsatisfactory to the dead man; for it seems to hold out to him a choice between forgetfulness or something far worse. It runs: "We have loved him and will not forget him till he is entered into the House of God."

Perhaps the most affecting statement that ever appeared on a tombstone in this country—though it turned out upon enquiry that the second word should have been spelt with a capital letter—was this:

"John burns."

THE THIRD HOUSE

By J. M. BULKLEY

HE lobby, whose presence in all legislative halls has become so familiar an institution, and so inseparable from all law-making bodies that no one now needs to be told that it exists, or what are its functions. The most common mistake, and perhaps a natural one, into which many have fallen in forming their opinions and impressions in regard to its methods and functions, is that it is of comparatively modern origin and largely the outgrowth of modern political idiosyncrasies.

It is true, nevertheless, that lobbying is as ancient as governing. As long ago as when James I was the ruling monarch of England, lobbying was a force. A historian has written of this period: "In addition to the officials whose pay was nearly nominal, the king was surrounded by a crowd of hungry courtiers whose pay was nothing at all. To them flocked day by day all who had any favor to beg, and who hoped that a little money judiciously expended would smooth the way before them. Some of the applicants, no doubt, were honest men, who merely wanted to get a chance of doing honest work. But there was not a few whose only object was to enrich themselves in some discreditable way, and who were ready to share the booty with those who would lend them a helping hand in their roguery."

This was the first lobby of history.

The statement made by a recent writer will be received with surprise and incredulity, no doubt, by many, that the founder of our congressional lobby was a no less distinguished personage than Alexander Hamilton, Washington's trusted confidante, adviser, and the first Secretary of the Treasury. Those who have made themselves familiar with the remarkable qualities and brilliant talents of this

accomplished man, and who know what constitutes the successful lobbyist, will at once be impressed with the fact that his achievements along the lines of this functionary's operations were necessarily perfect specimens of the art, both in their manner and in their results.

There were, indeed, lobbies during the very first Congress, that which governed the thirteen States during the Revolution; resolute and acrimonious lobbies they were, too; none more so than the Lee lobby, which nearly succeeded in their attempted undoing of Franklin, and accomplishing his recall from France. The only thing that prevented this was the superior tactics and more able efforts in the same line of Franklin himself. The first administration of Washington was beset by the hostility of his enemies, and their lobbyists were a continual menace to the measures which he and his loyal friends were endeavoring to perfect for the best interests of the country.

But Hamilton was easily the great original American lobbyist; and as some of his methods of administration in the Treasury Department are still employed there, so the lobbyists in the national capitol still employ his tactics in the furthering of their schemes, and in carrying their bills through Congress, because human ingenuity has not since been able to devise anything to surpass them.

During the first session of Congress under the Constitution there were two bills before Congress which aroused the bitterest contest, and the most violent feelings of opposition, that can be imagined. One of them proposed that the general Government should assume the debts (amounting to \$20,000,000 in all) incurred by the thirteen States of the federation, during the seven years of the Revolu-

tionary war.

The other was a bill providing for the removal of the capital from New York to Philadelphia, where it should remain ten years, and then be transferred to the banks of the Potomac. Neither of these bills could command a majority of both houses. "The creation of a city in the wilderness," one writer remarks, "far from every source of supplies needful for a government, when commodious cities like New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, offering every requisite, existed, seemed to the disinterested portion of Congress just as absurd as it does to us at this day." The measure on its merits could never have passed. The opposition to it, however, though decided and powerful, was weak and trifling when compared to the abhorrence excited by the debt-assuming bill. It is difficult, as we look at it, to account for the singular violence to a measure which appears to be reasonable, natural and equitable.

In Jefferson's memoirs, this contest is spoken of by him as "the most bitter and angry ever known in Congress before or since the union of the States." It could not have been the magnitude of the sum involved, though \$21,000,000 at that time, 1790, was doubtless as great an addition to the public burden as ten times that sum would be at the present day. Nor was it because the debts of the States of the two sections were so disproportionate, as Massachusetts owed \$4,000,000; so did North Carolina. The debts of Georgia, and New Hampshire were the same, \$300,000. Maryland, Delaware, New Jersey and Rhode Island each owed the same amount. Nothing was proposed to be done in this bill but to cancel the State bonds, and because the debts had been incurred for the common cause. It is fair to presume that the rancour of the Southern opposition arose partly from State pride, their dread of centralization, but chiefly, it seems, because what they called the stock jobbing feature was offensive to their ideas of dignity and State patriotism. It appeared to many of the high-toned country gentlemen undeniable that any person who purchased a soldier's claim in 1789 at its market value, and sold it in 1790 at its

market value, thus gaining a profit of \$200, had cheated a scarred veteran of the revolution out of a portion of his hard and nobly earned pittance. Jefferson dwells with particular emphasis of detail upon this incident. "There were wild stories afloat," he says, "of the fortunes made by New York speculators who had contrived to get early information of Hamilton's funding policy. It was said that as soon as the passage of the bill became reasonably certain three swift pilot boats slipped out of harbor, winged for distant ports to buy in the depreciated claims. Courtiers and relay horses by land and swift-sailing pilot boats by sea were flying in all directions. The lobby was not inattentive to its interests on this occasion, it seems, and managed to turn its knowledge of events to its own profit. Cruel wrong was no doubt done to war-worn patriots, surviving widows and fatherless children. Country members honored themselves and their posterity by their eloquent protest against such heartless spoliation.

It was this feeling, without question, which defeated by a small majority the assumption bill. But during the long and keenly contested debate on the bill, the commercial members had also become intensely heated, so that when the bill was rejected such a tempest was created that it was absolutely impossible to go on with other public business. The house abruptly adjourned.

It met the next day, and again adjourned without an attempt to do business. "Congress convened every morning for days," says Jefferson, "only to adjourn immediately, the parties being too much out of temper to do business together, some of the members even threatening secession and dissolution."

Hamilton, Secretary of the Treasury, upon whose report the defeated bill had been founded, and whose system the assumption was an important part, was distressed and alarmed. But the resource of the lobby remained. In the nick of time he met on the street Mr. Jefferson, recently returned from France, and then Secretary of State. To him the anxious financier depicted the situation, "walking him backward and forward before

the President's door for half an hour," and calling upon him as the colleague and friend of General Washington to rally to the support of the administration, and save at once it, the measure, and the Union. As the bill had been lost by a very small majority General Hamilton thought that "an appeal" from so influential a Virginian "to the judgment and discretion of some of his friends might effect a change in the vote, and set the machine of Government going again." "Come and dine with me to-morrow," said Mr. Jefferson, "and I will ask a friend or two to meet you, and we will talk it over."

The dinner put the guests into a compliant humor, it seems; the discussion took place, an agreement was reached upon the point, that, whatever might be thought of assuming the State debts as proposed in the bill, disunion was entirely too horrible to be thought of, and that therefore the bill must be reconsidered and in some way modified.

To effect this some of the opposing members must change their votes, and here was presented a serious difficulty to be overcome. Jefferson said that it "would be a peculiarly bitter pill for the Southern members to swallow, and therefore some off-setting measure should be adopted to furnish a palatable coating to the pill." There had been previously propositions to fix the seat of Government either at Georgetown on the Potomac, or Philadelphia, and it was thought by giving it to Philadelphia for ten years, and to Georgetown permanently thereafter, this might calm in some degree the ferment which might be excited by the other measure alone, so two of the Potomac members (Lee and White) agreed to change their votes, Hamilton undertaking to carry the other point.

His diplomacy, tact, and skillful management enabled him to do this, after infinite labor and finesse. Thus originated the art of making honest and patriotic men vote for measures which they violently disapproved. It is surprising that the art should have been carried so far toward perfection in the first specimen created, which, it will be observed, contained many of the important ele-

ments; two measures, neither of which could pass, each favored and each opposed by the same interests; a compromise effected by social influence; the precise terms arranged at a dinner; and, finally, lasting, far-reaching, and irreparable mischief. The evils arising from assumption refuse to become apparent to a modern observer, although the Democrats of that early day held the measure in execration, and continued to denounce it as long as they lived.

It is not surprising that a system begun by party leaders so distinguished, should have been continued in a body, nearly every member of which goes to Washington in the double capacity of national representative and local claim-agent. Every member has charge of some local or private interest, on which he alone is fully informed, and which cannot become the subject of a general debate. One wants a lighthouse on a rock which may wreck a fishing smack in the course of ages. Another wishes his local harbor improved. Another desires increased protection on the fabric which his constituents manufacture. Very many are anxious for subsidies for railroads, while the present Congress has been hammered very hard in the cause of "needy" steamship lines. Most members feel a particular interest in some eminently reasonable claims upon the justice of Congress, which they are desirous to carry both for selfish and unselfish reasons. In many instances the private interest which a member has in charge is vital to him, for it sent him to Congress and keeps him there. Almost all the members, therefore, have votes to exchange for votes; and it sometimes seems as if all legislation at Washington had degenerated into log-rolling.

As a rule, the more objectionable a measure the more numerous its lobby. Gentlemen of the press, in Washington, who contemplate Congressional life from the reporter's gallery, say that the moral quality of a measure can be inferred from the buzz and stir that are to be observed about the Capitol when it is expected to come up.

For nearly thirty years after the invention of log-rolling over Mr. Jefferson's

wine (he was a connoisseur in wine, and had imported some kinds from France that were new to his guests on this occasion), the log-rolling lobby generally exerted their powers upon objects which possessed a public character.

Among all the notable instances of congressional lobbying, probably there has never been a more persistent, energetic lobby than that which existed when President Buchanan was trying to force slavery upon Kansas by means of the Lecompton bill, at the same time that a powerful India-rubber interest was lobbying for the extension of the Chaffee patent. The Lecompton lobby was directed by Cornelius Wendell, who had been clearing a hundred thousand dollars a year from the public printing, whose bank account ran up to "nine hundred and twenty-nine thousand dollars in two years," and who had behind him the entire administration, with all its resources of men, money and influence. The head of the Chaffee-patent lobby was that most indomitable of all the India-rubber men, Horace H. Day, owner of the Chaffee-patent, a man capable of spending thousands of dollars upon an election. Both of these lobbies spent money, both before and after the junction, as freely as it is ever spent for such purposes. "Wendell had his check book always ready, and Day kept a band of lobbyists in pay for two sessions. Newspapers were bought, subsidized and established, for the purpose of denouncing members of Congress who would not come in to the support of Lecompton; and the friends of such members were systematically turned out of customs-houses, post-offices, and navy-yards. Contingent interests in Chaffee were given to correspondents—one to the correspondent of one of the leading religious newspapers of the time; and Mr. Day even took the precaution of assigning a contingent interest to a female medium in exchange for the advice which she got from the other world to aid the Chaffee patent. He had a list of Chaffee members in his pocket, which he would show to Wendell when they met; and Wendell, a much more experienced lobbyist than himself, would warn him that, in Washington,

promising support to a measure was a very different thing from voting for it. Among other expedients, the President attempted to bribe Colonel Forney, the editor of a Philadelphia newspaper, offering him the Liverpool consulship and ten thousand dollars in money. But all would not suffice. When the bills came to the test of a vote in the House, both failed, a large number of Chaffee members not voting at all, and Lecompton failing in strict accordance with the known political circumstances. Kansas was free, and all the India-rubber men were at liberty to macerate their crude material with the aid of Mr. Chaffee's masterly invention."

The testimony on this subject fills many hundred pages, but not a word was elicited showing corruption in a member of Congress. Several lobbyists swore that they knew of no member whom they would dare approach with money; and the general tone of the evidence leads the reader to the same conclusion.

A lobby occasionally attempts to carry a point by surprise.

One afternoon during the session of 1868-9, while the House in Committee of the Whole was working its slow and toilsome way down, item after item, through the Army Appropriation Bill, under the leadership of the alert and vigorous Blaine, a clause of the bill was about to pass without debate when Fernando Wood, representative from New York, rose and offered the following curious amendment: "But no part of the sum (appropriated) shall be paid to Alexander Dunbar for his alleged discovery of the mode of treating horses' feet." There had been no mention of Dunbar in the clause, nor of his mode of treating horses' feet, nor of any other system of treatment; and the very name of the man was evidently unknown to the House. Mr. Wood proceeded to explain that the Secretary of War, General Schofield, had made a contract (authorized by act of Congress) with Alexander Dunbar, by which the latter was to receive twenty-five thousand dollars for imparting his system of horse-shoeing and hoof-treatment to the veterinary surgeons and cavalry blacksmiths of the army. "And

I am advised," continued the member from New York, "by those who are competent to judge of that subject, that the man is totally ignorant, that he knows nothing about the diseases of horses' feet, and that he rather perpetrates injury upon the poor animals than produces any benefit to them."

Fernando Wood in his air and demeanor, was one of the most dignified and impressive members of the House. He was careful, scrupulous in his dress; and as to his "deportment," Mr. Turveydrop would have contemplated him with entire approval. For such a personage to rise in his place, and in a measured, serene manner, discourse thus upon a subject of which no man on the floor knew anything whatever, could not fail to produce some effect. Mr. Blaine could only say that he had never heard the name of Alexander Dunbar before; but that he thought the amendment cast a severe reflection upon the Secretary of War. Mr. Wood insisting, the amendment was finally

amended so as to make the exclusion apply to the whole appropriation bill, and thus cut off the unknown Dunbar entirely; and in this form, it passed the Committee of the Whole, and was prepared for submission to the House.

It developed afterward that Wood was leading a lobby for another scheme with which this interfered. It was a patent horse-shoe that some one was interested in having adopted by the Government.

Notwithstanding Mr. Wood's adroitness the Dunbar lobby arose in their might, and by the employment of various expedients, had their measure championed to such good purpose that it was carried, and the appropriation clause in the army bill restored, by which he received the \$25,000 for his system.

The lobby which is to be feared is that which sends members to Congress, which has millions of acres and dollars at command and is engaged in schemes dear to the pride and important to the interests of the nation.





*A
Day's Journey
on the
Wild Goose
Railway*
by Josephine Vrelle Scroggs

THE Wild Goose Railroad was completed in September, 1900. It is a narrow gauge, and extends from the city of Nome to the mouth of Anvil Creek, a distance of about five miles. Passengers are charged one dollar each way, and the train runs every two hours.

It is a delightful trip to take the open coach at the station right under the shadow of Lane's derrick, to hear the engine puff and blow, to see the passengers mount the high platform, sitting in two long rows on the flat car, and to hear the conductor say "All aboard," and the start is made. It isn't the "flyer" on the

New York Central—oh, no! The first railroad train that was ever run made the speed of four miles an hour. The experiment was successful, and the rate of speed was soon increased. The Wild Goose Railroad was an experiment; it is still in the experimental stage, and the rate of speed is five miles an hour, with no increase. But the Wild Goose Railroad is a great railroad, and the only one in Arctic Alaska.

The station is built very near the beach. The track is laid along the bend and across Snake River, on a trestle-way which shakes and trembles when foot passengers cross—but what of that? The bridge is all right—entirely satisfactory; then the track leads on up the brow of the hill, where one can get the best view of Nome and her harbor. At least on the summit of the hill, and we have a landscape far exceeding in beauty anything the traveler is accustomed to see. First, it is unique—no trees, no green growing foliage—but still there is a sympathy of color. The dark, low level tundra and soft and mushy bits of very dark green here and there—a light brown shreds in—it is the last year's dry stems and moss, and the practical eye can discern tints of purple and pink, and the most delicate outcroppings of tiny, delicate green,



A derrick on the sandspit.

and all this one carpet of exquisite design in color stretching to the hills in the distance five and ten miles away. Behind us, the city of Nome, scattered along the curved beach for four miles—the sea serene and magnificent, bearing on her bosom the freight of an hundred ocean craft. Think of the tundra over which the train passes! Have you ever walked on low, marshy ground—perhaps the swamps of the middle States—very common in portions of the Mississippi Valley? If you have, you have stepped from bog to bog, each one like a sponge pushed down into the water at every step. This is the tundra—a low, wet, level tract, which sinks down with the least weight. Here upon the trail men “mush” all day long, carrying forty, fifty, and sixty pound packs to the camp of his “Eldorado.”

It is across this tundra that the Wild Goose Railroad is laid, and where the weary miner can lay down the bulky burden upon the platform of the car, and take the ride either way—a service he



Taking ore from discovery on Anvil.

well knows how to appreciate. If the train is slow, never mind—no one cares; the air is from over the sea, the summer sun lifts the mist; the prospector, the capitalist, the sightseer, the out-of-town visitor, are all one happy crowd, one caste, one company, one in sympathy with humanity, on the tundra of the common country of farthest Alaska.

The mud and water were up to the hub, and the first thing I saw as we



Anvil Rock, on the summit of Anvil Mountain.



A prize nugget, value \$1,729.00.



Discovery Anvil.

reached the Anvil station was a four-horse team, heavily loaded, stuck in the tundra.

The mining force was at work at the left of the station, and we picked our way carefully this way and that to get down where the work was going on. It was the next day after the \$355 nugget was found. There was a rebound everywhere, and considerable interest to see how the spot looked. Perhaps seventy-five men were shoveling into the sluice boxes and seven or eight teams hitched to scrapers and placing the dirt where it could be more easily reached by the force.

I desired to get a picture of a four-horse team. The driver wouldn't stop. The foreman, who was standing across the gulch ten or fifteen rods away, called to the driver, "Slow up there; she wants to take a picture—don't you see?" The driver halted, and the little picture is greatly admired, owing to the reflection in the water. I waved the good foreman thanks for his kind courtesy, and coming back to the station, paused a moment to decide what cut to take to reach the beautiful, sloping hills. While I waited I heard a fine male voice singing somewhere "The Holy City." The expression

was exceptionally fine, wholly unconscious of a listener—very sweet and very striking. The incongruity was impressive. It is one of the pathetic features of the life so far removed from the surroundings to which men are accustomed that when least expected, without the kindred association and in the absence of familiar home environment, the observer sees or hears "one touch of nature" that mellows the heart and as truly indicates the longings for the good, the true and the sacred things learned at mother's knee beyond the roll and swell of tide and sea.



Snake River, Nome.

We walked down the track and called at the road house. The genial matron was busy as ever, serving coffee to her daily patrons, with a motherly tone of kindness which goes far toward relieving the stress and strain of long hours of toil just over, and preparing the weary miner for the bearing of the burden yet to come.

Up the mountain.

It was a long, steady climb. I longed for the "Art of Mountain Climbing" learned by the members of the athletic clubs in the White Mountains, the Alps, and the Rockies.

I stopped to rest; the distance still seemed too far for my strength—still we went on and on, step by step. At last at the top. How glorious! how free! There seemed to be no limit to the vision. The horizon? There was none.

The sense of sight ran on with the imagination, skirting the peaks, flying on swift wing adown the slopes, across the streams that lay like white ribbons, winding through the soil, and following to the surf—our gaze hovered over the glassy sea spread with silvery sheen as far, and farther, than we could see.

It was worth while to climb Anvil and forget the mines—forget the men standing knee deep in the gulch, forget the hard work; forget that face marked with

traces of hardship and painful experience—toiling with weary muscle and calloused hands for the dear ones and the contentment of home, somewhere back East, or South, or West. Yes—forget! facing there alone the wide, wide azure—to breathe the ozone of the Arctic and look into Infinity beyond the clouds.

* * * * *

At five P. M. we were on the narrow gauge ready to start for Nome. "Why are we waiting?" "For a party in the saloon." Soon two women and their companions came out of the saloon, and with coarse jest and laughter boarded the car. As the train moved out and on across the plain the tourist was soon oblivious to the incongruous company, and lost in the beauty of the hills, the calm inland lakes and the many imperceptible influences from sky and air and sea.

* * * * *

Two months later, when those immense gold nuggets had been found on Anvil which have turned mining camps everywhere topsy-turvy, I went to the office of the Pioneer Mining Company to see the wonder—the ponderous treasure that had slept in its home on the tundra for centuries and was still napping amid the activities of shovel and dredge of the search party that "perfect day" in July.



CURRENT BOOKS

Reviewed by GRACE LUCE IRWIN

That we should find
The First of a each book of theirs
New School. an improvement over
their last is what the
public, perhaps selfishly, requires of its
artists, but how seldom in these days of
hurried work and commonplace aim are
we satisfied that this is the case. Mrs.
Atherton, however, never disappoints us,
and no one will gainsay that her latest
novel, "The Conqueror," is far and away
the most powerful and interesting thing
she has yet done. It comes as a new
type of the historical novel—it is not the
historical dramatic novel of adventure
(of which there are too many) but the
historical dramatic novel of character.
"The Conquerors" is a magnificent bio-
graphy, in fiction form, of that most
brilliant and fascinating of Americans—
Alexander Hamilton. The plot, then, is
necessarily a matter of history, but the
details of Hamilton's life have been em-
bellished and made to live again for us:
indeed the book begins even with a his-
tory of the early romance of his father
and mother, who lived on a beautiful
isle of the tropic Caribbean Sea. It is a
rich and beautiful theme, and Mrs. Ath-
erton has nowhere failed in her splendid
task. I will quote lines showing in small
part some of the wonder of her descrip-
tions of landscape in the "farther An-
tilles." "The house was built on a ledge,
but one could step from the terrace above
into an abrupt ravine, wrenched into
its tortuous shape by earthquake and
flood, but dark for centuries with the
immovable shades of a virgin tropical
forest. The Great House, with its spac-
ious open galleries and verandas, was
surrounded with stone terraces, over-
flowing with the intense red and
orange of the hibiscus and croton bush,
the golden browns and softer yellows of

less ambitious plants, the sensuous tints
of the orchid, the high and glittering
beauties of the palm and cocoanut. The
slopes to the coast were covered with
cane-fields, their bright young greens
sharp against the dark blue of the sea.
* * * far down to the right, a large
village of negro huts, only the thatched
African roofs visible among the long
leaves of the cocoanut palms with which
the blacks invariably surround their
dwellings.* * * And on the left, far
out at sea, her purple heights and palm-
fringed shores deepening the exquisite
blue of the Caribbean Sea by day, a white
ever-changing spirit in the twilight, and
no more vestige of her under the stars
than had she sunk whence she came—
the Isle of Nevis."

The exciting events of the novel begin
with young Alexander Hamilton's advent
into New York when he was a mere
youth. And these early scenes of Amer-
ican history are drawn in a stirring and
always engrossingly entertaining style.
The episode of Mrs. Croix is handled
with consummate skill, and the woman's
personality convincingly given. Betsy
Schuyler too, the charming little Colonial
dame whom Hamilton married, again on
these pages, smiles enchanting and noble.
Washington is an impressive figure—not
always solemn here,—not always re-
served. Livingston, Jay, Morris, Burr,
King, Franklin, Duer, and Ames, are
among the well-known American names
to be met with. The book is one of the
few novels of the year of paramount in-
terest, and will be read by "everyone."
We append a description of Hamilton
at the time of his greatest influence on
American politics:

"At first so turbulent were the con-
ditions, that Franklin, who troubled the
Almighty but little himself, arose and

engaged that the meetings be opened with prayer. After this sarcasm, and the submission of his mild compromise with the Confederation, he sat and watched the painted sun behind Washington's chair, pensively wondering if the artist had intended to convey the idea of a rise or a setting. Hamilton presented his draft at the right moment, and the startled impression it made quite satisfied him, particularly as his long speech to the Committee of the Whole was received with the closest attention. Nothing could alter his personal fascination, and even his bitterest enemies rarely left their chairs while he spoke. The small figure, so full of dignity and magnetizing power that it excluded every other object from their vision, the massive head with a piercing force in every line of its feature, the dark eyes blazing and flashing with a fire that never had been seen in the eyes of a mere mortal before, the graceful rapid gestures, and the passionate eloquence which never in its most apparently abandoned moments failed to be sincere and logical, made him for the hour the glory of friend and enemy alike, although the re-action was correspondingly bitter. Upon this occasion he spoke for six hours without the interruption of a scraping heel, and what the Convention did not know about the science of government before he finished with them, they never would learn elsewhere."

"The Conqueror," by Gertrude Atherton. Macmillan Co., New York, Publishers.

To plunge by one work
H. G. Wells from the concrete into
Grows Didactic. the abstract is a performance seldom desired by either a writer or his clientele. To take a great example, this is what Tolstoi did when he turned from expressing his somewhat dogmatic opinions through the medium of his magnificent novels and produced volumes of naked opinion on art and religion. The clothing an art-form gives an idea, is always so much more pleasing, far more valuable as literature, more widely read, a better money maker; yet, just on this account

when a man becomes so imbued with his ideas, that he feels the need of giving them more direct expression, than by means of fictionating them—presenting them in the attractive clothes of fiction—we must at least give him credit for a true enthusiasm and an honest purpose.

Mr. H. G. Wells, the author of "When the Sleeper Wakes," "The War of the Worlds," "The Invisible Man," and numerous short stories, has come out with a big book in essay form called "Anticipations." In all his stories Mr. Wells has shown himself to stand unrivalled in his audacious imaginative insight into the romantic possibilities underlying the discoveries or the suggestions of modern science. His power of investing these wonders he tells of, with a sincerity making them appear transcripts from real life, and his felicity of style he allows to lie idle for awhile while he sets himself to tell, with a scientific exactitude exactly where he thinks certain tendencies of our modern civilization are going to land us—say, a few hundred years from now. He says himself of such work that the narrative form becomes more and more of a nuisance as the speculative inducements become sincerer, so we must not be so ungrateful I suppose, as to wish he had not grown to take himself thus seriously. As far as interest goes, his "Anticipations," is entertaining reading. In a book of almost four hundred solid prose pages, a writer is apt to touch upon enough matters to strike a responsive chord in everyone. For instance though I skimmed through a chapter on "Locomotion In the Twentieth Century," my eyes striking about one line in ten, I was delighted to stop and browse awhile on "Developing Social Elements," and "Certain Social Reactions." My bump of idealism, however, was not particularly touched by a picture he draws of the typical menage of the future, consisting of father, mother and children, but "in all probability," servantless. They will not keep a servant for two very excellent reasons, because they will not need one, and because they would not be able to get one if they did. He deduces the

probability of civilization outgrowing the need of household servants from the present fact, that now they are necessary, partly to supplement the deficiencies of the wife as a housekeeper, but more to supplement the deficiencies of the house itself, both of which deficiencies should be overcome in time by other methods than merely hiring a servant. His suggestions that we should wash our dishes in a solvent instead of in water, (to avoid the tedious drying process) and have our rooms rounded instead of square, to save us sweeping in corners, might be patented. But invention and patents are quite as laborious a medium of expressing ideas I suppose, as the "narrative form." Mr. Wells has been misinformed, however, when he says that to-day "cooking is a very serious business; the coaling, the ashes, the horrible moments of heat, the hot, black things to handle, the silly, vague recipes, the want of neat apparatus, and the want of intelligence to demand or use apparatus. One always imagines a cook working with a crimsoned face, and bare, blackened arms." Really, a horrible picture! But the recipes are not vague and silly, Mr. Wells, they are only too scientific. And if even no work was left in a household to do, but the making of beds, some women would get other women to do it. He also says a bed does not take five minutes to make. But when he says "Life is already most wonderfully arbitrary and experimental, and for the coming century this must be its essential social history, a great drifting and unrest of people, a shifting and regrouping and breaking up again of groups, great multitudes seeking to find themselves," he backs up his picture with certain arguments which must give us pause. There is page after page of thoughtful and extremely clever speculation in this book, but why, when a man has made a great success of fiction, does he wish to force upon the public his ethical work, or why when poetry is your trump, play prose? The history of literature has shown us, that in this realm, the value of ethical ideas largely depend upon the beauty of their embellishment. Other chapter headings in

"Anticipations" are "The Conflict of Languages," "War," "The Life History of Democracy," "The New Republic," "The Larger Synthesis."

"Anticipations of the Reaction of Mechanical and Scientific Progress Upon Human Life and Thought."

Published by Harper & Bros., New York City.

Sociology of the West.

There is small doubt but that Benjamin Kidd of London, is the most notable writer on sociology to-day. He has a peculiarly agreeable style for a scientific writer, simple and interesting—its beautiful logic opening up new conclusions to one with the flower-like regularity of a daisy chain. Perhaps to some, however, such a metaphor expresses too little of the necessary heaviness induced by Mr. Kidd's gigantic themes. The publication of his "Social Evolution" created something of a sensation in not only the thinking but the book-buying world, (which is much larger). Here we have his last work, on "Western Civilization," more exhaustive, lengthier, but having those same stern virtues which made the "Social Evolution" so widely read. All students of sociology (and they are in every walk of life) should read Mr. Kidd's "Western Civilization."

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York and London.

Essays from the Stage.

Companion volumes, issued by the same publisher — "Famous Actresses of the Day," by Lewis C. Strang, and "Grand Opera in America," by Henry C. Lahee, are two books which should interest all who like to read of the American stage of to-day. The critiques are written by the best known critics of music and the drama in the Eastern cities, and accompanied by short biographies, and beautifully reproduced photographs of the subjects. Of the actresses we find Julia Marlowe in melodrama, Henrietta Crosman, Mary Shaw and "Ben Hur," Maude Adams in "L'Aiglon," Amelia Bingham, Ida Conquest, Phoebe Davis, Mrs. Fiske as Becky

Sharp, Hilda Spong, Annie Russell in light comedy, Valerie Bergere, Mary Mannering as a star, "Zaza" and Mrs. Leslie Carter, Anna Held, Sarah Cowell Le Moyne, Mary Sanders, Ada Rehan's Nell Gwyn, Elizabeth Tyree, Grace George, Margaret Anglin, Viola Allen, and Maxine Elliott. While the volume on grand opera treats of all the well-known singers, under the chapter head I, ballad opera, English opera, Italian opera—Max Maretzk. Italian opera—Hackett and Ullman. Italian opera—Strakosch and De Vivo. Italian opera—Mapleson. German opera, grand opera of recent years, and opera in English.

These thoroughly entertaining and instructive little books are gotten out by the L. C. Page Co., 200 Summer street, Boston.

**A Romance
of Villon.**

"If I Were King," of which I have before made brief mention, comes to us in a most decorative and attractive guise. The novel is founded on the popular play of that name and written by Mr. Justin Huntley McCarthy. It is lavishly and beautifully illustrated with engravings made from photographs of the stage artists who made of the play a great success—Mr. E. H. Sothern, Miss Harned, and their company. I will venture to state few such ornamental volumes have been issued during the past year. The large print is a particularly good feature. The novel itself is beautifully written, being packed with the spirit of poetry, youth and adventure. It is interspersed with really charming bits of verse, supposed to have been written by the vagabond, poet-hero, Francois Villon. Some of the lines are very lovely as these on the sadness of evanescence:

"Where is the Queen of Herod's kiss,
And Phryne in her beauty bare;
By what strange sea does Touryries
With Dido and Cassandra share

Divine Proserpina's despair;

The wind has blown them all away—
For what poor ghost does Helen care?
Where are the girls of yesterday?

Alas for lovers! Pair by pair

The wind has blown them all away:
The young and yare, the fond and fair:
Where are the snows of yesterday?"

There is humor continually in the tale, and the dramatic muse never for an instant deserts it.

"If I Were King," by Justin Huntley McCarthy. Published by R. H. Russell Co., New York.

