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OVERLAND MONTHLY

MARCH, 1905

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF THE WEST

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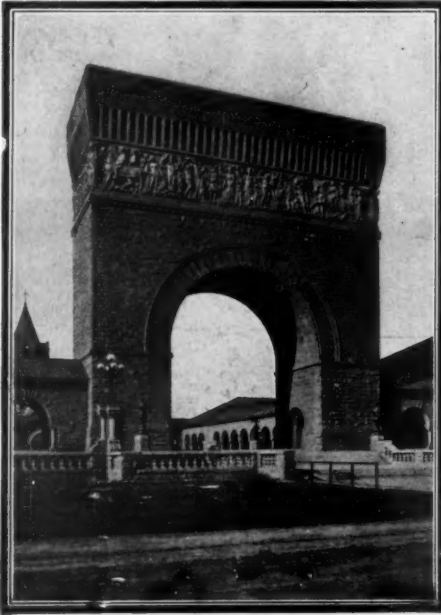
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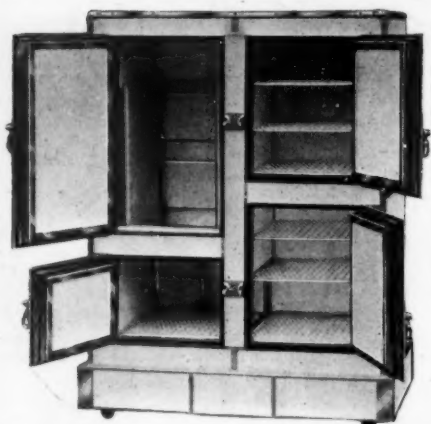
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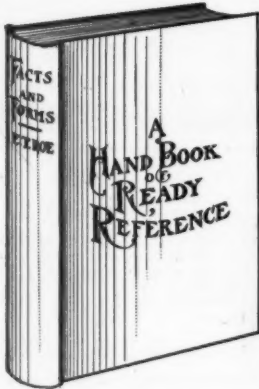
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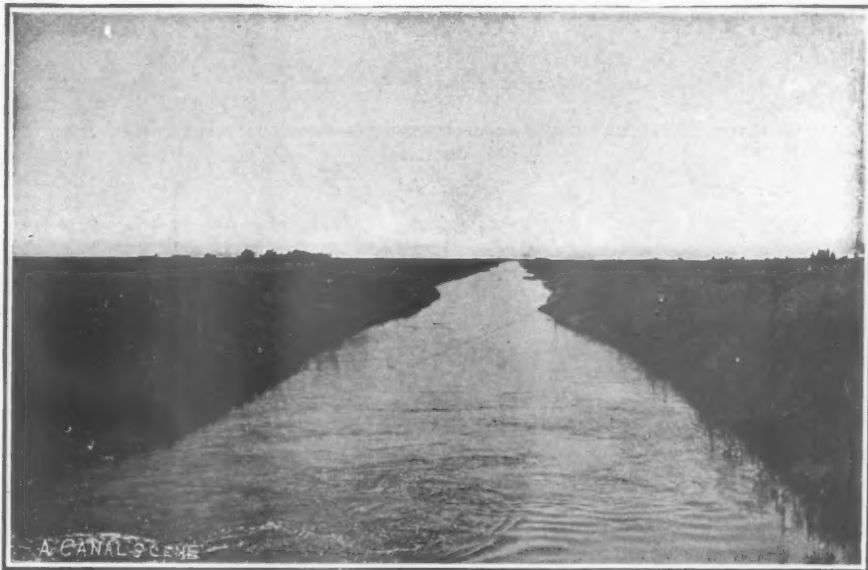
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A Reminiscence of the Days of the Padres.—San Xavier Mission, California.

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Mt. Hood, Oregon, and the beautiful city of Portland, where the great Lewis & Clark Exposition is to be the feature of interest for the whole world in 1905.

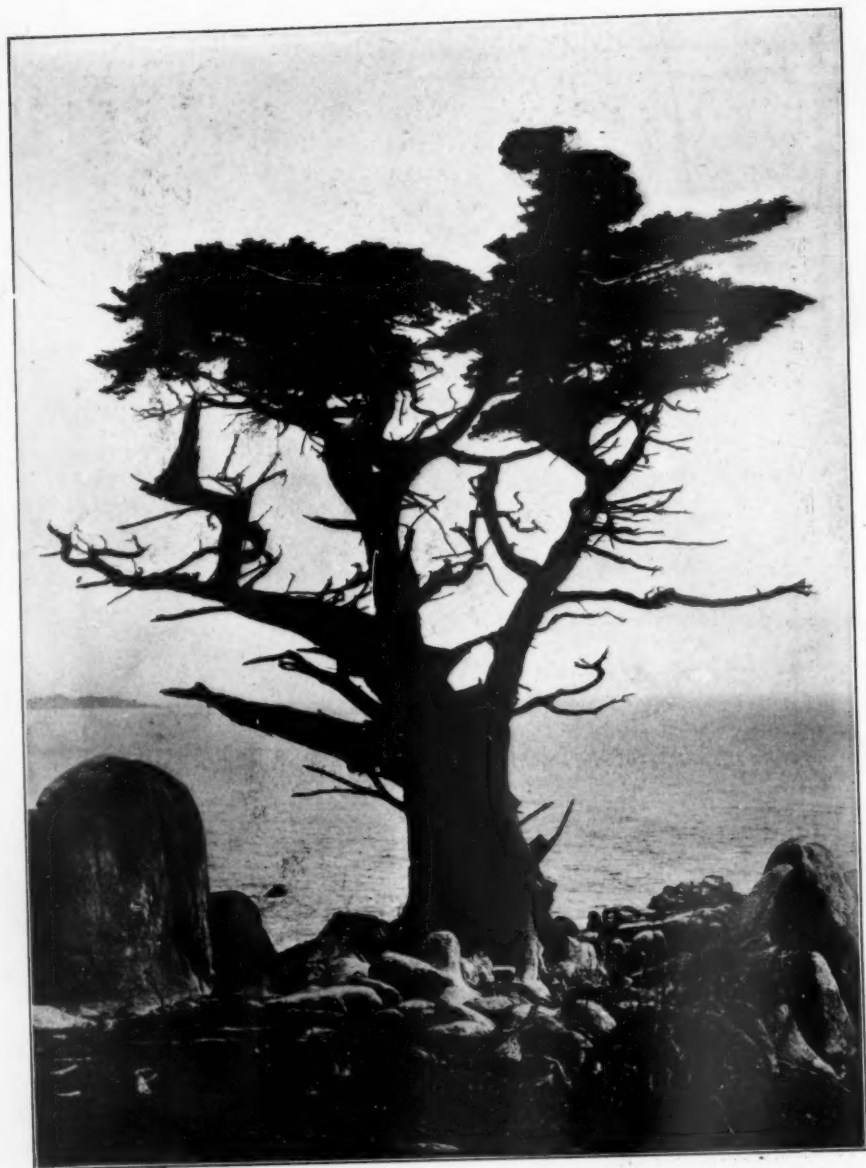


Moose Babyhood. Wild State. This photograph was taken by J. Doody of Seattle, Washington.



Professor Charles Keeler.
See "A Midwinter Sun Mystery."

Photo by Hana Robison.



A Monterey Cypress.

Putnam & Valentine, Photo.

Overland Monthly

Vol. XLV

March, 1905

No. 3

THE RISE OF A SULTAN

A Tale of Moro Reconstruction

BY CEPHAS C. BATEMAN. U. S. ARMY

PART I.

THE Supreme Court of the Mananaos was about to sit at Madaya. This village was the home of Manibilang (The Wise) and is situated on the shore of Lake Lanao at a point where the Agus river makes out of the Forbidden Sea and begins its foaming descent of more than two thousand feet to tide-water. This stream follows a tortuous channel for a distance of twenty miles, and is famous for its magnificent cataracts.

Directly opposite, looking westward, the village of Marahui crowns a like rocky angle formed by lake and river. Madaya is a seat of legal learning; Marahui lives in the tales of Spanish achievements and failure; both are likely to appear frequently in the history of the American occupation of Mindanao. Camp Vicars, commanding a slightly position seven hundred feet above lake-level, is distant about twenty-five miles across water in a southwesterly course. The stone faced fortress of Bayan is almost under Vicars, near the water's edge. Taraca, the heart of Mahometan fanaticism, is faintly visible from Madaya on a clear day, distant ten miles.

Lake Lanao, in fine weather, lies like a mirror firmly set in a dark

fretwork of forest and grass-clad hills, supporting lofty mountains at the south and east.

In the hot, dry days of early summer, when the lake is low, a wide beach exposed and the trails passable, Mananaos, together with mountain and seashore clans ruled by them, bend their steps toward Madaya, carrying appeals to the legal authority.

These savage, cunning men must needs have a court of last resort when, for any reason, contentions may not be ended by single combat or tribal war. Local kabugatans, or justices, are sometimes unable to pass upon matters at issue involving prominent people, and prudently refer without prejudice such cases to the highest tribunal.

In the legal sense, Al Koran is styled The Kitab, which means simply the law. Theoretically, The Kitab is the standard by which all conduct is squared and crimes punished, but the penalties prescribed in the Koran are often so harsh that evasions are substituted for letter and spirit. Since the issues of life and death are, however, in the hands of sultans and dattos, mayhem and capital punishment are often inflicted on slaves and subjects for

slight offense in a sudden outburst of passion. The Kitab is not invoked to justify such acts.

The sky was clear, the sun was climbing towards the zenith as sultans, dattos, kabugatans, sankopans, witnesses and litigants generally were pressing in the direction of Madaya.

Decisions were to be rendered affecting Moro life and property rights. The presence of Americans, their achievements in the arts of war and peace, had raised questions for which there was neither law nor precedent. Quarrels between the rulers had waxed hot, but in some instances before the disputants could come to blows, army officers had interfered to prevent blood-

"wipe up the earth with the old scoundrel who bears a Chinese name."

The commander addressed Asum in his mother tongue, directing him to withdraw his men and betake himself to his own casa. In the event he refused to obey the order at once, he was to be driven away at the point of the bayonet. The command was really welcome to the surly datto, whose bark was always more dangerous than his bite. Magundaya was disappointed, though he could not but feel that the act of sending Asum home justified his cause.

"We are fallen upon strange times," began the sultan of Abaron, addressing his legal advisor en route



The Agus River —Moro Country, Mindanao.

shed. At a critical moment, when Dattos Asum and Magundaya, with their clans, were about to settle at the point of crisis and campilan a feud of long standing, the American commander at Pantar had walked unarmed between the lines of enraged warriors as they brandished their keen-edged weapons, and hissed defiance at each other. Magundaya had besought the commanding officer to step aside that he might have the joy of carrying Asum's heart home with him that night. Soldiers perched upon the bridge or standing near the Spanish blockhouse on the bluff, with Krags in hand, longed to see Magundaya

to Madaya. "The Americans are upsetting everything. They know nothing about The Kitab, and care less. They are the most thoroughly heathen people I have ever seen or heard of in all my life. They believe a man should have but one wife at a time, and while they make no attempt to break up our domestic relations, they are putting some strange notions into the minds of our young men, who are rapidly learning their lingo. If a slave leaves his master and escapes into a military camp he cannot be recovered from thence unless he chooses to return. I made a demand upon an officer for return of a slave, and

he told me that it was a matter for the slave to decide. Was not that astonishing? Think of a slave deciding what he shall or shall not do! My heart is very sore. There is the commandante who stopped a Moro battle at Pantar, and later prevented an attack upon his friend, the sultan of Marantao. I believe the end of the world is coming very soon. Matters are going from bad to worse.

"El Capitan told the Sultan of Detesean that he would no longer be permitted to kill his slaves when they displeased him. Well, I admit that my brother should not have taken the life of that slave who had returned to service of his own accord after having spent a time with the Americans. It was poor policy, for the boy might have given valu-

the points of his case and endeavoring to conjecture the decision "The Wise" would render. He awoke from his abstraction as he strode close behind his client in time to catch the question. "No, never!" he ejaculated. "There was never so many litigants, so many perplexing questions, nor so many angry Moros. Court month is usually a time of feasting. I fear many will run amuck ere this day is done.

The open space and passages between the houses were packed with Moros dressed for occasions of ceremony. Women and children huddled in the huts or hung over the window-sills to avoid the crush. The high-priest of the Bayabaos, Hadji Nor-Mohammud, a half-caste Arabian, robed in white, followed by the noted albino Islam Bishop of Ma-



Lake Lanao, island of Mindanao, showing Moro Mosque.

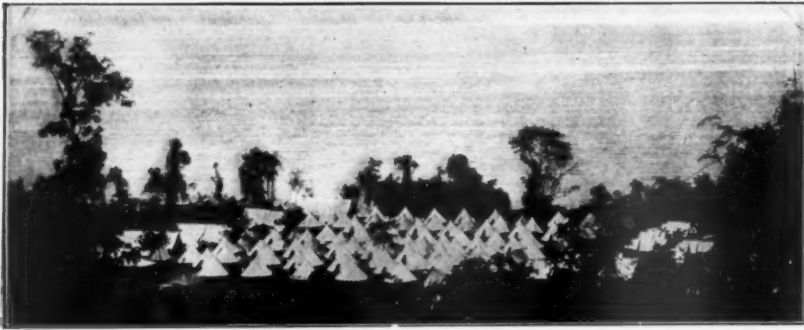
able information against the invaders of our country. I really think, however, that the son of Detesean, who goes crazy at the full of every moon, was responsible for the act. The Americans thrust their power and presence upon us at unexpected times and places. They not only prevent the settlement of disputes in the way common to Islam, but they require an explanation of matters at issue when they know nothing at all about our troubles.

"One's enemies should be killed. This makes the distribution of property easy, and gives the living a better chance for life."

"Did you ever see such a crowd pouring into Madaya?"

The sankopan was thinking over

daya, was seen coming from the mosque. The offices for the dead had just been celebrated. The sacred fire kindled under the suspended cylinder, containing the dying, had expired as a soul passed into the presence of Allah. These noted ecclesiastical dignitaries were in turn followed by a group of bright young panditas, some of whom were scribes, while others were candidates for advanced orders of priesthood. Along the beach, bancas, vintas and praos were drawn up, and the entire lake-front was a mass of moving color. Looking across the river, Marahui was seen to be a human hive. Red umbrellas decorated with fantastic figures and beaded fringe, sheltered the turban,



An American Camp in Mindanao.

ed heads of the rich and powerful above the common level of both multitudes. Laden boats were braving the boiling current or making a detour on the lake to avoid the suck of the Agus. It was evident, as enemies and factions arrived, that all were becoming more excited. Women smiled faintly as they recognized a friend, or grew dark with frowns as faces suggesting unpleasant experiences appeared. There was no laughter. Anger, anxiety or fear was written upon every countenance. A crowd of Moros in one respect resembles a heap of gun-powder poured upon a pavement. A spark ignites the whole, but does not consume it. The elements quickly form into groups like iron filings around a magnet, and a battle ensues which is just as senseless as it is bloody. The atmosphere was growing heavier, the tension was reaching the snapping point. The spell of amuck was seizing men, who were smarting under the recollection of bitter altercations and unprovoked wrongs, real or imaginary. Moros were beginning to prefer death to life itself, if only revenge might be indulged. Relief must come from some quarter ere pent-up forces burst forth like Apo in eruption.

A strong cry went up, and the entire concourse startled and staggered as if shocked by a powerful electric current. "El Capitan! El Capitan!" and the stentorian tones of

Magundaya were recognized as he commanded: "Stand back, Islam! Stand back, Islam! The Captain has come to visit you." A sudden stillness reigned as an army officer at the head of a troop of cavalry, securely guarding three American ladies, rode slowly through the avenue made by the rapidly dividing crowd. Halting in front of the judgment house of Manibilang, the armed escort awaited the appearance of the chief justice. That worthy was not slow in coming nor yet slow in falling under a spell quite different from any he had ever experienced in war or peace. Such faces, figures, voices, laughter, had not been seen or heard before in this mountain fastness. The Chief Justice was almost speechless, and could only mutter with effort the word "Mapia." "American women on the north shore of Lanao," he finally exclaimed in astonishment. The young Sultan relieved the awkward situation by coming forward and extending in good Spanish a cordial welcome. A hum of voices was heard in the houses, words of admiration multiplied until the Babel buzz grew into a roar such as the lake gives back when lashed by the monsoons.

"You are very brave," said the gallant Sultan, "to follow your soldier friends so far from home. Still braver to visit Madaya, for it is reported of us everywhere that we kill strangers first and make their

acquaintance afterwards. Are you all married?"

The query was greeted by a merry ripple, in which the Sultan joined with characteristic chuckle.

The face of "The Wise" lighted up. The contagion had attacked him last of all.

"Oh, yes, indeed, we are all married, and wives of officers whom you no doubt have often seen and may know," replied a brilliant blonde, with sparkling eyes. This lady spoke Castillian with faultless accent.

"Happy indeed must be the men who own such women," observed the Sultan in rapture.

"Oh, our husbands do not own us. Customs are different in America, you know," was the quick correction.

"Then you must surely own your husbands: Is that the custom in America?"

The compliment and the soft impeachment were undeniable. The fair American was beaten in the wilds of Mindanao, and the laugh went around.

"Well, he knows how to say nice things, at any rate," she exclaimed in English.

The trumpet sounded, and amid cries of "good-bye," "adios," and "mapia," the military party filed out of the village and, turning into the embowered trail, was soon lost to view.

Something had come into the life of Madaya which would never go

out. A day of good feeling had begun. The spell of amuck was broken, and the few fanatics who wished to be prepared for juramentado that they might kill white men for the cause of religion, were publicly denounced by Hadji-Nir-Mohammud as no better than swine, which all Islam abhors. Moros who had arrived with murder in their hearts began immediately to settle their differences out of court, thereby sparing themselves reprimands and costs. Lake-men had something entirely new to talk about. A marvelous change had been wrought in ten minutes.

II

Kasanguan, the counselor, took up a position at the entrance of the judgment house, and in a loud voice proclaimed:

"Manibilang, 'The Wise' would now try the heart of every man who has a cause. Oho! Come, Islam, state your case, pay the costs or fines and go your way."

The judgment house was one of the largest native structures in all the Moro country at this period. It was at once the court chamber and the dwelling of the chief justice. On entering, the observer was impressed by the barbaric splendor of the interior. The walls were hung with weapons and adorned with brazen plaques and vessels. An upper story within the pitch of the roof, and remote from the main en-



Malanaos or Lake Moros.

trance, was reached by means of a bamboo ladder. This space was partitioned into apartments for women. The conspicuous object within the main chamber was the judgment seat. A canopy of brilliant hangings overspread what appeared at first glance to be a wide bed made upon the floor. Cushions surrounded a heavily-covered dais, or lay about upon the broad divan for the use of those eminent in rank and authority.

Shortly after Kasanguan had issued the call, Manibilang took his seat, and litigants and spectators crowded through the door-way and squatted upon the floor. The Chief Justice of the Malanaos was a remarkable man. He was to Lakemen what Mabini was to the Tagologs—the intellectual giant of the breed. There was just this difference, that while Mabini was a paralytic, Manibilang was as physically sound as he was acute. One was just about as slow as the other to find any redeeming qualities in the Americans. There was much to attract attention to the Chief Justice as he sat to hear the complaints and adjudicate the differences of his tribesmen. His raiment was as costly as that worn by the Sultan of Jolo, and yet he was a man who had no military rank. There is an order of rank among these people known as panundiangan—above a Sultan, or past Sultan.

Manibilang wore a cris at his girdle worth 2,000 pesos. A huge buckle of solid gold clasped the girdle about his abdomen. He was known as "The Wise," and even among savage men, that is a title superior to all rank. The great judge glanced about him, and said: "I recognize the sankopan of Abaron. What is the case?"

The attorney of Abaron arose, stepped into the open space in front of "The Wise," and after paying obeisance, addressed the court:

"Some time ago, my master purchased a slave-woman of the Sultan

of Basac, paying the sum of 20 pesos for her. After having removed her to Abaron, she became violently insane. She could not be controlled by day, and by night she shrieked the name of a son whom she declared had been killed by her own hand. She annoyed us greatly by crying: 'Come back, my son! Your poor old mother did not mean to kill you. Come back! My heart is broken! I am mad! Oh, I killed him. Oh, I am mad, come back, my son!'

Inquiry was instituted concerning her, and we ascertained that the Sultan of Basac had decided to sell her sons apart a month or so before my master bought the woman. It appeared she brooded over the prospective separation until she ran amuck, cutting one of her sons down—killing him on the spot—and so injured the other that his life was only saved by the timely arrival of the American surgeon from the military camp. This woman also inflicted bodily harm upon other members of the household, including the Sultan himself. Now, O mighty judge, in whose heart wisdom resides, we were imposed upon in that sale, and come to you for redress, as we cannot reach an agreement among ourselves."

"What did you expect to get for 20 pesos?" sternly demanded the warrior-justice. "You bargained for a cheap dog and found you had purchased a mad slut. Restrain your crazy slave if you can, kill her if you must! Settle the costs of this action with the scribe!"

Ilang, the sankopan of Mandalug, was the next to be recognized:

"Oh, wisest of the Lakemen, be it known to you that Bulu, a foreman, was murdered in a hemp field, under circumstances which strongly point to Kauan as the guilty person. The murdered man was last seen alive in company with Kauan near the spot where the body was found. It is known that Kauan owed Bulu borrowed money; it is also known that Bulu had taken to

wife a woman Kauan had desired to possess, but was not able to buy when she was offered for sale. Personal effects of the deceased were found in the hut of Kauan. The widow of Bulu is much annoyed by the offensive advances made by this man, who is believed to be the murderer of her husband. Kauan very recently sold to a soldier in the market place at Marahui a dagger which had belonged to Bulu, remarking as he did so: 'This is a valuable weapon—I cut the throat of a Moro with it.' Now be it known unto Manibilang, these facts were all presented to our Kabugatan at the trial. In defending himself against the charge, Kauan swore he was innocent; his relatives took a like oath, and one and all invoked the curses recorded in Al Koran upon themselves and their posterity if found to be guilty of perjury. The Kabugatan ruled that as there were no eye-witnesses to the act, and as the strongest oath known to Islam had been taken by the accused and his people, no further action was necessary. Kauan was, however, required to pay a fine of 100 pesos to the datu to allay suspicion, and assuage the grief of sore hearts. The bereaved family implores a reversal of the decision of our Kabugatan."

"Is there any one present to speak for Kauan?" asked "The Wise" as he overlooked the crowd. "There seems to be no one. I doubt not you have stated the circumstances as they were, but as you already know, the decision of your kabugatan was strictly in accord with our laws and customs and must stand unless the accused should confess his crime. In such an event he may be cut down or sold into slavery, with all his relatives who took upon themselves the oath. While awaiting such confession, should the family take up arms and fight the matter out, that is their privilege and does not concern this court. There are no costs. I recognize Isa of Biram-Bingan."

A bright, active Moro stepped to the position vacated by the sankopan.

"Oh, Wisest of Islam! I am a young man, as you see, the son of a Sultan, as you know. I bought a girl from the Sultan of Piti-Ilan, paying 300 pesos for her—nearly all the money I had earned with my handful of slaves by labor on the military road. Piti-Ilan required me to place the money in his hands before the day was appointed for the wedding, if I desired to close the bargain at the spot. He informed me that I could come and take the woman away at my leisure, since I was not able to meet the expenses of a fiesta at that time. I did as directed, with many misgivings, and returned to Biram-Bingan to make ready a home for my bride. A month later I returned to find my betrothed dead of cholera. I covered the grave of my lost loved one with white muslin twined about a bamboo frame, and my heart was sore. After the funeral I demanded the return of my money or the hand of an older sister, whom I liked well. This young woman was willing to come away with me, as the cotta was crowded and filled with violence. Piti-Ilan demanded 100 additional pesos for this girl. I had not the money, and I cannot pay the price. He proposed a compromise by which I should have two little girls of ten years. One of these was a timid, sickly creature; the other, robust enough, was afflicted with hare-lip. Both sobbed piteously when they heard what had been proposed, until I admonished them to keep silence, as I had no thought of taking them away. I have been wronged, and I ask for redress, O Wisdom of the Malanaos."

"And you shall have it, my son," quietly observed The Wise. "Your cause is just, but unfortunately I cannot exercise authority over domestic affairs of rulers. This is not the first complaint heard by me against Piti-Ilan. Unless you could

overthrow the Sultan, no redress is possible, but such an act, I fear, is beyond your powers. To demand the money long before the wedding was unfair; to refuse to substitute an older daughter was outrageous. Isa, you may go; there are no costs. I regret that I cannot help you."

"May I not remain longer and hear further decisions?" asked Isa.

"Certainly, my son, if you so desire."

Isa was comforted. He somehow felt there was hope of recovering all that death had not taken from him. Those pregnant words, "Unless you could overthrow the Sultan," rang like a bell in his ears. "I believe I can do it; I know I can do it; I shall do it!"

He was speaking to that stormy heart of his.

"I recognize Fasandalan of Uato!" thundered the Chief Justice.

