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WILD HORSES by Harry Huse

THE
FRONTIER

A MAGAZINE OF THE NORTHWEST

NOVEMBER

Two Woodsmen Skin a Grizzly Bear

Poem by Lew Sarett

Arrival At Carthage

Story by Scammon Lockwood

Klukwalle Dance of the West Coast Indians

By Albert B. Reagan



Volume XII

NOVEMBER, 1931

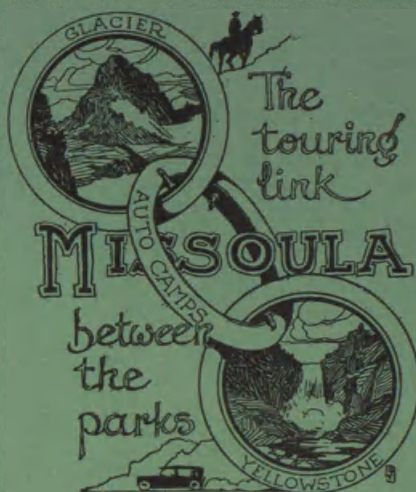
Number 1

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Volume Twelve

NOVEMBER, 1931

Number One

CONTENTS

Two Woodsmen Skin a Grizzly Bear, <i>poem</i>	Lew Sarett.....	1
Ghostly Acres, <i>poem</i>	Charles Oluf Olsen.....	8
Candle Glow, <i>story</i>	Howard McKinley Corning.....	9
<i>Poems</i> —From a Forest Lookout	Courtland W. Matthews.....	14
Ways for the Wind	Ted Olson.....	14
Arrival at Carthage, <i>story</i>	Scammon Lockwood.....	15
The Last of the Roughnecks, <i>article</i>	H. M. Blickhahn.....	23
Wild Horses, <i>story</i>	Harry G. Huse.....	27
The City Is a Harlot, <i>poem</i>	Cullen Jones.....	39
Picture Map of the State of Washington.....		40
Old-Timers, <i>sketches</i>	Jack O'Connor.....	42
<i>Poems</i> —Orange Blossoms for Montana.....	Lucy M. C. Robinson.....	50
Country Wife	Muriel Thurston.....	51
Forest	Helen Maring.....	51
Buffalo	Mabel Ashley Kizer.....	52
Specious Alliance	C. E. Burkland.....	52
Sigurdson, <i>story</i>	Elizabeth Needham.....	53
<i>Poems</i> —Dream Fears	Grace Stone Coates.....	60
Home-Coming	June E. Downey.....	61
OPEN RANGE		
The Robbery at Wickes, 1890, Illustrated.....	Mrs. T. A. Wickes.....	62
The First Funeral at Valley County, Montana.....	Jessie Mabree Lytle.....	64
FOLKLORE		
The Klukwalle Dance of the West Coast Indians.....	Albert B. Reagan.....	67
HISTORICAL SECTION		
Montana As It Is, 1865, Granville Stuart.....	Edited by Paul C. Phillips.....	72
On the Way to Idaho (The Bridger Trail).....	Edited by C. B. Worthen.....	80
As the Modern Author Sees It, <i>a letter</i> to W. Ellsworth Lawson from		
Albert Richard Wetjen		81
BOOK SHELF—LITERARY NEWS—ABOARD THE COVERED WAGON		
.....	Front and Back Advertising Sections	

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ABOARD THE COVERED WAGON

The poem by **Lew Sarett** was accepted for publication in *The Frontier* last March; in September it was published in Mr. Sarett's fourth volume of poems, *Wings Against the Moon* (Holt and Company).

Charles Oluf Olsen, **Courtland W. Matthews**, and **Muriel Thurston** are Oregon poets known to readers of this magazine. **Howard McKinley Corning** (Portland) is better known as a poet, although this is his third story to be published in *The Frontier*. **Albert Richard Wetjen** (Portland) published last April *Fiddler's Green* (Little, Brown and Company).

The Frontier last year published four installments of *A Picaresque Novel* by **Ted Olson**, who is also better known as a poet. He and **June E. Downey**, who is professor of psychology at the University of Wyoming, live in Laramie, Wyoming.

Scammon Lockwood sends his unusual story from Connecticut; **Elizabeth Needham**, whose stories have appeared twice before in this magazine, from Santa Fe, New Mexico; **Jack O'Connor**, author of an authentic novel of the Southwest, *Conquest*, his sketches from Texas.

Harry G. Huse, who spent last winter in Fort Benton, Montana, is now in the advertising business in St. Paul; he has published before in *The Frontier* and for some time was a regular contributor to *Adventure*. **H. M. Blickhahn** appears in this magazine for the first time; he is a newspaper man in Lead, South Dakota.

The Map of Washington was made by members of the Spokane branch of the American Association of University Women after many months of consultation with authorities on Northwest history. Profits from its sale will support its college scholarship fund. A booklet entitled "High Lights of the State of Washington" is sold with the map. Copies may be purchased in combination with a year's subscription to *The Frontier* for \$2.50 for the map and the magazine.

Of the three Washington poets in this issue two, **Mabel Ashley Kizer** and **Lucy M. C. Robinson**, live in Spokane, and **Helen Maring**, editor of *Muse and Mirror*, in Seattle. **Cullen Jones** is a California poet, and **E. C. Burklund** is at the University of Michigan.

Grace Stone Coates, author of *Black Cherries*, a novel, and assistant editor of this magazine, lives in Montana. **Mrs. T. A. Wickes** is a pioneer woman of the same state; **Jessie Mabree Lytle** is a teacher in the Girls' Vocational school, Helena, and **C. B. Worthen** is a teacher in the high school at Lewistown. **Granville Stuart** was an early discoverer of gold in Montana and later a cattle rancher. **Dr. Albert B. Reagan**, Ouray, Utah, for more than thirty years served in the U. S. Indian Service, in that time having had charge of four divisions of the West Coast Indians.

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LITERARY NEWS

UNDER THE EDITORSHIP OF GRACE
STONE COATES

Literary regionalism is a live editorial subject, even in New York—where, says John Gould Fletcher, culture does exist, "but . . . in the void, out of relation to what the rest of America may think or do." In a recent editorial the *New Republic* (N. Y.) commends the leadership of *The Frontier* in the regional movement, and sees in it the hope of sound literary development in the Northwest. Louis Adamic, author of "Dynamite," writing for *Contempo* (Chapel Hill, N. C.) says:

"Early in 1931 the University of Washington Chapbooks, edited by Glenn Hughes, published a brochure under the title *The New Regionalism in American Literature* by a young California critic, Carey McWilliams. . . . With this brochure Mr. McWilliams places himself at the head of a movement which in all probability will attain no meagre importance in America's cultural life before many years.

"Already two or three years ago . . . Mr. McWilliams was deeply interested in writing and publishing that was peculiarly regional—writers using material in their own respective regions. . . . He perceived in it the beginnings of a new, down-to-the-roots American literature; a reaction, as he puts it now in his chapbook, to the pot-pourri of odorless Europeanisms . . . poured upon this country from New York. . . .

"Lately reports have been coming to me that literary regionalism throughout the west and middle west is forging ahead. Many of these regional efforts center around universities. A group at the University of Montana, for instance, is getting out an 'avowedly regional magazine portraying Northwest life accurately' called *The Frontier*. . . . And early last June regionalism, including cultural regionalism, was subject of discussion at the institute of public affairs at the University of Virginia."



Many will recognize as Mr. Merriam's the words, "avowedly regional;" and those who attended the Writers Conference at Missoula, last July, may remember his unequivocal

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statement that *The Frontier* is, and will continue to be, a regional publication.



Diversity in the use of the word "regional" is apparent in a bracing and informal article by Kyle S. Crichton, editor of *Scribner's* magazine, contributed to the first issue of the new quarterly *Clay*, published at the University of New Mexico, Albuquerque, by Jose Garcia Villa. After supporting all that regional advocates demand—witness: "You just don't get literature when it is based on the spectacular; it seems to come only from the humbler, simpler things. What I want to read is a story based on the Spanish-Americans who lean over the fence at Barelas park, watching the ball games without bothering to pay at the gate. . . . I can do without *moradas* and *christos* for the time being. There is always the danger that in sticking to the typical, ordinary things you will be getting sociology rather than art, but it is better to err in that way than in the fake way of false art"—After this wholehearted support of the cause of regionalism, Mr. Crichton admonishes Mr. Villa against a resident regionalism, urging him to "struggle unceasingly against the temptation of allowing his magazine to become a regional mouthpiece. . . . Poor material from New Mexico is poor material. . . . He (Villa) should endeavor to present good writing from wherever it comes. The good writers need help; the others do not matter."



In accord with Mr. Crichton's estimate of literature rich with life is the selection by *Scribner's* editors of Mary Hesse Hartwick's "Hills of Home" as one of twenty, among 4212 manuscripts, eligible for their \$1500 narrative contest prize. This story was submitted in a nationwide contest, in which one manuscript was selected from each state. It appeared in the October issue of *Scribner's* magazine, and is the first work submitted by Mrs. Hartwick for pay. *Scribner's* editors characterize it as an amazing performance for a non-professional writer, and have asked her to expand her material into a book. It relates the story of Mr. and Mrs. Hartwick's experiences in homesteading in a remote part of northern Montana in 1918. In a letter asking the author for a longer story, they say:

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writers in general seem to have got into a very pessimistic and plaintive state of mind, in which they see little good in anything. We felt that while this attitude was called forth by a certain situation in this country, it was not truly representative in respect to its pessimism; and it was just such expressions as yours, completely free of sentimentality and what might be called Pollyannaism, that we were in hopes of finding."

During the past few months Mrs. Hartwick has assisted her husband, Robert Hartwick of Seeley Lake, forest guard, in fighting fires in Grizzly Basin around Holland Lake. Mrs. Hartwick has frequently contributed to *The Frontier*.

— X —

The first writers' conference in connection with the summer session at the University of Montana, directed by H. G. Merriam, set a high standard for subsequent meetings. Visiting lecturers were Struthers Burt, Frank Bird Linderman, Frank Ernest Hill, and John Mason Brown. It would be hard to bring together four men more devoted each to his own field, whose combined interests covered a wider range.

John Mason Brown is an increasingly important dramatic critic of New York, whose knowledge of world theatre derives from personal observation. Mr. Linderman's study of Indian culture has been a lifelong passion. His latest book, "Red Mother," has been accepted by his publishers in a telegram characterizing it as magnificent. Mr. Hill, editor-in-chief of Longmans, Green & Company, unites with fine poetic gift and critical capacity a sound knowledge of bookmaking and publishers' needs. Struthers Burt is a man who, loving solitude, is thrust continuously with people on his Wyoming dude ranch. As business man and writer-devoid-of-bunk, he is alert to the potential money value to Montana of such creative force as Mr. Merriam is attracting and releasing through the medium of his magazine, *The Frontier*. His wife, Katherine Newlin Burt, also gave delightful and instructive literary counsel.

Miss Estelle Holbrook's writers' colony found the distractions of residence on the campus during the summer session interfered with the members' concentration on creative work. As a consequence, Miss Holbrook is looking for some place five to twenty miles

Continued on page 90

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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.

TWO WOODSMEN SKIN A GRIZZLY BEAR

BY LEW SARETT

How many thunderbolts, Brazzeau, were built
Into this beast? What iron strength reveals
Itself in every muscle!—as these wet knives
Strip off his rusty pelt and lay his carcass,
Bloody and steaming, open to the sun.

Those bear, M'sieu, she's biggest silvertip
That—me—I never seen. Mon Calvary!
She's weighing it a thousand pounds—might be—
Those thundering brute.

It's not a she, Bateese;

This monster is a he.

Bedamme, don't tell me that!

Me—I am knowing it—she's plain enough;
Those grizzly she's a he.

What slow sure strength

Rippled along these bunched-up shoulder blades,
When he went shambling through the hills; what power
Rolled through his sliding flanks and down these muscles,
Gliding on one another, up and down
His length, like bands of lubricated steel.
When this wild creature was alive, Brazzeau,
Grim power rolled in him as in a sea,
Like combering breakers on an ocean beach.

Ocean? You're foolishness! She ain't no ocean—
Those bloody carcass; she's only silvertip!
Ocean! The writer-man she's coming out
From you, like rash or measles; you better let
Those ranger, she's also be in you—and hunter—
Do some your thinking. Ocean! She's only bear,
Dead bear, dead brute.

Maybe, and maybe not.

Somehow, there's something more in this warm body
Sprawled on the ground, so human in every curve—

So like a boy, a roly-poly boy,
 Bateese, that every time I slip my knife
 Into his flesh I also prick myself.
 Something in this—oh, something troubles me,
 Brazzeau; you skin him out and butcher him.
 I'll rustle up the horses.

Mon Calvary!

You're getting soft. Ain't like you used to be.
 She ain't no boy, no naked big fat boy;
 She's bear, I'm telling you. That's plain to see
 Like any horsefly in a glass of milk.
 Bagosh, that gin we're drinking, she's touching you;
 Only where others are seeing rattlesnakes
 Or elephant it's pink, you're seeing boys,
 Bare-naked boys. That's only brute, damn brute,
 A grizzly bear—I'm told you that.

I wonder!

I wonder if his mate, the bawling she
 Who stumbled, whirled with terror when we shot,
 And bolted up the draw to timber-line—
 I wonder if to her this broken brute
 Was only a grizzly—or a boy.

A grizzly,

Plain silvertip, of course.

Perhaps—perhaps,

But, listen! . . . Can't you hear her on the hog-back?
 Bawling? . . . I wonder! . . .

Chut! Don't waste it time

Wondering on her. Those he—might be you know it—
 Was only killer anyway.

A killer?

Killer, for certainly! Those brute she's raid
 The pig-pen from my neighbor, Archiquette,
 And walk him off with two the fattest shoats
 Under his arms—now ain't it? That Jasper Basin
 It's better off without him.

Perhaps you're right.

Correct, my son! I'm right—ain't never wrong.
 Come, come! Pick up those knife and help it now.

We want those pelt—she's fetching twenty dollar,
Maybe, or more. It's coming dark and cold.
We got long way to ride before the night;
Ain't got no time to waste.

No doubt you're right;
No use in spending breath on any bear—
One more, one less in the world. . . . Now roll him over;
Spread out his legs. You skin one side of him;
I'll take the other. We'll strip him of his coat
As quickly as a seal can bolt a fish. . . .

How stubborn to the blade—this hide! How tough! . . .
These thighs—as round as any red oak trunk—
These thighs have raised his body's bulk from earth
Ten thousand times, or more, as slowly, surely,
As any iron jack-knife bridge goes up
To let a creeping barge pass under it;
Straining his sinews, perhaps ten thousand times
They shoved his shoulders into cherry-boughs
Where he might gorge himself on dripping fruit.
Oh, there were hours in autumn when he reeled
Drunkenly through the bushes, slobbering
The frosted juice of tart wild fruits, as pickled
And clownish as a lumberjack on pay day,
After a winter in the woods.

Those bear—
Grizzlies and blacks and browns, the all of them—
She's crazy for fruit, almost as much as bacon;
And funny when she's picking it the tree.
One day I see it—me—a grizzly bear
Break him wild cherry sapling off the stump,
Stick him the broken tree upon his shoulder
Like maybe it's a flag or an umbrella,
And solmen march himself around a ring,
Like he don't know which way to go with it,
Or else he's on parade. That's funniest thing
That—me—I never seen!

One thing is droller:

A bear who's poked his paw inside a can
For left-over syrup, and trying clumsily
To bat it off; a can with jagged lips

Fastened upon a paw will always stump
A bear for hours and finally put the clown
To helter-skelter rout.

I see—me—that. . . .
Bagosh, those flesh beneath the pelt she's warm,
And pink and clean like anything; those heart
Almost is beating; almost she seems alive. . . .
Speaking from bears and fruits—the spoor from bear,
She's best damned calendar you never seen.
You're seeing it those droppings in the woods
She's all pin-cherry stones, you know it's June,
Late in the month or early in July;
Choke-cherry pits—that's later in July;
When spoor she's full those wild red raspberry seeds,
She's middle summer; when she's color blue
From huckleberries, August is that month;
And blackberry seeds—she's coming on September.
Those calendar, bagosh, she's never fail—
Don't cost it nothing neither.

But why, Bateese—
Reckoning when the August sun has filled
Blueberries full of bursting purple juice—
Why search all day in a patch of huckleberries
To find blue spoor, to see if it is August?

Sacre de Dieu! Don't talk to me no more!
You're dumb like any bear.

A bear's not dumb. . . .
These forepaws, solid, stout, like iron clubs—
How often, do you think, Brazzeau, they locked
Themselves around a lazy mate in play
To wrestle him, or amiably cuffed
The rump of a grizzly cub to send it off,
Head over haunches, spinning like a pin-wheel
And squealing with delight? How often these paws
Clawed at the dirt for the roots of adder's-tongues,
Or ponderously plunged in clear cold brooks
To flip the pink and silver of a trout
Bouncing upon the bank.

Hoho! my son, I see
Those grizzly fishing him those slippery trouts
Plenty the time; but—me—I never seen

Those slowpoke spear it yet a crafty fish
And throw it on the bank. Sacre! he's clumsy;
Always he's plunging it she's paw too late—
After those trout she's run away and laugh
Upstream beneath a bank, a root, a rock.
That funny bear she's always sit him down
After and look and look, so puzzlement,
So sad, so foolish—he can't quite make it out.
God—or those Devil—don't intend that bears
Should ever catch it trout she's in the brook;
But bears ain't knowing that! . . . Be careful now!—
Don't cut away so much the flesh and fat;
Later that makes it harder when we scrape
Those hide; go slower skinning—careful. . . .

Look!

Look here, Bateese! His left hind paw!

His toes—

His toes ain't there! Bedamme, he's losing him
She's toes, the all of them!

A rusty trap,

Spitting and snarling as it crunched the bones,
Clamped down its jagged iron teeth on them.
Poor devil! I wonder what he made of it.
Did he, I wonder, bellowing with fear,
Drooling his rope of tongue, claw crazily
At the dogged jaws and spin with frenzy? How long
Do you suppose he studied the stubborn thing
And fumbled at the complicated steel
Before he surrendered? Did the badgered creature,
Blatting and bawling, drag the forty pounds
Of grinding metal two miles, or three, or four?
Did he, I wonder, beside himself with fright,
Furiously tear his paw from the grim red teeth
And limp off on his mangled stump of foot—
Leaving his toes—the price of liberty?
Or did he drag the vicious chain and log
Day upon day, until his gangrened toes
Dropped from their joints and he walked free again?
I wonder!

Either way, the foot is heal

Again, almost as good like new—except
It ain't got toes.

A toe, one more, one less,
Means little in the life of any grizzly
That struggles for survival.

Or wolf or weasel. . . .

Lift up his head, Brazzeau—a little more;
I'll run my knife around his skull—the eyes,
The ears, the nostrils. This part of our bloody job
Calls for a surer hand than mine. Now, steady! . . .
How often did this muzzle search the wind
For the taint of man-smell floating in the air?
How often did he rear and freeze with fright?

She's know it that smell of man—correct—and plenty!
Those whole damned settlement is hunting him
Maybe a year or more.

But you, Bateese,
You were the lucky devil!—smart enough
To bring him tumbling, groaning, down to earth.
Oh, what a shot, a perfect shot! . . . Look! Here!—
The base of the skull, this bunch of splintered bone—
Here, where your slug drilled daylight through his head—
A vital spot.

Those spot, that base of brain,
She's deadlier than even shot in heart—
People ain't know that; but those place is small—
Ain't bigger than your fist; she's hard to hit,
When bear she's running.

There was a trembling minute
When I was sure that we were checked for hell—
Clawed into ribbons, disemboweled. Remember?—
Your first wild shot that bit him in the shoulder,
And stung him like a wasp? How furiously
He whirled on us, unsteady on his legs,
Bellowing, batting madly at the air!
And when his mate went scrambling up to safety,
How quickly he wheeled from us, and, lashed by terror,
Pinned back his ears, and galloped for the peak!

The Frontier

Remember how he fell before your blast?
 Crumpled to earth like any oak-tree struck
 By an avalanche and crashed against the boulder?
 Poor brute, I'll not forget how he dragged himself,
 Blubbering, bleating, down the rocky slope
 With heaving belly flat upon the ground;
 Or how he writhed in the crimson pool that stained
 The earth, and finally dropped his lathered jaws
 Upon his outflung feet, and, with a sigh,
 Sank gently to endless sleep—with never a bee,
 A bug, a wolf to trouble him again.
 Oh, what a kill! What a kill!

That was good shot.

Me—I ain't trade my gun, my hand, my eye,
 For any in the parish.

No doubt of that;
 What with your eyes, Bateese, which look so straight—
 Never around a corner, never slantwise—
 What with your eyes, I'll venture you could kill
 A humming-bird gone crazy with delight
 In a honeysuckle bed, a butterfly
 Dancing in May upon a windy meadow;
 You wouldn't hesitate, I'll bet, to draw
 A deadly bead upon that glorious star
 Coming to life from out the night—Polaris.

Bedamme! And I—myself—could hit them, too—
 Almost—except those North star. But anyway,
 Fooling you are; you're only making jokes.
 Only damn fool is shooting it humming-birds
 Or moths; that's only waste of lead and powder.
 Butterflies, flowers, stars—they ain't no bear,
 Or fox or coyote; they're only bugs and posies.
 But grizzlies is grizzlies; something—something more
 There is in grizzlies.

Granted! There is a something,
 A something more in galloping silvertips.
 Grizzlies are grizzlies, that's plain enough, as clear
 As the pebbles in the bottom of that brook.

And anyway, who wants to shoot it stars!
 You're only joking—maybe.

No doubt, Bateese.

Of course, a star is a million miles from us;
 Riviere du Loup, and Henri Bisonette,
 The trader in furs, are only twenty-one;
 And the distance from your steady eyes and hands
 Down to your belly is even less than that.
 I haven't a leg to stand on.

Legs? Legs?
 Whose talking from legs! or even bellies!
 Excuse to me, my son, but did you fall
 Maybe one time or another on your head
 From out the arms your mother? when you was baby?
 Bah! Legs!—you got it plenty legs to stand on—
 That's plain to see like nothing. Myself—I think
 If anything you're lacking, might be brains—
 They got it cracks a little, a little wit-nit.
 But I ain't going—me—to told you that;
 Might be I make you feel it very bad.

In any event, the valley is growing dark,
 Black as the winter den of any bear.
 We'd better ramble and make for the divide.
 We'll get our bearings on "the Pass," the trail
 To home, by star-glow; Polaris, yonder, will yield
 What light—and truth and beauty—we may need
 To travel these dark valleys of the world.
 Squat on that mossy stone, and wait, Bateese—
 And whistle up the stars. I'll wrangle the horses.

GHOSTLY ACRES

BY CHARLES OLUF OLSEN

How cold, how bare, how bitterly forsaken
 The old, abandoned homestead now!
 Summer was kind, for summer could awaken
 The thought of turning furrows and the plow.

But whirls of fretful, wind-distracted flakes
 On frosty walls and weather-beaten shakes,
 The whispering of grass on lonely trails,
 Are wanton sounds of husbandry that fails.

CANDLE GLOW

BY HOWARD MCKINLEY CORNING

AFTER ten years! Len Garret stumbled into the clearing, where the cabin crouched below the frowning cedars. The first darkness of nightfall hung through the oval aperture overhead, the same sky was superior with stars, and still from the westward rolled up the muffled voice of the Pacific.

Home! "The old Garret place," people called it, holding its scant boundaries against the constantly intruding forest. He had never tended it very well; never widened its reach in the thick timber where it stood, more than a half mile from the River road, on its own side trail leading to Elk Prairie.

The place was much the same as he had left it: uncultivated, as narrow; while the clapboard lean-to he had built on the south wall, the year before they took him away, was now devoid of all paint.

It might not be wise for him to come too quickly full into the open. No one knew he had been released; least of all Martha, who wouldn't be wanting to see him. "You killed Jared Kane—now go and take yer medicine." He had gone—for life.

Whereupon she had taken advantage of a technicality and married Percy Stancy—as no-count as her own father had been. The thought of it made him wince. As for himself, he had had sufficient courage to fight for his convictions—even if he had killed Jared in the act. And here he was, back after ten years, on parole. She hadn't suspected that possibility. And she wouldn't want to see him.

"She won't wanta be seein' me," he repeated in a hoarse whisper, the phlegm of vengeance charging through his veins. Creeping through the brush, he skirted the clearing, a dark small figure, furtive as a mink. It was possible to keep in the shadow; the clearing had grown over almost up to the windows of the cabin. Already the matted grass was quite wet. This was the season of the year for frequent fogs, sweeping in and drenching everything with a silver dew. He shivered. There would be fog before morning. And there would be justice done to still this taunt of ill-use.

Suddenly, some one within the cabin had struck a light. It glowed against the panes of the squared window. It held. Whoever it was must have lighted a candle. The watcher without crept closer to the built-on he had added years ago. He stood peering, between apprehension and anger.

Standing in this motionless act he heard a cow bellowing through the trees, up the trail. Shortly the door on the opposite side of the building creaked open. He heard it shut. At once the long figure of a man went trudging hurriedly out through the darkness of the clearing, his face all but secreted under his low-brimmed hat. He reached the rutted trail and passed from sight. Martha's husband? Likely. And he had let him pass without remonstrance. But his anger was toward Martha, not Stancy.

Looking again at the window Len detected some one sitting motionless before it, but so misted over with light as to be unrecognizable. Was it Martha? If he could only be sure! And how much

older she must look! How many years ago was it she had married this no-count Stancy? A storm of hatred and passion surged through him. He pulled his eyes away and then looked back. The object held steadily to its position.

The crouching observer crept forward through the thick damp brush. He had scarcely taken his position twenty feet nearer, when the cow, whose bellowing had continued, grew quiet. The man would be coming back.

This advanced position placed him in a thick growth of salmonberry vines, so that to obtain a clear view of the window he had to expose his person more than he liked. He drew his cap down closer over his brow and pulled his coat collar about his chin, hiding, somewhat, his white face.

Who was it seated before the window? Man or woman? If the man who had just stepped out was Martha's husband—he gritted his teeth at the thought—then the image was Martha.

Indignation seared across his mind and he had difficulty restraining himself from plunging madly toward the low cabin. For a moment the window swam redly before him. His claw-like hand sought his coat pocket and rested there on the cold metal of a pistol.

After an interval of silent rage he was again himself. Or thought he was. But—what was he seeing now, where before he had seen but vaguely through the square of light? Its dimensions were the same. The cabin was the same crouching shadow-beast, stricken by darkness. But now, back of the squared space of light a human head very definitely and precisely showed before the lighted candle, so that the glow cast the hair into a halo about the wick. Martha's hair had been light; must be nearly

white by now. Then, it was unmistakably Martha! He had returned to find her married to Stancy—radiant, beautiful. He could see that she was beautiful. Then he realized that he was being foolish, that one couldn't see all this in a silhouette. Yet there she was—Martha, radiant, beautiful, happy—happy with that shiftless Stancy. His whole body shook with the realization; all his senses throbbed fire.

About him he heard the slow movements of vegetation gathering its thin weight of moisture. He smelled the damp earth, the peculiar tang of decay. He felt the earth breathing about him and realized that his whole being was suffocating. The first veils of fog were rising and blowing before his eyes like gossamer.

He knew now that he was not wanted here; would have to get away before the fog overtook him. He couldn't afford to be lost in its density as he knew others had been lost. Yet dare he approach closer to the lighted window for a last full look?

The thought of Percy Stancy probably making his way back to the cabin made him clutch at his pocket and hold his hand there. Slowly the agitated fingers crept under the flap. They clutched the cold pistol. But again he realized that his anger was toward Martha, not toward Stancy.

A wisp of fog blew ghostly across the window, filming it out. Slowly it cleared. When the glow was again fully apparent he saw the coifed head as before, radiant, taunting, perfect in its oval of light. God, she was beautiful! Not ever again for him.

In a surge of desire and the uncontrollable anger which followed it Len jerked the pistol from the concealing

pocket, took exact aim at the dead center of radiation . . . fired.

The single report filled the clearing with a voluminous echo, graduating into distant silence. The cabin, where the window had glowed with such revelation, was utterly dark. It crouched like a stricken beast beneath the grim cedars and the high superior stars in their oval sky.

Len turned and ran back into the forest, that seemed to open and let him in. He was quaking in every bone and his passionate rage had chilled to ice. Beaded moisture slapped from the brush into his face.

Hurrying through the deep timber, tripping in the obscurity and his breath bursting from his lungs, he didn't see the lone tall man come hastily back into the brushy clearing—he didn't see him burst into the now-darkened cabin like a man pursued.

And now for the second time Len was a murderer; again in respect to his convictions. Yet a victim of rage, an outcast to be hunted, captured and damned out of normal life with his human kind. Again. Never to be addressed civilly as an equal; never to be loved. To be killed perhaps. To be forgotten. . . . An owl calling over the settled darkness, its note of dolor fading in the damp air, left in his mind a sense of eternal despair. He ran headlong, even when he was out of breath. . . .

It was daybreak. Len Garret eyed the ill-worn roadway furtively from his covert of salal and salmonberry brush. There was no one abroad on its tufted winding surface, where the fog of the night had begun to lift. He was intensely cold and wet through with the blanket of dampness the night had held about him. With all his precaution he

had got lost in the fog and darkness.

Creeping out on the road he commenced to walk briskly; there was no building a fire. Then he recognized a landmark. He was probably four miles up the Sixes valley, where he had wandered during the night. The sea's sound was lost. If he kept on he could probably get over the mountains to Myrtle Point, and escape detection.

As he plunged ahead he felt relieved; first, he had recovered himself from the fog and the forest; second, Martha was forever out of his life and could no longer gnaw with her duplicity at his sense of disabuse.