We have another volume of the marvellous **Gorky's Peasant Tragedies.** short stories of Maxim Gorky, under the

title "Twenty-six And One, and Other Stories." In the preface I learn for the first time that this wonderful man was a tramp, lacking in systematic training, suddenly forcing his way into the sacred domain of literature and bringing the fresh spontaneity of his thoughts and character. Wonderful to contemplate,—the fact that this writer, whose beautiful style equals Guy de Maupassant's and whose themes have the depth and the strength of Tolstoi's earlier work, should have gained his power and education (if one can call it that) living the life of a tramp of the peasant class, earning a precarious living by sporadic attempts at any work from that of cook's assistant on a steam boat to under-gardening.

The three tales in this book, all decidedly "realistic" in subject and treatment are called "Twenty-Six and One," "Tchelkache," and "Malva." Conspicuous in their good qualities is the love of the sea they betray, and the enchantingly beautiful descriptions of it. The first story is sad and terrible, the next one terrible and the last sad, and they are all powerful.

Published by J. F. Taylor & Company, New York City.

Footnotes to Shakespeare's plots does not affect us as exactly a long-felt want, out that is what Ellen Talbot's little book, "The Courtship of Sweet Anne Page," amounts to, and it is rather pleasant reading. It is what Shakespeare is sup-

posed to have left out of "The Merry Wives of Windsor," but with the hints about Anne Page given in that play, the author has woven a very pretty little historical romance. The illustrations are by Sewell Collins. Published by Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York and London. Price, 40 cents.

"The Sandals" is a companion book to the above, by Z. Grenell, being a tale of early Palestine. It is a little idyl of sacred story. "The Sandals" were the foot covering of the "blessed feet" which were "pierced for our redemption," and the author leaves us to our own conclusion as to whether or not he meant to impute a mystical virtue to them.

Of all the dull books I have ever read "The Wonders of Mouseland" is the least worth an earnest regard. "Mouseland" is just like this world but smaller. If the point of view had been humorous, or realistic, or if there had been a plot, it might have failed of failure.

By E. E. Childs. The Abbey Press. New York City.

"Kate Bonnet" is a charming story of adventure, The Romance of a Pirate's Daughter, by Frank R. Stockton, but anyone who expects to find in it that rich absurdity and quaint humor which characterized his earlier works, is doomed to disappointment. The story, however, is full of interest, and satisfactory if not as original or comical as we hoped Mr. Stockton's tales would always be. It is a rousing good story, of the prevalent type, and the pirate's daughter is a sweet, spirited thing, who in the end marries her Dickory. Is there not always a Dickory in novels of this class? A pirate as a subject is never anything less than fascinating, and this is largely because a pirate sails seas. The breath of the salt sea wind is in "Kate Bonnet," and it is good draught for one marooned on a hot summer's day.

D. Appleton & Co., New York City.

Is it not almost too late to write of "Audrey," that marvellous romance by the author of "To Have and to Hold?"

But it is certainly never too late to read it, or speak of it. Suffice it to say it has those same qualities of picturesque diction and episode, fire and dramatic feeling which made Miss Johnston's other American historical novel such a sensation. The fault of "Audrey," it is rather generally allowed, is the sudden almost melodramatic drop of its ending. Yet, if it had been possible to introduce the fact of Audrey's becoming the colonial actress, earlier into the book, we might not have questioned its realism. We have been allowed to become too used to the lovely girl as a dryad, not to resent her advent into artificiality. Yet, if we analyze the situation, we see how easily it all might have occurred, and the very bitterness of the ending, if given longer and more elaborate value would have appealed to the average artistic sense of the public. "Audrey" is not as great a book as "To Have and to Hold," but that is not saying that it is not a great book.

By Mary Johnston. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., New York and Boston.

The bindings of books are a very important matter these days. They will not be overlooked. They shriek at you oftenest in sensational mixtures of green and red, with gaudy figures for which the poster craze is to blame. All the more credit to the publisher who sternly refuses to allow his book covers to look like the theatrical bill-board. I have here a book from Harper Bros. which seems to me all in good taste, inside and out. The cover is in a strong shade of dark blue, with small ornamental designs in silver, around a tiny panel in darker blue and violet, showing a suggestion of a young woman's head. The book is "The Siege of Lady Resolute," by Harris Dickson, being a tale of the opening years of the eighteenth century, when a religious war was being fiercely waged, in the far south of France. It is a fascinating story. The hero, Cèsar de Saint Maurice is a natural young man, spirited and aristocratic, while Julie de Severac, "The Lady Resolute," strikes even deeper into our sympathies, with her emotional, dark beauty, and strong,

noble character. Madame de Maintenon and her Louis (I remember him rather by women than number) appear in the book, which also has many scenes in the French American colony of New Orleans.

"The Siege of the Lady Resolute," by Harris Dickson. Harper Bros., Publishers.

"Under My Roof" is a most unusual story: it has no plot but it is interesting; the heroine owns up to forty years, although she is unmarried, and doesn't marry the hero—instead she "takes" a far pleasanter individual. Although it is a pleasant, almost diary like chronicle of the home buying, home furnishing, and final husband getting, of one of the most modern of old maids—who earns her living by book writing and has boarded for twenty years. Her pleasure in her hard earned "house," the details of its comforts and beauties, her sensible, cultivated life therein—all will interest the hearts of home-lovers, who are of course, most often women. A book without a thrill, it has the calm and reasonable effect of any middle aged courtship of up-to-date people. Its realism is commendable.

"Under My Own Roof," by Adelaide Rouse. Funk & Wagnalls Company. New York and London.

A burlesque of militarism has been written by Ernest Crosby, and called "Captain Jinks, Hero." The illustrations are of course amusing, being by Dan Beard. The book contains the alleged life of one Sam Jinks, from the time he is given a set of lead soldiers on his sixth birthday, through his extremely military career at "East Point," and in the Cubapines," until through an excess of love of things military he goes insane and again sits all day, playing with the lead soldiers of his childhood. Certainly the idea of the tale is a queer one, and will probably not interest a great many people, still the idea is well carried out. It might be a "good book" for boys to read, if they took it seriously, and for men if they did not take it seriously. It aims to poke fun at an excess of love for things military, shown by many idle

and vain boys and men.

"Captain Jinks, Hero." By Ernest Crosby. Published by Funk & Wagnalls, New York and London.

"How Men are Made," or "Corner Stones of Character," is the name of a very excellent book by Daniel Hoffman Martin, being a series of lectures addressed to young men. Dr. Martin is the pastor of the Clinton Avenue Reformed Church of Newark, N. J., and has had a notable success with young men. These lectures are interesting, clever, and sensible. Price, \$1.00.

Published by The Abbey Press, 114 Fifth avenue, New York.

Since the Kaiser of Germany, the strenuous Wilhelm has made such a "flutter and fuss" against the entrance of "Christian Science" into his domain, renewed attention has been turned by its enemies to the unpopular cult. A very witty book has been written against Mrs. Mary Baker Glover Paterson Eddy of Boston, by a prominent and clever man, Dr. Gordon Clark. He calls his little volume "The Church of Saint Bunco," and backs up his attacks upon Mrs. Eddy's veracity and sincerity, with what appears to be incontrovertible argument and proof. The book is interesting reading either to one who is out of or "in science."

Published by The Abbey Press. Price \$1.00.

"The Orphean Tragedy," by Edward S. Creamer, is a lengthy poem, written in dramatic form, without being particularly dramatic. There are five acts of it, containing some good lines.

Published by The Abbey Press. Price \$1.00.

Bushrod Washington James has written a lengthy book called "The Political Freshman, 1902." In spite of its unpromising title the book is a novel. Published by the Bushrod Library, No. 1717 Green street, Philadelphia.

An interesting book on "Tolstoi" has been written by Alice B. Stockham, M. D. It is illustrated with photographs of

the great Russian and his family. Alice B. Stockham & Co., Chicago.

"The Lady of New Orleans," a novel of the present, has been written by Marcelus Eugene Thornton. It is a love story, intricate in plot. The frontispiece is of a pretty up-to-date woman.

Price \$1.50. Abbey Press, New York 114 Fifth avenue.

The same publishers also announce a novel by R. C. Baily, called "Mabel Thornley," or "The Heiress of Glenwood and Glendinning." Price \$1.25.

"The Black Cat Club" is an extremely clever and amusing little book by James D. Carrothers. It consists of negro humor and folk-lore, and is quaintly illustrated with quantities of black silhouette drawings, done by J. K. Bryans. Beginning at the third chapter in the book, a love story winds through the work. Some of the humorous poems appeared first in "Truth." Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York.

"How to Get Acquainted With God," is a little book exploiting and defending the principles of Christian Science, written by Theodore F. Seward, and published by Funk & Wagnalls Company, London. Price 2s 6d.

I have three novels of a particularly light description. They have highly-colored bindings, and bind together highly colored episodes of diverse description. You will never go to sleep over them, though it would probably be just as well for you if you did. There is "Her Grace's Secret," by Violet Tweedale, with a suggestive violet aspect, telling of certain lurid events, taking place among modern members of a rather lurid English aristocracy.

Also we have "In the Wyoming Valley," by Everett Tomlinson, "A Story of the massacre in the time of the Revolution," which is illustrated. It is certainly a startling narrative.

Price, \$1. American Baptist Association, Philadelphia.

But what shall we say of the historical novel, "A Lily of France?" It is written by Caroline Atwater Mason, and treats of that particularly interesting epoch in French history when Catherine de Medicis held the reigns of government. It is a thoroughly entertaining plot, acted out by some very pleasing characters. It shows the old Catholic cruelty of bigotry against the Huguenots.

Griffith & Rowland Press. Philadelphia.

In a tiny green book, decorated with little blood-red hearts, I read the "Naked Truths and Veiled Allusions" of Minna Thomas Antrim. Epigrammatic, for the most part, in form and substance, they are really very clever. For instance, here are a few of her aphorisms on "Bohemia":

"Bohemia is the land of the free and the home of the slave." "The Bohemian cheerily loans you his last nickel to prove his friendship; moreover he considers you treat him shabbily, if you go hungry while he has the price of your dinner. Herein lies the difference between plutocrat and pauper." She has many upon "Woman": "If diamonds had never been discovered, more women would go to heaven." "All women enthuse over an Adonis, but when one looks around one sees it is the brainy man who wins them." "A fool lies to a woman, a knave about her." "Many a woman groans over the vanity of this wicked world, whose pious nose is thickly covered with blande-perle." Altogether, Miss Antrim has gotten up a very amusing little book.

Published by Henry Altemus Co., Philadelphia.

I wish I could say as much for "The Color of his Soul," a sketchy little story written by Miss Zoe Anderson Norris. It treats of people on the outskirts of Bohemia and Altruria.

Funk, Wagnalls & Co., New York and London.

From a discussion of literature it is most clarifying to the soul to turn to cooking. The color of a man's soul may not be important to his welfare, but what he eats is. "365 Breakfast Dishes" is

a little book of recipes collected from various sources by the George M. Jacobs Co., Philadelphia, and very good of its sort.

We have a valuable and learned work this month from the University of Chicago Press—"Russian Political Institutions." The growth and development of these institutions from the beginning of Russian history to the present time. It is by Maxine Kovalevsky, formerly Professor of Public Law at the University of Moscow, and dozens of other things in divers countries. The work represents the very best research of the day upon the subject. Other questions of the day are ably discussed by Mr. John R. Dos Passos (of the New York bar) in a volume called "Commercial Trusts, The Growth and Rights of Aggregated Capital," an argument delivered before the industrial commission at Washington, D. C. Brought out by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London.

A book for those interested in elocution or physical expression, is one called "Delsarte System of Expression," by Genevieve Stebbins, who is the authority at present in her profession. The book contains thirty-two illustrations from Greek art.

Price, \$2. Published by Edgar S. Werner Publishing Co., New York.

Really, the children's books nowadays are charming, and there are so many of them. I will tell you of a number all in positively pretty bindings, bright, to delight the eye of childhood or youth "Mistress May," by Amy E. Blanchard, and "When Mother was a Little Girl," by Francis J. Brewster (the latter illustrated by photographs), are for girls,

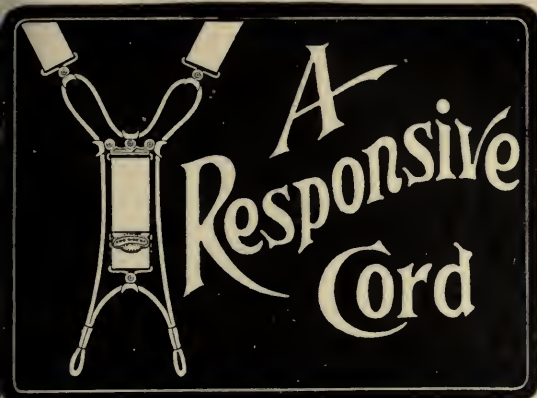
and gotten out in companion bindings by Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia. The latter book especially is delightful reading, and is, I take it, autobiographical in character. The same firm issued also, for boys, "Somebody's Doings," by John Habberton, and "A Boy in Early Virginia," by Edward Robbins. They are both illustrated.

There is also "A Life of St. Peter for the Young," by George Weld, which has pictures, and is a book for children of larger growth as well. And "Rook's Nest," an entertaining story for girls and boys, written by Izola L. Forrester, and lovers of pets or cats especially will enjoy "Pussy Meow," a lengthy biography of a pet cat and her owner, by S. Louise Patteson, illustrated with photographs, and introduced by Sarah K. Bolton. All three of these clever books are also issued from Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia.

Selected Poems by Henry Ames Blood is a book published by the Neale Company, Washington, D. C. It is attractive in appearance, and the verses, many of which are reprints from the best magazines, have strength and a real poetic beauty of expression. The last one, in the book "Ad Astra," appeared first in the Century Magazine, and is spirited and fine. There are thirty poems, some long, some short, but all worthy of consideration by lovers of poetry.

Price, \$1. Neale & Co., Washington.

"The Letters of Mildred's Mother to Mildred," by E. D. Price, comes from the J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company, New York, and lays no claim to a literary value. It contains satirical sketches of stage life.



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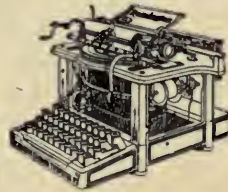
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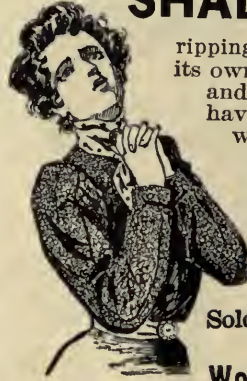
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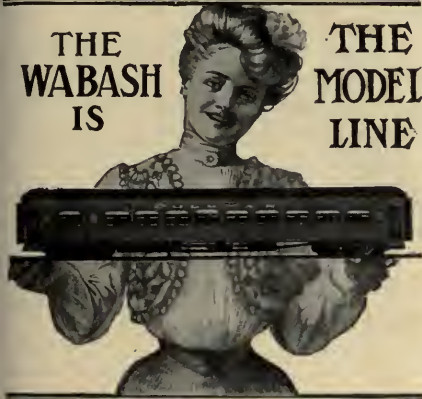
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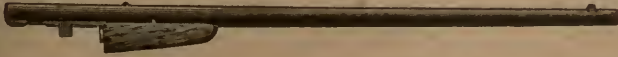
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Overland Monthly

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF THE WEST

JUNE, 1902

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Along the southwest shore of Crater Lake.

(See "Three Months in Three States." Page 932.)

Overland Monthly

Vol. XXXIX

June, 1902.

No 6



PETER JOHN was in hard luck. The collar of his dirty shirt was gathered within the iron grasp of the hardest mate on the Pacific Coast, and a bony knee propelled him aft in a series of excruciating jerks.

"Sto'way, sir!" reported the mate. He shoved Peter John toward the captain, then yanked him back, bringing him up all standing. The skipper, a solemn, re-faced Scotchman, fixed the gasping victim with a hypnotic eye, while he ransacked the corners of his mind for fitting epithets wherewith to blast him. But delay is always dangerous. Before his mental machinery got under weigh, Peter John recovered his wind, and the captain found

himself dead-centered in a whirling vortex of cosmopolitan adjectives.

The eyes of the man at the wheel bulged with astonishment. "Thought the ol' man would a' died of apperplexy," he said afterward to the watch below. "Never heerd sich eloquence. * * * The mate," he added, with an admiring glance round the fo'castle, "ain't in it!"

"Cheekiest sto'way I ever saw, sir," growled the mate, after he had choked Peter into silence. "Found him in the fore-hold where the men was abreaking out a barr'l of beef. Cheeked me!" puffed the mate. "Called the hands wage slaves an' other insulting names and jabbered about the rights of man. I'll right him!" So speaking he took another turn in Peter John's collar and bumped

his head against the mizzen-mast.

"Lemme go!" gurgled the stowaway. "I'll do for you afore I leaves this 'ere bloomin' ship."

Slowly recovering from his coma, the skipper sternly eyed the transgressor of all maratime conventions. "Ye'll pit the mon in irons, Mr. Tucker," he said, with dignity. "An' he'd be the better o' a leetle mortification of the flesh. A diet o' bread an' water is aye guid for a stiff-necked and rebellious spirit. But ye'll no exercise unnecessary cruelty, sir. Ye ken?"

"Ay, ay, sir!" replied the mate with a knowing wink. To show his perfect understanding of orders he marched the captive below, ironed him to the foremast, larruped him with a yard of wire rope, and left him to reflect on the evils which befall them who go down to the sea in ships. As the mate disappeared up the fore-hatch, Peter called down upon him the seven curses of the Israelites multiplied by the fifty and one blessings of Whitechapel; then he sat down to massage his many bumps and comfort his soul with gutter philosophy.

"This ain't 'arf bad," he muttered, winking at the foremast. "Mister Peter Jawn, you're now a reg'larly hintrojuiced passinger aboard this packet, known to the captin and respected of the mate. Yer rations is hallowed for, an' cook's got 'is horders accordin'. * * * Ain't been so comfort'ble," he mused, "sin' I turned cartwheels 'longside London busses for ha'pennies. * * * I ain't sure," he continued, leering at the mast, "'bout doin' sentry 'go in 'Ide Park, w'ich 'ad its adwantages in the w'y of servant gals, also swipes w'en the sarjent worn't lookin', but it beats a military jail all 'oller. Peter Jawn!" he muttered sleepily, "lie down an' go to 'ell. No! I mean to sleep. Yer three days hout from 'Onalulu, an' it's to be 'oped, on yer 'appy w'y to 'Frisco."

The skipper stared when the mate made his second report on the stowaway. "Been trying to stir up a mutiny," growled Mr. Tucker. "Wanted the hands to chuck you an' me overboard. Seem's he has the bearin's of a island down in the Sou' Seas where all the men's been killed off an' the lan'

fairly swarms with scrumptious gals. I tried," continued the mate, a faraway look in his eyes, "to get the latitude from him. But the little devil cheeked me up an' down. Called me a fat haristocrat! An' a bloated capitalhist! Never heerd such langwidge!" finished the mate in shocked tones.

"I'm surprised at ye, Jack Tucker!" The skipper spoke reproachfully. "You! A married man! A-takin' the beerin's o' desert islan's full o' abandoned weemen w'out a shirt to their names. Did ye say ye got the beerin's?" he added, cocking his eye aloft.

"No," replied the mate regretfully, "I just said as I didn't get 'em."

"Weel, Mr. Tucker. Do your best wi' the mon. See that he airns his passage."

But Peter John held "theories" concerning the dignity of labor. When the mate suggested swabbing decks and cleaning spittoons as fit and proper occupations for a man of his station, Peter turned in righteous indignation.

"Work!" The word shot forth like the spume from a soda bottle. "See you in 'ell fust!" And in the scrimmage which followed, Peter bit, scratched, butted, kicked and cursed, individually and collectively, the captain, mate and crew.

"Ye'll hae been too hard wi' the lad-die?" asked the skipper a day later. "Ye'll hae been too hard, Jack Tucker. I maun try my ain powers o' persuasion. Did ye, Jack?" a moisture gleamed in his eyes—"Did ye, Jack, get the beerin's o' that islan'?"

"You seem kinder anxious!" answered the mate, sarcastically. "'Specially as ye're a married man with two gals of your own a growing up at home."

"It's you I'm thinkin' on, Jack." The Captain gazed on his second with a fatherly air. "I'm thinkin' on you, Jack. Ye see, ye're but a puir weak critter wi' the weemen, Jack Tucker. Ye need a bracin' hand."

"Thank ye kindly! You'd make a fine principal for a young ladies seminary, you would."

Without condescending to answer the sarcasm, and wearing on his red face the look of one animated by the highest moral purpose, the skipper went for-



"'This ain't 'arf bad,' he muttered."

ward to talk with Peter John. He hove to opposite the criminal and puffed out his fat cheeks.

"Hum!" he coughed, producing a belaying pin from beneath his coat tails, "They sayin', my lad, as ye're no' likin' work?"

Peter glanced pointedly at the skipper's ample vest. "Where'd you get that fat?" he asked. "Workin'?"

The captain doubled and gasped as though he had received a poke in the ribs. "You're ir-re-ve-re-nt, my lad," he snorted. "We'll try to bring ye til' a better frame o' mind."

And he reasoned with Peter John, using the most emphatic arguments known to the men of the sea. The belaying pin was swinging with pendulum regularity when Peter John's bullet head suddenly shot into the center of the

skipper's vest. He doubled, almost in two, and before he could recover, Peter John felled him with the belaying pin. Then he returned to the captain's warm counsel with such interest that he was compelled to sheer off for repairs, and kept his berth until the vessel docked at Seattle. There, with appropriate ceremony, Peter John was handed over to the harbor gods, and charged with stowing away, assault, battery, attempted murder, and mutiny on the high seas.

"A brass idol, am I?" said the court, surveying the malcontent through his glasses. "Also a fat Buddah? Well, the decree of this god is, that you do six calendar months, with hard labor."

"Do it on my 'ed!" returned Peter defiantly.

For the next three months he practiced this form of gymnastics. And

while he picked oakum, broke rock, or worked with the road gang, the "Mary Jane," having discharged part of her cargo, sailed down the coast to San Francisco.

Thirteen weeks devoted to these un-aesthetic pursuits developed corns on Peter's hands and wrinkles in his temper. In his spare moments, he covered his cell wall with calculations of the values accruing to the government by reason of his labors; and, for the excellence, quantity, and quality of his ciphering, he was awarded seven days of the bread of sorrow and the water of affliction. Finally he made up his mind that he would no longer assist in the accumulation of the un-earned increment.

The trusty who locked him in of nights found him one evening in a brown study.

"Think I'll quit," he remarked, as the key turned in the lock.

"All right, gov'nor," grinned the trusty. "What hotel would yer like to hev yer baggage driv' to?"

But next evening the laugh was with Peter John. When

the road gang formed after work, a ten pound rock lay between his feet.

"Close in there! Close in!" ordered the guard packing them for the lock-step. As Peter shuffled the big stone moved with him. The guard turned to signal the watchers. Peter stooped quickly. The rock thudded against the man's head, then Peter John shot down the road jumping from side to side like a mountain goat at play. As he crossed the zone of fire the watchers' rifles spoke

sharply. Bullets raised spurts of dust all about him, but he held on and gained the woods.

At midnight, the great arc lights of Pier No. 4 brilliantly illumined the open wharf, but under the cargo sheds lurked the blackest shadow. A vessel lay at the wharf. Aboard of her a gang of men were trucking the last loads of freight. The chief officer stood at the gangway hastening their movements with language that bordered on the ornamental while on the quarterdeck loomed the burly figure of the captain.

"Hurry, men! Hurry!" urged the mate. "Must make this tide."

Out in the stream a fussy tug coughed impatiently, the towline was fastened to the bits, and then everything ready for a start. Through the blackness under the sheds a gray figure worked its way slowly forward. Soon it reached the end of the dock. Then it sank flat and waited. Presently it commenced to move along the shadow of an elec-

tric light pole out to the edge of the dock. The lamps sizzled and burnt low. For a moment partial gloom enveloped both ship and dock and the mate could have sworn that something passed him, and when the lights flared up the grey shadow was gone.

"Cargo aboard, sir!" he reported half an hour afterward.

"Cast off that bow hawser!" roared the captain. "Lively men! Stand by to haul in! Off with that gangway!"



"Come aboard, sir," reported Peter."

The tug's bell rang sharply, knocking a tinkly hole in the silence of the night, beneath her stern the water churned to blackish grey, the hawser tightened, and with gradually increasing speed, the vessel left the wharf.

For three days thereafter, Peter John lay in hiding, miserably sea-sick, for when the bark lowered the land she made heavy weather. But on the morning of the fourth day, the wind dropped and his stomach subsided with the swell.

"Near time I was registering," he muttered. "Mister Peter Jawn, of Seattle, hetcettra." He crawled from his hiding place in the center of a coiled cable and walked aft; a curious figure in prison stripes, with white, wan, famine-pinched face and black eyes that sparkled with deviltry. It was the mate's watch. The men were aloft trimming sail, while the officer stood on the quarterdeck volleying into the clouds aspersions on their ancestry.

"Come aboard, sir!" reported Peter.

The mate glanced down, then stood open-mouthed, rooted to the deck, while Peter John's jaw dropped and the grin faded from his face. He was the first to recover speech.

"'Ow pleasant!" he remarked, with a ghastly smile, "to meet fren's hunexpected like. 'Ow's Missis Tucker an' the kids?"

The inquiry restored to the mate the power of action.

"It's him!" he growled. Then, without removing an eye from Peter John, he called a hand from aloft and passed the word for the captain.

"'Mornin', Captin' Mac," said Peter, affably, when the skipper's red face rose above the hatch combing. "Nice weather we're havin'. Didn't expec' to find you in these parts."

The captain glared. His face turned black-red, then purple; he clutched wildly at his neck-cloth. His gaze wandered from Peter to the mate, and back again to Peter; he spluttered with rage, as he vainly attempted to speak.

Peter solemnly shook his head. "'Fraid you've been 'ittin' it 'ard, Captin' Mac," he said, in sympathetic tones. "I'd had-vise a leetle habstinence, or you'll be 'avin' a fit. You'd look well," he mused,

"hunder a monniment. 'Ere lies a 'usband trew, a father dear,' hetcettra."

"Stow your jaw!" roared the mate. Then his full vials of wrath slopped over and he showered upon Peter John the majority of the words contained within the Index Expurgatorius. Peter listened with an expression of the liveliest admiration mantling on his countenance. His little black eyes sparkled with mischief and he seemed to be meditating further inroads on the dignity of the skipper.

"My respec's, Mr. Tucker," he observed when the mate paused for breath. "W'ot a parson you would 'ave made. Never heerd sich a flow of langwidge."

"There's islands,' 'said the mate, breathing hard, and surveying the skipper out of the tail of his eye, "'twixt here an' Sidney?"

"Whaur," said the skipper, reflectively, "There'll be na luvly lassies to tempt a mon to sin. Ye'll let me know when ye sight one, Mr. Tucker. An' hae a boat ready, sir."

"Maroon me!" yelled Peter John. "I'll 'ave yer afore the 'Igh Co'rt of the Had-miral'ty! S'elp me, I will!"

"Ye'll hae a boat ready, Mr. Tucker," replied the skipper, mildly. "An' for the nonce ye might as weel give the lad-die his former berth."

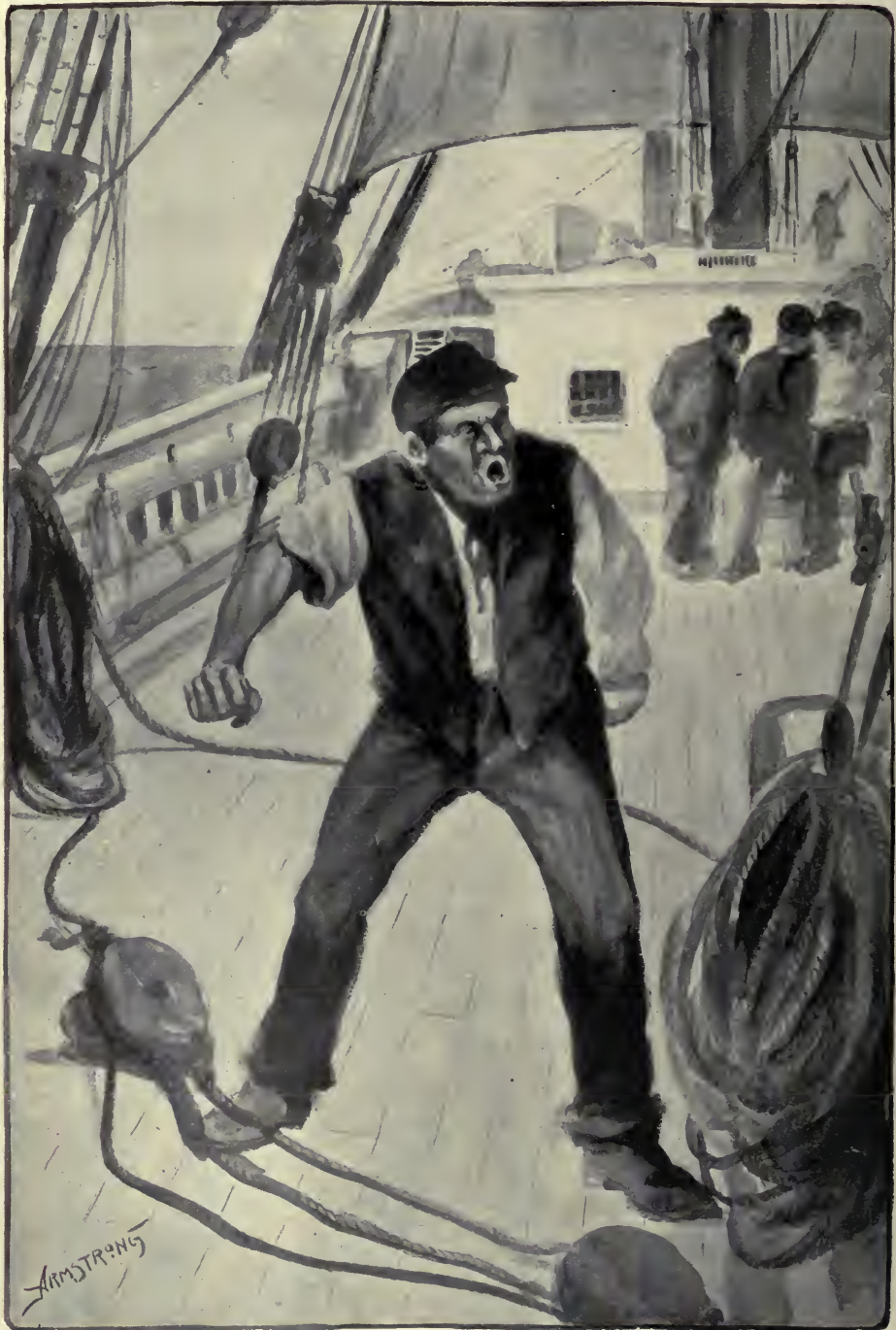
And despite active remonstrance, Peter presently found himself united to his old friend, the foremast. Two weeks he spent in durance while favorable breezes wafted the Mary Jane a thousand miles south and west. She raised Peter's future home early one afternoon, but the sun was setting before she hove to under the lee of the land.

"Ye'll tak' a few breakers along, Mr. Tucker," said the Captain, who was sweeping the island with his glass. "There's a wee bit cri'k tumblin' ower the rocks at the north end o' that cove. Might as weel hae some fresh water."

Twilight faded into black night before the mate, having deported Peter John and shipped his water, put off for the ship. The boat labored heavily through the black sea toward the vessel's lights.

"Pulls mighty 'ard," growled London Bill, wiping his brow.

"Ebb tide," growled Mr. Tucker. "Pull



“ ‘Maroon me!’ yelled Peter John.”

hearty, men! The wind's freshening."

