

University of Montana

ScholarWorks at University of Montana

The Frontier and The Frontier and Midland
Literary Magazines, 1920-1939

University of Montana Publications

1-1930

The Frontier, January 1930

Harold G. Merriam

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/frontier>

Let us know how access to this document benefits you.

Recommended Citation

Merriam, Harold G., "The Frontier, January 1930" (1930). *The Frontier and The Frontier and Midland Literary Magazines, 1920-1939*. 30.

<https://scholarworks.umt.edu/frontier/30>

This Journal is brought to you for free and open access by the University of Montana Publications at ScholarWorks at University of Montana. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Frontier and The Frontier and Midland Literary Magazines, 1920-1939 by an authorized administrator of ScholarWorks at University of Montana. For more information, please contact scholarworks@mso.umt.edu.

THE
FRONTIER

A MAGAZINE OF THE NORTHWEST



JANUARY

Tony and Marcia, a story by Mary Hesse Hartwick.

Human Interest Forest Fires, by Howard R. Flint.

The Cabin on Elk Prairie, a story by Howard McKinley Corning.

Early Day Horse Trailing, by Luke D. Sweetman.

The First Wagon Train on the Road to Oregon, edited by Archer B. Hulbert.

Other Stories by Roland English Hartley, Neta Lohnes Frazier, Dorothy Marie Johnson, Sallie Elliott Allen.

Poems by Badger Clark, Queene B. Lister, Arthur Truman Merrill, Harry Noyes Pratt, Courtland W. Matthews, Norman Macleod, John Scheffer, Grace Stone Coates, J. Corson Miller, Ellen M. Carroll, Lucia Trent, Lucile Bradley, Holmes Parsons, Kathleen T. Young, Lucy M. C. Robinson, Laurence Pratt, Alicia O'Donnell, Paul F. Tracy.

VOLUME X

NUMBER 2

PUBLISHED IN NOVEMBER, JANUARY, MARCH, AND MAY AT THE STATE UNIVERSITY OF MONTANA, MISSOULA

FORTY CENTS A COPY—ONE DOLLAR AND A HALF A YEAR

Claire Beauty Shop

CLAIRE LEIN

A Christmas Special
FOR YOU

Permanent Waves
\$6.50



503 Wilma Bldg.

Dial 2600

Patronize Service
Stations Operated by a
Missoula Industry



Three fully equipped service
stations, located at

S. Higgins and 6th St.

N. Higgins and Alder St.
and

Wolf St. and N. 1st St.



HART REFINERIES

"A Local Industry"

Attention, Students

BOOKS

REFRESHMENTS

SOUVENIRS

Campus Gossip Exchange.

A good place to gain the

OLD COLLEGE SPIRIT

Associated Students' Store

Has kept pace with the development of the University and is a
real Campus Institution.

Come in and look us over.

EVERY MODERN FEATURE

that makes for comfort, convenience,
safety and reliability is embodied
in the equipment and operation of

the new OLYMPIAN

easiest riding train in America

Roller Bearings all the way between Puget Sound and Chicago.

Electrification for 656 miles over four mountain ranges.

Color-light Automatic Block Signals over the mountains—
extraordinarily efficient.

Coil Spring Mattresses in every standard berth—nights of
rest.

Observation Car containing lounge rooms, shower bath-
rooms, observation parlor, buffet, library, radio, valet, maid.

Rector Dining Car Service

M. J. EMMERT
Agent, Missoula, Montana

M. G. MURRAY
Division Passenger Agent,
Butte, Montana



longest electrified railroad in America

THE FRONTIER

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Volume Ten

JANUARY, 1930

Number Two

CONTENTS

The Star, <i>poem</i>	Queene B. Lister.....	Decoration by John Ludlow.....	Frontispiece
Tony and Marcia, <i>tale</i>	Mary Hesse Hartwick.....		91
Two Poems, The Pioneer; Homesteader.....	Arthur Truman Merrill.....		96
Ranger Joe, <i>poem</i>	Harry Noyes Pratt.....		97
Human Interest Fires.....	Howard R. Flint.....		99
Poems—Ranger's Widow, Courtland W. Matthews; Belly River, Norman Macleod.....			104
The Cabin at Elk Prairie, <i>story</i>	Howard McKinley Corning.....		105
Abandoned Farinhouse, <i>poem</i>	John Scheffer.....		110
Transient Boarder, <i>story</i>	Roland English Hartley.....		111
Poems by Badger Clark, Grace Stone Contes, J. Corson Miller, Ellen M. Carroll, Lucia Trent, Lucile Bradley.....			117
Story Makin's, <i>story</i>	Neta Lohnes Frazier.....		121
Poems.....	Antitheses, Holmes Parsons; Sonnet, Kathleen T. Young.....		130
The Fruit Tramps, <i>story</i>	Dorothy Marie Johnson.....		131
Poems.....	Inarticulate, Lucy M. C. Robinson; Refraction, Laurence Pratt.....		135
Warp and Woof, <i>story</i>	Sallie Elliott Allen.....		136
Poems.....	Wind at Night, and Retreat for Horses, Alicia O'Donnell, Scarface Charley, Paul F. Tracy.....		141
OPEN RANGE			
Early Day Horse Trailing.....	Luke D. Sweetman.....		143
HISTORICAL SECTION			
The First Wagon Train on the Road to Oregon, Edited by Archer B. Hulbert.....			147
BOOKSHELF			
Books by Lori Petri, Caroline Hill (editor), Vachel Lindsay, J. W. Schultz, Anne Ellis, Henry F. Hoyt, Edwin L. Sabin, Paul Palmer (editor), Stuart P. Sherman, Taylor Gordon, John D. Guthrie (editor), Mary Brennan Clapp.			
ABOARD THE COVERED WAGON—Contributors.....	Front Advertising Section		

The March issue of *The Frontier* will contain a poem by Lew Sarett, author of *Slow Smoke* and *The Box of God*; a story by Roland English Hartley; *Prelude to a Picaresque Novel* by Ted Olson; Open Range material by Pat ("Tommy") Tucker; poems by Helen Maring, Lillian White Spencer, and other poets.

State of Montana, County of Missoula—ss.

Before me, a notary public in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared Harold G. Merriam, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the editor, publisher and owner of *The Frontier*, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to-wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, H. G. Merriam, State University, Missoula, Mont.; Editor, H. G. Merriam, State University, Missoula, Mont.; Managing Editor, none; Business Manager, Keith Heilbronner, State University, Missoula, Mont.

2. That the owner is: Harold G. Merriam, State University, Missoula, Mont.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

H. G. MERRIAM, Editor and Publisher.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 3rd day of October, 1929.

E. K. BADGLEY,

Notary Public for the State of Montana.
Residing at Missoula, Montana.
My commission expires June 19th, 1930.

When the table talk turns to cigarettes —

the men smile quietly and say:
"To smoke Camels is to know
the real pleasure of smoking."

The preference of experienced smokers has made Camels by far the most popular cigarette in the United States.



Camel



© 1930, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco
Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

CIGARETTES

ABOARD THE COVERED WAGON

Queene B. Lister lives in Portland. The decoration for the poem, a paper cut-out, is by **John Ludlow**, a student at *The State University of Montana*.

Mary Hartwick thought that a better title for this tale would be *Resurgence*—"There is no Death, no staying of that Divine Wash of Life, which is the Word made flesh . . . And not one jot or tittle of the Word shall pass away . . . In these woods wherever human beings have dwelt, even though nature hurries to cover the scar, some memory is there, and it can be plainly felt." Mrs. Hartwick lives on a homestead near Holland Lake, Montana.

Arthur T. Merrill and **Harry Noyes Pratt** are California poets. The latter is new to *The Frontier*.

Howard R. Flint is the district inspector in charge of fires in the U. S. Forest Service, located at Missoula.

This is **Howard M. Corning's** first prose to appear in *The Frontier*; it is a strongly flavored and highly individual writing. Mr. Corning is spending the winter in New York City.

John Scheffer, **Paul Tracy**, **Holmes Parsons**, **Laurence Pratt** are Oregon poets new to our pages; the first two live in Eugene, and the last two in Portland. **Courtland W. Matthews**, who also lives in Portland, has often contributed poems of great beauty.

It is a pleasure to offer our readers in each issue of this year a story by so skilled a craftsman as **Roland English Hartley**, San Francisco.

Badger Clark, Hot Springs, South Dakota, is one of our country's best known poets of western themes. We are happy to publish this poem.

Grace Stone Coates is our assistant editor. This is the second of **J. Corson Miller's** poems in this year's *Frontiers*; he lives in Buffalo, N. Y.

Ellen Carroll, Charleston, S. C., edits a newspaper column of verse, and has contributed poetry to many magazines. **Lucia Trent** is a widely read Chicago poet. **Lucile Bradley** now lives in Arizona; **Kathleen T. Young** in New York City; **Lucy M. C. Robinson** is a poet of Spokane. **Alicia O'Donnell** is a student at *The State University of Montana*. **Norman Macleod**, Albuquerque, is editor of *Morada*.

Story Makin's is **Neta Lohnes Frazier's** first appearance in *The Frontier*. It is a story that gains power and significance with each paragraph.

The Fruit Tramps comes from Okanogan, Washington; **Dorothy Marie Johnson** formerly lived in Whitefish, Montana. We have never published a story truer to its background.

Although *Warp and Woof* by **Sallie Elliott Allen** is another "triangle" story, it has been handled with such sincerity that we are happy to place it before our readers.

Luke Sweetman knows his horses and the country about which he writes. He lives in Billings, Montana.

Archer B. Hulbert, one of *The Frontier's* advisory editors for historical material, is a distinguished historian, a professor at Colorado College. Calling attention to the Oregon Trail Centennial he writes: "The Centennial of 1930 is timely, logical and meritorious, far beyond many which are precipitated upon us. It is to be wished that throughout the length of the Oregon Trail, to its farthest eastern antennae on the Atlantic coast, the message of the Smith, Jackson and Sublette wagons and two Dearborns crossing the Plains might be clearly understood."

The cut for the picture of Governor B. F. Potts in the Historical Section of the November issue of *The Frontier* was made available through the courtesy of The Record Herald Printing Co. of Helena, Montana.

BOARD OF EDITORS

Editor.....**HAROLD G. MERRIAM**

Assistant Editors.....{ **GRACE STONE COATES**
BRASSIL FITZGERALD

Contributing Editors.....{ **FRANK B. LINDERMAN**
JAMES STEVENS
LEW SARETT

Advisory Editors
for the Historical Section.....

{ **GRACE RAYMOND HEBARD**
University of Wyoming
PAUL C. PHILLIPS
University of Montana
ARCHER B. HULBERT
Colorado College
PHILIP ASHTON ROLLINS
Princeton

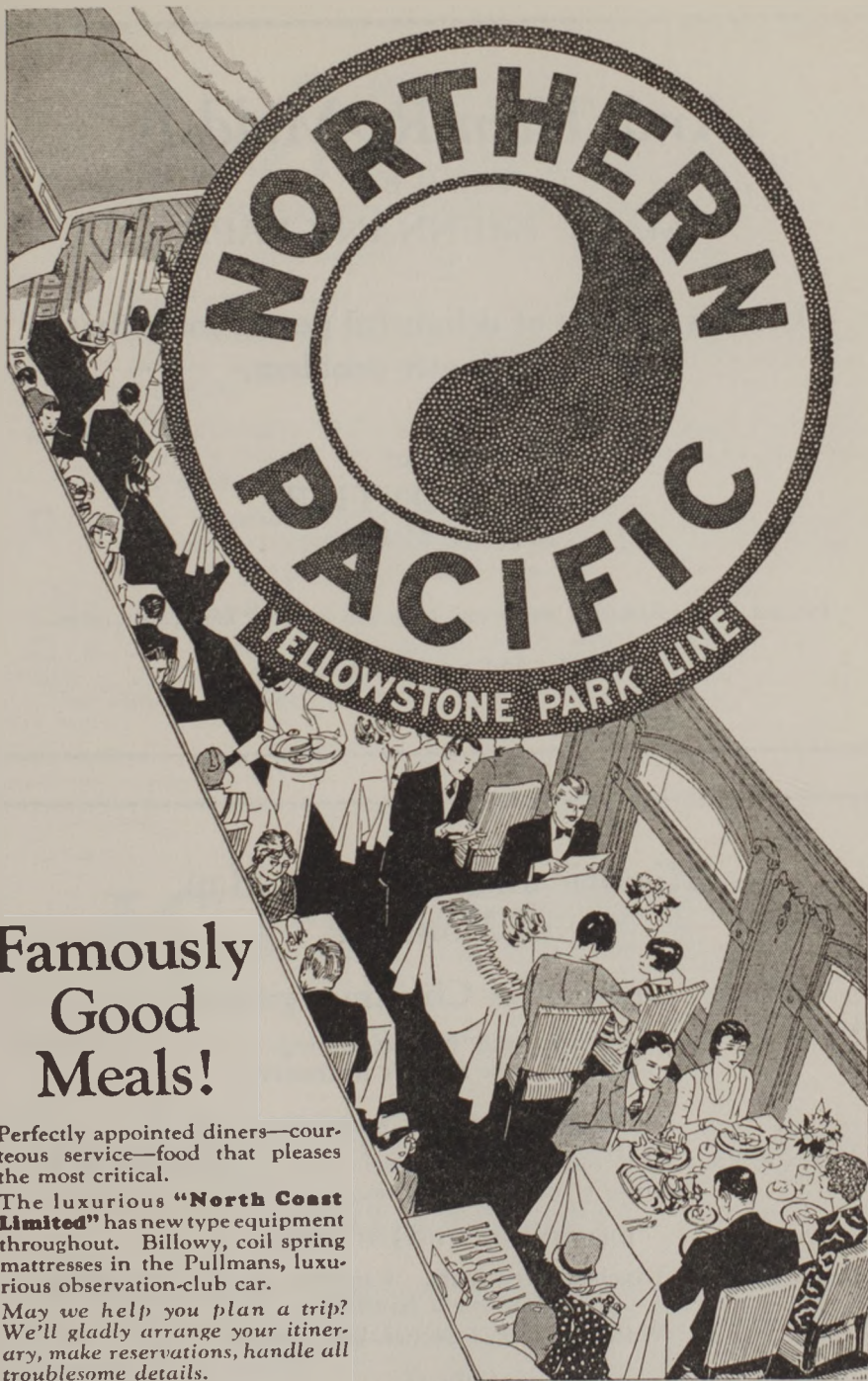
Manuscripts should be sent to the Editor; business communications to Elsie Heicksen or Keith Heilbronner, Business Managers; subscriptions to Walter Taylor, Circulation Manager—all at the State University of Montana, Missoula.

Contributions are welcome at any time of the year. Verse, sketch, essay, article, drama, story, written with sincerity and interest, are acceptable.

Copyright, 1929, by H. G. Merriam. Published in November, January, March, and May.

Entered as second-class matter May 4, 1928, at the postoffice at Missoula, Montana, under Act of March 3, 1879.

The Frontier is a member of the Missoula Chamber of Commerce.



Famously Good Meals!

Perfectly appointed diners—courteous service—food that pleases the most critical.

The luxurious "**North Coast Limited**" has new type equipment throughout. Billowy, coil spring mattresses in the Pullmans, luxurious observation-club car.

May we help you plan a trip? We'll gladly arrange your itinerary, make reservations, handle all troublesome details.

Northern Pacific Railway

N. H. Mason, Agent, Missoula, Mont., Phone 3161

(525)

And Then Re-Mold It

POEMS BY
MARY BRENNAN CLAPP

Let this volume of delightful poems solve that
Christmas gift problem.

Order of
THE FRONTIER
Missoula, Montana

Printed on a cream laid paper and bound in a heavy blue paper cover.

A dollar and a quarter a volume.

Historic and Romantic Map of Montana

Order it for Christmas gifts.

It's fun and it's fascinating.
It's authentic and it's instructive.

MADE BY EILEEN BARROWS

with a key and guide compiled by Professors Paul C. Phillips and H. G.
Merriam of the State University of Montana.

DRAWINGS BY IRVING SHOPE

Small size, 9x13 inches, fifty cents. Requires use of a magnifying
glass, but it's a handy size.

Wall size 17x24 inches, one dollar.

Order of
THE FRONTIER
MISSOULA, MONTANA

SUBSCRIBE to *The Frontier* for a year

and get a reduced price on maps and a book of poems.

Place a cross opposite the combination desired.

- ☐ 1. *The Frontier*, four issues, for one year, \$1.50.
- ☐ 2. *The Frontier* for one year (\$1.50) and an Historic and Romantic Map of Montana, 17x24 inches (\$1.00)—the two for \$2.00.
- ☐ 3. *The Frontier* (\$1.50) and a volume of Mary Brennan Clapp's poems, *And Then Re-Mold It* (\$1.25)—the two for \$2.25.
- ☐ 4. *The Frontier* (\$1.50); an Historic and Romantic Map of Montana, 17x24, (\$1.00); and the poems, *And Then Re-Mold It* (\$1.25)—the three for \$3.00.
- ☐ 5. *The Frontier* for one year to three addresses, \$4.00.*
- ☐ 6. *The Frontier* for one year to five addresses, \$6.00.*

*The map may be added to either No. 5 or No. 6 for 50 cents and the volume of poems for 75 cents.

J.C.PENNEY CO.

127-129 North Higgins Ave.

Missoula, Montana

The Selection of Quality Is Easy and Certain

In the development of this nation-wide institution during the past 27 years a great deal of thought has been given to the safe-guarding of this ingredient of quality. Goods are made in accordance with our own specifications. Upon these goods are placed our trademarks. It pays to become familiar with them.

SERVING

87 Montana Cities
and Towns

The Montana Power Co.

HOUSEHOLD
HARDWARE
and
MINING
MACHINERY

**Montana Hardware
Company**

West Park
BUTTE

FIREPROOF

Leggat Hotel

BUTTE, MONTANA

Rates, \$1.50 up

Private and free public shower
and tub baths.

COMFORT
COURTESY

ALEX LEGGAT, Manager



PLEASANT gifts—gifts modest and luxurious—sensible and beautiful—in short, perfect gifts. Early in the year, we began going about with a watchful eye—looking for ideas—ordering far in advance those delightful novelties that you will hail as an inspiration. The result—a collection of gifts for young and old—and all those in between—fraught with thoughtfulness and good taste—and yet coming well within even the smallest amount you have allowed yourself for the most insignificant name on your list.

MISSOULA MERCANTILE CO.
The Christmas Store



THE STAR

The Lord God stopped
In a Christmas city
To weigh the wreaths
Of wealth - - and pity . . .

Old Mrs. Miggle
Gave a star,
Because she hadn't
A coin or flower - -

Laid the star
In a Christ Child's palm,
While a holy choir
Chanted a psalm.

She kissed the hand
Of the sacred child . . .
At first God wept,
. . . Then he smiled.

"Oh," said God,
"What a precious city - -
To hang one wreath
With a star of pity."

Queenie B. Lister

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.

TONY AND MARCIA

BY MARY HESSE HARTWICK

IN the years just before the World War, some of the land in the Swan Valley was thrown open to settlers. The most valuable of this land, lying along the river, was taken up at once. Settlers coming later found homes among the foothills of the two ranges on either side of the narrow valley.

The beauty of these homesteads, with their far outlook over snowcapped peaks, glacier fields, and vast stretches of green forest, the longer day, the clearer air and the absence of fog from the river, these and many other compensations the foothill homesteaders had.

In the early spring after this land had been opened, there was vacant yet one of the higher homesteads. Leaving the crude wagon and pack trail, a blazed trail struck up through the canyon of Elk Creek. After wading the center of the stream to avoid the thick growth, and following a high bank under dark spruce with the creek roaring over the loose boulders far below, this trail led up to a higher plateau and came suddenly out into the sunshine and the open.

Where gently the bank slopes up from the creek there is a friendly little park of silver birch, quaking aspen, and perfectly formed fir trees, not crowded, each having his place in the sun. Through this park, with its carpet of kinnikinic and wintergreen and soft mosses, an animal trail leads up to an open dell, free from trees and surrounded by a low growth of jackpines.

Here came Tony and Marcia, packs on their backs, perspiring, laughing, and very damp from wading the creek. A little couple, and very young. Tony's black hair curled over his swarthy forehead and his face was peaked and brown and his quick brown eyes darted about like the eyes of a startled bird. Marcia was fair and round and her big eyes were clear and grey.

Here came Tony and Marcia, and pitched their tent and built a fire in front of it and brought water from the creek and made coffee and ate and laughed and hugged each other and danced a few steps on the soft grass and ran about the edges of the meadow, peering into the jackpines. "I know where all our corners are," boasted Tony. "I can go to any of them. The Ranger and I marked them out." Marcia grasped hold of him. "No, you stay right here in my sight." She steered him back to the little tent.

It was late afternoon now, and the level rays of the sun glimmered through the tops of the trees. They made camp for the night, Tony cutting soft boughs for the bed and collecting wood for the fire and Marcia carrying these in. When they were all set, they went fishing and exploring up the creek.

When they got back the moon was just showing over the high eastern peaks and they were wet and hungry again; so they fried some of the fish and sat on a log before the fire, eating and talking of homesteading.

Clear sky and passing stars and the low wind among the trees along the creek. The soft calling of night birds and the cry of a coyote. Yellow head and black, the packsack for a pillow, they slept. No consciousness of the vast unpeopled loneliness about them; sufficient unto themselves and with full faith in their tomorrow, they slept.

The next day Tony hiked to the road and then the ten miles down to the Ranch. At sundown, he appeared up the creek with an ancient burro, loaded high and wide with their things, and Tony too carried a big packsack.

"What a little man, and what a little pack-horse," laughed Marcia. "My, but you are all wet."

"I'll say I'm wet," gasped Tony. "I'm wet and tired, and hungry." He shed the packsack and began to dig into the top of it. "How's that?" He handed a tiny Airdale puppy to Marcia. "They gave me that at the Ranch, for you."

Marcia cuddled the tiny whimpering thing and must hurry to get some milk for it and tuck it into her blankets.

They staked the burro in the meadow and during the days that followed Tony made several trips for their things. Then he cut some logs along the creek, but the burro would not pull, so he took him back and borrowed a horse. Two of the neighbors came and helped with the cabin. When they had the logs up, they took a crosscut and a frow and went down the canyon and found a big straight cedar and made shakes for the roof. These were tied in bundles and packed on the horse. Soon the little cabin, which was only fourteen by twelve feet, was completed and the little couple moved in.

Tony made a bunk of peeled poles and a mattress of pine boughs. With shakes he made a long shelf above the bunk and piled up there a lot of their grub and things. It looked more like a doll's house, with the tiny window, the little tin stove in the corner, and the table made from a packing box. Marcia swept out the rough-hewn floor with a homemade splint broom, and she had found a bright scarf to make curtains for the window. She could bake but one loaf of bread in the small oven and she had to take her dishes and washing down to the creek. Tony made a bench under the one big silver birch that stood at the water's edge. Here Marcia did a lot of her work. When she had leisure, she would sit with the little dog on her lap and watch the life of the forest.

There was a keen smell of growing things and through the mold the white strawberry and pigeonberry blossoms were showing. Tender young fern fronds and tall white violets were under the mountain maples. And over the decaying logs of the old forest, the twinflower was weaving its exquisite carpet and its upright flowers were beginning to open. Marcia could never get time enough to watch all these things. She loved them and claimed them for her own. She had two phoebe birds that called to each other, and an evening grosbeak flashed his bright coloring among the green foliage. And there were two silent grey camprobbers that floated like ghosts from tree to tree.

As soon as the cabin had been completed Tony had begun slashing around the level of the open meadow and was making long windrows of the young

trees. He saved out the sound logs and the biggest jackpine poles and made them into winter wood. This he piled beside the cabin. It was all hard work for such a little man, and often, during the heat of midday, Tony would lie exhausted on the damp bank of the creek. Here Marcia would bring their lunch and spread it out and chatter to him. "You sound like a chipmunk," Tony told her. But when he looked at Marcia, something lovely, like ripples of light, passed over his thin brown face.

They had planted quite a garden near the house and had carried water from the creek, so that by midsummer, there were many green things ready to use. With the aid of scarecrows and the barking of the pup, they managed to keep the deer out, and Marcia and the chipmunks were having a grand scramble over the peas. Marcia had carried smooth white stones from the water and bordered the garden and the walk to the creek.

All too soon for Tony and Marcia, the long summer days were all run out. Suddenly there was a chill in the air, and in the rattling leaves of the aspen there was a warning of winter. The huckleberry bushes and mountain maple and the ash along the canyon were turning scarlet. The pinesquirrels and chipmunks were working frantically to store away food. Tony had packed in his winter grub and his woodpile was bigger than his cabin.

Then a man came in to say that Tony must go, with others, to register for service. When Tony returned, he pulled up the turnips and rutabagas and put them into pits of wild hay and turf. They smoked a lot of fish and killed a buck and hung it in the shade to freeze. The nights were so frosty now that the

ground did not thaw, except in the sun.

Then Tony was gone. He had wanted Marcia to go out to town, but she begged to stay at least until she heard from him. She walked to the road with him and watched him go out of sight, then she went slowly up the canyon, the dog at her heels. Marcia walked as if she were in a dream, and the dog, to attract her attention, kept bumping against her, whining and looking back for Tony.

When Marcia went into her cabin, she stood looking out the window. One dead tree of the old forest stood among the low jackpines. Its broken spar, with one upstanding limb, so like a fixed bayonet, caught her eye. In a sudden agony of apprehension she cried out "Tony!" and snatching up her sweater, she ran out and down to the creek. There she stopped, stood very still for a while, and went back up to the cabin.

The next day an old man who lived down across the road came to tell her that Tony had asked him to watch out for her and to help her when she was ready to go to town. Later he brought a letter and parcels from Tony, and some fresh fish. Regularly he appeared and always brought some little gift of his own, especially when there was no letter from Tony.

After a time word came that Tony was on his way overseas. A storm was tearing up the canyon with icy breath, cutting the leaves from the trees along the bank. The frost hardened the ground and a waiting silence fell over the forest. The higher mountains were lying under snow and the white line was creeping down into the foothills. Marcia awoke one morning to look out on a world of white, and when she went for water she had to go back to the cabin for something to break the ice. The neigh-

bor came to inquire when she would be thinking of going out. "If you stay too long you may have a hard time getting out," he explained. But she must stay now, a while.

Weeks of waiting ran on, and it was six weeks before the next letter came. Then there was nothing more. Even Christmas came and the man was at the door, mail and packages, and some small gifts from himself and the ranch. But no word from Tony. Marcia was glad when the neighbor was gone, and she need make no further effort to be cheerful. And it was getting harder to convince him that she was all right alone.

She had to be saving with her candles. So, when the long nights were too much for her, she would sit before the tiny stove, with its door open, and wait for the first graying of dawn. Only the breathing of the dog and the warm touch of him kept a thread between her and the living world. She had to fill up the stove many times during the night, against the increasing cold.

Through the storm of January the man came with something from Tony which Marcia could not touch for trembling. "Open it,—read it," she whispered. The man shook the snow from his cap and shoulders and came in and read the letter.

Tony was killed. Tony was buried.

He could have saved himself, the dispatch stated, but, wounded, he was trying to carry a comrade in, and both were hit. And on the bottom of this notice, some one had penned these words: "Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friend."

And Marcia was alone in the cabin. The neighbor had told her that there was not another woman within fifty miles and it would be well-nigh impos-

sible to get to town, but that he could help her snowshoe down to his place and from there he would go for help to take her to the Ranch for the time. Marcia assured him she was better in her own cabin and that she wanted to be alone. He brought wood and water and shoveled the snow and went away.

She went about softly, touching Tony's things, lifting the lid of his old chest, or staring at the worn axe and mattock in the corner. Tony was dead. She looked out the window at the long windrows lying under the snow. Was Tony, too, lying under the snow? Tony was dead. Tony was buried.

It was night and darkness filled the cabin, but wherever she looked, there was the silhouette of a little man, bending and stumbling under the weight, the great burden, of a limp comrade. And in the darkest hour of her extremity, Marcia was warmly conscious of the fact that she was not alone; Tony was not dead, nor had he entirely forsaken her—that she was, in time, to give birth to his child.

Haggard and worn, at dawn, she lay down on her bunk to fall into a deep sleep, from which she was awakened at noon by a great pounding on the door. And now there were three men come. They were ready to help her, even carry her to the road, if she could not make it. Marcia bade them come in, made them some coffee, and calmly convinced them that she would be all right, and must wait until spring, and that she had grub, and wood, and everything. Reluctantly they went, after shovelling tons of snow from about the house and woodpile, and trampling down the snow to the creek.

Measuring out her grub to make it

last, Marcia went about her chores and waited.

In March the snow began to sink. And there were days when the heavy sky rolled back in great masses against the white mountains and the sun broke through and rode triumphantly all day and sank again into the clouds above the opposite range, turning them to flaming gold and shades of smoky purple. And Marcia, mastering her desolation and shouldering her responsibility, came through the travail of her spirit, to maturity. She was almost of a sudden a woman.

In April, the water was running in little streams and a bluebird came. Marcia welcomed him with a gush of tears. The chinook had uncovered the ground and in a day the spring beauty, the correl, the buttercups pushed up and opened beside the last ragged patches of snow. And a robin called, "I am here, here, here!" The creek was a raging torrent and the old man was slashing along the bank so that Marcia need not wade in the creek-bed.

In May, Marcia was going out. It was just a year since she and Tony had come, and had danced about their first campfire. Marcia packed their things in Tony's chest, and hung up on the rafters the little of the grub that was left. She took her two geraniums outside and lifting them carefully out of their pots transplanted them beside the cabin and carried water and wet them. She had put up a little bird-house on a tall pole, and now the bluebird was moving in, with his wife, and they were busy setting up housekeeping.

When she could find no further excuse for lingering, Marcia locked her door, and shouldering her pack, went

down the trail, the dog at her heels. She stopped to straighten the line of the white stones and look for a moment over Tony's slashings. When she had come to the silver birch, she leaned her soft cheek against it, and her tears fell on the little bench. Then, without looking back she marched valiantly down the trail along the bank.

And a great silence fell over the little cabin and the meadow. And spring and all the long days of summer ran out and winter came again. And again it was spring, and the chinook was coming up the canyon, and the bluebirds were nesting in the little house and the robin was calling. The chipmunks ran along the logs of the cabin. And the flowers were there again. All these things waited. Even one scrawny geranium managed to thrust up its head and watch the trail.