He slung his arms from side to side to stir circulation and presently was warm and glowing. He stood in the trailway and mused. He would need food, to procure which he would have to stop at some cabin, taking a chance on not being recognized. Men would be out at their labors and women who had known you sometimes forgot.

"Martha used to feed me well, she did," Len recalled, almost airily. But the repetition of her name frightened him, and he began striding up the trail vigorously. He must be more guarded.

It was while rounding the sharp curve of the trail, in headlong manner, that he came squarely to confront the tall man. It was his stride rather than any feature that made him known to Len. But it was now too late to dodge off into the brush and the timber. He must face and out-countenance this man who was his direst enemy, and who walked as fiercely as he toward some imagined destination. But no, not an imagined destination, surely. Glancing about him Len realized that, in his own bewilderment, he had been walking, not away from, but into danger.

The two faced each other, close to breathlessness. And if there was any show of recognition it was on Len's part wholly. But the man before him wasn't Percy Stancy, that was evident. Yet in some unintelligible way Len felt that the stranger must know who he was, and had come for his destruction. He could see Martha, all her golden hair matted with blood, slumped on the cabin floor, as there this man—her husband—had found her after the shot. He was cornered. He had played the fool in a moment of mad anguish. This stranger had come to kill him.

They stood staring at each other: the parolled convict with his eyes orb'd like an owl overtaken by daybreak, his mealy face colorless; the tall strange man with his slim hands hanging limply and too long from his cuffs, his thin blade of a nose red with the chill. His tight overcoat, too, was quite wet. Len forgot, this time, to fumble in his pocket. The stranger seemed harmless and even a bit frightened. Presently, a hint of friendliness crept into the curious eyes, open wider from their seclusive narrowness.

"It's a foul fog we've ben a-havin', traveler. Not goin' fur in such a hurry?"

Len stared, not knowing what best to reply. His pulses were thumping and between fright at being approached and possibly apprehended, and anger at his mistake of retracing his steps instead of distancing himself in the opposite direction, he was speechless.

The stranger spoke again, in thin wheezy accents that betrayed the trembling of his body. "This country's agitatin' to be almighty scarey—it is. If I'd a-knowed at first—" He shook his head with unvoiced declaration. His gray battered hat was jerked down over his

temples. "If you'd aben through w'at I was las' night—" Again he shook his head.

A smile covered Len's pasty face. So he was unknown to the man before him! Good! He would play the listener. Though first he himself had one question to ask: "Whar did yuh say this was, stranger?"

"My place? Up the road apiece—two miles. The old Garret place it used to be." He jerked with his thumb. "W'y, a man ain't safe in his own home in these hills any more. An' it wasn't no hant outa the fog, nuther."

Len hitched at his coat. It was chilly standing with an empty stomach, but here was knowledge to make him endure an hour of chill.

The other continued. "I ben alone fer nigh onto three weeks, but nothin' ain't never happened like las' night. I'm gettin' out, I am." He shifted on his long narrow feet, his listener dutifully attentive, hoping the devil-gleam in his eyes wasn't showing unduly.

"It was this way," he recommenced "Las' night jus' after darkfall I lit a candle. Purty soon I hears the old cow bellerin' up the trail. I goes out to see but thar ain't nothin' wrong. But comin' back a bullet comes a-whizzin' by through the branches. I jus' lights out hellity-belt fer the cabin." Again the speaker shifted his position, shrugging the chill off.

"Then w'en I opens the door the cabin is dark as the devil. I thinks maybe the wind 'as blowed the candle clean out. I strikes a match an' begins movin' round, and purty soon I'm all gummed up on the soles o' me boots." He looked down tolerantly at his long feet, sodden and restless. "Well, right away I knowed somethin' was wrong. I got down on

The Frontier

me knees. Thar, jus' as sure as I'm a Dole, was the floor all sifted over with little flakes o' candle wax—jus' like it had snowed."

His listener fidgeted nervously from side to side. The truth of his hallucination was dawning on Len now. He glanced down at his coat pocket. Slowly he folded his arms across his chest. "An' yuh mean t' say—?"

The narrator swallowed and nodded. "I do. W'en I stepped over t' the window in the built-on thar was a neat little 'ole bored through the glass, size of a 30-30. Whoever done the shootin'—"

"Must have thought he was shootin' someone," Len concluded.

"Exactly, stranger. He thought he was a-shootin' me."

"Why you?"

"Who else could he be hopin' t' shoot?"

Len Garret shrugged. "Well, maybe yer wife. There might be a reason, kinda."

The stranger eyed his interrogator quizzically. Then shaking his head from side to side, slowly, spoke. "No, friend; no one could be a-shootin' the missus. She's dead. That's w'y I'm alone. We 'ad a argymint tother week back an' she kicked off. I buried 'er down at the end o' the clearin'. I ben wonderin' ef maybe 'at ain't w'y." He was in a sudden commotion of excitement.

"Yuh mean—?" Len leaned toward him, dropping his hands to his sides, his face undergoing a succession of changes.

So this man was "a Dole"—huh? And it had all been a mistake about seeing Martha before the yellow squares of the window the night before? Len's mouth stood open.

But the Dole man was talking again. "Yeah. She nuver understood me.

Tried to make me do things I didn't nuver wanta do, Martha did." He seemed constantly on the verge of a full explanation.

"Martha? Did yuh say Martha?" the inquiry came in a bolder voice than Len had employed before.

The nod of response was immediate. "Yeah. I didn't much know Martha, I guess, w'en I took in with 'er. Seems 'er fust man 'ad got hisself put up fer life fer killin' a Kane. Then she married a man hereabouts, name of Stancy—Percy Stancy. She must 'ave druv 'im t' drink—'e fell offa the shelf above The Shallows one night. I was happenin' along an' sorta took up with 'er."

"An' yuh buried her tother day?"

The man nodded, an expression of misery clouding his features. "She druv me out with a axe. She swung it over 'er 'ead an' it caught over the door. It come down an' split 'er 'ead open . . . dead as yuh please. . . . I'm agittin' out."

The speaker was on his toes to be off. Len, on the other hand, was noticeably relaxed. "This here Martha woman, she must have been a piece, awright. Yes sir, a pretty piece fer any man." He smiled wryly. "An' this here shot—maybe the feller thought he was shootin' the ol' lady; yuh can't tell."

"Dunno, friend. Ain't no place fer me. Never was. I'll be agittin' up the valley. Some other feller kin have the place; ain't wo'th nothin', nohow." He broke off with a thin wheeze. "Cold fog we had las' night." He pulled his tight wet coat closer over his narrow chest; stirred into action; he started to leave. Suddenly he turned back. "Sure yuh ain't on the wrong trail, friend? This un leads back to the cabin an' up

to the Prairie. Ain't nothin' thar."

"Nope. Reckon I'm on the right trail."

"Well, yuh'll see the place up in the timber apiece."

"Will I?" Len called after him where he hurried striding toward the mountainous northeast. "Thanks!"

They distanced rapidly from each other.

"Funny!" Len Garret exclaimed, when he pushed through the door of the again-familiar cabin a half-hour later.

"I must a been feelin' pretty ornery to have my sight bothered thataway."

Looking first toward the four-paned window he saw the small hole his bullet had bored through it. About him the floor was sown with a fine chaff of wax that had been a candle.

"Damn fine shot yet—after all them years," he muttered amusedly.

Drawing his gun from his coat he laid it on the mantlepiece, and after procuring himself a meal from the few remaining eatables stamped outside where the sun rode through the risen fog.

FROM A FOREST LOOKOUT

BY COURTLAND W. MATTHEWS

The fires flagged at sunset, and the west wind slowly
Pushed the long fog-billows in from the sea—
In across the blue hills, blanketing each wholly,
Hiding lakes and valleys from the crescent moon and me.

Remote from men I waited: I watched the vapors wreathing
Familiar peaks and firs below with delicate blurring twist.
The eerie surf came creeping on, as noiseless as my breathing . . .
Dusk found me on an island in a sleeping sea of mist.

Somewhere beneath the silver miles the ranch-house lamps were lighted
And far-down canyons echoed to the horns of homing cars.
Somewhere flame-ravaged woods in dripping dimness were benighted,
While I, above the spectral sea, kept vigil with the stars.

WAYS FOR THE WIND

BY TED OLSON

Run with the wind, like sand.
Quarrel with the wind, like the tree.
Ignore the wind, like rock.

The wind takes all in the end,
But the rock last.

AN ARRIVAL AT CARTHAGE

BY SCAMMON LOCKWOOD

ACROSS the Iowa prairie a train consisting of two freight cars, a combination baggage and passenger car and an ancient locomotive, is laboring through ever rising snow drifts. The early winter twilight is fast falling. It is January, 1882, and it is more bitter cold than any January since.

In the combination baggage and passenger car there are seven people, all huddled near the stove which is just to the right of the door leading to the baggage compartment. One of these is the ubiquitous drummer, on the road for a wholesale grocery concern in Des Moines. Another is a railroad laborer traveling on a pass from nowhere to nowhere. The other five passengers are all members of one family, three small children, a father and a mother. There is soon to be a fourth child and therefore they are all on their way to their mother's former home that she may be free from domestic toil during the travail that is before her and also that they may have food and shelter, for the husband is not one of the world's successes. Perhaps he has not yet found just the thing he can best do. He is an intelligent-looking man and his broad high forehead over keen dark eyes carries those slight elevations usually called "bumps" which phrenology tells us are indicative of unusual perception. He has been employed as a shoe clerk in a small town seventy miles back. But he lost that position partly because business was bad and partly because he had been more interested in loitering about the depot, trying to learn telegraphy, than in persuading people to buy shoes. So he has sold his few household pos-

sessions and, with his entire family, has taken this train to seek the refuge of an established and stable home until the baby should be born and he, the husband, find another job.

As he looked through a peep hole, scraped in the frost on the car window, he could see that the engine had ploughed through the drifts in a shallow cut or trough and come out upon a stretch of track which was higher than the surrounding country and therefore swept comparatively clear of snow by the strong zero wind.

Then the train stopped and the conductor got out and went forward to consult with the engineer. This conductor had not the appearance of the officials who watch over our limited trains today. He wore an old blue overcoat on which there was only one brass button remaining. Around his throat was a heavy knitted muffler with the ends tucked into the breast of the overcoat. On his head was an old blue conductor's cap to which, however, had been added a knitted protection for the ears and the lower part of the man's head. The bottoms of his trousers were thrust into heavy hob-nailed boots that had been generously annointed with neat's-foot oil. Although he was dressed for the weather it was with a gasp of relief that he climbed up into the cab of the locomotive.

"I thought fer a minute we wasn't goin' to make it," said the engineer.

The conductor shook his head vigorously and positively. "Tell you what, Gus," he said, "I don't believe we better try to git past the next town. They's you an' me an' Jack here;" he indicated the fireman, a subdued and inarticulate

being, who had turned to hear their discussion; "an' they's seven passengers back there in the coach, an' they's Fred my brakeman an' that makes eleven, don't it?"

The engineer, who was warmly dressed like the conductor, but also much more plentifully upholstered by nature, nodded as one might nod who had accepted the utter finality of two and two making four.

"Well," continued the conductor, who had a walrus moustache over buck teeth and a stomach as concave as the new moon, and at all times the manner of a revivalist, "we ain't supposed to resk the lives of eleven human beings to git this train through to Des Moines. An' if we git snowed up out on this here prairie we'd all freeze to death or starve to death before any help could git to us."

"What'll we do?" said the engineer.

"Tell you," said the conductor, "Carthage is just ahead: we'd better lay over there, if we kin make it."

"Ain't nothin' there," objected the engineer.

"They's a deepo, ain't they?" The revivalist manner was more pronounced. "An' a stove an' firewood an' a bin o' coal an' a general store."

This inventory of the resources of Carthage seemed to impress the convex engineer, for he merely replied as he turned and looked out ahead, "Better be pullin' our freight then or we'll never get thet far; colder'n hell here."

"I'll stick here in the cab," said the conductor, "can't be more'n a few hundred rods."

Slowly the engineer opened the throttle, the cars clanked along behind the engine and then the entire train came to a stop with the locomotive drive

wheels spinning around upon the icy rails. The engineer looked ahead. "Have to back her up and buck it," he said, reversing his eccentrics. They backed up about two hundred feet and then again proceeded forward at the greatest speed the engineer dared. He well knew that his only hope of getting through the rapidly rising drifts was by having plenty of momentum.

"Keepa feedin' her, Jack," he said to the fireman.

"How far you figure we gone since that last stop?" said the engineer after another minute or so had elapsed.

The fireman leaned on his shovel and considered. "Oh, mebbe ten mile."

"Carthage ought to be loomin' up along about here, but I can't make out nothin'. Hell!" And he quickly closed his throttle and applied the brakes. "Semaphore set against us, but no light on it; sompin' wrong."

The train came to a sudden, grinding stop. Air brakes were a novelty in those days and only found on locomotives and the newer passenger coaches.

The revivalist conductor was thrown violently forward. "Say," he said, as he regained his feet, "I bet you near made that lady back there have her kid."

The engineer peered anxiously out on both sides of the cab. "Better hustle ahead, Jack, an' see what's the matter with Amos," he said to the fireman. "He had the semaphore set dead against us and no light. Didn't see it till I was right on it."

"Just kinda feel your way slow," the conductor replied. "I wouldn't ask no man to walk that tonight. It's only a couple hundred yards, but that snow's like frozen sand shootin' into you."

"Well, if you're willing to take the

responsibility of runnin' by a signal set against you," said the engineer with the caution of his trade.

"Hell, yes," said the conductor. "Anyhow ain't you run by it anyhow? An' a signal ain't no signal in the dark without a light, is it?" he added argumentatively.

The engineer without replying slowly opened the throttle and the train crept along until it drew up beside the station.

This structure of a pattern familiar fifty years ago was set back from the rails about twenty feet. It was perhaps thirty feet long by fifteen wide and the lower floor was divided into three sections; in the middle was the usual small office, projecting far enough out from the main building to enable the station agent while seated at his telegraph key to look along the track in both directions. Above this office was a gable end projecting from the sharply sloping roof, the ridge of which was parallel with the rails. Just below the windows in the small front gable was a long wide plank on which was the word "Carthage" in bold but faded capitals.

This new Carthage is merely a straggling prairie village of perhaps twenty houses and a rickety frame depot badly in need of paint. On one end of the wide plank which proclaims its historic name to the traveling public is the further information: "Des Moines 127 m." and on the other end "Denver 726 m."

On either side of the office are doors whereon large letters, also much faded, gave evidence of the conventional prudery by the words "Gents" and "Ladies." In the ladies' waiting room a certain male gallantry was subtly expressed by the absence of any ticket window; it was the part of men to buy the tickets and the agent's aperture

looked forth upon the room assigned so definitely to "Gents" and was definitely marked, "Tickets and Information," the paint, like that on the doors, much faded but still legible. But in view of the chivalrous omission of a ticket window in the ladies' waiting room, the fact that the only stove in the place was in the men's room must have been an accident. There it was, however, and in cold weather women patrons of the road had to choose between the danger of freezing an ear or a finger or that infinitely greater danger of close contact and association with the sterner and stronger and indubitably coarser sex.

This stove was like all stoves. A warm stove is the host to which all visitors first turn their eyes and their steps. But cold and lifeless as was this station stove it is forbidding, cheerless, and spreads about it a sense of even greater desolation than if there were no stove at all.

It was instantly obvious to the revivalist and concave conductor, to the convex engineer and to the subdued fireman, that there was no fire in the stove. But they had been partly prepared for this state of things by the absence of any light either in or about the station.

So, as they entered, they knew at once before so much as striking a match that there was no fire in the stove. They knew it by that dead and damp and motionless chill, so different from the cold of out of doors, which always pervades an unheated room in winter.

Fastened to the wall alongside the little ticket window was a kerosene lamp and behind it a tin reflector which in its bright youth had given back to the world ray for ray of the light that it received. But now it was rusty and fly specked and old, and even with the best

will it could return but a small part of the feeble radiance that the lamp offered it.

So, when the conductor had put a match to the wick, a sulphur match whose fumes made his nostrils pucker up and his eyes water, the gents' waiting room was still gloomy and cold.

"Amos'll git hell fer this," said the revivalist conductor, looking around and wagging his head. "Mebbe fired."

"Do you have to report him?" ventured the engineer.

The conductor assumed an oratorical attitude, his left hand on his hip and his right waving about. "Bounden duty," he replied, "an' besides they's most likely too many know about it. Now if it was only you an' me an' Jack here," he graciously included the subdued fireman, "but there's the passengers; they might talk or someone up at the village. Some way a serious thing like a station agent bein' off duty when a train's due is goin' to leak out an' then what would happen to me an' you an'—" He stopped suddenly and looked about. "Where'n hell did Jack go to?" The subdued fireman had vanished.

The conductor, as usual, had been so absorbed in his brief oration that he had not noticed the fireman go into the station agent's office through the door alongside the ticket window.

But his question was answered almost immediately by the fireman himself who called out, "Hey! Commere! Quick!"

They followed his voice into the agent's office and saw him with a lighted match standing over the body of a man on a small bed just behind the door.

They knew instinctively that the man must be dead.

As the match held by the fireman

burned out the conductor lit another and looked around.

On the table near the telegraph key was the station lantern. The conductor lit it and then came and joined the others standing beside the bed.

"Poor old Amos Dorley!" sighed the conductor, dropping an icy hand. "He'll never tap another telegraph key, least not in this world, an' we don't know, mebbe they ain't none in the next. Frozen stiff! Must a' died sudden a' sumpin'. Now how do you suppose—"

But again he was interrupted. This time by the traveling salesman from Des Moines, who burst in among them exclaiming, "Say, that lady's agoin' to have her kid right away an'—" he paused seeing the dead man. "What's happened?"

"Old Amos froze to death," said the engineer.

"Station agent," mumbled the fireman.

"Must a died a' sumpin'," repeated the conductor.

"Say, we'll have to get him out o' sight," said the drummer. "That lady'll have to come in here."

"That's so," replied the conductor. "No way to git her up to the village tonight. Take ahoid, boys. Amos kin sleep upstairs tonight. Just as comfortable."

At the rear of the office, just behind the cot, were stairs leading to the floor above. Up there the four of them carried the dead man. They were not aware of the significance in what they were doing—the dead making way for the living and the yet unborn.

Above there were three rooms cluttered with a few pieces of broken furniture, some lumber and empty oil cans and a pile of old freight receipt books

and still older magazines. They found a torn tarpaulin and reverently covered the dead man and then went back down the stairs.

Have to fix her up in the gents' waiting room," said the fireman. "Ain't no other stove." He said this as if a sound reason were needed for such a breach of decorum. If a woman had to have a baby in a public depot the least she could do was to have it in the ladies' waiting room.

"Now see here, Jack," the conductor answered, "I been through this five times an' I know what's got to be done. An' we got to have a fire in that stove and then heat some water. Got to have plenty of hot water. Have to melt the snow." He turned to the engineer. "Better call Fred and get him to hunt-in' every can and kettle he can find and fill 'em with snow. And you, Jack, be-in' a fireman, get that stove red hot in jig time." He turned to the engineer. "Come on and help me carry that bed into the waitin' room. And say, Jack," he called to the fireman who was starting out the back door to find firewood and coal; "you'll have to keep a fire in that there coach. Them kids can't be in here with their mother while this party's goin' on, an' the rest of the station's too cold."

The conductor, having issued these orders in his usual revivalist manner, went out to the day coach to see how matters were progressing there. The woman was stretched across two seats which had been hastily arranged into a sort of a couch with the cushions from several other seats piled in between them. Her husband was bathing her face with a wet handkerchief and doing his best to reassure her.

"It's just a little sort of starting pain,

Alice," he said. "It's not time yet. You'll be all right in a few minutes."

"No," she said quite positively. "I'm not mistaken." And then seeing the conductor, she said, "We must have miscalculated; have you a family?" She spoke in tones rather more refined than he was accustomed to and he realized at once that she was not the ordinary farm or village woman, whatever her present circumstances might be.

"That's all right, lady," he said cheerfully. "I have five myself and I got an idee what you've got ahead of you. We'll make you as comfortable as if you was in your own home." And then he showed his experience by a practical question. "How often the pains com-in'?"

"Pretty close together now," the mother replied. "Can't we get up to the town?" she asked. "Some one would take me in for a few days."

"No gettin' up to town for you to-night," answered the conductor. "Meb-be not fer anybody, but somebody'll get up there in the mornin' and fetch the doctor if they is one. But if they ain't, why this sort of thing's happened before without a doctor and everything all right, too."

"I'll try to make it up to town," said the husband.

"Not on your life," replied the conductor, "your wife needs you. One of us will try to go, pretty quick." Then, turning to the woman, "Can you walk in to the deepo?"

The woman started to rise but sank back. "I—I guess not," she panted.

"Well, just wait a minute now and we'll get you in all comfortable," he said, and hurried out of the car and back to the station.

His orders were being carried out

with willingness and speed. The fireman had given his snow covered wood generous assistance with some kerosene from the station's supply and the stove was roaring. Cans of fast melting snow promised quick quantities of hot water and the bed of which the dead man had been so abruptly dispossessed had been brought in from the office.

"Say, Jack," said the conductor briskly, "grab a couple of them blankets and come along with me. We got to carry that lady in. She's a game one all right, but too far gone to walk. Then you and me can take a little tramp up to the village. It ain't more'n half a mile but better two of us go in case one or the other don't make it. Worst blizzard I ever seen in all my days."

Jack took the blankets as directed and followed the conductor back into the coach. The woman was having a brief period of relief from her pain and thought she could manage to walk, but they refused to let her even so much as make the attempt. "Only bring it on again worse," said the conductor.

"Come," he said, "one of them seat cushions makes a good stretcher. Kinda' short but then it's a short trip. Ha! Ha! Hey you," he called to the laborer who had sat stolid and silent and for all they knew uncomprehending at the other end of the car. "Come and help us carry this lady into the deepo. She's sick."

So they wrapped her in the blankets and then the four men, the husband, the conductor, the fireman and the laborer, carried her out of the car and into the rude room that had been so rudely and so hurriedly prepared for her. The three little children watched her departure with wide eyes. They were cold and hungry and frightened.

"It's all right, Effie," said the hus-

band as they went out, addressing the elder child, a girl of about eight. "I'll be right back. Take care of John and Carrie."

After they had laid the mother upon the bed the conductor called the fireman into the little office and said, "Wrap yourself up good, Jack; you and me is goin' out for a little evening stroll to the village."

Trainmen on such runs in those days were always well equipped for extreme weather. They had heavy oiled boots and huge knitted scarfs and mittens and heavy ulsters. But what they needed most of all they did not have. They needed snowshoes. The drifts were so deep that it was impossible to wade through them. The railroad ran through a hollow and the village was on higher ground about a mile away. Much of the road was a shallow cut with banks on each side forming a long trough into which the snow had been drifting all afternoon. If the men could only have seen they would have found bare prairie along the sides of the road, but that much they could not see. The night was that dense black which a city man almost never knows. There may have been lights in the village a mile away but the fine driving snow obscured them. The men could only distinguish the course of the road by the few trees on either side looming up in a blackness even denser than the blackness of the night.

The men started out hand in hand, for they realized full well the danger of getting separated by even a few feet in that impenetrable night and with the screaming of the wind to drown out the loudest call. But they had gone hardly a hundred yards when the fireman pulled the conductor over to him and

The Frontier

shouted in his ear, "No use, Hank, no man could get through half a mile of this alive. Better turn back."

"Guess you're right, Jack; we'd have three froze up men 'stead of one."

They turned and floundered back to the station and, when they arrived, they fully realized how impossible it would have been to get to the village.

The conductor led the way into the day coach where the laborer and the traveling salesman and the brakeman and engineer were waiting. "How is she?" the conductor asked. "No change yet," said the engineer. "Can't get to town?" asked the salesman. "No, couldn't go a hundred rods," said the fireman. "Now, boys," he said, still in his revivalist manner which somehow seemed to match the gravity of the occasion, "we got death here amongst us and we got a new life a comin' into the world an' we got no one to look to but ourselves; no chance fer any help no more'n if we was on a desert island. Now that lady's husband and I'll have to see her through. We both had experience an' that's all a doctor has in a case like this and jest somethin' about his position to make 'em feel easier. But we've got to be the doctor. Now there's some food of Amos' in there, canned stuff, flour, rolled oats, coffee an' tea and such stuff, so we don't starve. Anybody got any whiskey?" Of course the traveling salesman had a bottle of it in his bag. He got it out and gave it to the conductor.

"Now, Jack," the conductor continued, "give us a good pile of wood and a lot of coal to see us through the night and then some of you fellers give those kids somethin' to eat and get them to go to sleep and keep this car warm an' I'll see you in the mornin'."

As he entered the station he heard the click of the telegraph receiver. In the office he found the husband at the key. He turned as the conductor entered. "Been repeating the same call for the last ten minutes. I didn't know what this station's call was but thought I'd cut in and see if they was calling us."

"Hell!" said the conductor. "Do you know how to telegraph?"

The husband nodded.

"Why didn't you say so—still what's the use; there won't be no train through here for a week. What do they say?"

"Want to know what's the matter. I told them the agent was dead and your train here."

The conductor nodded and then jerked his head in the direction of the room where the woman was lying. "How she gettin' along?"

"She's easier for a time," he replied.

The conductor held up the bottle of whiskey. "This'll help her if she needs it."

The telegraph interrupted them.

After a pause the husband turned and said, "They want to know if I can take the job of agent until they can get a man through."

"Ain't you got a job?" said the conductor.

"No," said the husband, and explained his situation.

"Well," said the conductor, "forty-five dollars a month and upstairs to live in rent free and your coal and a place to raise vegetables and mebbe keep a cow and now and then a hell of a bawling out from the division supe, and no future working for this two streaks of rust and right o'way. That's what it is. Not so bad, not so bad for a handy fellow. Got any furniture?"

"I'll make some," said the man.

"Pretty handy with tools. Guess I'll tell them that I want the job permanent." He turned to the key.

After a long interchange of dots and dashes he again faced the conductor. "They say it's all right if I suit the general agent of the division when he can get through."

The conductor held out his hand. "Well, Mr. Agent, here's congratulations and hopin' you get to be president of the road and take me off this rotten run."

The man rose to his feet his eyes shining. "I must tell Alice," he said. "She knows I always wanted to be a telegraph operator."

He went into the other room.

"Alice!" he said excitedly. "How do you feel now?"

"What is it?" she said. "What has happened?"

"I've got a job," he exclaimed. "Station agent here. We'll have upstairs to live in rent free, free coal, place to raise vegetables, keep a cow, forty-five dollars a month sure money all the time, too, Alice."

She smiled faintly. "I'm glad, Ed," she said. "But where is the agent they had?"

"Oh, he's gone."

She nodded and then suddenly clutched at the bed clothes. "It's starting again," she whispered as beads of perspiration appeared on her forehead.

The next morning at about seven o'clock the conductor burst into the coach exclaiming, "Well, it's a girl, mighty nice little girl, an' everything's all right."

The men gathered around him.

"How's the mother?" said the engineer.

"She's all right; there's women have had it harder and again there's others had it easier, but she's all right and the gamest human creature I ever see."

"Anything more we can do?" asked the drummer.

"Somebody's got to get to town. Stark in there, that's his name, Edward Stark, mother's name's Alice—Alice Stark; well Stark is sittin' there by the bed tryin' to make a pair of snowshoes out of the wicker backs of a couple of old busted rocking chairs he found upstairs. And damned if I don't think they'll work. That man is plumb handy. But anyhow we got to get to town. Most like they'll try to get down here." He looked out the window as he spoke. It was a dazzling January morning, clear, cold, dry, and the reflected sunlight from the snow making all blink and turn away.

"Fine morning," he continued. "Yes, we got to get milk for those kids. By the way, I haven't told them they got a little sister."

He approached the children; only the eldest was awake.

"Well, how is this little girl?" he asked.

"How is mother?" the child replied.

"Your mother is first rate and, what's better yet, you've got a new little sister."

The child looked up at him and calmly replied, "Then her name is Molly."

"Molly?" said the conductor. "How do you figger that out?"

"Because mother and father said so. There is a Molly Stark in the history book and we belong to her family and so mother and father said the next girl would be named Molly Stark."

"Well now," said the conductor, "what do you think of that?"

THE LAST OF THE ROUGHNECKS

BY HARRY MILLER BLICKHAHN

ON top of a mountain in South Dakota, overlooking on a clear day a vista of cobalt and jade-green hills, several hundred people huddled in a snow storm. Into a grave hewn and blasted from solid rock was lowered the coffin containing the emaciated, buckskin-clad figure of Deadwood's last penny dreadful, the body of Richard E. Clarke. He was the Deadwood Dick of Dime Novel fame whose real or imagined exploits were known two decades ago in practically every hayloft in America.

He was Deadwood's best publicity bet, and unfriendly elements did not prevent that up-and-coming community from squeezing the last drop of ballyhoo from the event. True, the dismal, wet snow kept a part of the expected crowd away, but it was nevertheless a brave cavalcade of surviving Black Hills pioneers, a stage coach, the military band and firing squad from Ft. Meade and scores of automobiles that made up the funeral cortege. The pallbearers struggled up the last lap of the steep trail through four inches of snow. An airplane pilot who was to have strewn flowers from his ship as a last spectacular gesture could not locate the grave in the snow storm. He dumped the flowers and turned back to a safe landing. But there are many monuments; the flowers were later found near one—the memorial to Preacher Smith.

Had it not been for the snow storm the crowd would have numbered thousands instead of hundreds. But Deadwood was consoled, for it was a day "fitting to the tempestuous life of the

old scout," according to the alert publicity dispensers.

