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8, no. 3

May 1928

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# The FRONTIER

A Magazine of the Northwest

May, 1928

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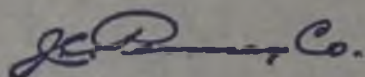
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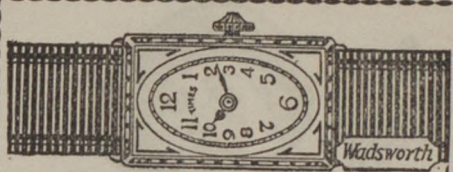
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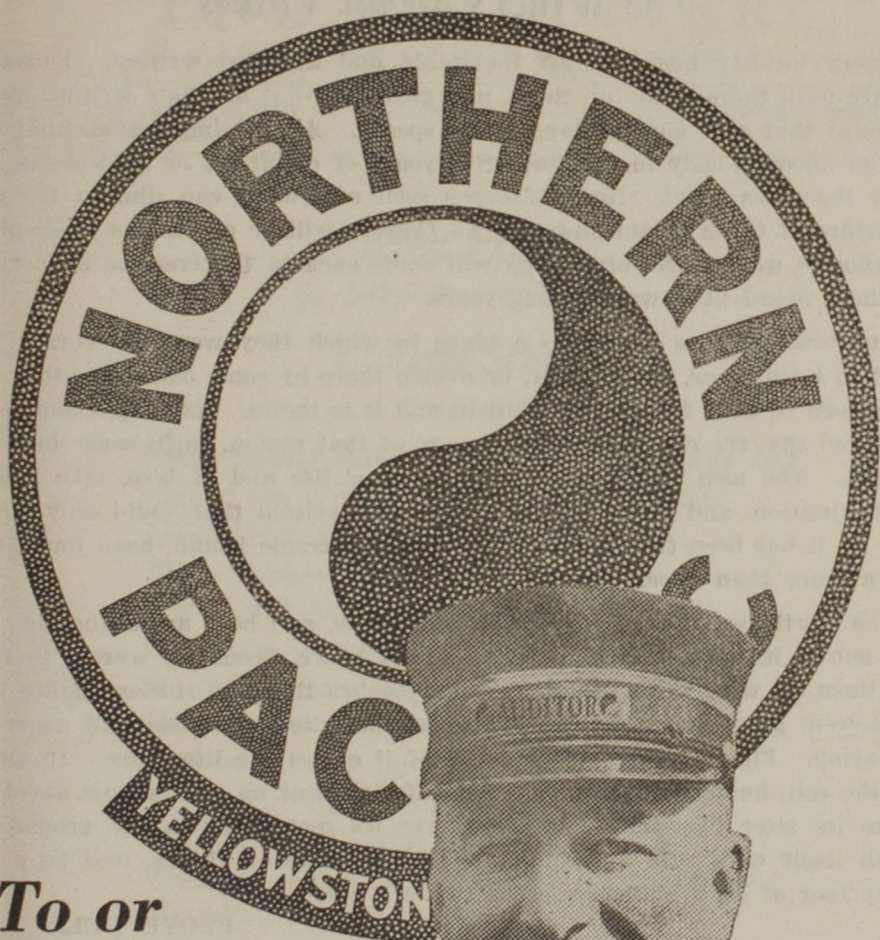
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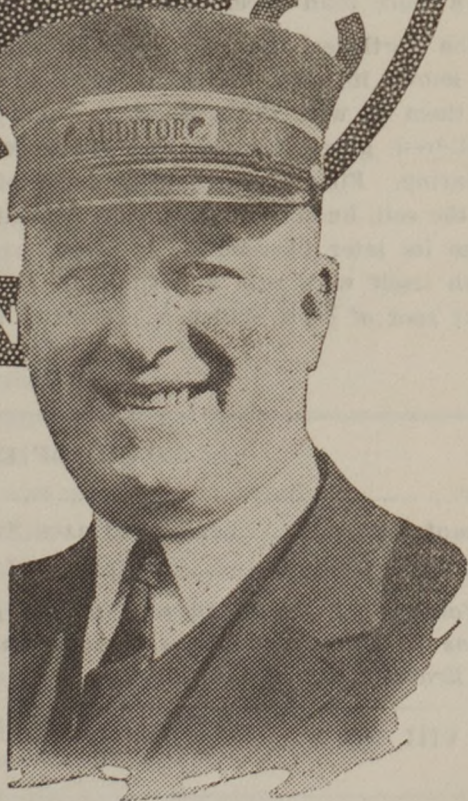


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## The Writer's Robust Virtues

Every locality has its own inevitable and destined writers. Sometime they are born there, grow up there, and go away—but all their writing forever smacks of that soil, has the tang of its speech. All the impressions that were taken in unconsciously in the formative years of childhood or adolescence flow out at the pen's point. No landscapes seen afterward can dim in the mind the picture of those mountain-tops. No flowers will be as real as those picked in boyhood's woods. No bird-songs will come back in the creative memory except those heard at dawn in early years.

But some writers belong to a place in which they were not born. They find it in later years, by accident, or drawn there by some odd sympathy. But having seen it, they fall in love with it, and it is theirs. Its shapes and colors, its air and sky, the characteristic manners of that region, fulfil some deep need of theirs. The men and women, their ways of life and of love, take hold of the imagination, and stories are dreamed and written that could only happen here. So it has been that fishing-village, desert, tropic island, have found their writers more than once.

The Northwest has its writers of both kinds, and both are authentic. The place knows its own, and takes them to its heart, opens its secrets to them, lures them on with the spell of its past, teaches them its stories, makes them its children, gives them its own robust virtues, its own gusto and generosity, and daring. First is the land, and out of it comes the literature. It springs from the soil, humbly at first, then beautifully. But no matter how sweet and strange its later blossoming, it must have its roots deep in the ground and nourish itself with rain and sunlight, feed on common things, and be a part of that spot of earth which it celebrates and adorns.

FLOYD DELL.

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The next number of *The Frontier* will be  
issued in November.

# THE FRONTIER

A MAGAZINE OF THE NORTHWEST

*"The frontiers are not east or west, north or south, but wherever a man fronts a fact."—THOREAU.*

## Three Poems

By Ethel Romig Fuller.

### I. *Peter Schätt*

#### A CHRONICLE

Peter Schätt came West, when West was new,  
Staked out a claim, foursquare and true;  
Lived there alone, homesteaded it,  
Then unlike others, didn't quit,  
But added to his holdings till  
His lands included all Schätt's hill.  
He built great barns and a log house  
Beneath the fragrant cedar boughs;  
And sent "outside" for a hausfrau,  
A team of Percherons, a cow;  
He laid a road and surfaced it  
With stone hauled from Schätt's gravel pit;  
He felled the forest, blasted stumps,  
Cut alder and vinemaple clumps,  
Grubbed out the rampant poison oak—  
The slashings made a mighty smoke!  
And as the ground was cleared and bare,  
Set row on row of fruit trees there.  
(No better prunes than Schätt's are known!)  
Then as his ten fine sons were grown  
He deeded each a fertile plot—  
So generous was Peter Schätt!—  
To plant to walnuts, grain or what.  
And to his daughters was as fair—  
For when each wed, she had her share.  
As for the children they begot  
There was a tract for every tot—  
A double tract for those named Schätt!  
He built a school and saw it fill

With youngsters born upon Schätt's Hill;  
 And, this the undiverging rule,  
 Schätt's schoolma'ams *only* taught Schätt's school.  
 He was the law. An erring Schätt  
 Was evicted and forgot.  
 He raised a place for worship, too—  
 A family to every pew—  
 A church that ell-wise might be pieced  
 Out as the tribe of Schätt increased;  
 An edifice with bell and spire,  
 Schätts in the pulpit, in the choir  
 And on their knees to lieber Gott,  
 (Who is to blame them if they thought  
 In lineaments He was a Schätt?)  
 Still even Schätts are not immortal;  
 The patriarch died (but with a chortle!)  
 That, with the grave, was nowise stopped  
 The root and branch of Peter Schätt.

## II. *Back of a Mountain*

A man lived alone where wind is born,  
 Where night is a hawk and noon is morn;  
 Back of a mountain on a tittle of land  
 Thin as a crust, wide as a hand.  
 (A slice of earth is the size of a tittle,  
 Almost too steep for a plow to whittle;  
 Just room—no more—for a kepp of wild bees,  
 For a strawberry plot, for a windrow of trees.

And for a cabin, shake-sided and small,  
 To cling like a midge to a wrinkled, rock wall.)  
 And there was the mountain for mother and wife,  
 For joy and for grief like a two-bladed knife.

There were dawns; there were noons in facettèd rows;  
 There were intimacies of stars and new snows;  
 There were swift-flowering summers, and winters  
     with hoary  
 Drifts piling to his low second story.



Then a stranger with speech that burst like a rocket,  
With plans for an inn and a pike in his pocket,  
Climbed to the eyrie and offered him money  
For tittle and cabin, strawberries and honey.

And somehow by sundown the tittle was sold,  
The mountain exchanged for a wallet of gold;  
Repleteness of days bartered off for a tally  
Of hours slowly notched one by one from a valley.

\* \* \* \* \*

Long after a man passed that way alone—  
He strode like a king who returns to his own.  
He carried his head as if death were a crown  
And he went up the mountain and never came down.

### *III. Dawn and New Snow*

On the mountain,  
Dawn and new snow.

New snow  
Smoky grey as wild asters,  
Frosted like spruce needles,  
Lupin blue,  
Briar rose pink.  
New snow  
Veined crimson in black canyons;  
Pencilled in sudden silver  
On high ledges.

The kneeling trees at timberline  
Are cowed in white wool;  
The rocks are mauve feathered  
Like the breasts of doves;  
The shadows of the rocks  
Are muted purple.

Dawn  
New snow     \* \* \*

## *A Half Chapter for an Autobiography*

Of Vilhjalmur Stefansson.

I think the wild Dakota prairie was half real, half the product of my imagination. Our colony had arrived in the Red River Valley when that was a prairie, too, but of a different sort—a flat, with grass waist high and bluffs of trees usually visible somewhere in the distance, fringing a stream. This I did not remember and it was never a real part of my youth, for I was only two years old when my parents crossed by ox wagon from the Red River itself to the western edge of the valley, called by geologists the shore of Lake Agassiz but by us the Pembina Mountains, a forested escarpment thirty miles from the stream itself. My people had been flooded out from their homes on Lake Winnipeg and their cattle drowned, so they were looking for a high ridge safe from like catastrophies. They were looking for woods, too, for that was the fashion of the time—the prairie was as yet distrusted by the immigrants, most of whom came from forested Europe and the equally wooded New England States or Maritime Provinces of Canada. And so, in finding a high, wooded land they found and homesteaded a sandy ridge that was later worth not a third as much per acre as the vacant prairie they had crossed for three or four slow days in their wagons. That natural, and as it seemed to us ten years later tragic, mistake was one of my earliest good fortunes. When my father died after not many years of pioneer struggle, there was a \$900 mortgage on the 160 acres and the land was not worth it. So we let it go, and were adrift. That meant, in part, freedom.

It was not difficult to learn to read in our phonetic Icelandic, where every word was spelled as it sounded and sounded as it was spelled. You merely had to know the letters and repeat them to get the sound of the word. So, after a week of instruction in the alphabet, I started reading the Bible and spelled and later droned a large part of it to my mother who listened while she worked. But almost from the start I found more interesting the Icelandic stories of adventure, usually called Old Norse Sagas. When, later, the English with its cryptic spelling had been partly acquired, the saga interest turned naturally to Robin Hood and Crusoe. Most of my dreams were the Crusoe style, I think, but they could not materialize then, though they did after twenty years when I began to discover islands of my own in the Arctic and live on them by hunting, much in Crusoe style, even to

## THE FRONTIER

the fashioning of clothes from the skins of animals. But dreams that could materialize, for the frontier was our settlement, were those of cowboys and of free riding over the untamed prairie. So, for reasons of nearness, Buffalo Bill and the wild west novels began to take the place of Crusoe.

I suppose my brother Joe, ten years older, had dreams of the same sort. We never talked much and I did not reason it out then, but he began to wear his hair long down his back like Buffalo Bill in the illustrated books and took to riding about a great deal more than was necessary on the farm. Then he worked up a plan to charge \$1.25 a head for herding the cattle of the Red River farmers during the summer, driving them thirty or forty miles west in the spring and keeping them on wild land ten miles beyond the farms till the harvests were over and the farmers wanted them back in the fall, just before the cold weather and the stall feeding began. In that way, instead of having pastures on their lands, the farmers could plow everything into grain and still own cattle that turned their barley and oats into beef for the market or for home use. The plan worked out, and occupied him for several years.

I think I was about fourteen when this happened, and I was in on it. During winter I walked three miles to school for three months and then when that term closed I would walk any necessary number of miles in another direction to some other school which either had a longer term or one running through different months. The last reachable school ended, there was a brief wait, and then we were on horseback riding back and forth through the valley picking up one animal here and three there until we had several hundred and drove them to Semple Lake, about twenty or thirty miles, as I remember it, southwest of Langdon.

In memory at least, Semple Lake is two or three miles long, less than half that wide, and narrow at one place, though not at the middle. It was then about ten miles from the nearest house in the direction of Langdon, which was northeast; in the direction of Milton, east, it was also ten miles. In both those directions were wheat farmers. To the south, fifteen or twenty miles away, was a coulee running, I think, east and west. Along this, five or ten miles from each other were ranches. Southeast of us was one that owned its own stock, but south of us was John Moscrip with an outfit just like ours—they herded cattle for the Red River farmers. To the southwest there were no ranches,



and the farms were only a mere fringe near Devil's Lake, therefore forty or fifty miles away. Only once, when our cattle drifted before a sleet storm, did we go that far. I have the haziest memory of one or two farmers I met on that occasion. I was worried, for our stock had done their grain some damage before we could stop them, but they were nevertheless not angry and demanded no damages. To the west I never knew how far the settlements were, but I think the first ones may have been on the Mouse River, one or two hundred miles away. And they were only cattle ranches, I think.

The prairie was still the prairie when we came to it. The buffalo were gone, but their trails were so deep that they looked almost fresh on their own accord and were fresh wherever our cattle went, for they used them. After a prairie fire the blackened land was peppered gray with their bones. But that did not last beyond the four years of my cowboy days, for the Indians began to come in from the Turtle Mountain country with wagons, picking them up. It was said the bones went to St. Louis, where there was a market for them in the refining of sugar. An Indian family could pick about \$10 to \$15 worth of bones per day while they were in the field; but then they lost time, of course, hauling them to the nearest railway town—usually Langdon. Later when the bones began to give out, the Indians picked snake root. They made good wages at this, \$2 to \$3 per day for each member of the family, children of less than ten making as much as their elders, even more. We picked snake root, too, occasionally. This was for the wholesale drug market, and I believe the roots were shipped to St. Louis.

So far I have talked of the real prairie, in the main. The antelopes were real, and we hunted them on horseback or afoot, until one day after a long chase, with my horse well winded, I caught up to a wounded one and found my large bullet had torn a big hole in its abdomen and that the intestines had been trailing, the beast stepping in them as it ran. After that I never hunted any animal for fun and never killed any till I went to the Arctic where you have to hunt to live. Even there I always have to rationalize to myself the killing of a caribou—I have to remember, what is the fact, that every animal gets a little slower in running each year as it grows older, and that by the age of five or six they are the slowest in the band, when they are dragged down by the pursuing wolves after a gruesome chase and eaten alive. It is better for a caribou, I have to tell myself, to receive a bullet near the heart and never know where it came from than to flee in terror

## THE FRONTIER

for several hours and then be eaten while dying. Men are cruel, but not so cruel as nature.

Of course that is sophistry. When I kill a caribou, it only means that another caribou will be rent alive by wolves. But this is a world of sophistries. We have to shut our eyes when we can and when we cannot we have to fool ourselves. Otherwise, we sink under the burden of the world's misery.

It was the prairie of my fancy, I think, which had the most fascination. I saw a little of it by day as I rode across the swelling hills and looked toward the horizon, sometimes clear in a wavy line, sometimes dancing in haze. But I saw much of it at night by starlight. I had changed from cattle herding then to driving wild horses that came from Montana on their way to the Red River farmers to be sold. They had to be nightherded, and it was often my job. In that clear air your accustomed eyes could see strangely far even without the moon. The world had meaning, then, not its own doubtless, but yours, that transcended its meaning by day. Then, too, I saw the northern lights for the first time and became familiar with the thrill of being (which is seeming) far away and alone. There were around you so you could feel them mysteries to be solved; there were near you so you could see them the boundaries of realms to be penetrated. Beyond the clear and starry horizon were countries to be discovered. These were all mysteries and boundaries and countries of the mind. They might have translated themselves later into problems of astronomy or biology. In fact I read and worked and planned for several years to make biology my life work. That life work turned out to be, instead, a study of primitive man; and I did, after many years, discover people who had never seen a match lighted or a rifle fired and who knew of white man only by tribe-to-tribe hearsay. Eventually I discovered lands more remote than Crusoe's, for savages had seen his island but no human eyes had ever seen mine. These were real lands of stone and sod and grass. That they were not new theories in biology or astronomy instead, new countries of the imagination, resulted, I think, from mere chance. The prairie would mean as much the beginning of his life to an explorer of the heavens as it does now to a traveler about the earth.

## Mike

by Merle T. Haines

MIKE threw up his head to watch the riders who were trotting leisurely toward him and his band of wild horses. Standing on a small knoll, he saw the strangers when they left the timber. He snorted, stamped and held his head high, rolling his big eyes from the horsemen to his band. His nostrils flared as he caught their scent, and he whistled savagely.

Mike was an outlaw. He had been captured when a three-year-old and had been nearly killed by a man who had tried to break him with a club; he had caught the man off his guard, struck him, breaking his shoulder, and had escaped; he had run wild since then, hating and fearing men. These men knew him only as a big, strong horse, well built and fast.

When Mike judged the men were too close he whirled and single-footed across the flat, followed by his excited band.

With wide nostrils thrust out to catch the wind they followed their leader heading for the rough, timbered ridges behind Lava mountain. The riders leaned low over their straining ponies, chasing the cloud of dust that ran before them, scarfs and saddle strings snapping in the wind.

Mike made the timber and ran along a broad trail holding his head low to avoid branches. He was running too hard to see or smell clearly, so he plunged into the blind corral. He sensed that something was wrong before he saw the barrier across the trail. His four legs stiffening, his hind quarters sank back till they nearly touched the ground as he ploughed to a halt, his nose against the logs and brush. The herd piled in upon him, a kicking, squealing mass.

