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THE *Mar 1930*  
*L. S. Smith*  
FRONTIER  
A MAGAZINE OF THE NORTHWEST



## MARCH

The Corn Knife, a story by Grace Stone Coates.

Poems by Lew Sarett and H. L. Davis.

New Material on Abraham Lincoln, recorded by Martha Dolman Loux.

A French Picture of Cheyenne, Wyoming, in 1867. Translated from the French by Wilson O. Clough.

Ranching in Central Montana, 1882-'83. Edited by Lucia B. Mirrielees.

Other Stories by Roland English Hartley, Mary Hiemstra, Muriel Nichols McKay, Elizabeth Needham, Jay G. Sigmund.

Sketches by May Vontver and Dorothy Marie Johnson.

Other Poems by Ethel Romig Fuller, Mary J. Elmendorf, Irene H. Wilson, Queene B. Lister, Lilian White Spencer, Verne Bright, Naomi Wiley, Phyllis B. Morden, Helen Maring, Grace D. Baldwin, John L. Casteel, Sally Elliott Allen, Courtland W. Matthews, Louis Ginsberg, Robert Gates, Marjorie J. Ryan.

Other Articles by Pat T. Tucker, Paul F. Tracy, and James Marshall.

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VOLUME X

NUMBER 3

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

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# THE FRONTIER

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Volume Ten

MARCH, 1930

Number Three

## CONTENTS

Mr. Thomas Harris; and Lincoln's Horse in Funeral Dress, <i>cuts</i> .....	Frontispiece
The World Has a Way with Eyes, <i>poem</i> .....	Lew Sarrett.....183
In the Park, <i>story</i> .....	Roland English Hartley.....184
Juan Chacon, <i>poem</i> .....	H. L. Davis.....187
Salt Marsh, <i>poem</i> .....	Ethel Romig Fuller.....191
The Last of the Lincoln Singers.....	Martha Dolman Loux.....192
Wooden Legs, <i>story</i> .....	Mary Hiemstra.....195
The Clam Digger, <i>poem</i> .....	Mary J. Elmendorf.....201
Peacock, <i>story</i> .....	Muriel Nichols McKay.....203
Duel, <i>poem</i> .....	Irene H. Wilson.....209
The Corn Knife, <i>story</i> .....	Grace Stone Coates.....210
<i>Poems</i> .....	God Made de Worl', and Jeff, by Queene B. Lister.....214
	Pima-Pueblo Tale, an Amerindian, by Lillian White Spencer.....216
	The Ballad of Peter, by Verne Bright; Ship World, by Naomi Wiley.....217
	Color of Beauty, by Phyllis Morden; Gardener, by Helen Maring.....218
Somewhere Off the Highway, <i>poem</i> .....	by Grace D. Baldwin.....219
Little Houses, by John Casteel: "Lambs Have the Grace," by Sally Elliott Allen.....	220
The Horse that Saw a Ghost, <i>story</i> .....	Elizabeth Needham.....221
Roseberries, <i>poem</i> , by Courtland W. Matthews; To a Young Girl, <i>poem</i> , by Louis Ginsberg.....	226
The Broken Pump, <i>story</i> .....	J. G. Sigmund.....227
<i>Four Sonnets</i> .....	Robert Gates.....230
Ranchwoman.....	May Vontver.....232
Fear.....	Dorothy Marie Johnson.....234
OPEN RANGE.....	
The Sad Story of a High-Heeled Cowboy.....	Pat T. Tucker.....235
How to Ride the Broncho.....	Paul F. Tracy.....237
The First Pioneer, A <i>Desperately Historical Note</i> .....	James Marshall.....238
Telescope, <i>poem</i> .....	Marjorie J. Ryan.....239
HISTORICAL SECTION.....	
A French View of Cheyenne, Wyoming, 1867.....	Translated by W. O. Clough.....240
Early Ranching in Central Montana, 1882-83.....	Otto Merdian.....
	Edited by Lucia B. Mirrielees.....243
BOOKSHELF.....	
Books by Lillian White Spencer, Harold Vinal (ed.), Lucia Trent, Stith Thompson (ed), Walt Coburn, Agnes Laut, Ernest S. Osgood, Stanley Vestal, Britton Davis, W. S. Davis, Flora Warren Seymour, J. Corson Miller, Edmund Blunden, Siegfried Sassoon, Richard Aldington, Robert Graves.....	
ABOARD THE COVERED WAGON—Contributors.....	Front Advertising Section

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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.

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# ABOARD THE COVERED WAGON

**Lew Sarett**, a contributing editor, sends his strong and beautiful poem from Laona, Wisconsin, where he spends six months or more of every year writing.

**Roland English Hartley**, San Francisco, will have another story in the May issue. His story, *Office Hours*, was in the February *Harper's*.

**H. L. Davis** is spending the winter in the Southwest. *Jean Chacon* is one of the most powerful poems ever published in *The Frontier*. Mr. Davis's writing is appearing frequently in *The American Mercury*.

Oregon, as usual, is represented in this issue by several writers—the poets, **Ethel Romig Fuller**, **Courtland W. Matthews**, **Queene B. Lister**, and **Phyllis Morden**, all residents of Portland; **Verne Bright**, of Pacific Grove; **Sally Elliott Allen**, of Eugene; and the prose writers, **Paul F. Tracy**, of Eugene, and **V. L. O. Chittick**, professor at *Reed College*, Portland.

From Washington come the poems of **Mary J. Elmendorf** and **Helen Maring**, of Seattle, both of whom have been publishing recently in several national magazines; the story of **Muriel McKay**, Spokane; the sketch by **Dorothy Marie Johnson**, Okanogan; and the skit by **James Marshall**, Seattle. Mrs. Elmendorf and Mrs. McKay are new to *Frontier* readers. Mr. Marshall writes: "I present you with the authentic story of the bird who REALLY discovered the Northwest—and I don't mean maybe. I have been at some pains to grub out this hombre's record, and, in the name of us modern sea dogs, I want the credit for a forerunner."

The Montana writers are **Mary Hiemstra**, Missoula; **Grace Stone Coates**, Martinsdale; **Naomi Wiley**, Geyser; **Irene H. Wilson**, who really lives in Worcester, Massachusetts; **Grace D. Baldwin**, Whitefish; **Marjorie Ryan**, Conrad; **May Vontver**, Winnett; **Pat Tucker**, Livingston, and **Lucia Mirrielees**, Missoula.

**Lilian White Spencer**, whose new volume of poems entitled *Arrowheads*, is noticed in

the *Bookshelf*, lives in Denver, and **Wilson O. Clough**, who has translated Mr. Simonin's account of Cheyenne, is a professor of English at *The University of Wyoming*.

The Southwest has one writer in this issue, **Elizabeth Needham**, of Santa Fe.

In the Middle West live **Jay Sigmund**, Cedar Rapids, well known short story writer, and **Robert Gates**, of the same city; and **John Casteel**, Evanston, Illinois. The last two writers are new to *Frontier* readers. In this issue eleven new writers and three new editors of manuscripts are introduced to our readers.

**Louis Ginsberg** lives in New Jersey.

**Martha Dolman Loux**, Pocatello, Idaho, is the neighbor of Mr. Thomas Harris, whose recollections of Lincoln the editors are happy to publish. Americans value any touch with the personality of Abraham Lincoln; and Mr. Harris will be envied the having known him by every reader. New Lincoln material is exciting.

Contemporary accounts of western towns in their very early days are rare. The account of Cheyenne, Wyoming, made through a foreigner's eyes, has unusual interest. The letters about ranching in 1882 reveal the feelings and conduct of a young man who had been used to a protected life and suddenly found himself "on his own" in a wild country. In 1882 the range cattle industry was in full swing. *The Frontier* is indebted to Mr. Merdian for permission to publish these letters.

In the November *Frontier* **Albert Richard Wetjen's** admirable story, *Heresy*, was published as an "essay"; the editor nodded in his sleep, certainly, and now apologises.

The May *Frontier* will carry a story, *Prelude to a Picaresque Novel*, by **Ted Olson**, Wyoming poet, and a second story by **Elise Rushfeldt**, of Hawley, Minnesota, whose story, *A Coffin for Anna*, was reprinted in the 1929 *O. Henry Memorial Award Prize Stories*. There will be striking longer poems by **James Rorty**, **Queene Lister**, and **James Marshall**.

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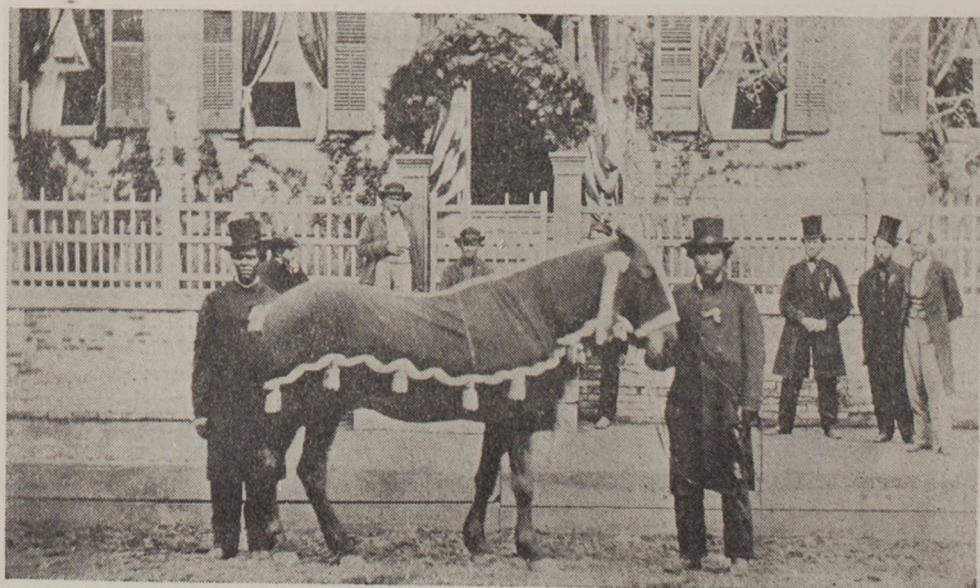
*And remember—it costs no more  
to have what you want*

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*Thomas Ewing Harris, musician and Civil War photographer, who sang at Lincoln's burial. His picture gallery was once on the floor above the law offices of Lincoln and Herndon in Springfield. He was born in a log cabin on Alum creek, Columbus, Ohio, the Harris family homestead, now used for a university campus. At ninety-three Mr. Harris lives in Pocatello, Idaho, vividly recalling incidents and impressions of the Lincolns during the fifties and sixties.*

*Abraham Lincoln's favorite driving horse, taken three days after his funeral in front of his Springfield home. This good road horse, about sixteen hands high, marched to the burial attended by these colored grooms, who lived in Springfield. They were six feet, two inches tall, Lincoln's own height. An enlarged view hangs in the Lincoln tomb in Oak Ridge cemetery, given by Elizabeth Harris, sister of Thomas E. Harris, who is second from the right in the row of bystanders. The original ambertype, two and a half by four inches in size, is in Mr. Harris's possession.*





# 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.

---

## THE WORLD HAS A WAY WITH EYES

BY LEW SARETT

Untroubled your eyes, O child, as ingenuous  
And virginal as dew, as clear and clean,  
Tranquil as mountain pools that hold the blue  
Of sky with never a blur between.

But there may come a day when ominous clouds  
Will sully them; when the world's craft will touch  
Their deeps and put in them the glint that lurks  
In the eyes of those who know too much.

The world has a way with eyes. Oh, eyes there are:  
Eyes that forlornly fawn like mongrel dogs;  
Or move as suavely as silt in a beaver-dam  
Flows over treacherous sunken logs;

Eyes that are cobwebbed windows in a house,  
Deserted, bleak, where a soul once lived, and fled,  
Behind whose drawn green shutters slippered ghosts  
Conjure among the diffident dead;

Men's eyes more cold than the stones in Pilate's skull;  
Or as wistfully patient as the Crucified;  
Eyes that are sullen ponds in whose dark depth  
Sinister green-lipped fishes glide.

Oh, the world has a way with eyes. Cling to me, child,  
Here where the mountains surge to immaculate blue,  
Where the wind blows clean and cool and the eagle soars;  
Let the wild sweet earth have its way with you.

Keep a long, long look on pine and peak that rise  
Serene today, tomorrow—when the world's eyes go  
To socketed dust; keep a long look on the hills;  
They know something, child, they know.



## IN THE PARK

BY ROLAND ENGLISH HARTLEY

THE Marine Hospital stands on a low hill, overlooking the lake, and on the other shore of the lake is a small city park, where mothers and nurse-maids bring children to play on sunny mornings. The men from the hospital come here, too—come on crutches and in wheel-chairs pushed by white-faced comrades. After months of life at sea and long days and nights in the hospital ward, it is pleasant to lie on the warm grass and watch the children playing. Sometimes a child comes near and is interested in the thick cast and the bandages that make a shapeless white mass where a foot should be. And the man smiles and tries to make talk; but some woman calls from a distance, and the child runs away.

On his first day at the hospital, the boy wandered around the lake-shore to the park. The nurse had told him that he need not stay in bed. He sat on a bench and felt the sun pouring strength into him. It was not like the sun of the tropics that had sucked him dry of strength.

He watched the sea-gulls wheeling over the lake and the mud-hens marching up from the water to nibble at the grass. Suddenly his eyes were full of tears that ran down his cheeks, and the weakness came flooding over him again. He thought it was likely that he would die here; and he was sick with longing for home. He was not yet sixteen, and the thought of dying here alone among strangers, with his mother three thousand miles away, was hard to bear.

A gardener was cutting the lawn behind him, and it was the sweet scent of

the mown grass that carried his thoughts across the land. The boy wondered why he should suddenly see the cottage so clearly, with the narrow lawn about it. He had hated the task of cutting that lawn, but now the cottage was the dearest thing on earth . . . "I can't stay here," he had said to his mother. "I want to get out and see something. This town is no place for me." . . . He was three thousand miles away now, alone, and it might be that he was going to die. He had heard of dying people seeing the past very clearly. Perhaps that was why the cottage came so close to him now. . .

The next day he came again to the park. He was thinking now that perhaps he would live, after all. And if they should say to him: "You are well; you may leave the hospital," what could he do? Where could he go? The little money he had would take him but a short part of the way toward home. And what would become of him when his money was gone? Of the many things he had learned from the men on the ship, one of the least doubtful was this: that a man in a strange town without money is in a desperate case. Perhaps there were ways of downing even these grim difficulties if one were strong enough to come to grips with them; but in his weakness the land seemed to lie like an impassable barrier on one side of him, and the sea like a menace of death on the other.

He remembered the stifling air of the Canal Zone and the Central American ports. It had lain in his narrow berth like a foul blanket upon him; and

in the roll of the sea it had seemed to wash back and forth as if he lay in the depths of a stagnant pool. Perhaps this was the fever. Or had it come before the fever? Everything was so confused—just a blur of dull suffering and a sense of being separated from all the gentleness that made life endurable.

One day, while he was still able to stagger about his tasks, carrying napkin-covered trays, that gave forth dizzying odors, to officers on the bridge or in their cabins, he had seen a negro cargo-shifter lifted from the hold. The man was dying. No one seemed concerned. These negroes worked in the intolerable hold for a few cents a day. There were always more of them than a ship could use. This was just one of them dying. But he haunted the boy's fever. Life, then, was not at all the precious thing he had always believed. It was just a commodity. And he saw himself dying now in his lonely hole between decks, and no one caring any more than they had cared when the negro died.

Afterwards, there had come cool breezes across the sea, and the loathsome ports had gone behind the horizon, and the fever had gone; but then the cold that he had yearned for chilled him through and through, and the cough came, and the unrelenting weakness. And then he was useless on board ship, a weakling with no buoyancy of self-respect to keep him afloat in the dragging undertow of this harsh life. It was all obscene, and ugly, and miserable, where he had expected beauty.

Here at the hospital the same sort of men were about him. He wondered how the cleanness of the sea could be so meaningless in their lives. Yet they called the sea their home. They talked

of where their ships were—so far out from Sydney, or Honolulu, or Hongkong—and talked of going aboard again when their ships came next to port. Or if the old ship had gone out of their lives, there would still be other ships. Their lives were shipbound. This time ashore was an exile.

They asked the boy about his ship as they would have asked about his home. They said, "Don't worry, kid. You'll get back on the boat next time, all right."

He knew that he would never go out on a ship again. He sat on a bench in the park and watched the sea-gulls circling over the lake. He wanted to be at home. He wanted to be where some one cared. But he could not think long of this; for in these days of weakness the tears ran easily down his cheeks; and among these men one must be hard, or make a pretense of hardness.

He sat on the bench and watched them sway along on their crutches. There in the middle of the lawn was the man who had spoken to him the first day. He had shown the boy the livid sear about his knee. "Yes, sir," he said proudly, "the first wave washed me clean overboard. I thought that was the end of me. Then another wave came along and banged me onto the rail. It smashed my knee: but I hung on."

This man had been at the hospital for months. Every sunny day he came and lay on the lawn. He had made friends with a nurse-girl, a large girl with a wild shock of yellow hair, who came and lay on her stomach beside him, kicking her fat legs in the air. Her charge, a thin little boy who still walked unsteadily, would play about

them, throwing his ball, laughing jubilantly to see it bounce, then running to pick it up for throwing again. While the girl lay on the lawn beside her friend, other men would squat in a group some distance away and watch them. The men would talk in low voices and every now and then laugh loudly.

There was only one of the men with whom the boy had much talk. This was a dark-skinned meager man with a great terror in his eyes. His hands and his feet moved in uncontrollable twitchings. He told the boy that this would grow worse until he was wholly helpless. He stared at the boy with eyes darkened by horror, sprang up from the bench to walk a few paces rapidly away, then came back and sat with his head held in his hands.

The boy told this man of his longing to be at home. It was like talking to some one who had the impersonality of death already upon him. And the man would shake his head slowly and say, "Wherever I go, I have myself."

One day this man did not come to the park. The boy heard the other men telling how his body had been taken from the lake. He had weighted his pockets with stones and walked out into the water among the reeds under the willows at the far end.

When he heard this, the boy got up from the bench and walked blindly across the lawn, out of the torturing, taunting sunlight, into the heavy shadow of the trees. He sank down at the base of a cypress and pressed his face against the rough bark. He would never be at home again. This was a place where

men died horribly and no one cared. He might as well go out at once into the lake.

He heard some one coming and pulled himself upright. It was the servant girl with the yellow hair. The little child trudged after her. She came directly to the boy and dropped down on her knees beside him.

"I saw you coming here," she said. "What's the matter?"

He had never seen her face closely before. Her eyes were gentle. He tried to smile, and the tears came instead.

"Poor kid!" she murmured, and came closer to him and took his head against her. He let himself go all limp in the circle of her arm. Her arm was sturdy about him. The weakness within him became all softness and warmth and peace.

"I'll come and talk to you sometimes," she was saying.

The child, who had stood staring agrievedly at them, began to whimper now.

"I got to go," she said.

When she had gone a few steps among the trees, she turned back to wave. Her lips formed unspoken words that the boy could not read. But he smiled.

He leaned back against the tree-trunk and looked out over the lake. The hills beyond were soft green in a tender mist. The sunlight flashed from the gulls' white backs as they whirled down to the water. All this was beautiful. When he got home, he would tell his mother of these beautiful things.

## JUAN CHACON

BY H. L. DAVIS

*Jesse Applegate was the leader of the great pioneer train of 1842, and the lawgiver for the settlements until the establishment of formal government. He spent the later years of his life in retirement, and, at times, in poverty.*

*Joab Powell was the earliest and greatest of the pioneer circuit-riders. He was famous for his savage irony and use, in his sermons, of salty double-entendre.*

*The incident upon which this poem is based is imaginary. The circumstances are historical, being founded upon letters of Jesse Applegate of the late 70's.*

I worked sheep-herding with that Jesse, when I was young.  
It was in this country. I was new to this country then;  
I got homesick to hear my own language, not knowing his,  
Till one day, I listened, and found I had learned his tongue.

It was when the lambs, first beginning to be weaned to grass,  
Scatter, and all the ewes follow them: hard work!  
All day we herded without talking. When the sun cooled,  
We drove the ewes and the brisk lambs over the ridges  
Down into our camp to water, to water and to sleep.  
And I, coming with the ewes, last, found that Jesse  
In talk with another old man beside our spring—  
A stranger, named Joab.

He was Jesse's friend.

They'd not seen each other for a long time. I let them talk.  
When all the lambs were done drinking, I corralled the sheep  
And set up the white flags that scare coyotes when the herders  
Sleep; white flags popping in the night scare them. While I kneeled  
Kindling a fire to cook supper. I thought, "I'm listening—  
I am straining to hear them talk. Why?"

Because their speech

Had cleared up and taken meaning and suddenly become plain.  
The old men were talking about herding. . . . I had thought  
That it was a big thing to have charge of another man's sheep;  
But they said it was scurvy. . . . I felt scared, and lost.  
I listened, and pretended that I didn't understand.  
It was hard to keep still.

I did, and thought, when I was old,  
I would be old like that Jesse; I would be old different  
From the slow-blooded shaking *viejos* of my own land,  
That, blinded and palsied, seem rubbing death. . . . Jesse's eyes  
Were quick, wide open and alert. His tight-muscled mouth



Moved when he wanted it to move, and never shook.  
 Only his neck, maybe, was an old man's neck.  
 With gray skin withered on hard cords. . . .

Knowing I'd be old like him. . . .

I was half-glad,

He said, "Joab, you'll go  
 Preach to our people again? Tell them how I am.  
 Tell them at what work you discovered me. Let them know  
 That Jesse, who captained them to this land and wrote their laws,  
 Plants sheep-flags on the high ridges of their land  
 At seventy years old, herding another man's sheep.  
 Carry them the word. . . . Do not tell them where I am.  
 . . . I've been glad to look in your face, Joab."

Then his friend,  
 Big-boned and low-bodied and broad-jawed and heavy-necked,  
 With big hands and a loud voice and deep black savage eyes,  
 Pushed his head forward—

"Do you mean that you'd be shamed  
 If any of the men you commanded should come to see you here  
 Sheep-herding, and look pitying? Is herding sheep a dishonesty?  
 Is it shameful? Jacob herded sheep. Christ herded.  
 David the King herded. Better men than you,  
 Hardier spirited. . . .

I'll tell them nothing, my friend.  
 Why are you here? Surely not from necessity, but pride?  
 Surely you could find a trade seemlier? You, who led  
 And established a whole people in this land, and laws, and cities,  
 On ranges where only the wild Spanish cattle had fed,  
 To leave them and follow this work!

Were old days nothing?  
 Did old leadership count for so little to your sense of pride  
 That you could bring it to this pass? Are these your hands  
 That guided the lead-oxen in wild crossings? Can you now look at them  
 And think of their old work?"

*Jesse Applegate*

Yes. Not willingly.  
 For this time is better than the old days. It shows the truth.  
 The truth comes clearest after a man's lived with shame,  
 As I have; maybe I've not yet lived so time enough.  
 If I had, the old days would not bring me my pride of youth  
 Which I've striven to be weaned from, to break through, as if it were  
 A dream that shut me away from daylight. . . . So, with pride,  
 Come faces and incidents, so many I can not see clear. . . .

A girl stood balanced among oxen, when they swam  
 A swift river about sundown. Their sharp horns shone like knives.  
 She untangled a trace-chain from among their horns. . . . Our fires  
 Lighted a night-crossing, and our cattle took fright and broke  
 And trees cracked breaking in the dark. . . . Women, so tired  
 They would sooner have had two days' rest than long rich lives,  
 Led children, walking in wet tatters through rainy grass  
 Where peace was not possible. . . . Men. . .

O, pride, pride, pride!

Too weak against pride, too credulous. It blinded me like smoke!  
 It was close, I took it in my eyes, and breathed it in.  
 No wonder I knew neither my people, nor their end.  
 How can the young men who now lead them?

*Joab Powell*

If they're ignorant,

It is not because I have stinted or neglected speech.  
 —You mean something different, I know.—Nevertheless  
 When I preach to them, yes, and to their leaders, I shall preach  
 To rebuke their contentment with ignorance.—What reward,  
 I'll ask them, shall God granary from you men's timidity and greed,  
 Foolish lust, light-mindedness, emptiness? What from cowardice?  
 Out of your dread of your own passion He shall thresh what seeds?  
 It is not enough to nod after me when I say—  
 God lives! Not sufficient to say—Yes, oh, yes indeed!  
 Knowing that God lives is an act, a passion, a violence,  
 And what passion is there in you nodders this or any day?  
 You followers!

I'll tell them, you are whistles of dead elder wood  
 Drawn pithless, whittled in variously shaped holes!

I'll tell them,

I have been riding the sheep-ranges. There the herders  
 Prop white flags over their night-flocks, so thieving beasts  
 May see the flags blowing in the night and be afraid,  
 Thinking the flags live and are but lesser men.  
 So God props me, a white banner in His night, one made  
 To scatter the gluttonous night-prowlers from His sheep,  
 God hang me over the lambs pasturing! Shake me wide!  
 Shake Joab, a white standard of God's hand and will!

But you,

Jesse, breed ewes at the right season. Watch their feed,  
 Herd wide in the short pastures. Think of truth, at night,  
 And purge out all memories of old emigrants, whom you still love,  
 Lest thought of them drive you from the truth.

## Jesse Applegate

. . . I forbid their praise.

I forbid it. I have learned better. Better is the truth.  
I have learned to look with a far scrutiny at those men  
Who starved when I starved, who wept when I shoveled in earth  
Over their dead children, and helped me bury mine.  
I have learned to look at them as if I were a youth  
Peering from a height down onto a deserted cove of sand  
Which tides take, piling with green striped water and white foam  
The dry dunes that have never before felt water's hand.  
White edges of foam lead, hard columns of deep water grind after them,  
Smoke over and roar over and bury the dry sands and cease.  
The sand melts churning in deep whirlpools.

All foam's gone.

. . . We were white foam-leaders of the tides. Deep waters following  
Have estranged and buried us from sight, and you from peace.  
We came senseless as white edges of a tide. Did we have purposes?  
Why, maybe a tide has. . . . Do any know what ours were?  
I know mine were nothing, and why we came.

God willed.

A changing of people, a crowding of new people in this land;  
Now that it is fulfilled, let them forget my name.  
What use am I now, God's use of me fulfilled?  
I am better than I was when I had leadership, I am more wise,  
Dispassionate, sensitive, deep-sighted, better skilled,  
Surer of men, watching the land with cunninger eyes.  
But what use is this now, what needs me?

This range; these sheep.

Not man-leader. I was interpreter between this land  
Whose speech I had learned, and my people whose speech I knew.  
Should I deserve praise for having known this? Now, even the children  
Know this land's language better than I knew it then.  
What credit is a gift this common?

Let me be.

The passion of false pride still tempts me when I am with men,  
And passion obscures truth. Passion's not good on the wild ranges.  
Passion's good only among men, Joab. . . .

