

THE FRONTIER AND MIDLAND

Jan. 1934

JANUARY

University of

LAMENT FOR FORTY-NINERS

Hal S. White

DANCING MORMONS

Wanda Burnett

THE LONG NIGHT

Roderick Lull

MODERNITY AND WALT WHITMAN

Joseph B. Harrison

From the Note-Books of
John Howard Payne

Fire and Flood in Early Denver
Other Stories, Poems, Articles

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THE FRONTIER AND MIDLAND

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

Volume XIV

JANUARY, 1934

Number 2

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LITERARY NEWS

UNDER THE EDITORSHIP OF
GRACE STONE COATES

Fairy tales of a machine age, folklore in its first stages, an editor of the *Sat Review* characterizes *Mickey Mouse*. Time and wisdom enrich fairy tales, and "the clear shift in the USA from making a living regardless of the life lived to the values of living as an end in themselves . . . may be a first step toward the enriching of fairy tales. If you wish to see, in its cradle, the fairy tale of its age, go to the nearest movie theatre."

The movies do keep one in touch with the times, agrees a NYC dramatic critic, ironically passing on a press bulletin from Ray Henderson: Katherine Cornell will traverse Montana without playing a city in the state. She wanted to present Rudolf Besier's *The Barretts of Wimpole Street* in Billings, Butte, Helena, Great Falls and Missoula; but being movie-minded none of the theatres in those cities would open its doors to her. Nor for the same reason is she able to appear in Spokane, Kansas, Iowa, and Nebraska are presenting booking problems, with dates so far only in Des Moines, Wichita and Emporia.

William Allen White looks at Gene Fowler's *Timber Line* (Covici-Friede) with one sad, one laughing eye. A delicious bit of Americana, he finds this merry tale of Bonfils, Tammen, and their *Denver Post*, "which will sadden the reader if he has any sense of what it really means." Pro or con, it is the talk of Denver. A. J. Buttitta, father of the *Contempo* twin now in coma, says, "Read the ribald, riproaringly funny Rabelaisian confounded thing!" Mr. Buttitta has completed a novel of the New Negro in the New South, *No Resurrection*, and it's top publisher or none, for him.

A new general publishing house, *Reynal & Hitchcock, Inc.*, 448 Fourth Ave., NYC, expects to publish "a small but distinguished list of books in many fields." Mr. Reynal, formerly with Harpers & Brothers, was six years with Macmillan and two years with the Century company. May Masee, editor for *The Viking Press for Junior Books*, wants books that will make young Americans think and feel more vividly; make them more aware of the world without and more at home in the world within. (Then Dr. Hooten, Harvard Professor of Anthropology, says we have reached the stage of evolution where we have bigger, and possibly better, brains than we can use, and smaller and worse jaws than health and race preservation demand.) The John Newbery medal awarded annually by the Children's Librarian's Section of the American Library Association for the most distinguished contribution to

American literature goes this year to Elizabeth Foreman Lewis for *Young Fu of the Upper Yangtze*, Charles Boardman Hawes (*The Dark Frigate*), Will James (*Smoky*), Elizabeth Coatsworth (*The Cat Who Went to Heaven*) and Laura Adams Armer (*Waterless Mountain*) are recipients of the medal in past years.

The Publishers Weekly says the Fall book list is 25% off in bulk and correspondingly richer in content. But never have there been more newly established magazines soliciting sound material. Laurence C. Woodward, Norman Mark, Gerard Robichaud and James Leveson are launching two monthly magazines, *The Literary Arts* and *The American Scene* (45 West 35 street, NYC). They want short stories, short-shorts, poems, essays, and possibly serials. *The Quarterly* (11 Barrow street, NYC) includes Art Young, Sherwood Anderson, Louis Ginsberg and Witter Bynner among its contributing editors. First issue, September. The Pegasus Group (58 West 55th street, NYC) wants short stories, timely comment and poems for *Pegasus*. Joseph Rodman Manch, 447 Breckenridge street, Buffalo, has taken over *Tone*. *The Little Magazine* (E. 38 street, NYC), is still asking for material honest, compelling and artistic, in the best, not the shoddy, sense. J. Louis Stoll, formerly of Missoula, Mont., issues a unique *Year Magazine*, 721 Spruce street, Philadelphia. Jay Harrison, P. O. Box 374, Philadelphia, wants short-stories stripped of non-essentials for *Kosmos*. *The Magazine*, Beverley Hills, Calif., lists books by contributors at the bottom of contributors' page. Joseph Vogel and Howard McK. Corning are high spots in the first (December) number. November saw the first issue of *Fight* (104 Fifth Ave., NYC), anti-war, anti-fascist, featuring Henri Barbusse (author of *Under Fire* and *I Saw It Myself*), recently honored at a dinner given by the American Committee for the Struggle Against War, John Strachy; Langston Hughes.

Proletarian magazines suffer from writers who want only to conform to the present mode, and those who write violently of a life unfamiliar to them. Such charge can not be brought against *The Disinherited*, a novel by Jack Conroy, editor of *The Anvil* (Covici-Friede). He is a "labor stiff," moved and grooved by the life he knows, and he writes convincingly and movingly. Of *The Disinherited* it might be said, as Horace Gregory says of Hemingway's *Wine of Wyoming*, "the materials of the story are scaled to fit the emotional content." (Jack Conroy admires Howard Wolf's poetry—*The World, the Flesh, and the Holy Ghosts*, Caxton Printers—because Wolf knows how to lend force and eloquence to his hatred of pontifical asses.)

Continued on page 169

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MISSOULA, MONTANA

Commercial and Industrial

A. L. STONE

Dean, School of Journalism, State University of Montana

1930 U. S. Census, 14,657.

Personal Income Tax Returns: 1928, 724; 1929, 784.

City and Suburban Population, 21,000. Most important cities and towns in this area are: Polson (1,455), Hamilton (1,839), Superior (500), Ronan (537), Bonner (600), Corvallis (300), Alberton (276), Arlee (100), St. Ignatius (718), Pablo (177), Milltown (300), Stevensville (692).

Native Whites, 90%; **Foreign Born,** 10%.

Families, 4,550; **Dwellings,** 4,000.

Schools, 15; **Churches,** 19.

Banks, National, 2.

Theaters, Legitimate, 1; Moving Pictures, 2; Little Theater, 1.

Location and Transportation: County Seat; western part of Montana; main line Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul & Pacific (1 branch), and Northern Pacific (4 branches).

Airport and Landing Field: Municipal, 1½ miles south of city.

Principal Industries: Manufacturing and lumbering, oil refinery, mining, agriculture, dairying, fruit-growing, beet-sugar manufacture, Northern Pacific Railway shops.

Manufacturing Establishments, 25.

Residential Features, mostly one-family houses; a few apartments, no tenements, site of State University.

Retail Shopping Section, extends 8 blocks north and south, 4 blocks east and west.

Retail Trading Area, extends 10 miles northwest, 50 miles west, 50 miles southeast and southwest, 70 miles north and 50 miles east.

Miscellaneous, doctors 20, dentists 19, osteopaths 4; gas, artificial, 1,124 meters; electric current alternating, 5,600 meters; telephones, 4,172; auto registrations, 4,500; water, soft.

Newspapers, morning 1, evening 1, Sunday 1, weekly 1.

Printing Plants, 4.

This is the result of a recent survey, made by a national commercial concern and presented in the stereotyped form of such inquiries. It presents in condensed tabulation the commercial and industrial activities of the City Different. But it falls far short of completeness in its presentation. It is only the skeleton

of the story of Missoula's economic life. It must be built up by the narration of the development of a city which has become the very heart of one of the most favored regions in the west.

Scattered over Montana are cities and towns which are communities which are children of parent settlements and which have outgrown their progenitors. In instances, they have so overshadowed the pioneer villages that the latter are but memories. Sometimes there is not a physical trace of the buildings and streets of the mother towns. The shifting scenes of mining activity, the advent of the railways, the development of power—these are the causes in the majority of cases of changes in location. If the distance of the shift was not great, buildings were placed upon rollers and moved to the new site. In other places, buildings were razed carefully and erected anew in the location. Elsewhere, the hegira left the old town to decay and to take its place in the list of ghost cities.

Missoula was originally Hell Gate, four miles west of its present site. It existed before Montana was established as a territory—the name, Montana, had not been coined. The people of Hell Gate moved, leaving their log cabins to crumble on the edge of the low bluff that overlooks the Council Grove, traditional center of the Indians for council and for barter. They moved to take advantage of the water-power which they developed from Rattlesnake creek, just above its confluence with the Missoula river. And when, decades later, the railways came, Missoula was not compelled to move for new transportation facilities. Its location and the topography of the region made it a natural thing that the lines of steel should come to Missoula.

It will be remembered that Hell Gate had been located late in the 50's at the crossing of the east-and-west and the north-and-south trails—trails first trodden by moccasined feet and then followed by the packer, the freighter and the trader journeying into or through this region. At this crossroad settlement had been established the first mercantile establishment in what is now Montana—the old Higgins-Worden store, which became the center of the commercial life in a region which now embraces seven prosperous counties in western Montana.

Gold had not yet been discovered in Montana—the great rush of immigration had not started—but there was a gradual increase in the white population of this great area and business at the little store was brisk. Agriculture had been started—there was some production of wheat. Log buildings were unsatisfactory in some respects and were not easy to construct. Flour was expensive and these pioneer merchants saw the possibility of grinding home-grown wheat. There was no water power at Hell Gate, but the flow of the Rattlesnake was abundant and rapid and it was only four miles away. So a flume was built and a combina-

tion sawmill and gristmill was erected. It stood where the Missoula heating plant of the Montana Power company is now located.

This was in 1865. The new town was named Missoula Mills. A townsite was surveyed. Its main street was the Mullan Road, the government highway between Walla Walla and Fort Benton. That is the present Front street of Missoula. On this street were built the first residence in Missoula and one of the first stores. The town was fairly started.

Montana came into existence as a territory in 1865, by proclamation of President Lincoln. Missoula county embraced all of the western end of the newly defined area and Missoula was its county seat. Gold had been discovered in 1858 and the first active placer mining was begun in Missoula's territory—at Pioneer, 50 miles up Hell Gate canyon. The world-famous gulches on the territory were yielding their millions in yellow dust. In Missoula's tributary region, Bear gulch, Henderson gulch, Cedar creek and their neighbors were at the peak of their production. Missoula grew apace.

Missoula's location is strategic for a great distributing center. It has a river grade for highways and railways through each of five important agricultural valleys which radiate from the basin in which it is situated at the western base of the continental divide. Its retail-trading area has a radius of about seventy-five miles in each direction. Its area for wholesale distribution is much greater. From the very beginning of its commercial life, this has been an apparent asset for the city.

Placer mining was followed closely by quartz mining and the vast forests in Missoula's immediate territory became the source of supply for the lumber required in this work. Mills were built in the valleys; the densely forested hills back of these valleys supplied the logs which were delivered at the mills by teams or down chutes on the steep mountainsides and, later, were driven down the rivers. Now railways penetrate the forests and long trains transport the raw material to the humming saws. The lumber industry is the most important in volume of all the activities in Missoula's region. In this connection it is interesting to note that District No. 1 of the United States forestry service has headquarters in Missoula. Three large modern mills are in or near Missoula and other smaller plants are within its commercial area. In this region was carried on the first commercial lumbering in Montana.

Missoula has two strong national banks. The First National is the oldest national bank in Montana; its establishment dates back to 1873. The Western Montana National was founded about 10 years later. The combined resources of the two institutions reach about seven millions. They serve directly or through correspondents practically all of Missoula's tributary territory.

Missoula has two daily newspapers of high rank. The Missoulian, the senior, was first published in 1873, almost coincidentally with the founding of the First National bank.

From the modest commercial beginnings which centered in the old Higgins-Worden store have developed the present fine, strong group of Missoula's wholesale and retail establishments. Every line of merchandise is represented. Amongst these stores are some which rank high in the commercial circles of the northwest. They are well equipped and are attractively housed. The business district of Missoula is modern in all its facilities. The city's hotels merit the more than local reputation which they enjoy for the excellence of their service. There are 30 cafes and restaurants in the city. This hotel and restaurant combination makes Missoula an ideal place for conventions.

Missoula's early transportation facilities were the pack-train and the freight wagon. Across the plains and through mountain passes they brought supplies for the growing city. Some of these freighting trips were fraught with danger but they kept the region stocked until they were succeeded by the railway in 1883, when the Northern Pacific ran its first overland train into the city. This speeded up business. Soon the new railway built branches into surrounding valleys—the Bitter Root, the Flathead, the Flint and the lower Missoula valleys are now thus served. In 1908 the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul reached the city with through service. This road has built a branch into the Blackfoot.

The Northern Pacific has locomotive and car shops in the city, which is headquarters of the operating department of the Rocky Mountain division.

Improved highways in all directions add to Missoula's quick transportation facilities. Three overland highways intersect here and there are feeder roads in all directions. The forestry service has constructed a large mileage of highways into the mountains, affording easy and delightful communication that attracts many tourists and is of much commercial importance.

Recently the air service, east-west, has been extended so that Missoula has daily planes in both directions. The municipal airport affords excellent landing space and good plane service.

In agriculture, Missoula's tributary region has attained international importance. Its wheat, oats and barley have won world prizes since 1892. Its alfalfa and other forage crops also rank high. The dairy business is an important phase of western Montana's agriculture. Butter and cheese from local plants find a wide market, reaching to the Pacific coast. Stock-raising also holds notable place in the valleys of this region and Missoula packing-house products are in demand. The beet sugar refinery has a large annual output and affords a fine market for farmers who raise

thousands of tons of beets each year; beets have become one of the leading crops here. Apples, cherries and plums are grown in quantities; Montana's McIntosh apples have a national reputation for excellence.

In addition to the plants engaged in the lumber industry, there are in the city and its immediate vicinity 40 manufacturing establishments whose products find ready market. Some of them supply only local needs while others have a wide market.

The monthly payroll of the city is about a quarter-million dollars.

Missoula has two general hospitals and the district hospital of the Northern Pacific railway. These hospitals are given the highest rating by national medical authorities.

The city has the commission form of municipal government. It has proved satisfactory from administrative and financial viewpoints.

Missoula's water supply comes from mountain snows and is remarkably pure. It is carefully safeguarded. The municipal sewer system is ideal and insures a high degree of sanitation.

Missoula has a loyal and energetic citizenry. It is a good place to live.

This is the second of a series of stories concerning Missoula. The succeeding one will deal with the recreational and educational advantages of the city.

This advertisement is sponsored by the following Missoula organizations:

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THE FRONTIER AND MIDLAND

Vol. XIV, No. 2

A MAGAZINE OF THE WEST

January, 1934

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

RUN RABBIT

PAUL F. COREY

CREAMY dribbles of batter trickled down the outside of the ivory colored pitcher from its blunt V-spout. It stood on the shelf of the little four-lid range that crouched like an ogre in the shadowy corner of the lean-to kitchen. Two sizzling cakes on the black griddle stared like avaricious eyes.

"Which one of your brothers is coming for you?"

Mrs. Mead flopped the griddle cakes. The pale eyes blinked and became a mottled amber beneath the touch of her cake-turner.

Martin Donne moved a square of griddle-cake carefully about in the thick syrup. "I hope John will come," he said and stared at the melting, serrated patterns of frost on the window pane.

"John. Is he your oldest brother?"

"Albert's my eldest brother."

"Will your brother John come?"

"I don't know." Martin was thinking how nice it would be to get home for the Christmas holiday. He hadn't been home since the beginning of the high school year. He had stayed in Carmel over Thanksgiving week-end. "It's Mike's car," he said.

Martin's home was thirty-five miles out on the prairie. His father had died when he was not yet a year old and his mother had managed the six hundred and forty acres since with the help of her three eldest sons. Martin

was six years younger than his next brother, John. The rest of the family were strong, healthy people but Martin had never developed the large bones and virile body of the others. However, he did well in the country school; he made high grades. So the family discussed sending him to high school in Carmel.

"Put him to work and make a man out of 'im," said his brother, Mike. "What good's an education? Look at old Joe Barr, he's got a thousand acres an' can't write his name. What's the good of learnin'?"

"Lots," broke in John, hotly. "All the rest of us are ignoramuses. One of the Donnes has got to get an education. We're all ignoramuses, except Ma. Ignoramuses."

"I have to work early and late to make ends meet," said Mrs. Donne.

"Send him to school and spoil him some more," said his sister, Elsie. "He's so spoiled now you can't live with 'im."

Mrs. Donne said: "I've always hoped that one of my boys would have a schooling."

"If Mart gets an education," put in John, "maybe he'd get to be a lawyer some day. He ain't fit for farm work."

"Lawyers are all liars," said Mike.

Albert pushed back his chair from the supper table. He never said much. He was always thinking about some gadget he was making. Some day he was going to get out a patent.

"What time does school start?" he asked.

"Fifth of September," Elsie said.

"I guess we've got time to make arrangements," he continued. "There's a week yet. Mike can take Ma and Mart over to Carmel in his car Thursday."

"Maybe Mart'll be a lawyer some day," said John.

So Martin was taken to Carmel and enrolled in the Carmel High School. His mother, through the wife of the Congregational preacher, found Mrs. Mead, an old lady who lived in three rooms of her rambling old house. She would keep Martin for a small sum and let him carry in the fuel. He would be company for her.

Martin was left to find his way around the city of Carmel. For the first week, the newness and strangeness of the place filled him with terror and loneliness. Wednesday, Thursday and Friday nights he cried himself to sleep.

Why didn't his mother write to him? His family had forgotten him. He had been abandoned. They were probably glad to be rid of him. By the time the first week of school came to an end, he had about made up his mind to walk the thirty-five miles home across the prairie. But with the first mail on Saturday a letter arrived from his mother. Yes, she missed him but she had more to do than forty could accomplish. There was the check for his next week's room and board enclosed and a long chatty message from his brother John.

Martin read and reread his brother's letter. John had shot a prairie chicken. It had flown right up and lighted

on the gatepost to the back field and John shot it right through the head with his rifle. Dowda had sprained her leg in a prairie dog hole. (Dowda was Martin's pony.) Mike wanted to shoot her because he said she would never get well. Mike said she was getting old anyway and they should have sold her before she got so old no one would buy her. But John was rubbing her leg with liniment every day and she didn't limp nearly so much. Yes, John was handling the case of Dowda vs. Mike, and he'd fight it through to the Supreme Court. Your Honor, Gentlemen of the Jury—the defendant has been a good horse; she ought to get food and care from her masters to the end of her days.

Trig had run down a jack-rabbit. (Trig was the family dog.) Trig had also fought a civet cat and Trig was in disgrace now. But he, John, was a respectable lawyer and refused to take the case of Trig vs. Mrs. Donne because Trig was at fault. The civet cat had had the right-of-way. Trig would have to air himself off in the barn before he would be allowed in the kitchen again.

Martin felt better after reading the letter.

At Thanksgiving time Martin's hope of getting home was blasted by Mike's refusal to come for him. It was a waste of money to drive that thirty-five miles to bring the kid home for four days, just a waste of money. And he wouldn't let John or Albert come for him. Whose car was it, anyway? It was Mike's car. And they hadn't finished corn-picking yet. So Mrs. Donne sent Martin's landlady a dressed chicken and a box of currant tarts. And Mrs. Mead let Martin have sugar

on his last griddle-cake three mornings in succession.

But now it was the Christmas holiday. Martin's mother had said in her last letter that one of the boys would be in for him that afternoon between four and five o'clock. Mike would come. It was Mike's car. And Mike would be there because Martin had two weeks' vacation and that meant a saving of two weeks' room and board bill.

Martin had his bag all packed. He had managed to save enough from his fifteen cents a week allowance of spending money to buy each of the family a little Christmas present. All he had to do was rush over to Mrs. Mead's as soon as school was out, stick his algebra and Latin grammar into his bag and be ready.

But Martin was not too excited to eat his breakfast.

Mrs. Mead slid a third griddle-cake upon his plate. "Now which one of your brothers is Mike?" she asked.

"He's the one between my sister, Elsie, and my eldest brother, Albert." Martin spoke as if he were a little annoyed. He had explained the chronological position of his brothers and one sister to Mrs. Mead a dozen times before.

"Oh yes, I remember. You're the youngest."

Martin did not feel that his landlady's remark needed a reply.

Mrs. Mead said: "You can have sugar on your last cake. You won't be eatin' breakfast here for a couple of weeks."

"Thanks," said Martin, eating faster to get to the final cake.

After finishing his breakfast, he brought in two pails of coal from the

shed by the alley and hurried off to school.

The buzzer sounded and the assembly settled down to work. He glanced across the aisle to Alta Henley's seat. She hadn't come in yet. Martin was very conscious of her being late. He went over his Latin translations slowly, then carefully conjugated *amo*.

The school was tense with the usual last-day-before-vacation feeling. Martin was as excited as the others. Only in Mechanical Drawing class, at eleven o'clock, did he forget that he was going home in a few hours.

Twice a week the Manual Training classes had an hour of elementary drafting. Martin was making the tracing for a blue-print of a mortise and tenon drawing. He filled his ruling pen carefully and adjusted the burr on the side of the instrument, testing the line it made upon the margin of the tracing paper until he was satisfied with the results. Then he laid his T-square and forty-five degree angle on the partly finished tracing and began the difficult work of hatching in the end of the tenon.

Mr. Marshall, the manual training teacher, stood by his desk for a while, watching him work. "That's a good job, Donne," he said. "You've a fine hand for that sort of thing."

Martin looked up and smiled self-consciously. He was so intent upon his work that he had completely forgotten the rest of the class. Then the period ended and he remembered again that he was going home after four o'clock.

His last hour in the afternoon was a study period. He could not study. He was going home. Mike would be on the way now, he thought. It would be good to see Dowda again and ride her the

mile and a half to the mailboxes. He wondered what sort of patent his brother, Albert, had recently contrived. He would see John.

He remembered suddenly himself and his brother swimming in the water dammed up for the cattle. He saw John standing above his fallen clothes, tall and muscular. He threw out his arms in an oratorical gesture. The flesh on his shoulders gleamed brown and satiny.

"Your Honor," he said, addressing the vastness of prairie, "and Gentlemen of the Jury—this is indeed the water-hole for the cattle. There is no other body of water near at hand and we therefore assert the right to swim in it." With that statement he let out a war-whoop and dove into the water. His tanned body turned to a deep bronze as it shot through the dark green pond. He rose to the surface and sent another war-whoop ringing over the pasture.

Then Martin was suddenly someone else looking down upon himself. He saw his own thin body standing timidly on the edge of the dam. His grey eyes watched the convolutions of his brother's body in the water and, as if absorbing strength from John's abundance of energy, he slid gingerly into the dam and started out with uncertain strokes toward the center of the pond.

The buzzer sounded and the school day was over.

Martin hardly had time to reach his rooming place and close up his bag before Mike arrived with the car. Mike was in a hurry to start back. "It took two gallons and a half of gas to come," he remarked, "and it will take that much to go back. That'll make five gallons of gas."

"Wear on the car, too," said Martin.

Mike seemed not to hear but went out to start up the motor, while Martin said good-bye to Mrs. Mead. "I'll catch a rabbit and send it to you," he said as he closed the door and joined his brother.

They were soon bouncing along the prairie road, Mike's wiry body tense behind the wheel as he steered a precarious course among the ruts and snowdrifts. Martin watched intently the long stretches of snow-swept grass land and stubble fields and an occasional cornfield with its rows of stripped stalks standing like a ragged and devastated army.

"How's Dowda?" he asked abruptly, above the roar of the car.

"All right now." The car plowed through a drift and the roar was subdued. "I think we should sell her in the spring. She's getting old."

Martin did not reply. It wasn't necessary. John had the case of Dowda vs. Mike in hand.

Mike was the next to break the silence. "Old man Barr sold his steers day before yesterday," he said. "He cleaned up five thousand dollars. That's the way to farm."

"It must have cost a lot of money to feed so many steers," observed Martin, casually. He was watching the sun halved against the western horizon.

Mike said: "I've been tryin' to get Ma to buy up some steers and fatten them for the April market. That's the thing to do. You know, Mart, the Laughlin place to the south of us is for rent. If you'd stop going to school and stay home and help, we could rent it and make a lot of money next year.

I'll bet we could clean up two or three thousand dollars."

"What would we do with so much money?" asked Martin. His glance had caught sight of three coyotes gliding across a ridge against the red glow of the sunset. His feet were beginning to get cold.

Mike did not answer the question. "Young Julius Barr is keepin' company with Elsie now," he said. "They'll make a fine match."

The car jolted down the main street of the little village of Teeton and they were spinning along through familiar country. They would soon be home. Martin watched for the clump of willows that grew by the Donohue dam, then the grove of tall cottonwood trees that indicated the Lang farm. It was dusk by the time they drove into the Donne farmyard and Mike ran the car in between the double cornerib.

John came running to meet them, took Martin's bag and throwing his arm across his brother's shoulders marched him off to the house. His mother paused in the preparation of the evening meal to embrace him. His sister, Elsie, hastily kissed him on the cheek. Trig would not be kept in the kitchen. He rushed into the living room, whined, yelped and leaped his welcome.

The family had converted the small room just off the living room into a bedroom and study for Martin. It had been John's idea and accomplished under protest from Mike and Elsie. John led his brother into the little room and demonstrated proudly the cot and the desk John himself had made. All Martin's belongings had been moved down from the "boys'" room upstairs.

"This is going to be your room," said John, beaming. "You're a student now. This is your study, you know, your den."

"Yeah, Martin ain't one of the family no more," said Elsie, "he's company."

"Trig! Into the kitchen with you!" ordered Mrs. Donne. "Out from under foot! Trig! Elsie, set the table for supper. John, you better see that the chores are finished up."

"You get warm, Mart, and make yourself at home in your new room," said John. "I'll help Albert finish the milking."

"Yeah. Make yourself at home, Mart," said Elsie.

The household settled down to its regular evening routine. Martin unpacked his bag and surveyed his *own* room proudly. At the same time he was aware of a feeling of discomfort. Somehow or other he no longer felt like one of the family. He almost wished they had left his things in the cold room upstairs.

Finally he came out to the living room and threw himself down on the sofa by the great hard-coal stove. He glanced toward the kitchen door and saw Trig staring at him longingly from beyond the door sill.

"Trig!" ordered his mother. "Out from under foot! Go to your box!"

The dog slunk away. Elsie busied herself about setting the table, rattling knives and forks and sliding plates about on the blue-checkered oilcloth. Martin thought he would like to go into the kitchen and pet Trig.

Elsie adjusted the plaits of yellow hair which crowned her forehead. "Well, you made yourself at home, Mart?"

Martin drew his feet away from the

stove. They had begun to warm up and itch.

"'Your Honor' bought you a law book for Christmas," Elsie went on. "Humph. He and his Gentlemen of the Jury. He's so silly."

"Elsie! You!" Mrs. Donne appeared in the doorway, her eyes blazing. "What do you mean giving John away? You ought to be thrashed within an inch of your life. You shan't have that new dress now."

"But, Mother." Elsie's blue eyes flashed consternation. "But Ma—John's so silly."

"No dress, do you hear me? And I'm going to tell John." Mrs. Donne retired to the cook-stove.

"But Ma—"

Martin sat perplexed and scared through the whole scene. He was a little hurt that his brother's surprise had been spoiled. A law book. He didn't quite know what he was going to do with a law book. He got up and went into the kitchen. Elsie continued her work with downcast eyes and an occasional sniffle. Martin crouched by Trig's box and patted the dog's sleek black head. Trig tried to lick his hand.

"Mother," whispered Martin as he watched her stir the sputtering potatoes. "Don't tell John. I won't let on that I know anything and he'll like the surprise just as much."

"She'll get no dress," grumbled Mrs. Donne. "Now, out from under foot."

Martin returned to the sofa and watched Elsie moving woodenly about the dining-room table.

"How's Fanny Longnecker?" he asked casually.

Elsie looked up, her face brightening. "You ain't forgot her then," she said.

"I'll bet you got a girl in Carmel now."

Martin blushed. "No I haven't," he said. He was thinking about little dark-eyed Alta Henley and his fifteen cents a week spending money.

"I'll bet you have," insisted his sister.

He twisted about on the sofa uncomfortably. "Mike told me that you and Julius Barr were keeping company now."

Elsie blushed and adjusted her crown of yellow hair hurriedly. "Mike's an old tease."

"Julius is a smart young fellow," observed Martin.

"Oh, do *you* think so—?"

Albert came in from outside with the lantern. He snapped up the chimney and blew out the flame. "Hello, Mart," he called through the kitchen door. A smell of kerosene smoke accompanied his voice.

The other two members of the family came in immediately after him and in a short time they all sat down to supper. Albert took his place at the head of the table, Martin at the foot, Mike and John on one side and Elsie and Mrs. Donne on the other. The meal progressed with its usual farm talk and neighborhood gossip.

Martin was almost ignored until John passed him the last porkchop on the platter. Mike glanced sharply down the table and said: "Well, what have you learned at school, kid?"

"I don't know," said Martin.

"Don't know? See, I told you it don't do any good to send him to school. What has he learned in four months? 'I don't know.' And it cost almost fifty dollars . . ."

"You wouldn't know what Mart was

talking about if he did tell you what he'd learned," cut in John.

"Boys, stop your nagging at him," said Mrs. Donne.

"Maybe I hadn't better go back to school," said Martin, quietly.