Deadwood Dick's tomb was purposely located near a tourist park. His name will be kept alive, and the legend and romance of the man who was reputed to be hell on Indians will be carefully nurtured. Visitors who come to the Black Hills and who pass up this glamorous shrine will be made to feel that they have done themselves an injustice. So they are guided to the graves of Calamity Jane, Wild Bill Hickok and Preacher Smith. The New West clings tenaciously to the romance of pioneerdom, not for sentimental reasons, but simply and sensibly because it is profitable.

Another Sunday supplement headliner, not so amenable to the fanfaronade of local Chambers of Commerce as was Deadwood Dick, was Mrs. Alice Tubbs, known widely as Poker Alice. Her departure from this life shortly before the passing of Deadwood Dick was the first blow to the newspaper space getters, though her funeral was singularly without ostentation. She was put into the earth after a tactful priest had avoided a too-minute obituary. Whereas Deadwood Dick could be pointed out as exemplary of the American pioneer tradition of hairy-chested and clear-eyed manhood, there could be no such noble verbiage for Poker Alice. Her immediate past was too real. Her gambling and liquor-swigging history was authentic. It made poor stuff at which to point with pride. Toned down, she had been fair advertising copy for the Black Hills, but she had been too much a rebel to warrant gallant gestures when placing her body in its grave.

Enthusiastic Commercial Club secretaries could depend always upon Deadwood Dick to say the right thing over the radio, to look the part of the Western hero and to tell of the beauteous Black Hills and of the thriving, respectable towns. Alice often swore at the tourists, and she sometimes said other things that were not in the true booster spirit. Alice liked to rattle community skeletons, and Deadwood, in particular, sought her services with some apprehension. She once defied the Deadwood city administration, she said. It was because she had been ordered out of town for interfering with a shake-down from the wages of a prostitute. She lived in another town, Sturgis, and attracted tourists away from Deadwood. The relations between the old woman and Deadwood became a little strained.

Not long ago an ambitious railroad company took Poker Alice and Deadwood Dick to Omaha, there to add color to an anniversary celebration. This spectacular pair from the Black Hills were to ride atop a stagecoach in the parade. When it was about time for the parade a pernicious rain began falling and Alice forsook the idea of the stagecoach and demanded a closed car. The publicity managers tried to make her see that this was not the proper spirit, and pointed to Dick as the model who would, for his country, ride the stagecoach even in the rain.

"Take the so-and-so in a wheelbarrow," she said, and immediately cleared her hotel room of all respectable visitors.

Whether or not she would ever have been invited on another publicity tour will never be known, for several months later her rheumatism, which she alternately cursed with a refreshing original-

ity and gossiped about like any nice old lady discussing symptoms, put her into a hospital bed for the last time.

Deadwood Dick claimed to have been a scout for General George A. Custer during the Indian wars which were climaxed in the Battle of the Little Big Horn and the so-called Custer massacre. That some old timers stoutly declared that Custer's only scouts were friendly Indians made little difference. It was Dick's story that got into the papers. His life already is clouded with such billows of fiction that historical accuracy is nearly impossible, but stories of the days when he was prospector, pony express rider and stagecoach guard on the Bismarck Trail are founded on truth. Dick knew how to avoid sheer fabrication about himself and still supply the expected publicity. When reporters questioned him he turned over to them newspaper clippings and "feature stories" and allowed them to use their consciences. Away from his aura of romance Dick was a mild-mannered, inoffensive, reticent old man, who found that the fanfare brought him little more than a bare living. Before his potential advertising qualities as the original Deadwood Dick were discovered during the last few years, he saw some rather lean times. Despite his age he maintained a straight, slim figure, and with his buckskin outfit and flowing, shoulder-length hair he made a sufficiently good actor for the purposes. One thing only got under his grizzled skin. He was resentful when photographers and writers exploited his reputation and then thanked him kindly instead of paying cash. The Deadwood Chamber of Commerce built for him a cabin in their tourist park. The old man lived there during the summers of his last few years,

talking to goggle-eyed tourists and selling them photographs of himself.

In 1929 Deadwood Dick was taken on a publicity trip by airplane from Rapid City to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Chicago and Washington, D. C. At the national capital he was received by Calvin Coolidge, then president. The trip was advertised as "several thousand feet above the same trail he had followed more than fifty years before on foot and by ox team, seeking the Golden West." He was good for column after column of newspaper space wherever he stopped, and the Black Hills got some inexpensive and ingenuous advertising. Dick said what he was expected to say. "Give me a horse any day," he was quoted by delighted reporters as he stepped from the airplane; and there were casual references to his friendship with Calamity Jane, Wild Bill, Buffalo Bill and others of the legendary fraternity.

Deadwood, now bereft of its last celebrity, is casting about to import one. Down in Nebraska lives a man who is touted as the original "Diamond Dick," also of hayloft literature fame, and advances have been made to bring him to Deadwood to spend his last days. The claim is made that he, too, was one of General Custer's scouts. It doesn't matter. He will carry on the banner of publicity, and doubtless will not prove recalcitrant and disconcerting as did Poker Alice.

Mrs. Tubbs came to the Black Hills sometime before the death of Calamity Jane; in time to witness the fading melodrama of the gold rush. She had seen almost every first-rate mining camp in the country in their heyday—Del Norte, Creeda, Custer, Bisbee, Tombstone, Clifton, Silver City, Lead—and the gold rush of '98 led her to Nome and Skag-

way. She claimed England as her birthplace and was fond of telling that she was educated in a "select" girls' school in the south. Alice would never divulge the name of this school, because, she said, she didn't want to embarrass her alma mater. It was apparent that she was educated, however, for she could use chaste grammar when she chose, even though her usual manner of expression was careless and lurid. She had an instinctive feeling for the dramatic, and a deep, resonant voice. Her stories of her adventures in saloons and gambling halls, true or not, were spellbinding, unless one were so offended by her habitual cussing as not to appreciate the narrative.

She swore with creative ability and conviction. She smoked cigars with unmistakable relish. She could toss off three fingers of moonshine whisky without batting an eye. Had she stopped doing all this in her old age to hint, merely, of the days when she had done it, she would have been an invaluable publicity asset. But she was too real. The tourists like to be thrilled but not shocked.

Poker Alice survived three husbands. The first was Frank Duffield, a mining engineer who was killed in a mine accident in Leadville, Colorado. Her second, the late W. G. Tubbs, was the one whom she seems to have cherished most. She drove forty miles through a South Dakota blizzard once, in a futile effort to get the stricken Tubbs to a doctor. Her third match was one of convenience. She married her shepherd, George Huckert, to save his wages, she told a disapproving public. After his death she again took the name of Tubbs.

Left to her own resources in Leadville, Alice turned to gambling for a living.

She had an instinct for it. She liked to relate that at Silver City, New Mexico, she won six thousand dollars in one night and definitely launched herself as a professional. In Creede, Colorado, she witnessed the killing of Bob Ford, the slayer of Jesse James. She confessed a weakness for Chicago and recalled that many times after a run of luck and a cleanup she would head for the then overgrown cow town to squander her winnings on clothes, liquor and luxury.

Her establishment at Sturgis, South Dakota, where she spent her last years in a somewhat successful struggle against the nice conventions of that little community, was a series of additions, strung together like packing boxes and painted a funereal gray. Her sole companion there was a huge blotchy cat that she called "Baby." She told everybody that Baby had had kittens on an expensive bed in the Morrison hotel in Chicago, and Alice seemed to regard this as a particularly good joke on the management.

Poker Alice disliked women, generally. The only one I ever heard her praise was a slavey who came in periodically to wash and scrub the place. "She's a damned good woman," Alice said, and she meant it. The scrub lady, and indeed she proved herself to be a lady, had the courage to act according to her lights even at the risk of Alice's biting scorn. In one of the rooms of Alice's rambling house was a life-size painting, relic of some bygone saloon, of a nude woman. The female in that picture, painted against a background of unidentifiable vegetation, presented a front view with the arms lifted well above the proli-

gately curved body. She looked out from the picture with an expression of coy ennui. The scrub lady kept a blanket draped around this picture as she worked about the house.

A year or so before her death, Alice was sentenced to a six-months stretch in the state penitentiary. She had been convicted of "conducting a house of ill fame." Black Hills people, if not exactly approving her, rallied to her support rather than let one of the veteran headline getters go to the hoosgow, and a petition for pardon was signed by hundreds of people. This petition Alice herself took to Pierre and presented to Governor Bulow. The tobacco-chewing governor and the cigar-smoking woman gambler chewed and smoked over the matter and Alice was granted her pardon. On her way back to the Black Hills she bought a pint of whisky with which to celebrate the event. She said she had no trouble buying it when she told the bootlegger who she was, and that he courteously lopped off the price. She confessed, with some chagrin, that she lost her nerve when she and her companion had consumed about half of the drink because she feared that a car which was following hers with seeming persistence might contain prohibition dicks. She threw the bottle away, only to find that the car which was following hers carried only innocent travelers.

While she was alive Poker Alice refused to have respectability thrust upon her. But now that she is safely tucked away she is in for it. Just as Calamity Jane has become a sort of female Robin Hood of the West, so Poker Alice may yet find herself in exalted company.

WILD HORSES

BY HARRY G. HUSE

MONTANA folks were getting soft all right, thought old John Harger. Yes, sir! Getting soft! Soft and coddled and—cityfied.

He raised himself from his spring rocker to peer out the front window. The bracket thermometer said twenty above. Twenty above, if you could place any reliance in the new-fangled contraption. Chinook coming according to the fellow on the radio who hit it right once in a while. Up to twenty above, with seeding time not more than a month off, and her fussing at him about his overshoes! Telling Art to be sure and turn on the back-seat heater!

He pushed his spectacles back up on his forehead. Cityfied! That's what you had to call it, the way they made such a fuss about everything nowadays. Used to go to town in a wagon box on sleds in the dead of winter. Colder than this a blame sight. Two hours and a half each way, and nothing thought about it. Got chilly you jumped out and ran alongside the horses.

He glared at the thermometer. Another one of her ideas. Always seeing things advertised—Minnie—and sending off money orders. Said it'd be nice for Grandpa so's he wouldn't always be having to go out on the porch in the cold to read the old one. Well, he went out anyway, when he had his shoes on and felt like it!

He moved to the closet under the stairs, and tugged a heavy fur coat from its hanger. It used to hang on a nail beside the kitchen door, handy. Now it got kept inside here with the other wraps. He supposed you couldn't really blame Minnie, now that the coat was

shedding some and she'd got the kitchen fixed up so white and shiny.

The hanger came off the rod and clattered to the floor. His daughter-in-law looked up from the child she was bundling.

"You going to wear that old coat, Grandpa?"

The old man grunted.

"I thought you'd wear your nice black one with the mushrat lining, it ain't so heavy to carry around, it looks so nice on you."

"Hmphh!" snorted old John Harger, "ain't going to church on a Saturday that I've heard. Ain't going no place that I've heard 'cept in to town to git some tractor parts and groceries. Folks in to town don't like Old Prince here they'll have to lump it!"

He thrust an arm into one sleeve, and searched fruitlessly for the other.

"Junior, you go help Grandpa with his coat."

"I'd of made it all right my own self," said the old man.

He fumbled with the frogged loops and buttons, giving them over grudgingly to the eager young hands.

"I guess," said his grandson, "Old Prince is good enough for anybody. Yes, sir! That's what I guess!"

"Hah!" said old John Harger. The young one had gumption for a six-year-old. Didn't need to argue with him about a coat that'd seen you warm and comfortable through fifteen Montana winters—coat made out of a hide you'd set your jaw and skinned off the stiffening carcass of the best work-horse a man ever owned!

"Junior, you take Grandpa's over-

shoes when you go out to the car. Maybe he'll want to put them on before we get in to town."

"Hmphh!" said old John Harger.

Outside on the porch the old man straightened his gaunt body, filled his lungs with crisp air. You couldn't beat this Montana climate, he told himself. That's what he used to write and tell them back in Nebraska. Had its drawbacks some ways same as any other country. Too dry now and then. Too exciting, kind of. Gave a man big ideas. Had to watch yourself and hold back. But take it in the long run and you couldn't beat it. He'd never been sorry that he'd come out here. Not really sorry. Twenty above, and a man having chores to do now wouldn't need anything warmer than a denim jumper.

His faded blue eyes took in the stark landscape—the yard streaked with snow, tufted with buffalo grass—the huddle of buildings beyond. It was hard to make a place seem like anything here in this flat, bare country, he realized, hard to get enough things around you to make a wheat ranch seem like a place. But they'd done it, he and Libby and the boys. Better anyway than most of the dry farmers.

He contemplated the buildings. Mostly they were old intimates, invested with something he would have spurned as sentiment. The barn he and the two oldest boys had built the second year they were out here. The first real barn, he always remembered proudly, on Turkey Butte Bench. Stalls for six span and all of them filled those years when other folks were getting big ideas and busting themselves with the whopping, old-time tractors. . . . The chicken house where Libby had kept her Rhode Island Reds. Fed the whole family off them the two

times they had the failures. . . . The wagon sheds and the granaries. . . . Old friends all right! Work of his own hands! Only the garage and machine sheds seemed strange and unfamiliar, especially the mis-shapen structure that housed the combine.

He shifted his eyes to gaze off across a dozen miles of snow-splotched stubble to spotless foothills and pine-clad mountain slopes beyond. Always he had to accustom himself to those mountains, rimming the horizon, trailing off at the end in two barren buttes. Been looking up at them for twenty years now, he realized, and still didn't feel comfortable about them. Hadn't been raised with them, he supposed. A man didn't have mountains looking down on him farming back in Nebraska. Partly that, partly because of the old stockmen on their ranches up there in the valleys and the way they hated the homesteaders those first years. Hadn't wanted things changed, those stiff-necked old stockmen. Wanted them to go on the same way they'd gone all those years folks had thought the benchland wouldn't raise anything but grass. Used to cut homesteaders' fences. Long time ago, but a man got into the habit of thinking of them and the mountains together—hostile!

A dull homesickness, unknown during his years of struggle in this new country, crept over him. He had been feeling it off and on for a long time. Ever since Libby died and he turned the place over to Art and Minnie. Feeling it worse lately, like the catch that sometimes took him in the side. Mostly, he guessed, about this business of nothing to do. There weren't any chores now that everybody had got to using tractors. There never had been as many here as

back home where a man had hogs and cattle. Nothing out there in all those buildings now but one cow and Minnie's Leghorns. If it wasn't for catching up the horses in the spring and drilling in the wheat there wouldn't be anything left for a man that was spryer than the young folks thought but too old to catch onto this new-fangled machinery. Well, spring would be coming along now in three, four weeks.

He moved off the porch. A Maltese cat gave over blinking in the sunlight to come and rub against his legs. He stooped down to stroke it.

Art had brought the car around to the gate and sat there waiting. The exhaust spat little puffs of white vapor into the still air.

He never saw an automobile standing there, old John Harger realized, but he thought of the first one that came on the premises. It was the second summer after he and Libby and the boys homesteaded. Art was just a young one, going on eight or ten. Running around careless. Stumbled and fell into the sickle guards on the new binder.

Doc. Bates had bragged all the time he was putting in the stitches how he'd come out from town in forty minutes. Pretty poor contraptions those days. Nobody thought they'd ever really take the place of horses. Clumsy big thing the Doc. called a Thomas Flyer, jerking and shaking all over. Art hadn't let out a yip when the Doc. stuck in the needle. He'd been promised a ride if he didn't make any fuss. Art's eyes shining, listening to the Doc. bragging. Old John Harger snickered. Broke down, the Doc., halfway back to town, and had to get hauled the last six miles by horses.

The door of the car opened. Art got

down to tinker with the engine. The exhaust steadied to a smoother rhythm.

Old John Harger studied the broad bulk of his son. He had never really known Art like he had the others, never put in the time teaching him farming like he had the two older ones. That was it, he guessed, Art coming along later than the others. Funny thing, the older boys quitting and going off into something else when he'd put in so much time and patience on them. Art, that'd only got a lick and a promise, staying here like he enjoyed it, and making money off the place. Pretty good boy even if he was so interested in machinery. A good enough farmer, old John Harger guessed. County agent fellow thought so. Had Art raising certified seed and wanted him to go around with the Low-Cost Wheat Train. Maybe it was all right, getting so new-fangled. But it didn't seem real safe. Montana was good wheat country, but tricky. Gave a man big ideas. He had to keep reminding Art of that. Don't branch out too much and take chances. That's what had busted the most of them after the war. Broke them right and left and all the banks with them.

Minnie and the children came out on the porch. The old man followed them along the path.

"You get in the back seat there, Grandpa, with the young ones. Put your feet right on the heater."

Minnie stood there, holding open the door.

"Guess I'll ride up front with the driver," said old John Harger. He moved around the rear of the car.

"Guess I'll ride up front with the men, too," said Junior.

"Hop in, Bub. Git in the middle there between us," said the old man.

Out on the highway a constraint settled upon the three in the front seat. Art drove with his eyes fixed on the road, sending the car swiftly along the ridges between the frozen ruts. Old John Harger sat with one big-knuckled hand on Junior's knee.

He gazed off across the great reaches of stubble and summer fallow. The country was changing all right, he thought. It looked different from what it used to. Different in a way you wouldn't have expected. Lonesomer! Houses fewer and farther apart. A man didn't think he was farming nowadays unless he had at least a section. Some of them wanted two.

Better houses, he guessed. Better buildings around them except the barns. Folks were tearing them down or building them over into machine sheds or letting them go to wrack and ruin. Scrubby trees with names you'd never heard before set out on the north and west. Managing to keep growing, too, where the box elders hadn't. Shelter belts, the county agent fellow called them. Looked better of course than when there was a homesteader's shack and a four-horse stable just kind of dropped down desolate on every half section. But when you'd known it the other way, when you remembered everybody that'd broke sod between here and town, and gone broke himself probably, why kind of lonesome.

The fields looked different, too. Untidy somehow and shiftless, though they were raising more wheat than ever. It was the long stubble did it. Didn't seem like there could come enough snow to cover it the way they whacked it off a good foot clear of the ground with their combines. Old days you cut it short and smooth with a binder. When you got

through your field looked like something. You had a straw stack for the stock to work on during the winter. Take a look at a field and the size stack and a man that knew wheat could tell pretty close how many bushel she had run to the acre. Now you couldn't tell anything about it, the way they left the straw standing in the field, stiff and ugly, like bristles on the faces of Swede farmers in a barber shop Saturday nights.

The car topped a rise, rolled down a gentle grade. The tires crunched upon gravel. Art shoved down on the accelerator and settled himself more comfortably into the velour seat.

"Pretty good road," he said.

"Used to be a holy terror," said old John Harger. "Gumbo flat. Worst gumbo in the county!"

"That's right," said Art.

"Wet weather you couldn't pull a two-horse load across it with six horses. Wheels packed solid and a foot thick. Had to stop every ten, twelve rod and poke them out with a seantling."

"Pretty bad all right," said Art.

They sped along in silence. Ahead, a dozen miles away, the breaks on the far side of the Missouri stood up vividly in the clear sunshine, tawny yellow, veined with the lavender of shadowed water-courses. The car dipped into a coulee and came up again on the other side.

"Going into town for anything special?" asked old John Harger.

"New sleeves for the tractor," said Art. "Thought I'd look at a gold-digger while I was in."

"Gold-digger?" said his father. "Something new, I s'pose."

"One-way disc," said Art. "Been reading about it in the bulletins. Claim

The Frontier

in soil like ours it's better than moldboard plowing."

"Nothing," said the old man, "is better'n moldboard plowing."

"Claim the soil here'll hold moisture better," said Art, "if you don't stir it up too deep."

"I don't want nothing better than good moldboard plowing," said his father.

"Cover two, three times as much ground in a day," said Art. "Trying it out the last couple of years down at the Experiment Station."

"Hmphh!" said old John Harger.

He stole a look at his son's face, caught something intense and eager there, pondered it. Recklessness, he guessed you'd call it. Wanting to try everything new. There was a strain of it in the blood. Montana brought it out. It had taken the other two boys off, young John into railroading the third year they were out here; Ed not long after. Art had stayed here though, farming the old place and renting another section. Jaw kind of firm and eyes kind of shining and absent.

He stole a second glance at his son, recognized something faintly across the gulf of years separating them, held it a moment—a fleeting glimpse of himself with Libby on the wagon seat beside him, the comfort and security of Nebraska behind, coming up out of that coulee back there to face a benchland naked of fences, houses, of anything but the claim locator's stakes—and lost it in the flood of recollections that came streaming with it.

Sod to be broken! That was how he had seen the benchland that first day and those first hard years. Sod! Thousands of acres of it, toughened by time clear back to creation, given over

for good and all, folks had believed, to the raising of cattle and sheep. Now by the magic of summer fallow to raise unbelievable wheat!

Sod! Mile-long brown ribbons to be torn off the flat face of the prairie. Sweat, dust, the hard breathing of horses. The jingle of trace chains. Whine of straining leather.

On either side the stubblefields rushed by. Before old John Harger's eyes there passed a broken panorama of the labor, the privations, the failures that lay between these snow-splotched acres and the prairies of only twenty years ago. . . . Old Man Schultze, breaking out his homestead with oxen—killed and corned them when he got through plowing and the family ate on them for the next two, three years. . . . Ed Brock's wife wearing herself out raising children and lugging water and cooking meals in a two-room shack, dancing off across the prairie one time when the wind blew steady for a week, cursing God and shouting she was a Russian thistle . . . Peder Eckstrom hanging by a halter rope out in his stable after the bank had taken his machinery and horses and the loan company had foreclosed on his land. . . .

Hardly one of the original homesteaders left now to see this country make money. New names on the mail boxes, folk that had come in after the others had gone broke finding out what you couldn't do on less than fifteen inches of moisture a year. You had to feel different toward these prosperous heirs to the labor, the endurance and the lessons of the forgotten pioneers—these modern farmers thinking about making work less and profits greater.

The car slackened its pace. Old John Harger brought his eyes to bear on the

road. Ahead a band of horses grazed on the strip of reddish grass bordering the highway. They raised their heads in mild alarm, snorted and broke into a gallop. The car drew abreast of the lumbering animals. They whirled and broke back the way they had come.

A shout of recognition came from Junior. "I saw Old Buck!" he said.

"Old Buck all right," said old John Harger.

"Flo, too," said Junior, "and Belle and Barney."

The old man turned to look back. But the speeding car had already put too much distance between him and the horses. He fidgeted uneasily. Always his strong sense of property had been opposed to this Montana custom of turning one's horses loose during the winter. Everyone had done it from the very beginning here in this country where the native grass turned to hay on its own roots. Slapped on a brand and turned them out when the work was finished. Caught them up, shag-coated and butter-fat like as not, in the spring.

Now things were changing. You saw the bands of horses along the roads in summer as well as winter. You had to watch your fences sharp to keep them out of the wheat. Heavy old work-horses with collar scars upon their shoulders, turned out in the fall and never caught up again in the spring. Horses that had helped make the country, displaced now by the new tractors, abandoned to a life of wandering idleness. Wild horses, they called them. Always talking about the wild horse problem. Bringing it up in the state legislature. Windy fellows making speeches about them. Wanting to get them off the range. Old John Harger snorted. Wild horses! Might as well

call him and the other old timers that had broke sod and made this a wheat country wild, too.

He turned toward his son.

"Animals working over toward home," he said. "Over toward Cherry coulee. Won't have to go far when I want to catch them up for drilling."

"Ummm," said Art.

They parked in front of the post-office.

Old John Harger, getting down, found that his feet were very cold. They had been chilly since back before they passed Old Buck. Drafts, he told himself, sneaking up through the sedan floor.

Minnie and the young ones were out and gone to do their shopping. Art finished covering the radiator and came around the side of the car, his face pleasant and eager.

"Guess I'll go over to see the county agent," he said. "You want to go any place special, Pa?"

"No place special," said old John Harger. "I'll just mosey around a little."

The younger man swung off down the street. His father watched him with bleak and lonesome eyes. There wasn't any place to go nowadays. You parked your car and just walked around the streets. Used to let the women folks down and drive up to the feedyard and stable your team. You bumped into half-a-dozen fellows you knew at the feedyard, come into town same as you, and stopped and talked with them. You ran into some more over at the blacksmith shop getting their horses shod, and down at the harness shop and over at the implement store. Now you didn't find farmers any of these places except the implement store, and they'd got

so many new contraptions a man didn't feel at home there.

His feet were very cold, he realized. He thought of the filling station at the corner, and moved in that direction. It hadn't a stove, he remembered, but one of these circulating heaters like Minnie had in the sitting room out at the ranch. There wasn't any comfort getting up close to it. A man would do better standing over the hot air register in the pool hall.

It was quiet in the pool hall. Three men who had been playing when he came in finished their game and stood leaning against the soft drink counter. He'd seen them around before but couldn't say their names or where they were farming.

He caught some stray words of their conversation and moved closer. They were talking about horses—wild horses. He fidgeted fretfully.

"Starting next week to gather them up," said one. "Hired a foreman and a bunch of riders just like an old-time roundup."

Old John Harger pricked up his ears. "What do they do with them?" asked one of the others.

"Advertise them first. Then sell them at auction."

"Who they going to find that wants to buy them?" asked the third man.

"New packing company in to the Falls. Bids in most of them for five, ten dollars."

"No horse meat for me!" laughed the second.

"Claim there won't be none sold in this country. They can it and ship it to the old country, to the Belgians."

Old John Harger moved closer.

"What you fellows talking about?" he said.

"Horse roundup," said the first.

"All the wild horses that's running loose. Sell them to the high bidder. Can them for the Belgians."

"Fiddlesticks!" said old John Harger firmly. "They can't do it. The law's ag'in it. Them horses ain't wild. They're all branded."

"That's right," said the first man. "They're branded. But nobody wants them. Brand owners got a right to claim them when they're advertised. Rounding up everything they can find. Gitting them off the range. Claim a worthless horse'll eat as much grass as a steer or half-a-dozen sheep."

"What of it?" flared old John Harger. "We ain't raising cattle or sheep. We're raising wheat. Horses help us do it."

"Used to all right," said the man. "Don't any more. Half the dry farmers ain't got a critter on the place."

So that was what it had come to! Old John Harger stood there bristling. A fine state of affairs when a man's branded property was no longer safe. Somebody was getting pretty high-handed if he knew anything about it. Somebody was getting ready to run into trouble with the law. Art ought to know about this. Art and that county agent fellow ought to do something about it!

He quitted the pool hall and hurried toward the courthouse. The county agent's office was empty. Art and the fellow must have gone off somewhere.

The old man stood in his worn fur coat, gazing about the room. He faced a rack occupying one entire wall. Its compartments bristled with pamphlets. Experiment station bulletins, old John Harger knew. Art was always bringing them home. Art had read everyone of them, he guessed. It came to him suddenly, with bitterness, that Art put

more reliance in the bulletins than in his own father's experience—that Art had learned the farming he was doing nowadays out of these paper books.

His eyes travelled around the walls, hung with framed photographs of fair exhibits, Four H Club announcements, ribbon-bound sheaves of prize grain. They hadn't had anything like this when he came to this country and started raising wheat. They hadn't needed anything like this either, he told himself. Tough minds, tough bodies, hard work, gumption—that's what they'd needed and that's what they'd had, the ones of them that managed to see it through. They'd fought things you couldn't hardly put a name to, those first years. Emptiness and wind and uncertainty and desolation. Fought it with hard work. Head up if you could manage to hold it that way. Head down if you couldn't, but still fighting.

Likely it didn't say anything about those things in the little printed books. Didn't say anything about swallowing your pride when you'd been hailed out, and taking a job for a fellow you hated, sheepherding. Letting your wife go to work in town in somebody else's kitchen. No, sir! You hadn't been able to fight off the feeling you'd done your own a wrong and been a fool to come here in the first place like it said there now to fight off the gophers, with a pail of poisoned oats.

Well, those times were over.

A sheet of paper pinned to the wall above the radiator fluttered in the uprush of warm air. Old John Harger fidgeted. He had almost forgotten why he had come. The sheet of paper danced briskly in its artificial breeze, threatening to tear itself from the pin. The old man approached it. You'd think a man putting up a notice on the

wall that way, he told himself, would know enough to put it some place where it would stand still.

He reached out to hold it firm while he read it. The typewritten print was faint, smudged, almost illegible. He put on his glasses and puzzled it out slowly—"Notice hereby given . . . accordance with the laws of the State of Montana . . . roundup of abandoned horses. . . ."

His mouth formed the words which his senses refused to accept. The thing was legal! Those windy fellows up at the State Legislature had stopped making speeches and got through a law. "Supervision of the Board of County Commissioners." The county stood back of the whole thing! The County Clerk had got out the notice!

A chilling thought struck him. The notice was ten days old. Art had been in the County Agent's office twice in that time. Art must have known all along and said nothing about it. Art hadn't even thought it was worth saying anything about.

He turned again to the notice. There was, he found, something he had missed when he first read it, something that made his fears seem foolish. Abandoned horses, it said. That meant horses that had been turned loose for good. That was why Art hadn't worried. Old Buck and Flo and Belle and Barney had just been turned out for the winter. He'd have them caught up and at work drilling before the date set for the roundup.

He felt a little ashamed of the panic that had seized him. He quitted the room, glad that no one had observed him.

Just the same it was something to get used to, old John Harger found in the days that followed, this idea of killing off the country's horses. Burning their

bridges behind them, that's what the ranchers were doing. They'd thought they were through with horses ten, fifteen years ago when they got those big ideas and started bringing in the big old home-busting tractors. Mighty glad they'd been, in the lean years that followed, to catch them up again and put in crops that didn't make you mortgage your land to pay the repair and gasoline bills. It had taken a long time in the beginning to get enough horses in this country to do the work. Something to worry about when they stopped breeding them. Old John Harger couldn't remember seeing a colt anywhere in the last four, five years. He didn't know any place now where a man could take a mare for breeding. Bad enough to let the stock die out. But they weren't satisfied with that. They had to take to killing them and putting them in cans for foreigners to eat.