. . . I was half-afraid,

And yet glad I should become old like Jesse, that quick-eyed man,  
Instead of my cold sunstruck *viejos*. . . . I, Juan Chacon,  
Now, in my age thrown here with a track-building gang,  
Interpret the gringos' orders to my people, and their speech  
Back to the gringos. . . .

I am old, and like that man  
 I herded sheep with. . . Interpreter, having leadership  
 Such as that Jesse's of his people, when he was young.  
 For nothing here happens of my will; and yet the steel  
 Goes forward and strings over the wild ridges at my word.  
 The men of your race tell me what work is to be done;  
 But Mexican steel-handlers, and spikers, and singing men  
 New out of my land, obey Juan and ignore your race.  
 They work, the young singers of my land, the flat-featured  
 Heavy-set Indians from the south, the men who pray  
 With flowers and bread, that they hide in a crevice of the rock  
 To help them sleep safe. . . When Juan orders them, they obey,  
 And think their obedience may please me.

So Jesse stood

Between new men and the life native to this land  
 A million years.

Between new men, that study maps,  
 And my people, who know nothing but the hot land, and know its gods,  
 As many as its birds, as secretive, I stand; now old.  
 I know how little my work is. Being interpreter  
 Is nothing: I was right to have been afraid.

I wish

That I were a poor *mozo* on the track, or herding sheep.  
 I wish I were one of the *Indianos* who leave bread  
 For gods in the rock crevices, and think offerings buy them sleep.

## SALT MARSH

BY ETHEL ROMIG FULLER

The sea comes here each day to rest,  
 Forgets his dignity, removes his crest  
 And flings his mighty body prone  
 On this green solitude alone.

Rivers, his arms, stretched to either side;  
 His fingers, bays, filled with tide,  
 And where the combers rake the harbor bar  
 His feet and flexing white toes are.

To his breathing, grasses fall and rise.  
 In vain gulls scream, the noon sun tries  
 To prod his lids apart—the tired old rover  
 Will not stir until his nap is over.



## THE LAST LINCOLN SINGER

RECORDED BY MARTHA DOLMAN LOUX

A singer—now the lone member—of that great choir which chanted “To Thee, Oh God” above Abraham Lincoln’s open grave has been lost to biography for half a century. This old musician and war photographer, Thomas E. Harris, was born in a log cabin on Alum Creek, Ohio, on the present campus of the State University, ninety-three years ago. As a boy he sang his way westward to Springfield, Illinois, with his father, a music master, and a mother who acted as property manager for a library of popular songs and instruments ranging from a fiddle to a violoncello. His trail to the Rocky Mountains after the Civil War carried his Lincoln report beyond easy reach of history. His is a valuable account, however, since it carries intimate recollections and forgotten news.

Mr. Harris’s memory of the Lincoln family hinges on a period when his photographer’s studio on the floor above the law offices of Lincoln and Herndon became a war gallery. A steady march of enlisted men posed in bright buttons; others were taken at Camp Butler, five miles away on the Sangamon River. Some of them returned later in rusty uniforms, straggling home from battle. And finally the horses of the Tenth Cavalry rested in the street below the frame building where the President of the United States expected to resume his law practice, while a hundred tired, discharged riders, men and officers, sat for Tom Harris’s camera. It was a day when real romance attended soldier pictures, and the men paid a dollar apiece for views six and a half inches wide by

nine and a half high. In spite of a torn country, people still sang “The Vital Spark of Heavenly Flame.”

According to the Harris memories of the fifties, the variable happiness of the Lincolns in Springfield forecast their uneasy sojourn in Washington. His comment upon Mrs. Lincoln, however, is gained only by reticent approach. After all these years, there yet remains with him the gallant consideration of a neighbor’s reputation, already injured by unfriendly doubt. He reaffirms the general view that from popular girlhood as the cultured Mary Todd of family distinction Mrs. Lincoln gradually withdrew into the seclusion of a matron misunderstood, if not disliked. “Except for church, Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln were seldom seen together, so their relationship was largely town guess-work,” this observer recalls.

Take, now, the story of her drive in a dray, presumably a repetition of a girlish escapade. Mr. Harris says this was one of Abe’s broad jokes which his wife good-humoredly accepted as a prank. After waiting an impatient time for a carriage which he was to order, she sent him a note urging him to send any sort of conveyance, if only a dray. The absent-minded husband immediately turned his forgetfulness into drollery at her expense. He sent a dray! With responsive gaiety Mary climbed in.

But Mr. Harris’s sister Elizabeth, his daughter now recalls, told this incident to Mrs. Lincoln’s disadvantage. Her version of the adventure had Mary order the dray herself, afterwards driving about town in spectacular fury to punish her careless husband. To this con-

tradition the old photographer, who knew everybody and their gossip, merely says: "Oh, she was a strange woman. It would be the hardest work in the world to make a story about her that anyone could understand." And Springfield excused no rash impulse in Mrs. Lincoln, he says, though her discerning pride may have urged Lincoln past the faults of his own moody nature to the adulation of all time.

Gossip even dogged the tragic steps of Mrs. Lincoln's homecoming after Lincoln's assassination. In the throng which covered acres of Oak Ridge Cemetery the presence of Mrs. Lincoln was doubtful. She was accused by the talkative town of giving her husband's burial the least possible recognition. Later, returning to Springfield for the intimate visiting of his tomb, she was criticized for registering at the St. Nicholas Hotel, a public place, instead of staying with relatives in accordance with the mid-western custom of the times. This old neighbor agrees that Mary Lincoln was hot-tempered and eccentric. "But she was a *decent* woman," he challenges certain harsh critics of her life.

If Lincoln's genial disposition rested on no easy pillow at home, some thorny hours were likewise spent with his quick-spoken partner, William Herndon. According to Mr. Harris, who was a warm friend of the Herndons, the familiar route between home and office was Lincoln's only safe playground. This was his field for handball with young boys, his stage for many a comedy.

Mr. Harris recalls that Lincoln, returning one day from circuit speaking, stopped across the street from home for one of these little plays. During his absence Mary had done over the house. He found their story-and-a-half roof

raised to full and dignified size, with timbers painted and decorated. The astonished husband paused. Then, addressing a neighbor with the air of a stranger, he said: "Can you tell me who lives in the palatial residence across the street?" But before the amused man could reply, Mrs. Lincoln appeared in the doorway of their embellished home. "Abe," she called with the ordinary manner of a prompt house-keeper, as if nothing unusual had occurred, "dinner is ready."

Mr. Harris's happiest memory of Abraham Lincoln gathers about a dark fruit cake of enormous size in the Lincoln dining-room which the two men contemplated during the lull of a New Year's reception. This was the January before the president-elect's first inauguration. As the noon hour temporarily suspended the ceremony of all-day hospitality, Mr. Lincoln opened the door himself. "Come right in," he welcomed, "you are about the three hundredth person who has been here today. But the table is still loaded." And the informal host, always at his best when he could be natural, ushered his lone guest into a room heavy with walnut furniture and rich with the stereotyped decoration of the sixties. "Lincoln and I were alone together," Mr. Harris states. "Mrs. Lincoln seemed to be in the background, but she did not come in. He escorted me to the table and gave me something to eat. There was no *sitting*."

Besides a lavish amount of other food, the cake in question occupied a part of the table two-and-a-half feet by twenty inches; it was three inches deep. More especially, it came anonymously from somewhere South! Friends of the president-elect, particularly Mrs. Lincoln's

relatives, cautioned him about risking this mysterious delicacy, although partaking of it themselves. "I am no better than you," he told them. And his good faith in the kind intentions of the gift was rewarded by the continued health of everyone who called at the Lincoln home that day. It was almost the final occasion of intimate hospitality and congratulation, it would seem, as Springfield was soon bidding Abraham Lincoln a permanent farewell as citizen and familiar friend.

The next great day for the Lincoln home, years afterwards, Mr. Harris recalls, found it draped in mourning for his final, sorrowful return, its memories dedicated to all future time. The story of every imaginable honor which Springfield bestowed upon the silent remains of Abraham Lincoln is well known except perhaps for the touching and whimsical sight of his favorite driving horse in the long procession of bowed heads marching to Oak Ridge Cemetery. This good road horse, about sixteen hands high, was adorned in black cloth and white tassels and was attended by two negro grooms.

These grooms, Mr. Harris says, were chosen for their height—six feet, two inches, Lincoln's own measure. He was one of the by-standing witnesses of their ceremonious respect as they posed for an ambertype three days after the funeral in front of the Lincoln home, which, like themselves, was still shrouded. The enlarged view of this picture now hangs in the Lincoln tomb, given by Miss Elizabeth Harris, sister of Thomas, who

belonged to the Lincoln Society of Springfield until her death a few years ago in her eighties. The row of six men beside the Lincoln fence—"stove pipe" hats, stubby crowns, frock coats and baggy trousers—show the varied types that made up the huge pageant of May 4th, 1865.

Both Thomas Harris and his sister Elizabeth sang in the Lincoln burial choir of three hundred voices\* "One hundred singers came from the Philharmonic Society in Chicago," he recalls. "One hundred from St. Louis, fifty from Quincy and fifty from Springfield. St. Louis also sent a brass band of one hundred pieces. Ten of these band instruments accompanied the choir, which stood on a raised platform built for the occasion. These three hundred singers were mostly men, the tenors divided amongst the women's voices. I was a tenor. Besides 'To Thee, Oh God' and 'Peace Troubled Soul,' we sang a favorite hymn of Lincoln's:

*"We are travelling home to God  
In the way our fathers trod.  
They are happy now and we  
Soon their happiness shall see."*

But the best memory covets another tale. One noon he and Lincoln were walking down a Springfield street when Mr. Smith, a drygoods merchant and wealthy brother-in-law of Mrs. Lincoln's, called from his store: "Come in, Abe, and tell us a story." It was a busy day for Tom Harris, so he went his way. "But I was sorry afterwards that I did not go in," he now regrets. "I should like to know what that story was."

\* Accounts of this musical service in Lincoln biographies are few and scant. Herndon numbers the choir at two hundred and fifty only. But Mr. Harris's daughter, Corrinne Harris Masters, an instructor of music in the University of Idaho, Southern Branch, says these societies likely had organizational membership reaching three hundred voices, whose actual attendance at the Lincoln funeral was somewhat reduced. According to musical custom, however, the entire quota would be properly recognized as taking part in the ceremony. In her possession are the original hymn books from which the Lincoln burial songs were taken, handed down by Elizabeth Harris. Leaflets, however, were printed for the convenience of the extraordinary size of the choir.



## WOODEN LEGS

By MARY HIEMSTRA

"KATIE, lower the light, your father, he grumble about the expense." Mrs. Stravinsky's voice was as lifeless as her eyes and her thin figure, which drooped over the stove where she stood preparing supper. Many beatings and ten children had extinguished the last spark of her vitality.

Katie stretched out a round brown arm and turned down the light to the merest flicker. It was five o'clock of a January evening and quite dark. Outside, the wind whined shrilly around the house, and few crisp flakes fell from the heavy sky. But it was warm in the kitchen; the air was heavy with the odor of frying meat, garlic, and the noise of the younger children as they tumbled and played in a corner. Thick plates and cups rattled cheerfully as Katie set the table, humming a gay tune.

There was a stamping of feet outside, and the door opened, letting in a rush of cold air, and the burly figure of Joe Stravinsky entered. Instantly the babble of the children stopped, and the tune on Katie's lips died. She glanced out of the corner of her eye at her father. He has been to Ivan's, she thought, noticing his blazing eyes and flushed face. Going to Ivan's meant that he had been drinking, and that Ivan had been urging him to make Katie marry him. She braced herself for the coming struggle. It had been going on intermittently for three weary months.

As quickly as possible the supper was placed on the table around Joe's plate. He seated himself, speared a huge slab of pork, and scooped a mound of potatoes onto his plate. Except for the noisy drinking of coffee and the sound

of chewing there was silence in the kitchen. Joe glowered at Katie, and she, with the rest of the family, kept her eyes on her plate. One of the boys dropped his spoon; his father struck at him, but the child dodged.

Joe turned his blazing eyes on Katie. "Next week you marry Ivan," he growled.

Katie did not answer.

"You hear me?" her father shouted. "I say, next week you marry Ivan."

"No, I no marry Ivan." Katie did not raise her eyes.

There was something strangely alike about these two. They had the same firm mouth and chin, though Joe's were heavy and brutal. Katie's eyes were large and blue, but as determined as Joe's small black ones. The will of his eldest child had resisted all his efforts to break it, though he had never ceased to try. More than once he had beaten her to the point of insensibility, but never to submission. She was not like her mother.

Joe brought his clenched fist down on the table, making the dishes jump. "I tell you, you marry Ivan," he shouted. "He give me a heifer and two loads of hay. Tomorrow he get the license; next week you marry him."

Dropping her knife onto her plate, Katie turned and met her father's eyes. "No," she said quietly, "I marry Pete."

"Pete, bah, he no good. What has he? Three oxen, one cow, only forty acres broke. Next week I say you marry Ivan. Tomorrow you tell him so. Ivan rich man."

"No, Ivan dirty, he never wash, he smell fierce, and scratch, scratch all the



time. Bah, I spit on him." Katie spat on the floor.

The wind shrieked around the house, hurling dry particles of snow noisily against the two windows.

Joe leaped from his chair, his eyes flaming. "You marry Ivan or get out," he shouted, striking Katie a blow that knocked her from the chair to the floor. She got up and backed away from her father, one arm raised to protect her head.

"I not marry Ivan; I marry Pete."

"You do like I say or get out, you damn fool, you," Joe caught her arm and dragged her towards the door, swearing volubly; with one hand he wrenched the door open; the wind blew a flurry of snow into the kitchen.

"You do like I say?" he asked.

"No, I marry Pete."

He flung her as far into the storm as he could, "Then get the hell out of here," he called. She stumbled and fell into a drift. He reached back to fling her coat after her, but his wife caught his arm. "No, no, Joe," she sobbed, "my little girl, she die." He gave his wife a push that sent her reeling into a corner. She crouched there crying helplessly. Joe reached again for something to throw after Katie. In his blind rage he flung her his sheepskin-lined coat.

"When you do like I say, you come back." He banged the door shut.

Getting up out of the drift, Katie brushed the snow from her cold hands, reached for the coat and fumbled into it, and pulled the child's cap that was with it onto her head. The wind whistled, and the snow whirled around her.

She would go to Pete's, she decided, he would take care of her. Leaning against the force of the wind, she turned in the direction of Pete's shack. How

nice and warm it would be; a blazing fire in the heater, her feet warming on the rail of the stove, thick blankets wrapped around her, and a cup of steaming coffee in her cold hands! Pete was kind, Pete was. And Pete loved her.

The wind blew snow into her face; it brought tears to her eyes, and made it hard to follow the drifted trail. Hugging the coat as close to her as she could to keep the wind from blowing snow down her neck she fought her way on through the blizzard. Pete's shack was almost five miles away, but what was five miles if she escaped from her father and Ivan? Five miles wasn't so far!

At the thought of Ivan she shuddered. He was old, gloomy, always swearing, drinking, chewing, beating his horses, kicking his dog; and like her father, grabbing for money, money all the time, always money! Her thoughts turned from Ivan to Pete, and a smile bent her cold lips. Pete, singing as he worked instead of swearing, whistling to his dog, patting his oxen, laughing and showing his clean white teeth. Pete would take care of her. She quickened her pace.

But soon the snow became deeper, and her feet ached. The wind pushed her first one way then another. She stumbled into a drift and fell in the soft snow. After resting a moment she got up and went on. Her feet were cold. If she only had her overshoes! She pushed a foot out to find the trail, the snow felt soft all the way down. Was she on the trail? She peered ahead through the storm to locate some familiar land-mark, but the flying snow hid everything. Frightened, she ran backwards and forwards, hunting for packed snow. In desperation she turned and looked for the light from the window of

her home. She could see nothing. The wind mocked her. "Help, help, I lost, I lost," she cried as loud as she could. The wind shrieked in reply.

She struggled blindly on. This must be the way, she told herself, the wind had been in her face when she started; she would face it again; try not to mind its cutting edge and keep on going against it. The ache in her feet did not feel so bad now; in a little while it would stop altogether. But wading through the snow got harder and harder, and each time she stumbled she rested longer before getting up. If only she could lie down and sleep! But, she thought, sleep meant death and she must get to Pete's. She could not die here alone in the snow. Pete would want her.

After several hours in the storm all sense of direction had gone and she moved only by instinct. She no longer faced the wind, but let it blow her whichever way it would. She fell often, but each time struggled to her feet; though each time it became harder to get up. At last she could not rise farther than her knees. A large dark object loomed ahead; for a moment her numbed brain refused to understand the significance of it, then a flicker of hope came to her eyes. This must be Pete's shack! With a last desperate effort she crawled through the snow dragging her useless feet. Pete would warm her. Pete would give her a place to sleep where the wind did not blow. Pete would take care of her.

Now she could almost touch the wall of the shack. She dragged her legs a little farther, and stretched out a half-frozen hand. It touched cold dry straw. Only a straw stack that cattle had eaten away until it looked like a wall! Not Pete's shack! With a sound between a

sob and a moan of defeat, she sank down in the straw. She couldn't move now; she couldn't go on. She fell asleep.

Morning dawned crisp and cold. The wind had blown itself out; the sun waked millions of diamonds on the billowing white snow. Joe awoke, sober now, and a little afraid. Had Katie come home? What if she had frozen to death? It might mean jail! He jumped out of bed, dressed, and looked for his sheepskin-lined coat. He couldn't find it. After breakfast he looked again. As he was searching, Ivan stopped by on his way to get the license. Joe told him about Katie and about his fear of jail. Ivan, too, was frightened. Together they started out to look for her.

They called out the nearest neighbor, but he had seen nothing of her. He and his son joined in the search. About ten o'clock they found her, unconscious, in the straw. If it had not been for Joe's heavy coat she would have been frozen to death. Joe was thankful he had thrown it after her—they couldn't put him in jail now. They took her home and laid her on the rough bed in the kitchen. The neighbor offered to go for a doctor. Joe looked to see if she was still breathing. She was.

"Doctor cost too much money," he objected. "She be all right."

The following days and nights passed for Katie in a mist of pain; her legs, which had been frozen to the knees, thawed, died, and turned black. The odor from her decaying limbs filled the kitchen. Her father carried her into the tiny bedroom. A month passed. The smell of rotting flesh was over-powering. It over-powered even the garlic and frying pork. Visiting neighbors looked askance at Joe, and muttered as they stared down at the pale face of Katie.

"You have doctor?" one of them asked.

"Doctor cost too much; she be all right."

Pete came. "She be all right," Joe growled in reply to the young man's anxious inquiry. "You get the hell out of here."

Father Julian came, and forced his way through the rank smell to Katie's bedside. "Have you had a doctor, Joe?" he asked.

"No, she be all right," Joe muttered.

But the priest knew she was not all right. "You go for a doctor at once," he told Joe. "Katie is very ill and may die. I will stay until the doctor comes."

Joe did not dare to disobey. He went off, protesting.

The doctor looked at Katie's yellowish white face, glanced at her rotting legs, and told Joe to wrap her up, he would take her to the hospital with him.

"Hospital cost too much money," Joe objected. "You fix her here, we take care of her."

The doctor did not argue. With the help of the priest he wrapped Katie in the tattered quilts on her bed, laid her in the front of his cutter, and with a nod to the priest drove away. Katie knew nothing of that long drive or of the arrival in the hospital at one o'clock in the morning.

"We'll operate at once," the doctor said, "right here in the room. No time to wait for surgery to be got ready. Just bring forceps, knives and sutures."

"What anesthetic, doctor?" the nurse asked.

"Nothing; she has absorbed so much toxine, and suffered so much already that she won't feel this, and ether might finish her."

The sour smell was sickening. Quick-

ly the doctor cut through the flesh, but the white face on the pillow showed no sign of suffering. Even when the saw rasped through the bone not a trace of feeling showed on Katie's pale face.

"Why didn't they bring her in sooner?" the nurse asked.

"Father's too stingy. He ought to be shot."

For days Katie lay white and still, but gradually the toxins left her system and very slowly she began to improve.

Joe came to see her when she had been in the hospital about two weeks. "When you come home?" he asked surlily.

"I not know."

"You hurry and get better; cost too much here."

Pete came every Sunday. "How you feel, Katie?" he asked, anxious.

Katie smiled weakly. "Pretty good," she whispered.

"See, I bring you cookies and candy. I bring you anything you want."

"You so good," she murmured.

"You think Katie get better?" Pete asked the nurse as he was leaving.

Ivan never came.

In the three months she was in the hospital Katie never mentioned the loss of her legs to anyone, except when the nurses lifted her into the wheel-chair for the first time. Then she looked up with tears in her eyes, "No legs, no good," she said.

"Pete thinks you're some good, Katie," the nurse replied.

At last, in the middle of April, the doctor told Joe he could take Katie home.

"I no want to go home," she said to the nurse.

"Why not, Katie?"

"This good place."

She knew, now that she was helpless

and could not get out of her father's way, that there were beatings in store for her. She knew Joe had hoped she would die; for what was the use of a girl without legs? No one would marry her now, and she could not work, and her father would hate her worse than ever.

"You buy Katie some wooden legs soon," the nurse said as Joe carried Katie to the wagon.

"Legs cost too much," he replied, "Katie all right."

"My little girl," Katie's mother whispered, while tears ran down her cheeks. She helped Katie to bed. "Joe not beat you any more. I take care of you good."

"He be mad I no work."

"I work more, he not notice."

Katie had been at home a week when her father drove over to Ivan's. "Your wheat looking fine," he called as he tied his horse to the corral post.

"Ya," Ivan grunted, continuing to unharness his horses. After he had done his chores they went to the shack and sat in his one dirty room. Ivan did not offer Joe a drink; they chewed and smoked in silence for a few minutes. Then Joe said, "Katie better now; when you marry her?"

Ivan shifted his tobacco to the other cheek, and sent a stream of brown juice to the floor. "I not marry Katie now. What kind of damn fool you think I am? Wife without legs no good, can't work."

"Katie pretty girl," Joe said. "She knit socks and sew. Soon she learn to walk on her knees. I let you have her for nothing."

"Bah," Ivan replied, "I want wife that can hoe garden, milk cows, pitch hay. I marry Rosie Kopcheck. She not pretty like Katie, but she strong girl."

On his way home Joe decided things were not quite hopeless after all. He would have liked to have his own way and make Katie marry Ivan, but since Ivan didn't want her, why then he would let her marry that fool of a Pete. No use keeping a girl without legs.

He went into the kitchen and picked up the paper. Katie would be glad when he told her. He would let her wait a while. At last he folded the paper and said, "Ivan not want to marry you now, Katie, he marry Rosie Kopcheck. I let you marry Pete."

Katie continued to knit without answering. She felt too weak to struggle with her father, better put it off for a while; there was plenty of time to tell him that she wouldn't marry Pete now that she had no legs. Never marry Pete! Tears came into her eyes. Pete loved her, but he couldn't afford to buy her legs. It wasn't right that he should. But to live like this, a butt for her father's temper all her life?

"You hear me, Katie? I say I let you marry Pete."

"Yes," she murmured. When she felt stronger she would tell him. Then a thought came to her, perhaps he would buy her one leg and Pete would buy the other, and she could marry Pete!

After she had been at home a month she made pads for her knees, and shuffled about the kitchen doing as much of the work as she could, humming to herself. As she grew stronger, her mother, hoeing the garden, often smiled when she heard Katie's cheerful song. "See, Katie walk now, she good girl," she said to Joe.

"Bah, she no milk cows, no pitch hay," he growled.

One warm Sunday afternoon in June Katie arranged her hair in the new soft



style she had learned in the hospital and put on a clean cotton dress. Her mother helped her into a chair that stood under a tree in the yard. For Pete still came every Sunday. Joe did not swear at him now. "How your crop?" he asked, instead.

"My crop fine, I get fifty bushels an acre this fall," Pete said proudly.

"You stay for supper, eh?"

Katie and Pete sat in the shade of the tree and talked in low voices. "If I have good crop we be married this fall, Katie," he said.

"No legs, no work." Katie had tears in her eyes.

"I buy you legs. All summer I work, and I sell the calf, too."

"Legs cost much money." Katie had another plan in her mind.

Pete kicked at a tuft of grass. He had often looked at his crop and wondered if the returns from it, together with the money he was earning by work for a neighbor, would be enough to keep him and Katie all winter, and also buy two wooden legs.

"We wait till fall. If Joe have good crop perhaps he buy you one leg."

"Maybe," Katie agreed.

One Sunday, late in August, Joe and Pete stood looking at some fat cattle Joe intended for sale. "They bring you good price," Pete said.

"Ya, with the money I buy me that forty acres Kopcheck want to sell."

"When you buy Katie legs?"

"Katie not need legs, she all right. She walk on her knees."

They were silent for a few minutes, then Joe said, "When you marry Katie I give you that steer." He pointed to a thin, mangy animal.

"All right," Pete replied. "I get priest next week."

Joe did not invite Pete to stay for supper. No use wasting food, he thought.

"Pete marry you next week," he told Katie, as he filled his plate with potatoes.

"I not marry Pete now."

"What?" Joe paused with his knife half-way to his mouth.

"I not marry Pete now."

"Why not? I give him that white steer." Joe was scowling.

"White steer no good, he all bones. I no legs, no work. Pete marry strong girl like Rosie Kopcheck."

"You marry Pete or get the hell out of here. I not feed you any more."

Katie looked her father in the face. "I not marry Pete and I stay here. You not put me out again or I die. Then they hang you, like so." She put her hands to her throat.

Purple with rage, Joe jumped up to give Katie the beating of her life, but she faced him without flinching. "If you hit me Father Julian send the police, and they take you to jail. He tell me so." Joe's fist fell to his side. He was too surprised to swear. Send him to jail if he beat her! He went out.

He walked over towards the Kopcheck forty. Katie's stubborn will had always angered him, but he had disliked her more than ever since he had been the cause of her losing her legs. During the month that followed, his dislike flamed into hatred. The sight of her eating her meals filled him with a boiling rage. He watched every mouthful she put into her mouth. His angry scowl silenced his wife and the other children; but it had no effect on Katie. She told her mother details of the house, daring to say that the flour or potatoes were getting low, and even boldly asking for more meat.

"You eat too much," Joe snarled.

"I hungry." Katie reached for a large piece of pork.

With an oath Joe jumped up and stamped out of the kitchen. He would like to take Katie by the throat and shake the life out of her, and he dare not even beat her!

When his rage had cooled a little he began to think, in a muddled sort of way. He must get rid of her somehow. If she stayed much longer he knew he would kill her; then he would be hung. The sight of her eating pork and potatoes that would sell for money drove him wild. She might live for years, and eat more than the cost of ten pairs of legs. If Pete married someone else his only chance of getting rid of her would be gone. Curse that fool of a doctor for keeping her alive without legs.

Pete came over that evening for the first time in two weeks. He went to the barn where Joe was unhitching his team and remarked that the crops were turning out well. Joe grunted, and went on jerking the harness from his horses. Suddenly he said, "I give you money for Katie's legs if you take her away to-night."