And that fall, the Elk Creek fire swept the meadow. And by another summer the fireweed, the kinnikinic and wild grasses struggled together with the tame timothy and clover to cover the blackened spot where the cabin had stood. Only by searching among the tangled rank growth could the line of white stones be discovered.

The little park at the water's edge was untouched by the fire. The silver birch has grown, but he has not pushed away the bench at his feet. He remembers. And in the spring, when the south wind blows gently up the canyon, and the aspen puts forth new leaves, and the lovely young fir trees nod their green spires in the symphony of a new life, all these things of the little park remember and whisper together of the memories they retain, of Tony and Marcia.

TWO POEMS

BY ARTHUR TRUMAN MERRILL

THE PIONEER

It happens now and then
That among the hordes of men
There are, detached, a few
Who would not sleep in beds, nor eat at boards,
Nor worship in a pew.

They live without ado,
It is enough God gave them strength
Of purpose, depth of lung and length
Of limb. For them it is enough
To follow the seasons in the rough.

Great price is commanded by great purchase,
But not too much if men make payment as they go,
Not too much for those who know
That who would climb mountains must amend his pace,
Must climb patiently and slow.

It is enough to overtake the morning in the west,
To be the first proud guest
In a new clean land; to be sinewed, tough,
To espouse work, to eschew rest;
It is enough to follow the seasons in the rough.

THE HOMESTEADER

Firm in her belief that conquest is the meed of toil
She wrenched her homestead from the savage waste,
With bare hands she coaxed fruition from the soil
At once husbanding and mothering it,
And the wild masculine West
Seemed to sense her sex and to become obsessed
With a rude unwonted chivalry.
At one with the pride of water, land and air
And the immemorial uses of the earth
She was diffused across her acres, identical with each clod
Until her fields became parturient with inherent birth.
Hers was the genius of an infinite care
A peasant-loving of each inch of sod,
A comradeship with horse and cow and sheep,
A very friendship with the trees.

Her thoughts, though bred of dawn and dew
And the primal stir of morning breeze,
Staunchly stood the test of noonday sun,
And after ardent hours of work were done,
Though muckstained from the cattle shed,
She was complacently at home with starlight.
Patiently she bode the seasons, neither dreading snow-fly
Nor yearning yet too much for spring;
She lay with great winds through the winter night
Unafraid the pressure of the untenanted mile;
One fear alone she stifled in her heart the while,—
That she might sometime die in bed
When there was work to do beneath God's open sky.

RANGER JOE

BY HARRY NOYES PRATT

Down in Grub Gulch, old Joe Crane,
Product of the mountain, rugged an' rough
As a live-oak knot an' twice as tough;
Never an ache an' nary a pain—
Heart as big as all out door—
Big soft spot for woman or child—
Hills an' trees an' things o' th' wild,
Don't think no one loved 'em more

'An Joe Crane did. Why, birds an' bees
Loved Joe Crane, an' children'd come
Hangin' to his gnurled ol' thumb
Beggin fer stories of flowers an' trees.
'Member once Joe says t' me,
(Comin' down th' mountain from fightin' fire;
Dirt to our necks, an' sootier higher!)
Joe he says, a-spittin' free:

"Come th' time when I am dead,
Don't want no grave dug six by three;
Ain't got no hankerin' fer t' be
Laid out thataway," old Joe said.
"Dig a posthole, narrer an' deep
On th' mountainside where th' shadders play
From sun-up time to th' close o' day;
Close by a crick where th' black trout leap.

"Drop me in haid down," says Joe,
 "So's I can feel th' earth's great heart
 Beatin' away in th' depths apart,
 With my feet high up where th' grasses grow.
 Take a pinetree, slim an' straight;
 Plant it above me, laigs between,
 Growin' above me, tall an' green—
 Down below I'll patient wait.

"Roots'll twine 'bout my gray old bones—
 Part an' parcel then I'll be,
 Livin' again in th' tall pine tree;
 Laughin' an' singin' an' droppin' of cones—
 Children playin' about my feet,
 Runnin' an' laughin', sun an' weather;
 Old Joe an' them a-playin' together,
 Cold o' th' winter, summer's heat.

"Then," says Joe, "when I have grown,
 An' th' bark is thick, an' th' branches wide
 Are castin' shade on th' mountainside,
 An' th' winds of many a year have blown—
 Cut me down, an' build of th' tree
 A cabin snug an' tight an' warm
 To shelter some child from th' mountain storm;
 Sheltered an' safe in th' heart o' me!"

Old Joe Crane! No craft er art;
 Product of th' mountain, rugged an' gruff.
 Sound as a live-oak, knotted an' rough—
 Old Joe Crane an' his great, warm heart!

ENCIRCLED

BY GRACE STONE COATES

I wanted you to lie so still
 The even beating of your breast
 Would seem an impulse of my will,
 A motion of my spirit, guessed
 Thru all the measure of my days;
 I wanted you so soft to lie
 That when your presence shaped my ways
 I would not know you were not I.

HUMAN INTEREST FOREST FIRES

By HOWARD R. FLINT.

D WELLERS and tourists in and adjacent to the National Forests of the vast, intermountain Northwest are accustomed to hear and observe more or less of forest fires. During July and August of many summers, fortunately not all summers, forest fires are a too-common topic of local conversation, like the weather or the badness of the roads. A gray murk of smoke fills the air, obscures distant views, blowzes the sun, irritates the nostrils. Newspapers carry forest-fire headlines. Week-end campers are excluded from certain forest areas or are admitted only under some sort of permit which provides, or at least implies, surveillance.

Occasionally an individual, more curious than the average, or a newcomer in the district, perhaps, or a landholder in the mountains asks questions about forest fires. Who causes them? What is done about them? Who does it? Reasonable questions, easily answered, but the whole story is a long one which may be embellished with many digressions. The average inquirer quickly loses interest unless the answers to his queries happen to disclose a close, living, human aspect of the fires. The dry statistics tire him. One time regarded only as a phenomenon of the elements, in these days of human domination of the far corners of the earth there is human interest in the most remote of the mountain fires.

Thoughtless or careless mankind is responsible for the starting of about a third of all the forest fires, but, strangely enough, most of those big ones 'way back in the "tall sticks"

along the Idaho-Montana line, start when Jupiter decides to stage an impromptu show during some hot afternoon or dark night. Seemingly he now conducts these prodigious performances entirely for the edification of the 200-odd lonely forest lookout men who roost in tiny cabins or tents on the tops of many high mountains, even as certain gods of mythology are said to have done. Anyhow, but few others see much of these recurring dramatic spectacles more vast and impressive than any ever staged at Hollywood. Many soft-living denizens of the larger valleys are unbelieving and scornful of the tales of Jupiter's present-day histrionics, however much or little faith they may have in the mythology of days long gone by. Why argue from a distance against thousands of records made on the spot?

Queer fellows, those lookout men. They always express in some way, profane, perhaps, but none the less sincere, their appreciation of entertainments such as these. With blunt lead pencils they record an idiomatic special jargon of their own, hasty, critical notes of what they see; then, over the supercharged, jingling, one-wire telephone lines they call their smoke-chasing friends for miles around, rousing them out of hard, celibate beds to regale them with a dramatic account such as:

"A little smoke in Sheep Creek, and a blaze near the head of Goat Creek, one just starting up on Windy Ridge, a smudge at the forks of Wet Creek and a 'dinger' that's up and gone right now in Dry Creek. Believe me, Bill, you'll sure need a crew to wrap up that baby."

"Bill," gingerly handling the other

end of the sizzling wire, on which Jupiter may at any second be ringing someone's final call, is probably a Forest Ranger in charge of a couple of hundred thousand acres of mountain forest. He is seasoned by some years of experience to judge this show and to plan a return engagement of his own staging. He may piece together the hasty reports of a half-dozen lookout men. "Smokechasers"—there are several of them on each ranger district—tough humans who can travel the hills night or day with about 35 pounds of fire-fighting hardware and durable emergency rations on their backs, now take their places on the stage as Bill dispatches them, one by one, to Sheep Creek and Goat Creek and all the other lightning-blasted creeks and ridges.

Dry Creek fire, however, is something different. A smokechaser goes to that, too, but he goes with no illusions in regard to winning a staged one-man fight in a 24-hour round—or maybe two—or three. He goes as a scout on a serious mission. Heavy tragedy begins in this setting. Spectacle enough, but neither amusing nor sublime. This smokechaser goes to spy out a dreaded enemy's position, to select a base for major operations, to determine a feasible route into enemy territory and to mark a way for the hosts that are to follow.

Bill's voice rises until telephones in distant offices reverberate. For moderate distances, a mile or so, perhaps the wire wouldn't really be essential to transmission of such a voice. Forest-trail crews, a road-building crew and a small logging crew start "right now," sleepy, grumbling, unappreciative of stirring events, but —*on the way*. Minutes count with Bill. The nearest large

town a hundred miles distant hears Bill's call, "fifty fire-fighters, right now and don't send any sidewalk stiffies either; this is a real timber-beast country up here, thirty miles to hike—now and then a hill—lots of fire, want men to work—got lots of scenery here—send along the grub and outfit. Need two cooks, real mulligan mixers, none of these greasy old boys you have to handle with tongs after the second day out."

Selection of the chorus starts at once. An employment officer, blissfully innocent of psychology, discerningly wise in the ways of transient laborers—and labor evaders—scans and interrogates the file of human hopelessness, energy, filth, optimism, disease, courage, general human motley, which is suddenly motivated by an impulse to exchange what must be given for a free ride "on the cushions," plus thirty-five cents an hour, and "grub." By mutual agreement and a meeting, usually of terms, rather than of minds, it is understood that these exchanges of perquisites will continue for an indefinite period. Usually the parties of both parts are sincere in the hope that the period may be a relatively brief one. Pathos, humor, tragedy, exasperation, atmosphere, anathema, occasionally physical encounter, weave through this employment officer's role as the review passes before him, puts its best shod feet forward, answers or evades his questions, signs real names or acceptable aliases to his little printed slips. Well he knows that in the world of these men names are evanescent. Each signer is briefly described, gets a number recorded in the office, in the "sticks" presented to Bill.

Two lusty, Hibernian timber-beasts moderately stoked with "canned heat";

breezy, rollicking, flushed, odoriferous, "look good" as they needlessly overstate their qualifications and gravely name the feminine mayor of a neighboring city as sponsor for their care in case of traumatism or death. A suspicion arises. "Will this lady care for you if she is notified you are hurt?"

"Sure, I kinda t'ink she would, Cap. She kept us bot' in jail over there fer five days last week."

Corked shoes, horny hands, broad backs and the "manner" got them on. Probably a fourth or a third of the men hired, when asked whom they wish notified in case of accident shake their heads or shrug.

Old Boy Bain stalks through the herd. Obviously not of the street crowd. A lean, grizzled, mountain man, fearless and confident in mien, clearly a bit the worse for years but still springy and tough as a cougar, and with the indescribable something in manner which marks self-reliance and competence to meet fate on any terms. The employment officer quickly reads the riddle. Bill would need Roy Bain. "Yes, I'd like to go, but I've got to look after that kid over there, I can't go 'less you sign him up too." "That kid" was an indeterminate quantity. He didn't "look too good." A bit too slim, eighteen perhaps, but under too much dirt he had the mountain tan. A bargain is made.

Thus, from human odds and ends, Bill's valiant fifty is made up in a scant two hours. Two not too slippery-appearing cooks in bib overalls and lumberjack boots differ from the rest in appearance only in that they are a trifle less soiled and a trifle more rounded in contour. The crew is counted into a smoking car an hour later and for four

blissful and boastful hours they draw easy money for sitting on the velvet as the train rumbles across the plain and reverberates through the canyons. A dozen nationalities this crew, all of the white race, except a noble red man and his base, breed half-brother, ages eighteen to an admitted fifty, all of the male sex—probably. On one occasion after a crew had been sent out, a scandalized forest officer put in a long-distance call to the emplement man. "Say, you fellows in there got to be more careful about picking out men, you sent out a *woman* on that last crew."

"So? That's too bad, about the only fool question I never think to ask 'em. How long did she stick?"

"Oh, she was out about four days before we found out about it. She was husky and a pretty good worker. Course we had to let her and her partner go. Couldn't have a woman out in a crew like that."

"Well now, that's too darn bad. Say, how the heck do you expect me to find out all about 'em in here in two minutes if it takes you fellows four days to get wise?"

One man only of the valiant fifty deserts before he reaches the end of the rail journey, an opportunist, perhaps, who saw a free ride in the direction in which he wished to travel. Next day a vigilant officer of the Forest Supervisor's staff picked him up in the railroad yards and under threat, more or less well founded, of trial and Federal prison, persuaded him to restore to Uncle Sam the price of railroad fare and the one meal he had obtained under false pretense. Of course, they don't always catch every deserter, one in eight or ten perhaps. It is a sidelight, a sporting

chance, which adds zest to the job for pursued, pursuer, bystander and newspaperman. No one wastes any emotion *hating* the deserter. He provides a human-interest episode in a too humdrum world.

Beyond the railroad, thirty miles of mountain trail cools the ardor, blisters the feet, tries the endurance of the recruits. The trip is made under the guidance of Ranger Bill and a local temporary assistant of his. Pack trains lead the way bearing food, beds, tools for the host. Ranger Bill doesn't ride proudly at the head of a column in a natty uniform with shining braid and buttons. Afoot, at the rear, in battered clothes that he may have slept in, when he last had a chance to sleep, he carries a light pack, his field office. His functions are many, mainly human-interest tasks. He spurs the laggards, ministers to the indisposed, cheers on the weary, watches for smokers in the line—it is against rules to smoke en march, plans the marches and stops, supervises feeding and bedding the men and incidentally makes mental note of individual possibilities and peculiarities in the crew.

On the ranger's shoulders rests, in extremely large measure, the responsibility for the success or failure of this expedition and, in many instances, the safety of its members. Inexperienced men have burned to death in forest fires and skilled forest officers have withheld hundreds of others from possible death traps or withdrawn them at the proper time by skillfully directed tactics. Death of firefighters by burning has, in recent years, become of extremely rare occurrence. Each year an occasional man becomes the victim of a falling snag or a rolling boulder set free by the flames. The danger is well recognized, carefully

guarded against and fatalities are few.

The fire camp, a very temporary place of abode not solely without conveniences, has been partially established by one of Bill's trail crews and foremen before the fifty arrive. Water supply, proximity to the fire, and relative safety from sudden conflagration have been the principal considerations governing selection of the site. The kitchen is of first consideration. It is quickly established under a canvas fly with an improvised work table for the cook and a long, rough table for dishing out food to the men, cafeteria style.

The first, regular, hot meal served in a fire camp would be a revelation to any gourmand. The food is generally a good quality of substantial fare but its outstanding attribute is quantity, plenty plus. There must be plenty of it or disorganization and disintegration quickly follow. Many of these men are "broke." They haven't eaten regularly for, perhaps, a week; a few lunches and the long march in have whetted appetite to a rare edge. The only restraint is that they must file by in orderly fashion, one by one, to have tin plates loaded and reloaded. Second, third and fourth helpings are the rule, human elasticity the limiting factor. Inexperienced fire cooks need to be warned about this first meal, the wise ones prepare for devastation.

Out on the fire line for an average of at least 12 hours out of the 24 there is constant action and prodigious toil with axe, saw, grubhoe and shovel. The sophisticated are able, for a time, to evade a certain part of it but, one after another, Ranger Bill or his assistant gets the measure of such men, their tenure is short, and after an effective sorting out about 35 or 40 men usually remain who

are moderately willing and able to deliver finished and held fire line under trying conditions of heat, dust, smoke, adverse topography and impending disaster.

The general aspect of a large forest fire in a dry period is not an encouraging one to the weak in body or the chicken-hearted. This is particularly true if it happens, as is so often the case, to be in an area littered with dry, standing and down debris of a previous fire of some years past. Narrow, deep canyons, steep slopes; almost impassable "jungle" on each side of seemingly endless and purposeless trails; the almost incessant crash of falling snags; swift, blasting runs of fire up precipitous hills; heavy smoke palls; lurid night views; these things coupled with 12 or 13 hours of hard, uninspiring toil followed by a chilly mountain night in a light, hard bed tend to make the quitters quit, and the hardy hard indeed.

Not all of the work is humdrum. There are moments of tense excitement, of dramatic danger, of large deeds and, on occasion, amusing incidents that to some of the rarer spirits compensate more adequately, perhaps, than the daily stipend for the grilling toil of the line.

On a short, hot sector where the battle rages and the issue is uncertain, twenty men are working desperately, nervously. Old Mac, a tough, little local hill-billy and prospector, is strawboss of this gang, not from choice, for he hates a "boss" job and despises the rabble of temporary firefighters. He is strawboss because Bill asked him to be—and he likes Bill. Suddenly, with only a whisper of warning down over the line in a long arc crashes the spire-like trunk

of a dead 200-foot pine. A wild yell goes up. To the twenty frightened and horrified hoboes the huge bludgeon coming down among the crew seemed aimed directly at Old Mac's hundred and thirty pounds of bone and gristle. With a rending crash the stick broke into a half-dozen good-sized pieces and a truck load of broken branches all in a cloud of dust, debris and smoke. Men on the immediately adjacent line leaped into action and fled the spot in terror. The dust drifted gently aside to reveal the tough old mountaineer energetically throwing the fresh litter of debris and branches from his newly-constructed fire trench; peeved, cursing profanely, softly, fluently, but wholly unshaken in purpose and spirit. The snag had missed him by two or three feet. Shamed, still nervous, the crew slowly drifted back to their places and took up again their allotted tasks. Perhaps it is that sort of thing that makes a few of the best of them return to fight forest fires year after year—and makes some of the quitters quit.

For a few hours, a few days or a few weeks, occasional struggles, like the one in Dry Creek, progress, end suddenly, and the crew scatters to the four winds. The loss may be small or great, in any case it would probably have been much greater but for the efforts of Bill and his motley aggregation of human nature. Less than one fire in twenty in the National Forests of this region escapes the local forces, becomes large enough to call for crews from the outside. Probably most of those can be eliminated when a fully-aroused public consciousness insists that Bill have sufficient funds at his command to build the improvements and to employ the trained fire-control men he needs.

THE RANGER'S WIDOW

BY COURTLAND W. MATTHEWS

Far from the screaming whistles of the trains
 He taught my feet the trails. He showed me how
 The pigeon builds, far out upon the bough,
 Its flimsy nest; how crimson early stains
 Vine-maple leaves, while yet July is here.
 With him I scanned the hills for smoke, the skies
 For clouds assembling at the rain-wind's rise.
 I shall not watch for these another year.

My feet shall never tread the trails again.
 A pigeon's frail-built nest, a wine-red leaf,
 Might break my heart. Far from the fir-green glen
 I will go back, go home, to drown my grief
 In floods of tumult from the trampling throngs,
 The trucks and trains, the impatient horns and gongs.

BELLY RIVER

For Lew Sarett

BY NORMAN MACLEOD

Shaded by blueberry mountains
 Plumed with white,
 Moon-cascaded with flowers,
 Ochre as second lidded glory of midnight
 The temple of the gods is violate.
 Mankind
 Not entirely purblind,
 Last echo of a red warrior race
 Left with the last insolent arrowhead
 With a sidekick to the windward.
 Now that the pioneer
 Is a far smoke on a windy horizon
 And the primitive plagiarized,
 We shall place a monument here
 For the dead to read.

THE CABIN ON ELK PRAIRIE

By HOWARD MCKINLEY CORNING

BEFORE Avis Defell had reached her teens she developed the habit of wandering off into the forest alone, usually just at dusk. What she did or what she was finding her mother never found out. She would send her brother, older by little more than a year, out searching for the obdurate girl, bearing a command for her instant return. Her brother always found the girl seated on a stump or a down log counting the surrounding trees. The minute she was discovered she would hurl defiance at the intruder, and springing up would race back through the gloom, reaching the cabin ahead of the conveyor of reprimand.

Nor did she cease her solitary visits to the forest. Her mother, a little weazened with care, grew used to it in time and her brother, thinking about other girls, sauntered off in his chosen directions.

There had been a summer, several years before these nocturnal excursions, when Avis had indulged in an original fancy of a more miniature kind. In an obsessed way she would go about collecting pine cones, assembling these in two neat upright rows facing each other across a three-foot prairie of dust and pine needles in the clearing back of the out-sheds. Thus arranged, the contending men—for so they became in her fervor—would, by the indirect effort of her own arm, hurl pebbles at each other until a last single man was left. The one remaining after this miniature combat she would cherish for days and days. She pretended they were suitors doing mortal battle for her favor. Over and over she told herself she would never

marry a single contender for her love; that the accepted one must overcome the many. For there must be many seeking her hand.

She was seventeen now; she thought she knew what she wanted. For nearly a year she had been sneaking off to barn dances at Bergers', and twice down at Shumway's. Nor had she always attracted the same man on these events; there had been three, definitely. There were two, companions, strange dark men with fire in their eyes, who didn't belong to the hills, were no part of the hill people. The two, of which little was known, lived together in a deserted cabin that stood alone on Elk Prairie. The prairie was little more than an extended burn of ancient occurrence that had grown over with sweet-fern and red Indian paintbrush. It was on a side trail and none but trapping and hunting parties went that way. The two men, bearing the names of Harvey Kadler and Reg Ballard, were supposed to be trapping for a living. Occasionally they were seen at the settlements and on several Saturday evenings had attended the neighborhood dances.

During these all-night affairs that drew the hill population for miles around, the two dark strangers would never get drunk on the effective mountain liquor, and were seen to dance with but one girl. That girl was Avis Defell. Of course the square dances threw them with many; but in these, first Kadler would take a turn, choosing Avis for his partner, whereupon the next dance he would sit out, while Ballard paired with the light-haired ruddy-faced mountain girl—much to

the growing anger of the contentious rustic lads who saw in her, doubtless, something to fight for.

This was as the girl wanted it. She smiled knowingly and kept on dancing with the two strange intruders.

Often when present at one dance the companions would be absent on the following Saturday night. Only to see them in evidence at the succeeding affair. This state continued for several months. Then the stripling, Averill Kane, got in his strokes. When the two appeared a fortnight later the girl Avis danced only with Averill. The suitors from Elk Prairie stood on the edge of shadow beyond the flaring lamps and ground their teeth.

Averill Kane, however, did not see the girl home as he had planned. As the dance broke up at daybreak the jubilating boy was waylaid by Ballard and left tied to a stump beyond the Berger clearing. And Harvey Kadler saw Avis Defell home.

That was three weeks ago. None of the four had attended the succeeding dances, though all three of the men had seen Avis in one manner or another during that period of time. Only that morning Reg Ballard had overtaken the girl at the edge of her father's holdings. Ballard was presumably hunting, carrying for some unquestioned reason a brace of six-guns. These were empty when he overtook the girl, and he invited her to be seated beside him for the operation of loading them. Before they had separated she had loaded both guns with her own hands. She hadn't wanted to fire them for fear of being heard from the home cabin and detected in her vagrancy. Ballard had smiled grimly. Then the

dark strapping man with the set chin had managed a kiss against her fake refusal and had stumped off into the morning light of the fir forest.

Now tonight, she was wandering up the trail with Averill Kane, who had whistled her out of the clearing just after dusk. A moon, almost full in the heavens, sifted a silver-green incandescence over the mountain world and the spanning forest. The slim, eager-faced Averill with perpetual moon-fire in his hazel eyes was more intense and attentive than ever, the girl thought. The round-faced Avis liked this anxious concern and smiled knowingly, masterfully. She knew how to dominate men; she would like to see them fight for her.

"I'd like to see that Ballard tie me up again!" Averill muttered as he strode. "I'll stick a knife into him, once he tries at me again."

"You'd fight fer me, wouldn't yeh?" the girl asked, half-knowingly.

The youth gritted his teeth. "I'd kill 'im fer yuh. . . I . . . I would! I'd do that fer yuh!"

After a moment's pacing over the needly trail, that was a pale ribbon in the moonlight intersected by bars of shadow, a pacing in which the boy's breath came heavily and hot, he reiterated his declaration. "I would, Avie; I'd kill 'em both fer yuh . . . bore 'em through the heart and leave 'em fer the wolves." He squeezed her soft arm where it pressed warmly against his. Presently, as they walked, he placed his right arm about her. . . They sauntered on in silence.

Was this man, this boy, the one who would overcome all other claimants for her love, Avis wondered? Was she

really going to be won according to her youthful dream? She pressed closer to him.

Then she thought she would like to chide him a little. "Yeh wouldn't really kill a man, would yeh, Averill? . . . really kill 'im?"

"Yessir, I would . . . really kill him . . . if I had ter t' git you . . . t' git you," he repeated.

Avis heaved a sigh which the amorous lad beside her took for assurance of favor and contentment.

The trail was leading them now, apparently without any premeditation, toward Elk Prairie. Absorbed in his declaration of fealty and love, the stripling Kane was caring little where he was going so long as he accompanied the object of his devotion. They had climbed out into the fern flat before he was aware of their prospective destination.

The lone cabin of Elk Prairie stood just ahead of them, its two windows sprung aglow like cavities in the face of a black monster emerging out of the sea of silvery fern.

II

"Harv!"

The cabin was very dark. The two men had sat a long time wordless after completing the evening meal. Night had crept in with its black fluidity and its little wispy sounds that magnify each moment's tenseness. The outer door was closed to keep out the chill which creeps in quickly at nightfall in the Coast mountains of Oregon. Two small windows were as nothing in the clearing with its pale light of distant stars.

"Harv?" It was more of imprecation this time, with less of guttural.

"Well?" Across the plank table came a less tense, more resonantly-toned voice. It was the voice of Harvey Kadler, for more than two years now derelict companion to the man Ballard. They had stumbled together somewhere up in the Yachats country, and, finding companionship agreeable, had continued wilderness-brothers. Little more than a year back they had wandered into this out of the way haunt beyond the pass of man, and finding it pleasant had remained.

"That girl Avie." Ballard was speaking, the words issuing in staccato crispness. "Got to settle this, right now, Harv. Can't go on this way any longer. It's either you or me . . . Understand?"

The stolid figure on the opposite side of the table stirred. "Yes, gotta be settled some way, that's certain. Though damned if I see how. Might ask Avie . . . some way or other get her word on it. Anyone can see she's got you in a clinch."

"Hell, that's just it: I put it to her this morning and she won't say . . . not in so many words," Ballard injected, pausing.

"Yes?" his companion furthered.

"But it's up to her just the same. She didn't know it at the time; don't know yet. You see, I've arranged it so she's really deciding, and . . . and . . . we're just answering her. Savvy?"

"How's this?" Kadler was at attention; the darkness about him seemed charged with eagerness. "You say—"

"It's guns, Harv."

"Guns, hell!" And again, "Guns?"

"She loaded 'em, see. All blanks

but two . . . don't know which cartridges carry the answer."

"You mean . . ." Harvey's voice trailed off in the obscuring darkness.

"Yes. She loaded 'em this morning. I met her down by the clearing, see. She acted a bit wary, but—Damn it, let's have a light."

Ballard himself struck the match lighting the dim candle. Kadler, across from him, sprang into visibility, the light wavering ghostly over his features, his upper lip black with its close moustache, his dark eyes, darker by reason of the deep shadows, fixed on the form of Ballard. His hair was neat, almost too neat for one in the wilderness. One hand on the table was very white.

Ballard not so much as looked at him, but leaving the table crossed to the wall, taking the two six-guns from the holsters where they hung. He retraced his steps.

"Well?"

There was no indecision in Ballard's intention. He lay the two weapons on the table before Kadler. Kadler, who must have been younger than the other man, though neither had seen thirty-five, stared at the implements incredulously. His hand dropped from the edge of the table.

Then he swore a big oath, followed by a harsh prolonged laugh. "Couple of fools, we are. Fools in the first place; you to run away from whatever damned you out of society; I, for ever wanting to hog from the world what would make others rich and starve me. Damned selfish cur! . . . Here I am; here you are . . . And the girl Avie . . . Avie . . . Ought to have known it always winds up in a woman . . .

Both fools . . . Ha! Ha!" An unnatural laughter took him. That over, he rose to his feet, crashing his fist down upon the table so that the candle teetered unsteadily in its cedar block. "Guns, of course!"

Outside, the distant pines were talking in the creaking wind.

They had moved the plank table into the center of the room now. The candle guttered as before, palely. In its light lay the two guns.

"Harv," Ballard broke the oppressiveness of the ultimate, "on my oath I don't know one gun from the other—where the bullets with the numbers on 'em are. She loaded 'em. On my word there's only two that ain't blank, only two. You can click your cartridge-chamber around for any start. You pick your gun; I'll take the other. You may have both bullets; I don't know. We may each draw one. We'll pace back to either wall, face about and start counting. On every five up to thirty we'll pull. One of us'll get it sooner er—"

Kadler cut in: "'S'all right, Reg; never questioned your word; never doubted you. Good a way to settle it as any. Avie's deciding, you know. Capital idea. Wouldn't have thought of it m'self." He laughed again. Then he picked up the weapon nearest him. "Luck and the devil are both at the same elbow, they say. Here goes!" He twirled the cartridge-chamber. It stopped.

"But listen, Harv, we oughta have some little understanding. Whichever one—" Ballard poised on uncertainty.

"Sure; that's right."

"If you're left—"

Kadler, on the moment's wave, sup-

plied Ballard's words. "If I'm left, why that's that. Now what else?"

"You won't tell Avie that I—that she loaded the guns?"

"Never!" he assured him.

"Or that you shot me . . . find an excuse . . . accident . . . you know. She couldn't love you that way, you know . . . a murderer. The whole game would be on the fritz. Damn it! . . . when a feller gets taken by a girl . . . !" Ballard leaned his heavy weight on the puncheon table.

"It's hell!" the man Kadler corroborated, adding: "Damned if I don't believe this girl has you pretty well lassoed. One woman . . . two men . . . two guns . . . one man . . ."

Ballard shook himself into recovery. "There's a chance we'll both get it, but that's pretty slim. Fool! me acting like this. Guns I said it was; guns it is. And if I live I'll—"

"Forget about me . . . best. Give my respects to Avie. I'd fight for her any day."

"And Harvey, we're not fighting each other. We're just fighting—"

"For love!"

"For love!"

"Five shots for love."