The horses untangled and ran wildly around the enclosure, seeking a hole. Men were rolling up heavy logs at the entrance. Mike screamed as he leapt at the fence, striking at it with his forefeet and tearing it with his teeth. He fell back; got up; tried again. The sweat poured out of him, soaking his coppery hide and dripping to the ground.

Two men rode inside. Mike rushed them, his teeth bared, his ears flat on his neck. They parted and as he swerved towards one a lariat clutched him around the neck, biting into the hide, cutting off his wind and almost jerking him off his feet. He caught his balance and started for the man holding the rope. The second rider flipped a noose over



## THE FRONTIER

his head. He fought till he fell. Then the rope slackened and he caught some air. It was heavy with dust but it eased his lungs.

Mike was snaked down to a ranch between two rope horses. If he fought he was choked down and the saddle horses were too wise and well trained to let him get near them. But Mike fought. It was his nature. Occasionally he was forced to take short breathing spells, then he went at it again till his legs trembled under him and his lungs grew raw and sore.

At the ranch they tied him to a snubbing post in the round corral. He stood there in the sun for two days, without water and with a small bunch of hay. He had never eaten hay. It was dry and dusty and smelled strongly of man. His flanks became gaunt, his eyes sank.

The third day Mike was put in a shute and harnessed. As the straps slapped his back and sides he crouched, quivering and snorting—four years ago this same thing had caused him pain. They opened the shute and he sprang out, bawling, bucking and kicking. He lunged against the fence and a rider from the outside beat him back. One foot caught over a hold-back strap and ripped it loose. The breeching slipped to one side and in a minute the harness was broken straps. Another harness was put on and one forefoot was tied up. This time it stayed. Mike hobbled around the corral all day, fighting the bit and kicking at the straps when they touched him. After dark he got down to the water and drank in big sucking gulps. He waded into the creek and splashed water on his belly with his forefoot. Snorting, head up, eyes burning, he scrambled up the bank. Far off in the night a horse whinnied. Mike answered with a piercing cry and strained against the fence, his muscles quivering, his heart pounding.

For several days he wore the harness and hated it as much on the last as on the first. He was nervous, frightened and starved. He'd jump at the least sound or movement. They threw him some freshly cut hay. It was wet and sweet; he ate it and looked for more.

One morning they led out a sleepy grey and hitched him to Mike, tying their tails together. For two days the team was driven in the corral. Mike dragged Oak, the big grey, and Marks, the two hundred-pound man, all over the corral. He foamed and sweat, circled and backed. Marks, cursing, jerked and sawed on the lines.

The alfalfa was ready to cut. Marks was short on work horses so he and Little Bill decided to hitch Mike to the mower. They milled for an hour to get Mike backed up to the machine. Marks held the lines

while Little Bill tried to hitch them up. He got the neckyoke in place but in reaching over to snap it to Mike's collar he got in front.

Mike's right frontfoot flashed up, out and down. Little Bill tried to jump back. The ragged, unshod hoof slashed down his chest, skimming clothes and skin from it. Little Bill landed on his shoulders, a scream of pain and fright in his throat. With agility born of terror, he rolled under the fence and lay gasping for breath.

Mike snorted and plunged forward, eager to bite and trample. Marks dug his heels in the dirt and leaned back, seesawing on the reins. The bit clamped on Mike's lower jaw, bringing the blood, cutting his swollen tongue. It forced him to rear, shaking his head and pawing at the air. He came down with one foot over the neckyoke and another straddling the tongue of the mower. In a mad effort to free himself he fell and was unable to get up.

Marks wrapped the lines around a post and ran to Little Bill. When he got there the boy was sitting up, cautiously exploring his bruised and bloody chest.

"I'm all right," he told Marks, trying hard to smile.

"Better go to the house and get fixed up," said Marks and turned back to the team.

He soft-footed up to Mike's back. He hesitated a moment to take a deep breath, then quickly planted one knee on the horse's neck, just behind the ear. Grasping Mike's nose in his right hand, he twisted it back until it pointed straight up. Mike groaned and writhed. Marks unsnapped the breast strap with his left hand, loosening the neckyoke and freeing Mike's front foot. Then he leapt back and got the lines firmly in his left hand. In his right he held a ten-foot blacksnake.

The heavy whip hummed through the air and snapped as it bit into Mike's hide. It brought him to his feet with one movement. He tried to run away but could only follow the corral fence. Marks pivoted in the center, jerking on the lines and swinging the whip.

"Swish-snap! Swish-snap!" The blacksnake writhed back and forth through the air.

When Marks' arm grew tired and his anger cooled he stopped the horses. He forced Mike into the barn and tied him with a heavy rope hackamore. When the harness came off Mike shook himself, a long breath of relief whistling from his lungs. But Marks came back. Mike grew tense. His muscles bunched, ready to snap into action. Marks climbed up on the outside of the stall and leaned over, sliding a broad,

## THE FRONTIER

heavy strap over Mike's cut and bloody back. Mike flinched and crouched in anticipation.

It came in a minute, before he knew what to expect. Marks reached under his belly with a long wire hook, drew the strap-end to him, slipped it through the end-buckle and reared up on it. Mike's breathing was restricted; the strap hurt his back. With a bawl of rage and pain he threw himself backwards. The hackamore tightened over his ears and around his nose. His eyes bulged. He crashed forward into the manger. He kicked and struck, threw himself and floundered up again. But the band still cut into him. He stopped from exhaustion, his breath rasping through his nostrils, sweat dripping from his belly and flanks. As he stood with legs braced, Marks buckled a hobble strap on each front foot. Then he put the foot rope on, running it from the right hobble, through the ring on the belly band, down to the left hobble, back through the ring and on out behind him. He threw the harness back on and holding the foot rope, led Mike out.

The hobbles and rope frightened Mike. He walked awkwardly, throwing his feet far to the side to get away from them. He made a startled leap, jerking away from Marks, when the harness scraped the side of the door. Marks pulled on the foot-rope. At the third jump Mike's front legs snapped up to his belly. He went down on his nose. A grunt was wrenched from him as his neck twisted back. Then his feet were released and he got up. He started to run, and again his feet were pulled up.

All afternoon he was driven around the corral; every time he tried to fight he was jerked to his nose. He was put in the barn for the night and given a very little hay and water. In the morning he was more gaunt and wild-eyed than ever, and still vicious. When Marks tried to go behind him he slashed out his right hind foot, barely missing him. He tasted the whip for that and bruised and battered himself in trying to break away.

That morning they got him hitched to the mower. Oak, the big grey, pushed and dragged him where he didn't want to go, and bit him when he fought too much.

So they went around and around the field of alfalfa at a tiresome plod with a noise dragging behind them.

Green, damp hay lay under his feet and waved in the breeze beside him, tickling his shoulder, but he couldn't get a mouthful. His tongue was swollen, his jaws and mouth tender and raw from the clamping



bit always pressing tightly on his lower jaw, crushing it. His shoulders, under the collar, were sweaty and sore; the hobbles dragged at his feet, chafing them.

When a grouse, springing from the alfalfa with a hum of wings, jarred Oak from his sleepy calm, Mike shied against him and plunged forward. Marks yelled, dropping the foot ropes and lines as he fell backwards off the seat. Oak was frightened and tried to keep up with the running sorrel. The mower bounced and jolted behind them.

The sickle guard caught a rock and snapped off; a wheel broke on another rock. They jumped a ditch. A trace parted, the tongue dropped, plowing into the ground. There was a ripping of leather, a crashing of iron and wood as the mower rolled free. The team gradually slackened, their terror lessening. They stopped in the corner of the field, crowded against the fence.

Marks caught them there. He punished Mike, with a fence pole. Mike kicked back and got more for his resistance. He was taken to the barn half dead.

"I'll put you on the merry-go-round tomorrow. I'll damn well show you," Marks promised.

The merry-go-round, a contraption for taking the fight out of bad horses, had never yet failed. It was made up of two sixty-foot logs bolted to a center post and extending outward in the form of an A. On the end of each was a wagon wheel. About the middle was another wheel fastened between the two to keep them from sagging. On one log was a seat. Between the logs, at the outer ends, the horses were hitched. They were tied to the log in front of them. As long as the harness held the horses could do nothing but go forward in a circle. After dragging the heavy logs around the center post a few hours almost any horse would "stand without hitching."

But in the morning Marks had to help his men rush in the hay, so Mike had a reprieve. There were no men around, no horses. They were all out in the hay field. An old rooster strutted across the corral talking foolishness to the hens following him. Mike was too tired to chase them out. He stood with his nose on a fence rail to protect it from stinging nose flies. There was no shade then, but in the afternoon the barn would lay its shadow across the corral. Already it was beginning to creep out.

The sneezing of the work horses and the rattling of the harnesses as they came in at noon aroused Mike. He watched them go to the

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creek and drink deeply, then trot back to the barn, whinnying for oats.

The men paused to look at him.

"He's sure a hell-bender," said one.

In the afternoon Mike stuck his head in the shade of the barn and slept, as peaceful as though he were under his favorite pine tree out on the range. He paid no attention to Little Bill as he sat on the porch whittling. He flipped one ear forward when the cook stepped out slamming the door behind her, then he flipped it back again.

Evening, and the men came in from the field. They watered Mike and fed him a little. Night, and the cool air drifted down from the mountains. Morning—

Marks blindfolded Mike to hitch him to the merry-go-round. With the lines and the whip in his hands he braced himself in the seat. Little Bill was around again so he rode a saddle horse alongside of Mike and jerked the blindfold.

Mike ran till he was winded, dragging Oak and the merry-go-round with him. Then he tried to stop and fight, but Oak went ahead, forcing him along. Marks pulled on the lines to get him used to them.

Around and around they went. The sun was hot. The merry-go-round dragged heavily. The day wore on—slowly! One hour, two hours. The wheels groaned and sent up the choking, pulverized dirt. Blood dripped from Mike's mouth making little spots in it. He got a short breathing spell while Oak was taken out and a fresh horse put in. They started again, around and around on the endless trail.

When Mike lagged he got the whip. Then he would run awhile, fighting the bit, kicking at the man. Finally the whip failed to arouse him. He had no feelings. His feet mechanically carried him around in a circle like a locoed horse trying to catch the shade around a bush too small to throw any shade. Unless stopped, he would go like this till he fell.

At last he was pulled up and driven down to another mower. A fresh horse was put with him. Mike gave no sign. Marks could see he was about done for. He leaned carelessly over to hook the breast strap. Mike's eyes blazed, his muscles quivered as his upper lip curled back. A cry came from Marks as Mike's teeth crushed his arm. The ragged hoof was a blurred streak as it went out. Marks was thrown several feet and lay crumpled in an unnatural position. Mike was an outlaw!

Men came running and they carried Marks away. Then Little Bill got a rifle. He leaned it against the fence, mounted his saddle horse and riding alongside of Mike cut the harness straps with his jack-knife. Guiding his horse with his knees, the rifle in one hand and the hackamore rope in the other, he led Mike up the lane. Out on the flat he slipped the hackamore over his ears.

Mike backed away and stood free with the open range stretched before him. He shied and started to single-foot across the prairie. Little Bill jerked down the lever and watched the shell slide into the barrel. He looked up. Mike was running now, running smoothly, with his head up. Bill lined the sight on the coppery streak and squeezed the trigger.

## *The Desert*

By Brooks Kairn

Sands glare and smolder under steel blue skies,  
Flow sullenly in heat-drenched waves across the barren plain—  
Whirl high in savage glee—fleet maelstroms—  
Cones of torrid wrath racing the clouds,  
To sink in crackling lisp on yellow dunes.

Parched skeletons in hideous state,  
Cracked, bleaching bones picked bare by vultures,  
Over leering skulls a glaze-eyed lizard  
Drags his smooth, blue belly.

Fluted giant saguaros lift spiny arms in weird array,  
Yucca, mesquite and palo verde,  
Grease-wood, torote and prickly pear,  
Spanish bayonet and ocotillo  
Suck greedily the life blood from hot stagnant loam.

A rattlesnake in sinuous grace weaves thru the dust,  
Each rhythmic movement noted warily  
By stinging scorpion and Gila monster,  
Tarantula, horned-toad and chuckawalla;  
On distant mesa rim a coyote skulks, and veiled mirage  
Shimmers above the salt incrustated waste of dry sea-bed.



## *The Romantic Sailor*

By James Stevens.

THIS is the story of a little adventure that happened to me in the rip-roaring days of San Francisco's Barbary Coast. The place was the Thalia Dance Hall. The time was past midnight, and I had been making the attempt, very successfully, to get rid of the savings of a winter of labor in Southern California, for I was shipping out to the Oregon woods on the morrow. At last I had only a few dollars left. I was weary of the mauling, shouting crowd and the screeching, clattering music. All in a moment the men in the hall looked sweaty and boozy to me and their gaiety sounded harsh and unreal. Music and glamor went out from the painted, short-skirted dancing girls; and I thought yearningly of a moon-dark Mexican maiden; and once again I heard the whispering of her dress, as I had heard it when we walked under the pepper trees of Sonoratown, matching our steps with the drowsy strumming of guitars which sounded from the doors of vine-wreathed adobe houses. Over the racket and glare of the Coast memory spread a veil—the soft romance of Southern nights. Before me there was a vision of glamorous darkness and misted light, and I dreamed amid a golden gloom of starry skies and starry waters. . . .

I had retreated to a seat at a table in a dark corner. There fancy was my slave. At my wish it curtained the scene and smothered the noise of the dance hall. The silken legs of the girls and the gaudy yellow shoes of the men became no more than sticks and stones. The howling music was no more than a wind. I was under the spell of a lovelier vision.

The dream fled when I felt the table jar heavily against my chair. I looked up and saw a sailorman swaying over the table, his huge red fists gripping its edge. He was dressed in a loose-fitting blue serge suit, and his throat, a flaming red from sea weather, swelled over the tight collar of a black sweater. His chin and jaws appeared singularly slight above the heavy muscularity of his body; but his gray eyes, under a whisky mist, had a sullen fire in them; and they shone beneath a tousel of coarse red hair, which had worked out from under the cap set far back on his head. He stood swaying for a minute, glaring silently at me all the while. He reminded me of Jack London's Satanic whaler captain.

"Set down, Sea Wolf," I said brashly. "Set down and let your licker rest."

He glared so then that I decided to put on my friendliest grin for him. At last he grunted and sat down. Then his gaze roved among the dancers. It halted on a Spanish girl in green. His thin lips tightened in a fierce grin.

"Here she comes," he said. "Look 'er over, boy!"

The girl in green whirled by, clutched tightly in the arms of a gaily-tailored man who had the stamp of the city all over him.

"She threw me over, that Spaniola did," growled the big sailor-man. "Made 'er think I was broke and sailing in the morning, just to test 'er out. Shook me in a minnit, she did. Unloaded me without a warning! But I ain't broke, and I ain't sailing, see! I'll teach her to think I'm one of these tramp scum! Me! Blooey! This mob o' lubbers makes me sick."

He leaned back in his chair and laughed a harsh, growly chuckle. A waiter looked us over inquiringly and the sailorman ordered beer for two. The soothing juice of the barley touched him with a more genial humor.

"Calling me 'Sea Wolf' and thinking I wasn't knowing about him, eh?" he said, nodding sagely. "Me not knowing Jack Lon'on! Ho! Ho! I 'ave to larf. Kiddo, I know 'im well, 'im and more. Know all the literchoor of the water. Melville and Dana and Lon'on, and Conrad, the shining lord of all of 'em! Son, did you ever read *Lord Jim*? No? So I reckoned. That's me—Lord Jim. I'm a romantic, too, damn it to hell! Bloody romantic. Kind of a Norstromo, too, in a way. Always doing hell-fool things on account of some gell when I'm in port; damning myself to hell when I 'its the bloomin' sea. Cap'n Conrad'd a knowed my trouble. Sea Wolf—hell! What'd Lon'on know about a pore feller's soul? What'd he a seen in me but my muscle? To show my feelings about the Spaniola and that strutting macque—that's a job for Cap'n Joseph."

He talked on in a thick growl about writers, his voice now sounding the speech of the Cockney, now having a Western American twang in it. His talk did not interest me particularly, and he had spoiled my dream; I wanted to get away from him, but I had to listen politely while I drank his beer.

"You an' yer Sea Wolf!" He laughed mockingly. "I s'pose you think Sailor Jack's the greatest writer they is?"

"He suits me all right," I said. "But I haven't read very much."

"Oh, the beautiful ignerence of youth!" cried the sailorman, in a singing voice. A new humor softened the fire of his gaze. "You work with your hands, I see; and you suffer, for sure, and you wonder why. But mostly you shake trouble off and frolic away—frolic away—knowing nothin'—carin' nothin'! But me, matey—looky 'ere at pore me—Lord Jim and Norstromo—a feller who has voyaged many times on the *Narcissus*—aye, many times with that pore, weary, fearful, storm-beaten crew of simple, toilin' men. Now and forever I'll see my own soul and the souls of other men stripped bare. That's literchoor. Frolic away in ignerance. That's youth. 'Ere's to you, you bloody igner'nt youth, you!"

He had ordered whisky, and now he gulped a glass of it. He turned the emptied glass in his big red fingers and stared hard at it for a while, saying nothing. I saw the wild glitter returning to his eyes. I wanted no more of the romantic sailorman, and I told him I had to get out, as I was off for the woods in the early morning.

"Just a minute, bucko!" His voice snapped the command clearly, losing its alcoholic muddiness. "I've a bit of a chore for you first. And I'll pay you well. Interduce you to literchoor, I will. All I want is for you to glom the next dance with Spaniola and scare her with a warning. Tell 'er for God's sake to be careful of Nors—no, this is better: tell 'er for God's sake does she know that's the 'riginal Wolf Larsen she's just shook! And tell her you found out I wasn't sailing in the morning at all, see. You do that; and then come back here; and I'll fix you up. Trot now."

I was not sorry to have this bit of adventure. I got the Spanish girl in green, and, as she turkey-trotted with me over the vast dance floor of the *Thalia*, I revealed her danger to her, in the thrilling manner I had seen heroes of melodrama employ on the stage.

"Tell me something new," she laughed scornfully. "I hear a spiel like that every night. If he cuts up, he'll go out of here on a stretcher."

"But he's the 'riginal Wolf Larsen, I tell you!"