"I found three American horses near the western border of the Macius several months ago, used them for a season, and had about decided to return them to the commandante and claim the reward, when they were stolen from me. I have tracked them to Bacolod, where I understand the Sultan is using them in re-establishing himself in power, since the Americans have ruined his cottas. He is riding them on his forays against rulers who refused to aid him in his stand against the invaders, and is now spreading terror among his enemies. The animals are very strong and capable of carrying great burdens of loot. I wish authority to go to the Sultan of Bacolod, claim the horses, and return them to their owners, who hold out a large reward."

Manibilang smiled grimly, and the crowd roared immoderately.

"The decision of this court is that those horses were found before they were lost. My advice to Fasandalan is to keep away from the Sultan of Bacolod if he values his own life. Bacolod is in no mood to receive requests or appeals. He appears,

from your story, to be using American property to retrieve his fortunes swept from him by the invaders. If Americans unconsciously supply the means by which he shall accomplish this purpose, I can see no grounds for complaint. The invaders are a very brave people, but very foolish people. No law of Islam applies to them.

"Now, for the benefit of many who may not be familiar with the law concerning domestic animals stolen from rightful owners, I repeat a decision often given: If a Moro buys a horse in good faith and finds afterwards that it has been stolen, the animal must again be sold, and the proceeds of such sale divided equally between the proper owner and the man who purchased under a misrepresentation. The loss must be sustained share and share alike. The one is thereby punished for his negligence, the other for his folly. But in the event the horse has been sold several times, title to the same resides in the last man who purchased, while redress can only be secured to the loser by apprehension of the thieves, a process both slow and expensive. The Kitab prescribes that the hands of the thief shall be cut off; for this reason Islam has always found it difficult to convict. It is our custom to modify this penalty by selling into slavery all thieves who cannot pay their fines. Domestic animals stolen from Visayans, Montescos, Tagalogs, Americans or other heathen can only be recovered by force against the Moros. It should be the business of owners to see that Moros do not find their property unguarded.

"Now comes Sankakala, the eloquent sankopan of Madaya," abruptly announced the expounder of the Kitab.

A tall, vigorous Moro, with keen face and elastic step, bowed in acknowledgment of the compliment. "May it please Manibilang, son of a distinguished father, and father of

a distinguished son, most learned of all Islam: It is rarely that I come into this august presence in my own behalf. My voice is usually lifted for others. This cause concerns myself. It is well known our lamented friend, the datto of Nonucan, died suddenly of cholera after he had entered upon an important agreement with the Americans. At the time of his demise, negotiations were pending for the sale of his plantation to the Americans, who are now at work building a soldier town on the property. After Nonucan was dead, the sum agreed upon was paid by the commandante at Iligan to the senior widow. I waited upon the dattana, who is a capable financier, and asked for a division of the money among the descendants of the first master of the field, who claimed all the land from Marahui to the sea for his people in common to the end of the world. I am myself one of those descendants, and I know that Nonucan had no authority of Moro law or custom to alienate that plantation. The dattana informed me that Nonucan, while dying, had instructed her to repudiate all claims and debts and keep the money the Americans would give her for the land. I regret to say that I scarcely credit her story, since I always regarded Nonucan as a wise and honest ruler. I recall that some years ago, when he was deeply in debt, he headed an expedition against the Montescos, fell upon their chief town at the headwaters of the Cagayan, and drove their warriors into the river. Nonucan returned with captive women, carabao, horses and large loot. A fiesta was held and he paid all he owed. I stand ready to lead armed men to enforce my claim against the dattana and her people, and I humbly request authority to do so.

"The authority is granted," promptly replied The Wise. "Should this mean war between Lakemen and Seashoremen, the responsibility lies with the avaricious widow

who loves money. Nonucan was an honest man; he took nothing from Islam; he gave much to his friends; he was loyal to the Prophet."

(Sankakala had won his case, and a few days later the widow counted out the money at the point of spears).

"Now, Dua and Telu of Ganasi, what is your trouble?"

Two young men advanced together. Dua was the spokesman:

"Nan-nan-nan-nan-nan. Great and Wise Manibilang: We two fell out over a carabao which died of a disease introduced into the Lake Country by the Americans. Telu was using the carabao at the time, for it was the season of planting sweet potatoes and maize. Our kabugatan said Telu was not to blame, but I think he should bear half the loss, and pay me 30 pesos at least.

"You foolish children! Manibilang decides that you agree to quarrel no more over a dead carabao. I shall require you to seal the agreement by cutting the bujuka in this presence. Do you agree?"

"I do," said Telu, heartily. "And I," responded Dua, after a pause.

Telu selected a strand of rattan from a bundle of switches lying on a hard-wood slab, at one of which the scribe was awkwardly writing from right to left as he slowly spelled out Moro words into Arabic characters. The defendant presented one end of the bujuka to the complainant, who grasped it slowly and pulled taut. Dua then drew from the sash of Telu a dagger, with which he severed the strand. The weapon was resheathed by the hand that had drawn it. Each touched his lips with the bits of rattan, and there was "nothing between them." In American parlance, "the hatchet was buried."

"There are no costs," said the Chief Justice.

Manibilang arose and announced that the court was closed for the day. The Scribe gathered up his

writing materials as the crowd dispersed.

Isa sought out Fasandalan, whom he found reluctant to give out information anent the horses. Later he greeted Dua and Telu as they were "eating salt" together. He had known them both in other years.

"May I not eat salt with you, and so enter into a friendship which must last through our whole lives?" he asked, cheerfully.

"With pleasure," responded the pair.

The three partook of gulay, a stewed compound of certain leaves of shrubs, the linings of nut-husks, grated cocoanut, red pepper and dried fish, strong with salt. This dish is served with rice cooked separately.

Moros are shy about partaking of food with a stranger, lest by "eating salt" with him they bind themselves to a friendship which they may not in future desire to support. They will not eat with a foreigner, lest they partake of food which has the fat of swine in it. Cocoanut oil is used instead of lard or butter.

When the three young huskies were filled, Dua drew from a buyabox a small package of smoking tobacco and a brier pipe.

"Where did you get those things?" Isa asked with surprise.

Telu and Dua were at once convulsed with laughter. "Well," began Dua, "there is a story connected with these treasures. Telu and I, before we quarreled over the dead carabao, now happily forgotten, were in the vicinity of Parang one afternoon, when an American picture-maker stopped near us as we lay in the grass. He had a machine mounted on three slender legs. Telu and I crept up very close to him. When he became busy with his work, he seemed to hear nothing. I believe the man was deaf. He placed a black cloth over his head as he looked into the machine. At that instant I sprang on him and

drew out his pistol depending at his hip. Telu cut off the cartridge belt as he fell. Then we took everything he had, smashed his machine, and fled. I had no intention of attacking him until I saw the pistol. I wanted that. We did him slight injury, however, for a little later we saw him running toward the pueblo. We got a lot of things of no use to us—the pistol is one of them. I never saw such a gun anywhere. Arrived at home, I took it to pieces with much difficulty, but could not put it together again. I kept all the parts, and they are at Ganasi today."

"Describe the parts," said Isa, eagerly.

Dua drew on a frond of banana crude diagrams of the most important mechanical contrivances.

"Isa's heart thumped with suppressed excitement, but he merely grunted his approval of the sketches. He had seen army officers take down the Colt automatic pistol and explain the mechanism to by-standers. To his mind, that weapon meant conquest, fortune. He would possess it, if to gain it he must take the lives of both his friends. He could re-adjust the parts, but shrewdly changed the topic of conversation immediately, lest he betray his knowledge.

"By the beard of the Prophet," he ejaculated, "I should like to get a rifle from a soldier, and I am willing to face death in any form to accomplish the purpose.

"I think if we three should combine, we could get more than one," suggested Dua.

"If we got several, we could intimidate dattos, get horses and carabaos and women, and become Sultans ourselves after a while. I, for my part, should like to help Isa kill Piti-Ilan, that rich old cock who rules thirty-five mountain towns just north of Bacolod. I hear that he and Bacolod are now at war, because when Pershing's troops appeared Piti-Ilan could not be found;

but he is pretty strong, and Bacod is reduced by the loss of people and property."

Telu had spoken with animation. Isa's brain reeled under the thought of proffered assistance. "I stand ready to join you in any exploit of that kind," he responded with feeling. "But guns, guns, guns, those are the necessary things—guns are everything. They mean money, houses, lands, people, power among Moros. There is a way to get them, but it is a way beset with dangers and probably loss of life; but I would rather die in an effort to get guns than live without them. What is a Moro without guns and ammunition these days? No better than a slave. I have a plan to submit to you in strict confidence which will, I believe, result in our making the fortunes we so much desire."

"Let us have the plan; we are ready to do what you suggest if within our power." Dua and Telu were hot for adventure.

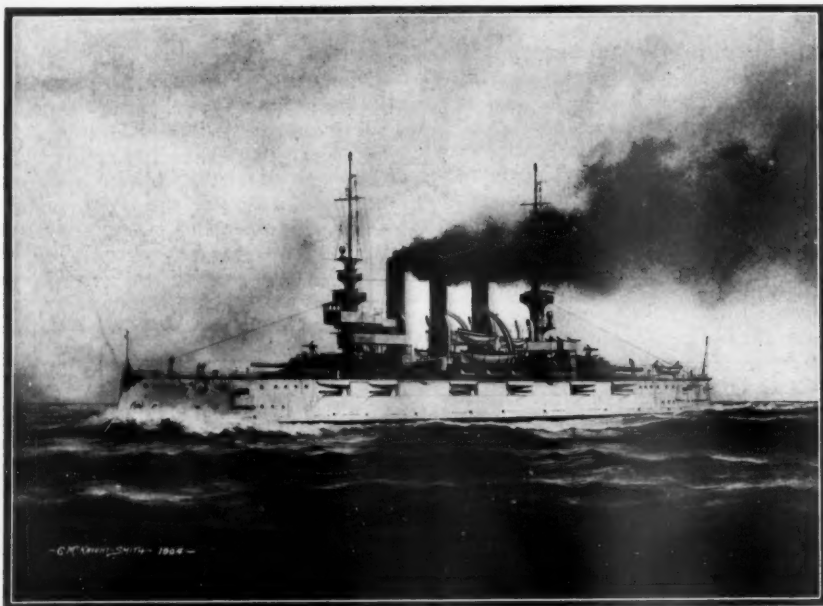
"I know three men who are under vow of juramentado to kill white men. One resides here in Madaya, a second is a priest at Toros, and the third is a desperate fellow who lives at Bacayauan. They can be

(To be Concluded.)

hurried in their purpose by money. Each can gather about him a small following. I propose to approach these men with an offer of money, and designate the time and place they are to strike down unsuspecting soldiers. We three can take up a position some morning near Pantar and operate together. We can lie in the grass until soldiers who are hunting for boar come near, and then spring upon and engage them at close quarters, escaping with guns and ammunition—if we live. A disguise will not be necessary for you, since you are strangers in these parts. Weeks may pass before the desired opportunity presents itself, but if you are willing to wait and watch, we shall be repaid if successful. If we are killed, what does it matter? We can neither shorten nor prolong our days. Every man dies when his time comes. All our priests say as much."

The conspirators drew apart from the throng into a field bounded by a bamboo hedge, and recited in concert the terms of the compact, cut and kissed the bujuka, and a plot against the life of American soldiers—a plot to murder—was formed, to be carried out with diabolical determination.





U. S. S. Connecticut.

THE FOUR CONNECTICUTS

BY C. H. ALLISON

PROGRESS in the building of warships is strikingly illustrated in the history of the four Connecticuts that have flown the American flag. The step from the little schooner-rigged craft that participated in the first fleet action in which the United States Navy ever engaged, in 1776, to the "magnificent" sloop-of-war built in 1798, "to chastise French insolence on the high seas," was a long one. Then, after a period of sixty years, the third Connecticut appeared on the navy list, that "mighty steamer" which served creditably in the Civil War, her 1700 tons of displacement causing her 432 ton predecessor of the French war to look like a pigmy. Following the example of her sisters, the great 16,000 ton battleship launched from the Brooklyn

Navy Yard on September 29th, shows another gigantic stride in naval development, and when completed, will be one of the most formidable fighting machines the world has ever seen.

The predecessors of the new Connecticut played an important part in the history of the United States navy. The first warship bearing this name was engaged in the naval battle of Lake Champlain, October 11-13, 1776. Under the command of Major-General Benedict Arnold, the American fleet, of fifteen vessels, mounted 88 guns, and was manned by 700 men. The English fleet of 25 vessels, mounting 89 guns and manned by 1,000 men, had started from Canada with a large army to begin the invasion of New York, and one of the first essentials

to the success of their plan was the control of Lake Champlain and its contiguous waters. The opposing fleets met in battle near Plattsburg, and after a hard, all-day fight the enemy at dark drew just out of gunshot, intending to renew the struggle the following morning. Realizing that he was contending against hopeless odds, Arnold placed a screened light at the stern of each of his vessels, and about midnight stole through the British lines in single file, and proceeded down the lake. Their escape was not discovered till daylight, when the English gave chase. It was not till near noon on the following day, when near Split Rock, that the opposing vessels were again within fighting range; and then began a running fight in which the American vessels were destroyed or dispersed. Although defeated in this fleet action, the Americans inflicted such loss on the English, and so delayed their progress that the invasion was abandoned. Like the battle of Bunker Hill, the defeat was in reality a victory, for its main object, the repelling of the invaders, was accomplished.

In the naval war against France, 1798-1801, a navy of some 25 warships was created to protect American merchantmen in the West Indies. Among these war-craft was the 20-gun sloop Connecticut, shown in the accompanying illustration. She was built at Middletown, Conn., at a cost of \$57,000. Under the command of Captain Moses Tryon, she cruised two years in the West Indies, convoying merchantmen and chasing French privateers. On the cessation of hostilities she was sold for \$19,300.

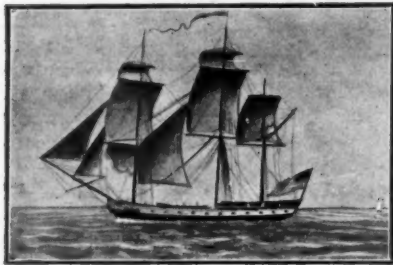
One of the first problems confronting the Government at Washington on the outbreak of the Civil War was that of supplying warships at distant points on the blockade of Southern ports with fresh provisions and of maintaining communication with them so that the

sick and wounded men, as well as the mails, could be transported with reasonable facility. For this service two side-wheel steamers of about 1700 tons each were purchased and named the Rhode Island and Connecticut, the latter being bought in July, 1861, under the name Mississippi, for \$200,000. Throughout the Civil War, these supply steamers kept open communication between Northern ports and warships on the lonely blockade, going as far as New Orleans or Galveston each trip, as the exigencies of the service required. They were heavily armed, and frequently were called on to chase blockade runners and Confederate cruisers, besides occasionally taking part in a bombardment. At the close of the war, the Connecticut was sold for \$131,000.

The present Connecticut is one of two first-class battleships authorized by Congress, and approved July 1, 1902, the act providing that one of the vessels should be built at a Government Yard, the other to be constructed by one of the leading private yards. The Secretary of the navy named the Brooklyn Navy Yard as the place where the Connecticut should be built, and the Newport News Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company won the contract for building the Louisiana, as the other vessel was to be named. The limit of cost in the case of each ship, exclusive of armor, was \$4,212,000. The Newport News Company made a bid of \$3,990,000 for the Louisiana, agreeing to deliver the vessel complete and ready for service by March 15, 1906, which is the date also set for the completion of the Connecticut.

From the start, keen rivalry has been shown at the competing shipyards as to which vessel would be finished first. So far, the private firm has an apparent lead of about a month, for the Louisiana was launched some time before the Connecticut. But the race has not been won yet. Taken as a whole, the

work on the Connecticut is slightly in advance of that on the Louisiana, though the latter was first to reach water. Since the ill-fated Maine was built, no ship of great size has been attempted at the Brooklyn Yard until work was commenced on the Connecticut. The yard was in no condition for such a gigantic undertaking, and it was necessary to spend a large sum of money and considerable time in obtaining the necessary facilities. However, the



The First Connecticut.

keel of the Connecticut was laid in March, 1903, and the fact that the hull was launched on September 29, 1904, is an indication that rapid work has been done.

A recent tabular comparison places the Connecticut class as superior to any warship now completed or under construction. Her general dimensions and characteristics are as follows: Length, 450 feet; extreme beam, 76 feet 10 inches; mean draught, 24 feet 6 inches; displacement, 16,000 tons; twin screws; vertical triple expansion engines; speed, 18 knots; indicated horsepower, 16,500; coal capacity, 2,200 tons; complement, 42 officers and 761 men; protective deck, 2 1-2 inches thick on the slope and 1 1-2 inches thick on the flat.

Her armament consists of four 12-inch guns, eight 8-inch guns, twelve 7-inch guns, twenty 3-inch rapid-fire guns; twelve 3-pounders, eight 1-pounders, two 3-inch field guns,

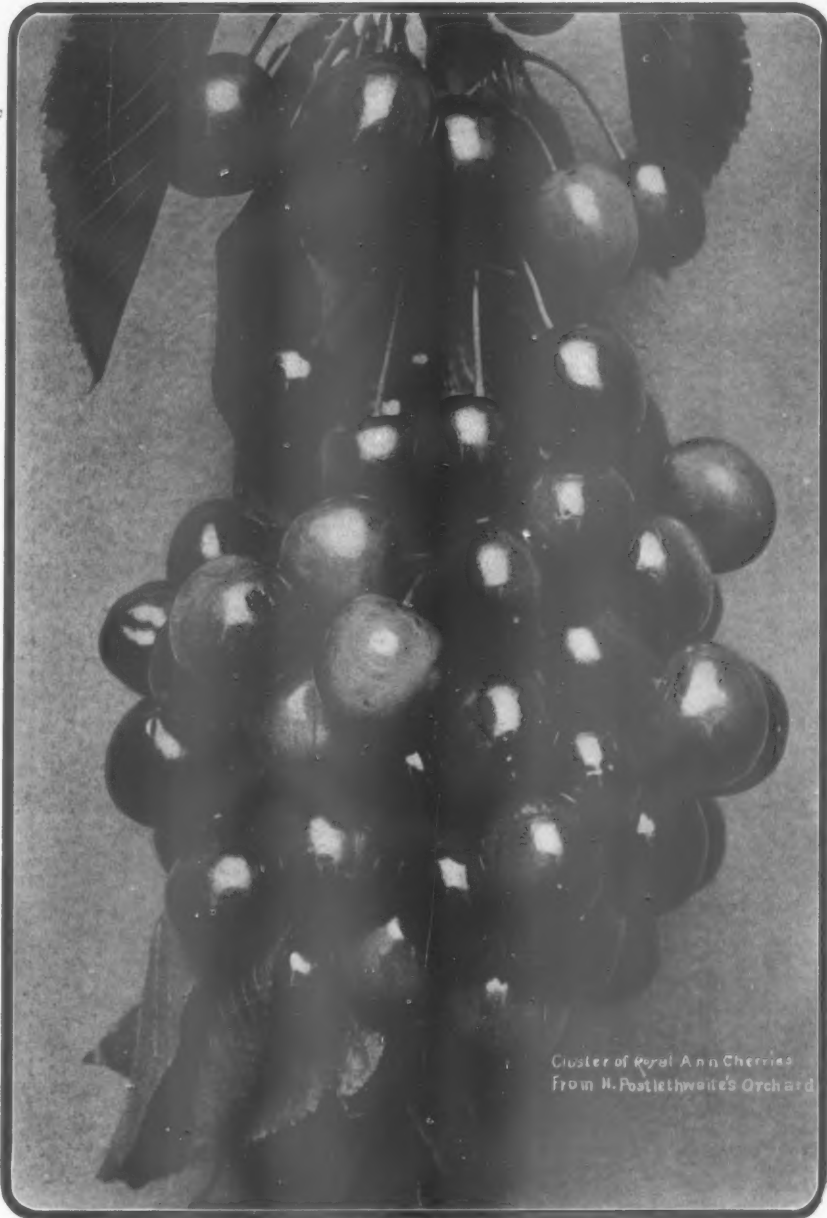
eight machine guns and four submerged torpedo tubes. Her armor belt is 11 inches thick at the top and 9 inches at the bottom. The thickness of armor on the largest turrets is 12 inches, and for the smaller turrets 8 inches. The barbette armor is 10 inches for the 12-inch guns and 6 inches for the 6-inch guns.

The feature of greatest importance in the Connecticut, as compared with other battleships, is the battery. The substitution of 7-inch for 6-inch guns greatly increases the vessel's gun-power.

In the Connecticut and Louisiana, the United States will have two of the largest battleships in the world, their displacement being about 16,000 tons. The question of displacement has been the subject of many lively controversies among experts, both in and out of the navy, and the adoption of the plan of the Connecticut and Louisiana marked the temporary success of the advocates of the biggest tonnage that was compatible with moderate draught and reasonable cost. It is almost universally admitted that, in these vessels, the limit of size has been reached, so that if it should be decided to build more battleships of the mammoth type, it is not now considered likely that the tonnage of the Connecticut will be exceeded.

On the Pacific Coast there has been little naval construction work done, but it is apparent that the Western shipbuilders are alive to the magnitude of this industry, and are reaching out for a larger share.

Uncle Sam now has in course of construction 13 battleships, 8 armored cruisers, 7 protected cruisers, 3 gunboats, 3 training ships, and 5 torpedo destroyers, the aggregate cost of which will exceed one hundred and fifty million dollars. More war vessels are to be added to the navy year by year, if the plans of the Government carry through. Why should not some of them be built on the Pacific Coast?



Cluster of Royal Ann Cherries
From H. Postlethwaite's Orchard

March—"Cherries are Ripe in California."



The Picturesque West. The Wedge Boulder in Fork of White Creek Canyon, Arizona.
Putnam & Valentine, Photo.

THE JEW

A Tale of San Francisco

BY GRACE HELEN BAILEY

DOWN Kearny street sauntered McClarity, with the slow ponderous gait of over two hundred pounds of blue-coated justice. Once he paused on the curb of an alley-way and looked back over his shoulder at the clock swung high in the tower of the Hall of Justice. He had ten minutes before his nightly rounds commenced, and the irresoluteness of a moment became a fixed intention which sent his steps in the direction of a swinging baize door.

When McClarity came out, smacking his lips, he walked briskly; his every movement suggested law, and the star on his heroic breast was the one bright object that the electric arc beat upon and centered in. McClarity was a hybrid. He was of a type indigenous to the soil of a new and prosperous city. For the meek detective of the noiseless tread he had small regard. He came and went boldly, and the dark side of the street—except where the baize door opened—held no charm. It takes the restlessness, the incessant movement, the thrusting back of the weakest, the turmoil and the ever-reaching tide of humanity to produce a specimen like McClarity. An easy good-nature balanced a stern sense of justice, when he was meting it out to the offender, and the conscious importance of his office gave mercy a small part to play. His beat was Barbary Coast, and lay where the mean, two-storied buildings lean one against the other; where the houses, blistered and unpainted, hold themselves together with the uncertainty of a dirty pack of cards. The scent of sandal-wood and char-

ring punk gave way to the smell of decayed vegetables, too stale wine, and the inexplicable odor of a foreign element packed close and foully in confined spaces.

Phoenix-like, San Francisco had spread her wings, and, looking down from her warm nests on the hill-tops, beheld the ashes of her dead self. Some day, and near, the old character of the early sixties would be lost, the landmarks of a by-gone day would disappear, and the crowded alleys would widen into the thoroughfares of a thriving metropolis. But as it is to-day, and as McClarity saw it with the keen Celtic eye, it was unlovely and without promise, and a district to be guarded from the depredations of a whinnying mendicant and the skulking vagrant.

The night was thick and oppressive, with a fog drifting in from the bay; the warm, heavy atmosphere which comes after the trade-winds.

McClarity puffed and blew and stamped down the narrow streets that run in parallel lines to the water-front. Most of the lodging-houses were silent, with doors closed, and all the shops, with one exception, were bolted and barred.

The officer stood still and peered in at the window of Zakiel Zung's pawn-shop. A faint light came from a lamp in the rear, and from an open door a belt of radiance streamed warmly.

"Well, I niver," murmured McClarity, with a broad grin. "If it don't take the divil to beat a Jew in waitin' fer a customer."

He rattled the knob softly, then,

opening the door, thrust in his head. Zakiel sat behind the counter on a high stool, turning slowly at the noise, but he did not accord a smile, only a scowl. For this particular visitor the money-lender never had a welcome, as he well knew, but the genial expansion which succeeds a stop at the corner increased Mc-Clarity's natural spirit of forgiveness.

"How d'ye," he ventured.

Zakiel moved sideways and did not answer. He had the usurer's antipathy for all representatives of justice, an antipathy which dated, no doubt, from the well-remembered lesson of the temple, and for Mc-Clarity he cherished a secret fear and aversion.

Zakiel sighed with relief when the door closed and he heard the heavy tramp continue down the street. Zakiel sank lower in the ragged dressing-gown he always wore after office hours. He leaned over the counter listening, and as the steps died in the distance, a covert smile twisted his thick, moist lips; a greedy gleam shot from his slanting eyes.