"And the devil take—"

Ballard gripped his gun, spinning the cartridge chamber. "Round she goes and round she goes, and where she stops nobody knows . . . Click! That's where I start."

He turned his back to Kadler and took two paces away. He halted. "I'd hate to kill you, Harv. Sort of hope you got my number. I'm kind of yellow, I guess, anyway. You're a better man than I am; you oughta have Avie."

"Avie's deciding this, remember. We're just answering her."

"If I get out of this . . . ever, what can I say to— You got any folks back where you came from . . . same as I have?"

"For God's sake, Ballard, shut up! You'll have me hating m'self and you too pretty soon. This is Avie's little coming-out party and you're going to spoil it. Let's have a few smokes on it, as it were, and then one of us'll go home, and . . . and . . . and one of us'll go home with Avie. Now hurry up before that damn introspective candle burns out on us, or, by God, I'll go out and get Avie and—"

Ballard had paced across to the opposite wall, waving aside the proffered smoke. Kadler turned about to his.

"If Avie knew about this?" the latter conjectured, faintly.

"Good God—that she never does!" the words came like wind through a keyhole.

Then from Harvey Kadler: "Well, damnation, Ballard, Reg, I'm trusting you; you trust me, can't you? You're acting queer about it. What a brace of fools! Still . . . Avie . . ."

With their backs against opposite walls they stood, their weapons leveled across the faint gleam of candle. A fearful hush crowded into the cabin. Outside the distant pines were repeating the legends of the wind. A wolf howled far off.

"For God's sake, start counting!" It was Ballard's voice.

"Both of us." From the opposite wall, huskily. "Now, one—" "—two, three—" the voices rose— "—four, "fi—"

Click!

The two men lived.

Again: "One, two three, four,—"

Click! The action of their guns was simultaneous.

The room seemed charged with heat. Time was endless.

The droning numerals again resumed.

"One." "Two." "Three." "Four." BANG!

An avalanche of darkness roared down on two gunmen who slumped forward toward a thin flame of candle that passed from reality. . . .

. . . Outside in the fern flat a girl, scarcely a woman, and an immature stripling clung trembling to each other. With sudden staring eyes they gazed at the solitary cabin from which the dual report had issued thunderously into the night. Each questioned the other in fear and at the same instant wished madly to race away. But they

were hill-born, and it is an unwritten code in the wilderness to determine all causes for unusual gun reports. They did not flee, but holding desperately to each other they flung wildly through the dew-drenched fern to the now silent cabin.

It was Avis who opened the door, Avis who dragged the reluctant Kane through after her. It was Avis who stared for a moment, the heavy powder smoke burning her eyes and the faint candle a far-off tunnel of light in the darkness of the years that led back to the decisive battles of the pine cones in a miniature prairie of dust and needles. Avis who turned and fled out into the silver drench of the night and the legend-bearing wind . . . leaving a pale and quaking boy, surveying with mute horror the lifeless forms of the two strange and dark companions, that he, in the impulse of his youth, would have killed for love of a girl.

ABANDONED FARMHOUSE

By JOHN SCHEFFER

Odors of mold and dampness cling
To these grey rooms; the spiders sling
Invisible threads across the stair;
A dusty window breaks the glare
Of outer light; there, framed, the pump
Leans above weeds, the drab barns slump,—
And tragedy, but half-concealed,
Waits under contours of a field
Where soil no husbandry could reap
Gives scant grass now for pastured sheep.

TRANSIENT BOARDER

BY ROLAND ENGLISH HARTLEY

WHEN the news came that Uncle Will was sick in the city, of course Aunt Bessie went to him at once. Arthur insisted stoutly that he wouldn't mind staying alone in the house. He laughed at her doubts; wasn't he nearly fourteen? For his meals, Aunt Bessie made an arrangement at the hotel. The boy was deeply excited over this prospect.

But now Aunt Bessie's train was gone, he had watched her handkerchief at the car window flutter around the bend, he had come slowly up from the station, passing high school with a proud thrill of independence, and now he stood on the corner across from the hotel, it was almost noon—and strangely, he wasn't hungry. That feeling in his stomach was not hunger.

He kept his eyes on the screen door that opened into dim depths of hallway. People came hurrying up, lunged at the door, disappeared. It looked very simple.

At last he heard the shrill piping of the lumber yard whistle. A few minutes later the crowd began to come by from school. They greeted him with facetious remarks about his new privileges. "Here's our millionaire friend going to luncheon at his club," one of them said. In the face of this envious observation there was no escape for the boy. "See you this aft," he muttered, crossed grimly to the screen door, and swung it open.

The dusky hall stretched out remotely before him. He passed the half-open door of a darkened room that gave forth the odor of decaying flowers. Through a wall came the muffled rumble of

laughter. A stairway mounted to gloomy spaces above. And here, at the end of the hall, he came to a closed door with white letters painted on it: Dining Room.

He hung his hat on a hook beside the door. Then he moved it to another hook. He kept his fingers on his hat, so that he would seem to be just arriving. If only some one would come and open that door!

After a while he thought that it must be almost one o'clock; he would be late to school. He put his hand on the knob, waited until his heart beat a little more slowly, and opened the door.

The dining room was very bright after the dimness of the hall. Tables of dazzling brilliance stretched away in all directions. There were people at most of the tables. Some of them were looking over at the door. A girl near-by was laughing. He stood there helplessly, through aeons of time.

Then a slender girl in white was coming toward him. She smiled, and moved out a chair at a table not far away. A moment later he was in the chair, although he had not been conscious of walking.

"I guess you're in a hurry," the girl said. "Shall I bring you some soup?"

He was not aware of answering, but almost at once she set the steaming bowl before him. He bent low over it and did not raise his eyes until the bowl, after extreme tilting, was empty. Then he looked about him. No one was watching. He sat up straighter and breathed deeply. When the girl came to him again, he smiled.

He was now confronted with the

choice of four different kinds of meat. The pause for consideration was growing embarrassingly long when she recommended the roast lamb.

"Tea or coffee?" she asked.

"Tea," he said quickly. He never drank either.

When she came back again with the meat and the little dishes of vegetables, she said, "Maybe you'd rather have milk or chocolate to drink."

"I *would* like chocolate," he admitted.

"You just tell me what you want," she said.

What gentle eyes she had! When she smiled it was as if she rested her hand an instant on one's head.

He ate quickly. It might be early, but it might be very late. Everything was so different here that one couldn't gauge the passing time.

When he got up to go, the girl came near and asked, "Did you have all you wanted?"

"Yes, ma'am; it was fine." And he added eagerly, "I'm coming back for supper."

The afternoon was long, with the inevitable hours of school, and then ball practice and a swim in the creek; but at last it was near enough six o'clock to go back to the hotel. The dining room was empty and dimly lighted, but he went confidently to his place. When the kitchen door swung somewhere behind him, he heard a harsh voice that was not the voice he listened for: "Dinner ain't ready yet. You're too early."

A woman in white went by with a rolling of hips and a swinging of fat red elbows where the fringed lace of her sleeves bit deep into the flesh. She set herself to polishing the sugar bowls. . .

Maybe the other one didn't come in the evening. All the joy of his own coming faded. . . Then there was the click of a light button, the bright glow glittered back from silver on the white cloths, and here she was!

"Well, are you hungry tonight?"

Above everything else, he was happy; and it must have shone in his eyes, for she smiled and put her hand a moment on his shoulder.

When she brought him his dinner, he said, "I'm going to eat slow. I'm not in any hurry to get home tonight."

He told her all about the empty house that awaited him. The more sympathy she expressed, the more outspoken grew his defiance of loneliness and dark. They were still talking when he heard some one call out, "Well, see who's with us!"

It was Frank Wendell, the man who kept the Smart Set Haberdashery in the next block down the street. A heavy, full-cheeked young man. He pulled back a chair noisily. "Don't mind if I join your little party, do you?" Drawing up to the table, he slapped his broad palms down upon it and looked up to the girl with a wide deliberate smile.

The boy nodded and gave him a shy "Hello." He liked Frank Wendell well enough, and appreciated the easy intimacy with which he helped one in the selection of neckties and socks; but he never felt sufficiently at ease with him to go into the shop, as the other fellows did, to lounge against the counter and listen to Frank's yarns.

"Well," Wendell was saying now, "we'll keep him cheered up while the aunt's away; won't we, Ellen?"

"You're strong on keeping people cheered up, aren't you?" There was a

The Frontier

note in her voice of something deeper than pleasantries.

"You ought to know," Wendell returned lightly.

The boy felt vaguely troubled, and much less happy now.

Throughout the meal Wendell plied their waitress with extravagant compliments, calling upon Arthur to second him. "Now wouldn't you say she's got the daintiest little hand you ever saw?" The boy was thoroughly uncomfortable, even though she didn't seem to mind at all.

He and Wendell went out together. In the hall, while they reached for their hats with one hand and plied toothpicks with the other, the boy asked, "What's her name?"

"Ellen, you mean?"

"Yes; what's her other name?"

"Church. Ellen Church."

"Ellen Church," the boy repeated softly.

"What do you think of her?" Wendell asked, with a laugh.

"I think she's . . . beautiful."

"Shake on it!" said Wendell. And the boy solemnly yielded his hand to the other's clasp.

He was not lonely at home that night. He liked the dark, for in it he saw her with nothing else to distract; and he liked the silence, because it let him hear the echoes of her voice.

In the morning, when he went into the dining room, Ellen was busy at the table of a fat-faced man who leaned toward her and leered up at her and talked rapidly in a low voice; when she turned to go, he caught her by the arm and held her, said something more, and laughed loudly. She came over to Arthur with her cheeks flaming. A

little later, when the man was gone, Arthur asked her, "Do you like to do this . . . this kind of work?"

"I hate it!" There were tears on her lashes.

"Why do you do it then?"

"There doesn't seem to be anything else. . . I wanted to be a nurse."

It struck him on the instant that this was what she *should* be. "Why *don't* you be a nurse?" he said.

"You have to study for it a long time," she told him, "without any pay. And I've got to be making money."

He thought about this all morning at school. Surely there must be some way for one to attain to the work one deeply desired. He wanted to talk to Ellen again about it. But at noon Frank Wendell was there, with his ceaseless flood of bantering talk.

Once he caught Ellen's hand and bestowed an exaggerated caress upon it. When she snatched it away, he turned to the boy with a chuckle. "It's wonderful, Arthur, what a big difference a little moonlight makes."

That afternoon after school, the boy went down to the fruit packing shed beyond the tracks. He worked there every summer, making boxes. The shed was strangely quiet now, two months before the harvest of the laden orchards would come pouring in; and the manager, whom he found in the office drowsing over a dusty file of bills, grumbled a little at his wanting to begin the box-making so early. But since it was to be just a couple of hours each day, after school, he said, "All right;" and Arthur went home at once for his box-hatchet and nail-stripper, to install them among the winter's cobwebs on the bench in the loft.

In the morning, when Ellen came to him with her cheery greeting, he demanded abruptly, "How much would it take to be a nurse?"

She laughed merrily before she could answer. "Oh, that would depend on a lot of things."

"I guess it would take a good deal."

"Yes," she said; "a good deal."

That afternoon he began his work in the hot dusty loft. At first his unaccustomed fingers fumbled in placing the nails; the blows of the hatchet were not yet sure and steady. But the sense of accomplishment came gradually with the mounting pile of boxes that he tossed back from the bench. He timed himself for a few and calculated that he would make fifty or sixty cents before dark. Once, that would have seemed a splendid gain. But now it was so small a part of what was needed. "It would take a good deal," she had said.

He worked on, dreaming of the goal of his work, until he hit his thumb a slight glancing blow with the rough hatchet-head, and realized that it was almost dark in the loft; his eyes were straining to see the nails that his fingers placed by habit.

This mischance made him late to dinner, for while he was changing his clothes at home his injured thumb marked his shirt collar with tawny stains that had to be removed by rubbing with a finger moistened and soaped.

When he went into the dining-room, he saw Ellen standing by the table, chattering gaily with Wendell. He hung back a moment, with a strange sense of suffering and loss. Then Ellen looked over and saw him, and greeted him with her smile that was like a caress.

They made much of his bruised finger, and of course Wendell had to have his jokes. Arthur flushed hotly when the man said gravely to Ellen, "We mustn't ask him why he's working. It's either for a baseball glove, or a girl."

Every afternoon, while his hands made boxes, Arthur's thoughts went far from the dusty loft. He saw Ellen in her nurse's dress. All the intermediate processes were dim. Only this he saw: that he worked, and that she became a nurse . . . suddenly, when his labors were ended. And then he saw himself lying in his bed, stricken perhaps by the great weariness of his work; and Ellen came to him, all in white, with a white cap on her dark hair. When she bent over him and took his hand, he turned his head feebly on the pillow and smiled up at her. Then she leaned low over him and for an instant he felt the warmth of her breath in his hair and felt the cool touch of her lips to his head. . . . Always this vision was with him—at work, and at school, and at night when he lay and looked into the dark. Here, when her kiss seemed to touch his brow, he lay all hot and trembling, with tears in his eyes, and a great swelling in his heart that was like an ache. . . .

Sometimes, out on the street on these first warm nights of spring, he met Frank Wendell and Ellen strolling together. If he saw them in time, he stepped into the shade of the trees. He didn't want to speak to them. Their low laughter as they went by troubled him deeply. When they were past he would go on his way kicking at loose stones and contriving harsh names for Frank. But Frank was only amusing her, and he was working for her; that was the thought that always brought

him calm. Some day Ellen should know, and judge between them.

Besides, Frank's interest in Ellen would not last for long. His reputation for light-hearted gallantries was well known. Soon there would be a new girl in town, and the town would first know of it when Wendell appeared with her at the moving-picture show. "They all fall hard for Frank," the boys said. But no one knew for long the charm of his easy devotions.

One afternoon Wendell called Arthur into the shop as he was passing by. He waved a welcoming hand toward the low bench that faced the shelves of shoe-boxes. "Sit down, Arthur, and let's have a talk."

The boy felt very uncomfortable with Wendell's strangely serious gaze upon him.

"Have you noticed how different Ellen is lately?"

Arthur shook his head. That seemed to be all that was expected of him, for Wendell wanted to talk.

"I can't make her out any more. She used to be a good sport, and we had some pretty good times together. But now she's different. What do you suppose is the matter with her?"

Again Arthur shook his head. But this time Wendell, forcing a laugh, clapped down a hand on his knee. "Come on, now, Arthur; you know darn well it's your fault."

The boy felt the hot tide of blood flow over his cheeks.

Wendell, with a new smile, eager and uncertain, went on to explain. "She says she can feel your eyes following her around all the time, wherever she is. It makes her feel *good*, she says. Like

a regular saint. And saints ain't very much in my line."

He stood up and ran a hand through his heavy hair. "She's just got me guessing, that's all."

Then, as if he had shown too much concern, he pulled a long face to mock his seriousness. "Look out for the women, I tell you, Arthur. They certainly make life miserable for a man."

Something in the boy's face made him abruptly laugh. He drew Arthur to his feet and for a moment laid an arm about his shoulders.

"Don't worry about it, old man. We'll pull through somehow."

They walked in silence to the front of the shop. As Arthur was going out, Wendell made an effort to regain his breezy self-assurance. "Drop in once in a while, Arthur, and we can discuss her hair and the color of her eyes."

The boy walked on down the street, beset by his dream. Ellen knew, she *knew*—that was what was added to it now. She did not know all the great gift that he was preparing, but she felt his devotion reaching out to her, and for now that was enough.

The fund was growing very slowly, but with a steadiness that brought hope. He could work faster now that he was in practice again. Each night he wrote down in a little note book the day's earnings and added this amount to the sum on another page. He wished he knew *just* what was needed. But it wouldn't do to question Ellen too closely. She might suspect his plan. And the gift must come to her unforeseen, in its bright entirety.

Another afternoon came when Wendell called him into the shop.

"Well, Arthur, you certainly got me into a nice fix!"

He was trying to look severe and serious but his eyes were gleaming. He gripped the boy's slender arms and gently rocked him back and forth.

"Ellen and I are going to get married."

Arthur pulled roughly away from him.

"No! She won't!"

Wendell laughed in nervous unrestraint.

"That isn't what *she* said."

"But she's going to be a nurse!"

The man laughed more heartily. "Where'd you get that idea?"

"I know. I know," was all that the boy could say.

Wendell stopped laughing and reached again for his arm, but the boy drew back.

"Come on, Arthur. Be reasonable. Why won't you give us your blessing?"

The boy started from the shop. Wendell followed him to the door. "Listen, Arthur," he was urging, "I thought you'd be glad about this too. Because it's your little job. I wouldn't ever have thought of it if you hadn't made her take everything so serious. I thought I wasn't the marrying kind. Life was too much fun. But then you came along . . . and here we are!"

Arthur once more evaded his reaching

arm and went quickly, blindly down the street.

Hours later, as he was coming back toward town from his driven wandering, lame and weary and miserable, he saw Frank Wendell again, walking beside a familiar white figure in the dark of a lane of trees. He turned quickly to avoid them, but Ellen had seen him. "Arthur, wait for me," she called; and he had to stay.

She came toward him alone. He waited for her looking down, swallowing, working his tongue against the roof of his mouth. If she hadn't touched him perhaps he could have stood there sullenly as long as she stayed. But when she asked, "Arthur, why didn't you come to dinner?" she touched his arm; and then all the tenseness within him was loosened. He leaned against a tree and sobbed. She came close and put an arm over his shoulders.

"I wanted you to be a nurse."

"But I *couldn't* do that."

"I was going to help."

"You *have* helped me, the best way in the world!"

Then she bent over him and for an instant he felt the warmth of her breath in his hair and the cool touch of her lips to his head. The dream was fulfilled. She was whispering, "You have given me so much, so much." And that was all he had wanted: to give.

POEMS

LOVE SONG

BY BADGER CLARK

Old coyote! O you graceless pup!
How many suns have ceased to shine
Since that far day we first met up
And hitched your worthlessness with mine!
Though wheels of years a-trailing by
Have left you rutted some with wrinkles,
Your eyes still keep the campfire twinkles
We've shared together, you and I.

A mewling she-love must invoke
The sweetest words to keep it good—
Frail as the shadow of a smoke,
It fears to be misunderstood.
But our love tells no tender lie;
It sort of "passeth understanding"
And, frank and free and undemanding,
We just enjoy it, you and I.

In these gray years we seldom meet
And yet I know our link will hold,
For it was forged in desert heat
And tempered fine in mountain cold
Back when the West and we were spry
And skirling coyote music sounded
Along the fenceless trails we pounded
Under the young stars, you and I.

When we two meet there's no delight
That any stranger eye could see.
A slow grin tells us all is right;
"Hello" speaks all our ecstasy.
But how we make the good hours fly,
With some old song to shake the rafter,
Or fitful talk, or quiet laughter
And gentle insults, you and I.

Always, with months and miles between,
The wish to see you eats like lime
And I'm lopsided, as I've seen
A one-horned elk in shedding time.

Yet some day one of us must die.
Oh, that old creak of saddle leather!
If we could just ride out together
Into the sunset, you and I!

SUMMONED

BY J. CORSON MILLER

Against the labored, keen concern
Of winds that sought his window-pane,
He placed his freezing heart, to burn
A spark of kindness in the rain.

All night he heard the rain-drops shout,
Night-long they tapped against his breast;
And as he shifted himself about,
He laughed—to laugh seemed best.

Oh, he laughed like any care-free boy
Who had been loosed from school's tight rein;
It was not that his heart held joy,
But that he was one mass of pain.

And though he knew he soon must go
Where the rain-sprites hide in soil and stone,
He laughed as loud as the wind could blow,
And he knew that he did not laugh alone.

For the rain-sprites beckoned, and the witch-wind spoke,
With insistent voice, in the brawling weather;
He raised his head, and his spent heart broke,
But he beat off death's last hammer-stroke,
As his soul and the wind and the dancing rain,
As light and as swift as a heron's feather,
Went out in the night, together.

DELILAH

Wife of the Town "Tight Wad"

BY ELLEN M. CARROLL

How she hated counting pennies,
Doling sugar, doling tea,
Mixing just enough sweet batter
For wafers that would serve each, three.

How she hated mending stockings,
Patching table cloths and sheets,
Saving rinds of apples, lemons,
To be fashioned into sweets.

How she hated coarse dark dresses,
Cotton stockings, low-heeled shoes,
Age-old rugs and faded curtains,
The phonograph that squeaked, "Town Blues."

How she hated starvling fires
Slowly fed one piece of wood,
How she hated his smug voice,
"Guess you did the best you could."

Well, he's dead; they say he left her
Just two thousand, that was all.
Yesterday I thought I'd better
Go and pay my funeral call.

She was dressed in softest lilac,
Silken, shimmering and fair;
Curled and piled in lovely masses
Was her glorious chestnut hair.

On the hearth a leaping fire
Roared and sang in wildest glee,
On a tiny rosewood table
In a bronze kettle brewed fresh tea.

Most of all, I think, I noticed
Crimson roses in a bowl;
Beautiful and deeply fragrant,
Like a happy vibrant soul.

I KNOW AN UNDER-WIT

BY DORIS LUCILE BRADLEY

I know an under-wit whose special croon
 Is *Encased in Oxford, lively as the Moon*.
 He chants it softly when the winds are high
 And bellows it beneath a timid sky.
 I sought his meaning of the narrow line.
 He stumbled on his terror's wrenching whine
 And stones flew wild beneath his flying feet
 While Memory spurred what she could not delete,
 With Laughter sliding thru an endless tune,—
Encased in Oxford, lively as the Moon!

CANCELED

BY GRACE STONE COATES

Love being canceled
 I had set my will
 To a wider life
 Tho I walked the way alone.
 But love, the unexpected - -
 - - Love, the still
 Unpredictable love—
 My love, my own,
 My dear disaster - -
 Met me at the gates.
 And must I turn from life
 Because love waits?

FAILURE'S WIFE

BY LUCIA TRENT

She trails her dreams with broken wing
 Because of his adventuring.

She bridges all her narrow days
 Across the failure of his ways.

And while the heads of neighbors toss
 Life brands her daily with a cross.

But in his arms, while his lips stir,
 The universe belongs to her.

STORY MAKIN'S

BY NETA LOHNES FRAZIER

JIM ran a sheet of yellow paper into his typewriter and wrote in bold capitals,

IN THE WAKE OF THE TYPHOON BY

J. RODERICK BREWSTER.

He leaned back in his chair and closed his eyes, to let his inward vision gloat over that title, inscribed on the cover of a popular magazine. A good title. His name was good, too, with the 'James' shortened into 'J.'

He pulled himself sternly out of the day-dream. He must not waste time, even on this first afternoon of vacation, if the summer was to show any accomplishment. Wrinkling his brows in concentration he laid his fingers on the keys and began to write:

"The tropical sun, a flaming orange, dipped suddenly into the brassy water. Darkness descended upon the trading schooner lying idly in the dead calm of the Indian Ocean. Captain Daniel Gordon, standing by the rail, cast dubious eyes over the sea, scenting the air with troubled—"

Jim jerked his hands from the machine, a deep frown on his serious young face.

"How do I know how a typhoon begins? How do I know what the tropical sun looks like? Does a captain stand by the rail, or is he supposed to stay on his bridge, or whatever they call his private corral?"

He turned to his trunk, standing half-unpacked in the middle of the room, and drew from the top tray a loose-leaf notebook, which he opened almost reverently. It contained his literary work for his freshman year in

college, just passed. Where was that little Oriental thing that had so thrilled him in the writing? Ah, here. He read it aloud, rolling the singing phrases luxuriously over lips that could have repeated them from memory. His best bit of writing. Again he tasted the keen, heady joy of creation. A lovely thing. A Conrad sort of thing. Or Kipling, perhaps. Wind in the palm trees. Temple bells. A girl a-waitin'.

"Good atmosphere," his English professor had written in red ink.

That precious comment had really been Jim's inspiration for this next story. But there was the matter of the typhoon and the captain's habitat troubling him. He didn't want Captain Daniel Gordon to pull a boner in the very first paragraph. Not with a smashing story like this in the making—action, adventure, romance. The hold of the ship glugged with silks and jewels, so carefully concealed from prying eyes that no one but the captain and Jim knew of their presence. The captain was on his way to fortune and to the girl who waited for him in some far port. A treasure ship, a typhoon, a wreck. The captain landing on a desert island, the sole survivor. Nothing left but his magnificent courage—oh, the story was all right, if he could just get the typhoon going.

His heart filled with sudden bitterness. He knew so little.

"See something more of life. Get under the skin of things," his English professor had advised him.

But how was a fellow to see life when he had to stay all summer on a wheat ranch? Fancy Kipling running a head-

er, or Conrad hauling drinking water for harvest hands! And the worst of it all was that he had come so near to getting away. His roommate's pull with the owner of a line of steamers running between Seattle and Yokohama had landed him a corking summer job on one of them. The Orient! Real life! Elemental! Vital!

Of course Dad couldn't help it that he fell from a horse and broke his leg; so that he'd be laid up all summer. The wheat had to be harvested, and there was no one but Jim to manage it. The family's living, not to mention his sophomore year at college, depended on that. Nothing to do but give up the boat job and come home.

He looked out of his window. Below was the green dooryard, fenced with chicken wire and watered by a length of hose attached to a faucet near the door. Half a dozen dusty cottonwoods stood in a row across the front. A few scraggly flowers his mother tended with patient but futile reward drooped limply in a round bed. Beyond the fence, nothing but wheat; billowing hills of wheat, with a gray ribbon of road winding among them. A few more weeks and it would be harvest time. No chance then to write. Up before the dawn, working in the dust and heat, streaked with gritty sweat, until dark; a few hours of worried sleep, harassed with dreams of fire in the dead-ripe fields, then up and at it again.

He could hear the drone of a voice—his mother reading to his father, who must sit all day with his leg, encased in its heavy plaster cast, propped on pillows. A comfortable, middle-aged couple; contented, but certainly far from romantic.

From the dining-room and kitchen came the cheerful rattle of china and silver; Aunt Bee and Arlen, her daughter, preparing supper, as they had done every day since he could remember, while he and Arlen had grown from childhood to the mature ages of twenty and nineteen. Nothing *there* to excite the imagination.

His glance wandered to the barnyard, where a wiry little figure in a black frock coat and fur cap trotted briskly about; Anton Roshak, the hired man, a Russian immigrant, who for almost a year now had tended the stock and done odd jobs about the place, never venturing a more daring remark than "Yessir" or "Nossir".

Everyone on the ranch as familiar as an old shoe. Fat chance to see life! Jim shrugged cynically, closed the typewriter case and went downstairs.

Aunt Bee was setting dishes of pickles and jelly on the dining-table. "Well, well, Jimmy." Her round, flushed face wrinkled into a smile of welcome as she held out her arms. Jim dutifully returned her hearty kiss.

"And here's Arlen," said Aunt Bee. "She came home from Normal yesterday."

Jim bent to put a brotherly peck on Arlen's smooth brown cheek. His lips met, instead, the freshly shingled back of her head.

"Don't be childish, Jim."

He drew away, puzzled and hurt. Did she think he *wanted* to kiss her? It was simply a matter of course, like kissing his mother or Aunt Bee.

"That wasn't a nice way to treat a brother, Arlen," reproved her mother.

"He's not my brother."

His father laughed as Jim turned his back. No, she wasn't his sister. She

wasn't his cousin, either. Now that he thought about it, what right did she have to be here, anyhow? He had always accepted her without thinking why. He seemed to remember snatches of conversation between his mother and father, long, long ago. Something about Aunt Bee having no home and no way of earning a living; his mother needing help; Arlen a playmate for Jimmy. He guessed the rest. His father's generosity had taken in his wife's widowed school friend; had given her and her child a home. Last year he had sent Arlen to Normal when Jim went to college. Jim counted up mentally what it must have cost. And yet his father never complained. In fact, he humored the girl; seemed to think as much of her as of Jim.

"We heard your typewriter," his mother was saying. "Getting right to work, aren't you?"

"I declare," said Aunt Bee, appearing in the doorway with a platter of fried chicken, "with you a writer, Jimmy, we'll all have to be careful or we'll be put into a story."

He smiled at her pityingly.

"Jim doesn't think there's the makings of a story here, mother," said Arlen, wrinkling her nose saucily. Jim wanted to shake her—how'd she know?

"There, the phone, Jim. Will you answer it?"

"Fire!" he shouted, coming back from the phone. "They're calling everyone on the line for help."

"Where?"

"Hoyt's."

"Hoyt's?" his mother's voice quavered in dismay.

"Hoyt's!" his father shouted. "Thank goodness I can't go." He

settled back in his chair, his supper tray before him.

Glad! At a neighbor's impending loss. Jim looked from one to the other. "I'll go, of course."

"Take Anton with you," said Aunt Bee. "He's still at the barn."

Jim ran for the car. Anton was coming out of the barn, a pail of milk in each hand.

"Hurry, Anton, house on fire."

"Yessir." Anton trotted toward the house, the tails of his coat flapping grotesquely behind him.

Jim backed the car out of the garage, snatched an axe, pick and pail, and drove to the kitchen door. Someone was unscrewing the hose from the faucet and tossing it into the car. He hadn't credited Anton with so much sense. Then he saw it was Arlen, and that she had jumped into the seat beside him. Bad enough to have to leave his dinner without her tagging along. Half a mile down the road he shouted;

"What good did you think you could do by coming?"

"I could drive this car a lot faster than you are driving it."

Jim muttered between his teeth and stepped harder on the gas. As they drew up before the burning house someone hustled him off with his axe and pick while someone else grabbed for the hose. It was hours before Jim thought of Arlen again, not until the fire was out and the few pieces of furniture that had been saved were placed in the garage for fear of rain in the night. One by one the neighbors drove off until only Bill Hoyt and Jim stood together in the dreary darkness.

"I wonder where my family is," said Bill. "Ella's heart is so bad—I hadn't

time to think before, except that they were all out of the house."

"Oh, somebody's taken them," said Jim. "You come on home with me. There was a chicken dinner ready when I left. Maybe they'll have some saved. Now where do you suppose my car is? And that hired man I brought along to help? And Arlen?" Just the thought of her irritated him.

"My bus is out here in the yard somewhere," offered Bill, "but I don't know about going with you, Jim. You know your father and I—"

Jim remembered his father's look. "What was it, Bill?"

"Well, I got Ella, you see—after she'd promised him—and he never could forget, seemed like."