"What's that to me? He may be a devil on a ship, but he'll get his tail twisted if he tries any rough stuff here."

"Yeah?" was all I could say.

"M-m-m-hmmh! And, listen, birdie, don't chirp too loud yourself!"



The dance done, she got her check and swaggered away with a nonchalant, "Tell the gorilla he'd better mope. He makes me sick."

The sailorman heard me gloomily.

"Love and lick's blowed me into dirty weather," he mumbled. "Spaniola seems to have me foul. Treats me with the most miser'ble contempt! Hell's bells! Well—'s my fate. Wolf Larsen, the hero—bah! Men and women—women especially—despise the kind. Once I whipped four men in a fair fight. Girl called me a bully then. Spaniola says I'm a gorilla. Blimey, but life's a rotten lay, matey. Avast there, Lord Jim! Le's have some more lick. Mus' get romantic again."

I was thinking quite a bit less of this sailorman by now; and when I heard him order more whisky, I told him I had to go.

"Well, I promised you a interduction to literchoor," he said, "I'll write it out; then leave me to sink, if you wanten."

He scribbled in a notebook as the waiter put down two glasses of whisky. We drank.

The sailorman tore a leaf from his notebook, directing me to take it to a waterfront bar. I put it in my pocket, called a "S'long!" over my shoulder, and strode through the swinging doors, very glad to get out. As I pushed through the doors I took a backward glance. The strange sailorman was gazing romantically at the whirling figure of the Spanish girl in green, and his red hand was fumbling inside his sweater. I knew that he was reaching for his last roll of bills. Spaniola had conquered him. After all, he would be broke at dawn and sailing hopelessly out of the harbor. I felt a grand youthful contempt for his weakness. This mountain of a man was like all old stiffs, I thought, as I stepped out into the bright street; any dance hall fluesy could get them foul.

I circled around to the waterfront saloon. The bartender read the note and handed over a thick package. I opened it in my room. Nothing but books. Before I could look through even one of them my thoughts were caught up in the radiant memory of Southern nights. I fell asleep in dreams of a moon-dark girl. I awoke in that vision of loveliness. I walked with it down the stairs and through the streets to my train. The books, forgotten, were left behind. I cannot remember the title of one of them. But I am sure that they were all romantic books.

## Two Sonnets

By Courtland W. Matthews.

### I. *White Town*

White Town is lonely on the low green hill,  
Beside the little boat-deserted bay.  
The gulls cry by her crumbling wharves all day,  
The sea-winds in her empty streets are shrill,  
And she is lashed and torn by storms from sea.  
But at her vine-hid gates no hinge is heard—  
Beneath her mossy roofs, no step, no word;  
The dear sounds all are left to memory.

White Town is filled with dreams of days long done.  
Serene, she sits in mist and rain and sun,  
Still looking, as in happy years before,  
Across the water to the distant bar—  
Still waiting for the tall familiar spar,  
For sailor sons who come to her no more.

### II. *The Homestead*

The big house in the valley stands forsaken,  
Time's mossy touches on its roof are shown,  
The vane leans broken, the gutters hang rust-taken;  
Mixed with the silence is the monotone  
Of falling water by the mute mill flowing.  
Have hearts forgotten how the children played  
Along the creek? How cattle, homeward lowing,  
Long lingered at the ford to drink and wade?

The hill-path sleeps fern-grown and foot-deserted;  
The orchard grass is ruddy with ripe fruit,  
Which transient rabbits munch undisconcerted;  
From neighboring woods the black bear comes to loot  
The berries. Hop-vines hide the crumbling shed,  
And time the insatiable by change is fed.

## Hans

By Mary Hartwick.

This is the story of Hans, my neighbor, whose homestead lies beyond mine a mile farther from the Ranch. It begins on a November night five years ago.

The moon came up from behind the long white scarp of Holland Peak. Across the narrow valley, it lit up the snowcaps of the Mission Range, so that they stood out clear against the steel-blue of a winter sky. The light crept down over the glacier fields and fell on the green shoulders of the forest. It searched out the canyons and little swales of the foothills. And the clearing and the little cabin of Hans.

The slanting moonbeams struck fire to the snow crystals. Clean and smooth and glistening lay the clearing of Hans. Gone the blackened stumps, the half-burned logs, the piles of stones and brush. Gone the wee lake and meadow, little intervals of grace here in the deep woods. Sunlit pool and field of waving blue monkshood lay deep in their winter sleep. There was nothing to break the surface of the snow, except the little cabin, crouching bravely and incongruously in the center of the clearing, defying with its bright-shining windows the utter solitude and the palpable spirit of the wilderness that pressed in from the shadowy walls of forest.

Inside the cabin, Hans sat on a bench tediously turning his furs rightside out. Anna was putting records on a tinkling phonograph. And up and down the floor spun the two children, Nordland elves, silver-haired, with fringed gentian eyes, dancing with inherent grace. And as they danced, they let out squeals of ecstatic joy, like the bubbling over of some pure fountain of delight.

The young mother, in whose great dark eyes lay always some mystery of sadness and a far-away calm, was listening apprehensively now, for her quick ear had caught a crunching on the snow down by the gap. She sat still and waited, looking at Hans, but he was rustling the dry furs and did not hear. Anna sprang up with alarm at the sound of a knock on the door.

Hans, too, was startled. Dropping his work he hurried to the door. Then he began to chuckle, "Ha, ha, Oskar, where you going a night like this without your clothes on? Come on in, you must be froze." Then Hans stopped laughing, for Oskar, coming into the light, was deathly sick—and falling.



They got him into a chair and pulled off his steaming underwear and took the gum shoes off his half-frozen feet. "No, no, Hans, leave 'em on, I gotta go."

"Where did you come from, Oskar?" asked Hans.

"From the Ranch, of course. They had me in bed and my clothes hid. I left anyhow. I gotta get home and feed my dog and cat." And looking down at himself, "I can wear this blanket. You len' me some socks, will you, Hans? I gotta go."

Oskar wasn't going anywhere. After he had swallowed the hot milk that Anna brought, he caved in. Hans, after a tussle, hefted the overgrown boy onto the bed in the corner and imprisoned him in the blankets. And after a while, drowsily, "You feed my cat and dog, will you, Hans? You feed 'em."

Later, when the boy in the corner seemed to sleep and Hans slept in his chair, Anna crept softly over to the other bed and lay down with the children. She covered them up and put her arm around them. But Anna did not sleep.

In the morning Hans fed and cared for the boy and persuaded him to stay in bed. "You stay here, Oskar, while I go and feed your dog and cat, will you?" Oskar would. Hans would find some meat under a box on the porch and some canned milk under the floor by the stove. "Feed 'em good, Hans."

Incredibly swift went Hans, down his long white lane in the forest. Hans was used to skis and he was strong. And fear nipped at his heels and love lent wings. Hans flew.

Incredibly soon he fetched up at the door of the Ranch house. Still on his skis he was listening to the doctor from town.

"We can't let you come in. We are full of flu here—patients from the homesteads. Where did you come from?"

"Me?" Hans stared. "Me," he said dumbly. Then he started to chuckle. "Why, I came from another house full of flu—full by now, I guess."

Then he stopped his ghastly chuckling and told the doctor. And they followed him with a sled. For Hans had gone, as he had come.

Again he stood in his own door. When he could see, there was Anna in the corner, bending over the boy, rubbing something into his chest. She came forward. "He had a bad spell—coughing and choking. His lungs are rattly."

Hans went in and told Anna—very quietly, making light of it. She kept her whitening face turned away from the questioning eyes of the children. "He's too sick now to move. They can't take him out in this cold. We will have to move—into the shed."

Quickly, Hans picked up the still warm stove and carried it into the shed, leaving Anna's range, for Oskar would not want much heat. Then Hans went up a ladder nailed to the wall and threw down a lot of rugs, goatskins, homewoven blankets of purest wool, a feather-bed, and big square downy pillows, treasures from the homeland. And Anna and the children snatched them up and ran to the shed.

"Tan we take the dolls and moosie and everysing, Daddy Hans?"

"Yah, take everything, run, quick." This was fun. So was the bathing and scrubbing and gargling, for they must be going somewhere, they were getting into their wraps and hurrying so. And the wee girl ran to find her muff of white rabbit skin, that Mother Anna had made. It had a red ribbon to go over her neck and a rosebud with green stem, nestling in the fluff. She loved her little muff and red mittens. They were bundled up and set out on a table in the sun, to air. And presently, Anna, herself scrubbed and renovated, took them into the shed.

It was evening when the sled came. The horses had had a hard time in the lane, breaking road. The doctor went in for a while with Oskar. Then he came out and talked with Anna and looked into the shed and after giving Hans some medicine and instructions for Oskar, he went back to his other patients.

And Hans had to go in and tell Oskar. First Anna handed out some milk toast from the shed and Hans coaxed Oskar to eat it. Then he told him.

Oskar got mad and cursed. "The old son of a gun, comin' 'way up here to tell you that, 'stead o' doin' somethin' for me. Why, the missus has me almost well now—he's crazy, the dam old fool." And cursing and choking and arguing with himself, he fell back exhausted and lay still, staring.

Then in the gathering dusk—"Oh, Hans, come here. Hans, you do something for me. You tell me—it can't be, can it, Hans? Oh, I don't need to die, I want to live—I can get well, can't I, Hans?"

Hans was filled with a great compassion. He gathered his friend in his arms and steadily, soothingly, like a mother, comforted him. Then—"Take it like a gentleman, Oskar, go out like a gentleman. We

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all have to go, maybe soon. You shouldn't act like a baby, Oskar, you're a grown man. Attaboy, like a gentleman, now."

At long last, the boy turned his wet face from the wall. "Like a gentleman it is, Hans." And he tried to smile.

And as the long hours of the night wore out, peace came into the cabin of Hans. The two men were boys again, back in their homeland. Inarticulate Hans grew eloquent. He spoke with authority and persuasion. He got down books and read, and to make Oskar laugh sang some of the songs of their early days. And talked of their early teachings. When breath was scarce, the boy signalled, "Go on."

Hans, seeing how things were going, remembered his boyhood prayers:

"Gud Fader, Son och den Helige And'  
Med all sine englars skara . . ."

When the moon withdrew its shining shaft from the west window, the soul of the boy went with it. Like a gentleman he went.

The next evening the sled came again. And went. Hans, turning from staring after it, began to dig a hole in the deep snow. He brought out Oskar's bed and things and burned them. Then he took off his own clothing and flung it into the flames. Taking a header into the soft snow, he came up chuckling and ran into the cabin. Soon there was such a smoke coming out through the shakes, that Anna called to know if he was burning the cabin down. Hans was fumigating, himself included.

After a few days they moved back. Hans let go some of the fear around his heart and took up his work. In the evenings Anna played the phonograph for the children while they danced. When they were asleep, she sat under the pedestal lamp that Hans had made out of the enlarged bole of a lodgepole pine and she was working the tiniest, most exquisite rosebuds on a tiny dress. Anna had the fingers of an artist. She had beautified the rude cabin with her handwork so that it was something like the homes she and Hans had grown up in. Mother Anna, whose children were always so becomingly dressed and their belongings so beautified. Anna who loved the little lake and the blue monkshood and waited for the coming of summer.

Sometimes Hans was writing letters. Hans loved to write, and wrote in several languages, a very fine hand. One letter he was writing was making the sweat stand out on his forehead and he spent a long



time at the task. This was a letter to a girl overseas, waiting to hear from Oskar.

Then swiftly, Anna was stricken. The doctor came back on the day that he had set, to look in on them. He found Anna in bed and Hans waiting for him. He stayed two days. Looking at the children, he made a superhuman effort for the life of Anna. She was better when he returned to the Ranch. "I will come again day after tomorrow." And he told Hans what to do. And that her heart was getting weak.

Anna slept until towards evening. Then she began coughing or lying in a stupor. When she grew worse Hans propped her up and tried to help her. Later she begged not to take the medicine or treatments on her lungs. "I am tired, let me rest." She seemed better and breathed easily and her lungs did not fill up like Oskar's.

Later in the night, when Hans had been sleeping with his head dropped on the edge of her bed, she called him. "I will not be here with you in the morning, Hans, I'm going too." She told him calmly, with resting from the exhaustion of speech, and made him be still and listen. "No, you will only make me worse, it's my heart; don't disturb me."

Hans was broken; he felt paralyzed. Still, he could scarcely believe, for Anna was so quiet and at ease. And once he read from her English Bible, at some of the places that opened easily from long wear—all running along the same theme—"Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth—when the morning stars sang together? For He sayeth to the snow, be thou on the earth; likewise to the small rain, and to the great rain of His strength." And when Hans was reading about the green pastures, which Anna had marked in her book, he looked up to see if she were sleeping. Anna was more than sleeping. Anna had gone away. Gone quietly, without rebellion, without fear, facing forward.

And Hans sat in the light of the moon through the west windows, and waited for the morning. And with the first light of another day, he set to do the things Anna had told him to do.

Hans got the children up, first pulling the curtains about the other bed. He had already prepared their oatmeal and toast and cut the toast in tiny strips as Anna had done. The boy could mostly dress himself, except for the garters. And the little girl laughed at his awkwardness, and the boy told him how the girl's things went on.

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Very dignified and straight they sat, like lady and gentleman, and did not cram. Very patiently, eyeing each other, they folded their little floursack napkins with the lovely initial topside. Then they both said at once—"Tak for Maden, Daddy Hans."

He lifted them down from their homemade high chairs and they stood quietly at attention, these well-mannered children of Hans, waiting to see what this brand new day would bring to them.

"We will go for a ride, while Mother Anna sleeps." He had already collected their wraps, making sure to get the muff and everything. Wrapping the little girl in a woollen blanket he stood her in his packsack and tied her mittens on at the wrists, and fastened her little red cap on with a big silk scarf. He took a lot of pains with her, then he set her outside, where the boy was waiting on the skiis.

Then Hans went back inside. Soon they began to call him. "We's waiting, Daddy Hans, hurry, tum on, es do." He came out and secured the door. When he turned to the children he was ironing out his countenance with the palm of his hand and Hans' smile, which he generally managed for his children, was all awry.

Picking up the packsack he put it on his shoulders and the head-band across his forehead. Stepping into the skiis, he took the boy in his arms and started again down his long white lane in the forest. Not so swiftly, but with a great effort at haste.

So—he came into my clearing that day. Seeing the torture of his progress, I went to meet him and took the sleeping boy from his cramped arms. He slid the band off his wet forehead and swung the girl into his arms.

"Fru—Ma'am, I bring my children to you. They both sleep. Anna, my wife, is dead."

And even while I was unwrapping the bewildered children, now awake and yearning toward Daddy Hans, he was going. Refusing to wait for the food I offered to bring, he was going. "I go to get the sled for Anna."

Out through my clearing, back to the road, gaining momentum as he went—to get the sled for Anna.



## Old Bateese

By Frank B. Linderman.

Oui, she's pass, Bateese LaForge,  
 Today 'bout ha'-pas' ten.  
 W'en she's stop firs' tam our place?  
 Monsieur, HI'm small boy den.  
 My fadder sit beside de fire,  
 An' me, HI'm play hon floor—  
 She's col' houtside lak anyt'ing—  
 Some person rap hon door.  
 "Bienvenue," my Fadder call;  
 My Modder say, "De pries'!"  
 De cabban door is open, slow,  
 An' dere she is—Bateese!  
 Mushrat cap, an' mackinaw  
 W'ite wid snow an' sleet,  
 Beeg w'isker, too—an' blanket pant,  
 Botte sauvage hon feet.  
 She's spick no word; jest stop hon fire  
 Wid blue eye straight hon me.  
 "Mus' be yo're 'ongry," Modder say,  
 An' hol' Bateese say, "Oui."  
 De win' is 'owl, garou, also;  
 Come tam to sleep pour me—  
 My Fadder ask, "Yo're sleepy, too?"  
 An' hol' Bateese say, "Oui."  
 Dat's mos' she's spick, jes' "oui" two tam.



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No good pour mak de talk,  
But hon de reevaire, Sacre Bleu!  
She's premier hon de bark canoe!  
Sam lak de Hinjin hon de hoods;  
Know everyt'ing is dere;  
'Ow Madame doe is 'ide de fawn,  
'Ow bes' to trap de bear,  
Blow call an' fool hol' Monsieur Moose,  
Ketch bevaire hon de slide,  
Trap mushrat, too, an' chop de hood,  
Mak moccasin beside.  
She's tak me by de han', Bateese,  
An' me, HI'm learn som-e-t'ing,  
'Ow modder duck is mak believe  
He's got de busted wing,  
'Ow Madame goose is place de hegg  
In sof' roun', leetle nes',  
An' mak dem warm wid fedder, w'ite,  
He's scratchin' hoff hees breas';  
'Ow pheasant drum, w'ere trout is bite,  
W'ere beegest berry grow;  
Ever-t'ing is mos' wort'wile,  
Mongee! hol' Bateese know.  
She's come our place so quiet, lak,  
An' now she's go, sam way.  
Saint Peter say, "You lak come in?"  
An' hol' Bateese say, "Oui."

## *Under Trees*

By Grace Stone Coates.

Lying silent by my side  
Listen to the loom of time;  
Let day's silly prattle bide,  
And the lovely, singing rhyme;  
Let thought cease and, ceasing, doom  
Tides of soul to know their ebb.  
Lie and listen to time's loom  
Weaving us into its web.

## Cave-in

By John C. Frohlicher

He'd not been over long, and Irish pride  
 Could not disguise the fear-gleam in his eyes.  
 I watched him as he cautiously barred down,  
 And learned he'd been but two weeks in the mines.  
 When we stopped work for lunch, he told  
 Of starlight glinting on the Irish surf,  
 And of a girl in Derry. And then he asked:  
 "D'ye think she'll fall?" and looked up at the hanging wall.  
 I went out after powder, and she fell—  
 The rock crushed down. The starlight he adored  
 Was eighteen levels up. A miner's lamp,  
 Green-shining through the dust of caved-in stope,  
 Showed blood and muck together on his face.  
 I helped to dig him clear, and saw, at last,  
 There was no trace of fear in his blue eyes.  
 "She fell—I guess!" so much he said, and died.  
 There's one more ghost down on that level now.

## Prospector

By Norman W. Macleod.

He could never understand  
 Mountains were not made for speech,  
 That there was something out of reach  
 In shifting dunes of sand;  
 Sage was good for burning heat  
 Through the wintry night and not  
 For decorations for the hot  
 White sands that burnt his feet;  
 Distant panoramic view,  
 Tableland and desert butte  
 Or even plunging cactus root  
 Were only waste and blue.  
 (Never hunting for the gold  
 Nightly sinking in the west)—  
 He knew a claim was much the best  
 That could be bought or sold.