The rest of the family suddenly fell silent.

"Of course you're going back to school," exclaimed John. "You're going to be a lawyer."

"Your report card showed you had good grades," said Mrs. Donne. "One of the Donnes must have an education."

"Can't all of us be ignoramuses," said John.

Elsie looked down at her plate. "Julius says they're going to send his kid brother to school as soon as he gets old enough."

Mike flashed a searching glance at his sister.

"I'm going to patent my sieve on the elevator," said Albert, pushing back from the table. "I'll drive Martin back to Carmel when the vacation's over. I want to talk with a lawyer."

"Albert, I'd like to see that sieve tomorrow," said Martin.

"It ain't much," said Albert modestly.

John said: "See—now if Mart was just a little older and in a law school, Albert wouldn't have to drive over to Carmel to talk with a lawyer."

"Lawyers are all crooks," grumbled Mike.

Later, after the family had all retired except his mother, Martin lay awake, pondering the question of returning to school. There was the ivory coloured pitcher and the dribbles of batter running down the outside. He must go hunting and get that rabbit he promised Mrs. Mead. He wished he was back

upstairs in the boys' room, sleeping with John like he used to before he went to school.

He remembered how he and his brother had made a hollow in the ballooning and noisy straw tick and had curled up in it like two mice. There was the sharp recollection in his mind of his brother's strong arm around his waist. The sound of his mother still working in the kitchen attracted his attention. If he were home to help out, perhaps she wouldn't have to work so hard. Then he thought of dark-eyed Alta Henley. John discovered oil on the southeast forty of the farm and he, Martin, was going back to Carmel with a new suit of clothes, latest style from Omaha, and twenty-five cents a *day* spending money.

Mrs. Donne came into the little room and stood by the cot. She bent down and kissed him lightly on the cheek. Her lips were conscious of a slight saltiness. Martin was crying. She sat down suddenly on the edge of the cot and took his hand.

"What's the trouble, son?" she asked.

Martin was silent. He was waiting until he could control himself and speak without sobbing. At last he said: "If I didn't go back to school maybe you wouldn't have to work so, early and late."

"You'd only make more work for me," she answered. "Besides, I've hoped all my life that one of the boys would have an education. You're my only chance." She bent and kissed him again. "Don't you pay any attention to Mike."

She got up hurriedly and he saw her large competent figure silhouetted in the doorway. He heard her moving about the kitchen again. He would see Alta Henley when the vacation was

over. John discovered oil on the southeast forty . . . Martin fell asleep.

After breakfast Martin put on his old mackinaw and went out to the barn. He passed down the line of horses until he came to the shaggy Dowda. His nostrils tingled with the smell of freshly oiled harness and his glance brightened as it fell upon the vivid scars of thick hoarfrost that lined the cracks on the inner side of the barn wall. Dowda's winter coat made her look like a Mongolian pony. Martin slapped her fat sides and stroked her arched neck while her velvety mouth lipped his coatsleeve affectionately.

"We're going for the mail after a bit," he said to her, rubbing her neck where the halter-band crossed it.

Martin heard loud shouts coming from the cattle barn. He hurried across the yard and found Mike trying to doctor an infection in the head of a dark red steer. Martin thought he recognized the animal. It reared, plunged and bellowed, while Mike swore and tried to hold its nose against the manger. It was going through such wild gyrations that Martin wasn't sure whether he knew the animal or not.

"Maybe I can help," he offered.

"Climb around into the manger and see if you can hold his head still," Mike ordered.

The dark red steer quieted down somewhat as Mike ceased fussing with the bump on its head, and Martin got into the manger. The animal sniffed his pants leg curiously. Then Martin remembered: this was the dark red calf he had fed milk from a pail. He had called it Plumjuice because it was such a dark red color. Martin held the steer's nose against his thigh with one

hand while he scratched the base of its ear with the other.

Mike began feeling about the swollen spot where the horn had been removed. The animal showed signs of struggling but Martin held firm and scratched harder. Pressing with his fingers Mike broke an opening in the scab and a stream of pus shot out. The steer pulled back. Mike pressed harder. The animal gave a heavy rasping sigh. Martin patted its cheek.

His brother filled the shiny steel syringe from the pan of steaming water in the feed-box, inserted the slender nozzle into the wound and shoved down the plunger. The water geysered out bringing with it chunks of matter. Martin went white. The stench was terrible. The steer's eyes bulged and were bloodshot. It tried to shake its head and swayed Martin backwards and forwards in the manger with the effort. Martin's scratching was almost mechanical. He looked away. Again and again Mike washed the cavity, the four inch nozzle of the syringe going in almost to the cylinder. At last he filled the syringe from a bottle of iodine.

"Now hold him," Mike cautioned, as he again inserted the nozzle.

Martin tensed his muscles and scratched the animal's ear harder than ever. Mike thrust down the plunger. The steer jerked back, bellowing and shaking its head. Martin released his hold on its head and retreated along the manger as the steer lunged forward again. He climbed out, feeling weak and shaken. The smell of iodine rather settled his stomach but he shivered as he revisualized the sight of spurting pus. The closed barn still reeked with the stench. Mike was gathering up his

instruments, the steer watching him complacently, its head twisted about in the stanchion.

"You know, Mart, you ought to be a veterinary," Mike said, coming down from the raised part of the floor where the animal stood. "You got a way with animals. Look how that steer was quiet when you held him. You ought to study to be a Vet."

"I don't think I could stand the smells," objected Martin.

"You'd get used to that," insisted Mike. "And look at all the business you'd get around here. You could put up your office right here on the farm. There ain't another veterinary in miles. You'd make lots of money."

"Maybe so," said Martin.

"A lawyer always has to have an office in the city," continued Mike. "They're all crooked anyway."

Albert met them at the barn door. "Did you get him fixed up?" he asked.

"Sure. Mart helped me. Mart's going to be a veterinary."

"Where's John?" asked Martin.

"Chopping a water hole in the dam," explained Albert. "Do you want to see my contraption?"

"Was just going to ask about it."

"It does work," put in Mike.

Albert and Martin walked down the gentle slope to the large double corncrib. They entered the driveway and began the climb up the ladder along the elevator to the cupola. The heavy drive chain rattled as they brushed against it. There was a smell of thick cup-grease. They climbed out on a platform under the spout where the buckets of the elevator swung over to dump their load. Albert showed Martin a rectangular grating made of steel rods in the bottom of the spout.

"That's it," said Albert. "The corn falls directly on these bars, the loose kernels, chaff and silks fall through, and the ears slide on down into the crib."

Martin examined the device carefully. "That's a swell contraption," he said, admiringly. "That's great," he said. "And you're going to patent it?"

"Got to see a lawyer," replied Albert. "There'll have to be drawings and blueprints. I ain't got no way to do that sort of thing out here."

"Blueprints?" Martin was struck with an idea. "Blueprints. I wonder—" He hesitated, then went on, "You know, Albert, we have Mechanical Drawing in connection with our Manual Training class in high school. We make blueprints—tracings . . . You know, I've got the best marks in the class." Martin's words tumbled over each other in his effort to get them out. "Mr. Marshall likes my work. He's the Manual Training teacher, and the football coach, too. He'd help me make the blueprints for you. He says I do good work. You give me the dimensions and I'll make the drawings for you. Will you?" Martin searched his brother's face anxiously.

Albert said, "Sure. You could try anyway. I don't know how many blueprints I have to have. I got to see a lawyer."

"Mr. Marshall would help me," said Martin. "He likes my work."

"We'll take the specifications along when we go to Carmel," agreed Albert. "Maybe you can be my draftsman, Mart."

They descended the ladder and walked up to the horse barn. It was time to go for the mail. Martin went

in to saddle Dowda. He was almost trembling with excitement. His brother had said that maybe he could be his draftsman.

Mike had joined Albert and the latter was telling him about Martin's proposal. They stood close against the sheltered side of the barn where the sun beat down. John came around the barn with the ax across his shoulder, the ax head covered with ice frozen on while chopping a hole in the dam.

Martin led Dowda out of the barn to the water tank and broke a hole in the ice for her to drink. She thrust her nose into the cold water until her nostrils were submerged; then breathed out, sending the water flying.

"Going for the mail?" asked John.

"How's Dowda's leg?" asked Mike.

"She doesn't limp," replied Martin.

"She seems all right."

Dowda threw up her head with a loud exhalation of her breath. Martin sprang into the saddle; the pony pivoted about and galloped out of the yard. She raced along the road over the mile and a half distance to the mailboxes and the frozen icy roadbed resounded like metal beneath her vicious hoofs. Martin gave her the rein. He never doubted Dowda's sureness of foot. The cold wind beat into his face and made his eyes water. Maybe he was going to make blueprints for Albert. Suddenly he was riding furiously to save Alta Henley from the torture of bandits.

Dowda shied at the mailboxes and the rescue was forgotten. He reined in the pony sharply and made her sidle up to the large box marked *DONNE*. He jerked open the dropdoor and pulled out the mail, then they whirled back along the road, Dowda going

faster than ever. He glanced through the rush of wind across the white waste of snow to a clump of trees. That was where the Longnecks lived. He ought to ride over and see Fanny before he returned to school. Wouldn't it be wonderful for Albert if he could get his sieve patented? A jack-rabbit hopped awkwardly across a stretch of cornfield. Maybe Albert could sell the sieve for enough to buy out the blacksmith shop in Teeton. Albert didn't like farm work. How much would it cost to send a dressed rabbit to Carmel? He would have to go hunting one of these days.

Most of the conversation during the midday meal centered about a letter received from their Aunt Florence. After all the angles of this subject had been discussed, John said: "Let's go rabbit hunting this afternoon, Mart."

"There's lots of wood to be split," said Mike.

"I'm almost out of wood in the house now," said Mrs. Donne.

"Maybe we could get enough rabbits for a pie," said John.

"Pie," exclaimed Mrs. Donne. "Pie? I've more to do than forty."

"Martin ought to go over and see Fanny Longnecker," put in Elsie.

"I'll do that next week," said Martin.

"There's a lot of wood that needs splitting," Mike insisted.

"Ma, will you and Elsie make a rabbit pie, if we get enough rabbits?"

"Somebody's got to split that wood."

"John you and Mart can split the wood; then go rabbit hunting," said Albert.

"They can't take Trig," said Mike, "I want him to help me round up the cattle on the lower field."

"Trig only scares the rabbits anyway," replied John.

Martin followed his brother up to the woodpile after dinner. John attacked the towering rampart of chunks. In a few minutes the ground around the chopping block lay covered with split wood. Martin carried armload after armload down to the huge wood-box.

"It's full," he said at last.

John gave a final blow with the ax and a willow chunk halved open, its brown heart-wood glistening and moist to the light. "Then, a hunting we will go," he said, sticking the ax in the block.

They took their rifles from the kitchen wall and set out across the prairie. They tramped for an hour through stripped cornfields, up and down small ravines, and over bleak stretches of stubble and prairie without seeing any more than tracks. Occasionally they came upon a spot where a coyote had run down a cottontail in the deep snow. Grumbling about their luck they started back home down the flood plain of Squaw Creek where the tall horse weeds had grown up and broken down with the wind and weight of snow.

"Wait," said John sharply. "There's a rabbit in that bunch of weeds."

"I don't see anything," whispered Martin.

John brought his rifle to his shoulder and fired. The clump of weeds trembled. John approached and dragged out a kicking cottontail. He held it up by the hind legs and with a downward stroke of the side of his hand knocked off its head.

"Didn't see anything in there," exclaimed Martin.

"Got to have good eyes."

Martin carried the rabbit and they trudged on. Again John stopped, fired into a clump of grey weeds and brought out a rabbit.

"Two," said Martin proudly.

A little way farther on a cottontail darted from its hiding place and raced across the flat.

John whistled: "Whee—ew, whee—ew, whee—ew."

The rabbit paused in its flight and sat up motionless, its ears tensely listening. John brought his rifle to his shoulder. Martin watched his arms tighten in angles, holding the gun in a steady aim. Crack! The rabbit fell over on its side and kicked a little. The smell of burned powder was distinct in Martin's nostrils.

"They wait for the bullet," John said, as he snapped the head from the victim and hung it by the leg to his belt.

The two brothers tramped on again. Martin felt a little disappointed that he hadn't been able to shoot even one cottontail. John was the better hunter all right. Maybe John would let him send one of his rabbits to Mrs. Mead. John had the best eyes and was the best shot. Martin wished that he was as good a hunter as John.

They came to a brush pile and began poking about it.

"There's one in here," cautioned John.

Both cocked their rifles and began to kick about the edge of the pile carefully. Suddenly a greyish shadow with a bobbing white dot bolted from Martin's side of the brush. He whirled in the direction of the scurrying rabbit. His rifle went off. The shadow curled up abruptly, slid along the snow and lay still.

"Got him!" shouted John. "You got him! On the run, too. That was a good shot, Mart."

Martin regarded his rifle with a look of surprise. It had gone off. He carefully threw out the empty cartridge and reloaded.

"It was an accident," he said, as he joined his brother at the curled up rabbit.

"Accident, nothing!" cried John. "I saw you pop him."

Anyway, Martin had his rabbit to send to his landlady in Carmel. They walked on, almost home. Another rabbit bounced out of the tussock of grass.

"Whee—ew, whee—ew, whee—ew," whistled John.

It stopped, sat up and listened. Again came the report of John's rifle and the animal toppled over. The brothers approached and stood looking down at it. The bullet had entered the back of its head and had come out the left eye. The eyeball had been knocked out and lay upturned on the snow. A narrow crimson shadow showed beneath the head.

"Sudden death," remarked Martin.

"Murder—first degree," said John. "Get a verdict of hanging from any jury. You'd have to be my lawyer, Mart."

"I'm afraid I wouldn't make a very good lawyer," demurred Martin.

"Of course you would," cut in John. "You'd save my life. Your Honor, Gentlemen of the Jury—the defendant fired in self-defense. I shall prove to your satisfaction by circumstantial evidence that the rabbit turned on him . . ." John laughed. "You'll make a lawyer all right, Mart."

Martin looked into his brother's shining eyes. He was aware that be-

neath the sparkle of fun, there smoldered a sincere, anxious fire. He wanted to say, "I don't *want* to be a lawyer, John," but the words stuck in his throat. He glanced down at the rabbit and saw that the crimson shadow had widened.

They arrived home with their catch and John told the rest of the family how Martin had shot a rabbit on the run. Martin wanted to explain that it had been accidental but they didn't give him time to say anything.

"Yes, there'll be enough to make a pie," said Mrs. Donne, "and one for Martin to send to Mrs. Mead. Go clean them, then get your chores done."

Martin held the legs of the rabbits while John stripped away the fur and disemboweled them. The warm musk-fragrance of the entrails arose and Martin sniffed and watched them slip to the paper beneath. Trig would welcome those tidbits. Then Martin was thinking of the brown crust and the thick gravy of his mother's rabbit pies. It made him hungry. But he knew they wouldn't have the pie until dinner the next day.

Yes, this was the rabbit he'd shot. The ball had struck the middle of its back and had come out its neck. Martin watched his brother trying to get the thick clots of blood from his fingers.

The family was all in a hurry at the supper table.

"You should have seen Mart pop that rabbit," stated John.

Martin mumbled something about the gun going off as he twisted around. But the others didn't seem to notice. They had things to do. Albert was driving over to see Mary O'Brian in his new cutter. Mike had decided to drive into the village in his car, and of

course this was one of the nights that Julius Barr took Elsie some place.

After all of them had gone, John and Martin got out the carom board and played several games. John always won. He was much more accurate than Martin at snapping the rings. It came bedtime; John went upstairs and Martin into his little room. He was tired. He was too tired even to wish that he was back upstairs in the boys' room.

He lay awake only a little while. He thought about the law book Elsie had said John had bought him for Christmas. What was he going to do with a law book? How was he going to keep John from seeing that he didn't care for the law book and hurt John's feelings? Martin remembered the shining, anxious expression that always appeared in his brother's eyes when he talked

about Martin being a lawyer. The scene of Mike doctoring the steer flashed into his mind. Then he thought what fun it would be making those drawings for Albert, and fell asleep.

After the first weight of tired sleeping had passed he began to dream. His dreams were confused at first; then suddenly he sprang up naked from a tussock of grass in the meadow and was running across the flat bottom.

"Whee—ew, whee-e—ew, whee-e—ew." He heard the sharp whistle. He stopped in his flight and looked back, listening. There stood his brother, John, by the willow clump, rifle to shoulder, aiming.

Martin stirred in his sleep, mumbling over and over something like, "Run, rabbit!" The dream cut off abruptly and he slept soundly again.

DARK FOREST

CLAIRE AVEN THOMSON

Boldly they finger hempen length
To test brutality of strength.

O very soon is come the now
For leaves to quiver on the bough!

The doomed man crouches there in fear.
Companion crow and buzzard near

Too urgent in their eager lust
Of dust returning unto dust!

HOUSE OF BONE

ARTHUR H. NETHERCOT

Here in this brittle shell,
Within this ribbed retreat,
Here do I build my house,
Sober, discreet.

This is the mutable plan,
This is the humble design
To form the formless thought,
To trace, define.

Frail as a moth's furred wing,
Dim as a dawning star,
Frail, dim, and intricate
All the walls are;

Yet, terrified to look
Out on the wild of space,
These walls do I raise up
To close me a place.

Here in infinity,
Here in this house of bone,
Coffin and casket both,
Mind dwells alone.

HERITAGE

G. FRANK GOODPASTURE

I never brushed aside the leaves
That stemmed a mountain spring
But came the shadow of a dread
Age-old, unreasoning,
That I had turned my helpless back
To claws that followed on my track.

I never crossed the bar at dawn
When waves rose thin and green
And watched an old seal close aboard,
Distorted by the screen,
But grim Cerberus stood once more
And growled before the nether door!

MODERNITY AND WALT WHITMAN

JOSEPH B. HARRISON

WALT Whitman was so much a child of his own generation, so much the voice of enthusiasms and programs and certitudes now generally labelled naive, that his continued survival among us as "a great big something" is a hearty challenge to our art and our mores. A few years ago Harvey O'Higgins, in an article in *Harper's Magazine*, accepted this challenge and not only discovered in Whitman several of our new psychology's best accredited complexes but also exhibited the poet as a rather complete failure in his dual role as "kosmos" and as representative American. Whitman celebrates only himself and not the universe, was O'Higgins's conclusion, and because he throws no light on the American mind America has rejected his claim to speak for her.

It is not my purpose in this essay to quarrel with the psychoanalysts in literary criticism. I have learned too much from them and have still too much to learn to be guilty of that ingratitude. But it is perhaps legitimate to point out that psychology offers as great perils for literary criticism as it did for high-powered salesmanship. The psychological man as he has been abstracted for the uses of either has often been as mythical as the "economic man" of Adam Smith. Just as the human being as customer becomes, by the popular method, only so much tabulated sales-resistance, so the human being as artist becomes a very simple set of complexes. It is astonishing how few complexes will do the trick. The Oedipus complex and the inferiority complex are commonly quite sufficient; and every artist seems

to have them. The modesty and profound caution quite generally exhibited by the scientific psychologist are too infrequently effective upon his commercial and literary parasites. The reader of contemporary criticism must especially guard himself against the assumption that a psychological explanation of an artist is a final disposition of him, that the most interesting complex of all—the only finally important one—the artist's work, may after that be thrust aside.

It is therefore still important to concern oneself with what a poet like Whitman says and how he says it. It may even be profitable on occasion to forget the psychological processes of the creative act in order to fix one's attention more safely on the creation itself. "Song of Myself" may be Narcissian, "Calamus" homosexual; they are also content and form. Narcissism and homosexuality are no more un-American than they are un-Scandinavian or un-British. Walt Whitman's right to speak for his America must be examined on other grounds. The author of "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd" and of "Drum-Taps," however Narcissian, is a mind and a poet. Possibly he is also in important respects a representative American, and a modern.

But what is a modern?

It would seem that whoever in these nineteen-thirties confesses a no-matter-how-attenuated faith in human values does so at the risk of his intellectual reputation. In America, as long ago as 1905, Henry Adams described physics as already "stark mad in metaphysics" and declared that his own historical neck

had been broken in the Gallery of Machines at the Paris Exposition of 1900. The universe had disintegrated into a multiverse, and the human mind was nothing more than another blind force like coal or radioactivity. Much more recently Joseph Wood Krutch, in *The Modern Temper*, has described the disillusion of the contemporary intellect, which, if his analysis be accepted, is now complete.

The general argument of Mr. Krutch and others of his persuasion may be roughly briefed as follows: The values of religion, of science, of love, of tragedy, of the arts in general, and of metaphysics have gone the way of all flesh. There was once a pre-cultural world in which none of these values had been dreamed into a precarious fictional existence, and in which living things were safely content with life for life's sake. Death indeed came, but in the pre-reflective age the living individual so identified his own permanence with that of his race that death had no sting. But there came a stage in the struggle for survival when man had equipped himself with so clever a hand, an eye, and a brain that the industry of living began to produce a by-product of culture, and thus gradually to surround him with an artificial environment, exclusively his own. With the development of the reflective tendency man became increasingly self-conscious about this peculiarly human but purely accidental part of the world he lived in, and began to grope about in it for universal meanings. This is something that never happens in the merely natural as distinguished from the human world, and the fact constitutes the superior power of the former. Nature means nothing, and man in seeking for meaning so diverts his

energies and his desires that he ultimately discovers himself a misfit in an irrational universe. Nature desires "merely to live and to propagate in innumerable forms," while man desires "happiness and order and reason." (Krutch). Formerly man has attributed his purely human desiderata to the scheme of things as a whole; now he is discovering his fallacy, and the discovery is leaving him lonely and impotent and cynical.

The beginning of this end came with Darwin, though Darwinism as interpreted by Thomas Huxley left man still hopeful, because it promised a satisfactory explanation of man as part of its reading of life as a whole. Another Huxley, grandson of the great Victorian, shows us what two generations have done to one of the great human values, by picturing a pair of romantic lovers "quietly sweating palm to palm." For this is the sort of thing the laboratory has done to us. Love is gone. And tragedy is gone along with the belief in the importance and greatness of man. And the Art of Life is gone, because life simply is not an art. Whoever tries to live it as such comes into conflict with nature and learns that he is Rochester rather than Mirabell, Byron rather than Childe Harold. Art is an activity that conforms to the rules of the artist's being. Life is an activity that must conform to the rules of nature, which cares naught for peculiarly human desires. And metaphysics has departed, clucking off with it a whole brood of little speculations. Indeed, all the recent frightened withdrawals from the compulsions of reason—such as James's "will to believe," Bergson's "intuition," Vaihinger's "as if," the "emergence" hypothesis, the "gestalt" hypothesis, the

"quantum" hypothesis—are only the last flutterings of a dying humanism. Progressive thought brings progressive enfeeblement of the will to live. The future, as ever, belongs to the barbarians who have yet to learn to think. Primitive vitality is alone secure from despair. The civilized will have to content themselves with the meager consolation that it is better to die as men than to live as animals.

Just what is this "despair" thus hospitably entertained by so many of our thinking contemporaries? Are these so-called human values the things we cherish after all? Even to the thinking so valuable to Mr. Krutch and others seems to be important as a function rather than as a content. The thoughts are perpetually annihilating each other. Only the process continues. Of course each thinker wants to feel while he is thinking that he is approaching truth, be it only the truth that there is no truth. But when he has arrived at this latter conclusion he must begin all over again, for thinking is surely more than the monotonous reiteration that there is no truth. We are confronted with this single alternative: Either thinking, the last value for man, must disappear; or it must begin a new cycle of thoughts as relative as the last and in themselves of no more permanent validity. Thinking as a function has no evident superiority over other functions, such as the function of love or the function of art. It is as much subject to skepticism as they, and survives or perishes with them.

In short, it would seem that man, with the simple egotism of childhood, upon discovering himself a featherless animal that walks on two legs instead of four as well as talks and laughs and weeps and thinks, has attempted to kick his

ladder out from under him while still in the act of climbing. He has legislated a series of fictional values and has first attempted to impose them upon the universe. Then finding this an impossible task he has declared war and attempted to live by his fictions in spite of the universe. Finally admitting the fallacy of even this secondary recourse he has invited a sentimental despair to rationalize his errors. This despair is egotistic and fictitious like the values whose demise provokes it. The logical next step is to recover values not so riskily separative as those that he fondly calls "human." The existence of such values is evident enough from the continued gusto with which the best advertised disillusionists go on living. If thinking be regarded as a kind of function, like eating and working and loving, it will take on a value which may be called cosmic—therefore also human—and it will be quite independent of its thoughts. This is not quite the same thing as inviting men to become amoebas. It leaves every organism blessed in its own peculiar functions, but honest enough to admit that its satisfactions lie in the process.

Disillusionment, then, is complete, but it doesn't make much difference. It is a theoretic disillusion which has produced a theoretic despair. Those of us who have suffered it are still functioning beings, as happy as ever.

There is a well-known passage in Whitman that fits the case:

I think I could turn and live with
the animals, they are so placid
and self-contain'd;

I stand and look at them long and
long.

They do not sweat and whine
about their condition;

They do not lie awake at night
and weep for their sins;
They do not make me sick discussing
their duty to God;
Not one is dissatisfied—not one
is demented with the mania of
owning things;
Not one kneels to another, nor to
his kind that lived thousands
of years ago;
Not one is respectable or industrious
over the whole earth.
They show their relations to me,
and I accept them;
They bring me tokens of myself—they
evinced them plainly
in their possession.

It is improbable that there are many thoughtful persons in America who believe either that America is a democracy or that any concept of democracy is a finality in political or social theory, or believe that America has been ordained by any manifest destiny to realize a better culture than the world has ever known or can elsewhere attain, or believe that God is a universal good that gives divinity to every existing thing. Perhaps Whitman at various times held all of these beliefs. They are not, however, the beliefs necessary for a continued reading of his poetry. For if Whitman entertained them all it was only because this was as far as his thinking had carried him in the formulation of an experience that was in itself tremendously stimulating to him and that he succeeded in making stimulative to us. Whitman believed chiefly in the creative life, in the availability of the world for some kind of human constructive effort, in a functional capacity for mind and sense which in itself constitutes a sufficient meaning for existence.

Urge and urge and urge,
Always the procreant urge of the
world.

Out of the dimness opposite
equals advance, always substance
and increase, always sex.
Always a knit of identity, always
distinction, always a breed of
life.

Democracy and America were products, current proofs of the reality of creative life; God was a name for the process. Whatever more specific and vulnerable meanings the poet may from time to time have attached to these words the essential Whitman can stand without them. His basic affirmation springs naively out of life, out of a reality which is a permanent and universal fact of experience.

There is no stoppage and never
can be stoppage,
If I, you, and the worlds, and all
beneath and upon their surfaces,
were this moment reduced back to a pallid float, it
would not avail in the long run,
We should surely bring up again
where we now stand,
And surely go as much farther,
and then farther and farther.
A few quadrillions of eras, a few
octillions of cubic leagues, do
not hazard the span or make it
impatient,
They are but parts, any thing is
but a part.

That absence of resignation which is so notable in Whitman's thought and feeling is not the reward of any blind allegiance to a patterned religion or metaphysics but of his possession of a principle so elemental that only something quite outside experience could assail it. Life is. It persists by a constructive process the limits of which are unimportant because it is the process itself that counts rather than any ultimate objective. If this fact is furnishing a basis for a modern reconstruction

of values then Whitman is a "modern;" he felt his way to it, however mottled was the surface of his thought with the shadows of dogma. The modern consciousness seems to have given up the age-old pursuit of the absolute; and now that it has exhausted the thrill of the invocation to resignation or to cynicism or to despair, is beginning to savor the mere fact of being with a new gusto. After all, we live, and therefore we create; while in mind we have come upon a pattern-making power that no cataclysm among the patterns seems able to dismay. The stream is the thing and not the flotsam that goes down it. Just now we are beginning to see that the rather gleeful futilitarianism that has recently been so popular is a pattern like the rest. Every passing attitude is good and valuable through two stages: First, when it is being discovered as true; second, when it is being exposed as false. It may prove to be quite as much fun displacing futility with faith as it has been destroying faith with futility.

"Being is Becoming," said Heraclitus, and he has been dubbed therefore "the typical pessimist of antiquity." "Being is Becoming," reiterates the contemporary mind, with an uneasy suspicion that it is expressing the typical pessimism of modernity. "Being is Becoming," was Walt Whitman's whole implication, but it never for a moment occurred to him that this was a skeptical or a cynical attitude. That is what makes Whitman so available for the contemporary consciousness now that it has begun to doubt its own despair. It is that too which marks him as no mere pupil of Emerson, for whom Becoming often seems to be not a permanent flux significant in itself but rather a tem-

porary stage in the recovery of a lost perfection. For Whitman perfection is neither lost nor recoverable. It IS.

In order to exemplify the fact that Whitman's faith is sufficiently basic to survive every modification of his dogmas one need only follow through from first to last the development in him of so representative a Whitmanism as "Democracy." Let us examine the chastened but undaunted spirit of his later testament, "Democratic Vistas."

By selecting from this work those passages which state the shortcomings of democracy, its present materialism, low ethical standards, mob spirit, failure to produce "athletic" physical and spiritual persons, failure to visualize its high destiny, even its everyday danger of complete demise—by this sort of selection one could make out as bad a case for a popular government and a popular civilization as their most stalwart enemies could devise.

