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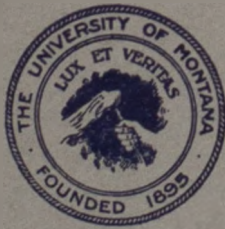
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no. 2
ju, 1920

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The
FRONTIER
A Literary Magazine



STATE UNIVERSITY *of* MONTANA

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2. 5. 1920

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WHAT THEY SAY OF THE MONTANAN

I am glad to see that you have launched **THE MONTANAN** as it will afford the best possible opportunity for your students to practice authorship and editorship. The only way to learn to write is to write.—Edwin E. Slosson, Literary Editor, *The Independent*, N. Y.; Lecturer in Pulitzer School of Journalism, Columbia University.

THE MONTANAN is a very worth-while publication. I like its modest and attractive make-up. It gives the impression of good taste.....Fiction and verse in the magazine are meritorious.....It is plain that those who have written for **THE MONTANAN** have enjoyed writing what they have written.....Good luck in the enterprise. It should be a success.—Ralph D. Casey, Professor of Journalism, University of Washington.

THE MONTANAN is certainly a good idea and likely to stimulate interest in original composition.—George C. Clancy, Professor of English, Beloit College, Beloit, Wisconsin.

"Vol. 1, No. 1" is always a most interesting inscription. It indicates that some persons are deeply interested.....it looks forward toward unexplored regions. It expresses great hope, and not a little faith. It is full to the brim with possibilities.....Your first number is rich in good material. The idea made good in the first issue.—L. L. Pratt. Formerly Principal of the High School, Camas, Washington.

TRIUMPH and **SOMETHING ACROSS THE FERRY** seem to me to be away above the average of undergraduate writing.....I think you can produce as good prose as we do at Chicago (though if the essay might be classed as "creative" we might give you a run.).....You have no reason to feel otherwise than very proud of **THE MONTANAN**.—George W. Sherburn, Professor of English, Chicago University.

The project seems to me to give a social incentive much needed in our college courses in English composition.—George R. Coffman, Professor of English, Grinnell College, Grinnell, Iowa.

Your new venture is admirable—as to content, standards, and make-up.....As a channel for expression of real creative talents, as a haven in the University, and as a maker of new friends and acquaintances for your University outside of the State, it should have a promising and useful future.—Richard F. Scholz, Professor of History, University of Washington.

Thank you for **THE MONTANAN**.....I wish I felt sure that all our publications were as good.—Dean L. R. Briggs, Harvard University.

As you already know I have always been in sympathy with the plan for publishing a literary magazine which might serve to stimulate creative effort by students. The first number issued last spring aroused my further interest in the success of the enterprise. It was a worthy result of a worthy effort. Miss Linderman's **GOLDEN SPONGE** and Mr. Peek's **SOMETHING ACROSS THE FERRY** represent the artistic and dramatic possibilities of our own writers.....It is my sincere hope that the enterprise will be continued and that it may serve to develop among our students an interest in those intellectual and artistic ideals which the University should ever foster.—Chancellor E. C. Elliott, University of Montana.

The successful initiation of the University literary journal—last year **THE MONTANAN**, **THE FRONTIER** now—is a true sign of advance in a field which is one of the peculiar possessions of The State University. **THE FRONTIER** will stimulate the literary capacities of all; it will afford a medium of expression for the best we can create; and it will testify far and near to the vigor and spontaneity of the intellectual life of the institution. To strive for the success of **THE FRONTIER** is a fine way to cultivate our own powers and minister to the highest welfare of the University. May it live long and flourish greatly.—President Edward O. Sisson, State University of Montana.

THE FRONTIER

A Literary Magazine

VOL. 1, NO. 2

NOVEMBER, 1920

BOARD OF EDITORS
The Class in Creative Writing

Ronald Kain.....'22	Laura D. Moore.....	Graduate Student
Gwendoline Keene.....	Graduate Student	Lloyd Thompson.....'24
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and

Ivan Winsor.....	Editor for Sigma Upsilon	Homer M. Parsons.....	Editor for Sigma Delta Chi
Wilda Linderman.....	Editor during 1919-20	Gladys Robinson.....	Editor for Theta Sigma Phi

BUSINESS MANAGER

Ronald Kain.....'22

CIRCULATION MANAGER

Doris Thetge.....'22

The board of editors promptly changes the name of the magazine with this issue, with apologies to The State College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, of The University of Montana, for appearing even once under the name of its annual publication, THE MONTANAN. The new name has been in the mind of the editors since the conception of the magazine; it has received from the first more general approval than any other suggested name. Montana is the last frontier. The writing of our contributors is largely of the pioneer nature. The material of the magazine, it is hoped, breathes of the spirit of the State in which it is published. The name therefore seems appropriate and adequate.

A great deal of material has come to the board for its consideration. Some of it has filled needs of the magazine and lived up to the high standards set by the editors; as much of such work as could be has been published. Other material the board considers excellent and is holding for later publication. Considerable material the editors, acting like any other board of editors, has rejected as unsuitable or in need of rewriting. The reasons for rejection of any manuscript, the editors, either in person or in writing, will gladly express to the writer upon request. The editors ask that faculty, alumni, and students send in contributions in abundance. Only by such copious support can the best material on the campus find its way into print. If a writer wishes his material to appear anonymously he should state his request on his signed manuscript. Submission of a manuscript does not, of course, assure its acceptance and later appearance. All manuscripts should be marked, "For The Frontier" and left in or mailed to the English office or given to an editor.

The editors wish particularly to publish material that savors of the life of Montana. That is the life all of us know; it is therefore of it that we shall write most convincingly and most penetratively. Literary echoes may be pleasant, but they have little energy, and die soon. But that which we know, we know; and once we have expressed it satisfactorily, we have breathed breath into matter and created living substance.

In three concrete forms encouragement has come to the editors, auguring well for the future development of the magazine. A large number of manuscripts has been submitted for consideration. Several times as much material has been rejected as has been published. As long as such a condition exists the magazine is assured of health. Secondly, commendation and not a little criticism, from which the editors hope that the magazine has markedly profited, have come to the board. People within the State and outside it; professors, editors, and business men; faculty, alumni and students have expressed their opinion of the venture in frank and cordial terms. The editors are greatly indebted to these critics. Thirdly, the editor of the anthology of college verse, published each year by The Stratford Company, Boston, has chosen for publication three poems from the first issue as among the best poems appearing during the year in college magazines. These three poems are Ruth Hamilton's ANDROMANCHE, Homer Parsons' IN DECEMBER, and Tesla Lennstrend's VAGRANCY. Three of the short stories in the first issue, Wilda Linderman's THE GOLDEN SPONGE, Ruth Hamilton's THE BLACK CREPE HAT, and Tate Peek's SOMETHING ACROSS THE FERRY have been rated by many correspondents as "quite up to professional writing."

THE FRONTIER is now an established, full-fledged university activity. Alumni, faculty, and students can help finance this rather difficult undertaking not only by subscribing themselves but by purchasing extra copies to send to friends both within the State and outside it. By doing this they will help spread the good name of our University and make new friends for it.

THREE POEMS

I. QUERY

Tell me, why
Do we battle so,
Just to lie
Down at last,
Just to die?

II. VISION

Yesterday a loving hidden hand
Lifted the veil, that I might understand:

Death is the shadow
Of a mighty rock in a weary land.

III. SHADOWS

The shadows dance upon the pavement gray,
And shift and change as vagrant breezes blow,
Now blurred by passing clouds in pageants slow,
Now moving to the tune the zephyrs play,
And turning in a morrice grave and gay,
As swift the sands of light toward darkness flow;
Then Night, uprising, bids the players go,
And blackness lies where shadows danced all day.

So shift the shadows in the lives of men,
So with the light and shade a pattern weave
As winds of chance recur and veer again;
The bright and dark, the hours that laugh or grieve,
Till Death, uprising, brings the play to end,
And in the darkness life and shadow blend.

—Tesla V. Lennstrend.

Nicolavitch

IT was a Canadian button, with the Union Jack of old England and the maple leaf of the Dominion combined that caught my eye as the man sat down opposite me in the dining car: but the man was visibly not a Canadian of the usual type, for his face was that of a central European and his accent slavic. He had the reserve so common in the foreign born who feel uncertain in their command of the English language, but that soon wore off and he talked freely of his part in the Great War.

Serbia was his native land, the little mountain state, so long the conflagration center of the Balkans; and his name was Nicolavitch, "just the same as Nixon in English"; but he had no notion of camouflaging either name or home-land. American soldiers with Slav names and faces were familiar enough, but this was my first meeting with one such from the Canadian forces, so I was interested at once.

He was a Canadian citizen, too, and so had been able to get into the army at the very beginning and share in the dramatic and terrible role of the Canadian troops at Ypres; he had breathed the choking poison gas the very first time it was used against British forces, when it came as a gruesome astonishment to men who did not know such a thing existed or that there were creatures in human form inhuman enough to inflict its agonies on their fellows. The gas had served as a brutal anaesthetic for the time being to the shock and pain of two bullets in the forehead; which should have ended his career but were deflected by a good slavic skull and simply tunneled thru the scalp for six inches and came out behind.

The bitterest experience was the waking in a hospital: his eager eyes, looking for familiar uniforms and insignia were horrified by the sight of "Deutschland ueber Allies" in unmistakable form: he had been left by the backwash of the British retreat and picked up in the twilight by German carriers. His right arm too was shattered so badly that there was small hope indeed of his ever again doing a man's share in assault or defence. Perhaps that mitigated his fate in the enemy's hands.