He hadn't been able to talk with Art about it. He had thought he would get a chance to visit in an off-hand way on the road out from town the other day. He had hoped they'd run onto Old Buck and he could just bring it up easy and natural and find out what Art thought about the roundup notice. But the horses had worked on over toward Cherry coulee and were nowhere along the road. After all there wasn't anything to talk about. Art would feel the same way as the other tractor farmers. Art hadn't ever worked much with horses. He wouldn't worry about the abandoned horses so long as Old Buck and Flo and Belle and Barney were safe.

It was something to get used to just the same. There wasn't any place here any longer for horses. Or, he guessed, for old men that had worked with them

all their lives and didn't know anything else. There came again the dull homesickness for Nebraska. Back there a man too old for farming still could find plenty to do. Chores back there—feeding pigs and milking cows and currying horses and mending harness. They set more store on animals back there where they had softer fields to work in, mud that would balk trucks and tractors.

He hadn't thought about his old age when he came out here. One-crop country, they'd said, and it sounded good then to a man that had to put in as much work around the stables as in the field. One crop. The easiest in the world to raise. When you got your wheat cut and hauled you were through for the winter.

He put on his hat and an old duck coat, and went to prowls forlornly about the place. The snow was gone now, the frost was going, the summer-fallowed fields were warming up.

Art had almost finished overhauling the tractor. He worked away at it whistling, in the sunny lee of the machine shed.

Old John Harger stopped to watch him. The boy knew what he was up to all right. Knew as much about it as the repair fellows in town. He supposed that was what it took to be a good farmer nowadays. A man used to know what to do for collar galls and sweeneys and ring bones and colic. Now he had to know all about the insides of gasoline engines.

He moved closer. Art looked up from his work and grinned.

"Better shape than I thought she'd be when I got into her," he said. "They're making them pretty good nowadays."

"Getting toward spring," said old John Harger. "Time to start seeding in a couple of weeks."

"Looks like it all right," said Art.

"Better be rounding up the horses first of next week. Git them stabled and fed up a little so's they'll be ready to start. Better git them up before these county roundup fellows git working this part of the country and make us trouble."

"Ummm," said Art, turning back to the engine.

"Take Junior's pony," insisted the old man. "Round them up over there to Cherry coulee and drive them home."

Art straightened up again.

"Tell you the truth, Pa," he said, "I hadn't figured on catching them up this spring. Figured it was getting kind of hard on you doing that drilling. Standing up and driving all day. Figured on hitching the drill back of the weeder and pulling the whole thing with the tractor. Now that I got the new sleeves in it'll pull it easy."

"You ain't going to drill with horses?" said his father.

"It just means double the work," said Art. "I got to weed ahead of the drill."

"You ain't going to catch up the horses?"

"We didn't use them last year," said Art, "except for the drilling. We didn't use them at all after we got through seeding. We didn't even need them to haul away grain from the combine."

"You got to have horses 'round the place," said old John Harger. "You got to! What kind of a farm is it that don't have horses? We don't catch them up in the next few days there won't be any to catch. They'll be knocked in the head and shipped to the Belgians."

"They're all going on twelve, thirteen years old now," said Art. "Better get knocked in the head quick and painless than lose their teeth and get starved and frozen."

Old John Harger turned away. He moved uncertainly toward the barn. There it was! That was it! No use any more! No sense looking after them. Old, and getting knocked in the head!

He found himself before the stable door, opened it mechanically and moved inside. He stood there contemplating the row of vacant stalls.

He remembered every horse that had ever stood in every one of them. Horses were like men, he'd always claimed. Had character and dispositions. Maybe, like he'd heard some fellows say, souls. Old Prince, the best of them all, strong and honest, stout-hearted and willing and cheerful. Took the same pride as a man in a good day's work. . . . Molly, she'd been like some of the first drylanders' women. High strung and nervous. Fretting and wasting her strength. Mouth all caloused and wrenched out of shape from pulling against the bit. . . . Old Frank, greedy and plodding and dumb-headed. . . . Kate, that would follow a drill wheel track on a windy day when a man driving couldn't see hide nor hair of it, nipping at the horse next to her if he wobbled and pulled her off the line. . . . Flora—and Roan—and Fritz and Mame and Blackie.

He stood there, his old eyes gone dead and hopeless. Horses! The country had outgrown them. Used them up and got to where they could get along without them. Ready to turn them off. No use keeping and feeding them. Well, no use keeping and feeding him, either! You had to think about that.

You had to think about all the fuss

Minnie went to making him comfortable, about the long, idle days in the spring rocker, reading until his eyes played out, listening to the radio. Things happening all around him, and him just sitting still. You had to realize how useless you'd got, even to yourself.

You had to think about Peder Eckstrom, at the end of a halter rope when things had got too much for him. . . . He hadn't had much sympathy for Peder Eckstrom, quitting in the full flush of life, passing on the load of his failure to his wife and children. This wasn't the way things had been with Peder Eckstrom. His own work was done, old John Harger knew, and it was work of which he could be proud. He'd weathered every storm, he and Libby, somehow. He'd weathered the worst one of all alone when Libby had died and life had suddenly gone so bleak and useless. He'd turned a section of land over to Art, free and clear of any indebtedness. His work was done, finished. That was it—finished!

You had to think it out. It took a long time to do it. Things got confused, uncertain. But you hung on and thought your way through them. You reached the final fact. Useless, and in the way!

At the end of the long night old John Harger watched his window grow grey with dawn, and saw his course lying stark before him. When you couldn't face the picture of yourself just sitting there in the spring rocker day after day—when you couldn't stand the loneliness and the uselessness you took things into your own hands. But first you had your duty to those that had helped you and were useless same as you. There was a picture there that couldn't be faced either—Old Buck and Flo and Belle and Barney, harried by

callous riders, hustled to a loading chute, clubbed into a stinking stock-car, hauled away to a bloody shambles. When a horse had lived out his useful days you shot him, too. Set your jaw the way you had done when Old Prince broke his leg. Hardened yourself for killing and the merciful death of the bullet. You always had to take care of your horses before you took care of yourself.

The thirty-thirty rifle, he remembered, was in the closet under the stairs. Old Prince, under whose worn skirts it could be so easily concealed, was in there too. Easy, in the busy time right after breakfast, to get away from the house, across the summer fallow into the breaks that led to Cherry coulee.

Minnie was stirring around now in the kitchen. He heard the rattle of stove lids, and lay back in his tumbled bed waiting for her to call him.

It had been hard going across the thawing summer fallow under the weight of the rifle and Old Prince. It was harder yet on the rough ground leading to Cherry coulee. Old John Harger took off the fur coat and laid it on the ground beside a clump of chokecherry bushes. It would be a help to them, he realized grimly, when they set out to find him.

He moved along a twisted water-course, then breasted a steep slope. He stopped often to rest and wipe the chilly sweat from his forehead. He reached the crest and saw the horses, a dozen of them, grazing in a depression a mile off. They saw him presently, and Old Buck threw up his head and snorted. A lot of life in the old boy yet, John Harger thought with a curious disquiet. He felt tired now, a little dizzy and uncertain. He had to be steady. He sat for awhile on the edge of the coulee,

resting. His worn hands fumbled with the sights on the thirty-thirty.

Presently he went on. Old Buck stood there, watching him come. The other horses had their heads up now. They would run off likely, he realized, if he tried to get too close. They'd run anyway at the first shot, half a mile maybe, and he'd have to catch up with them for another shot. Be pretty tired all right by the time his four were finished.

He dropped to the ground within easy distance. He had, he found, forgotten his glasses. And now that he cuddled his cheek against the smooth stock the sights were blurred and indistinct. He tried to line them up just back of Old Buck's shoulder. A mist swam before his eyes. He tried to hold his breath as he squeezed the trigger.

The thrust of the recoil numbed his shoulder. The horses were off, galloping heavily. Old Buck, untouched, led them. The old man followed, stalking cannily now. He dropped down and fired again. His bullet creased a mare on the withers and she screamed wildly. Her cry spurred him to a sudden frenzy. He had to get up closer and kill them, not just maim and hurt them. He broke into a run and pursued the horses blindly until he fell to the ground.

He lay there, waiting for the pain beneath his heart to quiet. The rifle was beneath him. Presently he could hoist himself and move it to one side where it no longer bothered.

He lay there in the sun, quiet and comfortable in the mellow warmth. Presently, when he was rested, he would get up and face things. Now he would think of this tremendous Montana country and the curious things it did to people. Of the prairies as they had been when the first homesteaders came in. Of the stiff-necked old stock-

men fighting something that couldn't be stopped, thinking everything was finished because younger men had come in and shown them this land had to be handled different. (Well, who'd been acting pretty stiff-necked himself right up until a few minutes ago?) Of Art and that look in his eyes when he was planning on new machinery, bigger crops, better ways of doing things. (Well, who was hanging back now, holding onto old times that had gone forever?) Of Libby, worn out and gone at seventy, and Minnie now working things out so she didn't have to spend all her time washing and ironing and cooking. Of Old Buck and the other horses, galloping off there across the stubble, able to give the round-up crew, he'd bet, a good stiff run for their money. (Well, talking about Montana giving fellows big fool ideas, who'd ever had a bigger fool one than shooting down horses and—well, horses—on the open prairie?)

Old John Harger shivered slightly. He shook himself like a man coming out of a bad dream. Presently he got up, and moved back where he had left Old Prince. He sat there for a long time, resting against the hard trip back across the summer fallow.

He came around the corner of the shed where Art was rigging a drill hitch on the rod weeder. He caught the startled query in his son's eyes.

"Seen a coyote over on the coulee rim," lied old John Harger. "Took the gun and went off to have a shot at him."

"Look tuckered out," said Art.

"Chased a good four mile," said old John Harger, "trying to get a good shot."

He eased himself down on his

haunches against the sun-drenched shed.

"Nice day," said Art.

"Ummm," said his father.

"Spring coming fast," said Art.

"Ground getting mellow. . . . Makes a fellow feel good."

He straightened up and faced the great reaches of land to the east.

"Big country," he said, self-conscious under the old man's gaze.

"That's right," said his father.

"Big things done here already," said Art. "You and the other homesteaders. Going to get bigger . . . Got to . . . Going to see the day when one man by himself can raise twenty-five thousand bushels of wheat."

Old John Harger nodded.

"Makes a man my age," he said bleakly, "wish he was younger—just starting out."

"I guess that's right, all right," said Art.

THE CITY IS A HARLOT

BY L. B. CULLEN JONES

The city is a harlot on a spree
With rusty robots, flesh and blood and steel:
The petulant hammer pecks and batters bolts
And a concrete mountain rises on its keel;
The bells of traffic-frightening street-cars scold
The laggard steps of robots, missing fire,
And motors, violent in their mad desire,
Spit their flaming fumes and snarl their ire.
The rhythm of this life is gauged by time
Mechanical: the whistles blow, the clocks
Are punched and robots—flesh and blood and steel—
Creak and groan and turn the whining wheel.

And lights spring up, on magic mission sent;
And music flares apace:
"There's a rainbow round my shoulders—"
And an arm about her waist.
But hell—flaming hell in her rouge-flushed face!

The harlot winks and whispers to her steel;
She drinks and creaks her beckoning sex-appeal.
With maudlin, silken morals she is reeking,
And wrapt in grime with clicking meters creeping.
The robots whine and dance, and laugh
Above the oil and gin and gas they quaff.





OLD TIMERS

BY JACK O'CONNOR

I. ABORIGINE

WILLIS LANDERS was the classiest dresser in town. Unless you knew it, you would never guess that he was half Apache. He was tall, fair-haired, blue-eyed, and he spoke with a pronounced Harvard accent. People who didn't know him were always taking him for a Bostonian. That made him very happy.

He was a millionaire and he dressed the part. On the golf course of the country club he wore fashionable plus-fours, bright golf hose, and hand-made English shoes that cost forty dollars a pair. When he rode on his thoroughbred along country roads through the wheat and alfalfa fields, he posted like an Englishman, much to the delight of the natives. On Sunday he wore gray worsted trousers, a top hat, and a morning coat to church. He was the only man in town with that much nerve.

When he hunted quail, he went afield with three beautiful setters and wore a vest and a flower in his buttonhole. He called it "shooting" and trained a greaser kid to load and hand him his shotguns.

Old General Landers, Willis's father, had been one of the first settlers in Arizona. He came there in the forties to trap beaver. For some reason he got in good with the Apaches and lived among them unmolested. By hook or crook he got hold of thousands of acres of pine-covered hills and fertile valleys and made a million out of cattle and timber.

As polygamous as a goat, he always had five or six Apache wives. Before he died he fathered no fewer than thirty

kids, but of the lot Willis was the only one that looked like a white man. That is why he sent the boy to Harvard and had him tutored in French. The old boy got delusions of grandeur in his old age and he wanted someone who could manage his fortune and live like a gentleman.

When the general died, Willis sold out the holdings in the north and came to the Valley to live. His brothers and sisters had each got a few thousand dollars, which they spent on guns and whiskey, but he had inherited the bulk of the estate. He invested his money wisely and settled down to live like a gentleman from the income. He stayed away from northern Arizona, and from then on had no communication with the rest of General Lander's half-breed offspring.

All his life he had a horror of being taken for an Indian. Perhaps that is why he dressed so carefully. He could see nothing beautiful in anything that was Indian and allowed no Indians around him. Whereas most of the people in town used Navajo rugs on the floor and put Apache baskets and Hopi pottery in the corners and on the mantles, Willis never let a piece of Indian handwork come into his house. He leaned toward Oriental rugs, French tapestries, and period furniture.

He got almost hysterical once when a big Pima buck tried to sell him a cord of mesquite stovewood.

After he got himself established in the Valley he married a Boston girl, a blonde like himself. When she got ready to have a child, he went almost mad with anxiety. He thought it was

The Frontier

going to be an Indian. It was a girl, as fair a child as anyone could wish for. Though he had wanted a boy to carry on his name, he was always unwilling to take another chance with Mendel's law. He and his wife went boyless.

They named the girl Elizabeth Ann and sent her to private schools and to a convent in Paris. When she was eighteen they had a coming-out party for her in the biggest hotel in town. It was the first party of the sort in the Valley and everyone was there—local big-wigs, tourists from the East, and members of the first families of Los Angeles and San Diego.

The party went beautifully. The distinguished visitors lent it quite an air. The girl Elizabeth Ann was poised and lovely in a Paris gown. Everyone danced decorously to the music of a famous jazz band imported at a cost of \$2000 from San Francisco. All the natives were awed and envious of the swell affair that Willis was putting on.

Suddenly there was a commotion at one of the doors of the ballroom. Everyone in the place could hear angry voices above the sound of the music. Dancers near the doorway stopped and watched curiously.

Then one of the flunkies was hurled back and a big greasy Apache buck with a pot belly strode out to the middle of the floor. He was badly pickled and he wore the usual reservation garb—blue overalls and shirt, a soiled turban and heavy shoes. The sour smell of cheap whiskey began to mix with the delicate odors of sparkling Burgundy, Old Tom gin, and expensive perfumes.

He stopped just in front of the orchestra. Its members were so astonished that they quit playing and the

ballroom became silent except for the heavy drunken wheezing of the Apache and the hum of whispered conversation.

The big buck was very angry. As he stood with his chest heaving and his eyes flashing, it was easy to forget his cheap clothes and his pot belly. It was as if the spirit of Cochise or Geronimo had come back.

A couple of the younger guests went up to him with the idea of throwing him out, but they thought better of it and backed away. Then the Apache opened his mouth and spoke.

"Where Willis Landers?" he shouted. "I want to see um. Ain't seen um in twenty years. They say um here. I um brother, Bill Landers."

II. MAN OF IDEAS

If young Ben Wyatt had worked on a newspaper, he would have been called an idea man; but since he didn't everyone in town said that he was just a plain damned fool.

Old Ben Wyatt, his father, had a six-hundred-acre alfalfa ranch near town. He was a shrewd old coot and made lots of money, but Young Ben wanted to live in the city and do big things.

"No ranching for mine," he told everyone, "I want to get into something where there is some chance for originality."

He hired himself out as a grocery clerk, got a room at a boarding-house, and fixed it up according to his own tastes. Then he began to have ideas. He had read somewhere that great men all wrote poor hands and that many of them did not sleep in beds, so he scrawled so bad that his writing looked like a lot of chicken tracks and he sat up night after night in a Morris chair with a lamp lit. But he was forced to quit this, since Abe Bernstein, his boss

at the grocery store, threatened to fire him because no one could read his charge slips. His trying to sleep in a chair was never much of a success either. In two weeks he lost fifteen pounds and got dark circles under his eyes.

He worked on a perpetual motion machine for a while and invented a violin with nine strings, which might have been all right if he had ever learned to play it.

About this time old Ben died and he got married to Addie Weltzer, a pretty, stupid girl who had ambitions to be a grand opera singer. She thought he was a genius. They were the happiest couple I have ever seen.

Pretty soon they began to have babies—one a year till they had seven. Then they quit. Ben said that there was something magical about the number seven. He may have been right. The kids were all dumb, but they were as pretty as pictures and never had a sick day in their lives. They were named Zovella, Bion, Huntleigh, Sapho, Schuyler, Guatemala, and Rosita Marie.

With the old man dead, there was no use in saying "Young" Ben any more, but it never seemed right to call him anything else. He would never be anything but young. He had bright blue shallow eyes, a ruddy face, and a turned-up nose. When he was almost forty he looked like a kid of sixteen.

For a while he ran a grocery store, just across the street from Abe Bernstein; but in a few years he sold it out and took a loss of several thousand dollars. He had a room in back of the store and he used to get so absorbed in some fool invention he was working on that he wouldn't wait on trade. Once a couple of greasers came in and car-

ried away five hundred dollars worth of stuff and he didn't even hear them. When he quit Abe and went on his own he took up his trick writing again. Except for the first letters in the names on his charge slips, he couldn't read them himself. This didn't trouble him much, however. At the end of the month he added up all the purchases made by customers whose names began with the same letter, divided the total, and sent each a bill for the same amount. Since people didn't keep very careful accounts of their household expenses in those days, this worked quite well for a time.

It was old man Zimmerman who got him into trouble and told everyone about his bookkeeping methods. Zimmerman was an old farmer, a tight-wad and a bachelor. Besides Herman Zander he was the only other "Z" in town. He always paid cash for everything but one day he found himself with no money and got a plug of tobacco at Ben's store, telling him to charge it.

He almost had a fit on the first of the month when he got a bill for \$49.63. But when he lit into Ben, the younger man was as calm as a cucumber. Admitting the justice of Zimmerman's claim, he calmly explained his method of bookkeeping.

"It will all work out equitably in the end, Zimmerman," he declared. "Some months it may be more and some months less, but in the end you won't be the loser if you buy *all* your stuff here. It is the law of averages—plain as the nose on your face!"

But Zimmerman couldn't see it that way. He told it all over town. People stopped their charge accounts there and Ben worked harder in the back room than ever. He patented a formula for making rattlesnake liniment and organ-

ized a company to make scrubbing powder out of native pumice, but he lost interest in both schemes before he got them going and never made a cent from them.

Finally he sold the store and put in a horse-car system. He couldn't have done a dumber thing if he had tried deliberately. The town at that time had about 1500 people and every family had several saddle horses and a horse and buggy. It wasn't more than a quarter of a mile from Center street to the city limits in any direction.

I don't think his line took in more than twenty dollars in the two years he operated it. He had a couple of miles of narrow-gauge track, and a dinky car drawn by a pair of pretty little Mexican mules not bigger than *burros*. He had bells on the harness of the mules and he always kept the car bright and shiny. Sometimes he'd take his wife and kids for a ride. They made quite a sight bowling down the street at twelve miles an hour, the bells jingling, the kids laughing, and Young Ben and his wife up in front as proud as punch.

It was a coyote farm that weaned him away from the street railroad. When that idea struck him he sold his mules to a farmer, turned over his rails to a junk dealer, and moved the car into the back yard of his place, where it served as a chicken house. He decided that the town wasn't ready for a street car system anyway.

Some friend of his gave him a coyote pup about the time he was getting tired of the horse car. He tied it up in his yard and forgot about it until he discovered that it was a female. This gave him an idea. After a great deal of trouble and expense he got hold of a dog coyote and bred him to the bitch. They had thirteen pups at the first crack and

Young Ben was off on what every one has since declared was the darndest scheme he ever fathered.

He got several more pairs and before long he had no less than two hundred coyotes of all sizes and shapes. For a time he tried to sell them to zoos in the East, but as the coyote market was glutted, he began to try the home folks.

All smiles and good cheer, he began to stop people on the streets. "How about a nice healthy coyote?" he would say. "They make wonderful pets!"

The town people, who knew Young Ben, weren't surprised; but strangers thought he was crazy. If there is any breed of animals a Westerner hates it is coyotes. They kill calves and sheep and they will come right into town to take a fat hen off the roost. The state has always had a bounty on them and every year thousands of dollars are spent in trying to kill them off.

One day Young Ben walked up to Zeb Jackson, a choleric old sheep man from the mountains, and tried to sell him a coyote. Zeb was pretty bitter, as the coyotes had just killed a couple of hundred of his sheep. He fairly glared at Young Ben.

"Listen, you flop-eared scissor-bill," he said, "folks told me about you, but I didn't believe them. I didn't believe any one was that dizzy. Who in the hell would want a coyote? Why don't you try to sell folks rattlesnakes to sleep with? Ain't you got *any* sense?"

He turned and walked off and for the first time in his life Young Ben was shaken and unsure of himself. He sneaked out of the saloon and went home.

When he got there he did some figuring. He discovered that each coyote cost him \$14.00 to raise and that their hides were worth only about a dollar and a half.

Some people might have killed the coyotes, sold the hides, and taken the loss—but not Young Ben.

He had become sincerely attached to the animals and one dark night he opened the gates to the pens and turned them all out. His wife told me that he wept real tears when he drove them off with stones. For months after there was a plague of coyotes all over the Valley. Thousands of dollars worth of chicken, hogs, calves, and sheep were killed.

Young Ben took his family to Los Angeles and went into the real estate business not long after that, but farmers and ranchers still swear whenever his name is mentioned.

III. COURT WILFLEY

One of the first things a stranger notices about the town is that half the old-timers in it don't speak to each other. The reason for this is Court Wilfley. It came about in this manner.

Court was the meanest, the best-looking, and the worst spoiled boy in town. His father was L. P. Wilfley, the lawyer, and from the time he was a little kid he had everything in the world he wanted. He was always in trouble but his father never failed to get him out of it. Once he hit Prof. Spence, the school superintendent, with an eraser, and his father kept him from being expelled. When Coach Williams, a young husky just out of the State University, knocked Court down for talking back to him, Wilfley had the coach fired for it. As a high school student, Court got a couple of girls in trouble. His father only laughed and said that every kid had to sow his wild oats. The girls didn't amount to much and he managed to buy them off.

Court finished high school in 1916 and

his father sent him to college in the East, but he flunked out and came home. He began drinking about this time and started to run with a pretty tough crowd in Phoenix, a few miles away. He smashed up a couple of cars and one time he was arrested for beating up a traffic cop who reprimanded him for speeding.

Just after the war his father lost everything he had saved, in the cotton slump. As he couldn't give Court as much money to spend as he usually had, the boy started bootlegging. He'd run *tequila* up from the border two hundred miles away and sell it to the retailers. In this way he made enough money to keep his car in gasoline and have enough left over to blow on the girls.

As drinking had been growing steadily more prevalent all through town since 1919 and many high school boys and girls were coming home drunk from dances and necking parties, the city council got together and asked old Tom Donavan, ex-sheriff, to become city marshal. Old Tom didn't need the money, but he was a good citizen and he decided to take the job. In the old days he had been the best shot and the most competent peace officer in the state. It is said that he had killed eighteen men, not counting Mexicans or Apaches. But he had been in private life for twenty years and in the meantime he had made a comfortable fortune in cattle.

It didn't take Donavan long to discover that Court was running in most of the liquor that was consumed in town. The other marshal had discovered that, too, but he was afraid of making Court's father angry and had done nothing about it.

Donavan jumped on to Court one night in front of the picture show. The

boy had just returned from Nogales with ten cases in the back seat under a tarp. He was so self-confident that he didn't even bother to unload it.

Dozens of people were within a few feet of the boy. Half drunk, he was telling the pool-hall crowd all about his latest exploit.

Donavan walked straight up to him.

"Court," he said, "I'm going to search your car."

"Where's your search warrant, grand-pap?" the boy asked.

"You don't need a search warrant to go through an automobile and you know it," replied Donavan.

"Well, you're not going to search this car without one!" said Court.

Old man Donavan was over sixty but his eyes fairly blazed.

"Stand out of my way, young fellow, or you'll be sorry," he snapped.

Court only laughed.

"Aw, get the hell out of here, you old goat, or I'll take your gun away and spank you with it. Beat it!"

When the old man started for the car again, Court shoved him roughly against the wall of the theater. Then the marshal bounced back and slapped the boy so hard you could hear the crack thirty yards away.

Court jerked an automatic out of his hip pocket and shot Donavan through the left lung. But as the marshal fell he whipped out a revolver and shot Court three times. Any one of the shots would have killed the boy. He was dead before he hit the ground. The first shot shattered his pelvis, the second went straight through his heart, and the third broke his neck.

They took old Donavan to the hospital and operated on him. Of course, Court's body was carried home. His mother and father almost went insane.

Opinion about the shooting was pretty evenly divided. Some said that it was old Donavan's fault for slapping Court; others said that it had served the boy right. Many quarreled over the affair.

The next morning Donavan's best friends went over to the hospital to offer him their sympathy, and the friends of the Wilfleys went over to see Court's parents. They filed in and out of the hospital and the house all day long. In the afternoon some of those who had been over to see Donavan went to Wilfley's home. In some way Wilfley had found out that they had been sympathizing with Donavan. He met them at the steps.

"Get out of here. Don't ever speak to me," he screamed. "I know that you've been to see that dog Donavan—that filthy murderer." He started throwing things at them then and they left.

The two factions began to feel bitter toward each other: those who thought Court in the wrong and those who felt that it was Donavan's fault. One side said that Court was a smart-aleck boot-legger and the other that Donavan was a vicious killer.

Donavan was a tough old fellow. It was not the first time he had been shot, and he was soon up and about. He felt pretty badly about it all and insisted that he be tried for murder. The jury acquitted him, of course, but the old-timers have never forgotten the shooting and argue about it yet.

IV. DESERT RAT

Johnnie Mahon was an old-time prospector. During the spring and summer he hunted in the mountains for gold, but in the winter when the snow got deep in the high places, he came to town and did odd jobs for a grub-stake. A

few years ago the West was full of desert rats like him, but they were old men and most of them are dead now.

Just after the first snow fell in the mountains Johnnie always showed up on the edge of town, where he made his camp. He carried all his possessions on one female *burro* named Gertrude. For years she had been his companion. He had a pan for washing sand and mixing dough, a pick and a shovel, a dirty puppet, an old single-barreled shotgun, and a few blankets covered with filth and lice. Johnnie boasted that his body had not been touched by water since he got caught in a rise on the headwaters of the Salt in 1901.

He was a cheerful little guy, skinny and stunted by the desert and mountains. He wore a gray beard which he trimmed with a butcher knife when it began to get in his way. When he walked he moved with little hoppy jerks, like a mountain wren.

Solitude had given him the habit of talking to himself, and it also made him crazy to talk to anyone else who would listen to him. Great tales he had to tell, but it was something of a task to stay near enough to him to listen, since he smelled so bad. He was perfectly sure that some day he was going to strike it rich and live the rest of his life in luxury. Once in the early nineties he had found a couple of thousands of dollars worth of gold in a pocket in the Pinal Mountains and had spent it in an orgy on San Francisco's Barbary Coast. He hadn't been there since and it was no use trying to make him believe that the place had changed. He was going to live there, he said, when he found his mine.

Johnnie was a little crazy but everyone felt sorry for him and gave him work cleaning out ditches and mowing

lawns. As he grew older he gradually grew feeble, but he never gave up the idea of prospecting and getting rich. One time the city dads offered him the job of nightwatchman, but Johnnie only laughed at them.

In 1916 Johnnie failed to show up at the usual time. Weeks passed and still he didn't come. Those who knew him best and liked him began to get worried. Then one day word came that some deer hunters had found what was left of him deep in the mountains. He had been dead a couple of months and the coyotes had been at him. His death was what everyone had been expecting for a long time: he had gone the way of all desert rats. But what was really exciting was that all around the body big chunks of quartz filled with wires and lumps of pure gold had been found.

The town went hog-wild. The story got into the papers and a real old-time gold rush was on. The Associated Press took it up. Gold hunters streamed in from all over the West. Level-headed business men sold out, bought *burros*, and took to the hills.

No one ever found anything. In time Johnnie became part of a lost mine story. The West is full of them.

Just after the war, a noted mining engineer came through the town. The gold-bearing quartz found by Johnnie's body was by this time in the town museum. Someone told him the story and he asked to see the rock.

As he looked at it he began to smile. He examined it more closely and his grin grew broader.

"Shucks," he said, "that old boy didn't have any mine. These samples are from different localities all over the country. Here is one from the Green Buzzard mine in Nevada, this one is from Arizona here—a piece of

high-grade taken out of the Sam Downing mine near Oatman. See, if you look carefully you can tell that he has carried them about with him in his pockets for years. See how worn they are?"

So the myth of Johnnie Mahon's lost mine blew up.

V. BUZZARD JONES

For years Buzzard Jones was the town's only undertaker. He was a living reminder of the unpleasant fact that we must all die sooner or later. A tall, gaunt Missourian with buck teeth and rusty dark hair, he wore floppy suits of faded black and a dusty derby. No one ever saw him without a coat and a stiff collar, even in the middle of the summer. He spoke in a high-pitched unctuous voice and sucked his teeth as he talked. The smell of embalming fluid hung about him continually.

