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# The FRONTIER

*A Literary Magazine*



STATE UNIVERSITY of MONTANA

MAY, 1922

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Sixty Cents a Year

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# THE FRONTIER

## A Literary Magazine

(Copyright, May, 1922, by H. G. Merriam)

Published three times a year.

Subscription price, Sixty Cents.

VOL. II. NO. 3.

MAY, 1922

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In music the University and the town have enjoyed, since the last issue of *The Frontier*, the University Symphony Orchestra, Vasa Prihoda, a young Bohemian violinist, and Yolanda Mero, the Hungarian pianist. All of these concerts merited more tangible support than students gave them. Some day we shall realize that opportunities are to be used rather than ignored. If we were living expensively in New York this winter, instead of at a nominal expenditure of money in Missoula, Montana, we would flock to "these unusual opportunities," as we should then term them, with thrills of pleasure. Human nature always sees things at a distance with more enthusiasm than those close at hand; and somehow or other expensiveness carries a glamor. Surely our musical satisfactions lie deeply imbedded in our spirit, and are to be enjoyed on every offered occasion, rather than semi-annually. The campus needs more music and always more, and not, as the patronage of these concerts would seem to indicate, less.

The University Glee Club gave its annual concert last month to a packed house at the Liberty theater. As is always the case, the Club was excellently trained, so that the voices harmonized perfectly and the presentation of the music was exact and skilful. As last year, the singing lacked liveliness and spontaneity. The quartet rather than the Club "took the house", not only because its selections were humorous but because it sang with more spirit. On the whole, there was too much sentiment in the program, and the sweetness of it was carried over into the singing of the more vigorous songs. The Club has made a strikingly successful tour of three sections of the state, and everywhere has been received enthusiastically. It is one of the finest, hardest working organizations on the campus. Wherever it goes it wins friends for the University.

Award of the Annie Lewis Joyce Memorial Prize has just been announced by the judges, eight members of the English faculty and the two members of the Journalism faculty. The prize is awarded to the short story, **Frozen Flowers**, by Miss Ida Benjamin, which appeared in the November issue of *The Frontier*. Second place goes to Miss Adalouie McAllister's **From the Hillside**, which is printed in this issue of the magazine; and third place to Miss Gladys Robinson's sketch, **Morning**, also in this issue. There were twenty-three entries in the contest. Of the ten placing highest *The Frontier* has already printed three, and in this issue prints four others—besides those already mentioned, **Camp Fires**, and **A Knight of the Road**.

The Interscholastic Track Meet carries two literary activities, the declamation contest and the interscholastic debate. The former brings about fifty girls to the University who without it would probably not get touch with the University while high school pupils. The contest is fairly well attended. Interest in it would be greater if the audience could be assured that it would not have to listen to *The Soul of the Violin*, *How the LaRue Stakes Were Lost*, *The Cremation of Sam McGee*, *Spartacus to the Gladiators*, or *How the Old Horse Won the Bet*, for the forty-eighth time! Contestants are advised to choose selections out of their current reading, or with freshness out of the classics of literature. The debate has been unsatisfactory for the last two years, because only individuals instead of winning teams came into the competition. This year teams are to contest with one another.

## *Misunderstanding*

We leaned together over the clear, green pool  
Crushing the gray-green ferns.  
I looked for you in the shadowed depths  
But a water-skipper darted over the surface.  
The water rippled and circled,  
You became distorted—blurred—vague—then lost altogether;  
It seemed to grow very chilly.  
Then I looked up and you were smiling at me,  
We laughed, but drew back from the clear, green pool.

—ADALOUIE McALLISTER.

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## *From the Hillside*

A flame of golden yellow in the west,  
A shouldering purple peak, white-capped, serene  
A bird floats slowly downward toward his nest,  
A stream is splashing softly, tho unseen.

Up from the darkening fields a warm breeze brings  
The scent of tender grass and opening flowers,  
The soft stirrings of innumerable springs  
Long since past by on golden happy hours.

The tall trees murmur, "Time will come and go,  
Change is the law—supreme in everything."  
I laugh and will not hear their murmur low,  
For I am young—and now—just now it's spring.

—ADALOUIE McALLISTER.

## Two Miners

### I. "Tellurium Chris"

**S**ORRY I can't stay and show you around, but I was just starting for town. Make yourselves at home and if you want to hunt up Chris you'll find him up stream at his shaft. Don't catch him wasting any time. Queer cuss, but you may like to watch him work. I'll be back before noon, and may pick up Old Joe down there. If you go up get Chris started on tellurium. And he and Joe aren't good friends, either. So long."

The noise of the young man's machine precluded any further speech, so he left us, his old Ford rattling over the stones and half exposed roots of the road, and out of sight. There wasn't much to do around the mine buildings. They had been abandoned for so long that nothing much was left except the bare walls. We unpacked our things and then, after peering among the cabins for a while, we started on up stream in search of Chris. The bed had been dug down—well, probably twenty-five or thirty feet below the level bench, and lay in great ragged heaps, boulders and sand and gravel together just as they had been discarded, gray and oppressive in their ugliness. And to make it worse, the mountain beyond had been burned over, leaving only the stubs of trees with patches of purple fire-weed between. The stream had stopped the fire—what wouldn't halt before that barrenness! We had some difficulty in getting down, and when we did, clambered over the rocks slowly. But we found him—working away alone—washing for gold.

He was a little man—little in many ways. Short and slender and still quick for his age, bald under his old black hat, with decayed teeth and discolored wrinkled face, nervous and with that almost unintelligible jabber which is characteristic of very deaf people, made worse by his solitary life and the remnants of his early associations in the peninsula of Sleswig-Holstein, he was not a pleasant character. Working nervously at washing the gravel he had lately taken from his shaft, he murmured incessantly to himself. When the pan was finished, he examined it carefully and not till then did he look up at us, bleary-eyed and with twitching face, with no sign of either surprise or interest.

"Get'n li'le—li'le. Wan' she 't?"

He showed us the few tiny golden grains and flakes in the pan (so few it would seem foolish to spend one's life at such labor, if this was all there was to be got), then pulled from his pocket a small bottle carefully wrapped in an old bandana. He didn't offer to let us handle it.

"Two hun'd—me'b' two hun'd 'n fi'ty 'ere. No' much f'r a summer. Keep 't though. Don' 'ave gi' it t' th' Comp'ny. Don' 'ave to. 'T's 'ere all ri', b' no' much. No' th' lode. You know lode? D' is flake mos'ly—jes' wash. Ain' no weight. Cric' use' run 'r th' top de ridge, i' 'n sh' switched. Come from th' lode som'ere—som'ere. I' hunted 'ere thirt year. 'll find 't yet. Will!—— 't 'ere! Wan' wash pan?"

It would be nice to try, I confessed. But it wasn't so easy as it



looked. After we had got some "pay dirt" from the shaft the manipulation of the pan occupied us for some time, without much result either. What we did get looked more like "fool's gold" than the real thing, but I guess the old fellow knew. He wasn't very encouraging, looking on at our clumsy attempts without any effort to conceal his contempt. We gave it up finally and let him have the pan. That work takes more patience, or desire, than most of us have. We didn't have to ask him anything about his name. As he filled his pan again he talked without any questioning. No wonder he was "Tellurium Chris"!

"Know t'lurium? Do y'? Goin' make m' stake off 't. 't's worth more th'n si'ver—we'd' know jes' wha' f'r. Bu' 't is! Mos' don' think o' an'th'n' but gold. I know better. Got a claim twen' mile up th' ole Nez Perce trail. Fools! No 'ne wan' 't. No 'ne. 'Tell 'm th'r fools! 'say ole Chris' crazy. ' 'll show 'm. Find some 'ne to buy it yet. D' ye know o' an' 'ne? May'b' ye know mine' men? No?"

His face fell when he found we were not mine buyers and did not know any. Evidently his tellurium claim was an obsession. I knew tellurium as one of the rarer metals, of no value so far as I had ever heard, but it would do no good to say so. How he ever came to know it and think it valuable I do not know. He evidently lived in the hope of selling this claim for a "stake". A typical crazy prospector, always looking forward to an old age of "riches and ease"—always looking forward to that. Pitiable—and in spite of our intentions, rather contemptible.

When he had finished a second pan and put the results in his bottle he took the pan into the shaft and laid it on a box, stood his spade and pick beside it with his sledge, and then turned toward us.

As he turned I started to address him, shouting to make him hear, but he interrupted me.

"No! Don' shout. Can' get you. Men diff'nt like 'at. 'm all deaf t' th' boy bu' you don' need t' yell. 'n get you! L'es g' in. 'm tired. Th' boy ought t' be back pu'ty soon."

"But do you think when you make your stake (I did not use if) you can stay away from the hills? Don't you think it will keep calling you back? Will you know how to enjoy money when you have it?"

"Don' ca'ch me 'ere den. Ge' 't pu'ty soon. Will! 'n 'en n' more burr's 'n' rats. Jes' g' down 'n 'joy it. 'ate th' 'ills—still—n' men—n'r noise. 'ate 'm! Bu' gotta get m' stake. Can't live 'n nothin'. ' show 'm. Find som'n 't know' t'lurium. 't know what' 't's worth! Fools!— C'mon."

We went on down stream toward the mines, oppressed. He mumbled continuously—only once in a while at all intelligibly. When we reached the cook-house with its saw gong by the door Chris went in to potter around, but we stayed out. That room with its smells had no attractions for us. The low splashing of the water below and the sighing of the trees gave our ears a false sense of beauty and serenity that made the shock of sight and smell all the stronger. So we went up into the woods across the road where we could be shut in and didn't have to look so far.