Jim stared through the darkness. His father had loved that pitiful little half-invalid, Mrs. Hoyt! That woman, who looked as if she hadn't strength to hold up her head, might have been—his mother!

"She was awful purty when she was a girl," said Bill, as if he guessed the boy's thoughts.

"Come on home," Jim insisted. "My Dad's forgotten about that so long ago he doesn't know it ever happened."

But as he drove the Hoyt car through the thickening darkness, his throat ached, unbearably.

His mother met them at the door, the subdued brilliance of tears in her eyes. She held out both hands to Hoyt.

"She didn't suffer a minute, Will."

Jim swallowed a lump in his throat, while Bill Hoyt wiped his soiled shirt sleeve across his eyes.

"I was afraid of her heart, but after I got them all out of the house—"

"You couldn't have done anything.

It was the shock. Arlen found her lying on the ground, 'way down in the garden, with the two little girls crying beside her. She and Anton brought them here."

She led Bill upstairs. Jim went out to the front porch and sat on the steps. Presently he heard his mother speak to his father in the room behind him.

"She used to be very pretty, Ward. I remember now."

"'Twasn't for that I cared, all these years," his father's husky voice replied. "'Twas because Bill bragged—after I'd married you, and made it look as if—you—weren't—"

"Oh, was that it, Ward?" His mother's voice was full of tearful happiness.

Jim sat wondering. Upstairs a new wound bleeding; downstairs an old one healed. And he had never guessed!

Jim was thinking of his story as he drove along the homeward road one dusty evening. He had been in town all day, rounding up a harvest crew. He was dead tired, and bitterly discouraged. No time to write. The days too long and crowded with work; the nights too short with every muscle crying for rest. But whenever a chance came, like this half-hour of driving over a familiar road, he let his hands and feet work mechanically; in his mind he was with Captain Daniel Gordon.

Though no word had been written on paper since the first afternoon of his homecoming, the story was advancing. A villain had surprised the captain, surprised even Jim; a villain who knew of the treasure in the hold. He was the first mate, and though the captain trusted him, Jim suspected him of being the chief of a pirate gang. He was

glad he had noticed him creeping into the story before he went to the library in town. He glanced around toward the back seat of the car to make sure that the books he had taken out were safe; three of them, "Storms of the Tropics," "Nautical Terms and Usages," "Pirates of the Barbary Coast."

As he entered the house, Arlen stopped him. "We cleaned the shack today, and moved your things out there."

"Moved my things!"

"Your mother is going to keep the two little Hoyt girls until their father finishes harvesting and decides what to do with them, and she's given them your room."

"Why don't they go to their married sister?"

"Your mother says they need to be near their father."

Jim went moodily out to the shack. It was a tiny house that his father and mother had lived in before they built the big one. There were two rooms in it, one of them occupied by Anton. In the other Jim found a cot, an old dresser brought down from the attic and his study table. The table stood under a small casement window, through which he could look down the lane, bordered with cherry trees, to a bit of pasture land.

He was hurt. Bill Hoyt, whose presence must always be reminiscent of bitterness, had the guest room; two strange children were in his room; Aunt Bee and Arlen, two other strangers, kept their place undisturbed. He, the only son, was turned out with the hired man. Of course it was the only possible arrangement. The little girls cried every night for their mother and needed their father near by; Aunt

Bee and Arlen couldn't be put in the shack. Nevertheless, he was hurt.

But never mind. Perhaps it would give him more freedom. He wanted to get on with his story.

Anton came to the door. Jim scowled. He hoped the hired man didn't expect him to be chummy.

"Mister Brewster, your pa he lets me ride the horse ev' Sat'day night. This Sat'day night. Goo'bye."

Jim went in to supper. Aunt Bee was standing in the kitchen doorway. "Well, there goes Anton, as usual. Can't even wait for supper."

"Where does he go?"

"He says, 'See my woman, kids'."

At the supper table the subject of Anton came up again.

"Why the fur cap?" asked Jim. "Do you suppose he intends to wear it all summer?"

"He says that's what they wear where he came from in Russia. He thinks he would catch cold and die if he took it off," Arlen explained. "You can see he's proud of the coat. Says the minister's wife gave it to him."

"Doesn't he ever take that off either?"

Arlen giggled. "Maybe he can't. Maybe there's nothing underneath. It's always buttoned clear to the top."

"Where is this family he talks about?"

"He says they live in a house on the Botts place. It's over near Railsburg."

Jim laughed. "What'll you bet he goes to town on a toot every Saturday? Never has any money when he comes back, does he?"

"He says he gives it all to his 'woman'. Seven kids."

"How could he support a wife and seven kids on what he earns?"

"I asked him, and he said it was better than in Russia. He seems happy enough, anyway."

"Some day he and the horse'll come up missing, I bet," said Jim.

Sunday night came, but Anton had not returned.

"I wonder what's the matter," Jim's father said. "Of all times for him to stay away, with harvest beginning tomorrow."

"What did I tell you, Dad?"

"It doesn't seem like Anton just to run off," ventured Jim's mother. "He's been the most faithful man we ever had. Maybe there's something wrong at home."

"Home! You mean maybe he got a little too much bad booze last night. Tell you what I'll do, mother. I'll take the car and hunt up this Botts place, wherever it is, and then we'll know for sure."

Arlen followed Jim to the garage, a paper sack in her hand. "Will you take me along, Jim? I've always wanted to count the seven children, just to be sure."

"What's in the sack?"

"June apples and cookies. Children like cookies."

Jim laughed at her.

The road to the Botts place was devious, but by frequent inquiries they followed it. The ranch house had long since burned down, neighbors informed them. The Botts family lived in town now, the men folks coming out daily in summer to work. Yes, there was a family living in the little tenant house. Roosians or something. The woman and a flock of youngsters worked a truck garden along the creek. There was a man there once in a while.

The tenant house stood a mile beyond the nearest neighbor's; a small, unpainted shack dating back to pioneer days. There were holes in the windows, stuffed with rags, but the doorway was raked clean of refuse and a goat was tied at a decent distance.

As the car stopped a cry rose from the house; long, piercing, rising higher and higher until it broke off in a scream of agony. Jim stared at Arlen.

"Someone being killed?"

"Hush!" The cry came again.

"Oh!" said Arlen, jumping from the car.

"You get back in here. Let's beat it."

She flashed him a look of scorn. "You'd leave a poor woman having a baby with no one, perhaps, to help her?" She ran into the house.

Jim's collar felt tight. How did she know?

Arlen ran back to the car. "Jim, Anton's alone with her. Since early this morning. No doctor. I'm afraid—Jim, drive back to the neighbor's and phone to Railsburg for the doctor. Tell him a surgical case, I think. Hurry, and come back! Quick!"

Jim drove. After he had phoned for the doctor he wanted to go home, but he couldn't leave Arlen. The neighbor woman smiled knowingly at him.

"Them Roosians is jest like animals. She'll be all right."

Hot blood rushed to Jim's ears. He hated the woman. Laughing in that wise way at Arlen's call for help! As he left the house he clenched his hands and bit his lips to keep back the things he wanted to do and say.

Back at the shack he cringed before the wild terror in the woman's cries.

He fairly had to drive himself to enter the house. Arlen called from the bedroom.

"Come here, Jim. Take her other hand, while Anton rests a few minutes."

Jim looked at Anton. He had removed the frock coat. Arlen's guess had been right. There was nothing under it. Naked to the waist, the man stood there, sweat rolling down his face and hairy chest.

"It never was like this b'fore," he pleaded, his eyes sick with foreboding. "Those other seven, I help her all right with them."

The next paroxysm of pain came, and Jim felt a grip on his hand that drew him into something he had heard about, read about, thought about, but had never comprehended. Five minutes passed. It seemed an hour. Ten minutes. Would the doctor never come? Fifteen minutes. Sweat poured over his own body. He forgot everything, even Arlen. He had to shut his eyes. He couldn't bear the look on the woman's face.

He felt cold water dashed over him. "There, he's all right," he heard the doctor's voice saying. "Keep a good fire, Roshak. Plenty of hot water. Now, Miss Arlen—"

Jim sat up, weak and shame-faced. A coward, to faint when a girl like Arlen— He noticed Anton trying to lift the stove-lid. His arms, were they paralyzed?

"Here, Roshak," he said, "sit down and rest."

He heard a strange noise, like a kitten crying. Arlen came out of the inner room, very pale, her eyes big and dark.

"You hold her a few minutes, Jim."

She gave him something wrapped in a faded bit of blanket. Jim felt weak again and sat down near the stove. Anton, in the other chair, was asleep. Jim dared not move. It—she—whatever it was—might break. He held the bundle gingerly in both hands, until the strain of the position forced him to lower it to his lap. A feeble cry came from it. It—she—might be suffocating. He turned back one corner of the blanket, and stared in surprise. Was that a baby? That? Did all of them look like that? Revulsion seized him. The little thing opened its eyes, their unfocussed gaze inscrutable, dark with age-old wisdom. Jim felt strangled. Strange emotions surged within him. With infinite care he snuggled the baby in his arms and moved nearer the stove.

Arlen came out, smiling. "She's going to pull through, Jim. Here, give me the baby, and bring me some warm water. They taught us this stunt at Normal. Rural teachers have to know a lot of things."

They drove home in silence that throbbed with the things neither of them could say. Just before they reached the farm Jim stopped the car. Scarcely aware of what he did, he clutched the girl's hand, his whole mind focussed upon the question that had been burning into his soul since they left the shack.

"Arlen, will you please tell me how any woman can—once, perhaps, because she doesn't know, but—eight times?"

The moonlight touched Arlen's face with tender, luminous finger as she looked soberly across the waving fields of wheat.

"I was wondering that myself, Jim, until I took the baby in to her, just before we left. She actually smiled at me. 'My Anton, he want girl,' she said. 'Seven boys.' And the look in her eyes—I guess it's life—love, Jim."

The hand he still held trembled ever so slightly, and suddenly Jim was trembling too, while his heart beat so fast it nearly suffocated him. He looked at the girl beside him as if he had never seen her before.

"Arlen," he began.

"It's very late," she said, drawing away her hand. "We must go on."

Jim drove to the house. As he stopped for Arlen to get out of the car his foot touched something that rattled.

"Your cookies. You forgot them."

She laughed. "Only had seven, anyway."

Jim sat in his room in the shack, "Storms of the Tropics" open before him, black despair in his heart. Harvest had passed, summer was nearly gone, and he had had no time for his chosen work. No chance to get away and see life; no chance to write; no chance even to read. It was Sunday afternoon, warm and quiet, bees humming in the clover outside the open window, Sabbath peace lying over the country-side. Jim's head sank lower and lower until at last it found rest on the book lying open on the table. When he awoke it was early dusk. He thought guiltily of his book and reached for a match, but his motion was arrested by the sound of voices in the cherry lane.

A woman's voice, laughing softly and a man's deep murmur; lovers' voices unmistakably. Arlen. Someone courting Arlen. He clenched his fists

and half rose from his chair. Then he sank back helplessly. How could he stop them? What right had he? Arlen was not his sister; not even his cousin. But—someone taking Arlen away! His throat ached so that he could hardly swallow, and there was a dull pain somewhere else that made him feel sick. For a long time, it seemed to him, he sat there in wordless misery. Then he held up his head, astonished.

The lovers were walking back along the lane. Their voices came to him distinctly.

"I was afraid, Bee, you might think I was crazy, to ask you so soon. To me it seems all right. We know each other as neighbors for years, and my little girls need a mother. They love you already. But people will talk."

"Let me tell you something, Billy. My husband, Tom, asked me to marry him two weeks after I met him. I felt sure myself, but I thought, 'People will talk. Let him worry a little.' So I sent him away. He didn't understand. Went off and joined the navy. I didn't see him for three years. The day he got back to town we were married, and I thought I was to have the happiness I'd waited for.

"But he'd contracted one of those tropical fevers when his ship was stationed in the Philippines. Couldn't throw it off. Just six months I had him. He didn't even live to see his own child. You understand, Billy? Nearly twenty years of looking on at other people's happiness and regretting—and wishing—people may talk if they like, Billy, but if you and I know, what does it matter?"

Jim slipped out of the shack and around the corner of the house. Aunt

Bee! A smile came to his lips. Plump, middle-aged Aunt Bee falling in love with bald-headed Bill Hoyt! Then a picture came before his mind's eye; a picture he had seen so often it had held no special meaning for him until now; Aunt Bee, sitting by the kitchen window, looking out over the fields with faraway gaze; alone in the kitchen through the long evenings when his mother and father were together in the sitting-room. Night after night, for twenty years.

It hurt him. His smile vanished. He felt a rush of yearning for her, that Bill Hoyt might be—oh, of course he couldn't be the impetuous lover who had wooed and won her in two short weeks, but if only he might make up, just a little, for those twenty years!

Hardly realizing where he was going, he wandered around the house to the front porch. A splotch of white on the steps showed him where Arlen sat. Alone! Arlen still here. No one coming to take her away! He dropped down beside her and they sat in silence while the red harvest moon raised one benevolent eye over the hill-top, and then, with serene smile, hid behind the trees. A breeze sprang up, rustling the leaves of the cottonwoods. From far down the road a cowbell tinkled with thin, sweet tone. Jim felt as if he were singing. Words strung themselves on the thread of a tune in his mind; "wind in the palm trees—temple bells—a girl—"

He reached for Arlen's hand and cuddled it in his. It trembled again, ever so slightly, but she did not draw it away.

"Arlen," he whispered, his breath catching in a quiver of eagerness, "I didn't know—the summer's gone—so soon—"

"Next summer's coming, Jim."

Jim was in his own room, packing his trunk to go back to college. As he lifted the typewriter he saw a piece of yellow paper sticking out of the case. He opened it. There, just as he had left him on that first afternoon, stood Captain Daniel Gordon, at the railing of his ship, scenting the typhoon from afar. Jim looked at him sadly.

"Oh, what's the use?" He crumpled the sheet of paper, tossed it to the floor, and sat down, covering his eyes with his hands. Summer gone. The story still unwritten. Somewhere, life—real, elemental, vital—had been going on, without him.

A long time he sat so. Then, out of the blackness of his despair, a new thought raised its tiny, questioning head. Could it be—his mother and father—Aunt Bee and Bill Hoyt—Anton—the Russian mother—Arlen—himself—right here on the ranch—life?

Suddenly he dropped to his knees, groping about on the floor for the ball of paper he had flung away.

"Dan," he said huskily, smoothing it with fingers that trembled in their eagerness, "I thought we were through." He looked sternly at the crumpled figure on the ship's deck. "Dan, take off that slicker! There! I might have known. Overalls! Roll up your sleeves, my boy. You and I have a lot of work to do."

Smiling, Jim slipped the yellow paper into his notebook.

ANTITHESES

BY HOLMES PARSONS

The drip of the rain
Is the steady, pointed
Pinking of pain.—
Only with rain
Comes a poet's April.

* *

The surf is the broken heart
Of the sea.—
I am renewed
In the sea's grief.

* *

The wind is the wide rushing
Of wings of death.
They pass above my little house.—
I listen
And am not afraid
To sleep.

* *

The stars are futile
As breath
Blown wintrily
Upon a window :
The sun laughs them away.—
But I have frost-stars
As patterns
For my counterpane.

SONNET

BY KATHILEEN TANKERSLEY YOUNG

Here where we sit in frail polite chiffons
We talk of how afternoon has roses,
Cut in the thick blue bowls, how afternoons
Will go in straight sophisticated rows
Of days. Tilting our bright and polished heads
And tapping with our slippers on the floor,
We listen as the dark and surging threads
Of conversation heat the wall and door :
A wavering voice lifts, and then recedes
On some brittle crimson note of music :
We grow quiet, admit no older needs
Who have been stirred by slightest magic.
Here we will sit through long dark afternoons
Stifling our hearts between the frail chiffons.

THE FRUIT TRAMPS

BY DOROTHY MARIE JOHNSON

THE great fruit harvest of the West. Truckloads of boxes of loose packed apples rolling in from the orchards, men jumping to platforms to receive them, piling boxes in walls six feet high, with aisles between. Men emptying apples into bins, rollers pulling them up under wiping cloths to flap off the dust and insecticides. The steady growl of machinery filling the sheds.

Women on stools under brilliant lights, white gloved hands sorting swiftly, endlessly—Extra Fancy, Fancy, C grade, Culls, into carriers that dump them again into more bins. Men and girls wrapping shining apples with unerring swiftness, packing them into boxes. Men wasting no motions, slapping on lids with swift hammer blows.

Packed boxes stacked high, trucked away to storage or to cars. Endless fruit trains congesting railroad traffic. And all through the vast sheds, the clean odor of new lumber where the shook is stacked, and the keen, sweet scent of the fruit.

Hurry, hurry! Ten hour days—twelve hours days, the crop is good this year. Work Sundays, extra pay. Hurry, hurry! Schools closed down for the harvest, stores closed if a frost comes to loosen the fruit on the trees; students and clerks and housewives and children swarming through the weeds of the orchards, picking, trucking, sorting, receiving, packing, lidding, box-making.

Money, money! The towns go crazy Saturday nights. Pay checks every week, spent before next pay day. Women in overalls critically examining fur trimmed coats, trying on smart hats in

the late-open stores. The pickers, the packers, the box makers all getting money. And after a while, the men who raised the apples get some money too.

That's the rub. Helen's father was an orchardist. All the year around money was going out, winter pruners to be paid, a new spray outfit to buy, irrigation rights to wrangle over and pay for, pickers to pay, truckers to pay. Going on credit the whole year, skimping, worrying—and then, when the fruit was sold, money all at once. Too many things to pay for—a new car, new clothes for the kids, old grocery bills, new furniture. Money gone; more credit.

Even when she was a half-grown girl, Helen wasn't going to follow the fruit. The orchards smelled of rotten eggs and scorched rubber from the insecticide spray. You learned to worry about the hail, and the wind limb-bruised the fruit or knocked it clear off. No, she was going to be a stenographer.

But she picked apples during harvest, tangling her feet in the weeds, scratching her face and arms up in the trees, covered with stinging dust. She fell off a ladder now and then. Dad was short-handed again, with such a big crop, and she'd have to help. He'd pay her same as the pickers. Maybe he would.

When she was sixteen, she was big enough to sort in the sheds. Then she got her pay regularly and Dad found other pickers.

Long hours under the brilliant lights, with rollers bouncing the apples softly past you, jumping them up and around and over. You learned to tell the grade at a glance. When the whistle blew that

you had been waiting for, you slid off your stool, tired clear through. If you had let any bad ones go through, maybe you could get back early and sneak them out of the bins before the inspector caught them there.

Women don't dress to look pretty when they work in the fruit. Old kitchen dresses and comfortable shoes; knickers or overalls. If you can still look attractive when you quit after ten hours, with two more coming if the shed works at night; if you can still walk with some energy, so the lidders and receivers notice you when the gang runs for the row of Fords outside—then you're pretty. They looked at Helen.

She worked three years sorting, while she was in high school.

"I'm saving it," she told her folks haughtily. "Maybe I'll go to college."

"Why, that's just fine!" her mother praised. "Billy, that's too much butter for that slice."

Her father wiped his sleeve across his mouth. "Sure, kid; save your money and you'll be rich some day. But not in the fruit business."

There were new clothes she could buy with that twenty-five or so a week. She hadn't saved much, by the time she was out of high school.

"Guess I won't go to college this year," she announced. "I'll work in the fruit this fall and go to business college. Then after I work a while I'll go to college. I don't know just what I want to take up, anyway."

"That's just fine, dear," her mother agreed.

"Yep. Save your money," her father grinned.

New crowd at the shed when the season opened. Always a new crowd, with a sprinkling of town people, regu-

lars. New men up from California, expert lidders and box-makers.

But Helen saw only one new man up from California.

Tall and dark and smiling, Jim was. Always smiling, even with twelve hours of continuous hammering behind him: one, two, three, four. One, two, three, four. Another row of nails from the stripper. Always pounding, flipping the boxes over onto the rollers; always smiling to himself, white teeth showing, as he piled up a record for that day, for that week. Piece work, making money.

"Get in, kid. Take you home in Lizzy."

"Think I want to walk back?"

"Oh, I'm not so bad."

"Your car is, though."

But she rode. She went to supper with him at a restaurant full of tired, chattering people, frantic hashers running from table to kitchen. Clatter of dishes, smoke. People crowding, eating, talking. All she saw was Jim's smile.

"By gosh, kid, first girl I ever saw looked good in bib overalls. Been in the fruit long?"

"Since I was a kid. Those were Dad's apples we packed today."

"Good crop he had. Graded high. Going to the Argentine, weren't they? Gee, that pounding gets a guy's arm. I use a bottle of liniment a week during the season. You get old quick in this business. Guess I'll quit it."

"You're good, though. You must make good money. You had the record of the sheds last week."

"Hundred and twenty-one dollars in last week's pay check, kid. But the apples were coming through good, not many culls. Can't lid boxes unless you get the fruit through the graders."

"Some of 'em can't lid boxes any-

how. Gee! And I get forty-five cents an hour!"

"You ought to learn to pack, kid. Packers make money."

"But it takes a couple of seasons to learn, and I'm going away to business college. That is, I think I am."

"Sure, get out of the game. You get old too soon."

"Sure. I'm going to business college."

"Take you to the dance Saturday?"

"Well, I was going out home Saturday night. Would you bring me home early?"

"Sure—early Sunday morning."

"Say, Dad will yell!"

"I'll talk to him. Shall we take some other kids?"

"Oh, sure."

"Let's not. Just you and me."

"Well, all right."

The towns go wild on Saturday night. Money to burn, things to buy, stores all open, service stations rushed. Open air dance floor crowded with people from other towns, people past weariness, crazy with money and freedom. All day Sunday to sleep.

She never went to business college. They were married when apple harvest closed.

"Wish I'd saved my money now, kid. Wish I could get you things."

"I've got a little, Jimmy. I don't want things—just to keep house and take care of you."

"That takes money. Well, I won't follow the fruit any more. By gosh, I'll work. I'll do pruning this winter. If I can't get a steady job in the mills. Save my money."

"Maybe I could get a job somewhere for this winter and help out."

"Kid, I hate to have you work. I want to take care of you."

"But it'll be so nice to have some money coming in, when you might not have work, or something."

"Gee, you're a good little kid! I might go back to California for the oranges. Haven't missed a season for eight years."

"No, Jimmy! Don't you leave me! You said you'd quit the fruit. We'll settle down like other folks. Apple knockers are just tramps, my Dad says."

"Well, if you think I'm a tramp—"

"No, honey; that's only what my dad says. But we want to settle down. Light green voile curtains, and the kitchen table yellow."

"Have your curtains dark green, and I'll think I'm in an orange grove, kid."

"We'll get along. We'll be awful happy."

She got work in a bakery. There wasn't much winter pruning to do; not much of anything.

"Gee, this country closes up tight when the season's over. Heard about a job from a guy at the pool hall, but it's gone now."

"We'll make out."

She dyed her mother's old curtains pale green, and the table was yellow. She worked all day at the bakery, and took care of her house after work. It was hard, but lots of women do that during harvest, and work ten hours.

Jimmy's earnings paid for gas and tires. Her pay was regular, so she took care of the rent and groceries.

The next fruit harvest came. Soft fruit went fast, and apples began to roll in. The warehouse bosses telephoned from house to house: Be at work in the morning; opening up.

Women made their plans. "Get your own lunch, you kids. Have the spuds on when I get home for supper. Get your dad to help you; he'll be home from the store before I get here."

The tang of apples filling the vast sheds, odor of box shook fresh and keen. Loose apples in boxes piling up in walls. The harvest!

Jimmy lidded for two graders, smiling at his work. Another row of nails from the stripper; his old stripper. Never need that again after this season. Helen massaged his swift right arm every night; a bottle of liniment a week.

She was head sorter at her machine; responsible, swift. Jimmy used to wave at her from far down the machine, sneaking out when the boxes weren't coming along. She waved back with a white gloved hand. Their last season!

One of the women said, "Let's swamp the lidded. Keep him crazy."

"By gosh, let's try it!"

They told the packers down the row. They told the veteran dumper to keep 'em coming. Told the receivers and the flunkies to keep 'em coming. They'd swamp Jimmy.

The shining fruit rolled. Backs ached, hands were weary. Sorters were dizzy, relentless. Swamping Jimmy! The packers, doing piece work, made a record. The veteran dumper gave out and a new man jumped to help.

Workers at the other graders were laughing now, watching. Swamping Jim, the crack lidded from California!

After an hour they were exhausted. Helen sighed and bent over the jumping apples on the belt. They went on and on.

Jimmy sauntered out, smoking a cigaret, against the rules. He cupped a

hand to his mouth and shouted through the din, "Why the hell don't you send down some apples? Here I am loafing for ten minutes!"

No, they never swamped Jimmy!

But Jimmy didn't save any money. His and Helen's, it all went as it came. There was only a hundred dollars when the harvest was over. A hundred dollars for a stake.

The day the sheds closed down they all worked in heavy sweaters. No heat; it spoils the fruit. They worked quietly at all the machines. A comradeship was ending, a harvest was over. Friendships were ending, work was ending. At three in the afternoon the apples were gone. Pay checks in the morning.

"Kid, let's go to California for the oranges. You could learn the oranges just as well."

"Oh, but Jimmy—"

"Kid, there's nothing doing here."

"I couldn't get on at the bakery now—"

"I got a new idea for a stripper; nails stick in these boughten ones."

"Oh, I don't know. Maybe I could learn to pack."

"That's the idea, kid. Learn to pack. Takes a year or two, but that's where the money is in the fruit for women."

Washington to Oregon to California, from season to season, from apple harvest to orange harvest, they follow the fruit. Homeless, despised, from rich to penniless. Living in tourist parks, or paying high rent for a bare room. Buying a cot, eating off a packing box. No green curtains, no yellow table. A suit case and a nail stripper, roll of blankets and some tin plates jolting in the back seat. Working and wandering.

They follow a luscious harvest.

INARTICULATE

BY LUCY M. C. ROBINSON

Lifting her brown old face
to meet the crimson light,
old Katrine watched the sky.
The angry sun
scattered torn shreds of daylight on the roofs
of the Dutch settlement. Across the hills
above the homestead shack
the dunes of darkness drifted. A wrinkled hand
stole shyly to the hard brown fist
beside her in the dusk;
“Purty?” she asked; and “Purty!” he replied.
Silent they stood, silently gazed
at that triumphant death of day;
silent, the woman turned her face to his,
with one slow, wistful look probing the years.
Silent, as darkness grew,
he saw her Dutch blue eyes
fill up with tears.

REFRACTION

BY LAURENCE L. PRATT

They pity her because a stranger came
To that drab village where she stood—and stands—
Feeding a swift machine. Her active hands
Made paper boxes grow. Days, years, the same
Meaningless routine. Then—sudden as a flame—
Enchantment, dreams, love’s eloquent commands.
But tides of grief soon drowned her lotus-lands;
New loneliness was hers—and toil, and shame.

They pity her; their shallow eyes are blind.
She has culled treasure from the futile years:
The wheels’ roar is a melody, recast
From echoes of her dreams; viewed through her tears
Each paper box, as thousands slither past,
Bears cineographs projected from her mind.

WARP AND WOOF

BY SALLY ELLIOTT ALLEN

THE baby had been fretful but had finally fallen asleep with both little hands thrown high above her head, and Doris tucked them very gently under the covers before she went out of the room. She hated to run any risk of waking her, but she was afraid they might get cold. Moving very gently, she pulled the shade down a little more, took her afternoon dress out of the closet, and went through the living-room into the bath-room, shutting the doors softly. She was tired. It always tired her when the baby cried, more than hard work or anything. She hung up her dress on the door of the bath-room, and began slowly putting away the baby's things that lay on the wide padded board across the bath-tub where she dressed and undressed her. Such a small apartment meant lots of clearing up when there was a baby. She realized, when she started to dress, that she had forgotten to bring her better shoes and stockings out of the bed-room. It was inconvenient to have the baby do all her sleeping in the bed-room, but of course there was no other place. She didn't dare go in for fear the baby would wake up and cry, so she soiled, white morning shoes and lisle stockings would have to do until the baby woke. Probably no one would come; she had not met many people in the town yet, for they had been there less than four months.

But presently the outside door that led directly from the hallway of the apartment house into the living-room, opened, and she heard Nolan's voice calling her.

"Oh, Rissie, where are you?" It was the foolish little name he had made of Doris. Nolan was never quite satisfied with plain and simple things. Probably that was because he was a poet, Doris always thought indulgently.

She started to go out to greet him, then stopped on the threshold, for there was someone with him—that tall, dark, queer-looking girl named Olive. She had been there three or four times before. Nolan every now and then brought in other graduate students, and this Olive had several classes that he had. He had been much impressed with her from the first, too; she had a wonderful mind, Nolan said. Perhaps if she herself had had a wonderful mind, she could have understood Nolan better and helped him with his poetry. He said that no one could do that, but nevertheless he wrote more when he had been with people who were clever and could talk well, and he had to have people like that about him. That was one reason why they had given up the little house at home and come to live in this small furnished apartment in the University town, so that he could study and meet the sort of people that interested him.

Doris put her hand to her hair. She had not had time to fix it over yet and the baby had been pulling it, so she knew it looked straggly.

"Come on in, Rissie," Nolan said. "I want to have a talk with you." He was picking up her sewing from the couch to make a place for the girl with him. "Of course you remember Olive Gould."

"How do you do?" said Doris, going

to shake hands with the older girl. She was not pretty—too thin and pale for that—but her eyes were dark and lovely and there was something moving and troubled in them as they looked down at Doris. “Won’t you sit down, Miss Gould?”

“Thank you, Mrs. Blake,” Olive said in her throaty, rich voice.

She sat down on the stiff davenport. The davenport and one rocking-chair were all the seats that the small living-room offered, except the four dining-room chairs that stood about the table, piled high with Nolan’s books and papers, at the other end of the room.

“You two girls needn’t be so formal,” said Nolan. His laugh was not much of a success, and he was evidently nervous. He didn’t sit down, but moved about restlessly.

Doris seated herself in the one rocking-chair, since her guest had not taken it. It was not comfortable, for it was much too large for her and slippery, and her feet did not quite reach the floor. She tried to tuck in her straying locks of soft, brown hair. It was pretty hair when it was neat and marcelled but it was hard, with the baby, to get time for a marcel, or money, for that matter.