No one liked him. Men avoided him and school kids screamed when he came near them. The Mexicans especially were deathly afraid of him. I've seen full-grown greasers cross themselves and skin out when they saw him coming down the street. In some vague way they had him connected with the Devil.

Besides being a washer and composer of the dead, Buzzard had another trade. He dealt in second-hand furniture, but if it hadn't been for his undertaking he would have starved. In all the years that I knew him I never saw him sell any furniture. People simply would not go into his furniture store, as his embalming parlors were in the rear and he had the habit of leaving the door open. . . .

As an undertaker he had no real competition, but he lived in perpetual fear that some member of his craft in Phoenix would come over and scoop him on

a big funeral. To avoid this he went after business at all times. If it became noised about that a citizen had a bad cold, Buzzard always showed up and enquired about the health of the invalid. If the sufferer became worse he called several times a day. Sometimes he sat on the doorstep and waited for death to come. When he was seen much about a house, people always shook their heads and said that so-and-so was a gone goose now.

He belonged to every lodge represented in town. Every so often he would arise in meeting and remind his brothers that if the necessity arose, they should be buried by home talent. When he did this all of them were scared and miserable. They went home and looked over their wills and for some time their minds were occupied by dark thoughts of death and the grave.

At funerals he went about snuffling, shaking his head, and sucking his teeth. He charged outrageous prices and when he presented the bill he rubbed his hands together and moaned out words of consolation.

It was said that he had scared dozens of people into premature death. When he started hanging around a sick room, the invalids turned up their toes and kicked off. But old Dan Bounce fooled him.

Dan was over eighty. He had been ailing for a year. Nothing wrong with him in particular: he was just an old machine that had worn out. One day he was scheduled to die. The doctors had sent telegrams to his children and they were there from as far east as Chicago and as far west as San Francisco. Dan was on the bed with his eyes closed, the doctors were standing by, and all his offspring were gathered around looking sad and weepy. Sud-

denly old Dan opened his eyes. He could see through the window and out on the porch where Buzzard sat in a rocking chair waiting for the end.

His old eyes blazed.

"Who in the hell is that out there?" he asked, "Buzzard Jones?"

"Yes," someone said.

"Well, tell that sneaking carrion-

chaser to get to hell out of here. He ain't needed, the——!"

That night he was able to eat some chicken broth and next day he asked for a chew of tobacco. In two weeks he was up and about. He lived for three more years and when he died, a new undertaker had come to town. Dan stipulated in his will that Buzzard not be allowed to bury him.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS FOR MONTANA

A Page From a Plush Album

BY LUCY M. C. ROBINSON

That's May and Wilbur on their wedding day.
 Her dress was purple! Did you ever hear
 Of anything so funny? It was queer
 To choose that color, with her wild, red hair
 And million freckles. Wilbur came
 The day before the wedding, all the way
 From some place in Montana. He had seen
 Her advertisement in a magazine
 One night in camp. It spoke of auburn curls
 And sounded "sort of wistful," so he said.
 I'll bet it almost knocked him dead
 To find she looked like THAT!
 May was my mother's friend, one of those awkward girls
 Who never had a beau. My mother gave
 A party at our house right after they
 Were married. Then they went away.
 My mother's small and round, and May so tall—
 And Wilbur watched them.
 He looked sort of kind
 And slow. I guess he was resigned.
 He was a good provider, so they say.
 There's wheat, and oats, and cows and things
 Out in Montana. My mother reads
 May's letters and sometimes at night
 I dream I hear big mountain lions roar,
 See wild deer in the pasture, or
 See Wilbur ride a broncho, right
 Outside the door!

COUNTRY WIFE

BY MURIEL THURSTON

Vigorous of body,
Of words chary,
Her eyes were lighted candles
At the feet of Mary.

She dreamed of a splendid son
Sturdy as soil,
Taught by its cleansing vigor
The dignity of toil.

Yesterday I saw her
Baking pies;
A shambling creature brought in wood
And peered through clouded eyes.

She turned and spoke quickly,
—Lest one should know—
Calm words from a guarded heart:
“That’s my boy. He’s kind of—slow.”

FOREST

BY HELEN MARING

Long strides, sure in the intimate woodland tangle,
Over the fallen logs embellished in moss
And ferns. Life is a mixture, a pitch and toss
Of trees in the wind—of blackberry vines that wrangle
Over possession of feet whose footfalls they’d strangle
(They’d stay and they’d hush the voice of a step)—of a loss
Of spring, of autumn—and an unending criss-cross
Of spider-webs that are taut, or that wispily dangle.

You in the woods—firm step of a thinker and lover,
Tender as dreams, yet as sure as the fate that we bless;
I am behind you, Indian-wise, in your walking . . .
“Dear, were those pheasant or grouse that went whirring to cover?”
“In the wilds, do you think more of me, dear, or less?”
Silence—these woods are too lovely to burden with talking.

BUFFALO

BY MABEL ASHLEY KIZER

Excuse me, buffalo, for smiling.
 You look so injured.
 But you do amuse me.
 I caught a glimpse of you just now
 Half in, half out of the corral,
 The gate post of a slender lodge pole pine
 For a dividing line,
 And you are droll.

I think on that Sixth Day,
 Your parts got mixed up somehow.
 You don't match.
 You start out ruggedly enough and mighty—
 And end so smoothly compromised.
 Majesty is sadly tapered
 To a donkey's tail.

Poor old, old buffalo!
 I am an old man, too,
 Whose heart is threadbare as your coat,
 And there is nothing left for me to think on
 But a thundering Past.

Never mind!
 There'll be another Reassembling Day.

But why should eyes
 Be full of such apology?

SPECIOUS ALLIANCE

BY C. E. BURKLUND

So to the shining text
 Himself he formed the comment,
 And muddled to perplexed
 Joy the pure moment—

How could the singing act
 Entrust lips of folly
 With wisdom, the intact
 Beautiful heart and holy?

Radiance lightened far
 Slopes, hills became,
 Thrusting to an assured star,
 Symbol and flame.

Till with a quick thunder
 The too shimmering sphere
 Burst . . . and each arc of wonder
 Curved a sneer.

SIGURDSON

BY ELIZABETH NEEDHAM

I first met Sigurdson down at Jake's place, one blazing hot July afternoon. I was a kid then, just out of engineering school, and I had a job on the Apache Canyon dam, one of the big government reclamation projects in Arizona. Jake's place was on the desert at the foot of the Apache mountains, where the road started up the canyon to the dam. He ran a little grocery store and filling station and did a pretty good business with tourists traveling on the highway between Maricopa and Palo Verde, which skirted the mountains and also went by his property. Of course, the commissary up at the dam supplied groceries and cigarettes and so on, but Jake used to furnish a few of us young engineers with a particularly vile brand of corn whiskey he distilled, and we got into the habit of going down there rather frequently.

On this afternoon I'm speaking of I'd been to town, fifty miles farther, and stopped at Jake's on my way back to get a cold drink before plunging into the heat of the canyon. Not that it wasn't plenty warm on the desert, you understand—a hundred and twenty in the shade, or thereabouts—but that canyon was like a furnace; very narrow with two-thousand-foot walls of rock that reflected the heat and shut out every breath of air. I was sitting in what shade there was on the porch, drinking some soda pop, when I saw Sigurdson come striding over the desert.

He was very tall and thin, almost emaciated, and he moved as easily and quickly as if it had been a cold winter day. When he came up on the porch he took off his hat and stood fanning

himself with it for a moment. His hair and little pointed beard were a bright gold, his eyes intensely blue and with a curiously eager, expectant look. His somewhat barbaric appearance was accentuated by the fact that he wore two or three heavy silver Indian rings and bracelets, set with turquoise, and an immense silver belt, each intricately carved concho looking as large as a silver platter.

"Hullo, Sigurdson," grunted Jake. "Hot enough for you?"

"It is bad this afternoon, bad," agreed Sigurdson. He spoke without a trace of accent, but sometimes a quaintly formal phrasing betrayed his foreign birth.

"Let me make you acquainted with Gerry Vreeland," said Jake. "You've mebbe heard tell of the dam Gerry's building up the canyon?"

I rose and Sigurdson bowed gravely, paying no attention to Jake's irony, which had left me a little disconcerted. For I didn't talk half as much about my work as Bill Davis and Hayden and some of the other fellows!

Jake disappeared inside the store and I called to him to bring me another bottle of pop. Would Mr. Sigurdson join me? He answered that he would be delighted, but looked a little doubtfully, I thought, at the red liquid. "It's cold and wet," I told him. "That's about all you can say for it."

"That is everything on a day like this," he answered. "Look, even the snakes find the heat too great."

I looked at Jake's "zoo." He kept it as an advertisement and attraction for tourists, and had at that time some snakes and Gila monsters, two mangy,

dejected coyotes, a mountain lion, an eagle, and a bear cub. The bear cub was a playful little chap and bore his captivity very well; but his companions, shut into tiny cages of slats and chicken wire, always looked thoroughly wretched.

Today, however, they were all asleep. As Sigurdson pointed out, even the snakes had sought the shade, the mountain lion had stopped his eternal prowling back and forth; only the eagle remained alert, staring past us at the distant mountains, his fierce yellow eyes blazing with implacable hatred and longing.

Sigurdson asked me a few courteous questions about the work at the dam, and in reply to my inquiries about himself, said he lived in a shack on the desert about a mile west of Jake's. He had been there almost a year now. It was obvious why he had come. His disease was far advanced and the signs were unmistakable—the wasted frame, the sunken face with two brilliant spots of red high on the cheekbones, the large, luminous, eager eyes.

We had been sitting in a companionable silence for a few moments when suddenly the eagle gave a shattering scream. His eyes had fastened on some speck so high in the blue that we could not see it. He lifted his mighty wings and beat them impotently and screamed.

"Poor devil," I said.

"Jake," said Sigurdson to the storekeeper, who had come out to see what the disturbance was, "how much will you take for that eagle?"

"You want him?" asked Jake, astonished.

"Yes."

"Well, now, I don't know," said Jake, scratching his head and spitting

reflectively. "It ain't very often you git a nice full-grown bird like that one. I don't know as I could let him go for less than twenty-five dollars."

Sigurdson finally argued him down to fifteen. He produced a shabby pocketbook and counted out fifteen dollars, mostly in one dollar bills that looked even more worn and shabby than the purse.

"How you goin' to git him over to your place?" inquired Jake.

Sigurdson did not answer, but walked over to the cage and threw open the door.

"Hey!" shouted Jake. "Don't do that!"

The eagle looked suspiciously from Sigurdson to the open door. Then he walked ungracefully forward and out onto the ground, spread his great dark wings and shot into the air. He traveled upward with such amazing speed that he was lost to sight in a few seconds.

Jake stared after him, open-mouthed. "Of all the damn fool things to do," he cried at last. "I wouldn't of sold him to you if I'd a known you was goin' to do that! I thought you wanted him for a pet, like."

Jake's numerous children, who had been watching the performance, began to wail at the top of their lungs, and Jake continued to mutter wrathfully to himself.

I thought it high time for us to go, and I offered to drive Sigurdson home. He protested, but finally agreed, and a few minutes' drive over the rutted desert road brought us to his two-room adobe. It was about six o'clock; Sigurdson asked me to come in and have supper with him and I accepted, glad of an excuse to defer my trip up the

canyon until the comparative coolness after dark.

I somehow expected Sigurdson's house to be very clean and very bare. It was immaculately clean, I found, but far from bare. His living room was filled with two big easels, paints, palettes, and a number of canvases; they were hung on every square foot of the white plastered walls, one stood unfinished on an easel, and others were stacked on the floor.

"Oh," I exclaimed, "you're an artist!"

"You like painting?" he asked eagerly. "You paint, yourself, perhaps?"

I was a little embarrassed. The note of pleasure and gratification he had caught in my voice was owing merely to satisfied curiosity. Of course, if he were an artist, that accounted for any eccentricity of dress and behavior! I had to tell him that I was densely ignorant of any and all forms of art. "But," I added, "I'd like very much to look at the pictures, if I may."

"By all means," he said. "Please amuse yourself with them while I prepare our meal."

I must admit that when I first looked at Sigurdson's paintings I thought them the craziest things I'd ever seen. They were impressionistic studies of the desert and mountains, very queer stuff, all fantastic, distorted angles and colors, and all a little sinister.

For instance, he had one big canvas of a sahuaro cactus enormously magnified, with a tiny figure of a man beside it. The sahuaro, you know, are the big cactus with great long arms; they look sort of human. This one in the picture had the suggestion of a head and arms, but it wasn't human. More like a monstrous idol, and, of course, that was the

intended effect, because the man was kneeling before it. The colors were dark gray and brown and green, with a little black, and a sort of saffron light over everything, such as you see sometimes on the desert when a storm is coming. Very queer.

Another was of the Apache mountains at sunset. I'd seen them a hundred times, driving back from town, and, although their colors weren't as raw and crude as Sigurdson made them, just the same his painting gave me very much the same feeling that the mountains themselves did.

When I discovered that, I began to look at his work with more respect. After all, the desert and the desert mountains are sinister, macabre, fantastic, and all that, so maybe, I thought, if you want to get them on canvas, you can't do it in an ordinary way.

I was still wandering about, going slowly from one to another, when Sigurdson came back.

"Well?" he said, smiling, but guarded.

"Well," I answered, "they don't look like any pictures I ever saw before, but they do look like the desert around here."

Sigurdson's eyes widened.

"What!" he exclaimed. "Is it possible you see this country as I do!"

We plunged into an eager discussion that lasted until late that night. Sigurdson's knowledge of botany and geology was amazing. I thought I knew some geology myself, but he told me a number of things that were new to me. Later, when he led me to talk of the dam, he displayed considerable familiarity with engineering problems. I was to discover that he spoke French, Italian, and German as fluently as he did Eng-

lish and his mother tongue, was widely read in all five languages, held degrees from three universities. There was no end to Sigurdson's accomplishments.

I'm afraid it didn't take much urging that first night, or, for that matter, in any of our conversations, to make me talk about the dam. After all, it was a tremendous experience for a boy of twenty-one. The Apache Canyon dam was at that time the largest project of the kind ever undertaken. Records were being broken every day. Emergencies, crises, and excitement were our daily fare, and our young lives were keyed very high. There were a hundred applicants for every job and I had been lucky to get a place. I tried to convey something of all this to Sigurdson—of the tremendous scope of the project, the thousands of acres of desert land to be reclaimed; of the diabolical strength and cunning of the great river we were fighting.

When at last I stopped, exhausted by my own eloquence, he said, looking at me with a quizzical smile, "You love the desert and yet you would destroy it. You love your river; you speak with pride of how it fights its way to the sea against overwhelming odds, wild and savage and free, but you harness it. You cage your eagles, lad."

I was speechless with astonishment. No old monk hearing the wisdom and goodness of his creator questioned could have been more shocked than I at this suggestion, idle and half-fanciful though it was, that the Apache Canyon Reclamation Project was not flawlessly beneficent. In my surprise I fell back on a hackneyed phrase I detested. "But, Mr. Sigurdson, it will make the desert blossom like the rose!"

"Why should it? All those little

square green fields, the little square white houses. Very fine in Iowa and Kansas and Illinois and ten thousand other places. But this is unique. And it is doomed."

I was silent a long time, struggling with this.

"It will benefit so many people!"

"Thousands," he shrugged.

"It removes a dreadful flood menace."

"Ah, yes, that is a fine thing." He laid a barely perceptible emphasis on the "that"; then, seeing, I suppose, that I was really troubled, he said quickly, "My dear boy, you must not take me too seriously. Your dam will make history. It is a magnificent and logical product of our civilization."

That was the beginning of our curious friendship. I sometimes wonder what he saw in me; if he did not find me at times insufferably callow. If so, he never betrayed it. His courtesy and grave interest in my conversation apparently never flagged. After all, I was the only human being whom he had talked to for months. And I like to think I was able to give him one thing which he really valued. This was a slow-growing, rather inarticulate, but very real, appreciation of his painting.

I spoke one evening of a similarity between his life and Gauguin's—an unfortunate comparison, I realized, the instant I had said the words, since Gauguin's genius was not recognized until long after his death. He smiled, rather sadly, and said, "But I did not abandon my family."

I cursed myself for my clumsiness, for I had discovered by then that Sigurdson had a wife whom he adored who would not live on the desert with him. She had stayed three days, not in the summer—one might not have blamed her then for

running away—but when he first came out in November; and had then taken herself and a comfortable little income of her own back to New York, refusing even to spend a few weeks near him in Maricopa. I don't think Sigurdson ever criticized her for it, even to himself. To me he said once, "The desert destroys women. It eats away their youth, their beauty, their very souls. It is murder to expect them to stand the heat and loneliness."

I tried to turn the conversation after my unlucky remark by asking if he had ever been up to the dam.

Instantly his face lighted.

"No, but I must go some time. I should like to see it before the construction is finished, to see the men at work."

"It's splendid, Mr. Sigurdson," I said. "It's—well, it's terrific. The canyon is only five hundred feet wide there and the walls go up absolutely sheer for over two thousand feet. They're sort of bronze and red and purple, like cooling slag. You just can't believe the colors. And the river below, slipping along like a big yellow snake. I tell you, it's great!"

And then the same thought struck us both. He must paint it!

He had, he said, a small tent, and if I could arrange it so that he could camp up there for about a week and paint, he would be greatly indebted to me. The next morning I managed to obtain a grudging consent from Cochrane, the chief engineer, and that evening I drove Sigurdson up to the dam. My old bus presented a spectacular appearance after it had been loaded with Sigurdson's camping outfit, easels, canvases, and so on, an old wicker suitcase, falling to pieces and tied together with string, and Sigurdson himself clanking with Indian

jewelry, even wearing a pair of turquoise earrings, and his golden hair and beard fairly on end with excitement.

I was rather uneasy about our reception at the dam, and my friends did razz me for a day or two about my artist; however, they were too busy to think long about anyone's affairs but their own. After all, there were several thousand men working on the dam, representing every nationality on earth, and one queer specimen more or less was not really noticeable.

And how Sigurdson did paint! I've never seen anything to touch some of the work he did that week. You wouldn't think anyone could paint heat, would you? Well, he did. He painted one picture at noon, no shadows at all, just the white hot glare on the masonry and the quicksands, and the men at work, their faces drawn with fatigue, that made you want to shield your eyes to look at it. Another that I thought a wonder was of the river writhing along through the canyon, just above the rapids.

While he was there, there was a heavy rain, almost a cloudburst, in the higher mountains, and the river rose three feet in an hour with a promise of more to come. We worked madly all night, strengthening the spillways, and Sigurdson painted that scene—the blackness, the white beams from the powerful electric searchlights, the red, flaring gasoline torches, and the men crawling about like unhoused ants.

It seems amazing to me now, looking back on it, that pictures of such extraordinary power and vitality could have come from the hand of a dying man. I am afraid there is no question but that his week at the dam burned up his last reserves of strength. He was very ill

when he came, and the long hours of intensive effort he put in would have been a strain on a strong man.

After driving him back to his house on the desert at the end of the week, I spent the evening with him. He looked very tired, but radiant, and talked at length about his pictures. He felt, as I did, that the paintings made at the dam were by far his best work; but whether he had any suspicion that they were his last, I do not know. I don't believe so, for he said once, with the dreadful, incurable hopefulness of the consumptive, that the coming winter, when he was better, he would return to New York and arrange for an exhibition.

"They ought to go over big in New York," I said. "People there are more interested in modern art than anywhere else."

"Modern?" he exclaimed, impatiently. "Expressionistic? Futurist? Folly! These labels mean nothing. Must painting follow styles, like women's clothes? Is the desert modern? No, I paint things as I see them, and so does every artist."

He was silent for a time and then said with uncontrollable bitterness, "What a strange and ignoble thing it is that the joy of creation is not sufficient; that it is not enough for a man to paint or write or model something fine and beautiful. Why must he hunger so after recognition? I thought I had schooled myself to be content without it. But, lately—" His voice broke.

I protested awkwardly that there could be no doubt about the ultimate success of his work.

"No," he said, "it will not succeed. I talked a little while ago of an exhibition, but I knew better. I do not believe in predestination, but these pictures

smell of fatality. Or is it futility?" His fine lips curled in a thin smile.

I was alarmed by this depression, which was so unlike him, but I did not realize how ill he was. I tormented myself for a long time afterward with the thought that I should have taken him to town that night to a sanitarium, or at least to a doctor. But I doubt if it would have made more than a few weeks' difference.

Two nights after my visit he died very peacefully in his sleep. It was I who found him. It was I, since he had no other friends, who made arrangements for the funeral, wired his wife, and met her at the train.

She was a sallow, sharp-featured woman, with a querulous, whining voice. How a man like Sigurdson, with his ardent, beauty-loving nature, could have cared for her is beyond comprehension. For he did love her. His voice changed and deepened when he spoke her name; he kept all her meagre, infrequent letters and read them over and over.

I gathered from what she told me that she had always been regarded as the invalid of the family, and she seemed to feel a resentful astonishment that her husband had usurped her prerogatives in the matter of illness and death.

"It was awful sudden, wasn't it?" she asked me several times. At first I assured her that it had been, which, of course, was true in a way. Finally, however, as I was driving her out to his house after the funeral, and she repeated the remark, I said: "But, Mrs. Sigurdson, you knew your husband had been seriously ill for a year or more."

She gave me a furtive, troubled look, then turned her face away and murmured, so low I could scarcely hear her: "I didn't think he was really sick. He

looked real well last winter. I thought he just wanted to get away and paint. I—" here her words were almost indistinguishable—"I told everybody back home he wasn't sick. . . ."

We drove the rest of the way in silence until we reached Jake's place. She wanted to stop and look at the zoo, but I saw he had caught another eagle and I told her we didn't have time.

"It's so hot," she fretted, as we turned off the highway. "I'm so thirsty, and we could of had a drink of pop at that store."

After we had arrived at the house she went through the two poor little rooms, and exclaimed impatiently: "Why, I didn't need to come out here! There's nothing here I want. No furniture, and those old books wouldn't sell for five dollars."

"But the paintings!"

"I know all about Eric's painting. He lost a good job at the university because he spent so much time messing with it, crazy stuff that nobody would ever want to buy. He never sold a picture in his life."

She looked at me curiously and said in an astonished voice: "Why, I believe you like them!"

I said: "Mrs. Sigurdson, I think your husband was a very great artist. I think some day these pictures will be exceedingly valuable. Surely you mean to keep them!"

She was silent for a minute, and when she spoke it was much more pleasantly. "You take them," she said. "Eric thought so much of you; he wrote so much about you. I know he'd like you to have the paintings."

And that was the way we settled it. I stored the forty or fifty canvases in Maricopa, and six months later, after

my part in the dam was finished, I went back to New York to see my family, and took with me half-a-dozen of the paintings I thought the best.

"Rather interesting," said the dealer I showed them to. "This and this—" pointing to the scenes of the dam at night and the river above the rapids—"not bad at all. But this one—what's it called, 'Noon'?—is simply childish. I don't see how a competent painter could do it. Nothing but a monotone, no contrast, nothing to it."

Well, of course, he'd never known heat. . . .

"Then you won't consider them?"

"My dear fellow, I'll tell you frankly, you're wasting your time. They're interesting, in a way, but this radically modern stuff that simply tries to be different at any cost is going out. You never could fool the public into buying much, whatever they said about it, and now there's a definite reaction setting in. The subjects are good, but I think your friend should get a more original approach."

For some time I thought that was the end of the story of Sigurdson. I talked to other dealers, collectors, tried to get them interested, but they all said very much the same thing. I'm glad, of course, that he never knew. What effect would that casual and contemptuous verdict have had on him? He had borne with fortitude the lack of any appreciation and sympathy for his pictures, he had stoically faced the thought of continuing failure, but to have his work dismissed as purely sensational, the very kind of modern painting he detested! . . . I found myself utterly disheartened by such an outcome.

Shortly afterward I left the country for the Andes, where I've been, off and

on, ever since. I couldn't, of course, keep the paintings with me. Most of them were still stored in Maricopa and the others I left with my sister in New York.

I hadn't seen them for several years when I received a letter from John Cochrane, who had been chief on the Apache Canyon project. Could I, by any chance, put him in touch with that Norwegian chap who had been painting at the dam while it was under construction? He hadn't, he said, paid much attention to the pictures at the time, except that he thought they were striking and unusual, but he had remembered them all these years. He was now with a firm of consulting engineers in New York and he wanted two or three paintings for his office. There was one in particular, of a white-hot Arizona noon, he'd like to buy.

In the end, he took four. I was back in New York last year, and those four canvases hanging in Cochrane's luxurious office are like four windows opening onto the desert. Engineers come in there from the far places of the earth, bronzed, silent men, a little awkward, a little out of place on Park avenue; and, Cochrane tells me, "You should see their eyes light up when they find the pictures!" They look a long time at each one. "Those paintings *get* them," he says ardently; "bring it all back—the heat, the tension, the isolation, the feel of the work." "Yes," I said, "I know. . . ."

The dealers still don't want the other canvases, neither does the public, and other painters haven't expressed any great interest in them. I'm not so certain as I once was that Sigurdson's genius will ever be generally recognized, but I find that I don't care any more.

DREAM FEARS

BY GRACE STONE COATES

When the winter sun slides over the jagged
Mountains rimming the canyon mouth,
Fear on silent feet comes padding
Out of the coulees, north and south.

Fear will sit on its haunches waiting
Till the street grows dark and the night is deep;
Fear with hanging tongue beleaguers
The lonely house where I am asleep.

From the breath of fear across my windows
Strange are the dreams that twist and glide;
From the red throat beyond my threshold
Terror leaps in my straining side.

Gaunt fear pants at the listening corners,
Grey fear sniffs at the curtained sill;
Fear trots back to the purple coulees
When day strides over the eastern hill.

HOME-COMING

BY JUNE E. DOWNEY

The snorting dragon coughed
And spat me out of his jaws;
Then panted on
Toward the golden slopes
Of the Pacific
And left me on the crest
Of the continent,
A mile—more than a mile—
Above the oceans,
Alone at midnight
In a town turned to crystal
By the cold of the mountain summer
And by the moonlight.

I thought of Midas' finger of gold
That turned all it touched
Into something beautiful
And dead.
The finger of the frosty moonlight
Was Midas-like.
I walked
Silver-bright cold beautiful streets
Beneath crystal and silver trees,
With motionless sable shadows
Inlaid on argent.

And I came to a crystal house
Etched with ebony leaves
Where the white magic
Of the moon
Fell through vines.
Steps of frosted glass
A footfall would shatter;
Pale geraniums sculpturesque
Topping pallid ramparts,
An elfin fortress.

Light flashes within;
A key whines in a lock;
A door opens,
And a door closes;
It shuts out into the night
The sound of tinkling glass
And shattered crystal.

THE OPEN RANGE

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

THE ROBBERY AT WICKES, MONTANA

By MRS. T. A. WICKES



A mid-summer day in the Rockies! The sun climbing over the mountains sent its insistent glare on the mining camp and the mercury climbing in the thermometer! There was no humidity—dry heat! The soft billowy clouds that constantly float in Montana skies noticeably absent. A hot day! The Alta payday.

Not a zephyr in the scrub-pines on the hillsides, nor a flutter in the bunch grass on the bar; scarce even the whirr of the grasshoppers, as they rose, and then sank back into stillness. Even the train that wound its sinuous way around the foothills was caught by the inertia of all things, apparently, for it droned out its screeching whistle and arrived at the hillside depot at 10:30, a half hour late.

At the First National Bank in Helena that day the assistant teller, John M. W., had been packing the treasure-box to go on the train to Wickes. The box measured two feet in length, eighteen inches in width, and twelve inches in height, was made of steel, and was a heavy lift for one man. Shoving it along, where it would be convenient to him, and whistling softly he shoved in the piles of silver dollars, when after a moment's reflection, the young man went to the cashier's desk and addressing by the familiar abbreviation the gentleman seated there, said: "Mr. Klein, we have such a lot of silver on hand, that although the \$4,000 is in the box, could I add, in silver, another thousand?"

He received an affirmative answer, and it was but a few moments before John came again to the cashier and smilingly said: "Mr. Klein, we have *such* a lot of silver, can't I go ahead and put in another thousand still, or even more?" With a pre-occupied air, the cashier gave his consent. By the *weight* of the precious coin, \$17,500 in the box was ultimately saved from disaster, thanks to the young man who packed it.

The railroad tracks of the Great Northern followed the low line of the foothills from Helena, gradually rising to the tunnel, but stopping trains at the hillside depot at Wickes, quite a way above the bar, which in turn was quite a way above the town itself.

For two or three days Dad Nixon had gone

The Frontier

with his one-horse wagon up to the depot for the delayed payroll; and as he stood waiting for the slowcoming train his eyes rested on the half-mile stretch of bar below him. Once the gorgeous, yellow blossoms of the arnica plant had made it gay with color, but the fumes from the bee-hive roasters had blighted every blossom, the plants were dead, and there was no vestige of prickly pear or sagebrush. At the far east end of the bar were the neglected graves of four men, who, at various times, had all died with their boots on; and at the west end, its depot road, down which he would soon go, passed by the schoolhouse, the doctor's home, and an empty shed.

He did not notice the fellow sitting on a log near him, whittling, nor reflect that the loafer had been there for three mornings, nor did he feel surprised, when, after the box was loaded, the young man climbed to the seat beside him to ride down the hill. Nor did he guess that in so doing, he gave the signal to two men in the empty shed that the money at last had come.

Almost as soon as it takes to tell it, those men, with masks over faces, one of them with a gun, ordered the driver, but without a spoken word, off his seat, took possession of the outfit, and departed down the bar.