We did not know any place to go in so short a time as we had, so after a while we went in to hunt up Chris again. At least we could draw him out and we couldn't that other endless waste. He was



monkeying around at nothing in his little room. Three guns, all rusty and dull from use (and misuse), dirty packs and saddle blankets in the corners, bright calendars and pictures cut from old newspapers on the walls and a few old gaudy picture magazines beside the lantern on a big box—(I don't know whether he could read or not)—and dirt on everything. Pretty unpleasant, but we didn't stay long. We had been in but a moment when we heard the rattle, and the cheery hail of our returning friend. We started out for no particular reason, to see what he might have brought, perhaps, although we knew it was only supplies. But Chris, when he saw the young man's companion, drew back sulkily and would not come out.

"'ell! Wh' r'd 'e git 'im. Joe—'es no good. Ain't no prospector—jes' follow 'is nose. Don' know 'ow t' think. Fool! An' one 'd know t' fin' nothin' but flake up 'n thet 'ill. 'e'll never git rich—ne'er make 'is stake. What 'e want's th' lode! I know. 'e thinks 'm crazy—jes' like th' rest. Ain't got no sense li'ing up th're. You go out!"

We went, without any urging. Our young friend introduced us with a word (that superfluous) and left us while he carried in his supplies—left us with "Old Joe".

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## II. Joe Hooptshire

**S**HORT and stocky, his red beard beginning to show gray, his black hat old and worn, a dirty pack hung over one shoulder, a knotted branch in his hand—so he stood beside the machine. His eyes, set in a broad face, were clear and twinkling, his mouth full lipped, his nose straight. He was stooped and slow of movement, but his voice was cheerful and his seamed face intelligent, with a rather whimsical expression; very different from his fellow prospector whom we had lately left. He looked us over questioningly before speaking. His talk was low and quiet, in short sentences strengthened by long periods of silent observation.

"Come up with me? Quite a climb but you ain't got anything else to do, have you? You'll like it. I got some fish for dinner, too. Come down and ketch a mess whenever I feel like. Haven't any venison like I usually have, now, but we can make out, eh!"

"But can you kill venison now? How about the season?"

"Well—you know—us prospectors and rangers don't have no season. The law don't say so, but we got a right to live off the country. It's only outsiders who have to watch the season. That's all right. But I ain't seen any of 'em for quite a spell."

Of course we followed him, after telling our friend where we were going. The climb occupied most of our energies and we did not talk much. Our leader commented on many things—the curve of the bare ridge leading up to a far peak; the difficulties of building the trail; the color of the gentians in the gravel. He told us about his first month in the woods,—a novice at the game, when his partner had gone off for a three-day trip—and stayed a month. We passed a collapsed and decayed cabin. It had been built by Ben St. Claire—"Old Santy"—and abandoned, we did not learn why.

"Phew! I am getting old. Used to be able to smoke all the way

up, even with a load, but I need my breath now. Don't matter, though. No hurry. Let's stop here a bit."

We paused beside the trail where a hollow had been made in the rocky bank to catch the water that trickled out above. The maples had broken in here among the spruces. The trail itself was broad and of a beautifully uniform grade. I wondered how many prospectors would put the care into their trails that this had required. Not Chris, that was certain.

"Keep this open for a half-way station. Nice place to rest. Just now I have to carry my water from here. Got water above, but it isn't good to drink. Squirrels got in my tank. Show you when we get up there. I like to stop where the trail turns the bare point of the ridge, too. Can see a long way from there, up and down the creek and it's a break from the spruce."

We continued after a pause. To one in a hurry to reach his work it would have been a tedious climb, with little of interest, but none of us were anxious to end it. The only thing that kept us going was a little curiosity, and that covered the trail and the woods near by, and did not end with the end of the trail, so why hasten? We swung back and forth, now out on the bare south slope, dropping away in the sun to the creek, now climbing in the cool shade of the spruces, now overlooking the slippery eastern slope of a ravine, across to the few old pines that held undisputed watch over the almost bare opposite hillside. Above we could see the rocks that marked the entrance to our friend's "diggins" but no cabin was in sight. The trail doubled sharply, bringing us out onto the flat dump from the shaft's mouth, and there we stopped.

"Not much from the outside maybe, but let's go in. Got candles if the pack rats ain't found 'em all. Here. Want to come? My track needs some tinkering but you can see what I've done. Don't take out much—couple of hundred a year—just enough to stake me to grub. Don't care for more. There's just as much gold here as below, but I have to cradle it. Ever see a cradle? No water in my tank now so I can't show you how it works, but you can see most of it. All I have to work with is snow water, so I got to be some saving. Let it collect over night and when I get a tankful I use it. Make it go as far as I can, but can't work much. Don't matter though."

"But don't you care to find a richer lode, that you could work more easily?"

"No. Wouldn't dig at all if I knew how long I'd hang on. Got a little in the bank in Darby and a place on "Sleeping Child" that brings me some. If I knew it would last me I wouldn't want more. Don't cost me much to live up here, and I wouldn't want to go anywhere else. Prospect some for the sake of wandering, but I don't figure on getting much. But come on around to my cabin."

We followed him slowly around the curve of the hill to the east. He trusted us now. There was no faltering in his attitude toward life, none of Chris' querulous determination. Nothing but whimsical statement of his own mind. What had he to fear from old age? He had what he lived for, solitude in his hills and once in a great while someone whom he could talk to and be neither bullied nor pitied for a fool.

"Put my cabin here so I could see Taylor peak. Protected—and I

don't see the trash down around the mine. Like to just potter around at nothin' in particular, and enjoy myself. No one to tell me what to do. Sometimes I like to jest set and look out over the mountains. Keep some books to read but mostly I'd rather jest tinker, and I can always dig when I haven't anything else. The trap? Porcupines. Come in and chaw up everything at night if I didn't. An' they ain't nice bed-fellows. Anything with salt on they'll get,—'specially shoes. But come on in and see my cellar. I built the cabin against the hill, close, so's I could have that. Got it dug back, with shelves, and the door opening right into the room—see! It don't freeze in the winter but it's plenty cold now. And see here. This 's my pet. Water! Got it piped down from a spring with two hundred feet head. Started with big sheet-iron pipe and kept narrowing down, to help it out you know. I can throw a stream thirty feet from this—what is it you call it? I've forgotten the English name—tap? Kind of proud of it. Like to fool around at these things. Wouldn't want to live where I couldn't. Been down beyond 'Hamilton once in twenty-five years and that time I couldn't stand it. 'Taint the gold though, like it is with some. Jest like the life."

We talked on—that is, we let him talk (probably as he seldom did). He had a couple of old German-Swiss rifles that he kept polished up, bright and smooth-working as when he had brought them over. These he showed us, and his books, not many, and mostly German so that I could not know the character of those, but his English was very good. It was surprising what the old man knew,—not just the things that any outdoor man gets, but accurate knowledge of many things. He asked us about names of plants and animals,—and told us as much as we could tell him. His knowledge of the world was not very up to date—it couldn't be off there—but he didn't jump to foolish conclusions. And I couldn't find a sign of superstition of any kind about him. He had been to school in Switzerland and his reading in his winters was more than just trash. Certainly very different from what had strewn Chris' "table". I hesitated somewhat to mention Chris, recalling his comments on our host, but I need not have. When I did mention him I got no great response.

"Chris? Oh, he's all right, I guess. Won't say anything against him, but I jest ain't that way. We can't all be alike. I jest like to live alone and watch the woods. Probably'll die up here. I'd rather than most anywhere I know. I would like to go back to Switzerland, but I probably wouldn't like it if I did."

It was time for us to go if we expected to eat supper at the mine, so we took our leave thanking our host for his hospitality.

"Come up if you're ever around again. Don't often find anyone I want to talk to. You haven't treated me like a crazy prospector. Thanks for that."

The trail seemed shorter going down—too short, for we were all too soon out of the woods and in sight of the ugly piles of gravel where the valley floor had been overturned for gold and left as it lay. But of that we had known, and memory could partly obliterate the ugliness of the immediate. And so we ate, in the smelly mine kitchen, and left,—free (as free as anyone ever is) to remember what we would.

—PHILIP R. WHITE.



## Old Paul Motte

OLD PAUL MOTTE had lived alone in his little shanty boat ever since his wife, a hard ambitious woman, had run away with a river captain twenty years before. With her had gone his ambition. The shanty boat that had stood to him as the symbol of his roving spirit was no longer a boat, for it had been pulled out of the river to a bit of marsh at the edge of the little town of Saul's Landing. Each passing year the water-logged sills had become more decayed, the ship-lap walls had become more ghastly blanched, the posts upon which it rested had sunk deeper into the earth.

In the man a similar change had occurred; the tall, rugged figure was now bent and frail; the mop of black hair was silky and silvery in the sun; and the steel-blue eyes were pale and had lost their directness of gaze. They held that look which begs for sympathy that sometimes makes old eyes so pitiful. The change in his mind was no less evident than that in his appearance; each added year had left him who had always been a simple, childlike nature more simple and childlike than before.

When Old Paul went over to his neighbors', the Pratts, to take Mrs. Pratt a fish, or to tell her about his ducks, or to look after the children while she went into town, the look of those old man-child eyes often caused her own black sparkling ones to glow with sorrow. And after he had gone back across the road she would hold her little Jim close to her and say to big Jim, her husband, "Poor old Paul, he's getting sillier every day. He's got no more wits than little baby Jim, but then, he wouldn't hurt nothin.' Some day, though, they'll come and take him away up to Greenburg, and shut him up with the crazy folks." "Yes," her husband would answer in his big kind voice, "and if they do that will be the death of poor old Paul."