Frequently the poet states that he considers the New World less important for what it has done and is than for what is to come. He will not gloss over the dangers of universal suffrage in the United States. His call for a new "literatus order" is made necessary by his country's lack of any adequate integration. It is a delusion to think that a mere material order, important as it is and successful as America has been in attaining it, can itself constitute any worthy experiment in democracy. In spite of material advantages it seems to him that "society, in these States, is canker'd, crude, superstitious, and rotten. Political, or law-made society is, and private, or voluntary society, is also. In any vigor, the element of the moral conscience, the most important, the verteber of State or man, seems to me to

be either lacking, or seriously enfeebled or ungrown." He finds in America a lack of faith, either in underlying principles or in humanity itself. He deprecates the failure of women to believe in men, or men in women; the scornful superciliousness of literature; the sectarianism of religion; the badinage of conversation; the depravity of the business and official classes, indeed the whole money-worshipping attitude implied in "this all-devouring modern word, business;" the corruption of the cities and of fashionable life; the superficial popular intellectuality. "It is as if we were somehow being endow'd with a vast and more and more thoroughly-appointed body, and then left with little or no soul." All this prevents our meeting the only real test: does our civilization produce personalities, athletes of the body and spirit, or does it promote physical meanness, bad manners, and bad morals?

Small wonder, then, that taste and intelligence have been against the masses; for it is not to be denied that the People "are ungrammatical, untidy, and their sins gaunt and ill-bred." Literature has never recognized the People. The superior person points to what Whitman has to admit, the "vast collections of the ignorant, the unfit and the uncouth, the incapable, and the very low and poor," and fitly and sneeringly asks "whether we expect to elevate and improve a nation's politics by absorbing such morbid collections and qualities therein."

Morally and artistically America has as yet originated nothing. Our models are still European, and Europe has never surpassed us in mere "upholster'd exterior appearance," in acquisition, in glibness, in supercilious infidelity. In

literature the prizes even in these States are still for those who strike the mean flat average. What we get is still the "thin sentiment of parlors, parasols, piano-songs, tinkling rhymes, the five-hundredth importation . . . dyspeptic amours with dyspeptic women." There is no American drama, no American poetry, merely a confectionery theatre and a "copious dribble" of rhyme.

In short, "It is useless to deny it: Democracy grows rankly up the thickest, noxious, deadliest plants and fruits of all—brings worse and worse invaders—needs newer, larger, stronger, keener compensations and compellers." More than once, during the Civil War, it grazed destruction by a hair. Yawning gulfs lie ahead, for instance the labor question. "Behold the cost, and already the specimens of the cost. Thought you greatness was to ripen for you like a pear? If you would have greatness, know that you must conquer it through ages—must pay for it with a proportionate price. For you too, as for all lands, the struggle, the traitor, the wily person in office, scrofulous wealth, the surfeit of prosperity, the demonism of greed, the hell of passion, the decay of faith, the long postponement, the fossil-like lethargy, the ceaseless need of revolutions, prophets, thunder-storms, deaths, births, new projections and invigorations of ideas and men."

How then, in the light of all this, does Whitman justify his democratic faith? With so much evidence before him, some of it testifying the continued existence of old evils, some of it the rise of new problems peculiar to democracy, how can he continue to exult in his American world and look exuberantly to its future? Shall we say that this

is no blind optimism that looks at facts so squarely yet survives them, or must it be thought all the more perverse in its stubbornness?

What, besides his transcendental faith in man, has he to offer in defense of this cause?

Many persons consider it a truism that democratic levelling is a levelling downward. Ibsen's Dr. Stockmann is not alone in his opinion that the wise men in any society have never yet been a majority; while against the appeal to education made by the democratic-minded has now been brought the psychologist's discovery that what we suffer from is no more lack of education than lack of educability. With the average of human intelligence as low as the new testings suggest it to be, education as it spreads to the masses becomes diluted. This homeopathic dose can never make men more capable of self-government; it must rather merely entrench them in their mediocrity, and enable them to compel a uniformity from their superiors. For all its education American democracy, in so far as it is effective upon culture and personality, has done nothing but level downward. Not only is the spiritual state of the average no higher but the spiritual state of the superior is daily harder to sustain in the face of the material attractions that a comfortable conformity make ever more attainable to all, from top to bottom of the cultural scale. Walt Whitman must show us how his democratized society will save room for excellence.

In the first place it must be granted him that he never praises singleness or conformity. Sex, which is so often his symbol, establishes duality as a basic fact from which creation springs. Matter and spirit, too, are to Whitman as

to all transcendentalists necessary to each other. Man and nature, the city and the country, society and solitude, birth and death, day and night, the macrocosm and the microcosm beget each other. And so also with democracy and personalism: "For to democracy, the leveler, the unyielding principle of the average, is surely join'd another principle, equally unyielding, closely tracking the first, indispensable to it, opposite (as the sexes are opposite) . . . This second principle is individuality, the pride and centripetal isolation of a human being in himself—identity—personalism." Opposite, as day and night, as men and women are opposite, in a reciprocal opposition. Whitman's assurance as to democracy in America is based upon his certainty of the worth of American personality. His conviction that personality is to have a progressive release in America is based upon the opportunities that democracy will offer. A vicious circle? Then so are all these reciprocal relationships. Just as the union of men and women is fertile so the union of democracy and personalism is fertile. As night and death exist that dawn and birth may come so is democracy the womb whence issues personality, and personality too much cherishes its kind to turn upon the democracy which begets it. The logicians look upon a world of oppositions and cry stalemate. Whitman weds the opposites and expects a glorious birth. For him no skepticism has as yet corroded the fact of life, procreant and mysterious.

Time is ample. Let the victors come after us. Not for nothing does evil play its part among us. Judging from the main portions of the history of the world, so far, justice is always in jeopardy, peace walks amid hourly

pitfalls, and of slavery, misery, meanness, the craft of tyrants and the credulity of the populace, in some of their protean forms, no voice can at any time say, They are not. The clouds break a little, and the sun shines out—but soon and certain the lowering darkness falls again, as if to last forever. Yet is there an immortal courage and prophecy in every sane soul that can not, must not, under any circumstances, capitulate.

In this uncapitulating soul is Walt Whitman's anchorage. It is a firm bottom that makes him safe in every threatening drift. Constantly he brings up the soil of it on his anchor. This poet lives in no ivory tower. The places of his observation are the newspaper offices, Tammany Hall, the ferries, the omnibuses, the pavements of million-footed Manhattan; or the hospitals where men meet agony and death; or the line of march, with soldiers setting off hilarious or grim to battle, or pouring back to Washington ashamed and ignominious from Bull Run. Here is a democrat who gazes unflinchingly at the worst. The Civil War produced its atrocities, some of them real, some of them fictional. For Whitman they were real, and the fact that most of those he credited were charged against the "secesh" does not alter the significance of his recognition of them as fruits of the same human nature that is to produce democracy. His idealism survives the demoralization of the rabble that fled Bull Run; or the story of Moseby's guerillas who put seventeen prisoners in the midst of a hollow square and shot them down in cold blood, after bidding them run for it in the interest of good sport; or the reports of the fifty thousand allowed

to die of starvation, "in a land of plenty," in southern prison camps. He even records, with an absence of protest that betrays his partisanship, the gratuitous slaughter of the Confederate wounded after the battle at Columbia, Tennessee, when any who attempted to drag themselves off were mercilessly brought down by Union bullets. These are some of the phenomena of that human nature that is to validate democracy.

They tell, of course, but part of the story, for Whitman the less significant part. Neither of the two chief charges that are raised against the mass, that its intelligence is low and that its passions are brutal, can daunt Walt Whitman. For if you tell him that the human mind is ignorant and obtuse he will reply that personality is not a matter of any knowledge or intellect whatever; and if you remind him of the ugliness of man's hate or the grossness of his hungers he will seat you beside a hospital cot and show you the gentleness, the steadfastness, the ample warm responsiveness of this same creature whom you have described in his lusts and malignities.

Democracy then is to Whitman less an established fact than a dynamic illusion. It is a passion, a force. You may deny its reality as statistically as you like. Whitman has been before you, and gone on. You bring up your batteries only to find that he has abandoned the field and won another Fabian victory. He has moved the point. While you have been busy rescuing individualism from the implications of political and economic levelling he has gone on to define democracy in terms of a "native expression-spirit." He is ready to agree with you

that this expression-spirit is no more an achieved reality than either political or economic democracy, but in insisting that no democracy will be real until the spirit is the fact he rescues Whitman-democracy at least from careless detraction. For much of the depreciation of Whitman has been directed not at the impracticability but at the mediocrity of his aims. Though in his earlier years Whitman's political acumen was barely that of an editor, by no means that of a prophet, he was by the time he wrote "Democratic Vistas" as scornful of mere political machinery as was Carlyle. Democracy had become for him not a political but an ideal fact, a name for the progressive enfranchisement of the creative capacity of everyman.

For a knowledge of that capacity Whitman searches himself. The world, human and natural, has for any individual only the amount of reality he has in his own experience been able to embrace. The poet, if he is to sing anything at all, must sing himself.

I celebrate myself, and sing myself,
And what I assume you shall assume,

For every atom belonging to me
as good belongs to you.

I loaf and invite my soul,
I lean and loaf at my ease observing a spear of summer grass.

Creeds and schools in abeyance,
Retiring back a while sufficed at what they are, but never forgotten,

I harbor for good or bad, I permit to speak at every hazard,
Nature without check with original energy.

A great many of us can no longer believe in Dante's cosmogony or in Wordsworth's clouds of glory. But the former symbolizes man's passion to live in an integrated universe and the latter man's delight in the clear intensity of childhood, as effectively as ever. If to read Walt Whitman we were obliged to accept all or even many of his more specific faiths we should have to quit reading most of what has been written since 1918. But whoever can tune his temporal ear to the future and the past, whoever can plant his feet on a soil that is both local and boundless will find something in this poet too permanently modern to be bitten by the acid of current American modernity.

SELF

MARY W. HOUSMAN

I am afraid, a bit afraid
Of what this Self may be
Who, out of my new loneliness
Comes wistfully to me.

Oh, I have seen her passing by,
With haughty, distant grace—
Yet now I fear to see, unveiled,
Too sorrowful a face.

DANCING MORMONS

WANDA BURNETT

“MAY the Spirit of the Lord be with us tonight at this dance . . .”

The old man standing with bowed head before his small impatient congregation paused for breath. His hand slightly raised in prayer was calloused and the skin was rough and chapped from exposure. When he wasn't performing the duties of a Bishop of the Church in his community, Brother Hansen raised hay and corn on a farm ten miles from the meeting-house.

The long-legged youths, dressed in overalls and with their hair slicked back in the latest style, stood quietly. Their heads were bowed, but their eyes roved among the groups of healthy looking Mormon girls who scribbled names on dance cards furtively as they bent their necks.

“May the blessing of the Lord be with the poor, the sick, and the aged of this Ward . . .”

A mother shushed her four-year-old to silence, and the prayer, in the long wooden dance-hall neared its end.

“ . . . And we ask that the blessing of the Lord be with all those gathered together tonight under the roof of this Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. We ask this in the name of Joseph Smith, Prophet, Seer, and Revelator, and God the Father and His beloved Son Jesus Christ. Amen.”

The reiterated “Amen” came in relief from the crowd, and the Bishop hopped spryly off the platform where he'd been standing by the music rack of the Tenor Sax.

“All right, young ladies,” he said.

“No repeats,” said LaVerne. And

we swung into *I Got a Sweet, Sweet Daddy Who's a Hot, Hot Papa.*”

The Bishop danced like all the old ones, vigorously, with a right emphatic hop and skip. He applauded with the rest, and a long youth came up to the platform.

“Atta boy,” he said. “Kin you folks play ‘Yes, Sir, She's My Baby?’”

. . . We could.

“There's a lot more dead-heads,” said the cornet. “Eight of 'em.”

The eight women, two or three of them young and fresh looking, and others who had been fresh looking but who now had the accepted look of settled married women, came smilingly past the First Counselor, who stood at the ticket wicket near the door. He passed them through.

“It's like my grandad says, we ought to get back at 'em like that lecturer from the East did: Printed tickets: \$1, good for a Mormon and one wife.”

“They're not all wives. If they were wives they'd be home raising kids,” I said.

“We won't cover expenses if they pass all the females in for nothing. Get that Bishop during intermission,” said LaVerne, “and see if we can't get at least a nickle a head. A nickle's something.”

She put the copy of Movie Magazine back on the piano top and ploughed into a fox.

The house was full and the party was livening up.

When we left Salt Lake we hadn't counted on booking only Mormon dances. But from Brigham Street to the Arizona line, Mormon dances it was.

In churches. Big churches. Little churches. Country wards. Stake meeting houses. One-room shacks. "Amusement halls." And opera houses.

The Mormons are good dancers. When Brigham Young, on the trek from Missouri to the Great American Desert, cheered the ox-cart pioneers, he cheered them with music and "high saltations." He was a heavy-set man and when he danced he danced. It was his own word. High saltations. When he leaped he leaped. And the word was life, and life was movement: "they danced before the Lord."

If we had counted on playing other than under the direction of the church authorities, however, we in our splashing red costumes and Tam O'Shanter caps, we would have had slim picking. Amusement in Utah, country Utah, is church amusement.

In the larger and more prosperous communities a separate building is set aside for amusement purposes and in these buildings, some of which are joined to the chapel by means of a long narrow hallway, the movies, basketball games, Saturday night dances, bazaars, and fairs are held. But in the poorer farming districts the Church is often nothing more than a two-room unpainted lumber shack and in the summer when the heat inside is unbearable, the meeting is adjourned to Brother Olsen's shady back lawn to continue the services.

But heat or no heat, the dance in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints goes on. And the lemonade stand in the corner of the hall, run by the women of the Relief Society, does a companionate flourishing business.

II

"Ah, you can't fool me, kid! You'll dance. You won't stay out in a mission

field four years without stepping out once in a while. You're too good a dancer."

LaVerne smiled at the young man, but lamented that all the good dancers went on missions and came back stiff and narrow-minded.

"Can't you dance *at all* while you're out there?" Lois asked.

The missionary, a tall, good-looking Swede whom the Church had called upon to carry the word of the Lord back to his native land, looked hurriedly round the hall before he answered: "Nope! We aren't supposed to, but . . ."

"That'll keep his dad's shoulder to the wheel and his nose to the grindstone. Sending money to that kid every month for four years," Lois observed. She was not so good a Mormon as LaVerne.

"Come, Come, ye Saints. No toil nor labor fear.'"

"Ah, pipe down, will you?" LaVerne yelled. "Everytime something comes up that you don't like about the Church, you have to sing a hymn about it. It ain't funny, you know."

" . . . All is well. All is well.'"

"Say!" Lois exclaimed. "That'd be a swell ad. We could paint it on the back of the car with the date and everything—COME! COME! YE SAINTS—BIG DANCE TONIGHT—50 CENTS A COUPLE!"

"Yeah! A couple hundred wives," Marj said. "And all of 'em trailin' in free."

"And the old women sitting on the front row jabbering their heads off because we don't wear stockings and telling their kids that they'll come to the same bad end as 'those orchestra girls' if they're not careful," Leone said.

"And wives," LaVerne was still grumbling. "You kids don't know a

thing about Church history or you'd know that no Mormon has more'n one wife, at least nowadays. And what's more—"

"Yeah, we know you're religious, La Verne," Marj finished.

The missionary came swinging down from the other end of the hall and the orchestra moaned out a slow drag.

"Say, those old people down there want a Virginia Reel," the Missionary said. "Can you rattle one off for 'em? We gotta treat 'em nice."

"Or they won't put a quarter in your old tin box when they go out!" Marj added. "Sure! We gotta treat 'em nice."

Every Mormon missionary, before he leaves his home town is given a farewell dance and on his return from the mission field—although by then, if he is a good Mormon, he has probably forgotten every step he knew—a Welcome Home dance is given in his honor.

Before each farewell dance a program is given in which returned missionaries are called upon to offer a few words about their experiences. There are remarks by the Bishop, and the guest of honor himself in a rather shaky hesitating voice gets up before the neighbors and promises to honor the Church and to carry the good work on.

A missionary's popularity is measured by the number of people present at his Farewell, and likewise by the number of coins dropped into the small tin box carefully and conspicuously placed on a table by the door into which each departing guest is supposed to place not less than twenty-five cents. This money is for the purpose of taking care of the missionary's small expenses while en route to the mission field.

III

At 12 o'clock on the 4th of July we led the parade down the main street of Richfield. Six of us riding on the top of the open firewagon. It was blistering hot. The procession had been standing in line for over two hours waiting for the Utah stagecoach, which was to carry the most Beautiful Girls in Richfield. It decided to wait no longer and started off without the stagecoach.

But the most beautiful travelers, a historical combination of bathing suits, evening dresses, and old-fashioned bustle costumes, kicked up such a fuss that before the parade had gone half-a-block, the whole affair was called to a halt.

About fifteen minutes later the stagecoach came lumbering down the road, pulled in behind the firewagon, and the girls piled in.

"Had to wait for the old man to bring the horses in from ploughin'," he laconically apologized.

There was no real band to lead the parade. There was no high-hat chin-strapped drum major marching ahead swinging his gold-topped stick. Just the firewagon meandering through the town to the slow jerky rhythm of *The Old Grey Mare* and LaVerne yelling the words through an old battered megaphone.

The streets were lined with flags and the people standing on the sidewalks yelled and cheered as they recognized friends in one or another of the floats.

"Hi there, Ole, how goes it?" this for the stagecoach driver.

"Oh, horsie, keep your tail up. Keep the sun out of my eyes," came from a group of lanky Swedes as they flipped a firecracker at the prancing farm horses that pulled the coach.

We must have gone around the same block and down the same street at least twenty times before the parade finally stopped and disbanded.

As the sun grew hotter, *The Old Grey Mare* became weaker and weaker till only Marj was left sitting on the driver's seat in her rumpled red and white orchestra costume feebly trumpeting forth a few parched notes. On about the fifteenth round she, too, toppled over and joined the rest of us in the bottom of the wagon. For the next five or ten times around the same block, we slept in comparative comfort while the fire-wagon, apparently empty, went on its way without the aid of either the orchestra or *The Old Grey Mare*.

After the parade we went out to inspect the Richfield dance hall. It was an open-air arrangement built around a swimming-pool. The floor boards were warped and the piano was miserably out of tune. The wall around the floor wasn't more than four feet high and that night we found that most of the crowd, that is, the cheap-skates too close-fisted to pay their fifty-cents and dance, sat outside on a little knoll that overlooked the entire dance floor. If we played something they didn't like, or if the music was too slow or too fast, they whistled and booed and kicked their feet against the board wall. A free gallery in the West is an artist's harshest critic.

After the intermission there was no more dance. The police rushed in and stopped the dance because the man who drove us around the country in a hired auto had got into a fight with a couple of these whistling roughnecks and pushed them both into the swimming-pool. But at the first warning shriek of the police siren we gathered our in-

struments, piled them into the car, and were driven down a dusty country lane.

The son of the Bishop was our cavalier.

"I'll take you girls down to the house; there's no sense getting mixed up with the police over a little thing like that," he said.

The house was in darkness when we arrived and we waited on the front porch while he slipped in the back way to switch on the lights for us. The Bishop wasn't home, he said, but it would be all right.

We were all a little nervous sitting there in the parlor. The Bishop might pop in any minute and order us out of the house, we thought. We looked hurriedly over the several snapshot albums the boy gave us. We fingered the books on the bookcase shelves. We looked at pictures of whiskered Mormon Elders and commented politely.

But when the Bishop's son smilingly appeared in the doorway with a bottle of deep red wine and a platter of sandwiches, we forgot about the Bishop and the police.

LaVerne kept the Word of Wisdom. She drank neither light wines nor beer, tea nor coffee, and she didn't smoke. But she sang, and Jack danced a tap dance on the parlor floor. One of the wine glasses fell off the table and broke. We put the bits of glass in a sack and took it with us when we left. The Bishop probably wouldn't notice a missing glass, but he might have something to say about a broken one lying on the parlor rug and smelling pretty strong of wine.

IV

In one Southern Utah town we found the entire population we had placarded for a dance glumly mourning the death

of a high church official. The town dance hall was locked and we were given nothing but a long tale of woe and the cardboard placards we had sent from Salt Lake for advertising.

In the next town, the dance hadn't been announced. We did our own advertising. We plastered the car with the yellow posters from the other town and went whizzing through the streets with the siren wide open, the drum booming away inside the car and our best church member, LaVerne, standing on the runningboard yelling at the top of her voice and clapping two cymbals.

As we passed a wheat field full of threshers, she yanked one of the posters from the car and threw it into the field.

"There," she said, "we ought to get at least a dozen of them guys at the dance tonight."

We did make expenses, but \$5.00 of it went to the sheriff, who didn't quite agree with us as to the ways of advertising dances, and \$2.50 we had to pay to an old farmer for an accident concerning his horse. The horse was standing peacefully by the side of the road munching grass and when we went shrieking by he lifted his heels and galloped joyfully down the road after us, unfortunately spilling an entire load of green peas en route.

In Salina, huddled at the foot of the mountains, a fire had been raging in the grain field for three days and everyone was out fire-fighting. We played anyway. We played the three hours without an intermission and Chick, the driver, gave dancing lessons to the few farmer youths who had come from another town farther up the canyon.

We arrived in Ephraim with exactly \$1.12 and after Marj had borrowed a quarter, which she used to buy a movie

magazine, and LaVerne had borrowed a dime to give to a little boy "who looked so sweet" and who had pulled her up and down the main street in front of the hotel all morning in a little wagon he'd been hauling manure in, the facts showed we didn't have enough to buy a decent meal for one musician, and certainly not enough for six healthy girls, most of them used to substantial provender of the average middle-well-off Salt Lake home. So when the woman keeper at the only hotel suggested we give a benefit dinner for which we were to receive our dinner for one night for entertaining the guests, we thought it would be a good idea.

She spent the morning calling people on the phone. When the guests started trailing in at six o'clock that night we were already seated among the artificial palms in the dining-room playing and watching the platters of fried chicken as they came through the swinging doors.

But the guests didn't especially like the music. The long-necked shrivelled women sat wrinkling their noses and the fat red-faced farmers didn't know what to do with their hands. They suspected us of watching their table manners and they became too confused to eat.

LaVerne became bored with the soberness of the occasion.

"Gosh, Mister, you don't like this dead music, do you?" But the little man to whom she had addressed this question slipped way down in his collar and was busily choking on a chicken bone. LaVerne ran over to him and slapped him on the back so hard it nearly knocked him over.

From then on the atmosphere was a little lighter. Tables were moved out. Chairs were pushed to one side. And an old stiff-jointed bewhiskered fellow

squeeked: "How about a Paul Jones, girls, er one a them other fancy fandangles?"

"Sure, Grandpa," LaVerne said.

She jumped onto the table and called the dance till she was so hoarse she couldn't talk above a whisper.

V

The hotels as well as the dances were often run by Mormons. Most of the hotels made allowances for our playing late and turning in late, but there were others that refused to let us into the building after ten o'clock at night.

One place near Bryce Canyon, although it had displayed pretentious signs for miles along the highway, was nothing more than a group of six small one-roomed cabins squatting in an open meadow. The meadow had been flooded and the water was up past the first step of the cabins. We took off our shoes and stockings and waded ankle deep in the soft oozy mud in order to get to the cabins. Meals were served family style at a long table in the dining-room of the main house, and the food was blessed before we were allowed to eat.

When we came back after the dance we found the rooms in darkness, and the doors locked. All our pounding on the "office" door failed to rouse the old lady from her sound slumber.

We pried the bolts from the hinges with fingernail files and when the old lady came out early the next morning on her way to milk the cows we were still trying to open the last cabin.

"Didn't you read the sign?" she asked indignantly.

We hadn't.

Nailed on a tree was an old weather-streaked fly-specked strip of cardboard warning all guests that unless the manager was otherwise informed in advance

all doors would be locked at ten o'clock sharp.

All dances held on Saturday nights under the direction of the Mormon Church are brought to a close promptly at midnight. But one little settlement in Idaho on the road to Payette lakes has more than once slipped up on this rule.

The dances there were held in a two-story barn-like unpainted wooden building about half-a-mile outside the town in a vacant field. They lasted all night, those dances, and at midnight a supper was served at the long plank tables in the basement. More than once the dance ran right into the time for the Priesthood meeting services, which were held earlier in this particular Church than the regular Sunday School meeting. There was always a row between the men and the women as to whether they should continue the dance or start church. The women generally won and the hall was vacated, swept out, the wooden benches brought back in, and the building once again resumed its sacred solemnness.

VI

When Brigham Young, standing at the mouth of Emigration [sic!] Canyon on the 24th of July, 1847, with his small group of hand-cart pioneers overlooking the bleak desert wastelands of Utah, turned and said, "This is the place," little did he think that his words would later be used as advertisements for hot-dog stands, dance halls, and cabarets.

One cabaret on the main highway leading out of Salt Lake sports a life-sized picture of Brigham Young standing on a paved road looking at the box lunch-and-chicken-dinner signs nailed to the trees along the road. And Brigham,

smilingly stroking his long beard, says: "Ah! *This* is the place!" And swinging from another tree a sign reads, "Dancing at all hours."

The 24th of July, the anniversary of that day in 1847 when the first Mormon Pioneers arrived in the valley where Salt Lake City now clusters round its Temple, is celebrated throughout the Mormon communities of Utah, Idaho, and Arizona, with as much pomp and racket as the Fourth. Moth-eaten costumes are hauled out of attic trunks. Hand-carts pushed by relatives of the old Pioneers lead the parade. And relics of Pioneer days are carefully polished and placed on display in the windows of the country stores.

On the 24th we played the dance in Parowan. We had been in Panguitch the day before. The car horn wouldn't work coming down Bear Canyon so La Verne stood on the runningboard with the megaphone signalling at each curve.

"Here we come! Here we come!" she yelled, but the force of the wind carried the sound back into the car. We went bumping along the dusty road, the six of us, the driver, and enough suit cases and instruments for a traveling show of fifteen or more. We were packed in so solid that if we had run into anything we would never have felt the jar of the impact. Marj spelled her off, and stood on the runningboard with her trumpet, and each time we rounded a curve she gave three sharp blasts, like the blasts of the Angel Gabriel.

The hotel in Parowan was a tall pale building with two side porches that looked like ears, and the whole place had the same shocked appearance as the owner herself. She wanted to know what our mothers could be thinking about, "Letting a bunch of fifteen-year-

old girls run around the country like that."

We were not all fifteen, but the oldest was no more than eighteen. The girls were typical good-looking Salt Lake girls, daughters of Scandinavian and English Utah parents, whose grandfathers had been converted to the Church in the old country and whose parents were in one kind of business or another in Salt Lake. They were bobbed-haired, blue-eyed, healthy young animals, one generation younger than Hazel Dawn and Clara Kimball Young, and not so far removed from Betty Compson.

If the Church prescribes Mormon underwear, none of our bunch wore the woolens or even the "modified" silkies when these came in. Marj's stepins, wet and waving in the wind from the back of the car, caused considerable comment as we rode through some of the small country towns. We had to dry our washing, sometimes, as we went. Marj was a good member of the Church, in her way, and when she marries she will probably get all her "garments" at the Utah Woolen Mills.

The fact that most of our players were members of the Church was never any drawback. Even in Salt Lake standing in good with the Bishop got us more than one good dance job.

We followed the hotel keeper up the stairs. The rooms were small and contained an iron bedstead, a washstand above which hung a broken mirror, and two chairs.

"And there's the bath—if it's water you'll be wantin'. It's thirty-five cents extra and the water's on a meter." With that she went swishing her long starched skirts down the hall.

"Gosh!" said LaVerne.

Sister Smith, as she was called, was president of the Daughters of the Pioneers; at her special request we played several almost classical numbers for their morning program. Our reward was not in filthy gold.

"You did very well, girls," Sister Smith told us when we got back to the hotel. "Now if you like you may all have a bath—for nothing."

"Think of that!" said Lois.

We occupied the bathroom for the rest of the day; and while Lois went slooping down the soapy side of the tub with a splash that streaked all four walls, Sister Smith kept up a constant patrol in front of the door. Each time she passed we assured her we were very much appreciative by running another bath full force into the tub and out again. Marj had discovered that the faster the water ran in the faster the meter clicked and she had every tap in the bathroom on.

Our piano player, Gwen, was the only one who didn't get a free bath. She spent her time at the veterinary's and when she came back to the hotel three fingers of one hand were tied up tight in a bandage. She had slammed her hand in the car door getting out her baggage, and she looked like she needed a pension.

"Oh, I can play all right," she said. "Also sing."

Gwen was a small lisping wide-eyed person who sang all her songs with the babyish voice that was so popular at that time. She wasn't quite seventeen, but at that she was next to the oldest in the orchestra. That night with her bandaged hand she played louder than ever—but only octaves.

We didn't go back to the hotel that night after the dance. We decided to

drive up to Cedar Breaks to see the sunrise.

At a corner on the way out of town we stopped to pick up three more passengers, three young Mormon boys who hadn't gone home yet from the dance. While we talked Chick knocked down a three-cornered sign that stood in the middle of the road. It was a sign advertising a dance at a rival hall. We took it up the canyon and put it in a clump of bushes where only the wild bluejays could read it.

"Maybe we'll run into a shepherd-er," I told the bunch.