"Yah," Pete answered, surprised.

"All right, I give you check."

"See. Katie, your father give me money for your legs. Now we be married, eh?"

"Yes, now I go," Katie said, looking at her father.

"You get to hell," he muttered.

Pete lifted Katie into the saddle, then climbed up behind her. Together they rode away through the fall twilight.

## THE CLAM-DIGGER

BY MARY J. ELMENDORF

At low tide in the wet beach-sand  
Dave Grote dug clams.  
His hands were hard as the horns  
Of mountain rams.

His face was bleak as a rock  
The breakers flail;  
His eyes were quick and cold  
Like scuttling hail.

When the tide was high, he would read—  
At night by a kerosene lamp  
With, perhaps, a bit of fire  
Against the foggy damp—

Or loaf for hours on the wharf  
When the fishing-boats pulled in.  
A bulging net was better  
Than even a bottle of gin.

On the shelf by his bed stood books  
In a slipshod row—

Shakespeare, Burns, and O. Henry,  
Lamb and Gaboriau.

Seldom he talked with his fellows.  
He dug his clams and sold them.  
"Tongues," he would say, "are like horses—  
Safe when you hold them."

But sometimes, when warmed by rum,  
He would hint at a different life,  
At a partner false as hope  
And a mislaid wife.

"I was a coward once."  
He would gruffly add:  
"A low white-liver—that's why  
I'm all to the bad."

One night as Grote was watching  
The ferry pull into her slip,  
A stranger's face by the rail  
Stung his eyes like a whip.

Idly a wharf-rat drawled:  
"There's Lentz back again—Jim Lentz.  
Buyin' up land, I guess—  
More dough than sense."

As the stranger stepped briskly ashore  
Close upon Grote,  
The latter, snarling, sprang  
Like a cougar straight at his throat.

Down they crashed to the planks,  
Grote on top:  
"Dogging me still, you devil?  
Well, here's where you stop!"

Those hands that were hard as horns  
Leaped to their master's will.  
When bystanders tore them away,  
Lentz lay still.

But Dave Grote laughed and his voice  
Boomed out like a trumpet-blast:  
"I wasn't a coward this time—  
I'm square with myself at last!"

## PEACOCK

*A Tule Lake Story*

BY MURIEL NICHOLS MCKAY

FREDDIE'S a good friend of mine. We've been examining into the affairs of defunct banks for a long time together, and naturally, when he gets an idea and asks me to trail along, I trail, but it'll be a long time before I go on any more wild goose chases with him. Or maybe I should say peacock chases. That's what it turned out to be. But I wouldn't have minded the peacocks. There was just something about the way it turned out that got under my skin. Why say, I couldn't even sleep nights.

We had been working a town in northern California, little bit of a hole, and when Friday night came around, we found that we'd have to stay over until the first of the week, anyway, and Freddie came into my hotel room Saturday morning and asked me if I wanted to go on a trip with him to Raymond, a little hole across the Oregon line.

"I have to see someone at Raymond, and I'd like to have company if you'd care about going."

That was the polite way he put it, and there wasn't anything for me to stay in town for anyway—no girls, no shows, and even too far to drive anyplace except maybe some other little jerkwater. So I took him up on it.

It's terrible country. All the same color—sand and sagebrush and jack pine and then start all over again. There's the morning sun off Mt. Shasta that you could rave about, and the air is nippy and a real bright kind of yellow, but no scenery, if you know what I mean. Not like around Los anyway.

I guess I'm pretty hipped about California, maybe.

We started out in Freddie's car and I began prying around into his affairs to find out what he wanted up here in this town of Raymond. It's only a town of four hundred population or so. I found out that it was near the scene of the Modoc wars, whatever they were; also, that there were ice caves and extensive lava beds around close. But I had a hunch Freddie wasn't driving me away up here to look for any arrowheads. And when he finally broke down and admitted that he had stayed there for six months one time when the bank went broke I had a notion the subject was warming up. So I just hugged my side of the Ford and waited. Freddie's one of these people you can't hurry. Presently out came the woman! And then the peacocks! Imagine that! I never even saw one except in a zoo in Los, once.

But Freddie wasn't in love with the woman. That's the thing I can't get. Driving two hundred miles through all that sand and dust to find out what happened to a woman you weren't in love with! Sometimes that boy is deep. But I guess he was disappointed, too, the way things turned out. At least he didn't say boo all the way back, and I heard him thrashing around his room all night and scratching matches on the wall. But while we were driving up I gradually got most of it out of him. He said it was like reading a story in a book. He wanted to see how it came out. A story about a woman and some



peacocks, and the way he told it I got them pretty mixed up.

He had been in the town, that time when he was living there, just long enough to get pretty bored with everything when this girl dropped onto the scene. Her name was—let's see—funny kind of a Swede name—oh, yes, Dagmar! But she wasn't any Swede except maybe way back. Good peppy American, to hear him tell it.

He was out walking up and down the main road one hot Sunday in August, lonesome as hell, when a big car drove up in a whirlpool of dust and stopped in front of the hotel. He showed me the place when we got to Raymond. Hotel! I had to laugh. One of those ramshackle old buildings with the porch right level with the street and half the boards rotten and the pillars leaning sideways and a chicken yard out in back so that you could hear the chickens clear out in the street.

The car stopped and Freddie, knowing that the old man who runs the place was out shooting Chinks, stepped up to be handy when he should be needed. Nice boy, Freddie.

The car unloaded a lot of luggage onto the porch and then the girl got out. Freddie said she stuck out of that dun-colored landscape like an orchid in an alley. She must have been pretty. I could almost see her. City clothes and high heels and smart luggage and a sack of golf clubs. That was a good joke, of course. And peachy skin with blue eyes and yellow curly hair bobbed like those pictures of Joan of Arc. When Freddie said she looked like Joan of Arc, I told him that all girls did if they were blonde and had that square cut hair, but he shook his head and said no, it wasn't the hair.

"There was something in her eyes—as if she had been born on earth to fulfil a mission and hadn't found it yet." That's the way he said it. Can you imagine looking at a pretty girl once and figuring all that out? Deep sometimes, that boy.

He stood and waited after her friends drove away, not liking to intrude on her, and she went into the hotel and looked around, and, of course, couldn't find the old man she had looked for, so she came back out. He thot she was going to cry, because it was a lonesome-looking prospect. Heat and dust, and not a soul in sight except him.

He introduced himself and found out she was the steno that the Reclamation bureau had just hired from San Francisco. Everybody in town had been looking for her for a week, and it was all settled she was to live at Peterson's. Freddy lived there, too, so he just picked up her stuff and took her over. The family was out, so he had to help her himself. She wanted a bath, she told him.

You know how those towns are. Maybe there'll be one tub in town, maybe not. He got her a corrugated iron tub off the back porch and put it in the kitchen and filled it with water out of the reservoir on the back of the stove and then explained to her very carefully that it was about the best she'd get. She was a good sport, he said. At least she didn't cry then.

They became pretty good friends. She was afraid to smoke in her own room for fear they would talk about her, so Freddie would leave his door open and she could smoke in there if she knew he was coming home pretty soon. And he borrowed a couple of cow-ponies and they rode a lot. That was how he came

to know her so well. And then, he was really responsible for what she did afterward.

From the very first, she took on awfully about the country, and she would talk by the hour to Freddie about how ugly it all was and how much it needed beautifying. She would pass one of the awful old unpainted houses and stop her horse and tell him about the difference it would make if it were painted white or grey and had shrubs planted all around it and the fences taken down and bathrooms put in and new kitchens and everything. The longer she lived there the worse she got, only she wasn't mean about it. Always talking about what a glorious adventure it would be to buy one of the places and straighten it all out right and then everyone would see what had been done one place and pretty soon the whole country would be doing it. I was beginning to understand what Freddie meant when he said she looked like Joan of Arc.

I could just see her as he went on and told how she kept getting more and more interested in her idea of taking the whole dreary country and making it beautiful. I've known people like that! They get so wrapped up in a notion that they can't see a drawback anywhere. Sometimes the idea drives 'em crazy. Their minds seem to lose track of every other idea in their pursuit of their obsession. But this girl's seems to beat all the single-track ideas I ever heard of! Imagine trying to make anything out of a country like this—sage and sand and warped trees and warped lives! Why, if you had a lifetime to work in and a million to work with, you couldn't make over an acre of this land so that the desert wouldn't reach out and destroy

your work while your back was turned. Crazy, that's what the girl was.

By this time Freddie and I had reached Raymond and he said our place lay about ten miles out. So it was just a few minutes when he pointed down a side road that was all bordered with tall cottonwoods. The sun shone down on the little pieces of fuzz that stick all over them, so they looked like chips of mica. It was a pretty afternoon, too, if you like that kind of flat country. The sky so high and blue, and the air fizzy. The fences were all banked with dried tumbleweeds blown up by the wind, but mixed in with the scarlet haws on the rosebushes. We poked along, enjoying the air and maybe thinking about this girl.

Pretty soon we saw a big house and Freddie waved his cigarette toward it.

"That's the place! She lives there now."

Just then we stopped at a kind of side gate, and he swung out of the car and told me to wait until he found out if they were at home. I was where I could see the whole place, and it was quite interesting. The man that built it must have had a lot of money once. But it was pretty well run down, now.

It was a great high house with about three stories, tall and narrow instead of the spraddling way they build houses now. It had funny little towers all over the roof, and stained glass in lots of the windows. It might have been painted once, but colors don't seem to take much in this country. I had noticed as I drove along that the houses were all like that—peeled off or weathered. The wind and sand and the hot sun corrode the paint, I suppose.

I had to wait quite a while so I got out of the car and walked around front.

I could see why Freddie chose the back door. I doubt whether the front one had been opened for ten years or more. But there was still the remnant of a yard in front of it. Someone had started one, and there was still a little grass here and there, and circles of flat stones marking out old flower-beds. I had to laugh, though. The sand and wind had just marched in on top of them, and there were tumbleweeds right up to the door. Both sides of the porch were flanked with rows of those thin poplars you see all around. Now the leaves were nearly gone. You know, I almost began to see spooks, and I was shivering when I ran back to the car. I could hear Freddie's voice somewhere inside the house through the open back door.

Out in back was a series of corrals and barns, all empty, but the kind they have on big cattle ranches, or like you see in the movies with cow-boys and cattle and horses milling all around. These were so desolate, though. I listened, but I couldn't hear the sound of anything, not even a stray cow. Nothing except the low murmur of Freddie's voice.

"She's down on the lakeshore for the season," he said when he finally came out. "We'll drive on down there. You'll enjoy it."

I guess he was trying to be funny, though, because it got worse the farther we went, hot dust, dirt, and presently not even a road to drive on. About every quarter of a mile there would be a big tunnel that looked as if a mole out of Paul Bunyan had been burrowing. Freddie explained that it was all a part of the irrigation project. The government was trying to reclaim a lot of useless land around the old Tule lake bed. There was no water in them yet. I got pretty tired of the way he kept driving

back and forth trying to get across these tunnels so he began talking again to keep me quiet. So I gradually got the rest of the story about Dagmar, pining away uselessly because she couldn't paint all the houses white and plant climbing roses around the doorsteps. One day she and Freddie took their horses and Freddie decided to bring her out and show her this old Raymond place, the one we had just left. It seems that in the old days, when Raymond first came to that country he had been pretty well off, and when he married he built this big house and stocked the barns with good cattle and horses and went in for cow-punching on quite a scale. His wife was from outside. I could just see her digging in that alkali soil trying to get a garden started. I guess the natives maybe know better.

They had three sons. One of them is at Yale now, learning to be a doctor, so he was away at school while Freddie was there. But the other two were older, and Freddie knew them both. He had just thought he might take Dagmar out and introduce her to these men, as she was always so interested in the history of the country. Freddie kept telling me about that—he couldn't decide whether she hated it because it was ugly or liked it because it needed beauty so much.

He raved about the way she looked that day. Riding breeches, but a red sweater and those shiny polished boots to her knees, and her yellow hair all loose and shiny. I wonder if maybe Freddie wasn't a little hipped, after all. Well, I'll never know. That's one thing in the boy's favor.

Well, he took her out to this ranch, explained their visit to the two younger Raymonds, and asked to have Dagmar



showed around. The older one was a morose kind of person, interested in queer old books and chess problems, but not much of anything else. But the younger one, Baxter, was pretty regular, only maybe a little free with the bottle and not too fastidious. They had both been to the war, and were fairly well educated. Better than the men around near, anyway.

Baxter took Freddie and Dagmar all around and showed them everything. According to Freddie's account, it was all about the way I had it sized up while I was waiting for him. A big place badly in need of rebuilding and more capital. But there was one thing they saw that seemed to be pretty important. Anyway it keeps cropping out all the rest of the way through Dagmar's story.

When Baxter and Freddie and the girl came back from their survey of the barns and were standing in the yard, the wind blew one of the doors of an out-house wide open, and about ten peacocks strutted out into the bright afternoon sun. You can imagine how they'd look, trailing their gaudy tailfeathers across the dust and dirt, lifting their ugly feet up and down to keep them clean.

The girl just lost her head completely and went and stood among them and just stared and stared at them. Baxter turned to Freddie and explained about them as if they were a pretty silly business. It seems they were a kind of superstition with the old man. The climate wasn't too good for them, and they were always meeting with accidents among the other animals, but he bought others just as fast as they died off. The place was heavily mortgaged—he hadn't been very successful with his cow-punching—but he was sure he could hang onto the farm as long as he kept the peacocks.

Baxter talked about it freely enough. Freddie being in the bank probably knew so much about it that there wouldn't be much use keeping quiet anyway. But you could see the place didn't mean anything to either of the sons.

Freddie had a terrible time getting Dagmar away from the peacocks, and when he was taking her back to their horses, she stared at them over her shoulder, and when she spoke, it was as if she were in a trance.

It was plain enough what was going on in her mind. With her growing desire to bring beauty into what she considered desolation, she had run onto a thing which fitted exactly her idea. Those peacocks were beauty to her. She wasn't seeing straight, of course, the way Freddie was. He told me that he thought both she and the peacocks were exotics. He stretched his hand out to include the whole desert.

"There's beauty here already," he said, "but you have to look for it.

Maybe he's right, but I guess it would be a matter of taste. I think it's terrible.

We kept going, crossing more mole tunnels, zigzagging back and forth looking for the place where Dagmar was supposed to be. I couldn't even see anything that looked as if human beings had ever lived within a hundred miles.

"Well," I asked Freddie, "what did she do? There must be some more to the yarn."

He didn't know so much. But she and Baxter were married within a few months. Everybody was perfectly clear as to why he married her—she could have had anyone she wanted. But nobody could explain her side of it. And lots of people were plainly censorious. Even Freddie admitted he was puzzled.



And then he kept on talking, but I guess he was just thinking out loud, piecing together ideas. She seemed to be in love with Baxter, but when you talked to her about it, you heard just as much about peacocks and beauty as you did about love. He didn't try to keep her from marrying Baxter. As he said, for all he knew they might be quite happy. Of course, she was far too good for him.

They had been married only a short while when Freddie got his orders, but he went out to see them before he left. Funny thing. Any women I have ever known raved about their husbands, but you know, she was all full of ambition for the place. She dragged Freddie around from one room to the other. Prints here instead of ragged old calendars. Silver there instead of tin. China to eat on. Entertain friends from town here. Shrubbery and flowers all around. And a special yard for the peacocks. I asked Freddie where she meant to get all the money, but Freddie just nodded at me absently and said he didn't believe that had occurred to her.

"Well," I remarked to him, as we hit a hidden sagebrush root and bounced back into the rough track which marked our way, "she doesn't seem to have made a lot of progress with the place." I was remembering the chill I had under the shade of the poplars in that desolate expanse of yard.

We passed what Freddie said was the last tunnel, and a kind of house appeared a short distance away. It seemed to be an old box-car with windows cut into the sides. It stood close to the edge of what had been the great Tule lake. It's nearly dry, now, of course, except for a few miles. But you can still see where it was by the line of dry old tules

and the peculiar character of the soil which was once lake-bottom.

"Does she live here, now?" I asked him. But he only glanced at me with his mouth shut in that particularly close way of his, and drove on up to the door and stopped abruptly.

There were pails of potato peelings and dirty water sitting beside the shack, but we climbed around them and knocked, and then, when a voice yelled at us to come in, entered.

I guess it was the girl, Dagmar, all right. Freddie called her that, anyway. But I think he must have dreamed the looks. She looked thirty-five, anyway, but of course she couldn't have been more than twenty-three or four. There were two of the dirtiest kids I have ever seen hanging onto her knees. And she wore a pair of greasy blue overalls and an old shirt. Her hair was cut off shorter than mine, and hung down into her eyes. Maybe it was blonde once. Now she was all about the same color as the rest of the country. I went and looked out the window toward the lake and the distant hills while they talked. I didn't see her husband. I couldn't help hearing the rest of the story.

First, having the kids without any good care, and so much work to do on the ranch, and no money at all. The interest on the mortgage piling higher and higher. Her husband drinking more and more, getting lazier and lazier, more and more discouraged. She had taken a job in the local school, but it had taken most of her salary to feed the children, and the ranch had finally gone, and the little money left was only enough to take out some of the government land on the lake-bed where they were trying to raise wheat. She didn't look happy over the prospect, though,

and I didn't see anything that looked like wheat as far as I could see out the smeary window.

Once I thought she was going to apologize to Freddie for not being all she had wanted to be. That was when I turned around and asked her if she still kept peacocks. She looked at me a little questioningly and said,

"Peacocks?"

And then she shook off the two children who still hung to her knees, and led us outside and around a corner to a small pen where a few chickens were cooped.

"There is still a peacock somewhere," she said. She poked into the coop with a short stick, and stirred out a bedraggled fowl. I could recognize it. It was an old pea-hen. That was the time I thought perhaps she would remember that she was going to make the rest of the country live up to the peacocks. But I guess she didn't remember. She just dropped the stick and remarked that the rest of the birds had died.

"Something about this country doesn't seem to agree with them," she said, and led us back to the shack. Freddie and I stayed a little while and then we left.

## DUEL

BY IRENE H. WILSON

Dry rasp of challenge under the twisted sagebrush.  
A crooked stick jabbing acceptance down a gopher hole.  
Flow of splotched, tawny coils out of the yellow earth;  
Darting of a forked, black tongue;  
Swelling of bulbs of venom behind voodoo eyes;  
Stillness of whirring tail, of vigilant head.  
Flattened, poised, diabolic.  
Silence. The tingle of waiting.  
To the death!  
A questioning snort from the cowpony second;  
The count jerked out by a yapping prairie dog.  
A jackknife, only physician, clinking against shale.  
The strike! A blur, a streak of mottled lightning;  
Slither of scales down the slope; wide-gaping jaws  
and oozing fangs.  
A backward leap; thud after thud of the stick on  
resilient muscles.  
Coil — strike — coil — strike!  
Grace, beauty, power, perfection of hatred.  
Lashing, writhing, quivering, blind, headless;  
Even in life's last agony the battered body  
Contorts to thrust at the foe.  
Indomitable rattlesnake!

## THE CORN KNIFE

BY GRACE STONE COATES

WHEN people talked about "the hail", they meant the one with the big hailstones that came just at thrashing time. Father and Mr. Slump were the only persons who didn't cry when they talked about being hailed out. Mr. Slump hadn't planted any grain. He said, "I didn't aim to raise any craps this year, 'cause I figgered a man can't lose what he ain't got." I hadn't supposed until then that Mr. Slump planned ahead what would be best to do.

At first mother was happier after the storm than she had been before. She had known that something was going to happen; and it was a relief to have it over, and everything ended. Other summers she and Teressa had looked at the sky hoping it would rain; but this summer they watched it, hoping it wouldn't. It had rained just after father finished plowing in the fall. He took his plow out of the shed, after he had put it away, and made a furrow in the yard the day it stopped raining. "It turns like velvet," he said when he came in. I thought this should please him, but he didn't seem pleased; so I asked. He explained that the rain had come too late; the plowing was all finished, and the ground had been like flint. At the end of every second furrow he had stopped to cold-hammer his plow shares. The plowing was not deep, as it would have been in soft ground, and had been harder work. The next season it rained at the right times, and stopped at the right times, until the day of the hail.

Father rode over the farm to see how much the storm had damaged the grain.

When he came back he paid off the hired men and let them go, and sent word to the thrashing crew not to come. He began taking down machinery and storing it in the extra granary he had built.

As soon as everything was put away, he went to town alone. Often, when father went to Wichita, he would not come home until late, and mother would let Teressa and me sit up with her to wait for him. We would go out to the road, in the dark, to listen, and the others would laugh because I put my ear on the grass to see if I could hear the horses' hoofs. We would look up at the stars, and feel the warm air on our throats, and hear crickets sing while we waited. Chickets were always some other place than where we were. I had never seen one. Mother would take our hands, again, and go toward the house. Sometimes we sat outside on the step at the kitchen porch, watching the Milky Way or the northern lights under the Big Dipper. If we went inside, mother would rock me on her lap while she sang to us, or told us poems. Carl and the hired men would be in bed, and when father came home he would call them sleepy-headed louts for not staying up to take care of his team. Mother said growing boys needed sleep.

This time father came home before dark. We went to meet him, and he threw the lines to Carl almost before the horses stopped, jumping down from the buggy as if he were happy, with a little humming song under his breath as we followed him to the kitchen. Mother looked at him, waiting for him to talk. He didn't speak. He was teasing her.

She stood farther from him, and asked, "Did you go to the bank?"

He nodded. Mother waited again. "Would they . . .?"

"They will do nothing," father answered. Still his eyes shone.

"Did you see the Smythes?"

Father's eyes stopped laughing. "Yes, and they were inclined to be nasty. They said they had gone as far as they could, and altogether too far, already. I told them what I was willing to do, and gave them their chance. They wouldn't take it, so now let them—" Father shrugged.

"Their chance!" mother's voice was low; "What about us? What do they intend to do?"

"Foreclose."

"What will be left?"

"I told them to take everything—a clean sweep; I would quibble over no trifles."

Father's eyes were dancing now. He handed mother a letter from the coat over his arm. Her eyes were more tired as she read than when she was watching for him to come. She sat down, and laying her head on the table began to cry. Father was uncomfortable.

"Keep a stiff upper lip," he said, "we will soon be out of the woods. Such news should bring no tears." He patted her shoulder.

Teressa shoved against me, and told me to come and help her carry in a box of cobs. Sometimes she carried the boxful in alone, and let me sit on it besides. But sometimes she made me help her, and scolded me for bumping her legs because I couldn't hold my end of the box as high as hers. She would not talk to me while we were getting cobs; but that night, after we were in bed, she told me father had a patent on the *flywheel*,

and hoped the Plano company would use it. Father had put a flywheel on his binder once, when wet places in the wheat field made it mire down. The flywheel bound out the bundles, even tho the horses stopped pulling. The hired men laughed at the flywheel, but father used it anyway. Now he was going to Kansas City, Teressa said, to see if the Plano company wanted the invention; and after a while we would go there to live. She did not tell me why mother felt bad.

That was the only time I had seen mother cry since the hail, except when she was sorry for some one else. Women came to borrow things, who had never come to see us before. Mrs. Jenkins came. I had supposed mother didn't like her. She was the woman who put boiled eggs left from breakfast in with the eggs she sold, to make the dozens come out even. She wore a purplish wrapper with a grey streak across the shoulders where it had faded. It was patched with cloth like her handkerchief—"a piece of Jenkins' shirt," she said. She wore a pair of Mr. Jenkins' old shoes, too, and lifted her dress, as she talked, to show she had no stockings.

"I ain't got drawers on," she said. "The children ain't had shoes these two years, nor I a bar of soap to wash dishes with, I don't know when."

I remembered that. Teressa had said the Jenkins' girls came to school with their feet wrapped in strips of horse blanket, on cold days.

Mother gave Mrs. Jenkins some home-made soap colored with streaks of bluing. Father had laughed at mother because she put bluing in the soap, but she said the hired men would think it was better, colored. We would not need the



soap, now, since the thrashing crew wasn't coming, and we were going away. We said *cake* of soap, and Mrs. Jenkins said *bar*. I thought she meant *barrel* until I asked mother.

Mr. Jenkins stopped at the house on his way from town, the day after the hail, and cried too. Mother was displeased at father for laughing after Mr. Jenkins had gone. Father said Jenkins went into town driving fast, but came out driving slow, because the bank had already learned that he had been hailed out. Mother's eyes grew dark, and she called father arrogant.

Mother set lunch on the table for Mr. Jenkins, and while he ate he told her how the bank had refused him money. He wiped his face with a red handkerchief while he talked. He had helped us thrash in other summers, and always carried a red handkerchief, and always wiped his nose the same way. It slanted in that direction, and I wondered if wiping it were the reason; but just as I was asking, mother told me to bring Mr. Jenkins a glass of water, and then go outdoors without speaking, so I wouldn't interrupt their conversation.

Something else happened that all the neighbor women cried over, that wasn't the hail yet seemed part of it, as being without my mocking birds did. (Teresa had bathed my birds the day it hailed, and left them on the porch to dry. When the storm was over one of them was dead, and mother had me let the other go. Not having them made the hailstorm seem partly mine, too, instead of only other peoples'.)

Father was away, and would not be back until the next morning. We had finished supper, and because we were alone were sitting in the half-light without lamps. Mrs. Lester came to the

kitchen door. She did not rap, but stood twisting her hands, saying over and over, "The corn knife's gone."

She wore no hat, and her face was all one color except where her eyes made dark hollows. Her hair was pulled back tight from her face, and made it look thin. Mother tried to draw her into the room and give her a seat, but she pulled toward the door, making choking noises and saying, "The corn knife's gone, and I know he's done it. He said he would, and now he has."

Listening to Mrs. Lester made my hands cold. My heart beat hard, tho I didn't understand why she was so inconvenienced by losing the corn knife. I waited for mother to offer her ours without making her ask for it, and could feel myself running to the barn and lifting it off the nail.

Mother did not mention the corn knife, but asked about Mr. Lester. He had left the house before supper and not come back.

"He said he wanted to milk before he eat," Mrs. Lester told mother, "and a little later I seen him by the cow barn grinding the corn knife. I think to myself why anybody needed a corn knife with the crop all hailed into the ground. I came near calling him then."

She had waited until nearly dark, and gone to look. The cows had not been milked, and she couldn't find the corn knife any place. Mr. Lester didn't answer when she called. He was in the corn, she thought—"Hidden, or worse," she said. "Hidden, maybe, for he got to saying, after the hail, if he done it to hisself he would do it to me, too."

Mother told Carl to saddle a horse and go to Mr. Slump's for help, while she walked home with Mrs. Lester. It was three miles to the Lester place, and I

wondered how mother could walk so far. I wanted to go with her. It frightened me to stay in the house with only Teressa; but mother said we must stay where we were, and go to bed as soon as Teressa had washed the supper dishes.