Thirteen long months he dragged out the hateful existence of an "Eng-laender Schwein"; for they were bad months for his captors too, in which the dazzling plans and expectations of the German jingoes were blasted forever, by the astounding insolence of puny Belgium and the rather clumsy but all too decisive blows of "perfidious Albion." "If you had only kept out," snarled the Teuton orderlies, over and over, "if you had only kept out! We should have had Paris in six weeks and the War would have been all over in two months. Cursed English swine!"

What was the worst thing? The food, by all means: it would have been bad for a well man, but for a shattered and tormented victim of battle it was unspeakable. Yet there was some comfort: the doctors, he admitted generously, were always kind; evidently the ancient and noble ethics of the healing profession was too strong even for the German cult of hate. Then too there were packages from England of real food, nourishing and also good to the taste; these, he said, were in the main honestly delivered to those for whom they were intended; and indeed this was all that saved him and countless others.

Then came deliverance: his very misfortunes ministered to him, for

the first men to be exchanged were naturally the most completely crippled, and he was carried to England there to complete his convalescence under his own adopted flag and among friendly faces. "The English,—ah, they were kind," the simple English word came easily to his lips, and I was reminded of Mr. Britling's reflections after the horrors of the air raid, that his people, with all their faults, had after all one vast superiority, one deep and vital excellence over their Teuton foes,—they were a kindly people. This quick testimony of the Slav-Canadian was an interesting confirmation.

And as I talked with him and looked into his swarthy mid-European face there came to my mind the Serbian mess-sergeant with whom I had breakfasted at Camp Lewis in 1918,—so eager to get across and fight again for his little mountain land, as he had in 1912, and as his father and father's fathers had done before him. And I thought too of the greatest of our war-posters, "Americans All," with its long roll of outlandish names embracing all colors and absolutely girdling the globe, but all enlisted, body and soul, in the cause of the Allies. I thought also of the uncounted dead, who should not have died, yet who had to die.

And most of all I thought of my own beloved country, also to me an adopted land, as Canada was to Nicolavitch : she had done her part in the Great War, slow to begin, yet dauntless in due time she fought, and her hand once to the task she never even looked back. And for her, as for all the bearers of civilization today, the great question is posed: We answered well the roll-call of the Great War : shall we answer as well the call to create the Great Peace? Assuredly we shall, in due time likewise: God grant it may be soon! So too, I think, prays Nicolavitch.

—President Edward O. Sisson.

SUGGESTION

Blue storks are flying in the panellings of the walls;
 My light is a crinkly blue lantern
 With white chrysanthemums:
 This is Japan, I play.

White breeze billowing out the curtains,
 Did you blow from the rice fields?
 Or did you come in from the ocean
 With the queer ships
 To see this land?

—Wilda Linderman.

The Little Drab Man

WHEN Henry Fischer came to Granite City the tide of prosperity had long since ebbed away, leaving the little town stranded high and dry on the beach of hope. The hundreds of miners who had swaged in and out of its seven saloons, making them possible, in its halycon days, had vanished, leaving only grizzled old prospectors as relics of their passing; the big, lumbering water-wheel was only a landmark, a sign of other days, a dangerous plaything for the children, and the tall red mill had become a pigeon loft. "The new mill" on the slope stood alone and silent, empty as the hopes of the men who had built without knowledge of their needs. The town was turning for support from the mountains above to the bounteous valleys below.

To Henry, fresh from the East, the one street of Granite City, the deserted mills, the prospectors' holes that pock-marked the surrounding slopes, the grizzled old prospectors themselves, with their eternal talk of stringers and faults and footwalls, were like people and scenes from a half-written play. As he gradually fitted himself into the lives of the people he felt more and more as tho the story of the town had been cast aside half-finished, by an author careless of the fate of his creation. But the characters summoned into being, there continued piecing out their lives, unable, it seems, to cease living. Old prospectors there were who, even tho they had reached the three-score and ten that is supposed to be the period to a well-rounded sentence, seemed living from sheer inability to stop. And in becoming one of Granite City's people, Henry himself fell under the spell, and continued in much the same way that he had begun life there.

Henry's life had not had an auspicious beginning. His mother, a gentle woman, had died of spiritual malnutrition when Henry was very young, leaving him to the gruff care of an indifferent father. The pale child grew up alone, and learned to shut within himself the questionings and yearnings that are a part of growth. Dominated by his father's personality, trained to express no ideas of his own, Henry became the ineffectual-appearing man who somehow drifted into Granite City.

By the time that Henry came, Granite City's seven saloons had dwindled into three, and presently one of the three closed its doors and perished. Moved by this sign of decay, some of those who had known it in the days of its colorful prosperity considered it entirely fitting that so drab a man should come to so drab a town. At any rate, the people of the town accepted him, in the old western fashion, without inquiry into his past life. In like manner he refrained from asking questions about the history of the empty buildings that slouched along the street and staggered out into the dusty country side. What part of their history and the history of the town people that he should know would be revealed to him in good time. In the meanwhile, Jim Carmen, the horse-loving manager of the Granite City Mercantile Company, feeling that Henry carried ample recommendation in his kindness toward animals and children, unhesitatingly gave him the just-vacated position of driver of the Company's delivery wagon, and thereby placed his seal of approval upon him. He also unwittingly opened a new and long, and, so it seems, a final chapter in Henry's life.

For many pages in this chapter there is little save the daily round of deliveries, the petty pleasures and worries that make up the greater part of such an existence. Children were born, children died, and still Granite City and the old prospectors and Henry continued, seemingly unchanged. Year after year Henry drove the same rattling wagon and the same shining bays up and down the same single street and crooked alleys to the same kitchen doors, and never grew any older, or any more distinctive. Again and again spring stole slyly up from the valley, hung tassels on the alders along the creeks, slipped the resinous brown cases off the Balm of Gilead buds, and filled the creeks so full of joy that they overflowed their grassy banks, and still Henry sat quietly upon the high seat, a man apparently wholly without distinction.

And yet, Henry was distinctive. Dull and drab as he was in his flour-smearred, dust-colored clothes, he was more than he seemed. For one thing, he was a man of dreams, a man who built splendid castles in Spain, and dreamed of sometime bringing one to be placed on a certain piece of land on the Lower Norwegian. And again, one of the dearest of his dreams was that he would not be lonely any more. It was not that he thot of any particular person to fill the emptiness in his life, but that he longed for the understanding and the sympathy which he had always missed, and which it seemed must someday be his. But in his person he bore no hint of the dreams he dreamed. In personal appearance, indeed, Henry was nondescript. Without a single striking feature. Slight, of medium height, with thin, dust-colored hair, and light blue eyes that squinted out from a pale face, he had nothing to mark him from anyone else.

Nothing, that is, that one could see. Those who knew him were aware of his dreams, of a native fineness of character, an honesty that went so far as to forget self, a dogged persistence and a steadfastness of purpose that seemed oddly at variance with the indefiniteness of his personal appearance, and a certain cleanness of thot and life that is not often associated with a homeless driver of a delivery wagon. Some few, too, realized that the man was lonely, and somewhat understood the motives that led him to pay apparent court to each new teacher who came to the little brick schoolhouse on the eastern slope. But to most of the people of Granite City it was really amusing to watch Henry and the teachers; and scant wonder that he unconsciously became the jest of the town. Just what vast loneliness in the soul of this little man urged him on to seek the company of one teacher after another, no one troubled to ask. Perhaps Henry himself, given tho he was to semi-philosophical musings and discussions, could not have told why he permitted himself to seem so fickle, so desirous of being a lady's man.

In all his thirty years Henry had not had more color in his life than might have been reflected there in Granite City, from the bright-hued cans that he delivered to the friendly housewives. It was warmth and color, one may well believe, that he sought in the company of the teachers, some new touch of the outside world, that scarcely echoed in the little town. Surely, if understanding were anywhere in the world for him, it should be among those in whom education, presumably, had fostered sympathy for dreams and hopes, among those who could tell him of the things that had no place in the lives of Granite City folk. Philosophy, poetry, music, all the splendid things of life had been forbidden him. Who was better fitted to feed his starving soul with fragments of manna than teachers of the young?

What disappointments Henry met with never found utterance, never destroyed his hope. And apparently he never looked about him to see the smiles on the faces of his friends, who, quite naturally, believed him to be seeking a helpmate. His mind was too thoroly absorbed with the why of his loneliness to be aware of the attitudes of others, too eager for the answer to one question to consider any other. Always he seemed baffled, and behind his pleasant smile there lay a look of questioning each face as tho to read behind it some answer to the pitiful "Why?" of his soul. It may have been this seeking for an answer that made him uninteresting to careless youth, and caused the teachers to say that "Henry was no fun." Well, perhaps he wasn't; life hadn't trained him to the parlor tricks that make a man an amusing companion. Life had forced him to grow in upon himself, had made him a lonely, thotful man. And there are few things more pitiful tha nthe man who is lonely among friends, the man who finds no opening in the wall that is between his soul and the souls of those about him. He may touch elbows daily with scores, eat and jest and dance with them, and yet starve in loneliness. Such a man was Henry. Some men termed him "a deep fellow," others spoke of him as "a soft fool," and none really knew him as he was.

Among the old prospectors who still dwelt in the mountains they peopled with phantoms of hope Henry found more understanding, felt some unspoken sympathy in their greeting of "How's she pannin', boy?" And yet, they did not know the heart of Henry, keen tho they were in the reading of hidden things. Perhaps he knew himself scarcely more than did his friends. With such a man it is as tho the torch of self-analysis cast a flickering shadow directly beneath itself, so that the whole world is never seen.

