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THE

JANUARY, 1933

FRONTIER

A MAGAZINE OF THE NORTHWEST



**SOME
BRET HARTE
SATIRES**

Edited by
GEORGE R. STEWART, JR.

**THE
MISSISSIPPI
IN THE 50's**

Edited by
CYRIL CLEMENS

STORIES

Heart-Shaped Leaf
VIRGINIA MOORE

Slaves
ELMA GODCHAUX

Winter Apples
HOWARD M. CORNING

POEMS

The Legacy
MARY J. ELMENDORF

Steamboat Days
MAUDE BARNES MILLER

Vachel Lindsay Enters Heaven
OTTO FREUND

Some There Were at a Boarding House Table on Christmas Day
CLAIRE AVEN THOMSON

Genius in Flight
AN ESSAY BY BRASSIL FITZGERALD

Other poems, stories, folklore and historical material

Vol. XIII

JANUARY, 1933

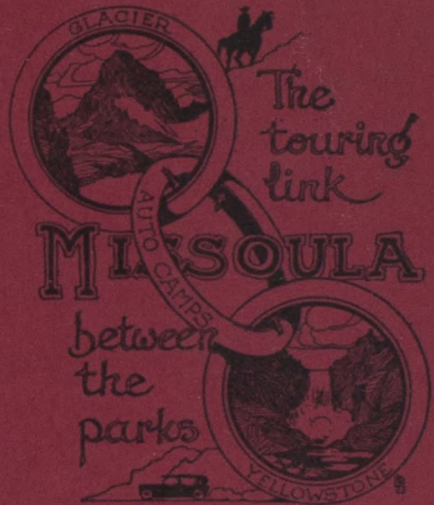
Number 2

PUBLISHED IN NOVEMBER, JANUARY, MARCH, AND MAY AT THE STATE UNIVERSITY OF
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The Scenic Empire



Situated approximately midway between the two great National Parks, Yellowstone and Glacier, Missoula literally may be said to be in the heart of the Scenic Empire of the Northwest.

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As might be expected, this Western Montana country is a place for sportsmen. There are 700 miles of Trout fishing streams within a radius of 25 miles of the City of Missoula. During the big game season, hunters of Missoula know where to go.

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by Bernard Bandler II

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ley Fitts, Lincoln Kirstein, Morris R. Wer-
ner, Lawrence Leighton, etc.

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*calls to your attention
some articles in back num-
bers which you may have
missed*

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TO A BANNED SINGER—
James Joyce

AMERICAN ANARCHISM
AND RUSSIAN COMMUN-
ISM—M. R. Werner

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Cummings

BAUDELAIRE—Charles du
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SECOND THOUGHTS
ABOUT HUMANISM—T. S.
Eliot

LEONARDO AND THE
PHILOSOPHERS—Paul
Valery

DRAWINGS AND SCULP-
TURE (photographs)—Gas-
ton Lachaise

THE GIFFORD LECTURES
—Etienne Gilson

TRANSLATION—A. Hyatt
Mayor

JOYCE'S EXILES AND IB-
SEN—Francis Fergusson

THE ODYSSEY IN DUBLIN
(*Ulysses*)—S. Foster Da-
mon

THE PURITAN HERESY—
H. B. Parkes

RAINER MARIA RILKE
(with parallel translations
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THE FRONTIER

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Muse and Mirror, Seattle, merged with *The Frontier*, April, 1932

Volume Thirteen

JANUARY, 1933

Number 2

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THE FRONTIER is a member of the Missoula Chamber of Commerce.

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A new book by
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Author of **BLACK CHERRIES**
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The title suggests the ephemeral, many-colored moments of delight in the fields of everyday living. Yellow, red, white, or purple flowers—"We called them *moss* in Alabama," says *June Burn*, western columnist. "My earliest childhood recollection is of portulacas vivid in the glowing sunshine of an Alabama morning, but I had to come West to find out their name." *Straw flowers* some people called them in Kansas.

But why "in the wheat?" The title poem answers.

Mrs. Coates found herself involved in explanations of her earlier title, *Mead and Mangel-Wurzel*—"Honey wine and hunger-root," a book whose theme is the tension, in love, between men and woman. Love is mead when you are falling in, she explains, and mangel-Wurzel when you are falling out. "Trenchant and searching," Harriett Monroe, editor of *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, wrote of this first volume.

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LITERARY NEWS

UNDER THE EDITORSHIP OF GRACE STONE COATES

The American Spectator, a literary newspaper, edited by George Jean Nathan, Ernest Boyd, Theodore Dreiser, James Branch Cabell, Eugene O'Neill: 12 E. 41 St., N. Y. C. \$1.25. Vol. 1, No. 1, November, was Associated Press news and is now a collectors' item; "... offers opportunity for the untrammelled expression of individual opinion, ignoring what is accepted and may be taken for granted in favor of the unaccepted and misunderstood."

Americana, editor, Alexander King; associates, George Grosz, Gilbert Seldes. Vol. 1, November: "We are the laughing morticians of the present."

The Lion and the Crown: James G. Leippert, editor; William Setteducati, managing editor; Gerard P. Meyer, associate editor: 1124 Amsterdam Ave., N. Y. C. \$1. "A new literary quarterly established on Morningside Heights in the interest of Modern Letters." Vol. 1, No. 1, Oct.

Man, a Journal of the Anarchist Ideal and Its Movement, sponsored by the International Group of Oakland and San Francisco: no subscription charge, no paid ads: Marcus Graham, 1000 Jefferson street, Oakland, Calif. Vol. 1, No. 1, Jan., 1933.

Contemporary Poetry, George H. Kay, West Chicago, Ill. Vol. 1, No. 1, Oct. 3. *Miscellany*, David W. Cade, 6758 4th Ave., N. Y. C. Vol. 1, No. 1, August. *Visions Anthology of Verse*, Olive Scott Stainsby, Box 178, Placencia, Calif.; contributions invited: Jan. 1933.

Second *Kalcdigraph* poetry contest was won by **Florence Wilson Roper**, Petersburg, Va., with "A Kiss for Judas," over 365 entries.

Harper & Brothers' prize contest, \$7500 for best novel of 60,000 to 100,000 words, will close February 1. **Atlantic Monthly Press** \$5000 prize, non-fiction, will close March 1.

In Tragic Life is the title of a new novel written by **Vardis Fisher**, well known author of *Dark Bridwell* and *Toilers of the Hills*, which have been published in both the United States and England. *In Tragic Life* centers around a sensitive boy who is reared amid and shaped by the rough and mighty forces of a Far West frontier. The publication date is December 1. Mr. Fisher taught at the University of Montana during the summer of 1932.

Dr. H. Scudder Mekeel, research instructor in anthropology, Yale, spent November at

Fort Peck Indian Reservation gathering material on Teton Sioux; two months at Woody Mountain with remnant (29) of Sitting Bull's band: two years, previously, with the Ogalala Tetons at Pine Ridge agency. Dr. Mekeel is a Fellow of the Social Science Research council of the Rockefeller Foundation, N. Y. C.

Dr. Paul C. Phillips, professor of History at the State University of Montana, is the editor of *Scenes of the Plains, Mountains and Mines*, the Princeton Press; forthcoming volume: *History of the American Fur Trade*.

Ada Carter Dart, Dillon, Mont., forthcoming book: *The Mystery of Silver Spring Ranch*. Caxton Printers, Ltd., Caldwell, Idaho.

The Caxton Printers (Caldwell, Idaho) will issue on December 15 **Grace Stone Coates's** third book, *Portulacas in the Wheat*. Mrs. Coates's previous books are *Black Cherries* (Knopf), a novel that won a fine press, and *Mead and Mangel-Wurzel* (Caxton), poems of trenchant, penetrating thought and feeling. The new volume of poems shows Mrs. Coates in another mood but still vital.

The Portland Public Library held a reception for Oregon authors, November 17 (Good Book Week). Henry Harrison's anthology, *Oregon Poets*, foreword by Ethel Romig Fuller, is now on the press. Among Mrs. Fuller's many platform and radio engagements during the **Northwest Book Fair** was a talk before the Seattle Poetry Club, emphasizing "Regionalism," based on H. G. Merriam's anthology, *Northwest Verse*. Thomas Moul's *Best Poems of 1932* (Jonathan Cape) contains Howard McKinley Corning's "This Is the Death," reprinted from **The Nation**. Harry Hartman, Seattle, publishes monthly **The Lantern**, which June Burn characterizes as an excellent piece of indirect advertising, interesting in itself, and full of information about new books. Friends miss June Burn's vivacious columns in western papers. Margaret Ball Dickenson, J. A. Haining, Robert Cary, Alice Woodward and Irl Morse are organizing a Minnesota Poets and Writers club.

In his third novel, *Wheat Women*, **Nard Jones** (Seattle) returns to the background of *Oregon Detour*, his first book, which won a fine press. *Wheat Women*, Duffield & Green, will be published in January.

John Edwin Mitchell's *Along the Trail* is good verse, privately printed (Geneva, Bellingham, Washington). The **Quill Alumni**

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club, Laramie, Wyo. (Olga Moore, Wilson Clough, Ted Olson and others) meets once a month to read and criticise manuscripts.

Pal Clark (Clark's Book Store, Walla Walla) is working on a history of the Walla Walla valley, to be published in the spring by the Inland Printing Company of Walla Walla, and has compiled, and arranged for the publication of, other historic material of especial interest to the Northwest.

Meier & Frank, of Portland, celebrated Good Book Week by holding a Book Fair of their own, with a collection of fine books loaned by collectors throughout Oregon. Books autographed by Oregon writers, **Drew Sherrard** and **Flarenz Clark** (illustrator), **Ethel Romig Fuller** and **Ada Hastings Hedges**, **Frances Staver Twining** (author of *Bird Watching in the West*), **Sabra Conner** and **Phil Parrish**, **Anne Shannon Monroe** (author of *Singing in the Rain*) and **Sheba Hargreaves** (author of *Ward of the Redskins*), helped bring the Fair to public attention.

The **Metropolitan Press** is bringing out a new edition of *White Peaks and Green* for the Christmas trade, and increasing the gift appeal of good books by specially wrapped Christmas units of two and three books.

Ira N. Gabrielson's *Western American Alpines* (Macmillan) is especially fine. **Drew Sherrard's** *Roadside Flowers of the Pacific Northwest* is a convenient popular handbook. *The Trail of the Bear*, a juvenile by **Elizabeth Lamber Wood**, is recently off the press; and **Anna Shannon Monroe** has a novel and a book of essays ready for her publisher.

Sacajawea, a new book by **Dr. Grace Raymond Hebard** of the University of Wyoming, is now in press and will be released this winter. **Dr. Charles Frances McIntyre** is this year's editor of *Parchment*, National Quill Club magazine. The University of Wyoming has a Quill chapter, a Poetry club, and an Alumni Quill group that meets monthly. Three poetry prizes are offered to students each spring by **A. C. Jones**, retired banker of Laramie.

Dr. Dan Clark of the University of Oregon is working on a comprehensive history of the West. **Mrs. Alice Henson Ernst** has been granted funds to continue her research. She is working with Indian masks of the Pacific Northwest. **Lester McDonald** is working on a pioneer novel of Oregon life. **Anne Whitaker** is supplying much of the biographical material Mr. McDonald is using. **James Crissey** is gathering data in southwest Oregon for a contemplated regional novel. It is the opinion of **Pat V. Morrisette** that more and more writers of the Pacific Northwest are turning to their regions for their materials.

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NORTHWEST BOOK FAIR

The Northwest Book Fair presented by the Seattle Branch of the National League of American Penwomen astonished visitors, and surpassed the hopes of its promoters. Set for October 29-November 10, the **Book Fair** was extended two days, while visitors sometimes to 2000 a day crowded Frederick and Nelson's auditorium.

Official organization of the Northwest **Book Fair** was: **Mrs. Otis Floyd Lamson**, president; **Mrs. Florence Armstrong Grondal**, general chairman; **Sarah Truax Albert**, program chairman; **Mrs. John Wallace**, invitations chairman; **Mrs. Mary J. Elmendorf**, souvenir poems chairman; **Lidablanche Robe**, publicity chairman; assisted by **Miss Madge Talmadge**, **Miss Betty Stewart**, and **Miss Marion Ferris**.

Florence Armstrong Grondal believed the Northwest had significant writers, but that the public had no oriented regional literary consciousness, and no organized sources of information. Eight months of research and collection of data by Mrs. Grondal were preliminary to the Fair. Mrs. Grondal (author of *Music of the Spheres* and *A Nature Lover's Astronomy*) is putting her data in book form, for a handbook more than locally valuable.

More than 3500 books were assembled for display, competently classified and arranged. Since the immediate purpose of the **Book Fair** was to expose the public to books, everything was in sight and accessible. Placement, decorations and lighting were in charge of Frederick and Nelson's decorator. Against the back wall, an art display in itself, were illustrators' originals and artists' sketches.

At the auditorium entrance four large panels of authors' photographs reminded everyone that behind print and paper are flesh and blood and human emotions. A case to the right protected the two oldest books on display, one, *Biography of Alexander Baranoff*, written in Alaska during its Russian occupancy, and published in Russia, 1835-6.

Two large groups, **Fiction for Adults** and **Children and Technical Books** occupied the next booths. On the stage stood the hand press from **Frank McCaffrey's Dogwood Press**, duplicate of William Morris's famous press, on which Mr. McCaffrey daily printed 100 souvenir copies of a poem—a different poem each day. Mr. McCaffrey is a master printer, keeping alive the art—with him a real art—in exquisite volumes.

The largest number of volumes by a single author was in the division of **Religion and Biography**, seventy books by **Louis Albert Banks**, pioneer pastor of Seattle, who left

his pulpit at the outbreak of anti-Chinese riots and with Thomas Burke saved the lives of many Orientals. Mr. Banks still lives—at Roseburg, Ore. **Will James's Lone Cowboy**, and **Jesse Applegate's My Boyhood** were here displayed. **Books Inspired by Northwest Backgrounds** made a colorful group by Northwest writers, which included everything from humor (**Lawrence Peters' Shirt-tail and Pig-tail**; Mr. Peters was a program speaker, "Looking for the Forbidden City"—which he didn't find!) to heavy tomes by **Dr. H. H. Gowan**.

Two hundred volumes were displayed in **Poetry Section**, in charge of **Helen Maring**, who worked indefatigably to bring significant writers of the Northwest to public attention. Here the ban was lifted on paper covers, to make eligible certain valuable material.

Books on the Northwest covered every subject from bears to highways, and included several hundred histories and a number of rare, old books.

The **Indian Section** was indebted to the University of Washington for the loan of museum pieces, bows, beads, arrows, etc., that gave color to the booth. Even more colorful were **Alaskan** collections, with three copies of an Esquimaux paper, first issue of the *Alaska Times*, following the purchase of Alaska by the United States. Prominently placed among **Books on Indian and Northwest Legends** were **Esther Shepherd's** and **James Stevens' Paul Bunyan** stories, and **Frank B. Linderman's Old Man Coyote** and *Why* stories.

The display of **Nature Books** lent itself to exquisite pictures for background—mushrooms, trees, flowers, shrubs, animals. The huge Alaskan bearskin and the book about it, *Hunting the Alaskan Brown Bear*, was loaned by the author, **Mr. John Eddy** (program speaker, "Hunting Big Game"). There were books on Alpines which grow in mountains in Washington, and at sea level in Alaska; books on birds, astronomy, wild animals, and botany; tales of the plover that makes the circle from the Arctic to Patagonia and back yearly—a wealth of natural history.

Especially fascinating were **Books of Rare Distinction**, topped by the finest scientific volume yet produced in Seattle, **C. E. Weaver's Paleontology of the Jurassic and Cretaceous of West Central Argentina**. Hundreds of specimens were taken to Germany for drawings for this volume, where only two artists do such work, both aged and without apprentices. One of them wept when his two years' work on the drawings of fossil-shell remains was finished, knowing he would never again undertake a commission. **Dawson's** six heavy, illustrated volumes were

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here, four, *The Birds of California*; two, *The Birds of Washington*. Here were the *Curtis Indian Books* (20 vol. \$150; \$2500 the set), authentic and magnificent photographs taken as the author went from tribe to tribe under the sponsorship of J. Pierpont Morgan. Here, also, the late **Professor V. L. Parrington's** *Main Currents of American Thought* (3 vol. Pulitzer Prize, \$2000); **Professor Meany's** illustrated studies of the statues and portraits of George Washington, hand printed by Frank McCaffrey; and a biography of George Washington in German, for German distribution, by the German Consul at Seattle, **Mr. Reinhardt**.

Three smaller groups, center-back, were **Books About Seattle**, **Books About Pioneers**, and **Books Printed in Washington Territory**. Much museum material added interest to this exhibit—Chief Seattle's paddle, early Americana—volumes so rare it took a detective to ferret them out—the *Six-Horse Limited Edition* on Stagecoach days, inspiration for **Ethel Romig Fuller's** poem, *The Six-Horse Limited Mail*—originals of illustrations of old books, to make a bibliophile's heart pound.

Significant in range were **Publications from the University of Washington Press**, which supplied background for **Dr. F. M. Padelford's** scholarly address, "The Publishing Program of the University." Two hundred and one faculty members of the University have produced 341 volumes with 63 different publishers.

Mrs. Lamson (author of two non-fiction books, Macmillan) presided at morning and afternoon sessions, October 29, and spoke twice on "The Meaning of the Northwest Book Fair." Thereafter a different **Pen-woman** presided at each session, each stressing some aspect of that subject. There were daily radio talks. The summary of comments on individual speakers is necessarily brief: **Mrs. Grondal**, "Northwest Books," *full of her subject*; **Anne Shannon Monroe**, "Cow-boy Days," *delightfully informal and humorous*; **Ruth H. Calkins**, head of Reference Department, Seattle Public Library, "How Authors Use the Northwest Collection in the Public Library," *an inside glimpse*; **Mr. Glenn Hughes**, "Plays for Library Reading," *at his best*; **Roberta Frye Watt**, "Founding the University," *author and "native daughter"*; **Dr. H. H. Gowan**, "Geography and Literature," *an inspirational address that fitted admirably into the scheme of the Fair*; **Ethel Romig Fuller**, "Pots, Pans and Mountain Peaks," *in her happiest vein*; **Mrs. C. F. Austin (Helen Lomen)**, "Children of the Reindeer Country," *personal glimpses of the Arctic region, where "Esquimaux have come 10000 years in one generation"*; **Nora Berglon**, author of *Children of the Soil*, dressed in Norwegian costume, talked on "Customs

and Traditions of My Childhood," *humorous, delighting her audience*; Miss Mildred Pope, State Librarian, "Little Known Tales of Pioneers," *interesting and informative*; Mr. Reed Fulton, author of five junior adventure novels, defined a Northwest writer as "one who feels the challenge, one who is inspired by the Northwest," in a thought-provoking talk, "Youth Will Read;" Mr. Richard Montgomery (author of *Pechuck* from notes of Lorne Knight), "Lorne Knight, Alaskan Explorer," *eye-opening and stirring*; Mrs. Esther Shepherd, "Frontier Backgrounds of Paul Bunyan," *delightful, whimsical, authoritative*; Helen Maring, "Regionalism," *crediting Montana with leadership in the movement*; Chart Pitt, "Life Behind Lighthouse Walls," *most human of all speakers*, author of fourteen volumes, four translated into Russian, all published in England, sensational, excellent of their kind; Dr. Erna Gunther, Anthropologist, "Northwest Indians," *competent, informative*; Dr. Charles W. Wagenknecht, author of *Jenny Lind*, discussed "Aspects of Biography;" Dr. Richard E. Fuller, Research Professor in Geology, U. of W., illustrated with airplane photography his

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whose second volume of poems, *Portulacas in the Wheat*, will appear on December 15 from the press of the Caxton Printers.

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talk on "Bringing Books Down to Date;" **Stoddard King**, author of *Under the Raspberry Tree*, occupied the final session.

To mention only these is to disregard other speakers, music that enriched each program, and the untiring work of hostesses and ushers, who like **Mrs. Mary J. Elmendorf**, **Mrs. Sarah Truax Albert**, and **Helen Maring**, constantly publicized the **Book Fair** by radio, by bulletin, and by informal talks to groups of two, of ten, of entire University classes visiting the exhibits. **The Northwest Book Fair** gives assurance to every Northwestern writer that he is no longer the forgotten man.

From a report on the **Fair** by **Ethel Romig Fuller**, published in the *Morning Oregonian*, November 12, we note: The idea of a **Book Fair** originated with **Mabel Arundel Lyons** of Seattle, for many years head of the children's book shop at the **J. K. Gill** company. "Publishers east and west, private and public libraries, schools and universities contributed books and data," says **Mrs. Fuller**. Mention should be made of *Imagists and Imagism* by **Glenn Hughes**, winner of a \$2500 scholarship for a year's study abroad. The latest novel, *Hospital Nocturne* by **Alice Eleanor Lambert**, was brought in under the author's arm, direct from New York.

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

SLAVES

ELMA GODCHAUX

OLD Celeste had seen trouble coming toward them for a long time. She had known that black Pedro would drown them all in his trouble. With his big bull's head lowered, he'd trample them down. He didn't care about them, master or slaves. He was bewitched, bewitched by Marianne's body. He went like a man in a dream, bewitched, conscious of one reality, his love. He pursued his love with steadfast purpose, unflinchingly, to the undoing of them all.

They had all been content, especially Celeste, who lived close to the whites, until Pedro saw Marianne. Pedro was a black giant, employed as a hunter by his master, and during all the day the freedom of the woods was his. One day he emerged from the darkly shadowed woods on to a clearing where the river flowed strong and yellow in the sun. Slaves, men and women, were there cutting the sugar-cane. Marianne stood in the sunlight with one arm raised, a gleaming machete in her hand. She swung her arm and body and it seemed she alone could have cut that field in one swing, her strength was so apparent, and magnificent. The slaves were singing, "Jesus helpin' cut de cane, cut de cane, cut de rich man's money." Her voice was strong; he heard it above the others; it came from deep within her, strident with joy. Her vitality sparkled from her. Pedro felt it almost like a blow. He was dazed com-

ing out of the dark woods on to this bright patch of sunlight and life seeing Marianne there in the sun. He was supposed not to tarry among slaves of other masters on distant plantations, but he did that day and he caught her lively eye.

After that he prowled the woods to find a hidden way to her cabin. Then he went to her every night. He would slip out of his door quietly after the plantation bell had sounded the slaves each to his own cabin. And he wasn't afraid. He knew the penalties for the rule he broke; it was the strictest on the Louisiana plantation, a precaution against the slaves meeting together at night. Every white man knew that the dark birthed and cradled insurrection, that a brown, sleepy tide might rise in the night and flow upon him.

Pedro knew the rule but Marianne drew him, his senses quickened for both love and danger. She had bequeathed to his body a new aliveness; he was aware of everything as he hurried through the woods to her, his love, his danger. But he was sly; no one suspected his absences, not the master, not Celeste. He grinned as he thought of Celeste, who was as busy minding out for the slaves as though they were hers. He knew her people were her children, but not him! Not him! With sudden consciousness he felt his manhood.

Mornings he walked into his master's

kitchen as usual to empty his game bag. He moved shamblingly as though his feet were too large to lift. One morning Celeste halted him suddenly with, "Un-hunh, so dah yuh is!" Pedro understood her meaning. She, being a privileged person, not subject to the rules that held over the other slaves, had visited the cabins for gossip after the white children, her charges, were asleep. Celeste was an old witch for finding out everything. But Pedro made no remark, only regarded her for a spell, his sleepy eyes telling her nothing of surprise or chagrin.

"What de master gonna say?" Celeste cried while Pedro continued to regard her, his thick lids giving his eyes a seeming of weariness, a quality of world weariness and age. "What de master gonna say!"

Pedro shrugged and turned away.

"You doan care now!" stormed Celeste. "But when de whip gonna sing over yuh head yuh gonna care den."

Pedro's blue-black lips pouted sadly.

"Whah yuh been at?" Celeste pressed him, and her breasts heaved as though she had been running. Her large breasts thrust her gold cross out in front of her. Pedro watched the cross rise and fall excitedly as though it lived. Celeste knew her cross would give her the power to save Pedro from evil ways. "Yuh bes' lissen to mah words," she told him, "As Ah stand wid de Cross of Jesus on mah breas'. Whah yuh been at, Pedro?"

Pedro knew her for a witch. She could bewitch the other niggers. Not him. He was Marianne's. He took up his game bag, empty now except for the shots in their proper compartment, and his gun. "Yuh bes' lemme be,

woman!" He leaned over Celeste, his black face close to hers. His great height and strength could make his simple gestures threatening ones. "Mine out fer yuhse'f an' lemme be! An' yuh doan Ah'm gonna learn yuh to!" Then he left her before she could understand his words, for her heart kept beating in her ears: Trouble, Trouble, Trouble.

That night Celeste made ready to follow him. Her people were her children and she would not let one go, least of all Pedro. They had been friends, between them an equality of admiration. She hid behind the new fence of saplings and heard the plantation bell ring out as though all things were right as ever. The sound hurt her as if some dear hand rang the bell that would never ring it anymore. She waited silently, her lips just moving, her fingers caressing her cross. No, she would not allow Pedro the sin of defying the Cross of Jesus on her bosom. There was something strange about Pedro, strange and fearless, but he had to fear the power of God. She would wrestle with the devil for him. She would bring him back to the fold where she kept her children safe in the shadow of the Cross. Her legs ached with stooping. Why didn't Pedro come? Perhaps he was saved, saved in spite of himself, for she was wise to help her people. Wise and old, she kept them safe within the goodwill of the masters, taught them to be happy the way she was, and good and safe. Her long fingers, clawed and hardened by years of toil, worried the cross as though telling her beads. Lovin' Jesus, help her save her children. Her weak eyes searched the gloom. She made out a dark stretch of wings, and crossed herself. All eyes

and ears, she leaned forward, looking, listening. For long moments the world lapsed in quiet while she waited motionless, even her busy fingers stilled. She grew used to the silence and dark; could hear the slight noise of a foot's shuffle; could see the large black form of Pedro creep out of his door and, stooping forward, steal to the side of his cabin and quickly into the woods. The heavy blackness of the forest accepted him; might have been closing him away forever. But Jesus helping, Celeste would find him out. She knew the woods too. They awoke all her dormant instincts. It seemed but yesterday, a child, she had roamed deeper woods than these. She would smell him out like a dog and know and fight the evil that drew him.

Pedro went without a sound and thorns tore at Celeste's large skirts, at her tignon. Spanish moss in long strings caught around her neck and arms. She seemed in the long domestic years to have lost the way of the woods. She panted. What if Pedro heard her? But if he did, he would not send a shot to cry out a warning in the night. She pressed on, her hands separating the vines for a path. Her cross lay inside her dress safe from scratches, its smooth sides warm against her skin, comforting like a companion. Sometimes through the black curtain of the moss she had glimpses of the moon riding the heavens high and placid as though nothing were wrong here on the earth below. As though nothing were wrong. *O Jesus, turn it right! Lovin' Jesus, turn it right!* Then something dark, darker than the shadows, uprose among the bushes, huge like a bear; leaped upon her; flung her down; lay upon her, pressing her breath back into

her lungs and the cross into the soft skin of her breast until she had pain the shape of a cross upon her. She couldn't breathe or cry out.

At last Pedro eased off her, but he still held her wrists, and he was furious. By what right did she follow him; delay him this way?

"Whah yuh goin', woman?"

Celeste heard his tone with terror, but answered calmly, "To bring yuh back de right path, Pedro."

"Ah ain't goin'," he cried.

The moonlight sifted through the tree-chastened moonlight. Its mild gleam touched Pedro's black face, his eyes half-closed by heavy lids. He seemed dull, sullen and dull, and all the while he was possessed by a bright urgency of desire for Marianne. The quiet spot, the shrouding trees, the soft moonlight sent his body to stretching out fingers of longing toward her. He moved uneasily. Marianne would be waiting, waiting long ago. "Ah ain't goin' back," he repeated.

"Yuh is took hard by de devil, Pedro."

"Yuh let me go!" he cried, shaking her fiercely by the wrist he still held. "Yuh let me go! Ah'll mash yuh head in—Ah'll—" threatening her with his gun.

But she wasn't afraid of him, only of the power that had got hold of him. "Who yuh talkin' to?" she asked quietly. "Hunh? Me?" She wasn't afraid of him. His eyes were shut again and he had turned away from her, dropping his gun. Her voice had recalled him to himself. An owl hooted way off yonder in a dead tree. The hot woods smelled heavy, of dank soft rot. "Come back home, Pedro. Come back along wid me. Lovin' Jesus gonna—"

He shook her again furiously. "Hush yuh old mouf! Ah'm gonna bine yuh hyah, ole witch. Ole she-devil, gonna bine yuh from persuadin' me. De foxes gonna think yuh sumpin' dead."

He dragged her into the bramble seeking stout vines with which to bind her. *Oh, Jesus, why did she have to pester with him so?* It was late. The moon was lowering behind the trees. And Marianne was waiting for him, penned in the darkness of her cabin holding her body in readiness for him. "Jesus!" he cried, "Why yuh doan lemme be?"

"Strivin' wid de devil fer yuh, Pedro. Yuh is took so bad."

The tough vines resisted his strength while the night sped. He would kill the old woman. He had no time to bind her. He would kill her quickly, here in the woods, before day came.

"Pedro, whah yuh goin' to?" asked Celeste softly.

"Goin' to Monsieur Dufresne's to be wid his slave, Marianne," he cried suddenly, because the coming of day pressed him beyond endurance. "Gonna burs' yuh head in yuh doan go home."

She pitied him. "Yuh is took bad to love her hard the way yuh does."

He raised his great hand and slapped her down. She fell heavily, dead brush crashing under her. He turned quickly and without any noise found his path. Trees and shrouding moss hid him to Marianne's door. The great river whispered in the dark.

He opened the unlatched door noiselessly. Marianne came across the floor to meet him. She strode firmly on large bare feet throwing her legs wide apart. Her gestures were large, free, and magnificent. The cabin was too small for her, as her clothes always

were. Her strength seemed leashed but about to break all bonds. Her plain tight gown of coarse unbleached stuff did not cover her strength nor the firm contours of her heavy breasts and legs; it moulded to her form, emphasizing the magnificence of her nakedness. In two strides she was in his arms. With his long fingered negro hands he felt her vibrant legs as she held him to her with all her strength. He kissed her cool lips, her smooth cheeks and neck; he pressed his hands upon her breasts. Her warm brown color charmed him against his cold Senegalese blackness.