Teressa slept with me. After we were in bed she told me Mr. Lester had gone crazy, and cut his throat. It gaped wide open, but he wasn't dead. He could still walk. He could run. He was running toward us, and would reach our house just as mother and Mrs. Lester reached theirs. He would be closest when they were farthest away. She sat up in bed to listen, and the moon shone on her face as she turned toward me, opening her eyes and talking in whispers.

I wanted to close the window and door; but she said, no, if he came to the door we could get out thru the window, and if he came to the window we could get out thru the door. They must both stay open. When I asked which place she thought he would come she said, "The window—because he's crazy."

After she lay down I thought I heard her laughing, but she said it was only my imagination.

She caught my arm. "There! He just raised his head above the sill. I can see his throat."

I looked, but he had dodged back. I looked a great many times when Teressa saw him, but he had always drawn his head below the sill. When he was out of sight I watched the door.

Teressa said, "Go to sleep, baby. I'll take care of you, little idiot," and put her arms around me. "You knew I was only pretending to see things, didn't you? The reason I want the window open is so it won't be hot in here and make my head ache."

Mother stayed away all night. In the morning Mrs. Slump stopped to tell us mother wanted father to come for her as soon as he came from town. They had found Mr. Lester. He was in the corn field, with the corn knife beside him. He had cut his throat, "*Cut it terrible*," Mrs. Slump said, "so bad that when they try to make him drink his swaller leaks."

Before she drove away I asked her something I had wondered about. "Ain't younguns the beatenest!" she said. She threw her head back and laughed. "She wants to know if anybody remembered to take Mrs. Lester the corn knife!"

Mrs. Slump was fat, and spread beyond the end of the high wagon seat as she leaned over, looking down at me: "Yes, they took her the corn knife, and she put it in her b'u'r drawer without wipin' off, in case Lester don't get well. If he does, she'll have it to show him."

Mother was more indignant at father for laughing at the Lesters than for laughing at Mr. Jenkins. She said the accident of success had made him insufferable. Mrs. Lester was worried for fear, if Mr. Lester got well, he would be put in jail for attempting to commit suicide. Father said he was not derisive of the Lesters' adversity, tho severing one's jugular vein was not a sound application of intelligence to an economic problem, nor a corn knife an esthetic approach to Pluto's realm; but he was laughing at the absurdity of a law that punished failure in an undertaking whose success precluded punishment.

I dreamed about Mr. Lester every night, seeing him come toward me between corn-rows, his head thrown back, a wedge-shaped dark place in his throat.

## POEMS

## "GOD MADE DE WORL'"

*Levee Sermon*

BY QUEENE B. LISTER

God made de worl'  
 An' den he sayed,  
 —As he hel' he lante'n  
 Ovah he haid,

"Dis worl's too dak  
 Fo' a worl' t' be—"  
 An' he studied, "Le's . . . see—"  
 An' he pon'ered, "Le's . . . see—"

Own de thi'd evenin'  
 Wile he figger'd like dat,  
 He mopped he face  
 An' he fann'd wid he hat

Caze he'd jes finnish'  
 Rakin' an' seedin'  
 All ob de earf  
 An' de ga'den ob Eden . . .

He'd sowed all de 'erbs  
 An' de trees ob fruit;  
 He'd tamped een de grain  
 An' de flowe's t' boot—

'Sides a great sight mo'  
 Dat de Bible ain' tellin'  
 —Lak de cotton plant  
 An' de watah melon.

But wile he look  
 At de fiel' an' de wood  
 He need'd he specs  
 Fo' ter see real good.

He think he worl'  
 Look'd fine all right,  
 —Ony he low'd  
 Hit need'd mo' light.

So's he lay'd down  
By de sky's beeg do'  
An' mek heem a plan  
Befo' he sta'td t'sno.

He plan'd dat he wo'k  
All nex day—  
At meekin' de moon  
An' de sun. He say,

“A beeg gol' sun  
Will mek days . . . beamy,  
An' a beeg white moon  
Will mek night . . . dreamy.”

God knowed right off  
Dat he plan wuz wise.  
So he roll'd ovah  
An' close he eyes.

An' d'reckly wen  
He lante'n bun'd low  
He dreamed a plan  
Fo' de stahrs t' show!

Sence dat fo'th day  
God's plan e-lumines  
Dis worl' fo' heem  
An' us all, humans . . .

## JEFF

BY QUEENE B. LISTER

Ah heerd huh voice, Ah heerd huh voice—  
Ah heerd it een de holler . . .  
. . . Heerd huh voice, a singin-like,  
An' hit mek me want t' foller . . .

De rain crow heerd it, heerd it too,  
De rain crow sayed an' sayed—:  
“Ah heerd huh voice een de cabin moss,  
She aint—she caint be daid . . .”

Ah heerd huh voice . . . she sing again—  
An seen huh warm brown feet—  
. . . Heerd huh voice een de shadded night,  
An huh words wuh sweet . . . h'm . . . sweet . . .



Ah hadn't played mah fiddle since  
 She hel' mah hand an' lef'—  
 But Ah heerd huh voice an' de way she laff'  
 Whain she call me "Honey-Jeff . . ."

Mah fiddle hang so still, it seem  
 Lak hit mos' heahr huh too—  
 Ah take hit down . . . hit sta'ht to move  
 . . . Befo' Ah tell hit to . . .

Ah heerd huh voice, a singin-like,  
 Hit mek me want t' foller,  
 De fiddle mek a lit'l chant  
 So . . . Ah cain't . . . swaller . . .

De rain crow heerd it, heerd it too,  
 De rain crow sayed an' sayed—:  
 "Ah heahr huh voice een de cabin moss,  
 She aint, she cain't be daid . . ."

## PIMA-PUEBLO TALE

BY LILIAN WHITE SPENCER

In old old days, a pool grew great and swirled  
 With flood that sought to overflow the world  
 Unless some awful sacrifice were made.  
 Those on its shore, afraid,  
 Did for the spring  
 This dire thing:

Two orphan babies were sent into the water—  
 A motherless son, a dead father's daughter.  
 Robed in white plumes and beads and softest skins,  
 Laden with tribal sins  
 The two went down,  
 Gaily, to drown—

Lured by sweet tales of wonders they would know  
 With the kind god awaiting them below.  
 From that calm deep, in good times, ever after  
 Rises their mingled laughter:  
 In years of blight  
 They cry at night.

## THE BALLAD OF PETER

BY VERNE BRIGHT

Peter was a good lad, everybody said so;  
He lived with his mother, the lorn widow Bledsoe.  
She said he was a good lad and everyone believed her—  
Peter loved her very much and never had deceived her  
(And the wind blows chill from the sea!)

Peter was a likely son, the people all averred;  
He loved to till and sow and reap; and everyone concurred  
That his horses were the spankin'est, his cattle were the sleekest—  
Before the God of Abraham his praying was the meekest  
(And the wind blows chill from the sea!)

Peter was a sober lad . . . The girls: Lands alive!  
*They* wouldn't marry Peter! Why, he was *thirty-five!*  
But Peter had a sweetheart, though no one knew about it—  
A golden-hearted laughing girl, if anyone should doubt it  
(And the wind blows chill from the sea!)

Peter was a quiet one, so Winton people tell;  
But his heart burned in his breast like a flame of hell.  
Day and night, night and day, sun and mist and star,  
He dreamed of a golden girl in the land of Bish-na-par  
(And the wind blows chill from the sea!)

Peter was a good lad, everybody said so;  
He loved his mother very much, the lorn widow Bledsoe.  
And why he up and went away to sail upon the ocean  
The neighbors couldn't fathom. They opined: A silly notion!  
But Peter's following a star to the land of Bish-na-par  
(And the wind blows chill from the sea!)

## SHIP-WORLD

BY NAOMI L. WILEY

From out those dismal kennels far below  
The well-scrubbed decks and dwellings white as snow  
Where leisured wealth in formal grandeur sits,  
A Nippon sailor's wailing minor pits  
Its piping treble 'gainst the awe of sea  
And wealth alike,—indifference, the key.

## COLOR OF BEAUTY

BY PHYLLIS B. MORDEN

Gray is beauty's misty dress;  
 Gray enwraps all loveliness—  
 Glow of pewter; valley fogs;  
 Lichens creeping over logs;  
 Pearls' luster; a wedding gown  
 Of long ago; a seaside town;  
 Color of haze on frosty air;  
 Silver rings; old people's hair;  
 Snowfall on a winter night;  
 Our low room at candle-light;  
 Velvet of a pigeon's wing—  
 Every quiet, lovely thing;  
 Water on a rainy day—  
 And your eyes, my dear, are gray.

## GARDENER

BY HELEN MARING

First he begged money,  
 Hungry for some bread;  
 Said he could garden  
 After he was fed.  
 She found him a shovel,  
 Pruning shears, a hoe . . .  
 "Lady, I am proud," he said,  
 "I can make things grow.  
 I was a gardener  
 Thirty years ago."

Where he had marked a line  
 He spaded every foot  
 Digging up her flowers,  
 Leaf and stem and root.

"Lady, I'm a gardener.  
 I do things thus and so—"  
 He planted every shoot  
 In a knife-straight row.

She saw his living spark  
 Of pleasure and of pride.  
 (Would it really matter  
 If the poor things died?)

Some of them withered  
Dying in a day ;  
And others were stunted  
In a pitiful way.

She looked at her garden  
With sadness and sighs . . .  
To let another cultivate  
Had been unwise—  
She looked at her garden  
With sorrow in her eyes.

## SOMEWHERE OFF THE HIGHWAY

BY GRACE D. BALDWIN

Somewhere off the highway,  
On trails but little known,  
With the heart of a child I wander  
To make the wild my own.

Somewhere deep in the forest,  
Among the miles of trees,  
I lie at noon in wonder  
At aspens in the breeze.

Here where chance has stopped me,  
I drink at an unnamed spring,  
And find life cool and ferny,  
Nor care what night may bring.

Drunk on its free-flung beauty,  
Its leafy heart unknown,  
Here I play with the mosses,  
Rich as the moments flown,

And find in the woods contentment,  
Shimmer of restless ease,  
Till again they spur me onward  
As they sway the aspen trees.

For off, just off, the highway,  
It matters little where,  
Life can be yet immortal,  
And merely living fair.



## LITTLE HOUSES

BY JOHN L. CASTEEL

Content, she lays her sewing by and rocks,  
 And watches evening deepen from the porch;  
 The red geraniums stiffen in their crocks,  
 Dark-leaved and dewy by the firefly's torch.

Dim blue and smooth the lawn lies round the stoop.  
 Running to meet the road behind the hedge;  
 The golden-bedded coreopsis droop,  
 And one thrush whistles from his hermitage.

Behind her chair a thread of yellow light  
 Falls through the kitchen window to the floor:  
 The little house is ordered for the night,  
 And darkness hangs its shadows at the door.

There is a timeless peace in all of this,—  
 Blue night, and thrush, and quiet on the grass,  
 In silent shadow, and the tidied bliss  
 Within the house on cupboard, bed, and glass.

Hers is the early hope of all the young  
 With cleanly little house and planted lawn,  
 Who sit and dream, when one late bird has sung,  
 And hold their dreaming true,—till dreams are gone:

Hereafter, she will fold her hands and rock,  
 And on her face the cool of night and tears  
 Will burn alike, to feel this quiet mock  
 The bitter length of all her dreamless years.

*Lambs have the grace to suckle kneeling.*

—Old Chinese Proverb.

BY SALLY ELLIOTT ALLEN

Lambs kneel to suck,—  
 I strain and snatch,  
 My food is bitter-thin.

Patiently woven,  
 Home-spun lasts,—  
 My cheap silks slip and fray.

Slow fruit grows sweet,—  
 My mouth is wry  
 At what I pressed within.

The faithful foot  
 Wears a sure path,—  
 I—I have lost my way!

## THE HORSE THAT SAW A GHOST

BY ELIZABETH NEEDHAM

OF COURSE. I don't believe for a minute that Partner or I saw any ghosts. Sanderson does, but he was always a credulous sort of chap and awfully keen on the supernatural, as such fellows usually are. Brett lays the whole thing to an hallucination on my part. (I believe he leaves the horse out of it.) Somehow, I've never had any explanation to offer, myself. And what Bill and the two Navajos really thought of the affair I don't suppose we'll ever know.

It all happened during a hunting trip we were on in New Mexico. Don't know if you've ever been there. Well, I'm no authority on ghosts, but I imagine if you're going to see them anywhere, you could do it there. We left Gallup with a pack outfit and headed for the north-west part of the state. We were after bear, and they told us they were plentiful in the Yabachai mountains up on the Navajo reservation.

There's some mighty strange country in those mountains. At first it seems just like anywhere else in the timber—pines, you know, a sort of open forest with little grassy clearings; deer, some turkey, and just as they'd said, plenty of bear. But there's something about the canyons. You can go up one half-a-dozen times, come back a day or so later, and to save your life you can't find your way in again. Bill spoke about it the first day we made camp in the Yabachais.

"Don't you go off alone, any of you," he said. "Stay in sight of someone all the time. These mountains are sure the easiest place on God's earth to get lost

in. And there ain't no bear nor anything else that's worth it."

We were sitting a round the fire when he spoke, and he stopped to watch the night mist roll up from the red and blue desert below us. Though it didn't actually rain very much, it used to cloud up in the late afternoon, there in the mountains, and every evening this mist crept up to meet the clouds, cold and clammy and thick. Seemed queer, nine thousand feet above the sea and no water except springs within a thousand miles. For about an hour you couldn't see across the camp. Then would have been the time to see ghosts, but, so far as I could tell, the fog never troubled the nerves of the horses or Indians, though it got us white men to feeling jumpy, and it was not only in the mist but in broad daylight, too, that Partner and I—. But I'm getting ahead of my story.

After Bill had given his warning no one spoke for a few minutes. He was a taciturn fellow and I was surprised when he presently went on.

"It's four or five years ago," he said, "and I'm up in these here mountains looking for cattle that have strayed over from the N Bar J range. It's to the south of here, mesa country. I've been out maybe a week when one afternoon I come to a little open place, a sort of medder like what we're camped in now. And jest out from the pines is a long row of bowls, big pottery bowls. They look like they've jest been set out to dry, the way the Indians do with their pottery. But I reckon there ain't nobody can tell who put them there. I cain't stop that day, but I come back

the next and the day after that and I hunt every day for a week straight, but I ain't never found the place again."

He stopped with an air of finality.

"Well," said Brett, "*Didn't* Indians put them there?"

"Even an Indian cain't live twenty miles from water," said Bill shortly, "And Navajos don't make pottery."

"Prehistoric stuff," cried Sanderson eagerly. "You said they were in perfect condition. What a find!"

"Prehistoric," repeated Bill. "Five hundred, a thousand years, mebbe more. And all that time them bowls have set out there in the open in the wind and rain, and for a hundred years horses and cattle have ranged over that country, but there's never a bowl been chipped or broken or moved from its place."

No one seemed to have anything to add. I know I didn't.

It was about a week later when I got into this ghost business. Not that I think they were ghosts, of course. I think. . . . I think. . . .

Well anyhow, Bill and I went out that day looking for bear. Brett had hurt his knee the day before, and didn't feel like riding. Sanderson wasn't quite up to the mark either, for some reason, so they and the two Indians stayed in camp. Bill explained that Navajos considered the bear a sacred animal, and wouldn't have anything to do with hunting him. They'd look after our horses and do the camp work while we were so engaged, but even that, Bill thought, took a good deal of praying to square themselves with the gods.

"John Jim, now," he said. "He's been to school at Fort Defiance and Albuquerque. I suppose them psalm-singing teachers think they've made a good

Christian out of him. He ain't no more of a Christian than Hostin Nez, who don't know a word of English, or any other old shaman of the tribe."

Bill's plan was that we take horses and ride to two or three canyons where he thought we were pretty sure to find bear. We had explored two without any luck whatever, leaving the horse and scrambling, sometimes on hands and knees, over rocks and through brush in the broiling sun. Finally, the early part of the afternoon, we rode out on top of a plateau, or mesa I suppose it was. Anyway, high and flat, and covered with a sparse, open pine forest. By that time, I didn't much care whether I ever saw a bear or not. Bill suggested that I stay with the horses while he looked around the canyon he had in mind, just off the mesa edge. If he found fresh sign he would come back for me. That suited me all right. It was nice up there. I liked the smell of the pines, and there was shade and a little breeze. I was pretty tired. Thirsty, too. After Bill had gone, I stretched out under one of the trees and took a swallow or two from my canteen. There wasn't much water left, and what there was tasted warm and brackish. It didn't quench my thirst worth a cent.

I dropped off to sleep, after a while. I remember I dreamed about water. First, I thought I was in a Mexican restaurant at home, and the waiter kept bringing me chili con carne and enchiladas and peppery things like that, instead of water. Then I was back at camp, drinking from the little spring in the rocks. Clear and cold as ice! But it didn't satisfy me any more than air.

I woke up, then. The shadows were much longer. I glanced at my watch and saw that Bill had been gone over

two hours. I was stiff and aching, and my mouth was dry. Pretty soon the clouds began to pile up; it looked like rain. I was cold then, too; but I wasn't any less thirsty. I wished Bill would hurry.

He didn't, though, and finally, like a fool, I decided to go back to camp without him. I knew we had been making a big circle all day, and could not be very far away. Also, I got the notion that I'd been up on this mesa before. It seemed suddenly familiar to me, and I was sure I remembered the way back.

So I mounted, and we started off. The horse was eager to go, and that convinced me I was doing right. I thought Bill would guess what had happened when he came back for me and would follow me into camp. We came to an open grassy meadow, as I remembered the way, and not far from that, a little way to the right, was the head of a canyon, with a trail that led down to camp.

I'd ridden quite a while when it occurred to me that we were still in the pines, and no parks or canyons had appeared. It occurred to me also that one pine tree looks very much like another, and one pine-covered mesa still more like another pine-covered mesa. I also realized for the first time that Bill might have got into trouble in his bear hunt, might be hurt, and that that might be the reason for his delay. I wanted to go back, then, of course, but I didn't think I could find the way.

I knew I was lost, now. But I still believed I was going in the right direction, so I rode on. There didn't seem to be anything else to do. I hoped the horse would find his way to camp. On and on we went through those endless pines. The horse was beginning to stumble a little from weariness, and the

evening mist crept up. At first it was like white floating streamers among the trees. If you turned your head to look, they vanished. Then suddenly, it was all around us, cold and clammy. I wished I could drink it.

We'd plodded along in it for perhaps an hour, when old Partner stopped dead, snorted, whirled, and tried to bolt. I was pretty busy keeping my seat, but I had a glimpse of what scared him. It was a child, a little Indian girl, who had risen up right under his nose. She was off into the mist in a twinkling, of course.

I stopped the horse, and tried to think what to do next. Her being there meant that there was food, water, and a fire somewhere near, but I wasn't sure I wanted them under the circumstances. The Navajos in this district were supposed to be friendly, although they had murdered the trader at Tsetlani some three years before. I was afraid the appearance of a solitary white man with a good horse, saddle, and gun might be too much of a temptation for any Indians, friendly or otherwise. However, I couldn't see anything for it but to go on. It was true that I might stumble on their hogans in the mist, but I might do the same thing in broad daylight. Also, if they meant harm, and I stayed where I was, they could easily find me in the morning.

I hadn't ridden three hundred yards when, with my usual bad luck, I thought, I found myself in the village. For village it seemed to be; not an isolated hogan or temporary camp, but a number of small adobe houses, roofed with poles and braches. The mist was lighter here, and I could see quite plainly. There was a fire, too, and



meat cooking over it that smelled mighty good.

Then the people began to come back, by twos and threes, the old men first, then the younger, then the women with the children clinging behind them. They had run, I suppose, when they heard my approach.

They stood and watched me not saying anything, not scared or much surprised, just watchful. I wondered if they could take me back to camp. I thought that since we'd been in their vicinity for a couple of weeks they probably knew all about us. I spoke to them in English, but they didn't get it, or didn't seem to. Then I tried the only Navajo word I know, "Halo-otsa." John Jim had taught it to me. It means "greeting," or something like that. They smiled a little, then, but still they didn't seem to savvy. However, they all seemed friendly enough, and by that time I felt glad to be there.

I dismounted, and then I held my hand up to my mouth and tipped my head as if I were drinking. The old man whom I took to be the chief motioned to one of the girls, and she brought me a big thick pottery cup of water. Say, how many of those do you think I drank? Four! I was kind of ashamed, but they grinned and looked as if they liked it.

I noticed that the Indians appeared to be afraid of Partner, and they stared at him even more than they did at me, but they brought him some water, too, in one of their wide pottery bowls. I guess, the way he acted, he'd been as thirsty as I was. I unsaddled him myself and staked him out close to camp with the rope I had on my saddle. There was plenty of grass there, and he sure went after it.

I was pretty hungry, too. The Navajos brought me venison and wild turkey and some sort of corn cakes, and things tasted good, I'll say.

But after I'd eaten, and got to thinking things over, I wasn't so sure these people were Navajos. They weren't dressed like any Navajos I'd ever seen. No silver, no turquoise, no wide billowy skirts on the women. Instead, some of them wore a sort of cotton fabric, and others had clothing made from turkey feathers. Instead of moccasins or American shoes they wore sandals. And after they'd finished eating and were sitting around the fire, two or three of the men got out bows and arrows and began mending them. None of your children's toys that the Indians sell on the Santa Fe Railway platforms, but good hefty arrows and bows the length of a man.

It sure seemed queer when you got to studying about it. I didn't believe any more that they *were* Navajos. What, then? Apache, Ute, Pueblo? I puzzled a long time about it before I fell asleep that night. I slept by the fire—the houses seemed pretty full of humanity and smells. They gave me some blankets of rabbit skins, and with those and my saddle blanket I made out all right.

The sun was shining next morning and the air was as bright as diamonds. I saw that the settlement was at the edge of a clearing in the pines. They had some gardens, with corn, cotton, squash, one or two plants I didn't know, and a flock of turkeys strutting back and forth. But no horses, no sheep, or goats. Beyond the clearing the land sloped down abruptly, and I could see we were near the edge of the mesa, with the red and blue distances of the desert below us. I looked around for some other

means of identifying the place, for I meant to come back with Bill. He'd know what tribe they were. Beside the camp were two big pines, quite close together, that had both been struck by lightning. I wouldn't forget those.

I was surprised to find that I had slept quite far from the houses. At least, for some reason, I couldn't see them much plainer than I had seen them the night before in the mist. You know how it is sometimes when you stare too long at a word until it loses all its shape and meaning. It might have been some atmospheric trick that made the place look a little blurred; I didn't think much about it at the time, but I remembered afterwards.

Another thing surprised me, I didn't see any of the Indians. I was ready to go after I'd watered and saddled the horse, but I didn't like to leave without saying goodbye. Also I meant to ask for someone to guide me back to camp.

Then I discovered the old chief standing in the shadow of the pines, watching me. Before I left I went over and gave him my knife. Not much of a gift, but the best I could do, and he certainly seemed pleased. In return he handed me a long carved shell necklace he was wearing. I don't go in much for Indian jewelry or curios, but this was different from anything I had seen before, and I was glad to have it as a souvenir, if nothing more.

As I mounted the horse and started off in what I thought was the direction of our camp, I saw the little girl who had startled me in the mist running ahead. I tried once or twice to catch up with her, but I couldn't seem to make it. Just before we reached camp she turned back and disappeared into the timber.

Old Bill didn't say much about my going off that way, for which I was grateful. They were just starting off to look for me. It had been too dark the night before when Bill came back to follow my tracks.

He didn't say much when I described the Indians, either, but he looked at me sort of queer, and so did the Navajos, who went off and whispered together. When I got through, John Jim said, jerking a thumb toward the mesa to the south, "No water there."

I started to jump him, when Bill said, very quiet, "Did you see that horse?"

Partner had been talking things over with his pal, Bill's pinto, since he was unsaddled; then he had a good roll, got up, shook himself, and went down to the stream. But he didn't drink. Just touched it with his nose, snorted, and went back to the other horses.

"Why should he drink?" I told them. "He had all he wanted this morning."

"I've been all over that mesa," said Bill. "After them N Bar J strays. There ain't no water."

I was getting kind of hot. "I suppose," I said, "I dreamed the whole thing. Well, the food and water were pretty substantial. And so is this."

I started to pull out the shell necklace, but I couldn't find it,—only a lot of dust in one of my pockets, crumbly stuff like fine sand. It gave me sort of a turn, though I didn't let the others know it.

I told them to come back with me to the village. It wasn't far—about four miles, I thought. Just Bill and Sander-son and I saddled up, as Brett's knee still hurt him and the two Navajos made it plain they weren't going. And right when we started I noticed another queer thing. I didn't speak about it; but I

couldn't see any tracks ahead of us except Partner's. The little girl hadn't left any marks.

Well, we came to the clearing and the two blasted pines and the mesa edge dropping away to the red and blue distances. But no houses, no gardens, no shy friendly people, and no water. Only my own footprints, and Partner's, where I had walked about, where I had staked him, the marks of my saddle blanket where I had slept. Only the sun and the wind in the pines. And by one of the trees, half buried in the sandy soil, Bill found some broken bits of pottery.

Nobody said very much going back. Bill spoke once, to himself, I thought; he said, "They wasn't neither of them thirsty, man or hoss."

As I said before, I don't know what Bill thought. Sanderson wanted to send a paper to the Society of Psychical Research, but I think Brett laughed him out of it. Brett talked a good deal about hallucinations and illusions and self-hypnotism. As for the two Navajos, they cleared out that night.

I? Well, I told you at the beginning, I can't explain it. Of course, I don't believe in ghosts. . . . .

## ROSEBERRIES

BY COURTLAND W. MATTHEWS

"What do snowbirds feed upon?" "Wild roseberries,"

So I told you Christmas eve—a long time ago.

With frost-white breath we struck from school for town across the prairies,  
Between zigzagging fences, tramping the rutted snow.

"Sure, they're snowbirds' oranges, delicious in December"—

How you burst in laughter at this foolish thing I said!

Roseberries, roseberries, burn me to remember

Snowy fields, black-mitted hands and cheeks of apple red.

## TO A YOUNG GIRL

BY LOUIS GINSBERG

Your body pours downward,  
Triumphant over all,  
Curving in beauty,  
A waterfall. . . .

Your radiant body  
Is brimming with power,  
Unpetalling into a  
Long, white flower.

Till here for a moment  
You net in a mesh  
Immortality  
To gaze at in flesh.

## THE BROKEN PUMP

BY JAY G. SIGMUND

THE undertaker knew that the funeral of Dick Lantin was to be held the next day. All arrangements were completed. Hunchback Otto Thurber had dug the grave that morning in the Leed's Grove burying ground, and the minister had already taken Dick's obituary down to the newspaper office. Mrs. Donald Travers, the best soprano in the Congregational Church, had promised to sing and could even now be heard practicing, with her choir, in the church at the foot of Bluff street.