The captain was waiting impatiently. The wind had shifted dead on shore, and he was anxious to get under sail. As the boat was hoisted in the rattling pullies drew a mournful echo from the island, and the men glanced uneasily over their shoulders. They walked forward speculating in whispers on the maroon's chances; the helm was put over, the Mary Jane swung into the wind, and the island faded into the blackness.

Next morning the captain came on deck with the air of a man at peace with the world. The bark was bowling along ahead of a ten-knot breeze, every sail was set and drawing, and the skipper smiled as he thought of a record passage and the commendations of the owners.

"Mornin', Mr. Tucker," he said, glancing aloft at the belying sails, "we're in for a crackin' passage, noo that we're rid o' that deil sto'way."

But the following day lines of worry showed through the deep red of his countenance. He shuffled along the quarterdeck in the manner of one ill at ease, casting surreptitious glances at the mate. But that worthy was admonishing the man at the wheel of the errors of his ways, and did not notice the signals of distress.

"Jack," whispered the captain, sidling up to him. "Did ye hear aucht las' night?"

The mate stared. "Well," he growled, "nothing but your infernal snoring. You'd wake the dead."

"Ye're no light sleeper yersel', Jack Tucker," responded the skipper with warmth. "But,"—lowering his voice—"I heerd las' night, Jack, the maist awfu' groans an' cries. Seemed to come frae all over the ship." The mate glanced seaward, and shook his head, pityingly. "Ye're no' sayin' I was drunk, mon?" continued the skipper, indignantly.

"Why, no!" replied Mr. Tucker, soothingly. "I wouldn't say as you were *drunk*, but there's others as—hadn't you better take a sleep? It's highly recommended for them kinds of spells."

The captain paled with anger. He swelled like an irate gobbler and seemed to be about to turn loose, but thinking better of it, he shot an explosive oath

into the air and dived below. But he had his revenge. Next day the mate was thoughtful and absent-minded.

"Jack!" said the skipper, solemnly wagging his head, "ye must let up on it, Jack. Ye really must."

"What're ye drivelling at now?" yelled the mate.

"Oh, nothin' in particular. If ye don't like to have it mentioned, Jack, I'll——"

"Mention what?"

"Hadn't ye better take a sleep, Jack?" continued the captain in anxious tones. "Ye ken, sleep's a fine cure for them spells."

Then creeping close, he whispered. "Ye heerd 'em, Jack?"

The mate nodded. He was about to reply, when he noticed old Bill working his way aft. "Well?" he asked.

"The 'ands is sayin'," said Bill, knocking his forehead, "as 'ow you'd better put into Auckland an' ship a fresh crew. This 'ere vessel's 'aunted."

This was the last straw. The mate's choler boiled over, and he preached Bill a sermon on spirits, taking a text which is not to be found in the revised version. And Bill returned forward much edified by the words of the mate.

"Eli's full of spooks, is it?" he growled as he rolled along. "An' I'll meet lots o' my fre'ns there, will I? 'Hallright!' says old Bill. 'E knows w'ot 'appened the Nancy Bell w'en voices boarded of 'er."

From that time forward a gloom hung over the ship. The men obeyed orders mechanically, hauling on the ropes without a chanty, and returned to their posts silent, dull and depressed. Though the weather was ideal, old Bill's concertina was silent during his watch below, and Sam the cook had neither heart nor wind for his flute.

When night fell, the watch below barricaded the fo'castle, and tremblingly listened to wild shrieks which seemed to come from all parts of the ship, while the watch on deck clustered under the lee bulwark and whispered together. Mr. Tucker paced the quarterdeck whistling nonchalantly, but an occasional tremolo split the tune.

"Fine night," he observed when the skipper came on deck. "Think I'll stay up a while." The captain grunted ac-

quiescence, his nerves were upset. They paced the deck side by side, gazing out to sea. The night was dark but clear. No moon, but the fiery southern stars shone from sky and ocean. A soft breeze bellied the shadowy sails, the water lapped gently along the counter as the vessel heaved to the Pacific swell.

"What's that?"

The mate started, and leaned forward, listening. Above the lipping of the sea rose a moaning cry, low at first, rising higher and higher, and ending in a harsh scream. The watch rushed aft, tumbling over one another, and stood, silently shivering, beneath the officers.

"Look!"

They followed the skipper's finger. Under the orlop, from the center of a sulphurous cloud, shone a softly-glowing thing. A weird howl, tremulous and long-drawn, split the silence, then the light began to move swiftly aft. With a yell of fright the watch piled on to the quarterdeck and ran full speed astern.

Mr. Tucker could feel his hair raising his cap, his knees trembled, but he held his ground and watched the phantom. The skipper groaned and fled, but the thing flashed up the stairs, passed the mate and held right on. Out of the tail of his eye the skipper saw it coming. He dodged round the wheel, back to the stairs, and away forward. The watch jumped into the rigging, but, as though scorning lowlier game, the phantom followed in the skipper's wake.

He flew along the deck with the spectre gaining every jump, and the mate and crew watched the race. Round the deck they sped, and on the second lap the captain tripped and fell.

"Gude deliver us!" he yelled. A cry of horror burst from the crew. The thing was dancing round the skipper's head, making wild dives at his face. Then a strange thing happened. The captain rose and walked aft with the phantom following obediently to heel. He was puffing like the exhaust of a steam engine, and strange oaths steamed from his mouth.

"Come down, ye lubbers!" he roared. "What're ye doin' abaft the mizzen? Scared of a dog, were ye?"

Mr. Tucker stopped and examined the

phosphorescent glow that emanated from the captain's dog. "You weren't scereed, captain?" he remarked. "Just a-taking a leetle exercise?"

"There's some, Jack Turner," replied the captain with dignity, "as takes their exercise one way, an' some another. Running's my way."

"You *are* a sprinter," snickered the mate. "'Ceptin' the dawg, I never seed your beat."

"I'm thinkin' as it's your watch below, Mr. Tucker," snorted the captain.

The mate grinned. "I reckon it is about time I was turnin' in," he replied. "Watchin' them 'ere Roman games makes a feller tired. But say!" He paused at the companion-way. "Call me if you feel like more exercise."

When, the next morning, Mr. Tucker went below to break his fast, the cook met him with trepidation, trembling in every line of his fat face. "No breakfast, sir!" he reported. "Pots an' kettles all gone, sir. Ain't a saucepan lef' in the galleys."

"What!"

The cook tremulously repeated himself.

"Je-ru-sa-lem! What's become of 'em?"

"Dun'no, sir. Old Bill says as 'ow he's heerd of speerits as——"

"Old Bill be——"

"Yessir. That's what he will be. He's a tough un, is old Bill."

"Go to——"

"Yessir," anticipated the cook, and he fled to his potless galleys.

Mr. Tucker sat down and racked his brains to account for these peculiar manifestations of the unseen world. What could ghosts want with pots and kettles? What pleasure could they find in raising such unholy noises? All day he nosed around, carrying the problem with him. About noon he accidentally discovered the absence of a can of phosphorus from the paint stores, and by evening had worked out a complete theory of causation.

"Want to drive us into Auckland, do you?" he growled, shaking his fist at the back of old Bill. "We'll see!"

The night fell, and his watch huddled under the lee of the long boat; the mate

slipped below and made his way forward 'tween decks. Soon a fearful wail sounded close at hand, and toward him flitted a smoking, fiery figure. His heart thumped against his ribs. What if it was not old Bill? He had known good sailors who firmly believed in ghosts, and this one was awe-inspiring. A whiff of phosphorous floated to his nostrils and revived his fleeting courage. The mate wiped his brow. He waited a few moments, then followed in the wake of the shade.

Meanwhile the sweating skipper was reading the Bible to an awful accompaniment of shrieks and groans. He had just delivered himself of a fervent "Gude save us," when the infernal chorus ceased and a heavy body banged against the door. Then came the sound of heavy blows, curses, and the mingled 'din of fight.

"I've got him!" yelled the voice of the mate.

The skipper sprang from his berth and threw wide the door, letting out a stream of light.

"Bleeding whales," roared the mate. "It's him!"

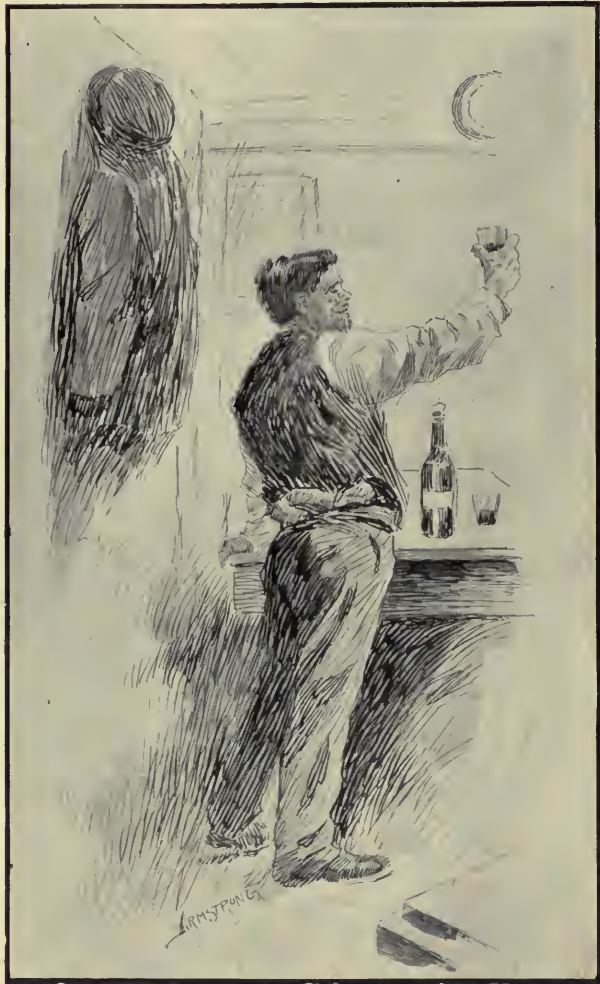
Before them, dirty, unwashed, daubed with phosphorous from head to foot, naked but unashamed, stood Peter John.

"Ow's yer 'ealth, Cap'n Mac?" he asked politely. "I'll trouble you for the loan of a shirt. Lef my own on the island. Mr. Tucker was in a hurry an' wouldn't wait."

But he returned to his old quarters minus the desired garment, and bearing on his body in lieu thereof, in assorted shades of blue and green, various tokens of the skipper's wrath. His nakedness did not, however, much affect his comfort, for the bark was slipping

into latitudes where birds and beasts slough off unnecessary hair and feathers and man alone clothes himself in sartorial curses.

"Sto'way started all the water butts last night, sir," reported the cook next morning. "There ain't water enuf lef'



"'Ere's your 'ealth, Cap'n Mac," he whispered.

to finish the vy'ige. Must ha' done it afore you cotched him!"

"Bring the sto'way aft!" spluttered the skipper. But Peter John was not to be found. His chains lay at the foot of the mast, and a thorough search revealed no trace of his presence.

"Ye wadna' think as the laddie made away wi' himsel'?" said the skipper,

when the mate reported no Peter John. "There's a sight o' humanitarian cranks aroun' the harbors now'days," he added, nervously.

"If he thought it would plague us, yes!" replied the mate gloomily. "Won't be able to knock a man down soon—betwixt sailor's unions an' skypilots." They pondered silently over the degeneration of the sea and sailors.

"Mebbe we were a leetle bit——"

"Think so?"

"No sayin' what prejudeeced folk might say. It might be as weel, Mr. Tucker, to say——"

"Nothing about the matter."

The skipper nodded. As two days passed without further sign of Peter John the suicide hypothesis was considered established. The mysterious signs and portents vanished, and the hands, with the exception of old Bill accepted the Peter John theory of causation.

"He me'd them noises, did he?" grumbled Bill, in the security of the fo-castle. "Lu'k 'ere, Salem Smith! If 'e's overboard 'e's a sperit, ain't e? 'E is,' says you. 'Well,' says I, 'we'll 'ave 'im aboard ag'in.' I leaves this 'ere vessel at Hauclan'."

It was midnight when the Mary Jane came in from the sea. She entered the harbor by the Motukorea Channel. A faint sky-glow, far ahead, marked the sight of Auckland, and to the south the Tamaki headlight shot yellow wings out of the darkness. Slowly and carefully the Mary Jane picked her way through the Bean Rocks, and within two hours cast anchor in the stream.

"Weel, Mr. Tucker," said the captain, when the last link payed through the hawse pipe. "Step below an' hae a nip afore ye turn in."

The skipper filled the glasses and nodded. "Ough! Ough!" he coughed. "Guid stuff that. I'll be goin' ashore to refit the galleys, Mr. Tucker, an' ye'll attend to the waterin', sir."

After the mate had gone, the captain carefully laid out his shore-going clothes ready for the morning. Then, after another nip, he climbed on deck to finish his watch. The cabin door had scarcely closed when a man's head protruded from beneath the bunk. The face was pale,

the eyes black and glistening. The head bobbed in time with the skipper's measured steps. When he was sure the coast was clear, Peter John slid from, is hiding place and seized the captain's bottle.

"'Ere's your 'ealth, Cap'ing Mac," he whispered hoarsely. "With 'onors," he added, filling a second. "An' miy you live long an' alwiy 'ave a drink for your fre'ns," he finished pouring out a third.

Next he turned his attention to the skipper's raiment. "Just my 'ight," he muttered. "But, O Crikey! W'ot wos 'is mother thinkin' orf?" The band of the skipper's nether garments stuck out like a halo round a saint's head.

Diving into a locker, he haled forth two pairs of the captain's best pajamas. "This 'll 'elp," he grumbled, slipping them on. Then he wound a sheet around his waist and tried on the trowsers. "Just my fit! Now for the bloomin' vest. Another fit! Tie! Shoes! Hat! Mister Peter Jawn," he finished, bowing to his reflection in the skipper's glass, "pleased to meet orf yer."

While he was admiring himself the captain's foot sounded on the stair. Hastily swallowing the last of the whiskey, Peter John dived beneath the bunk, and squeezed in just as the door opened.

"Weel," muttered the captain, "I could ha' sworn as I turned down the light, an' here it's blazin' like a Roman cantle." He pondered a moment on the phenomenon, and shook his head sadly, "I'm no' the man I was," he muttered, reaching for the whiskey, "that deil sto'way's sent me half daffy."

"What the ——" He gazed at the empty bottle, then noticed the absence of his clothes. "Where's my togs?" He sank on a locker and glared around the cabin. Mechanically his hand turned the bottle bottom up—not a drop.

"Tucker!" he bellowed. "Tucker!"

The door of the adjoining cabin banged and the mate rushed out. He had not gone through the formality of dressing. He stood in the doorway, big, gaunt, hairy, half-frightened, and wholly angry.

"What're ye roaring about now!" he growled. "Got another of them spells?"

The skipper stared with a glassy eye, and held out the upturned bottle.

"Think I've been swiping your booze?" roared the mate.

"The sto'way, Jack!" feebly gasped the skipper. "The sto'way an' my togs is all gone."

"Ph—ew—!" whistled Mr. Tucker.

"I'd give!" yelled the skipper, with a sudden accession of rage, "twa hun'ed

dollars beside the togs tae be weel rid o' the scoundrel."

"Cap'ing Mac," said Peter John, poking out his head, "I takes you. Forty quid an' the togs an' I leaves yer 'ere at Hauclan'!"

"Done!" shouted the captain, and the mate sealed the pact with a mighty oath.





A **(3)** MONTHS'
OUTING IN **(3)** STATES
FOR **(33)** DOLLARS
PUBLISHED IN **(3)** PARTS

By J. Edgar Ross.

PART I.



HAD been three years without a vacation, and when the opportunity came to get away from my work for as many months you may be sure that I seized it with alacrity. There was just one thing about the prospect that

I did not like; namely, my bank account, which was not far above zero.

I had long contemplated a trip through the Cascade Mountains, but when I figured out the probable cost I found that I would have to either give that up or borrow money to meet the greater part of the expense. While I was undecided as to which would be the better plan a friend suggested that I make the trip a-wheel. I told him that the roads and trails in the Cascade Mountains were not like the bicycle paths in Golden Gate Park, but he retorted rather warmly: "Well, what of that? Where you can't

ride your wheel you can walk beside it. I have heard you boast that you could outwalk a pack-horse; and where the roads are good you can certainly outrun one."

I soon decided to make the trip in that way, and at once began to prepare a camp outfit that I could carry on my wheel. I was no stranger to camp life in the mountains; so I knew just about what I would want; and, what was of far more importance, what I could get along without. My experience with a loaded wheel had been just sufficient to teach me the importance of keeping down the weight to the lowest possible notch.

It would not have been so bad if I had not been a camera fiend. But I would just as soon have staid at home as to have gone without my camera, which was a $6\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$ of the long-focus type, weighing fifteen pounds with the three plate-holders loaded. Had I used films instead of plates it would have materially reduced the weight; but I have a decided preference for plates on such subjects as I expected to photograph.

In addition to that fifteen pounds, I calculated on carrying three extra boxes

of plates—another thirteen pounds. Then my sleeping bag weighed nine and a half pounds more. My belt-axe weighed twelve ounces, and the cooking utensils one and a fourth pounds. The repair tools and kit added another pound. I expected to be away from civilization not more than ten days at a time; but it takes fifteen pounds of carefully selected food to supply me with enough energy to enjoy ten days wheeling or tramping in the mountains. "The man who knows" will tell you that twenty ounces per day is enough for an ordinary man, but if that is true, I have an abnormal appetite. Then of course I must have carriers to handle such a load on a bicycle; but after they were added my photographic outfit was almost half the load.

Of course I did not expect to carry the entire outfit all the time. Where the country was settled I took little or no provisions, and only took the camera when going away from the railroad where I knew the scenery would repay me for the extra work.

The carrier was so arranged that it could be removed and utilized as a pack-saddle to carry the outfit on my back. As a bicycle carrier it was as strong and rigid as could be desired; as a pack-saddle it was not much heavier than the ordinary pack-straps, though it was far more comfortable. Its cost was twenty-five cents for clamps to fasten it to the wheel and an equal amount for shoulder straps. It was made of soft pine.

When the carrier was in position on the wheel my camera was fastened into the box with the shoulder strap that I used at other times to carry it by. The sleeping bag was rolled up lengthwise, passed across the top and the ends bound to the projecting arms of the carrier.

My plates, repair tools, and nick-nacks were carried in a common bicycle trunk in the frame of the wheel. Attached to the rear fork and saddle-post was a box for my provisions and cooking utensils. Its dimensions were $8 \times 10\frac{1}{2}$ inches; eight inches being the height. The ends were made of five-eighths inch, and the rest of the box of three-eighths inch, soft pine. It could be readily removed and fastened between

the projecting arms of the pack-saddle when necessary.

My cooking utensils consisted of two granite-ware pudding-pans, and two small pails of the same material. These latter were sold for two quart pails, but one was so much smaller that it nested within the other. The larger one just fit into the pudding pans. Soon after I started I added to these a three-pint tin pail that nested within the other two. I had it made with a tight-fitting cover so that cooked beans, dried fruit, or left-over portions of provisions could be kept in it.

The sleeping bag was made of a big double blanket of fine wool. The width of the blanket I made the length of the bag. That gave me three thicknesses all the way around and still left me room enough to curl up in when I wanted to. I found it quite warm enough under ordinary circumstances. On one or two occasions the circumstances were somewhat extraordinary, but that was not the fault of the sleeping bag. A poncho blanket made of a thin but good quality of black table oil-cloth completed my outfit.

The route I had planned to follow



The outfit and the man.

touched the railroad at various points; so I arranged to ship a case of plates and a box containing provisions and extra clothing, from point to point by freight. The freight rates are not high enough to make economy in weight an object; so I put into the box everything that I thought I would be likely to need, unless I was sure it was obtainable along the route.

My provisions were of the most simple kind, consisting mainly of beans and peas, dried fruit and bread.

It is no easy matter to provide suitable bread for a camping trip. Bakers' bread is bulky, it soon gets stale, and is poor stuff at best. Frying-pan bread or reflecting oven biscuits are troublesome to make, even though one is an expert at camp cookery. Ship biscuit, "hard tack," do very well for a while, but one soon gets tired of them. Someone gave me a recipe for a modified form of hardtack that just met my idea of what camping bread ought to be. I tried the recipe first, and when I saw what splendid bread it made I took possession of the kitchen and made up fifty pounds of it.

Better bread for a camping trip could not be made, and as some of my readers may want to try it I will give the recipe: Sift the desired quantity of whole wheat flour, and to each six quarts add a pound of butter or one and a half cups of cotton-seed oil and salt to taste. Work the butter into the flour just as you would in shortening biscuits; then add enough cold water to make a stiff dough. Add the water a little at a time and stir it quickly into the flour. Knead thoroughly; roll out to about three-fourths of an inch thick; cut into strips an inch wide by three inches long; then bake in a moderately hot oven about forty minutes. They should not be cut until the oven is ready for them, as they are apt to get soggy if left standing between the making and the baking. If well kneaded and properly baked they will be light and crisp. They have a delicious creamy flavor; and though hard, they are never tough. I brought a few of them home after my three months' trip, and they seemed as fresh and tender as when I started out.

The excitement that always attends the national birthday in our large cities had subsided, and the workmen were sweeping the debris of the fire-crackers from Market street as I rode down the cable slip to begin my journey. I boarded the early morning boat, which carried me across the bay. Then a few miles' ride by train through picturesque scenery brought me to the pretty little city of San Rafael, where I took the county road. From there to Petaluma, a distance of twenty-five miles, the road was hard and smooth, though rather hilly. But the hills were never too steep to coast down, and I didn't mind an occasional walk up. Just beyond Petaluma I took my lunch, and after a short rest started to ride once more over the hard and smooth, graveled and sprinkled roads for which Sonoma County is justly famous. Sixteen miles took me through Santa Rosa, and in a short time I was riding through the Russian River Valley, with orchards, vineyards and orange groves on every hand. Late in the afternoon I rode up to the house of a friend in Healdsburg, with sixty miles, but not a single picture to my credit.

The first day the sun had made things most uncomfortably hot; so I thought I would get the best of it next morning. I was ten miles from Healdsburg, climbing up the side of a hill, when I met it coming up the other side. From there I rode through a pretty little canyon; then I coasted down into a broad level valley which the road followed for twenty-five miles. The massive hulk of St. Helena and the Rocky Mountain range that bears its name, lies to the left; while a range of low rolling hills stretches along to the right. I passed through the town of St. Helena before noon, and a few miles beyond I stopped in the shade of some trees by the roadside to rest through the heat of the day.

When I started on again I had a mountain range to climb, and hard work I found it, too, for the roads were steep and dusty; the sun was boiling hot in spite of the late hour; and I was not yet toughened down to my work. But when I got to the top of the range I had a splendid coast of three or four miles

down through a cool, shaded canyon to a valley where I rode several miles through dust four inches deep. Then another hour's pedaling up over rolling hills brought me to the head of a beautiful canyon where I camped for the night. I had put nearly sixty miles behind me that day and I needed no rocking to put me to sleep.

Next morning I found the roads through the canyon rather dusty, but it was enough down-grade to make the wheeling good, in spite of that. It was early morning when I rode into Winters; but before I got my camera packed and my boxes re-shipped to Ager, old Sol had gotten warmed up to his work.

I had been in hot places before, but that was my first experience on the Sacramento Plains. I hope it may be my last—in mid-summer, at least. The sun burned my hands, my face, and my neck, until they were completely covered with water-blisters. The only way I could keep from evaporating entirely was by riding so fast that the breeze fanned me. All that day and the next I rode like mad, early and late, over those blistered and blistering plains. In the evening of the second day the mountains hove in sight once more. That spurred me on to greater effort and I rode as long as I could see. I would probably have ridden longer had I not struck the sandy roads near Corning.

From Corning to Redding, nearly sixty miles, the roads were bad and indifferent, but never good. I was not able to make the trip in one day, though I tried hard enough. The sun seemed hotter than ever, and I had to do a good deal of walking through the sand. If there was any breeze it was smothered by the scrub oak and young fir trees among which



Lower falls of the Rogue River.

the road led, for not a breath of it reached me throughout the day. Still I trudged along; riding when I could and walking when I could not ride. I covered about fifty miles that day and finished the distance to Redding before breakfast the next morning.

At Redding I left the wagon road and followed the railroad track. I found some good riding and much poor walking, but I was in the mountains once more, with the sound of rushing water in my ears, the fragrance of wild honeysuckle in my nostrils, and the cool breeze from the snow fields of distant Shasta to fan my blistered hands and face; so I never thought of complaining.

The second day I was on the track one of my tires—a single tube, gave out and resisted my best efforts at repair. I thought it would be cheaper to ride the remaining forty miles to Sisson than to walk that distance, so I took the



A relic of by-gone days.

train. But I seemed to have gotten beyond the sphere of bicycles, for I was unable to get a new tire at Sisson.

With a carrier strap and much tape I managed to fix the tire so that it would hold wind an hour or two. It was so cool there at the feet of great Shasta that I took my time about repairing, and did not start till noon. But the roads were good with a steep down grade nearly all the way; so before sunset that night I had ridden forty miles and camped at Ager. I was tired; so I concluded to rest there for a few days before loading up my wheel and starting for Crater Lake.

Ager is a little village near the dividing line between Oregon and California. A stage runs daily from there to Klamath Hot Springs, and at certain seasons of the year, to Klamath Falls also. Both these places lie on the road to Crater Lake, so much of the trip may be made by stage.

While I was resting I took off my damaged tire and almost made a new case for it with cement and tape; but it was wasted labor. It was built like the

deacon's chaise, and riding over rough broken rock with which the railroad was ballasted had worn it out everywhere at once. I rested fast after I gave it up, for Ager was rather a lonesome place.

I expected to walk the entire distance to Crater Lake and back to the railroad before I would be able to get another tire; so I took about ten pounds of hardtack and several days' rations of my other provisions. Up to that time my load had been light; for I had never been an entire day without passing some village or country store where my needs could be supplied. Often I would get eggs or milk, and sometimes home-made bread at a farm-house. Vegetables were too much trouble to cook; so I never bothered with them unless I could get a mess of potatoes or roasting ears near my camping place. Poached eggs on toast was a favorite dish when I was riding through a settled country. In the mountains I ate oatmeal mush with condensed milk or dried fruit, beans or peas, and hardtack. I used no meat and very little butter on the entire trip.

Just before noon on July 22nd I was ready to leave Ager. I placed my loaded wheel on the scales and found that it weighed ninety pounds. I had lost ten pounds in crossing the Sacramento Plains, so my own weight was just half that much more.

I could have ridden very little that day even if my wheel had been in good condition. The road was rocky, hilly, and dusty, and for the first ten miles it led across a sage-brush desert. Then I followed the bank of a large creek for several miles and entered the foot-hills, that were there thinly forested with oak, pine, and cedar trees. In some spots the timber had been cleared away, and in its room stood an orchard, garden, or hay field watered by an irrigating ditch whose source was some ice-cold spring in the surrounding hills. These little farms marred the beauty of the landscape, but they had an air of thrift and prosperity that in a measure atoned.

The forest grew more dense as I advanced, and a short time before sunset I heard the sound of rushing water. It was some time, however, before I saw the stream from which it came, and before I found a suitable camping place it was dark. But I did not mind the darkness; for I had eaten my supper some time before, and I had the music of the turbid, rushing Klamath river to sing me to sleep that night.

Next morning at six o'clock I began to walk through the five or six miles of sand that lay between me and Klamath Hot Springs. Loafing on the porch of the beautiful hotel building at that place, or playing billiards in the club-room near by, I saw the usual crowd of summer loungers, but I stopped only long enough to get a drink from one of the famous springs. Up to that point the road had never been more than a stone's throw from the river bank; but soon after I passed the hotel the mountains on either side crept so close together that the broad valley narrowed down to a canyon. Then the road led up the steep mountain side to the divide above. It was a long steep hill and I did not reach the top of it until after six o'clock.

Where the road reaches the top of

the divide there is an open space that affords a magnificent view. It is just at the brink of the canyon, where you can look down upon the Klamath river and follow its winding course until it disappears in the forest-grown valley that stretches away towards the setting sun. On either side of the valley the eye sweeps over hill and vale, that grow dimmer until they melt into the Klamath



Mill Creek Falls.

Mountains away in the distance. The atmosphere had been smoky all day, and from that point I could see the source of the smoke—a small forest fire a few miles to the south.

Beyond there I passed through one of the finest forests of sugar pine that I have ever seen. The road was smooth and level, and after my hard day's climb it rested me to walk through that grand and silent forest. But it soon got dark, and I was reluctantly compelled to camp at a deserted cabin near the roadside.

Next morning I continued my journey through the pines, and at noon suddenly emerged from the forest at the little village of Keno, which lies just at the edge of a broad plateau called the Klamath plains. There I crossed the Klamath river—but the Klamath river transformed. As I had known it for two days it was a roaring, madly dashing, mountain stream; but there it was broad and deep, with a current so sluggish that it seldom sees a ripple unless it is caused

by the wind or the steamboat that plies up and down its quiet waters.

Between Keno and Klamath Falls lay about sixteen miles of the first road that made me really regret the crippled condition of my wheel. But I plodded along and reached the little city before dark, having walked fifty-six miles in two days and a half.

At a store where bicycle sundries were kept I was agreeably surprised to find an inner tube. It was made for a detachable tire; but it was the only one in the store, the only one in town, perhaps the only one available within a radius of a hundred miles, so I took it. The next morning I remodeled it, placed it within my crippled single tube, and by eleven o'clock I was riding on my way rejoicing.

But I did not ride far, for I soon came to a three-mile hill up which I was, of course, compelled to walk. Beyond there, however, I had some pretty good riding until I reached Upper Klamath Lake. Then the road followed the lake shore for several miles around what is called Modoc Point. There the mountain and the lake seemed to be in a conspiracy against the traveler. They crowded so close together that there was scarcely room for the road. What little available space there was along the lake shore the mountain had tried to hide by casting down boulders big and boulders little—among which, and over which, the road wound like one of the snakes for which the region is famous. But when once I had passed the Point the road crossed a grassy plateau where I made my wheel spin, and soon I found myself on the reservation of the Klamath Indians—a tribe famous for its virtuous women, its fine horses, and the fact that it was never at war with the whites.

The shadows were long when I passed the agency, but I pushed on and camped that night near the old deserted Fort Klamath, where Captain Jack and his companions were executed for their part in the Modoc War of 1876. The fort was abandoned in 1890, and the ruin of its once splendid buildings is now well nigh complete.

I was riding early next morning, and soon I crossed Wood river, a fair-sized



Ready for a climb.

stream, a few miles below the spot where it springs full-fledged from the mountain-side. This stream, all the others in the vicinity, and Klamath Lake itself are favorite retreats of the speckled trout, and famous resorts of the sportive angler. Two miles beyond the deserted fort lies the village of Fort Klamath, where I bought some additional provisions, for I knew it would be my last chance, for a week or ten days, to replenish my larder.

When I left the village my wheel and

to climb the last grade until the summit was nearly reached the road led along the brink of the Anna Creek Canyon. I had heard and read so much about the Anna Creek Canyon that my expectations were high. But my disappointment was equally great, for what could be seen of it was rather a tame affair. The canyon is deep and narrow; but if there is anything grand about it it is effectively hidden by the tall trees that cover its bottom and line its sides. I should have enjoyed a trip down along the bottom



In the Sacramento Canyon.

its load weighed ninety-eight pounds, and I soon found the roads so sandy that it was more like work than sport to push that load along. I managed to keep in the saddle, however, until I was eight miles from the Fort. During the remainder of the day I had to walk through sand that grew deeper and deeper, and up a grade that became steeper and steeper at every step.

