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V. 10 No. 4
THE
FRONTIER

A MAGAZINE OF THE NORTHWEST



MAY

Cowboy Can Ride, a drawing by Irving Shope.

A Coffin for Enoch, a story by Elise Rushfeldt.

Chinook Jargon, by Edward H. Thomas.

The Backward States, an essay by Edmund L. Freeman.

An Indian Girl's Story of a Trading Expedition to the Southwest About 1841.

Other stories by Ted Olson, Roland English Hartley, William Saroyan, Martin Peterson, Merle Haines.

Open Range articles by H. C. B. Colvill, William S. Lewis, Mrs. T. A. Wickes.

Poems by Donald Burnie, Elizabeth Needham, Kathryn Shepherd, James Rorty, Frances Huston, Whitley Gray, Eleanor Sickels, Muriel Thurston, Helen Maring, Margaret Skavlan, James Marshall, Frank Ankenbrand, Jr., Israel Newman, Lillian T. Leonard, Edith M. Graham, Sally Maclay, Marion Doyle, Eleanor Hansen, Paul E. Tracy, G. Frank Goodpasture, Charles Oluf Olsen.

Book Reviews.

Volume X

May, 1930

Number 4

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

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Volume Ten

MAY, 1930

Number Four

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Contributions are welcome at any time of the year. Verse, sketch, essay, article, drama, story, written with sincerity and interest, are acceptable.

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ABOARD THE COVERED WAGON

Irvin ("Shorty") Shope is a Montana artist of western subjects living in Missoula. **Ted Olson**, a Wyoming poet, is the author of *A Stranger and Afraid*, a volume of very beautiful poems. **Donald Burnie** and **Edith Graham** are Idaho poets. **Elizabeth Needham**, Santa Fe, had a story in the *March Frontier*.

Edmund L. Freeman, Professor of English at the State University of Montana, is on leave of absence studying at Northwestern University. **Eleanor Sickels** is teaching during his absence. Miss Sickels formerly was a professor at New York University.

Seattle is represented by four writers, **Kathryn Shepherd**, **Helen Maring**, editor of *Muse and Mirror*, and **James Marshall**, editor of *Western Features*, all three poets, and **Edward H. Thomas**, an authority on the Chinook Jargon, whose articles have appeared in *American Speech*. **G. Frank Goodpasture** lives in South Bend, Washington.

James Rorty, a frequent contributor to *The Nation*, lives in Connecticut; **Frank Ankenbrand, Jr.**, in New Jersey; **Marion Doyle** in Pennsylvania; **Dr. Israel Newman** in Maine. **Sallie Maclay** is doing newspaper work in Indianapolis. **Whitley Gray** is an editor of *Troubadour*, San Diego.

Roland E. Hartley, San Francisco, is well known to *Frontier* readers. **William Saroyan**

sends this, his first published story, from San Francisco. **Frances Huston**, **Muriel Thurston**, **Margaret Skavlan**, **Paul E. Tracy**, **Charles Oluf Olsen**, and **Eleanor Hansen** are Oregon poets.

Elise Rushfeldt, Minnesota, wrote *A Coffin for Anna*, reprinted in the *O. Henry Memorial Award Prize Stories* for 1929 from *The Frontier*, here tries to supply a coffin for Anna's husband, Enoch. **Martin Peterson** is an editor of *The Prairie Schooner*, the admirable regional magazine published at Lincoln, Nebraska.

Lillian T. Leonard lives in Great Falls; **Merle Haines** in Helena; **Mrs. T. A. Wickes**, herself a pioneer, in Somers, and **H. C. B. Colvill** in Orchard Homes, all Montana writers. **W. O. Clough** is a professor of English at the University of Wyoming. **William S. Lewis**, a Spokane attorney, is well known as an historian of early Northwest material.

Winona Adams is assistant cataloguer in the library of the State University of Montana.

THE NEXT ISSUE OF *THE FRONTIER* WILL BE THE NOVEMBER NUMBER, PUBLISHED ON OCTOBER 20. WILL YOU WIN FRIENDS FOR IT DURING THE SUMMER?

State of Montana, County of Missoula—ss.

Before me, a notary public in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared Harold G. Merriam, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the editor, publisher and owner of *The Frontier*, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to-wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, H. G. Merriam, State University, Missoula, Mont.; Editor, H. G. Merriam, State University, Missoula, Mont.; Managing Editor, none; Business Manager, Keith Helbronner, State University, Missoula, Mont.

2. That the owner is: Harold G. Merriam, State University, Missoula, Mont.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

H. G. MERRIAM, Editor and Publisher.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 28th day of March, 1930.

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Notary Public for the State of Montana.
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My commission expires June 19th, 1930.

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Missoula also is Montana’s University city. The State University is located on the southeast edge of the city, and from the campus proper Mount Sentinel swoops abruptly up into the high distance. A glorious view of the surrounding country may be gained by ascending one of the several trails up the mountain.

Lumbering is one of Western Montana’s main industries, and a thorough knowledge of the work, from the planting of tiny trees to the finishing of high grade lumber, can be obtained here. The Forestry School nursery has a large area devoted to the culture of trees of various kinds. A trip through the nursery is a pleasure and an instructive pastime. At Milltown and Bonner, just east of Missoula and on both the motor highway and the street-car line, are the lumber mills of the Anaconda Copper Mining company, where visitors are shown how the logs are pulled dripping from the river and in a few moments are piled as lumber in the drying yards.

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And that's just about all the time it takes for a real range hand to strap a saddle onto a lunging, snorting hunk of horse flesh that would kick the life out of a less skilled person.

Horses that are range raised and never touched by human hands till they are five or six years old, except when they are branded some fearful day in their colthood, are likely to retain some of their wild ways the rest of their lives, especially when they are ridden only during the season of cattle handling from May or June till October and then only half a day out of every two or three days.

Here I'm speaking of the large cow-outfits where cattle are handled by the thousands and each rider has in his mount from five to ten horses which are grazed by a horse wrangler between their turns of work under the saddle. In this way the horses do not require any feed except the grass they pick and where horses are cheap it is more economical than having only two or three horses to the rider and graining them.

Horses differ as much as humans and in his "string" a rider may find, before the season is well advanced, that two or three of his younger ponies are gentle enough to be trusted in roping and cutting and are well on their way to making real cow horses that will hardly need a touch on the bridle to carry on their work. Then there will be some that are naturally given to bucking at the slightest disturbance and fighting their rider when he saddles or when they do not understand his signals from the saddle. These horses are used for rough work like riding circle when in the morning a fresh stretch of country is combed for cattle which are driven to a central point to be worked in the afternoon. They are also used to stand guard, to trail herds and wherever they can be used to save his most intelligent horses. For his trained mounts must be always fresh when he has to do such heavy work as roping calves all afternoon in the spring round-up or cutting steers fit for beef from the main herd in the fall. Roping calves may not sound like hard work, but if I should say that two men roping with six men working at the branding fire can work between two to five hundred head of calves in an afternoon, it may sound different.

To see half the riders around a chuck wagon in the morning saddling horses that are doing their best to keep from being saddled and then bucking for at least a few real jumps when mounted is rather a common sight. It's what makes every real cowboy a hand that can saddle and ride anything all by himself, anywhere it's handed to him, whether it's at the home ranch corrals or out on the wide stretches of rolling grass where most of his work is done.

SHORTY SHOPE.

THE FRONTIER

A MAGAZINE OF THE NORTHWEST

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

—THOREAU.

PRELUDE TO A PICARESQUE NOVEL

BY TED OLSON

THE sky was a flame of sapphire and the earth an emerald blaze.

The torrid air of mid-morning smoked with a droning fury of mosquitoes, for the river meadows were awash and their tepid shallows incubated tiny life in tropical profusion. It was a week or so too early for horseflies, but already a few of their smaller kindred known as deerflies had come to add their ferocity to the insistence of the mosquitoes. It is a scourge that sends cattle loping in agony for a relief that flailing tails can not afford; that makes horses half unmanageable; that drains the puny reservoirs of human patience and sets men quarrel over trifles.

Most days there would have been wind on the upland where Jeff Madison and his brother Dan were cleaning ditch. Today there was none. The snarling horde was a fog about their heads. The heat clung with almost personal malevolence. Their skins were a paste of sweat saturated with dust ground up by the bucking plough and scraper. When they could free a hand for an instant they waged desultory and ineffectual war on the feasting plague.

It was harsh labor and their progress was, to Dan at least, infuriatingly slow. First the plow, with Jeff fighting the handles and Dan sawing the reins over the big bay team. Up the ditch perhaps fifty feet; never, though, in one consistent advance, for the nose of the plow would glance from a sunken boulder and jerk into air, or lock in a nest of willow roots and bring team and all

to a halt. Then Dan must tug and shout shrill imprecations until the reluctant bays came awkwardly back, and Jeff dragged the plow loose and planted it for another attempt. Up the ditch fifty feet thus; down on the opposite side to the starting point. Then the scraper; Jeff at the handles again; Dan at the reins; the bays crouched to the drag of the traces. Only a yard or so at a time now; then a swing to left or right to dump the load on the bank and back again into the ditch. And at long intervals a pause while Jeff packed his pipe and Dan sprawled dolefully on the stubble and the bays stamped and fretted and switched and got incomprehensibly entangled in the reins and traces.

"Come on, kid," Jeff's inexorable summons roused Dan to reluctant feet. He dragged listlessly over to the team, unfastened a trace and shoved at a thigh of the drowsing mare until she shifted her weight enough to permit him to refasten it properly. In the process the lashing tail caught him in the mouth and he spat a mouthful of profanity after it.

"Git up! Git up, Maude! Come alive! Git outa town!"

The bays seesawed into their collars and then straightened out and the scraper ground forward. A boulder tilted the blade of it upward and as the tug lessened the team spurted forward. The bounce wrested the handle from Jeff's fingers and one of them caught him a savage buffet across the jaw. He staggered dizzily with the pain.

It was five yards before Dan could drag the bays to a halt. As he tugged at the reins to turn them Jeff's hand clamped on his shoulder and shook him fiercely.

"For God's sake, can't you hold them horses, yuh damned, yellow runt? What in hell good are yuh, anyway?"

The heat, the nagging insect torment had brought them to the inevitable breaking-point. It had needed only this incident to touch them to fury.

"God damn you, take your hands offa me!" the boy shrilled.

"You rat!"

Jeff was a stalwart man and the adolescent body was powerless in his grip. Probably he did not guess the power behind the open-handed blow he dealt Dan across the face as he flung him sprawling.

Blind frenzy surged over the boy. His fingers clutched a stone beside him—a cornered, hand-filling missile. As he reeled to his knees he flung it.

It missed Jeff. Before the boy could seize another his brother was on him, sobbing curses, cuffing him with flail-like buffets, shaking him until the blue-green world was a sickening swirl. They rolled and wrestled, ignominiously, shamefully, until rage had exhausted itself and them and their grip loosened.

Jeff sprawled panting to his feet, scarlet yet with the dwindling flame of fury and effort, scowling, ashamed of himself, but refusing to acknowledge that shame. Dan lay spent, sobbing for breath. With the first lung-filling gasp he hitched himself to a sitting posture and flung a last shaky challenge.

"You—damned—big—bully! I'll get—even—if it's the—last thing I do! You wait! Damn you! Damn you!"

The consciousness of victory, perhaps seasoned with shame, kept Jeff from replying in kind.

"Shut up!" he growled. "You'll behave yourself for a while, I reckon. Get holt 'a those lines and try to be some good oncet."

"You wait!" Dan contented himself with that last feeble sop to his resentment. He shouted the bays into reluctant endeavor and the scraper nosed into the loosened soil again. Labor, eternal and patient, overtopped the little flame of human bickering, encircled and engulfed it. The service of the soil must go on. Hatreds and hostilities must yield for the time at least to a grudging community of effort. To Jeff this was inevitable and accepted. Under the pettier fret of life flowed this vast and inexorable current. Whatever else might happen, whatever fears and hopes and joys and despairs might harry the servitors of earth, their ritual of service, shaped by the changeless sequence of day and night, of winter and summer, must be fulfilled. Dan had yielded to it because it was part of the furniture of his existence, something his youth had accepted as it accepted the routine of three meals a day and eight hours sleep out of the twenty-four. He yielded to it now. A sullen truce crust-ed over the smouldering lava of momentary wrath.

There had been clashes before. Inevitably there would be other clashes later. Between stretched levels of sober tolerance, grooved by habit, imposed, perhaps, on the bedrock of a scarcely recognized affection. For they were brothers, and the bond of blood is always a potent one. It is more likely to

be transmuted into hatred than to weaken into indifference.

So the sun whittled away the morning until Jeff, casting a measuring glance at his pigmied shadow, dragged forth a nicked Ingersol and remarked gruffly: "Let's eat!"

In taciturn acquiescence Dan unhooked the tug-chains and looped them through the harness so that they might not drag. Reins looped and bridles off, the horses were dismissed with a slap on ample rumps. The lure of oats in the shadowy coolness of the stable would insure their safe arrival there after they had sucked their fill from the creek by the corrals.

The brothers trudged after them, in that half-coma of relaxation that comes in the wake of long muscle toil. They did not talk. They had nothing to say to each other, even had that savage minute in mid-forenoon been forgotten. And it was not. Neither was willing to make the first overture of peace.

At the stable Dan climbed to the loft and forked down great heaps of hay while Jeff portioned out to each horse a five-pound pail of oats. The familiar rattle of the oat-box lid was signal for curving necks and distended nostrils and velvety whickers of anticipation. As the muzzles nosed deep in the boxes Jeff permitted himself a caress along each sweaty neck, a roughly affectionate slap on sleek shoulders. He liked horses. There was a manorial satisfaction in bestowing largess on them, knowing that he was master of their destinies, custodian of their comfort. He could be implacably stern on occasion; he could be needlessly harsh when the slumbering savage in him was aroused, but he would have told you—and believed it—

that "Nobody's readier to treat a horse right when *he's* willing to do the right thing. And nobody'll take it outa 'em quicker when they're tryin' to be ornery."

The low-ceilinged kitchen was gratefully cool within its stout log walls. Jeff, taking priority as the unquestioned right of his age, emptied the big pail on the washstand into the graniteware basin and handed it to Dan. When the boy returned with the pail slopping full his brother was sputtering and puffing into the big crash towel. While Dan soaped and splashed and swabbed Jeff crammed paper and chips into the maw of the range and nursed the fire with wood split fine for quick cooking heat. He begrudged the time baching stole from work out-of-doors, and by long practice he had reduced its demands to the minimum.

They did not talk as they went about the preparation of dinner. There was no need to exchange orders or suggestions; there was no urge for mere converse. Without a word they sat down to devour steak, warmed up from last night's supper, fried potatoes, canned corn and rye bread, washed down by gulps of coffee.

But before he settled into his chair Dan fumbled under the smaller table that was littered with pipes and tobacco cans and newspapers and scissors and other bric-a-brac and dug out a dog-eared magazine, which he spread beside his plate. He ate unseeingly, scarcely dragging his glance from the print long enough to fumble for more butter. He did not see the curl that lifted Jeff's lip. He did not need to. He knew from long experience the contempt Jeff had for this odd passion for print. Jeff had

voiced it frequently enough. He might have waxed facetious now had they been on terms of amity.

"Funny yuh don't rig up a duhickey so you could hang a magazine on Maude's rump when you're ridin' the harrow," he had remarked the spring before, and had been so pleased with the witticism that he repeated it once a week at least. But he knew better now.

So the meal passed. Finished, Jeff packed his pipe and stretched back in comfortable lethargy. The alarm clock swept inexorably toward one o'clock. There was no external compulsion to fix their hours of labor and of leisure, now that no hired men were at hand, but the tyranny of long custom survived. It was the tradition of the country that work should pause in such season that horses might be stabled and tended by the stroke of noon. The next hour was sacred; with equal exactitude the stroke of one found every man returning to labor.

While Jeff smoked in a half-drowse Dan read on, insensible to the urgent immediate world. In this season they did not bother to wash the dishes after each meal. They were stacked for a grand clean-up nightly. This Jeff accepted as he always accepted the inevitable. Dan resented it with the fierce resentment of youth that refuses to acknowledge anything as inevitable. He hated this baching more than all the more strenuous outdoor tasks. It seemed an unjust invasion upon time that rightfully should have meant rest from labor. He hated the necessary monotony of their fare—steak and potatoes and canned corn or peas; potatoes and canned peas or corn and steak, topped off at night by canned peaches or apricots, supplemented of

mornings by oatmeal and occasionally flapjacks.

Eighteen months had erased the ache left by his mother's death. He would not have admitted that the loss of her services persisted more stubbornly than the loss of her tired, undemonstrative personality. Yet it was true. When she had lived there had been a garden, loyally tended; it was grown now to weeds and open to the rooting of the hogs. When she had lived there had been warm meals waiting on the hour when they trooped in, weary and famished; fresh vegetables prepared in delectable ways; luscious pies and golden, sugary doughnuts and ruby currant and gooseberry jellies and savory puddings. He had accepted her service unthinkingly, with the bright, callous cruelty of youth. He had grieved unselfishly when she had died, suddenly and inexplicably, but his young life had healed the wound quickly. But the burden of supplying the needs she had supplied, of doing without the service he had come to expect, was constantly upon him. Perhaps it was partly that which sent him to the refuge of his magazines. There, in adventures furious and incredible, in lands of remote glamour, he could forget dishes with long-cold food crusted into them, the wailing torment of mosquitoes, the reek of sweat-drenched clothes. And bitterly he begrudged the tyranny of labor that dragged him inexorably back from this precious freedom.

"Come on, kid. Let's get going."

Jeff put away his pipe and stretched to his feet. Dan flipped a page, saw that the end of the chapter was hopelessly distant, and regretfully laid the magazine aside. Dispiritedly he heaped cup and saucer and plate together in

the sink; sullenly followed his brother's burly figure into the pitiless sunshine.

That day ended as days must end, however much it may seem that time swims arrested in some Joshua spell. The westering sun appeared to drink back the heat it had squeezed on a cringing world, and man and beast breathed more freely in the fitful eddy of wind that came toward sundown. Even the insect pestilence abated somewhat; frail wings could not stem that cool, invisible tide. Dan found himself reluctantly yielding to the peace that comes with evening to those whose labor is measured by the hours of sunlight—peace the more exquisite because it is crowded narrowly between toil and sleep.

As they trudged stable-wards Jeff broke the silence. "Wanna chase down after the mail? I'll pail the bossies and get supper."

Dan guessed that the suggestion was an awkward overture for peace. He was not so ready as his brother to acknowledge the breach healed; smouldering resentment delayed his answer for a dozen steps. But the bait was too alluring.

"Awright," with assumed indifference.

"You can take Wink if you wanta. He's in the little pasture."

This was further concession. Jeff was jealous of Wink. Any man might well be jealous of that sleek, golden morsel of horseflesh, spirited but gentle, wise in the lore of rope and uncanonically adept in circumventing the whims of recalcitrant steers. Dan could not well scorn the munificence of this gift.

"Awright," he said again, but his tone was noticeably warmer.

It was two miles across the river-bottom to the highroad; two miles more to the crossroads where the rural free delivery wagon ambled in from its circuit along Sheep Creek and turned back toward Grandon. Wink took the road across the uplands of the Madison place at a long lope. The swing of his easy stride sent a rhythm of jubilant blood through his rider's veins. The ache of weary muscles, the burn of insect-bites lumping neck and forehead and wrist were salved by the wind of their speed. When he stopped to swing open the gate separating the home ranch from Gunderson's upper meadow he had almost forgotten the day behind him. He reined Wink to a running-walk and let the reins droop as he whistled or sang lugubrious snatches of treacly popular songs:

*"In a village by the sea,
She was happy as could be,
Like a bird her heart was ever light and
free.*

*Now the moon don't shine as bright,
For she's all alone tonight,
Where he left her
In a village by-y the sea."*

Wink plashed through a mile of drenched meadow; broke into a lope again where dandelion-saffroned knolls lifted from the shallows. Robust meadowlarks chanted from the willows that bordered the drowsy silver of irrigation-ditches. In a fence corner they disturbed a great parleying of black-birds, scraps of jet arrogance flaunting epaulets of vivid scarlet as they scolded the intruders. Their shadow sprawled alongside, an ungainly caricature of their sleek progress. The low hills on the eastern horizon were rose and coral; those to the north were mys-

teriously washed in delicate pastels of blue and purple.

So they came to the river, past full flood now, but still the color of heavily-creamed coffee and still encroaching on the precincts of the willows and alders and cottonwoods that bordered it. Wink clopped gingerly across the narrow plank bridge, pretending to shy violently midway as a reminder that he might be much less docile if he chose. Beyond, the road climbed slantingly up the bluff and emerged through a wire gate into the broad sagebrush lane of the country road.

The Madison mail-box, one of a covey that flocked on the rim of a wagon wheel pivoted on a post at the cross-roads, yielded no rich harvest. There was the semi-weekly edition of the *Grandon Pioneer*; a summer bargain catalog from Sears Roebuck, addressed with grandiose disregard of death and change to Dan's mother; a copy of the *Farm Journal*; two windowed envelopes that the boy knew for bills. He tucked the plebeian harvest in the flour sack looped to the saddle-horn, and with a vague depression swung Wink homeward.

The sun had dropped behind the mountain rim. It was still light, but a light drained of its warm honey, dream-like and reticent. The horizon lacked body and depth; it was a black paper cutout pasted on crystal. The west was cloudless and colorless. Only to northward and southward its translucence deepened to a wash of clear apple-green. Far to westward in the valley shone a level pool of quicksilver where the river looped for a moment free from its sheath of timber. Elsewhere the bottoms, rich emerald by day, were only shadow on shadow.

And out of nowhere flamed suddenly the frosty beacon of the evening star.

Dan was conscious, as he always was conscious at hours like this, of a strange pain that somehow was dearer than pleasure; of a hunger that knew no ordinary food and that was queerly better than repletion. He had never thought much of religion; churches were too remote in this land for Sunday school training to be meted out to youth, and the teaching his mother had given was perfunctory, inspired rather by a sense of duty than by deep conviction. This queer urge toward something beyond himself was not associated definitely with his scrappy ideas of divinity and eternity. It had no such framework to make it articulate. It was at once a rapt contentment and a pervading discontent; a sense of fulfillment and of want; a rapport with the beauty of the universe and a dissatisfaction that he could comprehend that beauty so scantily. And it was transmuted obscurely into the grandiose, vague dreams of youth that visions conquest and achievement beyond the achievement of all other mortals past.

From the dimming road came a waspish drone that caught Wink's ears to pricking alertness. A gust of light swept round a curve and burst in two as it roared down upon them. Wink snorted and crowded on two-stepping hoofs toward the fence. A minute they were washed in its radiance; then it was past, a great noisy behemoth boring through the night toward the city.

Dan tamed Wink's brief eruption with a relentless hand and held him rebelliously in check while he stared eastward. The saffron dust of the car was lost in the silver dust of twilight,

and the ruby ember of the tail light flickered into ash as he watched. But far, far beyond on the horizon a nest of stars that was Grandon was visible, and another star, hung on the sooty wall of hills, told of a train racing down the divide toward the division point.

The racing car, the town, the train—they were part of a mightier current that swept by, leaving Dan in the eddy. He was conscious again of that surge of rebellion. Beyond the divide there was another world—a world of cities and throngs, of life sure-footed and full-throated and imperious, of action and conquest and adventure. It was life different not merely in degree but in kind from the plodding stupidity of his own existence. And he felt with the egotism of youth that he was somehow rightfully a part of that life, rather than of the one he knew. He was not like Jeff, content to be servitor of the tyrannous soil until it claimed his very bones. He was of a different breed. And with a squaring of his round young chin he swore that he would not be cheated of his birthright.

The audacity of his resolve left him for a moment dizzy and cold with a kind of terror. Grandon was only twelve miles distant. He could leave Wink at the livery stable to await Jeff's bewildered, dully furious pursuit. There were always freights leaving for the long pull across the divide; he had absorbed from the gossip of hired men a casual lore of "riding the rods." By morning he would be a hundred miles or more away.

Again the sudden clutch of terror, this time with a surge of blood to his temples, a queer hotness at his forehead. His thoughts scuttled for refuge to a vision of the ranch house waiting there

across the river bottoms, squat and cluttered and yet dearly familiar and warm, with the orange square of window burning through the dusk, and Jeff clumping heavily about the business of supper.

Jeff . . . Dan saw his face scarlet and ugly and distorted with wrath, a gargoyle spinning through a red haze of tears and fury; felt a huge flat fist clamping his shoulder; swayed under the buffet of a big-knuckled hand; was conscious of a murderous frenzy in himself, fed by a maddening sense of impotence and humiliation. And in the renaissance of that sultry hatred there was no longer room for the terror that had momentarily dismayed him.

Wink, fretfully eager for the homeward trail, felt the pressure of the rein turning him inexplicably away from it. He snorted and shook his wilful head rebelliously, but the command was re-enforced by a touch of the spur, not too gentle. He broke into his long, easy lope. Its rhythm somehow reassured Dan, though his breath still came fast and a bit uneven, and his temples were hot to the chill night wind. After a while he reined the horse to a swift trot. There was no hurry. It was only twelve miles—eleven now, indeed. Time enough later to think of what lay beyond those eleven miles. His voice was brave, if somewhat jerky from Wink's stride, as he raised it again in song:

*"I had a sad experience in the fall of
'ninety-four;*

*I was cook on a granger's roundup,
which I'll never be no more.*

*I cooked for young and old alike, and I
cooked for tenderheels.*

*The prairie-dogs they eat like hogs at
the boarding-house on wheels."*

Singing, he rode toward Grandon and the world.

TSCEMINICUM SNAKE RIVER PEOPLE

BY DONALD BURNIE

Adventure

*The sea hath wed the sky far down
The West, his foamy mantle thrown
Around her feet, and arms uptos't
To claim his bride ere she be lost.*

*At nuptial mass the waves' high snarl
Resounds, and the tumultuous parle
Of gustful winds unloosed. Bold sea,
From thy deep spell she cannot flee.*

Colonel Craig

Seeker of unknown places, trapper and hunter.
I came with Bob Newell to Tsceminicum,
Thereafter dwelling in peace with the Nimipu.
I married the daughter of a Chief
And we lived together forty years
On my donation claim on the Lapwai.
I hunted and trapped
While she toiled and bore many children.
Once I took her to my old home in St. Louis
But we soon returned to my donation claim
For the voices of Lapwai called.
They named Craig Mountains after me;
Craig Mountains seem symbolic of me,
Lying so huge and silent in the sunshine
Between Koos-koos-ki and the rushing Snake.

Robert Newell

Craig and I were the first white men
Who ever owned a piece of Joseph's land.
At the request of the Great Council of Nimipu
The President gave Craig his donation claim
And granted me five acres
In the heart of Tsceminicum.
I, too, married an Indian woman
And lived the lordly frontier life,
Trapping and hunting, spearing the silver salmon,
A power in the war councils of Nimipu,
Friend of Joseph and Pile-of-Clouds.
Then I attended the first convention
At Champoeg in forty-three, whence came the state;
I married a white woman and went to work,
And later I ran for Congress,
Having become a great man in Idaho.

The Soil

*The sappy earth's deep breasts are lush
 With life's keen essences; the hush
 Of growing time is in the air
 And spring shall be forever fair.*

*Forever shall the seed corn swell
 In fallow fields, and man shall fell
 The ripened ears in thick strown swath
 At autumn's golden aftermath.*

Dave Johnson

Plowing and sowing, harvest after growing,
 The ancient round goes on.
 With giant hands I tore these fertile fields
 From the womb of a savage wilderness,
 My plow flinging the virgin odorous earth
 Upward to be kissed by the flaming sun.
 I had followed my patient oxen
 Across the wide plains,
 Carrying my plow in the prairie schooner
 With my wife and five children.
 I was not looking for gold;
 I wanted land, wide, clean fields of it
 Where I could plow long, straight furrows,
 So I came to Tsceminicum in the sixties.
 Here have I lived, here will I die,
 On my land, on my fresh clean land,
 Where the ancient round goes on,
 Plowing and sowing, harvest after growing.
 Oh, what will my harvest be?

Survival

*The strong do lust and take their fill
 Nor pause to argue good or ill;
 "I want it, that's enough," they say
 And calmly go about their way.*

*Yet swings the sun; though weak ones die
 The strong must live, nor may we fly
 That stern mandate; unchanged the plan
 By all the cunning schemes of man.*

*Mrs. Truman**A Squaw*

I remember the nights,
 The long, long nights
 When I slept in the arms

Of Truman, the ferryman,
 My white lover.
 And I remember, too,
 The long, long nights
 After he kicked me out
 For the love of a white woman,
 Leaving me alone and outcast
 On the reservation.

Spirituelle

*There is a quiet voice which moves
 Across the fields, through the green groves
 Of trees, and floods each pregnant grain
 With her clear song of love and pain.*

*We cannot flee her. Though the bruit
 Of her is faint and much we moot
 The day's rich themes, that voice still pleads,
 Forever sweet among the weeds.*

Father Cataldo's Church

This holy cross was raised
 By the loving hands of Father Cataldo
 Above the Nicaragua
 And Anita's sorrowful roof
 In sixty-four.
 Upon this rudely fashioned shrine
 He lit the gleaming lamps
 Of an age-old faith,
 And here Christ agonized again
 In the mystery of the Bread and Wine.
 Anita and Spanish Lou wept upon my altar.
 Aye, sorrow, ruin and repentance
 Led many a pioneer
 Into my wide, waiting arms.