The station agent had the day before sent four telegrams announcing Dick's death. One went to his brother in Des Moines; another to his aged aunt in the northern part of the state; and the other two, to relatives in California. The brother might come from Des Moines, and then again he might not. The only relative who had stuck very closely to Dick was Old Asa, a bachelor brother who had lived on the farm with him since Dick's wife had died. Asa and Dick were brothers by blood, and both drunkards, so they were kindred spirits as well. One by one, all other kin had dropped away from the two old men, until they had seemed friendless and alone, but the death of old Dick made the older people of the little river village recall the various relatives of the old farmer. Asa, the brother, had been too drunk to remember much on the night Dick died, and so the preacher and others had at last decided to whom telegrams must be sent.

Al Frey, the undertaker, had, as usual, forgotten to get the death certificate until the last minute. Now he was walking down the main street and

searching everywhere for "Doc" Bairns. Al was a little worried, too. Doc Bairns was an elusive individual, and for three days now he had been in the throes of one of his bi-monthly alcoholic programs. Doc always referred to his debauches as "programs." Years before, he had been forcibly ejected from a county medical meeting because he had insisted on taking part in the discussion which followed the reading of a paper on bone surgery, delivered by a visiting specialist from Chicago. Doc had returned home and told of his experience, with great gusto.

"They put me out because I wasn't really on the program," the old doctor said, "not because I didn't know my business."

After that, probably aided by some suggestions from the town wags, Doc had always referred to his regular lapses from sobriety as "programs."

Al Frey, the undertaker, was worried, and his face revealed it.

"Seen anything of Doc?" he kept asking every passerby, and invariably he would receive a negative reply.

At last he met the town marshall, Hugh Gordon. Hugh usually kept a closer check on Doc Bairn's movements than anyone else in town. It was one of Hugh's duties to "look after" Doc when the old physician was in his cups. One of the town's traditions was that Doc must always be "looked after." Harley McCune, the town liveryman, might be locked up in the town jail when he was drunk, but Doc Bairns, never. Doc was a professional man, "a good doctor when he's sober."

"Sure," answered the night watch



when the undertaker asked him if he had seen Doc Bairns. "He and old Asa Lantin just come out of Peterson's saloon. They're both drunk, and they went up the street to Doc's office. It's going to be a hard job to get old Asa sobered up enough to go to his brother Dick's funeral at all, if I can't find Doc," answered the undertaker, as he hurried up the street.

The July sun beat down on the cement sidewalks, and the horses tied to the hitching posts along the street, stamped the flies and rattled their harness. Out the door of a smelly saloon floated a ribald song which came from the corded throats of farmers who had "hauled hogs" from out in the "Arp's Ridge" settlement. Across the threshold of another saloon, farther down the street, reeled a great hulk of a man, almost dragging a small boy by the hand. The lad was whimpering and coaxing his drunken father to take him home.

Up the street, the Congregational Church stood near the sidewalk and thrust its white spire toward the blue summer sky. The thin voices of the choir could be heard singing:

*We are going down the valley;*

*Going down the valley,*

*With our faces toward the setting  
of the sun.*

Directly across the street from the church was Doc. Bairns' shabby office. His poor dwelling occupied half the lot, and the little square building on the rear of the lot was where he received his patients, entertained his friends and slept off the stupors into which he would drink himself at regular intervals.

Al Frey walked up to the door of the office. The old tin sign, which had hung beside the door for years, was so badly rusted that the letters which spelled:

"Dr. Bairns" were scarcely visible. Just as the undertaker reached the door, he heard the voice of old Asa Lantin, droning in a monotonous alcoholic-pitched chant:

"He's gone, Doc, my brother Dick. As good a man as ever set feet in shoe leather. He'll be buried at Leed's Grove tomorrow. You done all you could for him, but it wasn't any use. He died, just the same."

"Of course," could be heard Doc's growling voice in reply, "of course I done all I could. But you can't do anything for a man that's got a busted pump."

"What d'ye mean, Doc? What d'ye mean?" eagerly queried old Asa.

The undertaker sat down in the old splint-bottomed chair, which was always just outside the door of the little office. The afternoon was long. The day was hot. Now Doc was found. There was no need for hurry. He might as well listen to the two drunken old men.

"I mean that his old heart was all give out," answered Doc, "his old pump, you might as well call it, for that's all a heart is. It pumps the blood all through the body. As long as it works all right, the man's all right. But let the valves get to leakin', let the walls get weak, let the coverin' get diseased, and then the thing's about done for, the same as an old pump. What good is a pump when the cylinder head is rusted through and the leathers are worn out? Ever try to pump water with a pump like that?"

"Yes, Doc," answered old Asa with a quiver in his voice, "I've pumped with just such pumps. Oh, Doc, it almost gives me a pain right over my heart to even think about it. Yes, I've pumped with such pumps."

"Of course," grunted Doc. Bairns. "but here, take a drink and I'll tell you somethin' about the heart. I know what I'm talkin' about, too, by God!"

There was a moment's silence. Old Asa coughed and then gurgled down some water from a glass which Doc had drawn from the faucet in his medicine room.

"The heart," said Doc thickly, "will stand a hell of a lot of abuse. Take your brother, Dick, for instance. He drunk booze for thirty years. He packed around a mouthful of bad teeth. He never took no care of himself. If he couldn't get booze, then lemon extract, or Jamaica ginger would do. He sure worked that old pump of his for all it was worth. It never got no chance to rest."

"But, Doc," whimpered old Asa, "Dick didn't drink no more than me. I don't think he did any more than you, either. I've never been sick in my life, Doc. You know that."

"Why, hell, man," boomed Doc as he dropped into a huge rocking chair, "people that have got bad hearts don't often know it. Take your brother, Dick; he didn't know it. He just grunted around for a few days and then called me. All he complained of was his stomach. As soon as I examined him, I knew his old pump had played out. Nothin' could be done for him then."

"Doc," asked the old bachelor, and as he shifted his chair nearer the physician old Asa's voice was full of eagerness, "a fellow ought to know about his heart, hadn't he?"

"Why not?" retorted Doc. "If you've got anything wrong with you, it's a good thing to know of it, if it ain't for any other reason than to make your will.

Now, there's Dick. He's got that farm and by all rights it should go to you. You're ten years older than him, and no one to look after you. Suppose you have a stroke! You're about the right age—" Doc's voice droned on, and the undertaker could not hear the end of the sentence.

"I think a fellow ought to know. I think a fellow ought to know." It was old Asa's voice, repeating the solemn statement, and Al Frey, the undertaker, shifted his chair so he could look through the screen and see the shadowy outlines of the two old men as they sat in the office.

"Then let me examine yours," said Doc Bairns in his same growling tones.

Old Asa made no reply, but the undertaker could hear Doc rummaging around among his instruments. In a moment his voice was heard again: "Take your shirt off."

Old Asa muttered something, but Al Frey could see that the old bachelor was obeying, assisted by the doctor.

"What's that thing?" asked old Asa.

Doc Bairns made no reply. Al Frey arose from his chair and pressed his face against the screen.

Doc was listening to old Asa's heart with his stethoscope and, though his form swayed unsteadily, there was a look of consternation on his face. His bloodshot eyes were wide and his lower lip sagged, revealing his great, tobacco-stained teeth beneath his drooping, brown mustache.

"Jesus Christ!" The words suddenly burst from the old doctor, as he let the stethoscope dangle from his ears.

"What's the matter, Doc?"

Even through the screen door Al Frey could see the pallor which had come to old Asa's cheeks. It was plainly percep-

tible under the week's growth of gray beard.

Doc pulled the sethoscope from his ears and fairly shouted: "Why God, man, your heart's lots worse than Dick's. It's——"

Old Asa clutched his side and reeled toward his chair, but he never reached it. He groaned and his body pitched to the splintery pine floor with a dull thud.

Al Frey rushed into the office.

Doc Bairns reeled into his medicine room and after much frantic and impotent clawing about staggered out, empty-handed.

"Damn it, I'm out of digitalis," he muttered.

The old doctor knelt beside the prostrate man's body. Al Frey was chafing old Asa's hands.

For a moment Doc Bairns held his ear to old Asa's chest.

"All over," he mumbled.

## FOUR SONNETS

BY ROBERT GATES

### Oaks on a Hillside

Here is a hole that somebody made  
In the side of the hill up to his knees  
Through rich black loam and the roots of trees,  
Through pebbles and gravel until the spade  
Struck hard rock and a floor was laid  
Down in the earth beneath the freeze.  
The cabin is gone and only the breeze  
Lives in the grove where a man once stayed.

But something is seen here if one has ever  
Been here at night when a full moon shone,  
Something that I have noticed the most  
Coming along the path by the river;  
The faint half-light of the moon on a stone  
Showed through the trees like the builder's ghost.

### Clay Shadows

A grey wolf creeps across the lonely place  
Where broken steps and tumbled pillars lie;  
In stagnant pools he sees his glowing eye  
And leaps away before that snarling face.  
The morning glory lifts its trumpet high;  
From twining vines around the fallen base  
And fingers seizing at each boney brace  
Life blows defiance to the heedless sky.

Perhaps I am the vine of drooping leaves  
And petals fading with each summer's day,  
Perhaps I am the wolf that slips away,  
Stealing its food and dying as it thieves—  
Beauty or passion—neither one perceives  
My shadow moving in the living clay.

### Red Stockings

All day she danced like fire in his brain  
As she had danced the night before in red;  
She occupied his lonely mind instead  
Of nuts and bolts. He tried in vain  
To dim the image of her golden head  
That disappeared to reappear again,  
And in the beating of the April rain  
Her footsteps kept him tossing in his bed.

The city is a lonely place at night,  
At seven o'clock and the last whistle blown;  
Across the hall a fiddle's wail and moan,  
And on the corner underneath the light  
Moving down town the little dancing bright  
Faces of girls made him feel all alone.

### George Gray

George Gray, the night watchman, on bended legs  
With muscles slackening in the knees, and feet  
Scuffing the boards upon an endless beat  
Down the long halls and past the piled up kegs  
Of syrup and the countless sacks of wheat  
Row upon row, punches some twenty clocks,  
Closes the windows, rattles at the locks  
Of all the doors that open on the street.

His slowly swinging lantern moves away  
Leaving dark shadows in the corridor  
And slow footsteps reechoing the floor.  
Nothing on earth can hurry old George Gray;  
He waits the coming of another day  
Or when the sun shall rise for him no more.



## RANCHWOMAN

By MAY VONTVER

**M**Y fellow passenger turned down the seat before me and settled herself with a sigh of relief.

"Nobody takes the local any more," she began. "Only time they do is when the roads are drifted so bad they can't get across the divide in a car. I remember when we used to go to Lewistown with horses. Two days 'twould take a team.

"Yes, we made the trip two, three times a year reg'lar. I took freight out to the ranch myself a few times. The men were harvesting or rounding up cattle or horses or something. Our place is seventeen miles east of Winnett. Sixty and seventeen; seventy-seven miles it was. How much is that for the round trip, now?"

"No, it never did seem so very far. I liked doing it somehow." Her voice drifted off; she was watching the receding landscape. "The little hills," her voice caressed them, "the little hills, they are so pretty."

I, too, looked out. I knew what I would see—bare wind-blown knolls of singular drabness, dotted with black sage. The coulees between them were filled with snow. A monotonous stretch of gumbo and white, gumbo and white. I said nothing.

"They are just like the hills out on our ranch," she went on. "Our land was not level, either. But it was good pasture."

"How long have you lived in town?" I asked.

"Eleven years it was last month since I moved in. I wanted to stay on out there after Pa died but Nell she wouldn't hear of it. I told her I

wouldn't be alone. I would keep some of the horses and some chickens and a cow. But she thought seventeen miles was too far out if I should run out of groceries or get sick or something. So I got that little house next hers. We aren't at Tiegen already?" She peered out over the bottomlands of one of the oldest ranches in the country. Then she got up, walked to the opposite side of the coach and looked out once more. After a while she sat down smiling contentedly.

"I was only just counting the haystacks," she explained. "Must be between thirty and forty. Such big well made ones old man Teigen always has. Don't you like to see hay stacks like that with winter coming on?" She beamed approval on each passing hummock.

I did not commit myself. I have never experienced any re-action whatever to hay. In any shape, size, or quantity it leaves me cold. I have had to drive my car dangerously near the edge of the road to avoid collisions with rack-loads of it. But to the shriveled little lady with the fairy godmother eyes, hay, hay in early winter, had significance.

The train moved on, slowly taking us past a herd of Mr. Teigen's Herefords.

"Ah, that is the cattle for this country." There was bliss in her inflection. "We had some of them on the ranch. Their faces always looked so clean. Pa, he wasn't as set on the place as I was. He ran for the Legislature once, Pa did. He felt pretty bad losing out. I said to him: 'Never mind politics, Pa,' says I. 'You just stay with the whitefaces. They won't go back on you.' And we always did do pretty well with them.

"Is that *The Saturday Evening Post* you have? I sure like that. Don't know what I would do with myself if I didn't have something to read. And the *Post* is so big—all I can read in one week. I don't need to take no other magazine. Mrs. Johnson, you know her? Yes, in that shingled shack, she says to me: 'I don't see what you are so crazy about the *Post* for? It hasn't any recipes in it like the *Ladies Home Journal* or *The Woman's Home Companion*.' And I told her 'What would I do with recipes, living alone? I never cook by recipes anyhow. I just cook what I want.' And almost every week there is a western story in it. That's what I like, western stories, with pictures of cowboys and freighting and riding horses. When my eyes get tired reading I can sit and look at them pictures."

The train stopped again. We were at Grass Range. With the eager curiosity of a child my companion slid to the edge of her seat to take in the sights. Her wrinkled brown hand clawed at me, missed me; but her face remained glued to the window. Finally she caught my sleeve and held on.

"Look! See! That team on the loading rack. Did you ever see such a driving team? Fat! And their harnesses, brand new. Ah, but that is a fine set. Wonder what they cost. They certainly set off them horses to perfection."

"Yes?" said I. Never before in my life have I given a second look to a set of harness.

The team was driven out of sight behind the train. She sat back and clasped her hands.

"Wish I could have had that team and harness when I had the mail route between Winnett and the ranch. Mean-

dering Creek Postoffice it was then. No, you couldn't know of it, Mrs. Hilyard, that postoffice hasn't been run for a long time. I had the contract eight years and I drove brones all the time. Cayuses aren't like them eastern horses that have been handled and gentled since way back. Western horses, they just naturally hate a man. They are wild to start with and they never do get real broke. I drove one team for four years and I fed them and tended them myself, didn't never let anyone else do a thing for them, but I never got them over being a little afraid of me. Keno, now, I always tried specially hard to get him to trust me. He had the biggest blackest eyes; too bad they always got so uneasy-like when anyone was around. Eastern horses now, they like people.

"Seems like I can't never like riding in cars. They go so fast you can't really see the country. With a team now you could notice which end of a field was the best. Or horseback. That is the way to travel."

"Oh, look, look!"

The train was slowing up to take on a lone mail-sack. The depot, a mere box-car, was nothing to look at.

"No, no, Mrs. Hilyard; the horse over there; see that one with the bridle on him?"

This time the seamed face pressed tight against the glass.

"See how high he holds his head. Look at the neck on him. And see how good he is curried. They must be using him right along or he wouldn't be bridled. There he goes. What a lope. What a lope!"

She relaxed against her cushion. Hands slightly trembling smoothed the black silk scarf disarranged in her ex-

citement. The dried-up wisp of a figure had an aliveness, the old face a glow transcending all the commonplace enthusiasm of youth.

Then the horse trotted into view again.

Under the longish woolen dress knees gripped heaving horseflesh. The slight body leaned forward, hands clutching

imaginary bridle and quirt. The elfin eyes shone.

"I tell you," she shrilled, "when I see a horse like that I just want to get right on and ride."

And here she was cooped up in a railroad coach and on her way to Lewistown to celebrate her son's sixty-first birthday.

## FEAR

BY DOROTHY MARIE JOHNSON

LONG ago you locked the other door and threw the knob away. Then you moved the dresser against that door, because, you said, it was handier that way.

Now there is only one door to open when you come up the stairs at night. Quietly you climb, but not too quietly, for after all, there has never yet been anyone waiting for you there. Quietly you walk down the hall—slowly, because, of course, the stairs have tired you. You take out your key before you reach that door, because, you say, it saves time.

But why do you hold the key in your left hand so that you are not standing in front of the door when you unlock it? Yes, and why do you tremble? There is no excuse for that, except that bullets go through doors! You remember Frankie and Johnnie, and your mouth smiles stiffly.

Quickly you open the door and reach for the light. Long ago you tied it there, handy. Your hand slides stealthily along the globe to see that it is not warm

from recent lighting. You turn the switch and the room is lighted. No one is there. Nothing there at all. It is very still.

Your steps are soft into the other room, your hand is steady on the switch of the lamp. Silence there; the wardrobe door is fastened from the outside, and nothing is under the bed. You can see by the street light that no one is out on the other roof, and the window screen is fastened.

You drop into a chair for a moment, and your breath is sharp and quick. The stairs, of course, tired you. When you can breathe slowly again, you put the frying-pan on the electric plate and wind the phonograph. *I'd Rather Be Blue Over You* will drive silence from the corners. And you learned long ago that it was no use to banish heartbreak.

But as you walk quietly to this home of yours in the evening, carrying your loaf of bread and a dime's worth of hamburger, the loafers in front of the pool hall would never think to stare and realize, "There goes a woman who fears for her life."

## THE OPEN RANGE

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

THE SAD STORY OF A HIGH-HEELED  
COW PUNCHER

By PAT T. ("TOMMY") TUCKER

I HAD never been back in the States. I had been on the dusty cow trails from Texas to Montana trailing saddle ponies and long horn cattle.

In those good old days when the Texas boys were spreading the cowherds on the virgin ranges of Montana, we did not get much pay per month. We always got paid off in silver and gold. But as I was a puncher of good habits in those days I had saved several hundred in gold and silver and my old buckskin money belt was giving me kidney sores. We used to ride two shifts, eight in the forenoon, eight in the afternoon, and whenever a real old cowboy threw his saddle onto a Mexican mustang he did not have a sweetheart in the grandstand making googoo eyes at him and with a lip-stick in one hand, a looking-glass in the other. Wild hosses did not buck and sun-fish under the shade of a tree in those good old days, but they bucked and bawled out on the lone prairie, and this old cowboy of the once virgin west never got up from the ground with two hands full of dirt.

Now, my dear readers, here goes for the big loop. I was sitting on the bank of the old Missouri River at Fort Benton, Montana, meditating over the past—the long dusty trails, the midnight scares with redskins, cattle rustlers. In those days if a man did not have action he lasted quick. My old pals that trailed up from Texas with me had crossed on the ferry boat and taken the back trail for their native home, Texas. My old war hoss, Bunkey, was close by taking on the big feed. All at once he threw up his head and looked down the river. Here came the old Red Cloud steamboat. I could see her smokestack as she came around the bend. The Red Cloud was the last boat that was to come up the Missouri River that fall.

I slipped onto my old cow pony, rounded up my saddle hosses and pack hosses, thirteen in all, and turned them over to a Frenchman for the winter. This old boat was stripped that night, which was bacon, beans, flour, tobacco, and whiskey for the natives to winter on that was in camp for the winter. The next morning I got on this boat and as I was walking along her greasy deck the captain says to me, "Young man, take off the spurs. You can ride this old hull without spurs." I had a good time on this old boat—plenty of chow and red drink.

From St. Louis to Chicago I took the Iron Trail. When I got to Chicago and got off this whistling machine I run into a stampede and a fog. I milled around a while. All at once I could meet myself coming back, so I stopped and began to look for the north star. Nothing doing. Corral too high. Money belt still in place, kidneys getting sore carrying all this silver and gold for three weeks. While I was standing there I felt something sticking me in the back. When I turned around there stood a big maverick with a hair brand. He was the slick ear that was trying to horn me on his range. He says to me, "You're lost." "No, I am on new range looking for a place to camp for the night. Where do these cattle kings camp?" I always hear him say, "They roll in at the Parmmer House." So I gives this knock-kneed critter, that has this silver brand on his left side, some silver and he trails me over to one of these old landboats with a bell on one end, two mules on the other end. I got in and was standing in the middle of this traveling bunk-house, war bag in one hand, J. B. hat in the other. This old pink mustached mule skinner threw the buckskin on these sleepy mules. They made one buck. The old bus



made a noise like a rattlesnake. Off she went in a leap. I lost my stirrups, went over backwards, lit in the open arms of a well-fed white squaw. O me, O my! She bawled out. "Get off me, you dirty varmint."

Got to the Parmmer House, took on two big feeds, camped at night. They hooked me for twelve bucks. I knew I would last quick at this big tepce so I trailed out to the other end of the reservation. Got feeds and sleep for three dollars a week and right there I camped and grazed all winter. Got along fine all winter. Had a good time, made lots of friends and enemies. I was out in Lincoln Park one evening and a big shorthorn was about to take my scalp. I pulled my old gat. He went to the wild bunc. Then one of them fellows that has a star brand herded me down to headquarters. I slipped the judge fifty dollars for carrying concealed weapons. The next morning I bought a ticket for Kansas City. I was still three hundred dollars to the good.

And right in K. C. is where I got fleeced. I horned into the wrong place. I tried to beat the shell game, which can't be done, and I found it out. I was often badly bent but never flat broke till on this fatal day, afoot and on a strange range. I lost one year's wages in fifteen minutes. I knew I could not get a job in a bank, and I was a poor doctor, so I got a job from an old hayseed. He hauled me out to the ranch. He put me to herding an old mule in a cornfield. This mule had a plow hitched to him. This plow had two shovels and it raised hell with the sunflowers and cockel burrs. Fifty cents a day, chow throwed in, 110 in the shade, no shade, and high-heeled boots. But I stuck it till I made seven dollars and six bits. Trailed back to K. C. three miles, bought a second-hand carpet bag—I paid six bits for same. I went to a Jew store. I bought pins, needles, ladies' stockings. I told this He-brew seven dollars was all the money I had. So he filled this old grip of mine full of ladies' junk. Then my bundle I shouldered, through old Missouri I wandered. I sold pins, needles, and stockings galore. My silver doubled more and more. But one sultry evening the lightning did crack, so I trailed to a native shack. I rapped at the door. The rain it did pour. The door it was opened

and there stood before me the daughter of a cornfield sailor. And she was a humdinger for looks—black snappy eyes. I asked her if I could stay all night. "I should say not," she said. "Dad is not home." Well, talking and moving toward the stove. for I was sure cold and wet—I did not know much about girls—I could see by her dimpled chin that she wanted to get rid of me pronto, which she did in an unusual way. Said she to me, "Where are you from?" I told her I was from Montana. Her black eyes were sparkling, her cheeks had turned to a rosy red. The frameup had just materialized in her youthful brain. "Do the boys and girls ever jump in that country?" My answer was, "Yes ma'am. I can beat you jumping. How do you want to bet? Five dollars is all the money I got, but I will bet I can beat you jumping." I laid five dollars on the table. She went into a side room to get her money. On the table was a big cake. It looked like it had been in a Montana snow-storm, all frosted on top. She came out with five dollars, laid it on top of mine. By this time the rain had quit. It was getting dark. She took a piece of chalk, made a mark on the doorstep. "I will jump first. We toe this mark and make three jumps." I said to myself, "Easy silver." She raised her homemade skirt, leaped out into the mud like a blacktail deer. Then I jumped, lit right in her tracks. She jumped. I beat the second time. The third I beat her about one foot. I turned around. She had locked the door. That is what a puncher gets for being too personal.

It started to rain and got dark all at once. There was a trail that went down to an old shed, so I moziel on down to this old log shed and opened the door. I smelled cow. I struck a match. There this old milk cow lay, making googoo eyes at the cow puncher. I struck another match, found a pole ladder. I climbed up this ladder and lay there like a maverick hogtied. There was very little hay. I was just passing off into dreamland when I heard somebody talking. I looked out through a crack in the logs, and, say, here comes this gal and her young cornfield sailor. She was telling her sweetheart all about the bad man from Montana. They were yoked together like two young steers.

The gal had a milk pail. The young buck had a lantern. They came in. He hung the light on a peg. She sat on a stool and began to pull this old cow's tits. She milked for a while, then he kissed her. I had heard the boys tell about the kissing parties in the States. I wanted to see the whole show so I moved over into the king row. Good God, down I came on the old cow. Ho boy!

The young lover stamped up the trail. He missed the door in the shack. But not me. I been in stampedes before. I slipped in the door nice and easy. Took the cake and ten dollars. Left the old grip with one pair of striped stockings in it. And guess when this slick Missouri gal got through milling around in the old cow barn and got to the shack she had a clean pair of socks to put on her feet.

## HOW TO RIDE THE BRONCHO

BY PAUL F. TRACY

THESE words are written by a true lover of the west who is annually saddened by the sight of many aspiring riders who have gone wrong. The following admonitions will be found valuable by all adventuresome souls who would know the wild thrills accruing from an encounter with the elusive cayuse.

First, secure the proper equipment. A man feels an added confidence when assured he is dressed correctly, whether it be for business, the ball, or the golf links. One must have the proper and correct riding equipment to insure finesse. Too, the proper togs often tend to demoralize the horse. When one is dressed thus it is comparatively easy to outguess the buckner.

Secure, first of all, the big, wide-brimmed cowpuncher hat and have it creased, or dented, in the popular fashion. Then get the flannel shirt and the gay-colored neckerchief. Put a sack of tobacco in the shirt pocket and see to it that the tag dangles freely outside. Then procure the chaparejos or "shaps," as they are commonly called. These should be black, woolly ones. Many riders are partial to the hairless ones. Our recent respected president, Mr. Coolidge, preferred these, if one can trust the photos which came from the Black Hills. We believe the black, woolly ones are best; however, the others are admirable for parades.

Now for footwear. High-heeled leather boots are the only thing. They should be as small as possible, so that they may easily be drawn from the stirrup if occasion demands. Too, small boots give one the genuine gait of the real buckeroo, which is a mincing,

hobbling gait. Remember, however, one does not buy riding boots to walk in. One must have bright spurs strapped to the boots, so they will tinkle and jingle as one moves about.

Spurs are very important. Sharp spurs hooked into the thin flanks of a broncho have time and again brought the breathless exhibition to a sudden end.

Concerning gloves, perhaps a few words are welcome. One must have gloves with the broncho "motif" embroidered upon them, such as a horse rearing, or bucking, or eating baled hay.

Buckle on the time-honored six-shooter, preferably the single-action .44 Colts. Then approach your horse, or broncho, who has been saddled by your friends and is ready for your occupation. Your friends may wink at each other, and covertly smile. Do not become apprehensive; so far, you are right. All you have to do is go ahead.

The horse sees you—and tries desperately to get away.

You approach him, languidly rolling a cigarette. If the treacherous beast will not calm down, have him blindfolded.

Now you clamber on.

Once in the saddle light the cigarette nonchalantly. You may feel the broncho's back humping up under the saddle, and his muscles gathering into hard bunches. Pay no attention to little details like those; rather see to it that the tobacco tag hangs properly from your shirt pocket. Assume the devil-may-care attitude toward broncho and your friends. Make some facetious re-

mark dryly, and flip the ash deftly with the little finger.