"Ah bin studyin' yuh done fergot me," she whispered, the deep full tones of her voice not lost to him.

"Ah ain't fergot nuthin'," he answered, stopping her mouth with kisses.

The nights were sweet; he lost himself in their deep dark secret sweetness. No one could find him and her locked as they were in unfathomable darkness of night. He wasn't afraid of anything. Mornings he awoke early and dressed hurriedly, so that he could be well hidden in the woods before life on the plantation stirred. He left Marianne's cabin counting the hours until he could be with her again; but he looked as usual, quiet, dull even, as though forever sleepy. He wandered through the woods after game, so that he could appear on his master's plantation with a good supply.

When he entered his master's kitchen it was nearly noon. Celeste stood in the middle of the floor holding a white baby in her arms. A broad shaft of sunlight slanting through a high window to her feet seemed like a ladder to climb to heaven on. She longed for heaven; she was old and loved peace; the business here below oppressed her.

She shifted the baby to rest on her hip as she spoke.

"Master know all!" she whispered hurriedly. "Fox huntin' in de hen house las' night. Master say his hunter kin kill de beast, but hunter ain't nowhere round."

Pedro's eyes closed. His head hung forward, the picture of a dull and listless negro.

Celeste stepped nearer him as the baby in her arms played with the cross and cooed content. She explained close to his ear, "Yuh gonna tel de master yuh done gone in de woods after wild turkey eggs for his dinner. Yuh shot done raise a great flock of de birds 'bout sundown an' yuh ain't had no time to stop 'cept to mark de nest, an' yuh ain't go back quick yuh gonna fergit where 'bouts de nest lie. You tell dat. Under mah bed de turkey eggs lyin'. An' ax master foh his patience dis one time more, he ain't gonna whip yuh."

She knew how to help her people.

Pedro turned away to do her bidding, but if she thought he was afraid, she misjudged him. He was angry. "Ain't gonna ax him nuthin'," he promised himself. And if he had the turkey eggs, what could the white man know of his doin's? White men knew nothing 'cept what they saw before their eyes. And a whipping? Whipping couldn't change his mind. The master was small and soft, hated to whip his slaves.

When Pedro came to his master with the turkey eggs rage dyed the white man's face red for a moment and then melted away like a shadow.

The master said, "Then I forgive you for this one time only, but another time you will pay for all." Pedro muttered "Yassuh." He held great

contempt for the white man, and now he was full of hate, because tonight he must waste half his time at the hen-house hunting the fox. Niggers were fools. Suddenly he wanted to tell them all so. Niggers were fools, and strong too. White men weren't nothing to be afraid of; but niggers were fools. Himself too, to waste his night time at the hen-house. But he had no plans; it would be easier to get to Marianne if first he killed the fox as the master bade him do.

That night he crouched in the shadow of a chinaberry tree. Black and quiet, he could not have been picked out from the shadows. Tense as a beast, he was miserable as a human. He held his gun in position while the precious dark hours slipped away. Hate choked him; gripped him almost as strongly as his love did. He cursed the animal that didn't come for him to kill. He cursed the master. The master was the chain holding him from Marianne. He would shake himself free; break it; kill! His shot, a quick exclamation, broke the quiet. Death bit the fox. Now he was the death-of-the-fox nearer Marianne. He wanted to fling the beast in the master's face. Yet he was all restraint and patience until a while later he found his path in the woods. A golden dollar of a moon sometimes caught him as he passed weaving in and out of the heavy shadows of the trees, going silently like a hunter. When the light struck him his face became polished ebony and the white game bag across his shoulder was made conspicuous as a flag; the barrel of his gun showed glinting hard.

He went unflinchingly, stiffened with purpose; nothing could have turned him aside, drawn on as he was by Mari-

anne's image. And to own her was his pride coming to her through the woods this way in the face of the master's command. The woods held no panic for him; nor a master. He tasted freedom; sensed his power; drank deep of pride. He was happy with the peace of the woods, murmurous in his ears. He knew the woods so well, they hid him, freed him. The woods and he could stretch themselves in any direction. Master? He laughed. He felt free. He thought of Celeste and the other people who were satisfied to be slaves. They filled him with sickness; he spat as though full. They were like pigs satisfied with whatever they were thrown. Then as he went on, he was no longer alone and free in the woods; his people dogged his steps; made him ashamed. What could he do with them? Show them that they were strong? That their very blackness gave them strength? He *would* show them! And if Celeste was too old and bull-headed to learn, he'd leave her, leave her groveling in the dirt. He'd show the rest. His big fighter's hands knotted into fists. Show them to be black was good. With his heavy shoulders pressing forward he hurried on toward Marianne. She would know.

They came silently together. When his kisses found her ear he whispered, "Soon Ah'm gonna have yuh fer good."

"Yuh is got me, Pedro." She moved in his arms. The feel of her movement darted an ecstasy through all his veins. "Yuh is got me." She was satisfied with life when he was with her. The excitement of her nights thrilled her. All through the day she had the knowledge of his coming a song within her. She wasn't afraid; she knew he'd come and

all day she felt her body vibrate for him. Nobody had a man like hers.

But he wasn't satisfied. His loving wanted no boundaries of day and night.

"We niggers ain't got nuthin'." he moaned.

"Dis nigger has," she answered lightly.

"We is strong, too," Pedro went on. "But we doan know hit. We doan know nothin' 'cept de whip."

"Gawd, Pedro," she interrupted, "Good niggers doan git whipped."

"We ain't never good fer ourselves," he told her.

"Yuh is good fer me," she laughed. "An Ah is good fer yuh, too. What de matter, Pedro, doan yuh love me?"

"Ah love yuh," he answered heavily, "Ah love yuh. But why we always wanta please massa; yes massa, and bow down, an' if we is glad clap han's an' dance Calinda? Dat ain't nothin'."

"Dat somethin' fer joy," she whispered and pranced softly a few steps of the dance.

He caught her in his arms. She must match him for courage. He tried again. "De master's bad keepin' us from our women." He tightened his arms about her. "Gonna learn de people we is strong, Marianne. Gonna do somethin' fer me?"

"Gonna do everythin' fer yuh," she replied, overwhelmed by her love.

Pedro now made it his business day and night to say his mind to the negroes. And they listened to him; they admired his strength and independence; he had a power over them. His words made even old Dede ponder. For years Dede had been in a position of trust on the plantation, in charge of the storehouse where Pedro came for his weekly re-

quisition of shot. Pedro had plenty of opportunity to talk with Dede.

"Master's bad," he began, "Doan give us no time off fer our women."

Dede regarded him mournfully. "Ain't he done stop his han' from whipping yuh?"

Celeste approached the two men. She always kept Pedro in her sight; she knew you couldn't turn your back on trouble. "Dat's right, Dede," she cried, "Dat's right. Yuh is mighty bull-headed, Pedro, an' worse too. De Lawd gonna chastise yuh though the master done stop his han'."

"Dat ain't nuthin'," Pedro responded sullenly. "Whipping ain't nuthin'." His heavy body lowered forward in the tense position of a fighter about to spring; it infuriated him because niggers couldn't believe that they were men, that whipping was nothing to a man. Within himself he cried, "Stand up, niggers! Stand up! You're men!" He said, "Yuh niggers ain't nuthin'. Yuh ain't got nuthin'. Yuh bofe is ole an' yuh ain't got nuthin'! Yuh ain't nuthin'! Gimme de res' a' mah shot, ole—ole slave!"

The two old people gaped at him, and Celeste's cross did a dance of consternation with her heart. They seemed rooted to the spot as Pedro left them.

He found young Brava shelling corn by the stable door. "Master's bad," Pedro told him, "Doan give us no time off fer our women."

"Unh-hunh," conceded Brava.

"Yuh is lucky," went on Pedro, "But what yuh gonna do Juana ain't belong to de master? Us niggers 'fraid of everything."

"Unh-hunh, ain't dat's right?" agreed Brava.

"We ain't got nuthin' to fear," Pe-

dro stretched out his big blue black hands. "We ain't 'fraid; we gonna have somethin', gonna be somethin'."

"What we gonna have? An' we gonna be black jus' de same."

"Black? Dat doan matter," explained Pedro. "Black folks strong when dey ain't 'fraid."

"Dat so," replied Brava, "Dat so." And pondered as he rubbed the two corn cobs together and watched the kernels rain, heavy golden shot, into his bucket.

Shouts interrupted his thoughts, "Brava! Brava! Brava!" Celeste was watching. Foolish young Brava would believe anything he heard. "Brava!"

He rose slowly to answer her call. Celeste too had power over the negroes. They respected her; no other negro anywhere had a cross like hers; it was of true gold. The white folks loved her—but not more than she loved them. She had been the master's wet nurse and he had gestured and nestled to her warmly the same way her own babies had. She had fed him her love with her milk. But she loved her people, too. She would save them all from trouble, from Pedro, who was mischief itself on foot among her people.

Pedro ignored Celeste and attended to the other negroes. He met choice spirits among them in the woods at night. The negroes loved to get together; it seemed festive; and Pedro's big presence reassured them, stilled their fears. He talked to them in a slow quiet voice trying to teach them pride, flattering them. They could be their own masters. Beyond the great river was freedom. They giggled softly, while Pedro wondered if God himself could teach them pride. But as he spoke to them he felt like a king and sent them

back to their cabins in his own time, and so he felt all the way to Marianne's.

There he recounted his plans as king to the queen. It were wise, they said, for him to return to his master's plantation to keep the white man's eyes veiled to their plans. But when Pedro touched Marianne his purpose left him. He stayed the night through with her, so that half-awake he could turn on the pallet to feel her there beside him. And she always turned to him ready at his touch and eager for his love. He could not relinquish the joy of those dark and intimate awakenings. He could not put into words that he loved the very propriety of having her there beside him; it seemed right, part of his freedom.

All the negroes in the quarters were talking about Pedro, his absences and his words. "Somethin' lookin' out fer big Pedro," they said. Old crippled Francine, as she minded the pickaninnies while their mothers worked in the fields, muttered his words, "Niggers ain't got nuthin', nuthin', nuthin'," in an endless soft refrain. Juana and Brava loved the meetings in the woods. They chuckled secretly. "Dat ole Pedro shoah is a case." And Dede too grew to like the sound of Pedro's wisdom. Only Celeste stood apart. "Devil gonna let go soon fer Gawd to chastise him," she told the people. "Devil ain't stronger than Gawd," she told them. "Devil ain't goin' ride Pedro forever." She said she was sorry for Pedro because Marianne had bewitched him so bad. Like herself they all could see the signs of witchery, but nobody paid her much mind. They nudged each other and giggled while she talked. She was old and losing her power. She prayed, long dark fingers worrying her cross. *Sweet Jesus, show her her part.* Not certainly

to tell the master against her own people! *Oh, Jesus, please, watch, help.* He would know what to do. When the time came Jesus knew what to do.

On the wide front gallery of the slave quarters all the negroes were assembled to be taught by an example. All, that is, except Celeste, who was a privileged person. She hid in the yard behind a live oak tree with the white baby in her arms. She watched the negroes standing quiet, wide-eyed and curious. It was good; they all feared whippings; there would be no more meetings at night. But big Pedro was stubborn to whip and the master weak to whip his slaves. *Jesus, make the whipping hard, to change big Pedro's mind! Let it put the fear of God into black Pedro!* It could; she had seen it work on men before.

But when she saw Pedro standing near the master she trembled. The white man looked small and defenseless beside the black giant. Pedro stood unarmed, but he did not mask wildness well. His huge hands without a gun hung listlessly, seemed strange and undomesticated. He knelt, head bent, eyes hid by heavy lids, not looking at the master. He was stripped to the waist and knelt with his back arched a little and all high lights in the sun, a very bull's back, so strong, and sleek too in the sun. The white man raised the whip; it curled above his head sinuous; came down with a sickish snap and slap as it hit. Pedro's strong back gave a little, and the watching negroes moved and sighed. Then all was silence except for the beat of the whip in perfect time. The fine smoothness of Pedro's back was ruined with blood. The slaves stirred, moaning softly, their eyes white and motionless. Pedro crouched the least bit lower with each

blow, as though at last he must be beaten to earth. But he didn't cringe, or cry out. His wet face was hid. His thick lips tightened over thoughts of hate. He'd kill the white man. To free himself he'd kill the white man. Kill. Kill. In time with the cut of the whip, kill, kill. With strong untamed hands he'd free and kill, free and kill. Thoughts of Marianne raised his body under the blows. He held her strong and perfect body to him, and his own higher, as though her magnificent body endowed him with magnificent courage.

Celeste knelt behind the tree and wept. Tears followed the wrinkles down her cheeks and splashed on the bosom of her dress; they fell quickly like rain from a full sky, raining onto her bosom and the baby that she held. She rocked the baby, murmuring to him softly as though her grief were his.

Suddenly a tiny noise broke in upon her preoccupation of grief. A whistle, but so soft and small it might have been from a bird in a distant tree. Then another soft whistle and another. Celeste listened alert. It wasn't a bird. She knew the signal, although Pedro didn't know she did.

That night rain drummed on the cabin roofs. It sounded like the quick ping-ping of shot. At one cabin in the bright spaces of lightning black faces showed ashen, the color negroes go when sick or **very** cold. The sudden storm filled them with fear. Heads were thrust forward as though eyes watched the approach of something evil. The awful detonation of thunder blotted out their sighs; shook the cabin. Rain, a minor accompaniment to upheaval, beat beat incessantly. "Oh, Jesus," cried someone. "Oh Jesus, Jesus." A new and furious burst of wind and rain assailed

the cabin. People groaned and cried, cowered as if the storm beat their unprotected heads. Wind rose and wailed. Thunder would clap the world asunder and this small cabin. The door burst open! "Oh, sweet Jesus!" People pressed forward, groaning, to close it. But lightning illuminated a woman in the doorway. Rain had swathed her clothes tight about her until they were like the clothes on a statue; white hair plastered to her head seemed lashed there by bright hands. And the light upon her breast was blinding—her gold cross had become a cross of fire.

"De storm," she cried, "Dat Jesus' voice."

They heard her easily above the noise of storm. Negroes hid their faces sobbing, "Jesus, Jesus! Dah is Jesus!"

Pedro pressed the door shut. Celeste went on, leaning eagerly toward her people. "Sweet Jesus cryin' fer his people. Gonna cry fountains dry wailin' fer his people. Ain't dat's a shame, Jesus wailin' fer his people."

Pedro stood above her, drowning her voice by his, "Den Jesus wailin' in de ears of de masters too. Storm beatin' on de masters de same."

Negroes all over the room answered him, "Yas, yas. Lovin' Jesus, dat de truff."

Celeste ignored their words, flung out her arms toward him, imploring them. "Dat Jesus voice yuh hyah. Jesus voice. Un-hunh." Her own voice rose to a chant. "Jesus voice. Oh Lawd, Jesus voice. Un-hunh Lawd, Jesus voice, Lawd!"

"De master's bad keeping us from our women," Pedro cried.

"Dat de truff!" called Marianne as the thunder rumbled at a safe distance—spent thunder.

"Bad," continued Pedro. His big voice now held the stage; it filled the new peace reassuring the negroes. "Whippin' fer bein' with our women. Brava," searching the man out with his tired eyes, "Brava, you got to put fire on de roof of de hen-house. An' to-night."

There was a slight stir among the negroes.

Celeste shouted, "Den yuh all gonna burn in yuh own hell fire."

"Den we all gonna have our women," said Pedro. The negroes giggled and exclaimed softly, their good humor restored.

"Un-hunh, yas yuh is," mocked Celeste. "In de calabozo in New Orleans. Dat's right!" she cried turning to her people. "What de white folks gonna be doin' while ole stupid Brava puttin' his fire on de hen-house? Dey gonna rack yuh in de calabozo; white folks gonna rack yuh, but Devil, he gonna rack Pedro."

Marianne moved impatiently in Pedro's arms. He felt her strong legs against him. He saw her bosom rising and falling under her tight dress and the sight filled him with longing.

"White folks sleepin' while we is strong," he cried. He laughed, a chuckle in his throat, and the people laughed softly an echo. He told them again how easy it was. A little fire on the hen-house and the master aroused from sleep would direct the slaves to fight the fire. But quickly he, Pedro, would shoot him. The neighbors would think the master, half asleep, had shot himself. Then he, Pedro and Marianne, they'd all be safe in the woods. Pedro knew places where no other man had been.

Celeste no longer heard him; his voice was only a great noise in her ears. She

tried her best to hear him; she must hear and see everything, and she herself must speak to her people. "Lissen. Lissen, mah people." But no one paid her any mind. Her hand like a hand in a dream sought her cross. It felt firm and real; it seemed to take her by the hand. Sweet Jesus would save her people, but she, she must save the master. She slipped out the door. They'd never suspect her of telling against her people. She followed Jesus. He pointed the way to tell against her people.

She stopped in the shadow of cypress trees to listen for further plans. The storm had passed away; the world was still, at pause, as if awaiting some great happening. From the trees drops of water like huge tears splashed. Pedro was dismissing the negroes, sending them home through the woods. Celeste from her hiding watched the dark troops file by. She saw Pedro and Marianne detach themselves and hold a meeting together. They appeared to speculate upon Celeste's sudden departure or absence. She heard her name; her heart beat like a frightened bird in a cage. She saw the master dead already in a pool of blood and Pedro above him. She strained to hear; she hardly breathed. Pedro and Marianne moved. Hurried off into the woods after the others.

Celeste slinking in the shadow of the trees gained the levee. There her heavy heart beat an accompaniment to the thud thud of her feet upon the path. Her running seemed to make a great noise in a world cradled in a lull. She heard other feet running at the same speed as hers. But nothing stopped her. She must save him. Warn him! *Oh, Jesus, please, this one time more. Watch! Help!* She rushed on, but felt she slackened speed. She was old. *Lovin' Jesus,*

help! Stay the hand of the bewitched Pedro! Let her reach the master! Please! Hadn't she tried her best with Pedro? But she was weak. Jesus is strong. *Sweet Jesus, Honey, please.* She slid down the slippery side of the levee. She was nearly home. Only the tree-lined road to gain! She sped down it. Saw a little way through the trees the white gleam of home.

Pedro also saw it as he emerged from the wood and heard the thumping of quick feet. Leaving Marianne he rushed to meet that noise. Their two bodies, Celeste's and Pedro's, came together with a muffled thud. A second they fought silently; her hands beat his face, tore his eyes. But her breath came quick like a spent runner's. Easily he found her throat. His strong black hand closed there. She screamed, suddenly, a wild high scream that took wings on the air. Another scream. And still one more, with a last breath, until the night

seemed to reverberate with screams. Then she sank down under his hand. Already in the house lights moved about uneasily from room to room. Celeste lay in the road; she lay still as one resting, the cross like a flower on her breast.

Pedro and Marianne hugging the rim of shadowy trees trotted toward the river. They were not spent; they were young and swift. Running, he whispered quickly. They must make the other side of the river before day. Safety lay across the river; they could gain it easily swimming, for he was strong. Even, he was happy; and she wasn't afraid, and agreed to all he said. They crouched low on the levee and felt the swollen river heaving excitedly like the bosom of a brown woman. When Pedro was ready Marianne gave herself into his arms willingly. The busy river took them to its greediness as if they were twigs.

MOUNTAIN MEADOW

DOROTHY MARIE JOHNSON

Now the trail has come on quiet places,
Green meadows lovely in the sheltering pines,
Beside still waters such as David knew;
And all my days flow softly as the brook.

If I remember peaks wind-swept by ecstasy
Let me remember, too, dark wanderings
And long days of searching, ended
When I came out upon green meadows.

CIRCUIT RIDER

PAUL E. TRACY

Now let Thy servant, Lord, depart in peace.

I have seen Thy labors prosper—and decline
Even as this Thy handiwork.
These people have possessed the land
And have no further care for Thee.

The mountain brooks are dry,
Gone to feed their weed-grown ditches.

Gone are the cow trails
Which tied the range to water.
Gone are the saddles and the horses.

No more

Trots the heavy-tailed coyote through the sage.
Nor from my blankets can I hear him
Shrill out his grief at dawn.

Under the willows no longer
Congregations of sedate sage hens
Communing with Thee.

Lord, Thou hast been our abiding place
Throughout all generations.

Now all is fenced.
And the water this people sought,
More than Thy living waters,
Brings endless toil and strife.
They plant . . . and water . . . and gather into barns.
Ever greater barns. And have no thought of Thee.
Contending with shovels
They slay one another beside headgates
And have no care for Thee.

Now let Thy aged servant, Lord,
Depart in peace.
For Thou hast been our abiding place
Throughout all generations.

SOME BRET HARTE SATIRES

GEORGE R. STEWART, JR.

INTRODUCTION

BETWEEN his retirement from the *Californian* in the summer of 1866 and his establishment as editor of the *Overland Monthly* two years later, Bret Harte had no close connection with any magazine. During this period, however, he kept his hand in by contributing occasionally to the *San Francisco News Letter* and *California Advertiser*, commonly known as the *News Letter*.

This at the time was a sixteen-page weekly given over to trade reports and advertising, with just enough reading material to leaven the lump. Curiously enough, much of this reading matter was satiric, and the satire was often sharp. The *News Letter* was distinctly a bad boy among magazines. Students at the University of Michigan petitioned the faculty to ban its ribald pages from the library! In its columns Harte found a chance to exercise his satiric powers.

Items in the *News Letter* were not generally signed, so that many of Harte's contributions must probably remain unidentified. Thirteen, however, can be definitely ascribed to him. Most of these are poems which he later reprinted in his collected works, the best known of them being the famous "*Society Upon the Stanislaus*." Eight other contributions, moreover, may on the strength of internal evidence be credited to Harte without any reasonable doubt, and from this group the four brief satires here printed have been selected.

These pieces may be claimed as Harte's on account of their general resemblance both in content and in man-

ner to his other writings of this time, and, more specifically, on account of the fictitious names of characters and places which occur in them. All readers of Harte's stories will of course recognize Starbottle, but Gashwiler, Bungstarter, and Von Scarabeus also appear elsewhere in his writings. Wingdam and Slumgullion are, moreover, among his favorite mining towns. That Harte never included these pieces in his collected works need not occasion any surprise or cast any doubt upon their authorship. The same may be said of a large proportion of his early work. Much of it was, like the present pieces, principally ephemeral and local in its interest, hastily cast off to earn a few dollars or merely to satisfy some momentary need of self-expression.

The chief interest of these satires from the *News Letter* is in fact biographical rather than literary. Although written in the year preceding the composition of the "*Luck of Roaring Camp*," they show Harte in an entirely different state of mind. In 1868 he was to be seeing the life of the frontier mining camps as something heroic and glamorous about which one could grow sentimental. In 1867 he looked upon that life as something crude and shoddy, a fit subject for satire. This sudden "conversion" which Harte experienced is one of the most interesting facts of his mental development.

The satires are not, however, without some interest of their own, especially to readers who have some knowledge of the conditions of the time. In 1867 California was in a transitional stage. It

was no longer exactly a frontier state, and yet it could scarcely be called civilized. It had lost heroism, and had not acquired sophistication. Harte's satire was aimed at the crudity and callowness which he saw everywhere displayed, at illiterate poets acclaimed because of local pride, at pseudo-scientists lending their names to commercial enterprises, at half-cultured tourists making themselves and their state ridiculous abroad, at hypocritical chauvinism, at the pomposities of spread-eagle oratory.

Individually the satires are directed rather against types than against individuals. An examination of the contemporary newspapers has revealed to me no particular items which Harte seems to be parodying, but on the other hand a great number which might have given him suggestions. Interest in local poetry, for instance, was characteristic of the time, and had been so particularly since the publication about a year previously of *Outcroppings*, the first Californian anthology, selected by Harte himself. The local reviews of that volume had shown each editor prone to support his own nominee for the Californian laurel-wreath. Harte had been vigorously attacked, and the matter was a sore point with him. It is of interest to note also that the frontier-ized version of the funeral games, not a bad example of Harte's ready skill at parody, follows closely the corresponding lines in Lord Derby's translation. Compare, for example, Harte's rendering with:

Thou son of Atreus and ye well-
greav'd Greeks,
For these we bid two champions
brave stand forth,
And in the boxer's manly toil contend;
And he, whose stern endurance
Phoebus crowns

With viet'ry, recogniz'd by all the
Greeks,
He to his tent shall bear the hardy
mule;
The loser shall the double cup receive.

The second selection, on the St. Patrick's Day celebration, is full of glancing references to the problems of the time such as the Fenian excitement, and the agitation over the Fifteenth Amendment. Its sympathy with the Chinese, ironically expressed, is highly characteristic of Harte.

If the satire on "*Our Foreign Correspondence*" had come a little later, it might have been considered a hit at Mark Twain, who was just about to begin his series of letters to the *Alta California*, which later became the *Innocents Abroad*. In any case there was in 1867 no lack of foreign correspondents who wrote back to the San Francisco papers their impressions of Europe, in the process frequently displaying a fine provincialism in the sometimes naive preference for the scenery and products of the Pacific Coast. I have found one of these who mentioned the disgust of the Californians in Paris in the fact that their wines had been placed in the second group, together with the suggestion that the decision should have been intrusted to an international committee.

The promoting of Californian spas was also a characteristic of the time. Sometimes in paid advertisements, sometimes in letters from "*Our Special* [or our Occasional or our Traveling] Correspondent," the papers ran accounts of the beauties and efficacies of various back-woods watering-places. An analysis of the waters, supported by the name

of some chemist or physician, was generally included. An advertisement for Geyser Springs, running in the *Bulletin* in July, 1867, shows that Harte's satiric directions for reaching Wild-Cat Springs were not without point:

The steamer Petaluma leaves Valjejo Street Wharf every day at 9 o'clock a. m. for Petaluma. From there to Healdsburg is a good line of stages. Here you stay all night, and early next morning the world-renowned stage man, Clark Foss, will take you to the Geysers.

I. The California Homer.¹

(From the Mud Springs Intelligencer.)

"We are happy to lay before our readers today a remarkable evidence of the poetical productiveness of California. Not only is our famed land rich in mineral treasures, but she is prodigal in bestowing rare gifts upon the followers of Apollo. We may soon lay claim to a literature of our own—mayhap a Shakespeare or a Milton. William Henry Harrison Gashwiler, our youthful townsman, has just completed a translation of Homer's well known *Iliad*. The fact that Mr. Gashwiler is not acquainted with the original Greek, as written by the "blind old man of Scituate's rocky isle," does not detract from the merits of his work, and is only another evidence of the self-sustaining power and originality of the true Californian. Mr. Gashwiler is above borrowing any ideas from effete or past civilizations. Homer, who is a deceased poet of some celebrity, has written certain stately numbers which have been praised by good judges. Pope, who wrote the *Essay on Man*, made a translation of Homer's verses, and Lord Derby—the celebrated sporting noble-

man whose annual races are familiar—also wrote another. We have no hesitation in saying that we prefer Mr. Gashwiler's to either, as a superior and more vigorous production. The extract we give is entitled—

THE FUNERAL GAMES OVER THE BODY OF PATROCLUS.

(From the Twenty-Third Book.)

"Then he set forth the prizes and rewards
For which the sturdy bruisers
should contend
And there were, first: a mule in a corral
Unbroken, six years old, ungovernable,
And one that mostly did delight to jump
Stiff-legged; and for him that vanquished was,
A double cup; then rose and spoke aloud:
'Thou son of Atreus, and ye store-clothed Greeks,
For these we bid two bully boys stand forth,
And in the manly art of self-defense
Contend; and he that keeps his upper lip
Borne stiffly up and is victorious crowned
Shall own the mule, while he that first shall cave,
The double cup it will be his to take,'
He said. Up jumped Epeius, hunky boy,
The soggy one, the son of Panopeus,
Who, freezing to the mule, then lightly said:
'Come on, if there be one sweet-scented Greek
Who thinks that he can bear the mule away
From me, the gamey one, why let him try.
O, I ain't on it! O, no, not at all!
It is the Greek that in the chariot there

¹San Francisco News Letter and California Advertiser, Feb. 23, 1867.

Sits all alone; but only this I say—
 If there be parties here of Cadmian
 race,
 Or any smarty from Arcadia,
 Let him stand forth, and I will bust
 his crust,
 And plug him in the eye, and clean
 him out.’
 He said; and not a syllable they
 spake,
 Only Euryalus, a nasty boy,
 Son of Mecistheus, Talaion’s son,
 Stood forth opposing; he had once
 in Thebes
 Joined in the fun’ral games of Oedi-
 pus
 And made it livelier for the Cad-
 mian boys.
 His bottle-holder, valiant Diomed,
 With cheering words upheld him,
 and around
 His waist the colors then they
 quickly clasped,
 And in his hands they put the box-
 ing-gloves,
 And in the center of the ring they
 stepped.
 Epeius first let fly his dexter fist
 Full on the nob of brave Euryalus.
 Who soon got in his left, and claret
 tapped
 From stout Epeius’ bugle, but
 straightway
 He went to grass and did not come
 to time,
 And thus the fight was finished in
 one round.”

II. St. Patrick’s Day at Slumgullion Center—Enthusiastic Meeting of the Fenian Brotherhood.¹

(From the Calaveras Harp of Erin.)