THE BACKWARD STATES

BY EDMUND L. FREEMAN

THE Backward States are in for criticism—that I know from reading the World's Greatest Newspaper, in Chicago. They send sons of the wild jackass to the Senate. Their scarcity of population is only equaled by their simplicity of life. Their meagreness of resources is attended with illiteracy and primitive ideas. They hold to the frontier idea that social ills can be remedied by legislation, by a freer issue of money, by something which could be enjoyed if it were not malevolently withheld by the metropolitan and industrial areas of the country. Cotton and canyons have combined to produce legislative futility in our government. The map of the nation as it exists today is an absurdity, giving Nevada with its 80,000 inhabitants a voice in the Senate equal to that of the 12,000,000 in New York. State lines must be altered.

Without questioning whether the World's Greatest Newspaper represents the mid-continent mind—which I hope is a question!—and without turning back-files to see if the President of the Pennsylvania Manufacturers Association included Montana in the Backward States, I find myself frequently comparing the two states of civilization.

Within myself I realize now that Western Montana has no skyscrapers, nor debutantes, nor grand opera, nor art galleries, nor theological seminaries, nor gangsters, nor multi-millionaires, nor world's greatest anything. Our railway trestles, lumber mills, wheat farms, mines, lakes, and University trackmeet are, I believe, only seconds in size. But here in Chicago one is constantly made aware of the primacy of

things—of *The Tribune*, the Mercantile Mart, the Stevens Hotel, "the greatest acting company ever organized in the plays of Shakespeare", the Opera, Michigan Boulevard, the coming World's Fair, professors' salaries at the University of Chicago—all are on the way to or arrived at the status of World's Greatest.

Many things, of course, we have in common. Here and in Montana parents are torn between spanking and reasoning with children, Edgar Guest is published in the best newspapers, higher education is motivated largely by scholarship cups and grade systems, college faculties are responsible to boards of practical men, few males have the courage of their cultural convictions, religion is often defended as a beneficent fiction, and hard problems like birth control, girls' smoking and religious prejudice at election time lack all the saving grace of frank discussion. It would be foolish for either the W. G. N. or me to suppose that there is much difference between life in this "natural capitol of the continent" and life in the canyon areas.

But there are some differences. Very plainly, Chicago has money, and money seems to be the root of civilization as well as of evil. The center of the city is filling with beautifully pyramided buildings. There are no water towers on top nor fancy work at the entrances. It is pure architecture, stark and sheer, our own. But the architect seems to have been only half master of the situation: you cannot see the buildings as you walk in the chasms between them and probably not as you work in them, and as yet all the workers have to ride

long miles of ugly railway night and morning to get to them and away. The architect is emancipated from the design, but not from the economics of individualism of the past.

It is the day of philanthropy in Chicago. Millions are being given to art and music centers, and the public interest and participation in these things has greatly increased in the last few years. The foreigners in the city supply two-thirds of the artists and of the concert audiences, I would judge, as well as two-thirds of the bootleggers and gangsters. But the money counts, and it is determined to do more. There is a reputable organization now working to create a fund of \$25,000 with which to induce some men of first-rate literary promise to remain and do their writing in Chicago. At present, whenever the Middle-West develops a good author or a good football coach, it loses him to the East or West—respectively.

Education is being given its money-theistic basis, too. The figures in the press from week to week are fairly deafening, and discouraging to one who hails from the area of limited resources. Northwestern University has announced a one hundred million dollar expansion program for the next fifty years. President Hutchins, the thirty-year-old head of the University of Chicago, has taken charge of a ninety-seven million dollar plant and is now asking his board and alumni to dream of the power of a highly paid faculty, and is reiterating that the universities cannot get better men without paying them more money. To be or not to be—well off, that's a question one doesn't easily avoid here.

It all seems individualistic, that is, that everyone, who can, is making money, and then that anyone, who will,

is doing something for the public. I have no impression of what the public is doing for itself. The Business Man is the master more than the servant of the State, and the question of what kind of a society will eventually be realized depends on the answer to Mr. Laske's recent question, *Can Business Be Civilized?* The head editorial writer of the city's best newspaper recently said that the editorial section of the modern newspaper has declined considerably on account of its responsibility to advertisers. The President of the Teachers' Emeritus Association told his followers a short while ago that "the months preceding the Chicago World's Fair are most favorable to promoting every good cause in Chicago for schools and teachers, due to the fact that big business men behind the fair will not want Chicago's educational status to fall short at the time of the exposition." The drift of such comment is clear. Chicago's crime is a by-word now for the world. But I remember that Havelock Ellis calls criminality a poisonous excretion which is also the measure of vital metabolism. It is easy to see it here as a by-product of the community's energy. The whole pace of life is so much faster than ours. The citizens killed over one thousand of themselves with automobiles alone last year. I don't know how many more with guns and alcohol. Heart disease killed twice as many as any other disease. In their desire for speed they have driven two fine auto roads through Lincoln Park. Under their spreading influence we shall probably soon have a network of fine roads through all the National Parks so that the public can save itself time and energy in getting back occasionally to Nature.

But, seriously, one wonders if there

is any more spiritual mastery in all this energy and efficiency than there is in the Backward States—any more “inward aim and fixity in affection that knows what to take and what to leave in a world over which it diffuses something of its own peace.” Some months ago, A. E. remarked that he felt something like an heroic childhood in America. Here, he said, one is certainly struck by an extraordinary display of external efficiency, gigantic engineering feats, the flinging up of skyscrapers, and yet amidst all these external achievements, one finds an even more extraordinary immaturity of mind. You will find engineers who can plan and carry out mighty constructional schemes; but if you talk with them as human beings, they are no more advanced than a boy of sixteen.

I have not talked with any engineers nor with many business men, but the intellectual level of editorial pages, the quality of government and of the present political campaign, the imagination in handling foreign news, particularly from Russia, and the good-will and intelligence at play in current comments on economic theories, radicals, and dissenting Senators, all this seems to me to be as inglorious as the architecture is glorious. As I understand it, the idea of political representation by means of economic or occupational interest is one of the advanced and advancing ideas of our day. But if, when *The Tribune* approved Mr. Grundy's criticism of the Backward States because our present representational system gives Nevada as many Senators as New York; if some one had gone on publicly to argue that we ought also to modify our system so that we could seat the President of the Miners as well as the President of the

Manufacturers of Pennsylvania in the Senate, I suspect that *The Tribune* would not have been the last to cry, “Red.” Not that the Backward States would have been much slower with the cry. But I don't see what the main stream of American life and ideas is that *The Tribune* thinks the Backward States are outside of, when our newspapers have been full for years of all that newspaper's favorite ideas, from the dread of communism to the derision of pacifism. Probably the difference which the W. G. N. is so concerned with is the difference between agricultural and industrial interests, with democracy and plutocracy involved. But I am uninformed in the direction.

Some of our “meagreness of resources” in the Backward States can be made into advantages if there is any such creative energy in those who went west as our traditional stories say. If we have no millions now for art galleries, we have not many millionaires either. There is little rationality in a society of such violent contrast between rich and poor as one must see every day here. “The humility of man to man—it pains me.” Even tho our more equitable division of wealth is owing not to any democratic will so much as to the mere fact that our millionaires have left us, our condition is better, for ideals can grow out of conditions as well as conditions out of ideals. We have a better chance to achieve democracy.

There is a danger, however, at the point of the opportunity, that we seldom face out in mind. If the masses have been kept poor in the modern plutocratic state, the wealth that has been denied them has been in large part turned back into productive industry and into art and institutions. So that

the Museums and Opera in Chicago have been made by poverty. It remains to be seen if they can be made elsewhere by economic democracy. If we fulfil the democratic ideal we shall need to pass beyond the goal of reasonable division of income to think of the distinction that has been, and is now, created by holders of wealth. We shall need a whole public, and not only a few philanthropists, who will tax themselves to provide for the leisure and freedom and intelligent environment in which discovery and scientific thinking and artistic conception can occur. We shall need to stop the deification of riches and individualism and the disparagement of governmental processes. With the Forest and Roads and Indian and Reclamation Services and State Universities working in our midst, we ought to have a better chance to realize the socialistic idea of respect for responsibility and depersonalization of property. We shall need to achieve William James' standard for a good education—the ability to know a good man when we see him, and add to that the determination to use our best men in our own public services. We shall need to give no more quarter to the idea that we are a young country and must wait for our art and leisure and freedom until we are mature. Art shall shape our culture as well as finally blossom from it.

That the frontier areas do not have replicas of all the museums and seminaries and artists of the Old World and of metropolitan centers is not pure misfortune. We are pushed back the sooner on the inspiration of our own personality and of Nature. Before we achieve many cultural products we shall have to build some continuity of cultivation and thought; and in the end the

the beliefs and practices and arts that we achieve may be much like the old, they will be more our own. Much of the culture in America is still a very borrowed thing. Devotion to it is often little more than pedantry or sentimentality. With our lesser sophistication we have the better chance to realize and idealize our own organic passions, and from the ways of life and vision of a new country to believe and create new things.

Our frontier Universities are in point, I think. Copied as they are from the East, and impressed with many standardizing agencies, they still are not without their own inspiration. Formal education is peculiarly a thing of tradition, so much so that the garment of culture is not easily borne without leaving the wearer a little anemic. Carpenters often know more of life than scholars and speak with more art. Those who study hard in Universities too often are possessed of a kind of pedantic classicism that prizes the remains of some older culture, or of a single scientific technique and otherwise narrow intellectual interests. Our whole concept of cultural education is still in need of a more fundamental remaking than traditionalists can enjoy. Scientific information must be put much more into the center of education. Teachers of literature and history and religion soon will be unattended if they ignore the scientific implications of their materials—and science teachers if they ignore the historical development of their materials, it can be hoped.

As this change occurs, involving new combinations of materials and new methods and attitudes, our new Universities, without a too heavy load of conservative tradition and respected ability, have the

chance to turn some of their very lack into advantage. In some ways already, I feel, we have almost unknowingly made changes in our methods and emphasis that older institutions must yet labor to make. Intolerance of academic material in which they can find no vital interest is more marked in western students, if I mistake not. The lack of endless materials on poet, literature and history, which makes us often dissatisfied with our libraries, really leaves us a little freer to discover ourselves and our own times and to follow the master scholars who have dared to neglect all the culture in which they did not find spiritual life. Of course, our modernity may only come to superficiality, or "practical courses." The flexibility that is not too resistant to new inspiration may only discard the discipline of old and exact subjects for a miscellany of mental interests that holds neither values nor discipline. But I feel sure our educational situation is one of great opportunity if we will not grow weary of being different and unacknowledged.

Our greatest source of inspiration for a fine culture in our own frontier area is the land. If we can let that work its influence in us we shall add something majestic and serene to American culture. Without indulging the romantic

idea that Nature is only beneficent and a sufficient education, the man who goes into the busy city away from doing his daily work in the sight of a mountain slope comes to believe that topography must eventually leave its mark on religion. I do not understand what the instinct to worship can feed on in our modern city. "No one can speak with the Lord while he has to prattle with the whole world." When one walks a trail alone he gets his thoughts on what for him at least are higher things. And when one walks up a mountain side only a hundred yards, something clarifies in his spirit. If the lights come on in the town below him he does not begin to reflect on the greatness of the electrical age. All the cars are only scurrying things and all the buildings are only shelter. Man then feels the mystery of the universe and the human spirit is the one thing of worth. There are counter-impulses and habits enough, God knows, when we come off the mountain, to keep us from fulfilling the ideals and visions that come to us there, and the elaboration of those ideals may be only for those who are in touch with the greatest traditions that have been built in older places. But still, the places off the highway are now mainly with us in the Backward States.

WHY

BY KATHRYN SHEPHERD

Beauty is brief:
 Why should I weep
 That petals fall
 And life is cheap,
 That moths eat the shawl
 And worms eat the leaf?
 Beauty is brief.

Why should I weep?
 Why should I care,
 Whether little lambs leap
 Or youth is fair
 Or lovers sleep?
 Beauty is brief—
 Why should I care?

REPORT ON THE OLD WOMEN

BY JAMES RORTY

In Middletown, O Governors, I asked the old women :

“What do you do, now that youth is gone, and the mouths of the old lovers are stopped, and winter rattles the dry seed pods in the garden?”

There were four of them ; they drank coffee, not tea, and pecked gaily at crullers ; outside the wind swayed the deserted nests of the orioles, but the late juncos still hopped and chirped in the snow.

One spoke : “You are wrong. There is neither time nor change. Nothing is lost save the womb’s tyranny, the snapped yoke of fear, the world’s eager follies.”

They laughed, and I saw that they were still women, each artful in beauty, dressed, jewelled, and dangerous—

“For what?” I asked. Again they laughed, and another spoke, an old witch nearing eighty, beautiful as a birch tree in winter (all know her, she rides her new broom over six counties) :

“For what?”—so the old witch—“I bore six sons, and am neither broken nor tamed. They were strong when they were little ; are they tamed so soon? One, I thought, was a poet—has he turned preacher?”

The old witch will not die, O Governors. Death is her friend, her postillion on many a midnight ride. Beware, O Governors, the old women will not be ruled. Beware the laughter of old women.

BLACK MAGIC

BY FRANCES B. HUSTON

Black as the night
At the back of the moon,
Dark as the thought
That is born too soon,

Such were the eyes
Of still Glendal Tully,
Too dark and remote
For life to sully.

Clear as a pool
On a rough sea-shore,
Tart as its salt
At a gray stone’s core—

These were the eyes
Of slim Alice Taggard ;
They looked at life
And knew it and swaggered.

Alice and Glendal
Have married and bartered
Their salt tang and dark
For a love they have martyred.

Cold are his eyes—
Black ice in a marsh.
Her eyes are sharp—
Shattered glass, and as harsh.

VIRGINIA CITY

BY WHITLEY GRAY

Here are cabins they builded,
The walks that they tread!
We are Life, we, the Living!
But where are the Dead?

Here are pits that they burrowed,
With mad lust for gold!
Here are trees that they hanged on!
Their graves that are cold!

Red nights that they revelled,
And wild was their reign!
With death but a jest
For an ill-gotten gain!

Still, the rubies gleam red
Where the murders were done ;
And the mock of the gold
Smiles back at the sun,

While the Alder-Trees laugh
In a light-hearted way :
"We are Youth! We are Life!"
But the Dead, where are they?

DEATH GRINS AGAIN

BY ELEANOR M. SICKELS

The wind cried in the chimney as the woman lay dying.
 And it seemed to her that death rode in on the wind,
 And she knew she must die. So she interrogated death,
 Deeming that he sat waiting with his hands in his lap
 Among her daughter-in-law's cluttered bric-a-brac.
 "Death," said the woman, "it was not I who called you.
 Could you not have told that? Would your empty idiot's grin
 Indicate you had forgotten even such a voice as Napoleon's
 (Who called you often enough for himself and for others)?
 You know my voice. I did not call." Far off
 A boat called down the river like an echo.
 No stir among the Dresden shepherdesses.

"So," said the woman. "It seems then that you choose
 Not to remember. He to whose anguish you granted
 Not long since nonchalantly the boon of oblivion
 After our mingled prayers—how many?—God!—
 (Death, do you make the strong prayers of those who call you
 Into strangling-rope for the others? Is it from them,
 The strength of your hangman's hands?)—he does not remember,
 Being dead. But I, being yet alive, remember;
 And I tell you it was for him only, that twenty years' asking.
 Is it nothing, my youth worn out by his tumbled bed,
 Bitter altar of sadistic sacrifice, where I
 Served as your priestess, with incredulous eyes
 Beholding the sardonic finesse of your bland inquisition?
 You did not suppose that this pastime was living? You took
 Your victim at length to yourself, as we prayed. Then I lived.
 Death, I have not had my time." Down the river, and dim
 With the lengthening distance, the echo. A black Congo mask
 Leered vacuously at the white-and-Delft-blue shepherdesses.

"One year," said the woman. "So you thought that one year
was sufficient
 To have caught and harnessed the bucking horses of laughter,
 Filled one's pockets with the world, and ridden to one's fate?
 It is not enough. Death," she said, "you have had me,
 And you gave me to life. Let me live!" By this time the voice
 Of the boat calling far down the river was faint as the tick
 Of the round-bellied porcelain clock that squatted on the mantel
 Between the grinning mask and the Delft-blue-and-white shepherdesses.

A COFFIN FOR ENOCH

BY ELISE M. RUSHFELDT

AS HIS automobile, a high-wheeled buggy-shaped affair with a box in back for Mord's Home Remedies, bumped along the rutted prairie road, Enoch was thinking. And his thoughts were not of the shiny black and red automobile and the effect he must produce riding in state in one of those contraptions. Nor was it of the added note of flaming cloud pennants that streamed over the sunset sky and made glory of the dun prairie landscape. Or of his day's business selling home remedies. But of the three substantial business men of Eden, Dahlquist, Engberg and Hansen, and the note covering his old debts that he had once signed for them. Unless he redeemed it this next month they had said that they would attach his worldly goods.

But he hadn't any worldly goods. They could not well take the marvelous automobile that he so prided in. That belonged to the Home Remedy Company. They could not take the house, for that was Gena's. The furnishings, now? Gena hadn't said nothing of putting them in the deed.

Well, at that, he did not need the household goods. His stomach was even now replete with the good things that the last farm housewife had cooked for him because he had listened sympathetical to her talk about her sick child. And he had given her a compound made up mostly of castor oil. Sure. He could always get his meals thus. And a bed, when he liked. It would be a good joke on Gena if her things were gone when she came back. Running off like that for weeks at a time, gadding. But being she was a

widow when he married her she was too set in her ways. He could not learn her not to. It would be a good joke on her, all right. Ya, she up and leaving him that way whenever she pleased. He had held up Anna, his first wife, as an example, and said how her worth was far above rubies to her husband when she left off gadding. But it was like holding up an ostrich egg before a hen and telling her to use it as a model in egg-laying.

He wouldn't want to be around the place when Gena come back and found her things gone. She had a temper, Gena had, and spoke out strong. Sometimes threw things. Not so easy to get along with as his first wife, Anna.

And yet he didn't want those god-dang uppity men, Dahlquist and Engberg and Hansen, feeling that they were getting the better of him. Thought they were so smart that they could run the town, eh? He was smart himself. He'd learn 'em. Ya, he could learn 'em a trick or two.

He drove the automobile contraption into the buggy shed of his place and then bent over and petted the dog that jumped all over him. Liked dogs. Made a feller feel good when they acted like you was the biggest thing on earth.

Afterward he went into the house and started a fire in the cookstove to warm up the place.

Then he walked down an intermittent rough board walk past the three blocks of stores and saloons. Although stiff-legged from sitting he felt that he strode with a measured dignity. He drew the blanket more closely about his shoulders. He had traded

his coat for the blanket. A bargain. Now, when the fall air became biting he tossed one end of it over his shoulders and held it about him. More than ever he was like an old testament prophet. Since the time of Anna, his black locks had silvered somewhat. He wore his hair in waves about his shoulders and combed it with a pocket comb now and then with a naive vanity.

His walk through town was not long. The town was not long. As he approached an open lot near the outskirts he heard shouting and singing. Ya, the tent revival meetings! The singing, with the waves of marked rhythm, had a cheerful sound. He slid into a seat on one of the back plank benches, folded his hands loosely between his knees and looked at the shouting choir. He nodded approval. He had once joined the choir himself because he liked to make a joyful noise unto the Lord. Now he leaned forward and marked time with beating foot and swaying body. He did not know the hymn, but he hummed with a loud good-will in the general direction of the tune.

Then the revivalist preached. A slender, dark young feller that shifted from spot to spot with lithe light feet almost as if he was dancing. He had a pock-marked face and oily black hair. Seemed sorta colorless until he began to preach a while and warmed up to his talk. Then his face glowed like a jack-o-lantern's does when you light a candle behind it. Enoch liked the note of pulsating excitement he gave to the talk. He leaned forward to listen:

"Make ye ready. For the Judgment Day is at hand. Verily I say unto you that it shall come suddenly. Then ye

shall be called to meet your God. And on that day all the earth shall be taken before His Throne to hear His judgments. Yes, even the scoffers in the saloons. They will be made to bow before the Lord. They shall be made to kneel before the Lord. Too late, now, for them to be saved. But the Lord demands their submission. Before He consigns them to everlasting hell. Verily I say unto you that we who are saved shall see them kneeling and crying out in vain to the Lord.

"Know ye not the verse: 'For the Lord shall descend from Heaven with a shout, and with the voice of the archangel, and with the trumpet of God, and the dead in Christ shall rise first, then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air.'"

Enoch, with his mild eyes on the preacher, absently ran his grimy long fingers through his hair and as mechanically smoothed it back into undulating billows. That feller sure knew his onions. Ya, that feller sure knew how to talk. No—he couldn't well add that to his selling repertoire. On a judgment day folks wouldn't feel the need of his medicines. Not strong enough. No—but, by golly, that sure was a mighty good talk.

Here Dahlquist and Engberg and Hansen were sitting smugly in their nice homes thinking of grabbing his household goods. Unrighteous, stiff-necked sinners thinking merely of grabbing the other feller's things. It would serve them right if he could show them that they couldn't get the best of him like that.

The shouting and the tumult died. A

benediction was pronounced over the rustling crowd.

Enoch shook the young revivalist by the hand. It paid to tell a feller you liked things. Never knew but likely the favor would come handy. "A mighty good sermon, sir. Yes siree. It hit me right here." He indicated the indefinite region of heart and stomach. "Ya, it struck me as a mighty likely thing to happen. It sure did." And he saw the revivalist smile warmly upon him.

He meandered slowly back to Irish Ole's saloon. Ole, son of a union between a red-headed Irishman and a tow-headed Swede woman. His wife and kids lived in some leantos in back of the one-story shed-like saloon. Ya, Enoch liked the place. Homelike and simple. And Ole gave numbers with the drinks. And sometimes those who drew the right numbers might bring home a chicken or a ham, or a box of sweets. It made the drinking seem a favor to one's wife. Yet it seemed to Enoch now that even the genial roly-poly proprietor looked at him askance. Was he, also, thinking of refusing credit?

With an eye on Ole, Enoch walked up to the bar and greeted some boisterous friends. He said with dignity, "I didn't come to get any liquor. I just stepped in to say goodby to my ole friends. And to give them warning of the coming of the Lord—"

"All right. All right, Kettlesrud. Go ahead and tell us what it's about," said a grey-haired, eagle-beaked old Englishman who only when he was in his cups could appreciate the country and the people about him.

Enoch eyed him. The old feller sure loosened up here. Like a clam outside.

And stiff as a frozen fish. But here, treated and talked like a good feller.

Enoch raised the arm that was holding the blanket, gestured and explained. "He shall descend tooting His horn. And force all sinners to bow before Him. Before he consigns them to Hell forever. Ya—the revivalist, he said it. But it's a damn good talk he give. And it stands to reason what he says is true. He won't put up with things forever. It stands to reason. So as man to man I thought I would just step in and tell you what the preacher says. Sure, I believe it. It stands to reason. So I thought I'd step in and tell the fellers goodby."

"Sure. It stands to reason," nodded the fellers gravely and frowning with a difficult concentration. The Englishman's face was benignant and interested. Then the fellers' faces relaxed as they lifted their glasses. "Sure. It's a damn tough world outside. Takes something to stand it. Come and have something, Kettlesrud."

"Well, just to show that there's no hard feelings between us. Just another little glass or so. Ya, mebbe one more, thankye." In a luminous daze he began imagining himself as a moving revivalist. Great crowds of fellers swayed by him. Ya, he had the gift of gab all right.

"How are you going to prepare for the Great Day, Kettlesrud?" asked the relaxed Englishman, wiping his straw-colored mustache and slouching comfortably against the bar.

Enoch's biggest inspirations very often came thus: when he was with the fellers and they asked him for his opinions as man to man. An inspiration came now. It was born, perhaps, of linking memory cells that connected

some like situation with the acquiring of a coffin for Anna.

He was silent for a while staring through half-closed eyes. Then he leaned confidentially toward them, and by way of periods, knocked his glass emphatically on the bar. "Well, fellers, it's this way, as the preacher says. Some are called and some are drafted. I don't intend to be one of those who has to be drafted up to the Lord. Before the Judgment Day that the preacher says is coming soon, I shall be dead. Ya, I feel it's so. I felt such a warning before Anna died. Ya, I felt that it might have been that way when Anna died. So I shall be among the called that shall be summoned first on the Judgment Day."

The fellers looked interested and awed. Soon, then, he wouldn't be among the fellers. Emotion welled up in him at the thought of what the world would be missing. He hastily wiped away a tear with the back of his hand. "I felt that way then," he reiterated. "And I feel that way now. So I shall get me a coffin. I shall dispose of my earthly goods and get me a coffin to go up to the Lord in."

"Good Gosh! The man seems to mean business," remarked the Englishman, his sharp features inclining nearer the circle of interested listeners.

"He sure do. Enoch usually means Big Biz," echoed the fellers impressively, eager to catch out of a grey existence stray bits of light and color.

Enoch, for the sake of the fellers, tried to throw off his melancholy musings. He could see his great frame recumbent on the white satin lining of a magnificent coffin. His silvered locks were nicely combed and waving. Many people were walking about the coffin

to give him a last sad look. "Sure. Come on over. All of you. It'll be worth lookin' at, that coffin. I'll bet the Lord Hissself will look at it—"

"Mean to say you'll appear before the Lord in the coffin, Enoch?" asked the Englishman.

"Ya, sure." Enoch looked surprised. "What's the use of getting a grand coffin when you're dead, else? Ya, the feeling that it's so comes over me. It's a hunch, fellers—I mean a vision, like the preacher said."

They nodded gravely, and in the midst of their efforts to paint existence rose, began to think of death in life. So they called for another round of drinks.

Enoch threw his blanket over his shoulder. "Well, so long, fellers. I got to get a coffin. Best coffin money can buy. Nothing's too good to go meet the Lord in."

The undertaker, Melby, kept farm machinery in the greater part of the shed that contained the undertaking establishment of Eden. His sharp little features, marking the commonplace round of his face, peered at Enoch. Leaning against the town hearse, a horse-drawn carriage with a pressed composition imitation carving glued to its sides, and six black plumes waving from its top, he fingered a catalog of coffins and mentally compared the two price lists: the one for the purchaser and the one for private use. Then he shook his head reluctantly. "'Fraid I can't give it to you on credit, Kettlerud. Beside, you see, you ain't got a certificate showing you're dead—"

"The preacher will back me in getting it. He will go 'long with me and say that what I want is Christian. Sure.

And I ain't askin' credit, Melby. It's a hard year for cash. But there's all my household goods. Step over with me, Melby. See what you think they're worth. I ain't saying anything about throwing in the house. I'll leave that for Gena. A man's got to see that his widder is pervided with a home."

The house on the edge of Eden's prairies was of the kind that the village carpenter puts up without plan or premeditation, a stark cubist growth. Enoch acted as showman of the four rooms of furniture. An acrid haze of smoke hung over all.

"Ya, I started a fire in the cookstove before I went and forgot to turn the draft, and that's why it smokes. But I tell you it's a dang good stove. Ya—everything. Even to the photygraph albums and the wall pictures.

"Only thing I'll keep back is my second best bed. One of these nights when I'm sleeping in it I shall be took-en. And you can come and embalm me and put me in the coffin. And not cut my hair like they did Schmidt's. Ya, Gena brought that other bed with the four posts to tack curtain onto. It's an old thing. Just as well to get it sold for her. And the piece quilts on it. Lotta old patterns, she says. Just a little extry and they're all thrown in. Gena, she can make more. She's got lotta pieces. She lays up where moss and rust doth corrupt.

"One hundred and fifty, man? For the hull outfit? Why, at an auction they'd fetch more'n twice as much. Um—" Ideas were still flowing brightly in Enoch's head. "I'll tell ye what I'll do. I'll auction 'em in the revival tent tomorrow. Sure. Ain't it religion? Dispose of your goods. Make ye ready. All you got to do,

Melby, is to step back to your store and order me a coffin down from Fargo. I'm going to see the preacher now."

He found the dark and sallow young man of flaming nightly excitements in the back room of the barn-like pine-board hotel. Enoch told him that his spirit was troubled and that he came to talk it over. "It was your talk. Then I seemed to get a vision from the Lord saying that I might be taken before the Judgment Day. Any day. Excuse me, but I couldn't, so as to say, testify then, the vision seemed to sink in gradual-like. I got it strongest when I was at Irish Ole's—that is, it sunk in gradual."

The revivalist's hysteria of emotionalism that he had built up through crowds and lights and much marked rhythm was gone. He sat on the edge of the bed in a strange apathy. But his low voice was rich and vibrant. "If the Spirit tells you to sell your earthly goods it would ill become me to raise objections. And why object because the tent is now the Lord's House? After all, all earth is His House."

So the next evening in camp meeting Enoch, seated on one of the front benches, chanted of his vision with fervor. "You can't come slovenly before the Lord. Come in the best you have. It'll show respect to the Lord and the Judgment Day. I felt a vision of the Lord. The same feeling I had when Anna was taken. So I'm going to sell my goods and go to Him in the best coffin that I can buy. Ought to be here lessen a week." His mild eyes noted the effect on the audience. Ya, he had missed his calling. He might have been good as the preacher. Better'n he.

And with every reiteration of the vision he felt the truth of it more deeply.

The revivalist had not known that it was thus Enoch intended to make use of the money. It would ill become him to object to good intentions in the children of the Lord. And might not Enoch's vision be a true one? Who was he to doubt it? Like Bunyan, the revivalist, after his nightly sermon, wallowed in Sloughs of Doubt and Despair.