## Years

By Alice Passano Hancock

ALL the long railroad journey from St. Paul she had struggled against an inner surging happiness. A day and a night and then another day, moving always westward. The train ate up the prairie miles, the mountains came closer. From St. Paul to Shawano, from Dr. Hahn to Mamma, westward. But her mind went east and west, went east, back over the long miles to the dim smoky station and Dr. Hahn standing with his hat in his hand on the narrow platform. At the last moment he had left his work to take her to the train. She was glad now that she had hurried back to the office an hour before train time, staggering under the weight of her heavy grip, for one last sight of him, one last pretense at leaving things in order.

"Here," he said, "I'll drive you down. That bag's too heavy for you."

Such a busy man, would he have given up that hour just to be kind? He could have called a taxi. She wrenched her thoughts free. She must remember Mamma, poor tired Mamma, who had sent for her after all these years. She had been away a long time, a girl when she left and now—. She leaned forward to stare at her reflection in the narrow Pullman mirror. Not young perhaps, but she kept her age well; the new bob softened her face a bit. And there were other things besides youth—efficiency, understanding. She was far wiser than the timid girl of twenty-two who had left Shawano fifteen years before to study stenography in St. Paul. Her reflection smiled back at her reassuringly from between the stiff waves of thin indefinite-colored hair.

She had seen so little of Mamma in those fleeting years, brief visits in the drowsy heat of August, a two weeks' vacation ends quickly. The ranch was a dream blurred and faded into unreality, but St. Paul was real; the hospital, long scrubbed corridors and the smell of drugs, Dr. Hahn in his white coat, rumpling his hair in the back until it stood on end, his mouth smiling a little beneath his clipped mustache. Her hands twitched.

The names of the dingy sprawling towns were growing familiar, Sunburst, High Rock, Cherokee. She knew this country, dark encroaching mountains sliding into valleys, narrow gashes that held flimsy villages. The next stop was Shawano.



As she stepped off the train she saw her father waiting at the end of the long platform with the collar of his coat turned up about his ears, a scrawny little figure in a sheepskin cap and dingy overalls. He did not come forward to meet her but stood motionless until she reached his side.

"Well, Ella?"

"How's Mamma, Papa?"

She rested her hand against his sleeve for a moment. How shrivelled and old he was, beard and glasses and the crimson point of his nose, his eyes blinked at her from between two laps of collar.

"She's pretty fair. Be glad to see you, I reckon." He held out his hand, "Where's your trunk check?"

She gave it to him and waited while he went into the cluttered baggage room. She was alone on the platform, the train already dimmed by distance, a swirl of smoke between two dark mountains.

She pulled the collar of her coat close beneath her chin and straightened her glasses. How ominous the mountains looked blotted against the thin clear sky like great waves frozen and motionless. Shivering she turned back to the station and the grey huddle of houses that was Shawano.

Her father and Nat Appleton came out with the trunk and lifted it into the back of the wagon.

"Well, Ella, how's life been treating you?" Nat's rough voice and rough hands, his eyes smiling.

"Very well," she said, and then, through crowding memories, "Oh, very well."

She got up beside her father on the high seat. The wheels scraped against the wagon's side as they backed into the road; then Bessie trotted forward, her feet clipping the hard earth.

"Colder here than in the east, eh?"

"Much colder."

October, and the roads already frozen. Winter came early in Montana and stayed late, snow in May sometimes and a meadow lark singing. She pulled the buffalo robe closer about her knees.

"Tell me about Mamma, Papa."

He turned to face her, his eyes watering with cold behind his spectacles.

"Why, there don't seem anything special wrong with her, Ellie. Just says she's tired and sets around doing nothing."

## THE FRONTIER

He settled himself deeper into his collar. That was like Papa, you couldn't get a thing out of him, afraid of frightening her maybe. She slipped her hand beneath his arm. "Have you had a doctor?"

Her father stared straight ahead of him between the two points of his collar. "No. She won't have it. Says she ain't sick. Just tired."

Tired? Of course she was tired. Slaving away on barren land for forty years. Would nothing pry Papa loose from that dark, unfruitful valley? She looked away when she spoke.

"I've come to take Mama back to the city with me."

Her father did not answer for a moment, running the reins between his fingers. Then—"Well, if she'll go—" The sentence dropped unfinished, but Ella stiffened suddenly into resistance. It had seemed so easy back in St. Paul—"I won't need more than a month's leave, I'm sure. Just long enough to get Mamma ready."

She had told Dr. Hahn about it one day when he came into the office after clinic. He stood before her, absent-mindedly opening and shutting the blade of his pocket knife.

"What's the matter with your mother, Miss Yagen?"

She tried to explain to him, making little dabbing gestures, her eyes fixed on his moving hands.

"I'm not sure whether she's really sick; her letters are queer. I think it's hard work and loneliness."

He was interested then, looking at her sharply. "Her mind? Something in my line. Perhaps I can help her if you bring her here."

She had hoped for that, and answered him eagerly.

"That's what I want to do. She can stay in the hospital and get really rested; be taken care of and see people. She's been on the ranch ever since she was married, you know—and a Montana ranch—"

She spread out her hands, wordless.

"Yes," he said. "Too much loneliness is bad for anyone. Let me see her when she comes." The blade shut with a snap. "I hope you can make it in less than a month, Miss Yagen. I want to get ahead with my book. No one here understands the work as you do."

She glowed. "I'll come as soon as possible, Dr. Hahn. Thank you so much."

But he was gone and the door slammed behind him.

The wagon jolted on over the rutted road. A long drive. It would be dark when they reached the ranch. Half a mile by the stream,

then two miles of slow, upward climbing between pine trees with their sharp scratch of needles. The crest, and a stretch of mountains and deep valleys, the mountains clear against the evening sky, the valleys brimmed with shadows. Down again, winding between the peaks, mile after slow mile. Dr. James Langford Hahn. The name was a song running through her mind. When he dictated he prowled up and down the room, stopping suddenly to come and lean over her shoulder. "Read that sentence over, will you, Miss Yagen?" Her pencil slipped on the last word.

The light died out of the western sky. Ella's glasses were cold where they pinched her nose. She took them off and held them clumsily in her mittened hands, her eyes peering nearsightedly into the deepening shadows. The pine trees along the road swayed in the wind.

It was long after dark when they turned into the lane that led to the house. Ella's legs and back were stiff with jolting and with cold. It seemed as tho she had been riding forever through the night, her shoulder pressing her father's shoulder, neither of them speaking.

The wagon creaked and came to a stop before the door. The house was without light, its dark walls fading into the darkness of the mountain side.

"Why, where's Mamma?"

Her father did not answer, busy with the robes. Ella's foot fumbled for the step and her skirt brushed the dirty wheel.

In the kitchen Papa reached for the lamp, the match scraping along the wall.

"But Papa, where's Mamma?"

He turned with his hand on the doorknob, "Sitting by the heater, I guess," he said shortly. "She acts queer sometimes." The door slammed behind him.

The front room glowed faintly; red light behind the isin-glass windows of the stove. Mamma sat with her feet on the rail of the base burner. She was huddled in an old knitted afghan, faded as gray as her face. Her eyes were dark and quick, holding shadows beneath their thin surface. When she saw Ella she started and drew back, pulling the afghan closer about her. Her voice was shrill and frightened—

"Who's that?"

"Why Mamma, don't you know me? It's Ella."

Mamma stood up, swaying a little, taking short uncertain steps.



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She was crying weakly, the tears following the furrows on her cheeks—

“Why Ella, honey—why Ella, honey.”

Her shoulders were sharp beneath Ella's hands. Ella spoke gently, “There, Mamma. It's only me. You knew I was coming. Sit down, dear. Now—” she tucked the afghan snugly about the old knees. “How's that?”

Her mother did not seem to notice, running her hands over Ella's face and hair. “What'd you come back here for, Ella?”

Ella caught the moving hands between her own. “I've come to carry you off to St. Paul with me.” She spoke lightly, quickly. But Mamma's hands had jerked away and were pressed together over her breast.

“No-no-no-no!” The light from the stove filled the hollows in her cheeks with shadows.

“All right, Mamma. All right.” It was going to be harder than she had thought. She had forgotten how deep roots could go, even in rocky soil. She was glad to hear her father's step on the hard earth.

He came into the room, carrying the lamp. “Well,” he said, “Pretty nice to have Ellie back again, ain't it, Mamma?”

Mamma nodded and smiled, holding Ella's hand.

“Look at her, Sam, all her city clothes. And her hair— What ever have you done to it, Ellie?”

Ella ran her fingers through the smooth thin waves. “I had it cut, Mamma. All the girls are wearing it that way.”

“Oh,” said Mamma. She leaned back, tilting her head and smiling, “Kind of outlandish, ain't it, Sam? Makes you look older somehow, all that hair flyin' around like a little girl's.”

Papa came over and put his hand on Ella's shoulder. “Why it's real nice,” he said awkwardly. “It must be a sight more comfortable that way. I think Ellie looks fine.”

“Real nice,” Mamma echoed. She laughed suddenly, spreading her fingers over her mouth.

The next morning was gray, indoors and out. The trunks of the pines were black with moisture, leaves drifted from the cottonwoods, floating quietly on the still air.

Ella stopped before her bedroom mirror in the harsh northern light. A dim swirled glass with a crack across the top— “Makes you look older somehow, all that hair flyin' around—” She wondered if Dr. Hahn had thought that too. But this mirror and this light would

make anybody look old. Dr. Hahn wasn't like Mamma, noticing little things—"your work has been invaluable, Miss Yagen"—she smiled at the memory. What a great baby he was, after all. Never could find anything, and his desk a mess unless she straightened it. Leaning closer to the mirror she loosened the hair about her face, humming.

Mamma followed her about the house all day, clutching the neck of her flannelette wrapper with knotted hands.

"Why don't you lie down, Mamma? You must rest."

"I ain't tired."

From kitchen to sitting room, from sitting room back to kitchen. The mist brushed her cheek when she went out to hang up the dish towels. The mountains stood up against the sky like flat perpendicular surfaces with no depth.

"Better come in, Ellie. You'll catch your death."

It was not until afternoon that she noticed Mamma's frightened glances out of the window. In the midst of her trotting she stopped suddenly and looked over her shoulder. Behind her eyes there were black shadows moving.

"What is it, Mamma? What are you looking for?"

Mamma was sly, smiling shyly with the corner of her mouth. "Nothin'. Just trying to see what your papa's doing."

But Papa had started off for town three hours before with a load of grain.

"What is it, Mamma? Tell me."

She was angry and obstinate, like a sulky child. "Nothin'. Can't you hear me? Nothin'."

When the work was done and supper on the stove Ella tucked Mamma into her armchair by the fire. She sat down herself, resting her head against the high back of the old cane rocker. After a moment she began to talk, slowly, carefully, her hands idle in her lap.

"I wish you could meet Dr. Hahn, Mamma. He's so nice, so kind. You'd like him, I know."

Mamma's smile was mischievous. "Nice and kind, is he? Good looking, too, if I ain't mistaken, eh Ellie?"

Why was Mamma so silly. Just as if Dr. Hahn—

"Good looking, too, eh Ellie?"

"Why, I guess so— yes. I hadn't thought."

Mamma shook her head playfully. "Jes' like I used to talk about your Pa before I married him. Pretendin' I hadn't noticed what nice

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hair he had and the way his eyes twinkled. Your Pa was real jolly in those days."

Crisp dark hair rumped absurdly like a little sleepy boy's. So Mamma, too, had pretended. But it hadn't been the same. You couldn't imagine caring about Papa in *that* way—

"Dr. Hahn wants to meet you, Mamma."

"Well, why don't he come here? It would be real nice."

"Oh, he can't. He's so busy."

"When your Pa and me was keepin' company—"

Why did Mamma persist in misunderstanding?

"It—it isn't that, Mamma. Dr. Hahn's the man I work for."

"Sure," said Mamma soothingly. "But he seems real interested, considering." She smiled like a silly, roguish old child.

"Don't be absurd," said Ella sharply. Then, melting before Mamma's hurt surprise, "Come back to St. Paul with me for a little visit, Mamma, honey. It'll do you good."

Mamma had straightened to resistance. "I ain't going away from here without your papa."

"Papa won't come, you know that, Mamma. He can get along without you for a little while."

But Mamma was not listening, staring over her shoulder out of the window, eyes wide, the lids stretched back across the eyeball.

Ella stared, too, leaning forward. Wet earth, matted with a patchwork of leaves beneath the cottonwoods, the upward line of pines and the mountains, pasted like carbon paper against the sky. That was all.

But Mamma saw something else. "Look, Ella. I caught 'em that time."

"What, Mamma, for pity's sake?"

Mamma's eyes were frightened but triumphant. She hitched her chair closer to Ella's. "It's them mountains."

The mountains were the same as they had always been. Holding the narrow valley like the sides of a cup.

"What ever do you mean?"

"I been waiting years and just two months back I caught 'em for the first time."

"*Caught* them, Mamma?" She was trying hard to be patient.

"Yes," Mamma nodded, moving her hands across her lap. "Just last—"



At that moment Papa came in, slamming the door, dropping groceries on the kitchen table; dampness in the room and fresh air. Too late to find out now, and anyway Mamma had forgotten, padding to the kitchen in her dingy knitted slippers to peer into the brown paper sacs. "Um, bananas. My, I always did just love bananas."

Ella moved about the kitchen putting away the groceries and setting the supper table. What had Mamma seen anyway?

When she was in bed that night, drawn into a knot between the cold sheets, she remembered again. What had Mamma been looking at? "Sooner I get her away the better," she thought drowsily. "She'll come round to it in a little while. Then, after a moment, "I hope so."

It was dusk the next afternoon with the fire glowing behind the isin-glass. Ella had gone to the kitchen to start the potatoes. When she came back, her mother was before the window with her fingers pressed against the pane, staring. She turned around when Ella entered and whimpered, holding out her hands.

"There, Mamma honey, what is it?"

Mamma's bones were twisted like twigs beneath her thin flesh. "It's them mountains. *Moving* again."

Ella felt an upward surge of relief. "Moving? How absurd, mountains can't move." So that was all. A perfectly silly notion.

"They do move, I tell you. I've *seen* 'em. They never liked us settling here."

"Oh, Mamma, it's just watching so close. You imagine it."

Mamma snorted and pulled away, standing flushed and angry. "'Magine, nothing! Guess I've seen 'em six or seven times. You got to watch close to catch 'em. They move slow." She turned away and started towards the kitchen, walking unsteadily. At the door she paused. "You jes' wait, young lady. They're going to smash this house together like that 'fore you know it."

Ella stood alone a moment staring out of the window. Mamma was worse than she had thought. Much worse. And yet, if it hadn't been so terrible for Mamma the idea would have been funny. Mountains moving! Those great things like clumsy beasts. She laughed suddenly, then pressed her hands over her mouth.

The days passed slowly, divided by black nights. A whole week and Mamma was still obdurate. Back in St. Paul Dr. Hahn was waiting, the book was waiting. He needed her for that at least. Sometimes it seemed as if that was all she wanted in the world. The black

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and white keys of the typewriter, the bright office and the warm fingers of sunlight in her hair, Dr. Hahn smelling of ether and tobacco, smiling at her absently, pausing to point to something in her copy. She felt suddenly weak, a pleasant weakness at the pit of her stomach, remembering the way the bones moved under the thin skin of his hands.

At the end of the week she spoke to her father, after her mother had gone up to bed dragging the frayed afghan along the steps. He put down his paper and turned towards her, peering above the tops of his glasses. Her words tumbled out, helter-skelter— She must go back to work soon and she wanted to take Mamma with her. She needed rest and change. Ella spread out her fingers along her skirt.

"Well?" said her father.

"She won't go without you, Papa."

"Ain't it for her to settle?"

"No. No. She isn't able to. She's sick, Papa. Her mind's sick."

Her father took off his glasses and polished them on the end of his sleeve. "I never noticed anything the matter." Without his glasses his eyes looked old and anxious.

"She keeps imagining things about the mountains. Queer things."

"I'll see if I can get her to go along," he said slowly.

"Maybe she will, for you," Ella answered.

But Mamma could not be persuaded, even by Papa. "Not without you. I won't. I won't!"

"Can't you come too, Papa?" asked Ella.

"And leave the stock?"

"You can get Jed Norflinger to look after it, just for the winter."

"No," he said. His mouth tightened beneath his gray beard.

Strange how that barren valley held him. Nothing could pry him loose. Not even Mamma's illness. His love for Mamma was a small and trivial thing!

The next day Ella drove into town for Dr. Maynard. A gray day, heavy with clouds. The doctor promised to stop by in the afternoon.

"Just pretend you've come in for a visit," said Ella. "If Mamma thought you wanted to see her she'd lock herself in her room, I'm afraid."

He nodded gravely.

Ella felt a little happier on the drive home. If Dr. Maynard talked to her father he might persuade him. Then she could go back to St.

Paul. Dr. James Langford Hahn. Dr. James Langford Hahn. There were fine wrinkles spraying away from his eyes when he smiled, and his hands were clean, the nails pared down to white half moons. The reins hung idle in her lap. The horse needed no guidance.

To get away. That had been her dream all her life. Escape. She shut her eyes remembering the sound of Dr. Hahn's voice across the sunny office.

But Dr. Maynard could do nothing. He spent a long time that afternoon, chatting with apparent aimlessness in the dingy parlor. Mamma talked too, laughing a little and moving her hands.

Afterwards, Ella and her father stood on the step in the gray half-light with the doctor. There was nothing he could do. A change might help, a complete change. Couldn't Mr. Yagen manage to get away for the winter?

"No," said Papa, shortly. He turned back into the house.

"You see?" said Ella. She stood clutching her coat together across her thin body. Her nose was red and tears reddened her eyes.

Dr. Maynard felt sorry for her. A thin spinster with two old people, two peevish obstinate old children to care for.

"If you could stay on for a month or two—" he said. "Your mother must not be left alone now. You realize that."

She nodded, pushing a lock of hair back from her eyes. An idea had come to her suddenly, something Mamma had said. If it were possible; if only it were possible.

"Do you think, Dr. Maynard," she asked hesitatingly, "that a specialist might be able to do something? A brain specialist?"