Indeed it would be, for the old man, happy as a child in the busy monotony of his life—fishing on the river, mending and tarring his nets, fussing about his dirty little shanty, tending his garden—would have been lost if his daily routine were disturbed by any radical change. His shanty was the center of his life; in spite of the fact that it was only a storehouse for his nets and tackle, a place to warm himself, and a place to sleep and eat, he clung to it as a man will cling to his only refuge.

One particular interest he had. His three ducks were the only things in the world which looked to him for food and protection. The eggs had been given to him by John Evans at the village store, and Mrs. Pratt had hatched them for him. It was a wonder to her that the three ducklings had ever survived, so much had the old man played with them, but now they were full grown, white and plump, with legs and bills bright as an orange.

Paul's particular errand on that afternoon in late March was to ask Mrs. Pratt for the tenth time how long it would be till Mollie's eggs hatched. (The old man had named the two ducks and the drake Mollie, Whitie, and Jake). He was delighted when Annie Pratt told him it was only two days more. Then she gave him some doughnuts



and sent him home, reminding him that Mollie must have food and water.

As he trudged home across the muddy road, humming tunelessly, he saw a little pile of corn which had fallen from some farmer's load. He picked up a handful of it and put it in his pocket, letting it run thru his fingers like a boy with a pocketful of marbles. After feeding the corn to Mollie in the little lean-to shed where he kept her, he called the other ducks and led them to the pile of corn in the road. Old Paul threw himself in the new grass beside the road and watched the white ducks gobbling the corn, their feathers gleaming in the bright warm sun.

The great red roadster which suddenly swerved into the river road was upon them in an instant. The horn blew, mud splashed, the ducks fluttered stupidly; but the great wheels passed over them, crushing them into the mud. The driver, a big, red-faced, overbearing man, with a large cigar hanging in one corner of his fat heavy lips, twisted the wheel sharply and muttered "hell" when his attempt to miss the ducks was ineffectual. One of the ducks ran to the side of the road. The other two lay dead in the mud.

The man in the car stopped, backed, threw two silver dollars at Old Paul's feet, and was gone. The sight of the money only served to rouse the old man's unreasoning anger. He threw the two dollars after the disappearing car, babbling curses; then he knelt in the mud and felt the crushed cooling bodies of the ducks. As he looked at their glazing eyes, their ruffled muddy feathers, slowly the realization that they were irretrievably dead came to him. His grief was that of a child who has no one to ease away the pain. He carried the dead ducks to the house while he poured out his grief in muttered incoherent words and stifled pitiful sobs.

But his revenge should be a man's. Tear blinded, he groped above the door for his old shotgun, rusty with long years of disuse. Carrying the gun in one hand, the two ducks in the other, he set out along the road, never lifting his eyes nor deviating from one side to the other to avoid the puddles. On his left the Mississippi swirled, so wide and swollen with the spring flood that one could hardly see the blue Missouri hills on the other bank; on the right were farms whose black fields lay ready for planting. In the farmyards fruit trees and lilacs were fragrant with bloom. Several women who were working in their gardens looked up, startled and curious; dogs ran out and barked, but he paid no heed.

As he neared the little decaying river town he met the children returning from school—barefoot boys with blue overalls rolled up, gingham-aproned girls carrying tin buckets. They started to run eagerly toward him, crying out "Hello, Old Paul." One little girl waved a red-bordered picture, crying, "See what I made today in school!" When he did not stop his dogged walk nor even look up they shrank back afraid, and ran to one side of the road. At a safe distance one boy called out, "There goes old Paul, he's as crazy as Saul!"

As the old man turned into straggling River street his eyes were raised. They were bloodshot, eager, unnaturally bright as they searched up and down the street—the grocery store, the little bakeshop next to it, the new brick drugstore, the postoffice; the red car was not in front of any of them. He walked up a block and turned onto Front

street. Oh, there it was, in front of the old hotel. Men were sitting in the rickety porch chairs. He broke into a run, the ducks swung back and forth by their stretched necks, and the old man's silver hair and beard stood out grotesquely in the March wind.

The men took their feet from the porch railing, gathering in a group on the steps. Their guffawing stopped and their mouths grew straight as he threw the ducks at their feet and took the gun in both hands. He saw that the stranger was not among them.

"Where is he? I will shoot him when I see him. Get out of my way."

He came up the two steps, his old gun leveled and cocked, his eyes fixed steadily with an insane luster. The men drew back instinctively. Jim Pratt was among them. "Here, here, dad," he said gently, "tell us what's the matter."

The old man did not look at him, but as he reached the door and freed his hand to open it, Jim seized the gun. Old Paul turned with a guttural cry of anger. When he recognized Jim he broke down like a child who has found someone to listen.

"He killed Mollie and Jake. He ran over them with his big red car. He crushed them in the mud. Look at them! They were white as snow. Now they are black with mud. They are dead." Babbling, crying, cursing, the old man clung to the gun, attempting to get it back.

The men inside the hotel came bursting out. "There he is. He ran over them." With a leap the old man was at the stranger's throat bearing him down. As he gripped the fat neck the strength of madness was in his fingers. It required several men to tear him away and hold him off the fallen man. He struggled with all his strength until he was still from sheer exhaustion.

"There now, dad. Come on home. Never mind about the ducks. We'll get some more for you. Come on, it's time to go for the milk. You ain't going to forget to come to get your milk tonight, are you, dad?"

Weakly the old man clung to Jim. With a trembling hand he brushed the long white hair away from his face as Jim led him down the rickety steps. Here he halted and would go no farther until he had picked up the dead ducks. Slowly Jim guided his stumbling feet home along the rutted road.

It was a perfect spring evening; the distant guide lights were twinkling along the Missouri shore; the warm air was heavy with lilac fragrance and resonant with frogs' croaking; Jim's cow bawled impatiently. When they reached the shanty Jim led the old man inside and then turned home, still carrying the shotgun. He looked to see if it were loaded. It did not surprise him that both barrels were empty.

In the morning old Paul buried the two ducks in the garden. Then he fed the one duck that was left, and set her on the cold eggs of the dead duck. When she got off the nest he cried and scolded like a child as he put her back. Never thinking to put a box over the nest, he repeated this act over and over, until he finally gave it up.

Back and forth in his yard he walked, his feeble mind unable to think of anything to do. Then came some recollection in connection with lilacs. What had he done once with lilacs? Ah, now he remem-

bered; he had once put them on a grave up in the Hill cemetery. He broke off an armful from the bush near the road and dropped them one by one on the black wet dirt.

At the sudden sound of an approaching automobile he started up, wild-eyed. But this was a small black car with no top which had stopped in front of his gate, not a big red car. He continued his work, without giving any heed to the two men, a doctor and a deputy sheriff, who came from the car.

They asked him a great many questions, some of which he answered, some of which he ignored; then they asked him about his ducks.

The old man straightened himself, his pale eyes blazing, tears rolling down his cheeks. As he gesticulated the lilacs in his hands shed their perfume. After his inarticulate outburst he sank sobbing on the freshly spaded garden bed.

The doctor took notes in a little black booklet. The deputy thoughtfully rolled a cigarette. Then they left him there and went back to the town.

As they passed on the road Annie Pratt recognized the doctor. "They've been to see old Paul," she told Jim. Her black eyes above her round red cheeks flashed angrily. "Thy'll prove he's crazy. They'll send him up to Greenburg. They'll lock him up in a cell where he can't get out and smell the grass and the ground. It will kill him. Poor old dad."

When the black car came again the next day old Paul showed no interest at all until the doctor said they had come to take him away. Old Paul did not comprehend.

"Come on," the deputy said roughly. He was a young fellow eager to show his authority over so tractable a prisoner. "Get your clothes. You've got to go with us." They went into the shanty and put the few clothes Paul had into a sack. When they came out he was still sitting on the bench by the door feeding the white duck bread.

"Come on," said the elderly doctor. "Let's go out in the car. You like to ride in a car, don't you?" He took his arm and they walked along the path until old Paul stopped suddenly. "No, I can't go to ride in the car. I must not leave Whitie." He called the duck and lifted her in his arms.

The doctor felt a surge of pity. How helpless and childish the old fellow was, utterly incapable of taking care of himself. "You can take her across the road till you come back. Don't you want to do that?"

Willingly Paul assented, and carried the duck over to Mrs. Pratt. "I'm going to ride in the car. I allas did want to ride in a car. Will you keep Whitie till I come back?"

"You bet I'll keep her." She made her cheerful voice remain steady. "You stay here a minute. I want to see the men."

"What do you mean, taking that poor old helpless man away to your old prison of an insane asylum for?" There was no curbing her sharp tongue once her anger was aroused.

"What do you mean? You're a doctor and you're supposed to cure folks. It will kill him, just naturally kill him, shutting him up away



from the river and the grass and the trees. It'll kill him sure as shootin'. He wouldn't harm anybody. He's not got wits enough to bear a grudge, and besides that man that killed his ducks will never come back. You leave him alone. I'll take care of him."

Patiently the doctor told her that he would not be ill-treated,—that he should be released if he improved. In vain she pleaded. The sheriff got out to crank the car. "Sorry missus, but orders is orders. I guess he's got to go."

Annie Pratt turned away, her throat tight with sadness, took the duck from old Paul, and shook his hand.

"Good-bye, dad. I'll keep Whitie till you get back."

The old man went lightly down the walk and stepped eagerly into the waiting car; in a moment they were hidden by the cottonwoods that grew along the river road.