It is to his credit that Henry never troubled his friends with attempts to make his soul visible to himself, but rather went cheerfully, honestly about his duties, making himself indispensable both to the Mercantile Company, and to the town. Jim Carmen counted on him for a dozen things outside his regular work, and the people relied upon him more than they knew. Was there a dance to be given, Henry was called into service as manager, and was receiver of all moneys; was a play "rendered," whether by home talent or by imported "artists," Henry was put in charge of scenery and tickets, and all the other griefs incident upon its production; did a church desire a choir, Henry was requisitioned to furnish the tenor. Whenever there was anything extra done, Henry was on the scene, drab and smiling, never excited or irritated or flustered.

How he did all the numerous odd jobs for the store and for the town besides his regular work, and found time for considerable reading as well, no one quite knew. Even less did the people understand how he succeeded in purchasing a scrap of land on the Lower Norwegian, and in gradually stocking it with fine horses. But they did realize that it was for this he had lived so carefully, drawing from the Company each month only such portions of his wages as he actually needed, and allowing the rest to grow into sums that would purchase the land he had long coveted, and bit by bit, the stock. Year by year he drove the bay horses, and year by year added to the reality of this particular dream.

Then, one spring witnessed the laying of the foundation for a small, plain house on the eastward slope, and fall looked on the completed building. Still Henry drove the wagon up and down the street and byways of Granite City, and still he served the people of the town in a hundred ways. He had built the house to complete more nearly the realiza-

tion of his dream, for what is a plot of ground to a man if it has no house upon it? That of ever occupying the place had scarcely entered his mind, for he had begun to dream less and less of never being lonely, and there was no harboring the idea of climbing down off the high seat to take up his abode alone, just to superintend the raising of his horses.

But the people of the town and the valley could not believe that a man would build a house with no definite purpose, and they wondered mightily concerning the identity of the woman for whom the house was intended. Strawberry Jack, Granite City's boldest man, made more bold by judicious imbibing of "good red liquor," wandered into the rear room where a number of the boys were playing rummy, and asked in his rudest manner,

"Who yuh buildin' that shack for? One of them schoolma'ams yuh been runnin' after?"

Henry looked up in surprise, then finished dealing, and arranged his cards before he answered,

"I'm building it for myself. The place looked lonesome without a house."

Strawberry looked disgustedly at Henry for a moment, then flung away, saying,

"Ah, hell! Keep it to yourself, if yuh think you're so damn smart! What kin yuh expect from a Dutchman that won't drink good whiskey, anyhow?"

And Strawberry went out to the bar to drown his disgust.

And in spite of rumors and conjectures and gossip, the little house stood lonely on the slope, and a hundred, then two hundred dawns lit up the uncurtained windows, and a hundred, then two hundred, nights shrouded it in darkness, while the little drab man perched upon the high seat, looking wistfully at laughing youth.

Laughing youth, as it chanced, was personified in Mary Klein, who came that spring to wait on table at the Granite City Hotel. She was saucy and gay, and, so rumor had it, not overdiscreet in her actions. Not that anyone said that she was exactly improper . . . just that she was not refined. From the first day she marked Henry as fair prey, and exercised her keen wit on him. She bullied Henry, and she teased him, until the poor man could scarcely have said whether he drank toast and ate coffee for breakfast, or went breakfastless. It is said that one morning, after she had particularly bedeviled him, he hitched Ben on Prince's side, and Prince in Ben's place, thereby nearly causing the scandalized horses to run away, much to the amusement of Mary. Dark and pretty and keen of tongue, Mary was naturally popular with the young fellows of the town, and was conspicuously happy at all times. But it seemed that her impish heart was never so gay as when she was tormenting poor defenceless Henry, who had never learned repartee. And the strangest thing of all was that altho she abused him until he felt very much like a worm under her high-heeled slippers, she would never permit a word of disparagement of him from her numerous admirers.

"Henry is a cheap skate," once affirmed Strawberry Jack.

"You lie, you little shrimp. If you worked half as hard as Henry for a week you'd be in your little bunk of cold earth! Cheap skate! Huh! Just because a man don't spend every cent . . . Bet you bummed that stickpin from him. I saw him wearin' it once."

"Well, what if I did? Can't a feller . . ."

"No, not an' run him down. Get out, an' stay out!"

Such was the fate of all who thot to advance their own positions by

disparaging Henry. But Henry seemed to have no especial place in the affections of the sharp-tongued Mary, for she seldom consented to go out with him, and she quite frequently "jobbed" him at dances. And yet, it was she who finally trapped him into a speech which it is quite likely he would never have made, unprompted. It was after a dance one night, a dance to which Mary had permitted Henry to take her, and at which she had danced often and furiously with one Dale Manton, Granite City's most conspicuous "character."

"Mary," said Henry in his mild way, "you oughtn't to dance so much with that Manton. He isn't the sort for you."

"And what right have you to say who I'll dance with? Does it make any 'special difference to you?"

"Why, I just thot I'd . . ."

"Just thot you'd butt in, eh? Well I'll tell you, Mister Henry, I can take care o' myself. I've done pretty well these twenty-five years, and I'll thank you to keep your good advice for them that needs it."

"Why, Mary, I didn't mean to butt in, as you call it. I just hate to see a girl I like . . ."

"A girl you like, eh? Well, I spose you have kinda got the habit o' takin' care o' girls, from what I hear. Sorta special guardian, eh? Do you figure on playin' caretaker for me?"

"If you'll let me, Mary, I'll . . ."

"Let you, Henry?" There was a slight pause. "Well, I reckon you'll do as well as the next."

And so it happened that Henry and Mary became engaged. What Henry had meant to say in that unfinished sentence no one knows. Few believe that he had intended to offer himself as Mary's natural protector, for she was "too wild for him." Be that as it may, Henry seemed happier that summer, and folks say that his eyes shone, as tho someone had lit a torch behind them. The little house seemed to look expectant, after Mary had paid it a Sunday visit and declared that it was "a darling," and the very pasture looked greener than ever that summer. No new horses appeared to graze in the long grass, for Henry was saving harder than before, and drawing even less of his wages. Furniture of the kind that Henry planned on buying required a lot of money, and Henry had only his two slim hands for earning power. The boys at the rummy tables played without Henry, who nightly walked with Mary, gravely discussing the weighty things that have to do with the furnishing of a home, matters doubly weighty when one must make it a home worthy of so fair and dainty a lass as Mary Klein.

The lads who danced with Mary marveled at the new quietness of the girl, who seemed to prefer Henry's talk of carpets and dishes and tables to the gayest nonsense of the other men. It was as tho she had laid aside a mask that had become unnecessary and burdensome, and found joy in being herself, without need for the feverish gaiety that had so pleased the young men of Granite City. She seemed content in the new role she played, and really fond of Henry. She ruled him by persuading him that he governed her every action. No one could understand how she had come to care for the man she had so delighted in tormenting, and most of the gossips dismissed the matter with a shrug of the shoulders and the remark that "you can never tell what a woman'll do." Which is, indeed, the truth. Mary Klein, as it chanced, had been lonely, even as Henry, and had played at unusual gaiety to hide even from herself the lack that was in her life. She had found in Henry not only someone quite as lonely as

she, but also one who would give her peace, and not ask that she be gay. Mary had been buffeted about throughout her life, and Henry offered her a refuge from the winds of circumstance that blow roughly upon the shelterless.

She knew of the wonderings of the good women of Granite City, for she was wise in the ways of women, and she knew, too, that their concern was for Henry, who was secure in the hearts of all. But she accepted the kindnesses that were accorded her as the chosen of Henry's heart, believing that she could someday assure them as to Henry's wisdom in choosing her. She knew that she could assure them, if . . . and there the trouble was. There was just one thorn on the perfect rose of her content, and that thorn she was sure she could remove, or at least, sheathe.

It was after one of the numerous parties that Mary decided to introduce the matter that must be somewhat settled. She pondered the best way to open the discussion, and was relieved when Henry offered the opening she needed by suggesting that they start early the next day, which was Sunday, for "Lupine Hill," as Henry had named his scrap of ground.

"I can't go early, and I don't think I can go at all, Henry," said Mary. "The priest's here, and that means confession for me. You knew I was a Catholic, didn't you?"

"Can't go, Mary?" The tone revealed that he had been living thru the week for the dawn of Sunday. "Can't go? Why, I thot . . ." An impatient gesture from Mary checked him, and he answered the rest of her remark. "I wasn't just sure that you were a Catholic, but . . ."

"Yes, I'm a Catholic. And do you know what I've got to confess tomorrow?"

"I? No, how should I know?"

"Well, listen: I've got to confess that I'm engaged to a Protestant, to a Mason, at that."

"Confess that you are engaged to a Protestant, and a Mason . . . I don't see."

"Don't see? Don't you realize that unless you will join the church, and leave the Masons, I've got to choose between you and my church?"

Perhaps the confusion of breaking dreams was to blame for Henry's slowness of comprehension, for certainly Mary was sufficiently explicit. After a few moments of pondering, Henry answered,

"But I . . . I can't turn Catholic, you know, Mary. I . . . why, I just can't."

"Think it over, Henry," said Mary tenderly. "I've put off tellin' you, but now the priest's here, an' . . ."

"But, Mary, you . . . you wouldn't leave me?"

"I don't know, Henry. I . . . I'm scared."