The audience was in the right mood for Enoch, the inspired auctioneer. If it was for the Church or a good cause, or if they got their money's worth of entertainment out of it, they did not grudge a few cents extra. It had been a good year for wheat. At the end of the sale Enoch had two hundred and ninety-seven dollars and ninety-five cents.

When the coffin came Enoch placed it in state in the middle of the empty best room. His bed was the only other furniture of the room. At camp meeting he arose and invited all to come see the coffin. And to pray for him around it. For the day might be coming any time when he might be taken.

And the crowd that thronged from the camp meeting accepted his invitation, country people, townspeople, women and children. Some waited outside until others left, and thus made room for them.

At the last there was in the room, so to speak, an Inner Circle, Enoch, the revivalist, and half-a-dozen others. As they gathered about the coffin they began to question the preacher.

"Can you not tell us exactly when this Day of Judgment is at hand, so that we, too, can make ready?" A genuine thirst for knowledge and righteousness sprang up among them.

In some strange way Enoch's charlatanism that befooled even himself started a more eager search for the truth.

The preacher shook his head sadly. "I do not know. No vision has come to me—"

Then Enoch leaped to his feet and spoke with authority. A vision had come to him. He had seen a date just as plain as if it had been printed on the big free calendar he got from the bank. "I know the day I shall be taken. The last of October. Yes, sir, it popped into my head just like that—" Not until the excitement was over did he remember that the last of October was the day the note was due and Dahlquist, Engberg and Hansen were going to try to grab his property.

Enoch's vision swept in enlarging waves the town and environs of Eden. It left the town in doubt. Even if they did not sell their goods yet their attention was focused on a state after death. Some were aided in right living, for they did good deeds in secret to expiate some private passages in their life. The preacher's tone gained fervor. He was more continually drunk with fervor and religious ecstasy. . . And the talk of the town was of Enoch, and the near coming of the Judgment Day.

At Irish Ole's the habitués were greeted by the news that Enoch's coffin had come and he was going to be borne to Heaven in it on the last of October. So they wandered down to see how the man marked as the Deity's chosen took it, and to admire the coffin. He sat solemn and withdrawn on the edge of the bed in an attitude befitting one called to harps and crowns. His imagination had quickened to the event. He felt truly as if a chariot of

The Frontier

fire might really be coming to draw him and the coffin to the Lord. Even the jovial fellers in the saloons began to question if this could not be.

The Englishman, dour and grim, stalked in and looked. "Good Lord! A coffin? Why a coffin? Isn't that our outer garment out here? We dead ones. Buried alive out here. But he'll buy himself another coffin to hide in. Feature it."

Last came Irish Ole himself, a jovial skeptic. The roly-poly red-haired little man rolled through the bare rooms and about the coffin. He threw a squinting quizzical look at Enoch. This story of the coffin and how Kettlesrud had made his farewells first in his saloon was drawing trade. People about the countryside came in to hear. 'Most as good as the numbers. He invited heartily. "Well, step into Irish Ole's and have a drink now and then, and tell the b'yes how the visions are coming. Drinks will be on the house, Kettlesrud."

A flicker of light seemed to mitigate the wooden solemnity of Enoch's face. "You're a good feller, Ole. Ya, I'm not lookin' down on the ole crowd, you understand. I'm just tellin' 'em how it is about the Judgment Day. It pays to be ready. I'm just tellin' you so if you want to jine—"

"Sure. Come to the house and tell the b'ys, Kettlesrud. Me—I think I'll be laying aside a little more first to leave the wife and kids before I join anything."

Many others listened to the talk of it. Women. And the women's sympathies were aroused. Poor man! Nothing in the house but a coffin and a bed! Began a season of special baking days for Enoch. Delicacies so good

that no wonder he sighed and turned his thoughts to things worldly.

But on the last of October he took to his bed and turned his face to the wall. "I am awaiting the message," he told them all. "If the Lord does not send for me and the coffin, he will send me a vision." The inner glow, once lighted, led him to believe that something extraordinary might happen: it might be possible that a host would carry up the coffin, although he himself was a little dubious on the point; but at any rate one of the sudden hunches or visions would come to point the way.

Then suddenly walked in upon him the three energetic business men, Dahlquist, Engberg and Hansen.

"Got religion, Kettlesrud, I hear," said Dahlquist, the lean and consumptive banker.

The trio walked through the bare rooms and then returned to the front room with the coffin and the bed. "It's a grand coffin, all right, Kettlesrud," appraised Engberg of the barrel-like form, owner of the General Merchandise Store. "How much did it cost you?"

"Two hundred and ninety dollars reduced from three hundred." His tone was sepulchral and slightly suspicious. "Sent for the best to go meet the Lord in." It ill became him to show either triumph or suspicion on this solemn occasion.

Dahlquist interrupted drily. "Reckon you'll have to find something else to go in, Kettlesrud. We've decided to take the coffin with us. The truck's outside to load it on. Since you aren't dead, it's just personal property."

Hansen added in his slow brogue. "By the way, Kettlesrud, your wife, Gena's come back. We really didn't

expect anything on that old debt of yours. We were going to consider it outlawed."

Enoch had popped up in bed, pushing aside the patchwork quilts. He thrust out large knobby feet clad in grey wool hose with gaping holes in heel and toe, and prepared to draw on his boots. His jaw had dropped, his look was blankly questioning.

"Gena's a little upset, so I gathered," Hansen continued. "You'd bet-

ter put off the coming of the Lord for a while and prepare for the coming of your wife."

When they had gone Enoch arose from his bed, girdled himself in the blanket and went out to crank up the red and black buggy-like automobile. He had too long neglected his business. As he drove off across the flat prairies, October gilded, he told himself, "Selling Home Remedies is sort of soothing on the nerves. And Gena ain't."

WINDY DAY IN A MEADOW

BY MURIEL THURSTON

The meadow, feeling
Free from care,
Lets the wind romp
Through its hair.

The fat green trees
Wave jovial arms,
Like robust housewives
On the farms.

Bushes chortle,
Young winds snort,
Calves on unsteady
Legs cavort.

Never before have I seen
Old Earth
Shake her sides
In such active mirth!

I lie in the grass
And laugh till I cry;
And laugh . . . and laugh . . .
Not knowing why.

THE CHINOOK JARGON

BY EDWARD HARPER THOMAS

RELATIVELY few Americans know that there was once a language spoken on this continent by more than one hundred thousand persons in their everyday relations and intercourses, which, except for a few words and phrases, is now almost in the limbo of the lost. No one knows how far this strange tongue goes back into prehistoric antiquity, nor how many generations, nor how many thousands of those generations used it in their primitive trade and barter; for it was originally a trade language used by the native Americans in their tribal commerce in slaves, shells, furs and other exchangeable commodities.

This language is the Chinook Jargon, a few words of which, such as *tillicum*, *cheechaco*, *tyee*, *skookum*, *cultus*, are found in the widely read western story type of tale written by men and women who lay the scenes of their narratives in the Far Northwest and Alaska. Except for this half-dozen words the Jargon is rapidly falling into disuse and will sooner or later sink into limbo.

There were two such jargons or native volapuks on the American continent, the Mobilian, in the territory of which Mobile Bay, on the Gulf of Mexico, is now the center, and the Chinook, on the Pacific Northwest coast. The former became entirely extinct nearly a century ago. There is left of it not a single surviving word or phrase, so far as is known. The Chinook Jargon is in a more fortunate position. It is not used, except for the words quoted above and for the purpose of lending an air of erudition to the work of the Stewart Edward Whites, the Jack Londons,

Marah Ellis Ryans and Roy Nortons; but the narratives of Lewis and Clark, the journals of many early missionaries, the thrilling story of Jewett's captivity among the Nootkans, 1803 and 1805, Meares' and even Cook's journals, the many manuscripts found in old libraries in the Northwest and some fifty various editions of "dictionaries," copies of which are still to be had, have preserved the embalmed mummy of Chinook even if the Jargon itself is rarely spoken and but little understood by those who do use it on purely show occasions. I say "show" occasions, because the Jargon is no longer a necessary part of the white man's equipment. There is no trade with the natives, as these exist on squalid reservations in relatively small numbers and in purely mongrel type, wards of a paternalistic government and no longer free, roving traders.

Here and there an old-timer remembers his Chinook. Once a year in Old Settlers' associations they exchange *klahowyas*, but they no longer converse in the Jargon. Not since Old Joe Kuhn died at Port Townsend has an invitation to the annual clam-bake been sent out written entirely, program and all, in "Chinook." So all that is left of it is a memory, a few tattered, paper bound dictionaries, a half-dozen regularly employed words in the vocabularies of writers for the supposedly western type, pulp-paper magazines, the buried and musty researches of Hale, Gibbs, Eells, Gill and others in the reference departments of a few libraries interested in this sort of Americana, and a few words of Jargon, supposed at

the time to be tribal dialect words, in the Narrative of John R. Jewett, the Journal of Lewis and Clark, the logs of Meares, Cook and others of the explorers of that day, and a limited vocabulary found in the very rare and little known "Northwest Coast," by Judge James G. Swan.

The civilized Indians of the younger generation do not deign to use Chinook. They look at you in contempt if you attempt to address one of them in Jargon, and the elders are too dispirited and too sunk in the lethargy of wardship to make reply.

Nevertheless, it is an interesting and picturesque survival of primitive times, even though it is without utilitarian value. Its history is a romance; its past an honorable one. It served many purposes when there were only savages on the one side and traders or pioneers on the other. It was the common vehicle of communication first between tribes and then between traders and natives. It allowed the early settlers to communicate with the Indian inhabitants and to keep on terms of more or less intimacy with them. Loggers of the bull-team days wooed the more comely—and in a pinch the older ones—of the *klootchmen*, Indian women, through its practical medium. Such relations were more or less temporary, as loggers of those days, as now, were a roving lot. But natives were everywhere and the girls were never unwilling to be involved in a love affair of the moment.

Among the very early settlers some married Indian women, raised families of *sitkums*, or halfbreeds, and lived lives of domestic regularity ever afterward. In trading-post days there were only Indian women. Officers and sol-

diers, some of them with distinguished names in history, took Indian wives, or at least Indian women to live with. And some of these have surviving descendants bearing these honored and distinguished names who are still residing in the near vicinity of old and extinct army posts and frontier forts.

The early missionaries carried the gospel to Indians and mixed Indian and whites alike. The half-breed progeny of traders, soldiers, officers, trappers, pioneers, explorers, adventurers, bull-team loggers and even of itinerant preachers formed a very considerable part of the population three-quarters of a century ago. The mothers of these mixtures came from various tribes speaking widely dissimilar dialects and tongues; but no white man was required to speak the language of his wife's or sweetheart's tribe. Indians and whites all talked the Jargon. It was sufficient for every purpose, from that of trading to lovemaking. Church services were rewritten in Chinook; so were the hymns and the Lord's Prayer, as well as the other prayers found in the ritualistic forms of worship. They were committed to memory and recited. As a boy I have often heard an Indian pray, sing, give testimony, in Chinook, and recite the Lord's Prayer. One Indian woman, wife of a Methodist preacher I knew in territorial days, used to talk in Lummi. She was a "princess" and disdained to use the *common* Jargon. Her husband, the minister, interpreted her talk. Had she spoken it in the Chinook Jargon no interpretation would have been necessary.

It was Jewett who discovered that the Indians had and used this common language. He relates this in a note in the back of his book: "The Captivity and

Sufferings of John R. Jewett Among the Nootkan Indians." He attempted to give the words of a "Nootkan War Song" and in so doing said that there was another and very different way of stating a certain phrase. He said in explanation, "They seem to have two languages, one for common use and one for poetic expression" in their songs and texts. What Jewett discovered, and never knew to the day of his death, was the prehistoric origin of the Jargon.

None of the early explorers suspected this. From Lewis and Clark at the mouth of the Columbia to the west coast of Vancouver Island was a range of territory populated by fifty or more tribes with differing dialects and intricate relationships. These tribes preyed more or less upon each other, but in peaceful times they also traded with each other. A truce followed every little war to permit the victors to dispose of slaves, as slavery was a firmly established and widely distributed institution. The many dialects were all harsh in pronunciation, complex in structure and difficult to learn. Each was spoken in its purity over a very limited space. Tribes separated by no more than a strait or a river, and sometimes by less than that, could not speak their neighboring dialects. Yet Cook gives as Tokwhat, Jewett as Nootkan, Meares as Nootkan, words which Lewis and Clark heard and supposed were pure Chinook, meaning now the dialect of the Chinookan tribe.

As a matter of fact, all were Jargon, the common or universal or trade language of the entire region. Boas, in his Chinook Texts, obtained in 1893 from Cultee, the last living Indian who could speak the language of the ancient Chinooks, incorporates as pure Chinook

words which are both Jargon and Chinook. His *aiaq* is easy to recognize as the Jargon *hyak*. Scores of words can be obtained from these texts which are also a part of the Jargon.

The explanation is easy, it seems to me. Study of the Jargon as it is today, compared with texts in the original Indian dialects, shows Nootkan, Chinook, Chehalis, Tokwhat, Kwakiutl, Bella-bella and many other words, with the Chinook predominating. The Jargon is made up of many Indian words, some typically Indian-English (Indian attempts to pronounce English), some French words, and other words that are merely crude attempts to imitate natural sounds, like *hehe* for *fun* or *laughter*. It originated in the primitive and prehistoric necessity for trade, and begun by Nootkans picking up some Chinook words, the Chinooks picking up some Nootkan, words from Salish tribes and words from Kwakiutl tongues. This was the original Jargon as it existed for none knows how many centuries; but so long, perhaps, as slaves were bought and sold. All the tribes talked it, so this Jargon was the language spoken between strangers. When the white men came, first Drake, then Juan de Fuca, and two centuries after, Cook, Meares, Vancouver, Elisa and many lesser lights, their attempts to converse with the natives drew replies in the Jargon. Jewett was addressed in the Jargon among the Nootkans. That is the reason why he has a dozen Jargon words in his supposedly Nootkan vocabulary. Lewis and Clark talked to Concommolly in English, and the records of their Journal show that the Chinook chief replied in Jargon by saying *waket commatux*, or *don't understand*.

There is a myth to the effect that the

Hudson's Bay Company invented the Chinook Jargon—Chinook, it is usually called today—and taught it to their trappers and the natives in order to facilitate communication between them. The truth is that the Jargon was in daily use among tribes over a territory comprising some 600,000 square miles long before the Hudson's Bay Company established a post in all that region.

Jewett's narrative and the Lewis and Clark Journal antedate the Hudson's Bay Company's acquisition of Astoria from the Northwestern Fur Company by seventeen years, and the founding of Astoria by seven years. Meares' and Cook's accounts, with their several undisputed Jargon words, go back of Jewett and Lewis and Clark, who were almost exactly contemporaneous sixteen and twenty-seven years respectively. These circumstances effectively dispose of the Hudson's Bay Company invention myth. The Hudson's Bay trappers and hunters, by close association with the natives, by intermarriage and by greatly enlarging trade, and by the introduction of many articles heretofore unknown to the natives, enriched the Jargon by introducing words of both French and English origin, by the use of words that were rough imitations of national sounds and, in addition, words that are imitative of the Indian's effort to pronounce English and French. The Jargon grew greatly and its vocabulary expanded as requirements demanded.

At one time, not further back than the sixties and seventies, all of the natives of Oregon, Washington, British Columbia, of the Coastal islands as far north as the southern limits of Alaska, of parts of the present states of Idaho and Montana, and all of the trappers, hunters, miners, loggers, pioneers and

settlers, whites and Chinese, used the Jargon in practically all of their everyday intercourse, business and social. This means that a total population of more than a hundred thousand in this territory spoke this strange and picturesque tongue. One had to know it as he knew the trails and watercourses. It was indispensable.

That it came to be called Chinook was natural. The first important white occupation was at the mouth of the Columbia. This was the territory of the ancient Chinook (Tsinuk) tribe. Chinook words constituted the largest part of the old and then limited Jargon. So this common trade language of all the Pacific Northwest tribes was named Chinook, after this tribe.

There is today no pure tribal Chinook spoken, and none in written form aside from that gathered, compiled and printed in 1893 by Dr. Franz Boas under the title "Chinook Texts". There is not a single living blood-pure Chinook Indian, despite the fact that this was the great, powerful, ruling tribe of the Lower Columbia region a century and a quarter ago. Wardship, the reservation, intermarriage, and civilization have left in the place of these warlike over-lords of the mid-pacific coast region only a few squalid-looking, wretched, mongrel survivors. The Salish tribes have suffered the same fate. On the West Coast of Vancouver Island there are still Nootkans, Clayoquots and other natives of less defiled stock. The Kwakiutl on the inside passage have suffered least and are still interesting to the investigator. Dr. Boas has been among them and given to anthropological science a study of their manners and customs entitled "The Social Customs and Secret Society of the Kwa-

kiutl". He also compiled Haidah and Tsimpsiah texts, each in its own volume.

Dr. Boas states in his introduction to "Chinook Texts" that after a long and disheartening search he found an Indian named Cultee, who was the last descendant of pure Chinook stock and the only living person who could talk the intricate, complex, and exceedingly guttural language of that old tribe. Cultee could talk little or no English and Dr. Boas could talk none of his almost unpronounceable dialect. Both used the Jargon fluently; although its vocabulary is exceedingly limited, because of its flexibility they were able to get along. The result was an interesting and rather extended collection of Chinook myths in the original Chinook with literal and free translations of all the texts and stories.

The few words, or relatively few words, of the Jargon, have many varying meanings. These are indicated by prefixed words, by stress and by emphasis. Written Jargon does not convey all that may be conveyed by speaking it. That is its principal limitation. I have heard it used eloquently. No two writers will agree on written forms. None of the many "dictionaries" agree on the proper spelling of all words; nor are pronunciations exactly alike for all localities, some words on Puget Sound differing slightly from the pronunciations in vogue on the Columbia river; but there is a better uniformity on the method of using the Jargon, which can be illustrated.

The widest used Chinook word is *cheechaco*. This comes because of its adoption by Alaska miners to distinguish the tenderfoot from the seasoned follower of early day mining stampedes.

The word is found in almost every Alaskan story, in all Alaskan novels, and in many of the Alaskan descriptive and historical articles. There were in the mad gold days two classes, *sourdoughs* and *cheechacos*. A sourdough was one who had seen the ice both come and go in Alaska's rivers, one who had spent at least one full winter there. Anyone of lesser time of residence was a *cheechaco*, a newcomer.

Chinook was not spoken by Alaskan natives. It was not used by the Russian traders. It did not go there hand in hand with American occupation. A few words were adopted in the Klondike gold rush, coming with the Puget Sounders, who were among the early seekers of fortune following George Carmack's famous find. They carried a few Chinook words with them, such words as had become a part of the Puget Sounder's daily English — *cheechaco*, *skookum*, *cultus* and *tillicum*. The first is two words combined, *chee*, now, and *chako*, come. It was spelled *cheechaco*, literally means *now come*, but is the equivalent of *newcomer* or *tenderfoot*. *Skookum* means *strong*. There are many *skookumchucks*, or rapids and falls in the rivers, as *chuck* is water, and is taken from the original Chinook *chawk*.

Cultus is a term meaning bad, no good, and a degree of worthlessness for which there is no equivalent in a single English word. It will some day be English because of its very strength and broadness.

There there is *tillicum*. Originally it meant just people, persons, relatives sometimes, and friend sometimes. It was anybody except the *tyee*, who was the chief. But Alaskans formed partnerships in their prospecting and mining ventures. Among some of these the

deepest friendship existed. Such Alaskans called each other *tillicum*, though the Chinook or Jargon for friend was and is *sikhs*, pronounced *six*. *Tillicum* in Alaska has a special significance, though in the jargon it has not; that special significance grew out of special conditions that existed in no such sense anywhere else in the world. Men mined elsewhere and formed partnerships elsewhere, but only in Alaska did they mine frozen gravels under the skies of sub-arctic nights. So we must give them *tillicum* with all that it means in depth and strength of enduring affection.

There are a few forms in Chinook. The personal pronouns will serve to illustrate. *Nika* is I, my or mine and me, first person, singular, all cases; *mika* is you, your or yours, second person, singular, all cases; *yahka* is he, she or it, his, hers, her, him, they, their, theirs or them, third person, singular or plural, all cases. *Nesika* is the plural for the first person and *mesika* is the plural for the second person.

Adjectives are given comparison by prefixing words. *Kloshe* is good, *elip kloshe* is better, *elip* alone meaning first or before. If we desire the superlative we add *kopa konaway*, than all, to *elip kloshe*, better, and have *elip kloshe kopa konaway*, better than all, or best.

The manner in which Jargon words have been evolved from natural sounds and the way in which they are employed can be illustrated by the word for wagon. In early days such vehicles were clumsy, noisy, slow-moving affairs and were drawn over the roughest and crudest roads, the wheels going "chik, chik, chik". Any wheeled vehicle to an Indian of pioneer days was a *chik-chik*. So if one came in a wagon and the question *kahta mika chako?* (How did you

come?) was asked, the answer was: *Nika chako kopa chik-chik*, I came in a wagon.

Chinook was a great aid to early settlement. It was a means of communication between natives and whites which not only facilitated trade, but which had a place in the social relations of Indians and settlers. They could converse intelligently, and because of this fact had a foundation upon which to build enduring friendships. Governor Stevens, first governor of Washington territory, before the Civil War, negotiated a long and complicated treaty with all the Indian tribes within the territory, and did it all through the medium of the Jargon. The founders of Seattle saved that little city from annihilation through their friendship with the chief, for whom the city is named. Seattle and his people could talk to the whites only in Jargon.

An episode of those days was the founding of John Pinnell's *Illahee*, which in a way was the primitive beginning of Seattle's trading supremacy on Puget Sound. This place was a squaw dancehall and saloon on the sandspit. The enterprising proprietor bought his Indian girls outright, paying for them with blankets. The bull-team loggers far and wide heard of the innovation and flocked into Seattle after every payday. They spent their money for frivolity and the picturesque entertainment provided by this new place. It was not long until Seattle stores had the logging-camp trade and on that foundation built a fleet of Sound steamboats, all running out of Seattle. Not even giving the terminus of the Northern Pacific Railway to Tacoma could overcome the popularity of Seattle and

beat it in the race for commercial and population supremacy.

Seattle and Tacoma are forty miles apart, both on the Sound, but a few miles back of the shore there is a limited but very rich valley extending from one city to the other. This, in the eighties, was one of the world's greatest hop-producing centers. Indians constituted the bulk of the pickers, and came in fleets and armies in the fall to what was to them a great fiesta, not from around Puget Sound alone, but from the Yakima and Klickitat countries across the Cascades, using the ancient Indian trails. They came from the North, from the Kwakiutl country and from the islands of the Haidahs and Tsimpshahns. Going and coming they camped along the hundreds of miles of shores and at every camp their gaudily arrayed girls, or *tenas klootchmen*, were the lure of loggers, bachelor settlers, beach combers and the more sophisticated of the youth of the occasional town or trading-place along the way.

It was all very picturesque and it also smacked greatly of a sort of open socia-

bility that would not have been possible without the Jargon, for the least learned in the use of Chinook, even *cheechacos*, were at least well enough equipped to make known their desires to these native *filles de joie*. Thousands went to the hop fields and followed on the homeward trek just for the fun of it. To these, a working knowledge of the Chinook Jargon was very much of a necessity.

But in much of this great region from the 42nd to the 57th degrees of north latitude and from the main range of the Rocky Mountains westward to the Pacific Ocean the Indian has almost disappeared. There is no trade between him and the whites. There is no need to communicate with him. With no necessity for general working knowledge and use of the Jargon it has fallen into disuse, and will in a short time be only an embalmed relic of the stirring days when traders and trappers, miners and adventurers, bull-team loggers and beach combers shared this corner of the republic with its unsuspecting and hospitable native inhabitants.

HEIGHTS

BY HELEN MARING

The mountain pulled Murphy
Out of dark duty
Up to the new snow
Cold in her beauty.

He revelled in beauty
And kept on saying,
"I never was much
Of a man for praying—"

He'd gaze from the sky
To the far-flung range,
"But something in this
Makes me feel damn strange."

His eyes would brim over.
The look on his face
Was enough of devotion
To spread over space.

TWO POEMS

BY MARGARET SKAVLAN

SOAPY AND FRANK, AND HOW THEY DIED

Of two who died in Skagway this is the story—
 One who died with, and one without, glory.
 Soapy Smith was the gambler's name,
 Frank Reid was the sheriff who called his game
 In a pool of blood. (The details are gory!)

Someone used a blackjack—a poke of gold was stolen
 In Soapy's saloon . . . "We'll plug a hole in
 The scoundrel's gizzard. He will pay dear,"
 Cried sundry citizens down on the pier.
 Quite the wrong moment for Soapy to stroll in!

But stroll he did. "Halt!" yelled the sheriff.
 Soapy munched crackers and cheese. No flare of
 Embarrassment clouded his crap-table eyes.
 He flicked away a cracker crumb without surprise,
 "What I eat, where I walk, I will take care of!"

No courteous words did these gentlemen bandy—
 Tempers were hot, and triggers were handy.
 Two guns fired and two men fell.
 Soapy never spoke again. Frank Reid—well,
 He lingered; his account of the whole tragedy was dandy.

Soapy was buried. When, at the service
 The text was announced, Soapy's friends grew nervous.
 "Know ye, 'The wages of sin is death,'"
 Declaimed the parson, short of breath,
 "From a like life and death may heaven preserve us!"

Frank Reid died, but with real ceremony.
 All Skagway turned out. His casket was tony,
 A granite tombstone was placed above his head—
 "He died for the honor of Skagway," it said,
 And it cost—they do say how much money!

There they both lie in the same cemetery
 Whom one town couldn't hold. Tourists tarry,
 Though, there in droves above Soapy's bier—
 Twice they stole his wooden slab for souvenir.
 "Peculiar breed, these tourists," say the Skagway folk, "oh, very!"

LOST LADIES OF SKAGWAY

Remember the girls we used to know,
Old timer, down on Seventh street row?—
Cora, and Florence, and Number Seven?
Ida, her name was. What red-light heaven
Or snow-drifted hell has swallowed them up
With their silks and their bangles, their Husky pup?
That little red-head—I can see her still—
Sore when they moved her to Tannerville.
Some died or drifted, and what of that?
A few got married, sedate and fat.
Coarse women, gay women, vulgar or sweet—
Their segregated ghosts walk in Seventh street.

SEA TRACKS: 1792

BY JAMES MARSHALL

Smashing to the westward where the salt seas called them—
Lured them and smashed them—and lured them back again,
On came the tall ships, caravel and galleon,
Snapping in the spindrift the red flag of Spain,
Heaving thru the sea with the south wind lifting them,
Seeking out the new lands, on beyond the waves,
Magic cities beckoning, dim in the sea mists—
Gold dust and diamonds and strong brown slaves.

But back they came wandering, past Mendocino,
Lifting San Lucas in the sunrise gold to port,
Down thru the azure seas, up past the Caribbees,
Then on the home track to lie 'neath Cadiz fort,
Home again with empty holds, scurvy-ridden crews,
(And memories of dead men, sunk in lonely graves)
But brave tales of gold lands, fat lands for looting—
Gold dust and diamonds and strong brown slaves.

Hail the adventurers, telling kings their stories,
Coaxing new galleons with promises of gain,
Striking fire from queens' eyes, spurring don and princeling,
What cared the wanderers, but to be gone again?
Treasure? Aye, they promised it, lying in their beards,
Eager to be out again, crewed by hardy knaves,
Crashing thru the graybacks—
Forgotten, in their crashing
Gold dust and diamonds and strong brown slaves.

THREE POEMS

By FRANK ANKENBRAND, JR.

HARVEST TIME

The Indian Chief of the skies
has taken a moon knife
hard as flint is hard
and slashed open
the sack of the sun.

The liquid gold
is flowing
in ocean-like billows
over the plains of Montana.

SHOOTING STAR

A heavenly warrior
in a wild moment
shot a golden arrow
toward the earth.

It must have
struck this mountain
cold and dead.

It contains nothing
but the black charred
trunks of pines.

CYCLONE

Low in a valley
the Indian Gods
are brewing
and chanting
the war songs of old.

The signal fire
burns
and no answer
returns

But the ghosts
of the smoke spirals
race down
in mad glee

Upon sleeping towns
with the war cry of old.

MOTHER

By G. FRANK GOODPASTURE

Oh, they said that her mother-eyes were warm
With glad relief as they took the child
From her lifted arms in the southwest storm
Where the ship sank deep and waves were wild.

Then she drifted far on an in-bound tide
To the lone north spit and found her rest;
And a baby seal crawled up to her side
And laid its head on her cold, white breast!

REVOLT IN SUMMERTIME

BY ROLAND ENGLISH HARTLEY

WHEN Everett Lane came home to Westbridge from his first year at college, he revised his earlier, immature opinions of everything in the little town, but made a loyal attempt to exclude his father and mother from the field of his judgments. Love was quick to plead for them. And even in certain grotesque household functions there was an endearing element of familiarity. He felt a pleasant shock of memory that first night when his father, after dinner, put on his hunting jacket and old slouch hat for a fussy survey of the garden.

Later he went down with his father to the long shed by the tracks. Here, during the day, a line of red cars disgorged box-shooks and nails and paper and tin-top baskets, while on the other side of the shed a line of yellow cars carried away tiers of packed fruit in an icy gloom. In the inner room of the office crowded into one corner of the shed, his father sat and directed all this complex machine.