Just ahead lay the summit of the Cascade Range, and from the time I began

if the canyon, but I thought it would be too dangerous an undertaking to venture alone. Near the summit of the range, Anna Creek heads in a mammoth spring, and from what I saw of it I do not believe it would be a difficult task to enter the canyon at the spring and follow it down for miles. It might not repay one for the trouble, but if ever I have an opportunity I will certainly try it. It is quite certain that the creatures of the forest find their way into this narrow

gorge; for some friends of mine who followed this road two days behind me saw a deer quietly browsing in a little open glade beside the stream. They might easily have shot it; but deer are too plentiful in that region to squander a day in getting to the bottom of a canyon after one.

It was quite dark when I reached the summit of the divide, and I was afraid of missing the trail that branched off from the main thoroughfare somewhere in that vicinity; so I camped there and finished the trip of three miles up the steep sides of Mt. Mazama to the rim of the lake next morning. At ten o'clock I pitched camp on the grassy plateau along the south rim of the lake, so the trip of one hundred and twenty miles had occupied me nearly five days. I might have done just as well with a pack-horse, but I could certainly not have done better with the expectation that he would last three months.

I spent a week at the lake and in the vicinity. If ever I go there again I hope that I may be able to spend a whole season where I can look out upon the indescribably beautiful waters of this unique bit of wonderland. Not less than a season would be sufficient to visit all the points of interest and really *see* Crater Lake; yet it would require a volume to describe all that I saw during that week.

Mt. Mazama is a long extinct volcano whose height, when in its prime, probably outranked that of Rainier, the present king of the range. But the top of Mt. Mazama was blown off, or swallowed up, and now it's altitude at the highest point is only eight thousand two hundred feet. The lake occupies an elliptical hole in the top of the mountain, about six miles long by five miles wide. The water is of a deep ultramarine color except in some places along the shore where it is quite shallow; there it blends off to a delicate, pale green. Some of the soundings made by the Geological Survey showed a depth of nearly two thousand feet, and the walls that surround the lake tower an equal height above the surface of the water. It is safe to assume that the great caldron was originally not less than a mile in depth.

When I left the lake I expected to find the remainder of the trip tame and uninteresting by contrast; but before the second day was past I had almost forgotten the solemn grandeur of the lake, in admiration of the roaring cataracts, foaming rapids, and tumbling cascades of the Rogue River.

First came the long narrow gorge called The Dalles, through which the seething water rushes to leap over the Upper Falls,—one hundred and ninety feet in height. A few miles farther one comes to the natural bridge, where the water plunges under a wall of basalt to reappear a few rods below. Then at Prospect, where one again touches civilization, the road crosses the river at the head of a series of cascades called the Lower Falls. Here in wild confusion one cascade succeeds another; and in about half a mile the water is carried down to the bottom of a canyon hundreds of feet in depth. At the lower end of the cascades, as if to show Rogue river how the trick ought to be done, Mill Creek leaps from the plateau above to the bottom of the canyon at a single bound.

At Prospect the somber forests of sugar pine, with it's noble trees towering two hundred and fifty feet overhead, is left behind and the road passes through forests of mixed timber; while at every mile the farm houses are more frequently seen.

Ten miles below the road again crosses the river at a point where the latter flows quietly and peacefully over a bed of smooth round cobble-stones at the bottom of a deep narrow valley. On both sides of this valley, (or canyon if you choose to call it such), the road is too steep to ride up or coast down; and at that season, the early part of August, I found the pumice dust so deep that it came over my shoe tops. Beyond there however, there was a good hard road leading along a comparatively level divide. I was just beginning to make good time when one of my tires, (not the one I had tinkered so much however), gave way and left me a tear three inches long in both inner and outer tube. It took me some time to repair the dam-

age; but that evening I managed to reach Big Butte Creek, where I left all the picturesque scenery behind.

Next day I expected to ride fifty miles to Grant's Pass; but I was able to make only about half of that distance. I had been told that the roads were good; but people always lie to me; and that was not the exception that proves the rule. For some time the road led through rolling sand hills; then across a chaparral desert, past the homes of moss-backs, and through the haunts of razor-back hogs; until it reached a beautiful little valley where the orchards and gardens reminded me of my California home.

The road was good there and I was beginning to put more weight on the pedals when a bump-ity-bump told me that for the third time that day, the tire of my rear wheel was flat. I dismounted and tried the pump, but the tire would not inflate. Then I hailed a passing farmer, and when I learned that it was only four miles to the railroad at Central Point I concluded to walk that distance. I reached the little flag station just about dark, and some time between midnight and morning the North-bound passenger train carried me on to Grant's Pass.

(To be continued.)



Crater Lake—where the trail leads down to the water.



"Now, where do you think I went next?"

IN QUEST OF BOHEMIA

BY ALFRED GALPIN



HE was a dear young thing with peaches-and-cream complexion, fluffy hair and a pink shirtwaist.

"Yes," she said. "I write for the papers and I'm looking for Bohemia. That's what my story's going to be about, you know. I've climbed up Russian Hill—had an awful time, it's so horribly steep.

"Why did I go there? O well, I have a friend who told me he had read a story about chafing dishes and cigarettes on Russian Hill, so I thought that must surely be the place; but after I had climbed up there I saw nothing but common, everyday houses and a good view of the bay. I didn't think it was the right place; anyhow, it wasn't on my list.

"Now, where do you think I went next?" she asked assuming a professional air as she paused.

"Can't imagine, unless you went to the Bohemian Club."

"No, I didn't go there. They're not really Bohemians—O, I beg pardon! Do you belong? But that's what my brother said, and he's an artist—does perfectly lovely crayon portraits. Well, I went down on Montgomery street, climbed two flights of rickety stairs in the awfulest old building, and was just going to knock when I saw some fish net and Chinese lanterns at the head of the next flight. Now, you know, I thought to myself. 'This looks better; I won't knock; I'll go up there.'

"But I must have made some sort of noise, because the door opened before I could get away, and I saw the funniest man. He wasn't a man, either—looked more like a boy. His hair was long and bushy—I guess he didn't comb it any too

often—and he wore an old red sweater that sagged down at the neck, and—

"What did he say? O yes—I told him who I was, and he asked me to step in and rest.

"I wasn't a bit afraid. He was only a boy, and besides, we newspaper women get used to such things, and I'm beginning to feel like an old hand now. You see, this is my third story.

"No; now wasn't that mean? They didn't use my story on the ten cent restaurants, either. The editor said it was just full of local color, but I hadn't quite got the newspaper swing yet.

"Well, I went into the room, and you should have seen it. It was dark and gloomy—walls all spotted and streaked and the floor fairly covered with papers, old sketches and trash of every description. He said he was a sort of artist. There was a big black and white painting over by the window, but he wasn't working on it; said he had been trying but couldn't do anything to-day, so was glad I happened in to amuse him. Now wasn't that rude? I thought it was, and I told him so. I said monkeys and parrots were amusing but I—I was interesting. I didn't exactly say that, but I don't think I'm amusing; do you?"

"I asked him, just for fun, if he had a chafing dish. You see, all the time I was thinking of my story. He said that in his circle frying pans were chafing dishes. I saw right away that I was wasting my time there, but he was kind of interesting—so funny, you know. Said he was going to be great some day. He wanted me to pose for him, and said I would make an excellent Diana. Say, was she pretty? My hair isn't red, is it?"

"Well, we were getting along nicely when we were interrupted by a crowd

that sounded like a regiment coming up the stairs. They rushed in without knocking, five of them, two of them girls.

"Now, of course it's none of my affair, but I don't think it was just right for them to be up there, do you? To be sure, they were nice and awfully jolly, but then it doesn't look right. Why, what would people think if they knew!

"They said they had seven big lake trout that Doctor Somebody had sent down from Tahoe, a gallon of paint,—whatever that is—and six loaves of French. They were going to have a feast to celebrate the arrival of the fish.

"One of the boys started to clean out the grate so they could build a fire, but it had been stopped up for no one knew how long. They didn't worry over it. One long-haired blonde fellow said he'd borrow an oil stove, and another went up stairs to get some knives and forks; the girls took off their jackets and one rolled up her sleeves and went to washing some dishes she found in a cupboard. I was just crazy to help, but I didn't know just what to do.

"Pretty soon I heard the pounding on the stairs again and the two boys came back, one carrying a little oil stove and a coffee pot and the other loaded with a lot of old dishes in addition to the knives and forks he had gone after. Another girl came in with them. She was kind of pretty, but I didn't like her nose. They introduced her as Clarisse, the greatest model living! Now you know that I am not one bit prudish, but I thought it was about time for me to go. If one is an artist, I suppose models are all right, to paint; but to talk with them and dine with them, never!

"When I told them that I was sorry, but that I should have to leave them, they all said that it was really too bad, and all that sort of thing—but, you know, I realized that if I wanted to find Bohemia I must stick to Bohemia and not idle away my time on things foreign to it.

"Your name comes next on my list, so here I am. What do you know of dull red lights, chafing dishes, dreamy smoke—Bohemia?"



Korea, the Pigmy Empire

BY W. E. GRIFFIS



HAT was the part played by Korea in the old Chinese world of sun and satellites? Then there were hermit nations. The ocean separated mankind. China, the Middle Kingdom, claiming the

sovereignty of the earth an immediate legation from Heaven, was surrounded by pupil nations, and the outlying islands were the tassels pendant to her robe's fringe. The inhabitants of distant countries were "barbarians."

What is Korea's role in these days of the New Pacific and the changed world? Now the ocean unites nations and fleets make ferries with no dependence on wind or tide. The once pupil nations are independent. China herself no longer free, is on inquest, and if paralyzed by too much "indemnity" is likely to be partitioned. Japan is the recognized equal with the nations of Christendom. The pivot of history is no longer in the Mediterranean or the Atlantic. The United States, Russia, Great Britain, France, Germany, Italy and the Netherlands have possessions in that once lonely ocean, which is now the highway of all peoples.

Geographers reckon that in round numbers there are about eighty thousand square miles in Korea. Looking from the west her shape is that of a headless butterfly. She hovers between what

seems to be the great Japanese silk worm, spinning out of its head and mouth at Kiushiu a long thread of islands ending in Formosa and bordering on the possessions of the United States, and China, the rampant monster ready to devour, with its maw in Liao Tung and its paw at Shangtung. All along the northern wing-edge lies the Imperial province of Shing-King, while at the northeastern tip is Russia. The most striking landmark on this northern frontier is the Ever-White mountain, which holds, sparkling on its breast, the lake called the Dragon's Pool. Over the brim of this crater fall the streamlets which, reinforced all along the mountain slopes, form rivers flowing east and west to the sea, making Korea a true island, with water boundaries on all sides. The Ever-White peaked mountain, named less from its "eternal" snows than from its white rock and earth, is the central seat of Manchu legend on its northern side, and of Korean fairy lore on the south.

Orographically, Korea consists of a great mountain spine which gives the eastern side of the country an abrupt slope to the sea, with for a hundred miles a great cliff wall, where there are no harbors. Speaking roughly, all the rest of the country, particularly its western side, is one prolonged slope. Rivers which have their cradles in the mountain tops, run to the sea, forming rich alluvial plains, making also a sea coast having many islands and fine harbors, but most dangerous to navigation because of its sudden and high tides, which, receding leave enormous areas of mud exposed which are malarious and dangerous.

Facing Japan and a shallow sea, the rocky and abrupt coast, though sinuous, shows no gateway or efficient harbor from the Russian line down to Gensan on Broughton's Bay. There, on the flat land and adjacent hills has risen a smart settlement. It is located on the great high road which skirts the sea from the far

north to the capital, throwing off also a branch roadway which further follows the coast down through the thinly inhabited region to Fusan. At this latter seaport, which was for three hundred years a Japanese trading station and is still substantially a part of Japan, we find again a main road coming from the capital, while the surveys for a railway from Seoul to Fusan have already been made by Japanese engineers, even as it promises to be built and equipped by Japanese capital.

We find what is exceptional on the east coast,—a great alluvial plain drained by "the river," and forming for the most part the province Kyong-Sang, warm, rich and fertile, where in the Middle Ages, the famous kingdom of Shinra, to which came the Arabs to trade and settle, had its domain, and in 1122 Chinese fleets from Ningpo steered by the mariner's compass. Of both of these there is clear record. Ginseng, deerhorn, aloes, camphor, saddles, porcelain and satin were sent from the Korean to Arabian land. A greased magnetic needle thrust through a ball of pitch or cork, and laid to float in a bowl of water formed the "south pointing chariot," brought to Shinra.

The southern tip of Korea has a fringe of hundreds of isles and out in the sea is the largest of Korean islands, rich in bulls, beef, and ruffianly people, with vast store of mythology and folk-lore—the potter's field of Korean romance and chronology. On the western coast, between mountain and sea, lie the three provinces, Kyong, Kiung and Cholla, so often overrun by Japanese and Chinese armies, and again and again devoured by them. Just north of the capital there is the province, Whang Hai, rich in history, in Buddhist and mediaeval remains and monuments, and in fisheries which provide both food and pearls. The north-western province, Phyong An, borders on China, and for centuries contained at Wiju, near the Green Duck river's mouth, the western and only gateway into the kingdom. It confronts also that "neutral strip," which once nominally dividing queues from topknots became during our century, the home of outlaws, until Li Hung Chang, with more generosity to

China than justice to Korea, sent a fleet of gun boats up the river and a force of soldiers into the land, thus annexing the whole strip. To-day the "walls of stakes," or lines of palisades, hundreds of miles long, which once fenced in the Imperial domain, with its sacred city of Mukden, have vanished and should have no place upon the maps.

All over northern Korea, in the mountain region, even far below the 38th parallel, the tiger, alert, hungry, and daring, is the chief ruler of certain districts. The old Chinese sarcasm that "the Koreans hunt the tigers six months in the year (in summer) and the tigers hunt the Koreans the other six months," (in winter), has a large basis of truth. In these days, when its superb robe is in such demand abroad, and the mountaineers are beginning to use Remington repeaters, the tiger is less the king of beasts, human and otherwise, than formerly. Besides pelts, these northern provinces produce gold. Already an American syndicate has men and machinery at work, testing (with satisfaction and abundant revenue) the question whether the rocks of Korea are yet to disturb the monetary equilibrium of the world. The main source of revenue to the country is obtained from ginseng, rice, and beans. Hides, bones and oxen are exported also. The possibilities of making "the peninsula" produce the beef supply for the lands adjacent are excellent.

As yet there is but one railway from Chemulpo to Seoul; that is from the main seaport to the capital, with an electric tramway in Seoul. The Japanese line from Fusan to Seoul and the possible iron road, to be built thence to the Chinese frontier by the French, to connect with the great Russian continental line, will make Korea more accessible to Europe. As yet, however, the means of communication by hoof or vehicle are of the crudest, the most general and efficient being the human back. Man is still the chief beast of burden. The apparatus of portage is a wooden frame or saddle set to the back and strapped over the shoulder. This work is controlled by a guild, with despotic rules forming a mighty power with which even the nobles

and the Government have to reckon.

Next after man, the bull and the horse divide the honors of toil. Strange to say, the pony, unusually small, stunted, and suggesting, especially in the north, a big dog rather than a small horse, has a bad character, while the bull glories in a noble reputation and is the friend of the family. For kicking, biting, squealing, and making of himself a general nuisance, the Korean pony may be warmly commended. He is vicious, untrustworthy, and needs much development to bring him up to our ideas of even the average horse. He lives, when decently treated, in a stable, and is usually fed on boiled beans, or roots and hay.

The bull, from the moment of his birth, is the pet of the household, and the children's companion during most of his lifetime. He does not love foreigners, but he is very socially inclined toward Korean human beings. With a ring in his nose and usually made next to invisible under his load of bundles of brushwood

for fuel, he can be seen in considerable numbers in the capital and is welcomed as a friend all over the country. Korea cannot expect to be either rich or civilized while her roads and vehicles are what they are at present. Her "palace car," used much for ladies, is still the palanquin. Beside the rude ox cart, heavy and clumsy to the last degree, there used to be much in use in the capital and yet survives occasionally, the monicycle, which is used only by natives of much importance. This vehicle is something like a sedan chair, perched on two supports above a single wheel. Out from the base of the chair run two poles to the front and rear, across either end of which is set a cross-bar. Three men propel the vehicle—two behind the front cross-bar run along pulling, while one in the rear, holding the two bars, merrily guides and pushes the machine along. This desire for height above common folks is also to be observed in official gentlemen, who are swathed in bright robes of silk or crepe, and wear



Korean village during public ceremony.



Winter costume.

hats that, in a gale of wind, must be found dangerously large, notwithstanding that they are held on with a throat-lash of huge yellow and red beads. On a saddle, high and lifted up above the back of his tiny stallion, the rider strives to maintain on his perilous seat what passes for equilibrium and dignity. Alongside of him are usually half a dozen servants, who are ready to act as shores and guys when the master seems about to capsize.

The Korean dress is white, even the lowest classes wearing what was once so, and always professes so to be. It is astonishing how snowy-hued and glossy the gentlemen's robes are, and in most cases the outer garments, at least, of the people. Cotton is the great textile, though silk and hemp are also much used. There is no land on earth, perhaps, where the women work harder with the especial purpose in view of keeping the men looking dapper. Although soap is not used, the results of laundry and lye are wonderful. When the Koreans begin to emigrate to our country, they may

drive the Chinese out of business. The women boil the clothes three times, clean them with lye, wash them in running water, and then, after drying, begin that tedious process which requires them to toil during the long hours of the night. The characteristic sound which one hears while traveling through the unlighted streets of a Korean town, is the beating of the clothes on a flat board with a wooden ruler. A gloss which is almost like silk results from this long castigation, and lasts for some days.

Hard, indeed, is the lot of a Korean woman; generally speaking, she is anonymous. She is somebody's daughter, or sister, or wife, or mother—for the most part a cipher attached to some male integer. In general, the dress of women in Korea resembles that among us much more than does the female garb of China and Japan. The palace attendants have an enormous and elaborate head dress, behind which are stuck two colossal hair-pins. The other women, with some variety in coiffure, gather their hair in a knot held by pins made of brass or other material, or, in the case of a young girl, it is worn in a braid down the back.

The stranger in Korea is often puzzled in deciding upon the sex of the youthful and often rosy-cheeked creatures that wear a braid, but show no fullness in the chest, and soon learns that in the land of top-knots all males until they are married are looked upon as children only, without anything to say in company and with few rights which adults are bound to respect. Let the minor, old or young, marry and the world changes its attitude towards him. He can then pile up his hair on his scalp, or imprison it in a cage of horsehair, and exult in all the privileges of manhood, which seem chiefly to be that of squatting instead of sitting down properly, and of holding between the teeth, occasionally supported by the hand, three or four feet of tobacco pipe. The Korean is an inveterate smoker, but he usually puts between "the fool and the fire" a yard stick in the form of a bamboo cane.

In winter the summer's thin white clothes of cotton or hemp give way to padded and baggy arrangements of the

same color, so that whether in frost or heat Korea at night looks like the land of ghosts and by day suggests a huge sleeping chamber with the occupants just out of bed. The great horsehair caps and big varnished hats, the conical wicker head dress and four-sided matting covers which the mourners wear, using also a little flag or fan-shaped device to shield their faces, are additional peculiar features of the Korean costume.

As the Korean footwear is midway in development between that of China and Japan, so also in type is the house in this Cyprus-like land, which historically is the link between the Asian Egypt, China, and the far-Oriental Greece, Japan. In general, the Korean dwelling, whether hut or palace, is a one-storied affair. It rests on a platform of masonry enclosing earth, through which runs a network of flues. To obtain warmth, the fires are built at one end and the chimney at the other, so that all caloric is utilized. When the heat is well regulated, the stone or brick floor makes the abode very comfortable. The houses of the nobles contain usually parlor, dining and bed rooms, with tiger skin screens, cabinets and bed-

ding and toilet articles. In the average house, however, and especially among the poor, the cracks in the floor allow the smoke to escape, irritating the eyes of the occupants, and making the atmosphere exceedingly uncomfortable to the traveler. If staying at an inn, he will usually be disturbed further by the near noise of the horses and quarrels of the hostlers.

Yet a Korean house, with its substantial frame, strong tiled roof and windows made with shutters much like ours, lends itself more admirably than either the Chinese or Japanese dwellings to the needs and uses of the American. One curious phase of life in Korea is the utilization of the roofs of the houses in the country for the growing of vines, melons and other fruit ripening in one sunshine at the top. Another phase of life is the skill of the burglar, who becomes a sapper and miner, often removing without noise the foundation stones and getting up through the flue into the house. Indeed, in the Korean romances, as well as in actual life, the lover obtains his surreptitious interviews in this way, and the widow or the unprotected woman suffers from this source of danger.

Despite their low estate in general, the native women have played a great part not only in religion, but in politics. In our own day the strongest character in Korean history, after the Regent "of stone heart and iron bowels," was the able Queen Ming, who long thwarted not only the plots of the King's father against herself and her clan, but also nullified both the machinations attempted and the reforms inaugurated by the Mikado's envoys. She was in every sense a Queen, but was at last brutally assassinated, her body being cremated in the raid made upon the palace by Japanese ruffians in 1896. It has cost the nation millions of dollars to get her remains properly buried and built over, and further removal and rebuilding must take place in 1902.

The native historians persistently claim Kishi, one of the ancestors of Confucius, as the founder of their civilization. After the fall of the Shang Dynasty of China, 1122 B. C., he moved to-



Equipped for modern warfare.

wards the East, making his capital at Ping Yang, where the decisive battle of September, 1894, was fought. It is certain that there are many alleged relics of this famous man, who, if not actually the founder of Korea, has furnished in his name a convenient center around which traditions have arranged themselves. He named the new land Cho-sen, or Morning Radiance, a term which mirrors either the tranquility and promise, as of early morn, which the exile sage sought and found; or, as is more probable, it refers to that benignant favor of the Dragon Countenance so desired by vassals and servants of the Chinese Emperor, who gives audience at auroral hours and sometimes as early as two o'clock in the morning. Kishi and his descendants ruled until the end of the third century, B. C., when they were dethroned by a Chinese refugee. The new state thus formed existed, with occasional lapses of revolt and renewals of vassalage and tribute, until 108 B. C., when Cho-sen was annexed to the Chinese Empire. This ancient Cho-sen of the native histories lay mainly in what is now Russianized China or Liao Tung.

Within the boundaries of Korea since the tenth century we have historic phenomena much like those on the island of Great Britain. About the beginning of the Christian era three kingdoms began to form themselves, and have through a thousand years worked out a history characterized by peaceful development, but often interrupted by border wars and alternating invasions from or alliances with China and Japan. The various tribes became slowly consolidated into one people, who borrowed the civilization of China and assimilated it so thoroughly that they were able to become the teachers of the Japanese. It was mainly through Korea and not from China directly, that Dai Nippon received from India and China her letters, art, philosophy and religious ethics. Mainly in the north and east was the kingdom of Korai, in the south and east Shinra, and in the central west Hiaksi. In the year 352, Buddhism was introduced and by the tenth century was widely disseminated.

During this time and until A. D. 1600,

frequent colonies of skilled workmen, artists, teachers and missionaries, both men and women, crossed to Japan, enriching the civilization of the Japanese. Not only do the mythology, early legends and traditions of the Japanese point toward Korea, but many a pathetic story of love, valor and sacrifice is told of the Korean scholar, soldier, nun and monk in Japan. Classic literature is rich in allusion to the Jewel Land over the Western Sea, the Treasure House of Untold Blessing.

In the Japanese nursery, Cho-sen is the realm of fairy and ogre, the theatre of the strenuous valor of the Mikado's soldiers, the land of the tiger and the home of wonders and mysteries. The enthusiastic lads who landed in 1894, with Murata rifles, to annihilate the Chinese army at Ping Yang, on the old camp-ground of their own generals, Kasiwadé and Kato, must have felt as an American child would if transported to Bluebeard's country.

To-day Korea looks to the many travellers, who all agree in their report, like a despoiled land, scraped and wasted by



"Hard, indeed, is the lot of a Korean woman."



In New Korea.

old wars. Its art is languishing. It has the general look of a poverty-stricken country. Yet all the old testimony, as abundant as it is sound, goes to show that Korea's past is to be measured by contrast, her ancient grandeur with the poverty of to-day. During the era of the Three Kingdoms, A. D., 9-966, Korean Buddhism was in its missionary activity. From 960 A. D. to 1392 was its golden age. This meant more wealth and a landscape richer in human interest than that seen to-day. The evidences from language and the study of place names, the ruined cities, the colossal Buddhist sculptures, now found in the forests and remote from town and highway, the journals of the Japanese officers during their great invasion, 1592-1597, as well as the native chronicles, testify to a degree of civilization marked by wealth, art, architecture and literature, which the tourist at this time would never imagine to have existed. Their absence demonstrates how devastating was the Japanese invasion. The "art-besotted" Japanese Generals scooped Korea clean of the art treasures which they did not destroy. Along with hundreds of artists and thou-

sands of slaves, they carried home fleet loads of treasure and relics with which they decorated their houses and temples.

Often the Buddhist remains are *in situ*, colossal sculptures on mountain spurs cut out of the native rock. Because of their substance of white granite, at a distance they have been mistaken by naval travelers for light houses. Sometimes these *miryeks* stand in pairs, representing the male and female principles that rule the universe. These monoliths are chiseled according to the degree of art possessed in their locality. In quality of conception and workmanship, the Buddhist art works vary from the exquisite marble bas-reliefs of the pagoda in Seoul to colossal stone columns which, now bearded with the lichens and moss of centuries, seem little better than the hideous wooden posts set up on the wayside as village gods or as distance markers.

It was Wu-wang who in 960 A. D. gave political unity to the country by blotting out the rival states, and proclaiming anew the ancient name which had prevailed in the northeastern states, Korai. He fixed his capital at Sunto,



A native family.

some miles north of Seoul, where to-day are ruins in granite and vast ginseng fields. He borrowed from China the centralized system of government, with boards or ministries, sending out provincial governors from the capital. Under this regime the old feudalism was greatly modified, though never extinguished. To this day the internal politics of the Pygmy Empire take their trend, color and movement from forces surviving from ancient, almost prehistoric feudalism. Nominally the throne is above all, but the various clan-factions, as they are up or down, victorious or defeated, direct Korean policy. During this time of nearly four hundred years of Buddhist supremacy, albeit of luxury and corruption, Chinese Civilization, especially those phases of it most prominent under the Sung (A. D., 960-1126) as before under the Tang dynasty (A. D., 618-905) was studied in detail and applied by the Koreans. This eagerness to absorb Chinese culture, continued with redoubled vigor under the dynasty now in power, has produced a phase of Confucianism which is distinctly different from that of either China or Japan. While in the former it has produced a detailed system of ethics, which gives material for philosophy and serves the purpose

of a religion, and has created the Chinese literatus, who is a civilian pure and simple, in Japan it has become the code of conduct in the round of daily life, nourishing the Samurai, who is a soldier and a scholar, and mightily reinforcing the fundamental duty of loyalty to the Emperor. In Korea, Confucianism is, in its main force, etiquette, the rule of social life, making but slight application of its precepts to business or trade.

Toward the end of the fourteenth century, the Mongol dynasty in China was overthrown by the Mings. In Korea a revolution was started which overthrew the old dynasty that had patronized Buddhism, now corrupt and degraded, and set up the Li family, which, beginning in 1392, has held the throne over five hundred years. Buddhism was disestablished and the priests, forbidden to enter walled cities, were allowed only to live in their monasteries among the mountains and in the government fortresses. There, despite their professedly peaceful calling, they still form the chief garrisons, and a sort of clerical militia. Nevertheless, Buddhism is the popular religion in Korea, for all the women and most of the men seek salvation by this path to the Infinite.

Confucianism, the cult of the court, became rampant, and all things Chinese were cultivated with fresh ardor. Sunto was dismantled and its streets became fields. The royal residence, Han Yang, on the Seoul, was fixed on the Han River. The eight provinces were organized as to names, boundaries, and administrations, as we know them on modern maps. For the most part the boundaries are those furnished by nature, river, sea and mountain. Speaking roughly, each province is a river basin or drainage area, with a name made up from the first syllable of the chief city's name with the word sea, mountain, river or some other natural feature joined to the word *do* or circuit.

From 1392 until 1866, with the exception of the great Japanese invasion of 1592-1597, the story of the people within the "passive peninsula" is that of a hermit or sleeping nation. Then followed failure of royal heits, adoption and the

regime of the Tai Wen Kun or regent; the outbreak of persecution against the Christians; the slaughter of the French priests; the raid and destruction of the General Sherman, the French and American chastising expeditions; the Japanese treaty of 1876, succeeded by the American treaty and others; the anti-foreign reactions and riots; the turbulent and murderous attempts of Korean stalwarts who had been abroad to introduce "civilization" within twenty-four hours; the storming of the Japanese legation, the fighting between the soldiers of China and Japan; the Li-Ito convention, and finally the China-Japanese war of 1894.

Then Korea was independent—though hating her deliverers. The Chinese gateway near Seoul, at which the kings of Korea had for centuries done obeisance to China's ambassador, was torn down and a handsome modern structure erected named Independence Arch. Korea, no longer a vassal, but a free state between two empires, took another step in imitation of the greatness and claims of the various "sons of Heaven" and "world-powers" around her.

Not to be outdone by the people or the rulers of other countries in manifestation of nationalism or imperialism, the newly formed Independence Club held patriotic meetings at the arch and discussed the abolition of slavery, moral reforms and Korea's true policy, while the king assumed the title of emperor. This ceremony was performed on October 22, 1898, before the great altar dedicated to the Spirits of the Land, with all the spectacular show and accessories of solemnity once peculiar to Korea, but now vanishing away.

Russian influence was powerful in this same year. During a twelvemonth, Colonel Putiati with three officers and ten drill sergeants, tried to remodel the Korean army. This body, so vast on paper, and sufficient in the depletion of the treasury, is pitifully small in actual numbers. Jealous Japan looked on, but could do nothing in Seoul or Peking to stop Russia from putting her nominee in charge of the Seoul treasury also. When however, the double-headed eagle shadowed all northern China and secured an

ice-free port and railway terminal at Port Arthur, Korea fell below par in Russian appraisal and the Czar withdrew his agents. The little country suddenly became once more a vacuum of diplomacy; that is, in all probability the dead calm at the centre of a rising typhoon.

The pivot of history is now in the Pacific. Down at the bottom of the outer ferment is the control of the Chinese market. Who shall have it. Russia or Japan? Before this question can be answered, must come the settling of the possession, or at least the disposal, of Korea. Each nation, like a new Archimedes or Atlas, wishes to lift the commercial world of Asia and walk off with it. Each meets Korea as a fulcrum for his lever. Japan has swept away feudalism and knighthood, and the day of the mill hand, the manufacturer, and the merchant has come. To make money is the aim of men in this new nation of shopkeepers that will fight for the markets of Asia. But Russia wants these also and has the land base of supplies, a railway and an army. In 1894 Japan, like a falcon, struck the fat goose China to the earth, but the double-headed eagle drove off the victor and appropriated the prey. Now Japan with a mighty fleet of transports, cruisers, battle ships, torpedo boats and the ability to throw 250,000 men into Korea within a month, waits and hopes for peace. Meanwhile Korea cowers in weakness at the opening of a new century, believing that her weakness is her only strength.