Henry never quite realized how he said goodnight to Mary, nor how he got to his room, for the next thing he really knew was that he was sitting on the edge of his narrow cot, listening to the horses moving restlessly nearby, and watching his thots as they went in grey procession before him. He could not control his mind enough to think; he could only sit and watch the procession of ideas that filed dispiritedly by. He did not know how long he sat there, a creature without volition, without hope or despair, a soul numb with bewilderment. At last the dawn peered curiously in at him, and with its rosy hues somewhat stirred him to consciousness of himself and aroused him to thot. Henry was not young enough to turn at once to hope, as youth can do, but old enough that he must endeavor to think things thru to the place where hope is. After a time his

mind rested a little, seeming to catch a glimpse of hope, and pausing for breath on the fact that at least Mary had not yet cast him off. Sometimes he tried to direct his thots toward the action she had suggested to him, but his mind shied off like a horse startled at a phantom. "No, I cannot leave the lodge! I cannot lock my soul in the narrow prison of a creed!" he cried aloud, and started at the sound of his own voice. Thru the hours his mind could go no further than the point whereon it had first rested, and Henry at length lay down upon his cot, and slipped off into a troubled sleep, wherein he dreamed that someone, he knew not whom, had left him desolate beside a lonely house.

There was indeed a wall between Henry and Mary, tho neither had seen it. All his life thru Henry had let his mind wander free, untrammled by any creed save that of justice to his fellows. Whether from indifference as to the spiritual welfare of his son, or from a dislike of creeds, Henry's father had failed to instruct the young mind of Henry in any faith. As he had grown older, the lad had studied many faiths, thinking somehow to find the comfort he sought, but had found nowhere anything that tempted him with promise of peace. By the time he had reached manhood he had a dread of binding himself to any faith that had not perfect elasticity, that did not leave his mind free to dream as it would of the things that were beyond seeing. Small wonder, then, that he shrank from confining his soul within the limits of a faith that had not changed in the long centuries; small wonder that he could not abide the thot of yielding to the rule of any man in matters spiritual. How could he put himself under the domination of a spiritual leader? Place his children, and his children's children, under the shadow of such an hour as this? Such a thing was utterly beyond Henry, beyond even the power of love.

Mary, on the contrary, had been taught from earliest childhood to believe in the holiness of the Catholic Church, and her mind was thoroly convinced, so that no disturbing questions ever entered it. She believed that only what the Church sanctioned thru its officials could be right, and had been not a little troubled by her love for Henry, doubting that it could be right to love anyone who had not accepted the blessings of the only true faith. But she allayed her fears with the thot that Henry, because he loved her, would see the wrong of his way when she showed him, and enter the safety and the brotherhood of the Church.

The night had not been a peaceful one for her, for her frail barrier of hope seemed destroyed by Henry's words, and she, like him, dreaded the meeting that must come on the morrow. But she would see the priest first, and perhaps gain some strength from him. In the meantime, she could only pray.

It was **not** until afternoon that Henry could face Mary, dreading as he did to learn what her final word might be. Nor was Mary sorry for the respite, for Father Delaney had not given her the comfort she had hoped for. When Henry stood at last at the gate, Mary joined him in silence, and by common consent they turned up a winding lane where the trees, golden with autumn, joined their tips in a leafy mosaic against the azure sky, and where the scarlet rose hips were eloquent of past Junes and of Junes to come. They spoke no word to shatter the silence that was like a vase containing the essence of being, until they stood beside the pool where the trout played at hide and seek among the golden stones. Mary spoke first, sadly, quietly, for the spell of the hour was upon her.

"Well, Henry?"

"Mary, you won't leave me? You brought me the first happiness I had. You won't take it all away again?"

"Henry, you must decide whether you love me or the Masons best." Because her heart was pleading with her for mercy, she spoke with a touch of bravado.

"Mary! I love you, Mary, more than anything else in life . . . I love you better than life, Mary, but . . . Darling, can't you see? I can't put my soul in what is like a prison to me . . . I can't be untrue to my faith, Mary!"

"What about my faith, then? I can't quit the church, Henry, and . . . and Father Delaney said I'd have to. Can't you understand? See Father Delaney, Henry, an' let him tell you what he told me. You'll see then, sure."

Mary was pleading now, pleading for herself, and pleading, too, for Henry's happiness. In this hour of autumn peace the love she bore for Henry met in battle royal with the teachings of her childhood and the inbred fear of eternal punishment, and went down in defeat before the overwhelming odds. Henry's love for her fell before his proud liberty of soul, and his loyalty to his word, and one more dream of happiness was dead, one more hearth fire was unlit.

"I cannot, Mary, much as I love you. God knows I cannot."

"Then, Henry, this is the end. I can't wear this any more."

She turned away her head as she spoke, and slipped off the simple ring she had worn so happily. Henry did not take it from her, but said,

"Leave it here, then, if you are sure. But are you sure, Mary?"

"Yes, I'm sure."

The little band of gold with its gleaming stone flashed into the sunlit pool, and was gone, like the light of the dream it had symbolized.

There was nothing to be said as they walked back to the town, and nothing to be said when they parted at Mary's gate, for the thots that were in their hearts lay too deep for speech.

When Mary went away the next day, the supposition was that she had gone to purchase the hundred dainty things a woman deems necessary for her happiness, and there was little comment. The bolder ones teased Henry on his loneliness, and that nothing of it when he failed to reply. He was a silent fellow, at best. But as the days passed and brought no returning Mary, rumors began to drift about to the effect that there would be no wedding on Thanksgiving Day, as the plan had been. Henry was teased no more, for some instinctive delicacy kept the people of Granite City from intruding upon grief. Rumor grew into certainty when Thanksgiving Day came and went with no wedding, and much curious speculation went on behind Henry's back. Henry was in a measure aware of the wonder in the town, and was grateful to the people for not troubling him with grievous questions.

The questions that they might have asked, and the wonder, have all been pushed into the background by the daily interests of life, and there is no longer any need for Henry to shrink from meeting his old friends, for they will no longer fall silent when he approaches, or meet his glance with embarrassment. He is not a lover to them any more, but is just the kindly, drab man they have always known. Henry finds his life full with the long trips to the lonely prospectors among the mountains, the deliveries about town, the countless little things he still is counted upon to do, and the care of "Lupine Hill." The dawns and nights still count

themselves off over the lonely cottage, the splendid horses roam over the lupined slope, and the little drab man still perches upon the high seat of the rattling delivery wagon.

—Tesla V. Lennstrend.

RENUNCIATION

Fiddle, whose satin mystery I love,
 Lie there forgotten,
 Made of the fragrant spruce of far Vermont!
 I always knew the awe of you
 Would some day overwhelm
 The hope I had to learn to make you talk.
 You of the greedy tone, a bit guttural in your utterances,
 As one who'd hide his deep emotions with a stubborn power!
 Instructors always held you were unsuited to my temperament,
 As needing wood of mellow tone, resisting less the tense drawn arm
 With which I tried to free you.
 They didn't know it was the fearful, reverent feeling
 For that awful warmth you hold
 Which will never come out to my mean touch—
 Cavern unexplored of darkest mystery,
 Where echoes dance secretively.
 Living thing that I love
 You will not die if I neglect you!
 Perhaps you'll have a little deeper, sweeter tone from passing time.
 That thought will comfort me,
 Although I could not be the one to let you out.
 Neglect of things we love will beggar us—
 But I must leave you.

—Mary Elizabeth Doerr.

DEFENSE IS NOT REQUIRED

She said she didn't like you,
 Well I know, it was because she only sees
 Reflection of her own face, softly lighted,
 And you don't mirror what she wanted of herself,
 So she decided that the glass was cracked!
 A crater-lake may hold the image of a scrambling goat
 For just a second, but the goat,
 Seeing it is not the Great God Pan, himself,
 Revealed against the blue,
 Doesn't blame the lake.
 Who cares whether she likes you then or not!

—Mary Elizabeth Doerr.

Montana

I. THE LONE WOLF

COUNCIL-TREE Hill stands like a sheeted ghost in the shadow world which the serene white moon has made by slipping behind a cloud. Across the valley Kooskia Mountain has a bear rug of dark pines thrown over her shoulder, one paw hanging far down, almost to the valley. The great, grotesque Council Tree itself stands with awkward, skeleton arms outstretched, dead black against the gleaming white snow. A single star twinkles coldly from a rift between the clouds. An icy wind comes stealing over the frozen crust of the snow, like a restless spirit wandering and shivering against the bleak branches. Down in the valley where the black river twists its tortuous way, the wind crackles in demoniacal laughter among the dry willows, for it hears the despairing gurgle of the ice-imprisoned water.

Faintly at first, then swelling and dying, only to swell again, comes the weird howl of a lone wolf far to the north. The breeze grasps, then releases, the slender column of smoke from a tiny fire under the Council Tree. Two muffled figures are seated on blankets. One is an old, wrinkled Indian chief, the other is much younger. Down in the valley an Indian village sleeps; here the old chief in answer to the smoke signals of his scout. The latter speaks in his soft guttural language.

"The white men are coming, Father, with fire-water and guns to trade for our furs. Many of them I saw a sun ago, and with the red-in-the-east they will be coming over Council-Tree Hill."

Across the ice-locked flat comes stealing again the lone wolf's undulating call, and the Council Tree shivers in the white moonlight.