Seldom has a more beautiful day
 dawned upon a world which has wit-
 nessed for centuries past the spectacle
 of a free people trodden under the foot
 of the ruthless Saxon, than that which
 ushered in the natal day of St. Patrick
 at Slumgullion. The glorious sun, burst-
 ing from the horizon, looked down with

sentiments of admiration and regard
 upon the assembling of Hibernia’s proud
 sons, in accordance with that time-
 honored practice which even the fester-
 ing shackles of unprincipled tyrants
 could not cramp. The hills of Calaveras
 were clothed in the vernal livery of
 spring. The red clay of Slumgullion
 was concealed beneath an emerald car-
 pet, as though Nature in a fit of patri-
 otic sympathy had determined to put
 “the green above the red.” Enthusi-
 asm, patriotism and good-will reigned
 supreme during the day, and perfect
 order characterized the proceedings. We
 have little or no accidents to record. A
 negro at Shirt-Tail Canyon, who impru-
 dently showed himself during the pro-
 cession, was badly beaten by the Second
 Division F. B., but not so seriously as
 he might have been. The Whiskey
 Creek delegation F. B. and O. U. I.,
 cleaned out several Chinamen along the
 creek later in the day, without, however,
 marring the soul-stirring celebration of
 the birth-day of Ireland’s greatest pa-
 tron saint. Before such ennobling spec-
 tacles who can doubt the ultimate success
 of the coming struggle. At an early
 hour our citizens were awakened by the
 inspiring strains of martial music. From
 the flagstaff of Callahan’s hotel floated
 the glorious green flag, displaying the
 harp and sunburst. Transparencies
 bearing emblems and patriotic senti-
 ments, were stretched across Main
 Street. “Slumgullion Defies the Eng-
 lish Tyrant.” “Vinegar Hill and Can-
 ada—D’ye mind that?” were conspicu-
 ous among the more significant, while,
 “Ireland for the Irish, America for the
 Naturalized Citizen, and Hell for the
 Niggers and Chinese,” was a character-
 istic and amusing expression of native

¹*San Francisco News Letter and California Advertiser*, March 23, 1867.

Irish humor. The procession was formed promptly at 11 at Doolahan's Mill, the extreme left resting on McCarty's liquor store. After marching up Main Street and counter-marching through the plaza, all parties repaired to Callahan's Hotel, where a magnificent banquet awaited them. The tables groaned with the elegancies of the season, while the grander feast of eloquence, poetry and song was not forgotten. We give the following toasts and speeches in their order:

The Day We Celebrate. Music—"St. Patrick was a Gentleman."

Mr. Michael O'Shaughnessy responded. He felt he could not do justice to the occasion. The eloquence of a Demosthenes, and the wit of a Grattan, the fervor of a Cicero, and the brilliancy of a Curran, would alone express the sublimity of such a gathering. And here he would say a word in regard to the appropriateness of his illustration. His countrymen had been derisively called "Greeks" by low-minded individuals. He accepted the title. In eloquence, the Irish ranked with the orators of Athens. They were the modern Greeks of eloquence, of poetry, of art. (Loud cheers, and cries of "thru for you!") If there was any Englishman in the sound of his voice—if there was any British spy in Slumgullion—he would say to him, "Go back to your cowardly masters, and tell them what you have seen this day, and bid them tremble! Tell them Calaveras county rejects their bribes—despises their filthy lucre." (Tumultuous applause.)

The Land We Live in. Music—"The Fair Land of Erin."

Patrick O'Toole responded. Mr.

O'Toole could not look around among this intelligent assemblage without feeling that however Ireland might have been oppressed, she still retained her manhood. Emigration to a foreign clime could not remove those traits and peculiarities which distinguished the Celt, be it on the Steppes of Russia or the green hills of California. It had been suggested to him by a friend at his elbow that the toast called for some recognition of the country in which today we hold our celebration. Mr. O'Toole did not so understand it. Once an Irishman, always an Irishman. Every Celt carried in his personality something of the dear green isle. That was what was truly meant by "Wearin' of the Green." (Loud and prolonged applause.) Irishmen had fought and won American battles. Irishmen had built American towns and villages. Irishmen had increased American population. Mr. O'Toole could make no distinction between the country of his nativity and the country he had won by his valor and industry. (Roars of applause.) Let the Government look to this fact in its recognition of Irish rights, and its treatment of England. Let it remember this in its attempt to set on an equality with the Celtic Caucasian, the low Ethiopian and the heathen Mongolian.* (Sensation and applause.)

Ireland the Mother of Genius. Air—"The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls."

Mr. T. Moore Callahan responded. He did not rise to this glorious toast with the names of Burke, Curran, Goldsmith, Swift, or even that of the gifted genius whose title he was proud to divide with

*Our contributor appears to have intended this speech as "satire." We refer him to some recent addresses in evidence of how far he falls below the real Irishman in audacity of mis-statement, and sublimity of *non sequitur*. Our contributor is not even illogical.—Eds. *News Letter*.

his own patronymic, upon his lips, however famous they might be. He went further. England had long claimed the plays of William Shakespeare as the work of one of her own countrymen. She had arrogated to herself the nativity of these wonderful expressions of genius, for the last four centuries. But her grasp upon the fame of that unknown author was already failing. It has been proved beyond a doubt that Shakespeare—that wretched English player and imposter—was a myth, an usurper set up by the perfidious Saxon. The writer of Shakespeare's plays was an Irishman! (Roars of applause and deafening cheers.) Mr. Callahan repeated the assertion, and called upon the world to disprove it, if they could. Not only was the best commentator upon Shakespeare—Malone—an Irishman, but the gifted bard himself would be proven a native of that glorious old isle. He would ask any Englishman dare they lift that tomb-stone at Stratford? No! And why? Not because they feared the curse which in their perfidious cunning they had caused to be engraved upon it, but because they knew that the grave contained incontestable proofs that the real Shakespeare was an Irishman! (Mr. Callahan concluded amidst the greatest excitement.)

Liberty. Air: "The Minstrel Boy to the War Has Gone."

Responded to by Colonel Calhoun Bungstarter. Before replying to this toast he felt inclined to protest against the words of the air which followed it. Opposed to the war upon principle, Col. Bungstarter could not recognize the merit of any minstrel boy who choosed to go into it to oppress, vandal-like, the people of the South. He had, however, been informed by his gifted friend, Mr.

Callahan, that the war referred to in the song was an Irish war, and did not refer to the late Confederate struggle. Col. Bungstarter did not object to that. He was from Kentucky. If he had not been a Kentuckian he would have been proud to have been an Irishman. He could not forget how they had stood side by side with him in the great Democratic struggle. Col. Bungstarter then passed a high compliment upon the bravery of the Irish. Looking around him, he saw the same race, whose intelligent features he watched from a lamp-post during the New York Anti-Draft Riots. He had watched with a sympathetic thrill the Celtic hand apply the torch to the negro dwelling, he had cheerfully vacated his seat on the lamp-post to assist the brave Hibernian in swinging a black chattel from the same elevation. He felt that he was, though an American, in sympathy with these people. And why? What was the broad platform upon which they met? Resistance to Government! Resistance to Government! Col. Bungstarter then dwelt upon the evils of Black Republicanism, of Coolie-ism, and ended by drawing a vivid picture of a buck nigger in the embraces of a white woman, and asked the audience if they were willing to expose their daughters and sisters to the inevitable matrimonial results of giving the ballot to the negro. Col. Bungstarter did not want an office, but he trusted that the next election in Calaveras would show that no Puritan defender of the Chinese or nigger was worthy of a white man's suffrage.

A number of other toasts then followed, with several volunteer songs. The festive entertainment did not conclude until morning. Except a few slight accidents from broken glasses, the great-

est harmony prevailed, and the celebration was a complete success. During the evening a collection was taken up to purchase an ironclad to prey upon the British Commerce in the Pacific waters, and the sum of \$48.07 was realized without much trouble.

III. Our Foreign Correspondence.¹ (From Our Own Californian Abroad.)

Paris, May 7th.

You will have heard of the dastardly conduct of the committee at the Exposition, in placing California wines *second* upon the list, and giving priority to such wines as Johannisberg. The reason given was that the California wines are not considered as *Premier qualite* by European connoisseurs, and no argument of Californians could convince the judges that the California standard should be universal, or accepted in testing the quality of her wines. But such is the jealousy of foreign wine growers and foreign importers. Yet this is only on a par with the contracted space given to California products and the general ignorance here in regard to California and her importance in the civilized world. Twice have Californians been referred to the *South American Department* for the locality of their exhibitions. * * * * I have just returned from a short *passear* into Italy. I went through Switzerland, whose boasted scenery is far inferior to the Sierras—and across the Alps into Piedmont. The diligences are poor affairs. I longed for Hank Monk and the "Washoe Line." The *Hospices* on the road are poor apologies for Strawberry Station. Why Californians persist in going abroad for pleasure, I cannot understand.

I stopped for a few days at Venice. The streets reminded me of Sacramento during the flood. I like the architecture, which is not unlike some of the principal buildings in San Francisco. The Doge's palace, especially, is strikingly like the building on the corner of Bush and Montgomery street. The houses here have what is called a "water base." I have seen some in San Francisco with the same peculiarity, but without the water which makes Venice so unpleasant. The lions of "St. Mark" are larger than Dr. Rabe's old lions that used to stand on Clay street, but to my mind are not as finely cast. The celebrated flag-staffs in the piazza of St. Mark are none of them as high as the one in Portsmouth Square, yet such is the miserable inefficiency of the Fire Department here, I do not think there is an engine in all Venice that could throw a stream over them. Venice was once a sea port of some importance. * * * I went to Rome and rode along the Appian Way. This boasted highway is inferior to the Cliff House road. How is Foster? Does he make as good punches as ever? Tell him I thought of him on the Campagna. This celebrated locality disappointed me. Take the Potrero above Mission Bay, and let Mission Creek represent the Tiber, and you have a good idea of this marsh. The cattle are handsome, though not as spirited as California bulls. Perhaps it's just as well, as they certainly have no vaqueros like ours to hold them in check. The remains of the aqueducts are fine, and the supply of water is larger than in San Francisco, though I doubt if the property is as valuable. I saw what they call the tomb of Acilia Metella. It looks like anything but a tomb, and, as far

¹San Francisco News Letter and California Advertiser, June 22, 1867.

as appropriateness is concerned, satisfies no one familiar with the beautiful decorations and lavish expenditures on the graves at Lone Mountain. The California papers are taken regularly at Rome—and condemned. Such is priestly interference and foreign despotism. Yet people are very anxious to hear about California. I met Bill Smithers, Col. Bungstarter and Judge Starbottle, of Mud Springs, at Florence. They were homesick.

Yours, 'FRISCO.

IV. Our Traveling Correspondent.¹

Wild-Cat Springs, July 10, 1867.

Wild-Cat Springs, in spite of its singular advantages and remarkable characteristics, is comparatively little known. Believing your readers would thank me, and the world at large be benefitted by some account of its admirable qualities, I have ventured to trespass upon your columns. Nothing but a desire for truth and a perfect confidence in the ability of the Wild-Cat Springs to hold itself equal, if not superior, to the most famous spas of the known world, impels me to make this public statement. I scorn the imputation of being at all interested in the success of the Springs, except upon the broad humanitarian grounds already alluded to. I know that, unhappily, there are correspondents who prostitute their pens for the paltry sake of gain, or even perhaps for the mere consideration of board and lodging. If my intimate relations with the proprietor of the Springs are sufficiently close to induce him to look upon me in the light of a personal guest, am I to insult him by tendering him filthy lucre? I trust I am too familiar with the usages of society to admit of even

the supposition. Wild-Cat Springs, although perfectly accessible—except perhaps to the over-lazy and fastidious, who are not wanted—is only four days journey from San Francisco. Nothing can be more simple than the route thither. By steamer to Marysville, thence by rail to Snipestown, where the traveler stops for part of one night, starting again at three p. m. by stage to Slumgullion, thence by horseback to Wingdam, where Col. Mose McNaffle, the gentlemanly proprietor of the Wild-Cat Springs Hotel, has Indian guides to accompany the traveler to the Springs, only two days march from Wingdam. It will be seen that, in spite of the croakings of hypochondriacs and supersensitive females, nothing can be more healthful for the invalid than the trip to these Springs. "I consider," writes Col. Backsheesh, "that any man who gets through that trip successfully is as good as a healthy man." In fact, the journey alone is a sufficient indication of returning health and vigor. The table at the Hotel has all that that market of the vicinity can afford. Game of all kinds, including seven-up and poker, is to be had here. The best physicians concur, however, in limiting the diet to simple hard bread and salt pork, so as not to interfere with the full effect of the waters. The following is an analysis made by Prof. Von Searbeus:

WILD-CAT SPRING WATER.

| Upper Spring. | |
|---|-----|
| Silex, (broken soda-water bottles)..... | .20 |
| Phosphorus, (in body of poisoned gopher)..... | .10 |
| Iron, (mule shoes)..... | .40 |
| Albumen, (decayed plovers egg)..... | .10 |
| Tannin, (bark of trees)..... | .10 |
| Water | .10 |

100

¹San Francisco News Letter and California Advertiser, July 13, 1867.

| | |
|--|-----|
| Lower Spring, (Back of Shed). | |
| Vegetable matter, (potato peelings)..... | .40 |
| Potash, (alkali),..... | .20 |
| Soda Bi. Carb., (yeast powder box)..... | .10 |
| Iron, (hoop-skirt spring),..... | .20 |
| Water | .10 |
| | 100 |

Prof. Von Scarabeus writes: "The waters of Wild-Cat Spa may be safely exhibited in cases of *Dementia*, *Sopor Coma*, *Mania*, *Hydrocephalus*, and acute or chronic feebleness of the brain. The patients who most profit by the waters

are those of enfeebled intellect." A correspondent of the *Alta* is already here, and expresses himself highly pleased with the waters. He has improved wonderfully in the last few days. I am satisfied that the virtues of the Wild-Cat Spa are only to be proclaimed to the civilized world to send multitudes of invalids rushing in this direction. Truthfully and disinterestedly.

FUNGI.

MOUNTAIN BURIAL
WILLIAM OVIDE NEGHERBON

This is no enchanted sleep in marble tomb,
No funeral cypress and no poplar boughs
Here weep and sway above rain crumbled walls,
No lowering heat in summer and no bees
In flowers quietly dying and no leaves
To drift, nor roots to bind, no wreaths or tears.
But sweep of wind keen biting you will know
And deep insidious questing of the frost
Beneath the earth, hard-baked by summer's drouth.
And lines of hills piled tier on tier beyond
Will watch, and by the gash of April streams
Wild cherry blooms will whiten for a space,
And willow twigs bent to the earth trace lines
In the dull golden draperies of the dusk.
No mingling here into the sweetened mould
Of long dead roots and leaves, but conflict sharp
Of body and the granite till the bone,
Itself, will match in strength the engulfing rock
Till both grow tired with the weight of years.
And here the clouds will march no eye to mark
Their shadows on the bright and sun-scorched stones,
And grass will rustle in the afternoons.
The snow will hold the mark of rabbit's foot
And of the brief quiet passage of the grouse.
No call will sound but keening of the wind
From the thin icy edges of the world.
Moorland and hill too wide to hold in soft
Embrace the alien body, and no stone
To mark, but this dim scar imprinted here
Silently healing in relentless earth.

SOME THERE WERE ABOUT A BOARDING HOUSE TABLE ON CHRISTMAS DAY

CLAIRE AVEN THOMSON

Anemic butter wedged between
The salt and pepper's tarnished sheen;
Dry sprigs of mistletoe and holly
Scarce daring to be pert or jolly—
(One could believe or disbelieve
A certain angular grey sleeve
Had dusted them the twelve months through
From Friday's fish to Thursday's stew.)

An ancient cruet long had graced,
Refined and elegant in taste,
The sunless corner . . . there Miss Tevis
Daily oiled her evening lettuce
And spoke dramatically of
The wiles and snares of men and love.
She was that lean of flesh to cover
Some doubted that she had a lover!

There, like a thorn against her shoulder
(Too free in speech . . . each day grown bolder)
Sat Homer Byers . . . raised to be
A comfort to the ministry
In the old faith since time began . . .
Now disbelieving God and man.
"And what of God? A ninety dollar
Job . . . no more . . . no less. White collar
And a desk . . . and pennies hoarded
For book or two but ill afforded;
Starving myself to find release
From a cruel trafficking in peace."

A shopworn fledgling . . . Miss Fremont
Who yearned for "hills of my Vermont"
And never gave you half a chance
Forgetting the sad circumstance
That she was doomed on Christmas day
To spend her time . . . "out West . . . this way."

With heavy tread and porcelain din
The angular grey sleeve brought in
A mound of berries . . . stiff and able
And harshly set it on the table.

Behind the grey sleeve's mottled back
Was a long silence . . . deep and black . . .
"Wild cranberries in crystal jell!
To serve these stiffened husks . . . Oh well
Come good . . . come bad . . . a boarding house
At Christmas time!" Snell's beaded blouse
(Snell supervised at five and ten,
Working her way up from the notions)
Quivered and shook to her emotions.

The angular grey sleeve again.
Roast chicken . . . mashed potato . . . gravy
Duly portioned by the slavey.

"Chicken!" Snell's disgruntled tone
Was like a tooth upon a bone,
"Colossal nerve . . . with turkey low,
Boarders come and boarders go."

"But we stay on forever,
Or so it seems . . ." Homer's clever,
Caustic tongue quite silenced Snell,
Who settled in her beaded shell.

Soft to their ears was music heard
And a grave chanting . . . word for word,
"Peace on earth, good will toward men,"
Gracious song of Christ time when
A crimson star hung in the high
Dawn painted vastness of the sky.

"All in all . . . I do suppose
A few there are who wear the clothes
Of gentlemen" . . . Miss Tevis said . . .
(So long ago a manger bed!
So long ago a babe in rest
Pillowed against his mother's breast!)

Snell smiled upon the stalwart slavey
 As she was dishing up the gravy
 As though to say . . . "The year is long,
 The work is hard . . . the pay a song,
 A tongue grows bitter that is fed
 A mildewed crust in place of bread . . ."

"These hills are clouds of tumbled light
 Against the drabness of the night . . ."

"Peace on earth" . . . the hills about
 Gathered the music with a shout
 That echoed through the silent town
 From year to year . . . the ages down.

Homer's voice was low . . . "Old songs
 Something about them . . . one belongs . . ."

TO ONE SLEEPING

RUTH LECHLITNER

Slowly the breath labors
 As a tired swimmer
 Parts the deep water slowly,
 Reading from closed eyelids the shadow
 Of strange, receding shores.

Quietly now
 In the white brow the guardian
 Host of day surrenders, and the ghost
 Of the amphibian mind seeks once again
 Its own primordial rhythm.

Drink deeply there,
 O sleeping one, whose dreams
 Are as sea-flowers flowing
 Or the pale stars that burn
 In still, green pools of water . . .
 Not from death,
 But from the first great sources of the living,
 Drink, and return.

NEW ROPES

MELVILLE SAYRE

"Freedom and youth will save our souls!" we said—
 We passed the word along from door to door—
 "We'll burst the ropes that keep the living dead
 And show old earth the kind of child she bore.
 So tear them off, the cerement, the tie,
 That snare us into spurious loyalty
 To church and state, to family and friends—
 Already the rope is fraying at the ends!"
 We stepped out boldly, cried that we were free,
 Strong, masters of both earth and sky.
 The welts in our flesh began to disappear,
 Toughening into callous; we became
 Hard as quartz, crystalline and clear,
 Pointed and deadly as a blowpipe flame.

So having won our freedom, we began
 Looking around for thrilling games to play:
 We strung our wires and burdened all the air
 With noise; threw switches, meshed our gears, and ran
 Our cars accelerated into beams of light
 Flashing with hate for all who blocked the way,
 Screaming that even God would never dare
 Complain, nor stop us in our glorious flight.
 Faster we sped into the gathering night
 Until—a crash!—and something in us died.
 Our new toys smashed, we knew that we had lied.
 Ashamed, we looked into our neighbor's face—
 And knotted a new rope to take the old rope's place.

INSULT OUT OF AMITY

GRACE STONE COATES

Weigh it in your hand like a counter, a gold penny,
 A shrouded uncut ruby, a ball of colored glass;
 Touch it with curious finger; question: *Has it any*
Value? Lay it by until time and question pass.

Weigh it in your mind's palm this insult out of amity,
 Finger it with thought, then drop it into your breast;
 Is it the uncut gem, jewel against calamity,
 Or a coated Borgia token scarring its way to rest?

GENIUS IN FLIGHT

BRASSIL FITZGERALD

MARK TWAIN was jester to King Demos. The crowd delighted in him, and he in the delight of the crowd. He came out of the West with his jumping frog, to stride laughing through Europe. He came home to the Gilded Age.

While carpet-baggers fattened on the south, while Mr. Ames of Massachusettes milked Congress into the pail of the Union Pacific, while Boss Tweed swallowed New York, and Mr. Huntington put California in his pocket; while Democracy, coming of age, sold its vote, and the rulers of America took over their own, Mark Twain jeered at bishops and cathedrals and princes. He jeered at King Demos, too, but not loudly.

Mark Twain was a great man, a genius in spite of himself. He took a barefooted urchin from a town no one knew, or had any reason for knowing, and gave him to the world and all time. Don Quixote rides Rosinante through the ages. Falstaff sweats and puffs down the centuries. And Huck Finn with his warty little hands and gap-toothed grin trots after them, impudent and immortal.

Few authors have done as much, have fathered characters who live in the consciousness of the race. Shakespeare, of course, and Chaucer, and Fielding. Dickens, in spite of easy tears and bathos. Thackeray created Becky Sharpe. A few American characters live. Natty Bumpo, perhaps, sighting his long rifle. Uncle Remus came out of the south. Rip Van Winkle wandered down from the Catskills. Paul Bunyan swaggers out of the north woods. Many others gather

dust in the libraries, lie embalmed in the textbooks.

The characters of Hawthorne have faded into the gray New England twilight. The men and women of Howells have gone quietly away to some austere Atlantic heaven, safely removed from trolley cars and the Irish. The characters of contemporary fiction speak for their authors and vanish.

But Huck Finn remains. And the dusty Missouri village waking to the steamboat whistle, to the traveling minstrels, and the visiting senator, like a speaking bust of himself. The river flows on, a brown lazy serpent, gliding through swamps and forests, through hot noons and star-lacquered nights, carrying a little boy and a runaway negro into the literature of the world.

Little Lord Fauntleroy came out of the genteel tradition to comfort his Mama and shame noble earls. He has gone away with stereopticon views and plush albums. Huck Finn, out of Hannibal, Missouri, resistant to baths and lost to religion, has taken Mark Twain by the hand and led him out of the Gilded Age.

Twain was a genius in flight. If for no other reason, that flight would be worth studying because it has been so often repeated, because so many American writers are still trying to escape their environment and are failing as Twain failed, because what they seek to escape goes with them in blood stream and brain cell.

Twain was never sure, never happy in his work. He was continually picking up themes and putting them aside. His

finished work, he said, ceased to matter to him when it had left his desk. The children born painfully out of the artist's imagination, are his no less than the seed of his loins. There is some sickness in the father who turns from his children.

Curiously enough, this great American artist was more devoted to a typesetting machine than he was to his own work. For many years, a little distrustful of art, he tried to escape it. He tried to be an editor and failed; he tried to be a book publisher and failed; he poured fortunes into unwise investments and staggered at last to bankruptcy under the weight of his typesetting machine. Writing would do; there was a lot of money in lecturing. But the door to security, to the banquet room of the contemporary gods, was the door of a business success.

He liked artists. They were good fellows. Ministers were all right, too. Joe Twitchell was good company—if you didn't take him too seriously. But the men whose friendship Twain most valued, whom he most fervently admired, were two, Mr. Rogers of the Standard Oil Company and General Grant. Twain was a genius, but the Gilded Age molded him. And to the gods of the Gilded Age, the commercial and martial Olympians, he crooked his knee.

Genius or no genius, only a man of courage and independence frees himself from the unwitting tyranny of his neighbors' minds. And Mark Twain, despite his official biographer, was neither independent nor courageous. Albert Bigelow Paine has described his memory as, "A stately moral bulwark reared against hypocrisy and superstition, a mighty national menace to sham." That is empty and funereal

eloquence. An oratorical ineptitude applied to a man who wrote savage letters, and, with almost professorial caution, tore them up; who wrote for the eyes of another generation, "We are discreet sheep; we want to see how the drove is going and then go with the drove. We have two opinions, one private which we are afraid to express, and another one—the one we use—which we force ourselves to wear to please Mrs. Grundy;" who spoke out freely only in an autobiography to be published a hundred years after his death. He was a man like most of us, wanting to have and to eat his cake.

All his life he was anxious to please; to please his mother, and then Olivia Langdon; to please Howells and the pundits of Beacon Hill and Brattle street; to please his great public, expectant of laughter. He succeeded. He pleased them all in turn. Only one contemporary stood aside, not convinced, unadmiring. Himself. Himself he never pleased. And so, grown tired and gray, he wrote one day on the margin of a book he was reading, "Byron despised the world, because he despised himself. I feel as he did—for exactly the same reason."

There were two Mark Twains struggling hopelessly; the satirist yearning to pin the liar to his lie, to prick the bubbles of contemporary folly, and the American yearning for success, plagued with what Whitman called, and escaped, the mania for owning things. Satire unexpressed turned sour in him; while truth, watered down to taste, built him a mansion in Hartford, paid for a villa in Florence, brought him at last red-robed and triumphant to the honors at Oxford.

One may believe; it is kind to believe,

that Twain invested so eagerly and foolishly, not merely for money, but for money wherewith to buy release from his peonage to the crowd. A letter he wrote in the early days to his brother suggests this: "We chase phantoms half the days of our life . . . I must go on chasing them until I marry. Then I am done with *literature and all other bosh*—that is, literature wherewith to please the public."

That letter brings to mind Bierce's paragraph in the *News Letter* of February 19th, 1870. It is more amusing than pertinent. "Mark Twain, who, whenever he has been long enough sober to permit an estimate, has been uniformly found to bear a spotless character, has got married. It was not the act of a desperate man. It was not committed while laboring under temporary insanity; his insanity is not of that type nor does he ever labor. It was the cool cumulative culmination of human nature working in the heart of an orphan hankering with someone with a fortune to love—someone with a bank account to caress. For years he has felt this matrimony coming on. Ever since he left California there has been an undertone of despair running through all his letters, like the subdued wail of a pig in a washtub."

That paragraph is not to be taken seriously. One may hope it never came to Olivia Langdon's eyes. The humor of San Francisco was not for the drawing-rooms of Elmira. Twain loved his wife with an uncritical and increasing devotion. He was an exemplary husband and father. Like all good westerners, he placed pure womanhood on a pedestal and knelt humbly. He differed from other sentimentalist of the mining camps in that he didn't rise from his

knees to seek the company of more diverting, if less admirable, ladies.

Modern critics and biographers are perhaps too much given to window peering, too curious about the intimate affairs of the great. But the student of Mark Twain cannot ignore Olivia Langdon. She was the voice of a tradition, the point at which a culture pressed on Mark Twain. Through her influence the genteel tradition reached him; the ladies and gentlemen of letters guided and restrained him. He was proud of her guidance and gladly submitted to it. She helped to turn his thoughts from Hannibal, Missouri, and Steve Gillis to holy virgins and little princes. She refined his vocabulary and his manners. She expressed the culture of her time, a culture hiding from life behind the Nottingham curtains of the genteel tradition. She went patiently to work to turn a frontier humorist into a gentleman of letters.

She had allies. William Dean Howells came down from Boston to help. Mr. Gilder of *The Century* helped. Mark Twain helped. It was too late. Mark was thirty-five when he married Olivia. His character had set, his environment had got into his brain cells. In spite of them all, the folk of the hinterland spoke through him. That was his genius.

Twain tried to please. Joe Goodman, coming east to visit the bridegroom, was amazed to find him leading family prayers. Goodman, listening meekly, may have recalled, "The Doleful Ballad of the Dejected Lover," a blasphemous and unprintable effort of Twain's, which Goodman had heard Twain and Gillis roaring in the middle of California Street.

One wonders if that ballad still exists,

locked away with the letters Howells was afraid to leave in his desk, the bawdy dialogue of Queen Elizabeth's court, and all those unfinished manuscripts from which Twain was saved by his friends. Mr. Albert B. Paine, the executor of Twain's literary estate, refused Bernard de Voto access to this material, on the ground that nothing else need ever be written of Twain.

Let Mark Twain describe Olivia Langdon's influence. He wrote to Joe Twitichell, "I quit smoking solely on Livy's account. Not that I believe there was the faintest reason in the matter, but just as I would deprive myself of sugar in my coffee if she wished it, or quit wearing socks if she thought them immoral." He wrote to Howells after a family visit, "Of course I didn't expect to get through without committing some crimes and hearing about them afterwards. So I have taken the inevitable lashing and been able to hum a tune while the punishment went on. I caught it for interrupting Mrs. C. I caught it for mentioning that Mr. Longfellow's picture was slightly damaged; and when, after a lull in the storm, I confessed shamefacedly that I had privately suggested to you that we hadn't any frames . . . The madam was speechless for the space of a minute. Then she said, 'How *could* you, Youth?' "

Let Howells testify. "Words cannot express Mrs. Clemens, her fineness, her delicate, her wonderful tact. . . Once I remember seeing him come into the drawing-room at Hartford in a pair of white cowskin slippers with the hair out and do a crippled colored uncle . . . I remember also the distress of Mrs. Clemens and her low despairing cry, 'Oh, Youth!' "

Howells raises the curtain for a moment on the interior of the Seventies, a decorated and decorous interior, where vigor was taboo and the emasculated was nice. Unheeded, beyond the Nottingham curtains, Walt Whitman chanted his crude verses, and Bierce came along, shouting blasphemies. They weren't artists. Art was delicate and elaborate, neither of the people nor for them. The tradition lingers on. William Lyons Phelps once wrote of Mark Twain, "Fastidious critics approve his delicate art." Mr. Phelps was writing of Twain but revealing himself. If there are two words in the language inappropriate to Twain and his works, they are these.

In the meantime, Mrs. Clemens' gentle supervision extended to Twain's writing hours. He did an article on the human idea of God, ancient and modern. "His wife prevailed on him not to print it." He wrote "The Undertaker's Love Story." Mrs. Clemens took him for a walk and that was the last of the undertaker. She blue-pencilled profanity and coarseness. The word "breech-clout" was not permissible. She disparaged "Huckleberry Finn" and delighted in "The Prince and the Pauper."

Huck Finn, in the unexpurgated original, remarked about the nice people, "They combed me all to hell." They combed Mark, too.

"The Gilded Age," was a rebellious gesture. A curious book compounded of many elements, of elements that did not fuse. He and Charles Dudley Warner collaborated. Twain wrote chapters one to eleven. These chapters, picturing Obedstown and its people, introducing Colonel Sellers and the Hawkins family, are sturdy folk realism. Colonel Sellers, with his boundless optimism, is a Missouri Mr. Micawber, an energetic

American cousin. The colonel deserved to live, but, ill-fortuned in literature as in life, he was presented in a book that failed. Compared with the atmosphere and realism of the first chapters, Twain's Washington scenes and the conventional chapters of Warner, are pale theatrics.

