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The
FRONTIER
A Literary Magazine



STATE UNIVERSITY of MONTANA

"The Store of the Town for Men and Women"

"Barney's"
FASHION SHOP

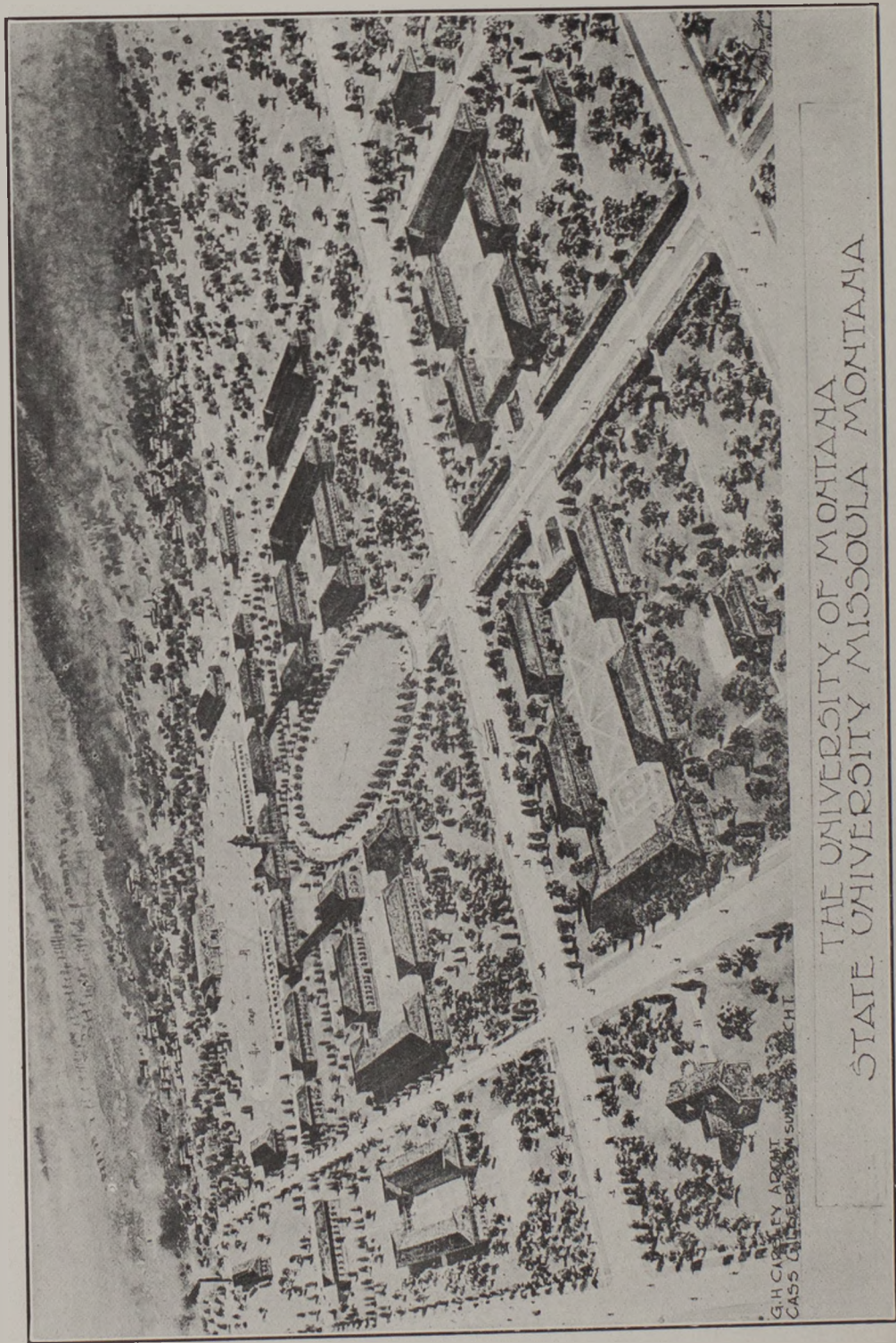
"Exclusiveness Our Motto"

"If It Comes From Barney's It Must Be Good"

"You Can Get It"—at

**The
Associated Students'
Store**

"On the Campus"



THE UNIVERSITY OF MONTANA STATE UNIVERSITY MISSOULA MONTANA

Architects' drawing of the new campus. This represents a fifty-year building program.

THE FRONTIER

A Literary Magazine

(Copyright February, 1921, by H. G. Merriam.)

Published three times a year.

Subscription price, One Dollar.

VOL. I. NO. 3.

FEBRUARY, 1921

BOARD OF EDITORS

The Class in Creative Writing

Ronald Kain.....	'22	William Strong.....	'21
Gwendoline Keene.....	Graduate Student	H. G. Merriam.....	Instructor
and			
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Lloyd Thompson.....	'23	Homer M. Parsons.....	Editor for Sigma Delta Chi
Wilda Linderman.....	Editor during 1919-20	Gladys Robinson.....	Editor for Theta Sigma Phi

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H. C. Hansen.....'21

CIRCULATION MANAGER

Doris Thetge.....'22

The editors of *The Frontier* take pleasure in presenting a print of the architects' drawing of the New Campus of our State University. Each purchaser of the magazine may thus possess a permanent record of the dreams of the University for a larger and adequate and more beautiful campus that shall accommodate the needs of the greater State University which this present year of progress has sketched in the imagination of faculty, alumni, students, and friends of the institution.

On the State University campus are several forces at work to search out and preserve records of early Montana life. Such a movement indicates growth of consciousness of the sturdy Montana life that is not only our heritage but our very environment. The process is one of rooting our lives in our native soil. That is the surest way of producing clear vision and loyalty and an idealism that is genuine because it arises out of reality.

The art students of the State University have made plans for gathering and organizing material concerning pioneer art endeavor. The work which is contemplated will (1) list and place definitely in art history the statuary, casts, paintings, and relics on the campus; (2) organize the art material in early historical records now in the library and at present available only incidentally with other material; (3) gather and list the art works of Montana painters, and compile biographical and other data relating to them; (4) collect information relating to local and state landmarks; (5) collect photographs and snapshots of art relics and artists, and also books containing specimens of Montana art. This is an ambitious program. The art students should receive every encouragement to hold fast to the task. If only small beginnings can be made at once the movement will gather impetus with the months. The work is being undertaken by Phi Delta Phi.

The Frontier itself is gaining raciness steadily. Contributors are not only coming to see more clearly that their writing will be best when it grows out of Montana life but they are also gaining in strength of vision and skill in expression. The indigenous quality of the material of the magazine is strong. And the more indigenous the material the truer and the more valuable.

"Pulling Out," a poem in our last issue, has brought letters of appreciation from different parts of the state and from many persons outside Montana. Professor Paul Nixon, Dean of Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Maine, sends a typical statement, "I liked 'Pulling Out' particularly." Professor J. B. Harrison of the University of Washington writes of the magazine as a whole, "Your material is distinctive without being painful in its effort to be so. Whether it is modesty or pride that leads you to encourage your contributors to turn to local materials, the policy is a good one, justified by results. I see no trace of pretentiousness in *The Frontier*, and I find its chief merit in its simplicity and sincerity. Thank you for giving me what I am sure is a real glimpse into the heart of Montana."

The subscription list of *The Frontier* has grown from subscriptions by persons off the campus as much as from subscriptions by students. Students, however, are purchasing separate copies, and many of them are sending extra copies to friends both within and without the state. Students who wish to help spread the good name of our University and to make new friends for it will increasingly send copies of the magazine to friends and acquaintances.

The Board of Editors does not expect to publish articles on controversial subjects unless they possess some literary merit. The publication of such papers does not commit the editors to the ideas expressed in them.

The editors are adding in this issue short notices of books that deal with the life of the Northwest, and particularly with the life of Montana. It urges its readers to read these books about our state.

THE SEASONS

I.

Veiled noises, happy murmurs break the solitude,
The mosses in their fresh green verdure glow with vibrant greens and
browns.

Their leaves stand rigid and yet soft with life.
The songs of orioles and thrush break sharply on the ear
And all around there is the rustle of the melting snow
And of awakening life.
One time the air is heavy with the perfume of the Hawthorne,
Then sparkling with the scent of dampness from the soil
And again, with the ever-changing breath of Spring,
Grainy with the rough odor of the Pines.
My muscles tingle,
And I am half crazed with the subtle thrill of anticipation.
April—and life burgeons.

II.

Silence and heat, glaring ashen gray and green of clay and sand,
Grass and Juniper and of rocks,
And the glowing orange glare of the heated sky.
The air is heavy with the scent of the Clematis overhead
And with the pungent odor of the Cedars.
Silence and heat, a drowsiness as of an opiate.
The high whistle of the gopher but half penetrates my senses,
And the sound of water dripping from the aqueduct above me
Lulls me to half slumber.
A great Papilio goes stately by on ennui-laden wings.
Humming birds flash back and forth, and on the slope above
A stone dislodged from its ancient bed
Clatters downward to a fresh resting place.
Silence and heat, glaring ashen gray and green of clay and sand,
Grass and Juniper and of rocks,
And the glowing orange glare of heated sky.
Noon, and all earth sleeps.

III.

Gray again—but blue-gray now
With yellows and greens and red, bright colors,
Veiled with haze and yet still bright.
All is strength and life,
But with a premonition of the rest to come,
A last attempt to get the most from wakefulness
Before the welcome sleep.
Lightness mature—
Not sedate nor frivolous, but reasoned,
A quiet unobtrusive life,
Neither the bright wasteful energy of Spring,
Nor the drugged ennui of the Summer.
Nor yet the quiet sleep of Winter
But mature life
And quiet preparation for the time to come.

IV.

White and green, blue and black, and the sparkling iridescence of the
snow.
A light wind blows, rattling the many tiny grains upon the crust.
A squirrel breaks the silence with his quick sharp cry
And the flicker answers.
A great white owl sails by on noiseless wings, and his slender mate
The weasel, slides as silently along,
A single bright black tip his only mark.
Silence and sharp sounds—Whiteness and sharp blackness,
And the yet sharper colors of the snow.
The silvered silhouettes of winter,
December sleeps.

PHILIP R. WHITE.

Tales of Our Mountains

FROM THE time literature was first conceived European novelists, poets and essayists have told us in one way or another the endless interesting tales and legends of the old world. In a lesser degree our own writers, evidently unable to discover enough material in this youthful country thru which to express their literary genius, sought and found such material in European folklore and history.