In the three following years the Pratts heard nothing more of him. They would have made some attempt to secure the old man's release had the legal entanglements not been too great for their ignorant minds. When the duck died Annie wrote a letter to tell old Paul, although she expected no answer, for the old man could not write.

To her surprise the letter was returned four days later. In the lower corner was written "Paul Motte died two months after he was brought to the asylum."

—IDA BENJAMIN.

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## *April Snowflakes*

Not straight from solemn skies  
Drawn with a Quaker's grays,  
But straying, all slantwise  
They came . . . wafted happy ways  
Through yellow laughter light—  
And April's boughs are white.

—WILDA LINDERMAN.



## Camp Fires

"Cold night weighs down the forest bough  
Strange shapes go flitting thru the gloom  
But see—a spark, a flame, and now  
The wilderness is home."

I WONDER what there is in a fire that it makes the most gloomy, fearsome places heart-warming and homelike. There is no logical reason, I suppose, but any trail I take is a happy one if, at the end of it, a camp fire beckons through the dusk. When I pull out the old pack-sack and my red "squaw-blanket" and smell upon them the smoke of "long-quenched camp fires, and the sun-warmed hemlock scent," I can close my eyes and see the old camp fires and the old pals; I seem to walk the old trails, and fish the old streams again.

Far back, in the uttermost corner of my memory, I have stored the noise of lapping waves, and the queer crackle of a driftwood fire, and in the flames and coals the coloring that comes only from burning drift-wood—soft blue, misty lavender, pale green flames mingling with scarlet and gold ones. By the fire I see my father and mother, and my brothers. The firelight fades, and the dusk intervenes.

Suddenly a tiny flame sputters, and by its light I can just distinguish a dim figure bending over a small teepee-shaped heap of firewood. The tinder catches quickly, and my big brother utilizes the half-burned match to relight his pipe, which has gone out during the last few miles of our hike in to Kimmerly creek. The flame lights his face, as he turns to me, a quizzical smile in his eyes, "Well, Kid, how do you like it?" I roll over on the bough bed where I am lazily reclining and look up at the huge balsams, standing ghost-like around the tiny camp. A few pale stars show vaguely through the branches. Thick brush with bear-grass blossom stalks standing like white candles in the dusk surrounds us. It is my first night in the open and even the familiar sounds of the woods seem fraught with mysterious meaning when I think that I am miles and miles away from home. I listen to the plunky gurgle of the trout stream, to the faint crackling of brush up on the hillside, to the weird, far-away hooting of a great horned owl, and then turn back to my brother and whisper, "It's great!" He laughs softly. "It's sure the life, Kid," he murmurs, as he crawls into his blankets. I fall asleep, and awaken suddenly to find that I am in another place.

A huge fire, made of driftwood and logs piled higher than a man's head, is roaring before me. Around it a crowd of boys and girls are seated, laughing, talking, singing. Far out on the lake, beyond the reflection of the firelight a thin little shaft of moonlight glitters. Gradually the moon rises from behind the sharply silhouetted mountains and bathes the whole world in silver. The fire dies down, and we sit for a moment in silence; then a clear tenor voice begins to sing:

"Once again here as schoolmates assembled—"

One by one we join in, and sing the song of our Alma Mater with a feeling in our hearts that had never been there before.

"Soon for us will the school days be ended——" Commencement is a week away, and this is the last fire we shall build together. Some of us have been together in school for twelve years. Silently we put out the fire, climb into the cars, and go toward home, calling subdued goodbyes to one another.

The next fire that gleams before me is a tiny one surrounded by a wide circle of over-turned earth, for it is forest fire season. I look across the coals where my "weenie" is roasting, and my eyes meet those of my chum. Beside me my younger brother is outstretched, leaning on one elbow, and contentedly engulfing a bread and butter sandwich with a freshly roasted sausage in it. Lloyd smiles at me, with a little wistful expression in her eyes. "When I think of Long Beach and realize that I can't have such picnics there, that I can't hike, and camp, and bicycle with you, I just get sick of it all. I don't want to go. And yet—I'm just crazy to go. But you bet I'm going to come back here every summer." Every summer!——and not one of the summers that have intervened since that time shows me Lloyd's warm smile and blue eyes across the camp fire.

How she would have loved the camp that Emma and I had last February! Venus was shining clear and bright in the western sky; dark had come swiftly, and the circle of firelight seemed very tiny, contrasted with the huge circle of blackness which surrounded us. Emma and I sat on my mackinaw, watching the fire eat into the backlog, and day-dreaming. Then she pulled a tiny volume from her pocket, and leaning forward so that the firelight fell on the pages began to read softly, "The Lord Is My Shepherd." She finished it, and then turned to the hundred-and-thirty-ninth psalm, and read David's magnificent verses of faith: "If I had the wings of the morning—even there shall thy hand lead me . . . . The darkness hideth not from thee, but the night shineth as the day." The flames died so that the page was no longer legible, and we rose almost by accord, and turned to our bed, which I had built in a tiny grove of young pines, firs, and tamarack. We cuddled down in the blankets, and lay there, **watching, as** our eyes grew accustomed to the dark, the world about us. **One by one** the larger stars came out. By their light, and the beams **of the moon** which rose later, the whole country took on new individuality. The big gnarled pine nearest us stood out against the sky, black and beautiful. The grove of tamarack at the right and the fir at our left became separate identities in the world of trees. The ridges, too, ran in sharp clear lines.

Suddenly, far across the sky, a star fell, describing a long, flaming arc. As if at a signal, a long-drawn, weird howl, so far away as to be scarcely audible, sounded. From the ridge behind us came an answer, and far across the ravine another coyote barked sharply. Then silence settled again, only to be broken by the muffled hoo-hoo-hoo of a big horned owl, which was repeated at intervals all evening. I dozed for a moment, but was awakened by a strange far distant wail. I listened, and realized that the sound was only the whistle of a locomotive on the railroad six miles distant. A dog on a far away ranch barked. From the underbrush nearby came the tinkling of a cow bell. Again we heard the chorus of coyote barks, coming nearer. Again the owl in the old pine hooted. A tiny breeze brought the faint odor of smoke from the dying coals to my nostrils, and I fell asleep.

In May I again built camp-fires up along the divide trail—larger fires, around which three persons lolled at ease in the evening. "Scoop" and I took special pride in the fires—as also in the meals—for were we not chief cooks and bottle washers, not to mention flunkies and bull cooks? And the joy of it—the unadulterated happiness of following an unknown forest trail, of sleeping in the woods, of sitting beside your own campfire—almost a week of it! The pure comfort of stretching out in the warm glow of the coals and talking over the events of the day; laughing at "Mac" as she came across the creek, whither she had been called by the whinnying of the horses picketed on the good grass there, and hearing her state half-humorously, half-exasperatedly, "That darn old elephant got her foot tangled up in her rope again, so I turned her loose. She won't leave Shorty and Queen, anyway."

The picture fades again, and I am following a trail thru deeply drifted snow. I take a rabbit from a snare, re-set the wire, and follow on until I come in sight of a tiny lean-to made of evergreens. In front of it a slim youngster in blue overalls and red mackinaw is kneeling by a fire. His hands are busy with a rabbit, which he is preparing to fry. I go softly, hoping to surprise him, but a sudden puff of wind blows the smoke into my face and I cough. He looks up. "Hello, Sis. How many d'you get? Only one? Oh well, this one 'll be enough for a feed now. You subside on that log, and watch a *real* chef."

And so they go, one after another——

"The little fires along the trail  
That twinkle down the night."

If only they might keep on! I sometimes feel a kinship with the man who sang:

"Let's beat it, bo, while your feet are mates,  
And we'll see the whole United States,  
With a smoke, an' a pal, and a fire at night—"

What tho my eyes are a trifle dimmed and a lump fills my throat as I quench each fire—what difference would it make, if I might know that always ahead of me there would be camp fires to be lighted, chums to build those fires with me, to share their joys, and at last to leave on the ashes of each the trapper's sign that he has left the camp site for the next comer—the crossed evergreen boughs?

—EUGENIE FROHLICHER.



## Morning

THE room was cold and lighted only by a smoked kerosene lamp. A woman sat in a low rocking-chair at the side of a bed on which, under the meagre covers, a man lay with his face to the wall. A clock ticked on a shelf. The woman rose and lifted a corner of the bed clothes to watch the breathing of the man. His breath came slowly and heavily. She turned away, stumbled over the chair and went to the door.

Outside the gray morning brought the sheds and barns into dark relief. The cows and horses were grouped around the grotesque shape of the straw stack. A shaggy dog roused himself from the doorstep and yawned lazily.

A chill wind swept down from the rim of rugged hills and the lamp on the table flickered. The woman shut the door and went quietly back to her chair by the bed. The man's arm was flung from under the covers. His hand lay against the dark quilt thin and white. The joints were enlarged and crooked from work. She leaned forward to cover the arm, then rose to look at the face. The clock shrilled loudly. The woman sat down in the chair and began to rock creakingly.

In a few moments she got up, slowly, and walked to a door leading to the stairs.

"Time to get up, Son," she called, "Six o'clock." She went over to the stove and began absently to fill it with wood. A boy of sixteen clattered down the stairs, whistling cheerfully. The laces of one shoe trailed behind him.

"Your Pa's dead," the woman said. "You'd best saddle Dick and go to town. I'll have breakfast directly."

—GLADYS ROBINSON.

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## *A Knight of the Road*

The day she married him  
I took the road;  
Don't know what they thought;  
Don't care!  
I always was a shiftless sort of cuss;  
I guess nobody missed me.