My father had often spoken of the meals he'd had with the shepherders and how they were fine but lonely fellows who'd just walk out and kill a lamb for a stray visitor and fry the fresh meat in a pan of deep rich fat over an open fire. We might drop in and have breakfast with one of them, I thought. We did see one, but he evidently belonged to a group of shepherders other than the ones my dad had known. He told us to get the hell out of his camp and not leave any tracks behind us.

"Some of them are like that," one of the boys said, "no hospitality at all."

Chick said it was the same with the farmers, no sense of humor at all. Every time we got caught borrowing a few measly carrots or wormy green apples from their farms they threatened to call the police. Once when we were driving along we came upon a field of green peas stretching for acres and acres in the hot sun. The vines underneath were cool and the green pods hung full and hard from the stems. We filled everything including the derby Marj used for a mute before

we saw the old man come sputtering and stomping down the rows. He walked on the vines and dug the pods deep into the mud. We couldn't move. It was too late. So Marj just went right on filling the derby while I asked the farmer how the crops were and how much they were paying for pickers that year. He was so furious he couldn't answer, so we thanked him, took the peas, and left. Marj was in such a hurry to leave that she slipped into the irrigation ditch on the way out. All the peas went floating down the stream.

We saw the sunrise. Over the rainbow-colored sandstone terraces of the canyon. Ages of storm and wind had carved weird statuary in the giant cliffs and when the first rays blazed through the canyon the colored formations reared up like cathedrals in another world.

We breakfasted at the Log Cabin Inn on the rim of the canyon. It was ten o'clock in the morning when we got back to Parowan. Sister Smith was standing on the front porch stiff-lipped and white with rage. She tapped the floor with her long pointed shoe and her arms were folded across her starched blouse. She had packed our suitcases and put them in front of the hotel.

"The Bishop will hear of this, never fear. Just you wait, young ladies!" she said.

But the Bishop and everyone else in the town had already heard about it. Sister Smith had seen to that. She was an early riser.

We'd ruined the reputation of her

hotel and she hoped she'd never see the day that she'd be forced to see our indecent shadows casting their darkness across her doorway again.

As we loaded the things into the car she yelled after us: "And the bathroom, nothing will work, not even the meter. You'll pay for that, too, young ladies."

But Chick had stepped on the gas and we were almost out of town.

VII

In the winter we played dances in and around Salt Lake and by June of the following summer we were once more on the road.

That year we found more orchestras and more competition. But we were the first girls' orchestra to act as jazz minstrels to the Mormon Church.

The old frame buildings that served as churches on Sunday and dance halls on Saturday have mostly been replaced by imposing brick constructions. There are rarely any square dances, and the Swenska Polkas of the Mormons who remember Scandinavia warmly are losing their hold.

Much of the old spirit has gone, along with the plank-floored dance halls that were opened and closed with prayer, and the Bishop, instead of driving to the meeting-house in the fringe-topped surrey of only a few years ago, is now much more likely to drive over to the Church in a car.

In a brief five or six years even the old roads we jolted over with a bass drum strapped on the runningboard have changed. Even the depression has not held back progress. They're all paved highways now.

OLEOGRAPH

DAVID GASCOYNE

the sun
going about like a gymnosophist
being so big and strong and full of his own importance
licks
the trees and the wind
shows
their underclothes
(straw in the sun
spindrift
moths and wood-bugs
crumbling wood in lofts
motes shimmering in the
violent ray let in by the
hole in the roof of the barn)

.
the sun
talking about SOLAR MYTHS
and the LEGEND OF APOLLO
the sun
claims to be descended from
EGYPT
in the desert
the sun discloses with surprise
the thighbone of a
GODDESS
buried in the sand

ARGUMENT

MARY W. HOUSMAN

What are all your words to me
Who knew not words' necessity?
What are words but a closed door
Where were not even walls before?
Words the lock and words the key,
And words themselves the mystery!

LAMENT FOR FORTY-NINERS

HAL SAUNDERS WHITE

I

You left the forge at Potter Street
Where cobwebs hung above the bellows . . .
Supper at six . . . The parlor neat . . .
Put on your hat and joined the fellows.

And would it have been wise to wait
With one hand raised to the picket gate?
Always the clock ticks on and on!
Death rocks himself in a rocking chair;
The still years breed upon the bone
The paunch of peace, the beard of care.

He left the odor of cigars,
The airless room, the legal mind,
Torts and Replevin and old scars.
He left the patterned world behind.

O, Terre Haute's a spot on maps
Between the cradle and the grave;
And you've two thousand miles, perhaps,
To spend a thing you cannot save.

You shut your store in Chambers Street
Being annoyed with petty gains
And packed your merchandise with heat
And set off for the western plains.

And must you go through death and the rain?
And will you pass this way again?

II

Moonlight and rain and rutted track
And mule teams breathing up the steep.
Prairie dogs . . . The load to pack . . .
A Jews-harp whining into sleep.

Sky and wind and a world unending:
Buzzards are lost and a man goes small.
At noon a wagon wheel needs mending.
The sun swings west . . . the cattle bawl.

Days by the river, waiting the ferry.
Low-creeping nights are stealthy cold;
The dew may rust the guns men carry . . .
River's in flood; and men grow old.

A bawdy song's as good as whisky
When joints are bitten by the frost
And one may sing and two be frisky
Though a whole company be lost.

Brandy that burns the knuckle bone
Is fire to smelt these mountains down
And any hammer on any stone
May crack a vein where gold is shown.

And where is Potter Street tonight?
And where's a hallway lit with gas?
They'll build a railroad on this site
Or I'm a whisky drinkin' ass!

III

At Independence Rock was born
Tallula Lawson—mother known.
If she can live on Indian corn
We'll get to Ragtown or be blown.

The shooting Parson thought her mad
To add more trouble to what she had.

At Humboldt Meadows the Parson tarried
With a mind gone bitter with alkali dust.
He didn't know the name of the man he'd buried
So he wrote on a whiffle-tree, "God's our trust."

He set up the marker and bowed his head
Closed his eyes and prayed and prayed
Till a poisoned arrow struck him dead.
On Humboldt Meadows the Parson stayed.

You crossed the Desert. Men went mad.
The Lawson baby cried for milk.
Poor little kid, she's got no dad
Although her mother's dressed in silk.

O, Ragtown is a perfect place
For leaving what you cannot carry.

Cover the little bastard's face
And may the moving world go merry.

IV

White on the sight the mountains stand.
A lawyer has no more cigars.
Deserted wagons choke the land
And night grows bitter cold with stars.

There is an endless morning climb,
Sun at the back—till the blizzards fall.
Your frozen man will keep some time
And never dream of gold at all.

Merchant, merchant, where are your stores?
Where are the calico prints and laces
You packed so far for the Hangtown whores
And curtains for lone miners' places?

Shall mountain lions dress in gingham
Or pine trees preen themselves in laces
Because the frozen merchants bring 'em—
Merchants with the blackening faces?

V

I seen him standing with his hand on the trigger.
I seen he'd fired about a second slow.
I seen the blood on his shirt get bigger
But I seen the rope—and I know'd how he'd go.

You from Hangtown? Me too, Brother.
I made my pile up Feather Crick way.
Now I'm off for to get me another
Because the first one jest wouldn't stay.

Go 'er blind for luck and love;
The gold's where you find it, so says I.
I'll keep my dust in a buckskin glove
And drink no more whisky till I die.

I seen the rope draw'd tight from the limb.
I looked at his eye and I know'd it was Jim.
Him and the Chinaman swingin' together.
So this is California. How d'you like the weather?

Go 'er blind, Bud, go 'er blind.
Down in the Placerville Saloon

The gals is pretty and awful kind
A whisky shake and a rigadoon.

I broke my pick on a lump of gold!
I broke my back on a Long Tom jigger
But whisky keeps us from the cold
And I've a pretty dancin' figger.

Where's Jim Kelly? Last I seen him
A fellow could see the sky between him.
He struck it rich . . . and no one shot him—
Sure, it was only whisky got him.

There's a new gal on Goslin' Crick;
I'll start a town there or go busted.
This city's gettin' too damn thick—
It's plenty time I up and dusted.

VI

You left death at Potter Street
Where cobwebs hung above the bellows . . .
Supper at six . . . The parlor neat . . .
Put on your hat and joined the fellows.

VII

Where's Mae Lawson, Lawyer O'Hara,
And Placer Johnny, the wheelright's son?
Gone like the song of the Indian arrow;
Gone like spindrift, every one.

Where's Bull Carter who fought for fun
And loved so bravely and shot so true?
Where's Faro Jenson with his beard in the sun?
Gone like spindrift, every one;
Gone before the game was through.

And where are the girls who danced and spun
White fire in the blood of many a miner?
Gone before the dance was done;
Gone like any Forty-niner;
Gone like spindrift, every one.

VIII

White on the sight the mountains stand.
Time's level shadow lengthens still.
Deserted wagons choke the land . . .
Ragtown, Stringtown, Placerville.

BRIEF GLORY

ROLAND ENGLISH HARTLEY

HE stood in the doorway staring across the room. Grandma and Mother laughed and kept on talking.

"He doesn't remember last Christmas."

"This is really his first tree."

"Do you like it, dearie?" they asked. "Isn't it pretty?"

Their words made a veil between him and the brightness. Their dark figures, when they came near the tree, cast a shadow upon it.

"Come on in, Benjie. Maybe there are presents."

Mother's hands, falling among cubes and ovals of paper, drew his eyes there; but at once they were lifted again to the tree. It stood on the table in the corner. At its topmost point a silver spear caught the firelight and hurled it back into the room. Lower down a wide red star smouldered warmly. Little gleams of light went tossing back and forth between the round bright balls that hung from the branches. Little streams of light went running up and down the silver veins that hung from the tips. He could hear the tree singing. A gay little song with sharp clear notes.

"He can't see anything but the tree," Mother said. "Come in, Benjie, and get your presents."

Grandma came to the door and took his hand. Her tight warm fingers about his wrist shut away the song of the tree.

All about him on the floor they banked the crackling parcels. "Open them now, dear. You can look at the tree afterwards." They laughed warmly, happily. "The tree will still be here, you know."

As he stripped away wrappings obediently, he named aloud what was revealed. "Book . . . Blocks . . . Soldiers . . . What is this?"

"That's a top, dear. It sings when it goes round. Shall Mother wind it for you?"

He was pulling at the strings of the next package.

"He's too excited," they said.

"Yes. Tomorrow he will enjoy them."

His fingers slackened about the tight cords. His eyes, as he sat on the floor, went up, up, to the tree. It towered tremendously, gloriously above him there.

"Are you tired, Benjie? Let Grandma open it for you."

The largest package of all slid from under his hands. It became an unshapely mass of rattling paper.

"Look, Benjie! . . . What's this?"

"A suit," he said dutifully.

"A *beautiful* suit! Wasn't it dear of Grandma to get it for you?"

There were shining buttons, bright bands of color.

"Let's put it on right away. Why, you'll be as beautiful as the Christmas tree!"

He stood before the fire and kept his eyes on the tree as they tugged at buttons, lifted one leg and then the other, patted and pulled.

"Now! . . . Oh, Benjie, just wait till you *see* yourself. You look so *grand*!"

Grandma's head came near his shoulder. "And you'll be very careful, won't you, Benjie?"

"Oh, he wouldn't wet his beautiful

new suit!" Mother said quickly and surely.

"No; he's a big man now."

"He wants to look nice, like the Christmas tree."

And he walked slowly, by himself, and stood before the tree, looked down at his shining buttons and up again at the shining glory.

The murmuring voices came from behind him: ". . . cure him of the habit . . . a good time . . ." He moved closer to the tree until one low branch touched his shoulder and the tree and he were one.

"Shall we read the new book, Benjie?"

"Do you want Grandma to spin the top?"

The voices went lower. "Look at him. He likes that best of all."

"Come and sit in your chair by the fire, dear, and you can look at the tree till you get sleepy."

Then it was not very long before he was very sleepy, and they said, "The tree will still be here in the morning, dear; and it will be very beautiful then."

And in the morning it *was* beautiful. The sun came through the window behind it and every little colored ball was living fire and every line of tinsel was streaming silver and even the tiny green needles were glistening and alive.

They dressed him in the new suit and it caught the sunshine too. "Remember now, dearie, won't you? You're a big boy now, and you must keep your clothes nice and dry and fresh. You must be pretty like the Christmas tree."

Today, now and then, he could leave it for a while, for he knew it would always be there when he came back. It was a pleasant game to go about in the

other rooms of the house, where there was no tree, let their bleakness settle upon him, and then run eagerly back to the splendor he knew was waiting. Out in the garden and the back yard he looked at the shrubs, the bare branches of the apple tree, the two tall gloomy cypresses, and went back with fresh wonder to the miracle of a tree become light and color and fire.

Each day it was there. Each morning's sun poured new color through it. Each evening's fire lit it with new magnificence. He stood with the tips of the branches touching his new suit, and the color and splendor were his own.

"You're our dear little man," they told him. "You've kept your suit so nice and dry and clean. We're so proud of you."

And they smiled above his head and nodded to one another.

One morning when Mother put on his suit she said, "It's bright and warm and sunny. You can play out in the garden."

After breakfast she took him out to the narrow wooden platform between the bushes, where his wagon and his old rocking horse and all the newer toys were waiting. "Stay and play in the sun," she said.

But very soon when she was gone he went in to see the tree. Just for a few moments he would stand beside the tree.

It was gone. He stood in the doorway staring. The tree was not there. The top of the table where it had stood in the corner was a black empty pool.

He ran through the house calling, but no one answered. He ran out into the back yard, and Grandma was there hanging white things on a line.

"The tree . . . the tree . . ." he began to tell her; and then his eyes went

on to the corner of the yard, to the damp, dark mound where the gardener piled dead leaves and withered flowers. The tree was there. It lay across the top of the soggy pile.

He went slowly over to it and stood there staring. It must be the tree. The little green needles were still shining bravely. A few strands of crumpled tinsel hung to them. One bright ball was left too; but it was broken, and filled with empty blackness.

As he stood there staring the tree seemed to wilt down lower and lower into the dark dank leaves, that sent up

a chilly breath of decay. He wanted to touch the tree. He reached out a hand but drew it back quickly, shivering.

Grandma was coming, behind him. "Benjie, you know you shouldn't be out here where it's so damp and cold."

He didn't say anything to her. He kept his blank bewildered eyes on the tree until her hand had his arm.

"Benjie!" Grandma cried out. "Why, you bad boy! You've wet yourself again! You're nice new suit!"

He looked away from the tree, sadly down to the spreading ruin.

RIVER REEDS

F. DRYDEN MOORE

The river is cold and the color of steel, for the lean

Gray hounds of the water with clamorous tongues sweep by
As hunters unleashed for the chase; sweep over the green

Soft mounds by the reeds and the cat-tails with cold-throated cry
Baying full-voiced on the chill, salt scent of the sea,

While geese from the wastes of the north fly close to the sedge,
Trumpeting long-sounding blasts in a harsh-blown key,

Rushing on quick-beating wings to the marsh's edge.
And the reeds stand defiant, close-massed by the grass-tufted shore

In a phalanx upraising shrill voices; unyielding contend
For the mud-running flats, while the bittern's dull challenge of war

Drums loudly, and signals for combat where field and hill end
In a sponge of rank fens. The angler has gone from the river,

Leaving the deep, flat marks of his boots where the crane
Silently fishes in hollows; and only the shiver

Of reeds breaks the loneliness; reeds with the voice of gray rain.

LIGHTSHIP NUMBER 88

Off the Mouth of the Columbia River

ETHEL ROMIG FULLER

It serves its country, staunch old Eighty-eight,
On station off a grim forbidding coast;
For fifty years has sentinelled the strait—
No mustang tethered to a hitchingpost
Could tug with more rebellious rancor,
Than does this little, restive, scarlet ship
Forever and in vain upon its anchor.
And, cowering beneath wind's four-pronged whip—
O no more wild and lonely spot could be
Than this green lane of ocean-going craft;
To larboard, starboard, for'ard and abaft,
A wilderness of heaving, open sea!—
Its lights and signals point the channelled way
Past reef and bar to haven in a bay.

No woman is allowed aboard the light—
A man's world this, where strong men hob-and-nob
With death and danger, hourly, day and night,
And pillow heads upon an engine's throb.
Their bunks austere as monastery cells
Grey blankets smoothly spread against the cold;
Lamps cleaned . . . lamps lit . . .
 the beads the first mate tells,
And decks scrubbed white, and brasses bright as gold.
A mystery, then, the gentle steps that keep
Pace with the watch; low laughter in the lulls
Of loneliness between the cries of gulls;
The voice that wakes a fireman from his sleep;
And when at dusk a lad strums his guitar,
A girl's face in the lonely evening star.

The watch calls out a sudden, *ship ahoy!*
The men pour through the hatches to the deck,
The first mate eager as the lank mess boy
And full as curious, to observe the speck
Adrift upon the strong sea-running tide.
The skipper nods; a dozen volunteer!
The small boat . . . hurry! Drop her overside!
The motor starts; they suddenly swing clear . . .

The men behind, envying those who go
 At risk of life, to rescue of a smack—
Say, can you see her?

She is turning back!

Alone?

She has the derelict in tow.

Down to the port! . . . a fisherman dead drunk . . .

Peel off his oilskins; roll him in a bunk.

A stocky chap, the skipper, with a droll
 Dry humor; eyes, Nordic blue through leather
 Of skin, parchment-crinkled by the weather;
 The suns of strange seas layered on his poll.
 And few could hope to emulate the roll,
 The mariner's goose-step he calls a walk;
 Nor yet the briny savor of his talk.
 In stature, short; intrepid-tall of soul.

He brought to his command, love due a wife.
 His every thought and dream in its behalf—
 He who had loved so madly in his life!
 It warmed one through and through to hear him laugh,
 And say, how he had shipped aboard, to roam
 These twenty years, no single mile from home.

None could have been more chary, than the mate,
 Of words—a shrug, a nod from him were eloquence;
 His lopped-off curses, inarticulate
 Fumeroles of wrath, as well as vents
 Of commendation. He was as niggard of
 His pay checks, spending not a penny
 At port town speaks on gin, a light-of-love,
 Lottery tickets, shooting a long Jenny.

Nobody but the skipper ever guessed
 How shyness set this silent man apart,
 That, and a secret, hidden in his heart,
 Of acreage where one day he should wrest
 Privacy, and room for apple trees to branch
 Above white flocks upon a hillside ranch.

When fog stalks morning down an outbar channel,
 Obliterating luminosity
 With chill and clammy swabs compact as flannel
 From all the corner signposts of the sea;

When spectral shadows crowd between jack-staff
And watch on duty in the pilot house,
A lightship's skipper then concedes a gaff
Of fear no nor'east blizzard could arouse.

Out of the smother sudden great hulls loom,
Drawn to the beacon by its typhoon screech,
So close two hands might meet across the spume,
A shout, shrill-edged with terror, span the breach . . .
*Sheer off, grey sea hounds, lest you snap the one
Frail chain that links you to the rising sun!*

A blood red sky at dawn presaged the blow
Which struck the Eighty-eight beam-on near noon;
Both officers and men were penned below
At mess, with smashing dishes, smoke and a spittoon
That turned a somersault . . .

“Full steam ahead!”

The master bellowed to the engineer;
Then fought a battened hatch till knuckles bled,
To take the wheel and ease the straining sheer.
Speaking the light, shipping made for shelter,
Leaving her on vigil in the churning
Open sea, typhoon shrieking, great lamps burning—
There to outride, if anchor held, the welter . . .
There, deck house gone, fires doused, twin spars snapped off,
To wallow helpless in the boiling trough.

Calm after storm! A flock of finches comes,
Wind-harried, lost, to dine on millet spread
Beneath the skipper's white geraniums.
Long lazy combers break against North Head.
A pilot schooner speaks the light, a scow.
Astern, a slim oil tanker curtseys by;
The limp flag on the jack-staff in the bow
Is no more blue than are the sea, the sky.

Like boys released from school, the men on duty
Clown about on legs upright once more;
Their badinage more briny-tanged than sooty . . .
A breeze brings wild rose fragrance from the shore.
The first mate, wreathed in pipe smoke, writes his log—
Weather fair, no rain, no wind, no fog.

Her great adventure was the night she broke
 Her moorings in a wild autumnal gale—
 This happened when all ships were built of oak,
 (Like iron their staunch old ribs!) and carried sail—
 Then drifted helpless onto Peacock Spit,
 Where in the boiling breakers she was mauled
 And buried in the quicksand bit by bit;
 Yet later on was disinterred and hauled
 On skids across a neck of land, where she—
 No stranger journey made by any ship!—
 Repaired, was launched and towed again to sea;
 To station off the wolf jaws of the rip . . .
 Junked years ago, her deep-sea bell today
 Still rings beneath the waves, so sailors say.

Relief on station, Eighty-eight weighs anchor,
 At last, one with leviathan and bird,
 With great grey ocean hound, schooner, tanker,
 Who make for sea at will, or harborward—
 Her brave bright scarlet dimmed to faded rose;
 Her name ghost-lettered on her port and lea—
 And for the tons of barnacles she tows,
 Plows through the sunflecked combers clumsily
 The jetties passed, she limps across the bay—
 Among the taller ships, a hump-backed dwarf—
 Her usual schedule lengthened by a day—
 To tie up for repairs at Tongue Point wharf,
 Between the rows of interned, orange buoys
 Upended on the piers like giant toys.

Now is the benediction hour on land
 And sea—the purple-cowled, high priest of night
 Strides from the western nave to lift a hand
 In blessing on the vigil of a light.
 A school of herring scissors through the path
 Of tinsel trailing from a new moon's ladle
 On foam, shell-tinted from the aftermath.
 The lightship drowns in its painted cradle.
 A seabound liner, ports aglow, steams by—
 Across the shadowy distance floats a thin
 And wistful dance tune from a violin;
O bon voyage! the beacon lanterns cry.
 Then dark; the sleepy murmur of a gull;
 A wash of waves against a lonely hull.

THE LONG NIGHT

RODERICK LULL

MATTERS had reached the point where even to cross the room seemed a gigantic effort of which he was not capable. It was as if the room were miles long and he had just finished an interminable journey on foot—as if it were no longer possible to move, to press forward, to achieve an objective. Then he rose and shook himself, conquering, with a strong effort of his will, the weariness that had come upon him.

Standing near the door he heard bustling sounds in the next room. In a moment, probably, one of them would come in, would tell him something, ask a question, beg his advice. They knew that such things were useless, and still they did them. Some power outside themselves compelled them to carry on their lives precisely as they always had, compelled them to submit to one authority or another, to avoid the slightest display of responsibility, to do nothing save take orders and obey.

He cleaned, filled, and lit his pipe and went to the window. Opening it, he leaned out. It was not a very bad night. There were clouds and there was a faint suggestion of snow in the air, but as yet there was no wind. There was a good chance, indeed, that the storm would hold off until morning. If it did, it meant that the men would certainly get through. He had sent them the right way, he was confident at least of that. Still he wished it had been someone else who had done the sending. This morning, when informed of the accident, he had felt, for the first time in his life, that he too would like to shirk responsibility, be spared the

making of any more decisions. But he had shaken off that feeling, as a moment ago he had shaken off langour, and the moment of vacillation had been so brief as to go entirely unobserved.

For ten minutes more he stared out, his eyes seeking the outline of the mountain, finding and losing it. Then he closed the window and went to the door. He opened the door and passed into the outer room. Fields rose at his approach, and he heard himself saying, "Sit down, man, sit down." And then he had accomplished the task of crossing that room and he was at another door. That too he opened and passed through. He was in a bedroom. Tait lay on the bed, his eyes closed, his face as white as the bandage that bound his head. The nurse who was caring for him sat in a straight, comfortless chair at the foot of the bed. She did not move.

Tait opened his eyes. "It's you, Walters," he said. "Any news?"

Walters said, "No," in a disinterested voice. "It's not time yet. You don't dash up a mountain and bring back a man who, so far as we know, may be in a crevasse, in an hour or two."

"It's been seven hours," Tait said.

"Time's always a relative matter," Walters said.

"I suppose so," Tait said. "I suppose so. You're so damned logical, Walters."

Walters said, "If he is brought back alive I'll probably fire you both, anyway. You were taken on as engineers, not amateur Alpine climbers."

"Shall we talk about that later?" Tait asked in a tired voice.

"We'll talk about it when I like."

Walters stared for a moment at Tait, then swung around and passed again through the door. He stopped in the middle of the big room, his back toward the fireplace, then went to the door that led outside and opened it. A rush of cold air struck him. He wished that he had gone along. If it had happened two or three days from now, he thought, he would have gone. Now he would only have delayed them. He had no strength as yet. The doctor had been right, disgustingly right. You would feel fit and strong till all of a sudden something happened and you were left as weak as a child, cursing yourself and remembering bitterly that you were supposed to be convalescing from pneumonia.

Fields said, "They should be back soon, Mr. Walters."

"How do you know?" Walters said.

"How do you know what they found?"

Fields didn't answer.

"They'll be back when they can bring him in, or know that there's no chance of saving him. They know the mountain. They can do it if anyone can."

"Yes, sir," Fields said stupidly.

It was strange, Walters thought. It was not unusual to have men killed in work of his kind. Less difficult projects than this damned railroad had taken a dozen lives. And yet Fleming and the men worried him, even though their deaths—if they did die—would not be classified as an accident connected with the work. You couldn't blame anyone if a man was fool enough to spend his spare time climbing glacial mountains. And yet . . . Perhaps,

Walters thought, it was the manner of the death, something heretofore outside his experience, that was appalling. That, coupled with the fact that he could not go along and direct the rescue, handle the men, give the orders. He could only sit and wait, wondering if the orders he had given were the right orders, if . . .

But there were too many ifs, and he stopped thinking about them. He thought that this would delay work on the bridge, would make the other men think too much and detract from their efficiency. That was the important thing. He was charged with a certain duty, and nothing beside that really mattered. The fact that he liked Fleming, had interested himself in Fleming's career, was of no moment. Fleming was not a personality any longer. He was a name, a task that had to be done. It would be better to think of him as John Doe. Like the hundred and twenty million other John Does in the country.

Fields said, "You should turn in, Mr. Walters. I'll wait up. As soon as anything breaks I'll wake you."

"No," Walters said. He thought, damn Fields, he annoys me. Fields was trying to be helpful, and helpful people were always annoying. They were so completely ineffectual, and their motives were so obvious.

"There's some coffee on the stove, Mr. Walters. If you'd like a cup—"

"No." Then he said, "No, thank you. I'm quite all right."

By turning a little he could see himself in the mirror that hung on the far wall. He looked foolishly thin and pale. He looked like a sick man. He knew that they talked of him behind his back—"Walters should watch him-

self. He'll be in T. B. if he isn't careful." That sort of talk. Well, to hell with them. To hell with Fleming and Tait too. But the men were out after Fleming, and they were good men. And so he would wait here until they returned or it was time to send other good men after them.

The bedroom door opened and the nurse came in. "Mr. Walters, Mr. Tait wants to speak to you."

"All right," he said. He purposely waited for a few minutes, then went to the bedroom. Tait was sitting up a little, three pillows beneath his head.

"I want to say that I'm really damned sorry," he said. "Not because of Fleming or myself, but because of the rest of you. We had no business to do it."

"No," Walters said. Then he felt anger rising in him and he said, "There are four good men out there. You'd better wish them luck."

"I'm sorry," Tait said. "Sorry." He closed his eyes.

The anger was high now, and Walters turned and hurried from the room. He felt more comfortable when the door had closed behind him. He had been on the verge of saying too much. It didn't pay to talk. It lowered you to show fury. Scorn was better. Cold and silent scorn. That sounded like a cheap novel; but it was true, nevertheless.

Then he felt depressed, a little saddened. That feeling had come over him often the past year or two, and of late it had become more difficult to escape it. The eternal question, had he wasted himself? The years had gone, an almost unbelievably long procession, and he had nothing in return save a few thoughts, the remembrance

of half-a-dozen friendships, some casual emotional adventures. That was all. He had applied himself rigorously to duties, to the fulfilment of things that did not belong to him. And he had been successful. He was well spoken of. All over the world there were men who knew his name when they heard it, and remembered him with quick nods of their heads and low-voiced approbation—"A capable man, Walters. Very capable. I've never had anyone else who could quite fill his place. The men under him thought him too hard, and sometimes there was dissatisfaction, but a really efficient man has to expect that. I wonder what he's doing now." That was the way it would be if his name ever came into their minds. More likely, it never did. He was a person who had touched them for an instant, had helped them, and then had gone.

He sighed and straightened. He wondered if age were making him sentimental, and thought that nothing was to be more dreaded than that. In justice to himself, he could not afford sentiment. There were certain things a man had to avoid.

He went to the outer door and opened it. Behind him he heard Fields' voice, a pale, unsubstantial voice that had no character whatsoever. It might have belonged to anyone.

Fields said, "You'd better take a coat if you're going out, Mr. Walters. It's a bitter night."

"Thank you. I'm quite all right." He stepped past the threshold and closed the door after him. On the roof shakes rattled; there was a sighing in the trees. The wind was rising in the north. In a little while, he thought, it might begin to snow heavily, and there

would probably be a blizzard. He had never known a more treacherous climate. It betrayed you daily. And if the snow came hard enough the chances were that none of them would get back. The others would have to wait until the sky cleared before starting search. Eventually they would find them, frozen solid, their faces hidden under a curiously smooth coating of ice. He had seen men who had frozen to death. They didn't look really dead, they simply seemed unnaturally stiff, as if paralyzed. When you lifted them their bones cracked.