In the duskiness of the show window the partly corroded butt of a pistol glistened, and a clumsy pair of cuff-links reared from out the dust heap; a pile of yellow-backed romances swayed toward a dog-eared, mouldy tome, and over all hung the decay and mustiness of things long since discarded. The tick of the clock and an occasional fog-whistle were the only sounds.

The Jew slipped down from his seat, and, going to the door, put up the shutters. He dropped the chain in place and turned the key in the padlock. Then, standing in the middle of the crowded shop with its witnesses of despairs and sins, he drew in a long breath, the quick intake of a joyous consciousness. Running over to the safe in the corner, he took out a bag fresh from the banks, and heavy with gold—the ripe young gold new from the sickle

of the mint. It was heavy, and the form strained and bent under the load. Zakiel dragged it down the length of the shop and pushed through to the sitting room beyond. It was a cheerful place, warmed with lamp and firelight. The tea things stood upon the table untouched.

Amelia was a good girl, so Zakiel told himself, for although she dined twice a week at Lucchetti's, she always prepared supper for her father. The old man gave a sigh of content and took up the toasting fork. Suddenly he put it down in great excitement, pierced by the thought: Suppose Amelia should come in and see the bag! He rushed over and caught it up, hugging it to his breast, all the while gurgling childishly, and patting the stiff covering with affectionate hand. He started with every sound, glancing uneasily around the room as though to discover a hiding place. The full draperies of the couch fell generously to the floor, affording a vantage for concealment. He got on his knees and pushed aside the cloth with nervous fingers, then pulled down the covering and rose to his feet, contemplating the result with satisfaction. It was a moment of rare enjoyment. In that dingy little back room, with its paper shades and cheap gaudiness, was a great mound of gold—pure, shining gold—ripe and mellow, and a delight to the eye. His frayed cap and ragged gown gave a keener relish to the knowledge of possession. "It was all for Mellie," he told his conscience, and yet, deep down in his heart he knew it was for love of the hoard itself. He moved toward the stairs that led into the girl's room above.

"I lof' he—I lof' her," he murmured in defiance, as he toiled upward, pausing every now and then to cast longing eyes at the treasure below. When he opened the girl's bed-room door, the candles flared wildly in the draught. One tallow

was stuck carelessly in the neck of a broken bottle, while five on the bureau leaned sideways, dripping their substance away on the beaten brass of a priceless candelabra. On the nearest chair a flaming petticoat hung, while a gaudy bodice of crimson silk lay upon the floor where she had thrown it, and by the side of the disordered bed—just as though they had fallen from her feet—were a pair of red slippers, down-trodden at the heel.

Zakiel took up the shoe and pressed it against his withered cheek, patting it lovingly as he had done with the bag down stairs. He seemed to feel the warmth of the girl's bare foot.

"Mellie—little Mellie!" he purred tenderly. Then he put it down and took up the silken petticoat. He drew the costly fabric between his yellow nails and pulled one end with his teeth. "Och Got, 'tis good—'tis good," he said. He blew out the five candles and descended softly in the noiseless felt slippers.

There was a loud bang at the outer door, the rattling of a key in the padlock, a heavy footstep, and Amelia burst into the sitting room. She cast off her damp garments, and threw her dripping plumed hat on the floor. With one beautifully rounded hand she drew from her luxuriant coils an ivory comb, thus precipitating a fall of her magnificent hair. She stretched her full length and yawned rudely, without speaking to Zakiel. The old man had slipped to the floor and was humbly trying to unfasten her wet boots.

"Oh, fadder, you old fool," she remonstrated crossly. She turned to the table and idly took up a small dagger which lay among the tea things. It was scarcely longer than a paper-knife, but its broad, jeweled sheath hid a curved blade of steel, sharp and deadly as the Armenian scimitar. She drew off the case, her eyes sparkling at the rubies which

dripped over the filigree like drops of blood.

"Ah, Mellie, 'tis good—eh?" Zakiel pressed close to her shoulder, a gluttonous approbation in his tone.

It was the money-lender's custom to show the girl the exchanges of the day, when they ran to the pretty baubles which he knew would please her fancy.

She yawned again and threw the toy aside. She sat staring gloomily into the fire, and took no notice of Zakiel's uneasy movements. Stormy scenes had been enacted in the little sitting room, and as the Jew watched the meeting of the tragic brows, he was filled with a vague fear.

"Mellie," he ventured, standing behind her chair, "you love Edgar—eh?"

She wheeled suddenly, her great eyes alight with a swift anger.

"Well—and supposin' I does!" she sneered.

The old man twisted his lips and spoke in deprecating tones, mingled with apologies.

"Mellie, I lof' you—my only little girl."

"It's your money you love—not me," she cried. "Why can't you give Edgar and me a little pot of the brass to take away?"

It was evident that the subject was an old one, but some new note of determination terrified Zakiel.

"I ain't got no monies, Mellie," he cringed; "your old fadder's poor—eh—'tis so—Mellie, my girl!"

"No," she cried, springing to her feet, her strong hands grasping the back of the chair.

"It's a lie, and you know it! Edgar's done some dirty work, and he's got to clear out, and I'se goin' with him—see!"

Zakiel gave a wail of real grief, and dropped his head in his hands. She towered above him in her splendid young womanhood, continuing: "I ain't goin' to let Edgar swing when he can go free with your silly

old brass." She put her hand to her round, bare throat as though it were her crime—not Edgar's.

Ordinarily, Amelia Zung was a beautiful, lazy creature, with small impulse for vice, only an insatiable vanity. Now, the maternal instinct, the protective instinct that shields what it loves, awoke in her soul the fury of a dormant, unsuspected passion. She looked down at Zakiel with fine contempt.

"Well, ain't you goin' to help us?" she asked.

"I ain't got no monies," he whined.

The girl's face grew terrible in its wrath.

"Yer lie," she breathed, and catching the Jew, by the shoulder, she gave him a vigorous shake. As she stood bending over him, he sank back further on the couch, his guilty soul shaken with the agonized consciousness of what lay beneath. And then Amelia's foot struck something. It jangled with a sinister sound. She knew the sound too well to be mistaken. She was convinced that her father had money, and to spare, but that it was hidden here, here in their very sitting room, she had never dreamed.

Zakiel's face went grey, his moist lips dry; then with a mighty bound, he came to his feet, and stooping, dragged out the bag and hugged it to his breast. The weight almost curved him double, but with superhuman strength he stood erect, his eyes dilated with unutterable horror.

"Eh, eh—'tis mine—mine!" he gasped.

They faced one another, father and daughter of an alien race, and the gold-lust that had sent their people far with the curse and ache of desolation, woke strange cries in their ears, and they were one with the past in the greed of the present.

Amelia's fury broke in a wave that beat blood into her brain and sent her vision red. The Jew shrank back; he saw the gleam of a Judith

in her eye, and he knew he could never withstand her onslaught. And yet, in that moment when greed matched itself with the welfare of the only being he loved on earth—greed won. With a sly movement he caught up the dagger on the table. It was involuntary and without intention. That act lashed the Jewish girl into a rage that knew no bounds.

"Ah," she muttered between her clenched teeth. "Oh, so you would—would you?"

She snatched the dagger and raised the sheathless blade high above her head. One moment it caught the light and then descended.

"Mellie, Mellie," moaned Zakiel.

She stared stupidly at the hand, wet and warm, and shuddered at the smell which reached her nostrils. She rose stiffly, pushing back the hair from her rigid face. Mechanically, she wiped the blade and laid it next the plate of unbuttered toast.

The bag rolled from the limp arms of the Jew, and the glow from the hearth lapped eagerly the yellow tide that flowed even to the dying embers.

"Fadder, oh, fadder," cried Amelia, falling on her knees by the prostrate figure. "Fadder," she called, a rough tenderness breaking through her voice. There was no answer, only the mute inquiry of those staring eyes, only the stiffening smile on the thick, purple lips.

Horror of the consequences began to dawn slowly through her numbed brain. She got up and put back the heavy hair with the ivory comb. She reached for her hat and drew the cloak over her shoulders. She gathered up some documents, and, ignorant of their value, laid them on the flames. She stooped and picked up gold piece after gold piece, hiding them in her stocking, in her bosom, dropping them into her torn gloves. In her terror, she cared for nothing but escaping to the darkest corner of Barbary Coast, the silent,

deserted sections where night and kindred crime go hand in hand.

A cry strangled in her throat. Some one was coming heavily down the aisle of the dark shop. Amelia shivered as though from ague, and then sighed with relief when Edgar thrust his hard, coarse visage in at the door.

"Hush!" she said, sternly, pointing to the motionless object on the floor. "Hush!" she repeated, with a vacant stare.

The man's brutal face grew pale at the woman's calmness when such a ghastly thing lay between them.

"You done that?" he whispered.

"Yes," she answered with strange quiet, "but I done it for you." There was no self-vindication, only the statement: "I done it for you."

Edgar shrank from the touch of her hand, but caught eagerly at the gold; the first edge of his horror had worn off. They closed the door softly and moved into the gloom of the shop. Above their heads the clock struck twelve. The clock that had kept time in the darkness and in the dawn, to the clink of dross, ticked on faithfully; and the key that had known no hand but the Jew's for twenty years, hung on its nail for many a day, and through the long night the clock's heart beat on patiently, and then stopped forever—as Zakiel Zung's had done.

Edgar swore loudly on coming in contact with the sharp edge of the counter, but Amelia's "Hush!" brought a fresh realization of their danger.

A few hours before, Amelia had entered under her father's roof, fool-

ish, and unhappy, and loving; now with the instinct of the criminal, she fled from under the same shelter, to be henceforth a fugitive from justice by day and a brazen, painted Jezebel by night.

* * * *

McClarity, on his home round, passed the pawn shop a second time. He stopped to converse a few moments with a woman whose head was swathed in a shawl, whose arm curved guardedly to protect a large white pitcher. The officer's good-natured broadside was turned to the pair in the doorway, and the woman's eyes were fixed on the twinkling lights of Kearny street, as they bobbed and dipped in the fog. Amelia clung to Edgar's arm, and, as two black shadows, they passed out into the street—unseen.

"No," said McClarity, "it's dead quiet these nights. 'Frisco ain't what it used to be when them Vigilantes was nabbing the beats by the dozens. No; there ain't nothin' doing these nights; 'Frisco's got too many jails not to be respectable."

The woman nodded in appreciation of his wisdom, and then went down a side alley, while he swaggered on to report.

The fog hung in ghostly wraiths about Stevenson's monument, and the last weary vagrant had been locked up or sent a-wandering. The benches were deserted, but about the open, shrubbed square, the electric arc lights sputtered and spat into the white dusk.

"Nothin' doin'," grinned McClarity to a brother officer, as he passed up the steps of the Hall of Justice.





Hernando Cortés, Conqueror of Mexico.

Waite, Photo.



HERNANDO CORTES, THE CENTRAL FIGURE IN MEXICAN HISTORY

BY G. F. PAUL

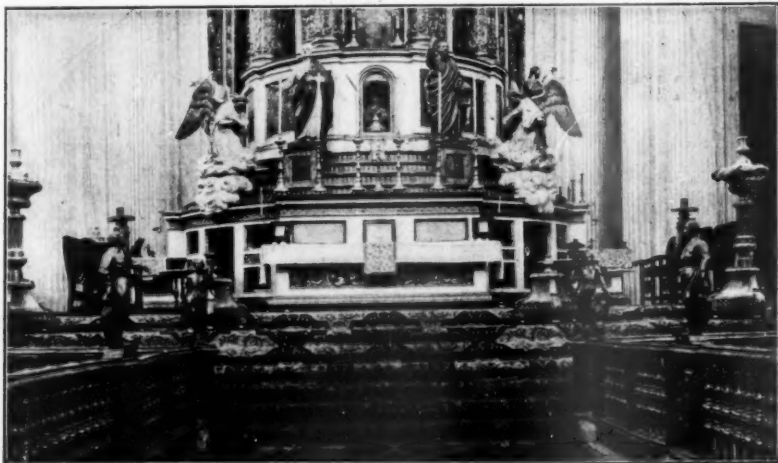
THE world is fortunate in having from the pen of Hernando Cortes several letters from Mexico addressed to his royal sovereign, Charles V of Spain. With these letters before us, we can live again the days of Aztec and Zapotec and Spanish don, those days when, by making use of every means at his command, a dauntless leader, after stranding his little vessels, advanced with the cross and the sword to the seat of an ancient and powerful empire. While there are several glowing accounts of the exploits of this redoubtable "conquistador," yet about his personal narrative is a force and vigor, springing, like the virile strength of Caesar's "Commentaries," not from the secluded library of the painstaking historian, but from the tumultuous battlefield.

Cortes was essentially a man of action. At the age of nineteen, he took passage on a merchantman

bound to the island of St. Domingo, where he was kindly received by his kinsman, the Governor. Service in the wars against the natives followed, and later, when Diego Velasquez organized an expedition for the conquest of Cuba, the young Cortes set sail again in the capacity of Secretary to the King's Treasury. This training stood him in very good stead later in life, for without it, his organization of expeditions and his establishing of permanent governments would probably have been impossible. The Governor of Cuba, recognizing his executive ability, entrusted him with the erection of a hospital, a smelter, and other public buildings. Velasquez little dreamed that he was thus training a younger rival whose fame was destined to eclipse his own. Cortes soon found in the retinue of Don Diego Columbus a senorita from Granada, in Old Spain. This

lady, Catalina by name, was finally married to the adventurous Cortes. A difficulty with Velasquez was breached over by the Governor's standing as god-father to the daughter of Cortes. Velasquez, ambitious, but irresolute, obtained in conjunction with Cortes a license to traffic. Cortes at once began preparing his brigantines, whereupon adventurers, hearing of his purpose, came flocking to his standard. The parsimonious Velasquez, aroused by what he considered the extravagance of Cortes, desired to withdraw from the contract, hoping thereby to discour-

Alonzo, Fernandez Puertocarreto, James de Ordás, Francisco de Salzedo, Francisco de Morla, Francisco de Montejo, Juan de Escalent, Juan de Velasquez de Leon, Cristobal de Olid, Pedro de Alvarado, and Hernando Cortes. The ships, eleven in number, were under the guidance of Antonio de Alaminos, who, as chief pilot, had served with Cordova and Grijalva. About two hundred natives were taken as burden-bearers. In the vessels were stored five thousand hams and six thousand cargás (fifty pound burdens) of maize, cassava and yams, besides



Interior of Cathedral, City of Mexico.

age Cortes. The latter, however, hastened all the more his departure, proclaiming to his followers that he had nothing to do with Diego Velasquez. After dodging the efforts of that zealous Governor to trap him, he managed to take on board sufficient provisions, and at last found himself at Cape Corrientes, or Point St. Antonio, which is the northern extremity of Cuba.

Here a review of his forces showed 550 Spaniards, fifty of whom were mariners. These men were divided into companies of fifty each, and over them were placed the following captains: Alonso de Avila,

fowls, sugar, wine, oil, peas, etc. The commander's ship was of one hundred tons' burden; three others were each eighty tons, while the rest were brigantines and small vessels without decks. The flag bore a device showing flames of fire on a white and blue ground. A red cross blazed in the midst, while around the borders ran the legend in Latin: "Amici, Crucem sequamur, et in hoc signo vincemus." ("Friends, let us follow the Cross, and in this sign we shall conquer.")

Under such circumstances did the little fleet weigh anchor on the 18th of February, in the year 1519.

Driven by storms and adverse winds, the adventurers at last reached the present site of the city of Vera Cruz. In their journeyings along the coast of Yucatan, many strange things befell them. Once they fell in with a party of four savages, armed with bows and arrows. Three of these strangers fled at sight of the Spaniards, but the fourth bade his comrades have no fears. Turning to the Spaniards, he asked if they were Christians. On hearing their answer, tears of joy filled his eyes. He then asked if it was not Wednesday, for he had a

ter of a cacique, but had been sold into slavery immediately after her father's death. Cortes, discovering her knowledge of the Mexican language, promised to reward her with her freedom if she would serve faithfully as an interpreter. This she did, interpreting the Mexican into Maya to Fray Aguilar, who in turn spoke to Cortes in Spanish.

Soon, through natural ability, abetted by love, she learned to speak directly to Cortes in his own language. The historian Clavigero says of her: "She was always faithful to the Spaniards, and her ser-



Street scene, showing Pulqueria.

Cox & Carmichael, Photo.

prayer book in which he prayed daily. Kneeling devoutly, he gave thanks to God for his deliverance from savages and his restoration to his countrymen. Cortes joyfully welcomed the outcast. The name of this man, eight years a captive, was Fray Geronimo de Aguilar.

When Cortes received the Cacique of Tabasco, he found, among the twenty female slaves presented to him by that monarch, a girl of great beauty and sprightliness. On being baptised, she took the name of Marina. By birth she was the daugh-

ter of a cacique, but had been sold into slavery immediately after her father's death. Cortes, discovering her knowledge of the Mexican language, promised to reward her with her freedom if she would serve faithfully as an interpreter. This she did, interpreting the Mexican into Maya to Fray Aguilar, who in turn spoke to Cortes in Spanish.

Soon, through natural ability, abetted by love, she learned to speak directly to Cortes in his own language. The historian Clavigero says of her: "She was always faithful to the Spaniards, and her ser-



Bronze statue of Charles IV, Mexico City.

Waite, Photo.

played there may be told in the words of Cortes: "During the three days that I was there, they provided very poorly for our wants, each day being worse than the former one. A female interpreter that I had, who was a native of this country, was informed by another female, a native of this city, that a numerous force of Montezuma lay very near the city, and that an attack was meditated which would destroy us all.

I determined to anticipate their movements, so I sent for the nobles of the city. These I shut up in a room by themselves. Mounting a horse, I caused the signal gun to be fired, and we made such execution that in two hours more than 3,000 of the enemy perished."

After routing the Cholulans, Cortes pushed on through the lofty mountain pass to the City of Mexico. Here he was welcomed by



Cortes and Montezuma.



The torture of Cuauhtemoc by Cortes.

Waite, Photo.

Montezuma, whom he in turn made virtually a prisoner. Leaving a garrison in the capital, he hastened to the coast and overwhelmed the forces which headed an expedition equipped by Velasquez to crush Cortes himself. These would-be captors Cortes won over, and returned to the capital. Here he found matters in such a plight that on the night of July 1, 1520, the Spaniards fled for their lives over the caus-

way to the mainland. Heaps of bodies clogged the moats. Alvarado, executing a wonderful leap that has perpetuated his fame to this day, joined his stricken commander under the famous Noche Triste tree. Then followed the six days' battle of Otumba, in which Cortes won but a nominal victory. For half a year he labored in his preparations to retake the capital. Timbers for thirteen brigantines were hewn, and



The Cathedral, City of Mexico.

Waite, Photo.



House of Cortes at Coyoacan, Mexico. Here Cortes tortured Guatimotzin, and here it is alleged, he murdered his first wife. Waite, Photo.

then carried on the shoulders of thousands of allied Tlascalans to the neighborhood of the capital. Each boat, on being launched, was supplied with artillery; Mount Popocatepetl had again been ascended for sulphur to be made into gunpowder. Then, after a long siege, the capital fell, and the war ended with the capture of the 'Tzin. On regaining the city, the Spaniards erected many memorials. One of these stone memorial tablets on the

old church of San Hipolito says: "In this place, on the night of July 1, 1520, called the Dismal Night, so great was the slaughter of the Spaniards by the Aztecs, that after entering the city again in triumph next year, the conquerors determined to build a memorial here, to be named the Chapel of the Martyrs, and to be dedicated to San Hipolito, for on that saint's day the city was taken."

After regaining the capital, the



Aztec calendar stone; weighs 30,000 pounds, and measures 13 feet in diameter; was found over a century ago near the corner of the Mexico City Cathedral.



Holiday on La Viga, Mexico.

Waite, Photo.

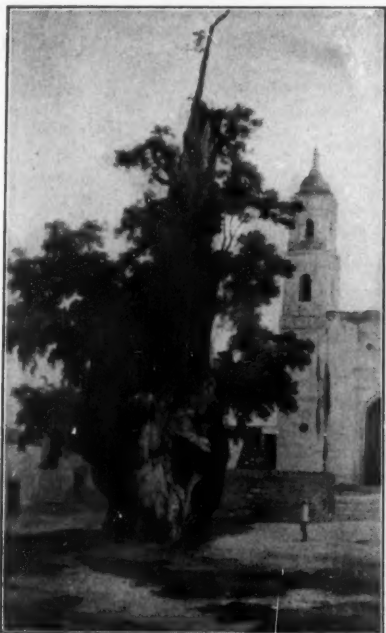
conqueror's first demand was for gold. This was not forthcoming, so he ordered the young 'Tzin to be tortured. In the administrative palace at Coyoacan, a suburb of the capital, he bound Guatimotzin, and placed a brazier of glowing coals beneath his feet. Then Cortes commanded his captive to reveal the hiding place of the royal treasure. But his commands were spoken in

vain; the Aztec prince would not divulge the secret. After dallying with his captive as a cat with a mouse, Cortes hanged the lion-hearted prince. It was also in this palace at Coyoacan that tradition says Cortes committed one of his blackest crimes. The Lady Catalina came from Cuba, and was received with chilly ostentation by Cortes. A family quarrel is said to



Through the clouds from Popocatepetl, Mexico.

Waite, Photo.



"Arbol de la Noche Triste." (The tree of the Sad Night). Waite, Photo.

have ensued. The best authorities state that after finishing his supper Cortes went into the oratory, where he found Catalina kneeling before a crucifix. Leading her into her room, he locked the door, a very heavy one that would deaden all sounds from within. And then throughout the corridors the silence of death reigned, till shortly after midnight, when Cortes, summoning his servants, said to them: "Creo que es muerta mi mujer." ("I think that my woman is dead.")

The meritorious services of Cortes—along martial, not marital lines—won for him from Charles V the title of Marquis del Valle de Oaxaca. New honors meant a new wife for Cortes, so La Marina was supplanted by Dona Juana de Zuniga. At Cuernavaca, a wonderful city in an Alpine setting, some fifty miles from the capital, Cortes established a residence. From here, he continued to direct his iconoclastic work.

The temples of the heathen were razed to the ground. The grotesque idols were hurled from their pedestals and shattered. All things were over thrown where formerly

"Aztec priests upon their teocallis
Beat the wild war-drums made of
serpent's skin."

The spirit of Cortes can be shown in no better way than by citing his own words, wherein he describes the conflict that raged in gaining possession of the Aztec temple-fortress that stood where the great Cathedral of Mexico City now rises: "I began to ascend the stairs, followed by certain Spaniards. While they who were above disputed the ascent with great courage, by the aid of God and His glorious Mother, for



Memorial at St. Hipolito, where Cortes battled with the Aztecs, Mexico City.

whose house this tower had been designated, and whose images had been placed in it, we succeeded in ascending, and engaged with the enemy on the upper area, until I compelled them to leap down to a lower terrace that surrounded it, one pace in width. Of these terraces the tower had three or four, about sixteen feet, one above the other. Some of the enemy were hurled to the very bottom, where they were slain by our soldiers. Those who remained on the upper terrace fought so desperately that we were more than three hours engaged with them before they were all despatched; thus all perished, not one escaping. And your sacred Majesty may be assured that so arduous was the attempt to take this tower that if God had not broken their spirits, twenty of them would have resisted a thousand. I caused this tower and the others within the temple to be burned, from which they had removed the images we had placed in them."

Whether we regard the conquest of an unknown and powerful empire by a handful of men, cut off from the outside world, or the matchless self-reliance shown in the destruction of their own fleet, or the lion-heartedness that in turn overcame overwhelming obstacles, or the firm purpose manifested after victory had been secured, we may place the achievement on a level with the most daring dreams of Alexander the Great or Hannibal's triumphant crossing of the Alps. Stern times demanded stringent measures. This, with the Crusade-like nature of the expedition, may palliate some of the atrocious crimes that the great Conquistador instigated. Not only did Cortes have to battle incessantly against his hordes of Aztec foes, but daily he had to quiet dissensions and quarrels within his own ranks. He was

essentially a man of action, and not of calm deliberation. When the news was brought him that Narvaez had come against him from Cuba, he did not wait, as would a Montezuma, but summoning his followers he turned to best advantage the "tide in the affairs of men."

There is no wealth of monuments to Cortes in Mexico. He needs no monument there. The very land breathes of him. Time and again his remains, like those of the Great Discoverer, were hurried from one spot to another, until they were at length transported to the land of Italy, where they now lie at rest in the ancient tomb of the Monteleones.



One of the banners carried by Cortes in his Conquest of Mexico.

LAWSON—AND THE LIFE

INSURANCE COMPANIES

BY JOHN VON LESTRICH

MR. LAWSON in his serial story entitled "Frenzied Finance," published in another monthly magazine, has made many statements in regard to life insurance companies and their methods which so nearly approach the truth that they are being universally accepted as being Gospel. Still, Mr. Lawson, with all his versatility, is but a kindergartner in his knowledge of this subject, and has hitherto failed utterly to disclose to the public the facts in the game of finance, as played by life insurance companies.