II. THE GOLD RUSH

The sunshine quivers in waves through the air and falls on the dirty, melting snow. It is spring, and the great Council Tree topping the hill is displaying an elusive touch of green. A meadow-lark alights on one of the branches and opens its throat to sing, but stops, perhaps amazed at the scene below in the valley. The breeze sighs blissfully against the tree's sturdy side, and carries a mad, roaring sound to the ears of two men who stand beneath the tree. Below in the morning sunshine, the river banks are alive with gold-seekers—rough men with great boots, shaggy beards, and glistening eyes who breathe hard as they work quickly with the gold pans in their hands. Every now and then a shout is borne on the wind to the two beneath the tree.

"Boy Blackie, look ut this nugget Jake's washed!" "The biggest gold rush I've seen, why—", "Back up, Stranger, don't get messed up in my claim here—."

One of the men beneath the tree on the hill turns to the other.

"A new Eldorado, George, but we're a little late, it seems."

Without turning, the other answers through his beard, "I'm not worrying, Pard; let them work for their gold. We'll play for ours. Our little fortune's going to be 'washed' in the gamblin' hall they'll have up in a week's time." As another ecstatic shout is heard, he mutters, "The fools!"

The other smiles rather wistfully as he says, "We're all poor fools, George. And it's spring, and it's morning."

The lark, deciding all is right, bursts forth into golden song, and the sunshine ripples through the air, caressing the budding branches of the Council-Tree.

III. VIGILANTE WAYS

Dirty grey clouds brush the top of dusky Kooskia Mountain, but they emphasize instead of diminish the intense glare of the noonday sun. The valley lies steeped in golden torpor, and the grey river slides lazily by a cluster of empty cabins. A hot little breeze ripples the weeds in the fields and slips insolently in and out of the windows of deserted frame shacks. Vacant-eyed and gaping-mouthed these are reflected in the sluggish yellow-grey water, and the breeze playfully ripples the reflections until it seems that a curtain is fluttering at the window, and the door swings easily on its broken hinges. The dilapidated buildings are pathetic, but Nature laughs at them with the breeze, and covers up their rough ugliness with her green, and transforms them in the water.

Council-Tree Hill stands brown and barren in the metallic sunshine. Not a spot of shade is seen, except that made by the leaves of grizzled old Council-Tree itself. The breeze plays tag in the branches, and somewhere strikes a hollow limb, so that the tree seems moaning and sighing to itself like an indian mourning and rocking himself by a dead mate.

The breeze flutters, too, a piece of paper nailed to the trunk, as high up as a man can reach. On it is written in bold black letters, "BY ORDER OF THE VIGILANTES," and the date. Each one suspended by a rope from Council-Tree's mightiest branch, three corpses swing in the air. Insolently still the breeze kisses their haggard, stiffened cheeks, and plays with their matted beards, while great birds circle above the tree.

IV. THE HOMESTEADER

With the first cool breath of the evening comes the welcome supper call from the cabin on the hill. With a sigh of relief the man by the ditch sticks his shovel in the ground and, taking off his battered hat, wipes his hot face. The valley is in shadow now,—only on Kooskia's pines does the slanting sun still linger. A frog has started his mournful, monotonous croaking down near the river bank, and a smell of fresh-cut hay is in the air. Indian Summer's mellowness has enveloped the land, russet-leaved Council-Tree with it. The man turns and calls a cheery "Coming" to the woman in the cabin door, then starts homeward across field and over newly-made ditches.

After supper he sits with his pipe on the porch, while his wife sews at something mistily white in the lowering dusk.

"We'll soon be all proved up on our little claim now, Jen," the man says lazily, puffing rings of smoke into the fast-cooling air. "Martin's going to drive down them cattle tomorrow."

The frog's bass has been supplemented by many others, and the chorus of croaking is beating a welcome to the starry night. It is getting too dark to sew, and the woman puts down her work with a sigh and a slight shiver at the coolness. She too gazes dreamily out across the valley and up at Council-Tree Hill, friendly and inviting in the half-light.

"Soon, Ned," she murmurs, "soon it will be really—home."

—Pearl Hefferlin.

In the Twilight

JOE NEIHART had not been living there long enough to approach the house without noticing it. When he came home at night he still made observations which produced a warmth of satisfaction in his heart. True, the house was old and the bricks a bit faded, and there were some leaks in the porch; but for all that, it sat back upon its elevated lawn with the settled dignity which only houses of a distinguished reputation can achieve. The very sort for his little Wana. Presently it would seem as if she had been born there. Other little girls should not become young ladies with more background than she. None had finer blood, in spite of everything—here she would bring her little friends from school; and there would be parties, he supposed. He remembered a little girl in the street where he had boarded at college. She had ridden a black pony and had had little boys and girls at parties in the afternoons.

He hadn't seen Wana since breakfast, and he was late to-night. Now that it was October, dark fell early, and Wana went to bed soon after dark. She would have missed him, he thought, as he turned his key in the lock and entered the hall. A light was burning there, but the living room was dim and quiet. Joe had gone on eagerly, but he found no one there. A new-laid fire was crackling on the hearth, and a table lamp had been lighted at the far end of the room. But the evening paper and his slippers were not to be found, and Wana never forgot them—unless she was ill. Joe turned swiftly and went toward the stairs.

But he had scarcely entered the hall before he became aware of sobbing somewhere above—a child's sobbing, and yet not like a child's. Wana's. He had never known that she could cry like that. She had been a happy child—grave, but yet happy. When she had cried because of her little griefs, Joe had given her silver dollars or had played horse with her until he had won her to laughter. But now he only leaned against the stair post, listening with his head bent. He seemed instinctively to know the reason, and for the moment it was not as if it were his little girl who cried. It was like the expression of an eternal grief: something which, strangely enough, Joe seemed to have been waiting for all his life; something which he could never change; something before which he bowed his head.

Now he could hear a low murmur of words—his wife's; and then, **Oh mama!** in a cry that rang through the house. Joe started from the stair. It seemed to him that all the town must have heard. "By God, they shall pay!" he said to himself fiercely. "Yes, they shall pay. I'll make them pay. I'll kill them everyone!"

He was marching up and down now, through the living room and the hall, and his face was very dark. Everything within him seemed to have rushed together into a gigantic force which towered above him. It was in him and of him, and yet it seemed to have got outside him and to be overtaking him and to be overmastering him so that his hands and feet were numb and his mind confused. They had made her suffer—that child who couldn't help it. But there was nothing to **help!** It was all their damned ignorance. They hadn't blood to compare with the old Colonel's; and as for the Indian, what did they know of him? Had he ever yet been made slave to any man? And hadn't the white man? and

the black man? and the yellow? But they didn't think. Too damned ignorant—yes, ignorant, through and through. But they wouldn't believe it; and there was nothing to be done—what could he do—he was insufferably warm—there was a fire, and on a night like this—Joe threw open a window and brushed his hand roughly over his hair. Then he moved absently towards the fire.

When, after a time, his wife came downstairs quietly and moved toward him, he was standing on the hearth, a dark, motionless figure in the low fire's glow. Opposite, on the wall, his tall shadow danced faintly, its weird movements suggesting the ancient ceremonies of his maternal forefathers. Whether consciously or unconsciously, Joe watched the shadow, and his thoughts dwelt sadly on the past.

The woman sat down in a chair beside the fireplace and looked up at him quietly. "She will sleep now, I think," she said, answering the pained question in his eyes.

Joe sank into a chair opposite her and stared into the fire. There was no need of talking. He understood instinctively all that had passed between his wife and daughter and thought of nothing to be said or done. His baffled spirit now leaned upon the woman's strength. And so there were no words, and the room was very still, interwoven with light and shadow: the yellow circle from the table light, a long streak from the hall, and the firelight in the center, making eerie shadows and reddish reflections upon the walls and furnishings and upon the dark figures of the man and the woman before it. The play of light now masked and again enhanced Joe's high nose and cheek bones, the darkness of his skin and eyes, the liveness of his figure—for they had been Plains Indians, his mother's people. Men said that Joe was a handsome rascal, but you couldn't trust a breed. They would like to know how he had got money at the Agency. Inherited? Bah! The Colonel had been poor enough in his old age. Educated four boys. Joe's wife was another matter, people at the Agency thought. The sort of woman the world needs—thoroughbred through and through. The firelight showed her to be of a full figure, though not tall, expressive in her whole person of a sane tenderness, a resourceful strength, and a never failing sense of fitness. People did not look at her without feeling respect and a pervading sense of comfort.

A brand falling in the fireplace sent up a flurry of red sparks. From out the stillness that followed, the woman said quietly, "Wana will not go to school in the morning. And we are to say nothing until she herself wants to return." Joe's face moved strangely in the firelight, but he was silent.

Wana had not meant to cry. On her way from school she had come along in the October sunlight slowly, dragging a stick across the rough stones of the high walls. It produced a rattling noise and made it seem as if she were only playing—as if there were nothing at all the matter. They should never know that anything was the matter. An Indian, was she? Then let them see that the Indian is proud and does not falter because of words. She would bear it all alone—not tell her father and mother. She would bear it as her grandmother's people had borne griefs in the old days. To-night her father would not be home until after dark, and she would then be in bed. She would undress by herself and say that she was too sleepy to read anything. Then her mother would go away and she would be alone with the dark and the stars outside her window. Wana's lip quivered when she thought of seeing her father and mother, and she waved the stick in the air and jumped up and down several times

so that all the people in the houses above the walls should see that she was only playing.

There were two women sitting in an electric motor at the curb farther down the avenue before a tall brick house. "There, you see, is the little Neihart girl coming from school," one of them said to the other. "You see it is just as the children say. She acts queerly, and one can scarcely blame them."