Laura Hawkins loves and suffers with the stiff gestures and emotional superficialities of a high school tragedienne. She steps out of her character to express Twain's opinion of Washington society and his irritation against booksellers. Colonel Sellers put a candle in his stove and warmed himself at the ising-glass reddened by candlelight. The fire that consumed Laura did not burn. It was mica reddened by candlelight.

In the corruption of post-war Washington, Twain had a magnificent subject for satire. But the satire doesn't bite. He had to be cautious, and great satires are seldom written cautiously. Wiser than Colonel Sellers, he cherished, "the mule that laid the golden egg." Partridge said it nicely, "He concentrated on the minnows and let the whales go."

Turn from "The Gilded Age" and read Mark Twain's account of the slaughter of the Moro women and children by American troops. Here is satire with the bite of sharp steel; satire that spares neither general nor president, that strips brutal conquest of its star-spangled robes and heroics. He tucked it away in his autobiography, indignant, but prudent.

Twain was a philosopher, perhaps, but not an original one. His wife called him, "Youth," always. She was right. His was a mind and genius that never fully matured. The resigned wisdom of age did not come to him. The bitter

flow of his thought carved no new channels. His was the cynicism of youth.

In "The Mysterious Stranger" he sums up life: "Life itself is only a vision, a dream . . . nothing exists; all is a dream. God—man—the world—the sun, the moon, the wilderness of stars—a dream, all a dream; they have no existence." Shakespeare said, more quietly, "We are such things as dreams are made on, and our little life is rounded with a sleep."

In the same book, curiously called a romance and issued with pretty pictures for children, Twain writes, "A God who could make good children as easily as bad, yet preferred to make bad ones; who could have made every one of them happy, yet never made a single happy one;—who gave His angels eternal happiness unearned, yet required his other children to earn it;—who mouths justice and invented hell—who created man without invitation, then tries to shuffle the responsibility for man's acts upon man, instead of honorably placing it where it belongs, upon Himself; and finally, with altogether Divine obtuseness, invites this poor, abused slave to worship Him!" The old Persian thought of that:

Oh, Thou, who Man of baser Earth
didst make,
And ev'n with Paradise devise the
Snake:
For all the Sin wherewith the Face
of Man
Is blacken'd—Man's Forgiveness
give—and take!

Twain's cynicism, like many another man's, developed out of his resentment. It was at root a boyish defiance of the grim God of his childhood, who searched for him with thunderbolts, who clutched

little boys and pulled them under the water to drown for their sins. His fear changed to hate as he grew older, but it never attained indifference. He reasoned himself free, but somewhere below the level of his consciousness the little boy trembled while the thunder searched for him. The emotions follow the intellect timidly. The stern face of the Puritan God has vanished in the smoke of sectarian battles, but the fires of His hell still gleam. Neither Twain's religious experience nor his expression of it was unique.

Mary Austin has called Mark Twain America's great regionalist. He was one of the great casualties of regionalism. When he was most himself, when his environment spoke through him, he wrote literature. But he distrusted that environment and ran away from it.

From the time he left the West and went East, where literature was made and rewarded, Twain was curiously reluctant to return to the frontier, to be identified with it. He went back once to ride down the river he loved, one hurried trip. A New York gathering of California pioneers asked him to banquet with them. He didn't have time. The University of Missouri offered him a degree. He declined to go and get it. He was polite and friendly always to the comrades of his youth, but they ceased to be comrades. He left them on the doorstep of the polite tradition.

He was one of many western artists who have run away, because in the West politics and business have been for men, music and literature for the ladies. The artist needs understanding. He needs to be sustained in the belief that what he is trying to do is important. Bret Harte, a casualty, too, wrote of himself and for how many other American writ-

ers, unknown writers, struggling in the little western towns, "I sometimes wonder what kind of work I am doing. I never see anybody whose opinion I value. I never hear any criticism. I grind out the old tunes on the old organ and gather up the coppers, but I never know whether my audience behind the window blinds are wishing me to move on or not."

In spite of our western universities and their literature departments, perhaps somewhat because of them, dead artists and far away artists are significant. The artist one may see any day on the street is a queer fellow, until he appears in *The Post*.

In the river chapters of "Life on the Mississippi," in those early chapters of "The Gilded Age," in portions of "Roughing It" and "Tom Sawyer," and above all, in "Huckleberry Finn," Twain's best work is contained. He didn't know. Folk literature he thought common. The fuss people made about the backwoods tale of the jumping frog irritated him. He preferred "The Prince and the Pauper" to "Huckleberry Finn," and "Joan of Arc," that curious and sentimental expression of frontier idealism, he considered his great book.

Yet he was peculiarly and essentially of the West. His strength and his limitations came out of the frontier. Delicate art was never his. He was never at home in the novel form. He could not escape the idea that a plot was a melodramatic complication. He was master of the picaresque narrative, folk tales strung loosely together. Even "Huckleberry Finn" is marred by his attempt in the last chapters to finish conventionally with plot and denouement. The

charm of "Tom Sawyer" evaporates in melodramatic nonsense.

Twain was not highly inventive. He was at his best as the frontier storyteller was; remembering, exaggerating, telling tall tales about himself and his neighbors. His best characters were real people of those early days, remembered and embroidered. Huck Finn was Tom Blankenship of Hannibal. Tom Sawyer was young Sam Clemens, smiled at in retrospect. Colonel Sellers was a cousin of his. Squire Hawkins and his Tennessee land, family history. "Roughing It" and "Life on the Mississippi" were memories made literature, not local color but regionalism. Local color is paint; regionalism, the hue of the tree drawn out of the soil.

Regionalism has been much misunderstood. It is more than preoccupation with dialect, the collecting of folk tales, and the searching for primitive rhythms, though it is concerned with these matters. It is not an attempt to insist upon and to exaggerate sectional barriers and differences. It is fundamentally a new awareness of the power of environment in life and in literature; a realization that the artist is inescapably molded by his people and his place, and is most himself when his people and place speak through him. It is a realization of what Struthers Burt has called "those dark, untraceable compulsions that have to do with blood, race memories, and the texture of countrysides."

This awareness becomes a movement only as artists seek to understand and interpret the life that is around them

and in them, and as readers seek to understand the culture of which they are a part. In the America of yesterday too many writers closed the windows and escaped from life into fiction; too many teachers hid from reality behind walls of books. Regionalism would open those windows and breach those walls. It is an acceptance of life.

Romance has its place, nor does regionalism exclude it. But the criticism and expression of life are the eternal concern of the artist. Romantic movements come and go. We are now at the beginning of one. The vogue of realism wanes. Realists, preoccupied with ugliness, begin to be dated. Realism, preoccupied with the flesh for the sake of the flesh, is no longer exciting. But the deeper realism, realism gladly aware of the flesh and of the spirit imprisoned within it, sensitive alike to ugliness and beauty, to the amusing, heartbreaking mysterious business of living, that realism will renew itself with each generation, will rise, always, like the phoenix, out of the ashes of the years.

Mark Twain was a regionalist, in spite of himself. He fled from the Civil War; he fled from his own environment; he fled from himself, from the urge that sometimes mastered him to write what and as he wanted. Bitter and tired at last, he fled into his autobiography to hide there from his own generation. But he was bigger than his failures, a genius, even in flight. Huck Finn and he will walk down the ages, two timeless Americans. He was a lovable man and a genius. But no hero. Well, let the heroes condemn him.

VACHEL LINDSAY ENTERS HEAVEN

OTTO FREUND

The little of him that was earth we laid
 Beneath the flaming maples. There the deep
 Voice of the booming prairie wind shall keep
The secret of his song. He has repaid
The debt of overtones with which he made
 A stirring melody. Nor does he sleep
 In dreamless unconcern: among the steep
Star-driven ways he ventures unafraid.

Singing he meets his heroes face to face—
 The simple democratic pioneers
 From his beloved midland: clasps the hand
Of Bryan; rejoices in the rugged grace
 Of Altgeld, untransfigured; and appears
 At ease with Lincoln in that homely land.

THE ENDLESS MARCH

HELEN MARING

The mallards have cried from the waters and I have not heard them.
The dogwoods turned flame, and the maples turned gold on the hill;
But I have been caged from their pageant—(the autumn winds stirred them)
Blinded to all but four walls, and a book-laden sill.

It is strange to pass from summer to spring unobserving
The endless march of the seasons. Now autumn is dead,
With beauty of days that were golden. I feel my heart swerving
Back to the glory I missed, to the unseen that fled.

Next year, when the snow-berries poise on the banks of the highway,
And clematis blooms have turned to gray puffs, and the leaves
Are riotous color, I'll hunt me a leaf-flavored byway—
And see how the season behaves, while the autumn wind grieves,

Grieves for all lovers of beauty who find them a prison,
Lovers of beauty who toss in their beds with pain.
I shall say, "It is two years since I have arisen . . .
I go forth to worship at shrines of autumn again."

STRANGER FROM THE RIDGES

WM. C. BUNDRANT, JR.

Everybody's lookin',
Children quit their playin',
Women quit their cookin',
Menfolks all a sayin'—

“Who's that comin' down the street
With trail dust on his feet,
And gold dust in his beard?”

Stranger's come to town,
Follered by his hound;

“Where you hail from, stranger?”
“Up thar in the ridges.”

Beddin' on his shoulders wide,
Carbine swingin' at his side;

“What brings you down here, stranger?”
“Fetchin' grub and ca'tridges.”

His eyes like sparkling jewels show
Through the foliage of his brow;

“Where you headin', stranger?”
“Back thar to the ridges.”

Stranger's leavin' town,
Follered by his hound;

“Who's that goin' down the street
With trail dust on his feet
And gold dust in his beard?”

WINTER APPLES

HOWARD MCKINLEY CORNING

AFTER the humid afternoon over the orchards, the evening came casually, powdering down its dust. The apple pickers' tents that stood under the oaks in the broad lawn—the house had burned away leaving a jagged foundation to gnash the air—were like dispirited flags whose glory had seeped off with the sunset. They stood drab. Before one of these two men moved, one still a youth, solemn with tiredness.

" . . . Last of October—pretty hot!" the younger one remarked, eyeing his spare-framed, slim-nosed companion, at that moment seating himself on an up-ended apple box. "Pretty hot." Crossing his long legs, the other opened the Testament, with formal slowness, in his narrow hands. He squinted at the text under the erasing twilight. His lips moved, but he was silent.

Dent Rogers moved off with stolid weariness toward the foot of the grass-matted yard that led to the road. Out from under the trees the air moved freer.

His blue shirt gaping at the throat, the acrid odor of his sweat-laden garments pushing up against his nostrils, he halted and gazed to northward across the dusky valley. He could see the first lights of White Salmon, with innumerable orchards sprawled between him and the Columbia River. Watching, he slowly thrust his hands, aching with their all-day clawing after apples and clenching over boughs, into his khaki trousers.

The cooling fragrances of the orchards were about him, crisping after long heat, mingled with the sounds of evening issuing from the ranches. He felt

solemnly, richly weary. And lonely. There ought to be some way to ease the tedium of the short evenings, after the long days of apple picking.

In the tent across the yard, three girls, also pickers for the apple harvest, were shrill with exclamations and laughter, their voices maudlin and imperative. Dent had spoken briefly with each one, at intervals of passage among the laden trees. Twice he had moved ladders for Jerry and Gladys, who apparently were sisters, and older and wiser to life than Ruth. But he hadn't cottoned to them exactly, not to any one of them. Their manners were exorbitant; their remarks double-pointed, almost gross. They were not however, unattractive. "They're that kind—you can tell," Benton McRae, his tent mate had remarked. So Dent had avoided becoming too friendly. Meanwhile, in his pondering to make them out, the boys who drove the apple truck, collecting and delivering the apples to the warehouse at Hood River, had taken up with them and now came almost every night to the girls' tent. They held clamorous and merry sessions. Dent was certain that they drank together; certain that Benton was correct in his estimation of them.

"There's only two of the fellas" he thought. "Ruth's rather nice. . . ." He would envision himself over in the lighted tent that showed their grotesque shadows. "Benton reading every evening—he sure is religious!" He considered both extremes and maintained equilibrium by assumed indifference.

There were other campers, apple harvesters. There were two colorless, unresponsive middle-aged women housed

in the old shed at the back of the yard where the orchard—that also flowed on either hand out to the highway—mounted into the folds of its ribbed pattern. Nights, one could see the glow of a candle against the single square window behind which the two women sat. They were known to barricade their door at night. By day, they picked together. Tonight they had gone away, driving secretively off to westward in their small flivver.

At this moment in Dent's lonely reverie the familiar whirr of a motor droned from eastward, vague lights mounted out of the dusk; a clanking flivver arched over and dismounted from the road, halting before the tent at the far side of the lawn. Its two roustabout occupants swung down to greet the girls, dusky with twilight, issuing in response. Then question, adjurement, taunt, friendly laughter. . . Their movements mingled.

Dent Rogers clutched at his shirt front; he mopped one hand through his thick hair. He wished he was going into town; that he could get beyond this enjoyment he had no part in. His throat tightened. He thought of Benton reading his Bible; Benton had something—his convictions. He Dent, had nothing.

"I could just go over," he speculated. "I could do that."

He began to move across the yard. At that instant one of the girls shrieked with empty laughter. He halted. Then he heard the purring drone of a second motor from the east. Through the thickened dusk the headlights seared the road. The volume of the car's roar told him it was the westbound evening stage to Oakdale. When it passed, he would go over.

But it didn't pass. It slowed, halted.

A girl was getting out. In the strong glare of light her bright green sweater, parted in front, showed a blue and white waist. Most astounding, she was entering the very driveway in which he stood, the way that led past the tent to the rear orchards.

She came on, bare-headed, slender, and calmly attractive in the passive half-light. She saw Dent; was coming toward him. "Can you tell me"—she was asking—"where 'bouts I'll find Miss Corruthers—well, both of them? They're sisters. They're picking. Their tent, I mean." She seemed apprehensive, not wholly self-sure. She smiled, cautiously yet in earnest. Apparently she was aware of the oncoming darkness and anxious to make certain of her reception.

Dent slowly stepped up. "Oh, the Corruthers. Well now say, I think they went away. Yes, they drove away right after we came in from the trees."

The girl's mouth opened. She looked at the youth strangely. "I came out, I wanted to see them. I'm Jessie Rand."

"Well, they went away. That's a shame. You can go back and look, though. You know where they stay?" He saw she had large dark eyes, full of questions.

Now she shook negation. "They asked me to come out some time. I've never been." She paused, presently to resume, plainly perturbed, "I shouldn't have come out this way, just on a chance. I should have let them know, first." She halted, cautious, lest she be thought talkative.

"Well, you're here." Dent tried a laugh.

"That's it." The girl laughed sheepishly. She had failed at being grown-up; she was admitting youth. Secretly

she was provoked, yet too self-conscious to flaunt her annoyance openly.

After a pause: "We can go back and see," Dent urged as a solution. "They might have come back, but I didn't see them."

"Shall we?" She showed plainly that she wished him to assist her out of her predicament, that she needed someone's interest in her self-concern.

The two moved off down the driveway, the girl disturbed and doubtful, yet with an attitude of reliant trust; her guide silent.

"You didn't see the Corruthers come back, did you?" Dent asked as he passed Benton. Testament in hand, at the tent, noticeably disturbed by the commotion at the far side of the yard, Benton turned about, his long face pocketed with darkness where his eyes and cheeks recessed.

"What? Who? No—no, I haven't seen them. . . Those fellas came again, didn't they." He wasn't asking, he was indicating. He scarcely saw the girl at Dent's elbow.

Dent had to say something, he felt, by way of further explanation. "This girl just came to see the Corruthers and the Corruthers are gone. We're going back to make sure." He didn't say anything about the noise at the far tent; he wasn't going to notice.

When the two reached the shack the fact was confirmed; the Corruthers sisters were absent; their flivver was missing. "You can see, they've taken it and gone."

Jessie, clutching at a down-swung bough, studied the drab shed standing against the thick darkness pressing out of the huddled orchard. She was unwelcome, forsaken.

"You can see. . ." Dent started to repeat himself.

"What shall I do?" Jessie was asking, a brave, child-mannered smile at her turned lips. "How'll I get back? They would have taken me. And what if there isn't any bus. . .?"

"The last one went back to town. Gee, that's tough. It's three miles and more, too." Dent Rogers stared, painfully sober, at the perplexed girl. He was sorry for her. Finally, taking a step toward a box of apples left neglected under a low bough where the trees began, he supplemented, but still without encouragement: "No, I don't guess there is another stage to Hood River; one went by about seven."

"Well. . ." A girl in a green sweater, outfaced by circumstances, among strange apple trees in the fallow ruin of autumn. "I was silly—just silly, coming like this; not knowing." She drew her light sweater about her slender form, buttoning it. She stood like a green encroaching flame under the cumbering night. "I guess I'll just have to walk back," she concluded.

Dent, examining the stray box of Newtons, was aware that they were already overrun by ants and earwigs. "Wouldn't want to eat these," he observed half-aloud. He straightened up. "Say, would you like some good apples?—some really good ones?—to eat right now, I mean?" He wanted to be hospitable. "Because if you do, I was picking the choice ones today; Ortleys, up there on the rise. Would you. . ." He indicated.

By now it would have been quite dark but for the moon. The orchards rustled and breathed, released of their burdened globes where the harvesters had been,

compact with weight where their portion of the year still hung.

Jessie looked at the youth, his features pale where branch and moon marked a shifting pattern to resemble a restless spirit beneath.

Ortleys? They were good apples, the very best. Not that she was hungry for apples. Just now. "Oh, *they are good*," Jessie responded, reviving. "Yes, I'd like to." Her tone was tentative.

Dent watched her. He saw that she wanted to be equal to life, to any circumstance. Dent took two steps. "All right?" he queried.

They walked back to the driveway, a distance of thirty or more feet. Then as they reached the wheel tracks, stepping out of the shadow of a tree, came the long figure of Benton McRae, somberly quizzical.

Dent Rogers was perturbed: "They're not home. We're just going up after a few of those Ortleys you and I were picking this afternoon. Maybe . . .?" Should he include his tent mate? He didn't know whether he felt intruded upon or fortunate. He eyed the girl and concluded that Benton had better in some way be excluded from the walk up the rise where the Ortleys were.

However, with this turn Jessie hesitated. "How far is it? I don't know, maybe I ought to be going. You know, it's dark and I have to walk all that way!" She halted firmly.

Benton had come up and stood at her shoulder. But he addressed Dent only, with Jessie's big eyes turning from one to the other of them. "You know." His tone was orotund, though subdued by control; conviction was in it. "You know, that tent over there . . ." He motioned. "We ought to stop them—

their goings on. Those girls don't realize . . ."

"Oh, forget it!" Dent was irritated. What did he care about the neighboring tent now? Let them get along as they chose. "This girl here wants some Ortleys."

He started to move off. He motioned to Jessie, who slowly responded and began to follow. "Come on," he urged.

As he walked he wanted to look around at her eyes.

They scarcely noticed that they had left Benton completely behind, that he had not moved. Suddenly, turning about, Dent saw the man walking toward the camp yard.

"He's not coming."

Jessie looked. "No," she said.

Then Rogers was suggesting: "I know a short way—through here." They entered the shadow of thick trees, tramping through the dusty tufts of weeds, crushing the dry clods. "It's kinda dark, but it's light up on the rise. It's open there."

Soon the two burst into a clearing, vivid in moonlight. Profitless trees had been grubbed away. The Ortley patch lay just beyond. Darkness remained in the shadows of objects.

Under the first limbs the two found the yellow, boxed fruit. "Just picked today. Take a pick . . . several. Here." He reached down. "Nice, aren't they?"

"Oh, they *are*! Big ones," she piped gleefully.

"Sure are. But they're a little green yet. Winter apples. It really takes a frost."

He could look into her eyes now.

She pressed an apple to her mouth. It crunched pungently beneath her

teeth. Her companion watched her indulgence and smiled his appreciation.

"I've eaten a lot of apples," he said, "I'm not really so terrible hungry for 'em. I was, though, at first. But these are something extra."

His companion agreed for the second time. Finally, "Who's your tent mate?" she asked.

"Oh, Benton? He's funny, isn't he? We just happened to get together here. I don't know much about him; he's kinda religious. He doesn't like the way the girls do in the tent across on the other side of the yard. The truck fellas come to see 'em 'most every night."

The girl before him munched slowly, avoiding audible speculation, too evidently pleased.

Boy and girl munching apples, looking at the rolling moon, a serious quizzical humor stamping itself on each countenance. The cool night, now definitely closed down . . . the pungent smell of the orchards . . . Looking into each other's eyes, shadowily uncertain . . .

However, at the moment neither reasoned about their position. The one was suddenly at home in his surroundings, and the other was concerned about getting home to Hood River. Well, the girl was a nice sort, Dent could see that; she wouldn't have come this distance into the orchard if she had doubted him. He liked that: her trust in him. A girl like that—courage, trust. Suddenly, he didn't feel tired any more. Why shouldn't he walk back with her? The long walk, the moonlit night . . . The prospect smote richly in his pulse and put a pounding in his chest.

Then the next instant, through the small sounds pricking into the silence, Jessie spoke. "I'd better be going back. I have to get home someday, you know;

walk, I guess." She snickered, munched at the core of the depleted apple, threw it away.

Dent stirred. If he let her go now, alone, he was going to be lonely, as before. Perhaps, too, he'd not see her again. The thought sickened him.

"Say, I don't see why you have to walk," he was saying, "that is, alone. I could walk with you, if you don't mind. It's quite a stretch alone."

At once pleasure showed upon her face. "Oh, would you?" But she checked herself, not to appear too eager. "Sure I will," Dent assured her.

They retraced the clearing, passed into the leafy gloom of the old orchard already picked of fruit, a few fallen apples underfoot. It smelled of death. Presently they were back on the roadway. Neither spoke.

Then Jessie saw. "Oh, see, you can see the lights at White Salmon!"

They were approaching the lawn and the tent grounds, lofty with ancestral oaks reared over the scars of the past.

"Yes," her companion affirmed, "quite a sight, too. I look at it a lot. It gets lonesome here of evenings. And these oaks—the acorns come plunking down at night on the tent like hail, only not so thick. It's awful quiet—that is, when things aren't going on over at the other tent. Gee, I'm glad you happened along."

At this sudden expression of pleasure, the girl looked directly at him. But her own face was in the shadow turned away from the moon's light. She had no words for this. They walked on.

"Wonder where Benton is?" Dent queried.

He wasn't at the tent.

Dent and his friend must have made themselves audible now, for almost at

once Benton's voice was raised from across the yard at the opposing tent. "Come on over. We're going to drive the young lady back."

Jessie looked pleased. "Oh—" She paced briskly beside Dent. "Me? Then I won't have to walk!"

This was a conundrum; Benton so disliking the girls' carryings on; then to go requesting a favor of their rowdy boy friends! Dent couldn't understand Benton. "Don't see how he worked it," he was thinking.

"Dent," Benton said as the two drew up before the group at the tent, "I've got the use of the car—the boys here've let me have it. You'll have to drive; you know better than I."

This was immense, Dent thought. Jessie beamed. Benton was really *good*.

Before them, the girls and the two boys were seated on boxes and generally lolling about together before the tent. They had started a small fire, which looked paltry beneath the large flood of the moon.

"Yes, I was sayin' your buddy could take the car if you two—why hello, baby!" The speaker was Shad Clark, owner of the car. Now as he passed his eyes over Jessie he started to attention. "Oh, *you're* part of the party. Well, say, that makes it different." He started to rise. He was trim and muscular and had a kind of gruff good-humor. He smoked a cigarette. "I think, on the other hand, I oughta do the drivin'. You boys don't know the car very well. Yes, I'll drive." The words came drolly.

Dent Rogers frowned. "I can drive all right." He was going to be assertive. He wasn't pleased. "Besides, we were just gong to walk back; I was going to take her."

"That's all right, too," Shad said

crisply. Benton was pleased. "Just so we get home quickly and safely."

Jessie stood puzzled, a little disturbed. Why need there be so much argument? She moved nearer to Rogers. He was displeased and protesting with Benton.

"I think we'll walk, as we planned. Thanks," he said with finality.

"But you can't ask her to walk now," Benton interposed. "Besides, I want to do the safe thing and get her home as soon as possible. It's all right, Rogers. She should be home. Let me handle this."

So Benton was against him and not really trying to please any one; mistrusted him, as these others at the tent. "I suppose you didn't like my taking her up in the orchard, either?"

"It wasn't the thing to do."

"So you took this plan to break the party up. Well, you're not so hot."

"Rogers!"

Shad cut in. "Happened to think, I want to get something, anyway." He was smiling, eyeing Jessie. "Well, let's get goin'." He was thoroughly energetic, though he posed indifferent assurance. He flipped his cigarette.

"Let's see, there's how many of us?" He commenced to count. There were eight. He looked at Dent. "Guess we'll have to leave you here," he said.

Dent felt himself growing negligible in the moonlight. He knew what Shad was doing; he had seen him look at Jessie. Benton had sure queered things!

The other apple hauler, by name Hugh, commenced to speak. He came forward, thick and muscular and square-headed. His voice was husky. He was half drunk, dull, but still able. He lunged into the car, drawing Gladys, giggling shrilly, onto his knee. "Bring 'em on," he called. Gladys's light hair blew

in blowzy looseness about her round vacant face.

All moved toward the conveyance.

"Get in, you," Shad called to Benton.

Benton demurred. "No, we'll let the little lady in—the visitor in first. I'm going to show you how to treat a woman."

"S'at so!" Shad mocked. "And what's to prevent us leavin' you and takin' Dent?" There was a general titter. "Anyway, *this* baby rides in front with me." He indicated Jessie. His sobriety was alarming.

Dent shriveled with jealousy. "Suppose you stay, Benton, and let me take her, as I intended to?"

Benton refused to notice the plea; he was still protesting. "Now see here, Shad, I'm taking it on myself to be responsible for this girl. She'd better ride back with me; that was my intention when I came over."

Shad was irate and glowering. He took Jessie by the arm, opening the front door of the car. "Ride as you folks please; *we're* going."

Benton pushed up behind him. "See here, it's the way you carry on over here with these girls that I don't like." His long prehensile fingers worked palely at the air as though they were clutching for confirmation.

"Ho, ho!" the other burst out. "Listen at grandfather!"

"If it's this way, we'll walk," Dent broke in.

Benton frowned deeply.

Wordless, Jessie got into the front seat. Shad's girl got in beside her. Antagonism was plain upon her sour face. "Let's go, then," she said.

Shad replied, "All right, you're the doctor." He started to walk around the rear of the car. He could be cool.

The man in back said: "Come on, Ruth; come to papa." This pleased him and he laughed drunkenly.

Benton looked solemn. "There's no need of that, is there?"

"Can't leave her behind for that woman hound," Shad hurled, proddingly.

It was evident that Dent was alluded to. Instantly his gorge rose in him. What would Jessie think? She had turned about and was looking at him. She was smiling, her mouth awry. He wanted to blurt out in protest, but he knew he would only sound silly. He shifted his feet uncomfortably, tried to smile, thrust his hands into his pockets, inwardly furious.

"Got a damn big notion to throw you all out," Shad said. "If I didn't want to start this car—By damn, somebody's got to start this car, and I know who—it's Dent. Well, Dent, get around and crank the boat." Shad settled back superior and sufficient, a truculent smile just visible at the corners of his mouth. "Come on, be a good sport, Dent. Give us a turn."

Dent Rogers, furious with circumstances that from the start had played out of his hands, stood firmly aside looking his displeasure first at Shad, then at Benton. Why should he give the party any assistance when all of them had been so disregardful of his interest in the situation? Even Jessie had fallen in with their plans, almost without protest. He looked at her calm face. For a moment she seemed to return his gaze. "Do, Dent," she encouraged; "help us get started."

She had spoken his name; he could not resist her wish. Evidently she still felt kindly toward him. And she did have to get home. It wouldn't do for

him to be mean. Suddenly he was stepping forward to comply. Anyhow, it was Benton who had queered things, not Jessie. Almost he felt like applauding Shad for having bested Benton.

He stooped to the crank and turned it. Again. Repeatedly. No response.

"Spin it," Shad urged. "Can't you do better 'an that?"

Dent spun it. The motor popped with a bang. The driver laughed. "That's the stuff. Give it to 'er now."

By this time, as Rogers exerted himself, Shad simultaneously threw the spark sharply down. The motor fired with a crash, there was a swift reversal of the handle as it flew from the youth's wrenched hand that hurled him abruptly and soundly backward. He balanced on his heels, swayed, his one hand propelled over his head, tripped on his heels and sat down. Everybody laughed.

Immediately there was a shifting of gears and a burst of acceleration. The flivver turned aside to avoid his ludicrous position. There was a dull ache in his right wrist.

"Eh, baby . . .?" It was Shad's voice making up to Jessie.

"Shad, behave yourself." His girl protesting.

"Sorehead!"

"Well, can't you see . . . she's not . . ."

Forthwith the car countered with an increasing purr from the engine, a more concerted movement forward. The odd party was moving from the yard into the road.

Then Benton's voice came to him: "They have to treat women right when I'm along."

A roar of laughter went up from the car, as it swept into speed headed for Hood River.

Dent Rogers sat sprawled, his hands spread to either side, dusted with the infertile pollen of moonlight, not unlike frost. Slowly he drew his hands toward his trouser pockets where two apples bulged. Ortleys. With swift rage he drew them out and hurled them from him . . . green! It takes frost to make apples good, he remembered. He heard them bounding into the dry grass.

GHOST CAMP TODAY

JOHN C. FROHLICHER

A man now lives in the Union Hall
Where silver miners heard Debs' stirring call
Back when the camp was new. Up the steep road
Swift autos carry now the mule team's load,
And whistled signals shrill through mountain night
As once they did when that saloon was bright.
Beside the rusting hoist a whiskey still
Shows industry, once more upon the hill.

HEART-SHAPED LEAF

VIRGINIA MOORE

SOMETIME in her twelfth or thirteenth year Marya stooped and examined a heart-shaped leaf. It was green, and smooth like satin. She thought its shape more lovely than the flower which went with it. In later years she could not remember what the flower was.