To the world at large, the value of Amalgamated Copper stock, or any other stock, is a thing of passing moment and not worth worrying over by any one except the stock jobber; but to the millions and millions of homes, families and wives which are supposedly protected by policies in life insurance companies, the charges made by Lawson (if only in part true) are of vital interest. Any suspicion or any doubt cast on this class of protection, strikes the threshold and the hearthstone of a million homes of dependants. Life insurance is good—good for the masses and the classes.

With Lawson or his "Frenzied Finance" this article has nothing whatever to do, save that he has raised public interest to the point where the public is willing to learn, and he has, by this means, opened the gate for an exposition of the evils and blessings of the greatest two-headed monster that ever in the days of common reason, and common sense, fastened its tentacles on a civilized and thinking commonwealth, and successfully fattened it-

self under the guise of beneficence by sucking from the common people's pocket-book their hard-earned savings. The modern raper of the savings bank is named life insurance, which, like fire, is a good servant but a hard master.

Lawson's articles have opened the door of the magazine and the gate of the press, and he has burglarized and broken into these paths, which heretofore have been the preserves of the life insurance companies.

It is a courageous editor who today dares publish a single line in his magazine that is inimical to the "Three Giants," as they are called, meaning the Mutual, the New York Life, and the Equitable Life Insurance Companies. (The Prudential does not count in this quarrel). The magazine which dares, does not know anything of the Mafia Society of the Giants; they take the guardsman's motto: "One for all, and all for one," and their avenues of getting even are so various and many, that the ordinary publication would have to suspend business—be bought, sold or bartered in sixty days if the "Giants" desired to remove it. There are other reasons why it is eminently dangerous to attack or criticise a life insurance company. If you are insured, you are more than likely to lose your investment, and, plus that, be black-listed, so that you cannot obtain insurance in any company. (Lawson's case proves this system is in vogue).

Further, if you are insured, you are reported on to the company by a hired spy as to your personal habits and your private life. The watchman is employed by the com-

pany, which has already taken your money and issued you a policy. This action is taken in the same spirit that prompts one to take his umbrella if he thinks it looks like rain. It always looks like a rain of losses to the companies, and they usually are prepared with the umbrella. No man knows what he agrees to, when he signs his application for insurance, except that he pays his money and gives the company's President his proxy, so that he may retain his office and salary at the expense of the payer. Particular attention has been drawn by Lawson to the New York, the Mutual, the Prudential and the Equitable Life Insurance Companies. This is one of the weak points of Lawson's arguments. The companies are all alike. The smaller companies of the calibre of the Penn, Phoenix, Mutual Benefit and the Washington Life, pursue the same tactics as the "Giants," and deal their monte game with the public in the same manner as the big ones.

Lawson fails again because "rerum primordia," life insurance is neither more nor less than the name implies, and had its virgin province not been bastardized by the corrupt money-changers, neither this article, nor Lawson's, would have been written. Life insurance pure and simple is not extant to-day in America, for the sole reason that there is not enough money in it for the company purveyors. Life insurance, as sold now, is tainted with the everlasting fever of money-making investments. The companies or managers of to-day are not content with legitimate profit. They want more, and so they bedraggle insurance with consol, gold bond and distribution schemes, and cap the gamble by adding tontines as a more seductive method of separating the public from its money. Lawson has used the New York Life as an illustration of his exposition of frenzied finance. This writer will do the same.

In its affairs, the personnel of its

management and its success, it is neither better nor worse than the others, and one illustration will serve for all. It was originally, in 1845, the Nautilus Insurance Company. In 1849, legislative action enabled it to change its name to that of the New York Life. It began business with assets of applications for a paltry \$300,000 insurance, and in the period which has elapsed, only some fifty-six years, it has grown, until in 1905 it boasts that it protects a million families, with assets of \$390,660,260. Where, it may be pertinent to inquire, did this gigantic amount come from in a little over half a century? There is, and can be, but one answer: from the policy-holders. There is the point that Lawson misses, and there is the point that, once driven into the minds of the masses, will lead to confiscation. These millions came from and belong to the contributors, or the policy-holders.

An accumulation of \$390,000,000 in half a century from a foundation of applications for \$300,000 insurance, is enough to make the Sphinx on the desert reserve this as its pet question. How was it done? The New York Life is not alone in the gigantic steal. All the companies are alike.

Show a proposition of like nature to any merchant, no matter how shrewd, explain to him how in 56 years, starting from nothing, assets of \$390,000,000 can be accumulated in a legitimate manner, and it is a safe guess that he will call in the police.

Let us see (outside of the jugglings and stealings as exposed by Lawson) if we can make the modus operandi by which it is done plain to the common people. To illustrate: A man insures his life for \$1,000. His premium, or the amount he pays to the company for his insurance, is \$100 per year. What becomes of it?

(The writer does not give the exact percentage, but the last pub-

lished statement of the company, which he takes as an illustration, shows that it had an income in 1904 of \$96,891,272, and that it paid for death claims, endowments and annuities only \$26,509,034, so that, as an illustration, the one-third for losses is more than enough, and proves the contention of the writer.—Ed.)

Thirty-three and one-third per cent is charged to the mortality fund or element, thirty-three and one-third per cent is charged to reserve, and thirty-three and one-third per cent is charged to expenses. To simplify matters, one-third of the company's own estimate is enough to pay the death losses. The other one-third the insured gives to the insurers as pay to them for attending to and administrating the affairs of the payor. The other one-third is reserve (a most elastic and magnetic term). This means that after the payment of the first third for the mortality element, and the second third for expenses, all of which the company gobbles. The other third is paid as a sort of collateral security to secure the payment of the first third to the insured, or his beneficiary. A beautiful system of sane finance, beating Amalgamated Copper and all other Lawson dreams into the shades of doubt. This is doubly true, since it is an open and acknowledged fact that the average losses of the leading insurance companies in this country have not averaged in the last 27 years 80 per cent of the first one-third. Does the insurer make any of this profit? Does the policy-holder get a rebate of 20 per cent of the first one-third? No; not if the company knows it. Does he get any of the last one-third—the reserve? Nay, nay! Never! The company gets that. So that, out of the \$100 premium, the assured may be safely said to be separated from somewhere in the neighborhood of \$80—for the benefit of the company. Twenty dollars being enough to pay for the death element, the

balance is sequestered by the insurance company. By these means, in half a century life insurance corporations can accumulate over \$390,000,000 of other people's money, and retain it for their own use.

As before stated, the New York Life is only used as an example. In the language of Lawson, this company serves to illustrate the evils of the system. Let us glance at the personnel of the management: Its president, John A. McCall, was a bookkeeper in the local agency office of the Connecticut Mutual Life, in Albany, New York, in the latter part of the sixties. In the earlier part of the seventies, he became connected with the insurance department of New York. In 1883, Grover Cleveland appointed him Superintendent of Insurance of the State of New York; and in 1886 he entered the employment of the Equitable. At that time the rumor was, that he was too officious, and had to be taken care of by the three "Giants." The inference was that the company had something to conceal. The Equitable carried him until 1892, when a resignation was forced from President Beers of the New York Life, to make him a position, and Mr. McCall became his successor.

This trick of an insurance examiner being connected with an insurance department, examining himself into office, had been done before, and has been done since—and not alone in New York. It is not a patent of Mr. McCall's. Ohio and other States have also seen it done. The Equitable, the Prudential, and many others, afford the student of these affairs ample matter for thought. The question as to whether Lawson's statements, that the companies play flip-flop with the policy-holders' money, be true or not, can be discussed at some future date. That they do it, is easily susceptible of corroborative proof; but that the gaily flaunted millions of assets do not belong to the company, but to the policy-

holders, from whom they came, no sane man is foolish enough to deny. It may be, that the companies charge too much for their goods. This is permissible in ordinary merchandizing, but in life insurance the mutual idea is always kept to the front. The apparent result is a mutual sharing of expense and a personal sharing of profit. The whole "system," the entire scheme, is a gilded pill. The world needs the prescription and has to pay the doctor for writing it, but the day is near at hand when the billions of accumulations made by the life companies will be ultimately returned to the contributors. National supervision will be in practice, insurance will be bought at its cost and expense. The days of robbery and private railroad cars, banquets and expense accounts, will be gone forever. The days when a Perkins can serve two masters to the detriment of the

man who furnishes the funds will be forgotten. The Perkins story will keep for future use, as will that of Brewer and Hyde. In the meanwhile, the greatest graft that ever was perpetrated, the smoothest kind of a slow-action bunco game, the finest and most artistically gilded gold brick, is that of life insurance. That life insurance is a necessity to the world is admitted, but that it must be life insurance pure and simple must be conceded.

If to this is tacked on the gambling and investment element, then it becomes a curse instead of a blessing. The millions and billions of the accumulations of the life insurance companies did not come from honest life insurance, and the people are more than liable to awake and demand an accounting; and if ever that happens, it will be a sorry day for the companies.





The Pole- Seekers

By Mabel Porter Pitts

From east to north, as the petrels fly,
A snow-squall whips through a frozen sky,
Beneath the swirl of this widening track
The sea curls up like a dolphin's back,
'Twixt lift and fall of the seething gale
White shines the sheet of a ghostly sail.

O'er sodden decks in a chilling flood,
Sharp bites the tooth of the flying scud,
But hands stand firm though the plowing keel
Brooks no restraint from the steering-wheel.
Each man so still that the driving sleet
Enwraps his form like a winding-sheet.

The vessel swerves with a dip and start,
And sets its course by the captain's chart,
If mate or crew marks the swift advance
They give no sign by word or glance,
From rolling seas to a widening slough
The ship drives on with her silent crew.

The storm is ceased and the sun-dogs show
In purpling lights o'er the crusted snow;
The wind that whipped through this land of death
'Twould seem had blown with a Lethean breath,
For if hours have passed, or if days have sped,
No soul on board could have truly said.

Ethereal blue at the bow and stern
That spreads o'erhead an inverted urn,
And in the rim of its arching bowl
The mystic swing of the heavens roll.
The needle swerves in a circling ring
And the world is hushed while the planets sing.

The Pole-Seekers.

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The captain bends o'er his chart and book
Nor heeds the scene by a transient look.
Arouse thee, man, for thy work is done,
The bar is past, and the goal is won!
But he makes no sign if his dull eyes see,
He is done with life and its mockery.

The ship sweeps on through the wind-tossed sea,
Through the ice-packed, shoal-ringed, threatening sea,
Till the gray waves break on a storm-worn beach
And the silence hears but the sea-mew's screech,
But the sea-mew's screech and the fur-seal's bark,
And it founders there in the angry dark.

The pole-star shines with a murky light,
Like an astral sun, with a frozen light;
O'er the glacier beds and the ice-flow's spire
The auroras flash in a fan of fire,
And they mock the forms of the corpses stark
On the ship that died in the outer dark.

The frost hangs thick on the stove-in hull,
On the snow sheathed, wave-pressed, battered hull,
And the tide bears hard on the weakened beams,
Till it saps the strength of the hemp-calked seams,
Till it sweeps away every tell-tale mark,
Lest a prey be lost to the unknown dark.



STATISTICAL TRUTHS, ETC.

BY ARTHUR H. DUTTON

A FLEET COMMANDED BY LANDSMEN.

ODDLY enough, the United States Government, which insists that all American vessels owned by private individuals or companies shall be commanded by men holding regular licenses as sea-faring officers, nevertheless permits a fleet of its own to be commanded by veritable landsmen. This anomaly is to be found in the U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey, and came about by a peculiar set of circumstances. Prior to the Spanish war, the vessels of the survey, which numbered about a dozen, ranging from small tug-boats up to quite large sea-going craft, were officered by officers of the United States Navy, detailed from time to time for duty in the Coast Survey by reason not only of their navigating ability, but on account of their training as hydrographers, and men evidently suited by their calling for the collection and compilation of data to be used in the making of charts and sailing directions for the use of mariners.

When the Spanish war broke out, the needs of the navy necessitated the withdrawal from the Coast Survey of all naval officers on duty with it. The Survey thereupon found itself in a predicament. It had ships with crews of sailors upon them, but no officers. The Coast Survey, however, did have a large number of civilians, principally topographers, draftsmen, recorders and the like. It was determined to transform these, at least nominally, into ship's officers. As far as the strictly surveying duties of the surveys were concerned, this was all right, but when it came to handling ships, difficulties arose. As a partial exit from the dilemma, the Survey employed a number of professional

seamen to do the navigating and handling of its ship. These were termed "watch officers." Nevertheless, the command of the ship was given to one of the civilians; and sometimes the second and third in command, besides many of the juniors, were and still are, landsmen.

Such is the state of affairs even at the present time. The watch officers are not permitted to rise to common rank, the captaincies being reserved for the surveyors, the majority of whom have but the scantiest knowledge even of nautical nomenclature. The responsibility of the management and sailing of the ships, the discipline of their crews and other nautical duties are performed almost wholly by the watch officers.

Yet with a view of eventually developing seamen out of these surveyors, the Coast Survey is assigning its junior employees to duties as deck officers, and many, under the tutelage of the sea-faring watch-officers, have become fairly competent sailors. The majority of the captains, however, are men well past middle age, and their nautical education since assuming command has come slowly.

Amusing mistakes have often been made by these landsmen-captains, as was to be expected under the circumstances, but the most amusing thing of all is the spectacle of ships and their crews of sailors commanded by men, the greater part of whose lives had previously been spent on shore, or, when on board ship, in the capacity of passengers.

THE STAMP COLLECTOR'S DELIGHT.

There is joy, combined with some confusion, in the heart and

mind of the philatelist. Always in search of some new variety of postage stamp to add to his multitudinous collection, he has just received a dose that promises him entertainment enough for some time to come. It is derived from the antics of the Postmaster General of Panama. Not having the dies and other paraphernalia at hand for the manufacture of new postage-stamps for the Republic's use, the Panama Postoffice simply took the old Colombian stamps, cancelled out the word "Colombia," and surcharged the words "Republica de Panama." This process answered the purpose perfectly well, but, in his haste and lack of consideration for the consequences, the man who did the surcharging let his hand run riot. Some stamps were marked at the top, some at the bottom, some upside down, others at various angles. Red ink was used on some, blue on others; green, brown, black on yet others. As your true, fanatical philatelist takes cognizance of every variation in a stamp, he has in the new Republic's outfit a veritable mine.

ODD METHODS OF DISCIPLINE.

In the somewhat elaborate system of maintaining discipline among the "men behind the gun," there are two great classes of offenses, which must be treated in quite different ways. Under one head are those recognized and provided for by the articles of war, which prescribe certain penalties for certain specific offenses, and limit the various forms and degrees of punishment.

The other class of defenses with which the disciplinary officers have to deal is less definite. It includes a host of misdeeds, largely sins against neatness, tidiness, punctuality and other of the cardinal naval virtues. To mete out to offenders against these virtues their just deserts is often a problem which

calls for the exercise of infinite judgment and tact. After long years of experience, the United States Navy has evolved a practice, hardly a system, which comes as near as can be to the Gilbertian ideal of "making the punishment fit the crime." The workings of this practice are interesting and instructive.

For example, "A place for everything, and everything in its place," is a maxim in the Navy as old as the service itself. Yet it is one that many raw recruits fail to appreciate when they first don the blue. It is soon beaten into them. On board ship there is an institution known as the "lucky bag." It is seldom in reality a bag, but more often a large locker or small store-room. Into it is thrown every article, belonging to any member of the crew, which may be found lying carelessly about—"adrift," as the sailors call it. There are fixed times and places for the sailor to get at his belongings, and if he leaves them lying about, the keen eye of the master-at-arms, or some other officer in authority, is quick to discover them. Forthwith they go into the "lucky bag." Maybe a pair of shoes is left out; possibly a towel is left where it should not be; or it may be a neckerchief, a comb, a blanket—anything that the jackie may use. It is confiscated when not in its proper place. Once in the "lucky bag," the owner must do without it, unless he redeems it, which he may do by claiming the property, and proving his proprietorship, and then undergoing some punishment for permitting it to get into the "lucky bag." This punishment may take any one of several forms, dependent largely upon the offender's record, or the circumstances under which he left his property "adrift." At the end of each quarter there is an auction sale of articles left unclaimed in the "lucky bag," and then they go to the highest bidder, who may or may not be the original owner. The proceeds of the auc-

tion generally go to the seamen's mess fund.

One of the most strongly condemned offenses against tidiness is the practice of expectorating upon the decks. While the articles of war do not prescribe a penalty for this crime, the customs of the service do. The mildest penalty inflicted is compelling the offender, with a wet swab, bucket, and even, perhaps, a holystone, to wipe up the spot his saliva has defiled. Sometimes, in a flagrant case, the offender is made to stand guard over the spot for some length of time, with a swab in his hand and a cuspidor around his neck, as a warning to others.

It is related of that recognized arbiter elegantiarum of the navy, Admiral George Dewey, that he once came on deck, and viewed a quid of chewing tobacco lying on the otherwise spotless planking. Not knowing who was guilty, he immediately called all hands, broke out the triatic stay and yard-tackles, a huge apparatus for hoisting out heavy boats, and made the crew hoist the quid overboard by its means. The lesson had its effect.

Other provisions of unwritten law apply to other breaches of discipline. When a man is tardy at a formation, he is apt to be called an hour before every succeeding formation for some time thereafter, being kept waiting, at attention, during the hour. Those who are habitually untidy about their persons, or habitually careless in the matter of being in the proper uniform of the day, are often required to present themselves three, four or more times a day to some specified officer, to be inspected as to their neatness. Overstaying liberty ashore is punished by deprivation of liberty for varying lengths of time, depending upon the length of the overstaying.

Sometimes men are slow to respond when an order is given. To

remedy this, the laggards are often placed toeing a seam in the deck for the rest of the watch, to await the next order. This is officially not a punishment, but merely the exercise by the officer in charge of his lawful right to station the men where most advantageous.

Then there is the custom among good officers, when work is required to be done by only one, or perhaps two or three men, never to call upon the willing workers, but always to give the order by name to recognized shirks. In this way, all are encouraged to be industrious, the sloths knowing full well that when extra work is to be done they will be the ones called upon to do it, leaving the hard workers in peace.

* * *

There is a thoroughness about military justice, when applied in the proper direction, which makes the atmosphere of the punishment cling to the convicted offender long after the specific penalty has been inflicted. To the military mind, cowardice and fraud are two crimes of unexcelled enormity, and upon them has always been visited the severest punishments. In the new revision of the articles of war, the fate of the officer guilty of either of these offenses is one that will at once strike the civilian as strangely sad. Article 75 of the new Army Code says: "When an officer is dismissed from the service for cowardice or fraud, the sentence shall further direct that the crime, punishment, name and place of abode of the delinquent shall be published in the newspapers in and about the camp, and in the State from which the offender came, or where he usually resides; and after such publication it shall be scandalous for an officer to associate with him." If that article is designed to make the coward or the swindler a marked man, it would seem to be quite equal to accomplishing its purpose.

ARCTOMYS MONAX AND HIS ADUMBRATION

BY FRED A. HUNT

"You must wake and call me early,
call me early mother, dear;
To-morrow'll be the happiest time
of all the glad New Year—
Of all the glad New Year, mother,
the maddest, merriest day";
For I want to see my shadow—to
tell whether I sleep or play.

Thus might the ground-hog (the American marmot, usually called in New England, woodchuck; officially designated *Arctomys monax*) have apostrophized his mamma arctomys on February 1st, for February 2d is known as "Ground Hog's Day." On this day he is poetically, or fabulously, supposed to come out of his burrow, where he has been hibernating, and looks over the landscape and investigates to see whether he casts a shadow or no. If not, he gambols about because he knows that his winter's sleep is over, as spring is near at hand; but if he sees his shadow, he retreats into his basement lodging house, and curls himself up for another six weeks' monaxticism—spring is that far away. In countries where the ground-hog is not to the manor born, other animals perform the role of weather forecaster and think they perform a signal service: in Germany, the badger; in England, the hedge-hog; in Switzerland and France, the marmot. In Scandinavian folk-lore, the bear is the observer who wakes up on Candlemas Day. If the sun is shining into his cave, he turns over and resumes his nap; but if it is cloudy, he shakes himself, stretches his muscles and fares forth into the world, for his winter's sleep is over.

Of the infallibility of the ground-hog as a weather prophet, the "cul-lud" people of the Southern States are impregnably convinced. They appear to have imported some such

legend with their Brer Rabbit fables from Afric's sunny strand, but, amid their plethora of marvelous superstitions, one more or less weighs little.

The peculiar fact remains, however, that this erroneous idea should prevail over such a wide area, and among so many diverse nationalities, when it is so erroneous, for one has but carefully to note the absolute weather conditions on February 2d, and the consequent six weeks—whereof it is presumed to be the pilot-fish—to demonstrate the fallacy of the Ground-Hog Day prophecy. Yet, as usual, the adherents of the infatuation cling to their sciolism, and fortify their position with such old saws as, "The farmer would rather see a wolf in his barn than the sun on Candlemas Day"; or, "As far as the sun shines in the door on the 2d of February, so far the snow will drift in the 2d of May;" or:

"I would rather see my wife on a bier
Than to see Candlemas clear."

A careful examination of the precedents and conclusions seems to demonstrate that the sole reason for the cluster of fables around Candlemas Day is that pleasant February weather is customarily followed by a change and a chilly spring. Thus, the inhabitant of the Land o' Cakes vituperates:

"Of a' months in the year,
Curse on fair Februeer."

While the gentlemen from the habitat of the leek emphasize their dislike of a sunny Candlemas by the poetical outbreak:

"The Welshman would rather see
his wife on her bier
Than a fair Februeer."

There may be a suspicion, however, that something may depend on the wife's characteristics relative to the Welshman's mortuary and alternative aspirations.

Again, the canny Scot proclaims:

"If Candlemas be fair and clear,
There'll be twa winters in the year."

While the Englishman asseverates that:

"If Candlemas Day be fair and clear
There'll be two winters in that one
year."

Here is an asthology of Ground-Hog Day lyrics whose origin and derivation is unknown:

"Have on Candlemas Day
One-half your straw and one-half
your hay."

"Just half your wood and half your
hay
Should be remaining on Candlemas
Day."

"Candlemas Day, if it be fair,
The half the winter's to come and
mair.
Candlemas Day, if it be foul,
The half of winter's past at Yule."

"On Candlemas Day
Throw the candle and stick away.
When Candlemas is come and gone
The coal lies on a red-hot stove."

(This latter quatrain would deservedly rank in ambiguity with any of the far-famed dicta from the tripods of the Delphic oracle.)

"If Candlemas Day be fair and
bright,
Winter will have another flight;
But if Candlemas Day be clouds
and rain,
Winter is gone and will not come
again."

"February 2d bright and clear
Gives a good flax year."

The following vaticinations are in prosaic form, but are probably just as reliable as those whose authors had a recrudescence in Runic rhymes:

"If on the second of February the goose finds it wet, then the sheep will have grass on March 25th." (There is nothing included in this statement as to what the followers of Little Bo-Peep may expect if the tailor finds it wet—inside or out.)

"When drops hang on the fence on the 2d of February, icicles will hang there on the 25th of March." (Here also there is a latitude of conjecture unavailed of, pre-supposing Darby and Joan hung on the gate on February 2d.)

Candlemas Day is still kept as a holiday in England at most public offices, and is called a "grand day" at the Inns of Court, a "gaudy day" at the universities of Oxford and Cambridge; and a "collar day" at the St. James, being one of the three great holidays during the term, whereon legal and official business is suspended. In Scotland, Candlemas is one of the four term-days appointed for periodical annual payments of money, interest, taxes, etc., and of entry to premises—the other term-days being Whitsunday, Lammas and Martinmas. Candlemas however, rejoices in a very much more dignified and pompous designation, being known on the church calendar as "The Feast of the Purification of the Virgin Mary." Its canonical institution is generally accredited to Pope Sergius, about A. D. 684, but it really owes its origin and appellation to a much earlier date and occasion, being one of the festivals that were adopted, or absorbed, by the early Christian Church from the heathen Romans. According to the calendar of Numa Pompilius, February was the last month of the year, receiving its name from Februa, an expiatory sacrifice, because all the offenses of the year were, in that month, squared up with the gods by penances and sac-

rifices. The second day of the month, the ceremonies of purification were opened with a procession, wherein torches of flambeaux were carried in honor of various deities—a custom perpetuated in our own political processions, but alas! with no overt or actual intent of lustration.

The early Fathers, desirous of vaccinating the heathen customs with Christian observances, cast about for some means of obliterating this ceremony in honor of Februa, the Mother of Mars. The observance of the accredited birthday of the Savior at the time of the winter solstice would bring, at about a date corresponding to the heathen feast, one of similar significance in the Christian church, the purification of the Virgin in the Temple. So the original ceremony, instituted in honor of Februa, Ceres or Venus, was abrogated and then abolished, and the Feast of the Purification of the Virgin Mary was grafted on the basis of the heathen ceremony.