At night the shed was left in quiet to brood over its memories. The sparse row of lights down the center yielded the corners to darkness. The smell of wet sawdust on the floor mingled with the resinous perfume of box-lumber and the heavy odor of enclosed fruit. The scents were like the lingering ghosts of the life of the place.

His father said that he had an appointment with some people. "There's been some trouble out on the ranch," he explained briefly. And while he sat at his desk, bent over a sheaf of market reports, Everett went strolling about the shed, thinking how readily

all this grouped itself under the terms of Economics 1: his father's fruit ranch as Supply, this shed as the link to Demand, and all the crowding figures of the orchards and packing-houses and shipping-sheds as actors in the grim drama of wages.

When at length he grew weary of the empty reaches of the shed and stepped into the outer office, he heard voices through the glass partition that shut-off his father's sanctuary.

"But he's only a boy, Mr. Lane," a man was pleading, in the clipped English speech, with its strange vowel inflections.

"He's making a very bad start," came his father's answer, in those inflexible tones that Everett remembered well.

"But the names he called him, Mr. Lane! A boy don't understand that. You and I, we'd make allowances. But a boy takes it all to heart. . . . Tell Mr. Lane what he called you, Eddie."

The boy's voice came muffled, throaty and tense with the effort to be valiant. His sullen recital was broken into sharply.

"Caswell has rough people to deal with and he may be rough at times himself. But he's got to keep his authority as foreman. You ought to understand that."

"He's just a boy," the father urged again.

The words heavy with authority rolled on over this petty extenuation. "He was supposed to be trucking in from the upper orchard. Caswell found him loafing and chatting with the pickers there—just when we were in a

hurry to get those cars out. When Caswell called him to account for it, the boy flung down the lines and left his team; and Caswell didn't see him again till quitting-time, when the boy sneaked up behind him at the barn and knocked him down with a stick. That's what happened, isn't it?"

After a moment of silence the father said pleadingly, "But if you could just say a word to the judge, sir . . ."

Everett listened eagerly for his father's answer. It came crisply. "The case is out of my hands."

There was a heavy silence for a few moments. Then the other man said, "It'll be hard on his mother." And a faint sound of sobbing came through the glass.

Everett pushed open the door to the inner office quickly. "See here . . .!" he began. Then his mind was caught by the picture: the shaded electric lamp dimly lighting his father, who sat sidewise at the roll-top desk, drawing figures on a blotter; the boy's father thrusting out a haggard face from a shadowy body; and, in the gloomy corner by the safe, the boy huddled shapelessly, with the light gleaming from his wet eyes.

Everett's father looked up at him sharply. "Wait for me in the other room, please!" And he drew back slowly, closing the door.

He went out onto the dark platform and paced back and forth beneath the narrow strip of sky between the eaves of the shed and the eaves of the waiting cars. He was planning what he would say to his father when he came out. He would remind him of his responsibility for this boy's whole life. He would remind him of what a jail or a reform school would do for a boy

like that. His father might not have thought of it in just that way. But he would be impressed, of course; and he would inevitably be won to clemency; and they would both be glad that the night was about them. . . .

The screen door of the office slammed and steps passed onto the gravelled street. Then his father called cheerily, "Come on, Everett. Time we were getting along home."

He walked slowly around the corner of the shed. His father was already in the car. Everett lingered on the platform.

"Come on," his father urged impatiently.

"About that boy . . ." he began.

"I'll tell you about it."

"I know. I heard. But don't you think . . .?"

"Get in, will you," his father interrupted crossly. "I want to get home."

When the car was swung around toward Main Street, his father stated briefly, "Those unpleasant things happen once in a while. But don't let it bother you. The whole thing's settled, as far as we are concerned."

"But for the boy?" Everett broke in eagerly. "Just try to . . ."

"A lesson like this may do him some good," his father said.

"If I was working under that rough-neck Caswell, I'd smash that loud mouth of his!"

"And you'd take your medicine for it," his father returned grimly.

At home, Everett went straight to his room. The anger that burned in him kept him walking the floor. One wild fancy after another came to him and was lived out feverishly in those sharp turns between bed and window. . . . First he thought of going out

to the ranch and thrashing Caswell. Then he thought of going to the boy and his father to let them know that he was on their side. He imagined how he would be welcomed by the mother. They would all be roused from depression by his offer of help. . . Help? How could he help? Help in a case like this meant money. And all the money he had was the small allowance from his father. . . What a pitiful rebellion his was, to be toppled into ruins like this before it was fairly begun! All his heroics of opposition dwindled into a sickening sense of alienation from his father. He crawled wearily into bed.

At breakfast he announced, "I'm going to work this vacation."

His father looked over to him with an irritating smile. "I thought you were going to take your mother down to the Coast in the car."

Everett's eyes moved around to where his mother sat between the percolator and the toaster. It came to him how persistently she maintained this position among the household implements. The brief flash of pity was closely followed by anger. Why did she accept this effacement so meekly? If she had ever raised the flag of revolt how much easier now his own rebellion would be!

She didn't lift her eyes from the browning squares of bread that she turned to the glowing wires.

"If Everett can take me," she said, "of course I'll like it. But if he wants to work. . ."

She was always leaving sentences in the air this way if they implied decisions. Her son's anger increased. It seemed unjust that this new doubt should come to complicate his position. No wonder so little was accomplished

in life if right and wrong were always so clouded! Why, in the name of all that was reasonable, should his refusal to back his father in an injustice mean that his mother must be deprived of her chance to escape for a few weeks from the summer heat? Life was certainly a messy affair if its threads couldn't avoid an absurd tangle like this.

He was watching his mother. "I think I'll have to work," he said. She lifted a fresh slice of bread to the toaster.

"Where do you want to work?" his father asked. "At the shed or out on the ranch?"

Everett replied gruffly to his plate, "I'm going to look for a job."

After a moment of silence his father said, "I see." Then, after another pause, he chuckled. "I suppose you'll honor us by living at home?"

The young man hadn't thought of this. Rebellion should imply a superiority to bed and board. "I don't know," was all he could bring out.

This time his mother spoke decisively. "Of course he'll stay here. He's home so little."

But the picturesqueness of revolt was vanishing; these material compromises had dimmed its fine radiance.

The finding of work was easy. During this brief season of the full yield of the orchards, all labor was welcomed. Yet the young man was annoyed at the manner of his acceptance. Blanchard, a retired school teacher who owned a small orchard on the outskirts of town, insisted upon considering him as the son of his father, whereas he offered himself simply as a worker.

"It's a good idea," said Blanchard, "learning the ropes on some other

place. Do you want to try your hand at all the different jobs?"

"I want to *work*," the young man explained, "picking, or anything."

"That's a good idea," Blanchard repeated, "beginning at the bottom."

His faded eyes behind the heavy-rimmed spectacles twinkled slyly over the talk of wages, as if they were sharing in some pleasant joke; and he went himself with his new employee out into the orchard, dropping along the dusty way many belittling comparisons between his own small holdings and the great Lane ranch.

They came to a part of the orchard where strutting ladders stood against the peach trees and from screens of foliage loud talk emerged and leaves fluttered to the ground. Blanchard assigned a row and as his new picker briskly climbed a ladder, he suggested, "If you want to try something else just let me know." But Everett was already depositing tenderly the first peach in the bottom of his picking-basket, conscious of nothing beyond the glowing sense of having found a place in the work of the world.

It was wonderful how one could think, up here in the treetop! Hands were in bondage, but thoughts were free. The moving of the ladder, the going up and the coming down, the stretching forth of the body among the acrid-smelling leaves to capture the velvety fruit, the emptying of his basket into the stained boxes—all this soon became mechanical, while his mind went forth in wide explorings. Small thoughts grew to greatness and things that had seemed large grew small. The affair of that boy, now—why, he would just speak to his father as man to man and everything would easily be set right.

"You're pickin' 'em too small," some one shouted.

He didn't know he was being spoken to until the man moved from the truck to a position directly beneath and called up, "Hey there, college feller, you're pickin' 'em too small."

When Everett came down, the dark-skinned truckman demanded, "Didn't Blanchard tell you?" He repeated his directions harshly, sneeringly, and was still calling ironic advice after Everett as he mounted the ladder again.

Thoughts were not travelling so far now and they came to rest upon this man with resentment. A man in authority had to give orders, of course, but did he have to treat those under him as inferior beings? Economics 1 hadn't dealt very fully with this human aspect of the matter. Text-books weren't like life; they had a deceptive orderliness.

By mid-afternoon the ecstasy of the adventure had vanished. Weariness weighted the wings of thought. Movements were still mechanical, but the machine had to be tended. . . . At home that night, he didn't speak to his father about that affair of the boy. What concern was it of his, after all?

Weariness was waiting for him in the orchard next morning. It leapt upon him with the first step up the ladder and its weight increased with the slow hours. The day was hot, and the tree-crowns, that might have given shade, held only a dead waste of stifling air. The young man thought of his father in the office. It was cool in there. When one wanted anything, one rang a bell. There was work to be done, of course, but there wasn't this endless climbing and stretching and lifting in the sullen heat. . . . And from these

cool offices the destinies of sweating men were controlled: a finger was lifted and they labored through additional hours; the finger was dropped and they were idle—and unfed. . . . All the ardor of the age-old antagonism between the worker and the director burned in the young man's veins. He worked fiercely, carelessly. When the passing truck sent a cloud of stinging dust up into his eyes and throat, he cursed it fervently.

"My God, you're doin' worse all the time!" The snarling voice came up to him.

He hooked his basket hastily to a branch and ran down the ladder. The overalled truckman was turning over the fruit on top of a box.

"Look at this!" He hurled a hard green peach to the ground. "And finger marks on half of 'em. You college fellers, that know so damn much!"

"Oh, go to hell," young Lane said quietly.

The man gave him a surprised look, then moved toward him. When he was near enough, Everett struck out hotly at his face, and the man staggered back against the traces of his team. His struggle to regain balance frightened the horses. They broke into a trot and he had to run to their heads. He was several rows away when he quieted them and climbed to the seat. As he drove off, he shouted back to Everett what the future held for him.

The young man stood there waiting for something to happen. But no one came, and at length he climbed the ladder again. For a long time he sat there idle, sending out unspoken challenges for any one to come and order him to work.

Then the violent mood passed and he set his thoughts forward to meet its outcome. Well, he knew that these orchardists didn't allow any tampering with the sacred authority of their foremen. They had their petty courts to handle all rebels. He let his imagination play freely with the form his punishment might take. He wondered if he and the boy from his father's ranch might be locked up together. The fancy pleased him.

At quitting time Blanchard met him at the corner by the packing house.

"I'm sorry about that trouble," Blanchard began. "Please tell your father. . . ."

"My father's got nothing to do with it!" the young man broke in violently.

Blanchard's face bore a pained expression. "Your father and I have always been pleasantly associated. I wouldn't want anything . . ."

Everett faced about and walked away. Blanchard called after him, "I let that man go. I suspect he's something of a bully."

Everett turned back to call out, "I won't be here to-morrow, either." He found a slight satisfaction in the distress and perplexity of Blanchard's mild eyes.

But he couldn't go home yet. He couldn't face his father and mother across the dinner-table. He walked, until the dark came, out along the tracks.

When at length he climbed the steps at home, his mother rose in the dimness of the porch. As she came into the faint glow of light from the hall, he saw on her pale face how she had suffered from the heat of the day.

"We'll start for the Coast any day

you say, mother." He heard his voice flat and colorless.

When her eyes brightened with eagerness, he burst out gruffly, "Why didn't you say you really wanted to go? You're always just letting things happen!"

She touched his arm as if in a plea for gentleness of judgment. They went to sit side by side on the porch.

"Everything's such a mess!" he declared.

"But we have so much . . ." she began.

"That's just it!" he broke in bitterly.

"I mean," she went on quietly, "that it's hard, when you've got so much, to find room for what you haven't got—no matter how much you want it."

He moved impatiently in his chair. "When I think anything's wrong, I'm going to fight against it!"

"Yes, of course." He felt her hand on his arm again. "I used to want to

make the world over, too." She gave her gentle laugh. "But I found the world is pretty big, and hard. You can pound on it and pound on it, and not make much difference."

"I'll keep right on pounding," he declared.

"You get tired trying," she said, in her tired voice.

"I won't!"

He felt that she was smiling, over there in the dark; and his voice, when he spoke again, had lost something of its ring of defiance.

"Is life that way, mother?"

"Pretty much like that, Everett."

Revolt surged up hotly in him once more. "Then it's time some of us were beginning to make it different!"

The febleness of the first struggle was already forgotten. Great strength was flowing into him for all the struggles still to come.

SALT

BY ISRAEL NEWMAN

This was his honor as it was his zest—
 His great whole-heartedness which none but prized.
 So when he plunged to ruin friends surmised
 It would be at his worst—as at his best—
 The whole of him. He stood that acid test.
 And yet when all was gone there crystallized
 Out of that havoc something he despised,
 Something that broke away from all the rest—

And there it stood as distant and as still
 As she who, with her nearest ones in flight,
 Could not resist but halted to look back
 On native Sodom burning down the hill,
 And thus remained forever, frozen white,
 Eyes staring at the ruin and the wrack.

ESCAPE BY STEERAGE

BY WILLIAM SAROYAN

THE place was warm with smoke, and thick with the smell of men who perspired much and bathed little. At the card-tables sat seamen, stevedores, waterfront truck drivers, and ordinary bums. There were old men who played to pass away the time, and young men who played because they liked to gamble or wanted to forget. There were one-armed, one-eyed, crippled, and diseased men who played to occupy their troubled minds. There were strangers in town who played to make friends. The homeless and homesick played to drown their longings for another place.

Surrounding each of the dozen tables were three or four spittoons, full, almost to the brim, of a slime of cigar and cigarette butts, and spittle. The house cat, a magnificent animal of jet black, serene, well-fed and well-adjusted to his environment, strolled about leisurely, rubbing against the legs of a few chosen men. About the bright, pale-white lights buzzed a group of moths.

At the eating-tables sat the usual crowd of homeless men, some very old, with bleary and blood-shot eyes, and some very young. In another two hours these homeless creatures would be turned out into the streets to seek shelter in a dark corner; at eight in the morning they would come drifting in again to sit immovable as Buddhas with their visions fixed in space.

Once a Salvation Army lassie with clean face and healthy eyes moved from table to table, poking the *War Cry* before the players, but not saying a word. She did not smile or look into anyone's eyes.

Outside, rival street evangelists pounded drums, blew trumpets, gave testimony, and prayed. Once the high-soprano, hysterical voice of a young woman giving testimony was heard, and someone called out, "Why doesn't she find herself a husband?"

At the bar a fat, round man with a great, red moustache, badly kept, rolled poker dice with the bartender for drinks. Alternately he cursed and rejoiced, according to his luck. When he had lost all his money he staggered away with a pathetic gesture. He was very sad and drunk, and his gesture caught the futility of all things. Another person took his place a moment after he was gone.

At one of the tables sat Marcotti, aged twenty, typist and clerk. As he lifted the cards that were dealt him, he seemed bored and disgusted and troubled. A melody from an opera repeated itself in his brain so many times that he finally commenced humming it softly, wondering why he did so. From time to time he ordered a coca cola, sipping each slowly, in an effort to change the bitter taste of the cigarettes he had smoked. His throat was hot, his head muddled, and his cheeks flushed from the heat of the place.

A rather pleasant fellow, given to speaking incoherently, sat beside him. He was perhaps forty or more and yet boyish in appearance. He had been drunk, he kept repeating, for more than a week. He had entered the game with only a quarter, which he placed before him, admitting frankly it was all the money he had in the world. In spite of the fact that he was drunk he managed

to win a number of games, and this, for some reason, pleased Marcotti.

Once the fellow said, "She asked me for five and I gave her ten."

Marcotti asked, "Why?"

"Why?" repeated the man, surprised. "I loved her. I gave her ten. She asked for five. If you love a woman you give her everything you've got. Yes, and you spoil her."

At this Marcotti laughed for the first time that evening, and he thought of her whom he had loved. Looking at his cards, he saw her, and unconsciously he hummed the tune he associated with her. This they had heard at a movie. It was an Italian love song, a serenade, whispering that true love belonged to music only. He remembered how he had asked the girl, "Isn't it beautiful?" And how foolish and inadequate the words had seemed immediately after. She had replied curtly, "I don't like classics!"

When they walked home that night Marcotti was displeased. Her talking bored him and he wanted to get away from her. As they walked she said: "Oh, I forgot to tell you what happened today. It's too funny to believe. This morning when I got on the street car it was terribly crowded—you know how the cars are in the mornings—so I had to stand. I didn't do it on purpose or anything, but I happened to stand by a man who had a seat. He was reading the paper but he looked up to see me, and then he got up and offered me his seat. I had to take it. I didn't smile or anything—I don't think I even looked in his eyes; but he thought I was flirting and he commenced touching my back. I really didn't know what to do, so I got off the car. The funny part of it was that he got off, too, right behind me and followed me. I could hardly walk and

I wanted to call a policeman. But what could I tell a policeman? I passed one, but I didn't say anything. At last I reached the door of the building where I work, and when I was inside I turned to take a last look at the brute. And do you know what he did? He winked!"

Marcotti was disgusted with her. She was utterly disappointing. "You are so pretty," he said, "that even the men in the streets cannot help following you. Girls like you must be very careful."

A little quarrel followed and he left her in the middle of the block with an impolite "good-night, my dear." She was just an ordinary person. But that he loved her he could not deny. He tried to feel amused with the affair and he thought it was a case of necessity. One had to be in love with someone.

Now he sat at a table in a rummy house playing cards, trying to forget all the things he would be thinking about if he were not playing. Of course that was the reason he played. So many things were the matter that he had to sit at a table with a lot of dull fools and play cards.

He had quit his job that very evening at six. He had asked for the increase in salary which had been promised him, was refused, and he had calmly demanded his pay-check. He was so depressed, and cared so little to talk with anyone about what he had done, that he hurried to the rummy house to get into a game, and since six o'clock he had sat there, almost silent, dreaming and humming and forgetting.

At two in the morning, a few minutes before the place closed, he roused himself from his trance, got up from his chair and walked out of the house. On the street, Embarcadero, the thick fog rolled in from the bay. He walked

across the street to the Ferry Building and waited for a street car. Now and then a taxi scurried along, carrying phantoms of men and women, its lights glaring ahead in the mist. Solemnly a departing ferry boomed and from the distance a fog-horn replied with a weird scream. Two old men who sold morning papers stood together smoking cigarettes and talking softly.

After some time his car arrived, he got aboard, and it rattled up Market Street with its half-dozen sleepy passengers. He lit another cigarette, drew the smoke deep into his chest, and was suddenly amazed at what he had done.

Why had he quit his job? Work was scarce and he was in debt.

Why had he gone to the rummy house? It was a cowardly thing to do. He could have read a novel.

What would happen to him when he got home? Two o'clock. His mother would be frantic with worry.

The car stopped at his corner and he got off, ran across the street into his doorway, opened the door and went upstairs; rather slowly, since he was very tired and did not know what to tell his mother.

When she heard his footsteps on the stairs she arose silently from her bed and went into the hall, followed by his elder sister. Both were in nightgowns.

"Where have you been?" his mother asked.

Before he could answer his sister cried, "Are you going to disgrace us?"

The taste of nicotine was bitter in his mouth, but his helplessness in face of his mother and sister made his heart even more bitter.

Everything was so futile, so worthless, it seemed so useless for him to try to

explain, that he cried out, "Oh, go to hell!" The words escaped him involuntarily, and he listened to them as if another had spoken. He was angry with himself and he thought: "What am I saying? Why am I talking this way?"

They stood by waiting for him to say something more. He could only add, "Do you think a man must always be home at six and in bed by nine? I'm sick of this life."

Without another word they went back to bed.

Before undressing he counted what was left of his money to see how much he had lost. It had cost him eleven dollars to forget himself for a few hours. Disgusted with himself, he reflected that it took him three tortured days to earn eleven dollars, and but a single night to lose it. He knew better than to grow remorseful. It would not help matters, and he was too tired. Tired of doing things he was not made to do. A typist in a hardware store. Hardware—pots, pans, nails, screws, door knobs, linoleum, hammers, chains.

He undressed slowly and slipped into bed, but he could not sleep immediately. He went over all the occurrences of his life to try to find a reason for what he was doing. Another young man of his age, he believed, would not have quit his job. Would not have been bored with a pretty girl. Would not have gone into a rummy house and squandered his money. Would not have told his mother and sister to go to hell.

But he was exhausted and finally fell into a sound sleep which seemed to last but a few minutes. When he was conscious that it was morning, and that he was awake, he heard his mother and sister moving about in the kitchen. He

heard them putting on the coffee, smelt the toast as it began to burn, and listened to what they were saying about him.

"He is no good," said his sister.

"He is becoming worse and worse as the years go by," said his mother. "He used to be different."

"God only knows where he spent his time last night," said his sister.

He arose and dressed. In the kitchen he was met with scowls. He said, "Good-morning, Ma," but his mother would not speak. He put some hot water in a pan and lit the gas beneath it on the range. When it boiled he poured some of the water into his shaving mug and lathered his face. Then he stropped his razor and commenced shaving. His eyes, he noticed, had dark rings beneath them. He had not slept enough. Silently he shaved, brushed his teeth, combed his hair, put on his shirt, tie, and coat.

He filled his own cup of coffee and sat down to breakfast. His mother did not fry two eggs for him. She got up from the table when he sat down. His sister also arose. Perhaps they imagined he had been to a brothel. He might tell the truth, but he did not want to let them know he had quit his job. If they knew, there would be no end to their reproaches. They would tell him he had not given a cent toward the family expenses in a year. They would grow sick.

The sun came through the little kitchen window and fell across his face, but he was in no mood for it. The day was bright and he reminded himself that it was the first of July. It was the best time of the year for happiness. The summer symphony concerts were commencing. In another month or two the opera season would begin. Tennis could be played on Sunday mornings. He could go swimming Sunday afternoons,

and get tanned. Life was at its best now. But he was in no mood for it.

He felt he might never again be in a mood to enjoy life. He believed existence would always be a struggle for him.

With only half his coffee sipped and one bit of dry toast swallowed, he arose and adjusted his hat on his head. When he was near the stairway his sister came to him and asked maliciously, "Where were you last night?" She had no sympathy. She did not mean to understand him. He was annoyed, angry, and again he said, "Oh, go to hell, will you!"

From the kitchen his mother flew at him enraged.

"How dare you tell your sister such a thing!" she screamed. "You dog!" Almost insane, she was on him, hitting and scratching his face. His sister pulled her away.

"The neighbors will hear, Ma," she said. "Let him be. Let him ruin himself!"

Swearing, he hurried from the house, hurt and startled. What a family! What a mother and sister! What stupid lies the world had created about mothers and sisters. With his handkerchief he wiped the blood from the scratch on his neck. "They are barbarians," he thought. "Uncivilized barbarians."

Instead of taking a street-car he walked. He did not have to be at work at eight-thirty. He took his money from his pocket and counted it, although he knew how much he had. Thirty-four dollars. He put the money away and lit a cigarette. His mouth was still bitter, his eyes glassy, and his vision blurred. At Fillmore Street he bought an *Examiner* and turned to the want ads. There was nothing doing except at the employment agencies. He decided to try them.

At one of the agencies he found over two dozen men waiting to be interviewed by a man in a little private room surrounded by a glass wall. He filled an application blank.

Name: *John Marcotti.*

Address: *2378 Sutter Street.*

Age: He decided to make it *Twenty-two.*

Nationality: *Italian.*

Religion: What should it be? He felt he should say Mohammedan, but decided it would only endanger his chances of getting work, so he put down *Catholic.*

One after another he wrote in his answers to the questions. He furnished names for references and gave a list of places where he had worked. He gave his weight, height, color of hair, of eyes, and of body. There were no scars on him, he had no bad habits, did not drink or gamble, and there was no insanity in his family. Not much, anyway.

When his turn came he was interviewed by the man in the glass cage. This person was most happy with his job. He was very proud to see so many men younger than himself out of work. He smoked one cigarette after another, as if his work required strenuous thinking, and he exhaled the smoke through his nostrils with a peculiarly annoying air of superiority.

Marcotti said, "Good-morning, sir. My name is Marcotti. I noticed you advertised for a typist this morning."

The man took his application card and examined it.

"Hmmm," he said, "just quit a job, I see."

"Yes.

"And why?"

"I was promised a raise, and it was not given."

"I have a job at twenty-five per week in a stock and bond house," said the man, "but they want a man of about twenty-five."

"Tell them I'm twenty-five," said Marcotti.

"Yes," said the man, "you look older than your age. Will you be able to pay your fee in cash?"

"No," said Marcotti, "I'll pay you in full when I get my first pay-check."

He signed a contract to that effect and was given a slip of introduction to a firm on Bush Street.

The man who was to interview him was busy, so Marcotti sat down to wait. He lit one cigarette from the butt of another and with each one he decided he ought to quit smoking. It was doing him no good.

Downstairs in the stock and bond house the men stood about in groups discussing the stocks they had purchased. From where he sat on the mezzanine floor Marcotti could observe their expressions of worry. A few seemed happy, but most of them were distressed, just like the rummy house gamblers, except for their clothes and baths. The board-markers ran back and forth putting down new figures, and erasing old. The market rose and fell, and as it did so the men became happy or sad. Just like the man who rolled poker dice for drinks.

After some time Marcotti was shown a door to an office marked *Private*, and he entered. The man at the desk was talking over a telephone. He was bald, middle-aged, had a lipless mouth, and was dressed immaculately. Marcotti waited until his conversation was over and then handed the man his slip of introduction. A few questions were asked in regard to experience in the

stock and bond game, dependents, speed at the typewriter, and intention to advance. Marcotti made suitable replies in each case and was asked to leave his telephone number.

"I have no phone," he said.

"Your address then?" asked the man; and when it was given he added evasively, "I will drop you a line."

Marcotti was familiar with the term. Politely it meant "nothing doing." Without another word he left the office.

Why he had been refused work he did not know, unless it was because of the rings beneath his eyes. But it actually made no difference whether he got a job or not. He did not feel that he was actually looking for work. He believed he was about to do something he had never before done. He could not tell what it would be.

From one employment agency to another he went, however, filling in application forms, taking tests on the typewriter, answering questions, and going where he was sent. He did not succeed in landing a job. His failure might have been due to his manner. He probably made it apparent that it really did not matter whether he got a job or not. He did not know whether he did really want a job.

When there were no more places to go to he did not know what he should do next. He stopped before a second-hand book shop on Third Street, and glanced at the old books on the shelves. He was in no mood to read, however, or he would go to the public library and bury himself in something deep and sad by Dreiser or Maxim Gorky. There were times when one could not read; and times, he believed, when one lived literature.

He left the book shop and moved auto-

matically towards one of the many rummy houses on the street, not certain if he should go in and play. Finally he entered one, as if against his own will, stood about trying to compose himself for a few moments, and then walked out. The dull players repulsed him with their petty worrying and weeping over losses.

He passed a moving-picture theatre, and stood idly looking at the photographs of the chief players.

He moved on. He felt ashamed of himself for thinking he might have gone to a theatre at such an hour of the day.

He was still very tired and wanted to go to sleep. If he went home he would find no peace. There would be hitting, swearing, and afterwards weeping and praying. Home was such an undesirable, such an uninviting place for him that he felt he should never want to return to it.

A sign invited him to join the Navy and see the world. He smiled at the thought.

He debated seriously if it wasn't time for him to set out in life for himself. Perhaps he was doing what was only natural in men of his kind and age. It would be best for him to clear out, he thought; to leave his mother and sister alone in their security. He would always jar and disturb them. They did not need his help, such as it was, as much as they imagined. His sister worked. His mother owned a little property. They would be happier without him.

He continued walking about town aimlessly, stopping before the windows of book shops and art stores, all the time trying to make up his mind what he should do. If he left home he would live alone in a tiny room, and he wondered if he would like that. He would

eat in restaurants food he was not accustomed to. He would sleep in beds that were strange to his body. Life would be difficult.

He was tired of walking when he reached Union Square park, and sat down on a bench in the sun. He remained on the bench for an hour, half-asleep, half-awake. The sun was warm and comfortable, and a shaft of bright light seemed to enter his mind, illuminating it, warming it, and cleaning it of ancient dust. He felt refreshed in his dream.

There was nothing for him to do in all the world but to sit in the sun. He dozed happily until the sun disappeared behind a cloud. He became conscious of the sudden loss of a comforting warmth, and roused himself to movement.

He left the park bench abruptly, as if his mind had been quite definitely made up, and hurried to Market Street. He entered a steamship ticket-office.

"How much to Los Angeles?" he asked. He was very sleepy and wanted to reach some place where he could go on dreaming.

"Fourteen dollars, first class," said the ticket agent.

"What's the cheapest rate?"

"Steerage," said the ticket agent, "eight dollars."

"That's what I want," said Marcotti. He purchased his ticket and was informed he could get aboard the boat immediately. It was nearly three o'clock and the boat sailed at six.

With his ticket in his pocket he asked himself if he should go home and get

his personal belongings, his shaving set, his few books, his few letters, and his clothes and shoes. For some time he thought he should go home and pack his suitcase, but he finally decided. "I am going to escape from all that. I don't want to have any memories. I don't want to see my mother again. Nor my other shoes, nor my other suits, nor my letters. This is good-bye to everything for me. This is good-bye to John Marcotti. In Los Angeles I will begin all over. This is better than suicide."

When he reached the waterfront he realized his mother did not know what he was doing, and he hurried to the nearest telegraph office where he wrote her a short note, asking her not to worry about him. "After all," he thought, "she's my mother. She loves me. She means well."