The question naturally arises, why have the Japanese and not the Koreans been able to modernize themselves, to be a "self-reformed hermit nation?" What is the difference between the islanders and the continentals? One fact is patent. In Japan there is the samurai—the gentleman-soldier, civilian and war man in one—a character wholly absent in China or in Korea. The samurai or shioku form a large body of educated men, who for a thousand years have enjoyed culture, have had the same body of traditions and opinions. These men and their families form a full tenth of the population, and through their unifying senti-

ment of loyalty to the Emperor have been enabled to swing the whole country out of the rut of Asiatic conservatism into the path of modern progress. In China, between the Emperor and the people, or rather between the Imperial Clan and the body of 6,000,000 Manchus who govern nearly 400,000,000 Chinese, there is no middle term, or large body of intelligent patriots, but only a few mandarins, who are, for the most part steeped in a hoary system of corruption.

In Korea anything like patriotism in our sense of the word is unknown. The

feudalism of many warring clans prevents anything like unity. Selfishness, greed and the instincts of clanship are as yet too powerful to lift the nation out of the morass of immorality into patriotic virtue. Outside of the new Korea, as yet scarcely as big as a man's hand, which is forming under the influence of Christian teachers, it is difficult to see where there is any force for the regeneration of this once hermit nation, forced into the world's market place and still too much dazed to know exactly what is going on.

Nevertheless a new Korea is forming.



Characteristic Korean architecture.

A BUSINESS PROPOSITION

BY HELEN E. RICHARDSON



IT WAS a warm afternoon in middle September. On the railing surrounding the piazza of a small house in Berkeley sat a young woman, slowly pulling the petals from a purple-red

passion-flower and dropping them one by one into the tangle of vines below. She was not acting the modern Marguerite—she was simply examining the wonderful blossom and became so absorbed in the process that she entirely forgot, for the time being, the presence of a broad-backed, long-limbed young man on the upper step.

His chin rested on one hand, his elbow on his knee and his round straw hat was tipped so that it shaded his fine dark eyes from the sun. His gaze wandered away across the vivid square of blue-grass and out between the feathery pepper trees lining the sidewalk, to the stretch of glistening bay water lying between the Alameda shore and San Francisco. He was not thinking especially of the beauty of the scene, he was not thinking of anything in particular; he was luxuriating in a period of complete relaxation.

There was that blending of grace and dignity in his pose which characterized him and invariably commanded respect from men and admiration from women. The features visible below the hat-brim were large, clear-cut and regular, but the cheeks were just a little too hollow and the clear skin just a little too white.

Presently he spoke:

"This is a restful kind of place; I should think you would like it out here."

"I do; I enjoy it very much, particularly on Sundays."

She looked out at the fence mantled with ivy-geranium and down at the mass of blossoming heliotrope close to where Everett sat, and drew a deep breath of sweet-scented satisfaction.

"It is a little quiet for you though in the evenings, I should imagine." He gave her a little mischievous glance out of the corner of his eye. "If I remember rightly, you generally liked to be around where there was something lively going on."

The girl laughed a little.

As she sat on the railing with jaunty erectness, one foot swinging gently back and forth below the short walking skirt, Everett thought to himself that she had not changed much since he had last seen her. That was the winter he had first come out from Louisville and accepted an ordinary reporter's position on a San Francisco paper, living in a cheap boarding-house and taking a vast interest in everything about him. Agnes Hastings occupied the seat next him at table. She was the first girl of any kind he had met in California, and the first girl of her particular kind that he had ever met in his life. She was seeking an office position at the time and he never ceased to wonder at her unflinching courage and her absolute self-reliance. It could not be said that this spirit of independence wholly coincided with Wallace Everett's preconceived ideals of womanhood, but he found her extremely interesting and their acquaintance rapidly developed into one of those semi-Bohemian friendships which flourish so freely in this unconventional city.

"Oh well," she said in answer to his last remark, "I had just come down from the country then, and every phase of life was new and interesting to me. I

imagined the assortment of dry-goods clerks and insurance solicitors in our boarding house there to be swell society, and their little beer-and-sandwich suppers high social functions. I can't say that I ever thoroughly enjoyed it though, for you know I had an inbred prejudice against beer, and the order of their humor was something quite beyond my comprehension; but I liked to be there as a lookeron and I had a vague hope I might work up to it in time. Had it not been for some good brotherly advice administered by a certain young man, I fear I might have come to realize too late that I had been trying to work down instead of up."

Everett placed his hand on his breast and executed a profound bow in recognition of the tribute. The girl ignored the action and said earnestly: "I wonder why it is that all people cannot realize from the start that it is the simple things of life that give the most lasting satisfaction."

"I suppose you go over to the theatre once in a while?"

"No; Mrs. Sanborn cannot leave the children so we never go."

"I've had to cut out that too since I came over here. When a man's working his way through college he don't have much to spare for expensive luxuries on the outside. Only one year more of it, thank goodness, and then I hope things will be different."

He sighed and sat looking down meditatively. Agnes Hastings knew perfectly well that she had no particular place in his plans. They were renewing their acquaintance on the old basis of easy friendship and mutual confidence.

She leaned over and stuck the despoiled blossom into the grill-work of the porch absently, then facing about with a sudden resolution she said:

"I am going to make you a business proposition; I would like to go but I have no one to go with—if I furnish the tickets will you furnish the escort?"

Everett flushed. He thought he knew the girl pretty well but he was not quite prepared for this.

"Well, really," he hesitated, "nothing would give me greater pleasure—"

"Now Wallace," she interrupted, "if you are going to be so dreadfully formal about it, I shall be sorry that I spoke. I thought you knew me well enough to understand that I meant what I said purely as a business proposition. I am naturally a practical girl, and four years of office work have not served to make me any less practical. I would much rather buy the tickets myself than reel obliged to entertain some stupid young man who might be foolish enough to ask me to go with him. I want to talk only when I feel like it and laugh only when I am amused, and of course you must understand if you agree to this arrangement that entertainment isn't in the bargain."

Wallace Everett threw back his head and laughed immoderately. It was so like the old Agnes. There was the same expression of saucy independence in the outward curve of the short upper lip and the upward slant of the small nose. He wondered that he had ever allowed the friendship to lapse. Rising suddenly and walking over to where she sat, he took her hand gently and said:

"It shall be as you say. But look, little girl," he added as with an afterthought, "are you sure that you can afford it?"

"Yes. You know I have a Government position now and my expenses over here are less than they were in the city. Of course we will have it in the agreement that if either of us wishes to discontinue the arrangement at any time, we can do so and no hard feelings and no questions asked."

"All right, so be it."

Everett released her hand and leaned against the rail beside her. He was looking at the upward sweep of her thick blonde hair and rich color in her fair smooth cheeks. He mentally wondered if she blushed as easily as in the time past. He decided to tease her a little and see. The retorts came even more readily than formerly, he found, and so difficult was the task that the color came quite as often to his own cheeks as to those of the girl.

It was late in the afternoon when he awoke to the recollection of a still un-

written theme which was due on the following day and rising hastily he took his departure.

* * * * *

The theatre arrangement proved a success. Agnes had the privilege of seeing what she chose when she chose, and Everett found the plays, which were the best put on the boards that winter, of practical assistance to him in the course of study which he was pursuing. He wrote some acceptable articles along the line of the drama and before spring came his hitherto vague determination to become a dramatic critic began to assume definite form.

After graduation, however, none of the periodicals, which had given him so much encouragement during his college course, seemed to have anything regular in the way of a position to offer. He fell to writing special articles on general subjects, which sold for a small price and brought him in more or less of an income, but the uncertainty of it worried him a good deal. One holiday, in a fit of desperation, he had taken a flying trip to Shadybrook, a summer resort twenty miles distant, and written an article about it which fortunately so pleased the fancy of the proprietor that he paid him a price for it which was equal to twice that received for any other article. It was Agnes' suggestion and she had accompanied him with her kodak and taken the views with which the article was illustrated. He had insisted on her taking half the money received for it, but she had obstinately refused.

Everett was thinking of this one day as he walked slowly away from the Oakland Library. He came from a long line of proud Southern ancestry, and there was a galling sense of obligation about this and similar acts of the girl's which even her extreme practicability could not dispel. He had meant to make her a nice present some day which should more than cover it all, when he should be in a financial position to do so, but that time now seemed more hopelessly far off than ever.

He was startled from his meditations by the laying of a hand on his shoulder.

"Well, Bronson, old man, how are

you?" he said, when he saw who had come up with him.

"Finer than silk," responded Bronson; "things have been coming my way since I saw you last."

"Yes? Glad to hear it," answered Everett, shaking the outstretched hand.

Bronson was a short, rather stout man, of thirty, with plain serious features and brown eyes that lit up with genuine pleasure at the sight of the man who had always held first place in his esteem and admiration. He admired him both for his well built frame and for his superior mental qualities. He himself was slow and he knew it, but he took hold when opportunity offered and held on. A third party might have considered that the two men now stood in the same relation to each other as the hare and the tortoise at the end of the race. Walter Bronson was shy with most people, but he had ever found a sympathetic confidant in Everett and he let himself out to the full, telling of his gradual promotion with the firm whose office he had entered several years before as book-keeper, until he had reached the position of virtual manager. His face beamed as he went on, and Everett listened with the deepest interest. When he had finished an account of his last interview with the president of the company, Everett wheeled around and grasping his hand again said warmly, "I'm glad, Walter, I'm glad."

They walked on in silence for a few moments and then he reopened the conversation by remarking lightly, "You ought to be getting married now."

Bronson laughed, and his naturally ruddy cheeks reddened a little more. He turned to his companion with a sudden earnestness.

"Do you know, Wallace, I've been thinking about that myself. But I'm not popular with the ladies, you know that. I did meet one the other night though, who really seemed to enjoy talking with me, and she was just my sort too. She could talk about things that interest a man, sensible and yet very lively and witty. She was pretty too; at least she has very handsome eyes and a fine complexion. Hastings, Miss Hastings, was

her name; she lives out your way—may be you know her?"

The mention of the name came like a blow on the brain to Everett. He did not answer for a moment, but as Bronson gave him an enquiring glance he shook his wits together and replied:

"Yes; yes, certainly, I know her."

"Nice girl, isn't she?" enquired Bronson.

"Oh yes, nice girl; she's a fine girl."

Everett could not have told why but he was conscious of a rising resentment against this man.

Bronson was puzzled by his companion's sudden unresponsiveness. He looked at him, but his face was inscrutable. He never had understood Everett, but he felt sure of his sympathy and continued:

"She didn't ask me to call. I suppose I should have asked her permission, but I hadn't the courage. I might make up some excuse to go around there. Yes, there was an address she gave me I can pretend to have forgotten. If she receives me cordially and asks me to spend the evening, I might invite her to go to the theatre next week. That's the usual way, isn't it?"

"Yes, that's about it—in this country," replied Everett slowly, as with an effort.

His whole mind was concentrated on one thought and that was how to be rid of this fellow, whom he had greeted with genuine warmth but a few moments before. It seemed to him providential that a Shattuck-avenue car turned the corner at that moment.

"Ah, there's my car, Bronson," he said eagerly, "good bye," and he jumped aboard with more precipitation than was necessary and without pretending to see the hand that was partly extended toward him.

When he was alone with his thoughts, he had to acknowledge to himself what he never had acknowledged before, that it would be very hard indeed for him to give up Agnes Hastings. Something gripped his heart at the thought of it. When the friend whom he had left had suggested the possibility of gaining her for himself he felt like a man whose guest would plot to rob him in his own

house. Then the absurdity of his attitude came back to him with full force. He knew that he had no claims whatever upon her; on the contrary he was rather under obligations to her and he should be the last one to stand in her light. He believed that all women should marry and he knew that she would probably never have a chance to marry anyone who would take better care of her than Walter Bronson would. His simple heart was devotion itself.

When he had left the car he walked slowly toward the Sanborn house. He walked slowly, for he dreaded the task before him, but his mind was made up.

His discomfort was partially relieved as he approached the house and saw her pruning a rose-bush near the gate. He would at last be relieved from the necessity of making a polite entry into and exit from the house.

She greeted him with her usual frank cordiality and made a little move toward the front door, but he detained her.

"No, I can't come in," he began rapidly, "I came on an errand. I will tell it quickly for I have an engagement to keep. You remember it was in our agreement that if either of us wished to discontinue our business arrangement—about going out together you know—that we were to say so and no hard feelings and no questions asked?"

He looked at her for the first time since he began speaking, but she was leaning over again busy with the pruning shears.

"Yes," she replied, without looking up. "It has come."

She straightened up and looked him directly in the eyes. "All right," she said; "no hard feelings and no questions asked."

She gave a little laugh and Everett attempted to do the same but ended in a dismal failure. Her face was flushed, Everett thought probably from stooping over, but there was no trace of disappointment in it. He realized with an inward thrust of self-contempt, that he had hoped there would be. Evidently there was a chance for Bronson, and he had at least the satisfaction of feeling that he had done the right thing.

Agnes made some remark about the beauty of the sunset—he never knew what it was—but he answered in the affirmative and making an abrupt adieu, walked rapidly down the street.

In the week that followed he moved his quarters over to the city, and walked about the street day and evening in search of some little incident that might serve as an inspiration for his pen and crowd out his own miserable thoughts. On the evening on which he had been accustomed to go to the theatre, he had been attending a performance at one of the cheaper playhouses, to which he had received a pass in recognition of a past favor. As he came out he walked down past the principal theatre, which was in the act of tardily emitting its richly-dressed audience. A young couple passed directly in front of him, so near that he could have reached out and touched the lady, but they were apparently absorbed in each other and did not see him. It was Agnes and Bronson. He had only time to notice that the girl wore a new hat which was strikingly becoming, and that her eyes were looking into those of another man. He wondered how it was that he had never realized before how exquisitely beautiful her eyes were. He remembered with a pang Bronson's having mentioned it.

When Wallace Everett reached his room, he threw himself into a chair folded his arms upon the table and dropped his head down upon them. He sat so for over an hour, and when at last he raised his head the lines in his face were deeper and there was a visible moisture beneath his eyes.

His glance fell on an envelope lying on the floor. It had not been there when he went out, and he picked it up and looked at the return address. It was from a local weekly. He tore open the envelope listlessly, and slowly read as follows:

"Please call at our office in relation to position applied for some time since. We think we can now give you employment."

A few days ago such a communication would have brought joy to his soul, but now he dropped the sheet back to the floor and turned away toward the win-

dow.

"It's too late now," he murmured half aloud. "But she didn't love me or she wouldn't have done it."

He threw up the window to its full height and leaning his back against the casing allowed the night air to blow across his face.

In the morning he read the communication with a better appreciation of its value, and after breakfast walked directly to the newspaper office. After a short interview he was engaged to write up the local theatres and to contribute a page weekly on the drama in general, from a literary point of view. The salary was not a large one, but it was something for a regular dependance. The matter for the current week was already in and he was told it would not be necessary to report until the following Monday.

He began to think of some way to pass the time for the next few days. The air in the city was close and oppressive, the pavements blistering hot, and he decided to take a little run into the country. His thoughts involuntarily turned toward Shadybrook. It was there that he had been with Agnes last. He would go down and bury the image of her which he carried in his heart, and after that nothing should distract him from the work upon which he determined to expend his best energies.

It was well along in the afternoon when he arrived at the small country town which was the station nearest Shadybrook. He did not take the hotel 'bus which was in waiting at every train but struck out on foot. The place he had in mind was a spot about a mile up the stream where some great rocks lay out in the water and the shade was heavy overhead. They had spent the greater part of the day there and he hoped to find it solitary.

He walked with long strides and fifteen minutes after he left the station he was walking down the well-remembered path to the water. He picked his way cautiously over the rocks. The water was noisily pushing its way between them, but there was no other sound, and his wish for solitude seemed likely to be

gratified. He was making for a low rock which was well imbedded in the water and was partly overshadowed by the prominent one on which he then stood. The descent was slippery and he dropped on his knees to look over before attempting it. To his surprise he found himself looking directly down upon a straw hat below which was the familiar figure of a girl clad in a brown outing suit. One knee rested on the rock, while the other supported a small unmounted photograph, which she was spreading out with her fingers. He leaned further over and looked closely. His heart beat wildly as he recognized in it himself seated upon that same rock, writing in his note book. He did not know that she

had ever taken a picture of him. He did not move for a moment, and while he looked the girl's head dropped slowly forward until her forehead rested against the picture.

In an instant he had swung himself down beside her and dropped his arm across her shoulders.

She started up with a little cry and then seeing it was he, burst into tears and buried her face against his neck.

The shadows of the pine trees reached well across the road when they slowly took their way back to the hotel. Her arm was linked through his and their fingers were interlaced, but for the first time in the history of their acquaintance there was no word spoken between them.

THE RUSSET-BACKED THRUSH

By **HERBERT BASHFORD**

He dwells where pine and hemlock grow,
 A merry minstrel seldom seen;
 The voice of Joy is his I know—
 Shy poet of the Evergreen!

In dawn's first holy hush I hear
 His one ecstatic, thrilling strain,
 So sweet and strong, so crystal-clear
 'Twould tingle e'en the soul of Pain.

At close of day when Twilight dreams
 He shakes the air beneath his tree
 With such exquisite song it seems
 That Passion breathes through Melody.

Within his shadow-world he sings
 Away from sun and light and bloom,
 For he alone it is that brings
 Keen rapture to the heart of Gloom.

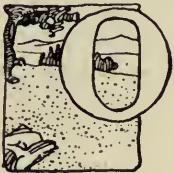
Klogh: the Story of an Oyster

By EL Washburn AM

State Biologist and Professor of
Biology in the University of Oregon.

CHAPTER V.

He talks with the Trout and with the
Bacillus.



NE fine day Tzum Sammon the Trout came rushing down stream and with a quick sweep of his tail brought himself about as a beautiful yacht does, with its

sails all trembling, his head up stream and his nose quite near the flat shell of our little hero. What a fine fellow! Spotted and flecked, with little red patches on his throat. Had he forgotten something that he turned so quickly, or was it the motion of an oar in the water which had startled him? Whatever it was, he remained quite still, a picture of beauty, the only motion visible being that of his fins and tail and a quick, short turning of the eyes. Genial Klogh, always ready to make friends, ventured to ask him where he was going and whence he came. There was just the slightest elevation of the trout's upper lip at this question—he could not elevate his nose, and those sharp teeth could be plainly seen within his mouth. Tzum Sammon

really appeared ready to pick Klogh up and add him to the mass of provisions already stored in his capacious stomach, but he seemed to repent of his blood-thirsty thought, or was it because he was already full of beetles and bugs and small crayfish? At any rate he condescended to reply in a somewhat contemptuous tone, "I am on my way to the sea, where I shall lose my spots, my muscles will become a deeper pink, and my sides will be like silver. I shall grow very strong and quick of movement and I shall come back to my early freshwater home each year with a crowd of my fellows." The thought of the scenes and associations he was leaving appeared to move the trout and make him reminiscent, for coming nearer to Klogh he continued with gentler voice: "You ask me whence I came. From a region you will never see and of whose beauties you do not dream. I was born in an ice-cold brook which is fed by the perpetual snow of the mountain peak. Well do I remember how it gurgles through the deep canyons, where the footfall of the timid deer makes no sound on the deep moss covering fallen and sleeping forest giants. Salmon berry and Salal



"Between the pale blue of the morning sky,
And the soft, deeper violet of the hill,
Mt. Hood stands like a sentinel sent to

and high brake from which peers Namowich the Buck, protects this silent cemetery from rude intrusion; only the deer and Kwis-Kwis, the chirping squirrel, Siam the Bear, Waugh-Waugh the Owl, the slimy snail and the purling brook in its lowest recesses know its secrets. Ah, yes," said the trout, sadly, fanning the water more vigorously with his fins and tail, "shall I ever forget that brook, how it grew into a torrent on its way to the sea, caressing the daring water-ouzel with its spray, the roar of its riffles drowning the kingfisher's rattle; the deep clear pools which reflected the fern-covered banks on their glassy surface, pools wherein my larger brothers lay in lazy indifference, scorning surface flies and picking choice food from the rocks of the bottom. The warm hillsides, too, alive with flitting butterflies, the sunny rocks sought by little lizards; the sweet odor of spruce and fir, and far above in the summer sky, Chak-Chak, the soaring eagle, making circles in the blue. I shall never forget it," he continued, ap-



"High brake from which peered Manmowich, the buck."

parently oblivious of the presence of Klogh. "The cathedral-like stillness of the forest, the quiet meadows dotted with Indian pink, where my brook grew sluggish and warm, and crayfish hobnobbed in deep pools; where water-dogs sunned themselves on the banks; the mountains toward the sea, bare but for the sentinel



"How it grew into a torrent on its way to the sea."



"And crayfish hobnobbed in deep pools."

stumps which blush rosy red in the light of sunset." Tzum Sammon stopped and sighed. Then he continued: "Those beautiful spring days when the green is gradually hiding the sharp outlines of the trees, the grays and greens of the low hillsides, the fleecy down from the cottonwoods, and the flights of delicious caddis flies—those lovely ruffles, shall I ever reach them again?" And overcome by his emotion, he settled quietly on the bottom, as trout will, even forgetting to move his fins, and remained silent for some time. Then, as if recovering from a trance into which his reverie had thrown him, he snorted a good-by to Klogh, and turning so suddenly that he sent a cloud of silt and mud over the latter, went down stream like an arrow.

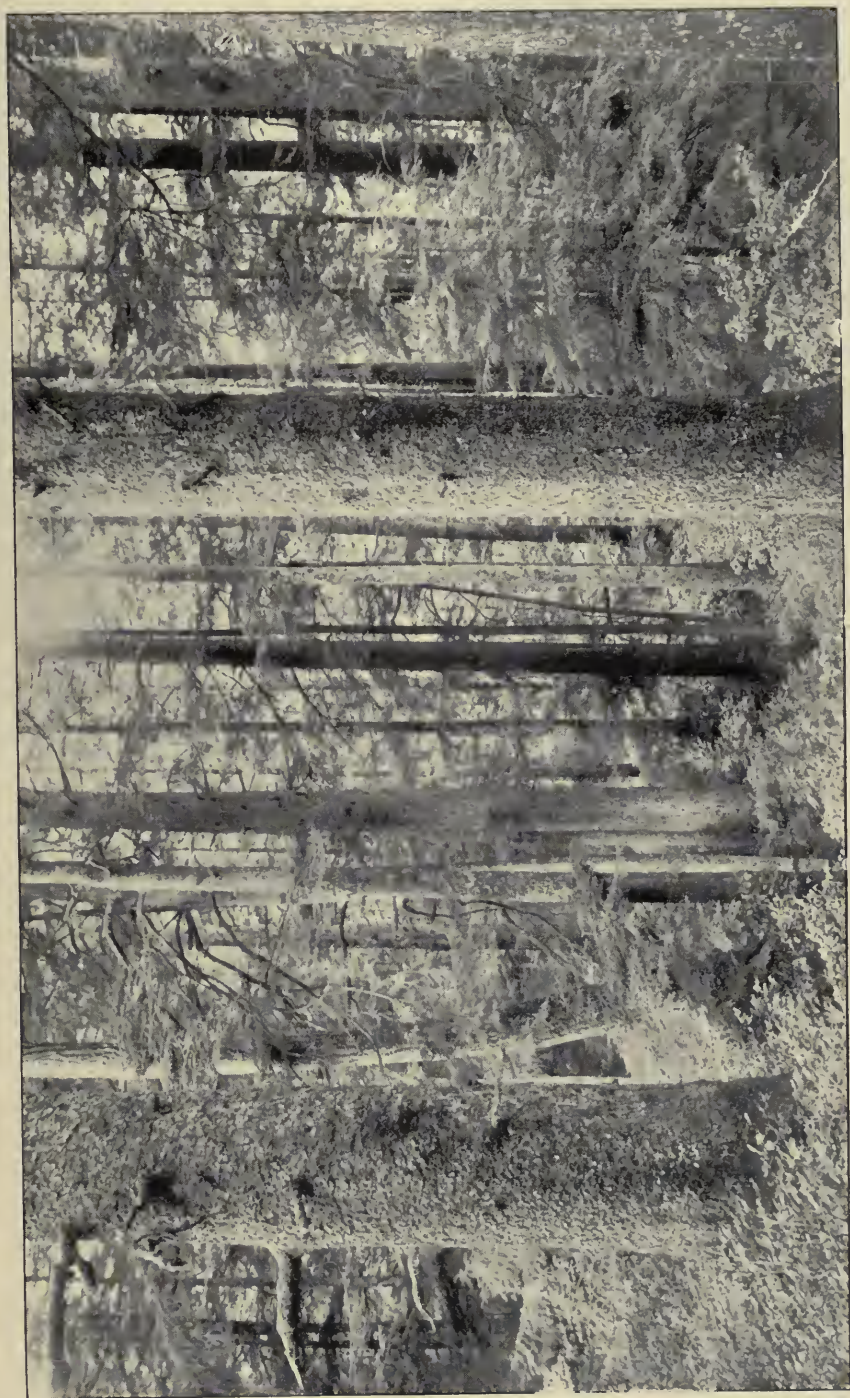
Klogh gave a little scornful shrug. "Very prettily told," said he to himself, "but what does he know about 'sweet odors of spruce and fir?' As for lizards, I don't believe he ever saw one. What are they, anyway? And what does he mean by 'sentinel stumps blushing red

at sunset!' Bah!" And he drew his mantle a little closer about him, noting with pride how smooth and pearl-like his shell was within, and how rapidly it was growing. Why, there was half an inch of delicate edge as thin as tissue paper, all grown within two months!

Another day he heard a gentle tapping on his shell, and a wee small voice crying: "Let me in! Let me in!"

"Who are you?" asked Klogh, keeping the valves of his shell tightly shut, "and why do you wish to get within my shell?" "I am the Typhoid Bacillus," answered the one knocking for admittance in a low whisper, "and I come from way up the river where there empties a drain from a fever-infested house. If you will only let me in I will not hurt you, but I will soon have with me in your body thousands of my fellows, and some time, if Man eats you, we will kill him."

"Ah, you will kill, will you," said Klogh, remembering the graveyard in the bottom of the tumbler, the death of his little friend down the bay, and the



"The cathedral-like stillness of the forest."



"Where water dogs sunned themselves on the bank."

eating of the young oysters by the large one. "I don't know whom you mean by Man, and I do not care, but I am decidedly opposed to killing of any sort."

"If you don't let me in at once I shall die," whispered the tiny Bacillus.

"Die then," replied Klogh curtly, still keeping the valves of his shell closed; and the deadly typhoid germ died then and there.

CHAPTER VI.

The Salmon's Story.

The ramping of waves o'er the glinting bar,

The champing of bits in the leaping tide,

The crool of the sea, as, in wild devoir,
He drools o'er the lip of his river-bride,

Call in the white heroes—call in—call on—

Call in spectral forms, in resplendent guise;

And up the foam-rift, till his quest be won,

The glittering king of the river plies.

He leads a fair queen up the vine-clad runs,

Thro' canyons, o'er slaiiows, 'mid elk-weed dank,

Where bear idly wallow 'neath languid suns,

And fitting mergansers, from oziars rank,

Fling stridulous shrieks to the echoing firs.

Past crag and past scaur,
ever on he flies;
Dim, perilous sluice-ways,
thro' riven spurs,
The silver-mailed king of
the stream defies.

In vain all the lures of the
rustic churl;

In vain will the sweets of
the morn beguile;

A myriad midges unheeded
whir!

And dip to the wave in
enticing wile.

When drowsily day, o'er the
bawling bars

And ripples reel faint and
forsakes the skies.

Then Dian may see and the argent stars
The radiant king of the river rise.

Then sibilant marches, august of mien,
Breathe tremulant welcome, as west
winds blow;

Breathe welcome and warning to king
and queen—

"Beware, river-lovers, of the fire-fly's
glow!"

The ruffle of brake, where the shy deer
clings,

As herons and low-swooping eagles
rise,

The fish-hawk aloft, flapping sun-lit
wings,

The vigilant king of the river spies.

He loiters where amnian sprites wage
war

And, rioting wild o'er velvet meads,
Spring forth at new gorges and shout
afar,

"All hail, Rainbow King! Rainbow
Queen, Love speeds!"

But upward, still upward, the phantom
holds;

And onward, still onward, with eager
eyes,

Until his fair vision of love unfolds
The siren-led king of the river hies.

Just out of the swirl of the veering
stream,

In niches encavern'd 'neath moss-
fringed shelves,

Like gossamer floating in idle dream,

In weirdest haunt hewn by the river-
elves,
A castle of crystal, whose turrets old
And battlements rugged like outworks
rise,
In vesture of brilliants, of azure and gold,
The indolent king of the river lies.

He rides at his ease, while his lang'rous
mate
Swings heavily down to the pool's low
marge;
And faint from their far run, in listless
state,
They dream o'er that desperate pas-
sion-charge.
White pines and red maples swoon low—
swoon wide—
To veil the blue cheek and the Naiad
eyes
So witchingly limned in the restless tide,
These palpitant chiefs of the river
prize. —*Lovnsdale.*

You see, the sedentary life of our hero was not so monotonous after all; something was always happening of sufficient interest to an oyster to keep him from feeling lonesome. For instance, late in the autumn of this same season, on a day when all nature appeared at her best, a symphony of color, sunshine, and warmth, Klogh noted the large mutilated body of a fish drifting down toward him, which finally came to a standstill directly over him. Imagine his surprise to recognize it as Sammon, the King of Fish, the identical creature who, a few months before, in one of his magnificent leaps, had unwittingly taken little Klogh in his mouth and for an instant raised him far above his native element. But alas, how changed! Instead of the shiny silvery sides, the eye full of fire and animation—in place of the energy and spirit which characterized the fish during the run up stream in August, Klogh now beheld almost a wreck; the dull eye and scarred, lustreless sides, the frayed fins and tail, the emaciated form, all told a story of hardship. The oyster's heart beat a little faster from pity.

"And whence do *you* come and where are *you* going?" he asked. At first Sammon either did not hear, or, like the



"Where Ona, the clam, meets with his annual persecution."

trout, considered the oyster unworthy of his attention, but our hero had grown to be of quite respectable size, and his voice had kept pace with the rest of his development, so, after repeated callings, Sammon deigned to notice him.

"We left the beautiful sea last summer," said he, "having come slowly up the coast, taking our time to play in the surf while passing long stretches of beach, where Ona the Clam meets with his annual persecution, and Skuse feeds on Hake cast up by the sea. We passed many a bay set like a jewel among surrounding hills, and left behind us the fog-hidden lighthouse where waves break upon jagged rocks, and where, at low tide, the pools are like gardens, lined with flower-like animals of many colors. Hun-



"And Skuse feeds on Hake cast up by the sea."



"Beneath the reach of cruel waves."