He looked at her, turning his hat between his hands. "I doubt it," he said, "I doubt it very much. It's been growing a long time, I'm afraid. The only chance is to get her away. And even that—I can't be sure. The change might be for the worse."

She was eager now, pleading. "But a doctor from outside, a big man. Father might listen to him, you know."

He nodded, "Of course, there's that chance. But, as I said, it might be for the worse. These cases are so uncertain." He rested his hand against the door frame. "Had you anyone in mind?"

Her voice shook a little when she answered. "There's Dr. Hahn, the man I work for in St. Paul. He makes a specialty of psychopathic cases, and he's been successful, wonderfully successful."



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"Yes," he said, "I've heard of him. But the expense would be exorbitant, and it's so apt to prove futile."

"Oh, that doesn't matter," she cried impatiently. "The expense."

"Well," he said, "It's up to you, of course. I'm afraid its useless. But if it would make you any happier—" He left the sentence unfinished and turned to go. She watched him cross the yard, a large man with gray hair and stooped shoulders. The dusk enveloped him. "If it would make you any happier—" She rested her head against the door-frame, staring wide-eyed into the dark. How black the mountains loomed against the sky.

Her father was in the barn milking when she found him, crouched in the wavering circle of lantern light. The barn was warm and odorous and the milk spurted hissing into the pail.

"Papa," she said. She came close to his side. When he saw her he stood up stepping back carefully from the full pail.

"Well, Ella?"

The light reflected on the straw threw his face into sharp relief against the dark wall.

"What is it?" he asked.

She hurried over the words. "I'm going to send for Dr. Hahn, the man I work for, you know."

"Why?" Such a simple question and so difficult to answer.

"Because," she said, "To see Mamma. He knows all about such things. He's a specialist. I think he can help her."

Her father peered at her sharp-eyed in the gathering dusk. "It won't do your Mamma any good," he said shortly. "You know that."

"But Papa, I'm sure—I'm almost certain—It won't hurt to try."

He moved closer, staring up into her face.

"You know as well as me, Ella, that a doctor can't do anything. What'd you want to bring a strange man here for? It'd only scare her."

Could she never make him understand? She flung out her hands. "Why won't you help me? You don't do anything. I want to take Mamma away but she won't go without you, and you stick here. Selfish!" Her voice faltered and broke.

"There, Ella," said her father. He put out his hand and touched her arm. "It's you who don't see," he said, "You don't understand about old people. It'd be like digging up one of those pines to take

Mamma away from here. She's rooted tight, Ella, and you can't transplant her. We've grown into this valley, both of us."

His hand dropped from her arm and he leaned back against the wall of the stall, moving his foot through the crackling straw.

"But what are we to do then? What are we to do?"

He spoke slowly, drawing out his words. "There ain't anything to do far as I can see except just you staying here. That's what she needs most, you for company."

"But Papa, I can't stay here forever."

"It won't be forever, Ellie," he said. "Guess you know that."

"But if there's a chance, Papa— Just a chance that Dr. Hahn—"

"There ain't a chance," he told her, "But if it would make you happier—" Dr. Maynard's words, "If it would make you happier—" Why did they say that? Why couldn't they see that it was Mamma she was thinking of, not herself. And suddenly she turned and stumbled out of the barn into the darkness.

At the end of two weeks an answer came to her letter to Dr. Hahn. Such a long two weeks, day after day, a patch of gray against a patch of black. But the letter at last, and he was coming. The singing joy of it. Words to be read again and again. She wore the paper thin by constant folding. He was so sorry to learn of her trouble, and he would come. There was a medical convention in Seattle in December which he planned to attend. He would stop off on his way. December the tenth, the 10:30 train.

A month to wait, but it would pass, each day bringing him a little nearer. And when he came—to have him here with her, shut off from the world he knew by the shadow of high, dark mountains. Alone, away from the nurses and the pert stenographers. When he saw Mamma, he would understand. But it was not pity that she was after, it was help for Mamma— Yes, that was it, Mamma—Mamma— She buried the other thoughts deep under.

She told her father a little fearfully, "Dr. Hahn's coming here in December."

His voice was quiet and flat when he answered. "I hope it's the best thing, Ella. You mustn't be disappointed at what he says." That was all. He did not mention it again.

The month dragged on. She filled her days with baking and sewing and cleaning. The house was spotless. Mamma was like a crisp and shrivelled leaf in her starched percales, Mamma, who was growing

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more like a leaf each day, smaller, frailer. But she still moved about, dragging her gray afghan from kitchen to sitting room, staring over her shoulder at the dark mountains, smiling her sly smile.

It made Ella shiver the way Mamma kept looking behind her. She found herself following her mother's eyes. But the mountains were black and motionless, an absurd idea.

Mamma liked to talk about them, babbling all day long in her little child's voice, Mamma who had been so quick and efficient when Ella was a little child, trotting from room to room and talking nonsense. "Them mountains moved a good piece yesterday. Much as six yards."

"Oh, Mamma, shut up! Shut up for heaven's sake!"

Tears on Mamma's cheeks and her old hands plucking at her throat.

"I didn't mean it, Mamma honey. I'm sorry, please, Mamma."

How could she be so unkind? It was the loneliness and these horrible mountains, cruel black silhouettes against the sky. Forty years of it for Mamma. Each day seemed forty years, from sun-up to sunset and then the eternity that was night. Mountains could creep up in the night with no one watching. She had gotten out of bed to stare, shivering through the frosted window, fighting a nameless dread. "Oh, hurry, hurry!"

But beneath the horror and the loneliness the thought of Dr. Hahn's visit was a clear light, glowing, warming her thru and thru. And the days shortened into December. The shadows of the pines were ragged against the snow, the sky blue, for a few short hours, burning and far away between the white caps of mountains.

The tenth at last, a still clear day. When the white frost lifted, the valley, for a brief time, was a place of beauty. The snow crusted with crystals, the trees ridged and glittering, shining frosted leaves creeping and scraping across the clearing. Papa with a red comforter wrapped about his ears crunched through the snow to the barn. His breath curled like a plume above his head.

Ella followed him and waited while he hitched Bessie to the cutter. There was more than an hour before train time, but she must hurry, fast, fast, speeding away from the smothered fears, the struggling, blinded hopes that beat against her mind.

Her father held the horse while she climbed into the cutter and tucked the robe about her knees.



"I've told Mamma, Papa. Just that a friend of mine was coming from St. Paul. She seemed pleased." Ella flushed, remembering Mamma's playful, understanding smile.

"Yes," he said, and then, "I hope it'll do you good, Ella. You look real well this morning."

She was touched and embarrassed, but she was glad Papa had noticed. She wanted to look nice. She had curled her hair, holding the irons above the smoky lamp, and the touch of rouge made her eyes brighter.

"Thank you, Papa. We'll be right back from the train." The lines tightened and the cutter slid off across the crusted snow. At the turn of the road she looked back. Her father was still standing where she had left him, staring after her, motionless, his shoulders stooped.

She had an hour before train time, an hour of impatient wandering, driving the cutter up and down the wide snow-banked streets of Shawano, pacing the platform with her hands thrust up her coat sleeves and her face buried deep in her collar from the biting cold. But at last, the far-off whistle of the train and white smoke billowing upward against the white mountains. Closer, closer along the shining rails, a grinding halt, and far down the platform a solitary figure alighted and came towards her. She moved forward blindly, her hands tight clenched in her woolen gloves.

"My dear Miss Yagen," a strange half-familiar voice, a strange half-familiar figure, a mouth smiling beneath a clipped mustache, the casual pleasant words of a stranger. "You're looking well."

"Yes," she said, "I'm quite well, thank you."

They were in the cutter now, the runners creaking along the snow.

"A real sleigh. I haven't been in one since I was a boy in New York state." His clipped eastern voice, chatting pleasantly.

There were things that she must say, struggling, inchoate, but there were no words to shape them into form; nothing but white space, a remote stranger by her side and a dull pain twisting her heart.

"Glorious country," he said. "The mountains and the air, how you must love it."

"Yes, yes." Anything, anything to keep the silence from smothering them.

He began to question her about her mother. She had words for that, keeping her eyes before her on the upward curving road. The

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work, the loneliness, and the mountains that crept closer when you were not watching—

“I see. I see.” He was interested now, his voice sharp and incisive. Mamma was another case to be probed and analyzed.

And suddenly she wanted to shield Mamma, to stand between her and this keen, clever man. But if there was a chance that he could help her, a chance—

“I must explain,” she said hesitatingly, “I couldn’t tell Mamma why you were coming. She thinks you’re a—a friend of mine, visiting.”

“I understand.”

The cutter slid on over the snow, and the mountains closed in to hold the valley.

Papa came out to the road to meet them.

“This is my father, Dr. Hahn.”

But although Papa spoke to Dr. Hahn and held out his hand his eyes were on Ella, questioning and mute. She turned away from them.

“Come into the house,” she said.

Mamma was at the door, as eager as a child, smiling and shy. And Dr. Hahn was being professionally kind, holding her hands and making the little jokes that patients love.

“If you’ll come to your room,” she said, and led him up the narrow stairs.

A bare room, dingy and clean; a glowing bunch of shrivelled orange berries on the dresser.

“I’ll be right down,” he said. “And would it be possible to leave me alone with your mother a little while?”

“Oh, easily, easily. I must get dinner. An hour maybe— Will that be long enough?”

“Quite long enough.”

She left him and went down to the kitchen. While she moved about setting the table she could hear them talking together in the front room, Mamma’s clear, flat, childish voice and sudden little laughs, Dr. Hahn, quick and incisive. What were they saying, those two? “He *has* to help me,” she thought. “But he will, of course. Oh, hurry, hurry!” The closed door was a wall of stone shutting her away from him.

Dinner was almost a cheerful meal. Papa limbered up a bit and told his story about the praying Methodist who was lost in the moun-

tains. Mamma beamed liked a pleased child. Across the table Dr. Hahn smiled at Ella. "You didn't tell me you were such a good cook."

"Better'n I ever war," said Mamma playfully. "Ellie's smart as a whip, if I do say so."

Dr. Hahn bent towards Mamma. "I found that out long ago," he said. "She's my greatest help."

"Oh, no, no!" Ella protested, "You mustn't—" But the words died beneath his laughing assertion, "Come, Miss Yagen. You know you are."

So he believed that! And it was true. He was so helpless in spite of his cleverness. He needed looking after. He needed *her*. At last he was beginning to realize it.

The shadow of the western mountain fell suddenly across the table.

"How close the mountains are to the house," he said.

"Yes," Mamma told him, "closer every day." She smiled at Dr. Hahn slyly as if they shared a secret, "Closer every day."

Ella pushed back her chair and stood up. The mountains, always the mountains silently bidding their time.

"Let's leave the things and go out," she said, "I want to show you—I want you to see—" Her voice tripped and faltered.

They were all standing now.

"Run along," said Mamma playfully. "You young folks run along. I'll do the dishes." She turned to Ella smiling.

But Dr. Hahn spoke. "I'm afraid there isn't time. I must get the 3:10 train."

"The 3:10 train?" Ella fought against comprehension. "The three—" And in her mind words, jumbled and chaotic, struggled to be spoken. "You can't go—you can't go, when I have you at last after all these months. Oh, you mustn't leave me here alone. I'm afraid, afraid! And there's no one but you who can help me. Understand, please understand!" Her voice when she spoke was flat and dull. "Must you go so soon?"

"I'm sorry," he said, "but I'm booked to speak at the convention Wednesday."

Mamma said like a disappointed child, "But you just got here. Company's nice. We don't have much company. It's good for Ellie. She's perked up a lot since you came."

Dr. Hahn was gentle with Mamma, saying pleasant things, but it was a surface gentleness hiding his impatience. "I must, really."



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There was no more to be said. And the mountains were close, close.

When they were in the cutter ready to start Papa came to the side and took Ella's hand awkwardly between his own. "She's a good girl, Dr. Hahn, Ella is." Then hastily, as if ashamed of his own words, "You'll come right back from town, won't you, Ellie?"

"Oh, yes, yes," she slapped the reins along the horse's back. "Come on, Bess." She must get away quickly from Papa's gentle eyes, the unwonted gentleness of Papa's voice.

The cutter slid into the road. Dark pines and dark mountains and the crusted dazzling white of snow, Dr. Hahn's shoulder pressing hers, the gap of miles between them. Don't think. Don't think. Listen to what he is saying.

"This beautiful country," he said, "Strange what it does to people."

She must answer, let him see that she was listening. The reins twisted in her hands.

"Cruel—" There were no more words.

"It takes strong people to live here. Strong like your father. Your mother—it's been too much for her. But you can't transplant her. Five years ago, maybe, but it's too late, now. She's old and weak. A new place would frighten her. She'd be like a child, lost."

He paused for a moment watching the snow spray like powder from beneath the horse's feet. When he spoke again his voice was kind. "I'm afraid there's nothing to do, Miss Yagen, but to wait. Make her as happy as you can. It won't be long. I'm sorry I've been so little help."

"It's not your fault," she said quietly, "I was afraid—" She drew the horse to the side of the road to let a machine pass, laboring through the deep snow, its radiator steaming. It would soon be over now, the pain of his nearness ended, and she could go back home. Home to Mamma and the silent, menacing mountains.

"It was kind of you to come," she said, "I can never thank you."

"There's nothing to thank me for. I was glad to do it. It's my work, you know."

His work—always his work—. Even Mamma was only a case. Fool, to have thought otherwise—to have hoped—

They drove the rest of the way almost in silence.

On the station platform with the train thundering closer, he turned and held out his hand. "Your place is waiting for you when—

ever you can come back, don't worry about that. And let me hear how things go. If there is ever anything I can do—"

She wanted to cling to him. "Stay with me. Stay with me. Are you so blind that you don't know?" Her hand dropped from his, "There's nothing, thank you. You have been kind."

The train slowed to a stop, hissing steam. With his foot on the step he turned and smiled, "Remember, Miss Yagen, mountains are only as big as you make them."

The train pulled out, dwindled and disappeared into the hollow of the mountains.

Over and over during her drive home his words ran through her mind, dulling thought. "Mountains are as big as you make them." Did he believe that? An empty phrase to snare her. How little he knew after all, he who had never, night after night, watched mountains loom and tower, black against the black sky.

Her father did not come to meet her when she turned into the yard, but Mamma was at the door waiting, her bright quick eyes peering above the gray afghan.

"Leave the horse at the barn, Ellie. Your Papa'll unhitch her when he comes in from the field."

Ella crossed the clearing in the late afternoon light; the sun had dropped behind the western mountain, leaving only a nimbus of gold along the jagged peak. Quiet in the narrow valley.

Mamma waited on the step, eager and impatient. "Such a nice young man, Ellie. So full of fun." Her smile was coy and pleased. "You'll be marrying him soon, I reckon."

"Oh, no, Mamma."

"But, Ellie," Mamma was exasperated, almost petulant, "Such a nice young man, don't you love him?"

It was hard to answer. "Yes, Mamma."

"Well, then," triumphantly, "I don't see any reason—"

She must say it all, make Mamma understand. "You see, he—"

She turned away to hide her face, her shamed and twisted face. But Mamma had forgotten, already her attention had shifted.

"Look, Ellie, quick. Look, look!"

Her hand came out to clutch Ella's arm, to grip and cling.

"What is it, Mamma?"

"See? That west mountain. Watch sharp, it's moving!"

Pressed close together they peered into the gathering darkness.

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The mountain raised its sharp black head against the sky, very beautiful and still. Ella shivered with relief.

“Nonsense, Mamma honey, you’re imagining—”

And then suddenly she screamed and put out her hands as if to ward off an approaching evil. Slowly, without the stirring of a pine branch, the mountain was coming towards her.

## *Sanctuary*

By Charles Oluf Olsen.

The pleading loneliness of land and lake  
Is written into water, wood and grass;  
Long-legged fowl wade in the sedge or stand  
Lost in half-sleepy watchfulness or pass  
From point to point in a soundless solitude  
Where never man’s insistencies intrude.

Here God flung high a barricade of peaks  
To frighten vulgar feet from holy space;  
Here quietude with fluent accent speaks;  
Here time foregoes its mad design of days  
To linger indolently in a glen  
And find its old serenity again.



## The Cloak

By Grace Stone Coates

I wear my body like a cloak  
That trips my feet and binds my knees  
And wraps my throat too tight for ease.

Time's subtle fingers I invoke  
To loosen it and strip me bare  
To elemental earth and air.

As one impatient to refresh  
His tired body with the breath  
Of night against his naked flesh  
My spirit craves the wind of death.

## "Close-up" of a Red Tulip

By Mary Brennan Clapp.

A faint, sweet smell is the tulip's breath,  
Like life come out of the house of death.

And six black candles and a tri-une torch,  
On a dais of gold in a crimson open arch  
The tulip raises to the sun and night  
For the sun and night to befriend and blight.

The sun shall wane and the black frost fall,  
And wind shall break and strew the crimson wall,  
And the lights and dais and wall be whirled  
On the way of dust all beauty goes.

For along the dusty way around the world  
Out of gardens into gardens beauty blows.

In the circle of the red wall's warm delight  
The dancing dust of Eden thrills,

And the dais and tri-une torch are bright  
With fine gold blown from Aztec hills.  
And jungle-dust rests in the velvet bloom  
Of the six black candles in the crimson room.

For along the way of dust around the world,  
Into gardens out of gardens life is whirled.

## *Unroofed*

By Rosa Zagnoni Marinoni.

The houses down the valley huddle close  
Like gossipers outside the town church doors.  
The roofs so many slants in brown and gray  
That shield unswept and dusty attic floors.

Last night the wind unroofed the new red barn,  
And now the houses whisper scandalized:  
"Just look at those unkept and dusty floors!  
Her paint was but a mask as we surmised."

## *Short Girls*

By Jason Bolles.

Short girls there are with wind-blown hair  
Short sturdy girls whose eyes are gray  
Whose husky voices have the air  
Of robin-song in May.

When I meet men who live alone  
Mild men, of absent speech and stare  
I like to think that they have known  
Short girls with touseled hair.

## HISTORICAL SECTION

*Each issue will carry some authentic account, diary or journal, preferably of early days in this region of the country.*

### FOREWORD

The account of pioneer lumbering which follows was written by Anton Holter about 1911 and printed in *The Timberman*, a trade paper published in Portland, Oregon. About three-fourths of the original story is here printed. The account has been edited, under the supervision of Professor Paul C. Phillips of the State University of Montana, by Miss Margaret E. Parsons, assistant reference librarian at the State University.