He got aboard the ship three hours before it sailed, was shown his bunk, and, still tired and sleepy, he fell into it and went to sleep.

When he awoke the ship was passing through the Golden Gate, and he hurried to the upper deck to take a last look at his city. The night was soft and peaceful. The sun was just sinking in the ocean, and as he looked at the vanishing hills of his home town a sweet sadness, more pleasant than painful, came over him. It was a good thing not to be dead. It was a good thing to be leaving home.

He was almost in sobs when he whispered to himself, "Good-bye San Francisco! Good-bye John Marcotti. Good-bye!"

OF REGRETS

BY LILLIAN T. LEONARD

There came a beauteous hour of early spring,
 When eager winds had swept the hills snow-bare,
 And sharp mists rose like incense in the air,
 Rousing a small day to a giant thing.
 You drew me to your heart as though to bring
 Richer and yet more rich your passion's share
 Of my rash lips, of my breasts white and fair,
 Bruising the rose to bare its blossoming.
 Rare was my folly then. Now I understand
 Too well the triumph of the unleashed dawn,
 In which joy flares and cunning sorrows trace
 Slow tears as rain cuts slender marks in sand.
 My heart is sand and lines across it drawn,
 With tears that tell of that too scarred embrace.

HERITAGE

BY EDITH M. GRAHAM

Night after night I watch ships sway
 Out through a harbor to a sea,
 And hour by hour I see them stray
 Into its star-fringed mystery.

And ever throbbing through my days—
 The beating of a pinioned wing—
 Is this deep yearning for sea ways
 And sails, and for the salt spray's sting.

Tho I who watch the slow tides creep
 And I who hear the gull's low cry
 Know but the shepherding of sheep
 Beneath that mocking deep the sky.

*How can I guess such loveliness
 As this when I have never known
 Sea-beauty nor beauty of ships?*

SILHOUETTE

BY SALLIE SINCLAIR MACLAY

There is the shrill, insistent beauty
 Of a scarlet flower
 Leaning to flaunt itself
 By a deep pool.
 And there is that other beauty—
 Lovely, and aloof, and cool—

The beauty of a pine
 Against the sky.
 And though I hear
 The impelling cry
 Of that fragility,
 Still will I seek
 The other kind of beauty;
 Still must I love
 The strength and constancy
 Of a storm-driven tree.

THE HIRED MAN

BY MARION DOYLE

Old Aaron was a fixture on Tom's farm,
 Like a good plough, a wagon or a bin;—
 Tom dodged all questions of his origin:
 "He doubly earns his keep and does no harm . . ."
 But Aaron caused the neighbors great alarm
 With well-spiced tale and salty epithet:
 "Tsk! tsk!" they clucked—while Aaron swore and sweat,
 And somehow calmly managed to disarm
 The verbal darts and arrows of their stings:
 He'd pucker up his parchment face and smile,
 "Heigh ho, I guess God's children *all* got wings!"
 He slaved until the last dark lonely mile,
 And passing, let Tom keep the lies he'd spun,—
 Amused to think he'd fostered such a son. .

TRANSPLANTED

BY ELEANOR HANSEN

Lorraine was a white rose swaying on her tall
 Slim-fashioned stem within the petaled peace
 Of a New England garden, where heart's-ease
 Bloomed, and flame-hollyhocks stained a dark wall
 Of lichened stone; where apple-scented fall
 Brought asters, and the sound of harvesting;
 No vagrant wind disturbed her with the sting
 Of troublous dreams; she heard no wild geese call.

Nathan had lived on western plains, and knew
 The strength of mountains. He was skilled in toil,
 Wise in the lore of hill and plain, but found
 He could not understand why a flower that grew
 In delicate loveliness on sheltered soil
 Should die, transplanted to a sterner ground.

SMOLAND

BY MARTIN S. PETERSON

IN the third-class section, below decks in the New York bound Cunarder, there was one stateroom whose occupants were all Swedes. There was "Milwaukee," born in rural Sweden but now an American who had made his mark in the moving-van business. He was florid and slightly bald. He drew his white eyebrows down and squinted whenever he puffed on his long cigar. There was a student, an American of Swedish extraction. There were two young men from Stockholm, alert, urbane—always together. Their ideas, their laughter, their gestures were synchronized. Finally there was Smoland, a country bumpkin with a bulbous nose and a loose underjaw. He was incredibly ugly save for his eyes, which were blue and radiated a mild, spiritual shine. He was dubbed "Smoland."

Smoland. There was no assimilating him. He stood around with his hands in his pockets, his square shoulders hunched up until they half hid his rather large head, and watched the sea-going world with a worried furtiveness. At the most unexciting question he barked two short nervous giggles before he answered—and then he answered inarticulately. In the wash-room he took off his shirt to wash his face, and cupping up the water in his hands and putting it to his face he blew into it like a walrus. A half-hour before meal-time he appeared before the dining-room salon, clutching the grate in his huge grasp. Never, apparently, had he known such sumptuous food.

One night about bed-time Milwaukee

stopped puffing on his cigar long enough to ask, in Swedish:

"Born in Smoland, were you not, Herr Smoland?"

Smoland barked his two giggles: "Ja!"

"A beautiful country—birch woods, lakes, sunshine!"

"Ja!"

"In summer, yes. But in winter, oi-yoi, in winter! Snow high as a house. Frozen hands. Frozen ears. So Smoland comes to America, what?" And Milwaukee gave him a thump in the ribs that left Smoland gasping.

Smoland giggled, looked furtively at the brave brass antlers on Milwaukee's watch-charm, and agreed, rather belatedly, "Ja."

"Ever been traveling before?"

"Nay."

"Never been to sea?"

"Nay."

"Well, then, see these cork jackets? I notice you didn't wear yours to bed last night. Taking a big chance, what? If the ship should sink? Couldn't swim back to Smoland, could you?"

"I can't swim at all."

"Can't swim at all?" And Milwaukee shook his head solemnly. "Can't swim and doesn't wear a life-jacket."

The next morning Smoland rose stiffly from his berth.

"Fan!" said he, without giggling, "better, think I, to wear the wooden coat by day and sit up by night. Fan!"

"And fall asleep and get drowned?" asked Milwaukee, and went, with a roar of laughter, out of the stateroom.

By noon of that day Smoland's fame had spread. He was no longer taken seriously. His fellow-Scandinavians laughed at everything he said, told it to their friends, adding, "He is so dumb so. . ."

And next day Milwaukee, winking elaborately at the Stockholm pair, said to Smoland: "Want to see a little high life, Smolanning, what? Come along with me."

So the Stockholmers fell into step behind Milwaukee and Smoland and followed them to a grating on the third-class after-deck. There one could see trim young women, portly gentlemen, fine young men with tanned faces and bright, even teeth.

Smoland entwined his fingers in the grate and peered, entranced by the blue dresses swishing by, and the languorous accents of a foreign tongue that fell from the lips of the fine world passing by.

"How much costs it—to go in there?" he asked.

"One dollar."

"Who to pay?"

"The Captain."

And that evening Smoland opened his way into the second-class companionway.

His entrance caused some surprise. People were just going in to dinner, immaculately dressed, expressionless.

A couple came abreast of Smoland. "For God's sake!" said the woman to her escort, "What have we here?" She walked in a wide semi-circle around him, as if he had been a sick dog.

Smoland understood the pantomime. He pinched himself. "I am so dumb so—I should pay the dollar."

It wasn't right that he should enjoy this display without paying for it.

His honest, Smoland soul revolted at the idea of sponging. He stood quite still, his eyes cast down, until everyone had entered the dining-room. Then he turned into the salon to find the Captain.

It was a high-ceiled room with gray walls and greenish silver drapes at the windows. A pale woman was seated at the piano, but she was not playing. Music was drifting in from the dining-room, a pulsing, rhythmic music entirely strange to Smoland. But it stirred him mightily. It was grander than any he had known. A man in uniform was standing in the doorway looking out on the dusky sea.

Smoland caught sight of himself in a long mirror. He felt a little angry with himself for being so ugly. Best to go. This world was not for him.

The man in uniform turned, stared. Smoland summoned his courage, tried to choke down his two sharp giggles, but he found himself speechless.

The uniformed one approached:

"Get out of here; down where you belong, you lout!"

There was no mistaking his command.

In his stateroom once more he found Milwaukee and the Stockholmers. Their expressions told him something. He giggled and said: "I am so dumb so. . ."

But he felt no anger. He treasured the warm picture he had seen, and in his memory put it beside the green leaves, the nude-white birch trees, the lakes, the bluest of the blue, of summer Smoland. And a purpose formed itself in his mind. . . a simple formula. Milwaukee was a Swede and had attained sophistication; he, Smoland, was a Swede and could attain sophistication.

(Continued on Page 368)

BLACK COW

BY MERLE HAINES

THE fall roundup on Bluebird Flats. Hot and cloudless. The cows in the corral crowded around the branders, pawing the earth, bellowing, snorting, driven mad by the smell of fresh blood. Occasionally one charged the men. Then there was a shout of warning from the iron-tender and a mad scramble for the top rail of the corral. And if someone were too slow and were not hurt when the cow hooked him, hilarious laughter.

One cow in particular was the trouble-maker, a big-boned black, dry, fat, and hornless. She crowded and pushed herself all over the enclosure, fighting cows, men and horses. Twice she put the branders on the fence. Then she ran against Ross's rope, as it snaked out, spoiling his throw. It was his first miss of the day and ruined his disposition.

"You black trouble-maker," he yelled, and lashed her with the rope end.

Ross, fat-faced, heavy bodied, of unmistakable Swedish descent, and Serious Pete, old-timer and foreman, were trying to swamp the brander with calves. The brander was a young cowboy, Lee Camay, slim as a reed, dark, agile, in his own opinion reckless as a Sioux warrior, vain as a red rooster. He had taunted the ropers for their slowness, their misses, so that they had determined to get ahead of him. But the ornery black cow was keeping them back.

When the rope hit her Black Cow jumped ahead, almost colliding with Pete's horse. Pete kicked her on the nose. She swerved towards the fence. Lee, with a glowing branding-iron, was running from the fence to the calf that Ross had just dragged out. Black Cow

dashed behind him and as she went by kicked. Spat! Her hoof caught Lee on the hip and lifted him clear off the ground. He dropped the iron and sprawled over the calf.

Ross laughed.

Dark-faced and angry, Lee got up, hurling curses at the cow. He recovered the branding-iron and limped toward the fence. Before he got a fresh iron Pete was ready with another calf. Lee was swamped, and he could not work at his usual speed for need of watching the Black Cow. She finally came close to him; he jabbed her viciously on the hip with the red-hot iron.

"Take that, damn yuh; that's how my rear fender feels."

Finally the last calf of the bunch was brought up; the men were glad of it, because they now were rid of Black Cow. Serious Pete twisted his mustache and allowed himself a satisfied smile, for he had shown up Lee and beaten Ross on throws. These youngsters sure couldn't stand up with the old-timers!

A week later Ross and Lee, combing the north side of the range for beeves, rode into Quartz Gulch and lunched there. While they were eating, a small bunch of cattle came down for water, Black Cow among them.

"There's that black rip. Let's take her in," said Ross.

"Sure," Lee scrambled to his feet. "Maybe we'll have some fun with her."

They mounted and drove the herd out into the open, cutting out Black Cow and the four-year-old steers, heading them towards the corrals where they were holding the beeves until they were all rounded up. They had hardly start-

ed when Black Cow decided to go back. Lee headed her off.

“Still makin’ trouble, eh? Take *that*, an’ *that!*”

The rawhide quirt lashed Black Cow’s nose until it stung like fire. She turned back to the bunch and for about ten minutes behaved herself.

The trail from Bluebird into Clancy Gulch drops suddenly from the edge of the flats and zigzags down a steep, grassy hillside spotted with firs. To the right and left are rock breaks.

The six cowpunchers were having plenty of trouble trying to start the herd of eighty beeves over the rim. It was hot, slashing work, hard on muscles, nerves and tempers. The steers crowded up to the drop-off time and again, Black Cow always in the lead. At the edge she would suddenly turn and try to get away, the excited steers following her.

The men dug in the spurs until the sides of their horses were flecked with blood. They swung their quirts till their arms numbed, and their throats were raw from cursing.

Several times Black Cow got free, only to be brought back again, the quirt biting her at every jump.

“Is this the fun you were talkin’ about?” Ross asked Lee once when he brought the cow back.

Lee didn’t answer.

As a last resort Pete roped a small steer and dragged him over the rim and down the trail. Others followed until the whole herd was spilling over—sliding, falling, jumping, zigzagging, down and down.

The hillside gradually leveled out. Two hundred yards to the right of the trail Clancy creek struggled thru the thick willows, the beaver dams and the

swamps. Red-eyed and sullen, Black Cow trailed behind now, licking her stinging nose and watching the riders out of glinting eyes. When Ross swung to the left around a fir thicket she wheeled straight back and plunged thru the trees, head down, snapping branches in her rush.

“There she goes again,” Lee yelled to Ross. They spurred after her.

Fifty yards ahead was a small park and beyond that the creek with its thick brush and mud-holes. Instinctively Black Cow headed for the creek. The horses couldn’t follow her there. A fallen tree was before her. She leapt over it, came down, nose first, legs buckling, floundered up to her feet and went on. But as she reached the park Lee flashed by, swinging the quirt. Black Cow turned her head away, shutting her eyes.

“Hold on,” Ross shouted, “I’ll fix her.”

His rope was ready and as Lee turned aside it slipped out with a hiss, circling Black Cow’s neck. The next instant it tightened with a snap as Ross’s horse sat back on his haunches. Black Cow turned a somersault, landing on her back with a deep grunt.

Ross threw the rope to Lee. “Snub her to a tree while I get a club,” he said.

Lee took two turns around a small, dead pine that was the closest tree, while Ross cut a green alder as thick as his arm.

Black Cow floundered up and glared at the men with inflamed eyes, shook her head and pawed the ground. When Ross got close, grasping the club in both hands, she charged. Thud! The heavy club caught her on the side of the head just as she took up the slack in the rope. The stick broke off with a loud snap

and Black Cow fell to her knees. Then she was up again, between Ross and the horses.

"Look out! She's loose!" Lee yelled shrilly, grabbing for the trailing rope and missing it by a foot.

With a bellow Black Cow lowered her head and charged. Dropping the stump of the club, Ross spun round and ran for the timber. Stiff leather chaps and riding boots aren't conducive to speed; in fact, they are a great hindrance to a stout man with short legs. Ross didn't cover the ground as rapidly as he wanted to.

In about ten jumps Black Cow caught up with him, shut her eyes, stuck her nose close to the ground, and with a jerk brought up her head. Ross sailed thru the air, legs and arms clawing; but he came down running, without missing a step. He turned his head back to look at Black Cow. He didn't thank her for the lift, and wasn't courting another.

Lee was left behind. He gave up trying to catch the bobbing rope-end. As Black Cow hit Ross again Lee decided that the show was worth watching, and stood still, laughing.

"Help!" Ross yelled. "Help—"

He lost his breath and the ground at the same moment—Black Cow hit him a third time.

"Ha, ha, ha," Lee roared. The more he laughed the funnier the situation seemed.

Black Cow stepped on the trailing rope, jerking herself to a momentary stop, and Ross ducked back for his horse. He puffed by Lee, mouth open, eyes bulging, face red, and Black Cow hot on his trail. Again she stepped on the rope and just as she passed Lee stumbled.

Reaching his horse, Ross scrambled

into the saddle. Clinging there weakly, he looked back just in time to see Black Cow wheel on Lee and bowl him over.

It wasn't so funny, now. Lee wasn't laughing. He was on his hands and knees, trying to get away from Black Cow. Every time he got started she bumped him down. Lee got up on all fours and *bunt!* went Black Cow, sprawling him flat on the ground, his arms and legs outspread, and *bunt!*—over and over. Ross was laughing now.

"Hey, Ross! For God's sake, get her," he pleaded.

Ross rode behind the cow, leaned down and caught up the rope. He threw a hitch on the horn, and dragged her back. She fought stubbornly, 'hen as the rope slowly cut off the air braced her legs wide to keep from falling.

Taking advantage of the situation, Lee got upright on his legs and hurried to his horse.

Ross grinned. Lee swore at him, the cow, and the world in general.

"You're the one that wanted some fun, ain't yuh?" Ross jeered.

"Wait till I get my wind and I'll show her somethin'," Lee promised savagely.

"Goin' to teach her a lesson in etyquette? She sure needs it. Teach her not to bunt from behind. It ain't polite."

The sound of a running horse brought them round with a start. Pete, the foreman, rode up, buzzing like a hornet.

"Hey, what's all the racket about?"

"A circus," said Ross, wiping his grimy face.

"Circus, hell," Pete shouted. "Cut out the play."

He looked at Black Cow. "Turn her loose."

"Turn her loose yourself," said Ross, winking at Lee.

Lee scowled back.

"What's the matter? Yuh 'fraid of a muley cow?" Pete demanded scornfully.

"I'll give you five dollars if you go in there on foot and take that rope off."

"I'll add another," said Lee, brightening a little.

Pete looked at the cow again. She appeared ready to drop.

"Huh? I'll just call your bluff. I'll show yuh what a *man* can do."

He dismounted and walked toward Black Cow, sliding his hand along the taut rope. When he was fairly close to her Ross gave out slack so that she got a gulp of fresh air. As Pete glanced around to see what was happening, Black Cow charged, hitting him in the middle and lifting him clear over her shoulder. He landed with a grunt.

Lee doubled over the saddle-horn. Ross's eyes sparkled.

"Gosh, are you hurt?" he asked. "I didn't think she'd dare attack a *man*!"

Pete scrambled out of danger.

"Why didn't yuh tell me she's on the fight?" he yelled, shaking his fists. "Yuh damn fools. I got a notion to fire yuh both."

"Aw, don't get mad, Pete," said Lee. "I'll show you how to take the fight out of her. I'll ride the son-of-a-gun."

"You?" Pete tried to wither him with a look. We can't fool around here all day. We got to get them steers down to McPhee's tonight."

"Let him ride her," Ross urged, winking. "I'll bet five dollars he can't."

Pete thot seriously for a moment. If he didn't humor them they would ride the devil out of him for weeks and tell all over the country how he got thrown

by a muley cow! Maybe they would anyway, but release was worth trying for.

"Oh, all right, all right," he said, and added. "I'll make it another five."

As Pete had the best snub horse, he took the rope that was attached to Black Cow and gave his lariat to Ross. Then Ross roped her hind legs and they stretched her out. Lee got on. Ross took off his rope.

The lariat around Black Cow's neck slackened. The sting of Lee's quirt brought her to her feet with a rush. Swish! The quirt bit deep. Sharp spurs raked her sides. The demon on her back yelled shrilly.

"Br-r-raw-aw-ww," she bellowed, and bucked crookedly across the park, twisting her back, throwing her hind quarters from side to side, head down, legs stiff.

Pete kept to one side, giving her plenty of rope. Following close behind was Ross, shouting encouragement and laughing. "Ride her, boy!" he shouted.

Lee had his left hand clasped in the short, slippery hair on Black Cow's shoulder and with his right he swung the quirt. He was riding prettily. He turned his head to laugh derisively at Pete. The foreman had visions of losing five dollars.

Then Black Cow stumbled and Lee, unprepared, pitched forward, landing on his back, right under Black Cow's nose. As he fell his left foot got tangled in Pete's rope. Both riders jerked their horses to a halt.

Black Cow looked surprised for a second and Lee, pale faced, stared at his foot. If the cow ran she would drag him to death. The hot, stinking breath from her nostrils blew damply across his face.

Ross began to uncoil his lariat and

Pete stupidly pushed on his rope, like a farmer pushing his old Ford up a steep hill with the steering wheel.

"Br-r-r-a-aw-w. Br-r-a-aw-w!" Black Cow's bellow echoed up the canyon as she lunged forward, plunging her head into Lee's stomach. Eyes rolling, tongue out, head twisting, she stamped and milled around him.

Lee thot sure he was a goner. He squirmed and yelled frantically.

"Get away you — — —! Help—Ross —Pete! O-o-oh, God—save me. (Umph!) Hey, you black—! God—pray God. Help. (Whoof!) Ross—damn you—get her—away!"

As long as Lee could yelp like that he wasn't being hurt, Ross thot, and hung up his rope, deciding not to stop the fun. When Lee began to pray, he threw back his head and roared.

Lee, white-faced, arms and legs waving, looked like an up-turned spider. The cow danced around him, her tail brandished like a waving flag. Black Cow bawled and Lee yelled. Ross rocked in the saddle and made all kinds of funny noises. Serious Pete licked his lips and pushed harder on the rope. The din split his ears. He turned to Ross, wishing for a rock, a club or anything to throw that would knock him into sensibility.

"Hey!" he bellowed. "Yuh got a rope; pull her off, yuh crazy fool."

"Sure I have," Ross said weakly, and chuckled some more. "I thot Lee was takin' the fight out of her."

Slowly uncoiling his rope he made a loop and still gurgling inanely threw it under Black Cow's feet and snapped it up, jumping his horse away at the same time. Black Cow, losing her balance, toppled sideways.

Lee jerked the rope off his foot, leapt

up, and scuttled for his horse. Safe in the saddle he regained both his wind and his courage.

When Ross took off the ropes Black Cow lay still, except that her sides went up and down jerkily.

"Well, I took the fight out of her, anyway," Lee bragged.

"An' she sure as hell took it out of you," laughed Ross.

Pete twisted his mustache and almost grinned. Then he scowled at the cow.

"She's all in," said he. "C'mon. We'll have to come back after her in the mornin'."

They started down the hillside, Ross coiling his lariat as he rode.

"What church you belong to, Lee?"

"Huh?"

"I was wonderin' where you learned to pray. You got any preacher beat a mile."

"Aw, shut up," Lee growled.

He couldn't argue because he had never heard a preacher pray and, besides, he chose to forget that he had called on God. "I'm goin' to bring a gun tomorrow. She'll only try to break away once," he threatened.

There was a sudden crackling of brush off to the right.

"What's that?" Pete asked.

"Didn't see anything. A stray, probably," said Ross.

A little farther on they caught up with the herd. They had hardly settled to work when there was a commotion up front. The lead steers were heading up the hillside, going fast. The foremost came into view.

"Well, I'll be damned!" said Lee, weakly.

He drove his tired horse slantingly along the hillside to head them back.

Black Cow was in the lead.

HORNED TOAD

BY PAUL E. TRACY

You need not think of me since I am dead
And bright-green squares have crowded out my sage,
And desert sands grow blossoms, being fed
By rivulets led gently in this Irrigation Age.
Think not of me with sadness, neither yearn
For things gone by—the silent, sun-burned plain,
The whirlwinds bowing . . . dancing, and dignified in turn,
And watchers philosophic oblivious of all gain
Which men approve. For I have loved the sand,
Sand dry and hot, and pleasant to the feet
Of one immersed in thought. But now the land
Labors—and lies torn beneath the tractor's cleat.
No longer mourn for me, nor dream of scenes we knew
Lest, living thus, you will be buried too.

TO COMANCHE, A COW-PONY

BY ELIZABETH NEEDHAM

When you had galloped up the Milky Way,
And stood, snorting with fright that you disdain,
Before the Golden Gates, did they delay
To brush the star-dust from your wild black mane,
Whisper that your fears were quite unfounded,
And give a reassuring pat or so?
Or did you shy when all the trumpets sounded,
And enter Heaven still afraid to go?

I think that now you'd like a pair of wings
To herd celestial cattle through the sky.
I hope God's angels, busy with great things,
Find time to feed you sugar, passing by.
Oh, pony! Are you strong and sleek and well,
At pasture in the fields of asphodel?

BEARERS OF INTEGRITY

BY CHARLES OLUF OLSEN

How often have I said: "Glory to the lowly
Who march like the mighty, if slowly,
Keeping step, though stepping small."

Strong hearts—strong—to obey a call
That promises no praise at all,
No victory, no goal when shadows fall. . . .

THE OPEN RANGE

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

BLUE BLOOD—HORSE AND MAN— ON THE MIZPAH, 1887

By H. C. B. COLVILL

I JOINED the English colony in Eastern Montana late in 1886. Horse ranching—Blooded stock and Blooded men—was the combination, and it worked well at that time.

The following quotation from an English paper shows how well it worked:

"Import of American Horses—On Saturday General Ravenhill, head of the Army Remount Department with Mr. S. Tattersall, head of the great Tattersall horse auction establishment, "Tattersalls", Mr. R. Morley, and Mr. M. Walton, accompanied Captain Pennell Elmhirst to Kings Curry to inspect three young horses recently brought to this country from his breeding establishment in Montana, Western America, the precursors it is understood of many large shipments in the future. The horses called forth strong expressions of approval as to their shape, strength and quality. Two of them had been already sold, and General Ravenhill bespoke the third for army use."

Here is another paragraph from the Miles City paper dated 1886 which announces the arrival of the writer:

"H. C. B. Colvill and H. O. Boyes, both of London, England, were at the MacQueen house on Monday. They have crossed the deep blue sea to visit their friend, Mr. Lindsey, who is associated with Capt. Elmhirst in the horse business. They departed for the ranch on Tuesday, where they will spend some months.

The sixty miles to the ranch in an open buggy through three feet of snow badly drifted, today I would call a hard trip. Lindsey had the usual winter clothing on, but Boyes and myself were dressed as we had been on board ship, and had not even rubber overshoes. At that time, however, I don't believe we even felt cold. Some drifts we had to dig through, shove through, and tramp through: 1886 and 1887 was a notable winter. Ninety percent of the cattle on the Mizpah Range froze to death, and one of my first jobs when it broke in the spring was to haul carcasses away from the ranch, so that the smell of their rotting bodies would not offend our aristocratic noses. The

smaller cattlemen were cleaning out; but on rounding up our horse stock in the spring it was found that only one old mare had died.

Hope therefore ran high and it was decided that the Mizpah and Powder River badlands was a natural horse country, and that there never again would be enough cattle there to spoil the range. L. O. Holt, at the Mizpah crossing eight miles above us, however, changed our notions, for he began trailing in cattle herds from Texas as soon as he found out what was up. Riding up to the crossing for the mail one day I got my first cussing from a Montana cowman and from old L. O. in person. Having become tired of waiting for his confounded herd to pass by, I forced my horse through the center of it. He told me what he thought of Englishmen riding pad saddles, wearing tight breeches, a sun helmet, and carrying a broken umbrella handle, and how such alien and strange animals were not wanted in Montana and never would be. Principally on account of this unreasonable dislike to that style of dress, when I left that country I left on the ranch about five hundred dollars worth of clothing, and never sent after it.

Hauling hay for the blooded stallions was our hardest job that winter. Twenty-five miles straight across country, and across Powder River, with a wagon and four horses. Three feet of snow, and drifted; but we made it, and did not even freeze a finger. Early breakfasts in the dark, and long hours in the saddle, getting back to the ranch long after dark, constituted the main work up to July 4 of each year.

Gathering up wild stock in the "Bad Lands" is no dude's job. In the hunting field the "water jump" is considered the hardest

and most risky jump. Not that a horse cannot jump a long jump easier than a fence, but because he seems to have a natural prejudice against the water jump and will very often stop at the edge and spill both his rider and himself head over heels into the water. After wild horses, however, a horse forgets all his natural fears. I remember once jumping six washouts one after the other, that when I started I had no idea were there, one or two of them more than twenty feet across, to head off a bunch. There was a cut-bank close to the home ranch that I once saw the foreman put his horse to, heading off a wild bunch of mares. This horse barely got his front legs on top and I expected him to fall backwards, but, with a yell and a lunge, they were up and away. If my memory is correct, two of us measured a jump made across Mizpah Creek, by our finest full-blooded stallion, when he got away one day after some mares; the jump measured thirty-five feet from takeoff to landing, and the horse could have carried a man just as well as not. A stallion used to come over from the C. (C dot) ranch, and cut out mares from the herd I was holding up for breeding. Two of us tried to stop him one day; shot all around him with a rifle; ran him miles to the C Dot ranch; but he beat us both and took the mares away. We had to corral him over there with his own bunch, and with the help of the C Dot outfit, to get our mares back. We did not give him time enough, however, to do any harm, so there were no mixed strains the next year.

There were other stallions on the range that would fight a rider, and put up quite a fight, too. "Cannot kill valuable stallions," said the boss. "It simply is not done, don't you know. Better lose a rider or two; don't cost so much money."

Haying time always started on July the fifth. There was a legend that the E. P. E. had once hoisted the British flag over the home ranch on July 4th and that a delegation of punchers had arrived and shot it all to pieces. That was never done in my time. Haying consisted in racing the L. O. people for the wild hay up and down the Mizpah. The first mowing-machine to cut a swathe around a patch of grass held that patch against all comers.

Two humorous incidents are the high spots that I remember best. Three of us had almost finished a large stack in a draw, and we had enough hay down to top it off. That night there was a cloud-burst which flooded our camp, and we rescued our blankets by wading knee deep to higher ground. Early next morning the "Captain" rode up to see if we were doing all right. We told him we were, but when we took him to see our stack, it was not there, and we never saw it again.