Other American authors have written of the eastern part of the United States, of the settlement of the Mississippi valley, and of the stirring life of the western plains and deserts. Still other writers find in Alaska, Mexico, and South America the inspiration for their literary efforts, but comparatively few have realized the practically untouched wealth of stories, tales, and romantic occurrences that lie hidden in the mountains of the Northwest awaiting the hand of the literary genius who shall reveal their hidden richness to the world.

The secretive dust of romance lies sufficiently heavy over the towns and cities, the railroads and frequented by-paths of the Northwest, but should one long for unrepeatd unknown tales of possibly greater interest, he has only to travel to almost any isolated and unfrequented mountain district to find there countless stories of adventure and hardship, of wild deeds, violent crimes, stern justice, and history of intensely interesting romance known only to the "old-timers," that fast disappearing class of trappers, prospectors, and wanderers who still inhabit the wilds of Montana, Idaho, and other western states.

To illustrate the abundance of material available for a new literature, distinctive in that it shall breathe the spirit of the Northwest, let me relate as concisely as possible some of the stories that came to my attention during two summers spent in the mountains of Idaho, in a region penetrable only by pack trains. Unfrequented by campers and sportsmen because of its inaccessibility, the district is known only to the few trappers and miners who make it their home and to a small number of forest service men who have worked there long enough to become intimately acquainted with the country.

About fifteen miles from the district ranger station lay the heavily timbered Moose Basin country, rugged, wild, inhabited by three or four miners who eke out a scanty livelihood by trapping in winter and during the summer months by panning the creek bottom for gold. Not far from where these hardy miners work their sluice-boxes is the site of the once busy mining camp of Moose City, founded by the sixty-niners of California who had gradually worked their way northward. At Moose City they had struck it rich and the inevitable gold rush had followed. At the height of its glory Moose City boasted a population of eight thousand. Like all mining camps its fame was brief. No sooner had the gold supply given evidences of playing out than the inhabitants deserted it, attracted by the recently discovered gold fields in Alaska.

One of the miners, a red-whiskered Bavarian who still lingered in Moose Basin hoping to discover the mother lode from which all the loose gold in the territory must have been washed, shed some interesting sidelights on the history of the city.

"Dat Moose City, dar, she was sure wild as hell in dar. By gollies, she was just as wild, dar, as dose camps in Alaska ever was, dar. Dey told me more damn tales of dose gamblin' halls an' dose women, dar. Py gollies, dey don't have no more excitement like dot now-a-days."

He told me numerous tales. One day I had occasion to pass by the former site of Moose City. Now nothing remains to tell of the eight thousand wild souls who fought and struggled and toiled in the Moose Basin country except the huge piles of washed out boulders disfiguring the creek bottom for several miles and the indefinite outlines of an old ditch built to supply more water for placer mining during the dry summer months. And I thot what an interesting historical novel could be written portraying the rough life of Moose City and collecting for future generations the interesting details of its brief but brilliant existence.

One day as I was plodding along a rough trail with my partner, an old-timer in that district, on the way to a fire, we came suddenly to a small glade surrounded by a thicket of brush and willows. "There's China Springs," said my partner. "If you hunt in the grass and brush nearby you'll find the bones of six Chinamen that were murdered here."

"How's that," I inquired, scenting a story.

"Oh, they swiped a box of gold from a widder in Iron Mountain and the posse caught up with them here is all. Just shot 'em down and left 'em lay. Guess the varmits packed off most the bones by this time."

"Edgar Allan Poe would have written a wonderfully gruesome story about that," I said to myself.

On another occasion I was alone, picking my way down the narrow brush-covered bottom of a deep canyon whose walls rose sharply for a mile and a half on either side. I came suddenly upon a tiny cabin, half hidden behind a huge rock. Evidently many decades had passed since it had been inhabited for it was sadly delapidated, the roof caved in, the stone fireplace badly crumbled. Nearby stood the butts of trees fourteen and sixteen feet high showing where the lonely occupant of the cabin had cut his firewood when the snow lay deep.

"Now who was this poor fellow," I pondered, "a refugee from justice or a hermit bent on avoiding human companionship? What a theme some poet could evolve from this crumbling shelter hidden from the eyes of man."

My partner told me the story of the miner who laughed at his comrades for flying before the approach of the great forest fires of 1910. He stayed behind and was caught like a rat by the madly racing flames. No one knows where he died, for his bones were not in the charred ruins of his cabin.

Again I heard of outlaws wanted for murder "holing up" in that district, safely hidden from pursuit. Numerous stories were told me of hazardous trips thru the Fish Lake country in the depth of winter, of taking an insane prospector out to civilization during a severe blizzard.

In looking over the map of the district I noticed the name "Scurvy Mountain."

"Why Scurvy Mountain?" I enquired.

"Three trappers died there one winter of scurvy," old Sourdough Jack informed me. "They kep' a diary o' what took place up tu the last minit an' it sure was interestin' readin'."

Old man Williams, a resident of fifty years in the Fish Lake country

and a noted prospector and hunter, was an unfailing source of anecdote and story. He sat with us one morning on the lookout peak just after a thunder shower had cleared the smoke from the atmosphere and pointed to a rugged, snow-capped mountain that rose high above its neighbors in a range many miles distant.

"That's Magruder's Peak," he volunteered. "Ever hear the story?"

We asked him to tell it.

"Magruder was one of those pioneer merchants who visited the out-of-the-way mining camps with pack trains loaded with grub, tools, clothing, etc., and exchanged them for almost their weight in gold to the miners. He packed the stuff in from Walla Walla, which was about the closest trading post. Well, he was visiting a good-sized camp over in them hills and managed to dispose of all his goods so he was ready to start back to Walla Walla with his gold dust. Two men in the camp wanted to go out with him, in order, as they said, to get the protection Magruder and his train afforded against outlaws and Indians. The trader finally allowed them to go with him. Well a couple of nights later they camped at the foot of that peak and during the night these two men split open Magruder's head with an axe, and shot the five or six other packers before they could wake up. They killed most of the horses too, and then hit for tall timber with the gold dust. Both of 'em paid for it later. One was hung down in California and the other was located in Seattle and they had a 'necktie' party for him too. That's why they call that Magruder's Peak."

Another story he told of a well-educated trapper who had lived in the Cayuse Creek bottom for many years. He was reputed to have come from one of the best families in the east. It was also rumored that he had discovered gold in unusual quantities somewhere along the creek bottom but had managed to keep its whereabouts as much a secret as his identity. Finally one winter he had gone snow blind. There had been no one within fifty miles of him to call on for help. He had stretched a line from his cabin to the spring with which to guide himself to water. And then his grub supply had given out. Faced with starvation, the trapper had blown out his brains with a heavy revolver, and traveling prospectors had found him lying on his bunk the next summer. A distinguished-looking man had come into that region a month or so later and made searching enquiries regarding the dead trapper. Then he had left without shedding any light on the mystery.

I gathered numerous other stories, too many and varied to relate, from the chance conversation of trappers and hunters, from occasional incidents that befell members of the forest service in the widely different tasks they were called on to do. The ridges and gulches and streams were literally alive with romance. Think of the hardy trappers and prospectors who, carrying nothing but a gun and a handful of salt, burrowed through endless miles of brush and trackless forest where a white man's foot had never before trodden, relying entirely on game and wild berries for sustenance. These adventurous souls lost themselves in the wilderness for months at a time. Many of them never returned to civilization. Perhaps they fell a victim to the quick onslaught of a grizzly bear or were crushed to death by the forest monarchs that crash thunderously to earth during the violent wind that precedes the mountain storms. Perhaps they died of hunger or thirst. Who knows how and when and where these pioneers died? Who can doubt but what the wide

fastnesses of Moose Basin conceal many a terrible tragedy from the eyes of man forever, tragedies more sensational than those known by the "old-timers" themselves?

And if the knights and lords of old furnish such interesting topics for story and novel and verse, with what a much more absorbing interest will authentic and attractive revelations of the life of these comparatively modern adventurers be read! It is truly a great misfortune that but few writers have realized this wonderful opportunity awaiting in the mountains of the Northwest. By a little first-hand investigation the author would find endless themes through which to give expression to his genius. His efforts would constitute a valuable addition to American literature. They would be original; distinct from the stories of other frontiers, and would naturally contain a certain wild vigor intensely appealing to the average reader.

But if advantage is to be taken of this golden opportunity it must be soon, for already the number of those who blazed the first trails thru the mountains, who first discovered the richness of its creek bottoms and the abundance of its fur and game animals, is fast declining. Ten years and but few of the real "old-timers" will be found in their widely scattered and isolated cabins to relate to wonder-bound youth the stirring tales of frontier days in the mountains, and we must then accept second-hand information as the basis of the new literature that shall carry these tales to the ends of the earth.

A successful effort to present these interesting tales in the form of literature has already been made by a few men, notably by Mr. Frank B. Linderman. But how hopeless an undertaking is it for one or two men to gather all the available stories from the thousands of miles of wilderness almost as wild and unsettled as they were fifty years ago, if the comparatively small area of the Fish Lake country holds such a wealth of tale and legend? What could be more appealing to the author with a thirst for adventure and excitement in his veins than to set out with a couple of pack horses and spend the long summer months traveling the lonely trails that lead to the haunts of old pioneers? Besides the never-ending pleasure of investigating the romantic history of our huge wildernesses he would find enjoyment in the magnificent scenery, the splendid angling and the cool bracing climate of the little-known mountain districts. Then too, he might have a few experiences of his own with wild animals, forest fires, or mountain storms similar to those of the pioneers themselves. At any rate he would come forth to civilization with the irresistible lure of the mountains gripping his heart and the firm conviction that he had imbibed something of their strength and character, something of their beauty and poetry that is only vaguely understood in the innermost thots of man and that can best be expressed in his literary efforts. He would feel, too, some natural impulse within him urging him to picture the inspiring hardihood of the old-time mountain pioneers thru the wild tales and stirring deeds they had related to him.

Certain it is that some further expression of the vigor and strength of the mountains and the sturdy men who toiled among them must sooner or later appear. It is equally certain that this new literature must lose something of the power of these dominant characteristics if its appearance is postponed long enough to let those who can furnish first-hand information on the subject succumb to old age. —RONALD KAIN.

TO A BARBED WIRE FENCE

The pompous ones proclaim you grand.
They praise you in their worn out way
And call you pioneer, the hand
Of man stretched out in brave attempt
To civilize a Godless land.