The boy said, "Well, so long." She was hot from playing tennis, standing with her legs apart, like a boy. Because she was tired she felt the spring day sharply. She had no defenses against it. All her nerves received the spilling sound of meadowlarks, the smell of earth with growing seeds in it, the sun that was stronger than yesterday and would be still stronger tomorrow. She looked the boy straight in the eyes, according to childhood habit, and said carelessly, heartily and without inflection, "That was a good game, Bert." But before the words were free of her mouth and in the air he seemed to her different. Nothing happened outside of her but she became aware of herself and of him. Her heart grew heavy. She was very happy. She would have done anything for him. She had feelings which she did not understand, partly physical. She drew her legs together. Her eyes lowered, and fastened on the heart-shaped leaf. She was afraid to look up, so she learned by heart the shape of the leaf. When he had gone she kept looking at it and thinking how lovely it was. She thought about it the more fiercely because she was not thinking about it at all.

Years later, in telling her husband, quite by accident, for he had brought

it up as a joke, about the first time she was ever in love, she said:

"I don't know how old I was. His name was Bert. As I look back on it now he was a terribly unprepossessing person. But all of a sudden that day I thought he was wonderful."

Charlie laughed.

"Oh, but it was a powerful emotion," Marya protested.

I doubt, she thought, if I've ever felt anything, since, quite as powerful.

"What happened?" said Charlie good-naturedly.

"He moved to another town."

"I mean that day."

"Oh, nothing. I just stood there staring at the ground. And he went away."

"Seeing his face?" said Charlie, without interest.

"No," said Marya. "A leaf. It's funny but I remember the shape of the leaf."

Charlie did not ask what shape it was. He felt tired, as when he had been telling the children stories and, by questioning them, feigning to care about what they thought. His mind went back gratefully to a problem in the warehouse business. Marya did not mention that the heart-shaped leaf had burned into her imagination as a hot surface into the flesh. She did not think of it that way. After a few more years of married life she did not think of it at all.

She did not complain of her life. Sometimes to visitors she called it a very full life, with rather obvious satisfaction. She had gone through college, worked on a magazine for a while, without much reward, and stayed busy trying to figure

out what the editor wanted. Now she was busy trying to figure out what her children ought to have. She played bridge once in a while, wrote papers for the woman's club, sewed, canned in season, and resolutely kept up with current events. And always when the maid came in she had to decide what they would have for supper. Croquettes? But they had had croquettes two nights ago. Beans? The children simply would not eat them. Cauliflower? It was so expensive this time of year.

She did not think about the heart-shaped leaf but sometimes she dreamed about it. She saw it quite plainly in the dream, and out from it strange figures seemed to move, which were at once clear and significant, but in the morning the heart-shaped leaf seemed vague, or she had forgotten it entirely. Perhaps she remembered that she had dreamed amorously of shadowy men who were not Charlie, and she thought of it as a phenomenon over which she had no control; but she did not tell Charlie. He would not understand such love-making. He would think it vulgar. He would wonder where she had learned such things, and she did not know where.

At the age of forty she was buying in a department store a fine-grade aluminum pan which she had wanted for a long time when she realized that she did not care whether she got it or not. She thought, What's the matter with you? Don't be silly, she thought, it's your feet. When the maid asked her that afternoon what to have for supper, she said, "For goodness' sake, don't ask me. Think up something yourself."

She sat on the porch staring at the row of houses across the street, without seeing them. She saw that her heart was as dry as the fall. Her eyes moved

to the trees in her yard. The sap had gone down. All the leaves had fallen, or almost all. The maple tree . . . the chestnut tree . . . the redbud . . . Her eyes fastened on the redbud. One leaf. One leaf pinned against the blue bright haze of fall. It was the shape of a heart.

Into Marya's mind floated the strangest and at the same time the most precise images. A woman who might or might not have been herself, robed in blue, with the features left out of her oval face, and hair cut stiff like cardboard, laid her hand on a man's brow. There was only a brow, and the shape of a face, with the features left out . . . Almost instantly a ship set sail, great white sails spread. The water under it swelled, was rounded . . . The ship vanished. Vegetation was rank. Trees were weighted with plumped fruit, dropping . . .

"Mother, I'm going for a ride."

It was her daughter, Nan, just thirteen. She suspected what riding in an automobile meant. Well, Howard was a nice enough boy. And he was crazy about Nan.

She looked back at the leaf. Her heart felt withered as the heart-shaped leaf.

Goodness, it hadn't rained for a long time. Bad for the garden, she thought. Wasn't Charlie home yet? It didn't matter.

Charlie liked to come home from the office and work in the garden. He hoed the potatoes and beans, and gathered a bunch of radishes—"not pithy at all"—shaking dirt from the roots, and when there was nothing else to do, he weeded the flower-bed. On summer evenings Marya helped him and the children ran in and out the shadows trying to catch

fireflies, and it seemed to Marya that she was a very happy woman, indeed. She would get the big scissors and cut the colored sweetpeas, and though Charlie did not care about the smell that she liked so much, she was not angry at Charlie. She would only glance up at his old work-pants and his unshaven face and the shirt without a collar and feel a strangeness, perhaps, as if she had never seen him before, as if the years with him had been not a tragedy but a mistake. And then she would go over and pat his arm and say, "Tired, Daddy?"

She had noticed lately that she got tired more easily and she had told herself that she wasn't as young as she used to be. Matron. She hated the word. But until tonight she had not felt that life was exhausted in her. She had felt always as if she could have done, and might still do, wonderful things, if time were arranged differently, if time . . .

Tonight, after the long drought, she and Charlie and the children tried to save the garden by carrying water in buckets from the kitchen. The water came fast and cool from the bucket, and the ground gulped it. Presently the children said they were "going over to the Glenns." There were only herself and Charlie carrying buckets. Charlie carried as if it were a business.

"They've had enough," said Charlie.

But she brought three more buckets.

The pallid look before the moon rises and when the air is full of moisture, as if it might rain, had hung over the garden, changing familiar objects into things never seen before. But now it was brighter. She could see to dig around the arborvitae and the flower bushes.

Charlie moved as a shadow among the vegetables. Here by the gate in the fence was a bush they had missed. She felt sorry for it, stiff in the sod. She would loosen the soil around its roots and then give it water. She had to stab down hard with the trowel. Hard—hard—and she was so terribly tired.

She thought, Charlie and I are alone. I am alone. The clouds in the sky shifted with the moon, in a wild ravage of light. The bare boughs of the trees cast shadows that moved in a way she did not understand. Every instinct in her yearned for someone to whom she could say that she was tired.

This lilac. Did it bloom? Some of the bushes sent from the nursery were male and did not bloom. Yes, this was female. But it was dying. If it got water it would not die. It would not die. She knelt because she was tired of stooping, and pinched off with her fingernail a dry leaf. She stared at the heart-shaped leaf of the lilac.

She stared without remembering where she had seen it before. A young dreaming mood of love flowed into her heart, as if it were not unusual for it to be there. She was happy. She was frightened. The night seemed fertile. The wish to give herself away, and to share, seemed an earnest of fulfilment. It was as if she had lived two lives which had never at any point touched. The shadows spread and slid away. The house, the children, Charlie were a part of the shadows. This feeling was not the result of years. It had been before and would always be, with its own authority. Her mind went around the lilac leaf as a hand guides a pencil. Only that was clear. Only the heart shape. It insisted, came closer, like footsteps . . .

A man was coming down the street. She looked up and in the dim light of the veiled moon saw that she had never seen him before. A stranger. A man carrying a heavy stick, as if he were used to walking in rough places. A tall man. A man who carried his head like a promise. He might have formed from shadow. But he was real.

As he drew nearer she could see the features of the stranger's face. It seemed to her that she knew them intimately, as if a thousand times she had run the tips of her fingers lightly over the high cheekbone into the slight hollow of his cheek, along the calm lips, through the cleft in his chin, up the squared jawbone, over the finely moulded temple, past the roots of hair, over

the smooth forehead, down the large straight nose and back again, and then with the fingers of both hands pressed gently the great kind tired eyes. She knew that man. He knew her. Together there was nothing which they could not do, reviving life.

Was it the moonlight? He did not seem to see her. He was walking past.

She started to speak, but she could not. She got to her feet hurriedly. Her hand was on the latch of the gate. Now she was running down the street, holding her apron. But it was dark under the trees of the street. She could not see whether that was he or a tree. She stopped to listen. She heard diminishing footsteps so faintly that she was not certain they were footsteps.

THE LEGACY

MARY J. ELMENDORF

Uzziah Smoke was insubstantial as
An echo, sapless and equivocal,
Yet underneath the blue tranquillity
Of his tired eyes lay shards of shadowy granite.

"I'll not be comin' here again," he mumbled.
"The place is changed. It makes me brood too much—
And broodin' jest breeds barnacles."

The road,
He reflected, like himself was senile now.
Across the river claxons from the proud
Young highway gored the air like angry bulls;
Starved houses squatted here and there in clearings
That once were tangled thickets rank with ferns
And fungus; and a windfall hid the spot
Where Matt had lain in clotted blood and dirt.

(A knife with a blunt tip and a thin, nicked edge
Had done the evil work, so said the jury.
Poor Matt . . . a blunt tip and a thin, nicked edge!
But the knife was never found; no, nor Jed Fowler
On whom suspicion, blacker than a crow,
Had perched—Jed Fowler, stubborn as a mortgage
And yet a crackerjack in haying-time.
If innocent, the neighbors sagely argued,
Why had the fool run like a frightened rabbit
At the first sharp baying of the hounds?)

“Ah well,”

Uzziah often mused, “all men are fools
At times.” Why, he himself had been a dolt
When he had given his ranch, his big, ripe ranch,
To his two boys. A man’s a fool indeed
To hand his substance to his sons while yet
The blood seeps through his veins; and still a bigger
Fool to make each son the other’s heir.

Work may be shifted thereby—care, as well—
To younger shoulders, but the ease that creaky
Bones and starchy muscles crave comes not—
The lazy afternoons in summer with
A friendly pipe upon the porch behind
The honeysuckle’s cool green lace, watching
The wide wheat-rollers slowly yellow in
The thick, hot sun; and the slippered winter hours
Beside the big base-burner, warm, well-fed,
Contented as a cat.

Things, though, had not
Been downright bad till Sam went sentimental,
Joined the choir, and took in spelling-bees
And fairs, and finally brought home a bride,
The prize-persimmon of the female orchard,
Hank Bulger’s horse-faced daughter, Deborah.
Then comfort, taking one good look at her lean,
Lugubrious countenance, had fluttered through
The door like a squawking hen from a hungry hatchet.
It had been plain—too plain!—from the first that Debby
Frowned on Uzziah’s presence in the house
And coveted Matt’s portion of the ranch.
Scowls—sneers—pin-pricks . . .

No, life had not served Sam
 With roasted pheasant on a silver platter.
 Between Matt's tragic end and Debby's nagging
 He had become as jumpy as a frog.
 How startled he had looked—yes, panicky—
 The evening following the murder when
 Uziah suddenly had stumbled on him
 Here in the underbrush alone! But, then,
 Uziah's nerves had also been aquiver.
 "Lost somethin', son?" he had asked.

"Jest huntin' round
 For footprints, Pa—for evidence—that's all."
 "It's no use, Sam. I've combed the hull ground over."

Debby was growing surlier of late,
 Uziah thought, and pricklier her tongue.
 She ferreted fresh flaws in all he did;
 And when she prated pointedly of paupers
 Her high voice sounded like the hiss of a snake:
 "I have my own opinion, so I have,
 Of folks what live off workin' folks with nothin'
 A-tall to leave them folks when their time comes."
 And yet Uziah frequently would smile
 At Debby's venom, and the smile would swim
 Across his face like a thimbleful of oil
 In a dish of vinegar. Nothing to leave . . .

In Judge Cobb's safe in town was a cardboard box,
 A well-wrapped cardboard box, that bore these words
 Above Uziah's wobbly signature:
 "Not to be opened till my death and then
 By Samuel, my son, alone, in the presence
 Of Deborah, his wife."

Nothing to leave?
 Sometimes Uziah mentally would lift
 The lid of that box and then the sly, slow smile
 Again would nibble at his fusty cheeks
 While mistily he viewed what lay within—
 A pocket-knife whose single rusted blade
 Disclosed a blunt tip and a thin, nicked edge;
 A clumsy pocket-knife upon whose handle
 Were two initials crudely carved:

"S. S."

THE OPEN RANGE

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

THE MISSISSIPPI IN THE '50's

EDITED BY CYRIL CLEMENS

NOTE: While visiting Louisville a number of years ago, I had the pleasure of meeting Captain John Howard, of the well known ship-building family, who gave me the following recollections of his experience on the Mississippi, which are just as true and as exciting as any contained in Mark Twain's "Life on the Mississippi."

My First River Trip

I went to Memphis on the "Fanny Bullitt" on a collecting tour, reaching there about ten o'clock at night.

Just as I entered the hotel, two men were fighting in the lobby; one man was cut across the abdomen with a bowie knife, letting out his bowels and killing him. This happened right before my eyes, as I was walking up to the office.

The next morning, on my way to the dining-room, I bought a paper, and the first thing I saw was large headlines, announcing cholera was declared epidemic in the city. I had to stay there a week, then took passage on the "National" for Saint Louis, with a very light trip of freight and passengers.

On the way to St. Louis there were eight deaths from cholera, and having no suitable lumber on board for coffins, we tore up the dunnage in the hold to make them. We buried them on the shore, always being particular to get above high water mark, but not at all particular about the depth under ground. It was a trip never to be forgotten, and a very great relief to reach St. Louis, where there was but little cholera at that time.

These cholera epidemics were dreadful, and those living at the present time, 1903, cannot begin to realize the horrors of the situation. I have seen a great deal of cholera—was an apprentice in Cincinnati during the epidemic of 1848-49 and worked all the time.

In the summer of 1855 I had a very severe spell of sickness, and afterwards brain fever. On two occasions during this illness, they sent for Jim and Uncle Billy Lackey to see

me die, but such was not to be the case and here I am.

This summer we built a boat, "The Carrier" (200 feet long, 33 feet beams, 6 feet hold) for Captain Draffin, a particular friend of mine, and to recuperate from this illness, I went to St. Louis on his boat, and from St. Louis up the Mississippi river. She was built for the Missouri river, and at this time the river was alive with steamboats and business at its very best. I made a hand and helped to receive the freight at St. Louis. We took 300 tons and got \$2.50 per hundred for everything that went above St. Joe.

About October 1 we started for Council Bluffs, at that time considered about out of the world. We ran only in the daytime, taking a gang of woodchoppers who chopped wood all night to run the boat next day. The river was low and sometimes in drift piles we got good dry wood. This was the most remarkable trip I ever made. Council Bluffs was then considered the head of navigation for steamboats, but afterwards they went 2,000 miles farther up the river.

The present Kansas City, under the hill, was then a good shipping point, and I well remember a remark made while there that "they were going to build a city upon the hill."

The boat was crowded with passengers, most of them Mormons on their way to Utah. They left the boat with their wagons and plunder at St. Joe, and then took across the plains, at that time a hard and uncertain trip. I felt very sorry for the women and children when they left the boat.

On the return the first day after leaving

Council Bluffs, we backed into the bank, injuring the stern post, but patched it up and went on. We were gone from St. Louis 32 days and had to dock the boat to repair the stern post, a cost of \$1,650 and then came out \$5,200 ahead on the trip. The whole cost of the boat was \$34,000. We should have made the trip in 14 days. That is the way boats made money in those days. Draf-fin made two trips to New Orleans with her, and then sold her for \$5,000 more than she cost, intending to build a boat next year, on which I was to go, and have a quarter interest, but fate willed otherwise.

The steamboating of those days would be a revelation at this time. We had mighty good men and good rigging. On one occasion we pulled a boat over a bar where there were six inches of water less than she was drawing. We set a spar on each side, fastened a hawser to the snag directly ahead, heaved a strain on each spar, and also on the hawser, then started the engine strong and she would go perhaps two feet. We kept this up all day and laid up that night only four miles from where we stopped the night before. We had no steam capstan in those days and it was all done by hand, the "mate" being the most important man on the boat.

In the fall of 1855 business affairs required attention in New Orleans, and it fell to my lot to make the trip. In an old memorandum I find the following: "Started from Louisville on the steamer 'Julia' December 19, 1855, river high, cold, and ice beginning to form. The 'Julia' stopped at Memphis, and there I took the 'Fanny Bullitt,' loaded deep, but with few passengers, owing to the intense cold weather."

Our arrival at Vicksburg was greeted with a snow storm, and the weather continued cold, until we reached New Orleans, on the night of December 26. The morning of the 27th found us lying at Algiers, not being able to effect a landing at New Orleans. At Algiers, a beautiful sight met our view. The city of New Orleans, with her tall spires, loomed up in the distance, and more directly to our view, her thousands of sailing ships and steamboats, stretching up and down the river as far as eye could reach. The ships in the distance presented the appearance of a vast forest. Twelve large steamboats out-

side loaded to the guards were not able to effect a landing, while opposite us the boats were wedged in as close as possible, with their heads to the shore, for at least a mile. The "Fanny Bullitt" lay outside for six days, before she got her head to the bank to discharge.

After enjoying the scene for a short time, we made our way to the Canal Street ferry, and proceeded to the city, where we found the levee completely gorged with freight of every description, and so dense was the throng of people it was almost impassable. We found plenty of friends and acquaintances, some that I had not seen for ten or twelve years. It was all river and steamboats those days and being a steamboat builder, everyone knew me. About ten o'clock, I found myself on board the "Carrier" and then there was great rejoicing.

This was one of the most severe winters on record, navigation above Memphis being suspended for two months. Business complications arose, while in New Orleans, which caused me a great deal of trouble and worry. I was alone, no one to advise me, young and inexperienced and continually afraid of making blunders. However, luck favored me, the trip turning out entirely successful.

I came up the river on the "Carrier" to Cairo, making the trip in six days. We arrived at Cairo the 3rd of March, the day the ice broke up in the Ohio. At that time Cairo was crowded with the toughest element I ever saw and could hold her own as the wickedest city in the world. It was not safe to cross the levees at night, and we had to go in gangs. It was rather amusing to see everybody cleaning up and putting their pistols and knives in order just before the boat reached that locality.

As we could not get up the Ohio river, we started for home by rail. First, went on the Illinois Central until we struck the O. & M. to Sandoville, then on the O. & M. to Vincennes, then north in a roundabout way to Indianapolis, where we took the Jeffersonville road for home. The O. & M. was not then completed, and it took me three days from Cairo to Jeffersonville.

New Orleans that winter was at the height of her glory—one of the principal seaports

of the world and the distributing point for the whole south.

My visit there was an era in my life not to be forgotten.

Business was all done with sailing ships, and the towing business between New Orleans and the mouth of the river was immense. Powerful side-wheel towboats did the towing. Only about fourteen feet of water at the Balize designates the class of vessels used in those days. A steamship came in while I was there, and came to anchor in the middle of the river abreast of the steamboat landing, which was a great curiosity.

A Missouri River Trip

In the spring of 1857 we finished a side-wheel boat, the "South Wester" (220 feet long, 36 feet beam, 6½ feet hold), for the Boonville Steamboat Company. The company consisted of farmers and business men, who thought they could carry their own freight, and make money but they were disappointed.

In the fall of 1857 and during the panic of that year, I went up to Boonville, to meet them about payment of the boat. A meeting was held at Boonville, some of the stockholders coming in wagons 200 miles. About this time the branch bank of Missouri at Lexington suspended payment, and the whole country was wild with excitement. Our meeting was held, but of course, at this time, payment for the boat could not be considered. The stockholders adjourned and started for their homes. I was sadly disappointed after the meeting, and in discussing the subject with some of the citizens, it was made known that there was some Kentucky money in town, and as I said I would be glad to take it in payment, they called the stockholders back, got the Kentucky money, and paid me in full. I was fearfully uneasy about the Kentucky banks.

There was, at that time, no telegraph communication beyond St. Louis, and the railroad from Jefferson City to St. Louis had just been finished. They had a telegraph, but only for their own use.

The steamboat "Cataract" was running in connection with the railroad from Jefferson City to a point above Boonville. She came

in one evening about sundown on her way down, and I took passage on her. Just as she was about ready to leave, a merchant of Boonville, and also connected with a house in Saint Louis, asked me to take a package to the St. Louis house, which I told him I would do, never dreaming what it was. They held the boat until he went back to the store for the package, and when he handed it to me, I was more than surprised to find that it was \$5,000 in gold. There were no express companies in those days. I was loaded with money, had about \$9,000 in my pockets, but I could not back out. The boat was full of passengers, the toughest-looking set I saw.

I engaged a berth, took the measure of the clerk and also of the captain, and concluded that I could not put the money in their charge, so thought I would sit up until the boat reached Jefferson City.

There was a party of toughs, playing poker for large stakes, just in front of my stateroom. About ten o'clock I opened both the inside and outside doors of my room, and thought I would rest a little, lay down with my overcoat and boots on, and being very tired, must have immediately fallen asleep. I was awakened by the boat's whistle. It was just daylight, the party were still playing cards, and on looking out I found the whistle was for Jefferson City. I had slept soundly and never stirred all night. My feelings can be imagined when I found the money all right.

This was the only night's run I ever made on a Missouri river boat, as the stream was so hazardous that the boat could only run in the daytime.

I then took the cars at Jefferson City for St. Louis and upon arrival there, what a relief it was to hear the Kentucky banks were all right and none of them had suspended payment!

At the Boonville meeting there was one old farmer who had driven 200 miles in a two-horse wagon with a canvas cover, bringing for sale a real good-looking negro woman, he having become angry with her for some reason. She was trim and neat, about 28 years old, and she sat outside on the sidewalk curbstone, while he was bargaining inside a store with a man who wanted to

buy her. He agreed to take \$1,500 for her, but when it came to payment the buyer offered bank notes, the old farmer refused to take anything but gold and silver. So the trade was off and he took her back home with him.

This old man had started home when they sent for him to return and help consider about the Kentucky money. When he heard what was going on, he called me aside, and the first thing he said, very abruptly, was "Young man, you are a d—— fool, and need a guardian." Then he talked to me like a father, and strongly advised me not to take the money, saying the company was perfectly good, and was sure to pay me in good old democratic money, gold and silver. But I had given my word and could not back out.

In 1857 the banking laws and currency conditions were fearful. The country was flooded with the notes of the wild cat banks, particularly of Illinois, Indiana and Ohio. Every little town and village started a bank and issued notes, and it was about impossible to keep up with the values, for they depreciated very rapidly and soon were worthless.

I remember one day starting out with a lot of this money to pay bills we were owing, but that night got home with more money than I started with. Those owing us were of the same mind, and on meeting them, insisted upon paying their bills.

The banking laws and currency conditions were fearful and no one living these days of national currency can form an idea of the trouble we had. There were no bank drafts and exchange checks.

The First Steamboat

I was down at Riverview the other day, to help put a valuation on the wreck of the "Fred Wilson," and while there called on an old man, Joseph Carr, who lived just above the mouth of Paddy's Run for 73 years. He is ninety years old the 30th of this month. I knew him first in 1846, having lived at Shippingport that year. He said he could hardly believe that I was *old John Howard*—and he fifteen years older than I. He was mighty glad to see me, and we had a very interesting conversation about old times, he remembering so well a lot of

old-timers I knew in the long ago, Frank McHarry, the canal man, who was a character, known by everyone; Jim Porter, the Kentucky Giant of Shippingport; John Hulme, of Canal fame, who made the first hydraulic cement; old man Dowerman and John Evans of New Albany; Jerry Phipps, a notorious character of Shippingport, and scores of others. It certainly brought back old times.

Of the most interest, however, was the shipyard established by Morton and Johnson of Cincinnati just below the mouth of Paddy's Run, in 1852. They built a sawmill there, and moved the floating sectional docks from Cincinnati to that point, it being the only point below the falls where there was sufficient water. They built the first "Princess" there, for Holmes & Leathers, which was a magnificent steamboat on the lower Mississippi in 1852. In launching her they had great trouble, for she broke down and settled in the mud, being wrenched and twisted. The shore was treacherous and not at all adapted for hull building, and at this launch they realized it would not do. She was the only boat built there, and in a year or two, the sawmill was abandoned, and the floating docks moved to Memphis. This is a history of boat building here, that seems to be entirely forgotten.

Dan Morton moved with his family to Louisville and lived on Chestnut street for a year or two. I frequently visited them, knowing them well in Cincinnati.

Those days the Falls were a great obstruction, and the object was to get the boats out of the river before the low water season. As the southern business commenced early in the fall, this is what gave New Albany such a prestige in boatbuilding in early days.

The "Eclipse," 365 feet long, the largest and finest boat of those days, was built below New Albany, across the river from Carr Place about that time, 1852. She was to launch sideways, but about the time she was ready a friendly rise came, and floated her. The sideways launch of the "Princess" was the first experience Dan Morton had in launching that way, and owing to the unsuitable shore, made a great failure.

It was customary for us to get the hulls over the Falls early in the season, which we

did by hand, with large sweeps, gougers and steering oars. We had no tugs or towboats in those days, and this was a difficult job.

About that season, 1852, in taking the "Messenger," an Alabama river boat, over the Falls, we lodged her on Wave Rock (which has since been blasted out) just off from Whirlpool point. The river fell and left her high and dry. We put ways under her, and with lines and purchases on Whirlpool Point, launched her sideways nearly on a level, about 150 feet. We got her into the water and finished her in the Whirlpool, so that she was ready to go when the water came.

Later, we finished the "Robert E. Lee" at Cairo, also the "J. M. White," in order to have them ready for the southern business. The "Robert E. Lee", on her first trip in 1875, left New Orleans on the 1st of September, and the 1st of January, just four months after, was \$90,000 ahead. That is the way they made money in those days.

If they were caught up the Ohio in a protracted low water season, they would not get out sometimes until the first of January, thereby losing the best of the season.

A Dangerous Crossing

Yesterday we buried Dan Lanciskus in Walnut Hill cemetery, Jeffersonville. An old friend, 81 years old and very active until a few months ago.

My marriage took place in a little cottage adjoining the Lanciskus residence. And we were intimately associated with the Lanciskus family. It is now twenty years since I left Jeffersonville. At the funeral I met large numbers of old friends. There were scores of men there I was intimately associated with forty and fifty years ago, and numbers of old greyhaired men whom I had known as boys.

It was like coming from another world to meet them. W. H. Buckley, 84 years old, still making a hand in the shipyard, the same as fifty years ago. Lyman Dolph, whom I had not seen for thirty years, was there. My acquaintance with him began in Shippingport in 1846. He was an old ship hand, but has been preaching for fifty years, and is still occupying the pulpit as a Meth-

odist preacher in Port Fulton. George Lee, Elias Sutton, Tom Densford, John Buckley (now on his death bed), Dave Densford and several others, still working in the shipyard, and have been since the days of 1850 to 1860. What changes since then! And always the unexpected.

I will be 75 years old the 2nd of September—next month, and every day am astonished at my condition. In early youth did not expect to live half so long.

Dan Lanciskus and I have had many a lark together. I remember about fifty years ago, or probably in 1853, Dan and I were in Louisville one evening, and Dan was very anxious to get home in Jeffersonville. The ice was running strong and there was no way of crossing but in skiffs at the head of the Falls. The current drew off the fields of ice and separated them at the head of the Falls, leaving openings through which we could dodge in a skiff. I have made the trip safely many a time, but that night intended staying at the Galt House, and only went with Dan to help him over.

We found old Sammy Baxter at the river with a heavy skiff and wishing to cross also. We got the skiff out on a projecting point of the shore of ice, about the foot of Clay street, and were watching for an opening to cross, when a huge field of floating ice broke the point of shore ice we were on, and we could not get back to the Kentucky shore, and nothing to do but attempt the passage.

We hauled the skiff out on the field of floating ice to drag it towards Indiana. The surface was as smooth as glass. We pulled and tugged until we got nearly across the cake of ice, when it began to break up, and we found ourselves in the Indiana Chute, in the midst of a mass of seething, and tumbling ice. We passed Ruble's Rock all right (then a great obstruction) and managed to reach the Indiana shore in the little eddy just above Whirlpool Point. Dan got home all right, and saved his wife great anxiety.

In those days we did not think anything of crossing, or going anywhere on the Falls with a skiff. The danger was not so great as afterwards when the U. S. government began to build dams and improve the Falls.

They were, however, always a terror to strangers.

Dan and I and others, when young men, made trips to Louisville every week at night, sometimes going on the last ferryboat, which left Jeffersonville at 7 o'clock p. m., and returning in a skiff at midnight or later. We never failed finding some kind of an old skiff on the Kentucky shore, opposite the shipyards, and sometimes paddled over without oars.

The greatest difficulty was crossing in a fog. Have been frequently lost, and then the Falls was a dread, until we tried the expedient of tying a dock plank or long strip of pine, to the stern of the skiff. Then we started in the direction we wanted to go, keeping our eye on this strip, which would show the least turn of the skiff, and there was no trouble in keeping a direct course, even with the fog so dense that sometimes we could hardly see the strip.

Once three of us landed just below the shipyard, in an old leaky skiff, half full of water, about half-past one o'clock at night, and in a dense fog. I was rowing, the other two bailing. When I stepped ashore, I was immediately grabbed by a big man, old Joe Reeder, who said with an oath, "I've got you." They took us for runaway niggers, having heard of three who expected to cross that night, and they mistook us for the runaways. When they found their mistake, they were raving mad and there came very near being trouble. Old Joe Reeder and others were always on the lookout for runaway slaves, and made a good deal of money returning them and getting the reward.

Rafting and Timbering

Aleck Hanley and Charley McCormack, typical Big Sandymen, were very interesting and original characters, from the timber region of Virginia. Hanley got rich furnishing our shipyard with timber during the war and afterwards. When I first knew him in the early '50's he had forty acres at the mouth of Twelve Pole, and a log house. He afterwards built a fine residence and bought all the adjoining farms around him. But finally he became involved, lost everything, and died in poverty.

I well remember the first time I saw him, it was in 1853. He and McCormack had cut and hauled a lot of logs up the Big Sandy during the winter, and they came to our shipyard to sell them. We were much pleased with them and bought their logs. They immediately went home, rafted the logs and ran them down to us. They both knew the river and were good pilots.

All the rafts, flat boats, etc., in those days were run by hand, for towboats were not known. They landed their raft about Six Mile Island, then came down to the yard to pick out a place to land. The river was at a good stage, and the current about four miles an hour. It was quite a feat to land a big heavy raft. They had a new check line on the raft, a whole coil about 1,000 feet long and about 1½ inches in diameter. They ran ashore with the end of this line, made fast and began to check from the raft.