Now, I've been movin' ever since,  
And everywhere I go  
I leave some useless part of me behind,  
And all I see along the road  
Becomes new growth in me,  
Or helps to prune the old, dead things away;  
So I keep movin'.



The world is always movin',  
Why not I?  
There's nothing that stays put,  
So why should I?

Once I met a wagon full of junk,  
Scraps of everything that fills a house,  
And I gave a sort of shudder as I looked,  
For it seemed as if the parts of me I'd left  
Were gathered up and put there in a pile;  
That's what I'd have been  
If I had stopped—  
So I keep movin', leavin' parts behind.

There's a man a-fishin';  
I don't fish—keep movin';  
Not very fast though.  
When people meet a freight train  
At the crossing,  
Most of them get nervous,  
I don't; I just wait;  
Haven't anywhere particular to go;  
Don't care when I get there—long's I move.

And I mean to keep on movin'  
Till I die,  
Leavin' useless parts of me behind.  
Do I want to see her then?  
Why no!  
Don't you see it's her  
That I've been gettin' 'way from all this time?  
Besides, the Mazie that I've made along the road,  
Is not the one I knew then;  
I know that!  
But I don't want to feel it,  
By seeing her again.

And when I die I will not be  
A foot-sore wayfarer, tired, that gives it up.  
Some morning I shall waken,  
In the spring,  
Underneath a maple tree, alive,  
And lookin' thru the leaves  
At a clear sky.  
And while I'm lookin'  
I shall melt into the blue—  
What's left of me  
From leavin' parts behind.

And what is left will be all clean—  
Just like the sky—  
And that will be the end.

—MARY ELIZABETH DOERR.

## *The House Across the Way*

**M**AY 4.—A new family is moving in across the street. I am afraid there is a child. I saw a high chair and a small bed being carried in. Well, we have been a quiet neighborhood for twenty years. I only hope it is not a boy.

May 5.—

My worst fears are realized, there are two of them, a boy about fourteen, and a girl of five, and I thought I heard a dog.

May 6.—

The dog is a cocker spaniel, and he barks at everything that passes. Today he chased my cat up a tree. The boy came over and took Thomas down, the dog barking violently all the while. I thanked him for his trouble, he touched his cap and smiled at me, calling me "Miss"—funny they always know I am an old maid.

May 12.—

The girl has a new kind of wagon, works it with her feet. It makes the most hideous noise. She races up and down in that thing all day long, the dog following and barking furiously. The noise is deafening.

June 10.—

School is out, and the boy has a gang of children with him all the time. There is never a moment's quiet. They play ball and yell like demons. I am so afraid they will break a window.

June 11.—

They broke a front window this morning. Fortunately I had moved the fern out to water it, or it would have been ruined.

The boy came right over.

"I am awful sorry—we didn't mean to do it. I will go get a man to fix it. Dad will pay it."

Of course the dog came with him, and he had to hold on to him to keep him from chasing Thomas. Thomas got under a chair, every hair standing up on his back. The dog broke away, and for a moment I thought there would not be a whole thing left on the place. The two ran through every room in the house, the dog yelping and barking, the cat snarling and fleeing for his life.

At last, after flinging over all the small furniture, turning up the rugs, and frightening the wits out of me, the boy succeeded in collaring the dog.

I sat down on the first chair handy, too exhausted to speak.

The boy took the dog across the street, returning a few minutes later with his small sister.

I did not feel like welcoming them. I was all in and was holding Thomas, whose nerves were quite unstrung.

The girl stroked the cat while the boy began to put things to rights.

Fortunately there was nothing broken and the rooms were soon in order.

The little girl meantime had been making some progress with

Thomas, soothing his lacerated feelings, trying in every way possible to make him forget the recent unhappy scene.

Never before had I seen her at close range.

She is rather tall, but not thin, and has the prettiest hands I have ever seen. Her hair is bobbed, but will curl at the ends, and is light in color. Her eyes are dark.

She was very gentle with Thomas, and spoke so softly to him that I did not mind her being there.

A little later she had said "Goodbye," and running across the street, was soon riding up and down, legs working, hair flying, and shouting like a Comache.

July 4.—

Such a day as this has been. All the children in the neighborhood congregated over the way, and there was nothing in the way of noise that was omitted.

I was awakened at five by the most terrific explosion. I thought some one had thrown a bomb, then I remembered the day.

I could not get to sleep again, so put up the shades.

The boy was out in front, firing off giant crackers, and was soon joined by his father and the girl. Later the mother came out and called them in to breakfast. I was truly grateful for the respite.

It has been an awful day.

August 7.—

We have had a dry summer, but it has not been a quiet one.

My neighbors have not gone away, and the heat has not seemed to have a subduing effect, in fact I should say to the contrary.

Sometimes the little girl brings her doll over in its buggy and visits me on the porch. She likes to hear the victrola, and while it plays, she sits quietly.

There is one piece she particularly favors. It is called Red Wing. Sometimes of a morning, I can hear her trying to sing it, as she takes her doll for its outing.

Thomas and she have become fast friends. She never teases him. The boy does, but the dog is shut up whenever he attempts to chase him, so Thomas presumes upon this and makes that dog miserable.

August 15.—

They have closed the house and gone camping. It seems very quiet.

August 30.—

They came in about eleven this morning. Thomas spied the dog at once and flew up the tallest tree.

The little girl came over after lunch. She is as brown as a berry, and her little legs are as hard and firm as an athlete's.

She asked for Red Wing the first thing, and listened entranced.

September 10.—

I have seen nothing of the boy for days. The little girl plays out in the yard, but has not been over to see me.

September 12.—

There is a blue sign on the house. I can't read it from here but it looks as if it began with a D. The little girl did not come out today.

September 18.—

It is very quiet in the neighborhood. Even the dog lies on the porch, and does not seem to notice passersby.

September 30.—

At five this morning I was awakened by a wagon driving up the street. I heard it stop across the way. At seven, finding I could not sleep, I went to the front windows and raised the shades.

On the front door knob was a large bouquet of white flowers.

October 1.—

Today I sat by the window and watched the long procession headed by the white hearse.

I saw them bring the casket out. It was heaped with flowers, and carried by the same boys I had so often seen playing there with him.

October 3.—

The little girl died at noon today.

October 15.—

We have had a heavy frost, and all the leaves are red and gold. The sun is shining brightly. It seems so heartless.

The mother and father came out on the porch this afternoon, walking up and down for half an hour or so. I noticed she leaned on his arm and seemed frail.

November 10.—

We had a hard wind storm last night, and the leaves have blown about, leaving many places bare.

This afternoon the sun came out and it was very warm. The father brought a rocking-chair out on the lawn, and she sat there for some time.

They have rather let the place go, and he began today to pick things up.

There is a latticed arbor in one corner of the yard, and I saw him bringing something out.

It was the little red wagon.

The mother saw it and came and stood beside him as he rolled it on the lawn. She bent over it patting it with her hand.

Gently he took her hand away, and rolled the wagon into the back yard.

She stood as he had left her. I could not see that she was crying, but her hands were clasped together, and when he came back he took her arm and they walked slowly into the house.

November 15.—

I called the dog today. He came over and laid his head against me. Thomas ran into the house, but on seeing he was not pursued, came back ready for a fight. The dog looked at him, growled for a minute, then walked across the street, and lay down on the porch.

November 30.—

They have moved away, and a new family will soon take possession.

All the leaves have gone and a bitter wind is blowing. Winter is upon us.

Sometimes I think I hear him calling to his dog, and I go to my front windows and look across the way, but all is quiet there.

And sometimes I almost fancy I can see the little girl running her wagon up the street, legs flying, light hair blowing in the breeze—noisy, happy, singing all the way.

Snow is beginning to fly.

—HELENA GRACE EVANS.



## Big Business

THE heavy car left a trail of white dust behind it as it sped over the alkali flat, once the bottom of a lake. The hot wind burned the faces of the two men in the car. Grasshoppers whirled past, fell into the tonneau, and crawled over the dust-covered leather.

"Judas Priest," said the man driving the car, "Never see such weather, hotter 'n hell." He ran his hand through his thick gray hair, leaned forward and put down the windshield as a protection against the burning wind. "Now yuh see that place over there?" he pointed to a weather-beaten shack on the top of a hill. "That man proved up on his place, Jones was his name; didn't have a crop for three years. Last year he couldn't meet the interest on his loan. Had to leave the country. Had a big fight with a sheepman when he first filed on the place. Sheepman's name was Wilson. Got the place now— for nothin'."

"Well," said the man in the business suit and straw hat, "We figure it's their own affair. We offer rates and advertise the country. The railroad's got to make ends meet. All this country needs is developing, I say."

"Developing," snorted the other man, "See what's happened to it now. Ten years ago this was a fine country. Cattle ranches——"

"That's just it, you cattle men want the country. It's you who starve the poor devils. The railroad is doing the state a service."

"Sure, it is," the gray-haired man said sarcastically. "Go ahead, put your proposition before the Commercial club. They'll jump at it. The town's been dead for five years."

"We need your support, though, Mr. Howard. You own land all round here. We'll advertise rates for a group of immigrants and the Commercial club will provide land experts and make it easy for them to file." The railroad representative leaned forward. "I tell you, Mr. Howard, every one of these deserted farms will be settled in a year."

"I'll be damned if I do," Howard shouted. "This country never was a farming country. God made it a-purpose for cattle. Judas Priest! If I have to see five hundred farmers come into this country again, plow up a few acres, and starve to death I'll go plumb crazy. Damn fools swallow government land whole. Why, man, they ain't a farmer in this country can feed his family."