But God! I see you as you are—
A rope of heartless, cutting barbs
That fences in; a cruel scar
Across the face of Liberty
That tells of greed and hate and war.

JACK STONE.

MOONLIGHT

A twisting road, the color of dead ashes,
That stretches on forever in the haze
Of misty moonlight.
To feel you near and see the flashes
As moon beams touch your eyes—to feel their gaze.

JACK STONE.

YOU ARE RETURNING

All through the changing years since we last touched
Have been hot nights of yearning restlessness;
With only little fevered fits of sleep,
And these disturbed with dreams of wanting you.
Asleep and waking, surging memories
Crowd fast upon me and I find no rest.
They take me dreaming back where we alone
Climbed through the jagged canyons that we love
And watched the eagle beating out his flight
From cliff to cliff. You panted as you watched,
And smiled at that free spirit in the sky,
Yet you were freer than the soaring bird—
You had more precious things to liberate.
The morning lustre of your vivid self,
The moments of your sweetest tyranny,
Your passion's domination, stinging sweet,
I drank as wine, and watched you go away.

And now you say that you are coming back
Again to still the call of my desire;
But can you bring the hopefulness I lack,
And stir the fading embers of a fire—
Your presence be more poignant than the thought
Desiring you and still possessing not?

LLOYD S. THOMPSON.

Burned

THE LAST barb wire gate was tugged, stretched, and fastened. The Ford bumped across the prairie and stopped beside a neatly painted, compactly built, homesteader's shack. Two faces peered from the uncurtained windows and in an instant two figures came running across the bare, beaten ground towards us frightening the lean, dirty chickens out of their way.

The man, Anton, was dressed in a well patched overall suit. His face burned to a rich brown was partly covered by a black beard thru which he continually ran his fingers in a worried manner. When he saw who we were his face lighted with a smile which disclosed his clean, even, white teeth.

"Howdy-do. Howdy-do. Marie it is Mr. Kane. He give us the food and wait for the crop for pay."

Marie came puffing behind her husband. We were at once impressed by her face, unusually good looking for a woman who has been submitted to the scorching suns, hot dry winds, and alkali water of the prairie. Her eyes were mellow brown and in them was that softness, clearness, and expressiveness, found in madonnas painted by the masters. Her skin was golden and soft. She had the same white even teeth as her husband. Her round arms and shoulders bulged out of the tight, faded blue calico dress. She wore a white apron worked with some kind of old world embroidery.

"You came to see the crop?" Anton asked, running his fingers thru his beard faster. "The winter wheat—he is burned pretty bad. If we have rain the spring wheat maybe—" He shrugged his shoulders. "We go look at them."

Marie watched them until they dropped into a coulee. Anton was gesturing and shaking his head all the way.

She turned to us with an apologetic smile. "I would ask you in but the house—she is so small. I will bring chairs out. We will sit in the shade and maybe a little bit of wind will start."

We sat on two chairs arranged along the side of the house, their legs stuck into the soft dirt. Marie sat on a box which proclaimed that it had once contained canned milk.

"The crops are not so good?"

"Same, always the same. Everything burn. In June we have two big rain. Anton say we have big crop but I know better. Pretty soon it turn like I say." Her eyes looked across the prairie dotted with shacks and out buildings all burned to a nondescript grey. The only disturbance was a roll of dust raised by a wagon on the road along the section line. Overhead was the motionless, brilliant sky.

"When we come here we have some money saved. Anton, he was carpenter in Canada. He build house and barn. It is good house. He build summer kitchen. None of drylanders have summer kitchen. Anton is good husband. He buy horses and a cow. We put in crop. I work in field. Everything burn. Anton sell animals. Next year everything burn. This year we borrow. Everything burn."

"The country is more suited to stock than farming," I ventured.

Her eyes flashed. Her breast rose and fell sharply. "Yes—yes. You say that now. Three years ago you say different. You send pictures—pictures of grain high as Anton's shoulder. You say come to Montana and take up land and raise this grain. Your railroads give special rates. People believe you. They take money from the bank. You say now it is stock not farming. Too late. Everything burn." Her agitation passed. Her shoulders drooped as tho pulled by weights. Her chin dropped on her chest and her eyes stared at her feet, clad in broken shoes, painstakingly building a little mound of dust.

We looked away shamefaced. My companion seeing a child's shoe half buried in the dirt and thinking to relieve the tension said, "How many children have you?"

She raised her madonna eyes to ours. In them was a look of dull pain mingled with resignation. "There was—one. He died this summer." She paused then added tonelessly, "Everything burn."

—ANN WILSON.

At St. Patrick's

IN THE second floor corridor an old woman was huddled back on a low chair. Her hands plucked at the strap of a worn black purse. Her eyes, dumb, heavy with unshed tears, darkly circled from lack of sleep, were fixed on the door of "22."

Thru an open window the fresh fragrance of hyacinths and narcissi came to mingle with strong breaths of iodine and ether.

The old woman shrank back to let pass two young nurses who were rolling a stretcher down the hall. A cover slipped off one end of the stretcher revealing the yellowish-white face of a man. His eyes rolled deliriously; clots of bright red blood spurted from his mouth as he muttered and mumbled in hoarse painful gasps. The old woman looked at him and turned her eyes again toward the door of "22."

Far down the hall a baby cried shrilly; thru the window came the sound of a locomotive whistle and the crisp whirring buzz of a woodsaw.

At last the door of "22" was opened. A grave, sweet-faced nun came out followed by three grave doctors.

"Sister—Sister Matilde?" the old woman said, and then sank back in her chair.

The doctors walked down the corridor chattering about the fine May weather. The nun, putting her arms around the old woman led her into "22."

"Dere ees no 'ope!" she said.

RACHEL JORDAN.

Wild Bill

"GIMME SOME strawberry jam, crackers, sardines, deviled ham, a carton a' 'Camels,' a box of cigars, cady a' matches, an'——" the impatient customer paused for breath.

"Hey there, wait a minute. D'yuh think I can make out this bill in shorthand? We ain't got no strawberry jam or any other kind that we can sell." The commissary clerk had explained the restricted sale to everyone in camp and several times to the soldier before him.

"Weow! I guess that can there labeled strawberry jam is pickled herring or something!" "Wild Bill's" voice rang out jovially as his wide smile belied his ferocious voice. He laughed loud and heartily, enjoying the clerk's irritation. "I s'pose nobody but officers' money is good enough to buy jam. It's a fine army. Gimme the rest of the stuff anyway, Jordan," and he enumerated the articles again.

"How's the training coming, Bill?" I asked.

"Aw, fine. I'm workin' out every day now and I'll be rarin' to go when I get to Vlady. Pelky's own mother won't know 'im when I get through smearin' 'im."

While he was waiting for his order to be filled, Bill told one of his comical stories and the soldiers yelled with delight. Wild Bill's laugh sounded above the rest, for he appreciated his own fanciful yarns as much as anyone. "Help yourselves to the cigars, you 'hides,'" he shouted as he extended the open box toward the group in the commissary.

A heavy footstep sounded in the doorway. "What's all this noise in here? Danvers, are you drunk again?" All conversation ceased as everyone turned to face the militant commanding officer. "Well, speak up!"

"I'm not drunk, sir," Bill said quietly.

"Stand at attention." The Colonel turned to the clerks. "Smell his breath. You, I'm talking to," he snapped out, as the soldier hesitated uncertainly.

Jordan advanced reluctantly. "I can't smell anything but tobacco on his breath, sir." The Colonel frowned and he sniffed again the air in the vicinity of his friend's mouth.

"I can smell liquor on that man from here. What's the matter with you? You're a fine one to work in a commissary. All the meat could spoil and you'd never know it. You'd better go to the hospital for a little treatment." The Colonel was "up on his ear" and in no mood to tolerate any disagreement. He turned to the other commissary clerk whose knees were already shaking. "Tell me what you smell on Danver's breath," he commanded.

"Why—why, nothing but some strong chewing tobacco, sir." Joe turned apprehensively toward the Colonel.

"The hospital 'll be crowded tomorrow," the irate officer predicted grimly. He turned to me and I jumped to attention. "Call the sergeant of the guard and have him bring a sentr ywith him. Danvers!"

"Yes, sir."

"You're under arrest!"

I hurried over to the guardhouse and hastily repeated the Colonel's orders to Sergeant Blakeslee. I decided against going back to the com-

missary for tho my curiosity was great, it would be poor policy to put in an appearance there while our "hard-boiled" C. O's. ire was so aroused. Besides, I didn't want to be called up as a witness and they might forget that I had been around. It is much better in the army to steer entirely clear of all trials.

After "chow" that evening I heard the details of what took place after my departure. The sentry who had been called to take Danvers to the guardhouse was talking. Gee, the Colonel was peeved. His girl in the States must have got married, or somethin'. He told me to smell Bill's breath and I did. Maybe he'd had a drink and maybe not—I couldn't tell. All I could smell was some 'Star' that he'd been chewing. I told the 'old man' that and he looked like he wanted to mill me for life. He had me take Bill to the Captain's house next. Hello, there Jordan, some party you had today, wasn't it?" We all turned to the door as Jordan approached.

"Yeh, we had a fine time for a little while. I wish the old man was in hell, myself! I'll be up as a witness, and say, hasn't old Pendleton got it in for this gang now? He says he's going to send Joe and I to the hospital so we can learn to smell." Jordan laughed.

"Poor old Bill. He's always in the mill," Culverhouse, the sentry, commented. "He just got out a week ago and now he's in again. If he'd only quit drinking."

"S'all right if he'd quit gettin' caught. But the worst part of it is he can't go down to the fights now. He had a damn good chance to win 'em, too."

"I don't care. Bill's a good scout anyhow," one man defended him. "He's a good, square, two-fisted guy and I like 'im."

"So do I," "Me too," "Bill's all right," came a chorus from several of the men.

"And, say boy, he's some scrapper. 'Member the time he cleaned up on 'Kid' Lawton down at the old Olympic club in Manila? He can cop that championship in 'Vlady' if he'll rare down there." Bill and "Smoky" Joe were sparring partners and the latter was not exaggerating the "Wild Man's" prowess. Hadn't he defeated man after man in the last three years in Manila? And hadn't big Ole Larson called him outside one day to settle an argument and received a beating? No wonder "Smoky" was confident.

"I wish I had as carefree, a happy-go-lucky nature as Bill," one soldier said seriously. "He always enjoys himself."

The newest member of the company grinned. "I'll bet he's not enjoying himself much right now," he said sarcastically.