About a halfhour before this, Mr. Jim S. with his light, fast team and shining top-buggy had left the town and taken, as usual, his morning drive on the bar. Dad Nixon had watched him out of sight when he drove down into the gully that separated this first bar from the second.

The second bar, which was two or three miles long, extended by a long steep slope into the timbered hills of the Cataract mine and country, and the road, reversing its direction, went directly west again, through Murphy and Neil's gulch. Crossing this second bar was a tiny mountain stream, which at times was only two or three feet wide, spreading out close to the road, and trickled and sang in harmony with the loneliness of the way. It was an unfrequented road, but on this eventful morning, had on or near it at least eight men, who were working out their road-tax while machinery at the Alta mine was being repaired.

The robbers had reached the gully and by some coincidence found Mr. S. there before

them. What conversation transpired none will ever know, but Mr. S. went back to town with the wagon, the thieves hurriedly began the ascent of the second bar with the buggy, urging the team to its utmost speed, and were met by two boys hauling a load of wood to town. Harry M. and his younger cousin, Glenn, knew the horses and the buggy containing two men with black handkerchiefs over their faces. The team was streaked with sweat and appeared exhausted.

In the distance the miners saw the thieves climb out, and push the buggy, the heat and the grade and the load, and perhaps a partly set wheel, impeded their progress. To transfer the weight of the box by horseback was impossible. Reaching the summit and the timber, they threw the harness upon the ground, and turned the horses loose to graze, leaving the buggy standing by. The thieves disappeared!

But what more easy for them than to drop down the steep mountainside into Wickes, only a mile or two away. The road over which they had come was a long loop from their starting-point. What easier than to take their riding horses, picketed on the slope close to the town, and go quietly back into the village?

Out of the stillness of that sultry July morning in 1890, forty years ago, in the Wickes camp, came the excited and profane cries of men, the whinnying of horses, the adjustment of saddles, the jingling of spurs, the swearing-in of the sheriff's posse, and all the running to and fro of restless women and children, where from lip to lip, spreading news as no telegram could have done, the words flew up and down the gulches: "The payroll, the payroll is stolen."

Dad Nixon had lost no time. Running to the hotel, breathless, he had phoned to Boulder to the sheriff (Dan McNeil), who got the story and hurried to the scene of action. But Boulder, the county seat, was ten miles from Wickes, over a range; and on horseback took at least an hour to travel.

At the far west end of the town a lady sat picking the stems from a pan of gooseberries preparatory to making a pie. Hearing the news she started to tell a neighbor, looked across the street and saw two young men leading their riding-horses into a barn, evidently going to join the posse. Hurrying

over to them (she knew them both, one having been her boarder for years), she called out, "Boys, have you any guns? I have one over at the house you can have!" B. W. did not answer.

Coming closer, three times she put the question to him, noticed he was trembling so that he could hardly adjust the saddle on his horse, got no reply; but M. S. called out, "I have a gun," and so she went over home, thought of her pie. She glanced at the clock; it lacked ten minutes to twelve. But there would be no haste for dinner, now; and the neighbor called to her, "The men say those robbers looked like B. W. and M. S."

"I bet they're right!" she exclaimed, and thoughtfully went into the house. "Ten minutes to twelve, from 10:30, for the circuit of the loop, ample time!" she thought, her intuitions confirming her suspicions.

The miners agreed one man was heavy and the other light, with the slimness of youth. They had worn no disguise of costume, just regular overalls, such as all the men wore, and their faces had been hidden. B. W. was a general favorite, social, kind, and of good habits. Not a man would say he could swear to his identity.

When Harry came home with the wood and his father from working the roads, and the hot gooseberry pie was on the table, B. W. was still absent, having been among the first to join the posse, to hunt the robbers.

"Harry," said his mother, "did you know those men when you saw them?"

"No, mother, I didn't, but when Billy said afterwards—"

"Never mind what others suggested to you," sternly replied his mother.

In the meantime, on rode the pursuing

posse, until they reached the grazing horses and the empty buggy.

Puzzled, they began searching the bushes, when inadvertently a man stepped on a tuft of grass, which sank beneath his weight and dropped him into a hole 24" by 18" by 12", or a little larger. But it had no treasure box in it. Doubtless it had been deposited earlier on the way. Every inch of roadside was excitedly searched on the return. In the little stream had been cut a pocket 24" by 18" by 12" and in it was the treasure-box, the contents undisturbed.

Later, when the Grand Jury met, both mother and son were subpoenaed as witnesses. But the all-important question, that of the exact time of day, was not asked of the lady; and she could not and would not volunteer it!

And Harry? A hush fell on the courtroom as the other witnesses were sent from the room!

"Harry," solemnly said Judge Parker, for he had heard the boy would not tell what he knew, "Harry, has anyone told you how to testify?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who was it?"

"My mother!"

"What did she tell you to say?"

You could have heard a pin drop in that room.

"She told me, sir, to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

A smothered cheer went up from around him.

"Did you know the men, when you met them?"

"No, sir."

Needless to say, the case never came for trial in the District Court.

THE FIRST FUNERAL IN VALLEY COUNTY, MONTANA

As told by an old Frontiersman.

JESSIE MABEE LYTLE

WELL, sir, the ranks of the Montana frontiersmen are shore a thinnin' fast. I was a ridin' last herd with old Jim Betts today. I and him was to the fust funral ever helt in Valley county and

them days Valley county covered as much territory as the hull of New England. I've heerd it was the biggest county in the United States before Sheridan, Daniels, Phillips and Roosevelt counties was cut off'n it. I was

a thinkin' of that fust funral today whilst I was a rollin' along in the percession behind that gorgeous plumed contraption that helt all that was left of my old pard, and a wishin' he was alive to see hisself travelin' in such spangup style with half the countryside trailin' behind him along down Main street, past all the fine brick buildin's with plate-glass winders into 'em and cement sidewalks in front on 'em; got to travel back a long hard trail to the Main street of fifty-odd year ago and that September day when Jim and me both rode in the hearse.

As I fust remember the street there wasn't but a few scattered log buildin's, half a dozen at most. Bill Williams had a drug store and postoffice in one on 'em, though he wan't bothered much with mail the stage comin' so irreg'lar like; and there was a general tradin' post and a sort o' restaurant in another, the rest on 'em was saloons; nary a sidewalk, a few split logs laid side by side and end to end kept folks up out o' the gumbo when it rained; that, and a couple log hitchin'-posts was about all the conveniences we could boast.

The day of the funral the road was plum dry and the dust was aflyin' in a cloud behind Pete Cobb's rickety spring wagon as he drove into town. Pete had a ranch 'bout four mile east and onct a week he'd hitch up his ornery pinto cayuse and come in with fresh meat to sell.

He used to pass a couple of log shacks on the east end of the street before he come to the beesness district proper; McVees lived in one on 'em and Harleys lived in tother. When Mis Harley see Pete a comin' with the canvas he used to cover the meat a flappin' out in the wind behind the cart, she run to the door and hailed him.

"Hi, Pete, I want a hind quarter today."

Pete was a lookin' straight ahead and a mite deaf into the bargain, so he kep' right on agoin' and the old lady knew doggone well if ever he got down to Tim Kinney's restaurant with that fresh meat she would likely be eatin' salt side fer quite a spell longer, so out she run awavin' her apern and hollerin' to the top of her lungs, "Peeceete, I say, I want a hind quarter today."

When Pete see the woman he stopped and

sez he, "I ain't a peddlin' no beef today, Miss Harley."

"No beef!" she sez. "What's that you got under that canvas?"

"Nothin' to speak on," sez Pete, oneasy.

That roused the old girl's curiosity and she steps around behind the cart quick and takes a peek. Pete was atellin' us he never see a woman so flabbergasted in all his born days. She told some of the women thet she spleened agin beef the hull winter. Anyways, she never stopped to ask ary questions, but made tracts for the house pronto, and Pete he slapped the reins on old Paint's back and druv up in front of Stub Bliss's saloon, where most of us fellers hung out them days, and he lets a yelp out of him that brought us all out pellmell lookin' fer Injuns er prairie fires er both to onct.

"Lookit the cache I got in this here wagon," sez Pete, disgusted.

Some feller jerks the canvas off careless-like and sez he, "My God, Pete! Where ya git it?"

"I see the magpies a circlin' aroun' over by the creek bank and thinks I it's mebbe that red heifer I lost awhile back, so I hitches up this ole spotted limb of Satan and goes over fer a looksee. Found this—carkis."

"Ain't it that ole bum we run out o' town last week?"

"The same," agrees Pete. "What you fellers aim to do with him?"

"It's yore find, Pete," some smart-alec ventures.

"Yeah? Well, I ain't settin' up no undertakin' joint and I reckon it's up to the leadin' citizens o' this town to plant this bo."

"Pore seed," sez another, jokingly.

"Plant him where the soil is rocky so's he can't take no root."

"No ya don't," sez I, "if I have to do any diggin' we'll plant him down by the river bank where the soil is loost."

"Jokin' aside," sez Ezry Hilter, "we got to bury this feller fer the good of the community and the sooner the better."

So we rustled up a couple spades and a half-dozen of us boys clumb in the back of the wagon along with the corpse, sittin' on the edge of the wagon box three on a

side, right where them plumes waved from today, and we set out.

A little piece down the road we met up with Father Champlain, an old-time Missioner among the Injuns, and he had it all doped out that it wan't more'n right he should go along and say a word fer the pore soul, and nobody offerin' no objections, he clumb up 'longside Pete and the cavalcade perceded.

Up to the time the Father jined us and called our 'tention to't we hadn't none of us saw the pitiful side of the thing, the pore chap dyin' all alone and far away from all his kin like he done, and we shore wanted to do the proper thing, fer as we knew; so when one of the fellers suggested singin', we talked it over and decided on "The Cowboy's Lament," bein's 'twas the only thing we all knew clean to the end. We sang it hearty, if not so tuneful, to the accompaniment of the rattle of the wheels. We figgered we might's well get it off our chest as we went along to save time later.

We selected a nice green spot down by the river and had it all hollered out when who should come tearin' out from town but old Louie Hoffman. He was a spurrin' his hoss and wavin' his arms as fur off as we could spot him and we sort of helt up perceedin's to hear waht he had to say.

"Stop it! Stop it!" he yells, as soon as he come into earshot and Lord only knows how long afore that. "This here is my propity and you ain't goin' to plant no stiff right where I aims to set my house."

We tried to argy with him and tried to talk him into settin' his house a mite to one side, but he swore a blue streak it wouldn't make no manner of difference, 'cause his wife would always remember it was there ever time he wanted to come up town after dark. O' course we see his side o' it right off, and we heaved the bo back into the wagon and pulled over agin the hill.

This time we hadn't got more'n fairly started to diggin' when Ezry reclected we was right where Sid Willis had staked out a homestead claim the day before and he mightn't take kindly to us fellers doin' the

fust plantin'. We hadn't went down fer yet and was plum willin' to be reasonable accommodatin', more especial as Sid was inclined to be a bit hasty hisself.

Havin' tried both extremes we decided to strike a happy medium and selected a spot in the exact center of the valley. We was just unloaded and ready fer action when a young chap comes abustin' out o' a tent clost by and sez he, "What do you birds think you are a doin' here, anyways? Can't you see them there stakes amarkin' the progress of civilization? This here spot is the future roadbed of the Great Northern Railway. This ain't no place to start a cemetery."

Ezry scratched his head and grinned round at us friendly like he always done when we got in a jackpot together.

"Boys," sez he, "I dunno how you feel about it, but these here hindrances we've met up with look to me like the workin' of Providence tryin' to learn us pore ignor-amuses that we can't go round plantin' people promiscuous like. 'Tain't right, so to speak, and 'tain't decent. Sposin' 'twas some kin of ourn, how do ya spose we'd feel then, huh? What we gotta do is stake out a bonofido buryin' ground and when that there railroad goes through this valley there won't be ary acre of land that ain't valleeable to somebody. What do you fellers think of stakin' her up there on the bench? That hain't nothin' but grazin' land and pore at that."

Ezry should a knowed fer I and him had rode it many a time fer stray dogies when we was both workin' fer the Bar B outfit. So that's what we done, and we buried that hobo right where yore Hillside cemetery stands today. I see they've made out to dig a well and got some fair-sized trees agrowin', but what struck me all of a heap was the prosprous farms and well cultivated wheat fields that clean surround the place and stretch out as fer as eye can see on that tract of land we thought was plum wuthless. That's the Progress of Civilization, I spose, but it's crowdin' too clost fer us old-timers and we're movin' over the border into unexplored country, like Jim done, one by one."

FOLK LORE

THE KLUKWALLE DANCE OF THE WEST COAST INDIANS

BY ALBERT B. REAGAN

THE KLUKWALLE DANCE is a great ceremony among the West Coast Indians, and in the old times they kept it in session all the time, at least during the winter months. It is a masquerade of the secret organization type, and to gain admittance to it with its privileges one must give a *potlatch* to its members and their families—one dollar in money or goods to each base person and five dollars to each person of chieftain stock. In the days when the sealing industry was at its height a give-away feast of a thousand dollars was a common *potlatch*; and a recent give-away feast is said to have exceeded two thousand dollars. Should any one try to get into the dance without first giving the required *potlatch*, five Klukwalle seize him by the hair, drag him around the central fire of the great hall, and then roughly put him from the building. Furthermore, should any one but those appointed for any special work or ceremony attempt to perform it, he is severely handled.

The purpose of the dance is to restore departed spirits, whether they have departed on account of sickness or on account of the death of some relative. Like most savages and many semi-civilized people, these Indians believe that sickness is caused by one's spirit temporarily leaving the body. They also further believe that when one dies, the spirits of the mourning relatives remain in the grave with his spirit till they are restored by a Klukwalle ceremony. Should this not be performed the persons concerned would also die.

The costumes of the actors are many and varied, but the most common costume is that of men dressed and acting to represent wolves, chased by other men screened from view with salal bushes. The faces of the actors are always daubed in black.

Nolabostub is ready to be admitted into the organization. The final day has come; and, with her aid, her relatives have all the

things ready, eatables, utensils for gifts and other presents for the closing act, the great *potlatch* at the close of the ceremonies.

In the evening after everyone has retired, the greater part of the performers, all of whom have already been trained for the occasion, begin to howl like wolves, to hoot like owls, and to whistle on elder whistles so as to represent the whistling of the wind, while some of the others cause a hissing breath to issue from their mouths, so that all combined make a noise like the roaring of a mighty sea in the jaws of a boisterous storm. Others also continuously pound a box which is so constructed that when beaten with clubs it sends forth a sound like that produced by the "thunderbird's flapping his wings among the billowy clouds of an advancing tempest." At the same time torches of pitch wood are waved through the openings in the roof of the *potlatch* hall of the society in quick succession in imitation of the bolt lightning as it cuts a path across the black night. And so near the real thing does it appear that the uninitiated are terrified and hide themselves, being afraid of the supposed supernatural powers; but the initiated gather till the hall is filled and the "lightning" flashes the more and the "thunder" rolls and reverberates against the rocky cliffs along the shore.

Nolabostub walks to the hall of the secret order between two Klukwalle women and is at once taken into the building. She is then caused to hold a medicine stick and told to look straight at it and to think of nothing but it. She does as bidden; but as her eyes quickly blur she looks away; whereupon her aunt scolds her and the medicine man scowls. She then looks at it again for a few minutes, then begins to tremble, after which she tries to release her hands but finds that she can not, though her eyes are open and she still possesses her will power, at least over her mind, but it is waning. She next feels sleepy

and is soon mesmerized and completely under the influence of the principal shaman, after which she is caused to remove all her wearing apparel except a short skirt. The principal medicine man then takes a clam shell knife and lacerates her arms, legs, and body with five or six long gashes in one direction and about the same number transversely across these so that the whole, especially the inter-spaces, is caused to look somewhat like a checkerboard. Then the cuts are washed in medium warm water to make them bleed freely.

The laceration being completed, the medicine fraternity seizes her by the hair and drags her from the hall over the sand and rocks to the beach where they temporarily leave her. They then dance a clumsy dance around the whole village as they visit and encircle each lodge, then enter it and encircle the inner spaces of its living room. Then when they have completed the village in this performance, the chief of ceremonies reappears in front of Nolabostub and waves a suggestive hand. She then instantly springs to her feet, seizes a club and begins to strike at everything about her in a frantic manner, aimlessly, of course, for she is hypnotized. She then makes the rounds of the village, striking at everything in a violent manner, while all the lookers-on laugh, shriek and shout. They then all return to the hall; and, while she is kept hypnotized but allowed to sleep, preparations are begun for the continuation of the ceremonies, which, as with all the other ceremonies of these Indians, has to last four days and four nights.

In the "make-up room," to use a stage phrase, sits the old medicine woman who runs the "beauty department" of the society; and as each of the participants in the ceremonies appears and squats on the dirt floor before her, she daubs his face with black charcoal paint which is made of a mixture of pulverized charcoal and grease. Then as soon as he is besmeared with the paint he rushes from the room as he shrieks hideously.

Some then go into the woods to prepare bark whistles and to clothe themselves with screens of green foliage, usually of the salal family. Some rush, tumbling over each other, into an adjoining room and secure masks for the occasion, which, for the most part,

are hideous imitations of human faces, though some are supposed to represent the whale, some, the thunderbird, and others, the rich gods—each painted to suit the fancy of the wearer. Other actors lash wolf skins on their bodies so that when on "all fours" they crudely represent wolves, which they try to imitate by a continuous yelping.

The performance is then soon on and Nolabostub, still in a hypnotized state, sits rigidly upright or dances a straight up-and-down dance for hours, as the chief of ceremonies wills. Meanwhile, around her and the central fire leap, jump, and crawl the wolf-acting men, chased by the hunters who are screened from view by their salal brush costumes; while the musicians render songs and choruses and drum to imitate thunder; and the masked people sally forth now and then from behind screens of woven mats to dance baboon-fashion in the open space before the fire. For hours the dance is thus kept up; and the hunters chase the wolves till morning begins to dawn. The chief of ceremonies then seizes a whale rib knife and with one blow he "kills" the wolves, in imitation. And with a hideous howl and deafening shriek, the performance is closed till night again claims the seashore.

During the day that follows Nolabostub is still kept in a mesmerized state. She is also caused to dance, climb the wall, and do other antics to amuse the populace, when all are not feasting or the medicine fraternity are not going through torture performances to make her a good Klukwalle.

For two nights and three days more are the performances thus carried on; and each evening the slashes on Nolabostub's body are bruised afresh and she is dragged by the hair over the ground to the beach and is caused to perform like a maniac in the streets of the village. Then comes the closing night, at which time she is made herself again, and from that on she is the central figure of the performance.

At a little after dark that evening the first act of the ceremonies is ushered in, with the women arranged at one end of the hall and the men at the other. At its beginning two masked men rush into the building with a large quantity of feathers and duck down which they toss heavenward to let be strewn over the floor as the air cur-

The Frontier

rents carry them. Then the dance commences, and everyone tries to make the most possible noise he or she can as all pound shakeboards before them with short clubs. Thus they perform for several hours. Then the clowns bring in sealskin robes with which they beat the floor and the strewn feathers till the air is filled with down and dust.

At this juncture a rat squeal attracts the attention of all; and, as everyone looks through the hazy dust, some twenty men come through the entrance-way on all fours. They are nude and are all striped from crown to foot-sole with stripes of blue, black and red. Each one also wears a coronet of yellow-tinged cedar bark and each carries a handful of arrows in his left hand and a bow in his right. As they squeal and continue to squeal, they prance and dance side-wise around the room as the lookers-on sing and shout and pound drums and board-shakes, producing a sound "all the same thunder." Moreover, as they thus dance they try to bite everything that comes near them as they utter the peculiar squeaking squeal, one actually biting *Nolabostub*. Then on reaching the door again, they sally forth into obscurity.

The rat-mouse performers are scarcely gone when some thirty actors, masked, painted and daubed with feathers but otherwise nude, rush into the hall and dance about *Nolabostub* and the central fire as they howl in a fearful manner. Then lights on the roof and shouts from without suddenly call the attention of all, and everyone rushes to the open area surrounding the *potlatch* building.

There on the flat roof of the building are four men, each of whom wears a mask which is carved to represent the head of the thunderbird, being also tasseled behind with upright tassels of red-tinged cedar bark and feathered with war eagle feathers down along each side of the face to the point of the nose. With these four actors there also stands a woman who is attired in a vermillion dyed, birdskin dress and whose hair is covered with eagle down and is let float over her shoulders loosely to the breeze. Beside her there also stands a girl who is attired only in a short dancing skirt, having the upper part of her face painted black, the lower part red, and the exposed part of her body and limbs painted in transverse rings of

black and red. Near the latter there is also a smaller girl who wears a mask representing an abalone shell, from the front part of which there projects two horns. She also has the exposed parts of her person daubed in red and black stripes, and bands of dentalium shells encircle her wearing apparel in transverse order. Two boys, bedaubed in black, with red, cedar bark head bands and black-painted wooden masks, complete the troupe.

These all dance about the roof as they spread their arms now and then as if in the act of flying, while at the same time they utter a sound supposed to imitate thunder. Moreover, as they thus perform, the spectators beat drums, pound the walls of the house with clubs and do everything else they can to make the most noise possible. This they continue till one of the masked actors intentionally falls off the roof and pretends to get badly hurt.

Another troupe appears, led by fifteen men on all fours, each of whom has his body so covered with long bearskins that they trail behind him. They enter the *Klukwalle* hall, whither the populace rush. Then as they are supposed to represent whales, they flounder about over the floor of the big room around the central fire and try now and then to imitate a whale's "blowing." Then after they have thus performed for some time they are followed by some twenty men who are armed with lances, harpoons and other whaling implements, and are designated as "whale hunters." These hurl their harpoons at the "fleeing whales" and then the buoys are brought into play. A harpoon is then finally thrust through one of the whale robes and a "whale" is captured.

At this instant another large troupe of actors, all with faces daubed red, enter the arena of action, all wearing long skin robes and all masked—some to represent owls; some, wolves; some, bears, and some, cougars. On reaching the presence of *Nolabostub* near the central fire they all crouch down and clasp their knees in their folded arms. Then by a sidewise-jumping movement, they circle after circle about her and the booming fire. Then as each one imitates the voice of the beast he is supposed to represent, they rush forth out of the building

Hardly have they gone when a buzzing

noise ushers in another troupe. Its members are nude with the exception that each one has his face veiled. They, however, are all armed with prod-sticks, at the projecting end of which is fastened a tough thorn, with point out, and with these they prod every one that comes within reach. They represent hornets and do it so well that pandemonium reigns in the hall till the darkness without the building swallows them up.

A troupe of women next appear on the stage of action. Their heads are covered with down and feathers, and they are attired in close-fitting robes. Their performance is simply a shuffling dance, as each one promiscuously waves her hands and sings as loud as she can scream. And following them comes a group of boys who are greased with tallow and besmeared with duck down from head to foot. They perform to represent cold and the east wind, then soon pass beyond the pale of the light. Then come others representing gulls eating fish in the surf. And so on.

The next act is on. The Klukwalle chant has begun again, which, together with the continuous pounding of boards to keep the time, sounds like the chopping, pounding, booming of a tempestuous ocean charging against a perpendicular coast line in a howling, raging, furious typhoon, accompanied by a continuous crashing thunder. The large door of the hall is swung open; and through it comes a group of men sprawling over the floor on all fours, all clothed in the skins of wolves. Immediately following these wolf-actors come men in upright position, all of whom have blackened faces and are screened from view by salal brush. The chief of ceremonies, who is carrying an ax, joins these salal-brush-decorated actors. Then time after time they encircle the central fire, some of the assembled populace joining the hunting group each time they encircle it. Thus they perform till everyone of the audience in the large building is dancing. At the same time the upright actors continue to prance around the central fire in a vigorous stamping, gorilla-prancing dance, and the wolf-men continue their crawling, jumping, leaping, cantering. Another chief man of the ceremonies flourishes an Indian whale rib, sword knife in each hand, which he brandishes first to the left and then to the right,

at intervals of about every half minute. Then suddenly and unexpectedly to us there is a breathless, ominous lull; and immediately thereafter other Klukwalle actors, all clothed and daubed, masked and screened as the others had been, tumble, roll, canter into the big hall, all shrieking, hallooing, ululating and yelping, as Nolabostub is caused to act as a crude clown; while at the same time huge, square box-concerns, on each side of which is a painting of the thunderbird in the act of swooping through the billowy clouds of an approaching, raging mighty tempest, are pounded with short clubs and kicked with the feet of the musicians till the pounding, booming sound resembles a continuous rumbling thunder.

At this juncture the chief Klukwalle steps out quickly from his position at the head of the salal-brush-decorated actors and gets Kowwashpoorak from among the seated people and commences to walk him around the room just in front of the upright actors. At the same time, the chief medicine woman goes to the woman's side of the house and gets Malrocas, Kowwashpoorak's wife, and places her in the procession beside her husband. Kowwashpoorak and Malrocas had lost a son some months before; and, believing that their spirits are still with the body of their child in the grave, this dance-set is being given to restore their spirits to them, the medicine man with the Indian knives is to destroy the death spirit, represented by the wolf-acting dancers, that hold them captive at the grave.

At once the low, humming, buzzing singing, accompanied by the hideous drum-pounding and deafening noise-making, becomes more and more intense and increases in volume till it breaks into wild unearthly shrieks. The wolf-actors crawl, grovel, leap, jump and canter around the central fire, chased by the salal-brush-screened actors. The medicine fraternity joins the dance-actors. All join in a circular dance and begin to wave whale rib knives. And around the fire they all proceed with increasing speed.

The scene then abruptly changes, and with a swinging, downward stroke the knife-actors "kill" the wolf-acting performers. Instantly, then, a hideous shrieking and a rumbling drum beat, amid deafening, inarticulate cries, bring the act to a close, as the members of

The Frontier

the medicine fraternity bring back the departed spirits with a wave of their hands and place them on Kowwashpoorak and Mal-rocas by a sort of imitation pouring process from the inverted, cup-shaped hands.

Again the scene changes. The upright dancers still continue their dancing around the central fire; but the wolf-acting dancers, having been "killed" by the men with the Indian knives in the previous act, are replaced by men wearing wooden masks, said to represent the rich gods. The dancing of these actors—a dance performed behind screens in front of whale-sculptured totem poles, very much resembles the tripping about of a baboon in a cage. While these thus dance, Kowwashpoorak is giving a *pot-latch* to the Klukwalle people for restoring him and his wife their spirits, giving ten dollars to each of the head men and one dollar to each base person. In like manner he disposes of all the whale oil he has at hand and all the baskets and basket straw his wife has been able to collect.

As daylight begins to appear in the east the last troupe enters the great hall. The members of this group all wear frightful masks and have their bodies painted in hideous figures. They also all carry clubs of two feet in length which somewhat resemble an Indian fish club. With these they dance around the central fire in upright position in a frenzied manner as they strike ferociously and indiscriminately at every one who comes within their range. A more boisterous one of the troupe also has a rope tied around his waist, and two of his fellows are leading him as they pretend to control his actions. Around and around the fire they dance, the boisterous one pulling and jerking first this way and then that. Then with a shriek he breaks from his keepers, seizes Nolabostub and rushes from the room with her to the dressing room; and, though no harm was intended her, she is badly scared. She is then quickly attired in her most beautiful robes. Her face is painted black. A thunderbird mask is placed on her head. Her hair is let float over her shoulders; and her neck, wrists and ankles are beaded with shell beads. They then return with her in a *tomanawis* (witch-power, painted) canoe

which is elevated above their heads. Into the hall they proceed. Then around the central fire they prance and sing songs of praise to the thunderbird for a considerable time. Then at a nod from the chief medicine man, the dancing ceases and the singing ends with a buzzing, whizzing, unearthly yell. Then after the canoe has been lowered to the floor, the chief medicine man proceeds to Nolabostub while she is still in the boat and, as he takes her by the hand, he addresses her, saying:

"Sister, we welcome you into our society.

"Long, long ago two men quarreled over a woman; but, though they both loved her, they did not fight. However, after a great deal of talking, they agreed that one of them should go to Chief Wolf and ask him which one of them should have the woman to be his wife.

"Now you know that a wolf's home cannot be approached unless the wolves are tricked in some way. So the man who was going to see King Wolf had the other man drag him by the hair over a cliff of sharp rock that was covered with mussels and barnacles so that he would bleed. He then pretended to be dead; whereupon the wolves came and carried him to their home. They then prepared to cut him up, when he sprang to his feet and astonished them with his daring spirit. Consequently, Chief Wolf was so pleased with him that he gave him the girl in dispute and also taught him all the mysteries of the Thunderbird performance, known as the Klukwalle, as you have seen it performed—a society whose purpose is to restore departed spirits, and the laceration of the members of the society is to represent the laceration of the first man's being dragged over the barnacles and sharp stones by his brother and enemy in that long ago.

"My sister, we welcome you. May the gods be good to you."

A shriek and a whistling, deafening, roaring cry closes the ceremonies. Then for hours the give-away feast follows till Nolabostub's relatives have nothing left of worldly goods, her father even throwing his robe among the assembled, grabbing crowd; but they care not, for Nolabostub is now a Klukwalle and "first class."

HISTORICAL SECTION

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

MONTANA AS IT IS

Written in 1865 by Granville Stuart.

FOREWORD

Montana As It Is was written in the days of the gold rush shortly after Montana was organized. The title page indicates the scope of the book but the appendices are not reprinted. The book is paper bound, six by nine inches in size, and contains one hundred and seventy-five pages. Most of the edition was lost in shipment to the West. Of the remaining copies one is in the State Historical Library at Helena, Montana, one is in the Library of Congress, and two copies are reported in private hands. It is the earliest printed account of Montana after the territory was organized.