“Shall I make some tea, Lonnie?” she asked. Nolan usually liked to have tea served when he brought the college people in.

“No, not this time.” Nolan had finally seated himself on the arm of the davenport, beside Olive Gould. “We want to talk with you.”

But he didn’t go on. It was usually very easy for Nolan to talk, and there was something queer and disturbing about both him and the girl. And he had said “We want to talk with you.”

Suddenly Doris noticed that the girl’s hands, held tight in her lap, were trembling. She turned puzzled eyes on Nolan. For some reason her own heart was beating rather fast.

“Is there something the matter?” she said. The feeling in the room reminded her somehow of when her aunt had broken the news of her father’s death to her. But—the baby was all right, and there was no one else but her brothers. It couldn’t be that.

Then Nolan leaned over and took one of Olive Gould’s trembling hands in both of his and held it.

“There’s no use beating about the bush, Rissie,” he said. “We’ve come to tell you because it isn’t fair not to. But Olive and I love each other.”

Doris did not speak. She looked from one to the other of the faces across from her, and then down at their clasped hands. Olive drew hers quickly away.

“Oh, I’m so sorry,” she said. “We never meant it to be like this. Oh, I want you to understand—” She turned her dark, distressed eyes toward Nolan.

He stood up, shoving both hands deep into his pockets and flinging back the yellow hair from his forehead. Doris thought once more as she looked at him, as she had thought so often, how easy it was to love Nolan. He was so alive, so charged with feeling. He went out to meet life so eagerly, alert in body and thought and feeling. And he was so beautiful. At that moment Doris suddenly remembered the first night she had ever seen him, when he came in to the dance and paused at the door, looking about and throwing his hair back with that same free gesture of the head. How the girls had envied her because he had danced with her so much that evening. “It’s like dancing with a bit of

gossamer to dance with you, you little bit of a thing," he had laughed at her. That was three years ago.

He was talking, his voice nervous and eager. "Of course, we could have hidden all this from you, Rissie, but that would have made it ugly. And we want it all in the clear, all decent and friendly and fair."

"Fair?" said Doris. Her voice was small and husky.

A shadow crossed his bright eyes. "It isn't very happy for anyone, of course," he said quickly, "but we all want to do the best we can. After all, Olive is taking nothing that ever belonged to you exactly, Rissie. It's a different *me* that she has, a *me* you never really understood or cared for."

"I don't believe I know just what you mean," said Doris. It was all confused and bewildering; it didn't seem as if what they were saying could really mean what it seemed to mean, or how could they all be sitting quietly this way as if—as if they were talking about the weather? But deep within her, something had begun to hurt. It was almost a bodily pain and it reminded her somehow of the night the baby came. "I don't believe I know what you mean at all. Do you mean you don't—don't love me any more? That you want to leave me or something?" Her hands twisted together in her lap. The rouge she hadn't quite finished putting on stood out blotchily upon her cheeks.

"Oh, *no*." It was the older girl who had spoken. She leaned forward as if she were appealing to the stiff little figure in the big chair. "Oh, *no*. Not for anything. You see, I didn't think—didn't guess it would ever be like this. We were just friends because—well, because we like the same things, we're

interested in the same things. We spent lots of time together because—because we were so good for each other, so stimulating. I did feel a little guilty sometimes, because Nolan was married, but we talked it all out quite frankly, you see. And he said you didn't—didn't care for such things, that it wouldn't make any difference to you—"

"I guess I don't," said Doris, "very much." She paused. "I love Nolan," she added.

"Yes, dear," said Nolan hastily. "And I love you. Just as I always have and always will. You are a dear little woman and I didn't want—I don't want—to hurt you if I can help it, or any more than I can help. But don't you see, all this stuff about a man's not being able to care for more than one woman is nonsense. Men aren't like that. Perhaps if I were a simple sort of person now, with no brain, just instincts—but no, that doesn't always work either. We aren't to blame for the way we're made. But we *are* to blame if we deliberately deceive ourselves about facts, or if we turn our backs on rich and beautiful experience, on the deep, compelling things of life, just because they don't fit in with preconceived notions of how things ought to be."

Nolan always could talk well. He was looking at Doris, now, but she knew he was really talking to Olive Gould. He used to talk that way to her sometimes, and laugh and pull her hair because she never knew just what he meant. But lately he hadn't. Probably he had enough talking, with this other girl. They must have been together a good deal. Nolan hadn't been home much lately; he had even been out late at nights, sometimes. Oh, perhaps—she covered her mouth with her hand, for

she had almost cried out. The pain within her was growing, spreading.

"I suppose you're sorry you married me," she said. Her voice trembled.

Nolan made a quick gesture with both hands. "No, Rissie, you mustn't think that. That was beautiful, too. And I want to keep it so. You know how we agreed, when we were married, that if ever there was someone else, we wouldn't be small and possessive, or furtive and deceitful—we'd stay friendly and honest. We promised, don't you remember?"

Doris nodded. Yes, she remembered, though she hadn't thought of it for a long time. Nolan had talked beautifully about love and freedom and she had promised easily enough, because it wasn't the sort of promise one would ever have to keep. She couldn't ever love anyone but Nolan, and if he loved someone else—"Do you think you'll ever love someone else, Lonnie?" she had asked seriously. "Never in a million, million years, darlinest," he had answered. Of course she believed him. So they were married, had been married over two years now. He had always been very good to her, except now and then when he was a little irritable, but everybody was that way sometimes. And now—

She shut her eyes. The pain inside was growing. It was coming up, clutching at her chest, her throat, choking her.

Olive Gould stood up. Her deep voice was wracked. "Nolan, don't you see—it's just as I said. We can't—can't—It's our fault to have let it come to this. We ought to have guarded against it."

Nolan turned to her. "We couldn't have helped it, Olive. We could never have been just friends. *This* was part of it from the first, only we wouldn't

see it. Such big things as what was between you and me, even from the beginning, aren't just one-sided, they are whole things. It *had* to come to this."

But Olive Gould shook her head. "I must go away. I should have gone before."

Doris opened her eyes and looked at her. There was terrible hurt looking out of Olive's eyes, too.

"No, Olive." Nolan put his hand on her thin wrist. "It can't help Rissie, here, for us to cut off our right hands and go maimed and crippled through life. We've all simply got to face this thing, take our share of its suffering and its joy, and *grow* through it. Don't you see?" His beautiful head was thrown back, his eyes were lighted. "Doris, you won't fail us, will you?"

Doris looked at him dumbly. She knew that uplifted look. It always made her realize how much finer and bigger a person he was than she; it was like a call of distant trumpets that others could march to, but not she.

"What do you want to do, Lonnie?" she asked of him.

There was a silence. Nolan wandered over to the window and stood looking out and down. Olive stood, tense and irresolute, her hands clutched hard against her breast. Doris sat in the big chair, her fingers in her lap twisting, twisting, her eyes on Nolan's back. In a moment, he turned around. His cheeks were flushed, but his mouth was decided.

"I think Olive and I ought to go away for a while," he said slowly, "until we can—can get adjusted to things. There doesn't seem to be any other way. And then we'll come back and everything can go on as before. Will you, Olive?" He turned to the older girl challengingly.

She stared at him for a moment without a word, then she turned to Doris. "I think you'll have to—decide," she faltered.

Doris shoved herself forward in the big chair and stood up. She stood an instant, looking down at her feet. It seemed, foolishly enough, as if this pain that possessed her would be easier to bear if she had had on her silk stockings and nice shoes.

"Lonnie'll have to do whatever he wants to," she said dully. "But I don't know what he means by things being the same. It seems to me nothing'll ever be the same when he's gone."

Nolan turned toward her eagerly. "But, Rissie, surely you know this isn't going to make me different to you. I've already cared for Olive a long time, you see, and—"

"But I didn't know that," said Doris steadily. "I think I won't care to live here any more, Lonnie, when you're gone. I never did like this town very well."

"But we shan't be gone very long—I'm coming back here—"

Doris looked up at him, her eyes growing very large in her small, white face. "You're coming back—*here*?"

"Of course, Rissie. You didn't think I was deserting you, did you?"

"Why, you just said—you *have*—"

She turned her bewildered eyes to Olive.

The older girl stiffened, looking straight at Doris. "I love Nolan, Mrs. Blake. But there isn't—anything—between us. We came to you just as soon as we found out that we cared—that way. We're trying to do the right thing."

A queer, pale smile twisted Doris' lips. "I guess *right* isn't so simple, is

it? But you and Lonnie are going off together, aren't you?"

"It won't be for very long, Rissie. We can't leave classes very long, for one thing. You can manage all right for a week, maybe—?"

Slowly Doris' small face grew rigid in a look of horror. She put her hands behind her and backed away almost as if she had been struck. The words seemed to tear themselves from her throat in an agony.

"You mean—you mean you expected me to stay—stay and *share* you—?"

"Why, Rissie—why, don't speak of it *that* way," Nolan stammered.

"*Speak* of it? What difference does it make how you *speak* of it? It's planning it that's awful, or—or doing it."

"Rissie, try to be reasonable—"

The violence dropped from Doris' face and voice. She leaned wearily against the frame of the bed-room door, but she shook her head. "I guess you mean reasonable for what you want."

Nolan's sensitive face flushed. "That isn't quite fair."

Doris' tired eyes looked at him. "I don't want to be mean, Lonnie," she said. "You'll have to do what you want to and I won't make any fuss. But—I don't know how Miss Gould feels, but I couldn't—couldn't possibly—do anything like that. I just couldn't. It seems horrible to me. I *couldn't*, that's all. Maybe being your wife makes a difference, I don't know." She stopped, listening. "There's the baby. I'll have to go to her." She opened the door behind her and went in, closing it as she went.

The silent couple left behind could hear her talking to the baby. "Don't cry, honey, it's all right. Mother's coming."

Olive Gould's stricken eyes turned slowly to Nolan's face. "Oh," she said, a deep cry of pain. And then, "Good-bye."

He put out his hand, but she did not notice it. She went out quickly, blindly, and he stood listening to her step going down the uncarpeted stairs. The door from the bedroom opened and Doris stood in the doorway, the heavy baby in her arms. Two flights below, the outside door banged shut.

"Well, you've won," said Nolan dully. Then he glanced at Doris, and a quick compunction softened his face. "No, I didn't mean that, Rissie. That isn't fair to you."

Doris moved over to the window and stood looking down to where she could see Olive Gould's figure go down the street. Her cheek was pressed against that of the baby, who hiccuped with little, reminiscent sobs. "I guess," she

said in a low voice that quivered, "I guess it isn't very fair to—to anyone, is it?"

Nolan looked at the two faces, so alike, so childishly flushed and broken, and suddenly his own face was swept clear of everything but pain. He went toward them quickly.

"Oh, Rissie, I'm so sorry—I'm so sorry—I didn't realize—"

She turned toward him. Her eyes as they looked at him were no longer a child's.

"Maybe you didn't think about us very much—or her either," she said gently.

He faltered. "I know—but I didn't guess how it would end—"

She drew a little sigh, shifting the baby's weight. "Well, things aren't like movies or stories," she said, and her lips were trying to smile. "Things don't end. They just go on."

WIND AT NIGHT

BY ALICIA O'DONNELL

The wind
is the rushing of phantoms
at night in the gray-dark streets;
the swish of whose garments is coolness
brushing my throat and cheeks.

I hear them come
with a moaning.
I hear them pass
with a sigh.
Oh, to be up
and to follow,
for phantoms are mad,
and I—

I would be maddest among them
and add to their crying my cry!

SCARFACE CHARLEY

BY PAUL F. TRACY

Scarface Charley, Buckeroo,
Lived alone on Upper Sucker;
Chased wild horses—roped a few;
Rode the buckner.

Charley's cabin was a small one
Squatting scared beside a willow,
Holding fast the ropes and sugar,
Extra boots, and Charley's pillow.

Scarface Charley, Buckeroo,
Walled his canyon up with boulders;
Fenced the rim-rocks, two and two;
Smiled—and shrugged his shoulders.

Charley barred dry water-courses;
Raised blind wings of sage and lava;
Heaped up stones for foot-loose horses;
Squinted . . worked . . . And drank his Java.

Charley rode the barren hillsides
Trailing wild ones he had spotted,
Tireless—watchful. Silver spur chains
Jingled-jangled when he trotted.

Years went by and Charley wrinkled;
Rode his horse with sad decorum;
Hardly filled one-half the saddle,
Or his hair-pants—when he wore 'em.

From the hills Old Scarface Charley
Scowled upon the crowding nesters,
Cursed their plots of hay and barley
Eating up the range, like festers.

This *vaquero* solitary
Stiff with years began to falter;
Caught plow-horses, and—less wary,
Branded one that wore a halter.

* * *

Scarface Charley, Buckeroo,
Lives no more on Upper Sucker,
But his cabin shades a few
Sunburnt onions of a trucker.

RETREAT FOR HORSES

By ALICIA O'DONNELL

This is their trail through the underbrush—
Long, green shadows and grass grown lush,
Thick, black mud with hoof-prints filling—
Far from the thresher whistle's shrilling.

It leads to slopes where slender trees
Walk bare-footed, clad in leaves.
Away from the harvest's dust-filled wheat—
This is their trail; this, their retreat.

THE OPEN RANGE

Each issue will carry accounts of men's personal outdoor experiences. Only accounts of actual experiences are solicited.

EARLY DAY HORSE TRAILING

By LUKE D. SWEETMAN

IN the early days, when the horse business was still in its infancy in eastern Montana, and the northern part of Dakota Territory had scarcely been touched, either by the stockmen or actual settlers, the building of the Great Northern railroad brought homesteaders to this new country of endless prairies. Many of those who settled on homesteads, or farms that were to be, had brought no horses or farm equipment with them. Others came across country from some distant state with covered wagons drawn by oxen, and with a breaking-plow tied on back of the wagon, with which they began at once to turn over the new sod.

Owing to the inability to get proper farm equipment the country progressed slowly enough for a while. I had blazed the trail to that part of the country with horses in the spring of 1887, and could see that there would be a demand for horses among the settlers that were following the new line of railway.

So, early in the spring of '98, I bought a hundred and seventy-five head of horses, and started across country with them. I took with me a mess wagon to carry supplies and a camp outfit, and could camp on good

feed and water wherever the occasion suited best. The horses had just come through the winter on open range, and while they were not actually thin, they were not slick and fat as they should be for market. With no fences whatever to contend with, and plenty of good feed and water everywhere, I grazed them towards Dakota and the market, as a man would a herd of beef steers.

By the time I had covered the three hundred miles to Minot, which was the first and only town that I came to, except Williston, then a small burg only a year old, where I camped overnight, I began selling horses right and left. I hadn't been in town twenty minutes before there were customers in my camp. Schofield and Coleman, liverymen, were the first to buy. The market at Minot was so good that I peddled the entire band there rather than move on to some other point.

Soon after this I bought the entire herd of LS saddle horses, three hundred and fifty-four head. The LS was a Texas outfit which consisted of several thousand long-horned steers, and were closing out their interests on the Big Dry northwest of Miles City, Montana. I put in enough broncs to make four

hundred head, all told, and by midsummer had launched them at Minot, North Dakota. During the first two days at Minot, I sold three car-loads, two of which went to Vermont and the other to the Red River Valley in Dakota. A few odd horses were sold, but there was no farming around Minot then, and the market was pretty well filled for the time, so I moved farther on east to the settlements. At Devil's Lake I camped a few days. The Great Northern was building a branch line from Churches Ferry north to the Canadian line at the time, and new towns were springing up like mushrooms in the night.

I cut out fifty head of horses, left the main band at the Lake with a competent man in charge to handle the sales, and went to Cando on the new branch of the railway. The new town of Cando was under construction at the time; the main street was lined with buildings yet unpainted, and the sound of hammers came from all corners. I don't think there was a building in the town completed, although a lot of them were far enough along so that stores and other places were open and doing business. There were three livery barns opening up, and the liverymen bought freely. Merchants bought delivery horses. In fact, nearly everyone in town, besides the new settlers around, wanted horses of some kind, and the fifty head lasted just two days, until I had turned them into cash. There is always liable to be a turn when least expected, and when everything was going fine there came a sudden change.

On the night of the twentieth of August that year, there was a killing frost that caught a large portion of the wheat all through the northern part of Dakota, and the farmers stopped buying almost as quickly as the frost had come. I moved on to the Red River Valley to an older-settled country where the frost had not hit so hard and between Grand Forks, Dakota, and Crookston, Minnesota, I had no trouble in disposing of the rest of the horses before snows and cold weather drove us in.

Very early in the spring of 1889, I bought the NW horses at the Prickly Pear Canyon, about twenty miles out of Helena, and trailed

them to Sunday Creek, north of Miles City, a distance of between four and five hundred miles. From the Prickly Pear to Cascade on the upper Missouri River, I came over the famous old Mullan trail.

It was at Cascade on this trip that I first met Charlie Russell, who in later years became famous as the Cowboy Artist. A partner of his happened to be riding for me at the time. The two of them had planned going to Alaska that spring but changed their plans later.

I was short of saddle horses and bought twenty head of Ben Rumney, near Cascade. After that we were pretty well mounted for the trip. It took about a month to trail them to Sunday Creek, where I left the yearling and two-year-old colts on the home range, turning them loose to mature. There I bought a band of cow-horses from a cattle outfit, and trailed them through to Dakota, with the NW brand of horses. Other outfits were getting in the game, and I heard of different ones north of the Missouri River on their way with horses to Dakota, but I was on hand to be the first in Minot with a band of good fat horses. Horse-back riding was a favorite pastime in those days. Often in a town like Minot a party of twenty or thirty would be out in the evening galloping through the streets. Men, women, and young folks all liked to ride horseback, so there was a good demand for saddle-horses. I always had broken ones as well as unbroken ones, so could suit almost any customer.

There were times when I had two large rivers to cross, but crossing the Yellowstone with its swift undercurrent was only pastime, for the gravel and cobble-stones made solid footing for the horses when they came out of swimming water. The Missouri River with its quicksand was more treacherous, and usually when I crossed at Fort Buford where there *was* a ferry. I used the boat, rather than have some of the horses bog down. However, I have swum it there and never lost but one, and that was when the bunch milled in the middle of the river and a mare looking for her colt got crowded under. Colts swim the large rivers as well as the grown horses. I remember once when I

was crossing the Missouri above Wolf Point, of catching a day-old colt and throwing him in after the bunch was a third of the way across, and he caught up to them before they were out of the water.

In loading wild horses onto the ferry, I would cut a boat-load, twenty or twenty-five head, from the main band and rush them between the two-cut-banks and onto the boat before they knew where they were going, never giving them a chance to look back until the gate was closed behind them, and only once did I have trouble or delay, and that was when, by some mishap, a horse turned his head, then broke back. One after another broke back between us and after several attempts at landing them on the boat, they were getting worse each time, so I had to rope and gag about half that boat-load before I could load them.

Horses are usually easy to handle on the trail, but of all animals they are the worst to want to go back to their home range. So I always night-herded the first few nights out. After that, by putting them out in a good place about dark, then riding after them by the time it was light or before, I could turn them loose at nights, and never had any trouble unless a bad storm came up, or the mosquitoes ran them off.

In those days in that wide-open country of high grass and small lakes and sloughs, the mosquitoes were the worst pest we had to contend with. I doubt if people of today can imagine how furious and thick they were then. Often, in that country now people remark about mosquitoes. If those same people could have seen that country forty years ago, they would have something to say about mosquitoes. I have seen many a night when it took myself and the balance of the crew to keep the bunch from quitting the country altogether. It was enough to set man and beast crazy, and only when they were running could they get relief from the blood-thirsty pests. In such cases, they always ran against the wind, if there was any. It often happened that we rode hard all night and many a time my bunch has run thirty or forty miles in a single night. There were times when the mosquitoes came up unexpectedly when I had left no night herder

out, and I would have horses to hunt in the morning.

Once when I had picked up the trail near Buffalo Lodge Lake, forty miles northwest of Minot, I found that they had changed their course as the wind changed. After a couple days of hard riding, I found them fifty miles to the northwest on Mouse River. Wild duck eggs were my principal rations on that trip.

Another year when the mosquitoes got so thick one night that the night-herder couldn't handle the bunch and they got away from him, I found them after a couple days' ride near Elbow Woods on the Missouri River, ninety miles southeast of Minot. At times we overcame a great deal of hard riding by smudges. Horses soon came to know what it meant and it wasn't long until they would all be fighting for the places where the smoke was the thickest. One horse in particular, my old Paint, rope-horse, that I took back and forth to Dakota every year, always stood with his head over the smudge and claimed prior rights.

There were practically no corrals in Dakota. Consequently all the roping and haltering of wild brones had to be done out in the open, and when I sold a horse it "stood me in hand" to be mounted on a good rope-horse with which to catch him.

As said before, I had always bought a lot of old cow-horses to fill in from the cattle outfits that were gradually closing out after the hard winter of '86 and '87. Many of these outfits were from the South, and while there were no better rope-horses than the wiry little Texas horses, they are broken a little differently in one respect than the Northern horse, that is, the Texas roper ties his rope solid, to the horn of the saddle, and as soon as he throws his rope, his horse stops and braces himself to hold the animal, while the average northern roper takes his "dallies" or a turn around the horn of the saddle after he has caught the animal, and his horse keeps on following the animal roped, until his rider gets "dallies."

On one trip to Dakota, I happened to have all Texas saddle-horses, and one day when I roped a brone, the old Texas horse I was riding stopped and I lost my rope. I had to run the brone several miles before I got

close enough to the rope to pick it up. Finally I reached over and picked the rope from the ground as the horse ran, snubbed it to the horn of the saddle, proceeded to choke down the bronc, and to put a hackamore on him, as I was out there alone. I choked him a little too much, and he didn't get up again. So I went back to camp and gave the buyer another horse. When I roped this one, my old cow-horse did the same thing, and I had to run that bronc thirty miles before I got him. That was the first and only horse I ever choked to death in the thousands that I have roped in the open. After that I decided that I would always have at least one or two rope-horses with me that were broken my way and upon which I could depend. So the next trip I bought a bunch of big western horses from Idaho, that were only partly broken. I picked out eight of the best of them for my string and broke them to suit myself on the trail to Dakota. By the time I was in the country where horse selling began I had made good rope-horses of all of them.

There was one among them got to be an extra good rope-horse. Old Paint, as he was known all over Dakota, was a red and white pinto, and knew his business so well that people of the farming communities always gathered around in crowds to watch the roping of wild horses, and see Old Paint work. The intelligence he displayed was wonderful. I could rope, throw and put a hackamore on the wildest of broncs on the open prairie, with only the assistance of Old Paint. After I had roped one, I could get off, leave Paint to hold him snubbed to the saddle horn at the end of a long rope, while I roped his front feet and threw him to put the halter on. When a bronc ran while thus being held, Paint always turned facing him and braced his feet for the jar, at the same time avoiding being wrapped up in the rope himself, to be jerked down. Every fall I took him and the balance of the string back to Montana for the winter, and they were back and forth on the trail so many times that they knew the country as well as I did. I kept every one of these horses until they were too old for service, then pensioned them. And they are now

under a clump of cottonwood trees at the Old Ranch near the Missouri. Old Paint was twenty-seven years old when he died.

The cost of trailing in those days was nominal. With the help of three men beside myself, I could handle from four to six hundred head. Wages were forty dollars a month, so the men's salaries and the cost of supplies was about all there was to it. At the present time, the cost of transporting one car of horses to and from the same points, and the additional cost incurred before they were disposed of, would be between four and five hundred dollars, and one would be lucky if it didn't reach seven hundred for a single car.

I always broke young saddle-horses on the trail, many of which I rode myself. Often I would rope a big bronc out of the bunch that had never had a rope on him since he was branded, and hitch him to the mess wagon at the side of a gentle horse to provide a little excitement for the cook when we were moving camp, and in that way the time on the trail was put in to advantage, as broken horses sold best.

Every year as the country was settled by homesteaders, the Great Northern built new branches to meet the demand for transportation in the new wheat-belt, until they had cobwebbed North Dakota with their new line of railway; finally the Soo line invaded the rich territory, and all this brought the building of new towns, and there was more new country to create a demand for horses. Then came lean years, seasons of drouth, money depression and the panic of '93.

Most of the banks in that time were only small institutions and many of them were forced out of business. Consequently, there was practically no money in the country. I was on hand with horses, as usual. People needed them but could get no money, so I began selling on time payments of one, two and three years. Cattle were cheap, and I traded for all the cattle I could get and trailed them back to the Ranch. In that way, I was able to stay in the business, for I always knew where to get horses, and the seventeen years that I trailed from early spring until late fall yielded me a handsome profit.

HISTORICAL SECTION

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

1830-1930

THE FIRST WAGON TRAIN ON THE ROAD
TO OREGON

The Documentary Background of the Oregon Trail Centennial.

Edited by ARCHER BUTLER HULBERT

Director of the Stewart Commission on Western History of Colorado College.

Introduction.

1. General Ashley to General Macomb, 1829.
2. Joshua Pilcher to Secretary of War Eaton, 1830.
3. Smith, Jackson and Sublette to Secretary Eaton, 1830.

INTRODUCTION

On April 10, 1930, a century will have passed since the first wagon train crossed the plains from the Mississippi River to the Rockies on the ancient track which became known as the Oregon Trail. We have many centenaries. However the case may rest with some, here is one quite worthy of notice and inspection. For this reason: the rank and file of Americans who were to be the emigrants and owners of a Far West would not have been interested in any country to which the tools of civilization, especially those of housekeeping and farming, could not be taken in wagons. Innumerable fur traders' pack trains might have crossed the plains and Rockies; but the land between, and the land beyond, would never have seemed either desirable or eligible from the farmer's standpoint if it had not been within reach of "the States" by a Murphy or a Conestoga wagon.

Now this Smith-Jackson-Sublette train of ten wagons and two Dearborns (although their owners would have laughed at any suggestion of failure) had to do more than merely establish a reputation for itself; it had to counteract prejudices of some standing. The Lewis and Clark expedition to the Pacific by way of the Missouri and Columbia had consumed two years and four months; even omitting the months at rest

in winter quarters, the time spent in actual travel forbade the expectation that emigrants (who would have to make the journey during the summer time) could successfully use this long Missouri-Columbia route. As for a shorter "cross-country" passageway, that had been essayed by few parties ascending the Missouri except the Overland Astorians. The incredible hardships and sufferings endured by that company in attempting to cross from the Missouri to the Snake (by way of the Black Hills) and descending the latter, had been published broadcast throughout the country. No river route westward, from a Mississippi tributary to a Pacific stream long or short, held any prospect of success in 1830.

As for the overland routes of traders and trappers—either to Southern California by the newly-surveyed Santa Fe Trail or to Central California, or Oregon, by the trail up to the Platte River and the Sweetwater to South Pass—were they not packhorse trails, fit only for the experienced frontiersman? One would be put to it fully even to catalogue the innumerable difficulties and dangers which, it was alleged, would be the emigrants' lot were one so weakminded as to desire to make the transcontinental trip on wheels and so foolhardy as to undertake it.

Fortunately we have summed up for us by a solicitous writer the arguments that were current in these very days when this wagon train pulled out of St. Louis against attempting the overland trip; it is addressed particularly to the fanatics "who intend to leave us [with Hall J. Kelley or Nathaniel Wyeth] and to lead their wives and children to misery, if not destruction . . . Such persons should not be lightly lost," urged this authority, "and we write in the hope that they will read and pause."

This author, who signs himself W. J. S., states that if a hypothetical company should have gotten ready to start west from St. Louis as early as June 1st they "will have done wonders"; and if, by steamboat, they should reach the mouth of the Platte River by July 1st, "it will be more than we think possible." A thousand miles, the writer states, must then be covered ere the party could reach the Rockies. They would, therefore, arrive on "the dividing ridge [South Pass] the last of September" supposing they met no accident or delay.

The probability of delay, however, was strong; it would be occasioned, the writer points out, by lack of food and forage and the necessity of procuring these along the way. He expands upon this and many other things as follows:

They cannot take provisions with them for more than a few days, and must, therefore, depend on their game for support. The only game the country affords in abundance are buffaloes, and of these there are enough and more than enough, in some seasons. There are bears, indeed, but these are of the kind properly called naturalists horribilis, and are much more likely to feed on the travelers than to furnish them with a meal. There are deer, and elks, and prairie antelopes; but too few, and too seldom seen, to be relied upon. Likewise there are marmots, owls, rattlesnakes, and other vermin, on which all who make long journeys in the steppes of North America, must occasionally be content to dine, and be thankful for the god-send. The buffaloes are all "that are to trust to," their migrations are not regulated by the seasons, or any circumstances on which calculations can be made. We may say without exaggeration, that we have seen hundreds of thousands at a glance, and we have also passed months in a buffalo country with-

out seeing a horn. The Indians live on them it is true, but they follow them in their travels as closely as the wolves, and if the herd enters the country of a hostile tribe, they endure the horrors of starvation. Very many of the buffalo-hunting savages perish every year of literal famine. There is ever either great abundance or extreme want. If the Indians suffer, how will the emigrants, who are not hunters, provide for themselves? A ship's crew, who should undertake a voyage to India, relying on the fishes they might catch on the way would have a better and surer resource than those who undertake a slow march to Oregon, relying on the buffalo.

The country through which the adventurers must pass is a level plain where the eye seeks in vain for a tree or shrub. The streams only are scantily fringed with wood. In some places the emigrants must travel days and nights without finding wood or water. None but those who have endured these privations can conceive the suffering attendant on them. And supposing the horses are not stolen by the Indians, or driven away by the wolves and grisley bears, they cannot find food. The ground is covered with herbage for a few weeks in the year only. The Indians burn the prairies regularly twice a year, from Lake Winnipeg to Mexico, and for at least nine months in the twelve, nine-tenths of their area is as bare of vegetation as the desert of Zahara. The wet and swampy parts, only, escape the flames. The wild horses and other animals, contrive to exist, indeed; but it is by keeping in such places as we have mentioned as long as they find a green leaf, and then flying like the wind in search of others. Their existence depends on an activity which draught horses cannot exert. There is yet another difficulty which the emigrants must consider. We can assure them on our own experience, that not one horse in five can perform a journey of a thousand miles without a constant supply of something better than prairie grass. If our friends lose half their cattle on the way, as it is twenty to one they will, what is to become of those who must necessarily be left behind?