"It is only too bad that they ever left the Agency at all," said the other. "Their coming to live in the old Putnam house is rather a pity. I suppose they thought it would let them in. Jim says the father is quite handsome and well educated, too. And that's a pity. Better they were left uneducated, Jim thinks, because it only makes their lives harder. When one makes the mistake of mixing the races one must expect to suffer through several generations. They should have stayed at the Agency. They won't do at all here."

"There is no doubt about it," agreed the other.

Wana was now directly opposite them and she dug the stick into the wall so that it rattled furiously. There was a deep frown on her face. Wana was large for eleven years—large boned. One could easily see that she would be a big woman. But there was something exquisite about her, in the lines of her body, in the set of her head, in the features of her face. Her hair was being curled now because it was "growing out," and there was something poignantly charming in the incongruity of its straight blackness made into curls and framing an olive face with high cheek bones and a clearly curved nose. When she was weaving a little dream for herself, her face was lovely. Then one saw how soft were the great black eyes, how delicately curved the large, full mouth, and one said, "What a beautiful child."

Before one of the houses Wana turned in and mounting the steps, went stealthily around to the back yard. Here some packing boxes had been left from moving and Wana sat down upon one of them in such a way that she was hidden by the tall piano box. The wood having been upturned to the sun all day was comfortingly warm. She pressed her hands against it and her back against the piano box. Now she could see off beyond the red and yellow tress to the long valley outstretched in the sunlight and rimmed by a line of mountains, remotely dreaming. They turned their faces to the sky and lay quite still, accepting all that came to them, whether storm or sun, with a stoic peace. Wana already loved them—particularly the Old Woman of the Mountains. She was an Indian, therefore braver than the rest. The Indians did not weep. They were not afraid of words.

But Wana dreaded the time when she would have to go in. It would be so much easier not to be seen at all. However, at half past five when she heard her mother calling her from the front porch, she crawled out hastily and began to throw little rocks at the boxes; so that when her mother appeared at the back door, it would seem as if she had been playing with rocks all along. Her mother called, "Time to be ready for dinner," and she answered, "All right," without turning around.

Dinner was very difficult. Wana and her mother sat alone at the table and the maid brought dishes from the kitchen. Wana frowned at her plate. There was a faint clatter of silver and china, the swishing of the swing door, the remote ticking of a clock, the grating of a far-off street car making some down-hill curve. Then there came a little, crooning meow, and Wana's black cat made a swift leap for her father's chair.

Her mother spoke to him. "Well, Walks-in-the-night?" she said. But she did not try to fill in the strange silence, as if she were relieved at the cat's coming. Wana's mother knew how to make silences appear natural. Her father would have asked her things. Thinking of that, Wana frowned deeper into her plate.

Bed time was more difficult than dinner. Her mother would come up. Things must be got ready for school in the morning, she said. She brought a fresh dress of green linen and laid it over the chair.

But something that sickened her had overwhelmed Wana. Something vast and dark—bigger than the night—was pressing upon her heart. School in the morning! The words had terror for her. And all at once she was pressing close to her mother, was gathered into her lap and caught to her breast. "Well, dear?" said her mother in her infinitely tender voice.

And so Wana had sobbed out the whole story. They wouldn't play with her—no, not to-day, nor yesterday, nor ever again. And the boys had put chicken feathers in her hair. It wouldn't ever be the same here. Why couldn't they go home? She wanted Martha. She never could have a best friend now.

And downstairs her father had heard. Once or twice in the days that followed he turned from watching Wana's lonely little figure moving about the house and asked his wife if after all they hadn't better go somewhere else. They didn't have to remain. They weren't slaves to these people. He shouldn't wonder if after all it weren't the wisest thing to do. But his wife had a theory that "he who fights and runs away will live to fight another day." She was sure that ultimately things would adjust themselves.

Joe would have liked to stay at home sometimes in the afternoons to play with Wana. She looked so damnably lonely. But his wife thought that if life went on in its normal way, Wana would be less conscious of her trouble.

One afternoon, however, Wana saw her father drive up before the house in a very shiny black car and jump out, followed by another man—tall and thin. Charlie Skimmet! Wana flew out and smothered him in childish embraces. She had always loved Charlie. He was so lively and handsome. To-day he was not wearing a crimson shirt, and Wana was vaguely disappointed, because he seemed less beautiful. But she was very happy. Charlie had driven down from the Agency in his new car. All the young breeds were getting cars now, though it was still difficult to associate them with anything but horses.

Charlie had come to take them driving and he put the car through a number of tricks for the especial benefit of Wana who was allowed to sit beside him in the front. Since she had seldom ridden in automobiles, she sat very still with a little conscious smile on her lips and her large eyes filled with light. She was deliciously happy.

The world lay dreaming over its own beauty; still, sunlit air filled with the fragrance of leaves now fallen along the parkings in the avenues; trees beginning to look a trifle naked flinging glorious colors into the cool sunlight; coulees and gulches out on the country roads making lines of scarlet and orange in the hills; and beyond, mountains and valley wrapped in a golden haze. The world was all-beautiful, and Wana, letting it take her into its heart, felt again for a moment that after all she did have a place in it. Her heart seemed to grow very large and warm.

When they returned to the town they stopped at an ice cream parlor,

very long and luxuriously dim and smelling richly of caramel. Little amber lights, bright bon bon boxes, and a few laughing faces were reflected in mirrors on every side, and there was a murmur of voices and a faint tinkle of glasses. Wana's heart beat very fast as she went in. Charlie had her hand in his, and when he ceremoniously pulled out a chair for her, Wana laughed aloud.

But immediately she shrank down into her coat, frowning deeply, for all the people at the tables turned to look at her. Across from her three little girls who went to school where she had gone whispered something to the woman with them, and they stared at her for a long time. They stared at Charlie a great deal, too.

Suddenly Wana was aware that Charlie was not altogether proper. She wished he hadn't come. She wished she could go somewhere and bury her head in the ground. They were none of them proper—not her father, her mother, nor herself. They weren't like other people. Then and there Wana lost much of her defiant pride and began to feel humility. In the days that followed she no longer wanted to go back to the Agency. She did not wish to go backward but forward. She wanted to be like other people. She began to watch the children in the streets and to imitate them as she moved about the house.

One afternoon she was sitting in the window-seat in the living room counting the leaves that fell within her line of vision. It was a little game she played with herself, not to miss any of the leaves. Sometimes she looked at the blue sky or at the sunlight which was making a golden haze in the avenue, and then she missed some leaves.

All at once some children came racing down the avenue. They were dressed in khaki Indian costumes which had been bought at stores and they were playing Indian. The light leaped into Wana's black eyes and she laughed aloud. Then an idea flashed into her mind. She would be an Indian, too! She would show them how!

In her closet upstairs Wana had a costume made of buckskin and adorned with painted quills which her grandmother had made her before she died. Several times while she was getting into it Wana laughed aloud. She was so eager that her fingers were not nimble, and that made her impatient. Her cheeks became very red, as if they were painted, Wana thought. It made her more beautiful. She was beautiful. Oh, how she loved herself in this buckskin dress!

The children outside in the street continued playing, wholly unmindful of what was being done for them. Indeed, when Wana came dashing into their midst and began to dance and to sing a strange little song, they fell back, frightened.

But Wana did not notice that. "This is the way to play Indian!" she cried. "I'll show you how to dance!" and she went on with a furious intensity, throwing her whole soul into the dance of her forefathers. She bent forward and stamped her feet, and she sang something which had no words at all. The children hung about wide-mouthed and awestruck, fascinated, but alarmed by the seriousness of Wana's spirit.

Presently, "Aw, come on, let's play," said one little boy. And at once they ran off, shouting and playing Indian, wholly unmindful of Wana.

One of them, however, remained behind—the bully of the neighborhood, big for his years and rather unkempt. "Where'd y' get that stuff?" he said bluntly.

Wana was passionately disappointed because the other children had

gone. It had all been a failure, but she didn't understand. And now this boy—she wished he'd go too. He didn't look at all pleasant.

"Aren't y' goin' to answer me?" he persisted. "Where'd y' get those things?"

"Agency," said Wana faintly.

"Where's that?"

"Reservation."

"Gee! Well, looka here—I guess you can dance pretty good. Is that how real squaws do?"

Wana nodded, edging toward the porch and frowning deeply. The boy followed her, uncertain but eager.

Inside, dusk was beginning to gather in the long living room. Joe went close to the window which stood open a trifle and listening, he could hear Wana's voice in snatches of conversation. "All killed but grandfather and four other men," he heard. And then, something about a stockade and dawn and the Indians going off with the horses. Then there were some questions from the boy.

Joe continued to stare out into the October dusk. It was filled with a strange light that reflected from the sun's afterglow. Joe could not see the yellow clouds in the west, but he could see their effect upon the hills in the east and upon the town itself. The avenue was flooded with a dusty radiance so that it looked unfamiliar—like a street from some remote city of romance.

Something of its mood pervaded Joe's heart. Odd fancies and old memories flashed through his mind in strange relationships. He recalled with startling clarity a dark night in November when the wind had been straining at the lodge poles and there had been an owl hooting among the trees across the water. His father had come to the lodge that night. He was standing outside and Joe, stealing out had slipped his hand into his father's. The owl had called again. "That is bad, isn't it, father?" he had pleaded, shivering. "No, boy," his father had said firmly, "there is nothing at all to be afraid of." "But the women say it is bad." "There is nothing at all to be afraid of," repeated his father.