He buttoned his shirt at the neck and rolled down his sleeves. Stepping near to the cabin, he bent his head and lit a cigarette. The wind sounded as if it were gaining strength, but that might be imagination. Imagination was one of the great human curses. Sometimes he thought that if he had lacked it he might have led an entirely happy life. He might have found contentment in his work, found it something he could cling to with both hands, something in which he could wholeheartedly believe. And still . . .

He glanced toward the mountain, an indistinct mass in the distance. He wondered if they had found Fleming. Whether they had or not they would be on their way back. By now they would be half-way down. He had given strict orders that they were not to stay at the top after nightfall. It was too dangerous. And they had obeyed the orders, he was confident of that. His men always did. Most of them found a certain pleasure in doing so; there had been so many times when he had been right and those who opposed him wrong that faith in him was almost a part of their characters. The men

respected him, admired him, even when they disliked him most thoroughly. Because there was no fear in him, no indecision. He smiled. The fear was there, of course, and the indecision too, but he had managed to keep them hidden. He had thrust them back, no matter how strongly they had risen in him. It was a gift, a quality, he had, not a thing on which to pride himself. He was merely lucky.

He walked slowly away from the cabin, his feet sinking deep into the soft snow, to a group of trees. He stood under them, leaning against a great trunk. His mind went back to other moments, other times, when something not-quite-ordinary had found its way into his life. For instance, there was Edith. He would never quite forget Edith, no matter how much time might pass. She was a whiteness in the grey-blackness that was the past, and he could never look behind him without seeing her. And he might have married her and settled down and had children, and she would have been kind and faithful and helpful and he would have been very unhappy. For that would have darkened the whiteness, blotted it out in the long run. The episode had been so short, and pitched to so high a key.

He breathed deep, placing one hand hard against his chest where the little sharp pain was. For months he had lived with that pain; it had never left him for more than a few moments at a time. Occasionally it grew insistent, so that he had difficulty in keeping his thoughts from it; but for the most part it was small and hot and keen and unimportant.

Edith had said, "I'll never let you go, Richard," and he had gone. He

had realized something—that it would not be long before he was too weak to go; and so he had gone. That was a long time ago, and still it was closer than the day before yesterday.

He walked on, away from the cabin, his eyes on the snow beneath his feet. A few flakes of snow were now drifting about in the air; the storm was brewing. He could not tell whether it would be a great storm or a small one. You never knew until it was on you and you had it to fight. If it were great the truck would not be able to get in tomorrow, and there would be no more meat for a time. He did not mind that. He had been too often where meat was a luxury you might taste once in a month, perhaps not then, but the others minded. They did not like discomfort, hardship.

Sometimes he thought that hardship was the most blessed thing in the world. It could take you out of yourself and make you proud, and when it was over you never quite trusted comfort again; you became afraid of it, because it could take away all you had gained for yourself through privation.

He walked swiftly now, and when he stopped and looked back he could barely see the lights of the cabin. It was a half-mile away, and the air was heavy with snow. The soft sighing of the wind had stopped, and in its place was a rushing, howling sound that presaged trouble. He had best be getting back, he thought.

But he stood still in his tracks for ten minutes before turning. You could not run away even from a storm—you owed yourself something . . . When he was half-way to the cabin the storm broke, with a blinding rush of snow and a wild wind. The cold tore at his throat,

and he thrust his hands deep into his pockets. He did not hurry, it would not do to lose the direction. He could not see two feet in front of him. The cabin was forty feet square and if he passed it he was lost. There was no trail.

If the men had only obeyed the orders, he thought. They must have obeyed. If they were down the mountain they were all right. They knew the trail, and it was a good one, and they were dressed to cope with any weather. In an hour, two hours, they should be in. And he would be able to go to bed and rest.

When he stopped and lifted his head the cabin was before him. He smiled. Then the door opened and Fields peered out.

“Mr. Walters!” Fields called. “Mr. Walters!”

He walked to the cabin without answering. He noticed that much new snow had already fallen; by morning it might be to the window ledges. You could not trust the climate. You had to expect the worst of it.

Fields started on seeing him. “I was worried a little,” he said, “you having no coat and all.”

“I didn’t go far,” Walters said. He entered the cabin and stopped by the stove. For a minute he warmed himself, then crossed the room and sat down by the window. “It’s going to be a hell of a night,” he said. He thought that was an unnecessary thing to say.

Fields said, “You’d better get nearer the fire. And I’ll make you a fresh cup of coffee.”

“No, thank you,” Walters said formally.

Behind him a door opened, a door

closed, and he did not turn his head. Then there were light footsteps, and the nurse spoke. "Mr. Walters. Mr. Tait asked if you've found out anything."

"Nothing," he said.

"He was wondering what you thought, if you believed they were all right."

He said, "I think nothing too." He looked at the nurse, staring straight into her eyes. Then he said, "I'll speak to him."

He walked quickly into the bedroom, leaving the door ajar behind him. Tait was staring at the ceiling, his eyes expressionless. With an apparent effort he moved his head so that he could see Walters. "They've not been heard from," he said. It was not a question. It was a statement of fact.

"No."

"But they will be. They're all right." He raised himself on one elbow. "You believe that, don't you? You know they're all right, don't you?"

"Why should I?" Walters said.

"Because they are all right." He smiled oddly. "They're really all right, you know. I don't mean Fleming. He doesn't count now. Because he was responsible, just as I was. Fleming and I aren't important. But the men are all right."

Walters said flatly, "They're probably lost. It's a miracle if they aren't. And I haven't a great deal of faith in miracles. I've never seen any performed."

Tait relaxed and lay back. He didn't look at Walters. "You're talking rot," he said. "You know you're talking rot. The men are all right."

Walters looked round the room. Au-

tomatically his mind recorded its details—the bare pine walls, the white metal bed, the single uncomfortable chair, the old dresser, the little row of battered books on the rack. He said, "I hope you're right, Tait. I hope I've been talking rot."

Tait's eyes closed. One arm was across his face, as if to shut out the light. "Sure," he said stupidly. "Sure."

Walters left the room. The nurse was waiting for him at the door.

"It's late," the nurse said. "They should be back soon if they're coming."

Walters stopped. He said, "Mr. Tait is waiting for you," in a cold voice.

The nurse walked past him into the bedroom. Not until the door had closed after her did he go back to his chair at the window.

Sitting there, he felt Fields' eyes on his back. He thought again, damn Fields, damn him, damn him! He thought that it would be better if he went into his own room and were alone. And then a sudden fear of loneliness, that he had half-perceived before, swept over him. There was a limit to the number of years a man could spend alone, lost in himself, and he had done his share. Of late he had felt a hunger for companionship, for the mere presence of others about him. He would have laughed at that in the past. It was a sign of the inevitable dissolution, he thought bitterly, of the gradual yet definite collapse of character. It was decay, decay of everything he had prized and that had mattered to him. And he was sufficiently intelligent to realize that he was powerless to oppose it.

He lowered his head on his arm, and again his thoughts turned to the past.

In the old days there had been no past. There had been only the present, and a vaguely exciting contemplation that was the future. Now he had outlived the future, and the present was dull and stale, and so only the past was left. Thinking of it, it became enveloped in a glamour it had not possessed at the time. He had done so much, and now it all came back to sadden him, like the thought of a place much loved you would never see again.

He lifted his head and saw Fields standing near him, looking out of the window. The pane was frosted, and Fields held one hand against it to warm and clear a little space of glass.

"It's worse," Fields said. "It's going to be a tough one."

"There have been tough ones before," Walters said. "We've lived through them."

"Yes," Fields said. He said it indistinctly, as if he had no faith in the word. Fields did not believe that the men were coming back, Walters thought. Nor did Tait. Nor the nurse. If they talked differently it was because they could cheer themselves with talk, even when they knew it was packed with lies. They thought the men were lost, that the morning would come, clear and fine, and that a party would search them out and eventually find them frozen to death.

Walters said, "For God's sake, why stare out of that window, Fields?"

Fields started, as if struck. "I'm sorry, Mr. Walters," he said. "I was just looking out."

Walters said, "Well, don't. There's nothing to look out for."

Fields turned quickly away from the window. He said, "Yes, Mr. Walters."

He hesitated a minute, then returned to his chair.

With a mechanical movement of his hands Walters reached for his pipe, knocked out the old ash on the heel of his boot, and refilled it. He packed the tobacco carefully, so that it was firm and yet not too tight, and lit it. But it did not taste good. It seemed to have no flavor. He laid the pipe on the sill and rose. Outside the wind had strengthened, and occasionally the walls of the cabin creaked with a sudden blast. The snow beat rhythmically against the windows.

Walters said, "I'm going into my room, Fields. But I shan't go to bed yet. If there's anything you will call me."

He barely heard Fields' low-voiced answer. He crossed the room swiftly, his eyes straight ahead on his own door. And then the door had closed after him and he was sitting on the bed, alone. He sat there for a long time, almost motionless, and then went to his desk. He thought that he would write one or two letters; it would be a way of passing time. Drawing a blank piece of paper toward him he wrote two words, "Dear Jack." Then he smiled and laid the pen down. It was no use. Nothing was any use. All he could do was to sit still and wait, and try not to think.

He said aloud, "The fools. The damned insane fools." He picked up a book that lay on the desk, glanced at the title, dropped it. Those who said that books distracted the mind were mistaken, they were of aid only to an easy, relaxed mind that was open to new thoughts, new ideas, strange emotions. He wondered what it was like to possess a mind like that. He

had one, but so long ago that he had forgotten how it had felt. The responsibilities had come, and the duties, and he had felt the weight of what he had undertaken, what he owed to himself, and that had changed everything.

Outside there was a scramble of footsteps, the sound of a door opening and closing. He did not move. He sat still, listening. It would be so easy, he thought, to sleep, to rest, to have forgetfulness. And it would do no harm. Everything he could do had been done.

Then he heard Fields' voice, high-pitched and sharp and excited; it was saying, "Mr. Walters!" over and over again. The voice came closer. A hand banged on his door.

He sighed and stood up. He stretched his body, feeling the pulsing of his blood. He went to the door and opened it.

Fields' face seemed wider than it really was, and his eyes danced. He said, "They're back, Mr. Walters! They've got back!" But Walters was not looking at him. He was looking past him, at the four men just inside the outer doorway, with the other man lying on the floor between them and the nurse bending over him. He did not speak.

Then he said, "I see, Fields, I see." He went slowly the length of the room and reached the group. He bent over Fleming and stared into his face. He was in bad shape, his ears and nose solid globules of ice. But he was breathing, and now he stirred, his mouth half-open.

The nurse said, "We must get him to bed, Mr. Walters."

"Yes," he said. "Of course." He helped the men carry Fleming into the

other bedroom, and helped undress him. Then he left the room, the men following. He looked at them. They needed attention almost as much as Fleming, he thought.

"You did well," he said. "Very well. It's a bad night."

"A bad night," the first man said. The others shifted. They did not speak.

"You did well," Walters said again. He was aware of a tenseness in the room. The men did not want to be with him. They would be glad when he let them go.

"You'll want to rest," he said. "I'll see you in the morning. There's some whiskey if you want it. Fields will get it for you."

"Thank you," the first man said.

Walters turned and went back to his room. He shut the door and sat down on the bed. So the men were back . . . were back . . . were back. There was nothing to worry over now. It was one more incident relegated to the limbo of things done. It would take its place in the past, a thing to be remembered occasionally in the future, to be looked back upon, even, he thought suddenly, to be regretted.

That was it, to be regretted. For anything that lifted you above yourself was a good thing, and anything that let you down was bad. And in these days so few things happened that could interest him; there was so little that could really touch him.

He sat very still, his eyes open. The pain stirred in his chest, stronger now. He heard nothing save for the wind and the gentle beat of the snow on the windows. Finally he lay back against the pillow and closed his eyes. It was all over. So much was over. At last he slept.

FROM THE NOTE-BOOKS OF JOHN HOWARD PAYNE

ALTHEA BASS

ANY error of fact dies hard. The wider its circulation, the harder its death. And hardest of all is the death of an error based upon some sentimental warping of the actuality, some sweetening and flavoring of its original elements to suit the public mind.

This, no doubt, explains the persistence of misstatements about *Home Sweet Home*. We want a more romantic explanation of our greatest American song-hit than the facts allow; that it was written by John Howard Payne while he was living abroad for an indefinite time and that it was first performed in London, in 1823, as a song in *Cari, The Maid of Milan*, is too cold a truth for American minds. One of our inventions about this song is that it was written by Payne to express his sympathy with the ejected Cherokees of Georgia, after his return to America in 1832. This makes a pretty story, but his own extant note-books disprove it. A study of Payne's stay among the Cherokees, during the 1830's, may then be profitable in the interests of truth. It brings to light a still-born journal of culture, some border songs heretofore unpublished, and some light on the connection between *Home Sweet Home* and the Cherokee removal.

Jam Jehan Nima was to be the name of the journal that Payne proposed to found. He left a large amount of material that was obviously intended for its pages. The words *Jam Jehan Nima* mean, Payne explained, "the goblet wherein you may behold the universe." It was to be a weekly published in Lon-

don as early in 1835 as a sufficient list of subscribers, at ten dollars each, could be obtained in advance, or as soon as an endowment of fifty thousand dollars was provided; it was to contain "the most accurate information from both sides of the Atlantic upon every subject—excepting politics—which can have importance either in America or Europe;" its editor was to be Payne himself; and it had no secretary or business manager. In this last fact, no doubt, lies the explanation of its fore-ordination to failure.

In the summer of 1832 Payne returned to New York from across the Atlantic, where he had been living since his appearance, in 1813, as a boy-actor on the London stage. He was decidedly at a loose end, professionally and financially; and though successful benefit performances in New York and Boston, and later on in New Orleans, had been both remunerative and encouraging, Payne did not profit by them to establish himself as actor, playwright, or manager in America as he had done earlier in Europe. Nine years before, in 1823, his name had become a household work through his authorship of *Home, Sweet Home*, but he now showed no disposition to profit by this popularity on his return to America. Perhaps he was still under the disillusionment that he had felt in seeing everyone except himself who had any connection with the publishing and the popularizing of *Home, Sweet Home* make a fortune out of it. Certainly he was possessed of an ability that made him undertake, and

fail in, enterprises of greater importance than the writing of popular songs.

Payne now took up residence in New York with his brother, Thatcher Payne, and devoted himself to the writing of a life of Christ, only to find when this was ready for a publisher that the market was preoccupied by a similar work. Then he turned to *Jam Jehan Nima*. By July, 1834, plans for the journal were well under way and we find him writing, with his usual damaging courtesy and reserve, to S. H. Jenks, a patron of cultural undertakings in Boston.

My dear Sir:

I have been here some time fruitlessly endeavoring to obtain subscribers for my work, of which I send you the Prospectus and list. Pray oblige me by saying whether I could do anything by a trip to Nantucket for some two or three days. Would the land of whales assist me with oil for the enlightener of two hemispheres? If I can hope for anything I will come forthwith, but I am weary of laboring for empty professions and smiles, which cost more than they come to.

Perhaps you will oblige me by answering this by return post. I shall go to New York at once else, instead of going to Nantucket. Old associations will lead you to forgive me for thus troubling you, and I can only add, trouble me in the same way as much and as often as you like.

Yours, my dear sir, most truly,
John Howard Payne.

The Prospectus which Payne mentions in this letter is quoted extensively in Gabriel Harrison's biography. It is interesting for its statement of the general situation of journalism and for its specific presentation of his plans for "his original American journal." Although, he says, "literary labor in America can only be rendered a source of sure and permanent benefit to its fol-

lowers and others through some connection with the periodical press," he has found every place in such journals as exist ably filled. The one need that he sees is for a periodical that will combine "European extracts and information" for American readers with such American contributions as will supply the European reader with some idea of "the innumerable improvements we are hourly making in the application of science to the useful arts—of the many valuable works which are constantly issuing from our press—of the numberless displays of high intellectual power in every department among us, which, from circumstances, are never wrought into books."

To American readers, the Prospectus states, the proposed journal "can be serviceable thus."

I. By providing a depository where original literary productions from the writers of America and England may appear side by side, a competition may be created tending to most favorable influences upon our literature. . . . Nothing overcomes mere prejudice more effectually than acquaintanceship, and there is a sort of remorse mixed up with the sense of having been unjust through ignorance, which almost always changes those who were once embittered, by want of knowledge of each other, into the most earnest friends. The closer intercourse of England with this country, by means of literature and the arts, has done more to wear away bad spirit than all the negotiations of all our political ambassadors.

II. It will supply a vehicle in which the intellectual intercourse of America may be upheld. As our political relations call for a political ambassador . . . is it not wholly desirable that some mode should be created for extending attention to the moral and mental, as well as to the physical and mercantile, strength of this vast republic? . . .

III. It will give Europe a *catalogue raisonnee* of all the original books issuing from the American press; and prompt inquiry after, and knowledge of, many of which otherwise nothing might be known beyond the limited sphere of their publication.

IV. It will circulate the names and powers of numerous writers of first-rate merit, whose reputation is now merely local, and who seldom seek an outlet for their productions of wider range than a magazine or newspaper. . . . It would, at the same time, make foreigners familiar with some [writers] now entirely hidden from observation by the very limited number of book-makers, compared with the number of those among us capable of making books.

V. It will communicate most readily and extensively every discovery we hit upon in science and the mechanical arts.

VI. It will enable misrepresentations of our country to be answered ere they have time to take root.

With the critical acumen of a shrewd mind broadened by life on two continents, Payne explained the particular value of his journal on the other side of the Atlantic.

I. To provide opinions upon productions and events entirely uninfluenced by party or local prejudice. It has often been remarked that we are, with respect to Europe, a sort of contemporary posterity. Towards England our intellectual relations are altogether unprecedented in the history of nations. Our mutual influences exceed those of other nations, because we do not only think upon the same topics, but in the same language; and our understanding of each other never suffers through those distortions often inevitable from the different shades of signification growing out of even the clearest communications in any language not our own. As to their earlier master-minds, that country is identified with ours; and we have only been rendered a separate nation by having realized the inspiration upon the subject of national liberty for which

some of these mighty teachers became immortal. But though divided from the rest of the peculiar people who went apart to preserve the right principles of national happiness, we have continued as one and the same people in every thing relating to literature, to science, and the arts. The identity of our interests in these matters is strengthening with time; and as the vast increase of readers of works from England goes on increasing (as it has ever since Pope explained that he could only be 'read in one island'), the desire to stand well with this new literary public becomes more vivid with the British literati. But if we contribute so largely to their fame, we are entitled to a voice in the legislature of their taste; and a work which shall speak the sentiments of a clear-headed public will not be heard without interest, and probably not without courtesy and profit, by those who are gratified with that great republic's sanction.

John Howard Payne had preceded *Jam Jehan Nima* with two earlier journalistic ventures. The first of these, the *Thespian Mirror*, was one of the few wholly successful undertakings of his life. At the age of fourteen, when he was by day a clerk in a New York counting-house and by night a youth whose soul was fired with what his family looked upon as a dangerous "propensity for theatricals" that must be "watched and crushed," he founded, edited, and published for fourteen successive issues, from December 28, 1805, to March 22, 1806, this little magazine of the theatre. Meantime, beneficent friends having arranged to send him to Union College, he revealed himself as the editor in the final issue and offered this naive explanation for the discontinuance of the *Mirror*: "A collegiate education will, therefore, be the object of his present pursuits, and the study of the law the goal of his future exertions. And, de-

terminated exclusively to devote himself to these important objects, he now declares his design of discontinuing the 'Mirror' after the publication of this number (which completes the original term of engagement) and of waiting patiently the laurels of fame until science shall expand his mind, and crown his labor with lasting and deserved celebrity."

Payne's second journalistic venture ended less triumphantly. Without definite employment in London as actor or playwright but with a well-known name and with a large literary and dramatic acquaintance, he founded a journal of dramatic criticism which he called the *Opera Glass*. Soon it was the most popular periodical of its kind in London, but the high standard that he set for it and the heavy burden of writing, play attendance, and business management that devolved on him made him so seriously ill that he was forced to abandon his undertaking. He seems never to have learned how to sell a venture of this sort when it developed beyond his own powers of management. So his first two undertakings as an editor were brief, and his third ended before it actually began.

The spring of 1835 found Payne in New Orleans. A testimonial benefit given for him there at the Camp Street Theatre, some effort on behalf of an international copyright law, and the advancement of his plans for the proposed international journal were the combined purpose of his stay here. Shortly afterward, we find he had left New Orleans to go into Alabama and Georgia. Strange as it may seem on the face of things, he meant to secure support and subscribers for the new publication among the Indian nations in these states. There were,

particularly among the Cherokees, some men of education and of wealth who could be counted on to support a cause of this sort. And there were, he believed, unlimited sources of information and material that would be useful to the editor, in this border-land of American civilization. Chief John Ross, of the Cherokees, was a man on whose interest and helpfulness he could count. Soon Payne and Ross were friends; Payne was a visitor for long periods of time in the Ross home; and he began to be deeply absorbed in a study of the culture and the history of the Cherokees.

Herein, it may easily be concluded, lay the doom of *Jam Jehan Nima*. New scenes, new friends, a culture native to America and almost unknown both in the United States and in England offered a wealth of material for the journal that was irresistible. The life of white people on the border, the religion and the traditions and the ceremonies of the Indians, and the pathetic conflict of the aborigines with their aggressive white conquerors held Payne's interest as the financial and practical side of the journal could not do for long. He filled note-book after note-book with ore from this new mine, but he made no entries as to the financial progress he was making. The journalistic cart had got ahead of the horse, and there it was to stay.

The note-books for this period of Payne's life are now the property of the Newberry Library, being a part of the Edward E. Ayer collection. Anecdotes, accounts of religious ceremonies of great beauty and significance, ballads and songs, extracts from letters, and bits of Cherokee history are recorded here. Some are in beautiful handwriting; some are scrawled so poorly as to indicate that the writer had a stump or

a saddle for his seat. The information that accompanies these various items is sometimes complete and carefully recorded, but more often it is telescoped and fragmentary, as if Payne had time to put down only the clue to details that he would readily be able to recall when he needed them.

Here is a border anecdote, recorded without comment and evidently regarded as self-explanatory:

At one of those loghut courts, where the business was begun before the hut was finished, the trunks of the felled trees were left standing inside for seats, and on the amplest sat the judge, paring the nails of his nether fingers. "Why don't that tarnation jury come, Sheriff?"

"Please your honor," said the Sheriff, "they can't be long now; I've got nine of 'em tied with hickory wyths, and five men and two dogs out a'ter the other three."

The several songs that Payne has collected are of interest. The second volume of the note-books contains three of these songs. A tantalizing brief explanation accompanies the first:

Mr. Putnam repeated to me a melody of the Coon Creek in Georgia—a Gold Region melody, which he had heard sung there to unwritten and unwriteable music.

*The tanglingest things of all what is
Is cottonwood and tow
And I once seed a boy run through the
woods*

*Up to his hips in snow.
I met a possum as I goed
Under a 'simmon tree;—
He toss'd up his nose and cock'd his tail
And swore the road was free.*

*The deeper water courses run
The blacker's the rock below
The more an old maid won't be won
The glummerer will she grow
The higher lofty mountains rise
The lower the grass does git;
The longer a crusty bachelor lives
The shorter is his wit.*

*The fairest colours what I ever saw
Was yaller pink and red;
And the sweetest things of all the world
Is love and gingerbread.*

The second of these three songs is a version of a ballad now in print. Miss Louise Pound, in her *American Ballads and Songs*, gives four forms of this song under the titles *O Johnny Dear*, *Why Did You Go?*, *Woodville Mound*, *In Springfield Mountain*, and *Springfield Mountain*. None of these agrees with the form Payne gives. Here is his version, with the explanation that accompanies it.

This is another of Mr. Putnam's melodies, but this I believe has been printed; at any rate it is well known; and the title of it is, *Springfield Mounting*.—Mr. Putnam calls it a "Spinning Wheel Melody."—

*In Springfield Mounting there did dwell
A likely youth was known full well;
A likely youth about twenty-one
Lef-ten-ant Curtis-is-is only son.*

*At length this young man did want for
to go*

*Down to the medder for to mow.
He mowed all round and at length did
feel*

*Some pye-zing sarpyent bite his heel.
At length his heel began to smart
For the venom had nearly reached his
heart.*

*He look'd all round but no one came
For to help poor Curtis-is-is who was
lame.*

*At length this young man give up the
ghost*

*And to Abraham's buzzum he did post
Crying all the way as he did went
"Oh, cruel, cruel Sar-py-ent!"*

The third song from this same volume of the note-books has to do with the controversy between the Cherokees who wanted to remain on their old lands within the boundaries of the state of Georgia and the Georgians under Governor Lumpkin, who advocated removal

of the Indians west of the Mississippi. Payne explains it as "Putnam's song, for the beginning of Nullification, just after the decision of Marshall in the Worcester case, when the Georgians refused to observe the Mandate of the Supreme Court to enforce the observance of the treaty."

*The Georgians are coming, oh, ho! oh,
ho!*

*The Georgians are coming, oh, ho! oh,
ho!*

*The Georgians are coming
With roaring and humming
And cruiskins with rum in, oh, ho! oh,
ho!*

*Bestriding a Cherokee pony, great Lump-
kin,*

*With phiz beaming bright as a Light-
ning-bug's tail;*

*With Nullification grown full as a pump-
kin*

*He'll puff like a steamboat and spout
like a whale.*

*The Georgians are coming, oh, ho! oh,
ho! &c, &c.*

*They'll grapple old Marshall and choke
him to death—*

*Sack Tannehill's office and put him to
rout*

*Catch a gnat and un-jackson his mis-
creant breath*

*Split a shingle and plunder the hen-
roosts about.*

The Georgians, &c, &c.

A fourth song is found in the next one of the note-books. No explanation accompanies it, except what is written with the song itself.

Another Melody

*Air: Blue Bonnets Over the Border
March, march, Choctaw and Cherokee
Pull up your stakes and march forward
in order*

*March, march where white men no more
you'll see*

*All the red chieftains are over the bor-
der*

Many a blanket spread

Lies there to be your bed

The Frontier and Midland

*Many a wigwam your presence is wait-
ing*

Up and get ready then

Chieftains and fighting men

*Arkansas prairies are quite captivating
Come from the woods where the rifles
are swinging*

*Come from the lands where the golden
ore glows*

*Come to the country with sweet foun-
tains springing*

*Come with your wampum, your arrows,
your bows.*

Will money content ye

Here's dollars a plenty

*Gird on your leggins march forward in
order*

Else you may rue the day

When you resolved to stay

*Hunting the deer on the pale face's bor-
der.*

C. W. Stockwell.

Milledgville, Sept. 20, 1829.

Now the journalistic equipage, horse and cart together, took a sudden plunge. Payne was suspected of being a Cherokee sympathizer and consequently an enemy of Georgia. It was a period of intense excitement in the state over the question of Indian removal, and the motive of any disinterested student of Indian life was likely to be misunderstood. Certainly any outsider who was frequently seen with John Ross, the chief who stubbornly opposed the tentative removal treaty of 1835, subjected himself to suspicion. On November 10, 1835, Payne was arrested at Flint Springs, the home of Ross, by a troop of Colonel Bishop's regiment of the Georgia guard, and was taken some twenty miles distant to Spring Place for imprisonment. The influence of his brother, the discernment of Colonel Bishop, and the efforts of white friends that he had made during his stay in Georgia soon brought about his release, and Payne continued his stay in Geor-

gia without further interference. Deer-in-Water, Pine-Log, the Raven, and other Cherokees continued to give him their accounts of tribal history and seasonal festivals, and as late as 1840 Payne was still to be found at times among the Indians. Then interests in Washington and his appointment to the consulate at Tunis took him away permanently.

Out of such circumstances as these legend grows. The picturesque figure of Payne, cultured man-of-affairs and author of the world's most popular song, wandering homeless among Indians threatened with expulsion from their homes, lent itself to many tales that grew with each telling. Somehow the idea that Payne had written *Home, Sweet Home* for the Indians got about. The fact that this song had its first performance in London on May 8, 1823, and that Payne, according to the accounts of his several biographers, did not visit the Indian country until 1835, was not deterrent to the idea. From a vague tale the accounts of the origin of *Home, Sweet Home* grew astonishingly, until at last the whole story was hanged by the long rope of its own inconsistencies. But its ghost walks, and must often be laid.

One of the most far-fetched of these legends bears quoting: "About 1822 he visited the Cherokee Nation in Georgia at a time when the efforts of the state to get rid of the Indians were stirring up bitter feuds among the Indians. He criticized some of the proceedings which he witnessed and was thrown into jail on the charge of encouraging an insurrection at Red Clay. Rattling Gourd, a Cherokee chief, became so disconsolate over the treatment which his people were receiving from the whites that he committed suicide and

was buried by a company of white soldiers, assisted by a Moravian missionary. Payne was permitted to attend the funeral and at the close of the ceremonies he sang 'Home, Sweet Home.' General Bishop, the commanding officer, called him to his tent and asked him where he learned that song. 'I wrote it myself,' replied Payne. 'Where did you get the tune?' asked the General. 'I composed it,' answered Payne. 'Will you give me a copy of it?' queried the General. 'Certainly I will,' said Payne, and he sat down and wrote the words and music. After glancing it over for a few minutes General Bishop said: 'Well, a man who can write and sing like that is no criminal. I am going to set you free.'