We laughed tolerantly at the new man's remark. "Say, guy, you don't know Wild Bill very well. I'll bet he's won half the money in the guardhouse by this time." Smoky Joe was Bill's partner in financial ventures and the two had money long after everyone else was borrowing kopecks for laundry.

"One thing about Wild Bill," an old sergeant said slowly, "he gambles fair and square. I never saw a luckier man. I've dropped my month's pay into his hat many a pay day, and there isn't another 'dirt-tamper' I'd rather see get it. He just smiles and says 'thanks,' and makes you like it."

"Say, sergeant," Jordan asked, "do you remember the time Bill gave back that money to young Kendell? It was about fifty dollars the kid

had been saving to send home and had tried to increase in a game of Black Jack. Bill gave it back to him when he found out how badly the kid's folks needed the money and told him what a fool he was to gamble. That's what I call a **regular** guy."

"Well, I've got to get back to the guard house." Culverhouse reached for his rifle. "I'll find out how Bill's game is progressing, Smoky."

"Wait a minute and I'll walk as far as the commissary with you, Jimmie. I may go to the hospital in the morning, so so-long fellows. I'll swear I couldn't smell any **vodka** on Bill if I go to the hospital the rest of the time we're in Siberia. 'Night fellows." Jordan was a friend who could be counted upon.

"'Night," we answered as the two opened the door and left us.

"Isn't it about time for—there goes tattoo now," the sergeant called out.

"Lights out," someone yelled, and a second later we were in darkness, and there was no sound except of those undressing.

During the next few days Wild Bill's last arrest and conviction were a frequent topic of conversation as we lounged around the huge stove. There was much discussion as to the ethics of smelling a man's breath to determine whether he is drunk or not. Of course, according to regulations, a man was drunk as soon as he had taken one drink of intoxicating liquor, but anybody knew he wasn't. It was generally conceded that a "shot" now and then never hurt anybody and a man certainly wasn't to be blamed for indulging mildly once in a while. The monotonous existence in the dirty, filthy country would make anyone crave a few hours of forgetfulness. It was a good thing that our dear Colonel could not hear all that was said about him or Bill would have had many companions.

The March wind was raw and cold, when a few days after Danvers' arrest I was put on prison guard. I considered myself lucky to be "chasing" the Wild Man, for in his company the afternoon would pass quickly. Guard-mount was at twelve o'clock and a corporal took us to the mess hall where the prisoners were turned over to us.

"Weow! look who's chasin' me now," Bill yelled as I approached. "Better get your sheepskin coat on, 'hide,' 'cause we'll be outside all afternoon."

"We can stop in barracks for it," I answered. "Where ya workin'?"

"Choppin' wood for the Captain. Have some fruit?" He motioned toward a can of peaches.

"No, thanks, Bill. I ate at first chow and I'm full up."

"Go ahead, go ahead. They ain't poison. Here!" He extended a liberal portion of his mess-kit and I could not refuse. "Use Red's spoon," he added as he helped himself to the other's spoon and passed it over to me.

I ate gladly for it had been several days since I had possessed money enough to afford commissary extras. I finished and suggested that we go, for it was nearly time to begin work.

"All right, soon's I wash this mess-kit. Gang-way for a general," he yelled as he hurried toward the tub of boiling water. "I'm a workin' man." Everyone gave him room, for Bill was always given whatever he wanted. "Let's go," he said a minute later, and we dashed from the mess-hall to the barracks.

There was a Black Jack game running, and Danvers' eyes gleamed

as he noted the pile of bills in front of the dealer. "Guess I'll win a little while you put on your coat," he remarked. "Bet five dollars." A moment later I heard him say, "Bet 'er all," and knew he was winning.

I took my time and when I was ready to go, strolled over to the game. The pile of bills had moved from the dealer to Bill's side of the table.

"Yuh ready?" he said without looking around. "This is my last bet. Give you a chance to get even," he informed the dealer, as he shoved all he had won toward the center of the table. The cards flew from the dealer's hand and Danvers smiled. "I've got a 'cold turkey,'" he announced. A "cold turkey" is twenty and the best hand in the game is twenty-one.

None of the players drew and the dealer hesitated. Slowly he drew the top card off the deck and laid it on the table. It was a ten-spot. "I think I had ya' beat, Bill." He picked up Bill's cards and groaned. "Sixteen! Why didn't I have sense enough to stand on seventeen? Your old 'poker face' fooled me this time."

The Wild Man rolled the bills up and placed them carelessly in his shirt pocket with his eyes on the money still in the game. "Let's go," he said sorrowfully.

Once outside, we lost no time in getting to the Captain's wood pile. It was sheltered from the wind and conversation was again possible.

"I didn't think they'd 'stick' you this time," I suggested.

"Guilty? Sure, they don't know how to say anything else! And the best of it was I hadn't had a drop." He laughed jovially. "Sixteen enlisted men swore I was sober, but the Colonel and Captain said I was drunk, so naturally, I must have been."

"These army court-martials beat me. I think it's a disgrace to the country the way they treat a soldier over here. Just think of the fellows in Vladivostok wearing shackles and draggin' a ball and chain around." Every time I hear of a court-martial, it arouses my indignation.

"Aw, it don't do any good to kick. Let 'em ride us while they can, cause when I once get my discharge, I'll tolerate no more of 'em." He slammed his right fist fiercely into the palm of his left hand. "That for any of these officers I meet then. I'd like to see old Pendleton when I get back in civies. Weow!"

"The worst part of it is you can't go down to the fights in 'Vlady.' I'll bet you could have won the belt easy."

"Huh! Three and two-thirds. I don't mind the fine, but I hate to put in three months in the 'mill.' 'Taint over yet, and I'm goin' to win that belt. I've got a hunch I'll be out a' here in two weeks. Yuh never can tell."

"Jigger, the Captain," Bill hissed and I straightened up and saluted as the Captain approached.

"It's pretty cold today. Take Danvers over to the guardhouse and turn him in."

"Yes sir!" I saluted and the Captain hurried back to the house. "What do you think a' that?"

"Don't stop to think! Come on." Bill was already on his way to warmth and shelter.

"Corporal of the guard! One prisoner."

"Bring 'im in."

"So long, Bill. See you in the morning," I shouted and started on a run for barracks.

Early in April a spring thaw had commenced and the afternoon was warm and pleasant. As I was sauntering along the thawing road on my way to the village, the bumping and rattling of a wagon woke me from my reverie. I turned around and was surprised to see Bill and Smoky Joe crowded into the seat with the driver. They were evidently going to Vladivostok. Bill's uniform was pressed, his shoes were shined, his rough face was shaved and powdered. His fur cap was flung jauntily on the right side of his close-cropped head.

"Get in an' ride," he commanded as the wagon stopped at my side.

"Guess I might as well. It's muddier than I thot." I climbed in over the wheel and sat down on the edge of the wagon bed. "Where d'ya think you're goin'?"

"Why, we're just going down to Vladivostok to the fights. Would you like to go down with us?"

I made a dive for him and for a moment had the advantage but when he rolled over backwards and tumbled from the high seat onto the bottom of the wagon, I surrendered. I was underneath.

"Ya' will, eh? I thot you knew enough to let me alone."

"Well," working my arms and legs anxiously, "you don't need to bust all my bones. How did you get to go down, anyway?"

"Well, yuh know the captain's pretty much of a sport. Likes to see old "M" company lead in everything. He put up a big spiel to the 'old man' and promised I'd be good if he'd just give me a chance, so the Colonel ordered us to go down to the fights. If I win I get out on parole and have my fine remitted."

"An' oh 'B,' oh boy! He's goin' to win, too, what I mean. There ain't a man in the A. E. F. that can touch 'im." Smoky Joe radiated confidence.

"Funny I didn't hear about it this afternoon," I suggested.

"Just happened. The Colonel told us to leave right away. He called me up on the carpet and say, boy, I've got to be better than a gallon of Sunny Brook from now on."

"Think you can handle Pelky? He's pretty good, isn't he?"

"I'll police up on Pelky all right. Some of these Britishers might be bad ones tho. I've got as good a chance as anyone. And say, I'm goin' to have some time—win, lose or draw." Nothing could keep Bill's spirit down.

"Here we are," the driver sang out. "Goin' back with me?"

"Yeah, guess I'd better. Good luck, Bill! You too, Smoky. Bring home that old belt."

"So long, kid."

"Goodbye, 'hide.' Anything you want from the city?"

"Not a thing, Bill, thanks."

The driver's whip cracked and the mules broke into a slow trot. The Wild Man was pretty lucky, I thot, as the wagon jolted over the rough road.

When Bill and his "side-kicker" had been gone about two weeks we began to get anxious about them. Not that they might have been hurt or killed, but they might be in the guardhouse at Vladivostok or one of the stations along the railroad. We were idling away the evening with

a game of penny-ante for pay-day was three weeks in the past. The "top-kick" lit a fresh cigar.

"It seems to me Danvers and Norton ought to be getting back pretty soon. The fights should be over and it's only a three-day trip back if they're lucky."

"Bill'll have to put on a little party before he comes home. I hope he don't get caught." Jordan's voice came from the group watching the game.

We turned toward him and grinned. "Well, where'd you come from? I thot you were in the hospital." The "top" noticed him for the first time.

"I got out this afternoon and say, I can smell vodka a mile off. You had a drink last night 'Scrap.'"

The "top" grinned. "That's a safe guess. But no foolin', I'm really worried about Danvers. If he shows up here drunk and begins raisin' hell, he'll go back in the 'mill' if he won a dozen championships. The 'old man' gave him this chance and Bill'd better shoot square." The sergeant's tone was serious.

"The worst of it is," I cut in, "Bill'll have too much money to pass up a chance for a good time. He had quite a——."

The door opened and a whirl of cold air rushed in. There was the Wild Man, his face lighted by a dazzling smile and sparkling eyes. Smoky Joe was close behind him.

"Hello, old hill-billies. Count me out some chips, there. I want to get in this game." Bill advanced and threw some money on the table in front of the man running the game. "I'm always ready t' gamble, for money, marbles or chalk."

"No chance, Bill. Cash in you guys, this game is closed. I want to hear about the fights."

"I want to play," Bill protested, but everyone was cashing in.

"Let's see that championship belt, Danvers," the "top kick" suggested confidently. "God, man, I'm glad to see you come back sober."

"Sober? Yuh should a' seen us last night, eh Smoky?" Bill pulled a package from his overcoat pocket and threw it to the first sergeant.