"The fog-hidden lighthouse."

dreds of Bass and Kelp and Cod did we see, but we cared not for these, since we were a host unto ourselves. But when we reached the mouth of this bay our dallying was at an end. Something told us that way up the Yaquina we were born, and a mighty, irresistible desire prompted up to return to our birthplace and leave there our eggs, as our parents did before us. One day, two days, three days we rested at the mouth, taking our last food in the sea, and then, the fresh water reaching us with the salt, beckoned us to come, and we could wait no longer." The remembrance of the run seemed to revive the drooping spirits of Sammon, for he continued, after a short pause, his voice weak but trembling with excitement. "Then hundreds of us entered the bay with a rush like a whirlwind. No more food for us; but one purpose possessed us all and drove us madly forward. Little we cared for the shining lures which attracted Silversides, our cousin. Many of us fell victims to the cruel tan-colored nets stretched at dead of night to stop our progress, and not a few were eaten by hateful Ollyyu, our deadly enemy. Many survived. Up, up we went, until we reached the falls and the rocks where the river shallows." Sammon looked sadly at his bruised sides and frayed fins and continued: "Ah, that was cruel work—again and again we

leaped, and over and over again we failed, falling on rough and jagged points which tore and wounded us. We could not turn back; something within us made us reckless of our lives, filled us with this one overpowering purpose—to reach the gravelly beds above and place there our orange-colored eggs safe from the cruel trout which were following, intent only on devouring. We reached our goal, and there, under the drooping alders on the shaded sun-flecked bottom, we placed our precious burdens. But alas, how tired we were, how weak, bruised and bleeding! Many of my brothers and sisters died there; their bodies are now rotting on the rocks in the autumn sunshine. Some, like me, started to return to the sea, but died exhausted by the way. Others lived and with me are going back to our beloved ocean."

Then Sammon allowed the tide to carry him gently down stream, poor wrecked specimen of a noble type, sadly drifting to the sea, the "happy land," in whose cold and clear depths, below the reach of cruel waves and more cruel man, let us hope that new strength and new vigor and new beauty were again obtained.



"The pools are like gardens lined with flower-like animals."

CHAPTER VII. The End.

This tale of hardship made Klogh rather sober. He knew nothing of the world described by Sammon, any more

[Since this story was written ichthyologists have established the fact, apparently, that the Chinook Salmon of the Pacific Coast (*Oncorhynchus tshawytsche*) never returns to the sea after spawning. The author, however, prefers to let the story of Sammon remain as it is without any change beyond this explanatory note. F. L. W.]



“Where waves break upon jagged rocks.”

than he appreciated the talk of Tzum Sammon, the trout, but there had been brought before him two impressive pictures—one the King of Fish, revelling in strength and beauty, later the same fish scarred, mutilated, almost dead. Something with which his oystership was not familiar must have caused this change, and he tried to picture the scenes and circumstances which had been brought to his notice so vividly. It was too much for his imagination, however, and he once more settled himself comfortably to his oyster existence without solving the riddle.

As might be expected, the psychic activities of an oyster are not very extensive; one could hardly expect Klogh's oyster mind to grapple successfully with questions suggested by the Struggle for Existence among organisms, examples of which struggle had been so well-illustrated in his own experience and in those of other creatures with which he had come in contact. He did not realize that the fact of his being alive illustrated the Survival of the Fittest, as though Dame Nature had selected him as the most fit to represent his species here in time to come. Nor did he trouble himself with the great questions of Heredity, questions which to-day thrust themselves so frequently upon the human mind. Being stationary, and having but little to occupy himself with beyond food getting and observation (as far as an oyster can observe) of the objects in his immediate neighborhood, his interest centered particularly upon his own condition. He loved to slip his smooth mantle back and forth over the smoother pearly lining of his shell, and he realized, after a fashion, that his limy shell, with its nacreous inner coat, had been made and was increasing in size by means of the activity of that very mantle, which, therefore, not only served as a cape to cover and protect his delicate gills, but was also a lime-producing organ. He was proud, too, of his gills, over which and through which the water constantly flowed, bringing oxygen to his colorless blood and carrying away the old oxygen which had been used in the nourishment of his tissues.

Well, most oysters come to the same end eventually, and Klogh was no exception to the rule, though destined to play an important part in a great problem. A beautiful, ever-to-be-remembered day smiled on Yaquina:

“— a day lost from some perfect June,
And set within the middle of November.
It has the golden mystery of September
And the blue skies of a warm summer
noon.

So soon
A gray and lonely morrow will arise,
This fair day well is worth the holding
fast.

Behold! how dreamily the mute sea lies
Below; how sea birds lazily drift past;
And how the mountains, white for centuries,
Shine on the sky.”

It came to pass, on this eventful day, that the long thing like two rakes fastened together, and known as oyster-tongs, was lowered near him and began its crunching tour of discovery. Klogh's oyster heart beat very fast, for he felt that the climax of his life was approaching. In his excitement his little cilia or swimmers ceased working, the two valves of his shell shut together with a snap, and he waited in suspense for he knew not what. The jaws came nearer and nearer, their teeth grating against shells and pebbles, and lo, they finally closed over our little hero, slightly injuring the edge of his shell, and he felt himself lifted,—lifted through the water, up into the warm bright sunlight, where The Naturalist, who had been long looking for him, seized him dripping with water and held him aloft with a shout of triumph.





Chin Ching, keeper of the furnace.

The Sacred Furnace of Mon War

BY HARRIET QUIMBY



DOWN on the fringe of San Francisco's Chinatown stands an old-fashioned domicile with barred windows. In front of it hangs a huge, almost transparent red lantern. The doors are covered with long narrow slips of paper of that peculiar red, which at once determines the nationality of its inmates to be oriental. An ordinary place to the uninitiated, but to the almond-eyed Celestial it is sacred.

Sacred from the inscription over the door, to the blue smoke that curls up and mingles with the fog. It is the sacred furnace of Chinatown, in the fires of which are incinerated the papers, the discarded books, even the daily newspaper of the Chinese quarter. The papers, either with printed matter or script with Chinese characters, their ashes are holy. They are carefully burned to the accompaniment of incense and incantations, then their ashes are disposed of with the most reverential care. That they may not be contaminated with the

touch of human fingers they are put into sacks and carried out to sea, where the tide runs swift, and there they are given into the care of old Neptune, who respects equally the customs of all Nations. Perhaps you have never noticed during your Chinatown rambles, that to find a scrap of paper with Chinese characters written upon it is almost an impossibility. There is everything else from fish heads to broken lanterns, rags, sacks, botties, debris of every description, but a paper—no. When Ah Sing ambles into the shop to get a steaming slice of pig, roasted whole, which hangs so temptingly brown in the door way, he does not bring a plate wrapped up in an ordinary newspaper, as one of the same class of any other nation would do. He has a plain brown paper or one of the American product. Get pig's grease on a Chinese newspaper—well I should say not, but an American, Oh! that is different. The yellow and non-yellow journals of American editorship are put to every ignominious use. They may even be trod upon, one of the highest insults a Chinaman can offer to the memories of his ancestors. Who cares. The American does not understand, so tread upon his papers if you will, but spare the literature of China. "You Mellican man no sabby. Heap no sabby. You all'e same stlep on letter. You put him in ash barrel. You throw him stleet. You heap no sabby. Him Chinaman, he burn. He no stlep on, alle same saked." The letters of the Chinese are held sacred because Confucius and his contemporary sages used the same characters to reach the world with the words of wisdom which have immortalized their names. Letters that enter into any of the names of the Chinese Saints are revered, last and best reason of all, because the ancestors, almost from the beginning of time have used this silent method of communication. Out of respect to them their papers and letters are thrice sacred.

"We cannot understand your attitude in regard to the literature of your country," said Mr. Ting, the pastor of the Chinese Baptist Church. "You are seemingly indifferent. The new arrivals

from our land never having seen anything like it done before, are surprised and alarmed when they behold you wrapping packages with newspapers, cleaning windows, kindling fires, or any one of the hundred uses that papers are put to every day. Even your letters and private correspondence you carelessly throw in the grate or consign to the waste basket, which is even worse. You step on, tear into shreds, and abuse in every way that which to us, written in our tongue, is holy. We would no more think of tramping upon a business letter than we would the Bible. They are equally sacred. You ask why the letters of our countrymen are all gathered together and burned in one furnace. It is because very few private dwellings are fitted with the proper equipments with which to burn sacred papers and preserve their ashes. Should we cast them in the flames as your people do, their ashes would then mingle with that of the wood and coal; as the ashes of the writing is no less sacred than the writing itself, they must be cared for with the same respect. Every home is provided with a clean box in which to receive the papers. To this the collector comes three times a week to gather them and convey them to the sacred furnace. The writing of the American people is, from biblical authority, handed down from the tablets of stone. The same mode of writing was used by the Holy Men and Saints, yet, while the Bible is held in reverence, these writings, which are as holy from another point of view, are destroyed."

The sacred furnace is called The Furnace of Mon War, which, translated, means "Furnace of Beautiful Writing." Mon War is also the name of the club organized for the purpose of paying tribute to the ancestral memories. The club is composed of about one hundred and fifty members, the most influential residents in Chinatown; by a tax paid monthly by the voluntary subscribers the organization is supported, and the salaries of old Chin Ching, the keeper of the sacred furnace, and his assistants in gathering the papers are paid.

We found old Chin Ching standing on

the club steps, off duty for a few hours and evidently in a very happy frame of mind, for he was ready and willing to talk, an unusual thing for a discreet native of China. However, the exception, with many gesticulations, explained not very lucidly all about the "sakled" papers, supplementing his information by leading the way to the double-barred doors of Mon War Sher, and inviting us to inspect the furnace. From an opening over the entrance rose fragrant devil-

wall; on either side of the oven groups of incense sticks send up tiny columns of blue. Facing the furnace on the opposite side of the room is the altar or private joss of the club. From a brass pendulum in the center in front of a fierce-looking dragon burns the sacred lamp filled with peanut oil. On either side of the altar and in various parts of the room more incense spirals, and gradually disappears in clouds of subtle fragrance. In the early days of the



The day's gathering.

dispersing incense. Chin Ching patiently fumbled with the lock, drawing bolts, unlatching springs, and finally the heavily-barred panels swung away, and we entered the sacred apartments, where "beautiful writings" are incinerated and the ashes preserved from the contaminating influence of the every day world. The furnace is a brick oven-like affair about five feet in height, and in width it occupies some four feet of space between the two windows on the outer

Chinese New Year the priests from the joss houses gather and each on alternate days hold ceremony, uttering incantations and invoking blessings upon the sacred furnace and the Mon War Sher for the coming year. A framed inscription upon the wall of this room, translated says: "The Spirits of our ancestors are pleased that we keep sacred the writings of our country." In one end of the room, waiting to be taken to the sea, lay piled a number of gray bags labelled

"Sacred ashes of Mon War." Once a week these bags of ashes are taken by a Mon War wagon, kept especially for the purpose, to the water front, and there in a boat manned by Chin Ching and his assistants, are rowed far out near the Golden Gate, where the waters are pure and the tide runs swift. There they are emptied out, and on the crest of the waves are swept out to mingle with the salt of the Pacific.

Every morning, when the sun is just

the laundry list from the poorest resident. This keeping of the Sacred Furnace is not a law of the Court, but a law handed down from the early days of China and for hundreds of years. Though it is generally kept a secret, it is observed wherever a number of Chinamen are congregated. In Canton and all other large cities of China a number of these sacred furnaces are maintained in order to handle all the letters, for there too, every house from the richest to the



The sacred rite.

tinging the sky, the Mon War gatherers begin their work of collecting the "Beautiful Writing." Every house in China-town is visited; those who can afford to do so pay twenty-five cents a month—those who cannot afford that amount save their letters just the same, for the Gods of Mon War do not excuse the poor. Aristocracy has no influence. Politics hold no sway in the Sacred Furnace. The script from the brush of the Emperor makes no purer blaze than does

most menial reserve their papers for the carrier. The Emperor has his private-joss house, and to this are conveyed all the royal letters. They are burned by a priest who also disposes of the ashes as they do here by consigning them to the sea. At about five o'clock the gatherers come in bearing on their shoulders the cumbersome grey bags, whose sides bulge with the collections of the day. Upon the floor in front of the furnace they are emptied, generally making a



Sacking the sacred ashes.

pile several feet in height. Papers, letters, bills and manuscripts, all colors, sizes and shapes; tiny narrow red slips, great yellow posters, letters, bundles of them tied together, some of them strongly bespeaking romance, and any number of curious things, but not one in all that tempting assortment can be touched, not even to examine the odd Chinese inscriptions. "All same saked, no read, no touch, no handle, you sabee, I burn, I no look."

"Where you gather them?"

"Oh, catch'em eibly place, eibly house."

"You take from the Chinese Consul. Ho Yow?"

"Oh, heap, eibly day."

And the old Chinaman extended his arms to illustrate the bundle of private correspondence and papers that the up-to-date Ho Yow sends to the sacred furnace. One place in the world where a secret is secure! However reckless a highbinder may be, however much he may wish possession of certain information, should the desired knowledge be

given in full, in script already consigned to the Mon War Sher he would not touch it; he could not for the sake of his own peace of mind on earth, rouse the ire of all those generations of departed ancestors. He could not afford to jeopardise his position on the next plain by defiling a holy place. No wonder the Six Companies feel perfectly secure in sending their unsealed secrets to the furnace. Great bags of letters are taken from the various clubs daily. The dainty little almond-eyed women of China watch for the gatherer in order to place with their own hands into the sacred bag the missives which are so precious to them. The Chinese belles when off with the old love and on with the new, holds no midnight seance with love letters; there is no consigning of piece by piece the once precious script and watching the blue flames leap and dance sending their thoughts back and making one feel like a murderess as the contents of the bundle crumbles in ashes. There is little chance for romance in the correspondence of

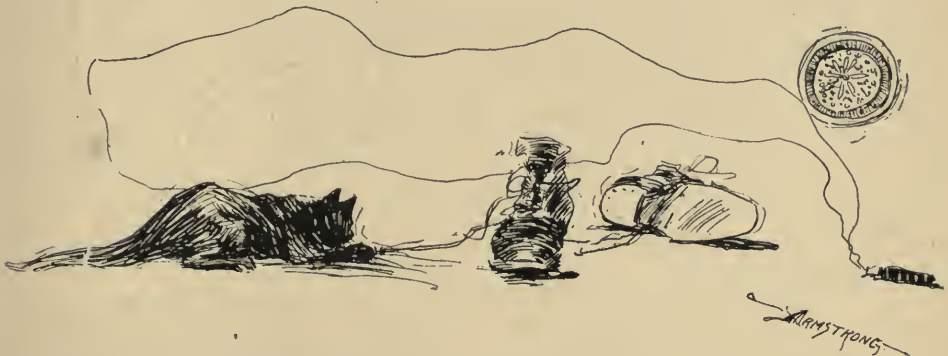
the Chinese, for with few exceptions they feel duty bound to burn all writing as soon as its purport is comprehended. Every day of the 365 the Mon War Sher is purified by clouds of incense, and every day the sacred fire fed by sacred fuel burns and sends up a sacred smoke—a mute offering to the Gods, a tribute to the memory of Confucius and an ancestral reverence in which all Chinese join.

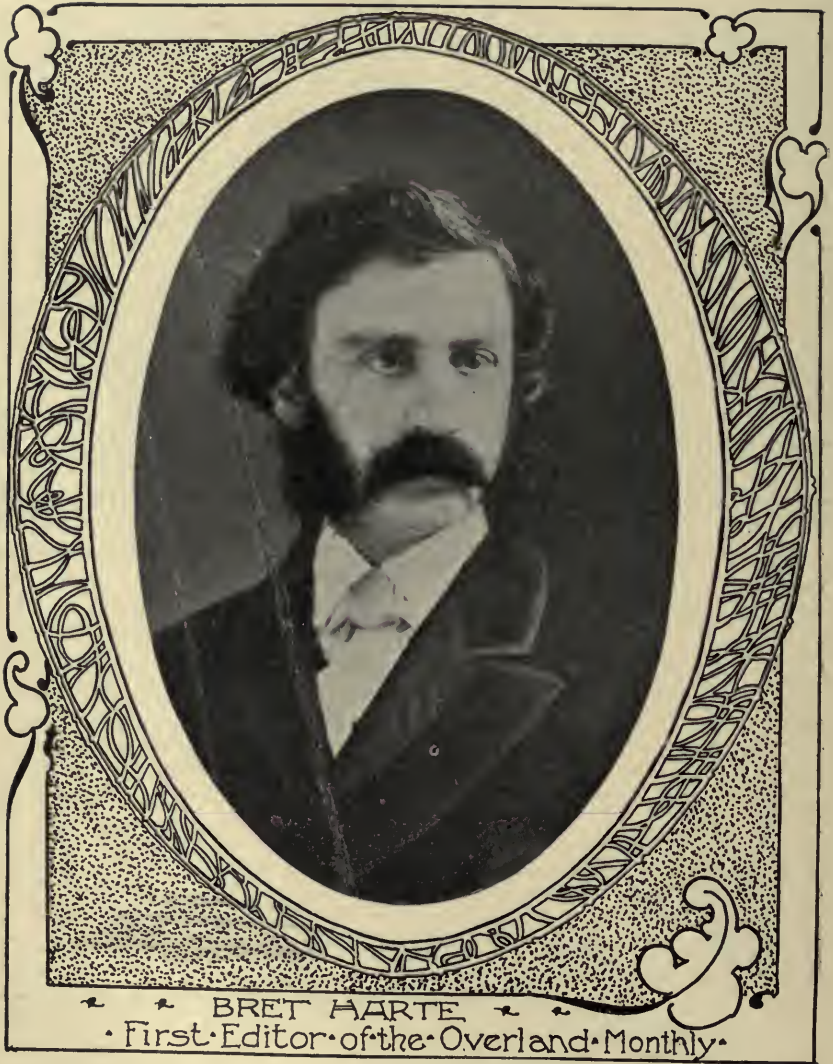
Poetical China! Surely in many respects she scores over the more practical nations.

Another interesting fact worthy of note regarding the Sacred Furnace and its aged keeper is the nightly visitation of the feline inhabitants of Chinatown. Every night when the hands of the clock get around to ten old Chin Ching holds a reception on the front steps. These receptions are quiet little affairs generally—the guests come and eat their fill and go away without even an adieu. However it is generally understood that the following evening they will return for a repetition of the feast. The face of old Chin never looks so happy as when he is dealing out the morsels of liver to his four-footed visitors. From all portions of Chinatown the tramp cats assemble to share his hospitality. Sometimes they number as many as twenty. The lean, scraggy, half-frightened animals creep stealthily up to get their scraps of meat, then scamper away; others, grown tame by long good treatment eat quietly and saunter off, but they all share alike. The cats find a good friend in Chin and they well know where to find

the sacred furnace. Chin is not so well possessed of this earthly goods that he can well afford it, yet each month so much is put aside for his cat friends, and every day he makes a visit to the butcher to provide for their entertainment. When asked why he buys meat for strange cats he replied, and brought a Chinese Bible for his authority, "Maybe when I feed cats I feed my father, my brother or my uncle. You sabe picture?" and he fumbled the leaves until he found a page with an array of princely looking warriors and a few crown-headed kings on the upper half. On the lower portion of the page an assortment of crabs, lobsters, cats, beetles and a menagerie of impossible animals, both two-footed and four-footed, were pictured. "You sabe good man. He die, he come back like him. Heap money, heap happy," and Ching pointed out the pictures of the kings. So, good Chinaman when they die and return to earth again live as great men; the bad men come back as cats. "You see him alle same bad man. Bad man he come back maby clab, mayby cat, maby horse; maby sometime my father, my brother, my cousin not good. All lite. Then he came back, alle same cat. When I feed maybe I feed my father. You sabe?"

And perhaps he may. Who knows? At any rate his curious belief provides the cats of Chinatown with a valuable friend and also furnishes Chin a kindly disposition. There is no more interesting place in the quarter than the Sacred Furnace of Mon War and the nightly rendezvous of Chin's spiritual ancestors.





From a photograph taken in 1868



HIRTY-FOUR years after the founding of the Overland Monthly, Francis Bret Harte, the first editor of this magazine, died in London, where he had made his home for many years. To say

that his death leaves a large vacancy in the world of letters is an inadequate expression. Harte was the founder of a school of literature and, because he was inimitable, he had myriads of imitators. The uniqueness of his work was due to two things: his own peculiar genius and the condition of society in the early Californian days—the exact counterpart of these conditions the world never saw before and will probably never see again. California had revealed her golden fleece and the Argo was laden with a motley crew. It was with these strange companions of Jason that Bret Harte lingered and gathered a material which has enriched the world far more than the gold which the Argonauts mined from the Sierras.

It was with the founding of the Overland Monthly in 1868 that Bret Harte's literary career virtually began, and the name of Bret Harte will always be identified with this magazine. It was in July, 1868, the initial issue of the Overland Monthly, that Harte struck his first great note in "San Francisco from the Sea"—

"Serene, indifferent of Fate,
Thou sittest by the Western gate;
Upon thy heights so lately won
Still slant the banners of the sun;
Thou seest the white seas strike
their tents.
O Warder of two Continents,
And scornful of the peace that flies
Thy angry winds and sullen skies,
Thou drawest all things, small and
great,
To thee, beside the Western gate."

But the work that made a great furore at the time of its publication and which

brought a storm of discussion about the head of the author and his publishers, was "The Luck of Roaring Camp," which appeared in the second issue of the Overland Monthly (August 1868). This story, written so early in Harte's career, was teeming with the best of his genius. It was conceived in the wild zest of youth and was so unconventional as to excite the eternal enmity of his more orthodox readers. Among the brilliant coterie who supported the Overland Monthly at that time were, Samuel L. Clemens, Ina D. Coolbrith, Charles Warren Stoddard, Noah Brooks, and later, Edgar Fawcett. Mark Twain was then a struggling newspaper man who had followed the quest of gold and had turned to writing. He was just back from abroad and most of his earlier contributions were in the way of reminiscences of travel in France and Germany.

With the "Luck of Roaring Camp" Bret Harte's luck seemed to have begun. The "Heathen Chinees" appeared in the Overland Monthly shortly afterward and the name of its author was circulated broadcast. In 1870 he moved to New York and in 1878 he was appointed as consul to Crefeld, Germany. Up to 1885 he was identified with various consular posts, but after that time he resided in London, following a career of letters.

The remarkable feature in Bret Harte's career was the fact that, although he left California in 1870 never to return, he wrote vividly realistic tales of California up to the time of his death in 1902. His mind was a storehouse burdened with a wealth of memories gathered in early California, as fertile in romance as in all things.

We shall have more to say concerning Bret Harte and early California in our September number, which will contain contributions from leading literary people all over the world and will deal with the growth of California's art and industries during the thirty-four years since the Overland Monthly was founded and Bret Harte made a golden age of letters in California.





The "Peace Strike" in San Francisco

LAURA BRIDE POWERS

With illustrations by courtesy of the San Francisco Chronicle.



Company met and organized a union. Although they thought their meetings strictly secret, their employers knew of their action, and the next morning they were dismissed from the employ of the company. They continued their work of organization, though, with as much secrecy as possible, slowly gaining recruits. The men were closely watched, and whenever a man was known to have joined the union he was discharged. In April of this year the union had about three hundred members, and the leaders concluded that the time was ripe for a strike. The railroad company was petitioned for better wages and shorter hours. The petition was denied, and on the evening of April 19th the strike leaders began their work. The Powell

street car that reached Market street at 6:30 was stopped and the crew told to cease work. Then as fast as the cars came in similar orders were issued. Attention was turned to the Market street line, and cars were stopped as fast as they came along. Then, one after another the other lines under the control of the United Railways (recent successors of the Market-street Railway Company) were tied up, as well as the Geary-street line. By the morning of the 20th only two systems were in operation, the California and the Union street lines, the employes of those roads having no grievances.

The railway company, knowing the numerical weakness of the union, was genuinely surprised at the completeness of the tie-up, and the strikers were jubilant. They had been more successful than they had hoped for. They showed their peaceable intentions by instructing the men who had quit work to take the cars back to the barns, and to protect the railway company's property from the attacks of hoodlums and misguided sym-



President Cornelius
of the Carmen's Union.

pathizers at all hazards. Then the work of strengthening the union began. Nearly 3,000 men had quit work, and in the course of two or three days nearly all of them had become union men.

The strike continued for just a week, and it was a week that the residents of San Francisco will never forget. For a city of 350,000 people to suddenly have its street transportation facilities cut off was a serious matter. When Monday morning dawned the gravity of the situation dawned fully upon the suburbanites who had business down town and found no cars to take them there. They had either to walk, hail a milk wagon, or take a passage in a precarious emergency bus. Many brought forth their discarded bicycles and made more or less of a success of getting to business on time. To one who had any sense of humor the situation was very amusing. Express wagons and vehicles of all sorts were pressed into service, and horses in every stage of decrepitude were attached to them. A rate of ten cents to most parts of town, except the extreme suburbs, was established, and for a week this was the regular mode of travel. Market street was lined with wagons.

backed up against the pavements, the drivers of each shouting their destination and encouraging patronage by every persuasive means. Vehicles were crowded to the limit, but in spite of the inconveniences the people made rather a holiday out of the trouble. Indeed, one of the principal things noticeable during the week was the cheerfulness of the general public.

Meanwhile efforts were being made to settle the strike. On Thursday, April 24th, a communication was sent to the car-men by the railway officials consenting to a conference. They wished it held in their own offices, to which the men would not consent. Then Mayor Schmitz suggested his office as a meeting place, to which the employers would not agree. A deadlock was threatened, but Michael Casey, Commissioner of Public Works, urged the men to yield. Mayor Schmitz also advised the same course, and at last the men agreed.

The principal demands made by the men were a wage scale of twenty-five cents an hour, ten hours a day, the work to be done within twelve hours, an abandonment of the insurance policies issued to them by the company, their



President Holland
of the United Railways.

recognition as a union, and the reinstatement of the men discharged for joining the union. The company answered that they would pay the wages asked, ten hours to constitute a day's work, the work to be done within fourteen hours. They agreed to reinstate the men discharged and not to discharge any more for union affiliations, but would not agree to the clause demanding that none but union men be employed, all grievances however, to be made by the union as a body. They acceded to the strikers' demands regarding insurance. On Saturday the union met to vote on the proposition, and voted unanimously to accept the terms. That evening the cars were again running after a week of idleness. Thus ended a unique strike.

Probably no strike of such magnitude was ever conducted so peaceably. Credit for this is due to all parties concerned. President Cornelius, of the union, was the principal director of the strike. The men organized themselves into peace squads for the express purpose of protecting the company and preventing violence of every sort. They were entirely successful. President Holland and the other leaders of the opposition showed a disposition to meet the men half way,



The strike didn't effect him.

and Mayor Schmitz was indefatigable in his efforts to keep peace and bring about an early settlement. The trouble ended with perfect good feeling.



The Advisory Board of Strikers.

CURRENT BOOKS

Reviewed by GRACE LUCE IRWIN

Among Bret Harte's Latest Books.

Remembering that Bret Harte's California is the California of fifty years ago, we yet have its individual atmosphere in his tales, its landscape, the spirit of its people in the rustic districts, as realistically re-created as in anything which has ever been written. There have been times when we have doubted if the great romancer would ever again wear anything as full of wildness and vivid life and fresh, elemental feeling as the stories he wrote at first, but his last published collection, "Openings In the Old Trail," containing some old and some new tales, are as good as his best. We call him a romancer advisedly, for any one of his short stories is a complete romance, exciting or mysterious, deepened by sentiment and touched with humor. His literary style, of course, was always wonderful, and he could tell of a mountain girl going to gather in her washing after dark in a way to make you hold your breath. There are nine tales in this little red volume—"A Mercury of the Foothills," "Colonel Starbottle for the Plaintiff," "The Landlord of the Big Flume Hotel," "A Buckeye Hollow Inheritance," "The Reincarnation of Smith," "Lanty Foster's Mistake," (originally published in a recent *Overland Monthly*), "An Ali Baba of the Sierras," "Miss Peggy's Proteges," "The Goddess of Excelsior." Bret Harte seldom repeated himself in his numberless incidents and episodes, but in this book he used the incident of a nature-loving youngster's absolute control over a rattlesnake, in the first tale and the eighth; this last, by the way, "Peggy's Proteges," though slighter than the others, is very significant and charming. Bret Harte's children—what a gallery of bare-footed freckle-faced, spirited, roughly clothed, and gentle-hearted little pioneers they

would make. His women always rule supremely by right of beauty and impudence, most American of Americans. Perhaps of the stories, "Colonel Starbottle for the Plaintiff" is most irrepressibly funny, while "The Reincarnation of Smith" is most tragic. But for downright subtlety as well as humor, "The Goddess of Excelsior," who was ordered as the bronze statue of a pretty young woman, but turned out to be a dressmaker's dummy, is the keenest. The miners making the best of the situation dressed her up in a wonderful Paris gown, in which she won, not only their unwilling admiration, but respect. The simple-hearted liking of the rough men for the feminine things with which they are so unfamiliar, is well portrayed. And a real girl in the end, after playing ghost in the Paris gown, falls heir to it, and to the blunt but honest affections of the breezy Westerner who owns it. But the reign of the dressmaker's dummy is only ended by the coming of her rival the bronze statue. In other hands, Bret Harte's western material might at times seem too melodramatic, but the cleverness of his style and the real truth of his memories were invincible.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., New York.
Price, \$1.25.

I have for review this month two books by Southern writers protesting against the "black scourge," which has come upon the South as a natural consequence of the sin of slavery. One is written in the hot spirit of revenge, possessed of a more than Puritan bigotry, and cannot lay claim to any great literary merit. "The Leopard's Spots," by Thomas Dixon, Jr., is apparently a novel with a purpose, but what that purpose is further than to increase the race hatred already existing in the New South, is more than I can make out. The

late Spanish war created considerable friendly spirit between the North and the South, but for the sake of that renewed affection I hope that Mr. Dixon does not represent a large class of men in the New South—men who cannot forgive certain events of the Civil War which it would not be magnanimous for the North to mention, and who, in the chronic sting of defeat, lay all the present woes of the South to the abolition of slavery. The simple fact is that the South owes all her woes not to the abolition of slavery, but to the original introduction of slavery. The South is today like a debauchee who has injected a poisonous narcotic into his blood. The first effects of the drug were pleasant, sedative, languorous, but when the false influences have worn away beware the gibbering fiends that haunt the sufferer!

The question of the Black Plague in the South is a grave one, and one that cries aloud for an answer; but I doubt if the stake, the rope, the bloodhound, and such inflammatory books as "The Leopard's Spots" will do aught to mitigate the horror. As a pamphlet, "The Leopard's Spots" is ineffective and fallacious, as a novel it is impossible.

Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

There are few novels of the South but deal with the problem of regeneration and with the negro question. The South is in a state of transition. It is emerging from the debris of the wreck of the Civil War—emerging slowly but surely. New ideas, new ways of life, are coming to its people. They are losing the idea that they are the only ones of the earth, are realizing that Northerners have good qualities and customs and manners worth adopting. It is forty years since the great struggle that nearly dissolved the Union and paved the way to its greater consolidation. The work is going on slowly.

It is with this condition, these thoughts, and these feelings, that "The Aliens," by Mary Tappan Wright, deals. The story is located in a Southern college town, Tallawara, inhabited mostly by negroes, and by whites not of the very highest quality—whites of the middle class with the race pride of the

haughtiest first families, but without quite their qualifications. The plot revolves around Professor Thurston, a teacher in Tallawara College, and his bride, a Northern girl. At the opening of the story they have just arrived from their wedding trip. The opening is not cheerful—nor, in fact, is any part of their wedded life. It has been a friendship marriage between two people who do not understand or appreciate each other—who are, in fact, uncongenial. Their difficulties give rather a sombre tone to the whole book.

Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

The "Parables of Life" of Hamilton Wright Mabie are

presented in a beautifully gotten up volume, to which we can give the highest praise—it is worthy of the charming bits of ethical writing which it contains. It is the best book for the smallest price I have seen this year. The Outlook Company has certainly been wise in placing a work of such spiritual significance well within the reach of all. On Mr. Mabie's writings the public has long since passed an enthusiastic and favorable judgment, suffice it to say that these "Parables" are among the most delicately beautiful and thoughtful things he has done. I will quote one; there are eleven of them, and this is the third, called "The Last Judgment."