EDITOR.

Anton M. Holter was born in Norway, June 29, 1831. His education was elementary and he learned the trade of a carpenter. At the age of twenty-three he came to the United States, and soon was practicing his trade in Decorah, Iowa. His thrift and foresight in investments enabled him to accumulate \$3,000. Then he and his brother set out for Colorado, finally settling in what is now Idaho Springs, in 1860.

The busy and enterprising life of which he writes now began. His interests covered many fields, and he was instrumental in organizing and encouraging mining plants, public utility projects, and land development concerns, in addition to his primary interest, lumbering.

Not only Montana, but Oregon, Idaho, and Alaska were scenes of Mr. Holter's lumber enterprises. He shared in the political life of his time and served on the Helena City Council, and in the Montana Legislature. His death occurred at Helena, July 16, 1921.

MARGARET E. PARSONS.

## Pioneer Lumbering in Montana

By Anton M. Holter.

After three years' residence at Pike's Peak (in what is now Colorado), I returned to my former home in Iowa and in the spring of 1863 started with a team of oxen back to Colorado, where I stopped about six weeks. During this time a company of 200 men was organized to go to what was then called Stinking Water,<sup>1</sup> Idaho, but is now known as Ruby River, in Madison County, Montana.

This company left Colorado on September 16, 1863. It was well organized, having a captain and other officers, and was governed by a formal set of rules and regulations. The weather was pleasant and food for the stock was excellent. Hunting and fishing were especially fine—too much so in fact for so much time was spent in sport that we made slow progress, and finally a Mr. Evenson, with whom I had formed a partnership, and afterwards did business with under the firm name of Holter and Evenson, and myself, became fearful that we would be unable to reach our destination before winter, and decided it was best for us to leave the train and strike out for ourselves at a greater rate of speed.

<sup>1</sup> Stinking Water was named Philanthropy River by Lewis and Clark, later called Ruby River from garnets or Montana rubies found nearby. Late maps of Montana give it the name of Passamari, corrupted from the old Indian word Pah-marmar-rol, meaning "cottonwood grove by the water." Stuart—Forty Years on the Frontier. (Cleveland, 1925) I. P. 154 (note).



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We had purchased a second-hand sawmill outfit, intending to go into the lumbering business on reaching our destination. There was yet at least a thousand miles to cover, so one morning we yoked up our oxen and struck out alone. During the night a few more teams overtook us (having also become alive to the necessity for haste if we were to reach our destination before severe cold weather set in), and every night for some time thereafter other teams caught up with us until we were about forty souls in all.

We had some heavy snow storms and cold weather during November, but finally reached Bevin's Gulch, our temporary destination, about ten miles from Virginia City.<sup>2</sup> The remainder of the company, however, got snowed in, and so far as I ever learned, none of them reached Montana.

Mr. Evenson and I finally selected a location for our sawmil, and after considerable hardship we reached the top of the divide between Bevin's and Ramshorn Gulches on December 7, where we went into temporary camp, with no shelter beyond that afforded by a large spruce tree. As the snow was getting deep and there was no feed for stock I started the next morning for Virginia City (18 miles distant) with the cattle, hoping to sell them; but finding no buyer, I started to take them out to the ranch of an acquaintance twenty-five miles down the Stinking Water. On the way I was held up and robbed by the notorious George Ives<sup>3</sup> and his companion, Irvin[g]. After I had complied with Mr. Ives' command to hand him my purse, I was ordered to drive on. He still held his revolver in his hand, which looked suspicious to me, so in speaking to my team I quickly turned my head and found that he had his revolver leveled at me, taking sight at my head. Instantly I dodged as the shot went, receiving the full force of the unexploded powder in my face—the bullet passing through my hat and hair. It stunned me for an instant, and I staggered against the near leader, accidentally getting my arm over his neck, which prevented me from falling. Almost at once I regained my senses and faced Ives, who had his pistol lowered, but raised it with a jerk, pointing it at my breast. I heard the click of the hammer, but it missed fire. I ran around the oxen, which became very much excited, and my coming in a rush on the other side scared them still more and they rushed against Ives' horse, which in turn got in a tangle with Irvin[g]'s horse, and during the confusion I struck out for some beaver dams which I noticed close by; but the men soon got control of their horses, and to my agreeable surprise they started off in the opposite direction. What had apparently changed their purpose was the sight which also now met my eyes, that of a man driving a horse team who had just appeared over the hill and was now near us. I learned afterwards that Ives and Irvin[g] had stopped at Laurin, about two miles from where they overtook me, where Ives fired five shots at the bottles on the shelves

<sup>2</sup> Virginia City was headquarters for placer mines of Alder Gulch discovered by Bill Fairweather in 1863. It became the capital of Montana Territory in 1865. Bevin's Gulch was famous for its large nuggets. Ramshorn Gulch to the north was very productive.

<sup>3</sup> George Ives was a leader of the road agents and was finally hanged by the Vigilantes. Langford, *Vigilante Days and Ways* (New York, 1893); Dimsdale, *Vigilantes of Montana* (3rd ed., Helena, 1915). Langford gives an account of this incident, II, 49, 50.

because the bartender refused them whisky which accounted for the fact that only one charge was left in his revolver.

But I am getting away from the lumbering subject, so I am going back to the camp, where Mr. Evenson, the next day, disfigured my face badly in extracting the powder. So with my face bandaged up, in the cold and snow, we managed to build a brush road on grade around a steep mountain to our mill location on the creek. We made a hand sled with cross beams extending outside the runners far enough, so when necessary with a hand spike on each side we were able to nip it along.

With this hand sled we removed our outfit to the creek and we did all the logging this way during the entire winter. We first built a cabin and a blacksmith shop, but this soon became more of a machine shop, for when we came to erect the sawmill we met with what seemed insurmountable difficulties. As I knew nothing about a sawmill, I had left the purchase of the outfit to Mr. Evenson, who claimed to be a millwright by profession, but it developed that he had either been very careless in inspecting this machinery or he had not understood it, for so much of it was missing that it seemed impossible to get a working mill out of the material on hand. As there was no foundry or machine shop in this part of the country we were at a loss to know what to do, but were determined to erect a sawmill of some kind; so out of our rubber coats and whipsawed lumber we made a blacksmith bellows, then we burned a pit of charcoal, while a broad axe driven into a stump served as an anvil. Mr. Evenson knew a little about blacksmithing, so I began to feel somewhat at ease but soon discovered what seemed to be the worst obstacle yet. This was that we had no gearing for the log carriage, not even the track irons or pinion—and to devise some mechanism that would give the carriage the forward and reverse movement, became the paramount problem. After a great deal of thought and experimenting we finally succeeded in inventing a device which years later was patented and widely used under the name of "rope feed." Incidentally I might say that we found this to be such an excellent appliance that we later used it on most of our portable mills, and I have been informed that several manufacturers used and recommended this, charging an additional \$300 for it on small mills.

However, returning to the point, in order to construct this, we had to first build a turning lathe, and when we came to turn iron shafting, it took much experimenting before we learned to temper the chisels so they would stand the cutting of iron. To turn the shafting (which we made out of iron wagon axles) Evenson would hold the chisel and I with a rawhide strap wrapped around the shafting, taking hold with a hand on each end of the strap, would give a steady, hard pull with the right hand until the left touched the shaft, then reverse, repeating the process until the work was finished.

These were strenuous days and we worked early and late in the face of the most discouraging circumstances. We manufactured enough material for the sixteen-foot overshot waterwheel, the flume, etc. As we were short of belting, we made it out of untanned ox hides, and it worked well enough in the start. We finally got the mill started and sawed about 5,000 feet of lumber before we ever had a beast of burden in the camp.

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Before we could get any of this lumber out we had to employ some help, and the first thing necessary to do was to grade a wagon road on the side of the mountain to get to the top of the divide. It required a great deal of labor to get a road in shape to put teams on. There had been much comment as to our lack of judgment in building a mill at the location we had selected, as it was estimated that it would take at least \$10,000 to construct a road which would enable us to get the lumber to the top of the divide, and there was no one in this section with this amount of money (or half of it) who would consider putting it into any such enterprise as our small mill.

Now as the mill had been tried and proven satisfactory, a crew employed and the mill started, I felt at ease, as I imagined all obstacles had now been overcome so I left the mill and went to Nevada City, a flourishing camp three miles below Virginia City, and opened a lumber yard.

When I got the yard opened at Nevada City, the lumber commenced arriving from the mill and was disposed of as fast as landed. When we began selling lumber we made only two grades, namely, sluice or flume lumber, which we sold at \$140 per M. and building lumber (including waney edge), for which we got \$125 per M. in gold dust. The demand for lumber was greater than the supply, and quite often some of the larger mining companies would send a spy out on the road, in order that they might be informed when a load of lumber was approaching. Then they would have a crew of men arrive at the yard simultaneously with the load of lumber, and when the team stopped, without consulting me at all, they would unload the lumber and carry off every board to their mines. Soon a man would come along to me with the pay for the lumber, and they always settled according to the bill of lading of the load at the established price so that no loss was incurred by this summary method of marketing our product. Some time after this we also started a yard at Virginia City.

But this prosperous business soon came to a standstill, for rainy weather set in and the untanned belting began to stretch from the damp atmosphere, until it could no longer be kept on the pulleys, so the mill had to be closed down. We heard of a man at Bannack,<sup>4</sup> eighty miles from Nevada City, who had eighty feet of six-inch two-ply belting, and we decided to try to get this. Partly by walking and partly by riding a very poor excuse for a horse I found the owner of this belting and tried to purchase it from him. No price seemed to attract him, and I finally offered him my entire wealth, consisting of \$600 in gold dust—equal to \$1,200 in currency—but he would not consider the offer. Six-inch two-ply belting would be worth 30 cents per foot in Helena at the present time, or a total of \$24 for this piece. Failing to get this belting, I returned to Virginia City, where I learned of a man who owned some canvas, which I succeeded in purchasing. I got a saddler to stitch it by hand, and this made a very good and efficient belt for our purpose.

Everything was now moving along smoothly, with the exception that the head sawyer got killed by coming in contact with the circular saw, and another

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<sup>4</sup> Bannack was the first capital of Montana Territory. Gold was discovered there in 1862 by John White. This was the second important gold discovery in Montana. Stuart *op. cit.* I. 225 (note).



man was also killed by getting in front of a rolling log on the side of the mountain.

Among other things that occurred to vary the monotony of the days was a visit I one day received from an acquaintance from Pike's Peak,<sup>5</sup> George Seymour by name. He was very much excited and threatened to thrash me because I had "taken his living away," according to his story. It seems that he had been whip-sawing lumber, receiving for it \$750 per M. and he complained bitterly that we had cut the price to \$140 per M.

Three miles across the divide was the flourishing mining town of Bevin's Gulch. The gulch was rich in gold, but short of water for mining, so at a miners' meeting of about five hundred men, resolutions were passed to take the water of Ramshorn Gulch, and it did not take long before they had the ditch constructed, taking the water out above the sawmill, leaving the creek dry. Without water we were forced out of business, but the miners needed more lumber, so they agreed to turn in the water to get the required amount of lumber sawed. When this was going on I was busy getting out an injunction and had to see to it that the sheriff got it served before they again got possession of the water, but the miners, depending upon the strength of their organization, disregarded the order of the court and again turned the water into their ditch, which left the creek dry, and the mill again shut down, and as they had placed an armed guard at the head of the ditch we had to again appeal to the court. This resulted in the sheriff and some deputies arresting the guard for contempt of court. About a dozen miners were convicted. We obtained a judgment for a few thousand dollars damages, of which only a part was collected, and there was no more attempt to deprive us of the water.

During this year Cover & McAdow<sup>6</sup> started a steam sawmill on Granite Gulch, and started a yard at Virginia City. This was then the best mill in the territory. Without any understanding in regard to prices of lumber they were maintained, and business went along satisfactorily, but we wanted more and better machinery, so we agreed that Evenson should go East to purchase a portable steam sawmill, with planing, shingle and lath machinery. He started by stage and stopped at Denver, and apparently having forgotten what he went for, he purchased some oxen and wagons, loaded principally with flour and nails and a primitive planing mill. On his return he got as far as Snake River, Idaho, when he was snowed in, leaving the outfit in charge of strangers. Being refused passage on the stage, he made himself a pair of skis and took a streak across the mountains for Virginia City, arriving at my office in a fearful snow storm, without having seen a human being since leaving Snake River until he arrived at Virginia City.

The stage on which he had been refused passage arrived three days later. Many of the cattle perished and considerable of the merchandise disappeared. What was left was shipped to Virginia City in the early spring of 1865 by pack train, at 30 cents per pound freight. It consisted of two kegs of ten

<sup>5</sup> Pike's Peak, Montana, was a gold mining camp near Gold Creek. Many of the miners had come from Pike's Peak, Colorado. Stuart op. cit. I. 213 n.

<sup>6</sup> Thos. Cover and P. W. McAdow started the first sawmill on Granite Creek in 1864. Stuart op. cit. I. 264.

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penny nails and 26 sacks of flour. I disposed of the nails at \$150 per keg and the flour at \$100 per sack, all in gold dust.

During Mr. Evenson's absence I heard of a quartz mill at Bannack, which had a portable boiler and engine in it, and as the quartz mill was a failure I thought it might be for sale, so I struck out on horseback the second time. I found the owner and was very much pleased to find a man entirely different from the man who had the eighty feet of belting, for he wanted to sell.

I accompanied him to his mill, where I inspected his engine. It was a portable Lawrence Machine Co. boiler and engine, cylinders 10 inches in diameter, 12-inch stroke. His price was \$1,200, which I paid him in gold dust. (Two years later I was offered \$6,000 for the same engine, and refused to sell.)

During the winter of 1864-65, when we had decided to remove the portable sawmill to Helena (then called Last Chance<sup>7</sup>), as the engine and boiler needed repairs, we looked about us for means of doing what was needed. Machine work was required, but as there were no machinists to be had in those days we had to content ourselves with the help of two blacksmiths that we found and who seemed to be willing to do what they could. I had made arrangements to meet them in Nevada City, and I started from Virginia City (three miles distant) with a load of supplies, including a 125-pound anvil—of which more later—and a team of mules. When I reached Nevada City the men had not appeared and it seemed expedient to return to Virginia City and hunt them up. Realizing that the team had a hard day's work ahead, I thought best to walk back, which I did, and found them sitting comfortably over a fireplace. They demurred at going with me, saying it was too cold and too stormy, but they finally accompanied me to Nevada City, from where we started on our way. For the first six miles we had good sleighing, but when we got through the canyon, the snow gave out so we could ride no further. When we reached Bevin's Gulch the snow was so deep that we still had to walk, as it was all the team could do to pull the sleigh and load of supplies. Indeed in many places the load would have to be removed, and when the sled was gotten through the drift, the load carried over and reloaded. This was not so bad except the aforesaid anvil, which seemed to get very heavy by the time I had carried it over all the big drifts in the gulch. My men would not assist me any in this work, so I was getting pretty well exhausted. To add to my fatigue and discomfort, the lines were too short to permit me to walk behind the sled and drive, so I had to struggle through the snow beside the sled.

Finally after dark we reached the mining camp of Bevin's and I found a cabin where I could put the mules for the night and give them the feed that I had carried for them. I was very anxious to reach the mill that night, but the men refused to go any further with me, and the team could not go on. I had been keeping at this place a pair of skis for use in getting to the mill, but some one had "borrowed" them, so I had to set out on foot without them for this last piece of the way. I had eaten nothing since early morning and was rather exhausted. I got on well enough for part of the way, but soon

<sup>7</sup> Last Chance Gulch was discovered by John Cowan in 1864. It was the fourth of the great gold regions to be discovered in Montana.

the snow was so deep that in order to get on I would have to lie down on it, press it down as much as possible then walk a few steps and repeat the process over and over again. It got so that I could only go a rod or two without resting. I began to imagine that I heard voices around me and among them I recognized those of some of my childhood's playmates, and that of my mother, who was still living at that time.

Then a new danger confronted me. In resting an almost irresistible impulse to sleep would possess me, but having experience in this direction before, realized that if I gave way to it, the sleep would be my last, so with almost superhuman effort I would get on my feet again and go on, resuming the struggle. Finally I reached the divide where there was almost half a mile of practically level ground with little snow. Slowly my senses seemed to return and the sound of voices ceased. I had now come about two miles, and had only about a mile more to go, so I commenced to regain hope that I would reach the mill. Hard blasts of wind would strike me now and then and felt as though they were passing through my body. I encountered a few drifts, but managed as before to get through them. Then getting to the down grade towards the mill, I found the snow too deep for me on the wagon grade, so I attempted to go straight for the mill, but the slope of the mountain was very steep, and not having sufficient strength left to keep up the mountain side, I was beginning to have a desperate struggle to get there. I encountered a good many fallen trees, and was now so weak that where it was possible I crawled under the trees instead of over them to save strength.

I finally got to the creek about a third of a mile below the mill, where there was a deserted cabin. The snow was very deep, and fortunately here I found a board about ten inches wide and fourteen feet long. So I took this and laid it on the snow and crawled its length, then pulled it along, and repeated the process until I finally reached the mill cabin. The snow was shoveled away for a distance from the door, and I took quite a little rest on the snowbank, from where I could look in through the window and see a brisk fire burning in the fireplace. I laid there and planned how I could get strength to walk in and reach a stool that I could see in front of the fire. I did not want to make any disturbance and wake up the men sleeping in the cabin, and it seemed almost impossible to again get on my feet, but I felt sleep overcoming me again, so I made another start and got to the woodpile in front of the door, where I fell, and again almost went to sleep. This warned me, so I made an effort to reach the door, grasped the latch with my left hand, opened the door and stepped in. I tried to get hold of the inside of the door with my right hand and close it, and reach the stool, but I dropped on the floor, when Evenson, who was sleeping in the room, awoke and rushed to assist me. The men sleeping in the other part of the cabin now awoke and naturally supposing me to be frozen, they all rushed to my assistance. They soon had mittens, boots and socks off, but found that while my clothes were frozen stiff on the outside, they were damp with perspiration on the inside. I knew that I was not frozen, so asked to be let alone, as all I needed was rest and some food. Soon they gave me a dish of cold boiled beef—all the food to be had at that time, as there were no vegetables or flour in that part of the country. I remember that



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I thought that never had anyone enjoyed such luxurious rest as I lying on the floor in front of the fire, and weakly trying to eat the cold beef. After a time they put me on the bed, stripped me and gave me a brisk rubbing with rough towels, then put on some warm dry clothing, covered me up, and left me to sleep and recover from my exhaustion. Being very strong and having great recuperative powers, strange as it may seem, the next morning, although I felt quite rocky, I was able to get about, and I got on some skis, and, accompanied by some of the mill hands, went back to Bevin's, hitched up my mules and drove back to Virginia City, reaching there the same evening without further trouble.