"Say man, ya' should a' seen that last fight!" Smoky had kept quiet as long as he could. "It looked for a while like Pelky was goin' to walk away with it, but Bill kept pounding away. And great Lord, that last punch! Pelky just crumpled up and they dragged 'im out." He placed his hand on Wild Bill's shoulder. "Look 'im over, gang. He's the middleweight champion of Siberia!"

—RALPH BELL.

THE KILL-DEER

One day I was joyous:

I liked the lark's song then.

Tonight as I came the golden way,

Thru the still woods

Where the larches had let down their needles,

As silently as snow falls,

A kill-deer cried plaintively at the water's edge,

Bringing my heart's release

From its burden, borne in upon it,

Of all the wistfulness that is in the world.

WILDA LINDERMAN.

Gypsy

"GEEPSY? Well, what of her, Roito?" Mrs. Mejia asked indifferently. The question came after a long silence that had lasted as the two strolled along the beach from which the noon heat and the dinner hour had driven all but the last few bathers.

"Yes, Gypsy; I want to know what's to become of her." Royo Cataya's handsome face was quizzical. Mrs. Mejia's stubborn refusal ever to trouble herself over vital questions always irritated him, lazy as he was himself. It was Royo's philosophy, however, to take life good naturedly, whatever happened, so now he only laughed out of the corners of his eyes at the little woman beside him, who was just allowing herself to wonder what would become of her little daughter when she and Royo Cataya left Cuba for the United States.

"Gypsy ought to go north to my sister to school, Pepa," Cataya went on. He had an interest in this proposition and put it more earnestly than he generally advanced ideas. "You know Dolores is crazy about Gypsy, Pepa." He looked down at Mrs. Mejia; the discontented expression that was becoming habitual with her was almost sullenness. Under the rouge-ovals her smooth dark skin was flushed, perhaps with the hot sun, or it might have been with unaccustomed emotion.

"Sit down," Royo laughed at her, his eyes squinting up to mere wrinkle-wreathed slits. He slumped down on the hot sand in the inky shadow of the pier, pulling her down beside him, stretched himself out where a big beam made clear-cut shade and nodded to a bather who flapped by overhead in bathrobe and slippers on his way to the yacht club. Pepa Mejia stared out at a lone sailboat passing by on its way to Havana; the vexation had left her face and she again showed nothing but quizzical boredom, like Royo's only with weariness added.

She looked down directly into the brown eyes beside her. "Dolores may be crazy about Geepsy, Roito," she said, "but I'm not crazy about Dolores. Heaven knows I'm no plaster saint, but Dolores goes one too far even for me. I can't trust my little girl in her hands. Geepsy can stay with her father, Royo. I don't see why not. She won't miss me, Heaven knows, any more than Jose will. I'm nothing to either of them."

"Why, that's impossible, Pepa," Cataya tried to be reasonable. "Talk sense, a little thing of ten alone with such an old man. Children have to go to school; you ought to know that."

"She can have another governess," answered Mrs. Mejia, pulling down the corners of her mouth, "though God knows she almost killed this last one, who is an utter fool. Or she can go to the nuns. God knows how long they could keep her, though." This seemed to amuse her.

"Exactly," Royo laughed, "she's you all over, Pepa. Now Dolores would be glad, for a consideration—"

"For a consideration!" Pepa turned on him furiously, "Well, has it come to that so soon! No, she shan't," her flaming resentment died in sullenness. "No Dolores is going to drag a child of mine down to perdition in that pit of New York. I don't know what it's like, but I've heard.

You and I may live there, Royo, but I won't have Geepsy do it. I won't, that's all. She can stay here with Jose."

Royo watched her, and irritation again tinged his amusement. What a queer form for the maternal instinct to take! It was rather a kind of selfishness; no girl-child who was a possession of Pepa's should be smirched. It must be pride that moved her, Royo thought, for Mrs. Mejia had never shown any particular affection for Gypsy, and as the little girl was growing up from babyhood and required always less supervision from her mother, Pepa had grown now to pay hardly any attention to her. Then, too, there had always seemed to be a veil between them; they were so much alike that they knew and so distrusted each other.

Royo protested, "But, Pepa—"

"Shut up!"

There was a silence, and Royo's smile hardened.

"I suppose you're still coming with me," he said in a bored way.

"Don't be an idiot. Do you think I'm going to stick around here another day with my old fool of a husband taunting me with what he's done for me?" The discontent in her eyes turned to a gnawing pain. "Ay, Jesus, I should go crazy. I'm no use to him," she murmured half to herself, and her face was ugly with the bitterness of self-contempt. "Do you know what he said to me once, eh?" She turned to Cataya and her nostrils twitched with scorn of herself. "It started me thinking, that did," she said cunningly.

"No," Royo raised his eyebrows and pulled down the corners of his mouth in a bored way. He was not anxious to get Mrs. Mejia started harrowing up her emotions. He knew, of course, that she was not going with him because she felt the least stirring of affection for him. It was best to let her motives lie unrevealed. What use was it to have her roil up the depths of her nature and bring to light all her unpleasant convictions? The sooner he got her off to New York with him and had a hold on her fortune—for Pepa was a good sport and would be loyal to him if he did not try her too far—the better Royo would be pleased.

But Mrs. Mejia went on in a low voice, the traces of her self-disgust faded except for the ugliness of her face.

"One day," she said, "o—h, I knew before that I wasn't any use to him, no more than a hired servant to be seen with Pepa when it was necessary, but Jose had never said so in so many words; never dared, I guess," she said lifelessly, "till he knew I knew it, too. Then one day, I said to him—I was bored. I didn't have anything to do, I loathe parties, always stupid—I said to him, 'For God's sake, Jose, can't I do something! Let me cook rice for the meals, let me dust my crucifix and the gimcracks on my bureau, let me beat Pepa, or sweep, or make a bed, or something.' He answered, 'There is nothing you can do, my dear. The work is mine; I take care of you, so that you have no work to do.'"

"I'm tired of it;" her eyes almost shut in pain. "I won't stand it. He saved my life and married me, he shan't do anything more for me. He hasn't hired me to be his wife. I hate him! I loathe him—so that's why I'm going to the devil with you, chiquitin."

Royo's quizzical smile did not leave his face during Pepa's recital. He knew she would break her husband's heart when she left. "Just because he's so much older than you, Pepa," he thought, "and a silent man, you've built up a mountain of trouble from his natural desire to care for you." He looked at her with half-shut eyes, and the thought

came to him slowly, "I'm willing ot bet two to one, three to one, a hundred to one, that, though you may not know it, you really love the old codger." But of course that was nothing to Royo.

He turned back to the main issue. "I need the money for our passage," he said conversationally. "I must buy it tomorrow. You know the 'Havana' sails Saturday and this is Sunday already."

"The 'Havana,'" said Pepa, brightening a bit, "Ay, Dios mio, that same old tub that Jose and I went north in to be married. We got on at midnight then, with Spaniards guarding the deck as thick as fleas, and I suppose it will be midnight Saturday." She stared out to where blue ocean met blue sky, and her thoughts must have gone back to the night when Mr. Mejia, then a keen-eyed man in his early forties, had rescued her from the enemies of her father's anti-Spanish newspaper. Resentment crept up in her eyes again.

"Don't look so bored," she cried. "Don't you think that sticks in my mind! Jose got me out of prison the very day father was sentenced to be shot. And now he holds it over me," she said almost to herself, "not with words, but with those old eyes of his. I'm no use to him," she murmured, then jerked out, "Well, por Dios, say something, can't you?"

Royo liked to see the scornful twist of her mouth; it was still enough to make her face charming in spite of the tiny wrinkles that were just beginning to form under her eyes. Besides, it was time for a demonstration of devotion. He brought her hand to his lips and held it there for a long while, till she pulled it away.

Pepa said then, her thoughts jumping backward to their discussion, "Geepsy wouldn't like it up north; she didn't like Dolores the first time she saw her, and if she really knew her she'd detest her as much as she detests you, chico mio. She does hate you, you know." The idea seemed to amuse Mrs. Mejia, but it did not trouble Cataya. "I'll win her over," he answered without any special interest. "Won't have much of a rival in Don Jose, though he's crazy over Gypsy, Pepa."

"Jose?" said Mrs. Mejia, wearily incredulous, "oh, no."

The dinner gong clanged through the quivering air. She got up and yanked her dress down. Under the pier on the now wholly deserted beach Royo kissed her until she shook him off. He enjoyed exciting her fierce protest against any kind of mastery, but he remembered his real interests, too.

"The passage money, chiquita," he reminded her with raised eyebrows.

"You'll get it tonight. No doubt you'll lose it gambling, though, and we'll have to go steerage." She pinched him lightly on the cheek—perhaps his kiss had raised her spirits—then dragged her little sand-dusted canvas shoes over the scorching gravel and board and across the white road to the yacht club. There were a few people on the porch now, showing a feeble mid-day bustle for dinner.

Several hours passed before Royo and Mrs. Mejia met again. The two o'clock train from Havana had just brought in a thin stream of the gay crowd of select and rabble that would later make the beach alive; one or two languid white sailboats were careening in over the unbroken blue floor of the ocean. Mrs. Mejia strolled across the club porch, stopping to nod to a man perched on the railing or to speak to a woman just sinking down in a rocker to wait for the afternoon's crowd. She drifted up to a group of chairs and tables left by some previous party in one

corner of the porch, Royo looked out and slouched down near her, and Mr. Mejia, a stooped, white-moustached man in his fifties, came past and sat down heavily. Drinks appeared, and Royo tossed off his; Mrs. Mejia hesitated after the first half, then drained hers. Mr. Mejia took only a sip. He was quiet, as if he had foresight of some catastrophe coming nearer every hour.

Royo suddenly tipped his chair forward to the floor, waved his hand, and started down the steps. Pepa looked once over the railing and muttered disgustedly, "Ay, per Dios, Dolores Cataya." Mr. Mejia rose at once, and a woman in fluffy white came up the steps with the five or six others just in from the train. She glanced about quickly and nodded or spoke to a few whom she knew. When Royo reached her, she took his arm and chattered vivaciously, her eyes crinkling up like his. Four or five men glanced after her with casual admiration for her swarthy prettiness, intensified to beauty by a daring use of rouge.

Mrs. Mejia made her way forward with cordiality so evidently insincere that it was almost an affront.

"Dolores," she cried, "Ay, querida, I'm so glad to see you! How sweet you look! I never see you these days."