It seemed to Joe now that he recognized himself clearly in that little boy. He had a vague feeling that the uneasiness which possessed him to-night had begun then. . . .

A light flashed on in a room beyond and there was a sound of silver clicking together. He realized that the table was being laid for dinner. The clock on the bookshelves chimed. Joe sighed and shivered a little. It was cold in the house. Switching on a light, he began to build a fire on the hearth.

When the first slender flames had begun to lick up thru the kindling, Joe, rising, became aware of Wana standing silent behind him. "Cold, dear?" he inquired, drawing her towards the fire.

"Father?" Wana asked, not heeding him. "Grandfather was very brave, wasn't he?"

"Brave's could be," he asserted blithely.

Then Wana turned and, hiding her head against his coat, "I'll go to school in the morning, father," she whispered.

The Literary Faith and Conscience of William Dean Howells

ONLY time can tell whether the best of Howells' novels will sufficiently please the changing tastes of successive generations to keep his name fresh throughout centuries. But his humble admirer of today may fearlessly declare his title to be remembered in literary history and in the same words, proclaim the element in his writing which gives some promise of perennial life.

Condescending critics agree to praise his natural and exquisite style. Some of them extol his sweet and serene kindness of heart. Others of them tolerate his undeniable deficiencies because of his long helpfulness as editor, critic, stimulator of latent talent, introducer of Russian and Spanish fiction, and exponent of American taste and culture; because of his being "the dean of American letters." But in none of these things, and in no combination of them appears the main distinction of Howells.

Those may be right who accuse Howells of a Laodicean lack of heat. And those may be right who deplore in his novels an omission of the most admirable persons. Even those may be right who protest that he ignores the mountain-heights and ocean-depths of life. At any rate they are close to the really fundamental distinction of the author.

The great thing—for those who believe there is greatness—about the best novels of Howells is their truth. What is the substance of the charge that they are trivial, or that they are trite, or that they are tawdry, or that they are tame but just this: That they are representatively true?

Would not most of those who apply such epithets to the best works of William Dean Howells apply them equally to life in general? Are not the admirers of Howells those who have discovered, more or less by the natural magic of his radiography, that however trivial, trite, tawdry and tame ordinary life may seem, it is really and intrinsically tremendous in significance, strange in its hidden potencies and silent cataclysms, and exciting in its concealed doubts, fears and devotions, in its subtle thrills and poignant elations?

Howells is a pioneer among American novelists, and he is unequalled by Trollope and unsurpassed by Jane Austen, in the perception of comedy and tragedy in the familiar and the dull. From the time that he began to write fiction he exemplified his unique conviction that the real is "more iridescent and beautiful than any make-believe about the real." That faith is the impregnable rock of his distinction.

For Howells adhered rigidly to that faith in the composition of his novels. His readers gain the full benefit, or suffer the total blight, of the Puritan conscience. Sedulously and pertinaciously he rejects all compromise with make-believe. He keeps to the realest of the real. None of the melodrama which sporadically appears in nature and experience circumvents his ironic vigilance. For he admits exclusively the broadly representative persons and events. One of his purposes was to show the miracle and the mystery available to imaginative insight in the life of every human being. And so he girded up his loins to run straight and scathless the gauntlet of extremes.

Pertinent to good fiction the exceptional, the rare, and the remote unquestionably are. There is even, as Howells never denied, a place for pure make-believe, which ought not to be confused with make-believe

about the real. But of this generation, at least, there are some who offer gratitude to Howells for his incarnation of the faith that common-place experience may be counted on for the fateful, the rapturous, and the sublime.

—Sidney Hayes Cox.

Times and Places

THESE are times and places for all kinds of reading. Washington Irving's works are undoubtedly fine in their own field, that of soft, sleepy, indolent literature, with its long, smoothly flowing sentences, telling nothing in particular, requiring no thought. In this lies Irving's artistry, in his ability to create this indolent, sleepy atmosphere. As reading for the long winter evenings when the glow of the lamps and the wail of the wind round the eaves tends to deaden the senses, there is no doubt that I could enjoy him. But at present my mind is keyed up to the highest pitch and I am continually reaching forward for something tangible. Under these circumstances my mind chafes under the necessity for going over such inconsequential, sleepy, seemingly almost vapid literature. It is entirely unsuited to the atmosphere of enforced effort attendant upon the college year. In an appropriate place and at a time of quiet I should be glad to study Irving's tales and sketches thoroughly; but now they are only irritating. After reading "The Alhambra" for perhaps an hour it was a real relief to take up Ruskin, because Ruskin demanded thought and critical consideration as well as attention. He did not lead me forever onward without any destination; beside Irving he was real recreation, just as hard physical work is recreation after a period of unaccustomed loafing. Irving is not a fit subject for study. His works were meant only to be read.

—Philip R. White.

EBB TIDE

Up the shore alone I strayed
 And wasn't in the least afraid,
 But stayed out on the rocks and played
 And gathered weeds and shells.

The ocean had gone out to sea
 And left them lying there for me—
 The gold fish heard it quietly
 Lulling the restless swells.

—Wilda Linderman.

Sunlight, Moonlight, Bicycles, Chums

A BRIGHT sunny day, two bicycles, and your chum—these may make the world a paradise. One of the prime considerations in any outdoor trip, whether it be hiking, riding horseback, bicycling, or driving, is weather. And when one rides a wheel, a day too hot or too cool may impair the enjoyment of the whole trip. As for the bicycles—there is no outdoor sport more enjoyable than bicycling. But the greatest factor in the happiness of the trip is, indeed, the companion—if he be the right person.

I have always loved a bicycle. The keen joy I feel when I coast down a long hill on a smooth road, when the wheel leaps forward as if alive, has always captivated me. Even when my experience was limited to a coast down a very low hill on the handle bars of Daddie's wheel, I loved that flying-thru-the-air sensation. When I finally learned to ride a bicycle, my joy was unbounded. I received more than one severe tumble in the process of learning, but my first real ride more than paid me for the bruises and scratches, and each trip thereafter brought greater pleasure.

One afternoon in late spring my younger brother dared me to race with him to Conrad hill. We jumped on our "bikes" and were off. When we reached the hill it seemed far too nice to turn back; so on we went. In a moment we were shooting down hill, the gravel crackling under our tires, the wind whistling past us. When we could coast no longer we loitered along. The outdoors was so lovely that, even tho we had wished to do so, we could not have hurried. Along the road lay orchards, broad meadows, and stretches of woodland. The fragrance from blossoming trees filled the air. Robins and bluebirds flitted thru the boughs. From every field came the meadow-lark's call.

Several miles from town an old grass-grown road, scarcely more than a path, intercepted the main road. We turned in at this lane. It wound back and forth thru thickets of chokecherry and service-berry bushes, thru groves of pine, fir, and cottonwoods. In the top of a dead pine a flicker hammered merrily. Among the cottonwoods a summer warbler trilled his sweet song, and a pair of chickadees slipped thru the low bushes. We stopped our wheels suddenly, for the road ended at the river-bank. No matter how I see it, when it is a turbid yellow flood running full in early spring, when its green waters are dotted with tiny icebergs in December, or when it is running low in August, the Stillwater is always beautiful; but that day it was surpassingly beautiful. Wherever a boulder protruded from the clear green water, the white foam gathered. Blossom laden bushes which overhung the bank sent down showers of white petals to float away like tiny ships. Flying up stream, his rattling call sounding clearly thruout the woods, was Kos-ko-menos, the kingfisher.

After hiding our wheels in some low bushes, we stalked along up stream, silently enjoying the beauty of the woods and the river. The sun went down behind the trees, gilding the tops of the great cottonwoods with its slanting rays. Going back to our wheels, we mounted and started down the little path, already dusky with shadows, and wet with the first dews. As we sped along, we heard tiny fairy-like voices from the grass; and I am sure that the brownies followed us all the way home.

One of our favorite bicycle trips was to the Steel Bridge. It is just

three miles from home, and if we start immediately after dinner we can reach the bridge just before sunset. Tho the road itself is enticing, we never linger along the way, for fear that we should miss the sunset. Usually we race down the last part of the drive in order to gain sufficient impetus to go up onto the bridge easily. When we reach the center of the bridge, we dismount, rest our wheels against the railing, and wait for the sun to go down. Little by little it slips behind a low fringe of bushes on a flat just beyond the river. The clouds are consumed in gold and crimson fires, and the white-capped Kootenais catch the color, reflecting it back in the Alpine glow. Below us, the green waters of the Flathead are dyed with the same colors that flame in the west. Suddenly the last small rim of the sun disappears. The colors change, glowing with purple, fading to rose-violet, and dying away. A gray mist comes softly up from the river to meet the falling dusk. Far down the western horizon, the first white star gleams.

Steve turns to me, his blue eyes seeming almost black with pleasure in the evening's beauty. He usually grows inarticulate before such glory as the sunset; but his eyes are more eloquent than his voice. Quickly his expression changes. The look of wonder is gone, and impish mischief gleams in its place. "Come on, Sis. I'll race you down the bridge. You can have a head start of from here to the next span, and I bet four bits I beat!" I jump on my wheel and pedal with all my might, but, as usual, Steve flies past me, waving a gay salute. When he has proved to his satisfaction that he can "beat Sis all hollow" he waits for me to catch up. Since there is nothing for which to hurry home, we go so slowly at times we scarcely seem to move. We stop to gather wild flowers, sit for a moment on an old rail fence, or throw stones at a gopher. By the time we reach home it is quite dark and there is just a bit of relief in mother's voice as she greets us.