Take off your hat with one hand; jerk off the blindfold with the other; give a

savage yell. Beat the bronk over the head with the hat, drive your spurs into his flanks and you're off!

That is, if your horse is any good.

## THE FIRST PIONEER

*A Desperately Historical Note*

By JAMES MARSHALL

THE first European who ever visited the Pacific Northwest saw the country on a summer day in 1592. He came from the south and west, sailing perilously in a small, leaky caravel. His name was Apostolos Valerianus. He was a Greek, born in Cephalonia 30 years after Columbus died.

You won't find the name of Valerianus on any maps of the Northwest. But you will find, near the northwesternmost tip of the United States a strait leading to the Pacific. It is called Juan de Fuca's strait and it is named for the man who sailed boldly into it, around Cape Flattery, just one hundred years after Watling island rose above the bluff bows of the Santa Maria.

For forty years before he clapped an eye on the northwest coast, Valerianus had been in the employ of the Spaniards, first as a mariner, later as a pilot. During this service he changed his name.

De Fuca piloted Spanish ships across the Pacific, to the Philippines. He was with several expeditions to discover the "Strait of Anian." The Strait of Anian was the fabled Northwest passage. Spain sought a quick, safe route from her Pacific colonies to her home ports.

Nearly all the explorers of the day—and for some decades before it—"discovered" the strait. Spanish kings, down to Philip II, needed money. Work was disgraceful. Lands frosted with diamonds, coated with pearls, and roofed with gold were preferred—and news of these was brought home by prudent explorers.

Next to discovering the diamantiferous countries, a short route between them and the royal treasury was adjudged a *sine qua non*.

This route the explorers also supplied. If they didn't, no money was forthcoming for further expeditions. And the explorers of the day were blessed, as are those of today,

with wandering feet. They longed for another royally-financed trip.

A good many of the old timers on the Pacific took Philip home good descriptions of the strait. But only one of them really sailed in it, and he didn't explore it far enough to see, as Vancouver saw, exactly two hundred years later, the white spires of Baker and Rainier shooting up from blue water.

That Juan de Fuca actually explored the strait that now bears his name, that he landed on the shores of what now is the Olympic peninsula in Washington state, there seems little doubt. He thought the strait continued east across America. But the story has come down largely undocumented. Its authenticity depends mainly on the accuracy with which de Fuca described the strait, four years after he had sailed into it, to another sailor, far away in a strange country.

The discovery of the Pacific Northwest is recorded in an old memorandum, filed away in the British museum in London. The faded record was made by Michael Lok, an English merchant living in Venice, then a sea-power.

In April, 1596, Juan de Fuca arrived in Venice in company with another pilot, John Douglas, an Englishman. Douglas had piloted some of Lok's ships. The three got together over a flagon of wine. De Fuca made a wry face when he found Lok was English. He had no love for them. One, Captain Cavendish, had captured and burned a ship on which de Fuca sailed, late in the sixteenth century, off Cape San Lucas—the tip of Lower California.

But the wine loosened tongues.

De Fuca related how, in 1592, the Spanish viceroy of California had dispatched him, in a caravel with a small pinnace in attendance, on another of those quests for



diamonds, pearls, gold, silver and whatever other valuables might be converted to the glory of the Spanish throne. Also, the viceroy had instructed, the pilot might keep a weather eye out for the Strait of Anian and so make secure to King Philip a high-way home safe from the freebooting British, whom may the saints curse henceforward and forever.

So Juan sailed away north in his leaky caravel, up past the Gold Gate, past Mendocino, past the muddy swirls that marked the sea gate of the unsuspected Columbia, past the harbor that later was to be named for a young Bostonian named Robert Gray. Until at length, Michael Lok heard, the caravel and the pinnacle came to a great headland, and around it . . .

Michael Lok ordered another flagon of wine and de Fuca continued the story. You can read it now, set out in the old merchant's quaint script.

Around the cape wore the ships, thru the fog curtain at the entrance, and up the strait they stood. There, in the faded writing, are the descriptions of bays and headlands that are familiar sights to present-day mariners.

So far, Juan de Fuca's story checks out.

"And also," the old story goes on, "he said that he went on land in various places, and that he saw some people on land clad in beasts' skins; and that the land is very fruitful, and rich of gold, silver, pearls and other things, like Nova Spania . . ."

So the old pilot sailed south again and, having come to his viceroy in Acapulco, related the discovery of the gold and silver and pearls, and also of the strait. He knew his viceroys!

The viceroy, mindful of the rewards ac-

cruing to the bearers of good tidings, despatched the news home to Spain by the first boat, promising de Fuca a cut in the proceeds. De Fuca, according to his story, waited two years for the emoluments, didn't get them, and so came home, willing to interest an English merchant if the Spanish king proved queerly unenthusiastic.

There are discrepancies in the de Fuca-Lok story, but why should there not be? De Fuca spoke in a mixture of Spanish and Greek. Douglas, the pilot, translated into English for Lok. Lok did not write down the story until some years later.

BUT, when George Vancouver in the 'Discovery' came sailing into the strait just two hundred years later, he discovered the strait almost in the exact location given by the old Greek pilot, and he found that the description of the land, as given by de Fuca to Lok, was approximately accurate.

Vancouver, however, was three years behind an American, the same Robert Gray of Boston, into Fuca's strait. Gray sailed in, on a voyage out of Nootka, some time in 1789, in a small sloop appropriately named the 'Washington.'

Gray did not name the strait, however, and Vancouver, evidently feeling squeamish about conferring on it his own name, deprived Gray, too, of the glory and went back to the old Greek pilot for a name.

The real history of the Pacific Northwest dates, not from the almost-modern hike of Meriwether Lewis and William Clark, accompanied by Mme. Toussaint Charbonneau, *nee* Sacajawea, but from that summer day in 1592 when the bluff bows of a Spanish caravel nosed thru a fog-bank off Flattery and sailed slowly eastward up the great strait.

## TELESCOPES

By MARJORIE J. RYAN

Eyes that look sharp and far between the stars  
Find galaxies undreamed-of in the minds  
Of men content with smaller telescopes.

And so, between high hours that come to all,  
There lies a chance of deep-sought mystery  
And gleams of far-off light for those who look,  
And for the rest monotony and dark.



## HISTORICAL SECTION

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

### A FRENCH VIEW OF CHEYENNE IN 1867

TRANSLATED AND ANNOTATED BY WILSON O. CLOUGH

In 1867, Louis Laurent Simonin, French minerologist, traveler, and writer, set out from Paris to visit the mines of the Far West. His letters to his friend Dalloz he later collected and published in 1869, in Paris, under the title of "*Le Grand-Ouest des Etats-Unis*". A copy of the book is in the Hebard Collection of the University of Wyoming library. This little volume, never translated into English as far as I know, is especially interesting in its description of Cheyenne when that city was hardly three months old.

M. Simonin arrived at Julesburg on October 2, 1867. The Union Pacific for the moment terminated there. He went by overland mail to Denver, not without misgivings and fears of losing his scalp on the way. Between 1864 and 1866, he recalls, the stage ceased to run on several occasions, and all along the road were mute evidences of Indian ferocity.

But he journeyed without mishap, visited the mines near Denver, and set out on the last of October for Cheyenne, by way of La Porte, arriving November 1, 1867. From here on we shall let M. Simonin tell his own tale.

What beautiful weather we had for this voyage of a hundred miles across the great plains! The journey took twenty-four hours. The sky was without a cloud, as it had been for a whole month before. No mist veiled the transparent atmosphere, and the air was exceptionally light, as is natural at these altitudes. The temperature was spring-like, and a magnificent picture was unrolled for our view all along the way.

The profile of the Rocky Mountains offered an enchanting prospect. To the South, Pike's Peak lifted its snowy summit to the clouds to a height of more than 4,200 metres, preserving the name of the celebrated explorer, Captain Pike, who first measured it in 1806.

To the North, Long's Peak, baptised in 1820 by another hardy traveler, Colonel Long, raised its not less picturesque peak to the same altitude. The two peaks are separated by a distance of 170 miles, yet the eye can take them in at the same time . . .

This magnificent line of mountains is the most beautiful in North America. In Colorado, where it cuts along the meridian, it appears through the transparent and limpid atmosphere like an undulating mass of blue and violet shades which recall the Appenines . . .

This morning as we arrived in Cheyenne, on this plateau of more than 2000 metres altitude, we encountered a regular cyclone, as though in mid-ocean. The wind, coming

from the mountains, had passed over their icy peaks. It was as cold as winter, and it blew with frightful violence, lifting the gritty sand in thick clouds from the prairie. The season changes sharply after November here, and about every three days wind and snow come up suddenly. Then the sun shines again, and the sky resumes its summer azure transparency.

We inquired at Dodge House, or Hotel, if you prefer, where we were offered lodging, if we were fatigued, in the common sleeping-room. There were no less than thirty beds there, most of them occupied by two sleepers at a time. The democratic customs of the Far West permit this nocturnal fraternity, and the American endures it with very good grace.

We did not choose to share our bed with anyone; but in the common lounging-room, where everyone cleaned up, one had to share the same brushes, the same combs, and even the same towel. I rolled the soiled linen, spotted with dingy stains, until I found a clean place, and then bravely rubbed my face. What could I do? As the Spanish says, *Es la costumbre del pais*. It is the custom of the country; and one should conform like everyone, for to pretend delicacy here would be tactless.

The hotel-keeper of Dodge House, who distributes ale and whisky to his numerous customers, asks us to leave our arms. Car-

<sup>1</sup> M. Simonin here refers to the trip from Denver to La Porte.

bines and revolvers are not allowed to appear in the city, under pain of severe fine, a decision taken by the municipal council of Cheyenne after several brawls which recently took place. Furthermore, they expelled the offenders, who had troubled the peace and created a scandal in this city born but yesterday. Bravo! And here is the result. One can go about without arms and walks in the midst of honest people. And note that for this one has to come to the edge of the prairies, at the foot of the Rocky Mountains, 520 miles west of the Missouri!

Everywhere I hear the noise of the saw and the hammer; everywhere wooden houses are going up; everywhere streets are being laid out, cut on the square, and not at oblique angles as in Europe. They haven't time to hunt for names for these streets. They are street number 1, 2, 3, 4, or A, B, C, D, and so forth.

Here is Cheyenne: it did not exist this last July, and the Indians from whom it took its name camped in the neighborhood. They were still scalping whites: for example, two soldiers of Fort Russell, two miles away, whom they found one day without defense and killed without pity.

At the end of July a company was founded to build the city. At the same time a mayor and a municipal council were named. What name should they give the new-born city? Most certainly, the name of the Indians of the region; for will that not be in a short time all that remains of the redskins in these settled prairies?

There you have the modern Salente<sup>2</sup>! Already stores are everywhere, especially of ready-made clothes, restaurants, saloons, hotels. To clothe oneself, eat, drink, and sleep, says the American, such are the four necessities which must be met by all new-born colonies. Already there are two printing shops, two newspapers, book shops, banks, stages, then the postoffice and the telegraph, to carry life and movement far distant. And how many inhabitants has this city just emerged from the earth? More than 3000. It has gained a thousand inhabitants each month, and the railroad has not yet caught up to it. The last station of the great railroad of the Pacific is Hill's Dale,

20 miles east of Cheyenne; but already the diggers and bridge-builders are here. Cheyenne has not been forgotten: it has only gone ahead, preceding the railroad so as not to be forgotten when it passes.

Houses come by the hundreds from Chicago, ready made. I was about to say all furnished, in the style, dimensions, and arrangement you wish. In Chicago they make houses to order, as in Paris they make clothes to order, at the Belle Jardiniere. Enter! Do you wish a palace, a cottage, a city or country home: Doric, Tuscan, or Corinthian? One or two stories, an attic. Mansard gables? Here you are; it's yours.

All that is lacking, you might say, is inhabitants, because they cannot be purchased; but the inhabitants are coming. From the states of the Missouri and the Mississippi, even from Colorado, that young territory, the great exodus has already begun. *Allons*, pioneers of the West, another step forward, another step with the sun! All over Colorado, we met the trains of hardy emigrants all along the roads. Men, women, and children, with all their furniture, all the tools of a colonist, were arriving in covered wagons drawn by heavy oxen or long-eared mules. The train moved slowly, and was often followed by a cart loaded with planks, embryo of the future house. Cheyenne had its *excitement*, and for a time Colorado feared it might be depopulated by this city with its compelling attractions.

How rough and crude in appearance they are, all these men of the Far West, with their long hair, their felt hats with the broad brims, their ill-kept beards, their clothing of nondescript color, their great leather boots in which their pantaloons are engulfed. But what virile characters, proud, fearless! What dignity, what patience! No one complains here. If things are not better, it is because they cannot be, and no one finds anything therein to blame.

Let us visit this city three months old, already so alive, so animated. Here are houses changing places, travelling down the streets on heavy vehicles. Dissatisfied with the first location, they are going to locate elsewhere. The dwellers have not left their home, and you see the sheet-iron chimney

<sup>2</sup>Fenelon's ideal city.

smoking while the house moves along. But I had already seen this spectacle in New York and San Francisco. Let us go on.

Here is Ford restaurant, the "Vefour"<sup>3</sup> of the place. They do all the business you could wish, up to \$1000 a day. Just calculate it. Meals are a dollar. They serve three meals every day, and each time two to three hundred people are seated at the different tables. I do not mention the profit of the bar, the extras, etc.

There are other restaurants in Cheyenne, but Ford leads them all. There are also those pompously called parlors, saloons, offices, where one goes to drink, usually standing, the sparkling ale or the alcoholic whisky. I do not mention the gaming-halls, very much frequented, and open especially at night. In some places music attracts the customers; usually it is a large-sized Barbary organ (barrel organ), playing opera airs with full orchestration. The organ has been shipped from Germany to all the saloons of any importance in the Far West. Germans are numerous here; they hear their own music, and they enter.

Some saloons amuse their customers with other attractions. Here is a gigantic diorama; here a picture by a master, in which you see Colonel Corcoran leading the brave under fire, the gallant 69th.

The newspapers already announce our arrival. It is not every day that a Parisian passes through Cheyenne. Later that may happen. Let us thank these polite editors. At Cheyenne, the journalist is at once his own author, compositor, proofreader, printer and business manager, and he sums up all these functions under the generic name of editor. The *Argus*, like the *Leader*, gives us a friendly reception. Graciously and freely, they offer us a copy of the day's paper. At the shops it costs fifteen cents. Announcements especially fill these sheets, with their now restricted dimensions which tomorrow will be enlarged. The different items are amusing.

"Charles Bell has brought a supply of apples from the Mormons. Charley

made the editor of the *Leader* a present of some of these apples. May Charley Bell be blessed. The apples are excellent. It is the first fruit we have eaten in Cheyenne. We hope this bell will ring often."

"Yesterday," says a bookseller, who is at the same time a newsdealer, and a cigar and toy merchant, "Yesterday a certain person came into my store. He unfolded everything and read everything, the *Monthly Magazine*, the *New York Herald*, and the *Chicago Tribune*, not to mention the *Leader* and the *Argus* of Cheyenne. He unfolded them all and read them all; then he left without saying a word, without even thanking me. Shame on the beggar."

"Tomorrow," adds a reverend, "I shall celebrate the divine service in the saloon which Mr. A has kindly put at my disposal. We have as yet no church, but that will come before long. In the meantime, those who come tomorrow and who have prayer books, will do well to bring them."

So goes the world. This little city, the youngest if not the least populated of all the cities of the world, which no geography yet mentions, proud of its hotels, its newspapers, its marvelous growth, and its topographic situation, already dreams of the title of capital. It does not wish to be annexed to Colorado, it wishes to annex Colorado. As it is the only city in Dakota and this territory is still entirely deserted, it does not even wish to be a part of Dakota. It dreams of detaching a fragment from this territory and from Colorado and Utah, which it will call Wyoming, and of which it will be the center.<sup>4</sup> So local patriotism is born; and so local questions begin, even in the midst of a great desert. Everyday the first people of Cheyenne are full of these debates in the *Leader* and the *Argus*, and the discussion grows bitter with the newspapers of Denver and Central City, which respond haughtily to Cheyenne, calling it the windy city or the city of straw. If Denver were not so far away, who knows what revolver shot might not be heard on one side or the other to back up these written arguments?<sup>5</sup>

<sup>3</sup> A fashionable restaurant in Paris.

<sup>4</sup> Note in text. And Cheyenne succeeded. Since 1868, an act of Congress decrees the formation of the territory of Wyoming.

Here M. Simonin turns to a description of Fort Russell, and especially of a trip with a peace commission to Fort Laramie to treat with the Indian tribes. The latter experience leads him into a discussion of the Indian question.



## PIONEER RANCHING IN CENTRAL MONTANA

From the Letters of Otto Merdian. Written in 1882-83

EDITED BY LUCIA B. MIRRIELES

Otto Merdian, for the past twenty years a resident of Polson, Montana, lived in Alton, Illinois, until he was twenty-two, where he was employed as clerk in a dry-goods store. In the spring of 1882 he and his cousin, Ed Adam, accompanied by Don, the dog, came west by way of St. Paul to take up land somewhere in Montana. They arrived in Miles City May 31. There they bought an outfit and drove to Bozeman. After much wandering on and off the road, and after exploring the Musselshell River country in search of land for farming and sheep-raising, they settled on Sweet Grass Creek not far from the present site of Melville.

The letters, full of references to old timers well known in the eastern part of the state, give a vivid picture of Montana thru the eyes of a town-bred boy. He hopes to learn how to build fences and gates from reading the *American Agriculturist*; to cook from a cook-book bought in Miles City. Everything is new to him, and though a record of hard work runs thru the letters, and the frequent plea for mail suggests lonesome nights, the account is full of wonder at this new land of Indians, cowboys, wild game, marvelous fishing, kind neighbors, occasional parties, and glimpses of, or rumors of, girls. The letters record also the rapid changes of 1882 and '83. The transcontinental railroad, built from the eastern and from the western coast was not completed until '83. The progress of the road is recorded by the changing mail address. In June '82 the nearest postoffice was at Bozeman, a trip of over 150 miles. By July '82 the road was finished beyond Big Timber, and mail was 18 miles away. By the spring of '83 stage brought mail three times a week to Melville, two and a half miles from the ranch.

The letters are printed as written except for the omission of certain personal or repetitious passages.

LUCIA B. MIRRIELES.

St. Paul, May 28, 1882.

Dear Sister

We just arrived about ten minutes ago, 9.15 P. M. We had a splendid day. The weather was fine and as warm as could be. Everything is O. K. Don looks kind a dirty just now. Will take him to the river tomorrow and clean him.

By the Letter head you will see we are stopping at the Merchants Hotel. We have a Room together. It is very nicely furnished. I guess if we would be in one that is furnished one quarters as nice out there, we might call it a Palace. We met a fellow on board that is going out to the same place we are.

Tell all the girls to write two or three sheets of fools cap so I will have something to read when I get there. I know I will be kind-a lonesome.

Hope you have forwarded the tent because we want to cut down all expense possible. Have got a Cook Book.

Will write when I get to Miles City and tell you how we passed the time and how near we came to being Recked.

Hoping this will reach you and the rest all well. I will close by sending my love to all.

From your true brother and strayed Sheep—

Otto.

Miles City June 1/82

Dear Sister

We arrived yesterday evening about nine o'clock; had a long and tiresome ride. The train went rather slow and we lay on a side track all night. Tuesday we passed over some very nice country and the scenery was grand. Can see prairie for five hundred miles. You can look over fifty miles of prairie in some places and not a tree to be seen. Every thing looks green and every here and there it is dotted with an old buffalo skull that some body has killed, and the wolves have made a feast of what was left on it. I saw lots of prairie dogs; some places there are regular villages of them. They dig up the ground and it looks as though it had been plowed. Saw thousands of ducks going through Minnesota a few snipe and chickens. Saw about twenty antelope and one white tailed deer, one Jack rabbit and some plover.

In the western part of Dakota we passed through what is called the bad lands; it is the roughest country ever I saw, and the hills are straight up and down. No body could ever get up there, they are high<sup>1</sup>, and all this gray colored ground looks like tile but makes the scenery grand. The hills are covered with grass on top and the sides are bare. We passed some places where for miles we could see nothing but sage plants.

<sup>1</sup> Coming from the prairies of Illinois, the writer might be pardoned this exaggeration.



I don't like the land right around Miles City. We are going farther west in a day or two.

Every thing costs about two prices. I went in a dry goods store this morning. They sell calico that we used to sell for 8 cts at 12. Lonsdale muslin is .17. Washington oil calico 3/4 wide we sold for 12c is 25c. We wanted to go to Ft. Keogh and they wanted five dollars for a horse & buggy. It is three miles; guess we will walk it. Have not seen any Indians since we left St. Paul; saw two Indian Squaws. I have enclosed samples of flowers I got on the prairie while walking around this morning.

Guess I will have to quit writing or it will cost me six cents if I get too much paper in it. Direct all mail same as before until further notice and write soon. Ed got two letters this morning from home. Give my regards to all.

Your Brother,

Otto.

Excuse bad writing done in haste. It is as hot as it can be, 75 in shade. How is that for high?

Miles City June 9/82

Dear Sister

We have moved our headquarters from the hotel to a tent. We bought a mans outfit team wagon harness and cooking utensils. We moved yesterday afternoon slept in the tent last night and have done our own cooking.

It is awful hot here. I have been putting our tools together and put handles on all of them. We are waiting for my tent and Ed is waiting for a draft from home. We bought our team with out money from a man in Wisconsin. He left yesterday and is trusting us with them they are two fine horses big and strong. One is Black and the other sorrel. Give my regards to all the Boys & Girls and write soon. Excuse scribbling, for it was written on wagon seat in camp.

from your brother

Otto.

I was going to have a tintype taken of myself but the price was too high, \$1.00 a piece.

Hot Springs June 25/82

Dear Sister

We are now about fifty miles from Bozeman. We would have been there last night but we were off of the road one whole day, and last Thursday we camped on White Beaver creek all day to look at the land in the valley. Ed went out in the morning and I in the afternoon. We took our rifles along. He saw some antelope and shot eighteen times at them but did not get any. I went in the afternoon saw three, but they saw me first so I did not get a shot this time. Then I watched their course and made the horse go pretty fast until they stopped running; then I drove pretty close to them and stopped the horse, slid off and ran around the hill. They watched the horse and I had a good chance to sneak on them. I got within 25 yds of them and they saw me. I let drive with my gun but shot over them and they saw the dust of the bullet and turned towards me. I shot four times and the fifth time I fetched one of them. We have eaten him up. He was boss, young about 3 months old. I am going to send the hide home when I get to Bozeman. Ed says he will take antelope every time in place of veal so will I; it was fine.

Yesterday was my birthday; did not celebrate, am celebrating it today. It being Sunday, we concluded not to travel. One of our horses is sick. I am afraid we will lose her. I cut the cake this morning the one that had been cut but I gave Ed a big piece about twice as large as I used to cut at home. After he eat it he said, "Golly, that is good; lets have some more," and he cut another piece. We see how it is. We have been living high here lately. Everything costs pretty much. I have eat bread that cost twenty-five cts a loaf, and it is not one half as good as the worst bread ever you baked. It looks dark and tough as old beef. The loaves are small like those long loaves you get at the store. Although the bread is poor, I am getting fat, I believe. I tried on my stiff hat this morning, the first time I had it on since we left Miles City. It looked natural only I am sunburnt like the dickens. Look like a nigger.

We expect to get to Bozeman tomorrow eve or Tuesday. Will not say there any

longer than we can help. We saw lots of land that suits us, but the ranch men tell us that it is all taken up; so I guess it will be hard for us to get land worth much. The land up here is very good but you can't raise anything on it unless you irrigate it, which will take quite a lot of work. We are going to try and get a place in Sweet Grass valley if we can.

This is the best way to travel ever I saw. you can see everything and look as long as you want to at it. We don't travel at night so we see lots of sights. We are use to it now and enjoy it. The biggest scare we had was the first night after we left Miles City. We camped on the Yellowstone in the wood, and on the opposite side there was an Indian camp. We did not know it when we stopped or nothing would have made us. There, two men that were freighting came about eleven o'clock that night and told us that the camp was on the other side of the river about two hundred yds from shore. The river is not much wider than our yard is long, about forty yards wide. The first day went over two rivers and through two canyons and across the table land for 25 miles. Second day we made good time until noon when it rained and the roads were sticky and bad. We have rain every day for about half an hour; this is the rainy season.

Next day we were off the road; drove pretty hard; and at night we had only made two miles.

This is the greatest place for saloons and restaurants ever seen. We passed one place called Youngs Point. There were 4 houses in the place and 3 of them were saloons and the other a restaurant.

I think I will go down to the hot springs this afternoon and get a drink of the hot water. The folks around here say it is just like that in Arkansas.

Sending my love to all I will close from  
Your Brother,

Otto.

Bozeman July 1/82

Dear Sister

I was very glad I heard from you for we are going to leave Bozeman tomorrow morning. Are going back to Sweet Grass. We are going up the valley in search of ground for our ranch. They say it is all taken up,

but if we can't find land there we are going up on the Musselshell river, about 50 or 75 miles north of the Yellowstone river, where we think we can get a place. We met a man at Hot Springs that was going up there. He seems to be a very nice man. He gave us lots of information, told us several men from whom we could learn more about sheep and the land. He wanted us to go with him, but we had to come here for our mail and provisions so we could not go. He said he would show us around the country and help us lay out our ranch and give us all the information he could. He told us to buy all we needed at Bozeman, for flour was \$12.00 a hundred lbs. and here it is \$3.50; so you see we will save \$8.50 if we buy it here. He seemed to take a lot of interest in us and told us all we asked of him.

I think we will like the Musselshell valley all but one thing. The Indians are not as much civilized as they are around here. If we find a place up there we will be Booked in this country for five years; then if we want to we can stay or leave. We will have what land we are on and do with it what ever we want to.

We have been having plenty of fresh meat. On the way I killed an antelope, and this man gave us a big piece of Elk meat it was fine. He was a lawyer and lived in Colorado for 2 years; then came here and opened a ranch on the Musselshell.

We arrived here Thursday eve at six o'clock. It is a very nice place, the nicest place I have seen since I left St. Paul. It looks like a civilized town a long side of the rest. There are 2 Churches, Court house, fine large brick school and the nicest lot of small dwelling houses all painted white with green lawns and level as a floor. There are lots of brick store buildings here. That is something you don't see the whole length of the Yellowstone river. We only saw one brick house on our trip from Miles City, and that was at Stillwater.

We stopped at the Hot Springs for three days, Sun. Mon. & Tuesday. One of our horses was sick and we could not move; so we had to take care of it. The springs are on the side of a hill. They are a ditch about 10 feet long and three feet wide. The water comes up out of the rocks and boils

like it does on a stove. The steam rises off it and is terrible hot. I shoved my hand in it and was glad to pull it out again. I drank some of the water. It don't taste very nice; it is too hot to drink. You have to let it cool off first. It has iron and sulphur in it, they say, and will cure rheumatism and a great many more diseases. The man that owns them, Mr. Hunter, is building a hotel. There is going to be a dance there on the fourth; so we will be there I guess to take it in. There is going to be a big time here on the 4th I see by the paper. Base Ball & Horse racing. We can't spare the time or we would stay here.