"Slowly and painlessly consciousness returned. He looked about him and remembered. It seemed but a moment, and yet the life he had lived on earth was as far from him as if he had died a century ago. In the stillness and the measureless quiet which enfolded him after those last agonizing hours he knew that he had already entered into rest. So deep was the peace which fell softly as if from the vast heights above him that he felt no curiosity and was without fear. He was in a new life and he must find his place in it, but he was content to wait; and while he waited his thoughts went swiftly back to the days when, a little child, he looked up at the sky and wondered if the stars were the lights in the streets of heaven. One by one the years rose out of the

depths of his memory, and he recalled, step by step, all the way he had come: childhood, youth, manhood and age. He read with deepening interest the story of his life—all his thoughts, his words, the things he had done and left undone. And as he read he knew what was good and what was ill; everything was clear, not only in the unbroken record of what he had been, but in a sudden perception of what he was. At last he knew himself. And while he pondered one stood beside him, grave and calm and sweet with the purity that is perfect strength. Into the face which turned toward him, touched with the light of immortal joy, he looked up and asked: "When shall I be judged?" And the answer came: "You have judged yourself. You may go where you will." "

In philosophy, this is in line with Omar's "Thou thyself art Heaven and Hell." In style it reminds me of the exquisite "Pastels in Prose" of the modern French classicists.

Outlook Co., New York, Price, \$1.00.

Mrs. Henry

A New Woman from Dudenay, who
a British Pen. made a popular

success with

her book, "The Maternity of Harriott Wicken," is out with another interesting novel, "Spindle and Plough," in which she also draws a character whose most powerful attraction lies in the strength of her maternal feelings. Shalisha, the odd, boyish heroine, who has been professionally trained to be a gardener, and whose soul is as honest and noble as her boots are big, is not as thoroughly original a character in fiction as the author evidently intended her to be. To be sure, her trade is rather "up-to-date," and she wears knickerbockers while engaged in it, and with not half the grace of a Rosalind, but her indifference to her lovers, and contempt for the trifling occupations of her female relatives, are qualities with which many a lady novelist heretofore has embellished her ideal maid—the manliest she could manufacture. It is natural that Mrs. Dudenay should admire manly qualities, but why clothe them in a woman's form, and give us a being so dramatically strange

and fantastic as Shalisha? It is straining a point and an arrant affectation to try to inveigle us into admiring a young woman because she wears ugly boots and men's trowsers. We really couldn't keep it up. We are pleased, of course, because she loves children, but all women do more or less, and need not grub in the soil in order to cultivate the maternal passion. In fact, we think the author of "Spindle and Plough" a little hard on her own sex. Never was a book better named, for Shalisha loves the out-doors, the work of the fields, the feel of her own plough (which happens to be gardening), and it is long before she is won to domesticity and the spindle. But her spirit is as broad and rough in its strength as that of an intelligent peasant, and the types we are given of "the spindle women," to stand beside her, suffer by comparison, and are surely the worst of their type. Her mother, Mrs. Pilgrim, is the weakest and prettiest of fools, enough to disgust any daughter, and of the other characters in the book none attract but that of Felix, the ranch foreman. The episode of Mr. Poundsberry, the lover of Mrs. Pilgrim, is very funny, though it seems unnatural. The charm of the book lies in its remarkably vivid sketching of English out-door life, its portrayal of the purity of Nature love and the smooth strength of style with which the really engrossing tale is unfolded.

In "The Lady Paramount," Mr. Henry at Great Length. Harland has written quite as charming a book as was "The Cardinal's Snuff Box." It is a delicately beautiful story, exquisite in setting and matter, told in a manner which is irreproachable and unapproached by that of any other writer. Mr. Harland's dainty choice of words, the poetry of his diction, are unequaled. The story is of a wonderful, spirited young creature, Susanna, Countess of Sampaolo, in whose Italian veins runs some English blood. When she is twenty-two and has become freed from the control of her guardians, she proceeds to carry out a long-cherished scheme. Taking the name of Madame

Torrebianca, she goes to England, and to a certain country place in England, with the deliberate intention (yet always delicately expressed even to herself) of winning the love there of Anthony Craford, whose ancestors are the same as hers, but who according to her idea, has been unjustly deprived of estates which are now hers. Thereupon ensues the love story of the two, which is an idyl of green English lanes and gardens, always picturesqued by the high-bred, witty, passionate personalities of the English heir and the Italian heir to the estates of Sampaolo. Another character is the eccentric but lovable young Adrian Willes, "by vocation a composer and singer of songs, and contrapuntally" (his own words) "Anthony Craford's housemate, monitor, land agent, and man of business." No other people make anything but an infrequent appearance on the pages, though when they do come, each is distinctly drawn. Old Commodore Fregi, Susanna's guardian, is well done, and there is humor in the Italian brothers Baldo, who drive their four-in-hand and rush from tennis to boating and back to tea in close imitation of the English. The figure of Susanna, alluring, dainty, haughty, beautiful, with a gentle humor, a sweet determination, is always fascinating. We should say that no one draws an aristocratic type with such understanding, subtlety and fidelity as does Mr. Harland. What Ouida of course could never do, long as she tried, he has done—done without exaggeration or over dramatic color, one of the most aristocratic types of Europe—one of those fair Italian countesses who reign in their palaces along the Adriatic.

"The Golden Poppy," the delightful little book gotten up by Professor Emory Evans Smith of Stanford University and contributed to by the best writers in the West, has already exhausted a first edition of 2,000 copies and is going into a second edition. In justice to the author I should like to explain that, due to an error, "California's State Flower," which appeared in last month's Overland Monthly under the authorship of Grace Hortense Tower, quoted very liberally

from "The Golden Poppy" without crediting the author. This mistake was due to the omission of an explanatory footnote which was intended to explain the source from which the information was derived. "The Golden Poppy" is covered by a copyright and its contents cannot be used without the consent of the author.

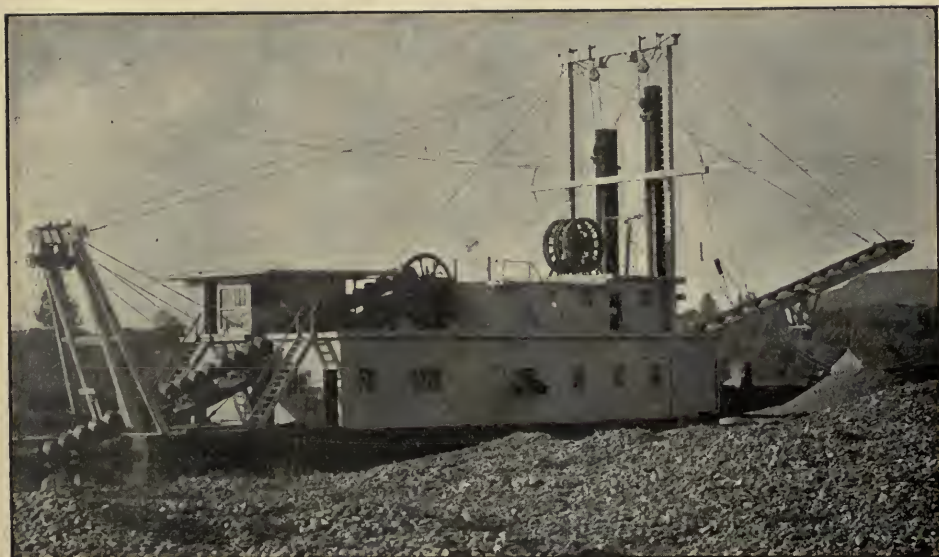
Two handsome volumes are contained in "Men and Memories," Personal Reminiscences by John Russell Young, edited by his wife, May D. Russell Young. A biographical sketch precedes the chapters proper, which are full of reminiscences of famous men and women, as Sumner, Blaine, Phillips, the Cary sisters, Edwin Booth, Robert Browning, George Eliot, Henry Irving, and many others. Of Mr. Young, who was appointed Librarian of Congress by McKinley, said that, "He knew public men on both sides of the ocean, with equal and familiar intimacy. Letters; the Stage; Politics; and the world of larger finance and administration, were all familiar to him.

Naturally the "Men and Memories" of such a man are well worth perusal. F. Tennyson Neely, Publisher. New York.

A work which should be in every Californian's library is "The American Fur Trade of the Far West," comprised in three volumes. It is a history of the pioneer Trading Posts and early fur companies of the Missouri Valley and the Rocky Mountains and of the Overland Commerce with the Santa Fe, by Hiram Martin Chittenden, Captain Corps of Engineers, U. S. A., and author of "The Yellowstone."

Published by Francis P. Harper. New York.

"Windows For Sermons," is the name of a new book, by Dr. Louis Albert Banks, who has been the most helpful as well as the most voluminous "preacher to the preachers" now living. This last of his twenty published volumes reveals Dr. Banks' principles and methods in the use of illustrative materials for sermons.



"Continental" Gold Dredger operating near Oroville.

THE GOLD DREDGING ERA

BY ANNA MORRISON REID

AT Oroville, Butte County, has dawned an epoch that will revolutionize mining in the State of California. For more than fifty years a golden flow from various mining operations in Butte County has replenished the stream of general prosperity throughout the State. From the files of the "Oroville Register" we learn that Judge C. F. Lott, who has lived in or near Oroville since 1849, has made the following estimates of the fabulous sums mined in Butte from his actual and personal knowledge:

At Bidwell Bar, including both sides of the Middle Fork, to its junction with the North Fork of Feather River, from 1849 to the present time (October, 1897), \$5,000,000.

Long's Bar, including Smith's Bar, White Rock, Cherokee Ravine, and both

sides of the river, to the junction of the North and Middle Fork of Feather River, since mining began, \$17,738,000.

From Morris Ravine to mouth of Dry Creek, half a mile or more below Oroville, for the same period, \$16,925,000.

From the Lava Bed Mines, adjacent to Oroville, worked from 1871, by thousands of Chinese with sluice and rocker, \$27,000,000.

The total amount of gold extracted within five miles of Oroville, is given at \$62,263,000.

Torrential streams have washed the gold for ages, from a thousand hills, into the great body of the Feather River, whose waters have distributed the treasure over miles of plain and valley.

To secure this, labor and ingenuity have advanced through a constant evolution from the most primitive methods

of mining, to schemes and experiments of gigantic magnitude. Some of these, for reasons that shall be set forth here, have failed. But the colossal digging machine—the gold dredger—is a success.

Pick, pan and shovel, the rocker, the string of sluice boxes with the "Long Tom" at the end, the ground sluice, which was ground broken up by pick and crowbar, or loosened by blast, then water carried by ditch or flume, confined by dam or reservoir, turned upon it, to wash the earth and gravel through the sluices, and catch the gold in the riffles.

Many of the earlier miners did not prepare for the ground sluice, by ditch, flume or dam, but depended upon freshets during heavy rains. In the memory of the writer lives many a picture of the earlier ways of mining—men clad in rubber coats and boots that reached the hip, and "sou'wester hats," frantically delving in a blinding rain to rush their store of earth through the boxes, while they might yet utilize the forces of the storm.

And another: a string of sluice-boxes in old Dixon Ravine, which is a tributary to Oregon Gulch, a man and boy bending to the shovel from early morn until set of sun, with only the intermission of the sweet, bright hour of early summer noon. A golden-haired baby playing on a blanket, spread upon the

dry bed rock; a woman, gentle, refined and beautiful, standing at the Long Tom, sluice fork in hand, through the long hours of the day, and a little girl, with dreaming eyes and dark brown curls that touched her waist, watching the baby, and waiting to "pick" the sluice boxes after the "clean-up" for the last "color" of gold.

Those were the days when, at the old Buffalo Ledge, one of the first quartz leads worked in Butte, under the dense shade of a spreading live oak tree, a dozen men or more sat all day upon the ground, and broke with stone hammers the quartz into pieces fine enough to feed the one-horse "arrastre" tediously grinding near.

With joke and song, these men of many lands worked and laughed the hours away. The sledge and stone hammers were soon replaced by the mighty iron stamp, whose ceaseless jar and rhythm waked the echoes in many a California canyon through succeeding years. The arrastre was increased in capacity a dozen fold, and the power of water and steam applied where muscle of man and horse had once sufficed.

The old time "ground sluice" was the forerunner of the methods applied later to the stupendous working of the hydraulic mines, which ceased only at the edict of an unjust and unnecessary legisla-



The "Indiana," Bucyrus make.



Bucket chain of the "Continental," with loaded buckets.

tion, which proved a public calamity.

One of Butte's most noted hydraulic mines was the Spring Valley mine, at the north end of Table Mountain, which used twenty-two hundred inches of water, taken from the west branch of Feather River, more than forty miles from the mine. This mine, under the manipulation of its giant appliances and apparatus, yielded more than \$10,000,000.

Butte County embraces 1,720 square miles. One-third of this is level plain and valley land, all gold-bearing, lying between the Feather and the Sacramento rivers.

Oroville is situated on the Feather river, three miles below the junction of all its branches, where it ceases to be

cold water followed, condensing the steam. The atmospheric pressure forced the tube down into the gravel, but in this instance the process of digging and lifting was not sufficiently perfected, as in the later dredging; and this, with the fact that much of the gold had been extracted from the immediate bed of the river, by wing damming in earlier days, made this first dredging boat a financial failure.

Beginning about 1882, some six other river dredgers were consecutively constructed to experiment in river mining. They were all failures as dividend-paying investments, although a partial success mechanically. But they were not strong enough to go as deep as neces-



The dredger "Boston," operating inland.

a rushing torrent and calms into a deep, wide stream.

It has always been a mining center. A rich stratum of "pay gravel" is known to underlie the entire site of the town, and for miles around it.

From time to time, through all the years since its location, attempts have been made to work the river near it, and to mine these vast tracts of gravel.

Twenty odd years ago a tube boat was constructed to try the dredging process. It was worked something on the principle of a pneumatic tube. The tube had a trap door near the bottom. It was lowered by machinery to the bed of the river; then steam under a given pressure was forced into it. Then jets of

sary into the coarse gravel. A novel scheme to mine the bed of Feather river, at a more remote point, was the venture known as the Big Bend tunnel. A tunnel was run through a mountain, the water of the river turned through, and thirteen and one-half miles of the river bed laid bare. Work was begun in the fall of 1882, and completed in 1886. Twenty miles of road was constructed, a saw mill built, and other buildings put up. The tunnel was sixteen feet wide, nine feet high, and 11,970 feet long. A village of two hundred inhabitants sprang up, and the pay roll averaged sixty-five men. Yet comparatively it was a financial failure, as much gold had been taken from the same portion of the river in earlier



The dredger "Oroville," operating on the Feather River.

mining days.

In May, 1886, a new plan was promoted by a man named Leonard, a civil engineer, who built the second bridge over the Sacramento river. His plan was to sink a shaft and drive down a pneumatic tube. On top of the ground was a mighty air compressor, with pipes leading to the working shaft. By these, any degree of air pressure could be obtained and could be regulated by the workman in charge.

This apparatus was given a trial on the bank of Feather River, near Montgomery street, Oroville. Each section of the tube weighed 5,000 pounds, and in June, 1886, three sections were down, and the workmen felt no inconvenience, when the engineer sent in ten pounds of air to the square inch. The water was forced back for some time successfully. They went down many feet below the river level, drifting along on the bedrock for several hundred feet, and striking the richest kind of virgin gravel, some of it paying \$7.00 to the single pan. Up to December, 1886, the company had expended some \$30,000, with a bright outlook for success. But the air pressure could not be kept strong enough, and any reduction of the air pressure might be fatal to those employed. The machinery began to get out

of repair, air leaks were caused by the inward flow of water, the drifts filled with water and gravel, and it was at last abandoned, as the risk to human life was too great to be continued at any price.

After this another plan to mine the main bed of the Feather, near Oroville, was proposed and carried out by Hammond Hall, formerly State Engineer; at least the work was done under his general direction.

A solid wall of masonry nearly a mile in length was built along the right bank of the river, and the water turned by a head dam and flume through this canal. Every foot of the river bed thus exposed had been previously mined by simpler methods, and its original richness may be judged by the fact that from a pan of sand and deposit scooped up years before from the side of a boulder where the river bed had been drained by a dam and flume, was taken \$2,250 in grains of gold about the size of a cucumber seed. The bold skill and the brave-outlay of capital used in the building of the wall did not meet with the financial reward the enterprise merited. But the only lack of judgment and cause of failure was in the choice of location. Many a stream so mined in California would to-day yield a fabulous treasure-

of literal sands of gold.

Some time in 1898 the Couch Dredger, a Risdon machine, was set up on the "Grant," or right, side of the river, five miles below Oroville. It has been a success from start to finish, and the end is not yet.

There are now fourteen dredgers in full and successful operation, both on the river and inland, as the modern dredger can be worked anywhere that water is available. These are all within sight of Oroville, and there are many more in course of construction.

At first some were worked by steam, but now all are operated by electricity, furnished by the Butte Creek and Bay Counties Electric plants.

The Continental, which may not inaptly be called a dredger of the "first magnitude," lies in its own lagoon at the end of Montgomery street, Oroville, surrounded by the immense beds of gravel, from which, with ponderous power it has for months garnered a golden revenue. It has been overhauled and remodeled in preparation for a more extended harvest. From Mr. D. P. Cameron, the genial and intelligent gentleman in charge, we have learned the following facts as to mechanical construction and mode of working the Continental.

The gravel is lifted by immense buckets and the bucket ladder, an endless and continuous bucket system, driven by the bucket line motor, of one hundred horse power and variable speed. The gearing and sprocket chain lifts the buckets to the top tumbler. From this they empty into a hopper. The largest boulders are carried off by a side chute. Finer gravel passes through the hopper and shaking screens where it is thoroughly washed and sifted. The sand and gold go through the perforations to the mercury system of gold saving. The coarser material passes on down the screens, and

is discharged into a Robbins conveyor, from which it is stacked thirty-five feet above water line, and seventy feet away from the dredger. From the mercury cup riffles, and the distributor, gold and fine sand wash on to the side tables. About ninety per cent of the gold is caught by the mercury cups directly under the shaking screens, and often less than one per cent is caught on the tables.

The general mechanism of the different dredgers is very similar, the working principle about the same. The custom of some of the companies is to have weekly "clean-ups," of others three times monthly. The writer would like to give you the exact result, and could it be done, a worse epidemic of "gold fever" would ensue than prevailed in '49.

In a little time, and upon a thousand waterways, these dredgers will appear, a new fleet, that will not fail to find the "golden fleece," not only upon the natural waterways, but wherever water can be conveyed to deposits of auriferous earth and virgin gravel. These dredgers are the combined perfection of all the primitive ideas and methods and the realization of the dreams of the early miners.

The Feather River Exploration Company divide this month a semi-annual dividend of \$50,000, and this is but one item of the golden returns from recent dredging.

For a period the State will know a fresh and brilliant prosperity. Electric lights will shine upon our streams, and at last the "brook and the star" shall be wedded. The pulse of giant machinery shall beat and throb, like a restless heart, through a new era of activity. At last the mission of the dredger shall be accomplished. And after the lights have faded one by one from the bosom of the waters, and left them once more to darkness and silence—what then?

Willits : A Remodeled Town

BY HATHAWAY STONE



Through the Redwoods.

The writer had prepared a graphic description of a twenty-five mile ride on a construction train over the recently completed extension to Willits, which is situated on the borders of the big redwood forest, but it is unavoidably omitted for lack of space. Suffice flat car, and standing up all the way, was amply compensated in the magnifi-

cent scenes presented en route, the most picturesque country probably in the entire State. After crossing the summit over a three per cent grade, a prominent San Francisco attorney (on his way to his 6,000 acre ranch north of Willits) remarked, "Do you see that pile of iron on the siding? I tell you that sixty-five pound iron rails means something more than a railroad ending in the redwoods.

"I have been clear up to Eureka, 120 miles north of this point, and on the entire route there is no grade so steep as the one we have just crossed. Now that the worst grade on the entire route to the Oregon border has been successfully overcome, I hope and trust that the managers of this railroad will extend it to a connection with some overland system, for it will certainly pay."

Willits is a charmingly situated town, twenty-five and a quarter miles north of Ukiah. It is at present, and probably will be for some time to come, the terminus of the California Northwestern railway. It is an old-settled community, the first inhabitants having come here soon after the discovery of gold in California. Many old-established farms, or mixed farms and orchards, were observed by the writer, and it was surprising to him at the time why a fertile section of country, well watered and adjacent to an immense redwood forest, has developed so little during the past few years. Upon investigation (and in accordance with the remark of the San Francisco gentleman above quoted), the reason found for its sparse markets. The recent extension of the California Northwestern railway across the summit of the mountains situated between Ukiah and Willits will, however, inaugurate

a new era for this charming and fertile section of country. The well-earned reputation of the railway company for liberality in assisting communities on its lines of railroad to develop their resources, and particularly to reach markets with their products, is a gratifying consideration at the present time. This is especially important in view of the fact that almost the entire town of Willits was destroyed by fire on June 11th of last year. With commendable enterprise, however, the citizens have rebuilt the town, and much more substantially than it was before the fire.

As stated under the head of county resources the products of the many valleys tributary to Willits are diversified in common with those of the entire county, but the fertile soil and sheltered situation of this section of the county warrants the assertion that with the advent of a thoroughly equipped and liberally disposed railroad a great development of its agricultural and horticultural resources will take place in the near future. Another important advantage possessed by this town is its immediate proximity to the heart of the great redwood forest that extends from a point three miles north of Willits to the ocean, thirty miles west, south forty miles and northwest 120 miles. As the timber is cut down there will naturally be a demand for the land, which is, by the way, wonderfully fertile and of great depth. The settlement of the timber-denuded land will greatly enhance the business and importance of Willits as a distributing point.

The Hotel Willits now being erected by local capitalists is a three story, modern structure in the mission style that will cost \$40,000. This shows the faith of its citizens in the future of the town. The General Development company is erecting a substantial two-story brick store and office building that will cost \$20,000. Many other stores and houses are in progress of erection. The largest passenger and freight depot on this line has recently been completed. During the past year the whole town was practically rebuilt and it presents a bustling,

enterprising appearance, a reflex of its inhabitants. The Northwestern Redwood company carries a regular stock in its yards at Willits of 12,000,000 feet of lumber.

The northwestern addition to the town of Willits has substantial improvements including macadamized streets and sidewalks. The streets will be thoroughly sewered in the near future. Water will also be piped to all the lots from a never failing stream of pure mountain water. Bonds have been voted for \$8,000 for the erection of a handsome school building which will be used in addition to the present one. Willits has a public square and a flagpole in its center 100 feet in height. The square will be immediately improved with trees and shrubbery. It has three church organizations and two church buildings, one newspaper, the Little Lake Herald. Every line of business and profession is well represented. The population is about 1000, but it is safe to predict that with the advent of the railroad it will have double that number within one year from now.

The Northwestern Redwood company's mill is situated three miles north of Willits on a spur of the California Northwestern Railroad company's line.

The present capacity of the mill is 100,000 feet per twenty-four hours. This will soon be increased by an additional mill of 100,000 feet capacity in twenty-four hours, making a total of 200,000 feet capacity per day. The shingle mills old and new, will have a capacity of 200,000 in twenty-four hours. An outside crew of 250 men is employed in making split material, hives, pickets, posts, shakes, cordwood, etc.

Three hundred and fifty men are regularly employed at the mill and outside. The company has thirty family houses of five rooms each for the accommodation of married men and the unmarried men (mill and woods crews) are boarded by the company in very comfortable quarters. The most modern appliances have been adopted for extinguishing fires, and altogether it is a very interesting mill and camp for anyone on a sight-seeing tour to visit.

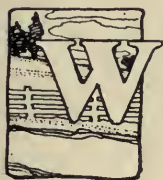


A thirty-six horse team harvester at Chico.

The Hills and Farms of Butte County

BY CAROLINE M. OLNEY

"A man's best things are nearest him,
Lie close about his feet,"



AS the realizing sense that crept over me as my eye swept one vast range of unparalleled fertility, richness and beauty from the snow-capped Sierras to the butter-cups and daisies at my feet.

Much has been written, many songs sung, of the southern portion of that land of sunshine, fruit and flowers, California. The traveler, investor and home-seeker have had their attention drawn to the Southland, but Northern California enjoys the same balmy climate and greater advantages. With its great wealth of natural resources, its productive valleys and uplands, its abundance of water, its wealth of mineral deposits and its glorious climate, Northern California is the ideal land.

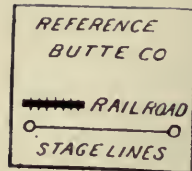
Although still undeveloped, Northern California already leads the South in everything except orange growing and the wonderful measure of success following citrus culture in the North gives promise that ere many years orange shipments will more than equal

those of the South. The oranges of Northern California ripen in time for the Thanksgiving and Christmas markets, six weeks earlier than the Southern oranges. The advantage is apparent.

To the people east of the Rockies it may seem strange that while they are ice bound in winter there is to the westward in the same latitude a place where flourish the orange, lemon, lime, olive, and the fig; where palms and other tropical vegetation thrive beneath sunny skies. Degrees of latitude in California do not indicate changing degrees of heat or cold. The temperature varies only with altitude.



Butte County Courthouse, Oroville.



Map of Butte County showing railroads and stage line.
(Courtesy of Fireman's Fund Insurance Company.)

California is a land of mountain and valley. The great interior basin comprises 15,000 square miles of fertile valley and foothill land, a vast empire of unexampled fertility blessed with the climate of Fairest Italy. This basin is bounded on the east by the snow-capped Sierras, on the west by the Coast Range, both mountain chains affording hunting, fishing and camping opportunities and an easy retreat from the heat of summer. This great region represents perhaps the best opportunities for land investment



A steam plow at the Thomas ranch.

and home building to be found in the world. Land is abundant and cheap. It is abundant because God made California a land of vast extent; it is cheap because the tide of immigration has not been turned this way. There is little land open to homestead entry except in the mountains, but much of it is held in large tracts and these are placed upon the market as fast as there is a demand.

My attention was first turned to Northern California, and especially to this region, by the representations of the Sacramento Valley Development Association of Sacramento and the California Promotion Committee of San Francisco. It was to this committee that Dr. R. M. Green made the proposition to advertise Northern California through private subscription, and to him belongs the honor of fathering the present movement. Upon investigation I find that 1720 square miles, or 1,100,800 acres, between parallels 39 and 40, north latitude, bounded on the east by the summit of the Sierra Nevada mountains, on the west by the

Sacramento river, is laid down on the maps as Butte County.

This county is one third valley, one third foothill, and one-third mountain, and produces a large portion of those luscious citrus and deciduous fruits with which Eastern markets are supplied; the orange, lemon, olive, grape, fig, almond, walnut, dried fruit and wine, contributing largely to the markets, and are much sought for quantity and quality. The finest grains, hay, hemp and vegetables are produced; the raising of horses, cattle, sheep and hogs is an extensive industry. Wood is plentiful and cheap. In the mountains are vast forests for commercial enterprise, and exceptionally rich deposits of various minerals. Gold mining has been an important industry since 1848, and some of the famous mines of the world are located here. The mountain streams afford opportunities for developing cheap power and there are built and building in the county electrical systems that lead the world in long distance transmission.

Rainfall is unquestionably the most important factor in the prosperity of



A steam harvester at Chico.

agricultural, horticultural and mining interest in California, and in this Butte County is particularly blessed. In California the rainfall increases from south to north steadily, and is heaviest on the western slopes of the Sierras, where the moisture-laden breezes from the ocean are condensed. Butte has a never-failing water supply, and an average annual rainfall of 25 inches.



Sheep raising on the Rancho Chico.

So much richness and fertility presented to the eye of man maketh his heart glad. This county presents such a variety of industries that each can find within his means and reach that for which he is looking. One fact forcibly impressed upon me is that Butte County only awaits the investment of capital, the coming or the home builder, the further development of its vast resources, to make it the garden spot of the world. There is perhaps no other section for which nature has done so much.

THE CITY OF ROSES.

Chico, "The City of Roses," a city of four thousand inhabitants, is situated on Chico Creek, near the Sacramento River, and is surrounded by rich farming and orange lands. The sidewalks are paved with cement, the streets and county roads for a mile or two into the country are sprinkled. The city has a fine sewer system and is the best-lighted town in the Sacramento Valley. The water is furnished by the well system. Wells were

sunk, a gravel channel struck, and from this, the year around, even on the warmest days, the city gets its supply of pure, cold water.

The churches, schools, banks, stores and public buildings, are such as do credit to a progressive, enterprising community. The homes are cozy and the gardens, with their velvet lawns and ornamental trees in variety present an atmosphere of peace and coolness that invites the traveler to rest.

Chico is the leading educational center of the Sacramento Valley. The State Normal school at Chico stands among the best educational institutions of its class. The Normal roll proper is three hundred students. Connected with the Normal is a training school and kindergarten. Bonds have recently been issued for the establishment of a high school.

Chico is on the line of the California & Oregon Railroad (S. P. system), and is the chief shipping point for lumber and other products. It also supports one of the finest flour mills in the State, which



1. Sack dam, Chico Creek.
2. State Normal School, Chico.
3. Elk Park, Chico.

has a capacity of 200 barrels and is operated by electricity.

The drives in and about Chico cannot be surpassed. In the suburbs is the famous Rancho Chico, the property of the late John Bidwell, which comprises hundreds of acres of the most beautiful orchards. A portion of this, as well as other large holdings, are being subdivided and sold in small farms from ten acres up, from eighty to one hundred dollars per acre. Chico derives benefits from an extensive trade from the outlying mining and farming districts.

Some four or five miles distant from Chico one becomes interested in the Chico Ochre Paint Co., which comprises two hundred acres of land containing three ledges, which average from six to twenty feet. The main ledge is ochre, said to be the finest in the United States. Beside this ledge is one of talc, the material from which talcum powder is made. The third ledge is that of burnt umber. There is also found in this vicinity metallic-oxide or iron or red paint, which is used in painting roofs, bridges

and rough houses. There is a great demand for this product.

One of the places of interest in this vicinity is the Richardson Hot Springs, ten miles distant in the foothills. The waters of these are noted for the relief given in cases of rheumatism and similar afflictions.

Chico is the possessor of a creamery, with which the proper management and patronage could be made a success.

It is seven miles from Chico to Durham through a level, fertile, productive country. The flour mill at Durham is owned and controlled by the grain growers, and here their grains are readily turned into mill products. The mill is new and equipped with the latest roller system. About Durham is the finest grain producing part of the county, and is claimed as the heaviest shipping point for wheat in the State. I saw in a Durham yard an oleander tree twenty-seven feet high and a begonia leaf which measures seventeen inches across. The almonu crop in this section attracted special attention.



Chico Creek, flume in distance.



Cattle on the Durban Ranch, Pentz, Butte County.

From Durham to Biggs, a distance of sixteen miles, one drives through extensive grain fields. Some of the largest deciduous orchards in the State are situated near the latter place. One of these comprises 1,750 acres. Four miles south of Biggs is the town of Gridley. Both are on the main line of the California & Oregon Railway, and are important shipping points for green, canned and dried fruits, grain, sheep, hogs, and cattle.

The Feather River flows through this part of the County, affording a good opportunity for irrigation. Some of the orchards bordering on the river are watered by pumping. This soil, without irrigation, produces from three to five crops of alfalfa. Seven thousand tons last year was taken from twelve hundred acres on the Reyman & Evans ranch near Gridley.