"Pepita!" Royo's sister exclaimed, "I had to come. Roito said to me, 'Come and see the Mejias, Pepa and our dear Don Jose,' and I had to come. So long since I'd seen you." She lowered her voice, ostensibly so it would not reach a man in white linen sitting a few yards off, and turned to Mr. Mejia.

"How pretty Pepa is, Don Jose, don't you think so? Always the same dear girl, so sweet and simpatica."

"A thousand thanks, Senorita Cataya; I think with you." Mr. Mejia, always grave and courteous, bowed at the compliment. "It gives infinite pleasure to see Royo's sister. Won't you be seated, Senorita? What can I order for you?"

"Cocktail, Don Jose, eef you please." Miss Cataya turned her brown eyes on him; they were as transparent as brown glass through which one looks into the dark. "How beautiful it is here. Every time I come it is more lovely. Ay, your new yacht, Don Jose! What have you named her?"

"Her name is 'Geepsy!' "

"Why, Jose, I thought it was to be 'Pepa M' for me." His wife was surprised enough to look up.

"I have changed my mind, my dear." Mr. Meja did not meet her quick glance.

"And how is Geepsy, that dear little friend of mine?" asked Dolores, as if continuing a conversation already begun.

"Oh, Geepsy?" Mrs. Mejia said with rather exaggerated boredom, "She's well. I don't have much to do with her."

"Just ran out her last governess, the little devil," chuckled Royo from the railing.

"And where will she go now to school?" asked Dolores.

"God knows, I don't," answered Mrs. Mejia with a shrug. "I've nothing to say about it. Perhaps the nuns."

"I've been thinking over the question of school," said Mr. Mejia a little heavily. He was evidently so serious that all turned to him for a moment, his wife with a quick, puzzled frown as if she were discovering something. He went on with a little hesitancy. "Geepsy won't stand

another woman, nor a convent school, either. Besides, she needs young folks, other children." He glanced up, biting his lip. "Geepsy is growing a little too headstrong."

"Yes—," interrupted Dolores, but he went on, looking at the tea-table as if embarrassed, and yet somehow tired. "I have looked into the school of Maria Luisa Dolorosa in the city. You know the Hernandez children go there."

"Why, Geepsy doesn't know enough. This last governess said so," interrupted his wife.

"I spoke to the head, a very pleasant woman. She says Geepsy could get into the first class, with someone to coach her after school. That would fall to Pepa."

"Me!" His wife was amazed and violently irritated. "Dios mio, Jose! Me teach anyone! Don't be a fool."

"Now, Don Jose," said Dolores reproachfully, "how should Pepa teach a child! Why, children learn more today in the first class than men, even, used to know in the universities. Can you ask Pepa to give up her life, her pleasure, her friends, even for a little while, just to stay in with Geepsy? We think, Royo and I, that Geepsy should come to the States with me—go to school in New York; oh, such schools as they have there! All our friends have children, too, just of an age to be her play-mates. Why not, now? Think of what a fine time she would have. Be sure you're not selfish, Don Jose." There was just the finest shade of playful reproach in Dolores' voice which she judged ought to touch Mr. Mejia's sensitive conscientiousness.

"Geepsy shall go to a convent," broke in Mrs. Mejia. "If she's not good they can beat her."

"No, Pepa," her husband turned toward but did not look at her; "a convent is not the right place for Geepsy."

"Too much like her mother," chuckled Royo, his eyes crinkling up.

For answer Mrs. Mejia shrugged her shoulders fiercely and drained a glass from the tray a waiter had just brought up. He breast rose and fell rapidly with her labored breathing; she was more excited than the discussion warranted.

Dolores tossed off her cocktail and asked Mrs. Mejia, her eyes wrinkling like Royo's with amusement, "You don't smoke here?"

Then she gave a little shriek, held out her arms, and Gypsy ran into them.

"Ay, tia mia," the little girl crooned. "Did you come to see your little Geepsy? Tia Dolores, oh, I love you so. You're my tia now, aren't you? I have adopted her for my aunt, and she has adopted me for her niece now, Mama," she said with hard importance, and turned again to Dolores, taking her "aunt's" face in her hands.

"What's got over the child?" her mother in astonishment asked of Royo, who was enjoying himself hugely.

"You're glad to see me, mi vida?" Dolores drew Gypsy's cheek down to hers. "You don't mind our adopting each other?" she laughed at Pepa, and shot an amused, impish glance at her brother, who was watching her admiringly, almost chuckling at the irony of the situation. He wondered if Dolores had planned the "aunt and niece" adoptions out of a sardonic sense of humor when she knew that she would soon be the little girl's real aunt as Royo became Gypsy's foster-father.

"Sh! But yes, tell them. I must confess to you" again Dolores

lifted her eloquent eyes, "I wanted my little Geepsy, my new little niece, so much I had to write to her, just a little letter, just two or three words, to give her my invitation."

"I'm going to New Yor'," Gypsy announced with defiant importance, "to school, and play with other little boys and girls, and my pretty aunt, and amuse myself a lot, all the time. And go to bed late, and dance, eh, tia Dolores?"

"Chut, chut, chiquitin. That's not for Papa—and Mama—to hear about. And only once in many, many days, and when you are, oh, such a good, good little girl, besides."

"I'm going," Gypsy repeated wilfully. "Mama never cares what I do, and I'd like to see my Papa stop me." She looked at her father challengingly.

Papa's eyebrows had been drawing together in a frown. "Well, Geepsy," she asked with displeasure, "and who told you you could go, I'd like to know? When you do a thing, ask your father, do you understand? What talk from you! Not one word more shall you say. It's your father—and I—who say where you shall go, and with whom."

Gypsy turned away, shrugging, a gesture just like her mother's. "I can have some, tia mia, eh?" she asked, and tipped what was left of a cocktail down her throat. Dolores gave a little shriek of laughter.

"Go to your room," said Mrs. Mejia, glancing at her husband for approval; she rarely gave her daughter commands. Gypsy slid from Dolores' lap and stood sullenly.

"Go, Geepsy," said her father with authority. Gypsy shot a side-long glance at Dolores, and said to him with an ugly face, "I'd like to know who cares for you."

A slow, hot crimson crept over her father's face and he rested his forehead in his hand.

"Go to your room, Geepsy, you impudent little devil," Pepa shrieked, springing from her chair.

"Here, bebita, come on with me," said Royo, suddenly taking a part in the conversation and holding out his hand.

She shrank from her mother to him, as to any protector, then realizing it was he, she shrank away again with a sullen glance, then slipped through another passage and ran off inside.

"Ave Maria purissima, she'll be beaten yet," murmured her mother, sinking back into her chair. Her breathing grew calmer, but she stared hard at the floor, her small face set in concentration as if she were trying to puzzle out something quickly.

"She hates me still, the little devil," Royo's laugh again crinkled up his eyes. Dolores glanced away with raised eyebrows; for an instant her real dislike of a troublesome child flashed over her face.

Mrs. Mejia glanced over the railing and saw Gypsy playing outside in the sand.

"Go to your room," she screamed at her, then, as Gypsy did not move, "Gertrudis, go and stay with Senorita Geepsy."

"Well," Dolores broke the silence roguishly, "I pray sincerely for any convent to which Geepsy may be sent," and no one could help laughing, except Mr. Mejia, from whose face the red was just beginning to fade.

"She must come to us, Pepita dear," said Dolores with coaxing finality. She stood up and kissed Mrs. Mejia. "I must go now; I have an engagement this evening at Marianao. May I come again tomorrow in

the afternoon, to become more acquainted with my little girl? at four, yes? Don't punish her now, Don Jose, please. She's very sweet, you know, and how boring are these too good and obedient children! One hardly trusts them, it seem to me; don't you think so, eh?"

"Goodbye, dear," said Mrs. Mejia, perfunctorily kissing her. "So glad you came. I'll be here tomorrow."

"Geepsy may come to me, then?" asked Dolores, but Pepa only shrugged her shoulders, glancing at her husband.

When Dolores had left, Mrs. Mejia fidgetted, and there was silence between her and her husband. As it threatened to become embarrassing, she said angrily: "Well, why don't you keep her here?"

"That is beyond my power to do." The words seemed dragged from him.

"Don't be a fool, Jose. You can do whatever you want to do. Of course you can keep her."

"Let us not quarrel, Pepa." She fidgetted angrily in another silence, until Royo leaned forward from his seat on the railing.

"You'll send Gypsy north, Pepa? You have so decided, haven't you?"

"Por Dios, Royo, keep quiet, can't you?" Pepa almost screamed at him. "How should I know what is going to be done with Geepsy? It's none of my business, do you hear? I don't know, I don't know, I don't know. Shut up!"

Royo pursed up his lips. "Don Jose—"

"The decision is not mine to make, Royo. The question lies in the hands of Mrs. Mejia."

"Mine!" she screamed, "Ave Maria, Jose, why do you keep saying that? Mine! I never had anything to do with bringing up Geepsy, did I? I never did anything for you, did I? And now you think I can help you. You're a fool! I'm no use, I tell you. No use, no use, no use—to you or Geepsy. Or anyone else," she muttered.

"You see the situation, my dear," said Mr. Mejia heavily, not raising his haggard face. "We do need you, Geepsy and I."

"Oh," she turned on him quivering. "Shut up. It's a lie." She whirled around and drummed fiercely on the porch railing. The club house had been practically deserted now for the beach; only one old man was left asleep on the farther end of the porch.

"Ay, Jesus, what an infernally dull old hole this place is," muttered Mrs. Mejia. "I'm going to—I'm going to—oh, there's Maria Capote. Excuse me, please."

She clattered across the porch, down the steps and over to the pier.

Royo stretched. "You might as well let Gypsy go with Dolores, Don Jose," he suggested.

Mr. Mejia's face was bent in his hand and he did not answer. Royo looked at him, quirked his eyebrows, and then with a muttered "Excuse me," got up and left.

The next afternoon the pier was completely deserted except for two boys practising a high dive from the spring-board, when Mr. Mejia, Royo, his sister, and Gypsy and her mother came down towards the yacht, which was moored alongside. Dolores carried a sunshade, and the boat's awning was up to keep the dazzling sun off the deck, where the party would probably sit. Somehow it seemed hotter in the deserted stillness after the Sunday crowd, but Gypsy, child-like, was unaffected by the heat

and was in a specially excited mood, capering up and down the pier. Her shrill little voice rang distinctly through the sunny air. Mr. Mejia had spoken to one of the men on the yacht and they were evidently waiting for the boat to be started before they went aboard.