"Then I am to understand that you will not give your support?"

The older man growled.

The road curved round a hill and came down to a railway crossing. Near the telegraph pole a battered old sign, riddled with bullet holes leaned sidewise. In black letters the words could still be read:

Get a free home in Montana, the land of opportunity.

320 acres farming or 640 acres grazing land.

Write for information to the Government Land Office  
Glaston, Montana.

The Northern Railroad.

Across the track the road climbed up into the hills and came out on the level benchland. Howard stopped the car at a wire gate, got out and opened it. A one-room shack stood just inside the fence. The heat shimmered and glanced off the flat roof. A woman came to the door as the car stopped.

"Howdy, Mrs. Martin, where's John?"

"He went to Canada to try to get a job threshing. He's been gone 'bout a month," the woman answered.

"Well, I need an extra man hayin'. Just thot I'd call and get John." Howard turned away and then came back. "Did he leave yuh any money?" he asked gruffly.

The woman looked surprised. "No," she said, "but our potatoes aren't so bad."

"H'mm," said the man thoughtfully. "Say, yuh don't suppose yuh could leave the place for a few weeks? The cook down t' the ranch has her hands pretty full with twenty men."

The woman looked up at him and flushed.

"I think I could," she said. "There's nothing to keep me here and it does get lonesome. I'll be ready in a minute."

The railway representative was figuring on the back of an old envelope when Howard walked back to the car.

"Let's see," he mused, "a couple of extra trains." Then he added aloud, "Good advertising, and the thing ought to be started well by spring."

—GLADYS ROBINSON.

## *Glen Does Some Thinking*

**W**HY didn't the class reason? That was the question Glen asked himself as he walked to the meeting. No one saw the situation in its true light. The amendment would be passed and the harm done without anybody pointing out its errors. Then it would be too late.

Conceited in his timid way, Glen admitted to himself that he could reason more clearly than the majority of his classmates—and he could. Yet he was comparatively unknown. He was not a power. A timorous, unobtrusive bookworm, he was called by the few students who were acquainted with him.

The class was composed of saps, darn saps, Glen told himself fiercely. Someone suggested something and immediately the whole class favored it. They pointed out the good features of a measure but they never stopped to consider its bad ones. They constituted the typical mob. Any ignoramus who had the nerve to get up and advance his ideas at once had a following, unthinking but vociferous, like all mobs.

Glen walked swiftly along, taking short, decisive steps. A girl was approaching. He had met her some place—he had forgotten where. He wondered if she was going to speak to him. Should he speak first or should he wait for her to speak? Somewhere he had heard that it was correct to do the latter. It seemed sort of caddish, though. Maybe she would think he was snubbing her. He became troubled. What should he do? For a moment he thought of crossing to the opposite side of the street. Once there he could bow his head and act as if he were too deeply engrossed to notice anything so far away. On second thought he rejected this as being cowardly. He laughed a little scornfully at himself.

"What the hell's the matter with me? What difference does it make who speaks first? What difference does it make whether we speak at all? I'll just go breezily along, speak crisply to her, and everything will be all right."

The girl was not far away. Glen kept his eyes lowered until she was only a few feet in front of him. Then he looked up. Her eyes were turned away. He regarded her for an uneasy moment. She did not shift her glance. Resolutely he shoved his hands into his overcoat pockets, hunched up against the cold and looked away. Very well, if she chose to be snobbish it was all right with him. Girls were damn fools anyhow.

He had almost passed her when he heard a cheery hello.

Startled, he said hello in return in a very loud voice. He reached so hastily for his hat that he almost knocked it off his head. He blushed furiously. The girl had passed on.

"I guess it's I who am the damn fool," he said. "Some little exhibition."

She was a mighty nice girl, he decided. Cheery and democratic. Again he began thinking of the amendment.

After going over the situation thoroughly Glen determined that



it was up to him to show the fallacies in the measure. No one else would do it. He must. The thought of getting decisively to his feet, atalking briefly and to the point, and turning the tide of sentiment brought dreamy satisfaction. Yet action was necessary. He told himself sternly that his classmates were no better than he. They were a bunch of rummies. Why should he be afraid? He entered the hall in a fit of stern resolution and sat down near the front. It seemed the whole class was there. It thrilled him even to think of addressing such a multitude. It made his heart beat faster, too.

Chattering ceased when the president called the meeting to order. He outlined the measure briefly, pointing out its advantages and omitting its defects. Glen reflected that he probably couldn't see them. Following the president's talk a lanky, self-assured youth made the motion. It was seconded. The president called for discussion.

One after another three men took the floor and prated on the advantages of the measure. They all were at their ease. They talked rather fluently and at times ungrammatically. Glen sneered. They had one-track minds. They couldn't think. A quiet settled over the crowd when the last man had finished talking.

"Is there any more discussion?" the president asked.

No one stirred.

"If not——"

Glen rose hastily to his feet. "Mr. President," he called.

"Mr.—ah—ah—yes; go ahead," said the president.

Now that Glen was on his feet he found himself shaking violently, nevertheless, he started in a firm voice.

"The amendment can do nothing but harm," he said. He started to go on, gulped twice, and finally got under way. He showed the first disadvantage of the measure. The students didn't grasp it, perhaps from disinclination, perhaps from inability. Their faces were immobile. He tried to continue. His next argument was his best and would surely convince them. His breath fairly whistled. He cleared his throat and stuttered a little. His voice didn't sound natural. It was high and strange. He choked and gasped for breath. His right leg began trembling so violently that his heel beat a steady rat-a-tat-tat on the floor. His brain whirled. The silence became unbearable.

A girl next to him snickered. Snickering spread like a contagion. The whole crowd was laughing. Glen glanced frantically about him. Then he fell limply in his seat.

The president called for order. Gradually the laughing subsided, only to recommence when the president said with great condescension, "The gentleman has evidently changed his mind."

Again he pounded for order.

"You have all heard the amendment made and discussed. I'll now call for a vote. All in favor signify by saying 'aye.'"

A storm of "ayes" broke forth.

"Opposite same sign."

There were no dissenting votes.

—A. BERTRAM GUTHRIE.

## Montana Place Names

Note: The editors expect to run in each issue a page or two of stories revealing the romance in the names of towns, rivers, mountains and localities in Montana.

**I**NDIAN scouts called what is now Montana, the Land of the White Shining Mountains; the early French voyagers and fur traders spoke of the wonders and beauty of the mountains. Hence "Montana" means not only mountains, but beautiful white shining mountains.

An interesting legend is woven around Saddle Butte, so named by the cowboys around Havre because of its peculiar shape; but to the Indians of the region it bears another name and another meaning, Ke-la-ma-to-che, the Great Gate.

Far up in the north was a remnant of a great and powerful tribe, lost from their kinsmen who had early journeyed south to a much-spoken-of hunting ground teeming with game. For weeks the few warriors hunted, when without any warning, the weather changed. With the coming of the blizzard the leader of the small party conferred with the braves, and set about to make journey into the land of their brothers.

Even the buffalo herd which they had followed north, decimated by the suddenness of the cold spell, had turned south. A great plague set upon the tribe and carried off a goodly number of the braves. At last the great bull leader, Charging Bull, and a few of the Indians were all that remained.

The Indians, uneasy over their loss, decided to let Charging Bull live provided he led them to their brothers. Lost, but confident in their faith that the Great Spirit had not forsaken them, they came upon a high and apparently insurmountable ridge. Scouts failed to find a pass through the ridge and the steep sides forbade scaling. For a week they remained without finding a passage. Then a council was called and it was decided to appeal to the Great Spirit. Accordingly a feast was to be prepared and Charging Bull was to be sacrificed. When about to kill the huge beast, to the surprise of the Indians he walked up to the campfire and spoke to them in their own tongue, saying, "Children of the snow, I have come to you with greetings from the Great Spirit. I am your friend. Peace! Thou art true children of the Great Spirit. I am the answer to your appeal. Follow." The huge animal turned and issuing a bull challenge he swished his tail and charged directly at the side of the mountain. A great cloud of smoke encompassed him; when it had cleared away, the children beheld a gap in the side of the mountain, through which they could see the campfires of their kinsmen. From out of the clouds appeared a white form; and the braves fell to worship the Great Spirit. Since that time the mountain of the twin peaks has been called Ke-la-ma-to-che.

(Taken from a story given to me by Mr. F. W. Wilson and told to him by an old Indian squaw of the Havre district.)

The Judith Basin offers a romantic story. While at the home of a friend in Virginia, Captain William Clark met the daughter of the house,

During his stay he became deeply in love with the tall and beautiful Judy. He came to the conclusion that her name was Judith. The pending trip to the West prevented love-making. While on the journey Captain Clark could not forget the sweet face of the girl. When he came to the wide rolling region of a great basin he bestowed upon it his most sacred memory, the name of the girl he loved, Judith.

After Captain Clark returned from his trip the courtship of his youth matured and Julia Fairblew became his wife.

Much of the early development of the state was due to the French voyagers, who broke through the wilderness doing what few men would have attempted. Montana has named one of her counties Choteau. Pierre Choteau, a voyager and fur trader, was the owner of the first line of steamships which navigated the Missouri River.

The Indian legend of the naming of Missoula offers an interesting story. Coyote, an Indian deity, sang as he returned from a hunting trip. As he ran along, he was suddenly arrested by the sound of women singing. Now Coyote had a failing common to his sex—he adored women. Unable to resist the temptation, he started toward them. And, although frightened by his sudden appearance, they invited him to join their dancing. Round and round they swung to the edge of the bank, when alas for him, the girl on either side gave him a slight push and let go. Down he went, over the bank to the creek below.