Sometimes my chum and I go riding down by Demersville. As we go along we think of all the strange stories we have ever heard of the little frontier town. Nothing is left of Demersville now, but here and there an old cellar hole shows where a house stood, or a few boards mark the location of a sidewalk. But thinking of the Demersville of which our fathers tell us, we pedal swiftly down the road with many frightened glances back into the purple dusk, for where the old town once stood the ghosts of men killed in bandit raids and in gun fights still linger and make the twilight fearsome.

But memorable as all these trips were, the best of all was our long ride to the lake. Lois, Steve and I had been planning all summer to ride to Flathead Lake. We had intended to go in August, but as a forest fire appeared on the west shore and no one knew when it might swoop down upon Lakeside, we put off the trip. As August drew to a close, the fire lost ground, and we decided to risk it. One morning in early September we started. It was just grey dawn when we wheeled out of town on the "Diagonal." A queer looking trio we must have been. Steve and Lois were wearing coveralls and old straw hats. My apparel consisted of a middy, hiking trousers, and a thoroughly disreputable cap. To our handle bars were fastened knapsacks and pails containing our grub and our fishing tackle. We hurried as fast as possible while we were on the smooth road, for we knew that riding would be harder when we turned at the cross-roads. Moreover, one of the tires on the wheel Lois rode was none too good, and the sun shining on it as we went along might weaken it enough to cause a puncture.

Suddenly we stopped. A small grayish brown animal was shuffling across the road. Steve was carrying the .38 revolver without which we never "journeyed abroad" and he promptly hauled it out. "Badger!" he yelled. "Bang!" went the gun. The badger bounded lightly to one side. "Bang!" Another miss! Steve shot the five cartridges that were in the revolver, and gave up in disgust. He ejected the empty shells, reloaded the gun, and slipped it into its holster. With a look of mortification on his face, he went over to his bicycle.

"Don't you worry, Steve," said Lois. "You had the buck fever and any body who hunts at all gets that once in a while."

Not entirely consoled, but relieved to find that we did not think his missing entirely due to his lack of shooting ability, Steve picked up his wheel. When the sun came up we were far from home. At about eight o'clock we came into Somers, the little town at the head of the lake. As Lois' tire was quite flat by that time, we stopped at a garage to pump it up. Riding down the hill out of Somers we caught our first glimpse of the lake. Like all large bodies of water, Flathead is never twice the same. That day it was soft blue-gray, which blended so perfectly into the smoke-filled sky that there seemed to be only space beyond the shore. The sunbeams gleaming thru the smoke made the air seem like liquid gold. Along the roadside, asters and golden rod made riots of color. The Oregon grape leaves were turning red. There was a touch of frost in the air; in every orchard the early apples were being picked; and children, dinner pail in hand, were hurrying down the road in answer to the tinkling summons of the school bells. The whole outdoors reminded me of a verse I had read just a few days before—

"September comes with harvest; nights grow cool;
Ripe apples drop; the reaper's clack is heard.
The tolling bell warns laggards back to school
And 'Teacher! Teacher!' cries the oven bird."

We went leisurely, but before long we had reached the summer camp at Lakeside. After taking our fishing tackle from our packs, we lifted our wheels over the fence and raced back to the creek. We hurried upstream, dropping our lines into every pool. The quiet was pierced by Steve's call, "I've got one!" It was followed immediately by, "The darn ole thing fell off! For the love a' Mike, c'mere quick, Sis! He fell in a little pool and he can't get out!" I started for the place. Before I reached him, Steve gave an Indian warwhoop. "I got him! Caught him with my hands! Darn ole sucker! Gee, but he's a beauty!" As I came up to him, he extended his arm. Tightly gripped in his hand was an eight-inch brook trout.

A moment later, another call rang from up stream. "Hey, I've got one too!" From then on, either Lois or Steve was continually announcing the capture of another fish. As for myself, I wandered along the stream, dropping my hook in once in a while. The trout did not seem attracted to my salmon eggs, but perhaps it was my fault. The creek was far too beautiful for mere fishing and I cast my line in rather desultorily. Schubert's "Brook" might have been written about that little trout stream. The music is like nothing so much as the ripply tune the water sings and the verse portrays the creek perfectly:

"A brook slips softly singing
Of depths 'neath alder shade,
Where mosses green are clinging
And shadows fleck the glade."

After a time, Lois and Steve came down stream to me where I was sitting on a boulder. Lois dropped down beside me while Steve carefully placed his stringer full of fish in a quiet pool. That momentous task finished, he sat upon the bank and we day-dreamed there in silence. I knew what was in my chum's mind. The journey to California ahead of her, Long Beach, where she had already spent two happy winters, her school, her friends down south—all beckoned alluringly to her. I could not tell what Steve was thinking. His face was quiet and inscrutable. As for me, I thought of the happy years behind us, the years which were so full of the good times we three had enjoyed together. The past was all sunshine, but a cloud overshadowed the future. Would Lois ever come back from California? Would the south become dearer than home to her? I wondered.

When I day-dream now it is often of the brook as it was that day, of Lois and Steve as they were then. I see the clear brown water flecked with shadow and sunshine, rippling and singing over its pebbly bed, purling around the boulders; I see the fern-fringed bank, and the leafy alders. From back in the woods comes the liquid call of the cat-bird. Some sunbeams straying thru the leaves turn the brown of Lois' hair to gold, and seem reflected in the lights dreaming in her sea-blue eyes. Steve is stretched out on the bank, his face, which is in the shadows, grave with all the wisdom of his thirteen years.

Before long our musing was interrupted by Steve's remark that it was about supper time. Then Steve himself insisted on demonstrating the proper method of broiling fish in camp. How good things taste out of doors! Lois did not know whether to be sorry or glad about it. She was always worrying because she was plump and, as she said, "Even tho you do ride seventeen miles and wear off about seventeen pounds, you can't help eating the pounds on again when you smell such good food." As she leaned over to take another trout she said emphatically "I do wish I'd get thin!"

Just at sunset we made our packs and left. As we reached Somers dusk was creeping down, but just after dark really came the moon rose. The roadside shadows were thick and black, but the road gleamed like a silver ribbon.

As we stopped at Lois' gate to bid her good night, she said, "Hasn't it been a perfect day? It was work, but I'd rather work like this than lie around and be lazy." She paused a moment, then kissed me, murmuring the words of the old French toast:

"Au soleil qui nous appelle au travail,
A la lune qui nous appelle au plaisir,
A l'amour qui remplit nos coeurs."

—Eugenie Frohlicher.

Chinook

DIS mornin' I wak up w'en d' cookee go clong! cling! clong! wit' a monkey-wrench on d' ol' circular saw blade w'at 'ang on a wire by d' cook shack door.

Mike McKeown in d' bunk above kick off his suggin an' say, "Joe, you 'ere dot drippin' by d' eaves outside? Chinook's come! Logs on d' skid-ways an' d' drive begin, by gar!"

Bill Magnon, she yell from a bunk by d' door, "Yeh, you get you' pacs an' pike an' peavy, boys!"

"Nom d'Dieu!" I say, "You fellaws ain't know much! W'en you live by d' Flathead river in Montan' t'irty-eight year nex' May lak me, you know better dan get excite by d' firs' chinook w'at come. Today she be warm an'—Gee! jus' lak spring! wit' sout' win' blowin' up d' valley an' snaw banks sort a vanishin', an' slush up pas' you' ankle on d' trail, an' smell of pine an' tamarack logs lak ol' wine, an' mebbe one crazy, head-of-time, wil' goose, honkin' roun' up dere. Oh, yes, you fellaws t'ink, 'La la! Spring has come an' pretty soon we get d' drive down in d' boom an' you go struttin' in to town, singin' an' cussin' w'it you' pockets full of jack, w'at Gus spen's by d' Two Jims bar an' Mike on vamp mam'selle at Charlie Yen's cafe. Oh, yes! w'en you live by d' Flathead river in Montan' t-irty-eight year nex' May lak me you know better dan get excite by d' firs' chinook w'at come.

Rachel Jordan.

PULLING OUT

A western, sunbaked town whose population ebbs;
 Where daily, drooping houses board their doors to die,
 Spiders with evil faces starve on fruitless webs,
 And the long prairie road runs coastward with the sky;
 Dry-farmers who have known five cropless years,
 A stream of Homestead folk blocked now against the sun,
 An old Ford, heaped with household goods, a girl in tears,
 A child, clutching of his poor toys the salvaged one;
 A thresher, drawn by one unwilling pioneer,
 A white horse, staring-eyed, ending the straggling file,
 An ancient cattleman uplifts his glove to peer
 At the departure with a lean malignant smile.

—Ruth Hamilton.

ELEGY

(On the Breaking of My Jimmy Pipe.)

For you no slow rung solemn bell
Shall tell the world of sorrow.
For you no sad processional,
No glorified tomorrow.

But just a single simple heart
Whose many paths you've trodden
In close companionship, will start
In pain, and then lie sodden.

But you, my pipe shall pass away
From earth in fragrance mellow.
I'll place you on a pile of "smokes"
And burn you there, old fellow.

—Jack Stone.

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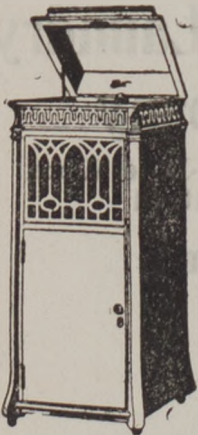
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