The popular name, Candlemas, is derived from the numerous candles that were distributed, carried in the processions and then burned in the churches, it being the custom to have them provided in very large numbers, blessed by the priest and then donated to the people, and to these beatified candles many strange attributes were attached by their devout recipients. It may be possible that the pagan torches used at the unecclasiastical precursor of Candlemas were the direct cause of the carrying and burning of candles; but it is certain that a special importance was attached to this phase of the celebration, as is testified in an ancient document of the time of Henry VIII, preserved in the archives of the Society of Antiquaries, London, which, discoursing on the rites and ceremonies of the English Church, thus adduces: "On Candlemas Daye it shall be declared that the bearinge of candels is done in the memorie of Christe, the spirituall lyghte whom Simeon dyd pro-

phceye ('a light to lighten the Gentiles') as it is redde in the churche that daye." This is a curious, but by no means singular instance of the literality of devotion practiced by the mediæval devotees of religion. As an added incentive to the portage of candles, they were alleged to have the power of frightening the devil and all evil spirits away from those who were carrying them (They have lost their potency to do the same thing in processions political of the present day), or they would perform exorcism in any house wherein they were placed! The ceremony of blessing the candles was one of the first things protested against at the time of the Reformation, both on the Continent and England, and in 1854 an order of council prohibited the ceremony in the latter country, but was nevertheless carried on for a number of years to a limited extent.

Another superstitious observance concerning Candlemas was to take down on that day all the Christmas decorations of holly, mistletoe, etc., and to substitute for them box, yew, etc., in preparation for the carnival of Mardi Gras (or Shrove Tuesday). On Shrove Tuesday, pancakes for some inscrutable reason, were the correct menu, as Hot Cross Buns were on Good Friday.

From the establishment in the rubric of the Feast of the Purification of the Virgin, another custom arose for Candlemas Day, and one which was consistently observed for many centuries—the forms for its ritual observance being still in the Episcopal prayer book—viz., the churching of women; a thanksgiving to be offered by those who had successfully passed through the pains and dangers of accouchement—a ceremony directly in accord with the Jewish one of the purification of women. The Jewess made a votive offering of "two turtle-doves or two young pigeons" in the Temple; the votation of the Christian woman was a certain number of

candles, because of the Candlemas Day custom.

Germane to this custom of the churching of women, there is an interesting and perfectly authentic narrative told of William the Conqueror and Philip of France. The former in his old age became very corpulent (physical culture not having then been discovered), and suffered much from ailments consequent on this extreme adiposity. On one occasion, after he had been thus sick for some weeks, the King of France scoffingly remarked: "Me-thinks the King of England lieth long in child-bed!" When King William heard this sally of wit, he was furious, and said: "When I am churched, there will be a thousand lights in France." Most fearsomely did William keep his word, for no sooner was he able to travel than he took an army over to France, and from Calais southward laid waste

many miles of the country with fire and sword, and transformed scores of smiling and peaceful villages into heaps of smoking ruins. Had not the rage and venom of the Conqueror produced its own retribution, so that he died in the midst of his victories—riding over the ruins of the town of Mantes, his horse stepped upon a live ember and threw him forward on the pommel of his saddle, giving him a mortal hurt—King Philip might have paid for his witticism with the loss of his kingdom and his head.

This crescendo narrative from the humble ground-hog to William the Conqueror may perhaps adequately be terminated by the oldest-known superstition concerning Candlemas, one of the early Latins:

"Si Sol splendescat Maria purificante,
Major erit glacies post festum quam fuit ante"

EVENING

BY E. C. HOPKINS

Now fades the day into night's waiting arms,
And, as a bride her love awaits, new-wed;
Bejeweled, to enhance her maiden charms,
The ocean welcomes to her restless bed
The God of Day. Then falls the waning glow;
The rosy flush, and multi-colored mist;
Leaving in ecstasy that none can know,
All Nature's darlings, that its rays have kissed.



UPON THE RUSSIAN RIVER

BY WILL G. TAFFINDER

A stretch of dull brown pebbly sand
Tied to the shore with rope of water blue;
The redwoods rising high on either hand
Leaves only heaven open to the view.
The willows wavering o'er the water's edge,
Azalias blooming thick upon the hill,
The splash of trout from out the shoreward sedge,
The echoing whistle of the distant mill.
The memory is so keen of joy, in pain I quiver
For scenes and days and you

Upon

the

Russian

River.

The noisy jay, with plumage all aglow,
Chirps at his image in the stream below.
The quail are calling from beneath the trees,
And yerba buena laden is the gentle breeze.
The sunlight glints in shafts across the shade,
Where ferns grow rank—and iris gem the glade.
The scene is one of perfect glory ever,
With you and I to drink it in.

Upon

the

Russian

River.

SPIRIT OF THE WEST

What the Monroe Doctrine does not Oppose

BY GUY RAYMOND HALIFAX

IN the European discussions of the Monroe Doctrine, and the magazines of Germany and England are full of them, one great fact seems to be lost sight of, namely: this country only objects to any European power establishing its political system, or extending its government to this hemisphere. There is no objection to an unlimited immigration from Europe to America. For many reasons, the United States should, and no doubt would, welcome immigration to the Central and South American Republics. It is the Government, not the people, to which objection is made.

It is said by the European writers that the population of Europe is becoming so dense, especially in Germany, that emigration is an absolute necessity. There is no room for a greater population in Asia, and Africa in a large part is a desert, and uninviting. America is fertile and immensely rich in natural resources, and therefore Europeans will not long consent to be excluded from its valleys and plains because of the sentimental objection that European systems are dangerous to American Republicanism. They charge us with being a national dog in the international manger, unwilling to develop or settle the Southern Continent, and forbidding others to do so. They declare that the present half-civilized governments, with their continual revolutions, must go, and that, if necessary, all Europe will combine to overthrow the Monroe Doctrine and open up the much desired lands.

But, admitting the necessity for European emigration, because of the dense population of that Continent, and agreeing that South America is

the ideal spot for the emigrant, this offers no reason for opposing the Monroe Doctrine, which is aimed at governmental systems and not at individuals or would-be emigrants. As a rule, most of the immigrants are as anxious to get away from the home system of government as they are from the home country, and it is in their interests, as much as in those of our Southern neighbors, that the Monroe Doctrine is maintained. The emigrants themselves, or their children, will in future days thank us for upholding the principles which it represents, and which mean that they shall have the ultimate right to govern themselves.

The history of this country, of Canada, and of Latin-America, teaches one lesson as plainly as though it were written on tablets of stone; and that is, European colonies, as soon as they are strong enough to assert their rights, insist on independence.

In a generation or two, the Germans in Brazil or the Italians in the Argentine Republic will cease to be Germans or Italians, as certainly and as completely as Yankees have ceased to be English, or Brazilians have ceased to be Portuguese. If European emigration to South America continues to be as large as at present, the new-comers will rule the Southern countries, and we will have a Teutonic instead of a Latin Republic in Brazil, and men of Italian descent, instead of those with Spanish blood in their veins, as rulers of the neighboring Republic. Two generations of South American Germans will care as little about the Fatherland as two generations of German-Americans care about it in this country to-day.

The Italians recognize that fact, and are making no efforts to keep their compatriots who emigrate loyal to the home government. England has long recognized the same inevitable tendency in colonies, and allows hers such a measure of home rule that they are practically independent. The Germans must bow to the inevitable.

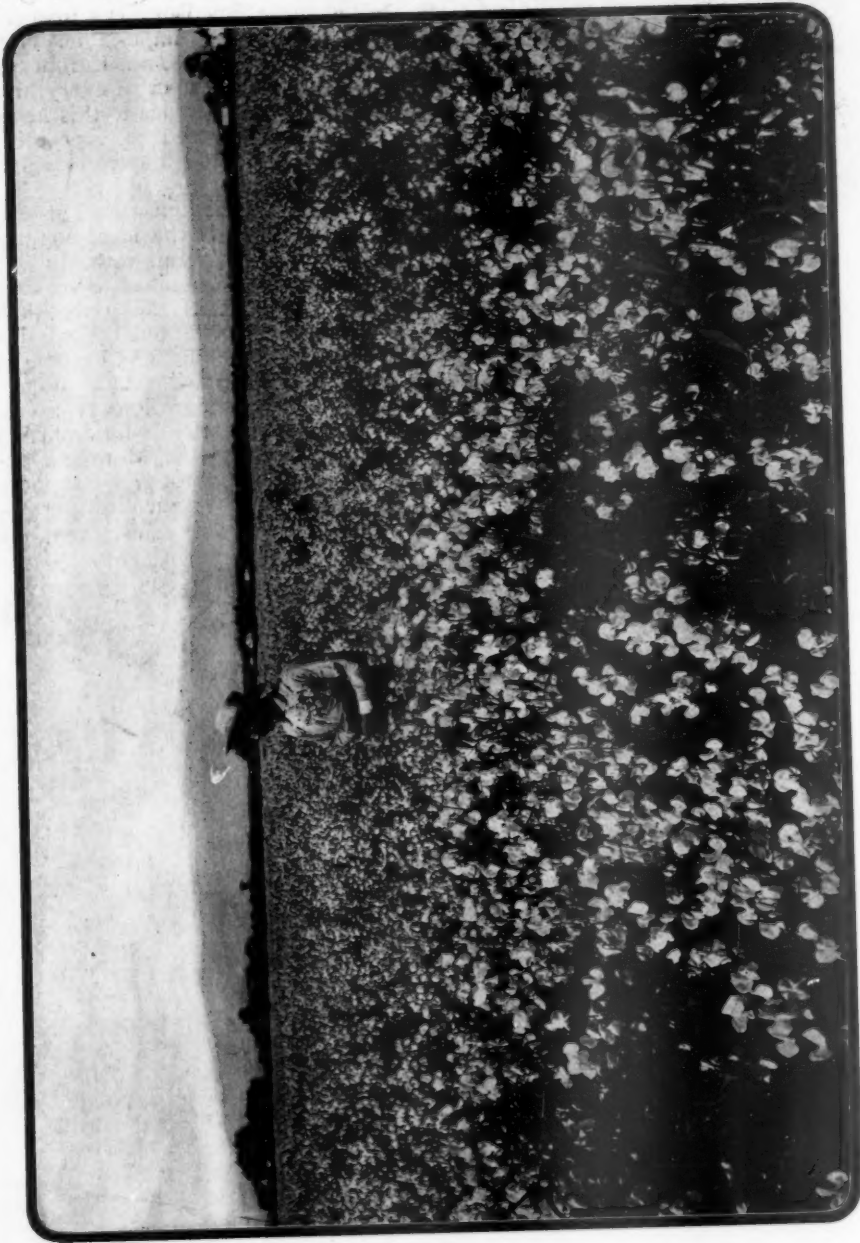
So far as the United States is concerned, the settling of the southern countries by Germans and Italians is a good thing. It means stable governments; it means rapid increase in population; it means immense increase in trade. Forty millions of Germans in Brazil would be better customers than the forty millions of Germans in Germany. The Germans converted into Brazilians would be as warm supporters of the Monroe Doctrine as are the Ger-

mans converted into Yankees. They would make any European invasion of the Southland impossible. They would be Americans, not Europeans, and therefore in favor of everything which is of importance to this hemisphere and opposed to everything which would hand it over to European control.

There is no question but that South America is the ideal country for the European emigrant, and no people are more anxious to see him settle that part of the globe than Americans, but he must leave his government at home, and become in this hemisphere a freeman.

European immigration to South and Central America is far from being a menace to the Monroe Doctrine; it is its strongest support and its best assurance of permanency.





A field of sweet peas. March in California.



Prof. Soule as "Mortality."



Mrs. H. N. Miner as "Mother Nature."
Photo Hana Robison.

A CALIFORNIA MIDWINTER SUN MYSTERY

BY MABEL H. BROWN.

"It is fitting," the author maintained in prologue, "that a play such as this be enacted in a church."

One looked for something, of a medieval origin—a miracle play, perhaps, or a "mystere religieux," but Charles Keeler, poetist, essayist and maker of books, has, in his "Triumph of Light," given us something frankly modern.

"A California Midwinter Sun Mystery," he calls it, and there pauses, leaving further interpretation to his cast.

The little drama, or idyll—call it what we may—was first enacted in the quaintly artistic Unitarian

Church in Berkeley. The altar platform, transformed by boughs and garlands into a woodland bower, made a fit setting for the fairy folk who tripped across it, rising as from the ground, and disappearing in dusky alcoves screened with brush.

The setting and action do, in sooth, date back to a period of antiquity. As in "Everyman," revived by the Ben Greet Company of players, the actors saunter through the aisles, and speak their lines from here and there about the entrances, and are always answered from the stage.

But here all imitation of past pro-

ductions ends, save in the character of Mortality, whose semblance exists in most of the early religious dramas.

Mortality, taken for this play to represent a type of mankind, is journeying toward the grave, beset on all sides by doubts and fears, and harassed by ungratified longings for he knows not what.

Mortality is a seer; his beard is white, his step tottering. The voices of the night—the bats, the owls, the winds—call to him as he journeys forth. The lights are out, the hour precedes the dawn, and the voices coming from total darkness, "mutter and moan" in jangled chorus.

"Mid the boughs of the oak, in
needles of fir!
O dolorous darkness, O chaos of
gloom,
We chant from the deeps of the
forest of doom."

A reading of the play gives but

slight idea of its effect when acted. The approach of dawn is gradual, as in reality, and is heralded at first by the veriest semblance of a misty light in the distance. The chorus of the Night is partly hushed.

"Murmur and mumble and mutter
and moan,
The bats are a-winging, the owlets
have flown,
The night wind is sleeping,
The dawn mist is weeping,
And we must be sweeping to drear-
ier zone."

There is no plot; the play hinges on a mere idea, a poet's idea, be it said, and the setting in its close, represents day bright and glorious—the California midwinter day, with birds and flowers in attendance on Mother Nature.

A troop of boys represents the birds, dressed in fantastic, clownish costumes, especially designed for the occasion. A bevy of little girls



"Hall! King of Day."

Photo by Adelaide Hanscom



Miss Ethel Preble as "Dawn." Mr. N. H. Peyson as "Pan." Mrs. L. M. Hale as "Nymph."

Photo by Hana Robison

appropriately gowned, represent the flowers—the native flowers of the Berkeley hills. They kneel at the altar, bowing their heads in homage to the noon sun—the King of Day.

The story is, that Mortality, journeying through a lengthy season of "unprofitable, mis-spent years," overweighted with learning and profitless ambition, has found no warmth in his heart for love.

Mother Nature points out to him the folly of his way. He is led to a litter where rests a sleeping child, and is given a magic torch with which to waken the little sleeper. She rises and faces him, Love personified, and asks:

"Who are thou, sire, that hath awakened me?"

He bows his head in homage:

"I am Mortality, o'erburthened
long
With ills of flesh immedicable."

She answers, simply:

"Mortality, I pity thee, dear soul;
Bend down and let me kiss your ills
away.



"King of Day."



Mr. Keeler as "Herald."
Photo by Adelalde Hanscom

Thus from a child gain immortality."

Mortality, enraptured, cries:

"Dear child, in joy I fold you to my breast.
Searching, I found not God, but with the kiss
A little child bestows, love enters in
To light the tabernacle of my heart,
And in that secret chamber, lo, I see
God's grace benign of immortality."

Mr. Keeler has not attempted a problem play in miniature, nor does he try to point a moral; rather, he paints a picture, or a series of pictures, in poetic setting. This bit of a poetic drama, he hopes, will be but a forerunner of a series of similar plays, with California themes and backgrounds. He has already drawn largely on his native heath

for inspiration; he is a poet who works generally with the matter at hand.

In his "A Wanderer's Songs of the Sea" he gives the sailors' chanties as he heard them in the many ports he has visited—not as he reads them in books. And he has improvised for his own amusement with these chanties as major chords. All these songs are of the Pacific, and breathe the spirit of the West.

In his "Idyls of El Dorado," Mr. Keeler has given Western nature a garb of new mythology. He has, in truth, invented rhythms to personify the natural phenomena about him—the phenomena back of the Berkeley Hills.

"Elfin Songs of Sunland," his latest work, shows his power of interpreting the child-heart. Already the book has run into its second edition—an edition de luxe, with illustrations by Louise Keeler. Quite



Merodine Keeler as "Love."
Photo Hana Roblison.

fortunate is this poet of the Pacific in having wedded a woman as gifted in the art of illustrating as he is in the art of poesy. The two supplement each other, planning each book together, and thus working for the furtherance of their kindred ambitions.

Mr. Keeler is distinctly original in all his work; he strikes new notes even in old themes. In the "Promise of the Ages" he sets the sciences to music, and, to quote a New York critic: "Sings geology, astronomy, biology and theology, and sings them in stately measure."

"The Triumph of Light" has been put into pamphlet form; but, as before remarked, the little play is far better witnessed than read. Professor Soule, of the University of California, took the leading role as

Mortality, and Mrs. H. N. Miner, of Berkeley, was an ideal Mother Nature. The part of Love, the child, was taken by Mr. Keeler's little daughter Merodine—a name coined by Mr. Keeler in his "The Promise of the Ages." Mr. Keeler himself was the priest of the Sun, and E. M. Peyson made a rollicking Pan.

Our poet has frankly endeavored to set a fashion, not in the revival of old plays, but in the creation of new ones, of a kind suitable to be given in churches, or in places other than professional halls. It is not exactly in line with the movement to uplift the stage, but is rather a movement for widening the dramatic field, and may present new ideas to old masters in the art of play-writing.

FEW THERE ARE

BY CHARLES W. STEVENSON

How few there are who think of others first,
 To give them honor, gain them glad success;
 Do them a kindness and the fact suppress;
 Speak of them gently when men say the worst;
 Share food and drink and hide their own deep thirst;
 Love them through intimacy's calm and stress;
 Cling to them when they wrong, or guilt, confess;
 How few there are, how very few, who durst!
 And when one does, how many cry: "A fool!
 A hypocrite, beware the unctuous man—
 He wears the cloak of helpfulness who can—
 How many fawn and bend the knee to rule!"
 But lo! this man of warm and willing heart
 Writes no remorse on life's unfolding chart.

THE WORLD'S AWHEEL AGAIN

Good Roads and Just Legislation.

BY SIDNEY PELL MAKINSON

THE automobile has established itself in public favor, and its utility is now beyond question. Apart altogether from its value as an article of pleasure, it is developing an actual worth as a commercial asset, as an important, and, indeed, in the present condition of industry, necessary vehicle for the transaction of business. This result was long ago foreseen by men of experience and imagination, and the ever-increasing number of automobiles devoted to trade purposes bears testimony to its value. This is only the beginning of a development in the extension of the use of the machine which will make it the ordinary means of transportation for farmers and others. In order that the automobile may have fair play, it is necessary that roads be made which will give it a chance to show its power.

The question here presented does not affect merely the well-to-do, who are employing the automobile as a means of pleasure; it is of profound importance to the community, and its wise solution will be fraught with commercial advantages to the State of no small importance. It will be remembered that the good roads of Europe, and of Great Britain in particular, were only made when the commercial conditions which required the shipment of heavy loads over them made such improvement necessary. The automobile will be to California what the great wagon was to Europe, and the same results must be achieved—the improvement of highways and the building up of real roads in place of the muddy and unsatisfactory trails which still in most parts of the State do duty under the name of roads. Such pseudo-roads are an actual commer-

cial draw-back, and uneconomical in every sense of the term; they are a waste of energy and money simply beyond calculation, and if the automobile converts them into real highways, it will have performed one of the most necessary services which can be rendered to the Commonwealth.

The roads in California are simply vile. In fact, to apply the term to them at all is something of a farce, enough to make a self-respecting Roman turn in his grave, and the builders of the British turnpikes shiver even in the torrid zone reserved for the souls of fraudulent contractors. Even about the bay, within shouting distance of one of the great capitals of modern life, and a city which within fifty years may be the most important in the world, the highroads are simply by-ways, full of ruts, thick with mud in the fall, and in the summer dangerous to man and beast by reason of dust and loose stones and rubbish. No automobile can travel them with any safety; in fact, a light running cart traverses them at risk to its occupants, and danger of destruction to its own framework. But when we leave these districts and pass into that part of the State where the so-called roads are at the mercy of the incompetents which the county places in supervision, description becomes impossible; they are unutterably bad. They are such as no self-respecting animal should ever consent to draw a load over, and are ruinous to the automobile, an offense to decency, and a standing mockery of our claims to any consideration as a civilized community.

And this need not be the case. There is plenty of material for placing them in repair, and the roads

themselves can be made without difficulty, and with the expenditure of an amount of money ridiculously small in face of the obvious advantages. In fact, there are possibilities for these roads which, in view of their scenery and the climatic advantages, would make this State a Mecca for tourists who are desirous of investigating more of the country than can be seen on an ordinary railway journey; and who yet hesitate to face the difficulties and actual dangers which our roads impose upon them.

The Camino Real, the great California highway about which there has been so much talk, and concerning whose existence the skeptical have been inclined to doubt, does unquestionably exist.

The Camino Real, improved and made suitable for automobiles, would give us a magnificent highway, traversing some of the most beautiful and interesting country in this continent, and it is time that it was done.

Yosemite, again, is one of the stock places of the State. Everybody who comes here must see Yosemite, and the roads in the summer are crowded with thousands of Californians, making a devout pilgrimage to this one of their most famous shrines of natural beauty. But the roads to Yosemite are unendurable. Even a walking enthusiast, with his pack animal, hurls vindictive abuse at the abominations which he is called upon to tread, while the man who has an automobile would be more than reckless of his property to use it along the wretched tracks of Calaveras County, fit, perhaps, for the passage of flocks of sheep and herds of cattle, but almost absolute-

ly useless for any purposes of locomotion.

Even these great feats of road-making can be dispensed with for the present if those in authority will only give us some notion that they intend to make the roads in the more populous district of the State for the user of the automobile, who is a man and a citizen, and would appear to have certain rights to the use of the means of communication in spite of the abuse of the demagogues and the conservatism of the moss-backs.

There is all the less excuse for the continuation of this wretched road system in view of the fact that of late years a whole arsenal of facts has been placed before the people by the United States Government, and the Governments of the several States which have given their consideration to the all-important question of road building, while we, with our usual arrogant superiority to instruction of any kind, and our firm conviction that we are the most progressive of peoples, continue to satisfy ourselves with highways which would make a Roman army contractor blaspheme. The cementing power of road-materials, the comparative cost of different systems of constructions, the use of oil for keeping roads in good condition, all of these things have been generally discussed, and Californians have sat and listened with a bored expression and a firm conviction not to do anything.

The automobile has come to rouse them from this lethargy; it introduces a new system, and like all prophets, the way must be prepared before it. All that is wanted by the auto is good roads, and it should have them.

THE MUSIC OF THE AMERICAN INDIANS

BY FRANCES DENSMORE

INDIAN music, in the general acceptance of the term, is the pandemonium of a small boy, conducted with the dignity of his grandfather. The most familiar form of this music is the social dance. The Indians have a large repertory of songs appropriate to these occasions, but there is a striking similarity among them; the melody is always short and repeated an indefinite number of times, without any perceptible attempt at "expression." They have other melodies, however, which are entirely different in character. These are the songs which a white man seldom hears—songs of ceremonial, of love, and of worship; songs of all the thoughts that lie unspoken beneath the sculptured bronze.

During a recent campaign among the Apaches, an officer of the United States army was riding along a winding mountain road, when he heard the sound of Indian singing. Years of service on the plains had accustomed his ears to the red man's music; he was familiar with the war song and the scalp dance, but the song which he heard was different from these. It was a melody of wild beauty, and there was no drum accompanying the song. He stopped to listen; when suddenly, around a curve of the road before him, swept two young Apaches, riding at full speed in the moonlight, each with an arm across the other's shoulder. They were singing with all the abandon of their free young lives, but the instant they saw him their gaiety vanished; the song ceased; they were only two red men on rather dilapidated ponies.

The army can deal with some phases of Indian affairs, but not with the music of the aborigine.

Conquered, he has surrendered his lands and his hunting-ground, but his music he would only give to one whom he knew to be his friend. This music, expressing his true personality, has been secured for us by Miss Alice C. Fletcher, holder of the Thaw Fellowship at Harvard University, who went to Nebraska in 1880, and, in the interest of scientific research, lived on an Omaha Reservation, as guest of the chief of the tribe. There she won the confidence and esteem of the Indians, so that, in token of their friendship, they sang for her the songs which no white person had ever heard. She wrote down the music exactly as it was sung, and, finding that a harmonizing of the melodies pleased the Indians, she secured the assistance of the late Prof. J. C. Fillmore, in the technical work of harmonization. Strange as it may seem, the untaught Indian has a sub-conscious sense of correct harmony, and in working upon these songs, Miss Fletcher and Professor Fillmore, by patient experiment, found chords which pleased the Indians. These songs are fully given in Miss Fletcher's charming book, "Indian Story and Song in North America." Some of the songs were readily harmonized by the principal chords of the key, but others involved strange and strikingly original treatment. Intuitively the Indian sought, and was not satisfied, until he was given harmonic progressions not unlike those which delight the highest artistic taste of the white race. In his singing he had never attempted the use of harmonies; he could not produce them if he tried; but when he heard them, a new sense awoke in him—faint stirring of long-lost kin-

ship with the Race of Purpose and Power.