"During the next year Payne visited Europe where he sang himself into fame by incorporating that grand old song into one of his theatrical plays, but it is claimed that it was sung for the first time at Rattling Gourd's funeral down on the Cherokee Reservation in Georgia. Mrs. M. J. Ross, wife of William P. Ross and niece of Chief John Ross, testified just before her death in 1918, that she was present at the funeral in Georgia when Payne sang his world-famous song."

By the effortless methods of legend, Colonel Bishop has, in this account, been promoted to the rank of General; Payne has been made author of the music as well as of the words of his famous song; and Rattling Gourd, an active opponent of the efforts of the government to bring about the removal of the Cherokees during the eighteen-thirties, is made a suicide in 1822. Sifted to actual fact, the story of Payne and his song in Georgia is more lacking in romance and sentiment than the above account. Charles

Brainerd, in his biographical sketch of John Howard Payne, gives as much as can be authenticated. "Payne's intimacy with Ross," Mr. Brainerd says in his account of the amusing incident, "excited a suspicion that he was aiding him in postponing a ratification of the treaty; and this suspicion induced twenty-five members of the Georgia Guard to surround the hut of Ross on a dark night, and without orders or legal authority, to arrest both him and Payne, whom they forced to ride to their headquarters, more than twenty miles distant. During the ride, one of the guard struck up 'Home, Sweet Home;' when

Payne, thinking to soften the hearts of his captors, asked them if they knew he was the author of the song. 'It's no such thing,' replied the singer; 'it's in "The Western Songster."' Payne used to relate this anecdote with evident enjoyment."

But *Jam Jehan Nima* had become a lost cause. Perhaps as Payne went on filling his note-books he had a vision of some larger use of the material he was gathering—drama or poetry or a complete account of the folk-lore and the traditions of the Cherokees. At any rate he made no further mention of the international journal that had first led him to visit the tribe.

NORTH ATLANTIC

RICHARD SULLIVAN

In the night-blue chambers ceaselessly these cold old waters fold:
 Swissssh, harisssss, harisssss.
 Over and under, under and deep, they hiss and whisper and brood;
 Cuddling their time-old grudge;
 Brooding alone, alone.
 An old saltbitter sweet resentment wells; and they hiss and hate,
 Lonely, hate and brood;
 Swish and lash and brood;
 Rocking, dive; miles under swish; unforgetting rise, black and green;
 Brood all day under fog;
 Hate and despise and resent.
 Yet swish in a whispery lispng hiss and fold under their sweet keen hate,
 Hiss, and contain, and fold under;
 Swish to a secretive whisper.
 Ceaseless all day in their night-blue chambers they fold and unfold and fold in.
 But at night when their pain stirs deep, in the dark with a retch like a scream,
 they will rear, rock, roll back and suddenly spit evil white spray at the
 moon.

THE OPEN RANGE

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

FIRE AND FLOOD IN EARLY DENVER

As Remembered by "H. L." Pitzer and Compiled and Edited

by R. C. Pitzer

WHEN the winter of 1862 closed down in the hills, and the big snows came, I had been chasing wealth—the gold will-o-the-wisp of the "Shining Mountains"—for two years. I was a husky young fellow of twenty-eight, exactly six feet tall and heavy in proportion, with brown hair and beard, running wild at that time, and rough clothes that I'd worn for about a year. There was a good deal of patch, and not much cloth. I wasn't a first-class warrior, but I could laugh mighty easy, and that got me out of more scrapes than a gun ever could. I was a restless, but not a dissatisfied prospector. I'd been on the verge of fortunes more than once and lost them either through ignorance or impatience, and I had perhaps two hundred dollars in dust and a silver dime safe in my buckskin bag. The dime was my luck piece, but I'd dug that dust out of Peck Gulch, above Central City. Frozen ground finished my clean-ups early in October, so after a few weeks in a quartz mill I streaked for Denver, where a rancher friend, John Cargellis, told me I'd be of more use to the world cutting cordwood than sifting sand. So cordwood it was.

As Cargellis's ranch was on the outskirts of town, I could chop wood all day and still get into town at night when I wanted to. That wasn't every night by a long chalk. Cording tough cottonwood didn't make even a young man feel any too young, come night-fall, but at that I generally got in to whatever socials the Methodist Church might have, and I danced as often as I got invited to, which, as I was a pretty good dancer, wasn't much less than the number of dances in town. Jack Langrish, or Languish as he was generally called, got up a number of Saturday night concerts for Apollo Hall,

so I had some fun using my tenor voice, such as it is, that winter, in both theater and church. And that's how, at twenty-eight, after two years in the hills, I could still live on the edge of Denver and keep out of mischief.

Cutting cordwood, as I figured it, would help me to get a grub-stake, and would be a lot better than loafing around the streets and fooling away my time in the saloons. I was never a gambler, except as every miner is, and I never cottoned to saloon loafers, nor, for that matter, thought very much of the liquors found in most saloons.

Old Uncle Dick Wootton, the Indian trader, sold Taos lightning on Ferry Street, and a few squaw men still hung on there, but the trappers no longer dropped into town, and buckskins began to be a curiosity on the streets. Trouble was brewing with the Cheyennes and Arapahoes, to come to a climax in '64; but meantime a few bucks still traded in Wootton's two-story log house. His "lightning" was of course sudden death, but most of the stuff in the Criterion and the Progressive wasn't much better. Whisky freighted across the plains was doctored with alcohol and water until one barrel of good liquor made three or four barrels of the stuff that was sold over the bar. Some of the toughest characters that I'd seen in these places had been planted in McGovern's cemetery while I was chasing my hopes through the hills, but Noisy Tom Pollock was still in town, and Cap Scudder, and the McBrooms on their ranches nearby, as well as a good many other friends. Pilgrims were still coming in, too, though the war had caused the immigration to slack almost to the vanishing point. Those who came were all Northerners. I still remember the brass band that

used to play out-of-doors in pleasant weather on Blake Street, and the way we used to gather around a piano in the Progressive to sing "Sweet Betsy From Pike" and all the other old, forgotten, sentimental songs, just like a group of modern young people around a piano in a church basement. Tough and wild West? Well, there it was that winter in the toughest saloon and gambling hall of them all! There was a young German, too, Emil Somebody, who had a zither. And Chase's old music-box still played sweet melodies. I never saw anything tougher than that in the winter of '62.

Young boys, magazine editors and Englishmen have the funniest ideas about the early days and the Wild West that anybody could ever have about Yesterday. As a matter of cold fact, there weren't any more murders, hold-ups or romantic and desperate adventures then than now. Rather, there were fewer in proportion to the population. Denver's streets are not as safe today, in 1898, as they were in the sixties, while Denver's saloons and gambling halls, to say nothing of cribs, have more criminals in them and running them than they had in my day. That picture that comes back to me, of a group of bearded and booted miners, a few with revolvers and knives, more without them, gathered around a piano in a saloon, and singing good, old homey ballads, is the West.

In the early spring of '63 my old friend Isaac McBroom offered to rent me his ranch, so I decided to let Peck Gulch rest a while, as that seemed a good, safe place in which to keep my wealth, while I piled up what would be a real grub-stake. The fact is that Isaac, who was one of the steadiest fellows in the world, wanted me to settle down. He and his wife had a nice young lady in mind for me—the sister of a nearby rancher—and his idea was that I ought to save up and go into business. They thought if I could be held down in one place long enough I'd take root. Which would have worked out all right if nature hadn't had a lot of excitement for me that year.

I had hardly settled down in a little cabin and begun to get in my crop when one night in April—the nineteenth, to be exact—Isaac McBroom woke me up by letting off a double-barreled shotgun in the middle of the night. I heard a horse galloping, and tum-

bled out-of-doors in a hurry. The whole northern horizon was a red glow where Denver burnt. I don't remember how I saddled up, or whether I went into town alone or not. All I remember is feeling that the end of the world had come, and I had to do something about it.

Denver, to tell the truth, wasn't much more than a frontier post; a crowded, disorderly collection of log and clapboard houses, mostly of pitch pine. We'd been pretty free from fires, but almost everybody had said, one time or another, that some day we'd burn out. I can remember only two fires in the history of the town up to the spring of '63, both of them log barns. In July, '62, the Council passed a resolution creating a volunteer hook-and-ladder company and two bucket brigades. The way some old-timers tell the story, you'd think that a modern fire department turned out to fight the blaze, with the old-timers, of course, the red-shirted heroes of the occasion. But we hadn't even uniforms, and everybody knows that the first thing a volunteer fire company does is to buy red shirts. The hook-and-ladder stuff was just on paper, and I suppose the paper burnt up like most of the town. It wasn't until the spring of 1866 that anything was done about fire protection, when the first real volunteer company—Hook and Ladder Number One—was organized and equipped, partly with home-built machines, and partly with a fire-truck hauled across the plains.

The night was clear and gusty, with dust clouds whipping about. Perhaps it was half-past-two when a guest of the Cherokee House, on Blake Street, East Denver, woke up to find his nose full of smoke. The rear of the place was then blazing, and the fire spread so fast that it was hard for people in the immediate neighborhood to get out of their houses and cabins before the flames reached them.

The little town was built up pretty solidly on both sides of Cherry Creek and across most of the sands of the creek, too, for Cherry was practically dry, with only a trickle down the center of its wide bed. Nobody thought that it would ever be anything else than that, so there was a water-way of perhaps ten or twelve feet, while the rest of the sand was laid out in town lots. Many of the cabins there had been built up

on piles, leaving a little clearance for wet weather, and there was a bridge on Blake about six feet high for teams.

Wells and that little trickle in Cherry furnished all the water there was, so though the whole town turned out and formed bucket brigades there was mighty little water to throw around, and what there was might just as well have been alcohol or coal-oil for all the good it did. The changing winds whipped the fire every which way, and nobody could do a thing to stop it.

When I got in, the men had just about given up trying to fight the fire, and everybody was salvaging merchandise and household effects. That is, most people were salvaging them, but a considerable percentage of the population was just looting. I pitched in, of course, and sweated like a fireman, helping this friend and that one to get his goods to something like safety.

By dawn the fire was pretty well burned out. The center of the town was gutted, and Cherry Creek was strewn with goods from the stores and houses, much of it in piles with the owners on guard, but lots scattered as if a Kansas cyclone had paid us a visit. Noisy Tom Pollock ran into me and suggested a volunteer vigilante patrol, so we got a lot of men together and gave them beats through the ruins. That wasn't in time to prevent a lot of looting, but it stopped it short off. People were afraid of Tom and his shotgun. They knew it was notched.

About seventy or eighty houses of one sort and another were burnt, but no lives lost. There was a fight or two, some people were blue and some were drunk, but on the whole I should say everybody took the fire pretty good-naturedly. They weren't the kind to wring their hands and yell if things went against them for a little bit. As a matter of fact, I guess the fire wasn't much of a calamity, though I've never heard anybody say so. It cleaned out a few pretty rotten dives, it did away with a lot of ramshackle buildings, and it didn't cost a single life. What more could a fire do than that? Besides, it cleared the bed of Cherry Creek pretty well, and if we'd taken warning by that and built on higher ground it would have prevented a lot of flood deaths. But that, I suppose, is too much to credit the fire with, though I know of one family that was burnt out and built elsewhere, whose cabin

would have been in the very heart of the flood. So let's say the fire saved them. They were pretty blue at the time, though, as we generally are when good luck comes along and looks like losing money.

Being a farmer after that fire was rather a fortunate thing; so if my silver luck piece didn't exactly make me rich in the hills, it did a better service now. We received five cents a pound for our corn and fifteen cents a pound for our onions, while, four weeks after we sold, those prices were doubled. But the summer was not all work. I took one trip to visit my old friend, Oakes, who had a saw-mill on East Plum Creek. A cousin, Mary, lived with her husband nearby, so it was a real pleasure trip. However, it pretty nearly cost me dear, while at the same time it gave me warning, if I had been wise enough to receive it, of what Denver could expect from mother Nature. I had a four-horse team, and thought the day an especially sultry one for our lovely climate, when suddenly a dense black cloud swept up, flashing its lightning and roaring at the world. The rain came down in sheets, and that's not a figure of speech. Just before me was a "draw" or dry gulch, across which I had to drive. I was in the bed of the gulch when I looked up it, and a little way above me saw a roll of water like a solid wall pouring down. By whipping my horses I just managed to snake the wagon out ahead of the flood, but it was a narrow squeak. This was the first of my many experiences with Western cloudbursts. My great experience was to come the next year.

In the fall of '63 John McBroom, W. D. Spencer and I decided to have a hunt. John's three renters asked to go along with their team. On the first day out Spencer brought in a fine big deer; on the second day John did the same. From then on we had no luck at all, so far as deer were concerned. On the third day the renters ran out of flour; and after that John, Spencer and I furnished the supplies for the crowd. In about a week the three renters wanted to borrow my gun, for they had come deer hunting with nothing but revolvers. That gun of mine had done good work on previous hunts, and it so happened that the renters got a bear with it. The bear was taken along entire for the remainder of the trip, while we all ate what we could get. Grub was scarce by the time

we got back home; so John liberally asked us all in for supper, and again in the morning for breakfast. After breakfast, Mr. Bear was hauled to town and sold. Nobody got a taste of it. For cheek, the rest of us thought that beat the proverbial government mule.

The next hunt was without the renters. It lasted three weeks, and when we came home John's wagon was loaded full with the finest of black-tailed deer. There is no such hunting now—not near Denver! On still another hunt in the foothills when I was not along Spencer found a herd of an even dozen deer. He got eleven of them. That was shooting. Spencer was a marksman and a fine hunter.

After the ranching at McBroom's I got a job cutting and hewing logs in the Table Mountains, now called the Wildcats. Camping out in Iowa with only thin tentage through the dead of winter would make you shiver even to think about; but here we really enjoyed it. Spencer and John were along with me, and Spencer kept us all pretty well supplied with meat. This was a queerly formed country, we thought, full of petrified stumps and pieces of wood. At some remote period it had all been under water for a long time, or so it seemed to us, for all the boulders were water-worn. There were, too, in places, quite a lot of opals and agates. Rattlesnakes, however, and coyotes, seemed to be the chief commodities.

The gold on Cherry Creek, Happy Canyon, Nelson's Gulch and Big and Little Dry Creeks all seems to me to have come originally from a big river that must have flowed through the Wildcats. Where it originated has never been discovered; but no doubt there is a big strike still waiting for someone at this late day if he can trace the ancient river-bed into the hills. Many attempts have been made to make the placers of Cherry Creek and the other little arroyos pay, but there isn't enough water for sluicing on the great scale that would be required. The gold in all these creeks is very fine—throughout Colorado there is no better to be found; but it will have to be mined on a large scale to be a paying proposition.

Our log job being over, I went into the Quartermaster's office as a civilian employee, at seventy-five dollars a month, boarding at the home of Frank Walker, formerly of Win-

tersett. The price of board being what it was in Denver, there wasn't much of my seventy-five dollars left at the end of the month. So after trying that for a while, I decided that Isaac McBroom had been right all the time, and took his advice to go into business. At once, the decision having been made, I warmed up to it. To be a business man! That was just the thing. Now I'd soon have that fortune. I'd find my lucky silver dime to be just that, lucky. Cordwood money, ranch money, and all other money, went into the general merchandise store that I started as soon as I thought about doing it! Suddenly I became swell. I was a merchant; yes, me! And the funny part of it was that I was. Or, at least, I would be some day, though it was not to be at the first venture.

My new life was begun in the latter part of January, 1864, in a log house belonging to a man named Gottlieb, exactly opposite the old Elephant Corral, on Blake Street. Not finding that location very satisfactory, I soon moved into a frame house on the west side of the creek on the same street; a place at that time owned by Noteware and Peas, as I remember the names. The house now, in 1898, is still standing and occupied by a tinker. My business, however, had not more than got well started when the great flood of '64 came along in Cherry, Plum and the Platte.

For several days before there had been an abnormal rainfall at the heads of Cherry and East Plum Creeks, on the watershed of the Wildcats, south of town. On Wednesday morning, however, a terrific storm broke there, with hail and rain almost past belief. The level plateaus were flooded, and among the newly settled ranches several thousand sheep and some corraled cattle were drowned or killed by the enormous hailstones. Denver caught but little of the storm; nor did we realize that the finger of water running through the heart of the town, with its ten-foot waterway and six-foot-high bridge, would be like the genie of the bottle and come out smokily from the narrow neck to master us.

A young fellow named Lawn Babcock was staying with me at the time. Our blankets were bedded on the floor behind the counter. According to Lawn's watch it was nearly one o'clock Thursday morning, on the nine-

teenth of May, when I was awakened out of a sound sleep by a strange roaring sound. I jumped up and started for the door. To my surprise water was pouring in through the cracks and from under the threshold. I called to Lawn, who was up in a twinkling. By the time we had slipped into our pants and boots, and had bundled the blankets up out of the wet onto the counter, water was nearly a foot deep over the floor and still pouring in. For a time we could not realize what had happened, as it was almost impossible to imagine dry Cherry Creek acting up in that miraculous way, but finally it soaked into our sleepy heads that Cherry was on a boom.

I've heard it said that the first wave, which of course few or no people actually saw, as we were all snoozing at about that hour, was thirty feet deep. Figuring the location of my store on high ground west of Cherry, I confess to doubting that thirty feet. Twenty, though, would not be drawing the long bow. The water, as everyone knows who has experienced a cloudburst in the West, was almost as thick as mud with earth and sand, smelled like a herd of dead buffalo, and bellowed like a herd of live ones. By the time it reached Denver that first wave was floating a vast amount of rubbish, trees, houses, logs, dead things brute and human that formed dams, backed the flood a moment, and then broke, to sweep on into new obstructions and again dam the flood a little while. Other waves, plainly distinguished above the preceding flood waters, came along from time to time, each billow raising the flood to a new height.

In much less time than it takes to spell it out, houses on each side of us were floating down the flood. Luckily, my place was in an eddy as well as on slightly higher ground than the houses on either side of me, and withstood the flood like a fortress. It was soon jammed with people standing about in the water and crowded on the counters. I remember to this day two people sitting back to back there, both of them wrapped up in blankets. One was a very prim lady who in the Methodist Church was always objecting to things and outside of it was always calling down destruction upon our ungodly town and its dancing and card parties. She insisted on having a place on

the inside of the counter, so she could sit facing the shelves. That was because her blanket was rather short and her nightgown was wet. The other, to make no bones about it, had been one of Redstocking's girls. She hadn't any objection to facing the refugees. And I must say that of the two she was a whole lot the braver when it looked like we were going to the various places prepared for us.

Among the many neighboring houses that went down in the flood were Fred Clark's clothing store, another, owned by a Jew whose name I've forgotten, several smaller eating places and business houses on Blake street, and J. P. Frick's large boot and shoe store. On what was still McGaa street, Bruce Hayne's law office went off with Bruce in it. Like so many of us in those days, Bruce slept on the floor of his place of business; and I guess he slept even harder than most of us. He didn't have the luck of a negress who had a cabin near what had been Wootton's store on Indian Row, or Ferry Street. She was a big, strapping, coal-black woman with a brood of five children, none of them black, exactly. The cabin, which was not log but clapboards, floated off with the six in it, and like Noah's Ark finally grounded two miles or more away, where the family disembarked, none the worse for their experience.

When the Rocky Mountain News office went, five of the boys had a hard time of it trying to save themselves, but finally, with the help of neighbors with ropes, they all managed to get out. The Methodist Church and the City Jail both went; but which was the real loss to the community was a question we could never be unanimous about.

This cloudburst fell just as heavily on East Plum as on Cherry Creek, with like results. The waters of these two roaring creeks, joining the flooded Platte, raised that river to tremendous flood volume, reaching from bluff to bluff and overflowing a large tract of the city now thickly built over. Another flood of like proportions would cause much vaster damage today. I think it is safe to say that East Plum Creek was, in its narrower reaches, at least forty feet deep. In ten minutes, possibly five, all obstructions

were out, so that there was nowhere any damming of the flood to cause additional depths. The Platte, of course, backed water, but not these smaller tributaries.

In Denver, the flood slowly increased until broad daylight, spreading over West Denver and the Platte bottoms. Blake and the other streets near me were each a separate channel, hurrying to the Platte, where in turn the charging logs of broken-down cabins, planks, out-houses, and sometimes whole buildings, together with uprooted trees, household furniture, and dead things, built up a dam that backed the water for an hour or two into West Denver. It was a thick, evil flow, deceptively swift, so that what with the swiftness and the thick muddiness of it, heavy pieces of machinery were actually floated. Parts of the Rocky Mountain News printing plant were found as far away as the Platte.

When J. C. McKee's grocery collapsed there was a clerk in the place who like the rest of us had been sleeping on the floor. This fellow—I forget his name—was a long-legged Southerner, one of the few men of the South left in town. He was two inches taller than I was, by chalk-mark, but as slim as a fence rail. From my place we could see the building tumble in, and hear this clerk bellowing for help; but there wasn't an earthly thing that could be done, as a mill-race went past in front of us, too deep for wading. But while we were thinking the fellow through with this life, the flood had another idea. It tumbled him out of that wreckage with hardly a scratch, threw him out of the swifter channel into a back-wash, and finally to an eddy where he could get on those long legs of his and walk out. He went like a stork through breast-deep water for a long time, but finally won to land. This man's luck did not hold good, however, for, if I remember rightly, he was shot by road-agents a year or two later while on a stage from Central City.

There were many other narrow escapes. A muddy flow swept down Larimer Street as far south as the Government Quarters that afterwards became the Lindel Hotel. A

young friend of mine named Schell got caught in that, but swam and fought his way down with the current for more than three miles, to finally get ashore on the Platte. When you remember how thick and swift that water was, and how it was loaded with all the plunder of Denver and the ranches, Schell's feat becomes something worth recording.

So far as I know only eight bodies were recovered from the flood in and below Denver, but it was figured that either twenty or twenty-one people lost their lives. In long settled and thickly populated communities that, of course, would not be an especially notable catastrophe, but it stands out in the history of our pioneer days as one of the greatest adventures we went through. My own memory of it is concerned mostly with that mass of refugees that crowded into my place, where they certainly ate and dressed themselves to the queen's taste, leaving me pretty well charited out of house and home. Nobody took anything; they weren't that kind. But Lawn Babcock and I got full of zeal and brotherly love, and insisted on feeding and clothing everybody. We had a great time doing it, too, though I guess that in the end Lawn, who was only clerking, got the most fun out of it. I noticed that the flood made him need a new outfit, too. I wish I'd had the foresight to pitch my old duds into the water and put on a new suit while there was one left to put on. But my hindsight worked as well that time as usual.

The flood took about twelve hours to subside, and during that time the houses on higher ground had to shelter the refugees. I wasn't on very high ground, but I did a lot of sheltering. When the excitement was all over, so was my new and promising business. I was quite ready for the Indian outbreak that came along with an unexpected rush in almost exactly a month after the flood, and with about the same quality of merciless fury. That saved my bacon, and my reputation as a business man and leading citizen, too; for I promptly enlisted to fight the Cheyennes and Arapahoes, and so got a new suit of blue to wear.

PARTNERS

A second anecdote by Frank B. Linderman; a third will appear in the March issue.

I HAD ridden into Demersville (Montana Territory), consisting then of a store owned by Jack Demers and the saloon of Johnnie Foy. The early spring day was stormy. Sleet, driven by a north wind, that iced the grass and stung my face, obliged me to ride with my head bent downward. Near the saloon my horse shied at a canvas-covered bedroll that was sheathed with ice. Leaning against the roll I saw a Winchester, its muzzle up and exposed to the storm.

"Somebody has gone on a spree and forgotten his rifle," I thought, getting down to attend to the gun that might become rusted. There was no ice in the barrel. Throwing a cartridge into its chamber, I fired it. Then after wiping the piece as well as I could on the tail of my buckskin shirt, I shoved the rifle into the bedroll among the blankets. My horse had turned his rump to the storm. When I turned him back to lead him to the store I saw "Black" George staring drunkenly at me from the saloon window. He came to the door.

"How!" he called, coming out into the storm to stand before me, his lower legs encased in tattered "Red River" leggins that had once been very fine ones. He was just under six feet tall with long black hair and beard that were both streaked with gray. His buckskin shirt, almost black with wear, was open far down, exposing his hairy breast. His hat was pulled down over his eyes. I noticed that his knife scabbard held no knife. Later on I learned why.

"Old hand, ain't ye," he sneered, sticking his hands under his cartridge belt flat against his stomach. "Takin' care of my rifle for me! A damned pilgrim takin' care of Black George's rifle!"

But by now I had caught a twinkle in his half-befuddled eyes. "You'd do it for another man," I said.

"How do you know I would?" He smiled; and we were friends.

Black George was a good partner. Little by little I gathered bits of his story, even his real name. He was a gunfighter. On

the other side of the range where he hunted buffalo, he had made a killing or two. In one of these affairs he had used his butcher-knife in deadly fashion.

"I felt her go bump, bump, bump, over every rib the feller had," he told me. Afterward when on a spree Black George never packed his knife. "It ain't a white man's weapon nohow," he said when he told me the story. It was said that Black George had fled from "the other side"—that the hangmen of 1884 had nearly "got" him "over in the basin." And this may be true. The story of the doings in Montana Territory during the year 1884 is a wild one.

Black George was a slave to whiskey. I have known him, in the dead of winter, to snowshoe fifty miles to get drunk. And once after trapping all winter I heard him say to the trader who had bought his furs, "Gimme a sack of salt for a grub-stake, Bill. I'll take the rest out in drinkin' whiskey."

In his cups he was a little disagreeable, apt to be quarrelsome; yet he was always "white" with me. When at last we split the blanket because he wished to go farther north, I asked him to write to me if he found fur plentiful in a country he expected to visit.

"Nope," he told me, "I ain't never wrote no letters, and I ain't goin' to begin with you."

He was a cool-headed man. I shall never forget one night when he was fighting a burley halfbreed, rough and tumble. The fellow was down, and had somehow managed to get Black George's right-hand thumb between his teeth. Men were thick around the pair, so that when they went down I could not see them on the dirt floor of the little saloon. Black George made no sound. I did not know what was happening until it was over. Black George never packed a six-shooter, and I have said never wore a belt-knife while he was drinking. Now, being unable to force the breed's jaws apart, Black George managed to get out his jack-knife. This he was calmly trying to open with his teeth when somebody kicked his

elbow, knocking the jack-knife into the crowd. It was now that I learned what was going on. We soon made the big fellow let go the thumb, which was badly mangled. Nobody in the Northwest had then ever heard of infection. Even the worst wounds got little attention, and yet they nearly always healed quickly. Black George's thumb gave him trouble, however. It refused to heal and kept growing worse, until finally we appealed to the surgeon who was with a detachment of United States Regulars. To show our appreciation for his services we gave him a fat cub bear.

I have said that Black George was cool-headed. He was, and yet I once saw him when he seemed to have suddenly lost his natural calmness. The cats, all of them, generally sulk in a trap. Their eyes, greened with fright, follow every move a trapper makes. Their ears are aback, their mouths open to a hissing growl, and their bodies crouched as though for a leap. Fearsome as they appear in a trap they are nearly always dispatched with a club. One extremely cold day George and I, who had met where our trap-lines crossed each other, came to a trap that held a large lynx, not far from our cabin. "Big feller," said George, striking the animal a sharp blow on the head. "Let's us pack him to the shack where we can skin him out in comfort."

Taking a buckskin thong from his pocket he speedily tied the "near" front paw to the "off" hind paw, and then lifted the animal up so that he might poke his own head through the loop made by the tied legs. The body of the lynx was thus under George's arm against his body, nearly halfway down his side. The head of the beast was in front, so that its tail end was toward me when I fell in behind my partner to go to the cabin. The jostling, upside down, revived the lynx. If its head had been where

its tail was I might have noticed signs of returning life in time to have warned my partner. But as it wasn't, the first I knew George's hat went flying. I can not describe what followed. Both George and the lynx moved too swiftly for any recorder. I know that the lynx bit, spat, clawed, and growled, and that Black George swore strange oaths, all in a whirl of flying snow, before they came apart. "Kill him! Kill the———! What you laughin' at? Want to see a feller gutted? Hell!"

I sobered instantly, and although limp from laughing killed the lynx. Then off I went again into gales of laughter while George, muttering, made a hurried examination of his bloody arm and breast. His buckskin shirt had saved him much, perhaps his life.

The only medicine that Black George packed was turpentine. I used this freely on his wounds at his direction. "I'm sorry I laughed, George," I said, honestly enough, when the cabin began to smell like a paint-shop.

"S'll right, Pardner. I must hev looked right funny fer a spell, I reckon."

"It did; it *did*," I said, remembering the start and the finish, particularly.

"Hell," grunted George, pulling his shirt away from his deeply scratched breast.

I turned away from him, holding my breath against a return of my mirth. George saw this, and somehow it tickled him. He began to laugh, himself; and what a blessing this was to me. We had it out now, each furnishing a new start occasionally by mentioning some incident of the "fight."

"Don't never fool with 'em none," said George at last, very soberly. "Kill 'em plumb dead before ye take 'em out of a trap. Their cussed toe-nails can raise more hell with a man than a sharp butcher-knife."