During the winter of 1865 the discovery of gold in Last Chance Gulch became public, and a town started up named Helena, now the capital of Montana, so instead of changing the water mill into a steam mill we managed to construct another mill pretty much the same as the first one. This outfit we located at the mouth of Colorado Creek, eight miles southwest of Helena, and got started sawing lumber early in April. By this time provisions of all kinds had become scarce. Virginia City had already had its notable flour riot.<sup>8</sup> We had to suspend work at Ramshorn and the last sack of flour we obtained for the Helena mill cost us \$150, so we all had to get along on beef straight.

A man that I will call Van for short, had already had a lumber yard started in Helena. His sawmill was a water power mill, about the same style as our Ramshorn mill. He was selling building lumber at \$100 per thousand feet, and I do not remember his price for sluice and flooring lumber. I had heard of him before as the wealthiest man in Montana. I happened to meet Mr. Van on my first day in Helena. He was quite abusive, and told me that the lumber business belonged to him, as he was there first and wanted me to remove my mill somewhere else, and said if I did not he would reduce the price of lumber down to \$40 per thousand feet, if necessary.

The Holter and Evenson business in Helena was now in charge of W. S. Benton, a competent business man, well qualified for the lumber business, so I returned to Virginia City and Ramshorn, where affairs were less satisfactory. Evenson had a large crew of men employed, trying to start the mill with a new water wheel, an invention of his own. We had no lumber at the mill or yard, so the business was at a standstill, but still under heavy expense. I wanted Evenson to start the overshot wheel, but did not succeed.

I made Virginia City my headquarters during the summer, and as there were three stage lines operating between Virginia City and Helena, schedule time fifteen hours, I made frequent trips to Helena.

The freight outfit that had been left at Snake River finally arrived with the empty wagons and the long-looked-for planing mill. It was a primitive looking machine. The frame was made of pine lumber, and the feed gearing looked very delicate, but we put it up and by having one man to pull and another to push to help the feed gearing when passing the boards through the machine, we got along fairly well, as we were getting \$40 per thousand feet

<sup>8</sup> Virginia City flour riot occurred in winter of 1865 when provisions were very scarce. Flour was hoarded and rose in price from \$27.00 to \$150.00 per hundred pounds. An organized band of men confiscated all flour in town and sold it in rations to people. Stuart op. cit. II 28-30.

extra for surfacing and matching, and I believe we charged \$20 per thousand feet for surfacing only. I sometimes became disgusted, but when strolling about the premises there was some satisfaction in realizing that I was part owner of the first engine and boiler that ever turned a wheel in Montana. It was a small portable engine and boiler, twenty-five or thirty horse-power, manufactured by the Lawrence Machine Company in 1859, I believe, and shipped from St. Louis to Fort Benton<sup>9</sup> in the spring of 1862, by the American Fur Company.<sup>10</sup> I was also part owner of the first saw mill, a part of which was made at Pike's Peak and completed at Ramshorn, Montana, and last but not least, the planer and matcher, also made in Colorado during her Pike's Peak days.

Mr. Van had already started to drive us out of business. He kept the price up, but privately allowed large discounts for cash. I had no time to give Mr. Van my attention, for I had to get back to Virginia City to get the Ramshorn mill started. On my arrival at Virginia City I learned that I was reported to have left the territory for parts unknown.

This news had already reached the mill and some of the employes had already arrived in town and seemed highly pleased to see me. They did not appear to need their money as much as they had imagined, and all of them wanted to go back to work but one man, and he had \$400 due him and wanted to return to the states. I succeeded in borrowing this amount from one Mr. Brown, then doing a sort of banking business, but when I saw the kind of gold dust he was going to let me have, it was so poor that I had to object to the quality. I went after my man and told him that the dust was poor, but the man was satisfied with it after he examined it. I gave my note for thirty days with interest at the rate of 10 per cent per month, in bankable gold dust, that is, gold dust free from black sand and adulteration, worth at least 20 per cent more than the kind of gold dust loaned.

I soon returned to Helena and the sawmill, and learned from Mr. Benton that Mr. Van had dropped prices \$10 at a time until lumber was now selling at \$60 per thousand feet, with a discount of \$10 per thousand feet, so Mr. Van was doing a good business and getting the money, while we were getting the credit, and collections were not sufficient to pay running expenses. There was a good demand for building lumber in Helena at this time, so I concluded to pass by Mr. Van. I instructed my yard man to reduce the price of building lumber from \$60 to \$40 per thousand feet, and to allow no credit, as we could not afford to employ a collector, and the lumber was to be paid for before it left the yard.

I then went to the sawmill, where I had a consultation with the mill employes, and also with the loggers who were supplying the mill with logs on a contract. I informed them of my instructions to the yard man, and told them that I wanted them to keep the sawmill running and told the loggers to get in all the logs they possibly could before winter, as there would be no feed for the stock. I wanted the mill operated to its full capacity also, but would not

<sup>9</sup> Fort Benton was the last great post of the American Fur Company in Montana. It was the head of steamboat navigation on the Missouri.

<sup>10</sup> American Fur Company was founded by John Jacob Astor in 1808. It gradually absorbed all its smaller rivals. There is no history of it but there is a brief account in H. M. Chittenden—*American Fur Trade in the Far West* (N. Y., 1902) I. P. 309-395.

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remove any more lumber from the mill than could be sold for cash, the surplus to be stacked at the mill.

In purchasing my partner's interest in the business\* I had allowed him to take the cash on hand, so the only promise I could make in the way of salaries was to supply them with the necessities of life until the lumber could be disposed of; so I had a roll call and told them to answer "yes" if they cared to remain and "no" if they did not care to work on this basis. Every man answered "yes."

The next day I returned to Virginia City, where the mill had gotten started and business was in pretty good shape. I then returned to Helena after an absence of about two weeks. The man in charge of the yard told me what lumber there was in the yard was sold and paid for, and that he could not get from the mill fast enough to supply the demand; also that Mr. Van had quit shipping lumber to Helena. I took the money on hand in the office and went to the mill. I met the men at supper time, and after ascertaining the amount wanted, I told them that it amounted to less than half of what I had expected they would need and they could double up just as well as not, as it was as convenient for me to pay now as it would be any other time; but they had all they wanted. However, it had the effect of establishing confidence among the men.

I spent the greater part of the summer at Virginia City and the Ramshorn mill. About this time I took my brother, M. M. Holter,<sup>11</sup> in as a partner and adopted the firm name of A. M. Holter & Bro. In the fall I left my brother in charge at Virginia City and moved to Helena.

I knew of three water mills and two small portable sawmills that had either started or were under construction when the fall in the price of lumber came; so after a thorough investigation I found that none of them had any supply of logs on hand and were not prepared to do any logging after the winter weather started. I was logging with all the force I could possibly press into service, and waiting anxiously for the first snow to fall. Finally on a Sunday morning, while at the Helena office, a snow storm started in good shape. The lumber sold when I dropped the price to \$40 was still stacked in the yard, so I told the office man to go to the owners and notify them to remove the lumber the next day or to offer to pay them the same price they had paid me. He returned and reported having purchased every board. I then told him to fill all orders on hand at \$40 per thousand feet, but from this time on to sell no lumber at less than \$60 per thousand, and that he could extend credit, especially to the prospectors, wherever he thought there was reason to believe they would be successful. I also instructed him to employ more teams to haul lumber and to get the yard stocked with a good assortment. My man protested very hard against a raise of \$20 per thousand feet, and my reply was that it was still too cheap in comparison with other commodities. I avoided an argument for I did not want to expose my future plans. We soon had some more snow, so I raised the lumber to \$70 per thousand feet, and

\*He had bought out his partner, Evenson, late in June.

<sup>11</sup>M. M. Holter was born in Norway in 1835, was well educated, and came to America in 1856. He went with his brother from Colorado to Montana, where he became prominent in business and political life in Helena. He died in California.



received no complaint. The demand kept increasing, so I had to operate the mill night and day.

Business went on without any interruption until January 12, 1866, when a snow storm set in that lasted until the morning of the 14th. The snow was then very deep, and this snow storm was followed by a spell of the coldest weather that I ever experienced. I do not remember how cold it was, but I do remember that the quicksilver in the thermometer froze solid. This storm is referred to yet by the old pioneers as the Sun River stampede, on account of so many people freezing; some were frozen to death and a large number became cripples for life.

I owned a hay ranch three miles from Helena, where I had plenty of hay, so I had all the live stock removed to the ranch. Several of the men got badly frosted in getting there. I found I had a surplus amount of hay, so sold it for \$100 per ton. This price was considered cheap, for the winter of 1861 and 1862 at Central City, Colorado, I had paid \$200 per ton for hay to feed my stock.

Everything moved along all right until about the middle of July, 1866, when I had the saw ruined. This apparently ended the supply of lumber, but I found a man that had two fifty-two-inch circular saws in transit for Helena, and I agreed to take one of them at \$500. When they arrived, however, he did not want to separate the pair, and offered to sell them both to me for \$1,000. I accepted the proposition, but before I could get the gold dust weighed out, he changed his mind again and wanted six yoke of my logging cattle in lieu of the gold dust. I finally got the saws and let him take the cattle. The market value of the team was \$1,200, but as I did not have them to spare they were worth considerable more.

We got the mill started once more, but I had to get more oxen. I learned of a herd of unbroken Texas cattle, and from it I selected as many as I wanted. They were not broken for work, and we had a grand circus in getting them broke and trained to work.

I had no trouble in finding laborers enough, but I could not find anyone that had had any experience in the lumber business, or keeping accounts. The man in charge of the Helena office had left for the States. The man I installed in his place proved to be a man of good education, and competent, but I could not find anyone to assist me at the mill. It had become my custom to rise at 4 o'clock in the morning, call the cook, then start a fire under the boiler, then start loading and measuring and making bills of lading. There were often as many as eight teams to get ready and I had to get up early enough to enable them to get to Helena and return before dark. Everything was supposed to be in readiness to start the mill running at 6 o'clock. I would usually get the teams loaded by 9 o'clock, get my breakfast and then attend to the orders for lumber that was to be sawed and shipped. I would then saddle my horse and take a trip to the place where the choppers and loggers were working, to give them orders as to size, length, etc. the lumber was to be, as considerable lumber was sold at the mill. In this way, I had the accounts as well as the chores to attend to, and it kept me quite busy.

I had commenced to think that the Helena office needed looking after, so after getting the book entries finished and having had my supper, I would get

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into the saddle and ride to Helena, a distance of about eight miles. I concluded to do a little detective work in order to ascertain what were the habits of the man in charge after business hours, and who his associates were. I gathered up a few of my acquaintances and invited them to see the town under the lamplight, which meant to visit such places as gambling halls, hurdy-gurdy (dance) houses, etc. By being a "good fellow" around these places, it would not take long to ascertain if the Helena manager had any bad habits and if he was spending more money than he should. No admission fee was charged to these places, but it was expected that one would at least treat the crowd at the bar. I had not yet seen my office man, and did not want to, but I pretended that I wished very much to see him on important business, and made many inquiries as to where he could be found. I learned a good deal from my friends and from such of their friends as we met, and during an evening's stroll I gathered about all the facts that I needed to know, so I began investigations at the office, and as soon as the manager saw what I was trying to do, he disappeared, and I later learned that he had left a shortage of \$11,000.

During August, 1868, we had all the machinery of the Ten Mile mill overhauled and made a better plant of it than it had ever been before. We started operating on January 2nd, 1869, and everything moved along in a very satisfactory manner until February 15th. Early in the morning of this date the man in charge of the plant arrived in Helena to inform me that the mill had burned down that night, and also considerable lumber. I hastened to the ruins and started the men to clearing the ground and rebuild. My mind was somewhat relieved to find the boiler and engine had not been damaged beyond the possibility of repair. As I had no one competent to put in charge of the rebuilding of the plant, I undertook the task myself, so I started in getting up at 4 o'clock in the morning, driving to the mill, and returning in the evening, getting the needed supplies (stores were then kept open in the evening until 10 o'clock) and give orders for parts of machinery, etc., that mostly had to come from the other mills. I kept this up for about three weeks, when we got the mill started sawing lumber, but it took some additional time to replace the shingle and lath machinery.

The planer and matcher that I had purchased in Chicago two years before was still in transit, wintering at Cow Island, a place on the Missouri River, about 200 miles below Fort Benton. It had to be brought this 200 miles, and then about 140 miles overland, which meant much valuable time. Now was the time if ever that Montana, and especially Helena, needed this kind of machinery, for Helena's great fire occurred on April 28, 1869, when nearly seven blocks were burned over, including most of the best business portion of the town. There was now a very great demand for all kinds of building material. It is worthy of note, however, that in spite of the demand, prices were not advanced.

Late in the fall I started East to purchase more and better machinery. In April, 1867, I shipped, by the way of St. Louis and Fort Benton, a complete sawmill, shingle and lath machine, also door and sash machinery, but it took over two years for a part of this machinery to reach Helena. Freight by steam-

er from St. Louis to Fort Benton was then \$250.00 per ton in currency and \$200.00 per ton from Fort Benton to Helena, in gold dust.

I left St. Louis on April 13th, on the steamer "Gallatin," and went as far as Jefferson City, Missouri. Then by railroad, then steamer and railroad again to Salina, Kansas, where I got permission to ride inside the railing on the hurricane deck of the Overland stage.<sup>12</sup> There were seventeen persons on this coach. Each was supplied with a rifle and ammunition and revolvers. We were much annoyed and delayed by Indian war parties. The distance to Denver from Salina, was about four hundred and fifty miles, and ought to have been driven in two days, but it took us seven to reach Denver. I arrived in Helena the 17th day of May.

Shortly after I had left Helena in 1866 the cutting of prices began, and from this time on the custom of selling for what you could get prevailed. The prices obtained by A. M. Holter & Brother for the year 1867 up to August, 1868, averaged about \$50.00 for common lumber and \$60.00 per thousand feet for sluice, flume and the better grades, but during the month of August we reduced these prices \$10.00 per thousand without consultation with the other dealers. We had reduced the price of planing mill work to \$25.00 and \$20.00 per thousand, according to quantity, and \$10.00 for surfacing. Shingles sold for \$6.00 and lath for \$12.00. We maintained the prices on the last three items, as we had no competition on these.

In 1868, we built a sash and door factory and set in motion the machinery that we had imported the year before. This was the first of its kind in Montana. Many of my friends had warned me against this expenditure. They reasoned that within a short time the gold placer mines would be worked out and we would have to move elsewhere. However, we operated this plant continuously for eleven years, up to October, 1879, when it was destroyed by fire. As we had no fire insurance, we suffered quite a loss, but we rebuilt as speedily as we could and on the fifteenth day after the fire, we had the engine and planer running. Six years later, in 1885, we disposed of the machinery to Getchell & Dunwall, who removed it to their shop in Helena.

By this time we had sold the Ramshorn and also the Jefferson mill, but still continued to start new mills about the territory. Within the next few years we had started mills on the Blackfoot River, near Lincoln, Wolf Creek, Skelly Gulch, Buffalo Creek, Whiteman Creek, Strawberry Creek, Dutchman Creek and Stickney Creek.

Most of these mills produced lumber for the Helena market, but the Stickney Creek mill, which was started in May, 1880, had Fort Benton and surrounding country as its prospective market, and we established a lumber yard on the west bank of the Missouri River below the mouth of Sun River, where we located a section of desert land and made the first payment, but never found time to get the water on it, so we let it go by default. This land extended from Sun River down the Missouri River for two miles and takes in what there

<sup>12</sup> The Overland stage was started by John Butterfield, September, 1858, on semi-weekly service from San Francisco to Tipton, Missouri. The distance was 2795 miles and was covered in twenty-five days. Special coaches were constructed, and relay stations were spread along the route. The Pony Express was organized in 1860 as a more perfect mail service. Paxson—Last American Frontier. (New York, 1910) p. 174.



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is of Great Falls on the northwest side of the river, the concentrating plant and the smelter.

The lumber was hauled about six miles from the mill to the raft landing and then rafted down the river to the Sun River yard, a distance of about seventy miles. In the Spring of 1884, the river was very high and swift, and they were unable to stop the raft at Sun River, so they shoved the horses overboard, and I believe they also saved the wagon. The men swam ashore, but the raft went over the falls and broke up and was lost. The nearest neighbor to this lumber yard was Mr. Robert Vaughn,<sup>13</sup> twelve miles off. People had commenced settling up the country, so a few of us during the Winter of 1885-6, put in a ferry across the Missouri River to where Great Falls is now, and in February, 1886, we moved the lumber across the river to Great Falls.

In 1889, as there was no saw timber left on Stickney Creek, we moved the mill to Great Falls, so instead of rafting the lumber from the mill, we now floated the logs to the mills. We had secured considerable of the best timber tributary to the Missouri River by cutting it into logs, for possession was considered good title in those days.

In 1869, when gold was still at a premium, the merchants commenced to receive United States currency, which was called "greenbacks," at par.

The lumber business at and about Helena had been in a deplorable or "go as you please" condition from 1866 to 1888. During those twenty-two years merchants and all classes of trade, except lumber dealers, were prosperous. The lumbermen were playing a freeze-out game, apparently, to ascertain who could last the longest. The large majority of those who had started in the lumber business in the early sixties had dropped by the wayside. Even my competitor, Mr. Van, had disappeared, and it was rumored that he was owing his employes alone over \$10,000.00 when he quit.

During this trying period I heard of but one call for a lumbermen's meeting. I did not attend, but was informed of the schedule adopted, and the next day we were to bid on what we considered then a large bill, and the contract was awarded to the parties who were instrumental in calling the meeting, at \$3.00 per M. less than the schedule price adopted the day before.

For some years past the lumber business had been conducted at a loss, and I can think of only four parties who, from the time the first slab dropped until 1888, had made any apparent profit, and none of them any more than a reasonable amount. It would seem that with the establishment of the Montana Lumber & Manufacturing Co., in 1888, the freeze-out game disappeared.