"We can get a hat for me at Marianao, can't we, Mama?" Gypsy demanded, dancing over to her mother and snatching half fearfully, half impudently at her hand. "It won't matter if just I and my tia Dolores are going. We can pick one out. One muy simpatico for my school. Like this," she cocked an imaginary hat over one ear and gave a pirouette.

"Going to have a good time in little old New York, eh?" said Royo, his laziness stirred by a mood of good humor. "Going to be a wild woman and just hit the high spots? Well, don't let those black curls of yours get you into too many messes. Then you'd have to come crying to Cousin Roito."

Gypsy tossed her hair out of his reach, and shot an oddly mature glance at him as if to pierce through his mask of indifference to what he really was. "A pink hat?" She turned to Dolores, "You choose my hat for me. You've got style, haven't you, eh?" she said shrewdly, and Dolores' eyes crinkled up.

"Why'n't you start the boat?" Gypsy tossed to her father, and she gave him, too, a penetrating glance as if she wanted to catch him when he was not looking at her. "I want to go, don't you, tia de mi alma?"

"Regular speed fiend, ain't you, Gypsy?" said Royo, thinking to himself, the little girl might develop into something as amusing to play with as Pepa.

Gypsy looked at him squarely, "Yes I am," she said in her hard little voice. There was another pause.

"Could you see if we can't start soon, please, Mr. Mejia—so hot here," murmured Dolores, so sure of herself that she scarcely bothered to be polite. Mrs. Mejia's eyes opened in fierce astonishment, but her husband only bowed courteously. "Certainly, senorita."

Royo had been tying Gypsy's sash to the pier railing; it was worth a little effort to bring out this potential plaything. She jumped and was pulled back. "Ay Jesus, que hombre!" she screamed, **slapping him on the cheek**, and yanked her sash loose. She was not at all afraid of him.

"You like me to tease you, don't you, Gypsy?" Royo asked, seeing this, and winked at Dolores. "On the whole, now, I'm not such a bad sort, am I?"

Gypsy gave him another hard stare, and shrugged her shoulders indifferently. "There may be worse," and a ripple of laughter followed. Royo looked triumphantly at Mrs. Mejia, and she shrugged her shoulders just as Gypsy had done, except that Pepa was angry, not indifferent.

"Did you tell them to start?" the little girl demanded of her father.

"Geepsy!" exclaimed Mrs. Mejia.

"Well, did he?"

"Everything is ready. You may start at once. I have given Miguel the directions you wished, and I think everything will go smoothly for you."

Gypsy darted for the steps leading to the yacht, but her mother jerked her back, and held her for a minute so that she met the hard eyes squarely.

"Aren't you going to say goodbye to your father, Geepsy?"

"Oh, yes."

"Me, too, 'Geepsy.' Don't forget your little cousin. You know me, bebita." Royo gave her his most impudent wink.

Gypsy hesitated between the two men. Her father did not look at her, his mouth was a little twisted. "Goodbye, Geepsy," he said then, steadily, holding out his hand.

She turned toward him slowly.

"H'm, I don't care for bald heads like you," she said and started for Royo.

Then a whirling tornado sucked her up. "Take that, and that, and that," shrieked Pepa, —"and that, and that, and that, you little devil, you—you ungrateful little fiend, you little worse than ingrate, you little limb of Satan. Take that, and that, and that." With a last ringing box on the ear Gypsy staggered up the pier, screaming with terror and pain.

"Go to your room, go," shrieked her mother. "If it takes you five minutes to get there I'll beat you till you can't see. Run, you little devil, run!"

She turned panting to the others. "Geepsy won't go with you," she said sullenly to Dolores, "I will stay here with my little girl. I stay here, for my husband needs me," and she looked up at Mr. Mejia as a whipped dog would look. "For my husband needs me," she repeated. He came up awkwardly and put his arm around her.

"We would like to be alone now, if you please," he said to Royo and his sister. Mrs. Mejia began to shake with quiet sobs.

"I know now that you do need me, Jose," she said, "that I'm some use to you."

—GWENDOLINE KEENE.

TO THE "MARBLE FAUN"

Remember that one time you smiled—

Trust dawning—

And relinquishment of pride—

A little longing—not too much—

And sadness—

Sweeter than a southern vineyard after storm.

"Oh God," I said, "I know now how the world was formed.

When first the lightning shot through black clouds at the birth of time;

Love emerging out of chaos!"

Melody of that smile has run in my blood,

Like a flute note, long drawn out,

Until today I vibrate with the universal song,

Piped thru the million, million years

Which brought the smile to you.

Yet when it came that long, long way

I met it, cold with fear,

Like icy wind that kills the early wheat,

And now your eyes are hard.

MARY ELIZABETH DOERR.

Police Court Sketches

I. THE COURT.

“O^F COURSE,” said the Police Judge, putting down the letter of introduction, “but there won’t be any cases before ten.” He began to examine the reports scattered over the top of his capacious desk, while across the street sounded the court house clock striking nine. From the outer office came the lowered voice of the Chief of Police giving directions. Was this, after all, the police court? There were shelves of tattered and ponderous volumes, a huge safe and a row of old chairs, and, of course, that dignified desk—but still, this little room, the police court?

No, it must be the Judge’s office. The Judge makes the court? Of course—but this was the reporter’s first experience—“before the law.” Judge Gruber looked up and laughed, “Guess we’ll have to fine you for breaking into the court,” he said. “Would you like to see the way we begin the day?” He held out an officer’s report.

The reporter found a chair beside “the court” and sat down. Yes, he wore a Cox button, his old blue coat was wrinkled, and behind the gray-grizzled face lurked a smile. He told her about the three prisoners down stairs who were to answer the charge of drunkenness—made on the report she was holding. While she was reading it, in came the janitor with a prisoner who had also come from down stairs—a lizard, black and yellow and dumb in the cold tin pail. Were those others downstairs as black and yellow as its appearance proclaimed it, the reporter wondered, or were they, as it in reality was, dumb, helpless victims of circumstance? And it would be taken—where?

And all the while the judge sat there, calmly sorting his business, shoving papers into the overflowing waste basket, explaining forms to his visitor and leisurely facing the empty chairs, smiling sometimes, and again explaining some case never known to the public or long forgotten, some detail from the many with which the room fairly bristled, challengingly. They were the details the paper didn’t print, the reporters didn’t take—there just behind the door, within that grimy record book, or registered only in the face of the judge who saw but said of it nothing, except the casual word. How could he?

The chief of police came in, sturdy and smiling, graciously blunt and energetic. He put his desk at the visitor’s service, with his endless files and records. So, too, did the tall man who was Mr. Bosley—he who later came back to inquire, “How is the new Judge by this time?”

“We have to have our little joke,” said Judge Gruber. “That reminds me,” and he exhibited the ancient rifles in the cupboard with which to “have some fun” with the prisoners who proved stubborn. “We tell them about the firing squad,” he said, and laughed.

The reporter for the afternoon paper came in, took a list of victims and departed. The Judge and his little jokes remained, as did the old files of the “Criminals Wanted,” the overflowing waste basket, the littered desk, and the ancient rifles.

Was this the court, the reporter pondered, or was the spirit of it in reality still locked in the cells downstairs, or in the big safe with the bottles of confiscated whiskey?

II. BEFORE THE LAW.

Three foreigners, a Finn, an Italian, and a Mexican, on charges of being drunk, sitting "before the court" waiting.

"Andrew Maki," pronounced the Judge, "that you?" as he gazed over his big desk at the man on the end of the row.

"Ya-a," grunted the Finn, shifting his position in the rickety chair and shoving his hands further into the pockets of his mackinaw. The lines in his haggard face were drawn, and his blue eyes answered in the negative the Judge's next question—"You've been here before, haven't you? Where did you get the whiskey?"

The prisoner shifted again, and said something brokenly, then he replied. "A fellow give it me in town."

"How many bottles?"

"One."

"Do you suppose you could get me some, too?" asked the Judge. The fellow grunted, and the Judge changed the subject.

"Where were you during the war?"

"Working, Chicago," said the prisoner.

"Why weren't you in the war?"

"Ugh—too old for draft," and the lines in his face were evidence of the truth of his statement.

"Are you a citizen?" the Judge asked next. The Finn looked puzzled. "Have you taken out first papers?" the Judge said very slowly.

The man moved.

"No," he mumbled.

"How long have you been in this country?"

"Eleven year." He was not asked if anyone had tried to get him interested in papers.

"Were you working yesterday?" And it developed that he had lost his job about two weeks before. Nobody inquired why or how. And then as he sat there the Judge said, "Well, Andrew Maki, the court will sentence you to twelve and a half days in jail, or a fine of twenty-five dollars." The prisoner sat there, head bowed, silent.

They brought in the box into which had been dumped his worldly goods. And when he said he would pay the fine the Judge counted it out and returned the rest to the prisoner, the watch and the few little trinkets, and the few remaining pieces of cash.

The Judge turned to Fred Fanini, Italian, found on Railroad Street. He had been working in a steel construction gang on the railroad. "You're rich, Fred," said the Judge after the sentence, as he counted out his seventy-odd dollars and extracted therefrom the twenty-five. Fred grinned and looked his attitude. No, no one had ever asked him to take out papers, either; his attitude to this was also evident.

Max Capey, the Mexican, was next addressed. He was Fred's "buddy" on the steel gang, and he was also not naturalized. He was fined twenty-five dollars, which amount, when his goods were laid before the court, he lacked a dollar and a half of having. The letter from home would not count as currency. They took what he had, and Fred Fanini paid the balance.

Then the prisoners were led away, to return each to his steel gang out on the railroad. And nobody would know how the fine was paid, nobody but the Judge, and he, why should he tell it? It was all in the day—"before the law."

—GRACE BALDWIN.

College Spirit and Patriotism

IN THIS age of enforced democracy and compulsory freedom, when the sacred rights of the people are guarded by nooses, fagots, and respectable mobs, it would be well for the writer who would criticize any of the infallible traditions and institutions of the times, (should anyone be so arrogant) to bear well in mind the dominant popular sentiment on the subject. It has been declared many times, and always with the righteous sincerity of one who has been shocked at the suggestion that he examine the feet of his gods to determine whether they be of clay, that the student without college spirit is as bad as the man without a country. Therefore, having chosen college spirit and patriotism for his theme, the writer needs must accept that sentiment as his law.