The second incident got me fired, and this is how it came about. I, like all the other Englishmen who ever joined the colony, brought along a little rubber bath tub and a sponge a foot across. Sunday was the day we washed ourselves and our clothes. This particular Sunday we had a lot of hay down that needed raking. I volunteered to rake it, on the understanding that I should have Monday to wash up. The other boys were haying busily on Monday when up comes E. P. E. "Where is Colvill?" asks the boss. "Oh," said the boys, "He is probably in camp sitting in his rubber bathtub, and sponging the top of his head with that big sponge of his." Nothing said about my Sunday work. E. P. E. set spurs to his horse, mad as a wet hen. He drew rein close enough to where I was sitting in my rubber bathtub, sponging the top of my head, to scatter dirt all over me. "When you get through," says he, "come up to the shack and I'll give you your time." "All right," says I, and that was all the conversation we had. Next day I rode down to Powder River, and put in the rest of the summer helping a cowman who had lost nearly all his herd in the bad winter of '86-'87 put up some hay for his saddle string. He was a fine rider, and being an educated man had the science of riding the western saddle down fine, theory and practice. We had to keep his string gentled down, and so I spoiled my English seat on horseback, something the English colony was very particular about, for they all went home in the winter for the hunting. Then anyone without, or who had lost, a perfect hunting seat would be an object of disdain—offensive in fact to his companions.

While on Powder River I was told lots of funny stories about the English colony that I should not have learned otherwise. There was the gag on Whallop (or Wachoup, as

it should be), recalled a year or so ago to be a member of the House of Lords. Whenever he was in an awkward situation, and some were racy, he would say, "I wonder what my mother, the Duchess, would say if she could see me now." All the cowboys in the country would get that gag off every once in a while. Sidney Padget was asked one time by a curious puncher called Billy, "Say, Sid, is it true that in the old country you are the son of a lord?" "Billy," says Sid, "in the old country they call me a son of a lord, and in this country they call me a son of a b——, but it's the same old Sid all the time." Then there was the horseman whose ranch was on Pumpkin Creek—I forget his name—but his brother, the Major, came out one summer with his valet. The valet got sick one day, or something happened to him, and the Major called on one of the boys to shine up his riding-boots. "Sure," said the puncher, "I'll do 'em," and he did a good job. Then the puncher told the Major to do just as good a job on his (the puncher's) boots. The Major put up something of a kick, and tried to work the single eyeglass trick, but "cow-boy" would not stand for it—was not quite satisfied, even after the Major had shined his shoes, that it was as good a job.

I finished the year out, and nearly finished myself, at another horse outfit on the lower Powder. I was to furnish meat for the ranch and run the outfit if everyone went to town. In return I was to have the use of two horses to work a poison line for wolves, the hides to be mine; but no poison was to be put out within three miles of the ranch house, because the foreman, Al Smith, had a favorite dog. One of the horses in my string was branded *Rattle Snake Jack* the full length of one side. One of the rules of the range is to throw the lines, by a twist of the wrist, over the horse's head as one dismounts. *Rattle Snake Jack* remembered that rule one day and I forgot it. I never forgot again after walking fifteen miles home. If the lines hang down from the bridle on a cow horse, he stands still, for he has learned that stepping on them hurts his mouth.

One day—five feet of snow on the level and blowing hard—the foreman's dog came up poisoned, and Mr. Foreman and myself spent the night, each with a pistol in his hand. I got tired of the strain on my nerves,

and pulled out before breakfast for the E. P. E. Ranch across the Powder River divide on foot. On the way I noticed footsteps and looked out for some other fool pedestrian. Investigation revealed the fact that I had made a complete circle about a quarter of a mile in diameter. Night found me on the divide about five miles from the E. P. E. horse camp, deserted in winter, but the only available shelter. I was getting weary, not being used to walking. The snow also filled the gullies from five to six feet deep. Just as I felt like crawling into a snow bank I struck a wonderful beaten track as hard as a rock. I had no idea where it would lead me but it turned out that my old crowd had put up a small haystack at the horse camp, and the track took me straight to that stack, two hundred yards from the shack, where wood and food had been left handy for anyone coming that way. Cattle had tramped a path smooth to look at the hay. The next day I made the home ranch. The Bloods having gone home for the hunting, and the foreman, having heard the right story from the repentant hay-makers, hired me again.

This led to another ludicrous incident when E. P. E. came back in the spring. By that time I had entire charge of a large bunch of mares, and five blooded stallions at another horse camp eighteen miles up the Mizpah. I had a string of eight horses that had belonged to my predecessor known as the "Black Eyed Kid." To prevent the "Bloods" from grabbing any of his string, the Kid had taught each of them to pitch (or buck jump) at different signals. I experimented and finally found out most of these signals, but with one, a big blooded grey, I never did find out. He would hunch his back when I first got on, but he never did let himself out on me. The first time I saw the boss in the spring and also the first time I had seen him since he had fired me, he came up with a man called Benson to look over my herd. He asked me if I had a gentle horse he could use, as his was tired. I told him I had a big grey on the picket that had never pitched with me. So I got him up and the boss mounted. If you had never seen a horse pitch you would have seen one that day. Benson finally ran in and grabbed his head and the two of us brought him to a stop. The old man had ridden him all right, but had

got it in his head that I had played that trick on him to get even for having been fired. He told me he could ride the worst of them, but that he was getting old and did not like it any more, and that he did not have to ride the pitcher if I had told him the truth. He came pretty near firing me again.

That summer I reaped the benefit of my friendship with the C Dot punchers, for it was the wettest summer that had ever been known, and colts dropped by mares held in the herd at the home ranch were dying like flies. The C Dot men told me, "Never mind what the boss told you to do, just let the herd go. Then as soon as the storm lets up for good hustle around and gather them up. You will find that they have not gone far." If E. P. E. had come up while I was toasting my shins by the stove, he would have fired me sure. When he finally did come, accompanied by the foreman, I had the herd together and had not lost a colt. I never told E. P. E., but the foreman took me on one side and asked me how I did it. I told him, and he said it was what he had been trying to get the Boss to agree to all the time.

That summer they gave me an army mule and a wild unbroken colt to drive on the mower. My first swath was five and a half miles long straight up and down the creek, and the pitchers raked up three and a half big loads of hay before I made a turn. Some skill was required dodging the sage brush when driving horses on the dead run, but the machine was not broken. I had three teams and two mowers that year. When a team got tired, or a mower dull, my assistants promptly brought me another team hitched to a new sharp mower. We had an old country hay-stacker who started his stacks on a handkerchief, brought them out as wide as a house, then drew them in; ranchers came from all round to look at these agricultural curiosities.

This year there was a strike amongst the boys, who insisted on potatoes as well as beans with their sowbelly. E. P. E. explained that beans were a sure antidote for the alkali water, but finally had to have a few potatoes freighted out from Miles City. I got some of these and planted them. The resultant crop was, as far as I know, the first, and maybe the last, ever raised on Mizpah Creek. I found also that I could

not work with the drags and eat with the bloods, so resigned from the first table.

That fall I bought a perfectly trained hunting pony and kept the ranch supplied with meat. Three incidents stand out in my mind as hunting episodes. The first on antelope, feeding in a hollow, with a strong wind blowing. By riding on the lee side I got within a few feet of the top of the hollow. By crawling a few feet I was able to push my rifle and actually touch the side of a buck before I pulled the trigger. Crawling back I mounted my horse and rode up to find the rest of the herd had not realized that anything out of the ordinary had occurred. The second was meeting a big Blacktail, head on, when riding a narrow trail, then slipping off my pony and shooting between his legs at a mark hardly a yard away. The third was packing three Blacktail on that pony a short distance to the ranch house late at night, then climbing on top of the load and calling the crowd to the door, to their great amazement. Another that did not come off was getting my rope on a mountain lion, which luckily worked himself loose before anything much happened.

Chickens "tree" in the fall along the Mizpah. It took just twenty-five chickens to make a good curry (an aristocratic dish). I made a deal with the girl cook. There were two girls (a cook and a ladies' maid) on the home ranch. The cook stayed the year around and finally married the foreman. The deal was for a curry every Sunday. By shooting the lowest bird on a tree first, every bird there could be killed with a rifle, but they would fly if a shotgun was used. A tree full often made the curry. The two girls had a great time. Every male on the ranch of the two-legged species must have made love to them sooner or later. They thought the life very rough, but their *dete-noir* was the skunk. There must have been hundreds of skunks up and down the Mizpah. About every day or so the girls would be heard screaming and every man within earshot would rush to their assistance. The girls invariably would be found standing on the table holding to each other with one hand while the other hand held their skirts closely about their legs. The proper system then (invented, I believe, by the foreman) was to seize a dipperful of water and gently

sprinkle the water on the ground behind the skunk, heading him towards the door and finally through it. No shooting or noise was allowed until the skunk was a hundred yards or more from the premises. In that way skunk odor never, to my knowledge, scented kitchen or premises. At the horse camp at the head of the Mizpah, however, a skunk got into the oven of a perfectly good stove. Someone slammed the oven door shut and no one present was found with the courage to open it. When the fire died down and the stove got cool it was removed, skunk and all, and buried under three feet of dirt. All the rest of the year cooking was done out of doors, for the stove was never replaced.

Just before Christmas I got an idea to ride up to Canada. To complete my outfit I had to purchase a pack horse. Ben Mason at Powderville, who had just shot a man, not his first by any means, had a horse that he had used packing elk to the troops at Fort Keogh. I spent the night with Ben popping popcorn and talking about the shooting. According to Ben it was getting so expensive to kill a man that it was going to take his whole ranch this time to get clear. At that Ben said he would just as soon kill a man as a coyote. I was careful to agree with Ben on nearly every subject. So we got along fine and I bought old Baldy from him for thirty dollars. Ben said, "If you get into a pinch just leave it to Baldy, for he knows more than any tenderfoot can ever learn." Ben was perfectly correct on this statement as you will see later. Crossing the Crow Reservation I fell in with Jim Hucy from the N Bar. We then picked up a bunch of Crows going our way from a food distribution at the agency. Camping in their teepees on snow-covered ground we found luxurious, and teepees fine warm shelters. One bunch forked off to Pryor Creek. They told me there was a good ford at the mouth that would save me many miles. When I reached it I was alone, and I expect I never struck the ford at all, for I was carried down stream a long way amongst great ice blocks before I got across. I ran into a ranch house still dripping wet. The caretaker asked me where I had come from. I said out of the Yellowstone River. He replied, "You look like it. Go on in and get

your clothes off; I will take care of your horses."

The next high spot of the trip was crossing the Marias River near Fort Benton. I got halfway over, then the ice broke and let us all into water up to our shoulders. This time I remembered what Ben Mason had said. So I worked Baldy up on the lead and told him to get us out of it, for I did not know what to do. Baldy seemed to know what I meant and stood up on his hind legs, pack and all, then came down on the ice hard as he could. He kept breaking a trail that way, until the river got shallower. Then we were all able to scramble out.

The next highlight was starting that eighty miles from the American to the Canadian side north of Assiniboine. I traded a cow-puncher a pair of sleeping socks to put me on the right road. He did this, and pointed out some landmarks in the snow-covered waste. He had not been gone more than three or four hours before I found out I was lost and the back trail was well drifted up. Upon serious reflection I came to the conclusion that if there was not, then there should be, a telegraph line between Fort Assiniboine and the Canadian Mounted Police station at Maple Creek. Further reflection convinced me that I might as well advance in that direction as stand still and freeze in one of the coldest blizzards that ever came out of Medicine Hat, a short distance north. So I struck out to cross that telegraph line, if there was one. As luck would have it, there was one: for I bumped into a post in the dark. After that no one could have dragged me away from that telegraph line. I unpacked my bed roll in the night, but found it too cold to sleep, so saddled up after an hour, and rode till the line ended at a Mounted Police post. The troopers repeated that old question, "Where did you spring from?" "Montana, U. S. A." was the answer. Then they remarked that two fools, just like me, had frozen to death crossing on the wagon road a few days before.

Near the end of the line I found another blooded man with blooded horses. He knew all the Powder River aristocrats. In the spring on my way back I helped him with a hundred and fifty of the finest horses anyone could ask for, which he was breaking to the saddle for the great Canadian Mounted

Police. Those police, at that, would have to ride some, for three rides was all the breaking considered necessary before a policeman got a horse.

That was the end of my connection with

blooded men and blooded horses. I don't believe that I have seen a specimen of either since. Altogether I rode over eight hundred miles that winter, or a thousand counting the trip out in the spring, averaging twenty-five miles a day.

THE PIONEER WOMAN OF MONTANA

By Mrs. T. A. Wickes

Representative facts, from the lives of several friends, have been blended into a composite sketch.

I FOLLOWED the pioneer woman up the Missouri river fifty years ago last August. The river was very low. We saw the sun rise in the same spot three times, and between Bismarck and Benton, we drank that muddy river water for forty days. But the pioneer woman was cleverer than I. She strained that muddy water through the seat of a cane-bottomed chair, for she told me so!

We saw Gen'l. Miles on the Missouri, still chasing "Hostiles". The wife of the chaplain of Fort Assiniboine (as they'd have military escort, when landing at Cow Island) offered to take my baby, Bessie, with them until I could send for her in safety, and would adopt her as their own should I be killed by the Indians, on landing at Fort Benton. But the Indians had fled.

On arriving in Montana, the pioneer woman unpacked her belongings, set out her apple-tree slips, and unrolled the tent. The campfire was made for her, and she cooked the meal. She was always cooking meals. Her husband cut logs, she helped lift them, she mortised them, shingled half of the roof, cut the stove-pipe hole, climbed down and fried the venison for supper.

With meals at \$1.00 she started a boarding-house. Indians peered in at the windows and stayed to dinner. Sooner or later they always paid. Not so all the whites. A dying Indian sent a man five miles to pay her for his last meal with her—for she told me that, and also that she had never lost a dollar from an Indian.

Later, after the Virginia City gold rush, flour was \$100.00 per sack, three apples for \$3.00, a bunch of grapes a gift to be remembered for a lifetime. Each lady in Wickes mining camp received one from the owner of

a mule-team freight load brought from Ogden, Utah, but there were only three ladies, and over a hundred men to buy the luscious fruit. People lived out of tin cans largely in those days.

Near Missoula, before that, leaving their first home, holding one baby in her arms, and another a bit older at her side, on a high spring seat, above their valued effects in the wagon, the pioneer woman traveled night and day with her husband and the hired man past burning cabins and massacred settlers to find safety from pursuing Indians. Overtaken by the shouting hostiles the hired man turned back and met them. He, too, was an Indian and of their own tribe. A conference was called. That intrepid woman sat on a stump with the two babies and watched the cruel faces, as she could not understand the Indian jargon, while the hired man told of the kindness of the family to him, and the love he felt for the little children. He won the day—they were saved.

In their new home her seventh Montana baby was one day tied in a high chair, and neglected, necessarily, for the harvesters were coming. It had cried all the morning. A stern-faced squaw, working in the garden, entered the kitchen, took the child, the frightened mother knowing it unsafe to protest, and with reproachful look at the mother bore it to the potato patch, where the contented child cried no more that day.

Once the pioneers went to a little mining town, twenty-four miles from Helena, where was a heavy payroll, and the woman's husband cashed the checks. Helena banks lent the money. There was a hitch one day among the officials as to the date of the

(Continued on Page 365.)

HISTORICAL SECTION

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

AN INDIAN GIRL'S STORY OF A TRADING EXPEDITION TO THE SOUTHWEST ABOUT 1841

EDITED BY WINONA ADAMS

Catherine, who told this story, was the daughter of Margaret, a Nez Perce woman, and Baptiste, whose mother was a Mohawk and father either French or Scotch. Catherine's statement that he was Scotch appears doubtful for a man named Baptiste, who came from near Montreal some time after the War of 1812. He was surnamed "Coquin", rascal, because he obtained supplies from a trader by informing him that he had lots of beaver. When the trader demanded the pelts Baptiste replied, "They are not good yet."

Baptiste and Margaret parted after the birth of a second daughter. The man married twice subsequently. Alexander Bigknife, a son of the last marriage, now eighty-five years old, is living near Arlee, Montana.

Margaret's second husband was another Baptiste, called Bonaparte, because when intoxicated he wanted to fight. Their daughter, Angelina, married Michel, son of the great fur trader, Peter Skene Ogden. They have three daughters still living on the Flathead Reservation.

Shortly after Catherine returned from this trip, she married Angus McDonald, a young Scotch employee of the Hudson's Bay Company. He had come to America in 1838 and was then located at Fort Hall under the direction of Captain Richard Grant.

In 1847 McDonald established Fort Connen, seven miles north of the present town of St. Ignatius, Montana. There he reared a family of twelve children, the most notable of whom is Duncan, born in 1849, and still living in the vicinity. He is a man of culture, and a careful student of Indian history and mythology.

Angus McDonald became chief trader for the Hudson's Bay Company in 1852 and thereafter lived at Fort Colville until his retirement in 1872, when he returned to Fort Connen to remain until his death in 1889. Catherine died a few years later. During these forty-five years Catherine remained a devoted wife. Like many Indian mothers she told her children many stories of adventure. A number of these Angus McDonald copied in a huge ledger, which is still preserved. This one of her trip to the mouth of the Colorado, apparently written down about 1875, is the most definite in time, place and circumstances of any of them. It presents an unusual picture of the fur trader's character and throws light on Indian psychology. It is doubtful if a similar story has ever been recorded.

The story of the trip is here given complete. There have been omitted some incidental stories which have no relation to this journey. The punctuation has been changed for the reader's convenience.

WINONA ADAMS, Assistant Cataloguer,
State University of Montana Library.

THE three peaks of the Rocky mountains with their lesser hills head three chief rivers, the Oregon, Colorado and Missouri. We left Pierre's hole¹ on their Columbian side when the antelope were fawning in the last month of spring and the first of summer.

The founder of the Jesuit missions was just arrived for the first time from the east to convert the Indians.² He was a man of florid countenance, benign of speech and stout and short of stature. Some tribes were prepared by the Iroquois³ hunters and French creoles to receive him. Other tribes

headed him not. The Shawnee warrior T. II. rejected all evidences for favoring of religion, saying that the Parent Spirit was not to be found in dresses or bits of paper, pictures, or in yellow or red iron or beads, insisting that the sacred man that came so far must be a fool come to preach some things he did not know and for which the God Chief cared nothing, and told them it were better to ask that Spirit to give them health and buffalo and help them to scalp their enemies than listen to useless prayers that had no life but in the effort of them. His words were received by many of the

¹ Pierre's Hole, in the present state of Idaho, a short distance west of Yellowstone Park, had long been a gathering place for fur traders, trappers and Indians. John Work—Journal. (Cleveland, 1923.) 114n.

² Father DeSmet came to the Northwest in 1840 and established St. Mary's Mission in the Bitter Root in 1841. DeSmet—Life, letters and travels. (New York, 1905) II, 193-342.

³ The Iroquois were brought out first by the Northwest Company as trappers. The Western Indians were not industrious trappers and the fur company hoped that the example of the Iroquois would improve them. The Iroquois, however, soon learned to prefer idleness to trapping.

leading Indians chiefly from their bold assertion and as he who spoke them was from the east and said to be a man in the battle of the Black Hawk.⁴

Bidding farewell to our Parent Rocky mountain camp we left for the place of gathering on one of the chief streams of the northern Colorado⁵ where more than a hundred white men awaited us to add to their numbers. Grass of rich growth was out on every hill. Streams of the chastest water ran from their armpits and lofty glens. The big valley below was full of heat, as the air was with flies. Games of many hoofs romped and grazed far and near. The big and little curlew, colored like the fawn, attended to their young as the mother antelope stood off sometimes afar observant of where laid that young. Any unusual scream or flutter of the curlew brought the dam nearer it. The coyote, that most cunning and timorous of sneaks, and the game eagle were its greatest enemies and fared well on the numbers of that delicious game, the most tender of all flesh. Other things of prey from the mountain grizzly to the rattlesnake fed well on the numbers of ground squirrels that bored the valleys. One antelope can whip a coyote but a young kid or fawn is helpless and is often killed by the raven. The game eagle sometimes kills the coyote, but he, the latter, as often defies the bird's attacks by throwing himself on his back ready to lay hold of the eagle in his descending pass and the chief of the air flies on afraid of this hairy little sneak.

The wild striped little bee that hides his two stands of honey in the rents of the mountain rocks was at work and as I rode aside and alone his moans made me sadder and I wondered if ever I would return. He was up from his winter's sleep. An old and new life was around me on foot and on wing, an old and new life out in leaf and blade. The earth required more space. The sky grew higher with the sun. The sun himself looked not so old. The big splendid solitude of my Indian fathers looked glad, but our friends gone to join the dead did not heed this all. All come back but that dead. No no, they would not come.

The first river we crossed was a swift

stream of about 70 paces broad. The men made rafts to carry their little baggage. The women stripped and lightening their saddles on their best horses plunged into the stream with them, having tied their children one by one on their backs, and swimming along with their horses on the side made several trips that way across the river before they had their children all landed safely, as they would not trust their little ones to the ripples. I swam bearing my little brother, whilst my stepmother swam with her young child, my sister. The women were stripped to the cotton shirt. The water was very cold, rushing from its parent springs and higher peaks. Our hands and limbs were red as wild roses from the burning chill of the waters, but the air was healthy and then the sun was cloudless and strong, and camping at once and the boiling and broiling soup and roasting of the choicest bits of venison and faring generously thereon we were soon comfortable and joking on the different costumes of the women whose drenched shirts stuck to their bodies shaping them as if entirely nude, and also on the various pranks of our horses, some of which delighted in this serious fun and plunged and snorted in the cold foam with more presence of mind than many men when death is near them. The second river was a little narrower and deeper and of a more violent pass. Before crossing the first river on the mountain plain we saw a little cloud of dust far as the eye could discern it. It was in advance of a much larger cloud, which made us very uneasy. Was it our persistent enemy that never gave us rest or was it some friendly tribe? Our courage grew after looking to our arms as the clouds and preceding black points formed of men drew nearer us and our five Indian hunters said that by their motions they must be friends. 'Tis strange to the white man how far the Indian eye can perceive his enemy and distinguish him from his friends and how far that knowledge is conveyed with other signs in return by his motions with his horse. The dusty clouds were soon up to us, following a band of 150 warriors on the path of blood for their enemy. We smoked heartily with them, as they met us kindly. Their simple story was soon told and they passed on

⁴ The Black Hawk War of 1832.

⁵ Green River. From there the route lay south along the west of this stream.

armed as usual in quiver and bow and shield of buffalo-bull hide with guns and lance and knife and their garniture of bits of brass and game eagles' feathers, and rare shells of the ocean and the land made them look pretty as they passed on in the shining sun. 100 of them were horsed and fifty were footmen.

Upon arriving at the third river, which was about 300 paces broad, calm and of a gentle flow, all of us bound our baggage in our leather lodges, put the children on the top and swam our best horses ashore, holding cords in our teeth whose ends were tied to the lodges. The buffalo scalp bridle makes a soft, wiry and light cord and is always preferred in this work to any other cords.

As we arrived at the place of gathering about 180 men sat and stood in groups chatting on the prospects of the coming trip, as some chewed, others smoked, and nearly all whittled in earnest anticipation of a voyage whose ends they could not foresee. Although it promised plenty of fur most of their wives refused to follow them across. They were left to await our return. I was bent on following my father wherever he went and as all of us thought of further preparation for the coming desolations of the Colorado a tall, handsome, fair-haired Frenchman that stood a full fathom and a hand in his moccasins galloped into camp with an alarming countenance and screamed that his party were defeated by the Sioux and left at their further disposal we soon were off again to relieve the defeated and procure a further supply of Buffalo for the barren wastes of the Coyoterra,⁶ now called Arizona.

Four long summer days and a half of constant riding brought us to the defeated camp. All that lived were living. Two men were killed and all the horses gone. One of the men was dragged by the enemy on his horse for miles, where we found him shot in many places. As we found no blood where he lay we thought his own horse had dragged him and that he was shot when already dead. The other was taken by the old Sioux women, tormenting him with awl and gun until he danced his life away. In these cases sometimes the savage man is moved to silent [pity] and disgusted with the cruelty of the women shoots the prisoner through the heart.

In rare cases a woman is known to administer this hard mercy!

We had of our own and for the defeated party about 200 mules; as they were wild three days were spent in subduing them. We finally packed them with all the meat already dried and orders were given by the chief hunter, a dark-haired Canadian of long, thin, delicate features, sinewy flesh and straight manly bearing to move camp nearer the buffalo. Three more hot laborious days, hunting and paring and drying meat, brought us to a stand and the chief hunter cried, "From here we shall return and go no further." Brave Dalpier, you did return, but the Invisible led you another road. We camped on a point between a fork running from the east into a river that ran to the west.

The grass was already reddening and the wild currants yellow and black and red weighed their boughs. Those boughs were tall as long fishing-rods and their large round currants bent them in places to the ground. Red and white willows and poplars shaded the stream. A deep ravine led the fork into the river. I frequently went up during fine days to look from the brow of the ravine. My father, who was a brave and cautious man, always advised me in his travels to be on the watch, my eyes being young and strong. Mountains and plains, the sky, sun and buffalo. Just as far as the earnest eye could see until the sky struck the earth I could see nothing but buffalo and the other smaller game lost in their masses, like young children with the group camps. Six young girls and I went up the creek for berries after breakfast, and having a stroll to half-circle the camp, struck the river below the mouth of the creek. A middle-aged barren Snake woman, wife of a young Canadian, went down to the river at midday beyond where we struck it after she passed. She had three large dogs, grey and tall as the long buffalo wolf, and she rode a famous buffalo horse. Dismounted and still holding her long bridle in her hand while picking the largest currants she observed her dogs sniffing the air, pricking their hair and muttering low growls. She saw a shadow-like thing passing behind a bush above her; but she quietly picked her berries and slyly ob-

⁶ Coyoteros was a name applied to a branch of the Apache nation. Gregg—Commerce of the Prairies. (1844) I. 290.

served the aspect of the dogs and the direction of the shadow. Again they growled and sniffed the air, and looking she saw a distinct head bob its height behind the same bush. Her dogs were standing in advance with their hair up. Her horse pricked his ears and she said in her heart, "Sure, it is the enemy," and climbing into the saddle the willing charger soon brought her a couple of hundred paces above the shadow's hiding place. Whereby she saw two human heads distinctly peering at her. Whereupon she whipped her sagacious bearer into camp and said to her young Frenchman, "Mount, go and get our horses. The enemy is near them." "You old fool," said he, "what do you blow for?" "I say, go to our horses. The enemy envies them already," said she. "You are mad, you old hag," said he. Others hearing them said she might have seen something. "No, no," said he, "she is always puffing and ripping about nothing. Let that horse go, I tell you," said he, "and he will find his mates." "You shall never get hold of him," quoth she. "You old crazy Snake," said he, "let him go." The old woman was hereon enraged and disgusted, and unbridling the horse gave him as hard a lash as she could, screaming, "Go to your master, the enemy. You do not belong to my white fool any longer." The horse with tail on end soon reached his mates.

By this time I and the little girls after picking our berries went into the river to bathe. The side pools were clean and the trout were thick in them as our fingers. Three little boys were there bathing and fishing. We found a dry floating little log. The boys pulled at one end of it and the little girls and I at the other all swimming and contesting who would win the log when at once the eldest boy, son of the Snake chief, said with a calm, steadfast eye and with an apprehension unaccountable, "Let us go forth. This is not our country. We play in the enemy's stream. He may be here." A thrill of alarm entered us as he spoke and we ran towards our camp. Just arriving there I heard the boys' yell and war song. Those wild notes that ever sounded our most serious work; as they rushed on our heels they cried, "White men, take your arms. We are surrounded." Instantly a trembling of the ground and yells and cries of men

commenced and our mules and horses snorting and sniffing like stampeded elk with manes and tails up rattled by us on the other side of the river, which formed a half-circular basin where they pressed on between it and the mountain as the upper corner of that basin struck the bold heel of that mountain, the enemy rushed to turn the horses back downward and sweep them away by the lower end. Hereon he mingled in active melee with the horses. Four strong Canadians took hold each of a mule dragging a long cord and they were dragged by the mules all running together scared into the willows. Dalpier cried thereon, "Rush, boys, rush. We must have a horse each anyhow," and he rushed through the river leading five men and I with them seeing my father's favorite moose-colored horse and having a long cord on his neck. I sprang and laid hold of him and led him back to our pack, which was strongly built of heavy logs in case of need. Hastening to cross the river the voice of Dalpier was again after me, and sang out, "Run fast, my little girl, run over into the pack. We will drive these to follow you;" and so they did to half the number of all the animals we had. Yet no shot was fired on either side. The enemy was fairly making his way with the balance. Dalpier hereon stood where he was without recrossing the stream, and raising his long black rifle, its smoke and one of the best-plumed of the rear enemy rolled at the same time. A rapid discharge of many shots missed him and he bounded and waded through the river to our side of it. As he stood there loading and discharging his unerring weapon for the third time, I stood watching him 10 steps in front of me. Just as I said to a girl that stood by me, "Look how fearless and proud that brave Frenchman stands," he gave a second touch home to his bullet, a distinct crack rang from his body, he wheeled on his heels once around without moving and fell dead on his front, and his faithful black rifle fell and broke down with him. Meantime some of our men went to try and recover the lost horses, but found not one. All the men joined now in the firing, but a third party was off running buffalo. The enemy drove them into the camp. The brave chief of the Snakes rode in the rear and dashing straight down a cliff that overlooked the camp and

the enemy making every effort to catch him, he looked not like a man but like a chased blue cock which the abrupt earth could not trip nor retard. We rode some bad passes, but I never saw a horse and rider hold together in so steep a place.

The plumed savage shot by Dalpier on his first fire, I saw move his head trying to raise it. It fell and moved again, and again it fell. At that time three of his friends made a swoop to look at him. They then moved his head into a cord and galloped off with him tied to the bow of a saddle as if he were a fallen stick. The lifeless body no longer of any avail, all they desired was to hide him and take his pomp to his parents who always give such to the nearest and best living friend of the dead; also to have a last long look at him and to be able to describe the wound that killed him.