Between the river Platte and the Rocky Mountains there are several streams, which are dry, or nearly so, more than half the year. But when a long rain falls in the mountains they swell into raging torrents, and are impassable, at least to carts, women and children, for days together. Is it not likely that the caravan may be delayed by such an occurrence? May not such

a delay take place while the prairie is blackened with cinders and the buffaloes are far away?

The country through which the expedition must pass is precisely in the track of all the war parties that travel over the space between the Missouri and the Rocky Mountains. It is the abiding place and the battle ground of fifty warlike tribes. We grant that there is not an individual among them all who will not receive a stranger kindly in his wigwam, and give him to eat of the best; but neither is there an individual among them who will not cut that stranger's throat, for the value of his gunflint, if he meets him alone in the prairie. Besides, it is their rule, when they undertake a warlike enterprise, not to bear the sword in vain, and if they happen to be unsuccessful, or defeated, wo to him who crosses their path. We could adduce a hundred instances of American citizens who have been put to death for no other cause than having accidentally fallen in the way of an unsuccessful war party. Was not the last caravan that went from St. Louis to Santa Fe repeatedly assailed, and only preserved from destruction by a strong armed party of United States troops? These traders gave no offense to the savages, unless passing through their country be considered such.

Allowing that the travelers can save their persons from the attacks of Ietans, Pawnees, Pawnee Loups, Pawnee Republicans, Appaches, Comanches, Arapahoes, Shoshones, Rickarees, Kanzas, Crows, Blackfeet, and fifty more predatory forces, whose very names are abominations, can they save their horses? Do they know that all the buffalo-hunting Indians are the most expert

horse-thieves in the world? Do they know that they make their proficiency in horse-stealing, their boast and pride? that they consider the appropriation of a horse a very virtuous and praiseworthy action; little less glorious than the slaughter of a white man? Do they know that a horse is absolutely necessary to a buffalo-hunter's existence and is, therefore, the greatest temptation that can be put in his way? Do they know that their path is directly in the track of the no less barbarous than brave Blackfeet, who, when Captain Lewis killed two of their tribe (in an attempt to steal his horses) made a vow never to spare an American, and have religiously kept it ever since?¹

W. J. S. took advice not only from his fund of ignorance and pessimism: he repudiated the judgment of the best informed westerners of the day by name—in fact, the very writers of the documents here reprinted. These are specifically referred to twice. "We are told," he states, "that General Ashley² and Mr. Pilcher encouraged this undertaking. Have not parties under their command been repeatedly attacked? . . . Did any white man ever cross the Rocky Mountains who will say that a white woman could have followed him? In short, to live in an Indian country, men must be able to move with a celerity which cannot have being in our [hypothetical] body of emigrants. . . We have taken it for granted that they have found a practical road into the mountains. Messrs Pilcher and Ashley say there is one."³

¹ W. J. S. "Oregon Territory" in *New England Magazine*, II, 123-132 (Feb. 1832). The author was doubtless W. J. Snelling, critic, whose lines on Halleck ran:

"Forbid it, Justice, this brave bard should lie
On the same coals that cooked the smaller fry."

So thought the friends of Oregon—of Snelling!

² Our first document is a letter from Brig. Gen. (of territorial militia) William H. Ashley addressed to General A. Macomb, Commander of the United States Army. Probably no man, unless it were Jedediah S. Smith, was more experienced and competent to speak on the topic of western transportation than General Ashley who came to St. Louis in 1808 at about twenty years of age and soon after entered the fur trade. Prospering therein, Ashley became the most prominent of the promoters of free trapping by "Mountain Men"—the American system of hunters moving by companies and trapping every stream encountered, in distinction from the British system of establishing wilderness posts to which all furs of the surrounding country were brought by the Indians and there sold. Some of Ashley's cavalcade brought \$60,000.00 worth of furs to St. Louis. In 1827 he abandoned the Missouri River zone and opened up the rich Great Salt Lake area, taking thither, by way of South Pass, a cannon on wheels to man Fort Ashley in Utah. The anonymous author we are quoting missed his guess when he imputes to General Ashley self-aggrandizing motives for advocating western travel and migration. In August, 1830, General Ashley sold all his interests in the traffic that had made him his fortune, and then entered upon his well-known political career. Ashley sold out to the firm of trappers, Smith, Jackson and Sublette, who, as we shall see, were the authors of the last letter in the present collection.

³ Joshua Pilcher, a Virginian like General Ashley, author of our second letter, entered the Missouri fur trade about 1820 at thirty years of age. He succeeded Manuel Lisa as president of the reorganized Missouri Fur Company. He was director in the Bank of St. Louis in 1818 until its fall. He took part in the Arikara campaign of 1823, phases of which he severely denounced (*Missouri Republican*, Oct. 15, 1823). In 1839 he succeeded William Clark as superintendent of Indian Affairs at St. Louis, and died about 1843.

Having thus gotten his doomed party, in theory, to the mountains, this New England expert compels it (in imagination) to winter there:

They will then reach the Rocky Mountains about the beginning of October, and winter will stop them on the summit. They will find a climate of which they have never dreamed in the Atlantic States. How are they to winter in the mountains? That region has no buffaloes, and does not abound in game of any kind. Captain Lewis and Clarke describe the Indians who reside there as miserable in the extreme, and always half-starved. Many of them actually do starve. And how are the cattle which will have been miraculously preserved as were the Israelites in the Exodus, how will they subsist among the rocks and precipices, from which the argali will look down and laugh at the guns and the folly of the adventurers. The people will have brought no winter provisions, nor forage. There is one comfort, however; having performed a journey of little more than a thousand miles, with light loads, and having had the grazing of perhaps a hundred acres of prairie, the beasts will no doubt be plump and well-conditioned. They may be killed and jerked, and the deluded crows, attracted by the scent of the feast, will not, as usual wing their way to a more hospitable region. When this supply fails, the settlers may climb over the rocks which echo the cries of their famishing children, in vain search for *tripes de rocke*. . .

With these helps, then, we will suppose our friends have starved through the winter with the wolves. The horses may also be supposed to have been brought through the winter as they were through the prairies, by the especial favor of Providence. By the first of April, perhaps, the expedition will be ready to start afresh, and a proper day it will be for the renewal of such a journey. Lewis and Clark tell us that the country on the Columbia river is to the last degree rugged and mountainous. So say hunters who have been there; and so says the map. Messrs. Ashley, Pilcher and Kelly say, nay; and that there is an excellent cart-road. Which are we to believe?

Such, then, were typical arguments offered to the public by alarmists who sought to correct the public's information regarding Oregon and the way thither as furnished by tyro enthusiasts like Hall J. Kelley or experts on actual conditions such as the

signers of the letters here reproduced. But those ten wagons of 1830 tended effectually not only to counteract misstatements but also to establish new opinions.

The letter of General Ashley which follows only incidentally refers to methods of transportation, although he mentions taking his cannon across the plains and Rockies in 1827—the first known vehicle to make the trip. He is concerned with making safe the Santa Fe Trail for American traders and the Oregon Trail for trappers. His letter bore a part in making the transcontinental journey seem possible to the Bonnevilles, Kelleys, Wyeths, Balls, Allises, Dunbars, Lees, Shepards and Whitmans who followed the Oregon Trail in the succeeding five years. In its hints as to methods of wilderness camping, care of horses, etc., it was one of the first widely-read documents of value to tentative pioneers.

Following the Ashley-Macomb letter is one from John Pilcher to Secretary of War Eaton. It is largely concerned with the geography of the far West, the potential value of its soils to the future owners and the international complication which arose from the signing of the Convention of 1818 with Great Britain; the recent renewal (in 1828) of that exceedingly unfair, one-sided agreement, as Pilcher views it, is treated at some length.

Of particular influence on prospective emigration was the author's statement regarding the ease with which the Rockies could be crossed at South Pass. His testimony in detail as to the climate and agricultural possibilities of "Oregon" were noteworthy, especially since he was not a prospector or colonizer. There is weight to his argument that the Anglo-American Agreement on the joint occupation of Oregon was of preponderating benefit to England and the English. Being already in actual possession of the Columbia and the region north of it, the agreement (in actual practice) gave the British an opportunity to exploit the country south of the Columbia, whereas Americans (not having a foothold on that river) could hardly exploit the country north of it. As a result, Hudson's Bay men not only quickly profited from the fur regions south of the Columbia but overran

every boundary to the south and east. Only by sheer boldness did American "Mountain Men" meet their rivalry on the Humboldt, Bear and Raft rivers and Great Salt Lake, and only by an ever greater show of hardihood did Americans finally get a foothold on the Willamette in Oregon itself.

This Pilcher letter was used widely as an authority by all those in Congress who took up the torch which Governor Floyd had just laid down—in advocacy of the Americanization of the mouth of the Columbia River. This contemporaneous viewpoint of a western fur trader even with its prejudices, has a value for us. We have much from contemporaneous congressmen; a little of Pilcher's "mineral sizing" is worth while.

The last letter in our list is addressed by the fur traders Smith, Jackson and Sublette⁴ to Secretary of War Eaton. It gives the account of the wagon train's progress and return. But it does somewhat more than that. Taken together with the preceding letters of Ashley's and Pilcher's it tends to mark the change that has taken place in public knowledge of, and attitude towards, the whole western world (the contributor to the *New England Magazine* to the contrary notwithstanding) in the half decade since Ashley, Smith, Sublette and Jackson began their most important work. Although, as we have intimated, this would not have meant a great deal to Americans at large if the public had not come to know that Oregon was accessible to wagons, the fact remains that, with this *desideratum* settled, successors of Ashley, Smith, Jackson and Sublette faced the West with a courage

and a certainty impossible before 1830. This may be detailed briefly as follows:

1. Jedediah Smith had done what Magellan, Drake and Coronado had not done—given the world a true concept of the width of the continent by crossing overland from Great Salt Lake to Southern California and back to his starting point from Central California by way of the Humboldt River.

2. No longer could Mapmaker Finley draw maps showing rivers flowing from Great Salt Lake into the Pacific as he did in 1826. Not now would Baltimore's *Niles Register*, quoting the *Missouri Herald*, say that one could descend "the valley of the Buenaventura [Bear River] towards the Pacific ocean" as it did in its issue of December 9, 1826.⁵

3. No longer would a route for overland travel to the Columbia River be sought by following the Missouri River valley; nor by striking across to the Snake from the Upper Missouri. The Platte River—South Pass—Snake River pathway pointed out by Ashley and Pilcher was practical and became the route of Bonneville, Wyeth, Lee, Parker, Whitman and the great Oregon migrations of 1843. The historic Oregon Trail became such in common parlance and in actual practice with the passage of this first wagon train over it in 1830.

4. The activities of these men and their successors in the years 1830-1835 put an end to any spirit of surrender of Southern Idaho and Northern Utah and Nevada to the Hudson's Bay Company such as Jedediah Smith seemed to have contemplated or agreed to, but without the acquiescence of Jackson.⁶ This enigma of the proposed aban-

⁴ This firm was, in 1830, four years old as their letter states. Jedediah S. Smith, a New Yorker two years older than his century, saw his first active service in the West 'longside of his present partner, David E. Jackson, in the Arikara episode of 1823. His epoch-making tours of the ensuing years—to California, Nevada and Oregon—have been given their rightful importance by Professor Dale in *The Ashley-Smith Explorations*. No man of Smith's education knew the West as he did in 1831, when he was killed at a spring on the Dry Cimarron cutoff on the Santa Fe Trail. Of David E. Jackson, the second partner, little is known except his association with Ashley, Smith and Sublette. Of them all he, however, has the choicest monument—Jackson's Hole; it may have borne his name since the summer of 1829 which he spent in and near it. If Smith was the explorer of the firm, Jackson was the resident agent; he remained with the hunters; supervised the annual rendezvous and arranged each new year's campaign. William L. Sublette, the third partner, one of the five famous Sublette brothers of St. Louis, was born in 1799 in Kentucky and began his life on the trapping trails about 1818; he died in St. Louis in 1845. Sublette was the negotiator and transporter for the firm; he usually superintended the packing of furs from rendezvous to market and the sale of them there.

⁵ Vol. XXXI, 229. Despite the perpetuating this geographical error (which, by the way, had already been thoroughly exploded by Rector's map of 1818) this *Herald* account gave a valuable prophesy of future wagon travel across the Rockies. "Wagons and carriages could go with ease as far as general Ashley went, crossing the Rocky Mountains at the sources of the North Fork of the Platte," it read.

⁶ H. C. Dale, *The Ashley-Smith Explorations*, 284, 287. F. F. Victor, *River of the West*, 58 ff.

donment of the Snake River to the British on the part of Smith calls for clearer explanation; but, whatever its implications, a momentum was now under way which provided new stimulus and planted an American colony within Oregon itself in the space of four years.

Concerning the three documents which follow, Henry R. Wagner states: "This collection of letters is the most valuable ac-

count of movements in the Rocky Mountains during this period."⁷ They were secured in order to reply to a resolution of the Senate relative to the British establishments on the Columbia and the state of the fur trade and formed a "Message from the President of the United States" thereto, dated Jan. 24, 1831; they were made public as Senate Document 39, 21 Congress 2nd sess. Serial No. 203.

1. General Ashley to General Macomb, 1829.

Washington City, March, 1829.

Sir: You request me to communicate to you, by letter, my opinion, as it regards a military force best calculated for the protection of our western frontier, the fur trade, and our trade and intercourse direct from Missouri and Arkansas to the Mexican provinces, &c. &c.⁸

In answer to your first inquiry, I will remark, that my ideas on this subject were communicated to a part of the representation in Congress from Missouri three years ago. I then did, and do yet, believe that a mounted force is the only one that can operate advantageously in that country. This force ought, in my opinion, to consist of about five hundred mounted riflemen, who should be enlisted expressly for that service, anticipating at the time of enlistment the privations peculiar to it, or selections made of suitable men now in the army. These troops ought to subsist themselves, which they could do with convenience, as soon as the officers become acquainted with the country in which they would have to operate. In addition to the rifle, one half of the command should be armed with sabres. Four pieces of light artillery would be found convenient and useful.

The patent rifle which I examined in your office appears, in one particular, to be well calculated for this service, in as much as it can be conveniently and quickly charged on horseback; but I have been heretofore prejudiced against this description of guns, believing that they were subject, by use, to get out of order, and could not be repaired without much difficulty. Putting, therefore, these guns out of the question, of the utility of which I know but little, I would recommend a rifle, the barrel of which should not exceed three feet in length, carrying a ball weighing about three fourths of an ounce, and having metal sufficient to support a ball of that size. I have used the percussion locks but little, but believe them admirably well constructed for general use, but more particularly for the prairies, where severe winds and rains prevail at certain seasons of the year. Great convenience would be experienced from having every gun of the same dimensions, every spring, screw, &c, &c, of the locks, of the same size and form. This being the case every material of one would fit, and might be used in any one. The gun stick, or thimble rod, ought to be of large size, and of wood; iron sometimes batters the muzzle, and makes the gun shoot

⁷ *The Plains and the Rockies*, 27.

⁸ The reader must not fail to mark the rather veiled distinction (although among trappers of the time the very words themselves represented definite and distinct ideas) between protecting "the fur trade" and "our trade . . . to the Mexican provinces." The former meant the route later known as the Oregon Trail; the latter meant the newly-opened and partially marked Santa Fe Trail; although both routes were used by fur traders. This letter (as well as other documents of the same time which might have been selected) shows clearly the drift and change of attitude toward overland travel—largely, if not wholly, due to the activities of Ashley, Smith, Jackson and others. As late as 1824 (five years before this letter was penned) discussion as to protection to the fur trade was based upon the idea that the Missouri River route was the one that would be used; and in that year Quartermaster General Jessup gave Congressman Floyd an elaborate opinion on the fortifying the Missouri River route by government posts at stated intervals to the Columbia (*Ore. Hist. Quart.* VIII, 290). Ashley's plan here outlined concerns protecting with dragoons the overland (in distinction from the water) pathway. That was the first step toward the later policy which led to the protection of the Oregon Trail by Forts Kearny, McPherson, Laramie, etc., as well as with dragoons.

The Frontier

wild. The only difference should be in the length of the breech: some should, in this particular, be longer than others, to suit the arms of those who use them. In their weight, and in every other particular, except the breech, they ought to be the same. In that case, when a man became accustomed to the use of one, he could, with the same convenience, use any one of them. The sabre will be found useful, and almost indispensable in operations against Indians mounted on horseback, and armed with bows and arrows, which they use with great dexterity and effect. The Indians in the vicinity of the Rocky mountains are very much in the habit of fortifying some strong point convenient to where they intend attacking their enemy, by the way of covering their retreat, if unsuccessful, and fearing pursuit. They use the same precaution when encamped, whenever they apprehend danger. When covered in this way, they fight desperately before they can be ousted. It is in cases of this kind, as well as in many others, that artillery would be found convenient.

Five hundred troops, armed and equipped as proposed, would, in my opinion, be sufficient to contend against any Indian force that could be conveniently brought against them; a much less number might be in danger of defeat, provided the Indians generally should be disposed to war against us. It seems to me, that, if the Government undertake to protect the frontiers and trade in question, it ought to be done effectually. No half way measure should be adopted; show a sufficient force in the country to put down all opposition, and all opposition will cease without shedding of blood. But show an incompetent force, which may tempt the Indians to attack and defeat it, and the result will not only be the loss of many lives and extreme mortification, but the expenditure of money to reach the object in view more than perhaps five or ten times the amount which will be necessary, should the Government pursue the proper course in the first instance. The protection to be afforded should be extended as equally as practicable to all our citizens engaged in the

trade of that country, whether to Santa Fe or with the Indians. And as it cannot be expected that every caravan will be furnished an escort, let its destination be where it may, the force ought therefore to be sufficient to overawe the Indians, and thereby render escorts unnecessary. It seems to me that economy of lives and money dictates this course. To operate against the Indians who have heretofore committed outrages upon our Santa Fe traders,⁹ one hundred men would be all sufficient; but it is reasonable to suppose that the success of the offenders on this route will induce others to join them.

Let us consider the force of the Indians in that quarter who are now recognized as our enemies; those who have taken a menacing attitude, and those who are, or pretend to be, friendly, but who may be brought to action against us. In this way it may be better seen whether protection is necessary, and what that protection ought to be. The Indians south of the Arkansas river I know but little about; they are very troublesome to the Spanish settlements, and are considered dangerous in that quarter. They are charged with participating in the recent depredations on the Santa Fe route; but I am of opinion that the principal actors in these outrages, and perhaps the only ones, were the Arapahoes and the Weawas [Kiwias]. These people reside on the head waters of the Arkansas, between the Santa Fe road and the mountains. They extend their excursions to the headwaters of the Platte, and across the mountains to the Rio Colorado of the west. They can muster about five hundred warriors, and are tolerably well supplied with arms and ammunition. From many circumstances within my own knowledge, in relation to the conduct of these people, and from accounts received from some of the Santa Fe traders who were robbed last fall, I feel assured that these tribes of Indians have been the offenders. They are the particular friends and relatives of the Blackfoots, who reside on the head waters of the Missouri, and who are our most bitter enemies. These tribes keep up a constant intercourse with each other. In

⁹ These attacks were attributed to the Grand and Loup Pawnees and "Pawnee Pldk" in the *Missouri Republican*, Nov. 18, 1828; Jan. 6, 1829, as well as to Comanche and Arapahoes.

August, 1825, seven hundred families of the Blackfoots visited the Arapahoes, and remained with or near them until the ensuing summer. The Blackfoots have altogether among their several bands from four to six thousand warriors at least. In the course of the last 18 months, these people have repeatedly extended their war excursions entirely across our territory west of the Rocky mountains, and harassed, robbed and slaughtered our citizens. They can at any time conveniently reinforce the Arapahoes with one or two thousand warriors. They are well armed and supplied with ammunition by the Hudson's Bay Company.¹⁰ Major Doherty, United States Indian Agent, has given it as his opinion that the Pawnees, who are included in his agency, have determined to wage war against us.¹¹ The character of Major D., his means of information, and his knowledge of the Indian character, entitle his opinion to the greatest credit. I know, too, that the Pawnees have been dissatisfied, and have repeatedly threatened us with war. I was once with that nation more than a month at the same time, when they were very much excited. I heard their threats and plans to execute them. Notwithstanding all these circumstances, I am inclined to believe that they are not yet prepared, and will not, therefore, yet commence hostilities. They want to feel their way, and see what will be the result of the recent depredations committed on the Santa Fe route. Should these occurrences pass unnoticed, and nothing should be done to check them, we may anticipate a war with the Pawnees at some period not far distant. When they come to that determination, they will remove (for they have nothing to bind them to their villages, where they now reside a part of each year) to the head waters of the south branch of the river Platte, and there operate with the Arapahoes, Keawas, and Blackfoots. These several nations can muster altogether seven thousand warriors, four thousand of whom would be sufficient to take care of their women and children, while the balance of them go to war. They can subsist

themselves altogether, convenient to almost any one point, from the 25th to the 38th degree of longitude, and from the northern to the southern boundary of that portion of our territory. This whole region of country abounds in buffalo and other game. Any one acquainted with the range of these animals may (if they do not find them at the spot where they wish to use them) procure them not far off. They are so numerous that it appears to me that their numbers would increase annually, even were the consumption of them twice or thrice what it now is. By the foregoing statement, I have endeavored to give you my opinion of the force, situation, and disposition of the several bands of Indians from whom we may expect the greatest immediate danger, and also their means of subsistence in the country where their operations against us will be carried on.

I will now enumerate the bands with whom we have friendly intercourse, but whose friendship, as I have before observed, is, in my opinion, very precarious. The several tribes, as far as we have extended our acquaintance west of the Rocky mountains, can, I presume, muster from six to eight thousand warriors. They are located in different sections of that country, where our principal fur trade is carried on. On the Missouri, above the mouth of the Platte, we have the Mahaws [Omahas], who can furnish about four hundred warriors; the Pancaes [Poncas], two hundred and fifty warriors; the several bands of Sioux, 2,500 warriors; the Shawnees, 400; the Arickaras, 600; the Mandans and Menatarees, 700; the Crows, 800. On the western boundary of the State of Missouri, the Osages, I suppose, can furnish 1,000 warriors; the Ioways, 250; the Kansas about 400; and the several tribes, or parts of tribes, recently located there by the General Government, perhaps from six hundred to one thousand warriors. I however know but little about these last mentioned Indians: their numbers may be greater or less than I have mentioned. Agreeably to this estimate, which I feel assured will not differ in any great degree

¹⁰ A rumor, thoroughly believed by all American trappers, that has been current for a generation; cf *Missouri Gazette*, Nov. 16, 1809.

¹¹ John Dougherty was Indian Agent at Fort Leavenworth in 1828. The *Republican* (quoted in Footnote 6) received its information from him.

from the exact number, the whole of the tribes *with whom we have intercourse* within the limits of the United States, and west of the State of Missouri, can furnish about twenty-two thousand warriors, from three to four thousand of whom are located immediately upon the western border of Missouri, and within four or five days' march thereof; twelve or fifteen hundred of the number, the Pawnees, are now threatening us with war; several hundred others of this number, the late emigrants, were, a short time since, (instigated by the British Government) slaughtered our citizens upon our northern frontier, and continued to do so as long as that Government desired it. They had no good cause for their hostility. They lived within the limits of the territory of the United States, from which they could not retreat without the support of the British, and they well knew that when that Government ceased to provide for them, they would again be dependent upon the United States for territory on which they could subsist themselves. Notwithstanding all these circumstances, calculated to induce them to cultivate our friendship, or at least to observe a neutral course, at the first suggestion of the British, they raised the tomahawk against us. What faith can be placed on the friendship of these people? They well know that they may at any time repeat their depredations upon us with impunity; that, should the United States provide the means to punish them, they can sue for peace at any time, with a certainty of obtaining it, and of being restored to their former homes and privileges. Under such circumstances, what have they to fear from repeating their outrages upon us? And how different is the situation of these Indians now from what it was upon our northern frontier before the late war; located upon our western frontier, where in their rear they have a wilderness of fifteen hundred miles in extent, peculiarly adapted to the use of Indians, the greater portion of it literally covered with buffalo and other game; strongly fortified by nature with the Rocky mountains, where their retreat can be safely covered, without a strong force to oust them; and behind their natural fortifications, they have their old friends, the

British emissaries, preparing materials for rekindling the war fires, should it become necessary. If these Indians should ever be again disposed to raise the tomahawk against us, (and I have not the least doubt of it) they cannot desire a more eligible position than they now occupy.

The facts *generally* herein enumerated are not stated as information coming from others, but from my own personal observations. The conclusions which they have led me to must, I think, appear reasonable to all who will properly consider them. If so, it must forcibly appear that our western frontier, and our citizens engaged in their lawful and laudable pursuits in that country, want the protection of the General Government; and that not less than five hundred troops, equipped as proposed, will afford that protection. Our citizens immediately interested in the country in question ought reasonably to expect this protection as a matter of right; and the Government ought, in my opinion, to feel the reasonableness of their claim, and afford it as a matter of course.

The military command, as proposed, should not be stationary at any one point, but traverse the country from place to place, wherever the good of the service may seem to require. In this way the officers might acquire a knowledge of the country in which they would have to operate, and also the Indian character, where it could be done leisurely, and without injury to the troops. The latter would be necessary, and the former almost indispensable, because such is the situation of the country, that the safety of the command might, in some degree, depend upon this information; for instance, there are sections of the country for 50 to 100 miles in extent, in pursuing certain directions, entirely without water, and other portions of it almost equally destitute of men or horses. There are also inaccessible mountains, offering appearances of easy access, which would cause great fatigue and delay in attempting to cross them; while others, of much more rugged appearances, can be easily penetrated, when their avenues are well known. These and numerous other circumstances of equal importance require that the officer commanding troops in that country

should have a knowledge of them before expeditious movements through the country should become indispensable. The troops, too, by moving about as proposed, would be daily acquiring a knowledge of their duty, having so frequently to harness their horses, cross large and difficult rivers, securing camps on different situations, and in a variety of ways become much more efficient in the service. When it might not be necessary for this command to winter elsewhere, they might take up their winter quarters on our western frontier, where they could be subsisted cheap, and, if necessary, afford protection to our frontier.

In compliance with your request in relation to my manner of equipping and moving parties of men through the Indian country in the course of my general excursions to the Rocky mountains, I will observe, that, as mules are much the best animals for packing heavy burthens, each man has charge of two of them for that purpose, and one horse to ride. The equipage of each horse or mule consists of two halters, one saddle, one saddle blanket, one bearskin for covering the pack or saddle, and one pack-strap for the purpose of binding on the pack, and a bridle for the riding horse. One of the halters should be made light for common use, of beef hide, dressed soft; the other should be made of hide dressed in the same way, or tanned rope, sufficiently strong to hold the horse under any circumstances, and so constructed as to give pain to the jaws when drawn very tight. The rein of each halter should not be less than sixteen feet long. A stake made of tough hard wood, about two inches in diameter, and two feet long, with an iron socket, pointed at one end to penetrate the earth, and at the other end a band of iron to prevent its splitting, should be provided, to be used when in the prairies, with the halter last described; this stake, when well set in the ground, will hold any horse.

In the organization of a party of, say from 60 to 80 men, four of the most confidential and experienced of the number are selected to aid in the command; the rest are divided in messes of eight or ten. A suitable man is also appointed at the head of each mess, whose duty it is to make known

the wants of his mess, receive supplies for them, make distributions, watch over their conduct, enforce order, &c. &c.

The party thus organized, each man receives the horse and mules allotted to him, their equipage, and the packs which his mules are to carry: every article so disposed of is entered in a book kept for that purpose. When the party reaches the Indian country, great order and vigilance in the discharge of their duty are required of every man. A variety of circumstances confines our march very often to the borders of large water courses; when that is the case, it is found convenient and safe, when the ground will admit, to locate our camps (which are generally laid off in a square) so as to make the river form one line, and include as much ground in it as may be sufficient for the whole number of horses, allowing for each a range of thirty feet in diameter. On the arrival of the party at their camping ground, the position of each mess is pointed out, where their packs, saddles, &c. are taken off, and with them a breastwork immediately put up, to cover them from a night attack by Indians; the horses are then watered and delivered to the horse guard, who keep them on the best grass outside and near the encampment, where they graze until sunset; then each man brings his horses within the limits of the camp, exchanges the light halter for the other more substantial, sets his stakes, which are placed at the distance of thirty feet from each other, and secures his horses to them. This range of thirty feet, in addition to the grass the horse has collected outside the camp, will be all sufficient for him during the night.

After these regulations, the proceedings of the night are pretty much the same as are practiced in military camps. At day light (when in dangerous parts of the country) two or more men are mounted on horseback, and sent to examine ravines, woods, hills and other places within striking distance of the camp, where Indians might secrete themselves, before the men are allowed to leave their breastworks to make the necessary morning arrangements before marching. When these spies report favorably, the horses are then taken outside the camp, de-

livered to the horse guard, and allowed to graze until the party has breakfasted, and are ready for saddling. In the line of march, each mess march together, and take their choice of positions in the line according to their activity in making themselves ready to move, viz: the mess first ready to march moves up in the rear of an officer who marches in the front of the party, and takes choice of a position in the line, and so they all proceed until the line is formed; and in that way they march the whole of that day. Spies are sent several miles ahead, to examine the country in the vicinity of the route; and others are kept at the distance of a half mile or more from the party, as the situation of the ground seems to require, in front, rear, and on the flanks. In making discoveries of Indians, they communicate the same by a signal or otherwise to the commanding officer with the party, who makes his arrangements accordingly.

In this way I have marched parties of men the whole way from St. Louis to the vicinity of the Grand lake¹² which is situated about one hundred and fifty miles down the waters of the Pacific ocean,¹³ in 78 days. In the month of March, 1827, I fitted out a party of 60 men, mounted a piece of artillery (a four pounder) on a carriage which was drawn by two mules; the party marched to or near the Grand Salt lake beyond the Rocky mountains, remained there one month, stopped on the way back fifteen days, and returned to Lexington, in the western part of Missouri, in September, where the party was met with every thing necessary for another outfit, and did return (using the same horses and mules) to the mountains by the last of November, in the same year.

With great respect.