HISTORICAL SECTION

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

"MY PERSONAL STORY" LIEUT. CHARLES C. DeRUDIO

A Contemporary Account of the Battle of Little Big Horn

EDITED BY CLYDE McLEMORE

NOTE: After stopping the charge of Major Marcus A. Reno's battalion and chasing it across the Little Big Horn on that Sunday, June 25, 1876, the Sioux and their allies rushed to the opposite (northern) end of their village to thwart a threatened attack by Lieutenant Colonel George A. Custer and five other companies of the Seventh Cavalry. It required but thirty minutes for the howling, fast-riding braves under Crazy Horse and Gall to surround and annihilate the 203 men in this group, including Custer. This done, the Indians returned to the attack upon Reno, who had hastily entrenched upon a hill, where the redmen kept him in a state of siege until the afternoon of the following day. Reno's loss was 47 killed and 52 wounded.

Ten days later, and at the earliest opportunity, Lieut. De Rudio, writing to a friend in New York, vividly narrated his personal experiences in the disastrous engagement. His story was published by the New York Herald, and reprinted by the Chicago Times August 2, 1876; but seems to have escaped many of the writers of an already considerable mass of literature upon the important and colorful battle.

Charles Camilus De Rudio, a native of Italy, joined the 79th N. Y. Volunteers, 1864; became 2d Lieutenant, 2d Infantry, 1867; transferred to 7th Cavalry, 1869; 1st Lieutenant, 1875; Captain, 1882; retired by law, 1896.

The De Rudio letter is here reprinted through the courtesy of the New York Sun-Herald Corporation.

CLYDE McLEMORE.

Camp on the North Side of the Yellow Stone river, opposite the Big Horn.

July 5, 1876.

[Name of addressee omitted]:

I had a narrow escape at the battle of the Little Big Horn on the 25th and 26th of June, and I will endeavor to give you my experience in Indian fighting.

At about 10 A. M. on the 25th of June, after having marched all night, Gen. Custer's scouts returned and reported that they had discovered an Indian village about 15 miles distant on the Little Big Horn, and from what they had seen there they supposed the Indians to be retreating before our advance. We continued our march two or three miles further, when a halt was ordered, and Gen. Custer began preparations for attacking the enemy.

He detailed companies H, D, and K, under the command of Col. W. F. Benteen, to take the left of our route with orders, so I hear, to sweep everything in his way. Companies M, A, and G were put under the command of Col. Reno, and, being temporarily attached

to Co. A, I found myself with this division. Gen. Custer took companies E, I, F, L, and C, and occupied the right line of attack. The remaining Co. (B) was left to guard the pack train.

After marching two or three miles our command, the center, was ordered to trot, and to hold the gait until we reached the river, six or seven miles distant. Having reached the river we forded, and on reaching the plain beyond the opposite bank we were ordered into line of battle. Everything being as ordered, we started on a gallop, and for two miles pursued close on the verge of an immense and blinding cloud of dust raised by the madly flying savages ahead of us. The dust cloud was so dense that we could distinguish nothing, so Col. Reno halted the battalion, and, after dismounting, formed a skirmish line, the right flank resting on the edge of a dry thickly wooded creek.

While the horses were being led to shelter in the wood the Indians opened a galling fire upon us, which was immediately responded to, the skirmish continuing for

about half an hour. It was now discovered that on the other side of the creek, in a park-like clearing, there were a few lodges, and the whole line crossed the creek to find the lodges deserted and received by about 200 yelping, yelling redskins. The fire from the numerically superior force necessitated a retreat, which was almost impossible, as we were now surrounded by warriors. When we entered the engagement we were only 100 strong, and the fire of the enemy had made havoc in our little band.

When we were half-way over the creek I, being in the rear, noticed a guidon planted on the side we had left, and returned to take it. When coming through the wood the guidon entangled itself in the branches and slipped out of my hand. I dismounted to pick it up and led my horse up the south bank of the creek. As I was about to mount my horse was struck by a bullet, and becoming frightened, he ran into the Indians leaving me dismounted in the company of about 300 Sioux not more than fifty yards distant.

They poured a whistling volley at me but I was not wounded, and managed to escape to the thicket nearby, where I would have an opportunity at defending myself and selling my life at a good high figure. In the thicket I found Mr. Gerard, the interpreter, a half-breed Indian, and private O'Neill, of Co. C, 7th Cavalry. The first two of the quartette had their horses, while O'Neill, like myself, was dismounted. I told the owners of the horses that the presence of the animals would betray us, suggesting at the same time that they be stampeded. They declined to act on the suggestion, and I left them and crawled through the thick underwood into the deep, dry bottom of the creek where I could not be easily discovered, and from whence I hoped to be able under cover of darkness to steal out and join the command.

I had not been in this hiding place more than ten minutes when I heard several pistol shots, and shortly thereafter came the silvery, but to me diabolical, voices of several squaws. I raised my head with great caution to see what the women were at and to discover their exact location. I found the women at the revolting work of scalping a soldier who was perhaps not yet dead. Two

of the ladies were cutting away while two others performed a sort of a war dance around the body and its mutilators. I will not attempt to describe to you my feelings at witnessing the disgusting performance. You, as the father of a family, can imagine what another father of a family would feel on such a terrible occasion. I confess I thought of my dear wife, my dear children, relations and friends, whom I would probably see no more, and there before my eyes was being performed what, in the event of discovery, would be my fate.

I determined to hope to the last, die as I had lived, and sell my life as dearly as possible. Finally the squaws went away, probably to hunt for more victims, and I employed the time thinking of my perilous position. While thus engaged I heard a crackling noise near me which on investigation I found proceeded from the burning wood, the Indians having ignited a fire. The wood being very dry, the fire burned rapidly and I was forced from my hiding place.

I crawled out of the creek bottom the same way I had approached and, as I was about to ascend the bank I heard a voice calling, "Lieutenant! Lieutenant!" I could see no one but the call was repeated, and, advancing a few yards in the direction from which it proceeded, I found all three of the party I had left a short while before hidden in the bottom of the creek. Mr. Gerard told me he had left the horses tied together where I had seen them, and followed down after me.

I found that the party, like myself, were afraid of the progress of the fire. But fortunately for us the wind subsided and a little rain fell which, thank God, was sufficient to arrest the flames and revive our hopes that we might be able to remain there until night. It was now three P. M. Six more hours to wait, and you may imagine how immensely long we found them. During this time we could hear often and see the Indians around us, and could hear them talk quite near us.

I cannot find words sufficiently expressive to describe my thoughts during those six or seven hours of suspense. Many times I asked myself if it was possible that I should end my life in so barbarous, inglorious and

obscure a manner. Sometimes I would answer myself that it could not be; I had gone through so many dangers, had made so many sacrifices for my adopted country I could not think I should die in such a way. I could not believe I had been preserved so long to end in so unjust and obscure a manner.

Finally the time came when under the protection of the night (it was very cloudy) we were able to come out of our hiding place and take the direction of the ford, which was two miles south, through an open plain. Mr. Gerard and the scout mounted their horses and the soldier and myself took hold each one of a horse's tail and followed them. Mr. Gerard proposed that in case he should be obliged to run and leave us and succeeded in joining the command he would notify Col. Reno, the commander, of my position. During our transit through the open plain we passed many Indians returning to their village and could hear but not see them, as the night was very dark.

We reached the wood near what we took to be the ford we had passed in the morning, but we were mistaken and had to hunt for the crossing. Once we forded the stream but found it was at a bend and that we would have to ford it again. When we recrossed the river we ran full into a band of eight savages. The two mounted men ran for their lives; the soldier and myself jumped into the bushes near us. I cocked my revolver and, in a kneeling position, was ready to fire at the savages if they approached me.

They evidently thought from the precipitate retreat of the two mounted men that all of us had decamped, and began to talk among themselves. In a few minutes, to my surprise, they continued their course and soon went out of hearing. I raised up from my position, approached the bank of the river and called to the soldier, who immediately answered. We then saw that the fords were all well guarded by the savages and that it would be very dangerous to attempt to cross any part of the river.

Of course we did not know the condition of our regiment and knew nothing about the extent of their defeat, so we hoped, if we could find a good hiding place for the night, we could wait for the probable return of our command in the morning, and could

then easily join them. We also hoped that the Indians would leave during the night. Accordingly we searched for a good place in the thick underwood and briars near the river and there waited with much anxiety our fate on the morrow.

The night passed and in the dim dawn of the day we heard an immense tramping as of a large cavalry command and the splashing of the water convinced us some troops were crossing the river. I imagined it was our command, as I could distinctly hear the sound of the horses' shoes striking the stones. I cautiously stepped to the edge of the bushes to look out (I was then no more than three feet from the bank of the river), and I thought I recognized some gray horses mounted by men in military blouses and some of them in white hats. They were, I thought, going out of the valley, and those that had already crossed the river were going up a very steep bluff, while others were crossing after them. I saw one man with a buckskin jacket, pants, top boots, and a white hat and felt quite sure I recognized him as Captain Tom Custer, which convinced me that the cavalry was of our command.

With this conviction I stepped boldly out on the bank and called to Capt. Custer, "Tom, don't leave us here!" The distance was only a few yards away and my call was answered by an infernal yell and a discharge of 300 or 400 shots. I then discovered my mistake and found the savages were clad in clothes and mounted on horses which they had captured from our men. Myself and the soldier jumped into the bushes (the bullets mowing down the branches at every volley) and crawled off to get out of range of the fire. In doing so we moved the top branches of the undergrowth, and the Indians on the top of the bluff fired where they saw the commotion, and thus covered us with their rifles.

We now decided to cross a clearing of about twenty yards and gain another wood, but before doing this I took the precaution to look out. The prospect was terribly discouraging for on our immediate right, not more than fifty yards distant, I saw four or five Indians galloping towards us. Near to me there were two cottonwood stumps

nearly touching each other, and behind this slender barricade myself and the soldier knelt down, he with his carbine and I with my revolver, ready to do for a few of the savages before they could kill us. We determined not to fire until they came so near us we could not miss them, and there we waited. I had given up hope and made up my mind to it that the end had come.

They had not seen us, and when the foremost man was just abreast of me and about ten yards distant I fired. They came in Indian file and at my fire they turned a right about and were making off when Private O'Neill fired his carbine at the second savage, who at that moment was reining his pony to turn him back. The private's eye was true and his carbine trusty, for Mr. Indian dropped the rein, threw up his paws and laid down on the grass to sleep his long sleep. The gentleman I greeted rode a short distance and then did likewise. The rest of the party rode on, turned the corner of the wood and disappeared.

We remained in our position, expecting every moment that a hundred desperate savages would appear at any moment to put an end to us. During all this time the fire from the bluffs continued, but after we had fired our shots it ceased and we retired to the thicket where we awaited our fate, possessed alternately by hope and despair. From our position we could see the Indians in the bluffs, their horses picketed under cover of the hill, and a line of sharpshooters all lying flat on their stomachs. We could hear the battle going on above us on the hills, the continued rattle of musketry, the cheering of our command and the shouting of the savages. Our hopes revived when we heard the familiar cheers of our comrades, but despondency followed fast for we discovered that our wood was on fire.

The sharp crackling of the burning timber approached nearer and nearer with awful rapidity, and we had to shift our position. We crawled almost to the edge of the wood, when we discovered that the fiends had fired both sides. We moved around until we found a thick cluster of what they call bullberry trees, under which we crept. The grass on the edge of this place was very green, and as it had been raining a little before and

there was no wind, when the fire approached our hiding place it ran very slowly so that I was able to smother it with my gauntlet gloves. The fire consumed all the underwood around us and was almost expended by this time. There we were in a little oasis, surrounded by fire but comparatively safe from the element and with the advantage of seeing almost everything around us without being seen. We could see savages going backward and forward, and one standing on picket not more than seventy or eighty yards from us, evidently put there to watch the progress of the fire.

At about four P. M. this picket fired four pistol shots in the air at regular intervals from each other, which I interpreted as a signal of some kind. Soon after this fire we heard the powerful voice of a savage crying out, making the same sound four times, and after these signals we saw 200 or more savages leave the bluffs and ford the river, evidently leaving the ground. About an hour after the same double signals were again repeated, and many mounted Indians left at a gallop. Soon the remainder of those left on the bluffs also retired.

Hope now revived, the musketry rattle ceased, and only now and then we could hear a far-off shot. By six o'clock everything around us was apparently quiet, and no evidence or signs of any Indians were near us. We supposed the regiment had left the field, and all that remained for us to do was to wait for the night and then pass the river and take route for the Yellow Stone river and there construct a raft and descend to the mouth of Powder river, our supply camp. Of course, during the thirty-six hours that we were in suspense we had neither water nor food.

At ten o'clock P. M. we dropped ourselves into the river, the water reaching our waists, crossed it twice and then carefully crawled up the bluffs and finally reached the broken high country, took our direction and slowly and cautiously proceeded southward. After marching two miles I thought I would go up on a very high bluff to look around and see if we could discover any signs of our command, and in looking around I saw a fire on my left, and in the direction where we supposed the command was fighting dur-

ing the day, probably two miles from us. Of course, we made two conjectures on this fire—it might be an Indian fire and it might be our command. The only way to ascertain was to approach cautiously and trust to chance.

Accordingly we descended the hill and took the direction of the fire, climbing another and another hill; we listened awhile and then proceeded on for another mile or more; when on the top of a hill we again stopped and listened. We could hear voices, but not distinctly enough to tell whether they were savages or our command. We proceeded a little further and heard the bray of a mule, and soon after the distant voice of a sentry challenging with the familiar words, "Halt! Who goes there?" The challenge was not addressed to us as we were too far off to be seen by the picket and it was too dark, but this gave us courage to continue our course and approach, though carefully, lest we should run into some Indians again.

We were about 20 yards from the fire and I resolved to call out to the picket and tell him who I was. I told my companion to be ready to follow after me, and when I had well surveyed the ground I cried out, "Picket, don't fire; it is Lieutenant De Rudio and Private O'Neill," and started to run. We received an answer in a loud cheer from all the members of the picket and Lieutenant Varnum. This officer, one of our bravest and most efficient, came at once to me and was very happy to see me again after having counted me among the dead, and by his joy affected me so much that I entirely forgot the adventures of the thirty-six hours just past, and was happy to be once more in the company of my brave comrade.

My first question was about the condition of the regiment. I was in hopes that we

were the only sufferers, but I was not long allowed to remain in doubt. Lieutenant Varnum said he knew nothing of the five companies under Custer, and that our command had sustained a loss in Lieutenants McIntosh and Hodgson. My dear friend Varnum now procured me some coffee and hard bread, but I was so happy and excited over my escape that I could eat nothing, but drank the coffee. It was about two A. M. when I got into camp, and I soon after tried to go to sleep; but though I had not slept for two nights I could not close my eyes. I talked with Lieutenant Varnum about the battle, narrated to him adventures and narrow escapes I had had. Morning soon came, and I went to see the officers and told them that the Indians had left, and I supposed there would not be any attack made by them that morning.

There, my dear friend, you have my personal story of the great fight, and the rest you will learn from the newspapers.

At three o'clock we saw cavalry approaching, first a few scouts and then a dense column, and soon learned it was Gen. Brisbin's command coming up to our relief. Presently a long line of infantry appeared on the plain and Gen. Gibbon came up. Ah! Who that was there will ever forget how our hearts thrilled at the sight of those blue coats, and when Gen. Gibbon and Terry rode into our camp men wept like children.

Yours truly,

Charles C. De Rudio.

P. S. I should do injustice to my feelings if I should omit to mention the fidelity and bravery of Private O'Neill. He faithfully obeyed me and stood by me like a brother. I shall never cease to remember him and his services to me during our dangerous companionship. This brave soldier is highly thought of by his company commander and, of course, ever will be by me and mine.

THE TRIP TO CALIFORNIA

An Explanatory Notice of the Panorama

Presented for the first time to the public, at the theatre des Varietes [Paris] August 8, 1850

NOTE: The search abroad for materials on the California gold rush unearths numerous curiosities, one of which is the appended document: *Le voyage en Californie, presente pour la premiere fois au public sur le theatre des Varietes le 8 aout* (Paris, 1850).

A survey of the one hundred and more books published in Europe in seven languages on the gold rush raises the question of the source material at hand in 1849 for these "authors." As in the case of this *Le Voyage*, Fremont's reports (*A Report on an Exploration*, Washington, 1843, *Report of the Exploring Expedition*, Washington, 1845; *Geographical Memoir*, Washington 1848) were used most extensively although no translations existed at the time. Sometimes this indebtedness to Fremont is acknowledged, as in the case of G. Blok's Russian book, *A Short Geographic and Statistic* (St. Petersburg and Moscow, 1850); sometimes it is not, as in *Opis Kalifornii* (Cracow, 1850). Unquestionably Fremont can be credited with great influence on prospective Forty-Niners.

Of foreign printed books Duflet de Mofras' *Exploration de l'Oregon, des Californies* . . . (Paris, 1844) was more extensive and complete than any other, Forbes' work being, in Bancroft's opinion, the only one of the day comparable to it. The relative importance of other European authors on California, or the Pacific, whose works appeared in time to be used by the score of guide-book artists in 1849 cannot be estimated. As a list of such works has never been compiled, leading items in it may be of interest. F. A. Wislizenus' *Memoir of a Tour* (Washington, 1848) and his classic *Ein Ausflug nach den Felsen-Gebirgen in Jahre 1839* (Weber, 1840) would rank as important for overland travel. B. Schmolder's *Neuer praktischer Wegfuehrer fur Auswanderer nach Nord-Amerika in drei Abtheilungen mit Karten, Planen und Ansichten* (Mainz, 1848) was written to boost the Sutter-Schmolder colonization scheme which the gold rush killed. But the book described precisely the region made famous by Marshall's discovery. Numerous "guides" (notably the *Emigrant's Guide*, published in London in 1849 by P. Richardson) consisted of Schmolder's pages with slight changes except omissions. Other guides were translations of extracts from W. H. Emory's well-known *Notes of a Military Reconnaissance* (Washington, 1848). Next to Fremont, Emory was probably the most used American source.

Bourlez' translations of Father De Smet's *Oregon Missions* (New York, 1847, Paris, 1848) gave information on plains travel and experiences; as did Father Blanchett's *Memoirs* (Paris, 1847). George Wilkes, *An Account and History of Oregon* (London, 1846) gave the international and statistical story of North Pacific explorations and settlements. Victor Tixier's *Voyage Aux Prairies* was published in Paris in 1844, giving the plains experiences of hunter, Maximilian's noted *Reise in das Innere Nord-Amerika* (Coblenz, 1839) was doubtless the most famous German publication of the day relating to the American Far West, after Wislizenus; but Paul Wilhelm's *Erst Reise nach dem nordlichen Amerika* (Stuttgart, 1835) is to be noted.

The source material for the paintings in the Cyclorama described below piques one's curiosity. But artists who could so elaborately illustrate Chateaubriand's American experiences (if not Charlevoix's, his beau ideal) could be depended upon to depict Fremont's with the aid of the illustrations accompanying the latter's reports. A. J. Lindsay's drawings of 1849, accompanying the Osborne Cross Report, the first approximating accuracy of scenes along the Oregon Trail, were probably not available in Paris in August, 1850, although that was possible.

DOROTHY P. HULBERT.

[TRANSLATION]

THE panorama, whose magic tableau the theatre des Varietes has unfolded, is an imposing spectacle, quite different from the works of this type and one which art glorifies in proclaiming as one of the most admirable conceptions of our period. It is the reproduction of the trip accomplished by the man who, the first in our century, set out upon the conquest of gold, and was able, after a fashion, to discover California. This man, of French origin, is Colonel Fremont.

A love of travel, spurred on by a passion for study, urged him towards places unexplored up to that time. In 1842 Fremont obtained from his government the permission to make his first expedition into the Rocky Mountains.

The suffering that he endured and the dangers that he ran during this expedition did not weary his courage.

Swimming across swift and deep rivers, scaling snow-capped mountains, sleeping on the damp or frozen ground, eating nothing or having only unwholesome meat for his nourishment, not drinking or having to quench his thirst with impure water, defending his life already exhausted against hordes of Indians, Fremont covered in this way a distance of more than 32,000 kilometers.

We shall not follow Col. Fremont, who is today a Senator of the United States, in all the phases of his existence so variously and so gloriously picturesque. It is sufficient for us to have pointed out to the attention of our compatriots the name of an illustrious traveler, a worthy man, who belongs to France through his paternal ancestors. We trust that our tableau may give to this name all the popularity of which it is worthy.

THE FIRST DEPARTURE OF THE TRAIN

Our traveler goes up the Missouri in a

steamboat: Huge trees, various debris of submerged islands, thrust their great branches above the waters of the river and make the navigation of it perilous.

Having reached St. Louis, Col. Fremont makes ready to cross the prairies. His little caravan is made up of twenty-one individuals; some creoles; others Canadians, men and women, employed in the service of the fur trading companies of the Indian country.

The Colonel and all his band ascend the Kansas River. Different points of view of this same river pass successively before the eyes of the spectator.

The river with the big trees. This river is still the Kansas. The trees have gigantic proportions.

Indians hunting buffalo. This is one of the most impressive scenes of these vast solitudes.

The prairies on fire. This spectacle is one of the most sublime which is presented by nature in the savage life. A light flame appears suddenly upon the surface of the soil, it rises, falls back, wavers, and seems to be extinguished.

The valley of desolation. The title and sight of this tableau relieve us of all need for commentary. Horror has beauty which cannot be explained.

The Rocky Mountains. The painter shows them here under the aspect which they were presented to the eyes of Fremont for the first time.

The Hole of Gaskeus [Goshen]. The passage of this hole is one mile in length, and the sides have the appearance of a fortification.

THE SECOND DEPARTURE OF THE TRAIN

The Chimney Rock. It owes its name to its form. It is an isolated peak on the north fork of the Platte. It is about 200 feet high.

Fort Laramie. This is a quadrangular building built of clay after the style of the Mexicans.

Independence Rock.

Horses pursued by wolves.

The Devil's Door. It is five miles from Independence Rock. [Devil's Gate].

A battle of Indians.

The southern pass.

The river and mountains of wind.*

*This perpetuates the error that Wind River was so named because of the wind whereas it was so named by the Indians because of the sound of its waters.

Fremont Peak.—At the summit of this peak, on a crest three feet long, Col. Fremont examined his barometer, without considering the fact that, from that point, the slightest breath of wind might hurl him into the abyss. It was on this peak that he planted, for the first time, the national flag of the United States.

The valley of Bear river.

The great salt lake.

The American water fall into Snake river.—On the horizon of this tableau, the painter shows us three peaks, three points of mountains which Fremont saw almost continuously in his journey. The number three is a lucky number, as cabalists say; and a traveler more superstitious than Fremont would have regarded as a sign of good omen these three mountains, which seemed to follow him and to point out to him the road to California.

The boiling springs.

Pyramid Lake.

The Sierra-Nevada.—Here, on the point of crossing the greatest and the most terrible obstacles which separated him still from California, Fremont wishes to have himself accompanied and guided by Indians who refuse to share his dangers.

The mountains of ice.—The cold is so keen, the abyss is so deep, the despair so great, that most of Fremont's companions become crazed by them. He is the first to escape the cold, the abyss, and madness, and soon, having reached the summit of these mountains, he starts on his descent down their slope with rapid step and finds himself at last on the *rio de los Americanos* which, two miles below, mingles its waters in the auriferous springs of Sacramento. Fremont is in California! Presently we are going to enter California, but without him.

THE THIRD AND LAST DEPARTURE OF THE TRAIN

The Bay of San-Francisco.—A part of the city of San-Francisco.—One sees there more tents than houses.

The port of San-Francisco.—The entrance of this port is between two rocks and along the strait which is two miles long and five miles wide, flanked by the magnificent

Continued on page 168

BOOK SHELF

Under the Editorship of Pat V. Morrisette

Life in the United States. Scribner's. 1933. \$2.50.

The twenty-seven narratives collected in *Life in the United States* are the result of a prize offered by Scribner's Magazine for the best article representing a first-hand experience or observation of life in the United States. Obviously, it requires far less ability to observe and report the details of experience as a personal, pictorial adventure, than to evaluate them. It is not, therefore, surprising to find that many of the selections fail to relate the personal elements of experience to the broader philosophical implications of any profound cultural survey. The finest of these more narrowly autobiographical contributions is "Hills of Home" by Mary Hesse Hartwick, which won second prize. Written with quiet power, it records vividly the progress toward material comfort of two Montana homesteaders of 1918. On the other hand, the cultural implications latent in the fact that pioneer conditions were even then an anachronism in the American scene are, throughout the selection, incidental to the personal note. "The Jersey Devil Came" misses a fine opportunity to rise above the self-pity of sentimental autobiography, and show how the fortunes of a particular glass-blower in a growing machine-age gave intimations of our present economic chaos. One contribution, "To the Lifeboats," although competently written, is so untypical that it seems entirely out of place in the volume.

There are, however, notable exceptions to the general emphasis upon reporting the surfaces of experience. "Florida Interlude" attempts to antagonize the commercial brutality of that distinctly American phenomenon, a real estate boom. "Oklahoma Race Riot," which won first prize, points its ironic detachment to fierce insinuations by an insistent apology that "No one really knew what to do about such things." But it is Meridel LeSueur who is most significantly aware of philosophical and social values underlying her experience. For this reason, "Corn Village" is, in spite of structural defects, one of the literary highlights of the volume. Its portrayal of Kansas stands in favorable contrast to the adolescent and trite emotion of Maureen McKernan's patriotic answer, "In Defense of Kansas."

As a documentary record of life in the United States, the collection has one shortcoming. The South is abundantly represented; the East and West quite imperfectly.

Nevertheless, in the deepest sense, the fault is more apparent than real, for the volume, as it is, offers much in the way of epitomizing basic trends in our present cultural *status quo*. The strongest single impression left upon the mind is the spectacle of an old order in decay; the encroaching seriousness of the race problem; the lack of any cultural solidarity; and the intimations of an economic cataclysm now imminent. Margaret Trusler

Seeds of Earth. Eleanor Allen. Metropolitan Press. 1933. \$1.00.

With these poems Miss Allen will certainly receive recognition for an undeniable lyrical gift, and establish her position among the better known poets of the Portland group. She proves herself capable of a rich and various music that reveals a felicitous handling of the forms throughout. One might not ask a purer or more individual lyric note than that shown, for instance, in "Water Laid a Spell on Him."

Certainly, one would not quarrel with the best that Miss Allen has shown herself capable of thus far. But I fail to understand why the Portland group (and Miss Allen in this instance), who did so much in its very early origin and national recognition to foster regionalism and a new spirit in American literature, should continue, at this late date, to chase each respective member about in the traditional Swinburnian and Tennysonian circles. That which began earlier than most other regional groups with the distinctly bass murmur of a new voice is discovered today as a not unpleasant but somewhat indistinct tinkling of uncertain voices no longer indigenous. The announcement reads that Miss Allen's book is "A Collection of Unusual Poems warm with the smell of the rich earth;" I suggest that it is either too general a slice or the wrong earth altogether.

Naturally this implies no criticism of Miss Allen nor of any individual. But for organization within the interests of a truly significant sectional literature a firm personality or a tangible tradition is needed. Perhaps Miss Allen may become that personality; there is certainly no dearth of tradition.

Typographically the book leaves little to be desired with the exception of an annoying and utterly unnecessary practice of breaking the continuity of stanzas with artificial divisions. Ben Hur Lampman supplies a foreword.

J. J. Gross

Riding the High Country. Tommy Tucker, as told to Grace Stone Coates. Caxton Printers. 1933. \$2.50.

This book succeeds admirably in doing three things: it gives a vivid picture of Montana's great artist, Charlie Russell, while still a cowboy; it furnishes a valuable source for the history of cowboy life, and it makes a thrilling narrative of wild west adventure. Such a rare achievement seems due to the inherent interest in the events described, to the frank recital of Tucker, and to the artistic instinct of Mrs. Coates.

Readers interested in the personality and character of Russell as a young cowboy will find in this book a most intimate and convincing description of him. They will learn of his ambitions and enthusiasms and see the background of the artist.

Readers interested in social history will learn from this book more of cowboy life than they could get from elaborate studies of the subject. In this story Russell is only one of many cowboys, and partook of their prejudices, and was in accord with their moral and mental outlook.

Finally the story is told with such a spirit and dash, that readers, indifferent to the artist and to social history, will find it thrilling as a story. It ranks high as an example of western literature.

Paul C. Phillips

Ee-Dah-How. Tracy Coker. Caxton Printers. 1933. \$2.50.

Ee-dah-how (Idaho), which means "The Sun is on the Mountain," is a tribute of affection to a state. Beneath the story of the beautiful—and perhaps legendary—Shoshoni girl for whom the state is named, and the iron-handed pioneer, Jim Hawk; of their wanderings, their tribulations, their devotion, lies a substratum of information as to the history and geography of the section involved that will interest residents of the region and of neighbor states; perhaps people farther away. Whether or not the universal emerges sufficiently from the local in the book, the surface flow of narrative within it, the evocation of character represented by the two main personages who rise from a press of minor beings, will no doubt carry the casual reader through its pages, told in naive, almost florid style. Indeed, from the Old Man's Story, it is these two dominant figures: Ee-dah-how, the French-Indian woman, and her resourceful mate, Jim Hawk, who survive. Symbolic though they may be, who can doubt, looking about this northwest, that the primitive, the rich, the wild, has not here sacrificed itself, inevitably, as in the tale before us, to the stern grasp of the settler who loved that same wildness?