By the disposal of the Montana Lumber & Manufacturing Co., [in 1898 to Marcus Daly], I felt that I was a new and free man, for with the exception of the Holter Lumber Co. at Great Falls, my thirty-five years of annoyance and anxiety in Montana, concerning sawmills, logging, lumber hauling, lumber yards, sash and door factories, etc. had come to an end.

<sup>13</sup> Robert Vaughn was born in Wales in 1836, came to America in 1858 and was a pioneer in Montana six years later. He was later prominent in political life, and also wrote books on pioneer life, among others, "Then and Now."

\* Incorporated in 1887.

*Butte Close-ups**Personal Narrative*

By M. G. O'Malley

The mining industry of Montana furnished for a period of nine years one of the most spectacular political and legal battles the west has ever known.

The "fair trial bill," under the terms of which a litigant might disqualify a district judge—several of them, in fact—was a mining war measure. The eight-hour law was another. The state was flooded with speakers, among them was Ole Hanson, later mayor of Seattle, who used to spout from the back of a dray for \$5 per day. A score of high-priced attorneys in each camp were busy in preparing suits and counter suits. Professional song writers were imported to prepare political ballads which were to be sung later on by high-priced professional singers.

Newspaper plant after plant was either purchased or founded. Millions were expended in battle and other millions were paid out in the purchase of the property of one of the contenders before peace was restored.

The stormy petrel of this great struggle, the Napoleon of the courts and the legislatures as well as the politic conventions, was F. Augustus Heinze, now dead.

Few know how Heinze became a figure in the Montana mining world. Many may be surprised to know that Marcus Daly himself opened the Pandora box out of which climbed the spirit that was later on to plague the company that Marcus Daly had founded.

The appearance of Heinze in the courts and the political arena was due to a blunder on the part of a clerk employed by the late D. J. Hennessy, who was then in business on the southeast corner of Main and Granite. There was in Butte at that time a political wizard, Tom R. Hinds. Hinds owned a saloon on North Main street, was state agent for Anheuser-Busch, had a score of relatives scattered about Butte and was something of a political power. Marcus Daly himself told T. R. Hinds the story regarding Heinze.

"I phoned over from Anaconda yesterday to Hennessy's," Mr. Daly said. "Dan was out. A clerk answered the phone. 'I want to meet Hinds in the store basement at 3 o'clock,' I told him, 'will you please tell him so?'"

"The clerk promised to attend to it. I was on hand promptly at 3 o'clock. When I walked down the steps into the basement whom should I see walking back and forth puffing a big black cigar but that Irish Jew, F. A. Heinze. Quick as a flash it came to me that here was the man I needed to fight the Boston and Montana that had been crowding in on us recently—the Anaconda sank a shaft on the Butte hill well within its own grounds only to find that the ores of that particular vein had been mined from an adjacent shaft—and I decided to take him on."

Heinze fought the Boston and Montana under Mr. Daly's management. The latter disposed of the Anaconda property to the Amalgamated which also took over the Boston and Montana. Daly came back into the company only to find that in buying the Boston and Montana the Amalgamated had also

## THE FRONTIER

bought the Heinze lawsuit which he himself had started in the basement of the Hennessy store a few years before. Had Daly lived it is possible that the legal battle might have been settled much sooner than it was. Marcus Daly had no love for lawsuits, hence his selection of Heinze to fight the Boston and Montana.

### CLARK-DALY FIGHT

The opening days of Montana's statehood were marked by a bitter struggle in which the opposing commanders were Marcus Daly and the late Senator W. A. Clark. It is generally known as "the Clark-Daly fight," but Marcus Daly was himself authority for the statement that this is a misnomer.

This fight, according to Mr. Daly, originated, not in Montana, but in New York. J. B. Haggin, for whom Mount Haggin, near Anaconda, was named, was heavily interested in the Anaconda company. It happened that a number of mining men assembled in New York. A meeting was called and Haggin was elected chairman. At the close of the conference Mr. Haggin learned that Senator Clark was in the city. Out of deference to his importance in the mining world the chairman called a recess until the next day and sent a courteous invitation to Mr. Clark—he had not yet been chosen senator—to attend.

Clark, according to Daly, appeared to have felt slighted at not having been invited earlier. At any rate, he sent word that he had no wish to meet with a member of the Ethiopian race in any conference whatsoever.

The basis for this alleged slur was in Haggin's name, Ben Ali, and in his dark complexion. These appeared to indicate that he was a Turk or of Turkish descent.

Harry Kingsmill, general manager of one of the largest present day mining companies in Peru, who, in bygone years, was closely associated with the Haggin interests, declares that Haggin was not a Turk as had been generally supposed but the son of a scholarly Irishman who had a strong tendency toward Asiatic literature, which he reflected in selecting a name for his son. Whatever Haggin's real nationality he was in Montana regarded as of Turkish descent.

Haggin, Mr. Daly said, bitterly resented the Clark answer and the war was on.

Daly was deeply indebted to Haggin. When Lloyd Tevis showed an apparent desire to freeze Daly out of the Anaconda company through the levy of heavy assessments Haggin tossed his check book, signed in blank, across the table to Daly with the remark, "There, Mark, is my check book. You can pay your assessments out of it as long as I have a dollar in the bank."

"When Clark insulted Haggin and Haggin declared war I had to go to it," Mr. Daly said to H. A. Gallwey, who has the distinction of having known intimately more of the industrial giants of the west—Flood, O'Brien, Mackey, Fair, Daly, and others—than any living man. "Haggin had stayed by me and I couldn't go back on him, but it was never a Clark-Daly fight, Harry, it was a Clark-Haggin fight."



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## BOOK SHELF

### BOOKS ABOUT THE WEST

Reviewed by the Editor

#### I. The Cabin at the Trail's End.

Sheba Hargreaves. (Harper. 1928. \$2.00.)

This novel, although conventionally built, with a heroine, a villain, two worthy young people to be married, carries the reader's interest through its thorough knowledge of pioneer conditions. The making and use of no makeshift implement or food or clothing is unknown to the writer. The lay of land, the use of woods, Indian customs and psychology, the handling of canoes, fishing, fruit-raising, are all known. Indeed, there is a slight tendency to stop the narrative for explanation. Martha Bainbridge is a sturdy woman of faith and unbreakable good cheer. She pilots her family through the most distressing pioneer privations; she encourages all good community activities; she out-faces Indians and destroys a liquor cache—always supported by a sturdy and right-thinking husband and resourceful old uncle. The women of the story fare well, the men not so well.

I have not read so authentic a novel of pioneer conditions in the far west. It should be read aloud by grown-ups to the whole family around a fireside or under a Douglas fir. The younger generations would delight in, and should know, the ways of doing without things or substituting home-made makeshifts. The grown-ups would ponder with fresh interest the qualities of courage and endurance that men can use under necessity.

#### II. The Last of the Old West.

George Mecklenburg. (Capital Book Co., Washington, D. C. 1927. \$1.50.)

This book is evangelistically religious with some good stories scattered through its pages about the early Sky Pilots, the conditions they met and the methods they used. "I do think that a little more holy daring in adapting our program to conditions as they are here, instead of copying after the work in the East, would have brought

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greater results," stated one of them. And yet these energetic and devout men hesitated at little when a specific condition was to be met. If all the accounts were as good as "The Lady of the Bench," as free from religious sentimentality and religious brag, the book would be excellent. As it is it should interest a wide body of religiously-minded people. The Jesuits have been written up; it is high time that the laboring Protestant Sky Pilots had their innings.

**III. Calamity Jane and the Lady Wildcats.** Duncan Aikman. (Holt & Co. 1927. \$3.)

The "Lady Wildcats" of the West were, according to Mr. Aikman, the overenergized women who liked men's society better than women's. Calamity Jane and Belle Star and Madame Moustache and the rest of them were not simply "bad women." One gets an idea of the writer's idea of what motivated such women and one gets entertainment in reading the book. The material is written in the oblique manner and the smart style nowadays affected by impressionistic biographers, and neither characteristic improves the book. "In any case, Belle found herself equipped with a husband well adapted to fortifying a strictly ladylike education with dashes of Quantrill technique." Such writing gets tiresome.

**IV. Kit Carsen.** Stanley Vestal. (Houghton Mifflin. 1928. \$3.50.)

There is authentic material in this book, some of it new and as first-handed as such material can now be, handled by a man who knows it and knows how to present it. In the first 270 pages the real old West peopled by real men of that locality and time grows into the reader's imagination with almost entire lack of that feeling of reconstruction which the majority of books on such subjects carry. The writer doesn't try to disguise himself: he is frankly the historian; and yet Kit as a trapper grows exploit by exploit into genuine personality. It is only in Kit's last days when he was an officer in the United States army that the writing becomes diffuse and unenthusiastic. The writer loved Kit as a trapper; he admired him as an army officer and regretted Kit's necessity for becoming one. The degenera-

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tion of manly quality in the West's early men from trappers into bungling Indian fighters and Bret Harte men is vividly felt by the reader.

The book has on the inside of the cover a clear, sufficiently detailed map of the territory from the Mississippi to the Pacific, with the location of Indian tribes on it, for a reader to know where Kit is at every moment of the unfolding biography.

**Giants in the Earth.** O. E. Rolvaag. (Harper and Brothers. 1927. \$2.50.)

Lincoln Colcord tells us in the introduction to this book that Beret's homesickness is the dominant motif of the story. It is probably true that there was more than a small trace of this same nostalgia in the souls of all those hardy pioneers who left their homeland to settle in a new and isolated world.

Per Hansa and his family were the dominant members of a caravan of Norwegian settlers who founded a colony somewhere on the vast prairies of the Dakotas. Per Hansa is aware that his wife, Beret, is troubled with a constant yearning for the calm, secure comfort of her childhood home. At least Per Hansa thought it was lonesomeness for he did not see the implacable hostility in the wilderness that Beret did. Here was a new kingdom for him to conquer, something tangible that he could put his heart and soul into and reap results. Because Rolvaag, with a fine spiritual understanding, has fused these two elements into an epic story, *Giants of the Earth* is a remarkable book.

Missoula. *Harold Sylten.*

**James Bridger** by J. Cecil Alter. (Shepard Book Company. Salt Lake City. 1925. \$10.)

To be a successful biographer one should not be too fearful of venturing with facts. Mr. Alter does not take one chance in 492 pages. Mr. Alter is content with his scholarship, when he is entitled to be no more than proud of it. He is content to arrange the results of his research in sequence, and call the sum-total of these efforts *James Bridger*. James Bridger, the man, was one of the most colorful figures in the development of America, the greatest of plains and mountain men. He had more topographical sense than a compass, more artful-

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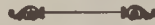
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ness than an Indian. And yet his human outlook could be perpendicular, like a poet's, and roundabout, like a humorist's. "Come with me to the Yellowstone next summer," General Miles reports him as saying, "and I'll show you petrified trees a-growing, with petrified birds on 'em a-singing petrified songs." What a subject he is for a biography! *James Bridger*, the biography, is the directly or indirectly quoted parts of historical documents pertaining to him. He can only be dimly seen through the semi-opacity of heavy scholarship. Not until page 265 is there even an attempt to describe his physical appearance.

Yet Mr. Alter's service in collecting this material is of some value. The value is restricted by the facts that his sources are mostly well-known documents and that he has brought to light very little new material. However, his scholarship is broad enough to make him thoroughly familiar with the times about which he is writing, though he does fall for the old myth that mounted Indians could discharge their arrows from under the necks of of their ponies while at full gallop.

*Helena. Norman F. Maclean.*

**The Peasants.** Wladyslaw Reymont. (4 vols., Knopf. 1924-5. \$10.)

Wladyslaw Stalislav Reymont's *Chłopi*, 1904-1909, translated in 1924 as *The Peasants*, is still unknown to American readers. In its translation it became just another foreign novel, its realism made grotesque, its mysticism incomprehensible, and its heart-twisting pity and tenderness lost in strange contortions of pseudo-biblical language.

When I read the translation I began to understand that American reviewers could not be so stupid as their reviews would indicate. The whole intricate orchestration of language was lost in translation. The vast symphonic accompaniment and interpretation of the Seasons of a creative life, the cycle of man's sleep, sowing, growth, and harvest, became turgid, unwholesome chaos. And the folk language—just as Slavic musicians have woven the folk melodies into symphonies and operas, so has Reymont woven the folk speech into a thing of strange beauty and power. None of that can appear in the translation.

I can not understand, however, why

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reviewers so persistently dwell upon the gloom of the novel, why they missed that lifting up of the spirit, that feeling of fulfillment which glorifies the tragedies of peasant life. It is true that the love affair between Antek Boryna and his father's second wife (the heart of the whole story, by the way) is sordid; it is also heroic, the true material of Greek tragedy. Old Maciej Boryna, dying, assumes gigantic proportions. He becomes a symbol stalking over the vast Polish plain, the eternal sower, the creator, making the earth fruitful and returning to it at the last, lovingly and reverently, his own body to mix with the rich dust of his fathers.

*Corvallis, Ore.* John M. Kierzek.

**Pit-Head Poems.** Frederick C. Boden. (Dent & Sons. 1927. \$1.50.)

The poetry of the working class is unfortunately seldom of the sort one expects. Seldom is it surging, mighty, formless, nor is it in the case of this volume of verse by a young English coal miner. *Pit-Head Poems* is imitative and "literary" in substance and imitative and rigid in form. Yet this fact is not a psychological phenomenon, as it appears at first, but rather a psychological sequence. Boden writes his verse after finishing his shift at the mine; his physical resistance is at a low point, and between the physical and the mental there is at least a certain ratio. Out of the dusk of weariness, out of the strengthlessness of shadows the spectre of Housman arises and steals Boden—I think, in the circumstances, it is more exact to say this than to say Boden steals Housman. Masfield and Bunyan are accomplices in the crime.

Yet Boden has qualities of his own; particularly is he sensible of the melody that can be arranged from simple words. He sings, and in this respect at least resembles two other workmen, David and Burns.

*Helena.* Norman F. Maclean.

**Strange Interlude.** Eugene O'Neil. (Boni and Liveright. 1928. \$2.50.)

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has kept himself intelligently informed concerning contemporary life and the current speculative theories about it. He has been a consistent experimenter in dramatic forms and technique. And he has perseveringly sought, within the limits of his chosen medium, the appropriate expression for his elemental gift of poetic, that is to say of symbolic, utterance.

In *Strange Interlude* the diverse tendencies which these findings indicate are brought together and focused upon a single creative effort. Accepting modern man as from the scientific point of view little more than the animals, O'Neil has attempted to show him as seen by the artist not less interesting, because not less inspiring in character, than classic man, who was looked upon as little less than the gods. With customary courage of conviction he has deserted certain present-day conventions of his craft as needlessly inhibiting the revelation of mental conflict, and has extended the use of the aside to the point of sustaining, through nine full-length acts, a double level of dialogue, by means of which he contrives to present both the spoken and unspoken thoughts of his dramatis personae. And, unless I am egregiously mistaken in my reading of this play, he has achieved in the figure of his too much loved heroine an allegorical projection of the Eternal Feminine in all the complexities of her post-war aspects as daughter, sweetheart, mistress, wife, and mother.

To state that O'Neil has attained a complete success in so ambitious an undertaking is to state more than his performance warrants. There are passages, for instance, in which he discloses that he knows rather more of how people think and feel than of how they act and talk. And there are occasional moments when doubtless his readers, or auditors, were intended to be properly awed, but when it is doubtful if they will be more than even mildly amused. All in all, however, *Strange Interlude* is an impressive piece of work. Obviously it is actable to an eminent degree. It is thought-provoking and at the same time reasonably reassuring. One finishes reading it satisfied with an unusually gratifying and memorable experience. The like of it has not

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NOTES ABOUT CONTRIBUTORS

James Stevens, editor of Paul Bunyan yarns and author of *Brawnyman*, lives in Tacoma, Washington. Last January he shipped on a freighter for Buenos Aires, and is now on the return voyage.

Merle Haines is a junior at the State University of Montana. He has been around horses all his life and has worked as a packer.

Floyd Dell, author of *Moon Calf* and other novels, lives in Croton-on-Hudson, New York.

Mary Hartwick lives on a homestead near Holland Lake in the Swan river country, Montana.

Vilhjalmur Stefansson, noted Arctic explorer, author of *The Friendly Arctic*, is at present in New York City.

Alice Hancock is a senior in English at the State University of Montana.

Grace Stone Coates, an assistant editor of *The Frontier*, has spent the last month in New York City writing.

Ethel Romig Fuller is a Portland poet whose verse is receiving wide recognition in national magazines.

Jason Bolles lives at Chimney Rock, Montana.

Frank B. Linderman, Indian authority and master anecdotalist of frontier life, has spent some time recently lecturing in the Middle West.

Courtland W. Matthews is a Portland poet.

Charles Oluf Olsen is a Portland poet. He has been a woodsman much of his life.

Rosa Zagnoni Marinoni lives in Fayetteville, Arkansas.

Mary Brennan Clapp, whose poetry has appeared in *Pan*, *The Lyric West*, and other magazines, lives in Missoula, Montana.

M. G. O'Malley is an editorial writer on *The Anaconda Standard*, Butte.

Brooks Kairn lives in Salt Lake City.

John Frohlicher lives in Butte.

Norman Macleod is editor of *Palo Verde*, a magazine of the Southwest.

Anthony D'Orazi is a student in the State University of Montana.

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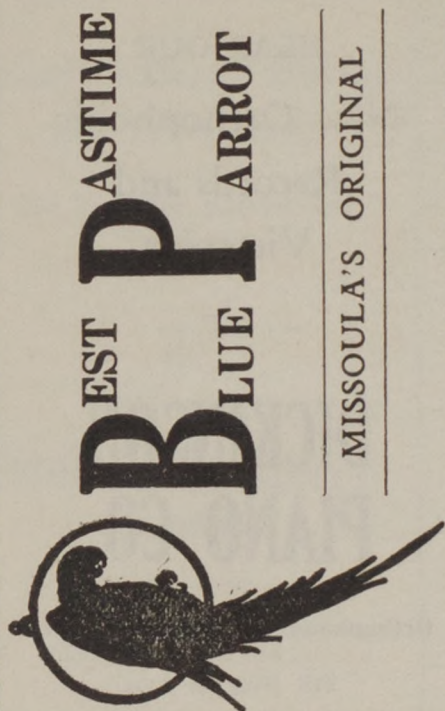
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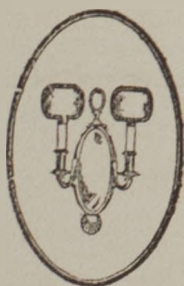
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