I have the honor to be

Your obedient servant,

W. H. ASHLEY.

2. Joshua Pilcher to Secretary of War Eaton, 1830.

Gen. A. Macomb,

Commander in Chief of the Army of the U. States, Washington city.¹⁴

To the Honorable J. H. Eaton, Secretary of War:

Sir: Having been engaged in the fur trade for several years past, and lately extended my excursions beyond the Rocky mountains, and become personally acquainted with the state of things on the Columbia river, I deem it a duty to make a report of what I saw to my Government, and flatter myself that the information I may be able to give will not be without its use, in determining the policy which the United States may adopt in regard to that country.

I engaged in the Indian trade of the Upper Missouri eleven years ago, say 1819; and having encountered a full share of the accidents and miscarriages which attend that perilous business, I determined, in 1827, on more extensive operations. With this view, I left Council Bluffs in September of that year, with a party of men, forty-five in the whole, and an outfit of merchandise

suited to the object. My route lay up the river Platte to its forks, and thence up its north branch to its source in the Rocky mountains. Here I had to make a *depot* of merchandise and property, which is done by burying it in the ground, the Indians having completed their designs upon our horses by stealing the last of them. I had set out from Council Bluffs with one hundred and four of these indispensable animals, and was left to make the transit of the mountains almost without any. The snow was deep, but the ascent and descent easy, being a depression of the mountain to such a degree that a carriage would cross without the least difficulty. The depression was not only low, but wide—something like a valley through the mountains, say thirty or forty miles wide, the river Colorado taking its rise from the opposite side. I passed the winter 1827 and '28 on the Colorado. In the spring of 1828, with horses obtained from the Snake Indians for the purpose, one of my partners returned to the depot on the waters of the Platte, but found a consider-

¹² Great Salt Lake.

¹³ Ashley means 150 miles down the Pacific ocean drainage, measuring from the Continental Divide (in this case, South Pass).

¹⁴ Senate Doc. 39, 21 Congress 2 Sess. Serial No. 203.

able part of the merchandise destroyed, the water having penetrated the place where it was buried. The remnant saved from this misfortune was carried across the mountains to the small lake called *Bear lake*, a little to the west of the sources of the Colorado, then a rendezvous for hunters and traders. Here our traffic with these people was completed. My partners and most of the men set out on their return to the Council Bluffs; and myself, with nine men, commenced a tour to the northwest, with the view of exploring the region of the Columbia river, to ascertain the attractions and capabilities for trade. This was in July, 1828, and the excursion which I then engaged in occupied me till June, 1830, (a period of nearly two years), when I returned to St. Louis. It is of the observations which I made in this excursion that I propose to give you some account—the preceding statement being for elucidation, and to explain the character of a voyage which might otherwise appear extraordinary, if not incredible . . .¹⁵

1. AS TO THE COMMAND OF THE FUR TRADE.

It is a well known object of British enterprise, ever since the separation of the United States from the British crown, to obtain the command of the fur trade of North America, both as an object of commerce, and as a means of controlling the Indians. The celebrated fur trader and traveller, Sir Alexander M'Kenzie, stated this in his journal of travels to the Pacific ocean, as far back as 1793; and the British Government has constantly cooperated in the plan which he marked out. For the purpose of showing the extent of these plans, and the perseverance and success with which they have been followed up and completed, I will here make a quotation from the journal of that traveller.

"Experience has proved that this trade, from its very nature, cannot be carried on by individuals. A very large capital, or credit, or indeed both, is necessary; and, consequently, an association of men of wealth to direct, with men of enterprise to act, in one common interest, must be formed on such principles, as that, in due time, the latter may succeed the former, in continual

and progressive succession. The junction of such a commercial association with the Hudson's Bay Company is the important measure which I would propose; and the trade might be carried on with a very superior degree of advantage, both public and private, under the privilege of their charter. By enjoying the privilege of the company's charter, though but for a limited period, there are adventurers who would be willing, as they are able, to engage in and carry on the proposed commercial undertaking, as well as to give the most complete and satisfactory security to Government for the fulfilment of its contract with the company. It would, at the same time, be equally necessary to add a similar privilege of trade on the Columbia river, and its tributary waters."

"By the waters that discharge themselves into Hudson's bay at fort Nelson, it is proposed to carry on the trade to their source at the head of the Saskatchewan river, which rises in the Rocky mountains, not eight degrees of longitude from the Pacific ocean. The Columbia flows also from the same mountains, and discharges itself in the Pacific, in latitude 46°20'. Both of them are capable of receiving ships at their mouths, and are navigable throughout for boats."

"But, whatever course may be taken from the Atlantic, the Columbia is the line of communication from the Pacific ocean pointed out by nature, as it is the only navigable river in the whole extent of Vancouver's minute survey of that coast. Its banks, also, form the first level country in all the southern extent of continental coast from Cook's entry, and, consequently, the most northern situation fit for colonization, and suitable for the residence of a civilized people. By opening this intercourse between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, and forming regular establishments through the interior, and at both extremes, as well as along the coasts and islands, the entire command of the fur trade of North America might be obtained from latitude 48 north to the pole, except that portion of it which the Russians have in the Pacific. To this may be added the fishing in both seas, and the markets of the

¹⁵ The details of this journey to the Columbia and through northwestern Canada are omitted.

four quarters of the globe. Such would be the field for commercial enterprise; and incalculable would be the produce of it, when supported by the operations of that credit and capital which Great Britain so pre-eminently possesses. Then would this country begin to be remunerated for the expenses it has sustained in discovering and surveying the coast of the Pacific ocean, which is at present left to American adventurers, who, without regularity or capital, or the desire of conciliating future confidence, look altogether to the interest of the moment. Such adventurers—and many of them, as I have been informed, have been very successful—would instantly disappear before a well regulated trade."

"Many political reasons, which it is not necessary to enumerate here, must present themselves to the mind of every man acquainted with the enlarged system and capacities of British commerce, in support of the measure which I have very briefly suggested, as promising the most important advantages to the trade of the United Kingdoms."¹⁶

All the recommendations, suggestions, and predictions, contained in this quotation, have been fulfilled.

1. The Hudson's Bay and Northwest Company have been united, and are now trading under the name and charter of the former. 2. The trade has been extended to the Columbia river. 3. A colony of civilized people is forming on that river. 4. A line of forts and posts is established across the continent. 5. The mouth of the Columbia is occupied, ships enter it, boats ascend it; the mountains are crossed, and the communication is regular from the Pacific to the Atlantic. 6. American adventurers have almost disappeared, and the British have the command of the fur trade north of 49 degrees, and the chief enjoyment of it for some degrees south. "*The political advantages*" of all these events are considerable in time of peace, and must become infinitely more so in time of war, when the command of all the northern Indians may harass the settlements on the Upper Mississippi; and the possession of a naval and military station

and a colony on the estuary of the Columbia river, may lead to the annihilation of our ships and commerce on the Pacific ocean.

2. AS TO THE RECIPROCITY OF THE TREATY OF 1818.

The third article of this convention applies to the joint occupation of the country west of the Rocky mountains by the British and Americans, and was intended to grant reciprocal privileges; but the reciprocity is in words only; the British get all the advantages. The words of the convention are, "*That any country that may be claimed by either party on the northwest coast of America, westward of the Stony mountains, shall, together with its harbors, bays and creeks, and the navigation of all rivers within the same, be free and open for the term of ten years from the date of the signature of the present convention, to the vessels, citizens, and subjects of the two powers, &c.*"

By this phraseology, it would be understood that both parties were possessed of territory west of the Rocky mountains, which was drained by navigable rivers, and supplied with harbors, creeks, and bays, when the fact is, that the territory owned by the United States was alone so drained and furnished—the Columbia and its estuary forming the only harbor and navigable river to which the treaty was applicable. The British, therefore, got the joint use of this river and its harbor, and the people of the United States got nothing from the British; and, for the manner in which they are establishing themselves, it would seem that what was intended to be a *joint* and *temporary* use will become a *permanent* and *exclusive* possession. The privilege of a temporary use excludes the idea of forts and establishments of a permanent character; and it is for the proper authority to determine whether such an establishment as fort Vancouver comes within the privilege granted by the convention of 1818. True, that convention is continued,¹⁷ but it is not enlarged; and its determination depends upon a year's notice to be given by either party; but this continuance was not known when that fort was built; and every thing

¹⁶ Alexander Mackenzie, *Voyages from Montreal* (London, 1801) II, 388-392.

¹⁷ Renewed in 1828.

sufficiently announced that there was no design of quitting the possession, even if the convention had not been renewed. The clause "*any country.*" &c. is equally fallacious and deceptive as that which applies to bays and rivers. Nominally, it lays open the country claimed by each power to the traders and hunters of each; but, in point of fact, the country belonging to the United States is alone laid open to the operations of the British. They have spread over the whole region west of the Rocky mountains, quite to the Mexican territory, while no American has gone north of 49 degrees, nor even north of the Columbia, nor often to it. As a trader, he could not possibly go any where, much less upon their own ground to contend with the British, because the American pays [at Fort Vancouver] high duties on every thing used in the trade—as high as sixty per cent., all charges included, on the blankets and strouds and other wollens; while the British, importing all these by the mouth of the Columbia, pay nothing. The interest of the American citizens, and, peradventure, the security of the United States' title to the Columbia river and its valley, depend upon terminating this delusive convention, and confining each party to his own side of latitude 49.

3. THE PRESENT STATE OF THE FUR TRADE

As early as the year 1805, the Northwest Company had extended its operations to the waters of the Columbia; and an agent or partner of that concern passed the winter on Clark's fork, about 250 miles above its junction with the main Columbia, at the time Captains Lewis and Clark were at the Pacific. A short time after *their* return to the United States, a company was organized and fitted out by Mr. Astor, of New York, under the superintendence of W. P. Hunt, Esquire, of St. Louis, for the purpose of prosecuting the fur trade on the Columbia. The chief establishment of this company was made at the mouth of the Columbia, and called Astoria; and, notwithstanding the opposition it had to encounter from the Northwest Company, the country being then rich in furs, the proprietors of the American Company had good grounds to hope for the most favorable results. A circumstance, however, soon occurred, which

blasted their expectations, and made it necessary for them to close their business, and abandon the country. The commencement of the war with England in 1812 presented difficulties in the prosecution of their business which they had not expected; and they were, in consequence, induced to dispose of their interest in that country to the Northwest Company, and abandon it. From that time until about the year 1821, the Northwest Company remained in the quiet possession of the country unopposed in a trade from which they must have derived immense profits. It is true that, in the year 1818, the establishment at the mouth of the Columbia, which had been sold by the American Company to the Northwest, was delivered to an agent of the American Government, conformably to the stipulations of the treaty of Ghent, respecting all parts which have fallen into the hands of the British during the war. This may have been considered as a formal delivery of the whole country; but it appears to have been understood by all parties at the time as a mere nominal transaction, as that company remained in possession, and continued to prosecute their business; and the right to occupy that country for the term of ten years was secured to them by a treaty entered into by our minister at London, and subsequently ratified by the proper authorities.

They accordingly continued their operations until the year 1821, free from all competition—their great rival in the fur trade, the Hudson's Bay Company, never having extended its operations to the west of the mountains in that quarter. About this time, these two rivals found it necessary to put an end to an unprofitable strife, from which they had no longer any thing to expect but a waste of means, and an increase of that hostile spirit which had frequently produced the most inveterate rencounters, and resulted in the loss of many lives. With this view they formed a union; the Northwest Company sold out its stock and establishments to that of the Hudson's Bay, and ceased to exist as a company; and, in this sale, their establishments on the Columbia were of course included.

From that until the present time, the Hudson's Bay Company have remained the sole

occupants of the Columbia river. It is true that they have sometimes met with a transient opposition from some hunters from this country, who are probably licensed to trade on the Columbia, but whose real pursuits are that of trapping; but the Hudson's Bay Company may, nevertheless, be considered the sole occupants, as they are the only persons who have any pretensions to a regularly settled system of business, or who have any establishments in that country. Both the Hudson's Bay Company and citizens of the United States engage in trapping, and each suffers occasionally from the attacks of the Indians. And here I take occasion, as an act of justice to the gentlemen of the Hudson's Bay Company, to say that I saw nothing to justify the opinion that they excited the Indians to kill and rob our citizens. Our laws prohibit the practice of trapping and hunting; but it would seem to be the very height of injustice to prohibit our own citizens from doing upon our own territories what the British are allowed to do, and equally absurd to suppose that the same treaty which covers their operations will not cover ours also. About three hundred men who may be considered citizens of the United States are now engaged in the business, some with much profit to themselves, others with great loss; but all with advantage to the United States, as, from their exertions, the supply of furs are obtained, which are indispensable to the hatting manufactories. As for the fur trade itself, it is laboring under the most serious difficulties, and calls loudly upon the aid and sympathy of the Federal Government. In the first place, the woollen goods used in the trade are loaded with duties to the amount of about sixty per cent., which gives an advantage to that amount to the British traders along the northern wilderness frontier, without being of any advantage, that I can see, to domestic manufacturers, as they make no goods of the same kind. These duties ought, therefore, in my opinion, to be abolished; and

it is difficult to conceive of any advantage derived from the revenue obtained from this source, equal to the injury done to the fur trade by their continuance. In the next place, American furs have to pay duties in every foreign country to which they are exported, while furs from every country in the world are imported duty free. Under such circumstances, it is no wonder that the trade has been a perilous one in the United States.

Having abandoned the trade myself, I can now express my sentiments upon this subject without fear of incurring the imputation of having acted from interested motives.

4. FACE OF THE COUNTRY.

The country must be viewed under three distinct regions—

1st. The mountain region drained by the upper waters of the Multnomah¹⁸, Lewis's river¹⁹, Clark's river²⁰, and McGilvray's river²¹; all of which fall into the Columbia on its south side.

2d. The plains which lay between the foot of the mountains and the head of tide water.

3rd. The tide water region, which extends from the foot of the plains to the sea.

My personal observation was chiefly confined to the first of these regions, over which I traveled from south to north, and spent about a year in making six or seven degrees of latitude, which I traversed in many directions. Lewis's river, where I crossed it, affords some very extensive fertile low grounds, which appeared suitable for any kind of culture²². The valleys were well covered with such grass as is common in all parts of the Columbia; and besides these, I found the white clover in great abundance. This was so unexpected that I was induced to make some inquiries, and was informed that blue grass, timothy, and clover, were common in the country, and among its spontaneous productions²³. The northern branches of Lewis's river issue from rugged mountains, covered with almost impenetrable forests of pine and cedar. The upper parts of

¹⁸ Early name of the Willamette below the falls.

¹⁹ Snake River.

²⁰ Columbia River.

²¹ Okanogan River.

²² Probably at the future site of Fort Boise, in rich Canyon Co., Idaho.

²³ Clover and blue grass, as indigenous to the Far West, were mentioned by Lewis and Clark, Original Journals, see Index.

Clark's river present the same general appearance; but there are several situations on this river which would admit of settlements to a considerable extent; and though not comparable in fertility of soil to the rich lands of Missouri and Illinois, yet superior to many of the inhabited and cultivated parts of the Atlantic States, where powerful communities have grown up. The Flathead lake, and its rich and beautiful valley, are on this work, and vie in appearance with the beautiful lakes and valleys of Switzerland. At the foot of the mountains, according to information, there is a belt or strip of fertile land, similar to what is seen at the foot of the Alleghany and Blue Ridge.

The second region, consisting of the plains, is sandy, destitute of timber, quite unfit, in general, for cultivation, and famous only for the fine horses that are found among the Indians.

The third region is heavily timbered, and intermixed with considerable tracts of fertile soil, and, towards the sea, is bound in by mountains, which line the coast, and through which all the waters of the valley of the Cumberland [Columbia] issue, by one channel, into the ocean. To the question, how far a nation of people could subsist west of the Rocky mountains, it might be answered, comparatively, by referring to the east side of the Alleghanies. The resources of agriculture might be something inferior; for grazing and raising stock, superior, and for the salmon fishery, perhaps the very finest in the world. These fish enter the mouth of the Columbia, ascend all its tributaries, and run, when not impeded by great falls, to the heads of the creeks in the mountains. They will pass falls of sixteen feet. I have myself seen myriads, in the course of a few hours, pass the Kettle falls of the Columbia, just below the mouth of Clark's fork, which are about that height. They are the main resource of the Indians; and to a civilized people, acquainted with taking, and curing them with salt, of which the Indians have none, they would be a great article of subsistence and exportation.

5. THE CLIMATE.

This must be reviewed separately in the three different regions; but one general remark will apply to the whole, which is, that,

in each region, the mildness of the seasons is infinitely greater than in the corresponding latitudes and elevations in the valley of the Mississippi, or in the Atlantic States. The winters are less cold, and the summers less hot. In the mountain region, even where the highest peaks are covered with perpetual snow, the valleys at their feet are comparatively mild.

As a proof of this, may be mentioned the state of the *grass*, which is green and juicy nearly all winter, affording excellent pasture for horses, on which those animals not only sustain themselves, but the poor and lean get in good order. The woods are burnt in the latter part of summer, when the first crop of grass is ripe and dry; and the equinoctial rains of September bring forward a new crop, which continues during winter. This is a decisive evidence of the mildness of the climate of these valleys, even those surrounded by mountains covered by snow. To this may be added the state of the rivers, many of which are free from ice during the whole year. The main Columbia is of this character, as I learned from observation and information when I ascended it at the commencement of winter. The middle region, or the plains, is still milder, and remarkable for a clear sky, a serene atmosphere, and a soft and brilliant sunshine. The nights, when the moon is near full, and the hemisphere studded over with stars, are indescribably beautiful. The third, or tide water region, has a climate of its own. Ice or snow is seldom seen: the heats are never great: and winter is hardly a distinct season. Next to the sea, rains and mists are heavy and incessant from fall till spring; but the progress of these towards the interior is, in some measure, arrested by the ranges of mountains, which skirt the coast, and extend about sixty miles from the sea. Within that, and for more than one hundred miles upwards to the head of tide water, the climate approximates to that of the plains; rains are less frequent, and the country is altogether healthy. It is here, with all the advantage of climate and navigation, opposite the mouth of the Multnamah, and with the rich low grounds of that river, the Columbia and the Coweliske, that the Hudson's Bay Company have

founded their settlement and fort Vancouver, and where a great city and powerful nation will eventually grow up²⁴.

6. PASSES THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS.

The most erroneous ideas prevail upon this head. The Rocky mountains are deemed by many to be impassable, and to present the barrier which will arrest the westward march of the American population. The man must know but little of the American people who suppose they can be stopped by any thing in the shape of mountains, deserts, seas, or rivers; and he can know nothing at all of the mountains in question, to suppose that they are impassable. I have been familiar with these mountains for three years, and have crossed them often, and at various points between the latitude 42 and 54; that is to say, between the head waters of the Rio Colorado of the gulf of California, and the Athabasca of the Polar sea. I have, therefore, the means to know something about them, and a right to oppose my knowledge to the suppositions of strangers. I say, then, that nothing is more easily passed than these mountains. Wagons and carriages may cross them in a state of nature without difficulty, and with little delay in the day's journey. Some parts are very high: but the gradual rise of the country, in the vast slope from the Mississippi to the foot of the mountains, makes a considerable elevation without perceptible increase, and then the gaps or depressions let you through almost upon a level. This is particularly the case opposite the head of the Platte, where I crossed in 1827, and which has already been described. I have crossed here often, and always without delay or difficulty. It is, in fact, one of the best passes, and presents the best over-land route from the valley of the Mississippi to the mouth of the Columbia, and would follow the line of the Platte and Lewis's river. Another pass, following the line of the Missouri to the Great falls, two thousand five hundred and seventy-five miles from St. Louis, and a clear navigation all the way; thence due north one hundred and fifty miles, through a low gap, to Clark's river; thence down the river, making some portages, to near the principal falls, and then

over land sixty miles to the main Columbia. The Hudson's Bay Company use this route now in trading up Clark's river. From thence down the Columbia to the sea.

7. EXTENT AND CONFIGURATION OF THE COUNTRY.

From the dividing ridge of the Rocky mountains is about nine or ten degrees of longitude, say about five hundred miles, in a straight direction from the sea; from the head of the Multnomah in the south to the source of the Columbia in the north, is about fourteen degrees of latitude, or about nine hundred miles, in a strait line. These distances would give a superficial content of three hundred and sixty thousand square miles, which is much larger than the principal kingdoms of Europe. The form or configuration of the country is the most perfect and admirable which the imagination can conceive. All its outlines are distinctly marked: all its interior is connected together. Frozen regions to the north, the ocean and its mountainous coast to the west, the Rocky mountains to the east, sandy and desert plains to the south; such are its boundaries.

Within, the whole country is watered by the streams of a single river, issuing from the north, east, and south, uniting in the region of tide water, and communicating with the sea by a single outlet.

Such a country is formed for defence; and whatever power gets possession of it will probably be able to keep it. Several years ago the maxim was proclaimed by President Monroe, and re-echoed by the American people, that no part of this continent was open to European colonization. Since that time, the settlements of the Hudson's Bay Company have been formed in the valley of the Columbia; and this company acts under the charter, the treaties, and the acts of Parliament of the British crown. It is rich in wealth, strong in power, and efficient in its organization. It is second only to the East India Company, and, like it, has immense territories and innumerable tribes of natives, besides its own proper strength, under its command. This company, thus backed by the power of the Brit-

²⁴ Portland, Ore., and Vancouver, Wash.

ish Government, may bring the maxim of President Monroe to a practical decision.

After making these remarks upon the soil, climate, extent, and configuration of this country, it is hardly necessary to intimate that the power which possesses it will also command the navigation and commerce of the Pacific ocean.

8. NUMBER AND STATE OF THE INDIANS.

These may be stated at thirty thousand souls, exclusive of the Snake Indians. This estimate is not a random guess, but founded on accurate information, derived from the Hudson's Bay Company. The Snakes are exceedingly numerous, and range through the mountains. None of these Indians cultivate any thing; they depend upon hunting and fishing, and of course are exposed to the extremes of feasts and famine. The salmon fishery is their great resource; and to avail themselves of it, they assemble from great distances, and collect along the banks of the river, and principally at the different falls, from the head of tide water to the main source of the river in the Rocky mountains. They cure these fish without salt, by drying in the sun. In the absence of game and fish, they are driven to every extremity to sustain life—devouring every bird, beast, insect, and creeping thing they can get hold of, and tearing up the ground for roots. Those in the plains and gorges of the mountains are excellent horsemen.

In point of temper and disposition, they are milder than the Indians east of the mountains, and in morals more honest; but this may be an effect of the discipline of the Hudson's Bay Company, for I never saw Indians in a state of nature who would not steal, to which may be added three other bad qualities, to wit: begging, drinking, and lying. On the other hand, they have the virtue of hospitality, and offer without request a part of their food to every traveller. They use their arms with great dexterity on horseback, while pursuing the game at full speed; and are capable of becoming a very formidable enemy, as irregular cavalry, when properly trained. These observations I address to you, sir, as an organ of communication with the President. As an American citizen, anxious for the prosperity of my country, I deem it my duty to communicate to the Government the observations which I have made upon the state of things to the west of the Rocky mountains. Aiming at truth, brevity, and precision, and to the presentation of prominent points, I have omitted personal details and minute descriptions, and endeavored to exhibit in one view the facts which it may be necessary for the Government to possess.

I have the honor to be, sir,
Your obedient humble servant,
JOSHUA PILCHER²⁵.

3. Smith, Jackson and Sublette to Secretary Eaton, 1830.

St. Louis, October 29, 1830.

Sir: The business commenced by General Ashley some years ago, of taking furs from the United States territory beyond the Rocky mountains, has since been continued by Jedediah S. Smith, David E. Jackson, and William L. Sublette, under the firm of Smith, Jackson, and Sublette. They commenced business in 1826, and have since continued it; and have made observations and gained information which they think it important to communicate to the Government. The number of men they have employed has usually been from eighty to one

hundred and eighty; and with these, divided into parties, they have traversed every part of the country west of the Rocky mountains, from the peninsula of California to the mouth of the Columbia river. Pack-horses, or rather mules, were at first used, but in the beginning of the present year, it was determined to try wagons; and in the month of April last, on the 10th day of the month, a caravan of ten wagons²⁶, drawn by five mules each, and two deer-borns, drawn by one mule each, set out from St. Louis. We have eighty-one men in company, all mounted on mules; and these

²⁵ Senate Doc. 39, 21 Cong. 2 Sess. Serial No. 203.

²⁶ F. P. Victor gives the number of wagons as fourteen and the company of men as numbering 200—*op. cit.* 89.

were exclusive of a party left in the mountains. Our route from St. Louis was nearly due west to the western limits of the State, and thence along the Santa Fe trail about forty miles; from which the course was some degrees north of west, across the waters of the Kansas, and up the Great Platte river, to the Rocky mountains, and to the head of Wind river, where it issues from the mountains²⁷. This took us until the 16th of July, and was as far as we wished the wagons to go, as the furs to be brought in were to be collected at this place, which is, or was this year, the great rendezvous of the persons engaged in that business. Here the wagons could easily have crossed the Rocky mountains, it being what is called the *Southern Pass*, had it been desirable for them to do so, which it was not for the reason stated.

For our support, at leaving the Missouri settlements, until we should get into the buffalo country, we drove twelve head of cattle, beside a milk cow. Eight of these only being required for use before we got to the buffaloes, the others went on to the head of Wind river. We began to fall in with the buffaloes on the Platte, about three hundred and fifty miles from the white settlements; and from that time lived on buffaloes, the quantity being infinitely beyond what we needed. On the fourth of August, the wagons being in the mean time loaded with the furs which had been previously taken, we set out on the return to St. Louis. All the high points of the mountains then in view were white with snow; but the passes and valleys, and all the level country, were green with grass. Our route back was over the same ground nearly as in going out, and we arrived at St. Louis on the 10th of October, bringing back the ten wagons, the dearborns being left behind; four of the oxen and the milk cow were also brought back to the settlements in Missouri, as we did not need them for provision. Our men were all healthy

during the whole time; we suffered nothing by the Indians, and had no accident but the death of one man, being buried under a bank of earth that fell in upon him, and another being crippled at the same time. Of the mules, we lost but one by fatigue, and two horses stolen by the Kansas Indians; the grass being, along the whole route going and coming, sufficient for the support of the horses and mules. The usual weight in the wagons was about one thousand eight hundred pounds. The usual progress of the wagons was from fifteen to twenty-five miles per day²⁸. The country being almost all open, level, and prairie, the chief obstructions were ravines and creeks, the banks of which required cutting down, and for this purpose a few pioneers were generally kept ahead of the caravan. This is the first time that wagons ever went to the Rocky mountains; and the ease and safety with which it was done prove the facility of communicating over land with the Pacific ocean.

The route from the *Southern Pass*, where the wagons stopped, to the Great Falls of the Columbia, being easier and better than on this side of the mountains, with grass enough for horses and mules, but a scarcity of game for the support of men. One of the undersigned, to wit, Jedediah S. Smith, in his excursion west of the mountains, arrived at the post of the Hudson's Bay Company, called Fort Vancouver, near the mouth of Multnomah river. He arrived there in August, 1828, and left the 12th of March, 1829, and made observations which he deems it material to communicate to the Government. Fort Vancouver is situated on the north side of the Columbia, five miles above the mouth of the Multnomah, in a handsome prairie, and on a second bank about three quarters of a mile from the river. This is the fort as it stood when he arrived there; but a large one, three hundred feet square, about three quarters of a mile lower down, and within two hundred yards of the river,

²⁷ This is an outline of the usual track of the Oregon Trail which, separating from the Santa Fe Trail near Gardner, Kan., crossed the Kansas River south of Rossville, Kan., and the Big Blue at Marysville, Kan. Ascending the Little Blue the Platte was encountered near the head of Grand Island—A. B. Hulbert, *Transcontinental Trails*, Vols. I, II, III.

²⁸ Ten to fifteen was the normal average per diem in the later days of large emigration. The statement here borders on exaggeration.

was commenced the spring he came away²⁹. Twelve pounders were the heaviest cannon which he saw. The crop of 1828 was seven hundred bushels of wheat; the grain full and plump, and making good flour; fourteen acres of corn, the same number of acres in peas, eight acres of oats, four or five acres of barley, a fine garden, some small apple trees and grape vines. The ensuing spring eighty bushels of seed wheat were sown: about two hundred head of cattle, fifty horses and breeding mares, three hundred head of hogs, fourteen goats, the usual domestic fowls. They have mechanics of various kinds, to wit, blacksmiths, gunsmiths, carpenters, coopers, tinner and baker; a good saw mill on the bank of the river five miles above, a grist mill worked by hand, but intended to work by water. They had built two coasting vessels, one of which was then on a voyage to the Sandwich islands. No English or white woman was at the fort, but a great number of mixed blood Indian extraction, such as belong to the British fur trading establishments, who were treated as wives, and the families of children taken care of accordingly. So that every thing seemed to combine to prove that this fort was to be a permanent establishment. At Fort Vancouver the goods for the Indian

trade are imported from London, and enter the territories of the United States, paying no duties; and from the same point the furs taken on the other side of the mountains are shipped. The annual quantity of these furs could not be exactly ascertained, but Mr. Smith was informed indirectly that they amounted to about thirty thousand beaver skins, besides otter skins and small furs. The beaver skins alone, at the New York prices, would be worth above two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. To obtain these furs, both trapping and trading are resorted to. Various parties, provided with traps, spread over the country south of the Columbia to the neighborhood of the Mexican territory; and in 1824 and 5, they crossed the Rocky mountains, and trapped on the waters of the Missouri river. They do not trap north of latitude 49 degrees, but confine that business to the territory of the United States. Thus this territory, being trapped by both parties, is nearly exhausted of beavers; and unless the British can be stopped, will soon be entirely exhausted, and no place left within the United States where beaver fur in any quantity can be obtained.

The inequality of the convention with Great Britain in 1818 is most glaring and apparent, and its continuance is a great and manifest injury to the United States³⁰. The

²⁹ The historic Fort Vancouver was, as noted, begun as soon as the joint occupation agreement was renewed; this fact was used by frontiersmen to prove that England was in a position to profit by the joint agreement as the United States was not; and, by the same token, to give her nationals a freedom, on the one hand from tariffs which no resident American could enjoy, but, also, a backing and protection beyond what an American could expect from distant Washington.