Coyote's cousin, Fox, had followed, because he feared just such a happening; and so as he ran down to where Coyote lay he cursed and vowed that he would leave him where he was. But the blood ties were strong; picking up Coyote he breathed into his lungs and sang an incantation. As Coyote gradually came to, he cried for revenge. Fox listened and said, "Often have I warned you against women, but with no success. If you really want revenge, go again and dance with them and while you are dancing set fire to the grass. Against fire they have no power." Coyote did as he was told. Soon all that remained of the beautiful girls was a heap of grey ashes. Coyote was then filled with remorse, and taking the ashes he flung them to the creek. No sooner had they touched the water than it began to shimmer and to sparkle; Coyote wept, and where his tears fell quaking asps grew. The Indians gave the name Mis-soul-lect-kem to the creek, meaning, The Stream of Shining Waters and so the name Missoula.

(Story as told Dean Stone by an old Indian.)

—HELEN MACGREGOR.



## *The Frontier Book Shelf*

**Three Soldiers:** John Dos Passos. (Doran, 1921). This is a very imperfectly successful effort to do the most difficult and most respectable thing of which the art of prose fiction is capable. It is an attempt to present significant phases of human experience in all their complexity without manipulation, exaggeration, simplification or comment. With surpassing intensity and vividness, the author accumulates all the poignant and all the irritating impressions made by the army life upon a sensitive, sympathetic, liberty-loving artist. On the whole the vision of the late war is more intolerable than any speculative poet's dream of hell. And yet very little of sensuous loveliness escaped the author; I never read a novel in which all the senses were so incessantly appealed to. And it is not any lack of beautiful passages, nor the presence of so much that is disgusting and distressing, that prevents the book from winning highest praise.

Aside from numerous bad sentences, usually bad because of an impatient effort to include items mutually repellant, but related, there are two underlying defects. Because he desired to make the impression cumulative, as it was really, the author has failed to select. In disgusting us with tyranny, with mechanism and with the careless destruction not only of bodies but of personalities, as he was disgusted, he has wearied his readers with the novel.

The other defect is in the author. He has little faith. He is generous, sincere and extraordinarily free from the delusion of superior worth. He is genuinely democratic. But in giving up illusions, he has missed the great discovery that every helpful deed, and every act of creation is an indestructible and living nucleus of a happier world. If he had had such faith his facts would probably remain unchanged, but the spirit of the novel would be free from despair. —S. H. C.

**Washington and the Riddle of Peace:** H. G. Wells. (Macmillan, 1922). Mr. Wells has mustered up an inordinate amount of confidence in future conferences of the Washington type even after he has noted, bitterly to be sure, the obvious shortcomings and failures of the recent session. He firmly believes that nations will get the habit of assembling similar congresses and that there will evolve out of this political phenomenon a World Parliament or Government which will embody a "self-denying ordinance" of all powers, making for constant international harmony.

This is a public-spirited, Christian attitude, but its credulity is obviously too insidious. One cannot help but notice that Wells' World Parliament would still be a political function, retaining all the vestiges of the Washington Conference—in an evolutionized form, of course, but evolutionized according to the outlines of all political conferences and for the purpose of carrying out the old statesmanlike ideals more expediently. The Washington Conference was just another Congress of Vienna and was no place for Mr. Wells; as Bernard Shaw said, one could report it just as well at home; for there was nothing new in its assembly and its outcome could quite easily be predicted. It was one of those political rendezvous to which nations send their representatives with age-old traditions and prejudices because they have nothing else to send them with. They cannot be blamed for bringing these "bad habits", as Mr. Wells calls them, for they are going to a political conference; if they went empty-handed i. e., with peace and good-will, they would surely be diplomatically shanghied. Wells cannot tolerate M. Briand's demands for submarines for the protection of France and yet France is as justified in making such demands as Britain, or the United States, in making her supposedly altruistic proposals about reduction of naval force. It is all a matter of political expediency. Blood is always thicker than water among diplomats. It is different among dreamers.

A conference of dreamers is the only thing for a "self-denying ordinance". In such a fathering Mr. Wells would "spark" wonderfully, as he is essentially a dreamer. But in reporting the Washington Conference he has tried to be a politician and has produced an unhealthy conglomeration of dreaming and diplomatic chatter. He should have stayed in England with Bernard Shaw and dreamed. We are woefully in need of dreamers. He should have seen nothing in the conference but an amiable social gathering of delegates of divers tongues and complexions. The diplomatic decisions were a matter of course and hardly of any concern to a novelist. Conferences are the result of an indifferent habit of nations. They are tournaments where bad habits of the foreign relations departments come into conflict. The winner is always the subtlest Metetrnich, and the victory is always for "the greatest good to the greatest number". What Mr. Wells considers a self-denying ordinance at the present will, undoubtedly, be effected at some time in the future by some sort of a Washington Conference, but it will be put in force for the same reason that the Four Power Pact and such things were drifted: for political expediency.

Mr. Wells must be given credit, at least, for his faith in a fast approaching millenium; such faith must require super-human energy. He explains that his belief is not a matter of flighty idealism and surely it would not be, if he spoke as a novelist and not as a diplomat. But he tries to emulate Machiavelli. Personally, he doesn't believe all this millenium-stuff; politically, he doesn't see anything else to do.

He reviews history, watches society expand into a human-complex and then narrows the natural evolution down to a single point, an international abstinence from aggression; then he directs humanity forward along an unencumbered path of progress, straight to the north star, I presume. A self-evident fact, however, spoils this good speculation; namely, that human society continues to grow more complex—even in spite of a World Parliament. Anything else, like Wells' desire, would require a simplification of the human-complex, but this would be, biologically, detrimental to the species. Then, granting Wells' millenium—achieved more by dreaming than by Washington conferences—*homo sapiens* will sink, like a wave that has steadily risen thru intricacy and has subsided thru simplification, into an illimitable sea that has received countless other species and will receive countless more. This is not pessimism; this is an optimistic correction of Mr. Wells. He is a better novelist than a political scientist, and he should spend his time dreaming rather than fretting about another Washington conference. I should like to see a conference of dreamers which would prove to the world that water is thicker than blood.

—C. T.

**Joanna Godden:** Sheila Kaye-Smith, (Dutton, 1922). Sheila Kaye-Smith is an English novelist who is little known in the United States. Her best known books are *Sussex Gorse* (1916), *Tamarisk Town* (1919), *Green Apple Harvest* (1920), and *Joanna Godden* (1921). Like Thomas Hardy, she places all of her stories in one small section of England—a tiny corner of southeast Kent; and as in his work, the farmers and farm laborers form a background veritably of the soil, "fellows that grow like vegetables, and, without knowing how, put on sense as they put on flesh by an unconscious process of assimilation," as G. Lowes Dickinson says. Except Hardy, no other English novelist has given to the reader such a sense of the action on men of hard daily toil on the land. **Joanna Godden** is the story of an independent young woman who, running her farm herself, beats the surrounding farmers at their own game, so that she is able to double her holdings. She is conventionally strict in all matters, and hard in condemnation of all delinquencies. Love unsuccessfully enters her life as an almost unrecognized force; it is then thwarted by the death of the genuinely loved man; and in the end an unhappy fulfillment of sex yearning leaves her with an illegitimate child. With characteristic courage she faces her censorious community, and with humility and a deep sense of the significance of her actions. The book is wholesome thruout, redolent of the soil, true to life, and unflinching in character portrayal. A lesser writer would have sacrificed Joanna's real nature to the reader's desire for a conventionally pleasant ending.

—H. M.

**The Mind in the Making:** James Harvey Robinson, (Harper, 1921). This book, to quote Mr. Robinson's preface, "suggests but the beginning of the beginning now being made to raise men's thinking onto a plane which may perhaps enable them to fend off or reduce some of the dangers which lurk on every hand." Unless we "rid ourselves of our fond prejudices and open our minds" the "shocking derangement of human affairs which now prevails in most civilized countries" will run from bad to worse to end who knows where. Where men have previously tried to better social conditions by "changes in the rules of the game," or by "spiritual exhortation," or by education, we must now "bring our minds up to date" and question all things, especially those we "are most reluctant to question." These three methods have failed; but there is one hope remaining, intelligence, which is "as yet an untested hope in its application to the regulation of human affairs"—intelligence acting without fear.

There are three common ways of thinking, Mr. Robinson tells us, the reverie, the making of decisions, and rationalizing. Most of our so-called reasoning "consists in finding arguments for going on believing as we already do." "The real reasons for our beliefs are concealed from ourselves as well as from others." The fourth kind of thought is that which makes us *change* our mind. This he calls "creative thought." It is this creative intelligence which has been used in the realm of modern scientific achievement with such startling results during the last fifty years; and it is this creative intelligence which must, in a modified way, be applied to man and society.

Mr. Robinson examines the "four layers underlying the minds of civilized men—the animal mind, the child mind, the savage mind, and the traditional civilized 'mind'." "The new discipline of animal or comparative psychology deals with the first; genetic and analytic psychology with the second; anthropology, ethnology, and comparative religion with the third; and the history of philosophy, science, theology, and literature with the fourth." Their hold on us is "really inexorable". He next traces the "way in which the mind . . . has been accumulated," thru ancient days, thru medieval times, thru the scientific revolution and into

today's conditions, which he characterizes as "the sickness of an acquisitive society", using the title of R. H. Tawney's Fabian tract. We are a progressive people but we have given ourselves up to a "philosophy of safety and sanity". This is a repressive philosophy which "instead of subjecting traditional ideas and rules to thorough-going reconsideration", hastens us into justification of "existing and habitual notions of human conduct". "We have now to substitute purpose for tradition, and this is a concise statement of the great revolution which we face."