The author was a pioneer prospector, one of the party who first revealed to the world the vast treasures of gold in Montana. He was born in Virginia in 1834 and when he was three years old his parents moved to Illinois and the next year to Iowa. When he was eighteen years old he and his brother, James, went overland to California in search of gold. After five years of prospecting with small rewards the brothers started East. In Utah they turned north and for the next sixty years Granville Stuart called the region that later became Montana his home.

Although Granville Stuart was one of the first to find gold in paying quantities in Montana, others panned out fortunes while he found only a modest yield. Disappointed in mining he became a merchant, with limited success, and then he began cattle ranching on the plains of Eastern Montana. For a while he ranked as a cattle "baron," but the terrible winter of 1886-87 destroyed his herds and hopes of wealth.

During the next thirty years Stuart led a varied life. Much of the time he was in politics. In 1894 Cleveland appointed him minister to Uruguay and Paraguay, and he remained abroad for five years. His later years were devoted to writing a history of Montana which was never completed and to the preparation of his *Reminiscences*. After his death in 1918 I worked through his writings and edited *Forty Years on the Frontier as seen in the Journals and Reminiscences of Granville Stuart*.

Granville Stuart was self-educated; throughout his life he improved his knowledge. His manners were those of a man of culture. He had in his nature a stream of sentiment which colored his writings and sometimes made them stilted and artificial in style. His observations were unusually accurate and he has recorded information about the gold mines of the Northwest that is in no other place available.

PAUL C. PHILLIPS.

MONTANA AS IT IS

being

A General Description of its Resources,
Both Mineral and Agricultural,
including a

Complete Description of the Face of the
Country, its Climate, Etc.,

illustrated with a

MAP OF THE TERRITORY

Drawn by Capt. W. W. De Lacy,

Showing the Different Roads and the
Location of the Different

Mining Districts,

to which is appended,

A COMPLETE DICTIONARY
of

THE SNAKE LANGUAGE

and also of the

FAMOUS CHINOOK JARGON

with

Numerous Critical and Explanatory Notes,
Concerning the Habits, Superstitions, Etc.,
of the Indians,

with

Itineraries of all the Routes Across the
Plains.

By GRANVILLE STUART

New York

C. S. Westcott & Co., Printers,
No. 79 John Street

1865

MONTANA AS IT IS.

THE name "Montana," properly belongs to a certain part of Spain, and means "mountainous," a name that is applicable to the country, for a wonder. Still, I think that the Snake Indian name of "To yabe-Shock up," or "The country of the

¹ The name Montana was suggested by James M. Ashley, chairman of the House Committee on Territories. He said it was a Latin word.

The Frontier

mountains," would have been more appropriate, for some parts of Montana have been the home of these Indians from a time far anterior to the discovery of America.

Montana consists of a series of basins, five in number, of which four lie on the east side of the Rocky mountains and one on the west. These basins are generally subdivided into a number of valleys by spurs of mountains. These spurs are often of great height, frequently exceeding that of the main chain, but there are many low passes among them, thus connecting the valleys with each other by low gaps that are passable at all times of the year.

The basin west of the Rocky mountains, in the northwestern corner of the territory, is drained by the Missoula and Flathead rivers, and their branches, the last named being the outlet of the Flathead lake, a beautiful sheet of water about forty miles long by twenty wide, which lies at the foot of the Rocky mountains, near the northern end of the basin, and not far from the line of British Columbia.

This lake is surrounded by some beautiful country, a portion of which is valuable in an agricultural point of view. From the lake there extends south along the foot of the Rocky mountains to the "Pen d'Oreille" mission,² a distance of over fifty miles, a well-wooded, gently rolling country, clothed with a good growth of grass, a large proportion of it being excellent farming land. Then leaving the mission and crossing a range of hills to the south you enter the valley of the Jocko, which is small, but in beauty and fertility it is unsurpassed. Here is located the reserve of the Pen d'Oreille Indians.³ Then crossing by an easy pass, over the lofty spur of mountains running down from the main chain between the Jocko and Hellgate rivers, you enter the lovely valley of the "Hellgate," which is about twenty-five miles long with an average breadth of about six miles. It is almost all good farming land with a good growth of bunch grass, and it is enough to make a man from the prairies of Iowa or Illinois cry to see the

good pine timber that is going to waste here.

Here comes in from the south the river and valley of the "Bitter-Root," a lovely and fertile region, extending south about sixty miles, with an average breadth of seven or eight miles. In this valley is situated Fort Owen,⁴ surrounded by a thriving settlement. This fort is not, nor ever was a government fort. It was established in '51 or '52 by the untiring energy and perseverance of Mr. John Owen, for the purpose of trading with the Indians, and it is at present the best building in Montana.

The valleys of the Bitter-Root and Hellgate contain many settlers, whose number is rapidly increasing. The Missoula river is formed by the junction of the Hellgate and Bitter-Root.

These valleys are bounded on the west by the Bitter-Root mountains, which are very lofty, snow lying on many of the peaks during the entire year. These mountains cover an extent of country about seventy-five miles wide, reaching to the valley of Snake river in Idaho, and about two hundred miles in length, forming a howling wilderness of yawning canons and huge mountains, covered with a heavy growth of pine and fir timber, and affording a home to a few elk and large numbers of grouse, but of no earthly use for anything but the mineral wealth they contain, which is very great, as is proven by Florence City, Elk City, Oro Fino,⁵ and many other places of less note.

Leaving the Hellgate valley, and going up the Hellgate river, which comes from the southeast, we enter Hellgate canon—which I have described elsewhere—and in a short distance we reach the mouth of "Big Black-foot river." Coming in from the east, it runs through a canon for some fifteen miles above its mouth, above which it opens out into a large and beautiful valley, well timbered and watered, forming a good grazing region, and, most probably, farming also, but it has never been tried. Then, going up Hellgate canon forty miles, we emerge into the rolling grassy hills which reach twelve miles to the valley of Flint creek,

² St. Ignatius Mission established in 1854.

³ Now generally known as the Flathead Indian Reservation.

⁴ Ft. Owen was started by Major John Owen in 1850 on the site of old St. Mary's Mission which he purchased from the Jesuits.

⁵ These were mining camps in Central Idaho.

a beautiful place, well calculated for grazing and farming. Thence up the Hellgate river, through much good farming land, bordered by rolling grassy country, twenty miles to the lower end of Deer Lodge valley, passing by "Gold creek," where are the first gold mines ever found and worked in what is now "Montana." These mines were discovered in the following manner:

About the year 1852, a French half-breed from Red river of the north, named Francois Finlay, but commonly known by the sobriquet of "Benetsee," who had been to California, began to "prospect" on a branch of the Hellgate, now known as Gold creek. He found small quantities of light float gold in the surface along this stream, but not in sufficient abundance to pay. This became noised about among the mountaineers; and when Reese Anderson, my brother James, and I, were delayed by sickness at the head of Malad creek, on the Hudspeths cut-off, as we were on our way from California to the states in the summer of 1857, we saw some men who had passed "Benetsee's creek," as it was then called, in 1856, and they said they had got good prospects there, and as we had an inclination to see a little mountain life, we concluded to go out to that region, and winter, and look around a little. We accordingly wintered on Big-Hole, just above the "Backbone," in company with Robert Dempsey, Jake Meeks, and others; and in the spring of 1858, we went over to Deer Lodge and prospected a little on "Benetsee's creek,"⁶ but not having any "grub" or tools to work with, we soon quit in disgust, without having found anything that would pay, or done enough to enable us to form a reliable estimate of the richness of this vicinity. We then went back to the Emigrant road,⁷ and remained there trading with the emigrants over two years, very frequently talking of the probability of there being good mines in Deer Lodge, until in the fall of 1860, we moved out to the mouth of Stinking-Water river,⁸ intending to winter there, and go over and try our luck prospecting in the spring. But the Indians became insolent and began to kill our cattle,

when we moved over, late in the fall, and settled down at the mouth of "Gold creek," and began to prospect. We succeeded during the following summer in finding prospects that we considered very good, upon which we began to make preparations to take it out "big," and wrote to our brother Thomas, who was at "Pike's Peak," as Colorado was then called, to come out and join us, as we thought this a better country than the "Peak." How events have fulfilled this prediction will be seen hereafter. Thomas showed our letters to quite a number of his friends, and they became quite excited over them, and in the spring of 1862 many of them started out to find us, but became lost, and went to Old Fort Limhi, on Salmon river, and from there they scattered all over the country, a few of them reaching us about the first of July. We were then mining on Pioneer creek, a small fork of Gold creek, without making more than a living, although some adjacent claims paid good wages.

About this time quite a number of people arrived who had come up the Missouri river, intending to go to the mines at Florence and Oro Fino; but not liking the news from that region, when they arrived in Deer Lodge, a part of them went no farther, but scattered out and began to prospect, and most of them are still in Montana with a "pocket full of rocks," and stout and robust as grizzly bears, although some of them are suffering from a severe attack of an epidemic known as "quartz on the brain," which is now raging furiously all over Montana. It seldom proves fatal, however; the victim generally recovering after being bled freely in the pocket. The "Pike's-Peakers," soon after their arrival, struck some good pay on a small branch of Gold creek, now known as "Pike's Peak gulch." The diggings of this region did not, as a general thing, pay very well that summer, and they have not been much worked or prospected since from the following cause.

Many of the "Pike's-Peakers" became rather lost and bewildered in their attempts to reach Deer Lodge and were scattered all about through the mountains; this, though

⁶ Later Stuart claimed the honor of discovery of gold in Montana and denied any credit to Benetsee. *Forty Years on the Frontier*. (Cleveland 1925) I, 136, 137.

⁷ The Emigrant road was the road to California.

⁸ Stinking-Water is now Ruby Creek.

a source of infinite vexation to them at the time, proved of great ultimate benefit to the country, for one small party of them discovered some gulch mines at the head of Big-Hole prairie that paid tolerable well during the summer of 1862, but they seem to have been exhausted, as they have not been worked since that time. I have been told by men who worked there, that they worked across a vein of good coal thirty feet wide in the bed of the gulch, and that they put some of it on the fire and it burned brilliantly. If this is the case, this locality will become valuable in a short time.

Another party happening to camp on Willard's creek,⁹ began to prospect and found very rich diggings, where a great many men made fortunes during that summer and winter. This attracted almost every man in the country to the spot, and the mines at Gold creek were deserted for the richer ones at "Bannack City," as a small town that had sprung at the head of the canon of Willard's creek was called, and have virtually remained so ever since, for about the time that the Bannack mines began to decline a little and people began to think of branching out again, a party of six who had started to the Yellowstone country, on a prospecting tour, and had been driven back by the Crow Indians, who robbed them of nearly everything they had, camped, as they were returning, on a small branch of Stinking-Water river, afterwards called Alder creek, because of the heavy growth of that wood along it, not a single tree of which is now to be seen, the wants of the miners having used them up long ago, and the banks and bed of the stream are dug up and piled about in a most extraordinary manner, considering the short time that has elapsed since its discovery. But to return to the discoveries. They camped on the creek about half a mile above where the city of Virginia now stands, and on washing a few pans of dirt they "struck it big," getting as high as four dollars to the pan. They staked off their claims and went to Bannack City to get a supply of provisions, and to tell their friends to return with them and take claims, which they did. The creek proved almost fabulously rich. Thousands of men having made fortunes in it, and still it is not half worked out.

But I am digressing from my description of the basins that constitute Montana. I have described Deer Lodge valley elsewhere, with the exception of the rich placer and quartz mines situated in a kind of secondary valley, situated at the head of the main one, and a slight description of which will be proper here. They were discovered during the summer of 1864, the large number of gold and silver-bearing quartz leads first attracting the attention of some prospectors, who began to examine the country and found it to be of unexampled richness, there having been discovered up to this time (January, 1865) over one hundred and fifty leads of gold and silver-bearing quartz within a space of six by ten miles. Several of the silver leads assaying better than the famous Comstock lead in Nevada territory, and one in particular, the "original," producing seventy per cent of metal when melted down in a common forge. The proportion being two thousand eight dollars in silver to the ton of rock, two hundred dollars in gold and copper, enough to pay all expenses of working. A great many of these leads project above the surface of the ground, and can be traced for hundreds of yards by the eye while standing in one spot. There is no doubt but this vicinity will prove as good, if not better, than the renowned Washoe mines. Wood and water are plenty and easy of access, and it is besides an excellent grass country. There are also several large leads of argentiferous galena, which furnish all the lead that may be wanted, and which contain a sufficient quantity of silver to pay a handsome profit to the workers.

In addition to the quartz leads, which are known to form a network over a large extent of country bordering Deer Lodge valley, there is interspersed among these leads a large extent of placer or surface diggings, some of which were worked during the past fall and yielded largely, and which will afford remunerative employment to a large number of men for years to come.

Of the farming capabilities of Deer Lodge I have spoken at length in the notes to this work, and it is sufficient to say here that they are good.

This ends the description of the north-western basin, which contains eight principal

⁹ Now Grasshopper Creek.

valleys, to-wit: the valley of the Flathead lake, of the Mission, of the Jocko, of Hellgate, of the Bitter-Root, of Big Blackfoot, of Flint creek, and of Deer Lodge, besides many other smaller ones of great beauty and fertility. This basin drains towards the northwest, and is about two hundred and fifty miles long by an average of about seventy-five miles wide. It is by far the best timbered part of the territory, owing to the moist warm winds of the Pacific ocean, which reach to the Rocky mountains along here, and cause a more luxuriant growth of vegetation than farther south, where their moisture is absorbed and rather dried up in crossing the arid surface of the "Great basin," which is destitute of timber, except in a few places.

Sickness is almost unknown in this basin, or indeed in any of the others, for I can truly say that no healthier country can be found in the world than that comprised within the limits of the territory of Montana.

Next is the northeastern basin, lying on the east side of the Rocky mountains, and between them and the low dividing ridge that separates the waters of the Saskatchewan, Red river of the north, and the Mississippi river, from those of the Missouri. This basin extends in fact from the Rocky mountains to the eastern border of the territory, along its north end, a distance of near six hundred miles in length, by about one hundred and fifty in breadth, a small part of its northern edge lying in the British possessions. The eastern portion of this vast basin is composed of clay table lands, or "mauvaise terres," but there is a large amount of good land along the streams. There are several spurs and bunches of mountains, as the "Bear's Paw," "Little Rocky mountains," "Three Buttes," &c., scattered about in it. It drains to the east by the Missouri river, Milk river, Marias river, Teton river, Sun river, and Dearborn, the first three putting into the Missouri below Fort Benton, and the last two a short distance above the Great falls. The western portion of this basin is but little broken up by mountains, yet only about one-third of its surface is available for farming, consisting of a strip from ten to twenty miles in width and about one hundred and fifty long running along the east foot of the

Rocky mountains, which afford a good supply of timber. This strip is clothed with bunch-grass, but as you leave the mountains and go down into the plains, the country becomes a succession of clay terraces or table lands, more commonly known as "bad lands," which are sterile, with but a scanty growth of stunted grass. The streams have worn down through these table lands till they now run in canons several hundred feet below the surface of the surrounding country, and in travelling through this basin you are not aware that you are approaching a stream till you find yourself standing on the brink of one of these canons and see the stream hundreds of feet below you meandering through the narrow bottoms that border it. These bottoms, though narrow, are generally fertile and well supplied with grass; timber, however, is not very plenty, what there is being principally cottonwood. It is possible that a large portion of these table lands may be rendered productive by a well-directed system of irrigation. The want of timber may also be supplied by coal, of which I have reason to believe there are large deposits in this basin.

There has not been any discoveries that would pay, of precious minerals in this basin as yet, but there has only been a small amount of superficial prospecting done. This has established the fact that gold exists in unknown quantities in the canons and streams that put into this basin from the Rocky mountains. I am, however, of the opinion that when this region is thoroughly prospected it will be found equally as rich as its sister basins.

Next comes the "Western Central basin," drained to the east by the Jefferson fork of the Missouri and its tributaries, of which the following are the principal: Big-Hole river, which comes in from the northeast, and which, I think, affords more than the Beaverhead river, which has generally been considered the main stream, and properly so, because it runs through the centre of the basin, and drains a much larger extent of country than the Big-Hole, which has along its course, and in a huge semicircle around its head, some of the loftiest peaks in this part of the Rocky mountains, and on which the snow falls to a great depth, and as it melts in the spring and summer, causes

The Frontier

the Big-Hole, which has a much steeper grade than the Beaverhead, to become a rushing torrent of formidable dimensions. The Big-Hole and the Beaverhead unite near the eastern edge of the basin, and form the Jefferson fork of the Missouri, which runs through a canon into the "Eastern Central basin," where it makes a junction at the "Three forks," with the Madison and Gallatin rivers.

Rattlesnake creek comes in from the northwest as does Williams' creek, a few miles farther west. Horse Prairie creek, which is the headwater of the Beaverhead, comes in from the west. Red Rock creek comes in from the south. Black-Tailed Deer creek from the southeast, and Stinking-Water river from the southeast. These streams drain this basin, which lies much in the shape of a spread fan, being about one hundred and fifty miles wide by one hundred long.

There have been no mines discovered on the Big-Hole, except a small patch at its head, of which I have spoken elsewhere.

Rattlesnake creek is crossed in the canon above its valley, by numerous ledges of the richest silver quartz that has yet been discovered in Montana, some of them assaying as high as five thousand dollars to the ton of rock. These ledges are generally composed of argentiferous galena, or lead ore, containing a large amount of silver. Who shall predict the future of this place! The wealth of the Rothschilds is as nothing compared to the riches which lie concealed in the bowels of the Rattlesnake hills, awaiting the coming of the enchanters with their wands (in the shape of capitalists with bushels of greenbacks), to bring forth these treasures that have lain hid since the sun first arose and cast its light on a virgin world. And this reminds me (as Father Abraham would say) that this must have been a jolly old world about the time that it was covered with glaciers (whose traces are still plainly visible all through the Rocky mountains) so deep that only the tops of the loftiest mountains rose above this universal sea of ice. I think the night winds must have been unpleasantly cool about that time.

The round smooth boulders and gravel commonly known as the "wash," that are al-

ways found in placer diggings, have evidently been caused by the grinding, pulverizing action of these glaciers, the country having undergone great changes of upheaval and depression since that time, and in gold-bearing localities the action of the elements during countless ages has collected the gold that was ground out the ledges and rocks by the action of the glaciers, into the ravines, creeks, and rivers of the vicinity.

Sixteen miles west of Rattlesnake comes in Willard's creek. Both these streams head in "Bald mountain," about fifteen miles north of Bannack City. This huge mountain is seamed with ledges of very rich gold and silver bearing quartz. Nothing has been done, as yet, toward opening these lands, want of capital being the cause.

Bannack City stands at the upper end of the canon on Willard's creek, where it opens out into a small valley. The mines extend down the creek seven or eight miles, and have paid "big" but are now declining somewhat.

In this canon are situated many leads of gold-bearing quartz, of exceeding richness, among which is the famous "Dacotah" lead which is now being worked with great success. There is also the Waddam lead, the California lead, and many others that assay quite rich. In fact, few places in the world possess greater mineral wealth than the vicinity of Bannack City.

Passing by Horse Prairie, Red Rock, and Black-Tailed Deer creeks, each of which has a valley of considerable extent which is admirably adapted for grazing and probably for farming also, but on which no mines has as yet been discovered, we come to Stinking-Water river, which has a valley of considerable size, but only a portion of which is fertile and well grassed; but the spur of mountains that run down between it and the Madison river, and which are over fifty miles long, running due north and south, are very rich. The first stream that comes out of these mountains into the valley of the Stinking-Water, is "Wisconsin gulch," so called because it was first worked by a party from that state. This gulch has only been partially prospected, it being deep to the bedrock, yet there has been found a considerable extent of placer diggings, in and adjacent to it. A few miles farther up the

valley comes out "Mill creek," so called because Gammell & Co. built a mill on it last year. There has been no placer mines discovered on this creek, but along the base of the mountains in its vicinity is a large number of rich gold and silver bearing quartz leads among which are the Rothschilds lode, the Eclipse lode, the Antelope, the Mountain Queen, the Gibraltar, the Hawk-Eye, and many others that assay rich.

This is the only place in this range where silver leads are found. Some of them assay from one to two thousand dollars to the ton of rock, and they are very easy of access. Here is also a thriving village, called "Brandon," which bids fair to rival Virginia City.

A few miles from Mill creek, comes out "Ram's-Horn gulch," so called from the large number of mountain sheep-horns lying along it, it having once been a resort for them. This stream, like Mill creek, possesses no placer diggings, but it has not been thoroughly prospected.

It has, however, many rich leads of gold-bearing quartz, among which is the famous "Monitor," which is very rich.

A little farther up the valley, comes out "Bivens Gulch" which has paid, and is still paying, remarkably well in "Coarse gold." Pieces have been taken out of this gulch weighing as high as three hundred and twenty dollars.

A short distance farther along the base of the mountain, and we come to "Harris gulch," named after its discoverer, as usual, and which has paid well in places, in beautiful coarse gold, but this gulch is what is called "spotted," in mining parlance; that is, the gold is scattered about in irregular spots. Only a small portion of this gulch has paid well.

There is another ravine, called "California gulch," which comes into Harris gulch on the south, before it enters the valley of Stinking-Water. This gulch is similar to Harris's, except that it is still more "spotted," and has not paid so well.

A few miles farther south, comes out the famous "Alder creek"—the derivation of which name I have given elsewhere—on the banks of which, a few miles above the first canon, where it opens out into a kind of

basin, are situated the cities of "Virginia," "Central," and "Nevada,"¹⁰ which are fast being merged into one, with a population of about ten thousand, and rapidly increasing. Alder creek is incredibly rich, from its head down to near where it enters the valley of the Stinking-Water, a distance of about eighteen miles. Near its head, pieces have been found weighing from fifty to as high as seven hundred and twenty dollars, the gold getting coarser as the head of the stream is approached.

In the hills bordering the stream, a large number of gold-bearing quartz leads have been discovered. Those in Summit district in particular, being of almost unexampled richness, while in the mountains at the head of the creek, is a coalfield of unknown extent, which is now developed. This is the second place in this basin where coal has been discovered, and, in a country so sparsely timbered as this, coal-fields are of incalculable value. In fact, nature has placed within the limits of Montana all the requisites to enable her to become the wealthiest part of the United States. Abounding in all minerals, precious and otherwise, with coal and water-power unlimited to work them, the future of Montana will equal in reality those gorgeous fictions of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments.

This basin contains eight valleys of considerable size, to-wit: The valley of the upper part of the Jefferson and Beaverhead, of Big-Hole river, of Big-Hole prairie, of Rattlesnake, of Horse prairie, of Red Rock, of Black-Tailed Deer, of Stinking-Water. This ends the description of the "Western Central basin," which contains in itself all the essentials necessary for the prosperity of a mighty nation.

Next comes the "Eastern Central basin," which is drained by the Missouri river, below the "Three forks," and above them by the Jefferson fork, into which empty the North Boulder creek, South Boulder creek, and Willow creek; on the first and last of which are some placer diggings of limited extent and richness, and many quartz leads that prospect rich.

This basin is further drained by the Madison and Gallatin forks, which form a junc-

¹⁰ Virginia is now a small village and the other cities have vanished.

The Frontier

tion with the Jefferson in a fertile plain of considerable extent.

The basin contains a large amount of arable land, with a climate fully as good as Utah; it is about one hundred and fifty miles long north and south, by about eighty east and west. It contains five principal valleys, to-wit: The valley of the Three Forks, of North Boulder, of the lower part of the Jefferson of the Madison, and of the Gallatin. It contains a greater amount of farming lands than the basin of the Beaver-head and tributaries.

Next and last comes the basin of the Yellowstone and its branches: it drains toward the east, and is about four hundred miles long by about one hundred and fifty wide. But little is known about the mineral resources of this great valley, the hostility of the Crow Indians rendering it very dangerous prospecting within its limits. They have already killed several men who were exploring the country, and robbed and set on foot many others.

The indefatigable miners, have, however, succeeded in finding a creek at the western edge of the basin, when it approaches nearest the valley of the Gallatin, which they have called "Emigrants' gulch," because it was mostly taken up by the emigrants who arrived by the Bridger and Jacobs road.

There is a small mining village on this creek, which prospects very well in places, and will probably prove very rich, but it is very hard to work, because of the vast quantity of granite boulders scattered along its bed and banks.

There is every reason to believe, however, that the basin of the Yellowstone will prove fully as rich in precious minerals as the others, and it is known to contain large fields of coal, which are very accessible, and among which are numbers of petroleum or oil springs.

In climate and fertility this valley is a medium between the valleys of the mountains and the prairies of the Western states. Corn, beans, pumpkins, &c., grow finely in it.

This basin contains eight principal val-

leys, as follows: the main valley of the Yellowstone, of Shield's river, of the Rosebud, of Clark's fork, of Pryor's fork, of the Big-Horn river, of Tongue river, and of Powder river, and many smaller ones.

The Yellowstone river will be navigable for light-draught steamers nearly to the western edge of the basin, or almost to the centre of Montana, and it is by this river that she will ere long receive all of her supplies that come from the states, and it will in time carry down our gold and silver to the poor devils who are so unfortunate as to live in the Mississippi valley, and who don't own any "feet" in any rich silver leads, and are ignorant of the joys of going out poor in the morning, in search of "leads," and coming back rich in the evening (in imagination).

O "Chateaux en Espagne!" thou art the sole joy and solace of many weary wanderers among the mountains.

Thus ends this slight description of "The country of the mountains," which, it will be seen, contains five large basins, which enclose within their limits thirty valleys, each of which is as large as three or four German principalities, besides many smaller ones not much larger than Rhode Island or Delaware.

This includes the valley of "Prickly Pear creek,"¹¹ so called because there are two or three "prickly pears" growing on it, and which I came near forgetting. This would have been an unpardonable omission, as it disputes the palm of rich leads with Deer Lodge.

It is well established that the main chain of the Rocky mountains from the head of Deer Lodge, sixty miles northeast to the head of Prickly Pear creek, contains more rich gold and silver quartz leads than are to be found in the same extent of country in any other part of the world.

These two localities are formidable rivals to that modern impersonation of the "El Dorado" of the old Spanish adventurers, "yclept" Rattlesnake creek.

So mote it be.

¹¹ In this neighborhood was discovered Last Chance Gulch out of which grew the city of Helena.

ON THE WAY TO IDAHO

PREPARED FOR PRINT BY C. B. WORTHEN

Reprinted from *The Home Missionary*, XXXVII:177-176, November, 1864.

The following communication, from the pen of President Blanchard, was written at Red Buttes, 150 miles above Fort Laramie, June 21st, 1864:

Prospered.

We are here near Bridger's cut-off, a new and shorter route, opened some four or five weeks since, to the gold mines on the Big Horn river—which is only 130 miles hence. Some 500 wagons have already gone on this route and one or two hundred more have taken one shorter still, some eight miles back. We are thus promised to be taken to the gold diggings in eight or ten days, by a man who has been in the country eight years. The crowd are all in high spirits, at the prospect. Bridger took this route, to avoid Indians, as it passes through neutral ground between tribes. The other man (Bozeman), more venturesome, goes right through the best armed and most hostile tribes. By this cut-off, we save four or five hundred miles, at least. . . .

The following from the same hand, was written at Big Horn river, 140 miles from Platte Bridge, 850 miles from Omaha on the Missouri, and 200 miles from Virginia City in Idaho, July 1st, 1864.¹

Major Bridger.

Major Bridger is an old resident in these wilds. He built Fort Bridger and sold it to the United States. He married a woman of the Snake tribe, by whom he had daughters. His wife is dead and his children are in Jackson county, Missouri, obtaining an education. One of them married an officer in the United States army, lately. You will see by the map, that we are passing into Idaho by a short cut, going northeast from the Platte river by the Big Horn and Wind river mountains. Major Bridger started on this new route early last May with a large company of emigrants.

A Border Character.

When we came near the cut-off, we met a man named Bob McMinn, from West Port, Jackson county, Mo., offering himself as guide over the new route. He is very cross-

eyed, dark as an Indian, among whom he has been trading for some eight years—though now but twenty-three years old. Many weaker men are now members of Congress. He is quiet, agile as a cat, makes a very fair speech to the crowd, and is altogether a wonderful man. He has been a sutler's clerk at Laramie, was recently clerk at Sweetwater, under another sutler, Col. Ward, and was probably sent to lead us this way, as a runner for ferries owned by his employer, Col. Ward, and others, who own the Platte Bridge and are amassing enormous fortunes out of the emigrants. It is such men who get up books like that which Campbell has written of Idaho, and thus produce a stampede for gold, such as now pours over these horrible deserts.

A Hateful Desert.

I am very glad I came; not only because my health is good, but because I could never have conceived of the country that we have just passed over, unless I had seen it with my own eyes. I can convey no idea of it on paper. A mere waste of sand would be a prairie to it. Along the whole 140 miles of this "cut-off," with a single exception or two, the water has been impregnated with alkali and a dozen other plagues. Everywhere mountains of sand surround you. There is no timber and next to no wood; no grass, except in the little narrow gulches, where water has run when the snow was melting, and some sparse blades of blue grass among the wild-sage and greasewood shrubs, whose bluish and green color at first relieves the barren blank and blistered look of the soil, but you soon become more weary of them than of desolation itself. There is something sublime in a vast solitude. But the wild-sage is a shrub with a stem and root, spongy, porous, and dry as an old grape vine; its leaves are like the common sage-plant in looks, but the taste and smell is a dry, bitter, pungent, and hateful odor, as if common sage were dried and pounded up with puff-balls and aloes. The greasewood is green and looks a little like a cedar bush, but smells

¹ Montana Territory had been created after the writer had started West.

The Frontier

like a cake of damaged tallow! The land is exactly as Illinois would be, if all hilly and mountainous, and the soil of the whole state had been taken off down to the hardpan. Such is the whole face of the country, in simple unexaggerated description. It can never be cultivated any more than the Sahara.