Charley McCormack was an expert checker, and did it beautifully, keeping a strain on the line, almost as much as it could bear, until it all ran out, and the raft almost come to a stop. But it proved too heavy and the current too strong—the line parted. Here was trouble and great excitement and I thought it would be impossible to stop the raft and passing the yard going over the Falls meant a total loss.

Then the big Sandymen showed what they were. When the line parted, Aleck Hanley was on the head of the raft. He immediately grabbed the end of another line they had ready, jumped overboard and with the line in his teeth, swam ashore, across an inlet or branch called the Deep Diggin's, made the line fast, and Charley McCormack on the raft checked her to a stop.

This was in March, when the water was cold. There were about a dozen big Sandymen on the raft, and they all did their duty and showed us how to land a raft.

These raftmen were characters, and it was always an interesting event when they came in. They were pretty tough, and always in some devilment. One time they landed about Four Mile Spring, and in running a foot-race, Charley McCormack fell on the root of a tree and sprained his ankle badly. He came to the yard on the crutches and I asked him how it was. His eyes snapped,

and he said in an impressive way, the words coming out with a jerk, "By God, John Howard, there are three things I will never do again." I said, "What are those, Charley?" He said, "I will never again *fight fair, nor wrestle, nor run another footrace.*"

The shipyard used a great deal of timber, mostly white oak, and we had to go after it, for they did not bring it to you as they do now, so it fell to my lot to buy most of the timber. My first trip up the river after timber was a tough one, in the fall of 1853. It was rather unhealthy when I first came here, and a few years before that Louisville was called the graveyard of the West. All newcomers had to be acclimated, and go through a siege of fever and ague. Mosquitoes were so thick, especially at Shippingport, that you could hardly see the sky, especially when you wore a black hat. I had fever and ague. It was awful. Quinine would break it, but it was almost sure to come back on the seventh, fourteenth, or twenty-first day, and you would have it on and off for a year or two.

I started from Cincinnati on the packet one morning and on the boat had a hard shake, followed by fever, which always made me raving crazy. The steward was a kind man, lately came from the coast, and he did everything possible for me. When, just after dark, I got up and went out on the forecastle, he was the most astonished man I ever saw, as he thought I was going to die, and when I got ready to leave the boat at midnight, he couldn't believe I was in earnest, and begged me to stay.

I got off the boat about one o'clock at night in the woods at the mouth of Twelve Pole, where Hanley lived, and started for the house, but the dogs got after me, and treed me on a high rail fence. I yelled and Hanley came out.

The next day we rode thirty miles on horseback hunting for timber, and I felt very well, but the following day had the shakes again, and suffered awfully. This fever and ague came every other day, and the well days I attended to business.

One day, after riding all day, we came to where the natives were having a Quarter Horse race, in the bottom just above Cattlesburg, and, of course, we hitched our horses

to the limb of a beech tree to see the race. It was a treat, the riders had on nothing but their drawers and rode bareback. They had a hard time in starting, but finally got off and passed us at high speed. Hanley called to me, "Come out, let's go; there will be fighting here in a half a minute." And sure enough, just then a pistol cracked, and the fighting began. I was a little slow, looked around and saw Hanley on his horse getting away as fast as possible. Just as I got on my horse, a fellow grabbed the bridle and said, "I can whip any d—— man that says it was a fair start." Here was trouble, but fortunately just then another man attacked him, and he let go my bridle. I whipped up and got away, and never stopped to see how many were killed.

On my way home I stopped three days in Cincinnati to consult a physician of big reputation. He gave me one grain quinine pills to be taken every hour, day and night, but they had no effect whatever, so I went down to Jeffersonville to old Dr. Field. He gave me forty grains of quinine at one time, which checked the chills.

We got immense quantities of white oak on the Indiana side, hauled to the river below Madison at the mouth of Saluda and Plow Handle Point, and many a rough trip I have had in that neighborhood. Also on the line of the J. M. & I. railroad, when it was building—all before the war.

But this supply was soon exhausted. The insurance company required us to use the natural turn of the wood, which we could only get in the roots, for the turn of the knuckle and other places, and root knees were used everywhere.

To get these roots, we had to grub the trees, and cut around the roots till they fell, and many a hard job I have had in the woods. A foolish requirement, as this timber from the root would soon rot, and many a boat was thrown away when four or five years old, which should have lasted twice as long.

On another trip with Aleck Hanley, we rode horseback up the Guyan river about four miles above the bridge at Guyandette, to look at a raft.

We hitched our horses to the hanging limbs, went down on the raft, looked it over,

and concluded to buy it. I went up the bank and was ready to mount to go back to the bridge, four miles, and up the other side of the river to look at another raft just across and above us. Hanley hallowed at me, "Where are you going? I thought you wanted to see the raft on the other side." He had his clothes off and all ready to jump in the river. I immediately tumbled to the racket, went back on the raft, took my clothes off, and we swam to the other side, found the raft all right and bought it.

At one time I bought 100 choice white oak trees, the choice in a large tract of timber land, about where the city of Huntington now is, at \$5.00 per tree, the biggest price ever paid, which raised the devil with the timber men. They had been buying the trees at from seventy-five cents to \$1.25 per tree, and they were about to mob me, and I had to hide and get away.

At another time we had a large raft hanging on the wharf boat at Guyandotte, about fletted up and nearly ready to start. The cars were not all hung, it was on the third day of January and the weather very threatening and looked like a freeze. Ice in the river meant the loss of the raft. We had a lot of men at work in addition to the raftsmen who were to run it.

I was so anxious to get away that I let go the line, and we started down the river, intending to send these extra men back from Cattlesburg. When they found that I had untied the line, they got fighting mad and swore they would throw me overboard, had a big fight, but we finally got the best of them and set them ashore to walk back.

Fortunately the weather cleared up, and the raft was safely landed at Jeffersonville—quite a feat for the middle of winter.

Those rafts were managed by huge oars. On the front end of the raft we called them "goughers," on the after end "steering oars," and on the sides "sweeps." It was astonishing what we could do with a good crew of men—had no trouble keeping the rafts from grounding and in keeping them in the channel. Only had to tie up when the wind blew and the waves ran high.

The toughest time I ever saw was during the war when timber got very scarce and

prices went out of sight; then I had some hard experiences.

Hanley and I found some timber up the Big Sandy, rafted and about ready to run. Hearing the owner was at Guyandotte, we went to see him. He had left there and gone to Barbersville, the county seat of Cabot county, which was about sixteen miles away. We got a two-horse rig and went after him. This was war time and there were detachments of both Yanks and Rebs all around us. They had a skirmish within four miles of us and it wasn't very pleasant. The court was in session, the court house on the brow of a hill. It was a beautiful place where we looked down on the Guyandotte river winding around 400 feet below us.

We found our man in the rear of the court house, with a party of men under the trees, playing poker for large stakes, and their money piled up on the ground around them. I approached the man (have forgotten his name) and told him I wanted to see him on business, but he would not stop the game and told me the timber was *not for sale positively*. He had somehow taken a dislike to me on a former occasion.

Hanley and I were talking the matter over a short distance from where they were playing, when a horseman came and told this man his wife was dead, and he would have to go home immediately. This broke up the game.

We had to stay there that night, and of course wanted to see all the sights. Aleck Hanley knew almost everyone and proposed to go to a barroom and take a drink. This barroom was a one-room log house, with nothing in it but two old chairs and a barrel of whiskey, set up on some cordwood, a wooden faucet and a tin cup. The drinks were ten cents, and you helped yourself, drawing all you wanted in the tin cup. Just outside the door was a barrel of rain water, where you helped yourself from the same cup.

In a little puddle of water where they had thrown the contents of the tin cup, there were some very young ducks playing and they were drunk—the most comical sight I ever saw.

Then we visited another barroom, which was a "swell place." They had a counter,

a black bottle and two glasses. From the counter to the ceiling was a row of wooden uprights, oak, about two inches square, just enough apart to push the bottle through. I asked what that meant, and they told me it was to protect the barkeep when they got to fighting.

We visited the court house and took a seat as lookers-on. They appeared to be waiting on the sheriff, who had gone to the jail just across the field for a prisoner to be put on trial for his life. The sheriff reported the prisoner was dead. The walk from the jail was too much for him; he fell down in the path and died. The poor fellow had consumption. Without further ado, the judge said, "Call the next case."

When Uncle Billy Lackey first came to the shipyard in 1851 he posed as a horse doctor, and on all occasions when anything

was the matter the first thing was to bleed the horse in the neck, and when sufficient blood was let he pinned it up with two pins and a horse hair to stop the flow of blood. He made a lance for this purpose, which I well remember—inserted a lance blade in a piece of wood, would then lay this on the horse's neck and hit it with a mallet and the blood would flow.

Bleeding was resorted to by doctors of those days on all occasions. I well remember a sign in Cincinnati when I was a little boy. It was a man's naked arm, showing where it was lanced and the blood spurting from it into a bowl, and the words on the sign, "Bleeding, Cupping and Leeching."

This was part of the barber shop business. I know this from experience, and I have been bled and cupped and at one time had seven leeches on my temple—and alive yet.

IN STEAMBOAT DAYS

MAUDE BARNES MILLER

Fronie Mellette came down the river,
In steamboat days.
She loosed a laugh from a silver quiver,
Her mouth was a curve to follow forever,
Her hair black haze.

The captain bowed and gave her the land,
The sky, the river.
She steered the boat with her small white hand.
"May I whistle?" she asked—"I am yours to command,
Now and forever!"

The people came running with laughter and frown
For never yet
Had the whistle blown twice for the little town.
They said, "Will the sky come tumbling down?"
So Fronie Mellette

Landed in Dixie, cheeks orchard-sweet and hair like jet.
But her heart was wise; bold and discreet
Laid joys and sorrow at her feet.
They said, "We have never seen anyone yet
Like Fronie Mellette!"

NORTHWEST FOLKLORE

INDIAN LEGENDS OF PUGET SOUND

ANNICE CALLAND

FIVE BROTHERS AND KHWEI-O-KHWA-DI

The women are digging and gathering
ta-di,

In the swamps, in the open country

The women are gathering ta-di,

The women are digging and gathering
ta-di,

Khwei-o-khwa-di, the Thunderer,
The mighty Thunderer,
Goes hither to seize the women,
To devour the women gathering ta-di.

Five brothers of the women gathering
ta-di,

Five brothers lie in wait for the Thunderer,

For Khwei-o-khwa-di, the Thunderer,
Five brothers vow to kill the Thunderer.

With bow and arrow and spear
The oldest brother went to meet the
Thunderer,

Him he fought, and fought, and fought
Till the day was spent!

Bravely the champion fought!
Bravely the champion fought!
Bravely the champion fought!
But failed to kill the Thunderer!

So bravely the champion fought
The Thunderer sickened,
The Thunderer offered a covenant of
peace

So bravely the champion fought!

Khwei-o-khwa-di, the Thunderer, offered
a covenant:

"Leave me in peace and let me live
In the days to come you shall go into
battle
And shall not be killed."

The second brother bore his weapons
also,

And summoning his strength he fought
the Thunderer,

Fought the Thunderer till the close of
day,

Fought the Thunderer without decision.

Fought the Thunderer and obtained the
same terms of peace.

In a like manner the five brothers each
in his turn

Fought the Thunderer and secured the
same covenant

Of peace and protection from Khwei-o-
khwa-di, the Mighty.

Khwei-o-khwa-di, the Thunderer, then
pronounced judgment:

"In the days to come, you shall all be
my children,

And I your protector." And so speak-
ing,

He left them.

Then the five brothers and their sisters
became human beings

And Khwei-o-khwa-di, the Thunderer,
their protector,

As he is now the protector of their de-
scendants,

The People of the Po-yal-op-absh.

LAKE-WATER

Lake-Water is singing.
Harken! To the song of Lake-Water:
Within me dwells Zogwa,
Who loves the hearts of young men.
Young men seeking the strength of
spirit,

Young men seeking the power,
Young men seeking Sta-li-tud,
Avoid the center
Of Lake-Water,
There dwells Zogwa.

LAKE TSU-TSUP

Beautiful is Tsu-Tsup, the White Lake.
Beautiful the spiritual forces of nature,
Beautiful is strength of spirit,
Beautiful is Sta-li-tud,
Beautiful the Snoqualmie youth seeking
the Power,
Bathing each night in Tsu-Tsup for
purification;
Sleeping in the forest.

The last night while asleep on a large
rock
In the center of the lake,
The rock spoke with a voice of thunder;
So great was the power of thunder
The rock was broken in fragments;
The young man awoke afloat in the
lake water.
He had found the power.
Beautiful indeed, is Sta-li-tud.

THE ZOG-WA OF THLI-YALP

Khwi-yelds, the big beaver
Known as Zog-wa,
Ate the hearts of young men,
Young men seeking Sta-li-tud
In Lake-Water.
Came one of five brothers
To kill the monster.
Khwi-yelds, the big beaver,
Ate his heart.
The second brother went also,
Khwi-yelds, the big beaver,
Ate his heart.
The third brother went,
Khwi-yelds, the big beaver,
Ate his heart.

The fourth brother went.
Khwi-yelds, the big beaver
Killed him but ate not his heart.
The fifth brother went to the combat
And killed the big beaver.
Stepping over the body
Of his last slain brother,
Stepping over the body again and again
Summoning aid from the Spirit World
That brought the dead brother to life.
He brought not the others to life,
Their hearts had been eaten.
The youngest brother made
Lake-Water safe for the young men
Seeking Sta-li-tud.

HISTORICAL SECTION

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

THE KEOGH-BISMARCK STAGE ROUTE

CLYDE McLEMORE

(Herein, "Tribune" signifies Bismarck, N. D., Tribune; "Journal," the Miles City, Montana, Yellowstone Journal; and "Courier," the Bozeman, Montana, Avant-Courier.)

UPON the spot where he fell, about three miles west of old Pennel station and five miles northeast of Plevna, Montana, stands today a granite marker with a copper plate inscription commemorating the death of a stage driver, killed by Indians, and in general commemorating the historic Keogh-Bismarck stage route. It was unveiled in 1925, July 16, following a pageant re-enacting the event. Superintending the pageant and taking the principal part in the ceremony was the late Senator (state) George McCone who forty-five years before had there buried the deceased. Largely through the interest and initiative of former Senator (state) C. C. Conser, of Fallon County, the pageant was produced and the marker provided by the residents in the vicinity.

The story of the driver's death, as told by McCone¹, was published in the *Baker Fallon County Times* July 16, 1925; but the story of the Keogh-Bismarck stage route has never been told.

This is that story.

I.

The traveler who may have wished to depart from Miles City to "the States" about July first fifty-four years ago (1878) had the option of three routes.

During the preceding week five steamboats

had arrived "from below," that is, up the Missouri to the mouth of the Yellowstone and thence up the latter river; on June 24th the *P. Y. Batchelor* and the *General Rucker*, on the 28th the *General Custer* and the *Tiger*, and on the 30th the *General Sherman*.² Doubtless one or more of these could have been boarded for the down trip on the very morning chosen for his departure; in fact, the *Batchelor*, after having been to Fort Custer at the mouth of the Little Big Horn, had touched at Miles City on its return trip June 30th, or would do so the next day.³ The distance to Bismarck was 540 miles, but going down would require no more than four days, one-half the time of the up trip. Thirty-five dollars would cover the fare, including meals and cabin accommodations.⁴

He could have taken passage on the mail stage to Bismarck *via* Fort Buford, at the mouth of the Yellowstone. This line had been established the previous September.⁵ The route closely followed the Yellowstone to the Missouri and the Missouri to Fort Abraham Lincoln, three miles below Bismarck and on the opposite (west) side of the river.

But if he were going by stage he probably would have preferred the more direct route, shorter by a hundred miles. Besides, this line was new. Indeed, service was to

¹ Relying upon memory, as he was obliged to do, Senator McCone erroneously dated this event in "the latter part of September." It is not strange that he knew the stage driver by no other name than "Fritz."

² *Courier*, Aug. 1, 1878.

³ Returning from Fort Custer on her "down trip" she arrived at Sherman, six miles below the mouth of the Big Horn June 30—*Idem*, July 4, 1878.

⁴ Page 67, "Resources of Montana," Robert E. Strahorn (Published 1879).

⁵ Page 244, "Offers for Carrying the Mails, 1878-'79"; Government Printing Office; U. S. Serial 1859.

NOTE: The newspaper files above referred to (except the Bismarck, N. D., *Tribune*) and some of the other material were examined in the library of the Montana Historical Society, Helena. To the librarian and the assistant librarian the author's thanks are due.

begin that very day. The driver, with his buckboard and team, was to leave Fort Keogh at six o'clock that Monday morning. By six-thirty he would have covered the two-and-a-half miles to Miles City and be off, on the maiden trip with the mail.

That there should be no unnecessary delay he would have already paid his fare, \$35, to the local agent for the stage line, C. W. Savage, who was also postmaster and the junior member of the firm of Nininger and Company. With our traveler seated beside him the driver would strike out at a lively clip. The distance was 290 miles and the contract stipulated that this mail was to be delivered at Fort Lincoln not later than six o'clock the following Thursday evening.⁶

It would have been worse than bad form for him to ask the driver directly anything about the latter's previous place of residence or occupation—such things were not done; but, in the continuous dust raised by wheels and hoofs on the well-traveled road along the south bank of the Yellowstone for the first forty miles, by being a discreet listener and piecing together bits of information, our traveler might have been able to make out: that his seatmate, possibly, had been on the frontier for years, had gone through the gold rush at Alder Gulch⁷ and another at Last Chance⁸, drifted into the Gallatin, upper Yellowstone and upper Musselshell countries, where he engaged in wolfing and hunting and, following the excitement of the Custer-Sitting Bull engagement in the summer of '76, was among the dozens of his kind who moved to the mouth of Tongue River, where the military that fall improvised a cantonment of log huts in preparation for permanent occupation of the region⁹ and where, two miles eastward on the south bank of the Yellowstone and just outside the military reservation, a civilian settlement was forming—called Milesburg at first¹⁰ but soon known as Miles City, in honor of Colonel

Nelson A. Miles, commander of the post and of the new military district of the Yellowstone. During the next eighteen months he had been in town no oftener than was required by the exigencies of his occupation, but on such occasions he had been impressed by the rapidity with which, in Miles City, tents and temporary shelters gave way to adobe and hewn-log structures and, at the post, the cantonment had been abandoned in favor of more extensive and modern barracks two miles further west, consisting of forty or fifty frame buildings and named Fort Keogh, after Captain Myles W. Keogh, who died with Custer on the Little Big Horn.

Stationed at the fort were the Fifth Infantry regiment and four companies of the Second Cavalry, a total of about 650 soldiers;¹¹ and it seemed that the idea of a quicker and more direct mail route to the east originated with the military, and was heartily supported by the townsfolk. In December a petition circulated in Miles City had been signed by "all the most important citizens."¹² How many of the 300 residents¹³ saw the document may be only surmised; but it is doubtful whether it bore the signature of any women, of whom there were perhaps fewer than fifteen in the place.¹⁴

In his letter of transmittal Colonel Miles doubtless pointed out to the authorities in Washington that the proposed star route would also benefit the 500 soldiers at Fort Custer, since their eastern mail came and went by way of Fort Keogh and Miles City.

The petition was granted. Designating it as route number 35051 the Postmaster General advertised for bids for carrying the mail, specifying one trip per week each way. Service was to begin July first. A bond in the sum of \$2,500 with each bid was required.¹⁵

When they were opened on March 15th it was found that the sixteen bids received ranged from \$2,350 to \$14,400. John R.

⁶ Page 661—*Idem*.

⁷ Virginia City, Mont. Ter.

⁸ Helena, Mont. Ter.

⁹ Annual Report, Secretary of War, 1876; *Idem*, 1877.

¹⁰ *Courier*, April 5, 1877; *idem*, April 12.

¹¹ Annual Report, Secretary of War, 1876.

¹² *Courier*, Jan. 24, 1878.

¹³ *Courier*, Nov. 15, 1877, copied from *Tribune*.

¹⁴ There were "no ladies . . . as yet," in May.—*Courier*, May 24, 1877.

¹⁵ See (6), *supra*.

Miner of the firm of Miner and Vail, of Sandusky, Ohio, being the lowest bidder, was given the contract.¹⁶ During the next fifteen weeks the route had been equipped and organized.

At intervals of approximately twenty miles had been built ranch-station log cabins¹⁷ where horses could be kept and where the keeper and drivers, when off duty, could live. At some favorably located stations extra men would be employed temporarily during the haying season to put up forage for the stock. Scores of horses had to be provided, the proper number at each station. This was probably the largest single item of equipment cost, for a good team was worth from \$150 to \$225 at Miles City.¹⁸ However, because the price was not attractive or because the available supply there was not adequate, Miner and Vail shipped most of their horses from the states. Buckboards to be used as stages, harnesses, a certain number of saddle horses and saddles, some essential household articles for the stations, tools for mending vehicles and harnesses, these had to be provided.

All station men and drivers, perhaps at their own expense, had to be supplied with effective fire-arms for protection against the infrequent bands of straggling Indians and the less numerous palefaced "bad men" and for more frequent use in killing game for food and the hides. An up-to-date rifle, a Colt's revolver, and a hunting knife provided the usual armament of the well-equipped individual.

In general the route followed the line of march by General Alfred H. Terry and Lieutenant Colonel George A. Custer in May and June two years before when, with about 1000 men, they proceeded westward from Fort Lincoln under orders to unite with the

Montana column under Colonel John Gibbon and the southern column from Fort Fetterman, under Colonel George Crook, for the purpose of making good Indians out of Sitting Bull and his followers.

The Terry-Custer train consisted of 114 six-mule wagons. With their loads the wagons weighed 1,800 pounds each. They had made deep ruts across the rain-soaked prairies from Fort Lincoln to Tongue River, and beyond.¹⁹ Moreover, much of the route had been traveled by the military and railroad survey expeditions from the Missouri to the Yellowstone in 1871, '72 and '73.²⁰ In fact, the route was often spoken of as the Stanley Trail, because the expedition under Colonel D. S. Stanley in 1872 very closely approximated the mail route, crossing the Little Missouri south of the Ox Bow and striking the Yellowstone at O'Fallon Creek and Powder River. In August, '76, Colonel George Crook's column of 1,800 men marching eastward in pursuit of the then fleeing Sioux had traveled the forty miles of the route lying between O'Fallon Creek and the head of Beaver.²¹

It is conceivable that as the buckboard rolled along eastward, passing the first station at Canyon Springs,²² thirteen miles out from Miles City, and hurrying on to the driver-change station at the mouth of Powder River, our traveler, on his part, let it be known that he had spent the last few weeks in Montana Territory, having come west over the Union Pacific railroad to Great Salt Lake City and thence over the Utah and Northern to its terminus at Franklin, Idaho, where he took the stage for Virginia City; that he had also visited Fort Benton, Helena and Bozeman; that, for variety, instead of taking the Tongue River stage at Bozeman he had come down the Yellowstone in a flat-

¹⁶ See (6), *supra*.

¹⁷ Certain stations, the route and distances as measured by odometer appear in "The Yellowstone Valley," etc., by Thompson P. McElrath, pp. 126, 127; published 1880. At that time the fare had been increased to \$42.—*Idem*. See also, "Rustlings in the Rockies," etc., by G. O. Shields, published 1883, the chapter, "Ten Days in Montana." The author was one of a hunting party which camped near Pennel station in September, 1880. The stage route is briefly referred to.

¹⁸ "Resources of Montana," by Strahorn.

¹⁹ Journal of Lieut. Edw. Maguire, pp. 1338-'60, in Report of Chief of Engineers, 1877, Part 2 (Serial 1796); also Report of General of the Army, in annual report of the Secretary of War, 1876.

²⁰ Annual Reports, Secretary of War.

²¹ Annual Report, Secretary of War, 1876; "Campaigning with Crook," by Capt. Charles King, U. S. A. (Published 1898).

²² Page 126, "The Yellowstone Valley," etc., by McElrath.

boat loaded with potatoes and onions being brought to Miles City from Benson's Landing, thirty miles east of Bozeman; that while visiting at the office of Governor B. F. Potts in Helena he learned that the Territory had an estimated population of 30,000 and could boast of eighty school houses and twenty-five churches.²³

With a new driver at Powder River the buckboard changed its course, leaving the immediate valley of the Yellowstone and the Keogh-Buford route. Twenty miles south-east it crossed Branch Creek,²⁴ thence eleven miles to O'Fallon Creek and five more to O'Fallon station²⁵ at the mouth of the South Fork.²⁶ From bits of information gathered during this thirty-six mile stretch our traveler might have gathered from his seatmate a story something like this:

"I was sort of tired of working on the old homestead in Missouri, so this spring I lit out to St. Louis to hunt a job. I sauntered down to the waterfront and right away hired out as a deck hand at twenty dollars a month and keep on the steambout *Helena*. She was leaving about the first of April, going up the Missouri clear to Fort Benton. She was a brand new boat.²⁷ But it did not take long to find out that the work did not suit me. Too much high hatting and bossing by the mate. When we got to Bismarck I heard talk around the wharf that some outfit wanted to hire men to work on a stage line. I demanded my wages and quit the boat; and here I am holding these strings."

About sixteen miles directly east of O'Fallon station was Cabin Creek station,²⁸ where driver number three came on. Lake station²⁹ was another sixteen miles east, near the head of Beaver Creek. Twenty-one miles more were the Little Missouri crossing and station, a few miles above (south of) the

fifteen-mile bend of that river from north to east, called the Ox Bow. Paralleling this eastward bend of the river the route crossed Box Elder and White Butte creeks³⁰ a couple of miles before they joined the Little Missouri.

As an example of a somewhat different type, it may be imagined that the third driver's story amounted to this:

"That station keeper at the Cabin Creek ranch where I come on and me is pardners. We come to these parts a few weeks ago from the diggings at Deadwood Gulch in the Black Hills. There's some good stuff there, but it's about all took up. The claims that's left won't pay. My pard is a bartender; but I was not having much luck and he sort of wanted to change pastures, so we got a couple of saddle ponies and struck out for Miles City. We had a pack horse between us. We loafed around there awhile, fooling with the cards and so on, and finally hooked up with this stage outfit."

From the east end of the Ox Bow the route veered northeast to Heart River, passing Beaver station twenty miles from the Ox Bow. Thirty-one miles eastward came Green River station near the mouth of the stream of that name. Thence on eastward past Young Men's Butte, fourteen miles from which was an unnamed station. Thence eighteen miles to Burnt station and then fourteen more east and south to Big Muddy station at the crossing of Whitefish Creek just above its confluence with Big Muddy. Thence fourteen miles to the crossing of Heart River, and eleven more to the eastern terminus at Fort Lincoln.³¹

At or near the Little Missouri our stage would have met the westbound buckboard which left Fort Lincoln at the same time ours left Fort Keogh. Except for employees

²³ Annual Report of Gov. B. F. Potts, in Report of Secretary of Interior, 1878, part 1, page 1107 ff. (Serial 1850).

²⁴ Now known as Whitney Creek.

²⁵ Site of present Ismay, Montana.

²⁶ Now known as Sandstone Creek.

²⁷ Tribune, April 6, 1878.

²⁸ Name was soon changed to Pennel station. Tradition has it that the station was later burned, and then was referred to as Burnt station, but no record or verification of this has been found.

²⁹ In an interview in the Terry, Montana, Tribune, Nov. 13, 1908, Oscar Brackett stated that he was employed as a hunter at this station for eighteen months, during which time he "almost kept the line supplied with meat, and made money;" but Mr. Brackett seems to have been in error as to dates. The term of his employment probably began in September, 1878.

³⁰ Now known as Deep Creek and Sand Creek, respectively.

³¹ The route between the eastern end of the Ox Bow in the Little Missouri and Fort Lincoln traced in the text is approximately correct but has not been as definitely identified as has the western end of the route.

of the line it is probable that not a single human was seen in the 225 miles between Powder River and Big Muddy, unless perchance the westbound stage had a passenger.

Crossing the Missouri by ferry at Fort Lincoln, our traveler would proceed to Bismarck to take the cars for the east. Before departing, however, he would have been told that the city had been started as Edwinton, six years before; that the Northern Pacific railroad, and train service, became a fact in '73, when the town became Bismarck; that there the railroad had stopped, unable to build farther westward on account of the failure of Jay Cooke and Company, its fiscal agent, and that ever since the cars had arrived Bismarck had been an important transfer point for freight consigned by steamboat from that place to points in Montana, and that steamboat navigation on the Yellowstone on an important scale began in '76.

II.

The very first week of the new stage line a petition was being circulated in Bismarck asking that the service be increased to three trips each way per week and that the time for the trip each way be reduced from ninety-six to seventy-two hours. The editor of the *Tribune*³² commented thus:

This movement should receive the hearty support of Bismarck because it will contribute to the business interests of the city, besides the necessities of the military service demand it. The time required to reach Tongue River has been from ten to twelve days. It has already been reduced to four days and should be still further reduced. There is a fine country along the route that will settle rapidly when proper communication is established with the outside world.

But the weekly schedule continued for some months, as witness the following advertisement in the same paper, October 16th:

Bismarck and Tongue River Stage and Express. Leave Bismarck every Sunday at 8 a. m., arriving at Fort Keogh in four days. . . J. W. Raymond & Co., Bismarck, D. T. A. R. Nininger & Co., Fort Keogh, M. T. J. W. Dorsey, Sup't.

Tri-weekly service probably was established by July 1, '79. Writing in that year and referring to this stage line Strahorn³³ said that

three trips per week were being made, the time four days each way and the fare \$35.

The fore part of June additional horses were placed on the route, made necessary by the shortening of the time and the increased service. About thirty head were brought to Bismarck on the *Dakota* from the lower Missouri river. Others were probably obtained at Bismarck or/and Miles City. Mr. Miner, the contractor, was then in Bismarck conferring with his new superintendent of the line, L. P. Williamson.³⁴

Construction of the Northern Pacific railroad had now been resumed. As the road-bed and rails extended farther and farther westward from the Missouri toward the Yellowstone that year and the next more and more people came,—as laborers on the railroad, settlers at the embryo towns started by the railroad or at Miles City, where the census taker in '80 found 629 residents. From Bozeman and through that city came those who formed a thickening string of settlements eastward along the Yellowstone to Miles City. Along the Yellowstone, on Tongue River, Pumpkin Creek, and, to some extent, on Powder River, range cattle were taking the place of the thinning herds of buffalo.