In this interesting book Mr. Robinson has not given new information or stated knowledge in a new way; he has crystallized for popular reading and understanding the condition of thought among thinking men of today. If after reading the reader realizes the inadequacy of most of the thinking he and everybody else does, the imperative demands for creative thinking and acceptance of its results, the necessity for questioning all that the past has given us just because it is the past that thereby attempts to saddle onto the conditions of today its own ready-made formulae and specifics, the writer will doubtless be more than satisfied with his book. Mr. Robinson endeavors to convince the reader by revealing the pedigree and developing environment of today's mind.

—H. M.

**Modern Democracies:** James Bryce, (Macmillan, 1921). "These great and tedious debates about the best form of society and the most commodious rules to bind us are debates only proper for the exercise of our wits; as in the arts there are several subjects, which have their being in agitation and controversy and have no life but there. . . . Not according to opinion but in truth and reality the best and most excellent government for every nation is that under which it is maintained: its form and essential convenience depend on custom."

Montaigne, the skeptic, wrote these words of little hope three hundred and fifty years ago when the world was enquiring as the world today is enquiring how it shall be governed. He was forced to write them because there had been no James Bryce on the scene to make clear the inescapable natural laws in the working of political principles and methods that apply everywhere.

The Research Magnificent of our day is for facts about social, economic and political life. One of the greatest records in this search of our day will be Lord Bryce's *Modern Democracies*, finished just a year before the aged author's death.

"What I desire is not to impress upon my readers views of my own but to supply them with facts and (so far as I can) with explanations of facts on which they can draw their own conclusions." Would that our newspapers had this resilient faith in Demos!

Of the spirit in which these facts are handled when they do drive the author to an opinion, this: "Even when one thinks a view unsound or a scheme unworkable (as Bryce thinks of the Russian communistic scheme) one must regard all honest efforts to improve this unsatisfactory world with a sincerity which recognizes how many things need to be changed, and how many doctrines once held irrefragable need to be modified in the light of supervenient facts."

*Modern Democracies* is in four parts; the first hundred and sixty pages are devoted to historical and theoretical considerations applicable to democratic government in general—the definition, evolution, and theoretical foundations of democracy, liberty, equality, education, religion, the press, party, local self-government, traditions, public opinion. These pages are interesting and splendidly informational tho not constructive. For instance, Bryce sees the menacing power of the commercialized press but suggests no method of social control. The second part, which comprises two-thirds of the two volumes, is the story of democracies in their actual working; the gathered material of years of shrewd, scientific, sympathetic searching for the "facts that are needed"; piece-meal, detached, verifiable knowledge of the structure and actual operation of the republics of antiquity and of Spanish America and more in detail of France, Switzerland, Canada, the United States, Australia, and New Zealand. The third part of the book is given over to synthesis of the findings in particular countries. It is here that much needless repetition of material makes one wish that the author had taken time to write less.

The last part of the study is probably the most interesting because Bryce here forgets his original intention and turns to several of the political theories, the economic topics, and the schemes of social reconstruction which now are the battleground of current politics. He has left the work of the anatomist to become the diagnostician and at times almost the prescribing physician. The reader wonders if the author did not conceive this part of the book almost entirely after the war. He seems to be writing these last chapters as a hand-book in the art of government for beginner nations. He analyzes and decries the new spirit of economic strife and deplores the coming of communism in Russia; he mourns the breakdown and deterioration of legislatures; he finds no assurance that democracy may not disappear for the same reason that it came. "Popular government has been sought and won and valued not as a good thing in itself but as a means of getting rid of tangible grievances or securing tangible benefits and when these objects have been attained, the interest in it has



generally tended to decline." It is with the contents of these chapters that theorists will quarrel. Many critics will not let pass Bryce's conclusion that democracy has nothing to do with economic equality. "With this controversy (as to whether economic equality is possible) we are not here concerned for Democracy—which is merely a form of government, not a consideration of the purposes to which government may be turned, has nothing to do with economic equality which might exist under any form of government and might possibly work more smoothly under some other form." Yet Bryce is ready enough to grant that under our present economic organization the sovereign people does not have an adequate chance to express its will.

With the rise of class consciousness and the political and economic problems that go with it Bryce is sore distressed. He deplores the trend for office holders to become more and more the delegates of their constituency rather than representatives expected to use their own judgment. The consequent multiplication of blocs and parties in legislatures to Bryce is a regrettable interruption of political machinery. Some critics who believe quite as much in equal freedom and opportunity and equal voice in determining social arrangements see in these same phenomena hope instead of despair. May these political changes not be a frank attempt to solve the problem that modern industrial society gives us where a territorial area on which political representation is based has little to do with the real division of interests represented in the competitive region that our legislatures foster? Some readers will feel that Bryce, in these last chapters, is too prone to identify democracy with the particular form in which it appears today. The scientist's attitude that theories (and forms?) should come and go, each serving for a while to classify known facts and promote the search for new ones, but each in turn proving inadequate to deal with the new facts when they have been found, does not seem to be Bryce's attitude toward our present conception of democracy. He regards our present form of democracy (not as worked out but as conceived) as a sort of final heritage, a fixed goal rather than a temporary make-shift to be changed and developed with the course of evolution. Consequently he is not inclined to raise the question that many critics today think fundamental, whether we must not soon find some desirable limits of the political organization or society and separate some of our functions of authority from the political government. This same assumption that political authority shall comprise every kind of social authority leads Bryce to declare pessimistically, when he contrasts the growing responsibility of political government with the lessening ability of the democratic legislatures of the world, that a return to autocracy is not impossible. But with all these many councils of disillusionment that the examination of modern government brings, Bryce does not wholly despair. "The experiment has not failed, for the world is after all a better place than it was under other kinds of government, and the faith that it may be made better still survives. . . . So may it be said that democracy will never perish till Hope has perished."

—E. L. F.

**King Cole:** John Masefield, (Macmillan, 1921). King Cole, that monarch of the happy days in England, is not dead!

" . . . he wanders shore and shire,  
An old, poor, wandering man, of glittering eyes  
Helping distressful folk to their desire  
By power of spirit that within him lies."

This charming mythical tale expands the heart and cheers the spirit. It is told with that wistfulness of imagination and magic of word which are characteristic of Mr. Masefield. Golden deeds are adrift in the world, tho in these days one often doubts the fact; deep sympathy with distress is alive; friendliness holds out its hands; high-hearted, unselfish motives run their eager course into noble actions. It is good to be reminded that simplicity and nobility find their dwelling-place in the radiant human spirit. Read this long poem in a mellow mood of enjoyment and life will become for you, at least temporarily, "a dome of many-colored glass" flooded with sunlight.

—H. M.

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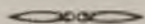
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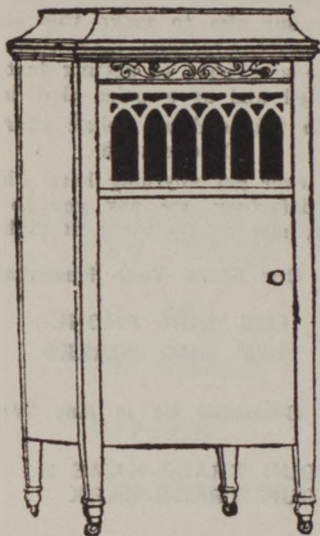
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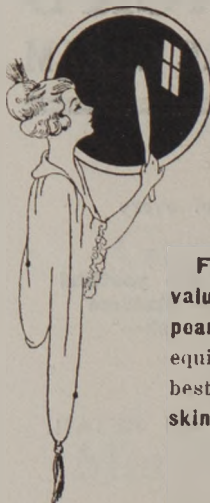
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H. P. GREENOUGH

J. R. DAILY

Accounts Solicited

GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED

Four Per Cent Per Annum Paid on Savings and Time Deposits

## WOOD—Dry:

12 inch; 16 inch; 4 inch

## COAL—

Bituminous

Anthracite

Ajax Smithing

## CEMENT—

Lehigh

Red Devil

PHONE 400

**PERRY FUEL &  
CEMENT CO.**

244 N. Higgins Avenue

MISSOULA'S POPULAR EATING  
HOUSE

The  
**Palm  
Cafe**

E. K. SEVERSON

GOOD THINGS TO EAT

Special Room for Dinner Parties

118 East Cedar Street

"GOOD SERVICE"

Our Motto



THE LARGEST CHAIN DEPARTMENT  
STORE ORGANIZATION IN THE WORLD

# Like a Ripple that Grows to a Wave

is the story of the marvelous success of the J. C. Penney Company. From one small store in 1902 to 312 busy department stores in 1922, is the record of this great, present-day, nationwide institution.

The J. C. Penney Company has succeeded in a big way because its first principle is square dealing. Its patrons' interests are its interests. Its savings in quantity buying, cash selling and lower operating expense are passed on to its customers in lower retail prices.

This **World's Largest Chain Department Store Organization** will continue to serve best the public whose confidence it shall at all times sincerely strive to merit.



12 inch height

**\$10.00**

14 inch height

**\$11.00**

WOMEN'S HIKING  
SHOE PACS

*Westerner's*

WESTON & STERNER

## "It's Fresh"

Our Candy  
comes to us  
direct from  
the factory

*The Associated  
Students' Store*

*"On The Campus"*