In these attentions all that simple nature can do is done, but nature is not dead and ever after that the parent that lives on hearing the notes of the San Ka Ka, those farewell notes when starting on the path of blood, weeps bitterly as they bring home the lost figure of their departed slain. These simple farewells and notes have such an effect on them that they, particularly the mothers and the sisters, will not be comforted till their emotion subsides.

After a few more discharges of brush and concealed fighting the enemy resolved to enter our tents and make an end to us by a hand-to-hand work, there being about 10 to one of us. For this purpose one well-made naked muscled Indian wearing a splendid cap worked with dyed porcupine quills and fringed with ermine crested with feathers of the game eagle and horned by a pair of buffalo horns determined to lead, and walking on his fours like a dog, as they always do when deciding a trial of life or death, he crawled to the creek leading his followers. Before this the firing had ceased, in order to deceive us. Two of our men were close to me, one standing and the other resting at his length on the ground. He was the most powerful man of our party, a large auburn-haired Canadian. An arrow lashed into the air from the other side of the river, struck down obliquely into the side of his backbone. The

other man in withdrawing the shaft could not get the broken barb to relax its hit. The wounded man walked about forty steps, staggered as if drunk, and fell forward, clots of blood with a spasmodic effort followed and in a few more pulses he was dead.

His mate,¹ a dark negro mixed blood, said to me, "You are an Indian. You know the ways of the Indian. See how they come. They will mix with us. What do you think?" A tall red-haired sinewy American stood between me and the sun, Baker by name. He was excellent at his weapon. I said, "Say to Baker that if he kills the chief who makes the dog and who wears that black star on his breast we still may live. That is the most effectual way to save us. The combat depends now upon his life and he makes the dog as of old to win or lose it."

They had advanced halfway through the shallow creek led on by that human dog on his knees and hands. They were within 40 paces of us. Baker hereon and the mulatto also leveled their rifles. The two shots made one sound. The head of the black star followed by his body laid gently forward into the creek. He was struck with one ball in the centre of the forehead and the other ball in the middle of the left eyebrow. His followers, seeing him dead, spoke a little without firing and withdrew. Baker and the black man seeing us 8 girls and children, as the men were all further off each on his own luck fighting, came to protect us and as I sat close to Baker, when loading his rifle with the bullet that entered the brain of the black star and raising it to cap it the corner of its butt struck my forehead and bled it freely, whereupon I said in my heart, "That star will die!" for in desperate times I often found that our minds see and decide ahead of our bodies, like a beam preceding the sun before he is up. The sun was going down. The master in chief sat protected by the horse pen. The enemy's shots were far and retiring when a strong ball entered the pup of the sitter—a man by him heard a touch. That sitted dropped his chin on his breast and he was dead with his tobacco pipe still held in his teeth.

At night two large fires reddened the sky within 1000 paces of us. War songs, shots

¹ According to Duncan McDonald, this negro was called Quls-so-cain because he wore a small bunch of feathers on his hat.

and yells arose from one of them, wails and screams from the other, as the foe buried his dead. On the morrow the half of our remaining horses and mules were dead, arrowed and bulleted, and we had to retrace our way to the place of gathering with all our leaders and several of our best men killed. The camp and scaffolds of meat were left standing. As we wound our road away, I cast a last look at the unlucky spot. There it was in its red with buffalo meat fresh and half-dried and the grasses in many places stiff in the blood of our slain. I thought it too silent to look at. Every little bird that sang of his own fate was hushed for the time. Fear and wonder made them shut their bills. But the mountain lark resumed her story and as we left the serious place forever, I wondered if these hunters would rise again. The Indian fathers say the living will die and go to find the dead and stay in gladness with them never to return in the body again as the white man's prayer teaches us.

Defeated and chiefless, we started back. I put six bales of dried meat on my only horse and myself on the top. When camping there was no order kept, but every one for himself as if our evil luck had turned us all into fools. Five or six black things were taken for the enemy. Again the cry, "We are waylaid," arose and we rushed headlong into the nearest brush, lucky enough to see a creek that had any. I gazed and looked intently, yet saw nothing but a few ravens which sitting at a distance on the wind-tossed sages moved like riding Indian heads and the cry of "They are ravens," was screamed out as loud and gladly as we could and we started on. A poor Piute woman with swollen limbs was left by her man behind. He had no horse for her nor could he carry her and she was left to her fate. Coming up to her, all the rest being far in advance, as I was bent on taking my six bales of meat, I travelled in the rear. She was sitting in the sand weeping and then sarcastically smiling at her being left in that plight. Helping her to sit on the top of my load I walked the way to camp.

We sent two messengers to the place of gathering to tell of our plight. Having travelled by night in the wide and torn sandy

waste struck the Colorado far below the little wooden home⁸ they were out for; they lost themselves but their native sagacity although they were never in that country before soon told them the cause of their mistakes and corrected their way. They always choose the night to travel for fear of being discovered by the enemy. The sixth day out from the scene of our bad luck we camped dry and heartless.

Hearing a shot on a hill to the west whilst looking with some awe and hope, the cry of alarm again was raised. A horseman was in view. Soon his motions were too well known to me to be mistaken and the steady look against the wind and labor of affection in my poor eyes made them flow freely, as I knew and discerned the motions of my father. He was in full war paint with quiver and gun and his hair all tied on the top of his head like a Shawnee warrior as he rode dashing alone into camp driving five good horses before him. His bold defiant aspect sent a sense of cheer and courage through all our disheartened party. My father was a half Mohawk Indian and half American Scotch. He could speak neither English nor French, but a few broken words of the latter. Tho not tall but rather low of stature he was rather wiry and clean built and as brave as ever drew bow on a foe. He was full of the story of the American war and used to tell me how the British ran this way and the Americans ran that way, how the British fought there and the Americans charged here, and sometimes how both ran away leaving the Indians behind them, and he would then dance and sing Indian war songs of the east, songs of chiefs long gone to join the dead.

He used to take an ironical delight in stripping and painting his body with earth of various colors; then, stalking with his horse, wheeling and dashing, reining short and firing across against and with the wind, and gesturing and speaking to the bushes and the birds, rocks and trees as if they understood him. A stranger would undoubtedly think him mad when in this humor, but the truth is that in his lonely days he found such a delight in the memorizing actively of the genius of past years that he became irksome

⁸ A fur-trading post, possibly Fort Bridger, although this post may not have been established until 1843.

and dull until he armed and went through this imitation of a more serious fun.

In another half-day five men with more horses followed him and we were soon at the wooden house of the fur trader.

Upon arrival a mixed salutation of gladness and woe was offered us. Soon a call was made for our trophy. We took six of the finest scalps of the enemy, one of which was beautiful, the locks of it being long and dense and curving as it covered the waist of its father and its hair soft and line, but we left many a body in that brush untouched and unscalped.

Having in that attack eighty men of good rifles and as each picked his man as he would be picked by the foe, that foe received a resistance too fatal to him, to be clearly expected, and the cry of woe he set up that night might well beat the solitary hills for a loss which never would be made good to him.

For fun and revenge the scalp dance was danced with other strains all night by the white men and Indians gathered at that dim wooden home, but I slept well. Oh, what a solace to the sleepless is an untroubled sleep; In subsequent defeats in the Indian country the great harrasser is wakefulness. The apprehension ever awake, particularly at night, dyes the brain with the mattacks of memory and prostration, and want of serenity and loss of appetite make fools of the bravest. Callousness succeeds and frequently if the enemy were on hand he could count his victims with stones.

In a few days we started, about 150 men designed to trap the Colorado and its wastes to the sea. On descending the hills of the big Salt Lake some of the precipices were armed in large antlers of pure pendent salt. It was very fine and white.

About twenty Piute Indians came to our camp. One of them, a large repulsive man, was naked and full armed. Our leader called him a coward and ordered him away from our tents, but he stood leaning on his weapon. He had shortly before murdered a Canadian trapper while his wife, a Piute woman, was fetching water. On seeing the body of her white man dead she seized her axe to strike the Indian down, but he, being active and strong, shunned the blow, leaping aside and saying, "You love the white man better than your people. 'Tis good for you to go with

him," so he killed her and her two little children. I thought he would be shot to pieces, but our hunters from some cause left him to live. A quarrel arose between him and the slain man about a horse. The deceased struck the savage down with his fist and gave him hard blows on the face, which the Indian soon revenged to the last reckoning by killing him and all his family.

We ascended a muddy little stream six days from the Salt Lake. Scattered sage, juniper, nutwood and willow were on our way. The natives were kind to us. Their women were entirely nude save a short skirt of wolf or rabbit skin which dropped from their hips to half their length of thigh. They lived chiefly on wild fowl, roots, berries, fish and bowskin and garter snakes. Their great enemies were the Spaniards of Taos and California, who always when they could, robbed them of their women and children, leaving nothing but the men and the aged women, thus making their desolation more disconsolate. Their captive women were led to breed with their captors and to work them and sell them like cattle. For these reasons they always fled from us until they knew what we were, although some of us were of similar brand.

Passing on for five further days, two Indian women were found digging roots. They were seized and forced to join us. They wept silently and one of them pointed to her breasts, saying her child that sucked them would die if she left him, but our men took no heed of her. Next day her milk was streaming from her dugs and she became seriously sad, sobbing wildly and vehemently for her young, and I was bent on conniving at her escape. We also came upon three forsaken grass tents whose natives fled at our approach except two children, a boy and girl who had no mother, and their father being out hunting the others left them to their fate. The poor motherless things were much frightened and nearly choked from fear, but a little rude tenderness and some food relieved them of their extreme emotion and in a few days their woeful alarm wore off and they became playful. The Restorer, time, grew upon them as every day told how glad and brief and bitter are our seasons.

But the poor father, where was he and what a hopeless fire he must have lighted on

the night of his return to his dark and grassy home. I sometimes heard a white man pray and observed he always prayed most when scared, but I did not believe that the Father Spirit heeded his prayers.

In this country the Indians make large barriers of network stretching some of them in a square or round or pointed form as suits the shape of the land. The net made of native grass is staked and hung for thousands of yards, some of them twelve to fifteen thousand paces. In night the hares run and frolic against them and hang like fish. In the morning the Divisioner and gatherer are out and the tribe gets each man, woman and child a share. These hares are visited sometimes when very numerous by a most destructive living plague. The sage tick attacks them in terrible numbers and fixing their heads and foreparts deep into the vitals, neck and along the backbone and breast of the suffering hare they suck the blood of the poor creature until they grow surcharged as large as pigeon eggs. Still holding and sucking their victims, as these bloodblown monsters expand and swell the hare gradually declines like a consumptive woman until they are prostrated and die in countless numbers. Then their puny murderers relax their grips as the dead cool off and they disappear into the earth, which in turn requires their destruction to rectify, justify, testify and uphold their dread system of being. Were it not these death-driven visits and also their slaughter by man, wolf, fox and eagle these hares would overgrow the land and die in heaps, like the buffalo for want of grass. Cold never killed the buffalo. 'Tis want of food as the front herds swallow every herb and leaf. The rear masses now get nothing, and, adding to their previous perishing state, storms and desolations overtake them and they die like the forests strewn by the summer thunder. Man knows not the untold numbers thus perished in times past and besides the accidents down untrodden precipices, drowned by crushing ice in mountain rivers and level lakes and the united effort of wolf and man to live upon the best of them. Years ago when our large valleys and plains were dun with them one enormous mass pressed after and then in the upland defiles to seek other glens for food. Winter storms heaped high the snow but the buffalo

herd pressed on. Not a blade or bough was left for the rear herds. The snow snowed on, fathoms high in many a lonely and lofty glen. The buffalo waded, plunged, weakened and died. Still more herds pressed and mounted over these dead in the snows, making death build his work higher. In spring whole defiles were blocked with their rotting carcasses and in warm weather man could not approach them from the stench of the air. These great destructions are now over, and the buffalo range is chiefly on the great eastern plains, being extinct in the west. Where in my childhood days I often saw their masses living and dead and where the Father Spirit made plenty abundant by no hand but His own, man must toil now and work like a yoked ox to fill and cover his own little body.

When on serious alarms these Indians escaped for their interior deserts they carried baskets of water with them. These vessels they made water-tight by putting some gum into them with heated little stones. They then rolled the basket and the gum, in a molten state, stuck to the hollows and crevices inside that no leakage was found in them, and they thus made the vessel perfectly tight, keeping the water gush cool while it lasted.

We were now bearing southwest to west daily, the country becoming extremely barren of grass. The sage was sparse and the gravel more sandy. The prickly pears I counted in 8 tribes were grown to the height of a man. We were two weeks without seeing an Indian, no fowl of any kind no hare nor reptile nor insect, a country that appeared to possess no life; a big solemn silence pervaded the refused waste. I thought the Chief of ages denied it any gladness, yet I saw now and then a lonely flower, but whose face I knew not, stand up bravely from the dead-looking waste. We at last struck a small creek and rested our horses, finding good grass for two days. At night we heard distant shots and we fired our guns in return. Four Spaniards came up that had been after us for many days. Seeing our tracks far back their party despatched them to invite us to wait and trade and travel together. They finally came up to us driving a team of mules packed with Spanish blankets and on their way from Texas to California. The

men looked poor and were afoot except the master, who was well horsed. They were driving a band of sheep for their food, killing daily in the evening. With them we traveled two weeks and traded some beaver to them for blankets and a little flour. The women were horsed, but all the children that could walk walked barefooted and looked indigent and needy. Some girls there were going, as they said, to California to marry. A large buck goat led their sheep. The strange bearded thing was to me a great curiosity. Forward he walked always alone in advance. When some distance ahead he would stand, look back and bleat. The Spaniards called him San Juan. Poor sheep, I thought it was sad to travel behind him to be killed and eaten every day. The Spaniards had a guitar and a violin and the children, women and men sang and played every evening. They were happy. They had three Indian children they forced from their parents. In such actions causing the deepest woe on earth, they appeared to be callous and utterly feelingless. Being young, their women frequently untied my hair, which was long and fine and stroking it down invited me to go to California and be happy with them, but my native mountains and father were too dear to me to heed their plausible addresses. Our own party sold them the children they stole as already stated from their parent Indians.

Next day after separating we camped close to a high cliff. It was cut smooth and straight down as if the Chief of Spirits did it with his own axe. It was an hard salt white as snow. On the top of this cliff there were several caves in which hung heavy limbs of the purest salt. A stream of excellent fresh water ran within steps of that cliff.

Next day we traveled and found some Indian caches from which we took some corn and squash and melons, leaving in their place some knives and awls and beads. We were soon on the Colorado river. It was a dreary treeless stream of about 400 paces broad. No grass at all on its barren course but blasted mournful and bladeless. It looked like a river from another world; we did not know an oppressive and cursed desolation ran it into its own firmament. Yet many a fresh and generous spring I knew ran there from

their native hills to lose their identity as my own eyes will lose their light and shape in the broad stream of all this dust. But there was the river and to cross it there was not a bit of standing or drift timber wherewith to raft. We killed two horses, made a canoe of their hides and landed safely over. By a long search we found willow enough to make an osier frame for our skin canoe sufficiently strong for our purpose.

Next morning at daylight we left the river, which proceeded to our right west, and traveled all day with our backs to it until midnight. It was about the beginning of the first winter moon. There was no path or tent or man or tree, but barrenness. It was dark and moonless, yet cloudless, and the stars were close together as buds on the bush of the mountain berry. At midnight our guide dismounted and called to us to off saddles and sleep. Our throats were fevered with thirst but there was no water, not a drop. Our guide was a half Spanish Indian, a sound, well-formed, muscular man of one eye. His name was Emanuel and was the most noted guide of the noted ones. From the first sight of the star of night I observed and thought that he was as familiar with it and its travels and with the others that followed and did not follow it as he was with every face in our party. In the broad pathless level waste he made those silent lights his roads and the blue between them his valleys. In the most confounding rents and sameness of earth's face he never swerved or was at a loss to find his way, and we followed him with the confidence of a child in its mother by night or day. Here we found the winter as warm as the summer is in the Big Hole, head of the Missouri, Rocky Mountains. When long unwatered drives were before us Emanuel always chose the night.

We slept half the time from midnight to dawn and again started on traveling until the sun rose to his noonday height. We then saw again the Colorado river far below us. As we stood on its frowning cliffs the sight of the river was a relief, for to know that water was there to appease our thirsty heat, and from steppe to steppe of a forbidding ravine we worked hard to place flat stones for every descending jump our horses had to make in order to reach the river, inured as we were to the roads of the stag

and Bighorn we were alarmed at the dizzy height our horses must go down. Our packs were light, however, and we got safely down, man and beast running to drink his fill. There was some poplar trees here and a camp of Indians but no grass. Here we got some melons and beans and corn and set all our traps, the river being crowded with beaver. In this camp I saw the tallest women ever I beheld. A half-aged woman talkative and clever at signs told me we were in the lands of a great chief. Soon we were visited by his two daughters accompanied by a stout Indian carrying a basket of fruits on his head. The two girls were of an equal height and both virgins that knew not man. They were a full fathom high, each of them erect and straight as larch trees. Their forelocks were cut straight above the eyebrows and the rest of their hair flowing down combed over their backs covered their knees. Their naked paps were prominent and firm as unripened cherries. Their feet of fine strong heels and long curved instep, but their toes were large, square and muscular, as they never wore a shoe. They were both entirely naked save for a short skirt they wore from the navel down to half a span above their knees. These skirts were twisted and wove of the hair of the finest scalps which their father cut from the heads of his enemies. Their looks were solemn and inquiring, their walk easy and erect. They wore a tasteful collar of seed beads, red, black, white and green, around their necks and pendent fringes covered with the same beads from their ears to their collar-bones. The calves of their legs were not highly rounded, being so tall, but the hairs thereon were few and fine and their shin-bones were clean edged and thin skinned. As they sat near me on the sand I offered each a handful of dried buffalo meat, at which they smiled gladness and thanks and ate only as became modest virgins to eat. I wondered how they were husbandless, but it was clear that few men could please them. The other woman told me they were often and ardently applied for, but they would not surrender their person to any man they yet saw. They loved and clung to one another as their fingers to their hands. Their faces were fairer than their bodies, as they always reclined and lay naked in the warm sands. I wondered how the common kidnapper, the

sensual Spaniard, had not found them. But they were always on the watch, their country terrible and far, and their father was dreaded even by the Spaniards and as for them both they would surely die together happy sisters! White man, did ever you see a happy woman, be here and look at those two. Yet in their own wild innocence they too in their wilder country like the naked couple of your own garden trembled anon at the apprehension of some fiend.

This nation is of tall stature and very swift of foot. They had no firearms but every Indian had his bow in hand. They were powerfully built for foot endurance. The hairs on their limbs were long, their headlocks long and straight down. Every man had an eagle's feather that played tied to his scalp. They ran foot races of 10 to 20 miles and in those deep and warm sands often beat their horses.

From this camp we followed the river three days trapping it. The country had the same awful loneliness and desolation on its face. We came upon a bottom of dense underbrush that pulled some of our packs off of our horses. When least expecting it we debouched on a round plain entirely surrounded by that brush. Here we found Indians gardening and we camped by them and trapped. Four or five of our traps were stolen. The trappers were enraged. My father's traps were never touched; he often found an Indian guarding his traps. He used to give the Indians all the beaver meat he and I did not consume. At last the trappers resolved to make a day of revenge for their five traps and designed to attack the Indians in their own camp unawares. My father was invited to join in the bloody work, but he refused saying, "I did not come here to war but to catch fur. These Indians may know nothing about your traps. They may have been taken by some distant thieves. Why arm to murder these poor hospitable people. They have no arms but clubs and bows. Why do you take rifles? The poor people. Take clubs only, if you are brave men but I will not be with you. Your purpose for five old traps is cruel and bad." Early the next morning before breakfast the party took to their arms. There was one low little cliff which overlooked the Indian camp and the river. Behind the top of it unseen

the riflemen lay. The first shot fired was at an old grey-headed savage who was quietly taking his breakfast facing the sun in the door of his little home. He was struck in the ball of the knee and as he sat the ball followed and shattered to pieces his thigh bone. He fell backward and looked toward the cliff. His mates at first laughed seeing him fall, whereupon the old man with anguish in his face said, "Why laugh you at me? Look, they are killing us." They looked. The cry of alarm was out and high, and as the startled Indians stood out to learn and look more the riflemen fired. Yells of woe from men, women and children filled the place. The dead and wounded lay there. The active ran to the river. Men, women and children plunged in and swam, but they were picked off by these cruel marksmen. The women made every effort to swim and save their children. Women who had one or two children made by terrible labor a safe landing with them on the other side, but those who had three and four children could not get over and gradually sank with them, going faithful to the death to what was their only solace and delight in that lonely valley.

Watching the fire I noticed one woman just as she landed on the other side fall dead from a bullet that entered her back. Two men too I saw drop on the other side, hit there by our unerring game rifles. One of the men swam until he found bottom and as he walked out he was hit. He staggered, walked and fell dead. The other staggered from the river about 20 paces and fell dead. Sometimes the Indians dove and came up only with their mouths to breathe when these fatal rifles found their heads and they sank forever. The trappers after this work went into the deserted camp, pillaged everything they liked in it and killed the old Indian who was first hit in the knee. They then came back perfectly unconcerned and smoked and jested over the success of their revenge. I noticed that the French Canadians of the party did not join in this cruel affair of tears. In the avenging jesting over their infernal work they said that some of those long black rifles might have sharpened their sights with buttons of the red coats at New Orleans.

After this swift attack we left. Four men

to scout were advanced but saw nothing of serious alarm. We had to pass down a narrow rocky gorge in the vast cliffs through which the river rushed—a small path that barely allowed one horse at a time was our way. Stones as big as horses and some as mares and colts strewed the dismal place. Had the Indians good arm and courage ten of them could have destroyed us all, but they were fearful of our weapons and under a fit of alarm and dismay to try us with arrows and clubs. Their bows, however powerful, and they were as long as themselves, were no match for our long black rifles. They had no sinews lining the back of their bows like those of our Rocky Mountain tribes. There were plenty deer here but they were smaller than the common white tailed deer or chevreuil of the French but they were very fat. We passed safely down that gorge and found ourselves out of that realm of rocks, ravines, cliffs and precipices. The river spread out into a flat, broad bottom, lined by two even low plateaus. Much dirty grass and herb covered that bottom and several of our horses died. A remedy was found, however. A rider with a good whip mounted the swollen and suffering animal. He whipped on and galloped the horse or mule as hard as he could. A rapid discharge of wind escaped the horse, perspiration soon covered him and his expansive belly soon returned to its right size. Thus they were saved and the dangerous disease mastered. Trapping along we caught uncommonly large beaver, being old and unmolested in their ancient dams. Coming to a very poor tribe near the seashore we did not know how they lived, as we saw no food or preparations to have any. They were living in the brush like deer. Emanuel told me that tribe had no land that would produce anything. They must have lived on fish and sea fowl and game, as they had bows like their more powerful neighbors. From them we rode on and looked at the sea⁹. There it was, that big, mysterious thing. That Deep of which I heard so much. We were at its side, but where were its back, and head and lungs, as they said it rose and breathed twice a day like a man. All the water fowl that ever I saw were there, and numbers more thick as they could swim. I thought the earth had

⁹ Evidently the Gulf of California.

not so many different bills. The sea was covered with them as a thick shower of summer hailstone covers our mountain prairies. They were no doubt gathered there for the winter and about to leave, like ourselves, for their distant homes. When would they all gather there again?

As we returned and slowly trapping our way back, a week's short marches from the sea I was in front of our party about noon and observed foot tracks in the sand and masses of Indian hair and broken arrows and little ponds of dried blood, still fresh. Pointing it to our master, Pegleg Smith, he held his horse with a look of quiet shudder. Here just before we stood on the spot we came near seeing the desperate struggle that 4 Indians made against eight of their enemies before they yielded their lives. The four had been returning from a horse raid. The latter were out in a party of eight warriors and also returning when they met the four. The work of death began at once and two were appointed to each of the four. A terrible combat of knives and arrows came on. The four were slain and their bodies still smouldering in the fire in which they were roasted. From the marks in the sand the four defended their lives with the utmost determination.

Next trapping a long fork¹⁰ that runs into the left side of the Colorado, we camped with another tribe whose men were uncommonly tall. Our tallest white man was one full fathom and a fist standing in his moccasins. The son of the chief came and standing with our man passed him with something to spare easily under his chin with his naked heels tight to the ground. This young Indian was raw-boned and well formed and with his long twisted locks and erect bearing was pretty to look at. Here we found good grass, poplar and willow and wild sugar. The beaver were not so numerous as on the chief river nor so dark of fur as in the Rocky mountains but they were very large and fat.

Emanuel told me that this stream is called San Francisco, after a saint of that name. One evidence of some one we found in the large stone ruins¹¹ within a thousand paces

of the stream and also called after that man. The ruins are of natural and artificial cut stone, in square apartments of six squares, having still five chimneys left standing like the big parent stumps of a past forest. Some other divisions there were whose traces were not entire, the walls being heaped in their own debris and the offerings of the passing wing. A beautiful level plain surrounded these ruins. Some being of the past chose it for the site of his house. But the ruins were far from water and I thought he might have a dry well some where now silent and closed as his own grave and it were easy perhaps to find water, the plain being nearly as low as the stream. I saw a beautiful little bird on the ruins and on a bough of the stream in front of them. He was about the size of the snow bird but a little longer in form. His cheeks were of a bright yellow, his scalp white, his beak black, his wings dappled and edged with yellow. His tail a short span long, white in the middle feathers and the side ones black. He had eight different songs of his own and I listened and listened and looked at him again and again, and I thought of how happy he was at home enjoying his fate whilst we were ranging the waste and wildernesses day and night in eagerness and blood, anxious to be rich.

I saw another little bird about the bulk of a swallow, full chested, round-headed and no tail. His plumage was of a dawning gray. He had a red bar on both sides of his neck from the root of the beak around the eyes and striping in blood red the two fore quills of his wings to the root of the fore pinion. This is the secret bird of love. His bill is like a gunworm which he lengthens straight as a lance while eating and again draws home like a folding screw when in repose. We had one old grayheaded half Spanish Indian in our party. I saw him once with a stick in his hand as if killing something. He picked it, did something to it and cast it away. Curious to see, I found it to be this bird. On asking why he killed it, for mangled as it was I found it opened and part of its inside torn away, he said, "No, I was playing with it." "No, no," said I, watching the old

¹⁰From the location this appears to be the Gila River, a branch of which was called San Francisco.

¹¹As there is no record of a mission having been established in this country, it is more probable that these were the ruins of Indian dwellings.

man's countenance and suspecting some secret. "You were doing something you think of now. Yes, that you have in your mind." And I looked him full in his eyes intent to know why he killed and robbed the bird of its little heart only. "Well, my girl," said he, "as you are intent and pleasant I will tell you. It is a silent secret which you must keep to your own bosom. This bird is of strong effect as a winning medicine. The heart of the bird is taken by a man who wishes to possess his loved one. The heart must not be touched by your hand or any part of your body nor by anything at all which is the least soiled. It is taken and crushed by a clean knife or twig and dried into dust. It is then mixed with a little pure unmixed vermilion, a part of this mixture is to color the man's cheek a little more. He goes to see his sweetheart. If she be not already in love with him he stands so that she can get but one short fair look at him and he walks rapidly away. This is done in the forepart of the day. By sunset she thinks of him more and his image takes well in her mind. If it is a woman or virgin who wishes to win the youth or boy or man of her soul and he is coy and cold to her love she then kills a female bird with a stick or bow, prepares and uses its heart as I shew you man impresses his previous shy one!"

By the stream and on the sandy pebbled plains around the old ruins of San Francisco a low fine little herb grew with a flower like that of the purple bitterroot bud and its odor was of the best fragrance. The natives on that stream used for a part of their diet a long broad leaf like a wild cabbage which they prepared in their stone ovens as we do our kamas. In passing up and trapping along 4 days from the home of the departed saint, we came upon some old stone vestiges of former Indians. Some of these were quite round in form and their walls built of heavy stones, stones massive enough to take a band of men to lift one of them, but no sign of a chimney. There were also by nature or man hewn in the rocky cliffs vents for smoke which yet blackened the rocks and leading from caverned chambers made by the Father Spirit or man therein. An abundance of lucid wild grape covered the hills. Emanuel told me that here dwelt some of the first Indians. We found the head of this stream

quietly bubbling from the earth in a beautiful clear lake fountain of about 100 paces broad and of the chastest water.

From this fountain we started again over the pathless waste, sandy and grassless, but here and there strewn with juniper. We travelled toward the right of the setting sun. Not a vestige to eat for our horses nor a drop of water for us or them. When we camped, hills and mounds of deep sand surrounded us, a starless, windy, dismal night covered and blew on us. Our sleep was fitful and bad.

Travelling to the north and west a day and night from the Indian walls, we camped on a little stream about one step broad. I went to cut a little grass for my horse. There was a little straight jump the stream made on a bed of rocks and gravel. I took a piece of yellow, size of a grain of beans and looked at it. It was heavy and clean yellow iron, I thought. I pressed it with my teeth. It had a tough touch and I threw it away. Having since seen purses of gold dust, I am convinced it was pure gold I found, and in my ignorance threw away. Long after this, about fifteen years, and 20 more years ago, I was at Fort Colville on the Columbia and saw in the hands of Angus McDonald of the Hudson's Bay Company some of the first gold found in British Columbia and of which that company and government were informed by him. On seeing it I knew at once that I found the above gold in the wastes of the Colorado. He and two other gentlemen were about forming a party to go into the Coyoterra Country on the news I gave them. Their intention was to pitch a camp in a favorable mountain of those wastes for some years, bring some garden seeds and some of their wives, books and flute and violin and a hundred men of arms. Old Emanuel said he would not go with any other leader but that McDonald; but the latter having a good situation in that rich company declined the tempting chance and the party did not form.