The reader must realize, as he follows these lines, that the eyes of the law are peering over the shoulder of the writer as he progresses. They are not the eyes of arbitrary law, but of the law which he himself has chosen to govern this composition—a voluntary censorship, by the writer of that which he writes. Truly, nothing could be more genuinely democratic. The writer has not been hampered. He could, if he possessed more of the attributes of martyrdom, totally disregard the sentiment of his fellows (with its ropes and fagots.) More, he could ignore the yawning entrance-gates of the jails of democracy. But he has not been so inclined. His selection of a rule to govern this composition has been just as voluntary as an enlistment for service on the eve of the passing of a conscription law. Now that the reader thoroughly comprehends the situation, realizing his security against being forced to hear an attack upon two sacred traditions of America, the writer may proceed, ever conscious of the eyes—and of the fagots.

College spirit and patriotism are not unlike. Both, it seems, culminate in the glorious passion to invade an enemy's ground, and wrest from his possession some spoil, or trophy. Both embody the principle of an extravagant pride in one's own group. Just for the sake of discussion, and not in any spirit of unholy skepticism, let us make an imaginary comparative analysis of these two emotions which surge so nobly in the bosoms of real Americans. It must here be understood that the ideas to follow are not the beliefs of the writer, but merely suppositions of what the writer MIGHT believe, were it not his goading ambition not to displease the eyes which gaze over his shoulder with loyal vigilance. Suppose that we place the two slogans, "Up with Montana, down with the foe," and "Deutschland uber alles" in the same category. The writer can already fancy the righteous curses of the outraged mob, and hastens to reassert that he considers such a comparison totally preposterous, that it is merely hypothetical. The former slogan seems to us the topmost pinnacle of college spirit, and the latter might be taken as the last word in chauvinism.

Let us now assume, for the sake of having a premise—not because we have the least sympathy with the assumption—that there may be much, even in patriotism, that is undesirable. True, this emotion seems sometimes to rise to inspiring heights. During the recent holocaust in Europe, a German aviator who had brought down fifty British planes

fell behind the English lines and perished. He was decorated for bravery and buried with military honors, by the British. But the question immediately arises, was this act the product of a sudden surge of "super-patriotism" or did it have its origin in a greater and nobler emotion which for the moment transcended love of country? Or is it possible, hypothetically speaking, that an act of this type is in some remote way the product of that unspeakable thing of the radicals, internationalism? Many a college team has been dined and feted by those whom it has just vanquished. In the same manner we might put the question, Is this just one of the glistening pinnacles of college spirit, or is it something greater, some more advanced phase in social evolution, just beginning to manifest its coming?

It is charged by the discontented and the radicals that patriotism is largely lust to kill, or at least desire to triumph over the weaknesses of others. Without expressing the least sympathy with the sentiment, let us see if there is not a shadow of something of this nature to be found in college spirit. On occasions with which the reader is familiar, melees have taken place between the followers of college athletic teams, when the loser's disappointment at defeat became white rage. The writer has stood and watched while the product of hundreds, perhaps thousands, of years of evolution was swept aside, and the nearly-finished products of twentieth-century education became snarling atavisms, in the madness of the moment, intent, so it seemed, on the very destruction of those whom they had made their guests.

But perhaps we are unjust and biased. Perhaps we have not given our traditions an honest hearing. And besides, the eyes that peer over our shoulder are taking on a strange glitter—a glitter suggesting the pick-handles and knouts of representative democracy. The presence of such a sane and powerful influence helps greatly to balance the mind of the writer. It softens his discontent, and makes him see much more good in the divine emotions without which the world would be bereft of everything ennobling and sweet except music, literature, art, beauty, brotherhood, love, poetry, and other minor essentials of modern living. Patriotism and college spirit are akin; we all admit that. And they must be good. Who can say they are not righteous and transcendental, since they are praised from our pulpits, and eulogized from our rostrums. And are they not constantly upon the lips of our best people?

Now that the eyes of our chosen censor seem a trifle lax in their vigil, perhaps from weariness, it seems not an inopportune moment for a rather hazardous reflection. Nothing is constant but struggle, and in the throes of struggle all human traits and ideals are as in a flux. Is it not possible, then, that a future day shall see our patriotism fade before the advance of a more universal emotional bond, linking all mankind together? Should this day come, armaments and armies would become obsolete and for this reason we need not expect it soon. Is it not possible, too, that the spirit of the modern college may give way to a greater bond of sympathy and a growing desire on the part of men to learn from each other? Or is the lust of conquest elemental and eternal? Only the future can tell.

—LLOYD S. THOMPSON.

BOOK NOTICES

On a Passing Frontier (Scribner's Sons) by Frank B. Linderman, is a volume of short sketches dealing with frontier days in Montana. We need hardly be told, after reading these sketches, that they are founded on actual happenings, some of them the personal experiences of Mr. Linderman. Having himself lived the life of the hunter, the trapper, and the pioneer, he is in a position to create for us a vivid and accurate reflection of the life of Montana's pioneers. This he has successfully accomplished in his series of sketches, and this quality of colorful authenticity, coupled with the frank engagingness of his style, makes his work genuinely interesting as well as highly commendable.

The author of **On a Passing Frontier** is practically the only person who has attempted to set forth in literary form the true tales of our frontier days. His volume is of great value in that it will cherish for future generations these interesting stories of the pioneers who are fast leaving us. Undoubtedly his book will delight those of the future even more than it delights the reader of today with the recital of the bravery, the crude generosity, the deep-felt sympathy, the happy-go-lucky carelessness, and the rough humor of the sturdy men who laid the foundations of the state of Montana. —R. K.

Indian Old Man Stories (Scribner's Sons) by Frank B. Linderman. Mr. Frank B. Linderman of Flathead Lake, Montana, was for thirty years friend to the Indians, making trips to Washington at his own expense in their behalf. He has gleaned from intimate life among them, the folk lore which he has incorporated into his "**Indian Why Stories**" and his "**Indian Old-Man Stories**." The first of these books was published by Scribner's Sons two years ago, and the latter was published in 1920. The books are illustrated by Charles Russell, Montana's cowboy artist.

In the "**Indian Old-Man Stories**" we learn that the sun is not the god of the Indian. Manitou is the All-God revered with such awe that his name is seldom mentioned. The sun is revered only as the greatest manifestation of the deity. "Old-Man" is the under-god who created the world and all its inhabitants. The Indians laugh at his mistakes, for "Old-Man" often forgot the names and nature of the things he had created and the failure of memory often led him into ludicrous mistakes.

He made a complete set of weapons, from hunting knife to arrowheads, of what he considered a peculiarly irresistible rock, then sallied forth and challenged a bear to combat, only to discover that the "rock" was water-logged bark that easily broke to bits! When hungry, he attempted to take a greedy bite out of a white stone, and in consequence he lost his front teeth. Ever since that time all children lose their front teeth when six snows have passed over their heads—for "Old-Man" refuses to suffer for his errors without inflicting the same suffering upon his human creations. In like manner when "Old-Man" learned from the chickadee how to remove his eyes for fun and toss them in the air and have them return to his sockets, he forgot, due to the failing memory of an old man, not to move or laugh until the eyes were replaced. In consequence they fell to the ground and when picked up and replaced, all covered with dirt and leaves, they gave him pain. And now all old folks must suffer by having their eyesight fail.

"Old-Man" went out when the snow was so deep he must wallow through it. The bears would not attempt to negotiate such a snow, but although "Old-Man" had taught the bear safe habits, he was not wise enough to utilize the counsel himself. So—but why tell any more? Read these delightful myths for yourself, as Mr. Linderman has War Eagle relate them to his grandchildren. —L. D. M.

The Song of Three Friends. (Macmillan) by John G. Neihardt, a Nebraska poet of established reputation, is an epic poem of two hundred pages portraying the life of fur traders during a winter spent in very early days on the Musselshell in Montana. The three friends leave St. Louis and travel up the Missouri and then down to the Musselshell, where they winter. They are fine specimens of manhood. They have adventures while living among the Indians that end in a breach of friendship between two of them, and in vengeance by the third on one of the two for the breach. The tale is a dramatic story told in flowing verse. The descriptions of nature and of persons is unusually vivid, taking the reader into the scenes of action. There is beautiful poetry as well as good story in the tale. The poet's grasp of the nature of these early traders is true. Pioneers who have read the poem state that it is accurate in details of the life of fur traders and of Indians. This is an authentic book about our own state. It is recommended to all lovers of Montana. Mr. Neihardt has planned a long epic of the early Northwest, **The Song of Three Friends** being one section. **The Song of Hugh Glass**, published by Macmillan some years ago, is another section. This poem met with immediate recognition; it has been widely read by the reading public and studied in schools. —H. M.

Poets of the Future, an anthology of verse printed in college and university magazines during 1919-'20, has come from the press of The Stratford Publishing Company of Boston under the editorship of Henry Schnittkind. Many of the larger universities, like Wellesley, Wisconsin, Yale, Princeton, are represented, but it is noticeable that smaller and less known institutions, according to the judgment of the editor of the anthology, are producing better work in larger quantities. The State University is represented by three poems, "Andromache" by Ruth Hamilton, "In December" by Homer Parsons, and "Vagrancy" by Telsa Lennstrend. This is an especial feather in the cap of *The Montanan* (now *The Frontier*) in view of the fact that all three poems were chosen as among the best student verse in the country from a single and only number of our literary magazine. —H. M.

J. R. Nagues

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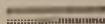
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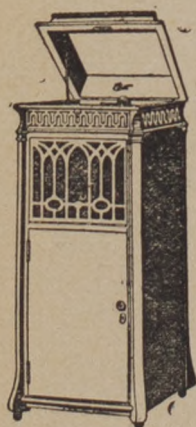
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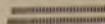
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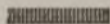
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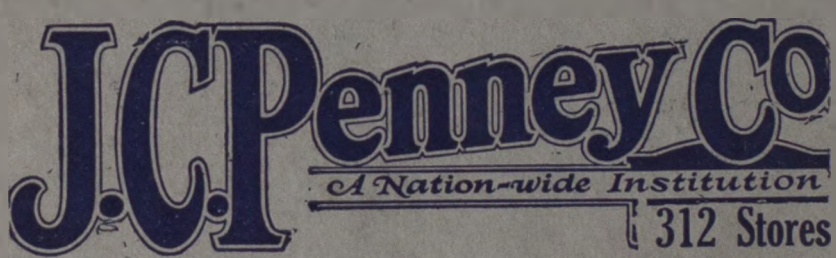
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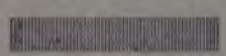
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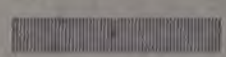
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