I will send the Bozeman Paper home. When we leave Bozeman, which will be in the morning, we will not be back for a month or over. We have rented a Box at the Post Office and are coming back here for our mail and provisions. We can buy cheaper here than any other town & it is not any farther; so we will stop all our mail here. There is no post office where we are going, so this is the best we can do at present. We see snow every day and have just as hot a weather as you have at home. On last Monday I rode one of the horses. I was going up in the mountains to get a bit of snow to see what it looked like in summer, but I saw some antelope and they took too much of my time so I did not do it. I shot at one antelope but missed him. I have got the boss horse to hunt with. I shoot off of his back and he don't move. When I see an antelope I take him ontop of the hill and slide off on the opposite side, so the antelope don't see me, and then sneak around the hill. The horse won't go off. He grazes until I come back. Antelopes are very easy to hunt in this way. They will stand and look at an object for hours and you can sneak on them, if the hill they are on is not too wide on top.

Give my regards to all and write soon and often for there is nothing like news from home. Tell Rude if he wants to come out here he will have to quit smoking. Cigars cost 25c each. I have not drunk a drop since I left St. Paul. It costs too much. Beer is 15c a glass and I can't stand that when there is good water with in ten minutes walk.

I am your loving Brother, Otto.

The strawberries will be ripe in about 2 weeks. I saw a bed of them last night; they look fine.

Marion July 10/82  
Dear Sister

We are now on the Musselshell river and don't like the country as well as we thought we would. It is a very nice Valley, but there is no timber nearer than fifteen miles; so we are going back on Sweet Grass creek. I think we can find some good land there, but it will be a job to irrigate it. It is a very nice valley. The water in the creek is clear as crystal. You can see the bottom of it any place. There are lots of trout in it. I caught one last Saturday evening that was sixteen and one half inches long, and I tell you it was fine eating. That same day I killed a Grouse; so we lived high that day. Today we baked, or rather fried, our first batch of bread. You ought to have seen it. My dog would not eat it. We had fried potatoes, tea and bread for supper. The bread we laid on the cloth and every time we looked at it we would laugh so tears would come in our eyes. Some fellow showed us how to bake this fine bread. It took the cake. We satisfied our appetite by laughing. Ed broke the loaf open and smelled it. He said the smell reminded him of how he used to steal hot biscuits at home when his mother baked them. He blamed the poor bread on the flour like all women do. When they don't have good bread they always say the yeast did not rise or the flour was poor. We have been living on pan cakes in place of bread. We like them and have them twice a day. We have not eaten any bacon for two weeks, are tired of it.

I will go to Bozeman some time the latter part of this month as soon as we get our cabin built. We are going to Sweet Grass, have given up the notion of buying sheep this fall unless we can buy them cheaper than \$3.00. We are thinking of waiting until spring, and I will go to California or Oregon to buy them. We can buy them for \$1.50 & \$1.75 per head there and drive them over. The only expense is I will have to get a pony to go on. We can drive them over in one year and a half, and while I am gone Ed will do the farm work so we can make



things work in that way. Ed will have to get sheds built, hay put up, and every thing ready for them.

We think it best to go there, for we can get twice as many and there will be no more expense. The wool pays all expenses, and they can graze on the way just as well as if they were in this part of the country.

The first time I get a chance to send you a Spanish bayonet plant I am going to do it. They have the prettiest flower I have seen in this part of the country. They have a long stem and it is covered with white flowers. They are about the size of a tulip; some of the stems are a yard long and look real pretty. If they will grow down there, it will take the eye of a good many. The hill and mountains around the Hot Springs are covered with them and they look as though they were made of wax. The stem is covered with them. Everything is all right. We keep healthy and are about to settle down in a few days.

Say, will you go to the store and buy me about six yds of cottonade or mole skin for two pair of pants, make them and send them by mail? I would like the mole skin if you can get it. They had a piece of slate color with a narrow white stripe very dark and a brown stripe they were both striped alike and were about 30c or 40c a yard. Don't send anything good, for I will not have any use for it. Have worn out one pair of those light pants. Line the mole skin pants with some of papa's old pants so they will be warm. Send me a pair of buckskin gloves with them; have it registered so it will come safe. Send by mail, and if I ever get rich enough to pay you I will send the money.

I am your loving brother

T. O. M.

Puetts Ranch July 28, 1882

Dear Sister

I am now on the land where I intend to settle. We have found a place that suits us and are waiting for Mr. Puett to get back from Ft. Benton to survey it for us. We had his compass the other day and tried to survey it, but some of the cornerstones were gone so we could not do it. I am awful tired. I was up in the mountains yesterday cutting timber for our house. I

tell you it was a hard job, but I stuck to it and brought a load with me. It is nine miles from here, and it is a very lonesome place; there is no sound to be heard but your ax and the wind blowing in the pine trees. There is one place about five hundred yds from where I chop where you go down in a hollow about one hundred and fifty feet and there you find a creek of the finest and coldest water ever I drank. I make ice tea every time I go up to chop. It is boss. I put Ed on to it. He thinks it is quite a treat to have ice tea. The creek goes down into the rocks and you ought to see how fast it runs; don't know whether it ever comes out any place or not, but it is in a very lonely place. There are lots of tracks of wild animals. I guess that is about all there is that ever goes around it. I don't feel safe when I go there, and yesterday I forgot my revolver and I felt "kinder weak in the knee."

I have to go and see how the bread is now. Wait a minute and I will finish.

By the way did you send those pants? If you have not, send them by mail. I think I forgot to tell you how to send them. When you send my things, always send it by mail. If it is too heavy to send in one package make two of it. It will cost twice as much either by express or freight. There are no railroads or boats here so it cost a great deal to have any thing sent here.

I think I will go to Bozeman next week to get the mail; hope there will be a sack full for me. It seems as though I haven't heard from any body for six months.

Mena says in her letter that Chat Russel is back again and he thinks there is no place like Illinois. He is right. That is where I am going if I ever make money enough to live there. I want money, though, before I go back. If we have good luck in raising sheep and I make enough money in the next five or six years to go back and start a little Biz of my own I am going to do so.

I am going to try and get four hundred and eighty acres of land. I can do it out here: 160 acres under the homestead law, 160 under the timber, and 160 under the Desert act. After that if I want to take 160 under the preemption act, I can do so;



then I will have a whole square mile of land or one section. All the difference would be they would be in different places.

After I go to Lower California<sup>2</sup> and drive over what sheep I buy, I am going to try and come home on a visit. I expect to go on horse back. Will leave here about the first of January. It will be kind of cold but I will have two or three Buffalo robes to roll up in. We had ice night before last, and yesterday it was hot as the dickens. That is one thing I like about this country: you can always sleep at night no matter how hot it is during the day, and the mosquitoes do all their work in the day time. There are plenty of them in the low lands. What do you think I have struck? An old lady. She is a widow, and she said she wanted to be my mother while I am out here. She came from St. Louis out here seventeen years ago. She is about forty in years. It is Mrs. Peuet. She is a fine lady, and she gave us several pies and told us to come and see her often. The pie struck me natural right where I live. We ran out of lard so she gave us as much as we got at Miles City for \$1.00. She has no daughter or I would think there was something at the back of it. Her nephew is with her; he is an Illinois boy. He is about twenty five. He is quite a nice young fellow. He watches her sheep. They have nine hundred and some over, I have forgotten just how many. They sheered five hundred and thirteen sheep and got over four thousand lbs of wool. How is that for high? Sheep sheared 13 lbs of wool, and they had an old ram that sheared 17 lbs. If we can only get a flock that will do that well, we will be all O. K. The general average of wool to a sheep is six lbs and their average eight. Oh I am bound to be a stock raiser for the next five or six years!

Say, send me a box of this kind of writing paper. I am very nearly out and we are over 150 miles from a place to buy it so I wish you would. You can buy it cheaper there and send by mail. I wish you would keep an account of what you buy for me and if I ever get the money, I will pay it back.

I have done all kinds of work already:

<sup>2</sup> This trip was never taken. It was not, however, an unusual one.

have sewed my clothes, shoed one of our horses, mended the wagon, tended Peuets sheep, doctored our horse, cut wood, and am going to help build our house—and lots of things I have done.

Fishing is fine. I went out every day last week and caught a fish for dinner. Caught one trout that measured nineteen and three-quarter inches. He was a monster; broke my pole at the joint, but I fixed it again and I caught eight or ten that measured over 15 inches. They are the prettiest fish to catch ever I saw. You see them swimming along the bottom of the creek, drop in your fly, and it hardly touches the water when he has it. In your next letter send me some light green zephyr split, some medium red, some blue, and a spool of button hole silk, orange color. Take it off of the spool so you can put it in an envelope.

Tell Rude to shoot a red bird and send me the feathers. Tell him not to muss them any more than he can help. I want to make some flies to fish with. Send three or four yards of the Zephyr or German town wool. I think I can make the flies. They are fifty cts a piece, and if you get them snaged it comes off. You don't use any bait, nothing but the feather. The fish think they are bugs and bite like good fellows. The La-das ought to come up here. If they wouldn't open their mouths when they caught one of those salmon colored trout about fifteen inches long I don't want a cent! They are pretty fish, salmon color with dark blue back and spotted all over on the sides and top. They have teeth three row of teeth on the lower jaw and three on the upper; the teeth are very small and sharp as a needle. The first one I caught I put my finger in his mouth and he closed on it. It felt kind a queer a long side of the fish at home; so I took it out in a hurry.

We are going to change our Post Office Box to Big Timber after I go to Bozeman. It is but 18 miles and Bozeman over 150. That will be our Sunday ride.

It takes all the spare time I get to write to you at present. After we get our house built I think I will have more time.

Hoping this will find you all well and

wish to receive an abundant supply of mail when I get to Bozeman, I will close.

Sending my love and regards to the girls and boys. I am your loving

Brother,  
OTTO.

All seems to be going on well. The work is awful hard but I am going to nuckle down to it and put it through. Hope the Lord will reward me in the end.

Extra Supplement

We have been living like Chinese for the last week on boiled rice. It went fine. Today we will have antelope. A man by the name of Andrew brought us a half of one last night so we will have saratoga potatoes and antelope stake for dinner. Sometimes I go out along the creek and pick wild goose berries. They are splendid; just like tame ones only not so large. Beans are pretty good when you can't get anything else. Mrs. Puett says she will make butter in a few weeks and then we can have all the butter-milk we want.

Will write the balance some other time. I have to go about a mile and a half to mail this and see a man about his mower to cut our hay. Write often and tell the girls to write. I will have more time after I get the house built.

Your Brother.  
Puett, Aug. 11/82.

Dear Sister:

I received your letters dated June 27th and July 9th. Was very glad to find you all well and am very thankful for the money you sent me. I was really in need of it when I got it. I left here for Bozeman Friday A. M. with seven dollars in my pocket, and with that I had to get the horse shod and buy some nails, an ax handle, and my lunch besides. I did not know how in the world I would get any lunch out of that amount after having paid for them; so I thought I would have to live on hopes of getting something when I got to camp. Thought I would have to take Dr. Tanner's method of living on water, but when I opened the letter & found the P. O. Order I was all O. K. and began to feel fat. Every thing is so high out here you have to have a pocket full of money to get any thing.

I have sent to H. Filley to send me some

sole leather. My boots are played out, and there are quite a lot of snake in this country; so I don't trust shoes much. Ed killed a big rattle snake about fifty yds from our camp while I was gone. It had seven rattles and a button. I have the dynamite yet and if any should get over my shoe tops I will use it to blow it down. As yet I have not pulled the cork. You seem to worry a good deal about me going too near the Indians. Why I have not seen any since I left Miles City & I saw but six or eight there. There are two families of half breeds about a half mile from us, but they are civilized and are better neighbors than most white people. Folks call people "neighbors" if they live within ten miles from them. We have ten families within five miles of us. Two old Batchelors are about as far as from our house to Levises from where we are; so we aint out of calling distance. One of them, Mr. Andrews, was here this A. M. All the people around here are real nice folk; you ask them any thing and they give you all the information they can, and if you want any thing they lend it to you in a minute. We are going to help Puett's make hay to day and to morrow, and they are going to let us have there mower; so it won't cost us any thing to cut our hay.

The Indians don't come through only in the fall and spring, and the settlers watch them so close that they don't get a chance to do any thing. Last year some went through that did not do just as the settlers wanted them, and they were driving off there horses; so the settlers made for them and took the scalp of one. He is in the sod near the mountains. The settlers make them walk chalk when they come around here.

Ed did not do any thing on the house while I was gone so it is not done yet. When I got back I found him fast asleep.

I think we have a pretty honest lot of people out here. We have left the tent several times and have been gone all day and not a thing has been touched.

I almost forgot there is going to be a young lady and her brother out here in the spring. They have taken up some land near us. She is rather nice looking, too. I had an introduction to her mother; she seems to be a nice lady. I have been clubbing my-

self because it was not her daughter instead of her, but I will get around that. I will go and see her brother and perhaps I may get a chance to know her. I made a big mash on Di Hunter's daughter. I took dinner there on my way to Bozeman and she set down near by and waited on me. After dinner we had quite a long talk and she told me to come & see her some time. She just came out here last fall and is a fine looking girl. Her father has the Hot Springs & is putting up a hotel there.

By the way, we are going to have a cook next year. Ed is going to have his girl come out. He is going to build a big house in spring while I am gone to California. Wont that be a fine trip to Lower California? I am awful glad Ed has to stay and build so I can go. Rude thinks I am joking but I am not. I saw two bands of sheep that came from there while on my way to Bozeman. The fellow wanted 4.00 a head. You can buy them there after shearing for from 1.25 to 1.75 a head; so it will pay us to go there for them. I will leave about the first of January; then I will see some fine country.

I got eleven letters when I got to Bozeman, seven from home and four elsewhere. Was glad it panned out so well, and you don't know how much good it does to hear from home.

I am not particular when Pa sends the money now but I would like about \$35 to enter my land with. I think we have got a good lot of hay ground. I am going to try and get some of this rail road land; it is fine. The rail road will pass Sweet Grass this fall about 18 miles south of us.<sup>3</sup>

We are on the Sweet Grass Creek on what is called Cayouse flat. There is a spring runs through our land of nice clear water full of fish but too small to catch.

Tell Bob to save the brass wire that comes around white shirt linen and send it to me. It is very fine and braided, or to send me some of this gold colored trimming they use for masquerade suits. I want it for flies; also send a small piece of guta percha. Get it at the drug store. I want to make me some flies to fish with. Guta percha about

the size of a walnut, hammer fine, and put in an envelope.

Brother,  
OTTO.

Aug. 22, 1882

Dear Sister:

Ed has gone to Big Timber today to get the mail. Hope I don't get left. We have not got our house done yet. It seems as though we never will. We have been helping Mr. Puett make hay for the last seven days; so I have got some hay seed in my hair already.

We wrote to a man that has 5000 sheep. He wants to let them on shares. If we can get them on halves we intend to take from 1000 to 1500 head. Then what money we have we will buy cattle and horses with so we will have quite a stock farm if we get the sheep. If we do in the spring, we will get about \$750. worth of wool and about 700 lambs for our share; that is if we have any luck at all.

I think we have got in a nice part of the territory. We have nice folk all around us, and they try to do all they can to help you along. We were down to Puett's the other day and Ed happened to mention that we had run out of bacon. When we started for home, she brought us a piece rolled in paper that weighed 12 lbs and told us if there was any thing else we were out of we should tell her and she would let us have it. We did not ask for it; she gave it on her own accord. Bacon is the thing that costs us more than any thing else; it is 25c a pound—just 4 times as much as at home. They don't raise pigs here, no corn to fatten them on. We are going to buy a quarter beef at six cents. That is the cheapest thing I have seen in this country.

I don't believe I have told you where we have settled yet. It is about 20 miles from the Yellowstone river (north) on Couyout's flat about 1.4 miles<sup>4</sup> east of Sweet Grass creek. It is about nine miles from the Crazy Mountains (east) and one mile east of Porcupine butte. We are in township 4, range 14, section 2, south half.

There is a nice spring running through our land of good water. I think we have got

<sup>3</sup> The Northern Pacific.

<sup>4</sup> It was two and a half miles from the present city of Melville.



a good piece of land for sheep. There are a row of hills north that will break the north winds and will be a good place to let the sheep run on in the winter. The wind blows all the snow off of the hills so the sheep can eat the dry grass.

I am sorry I brought my gun and dog with me, for there is no small game out here. There are lots of Antelope, but I have not had time to go out after them. One day when we were building our house an old Antelope came within fifty yds of us. Ed shot at him with his revolver but missed him and off he went. One day when I was up in the mountains I went down in a hollow about 150 feet deep to get some water, and while I was down there I walked up the creek for 300 yds and I saw lots of rocks turned over. Some I could not begin to lift one side of. I looked around and happened to think there might have been a bear did this looking for insects; and when I thought of bears, you ought to have seen me get out of there. I got out in a hurry, for I had no gun or any thing to defend my self with. I asked a half breed the other day if bears ever turned over any stones and told him what I had seen, and he said he thinks it was a bear, for that is the way they do. I guess I will take my rifle along after this. I also saw an old Indian wigwam made of bark down in the hollow.

We have found a good substitute for eggs. When we make corn cake we use yellow corn meal and it look as though it was filled with eggs. Eggs are 8 1-3c apiece, pretty cheap.

I am your loving brother,  
Puetts, Aug. 19, 82.

OTTO.

Puetts, Sept. 20, 82.

Dear Sister:

I was down to Big Timber Sunday and got a letter from you dated July 30th. I cant imagine what kept it so long on the road. I also got the pantaloons. I like them very much; think I will be in style when I wear them. They are the first Old Gold pantaloons I ever saw. I am sure that is not the style now out east is it?

I suppose you learned through Pa that we lost one of our horses. Well, we have bought two, not near as big as our other one was, and we are going to use our first

one for a third one should we have a big load. We have not paid for them yet. Wish you would tell Pa to send my money so we can pay for them, and we will have to get some blankets for cold weather. We have not got a cent left; all the money we have is five dollars & eighty five cents, and that is the balance I have left from the spending money you sent me.

I had quite a hard time of it the other day when I went to Big Timber. I left here Sunday noon. It rained all the way and next morning I went to Sweet Grass town to have our horse shoed, but when I got there the horse shoer was not there; so I had to go without. I thought I would go a nearer road. Some men told me that the road up Sweet Grass creek was nearer than the one I came on. So it is, about 20 miles shorter, but I got on the wrong road and kept it all after noon in the rain and at night I found myself in the wilderness miles away from home. I walked about for 3 hours trying to find where I was, but without success. I found nothing. I was afraid to lie down in those hollows where there was nothing but trees & hills around me. I was afraid of bears & wolves or other wild beasts, so I walked for fully 3 hours when I came on a big hill and, looking down in the valley below, I saw a lot of cattle. Thinks I, there are no bear around here or I would not see cattle here if there was. So I went down in the valley to find a place to lie down, for I was awful tired. When I got where the cattle could see me, they all snorted and ran away. I felt awful lonesome in a hollow, no body around & I had a strange horse. I did not know whether he would stay where I was or not, was afraid he would break loose and leave me. So I tied him to a big log where he could get plenty to eat & sat down along side of a big tree. I was not there more than five minutes when I was fast asleep slept until ten minutes to 12. I got up and looked to see if the horse was all right, and he was; so I went back and sat down again, but sleep I could not until 3 o'clock. I sat there thinking and wondering where I was and what in the world I was treated in that way for. I could not think what in the world I should have been led off in this



way, for I knew not what direction to go in; had no compass; the sun was not out; and there I was—nothing to eat since breakfast Monday morning. So I sat there until I fell asleep again. When I woke, it was six o'clock by my watch. I got up, saddled my horse, and went on top of the butte. The sun had not got out from the clouds; so I could not tell which was east or west. I saw the mountains, but the rain the day before had covered them with so much snow I could not tell whether they were the mountains west of us or south of us on the other side of the Yellowstone; so I was in a fix. I at last made up my mind to go strait for them. If they were those west of us I would be going in the right direction, and if they were south on the other side of the Yellowstone I would strike the Bozeman road & then I would know where I was. I walked a while until the sun came out & then I knew what direction I was to go; so I got on the horse & went over one hill after the other on a straight line west until I came to Sweet Grass creek at 10 o'clock. I followed it up for about 4 miles when I came to Cooks. Mr. Cook was just coming home to fix dinner, and he invited me in. I was awful glad he did. I told him that hit me just in the right place; so I went in sat down and had some dinner. Told him my adventure & ate a square & talked awhile & then made the rest of the way home, a distance of 4 or 5 miles. When I got there I made some more dinner & slept the rest of the day from 3 o'clock. While I was on the wrong road, I saw 4 white tail deer & two elk. I shot two loads at the deer with my revolver & four at the elk. I hit one of the elk twice, but the bullet was so small it had no effect on them. I got right close to the elk. I led my horse right up to them with in thirty yards. If I had had my rifle I could have killed both of them, for they did not run until I shot the fourth load. They are awful big game. They are as tall as a horse & have horns on them. If they were set on the ground they would be very near as tall as I am. Just wish I had my rifle with me. I would have felt a little safer and would have killed one of those elk & I would not need to fear Indians or bear. Indians go through this

country in the fall & spring. My revolver is too small for this country. I ought to have one that shoots a 45 cartridge & 10 in barrel like all the men out here carry. I will have to take my rifle here after, but it is so much trouble & it is awful unhandy on horse back.

The horse I was riding is a dappled Grey, a fine fellow, price \$150, the best rider in the country, and he makes the dust fly. All I don't like is he shyes at every thing he sees. I thought I would see if he would let me shoot off of his back. I shot twice and he jumped like he had been shot, but he has got so he does not take much notice of it.

We have about got our house done. We put poles on top today & tomorrow we will plaster the roof with mud & then we will shovel dirt on it. That is the way they put roofs on houses out here where shingles are scarce. We will finish it this week if we can keep at it.

Your loving Bro  
OTTO.

Sept. 28. 1882.

Dear Sister:

I received your letter and would have answered it before but thought I would wait until Ed went to Big Timber so he could take it down.

I have written a pretty stiff letter to the Post Master at Bozeman about the other Hdkfs and that letter of yours and Lulu's. I think a little talk will bring him to time. Your letter was there over a month and a half.

About the money, we are rather hard up at present. Have bought two horses but have not paid for them. The man ticked us for them. They are two brothers and are nice men. We owe them 175 dollars yet. This is a hard country on a poor man. They all are independent and wont sell any thing unless they can get a price for it, and us poor chaps have to stand it. If we ever get fixed, we will do just the same. The horse we got goes all right in harness. I tried him the other day and he did not make much fuss.

I have not worn the pants yet. I have made one mash on Mrs. Puett's niece. She is an Illinois girl from Lexington. She came on a visit and bought a round trip ticket,

but she liked it so well that she sent her ticket home and her father left Sunday for home so she is going to stay. The old lady says she is going to buy a piano for her. Wont we have a jolly time when the 'pianner' gets here?

She called on us instead of us calling on her, and invited us down to see her. She sent for us to come down last Friday and spend the evening with her pa before he left. Ed went but I stayed at home and watched the children. You want to know how far it is to Puetts? Only two miles. I used to think it was far, but when I got to getting milk for nothing it seemed only half so far. They are not the nearest neighbors. There are two others but they are bachelors. There is another family about 1½ miles west, Mrs. Roberts. She is a fine lady about 25 years old and a very nice girl, but Puetts is on the road and we leave our mail there so it is the handiest.

I wish we had half even one eighth of the fruit you put up, for I have not tasted a bite so far.

Our house has three rooms. One we live in the other we cook in and one the length of the house but narrow at the back of the house we use for a work shop. You ask what we do for windows. Puetts gave us one window sash and we bought six lights and put it in the door. We have 4 more lights; so we will make a sash for them. Will send a plan some day of our palace.

You must think people out here live awful queer, asking if they have stoves. You can get stoves by paying for them. We intend to send east for ours; we save from 10 to 20 dollars on it, but houses are not furnished very nice. The country is too new yet; can't get them. We cook in our fire place so far. It is a poor way. We are not in our house yet. I am kind afraid of it. We have a dirt roof & it is pretty heavy; am afraid it will cave in on us.

From your loving Brother,  
OTTO.

Tell Rude to send me a pound of walnuts in a cigar box by mail. I want to plant them to see if they will grow.

Puetts, Dec. 13, 82.

Dear Sister:

I received your letter quite a while back and would have answered them, but we have been camping in the mountains the past 3 week getting out timber for sheep sheds before the snow got too deep. We got about 400 trees out & about 300 pulled out & hauled where the snow wont bother them. The rest we will have to leave. The snow is so deep that we could not do any thing; so we moved down Monday and I started to haul the timber home today.

You ask where I put up for the nights when I go to Bozeman. Why I sleep in the wagon & take chuck enough to last me on the way. It is quite a tiresome job, I should remark. It is riding for 10 days.<sup>5</sup> If it was not for the scenery I think I should die on the road. You want to know what kind of a place Big Timber it. It is a fine town 3 buildings built of logs one is a store & saloon, one a dwelling & the other a feed stable the Marble fronts are so numerous I wont stop to mention them. That horse you think we ought not to have bought goes fine & I am going to try & ride him some day. We just saved about \$50 dollar buying him unbroke. I got the cake you sent by mail. It was kind o dry. It would have tasted better if we had had some wine with it. We did not make it look sick at all. All there was left of it was the box & string; came very near eating them.

I have not cut my other fruit cake yet, will sample it Christmas. Ed could not wait so cut his some months ago. I will have a picnic on it.

You say our old cat died. I wish there was a way to send a cat by mail, for the mice are awful bad out here. They spoilt one of Ed's woolen shirts & a pair of socks for me & carried off about a bushel of oats for us. They are thick as flees on a dogs Back. You say that paper smelt of bacon. Smell this and see if it dont smell of elk. Our neighbor killed one the other day not far from our house. I am going to try & take a hunt during the holidays from Christmas to New Years. I went out deer hunting one day while we were up in the Mountains but did not see any.

<sup>5</sup> Bozeman was "over 150 miles" from the ranch, as stated elsewhere in the letters.

I sent for some strychnine for wolves: hope you have send it. I saw four yesterday morning. I can buy it out here, but they ask \$8.00 an ounce & you can get it for \$1.60, want the crystalized. I would like to have it before I go on that hunt if I can get it. Their fur makes nice robes & I want an overcoat out of them. They are pretty thick around here you can hear them every morning & evening. Most of the rabbits out here are white. There are few other kind. I have not killed much game, have no time to hunt. I have killed quite a number of chicken; I would kill them on my way to Puetts.

The rail road has been at Big Timber for some time & is about 40 miles beyond toward Bozeman.<sup>6</sup>

Ed was going up on the Musselshell this morning to see what we could do in the way of buying sheep, but the weather was so bad he gave it up. I hope Pa has sent the balance of my money. If not, tell him a St. Louis draft will be best. Money orders can not be sent in larger than fifty dollar sums & I would have to go to Bozeman to get them cashed.