In all his means of expression, the Indian is still a child. When he dances, he puts his feet together and moves from side to side with a motion precisely like that of a three-year-old child attempting to "dance." The "ring-around-a-rosy" order characterizes the beginning of even the scalp dance and the ghost dance; that is, the dancers join hands and circle to the left. The songs contain very few words, like

ish, is seldom spontaneous in anything that he does. There is an interesting "mystery song," which is sung by the Omahas when a horse is to be tested for its speed or endurance. The words mean: "There they go galloping, my horse leading, they say," and by the singing of this song the animal is supposed to become imbued with the unbounded strength of the mysterious Horse Spirit. The rhythm of the music suggests the erratic motion of an Indian pony galloping across



Crow Indian Dance.

By permission Bureau of Ethnology.

the broken sentences of a little child, yet these words convey the idea with absolute clearness; the rest of the song consisting of vowel syllables—"ho, ha, hi," or "ya, yae."

With the instinct of the kindergarten, the Indian has an appropriate song for whatever he does—a song for the corn-planting, a song for going to war and a song of thanksgiving. Many of these are "mystery songs," full of magic power, for the Indian is very serious in his views of life, and, though seemingly child-

the prairie. The Indian's sense of rhythm is very strong, not simply the regularly recurring beat which the white man calls "rhythm," but a metrical expression of emotion more nearly like the meter of our poetry. He forms the rhythm of his music to suit the idea he wishes to express, and uses "measures" of five or seven beats with ease, often alternating them with measures containing three or four beats.

An Indian surgeon is called a Buffalo Doctor, and his treatment would lose half its power if it were

not accompanied by a song. The medicine is sprayed upon the wound in the time-honored manner of a Chinaman sprinkling clothes, and the Doctor sings: "Thus am I bidden to send it."

The Indian warrior proudly calls himself a Wolf, and his war songs are Mekasee—Wolf songs. A war party begins and ends in song. When some of the young men decide to go on such an expedition, they summon their comrades together, dance their war dances, sing their war songs, and work themselves up to the proper pitch of enthusiasm. The party sings as it leaves the village. A song much liked by the Omahas for such occasions commemorates a victory over the Pawnees, and contains only these words: "Wetungædaæ saesasa anthumwangehæ,"—meaning, "Sister trotting follows me." Sister refers to the women who followed the warriors and shared the spoils.

So the little cavalcade starts on its way, the men having their faces whitened with clay and their stalwart shoulders draped with white blankets, that they may be less easily seen across the parched prairie grass.

Indians on the war-path often march twenty-four hours without stopping, so that long journeys are quickly accomplished. There is a song to the effect that the warrior, like the wolf, is not afraid to go into distant lands, but the "warrior bold" has been known to be homesick as a pussy cat. The leader of a homesick war party once composed a song with a range of two octaves and a note. It seemed to run the entire gamut of human emotion, and so inspired his men that they returned safely, bringing many scalps.

Meantime, what of the village? Be it a band of painted savages, or the ranks in blue with bayonets glistening in the sun, the woman who watches them go away knows that they will not all come home

again. With her eye she follows one form, follows it where the ranks are only a cloud of dust—when the cloud of dust becomes a speck; with her heart she follows it beyond the horizon, into the unknown danger. Long hours make a day, and days slip into weeks, but there is no news of the little party which sallied forth so bravely. Then the older women of the village come to the lodge from which a husband or brother went on the warpath. They sing the "Waetou-waan," or "Woman-song," while one of their number beats on a hide. It is very crude music, but the Indians have a beautiful faith in its power; they believe that it conveys strength and courage to the absent warrior. Sing on, brave hearts, comforted in the unreasoning faith of childhood, happy that you do not hear the battle-cry, even now ringing in your soldier's ears!

The Indian warrior has no national music—no Marseillaise to shout as he dashes into the fight. He hears the whirr of the arrows; in the confusion, he scarcely knows how the battle is going, but he hears shrieks mingled with the yells and whoops of both friends and enemies. He realizes that if he is ever to see the smoke curling upward from his own teepee, he must put forth an almost superhuman effort. His rallying cry must call forth all his reserve power. It may be an appeal to his personal honor, to that boasted bravery dearer than all else; or it may be a song given him in a vision, mysterious and potent as his "medicine." In the face of death he remembers his mother. When he was born, she looked at her baby with mother-eyes, and said: "A MAN lies there!" Those eyes saw, not the baby, but the man who should be her protection and her pride. Shall he disappoint that hope? Let him fling himself into the thicket of the fight; he will PROVE himself a MAN.

But the "woman-song" and the

"rallying cry" may be alike without avail. The war party that sallied forth like the wolf is utterly defeated; the chief is taken captive, while the scalps of his followers dangle from the girdles of the enemy. Only one honor remains for him, and that shall be given him by his conquerors—the honor of death by torture. Scalping annihilates the soul, strangling imprisons the soul forever in the body, but the grim courtesy of Indian warfare requires that a defeated chief shall be given an opportunity to show the bravery that has been his boast. The agonized soul shall escape from the mangled body as slowly as possible, so that his enemies may see the wolf-spirit that defeat cannot crush nor the presence of death itself conquer.

He is kindly treated in the hostile camp, but when he realizes that he will never again see the sun rise across the prairie, he sings his Death song—sings it strong and full to the last. The words of one such Omaha song are these: "Death is inevitable; the old men have not told us that any one has found a way to pass beyond it; the career of a leader is difficult of accomplishment." There is no drum, and the song is full of dramatic power, suggesting Beethoven's magnificent Funeral March in its solemn dignity and rich harmonies. The man about to die was a hero. Difference of circumstance—a change of time and place—and the savage would have been a mighty general, mourned by a nation.

On its way home, the victorious war party has been preparing the music for the scalp dance. First, an old tune was decided upon; next came the words which were arranged in solemn council. One man would suggest a line; then all would sing it, to hear how it would sound; then another would try to compose a line, and so on, until, when they reached home, it was finished and learned by all the warriors.

Meantime, the runners have carried the news to the camp, and preparations are in progress there also. The warriors who did not accompany the war party begin the rehearsal of their part in the scalp dance. Out on the end of a sand bar or behind a clump of trees, they are busy dramatizing their former victories, which certainly lose nothing in dramatization.

When the hour for the scalp dance arrives, each scalp is fastened in a hoop, and the hoop placed on the end of a pole. These poles are stuck in the ground, forming a circle, and the dance begins. Those who took the scalps join hands and move slowly around the circle of poles, singing as they go. Soon they vary the songs with whoops and yells; they bound into the circle, seize their pole and act out the taking of the scalp. Those who failed to take scalps rush into the circle, recount former victories, and shout the reasons why they failed to secure a scalp on this occasion. Then the warriors who remained as a guard to the village bound forward, singing and acting the heroics that were rehearsed behind the bushes; the whole village becomes half crazy, and the dance lasts until every one is utterly exhausted.

In British Columbia there is a tribe of Indians which celebrates its victories with an energetic man-eating song, accompanied by the striking together of two sticks, which might be called chop-sticks. The song ends with an unsatisfied and unresolved dominant seventh chord, but is omitted here, out of respect to the feelings of the survivors.

After the echoes of the scalp dance have ceased, there comes the lengthy discussion of the victory, and the proud recounting of valorous deeds. Then, too, the warrior may enter the Haethuska Society, which, among the Omahas, is a kind of G. A. R., although chiefs have no preference in it, and any obscure



A Navajo Dancer.

man can work his way up by diligence in collecting scalps and care in telling his stories. The Indians have a very conclusive way of settling military affairs which saves a great deal of time and trouble in the matter of "courts of inquiry." Within the village circle stands the Tent of War. It is in charge of a particular gens, and its contents are closely guarded. The ceremony of

the Tent of War is surrounded with much mystery and pounding of the drum; this much, however, is known. The tent contains, among other things, a skin case or pack made in the symbolic form of a bird, and stuffed with the skins of birds supposed to have good judgment in military matters. Every Indian knows that the birds hover over the battlefield and see all that the warrior does, so it is right that his story should be referred to them for corroboration. The warrior is required to tell his tale in the presence of this case of bird-skins, and then drop a reed upon it. If the Indian is lying, the birds will turn in their ceremonial grave and knock the reed to the ground. This, however, seldom occurs, which places the military veracity of the Indian beyond all reasonable doubt.

The Western tourist pauses to listen to a party of prairie Indians singing their strange songs. If it is his first experience, he probably shudders and remembers the fate of Custer; yet in the hearts of the Indians there is a deep love for that wild music, and a sincere enjoyment of it. Many years ago a party of travelers in northern Michigan attempted to show the Indians what music ought to be. Accordingly, a male quartette of excellent voices sang "Home, Sweet Home" for them. The Indians listened respectfully, though they looked a trifle bored, and when the song was finished, there was an oppressive silence, instead of the applause expected by the strangers. With true politeness, the Indians never referred to the musical performance of the white men, covering it with the veil of charity, and probably pitying the deluded musicians. Let the tourist in his pride remember this.



The Unveiling of the Robert Louis Stevenson Memorial

BY BETTY HARCOURT

IT was an interesting company that gathered in St. Giles' Cathedral in June 28th last, when the St. Gaudens Memorial to Robert Louis Stevenson was unveiled. Without, the streets of Edinburgh basked in that brilliant Scottish sunshine which is brighter still because so seldom seen; within, a soft twilight filled the ancient building, shot here and there with a beam of crimson or of violet as the light from the windows shone through the mantle of a pictured saint or martyr.

All was reverent stillness when the company had gathered, save for now and then the whisper in the breeze of the tattered banners hanging from the vaulted roof:

" . . . flags that with every opened door
Seemed the old wave of battle to remember."

In the Moray Aisle, behind the iron gates, sat the members of the Memorial Committee in attendance upon their chairman, the Earl of Rosebery. In the body of the church every seat was filled, and a throng of Stevenson worshippers stood crowding the old gray building to the very doors. Playfellows, schoolmates, college friends of "the world's Louis," were there on every side, and some had brought their children that the family tradition of love for the great author might receive an added touch of consecration.

Mistress Alison Cunningham, Stevenson's old nurse, her blue eye still undimmed, her cheek still rosy, sat in a place of honor, and about her were gathered many of Stevenson's personal friends and chroniclers. Miss Eve Blautyre Simpson, who has written so charmingly of "R. L. S.'s Edinburgh Days," was there, and beside her sat the Reverend John Kalman, author of "The Faith of Robert Louis Stevenson."

Mrs. Riggs (Kate Douglas Wiggin), and her sister, Miss Nora Smith, were the only Americans present, save for the United States Consul, and these three, in the regrettable absence of Mr. St. Gaudens, represented their native land as best they might. Near the American ladies sat their devoted friends, the sister-novelists, Misses Mary and Jane Findlater, and beside them, "Gabriel Setoun," the modern Scottish poet of childhood. Among the other distinguished guests were Sir James Guthrie, President of the Royal Society of Scottish Artists, Principal Story, Principal Donaldson of St. Andrews, Mr. Herbert Thring, representing the British Society of Authors, the Lord Justice General, the Very Reverend Cameron Lees, Dean of The Thistle and Dean of the Chapel Royal, Professor David Masson, Mr. Sidney Colvin, Lord Adam, Sir Charles Logan, the Senior Magistrates of Edinburgh and Glasgow, and various representatives of the Speculative and Debating Societies, of which Stevenson was so brilliant a member in his wayward and stormy youth.

The Earl of Rosebery, as chairman of the Memorial Committee, opened the proceedings by greeting the brilliant and distinguished audience which had gathered to do honor to the memory of one of Scotland's most gifted sons. He alluded to the long delay in the completion of the Memorial, a work begun eight years before, and explained it by the seriously impaired condition of the sculptor's health and by the great

number of commissions which he already had in hand at the time when he accepted the order of the committee. Afflicted with the artistic conscience, too, Mr. St. Gaudens had, it appeared, at great loss to himself, three times caused his work to be destroyed, but now that it was completed, Lord Rosebery believed, although he had not yet seen the tablet, that it would be found to be that rarest of all achievements, the memorial of a man of genius by a man of genius.

And yet, the noble Lord went on to say, the true memorial of Robert Louis Stevenson will be in the school that he has founded, in the infinite number of readers, almost idolaters of his name; of his works, that exist throughout the world, and last, but not least, in that magnificent edition of his writings, so beautiful in outward shape and in inward substance, that remains almost an unparalleled memorial of a great author.

"And yet," said Lord Rosebery, "it is well that we should have our memorial here. Is it not a pathetic thought that this Scottish genius, so pre-eminently Scottish, should have laid his bones, not in the Lothians that he loved so well, but in the far-distant isles of the Pacific? There seems something anomalous in that, and yet, genius is world-wide, and we should not grudge to Samoa that it holds the remains of Robert Louis Stevenson. For many years to come, those who love these Lothians, and indeed all Scotland, will come with reverence to visit the memorial which, by the bounty and piety of his countrymen, we are enabled to view to-day in St. Giles' Cathedral."

His Lordship then unveiled the tablet, and subsequently called upon Mr. Sidney Colvin, the intimate friend and biographer of Stevenson, to hand over the monument formally to the authorities of St. Giles'.

There was a flutter of interest in the audience as Mr. Colvin arose,

an eager movement here and there to behold what manner of man might be this *fidus achates* of the dead author. He spoke at some length, simply, yet with deep feeling, and the impression of insight, culture and refinement given by his keen eyes, scholarly face and modest bearing was borne out by his quiet, yet impressive voice. He, too, alluded to the delay in the completion of the memorial to his beloved friend, and said that in his judgment it had had its compensations, one of which might be said to be the solving of the question as to the permanence of Stevenson's reputation as a man of letters. "Next December," said Mr. Colvin, "it will be ten years since he died. Ten years is an infinitesimal slice of time, but as concerns the fame of a writer which existed in his own day, those first ten years are decisive. If there is to be a reaction, if there is to be an eclipse of fame, it will be within the first ten years after his death. In the case of Robert Louis Stevenson, no symptoms of such decline or such reaction can be seen; the younger generation seems to love and delight in his work not less greatly than his contemporaries did. Nor are there signs of lessening interest in the singular and fascinating personality of the man. Much continues to be written about him which seems to me beside the mark, but much that is wise and to the point. This descendant of the distinguished line of Edinburgh engineers; this ailing, elfish changeling, as he almost seems when one thinks of him in comparison with the robust practical stock from which he sprang; this restless, sickly wanderer in all regions of the world, this surely bravest and sanest spirit that ever was lodged in so crazy a body; this French-trained master in Scottish and English letters, this notorious truant at school and college, who in the course of time turned out to be the most determined, the most indefatigable

worker, perhaps, of his generation, is a character which, with the lapse of time loses not, but gains in interest. From this point of view, therefore, from the point of allowing a certain measure of the test of time to be applied to the reputation which some of us hold so dear, there is perhaps some cause for gratitude in the delayed completion of this memorial. Whether this is so or not, now that we have Augustus Saint Gaudens' monument before us, we feel that it is a thing to rejoice in, not merely for the sake of its completion, but for the sake of the work itself. The reason why the committee decided after due consideration to apply to Mr. Saint Gaudens for the execution of the memorial was that he was the only sculptor of the first note to whom Stevenson had ever given sittings, and that in the course of those sittings they had become such close personal friends that the sculptor's work might at least be depended upon to be one of love and deep sympathy. To some of you it may have occurred that the memory of Stevenson with his active tastes, his habits of energy and activity, so long as life lasted, might have been perpetuated in some other likeness than that of a sick man reclining on a couch; but it so happened that at the time these sittings were given he was in one of his worst phases of physical frailty. * * * To me, that figure, propped by pillows, with head always quite unsupported and erect, sitting with the scroll of paper in its hand, is a reminiscence of many days and scenes. Oftentimes I have so seen him in an upper room of my house at the British Museum or in his own home at Bournemouth, and to my mind, the memorial is the very image of his attitude, of his likeness as he was accustomed then to sit, invalided, but indefatigably working. That St. Giles' is a fitting place for his effigy needs no argument and no demonstration. Wherever he went, he car-

ried with him a faithful heart and the true Scottish tongue. * * * * * During those Pacific wanderings, which gave him in the last six years of his life the only time of delight in outdoor activity and sensations of renewed health, which he had known since boyhood, there are many records of touching returns of his thought to his native town. In his verses, he still hoped to live, or at least be buried, in his native

his words were embodied the whole soul and essence of the romance of those beloved places. His last work was that fragment, a classic of the language, "Wier of Hermiston," written at the highest pitch of his genius, in the strongest flame of his imagination and love for Edinburgh and for Scotland, a flame which his feeble and exhausted frame was unable to bear. The work remained unfinished: strength and life failed



St. Giles Cathedral and the Stevenson Monument.

city, but that hope left him in time, and he realized that he must remain in the far-off isle of Samoa. He has written tales and histories, bringing for the first time into the range of living literature the beliefs and the habits of the Pacific natives, but in the four last years of his works, his writings dealt with Scotland. * * * * * The moment he touched his native land and city, in

him in the midst of his task and the brave spirit went down into the dust."

At the close of Mr. Colvin's address, the members of the Memorial Committee rose to view the tablet, and the formal proceedings ended as Dr. Cameron Lees accepted its custody in his dual capacity of minister of the church and representative of the Cathedral's Board. The ven-

erable Dean of the Thistle expressed his deep personal gratification in having Mr. Gaudens' beautiful work beneath the crown of St. Giles' Cathedral and in the very heart of Edinburgh, which Louis Stevenson loved so well. In his early days, Dr. Lees had seen much of the great author, as well as of his good father and mother, and to have known that bright spirit, so strong and yet so tender and so true, was one of the pleasantest recollections of a long and somewhat uneventful life.

The memorial services then being completed, the audience was invited to pass through the Moray Aisle and view the tablet—a curious and interesting one for such a place,

with its reclining figure propped by pillows.

That it is indeed, as Lord Rosebery has said, "the memorial of a man of genius by a man of genius," seemed to be the feeling of all present, and that it is most fitly placed in the ancient cathedral around which the tides of Scottish history have ebbed and flowed for generations, no Stevenson worshiper can doubt.

"This be the verse you grave for me:

'Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.'"

THE PICTURE OF THE "LITTLE FATHER."

A True Story of the Battle of Chemulpo.

BY CHARLES LORRIMER

(Special Correspondent of the Overland Monthly in Manchuria)

"And Death drew nigh and beat the doors of life."—Tennyson.

MEN seem always eager to stampede after violent adventures. The instinct must be a legacy from primitive forefathers who first clubbed their foes from necessity, then their friends for practice. Certainly, if you or I or the next man polled our entire acquaintance, even in this age of enlightenment and civilization, we should scarcely find a single man who wouldn't willingly sell his shirt for the chance of being in a battle even though he knew himself foredoomed to get the worst of the bargain.

And, truly, it is an open secret that no man comes out of a fight quite as he went in. Soldier or sailor, journalist or doctor, each leaves

something behind; it may be a joint of his arm or a bit of his scalp or a shred of his courage. At least, he doesn't come out without some scar where War's finger has touched him. That I can swear to. For I've been in a battle myself, seen men pluck Fame and Honor like brands from the burning, and then sat opposite the Lords of Life and Death and watched them draw lots for the souls. Thereby, I have earned the right to speak, to tell this story.

Listen, good people, sitting safely, comfortably at home in your artistic, semi-detached villas; listen, quiet householders, you who pay your taxes with such beautiful regularity. If my story seems to you perhaps slight and trivial, still it deserves your attention because it has the unusual merit of being true.

We lay at the time in Chemulpo

harbor. I daresay you'll remember shortly before that fatal February 9th, the Vicksburg proceeded there under sudden and unexpected orders from the Admiral, for all the papers commented on it—for your special benefit. We were anchored in the harbor as calmly as you please, the French cruiser away to our right, the British to our left, the two Russians further down the throat of the bay. The only blessed thing we had to do was to see that the brass was kept clean—and, by way of a little mild excitement, to get up sweeps on the probable date of the outbreak of hostilities. Nobody could be hired to bet on any date nearer than a month off.

There was not the slightest pleasure or profit to be extracted from an excursion to the shore, which was distinctly God-forsaken and un-savoury, a hive of brown, benighted heathen. So, it being too cold to sit on a deck swept over by bitter winds, we gathered in the wardroom and discussed the Far Eastern question off-hand till the air was blue with smoke. If you carefully consider the circumstances of the case, you will see it was the only thing for us to do.

We did it with creditable persistence for two weeks (the Navy is a very lazy profession when there is nothing going on), until that memorable afternoon when the whole Japanese fleet, the fat battleships, the slim cruisers, the fidgety little destroyers, and the admirable Admiral, steamed straight into the harbor exactly as if it belonged to them. They steamed in and dropped anchor.

Then presently they sent a little white boat over to have speech with the Russians. And on my word, that's the first the Russians knew or we knew of the war. We could have dredged the dictionary for adjectives to express our astonishment.

The little boat stayed some time with the Russians, scurrying from one ship to the next. What one said

to the other, we did not know—and never will know, exactly. Anyway, it is beside the point. There must have been language, absolutely unadulterated. If expurgated translations were offered you, they would not in the least convey the trenchant meaning. Presently the little boat came back to headquarters, kicking up water at starting just as a chicken kicks up dust before she settles in the road. Then it went ahead straight as a bullet leaving a narrow wake like a lace-border of white and gleaming foam behind. We, with straining eyes that fairly bulged with curiosity, presently saw the little chocolate Admiral send some hundred or more of his little saddle-colored soldiery ashore. The beach was positively speckled with them. Soon they had all disappeared quietly into the town in knots, in groups, in bunches. This landing took the rest of the day.

Towards evening, the wily little salt-water diplomat sent his staff-captain to call upon us and explain. It was lucky—for we couldn't have held in our curiosity much longer. In his bright uniform, with the gold lace and the fringed epaulettes, and his three little enameled crosses, the Staff Captain was distressingly civilized and European. He said that he had come to inform us peace was "honorably severed," adding in a tone of half-mysterious solemnity, "we shall now be being at war."

In his hour of excited need, the little man did not desert the present participle, dearly beloved fetish of his entire nation.

We extracted presently other details, which, being boiled down, came to this: The Admiral, under advices from his Government that war was actually, if unexpectedly, declared, gave the Russians the alternative of leaving for the high seas by noon the next day or risking a fight in the harbor. They had decided to go.

The following morning broke clear and bright. During my early watch

I saw the stars snuffed out one by one like candles. Then presently the sun came up a fiery ball, and woke the earth and the sky and the sea. There were no half tints worth noticing, but raw, crude light striking on the waters till the surface shone like a burnished kettle. The "Koreetz" and "Varyag" were hives of activity. Already at sunrise they floated in a Saragasso-sea of spars and bridgework, planks and deck-houses. They must have thrown all the woodwork that was NOT vital and that WAS inflammable and likely to be splintered by shells, overboard during the night. The decks, shorn of their ornamental quips and curls and superfluities, were clean and sleek as a wet retriever.

Exactly at noon, the two men-of-war weighed anchor and went out, the "Varyag" first.

We stood quiet—so silent you could have heard the snap of a watch-case—on the bridge watching her come up over the shiny water. As she got nearly alongside, her band, which was standing on the after-deck, struck up the National Anthem. That made a few of us turn round and put our fingers in our ears. It wasn't a pleasant thing to hear, considering the circumstances. A few of the older men made no attempt to keep dry-eyed, and I admired them for that. The two ships passed slowly and solemnly by. They went out to fight two against twelve, but no men could have steamed to meet death more bravely or less unostentatiously.

Two hours later the Japanese fleet went out—in somewhat the same direction.

We listened all day with strained ears for the sounds of firing—and presently they came, long, heavy booms first, then sharp crackles like strings of fire-crackers exploding, and at sundown the "Varyag" slunk in mortally wounded. She had crept back to die quietly like a

hunted animal. Great gashes showed in her bow. Her flag was pricked like a worn-out pin-cushion, her iron work was twisted and tangled like Medusa's hair. Plainly she lay in mortal agony—and couldn't last long.

We all saw it. The British and French had boats lowered as soon as we did, but being nearer, they got alongside her first. In five minutes they were moving boatloads of wounded back to the safety of their own decks.

When we got alongside the ship was fluttering and gasping and panting. Her engine room plates must have been hot with a tropical heat. There was dense smoke forward, and it was reasonable to imagine that the magazine might explode at any moment. Three of our men scrambled hurriedly on deck to collect those who were too weak to help themselves—only to be received with howls and imprecations in a strange tongue. The Russians could not understand—at first. They thought, the other rescuing boats having come and gone, we must be Japanese—and they were going to be attacked again. It hurt their feelings—till we explained.

In the Navy, a man gets used to a few things—but I never understood the full and terrible meaning of war until I set foot on that deck. There are times when it is better for men to die than live to have their courage taken out of them like the ribs of an old parasol about to be re-covered. Bah, that deck was hateful—the dead piled up outlined in black splashes of shadow, with all the uncompromising ugliness of their disorder, and the living trying pitifully to crawl past them to us.