But there is, here and there, an oasis. We came, 120 miles, to the *Little Horne* river; which we reached by crossing mountains such as I never dreamed of seeing traveled by teams. We went on ridges that were just wide enough for a single wagon to pass, the wind blowing half a gale, where, if a wagon upset, it would roll down thousands of feet, where the head grew giddy by merely *looking*. The brakes were put on—wheels tied fast with ropes—and men let the wagons down the steepes, by ropes from behind.

"The River."

We came, at length, to the "river." No water was running, but it stood in dirty pools. Here and there, weeping out of the sand bed, a spring was found, and the filtered water flowed on a little way, a mile or two, perhaps—and then was lost again. But it was beautiful to see how the thirsty vegetation seized on and improved these watered spots. Wild rye, looking for all the world just like the rye in our fields at home, red-top or fox-tail grass, a wild Hungarian grass, and something which looked like barley. These, with

the merry notes of robins, kingbirds, and the ubiquitous lark, seemed to put us into the heart of New England; but one glance at the everlasting sage and grease brush on the surrounding slopes promptly corrected the illusion.

The Big Horn—The Valleys—The Mountains.

The Big Horn is a clearer stream than the Platte but equally rapid. Charley caught us a fine pike for breakfast, and others got other sorts of fish. A little ferry boat takes our wagons over, at \$5 each. Our mules and horses swam—all but four of them. One of the four, I rode across the stream lower down, at what was thought a ford. Wet and tired, but all safe, we got across. We hear of Bridger's band ahead, on the Stinking-water and Yellow Stone, where they are said to be prospecting; and we hear of 2,000 warriors assembling to drive them out. The mountain gulches and valleys below, which the snow streams keep green, are the cellars and kitchens of these poor tribes; and they feel as we should, to find them in other hands. There is one relief to this horrid voyage. The solemn grandeur of the everlasting snow on mountain ridges, in sight for the last week or two, pays one for long travel. Blue with distance, dark and purple with shade and sunlight! Grandeur is tame before their sublimity. Their white masses on their blue background resemble real clouds, and mingle earth and heaven.

AS THE MODERN AUTHOR SEES IT

EDITOR'S NOTE: Early this year there appeared in the *Foxboro Reporter*, published at Foxboro, Mass., a short article by W. Elsworth Lawson, an author and critic of note, deploring the modern short story and the tendency of authors to become purely mechanical. Mr. Lawson blamed the teachers of writing for sticking in the ruts of O. Henry and Maupassant, and wondered why it was the modern author did not himself break away. The following is a copy of a letter written by **Albert Richard Wetjen** of Portland, Oregon, to Mr. Lawson, replying to his article and endeavoring to state the peculiar position in which the modern author finds himself. What comeback have you? We will publish one or two of the most interesting responses.

July 17th, 1931.

My Dear Mr. Lawson:

Thank you very much for forwarding to me your column wherein you discuss the American short story, deplore the magazines and the curious standards that have developed from O. Henry and de Maupassant.

A very great deal of what you say is undoubtedly true, and it is little short of a tragedy that our literary teachers are expounding only the methods of the saleable

story, although I suppose they cannot be blamed. In America one does not go to college or to school to obtain culture or an education, but to fit himself or herself to make a living, and, if possible, a fortune. Therefore it would be useless for any professor to train his short-story or writing classes with the best of the classics as models. He must bend to the system that hires him and under which he works, and uphold the popular magazines as America's literary

bible. He is employed to teach how to write stuff that will sell; at the least obtain publication.

I am inclined to think that a very great number of fine writers have been ruined by the magazines. To do real work takes time and labor and there is, as often as not, no market for it; at the best only an extremely limited market. A book, for example, written for a magazine as a serial, will bring the writer anything from five thousand to fifty thousand dollars, depending upon his standing. A book written without the limitations of the magazines in mind, can only be published as a book, and if it nets the author a thousand dollars he is damned lucky. One book of mine, *WAY FOR A SAILOR*, took me seven months and netted me, on the book sale, around three hundred and fifty dollars. My last book, *FIDDLER'S GREEN*, took, on and off, including research work, around two years, and if it brings me a thousand I'll feel grateful.

Consider now what the magazines pay. A writer, even a beginner, can get around four hundred dollars for a first story that sells to any first-rate magazine. He can go on and in the course of time obtain as much as three thousand for a short story; even more. Even should he fail to publish in the big magazines, and never graduates from the "pulp," he can rise to as much as ten cents a word. The temptation, you see, is immense.

One starts out, we'll say, with ambitions to write something really good; plodding along in the shades of Balzac and Dickens. After many years he finds he is getting nowhere. He cannot live on the proceeds of his product; and he faces the fact that a man's first duty is to eat. So he gradually eases into the popular fiction field and achieves comfort. Unless, of course, he happens to be the martyr type and is content to suffer and create; or if he happens to be so constituted he is unable to master the popular technique.

I have known countless young writers say they would write tripe for a few years, make a substantial balance at the bank, and then go out and do what they wished. But they never do. They get married, or buy a house, or have children. Making good money, they grow used to good food, good clothes, com-

fort. They have the admiration of their friends and get used to "success," which in America means cash. Their standard of living continually goes up and they have continually to write more and make more to hold the pace. It is a vicious circle. And after a few years, almost imperceptibly, all the ambitions grow weak and the senses are deadened.

I know in my own case, my philosophy being largely one of futility, I liked and like all the comforts of existence. I want this world and not the next. I do not possess the necessary moral stamina to live simply and write those things that need to be written. It is so easy to make a thousand dollars by doing five thousand words of tripe. My only solution to the whole problem has been this: I write whatever the magazines want for the money there is in it, and I do my books when I can afford to take a few months off; and write in them what I wish without any regard to the magazines whatever. James Stevens, of Paul Bunyan fame, has adopted this same method. Neither of us takes his magazine work very seriously; and we put whatever we have in us into our books, not particularly caring whether they sell or not. They are the salves to our conscience.

The commercialization of literature has necessitated magazines being run as a business is run. They cater to the public at large. There is a scramble for readers, any sort of readers who can pay; and the more readers the more money comes in from the advertisers. The fact that the public wants what it wants is instanced by the huge circulations of some of the magazines; is instanced by the fact that the best motion pictures usually go in the red.

The genuine artist, of course, will either go his own way from the beginning, or will eventually get back to his path after some circlings. But to do so takes a great deal of stamina and fortitude. Sinclair Lewis did a lot of tripe in his earlier days. So did Dreiser and Kipling. But they came back. W——, a man who could have been a great writer, went under entirely. Jack London pretty well went haywire after one or two successes. The best of writers, even in the brave old days of the classic, wrote a lot

The Frontier

of popular nonsense, so that they could eat. Those who came clear are honored names today. The sin of it is now that with the huge rewards paid for tripe very few of the contemporary writers have the courage to quit and do something really good. Or perhaps it is because they can't do it, anyway. I only know that I sympathize a lot with the moderns and I think I understand why even those with talents fall gently and easily into the deadly groove of mediocrity.

The three or four short stories into which I have myself put real time and labor have invariably been sent back by the "best" magazines, often with notes of apology. They haven't been in line with their policy. They have, perhaps, dealt with some tabooed subject. The editors have often been quite enthusiastic about them, as individuals, but as editors they dared not publish them. Finally they find a haven in some more modest publication. So what is a man to do? The so-called "literary" magazines are as much afraid as the popular ones; certainly much deader. The *Atlantic Monthly* has lost all influence and, I suspect, most of its circulation. *The Century* went under. *Harpers* is making a desperate effort to come back. We need a renaissance of some sort. We need some outlets for the work, with pay, of the young and enthusiastic writers; something to keep them away from the "pulp" and the "slick paper" magazines. But such outlets as there are at present, like the *FRONTIER* (U of Montana), the *MIDLAND*, *FOLK-SAY*, etc., can afford to pay nothing. And, as I said before, a man must eat. It is easy to observe he can get a sound job and then write in his spare time, and a lot of us started that way; but you cannot serve two masters, not for long.

It is a fact, as you remark with some regret, that a book of short stories will not sell. My first book, *CAPTAINS ALL*, sold some four hundred copies. No publisher will now bring out even my best short stories. The public simply doesn't seem to want them, at least not in book form. A writer therefore is made somewhat pessimistic when he considers that even should he get his best short work published in some magazines it has no hope whatever of appearing in permanent form and must sink to oblivion after

the month of publication. So again, what is a writer to do? What is the use of even trying to do first-class work in the hope the magazines will bring it out? It's just as easy to hammer out the old conventional stuff. The pay's just the same. A man gets married; he has to buy clothes for the wife; he has to pay rent; he has to buy furniture. He has always a certain absolute sum he has to find every month. And there are all the magazines waiting to pay fabulous sums if he will only do the stuff they want. His only hope is to make a hit with a book; and he has to wait until he can afford to write a book, maybe write a dozen books, before the break comes.

I am inclined to think the whole trouble is caused by the dominance of women in America. They run the schools; they buy most of the magazines and books. And everything has to conform to their own little ideas of morality. You find tripe enough in Europe, heaven knows, but not in such immense quantities as you do here, where the women dictate the laws, the customs, the fashions and the culture. They appear to have decided the O. Henry form of story is what they want and, by God, they get it. They hold the purse strings. The school-marms, half educated, largely without taste or common sense, usually without interest in their work except the cash to tide them over until marriage, turn out hordes of scholars of their own stamp. What else can you expect? If a man teacher or a professor of genuine talents and brains dares to talk like a rational man and a scholar he is fired, or hushed up. Where is a populace to obtain its taste for good books and good literature? It is true such sets as the Harvard Classics, by strenuous advertising, have been placed in many homes. It is the thing to do to have such sets. But who reads them? Goethe is only a name. Shakespeare, like the Bible, is something one should read and intends to read when he or she gets the time. I speak, of course, of the vast majority, the book and magazine buyers.

No, the trouble can hardly be laid at the writer's door. The most of the writers will do whatever is demanded. Raise the standards, or rather raise the public taste, and the writers will conform. If there was as

much money in real literature as there is in tripe there would be an immense change in our literary productions. I sometimes think there is a lot of truth in the saying that a genius can be ruined by wealth or success; that the flame burns brighter in a garret than in a hall. Where one has no spacious standard of living there is no urgent necessity to retain it. One might as well write good work as bad. I do not say the magazines with their peculiar standards have ever killed a really great writer; but they have certainly seduced a lot of fine talent from the path it should have taken.

These excuses are all tending, of course, to show the weakness of writers; how they have failed, by and large, to keep the faith. But we are only human. If we do not write what the public wants someone else will. And why tighten the belt and huddle close to a myth of glory when there is a land of plenty just around the corner? I have the greatest respect for a man like Upton Sin-

clair who has kept his road, although he has made good money. But Sinclair is definitely the crusader; the ascetic type. It is all, probably, just a matter of temperament. I seem to remember that Anatole France, as well as many other of the French writers, wrote columns and did book reviews to keep them until they had another volume finished. This is probably the best compromise, if one wishes to enjoy life and also satisfy his spirit.

Well, one could go on, though it is all very futile. There are so many different angles; so many things to be said both for and against. If you cannot blame the writers for turning out machine stuff I suppose you can't blame the magazines for being commercial. The public, after all, is at the root of the matter; and the root seems to be embedded in the educational system. I liked your little article, at any rate. It expresses a revolt which must be in the breast of many a writer, and which he does not like to express. I am glad you gave it voice.

BOOK SHELF

COMMENT BY THE EDITOR

The Petlands. Nard Jones. Brewer, Warren & Putnam. N. Y. 1931. \$2.00.

Lumber. Louis Colman. Little, Brown & Co. 1931. \$2.00.

Dark Bridwell. Vardis Fisher. Houghton Mifflin Co. 1931. \$2.50.

Shadows on the Rock. Willa Cather. Knopf. 1931. \$2.50.

Starry Adventure. Mary Austin. Houghton Mifflin Co. 1931. \$2.50.

Here are five novels, each of them good reading, each regional in interest—the first three of the Northwest, the fourth of Quebec, and the last of the Southwest. The first three are by novelists just beginning their careers, the last two by veteran writers.

The Petlands is a great improvement upon *Oregon Detour*, Mr. Jones's first novel. It is as authentic and the materials are more competently handled. The story of three generations of Petlands emerges synchronous with three stages in the growth of the city of Seattle. The story moves swiftly at the same time that the background builds itself as partial explanation of the persons. The language is crisp and compact, an admirable

instrument. The writer shows both sympathy and understanding for the characters. I know of no novel that is so adequate and fine a portrayal of life today in a Northwest city.

Lumber, a first novel, has a lumber-mill town for background and workers for characters. Mr. Colman understands his material and sympathizes with workers; the book therefore has authenticity and emotional power. The writer, however, has seemed afraid of his material, skimping his details and his analyses, understressing motives and causes, often underwriting a scene, so that the reader feels as if he were not permitted fully to live with the people, especially spiritually. This is a tragic, sympathetic, understanding book that should be widely read.

Dark Bridwell is more skilfully handled and more massive in effect than Mr. Fisher's first novel, *Toilers of the Hills*, which is itself an excellent book. *Lumber* is laid in Washington; this novel is laid in southeastern Idaho. *Lumber* lacks in descriptive detail; *Dark Bridwell* abounds in it, so that one visualizes the scene for each incident. Both manage to give atmosphere, and *Dark*

Bridwell with beauty, sinister or benign, and unmistakable authenticity. *Bridwell* himself is a brute, a courageous man with a definite philosophy of life, a tender lover, an egotist, all in one, a strange combination. . . . His brutality will cause many readers to withhold their understanding of him and deny beauty to the book. Yet the author has understood his character thoroughly and has woven beauty into his story. With a more constant delineation of *Lela*, the wife, and with still more compassion for his characters the author would have produced a great book. As it is, he has written a novel that places him among skilful and significant tellers of tales, and recommends him as an important American novelist.

Shadows on the Rock skilfully uses the family life of a girl of twelve years and her father as the molding on which to hang many charming and quietly vivid pictures of life in Quebec around 1700. The reader gathers a mellowed sense of the various phases of life there. It is beautiful reading, beautiful fancy. But the writer keeps the reader too constantly, for my taste, in a sentimental mood supplied by herself rather than by the people and incidents of the book, so that there is not the objective strength there was in *Death Comes for the Archbishop*. The book will not add anything to Miss Cather's reputation.

Starry Adventure makes me not only wish to go to New Mexico but to live there. It makes me aware of the graces of culture that exist in the history of the region. After the story gets fully under way, with the cleverly and solidly written Book VI, it absorbs attention. Until that time I find myself reading with difficulty—too aware that I am reading only for later understanding, that of course this at the beginning must precede what is to come. Mrs. Austin is too lavish of detail and of analysis; and her love of New Mexico leads her into lyrical passages where they are not effective. There are three caricatures of women in the book that one cannot understand coming from such a wise writer, the two missionary women and Nettie, the last one, Nettie, being both unassimilated and unbelievable. Jane, too, so grandly portrayed in Book VI (surely a highwater mark in recent fiction) sinks into a type, to the reader's astonishment and dismay, at the end of the book. The novel, however, although sentimental, is vital and illuminating.

Behind Dark Spaces. Melville Cane. Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1931.

Mirror Images. Dorothe Bendon. Horace Liveright. 1931. \$2.00.

Native Moments and Other Poems. E. G. Moll. Metropolitan Press (Portland, Oregon). 1931. \$1.50.

Sea-Wind and Mountain Trail. Dolly Stearns Harman. Kaleidoscope Publishers (Dallas, Texas). 1931.

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Dark Certainty. Dorothy B. Flannagan.
Yale University Press. 1931.

Wings Against the Moon. Lew Sarett.
Holt & Co. 1931. \$2.00.

It is a delight to come upon such mastery of expression as is in *Behind Dark Spaces*. Mr. Cane writes with compactness, with the simple shorn phrase, with rhythmical fitness, so that one knows his meaning exactly. He has an active sense of humor, also. This is the work of a real poet. Miss Bendon also writes with a fine sense of phrase and of image values. There is rare beauty in many of her poems. One feels, however, that she writes too infrequently out of realized experience and too often out of what culture enthusiasts term "background" experience. Such unseeing ideas as Mrs. Gertrude Atherton's, in her foreword to the book, that Miss Bendon "hails from Glendive, Montana, hardly a poetic background," have influenced her to see beauty in acquired information, about Dionysius, classical music, Chillon, and the conventional paraphernalia of "culture" rather than in rooted life experience. When she gains this deeper conception of poetry she may become a significant figure in American poetry.

Mr. Moll is among the most accomplished poets in the Northwest. It is remarkable that a man of such outdoor experience should be so fully a poet of the library. One long poem in *Native Moments* in form and obvious intention recalls Omar's *Rubaiyat*; another series in form and tone recalls Masfield; a third group in lyric tone, imagery, and phraseology suggests the Elizabethan song writers. It is as if his experience in life when it asks within him for expression is referred to traditional language and form, so that even when he writes of Oregon scenery he finds "Lady Earth . . . a prostitute." (A sort of library prostitute, however.) Yet the writing is accomplished poetry of the mind.

Genuinely regional in subjects is *Sea-Wind and Mountain Trail*. The poems are in the descriptive stage of expression, homely, honest in intention, in love with sights, sounds, odors, and particularly tastes. The expression is uneven, too uncritical of itself, unsure in rhythm and in phrase. But the reader feels the outdoors. The poems have popular appeal.

Miss Flannagan manages in *Dark Certainty* to mold almost ultra-modern viewpoints and feelings which most writers today put into free verse into the traditional forms with a finish, word economy, easy and telling rhythm that delight the reader. It is workmanship of a high order. The material is both sturdy and delicate, often humorous, at times "rough stuff," yet it all goes into genuine poetic utterance. The best poems, highly to be commended also for originality, are buried in the volume, so that the reader should begin midway and read backward and forward.

Mr. Sarett is unexcelled, as far as my judgment carries, in English and American writing as a poet of wild animal life. His spirit goes out with understanding and sympathy to creatures of the woods and plains and hills. Whenever he writes of them he writes with simple, strong rhythm, exact, moving words and phrases, vibrant emotion, and a reality that reveals perfect understanding. As with animals, so with the workers in woods and hills and with Indians, Mr. Sarett writes with fidelity and powerful imagination. He is genuinely the outdoor poet. In *Wings Against the Moon* there is also much whimsical verse that amuses the reader and touches his sentiment.

The Great Trek. Owen Cochran Coy. Powell Publishing Co. (Los Angeles). 1931. \$5.00.

Following the Prairie Frontier. Seth K. Humphrey. University of Minnesota Press. 1931.

Mr. Humphrey in the preface to *The Great Trek* calls attention to the fact that most books on western migration in the U. S. deal with specific trails; the principal merit of this book is that it deals with the overland migration as a whole. The author in the main quotes original documents for the story of each route. The result is a fairly readable book for beginners in western history.

Mr. Humphrey's book deals with the Middle Northwest "during its first forty years as white man's country" anecdotally. It deals with it badly. The anecdotes are not well handled and the language is often cheap, the writer evidently feeling he must be cheap to be popular. The best portions of the book are extracts from reports of the Bureau of Ethnology.

Imagism and the Imagists. Glenn Hughes. Stanford University Press. 1931. \$4.00.

"A combination of history and criticism . . . chiefly the former," as the preface states. Part I discusses in journalistic manner "The Origins of Imagism," "Imagism as a Movement," "The Critical Reaction," and "The Prose-Poetry Controversy." Part II is made up of sketchy and sometimes gossip biographies, and easy comment on their verse, of Richard Aldington, H. D., J. G. Fletcher, F. S. Flint, D. H. Lawrence, Amy Lowell, Ezra Pound. The book gathers together material hitherto scattered.

Love Children. Miriam de Ford. The Dial Press. 1931. \$3.50.

"A book of illustrious illegitimates." There is a wandering and fragmentary chapter on Love Children and an equally wandering finale, scientific in intention, and in between are fairly readable accounts of William the Conqueror, Alexander Hamilton, Erasmus, Leonardo Da Vinci, D'Alembert, Borodin, Strindberg, and Dumas *Fils*, bastards all. The Soviet government declares, "There are no illegitimate children; there are only ille-

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MISSOULA, MONT.

gitimate parents." The book is written in charity toward bastards, and considers their "sociological implications."

New Copy. Edited by Clark, Burrell, Brewster, Hull. Columbia University Press. 1931. \$2.00.

Twenty stories and seven sketches by students in Columbia University classes in creative writing, published, according to an interesting introduction by Helen Hull, to "further the cause of experiment and artistic creation." Some of the stories I have read are competent and interesting. The volume should be greeted with hearty approval by all people interested in writing not cut to the measure of the commercial magazine editor.

Anna Myers' poems in **Rain on the Roof** (Poetry Publishers, Phila., 1931, \$1.50) have sweet simplicity and wholesomeness, with clean lyric rhythm. The ideas and emotions and images are traditional; the philosophic attitude is that of serenity through understanding. Robert Cary, in spite of Richard Burton's loyal preface, in **Voices at Daybreak** (Dorrance, 1931, \$1.75) does not reach distinction. He is at his strongest as a poet of occasions, humorous or serious. A. M. Stephen has produced in **Brown Earth and Bunch Grass** (Wrigley Ptg. Co., Vancouver, 1931) a volume of uneven poetry; critical selection might have produced a notable, if smaller, body of verse. Mr. Stephen has poetic imagination aplenty. He seems to be at his best with robust subjects and in free forms of verse, as in **Stampede**. Corydon W. Wilson has written popular accounts of Western life in **Romance of the Pioneer Trails** (Privately printed, 1931), with some humor and a plethora of conventional phrases and words. **Altar Cloth in Earth-child** (Kaleidoscope Press, 1931), by Jane Love, is a finely conceived and wrought poem. Sally Gibbs pours out, in **Beauty for Ashes** (Dorrance, 1931, \$1.75), a dramatic querying of life's meaning. The poetry has originality, is contemporary, envelops the reader and rushes him pellmell along. It is passionate thinking aloud.

Pregnant Woman in a Lean Age. Ralph Cheyney. Wm. Faro. N. Y. 1931. \$2.00.

No one since Whitman has treated the fundamentals of biology with more simple directness and honesty. Cheyney states his purpose in the poem entitled "Touch":

" . . . to wage
And win a war to reassert
An elemental heritage."

One finds at times a certain piquancy due to what the psychologist recognizes as the play-instinct, which is said to be particularly pronounced in the male. This relieves rather than mars the sincerity and conviction of his work, a veritable dynamics of masculine poetry. "Bright Impossible Fox," the last poem in the book (Harrison \$500 Prize) is

at once brilliant, experienced and compelling. The key-note of the book is in the line

"The seed is peer of any fruited branch."

Glendale, California

Arthur T. Merrill

Northwest Verse, An Anthology. Edited by Harold G. Merriam. The Caxton Press, Ltd. (Caldwell, Idaho). 1931. \$3.00.

Northwest Verse justifies its attractive format by containing a surprising proportion of *good poems*. Collectors of derisive "Americana" should in fairness contemplate the abundance and variety of poetry, fresh with new odors and strong, the best of it, with new structure, produced recently in four states of our Northwest. They could mock, now and then, at verses where no true form is achieved, and, more frequently, at verses where remembered form is glibly applied without achievement. They could occasionally jibe at stock themes and at the inspection of a distinctive life and landscape through distorting lenses ground from former poetry. But if they are, themselves, perceptive, they must acknowledge that right now fifty or more people, in states where crudeness is presupposed, are discovering with elation unlabeled beauty, pathos, grim strength, and motives for loyalty and the enterprise of making something sound and gracious of their lives. They will find surprisingly little cynicism, little preoccupation with self, and as little self-deceiving optimism, but large ingredients of sanative irony and the composure without heroics that comes with determined working out of large and little conflicts.

They might look through many pages of more pretentious anthologies without finding better poems than, in my opinion, some by any of the following contributors: Ethel Romig Fuller, Elsie McDowall, H. L. Davis, Gwendolen Haste, Grace Baldwin, Howard M. Corning, Sally E. Allen, E. E. Ericson, Hazel Hall, Grace Stone Coates, and John Scheffer.

Professor Merriam has aided not only his region but the readers of poetry in fostering many of the writers represented and in publishing this unusually enjoyable book.

Dartmouth College

Sidney H. Cox

A History of the Pacific Northwest. George W. Fuller. Knopf. 1931. \$5.00.

Mr. Fuller has brought to this task many years of study and an intimate understanding of the local history of Oregon, Washington, and Northern Idaho that give to this book a vividness unusual in books so general in character. The first two chapters on physiography and the Aborigines are introductory. Two chapters on the explorers show careful reading in the sources and are written with refreshing originality. Some new light is thrown on early explorations, but the author is probably mistaken in leading the Verendyre expedition too near the present Helena, Montana. The Journals indicate that it did



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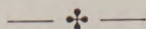
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not come north or west of the Yellowstone. The three chapters on the fur trade deal with trading posts and trading expeditions and describe many picturesque incidents. They hardly touch upon the economic phases of the trade. The chapters on the missionaries and on settling the country are excellent general accounts. The treatment of the Oregon boundary and settlements are more formal, but the author grows vivid in discussing the Indian wars. The chapters on later social, economic, and political history are sketchy. The treatment of mining is inadequate.

Although the book seems somewhat uneven it is really the first book of its scope. It should appeal to the general reader and will prove valuable as a college text.

Missoula

Paul C. Phillips

Books Received:

If This Be Wisdom, poems by Alice E. Modes.

Counting Sheep, poems by Sallie M. Sefrit.

Out of Peony and Blade, poems by Antoinette Scudder.

Brittle, Bright, by Marion Thompson Van Stenwyk.

The first three published in 1931 by Henry Harrison have the pleasing format we associate with his imprint. *Brittle, Bright*, issued by the Black Archer Press, Chicago, a first volume by a young university graduate, is equally pleasing in appearance, and gives promise of greater poetic gift.

Books Received for Later Review:

Ellis: **Plain Anne Ellis**, Houghton Mifflin Co.

Webb: **The Great Plains**, Ginn & Co.

Dresbach: **Selected Poems**, Holt & Co.

Woodford: **Here Is My Body**, Wm. Godwin, Inc.

James: **Sun Up**, Scribners.

Continued from front advertising section

from the campus where her colony may be housed and fed next summer. Here is somebody's chance to start a new kind of dude ranch. Opportunity is waiting to be recognized.



In the twelve months ending with August, *The Frontier* received 1778 manuscripts from 566 contributors resident in forty-three states, Washington, D. C., Canada, France, Mexico, Philippine Islands, and London.



The League of Western Writers held its annual convention from August 5-9 at Vancouver, B. C. The large number of writers in attendance were energetic and enthusiastic. There was a full and vigorous program, culminating in a day at Victoria. At a busi-

ness meeting Professor Carl Holliday, of San Jose, was chosen to be president for 1931-32, and Miss Grace T. Hadley of the *Overland Monthly* staff, secretary.

At an Oregon Authors Dinner given by the Pacific Northwest Library Association in June, ten minutes was allotted to each member to use as he pleased. Verne Bright, Howard McKinley Corning, Ethel Romig Fuller, Ben Hur Lampman, Sabra Conner, Theodore A. Harper, Sheba Hargreaves, Alexander Hull, and Philip H. Parrish read from their works, or discussed their several points of view.

The *Oregon Journal* is sponsoring a serial by Oregon writers, a chapter to each, to be published in that paper, then broadcast.

James Stevens' new book, "*The Saginaw Paul Bunyan*," is to be published this fall. Stevens now lives in Michigan. The U. S. navy ordered 150 copies of Albert R. Wetjen's "*Fiddlers' Green*," which went into English publication this summer. Robert Ormond Case of Portland and Frank Richardson Pierce of Seattle looked Reno over, this summer, as a source of literary material.

A group of Shoshone Indians and their white friends gathered at the Wind River Agency, Wyo., August 22, to witness the unveiling of a bronze tablet commemorating the last service there August 22, 1873, by the Right Rev. George Maxwell Randall, first Bishop of Wyoming, Colorado, and New Mexico. The services were instituted by the Rev. John Roberts, missionary clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal church to the Indians since 1883, the Rt. Rev. M. E. Schmuk, Bishop of the diocese of Wyoming, and Dr. Grace Raymond Hebard, historian of the University of Wyoming. At Bishop Randall's last service in this place he baptized eleven Shoshone Indians, four of whom were descendants of Sacajawea.

The Oregon Trail Memorial Association commemorated the 70th anniversary of the completion of the Transcontinental Telegraph, that supplanted the Pony Express, during the week ending October 24.

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editor of *This Quarter*, Edward W. Titus, asks that all manuscripts be addressed to him at 4 Rue Delambre, Paris; and that manuscripts be accompanied by International Reply Coupon and self-addressed return envelope. Entries for 1931 closed September 15. Full royalties to the amount of \$2500 will be advanced to contributors on acceptance at the rate of \$5 per printed page.

Mary Brinker Post is in full sympathy with regionalism, whether she calls it by that name or not. She says: "The things that happen in a small vicarage of two missions on the north side of Spokane hold more to write about than I'll ever be able to touch."

The Northwest is awake in the critical as well as in the creative field of literature. Professor Russell Blankenship's recent volume, *American Literature as an Expression of the National Mind* (Henry Holt and Company, 1931) will prove a boon to teachers of this subject in normal schools and colleges. As the title suggests, the approach is social in point of view—an attitude especially popular the last few years through the inspiration of that remarkable trilogy of the late Professor Parrington, *Main Currents in American Thought*.

While Professor Blankenship's history claims little originality in theme and treatment, it reveals careful and penetrating scholarship. The author's style is clear and forceful. His introductory paragraphs are unusually helpful; his book lists at the close of each chapter unusually serviceable. Readers of *The Frontier* will approve heartily of the emphasis placed upon modern writers.

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