All of which meant greater demand for better service on the Keogh-Bismarck stage and mail route. By June 5th, and probably a little earlier in the year, daily trips had been established, and the time reduced to sixty hours. The line was advertising again, as thus in the June fifth Miles City *Yellowstone Journal*:

Bismarck and Miles City Stage Co.
Make Daily Trips and Close Connection
for all points in the East, North and South. For express rates and passage apply to C. W. Savage, Agent.

A writer in the same newspaper July 10th asserted that "there is more mail carried over the Keogh route in one day than over . . . [the Bismarck-Deadwood route] in a week."

III.

But with growing importance of the line that year came trouble with the Indians, which made 1880 the most eventful year of

³² July 5, 1878.

³³ "Resources of Montana," by Robert E. Strahorn.

³⁴ *Tribune*, May 31, 1879.

its brief existence. Sitting Bull was still a fugitive in Canada, where he maintained a camp, with such of his adherents as had not already definitely deserted him and made their way back to the reservations along the Missouri River in Dakota Territory, between which and Sitting Bull's camp there was much going and coming—more this year perhaps than formerly, for the prospect of government rations regularly was becoming more and more attractive. The stage line lay across the path of these stragglers.

The first loss at their hands was suffered on the night of March fifth when all the stock at the Powder River stage station was stolen.³⁵

In April eight horses were stolen from Julius Winters at Pennel station.³⁶ At the time it was believed that this theft had been by white men, but subsequent occurrences indicate that Indians did it.

May 27th they shot and killed Sidney McQueen and Frank Jarvis, employees at Beaver station. On the same day they ran off all the stock at that station while others of their tribesmen stole the horses at Little Missouri and Lake stations. Thereupon Colonel Miles sent to Beaver station Major Guido Ilges with three companies of cavalry and a company of infantry; but the Indians escaped with their loot.³⁷

Soldiers in the vicinity may have deterred them, for it was not until July 10th that the Indians again molested the whites; but on that date they found Douglas Grover and J. A. Donovan driving a team of mules and a wagon to a tie camp on the Little Missouri. The opportunity to acquire a couple of mules was more than good. The men, seriously wounded by gunshots, abandoned their animals and wagon to save themselves and made their way back to Green River station, where they were cared for.³⁸

On the westbound stage next day was L. Brunier, a government employee, referred to

as a "grasshopper investigator." When he arrived at Pennel station he reported that some miles back he had noticed three suspicious-looking objects. By the use of glasses they were seen to be Indians, traveling as if to intercept the buckboard; but by whipping up the team the driver eluded them.³⁹

When the stage from the east arrived at Pennel station the following day (July 12), driver Henry Frieze there took charge as usual to take it over the next section of the route, either to O'Fallon station or to Powder River. He had gone but three miles when he was set upon by a band of from five to eight Sioux. As if panic-stricken he leaped from the buckboard and fled on foot toward the breaks, on his right. A half mile north of the road and near the base of Rattlesnake Butte⁴⁰ he was dropped by a bullet which struck him in the head, killing him. Already three other bullets had wounded him.⁴¹

Fifteen days later, on the eastern end of the route, George McCone, another driver, narrowly escaped the Indians. With better judgment than Frieze had, McCone, when he saw that he was being pursued, cut loose from the stage one of the horses and mounted it. Riding with all possible speed for many miles he outdistanced his pursuers and reached Big Muddy station safely. The buckboard and the remaining horse fell into the hands of the Indians.⁴²

On July 30th "Grasshopper," another driver known only by that name, handed his resignation to Agent Savage at Miles City, saying that between the Indians and the soldier scouting parties it had become too dangerous for him.⁴³

All summer the military was patrolling the route and scouting the country round about. In addition to the movement of Major Ilges already noted were the following activities: June 1st Companies B, E and I, Second Cavalry, and Company G, Fifth Infantry, left

³⁵ *Tribune*, March 12, 1880.

³⁶ *Journal*, April 10, 1880.

³⁷ Report of Secretary of War, 1880; *Journal*, June 5, 1880.

³⁸ *Tribune*, July 16, 1880.

³⁹ *Journal*, July 17, 1880.

⁴⁰ Now known as Dead Man's Butte.

⁴¹ *Journal*, July 17, 1880; *idem*, July 24, 1880; *Tribune*, July 16, 1880; pp. 74-76, Report of Secretary of War, 1880 (Serial 1952). The driver's name was spelled variously: Frieze, Freise, and Freeze. See also Baker, Montana, Fallon County Times, July 16, 1925, for McCone's account.

⁴² *Journal*, July 31, 1880. Name was spelled "McCune," but obviously was meant for McCone.

⁴³ *Idem*.

Fort Keogh and proceeded in the direction of Lake station in pursuit of the hostiles. The battalion returned to its post the 10th, after a fruitless march of 240 miles.⁴⁴ June 7th Companies A, E and G, Seventh Cavalry, marched from Fort Meade, Dakota Territory, to establish a summer camp on the Little Missouri near the Miles City-Deadwood military telegraph station.⁴⁵ From that base they patrolled the country between the headwaters of Powder River and the Keogh-Bismarck stage route.⁴⁶

But only once, so far as known, did the soldiers have combat with any Indians who had molested the stage line. One of the band which killed Henry Frieze was killed and two others wounded by a scouting party sent to run them down.

At the point where the railroad was to cross Beaver Creek, called Camp McIntosh,⁴⁷ were stationed four companies of the Seventh Cavalry under Major James M. Bell, who, upon learning of the Frieze affair, dispatched two or three scouting parties to look for the guilty hostiles. One party returned, reporting that they found nothing more exciting than buffaloes, which, about forty miles south of Camp McIntosh, were so numerous that the prairie was "black with them in every direction."

But the party in charge of Sergeant Deavron was more successful. It consisted of seven or eight privates, two packers, Willis Rowland, a half-breed Cheyenne scout and interpreter, and three Cheyenne prisoners of war assigned to Major Bell as scouts. They were Shell, Howling Wolf and Big Footed Bull. At Rattlesnake Butte, where Frieze had been killed, Shell discovered horse tracks, and among them tracks made by a mule.⁴⁸ This enabled the skilled Cheyennes to follow the trail. For forty miles it went, eastward. On a small creek flowing into the Little Missouri from the west they came upon the

fugitives. One of the four or five in the band was seen to be riding a small mule. The others followed, on horseback. Several horses were being led or driven.

At a distance of three hundred yards the soldiers fired, killing one of the Sioux and wounding two others. All escaped, however, except the one.

Four of the seven horses captured were carrying packs. In these were found bundles of letters and newspapers, proof enough that these had been looted from the mail sacks in Frieze's buckboard.⁴⁹

But the individual who fired the shot which killed Frieze had not been injured. The following May 26th, among the 1200 from Sitting Bull's camp who surrendered themselves to the military at Fort Buford, was Low Dog, who was then and thereafter generally conceded to be the one who shot Frieze in the head.⁵⁰ He was also known as Long Dog and as Johnny Long Dog.⁵¹

IV.

By hunger when in Canada and by the constant watchfulness of the military on this side the fugitives were forced to capitulate. During the summer of 1880 over five hundred had made their way to Fort Keogh.⁵² where they surrendered their arms and all their ponies, except two to the family, which they were allowed to retain. Among them was the noted Rain-in-the-Face. Two hundred fifty more surrendered there on September 11th.⁵³ No more was the stage line bothered by Indians.

The buckboards continued to travel the route as nearly on schedule as possible that winter and the first half of '81; but the end was near. The iron horse was steadily pushing westward. By January first it had reached the Dakota-Montana line. By the middle of July trains were running regularly from St. Paul to Glendive, the new town

⁴⁴ Pp. 64, 65, Report of Secretary of War, 1880. (Serial 1952).

⁴⁵ At the present town of Alzada, Carter County, Montana.

⁴⁶ *Idem*.

⁴⁷ At site of present Wibaux, Montana.

⁴⁸ Interview by Willis Rowland in "The Fighting Cheyennes," by George B. Grinnell (Published 1915).

⁴⁹ "Rustlings in the Rockies," by G. O. Shields, chapter "Ten Days in Montana"; "The Fighting Cheyennes," by Grinnell.

⁵⁰ *Tribune*, May 27, 1881; *idem*, June 3, 1881.

⁵¹ George McCone, in Baker, Montana, *Fallon County Times*, July 16, 1925.

⁵² Pages 74-76, Report, Secretary of War, 1880 (Serial 1952).

⁵³ *Journal*, September 11, 1880.

just started on the south bank of the Yellowstone, opposite the military camp which also had been known as Glendive. And on July 31st the stage line was discontinued.⁵⁴ Already Miner and Vail had installed a line of Concord coaches connecting with the railroad at Glendive and running to Miles City, on an eighteen-hour schedule. In December this line too was made obsolete, by the arrival of the trains at Miles City.

V.

Financially the Keogh-Bismarck star route was never profitable to its proprietors. "The line has always been operated at a loss," said Manager Williamson.⁵⁵ This was attributed to depredations by the Indians and the penalties suffered by reason of tardiness during the severe winter months. While the schedule finally had been reduced to sixty hours, the average time per trip during the winter was 120 hours, and occasional trips

failed entirely. During the first three months of '80, the proprietors had to pay "fines" aggregating \$11,282.74; and for the same period the previous year, \$13,000.⁵⁶

Although the basic contract was only \$3,500 per annum the amounts actually paid to Miner and Vail, based upon service, and mail carried, greatly exceeded this amount. For the first year, which ended June 30th, 1879, the government paid the contractors \$35,000; for 1880, \$54,735.36; for 1881, \$49,853.86; and for July, 1881, \$3,266.67, making a total of \$142,525.69 for the three years and one month during which the line was in operation.⁵⁷ In addition to this were the revenue derived from their express business and the fares paid by passengers, though the latter item, since the trip was very fatiguing and was reputed to be hazardous on account of the Indians, was never considerable.

⁵⁴ U. S. Official Register, 1883, Vol. 2, page 53; *idem*, 1881, Vol. 2, page 81.

⁵⁵ Tribune, May 27, 1881.

⁵⁶ *Idem*.

⁵⁷ See (48) *supra*.

CALF PASTURE GATE

WALTER EVANS KIDD

Beneath the sapling bars,
Let down
Once before the other chores are yet begun,
Once after all are done
Except the milking chore,
The ground is trampled bare and brown
And pocked with muddy scars
By calves that pass into a pen
At sucking time and later out again.

During the length of day between,
The gate,
Barred roughly up in place,
Is so familiar in the scene
To calves inside their grazing space
And cows on field about
That they accept the fate
Of being, as they are, shut in or out.

LETTERS FROM TOM RIVINGTON TO GRACE RAYMOND HEBARD

Editor's Note: "These letters are reproduced exactly. Someone has made the corrections in spelling, punctuation, etc., for him in the first two letters . . . The first letter may be of particular interest because 1932 is the 'Washington' year and it carries a good deal about Mr. Rivington's ancestors and Washington. The fact that Mr. Rivington when a small boy came in contact with Abraham Lincoln may be of peculiar interest at this time."—G. R. H.

March 13, 1932.

MY people originated in Pennsylvania. My grandmother, on mother's side of the house, was born in 1762, there were other girls and boys in the family and they hauled food on hand sleds over the deep snow to Washington's army, so those who honor Washington, honor my grandmother. She lived to be one hundred and fifteen years old.

In her stories to me, she said she rode on the first railroad that was built in America, when they used wooden rails. Her family name was Summerdale, her father, who was a Captain in Washington's army was drowned with several other soldiers while crossing the Delaware river, the river was high and filled with floating ice and while they were trying to get the boat through the ice flow, it sprung a leak and sank, drowning all except a few who could swim, and these froze before they reached the shore.

Grandmother's brothers helped build the first freight boat that went down the Ohio river to New Orleans, loaded with whiskey, hoop poles, barrel staves, tubs, pottery, duck and goose feathers, dried fruit, salt pork, dried beef, home spun cloth, yarn, home knit mittens, socks, hand made towels, home spun and hand made coats, pants, and vests. In those days all such work was done in every home and by hand, as they did not have sewing machines.

In 1795, grandmother married David Scott, who was a school teacher and had come from Holland in 1785. They engaged in farming and stock raising. David Scott had an interest in the first ship load of short horn cattle that was landed at Philadelphia and drove across the state of Pennsylvania to Pittsburg, at this town the herd was divided up, each farmer taking his share of the stock.

My Mother's three brothers were rovers, Will Scott was in the Mexican War of 1846

with General Taylor. While on their way overland to California, he and a company of cavalymen were wiped out by a large band of Yaqui Indians, in northwest Mexico. The Indians were commanded by a Spanish General who wanted to keep Will Scott and his company from getting into California.

Jim Scott drove from Pennsylvania to California in 1846, sold out and sailed around the Horn for home. In the summer of 1848 he bought an outfit of 89 wagons at Chicago, Ill., and loaded them with coffee, lard, flour and sugar and started for California late in the summer of 1848 and landed there in the fall of 1849. In a letter to the folks at home, he told them he had sold everything at a big price and was coming home to outfit again for California, as there was big money to be made in freighting overland. The ship on which he took passage was wrecked in the straits at the south end of South America, news did not travel fast in those days and it was several months later that grandmother read of the ship's wreck and that all on board were lost. I have personally gone through those straits and I know that the waves rolled over the big steamer for over forty hours.

Bob Hiram Scott was my uncle on mother's side of the house, he was the youngest of the four children and born in 1812, but like his older brothers, he had the roving spirit and at the age of 15 years, he went to St. Louis on a freight boat, and while there, hired to a fur company, then he wrote to his folks at Pittsburg, Pa., that he was going west with a party to hunt and trap. Two months later they received another letter which stated that the party had a lot of hard work getting up the Missouri river due to the many sand bars. The last time mother and her folks heard from him, he was at Fort Williams, a trading post where Indians came to trade.

When the hide hunters got in west of the Wind River Mountains, discontentment came

The Frontier

among them but they kept together for several years in their wandering from place to place. They then quarreled with the Fur Company over the price of hides, and the hunters broke up in small groups and each went their different ways as free trappers and hunters. Each man was his own boss, the Fur company had no control over them.

An Indian by the name of Sacajawea told me this part of the life of Hiram Scott while he was in the Mountain country. Chief Washakie of the Shoshone Indians, gave Scott and the other four men with him, the privilege to hunt and trap in his territory, if they would pay him a percent, which they did. Jim Bridger and Chief Washakie wanted them to stay in the Wind River mountains and keep on trapping, but the fur buyers at the trading post would not give Scott what he wanted for his furs, so he and his pardners made a raft and drifted down the Sweet Water River and into the Platte river with their furs. Tom Brown, Fiddler Smith, Jim Bridger and Sacajawea were all positive that this was in the year of 1844. I was well acquainted with the above named people and they were well acquainted with Hiram Scott. Jim Bridger told me the raft was wrecked down the Platte river east of the Fur Trading Post, which was called Fort Williams Trading Post, at that time, but later called Fort Laramie. The raft was wrecked just about the place where old Fort Mitchell was built some time later. The Pawnee Indians had been hunting and were coming east on the south side of the Platte river and saw the raft upset, as they thought, from drifting into a snag in the water. The Pawnee Indians took the trappers upon their horses and were going to take them to their camp. At this time the Sioux Indians were on the warpath with the Pawnees and would take a Pawnee scalp every chance they got, so just as the Pawnees started for their camp with the trappers, a big band of Sioux Indians showed up on the north side of the river and started to swim their ponies across after the Pawnee's, this move so frightened the Pawnees that they hid Scott in a deep draw up by the hills south of the river, and gave him some dried meat and a buffalo robe, he being too sick to ride a running

horse, this draw is quite some distance west of Scott hill or Mitchell Pass.

The Pawnees dropped the other trappers into a deep hole on the south side of the hills. The Sioux run the Pawnees out of the North Platte Country and discovered Scott in the deep draw. All wild Indians were afraid of a white man if he was very sick, so Scott told them he had the small pox. Right then they got away from him immediately, the wild Indians being afraid of what they called Bakada.

This is the story the Indian woman Sacajawea told me and she said that she got the true story from both the Pawnees and the Sioux Indians. She was a good friend of mine and did all she could to get the truth from the older Indians who were in the raid and saw everything that happened.

(Signed)

TOM RIVINGTON

Gering, Nebraska.

March 15, 1932.

My grandfather was borned in 1760, his father and six uncles were in General Washington's army, and all were killed. Grandfather and other boys in the neighborhood hauled food on hand sleds over the deep snow to Washington's soldiers. The snow was so deep that an oxen or horse could not wade through it. Grandfather told me that boys with hand sleds could be seen or heard day and night dragging their sleds over the snow loaded with provisions, and on every sled there was a jug of good whiskey. In those days any one could make whiskey, and if they got twenty-five cents a gallon they thought they were getting a fair price.

In 1790 grandfather, whose name was Bill Rivington, left the timber covered hills of Pennsylvania riding a steer and leading another with all his goods packed on the two animals. He wandered over Ohio, Indiana and Illinois territory for several years and finally drifted up to Lake Michigan with a large band of Indians, this being in the year of 1802. He helped build the trading post, or Fort Dearborn, where Chicago now stands, and became agent for the Hudson Bay Fur Company and continued in their employment for several years. When the American Fur Company was formed, he went

into their employment, this kept him traveling all over the region to trade with the Indians in their different villages and making contracts with them whereby they were to bring their furs and hides to him at Fort Dearborn, which they did once a year. Some tribes came over from the west side of the Mississippi river, and to cross this swift stream meant to risk their lives in their skin boats. To the tribes which came from the west side of the river, grandfather always gave them extra presents, which pleased them very much, and these kind acts were never forgotten by the red men.

Grandfather made a trade with the Indians, whereby he was to kill one hundred buffalo for one square of land which was close to 61 acres, this land was considerable distance north of the stockade or trading post. He afterwards traded this land, a lot of dried buffalo and a number of dried buffalo hides for two yoke of oxen, a wagon, rifle, keg of powder, lead, flint, several boxes of gun caps, an ax, and a spade, also a fifty-foot rope made of buffalo hide. The ax, spade and rope were made by a blacksmith.

Grandfather often spoke of this land and what he traded it for. At another time he traded a wagon load of dried meat for a percussion rifle, the first one he had seen which used caps. A blacksmith had bored a hole in the barrel and inserted a tube, a very crude affair, but grandfather said, when he got that gun that he was away ahead of the men that had a flint gun.

I was born in 1850 in LaSalle County, Ill., in a big house, by Ottawa. I heard Lincoln and Douglas debate several times in 1859, they were both good orators. Douglas had a penetrating voice a good deal like Bryan's. You could hear him a mile away. At Ottawa they spoke out in a big grove. When the people passed by to shake hands I was so short Lincoln caught me by the wrist and lifted me up on the platform. I had long curly hair and Douglas wanted one of the curls and offered me twenty-five cents for one. Mr. Lincoln raised the offer to fifty cents. I told them I would like to sell them a curl but was afraid of what mother might do. They both laughed

heartily over that remark and both gave me twenty-five cents each anyway.

I remember that as well as if it were yesterday, what I do know, the top of my head did not come on a level with Lincoln's hips.

(Signed)

TOM RIVINGTON.

Gering, Nebraska.

May, 1932.

The clipping I am sending you would cover a large story if wer riten.

the writer saw this poker game it was plade in the fall of 1870 in a tent down on the banks of the clear water river out from Lewiston Idaho. there were a great many nez-perces indians camped a long the river at that time and I went there to buy horses from them and I was there for several days with the indians.

as far as I can learn all the people thought the world are gamblers in some form in this country poker was the universe game. The China man had wone several horses from the indians. I bot the horses from the china man for 4 dollars per head. The Indian was a good poker player but he had nothing but horses to bet or put up in the game and the chink did not wan to play his money against horses as there was so few men that would buy the indian pony as they were to small to work. 3 men and the chink started a game they told the indian who name was fast runer to get some money and get in the game

the indian came to me and said he felt luckey. the indian was honest and had plenty of horses to pay me if he lost so I lent him eleven hundred dollars. they played a day and one night. the indian came out of the game 3,000 to the good. the indian did not win much from the chink but he almost broke the three white men

the indian gave me my eleven hundred buck and 5 of his horses as a present. they were large horses. I sold them to a miner for 75.00 doller a head. I got the indian to put his 3,000 thousand dollers in to sheep and he became welthey from the money he wone in the poker game

several days after this game was played Bemis came into the pictur. he and the chink plaid for four days and one night. in

that time Bemis had wone 9,000 thousand dollers from the chink and some julery. Now the chin, said to Bemis all I hav left is the girl. I will put her up aganst 2,500 hundred dollers. Bemis told the chink to deal that that was a good bet. in this hand all the cards were put on the table face up on the first deal around. Bemis got a pair of queens and the chink got a pair of Jacks. on the second deal around Bemis got a pair of queens or 4 of a kind and the chink got a pair of Jacks and he had 4 of a kind but the four queens was the best hand in poker. the chink shook hands with the girl and Bemis and bid them good luck and disappeared from that regin.

now a little history of the 3 men that were in the game with the chink and the indian. I would tell there name but they hav relation that still live in western montania

these three men got hung for robing sluce boxes for gold dust. these 3 men were in the miners groop that hung Jack Slade down by Virginia city montana

mrs. Slade Berated that bunch of men rite to there face and told them that they all would come to a bad end and evry one of them men did come to a bad end. some got shot some got hung several got drowned in the madison river.

here is a short history that led up to the hanging of Jack Slade. Slade was a gambler. he would play poker and role the dice for money. he roled the dice with the county Judge and the county atorny or the teritory attorney I dont no which.

the attorney lost and paid Slade the Judge lost but refused to pay. he told Slade that a gambling debt could not be colected

Slade nocked the Judge down and took what money the Judge had the Judge got a warrent out for Slade. Slade whiped the officer that served the warrent. then Slade took the warrent to the Judge and made him ter it up then slade whiped the Judge agane. if Slade would hav gon home then evrything would hav ben for given but Slade was so mad he got drunk and rode through the town and declared he could whip any one that lived in the place or he would shoot it out with any three men in the town. the Judge hid out in a cave for fear Slade would shoot him.

Slade had them all bufalowed. now here is the way they did get Slade. he got of his horse at a saloon. there was a number of men in front of the saloon. a bull dog grabed Slade by the leg while Slade was trying to choke the dog luce a man hit Slade on the head with a big club. this blow nocked Slade down. after a bit Slade got up to his feet but he was not in his rite mind for he did not no where he was or which way to go, he lent up aganst the building but fell down and could not get up. his nose was bleeding and blod was dripping from one ear. in this shape they drug him out and hung him. if he would have ben left a lone he would have died rite there but if he had died there the law wood hav had to proscute the man that hit him with the club for merder. but when the croud hung him the corners jury did not no any of them. they were cauld vige-lence or un none parties.

TOM RIVINGTON

Gering, Nebraska.

TREASURES

RIVERS LODGE

After a week, we went to your room.
And let the day's brightness
Into the gloom.

There stood your bed, four-posted and square,
Your little round trunk, and low slipper chair:
In boxes and drawers your treasures were laid:
Gold locket, two bracelets made of hair braid,
A lock of brown hair, and a letter signed "Ned,"
Pictures of cousins, long ago dead,
A colored set ring, "sent with love from Aunt Kate,"
All these. And yet, we returned, "No Estate."

DAY'S WORK

E. E. HUBERT

I. The Ore-Chute "Monkey"

THREE shrill blasts of the locomotive's whistle broke the sunny quietude of the surface workings at the Mountain View mine. The ore train, with its string of steel "battle-ship" cars, came bumping and creaking into the loading switch. With a sudden jar and clang the air brakes set and the engine stood wheezing under the ore chute doors ready for the loaders. Up in the ore-bins, awaiting the yell to "Poke 'er down," were the "chute monkeys," balancing themselves upon the long, narrow beams which traversed the lower portion of the bins. In their hands each held a long, hollow bar with a solid point, which they used as a balancer as they skipped from one beam to the other above the rushing and fast-disappearing ore beneath. Occasionally straddling between two adjacent beams and poking with the long rods, they would succeed in breaking the blockade caused by the lateral pressure of the ore which was "hung-up" along the steeply slanting bottom of the bin. Below them the ore rushed, sucked and jammed through the chute openings like a monster quicksand. The dust puffed up in clouds as masses of the loosened material plunged downward. A yell of "Look out below!" sends these "courters of danger" scurrying along the beams toward the ladders as the motor truck, rumbling along its track overhead, slows up a moment to dump its burden with a terrifying rush of noise into the dust-laden depths of the rapidly emptying bins.

II. Underground

There is nothing I know of that can compare, in petrifying loneliness, to the feeling of a novice when placed in some God-forsaken stope in a mine and told to "make 'er pay." There you are, a thousand or more feet beneath the surface, tucked into the farther end of a warm hole whose tortuous windings and crosscuts have bewildered you beyond any sense of direction. An oppressive silence intensifies each little sound and the air current from the upper manway agitates the candle flame so that the shadows dance on the dull gray rock in grotesque capers. You realize how infinitely alone you are, with these tons of massive rock on all sides and not even a single "chug" of a neighborly drill to lend its small comfort. The hanging wall, creeping along its bedding plane, strains the timbers and causes an occasional snapping noise. This is accompanied by the nerve-trying sound of small rock particles rolling upon the stone floor. The lower, unfilled floors are black emptiness, and the passageway back into the old workings is like a hole in the night. You begin to imagine queer things and you turn suddenly, only to find that your candle is sputtering. The quietude, the loneliness, the oppressive helplessness of your position, is gripping you more and more strongly. With a vicious jab of the candlestick into the post you reach for your shovel and begin work.

III. Crazy Mac

The sheep war in the Powder River country was at its fever heat. Lafe Johnson's punchers had just completed a week's "round-up" of the sheep

camps along the upper basin and had returned to camp bringing "Red" back dead and two others wounded.

Red Young had been exceptionally active during this raid and had managed to kill about four hundred of the Trogden sheep and had wounded three of the herders. He had been so thirsty for their blood that he had alone trailed "Crazy Mac" in the dim morning light up the dry bed of Buffalo Creek to his dugout. He had approached the dugout from behind a small knoll. As he neared the peculiar shelter, he was suddenly startled into discharging the six-shooter which he was carrying pointblank at the doorway by a sudden, simultaneous rattling as of a whole chorus of rattle-snakes. Instinctively he fell flat on the ground. As he did so his hand encountered a small cord extending across the path. Again the rattling noise filled the stillness. Red became so absorbed in trying to decipher this strange device that he failed to see Crazy Mac sneak out of the back door and entrench himself behind a sandstone boulder obliquely but in line with Red's retreat. As Red raised himself on his hands and knees and grasped the cord, his eyes fell upon several seed pods of the "rattle-weed" tied to it. He smiled faintly, cursed under breath for a moment, then as he unconsciously straightened up muttered: "Hell!" Simultaneously the sharp crack of a rifle was heard and Red rolled to the bottom of the knoll, clutching the rattle-weeds in his death grip.

The punchers, searching for him, had found him the next day nicely laid out at the juncture of the trails leading to Crazy Mac's cabin, the rattle-weeds with part of the cord tightly clutched in his hand. On his breast

were several of the rattling pods arranged bouquet-like.

IV. Tenderfoot

We were running a survey line over one end of a craggy butte. Its steep sides rose abruptly from a short slope and made it necessary to chain up to its base. We had sighted a point on the summit and were circling the bluff, leaving Bray trailing his chain up to the butte's edge. A call for help, shrill and agonizing, proceeding from his direction suddenly rent the still, hot air. We immediately retraced our steps and arrived in time to see Bray, his back to the high rock surface, pale and agitated, staring unwaveringly at a patch of sage-brush near his feet. We guessed the situation immediately. A rattler had unintentionally cornered him in a niche of the bluff. The first realization of the danger had made Bray call loudly for help; now he was speechless, paralyzed. His hat lay on the ground beside him. The sun beat down upon his unprotected head, burned into his unblinking eyes, and glistened on the cold sweat which broke from his brow. His hands, tense and white, were outstretched against the rock surface. His whole attitude spoke plainly of the impulse to back forcibly into the safety of the solid cliff. His heels were braced in little pits, dug in the talus by the energy of his emotion. His right foot was placed a little forward as if expecting to ward off a blow. His mouth was partly open. The lips, dry and white, were pulled into a slight droop at one corner. His breath came heavily. It stopped perceptibly as the rattler sounded a warning. Then as a spade came down with a sudden whack upon the coiled reptile's head, Bray wilted like a fire-scorched plant.

BOOK SHELF

Under the Editorship of Pat V. Morrisette

Earth Horizon. Mary Austin. Houghton, Mifflin. 1932. \$4.00.

Heralded as potentially "the most interesting American biography since Benjamin Franklin," this forthright record of the life-story of one of the best-known contemporary writers of America is near-epic in scope. Laying in with almost too-meticulous care in beginning chapters the background and rootage of her own family tree, the writer gets into good narrative swing with the Sage of Polly McAdams, great-grandmother of "I-Mary," from whose sturdy individuality she feels her own life-pattern to be largely derived. And in the telling of the saga, mid-western frontier life rises luminously, the Civil War re-echoes its bitter strife. Pages of brilliant prose are there, and a certain salty humor, in this book of I-Mary's childhood—that Mary in whom is "something that comes out of the land . . . governing her own progressions, coloring her most intimate expression." The book of youth portrays mid-west small town life in the eighties—a spiritual supplement of Main street. A close-up of Frances E. Willard is there, the W. C. T. U. and the "Chatauqua," along with beginning struggles of feminism and suffrage in America. Book three moves her diminished family west to arid Southern California, adding records of "boom towns" and irrigation troubles. In "The Land of Little Rain" (Book Four) there rise dramatic tales of isolated mountain communities, blocked by the Sierras; of stirring stage-coach rides across the Mojave desert; of beginning contacts with our native Americans whose art—and religion—so strongly influenced the writer's mental pattern. There are tied into the saga here emerging artist-days in San Francisco and Carmel; a constellation of personages—George Sterling, Jack London, John Muir, the Hoovers, Joseph Conrad, and many others later. The last book, "The Land of Journey's Ending," follows in the wake of a successful novelist across to London and the continent, tying back to New York for some vivid years, and leaving the writer finally in the land of her choice: the southwest—Santa Fe, New Mexico, and that desert country with which she feels herself most kin. In the cycle of growth, roots of our national culture emerge sharply. And somewhere in the middle of it all is the protagonist, spinning out the whole fabric of her life from her own consciousness, seeking to find her own spiritual center, which she does, after much search

and disillusion, in the simpler faith of a primitive people.