Alice Henson Ernst

Poems. 1930-1933. Benjamin Musser. Caxton Printers. \$2.00. 1933.

Musser has been so active among minor poets and has appeared in so many secondary newspapers and magazines that this reviewer hesitated even to read this volume. There is so much to hate today in the very wealth of minor poetry that a glance at a book, with its multitude of short poems, palls. I am glad, however, to drop my prejudices. During the past three years there has developed in America and in England a definite minor, but significant, trend toward metaphysical verse. This trend will perhaps remain a mere obligato singing against a bolder song. The present volume contains verse equal in music and in fancy to any of the modern metaphysical school. It reflects much of the technique and the religious temper of the seventeenth century writers, and abounds in the same manner of conceit. While most of the modern metaphysical poets have adopted an obscure and almost impossible technique, Musser clings to the accepted forms, and achieves an older clarity:

*The gate of silence for a moment swung,
The door of darkness for an instant blazed,
And we, a blinding, singing moment hung
Between this earth and heaven, and were
dazed.*

The World, the Flesh and the Holy Ghosts. Howard and Geraldine Wolf. Caxton Printers. \$1.50. 1933.

Not since the Sitwells and Aldous Huxley got together to produce the oddity of *Wheels* has there been such careless and eccentric rapture as may be found in this odd volume. In spirit it belongs to the twenties, in thought it is haphazard and eclectic, in form it is inconsistent in a wilful and puckish manner, in delight it is equal to any of those thin volumes which the esoteric admire. Despite the slight affectation of the introduction, the unevenness of the volume, the poetry has flavor and individuality.

The Hash Knife Outfit. Zane Grey. Harpers. \$2.00. 1933.

The time is here when we must evaluate the myths, legends, facts and fictions of the Old West. Zane Grey is no unimportant figure when the Romance of the West is summed up, not because he has skillfully or truthfully interpreted the country of which he writes, but because he has actually shaped an imaginative one of his own and used the background of fact, and a backdrop of what the vacation pamphlets call the "scenic wonders" of the country. Those things in his novels which his readers value the most are perhaps the weakest things he has: the formula plot, the type character, the swift shallowness of the action. Yet he is still the Walter Scott of our borderland, minus Scott's power and understanding. As for the con-

tents of the present novel, it is much the same as the others: there is a feud between cattle outfits.

From an Ozark Holler. Vance Randolph. Vanguard. 1933. \$2.50.

The evident purpose of the new regionalism is the re-discovery of America in its many aspects, to uncover once more the epic of its existence which has been too long buried in the sterile atmosphere of metropolitan garrets. The freedom of the countryside, the feeling for fresh forms, the knowledge of peoples, are all contained in Vance Randolph's latest book on the Ozarks. It is his third on the same locale, and he is widening his range, his variety. Man is his chief study, and like many who consider the subject, he has an obvious tendency toward cynicism to underline his narratives which are all comments on human nature. There is a slight tinge of the influence of Faulkner in this work, yet both Faulkner and Randolph, in so far as they are both sketching in the details of the modern America, are regionalists.

Old San Francisco. Volume I. **Blue for True Love.** Volume II. **Fire!** Volume III. **Curtain.** Volume IV. **Tell your Fortune.** Ruth Comfort Mitchell. D. Appleton-Century Company. 1933. \$5.00.

That reluctance with which the metropolitan centers have looked upon regionalism is fast melting in fact, if not in theory, in the tide of the many books now being offered antheming the pride of place. Is it not true that there is nothing in Philadelphia of which the Philadelphians are more fond than old Philadelphia? More books sampling the flavor and the individuality of cities have lately been published than in any previous time. These four titles are all in one sequence giving a romantic picture of the old San Francisco. The first book concerns the forties and each succeeding title carries the narrative one decade forward. The historical perspective gives to the four volumes its epic sweep, but the art is not of the epic mood and strives not for grandeur. Each story is plainly of the fabric of fiction, yet fiction which has borrowed one aspect of truth: old San Francisco. People who love San Francisco will want these books. The four volumes are gayly covered in jackets and contained in a box of attractive colors.

Pat V. Morrisette

Five Fur Traders of the Northwest. Edited by Charles M. Gates. Introduction by Grace Lee Nute. Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press. 1933.

This is a collection of source materials dealing with one segment of the far-flung industry that modified primitive conditions among the Indian tribes of North America, built fortunes and great monopolies, and in

one instance plunged nations into war. The word Northwest, used in the title, refers to the region between Lake Michigan and the Red River of the North. The periods covered are roughly from 1773 to 1775 and 1793 to 1805.

With the exception of a brief introduction, the book is occupied with five documents. The first is the delightfully illiterate narrative of Peter Pond, explorer, independent trader, map-maker, and influential figure among the leaders of the fur trade in the North. Following this are the diaries of John Macdonell, Archibald N. McLeod, Hugh Faries, and Thomas Connor. Peter Pond's narrative has been previously published. The four diaries are here printed for the first time. Archibald McLeod was a *bourgeois*, or partner, in the Northwest Company; while the other three diarists were clerks of varying degrees of prominence. Despite the rather monotonous and matter-of-fact style of these documents, the reader gains a vivid picture of life at the early fur trading posts: details of the manner in which the trade was carried on, glimpses of the personnel problems of the persons in charge of these posts, items concerning the routine of living. Especially interesting is the way in which white men and Indians are here revealed meeting each other on a level of substantial equality not exhibited later in contacts between settlers and red men.

The documents are carefully edited and supplied with illuminating and explanatory footnotes. Three maps add greatly to the usefulness of the diaries. The book is attractive in typography and binding. Altogether, the volume is a worthwhile addition to the literature dealing with the fur trader's frontier.

Dan E. Clark

The Explorers of North America, 1492 to 1806. John Bartley Brebner. Macmillan. 1933.

This book, written in a very readable style, purports to give a broad survey of the history of the exploration of the North American continent and succeeds, in the opinion of the reviewer, admirably in placing before the reader an entertaining panorama of the vast field of North American exploration. The book does not pretend to be an exhaustive scientific treatment of the subject.

Each chapter has an excellent, though not exhaustive bibliography, and the four black and white outline maps are quite adequate for the purpose of the book. Since the maps are executed entirely in black and white it is a little confusing sometimes to follow out all of the different routes of travel, but for the most part, the lettering is clear enough, so that one has no especial difficulty in following the various explorers across country.

An especial feature of this book is the well deserved space devoted to such explorers as McKenzie, Ledyard, Hearne and the two Vendrayes. Everyone is familiar with the names of Cortez, DeSoto, Frobisher, Lewis and Clark, but not so conversant with the names given above; and it can be easily seen from Professor Brebner's account that these men have contributed very considerably to the world's knowledge of the vast expanse of North America. I think those who have not been familiar with the work of these men, on reading about them here, are very greatly surprised at the magnitude of their efforts and the severity of the hardships they underwent.

The reviewer was somewhat disappointed in the seemingly inadequate attention given exploration along the Pacific Coast. The very considerable Russian undertakings in Alaska were given only passing mention, and the name of the capital of the Russian influence in North America, Sitka, is not even in the index, and as far as the reader has observed, nowhere in the text. Perhaps this part was minimized in view of the fact that another scholar has in preparation a book entitled *The Exploration of the Pacific*. However, many pages were devoted to explorations in California, which of course were more glamorous and are better known to the world at large. It should be expected that in a future edition of this book the work of the Russians in Alaska and that of the Spaniards who went north of California might receive more attention.

One is struck, in reading this book, with the great contrast between explorations in the northern part of the continent and those in the southern. This seems to have been determined largely by the fact that in the South there was silver and gold to lure the Spaniards on, but relatively little of these metals in the North. There was scarcely any demand for copper, iron and coal in the early days of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries, and so the explorers in the northern part had to be content with fish and furs.

Another striking difference is the lack of emphasis placed upon the winning of souls by the explorers in the northern part of the continent, excepting of course the work of the French Jesuits around the Great Lakes, as compared with the Spanish efforts in the South; or was this matter of winning souls of such great importance, or merely a camouflage which the Spaniards used to cover up their real motives? This is a point upon which the reviewer would not care to pass judgment.

A striking feature about all this exploration in North America is the great part played by the desire to find a short cut to

Cathay. It seems that the early explorers were always wandering and wallowing about in the forests and swamps of North America looking for a way through to the promised lands of China and India, and were not aware, many of them, of the tremendously rich continent that they were opening up to the world—a continent which today, in the view of many people, far transcends in wealth and importance for Mankind either China or India, or all of Asia for that matter.

Of course there have been many treatises on exploration in North America, but these have been regional in scope, and in this book we have for the first time, in the writer's knowledge, a fairly comprehensive general survey of the entire field.

Warren D. Smith

The Trusty Knaves. Eugene Manlove Rhodes. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$2.00.

Mr. Rhodes has written of people who were undoubtedly real because he identifies them in a verbose foreword wherein he compares their blunt but honor-ridden characters to those of two cats he once possessed. The foreword predetermines the tone of stately whimsicality which hovers about the story.

Although the author has written with honesty and conviction, the habit of depending upon conversation to carry most of the action dulls imagery and retards the progress of a plot that depends upon speed and local color for strength. Individuality in the characters is submerged in a stylized theme of crooked bankers and honest cowboys that contributes little to the literature of the early West.

Coyote Stories. Mourning Dove and Guie. Caxton Printers. \$1.50.

A collection of Indian legends, *Coyote Stories* is written with a simplicity and charm that sharpens the sly humour of the tales and makes them easily read by (or to) the youngest generation. Students of folklore will find in them interesting comparisons and an authenticity, not only in their telling, but also in the very adequate footnotes by L. V. McWhorter that make them a distinct addition to American regional literature.

The book is attractively composed with a series of charming illustrations by H. D. Guie. The illustrator deserves credit, also, for his faithful recounting of these stories as Mourning Dove, an Indian princess, has told them to him.

Thunder Shield. Frederic F. Van de Water. Bobbs-Merrill. \$2.00.

Dealing with the life of a white boy reared in a Cheyenne village as a chief's son, the plot of this novel is most concerned with

the youth and early manhood of Hiram Shaw, re-christened Badger Heart. It weaves skillfully through first Indian battles, courtship, recurring contact with the whites—contacts that dishearten, stirring strange memories and old hates. Finally there is an attempt at white discipline that ends in hopeless, disillusioning failure. Hirma Shaw becomes a man with a country, but with no countrymen. He is a fugitive from the white's parody of justice and an outcast with his foster-people. Ultimately his destiny is fulfilled and he dies in battle, bearing once more his Thunder Shield.

There is in the narrative the inevitability of tragedy told with some of the panoramic scope of the saga. Events justify prediction, but they do not appear manipulated.

More important, however, than the tightly constructed plot is the atmosphere of intimacy that hovers about places and names. Custer and his Last Stand, Sitting Bull, Reno, the Battle of Sand Creek, life in early Denver—all these things and people are characterized so vividly as to assume the air of reality more sacred to fiction than to fact. It is immediately apparent that there has been painstaking research and that Mr. Van de Water cherishes an affection for accuracy, yet his material is not forced into prominence. It forms an effective background for the story of Hiram Shaw that elevates it to the dignity of a story of the West.

The Three Mustangs. Will James. New York. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1933. \$2.75.

There is a quality in the writing of Will James that many of the modern writers of America would do well to imitate. This is his startlingly direct, rapidly moving, almost bald (it is so stripped of all digressions both descriptive and pseudo-philosophic) narrative style. In his colloquial, colorful style, permeated with the sounds and actions of the West, James has written another document in the depiction of the West, not as Zane Grey would have it, but as it really is.

In his dealing with characters James realizes one of the great truths of character writing; namely, that real and living characters are mixtures of good and bad, and in the humanness of that mingling lies their verisimilitude. His characters live as real human beings "raised in outlaw country, amongst outlaw men, and they grewed with that as natural as a hawk grows with wings."

While James' style and substance are realistic his manner of dealing with his substance (if this distinction is possible) is romantic. That is, his language is the real, authentic language of the West, and his material is such as he has seen and lived as actuality in the West, but he is entirely romantic in his circumstances and in the fine manner in which his characters are able

to defeat and baffle their environment and their enemies.

No work by James can be passed over without praising the many and fascinating drawings with which he illustrates his texts. Suffice it to say that this book is full of illustrations as fine as any he has ever done.

But it is as a fascinating and highly entertaining story of the color and life of the cattle raising region of the West that this book is of the most value. It is, then, a definite contribution (as are all of James' writings) to Western Regionalism.

Jack Dunbar

The Traipsin' Woman. Jean Thomas. E. P. Dutton & Co. 1933. 227 pp.

Of all the pioneers of America, the Southern Mountain People, who have in their isolation retained the speech and customs of their English ancestors, are the least known, so that any book dealing with them is of interest. Kinship and affection enabled the author of *The Traipsin' Woman*, the autobiography of a court stenographer in the Kentucky Mountains, to become intimate with the Mountaineers, who are so wary of "furriners from the level land." Through her position she saw the most dramatic side of their lives, and it is interesting to notice the contrast between Law and Mountain Justice—the latter often seems to have the truer sense of right and wrong.

Apparently Miss Thomas had always a notebook in which she jotted down the Mountain conversations, anything from the ordinary kitchen talk to the old English ballads. These conversations constitute the greater part of the book. This is fortunate, because the author's prose is composed largely of trite phrases. And it is shocking to find such expressions as "it thrilled me to the depth of my heart" interposed between lines of living Mountain dialect.

To show her love for the Mountaineers, Miss Thomas taught them to read and write. But I wonder if she ever considered that by doing so and that by the movies in which she had a part as script girl, she would turn this distinctive race into ordinary Americans as easily as "the singin' gatherin'" became the "song festival."

Jehanne Williamson

There's Always Another Year. Martha Ostenso. Dodd, Mead. 1933. \$2.

Martha Ostenso came into public notice with *Wild Geese*, a grimly realistic picture of a farm and its owner. The contrast between that first novel and the present one is striking. In this latest story there is an idyllic strain, a romantic note that is owing not only to the love story but also to the setting of the soil. Silver Grenoble, daughter of a wandering gambler, returns at her father's death to the family farm in the

Dakotas, and finds there, despite hardship and small community gossip, an abiding strength and peace.

The background of the Dakota landscape is treated with full recognition of its power to discourage and thwart man. This note is caught at the start when the author describes the wind moving over the prairies as if it and the earth waited sullenly to wrest from man all that he had taken with such heart-breaking toil. Here Miss Ostenso is realistic.

But there is, too, that which puts her in line with the contemporary fictional current toward the soil. *South Moon Under* with its fine picture of Florida life, *As the Earth Turns*, laid in New England, are worthy expressions of that swing, as *State Fair* and *Stranger's Return* were its more popular expression. To say that *There's Always Another Year* bears certain superficial resemblances to *Stranger's Return* is only to admit that it is not quite in the class of the first two novels cited above. The book shows some signs of hasty composition, but it makes somewhat sterner demands on its characters than Mr. Stong's almost too idyllic picture.

Something has happened to the realistic pictures of the farm that began away back with Hamil Garland and Homer Croy. Is it that the realistic generation grows weary of the pavement and admits a growing nostalgia for the old haunts once abandoned with such bitterness? Certainly the question is fair in the case of Martha Ostenso, for something, a good deal, of the old bitterness is gone, even while the hardships are admitted. The farm is once more able to yield romance. Finest, I think, of these reminiscent veins is Louis Bromfield's *The Farm*. That is history and artistry where Miss Ostenso's book is at best a good story and a well-woven romantic plot.

Wilson O. Clough

Colonial Tales in Verse. Ada Borden Stevens. Torch Press. 1933.

The writer undertakes four difficult tasks: the telling of tales in sonnets, in triolets, in septets, and in the ballade form, and succeeds in giving graceful expression and active depiction. The verse is more than a *tour de force*.

H. G. Merriam

Homecoming: An Autobiography. Floyd Dell. Farrar and Rinehart. 1933. \$3.00.

In all literature there is nothing so monstrously false as autobiography which is not autobiography at all. When a person approaches the story of his life, it seems that he must lose himself in evasions or self-pity. Or if he doesn't do that then he must venture forth in bravado that rebukes or repudiates nearly everything that he says. Of the latter, Harry Kemp's two volumes stand as excellent examples. Of the former our libraries are full. Not even Theodore Dreiser,

it would seem, can strip his coat off and get down to the elemental truths about himself. He, like many before him, gets lost in a vast and melancholy self-pity, broods over trivial incidents, and allows the real meanings to slip through his hands. And so there emerges from practically all our personal narratives, not a human being, clear and stark in self-revelation, but an adolescent grotesque buried under roses thrown on marble stairs.

Not that Mr. Dell deliberately set out to glorify himself. He did not, I think, and for that we can be grateful. What he intended, apparently, was the truth about himself; and in that he has almost completely failed. Perhaps we had no right to expect more than he has given us—and all that he has given us is devastatingly summarized on the dust-cover. Here is a book, indeed, which defers to the "decencies of civilized life"—and to precisely those decencies which now have all of us by the throat. His book is "a surprising feat of good taste" and its "delicate matters" are most undeniably handled with "a noteworthy decorum." Most of them, of course, are not handled at all. We may, nevertheless, concede everything that the friend of author and publisher has declared. But good taste and decorum—and how long must we live and agonize before we admit this simple truth?—has always been truth's most implacable enemy. Decorum is nothing much but our eagerness to ignore every fact about ourselves which does not flatter our vanity and minister to our self-esteem. And it is not only in language that we have become euphemistic. It is not only that we have made unclean things of a great many clean words. It is also—and more importantly—that we have become so maiden-minded in our emotions and in our thoughts that we refuse to look frankly at ourselves or at our problems. No wonder that our literature and our social philosophy are emasculated. As long as we live in the monastic indecency of good taste and decorum, we can have nothing else.

We could reasonably, I think, have expected much from Mr. Dell that he has not given us. His life has been a rich pilgrimage and he has explored on many fronts. He has been extremely sensitive and alert. And he has, by his own admission, fought his way out of the nasty morass of a puritanic training and has integrated the conflicting elements of his personality. But he has given us none of all that. How and by what prolonged and patient self-searching he came into vigorous use of his manhood he does not even hint at. And all his timid evasions are the more deplorable because his book does indeed make clear that his story is not his alone but the story of thousands.

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What Mr. Dell has given us is a well-mannered excursion into surfaces. It perhaps would not have been necessary to tell the "secrets" about his friends. If his friends are still ashamed of what they have done and of what they are, very well; thousands are boxed up in the same sterile guiltiness of spirit. But it was necessary—if Mr. Dell's story was to have vitality and significance—to tell the truth about Mr. Dell. It was necessary to penetrate and define those experiences which have made him what he is; to strip them of their social husks and reach to their source. All that he has not done, nor, apparently, has tried to do. What he has done is to write a book that will offend nobody because it is only the epidermis of a life, and that will be of significance to nobody because it is only the cuticle and bone without the blood. It opens no vistas to speculation. It throws no light—save by its reticence and evasions—on Mr. Dell himself nor on the turbulent period through which he has lived. And it may take its place, as the blurb suggests, among the best autobiographies of the past. There is no reason why it should not. Nearly all autobiographies of the past have been like it.

Vardis Fisher

Books received or to be reviewed later:

Adventure of Living. J. Breckenridge Ellis. Torch Press, 1933.

Heard Melodies. Elizabeth La Dow. Walter John Coates. North Montpelier, Vermont. 1933. \$0.75.

Improvising in the Evening. Clarissa Hall. Bookfellows. Chicago. 1933.

Desert Water. Sinclair Drago. Macaulay 1933. \$2.00.

The Journey of the Flame. Antonio de Fierro Blanco. 1933. \$3.00.

THE TRIP TO CALIFORNIA

Continued from page 161

and uneven coasts. One sees on the right hand the unsubstantial fortifications built by the Spaniards, to defend their passage, and over which now floats the striped flag of the United States.

The route of the Sacramento. It is traversed by a band of poor wretches with sad faces.

—Indians hunting antelope.

—A farm in the mountains. View of an American inn where the fandango is danced.

—Manner of throwing the lasso.

—Buffalo seized by the lasso.

—Tents of gold seekers.—A comfortable habitation appears to be the last thing that these seekers after adventure care for. In the habitation it rains and the wind blows

from every direction. But never mind! They are millionaires!

The washers of gold at work.

—**Dry washing of gold.**—The dry sand which is found in the crevices of the rock is filled with fine gold and needs only to be loosened.

—**The seekers of pockets of gold.**—Looking for gold in the pockets of rocks is a very risky work. Some of the gleaners follow the places abandoned by those who went before them, and their perserverance is sometimes well rewarded.

The only tools which they use are: the bar, the pick, and the knife.

New placer in the Sacramento. They have just discovered, they say, more gold than they had ever hoped to find in all California, in this poetic and picturesque country where these great American rivers flow, these true pactoli of industry and of agriculture where Jason would have done well to go and seek the true golden fleece.

LITERARY NEWS

Continued from page v

But . . . *Happy Days!* Ogden Nash, "with more malice toward none," has taken a year's leave of absence from Farrar & Rinehart to do more writing (for Simon & Schuster.) "Oh, self-appointed love child, crash along!" Nash will do the cause of poetry more good than all the sour versifiers alive—and the London *Times* admonishes him to take more pains with his rimes. Poets are getting a break, with such excellent new columns as Ethel Romig Fuller's in the *Sunday Oregonian*—well selected, well edited; in James Niell North's page in the *Ontario Herald*—his July page lists 40-odd poetry columns, and his anthology is out, in beautiful format; and Tessa Sweazy Webb's department in the Columbus (Ohio) *Dispatch*, now entering its sixth year. The Davis Anthology of newspaper verse, Enid, Okla., is a good place for columnists to send their clippings. The fifteenth annual volume is on the press. Anthologies are always with us. W. D. Trowbridge mentions the Paebur *Anthology of Magazine Verse*, and the *Eminent American Poets* as two which are not pay-as-you-enter ventures. *Poet's Gold* by David Ross, an anthology of verse to be read, should be of service to other radio programists. It is published by Macaulay Co., 381 4th Ave., NYC, publishers also of *Idaho*, by Paul Evan Lehman; *Mississippi River*, by Clem Yore; *Desert Water*, by Sinclair Drago, and other westerns; and *The Great I Am*, by Lewis Graham, another Bon-fils-Post story that caused a commotion in

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Wichita when it ran serially in the *Wichita Eagle*, and the rival *Beacon*, ex-*Post* reporter owned, placed 200 copies of the book in a department store—at 39c.

By an emergency grant from the Carnegie Foundation *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse* is assured of continued publication through 1934. *The Jules and Avery Hopwood Major Poetry Award*, \$2500, open to undergraduates of the University of Michigan, went to Anne Persov's *Whatever You Reap* (Shuman's, Detroit). Dr. Mable Holmes Parsons is conducting classes in Portland, in technique of poetry and the novel. Commenting on Anita Brown's suggestion that authors supply copies of their books for display, and pay for space, Isabel Patterson, more salt than tart, asks if it wouldn't be even more unusual to display volumes of poetry bought by readers.

Pictorial Review and Dodd, Mead Co. awarded their \$10,000 prize for a novel to Mrs. L. M. Alexander, Baldwin, Kan., for *Candy*, her first book, over 2000 contestants.

Sage, edited by Alan Swallow, Madolin Shorey and Bill Pedigo, is dedicated to a more active interest in literature on the campus of the University of Wyoming, and directed at a revaluation of all forms of individual and social thinking.

Havelock Ellis, who writes the leader for *Panorama*, Vol. 1, No. 1, Box 29, Grove Hall Station, Boston, is preparing for Houghton Mifflin a survey of French literature from Rousseau to Proust.

From San Francisco the Macmillan Company announces the appointment of Miss Elva I. Keith to the Trade department, in charge of promotion and reviews.

A unique organization, "Friends of the University," made up of prominent citizens of Denver, faculty members, and alumni of the University, are stimulating interest in books for the new Mary Reed Library dedicated last fall. Opening a series of informal discussions with students, Mr. W. W. Grant talked on books of travel. Other speakers will be Alberta Pike, Thomas Hornsby Feril and Mrs. Milicent Van Riper, an authority on Proust. Dixon Wechter, former Rhodes scholar, has concluded another series of brilliant lectures on contemporary poets.

John Van Male, collector of Americana, has in his possession volumes of Milton's Poetical Works formerly owned by Greene Russell, discoverer of gold in Colorado.

Dr. Douglas Bement, Washington University, is compiling an anthology of the short story for college use. He is the author of *Weaving the Short Story* (Richard Smith). As the first of a series dedicated especially for schools of journalism, news workers, and libraries, *Editor and Publisher* will issue *Feats of Van Anda of the Times*, by Barnett Fine. But as a handbook for hacks, *Jack Woodford's Trial and Error*, Carlisle House, meets every need.

The U. of N. Carolina Press publishes M. M. Barshear's *Mark Twain, Son of Missouri*. Incidentally, a review in the *N. Y. Sun* says Frank Bird Linderman's *Lige Mounts* (now published as *Morning Light*) equals Huckleberry Finn as an American type. The *N. Y. Herald-Tribune* places Mr. Linderman second to none in ability to portray frontier life. His publishers, the John Day Co., have issued Walter Lippman's Charter Day address at the University of California, *A New Social Order*, in the John Day Pamphlet series. Mr. Richard J. Walsh president of the company, has assumed the editorship of *Asia*, and will make it a medium for interpreting the culture and development of Asiatic countries. His contacts, by reason of this position, should assure new authors for the publishing house.

This is a day of pamphlets. The Foreign Policy Association and the World Peace Foundation publish jointly an inexpensive series of pamphlets on world affairs. The first, issued in October, is *The World Adrift* (25c). The high class *Windsor Quarterly* (an inclusive Review, Four Corners, Vt.) issues reprints of significant material at 50c. First Windsor Pamphlet, *On the Threshold* by Alexander Godkin; the second contains a group of poems by Albert Edward Clements and a story *To Remember*, by August W. Derleth.

From the Department of State, Oregon, comes *Oregon Writers of Today*. Idaho has such a Blue Book, and Montana is in need of one. *The Oregon League of Western Writers* issues a pamphlet list of Oregon books. Librarians in Montana and outside the state are asking for a bibliography of authors. Without local or state organizations, it is hard to make a survey of writers. H. G. Merriam and his assistant readers did an incredible amount of work for the *Inland Empire Council's Report on Northwest Books* (now available, State University, Missoula, 50c), but Montana has not yet been fully canvassed.

Irvin Shope, Missoula, has done an admirable jacket for Vardis Fisher's *Passions Spin the Plot*. But did Mr. Fisher see what the lady president of the Culture Club said about him in September *The American Spectator*? Or how Edith M. Stern handed back *Women's Gold Brick* in the following number, where men have salted the mine?

The Metropolitan Press has given a beautiful dress to Eleanor Allen's *Seeds of Earth*. They are sponsoring a weekly broadcast, *Meet Your Favorite Author*, by Ethel Romig Fuller. She first interviewed Helen Maring, poet, in Portland for Good Book Week. Never has Oregon responded so enthusiastically to the activities of Good Book Week, says Mrs. Fuller. Her second radio interview was with Ernest Haycox, "who has turned the Western into literature."

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COVERED WAGON

ALTHEA BASS, Mills College, California, is publishing several studies of John Howard Payne. WANDA BURNETT and her brother, John Burnett, are having published several stories about life in the Northwest. Miss Burnett lives in Utah. PAUL F. COREY, an Iowan by birth, has a farm in New York state. His stories have appeared in *The Midland*, 1933, and *The Windsor Quarterly*.

ETHEL ROMIG FULLER, author of two volumes of verse, gathered material for this sonnet sequence from visits to the lightship and from talk with lightship officers on various occasions and from reading records. DAVID GASCOYNE sends his poem from London. G. FRANK GOODPASTURE, mystical poet, loves the sea and lives in the state of Washington. JOSEPH B. HARRISON, a former Rhodes Scholar, has for several years been a professor of English at the University of Washington.

ROLAND ENGLISH HARTLEY formerly contributed to this magazine but has for the last two or three years been appearing in *Harper's*. MARY W. HOUSMAN, formerly an instructor in the University of Wyoming, lives in Missoula. DOROTHY P. HULBERT works on western materials with Dr. Archer B.

Hulbert, Colorado College, head of the Stewart Commission on Western History.

FRANK B. LINDERMAN is master portrayer of life on the early day prairies, as his recent novel, *Beyond the Law*, shows. RODERICK LULL is co-editor of *The Outlander*, Portland, Oregon. CLYDE MCLEMORE, Helena, Montana, has edited other historical material for this magazine. F. DRYDEN MOORE is a newcomer from San Francisco. *Oregon-Pumper*, a story by ARTHUR H. NETHERCOT, professor of English at Northwestern University, appeared in the November issue.

R. L. PITZER is whipping into an autobiographical narrative the material in fragmentary notes left by H. L. Pitzer at his death; he is retaining as much as possible "the rich flavor of speech" that was "H. L.'s." RICHARD SULLIVAN, Kenosha, Wisconsin, once designed sets and "did all sorts of technical work for the Goodman Theatre in Chicago." He has also written radio plays.

CLAIRE AVEN THOMSON, San Francisco, wrote this poem many weeks ago, reminiscent, probably of early days in California, but now timely to the California of today. HAL S. WHITE, formerly a professor at the State University of Montana, is a teacher in New York University, and a poet known especially to eastern readers.

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