We left and camped at midnight without water. We slept a little enough to prepare our souls for more, but the sleepless Emanuel called, "Up, up and off"; we go in the dark and he ahead following his stars. On we traveled until noon we came to the foot of a hill wherefrom diverged 6 beaten footpaths of the Indians. Down deep in the top

of the hill in a large cave we found a spring of grateful waters. We tried it five successive times before our men and horses were satisfied. The country round was extremely drear, solitary and of a grey reddish hue. I thought of the many days it must have been since the first Indian quenched his thirst at this spring.

For several days previously turkeys and black-tailed deer were found. Hereupon after eating and drinking Emanuel told us that two more days would bring water. Since we left the Colorado river near the sea our animals were perishing for want of grass and water and continuous heavy sands and we found out a thing not expected before. It was the loss of all our mules, and we proved that a mule cannot stand the extreme long barren tug that a horse can. We lost twenty mules at least to one horse. The mule is a mulish cowardly animal. When fatigued and starved he will rest there and is too obstinate and cowardly when he falls down to try his way again. He will not do that, but the horse of a much more willing and braver nature will try again and again and advance till he dies. Wherefore we saved the most of our horses, but perished all our mules where they stood or laid. None of our hunters ever boasted again of their mules or would trust them in a life and death struggle with horses.

We again started in the evening watch and camped at midnight. I had carried some water and was soon surrounded when known to have it. Upon sleeping a little we started on in the dark, Emanuel always ahead and riding as directed by his star. In the noon we came to a hill and camped. Here in a dry gulch I dug in search of water to nearly my own height. Some water oozed at last. We made all our horses and men drink. The suffering brutes would lay hold of the moist ground, smell and lick it and neigh and groan and look at me as I dug, as if the Power that made them told them what I was doing. In this ground I saw many bits of yellow. Two old ignorant Canadians told me, on shewing them, that of such were yellow buttons made and kettles and Indian finger rings. From what I know now of their ignorance then and my own, I am convinced it was pure gold, as I have seen many purses of it in its scaly state.

Again we started in the evening watch and camped at sunset next day after a hard, dreary, waterless stretch on a little stream about 3 spans broad. This was in the goose moon. The sky was as bare as my nail and of a lurid blue red! The heat. The heat was intense. No dog lived to us. We would sometimes take a little water, but our horses were so exhausted and weak that a handful of anything depressed them the more and we forebore every way to load them. The sand, perpetual sand, being always deep, making their way exhaustive and foundering. We slept here at night and started at dawn for the Colorado. It was entirely barren of wood save for a few scant osiers of green willow. No traces of wild or tame man and the river looked as if it were traveling like a passing stranger who heeds not man nor gives any account of his way. Again we killed two of our few horses to make a canoe and we crossed well. Our trapping was done and our food at an end and we traveled wearily on and came at last on our outward going tracks.

Two days after crossing the river we camped on a small spring and observed in the mountains moving dark spots. We found a fine lone mare and ate her. She made about one good meal for us. We fired a couple of shots and as many were returned from the mountain. Our traveling friends were the Spaniards, there from California with others we knew not. A young and very tall American was their chief. He was kind and gave us all a ration of some meal I knew not, with dried beef. On travelling a week together some of the horses of both parties were stolen by the Indians unseen, although guarded. The night was very dark, however, and a deep ravine leading through the horses the Indians managed to get them into it and make speed away with them. The Spaniards pursued all day. When dark they stopped again, to pursue the flying tracks at dawn. Late on the second day they came upon an Indian camp of three women and a number of children, but the stolen horses passed on. The pursuers took the women and children and returned with them as their reward for their lost horses. These women and children would not eat of the Spanish meal. Their captors then killed two fat wild mares for

(Continued on Page 367.)

THE NOMENCLATURE OF THE WESTERN PROSPECTOR

By WILLIAM S. LEWIS

THE old time western prospector or miner, in spirit at least, was a throw-back to the days of Jason and the Golden Fleece—when the race was young, when language was in a formative period, and names had a personal and an individual meaning. With his grub supply of bacon, coffee, tea, flour, beans, rice or rolled oats, and an outfit of blankets, pick, shovel, a four-pound hammer, and, possibly, a few short pieces of steel, a roll of fuse, some caps and a stick or two of "giant," carefully wrapped to prevent their explosion, he set forth into the hills feeling as wealthy and contented as a Rockefeller or a Morgan—lured on and on by the craze of the search for gold, for the discovery of it, for the uncovering of it—filled with the thrill and adventure of it, rather than the possession—drawn by the lure of it, the dreams of it, and the excitement of its pursuit.

This undiscouraged optimist periodically returned with his pack horse or burrow, and, ever financially embarrassed, induced the merchant and others who had means to "grub stake him" again. In return for his grubstake of a pittance he generously made a contract to go 50-50 in his future discovery to make millions for others. Loading the "grub stake" provisions and supplies onto the back of his patient pack animal, he started off again along the creeks, working back into the foothills and mountains in renewed search for the precious metal. At night he rolled himself up in his blankets, his feet towards the flickering camp fire; and lay down on earth's mattress to sleep, a loaded six-shooter or rifle by his side.

In social intercourse these pioneers of the early western mining camps took each other at face value. By common consent a man's true name, history and antecedents were recognized as his private affair, which good manners and a dislike for unnecessary trouble prompted all reasonable men, when not in their liquor, to leave with the person concerned, or to the intervention of some serious-minded and interested peace officer. Hence, to avoid the possibility of irritating a new-

comer, adorned with a sturdy "Arkansaw Toothpick" and a "pepperbox," the members of the community proceeded to name him themselves. A kindly, infectious humor, a ready fellowship and a quick appraisal and appreciation of physical characteristics and, often, a keen judgment of character was shown in the off-hand and spontaneous application of these nicknames to strangers on their initial introduction to the camp.

A good-natured and blundering miner who on the outskirts of the settlement encountered and shot a tame goose under the impression that it was a wild one was not only made to settle handsomely with the owner and to "set up the drinks," but was ever afterwards known and referred to by word of mouth and in print as "Wild Goose Bill." "Cash Up" and "No Pay" were the cognomens bestowed in the same camp on two men by the name of Davis on account of the character of their business transactions. "Swearing Jack," "Lying Bob," "Thieving Jack," "Dancing Bill," "Snapping Andy," "Slippery Dick," "The Bilk," "Hell-Roaring Jack," "Wild Bill," "Death on the Trail," "Mush-Head Jim" and "Lucky Bill from Yamhill," conveyed more than a hint of outstanding traits of character.

Other names indicated the previous geographic habitat of the owner, in distinction from other men of the same surname: among these we have "Texas Jack," "Kootenai Dick," "Eldorado Johnny," "Washoe Bill," "Eel River Jim," "Montana Red," "Virginia Bill," "The Rat of Houdan Ranch," and the like. Physical characteristics earned for their recipients such names as: "Moon-Eyed Tom," "Slim Jim," "Limber Jack," "Hog-Back Joe," "Goose Necked Johnson," "Six Toed Pete," "Three Fingered Ike," "Tenas (Chinook for *little*, George," Nationality was denoted in "Yankee Bob," "Portugese Joe," "Dutch Jake," and "German George." Individual habits and eccentricities won such names as "Dirty-Face Ike," "Shack-nasty Bill," "Coffee-Pot Tom," "Sour-Dough Jim," "Rattlesnake Jack," "Yeast Powder Joe," "Buffalo Kid," "Moccasin Pete," "Hard-Hat

Dick," "Pitch Pine Frank," "Jewsharp Jack," "Shirt Collar Bill," "Tobacco George," "Coonskin Jack," "Banjo Charley," "Hurdy-Gurdy Tom," "Sagebrush Bill," "Peavine Jimmie," "Yellow Dog Smith," "Poker Bill," "Ace of Spades Jack," "Ten of Diamonds Joe," "Taters" "Cariboo Bill," "Jackass Smith," "Monte Jack," "Gumshoe Jim," "Lemonade Dan," "Soda Bill," "Cocktail Joe," "Big Drink Jim," and the like. These and many thousand others of similar ilk all added a spice and a touch of local color and romance to personal intercourse.

The geography of the country these old-timers inhabited also reflects their peculiar facility for names and we have: First Thought Mountain, Devil's Gulch, Jackass Creek, Dream Gulch, Oro Fino Creek, Whiskey Flat, Thunder Mountain, Hell Roaring Creek and such like.

The ladies of the camp did not escape attention. Among others we recall: "Poker Alice," "Terrible Edith," "Kettlebellied Kate," "Molly Be Damned," "Popcorn Kate," "Featherlegged Mary," "Big Bertha" and "Calamity Jane."

The whole of the great western domain was unsurveyed land at the time of the early mining discoveries and a system of titles arose by staking claims on the ground, tying these locations to some outstanding land mark, and giving each claim a distinctive name for ready reference in the mining recorder's office. Thus each mining claim in the mining district had a distinct name by which it was known, recorded and transferred in event of a sale. As the first man who adopted and recorded the name had a monopoly thereon in the particular mining camp, the same facility and conceit enabled these western prospectors to appropriately designate and distinguish their respective mining locations by distinct and varied names. Seldom was a mining location rejected for filing on account of the locator having duplicated a name previously chosen and placed on record for another mining claim. The names of these claims displayed many quaint conceits and obscure allusions, and honors were impartially distributed among contemporary statesmen, prize fighters, and the great characters of history, fiction and mythology. That weary individual who searches out those many-syllabled

names for the Pullman cars might well take a hunch from these old western prospectors and, by using a little imagination, appropriate and use for designating his various cars some such simple conceits as "Orphan Annie" or "The Rip Tailed Roarer."

In marking his mining claims the prospector was restrained by no limitations of imagination or respect, and his peculiar genius in nomenclature not only extended over and exhausted the field of individual experience but covered as well the whole range from historical, literary, and geographical allusions down to women's names, patriotic names, and classical terms. Reminiscent of the days that were and are not, when "Here's how" was a term of friendly greeting, and acquaintances were wont to adjourn to a place of refreshment on meeting, and hoist a few samples of the goods that cheer, are the Little Brown Jug, Little Nip, Old Crow, Whiskey Toddy, Blind Tiger, and a host of others of similar ilk yet to be read in faded lettering on old location posts, drunkenly careening above the yawning hole of some caved-in prospect shaft or tunnel opening.

Personal history was perhaps behind the Gentle Annie and the Cranky Jane. Many a miner preserved the name of his sweetheart or his loved ones in the name given to his claim, and women's names probably outnumber all others. In addition to such names as Alice, Anne, Abbie, Irene, Mary, May, Nellie, Pearl, Sue and many others, one finds Sweetheart, Little Wife, Old Lady, Little Tad, Daddy and the like, indicative of tender thoughts of home ties and dear ones left behind; or of fleeting attachments for some dance hall girl sought and won when the gold dust oozed from the well filled poke remembered again when the lonely and peniless prospector wandered about in the stillness of the somber hills in search of new wealth.

Hope was the motif of another large class of mine names. The Wonderful, the Lucky Jim, and the Lucky Strike are examples. There are many Bonanzas, and the locator's belief in the greatness of his mine is reflected in such names as the Great Eastern, the Amazon, Mammoth, Golden Chest, etc. The National Debt found on one claim would also indicate that the locator had some inflated

ideas of its possibilities—unrealized, alas, for we found the shaft caved in and the meager dump overgrown with brush. A lurking doubt appears in such names as the Great Maybe, the Perhaps, Hit or Miss, and Who Can Tell. Perseverance outcrops in Achievement, Never Get Left, Get There Frank, and Never Say Die.

Hard formations and difficult working conditions that confronted the miner may be inferred from such names as the Hard Formation, Tough Nut, Hand of Iron, Hard Nut, Little Fraud and the Villain. One might also easily question the personal experience of the prospectors who called their claims the Gold Brick, Bunkum, Delusion and Fool Hen, and the Vampire.

Many old-time miners made their stake simply to be cleaned out again after a few days of hilarious and free-handed dissipation at the nearest town. Hard luck at the card tables, that emptied his poke and sent him back into the mountains, might be inferred from the Grub Stake, the Last Turn, the Bottom Dollar, and the Last Ante. Other references to the miner's great affinity for gambling are found in Seven Up, Four Aces, Seven of Diamonds, the Monte, the Gambler and the Faro Bank.

Many claims were given names taken from history. The Bunker Hill, the Ethan Allen and the American Eagle and like favorites go back to Revolutionary war days. The names of other mines have their memories of the war between the states, as: the Little Rebel, Nancy Hanks, Old Abe, Douglas, Abraham Lincoln, Phil Sheridan, General Grant, Robert E. Lee, Longstreet, Stonewall Jackson, Union Forever. Ku Klux and Carpetbagger savor of reconstruction days. Forgotten days of the silver question are recalled by such mines as the Trade Dollar, Bill Bryan, Legal Tender, Free Coinage, Coxeyite, and Sixteen to One. Home Rule and the Shamrock plainly indicate the nationality of the locator. The Manila and San Juan both appear, and the Matebeleland, the Mashonaland and Mabundaland cause one to speculate whether the man who located them was a transplanted South African or some hardy American Soldier of Fortune who, like John Hays Hammond, had his sympathies and services enlisted in some of the controversies of our English cousins.

The great names of the contemporary history appear on many a bleak and lonely mountainside mining location. Grover Cleveland, Ben Harrison, Boss Tweed, Levi P. Morton, Moltke, Bismark, Robert Emmet, Frederick the Great, Gladstone, Lord Salisbury, Marquise of Queensbury, Kosciusko, Victor Emanuel, Gambretta, Garibaldi, all bear their messages, and indicate the period of local mining activities.

Literary allusions are also common. The old prospector loved his fiction. Monte Cristo and Edmond Dantes are particularly prominent. Pickwick, Mutual Friend, Charles Dickens, Hardscrabble, Bulwer, Little Eva, Uncle Tom, Ivanhoe, Rebecca, Topsey, Humpety Dumpety, Excalibur, King Solomon, King Pharaoh, Lord Byron, Volapuk, Roderick Dhu, Wandering Jew, William Tell, Mohegan, Longfellow, Robert Burns, King Arthur, Ben Hur and others are in this class.

Ajax, Andromeda, Atlantis, Hercules, Hector, Hannibal, Jupiter, and Zenobia are some of the many classical allusions recorded. Royalty itself was not overlooked. The Queen, the Silver Queen, the Crown, the Golden Crown, the Monarch, and the Empire are common names for mining claims. A leaning to the manly sports is found in the Benecia Boy, the John L. Sullivan, Jim Corbett, the Ruby Bob, the Fitzsimmons, the Knock Out, and the Champion. Poetry had fewer exponents, but Bob Ingersoll is remembered on many claim locations, while the Free Thinker, the Agnostic, the Evolution are also found. That the occasional prospector also had an appreciation for music is indicated by such names as Kreutzer Sonata, Madam Modjeska, and Jennie Lind, and simpler tastes by Money Musk, Yankee Doodle, and the Arkansas Traveler.

The names of towns and states are commonly used as names for mining locations: The New York, Buffalo, Boston, Frisco. Knob Hill, once the home of the wealthy mining men of Frisco, was frequently selected and used as an appropriate name for a mine, few of which, alas, ever led their discoverers to "easy street," or a home among the elect of Knob Hill.

Some names are rather hard to classify and leave one wondering just what the locator had in mind when he affixed the

particular name to the location notice of his mining claim. The Reporter is one of these, as are the Mary's Dream, Six Fingered Jack, Moss Covered, Milo Blue Blanket, Gallant Number, Internatural, Homers Burst, Hog All, Killikrates, Ring Tailed Peelers, Pug Ugly, the Iva Esta Silver Crown, Woolloomooloo, Rights of Man, Odds and Ends, Blunderhead, Dead Guess, Mike Horse, Lone Studhorse, Cooked Foot. The Stemwinder harks back to the days when most of us had watches we wound with a key. The days of

the week, the Fourth of July, Easter Sunday, the Good Friday, and lodes named after the year and month are found, together with the Nineteenth Century and the Twentieth Century.

On the whole the prospector appears to have seldom been at loss for a name, but when mentally tired, after thinking of Oyster Can and Opener, used IXL, X No. 1 and U. One of these old prospectors, however, evidently got stuck eventually and completely exhausted his vocabulary, for he named his claim "What to Call It?"



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BOOK SHELF

IN THE EDITOR'S OPINION

American: The Life Story of a Great Indian. Frank B. Linderman. The John Day Company. 1930. \$3.50.

I hail this book as an event in western literature. It is the life of the Crow Indian, Plentycoups, from his childhood to the eighteen-eighties, when the genuine Indian prairie-roaming life stopped and took on coloration from the white man. At the end of the book the author condenses Plentycoups' later life into a brief note. The book is finely and copiously illustrated by H. M. Stopes.

Mr. Linderman has written in one book good history, excellent and reliable ethnology, and a stirring story told in flowing narrative and charm of manner and style. His deep respect for the Indian's mind as an Indian's mind, distinguishes this book from all others that I can recall. His knowledge of the Indian drew from Plentycoups, whose life has been told by other writers after less satisfactory interviews, accurate and vivid accounts of his deeds and thoughts. The Indian trusted him. Mr. Linderman was sent for by Plentycoups for the express purpose of relating to him his life, for he could trust Mr. Linderman to report what he was told with accuracy, without elaboration from the white man's point of view, and with sympathy. The result is a beautiful and valuable book.

With great skill Mr. Linderman has woven into the background the picture that spreads wider and wider throughout the book of the way the Indian now lives, so that unconsciously the reader draws comparison with the earlier uncontaminated Indian life. The country is described, mostly in the Indian's own relation, in intimate detail, and in beautiful phrases.

The Indian emerges as the dignified, religious, merry-hearted and wise-minded, stealing and fighting man, highly civilized in his own ethnic development.

The book will become a classic of western literature. Nothing so good about the Indian has yet appeared.

"I am glad I have told you these things, Sign Talker. You have felt my heart, and I have felt yours. I know you will tell only what I have said, that your writing will be straight like your tongue, and I sign your paper with my thumb so that your people and mine will know I told you the things you have written down."

Oregon Detour. Nard Jones. Payson & Clark. 1930. \$2.50.

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eastern Oregon that rings true, throbs with passion, and glows with life. The story opens badly, both in content and in use of language, but once beyond the first twenty pages the reader finds himself caught up into a net of real life experience in the wheat-minded community. The school teacher, the boy who is too ambitious for the town, the community's traditional "bad woman," the over-satirized evangelist, the too little realized minister are all opportunities for improvement, yet with these defects the novel absorbs the reader's interest. "You got to admit that we're all detouring on the way to death. We're born, and from that second we start out for death. What we do in between time is detour," this is the ostensible theme, but what glows in the book is the very spirit of the four principal actors in the entangled events and in the background the nuclear main street of the town and its outlying acres. Mr. Jones has both ability and gift, both courage and energy, without too much sophistication to understand the simple life he depicts. I shall look forward expectantly to his next book.

How Many Miles from St. Joe? The log of Sterling B. F. Clark, a Forty-Niner. Privately Printed. San Francisco. 1929. \$5.00.

This very beautiful book received a prize from the American Institute of Graphic Arts as being one of the best fifty books printed in 1929. The content covers the trip of Sterling B. F. Clark from St. Joe, who had originally come from Rutland, Vermont, to Sacramento in 1849. The entries in the diary are laconic, so that the reader who is looking for emotion must read between the lines—where there is plenty of material for wonder and sympathy. At the back of the book is a brief biography of James Phelan, a merchant 'forty-niner, recorded by his son, Mr. James D. Phelan. It is to be hoped that the next few years will see many such records conserved in similarly beautiful and valuable volumes.

Walking Shadows. Joseph Upper. The Bozart Press. 1930. \$1.50.

Wings against the Wind. Virginia Spates. The Bozart Press. 1930. \$1.50.

Don Felipe. D. Maitland Bushby. William Sawyer. 1929.

Buckaroo Ballads. S. Omar Barker. Santa Fe New Mexican Corp. 1928. \$2.00.

The Golden Stallion. An Anthology of Southwest Verse. Edited by D. Maitland Bushby. The Southwest Press, Inc. 1930.

The reader feels the sincerity of Mr. Joseph Upper (Harris's) disillusion, but he does not feel that either before or after disillusion he was vitally active. Consequently the volume of verse, all of it competent, impresses the reader with the author's discontent but hardly with any stronger attitude. I myself fail to find the sardonic note which the jacket promises; there is not sufficient gusto in experience to breed either strong disillusion or the sardonic. There are, however, lines of poetic power. The

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first poem, *Old Graveyard in a Wood*, is both universal in theme and skilful in handling—a good poem.

The volume of Miss Spate's verse, also competent, wafts a spirit of buoyancy over the reader. The poems are not sharply memorable, and the lines of poetic power are occasional, and yet the volume as a whole gives the reader invigoration. Both this volume and *Walking Shadows* are attractively got up by the publisher, save that proofreading has been careless and the pages need alignment with one another. The covers have beauty. The paper and type are good.

Mr. Bushby has written a longish narrative poem of the power of love. Mr. Barker has written good popular verse of a very popular nature on the usual cowboy themes with the usual cowboy phrases. The gun-toting seems picturesque rather than real. But there are several good ballads in the volume and a serious poem or two strike the reader's sympathy. *The Last Bronc* has dignity and strong sentiment.

The Golden Stallion, a collection of verse about the Southwest rather than verse by Southwest poets, is a representative volume. One gathers the fascination and beauty of the great Southwest region while reading. And several of the writers are master poets. Anyone who is interested in regional writing will need this volume. It should be in libraries, also.

THE NEW ARTS. Edited by Philip N. Youtz. Norton, 1929. 5 vols. \$6.

Music, 1900-1930. By Alfred J. Swan.

Modern Sculpture. By Joseph Hudnut.

Painters of the Modern Mind. By Mary Cecil Allen.

The Modern Theatre in Revolt. By John Mason Brown.

Potable Gold: Some Notes on Poetry and This Age. By Babette Deutsch.

If we may deduce from these five slender volumes, the new arts agree in rebellion against Impression, and, to a lesser degree, in acceptance actual or implied of Expressionism.

The exceptions to the second statement appear to be music and sculpture. Mr. Swan is vigorous in protest against the barbarians, Stravinsky and Schoenberg, and melancholy over the post-war disintegration of music. He pleads for the "principle of continuity" in art. Mr. Hudnut, anxious to rescue sculpture from Rodin's influence, insists that sculpture is neither an interpretative nor an emotional art, and should return to "the classic tradition which unites sculpture and architecture within the limits of a single art."

The remaining three volumes come thus to appear more "modern." Miss Allen's open advocacy of Expressionism in painting is a call to the painter to trust his private view to the full, and to build, not on precedent, but on personality. Her discussion of modern art is very compact but useful.

Mr. Brown traces with a ready pen the revolts and counter-revolts in the theatre

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since fiery bands aided Hugo in his assault on the citadels of classical drama. What whirlwinds of dust some of them seem now, these battles of words of a century: Nature and Romanticism, Nature and Naturalism, the "slice of life," the "fourth wall," the Free Theatre and Ibsen, Realism—and now another New Movement. Yet Antaeus had to touch earth again and renew his strength before we could be ready for the present cry of content, not fact, and the present plea for imagination, suggestion, and beauty. Mr. Brown's discussion of the modern theatre is tentative, his bibliography and his comments indicating a healthy sense of a changing world.

Miss Deutsch finds four strains in modern poetry, illustrated by Yeats, the poetry of escape; Masefield, Frost, and Sandburg, the poetry of present life, scornful of rose-leaf artificialities and ready even for brutalities; the disillusioned poets of "Waste Land," analytical, aware of the inconsistencies of a non-rational universe, unable either to escape with Yeats or accept wounds with a healthy vitality; and fourth, Robinson Jeffers. This last poet seems to Miss Deutsch to be almost alone of modern poets capable of some day creating a long poem for the modern world. His skeptic intelligence, his almost classical power, his passion, his brooding on abysmal forces beneath and behind man, his cosmic range, his sense of nature's majesty—these, she thinks, may combine to speak in tones of greatness for the modern age.

Laramie, Wyoming

Wilson O. Clough

The Great Meadow. Elizabeth Madox Roberts. Viking Press. 1930. \$2.50.

Kentuck, the Indian name for Meadow Lands, was the Land of Promise for the early settlers in Virginia, and in the days during the Revolution those early pioneers began the western migration to a newer and wilder frontier. Diony and Berk, young married people, were two of these pioneers, and we go with them along Boone's Trace, through the awesome Gap, to Harrod's Fort.

If this story of Diony were more heart-stirring, if we saw *into her* and could feel with her more understandingly, this book would be a great piece of literature. As it is, we see it all like a mural painting, whose pageant story we follow with interest and whose beauty we revel in; but there is something flat about it. Its characters do not seem really human.

Miss Roberts' accurate fidelity to the details of life, first in Virginia and then in unsettled Kentuck, the quaint language of those people and their ways of living, would be enough in themselves to hold our interest. The beauty of her flowing style allures us. The narration of the events of the story might have made a simple tale of adventure which would have absorbed us. The combination of these elements make a book of much more than ordinary merit and charm.

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THE PIONEER WOMAN OF MONTANA

(Continued from Page 337.)

payday, which had been postponed. The money had arrived and was bearing interest; delay meant not only expense, but danger, indefinitely, outside of bank vaults. The stage had refused to carry funds out to the camp. The husband would be spotted and held up if he went to Helena. So the little woman volunteered to take her pony and buckboard, as no one would for a moment think she had her valise full of gold, silver and bank bills. She went ostensibly to the dentist's office, and said so, to a group of friends who were idly standing in front of the store.

Some miles from home, standing across the road, a saddled, bridled, riderless horse; a man running towards her saying, "That dog is killing chickens in the field, are they yours?" "No, I do not live here." Was it a ruse for identifying her, she wondered? No, the innocent rancher trotted his horse behind her for three miles and then took a crossroad. Covertly she watched him. Within two miles of Helena she discovered a wheel had "set"; it wouldn't turn; the horse was laboring, sweating. Tying the wheel with a piece of rope found in the road she lightened the vehicle, for, taking off her heavy buffalo coat, and donning her beautiful otter cloak, trimmed with seal skin, reins in hand, she walked like a teamster by the side of the outfit down Broadway to the back door of the old First National Bank, deposited the few thousands she carried, and sent a message to her husband; "All is well!" At home again, when dusting the mantel the pioneer woman put a dingy paper, full of dirt, into the fire! But not a reproachful word was spoken by the husband, who thus had lost two months' pay in gold dust.

As time wore on family gold dust became more plentiful and the pioneer woman took a trip, with two of her children, by stage to the "States". Her husband, before buying her ticket, saw to it that no treasure-box, with messenger, was to go. But ten miles out from Helena, at a cabin door stood a messenger, with treasure-box (it was X. Biedler, the famous guard) to take the journey. Mr. Biedler expressed his regret that children were along and instructed the mother, should sign of highwaymen appear, to hold them close to the floor of the stage.

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Night came and darkness. A plunging and stumbling of the six horses, a rocking of wheels, bouncing in midair, shouts of the driver, cracking, ceaselessly, the whip, but not a shot fired; for the ambush had failed. The road had been tied across in many places by heavy ropes. They had been saved as by a miracle; also the \$125,000 in gold dust.

AN INDIAN GIRL'S STORY OF A TRADING EXPEDITION TO THE SOUTHWEST ABOUT 1841

(Continued from Page 351.)

them, which they ate and dried. I observed this closely and saw them now and then hiding some of the meat in the rocks from which I inferred their intentions to escape, if possible, and they did escape about a week afterwards making their way in a precipitous rocky mountain where no horse, man or human eye could trace their footprints.

The Spaniards hereon resolved to return to the place from where they took the women, fall unawares on the Indian thieves and kill them all, but on getting there the only sign of man they found was some of the hides of their stolen horses where their wearers were killed and dried for good preserved Indian food.

They still had a number of horses to spare and sold as many as we wanted, giving them for one horse or mare four beaver skins. On traveling about two weeks with them they bade us adieu and in a few days further travel we were at the Salt Lake, where we found a large camp of Indians on one of its fresh water tributaries with a good trout fishery.

Travelling on to the place of gathering we found in the mountains a lone trapper with his wife having a large supply of fat venison and he generously divided most he had with us. In the fifth month of the year, which is the Kamas moon, we arrived at the place of gathering. There was a good food supply forwarded by the Hudson's Bay Company to meet us. But their leader, Raymond, being decoyed away from his place to take a cup of coffee on the opposite side of the creek, his goods and horses were all stolen from him and his sentinel compelled or willing to go with the captors. Remaining here about 10 days feasting and romping and sometimes worried with weary idleness we started again for buffalo.

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(Continued from Page 325.)

Four years in America. Then like a racial memory summer in Smoland stirred within him. Birch trees, lakes, the bluest of the blue.

He stood on the deck of the spanking new motor-ship Drottningholm. He was smoking a cigar, long and black. His checkered suit, his orange shoes and yellow tie proclaimed him a new Smoland. Gone were the two giggles, gone the shine in his eyes. To a ship-companion he said:

"Ja, old cawntry vill be perty slow, I tink. Ver I vorak is the share center of Yunited States! I yust go back for summer, I tink. I bought my ticket—second-class, Koo-nard line—ja, second-class is more better for return trip."

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