"In the Rain—Song of Sia," she says, "Earth Horizon is the incalculable blue ring of sky meeting earth, which is the source of experience." . . . Experience, which Mary Austin tasted richly, fully always; which "may be carried about as an amulet," or which may "come alive from within and burgeon." It is easy to see the writer growing from her own experience, in these pages. The nation, too, grows up; but it is an ironic commentary on the spiritual values of our times that the so-called "most intelligent woman in America"—if so she be—brushes these all aside as so much worthless tinsel, to find her own inner satisfaction in the meaning of prayer as expressed by her friends, the Paiute natives; prayer, which to her is the creative agency of life—a "continuing experience of wholeness," which, she declares, makes the "full significance" of her book, together with the writer's conviction of herself as "a road-mark, a pointer on the trail which later generations were more or less to take." The fundamental theses of the book are provocative, and worth more than casual dismissal. Yet agree with these or not as one may, it is the personality of the writer that dominates her horizon—that curious unblended mixture of mysticism and a certain clear-eyed hardness that makes up the record of I-Mary (the book might easily have been called by that name). Flaws one may find in that record if he tries, in the occasional shrill note in the relation of personal experience; in a certain feeling of strain in composition—it is perhaps too much to demand that one write as well and more easily; in certain arid patches in the later more hurried chapters. But these are mere flecks on a notable book. Mary Austin's contribution to American literature is arresting and genuine. She has captured whole periods and regions—particularly the one she loves best—with her really amazing capacity for detail, the verve and penetration of her portrayal. The record of her life will not only be read with interest now for the pertinence and clarity of her comment on the present-day social structure, for the luminous descriptions of the regions in which her own roots of life lay; it will be consulted many years hence for its valuable record of certain growing-up days of the nation.

Alice Henson Ernst

Folk-Say IV. Edited by B. A. Botkin. University of Oklahoma Press, 1932. \$3.00.

This volume is a challenge to a believer in regionalism as the use of material about the people who live rooted in the soil. For, at least according to the prose of this miscellany, the soil has produced little other than very rank weeds. Tale after tale shows us people physically and morally dirty and mentally weak or unkempt. What kind of soil is it that grows so few nourishing products and no flowers and fruits? Most of the tales are sturdy; most of the tales mean something. The correspondence-to-fact no reader would doubt about any of them. No one should quarrel with their existence. But any reader interested in regionalism asks, "Are these the only kinds of produce our American soil nourishes?" If so, regionalism has a minimum of importance to American letters, namely the mere calling of social attention to what certain underlayers of American life have as the habitual content of their minds and imagination.

A reader finds discontent also in the uniformity of pattern of construction which these reporters of lowly life use. What they see to report, as well as their methods of reporting are so much alike that reading is a task. Also, if the language and rhetoric took larger account of the reader's interest the tales might be more attractive without loss of authenticity. And again, although these writers would squirm under the charge of sentimentality, their writings are at times sentimental.

Regionalism will need to see life that is rooted in American soil with a wider roving eye and more comprehending imagination than are here illustrated if it wishes to become a generative force in American literature.

Another section of the miscellany is given to fragments of autobiography, or what reads less like fictive than actual biography, done in a sophisticate manner. In them the chief purpose of the writer seems to be "self-expression and the reader be damned; see what a hard life I have led." In the notes on contributors, also, there is manifest pleasure in the record that each writer has "bummed" around the country. It is of course good that our coming writers—and there are several among these contributors—have seen life on more sides than the cultured; but there is certainly as much virtue in seeing it on its cultured sides—unless, as some of these writers believe, our culture has decayed and for renewal must go proletarian. Or possibly regionalism takes no account of cultured life?

It is in its verse that *Folk-Say IV* seems best. Hardly a poem fails of its poetic vision, although some of the forms are more interesting as experiment than as accom-

plishment. Norman Macleod is at moments of excellent insight and expression; Thomas Ferrill's "Fort Vasquez" is imaginative satire of a high order; Haniel Long's "Three Poems on Erosion," in spite of considerable inadequate fusion of material and expression, are original and challenging. Solon Barber, Margaret Pond, Mary Austin, Alice Corbin all write with a finely singing interpretativeness of the Southwest. H. H. Lewis and Sterling Brown are less successful but both interesting. Pat V. Morrisette contributes a twenty-page interpretation of Paul Bunyan as an "American Symbol" in verse which on the whole is too level in tone and occasionally too soft in sound but which maintains dignity and underlying strength. The two plays in this number of *Folk-Say* are poor in dramatic quality and thin in content.

A reviewer should not fail to commend the beautifully handled tale by Paul Horgan, the energetic, epic-like tale by Nard Jones, the Fielding-like portrayal of social life by Erskine Caldwell (would that more of our writers of low life could capture this sympathy and relish, this gusto).

One feels that *Folk-Say IV* possesses more commendable and more stabilized writing than any of the three previous volumes, and that it is also less experimental. It also seems to this reviewer less representative of true regionalism. However, Mr. Botkin has done excellent service in bringing these writings together that one may have a critical look at a tendency illustrated by a substantial body of its expression. And it does cast certain lines of projection along which we may expect American writing to travel.

H. G. Merriam

Flaming Arrow's People. An Acoma Indian. Duffield, Green, 1932. \$2.50.

Life on the "Enchanted Mesa"—home of the cliff-dwelling Pueblos for centuries—is pictured in this book by James Paytiamo, writing of his own people. Children of the sun they are indeed, these peaceful people who since long before Columbus discovered America were living on this high rock, in their "sky city," Acoma, planting their tiny wheat fields, grinding their blue corn meal, hunting deer and antelope, making their feathered prayer-sticks, or dancing the sacred dances to the sun, their lord. For Pi-et-yahmah (Flaming Arrow), legendary chieftain of the Acomas, for whom the author was named, is fathered by the sun, and goes to find him in his kiva, or dancing house in the sky, waving aside lightnings, lions, sacred snakes, bees and wasps nonchalantly as he goes, since he has the magic of his father. And it is of such legends that the author writes: of the initiation of the braves, of the medicine men, of witch tales, and of the

dances—the Magic Feathers dance, the Blue Bird, the “delight makers,” the Buffalo dance, the Devil dance. But not fully. Even the casual reader, no less than the ethnologist, will regret that the record of these ritual dances is so largely externalized, and that inner meanings are withheld—consciously, of course—as in the brief dismissal of the yearly masked dance put on the first week in July for the sake of rain, as a ceremony “so sacred and secret that no tribe will divulge it; and it is a pagan dance in honor of the old gods.” However, one respects the writer’s reserve as to his religion, which is to him, evidently, the solitary thing withheld from the invasions of the “Gray-Eyes,” whose civilization, he feels, has cheapened ancient ideals of his people. In the record of the daily life of the Acomas, the swallow-hunts of the boys, the pinon-picking, the melon plantings, the habits and culture of the people who for centuries have remained “completely unimpressed by either missionaries or Henry Ford,” there is ample interest. Not a scholarly book; simply told by an untrained writer; the material not always organized to best advantage, the unfinished style is still poetic and pictorial. One feels a play of life and color beneath it—the dazzling color of rocks against a sky of perfect turquoise, the color so beloved and sacred to the Pueblo people. It is, in fact, the book of an artist; and the illustrations by the author himself—vividly colored drawings giving his impressions of costumes in the sacred dances—are entirely charming. Even the binding reflects sky and mesa. As a gift book, it should be treasured.

Alice Henson Ernst

Early Catholic Missions in Old Oregon. Edited by C. B. Bagley. Seattle, Washington. Lowman & Hanford Company, 1932, Vol. I. 238 pp., Vol. II. 122 pp. \$10.00.

Volume one contains a reprint of two aspects of early Oregon history that have for some time been out of print and now are exceedingly rare. The first contains *The Historical Sketches of the Catholic Church in Oregon during the first Forty Years (1838-1878)* by Most Rev. Francis Norbert Blanchet, D.D., first Archbishop of Oregon. The sketches appeared in the *Catholic Sentinel* between February 7 and September 12, 1879, and later were put out in book form and then again run in serial form in *Glad Tidings* and again published in a limited edition. In spite of the republications the work remains a treasure in the collections of Pacific Northwest Americana.

About the last ninety pages of volume one are given over to a reprint of *The Authentic Account of the Murder of Dr. Whitman and other missionaries by the Cayuse Indians of*

Oregon, in 1847, and the causes which led to that horrible catastrophe, by the Very Rev. J. B. A. Brouillet. This work was originally published in 1853 and again in 1869 but like the *Sketches* has become very rare.

Volume two planned by Mr. Bagley but published after his death also contains two distinct reprints. The first is translation sketches compiled from accounts sent by missionaries to the *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith* and was first published in Brussels in 1847. This is the first time the work has appeared in English.

The second part of volume two contains *Letters of the Sisters of Notre Dame* established at St. Paul, Willamette, Oregon. In the nature of an appendix Mr. Bagley includes a print of a Catholic Ladder found at Fort Nisqually and gives an explanation of its meaning and use.

The value of the reprints is undoubted but one fails to understand why an index was not included to make the materials more useable.

John T. Ganoe

Historic Spots in California. H. E. Rensch and E. G. Rensch. Stanford University Press, 1932. \$2.50.

The Stanford press has long been active in regionalism by maintaining a respectable list of books on the Far West. Many of these books, however, have been rather thin trade books to catch eastern travelers in the western parks. Such a book was *Oh Ranger!* The present book, however, is regionalism with a vengeance. It was undertaken “to create interest in the local history of California among its citizens, to make knowledge of the historic spots of the different localities available to tourists, and to arouse state wide interest in the preservation of those vanishing historic landmarks which still survive.” California was once Spain, was once Mexico; it has a color as different from the rest of the United States as Berlin is different from Paris. The Stanford volume will help Californians to appreciate and to preserve that identity which is California. Bibliographies and a complete index make it a handy reference for tourists to southern California.

The Long Knives Walked. Mary Louis Mabie. Bobbs-Merrill, 1932. \$2.00.

Ohio Jillson starts out with a wagon train to join his people in California. He does not know that his mother and father had starved in the Sierras during the winter, and had scandalized the country by the fact that their party had eaten the dead. (This situation, of course, is adopted from the tragic history of the Donner Party.) Young Jillson, a tall blonde with blue eyes and magnificent strength, is quite attractive to the ladies.

A homely Elizabeth Lincoln falls in love with him on the plains, but her father is killed in a buffalo hunt, and she returns with most of the party at Fort Laramie. Romance, however, is taken up again at Fort Hall when a trader's wife with beautiful hair and red lips follows him on his trip. He presses on with the Petersons across the desert, but they give up their efforts to reach California, and turn aside to Salt Lake City. Poor Ohio, seeking his starved or devoured parents, is left to walk. He is further handicapped by Callie, the woman who followed him from Fort Hall. The Indians called the white travellers *Long Knives*, hence the title. The author shows an intimate knowledge of the history of the emigration westward, and has portrayed the common incidents of this tremendous migration of peoples with an authenticity that deserves comment. The novel is an apt illustration of the telling effect the new regionalism is having on the western romance, for the most singular passages are those that are most authentic. Plainly, a new type of western novel is in the making.

The Jackson Trail. Max Brand. Dodd, Mead. 1932. \$2.00.

Romances like this one have been manufactured by the hundreds and thousands. Among the writers of "westerns" is Max Brand, a thrill artist who has an unquestionable following among readers of the pulp magazines. In this novel Jesse Jackson, a small man, is the hero. He has muscles like lead pipes, and can thrash three or four men at a time. He can pick any kind of a lock. He is a bad man, but he is a good man. He is a thief and a murderer, but he robs only robbers. He is a lone wolf, but he marries and settles down. From the first chapter in which the United States marshal starts after him, Jackson's trail is a series of escapes from inescapable situations. Every chapter has a different thrill. Mr. Brand is a master of the art of narration. The story moves with an ease and facility beyond the grasp of the nineteenth century novelists. As a "western" it is a success. It engulfs the reader with action and suspense. But it is also melodramatic, false, improbable. Jesse Jackson is not a human, convincing character. The author's style is undistinguished. Many westerners, grown up with the West, object to this man-handling of their country. But their objections are prosy, uninteresting, and dull. Definitely, dash and verve, which this author has at his command, do not make literature, but they create excitement enough to please an audience. Regionalism in the west faces the difficult task of regenerating this type of novel into something authentic, human, real.

Golden Tales of the Prairie States. May Lamberton Becker. Dodd, Mead. 1932. \$2.50.

The general title for the series to which this book belongs is *Golden Tales of Our America*. This series is an attempt to define in stories the American background and tradition. Mrs. Becker has already edited tales of the Old South and tales of New England. In this last venture she has attempted to define the midwest, and has limited her anthology to "anything back of the motor car." The authors she includes, however, are not of the horse and buggy era. She depends upon such contemporary writers as Booth Tarkington, William Allen White, Sherwood Anderson, Ruth Suckow, Upton Sinclair, Sinclair Lewis. Two authors, Hamlin Garland and Edward Eggleston, are more genuinely of the era which she defines. American literature has long needed such a group of anthologies, for there can be no distinct American culture as long as no attention is paid to American backgrounds and traditions. Although May Becker has had the facilities of the British Museum, and the public libraries of the midwest at her disposal, she has by no means exhausted the possibilities of her undertaking. Prairies have a significance in America, and this significance has not yet been well told.

Roadside Flowers of the Pacific Northwest. Drew Sherrard. Metropolitan Press. Portland, Oregon. 1932.

This is a brief but gaily covered book containing, in a nook in its back cover, four packages of wild flower seeds. It is a book well calculated to draw the attention of naturalists, gardeners, hikers, to the beauties of the countryside in the Pacific Northwest where "spring comes early, and lingers long." It is written with real feeling toward the region which it surveys; and it should become popular as a gift volume.

Missouri Anthology. Susan Louis Marsh. Christopher. 1932. \$1.50.

Susan Marsh is "poet laureate of the Colonial Dames of the Seventeenth Century of the State of Missouri." Her anthology is a collection of odd bits of information, and sentiments about her native state. Descriptions of pioneer Missouri, brief biographies of citizens, and tributes to everything Missourian, are set off by brief poems from the pen of the editor. The collection is undoubtedly regional in character, but it fails to grasp the true "spirit of St. Louis."

The Prairie Pirates. Earl Chapin May. Duffield & Green. 1932.

Andrew Fowler runs away from home for the West and a girl in blue satin. He joins a freight train of Conestoga wagons, visits the dives and taverns along the road, joins

the crew of a river boat and meets the travelers, gamblers and immigrants. He meets Abe Lincoln in Illinois and fights in the Black Hawk war with him. Of course, he is mixed up with the prairie pirates, subdues them, and marries the girl in blue satin. May has enriched his pages with colorful details of the frontier. His descriptions of the National Road in the days before the railroad, of the interiors of frontier cabins, of the village of Chicago are all handled with careful respect for historical accuracy. The time of the story is from 1831 to 1849. The book is a picaresque, adventurous tale in which much vivid material is hampered by the slight plot. Definitely American, and definitely regional, there is much promise here for a powerful novel of the frontier.

Diary of a Twelve-Year-Old. Benjamin Musser. Caxton Printers. 1932.

Benjamin Musser kept a diary as a child, and the Caxton printers have thought fit to reproduce part of its several books. Undistinguished illiteracy has little power in itself, but the vivid interest which the young Musser had in books and the drama saves the book from the commonplace. The novel punctuation and spelling, the neat format, and the boyish enthusiasm make parts of it refreshing reading. There are some passages of undoubtedly mature reflection.

Pat V. Morrisette

Riding the Range. Lawrence A. Keating. Edw. J. Clode, Inc. 1932. \$2.00.

To the bark of six guns and the "zunging" of lead slugs, Brad Corliss, whose bones are often bent but never broken, gets his man. It's a type novel with everything you expect of the "Western" and nothing you expect of the West. There are six murders because six murders were promised in Chapter One, and there's a masked villain who makes something of a fool of the son avenger (who wins, of course, finally.) There's a pure girl who does absolutely nothing except marry our hero and there's a bad woman named Lou De Vare who drinks and smokes and tells dirty jokes and finally fades away somewhere in the dim, dim past. One has the feeling that the West is used merely as a location of convenience; for the action, if the hero were not quite so simple, could be touched up and laid in Chicago with an easy substitution of beer-running for the silver-stealing theme. Yes, it's like that.

The Open Trail. George B. Rodney. Edw. J. Clode, Inc. 1932. \$2.00.

A story of fabled wealth, deception, and love in '76 when the frontier still boasted warring parties and Indians and Calamity Jane was the Devil of Deadwood, *The Open*

Trail gives us the adventures of Ralph Keene, a young man with a brave heart. Ralph's uncle, Jerry Lane, sends for the boy in Deadwood. Uncle Jerry's prompt and mysterious death on his nephew's arrival points the finger of suspicion at Ralph and a lynching party hastens his departure. His search for the fabulous wealth of the Blue Bucket diggings and a stampeding buffalo herd give him a ringside seat at Custer's Last Stand—from behind the enemy lines. There's a girl, you know, who happens in at the big game, and a villain, too, and right triumphs. As stories go it's a bit simple and very sweet and they use dashes for all the cuss words. Which is a help if you have a sufficient vocabulary but monotonous if you're lazy and just supply the same word every time.

Colonel Rodney, however, has not been so absorbed in his story as to overlook the possibilities of his exciting locale and the principal interest of the novel lies in the apparent authenticity of its descriptions of Deadwood, the Indian head tax, Calamity Jane, and mining-town characters drawn with individuality and distinction. Interesting, too, is the recounting of the famous Indian battle, which is somehow still as exciting and as tragic as when were were much younger. Had there been less virtue and more Deadwood we would have been given a more important book.

Heroine of the Prairies. Sheba Hargreaves. A. L. Burt Co. 1932.

Mrs. Hargreaves' story of a pioneer girl, her struggles first with the wilderness and later with the puritanic prejudice of early Oregon settlers appeals chiefly with its insight into the early settlement of Oregon City and with its descriptions of the Old Oregon Trail. Her account of the crossing of the Barlow Pass shows research and an intimate knowledge of the country. Mrs. Hargreaves, with her pioneer ancestry, comes honestly by her acquaintance, and a long residence in Oregon City gives an authentic and genuine flavour to her writing.

The plot of the novel is lacking in the sincerity that distinguishes its background. The characters, though ably drawn, are obvious and the cards are always stacked in the heroine's ultimate favor. The book is a reprint.

James Crissey

Famous Sheriffs and Western Outlaws. William McLeod Raine. Garden City Star Series. 1932. \$1.00.

This re-issue of Raine's fascinating history of the "hell-raisers and good men that died hard" in a west that is fast becoming history obscured by legends, has been brought up to date and contains some new material

that did not appear in editions that began appearing in 1903.

It is difficult to overrate the value of valid histories of that period in the development of the West when such towns as Dodge City, Tombstone, and Lampasas were wide open and filled with strange juxtapositions of outlawry and justice. The pages of this volume are filled with names that made romantic history—Bat Masterson, "Wild Bill" Hickok, Frank Leslie, Tom Horn, Billy Tilghman, "The Apache Kid," and hundreds, literally, of others. These towns and men are the stuff from which may be woven most of western regional literature, the basis of a genuine American mythology, the inspiration of saga and epic.

Raine seems to have investigated thoroughly the veracity of the legends that surround his characters and gives their histories the light of truth. He tells his anecdotes with engaging good humor and with a style that does not make the "thousand and one nights" of murder a nightmare of anti-climaxes.

Three Killers. Eli Colter. Alfred King, Inc. 1932. \$2.00.

Contributing something of genuine value to regional records, this latest of Colter's novels combines the usual galloping excitement of the action story with the atmosphere and characters of Eastern Oregon mining days. The reader is aware that the plot structure could only have evolved from the legends and folk stories that are still redolent in the ghost towns of the mining days.

A story of relentless revenge for brutal murders, the plot concerns two pairs of brothers whom fate has brought together under strange circumstances. The author seems to have a flare for extremely well-motivated and closely knitted plot construction. Of course, there is the lovely girl from the East, a rich gold mine, some bloody murders, and happy days in the offing, but it is told with a swift excitement that is sometimes more than romantic melodrama.

Riders of the Night. Eugene Cunningham. Houghton, Mifflin. 1932. \$2.00.

No portion of the West is possibly more fruitful with sources of novel material than is Texas, and its lore of the great cattle empire. This is a romance woven about the fierce and deadly feuds and range wars, when law and order were only beginning to establish authority in the lone star state. The novel is chiefly interesting for the glimpse it gives of those vivid times. The story is cast in the usual formula. The characters frequently speak not in the convincing manner of their type, but rather with awkward, stilted dialog that simply advances the tale's melodramatic mechanism.

Lester McDonald

A Romance of Old Fort Hall. Minerva Kohlhepp Teichert. Metropolitan Press. 1932. \$1.50.

Fort Hall was an important station on the Old Oregon Trail—unusually welcome to the jaded immigrants, situated as it was in southeastern Idaho, well on toward the end of the long trek westward. In being centered around such a famous site, this narrative has some justification. But its treatment, falling halfway between history and fiction, loses in directness and authority. Despite a haphazard, amateurish style, the story possesses charm. One really sympathizes with Sam O'Geem, the abused father, and with his talented daughter, Lillys, through the affection and sincerity of the narrator, even though occasionally sentiment gives way to sentimentality. The four illustrations in the book are reprints from the author's own work.

Rufus A. Coleman

Pioneer Days in Arizona, by Frank C. Lockwood. The Macmillan Co. 1932. \$4.00.

The West is Still Wild, by Harry Carr. Houghton, Mifflin Co. 1932. \$2.50.

The first of these volumes is exactly the sort of book one would expect from an author who uses his own portrait for a frontispiece. Written without imagination, it is also nearly devoid of humor, and is equally deficient in literary grace. It is, however, a labor of love, and is the outcome of a prodigious amount of historical and other research. Probably no greater collection of data concerning the fascinating story which is Arizona's has previously been brought together between a single pair of covers. And yet this immense heap of treasure trove, for such it is, will likely remain for the most part unexplored because it makes so slight an emotional appeal in the form in which it has been placed before the public. Its most moving portions are those dealing with the relations between the Indian tribes of the Southwest and the successive detachments of white settlers who came into the district. From these various accounts, the one impressive and not to be side-stepped fact which emerges is that the white men were invariably the aggressors in the long feud that divided the two races, and sufficiently provocative of treachery on the part of the aboriginal tribesmen to account for all the terror and cruelty that has been charged up to the redskins, not excepting that especial brand of diabolism held against the Apaches.

Nevertheless it may be fairly questioned whether Professor Lockwood intended his readers to draw from his presentation of this inescapable certainty the conclusion to which it tends irresistably to drive them. For elsewhere than in his discussion of the Indian wars he refers to "the beautiful march" of

the white man's civilization. In so far as that march implies the subjugation and exploitation of the Indians it can hardly, unless in irony, be described as "beautiful," and still less so if it recalls that section of its trail in Arizona marked by the erection of quartz crushers, smelter plants, and boom-time mining towns. As for its being "civilized," one has only to compare it with the manner of life led by such Indian tribes as the Pimas, for instance, to understand why the present wards of the nation generally regard themselves as the superiors of those who dispossessed them of their rightful heritage.

The slip-jacket of *The West is Still Wild* carries a testimonial to the effect that Harry Carr is "the best writer on the coast." The statement is sweeping enough to allow of plenty of room for doubt. But there can be none as to Mr. Carr's being a better writer than Professor Lockwood, nor that, by virtue of that advantage, the former's book is better reading than *Pioneer Days in Arizona*. This superiority is the more marked by the coincidence that the two works cover much the same ground. What Mr. Carr writes about is a motor car swing around the circle of scenic and historic places of interest in Arizona, New Mexico, Nevada, and southern California, with frequent excursions into the legendary past and archaeology of the areas visited. In spite of his touch-and-go journalistic style he has caught much of the romantic charm of his subject and made it most appealing. Even San Francisco and Los Angeles are given an older day glamor usually lost sight of by their modern visitors. The crayon drawings and sketches of C. H. Owens add greatly to the interest of this book.

V. L. O. Chittick

Birds the Indians Knew. Lena C. Ahlers. Albert Whitman & Co. Chicago. 1932.

This book is a not unskillful association of bird lore and Indian legend. The text contains a division for each of the species of birds described and each division begins with the legend of how one or more of the birds' characteristics came about and then follows with an actual ornithological description. This naturalistic portion of the text is accurate and interesting although it lacks, of course, the scientific arrangement and the attention to detail of the more formal ornithological texts. The legendary prelude to each bird description is presumably designed to get the attention of the youthful reader,

or listener, so he may be in the proper mental state to absorb some of the science. The book contains five colored illustrations and many bird sketches in black and white by Lucille M. Enders.

L. R. Huestis

Night Shall Pass. Henry E. Swensen. Poetry Publishers. 1932. \$1.00.

Flamingo. Vivian Yeiser Laramore. Henry Harrison. 1932. \$1.50.

First Furrow. Boris Todrin. Henry Harrison. 1932. \$1.75.

Connecticut Poets. Compiled by Henry Harrison. 1932. \$2.00.

Mr. Swensen teaches social subjects in the Roosevelt high school, Los Angeles. His thirty poems are an intellectualized arraignment of social injustice, subscribing to the faith that "Love bears the light that makes us free."

Mrs. Laramore, poet laureate of Florida, writes lyrics delicate and sincere, drawing themes from life around her. She is like her own Unknown Builder, who "drew the picture of his heart more truly than he guessed."

Boris Todrin, 17, is sensitive to life, and shows genuine poetic insight, and that sense of humor which is redemption. He prefers the poet who "found his technique in the roads he'd rove" to the one who "wrote about them near the stove."

Eighty-eight contemporary poets are represented in Mr. Harrison's Connecticut anthology, which carries a lively foreword by Lucia Trent and Ralph Cheyney. Some are nationally known, some are relatively unknown. The anthology must be evaluated within the frame of its publisher's statement that a volume, to be representative and comprehensive, must carry all kinds of verse, "worthy, and perhaps not so worthy." Only a person familiar with Connecticut writers could know whether eminent poets of the state have failed to contribute to this volume. Within these limits the book fulfills the functions of such anthologies, by supplying: (1) a convenient handbook of living writers in a given region, and an opportunity to examine the tenor of each; (2) to poets who have found publication difficult or denied, the emotional satisfaction of seeing their work between covers, and adequately publicized; and (3) a commercial medium satisfactory to the publisher. Like most of Henry Harrison's books, the volume is well designed and well printed.

Grace Stone Coates

Washington Poets. Foreword by Mary J. Elmendorf. Henry Harrison. 1932. \$2.00.

"Some day, God willing, a voice may be lifted, silver-clear and loud, to interpret adequately the dusky silence of our forests." So states the *Foreword to Washington Poets*, an anthology of verse. To anyone living in the Northwest whose regional patriotism is great this will no doubt prove to be a precious volume. To one primarily interested in poetry, and especially in modern poetry, it has little to offer. The tone of the whole volume is too sentimental, and where it is not sentimental in tone it offers platitudes in the guise of great thoughts. A poem entitled "The Inadequacy of Rich Garments in Averting Death" makes one realize that the same might be said of doctors. The volume contains many pleasant pieces that give promise that the authors may yet do something that will be worthy of high praise, but for the present the reader must feel with the person who wrote the foreword that God has not yet been willing. To those who are interested in the poetry of Washington this book may be heartily recommended.

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ABOARD THE COVERED WAGON

Well known *Frontier* contributors are **Claire Thomson** (San Francisco), **Paul Tracy** (Baker, Ore.), **Howard Corning** (Portland), **John C. Frohlicher** (now editor of a house advertising magazine in St. Paul), **Dorothy Marie Johnson** (Menasha, Wis.), **Brassil Fitzgerald** (an assistant editor), **Grace R. Hebard** (Northwest historian living in Laramie, Wyo.), **Helen Maring** (editor of the now suspended *Muse and Mirror*), **Grace Coates**, (an assistant editor), and **Mary J. Elmen-dorf** (Seattle). **Tom Rivington** (Nebr.) has also appeared in our pages.

The newcomers number fifteen. **Elma Godchaux** (New Orleans) is having her first story published in this issue; a second will appear in *The Frontier* soon. From the South also come the writings of **Rivers Lodge** (Memphis) and **Virginia Moore** (Scottsville, Va.). From Missouri comes **Cyril Clemens's** reminiscences of Capt. John Howard's days on the Mississippi. Miss Clemens is president of The International Mark Twain Society. Also, in Missouri (St. Louis) **Maude Barnes Miller** lives: "My mother really did come down the Mississippi and up the Arkansas river when she was quite young—seventeen, I believe. She made the journey alone, her father putting her in charge of the captain." **Ruth Lechlitter** was formerly an editor of *The Midland*; she now lives in New York.

Annice Calland writes from New Mexico, "As a child I lived near the Umatilla Indian Reservation in Eastern Oregon and often played with Indian children, entered into their games and dances. The poems sent to you are translations given me by an Indian woman from the Indian reservation at Gray's Harbor, Washington . . . The meaning and the imagery are the same as in the translations she gave me, but I think the rhythm and repetition date back to the Indian songs and dances in which I took part as a child. I have never read these legends anywhere and know them only from these translations."

Otto Freund (Portland) and **William Bundrant, Jr.** (Eugene) are young Oregon poets. Mr. Freund's poem is commemorative of Vachel Lindsay's death, one year ago. Butte, Mont., is the residence of **William Negherbon** and **Mellville Sayre**, the latter a professor in the School of Mines, the former the author of poems and two plays, one of which has been experimentally produced. **Clyde McLemore**, employed in the Federal Prohibition Bureau, lives in Helena, Montana. **E. E. Hubert** is a professor of forestry at the University of Idaho.

George R. Stewart, Jr., professor of English at the University of California, is the author of *Bret Harte: Argonaut and Exile*, published last spring by the Houghton Mifflin Co.

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