³⁰ These statements ignore England's spirit of compromise in dealing with this subject—an important item because it paved the way to her complete acquiescence in 1846 to the American demand of the 49 parallel line. Our sense of poise is strengthened by noting such statements as follow from the pen of one of our first authorities today on the Northwest, that of Professor Frederick Mark of Harvard:

As early as 1818 the British government had intimated a willingness to divide the Oregon country at the line of the Columbia River and the forty-ninth parallel, and this it definitely offered to do in 1824, 1826, and 1844. It further offered in 1826 and 1844 to yield to the United States a large segment of territory north of the Columbia, intended to satisfy the determined American demand for a share in the harbors of Puget Sound. These proposals the American government had declined. That embracing the Puget Sound harbors had been unacceptable because the proffered area in which they lay would have been isolated from the body of the United States, an enclave in British territory. But the offer had served a useful purpose from the American point of view. It had committed the British government to a line of partition even more favorable to the United States than the Columbia River. And this was years before any pioneers had begun to settle in Oregon. Similarly, though with somewhat less certainty, the American government stood committed to the line of the forty-ninth parallel. This it had offered as a compromise from the very beginning, and, when in 1844 Calhoun attempted to extend again the field of dispute, Pakenham, the British ambassador, cut him short, informing him that he "was not authorized to treat about any territory lying to the north of the 49th parallel of latitude, which was considered by Her Majesty's Government to form the basis for the Negotiation, on the side of the United States, as the line of the Columbia formed that on the side of Great Britain." So clear had this mutual delimitation of the field of dispute become by the time of the later Oregon negotiations that in 1844 Pakenham recommended to his government that it offer full cession to the United States of the territory south of the Columbia in return for the yielding by the United States of the territory north of the forty-ninth parallel, a proposal which interested Lord Aberdeen but which he did not press because he foresaw that it would be rejected by the American government. . . . Politically, as well as economically, the Hudson's Bay Company successfully held off American snatchers after loaves and fishes

privileges granted by it have enabled the British to take possession of the Columbia river, and spread over the country south of it; while no Americans have ever gone, or can venture to go on the British side. The interest of the United States and her citizens engaged in the fur trade requires that the convention of 1818 should be terminated, and each nation confined to its own territories. By this commercial interest there are other considerations requiring the same result. These are, the influence which the British have already acquired over the Indians in that quarter, and the prospect of a British colony, and a military and naval station on the Columbia. Their influence over the Indians is now decisive. Of this the Americans have constant and striking proofs, in the preference which they give to the British in every particular.

In saying this, it is an act of justice to say, also, that the treatment received by Mr. Smith at Fort Vancouver was kind and hospitable; that, personally, he owes thanks to Governor Simpson and the gentlemen of the Hudson's Bay Company, for the hospi-

table entertainment which he received from them, and for the efficient and successful aid which they gave him in recovering from the Umquah Indians a quantity of fur and many horses, of which these Indians had robbed him in 1828.

As to the injury which must happen to the United States from the British getting the control of all the Indians beyond the mountains, building and repairing ships in the tide water region of the Columbia, and having a station there for their privateers and vessels of war, is too obvious to need a recapitulation. The object of this communication being to state *facts* to the Government, and to show the facility of crossing the continent to the Great Falls of the Columbia with wagons³¹, the ease of supporting any number of men by driving cattle to supply them where there was no buffalo, and also to show the true nature of the British establishments on the Columbia, and the unequal operation of the convention of 1818.

These *facts* being communicated to the Government, they consider that they have

north of the Columbia. Dr. McLoughlin was able to defeat every effort they made to extend their political control across the river. The facts of that contest need merely a brief summary. Prior to 1844 the pioneers' provincial government made no attempt to exercise authority north of the Columbia River, nor did it even fix a definite northern limit for the area over which it claimed jurisdiction. But in June, 1844, at the instance of the Clatsop Methodist mission it organized Clatsop County with boundaries extending northward across the Columbia River. McLoughlin, who happened at the time to be in Willamette Falls, promptly made protest, pointing out that not a single American settler was to be found north of the Columbia at this point, that to enact such a measure was simply to furnish "an argument to demagogues in both countries, to enable them to embarrass both governments, and prevent the Boundary being settled," and that since they could not, after all, determine matters of diplomacy "it was not good policy for them to start subjects which might lead to difficulties, but limit their legislation to what the circumstances of their case actually required, so as to keep peace and order among them." His argument prevailed, and an amendatory act was passed which struck off from "any counties heretofore organized" the parts lying north of the Columbia River. But this concession proved unpopular in the community, for it was held to constitute a recognition of British claims to the Columbia River boundary, and at its December session the legislature passed a new measure declaring Oregon Territory to extend all the way to 54° 40'. Since the provisional government made no attempt to exert authority north of the Columbia, however, this resolution was hardly more than an expression of sentiment. But by the summer of 1845 it had become apparent that a common control was necessary for the preservation of order and mutual good relations, and to this end a compact was entered into between the Hudson's Bay Company, representing the British side of the river, and the provisional government, representing the American. By the terms of this treaty the fur-trading corporation agreed to take a hand in the provisional government and to pay taxes. In return it was left in actual control of administration in the region north of the Columbia, and the area, which the provisional legislature in a hostile spirit had just voted to divide into two districts bearing the names of Lewis and Clark, was at McLoughlin's demand, after a heated debate and close division, organized as a single district bearing the name of Vancouver. By this compact, as a careful student of it [R. C. Clark] has keenly observed, McLoughlin was able to maintain the character of the territory north of the Columbia River as the special preserve of the Hudson's Bay Company, and such was its status as long as the boundary question remained unsettled. Lord Aberdeen was well aware of these facts, and, in conceding to the United States the line of the forty-ninth parallel, he understood that he was surrendering a district which politically as well as economically was dominated by British colonists.—"The Oregon Pioneers and the Boundary," *American Historical Review*, XXIX, 681-699 (July, 1924).

³¹ The inference in a former paragraph that because wagons had been taken to the Rockies they could, therefore, be taken to the Columbia is here asserted as if proved. As a matter of fact it was found to be an exceedingly difficult project. The story of the struggle to get wagons to Fort Hall, then to Fort Boise and then across to the Columbia remains to be written. When rightly done it will be found that the sons and grandsons of those who opened Braddock's Road, or Boone's Wilderness Road through Cumberland Gap, proved themselves worthy of their ancestry.

complied with their duty, and rendered an acceptable service to the administration; and respectfully request you, sir, to lay it before President Jackson.

We have the honor to be sir,

Yours, respectfully,

JEDEDIAH S. SMITH,

DAVID E. JACKSON,

W. L. SUBLETTE.

To the Hon. John H. Eaton, Secretary of War³².

The wagon trains of 1830 began a triumphal march. In the Mississippi Basin lay a frontier army-in-waiting, the real pioneers who were to make a real conquest of the Far West—with the broadax. Claims to territory interested that potential army; but they did not move them to sell the home

³² Sen. Doc. 39, 21 Cong. 2 Sess. Serial No. 203.

farm. State Papers were sometimes read by those waiting men and women; but they did not induce them to sell uncovered wagons and build covered. Speeches in Congress or Parliament were remarked by them; but these did not induce the selling of sheep, hogs, chickens and tools of agriculture preparatory to moving. One revolution of those wagon wheels of 1830, 1832, 1835 and 1836 may have been more potential than all the words spoken by disputants and debaters. When once it was believed that soils to their liking lay to the northward, soils which would respond as the homelands did to the tricks of their trade, soils which reacted to rain and snow, drought and frost, as did eastern soils, and that wagons could carry thither the tools (human and material) of civilization, the conquest began and was over when the first 3,000 arrived in Oregon.

You Can Depend Upon Us

We pride ourselves upon our service. We get our work out at the time we say we will. The largest printing plant in the Northwest is at your command.

PHONE 2161

The Missoulian Publishing Co.

Missoula, Montana

BOOK SHELF

Noticed by the Editor.

Fools or Gods. Lori Petri. The Bozart Press. 1929. \$2.00.

At her best Miss Petri has learned that poems build a spire of emotional meaning as they progress from first line to last, and that the last line carries a fulness, a compactness of meaning that rounds off the thought or casts a glance toward the future or generalizes the emotion. Few of the younger poets know as much. She also, especially when looking at a familiar poetic subject, sees and feels and thinks for herself, so that her best poems have freshness, and one doesn't read without reward. The Bozart Press has given the volume attractive printing and binding.

Twentieth Century Love Poems. Compiled by Caroline Hill. Willett, Clark & Colby. 1929. \$2.50.

Here are 200 pages of poems about love— aflame (tho without much passion), in revelry, victorious (and very decorous in its celebration), rebellious (and perfectly disciplined), in ashes (only a few of the poets have been very much hurt by love), and mystic (where it is at its best). Altho the poems are mostly by twentieth century writers the spirit of that century somehow has failed to get into this collection. Yet, here is a body of love poetry that could well be placed beside an Elizabethan collection for comparison in variety and in technic, and in several of the poems in beauty of idea and emotion. No one reading this volume will fear that this century has "gone radical".

Dipped in Aloes. Benjamin Musser. The Bozart Press. 1929. \$1.25.

Altho the subtitle asserts this to be a volume of unpleasant poems, they are not unpleasant to any person who has his eyes open on life, except when the poet—and it's not often—struts a little bravado. Mr. Musser is a very conscious rebel, but he has the saving grace of being able to laugh at himself as well as the world. He is equipped for rebellion with insouciant daring before conventions, with evident desire that all life should "find him out," with very little social shame, with mordancy of mind, and, withal, a sharp deft expressiveness. There are many sides to life, and the rebel poet tells the truth of about as many of them as any other poet can score. Again, the Bozart Press has produced a finely printed and bound volume.

Every Soul Is a Circus. Vachel Lindsay. 1929. \$2.75.

Mr. Lindsay, like Mr. Musser, is a rebel, but how different a rebel! He has his own cynicism, his witticisms, his daring before conventions. But he is seeking for some-

STUDENTS

We have special rental rates
to offer you on all

TYPEWRITERS

Both new and used machines
of all makes sold on
convenient terms.

Lister Typewriter Service

Only Agents for
UNDERWOOD
Standard and PORTABLE
in Missoula

112 E. Broadway

Phone 2457

PETERSON'S PEROXIDE CREAM

will cure
Chapped, Rough Skin
Over Night.

30c, 60c, \$1.00, \$1.50 jars

Peterson Drug Company

A good place to trade

MISSOULA

MONTANA

Pioneer Principles

Responsible for Growth

In 1849 W. P. Fuller came "'round the Horn." He landed in San Francisco without money or other resources. Shortly thereafter he started a small paint store in Sacramento.

From this beginning, nearly three-quarters of a century ago, the present firm has grown. Then the entire business was conducted in one room in a single city, while today W. P. Fuller & Co., with its San Francisco headquarters, three factories and twenty-one distributing branches, supplies its products to all Coast and Intermountain States and to the many lands bordering on the Pacific.

We do not believe that this growth is merely the result of chance. Rather do we believe it the result of those basic principles which have been ours in the past and will continue to be ours in the future: the principles of quality in our products and fairness in our dealings.

W. P. FULLER & CO.

"Since '49"

312 Higgins

MISSOULA, MONTANA

thing positive, life-giving, and he finds "non-sense and inconsequence" such as

Every soul is a circus,

Every mind is a tent,

Every heart is a saucedust ring,

Where the circling race is spent.

Mr. Lindsay wishes to find the stream of life at its joyous and mad source. But in this book he is more specifically chanting his belief in poetry as the expression of the body in rhythm as well as the voice and the mind and the emotions. Poetry is not to be understood, but to be experienced. When it enters into a man like Mr. Lindsay it acts this way: when it enters into Mr. Frost it acts that way. Each man his own way. Any way but the pedantic way. Any way but the sophisticated way. But as for Mr. Lindsay, he will shout with the mountains (and with children), dance with the forests (and children), cavort with the animals (and children). And he will understand life through his own experience, and through his imaginative recreations of the great marching men and events of the past, and through his own intuitive re-creations. Life is to be lived!

Wild Men of the Wild West. Edwin L. Sabin. Crowell. 1929. \$2.50.

Good popular reading of law and lawlessness on this country's several frontiers, best when the writer is dealing with Northwest material. Here are Wild Bill Hickok, Billy the Kid, the notorious Harpes, Mike Fink, Jean Lafitte, Joaquin Murieta, Henry Plummer, Jack Slade, Satank, and, since we cannot get along without the ladies, Belle Starr and Calamity Jane, with their stories briefly told. The author seems very determined to show, somewhat distressingly, that "the man who makes bravery a brag always is out-classed by the man who makes bravery a duty." Aside from this blemish of attitude the story is simple and direct and entertaining. Boys young and old will especially be interested in knowing who the "bad men" of the West were and what they did. Mr. Sabin also devotes many pages to the brave officers of the law who dealt with these men, like John X. Biedler and Pat Garrett and Nat Boswell.

Skull Head the Terrible. James Willard Schultz. Houghton Mifflin. 1929. \$1.75.

An excellent child's book of conventional pattern and execution, redeemed by a knowledge of Indian life and a love of the open air, mountains, trails, primitive and elemental reactions to life. The book reads aloud to children fascinatingly—I've tried it.

The World's Best Short Stories. Foreword by Paul Palmer. Minton, Balch. 1929. \$2.50.

This collection of stories is compiled in an interesting way; editors of twenty-odd national magazines are asked to nominate the five stories which are in their opinion the best published during the year; from these hundred and more stories sixteen are chosen, and, as well as being printed in this collection, are printed in the Sunday Magazine of

Schramm-Hebard Meat Co.

Fresh and Salt Meats
Fish, Poultry,
Oysters



Phone 3191

417 North Higgins Avenue
Missoula, Montana

Eastman Kodaks and Films

Developing Free With
Printing

Columbia, Viva-Tonal and
Latest Records

Prescription

Druggist

Majestic Radios

SMITH DRUG STORES

The Busy Corners

North Higgins Avenue and East
Broadway—South Higgins and
Third

John R. Daily Co.

115-119 West Front St.

PHONES:

Retail 2181-2182. Wholesale 3416

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

Fresh and Salt Meats, Fish,
Poultry and Oysters

Packers of

**Da-Co Hams
BACON and LARD**

BRANCH:

Model Market, 309 No. Higgins

Phone 2835

THE WESTERN MONTANA NATIONAL BANK MISSOULA, MONTANA

Affiliated with the First Bank
Stock Corporation

**Total Resources Over
Five Million**

DIRECTORS

F. T. Sterling
W. L. Murphy

C. F. Kelley
H. O. Bell
J. W. Sterling

L. O. Evans
Newell Gough

DISTRIBUTORS

Shell 400 Gasoline

Shell Motor Oils

Quaker State Motor Oil

Auto Accessories & Parts



**McKenzie-Wallace
Service Co.**

The COFFEE PARLOR

**Where the Students
Meet**

**Best Home Cooked
Meals in the City**

**OUR FOUNTAIN
Excels All Others**

Open from 7 a. m. to 12 p. m.

The World. The result is a cross-section of magazine writing in the United States. The variety in subject and treatment and style is marked, but one feels in the majority of the writers a strain to be entertaining. And one is a little distressed by the reaching out for cleverness. The stories by unknown or lesser known writers seem to me the best, on the whole. The most significant story is Benet's *Story about the Ant-Eater*; the most interesting Dawson's *The Unknown Soldier*; the most finely human Pernet Patterson's *Buttin' Blood*. Mr. Harry Huse, whose story *High Tension* was in the November issue of *The Frontier*, has a story, *Pioneer*, in this collection that has individuality.

"And Then Re-Mold It." Mary Brennan Clapp. Missoulian Publishing Co. \$1.25.

Rooted in the everyday life of a Missoula mother, with a background that is common to most Westerners, the verses of Mary Brennan Clapp come as an answer to a demand that has been more than state-wide, for her poems have become known and loved to all literary folk of the Northwest. The rare judgment shown in this compilation is sufficient to recommend it, were there no other outstanding merits.

Mrs. Clapp is an artist in word uses. She has clearly drawn, in her interpretation of commonplace things, an analogy that is ethereal and at the same time concrete. The standbys of the poet—love, death and religion, are treated in a manner that lifts them out of the ordinary verse classification, and at the same time makes them not distant things, but close. And the beauty seen in the home garden is caught and translated into music the world can understand.

Take, for example, the "Close-up of a Red Tulip." From a single flower in a garden comes the swing of pilgrim music, of the unending search for loveliness that has sent men adventuring into far places—

*"For along the dusty way around the world
Out of gardens in gardens beauty blows."*

In that couplet is the search for the unattainable—crystallized.

But, Mrs. Clapp writes:

*"I have more wings now than a flight of
eagles*

Swift—slow—gigantic—delicately small—

I make them out of words,

A whole bag of words, all

*That time has colored and sorted and
plumed."*

Here she expresses, not only a desire for the open spaces, but a measure of compassing them that is available to anyone who will try the journey with Mrs. Clapp, flying on the wings of words.

To this reviewer, the book seems to be a necessity for understanding the best verse the Northwest has yet produced.

Missoula

John C. Frohlicher

Merry Christmas

and

Happy New Year

CONSOLIDATED DAIRIES

509 So. Higgins Ave.
Phone 2977
MISSOULA, MONT.



MASTER CLEANER and DYER

205 WEST FRONT ST. PHONE 2186



Send your evening clothes to us.
We do all kinds of pleating.

We Insure Against Loss by Fire

MISSOULA, MONTANA

**INTERSTATE
LUMBER COMPANY**

**QUALITY BUILDING
Material
and
Fuel**

**WHY NOT
USE BEET SUGAR?**

Experienced cooks find the use of
BEET SUGAR
advantageous in the making of fine
candies and pastries.

**AMALGAMATED
SUGAR CO.**

**GROCERIES
WHOLESALE and RETAIL**

H. L. HAINES

AVENUE GROCERY
308 N. Higgins Phone 2175

Railroad Grocery
316 W. Railroad Phone 3181

Sanitary Grocery
513 S. Higgins Phone 3154

Toys
Carpets
Furniture
Draperies
Hardware
Crockery
Bedding

J. M. Lucy & Sons, Inc.
MISSOULA, MONT.

Forest Fire and Other Verse. Edited by John D. Guthrie. Dunham Printing Co., Portland. \$2.50.

Culture of a people is judged, not by the height to which they attain in individual cases, but by the mass attainment. And in the 350 verses presented in this anthology is given a pretty fair cross section of the literary culture of the educated woodsman of the West—the Forester. Some of the verse could well be dignified by the term Poetry, the mass of it is pretty fair verse, deeply rooted in the day's job of the forester, and some of it is rotten.

But it is all indigenous to the soil. The diversity of subjects can be covered by an inspection of the "Use Book" in the forest service offices, but the pithy manner of presentation, the rude wit and the flashes of beauty make the book valuable both from an amusement and a cultural point of view.
Missoula John C. Frohlicher

A Frontier Doctor. Henry F. Hoyt. Houghton Mifflin, 1929. \$3.50.

For those who have been reading with interest the recent biographies and accounts of early western days, there is lively enjoyment in store, in this book by Dr. Hoyt. A man of immense energy and alertness, he had various occupations and various hair-breadth experiences, first in Deadwood, then in the Panhandle of Texas and New Mexico. As he lived in the Southwest in the days of Jesse James and Billy the Kid, who was his friend, the story of his life makes fascinating reading. His later experiences in the Philippines during the Spanish-American war add a different chapter to his varied life.

His story is simply and truthfully told and yet surpasses fiction in its narrative interest.

Missoula

Doris F. Merriam

The Life of an Ordinary Woman. Anne Ellis. Houghton Mifflin, 1929. \$3.50.

Mrs. Ellis proves by the writing of this story of her life, that she is an ordinary woman in some respects, and an extraordinary one in others. Many women have no doubt shared her experiences in new mining towns, but few have recorded them. Her girlhood was spent in Bonanza, Colorado. She knew the excitements and hardships of life on the edge of civilization, where a big mine had just been located. One of a large family, with a wise and patient mother and an improvident father, she suffered from the pinch of poverty all her life. When she grew up, there was only the monotony of other mining towns, but there was the variety of her own reactions brought to it.

What makes her story extraordinary is the wisdom she acquired from that unlovely life. The book is full of wise reflections which are a crystallization of her experience. Her writing has many flaws, is at times slangy, it is so colloquial, but the reader's attention is fixed on the writer's fine honesty, and humor, and the personal and his-

Convenient

\$60



The Office Supply Co.
"Everything for the Office"
Missoula, Mont.

ROYAL
PORTABLE
TYPEWRITERS

FARLEY CO.

Phone 2171

ARCADE GROCERY

Phone 2137

Everything in Groceries

Fresh Fruits and
Vegetables

Buy Christmas Gifts at Donohue's and pay later

We Invite Your Charge Account—

A convenience that may prove invaluable to you . . . Choose gifts at this Store for everyone on your list . . . You'll find real low prices on recognized high grade merchandise.



Tuxedo Ensemble

\$37.50

Consisting of Tuxedo,
Suspenders, Vest, Shirt, Studs,
Links, Collar, Tie, Silk Hose.

× × × ×

"Club" Clothes
Florsheim Shoes

"Barney's"
FASHION SHOP

TEACHERS

Splendid
Opportunities Open
For 1930

We need college graduates, with or
without experience.

FREE ENROLLMENT

Write or call at office for Personal
interview.

**E. L. Huff Teachers
Agency**

501 Smead-Simons Bldg.
MISSOULA, MONTANA

torical interest of the story. It reveals a phase of pioneer life which has been seldom, if ever, described from a woman's point of view.

Missoula

Doris F. Merriam

The Life and Letters of Stuart Sherman. Jacob Zeitlin and Homer Woodbridge. 2 vols. Farrar and Rinehart. 1929. \$10.

Here is a work that readers of *The Frontier* should gladly come to know. Not because Stuart Sherman was mid-western born, far-western in part of his early training, and mid-western again in most of his professional associations; but because, like a true frontiersman, he spent the whole of his vast energy in advancing the boundaries of culture into the areas of the unknown—and unknowing. The particular cultural standard he carried into the American wilderness, co-terminous with our national influence, and there set up, was that of humanism, in both life and letters.

Since Sherman's death, some three years ago, there has been evident a growing disposition to lament his alleged drift from the faith of the humanists. These volumes ought definitely to put a stop to all that sort of thing. Stuart Sherman never drifted, he developed. And thereby he proved himself a better, and greater, humanist than his acknowledged masters in the humanistic tradition, Irving Babbitt and Paul Elmer More. With the record now complete before us it is clear that he seldom if ever, even at the beginning of his career, saw eye to eye with those critical pundits. The longer he lived the farther he drew away from their eruditely maintained position, and the more closely he approached to that of a humanism genuine enough to exist without the need of scholarly support.

What Sherman deprecated most in Messrs. Babbitt and More is a quality common to both, though attributed by the former solely to the latter, *dourness*. For a single pair of critics contending that the end of life, as of art, is happiness they have somehow managed between them to disseminate far more than a comfortable amount of that element in criticism to which Emerson referred as the chill "east wind." Their major deficiency, in short, strange as it may seem in two so ardently professed "humanists," is a plentiful lack of zest for plain, everyday humanity. Sherman was their exact opposite in this respect. He very early fell in love with humanity, and with that variety of it which he observed here and now in unregenerate, democratic America. That is not to say by any means that he tended to look on his fellow Americans at all uncritically. It was less for our inspiring vitality and actual achievement that he loved us than for the vision he had of our limitless possibilities. In cherishing that vision, and in becoming enthusiastic over it, he found himself in almost complete accord with two others of his humanistic masters, usually unacknowledged, Emerson and Whitman. It was because he was prob-

HEAR OUR
New Orthophonic
Victor Records
Victor Radio and
Victrolas
— AT —

DICKINSON
PIANO CO.

Orthophonic Dealers of Missoula
218 Higgins Ave.

Fashion Club Cleaners

Phone 2661
MISSOULA, MONTANA

× × × ×

THE BEST OF SERVICE

× × × ×

You will always find our service
modern and up-to-date.

You deserve the best.



WHAT TO GIVE?

We are prepared to answer your
annual yuletide question.

YOU'LL FIND THEM HERE

Lovely Chiffon and Service Weight
Hose.

S&K

Shoe Store

329 N. Higgins



ARTISTIC and DISTINCTIVE SILHOUETTES

Are the New Vogue for
Christmas Greetings.

See Them Here.

DORIAN STUDIO

Wilma Building

Compliments of EAST SIDE SERVICE CO.

900 E. Broadway
MISSOULA, MONT.

Best of Coal
plus
Efficient, Courteous Service

WHITE EAGLE GASOLINE
Easy starting, maximum mileage

HYVIS MOTOR OIL
Finest, 100% Pennsylvania

ably the last commanding figure to follow the romantic gleam that pointed the way for the sage of Concord and his shirt-sleeved disciple in attempting the moral and social guidance of their future countrymen that his loss to American criticism must be regarded as nothing short of irreparable.

It is unfortunate that the authors of this biography did not envisage their task so that the results of it might be certain of being read by a wider public than is likely to be appealed to by such large and expensive volumes as those they have published. The recital of Stuart Sherman's life-work is of sufficient interest and importance to warrant its being brought out in a form calculated to tempt one of the numerous and ever increasing book-clubs to give it the popular circulation it deserves. Professors Zeitlin and Woodbridge have erected a handsome and impressive memorial over the grave of their former friend and classroom associate, but in so doing they have without question, though quite inadvertently, buried him the deeper.

Portland, Ore.

V. L. O. Chittick

Born to Be. Taylor Gordon. Covici-Friede, 1929. \$4.00.

The double thought—his own, and what his listener wants to hear—is the necessity laid on a negro in his contacts with white persons, according to Taylor. Such necessity must either blur the mind to hypocrisy, or sharpen it to penetrating observation. It has sharpened Gordon's. "Not even George Ade," says one critic, "has a neater knack for combining apparent irrelevancy with infallible aim." *Born to Be* is more than a hilariously funny book. It is a sincere autobiography of one who knows the road—and many of the byways—from ten-year-old Montana bawdy-house runner to London concert singer. It is the unique expression of an uncultured man, blessed with two supreme gifts, joy in life, and a singing voice that has brought him in touch with the artists of his day.

Muriel Draper edits the book with discriminating taste, leaving Gordon's weird constructions and futuristic spelling "as is." Black and white drawings by Covarrubias, delightful in themselves, do not fully catch the spirit of the book; and Carl Van Vechten throws a calcium light on himself by declaring Gordon's words unforgettable, and misquoting him two times out of three in one brief paragraph.

Martinsdale, Mont.

Grace Stone Coates

Books received, to be reviewed later:

The Whirlwind. W. S. Davis. Macmillan, 1929. \$2.50.

Tales of the North American Indians. Stith Thompson. Harvard University Press. \$6.00.

Dobe Walls. Stanley Vestal. Houghton Mifflin, 1929. \$2.50.

WISHING YOU ALL THE
JOYS OF A

Merry Christmas

and a

Bright New Year



SENTINEL
CREAMERY

Incorporated

MISSOULA - MONTANA



SAY

Thanks
WITH
Flowers

Garden City
Floral Company

Phone 3345

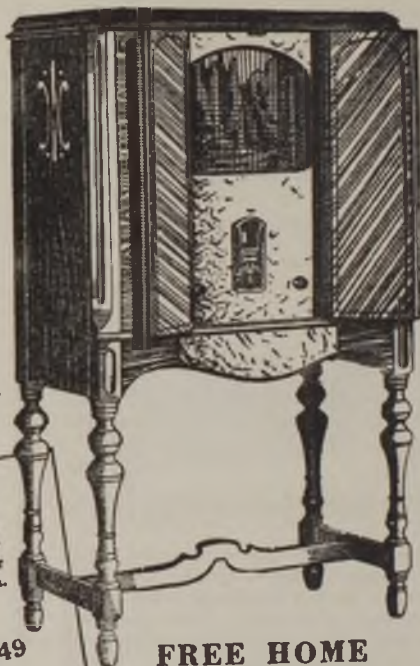
Quality at a Price!

all-electric

PHILCO

Balanced-Unit

HIGHBOY



Latest style half-doors, finished in matched Oriental walnut. Butt-walnut on side panels. Bird's-eye maple center panel. Genuine tapestry over speaker. *Electro-Dynamic* Speaker and Acoustic Equalizers built in.

Price Complete

No. 87 Lowboy, \$149

No. 87 Highboy, \$169

Neutrodyne Plus

**FREE HOME
DEMONSTRATION**

*And then yours on
easy payments if you
decide to buy.*

TONE — SELECTIVITY — DISTANCE

Tonal fidelity that is note-perfect—hair-line selectivity—tremendous distance range—all these are at last made possible in a single radio. By extraordinary engineering, Philco has attained a precise electrical balance that results in radio

tone of revolutionary clearness, richness and fullness. Every Philco set is balanced to use two 245 power tubes, push-pull, and is equipped with a genuine, big size *Electro-Dynamic* Speaker—latest moving coil type.

Missoula Hardware & Plumbing Co.

228 North Higgins Ave.

Phone 5390

BE SURE TO HEAR THE NEW PHILCO BEFORE YOU BUY ANY RADIO

The Palace Hotel

ROGER FLEMING, Prop.



Missoula's Finest



The hotel that appreciates your
patronage.

The rates are moderate.

We Clean and Dye

Everything

from

A

TO

Z



Missoula Cleaners &
Dyers

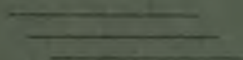
612 S. Higgins
PHONE 3463

YELLOW TAXI

and

OWL TAXI

Combined for Better
Service.



Phone 2166 and 3678

129 West Front

MISSOULA, MONTANA

A Solid Gold Baby Ring

will be given with
every

WEDDING RING



C. L. WORKING

Always Working

Missoula

Montana

COAL

"Peacock" Rock Springs
Utah "Panther"

Roundup	Musselshell
Kleenburn	Bear Creek
Owl Creek	Red Lodge

In all sizes and best stoker stack.

— Also —

DRY WOOD

CENTRAL FUEL CO.
(INCORPORATED)

138 East Broadway

Phones 5253 and 5372

Specializing in
Fraternity and Sorority
Programs and
Announcements.

McKEE
Printing Co.

BUTTE

—
In Missoula Call

Keith Heilbrunner, 3563



CHARM!

THE enchantment of perfect grooming is sought after by every modern lady. And here it is found, at the finger-tips of the trained operators in our establishment.

THE POWDER PUFF

KITTENDORFF'S

Diamonds of rare beauty

—something to be treasured for all time.



FINE WATCHES



Near Wilma Theater