After the alfalfa is cut it affords from three to five months pasturage. Twenty thousands tons per year would be a low estimate of the alfalfa produced.

Thousands of cattle from Modoc, Lassen and Plumas Counties are driven to these pastures every winter and fattened for the market. Cattle, hogs, sheep and wool bring high prices in the present markets, and the demand exceeds the supply.

In conversation with Mr. Fagan I learned that a large number of acres of grain producing land has recently been planted to table and wine grapes, grapes being more profitable than grain. The

land produces about ten tons to the acre, the market price being from fourteen to seventeen dollars per ton. This land unimproved can be purchased for fifty dollars per acre.

One of the new and interesting industries on the river land near Biggs and Gridley is that of hemp growing. Three hundred acres were covered with nemp,



Back of the mansion of the Rancho Chico.



Fig tree in a wheat field at Pentz, Butte County.

sprouting through the ground like little sun-flowers making their first appearance. It is sown about the middle of March and is harvested from September to November. The hemp attains a height

of from fourteen to twenty feet. The average amount of fibre produced to the acre is twelve hundred pounds, which brings in the New York market five and one-half cents per pound. There seems to be a great future for this industry. A mill has recently been erected on this Coast to consume this product, which is in demand, owing to the fact that it is the longest, strongest, and best fibre grown in the United States.

Honcut, in the southern part of the county, is the center of a rich farming section. It is an important shipping point for hay and wool and also a distributing point for the country and mountain districts.

All of the farming districts present many indications of progress and enterprise.

Central House is in the midst of the orchard belt along the Feather River. In this district are grown large, luscious



Which is the best?



Bidwell Home
Chico

Orange tree
Chico



Sir Joseph
Hooker

Almond
Orchard



Picking fruit on the Corwin ranch.

and finely flavored peaches, pears, plums, and other fruits. These lands produce from seven to twelve tons of peaches to the acre, the market price being twenty dollars for free stones and from twenty-five to thirty for clings. Bartlett pears bring twenty-two fifty per ton, and produce ten tons to the acre. Plums produce from seven to ten tons to the acre and the average price is twenty dollars

per ton. This fruit contributes to the supply of the canneries at Gridley and Chico. These canneries employ hundreds of women and children. Employees work by the piece or by the day and make fair wages. The amount expended by the Chico and Gridley canneries for labor last year was approximately fifty thousand dollars.

The largest portion of the fruits are



Fruit drying on the Corwin ranch between Oroville and Gridley.



dried, the dry atmosphere being adapted to the rapid extraction of the moisture without injuring the fruit. This fruit brings from two to three and one-half cents at the present market rates, and places within the reach of the poorest families table fruit that is delicious when properly prepared. These river lands can be purchased at from fifty to sixty dollars per acre. Peach trees bear good crops the third year if irrigated.

Among these deciduous orchards I discovered a little orange grove, the property of Mr. Campbell. The grove pays him one hundred dollars to the acre. He irrigates this grove from a four and one-half inch well twenty-eight feet deep, the water being pumped by an engine of three and one-half horse power. Citrus fruits may be grown in all parts of the valley and foothills of this county. I have observed them in and about Chico, Biggs, Gridley, Honcut, Central House, and in other sections.

At Biggs is a small navel orchard, which yields a return per acre that is almost beyond belief. It is the property of Mr. H. S. Brink, and as an investment has few equals. From one and one-fourth acres of land in the edge of Biggs, planted to navel orange trees eight years ago, the planter and owner received \$800 cash for the crop produced this year. At this rate five acres of trees eight years old will produce \$3,200 worth of oranges. Five thousand acres or more of land equally adapted to orange culture can be secured at reasonable figures within a radius of five miles of the town of Biggs.

GRIDLEY.—1. Drying peaches on Thrasher ranch. 2. H. A. Woodworth's traction harvester, Rancho Manzanita. 3. In the hemp fields. 4. On the Reyman & Evans Stock Farm.



Picking wild flowers at Thermalito, one mile from Oroville.



The Leggett vineyard, Oroville, Table Mountain in the background.



Driving through miles of orange groves, Thermalito.

Oroville, the County Seat, is the center of the largest orange and olive growing region of Northern California. Within a radius of a few miles, which includes the thriving communities of Palermo, Thermalito, and Wyandotte, are four thousands acres of orange and olive orchards. This orchard belt produced last year four hundred cars of oranges, sixty thousand gallons of olive pickles and three thousand gallons of olive oil. Near here was planted the first orange tree of Northern California, and here, at Thermalito, was planted the first orchard for commercial purposes.

The orange industry of the north began with the planting of that first orchard in 1886, and its magnificent success may be judged by the history of this first planting. Twenty business men of Oroville, believing that oranges would pay, organized the Oroville Citrus Association, and invested \$24,000 in this orchard. This sum covered every cost to them. The returns were far beyond their expectations. A portion of the profits were re-invested in improving the property, and to-day it comprises seventy-five acres, fifty of which are in bearing, is worth \$100,000, and is paying good interest on that valuation. In addition to this remarkable increase in value, the property has paid in dividends more than half the sum originally invested.

This great measure of success in orange growing is due to the superior excellence of the fruit and its early ripening. Butte County oranges are in their prime in November and December. Shipments begin in October. Half the crop reaches Thanksgiving markets; practically all reaches the market before Christmas.

The olive is another of the staple crops of this section. This delicious fruit is the principal food supply in many districts along the Mediterranean and is rapidly growing in favor in this country. The ripe pickled olive put up here far surpasses in quality the imported green olive, and the rapid growth of the demand, which has more than kept pace with the increase of production, shows that the industry is well established on



Grove at Thermalito.



Odd Fellows' Home, Thermalito.

a profitable basis. Another product of the olive is oil, and the purest and best comes from these mills. The oil industry, while still young and subject to competition with the cheap adulterated oils of the general markets, gives promise of a bright future.

In conversation with Mr. Ekman of Oroville, who has had much experience in the olive oil business, he stated that though still in the experimental stage as to the most suitable varieties to plant, it has been demonstrated that olive culture can be made an important addition to the many horticultural successes in Butte County. The olive grows best in the foothills surrounding Oroville. It grows faster, bears earlier, and the fruit is superior for oil making to those grown on the river lands. Trees begin to bear when five years old, at ten years will yield five tons to the acre if properly treated.

Ripe olives bring on the tree forty-five dollars per ton, pickled olives market from sixty cents to a dollar and sixty-five cents per gallon; oil sells from two dollars to two dollars and fifty cents per gallon.

All fruits grow in the Oroville districts. Figs are an important crop and yield good returns. Peaches and other deciduous fruits thrive and some growers secure returns which rival the profits in oranges.

One of the great advantages of this section is an abundance of water for irrigation, already diverted and in use. Two ditch systems supply water for irrigating, and the Feather River affords an abundance of water when it is desired to extend the system. Foothill lands when irrigated will produce in abundance almost anything man may plant, and in this vicinity are thousands of acres under ditch, which may be had at prices ranging from seventy-five to one hundred dollars per acre, according to location.

Adjoining Oroville is the famous J. H. Leggett Orchard and Vineyard, a strip of one hundred and thirty acres, which yields an annual gross return of \$20,000, nearly half of which is profit.

The climate presents many advantages,



Oil Press.



Olive trees and roses Orville



Pickling and Packing



Ekman's Olive oil mill, Orville, crushing olives



Orville Olive Grove, E. W. Fogg



Feather river from Oroville bridge, oppsite Oroville.

as this section is shielded from cold winds and almost frostless, and Oroville probably has a warmer winter climate than any other town near the snow line. Being so situated it offers acceptable advantages in summer, as six hours' drive will carry one to an altitude where it is always cool and where the woods are stocked with game and streams with fish.

THE GEM OF THE FOOTHILLS.

Oroville, "The Gem of the Foothills," is a progressive, enterprising town of 2,500 inhabitants, situated at the foot of the Sierras, where the Feather river, carrying its great volume of water, flows down into the valley toward the Sacramento.

In addition to being the center of the greatest orange and olive growing district of Northern California, it is the scene of the most extensive dredger mining operations in America, and also is a distributing center of a vast area of mountain territory. A branch of the California & Oregon Railroad, with direct trains to San Francisco and Sacramento, terminates here. Oroville is an important shipping depot and stage center.

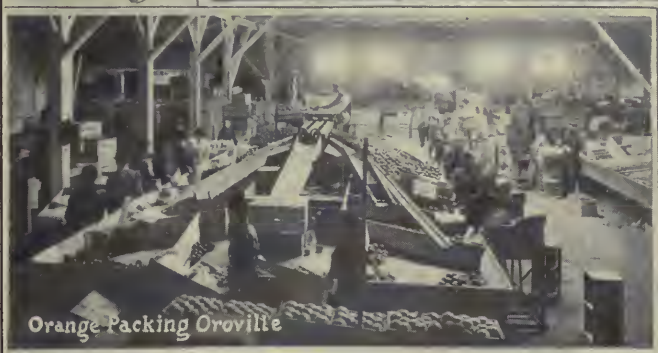
The commercial advantages of location and the thriving industries of this section contribute largely to the prosperity of Oroville, recognized far and wide as one of the liveliest towns in the State. The population is steadily increasing, and new buildings are being erected. The streets are sprinkled, the sidewalks paved with cement and old mining screenings, which make smooth and dustless walks. The sidewalks are shaded with orange, olive and palm trees. The yards surrounding the public school and court house are ornamented with orange trees. The oranges from the trees about the school house are picked, taken into the school rooms and the children help themselves. In the court yard they are kept that strangers coming from outside districts on business at the county buildings may help themselves and be refreshed. The water system is excellent, furnishing good fire protection. Gas and electricity are furnished to consumers at a fair rate. The churches, stores,



Orange Picking at Palermo



Troost Orange Grove Palermo



Orange Packing Oroville



Orange Grove

schools and public buildings are of the best, the homes all that could be desired for comfort. Beautiful flowers and ornamental trees in great variety are to be seen in every direction.

Among its prominent industries is a roller flouring mill, conducted by Mr. McGee. It has a capacity of one hundred and thirty barrels and fifty tons of rolled barley. It is equipped with the latest machinery, and is operated by a cheap and unfailing water power. It is in a vantage ground for trade in nearby towns and counties, and possesses a large flour and feed business.

The largest olive packing plant in the State, and one of the largest orange packing houses is located here. There are, besides these, several oil mills and smaller plants.

DREDGER MINING.

Dredger mining is a new industry, which had its beginning in Oroville four years ago, and since that time it has grown to such proportions that to-day in this dredger district a million dollars is invested in machinery alone, and gold dredgers are being built in various parts of this and other States. In the heart of the dredger district, there are at present fifteen dredgers at work; three months hence there will be twenty, all delving for money by the cubic yard. The Feather River has for centuries carried to the valley sand, gravel and gold. As one bed after another became filled, it built the deposits of auriferous gravel. The rich mining field now being worked by the dredgers was where the early miner found his best results. But to his operations there was a limit, the underground flow of water preventing him from reaching the lower strata. Dredging was often tried without success until 1898, when a successful machine was put into operation and a new industry introduced into America. The average cost of a dredger is about \$50,000, and one machine works from five to twelve acres annually. The first step in dredging is to ascertain the value of the land, and this is done by a Keystone driller, which sinks a six inch hole to the bed-rock at small expense. The ground has



Through the Pancho Golden Grove, Oroville.

depth of from thirty to forty feet, and overlies a soft bedrock, which is easily cut by the buckets. The average value of these lands in the Oroville dredger district is about thirty cents per cubic yard. It is mined at a cost of five cents per cubic yard. That the dredgers are immensely profitable is shown by the rapid increase of machines. Nearly every company is adding to its equipment. The pioneer company has three dredgers at work and two more building. The companies operating dredgers are loose corporations; no stock is for sale and very little dredger land is now in



McGee's flouring mill, Oroville.

to the industry is in the impetus given to



Lava beds two miles from Oroville.

the markets, the greater part of five thousand acres, which comprises the district, having been purchased for dredging. The greatest interest which attaches

all kinds of business. The dredgers have added much to the prosperity of this part of Butte County. The dredgers are operated by electricity. The recent de-



Lava bed dredger two miles from Oroville.



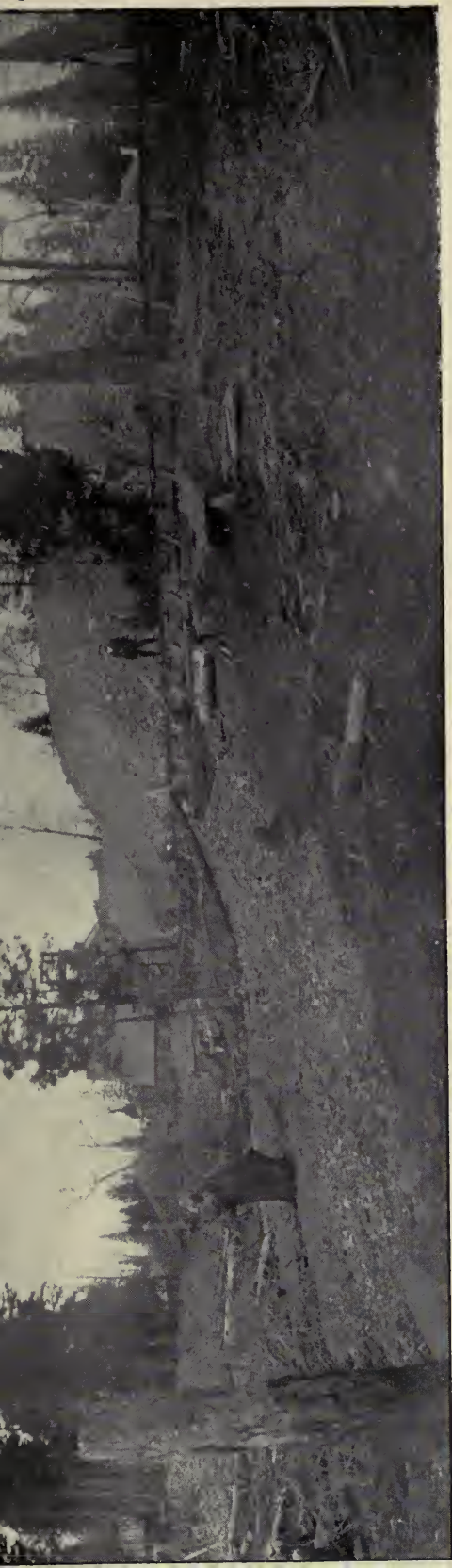
At the Willard mine (consolidated.)

velopment of electrical long distance transmission of power has led to the utilization of the power of mountain streams, and Butte County is the scene of active development of heretofore wasted resources. Centerville, which is on Butte Creek, above Chico, is the location of one of the power plants of the Bay Counties Power Company. Another is located on the Yuba River in an adjoining county. Each is about thirty miles from Oroville and both have pole lines to the dredging district. Electricity from the Colgate plant is transmitted to Oakland, San Francisco and San Jose, a distance of two hundred miles. This power is cheaper than steam and is rapidly supplanting it wherever power is used in large quantities. It drives the wheels of the factory and the mine and runs the machinery of the farm, and pumps water for irrigation. It lights our cities and our homes. In addition to its cheapness it enjoys the advantage of being ever ready—you turn the button, the electricity does the rest. The Bay Counties Company are now building a new plant on Butte Creek to have a capacity of twelve thousand horse power, and on French Creek, fifteen miles from Oroville, they are making surveys for a twenty thousand horse power plant. The age of electricity has begun in California and its advanced development here is an advantage of great value.

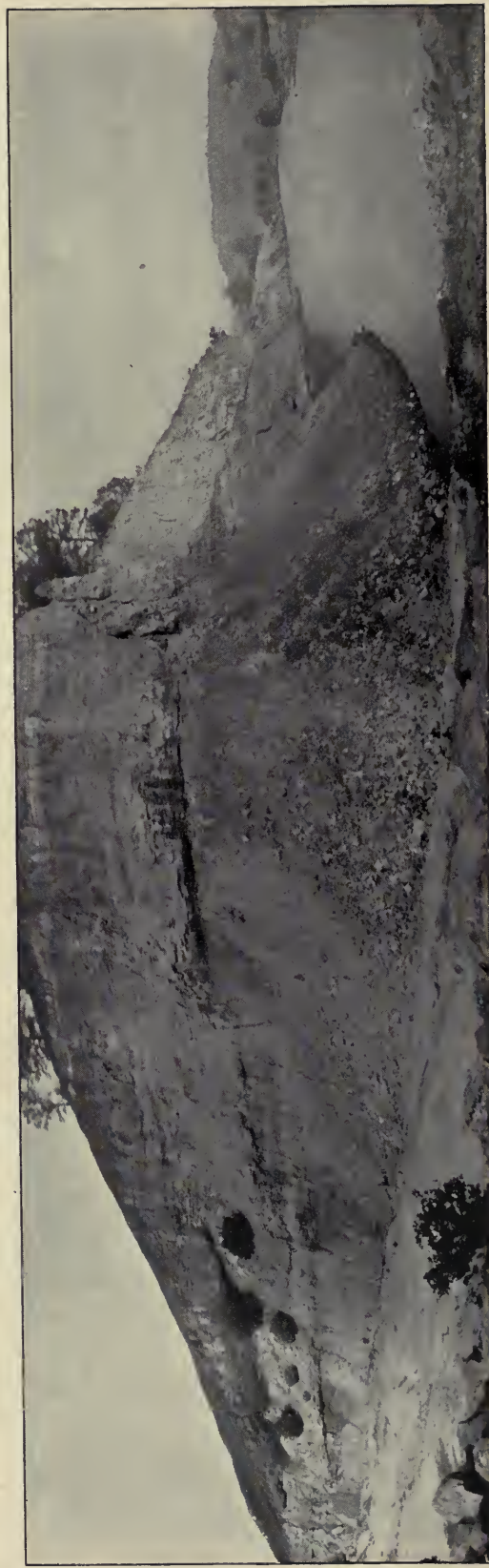
Just across the river from Oroville is Thermalito, the first citrus colony formed. It is an extensive, fertile country. I saw in Thermalito fine lemon trees bearing, the lemons being as large as jelly glasses. In this colony is the Oro-



Prospecting dredger land in the lava beds near Oroville.



Pershbecker or Magalia Mine.



Old Pershbecker mine



ville Citrus Association orchard, mentioned elsewhere, and miles of other full bearing orange groves.

Palermo is situated on the line of railroad and is the largest shipping point for oranges in Northern California. It is called the Palermo Citrus Colony, has extensive orchards of oranges and olives, large packing houses, pickling plants and oil mills. The 240 acre orange orchard of the Hearst Estate is here. Palermo has a fine school house and church and many beautiful houses, and is a most attractive place.

Wyandotte, six miles east of Oroville, is a hilly rolling country, quite thickly timbered. The land which has been cleared produces the finest of orange and deciduous fruits, peaches being especially profitable. The timber on the land pays in most instances for the clearing, and the orchards of this section are among the first in productive capacity and in yielding profits. Stock raising is carried on extensively in the foothills and is quite profitable. The stock is usually driven to higher altitudes in summer and kept there during the summer months, thus securing green grass all the year.

Bangor, Forbestown, Enterprise, Mooretown, Cherokee, Pentz, Yankee Hill, Magalia, Paradise, Centerville and many other small towns of the foothill and mountain sections are in rich farming, timber and mining districts. Paradise is the center of an extensive fruit district.

Mining was begun in Butte County soon after the discovery of gold in 1848. Gold was discovered by the late Gen. John Bidwell at Hamilton on the Feather River near Oroville. The primitive methods of pick, pan and shovel were used at first, and as the output increased the demands were greater for improvements in methods, which led to the introduction of long-toms and sluice boxes, and later hydraulic mining and quartz mills.

At Cherokee, twelve miles north-easterly from Oroville is the most extensive hydraulic mine in the county, and one of the famous mines of the world. Gold was first discovered in a

At the Gold Bank Mine, Forbestown.

small ravine and proved very rich. Upon opening up the mine it was found to be exceptionally rich and the channel was followed down the stream four thousand feet. It is estimated that these workings produced over thirteen millions in gold.

Drift mining requires good management and capital to successfully carry on the work. A channel is followed and the gravel mined out, leaving top dirt which would not pay. In following one of the ancient channels the drift or tunnel is run beneath the lava cap. The Magalia mine lies under the lava capping of the Magalia Ridge, about four and one-half miles from Magalia. It, like the Cherokee, was first discovered in a small ravine, and the old channel followed until further working proved unprofitable. Often water-worn nuggets of many hundred dollars in value have been found. This mine has produced many millions of dollars.

The Willard Mine (consolidated) is one of the historical mines of California. This is where that famous Willard nugget was found. It weighed fifty-two pounds avoirdupois, and its bullion value at the mint was \$10,690. Three thousand dollars additional was taken from the mine the same day. It was fortunate that Dr. Sterns of Magalia had the foresight to make a plaster cast of this nugget, thus preserving its proper size and form.

These mines cover an area of about one hundred acres and produced over six millions of dollars. The Butte Star or Wilson Mine, situated on Big Butte Creek, is worked through a bedrock crosscut of seventeen hundred feet. This crosscut extends in an easterly direction under the lava cap. Pay gravel was found and the mine is being worked up hill following the gold channel. The gold bearing gravel yields about \$2.50 per cubic yard.

Aside from these ancient channels there are many quartz mines of great value. Paying quartz mines are found throughout the mountain sections. There are also deposits of iron ore, chrome for manufacturing paints, pyrites and asbestos. This branch of mining has not re-





Butte Star mine belonging to Supervisor Wilson.

ceived the proper development, and it is predicted that upon the investment of capital and the opening of quartz ledges many valuable mines will be found.

Quartz ledges are well defined and the quartz is already susceptible to treatment by chlorination, free gold varying in value from four to six dollars per ton.

A depth of 2,700 feet on the pitch of the vein has been attained at the Gold Bank Mine at Forbestown, but systematic exploration and development of the mineral resources has but in one or two instances ever been carried on, and while millions upon millions of dollars have been taken from the mining sections of Butte County, the mining industry is only in its infancy, and untold wealth still lies in these ancient channels and quartz ledges.

Another resource which presents many opportunities for investment is that of timber lands which are located on the western slope of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, at an altitude ranging from three thousand to five thousand five hundred feet above the sea level.

One first notices upon ascending any of the various ridges which extend from the great Sacramento Valley to the high portions of the Sierras, a poor variety of yellow pine, which is commonly called "bull pine" and is used for the common grades of lumber. At an elevation of two thousand five hundred feet one meets with the first specimens of the sugar pine. This tree was first discovered by a Mr. Douglass in 1826, who pronounced it the "King of the Forest," and named it the sugar pine from the fact that wherever this tree is wounded or burned, it exudes crystals of sugar. Aside from its characteristics of form and beauty, it is the most valuable soft wood in the world. It is straight grained, does not shrink or warp and the manufactured products from this tree is the most sought in the world. Side by side with this king of the forest stands the yellow pine, next in beauty and commercial value. The other varieties used commercially, aside from the sugar and yellow pine, are the red fir or spruce, known for its strength and lasting quality under ground. It is used for bridge building and working of the mines. White fir being odorless is



A Butte County sugar pine.

used in the manufacture of butter and olive tubs, fruit boxes, and for various purposes of this nature. Cedar is useful for making railroad ties, fence posts, etc.

In the higher altitudes are small groves of abietine, a tree of great medicinal worth, as it exudes a gum that is extensively used in the making of valuable medicines.

A prominent timber man stated that the percentage of these trees are about as follows: Sugar pine, 30 per cent; yellow pine, 30 per cent; red fir, 15 per cent; white fir, 15 per cent; and cedar, 10 per cent.

To those of my readers who have read thus far it should be unnecessary to say more. They must be convinced either

that Butte County is a land of wonderful opportunities or that my imagination is a very vivid one. In conclusion I can only say that the things of which I have written are there for all to see. Butte County is blessed with a wonderful variety of natural resources. To the homeseeker it presents opportunities of the frontier together with all the advantages of civilization and refinement. The opportunities of to-day may not exist a few years hence. Americans are moving westward and ere long the fertile valley



Logging with a donkey engine.

and foothill sections of this county will be dotted with happy homes; the opportunity is here and it will not be wasted.

Through the courtesy of the Southern Pacific Railroad Co. tourist tickets may be deposited at Sacramento and a round-trip ticket may be purchased to Chico, Oroville, or any portion of Northern California. For information regarding this section address the following Supervisors: E. C. Wilson, Pentz; John C. Boyle, Oroville; E. T. Reynolds, Chico; J. P. Kimbrell, Bangor; T. V. Fimple, Durham; the Merchants and Clerks Association, or the Chamber of Commerce, A. C. Heinbach, president, Oroville.



Lumbering in the mountains of Butte County.



Palm tree on the property of Mr. Albert E. Gray, Oroville.





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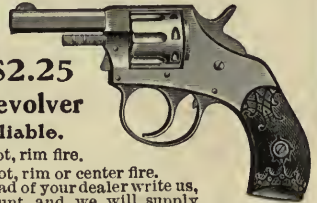
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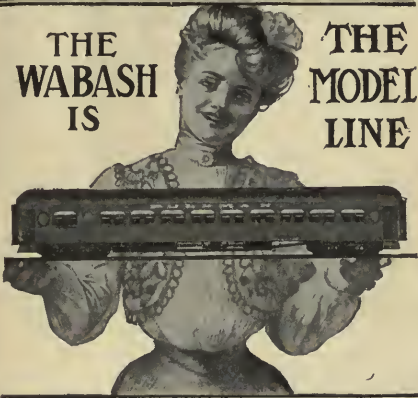
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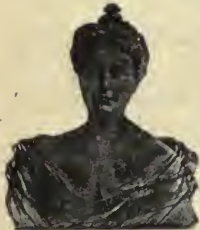
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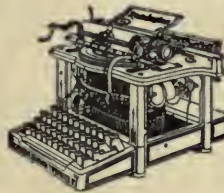
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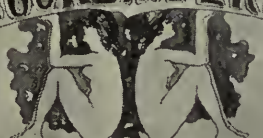
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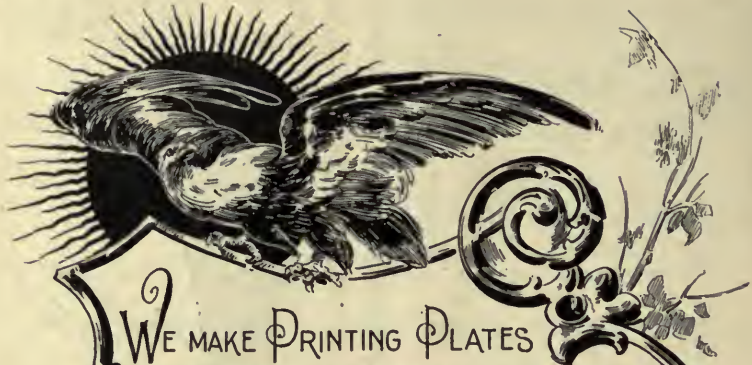
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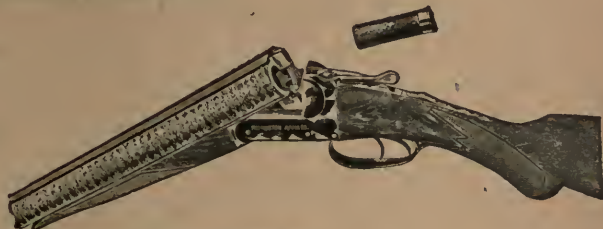
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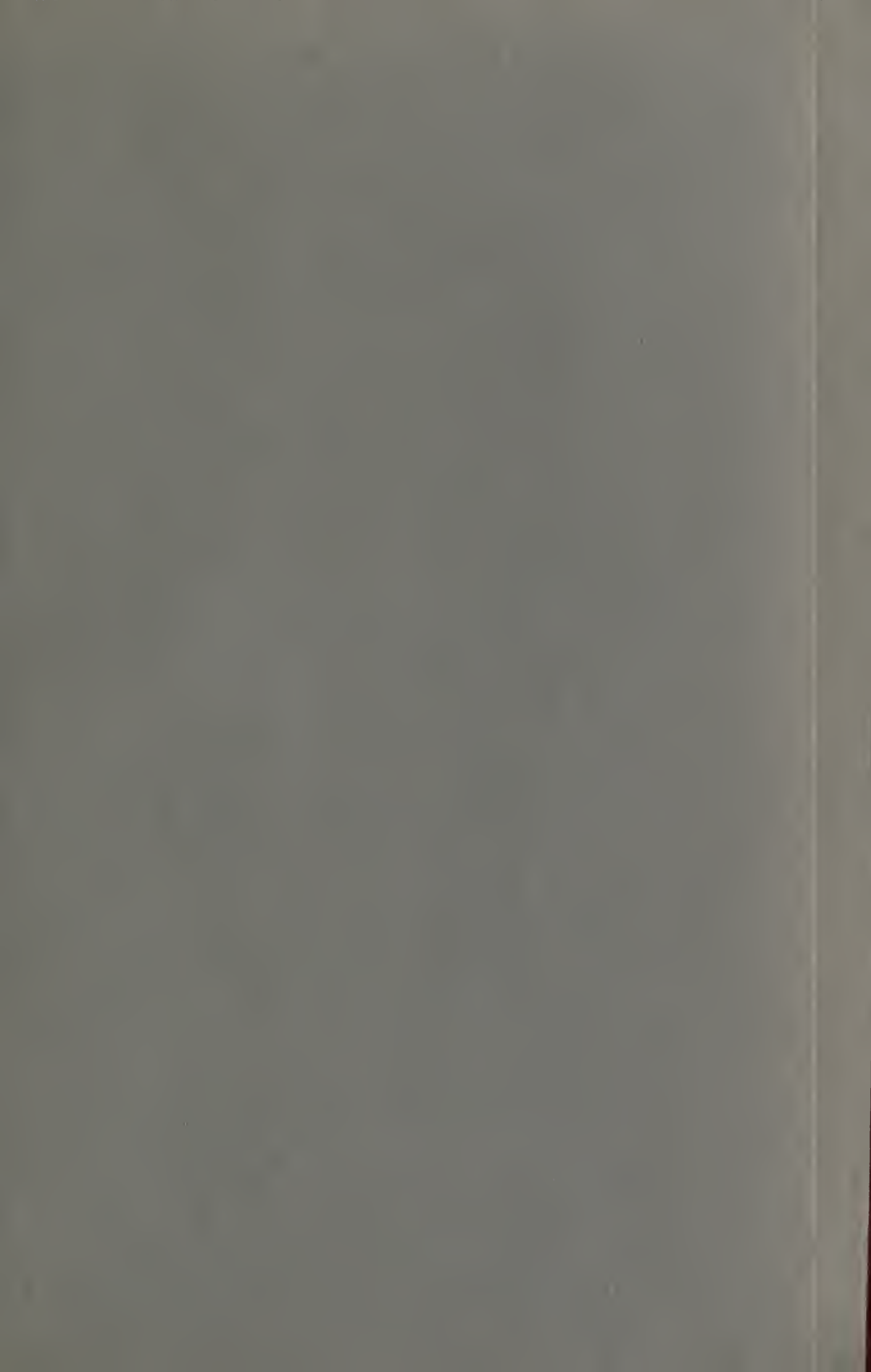
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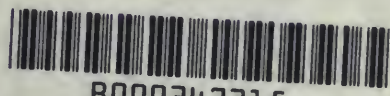
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