I crept round, picking my way to the corner under the bridge, led by low groans. Looking up to see from what direction the sounds came, a tattered little flag waving gaily caught my eye. It leaned against the twisted rail, and the hand and arm of the signalist still

clung to it. The rest—God knows what had become of the rest. A shell must have done the work. It made me crawl all up my back to see—and I hurried on after the moans.

Propped up against what was left of the chart-house lay a great, burly fellow, in evident agony and fighting for breath like a drowning man. His shoulder was torn in ribbons, and he held a bunch of the rags from his tunic in the wound—to stop the blood. His face was lined with pain like a gridiron. Still, when he saw me coming, as a friend to help, he tried to smile, and when I raised him, he held his whole arm round my neck in a gentle grip, just like a great big child. I could see he was trying to explain something to me as we made our slow way across the deck, but there was no time for arguments or explanations that tide, so I just let him go on, thinking it might make the pain easier for him. Besides, half he said, I couldn't understand.

We got to the ship's side somehow. There wasn't much time to spare. All the others were back in the boat—and the "Varyag" heeled already at an undignified angle. I called to some of the men to help me get the big fellow into the gig. Just then he yelled down something, too. I couldn't catch what it was, but the Russians in the boat responded like a flash, with a confused shout that was half a cheer. The arm around my neck was wrenched free; the wounded man wriggled loose and stood up straight as a young bamboo. You mightn't believe it possible, but he did, and though his legs moved rather like the legs of a corpse obeying orders than the members controlled by a living man, he walked away towards the chart-room—he whom I had been at such pains to drag until the sweat stood on my forehead in beads and my arms were stiff and sore—for he was a very big and powerful man.

I was for going after him, but our own men pulled me back. The blue-black smoke rushed out thicker and thicker, burst out in new places, drove in heavy, odorous masses over us, wrapping the boat in a suffocating veil.

"She can't last, sir. Better leave him. It's too late."

True enough, the ship leaned over more and more. There was nothing for it but to climb into the boat and pull away—which we did.

When we were just two oar-lengths from the side, my wounded sailor re-appeared through the smoke. There was something clutched tightly in his whole hand. He managed to creep to the edge of the battered rail, though his mouth was writhed with agony. Truly, he looked like a dead man who hadn't gone to the trouble of dying.

Then we plainly saw what he went back for. It was a picture of the "Little Father" (that is the very affectionate name by which his subjects called the great White Czar)—the treasure of the ship. In the confusion, the others had forgotten it, but not he.

Let it be clearly understood, whatever the newspapers may say to the contrary, that through the Russian character there runs a rich vein of superstition which creeps in from the Oriental side of his nature. Omens, presentiments, auguries, these win or lose his battle for him. If you bear this elementary and essential fact in mind, the main-spring motives of this story, will be clearer.

The big fellow leaning against the rails, grasped the picture tightly against his untorn shoulder. Next he slid it down into his hand, and then, with an effort that made the sweat stand out like round pearls on his forehead, and set a little muscle just in the hollow of his throat—which has nothing to do with a man's regular breathing—twitching away violently, he threw it toward

us. The Russians in our boat leaned eagerly over to catch it.

On nearer view it seemed to me a poor thing to risk one's life for, that cheaply-done, wooden-looking lithograph. That, however, was only my personal opinion, and of no importance whatever. They evidently thought differently, for they all cheered a strange, hoarse cheer and picked it up very tenderly and lovingly. A few even touched it reverently with their lips as Lourdes pilgrims might touch a holy statue.

Our men rowed with clenched teeth away from the "Varyag," counting the seconds as the writhing column of smoke crept nearer and nearer to the magazine. He, left behind there, fell forward upon his knees, half fainting, his chin cuddled down on his breast and the

muscles of his cheeks twitching. His eyes seemed the only live part of him, and they shone with a satisfied light.

Then it came—the explosion—a tremendous crash, just as we got safely away. There wasn't much time to spare. The "Varyag" turned over on her back as helpless as a turtle, and the air was filled with flames, spitting red flames, and smoke and debris and curses.

Across the bay, the wounded men safely on board the other ships, started their national anthem. The rich notes of the wonderful Russian basses boomed over the water, and the effect was like a dirge being played by a whole orchestra of trombones. It was a seemly "taps" for HIM.

THE BUCCANEER

BY HENRY WALKER NOYES

'Twas a royal Galley of Lisbon town,
 —Yo ho! on the Spanish main—
 With treasure laden and homeward bound,
 —Sail ho! for a port in Spain—
 Her sails bent full to the western breeze,
 Her prow set deep in the tropic seas,
 Sing, ho! for the wine cup, dice and ease,
 And a jest for a loss or gain.

'Twas a pirate Lugger of black renown,
 —Yo, ho! for the ship of gold—
 Her Jolly Roger was upside down,
 —Sing ho! for a ruse so bold—
 With ports amask and her cannon lashed,
 Her decks lay clear when a broadside crashed.
 "Board ho!" was the cry, and bright steel flashed
 From the gloom of the Luggers hold.

'Twas a sailor's legend of ages gone,
 —Yo ho! for a tale well told—
 Of a Phantom ship that is seen at dawn;
 —Sing ho! of a Pirate bold—
 And down below was the dead men's bones,
 Their golden treasure, and precious stones,
 Sail, ho! on a voyage with Davy Jones
 In the depths of the Ocean old.

TEX'S LITTLE LAD

BY FRANCIS CHARLES

Author of "In the Country God Forgot," "The Awakening of the Duchess," Etc.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.—Miss Merton is an old love of Tex.'s, and after years of silence between them she is asked by Tex. to mother his child. She approaches the subject in a great deal of trepidation, and finally, in a letter which tells of her great affection for the man out there on the waste cactus lands and the red and gray hills of Arizona, she accepts the charge of bringing up his little lad.

The story is written in an unusual vein, and is a very keen psychological study. The thousands of readers of Miss Charles' very popular fiction will rejoice in her new story. There is an indefinable charm and sweetness, an unrivaled smoothness of expression, in everything Miss Charles writes that captivates her readers. The preceding chapters have brought us up to the time when "Janey," whom we have already learned to love, writes the letter to "Tex." accepting the care of the motherless child, "Tex.'s Little Lad."

CHAPTER III.

Doubts and Misgivings.

After about seven days she received this telegram:

"E starts this evening. Arrives on the Limited Sunday morning. Thank you. T. S."

The telegram was like a man, also, even to the expression of gratitude. She knew how much he must have felt it not to have omitted it. It said everything by its mere appearance on the yellow slip, but she had to paraphrase it to accomplish entire satisfaction.

"He might have spared himself writing his and Ethelbert's name as he has, and said the thank you, also, and yet told me the child's age," she fumed, vainly. "He might have omitted either starts this evening, or arrives Sunday morning. Both statements are tautological, as I might have been trusted to find a time-table somewhere."

All Miss Merton's friends were rather surprised at her manner that same afternoon at a very fashion-

able tea. Miss Merton often attended teas, because she thought it her duty to do so, to the ladies who belonged to her different clubs. It was generally they who entertained, and once a year she returned it all by asking all her hostesses (et al., as she expressed it) to the same sort of reception at her home. They all acknowledged they were far too busy to give more personal entertainments.

This afternoon, Miss Merton merely made her appearance to say good-bye, whereupon her hostess caught her hand and said she could not believe it of her. She relied on Miss Merton, she said, to receive with her while the younger girls saw to other things. The younger girls were no good at receiving. They did not know half the people to begin with, and never said the right word when they did.

They were too engrossed wondering what people thought of them or their gowns.

Miss Merton listened to all this, delivered in installments between arrivals, but she was quite firm in her resistance, and said that she

could not possibly remain. She was sorry. When cornered, at last, as to her reasons, she said that she was expecting a relative from the country and had to meet the relative. She did not state that she anticipated doing this Sunday morning, and it was Friday then, but just made the statement as if the relative were to arrive in about an hour, or as soon as she could get to the city's gates.

Her hostess watched her depart, sadly. Miss Merton was a reception committee in her one fine self, and the rooms looked quite empty after, and the hostess anticipated failure and felt miserable. She would have been spared even that few moments' suffering if she had seen Janet's actions, once outside her front stoop. Quite a string of ladies were already on its way in, and some solemn-looking coachmen were pacing the horses along different parts of the street. Janet stood to one side of the stately porch, delicately imparting her fine spirit and rare personality as usual to gown and gloves, even the long, thinly-spun gold chain was like her—fine and pure.

After a bit of meditation, she turned slowly, and walked back into the house. She knew her hostess well enough to enjoy the surprise she created.

"Oh, I've come back, and I'm going to stay," she uttered, "only for purely selfish reasons, as I'll tell you afterward. I have to find out what to prepare for my relative's amusement, and I can't imagine a better place to find the information." She looked around rather discouragingly at the faces about her.

"Is it an unknown woman?" whispered her friend eagerly.

"It is neither a man nor a woman," Janet answered. "It is an unknown quantity." She and her friend stood looking into each other's eyes a moment, and then receded to their duties, still joined by a smile.

Janet found herself drawn to a

woman whom she knew to have children of her own. She did not attempt to mislead the woman by any hypocritical interest, so opened her subject right away.

"I want to ask your advice on a subject. A child is coming to me on a visit, and I haven't any earthly idea what to get to amuse it. I do not even know its age."

The woman smiled, a broad smile that conveyed her motherhood charmingly.

"It would be far more flagrant if you didn't know its sex," she responded. "If you know its sex, that 'it' is unpardonable in you, Miss Merton, and would cause an uprising in a mothers' meeting if you ever chanced to be addressing one."

Janet's thin lips were caught in a little twinkle that seemed to be a reflection from her eyes.

"He is a boy," she explained. The motherly woman received her smile with even more interest. "Oh, everything is settled, then," she assured Janet. "Even if you would make a mistake of five years with him, you would not run so wide of the mark as if you bought a girl's toy for him, when he is a boy."

"The child may be only two years old," Janet said, feebly. "He has to be two years old, because his mother has been dead that long, and he may be three or four or five." (She drew herself together inwardly and tried to be truthful. "He may even be six," she said.)

It never occurred to her that he might be seven. In her most generous judgment of Tex, she never imagined Ethelbert could be seven, that Tex. had gone fresh from their very parting to Felipa's life.

"If that is the case," assisted the motherly woman, "I think it would be safe to buy him a Noah's ark with animals that have not too much paint. It would not kill your two years' old baby, and would amuse him if he is several years older, while I've always found a Noah's

ark to be the safest toy, even if a child is seven."

A suspicion that Ethelbert might be seven must have swept across Janet's understanding, as she seemed a little pale, but bore herself calmly. "I can't help making a subtle connection," she asserted smiling faintly. "Maybe we might trace a compliment to Father Noah in it—remote, but filial."

The motherly woman enjoyed that, too, but she was more interested in the child as an actuality.

"You might buy a down-hill wagon," she said. "I have done that with mine once in a while, and then, if they are too young, save it for them until they are old enough to be trusted not to destroy themselves and me, also. The ambition to possess a down-hill wagon is one of the greatest incentives I know to almost saint-like behavior amongst boys."

Janet laughed heartily. She was already enjoying Ethelbert in that peculiar way known only to actual mothers and some very few others. She was going to take him with a sense of humor, and all the penetration and patience she could command.

She arose with some grateful expressions that were both grateful and characteristic of her "pretty manner" to every one. She never wondered if it were exactly right never to investigate beneath the manner, these last seven years. No one else was able to do so, and she had just let herself go on, without any superficial strength or interest. Once in a while, when this thought came silently to her, she dismissed it by the thought that she did not need to be further developed. Of course, this was not so, but she seemed to have experienced the gamut and was content, she thought. It did not arise from any egotism, but rather evidenced a little subconscious desire not to suffer any more.

She went home eagerly, enjoy-

ing her thoughts. She did not suffer as she had just at first, at the prospect that the absolute quiet of her very home, the home of her thoughts, as well as body, was to be invaded. She had been half-truthful in the same whimsical way she had written of the child's invasion to Tex.—that he would doubtless destroy her nick-nacks and tear the leaves out of her favorite books, but all fear and anxiety had left her. Instead, she felt very happy, almost joyful, about merely meeting him. The after part did not occur to her so far, only the first day.

It was too late to buy the Noah's ark that evening, but she reflected pleasantly on spending the next morning shopping, and giving finishing touches to Ethelbert's welcome afterward.

Old Ann was the elderly housekeeper referred to in her letter. She had had to consult old Anne about Ethelbert, but old Ann had not committed herself in any extravagant terms about his arrival. Old Ann was a large old woman, and rather stout, maybe heavy gives you a better idea of her carriage, as well as figure, and she rejoiced in the qualifier before her Christian appellation. Janet was the only person she allowed to call her merely Ann, and Janet had not accomplished this victory without a word battle that would have won her some decoration if it had been a real one.

"Ann," Janet had begun one evening soon after they were installed in her sweet new house together.

"I told you, Miss," old Ann replied, "that I would not let on I heard till I broke you in to old Anning me."

"I can't call you 'old' Ann," answered Janey positively.

"Ann ain't my name," the old woman insisted. "It used to be, but it ain't now any more than Mamie is yours."

Janet felt an inability to argue discipline, but she was very fond of the old woman, whom she had discovered in circumstances that made them firm friends, for all they had little differences, and probably would continue to do so. Janet was too independent herself not to enjoy Ann's independence; in fact, Janet was so independent that she could not ask old Ann to relinquish that salient characteristic, but on this matter of polite cognomen, Janet's manners were stronger than both.

"My name was never Mamie, so that is not in the question at all, Ann," said Janet.

Ann seemed deprived of what seemed to her a pet argument.

"I have outgrown jes' Ann," she said. "Any little chit of a girl that ain't lived at all can be Ann. Only them as have a right to the years can be called old Ann, Miss Merton."

"You see," Janet continued gently, but still firmly, "I don't know how I can call you old Ann when I wouldn't be happy any time I did it. If you were in the room, and I should have to speak to you, I should be miserable imagining what my friends were thinking of me at the time."

Old Ann looked at her.

"It ain't your friends as is the best judge of what is right for a young lady of your age to do, Miss."

Janet winced a little.

"No, that is just it, Ann," she responded. "It's what I think of myself mainly. I just couldn't call you old Ann and be happy, so I don't see what you are to do about it, except to let me call you Ann, but I shall always tell every one your age if you want me, and I am not above saying you look older, and maybe sixty-five. Only I can't bear to think of your getting too far ahead of me, and becoming inactive, as no one bakes or dusts or cares for me quite as well as you."

Old Ann appreciated Miss Mer-

ton, especially when her voice grew that tender, and she sat looking a trifle lonely, as if she were bound to no shore on earth and had no interest in her position, was just as one waiting earnestly for that unnatural solution of it, the final wind that would send her out to sea and release her thoughts, as well as Ann's conscience on the matter.

Old Ann used to express it like this, "as if she don't seem to mind what a' comes of her," although Janet did, conventionally speaking.

Janet found old Ann and supper ready for her that evening. She sat down at the table with her usual word or so for the old woman.

"It will be one of my last suppers alone," Janet said to her. "My cousin's little boy is coming Sunday morning. I know if he's any age at all that he will appreciate the nice things you cook for us, after Arizona. I have tried to read up what they eat down there, and have discovered that all any one has heard is Mexican beans, and hot biscuits. Imagine a child eating Mexican beans and hot biscuits continually, Ann, and all I have ever heard he drank is hot water!"

Old Ann thawed. She produced some articles from her pocket, one by one.

"Oncet I had a little nephew that liked such things," she said, "and if sometimes we wouldn't spend money on him, only to find he liked some picked up nonsense better than all the store toys one could get for him! If he is two," she went on, being aware of Janet's dilemma, "these spools will keep him amused more'n likely. They used to Jimmie—just spools stringed together. But if he is three, he'd better be offered this big marble, which he can roll easy on the floor, and yet not be able for to swallow; while if he is four, these ladies cut out from a fashion paper will keep him busy for awhile. I tried to get a man's paper, but men seem to be above such silly ways, as having themselves taken

just in pretty clothing. If he is five, he will be big enough to hammer nails in the yard, while I'm watching, but if he's six or seven, Miss, he can wear these election buttons with Mr. Bryan and his men on them one day, and Mr. McKinley the next. Jimmie enjoyed his election buttons more than anything else."

"He can't be seven," Janet said, objecting to something, but not knowing quite what it was, "and, besides, Mr. Bryan is not my politics, Ann. I don't think a well-established Republican ought to permit Mr. Bryan's being advertised around her guest's top button-hole."

Old Anne smiled slowly, enjoying the joke, but when she went in to her own room, she set about finding some toy for a child of eight.

"He really might be eight," she thought. "That there cousin might have been married even when he last seen Miss Janet. Stranger things have happened."

But she forebore discouraging Miss Merton further by this very lively suspicion, so Janet slept peacefully. The seven years hurt her vaguely, somehow, but eight would have been the proverbial drop too much.

CHAPTER IV.

His Little Lad.

Janet arrived at the mole early. The mole is the wharf at Oakland, where the great overland trains roll in from south, north and east, as well as the many local trains connecting by ferry with San Francisco.

The train was to come in at nine, and she found herself there a good hour early. She had put on her best black tailor-made first, with the same black net which she had worn to the tea and which became her so finely, but old Ann had demurred. "Jimmy had hated black," she said; "most babies did." Jimmie had become quite an authority in the house, so Janet bowed to him, al-

though if she had followed more recent statistics, in his life, she would have found that Jimmie was now a thriving middle-aged mechanic, of whom old Ann was justly proud.

It is a shock to hear that black will elicit a scream from a guest whom you are about to greet, armed with all the known policies of hospitality. Old Ann said if the child was two, he was liable to cry all the way home if Janet wore black when she first met him, so Janet donned a tan broadcloth that she had not favored particularly before, because of a familiarity it seemed to assume toward her complexion.

She wore a brown hat, too, and when her costume was complete, she pinned a tea rose on her coat, diverting old Ann's thoughts meanwhile, lest that baby expert order her to remove it.

"I am convinced that Jimmie used to eat roses when he was two," she explained to herself, after she had made the street car in safety, "but I am not going to sacrifice all my individuality to a baby. Why, it's what all my lectures are eternally preaching about."

The tan coat and the tea rose and the pale, dignified, youngish lady who adorned them produced quite a sociable effect on a stout conductor who was waiting around the pier. In her yearning for sympathy, she told him she was waiting for a baby, feeling that he was too much of a stranger to tell her doubts about Ethelbert's possible ages to.

He was a very agreeable man, and had a theory which affected her optimism pleasantly as so few people with whom she met had theories. The stout conductor believed that babies would soon be able (as well as permitted) to travel without personal attendants, as the railroad was getting service down to such a fine point that he had no doubt but that it would soon have a crew of nurses to cater to the baby travel. Janet thought "to cater to the baby travel" a well-turned term, and she believed

it to be rhetorically the style which public lecturers should adopt to be successful and convincing.

She and the stout conductor filled in a half hour or so, and then she felt her heart beating a trifle faster.

"It is the train," he said.

The stout conductor put her in a place that commanded a good view of the Pullman and the tourist coaches, and she stood watching both intently, almost breathlessly. First, a stout woman in a nurse's cap, bearing a good-sized infant, was helped to the ground by a Pullman porter. "It must be Ethelbert," Janet thought.

The next moment she realized how over-eager had been this recognition. The cap was not harmonious to Arizonian traditions, little as Janet knew of them, and she was aware that if Tex had managed the nurse, he could not have claimed the child. It was too conventional for him and Felipa, and she let them pass on without even finding whom they did belong to.

Then some children from the tourist coach tumbled out all together, like articles from a conjuror's hat. Janet saw they were German emigrants, and her gaze went over their heads with a certain tense patience. A lady was walking briskly alongside the train by this time, accompanied by a little fellow about five. It seemed Janet's last chance amongst a swarm of grown folks, but just then he called the woman shrilly, "Mamma," and Janet took a step backward, involuntarily.

"He may be coming another day," she said to herself. "Tex. may have missed the train. It would be just like him."

Then she realized that the stout conductor was waving at her to approach a platform. She went over with her fine, erect carriage, trying to ignore the fact that her heart was beating in anything but a normal manner.

When she was once over by the stout conductor, her eyes became

riveted on a slight, lonely little figure, leaning against the Pullman door.

He was too used to the vagaries of even charming passengers to criticise her having called this good-sized boy a baby.

"I guess it is the party you were looking for, Miss," the conductor uttered; "grown a trifle."

Janet had no doubts about her "party." It was Ethelbert, beyond question. She took in the whole impression at once. The moment before, his height would have disconcerted her, but it seemed impossible now to remember having thought he was two years old, being carried along in that motherly nurse's arms.

According to old Ann, he was about the age to wear the election buttons, Mr. William Jennings Bryan one day and Mr. McKinley the next, unless he had political scruples about mixing the parties. Janet felt, from his sober little face, that it might not be at all unlikely for him to be entertaining political views of his own. Even before they spoke, there were two effects that induced Janet to be aware that he was really Tex.'s little lad. First, he had gray eyes, with the same waiting look in them that Tex.'s had when she refused his recurring proposals, and another sign evident was his attire. He looked like a motherless man-child. He had on a khaki suit and a dark shirt, with no tie but a silk handkerchief knotted cow-boy fashion about his neck, and a cap that looked as if he had worn it long enough to become attached to it, and outgrew it triflingly, as well. It was on his head, but had that degree of limpness which becomes almost clinging, certainly affectionate.

Janet felt appalled at first by his material appearance, at last by the mere fact of her having to make a success of his coming. For one little second she did not know what to say to him that would not sound

flat or false, or shallow. In fact, she became tongue-tied, and could not think of anything to say at all. She could have wept at the sheer stupidity of it. The idea that the intimacy was not welcome, that now the case was presented to her, she was trying to do more than her good sense approved—she, who had detested sentimentality so!

All this occurred in the first second. The next, his loneliness had appealed to her. It was a leading, winning quality with him, it was older than the two days in which he had been separated from his father; it was older than the two years during which he had lived along with men, without Felipa; it was a loneliness older than himself. It spoke to Janet. It said: "Since the day I said good-by to you, there has never been anybody quite the same except—even—Felipa! Janey."

It was like the loneliness in her own heart. With almost a little cry she reached out her gloved hands to him.

"Is it Ethelbert?" she asked, sweetly.

He did not respond over joyously but with a certain earnest little interest.

"I guess you are Janey," he said. "Father said you would be Janey when you came."

When the stout conductor saw them walking off together, he said aloud:

"He looks enough like her to be her own young 'un, if she'd only known more about his age."

Janet did not hear it. She felt singularly at home with her small kinsman. She took his hand and buffeted the crowd with him. The little hand was limp and trusting at variance with his height and attire. It and his one infantile remark made her more at home with him, more able to see him in the prospector's camp amongst awkward, frightened men at night time, sick and motherless.

By the time they had reached the

boat, she felt acquainted with him, and when they sat down on the outside together, she knew she had made a good impression, because he volunteered a remark to her.

He said:

"Even if I hadn't known you were Janey, I would have known you by your dress."

Like most men, he showed a certain shyness in even mentioning womanly apparel, but the sentiment itself was sincere and delighted Janet.

"How!" she asked.

"Because you wore the same color father bought my suit of."

It interested him when she changed color after she thought it over. It implied almost too much to withstand, but Janet would not give in to the part which included Tex. She knew she would meet such implications if she chose to take them.

She replied:

"I don't know that I intended to wear this color just at first. I put on a black dress, but an old lady told me she thought this was nicer. She thought that maybe you would like it better."

Far from being discouraged by her failure to create a bond between them, Ethelbert said:

"Dada was going to buy me black first, too, only he said he thought that a lady would like something jolly better."

He evidently did not know whether it was quite right to call her a lady to her face, but after a little hesitation, he went on:

"He told the storeman so."

She saw Tex. as he used to be, and then she tried to see him in a country store such as Ethelbert's words suggested, buying clothes for his child. He grew larger, more unreal, more unlike the early, stormy Tex., when she pictured him selecting some certain shade or garment, according to his own taste.

A man in a dry-goods store seemed bad enough when he took what

the shopkeepers offered without a word, but a man in a dry-goods store exercising his own taste, affected Janet.

"You haven't told me what you think of cities?" she said, in order to dispel the image.

The child raised his face and let her look on it, but he kept his eyes turned off on the bay.

"Cities ain't so cozy as down home," he said. "I never saw water before."

She read something between these great facts, and with a sudden tender movement, she reached up and laid her gloved hand on his shoulder where he could feel a human hold.

"Oh, if we are going to be friends," she said, "you must tell me just what you think and how you feel, and all about your own country, also, and I will tell you just when I am homesick also for a little house I used to live in when I was a little girl. And when we are very lonely, you must call your father Dada, just to make me feel as if I were a real friend; and if you do that, I shall tell you about a boy and a girl I used to know, and have wanted terribly sometime. I get very lonely over them, and need to talk about them to some one."

She could tell he understood her offering by the way he let the sentiment slip off of him just as a grown man would, and yet submitted to the physical comfort dumbly, gratefully. His next words were also expressive of the masculine way of reasoning.

He had confessed his view of the city, and there was a certain wide criticism to him in the things she didn't say. He was not unable to make out quite what was critical about it, nor just whom or what it was aimed at, but he thought if he asked a few questions he would be more sure of Arizona's supremacy to the rest of the United States.