Send me one of my Cabinet photos if there are any of them at home. I want one of them. Also have Rude & Pa get some taken I would like one of theirs & yours send them together so they will not be so likely to get damaged. Dont wait six months to send them.

Don seems to enjoy Montana life only he look as though his appetite had left him. poor fellow, I wish I had left him at home where he could hunt. The game out here can't be hunted with a dog.

Wishing you all a Merry Christmas & a Happy New Year with love & regards to all I remain your loving Bro.

OTTO.

P.S.—Send me a pair of common slippers, some Almanacs, & ink blotters. I did not get to mail this today. Ed left for the Musselshell river this afternoon, will be gone 4 or 5 days; so I am all alone in my glory. Send a pair of heel plates for my skates.

<sup>6</sup> The Northern Pacific was completed Sept. 8, 1883, when the line built from the East met the line from the West near Garrison, Montana.

Puetts, Jan. 7. 83.

Dear Sister:

Your letter was received all O. K. but not when you expected in the New Year. I got it a few days after Christmas. I also got the cake: got it New Years eve. It was fine, beats the one I had all hollow.

I spent my Christmas going to the Party. Had an immense time. There were about seventy ladies there and you ought to see how they dress. I was perfectly surprised when I entered the hall to see women in this country dress so fine. Nearly every one had on a silk or satin Dress & they were made real neat. They come from all parts of the Country and cold as it was, every body seemed satisfied for going. We left home at daylight and got there at about Eight o'clock. We stopped about 2 hours at Big Timber to feed the team and get some thing ourselves.

New Years I put in at Big Timber. We bought a stove so we had to stay there all day. I helped the P. Master get out his quarterly report. I did all the writing for him. He called off the numbers & I filled the blanks. After we were done he said I would make a good Post Master. It is the queerest Job I ever saw. They have to keep an account of all the stamps they sell—cancel—& buy and every 3 months send it to Washington. They came out \$42.00 behind last quarter: so it aint very profitable.

I got on to our colt today, the one we broke to harness. He did not want me there so he thought he would dump me off, which he did. I had no saddle so I put on a blanket and it came off, I with it. I dont think I would have slid off if it had not come loose. I held on to the bridle & got Ed to help me up on to him again, & he went all right then. I am going to Big Timber tomorrow; so I got a saddle today & I will try him again tomorrow.

I tapped the Dynamite Christmas eve. It is pretty slick. There is more in a table spoon full of it than there is in a whole bottle of what you get out here.

We are having quite a little winter, plenty of snow. Ed is making a sleigh & we have



some sheep bells; so we will have some music & a ride day after tomorrow. I made a pair of heel plates yesterday. The creek in front of our house has overflowed & is frozen & slick as glass; so I am going to try my skates someday when the wind don't blow. It has been blowing awful hard the last few days, and the snow has drifted in some places about 5 ft deep in other places the ground is as clear of snow as can be.

Wishing to hear from you soon, I am your loving brother,

OTTO.

Melville, Jan. 22. 83.

Dear Sister:

I have nothing to read so I thought I would put in a little time writing. We got some good ink now & I feel a little more like writing.

Ed got a letter from his father the other day & he says there is a young officer at the same fort where he is who wants to invest (\$5000) Five thousand dollars in stock & wants some one to keep it on shares; so a few days ago Ed got a letter from the officer himself asking all about our ranch & on what terms sheep are raised & if we would take some should he want to go into sheep. We sent him a letter next night. We figured up the profits & told him a lot more so all we want now is an answer saying that he will furnish us with sheep, & then we will be fixed. We also got a letter from Kirsch & Schiess wanting to know some thing about the country & our ranch. We gave them a blast; so we expect to hear from them in the near future & I hope it will be favorable.

Please don't say any thing about this to any body. Don't tell Pa about it. Keep it to your self & when we are in the business (that is if they do any thing) then I will let you tell him, but don't let any one know it before hand, for we might not get any; so keep it mum.

We were not able to get any sheep this fall. We tried several places but no one wants to sell until after shearing; so we will wait and buy then if we don't hear from the above parties.

I want to build me a house next month

if I can on my homestead claim, but I am afraid the snow won't let me do any thing in the mountains. It is pretty deep up there now, about 3 feet deep. The snow don't lie long down in the valley. Where we are the wind blows it all away. One day you wade through six inches & next day the ground is as bare as in summer & dry as can be. It blows it into large drifts & into gutters. I have walked over gutters that I knew if I had gone through I would have gone down all of 15 feet. It blows in so hard & tight you can drive over with a team & wagon & there won't be any signs or track in it; it is hard as ice. I was out Sunday morning & I saw a big drift. I had on those buffalo over shoes & I had put on a half sole so they are slick. I would go up on one side & slide down on the other. It went boss. I would go a sailing down. I tried my skates to day. I made a pair of heel plates and went on our creek. The wind was blowing & I went down to see our neighbor in a hurry. The wind took me a kiteing. One old batch did not know what my skates were. I called on him; I had them in my hand & he said, "What kind of a trap is that?" He thought they were steel traps to catch wild animals with. I told him they were skates & he said, "That is a new wrinkle in skates, ain't it?" He said they were different to what they had when he left the states & wanted to know if that was all there was to them. I told him it was. He looked at them & wanted to know how I kept them on & I showed him. He thought they were fine.

I took dinner with an old Batch who is pretty well off. We got our horses from him. He & his brother own about 175 horses & a lot of cattle & neither one of them are married. The other one was, but his wife died. They live in separate houses about 2 miles apart & own about 160 acres apiece. The one I took dinner with let me have a horse & saddle to ride home on so it saved quite a long skate, about six miles. I did not want to take it but he insisted on me doing so.

I have not got any wolf hides yet; they are too smart for me. I put some strychnine in to a piece of liver, cut a hole in it, & made it so they could not smell the S nine,



April 11/83.

but they wont eat it. They go up to it & smell it & then walk a way.

I wish you would subscribe for the American Agriculturalist for me: it don't cost more than 1.50 a year. It is a good book & show lots of ways to build all kinds of gates, fences, & how to make hay racks, sleighs for heavy work & lots of useful things. If you send it begin with January: we have one for December.

Ed is going to start for Bozeman Friday. His box is there & he is going there after it. It has been on the road since last October. It went by way of Utah? & who knows where. If it had come by way of St. Paul it would have got here in about 3 weeks & not cost one tenth as much. Every thing is all O. K. Don has been living a little better since we got the Antelope & Elk.

Dont mention any thing about those sheep to any body.

Hoping to hear from you soon I will close remaining your loving brother,

OTTO.

Puetts, Jan. 28/83.

Dear Sister:

We have been having some very fine weather the past week. It has been pretty warm and no snow on the ground. I left Friday for Fish creek to see if I could not cut some timber for fence posts; went with one of our neighbors. We took my tent along and I stayed until this morning. The timber is not what I want so I gave it up. I hunted Friday afternoon. We saw one deer. I did not get a shot at it, but the fellow that went with me shot at it but did not kill it. I also found a Deer's horn. It is the prettiest ever I saw & I wish I could have found the mate to it. I looked high and low for it; it has four prongs on it and long and slender.

Our place or neighborhood is to be called Melville. We have a post office & will have a service next spring. Send my mail to Big Timber as usual, and when we have a service I will change it.

So hoping to hear from you soon I will close remaining your loving brother,

OTTO.

Dear Sister:

All is well & we are having splendid weather. We had to plow the other day and you ought to have seen the bold break we made at it. We just made the dirt fly. I have plowed a ring around my five acres that I am going to put in timber. I just marked it off so I can plow it up some other time. I am going to raise Oats on it this year & next I will put in the trees.

I bought a dozen chickens and they only cost six (\$6.00) a dozen. Folks out here think I bought them cheap, bought them of Mrs. Marshal. She gave me a doz eggs and a bucket of milk in the bargain.

I don't think I told you that I went to Livingston & had a lady go with me. It was a picnic, had a high old time. It was Cora Marshal, one of our neighbors and a little daisy too. We stopped two days at Hunters Hot Springs and, while there, there were two young ladies visiting Hunters. Mrs. Hunter took me up in the parlor and knocked me down to them. It was a grand treat. Old Dr. he was there and he gave us some history of Montana, and she set em up to hot water and after that we played a few games and adjourned next day. We left about 4 P. M. for this young lady's sister's about six miles from the Springs. Got there just before dark and in time for supper. I did not eat. Just imagine me eating. I have forgotten how to eat. We had a time after supper. I have never had so much fun since I left home as I did that night. They have a parlor organ and singing and dancing till noon. It was a picnic for this country. The young lady stayed up there and is not coming home until May 1st. I felt sorry when I left there for home and had to go alone. She has been out here but a short time, came last fall from Iowa.

Hoping this will find you all well and wishing to hear from you soon I am your loving bro

OTTO.

Melville, April 30/83

Dear Sister:

I suppose you think something is wrong with me, for I have not written to you for

\* The Utah and Northern was the first railway built in Montana. By 1880 the road reached Silver Bow, approximately 125 miles north of the Idaho line.

a long time; but I hear from you so seldom that I don't feel as though I ought to write often. I think it will hurry you up a bit.

The Indians stole about 150 head of horses from one of our neighbors Cook Bro. They have about 200 head on the range and can't find but about 50 head. They don't know what Indians they were but think it was the Flatheads. They stole a lot of the Crow Indians' ponies and Cook think they run theirs with them. There has been several lodges of Flatheads passed through this section here lately; there were seven (7) lodges of Crows went through here on their way looking for the Flatheads who stole their ponies. There was also a company of soldiers from Ft. Ellis\* went through here today. They were after the ponies. Also there is another company stationed at Big Timber waiting for orders.

Say I believe I would like to have you send my light suit out for I have nothing to wear this summer only my black suit & Montana broadcloth [overalls]. Also send my watch. Make me a few chamois skin bags to carry it in. I need a watch bag, for when I go any place half the time I can't find what time it is, and while out at work I can't tell when noon comes and we lose more time than a little by it. When you send it, send it by Express and have the apt give you a receipt for it. Put the clothes in a box and put the watch inside of the clothes where it won't slip to the side or corners of the box. Have pa bind the box around the edge with hoop iron and to take a good strong box. Please pay Express charges on it.

Have it send Via Chicago to St. Paul care N. P. railroad Exp. Have this put on one corner of the box; then I will get it in a short time. Otherwise it may go by way of Utah and N. and nobody will know when it will get here.

Your loving Brother,

OTTO.

Melville, May 13/83

Dear Sister:

We have a regular mail service through here now three times a week so you can direct my mail to Melville, M. T. (Via Big Timber). We are getting quite civilized

here lately. After a while we won't know ourselves.

Tell Mrs. Johnson I think if her Nephew was out here, he could get work but he would find it a very rough place and in regards to Christianity, it makes no dif. He would have to do as the rest of the fellows out here. It is all day and Sunday too. He would find the cowboys a hard set to work with. Stock raising out here is so different from what he is used to that experience in that country would do no good out here. All the experience he wants, to know how to throw a rope and ride. They turn there cattle out and in spring and fall they round them up and brand them and turn them out again. Sheep is different. He might find his experience in raising them to help him, but winter herding would be hard on him; it is so cold. I advise her not to let him come to this country unless he goes into business for himself, for they don't have any mercy on any body. The cow boys are all right if you get acquainted with them and treat them all right, but otherwise they are not; and if you bother them it is better if you look a 'tittle oud.'

You ask about Mrs. Puett. I tell you about her and leave the girl out. This time she is quite well and goes out horseback every day. She is riding the range now seeing to her horses. She has two bands of horses and they keep her busy.

All is well. Have been plowing for over a week. I was down to the creek today and got a lot of gooseberry bushes and some tree cuttings to plant. When raspberry bushes come up I am going to get a lot of them.

If you get this before you send the box with my suit, have Pa send me a sack of shot 25 lbs of No. 8. I can't get it out here. If not too late, how is cake? Put in my Christmas cake and candy. It will come all O. K. but pack it so it won't get on the clothes, and fix the shot so it won't fall from one end of the box to the other when they move or roll it.

Give my regards to Kate and all the girls and love to Pa and Rude and write soon.

Your loving brother,

OTTO.

\* Fort Ellis, near Bozeman, was built in 1867 to protect the settlers from the Indians.



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## BOOK SHELF

NOTICED BY THE EDITOR.

**Arrowheads.** Lillian White Spencer. Parade Publishing Co. 1929. \$1.50.

**Continental Anthologies.** Edited by Harold Vinal. Lacouriere, Paris. 1919.

**Children of Fire and Shadow.** Lucia Trent. Packard and Co. 1929. \$2.00.

Any person interested in Southwest Indians will do well to watch the verse of Mrs. Spencer, for she knows the material and has a way of expressing it with sympathy and insight. The reader who doesn't know Indian culture is likely to find that most Amerindian poems leave his emotions cold; the Indian nature is not an expressive one, apparently, so that the reader of his verse needs to read much between the lines. Mrs. Spencer, who lives in Denver, has studied Indian culture with devotion. She has command of lyrical expression.

I do not discover what the *Continental Anthology* is supposed to accomplish. There is a sort of modern spirit about its verse, but a great triteness of theme without sufficient originality of treatment to give freshness. The poems by the frequent *Frontier* contributor, Arthur Truman Merrill, seem to me the best in the volume, with those of John Ransom Palmer next most appealing and interesting.

Miss Trent puts passion into her simple and rhythmical lines that really carries over to the reader. The lyricism is genuinely musical; the idea is clear; and the emotion is unmistakable. In this volume she writes best of love that reaches up from the body, and next best in her poems of rebellion, which are not so rebellious as they are tenderly, and indignantly, social-minded. Because her poems really mean something and are so finely lyrical Miss Trent is taking her place as one of the foremost of America's women poets. Two short poems illustrate her two best moods:

### ROOTED

*I feel that you are holding me  
As the brown earth holds a tree,  
All the roots of love have bound  
Me unto the holy ground  
Of your soul where I am one  
With the wind and stars and sun.*

### BLACK MEN

*Swift gusts of hollow night wind clatter by,  
Tonight the earth is leper-pale and still;  
The moon lies like a tombstone in the sky.  
Three black men away upon a lonely hill.  
The pain has withered from each tortured face.  
Soon earth will hide them with a mother's care.  
But never God's great mercy can erase  
A bitter scorn for those who hung them there.*

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**Tales of the North American Indians.**  
Stith Thompson. Harvard University Press.  
1929. \$6.00.

Professor Thompson has gathered from "government reports, folk-lore journals, and publications of learned societies" ninety-six representative tales of all North American Indians, grouped as Mythological Stories, Mythical Incidents, Trickster Tales, Hero Tales, Journeys to the Other World, Animal Wives and Husbands, Miscellaneous Tales, Tales borrowed from Europeans, and Bible Stories. The work is most scholarly. The book is equipped with nearly a hundred pages of comparative notes, by use of which a scholarly reader may trace tribal cultures, with a list of motifs, and a list of "sources arranged by culture areas and tribes," and has an extensive bibliography. And, what pleases me particularly, there is a map with the various Indian tribes located on it. Tho the book is equipped with this scholarly material, it has been prepared for the general reader, and most admirably fulfills its purpose. It is indispensable for students of folk-lore and anthropology and for the general reader interested in those subjects. I know of no other single volume that puts so much genuine Indian material before the reader.

**Mavericks.** Walt Coburn. Century Company. 1929. \$2.00.

**The Overland Trail.** Agnes Laut. Stokes. 1929. \$3.50.

**The Day of the Cattleman.** Ernest S. Osgood. University of Minnesota Press. 1929. \$3.50.

Mr. Coburn has written a melodramatic novel of external action, modeled upon the familiar type of "western." There is the villain, the oh-so-grand hero, the brave heroine, cattle rustlers, hard-boiled guys—all the claptrap assortment that goes to such a rapid-fire story of the West. And for good measure the whole of the Great War is thrown in. It is at the hospital that the hero discovers his mother, a British Lady So-and-So, acting as a nurse, and so very beloved a nurse! Everything's there, and more, too.

Miss Laut has added nothing of historical value in her confusing journalistic account of the Trail. It reads as though it were one-third newspaper write-up, one-third commercial club write-up, and one-third devotion to the "consecrated and sacred memories of the Pioneers of the Oregon Trail," as the dedication reads. One might have expected a solidier account from this author, even when producing a popular book.

Professor Osgood has produced a first-class book in every way. His account is clear, vigorous, authentic, and final. This bit of history, of the cattleman and his interests, heretofore missing, will not need to be rewritten. The book is finely illustrated and charted, and carries a helpful bibliography; and the printers have done an excellent piece of work. Here is the genuine history of the invasion, settlement, and use

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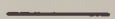
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of the high plains, Wyoming and Montana. by the cattlemen, from 1845 to the fall of the "cattle kings" and the incoming of the grangers in the nineties in Wyoming and a little later in Montana. In spite of rather heavy documentation the record does not read laboriously, but travels with a narrative as well as an explanatory spirit. The chapters are: The Cattleman's Frontier, 1845-1867; The Texas Invasion; The Indian Barrier; The Cattle Boom; Organization; The Cattleman and the Public Domain; and Disaster and Transition. Every Westerner who desires to know the history of these two Northwest states cannot neglect this book.

**Dobe Walls.** Stanley Vestal. Houghton Mifflin. 1929. \$2.50.

This novel is the best one I know on early western life, not only because of its accuracy of history or its author's gusto for the life he portrays, but also for its sense of space, its sweep of movement, its open-airness, and, on the side of construction, its firmness of plot. The story relates the fall of the last trapping-place, Bent's Fort, in 1852, at the coming of the soldiers and the pioneers who followed. Bob Hatcher, frontiersman, is real, not theatrical; the Indians are real; the soldiers suffer from the writer's knowledge of their self-important bungling when they attempted to handle the Indians; the one white woman doesn't quite come alive, but she is by no means bloodless; the little Mexican girl lives quite convincingly; the villain is the only thoroughly typed character in the book. The story is authentic and vivid reconstruction of plains life in the fifties, made with great knowledge of and sympathy with the "mountain men" and Indians. It is a book for wide reading, by both adults and adolescents.

**The Truth About Geronimo.** Britton Davis. Yale University Press. 1929. \$4.00.

Mr. Davis has written, in a straight-forward narrative that is almost a report, a book not only valuable for historians of the Southwest in the 1880's but also interesting for the general reader. The Apache Geronimo, with thirty-four men and eight half-grown boys "encumbered with the care and sustenance of 101 women and children, with no base of supplies and no means of waging war or of obtaining food or transportation other than what they could take from their enemies," maintained the band for eighteen months in a country 200 by 400 miles in extent, "against 5000 troops, regulars and irregulars, 500 Indian auxiliaries, and an unknown number of civilians." Mr. Davis, then second lieutenant in the regular army, in charge of the small band of Indian scouts that trailed Geronimo through the first half of this period, tells the story of the pursuers with evident admiration for the pursued. His emotional object is to give facts that will award to General George Crooks credit for handling the Indians with knowledge and intelligence, which he thinks was



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wrongly taken from him and given to General Nelson A. Miles, and to Lieutenant Gatewood credit for the capture of Geronimo, which also, in the course of record, had gone astray. After eight chapters of rather dull details, which, however, admirably put the reader into understanding of the situation, the writer swings into grand narrative of the pursuit. The book is both thrilling narrative and good history.

**The Whirlwind.** W. S. Davis. Macmillan. 1929. \$2.50.

The jacket sufficiently comments on this novel, typically Davidian and ably written, when it states that the author "shows with historical truth the French court with its glitter and its rottenness, and the life of the people in the homes and streets of Paris and in the little villages outside" in the days of the French Revolution. "The book is alive with the conflicting passions of the times."

**The Story of the Red Man.** By Flora Warren Seymour. Longmans, Green. 1929. \$5.00.

The author believes that there has been a continuous infusion of white blood in the Indian race, and that this has strongly influenced Indian life. In the Northwest she believes that Lewis and Clark "found plenty of babies with light skins and even blue eyes." The evidence would indicate that they left many more there.

The author tells her story by giving a vivid characterization of Indian chiefs. Savage Pontiac's conspiracy drove the whites closely together, and was a "fitting prelude to the Revolution." Then marches Joseph Brant, "courtier and diplomat," followed by Tecumseh and his foe, the heroic Pushmataha, and a procession of Indian chiefs mostly of mixed blood. The last is Sitting Bull.

There are some errors in the narrative. The Flatheads and not the Nez Perces sent to St. Louis for missionaries. The author's imagination often runs wild, as when Sacajawea "whispered a little murmur of content" to her brown-eyed child as she "sat outside the circle of the campfire." The style of the book is lively but there are frequent gaps in the story. The book will interest the general reader, who should gain from it a better appreciation of the Indian's character.

*Missoula*

*Paul C. Phillips*

**A Horn from Cacerleon.** J. Corson Miller. Harold Vinal, Ltd., New York. \$1.50.

Mr. Miller's second volume of poetry, issued in the attractive form of the Vinal press, is more substantial in bulk and content than many books offered with more extravagant editorial praise. *A Horn from Cacerleon* is the work of a serious writer, who finds the ironic outlook not the only one on life. Mr. Miller shows reverence for the things of the spirit that he reveres, and his work is as free from the taint of self-mockery as from

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sentimentality. He writes with clarity and directness; sometimes with great beauty of imagery, as in the poem *On a Waterfall by Moonlight*; always with finished technique and admirably varied rhythm. Whether he is writing of a simple incident of the external world, or recalling heroes of the Golden Books, each experience is relived, and wrought in his poet's mind to a product inalienably his own.

*Martinsdale.* *Grace Stone Coates.*

**Undertones of War.** Edmund Blunden. 1929. Doubleday, Doran. \$3.50.

**Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man.** Siegfried Sassoon. 1929. Coward-McCann. \$2.50.

**Death of a Hero.** Richard Aldington. 1929. Covoci-Friede. \$2.50.

**Good-Bye to All That.** Robert Graves. 1930. Cape-Smith. \$3.00.

The appearance of the last of the volumes listed above, in the order of their publication, completes the personal accounts of their soldiering written by the little group of English poets who survived military service in the Great War, with the possible exception of a rumored forthcoming book by Robert Nichols (and unless Siegfried Sassoon should carry on his record from the fighting early in the spring of 1916 at which point it leaves off). Of the four, Richard Aldington's, the only one offered in the guise of fiction, is the bitterest both in the details of the story it tells and in the spirit of the man behind it. Robert Graves's is the most pathetic. It is at once a pathological case study and a case of pathology in itself, presenting as it does the instance of a man who after having been robbed of the best of his youth has been denied any but the barest chance of finding a suitable career in a world to which he can never quite belong, and blurted out in a last desperate effort, or so it would seem, on the part of the victim once and for all to free himself from the effects of the neuroses induced by his plight. Sassoon's and Blunden's are narratives of a much quieter type, but by some mysterious distillation of the poets' spell into prose they impress one as among the saddest of war-time's printed memories. No one can honestly question the patriotism or the fighting quality of these soldier-poets. Neither can one doubt for a moment their utter contempt for those who forced them to prove their worth in the senseless testing of the trenches. All four of their books make it unmistakable that in downright actuality as well as in the now discovered private opinions of those who wrote them the war was a hideous crime against humanity.

Confronted with the moving evidence here set forth as to what conditions during the campaigns and the armistice period were really like, one finds it easier than ever before to understand why references to the *mores* then prevailing mean practically nothing to the young people of today. The closest any of them could have come to an immediate experience of the problems of those unhappy years is no nearer than a few

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months drilling in the Student Army Training Corps might have brought them. Most of them have only the faintest comprehension of what living through the necessary displacements and readjustments of conscription and the turmoil and scrambling of demobilization involved. Their outlook is upon an order of things vastly different from that which their elder brothers and sisters, whom only yesterday, it seems, we were calling "the younger generation," were accustomed to. It is scarcely to be wondered at, then, that we are finding them on all sides refusing to subscribe to such confessions of un-faith as Mr. J. W. Krutch's "The Modern Temper." (reviewed a few months ago in these columns), since the disillusion of statements of that sort is based so largely upon situations growing out of the world conflict and the aftermath that followed it at once. And if the generation of the combatants is as definitely turning its back upon "All That" as these latest war-books show them to be, there is even less occasion for our being surprised that the generation of thirty and under should refuse to derive its philosophy from such a source. Reading of the heart-breaking reminiscences of Robert Graves and his fellows, and observing how almost wholly unacquainted with "All That" their successors of the present moment are, one naturally indulges oneself in the comforting thought that the latter will answer the difficult questions of their own time in their own, and better, way. Perhaps contrast lends deception, but that comfort appears grounded upon fact.

Portland, Oregon.

V. L. O. Chittick.

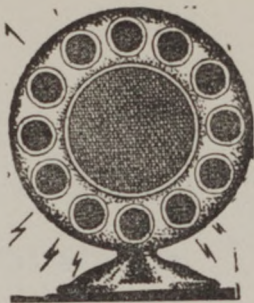
**Sheep.** Archer B. Gilfillan. Little, Brown and Company. 1929. \$2.50.

"Sheep" will never rank among the classics of any period. "Sheep" will not become a best seller—or as good a seller as mutton. The clientele to whom it will appeal will be a relatively small one, a special one. Nevertheless, in the literature of the western range country it contributes to a neglected and worthy topic. Herder Gilfillan has performed a service in letters.

"Sheep had its home ranch near the Slim Buttes just over the South Dakota line from the southeast corner of Montana. It breezes briskly through a comprehensible and readable exposition of the climatic and vegetative whys of the range country, dry stuff crisply treated. "Lambing and Shearing;" a chapter rich in country humor, pulsing with vital lore. "Sheep and Herder Traits;" fights, philosophy and feminine foibles. "The Herder's Neighbors;" human and beast nature stories, touching on fact, fancy, fable, and the biography of a famous outlaw. "Homesteads," a chapter of just and gentle satire. "Shepherd and Cowboy," an overdue expose'. "Sheep" is "realism," redeemed by humor—and good humor—realism without any of the sordidness, sorrow, morbidity or bitterness that ruins so many recent books.

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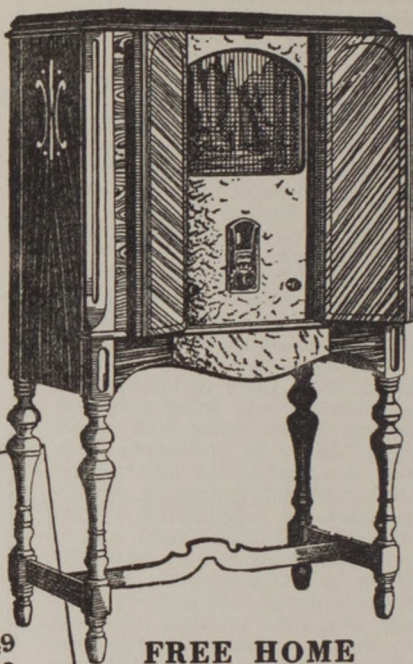
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