"Have you ever been to a round-up?" he asked, first.

"No," his guardian answered.

He felt he had the advantage now, and held it.

"Nor on a trail for cattle?"

"No," again.

"Nor digging for money up on some hills?" It was not surprising to her that Tex.'s child said "fur" on occasions, and used the upward inflection to his voice, while there was a sort of cadence to his position. Tex. had, too. She said "No" again—this time, sure of her disadvantage.

"Nor never seen any cactus growing, nor helped people to kill a steer?" She was too crushed now to answer, and thought nodding her negative less compromising of her ignorance.

He sat looking at her, cloaking his estimate of her in as polite a little voice as he could:

"I guess you are a tenderfoot, then," he said, and felt that Arizona was justified by this expression, without being quite sure that he should have said it—because she had been so kind.

(To be continued.)



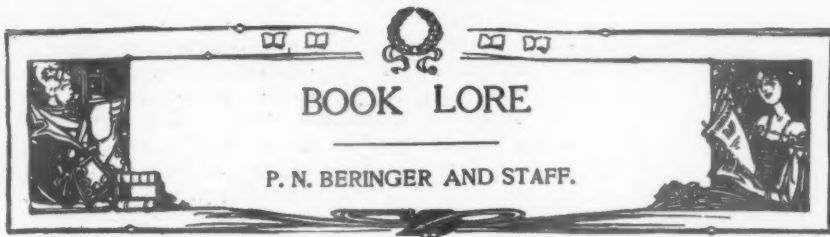
OMAR ON BEING BALD

BY MAZIE VIRGINIA CARUTHERS

Myself when young, did boastfully pretend
I loathed Samsonian locks—and to that end
 Made mine to lie as flat as flat could be.
Who praised my curly pate was not my friend!

But now these locks are thin, I try to grow
By scalp massage and Swedish rubbing—so—
 A second crop to clothe my poor, bald head.
In vain! Thus Father Time takes vengeance, oh!

So my beloved—groom and shampoo your hair!
'Twill then, when age comes on, requite your care,
 Nor force you the alternative to choose:
Whether go bald, or odious wig to wear!



Samuel Louis Phillips makes a brilliant attempt at reconciling science and theology in a volume entitled "Agreement of Evolution and Christianity." His treatise is valuable as a text book, and it should find a place on the library shelf of every priest and minister in the land.

The Phillips Company, Washington, D. C.

"The Little Colonel in Arizona" is the title of one of the "Little Colonel Series." It is one of the books that is always supposed to be written for the edification and instruction of "the young person" in the household. It has the effect of giving the aforesaid "young person" a headache and red eyes, and if persevered in will result in a mushy brain. It is exciting literature, taxes the emotions, tires the nerves and dazes the reader. It gives one an unnatural idea of a very natural country and people. The author is Annie Fellows Johnston.

L. C. Page & Co., Boston.

Lillian Bell's "At Home With the Jardines" is one of the charming publications of the holiday season. I am sorry that it reached me too late for notice in the Christmas number. You will all remember the same author and her delightful book, "Abroad With the Jimmies." It is a fine piece of work, and it is full of snap and ginger and go. No matter what the condition of your stomach, you cannot help but enjoy being "At Home With the Jardines."

L. C. Page & Co., Boston, Mass.

Charles Felton Pidgin, in "A Nation's Idol," has given us the history of Benjamin Franklin in a new and very attractive form. It is a book that is more than full of merit. It is exceptional. The two "Ifs" in the short preface to the story tell of the ability of Ben Franklin better than many a tome written by the historian. Every patriotic American should read Mr. Pidgin's book. Every High School student should demand it of the librarian.

Henry Altemus Company, Philadelphia.

"Her Fiance" is the latest by Josephine Daskam, and it is a witty, womanly and sparkling little volume. The four stories deal with college life, and they are fittingly illustrated by Elizabeth Shippen Green.

Henry Altemus Company, Philadelphia.

"Our Search for the Missing Millions," by "One of the Searchers," is the tale of the quest for the hidden treasures of Cocos Island. It is an interesting resume of the adventures of the crew and passengers of the schooner "Hermann" in the South Pacific. The writer makes use of queer English at times, and at other times you are entirely in the air as to his meaning. Referring to the advance sheet, we find the heading of Chapter VIII reads as follows: "Honolulu's Halting Hospitality." Now, what do you suppose this searcher after alliteratives means by this line? He does no dishonor to Honolulu. You might think so at first glance. After reading the chapter you discover

that he means the hospitality of Honolulu was charming, unstinted, wide as may be imagined, and that he HALTED long enough to enjoy it. With a guide book and explanatory notes to prompt the reader's faltering footsteps, one might easily enjoy "Our Search for the Missing Millions" in company with "one of the Searchers," author.

Brown & Power, San Francisco.

"The Wylackie Jake" stories have been published in book form, and any one fond of strong Western pictures, the immature West of the days of yore, the West of Alfred Henry Lewis in "Wolfville," will enjoy the adventures and tales of "Wylackie Jake," by George S. Evans.

Hicks-Judd Company, San Francisco, California.

"Moral Education," by Edward Howard Griggs, is a treatise of those principles that, in the mind of the author, should guide humanity from the cradle to the grave. It is needless to say the Professor makes many an error, because he is more a pedagogue and less a man than the rest of us, and it's really a pity that I cannot devote four or five pages to a critical review of some of his most ponderous opinions. I do not wish you to believe, my dear reader,

that the book is not a very fine piece of English for all o' that. I've noticed that the best teachers of moral education are not college professors, nor do we secure the best evidence as to the care of infants from old maids or sterile wives and fathers. The individual who diagnoses children's motives by observing the molecular action of the brain tissue earns the writer's privilege of seeing it in print, but he does not earn my serious attention as a contributor to the information we possess on the building of child character.

B. W. Huebsch, New York, N. Y.

A recently published book, a play by a San Francisco boy, that is attracting a great deal of attention, is that called "The Florentines," and it is practically the story, told in the form of a romantic drama, of Benvenuto Cellini's life after his return to Florence and the service of the Medici. We have Cellini at the age of forty-five, and the interesting figures of Cosimo, Duke of Florence, and the Duchess of Florence and Ferderiga friend and model of the great Italian artist. Most of the action takes place in the palace of the Medici. The dialogue is brilliant, and the plot and attendant scenes more than usually interesting. I would like to see it staged, and in San Francisco.

Brentano, Publisher, New York.



A HOME IN A NUT-SHELL

Being a Truthful Account of a Modern "Alice in Wonderland."

BY JANET MacDONALD

EVEN the birds of the air, ever friends of the court of Cupid, have become the interested advisors of the lover who advocates the possibility, and even prudence, of attempting to support a family on the modest stipend of fourteen dollars per week. I know this, for the birds are my sworn friends and allies, and they recognize in me a staunch and enthusiastic advisor of sentimental human beings, for lo! these many, many years, and so one of my feathered friends whispered in my willing ear, and this is what he said: "Come! We will transport you to fairyland, and show you how all of these hopes may be gratified, all of these happy and economic homes established, and how families, commensurate with the expressed desire of the very head of our nation, may be reared in comfort and luxury." Although I am a person of an extremely sanguine and hopeful disposition, I "hae had my doots" concerning the brilliant and alluring prospects of the economic householders above referred to, and I recognized, therefore, in this invitation an opportunity not to be despised.

Absorbed in reflections concerning such alluring possibilities, I found myself transported to a pretentious edifice, appointed with all the modern conveniences to be found in a first-class hotel, office building or apartment house, with the additions and exceptions hereinafter related, and which, at the time, I attributed to the fact that I was probably arrived in the promised fairy land. The hallways were broad, well-lighted, handsomely carpeted, and appropriately furnished, and were decorated with fine pictures,

and occasional jardinières of growing plants, emitting a delightful fragrance. The light, also, was well regulated; not garish, but altogether suggestive of the light in happy homes of culture and refinement.

A door was opened for me by, not a fairy, but a real mortal-man, although exceedingly polite and altogether charming, who at once introduced me to the interior of a diminutive, but perfectly arranged flat, and I was informed that this was but one of many similar ones under the same roof, the centralization of labor and capital making the possibilities of modern conveniences observed in the construction and management of private homes quite within the reach of small incomes. Elevator service, gas and electric lighting, steam heat, elegantly-fitted corridors, and now I was to witness an entirely new device in the way of house building and fitting, for my guide, after inviting me into an elegant parlor, and learning of my desire to investigate the reported fairyland within the limits of San Francisco, called my attention to a finely beveled plate glass mirror, and gently, and without effort, transformed it into a most inviting and comfortable bed. I have seen all sorts of folding beds designed to beguile the unwary, and have personally experimented with many of them, to my everlasting regret, but I have never before seen a bed that was a part and parcel of the house in its construction. There are no books and bric-a-brac to be removed, no catches to be unfastened, and no doors to be opened or closed, nor does the bed unfold. In no possible way may this be denominated a



The dearest little kitchen.



Transforming Table.

folding bed; it is simply a part of the house. The recess in the wall from which the bed is pulled is closed automatically by the head-board as the bed is lowered into position, and when down, it is a moral impossibility for that bed to close accidentally, or to collapse through sheer wickedness.

My attention was again called to a simple device at the lower corners of the bed which grasped the corners of sheets, blankets, and puffs, which are held securely in place when the bed is up, and hang separated from each other by about one and a half inches. Then this wonderful bed shuts into a ventilated closet some twenty-five or thirty inches deep, and opposite a window, allowing not only the free air of heaven to circulate through it, but the rays of California sunshine to penetrate and purify it during the entire day. This, I declared, is an ideally healthful and perfect bed.

As the door closed upon the inspection of the ventilating closet, I observed on the back of it a book-case and writing desk, with additional drawers at the bottom, all projecting into the ventilating closet, a panel in the door mysteriously unfolding to form the desk.

Now, "Cupid's messenger" directed my steps to the kitchen, for people must eat, whether their salary be a princely one, or only fourteen dollars per, and I fairly

shrieked with delight at the miniature perfection of the dearest little kitchen I ever saw. Walls and floor were artistically tiled, the walls above the tiling were lined with shelves, space having been allowed for a cupboard and meat safe; a porcelain sink, and drain for dishes, and—a stove, gas range hung on the back of a door leading into the living room, which, after the meal is prepared, may be swung quite around into the living room, where food may be served piping hot directly to the table, making the services of a servant quite superfluous.

"Now," Cupid remarked, "here is a table quite large enough to serve a luncheon upon." But I interrupted (having in view the inevitable family) supposing there be more than two. "Oh," he replied, "that is easy. If you will take a seat I will show you how that may be arranged without trouble." And, suiting the action to the word, he quickly rolled that table up to the door, and tipping it on end, caught two hooks on the side of a table-top, which he found hanging on the door, into openings in the table prepared for their reception, and there we had a table four by six feet, quite capable of seating a modest family of six. I laughed merrily at the transformation, which with all of the preceding magical lightning changes had convinced me that the bird knew well what he was whisper-



The H

ing to me. "Ah! but to replace it is quite another thing," I said, instantly thinking of the heavy table-top. "No," again asserted Cupid, "quite the same thing. See!" He again rolled the table to the door, tipping it again at the same angle, and lo! the table-top remained on the door, and the centre table was standing in the center of the living room, as innocent of the black art as though it were not one of the principal conspirators.

The door, upon one side of which the table-top is suspended, and upon the other the gas range, is hung on a central bearing, so that, with the gas still burning, the stove may be turned right about face into the living room, now transformed into the dining room, where it is used as a hot buffet, and after the meal is over, the table is returned to its place on the door, the stove reversed, and the living room, with no appearance of dining room or kitchen is restored.

I had now seen a parlor, a living room, two sleeping rooms, a dining room and a kitchen, besides the reception hall. The apartment house proper is erected with a double wall, the distance between the outer and inner walls being about sixty inches. These walls serve a double purpose.

In the first place, they are sanitary, giving the finest possible ventilation; the building is warm in the winter and cool in the summer; they allow space for bath rooms, storage rooms, and the necessary ventilation closets for the reception of the beds during the day. The labor in these magical apartments has been reduced to a minimum. Space has been economized, but has not detracted from, but rather increased, the comfort. The apartments are furnished complete for housekeeping, including dishes, silver, table linen, and bed clothing, with the laundering of the two latter. The electric lighting is free. A private telephone has been installed in each suite for the use of occupants.

Should one not desire to live in an apartment house, they may build a cottage of three rooms, and still have all the comforts of a five-room flat by the adoption of this system.

I thanked Cupid, passed out through the elegant corridor, reached the elevator, and was again on the busy thoroughfare in the very heart of the populous city of Los Angeles, and, catching my breath, I acknowledged, candidly, that the world do move, and that love, aided and abetted by science, will find a way.



The living room.

The bed, an adjunct of the building.

ANSWERING JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY, WHEN THE FROST IS ON THE PUNKIN

BY DAN. W. GRAYBILL

Copyrighted, 1906

I

When the frost is on the corn husks, and it's on the punkins, too,
Perhaps it's never happened Riley, but I guess it's happened you,
When you're roused up so very early, that the frost's your only light,
And you've been out to a party, just a little late last night;
And you hike out to the cornfield, just as soon as you can see,
And the frost it bites your fingers, till it stings worse than a bee;
And your digits they grow colder, as you tear on through the frost,
And by chance you now discover that your huskin peg you've lost—
Oh, it's then your heart grows weary, and I know you'd rather be
Out in this land of sunshine, a-picking oranges with me.

II

And perhaps it happened this way, which is equally as sad,
When it's certainly admitted that a good night's rest you've had,
And the first thing that occurs to you, as you jump up out of bed,
Is that the old wood-box is empty, and the wood's out in the shed,
And you hasten to the back door, and there's nothing hurts you so,
As when you find the back door blocked with a bank of nice, white snow,
Then it's right-about-face, back in the house, put on a pleasant (?) smile
Get out the old scoop shovel, and shovel snow awhile;
Now, of course last night this snow was frost, just a sudden change,
you say,
But give me the land of sunshine, where the winter's same as May.

III

Now, there's just another little thing found in that frosty land,
And it's a sorter combination that's not easy to withstand;
It's composed of snow and wind, and topped off with hail and sleet,
Then is when you don't go hatless even just across the street;
And it's two to one the next day that you have a soaking rain,
And then a lovely slush you have for which there is no name;
Your feathered friends are sure all right; we have them all out here,
But our mocking birds put them to sleep, and they sing the whole long
year.
Talk about your frosty punkins, there's a frost I like to see,
It's the frostin' on the lemon-pie that my mother makes for me.

EDITORIALISM

THE MEDICAL TRUST AND THE LEGISLATURE

By the Editor.

THE physicians of California have formed a Trust, and they are attempting to pass a bill through the California Legislature whereby they will be ensured protection from the proprietors of patent medicines. This bill comes as a surprise to the general public, as it is a manifestation of the truth of the saying that many of these proprietary medicines possess great value in the eyes of the public. It is also a confession that the vast number of graduates from the medical colleges find themselves without remunerative employ, and it is significant of a desire on the part of the medical fraternity of California to remove the element of competition from the lives of these practitioners in human lives. Of course, I am not unmindful of the fact that there are a number of cheap whiskeys being sold as "regenerators," "wines of life," and so on, ad lib. This is no excuse, however, for the idiotic legislation proposed.

The bill should be killed. It should be killed because it is pernicious in that it will work untold hardship on that part of the human family resident in California, and also because it will make it impossible for a host of people to earn a living. Patent medicines have not done the human family one-half the harm that fledgling doctors, issued with the brand of a get-wise-quick-college, have.

This bill should never be allowed to reach the Governor, because he is a physician, and he might, in a moment of prejudice, make this outrageous measure a law by appending his signature thereto.

Such a law would practically destroy the sale of proprietary medicines in our State, and the destruction of the sale of standard remedies will work an untold hardship on the poor. It is also suggested that this bill is aimed to prevent the sale of all homeopathic remedies. When it is known that this science has been making rapid strides to the front, and that thousands of families will be dispossessed of the family medicine chest, it is easily seen that the bill is one of the worst that has been proposed by a Legislature which is fast getting a name that is sure to be a stench in the public nostrils for years to come.

The pretense of protecting the public health is generally a transparent fraud, urged by some doctor who would vigorously resent any attempt to supervise his prescriptions, or to punish him for the numerous mistakes he is likely to make. Nearly all States have statutes furnishing adequate protection against the indiscriminate sale of poisons; and the complaint of injury from the use of proprietary remedies is infinitesimal in comparison with the amount sold and the

millions of people who avail themselves of these remedies.

As a rule, these bills (under some specious covering of words) embody a scheme either to prevent the sale of some of the simplest and best remedies which are now in daily use by thousands of people all over this country; or to compel every man who wants to buy 5 cents worth of toothache drops, or other simple remedy, to first obtain the written consent of some doctor, at an expense of \$1 or \$2. Such bills are simply schemes to make business for doctors at the expense of the people, and to destroy all advertising of proprietary remedies.

It is, perhaps human nature that men should fancy that their own professional income is not as large as their abilities merit, and that they should want to increase it by

destroying the business of others. But no fair-minded Legislator would recognize this as legitimate ground for legislation.

ERRORS WILL CROP UP.

The frontispiece in this number locates the San Xavier Mission in California, when its proper location is Tucson, Arizona. Recently one of our contributors wrote an exceedingly interesting story of flood times on the Willamette, and to-day I am deluged with protestations from my web-footed friends regarding a few mis-statements made in the article. I have called the author's attention to her mistakes, and I hope that the people of Portland will forgive the inadvertence which permitted the publication of a paragraph which should have been blue-penciled.

THE SAYINGS OF WISE MEN AND WOMEN

A Compilation and an Editorial Estimate

BY PIERRE N. BERINGER

"Books are being bought more than they ever were, in spite of the pessimism of the booksellers. It is pleasant, also, to say that the kind of books bought is, on the whole, satisfactory."—Guy Raymond Halifax.

"It is interesting to note that the most flowery adulation of women as women in our common literature co-existed with the most hideous conditions of woman's labor."—G. S. Street.

"There is as much beauty in the stems and leaves of some plants as in the blossoms of others, as much welcome coloring in leafless trees and evergreens as in the choicest flowers of summer."—A. H. Parsons.

"Life is hard; nevertheless, the great thing is courage. Give courage to others. It is better than money. Courage springs from love, and love has been called the greatest thing on earth."—Ex-Empress Eugenia.

"I don't want to know of any other national distinction than that between rich and poor. I only know two nations, one of which works much and eats little, and the other which works little and eats very much."—Eugene Tschirikoff.

"It is an entire mistake to suppose that the world tends toward democracy. It is against it. Civilization tends toward specialization; it tends to taking functions from everybody and giving them to some-

body. It tends, for instance, to the disappearance of the old social song, sung by everybody in the room, and to the substitution of a special song, sung by a special singer. In time, and if we let it, it will tend to a special person appointed to sneeze, because he does it so well. That is civilization in excelsis, and we must fight it to the death."—G. K. Chesterton.

* * *

One of my author friends has recently received the Cross of the Legion of Honor, and he writes me from Paris that, although a Frenchman, he, with many others, considers the decoration of dubious merit. Monsieur Curie, who shares the honor of having discovered radium, with his wife, has declined the decoration. He says: "The Institution is bad!"

* * *

Maxim Gorki, the Russian writer, has forwarded an interesting present to Herr Bebel, the German Socialist leader, as a mark of his sympathy with him personally and politically. It takes the form of an inkstand, carved out of a mammoth-tooth, which was originally presented to Gorki himself by an exile to Siberia, who had made it.

* * *

Mrs. Grace MacGowan Cooke writes me that she and her versatile sister, writers of "Huldah," are to have a new book before the public very shortly. The MacGowans have made this book, it is called "Return," a partnership affair, and the publishers are L. C. Page & Co., of Boston. The book will appear some time in April. The two MacGowan sisters are to dissolve partnership for next year's work, and we may then expect two volumes from their very capable pens.

* * *

Some time ago a certain publisher to whom the business department of this magazine had applied for an advertisement, replied that the

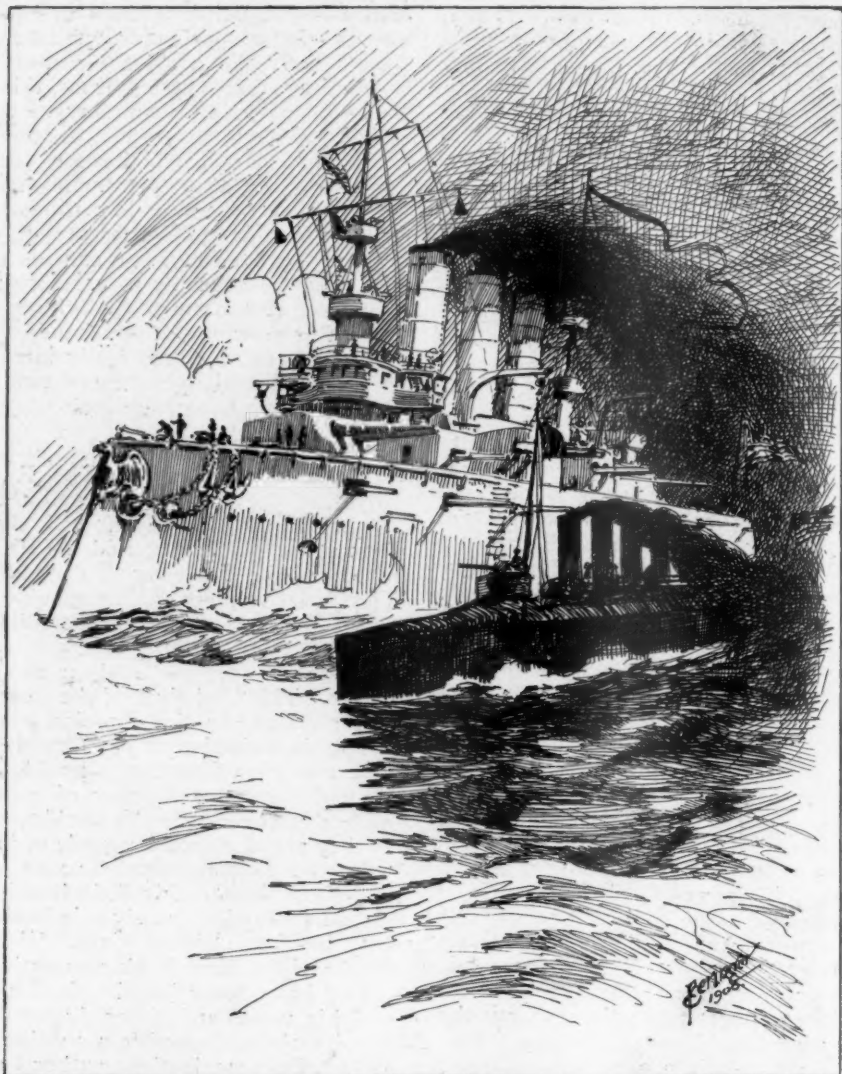
Overland critic was subject to dyspepsia, and that he had also a very pronounced bilious tendency. Furthermore, that "this house will not send any more books for review." Enclosed in this letter were clippings to show that certain Eastern critics had a better opinion of the output of that particular publisher than I had. To-day I am amused by finding three books from this house in my mail. I am sorry, exceedingly sorry, but, when I have the time, I fear I will have to do something to this publisher and his writers that will make him think I have more than biliousness to disturb my equanimity. Of course, I owe him the courtesy of a review; you may rest assured he will receive this courtesy at my hands if I have to cut out three really meritorious publications to make room for his "critique extraordinaire."

* * *

"Lawsonized Lyrics," "The Rubaiyat of the Commuter," and the "Rubaiyat of Omar Cayenne," is the light verse that has excited the risibilities of the Reviewer this month. The little volume of "Lawsonized Lyrics" treats of the Lawson disclosures in a sarcastic vein, and to the air of topical and nursery rhyme. The "Rubaiyat of the Commuter" is one of the funniest attempts in imitation of the Omarian quatrain. San Francisco is said to have the greatest number of commuters of any city in the world, and as they are of a superior grade of intelligence to the peripatetic provincial New Yorker, this little booklet should find quite a ready sale in the City by the Golden Gate. Nintenths of the New York commuting crowd have never heard of Omar and his verse, and a parody would seem stale and profitless to them. Gelett Burgess is the author of "Omar Cayenne," and one verse of it applies so aptly to the Literary Critic—the man, not the journal—that I give it here:

"Then of the critic, he who works
 behind
 The Author's back, I tried the Clew
 to find;

But he, too, was in Darkness, and I
 heard
 A Literary Agent say: THEY ALL
 ARE BLIND!"



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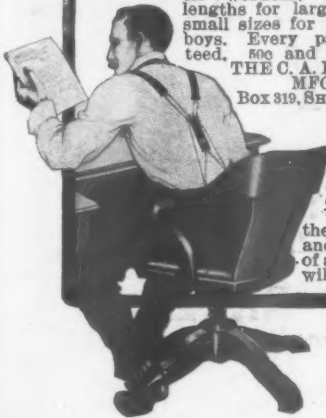
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